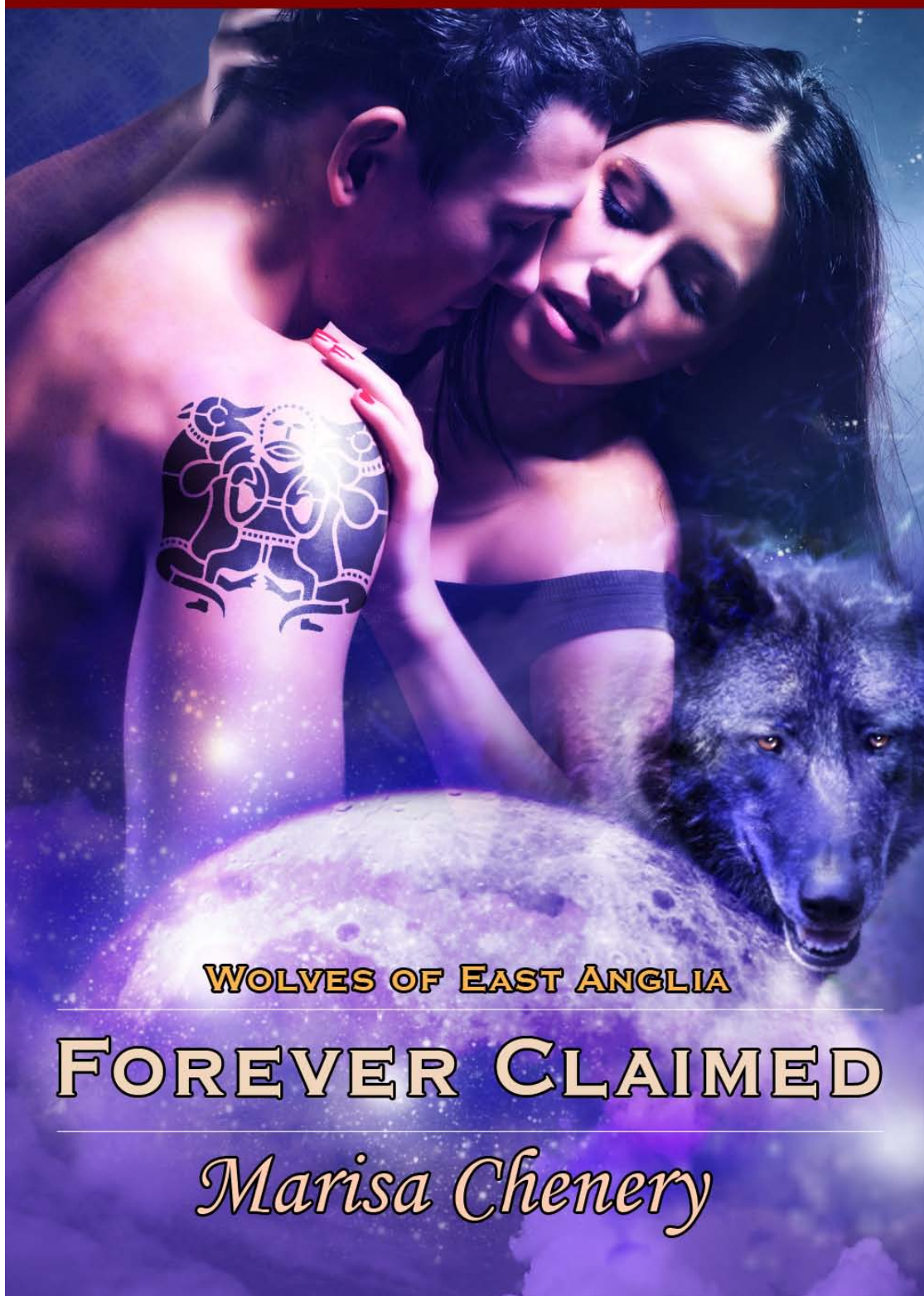


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WOLVES OF EAST ANGLIA

FOREVER CLAIMED

Marisa Chenery

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Wolves of East Anglia – Forever Claimed

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Book Blurb

Out for a walk on her first evening of her holiday in Norwich, England, Kamryn finds herself literally knocked on her butt by a gorgeous hunk of a man named Algar. He is quick to apologize when he helps her to her feet, and holds her hand a little longer than necessary, but he still reluctantly rushes after the man who he had been chasing. Kamryn returns to her hotel, sure she won't see him again.

Algar quickly takes down the werewolf sired by Fenris the wolf, in the hopes of finding the woman he'd knocked over before she disappears. After following her scent, only to come to a dead end at the hotel's elevator, he plans to return in the morning to wait for her to put in an appearance. When she does, he finds she stirs his wolf as much as she stirs his body.

Certain she is the woman meant for him, meant to be forever claimed by an immortal werewolf warrior, he knows he can't let her go, even if she comes to fear what he is.

Chapter One

Having a few thousand dollars in lottery winnings, Kamryn had used the money to take that trip overseas she'd dreamed about for years. She'd arrived in Norwich, England that afternoon and had slept most of the day away since her body was still on Niagara Falls time. Now early evening, she'd decided to go for a walk and see a bit of the town. Leaving her hotel, Kamryn strolled along the sidewalk with no real destination in mind. She planned to be here for two weeks. The long flight to get here and then sleeping most of the daylight hours away had already eaten into the first day of her vacation. Anxious but excited, she continued. This was also the first time she'd been out of the States.

She walked past a busy pub, not stopping to go inside. She would have to experience a pub before she left England, but she wasn't in the mood to sit alone inside one right now. The evening was nice, and she'd been cooped up, first inside an airplane for hours and then inside her hotel room. She needed the fresh air more than she needed to 'have a pint', as the British say.

Walking down one street and then another, Kamryn soon found herself on a rather quiet avenue fronting a fenced-in community park. Twilight was deepening into night, but streetlights were enough for her to see by, and she still had time to investigate the park before she thought it best to return to her hotel.

A short distance before she reached the gated entrance, a man raced past her, roughly jostling her out of his way. Kamryn recovered, watching him disappear into the park. She slowed her steps, having second thoughts about going inside, after all. Not knowing what the man ran from, she didn't exactly want to meet up inside the fenced-in area in the dark.

That decided, Kamryn turned to go back the way she'd come and found herself literally knocked on her ass as a second man barreled into her. Knowing she would feel this come morning, she lifted her gaze, feeling a bit shaken by the enormous size of the man who hovered over her.

"I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to plow into you like that. Are you all right?"

As she looked him fully in the face, her gaze settled more intently on him. Not only had he knocked her on her ass, but also he'd left her speechless. Holding an expression of concern, his hazel eyes gazed at her from a ruggedly handsome face. Kamryn ran her gaze from the brown hair that reached the collar of his black leather jacket down to his well-muscled body. He towered over her. She had a feeling he would dwarf her five-foot-four frame by at least a foot even if she was standing at her full height.

He stuck out his hand. "Here, let me help you up. Are you hurt?"

After a long minute still on her ass, Kamryn found her voice. "Ah . . . ah, I'm okay. I think my pride's hurt more than anything."

She took his hand and let him pull her to her feet. Yup, he towered over her. Kamryn found her gaze, once again, skimming over his face, taking in his straight nose, the sharp angle of his cheekbones, and his square jaw. The man was gorgeous. And his deep British accent made her wonder if it got deeper and huskier when he took a woman to bed. *Talk about a turn on.* Actually, just staring at him was turning her on. Since he still held her hand, she wondered what he might do if she tightened her grip and yanked him closer so she could kiss those firm lips. In reaction to her thoughts, she licked her own.

Kamryn gave herself a mental shake. If she didn't snap out of it, she was sure he would think she wasn't entirely all there.

"Good. I'm glad you weren't hurt." His gaze moved to the direction the other man had run and then back to her. He shifted on his feet, almost as if he was reluctant to leave. But when a howl ripped through the still night around them, he stiffened. "I apologize for knocking you over." Another howl reached their ears. "I . . . I have to go. Sorry."

He then did the strangest thing. Using their joined hands, he yanked *her* closer and bent, burying his nose in the crook of her neck. After taking a deep breath, as if he inhaled her scent, he released her and took off running in the direction of the park.

Kamryn watched as he rounded the corner and disappeared through the park gate. Unsure about his odd behavior, she continued on her way. Although she probably would never see him again, that didn't stop her from memorizing what he looked like . . . just in case.

* * * * *

Algar put on a burst of speed once he picked up the werewolf's scent. If he was lucky, the bastard would still be in the park. It was Algar's job to put him down. All werewolves sired by Fenris were considered prey. A werewolf himself, he was nothing like those spawned by Fenris, who found pleasure in killing and turning innocent mortals.

Slowing as another howl ripped through the night, Algar drew in a deep breath. He turned in the direction of the scent trail left behind. Though he was hot on the beast's trail, Algar found it hard to concentrate. The *woman's* scent still lingered in his nose. It seemed to have etched itself on his brain, not letting him forget. Not that he wanted to. He'd found himself drawn to her the second their eyes met. He'd almost forgotten what he'd been doing before he'd plowed into her.

With no mortals around, Algar willed his sword into his hand. A sense of impatience washed through him. He wanted to take out his prey and then see if he could find the woman again. She had an American accent; was she a tourist, or had she just relocated her from the States? He had a sense of urgency to finish his business and find her again. Who knew how long she'd be here? He didn't want to let her slip through his fingers. The feel of her hand in his had been enough to make his cock go rock hard. He hadn't been able to stop himself from burying his nose in her neck, which made him ache for her even more. The mental picture of her grey eyes, her long black hair, and her slim, curvy body roused his wolf along with his lust.

A loud growl sounded to his left. Algar swung around, his sword raised, in time to see his prey shift into werewolf form — half-human and half-wolf. The beast snapped

his teeth at Algar and swiped the air in front of him with his claws.

Algar shifted quickly, willing his clothes away as he did. He grew taller while his muscles became bulkier. Covered in brown fur, the same color as his hair, he swished his tail behind him. The sword he held, the blade a mix of steel and silver, was lethal to all of Fenris' get. All it took to end their existence was one strike through the heart.

"Come on. Let's end this," Algar said in a voice deeper and gruffer than if he'd been in his human form. Retaining the ability of speech also set Algar apart from werewolves sired by Fenris. His prey lost that ability when they shifted.

With a loud snarl, the werewolf launched itself at Algar and tried to knock the sword out of his hand. Ready for such a move, Algar batted the beast's claws away as he struck with his weapon, catching the werewolf across the stomach. The creature let out a howl as its flesh sizzled from the silver.

When the beast went on the attack, Algar moved in for the kill. He ignored the sharp claws raking down his arm and plunged his sword through the werewolf's heart. He pushed it away; the creature fell to the ground dead.

To get rid of the corpse, he called out to the Sky Father as he looked into the night sky. "Tiw, I call upon you. I have need of your fire."

A second later, blue god-fire engulfed the body of the werewolf. As the flames burned hot and bright, the body turned to ash and blew away on an unnatural wind. Nothing was left behind. Not even a scorch mark showed on the grass where the beast had fallen.

His prey no more, Algar shifted back to his human form. The bloody claw marks down the length of his arm instantly healed during the change. Willing his sword away, he walked out of the park.

He scanned the street in both directions, but he didn't see the woman. Reaching the spot on the sidewalk where he'd knocked her down, Algar latched onto her scent. Following it, he soon found himself standing in front of a nearby hotel. He didn't think twice about it when he stepped through the entrance and into the lobby. Still able to pick out the woman's scent from the myriad of others inside the building, he traced it to

one of the elevators.

Algar cursed under his breath. The only way he could pick up her scent trail from there would be for him to stop at each floor. He dismissed that idea. He now knew where she stayed. He'd return in the morning. Obviously a tourist on holiday, she would leave her room at some point. He would make sure he was in the lobby to meet her when she did.

Confident he would find her again, Algar left the hotel. The night was young and there was prey to hunt.

* * * * *

The next morning, Kamryn sat at the table inside her room looking over the local brochures she'd helped herself to from the lobby. Norwich Cathedral and Cow Tower, a couple of tourist spots, sounded nice, but she also planned to do some shopping. Norwich boasted a large, six-days-a-week open-air market that had been founded by the Normans around 1071. There was also a mall. Mall Norwich had been built into the side of a hill with most of the structure concealed underground. The mall sported a rooftop public park, as well.

Kamryn studied the mall brochure more closely and decided she could handle shopping. Back home, she enjoyed window-shopping, even if she didn't buy anything.

She grabbed her purse, put the keycard to her room inside it and stepped out into the long hallway. Although it was already late morning, she would have the rest of the day to shop and grab some lunch while at the mall. Alone, and with no work schedule to worry about, she could take as much time as she pleased.

After a short elevator ride down, she exited into the lobby. Her steps faltered when she headed toward the entrance, and her gaze landed on a large man standing near the doors, staring directly at her. Kamryn swallowed, recognizing him as the man who'd knocked her down the night before. The one she thought she wouldn't see again.

He couldn't be waiting for me, could he? His being here had to be a coincidence. The

night before, he'd been polite, but he hadn't asked her name. Plus, a man that gorgeous would already have a woman, not that Kamryn thought she would have a chance in hell with him if he happened to be single.

Deciding she would smile as she walked by, just in case he didn't remember her, Kamryn lengthened her stride. When she drew closer, she gave him a closed mouth smile, then fixed her gaze on the entrance doors. Much to her surprise, he fell in step beside her.

"Hi," he said. "Do you remember me? I'm the idiot who knocked you over last evening."

As if she'd forgotten him. She'd spent a good remainder of the night thinking of him, remembering what he looked like, the feel of her hand in his. "Hi. Yes. I remember you."

Once they hit the sidewalk, he took her elbow and pulled her to a stop. "Good. I wanted to apologize again since I had to run off."

Kamryn blinked up at him. He was so much taller she had to crane her neck to look him in the face. "It's all right. How did you know where to find me?"

He gave her a sexy grin that about turned her insides to mush. "A good guess? By your accent, I figured you had to be American. So I took the chance on you staying at the closest hotel to the park."

"You were going to hang around in the lobby all day and wait and see if I showed up? What would you have done if I wasn't staying here? I may be American, but who is to say I couldn't have recently immigrated to England."

He shrugged. "Basically that was the plan, but since I found you the rest doesn't matter. I had a good hunch you would be here." He smiled again.

Kamryn melted a little more. Having a gorgeous hunk of a man willing to go to such lengths to find her gave a huge boost to her ego. She stuck out her hand. "I'm Kamryn Martin."

He enveloped her hand in his much larger one, holding it tighter than seemed necessary. "Nice to meet you, Kamryn. I'm Algar."

Even his name was sexy. When he didn't release her hand and the silence stretched between them, Kamryn grew nervous. She wasn't known for being confident when talking to men, especially ones she found attractive. Inside her head, she could come up with intelligent conversation readily enough, but when the time came for her to speak, she ended up stammering like a ninny.

Algar gave her another bone-melting smile. "So where are you heading off to?"

"I'm," she croaked, then cleared her throat and tried again. "I'm going to Norwich Mall."

"How are you getting there?" Algar leaned closer.

"I'm taking the bus." Kamryn found her gaze drawn to Algar's mouth. If he leaned in a little more while she went up on her tiptoes, she could kiss those lips.

"I can take you there. Better yet, to make up for last evening, I'll join you."

"You will?" Kamryn asked breathily.

"If you don't mind. It will give me a chance to get to know you better. Unless you don't wish to spend time with me."

Kamryn shook her head. "No . . . yes. I mean, I don't mind, and yes, it wouldn't bother me to spend time with you."

"Good." Algar let go of her hand and placed his on the small of her back as he guided her down the sidewalk. "My car is over here."

When they reached a flashy silver Jaguar and Algar opened the passenger side, Kamryn crawled inside. The interior of the car was as luxurious as the outside. Whatever Algar did for a living, obviously, he wasn't hurting for cash. Kamryn had never been this close to a Jaguar, let alone about to ride in one. Once Algar slid into the driver's seat and the engine roared to life, he put it in gear and pulled away from the curb. Regarding his handsome profile, she couldn't help thinking her British holiday just got a little better.

Chapter Two

Algar snuck a sideways glance at Kamryn while he drove toward the mall. She was even prettier than he'd remembered. He couldn't believe how lucky he'd been. He'd expected to be standing in the hotel lobby for a lot longer than he had before spotting her. He'd only been there an hour.

Hoping to get the conversation going again, he asked, "What part of the States are you from?"

Kamryn turned her head toward him. "Niagara Falls, New York."

He smiled. "The honeymoon capital of the world."

"Yes, and something I have a close, personal experience with."

Algar unconsciously gripped the steering wheel harder. "You're married?"

Kamryn chuckled. "No. I didn't mean it that way. I work as an assistant to a wedding planner. I deal with weddings and honeymoons on a regular basis."

"Oh." His death grip on the wheel relaxed. The thought of Kamryn being married or having been married made his wolf growl possessively. "I guess you get to make that special day something to remember for a lot of couples."

"Yeah, you could say that."

Algar shot her another look before he focused back on the road. "You don't like what you do?"

Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Kamryn shrug. "It isn't that I *hate* my job, it's just I don't enjoy it as much as I did at one time."

"Why not?"

"It's a stupid reason."

"You can tell me."

"It's really stupid. And you being a guy, you'll probably laugh."

Algar put his right hand over the left side of his chest. "I promise I won't laugh."

Kamryn sighed. "Fine. Seeing couple after couple get their happily ever after, I always planned to get mine before I hit the big three-oh. Since I'll turn thirty in a couple of months, it doesn't look as if that'll happen." She gave a nervous laugh. "See, stupid. I don't know why I told you."

He didn't miss the longing in Kamryn's voice while she spoke. She sounded as lonely as he felt. "It isn't stupid. There's nothing wrong with wanting to find that one person meant for you. Watching someone else find their mate while you have to sleep in an empty bed night after night, it gets to you."

Raed, former king of East Anglia, and leader of Tiw's warriors, had found his mate, Lexi, five months earlier. Already, they were expecting their first child. Algar didn't begrudge Raed the happiness he found with Lexi, but he had a hard time watching them together, especially since the warriors all lived together. It made Algar long to find his mate. But given his reactions to Kamryn, the aching need to be around her, and her ability to stir his wolf, the thought she could possibly be his had crossed his mind more than once since last night.

As he pulled the Jaguar into the mall parking lot, Algar took a quick glance at Kamryn and found her staring at him with a look of surprise. He'd obviously scored a point in his favor. After he parked the Jag and got out, he walked around to the passenger side and offered to help her out. He locked the doors with his remote and then took her hand in his, entwining their fingers.

When he started them guiding toward the mall entrance, he lifted their joined hands and asked, "Are you okay with this?"

Kamryn nodded, the tip of her tongue darting out to lick her bottom lip. Algar bit back a groan. Each time she did that, his cock jerked inside his jeans. He could almost picture how it would feel to have her tongue circling the head of his cock before she took him in her mouth.

"Good," he said, his voice husky. "Where do you want to shop first?"

"I don't know. I was just going to wander around until something caught my eye."

Algar held open the heavy glass door for Kamryn to walk through ahead of him. "We can do that."

He gritted his teeth as he and Kamryn merged with the other shoppers. Being a Saturday, it was more than a little crowded. Originally a fifth century man, Algar

wasn't comfortable around so many mortals. And given his sensitive werewolf hearing, crowds tended to scrape his nerves raw, but if being here meant he would be able to spend time with Kamryn, he was prepared to endure.

They walked past store after store, with Kamryn stopping every once in a while to window shop. It wasn't until they came across a store selling area souvenirs that she wanted to go inside. Algar released her hand and watched her look over the merchandise. She went to a table stacked with t-shirts that had the White Wolf emblem printed on the front.

The White Wolf was Tiw's mark. He'd also placed it on each of his warriors, on the cap of their left shoulder, done in black to mark them as his. The emblem was Anglo-Saxon in design and depicted the figure of a stylized man, Tiw, flanked on either side by two stylized wolves standing on their hind legs. A purse lid with that design had survived and been found at the Sutton Hoo ship burial, Raed's fake burial site.

Kamryn picked up a black t-shirt with the design done in white. She held it up to show him. "What do you think? Is this tourist enough?"

Knowing she would think it was a tattoo, Algar shrugged his left arm out of his leather jacket and pulled up the sleeve of his t-shirt so she could see Tiw's mark. "I'd say I'm partial to it."

Her gaze skimmed over the mark and then moved back to his face. She smiled. "I'll take that as a yes."

With the t-shirt draped over her arm, Kamryn turned away and moved to the next display table. Algar's gaze drifted down her slim body to her shapely backside. The jeans she wore were snug enough to give him a well-defined view. The tips of his fingers itched where his claws would emerge as he thought about running them over Kamryn's naked butt, preferably while he sank his cock inside her pussy.

Algar realized how close he was to having his claws come out in a public place. He forced back his wayward thoughts. If he wasn't careful, his eyes would go wolf as well, the hazel completely taking over the white. If that happened, he wouldn't be able to hide it as easily as he could his claws—more indicators that Kamryn, more than

likely, was his mate. Lexi had had the same effect on Raed. Just as Algar was finding to be the case with Kamryn.

Algar focused his attention on Kamryn and had to clench his jaw to stop himself from growling when he saw her talking to a male sales clerk. The man hadn't touched her in any way, but Algar didn't like her around another male.

Algar moved to stand at her side, put a possessive arm around her shoulders, and brought her against his side. He interrupted the sales clerk mid-sentence. "She can find what she wants on her own. You can go help someone else." Algar added a hard stare to back up his words. The clerk left them alone.

Kamryn lifted her head to look at him. "He wasn't being pushy. He was just giving me some history about the Sutton Hoo ship burial. I told him I didn't know much about it. He also told me that was where the design on the t-shirt comes from."

"I could have told you that," Algar said in a gruff voice.

"Since you have it tattooed on your shoulder, I guess you could. The sales clerk was only trying to help."

"Well, he can save his helpfulness for someone else. Are you done here?"

Kamryn grinned. "I guess so. I'll just go pay for the shirt."

Once she moved out from under his arm, Algar followed closely behind her as she made her way over to the till. After she made her purchase, he ushered her out into the mall. "Let's get something to eat."

"Sure. I'm hungry. I'm still trying to adjust to the time here. I stayed up too late last night and slept in too long so I didn't eat breakfast."

"I know of a nice restaurant that isn't too far from here."

"Doesn't the mall have a food court?"

"Yes."

"Why don't we get something from there?"

"You want to eat at the food court?"

Kamryn chuckled. "There's nothing wrong with eating at a mall's food court. Back home, I do it quite a bit."

"I've never eaten at the food court here, so I couldn't tell you if the food will be good or not."

"Then you don't know what you've been missing." She grabbed his arm and towed him over to one of the mall directories in the center of the wide walkway. Kamryn ran her finger over it, as if learning the route to the food court.

When they reached it, a barrage of scents from all the different foods filled his nose. Algar didn't find it unpleasant and his stomach did rumble in response. He let Kamryn lead him to one of the few empty tables and then sat across from her. He looked around. Compared to the rest of the mall, this section appeared to be busiest. The noise level from the many conversations taking place around them, the sound of children shouting and a baby crying, played havoc with his sensitive hearing. And it didn't help matters when a woman, arms loaded with purchases, walked behind his chair and smacked him in the back of the head with one of her shopping bags. He scowled after the mortal, who didn't even bother to stop and apologize.

The sound of Kamryn's laughter brought his attention back to her. "You don't look very comfortable. If you want, we can leave. Don't feel obligated to eat here because of me. I just thought this would be easier than driving to another place."

"I'll be all right. I'm just not one for crowds."

"Since this was my idea, I'll get us our food. You can stay here and save the table. What would you like?"

Algar scanned the food places. There were quite a few varieties. "I'll have whatever you're having. Here, this should be enough." He pulled out his wallet and took out enough pound notes to cover both his and Kamryn's meals.

She shook her head. "It'll be my treat."

Taking her hand, he put the money in her palm and closed her fingers over it. "I insist. I'm an old-fashioned kind of guy. I won't let the woman I'm out with pay for our meals, and don't even suggest we go Dutch."

"All right, you win. I'm thinking of getting Indian."

"Sounds good."

Algar watched Kamryn head over to the place that sold Indian food. His gaze fell to the sway of her hips when she wove her way between and around the tables. The longer he spent with her the more he craved her. As soon as they finished eating, he would take her someplace not so crowded. Hopefully, she would invite him to her hotel room . . . because she made him hungry. And not for food.

* * * * *

Once she got in line, Kamryn looked over at the table where Algar sat. His gaze was locked on her. She smiled and turned away as the line inched forward, and still she felt him watching when she reached the front to place their orders. She barely stopped herself from smiling like a goof at the woman who worked behind the counter.

To say she was enjoying her time with Algar was an understatement. He had an easy way about him that made her feel comfortable. It usually took her a while to feel that way around a man she'd just met, but that wasn't the case with Algar. She definitely wanted to see where things would go with him today. He was obviously interested in her. His shooing off that sales clerk while he'd held her possessively against his side said as much. Algar hadn't liked the idea of her talking to another man. Some women may not have liked his show of jealousy, but Kamryn didn't mind at all. For her, a little bit of jealous attentive behavior was better than complete indifference. One guy she'd dated had been like that. She could have given another man a lap dance and he wouldn't have batted an eye.

Kamryn paid for the food, and, with tray in hand, made her way back to the table. Algar accepted the paper plate she handed him and waited until she had her food in front of her before he started to eat.

She watched him put the first forkful into his mouth. He chewed slowly then swallowed.

"Well? What do you think of your first taste of food court fare?" she asked.

He nodded. "Not bad. I haven't had a lot of Indian food, but this is pretty good,

considering where it comes from."

Kamryn picked up her plastic fork. "See. I told you the food wouldn't be bad. It may be cheap and fast, but you can get a good meal."

Algar visibly cringed when a small child at one of the tables near them let out a loud shriek. "The only thing I would change would be the atmosphere."

"I suppose when you're not used to it the noise can be annoying."

"No offense, but I usually prefer to eat in a place that is quieter and a lot less crowded. One more shriek and my ears will start to bleed."

Kamryn couldn't hold back a laugh even though she had a feeling Algar was partly serious. His hearing must be a lot better than hers was if a child's shouts affected him that much. "Once we're done eating we can leave." A bit unsure how Algar would take her next suggestion, she looked down and pushed her food around on her plate. "We can go back to my hotel room if you want. It'll be nice and quiet there."

When Algar didn't respond right away, Kamryn quickly stammered, "If . . . if you don't want to, I'll totally understand. I'm not asking you to sleep with me. I just thought it would be a good place to get to know each other better."

She looked up when he reached a large hand across the table and stilled hers from pushing around her food nervously. She lifted her head, her gaze meeting his, and she saw the hunger lurking behind his eyes. Her mouth went dry. His stare made her nipples tighten and caused an ache to pulse between her legs. Algar's nostrils flared when he took a deep breath and his hand tightened on hers. If anything, his gaze grew even more heated.

"Of course I want to go back to your hotel room," he said in a voice that had gotten deeper and huskier. "If you don't want to have sex, that's fine. But if you want to have sex, that's fine with me as well." Algar looked suggestively to her lips.

Kamryn bit the inside of her cheek to stop from moaning with want. Wetness pooled between her legs and she resisted the urge to squeeze them together to try and alleviate the ache pounding in time with her rapid heartbeat.

Things between her and Algar seemed to be moving fast, but Kamryn didn't

want to slow it down. She had two weeks in England. Not much time to even think she could develop a serious relationship, but there was no reason she couldn't enjoy Algar while she had the opportunity. With the big three-oh creeping ever closer and with no other prospective relationship in sight, why couldn't she seize the moment Algar was offering and see where it would lead? She was a grown woman with needs like everyone else. And, God, did Algar stir those needs inside her. She'd be crazy to pass up the intimacy he seemed willing to give.

Now that she'd convinced herself, Kamryn said what she'd never had the courage to say to another man before. "Sex would be good, and the bed in my room is definitely big enough for the two of us."

Algar let out a low groan deep inside his throat and released her hand. "Eat. Fast." He then proceeded to shovel his food into his mouth.

Chapter Three

After they finished their lunch in what seemed like record time, Algar had Kamryn by her elbow and hurried her out of the food court. Not that she minded. While they'd eaten, Algar had watched her, his hunger-filled gaze growing hotter as the minutes passed. Once her plate was empty, he'd picked up the tray and dumped their garbage. He returned to the table and silently held out his hand for her to take.

Now, they hurriedly made their way to the mall's entrance, and Kamryn became more aroused as she thought about what she was about to do. Algar didn't slow their pace until they reached his Jaguar. Once he had her strapped in, he slipped into the driver's seat, and they were pulling out of the mall's parking lot within seconds.

At her hotel, Algar parked in the visitor parking and whisked her into the lobby. Inside the elevator, Kamryn pushed the button for her floor. Though they were alone, he made no move to touch her. He silently followed her off the elevator when it stopped and then to her room. With hands that shook ever so slightly, she took the keycard from her purse and unlocked the door.

She didn't wait to see if Algar followed her inside as she stepped over the threshold and crossed the room to the small round table. She put her purse, the shopping bag, and the keycard on the table. Kamryn jumped when Algar came up behind her and put his hands on her shoulders.

Slowly, he turned her so she faced him. "You're nervous."

"Kind of. I haven't done this before."

"You haven't had sex?"

She shook her head. "I didn't mean that. I've had sex before." She took a deep breath and swallowed. "I've never slept with a man I just met. I usually ease into it."

Algar smiled. "We can take our time. There's no rush." When she lowered her head, he put a finger under her chin and forced her to meet his gaze. "And just because we're going to sleep together now doesn't mean I'm going to leave as soon as we're done. I like you, Kamryn."

She felt her cheeks warm. "I like you, too."

He put his arms around her waist and pulled her closer. "If you're uncomfortable with anything I do, tell me and I'll stop."

Algar lowered his head and gently took her mouth with his lips. Kamryn kissed him back, opening to allow him entry when he dragged his tongue along the seam of her lips. As he tasted her, twining his tongue with hers, all nervousness melted away. Arousal thrummed through her body, taking its place.

She settled her hands on his muscular chest. The hard length of his cock rested against her belly. The feel of it, thick and long, had her pussy growing wet. Letting herself go, she pressed against his shaft, eliciting a deep groan from him. She increased the pressure of her lips and sucked on his tongue.

His mouth still moving over hers, Algar backed her toward the bed. Kamryn slid her hands up his chest to his shoulders and pushed his jacket down his arms. He let go of her only long enough for the jacket to fall to the floor. Without a second thought, she reached for the bottom of his t-shirt and yanked it up. Algar pulled it over his head and dropped it on top of his jacket.

Kamryn ran her gaze down his naked chest, drinking him in. She stroked his smooth skin, tracing the large muscles. Going lower, she encountered cut washboard abs that she longed to drag her tongue across. She'd never been with a man as muscular as Algar, but she'd always wanted to. She had fantasized about what it would be like to kiss and lick every inch of a hard body. Now it looked as if she was going to get her chance to turn her fantasy into reality.

Algar thumbed her taut nipples through her top. She met his gaze, finding his eyes heavy with desire. Her breath caught. Kamryn leaned into his touch, wanting more. Understanding showed in his gaze as he pulled off her top.

As she stood in her bra and jeans, Algar bent and pressed a string of kisses across the top of her breasts while he unhooked her bra at her back. His hands skimmed the straps down her arms and off. He covered her breasts, stroking his thumbs back and forth across her nipples.

"So beautiful," he said against her skin, kissing his way down to one of her breasts.

Kamryn gasped when Algar's tongue circled a tight nipple before he sucked it into his mouth. While he sucked, wetness leaked out of her pussy, dampening her panties. Her heart raced in anticipation.

She brought her hands to his face and threaded her fingers in Algar's hair, holding him to her. "Just like that," she moaned.

Algar shifted to her other nipple and gave it the same attention. His hands stroked her sides to the waistband of her jeans. While continuing to suck at her breast, he undid the button and zipper. He pushed her jeans past her hips; they fell to pool at her ankles. Kamryn stepped out of the jeans and kicked them away.

He lifted his head, wrapped his arms around her waist, and lowered her slowly to the bed. She watched him climb up beside her, stretching out at her side.

Algar took her hand and led it to the large bulge his jeans constrained. "Touch me, Kamryn. I want to feel your hands on me."

Not having to be asked twice, she undid his jeans. With no underwear to hinder

it, his cock sprang free when she parted the front. She trailed her fingers along his shaft before circling the head with the tip of one finger. He moaned and a bead of pre-cum surfaced.

Shifting to her side so she faced him, she wrapped her fingers around his thick cock and stroked. He pumped his hips, driving his erection into her grip. She looked down, feeling herself get wetter, as she watched him strain against her.

Algar pulled her hand away and nudged her onto her back. He lifted himself up on one elbow and used the tip of a finger to draw lazy circles around her nipples. "I have to taste you, Kamryn. The scent of your arousal is driving me crazy, in a good way."

She lifted her hips in invitation when Algar skimmed a hand down her stomach to the top of her panties. "Yes," she breathed.

Hooking his fingers into the waistband, he pulled off her panties. Once she was free of them, Algar shifted lower on her body and settled between her thighs. He licked the underside of her breast before he kissed a path across her ribs and then down her stomach. At her belly button, he swirled his tongue inside it. He continued downward and used his shoulders to spread her legs open even wider. Kamryn held her breath when he blew across her pussy. But instead of going where she needed to be touched the most, Algar rubbed his cheek against the inside of her thigh.

Doing it twice more, he had her clutching at the covers beneath her, ready to scream in frustration.

"Algar," she panted.

"Is this what you want?" He dragged his tongue against her pussy.

"Oh, God. More."

When he did it again, she arched her back, lifting her hips off the bed. Arousal pounded inside her. Her body quivered, needing the release Algar could give.

Spreading her folds, he circled her clit with his tongue before he sucked on it. An intense wave of pleasure shot through her body. She let out a whimpered moan. Algar lapped and sucked on her clit until she was grinding against his mouth. Her body

coiled tighter as her orgasm edged nearer.

One finger, then another, pushed inside her. Algar pumped them in and out, while he stroked her clit with his tongue. Kamryn squeezed her inner muscles around his fingers, increasing the pleasure coursing through her body. Lifting her hips in time with his moving fingers, she moaned.

"I'm going . . . to . . . Ah." Kamryn could barely form the words with her orgasm almost upon her.

"I want you to come," Algar said. "I want to taste you while you find your release."

He replaced his fingers with his stiffened tongue and used his thumb to stroke her clit at the same time. It was enough to send Kamryn flying. Moaning, she climaxed against his mouth. He continued to lick her pussy until he wrung all he could out of her. When it was over, she went boneless on the bed.

Algar moved up her body and buried his face into the crook of her neck. She expected him to take off his jeans and sheath his still-hard cock inside her, but he didn't. He only lay on top of her, panting.

She wrapped her arms around his shoulders. "Algar?" He may have given her a great orgasm, but she wanted his cock inside her, bringing her to another one.

"Just give me a minute," he said against her neck.

She stroked his back as he took in great gulps of air. It was almost a full minute before he lifted his head. He stared down at her with a mix of emotions flitting across his face. The look of hunger remained, but a look of tenderness had now joined it. He lay motionless atop her and made no move to finish what they'd started, though his erection lay nestled between them.

Starting to feel as if she may have done something wrong, Kamryn asked, "Are you all right? I thought you wanted —"

Algar cut her off with a brush of his lips. "I still want to, but I've decided I don't want to rush things. I think I'm moving a little too fast. I want to be able to take my time, make love to you until neither one of us can move."

At Algar's words, her body started to respond again. Her pussy clenched with arousal. She smiled suggestively. "I don't have anything else to do today."

He smiled back. "You might not, but I do." He ran the pad of his thumb along her bottom lip. "I want to do this right, Kamryn. I have something to do tonight, but I want to spend what is left of it right here in your bed. Will you let me come back even though it'll be really late?"

Kamryn wasn't about to refuse. She wanted him any way she could get him. "Yes, you can come back. I'll probably still be awake anyway. I haven't quite adjusted to the time change."

"Then I'll come back."

Algar proceeded to kiss her until he had her moaning into his mouth and straining against him. Breathless, lost in a haze of arousal, Kamryn watched him get off the bed and do up his jeans around his still erect cock. She ached to have it buried deep inside her pussy.

After he put on his t-shirt, he picked his leather jacket off the floor. "I'll see you tonight." His heated gaze ran over her naked body. "I'll make the wait worth it. I promise."

With those words, he turned and walked out of her hotel room. Kamryn rolled onto her side and smiled. She had a feeling tonight would be one she wouldn't soon forget.

* * * * *

Algar pulled onto the long, gravel drive that led to the manor house where he and the rest of Tiw's warriors lived. After he parked his car, he made his way inside. Voices drifted from the living room, but since Raed's wasn't among them, Algar continued on to the kitchen.

Lexi, Raed's mate, stood in front of the fridge. Her long, light brown hair fell forward when she leaned inside with the door open. Lexi turned with a water bottle in

hand. She smiled when she saw him and closed the refrigerator door. "Back already? Did you find her?"

Algar's gaze fell to Lexi's stomach when she rubbed a hand across it. At five months pregnant, she was just starting to show. "I found her. Is Raed around? I really need to talk to him."

Lexi shook her head. "You just missed him. He went out for a few groceries." She opened the water bottle and took a drink before she said, "If you want to talk to Raed about the girl, you can always talk to me. The way you're taken with her, I'm getting the feeling there'll soon be another mate added to the ranks around here."

Algar sighed. "I don't know, Lexi. It's kind of personal."

She rolled her dark blue eyes, took him by the arm, and moved him to the kitchen table, persuading him to sit. She took the chair next to him. "I'm mated to Raed. I have just as much experience in that department as he does. If anything, I would know more about what it's like from your girl's perspective."

Lexi did have a point. She also had no clue as to what Raed was in the beginning. "When you put it like that, maybe you're the one I *should* talk to."

"Well, I'm all ears."

"All right. I think Kamryn — that's her name — is my mate. I'm drawn to her and her scent. She also affects me more than any other woman ever has."

"She got to your wolf, huh?"

"Every time I smell her scent, my wolf throws back its head and howls. And then there's the whole business about my eyes going wolf and my claws."

He'd had a hard time hiding the changes that came over him while he'd been pleasuring Kamryn with his mouth. He'd known his eyes had gone wolf when his sight had become much sharper. Keeping his eyes averted had been easy enough, but when his claws had pushed through his fingertips, he'd had to watch how he touched her. Just before Kamryn had come, he'd had to use his mouth instead of his fingers to bring her to completion.

"I take it you fooled around with her a bit. Have you made love yet?"

"No. I'd planned to, but when the other things started to happen I held off."

The first time Raed had taken Lexi to his bed, he'd found his eyes going wolf and his claws coming out during sex weren't the only things that were different. While making love to his mate, just as he reached orgasm, his cock went like a wolf's as well. It swelled, locking him to Lexi while he continued to come a lot longer than was normal. Raed had confided in Algar, worried Lexi wouldn't be able to accept him with all the differences.

Lexi gave him a knowing smile. "You're worried you'll swell just like Raed does with me? That isn't exactly something you can hide from her."

"I'm not really worried, more like at a loss as to what to do about it. Ideally, I'd want her to get to know me better before I have to explain about my being immortal and a were. I don't want to scare her away. Though, I'm going to have to work fast, since she's only here for a fortnight."

"Where's she from?"

"Niagara Falls, New York."

"A fellow American." Lexi was originally from Tampa. Raed had met her when she'd come to Norwich on holiday over the summer. "The only advice I can give you is don't try and act as if nothing out of the ordinary happened. Raed hoped I wouldn't notice in the beginning, which was stupid, really. I *did* notice. And if she asks about it, don't try to hold her off. Just do what you can to ease her into it slowly. She may freak a bit, but that's understandable."

"So you think I should just go ahead and make love to Kamryn? Let the chips fall where they may?"

"If you really think she's your mate, why not get the proof that she is? And if she is truly your mate, after you make love to her, Tiw's mark should start to appear. That will be a for sure sign."

Just as Tiw had marked his warriors, he'd also marked Lexi with the same White Wolf emblem the men carried on the cap of their left shoulders. Instead of being on the same spot on her body, Tiw had placed it high up on the right side of Lexi's back near

her shoulder, marking her as a mate. He'd also given Lexi immortality.

"I plan to go back to Kamryn's hotel after I finish hunting tonight. I just wanted some advice from someone who's already gone through this."

"Well, you came to the right person." Lexi stood. "If Kamryn does end up being your mate, and she has a hard time accepting what you are, bring her to me. I can help her understand."

"Thanks, Lexi."

As Raed's mate walked out of the kitchen, Algar hoped when he did tell Kamryn everything she wouldn't 'freak out', like Lexi said. If she was his mate, and she shunned him for what he was, he didn't think he'd be able to let her go.

Chapter Four

Nathan, the pack leader of the werewolves sired by Fenris, made his way stealthily through the stand of trees that bordered the back of the warriors' manor. Night had started to darken the sky. The last time he'd been here, five months earlier, he and some of his pack had had a confrontation with the warriors. Nathan had suffered a loss, but he'd thought he'd gained a valuable tool to help bring down his enemy during the fight. He'd had Raed's mate, had even bitten her. With that bite, he'd thought she would have turned and instinctively found her way to their den before the next full moon, like the rest of the newly turned had done. That never happened.

Daring to stand close to the border where the trees ended, Nathan gazed at the large manor. He needed to see what had happened to Raed's mate. He didn't think the warrior would have killed her. His kind was far too noble to do anything like that.

His gaze shot to the back door of the manor when it opened and a woman stepped outside. It was Raed's mate. With the wind blowing across the property toward him, he sniffed the air. He frowned when he picked out the woman's scent. She didn't have the smell of his pack, as all members did. She didn't even have the scent of a werewolf, but something about her scent reminded him of the immortal warriors' scent.

And it wasn't because she was mated to one. The warriors' scent was incorporated into her own.

Nathan's eyes narrowed when he noticed the slight swelling of her belly under her shirt. She was pregnant. Before he thought about it, he took a step from the cover of the trees, intent on crossing onto the grassy garden, but he came up short. Something stopped him. Almost as if he'd run into an invisible wall. He moved farther down the border and met with the same barrier. Something was keeping him out. He knew of only one entity strong enough to keep his kind off the warriors' property – their Anglo-Saxon god, Tiw.

Unable to do anything more – but at least he'd found his answers – Nathan moved back into the trees. Right then, Raed came outside and joined his mate. The woman was no longer a viable option. Nathan would have to find another way to strike against the warriors.

* * * * *

The night's hunting proved to be quiet for Algar. He came across none of his prey, which didn't surprise him much. He and his fellow warriors usually found themselves taking down more prey during a full moon when newly turned shifted to werewolf form for the first time. The night of the full moon was three weeks away.

Algar pulled out his cell phone and dialed Raed.

"I'm going to have an early night. Not much prey moving tonight," he said when Raed picked up.

Raed chuckled. "You want to go be with Kamryn."

When Raed had come home from shopping, Lexi had filled him in on Algar's situation before Algar got a chance to talk to him. "If it was a full moon, you know I wouldn't be calling it quits so early."

"Relax, Algar. I remember what it was like when I first met Lexi. Besides, Wulfric and Dolf will cover for you."

That was true. Wulfric and Dolf, two of the other warriors, enjoyed hunting werewolves more than the rest of them did. During the night of a full moon, they competed with each other to see who could bring down more prey.

"Yeah, they would find it no hardship. Plus, with Garrick and Brand out, there are enough of us still hunting."

"So I guess I shouldn't expect to see you at the manor any earlier than sometime tomorrow."

"That's if everything goes all right with Kamryn."

"I'll leave my cell on just in case."

"Thanks. Have a good night."

Ending the call, Algar snapped his phone closed and put it back in his jacket pocket. Now able to go to Kamryn, he didn't take his time returning to where he'd left his car parked. With not much traffic this time of night, he made good time reaching the hotel. His libido kicked into high gear when he stepped inside the empty elevator and rode it to Kamryn's floor.

At her room's door, he quietly knocked so as not to disturb other hotel patrons who surely were sleeping. His heart beat faster when he heard Kamryn moving on the other side of the door. She opened it with a smile and stepped aside for him to enter.

No sooner had she closed the door behind him and turned the lock did he sweep her up into his arms and bring his mouth over hers. While he devoured her mouth, he lifted her and carried her toward the bed. Kamryn put her arms around his neck and kissed him back hungrily.

At the bed, Algar let her slide slowly down his body until she stood on her own. He lifted his head but kept her wrapped in his arms. "All I could think about all night was seeing you again."

Kamryn pressed closer, flattening her breasts against his chest. "I couldn't stop thinking about you, either."

Algar moaned when she brushed her hip along his erection. "I want you, Kamryn."

She met his gaze, biting her bottom lip. "Then take me."

With a groan, Algar took her lips in a fiery kiss. He shucked off his jacket and kicked out of his shoes. He gathered Kamryn close once again. Slanting his mouth over her lips, he pushed his tongue inside and used it to stroke hers. The feel of her body pressed to his, rubbing against him while she eagerly returned his kiss, had his arousal soaring. He pushed back the worries about what would happen if he made love to her and rode the pleasurable sensations that washed over him.

Aching for her, his cock so hard he was surprised he hadn't burst the zipper on his jeans, he lifted her onto the bed. Kamryn threaded her fingers in his hair at the back of his neck as he settled between her legs. Through their clothes, he rocked his hard cock against her pussy. It felt good, but it wasn't enough. He wanted to feel her bare skin against his.

He yanked at her top, taking it and her bra off. With her breasts now bared, he covered one and circled his tongue around the taut nipple. Kamryn gasped and arched her back in response. He took the tight little bud between his teeth, gently tugging on it before he sucked it into his mouth.

As he tasted her flesh, Algar shifted to Kamryn's side. He opened her jeans and shoved a hand down the front of her panties. When he encountered her clit, he circled it with a finger. With a moan, she spread her legs wider. He dipped his finger inside her already wet pussy and brought some of that moisture up to rub on her clit. Her hips jerked.

"More," she panted. "Touch me more, Algar."

Abandoning one breast, he rubbed his cheek against the other. "You're so wet. It makes my cock ache to be buried inside you."

"Yes," she moaned.

"Not yet."

He slipped a finger inside her slick pussy, moving it in and out. "Is this what you want?"

"Ah . . . Yes."

Algar added a second finger to the first. He looked up to find Kamryn had her eyes shut. Her kiss-swollen lips parted while she breathed at a rapid pace. A slight blush colored her cheeks. He had never seen a more beautiful sight. His cock hardened even more, making the fit of his jeans uncomfortable.

Algar removed his hand from her pants, pushed them down and off along with her panties. He dragged his gaze down the length of her body. Kamryn was curvy in all the right places. He couldn't wait to get inside her, to hear her cry out his name while lost in her climax.

With her eyelids at half-mast, she reached for his t-shirt. "Take your clothes off, Algar. I want to touch you."

He got off the bed. Standing with his gaze on her face, he stripped out of his shirt then reached for the button on his jeans. Kamryn licked her lips when he slowly undid the zipper and pushed his pants down his legs. She sucked in a breath, her gaze focused on his erection. He kicked his jeans away, took his cock in his hand, and pumped it once along his full length. Her eyes followed his movement.

She reached for him. He climbed back on the bed to lie on his side next to her. She turned and put her hands on his chest, gently pushing him onto his back.

"Now I get to stroke every inch of your body," she said, her voice husky.

"I'm all yours."

Kamryn moved to straddle his thighs and placed feather-light kisses across his chest, working her way down. She flicked her tongue against each of his flat nipples before she continued downward to his abs. His heart thundered while he watched her explore him with her lips and tongue.

When she reached his cock, he held his breath, waiting in anticipation for her to touch him. The air in his lungs punched out of him with a moan at the feel of her fingers running along the length of his shaft before she circled the end. Taking a firm hold of him at the base, she licked off a bead of pre-cum that had appeared on the very tip.

She used her other hand to cup his balls then opened her mouth and took as much of his cock inside that she could manage. Algar, awash in the pleasurable

sensation of her sucking on his cock, let his head fall back on the mattress and closed his eyes when they turned. The tips of his fingers burned, his claws threatening to burst through his skin.

When Kamryn sucked on him harder, pumping her hand up and down the part of his shaft she couldn't take in her mouth, he could no longer hold his claws back. To hide them, he balled his hands into fists at his sides. An animalistic growl pushed out of him before he could stop it.

He opened his eyes to mere slits to watch Kamryn give his cock one last lick. She released him then moved up his body, placing her hands flat on his chest. She lowered her pussy against his shaft and rubbed herself up and down his full length, coating him with her juices. His claws bit into his palms as he squeezed his fists tighter. While she continued to tease them both this way, he arched his back, his body begging her to take his cock.

Algar reached up and plucked at one of Kamryn's taut nipples, careful not to scrape her skin with his claws. "Ride me," he said, his voice rough.

Kamryn tilted her hips and took the head of his cock inside. Slowly, bit by bit, she worked him inside her until he was sheathed to the hilt. He groaned at the sensation of her warm wetness closing around him, her inner walls gripping him tightly.

With her hands still on his chest and her eyes closed, she slid up and down his engorged cock. Her breasts bounced with her movements. Algar dropped his hands to her hips and lifted his head. The sight of his cock moving in and out of her body had him going even harder. His orgasm built inside him, but he wanted Kamryn to find her release first.

He carefully rubbed her clit as she rode him faster. Her whimpered moans filled his ears and her pussy clutched his cock harder. He lifted his hips from the bed, meeting each of her downward strokes. Then, with a loud moan, she started to come. Her pussy rhythmically clutched his shaft, forcing his own climax to roar to the surface.

Feeling his cock start to swell inside Kamryn, he surged up into a sitting position

and wrapped his arms around her waist to hold her to him. He shouted his pleasure and his cock pulsed, filling her with his cum. His cock swelled even more until he was locked inside her. Another jet of sperm spurted deep inside her. He buried his face in her chest while he fought to get his wolf back under control. It didn't help that his sperm continued to shoot out of him at half-minute intervals.

When Kamryn didn't seem to react to what his body was doing, only wrapped her arms around his head, he hoped she'd give them some time. With his cock locking them together while he continued to come, he needed her to stay calm. Once he could free himself, then she could freak.

Chapter Five

Kamryn felt another warm spurt of cum splash inside her pussy. Algar's cock was still hard and thick. It didn't move inside her when she shifted against him, almost as if he'd swelled to fill her completely. Where his hands wrapped around her back, she felt the prick of sharp nails. Eventually, that subsided, leaving her with a contented feeling when Algar ran his palms up and down her back.

When his cock grew soft enough so he was no longer lodged deep inside her, he lifted his head and kissed her. She didn't say anything when he pulled away. What happened when Algar had come hadn't been normal. She hadn't slept with a ton of guys, but she'd slept with enough to know his release was out of the ordinary. She should be saying something, demanding he tell her why his body had done what it had done, but satiated from the intense orgasm he'd given her, she felt too tired to speak. It was late and her body demanded the sleep it needed.

Her eyelids started to droop, but Kamryn fought to keep them open. She really needed to say something to Algar, but her mind was drifting toward sleep. "What happened? Why did you – ?"

Algar cut her off by placing a finger across her lips. "You're tired, Kamryn. Go to sleep. We'll talk in the morning."

Gently, he lifted her off him and pulled back the covers so she could climb under them. He climbed in next to her and positioned her so she lay cuddled against his side with her head on his chest. The sound of his heart beating under her ear had her throwing her leg over his so she could snuggle even closer.

She put her arm across Algar's stomach. "You won't leave while I'm sleeping, will you?"

"I'll still be here in the morning," he said.

"Good."

Satisfied he wouldn't sneak away before she got to ask the questions she needed to asked, Kamryn let herself drift deeper into sleep. Before slumber fully overtook her, she felt Algar press his lips to her forehead.

* * * * *

Kamryn awoke the next morning to the sensation of being enfolded in a pair of strong arms. She was toasty warm from having the large, male body she slept against touching almost every inch of her.

What she'd done with Algar the night before came rushing back. She shifted her head slowly to look at him. He still slept. His large chest rose and fell beneath her head with each even breath he took. Running her gaze over his face, she was once again taken aback by how good looking he was, and by the fact that she'd actually slept with him. Making love to Algar made her toes curl just thinking about it. The only part of the experience that gave her pause was what had happened while he'd come. She couldn't begin to guess what had caused his cock to swell that much or have him coming for so long.

Though she didn't understand the differences in Algar, it didn't stop Kamryn from wanting to experience the pleasure she found in his arms again. He'd known exactly what to do to make her body sing. And the one time hadn't been nearly enough. If it hadn't been so late, she would have been more than happy to go another round.

After a quick check to make sure Algar still slept, Kamryn slowly managed to get out from under his arm and pulled the covers down. He didn't stir. She ran her gaze up and down the length of his muscular body. He had a physique that looked as if he spent hours in a gym working out. Not a drop of excess fat on him anywhere. She wanted to rub up against him like a contented kitten. The man was definite eye candy.

Kamryn let her gaze drop to his flaccid penis lying against his thigh. It didn't look any different from any other man. If anything, Algar would be considered on the large side, which she wouldn't be complaining about. During sex, he filled her, stretching her in the most delicious of ways.

As she watched, Algar's cock twitched then started to harden and lengthen. She shifted her gaze to his face and found him awake, watching her with a smile playing along his lips.

"I must say," he said in a sleep-roughened voice, "that I could get used to waking up every morning with a beautiful woman in my arms while she stares hungrily at my cock."

Before she could say anything, Algar pulled her on top of him. Kamryn couldn't resist rubbing herself against his erection. "And I guess I could say I could get used to waking up every morning with a gorgeous hunk in my bed."

His smile deepened. "So you think I'm a gorgeous hunk, huh?"

"Well, you're not exactly hard on the eyes, you know?"

He cupped the back of her head and brought her lips down to his. Algar leisurely kissed her, but did a thorough job of it. By the time he pulled away, she was breathing hard.

"Good morning," he said.

That was a hell of a way to say good morning. Being kissed like that was a great way to start the day. Throw a little sex in there and make it even better. "Good morning to you," she said back. "I can feel you're *up* for something other than sleep."

Algar put his hands on her ass and held her to him while he ground his cock against her. "You can say that. I was wondering if you could help me with it."

"Mmm, I think I'd be more than willing."

"I kind of thought you would."

In a blink, he rolled and had her under him. His cock settled between her legs with the tip pressed against the opening of her pussy. Kamryn grew instantly wet. She lifted her hips in invitation, but Algar made no move to sheath himself inside her.

He placed a kiss on the corner of her mouth. "Hungry, are we?"

"Around you, I always seem to be."

"I wouldn't have it any other way."

Algar then set about satisfying her hunger. He took her wrists and placed them on the mattress above her head, which caused her breasts to lift. Bending, he sucked a taut nipple between his lips. With each pull of his mouth, there was a corresponding pull inside her pussy. More wetness pooled inside her core, readying her to take his cock that nudged at her slick opening.

As she moaned, he pushed home. Releasing her wrists, he rested his weight on his bent arms and pumped his hips. She wrapped her legs around his waist, angling his cock deeper inside her. He quickened his pace, rode her harder.

She lifted her heavy gaze to his face and saw his eyes closed. He wore a look of extreme pleasure as his cock pumped in and out of her. His expression caused her inner muscles to clutch tighter along his shaft. Her orgasm quickly started to build. Algar's long, hard strokes soon pushed her into release. Crying out, Kamryn clung to him and her pussy squeezed his cock in a tight fist.

When her climax ended, Algar pulled out of her, urged her onto her stomach and then onto her hands and knees. He moved to kneel behind her, taking hold of her hips. "I want to take you this way while I come."

In answer, Kamryn pushed back. The head of his cock brushed up against her pussy. With an animalistic growl, Algar surged forward and sank deeply inside her. In this position, she was able to take more of him. He took her hard and fast. Another orgasm started to build. She rocked back, matching each of his strokes.

This time when she came, he came with her. He surged into her one last time and

held her tightly to him as his cock pulsed inside her pussy. While he came, his shaft swelled to the point where it locked them together. Algar wrapped an arm around her waist and shifted her so she lay on her side with him spooned at her back. Kamryn sucked in a breath when she felt another warm splash of cum.

She put her hand on his arm where he held it across her stomach. She trailed her fingers along it until she reached his hand, which he had fisted against her. Another jet of sperm splashed inside her.

"Algar?" she asked softly. "Why are you coming like that?"

He stiffened behind her. "I think it would be easier if I answered that question at my place."

Kamryn tried to turn her head to look at him over her shoulder, but Algar used his chin to keep her head facing away. "I don't understand. Why do we need to go to your place? Can't you just tell me here?"

"I could, but I don't think you'll take it as well here. At my place, there is someone who has already gone through this and can help you accept what I tell you."

The only *someone* Kamryn could think of was another woman. "Are you telling me you have a woman living with you? And that you've slept with her?" She tried to move away from Algar, but the swelling of his cock kept their bodies locked together.

He held her tighter, stopping her from moving. "Don't, Kamryn. You'll just hurt yourself. You have to wait for the swelling to go down." He took a deep breath. "There is a woman who lives with me, but I've never slept with her. She's my friend's ma – wife. I don't live alone. I live with six other people. All of them are male except for Lexi."

"You have that many roommates?"

He chuckled. "I wouldn't exactly call them roommates. They're more like family."

"And Lexi is the one who you think will help me accept whatever it is you have to tell me?"

"Yes. She's gone through this with Raed. She's also an American like you."

"And if I refuse to go back to your place? Will you still answer my questions?"

He stayed silent for a few seconds. "I would prefer not to answer them here."

Having a feeling Algar would keep trying to persuade her until she finally agreed, she nodded. "All right. You can take me to talk with Lexi. But I get to take a shower first. Alone. I'm not having sex with you again until you talk."

His cock had finally softened enough that she was able to pull away. He didn't try to stop her when she sat up.

He gave her a crooked grin. "Are you sure you don't want me to join you?"

She slipped off the bed. "I'm sure. Just don't leave before I get out."

Kamryn crossed the room to the bathroom and shut the door behind her. She would have enjoyed sharing the shower with Algar, but there were just too many questions bouncing around inside her head. The swelling of his cock hadn't been a fluke during the night. Not when the same thing had happened when they had made love for a second time. She needed answers before things went any further with Algar.

* * * * *

He was a big chicken shit. Algar took a quick look at Kamryn where she sat in the passenger seat of his Jag before he turned his attention back to the road. They were on their way to the manor.

Yes, he'd definitely chickened out. After his eyes had turned and his claws had come out while they had made love, he'd deliberately taken Kamryn from behind before he reached his orgasm. There was no question that his cock would swell again, and that she would be locked to him. In that position, he'd been able to hide his eyes from her better. He could have shown her right there in her hotel room, but he hadn't wanted to take the chance that Kamryn would start screaming once he told her he was an immortal werewolf. Not that he thought she'd scream, but he hadn't wanted to take the chance. All he needed would be for someone to hear her and come pounding on the door.

When he pulled his car onto the manor's gravel drive, he heard Kamryn make a

sputtering sound. He glanced at her and found her leaning forward in her seat while she gawked at the manor through the front window.

"Holy shit, Algar. Just how rich are you?" At his laugh, she turned in his direction. "Sorry. That was kind of rude of me."

He laughed again. "It's all right, Kamryn. The manor *is* big, but it has to be to accommodate all of us. Let's just say none of us have to worry about where our money will come from."

As he pulled in front of the detached garage, she said, "I don't think you've told me what you do for a living."

He parked the Jag and killed the engine. "I haven't."

Before she could say anything more, he got out of the car and walked around to her side. She climbed out and shut the car door when he reached her. She gave him a pointed look. "Well? Are you going to tell me then?"

"Not yet."

"Okay. Be that way."

He put his hand on the small of her back and guided her toward the manor's door. He opened it and waited for her to step inside before him. She let out a low whistle when she took in the open-concept foyer with its light blonde hardwood floors and walls painted to match in a shade darker. She turned in a circle while she took in the crystal chandelier that hung from the center of the ceiling. Kamryn's gaze then followed the heavy oak banister that wound its way up the curved staircase to the upper floor.

She turned back to him. "Your place is gorgeous, Algar. It makes my apartment back home look like a dump."

He chuckled. "I'm glad you like it. Come on, I'll introduce you to the others."

From the sounds and the smell of cooking food, Algar figured everyone would be in the kitchen eating breakfast. When he and Kamryn walked into the room, the others fell silent and turned in their direction.

Putting his arm around her shoulders, he said, "Everyone, I would like you to

meet Kamryn."

Chapter Six

Kamryn gave a tentative smile and said, "Hi."

She couldn't stop herself from staring at each of the five large men who sat at the long kitchen table. Though they were all seated, she had a feeling when they stood, each one of them would be around six and a half feet tall. And they were just as muscular as Algar. All except for the one who had long black hair, he had the biggest muscles of the bunch.

Algar guided her closer to the table. "Let me introduce you to everyone, Kamryn." He pointed to each man, in turn. "This is Wulfric, Dolf, Garrick, and Brand. And the couple sitting at the end of the table is Raed and Lexi."

"Nice to meet you all."

She met the men's gazes when they greeted her. Wulfric had light blond hair that reached his shoulders, and green eyes. Dolf's hair was reddish-brown and had a slight wave to it. His eyes were a dark brown. Garrick, who winked at her, had shaggy light brown hair and brown eyes. Brand, the one with the black hair she had noticed the most, only nodded. His eyes were a dark blue. She then turned her attention to the only other couple in the room – Raed and Lexi. Raed had longish dark blond hair and blue eyes. Lexi, who looked tiny compared to the large men she sat with, had long, light brown hair and blue eyes that were open and friendly. Lexi got up from the table and Kamryn noted she was pregnant. Given the size of her belly, she guessed the other woman wasn't that far along.

Lexi held out her hand. "It's nice to finally meet you, Kamryn. Algar has told me about you."

It seemed strange to hear another American accent while surrounded by a bunch of people who had British ones. Kamryn took Lexi's hand and shook it. "Nothing too bad, I hope."

Lexi chuckled. "No. Nothing bad. Did the two of you have breakfast?"

Algar answered for them. "Not yet." He gave Lexi a pointed look that Kamryn didn't miss seeing. "Kamryn has some questions she wants me to answer and I decided to take you up on your offer to help with them."

Garrick snorted. "You mean you chickened out."

Algar shot Garrick a hard glare.

Lexi shook her finger at Garrick. "That will be enough out of you. You can keep your smart-ass comments to yourself." She then turned back to Algar. "Sure, we can talk, but why don't the two of you have something to eat first."

Algar led Kamryn to the one empty chair. Before she could wonder which one of them would take it, Brand, who sat next to it, stood. "Take mine. I'm done." He then said on his way out of the kitchen, "I'm going out."

Given Brand's abrupt manner, Kamryn said, "I hope I wasn't kicking him out of his chair before he was done."

"It's fine," Lexi said as she once again sat next to Raed. "Brand is a man of very little words. He doesn't mean anything by it."

Once Kamryn took Brand's chair, a clean plate was put in front of her and a large platter with bacon and eggs was pushed toward her. Her stomach growled, reminding her it had been a while since she'd last eaten. She helped herself to the food and passed the platter to Algar. She barely managed not to stare when he mounded his plate high.

"So, Kamryn," Raed said. "Algar said you were from Niagara Falls, New York. I bet you see a lot of tourists who come to see the falls."

She swallowed a mouthful of food and nodded. "A fair amount. Not so much in the winter, though. Plus we get quite a few Canadians who cross the border to shop at the outlet malls."

"Have you crossed the border to Canada?"

"Yes, more than once. I hate to say it, me being American and all, but the Canadian side of the falls has a much better view than we do. Plus, they have the Maid of the Mist boat tours that take you right to the base of the American Falls and into the

basin of the Canadian Horseshoe Falls. I've been on that a few times."

"I've heard of the boat tours," Lexi said. "You're supposed to get soaked when they take you to the falls."

Kamryn chuckled. "Pretty much, so it's a good thing disposable rain ponchos are provided. But getting soaked is just part of the thrill of the ride."

"I guess. What do you do in Niagara Falls?" Lexi asked next.

"I'm an assistant to a wedding planner."

"Considering where you live, I imagine you have a lot of weddings to work on."

"Sometimes I feel as if I do nothing but run around booking halls and picking flower arrangements, but I like what I do."

"I used to be a teacher's assistant back in the States. I don't miss it that much." Lexi put her hand on her stomach. "Though four months from now, I'll have my hands full and will be glad I don't have to go in to work every day."

Raed pulled Lexi close and put his hand on top of hers. "With all the uncles this baby will have, I'm sure you'll have lots of help."

Garrick had just taken a sip of coffee when Raed had spoken and now started to choke on it as if it had gone down the wrong way. Once he cleared his lungs with a few loud coughs, he shook his head. "Don't be expecting me to change dirty nappies. *That* I won't do, even if you order me to do it."

Raed chuckled. "Rest assured that will be one order I won't be issuing. You'd probably do a terrible job anyway."

Obviously pretending to take offense, since Garrick didn't sound too upset by Raed's comment, he went on to say how he would probably do a better job than the rest of the uncles. Of course, the others then had to put in their two cents.

Kamryn silently ate while the conversation turned to good-natured, male ribbing. Even Algar joined in. She also noted no one seemed to think it out of the ordinary for Raed to be issuing anyone 'orders'. It made her wonder if this 'family' had some sort of hierarchy to it. If it did, she could quite easily see Raed in the role of head of the family. He seemed to have a more authoritative presence about him than the

other men, though Algar seemed to come in a close second.

By the time Kamryn had finished eating, the conversation had started to wind down. Algar, who'd emptied his plate quicker than she, leaned in and asked, "Did you have enough to eat?"

"Yes, thanks. It was just what I needed."

"Good." He looked toward the end of the table. "Lexi, if you're ready?"

"Sure. Let's go." She gave Raed a quick kiss before she got to her feet and walked over to them.

Once Algar and Kamryn stood as well, Lexi led them out of the kitchen and down the hall to a large living room. She took a seat on one of the leather couches and waited for them to join her.

Lexi looked at Algar. "I think it would be better if you went first."

Kamryn, who sat between Algar and Lexi, looked from one to the other, with her gaze finally settling on Lexi. "You know about Algar's little . . . problem."

"Yes, but like I said, I think it would be better if Algar told you what he is first."

She turned away from Lexi to look at Algar who shot up and started to pace in front of the couch.

"What you are?" Kamryn had no idea what Lexi had meant.

He stopped pacing and took a deep breath. "Let's see if I can do this without causing too much upset. I'm not like other men you have known."

"If you're talking about what happens while we're in bed together, I already know."

"That isn't what I mean. Damn, this is hard." Algar looked at Lexi. "Now I know how Raed must have felt when he told you."

"Just spit it out, Algar," Lexi said. "Like removing a bandage, it's better in the end not to go too slowly."

He nodded. "All right." He then moved so he stood in front of Kamryn before he squatted and took her hands in his. "You asked what I do for a living. Well, I guess my job description would best be described as immortal werewolf warrior." When Kamryn

opened her mouth, he stopped her before she could respond. "Let me finish. I can already tell from the look on your face that you don't believe me. It's true. I was born in the Fifth Century here in East Anglia. I'm over a thousand years old. Raed was my king. Actually, we still consider him our king. The Anglo-Saxon god, Tiw, chose Raed and the rest of us to protect mortals from the werewolves sired by Fenris the wolf, the son of the god, Loki. Tiw gave us immortality and the ability to shift into what we hunt to better help us take down Fenris' get. As for what happens when I sleep with you, I think it's because you're my mate. That has never happened to me before, only with you. This is still new to us. Lexi was the first to become a mate to one of us warriors."

From the serious expression Algar wore, she didn't question that he believed what he'd told her. All she could think was he had to be kidding her. He couldn't expect her to believe a story like that. What'd he take her for? A gullible moron?

Kamryn looked at Lexi. "This has to be a joke. Right?" When Lexi said nothing, Kamryn continued. "Come on? You can't tell me you believe this . . . this make believe story about werewolves."

"It's true, Kamryn," Lexi said with pity in her voice. "All of it. When Raed first told me, I felt the same way you do. No way could it be true, but when he showed me the proof, I couldn't deny it."

Kamryn shook her head and shifted her gaze from Lexi to Algar. "You've had your joke. It's time to stop trying to pull one over on the new girl."

Algar sighed, let go of her hands and moved to stand at his full height. "Shit. I'm going to have to shift."

"Make sure you start off with the wolf first," Lexi said quickly. "I would have freaked less if Raed had shown me that before the other."

Shift? Wolf? They couldn't be serious.

But then Algar's body started to blur and she felt her heart trying to beat out of her chest when a wolf with brown fur, the same color of Algar's hair, took his place. The shift had happened within a matter of seconds. The wolf took a step closer and nudged her shin with his nose. Kamryn pulled her legs up onto the couch.

Lexi put a hand on her shoulder. "It's all right. Take some deep breaths. It's still Algar in there. He can understand everything you say."

Kamryn said nothing, unable to tear her gaze off the wolf.

"Bandage time again, Algar. I don't think this is going to get any better."

The wolf's body blurred, and to Kamryn's horror, something even worse took its place. A creature that stood much taller and bulkier than Algar was now towering in front of her. It had the same color fur covering its body as the wolf had had. It looked a cross between a man and a wolf with its lupine head and tail. Sharp claws tipped each of its fingers. Kamryn breathed faster, her vocal cords frozen, while fear threatened to consume her.

The creature held out a hand toward her. "Take it easy, Kamryn. It's still me. This is my werewolf form." The voice that came out of the creature's muzzle sounded like Algar, but much gruffer and deeper.

He reached for her and that was enough to unfreeze her. She screamed. Loudly. The creature took a step closer, and she screamed again, jumping off the couch and out of its reach. When the other people, or werewolves, rushed into the room, she backed away until she came up against a wall. The newcomers stared at her as if she'd lost her mind.

"Shift back to human form," Raed barked to Algar. "Your just scaring her more the longer you stay like that."

The creature's body blurred and once more she stared at Algar's familiar features. He went to take a step toward her, but she held up her hands with her palms out. "Stay the fuck away from me."

"Kamryn, relax."

Shaking with fear, needing to get away from the man—creature—she'd stupidly slept with, she yelled, "Relax! Are you fucking nuts?"

"I know you're a little upset right now, but if you would just give yourself some time to calm down you'll find I'm not any different from the man I was before I told you this."

She laughed; the sound verged on being this side of hysterical, and not in a good way. "No different?" she shouted. "Bullshit. You're a freak of nature. An animal. I can't believe I slept with you. Twice."

His face became closed. Something that looked like hurt flashed in his eyes. "I'm not an animal. I'm human. You're going to have to accept what I am. We're mates."

Another wave of panic washed over her. This couldn't be happening. She violently shook her head. "No, we aren't. Just because you went all animal when we slept together does not mean we're mates. I refuse to be a mate to a goddamned wolf."

Lexi moved to stand nearer to Kamryn, next to Algar. "Kamryn, I know this is hard for you, but the signs are all there that says you are Algar's mate. The only one we haven't seen yet to confirm it is Tiw's mark. To see if he marked you like he marked me."

Lexi turned slightly, pulled down the collar of her shirt, and showed the back of her right shoulder. Kamryn found herself looking at what appeared to be the same tattoo Algar had on the cap of his left shoulder.

"That's just a tattoo. Algar said it was."

"No, I didn't," he said. "I only let you assume it was. Tiw gave all his warriors the mark when we pledged to serve him. Since I've claimed you, the mark may already be starting to show. Lexi said it started off looking like a bruise shortly after Raed claimed her."

Kamryn practically choked herself when she grabbed the collar of her long-sleeved t-shirt and yanked it down so the people in the room could see the right side of her back. "Well, is there a mark?" Her gaze latched onto Algar when his face went blank, not showing any emotions. "There isn't one, is there? So I'm not your mate."

"It doesn't mean that," Algar said tightly. "Maybe it's just taking a little longer to show up than it did with Lexi."

"That's just wishful thinking on your part," she shot back.

Her fear not abating one bit, Kamryn gazed over at Wulfric, Dolf, and Garrick, who were standing closer to the living room's entrance. She weighed the possibility of

them not stopping her if she tried to make a run for it. She didn't think her chances were very good.

The urge to run was becoming too much for Kamryn to ignore. Panicking to the point where she wondered if she'd give herself a heart attack from her heart beating so fast, she started to inch her way around Algar and Lexi. She kept her hands held out to keep them away.

"I'm getting the hell out of here," she said, trying to keep track of all the people in the room.

"No," Algar said in an abrupt tone. "I can't let you go. I need for you to understand."

When he made a reach for Kamryn, Lexi caught his arm and held him back. She shook her head. "Forcing her to stay isn't going to make matters any better. Maybe the time away from you will help her come to terms with this." Lexi then released him and turned to Kamryn. "I'll take you back to your hotel."

Out of all the people in the room, Lexi was the one Kamryn didn't fear as much. "You won't go wolf on me, will you?"

Lexi gave her a small smile. "No. I'm not a werewolf. Tiw only gave me immortality. You'll be safe with me. And being pregnant, it isn't as if I can chase you down if you decide to run."

Kamryn thought it over for a second before she said, "Fine. I wouldn't mind a ride to my hotel."

"Let's go then."

A loud growl filled the room when Kamryn started to walk away with Lexi. She knew Algar had made the sound, but she didn't look at him. She needed to get her fear under control. If she glanced his way, she would only be able to see the creature he had been and not the man she'd originally thought he was.

Chapter Seven

I've lost her. That phrase repeated itself again and again in Algar's head while he agitatedly paced the length of the inside of the manor and back. His revealing what he truly was to Kamryn had gone worse than he'd imagined. He'd bloody well fucked it up. Raed hadn't had this hard of a time winning over Lexi, but obviously his king's mate was a bit more open-minded than Algar's was. Even though Kamryn didn't carry the start of Tiw's mark on the back of her shoulder, that didn't mean she wasn't his. He wouldn't accept that. He just couldn't.

They may have only met a few days before, but spending time with Kamryn, claiming her body with his, hearing the small sounds she made while she came, he found himself falling for her. Unlike Raed, who'd been married when he'd pledged to serve Tiw, Algar hadn't been. While he'd been mortal, he hadn't been ready to settle down. And as an immortal, he'd only wanted casual affairs. It was hard to think of having a lasting relationship with a woman when her lifespan was nothing compared to his. But now that Tiw was giving his warriors a chance to find that one special woman, and give her the lifespan to match, Algar no longer wanted to be alone.

His feelings for Kamryn were new to him. He wanted to wrap himself around her, keep her protected from the outside world. Now that she'd rejected him, the urge was even greater. When she'd walked out of the manor with Lexi, he'd barely stopped himself from throwing back his head and howling with loss.

The sound of the front door opening had him rushing to it. He practically pounced on Lexi once she stepped inside. "How is Kamryn?"

Lexi gave him a sad look and shook her head. "I'm sorry, Algar. Nothing I said seemed to calm her down. Every time I mentioned you, it just seemed to upset her more."

The wolf in him rose up, feeling the rejection of his mate as much as the man did. His sight sharpened as his eyes turned and his claws shot out from the tips of his fingers. "She's mine. I can't let her walk away. I'll force her to see we're meant to be together."

Lexi cupped his face in her hands and forced him to focus on her. "Using force

will not help win her over. She's scared, Algar. Give her time. If she truly is your mate, the time apart will make her realize how much she misses you. She just needs to remember how things were between you before you showed her your werewolf side."

"How long do you expect me to wait?"

"However long she needs."

"And if the rest of the fortnight passes and she decides to leave for the States before accepting me? What then? I can't let that happen."

"It won't come to that. I promise you. It may take a few days, but I'm sure it won't take the rest of Kamryn's holiday."

Algar pulled out of Lexi's hold and stepped back. He took deep, calming breaths to get himself under control and waited for his eyes to change back and his claws to recede. "I hope you're right, because it'll probably kill me to be apart from her."

* * * * *

One Week Later

Kamryn listlessly turned her head and stared at the digital alarm clock sitting on the small bedside table. Almost eleven in the morning and she'd yet to get out of bed. Not that she had much to do that required her to get up early. Since Algar's confession, she'd holed up in her hotel room and had done nothing but watch TV, order room service, and sleep. All her plans to do some sightseeing had flown out the window. She couldn't shake the feeling that if she left the safety of her hotel room, Algar would be waiting to pounce on her as soon as she stepped outside. Not that she really thought he would. In the week since she'd last seen him, he'd not once tried to contact her. No phone calls, no messages left at the front desk.

At first, she was happy with the lack of contact, but as the days started to pass and her fear of what Algar was faded enough for her to think without it clouding her thoughts, his silence hurt. For someone who had claimed she was his mate, he was

doing a fine job of keeping her away.

Kamryn snorted. She was being an idiot. It wasn't as if she wanted to be a mate to a werewolf. She needed to stay away from Algar. No matter how much she'd stupidly started to miss him. He was an animal, a freak of nature, as she'd called him. But thinking about that got her remembering the hurt look on his face when she'd said it. God, she was losing her mind.

She rolled out of bed and went to the bathroom. Unable to stop herself, she opened her pajama top, shrugged out of the right sleeve, and turned so she could look at her back in the mirror. A blackish bruise-looking mark, about the size of her hand, on the back of her right shoulder showed in her reflection. It had appeared two days after the incident at Algar's manor. When she'd first found it, Kamryn had started to shake so badly she'd had to lie down on the bed. Now, she had mixed emotions about the mark. It made her long to be with the man she'd shared her body with and had enjoyed immensely. It also made her gut clench every time she saw it, knowing it meant she was truly Algar's mate.

Turning away from her reflection, Kamryn stripped out of her pajamas and stepped into the shower. The hot water helped clear away the last of her lethargy, but did nothing to improve her whirlwind emotions. Finished, she dried her hair and body before she wrapped the towel around herself. She didn't bother to wipe the steam off the mirror when she brushed her teeth. She had no interest in looking at herself.

Back in the room, she pulled a comb through her damp hair and then dressed in a pair of blue jeans and a pink yoga top. Kamryn had just reached for the television's remote when a loud knock sounded on her door. Her hand froze in mid-air and her heart beat wildly. What if it was Algar?

Slowly, she lowered her hand to her side. If she was truthful with herself, she would admit that her heart's quickened pace wasn't caused completely by the fear that Algar may be on the other side of the door. No, it had a lot to do with remembering how it felt to have him touch her, kiss her, and have his cock moving in and out of her. Hard to forget how good they had been together, when she dreamed about it night after

night.

The knock came again, louder this time, followed by a deep male voice that wasn't Algar's. "Kamryn, open the door."

Curious as to whom it could be since the voice was definitely British, she crossed the room and looked through the peephole in the door. She sucked in a breath when she saw Brand on the other side, which she thought was strange since she'd barely met him.

"I know you're at the door. I can smell you. I just want to talk."

Considering Lexi had said Brand was a man of very little words, Kamryn would have thought talking to her would be the last thing he'd want to do. "We have nothing to talk about," she said through the door.

"Yes, we do. Open the door. Please."

Looking through the peephole again, she saw the determined look on Brand's face. It didn't take a genius to guess he wouldn't leave until she'd done as he'd asked. All she needed was for him to make a scene or something. With a hand that shook only a little, she turned the lock and opened the door.

Lifting her chin, mostly in a show of bravado she hardly felt but also because she craned her neck to look at Brand in the face, she said, "I opened the door. What do you want?"

In answer, he pushed past her — as if she would have been able to stop a man his size — and moved to stand in the middle of the room. He turned to face her. She let the door shut and crossed her arms over her chest while she gave him a hard stare. It didn't seem to faze him.

"I want you."

She blinked. Surely, he didn't mean it the way she was thinking? "I beg your pardon?"

"You heard me. I want you. I'm going to take you back to the manor and you're going to put Algar out of his misery."

At the mention of Algar's name, she barely managed to stop herself from asking about him. Instead, she said, "No."

He frowned. "That wasn't a request."

"I don't have to take orders from you." Kamryn watched Brand tense, realizing she was refusing a man who was not only twice her size, but also a werewolf. "You can't order me around."

He cocked his brow as if to say, 'who do you think you're kidding'. "This has gone on long enough. You're Algar's mate."

Kamryn crossed her arms tighter around her. "No, I'm not. And there isn't any proof that I am." The last part rushed out of her mouth.

Brand narrowed his eyes. "Then show me."

"What?" She took a step away.

"Show me your back."

"I don't have to show you anything."

Moving faster than she'd ever seen a man move before, Brand grabbed her and spun her around. "I'm hearing too many don'ts. The time for me to be polite is over." He took hold of the back collar of her shirt and pulled it away. He then snorted. "I thought so."

She let out a squawk when Brand picked her up with her back held to his chest and started to walk toward the door. Kamryn smacked the arm anchored around her waist. "Put me down."

"No. The mark is starting. You belong with Algar."

In hopes to stall him, she said quickly, "The keycard and my purse."

Brand spun around and walked over to the small table where both those items set. Once he had her out the door there would be no escaping him. So she lowered her head and then snapped it back, hitting him right on the chin. Brand didn't as much as stumble. It probably hurt her head more than it had hurt him.

He put her down on her feet, and holding her by her upper arms, he turned her and bent so his eyes were level with hers. "Enough, Kamryn. Algar needs you. You need him. He's a werewolf. Get over it. Algar has waited for you for over a thousand years. If only I was half as lucky to find my mate."

Brand didn't give her a chance to say anything before he scooped up her purse and the keycard. Silently, he led her by her upper arm out of the room and down to the lobby. He kept her moving until he reached the parking lot and deposited her into the passenger side of a silver Lexus.

Kamryn settled back into the seat when Brand pulled out onto the street. With her choice taken away from her, she prepared herself to come face to face with Algar for the first time in a week.

* * * * *

Nathan stepped out of the shaded part of the parking lot and watched Brand's Lexus drive away. He wore a large smile. He'd decided to follow the large warrior when he'd left the manor. Unbeknownst to Brand, or the rest of the immortal warriors, Nathan had been discreetly watching the front of the manor for most of the week. He'd followed Brand in his travels more than once. But today he'd come up lucky.

On a whim, when Brand had gone to the hotel, Nathan had followed him inside. When the warrior crossed the lobby and took an elevator, Nathan waited until he saw what floor it stopped on and stayed on, before he rode the other elevator. Following Brand's scent, it hadn't been hard to find which room the warrior had gone into. Nathan hadn't needed to get close to hear Brand talking to a woman. Hearing him tell her he wanted her, it had Nathan thinking he'd just found the leverage he'd been searching for. Another warrior had found his mate.

It would only be a matter of time before Brand left, so Nathan went back down to the lobby and out to the parking lot to wait. Seeing Brand leading his mate to his car had been a bit of a disappointment, but at least Nathan now knew what she looked like. Since she had no luggage with her, he had to assume she would return to her hotel at some point. The question would be whether Brand let her go by herself.

Deciding to have a pack member watch the hotel for her return, Nathan got into his car. He needed to take out all the warriors if he ever wanted to see his plans come to

fruition – to free Fenris and bring about Ragnarok. Only then would his kind rule.

Chapter Eight

When the manor came into view, Kamryn started to get nervous. She didn't know if she could do this. Being at the manor brought back bad memories of Algar turning into that . . . creature. Now that she'd had a few days to think about it, Kamryn hadn't been too bothered with Algar shifting into a wolf. A wolf was somewhat normal. His werewolf form had scared her the most. It still gave her the willies just thinking about it.

Brand parked the car and turned to her. "I can smell your fear. Algar would never hurt you."

Kamryn took a shuddering breath. "I don't know if I can do this. You guys may be used to it, but your werewolf forms scare the hell out of me."

"It shouldn't. We're still us. If you were ever attacked by a werewolf sired by Fenris, you would be happy to have one of us defending you. It only takes one bite to turn a mortal into one of them."

She swallowed. That had been a lot of words for Brand. "I don't know if I'm ready to hear that."

"The time to hide is over. It's time to accept your fate."

Brand got of the car and walked around to help her out. She had to take deep, cleansing breaths to stop herself from hyperventilating. Brand didn't seem to notice. He pulled her by her arm ever closer to the front door of the manor. Once he had them through it, he slammed the door shut.

Dolf hurried out into the foyer. When he saw her with Brand, he whistled low. "Bloody hell, you did it. You forced Kamryn to come with you. Raed may not be too pleased about this."

"It needed to be done. Where's Algar?"

"I doubt you'll have to go looking for him," Dolf said. "Once he catches a whiff of

her scent he'll come running."

Sure enough, Kamryn heard the sound of heavy footfalls coming from the upper level. Algar appeared at the top of the stairs and his gaze latched onto her. The sight of him made her heart beat faster. Kamryn had had no idea how much she'd missed him until she saw him again. When he started down the stairs, she ran her gaze over him. She made note of the dark circles under his eyes. He looked as if he hadn't slept in a week. When he reached the bottom of the stairs, Algar crossed the foyer in two long strides. He moved in front of her and stared while he clenched and unclenched his hands at his sides.

Brand let go of her and shifted a little away the same time Dolf did. "She has the start of Tiw's mark. She's yours. Fix the problem."

Algar said nothing. He scooped her up in his arms and took the stairs back up two at a time. He didn't put her down until he had them in his bedroom with the door locked.

Kamryn swallowed when he stared down at her. His eyes had changed. They no longer looked normal. The hazel irises had taken over most of the white of his eyes. Algar did nothing to hide them from her. He met her gaze, holding it, as if daring her to look away. She couldn't. Being this close to him again, smelling his musky scent, Kamryn wanted nothing more than to have Algar hold her.

Looking at him, she could see their separation had been harder on him than it had been on her. Lines of stress bracketed his mouth and the corners of his eyes. Even his face looked thinner, as if he'd lost some weight since the last time she'd seen him. He looked to be a man who had suffered . . . who was still suffering. She swallowed again. She'd done that to him. While she hid like a coward in her hotel room, he'd obviously been going through hell.

She didn't understand what it meant to be mated to a werewolf, but a part of her longed to be with him. All week she'd been trying to convince herself she could turn her back on Algar, get on a plane, and leave him behind. She would go back to the States and forget him along with everything they had done together. She'd been kidding

herself. She couldn't walk away from this werewolf, this man. Not now, not ever. Yes, she had some fear when it came to his werewolf form, but it didn't make Algar the animal she'd called him. An animal wouldn't be standing in front of her with such hope and longing shining in his eyes. All she could think about was taking away his pain.

Kamryn cleared her throat. "You look like crap." Algar flinched, but he didn't say anything. She tried again. "I was an idiot. I shouldn't have reacted the way I did. I'm sorry." He continued to stare. When the silence became too much, she said, "Algar, say something. Please."

"Show me," he said.

"Show you what?"

In answer, he lifted a hand, tipped with claws, and used one to rip her shirt open from the collar to the hem. Algar parted the material and pushed the ruined top down her arms so it landed on the floor. He then spun her around, unhooked her bra and stripped it off her.

She kept still when claw-tipped fingers ran gently up the length of her arms. They stopped at the top of her shoulders and held on. She sucked in a sharp breath when Algar kissed the mark on her back with reverence.

Once he'd kissed every inch of the mark, he put his arms around her waist and pulled her back against his hard body. He moved her hair to the side and continued to kiss the side of her neck. Goosebumps broke out over skin.

"Don't run from me again, Kamryn," he said in a husky voice. "I don't think I could survive it. I've felt as if a piece of me was missing."

She relaxed against him, his words causing her to melt. "I won't run."

He lifted his hands from her waist and covered her breasts. He plucked at her nipples until they went taut. Her pussy clenched and wetness started to pool. Algar rocked his hips against her, letting her feel how hard his cock had gone. She lifted her arms to wrap them around the back of his neck and bent her head to the side to give his lips better access.

Algar continued to play with her breasts. He licked and kissed a path to her

earlobe and gently bit it. "I want you, Kamryn. I've done nothing but ache for you."

Her body on fire, she moved restlessly against him. "I need to feel you inside me."

With a low growl, he shifted his hands to the top of her jeans. He undid them quickly and shucked them down her legs. She kicked them away. Her panties, he carefully tugged off. When she kicked those away as well, she looked down her body to watch Algar's clawed hands skim up her sides, across her ribs and slowly move lower to her stomach. When he moved even lower and dropped one hand between her legs, she moaned. He parted her folds and found her clit, circling it with one finger until her juices leaked from her pussy.

Releasing a sound between a growl and a moan, Algar moved to yank off his shirt. She whimpered when he pulled his hand away. He turned her face toward him and took her mouth in a searing kiss while he rid himself of his jeans. Kamryn buried her fingers into his hair at his nape and rocked back against his straining erection. All her fears of him melted away as the urgency to feel him inside her body took over.

Algar sucked her tongue into his mouth, twining his with it, and once again, fondled her between her legs. In a careful manner, so as not to scratch her sensitive skin with his claws, he played with her clit. Arousal beat at her. She was more than ready to take him.

Pulling away from his mouth, she moaned, "Now, Algar. I have to have you inside me."

"Yes."

Instead of moving to the bed, he spread her legs, gripped her hips, and surged into her from behind. He practically lifted her off her feet when he pulled back and then pushed up inside her again. Kamryn kept her arms locked at the back of his neck while he thrust in and out. His cock filled her, deliciously stretching her with each hard stroke.

The sound of their harsh breathing filled the room, along with the slap of their bodies meeting. Kamryn squeezed her inner walls around Algar's shaft, wringing a

groan out of him. He continued to thrust into her pussy as he reached around her and stroked her clit. Her body coiled tighter, her orgasm inching ever closer.

"Come for me, Kamryn," he panted into her ear. "I need to feel your pussy milking my cock. I can't hold back much longer."

His words, and the way he continued to stimulate her clit, were enough to send her into climax. Whimpering and moaning while intense pleasure ripped through her, Algar's cock hardened even more as her inner walls fisted his shaft.

Once her orgasm ended, he brought them both down onto their knees on the carpeted floor. He pushed between her shoulders until he had her on her hands. Taking a firm grasp of her hips again, he pumped into her with long, hard strokes. Kamryn rocked back, meeting his thrusts. Another orgasm started to build.

Algar pumped his hips faster. "You feel so good," he ground out. "I'm going to come."

With a strangled moan, he surged into her one final time and his cock pulsed deep inside her. Kamryn cried out, thrown into a second orgasm. While her pussy clutched, Algar's cock swelled, locking them together. He took them to their sides on the floor and held her flush against his chest. She fought to catch her breath.

When she could breath evenly again, she said, "I'm sorry I ran from you, Algar." She followed her words with a moan when she felt another jet of cum.

Algar kissed the mark on the back of her shoulder. "I'm just glad you decided to come back to me. I thought I lost you."

Kamryn bit her bottom lip. "Thank Brand for that. He was the one who decided to interfere and came to get me."

"What do you mean by 'interfere'?"

"He kind of took matters into his own hands."

Algar growled into her ear. "Did he hurt you?"

"No. No, he didn't hurt me," she reassured him. "He told me I had to put you out of your misery, and if I wasn't willing to do it, he wouldn't be taking no for an answer. For a guy who doesn't talk much, he can be very convincing when he wants to be."

Algar relaxed against her and chuckled. "Brand is one of a kind. I guess I'm going to owe him one." He nipped gently at the top of her shoulder where it met her neck. "And you did put me out of my misery." Then in a serious voice, he said, "If you stay, you know what I'll want from you."

She nodded. "I know. You want me to be your mate."

"Can you handle being a mate to a werewolf? There are going to be times when you'll have to see me in my werewolf form. It's a part of who I am."

Algar's cock had softened enough for her to pull away and turn so she faced him. "I'm not going to lie and say seeing you in that form doesn't scare the hell out of me. But maybe if we get me used to it a little bit at a time, I could get over my fear."

"And my wolf?"

She smiled. "That form I can handle. Your wolf looks close enough to a dog that it doesn't bother me."

He gently slapped her ass. "I'm no dog."

Algar pushed her away and his body started to blur while he took on his wolf form. This time, Kamryn was able to keep it together. She sat up and reached out a hand to stroke the top of the wolf's head. He turned it to the side to give her better access to scratch behind his ear.

She chuckled. "You may not be a dog, but you liked being petted like one." Kamryn couldn't hold back a burst of laughter when Algar moved his head to give her a wolfy look that said he wasn't impressed. He then turned and leapt up onto the bed. He softly barked and settled down on the mattress.

Kamryn stood and joined him on the bed. She ran her hand through the soft fur along his back. Algar's tail wagged back and forth while she continued to pet him. He may be a wolf, but he liked being petted. She decided to keep that comment to herself.

After she petted him a few more times, she said, "I like stroking you in this form, but I think I would enjoy it more if you were a man. In human form, you have some interesting body parts I wouldn't mind getting my hands on."

From one heartbeat to the next, Algar was back in his human form and had

pinned her onto her back on the bed. "You were saying?"

Kamryn sighed when the head of Algar's hardening cock brushed up against her slick entrance. "Maybe I can fondle you later since you have one of those interesting body parts just where I like it best."

Reaching between them, Algar fisted his cock and led it to her pussy. He kept his hand wrapped around his shaft while he thrust, giving her only the head. "You can pet any part of me whenever you want."

"Hmm, I'll be taking you up on that offer very soon."

Algar took his hand away and sheathed himself to the hilt inside her. She put her legs around his waist and dug her heels into his ass to get him to move. He complied by rearing back then thrusting inside with a hard stroke. He kept up the slow, hard pace until he had her moaning and lifting her hips to meet his.

When their climaxes hit at the same time, Kamryn let herself get swept away on the tide of pleasure. Algar threw back his head and groaned as his cock emptied deep inside her. After he collapsed on top of her, she put her arms around him and held him tight, luxuriating in the feel of his much greater weight pushing her deeper into the mattress.

Locked to Algar once again, her eyes grew heavy and drifted shut. Now back with him, no longer feeling as if she had to avoid him, the nights of restless sleep all of the sudden weighed heavy on her. Algar and she had much to talk about, but there would be plenty of opportunity later. Much later. She snuggled closer when he rolled to his back, allowing her to sprawl on top of him. Content, feeling as if all was right in her world again, Kamryn let sleep take her.

Chapter Nine

Even though he'd hardly slept after the day Kamryn had run from him in fear, Algar fought off the tiredness that tugged at him. He gently brushed a lock of hair behind her ear. The other was pressed to his chest while she lay sleeping. His cock had

long since softened and slipped free of her body, but he made no move to adjust how they lay. He was quite happy to be Kamryn's mattress.

He stroked his hands, claws having receded under his skin, up and down her back. He gave the mark close to her right shoulder extra attention. When Brand had said Kamryn now carried the start of Tiw's mark, he'd known there was no question; she was his mate. After aching, longing to be with his mate for days with no respite in sight, the wolf inside him had thrown back his head and howled with relief when he discovered she was truly his.

Kamryn's mark seemed to be taking longer than Lexi's had to fully materialize, but he wondered if it had to do with the fact she hadn't accepted what he was at first. Lexi hadn't run from Raed, and she hadn't stayed away from him for days.

He tightened his arms around Kamryn, thankful to have her back. He wasn't going to kid himself by thinking they still didn't have things to work out. Making love didn't mean they wouldn't have matters to discuss. For instance, they still had to talk about living arrangements. Kamryn being from the States posed its own set of problems. He couldn't immigrate, because he couldn't walk away from the duty he had to Tiw. That meant she would have to give up her home. The days apart had shown him he'd fallen in love with her, and probably had from the start when he'd barreled into her that fateful night. Since she would have to be the one to give up so much, he'd make sure he showed her everyday what that meant to him.

Kamryn sighed in her sleep and rubbed her cheek against his chest. He smiled. He would let her sleep, but once she awoke, he'd have her again. They had lost time to make up.

* * * * *

Kamryn sat at the manor's kitchen table while she watched Algar whip them up something to eat. It was late at night and this was the first time they'd left his bedroom. After their marathon of sex, her stomach protested its emptiness, loudly. Algar had

been quick to suggest they raid the kitchen.

Reluctantly, they'd gotten dressed before heading downstairs. Algar had loaned her one of his t-shirts since he'd ripped her top. It was miles too big. The sleeves were past her elbows and she'd gathered up the bottom of the shirt and twisted it into a knot at her waist to keep it from looking like a mini skirt. But at least she was covered, and she liked wearing it since it belonged to Algar.

Where the other occupants of the manor were, Kamryn could only guess. They were obviously giving her and Algar some much needed alone time. Not that she was complaining. They had put the time to good use. When they hadn't been making love, they'd talked. *A lot*. Listening to Algar talk about living during the Dark Ages in Britain, she still found it hard to wrap her head around the fact he was that old. He didn't look a day over thirty.

They'd also talked about her moving into the manor with him. She'd readily accepted the fact that Algar couldn't move to the States. His job was a little more important than hers as an assistant to a wedding planner. As for leaving her family behind, she wasn't close to what little she had. Her parents were divorced and had been since she was a child. Her father was a dead-beat-dad who never really had much interest in her. Her mother had remarried and had given birth to Kamryn's half brother shortly after the divorce. Kamryn had been classed as the outsider since her stepfather hadn't really wanted to raise another man's child. She'd been happy to move out of his house once she'd finished school and got her first fulltime job. No, her family wouldn't really care that she was going to pull up roots and immigrate to England.

"You've gone awfully quiet over there," Algar said. He turned away from the stove to face her.

She shrugged. "I'm just lost in my thoughts."

"What's troubling you?"

"Nothing really. I was just thinking about my family, and how they won't care I'll be living thousands of miles away." She'd already told him what her family was like.

"Are you going to miss them?"

She chuckled as she shook her head. "No. Keeping in touch with them through the phone on birthdays and holidays is fine with me. And my family being the way they are, I can't see them helping me with this move." She met his gaze. "I'm going to have to go back to the States like I first planned to empty out my apartment and get the things I want to keep shipped here. It shouldn't take me long, but it'll still be a few weeks before I can return."

Algar turned back to the stove and switched it off. He went to the cupboard and took out two plates. Once he dished up the spaghetti he'd cooked for them, he placed a plate in front of her and gave her a fork. He took a seat with his plate in hand.

Taking her hand, he brought it to his mouth and pressed a kiss on the back before releasing it. "You won't be going back to the States alone."

"I won't?"

"No. I've thought that one through, since you told me how your family treats you. Lexi's family was able to do everything she needed to facilitate her move without her having to go back to the States. You don't have anyone. So I'll go with you when you return."

"Raed won't mind?" Algar had explained how even though Raed was no longer their king, the warriors still thought of him as such and expected him to give them orders when needed.

"I'm sure he won't. He and the others will be able to handle the werewolf front without me for a few weeks. This will actually be my first holiday, ever." He shot her a sexy grin. "I already know how I want to spend most of my time away."

From the smoldering look in his eyes, Kamryn could easily guess what he was implying. "I think I can handle that," she said. Her momentary smile slipped when another thought crossed her mind. "Do you have a passport?" Being his age, and considering the century of his birth, they didn't exactly have passports, or birth certificates, for that matter, back then.

Algar nodded. "I have one. When the age of needing those documents came to be, Raed made sure all of us had them. We've had to fix them from time to time so our

age matches our pictures."

"I guess you would have to since you don't age."

He took a forkful of spaghetti, chewed and swallowed before he said, "And yours will have to be fixed the same as ours at some point too."

She froze with a forkful of food inches from her lips. "What?"

He gave her a strange look. "You'll be immortal just as I am, Kamryn. Tiw has marked you. To make us fully mates, he'll grant you immortality as he did Lexi. I thought you would have known that."

She slowly lowered her fork to her plate. "Oh." She'd known Lexi was immortal and not a werewolf. Kamryn just hadn't put herself in the same equation. It was an oversight on her part. Algar had claimed her as his mate the same as Raed had claimed Lexi. Why would her being taken as a mate be any different? And truly, to be mated to Algar she would have to be immortal like he was.

A look of concern flashed across Algar's face. "You're okay with being immortal, aren't you? You're not going to freak on me again?"

Kamryn could hear the underlying uncertainty in his voice. She reached over and cupped the side of his face. "I'm all done freaking out. I want to have forever with you. The immortality was just something I hadn't thought about."

Algar visibly relaxed. "Oh, good. You had me worried there for a minute."

The whole immortality talk and having forever together got Kamryn thinking. Algar and she had discussed many things, but they had yet to say those three little words that needed to be said. It seemed a little rushed, but how she felt for him matched those words. Pretty sure he felt the same way about her, she still needed to hear him say he loved her.

"Algar, do you love me?"

He dropped his fork so it clattered against his plate, pushed back from the table, and picked her up so he could settle her on his lap. He cupped the back of her head and hungrily kissed her. When he pulled away, he met her gaze.

"It would seem I've been a bit neglectful, which I intend to remedy right this very

second. You're my mate, the other half of my soul. I'll love you forever and always. That will never change."

Kamryn swallowed around the lump that suddenly formed in her throat. "I love you too."

He brushed the pad of his thumb back and forth across her bottom lip. "I never doubted it, even when you were too afraid to be around me. Tiw wouldn't have marked you otherwise."

She opened her mouth and swirled her tongue around the tip of his thumb. He sucked in a sharp breath.

"You're playing with fire," he said in a voice gone gruff.

Kamryn gave his thumb a nip before she released it. "No, I'm playing with a wolf. One that I don't think I can get enough of."

A low growl rumbled out of Algar's chest. "This wolf definitely likes the way you play with him."

He leaned in and took her lips, pushing his tongue inside her mouth, devouring her as if she was the only thing he hungered for. Kamryn shifted so she straddled his lap. She rocked her pussy against the bulge in his pants. They'd made love for hours and already she wanted him again. Nothing else seemed to matter but having his thick cock inside her. Not the food that was sitting on the table getting cold or the empty state of her belly. One kiss and she turned to putty in his hands.

The sound of heavy booted heels hitting the kitchen floor had Algar breaking their kiss, but he held her firmly in place when she tried to slip back onto her own chair. Her face heated when she saw Garrick walking toward the fridge.

"You're back early from the hunt," Algar said.

Garrick took a beer from the fridge and turned to face them after he closed the door. "It was a slow night for prey, at least where I hunted." He gave them a knowing smile. "It looks as if I returned just in time for a good show."

Feeling more embarrassed, Kamryn pushed at Algar's chest until he released her. She kept her gaze off Garrick when she moved back to her chair and picked up her fork

to eat. Algar had told her Garrick liked to yank his and the other warriors' chains to see if he could get a rise out of one of them.

"Shut up, Garrick," Algar said with a growl. "Kamryn hasn't had time to get used to your abrasive personality yet. Don't start in on her."

Kamryn looked up at the sound of Garrick pulling out the chair across from her. He sat and met her gaze with a smile. "I apologize, Kamryn. Sometimes my mouth gets the best of me. I don't mean anything by it. I'll admit I can be a jerk when the mood suits."

She shot him a small smile. "Apology accepted. I've lived alone for so long now I've forgotten what it's like to live with other people. I guess I'll have to get used to it again."

Garrick lifted his beer toward Algar and Kamryn. "Congratulations. Since the two of you hadn't come up for air before night fell, I had a feeling you must have worked everything out." He then gave Algar a hard stare. "Let's make sure this mate doesn't run afoul of the pack leader of Fenris' get, shall we? The bastard got away, but I'll bet my sword he's still lurking around out there waiting for another chance to strike against us."

"As long as Kamryn is in the manor, she's safe. You know Tiw now protects our home from Fenris' kind ever since Lexi was abducted by Nathan."

Kamryn turned to look at Algar. "Lexi was abducted?"

"You're not in any danger here," he reassured her. "Lexi was taken off the manor's property."

If the leader of the bad werewolves was supposedly still around, Kamryn had to wonder if he'd found out about her yet. If he had, she didn't want to think about it, especially since she'd just spent a week alone in her hotel room without the Anglo-Saxon god's protection. She could have been taken as easily as Lexi had been. And since she had been avoiding Algar, he wouldn't have found out until it was too late.

"Do you think this Nathan would know about us being mates?" she asked with a slight tremor in her voice.

Algar put his arm around her shoulders and pulled her against his side. "I doubt it. He would have had to have one of his pack follow me. And even if he did, I haven't been out in public with you all that much. It's more likely Nathan is watching the manor, and not from the front of it either. He'd be too visible there. The back garden has more trees for him to hide in."

"I guess it's a good thing I won't be staying at my hotel." They'd both decided she would collect her luggage from the hotel the next day.

"Since Kamryn has the start of the mate mark, at least we don't have to worry about her falling victim to a werewolf bite," Garrick said. "It will be even better once Tiw grants her immortality."

"We're working on it," Algar said. "Once Kamryn is settled in here, I'll talk to Tiw about it."

During the bouts of talking they'd done during the day, Algar had also taught her the differences between his type of werewolf and those sired by Fenris. She'd learned the bad werewolves, as she liked to call them, were harmed by silver just like in the werewolf movies. That was the reason the warriors had the metal mixed with the steel of their swords. And unlike Algar and the other warriors, Fenris' get were more beasts than men while in their werewolf forms. They killed for the sake of killing, hungering for human flesh and blood. Then there was the whole 'being bitten once by them would turn a mortal' thing. Meeting up with a bad werewolf was not something she ever wanted to experience.

Now that she'd been given first-hand knowledge of Fenris' get, her fear of Algar's werewolf form had diminished even more. She would do better to save all her fear for the beasts that hunted mortals in the dark of night, and not for the warriors who had made it their long life's work to protect them.

Chapter Ten

The next morning, Kamryn awoke to the sound of Algar's bedroom door

opening. Not quite fully awake, she fumbled for the covers and pulled them to her chin. When she saw Algar step into the room, she loosened her death grip on them. He smiled and kicked the door shut behind him. In his hands, he carried what looked to be her large suitcase and carry-on.

Rubbing the sleep from her eyes, she asked, "Are those my things?"

He set them on the floor near the bed and moved to sit on the edge next to where she lay. "Yes, they are. Since I kept you up most of the night" — he eyed the top of her breasts where the covers had slipped lower — "I decided to let you sleep. I went to your hotel and collected your luggage. Brand gave me your keycard to get it. I also checked you out."

"What about the bill?"

"I paid that as well."

"Well, haven't you been busy this morning," she said with a grin.

He reached over and gave the covers a tug, baring her breasts to his view. "And I know just what you can do to reward me for all the work I did."

"Oh, really? And what would that be?"

He leaned down and laved a nipple with the flat of his tongue. Kamryn shivered when her libido kicked into gear.

"Something that is best done while both of us are naked," he murmured.

"I see," she said coyly. "In that case, you have too many clothes on." She tugged at the bottom of Algar's shirt.

He stripped it over his head and threw it to the floor. He then stood and slowly undid his pants and pushed them down. His cock, already engorged, sprang free. Kamryn licked her lips at the sight of it. After hours of lovemaking, she knew exactly how her werewolf liked to be touched.

Before he could climb on the bed, she pushed away the covers and shifted onto her knees in front of him. She ran her hands up and down his muscular arms while she pressed feather-light kisses across his pecs. When she reached his flat nipples, she laved each one with the flat of her tongue as he'd so often done to her. His pecs flexed with

each stroke.

Kamryn made a wet path with her tongue from the center of his chest to his abs while she dropped her hands and dragged her nails up and down his thighs. His stomach quivered beneath her mouth and a loud moan rose from his throat.

At his erect cock, she turned her head to look at his hands and rubbed her cheek against the flared head. She smiled when she saw each of his fingers tipped with claws. "Are you going wolf on me, Algar?" she asked breathily.

Algar pushed his hips toward her. "Only you bring out my wolf this way. By the Gods, Kamryn, you make me horny."

She rubbed her cheek against his cock again, causing it to jerk. "You always seem to be in that condition while I'm around you. I might have to start calling you a horn dog."

His chest rose and fell with his rapid breathing. "You can call me whatever you want as long as you put my cock in your mouth and suck on it."

"My, aren't we impatient today?"

"You're killing me."

Deciding she'd played with him long enough, and since her pussy had become so wet her juices had leaked onto her thighs, Kamryn took his cock in a firm hold and licked the bead of pre-cum off its tip. She prodded the slit with the tip of her tongue.

Algar groaned. "Kamryn."

She wasn't quite ready to give Algar what he wanted. Shifting her grip slightly, she licked him from base to tip, paying extra attention to the head, licking it as she would an ice cream cone. Algar's breaths grew choppy, interspersed with low growls. He rocked his hips. Once she figured she'd worked him up enough, Kamryn opened her mouth and took as much of him as she could handle inside.

Algar moaned. His hand came up and cupped the back of her head. "Suck me, just like that." She moved to suck on the tip and used her tongue to stroke the sensitive spot under the head. "Ah . . . Gods, do that again."

She did it one more time before taking him deep inside her mouth. His cock

grew even harder. Her pussy clenched, aching for what she had inside her mouth

Algar pulled away. "Enough. I'll come if you keep that up. I would much rather have my cock buried in that sweet pussy of yours when I do."

Kamryn shifted to the middle of the mattress and lay on her back. She put the flat of her feet on the bed and let her knees fall open. His gaze fell to her pussy. He had to be able to see how wet she was for him. "Then come and take what you want."

He slowly climbed onto the bed. "I intend to, but first I need the taste of you on my tongue."

Kneeling between her spread legs, he ran his hands up her inner thighs, opening her even more. He shifted his hands to her ass and lifted her to his mouth. At the first stroke of his tongue, she clutched at the sheets beneath her. She let out a whimpered moan when he lapped at her clit. The way her pussy clenched while he used his lips and tongue, it wouldn't take much to push her over the edge.

Kamryn lifted her head and watched Algar pleasure her. The sight of his dark head between her thighs increased her arousal. His eyes, already turned, lifted to meet her gaze. Keeping their gazes locked, he took her clit between his lips and sucked hard enough to send her into a climax. Kamryn's head fell back on the bed. Her gasps of pleasure filled the room.

Before she had a chance to come down, Algar rose between her thighs and sheathed his cock deep inside her. He lifted his upper body on his straight arms, pumping his hips, riding her hard and fast. Kamryn clutched at his biceps and held on. His movements became frenzied while he strove for his orgasm. She tightened her inner walls around his thickness, feeling another climax build. When she reached the point of no return, he let out a strangled howl and surged into her one final time. He didn't lower himself on top of her until his cock had started to pulse deep inside her and swell.

Both out of breath, they panted. Once speech was possible again, Kamryn said, "Well, I have to admit that was a great way to wake up in the morning."

Algar chuckled and lifted most of his weight onto his elbows. "Just think, we'll have an eternity of mornings like this one to look forward to."

She reached up and brushed a lock of hair off his sweaty brow. "When are you going to talk to Tiw?"

"It depends on you."

"On me?"

"Yes. Becoming immortal has to be something you really want. I would never force you to do it if you weren't ready. And I don't want you to do it because you think it's what I want."

"It is what I want. I would never do something as life changing as that on a whim. I love you, Algar. I've never had feelings this strong for another man before. I want us to have that eternity. What's the point of being mates if I was to stay mortal?"

He gave her a slow, tender kiss that had her toes curling and then smiled down at her. "I love you, mate. And I'm very glad you want to be with me forever." He put his arms around her, rolled them to their sides, and looked over her shoulder at her back. "I think after I've gone hunting tonight, I should talk to Tiw."

"The mark?" she asked. "It doesn't look like a bruise anymore?"

Algar kissed the top of her shoulder and gently ran his fingers over her skin where Tiw's mark would be. "It definitely doesn't look like a bruise. We have matching marks now."

Kamryn squirmed in his embrace until he let go. His cock had softened enough to allow her to pull away and slip off the bed. She went into the bathroom en suite and turned to view her back in the mirror. She could now see the two stylized wolves with the stylized man standing between them on the back of her right shoulder. It was identical to the one on the cap of Algar's left shoulder.

He came into the bathroom to stand behind her and put his arms around her waist. "I guess you're stuck with me now."

She looked at Tiw's mark one final time before she turned in Algar's arms to face him. "No, we're stuck with each other."

"Since we're officially mated, I guess I'd better start looking after you. The first thing in order—a shower. And to make sure you do the job right, I'm going to wash

every inch of you."

Algar scooped her up in his arms and stepped into the shower. By the time he'd finished washing her, he'd given her two more orgasms and they'd used up all the hot water in the manor.

* * * * *

That evening, Algar had been reluctant to leave Kamryn to go hunting. She'd had to shove him out the door with the other warriors after she'd kissed him goodbye. He had a duty to perform and she didn't want to be the distraction that took him away from it. Only the reminder that they would soon be leaving for the States, and he would then have lots of time off, had Algar no longer trying to come up with excuses to stay.

Since Raed had gone out hunting with the others, Kamryn spent the night watching TV with Lexi. They ate chips – or crisps, as the British called them – and watched a romantic comedy. Kamryn could easily see her and Lexi becoming fast friends, which was good since they were the only two women living in the manor. It would have been an awful strain if it turned out they couldn't stand each other.

When the movie finished around eleven, Lexi started to yawn. She covered her mouth with her hand and shook her head. "Well, that's it for me. I'm not much of a night owl these days with this baby bump. Sorry I'm being such a party pooper."

"No need to apologize. Being pregnant is draining."

Lexi shifted to the edge of the couch. "What about you? Will there be a baby bump in your immediate future?"

Kamryn furiously shook her head. "No. Not that I don't want kids eventually, but I'm not ready to be anyone's Mommy just yet."

"Are you sure you're not pregnant? The only reason why I'm asking is that Raed and I didn't exactly plan this. It just sort of happened. I'm guessing because of what happens when we make love. Since it's the same way with you and Algar, I just thought I should give you the heads up just in case."

Kamryn hadn't really thought about what the consequences would be with the way Algar came while they had sex. "I'm almost positive I'm not pregnant. I'm on the pill."

"Then maybe you'll be safe. I wasn't on it. Anyway, I'm hitting the sack. Don't feel as if you have to go to bed. The guys will be out for some hours yet. I'm sure Algar would appreciate it if you waited up for him."

Karmryn nodded and watched Lexi leave the living room. No, she couldn't be pregnant. She'd taken her last pill for this month a few days ago, which meant her period would be coming soon. It also reminded her that she'd have to look into finding a doctor. She'd need to get a new prescription for birth control pills. She hadn't packed any extra packages for her trip, and she would need the prescription filled here.

The thought of having Algar's child one day brought a smile to her lips. She could picture a miniature Algar running around the manor. Or a little girl who would have her father twisted around her little finger. But Kamryn wanted to wait at least a year before Algar and she considered starting a family. They needed that time to have to themselves. They'd fallen in love so fast, the bond of their mating growing stronger each time they made love. They really hadn't had much time to form their relationship as other couples did. Not that she thought it was any less strong, or that her feelings weren't true. She just wanted to have the time where it would be just her and Algar. Once she became an immortal, it wasn't as if her biological clock would still be ticking. She could be five hundred years old and still get pregnant. Menopause would not be in her future.

It was close to one in the morning when Kamryn's eyes started to flutter shut while she watched the television. She wasn't exactly sure what time Algar and the rest of the warriors would be returning for the night, but she didn't think she would be able to stay awake much longer. She wanted to, since Algar was going to talk to Tiw about making them truly mates when he returned.

Deciding the TV would make her even more tired, she shut it off, thinking she'd get ready for bed. She made her way upstairs to the bedroom that was now hers and

Algar's. It only took her a few minutes to brush her teeth and slip on the pink satin nightgown she'd chosen to wear. It wasn't one of her sexier nightgowns, but she hadn't exactly been expecting to meet the man of her dreams while in England or to be swept off her feet by him.

She moved to stand in front of one of the two large windows in the room. Facing the front of the manor, it had an excellent view of the property to the end of the long drive where it met the street. She opened one side of the heavy curtains and looked out. Still no sign of Algar.

She was about to pull the curtain closed again when a flash of fur at the end of the driveway caught her attention. Focusing on it, she saw it was a wolf. Kamryn stiffened when the animal limped toward the entrance to the drive, then suddenly collapsed on the ground. Since there were no longer wild wolves in England, this one had to be a werewolf. The question was whether it was a good werewolf or a bad one. The wolf wasn't Algar. She knew that much. The animal's fur was the wrong color. She hadn't seen the rest of the warriors in their wolf forms, so she hadn't a clue if the one outside could be one of them. It possibly could be. One of them could have been hurt while fighting one of Fenris' werewolves and managed to find his way back to the safety of the manor.

What if it *was* one of the warriors? Could she just leave him out there helpless and vulnerable to another werewolf attack? But what if it wasn't one of the warriors? Kamryn gnawed on her bottom lip with indecision. The wolf hadn't moved since it had collapsed. Unsure if she was making a monumental mistake, she whirled around and headed out of the room. She couldn't take the chance it may be one of the warriors. They may be immortals, but their lives could be ended if they lost their heads, literally. If she did nothing and it meant the death of one of the warriors, she'd regret it for the rest of her soon-to-be very long life.

Kamryn didn't bother to stop at Lexi's room. The other woman would have been asleep for hours. And if it ended up being one of Fenris' get, it would be better for Lexi to remain safe inside the manor. There was no point risking her life along with the life

of her unborn baby.

Unlocking the front door, Kamryn ran outside. She kept to the grassy side of the drive to avoid the gravel as she ran toward the unmoving wolf. She slowed when she came within a couple feet. Step by cautious step, she moved nearer, looking nervously for movement that would signal there was something else nearby.

Using her foot, she nudged the wolf. It didn't move. In the darkness, the only light coming from the manor behind her, she couldn't see well enough to determine how the wolf had been hurt. Slowly, she squatted at its side and reached out to put her hand on its furred back. It was still breathing. She felt its side move in and out when she shifted her hand there. Still the wolf didn't stir.

Careful to avoid the animal's head, Kamryn ran her hands up and down its body, searching for the source of injury. She didn't find anything that would cause the wolf to collapse. Unless the injuries were internal, and then she couldn't do much to help it.

She'd started to stand, unsure of what to do next, when the wolf jumped up and slammed into her legs. Kamryn fell onto her butt. The wolf slammed into her chest, knocking her flat on her back. It stood over her with its upper lip curled back in a snarl, giving her a good view of its sharp teeth.

Afraid to move, she held herself completely still. Yup, she'd pretty much fucked up. This couldn't be one of the warriors in wolf form. The menacing growls and snapping of its sharp teeth that came too close to her throat for her comfort, said it all. She might as well have wrapped herself up in a bow and given herself to the werewolf as a gift.

The wolf's body blurred and a man took its place. He dropped his full weight on top of her, keeping her pinned beneath him. "You mortals and your soft hearts. So easily manipulated. You almost make it too easy."

Kamryn tried to wiggle her way out from under the werewolf's much larger body, but that only caused the gravel she lay on to gouge painfully into her back. "Let me go."

He laughed with no humor. "I don't think so. You're the pawn to replace the one

I lost. It was a nice to surprise to see another warrior had found a mate. I bet Brand will do anything to get you back."

"Brand?" She frowned. "Why would — you saw Brand and me at my hotel."

"Smart girl. I followed him. I even followed him to your hotel room door. Once I heard him say he wanted you, I knew you were his mate."

Although she was in a situation where she shouldn't find humor in anything, Kamryn started to laugh. "You think Brand is my mate?" She laughed even harder. Obviously, the stupid werewolf hadn't hung around long enough to hear the rest of her and Brand's conversation.

He scowled. "Stop laughing. You have to be one of those warriors' mates. You've been staying at the manor. I've been watching to see if I could catch you alone." He bent his head, buried his nose in the crook of her neck, and took in a deep breath. A cruel-looking smile formed on his lips when he pulled away. "Not Brand's mate. You're the mate to the ex-king's second-in-command, Algar. Even better."

He took hold of her wrists in a hard grip and yanked her to her feet.

Chapter Eleven

Algar drove toward the manor with thoughts of what he would do to Kamryn once he got home. All night, he hadn't been able to think of anything but returning to her. He wanted to strip her naked, piece-by-piece, and lick every inch of her soft skin. Once he had her begging for him, he'd bury his cock so deep inside her pussy he wouldn't be able to tell where he ended and she began. His wayward thoughts had left his cock rock-hard and aching.

He'd managed to take down a couple werewolves, but even those fights hadn't cooled his libido. After each kill, his thoughts returned only to Kamryn. She'd become the center of his life.

He drove onto the street that led to the manor. His blood pumped faster and his cock throbbed. Algar had originally planned to talk to Tiw first then make love to her

after the Sky Father had truly mated them, but he didn't think he could wait to have her under him.

When he was about to turn onto the manor's long drive, he hit the brakes at the sight his headlights illuminated. Algar slammed the car into park, his eyes never leaving the two people who stood just in front of it. Getting out, he barely managed to control his fury and growled at Nathan who happened to be holding Kamryn to his front with his arm around her throat.

"That's far enough, Algar," Nathan said. "You don't want to upset me, especially since I have your pretty little mate." The werewolf kept his gaze on Algar while he dragged his tongue across Kamryn's cheek. She shuddered but made no sound.

"It's me you want, Nathan. Let my mate go and we'll settle this man to man. Or werewolf to werewolf. Whichever you choose."

"I don't know. I kind of like the way your mate feels pressed against me like this. I may want to keep her."

Algar ground his teeth and clenched his fists to stop himself from shifting into his werewolf form and going for Nathan's throat. He couldn't risk the chance of Kamryn getting hurt. He would have to try to draw Nathan out, get him to release Kamryn and fight him. Nathan may think he was the big man since he was pack leader of the werewolves, but he was still a coward.

"You know, Nathan, you put on one hell of an act, but you're nothing but a coward who likes to hide behind women. If I recall correctly, the last time I saw you, you were hiding behind Lexi, like you're now hiding behind Kamryn now. You like to talk a lot of shit. Make yourself look like the big bad pack leader of the werewolves sired by Fenris, but I think when it comes down to the bottom line, you're not man enough to pull it off."

Nathan growled. "Let me assure you I'm man enough. Maybe I should show your mate how much of a man I really am. I'm sure I can get her to spread her legs for me."

The thought of the werewolf trying to force himself on Kamryn made Algar see

red. He said through clenched teeth, "Like I said, you're nothing but talk. Shall we see who the stronger werewolf is? Wouldn't you like to see if you could take down one of Tiw's warriors? Or are you too scared to face me without my mate standing between us?"

Kamryn whimpered when Nathan tightened his hold on her throat. Claws shot out the tips of his fingers, pressing into her skin.

"I'm hardly scared of the likes of you," Nathan growled.

"Then prove it. Show me what you got. Show me what makes you think you're better. I can't see how you ever became pack leader. Right now, you're acting more like a newly turned. And a weak one, at that."

That remark seemed to do the trick. Nathan shoved Kamryn away from him hard enough to send her sprawling at Algar's feet. The sound of her head hitting the pavement had him shifting to his werewolf form. He growled, leaping over Kamryn to meet Nathan who had also shifted to his werewolf form.

They came together with loud snarls, clawing at each other. Algar took a vicious swipe at his chest but didn't feel it. Keeping the bastard away from Kamryn was his main concern. While he fought, he managed a quick glance at her to see she'd pushed into a sitting position. Blood dripped down her temple where it had hit the pavement. The sight of her hurt made his need to destroy this werewolf even greater.

Wanting to make Nathan pay, Algar drew blood with his sharp claws and teeth. Bloody, his sides heaving, Nathan fell back. Algar stalked him. He was about to strike again, hoping to sink his teeth into Nathan's neck, when the werewolf did the unexpected. He put on a burst of speed and rammed his head into Algar's stomach. All the air left his lungs and he barely managed to stay upright. Instead of using this to his advantage, Nathan swerved around Algar and leapt to where Kamryn sat still partially stunned from her fall.

As Algar watched, everything seemed to happen in slow motion. Nathan raked his claws across Kamryn's throat in a deadly arc, not stopping his forward run. Lost in battle lust, Algar made to give chase, but Kamryn weakly calling his name had him

turning back.

At the sight of her blood slowly pumping out of the deep gashes in her throat, Algar quickly gathered her in his arms, not even taking the time to shift to his human form. He put his furred hand over Kamryn's wounds and applied some pressure.

"Hang on, Kamryn," he said in his gruff werewolf voice. "I'm not going to lose you." She opened and closed her mouth a few times, but no sound came out.

"Call to Tiw," said Raed, who had come up behind him. "Now, Algar. Only Tiw can save her."

Algar barely registered the fact that the other warriors had arrived and came to stand around him and Kamryn. "Tiw, I have need of you. My mate needs your gift of immortality. Please don't let her die."

Tiw's deep voice filled his head. *You're mate shall live, Algar. I'll do as you asked. I know it's what the both of you want.*

By the shocked look in Kamryn's eyes, Algar could tell she heard Tiw's voice the same as he and the other warriors did.

Kamryn suddenly stiffened in his arms. Her eyes widened for a few seconds then she smiled. Algar pulled his hand away from her throat and breathed a sigh of relief when the wounds began to close and heal. Even the cut on her temple disappeared as if it had never been. Algar yanked her close, needing to feel her heart beating against his.

Tiw chuckled. *You may want to hold your mate a little gentler. She may not appreciate you trying to smother her while you're in your werewolf form.*

Algar quickly relaxed his hold and held her away from him. "Sorry, Kamryn. I'll shift. You've had enough scares for one night."

She reached up and gently stroked his muzzle. "After tonight, you'll never scare me when you're like this." She shivered and burrowed closer to him. "You're fur is keeping me warm."

Take care of your mate, Algar.

Tiw's presence started to fade, but Kamryn quickly said, "Wait, Tiw. Before you go, I have one question."

I know what it is you will ask, Kamryn, Tiw said with a chuckle. No, you aren't pregnant. You'll have the time you want alone with Algar. When you're ready, it'll happen.

Then Tiw was gone. Algar stroked Kamryn's back. "What was that all about?"

"Nothing," she said against his furred chest. "Take me inside, Algar. It's cold out here."

Standing with her cradled in his arms, one-by-one, he met the gazes of each of the men around him. "That was enough excitement for one night. Can one of you park my car in the garage?"

"I'll take care of it," Raed said with a smile. "Go take care of your mate."

With a nod of his lupine head, Algar rushed to the manor's front door and went inside. He took the stairs two at a time. When he and Kamryn were safely enclosed in their room, he shifted to human form. He set her down on her feet and stripped off her bloody nightgown. Picking her up in his arms once again, he carried her to the bathroom.

As soon as he had them under the warm spray of the shower, he heatedly claimed her mouth. Kamryn clung to him, kissing him back with equal adoration. Pushing her against the tiled wall, he reached between her legs and found her pussy already wet for him.

Holding her with her legs around his waist, he sank his cock inside her. Desperate for her in the aftermath of almost losing her, he took her hard and fast. Kamryn's soft mews of pleasure let him know she wanted him just as badly.

When her pussy started to clench around his shaft, milking him to his orgasm, he threw back his head and howled.

Kamryn laughed. "I think everyone heard that."

He kissed her forehead. "I don't care. They're going to hear a lot more of that before dawn comes."

She reached up and framed his face in her hands. "I guess we're technically on our honeymoon."

"I guess we are. You're mine now."

Kamryn nipped his chin. "Forever claimed by a werewolf. I'm ready to have my forever with you."

Algar kissed her with all the love he had for her. He then proceeded to show her how many times she could make her werewolf howl with pleasure.

~The End~

About the Author

Marisa always loved to read, but once her kids started coming, the number of books she read a week increased. The books varied from science fiction to historical fiction. After reading a historical romance novel she found herself hooked. She couldn't get enough of them. Her love of historical romances soon evolved into wanting to write one of her own. Along with historical, she's tried her hand at paranormals, her latest obsession.

Marisa lives in Ontario, Canada with her husband and four children. Between looking after her kids and going to the gym a couple times a week, she writes about passionate women and the compelling men who love them.

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If you liked *Wolves of East Anglia*, *Forever Claimed*, you might also enjoy the following book from Marisa Chenery and Noble Romance Publishing:

[Wolves of East Anglia, Mate for a King](#)