

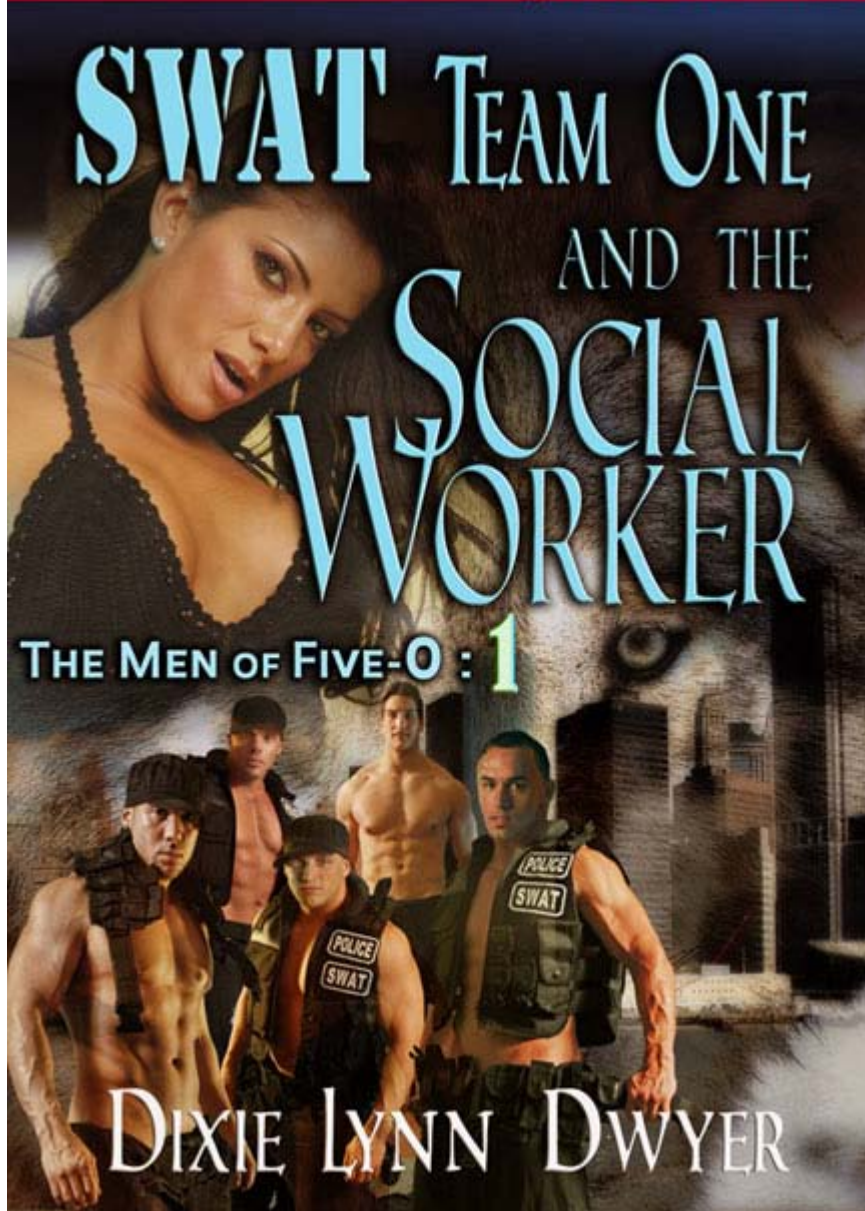
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LoveXtreme Forever

SWAT TEAM ONE AND THE SOCIAL WORKER

THE MEN OF FIVE-0 : 1

DIXIE LYNN DWYER



The Men of Five-0 #1

SWAT Team One and the Social Worker

Caught in the middle of a hostage situation, social worker Samantha Gray faces death to help a family in need. When she calls for help, the SWAT Commander and his team of four gorgeous men come to her rescue. These five handsome faces, sexy bodies, and take-charge personalities send her body into sexual turmoil, but she has to resist. She fell in love once and caused her lover's death. She can't give in to temptation this time, no matter how desirable the brothers.

The Valdamar brothers are a pack of Alphas hired by the government to keep the peace. They discover their mate, but she refuses to reciprocate their advances. As trouble continues to find her, they lose their patience and decide to take what is theirs and shield her from further harm in the one place she resists—their arms.

Note: This book contains physical abuse of the heroine by the villain.

Genre: Ménage a Trois/Quatre, Paranormal,
Vampires/Werewolves

Length: 70,606 words

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DEDICATION

To all my readers, your requests have not fallen on deaf ears. In fact, they have inspired me to create a new series of men who invoke inner desires while raising havoc on our minds, bodies and souls. The Men of Five-O are like no others and will take some extra special, strong-spirited, independent women to conquer and claim them. Prepare yourselves, for you just might look at your local law enforcement in a different light.

Happy reading and let your imagination soar freely.

Dixie

SWAT TEAM ONE AND THE SOCIAL WORKER

The Men of Five-0 #1

DIXIE LYNN DWYER
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Prologue

Samantha was very excited. She was smiling so much that her cheeks actually hurt. She giggled to herself as she hurried to the commuter bus in downtown Dallas. Alex was going to be thrilled with the news. This had been the job opportunity she had been waiting for. Plus, now that Alex was back from Iraq for good, they could really discuss the attraction they shared that night four years ago and how they spent the last two weeks in bed together. Her insides quivered with the recollection. Alex was handsome, strong, and in great physical condition. He was a marine, who served his country and risked his life to save the innocent victims of war. Sure he had some scars that he would always bear, but he was her hero, her best friend, and perhaps her future.

She climbed aboard the commuter bus and debated about calling him. It was bad enough she hadn't told him about the interview or her plans to head to New York and for him to join her as her roommate. Roommate, with benefits, of course. She felt herself blush and glanced around her as if the other passengers could read her thoughts.

An older man winked at her, and she shyly turned away. Sam had always been told how attractive she was, but she hardly paid attention.

Alex teased her often about her being oblivious. She never suffered in the dating department. She rarely stayed home on a Friday night alone, and now that Alex was back in her life again, things could only get better.

She smiled to herself as she thought about him more and more. His dirty blond hair that he was beginning to grow out, now hugged his shoulders. The sparkling blue eyes and the intense way that he looked at her lately made her body warm with need. Once again that silly, giddy schoolgirl with a crush on the hot-jock-turned-soldier was inching its way through her body. It seemed she had it bad.

She waited anxiously, anticipating Alex's response to her proposal of "Come with me to New York and be my roommate. I want you."

She closed her eyes and held the emotion she felt inside. Alex was her world.

* * * *

The bus stopped two blocks before his apartment. She lived one floor above him in the same apartment building. She recalled nights when he would get home late, and she could hear the giggling of some bimbo he brought home to ease his needs. Often she wondered why he didn't make a move on her. He knew she liked him, and she was confident that he liked her, too. But when she finally had enough nerve to ask him, he simply said, "You're too special to me." That statement made her like him even more. Then, of course, two months later and a week before he was going to leave for active duty, they had a few too many beers, split a pizza, and started fooling around. One thing led to another, and they had sex most of the night. As a matter of fact, they had sex often for the remainder of time before he left for war. When he finally returned after two tours, he was different, but when he held her she felt that he was beginning to need her as much as she needed him. Alex was her best friend, her lover, and now, hopefully, roommate.

Although he seemed a bit down the last few days, last night he was in a great mood. They laughed and talked about the past and all their fond memories of growing up together, as well as his cousins and friends in the pack he was part of. She accepted the fact that he wasn't completely human, and she accepted him with all the faults he seemed to think he had. She cared about him and his family so much. Especially Alex's brother, Ted. Her family, her father, and her friends were good friends with lots of weres. But her father hadn't wanted her involved with Alex. He never explained why. He just forbade her from being more than friends. That saddened her, but she was a grown woman, and this was her decision. Alex wanted to respect her father's wishes, and that's what stood in the way of them becoming more than friends. When she hinted around about one day eloping, so they could live their lives without burdens of their families' wishes or mistakes of the past, Alex didn't respond.

She had a funny feeling inside as she recalled his recent somberness. She knew he had nightmares from the war. Often she helped him through those, and many nights stayed with him in bed, just holding him close to her. Although she wanted more, it seemed he wasn't ready. Maybe she should have told him about her interview this morning. Maybe she shouldn't have left him.

Silly thoughts began to run through her mind, and then she heard the sirens.

* * * *

The moment she saw the ambulance, the police, and Ted's SUV, she panicked.

Not even realizing it, she dropped her purse and bag by the police cruiser and ran through the front entrance. As she passed numerous tenants all looking at her then turning quickly away as to not face her, she heard their sobs, their cries of what she knew were shock.

Her shoulder hit one police officer as she shoved through the crowd and up the stairs. It couldn't be Alex. Nothing was wrong. It must be somebody else. Maybe it was Mr. Jacobson? He was in poor health and had been struggling with sickness for months now. Her mind whirled in different scenarios. The moment she entered the third floor she saw that the door to Alex's apartment was wide open, and a police officer stood beside it. His face appeared rather white as if he was shocked and upset with something.

She walked closer.

"Sorry, Miss, no one can enter."

She ignored him and numbly pushed forward through the doorway. She never even saw Ted or the detectives. Instead her focus remained on the massive amount of blood and what appeared to be a body. Before her eyes could move from the floor over the feet and legs, men were yelling, and Ted swept her up into his arms and pressed her face against his solid chest.

He was a bit larger than Alex and just as handsome but with brown hair. He was also a detective in the Dallas police force.

"Baby, don't look. Please, honey, my god," he whispered against her ear, and still she felt numb, as if everything was happening in slow motion.

She heard Ted yelling as he carried her down the hall toward the staircase entrance.

"Do your fucking job, and don't let anyone else up here. It's a fucking crime scene, rookie!"

The words *crime scene* seemed to begin clearing the fog in her head. The scene in the apartment was becoming clearer and clearer in her mind, and just as she realized what had happened, Ted opened her apartment with his spare key and closed the door behind them.

He placed her on her couch and stared at her as he covered her knees.

"What happened? Where's Alex, Ted?" she whispered as tears began to leak from her eyes.

Ted appeared as if he were about to cry, and her heart ached at the seriousness of the situation.

“He’s gone, baby. Oh, Red, he’s fucking gone.” He pulled her into his arms and cried.

Sam began to process the situation. Suddenly her mind refocused in a faster speed, and she realized what she had seen. He was dead. Alex had killed himself, and she hadn’t been there to stop him.

Chapter 1

Two years later, New York City

It was so damn hot that her throat felt tight with every breath she took. Anyone with asthma or breathing problems would suffer today. But this was life in New York City during an Indian summer. Despite the fact that it was September, it was hot, humid, and nasty. Sweat dripped down her back between her shoulder blades and under her white, cotton blouse. Samantha hadn't regretted leaving Dallas to come out here to work. In fact, as a social worker, working for the police department, stationed out of the forty-sixth precinct in the South Bronx, she was needed. She loved working with children and families in need, and in a city this big, she had a heavy case load.

The summer had been busy. The heat made people do crazy, stupid shit. Samantha understood that, sometimes more than she liked to admit. But she had a way with people. She empathized with their emotions, their positions and struggles in life. Sometimes that put her in vicarious situations.

Her boss, the commander, knew she had special abilities. Most places Samantha was forced to go to in order to help children and families were surrounded by the criminal element. Which was a nice way of saying the area contained many scumbags of society that preyed on the weak and unarmed. The bad people especially preyed on children and families struggling to stay off the streets. They made promises of money, better housing, and a family support network that revolved around violence and crime. She saved some of the kids, but she also lost a lot to guns, drugs, gangs, and violence.

Samantha waved at Jose, the owner of the small bodega that sat two blocks from the apartment complex Samantha was headed to. It was a shitty neighborhood. The streets were covered with filth and contained everything from black garbage bags to gangbangers hanging out waiting for action. She had visited this particular neighborhood over a dozen times in the last month, dealing with everything from child abuse and neglect cases to rape and murder. Not many people in her field were willing to head into most of these locations, but Samantha was determined to help make a difference.

“Hey, mamma, you back, huh? I knew you wanted some of this,” some gang member from the Bloods gang stated to Samantha as he grabbed his crotch and rolled his tongue at her. Samantha kept walking. It was better to ignore them than act affected by them. So far, the troublemakers seemed to drop it if she just kept walking and ignored them. She wouldn’t show any fear, but she wasn’t stupid. These people could never be trusted. She knew that they were aware of who she was and what her job was. Her office was located in the precinct, making trust difficult for them. But she didn’t care. She wasn’t there to help the criminals. She was there to help the victims. Not that she was overconfident, but she was well-trained. Samantha was armed with a black belt in Tae Kwon Do, Brazilian jujitsu, and a temper that just about matched her reddish-brown hair.

Reaching her destination, she saw the majority of the residents in the apartment complex standing on the street and sidewalk. Someone had opened up the fire hydrant, and the kids were trying to cool off the best they could in the one hundred degree temperature. Sam wiped her brow as she approached.

Some gave her disgusted looks as if they disliked her, or maybe just didn’t trust her, while others waved and smiled because she had helped them.

* * * *

“Hi, Sam. Those Bloods didn’t mess with ya, did they?” Charles asked as he sat on the folding chair, watching the kids play. He was an eighty-year-old black man, with gray whiskers on his beard and a heart of gold. Beside him sat Howie, his best friend and roommate. Both lost their wives to cancer and had been living in this apartment for the last sixty years. It was Sam who suggested that they move in together to save money and share one rent. They were with one another all the time anyway.

“Hey, Charlie. Hi, Howie. I just ignored them like I usually do,” Sam stated as she accepted the iced tea from Sienna.

“Thanks, Sienna. How is the babysitting job going?” Sam asked as she enjoyed the cold iced tea.

“Oh, it’s okay, I guess. Ms. Evans’s babies cry a lot, and then I have to come home and listen to Benny cry. I’m starting not to like babies anymore,” Sienna complained as she stomped her feet in a puddle of water that ran off from the fire hydrant.

“Well, then that’s a good thing. You don’t want to wind up like me. Single mom, three kids, living on food stamps and having to accept help from strangers,” Brandy replied sarcastically, then added, “Sorry, Sam.”

“Don’t apologize for saying that, Brandy. There would be nothing greater than for me to lose my job because there weren’t any people in need.”

“Yeah, wouldn’t that be nice,” Howie chimed in, but Sam noticed that both he and Charles were staring across the street at something, or rather someone.

Samantha instantly felt her gut clench. Myers Lewis, the father of Brandy’s littlest baby, was making his way over to them, and he wasn’t alone.

“Get inside with the baby, Brandy,” Charles stated as he rose from the chair.

She saw him and Howie holding baseball bats behind their backs. *This wasn’t good.*

Sam grabbed Jimelle and Sienna then hurried them inside the front entrance to the apartment as she pulled out her cell phone.

She hit speed dial to the commander, who knew exactly where she was and who might be nearby to help out.

“Commander, it’s Sam. I’m at Brandy’s, and the ex-boyfriend is on his way over with three other guys, and he doesn’t look happy.”

“Shit, Sam! What do you think?”

“I think we both know the guy’s an asshole with a temper and a record. I believe the three shits he’s with are waving their colors. I’m getting the family inside of the apartment, but Charlie and Howie are out there, and they’re old.”

“I got someone on their way. They’ll be there in less than five. What gang?”

“Bloods. Hurry.”

“Fuck!”

Sam hung up just as they entered the third-floor apartment and locked the doors.

“What do we do? What will he do to the baby?” Brandy asked, crying as she held the infant in a death grip. Benny was only four months old.

Sam started to give orders.

“Sienna, start putting some stuff in front of that door to block it.”

Before Sam could finish, they heard shots being fired outside.

Sienna looked out the window then screamed.

“They shot Charles!”

Sam’s heart was pounding in her chest. She needed to keep calm. Help was on the way.

“Sienna, get away from that window, and do like I told you to do!”

“Brandy, loosen your hold on the baby. You’re going to squeeze him to death.”

Sam touched the baby’s cheek, trying to calm his crying, then touched Brandy’s shoulder.

“It will be okay. Help is on the way.”

Brandy shook her head.

“He’ll kill us all. He said he was going to kill us. Told me if I didn’t let him back in my life, he was going to kill us all. He said his real family is the gang anyway. He’s going to kill us.”

“Mommy, I’m scared,” Jimelle stated as he began to cry.

“Jimelle, I want you to go into your room.”

Suddenly, there was banging on the door, and both Sienna and Brandy screamed. Sam could hear Myers Lewis yelling.

“Jimelle, I want you to go into your room, get into the closet, and cover yourself up with all the clothes and blankets in there. Do not make a sound. No matter what you hear going on in here, do not make a sound, and do not come out, you hear?” Sam asked as she held him by the shoulders. She felt horrible and sick to her stomach, but she had to try and save their lives if this madman made it into the apartment.

Brandy cried and told her son to do as Samantha said, so he ran into the room and disappeared.

“I know you’re in there, woman! I know that cracker is in there, too. You’re both dead if you don’t open this door now!” he yelled.

“Brandy, give Benny to Sienna. Let them hide in the other closet in case Myers breaks in before the police come.”

Brandy cried, and Sam could hear the sirens in the distance. The police were on their way. They heard the numerous bangs against the door. He was trying to break in.

“Go, Sienna! Take Benny and hide in the other closet. Keep the baby quiet, and don’t come out, no matter what you hear,” Sam whispered with her teeth clenched, trying to get Sienna to move.

Sienna shook her head in fear.

“Do it!” Sam repeated and demanded that she go.

Brandy kissed Benny then Sienna as the tears flowed from her eyes.

“I love you.”

"I love you, too, Mamma."

"Sam, please save us," Sienna cried as she took Benny and hurried into the other room to hide with Jimelle.

Brandy grabbed on to Sam and cried against her.

"I'm right here, and I'm not leaving you." Sam swallowed hard as the door began to creak and crack from the impact of hits to it.

Sam's phone rang, and she flipped it open to answer it.

"We're here. What's the situation?"

Dustin. She would recognize his voice anywhere. Her heart instantly pounded in response, and her legs nearly buckled with relief in hearing his voice. He was Lieutenant of a SWAT team, her neighbor, and one of five men she knew she could never have.

Just as she was about to answer, Myers broke through the door.

Sam tossed her phone on the table. It remained open, so at least Dustin would know what was happening.

Brandy screamed, and Sam held her.

"You stupid bitch! You'll pay for this." He stalked toward them and pulled Brandy to him then struck her. Brandy fell to the rug.

Sam went to help her, but Myers pulled a knife on her.

"Stop right there, cracker, or die."

Myers was one big guy. He had a lot of tattoos and a look that told her he was familiar with death. She had seen that look before, and it made her cringe inside. She needed to buy time.

Her heart pounded in her chest. She needed to remain calm and think. Where were the other three assholes that followed him across the street? It probably didn't matter. She needed to keep Myers away from the children.

"I'm not going to try anything. You have the knife, and I don't," Sam stated, hoping her voice was loud enough for Dustin to hear.

"That's right, bitch. I got the knife," he yelled at her then eyed her from head to toe. His eyes roamed a bit too long over her chest. When he pressed the blade at the buttons, holding the blouse closed, he smirked.

“I think you and me gonna become real close, social worker. I hear you’re pretty close to the rest of my family, so I’m gonna get real close with you.”

* * * *

“Who’s that in there?” Kyle asked as he finished putting on his gear. He noticed his brother Dustin’s eyes glowing and had to give him a punch in the arm to get him to hide his wolf.

“What the fuck, Dustin? Your wolf,” he whispered.

Dustin inhaled then exhaled, and when he looked at Kyle, his eyes were dark green again.

The voice came over the radio, but it was the perpetrator’s. They all listened as Dustin asked who was there.

“It’s Sam,” he whispered, and everyone, including Kyle, cursed under their breath.

“What the fuck is she doing in there in the middle of this shit? There’s fucking bodies on the street. Assholes around the corner ready to start a war with us!” Donny yelled.

“She was doing a routine visit. Her commander said she was also supposed to see two other clients from her cases in this apartment. The residents said she’d just arrived when out of nowhere her client’s ex-boyfriend showed up with three gangbangers and started shooting up the place,” Kyle added.

“We have to get to her before she winds up dead,” Adam chimed in as he placed his weapon in the holster after checking it.

They all looked at one another. A force of five. Brothers in a wolf pack and part of Team One of the SWAT team task force. They were lethal without the use of their wolf abilities. But having the extra quickness, night vision, and strength, the bad guys didn’t stand a chance.

“Okay, so let’s get her out of there. What’s the plan?” Adam asked.

Dustin laughed. Adam was the antsy one. He was always in a rush and always having to keep busy. He hated sitting around.

Kyle, on the other hand, was cool as a cucumber. Always ready for anything thrown his way and an overachiever. He was very competitive, but then again, so were the rest of them.

Dustin was head alpha in his pack and also Lieutenant of the team. He was responsible for all of them.

“Okay, I want Donny and Trey to take the roof. They’re on the third floor, fifth window from the left.” He pointed up, and the two of them took off for the roof with their climbing gear. All of the men were in the military at one point or another in time. They were born soldiers and warriors and were recently filtered into society by the government to assist the humans. Half the government was were anyway.

“Adam, Kyle, we’re going to make our way into the building through the front entrance and be ready to infiltrate the room simultaneously on my command. Got it?”

He received four responses at the same time.

Quickly, they headed into the building.

* * * *

“Leave her alone, Myers. She hasn’t done anything wrong,” Brandy cried.

Myers pulled his attention off of Sam to look at Brandy.

“You talking back to me?” he questioned as he pulled her up from the floor.

“I’ll deal with you right now.” He threw Brandy against the couch and ripped her blouse open.

“No!” Sam screamed as she grabbed for his arm to stop him.

He lashed out with the knife and missed. Brandy screamed.

He pulled onto Brandy’s hair and placed the knife against her throat.

“I’ll kill her.”

“Please. Please don’t do this. Just tell us what you want, and we’ll give it to you,” Sam stated, and she saw out of the corner of her eye two shadows against the wall in the hallway.

“I want my baby.”

“No!” Brandy screamed.

“Tell me where they are, social worker.”

“Why should I?”

“Because if you don’t, you’re dead.”

Sam felt tightness in her chest as the reality of what was taking place kicked in. This was a live-or-die situation, and she was scared. She glanced at Brandy and the obvious fear on her face. The ripped blouse, the bloody lip, and her helpless expression raised Samantha’s desire to fight. She wouldn’t let this monster hurt the children. She thought about Benny. He was so tiny and fragile. She had experienced case after case where children just as little were abused or neglected. She was not going to let this family be another sad story.

“Why don’t you put down that knife, let Brandy go, and you and I can solve this.”

Sam rubbed her hands over her hips and smiled softly at Myers.

He eyed her suspiciously, but Sam was built well. If she could get him to put down the knife then maybe she could talk him out of hurting the family. He released his grip on Brandy then shoved her to the floor. Brandy’s face hit the carpeting, and she screamed.

In an instant he turned the knife on Sam.

The sound of a child crying was heard from the bedroom. Sam nearly cried herself when she heard the whimper.

“They’re in the bedroom, aren’t they?” he asked as he headed that way.

“No!” Sam screamed as she attacked Myers. The situation got out of control in an instant. She didn’t know what to do. She panicked.

Sam threw herself onto his back and scratched at his face, his eyes, anything she could reach. He was large and strong as he tossed

her off of him, and she scrambled to her feet. She never saw the hit coming and took a punch to the cheekbone. It hurt like hell, but her anger was worse. Her fear for the children, for Brandy, made the adrenaline pump through her veins. She could hear Benny's high-pitched cry. Then Jimelle screaming for his mother.

She thought she saw a flash of movement then heard glass shattering, but she lunged for Myers, using her martial arts moves to stop him from getting into the bedroom. When she kicked at him, his legs felt like steel. Despite the pain, she continued to swing as Myers attempted to cover himself before lunging toward her in retaliation. Her body hit the doorframe, but she would not let him through. She yelled and screamed. Felt her vocal chords ache from the intensity of her yell. She hit him with her fist then kicked him on the groin, but the monster wouldn't give up. The knife that had fallen to the floor during their struggle lay next to his foot. He picked it up, she swung and missed him.

As the knife came towards her, someone blocked the blow, and a moment later Myers was on the ground in handcuffs, bloody and nearly unconscious.

She felt frazzled and as if she wasn't even in her own body. It was crazy.

Someone grabbed her, and she struck them. They caught her wrist and pulled her into their arms.

"Hey, hold on, Samantha. It's all right, it's Kyle."

He squeezed her against him, and she held him momentarily, relieved that the situation was over, but her body hummed with need. It was sick and crazy and so messed up of a reaction to have at this very moment. This had been her problem for the past year. She was attracted to the five men, and brothers to boot.

She pushed away from Kyle.

"I'm good. It's about time you got in here. What the hell were you waiting for?" she demanded to know. Her voice cracked, her body

began to shake, but she had to resist the need to collapse. She licked her lips and tried to hide her chattering teeth.

Kyle sat back on his heels and eyed her as if he would reprimand her or eat her alive. Both prospects were appealing.

“You’re welcome, Sam. Are you okay?”

Kyle. Damn it, the man was breathtaking in street clothes, but in SWAT gear he was a sexual fantasy come true. His deep green eyes sparkled mischievously as if he read her mind. He knew he was perfection just like his brothers. Everything about him turned her on. And now here he was, saving her from death’s grasp and wearing all his specialized equipment. She absorbed the earpiece in his ear, the black fingerless gloves he held against the holster where a black Glock sat, and a look that said he meant business. Never mind his crew cut and the large, black weapon that sat straddled over his back. She turned away and tried to keep an annoyed scowl on her face.

As she attempted to get up, she felt dizzy and lost her balance. It was Donny who grabbed her arm and knelt beside her.

Wonderful. Now there were two of them to try and ignore.

“Whoa, honey, slow down and take a breather.”

“I’m fine,” she whispered but stared at Donny. Where the heck did he come from? She looked toward the broken window then at the gear he wore. They were all crazy and continuously took chances. She would never be able to handle that or survive the worry she would have if she ever got involved with them.

What the hell am I thinking? Never.

“I don’t know why, but I feel dizzy. I’ll be all right, though. You should check on Brandy and the kids. They may need help,” she whispered then touched her forehead. When she did, she grazed her cheekbone and pain radiated from her cheek to her head. Could you get a concussion from getting hit in the face really hard? She wondered, but she didn’t say a word. They were going to give her shit for this just like last year when she was caught in the middle of a drug bust. Bad memory there.

“You were going to town on this guy like some ultimate fighter. He didn’t have a chance,” Trey added, joining the conversation. Sam swallowed hard. Trey was here, now all she needed was for Dustin to get there.

Sam looked at Myers as more police escorted him from the room. He was a bloody mess, and she was shocked that she had done that to him. Something wild came over her.

She glanced around the room and she saw that Brandy and her children were all together, sitting on the couch, hugging. She smiled and a glance at the men showed that they watched her.

“Samantha?” She felt her stomach muscles tighten and her body warm by the tone of voice and she knew it was Dustin. When she looked up at him, he was pissed off. His eyes looked as if they had specks of yellow in the dark green. It was hard to miss, but she knew what they really were. He was close to shifting. Did he always get this way when he was saving lives? She often wondered about them. Shit! She fantasized about all five of them for so long that she nearly felt their presence in a room without having to actually see them.

She tried to focus on him as he looked at her. It was obvious that he zoned in on the injury to her cheek. She saw that tiny vein by the side of his temple pulsating. Call her crazy, but she thought he bared his teeth at her.

“We’re having a talk later. Call your commander, he’s worried about you.” He tossed her the phone, and she nibbled her bottom lip. Oh, yeah. He was really pissed, and she was right. His wolf teeth were about to emerge, and this was not the place for that to happen. More than likely she would be blamed for that later. Good. As long as they were angry she could resist the urges inside of her.

God, she hoped they didn’t show up at her place tonight. She was finding it more and more difficult to resist her attraction to them. She was utterly relieved that they showed up. The situation could have been worse, and if her father and Ted found out, they would demand her return to Dallas. No way was she heading back there.

Kyle helped her up.

“Let’s get you checked out by the paramedics.” She looked at him. His green eyes held concern and warmth, and she felt that he really seemed to care. She had that guilty feeling now, like they deserved to be thanked for their job. Then the feel of Kyle’s hands holding her arm and the skin to skin contact was making her mind feel fuzzy again. What the heck? She had to focus.

“Are you sure you’re okay?” he asked again.

“I’m fine. Just a bad bruise.” She pulled from his hold and headed toward Brandy.

She knew it was a bitchy thing to do, but she needed some distance between them. They were too much to be around.

* * * *

“You didn’t leave us, Sam! You stayed right here with us and were willing to risk your life to save our family,” Brandy stated as she cried.

“Hey, when I make a promise, I keep it.”

Jimelle and Sienna pulled her into a hug. When she opened her eyes and looked over the back of the sofa, the men were watching her.

Chapter 2

Sam finished her paperwork, said goodnight to the commander, and gathered her stuff from the locker. She glanced into the mirror and cringed at the damage. Her cheek was badly bruised in an assortment of unattractive colors that would get much uglier before they would heal. Her left eye was beginning to turn black and blue as if she was hit there as well. Everything ached. Even her teeth, her neck, her arms, and her legs were throbbing. A quick cleanup in the bathroom and she noticed the numerous bruises on her thighs. She had really gone to town on Myers trying to stop him from entering the room. She was so crazed with fear and protectiveness for the children she lost it. That both scared her and made her feel good to be able to have saved lives today. However, “SWAT Team One” was a different story altogether.

She had received over twenty-five different text messages since she had left the scene. The men had wanted her to go to the hospital to get checked out. She refused, and now she hoped she hadn’t made a mistake. Her jaw and teeth really were bothering her, but then again she hadn’t accepted any of the painkillers like Dustin had recommended. She had been stubborn and refused to lean on any of them. She didn’t want what they were offering. She couldn’t go through that again.

And when she arrived here at the precinct escorted by Dustin and Kyle, both had acted like barbarians. Every male cop that asked if she was okay, offered her a ride home, or to go get a beer was nearly attacked. And that was only in the first ten minutes that she arrived at the forty-sixth precinct.

Grabbing her stuff, she headed out into the hallway. She had a good forty-minute drive ahead of her.

She waved goodbye to the other stragglers then out the precinct front door to the parking lot.

* * * *

“This has to end. I can’t take it any longer,” Trey stated as he finished working out in the dojo along with his brothers. They needed to release their anger and frustration. Samantha had nearly died today.

“I hear what you are saying. We’re all feeling the same way,” Donny added then sat on the mat next to him.

“I have to be with her. I’m not staying away, and to tell you the truth, I’m pissed that she has ignored my text messages,” Kyle added then took another swing at the punching bag.

“She ignored all our messages,” Trey remarked.

“I say we go over there and make sure she is okay.”

“Adam, we have avoided being in a small room alone with her for too long. If I go over there tonight, my wolf is going to want to claim her. It’s torture not holding her and keeping my wolf away like this.”

They all looked at Donny and his statement.

“Everybody shower. I have an idea that may help us get through this, or at least give us peace of mind tonight.” They all looked at Dustin, surprised that he was so calm. He nearly shifted twice today.

* * * *

A hot shower, three ibuprofen, and a half a glass of wine later, and Sam was relaxing somewhat on her couch in the living room. There was no air-conditioning in the old house, but the rent was cheap. She put on her shortest shorts and a tank top before covering the couch with a sheet to help keep it cool. It was the coolest place in the house during a heat wave. She was relieved that it seemed like the

temperature was slowly dropping. Maybe the weather forecasters were right for once. Maybe the heat wave would be over by tonight.

Every window was open, every fan she had was on high, and she waited not so patiently for the meds to kick in. The guys had a place a block down the road on four acres of property, and they had air-conditioning. But she wouldn't go there. Just by being in the same room, she would give in to temptation, and that was a chance she wasn't willing to take.

The guys. Damn, why did I have to bring them up? She closed her eyes and laid her hand over her eyes but bumped her bruised cheekbone and cringed in pain.

"Fuck!" she growled.

"If you're up for it, I'm in."

She nearly screamed when she heard the voice coming from the front window.

"Goddamn it, Kyle! You scared the crap out of me. Why the hell would you sneak up on me like that?"

"Open up, and I'll make it up to you."

She could practically see his dimples even in the darkness outside. His white teeth caught her attention, and instantly she thought about him in wolf form. A magnificent beast and the most amazing sight she would remember forever.

"Why should I let you in?" she asked, going back to being bitchy in hopes that he would go away. She wasn't wearing a bra or underwear because she wasn't expecting company. She should have known better, but who the hell can think in this heat?

"Because you're already in enough trouble as is. You haven't answered any of our calls or texts, and we never had a chance to talk to you about today."

She thought about that a second and remembered that her battery was on one bar, so she plugged it in earlier to charge it in the bedroom.

“I don’t need to discuss this with you. I was doing my job, and you were doing yours. End of story, now go away.”

“He’s not, and nor am I.”

The sound of Dustin’s voice had her sitting up and grabbing her head at the pounding in her brain. She had been fighting dizziness all evening, but suddenly she felt like vomiting. Her whole body shook, but then the anger took over. The son of a bitch broke into her house.

“Damn it, Dustin! How did you get in here?”

He looked serious and mean as he passed by her and unlocked her front door to let his brother in. His black tank top hardly covered his massive muscles. She stared at his back. There were more distinguishing muscles there. His body was had total definition and a series of tattoos. The man was a chiseled work of art. Her eyes took in the sight of his backside. His ass was a masterpiece itself.

“You have every window in this house open. Anyone can break through a screen,” Kyle stated as he entered the room.

He looked just as mouthwatering as Dustin. It was torture having such sexy guy friends.

Her head throbbed, so she leaned back and covered her eyes with her arm. If I can’t see them, then I can fantasize. She was so wrong. Just the fact that they were in her house had her belly quivering, amongst other parts. She tried to remain breathing calmly. These two men made her nervous. Now all she needed was the others to show up, and she would have a definite panic attack.

* * * *

Dustin was concerned and angry over the day’s events. The fact that Sam ignored all their attempts at taking care of her pissed him off. His wolf was just about at its wit’s end. Sam was his mate. He knew it. He and his brothers had ignored the attraction the past two years just because of their line of work. Over the years they were called for missions almost on a weekly to monthly basis. Since

landing the job in the city, they left less frequently. That was a good sign that crime was decreasing, at least on the largest, most dangerous scale.

He stared at Sam, lying on the couch, half dressed, with her long, red-brown hair flowing over the pillow. His eyes absorbed the curve of her muscular and toned body. The way her arms were defined and her breasts perfectly plump and protruding from the skimpy tank she wore. She was breathtaking, and his wolf knew it. Then he saw the bruises on her thighs and calves. He was suddenly filled with anger again. He swallowed hard before he lost his temper.

“Hey, Red, have you taken anything for the headache?” Kyle asked as he caressed her hair then gently touched her arm. She instantly pulled away then seemed to cringe in pain. Her eyes widened as if regretting the sudden move and the fact that they noticed. Why was she trying so hard to keep away from him?

“Hey, you know I would never hurt you,” Kyle responded then cupped her chin as she looked at him with half-closed eyes.

Dustin could just imagine what she would look like when he made love to her and made her orgasm. His cock swelled with desire. That time was approaching whether she accepted it or not.

“I know. My head hurts, and I feel a little sick to my stomach still.”

“I told you to get checked out.” Dustin raised his voice, and he saw her tense again, her lack of acceptance to their attentiveness toward her bothered him. She acted as though she feared them.

“Did you eat anything?” Kyle asked, trying to ease the tension between Sam and Dustin.

Her eyes widened then her arm went to her forehead again, causing her breasts to lift up and reveal more of the cleavage of the tank she wore.

She nodded her head.

“Well, there you go. You need to eat, baby.”

“I don’t know,” she replied then placed her other hand over her flat stomach and the waist of her very short black shorts.

Dustin imagined his hand where hers was. He could practically feel the softness of her skin, the definition in her abs. He imagined going lower, under the elastic, and pressing fingers to her pussy. Would she be wet and ready for him? He sniffed the air, and she uncovered her eyes at the same moment. He could practically taste her cream in his mouth as her scent filled his nostrils.

* * * *

Sam could feel Dustin staring at her. One glance between her arm and she saw the intensity of his stare. His green eyes were stunning. Donny and Kyle also had the same green coloring, but Trey and Adam had dark brown eyes. Still, they were like no other color she had ever seen. They were different, and they revealed very little, making her feel intimidated. It had to be a wolf thing. Her stomach tightened.

Dustin looked carnal and as if he was about to attack her. The thought of what he looked like today all dressed in his black SWAT uniform, weapons and muscles everywhere. He looked dangerous, and only a fool would challenge him. All the brothers looked similar, but she could tell them apart. Her body warmed from his stare, her insides quivered, and she felt the wetness grow between her thighs. She tried to avoid his eyes. Had even begged her mind to not look, but her eyes sought him out, causing her to lock gazes with Dustin. He sniffed the air.

Busted! He would know she was interested.

“Hey, it’s me. Bring it in,” she heard Kyle state into his cell phone, interrupting whatever was about to happen between her and Dustin. Thank God.

Two seconds later, the front door opened, and the rest of the crew entered.

They were carrying boxes of pizza and soda and beer. A team of testosterone and sex appeal just invaded her living room. How was she going to ignore all of them in such a confined space?

The aroma of the pizza made her stomach growl, and surprisingly, she was hungry. Good. Focus on the food not the men.

Maybe Dustin and Kyle were right. Maybe all she needed was some food.

* * * *

“Hey, gorgeous. Whoa, that’s some shiner on you. Did you have the doctor look at it?” Donny asked then kissed her hello on the other cheek.

“Of course she didn’t,” Dustin added before she could reply as he and Kyle pulled the coffee table closer to the couch and placed the beer and soda, plus napkins and paper plates, on it. Adam and Trey returned with one box of pizza, filling the plates.

She watched Dustin and the others. They made themselves at home, moving things around and attempting to take care of her. But she knew them well, and they were trying to make her relax so they could reprimand her. Dizziness or not, she wasn’t going to be weak around them. The thought made her insides jolt with a mix of guilt and sexual attraction. She released a sigh and absorbed enough muscle, intimidation, and eye candy that she could handle. If she gawked any further should would risk making a fool of herself.

“Try to sit up, honey, to eat something,” Donny whispered, catching her daydreaming. Well, fantasizing was more like it. Even her nipples were hard. Both he and Kyle helped her sit up, not that it took two of them to lift her. Her gut told her they wanted to touch her, but she forced herself to ignore her gut.

Their knuckles and fingers rubbed against the inside of her breasts, and she nearly jumped out of their grasp. Her body was overly sensitive to all of them.

Adam looked at her, and she saw the same desire in his brown eyes that she had in Dustin's. She couldn't give in. She didn't want that kind of life or to take the chance. They were not fully human and could shift into wolves at any moment, and that scared her. They looked at her differently. Other men. Human men looked at her with sex on their minds and sometimes undressed her with their eyes. These men looked at her as if they would lick and taste every inch of her then eat her alive. The thought brought on another wave of heat. Damn, it was getting hotter in here by the second.

Then there was the other negative thought about the capabilities of wolves.

She had witnessed what one wolf did to a human woman who refused his sexual advances. Sam had been seventeen, and she remembered it clearly. She also knew that the men were way more experienced than her and a lot older. They planned on leaving the department to retire soon. But she had so much more she wanted to do. Even though days like this scared her and made her question why she would expose herself to such danger, she couldn't quit. Plus she had nothing to go back to in Dallas or in the state of Texas for that matter. Then there were memories of Alex. She swallowed hard. Just thinking his name still affected her. He was long gone. He was dead because she hadn't been there when he needed her most.

"Sam, honey, what's wrong?" Kyle asked. He caressed her cheek with his fingers, and she nearly forgot where she was and who was touching her. She jumped from the contact, simultaneously pushing his hand away. His light touch caused a reaction in her body that she was trying to ignore.

"I'm good. I'll take a slice." Slowly, she sat up straighter. She closed her eyes, willed away the memories of Alex and the ache in her heart. Embracing her current state, she felt the tiny bit of dizziness and focused on that. She willed the aches and pains away as best she could. Her eye felt more swollen, as if that were even possible. Even

her neck and ear hurt. *Weird*. Once she calmed her breathing and cleared her mind of Alex, she felt ready to face the men.

When she opened her eyes, all five of them were watching her.

Dustin looked like he wanted to hit something. His expression was one of concern, anger, and something else. She just wasn't certain what. As she caught each of their gazes, she realized that they all held the same expression. She swallowed hard and felt the tears reach her eyes. Then the anger hit her gut.

"What? Why are you staring at me like that?" she snapped at them, and instantly they each looked away, except for Dustin.

He licked his lips. Obviously, he was prepared to say something, but she wouldn't have listened to a word he spoke because her focus was on his lips. They looked firm and muscular just like the rest of him. He held her gaze.

"I should get you some ice. It will help with the swelling." With that he left the room.

She looked around her, and the others were eating their pizza or drinking a beer.

"Here, have this, then take the ibuprofen," Trey told her as he passed her a slice of pizza on a plate. She inhaled the aroma and suddenly felt incredibly hungry. That's when she remembered that she hadn't eaten all day.

She released an exasperated sigh.

"What? Do you suddenly not like pizza?" Adam questioned her, and he sounded kind of snappy. She didn't like his tone one bit. What was he upset about? She was the one with the black eye and swollen cheekbone. She had shared a pizza with him a time or two in the past. They knew she liked to make her own pizza when she had the time. His dark brown eyes held hers, and her insides fluttered. It seemed that the more and more she hung out with the guys, the harder it was getting to resist them. Just a smile sent her libido into overdrive and her breasts began to ache. She moved her arm, casually trying to ease

the ache in her breasts. The move did not go unnoticed. She cleared her throat.

“Of course not. I just remembered that I haven’t eaten anything since breakfast.”

“Shit, Sam,” Trey reprimanded her.

“I know. But I’m eating now,” she replied then took her first bite of pizza. Ten minutes later she finished the second slice at Donny’s demand and now sipped on a cold beer. She didn’t dare show any signs of the pain that chewing was causing. Myers had given her a hell of a shot to her face.

* * * *

The men talked about how they had some friends in the department patrolling Brandy’s neighborhood and that Charles was recovering and released from the hospital after being grazed by a bullet. Thank God he hadn’t been killed. They eased her mind about the protection the family would remain under while Myers waited to face charges. Unfortunately he would only be charged with assault and breaking and entering. The other gang members who were with him had disappeared once the cops showed up. It had been one of them that had the gun that shot Charles.

The men continued to talk about football and the prospects of their favorite team, the Dallas Cowboys. She had always been a Giants fan, and they always teased her about it. A while had passed and she was beginning to feel especially tired. All the excitement, adrenaline rush, and trauma to her body was beginning to weigh its toll on her. That’s when she noticed that Dustin still hadn’t returned from the kitchen yet.

* * * *

Donny took a seat on the couch next to her. She was certain they could hear the pounding of her heart. Wolves had impeccable hearing. She looked at him in his tank top and military shorts. He was a total chick magnet. All five of them were.

She sat with her one leg crossed over the other and clutched the pillow to her chest. It had been uncomfortable eating that way, but she wasn't wearing any bra, and she didn't want to be advertising it. Plus, she hoped it kept her arousal hidden from them. It was torture being in a room filled with macho military soldiers. These five men would give G.I. Joe and his buddies a run for their money. The five of them weren't quite identical. They had such expressive eyes that sparkled and changed whenever they let their emotions get the better of them. They had dark black hair, crew cuts, and tan complexions. Trey and Adam had even darker brown hair. When they smiled, showing off their bright white teeth, their eyes sparkled like chocolate diamonds. Then, of course, were their bodies. They were made of pure muscle, with Dustin and Donny being the bulkiest of the five. They were all martial artists, although they didn't need it because of their wolf abilities. She had witnessed them practicing in their dojo and grappling. That had created a month's worth of interesting fantasies for her. She realized they caught her daydreaming again, and instinctively she tried to hide it.

She reached up to push a strand of hair behind her ear and accidentally hit her cheek.

She made a soft moan, and the others added their mumbled comments.

"Hey, I didn't get to say thank you for today."

No one responded. They just sat there staring at her.

Feeling a bit insecure facing four of the five, she swallowed hard and focused on the pillowcase before she spoke.

"What you do is pretty awesome. I didn't know you could fly," she added then chuckled, but it came out sounding more like a choke than a laugh.

“What the hell were you thinking, Sam?” Dustin’s voice penetrated the room and caused Sam to jump, knocking the pillow onto the floor. She looked at him and knew she was about to get an earful.

She decided to play dumb and tried to change the subject.

“What happened? Did you get lost in my kitchen? Oh, wait...I know. I forgot to fill the ice trays. I can fix that, don’t worry about the ice.” Sam rose from the couch and attempted to leave the room, but a quick movement by Dustin and she was trapped.

* * * *

Dustin held her tiny wrist in his hand, and his body came alive from the contact. He held her there, looked down into her green eyes and saw the fear, the worry, and also the sadness there. He wanted to know everything about Sam, but she wasn’t willing to share. He heard her racing heart, saw the fear and apprehension in her eyes, and it almost made him release her.

“You know that I’m not talking about the fucking ice.”

She wrapped her free arm over her stomach and shuddered. Obviously his angry tone scared her.

“What were you thinking, heading into that apartment with those people and risking your life?”

She glared at him, and his cock stirred in reaction. It pressed against the zipper of his shorts, demanding release. Samantha tried to pull away, but his hold remained firm.

She looked down toward where he held her then back up to glare at him. Every time he saw the fucking bruise and welt on her cheek, his anger increased. She was gorgeous and sexy. No woman deserved to have such a mark on her.

“I’m not doing this with you, Dustin. Release me,” she demanded and raised her dainty little chin up toward him.

He took a step closer, and she retreated. That continued until she hit the back of the couch, and her free hand landed on Donny's forearm as she reached back.

The second she touched his brother's skin, she pulled away. Her breasts bounced from the abrupt movement. The moment he entered the house he knew she wasn't wearing a bra. He stared at her chest, absorbed the cleavage and the blotchy redness that covered her flesh. She was embarrassed, but he hoped turned on as well.

His mind imagined lifting the tank top and tasting her skin as he suckled her breast and her nipple. She had a perfect set of breasts.

"Dustin, please," she whispered, her voice bringing him back to the present.

Kyle and Adam now stood beside him while Donny and Trey sat on the couch behind her.

Dustin held her wrist against his chest then reached slowly toward her cheek and chin with his other hand, being sure not to get too close to the bruising.

"You have no idea what went through our minds when we heard you were in there. When we heard the perp's words and the way he was talking to you."

She held his gaze then glanced at his brothers.

"I had no choice," she whispered.

"Bullshit!" Kyle yelled, this time making her jump then tremble.

He touched her hair. Twirled a wavy strand between his fingers. He was inches from her.

The tears welled up in her eyes as Dustin caressed her chin.

* * * *

She was in complete panic mode. Being this close to them made her want things she had no right to want. She couldn't give in to the desire she felt for them. They were intimidating, demanding, bossy, and chauvinistic the majority of the time. That was fine when she

wasn't on the receiving end, but now, as they touched her, she knew this was getting serious.

"Don't yell at me, Kyle. I did what I had to do, and I would do it again."

"You could have been killed," Donny stated from behind her. His deep, masculine voice vibrated against her spine.

"And like any of you couldn't get killed in your line of work?" she challenged.

"There's no comparison, and you know it," Adam replied.

"Double standards, huh?" She tried the feminist approach then remembered that she was dealing with a bunch of Alpha males filled to the gill with testosterone.

"Don't even go there, Sam. You shouldn't have been in that fucking neighborhood alone. You should have stepped aside, called the police, and let them deal with it," Trey added, and she immediately became angry. Trey was always pushing people away, trying to remain separated and what he claimed to be "objective," especially during intense situations. She had a feeling he was afraid to get close to anyone. He was afraid to fail and afraid to disappoint. She had a lot in common with him and plenty of time to think about him over the last year.

"Well I'm not as coldhearted as you, Trey. When I make a promise, I keep it."

Well at least now I do. I failed Alex.

She knew she insulted him, but she was annoyed at them and she needed space from them all. Quickly she pulled away from Dustin and began heading toward the kitchen.

It was Trey who stopped her by grabbing her around the waist. He pulled her to him, and she panicked.

"Why did you do it?"

She tried to control her breathing, but now that Trey was holding her against his body, she couldn't. How could she explain that she

failed her best friend? She vowed to never make the same mistake again. They would hate her for her selfishness.

The tears threatened to fall at any second. She had to pull away.

“Why, Sam?” Dustin asked as he placed his hands on her shoulders and pressed his body against her back.

It was too much for her to handle. She was exhausted, achy, and completely aroused by their close proximity.

“I made a promise,” she whispered as she looked into Trey’s eyes. His dark brown eyes held hers as she felt the connection as well as the trust.

“Promise or not, you risked your life, and we could have lost you,” Trey added then gently caressed his thumb against her lower lip.

“I don’t break promises, Trey. I did that once. Never again.” Her voice cracked, and she began to cry. Trey pulled her against his chest while Dustin caressed her hair. Her arms remained by her sides. She wouldn’t hug him back. She wouldn’t give in to the need to be held and receive compassion.

* * * *

Trey held her against his chest and released a sigh for the small triumph. He was finally able to experience a hug from Sam. He waited for this moment just as his brothers had for over a year. He wanted to feel her arms around him, as well, yet she remained stiff and unwilling to give in return. Her words lingered in his mind. She failed to come through on a promise. What was she talking about, and how intense of a promise was it that she was willing to risk her life for strangers?

He locked gazes with his brother Dustin and they shared their thoughts through their telepathic link.

“*She’s scared of something,*” Trey stated.

“I know, but what is it? What happened to her, and who hurt her?” Dustin responded.

“She’s never opened up about her life in Dallas. All we know is that her family is there. Then there’s the fact that her name is on the watch list. Maybe that has something to do with it.”

Trey didn’t want to think about that. Two years ago, Sam had just been a name and someone living in New York City that may need their protection. That was all they knew about her.

Their conversation was cut short as Sam began to push away from him.

She wiped her eyes with the back of her hand.

“I’m sorry. I’m just really tired. I think I should head to bed.”

“Wait. Don’t be sorry for letting out your emotions. We care about you, Sam.” Trey spoke then gave her a knockout smile. Her belly warmed at his compassion.

“We worry about you, honey,” Dustin replied.

“I don’t need you to. I’m fine, and I’ll be fine on my own. It’s the way it has to be.”

With that she headed toward her staircase that led to the bedroom.

“Can you lock up for me please? I just don’t have the energy.”

They all watched her walk away from them.

* * * *

“What the fuck?” Adam remarked.

Dustin began to give orders.

“We should lock up the windows and the doors. Make sure everything is secure.”

“I think one of us should stay here in case she needs anything,” Trey added.

They looked at one another. She was their mate. Their wolf needed to be near her and ready to protect. It was becoming more and more difficult to not mark her and then claim her as their mate. She

had to come around soon or they would begin fighting again. The last time that happened they took a leave of absence from the department and went on a mission in Afghanistan. Maybe they would need another one of those.

"I'll stay, and the rest of you start looking into that other mission the government called us on this morning," Dustin stated.

"What? You seriously want to leave her right now when she was nearly killed?" Adam replied, sounding angry.

"Yeah, what the fuck, Dustin? And why is it that you get to stay here with her?" Trey added.

"I don't think she's ready, and I'm staying because I'm lead Alpha," he replied then fixed the cushions on the couch and imagined the way Sam had looked as she sat there eating pizza with them. He could get used to more nights like this, minus the bruises and near death experience.

"Bullshit, she's not. I know you all sensed her arousal and heard her heart race the closer one of us would get to her," Donny added.

"Shit, yeah. Even a pup could have sensed that." Trey chuckled.

"I don't know about the rest of you, but I'm not leaving on another fucking mission. I want to work on getting Sam to trust us and take her place where she belongs. By our side as our mate."

They all looked at Trey after his statement.

"Well?" Dustin asked, wondering if they all felt the same way and whether or not a decision to seduce their mate was shared.

A series of *in* echoed through the living room.

"You mark her, Dustin. It's how it is done," Donny whispered then released a sigh. Dustin knew they didn't want there to be one Alpha more important than the rest. His title and position as commander was for the SWAT team, not for his brothers and their family. They were his equals, no matter how hard they tried to push him to be number one.

"We mark her together. No one does it alone," he replied.

Kyle grabbed Dustin's arm and turned Dustin toward him.

“If you get the chance to mark her, you do it, brother. It will make it easier for Sam to accept the rest of us and take her rightful place.”

With that last statement, the others agreed before they left the house.

Chapter 3

The caravan of lowriders slowly drove by the apartment complex. Their rap music blared as they slowed down on the streets below. The cops on patrol couldn't do much about it. The gang members weren't breaking the law, but Brandy knew intimidation "Blood" style. The gang would harass them, and if they had the opportunity, they would come after her family. She wasn't going to let the kids go to school tomorrow. She was going to have to call Sam tomorrow and tell her what was happening. Sam had mentioned a safe house established for battered and abused women and their children. Perhaps it would be the best option for her family.

Myers didn't turn out to be the man she thought he was. Sienna and Jimelle weren't even his children. He was after Benny. Her heart ached, and nausea filled her belly. Hugging herself, she promised she wouldn't let Myers near Benny. She would die first.

The sound of Benny crying, waking up for his bottle, had her moving away from the window and the view of the gang members. An uneasy feeling filled her inside. They would be living in fear as long as Myers was alive. At this point he was probably ready to kill them all.

As she made the bottle for the baby, she explored her options and what Sam had suggested. She would have to call Sam tomorrow.

* * * *

Sam was tossing and turning, waking up constantly, either in fear from the nightmares she was having, reliving the events of yesterday,

or from rolling over onto her bruised cheekbone. She decided to get up, go downstairs, and get a drink of water. She glanced at the clock on the bedside table. It was three o'clock in the morning. Reluctantly, she got out of bed.

As she walked down the stairs, she noticed a large figure on her couch. Instantly, she was scared, but then she realized that one of the men must have stayed in case she needed something. She wasn't certain how she felt about that. Maybe that's why she couldn't sleep? Somehow she knew that one of the brothers remained in her house. She slowly approached the couch, and she recognized that the person was Dustin. Her heart hammered in her chest, and her belly ached. He was the leader of the team and the one who called the shots. He made demands and made her a nervous wreck. Getting any additional sleep was definitely not in the cards now.

He looked so huge on her couch. His legs were bent because he was too tall to fit. She moved closer, noticing that he had removed his shirt, and damn, was he built. His skin looked smooth and muscular. His chest had a dark dusting of black hair and a thin line that led to the waist of his shorts. She saw the bulge under his zipper. Even in this lighting she could tell he had a huge cock. The thought of it made her insides quivered with desire. It had been so long since a man made love to her. But she wasn't feeling love when she looked at Dustin or his brothers. She was feeling lust. She closed her eyes and inhaled. If she had enough guts she could take what she wanted. She could unzip his shorts, grab a hold of his cock, and lick the tip. She would be the one in control, not him. The thought of sucking Dustin's cock brought on a surge of twisted emotions. She felt the tears sting her eyes. She wasn't that brazen. Not when it came to sex. Alex had been her only lover. She was too scared to get that close to someone, never mind men like Dustin, Donny, Adam, Kyle, and Trey. She looked at Dustin's muscles and his military tattoos. The words *Semper Fi* summed up each of the brother's personalities. In translation, "always faithful," meaning they would always put the

Marine Corps, their pack, their profession before anyone else. It made her proud to know them but also reminded her so much of Alex. She reached out, her temptation to touch the crew cut hair and her memories of Alex had gotten the best of her.

She softly touched Dustin's dark brown hair. She let the rough, pointy texture tickle her fingers. Then she heard him inhale, saw the material under his zipper enlarge, and she knew he was awake. She pulled her hand away.

"Trouble sleeping, baby?"

She stepped away from the couch and turned toward the kitchen. His rough, sexy voice had her frozen in place.

"Yeah. Just getting some water." Quickly, she headed into the kitchen.

She grabbed a glass, filled it with cold water, and guzzled it down. It felt good. That's when she realized that the house wasn't so hot anymore. Maybe the heat wave was finally breaking. Which meant the kids wouldn't suffer so much sitting in the classrooms at school.

She looked out the window above the kitchen sink and stared into the darkness. She couldn't help the uneasy feeling inside.

"You okay?" Dustin asked, and she jumped, surprised again at his presence in her home.

She turned toward him and was instantly at a loss for words.

Dustin stood in the doorway, taking up every spare inch of space. His arms were crossed in front of his chest, revealing the definition in his forearms and more tattoos she hadn't noticed before.

His wide waist and muscular abs peeked out above the waist of his camo shorts.

He cleared his throat, and she was embarrassed for getting caught gawking.

"You didn't have to stay. I'm a big girl, Dustin." The bitchy sound of her tone even surprised herself.

He raised his eyebrows at her then snickered.

"I didn't realize that you could be such a bitch in the middle of the night," he snapped at her.

She felt her jaw drop at his remark. She was shocked. Then the anger filled her.

"Screw you, Dustin! I'm not one of your little peons you can boss around and give orders to!" She turned around and emptied her glass of water into the sink then left the empty glass there.

She hadn't heard a sound, but the next thing she knew, Dustin was turning her toward him, staring down at her.

"No, you're not. You're a subordinate who needs to learn to accept her fate."

He pulled her against him then held her firmly by the back of her hair and head before covering her mouth with his own.

His lips were hot and moist against her own. Sam couldn't focus or comprehend what the hell just happened and instead fought to control the kiss. Dustin's scent, his taste, filled her and drowned out any ability to fight her attraction to him.

He was on her like white on rice, cupping her ass cheeks, lifting her body off the floor and placing her onto the kitchen counter. She rubbed her hands through his hair, tried to pull on the small pieces protruding from his scalp, but it was a lost cause. His military haircut was too short. She felt his ironclad thighs spread her thighs open, so he could press against her more fully.

Their tongues battled one another, but his was more dominant. He kissed her breathless, had her panting for air as he nibbled and released her lips then latched on to her neck and shoulder. His hands were under her shirt, lifting the tank top up and over her head.

Before she could comprehend the out of control situation, his mouth found her breast, and Dustin attacked.

It was hot and wild. The feel of his hard, large hands fondling her one breast as his mouth devoured the other made her pussy quiver. It practically throbbed. She felt so needy, so desperate to come, to release the desire she held inside for so long, but she was scared.

She pressed her hands against his solid chest. Her fingers pressed into his flesh, immediately hitting muscle. He was built superbly just like his brothers. She felt them there. Somehow she could feel their presence as if they were right in the room, yet she knew they weren't. It was both odd and consoling.

"Dustin," she whispered, half wanting him to stop before this got out of control and half needing him to continue. Maybe if he just fucked her already she could get them out of her system.

At that moment his fingers were pushing up her one thigh to the hem of her shorts.

"We should stop," she panted just as he nibbled on her nipple and pulled lightly with his teeth. She moaned low, and he looked up at her. Her heart nearly stopped beating. His eyes looked amazing. They were dark green with specks of golden yellow. His teeth were slightly elongated, revealing his ability to partially shift.

Something carnal and needy erupted inside of her as he released her nipple, held her gaze, and licked across her breast.

"Mine," he growled low, and that was it. She was on fire from head to toe. She wanted him, needed him inside of her with every ounce of whatever he had to give.

"Fuck me," she whispered.

* * * *

Dustin could hear his brother's voices inside his head. They knew he was about to make love to Sam. They condoned it, accepted it, and cheered him on. This was a major step in the right direction. He wanted her, and tonight he would claim what was rightfully his.

He lifted her off the counter and swiftly placed her on the edge of the kitchen table. In record speed he ripped her shorts off and lifted her thighs over his shoulders, prepared to taste her cream.

Sam moaned at her flesh being exposed to him. He licked her from back to front then pressed his tongue between her folds. She

grabbed at him but couldn't reach. He felt his beast there with him. His tongue elongated, and Sam responded with a long, deep moan.

He pressed a finger to her entrance and alternated finger then tongue, finger then tongue. He had craved her taste forever. Had fantasized about this moment.

"Please, Dustin," she begged, and he couldn't hold off. His cock wanted in.

As he devoured her, he undid his pants, pushed them down then stepped out of them. With his tongue he licked a pathway from her folds, over her muscular, flat abs to the cleavage of her breasts then her mouth.

He kissed her then held her gaze.

"I've been waiting too long for this, Sam." Slowly, he began to press into her.

* * * *

Sam held on to Dustin's shoulders. His thick, long shaft slowly penetrated the walls of her pussy, rubbing along her layer of muscles. His dick was very large, and he knew it as he took his time to make his way inside of her.

Sam tried to catch her breath. It had been so long, and she hadn't remembered it being this intense and feeling such emotion.

"You're so tight, Sam. I'm trying to go slow. I don't want to hurt you," he stated between clenched teeth.

Sam wanted him inside her, scratching the itch that had been building and building all night. She lifted her hips to him and pressed harder against him.

He took it as a sign to move deeper, and when he finally made it fully inside of her, she growled her release.

"Oh, God, you feel so good," she told him then nibbled on his shoulder. That was it for Dustin. The move sent him out of control. He thrust into her. Rocked his hips against her as he held her thighs

against his sides. The table creaked, moaned, and groaned beneath them, but they didn't care. They were both too caught up in the moment and in the need they had been fighting for months.

Sam grabbed at him, pressed his face to her breast as he made love to her. Quick, fast thrusts had them both panting for breath. It went on and on as her insides filled with need for more. It was outrageous, invigorating, and so empowering that she screamed another release as Dustin continued to make love to her.

The feel of his engorged cock pressing against her inner layers felt so good. She had such a feeling of belonging and a connection that it both scared her and made her weep with emotion.

Everything about him made her desire grow deeper. The feel of muscle beneath her fingertips and the weight of his thick body over her, encompassing her smaller frame, turned her on.

Dustin increased his speed. She felt the claws against her hip bones, and it stirred something primal inside of her.

"Yes!" she screamed as he thrust his hips forward, sending her hard against the table. Over and over he repeated the deep, fast stokes until he exploded inside of her. She practically felt his essence travel through her body, eliminating any fear or anxiety she had.

Dustin laid his head against her breast as they both panted for air and held one another close.

* * * *

He tried to control his breathing as he pressed tiny kisses against Sam's skin. She tasted delicious, like nothing he ever had before. He licked her breasts then nipples before making his way to her lips.

When she opened her eyes, she looked content and all his for the moment.

"That was something else." She caressed her finger over his bottom lip.

He softly thrust into her again, reminding her that he was still inside of her.

“That was only the beginning.”

* * * *

She felt his words to her soul, and it scared the living daylight out of her.

Sam turned away as Dustin slowly pulled from her body. He lifted her from the table, and instead of placing her onto her feet so they could dress, he lifted her into his arms and carried her from the kitchen.

They were both completely naked as he walked with her across the living room.

“What are you doing?” she asked him, completely aware of the quiver in her voice. She just had incredible sex with Dustin. Hot, uninhibited sex with a close friend. She didn’t want to cuddle. She didn’t want it to be anything more than casual sex despite the emotions and instant connection she felt. It was a mistake to want more. The trauma and excitement of her near death experience had apparently led her to making a huge mistake.

“I can practically see the smoke coming from your head, Sam. Stop over thinking this. It’s been coming, and there’s no use in denying it.” She couldn’t deny his statement. He was right. The sexual attraction between them was intense. Obviously, considering a verbal fight caused them to entertain that sexual attraction. She nibbled her bottom lip as she thought about the way it happened in the kitchen. He basically called her a bitch, and she deserved it. She had been nothing but one to them to fend off their advances and their control.

He pulled back the sheets and gently placed her onto the mattress. Before she could stop him, he got into bed with her. Then he pulled her against him, taking the covers along with him to cover them both.

“Close your eyes, and try to get some rest. We’ll talk about this tomorrow.”

“I don’t believe this. You really need to go,” she demanded, but he closed his eyes and pulled her tighter against his chest.

The stubborn son of a bitch! This was so Dustin. He was always in command. Why couldn’t he have just fucked her and left? He got what he wanted, and she got what she wanted.

She was so angry as she attempted to pull away from him. The damn muscleman wouldn’t budge. It was useless to fight him, and the truth of the matter was that she was exhausted. She tried to relax and think this situation through.

Sam was tense against him as she contemplated what was happening between her and Dustin. She had fantasized about him and his brothers often over the year. Her imagination couldn’t compare to the feel of him physically holding her in her own bed and while completely naked. She analyzed her feelings, including the content feeling in her body at having sex. Did she feel this content from just releasing sexual tension, or was it solely because of Dustin and the connection she felt while they had sex?

His hand pressed over her backside and pulled her closer against him. The feel of his still-hard cock against her belly ignited the flame she had been trying to put out. It was just one night. She could deal with this. Even as she closed her eyes and tried to figure out a plan of escape, Dustin kept touching her, caressing her every curve. Ultimately, making her relax and putting her asleep.

* * * *

The guys were in the kitchen preparing lunch. Sam was still sleeping despite Dustin moving around, taking a shower, and helping his brothers downstairs in the kitchen.

He walked back upstairs around twelve fifteen and sat on the bed watching Sam sleep. She had tossed and turned a little last night and

moaned a lot in her sleep. He wasn't quite sure if it was from her injuries or from the dreams she was having. What he knew for certain was that she belonged with him and his brothers. They were all waiting eagerly to see her, but they anticipated her same attitude and determination to ignore her true feelings. They understood that, but it was becoming too difficult to allow the behavior to continue. It's not the reaction from a woman that they were used to.

He absorbed the shape of her body and the way her long, reddish-brown hair splayed across the pillows. Her body was even better than he had imagined it would be. Dustin knew that Sam worked out a lot. She had come over to their dojo in their house a few times to practice her martial arts or take part of a women's defense class that he and his brothers offered privately. He chuckled to himself just thinking about the numerous women that tried to flirt and seduce him or his brothers during the classes. Sam was the one and only woman they wanted to flirt with. Hell, many of his erotic dreams involved her, a mat, his martial arts black belt, and his brothers.

Suddenly, Sam sighed then stretched her arms above her head, causing her abundant breasts to lift past the sheets.

"Hey, sleepyhead," he stated then sat down on the bed next to her. Sam opened her eyes then closed them tightly as if she were hoping last night hadn't happened. He chuckled at her response then leaned over her.

"It wasn't a dream, honey. It was real."

She opened one eye to look at him as she attempted to cover her breasts with the sheet.

"Go away," she practically snarled, and he chuckled again as she attempted to pull up the sheet.

But he had his fist over the other side of her that he was leaning on, so she couldn't do it. She attempted to act as if she didn't care until he touched her nipple and softly played with the tip before cupping her entire breast.

“Hey!” she exclaimed and attempted to sit up. Dustin pulled her back down and lay along with her. That’s when he noticed that she could only open one eye fully.

“Shit, Sam. Can you open your eye any wider?”

She shook her head. Her expression suddenly somber.

“This is why I told you to ice it last night.”

“Don’t yell at me. You’re the one who said he was getting ice then disappeared.”

“It was either that or wring your neck for taking the chance you did with your life,” he practically barked back at her.

“Whatever. Just move.” She tried to push him away to get up from the bed, but he stopped her.

“Kyle!” he yelled.

“What are you doing? Kyle is here? Oh, my god, they’re all here, aren’t they? They know what we did last night? Let me up,” she demanded but Dustin wouldn’t let her.

“Hey, what’s up?” Kyle asked from the doorway.

* * * *

Sam wanted the bed to swallow her up. This was so embarrassing. How would the others feel about the fact that she slept with Dustin?

“You need to check out her eye, doc. It’s fucking swollen shut.” Dustin began to move, but Sam had her head under the pillow and kept her elbows at her side, so Kyle couldn’t see her breasts.

She felt Dustin rub her hair then remove the pillow.

“Stop fooling around, Sam. Kyle needs to see your eye. I’m worried about you.”

“Maybe I can take a shower and get dressed first,” she mumbled into the pillow.

“Let him look at it now, Sam.” She recognized that tone of Dustin’s. He meant business.

Slowly she turned onto her back, grateful that the sheets now covered her from feet to breasts as Dustin gently pushed some strands of hair out of her face. She kept her eyes closed as she took two deep breaths.

Her heart hammered in her chest at the fact that Kyle was in her bedroom along with Dustin. It was bad enough that she hadn't had time to cope with what happened last night.

"Open your eyes, Red. Let me take a look." Kyle's voice stirred something inside of her. She suddenly felt warm and tingly. She swallowed again.

"I'm fine, Kyle." She jumped when she felt his hand touch her cheek.

"You're shaking, Sam."

"Sorry. I'm not used to this." She slowly opened her eyes as best she could, but one was the best she could muster.

"What? Not used to being cared for?" he asked as he gently checked over the bruising by her cheek and eye.

"Something like that," she whispered as her words got caught in her throat.

Dustin's cell phone began to beep, and releasing a sigh, he left the room.

She felt the warmth of Kyle's hip against her thigh as he checked her eye out.

The fact that he was so close to her and that she lay naked under just a flimsy bedsheet made her nervous. She wasn't ready for this. Last night was a mistake, and the sooner they understood that the better.

"Listen, you don't need to do this. I'll be just fine."

"This may hurt a little. Can you move your eye back and forth?" he asked, ignoring her statement.

She released a sigh.

"Do it," he told her, and she heard the seriousness of his tone, and it surprised her.

She moved her eyeball, and it hurt.

“Try up and down.”

She did as he said.

“It hurts, doesn’t it?”

“What hurts?” Dustin asked as he reentered the bedroom.

“Her eye does when she moves it. She may need something for the swelling. I think we should bring you by the doctor’s office.”

“No. I’m fine. It will be fine,” she stated then sat up, taking the sheet with her.

Kyle stopped her from moving further by placing his hand on her thigh. She froze in place.

They locked gazes a moment.

“You’re going to the doctor, and that’s final.”

“No. I’m not going to the doctor, Kyle. I have plans today.”

“It’s Saturday, what plans do you have, and where the hell do you think you’re going with the injuries you have? You can’t see, never mind drive,” Kyle replied as Sam clenched the sheet against her.

Sam was angry, and she felt as if they suddenly thought they could boss her around and take over her life. This was insane.

She took a couple of breaths to calm down then, softly, she spoke to Kyle and Dustin.

“I appreciate you trying to help, but I don’t need it. I am going to get up from this bed, take a shower, and begin my day. When I get out of the shower, I don’t expect to see either of you here.”

Kyle didn’t move an inch. He just stared at her.

His hand remained on her thigh and against the sheet. She scooted a little further to the middle of the bed and out of his reach.

“Let’s talk about this downstairs. Do you need help?” Dustin asked, interrupting the silent stare match between Sam and Kyle.

She shook her head but never looked at Dustin.

Finally Kyle stood up and left the room. Dustin followed him.

Sam made sure she heard them head downstairs before she got out from under the sheet and grabbed some clothes. Her eye was

throbbing, and she was worried, but she didn't want the guys to know. She needed for them to leave her be. The more they were around the more she wanted them. Even sitting next to Dustin made her aroused.

Reluctantly, she made her way to the bathroom, trying her hardest to see with one eye.

* * * *

Dustin and Kyle entered the kitchen and found that the guys had a huge spread of food prepared.

"How is she?" Adam asked.

"Stubborn and filled with attitude," Kyle responded then walked by Adam and toward the back door. The sound of the screen door slamming was all they heard.

Trey whistled. "Our little spitfire wake up on the wrong side of the bed?" Adam asked Dustin.

Dustin took a roll and began slicing it.

"Her eye is swollen shut, and she won't go see a doctor."

"What? She has no choice," Trey responded.

"Man, I wish I had gotten my hands on that bastard who hit her," Donny began to say, and a series of grunts went through the room.

"What's that supposed to mean?"

Donny glared at Dustin.

"Nothing, I meant nothing by it."

"What did you want me to do?" Dustin asked, suddenly feeling as if his brothers didn't think he'd handled the situation with Myers correctly.

"You should have ripped the fucker's throat out," Kyle responded.

They all chuckled, trying to ease the tension in the room.

"Listen, she's always been independent. She's not used to anyone taking care of her, and we have to understand that," Dustin added.

"She's injured, and she will seek medical attention, even if I have to toss her over my shoulder and carry her ass there myself," Adam

added, the anger apparent in his stance with his fists clenched at his sides.

“Settle down before Sam comes downstairs.”

“How can you be so calm when you know she’s hurt and won’t seek medical attention?” Trey asked Dustin as he gave him a dirty look.

“He’s calm because his wolf is calm.”

They all turned to look at Kyle, who reentered the kitchen from the back door.

“Yeah, the lucky bastard. I knew I should have fought you to stay here last night,” Donny teased.

Dustin chuckled as he layered the cold cuts onto the roll.

“The update I just got may not make any of us calm for a while,” Kyle added as he leaned against the doorframe and clipped his cell phone back onto his belt.

“What’s going on?” Adam asked.

“Paulie and Clark were patrolling Brandy’s neighborhood last night. They said that three carloads of Bloods kept circling around. It was obvious that they were trying to scare Brandy and the kids. The whole neighborhood is still up in arms over that old man Charles getting shot and the situation in the apartment Friday.”

“Those gangs are really bad. They could retaliate and go after the family for Myers’s sake. He was apparently moving up in the gang. A real abusive asshole from what I heard,” Adam added.

“You saw his rap sheet. The guy served time for aggravated assault, attempted murder, and rape before he was nineteen,” Dustin said although he didn’t need to remind his brothers. They had all seen the report.

“I don’t like this one bit. I got a real bad feeling,” Kyle stated, and they all agreed.

* * * *

Sam finished getting ready, and it hadn't been easy. Her eye really hurt, as well as her cheekbone. She didn't want to admit to the guys that they were right. It was like giving in to their control. In the shower all she could think about was the way she felt in Dustin's arms and the way he felt inside her. When they were joined, and they locked gazes, she felt a connection to him. It was like an imaginary force pulling her inside of him. It had been a very strange feeling that scared her. She was mad at herself and the fact that she gave in to her desire after fighting it for so long. How could she allow that to happen?

She straightened out her skirt and adjusted her tank top. Her eye looked terrible, and it hurt a lot, so a doctor's appointment was inevitable. She might as well make the appointment herself. Looking toward the dresser, she located her cell phone and saw she had a lot of messages. She called the doctor's office first and made an appointment for two o'clock. That gave her over an hour to deal with the guys and return phone calls. As she headed downstairs and into the living room, her cell phone rang. A quick glance at the caller ID, and she saw it was Ted. Great. Now he was going to be on her case. She never called him back last night.

"Well, what the hell is going on out there?" he yelled into the phone.

"I'm sorry, Ted. I forgot to call you back and kind of fell asleep on the couch."

It was half a lie. She was dozing off when Kyle arrived at her window and Dustin broke into her home. She never got to give him hell for that.

"I was just about to book a flight out there. It's what your dad and my family wants me to do."

"Don't be ridiculous. I am perfectly fine." She raised her voice, and then she heard movement in the kitchen.

"Sam, what happened? I want a complete second-by-second blow of the events, and I want to know what your injuries are."

"I told you not to worry, and I am not going to give you a second-to-second description. I'm trying to get through this. My injuries are minor."

"That's not what I was told by your commander."

"You didn't? Please tell me that you did not call him?" Sam could feel her blood practically boiling through her veins.

"I sure as shit did, damn it. You're lying about your injuries, too."

"I am not," she shouted then plopped down on the couch and ran her fingers through her hair in frustration. Her eye throbbed, but damn it, she wasn't going to tell Ted.

"Then send me a picture with your phone right now," he demanded, and she heard his distorted voice. She could picture his angry eyes and elongated teeth as his wolf surfaced. He was really concerned for her.

"Now, Sam!"

"Stop yelling at me and hold on a goddamn second!" She turned the phone toward her and attempted to take a picture of her cheek only.

"I'm waiting," he added.

"Hold your horses, it's coming now." She pressed send and waited for his outburst.

A series of profanity echoed through her speaker. She held the phone at arm's length and sensed the men moving into the living room. A quick look over her shoulder and she was right. They were all there.

"Please calm down."

"I'm coming out there to get you."

"No, you're not, Ted. I don't need you to come out here to take care of me."

"I love you, and you mean the world to me. Enough of this bullshit, Sam. It's time to come home."

"I love you, too, but I'm staying. Please understand that I belong here. I'm not coming back there. I can't, Ted. I just can't bear it." She

felt the tears well up in her eyes, but she wouldn't cry. She had done enough crying over the years, and she promised herself she would never show weakness again.

"You better keep me posted on everything. What did the doctor say?"

"I'll let you know. I have to go."

"Call me later, Sam. No excuses."

"You got it. Bye."

Sam closed up her cell phone then stood up. She pulled on her sunglasses and tried to act casual as she entered the kitchen. She brushed by Dustin then Kyle without a word and headed to the closet for a glass.

* * * *

Kyle was still upset with her, and now he wondered who she was talking to on the phone. She was upset, he sensed that immediately.

He turned her toward him and pressed her back against the counter. She froze where she stood and allowed him to remove the sunglasses.

"You're in pain, you need to see a doctor, and one of us is taking you."

He didn't give her a second to respond, to fight him, or reject his statement. Instead he was overtaken by her scent and the instant arousal he sensed the moment he touched her and turned her toward him. Kyle stopped her mid sentence as he covered her mouth with his own.

His kiss was hard and demanding. Kyle didn't want to hurt her, but he needed to taste her. Once his mouth explored hers, there was no slowing down. When he felt her hands reach up to hold his shoulders as she returned the kiss, he felt triumphant.

As he slowly released her lips and caressed her neck then cheek, he held her gaze.

“Ready to call the doctor?” he stated.

“No need.”

“What?” he countered, ready to argue with her.

“I already did. My appointment is at two o’clock.”

“Why didn’t you say so?”

“You kind of didn’t give me a chance.”

They heard chuckles in the background.

He kissed her again then embraced her.

* * * *

Sam kept her face against Kyle’s chest. It was odd, but she felt content in his arms just like when she was in Dustin’s arms. Her mind traveled over her phone call from Ted, and once again she thought about Alex. Slowly she pulled away. Kyle stepped aside, and Donny took his place.

“Let me see.” He didn’t look happy as he viewed her eye. She stared up at him and felt his hand go to her waist as his finger brushed her lip.

“Does it hurt a lot?” he asked, but Sam was focused on observing the differences between the men. Donny was a few inches taller than Kyle and built wider as well. But their faces were nearly identical. He was a great man. She had gone jogging with him a few times over the last year and even shared a couple of beers after work in the city with him. Sometimes Trey or Adam would join them.

“Come have something to eat, and then we’ll head out.” Adam interrupted the moment, and she was grateful. All she needed was for them to pass her around the kitchen and kiss her just like Kyle and Dustin had. She would never make it to the doctor’s office.

* * * *

Sam checked her messages as the guys cleaned up from lunch. She heard the voice mails from Sienna.

"I hope you are okay, Sam. We're so scared. Members of the gang keep driving by. Mom can't stop crying, so Jimelle is scared. We're staying home from school. Mom knows that they can get to us there. Please call me."

The tears stung her eyes, but she didn't cry. Instead she rose from her chair. Before she could say a word, Donny put his arms around her from behind.

"What's wrong?"

She was silent a moment because she knew the moment she said the words that they were going to yell. But at least only Donny and Trey were in the room. They were the quietest of the five.

"I need to stop by the precinct in the city after the doctor's office." Her heart pounded in her chest, and Sienna's words echoed in her mind.

"It's Saturday. There's no need to," Trey added, now standing in front of her. They were both very large men. A massive contrast to her five-foot-five-inch frame. She dare not look up at them to see their facial expressions. Donny moved his hands up her back to her shoulders. Touching her cheek before he moved in front of her, she was grateful he released his hold. She swallowed hard as he leaned his backside against the kitchen table. Trey crossed his arms in front of his chest and waited patiently for her to continue.

"I have to go. They need me."

As soon as the words left her lips, Trey and Donny looked at one another as if they knew something but weren't going to tell her. They were silent, but she sensed something between them. She couldn't figure it out. All she knew was that she needed to get to Brandy and the kids then help them into a safe house.

"I need to help them. The gang members are harassing them. The kids are scared, and they're not going to school."

"You're not going back there."

Her anger was beginning to increase. They had no right to tell her what she could and couldn't do. The family needed her. They were the victims, and if she didn't get them out of there, no one would. She turned away from them and walked out of the kitchen.

"Sam, stop and listen, will you?" Donny yelled.

Kyle was walking through her front door as she headed toward the staircase.

She looked at him then back at Trey and Donny.

Placing her hands on the railing, she looked at them and calmly spoke.

"I am going upstairs to brush my teeth and prepare to leave for the doctor's appointment. I'm going to go to the appointment, and then I am going to the office so I can help work on a plan to get Brandy to a safe house, with or without any of you."

She heard the sounds of numerous curses and statements, but she didn't listen. Instead she calmly walked upstairs and prepared to leave. Ten minutes later she headed out the door with her entourage.

Chapter 4

“So how did the conversation go with Samantha?” Commander Stevenson asked Ted as Ted sat in his office in the forty-sixth precinct.

“Just as I expected it to go, but at least the guys got her to go to the doctor. Her eye and cheek look really bad.”

“Yeah, it wasn’t looking good last night. ‘Team One’ has been with her ever since the raid.”

Ted sighed then looked out the window overlooking the city streets. His brother wanted Sam to be protected no matter what. Alex loved her, and Alex never loved anyone or anything but his pack and the Marine Corps. His promise had weighed a toll on Ted over the years, but it also shined some light on unanswered questions the pack had about Alex’s loyalty to the pack and to the family.

“What is it, Ted? I’ve known your family for years. Worked with your father and served with him in war. I understand the upset you all had when Alex went rogue, but you know why he did it. He was protecting you and Sam. He was protecting the family.”

“I could have helped him.”

“No, you couldn’t have. He knew he had to destroy the organization in Wolf City one at a time. He confided in you when he knew you and Sam were safe and that they were coming after him. You did your job as he wanted, and you protected Sam.”

“At what cost, Al? Sam continues to think that Alex committed suicide. She blames herself. It’s why she left Texas and headed out here. I can’t keep her safe here, Al. I want her back home in Texas where she belongs.”

“She’s remained safe so far. There’s no sign from the inside that Reddington is aware of what Sam possesses.”

“Fuck, Al! Sam doesn’t even know what she possesses. She could have been killed in that situation in the South Bronx when that dumb fucking gangbanger held the family and her hostage.”

“She held her own, and you know she’s tough enough to handle most everything.”

“She’s not a wolf.”

“You could change that if you wanted to.”

“Fuck!” Ted ran his hand through his light brown, shoulder-length hair.

“She belongs to Alex.”

“She *belonged* to Alex. He’s gone, Ted, and she’s a gorgeous woman. She has all the traits of an Alpha female.”

Ted was silent as he looked around the office. Anywhere but directly at Al. He thought about Sam, and any fool could see how special she was. He would be lying to himself if he said he wasn’t attracted to her. But the fact that his brother risked his life to save her and that they were once lovers had him refraining from mating her. Plus, knowing Alex, there had to be some special reason why he chose Sam to hide the chip on her. There also had to be a special way to unlock the information. It was all too scientific and high tech for Ted’s liking. He didn’t want to know all the details. He just wanted his brother back and Sam safely at home in Texas.

“Well, I can tell you this much, Ted. If you don’t claim her now, she’s going to be claimed by Team One.”

“What?”

Al smiled at Ted. “They’re wolves like you and I. They are descendants from Valdamar.”

“Holy Fuck! Valdamar? Their family leads the fight against Reddington. They have men and women in the millions in every armed force, government, and civil agency on this planet. Wait. Are

they the team that snuck into the Netherlands to take out Reddington's number one financial supporter last May?"

"You got it. They've been around Sam for over a year and a half. They always seem to show up when she needs something. The last three times Sam was in a pickle, I sent out for backup, and before they arrived, someone from Team One was there, if not all five of them."

Ted released a huge breath of air. "Do you think they're her mates?"

"Sam holds all her emotions inside. She has a huge heart, Ted. It's why she risked her life for this family. She won't rest until she knows that they're safe."

"How is that going anyway?"

"The father is going to be released on bail. The gang he's part of is a major fucking problem throughout the city. If we could just take them all out, we would."

"Why can't you?"

"It's the government's decision. They feel that they can use them for the cause. If there's a fuckup and something goes down in the city, they can label it 'gang related'."

"Smart."

"So how long are you going to be in New York?"

"Until I can convince Sam to leave with me. Our families are antsy."

Al chuckled as he moved around some papers on his desk.

"Good luck with that."

"She should be in the doctor's office by now." He glanced at his cell phone and wondered when would be the best time to let Sam know he was in New York.

Chapter 5

Adam walked into the doctor's office waiting room with Sam. He gave her some space as she signed in by the front desk, and he looked around at the other patients in the room. He recognized a few of the guys waiting and three particular ones. One had a bandage around his head. The other obviously escorted him here.

All the men looked at Sam. She was gorgeous in her slim-fitting beige skirt, black silk tank top, and black low pumps. Her hair was pulled back in a low ponytail, revealing her muscular shoulders and toned arms. The way her skirt hugged her ass had him shifting his sitting position in the chair. A glance around the room told him that he wasn't the only one sexually attracted to Sam. His wolf was immediately on the defensive.

"Hey, what's wrong with you? I'm the one who's going to be poked and bothered?" Sam asked, sounding sarcastic. She sat in the chair next to him and crossed her legs.

Without thought he placed his hand over her bare knee and leaned over toward her.

"You'll be fine, Sam."

She blushed, and he smirked at his ability to do that to her. Her stunning green eyes sparkled with desire. He wanted to be alone with her. He wanted to kiss her and make love to her as he had dreamt about for months now.

Sam looked over his shoulder and saw the scowls on some of the guy's faces except for one. Jerry Parker. He had a case she was involved in three months ago. He was a really nice guy and a dad of

four boys. His poor wife Sarah was pregnant with a fifth in this godforsaken heat wave.

She smiled at him and waved. Adam sat back and watched as Jerry got up and walked over.

“Whoa, Sam, how are you? I heard about what happened. Did you get my message?”

“Yes, I did. I’m sorry I haven’t been able to call back. It’s been crazy. Do you know Adam?”

Jerry looked at Adam, eyed him suspiciously then smiled. He reached out to shake Adam’s hand.

“I think I’ve seen you around or maybe one of your brothers. There’s like five of you, right?”

Adam nodded, but he wasn’t conversational.

Sam looked annoyed.

“How is Sarah feeling?”

“Oh, man, this fucking heat is killing her. She’s been staying at my mom’s house. There’s more room for her and the boys, and air-conditioning. My fucking unit broke down Friday.”

“Oh, no! Of all days for that to happen.”

“You’re telling me.”

Just then the nurse came out and called Jerry’s partner inside.

“What happened to him?” Sam asked.

“Oh, he had a little run-in with a gang. There were four of them and just him. He witnessed a robbery in progress, called it in, and before backup arrived, he went in gung ho, and the shit hit the fan. The owner of the store had a gun, took out two perps, then Tyrone over there fired his gun, wounding one, but didn’t know there were three others behind him. They hit him over the head with a gun. I felt really bad for not being there, but Sarah had those Braxton-Hicks contractions. We were at the hospital, but they sent us home. False alarm.”

Sam chuckled. “Hey, that happens all the time. I’m sure she’ll have the baby soon.”

"It's two weeks late today," he added then they heard the nurse call Sam's name.

"It was good seeing you, Sam."

"You, too, Jerry. Give Sarah my best, and let me know when the baby is born. I want to come by and see her."

"You bet."

"Do you want me to come in with you?" Adam asked.

Sam rolled her eyes and walked toward the nurse.

* * * *

"Her eye looks really bad. I hate to see her with such injuries," Jerry stated to Adam.

"Yeah."

This Adam guy didn't seem too friendly at all. He had a chip on his shoulder, and Jerry wasn't sure he liked Sam hanging out with such a guy. He hoped that she wasn't seeing him. A lot of times good-looking women hung out with abusive assholes. If he didn't know the truth about what really happened to Sam, he would question this big guy.

"So how long you know Sam for?" Jerry asked. His inquisitive mind wanted answers. Plus he knew Sarah would want the scoop. She had been trying to set Sam up for months. Sam never took the bait on any of the guys.

"A long time. You?" Adam asked, eyeing Jerry from head to toe as if summing him up. Jerry was on edge. His gut told him that this guy was not one to mess with. The SWAT teams had crazy reputations. Team One was one of the craziest groups of bastards out there, but he had to know where this guy stood with Sam. Sure, the guy was very big. He towered over Sam, and he had a few inches on Jerry, who was six feet tall. One look at the guy's muscular physique and rock-solid chest that the black T-shirt stretched across told Jerry

the man was a weapon himself. Jerry cleared his throat as the soldier looked at him in challenge.

“I’ve known Sam for about a year. She recently helped me out in a case I had. Some lowlife beat his wife to near death then went after the kids. She helped get them to a safe house, had even spent the weekends babysitting the little ones, so the mom could work. Sam found her a job, gave her money. She’s a gem.”

Adam held his gaze.

“Detective Parker, your partner needs a hand in here.” The nurse called him, and Jerry gave her a wave then turned to Adam.

“Listen, I mean no disrespect, man. Shit, I know your team’s reputation and all, so I’ll just spit it out. I care for Sam a lot. I’ve always stood up for her when some bonehead tried to harass her or make her feel uncomfortable. Although that woman can sure handle things herself. Anyway, just don’t fuck with her head. She’s a good woman, and my wife would kill me if she knew I met you and didn’t give you a warning.”

Before Adam could respond, Jerry headed into the office.

* * * *

Adam thought about what Jerry had said as well as his assumption that Adam and Sam were a couple. The thought affected him. So much that he felt a little weird, or as if it made him weak because he was connected to Sam in such a way. That was strange for him. Adam had been a soldier in the war just like his brothers. They all dealt with heavy shit, and just because they were wolves didn’t mean that death and violence didn’t affect them. They sought out the help and support of each other and the gods to get them through things. Now, when he had bad thoughts or felt stressed and angry, he sought out Sam. He cherished the times they shared a beer after work at one of the cop bars downtown or when they went jogging together. Now he knew what she was up to those weekends when she disappeared on a Friday

after work. She was always helping people out. It was part of who she was, and as much as it scared him, he had to accept it. His brothers were a different story, especially Dustin and Kyle. Even Donny was going to be hard to deal with. He chuckled to himself as he thought about the way the guys in the office looked at Sam when she came in. If Dustin, Kyle, or Donny were here, they would have made a scene. Trey and himself were the calmest, and their personalities helped to calm their brothers' intensity. Well, maybe Donny did calm better than him when it came to intense situations. Adam liked to think of himself as in control of his emotions, but lately he felt on edge and fearful. It was Sam. He worried about her constantly.

Adam's phone beeped, and he glanced down at the caller ID.

"Shit!" They were called into work. It was the one major negative in being in SWAT. When duty called, they had to drop everything and leave. He thought about Sam and how she would get back home. Maybe this would only take a few hours. Lots of times the calls didn't turn into much. Immediately his phone rang. It was Dustin.

"Yeah?"

"Bring Sam with you."

"What?"

"She can't be left alone, and we need to move. There's a hostage situation three blocks from where you are."

"She's in with the doctor. But I just met a friend of hers. Maybe he can bring her to the forty-sixth, and she can hang there and wait for us."

"What friend?"

Adam heard his brother's jealous tone. Shit, he could practically feel it through their link. He couldn't waste any more time talking on the phone. So he did it telepathically as he explained who Jerry was and while he talked to the nurse.

She let him in the room where Sam was.

“I’m sorry to interrupt, but the team’s been called in, Sam. Your friend Jerry can give you a ride to the precinct. One of us will pick you up there.”

“Oh...okay, no problem.”

He walked closer to her and eyed the doctor. “You take good care of her. She’s special,” he stated then kissed Sam on the cheek.

He winked and then left the room. On his way out he saw Jerry and asked him to give Sam a ride. He accepted, and Adam hurried out of the building and three blocks over.

* * * *

Sam felt bad that Jerry had waited for her. He actually called another officer to pick up his partner and bring him home. The doctor had wanted to do X-rays to ensure that there wasn’t further damage to her cheekbone. She tried to refuse, but he told her he wasn’t taking any chances, especially after getting a glimpse of her boyfriend. She of course chuckled. Adam would have gotten a kick out of that. She felt weird not correcting the doctor and telling him that, in fact, Adam was just a good friend, but something stopped her.

She would never admit it to Adam or the others, but she pretended for that short period of time in the office that Adam was her boyfriend. The man was easy to read despite his attempt at putting up a front. She could see his compassion in his dark brown eyes. He thought he was calm and able to hide his emotions, but he was quite the opposite. He was antsy, constantly having to keep busy, and he was somewhat of a control freak.

She smirked to herself. When she had first met the men, it was difficult to decipher who was who. Then she watched them every opportunity she had and learned their differences and their personalities. Donny and Kyle had to be difficult at times. Even their green eyes were not as emerald green as Dustin’s. Trey, with his adorable dimples, was the clown of the bunch. He drew a crowd

wherever he was hanging out. She had witnessed his humor and ability to gain attention in an instant. His good looks just added to his appeal.

A few months ago when they were hanging out at Riley's Pub and Bar downtown, he caused quite a ruckus. Sam remembered the crowd of women hanging all over him as he told some crazy story. She had been jealous as all hell watching the women rub their bodies against his muscles and touch him with their fake nails. It had become so nauseating that she was about to leave when some guys came over to her from the antidrug task force and began hitting on her. One of the guys apparently had dated the one woman who was all over Trey. They were very attractive as well but pompous. They began bragging about their drug busts and staring danger in the eye. She knew they were trying to impress her. But when they began playing with her hair, she lost her patience. She had told them to stop it and to go away. She insisted that she wasn't interested. Just as one of the guys was about to get rough, Trey walked over, pulled her up and into his arms, before shoving her behind him. She protested, of course. She thought she could handle the situation, but then one look at the other guys and she noticed their eyes changed. That's when she realized that they were wolves and apparently not friends of Trey and his brothers. In a flash, the others had these wolves surrounded. Thankfully, Dustin appeared and calmed the situation down. One look from him to the other wolves and they were retreating. Of course, she decided it was time to go home, and the brothers insisted upon leaving with her.

She looked over their shoulder and saw the many women waiting for the brothers' return.

"Go on and stay. I'll be fine," she told them.

"No. We should follow you home," Donny insisted.

"I'll be fine, guys. You know that. Plus, those women were all over you. Don't let me stand in the way of you having a good time. I'll see you on Monday."

She recalled their facial expressions as she basically told them to go have sex with the other women. The words had eaten at her heart, but she had to resist. She could never have any of them, and she could never choose one over the others.

She went home, and as she drove she noticed the SUV following many cars behind her. They didn't stay after all but instead followed her home.

* * * *

It was nearly four thirty in the afternoon by the time she arrived at the precinct and to her department on the third floor where she took the anti-inflammatory pills the doctor gave her. She applied the warm washcloth to ease the pain and the swelling from the small infection as he recommended. In between she chatted with some of the officers and other social workers who came in and out of the office. The doctor also gave her medicated eyedrops and something to help her sleep. He told her that she appeared to have a high tolerance for pain. Maybe that's why she had such bad luck.

She peeked at her phone a dozen times, wondering when one of the guys would call her. She heard through the commander that they were deeply involved in a hostage situation, and the gunman shot two security guards and had over twenty people inside the building. Something like this could take all night, and she debated about heading home. She could take mass transit then connect with a commuter bus and finally a taxi home, or she could catch a ride with one of the other cops who lived in the suburbs. She thought about who was working and cringed at some of the prospects. Just then her cell phone buzzed. It was Adam.

We're going to be a while. Hang tight. We'll call again, and if we need to, we'll get you a ride home. Adam

Great. Now she was stuck in the city for a while longer. She still hadn't heard back from her friend who ran the safe house. But she did

get the opportunity to talk with Sienna and her mom. They were holding up, but they were scared. As soon as Sam's friend called, she would have the guys bring her by the apartment to see Sienna and her family.

She decided to go outside and walk around the block a bit. Get some fresh air and see what was happening around the corner at the small deli. The owners made wicked delicious sandwiches. Maybe she'd grab a coffee and something to snack on. As she headed outside through the back parking lot, she saw two cops she knew, Eric and Dave.

"Hey, where you off to?"

"Hi, Sam! How are you? Man, that's some nasty bruise you got," Dave stated.

"Yeah, but I heard the bad guy looks worse. You went to town on him, huh?" Eric added with a smile and a wink. They were both really nice guys and good cops.

"Yeah, well, I wish I had seen it coming and ducked."

They laughed then opened the car door to the cruiser.

"What are you doing around here on a Saturday?" Dave asked.

"I was seeing the doctor, caught a ride with Adam and his brothers, and they got called in for a job."

"Oh, shit, that's the hostage situation we just heard about."

"Yeah, well, I'm stuck around here until Adam shows up. I was just going to go grab a cup of coffee."

"Why don't you come along with us? We'll grab coffee on the way."

"Yeah?"

"Sure. It's not like you don't know the routine. If something goes down, just stay in the car. It's been pretty quiet all day today. I think since the heat wave is over and it's cooling down, the people are calmer," David added, and they all got into the patrol car.

* * * *

Thirty minutes later and they were talking about football and the fact that David knew someone with season tickets.

“Hey, Sam, I’ll take you with me the next time I have an extra ticket. Usually I take Eric because my girlfriend hates football.”

“Sounds great,” she replied then instantly thought about the men. They wouldn’t approve of her going to a football game with David. Why it even mattered what the men thought was strange to her. She always just did what she wanted to do, but for some odd reason, their opinion, their approval mattered to her. She didn’t feel this way before having sex with Dustin.

Instantly, the radio blurted out a report from dispatch. There had been shots fired and an officer down.

“Shit! That’s the exact location where you and that family were held hostage, Sam. That’s a really bad neighborhood,” David replied as he pulled a quick U-turn and headed downtown.

“Oh, my God, what happened? What’s the address?” Sam asked as she held on while David weaved through traffic.

When Eric asked the address again, her heart nearly pounded from her chest. That was Brandy and the kids’ apartment.

Suddenly, three separate texts went through her phone. As David drove, she read the texts.

They were from Adam, Dustin, and the commander. They were informing her that they wrapped things up and were on their way back to the department to get her. The commander was making her aware of a situation with Brandy. He was trying to locate Sam.

She responded back with a mass text message explaining that she was with David and Eric and they were on their way to the scene at Brandy’s apartment.

Just as they pulled up the side street, they saw the chaos. Sam’s phone was ringing, but she didn’t answer it as men in red bandannas shot guns from their vehicles and at the police. It was a war zone. The

police cars were barricading both sides of the street. There were civilians running from apartments and past the patrol car.

Sam saw Brandy and the kids.

“There! Oh, my God, that’s Brandy. She needs help.” Sam jumped out of the car along with Eric and David.

Shots whizzed past them as they each grabbed for someone. David grabbed Jimelle, Eric grabbed Brandy and the baby, while Sam grabbed Sienna. Sienna’s shoulder was bleeding a lot, and she was crying.

“Oh, Sam, they tried to kill us.” Sienna was hysterical as Sam tried to help her across the street and out of the line of gunfire. Ahead of her Eric and David were putting the others in the patrol car when suddenly there was an explosion.

Both Sam and Sienna fell to the street, covering their heads as debris fell around them.

It was complete chaos as multiple gang members headed toward her and Sienna.

“Run, Sienna, run!” Sam yelled just as someone grabbed her from behind, yanking her backwards. She screamed then started swinging.

As her fists made contact with flesh, she saw that there were two guys coming at her.

She continued to fight them, swinging her arms, kicking her legs. Some hits missed, and others hit the target until she got slammed into from the side. She heard the sounds of sirens blaring and vehicles skidding to a halt, but all she saw was red covering her body.

Her arm skidded across the pavement, and she felt the flesh tear then a growl echo around her. The bodies flew through the air as someone tossed them like rag dolls.

She fought for freedom until she realized the danger was no longer surrounding her.

“I’ve got you, Sammy.” She heard the voice, and she was shocked. *Alex*, she whispered to herself, but when she looked up, she saw Ted.

He lifted her to his lap as he looked over her fresh wounds.

“What are you doing here?” she asked, shocked at his presence. He was supposed to be in Texas. She’d spoken to him this morning, and there was no way he would have arrived here so soon or known where she was.

She held his gaze, and her heart pounded faster in her chest. The tears filled her eyes because all she could see was Alex. They shared the same facial features, brown-colored eyes, and strong, firm jaw. When Ted looked at her, it was as if he knew she was seeing Alex.

“You’re bleeding,” he whispered as he touched her wrist and turned her arm, so he could evaluate the damage.

She looked down and saw the blood and nasty cut from shoulder to elbow.

“You didn’t answer my question,” she stated as she looked at him, feeling angry that he came here to New York despite the fact that he just saved her life.

Ted touched her cheek and smiled.

“I had to, Sammy. I care about you, and I was worried.”

He pulled her to him and held her close as the paramedics pulled onto the scene.

The sound of a large vehicle skidding to a halt caught their attention.

Instantly, they saw the black SUV then five men jumping out of it and dressed as SWAT team officers. They immediately caught sight of her, and she held on to Ted.

“I take it you know those wolves, Sammy,” he asked, but she didn’t look at him, she locked gazes with Dustin, and he looked angry.

* * * *

“Who the fuck is that?” Dustin stated as he and his brothers caught sight of Sam and practically ran to her.

Some guy they'd never seen before was holding her, and as they approached, Dustin smelled her scent and her blood. He growled low and menacingly.

Adam grabbed his arm to stop him from reaching for the guy holding Sam.

"Who are you?" he asked in a growl.

"Dustin, please calm down."

"What the hell were you thinking coming out here again, Sam?"

"Hey, she's injured, so maybe you can keep the reprimanding for later. Besides, there's a line," Ted responded as he rose from the ground, taking Sam along with him. He lifted her into his arms and began walking toward the ambulance.

"Sam, are you okay?" Trey asked as he looked at her shoulder and arm.

"I'm fine. This is Ted. He's a friend from Texas," she stated then looked at Ted.

"A good friend. A real good friend," he replied then eyed Trey and Dustin. The wolves sniffed the air and knew that Ted was one of them. How did Sam know him?

They watched as the paramedics helped to clean Sam's cut and bandage her up. Of course she refused to go to the hospital for follow-up treatment. Kyle remained by her side, along with Ted, as Dustin and his brothers communicated telepathically to figure out who this Ted wolf was.

"You sure you don't want to go to the hospital, miss?" the technician asked again as Sam signed the release waiver.

"I'm a medic, and she's coming home with me. I'll take care of her," Kyle answered then he stroked Sam's cheek.

They all walked over to the men's SUV.

Ted took Sam's hand to make her stop walking, so he could look at her.

He touched her cheek with his hand and looked over the damage on her eye and cheekbone.

“It looks worse in person than in the picture you sent me, Sammy. Why did you lie to me?”

Sam ignored his question and shyly lowered her head so that Ted had to remove his hand.

“How did you get here, Ted?” she asked him.

He knew she was changing the subject. He smirked at her then went along.

“I didn’t bring a car. It was faster on all fours,” he replied then winked at her.

“I’m sure one of the patrol officers can bring you back to wherever you’re staying,” Adam replied, not hiding his anger or jealousy.

“No need. I’m fine on my own.” Ted looked at Sam and took her hand again. She glanced over her shoulder as Ted led her a few feet away from the men.

He put his hand on her shoulder and caressed her cheek.

“I’ll let your men take care of you. They’re worried, and they need to be with you tonight. How about I stop by your place around noontime? Then we can catch up.”

“How do you know what they feel? I don’t know why you’re here, I have so many questions for you, Ted.”

He smirked as he caressed her cheek.

“I have a lot of questions for you, too, but right now you need to be with your mates.”

“Mates?” she asked, uncertain what that word meant.

“Your wolves, doll. Those five alpha males are your mates. Your life partners. I don’t want to interfere, but I do want to visit with you.”

Sam looked back at the five angry faces. They were her mates, her life partners? How the hell did Ted know something like that? Again she thought about Alex, and her heart ached.

“Sam, don’t look so scared and so sad. It’s okay to move on and to open your heart up again.”

She shook her head and stepped away from him. Ted crinkled his eyebrows then looked concerned.

“Sam!” Sam turned toward the sound of Sienna’s voice. Brandy was holding Benny while Jimelle and Sienna practically ran to her.

It was Sienna who hugged Sam first. Then Jimelle joined in, along with Brandy.

“We’re so glad you’re okay, Sam. I can’t believe you showed up again. You’re our guardian angel,” Brandy stated as she cried.

Sam held them tight.

“I was so scared for you guys. I couldn’t believe it when I heard what was going on over the police scanner. Thank God I went for a ride with Eric and David.”

Sam looked over Brandy’s shoulder at Dustin. He heard her every word, and she knew he would reprimand her for going along in the patrol car. A quick glance to her right and she saw Adam and Kyle talking with Eric and David. The two officers did not look happy.

Sam talked to Brandy about her options for protection. The kids were scared, but they trusted Sam. They wouldn’t talk with any other social worker or any of the police.

“I have a place that you can stay tonight and at least until we can make some concrete arrangements. Can you give me a couple of minutes to make some calls?” Sam asked, and of course Brandy agreed as she held the sleeping infant in her arms.

Sam walked over to a small clearing away from people and cars. Ted only stood a few feet away and in the opposite direction of Dustin, Donny, and Trey. He leaned against a police cruiser as Sam made the arrangements for Brandy and the kids.

* * * *

Ted listened in as Sam got the person on the other end to help Brandy and the kids with shelter and food for a few days. He had to admit that he was pretty impressed with her ability to negotiate, as

well as her wealth of compassion. She didn't beg, she just reminded the person on the other end about what she had done for her and her own family not too long ago. Apparently Samantha had saved the woman on the phone from domestic violence. He wasn't the only one with impeccable hearing. A glance toward Dustin told Ted that the wolf was listening in as well. He obviously cared a lot for Sam. It was his scent that Ted smelled on Sam. It was faint, but he still sensed it.

Sam hung up the phone and took a deep breath. When she turned, her eyes were glistening, but she also looked like a woman on a mission.

"Okay Brandy. Get everyone together."

"Um, where do you think you're going?" Kyle asked.

"I know you heard my call, so don't play dumb with me. Let's go," Sam stated then headed toward the SUV with Brandy and the kids.

Ted chuckled as he watched the five large men follow her.

Chapter 6

It had been a long two hours. The ride to what Sam called a safe house was thirty minutes outside the city limits and in New Jersey. The men were certain to make sure they weren't followed, despite the fact that they were crammed in an SUV with kids on their laps. Sam gave Brandy instructions and told her about a bag and a few suitcases filled with clothes that Carla would get for her. Inside the bag was money, and the suitcases had clothes for all the kids in every size. Luckily, Carla had a bunch of baby supplies as well as a crib for Benny. By the time they arrived in the secluded neighborhood, they were relieved and fairly impressed. It was a quiet community with decent size houses and a park right around the corner.

Sam got out of the car and asked the men to stay put.

"What if you need us?" Kyle asked, voicing the same concern that the others had.

"You'll know it, and you'll hear me. Please stay here. Carla has a fear, and you guys might upset her." With that Sam walked the family up to the front door.

Twenty minutes later she emerged. Not smiling, not crying, just emotionless. They were all concerned.

* * * *

When Sam got into the SUV, she sat between Kyle and Donny. Trey was beside Kyle near the window in the backseat. Adam and Dustin were in the front seat. They were another thirty minutes or so from home. She couldn't lean back against the seat because her

shoulder and arm were beginning to hurt. The cut was pretty deep and would require some first aid from Kyle when they got to her place. It was Donny who started talking.

“Lean against me, Sam, so you’re not in pain.” The sound of his voice, deep and concerned, played on her heartstrings. She really wanted to lean on him. She suddenly felt the overload of testosterone in the confined space. Her gut told her they were all upset with her for being in such a life-threatening situation again. She was finally coming down from her adrenaline rush as the reality of what took place began to sink in. But she couldn’t lean on Donny. She just couldn’t.

“I’m fine,” she replied, afraid to move. Afraid that if he touched her, she would explode with desire. His warm thigh was only slightly touching her skin, and it was torture. She wanted his touch everywhere.

Her legs were crossed, and Donny covered her knee with his hand. She stirred beneath his touch. He leaned closer to her.

“I need you close to me, Sam.”

She heard the desire in his voice. She felt the intensity of the moment as the others looked at her, waiting for her response to Donny’s statement.

She saw Dustin’s eyes glowing in the rearview mirror then focus back onto the roadway. She was confused by her response of fear at seeing his wolf’s eyes and the need burning inside of her. Dustin had been the first one to make her lose control and break her promise to not give in to the lust. She felt so in tune to each of them as she glanced around the small space of the vehicle.

Donny’s large hand caressed her knee then up her thigh to her hip. She half reprimanded herself for her choice of clothing today then thanked her choice of the skirt as his skin made contact with her skin. A warm sensation began to filter through her blood. She was suddenly intently aware of Donny.

He was huge compared to her. If he wanted he could lift her up with one arm and make her lean on him. But he didn't have to. She felt the need to be close to him. The need to be close to all of them. She swallowed hard then slowly turned toward Donny. She wanted to feel his arms around her to hold her close and make her feel the way Dustin had last night.

She must have moved too slowly because an instant later she was on his lap, straddling his hips. She grabbed on to his shoulders for support. But she knew he wouldn't let her fall and that he would never hurt her. She knew it with all her being.

The material of her skirt pressed tightly against her thighs, and she had to lift it higher to ease the pain. The shield of material between her pussy and his cock stirred a need in her. She attempted to ignore the tiny vibrations by staying in one position. She pressed her head and chest against Donny's shoulder. Even the feel of solid muscle under her cheek made her cunt weep. She hoped he couldn't sense it. That he wouldn't know how attracted she was to him. Donny rubbed her back, her neck, and her hair with one hand while he caressed her thigh with the other. The sensations grew stronger.

She heard his heart beat against her ear and felt herself relax in his embrace. The beat was soothing and was helping her to stop imagining his cock inside of her, appeasing the new ache she had. She could get used to this feeling of contentedness. His strong, solid arms made her feel protected. The fact that her arm was no longer against the leather seat made the throbbing and burning sensation in her arm stop. Now if only she could control the increasing ache in her pussy, then she could survive this car ride. She tried to adjust her position to relieve some of the discomfort but it only seemed to increase her need. Even her nipples hardened and her breathing grew rapid. She inhaled, attempting to compose herself, but the scent of Donny's skin caused her to cuddle closer. There was no denying the sex appeal that surrounded her. With each caress of Donny's hand she felt herself give in to the warmth and admit she was attracted to him. The

problem was that Sam felt this way about all five of the brothers. It's why she stayed away from them as long as she had.

Sam felt Donny's hand move up her thigh then back over across her lower back and to her ass. He paused a moment and the need to press against his palm so he would touch her harder was excruciating. He gave her cheek a little squeeze, and she adjusted her legs. His fingers pressed against the material of her skirt, and she could practically feel the heat against the skin on her rear. A moment later he caressed her head then gently pulled back on the thick strands so she was forced to look at him.

His eyes were deep green with specks of black and gold. His jaw was firm, and although his lips weren't parted, she could tell that his teeth were clenched. She noticed the small vibration along his jawline. He was upset, and knowing that, she felt her belly quiver.

She knew he was upset about the swelling on her cheek and eye. They all were. It seemed like every time he looked at her he zeroed in on it and was outraged.

But he just held her gaze while he held her head firmly with one hand. She couldn't turn away. She couldn't move if she wanted to. Donny was in complete control. That realization didn't scare her. Instead, it made the burning feeling inside her grow stronger.

"You scared the hell out of us today." He gave her hair a little tug as his lips moved closer to her own.

"I'm pissed off, I'm jealous, I'm so fucking hard right now with you sitting here on my lap I can't hold back anymore." He shook his head, and she wasn't sure what he would say or do next, all she knew was that her pussy burned and dripped with desire from his words, and as if everyone in the vehicle could smell her scent, the atmosphere immediately changed.

They were watching her, and she panicked, and as if on cue, Donny covered her mouth with his own. He kissed her deeply while he held her hair and caressed her backside. It was a wild and passionate kiss but only a tease to what he was capable of. She knew

that. There wasn't a doubt in her mind. She lifted her hips to try and challenge his kiss with some aggression of her own, and Donny took the opportunity to lift her skirt to her waist and find her thong panties.

His mouth moved from her mouth to her neck as he nipped and sucked along every inch. Her flesh oversensitive to his mouth, she moaned. Unconsciously, she moved up and down, riding his lap. The sound of her panties being ripped from her body then his fingers pressing into her folds made her moan out loud.

She felt the motion of the SUV as Dustin sped up. Every bump on the road added to this erotic moment. She knew the others heard and joined in the sexual electricity between herself and Donny. But she realized that it wasn't just the two of them in this, it was all of them.

He pressed another digit up and into cunt. His digits felt long and thick, and she could only imagine what his cock would feel like. She grabbed his shoulders and pressed her mouth against his neck while he gained better access to her body. Without realizing it and while caught in the moment, she began to ride his fingers, trying to ease the itch building inside of her. She met his fingers thrust for thrust. When Kyle reached for her tank top and pulled it from her body then latched on to her lace-covered breast, she lost it. She came all over Donny's fingers, and the sloshing sound echoed through the SUV's interior.

Kyle lifted her hips as Donny unzipped his pants and pulled them down and off of him. It was as if they knew what the other one was thinking without having to speak. She was fascinated, but then her attention went back to Donny and his very large cock.

It was a blessing that they were in the SUV. The spaciousness allowed Kyle to move about despite his large size. Kyle kissed her shoulder then her breast before he lifted her to place her back onto Donny's lap. She moaned from the sensations as his hard cock collided with her wet folds. He wasn't even inside of her yet. The added feel of multiple hands touching her and having their way with her brought her closer to orgasm. When she locked gazes with Donny

right before she slowly took him inside of her Sam knew she would never be the same.

His green eyes locked with hers. She felt sexy and wanton as her lips parted, her pussy throbbed with anticipation. She wanted Donny all the way in. The bulb of his cock inched its way into her pussy little by little. She felt as if she could die from the anticipation. Then there was that feral look in his eyes. The intensity of their connection did not go unnoticed. When he lifted her hips and held her still, she nearly yelled for him to fuck her. The profanity echoed in her head but never reached her lips. She could never be so brazen to say such a thing with the others watching. But this was torture. He leaned forward and gave her nipple a quick lick before he lowered her fully onto his shaft.

It felt like heaven as her vaginal muscles adjusted to his girth while Kyle joined in and played with her breast.

“You’re fucking beautiful, Sam.” Donny growled as he plunged up into her. He held her hips, and she tried to meet him thrust for thrust. She didn’t care about her arm or the audience. She was wild with need. Her knees pressed into the leather seats, and the muscles in her thighs burned as she lifted up and down, trying to ride Donny and scratch the relentless itch. When he slid lower on the seat, her knees lifted, reminding her just how big of a man Donny was. She lost control, and he took over.

Donny began a wild and fast upward thrust into her. She could feel his hands gripping tightly against her hip bones. He was on a mission filled with endurance and lust that all she could do was hold on.

Her breasts bobbed up and down, her breath caught in her throat as she moaned from the deep penetration and effect on her body.

He slapped a hand to her ass cheek as he pumped one more time up and into her then bit gently against her neck. They both moaned their releases, and she kissed him long and deep until they needed to part to catch their breath. Sam remained lying against Donny’s chest with his cock deep inside of her for the remainder of the ride.

She kissed his salty skin against his neck and shoulder while he caressed her backside, leaving an imaginary imprint. She felt the bond, a connection between them, and she knew deep inside that he would always have a part of her.

It didn't matter that the others watched them. The thought aroused her, and she was surprised with the reaction. They would want to fuck her, too, and she was beginning to accept that scenario.

She caressed Donny's muscles with her hand, traced her fingernails softly over the definition of his muscles, and it caused his cock to stir inside of her.

* * * *

Donny caressed Sam's hair with his hand, loving the feel of thickness between his fingers as he inhaled her scent. Her toned thighs pressed against his thighs. She was so damn sexy. His brothers added their comments about her body. The way her ass looked so smooth to touch. He took advantage and caressed the cheeks with both hands. Low growls filtered through the interior.

They were almost home. He felt his brothers' need grow nearly out of control. He relished in his one-on-one time with Sam. His wolf was now at rest that Sam was safe and part of him, as she should be.

As the SUV came to an abrupt stop he heard the doors open, and he lifted Sam, pulling from her body in the process. She held on to him, nuzzled her face and neck against the dip in his shoulder as he carried her inside the house. The feel of her in his arms, her dripping pussy encasing his cock and ready for more lovemaking, stirred his desire, but he knew his brothers waited not so patiently. He kissed her breathless then willingly allowed Kyle to take her.

* * * *

Kyle took Sam into his arms and squeezed her to him.

“You scared me, baby. I’m going to take such good care of you,” he whispered then kissed her lips. Kyle was compassionate and in tune to emotions. He was always looking out for her, reading her body language, and over the past year he had learned about her personality. She grabbed hold of him, needing his strength. The comfort of his solid chest collided with her breasts, and simultaneously, they rubbed against his pectoral muscles.

“My tank top,” she whispered. Her cheeks reddened. Was she actually blushing? Both man and wolf loved the idea.

“You won’t be needing it,” Kyle replied.

They walked through a large garage, and she realized that they were at their house, not her own, but she was too content to move.

* * * *

Kyle kissed her lips softly at first while he carried her inside the front entranceway.

She heard the others following suit, their black combat boots squeaked against the hardwood floor, but her focus was now on Kyle.

His kiss became more intense, as well as his intentions. He pulled from her lips then slowly lowered her feet to the hardwood floors below. He cupped her breasts and held her gaze before dipping his head to suckle a breast.

She lost her balance from the onslaught of desire and anticipation running through her body and in the process stepped backward, hitting the wall behind her.

The feel of his hands against her waist and his thumbs caressing over her abs made her feel desirable and sexy. His mouth made her hot and needy.

Kyle licked and suckled as he undid the button and zipper to her skirt. He pulled it down her legs and inhaled as if he could smell her released desire for him.

The feel of his strong hands as he grabbed hold of her hips, massaged her thighs, then lifted one up and over his shoulder made her take a deep breath and reach a hand back to the wall behind her for support. She was caught off guard at his brazenness although she shouldn't be. They were more than men, they were Alpha males.

His long, thick fingers inched their way to her folds while he nibbled along the inside of her thigh and groin. She wiggled with anticipation, grabbed hold of his shoulders, and leaned forward to catch her breath. She gasped as he pushed two digits fully up into her needy cunt, causing her to orgasm.

Sam absorbed everything around her. From the tough, cotton texture of Kyle's SWAT uniform, to the way the multiple pockets still held some gadgets or devices inside, and the fact that they all were so dangerously sexy and risked their lives on a daily basis to save others.

She felt the presence of the others, and as she looked up and over Kyle's shoulder, she saw Adam, Dustin, and Trey watching them. Her lips parted, her breath came in shallow pants, and Kyle took that moment to lick her cream from her folds, sending her body off into a series of tiny explosions.

"Oh! That feels so good," she moaned.

She felt him fidgeting with his pants, trying to remove them from his body. She reached for the buttons on his shirt, practically ripping the shirt in the process. It was a frantic attempt by both of them to remove any barriers of clothing. Her heart pounded in her chest, and her insides burned with need.

Kyle pulled his fingers from her body and stood up, lifting her at the same time. He aligned his cock with her channel and slowly pressed inside her. Sam grabbed for his hair, feeling the lust running through her veins. She wanted him. She wanted the others, too. The fact that they watched her being fucked against their entryway wall strengthened her sexuality. She took that moment to bite softly into Kyle's neck, which seemed to send him skyrocketing out of control.

“Fuck, yeah, Sam! Bite me again, baby. Mark me your own.” He egged her on, and she felt herself fall into the role of seductress and experienced lover. She rocked her hips against his thrusts, causing him to plunge deeply into her and bang her ass cheeks against the wall behind her.

“I can’t hold back, Sam. I’ve wanted you too long.” His expression hardened as his teeth elongated and his eyes changed from bright green to darker green, almost like the color of seaweed.

Kyle pumped up and into her as he growled with everything he had. She growled with him, feeling his cock shove against her womb over and over. She felt that sensation again just as with Donny and Dustin. It was like an itch of some sort, deep inside of her. The more his cock penetrated her womb and repeatedly rubbed back and forth against her inner muscles, the more the itch seemed to subside. She found herself thrusting into each of his thrusts, which seemed to make him wild. Just as that thought hit her, Kyle plunged into her and bit down on her neck, breaking the skin. She screamed from the intensity of their simultaneous orgasms.

* * * *

Kyle had nearly passed out from the intensity of the connection between himself and Sam. He practically shifted while he was inside of her, and that never happened before. He wasn’t even certain that it was possible.

Her warm breath collided with his neck as she slumped against him, trying to catch her breath. He, in return, used the wall as support to hold them both up while his beast retreated. He licked his mark upon her shoulder, noticing it aligned with his brother Donny’s. It was then that he realized that Dustin hadn’t marked her that first night at Sam’s house when he had sex with her. His brother could have marked her as his right as lead Alpha allowed, but instead he chose to wait and allow them all to have her around the same time.

He squeezed Sam to him as he slowly pulled away from the wall, made certain that his body was back to normal and his equilibrium level before moving her.

She held on and wrapped her legs tighter around his waist as he carried her away from the entryway.

* * * *

Kyle carried Sam up the large staircase then down a long hallway she had never been down before. She was only familiar with the rooms on the first floor and, of course, their dojo. Kyle held her firmly in his arms. His muscles were tight against her ribs and rear. Despite the coolness of the air as they traveled through his home, she felt warm and cared for in his arms. She felt herself drifting off against Kyle's shoulder when he entered a room and placed her down onto a very large bed.

For a second she eased into the softness of the navy comforter. She thought about the others. Where were they? It had surprised her, yet she felt they needed to be here. She heard a sound, and as she looked toward the bedroom doorway, they each made their way inside. She shyly rolled to the side to hide her breasts and pussy as best she could. Her heart hammered in her chest, and she wondered how they knew to follow Kyle. No one said a word. At least she didn't think they had. Did they have some sort of special way they communicated with one another? The thought made her head ache. She was tired, and both her eyes and arm ached.

As if reading her thoughts, Kyle appeared next to her with some sort of bag. He sat on the mattress next to her, covering her body with a blanket.

"I'm going to take a look at this cut, baby. I want to make sure I didn't ruin the bandage and reinjure you." He winked at her, and she felt her cheeks blush. His green eyes sparkled.

“I kind of got a little rough downstairs.” He suddenly looked upset, as if he hurt her.

“You should have been more careful.” The sound of Dustin’s voice brought Sam out of her fog. Was he reprimanding Kyle as if he did something wrong?

“I’m fine, and he didn’t hurt me.” Sam locked gazes with Dustin as he looked from the wound on her arm to her face.

Would he ever get over the bruises?

“You don’t—”

Before he could finish his sentence, something stopped him, though no one said a word out loud. As she looked at the others, they had serious facial expressions as well.

“What’s going on? What were you going to say Dustin?” she demanded to know as Kyle cleansed her wound, causing a tingling pain to make its way to her elbow.

“Settle down, Sam, and rest. It’s nothing. He didn’t mean to say anything,” Donny added as he approached the foot of the bed.

She glared at them until she felt the dip of the mattress on the other side of her. She turned toward that direction when she locked gazes with Adam. He smiled as he crawled up next to her.

It was unnerving how Dustin had the ability to change the whole atmosphere of the room by his mood. Was he upset with her because she just had sex in an SUV with Donny? Then against the wall in the entryway with Kyle, and now she waited naked on a bed for the next brother to scratch this unrelenting itch growing inside of her? Was he jealous? Was he upset with her? Damn it, Dustin made her angry.

“Dustin, if you have something to say, just say it.” Her voice was firm as the words left her lips, but the silence that went through the room changed that. One look at Dustin’s intense look had her pulling the blanket tightly against her chest and scooting up the bed despite Kyle’s attempt to re-bandage her arm. The man appeared stereotypical of a soldier. His chiseled, distinguished face, wide, strong shoulders that met at a trim waist, and an ability to make facial

expressions that made the strong falter. That was a gift and an innate ability of a true warrior. She felt the intensity. She knew she just asked for trouble. Big time.

Dustin stepped closer to the bed, and she was just out of his reach when he spoke to her.

“I’m about this close to tossing you over my knee for the hell you’ve put us through in the last forty-eight hours. Watch your tone with me, Sam.”

Sam was shocked by his reprimand. She could see the upset and anger in his eyes, and she was concerned. Yet, his mention of tossing her over his knee like it would be the most natural thing to do, and spanking her for putting them through hell, made her insides burn with need. She had no control over her body as she felt the wetness drip from her core. She pulled her legs tightly together to try and hide her reaction to his threat, but it was no use. These wolves had abilities she knew at surface level only.

Dustin’s eyes began to glow, his nostrils flared as he clenched his fists by his side. That was a sure sign to her that he knew exactly what she was thinking and feeling. Yet, he was holding back. Why?

“Calm down, Dustin, you’re scaring her,” she heard Adam say as he crawled closer to Sam and pulled her into an embrace.

In doing so the blanket fell from her body, revealing her nakedness from behind.

Adam pulled her against his chest, and she straddled his waist, causing her scent to flow through the air. A series of growls went through the room, and Sam clutched to Adam’s chest.

* * * *

Dustin was at his wit’s end with Sam. Adam understood that. But, he focused on the fact that she was in his arms, in their house, safe and secure. She willingly gave herself to Donny then Kyle. They would all have her tonight and begin securing the bond. She risked

her life and came close to dying twice in the matter of two days. They weren't going to take any more time and risk losing her.

His brother growled, and it sounded angry to Sam. Sam clutched to Adam's body.

"Dustin, you're scaring her. She's shaking," Adam stated through their link.

"She should be shaking. She's our mate, and it's our responsibility to protect her from harm, yet she keeps getting into these messes whenever we leave her."

"She doesn't know that we are her mates. She's human and doesn't understand her place."

"She wants us. We can all smell her desire. The mating musk is strong," Kyle added then rose from the bed, leaving Adam and Dustin to Sam as Trey took his place.

Sam took that moment to nuzzle against Adam's neck and kiss his skin. He caressed her shoulders and her back then lower.

"He doesn't want to hurt you, Sam. On the contrary, it's quite the opposite," Adam whispered to her. He caressed her hair and ran one finger up and down her spine from the base of her neck to her rear. He felt Sam adjust her hips then slowly rock against him.

"I've waited too long for you, Sam. We all have," he whispered.

Slowly, Sam lifted her head from his shoulder.

"I don't know what I'm doing. I feel so out of control right now, Adam. Is this right? Is what I feel for you and your brothers right?" she asked, and a tear escaped her eye.

Adam pressed his lips together in a small scowl then wiped the corner of her eye where the tear fell from.

"Follow what's inside your heart, Sam. Feel the connection between all of us and you. Relish in the desire building inside you. Do you feel that fire, Sam?"

He moved his other hand over her backside and pulled her a little further up his body to gain better access to her rear.

He caressed each globe then ran a finger softly over the crevice then to her vaginal opening.

“You’re wet for us, aren’t you, Sam? You want my cock inside of you so badly that it burns inside.”

She shook her head, but it was a lame shake. Her eyes told the truth. Her trembling body pressed down, trying to make his finger press against her folds. He held his finger away and teased the crevice between her cheeks instead.

Sam moaned.

“Please, Adam,” she whispered, her voice cracking as she began to press up and down onto his lap.

“Look at me, Sam,” he growled, feeling his wolf take over his speech. He wanted her so bad it hurt. He wanted to roll her to her back, spread her legs, and dive inside. His cock throbbed against the zipper of his pants. His heart matched the pounding inside Sam’s chest.

She tried to hold his gaze, but his stare was so intense she faltered. It was a sign of submission, whether Sam realized it or not.

“Tell me what you want, Sam. Tell me what you need,” he asked then softly touched her pussy lips, parting them then trailing a finger away.

“Oh,” she moaned then grabbed his face between her feminine hands and held him firmly.

“I want you. I want you inside of me. I want all of you everywhere. I need,” she stated then covered his mouth in a lethal kiss.

Adam took that moment to push a digit inside her and press up and down, helping to ease her ache.

She ravished his mouth in response. He added a second digit, and Sam began to ride his hand.

Adam couldn’t take it any longer. He pressed her to her back and covered her body with his own. He lifted from her only a second to tear the blanket from her body before devouring her breast.

Sam spread her legs and held fistfuls of his hair.

Somehow Adam managed to undo his pants and pull them from his body in between lapping at Sam's breasts.

She helped him with his shirt, practically tearing the garment in the process.

His cock now throbbed as it hung inches from her wet folds.

"You're ours, and it's right, Sam. It's where you belong...with us and forever our mate."

Adam spread her thighs apart and teased her folds with his thumbs as he held her gaze. She half panted and pouted then widened her thighs and lifted her hips toward him. He took the hint with a chuckle then pressed his long, thick cock slowly between her folds, feeling his control disintegrate.

"More!" Sam screamed as she dug her heels into his rear and pulled onto his arms, trying to get him inside her faster and against her body.

"Fuck!" he growled then shoved forward, the warmth of her depths, the clutching of her vaginal walls against his cock sending his wolf into action.

He roared and thrust in and out of her pussy as Sam held on to him, trying to meet him thrust for thrust.

* * * *

Sam felt herself lose control. She wanted Adam deeper, as deep as he could possibly get. The burning and need was too much, and she needed relief. Sam couldn't get enough of him. She felt as if she could eat him alive. She nibbled on his shoulder and arm while Adam lunged in and out of her. With each thrust, the burning now grew instead of subsiding.

She felt Adam tense then roll to his back, taking Sam with him. Her long hair swung across his chest then their gazes locked.

Sam began to ride him while Adam grabbed at her breasts, massaging, pulling, and tweaking her nipples.

Her hips rotated in an attempt to scratch that agonizing itch inside of her. She ground her pelvic bone against Adam's, nearly losing her breath. That's when she felt a set of hands on her shoulders from behind.

She slowed her movements. She was half afraid to stop completely and half afraid of what was coming next. Did they both intend on having her at once? The thought caused more moisture to leak from her body, and the sloshing sound echoed through the room.

A nibble to her shoulder and she knew that Trey was there.

Adam grabbed on to her hips. He continued to thrust into her as he scooted lower on the bed.

Once again it was as if the brothers had a way of communicating with one another. They smoothly had her in the position they wanted in a matter of seconds.

Sam felt Trey kissing her neck, moving her hair to one side then massaging her breasts from under her arms.

Both men touched her, caressed her together, and she loved it.

Adam took over caressing her breasts as Trey licked a pathway down her spine then to the crevice between her legs. She continued to ride Adam, suddenly filled with anticipation as she wondered if she were ready to be taken in her most intimate hole. She'd never done that before.

As if sensing her reservations, Trey spoke to her.

"I won't hurt you, Sam. We...would never hurt you."

His finger touched where her folds met Adam's cock, and he dragged the juices back over her puckered hole. Trey used the palm of his other hand to press her back forward so she would press her chest against Adam's chest.

In doing so, she felt the cool air collide with the puckered hole, and a moan escaped her mouth.

Trey pressed a digit against the tight rings of flesh, and she felt more moisture leak from her folds.

Adam pulled her face closer to his lips. "Never done this before?" he asked, and the expression on his face looked carnal. She had the feeling that if she lied and said yes that she would be in a heap of trouble. The idea of them being jealous of past lovers kind of turned her on. She couldn't lie to him. To any of them for that matter. Instead she shook her head, and simultaneously Trey pressed his digit through the rings.

Sam tightened up as she opened her mouth to moan. Adam took that second to kiss her.

He worked at devouring her mouth and calming her anxiety. The feel of Adam's tongue exploring her mouth as her hard nipples and aroused breasts pressed against his muscular chest seemed to do the trick. He pushed up into her cunt his cock, hard and thick, rocked into her. Trey pressed in and out of her ass, and she fell into their rhythm.

They thrust into her one at a time then together, causing her to lose focus then join them.

"That's it, baby, just like that. Oh, fuck, Sam, you look so hot like this. I love this ass. I want to fuck this ass, Sam. Will you let me fuck this ass?" Trey was driving her insane with his dirty talk. She found herself saying yes and thinking that she would agree to do anything with these men because it felt so amazing.

Her body was wet. The sloshing sound gave her desire away. Trey pulled his finger from her body. She immediately felt the loss. Before she could protest, she felt the thick, plump head of his cock against her entrance, and then it pushed through the tight rings.

A deep growl came from her throat as she fell forward against Adam's chest.

They spoke to her, offering words of encouragement and expressed their need for more of her. Sam held on for the ride, taking each thrust one at a time then feeling herself drift in and out of consciousness. It was Adam who came first, plunging up into her then

biting onto her neck where his brothers had bitten her, too. Soon to follow was Trey as the sound of his balls slapping against her ass cheeks made the burning inside her subside just as he exploded inside of her. She felt the stream of heat run through her, the feeling of being satisfied, a hunger no longer present. Sated and spent, Sam felt the room spin then suddenly darkness overtook her vision.

Chapter 7

Ted listened to the three voice messages on his cell phone. Trouble seemed to be brewing stronger in Wolf City. The first message was from Simon Lark, head alpha of the Lark pack and cousin to his superior officer in the Dallas PD.

A series of break-ins had occurred in four separate homes belonging to individuals working undercover for the government. Ted knew that one man, Clark Silesto, was secretly working for one of the council elders and a higher up in the government's secret operations department. He knew what the people doing the burglaries were after. They wanted the documents and scientific formulas that his brother had developed and helped to protect. The third message was the one that put true fear in his heart. It was from Samantha's father, a military officer and undercover government operative for many years. He had received threatening mail and some suspicious activity around his ranch. He wanted Ted to bring Sam back home immediately.

Ted swallowed hard just anticipating Sam's reaction. Her safety and well-being was his top priority. However, he hadn't planned on her mates being here in New York and them beginning the process of bonding to her. Sam had no idea what her father really did for a living, just that he was an officer in the military then a computer analyst for the government. His position was a cover-up for what he was really involved in. When Sam and Alex met, her father didn't want them involved with one another. Their bond and relationship was inevitable. They had become best friends. When Alex died, Sam believed she was at fault. She had cried for days on end, repeating that she should have never left him and that it was all her fault. He

couldn't tell her that it wasn't suicide but in fact was murder. Nor could he explain who Alex really was and what he bestowed upon her in their short two weeks of intimacy. There was no doubt in Ted's mind how much Alex truly loved Samantha. He believed in her abilities, her strength, and her love for his family, for the were packs and all those around them. So much, in fact, that without her consciously knowing, he injected her with a tiny microchip filled with information that would reveal the identities of the elders and the existence of were that enforced the laws and controlled the government. The microchip also contained the names and locations of secret government spies, as well as the identities of all members of the circle of elders and area pack alphas. Ultimately it could mean the demise of were packs everywhere. The world would erupt in chaos and criminal activity for it had been the coalition of were and human militia that had kept order and maintained and enforced the law. With the recent news of break-ins and threats to Samantha's family, as well as the Silesto family, it seemed to Ted that someone knew about Alex's microchip and the invaluable material it contained. Someone wanted to take over the council or the US government itself.

Now, Ted wondered, how the hell he was going to convince Samantha and her five alpha male mates to let her go home with him and place her in protective custody. The Valdamar brothers were part of one of the main pack families protecting the council of elders and the government. Their loyalty would lie with their pack, but now that their mate's life was in jeopardy, this could get ugly. Ted was prepared to fight. He cared for Sam. She had been his brother's everything, and despite the fact that he knew he shouldn't have fallen in love with her, he did. Ted had offered to leave his job in the police department and take his place by his brother's side and protect Sam. They discussed leaving the country and working on the formulas and information Alex had to help strengthen the council and the human government. Alex was getting closer to making the decision when his identity had been compromised.

Ted looked at the clock on the bedside table. It was four in the morning. He couldn't go to Sam now. He had to give them tonight.

He closed his eyes and tried to figure out the best way to explain this mess to Sam.

* * * *

Samantha tossed and turned, trying to free herself from confinement. She felt as if she were being smothered by some kind of invisible hold. Then suddenly she was as happy as could be. She was dancing along the sidewalk near her old neighborhood. The sun was shining. The day was glorious and bright until she came upon the flashing lights. She knew immediately that something was terribly wrong. In an instant she was in the apartment, walking up the stairs and about to enter the doorway. She saw the police officers, the detectives at the scene, yet it didn't appear that they saw her. The door that led to the apartment was slightly ajar, so she slowly pressed upon the metal, pushing it open. The scene was horrific. There was blood everywhere, and her mind screamed out in horror. Then she felt the hands against her shoulders, the pleas for her to look. The voice said, *"Look at me. Open your eyes and look at me!"* She tried to open her eyes to see who was there. Where did all the blood come from? She noticed some familiar items in the room. The football mirror, the matching beer mug and pitcher, the accent throw, and the woodwork around the kitchen cabinets. Alex. This was Alex's apartment. Her heart hammered in her chest. The fear and pain penetrated to her soul. There was blood everywhere. Alex! Oh, my god, Alex. Samantha ran forward in search of her lover, her best friend, and as she reached the area where she thought he would be, she was pulled back to the doorway and the entrance to the apartment. It was as if he didn't want her to see him. Alex didn't want her to see what he had done.

Then his face appeared before her. *"You left me, Sam. I can't believe you left me."*

Samantha cried hysterically as she attempted to reach out and grab Alex.

“No. Don’t go. I’m sorry. I’m so sorry,” she cried out, her voice sounding torturous to her own ears. But his shadow left her standing there. He blamed her for his death. It was all her fault. Sam continued to cry then heard the gunshot and jerked in her sleep. “Alex!” she screamed and jumped forward in bed.

* * * *

It seemed like forever that they tried to awaken Samantha from her nightmare. She fought them, struggling to breathe then gasping for air as she cried uncontrollably. They felt her pain, the apparent agony she was experiencing from her nightmare.

Dustin wondered who the hell Alex was. She just kept saying his name and crying for him. Was he a boyfriend? A lover? The thought burned him inside. He couldn’t imagine her with anyone but him and his brothers.

He caressed her cheeks then held her face between his hands. Donny lay next to her, now sitting up trying to help Dustin make Samantha wake up.

Slowly, her eyes began to flutter open. Her eyes were red, the tears continued to fall, and she held herself as she rocked back and forth.

“Baby, you’re okay. It was just a nightmare,” Donny whispered then kissed her temple and rubbed her back. Samantha seemed to realize she was no longer dreaming but instead in a bed with Dustin and Donny. The others waited patiently at the foot of the bed.

“Let go of me. I need to get up.” She jumped from the bed, stumbled to the floor only to be picked up by Kyle, who held her against his chest. She attempted to pull away from him. She fought against his hold as the tears streamed down her cheeks.

“Calm down, Sam, please. We won’t hurt you. It was just a nightmare.”

She looked at him then back toward Dustin. Dustin fought with whether to grab her and make her stay or let her alone a few minutes to gather herself. His wolf didn’t want her out of his sight out of fear of the potential danger she could get herself into.

“Sam. Get back here,” he practically roared. In his mind his brothers warned him of his tone and expressed their displeasure.

“I can’t. I can’t do this, it’s wrong.” She shook her head and attempted to cover her body and shield it from their eyes.

Dustin jumped from the bed and turned her toward him. He froze when he saw her facial expression and her swollen eye, her bandaged arm, and all he wanted to do was hold her.

Abruptly, he pulled her against his chest, and she sobbed.

The room was silent to Sam’s ears, but in Dustin’s head, he and his brothers tried to figure out what was going on.

“I’ve never seen her like this.” Kyle spoke first, and the others agreed.

“It was just a dream. She’s been through so much in the last few days. Probably post-traumatic stress,” Donny added then watched as Dustin lifted Sam into his arms and brought her back to bed.

“I want to know who this Alex is,” Dustin said then covered him and Sam with a blanket. Donny moved to lie behind Sam with her back facing his chest.

* * * *

Sam couldn’t get Alex’s image out of her mind. It had been months since she dreamt about him and the night of his death. It wasn’t like she never thought of Alex anymore. On the contrary, every time she was with one of the brothers, she thought about Alex. He was why she had fought against their advances and had never given in to the attraction she had for them. Until yesterday. She held

her fists and arms in front of her and tried to put some space between her body and Dustin's. It was impossible. He held her tightly and stared at her. She sensed his eyes even though hers remained closed. Then, of course, Donny took position behind her, and her insides coiled up with anticipation. She wanted them. They turned her into a sex-driven maniac. Alex's words echoed in her head. "*Why did you leave me?*"

She attempted to focus on her breathing and analyze her current state of emotions.

She wasn't a fool. She knew the signs of post-traumatic stress. Shit! She had nearly died twice in a matter of two days. It was no wonder she was losing her mind. She would always feel guilty about Alex's death. She felt guilty for giving in to her sexual desire for the men. Now throw in the fact that she blurted out Alex's name and attempted to run from five Alpha males, and yes, she was about to embark on another dangerous road. These were wolves. They demanded respect and submission. The thought of submitting to them and losing her heart in the process scared her. They lived dangerous lives. They were soldiers just like Alex was. She couldn't even be there for one man when he needed her most. How the hell could she be there for five?

Sam felt Dustin's hand on her waist and Donny's on her shoulders. The best thing to do was not give in to the feel of their warmth and the temptation pressing against her back and her belly.

"Please release me."

"No."

She jumped at the sound of Dustin's voice and instant denial of her request. Her temper flared as the tears rolled down her cheeks. She wasn't good enough for them.

Dustin rolled her to her back and pressed his thigh between her legs as he covered half her body with his own. He held her face between the palms of his hands as Donny took position against her other side.

“Don’t push us away, Sam.” Donny’s calming voice caressed her mind, and then he kissed her shoulder.

Dustin pressed his thumb to her lips, causing them to part and leaving her somewhat breathless. She was a fool to challenge their command and their strength. She was completely at their mercy.

Dustin kissed her lips then her jaw and neck. Donny kissed her shoulder then her neck on the other side. She moaned from the sensations, inadvertently pushing her breasts forward and against Dustin’s mouth.

He rolled his tongue over the right mound of flesh then tweaked her nipple with his teeth.

She grabbed a hold of his hair best she could as both men devoured her body at once.

She felt as if she were on a roller coaster of emotions and sensations beneath these two gods. The moisture from their tongues felt as if it penetrated through the pores of her skin, causing her own fluid to release. Dustin moved to one side of her as Donny moved to the other, taking her thigh along with them and parting her legs to their viewing. The cool air collided with her pussy as their hands massaged her tender flesh from ankle to inner thigh to her sopping-wet cunt. Each man latched on to a breast, licking, pulling, and nibbling on her as she begged for more.

Their hands worked in sequence to their mouths as they pressed fingers to her pussy and alternated caresses and dips. They basically attacked her body, and there wasn’t a damn thing she could do about it. The fact that each man had a hold on her and stirred her emotions and need until she was enflamed with desire had her reciprocating their touch.

Kyle crawled onto the bed and directly between her legs.

“You belong to us, Samantha. We will never let you go.”

She thrust her hips forward in desperate need of their simultaneous touch.

Donny and Dustin massaged her inner thighs as they each gave full attention to a breast. Their teeth played with her hardened nipples, causing her cunt to feel tiny vibrations. Kyle scooted closer to her, aligning his cock with her throbbing pussy. The men slightly pulled back on her thighs, causing the out of control feeling to make her orgasm. She screamed just as a gush of cream poured from her cunt, instantly lubricating her entrance for Kyle's invasion.

"Please," she begged as he slowly pushed his cock into her awaiting pussy.

It was all too much for her to handle. She felt a combination of emotions, a massive connecting between all of them. She panted and rolled her head side to side as Kyle thrust into her, claiming her body and soul. The feel of multiple sets of hands, tongues, and lips upon every inch of her flesh made her lose control. She felt the tightness to her womb, a feeling of rapture where she could release everything she had inside of her. Kyle kissed her mouth then focused on his thrusts. Donny licked a pathway to her neck then jaw before kissing her lips and ravishing her mouth. Just when she thought she would pass out from lack of adequate air and too much stimulation, he released her lips and went back to tasting her breast. She felt the warm breath against her other side, and as she turned Dustin attacked her mouth and kissed her just as thoroughly as Donny had.

The men must have planned this attack because there was no way this was normal. She would never survive being the lover of five Alpha males. With that thought she felt Kyle thrust rapidly into her until he found his release and growled her name. He kissed her belly then began to move and pull from her body then back off the bed. She wanted to cry for him to return, to keep being part of this lovefest, but then she saw Trey and Adam. Trey took Kyle's place, and with no preamble, he lined his cock with her cunt and shoved forward.

Sam screamed his name as Trey thrust into her fast and furiously until he found his release as well. Then he kissed her lips and whispered her name.

“My sweet Samantha, you will forever hold my heart.”

The tears stung her eyes at his words and at the emotion she felt.

He backed off the bed, and Adam joined in. He had a cocky grin as he held his cock in his fist and winked at her, making her giggle inside. He was such a tease.

Before he thrust into her, he bent forward and licked her folds from back to front right alongside both Donny and Dustin’s fingers. It was so erotic she creamed herself, and he raised his eyebrows, letting her know she was busted.

“Fucking hot.” He sat up, pressed his cock to her entrance, and slowly pushed through her tight depths.

Sam panted for air. Each man was built like a fantasy with large, bulging muscles, trim, military physiques, and cocks that made her body burst into orgasm overload. Everything about them was a turn-on and a fantasy come true. As Adam thrust into her, bringing out more pants and more screams of pleasure from her lips, she felt the tender kisses from both Donny and Dustin. It was like having the spicy and sweet side of something at once. Her senses were about to combust.

She felt Adam pick up pace, raise her thighs, and press a finger to her puckered hole, causing her to scream her release just as he shot his essence deep into her womb.

He kissed each thigh before gently placing her back onto the bed.

Eyes closed and panting for air, she released a sigh of satisfaction a bit prematurely. Suddenly she felt Adam’s hands grab her by the waist, lift her up then turn her over so she could straddle Donny.

A quick slap to her ass cheek and Adam rose from the bed as Dustin took his position behind her.

Oh, crap! Sam thought, and incredibly she became aroused and wet all over again.

* * * *

Dustin could practically feel Sam's defenses being taken down. She reacted well to their demands and their ability to overpower her by challenging her sexual appetite. She had been more responsive than any of them anticipated or could have hoped for. He often wondered about her sexuality and whether she liked pain with pleasure. He was trying his hardest not to think about who the hell this Alex guy was and what his hold on Sam could be. Instead he focused on her body and the fact that all of them were making love to her together.

Donny couldn't seem to hold off being inside her either. Watching their brothers fuck Sam had been torture, but it also heightened their arousal, which would mean major pleasure for all three of them.

Donny thrust upward into Sam, causing her to throw her head back then lean forward against Donny's chest.

Dustin caressed her shoulders from behind then trailed a finger over her spine as he appreciated his view of her body.

Her breasts were wedged against his brother's chest, causing them to peek out from alongside Donny's pectoral muscles. Donny held Sam's wrists in his hands and held them above her head and over his head as well. Dustin absorbed the way Sam thrust her luscious ass and hips against his brother, taking his cock deep within her pussy.

Dustin caressed her cheeks and leaned forward, unable to resist taking a taste of her flesh. Her scent wafted through the air, enticing his beast to surface just a little.

He growled against her skin, letting his teeth collide against each ridge between the discs of her spine. She fought to be released from Donny's hold, but not from fear, from arousal. Her juices leaked from her folds, causing Donny to go deeper and drench her from pussy to anus.

"Samantha," he growled as his incisors elongated and his claws grabbed a hold of her hips. He felt her jolt at the sensation of feeling his wolf hold her, but she didn't bolt. Instead, she moaned then

stretched her ass back toward him, enticing his wolf with her scent while she continued to ride his brother.

Dustin could hold back no longer. He aligned his engorged cock with her back entrance and slowly pushed through the tight rings of flesh. Sam pushed back and forth, up and down between him and Donny until Dustin was fully seated within her.

* * * *

Sam moaned from the most intense feeling of fullness and completion she had ever experienced. The two men rocked her back and forth between their bodies of steel. Donny wouldn't release his hold of her. The confinement and control he expressed made her wanton and wet for more. She would have never thought that this type of control would turn her on in the bedroom, but with these five men, she was learning that anything was possible.

She knew that Dustin was partially shifting and inside her. His thrusts were in synch to Donny's. One took her deep while the other retreated. Donny held her arms above her head as he fucked up into her while Dustin pulled back from her forbidden hole and gently scratched his claws across her breasts. It was overwhelming, and her body demanded more.

"Faster," she pleaded then thrust her rear back against Dustin, causing him to take her deeper and faster than he intended. He didn't want to hurt her, but he gave in to her demands.

* * * *

Dustin couldn't control the slow pace any longer, and it seemed that Sam was in need of more. She felt the need to mate. She needed to join them and allow each man to claim her as their mate, whether she knew that was what was happening or not.

Donny and Dustin communicated through their link and thrust into her in record breaking speed. The sound of Sam begging for more, pleading that they take her harder as she exploded in one orgasm after the next brought their wolves to nearly full surface. Sam held on to them, keeping up with the rapid pace and grunting their names over and over again. It was overwhelming for all of them as he and Donny felt their cocks elongate then explode at once inside of her. Sam was locked between their bodies as Donny and Dustin bit into her neck and sealed her fate. She would forever be their mate. She belonged to the Valdamar clan.

Chapter 8

“Do you think we were successful?” Donny asked Dustin as Sam slept between them.

They listened to the sound of her even breathing and the way she touched them. She had her hand against Donny’s thigh behind her as she laid her face against Dustin’s neck and shoulder. The others went downstairs to prepare breakfast and to check on Brandy and her family, as well as Myers Lewis. Despite posting bail and having to check in before his court hearing, it appeared that Myers had gone missing. He disappeared, which only made the brothers more concerned for Sam.

Donny caressed her shoulder and neck where their marks lay. His finger softly outlined each bite. They appeared to be healing remarkably fast. He pushed aside her strands of hair as he noticed multiple tiny freckles along the base. They led to her hairline and a slight scar just to the right of her shoulder. He couldn’t resist kissing each speck, causing Sam to moan then begin to stretch.

The second her arms raised, Dustin stuck out his tongue to taste her flesh. Sam jolted at the unexpected touch.

“Hey,” she blurted out then reached for the sheets to cover her body, but they weren’t there. She looked at Dustin with an expression of modesty and desire.

“Good morning, sleepyhead,” he teased.

“Yeah, good morning,” Donny stated from behind as he pulled her ass against his hardened erection. Her thighs parted by no control of her own thoughts, just completely on cue to his cock’s presence.

He lifted her thigh, and she shifted back against him as his cock lined up with her pussy.

Donny caressed her nipple, ran his tongue along her shoulder then pressed forward into her warmth.

She moaned as she tried to adjust her hips to his thrusts so he could get deeper.

* * * *

Sam was sensationally sore and felt quite comfortable as she woke from her sound sleep. She had felt the warmth surrounding her and a feeling of safety despite her achy bones. As if last night hadn't been enough to weaken her resolve and her body, here she was opening herself up without a fight or a preamble just because Donny had a marvelous asset. He continued to thrust slow and deep into her from behind while Dustin watched. She could feel his cock harden and elongate inside of her. She couldn't help but wonder if he had some special abilities as a wolf and could control his length and girth. Her body compensated for the invasion as she felt her vaginal walls cling to his shaft.

Dustin gently brushed a fingernail along her nipples then between the cleavage of her breasts. When she tried to cover herself up, he swatted her hand away and began to make his verbal demands.

"Kiss me," he commanded, holding her gaze. She moved closer to him, causing Donny to penetrate with deeper strokes. She moaned and closed her eyes as she pushed her breasts forward and reached for Dustin's mouth with her own.

He had a look so carnal and in control. She knew that look. It was a man who meant business. That kind of look was expected from a commander, a drill sergeant, a total Alpha male. And here she was, giving in to his order with no fight, just desire.

Their lips touched, and she felt the blaze of chemistry erupt inside of her.

Donny's arm went around her waist as Dustin rolled to his back, and Donny took them both with him. Now Donny was behind her, thrusting into her from behind as she straddled Dustin, kissing him with all she had. She devoured his mouth just as he had done earlier to her. There was no stopping her act of control. She wanted this just as much as they did. She was completely turned on by the feel of their muscular thighs and other body parts embracing, touching, and penetrating her own.

But Donny and Dustin had another plan, and they were in charge.

She felt Donny's hand go to her head and hair then softly yank on it. She ignored the tug and then tried to ignore the slap to her ass cheek which had her releasing Dustin's lips and mouth.

Dustin pressed a thumb to her lips and eyed her, filled with lust.

"That's a very talented mouth you have, Sam. I've got something for you right here."

"*Oh, my god.*" That look, that desire and lust-filled expression, along with his handsome features, made her entire being tingle. With looks as good and sexy as Dustin's, he would certainly have any woman eating out of his hand. She tried to hide the effect he had on her even though it was too late. Her body was practically shaking with anticipation.

She smiled at him, knowing exactly what he expected from her, and instead of freaking out, worried about her lack of experience, she decided, what the hell, I might as well savor in the moment. She felt the challenge, the need and desire to succeed in a task she had no practice at whatsoever. Looking up at Dustin's eyes and the expression that urged her to get on with it made her stomach quiver with trepidation. She swallowed hard.

"You're killing me, Sam," he whispered, his voice sounding sort of distorted.

Sam made her way down his stomach, across the multiple ridges of muscle and iron-hard abs all the way to his cock. It was big, plump, and dancing for her as she slid her fingers along the smooth surface.

Donny thrust a little harder, signaling her to stop teasing Dustin or else.

She wiggled her butt brazenly, as if suggesting she didn't care. It earned another slap to her rear.

She felt the moisture leak from her folds as she bent lower and began to take the mushroom head into her mouth. Being that she'd never done this before, she licked along the tip, tasted the pre-cum, and let her body lead her.

The moans coming from Dustin gave her the courage to continue. She licked him from base to tip then sucked him into her mouth, being sure to do it slowly so she wouldn't gag. She didn't want them to know how inexperienced she really was. All she wanted to do was please them. The realization brought on emotions she wasn't prepared to face.

Before long she was on a mission to take as much of Dustin down her throat as possible. He held her hair and head, guiding her as Donny increased his speed behind her.

Both men rocked into her until she felt them enlarge and tighten within her. She was almost there herself, utterly turned on to the point of orgasm from being able to please both men at once.

It was Dustin who exploded inside her mouth. The thick, hot essence traveled down her throat as she swallowed every ounce of him. He pulled her to his chest then held her head against his stomach as Donny continued behind her.

His thrusts became deeper and deeper until finally her vaginal walls seemed to scream for release. It was then that they erupted together and all three rode out the tiny aftereffects of their lovemaking.

* * * *

Sam lay back with her eyes closed as she calmed her breathing. She felt Dustin and Donny next to her, and they continued to caress

her body. They were watching her. She knew it and felt their eyes on her while they continued to run their thick fingers over her curves. She stirred beneath their touch and was amazed at the way her body reacted.

Her nipples hardened, and her core ached with need once again. She released an annoyed sigh. At this rate she would live in their bed.

“What is it, Sam? Don’t tell us we’re bothering you,” Donny teased then kissed her shoulder. His warm lips collided with the sensitive flesh that lay over her pulse.

She opened her eyes and locked gazes with Donny.

“I can’t believe this is happening. I’ve lost my mind,” she whispered, and that’s when Dustin’s finger gently touched her chin and tilted her face toward him.

His green eyes sparkled. He looked happy, not intimidating or bossy. She couldn’t help but feel that their lovemaking had something to do with that. The thought made her blush.

“You have not lost your mind, Sam. As a matter of fact, you’ve finally come to your senses.” Dustin kissed her chin then her lips.

“My senses?” she asked.

“The six of us have been running around in circles trying to ignore this thing between us.” Dustin had placed emphasis on the word *thing*. She knew exactly what the thing was. It was an annoying itch that only the five brothers seemed to be able to scratch. She reached for the sheet and pulled it practically to her neck. The fact that she was lying in bed naked with two out of the five men she had fantasized about over the last year was beginning to sink in. She had sex with all of them. She swallowed hard, and both Donny and Dustin chuckled.

“Hey, baby, it was inevitable, and there’s no need to feel shy now.” Donny teased then gently brushed away a strand of hair from her cheek. His touch sparked something inside of her.

“It’s a little late for that if you ask me,” Donny added while he wrapped an arm around her waist and pulled her back against his chest. His hand covered her breast as he nibbled on her bare shoulder.

Despite the shyness, it felt right to be held like this. It felt good. She hadn't realized just how lonely her life had been.

Dustin chuckled again then slowly stood up from the bed. Her heart hammered in her chest at the sight of his naked body. The man was a chiseled masterpiece. The shape of his wide, muscular shoulders and the way his narrow, trim waist met his hip bones were indications that his intense workout regimen worked. He had the look of a soldier. All the brothers had bodies that showed off their military training and physique. They never slouched, never acted selfish, and always showed such etiquette and finesse.

"You keep staring at me like that, honey, and we'll never let you out of this bed today."

Sam lowered her eyes, embarrassed that she stared so hard and so long that Dustin teased her.

"I wouldn't mind staying in bed with you all day," Donny added as he massaged her breast and laid his thigh over her body as if he were caging her in.

"I'm gonna hit the shower down the hall. You can use this one, Sam, while Donny uses the other one downstairs."

"I don't have any other clothes with me."

"No worries, baby. Trey went over to your place and grabbed some stuff. If you need something else, then we can go by later. Kyle and Adam are making breakfast. Come on." He reached his hand out to her, and Donny released his hold then rose from the bed behind her. A quick glance over her shoulder, and yes, he was just as spectacular as Dustin.

Dustin helped her up then looked at her body as if admiring every inch. She felt her cheeks redden and warm at his ministrations. The way he held her hands, gently offered to assist her from getting up off the bed, made her feel desirable and loved. No...not loved. This wasn't love. It was lust in its purest form. She didn't do love. Instantly, she thought about Alex and pulled her hands away from Dustin. She suddenly felt guilty.

“Hey, what’s wrong?” Dustin asked, causing Donny to join them by the edge of the bed. He had thrown on a pair of boxer shorts and looked just as enticing.

“Nothing.”

Dustin gave her one of his looks that basically told her he knew she was lying, but she wouldn’t give in. She couldn’t tell them about Alex. They would know how terrible of a person she had been and what a mistake she made. Because of her self-centeredness, she left her best friend, her lover, when he needed her most. His blood was on her hands.

“I’ll go shower and meet you downstairs.” Quickly, she walked away from them.

* * * *

Dustin and Donny sat with Adam and Kyle while Trey made small talk with Ted. Trey had gone over to Sam’s to get her some clothes to wear, and as he was leaving, Ted was walking down the street. His presence didn’t sit right with any of them. They knew he was up to something, and Kyle’s ability to interrogate without coming across as if he were interrogating was proving to divulge useful information about Ted. They had relatives back in Wolf City, and one phone call could give them more information about Ted.

Kyle just finished placing all the food on the table when Sam emerged, dressed in a snug-fitting red tank dress. The low-heeled matching sandals gave her a little height, but their focus was on her beauty. She was a stunning woman, and the red dress had been one of Trey’s favorite outfits on Sam. Dustin recalled Trey’s obsession with Sam in red and what it did to his wolf. Figures, since he was the one to go grab her clothes that he would pick out his favorite. Dustin chuckled to himself. He would have done the same thing.

They all rose as Sam entered the room. She smoothed out the material of her dress, blushing away from their stares. But then she

froze as she caught sight of Ted. Instantly Dustin and his brothers were on the defensive.

“He talked Trey into letting him come here. If you don’t want him here, he’s gone,” Dustin stated abruptly as Donny and Kyle each grabbed a hold of Ted.

Ted was in a dead stare at Sam. He was smiling as he took in the sight of her, which only added to the upset.

“No, don’t hurt him. I’m sorry. I wasn’t expecting to see you here, Ted. I was in a daze.”

Donny and Kyle released their hold but grumbled under their breath about it. None of them liked the way Ted looked Sam over.

“That’s understandable, Sammy. You’re simply glowing this morning,” he stated with a wink, and Sam looked as if she were about to be sick.

Dustin and his brothers spoke through their link, annoyed at his playful nickname of Sammy. They wanted to know the relationship between them. Were they lovers? The thought upset them.

“Let’s eat before it gets cold,” Adam suggested, but the tension continued to filter through the room.

“I stopped by your house this morning, Sammy. I was hoping that we could talk. There are some things we need to discuss.”

Sam eyed him but was cautious in her response. It didn’t sit right with any of the brothers.

“We can walk back to my house after breakfast. I have some things to take care of today, and I want to call to check on Brandy and the kids.”

“What things?” Kyle asked, abruptly causing Sam to fidget.

Sam lowered her eyes to her lap.

“Just some things.”

“We have plans of our own for you today,” Adam added with a wink as he looked her body over from head to breasts. It was quite obvious to anyone with a brain what those plans would involve.

Sam was embarrassed as her cheeks turned red, and she glared at Adam. He flexed his arm muscles as he took a bite full of egg but remained holding her glare. Dustin chuckled to himself. One-on-one Sam would definitely be a challenge to conquer, but five-on-one was going to prove to be quite interesting.

“We’ll discuss it after we’re done eating,” she replied as she tilted her chin toward Adam defiantly then raised her eyebrows at the others.

“It’s important, Sammy. It involves your family and...mine,” Ted stated, and Sam stared at him as if that one sentence had so much meaning she lost her appetite over it.

Sam abruptly stood up from the table.

“Don’t, Ted.”

Ted stood up as well as all five of the brothers.

“You know I would never hurt you. Alex—”

“Don’t!” Sam yelled then abruptly began to walk out of the kitchen. Ted followed, and of course the rest of them did, as well.

Ted grabbed her arm to stop her, and a series of growls went through the room.

“Stop and listen, please.”

* * * *

Sam saw the multiple sets of glowing eyes on the brothers. They would tear Ted apart if she didn’t do something quick.

“Stop! He’s not going to hurt me. I need a few minutes alone with Ted.”

“No!” The word sprang from all five men at once.

Sam jumped at the intensity in their tone.

“I am asking you to please leave us alone for a few minutes.”

“The answer is still no. You are ours to protect, and this guy upsets you, so the answer is no,” Kyle replied, taking position next to Ted.

“What gives you the right?” Sam challenged, now getting angry at the way the men were acting. It was as if she became their possession just because she had sex with them. She had never seen the men act like this over a girlfriend, or anything, for that matter.

“They’re your mates, Sammy. They are part of you just as you are part of them. It’s the process of the bonding that you engaged in last night,” Ted stated, and she sensed the pain in his eyes and something else. Was he jealous, angry? And what did he mean by bonding process? Suddenly she remembered the intense itch and the way they each bit her last night. They marked her as their mate. She knew only a little bit about that process. She never made it that far with Alex. He wouldn’t bite her. She had joked around with him about it, and a few times during sex his teeth touched her skin, but he never actually bit her. Not like the brothers had.

She looked at them as she touched the bite marks on her shoulder.

“Sam.” Trey began to explain, but she turned away from him to look back at Ted.

“I’ll discuss that with them later. I want to know why you’re here and what it is that you so desperately need to discuss with me.”

“There are a few things, Sammy. Things that I believe you’re not ready to share with your mates.”

“What things would that be?” Donny inquired, taking a challenging step toward Ted.

Ted allowed his wolf to show through his eyes. The men gave their own looks.

“I didn’t mean for this to happen. I’ve tried to stay away from them and resist the pull, but I couldn’t. Things have gotten out of control.”

“You’re apologizing to this guy because we mated?” Trey asked, sounding both angry and insulted.

“It was sex. Look at them. How was I to resist them any longer? I mean, there’s this itch, this need inside of me so strong, and I lost control.”

Sam couldn't look at them. She felt guilty for betraying Alex. His brother was hurt and disappointed. That was the look she saw in Ted's eyes moments ago.

Ted shook his head.

"No, Sammy. I'm not upset about this. I'm happy for you."

"But I don't deserve this. I don't deserve them." She motioned with her arm, pointing toward the brothers.

"No, Sammy, you're wrong. You do deserve this. You deserve happiness and a future, and it's exactly what Alex would have wanted."

"No! Don't say his name. Don't try to fix this, Ted. I killed him," she cried and covered her face with her hands. The men were shocked at her statement. The room fell silent, and Ted pulled Sam into an embrace.

"That's part of the reason why I came here, Sammy. You didn't kill Alex." She sobbed as he held her against his chest.

"I shouldn't have left him."

"Then you would have died, too."

Sam slowly pulled away from Ted. Was he crazy? Did he lose his mind? Is he trying to say that Alex would have killed both of them? As if reading her thoughts, he held her by her arms.

"He didn't kill himself, Sam. He was murdered."

Sam was shocked. She felt the room spin and prayed she didn't pass out. Her mind zigzagged with crazy thoughts as she recalled the crime scene and the day Alex died.

"Let's sit down, honey. Let me explain."

Ted led her to a leather couch, and the men followed. They were silent, but she knew they were right there with her.

* * * *

Ted cleared his throat as he looked at Samantha and her swollen eyes. She had been through hell the past few days, and now he would

add more upset and danger to her life. He had no choice. He wanted to keep her alive, and she was of great importance to the were packs.

"I had to make it look like a suicide, and it was the hardest thing I have ever been asked to do. But it's the way Alex wanted it." Sam shook her head in confusion.

"Listen, Alex wasn't completely honest with you. A lot of people in your life back in Texas weren't. Alex was in the service as you know, but he also worked undercover for the government." Sam widened her eyes in shock.

Ted turned to look at the men that now stood or sat around Sam. He had checked them out thoroughly and knew they could be trusted. In fact, he couldn't have asked for better protection for Sam. At first he thought he would have to steal her away and bring her back to her father for protection, but after investigating the men last night and early this morning, it seemed that fate had a hand in this current situation.

"You each are part of a similar program. You've served your government, your country, and your packs to the fullest to ensure their secrets and their safety from annihilation. This is even bigger than anything you've been privy to."

"What are you talking about?" Kyle tried to deny the accusation. They were deep undercover. Loving Sam and finding out that the woman they were sent to protect was also their mate had to have been a shock to these wolves. That connection and bond would be challenged and useful if they didn't get Sam out of the city and into protection pronto. There was so much to explain.

Ted eyed them knowingly then went back to explaining things to Sam.

"If you were there with Alex that day, you would have been killed, too."

"But they said he shot himself. There was blood everywhere. I saw it. I saw what was left of him," Sam cried then began to shake. Dustin placed a hand on her shoulder in support.

“We had to make it look that way. It was to protect you and to protect his identity from the ones trying to destroy the were packs and the council of elders.”

“Why would they come after Sam?” Donny asked.

“They believe that she has information that can destroy the packs and take over the government.”

“Me? I didn’t even know that Alex was living a double life. He told me nothing.”

“You were with him every waking hour for the last two weeks before his death.”

“Because he wanted me there. He was leaving for another tour in the war.”

“He was leaving for good, Sam. He wanted to take you with him, but he knew he couldn’t.”

“Take me with him where?”

“Into hiding. He knew that his identity was going to be blown and that they would come looking for him. He loved you, Sam, and he wanted to spend those last two weeks with you because once he left, he was never coming back.”

She was silent as the tears streamed down her cheeks. It was obvious that she was thinking about their time together.

“Why didn’t he tell me? I loved him, and I would have gone anywhere if he needed me.”

Ted looked at the men around her then back at Sam.

“He knew that you really weren’t his mate. He knew that you were meant for someone else, or in this case, five other alphas who would help you lead and who would protect you with their lives.”

“Lead? Lead what? I’m just a human, not some werewolf with supernatural powers. None of this makes any sense to me, and Alex never confided any information to me.”

Ted released a sigh. “I told you the truth, Sam. Alex died protecting his culture and this government just as your mates do every day. There are individuals both human and were who protect

everyone from scientists to politicians in order to keep this world intact and not fall under the control of evildoers. Those evildoers come in many forms, too. Whether they are blue-collar or white-collar criminals to terrorists, their intention is to destroy this world and all the good.”

Sam looked at her men as if now wondering what they had kept from her and who they really were.

“He’s telling the truth, Sam. I don’t know who this Alex was to you. We didn’t know any of this when we were sent here to New York to keep an eye on things and help fight crime in between missions,” Donny stated as he sat next to her and took her hand into his hand.

“What are you saying?”

Donny looked at his brothers then Ted.

“A year ago we found out that you were one of many individuals around here that needed extra protection. It was all we were told, and soldiers don’t ask questions.”

Sam pulled her hand away from Donny’s.

“So you became part of my life out of an order from the government?”

“No. We followed the rules, and that one night when you were out at the bar with some coworkers, we met you and instantly knew that you were our mate. We couldn’t take the chance of blowing our cover or messing up the mission, so we hung low and spent what time we could with you. It was torture, Sam, but we did it to protect you. What Ted is saying makes sense now. We were protecting you for this.”

Sam stood up and began pacing the room.

* * * *

She couldn’t believe all this bullshit. She was angry. She wanted to cry, to scream, to rip someone’s head off. She glared at each of them, including Ted. They all had secrets, and she was the last one in it. She had been a fool. She thought about Alex and how she wasted

all this time thinking he killed himself and that she had been to blame. Ted knew this and waited until now to tell her. She remembered him saying he had multiple things to tell her. She was scared to ask, but the anger got the best of her control.

“Why tell me now? What is the other thing you needed to tell me?”

Ted sighed. “I need to take you home today. The order has been issued. Your father has requested your return.”

Sam’s eyes widened. Her dad was retired from active duty but continued to work for the government in computers or something. He never really described his job. Her mind traveled in crazy directions.

“What does my father have to do with this, and what do you mean ‘issued an order’?”

“Your father is a protector of one of the elders of the circle. His name is Redalfo. He has issued your return, so he can explain in greater detail what your responsibilities are.”

She heard the gasps and growls around her. Apparently it was a big deal that her father was a protector of one of these elder people, whoever they were. She didn’t understand any of it. All she knew was that many important people in her life had lied to her and used her, and now it seemed they demanded her return to the one place she swore she never would return to again.

She pondered over the new information then looked toward the men in the room.

“So my entire life is a lie, everyone has kept secrets from me all my life, including my father. I have been betrayed by one lover only to be shoved toward five others who seem to have lied to me as well. Now you, the one true friend I thought I knew, have caused me the greatest pain, by letting me think I was to blame for my lover’s suicide. And you expect me to hop on a plane with you because you believe that my life is in danger even though I have no information to give.” Her last few words came out in a yell, and her voice cracked.

“Yes, Sam. Your father will explain everything to you once we are safely in Wolf City.”

“I don’t think so, Ted. I’m not the one who can help you.”

She crossed her arms in front of her chest and turned her back on them. She fought the urge to cry, to scream, or to even lash out to whoever was closest.

“Alex believed,” Ted stated, causing her to turn abruptly, and she was prepared to hit him.

“Alex loved you so much he bestowed upon you the greatest gift besides his love. He had faith in you, Sammy, and believed you to be the leader, the one strong enough to save us all. I can’t get into detail on how he knew now, but I am certain that in time the truth will be revealed. Our pack’s survival depends on you.”

Sam chuckled a sob as she wiped her tears away.

“You bastard. I can’t believe it. You sound just like your father, and you always hated him. The way he tried to put all the problems and solutions on your shoulders and Alex’s. This is the same pack that turned its back on Alex. ”

Ted glared at her then ran his hand through his hair. He looked just like Alex. They shared the same exact facial expressions, and right now Ted looked upset with her.

“That was before I understood what he was doing. I know things now.”

“Well, I don’t know anything. Alex was wrong. Your father was wrong, and I could care less about what he wants.”

“Your dad will die if you don’t come back with me today.”

Sam stared at him. Her heart ached, but she loved her father with all her heart. He was all she had left.

“They’ll kill him, Sam, if you don’t get to him first.”

Sam remained silent as the others watched her.

“Why should I believe anything any of you have to say?”

“Because if you don’t then your father dies, and then his blood is truly on your hands. Plus, Alex would have died for nothing.”

Sam was silent a moment as his words sunk in. She loved her dad, and she had loved Alex. Now it seemed that the family she grew up with, the people in her community and society itself, was a farce. Then there was that annoying, stinging itch inside of her. A new connection to her mates that made her insides say that she wasn't the only one who would be affected if she didn't face this.

She gave them all a dirty look then raised her chin and looked right at Ted.

“What time is our flight?”

Chapter 9

Sam was getting ready to leave with Kyle to go to her house and pack a few things while Ted and the others discussed the situation and their plan of protection for Sam once they landed in Texas.

“I need to call the commander and tell him I need some time off.”

Ted looked at Sam. “No need. I spoke with him last night. He’s aware of the situation.”

Sam glared at Ted. “Am I the only one who is not aware of the ‘situation’ around here?”

Without giving them a chance to respond, she headed outside to the SUV and Kyle.

* * * *

During the ride over to her place, Kyle tried to comfort Sam, and despite the fact that she felt betrayed by him and his brothers, she couldn’t resist the comfort of his presence.

“If it’s any consolation, Sam, we didn’t know exactly why you were so important, just that the government placed you on a monitoring list. Once we met you, were in the same room as you, we knew that you belonged to us.”

“Well that’s great for you. Unbeknownst to me, I was fighting an attraction to each of you that I couldn’t comprehend and denied because I felt at fault for Alex’s death.”

“You weren’t the only one suffering, Sam. We knew you were our mate, yet we couldn’t touch you or give in to our desires. When wolves find their mates, they need to bond and secure that bond in

order to live. Knowing that you came so close to death twice before we even had the chance to make love to you nearly drove us insane. Now that we've bonded and marked you, we'll give our lives to protect you."

Sam felt his declaration straight to her heart and to her core. It was maddening that despite their role in all of this she still wanted them. She actually ached from not having them inside of her, and it had only been a few hours.

She rubbed her stomach and tried to ignore the nagging feeling.

"I'll ease that ache, baby, as soon as you get your bags packed," he stated knowingly as he pulled into her driveway.

She was embarrassed that he knew she needed sex. She was angry that he appeared in control of this while she wasn't.

She was about to get out when Kyle stopped her. He held her hand and brought her knuckles to his lips as he held her gaze. He kissed her knuckles and winked at her.

"You're not alone in this."

* * * *

Sam entered her bedroom and started to pack as Kyle began to secure the house, bringing in the garbage cans and recyclable containers then locking everything up as if she would be going away for quite some time. He even switched the thermostat to the heat and kept it at a low enough temperature that the pipes wouldn't freeze in case they were still in Texas next month. As he secured the shed in the back and began heading toward the house, he heard something and sensed the movement. In an instant he smelled the scent of another wolf, and it was not a friendly one. He slouched down, prepared to attack, when he heard something bang inside the house. "*Sam!*" He leaped just as the other wolf attacked him. In his mind he called to his brothers, as well as to Sam, hoping she would run.

* * * *

Sam was going through her room when she noticed some items out of place, including the floorboard where she kept her extra cash. Someone had been in her home.

She panicked as she listened intently, hoping to hear Kyle coming back inside, but instead she had a bad feeling inside of her. She thought of her mates, and then she thought of Dustin as the fear hit her gut.

In an instant a man dressed in black was by her bedroom door. She didn't recognize him but knew he meant her harm. He grabbed for her, and she lunged across the bed and onto the other side. Scrambling across the floor, she grabbed for something to hit him with. Reaching for the lamp, she threw it at his head, and he growled as the ceramic broke against his face.

Sam screamed then ran for the door. In her head she heard Kyle. "Run!" he told her, and she knew it was real. He somehow was in her head. Sam made it to the top of the stairs when she felt the claw at her shoulder pulling her backwards. She lost her balance and fell to her back. The half man, half beast straddled her body as she fought against his attack.

She punched and scratched at him, and he ripped her dress, baring her breasts to his eyes.

"I smell them on you. Fidelis won't be happy," he growled through elongated teeth.

"What do you want?" she cried as she shook beneath his massive body. She wondered where Kyle was as she tried to look to the sides of the monster on top of her. His long tongue stretched out and licked her chest. She panted for air. It was disgusting and the strangest thing she had ever seen. He looked as if he were half wolf and half man.

"No one is coming to help you. Your escort is dead. Let's go," he told her as he began to pull her up off the floor.

Her heart ached for Kyle. Could he really be dead? She called out to him in her mind, needing him to be alive. She loved him, damn it. She loved all five of them.

“Get off of me!” she yelled, and the beast appeared as if he were smirking. He exposed his teeth and the drool that dripped from his strange-looking mouth.

He sniffed her with his snout, and she cringed, feeling nauseous.

The beast yanked her up against his chest and ran his muzzle over her neck. She squealed from the quick movement.

He pinned her against the wall of the staircase. “There’s something about your scent. It calls to my wolf,” he growled. He lifted her thigh, roughly spreading her legs and tearing the garment. She lashed out at him, and he banged her head against the wall.

A loud roar echoed through the house, and an instant later a large wolf attacked the beast, causing Sam to tumble down the staircase. She hit each step, landing awkwardly by the bottom. She looked back up toward the top floor just as the wolf bit into the beast’s neck and yanked out his throat. She feared for her life as she attempted to get away before the second wolf ate her, too.

Sam felt the arms lift her up from the carpeting. She swung her fists, colliding with solid muscle until strong hands gripped her tight. “It’s okay, Sam. You’re okay.” She heard Kyle’s voice as he held her to him.

“Oh, my god. You’re alive. There’s a wolf!” she yelled as he held her against him.

“I know, and it’s okay.”

Sam clung on to Kyle as the others entered the house from every entryway. They all looked about to shift, but where was Dustin?

Just as she thought of him, the large black wolf descended the staircase. She locked gazes with him as she absorbed his features.

He was a magnificent-looking beast, with long, sharp teeth that went with his thick, large snout. His coat was the color of onyx and

was very shiny. When she locked gazes with his eyes, they glowed a dark green and black.

“Dustin,” she whispered as his chest expanded and contracted. She slowly reached out toward him, and he growled, baring his teeth. Kyle pulled her hand away and her body back against his own.

“He smells the other beast on you. He can see what the beast did to your dress and how he exposed your flesh to him. In human form we can resist the urge to recover our mate with our scent, but in wolf form the urge is uncontrollable,” Kyle whispered as Dustin leaped then ran through the back door.

Sam’s heart pounded in her chest as she grabbed back on to Kyle and hugged him.

“We’ll clean this up. You grab her bags while Kyle and Sam wait in the SUV. We have to get out of here before the others show up,” Ted stated as he headed toward the staircase.

* * * *

Kyle wrapped a blanket over Sam as she straddled his waist and snuggled against his neck. He didn’t mind one bit. The more she kissed him and clung to him, the less and less he smelled of the beast that tried to hurt her. Dustin still hadn’t calmed down yet. He felt his brother pacing, unable to shift back to his human form. The danger wasn’t over. They knew that.

“I was so scared, Kyle. I thought they killed you,” she whispered in between kisses to his neck and jaw.

“I was afraid that you wouldn’t know there was danger.”

She pulled away from his shoulder to look at him. Her breasts were exposed from the torn dress, her abundant cleavage showed between each white, lace-covered mound. He could see where the red marks remained from where the beast grabbed her roughly.

He continued to caress her back underneath the blanket.

“I heard you,” she whispered. Then lowered her thick eyelashes to stare at his shirt.

He touched her chin and lifted it so she would open her eyes and look at him.

“What was that?”

“I heard you in my head, warning me to run, just as that thing entered the bedroom and attacked. I don’t know how, but I swear I heard your voice, Kyle. Did you call to me?”

He smiled then hugged her to his chest.

“It’s okay, Sam. It’s all part of the mating process. As mates accept their love and position on their joining, their bond becomes stronger and stronger. Some become so connected that they can speak to one another with their minds alone.”

“That’s incredible.”

“I was worried about you, but the other wolf attacked, so I didn’t get the chance to get into the house to save you. I called to you to run as I called to the others for help. Dustin got here before I even finished killing the other wolf. It was crazy. It was as if he sensed that you were in danger.”

She hugged him quick then kissed his chin before looking at his face again.

“I heard a noise and noticed that some things were moved around in my room. This feeling hit me, and instantly I thought of all of you, but then I was afraid. I thought about Dustin as the fear hit me, and then the guy was standing in my doorway.”

“Dustin must have heard you. He must have felt your fear, and you just thinking of him called to his wolf for help.”

She shivered as she thought about such capabilities and connection. Kyle pulled her to him and kissed her.

One by one the others gathered by the SUV. Each of them thoroughly kissed Sam and looked her body over for injuries. She still felt shaky and on edge. They got her some new clothes to wear then

helped her out of her dress. She hadn't noticed that Dustin arrived. When she turned around, she saw Dustin, and he didn't look happy.

Sam stood against the SUV along with the others when Dustin made his way toward her. He looked her over from head to toe but from a distance. "Are you okay?" he asked abruptly. She felt a tinge of fear from his tone and apparent bad mood. In response she slowly nodded her head.

He glanced at the others then back at Sam. She lowered her head and began to step away to enter the vehicle with the others when she felt Dustin grab her and pull her to him.

He hugged her tight and sniffed her hair as he whispered in her ear.

"Are you certain that he didn't hurt you?"

She wrapped her arms around him best she could and squeezed. He pulled her up into his arms and kissed her thoroughly. When he released her lips, he touched his forehead to Sam's. "Let's get going."

She gave him one more squeeze and a quick kiss before he released her to Adam's waiting arms.

Chapter 10

The flight in the private jet, sent by the father she apparently didn't know as well as she thought, had impressed her very little. Her mind focused on the week's events, leading up to today and the information revealed by Ted about Alex. She felt guilty for thinking about Alex as her men tried to engage her in conversation and pull her from her somber thoughts. It was no use. She was overwhelmed with information. She didn't want to return to where her nightmares began and where she lost her best friend and her first love. She didn't want to learn of all the lies that surrounded her family as well as those around them. It was as if everyone had secrets and she was an outsider. Now, even though she was bound to her mates, they had deceived her, too. They knew of her existence. They knew she was important and on the government safe list, yet they didn't tell her.

Samantha looked at them, and all five of them were watching her.

She wanted to hate them, but just looking at the five strapping, sexy males, removed that idea immediately. They were exceptional men. Ted had explained about the Valdamar wolf clan despite the brothers' opposition. They were embarrassed by the kudos and compliments. Sam, on the other hand, was quite impressed and felt proud. That was a difficult emotion to swallow when she was still considering whether or not she truly could be their mate.

She had no idea that their pack even existed and was mainly located in Texas as well. Then again, her father had secluded her from many wolf packs. He kept her around humans and told her that most of the family relatives were dead, and the ones that weren't hadn't mattered. When she questioned him about this, he would get angry

and say things like he was the most important person in her life and no one else mattered. Or he would say that her destiny lay elsewhere and not involved with blood relatives who didn't care and hurt him and her mother. It was part of his reasoning behind building her strength and making her work out so hard to become such a great martial artist. Her ability to use handguns and other weapons always seemed odd to her, but now it made sense. Her father had been training her for this. The main problem was that she wasn't a wolf, she didn't know who the enemy was, and no one had yet to enlighten her with facts or names. Including her mates, who immediately recognized the elder her father provided security for as well as the pack that Ted and Alex came from.

She was kind of getting past the fact that they had withheld information from her, but she also understood the reasons. In her head, Sam put together the times they had disappeared for weeks or months at a time and how one of the other groups of SWAT would show up to check on her. Conveniently at the supermarket, the precinct, or when she arrived home from work. There were three other teams that she knew of. But knowing how large their packs were, there could be millions out there.

It felt odd to be such a major part of something yet not have a clue. How the hell could she protect what she never knew existed?

She released a sigh and thought about her father. Frederick Gray had a bit of explaining to do. She had always had a little fear toward her father because of something she saw in his eyes whenever he got angry. Although he rarely yelled at her and never struck her or punished her, he had expressed enormous upset over her close friendship with Alex. He, in fact, at one point forbade her from seeing Alex, but she defied him. It was the one and only time she ever disobeyed her father. Being the daughter of a military officer, she understood about discipline, obedience, and respect. Although she was her father's only child, she learned to study hard, to work out and train even harder so that she could defend herself and prevail in most

situations. He had taught her a lot. Even after her mother's death, when Sam was just a baby, Frederick Gray taught her about being a respectable young lady no matter how hard she tried to fight him. She silently chuckled to herself. She really gave him hell during her three-year stint as a major tomboy. It was then that she met Alex and Ted. Their friendship grew, and soon, by their teens, their attraction to one another grew as well.

When Alex and his brother joined the Marine Corps, she had been heartbroken and filled with fear. She wanted to have sex with Alex then, but he wouldn't. He told her she was to save that for someone special and that he wasn't worth her love. Sam felt the tears fill her eyes. He was more than worth her love. He had meant everything to her.

The years that followed brought Alex home from time to time. Each visit he had changed more and more. She understood that a lot of it had to do with him being of wolf, but she sensed something different. There was a wall inside him, and he no longer spoke freely. Now she understood why. He had secrets. Apparently, the kind of secrets that people and wolves were willing to kill to get.

She recalled when Ted finished his last tour and joined the police department. She attended his graduation from the academy and was there for him as he received medals and honor after honor for his brave service. Never once did she look beyond what most people would have seen it for. It was nutty to think that millions of werewolves were working with the government and were actually helping to uphold the law and keep the human citizens safe. It was shocking.

Things around her weren't as they had appeared. Perhaps hostage situations and gun battles were apparent cover-ups to more? It made her wonder, though, if that were true, then why not take out men like Myers Lewis and the gangs people like him were part of?

She thought about what Ted had told her so far. They were working to destroy the big fish, not men like Myers Lewis. Yet, she

couldn't help but wonder who decided who should live and who should die? Was it a combined board of were and human? Perhaps the council and the federal government? But then their identities would be known and there wouldn't have been a need to place the names and locations of these individuals on some secret microchip. She wiggled in her seat and instantly felt the chills just thinking about it. This was like some crazy 007 movie. Everyone had ulterior motives, and it would be difficult to determine who could be trusted and who couldn't be. Never mind the fact that this microchip was hidden and supposedly she was key to finding it.

She looked at the men and swallowed hard. Something told her that she may never make it back to New York alive.

Chapter 11

The plane landed and the seven of them made their way to the private entrance to the terminal. The men had serious expressions on their faces, and she watched as they cased the perimeter and did a bunch of other things secret ops soldiers do. Trey and Adam remained at her side as the others, including Ted, disappeared through the terminal.

She felt each of their hands against her lower back as they walked through the small terminal to a private door and garage. Trey and Adam stopped short, pushing Sam behind them. Her rear hit the door, and she covered her mouth to stop the groan.

They sniffed the air then seemed to relax a little. Adam took her hand just as the three of them emerged in a private underground garage. They heard a noise then suddenly a very large man appeared in front of them.

He had to be at least six feet five inches tall. He was very rugged looking with facial hair and light brown hair that fell just short of his shoulders. He looked untamed, and his eyes held hers as if he were undressing her. Sam felt her cheeks flush then the sound of Adam and Trey growling.

The man laughed. "I was just fucking with you. Shit, I know she's your mate. She's got Valdamar all over her," the man stated with a smile.

Trey went to go shake the man's hand, and instead the large man pulled Trey into a bear hug.

He released Trey then went to Adam. Once he released Adam, the men introduced her.

“Sam, this is Logan Valdamar. He’s our cousin and a gang task force commander for Team Two.”

Logan eyed her from feet to chest.

“Sam, it’s nice to meet you. Looks like you like the rough stuff, huh? Nice,” he teased then reached out his hand, and she slowly reached her hand out to shake Logan’s when he pulled her into a bear hug. She didn’t understand his statement about the rough stuff until she remembered her bruised cheekbone and eye. Was he insinuating that she was into getting smacked around by men? She was about to ask when he squeezed her a little tighter. Thank god he was a lot gentler than with Adam and Trey. He also smelled really good. He was just as muscular as her men, but with that rugged look, he had such wildness about him she felt the sex appeal.

“Okay, that’s enough. Let her down,” Adam stated as he gave Samantha an angry look. She wondered what his problem was, but as Logan set her down on her feet, he gave her ass a light tap before dodging Trey’s fist.

“Hey, come on, cuz. Look at her? She’s hot. Didn’t you tell her that we share our women in this family,” Logan teased some more then winked at Sam.

Adam pulled her next to him. “Watch what you’re thinking. When you don’t censor your thoughts, we can hear them.”

“Oh, crap.”

“Oh, she’s adorable, too. Very lucky wolves, you are. Now come along. We’ve been waiting for hours, and the SUVs are ready. Where is the rest of the gang?” Logan asked as he looked around the garage. Just then two black SUVs pulled up. Sam held on to Adam’s arm tighter.

“It’s okay, it’s Dustin,” Adam whispered, but she remained holding on to Adam.

Logan continued to watch her, and as the other men emerged from the two SUVs, she had to stop short. There were three other men who looked very similar to Logan. Dustin, Donny, and Kyle each gave her

a funny look as if they were jealous because she was checking out the other men. Good. Why not keep them on their toes? They weren't exactly forgiven yet.

Her men joined the gathering along with the others as Dustin made the introductions.

"These are our cousins. I see you met Logan, Mr. Gigolo of the century. This is Sunny, Jake, Frankie, and Vince."

Each man shook her hand, sniffed it, and bowed in front of her. She felt her cheeks redden again. Boy, were there some hot men in the Valdamar family tree. She felt the not-so-light smack to her ass cheek again, and this time it was Donny. Then his arms were crossed over his chest as he glared at her.

"Yikes!"

"What? Look at them," she stated, motioning with her hand then crossing her arms in front of her chest. Without realizing it she caused her breasts to lift and reveal a bit too much cleavage. The cousins seemed to like it as they zoned in on her chest.

"Samantha." Donny growled her name, and when she looked at him and the others, they didn't look pleased.

"Listen, don't get mad at me because your cousins are very good looking. I'm human, remember. And besides, you all are not exactly out of the woods yet with me."

"Oh, no, that sounds like a challenge," Jake stated then chuckled before heading to the SUV. His brothers followed them. Before Sam could pretend to follow the cousins, Kyle grabbed her around the waist and turned her toward him.

"You're very naughty." Kyle looked over the cleavage of her chest then glared at her. He gave her a possessive squeeze, causing her body to press tighter against his body. "These belong to us," he kissed her before she could reply. She felt him press his hand against her backside then push his thigh between her legs, separating them. She moaned in his mouth as he rubbed and caressed her body until she relaxed against him.

Swiftly, he lifted her into his arms and carried her to the SUV.

“Ahh...tinted windows. Thanks, Logan!” Dustin yelled to his cousins, and Samantha heard the whistles and howls. Once inside she realized that she was in a heap of trouble.

* * * *

Kyle passed Sam to Adam, who pulled her onto his lap and kissed her breathless. She glanced at Trey, who still had a stern expression on his face. Adam lifted the hem of her dress to her waist and kept her still. She felt the pressure and his thumbs against her lower rib cage. Sam couldn't help but feel turned on.

“Put your arms in the air,” he commanded as he held her gaze.

She shook her head.

“Do it now, Sam, or else,” Dustin's voice came from behind her. He was driving again, and this time Donny was in the passenger seat. Her heart pounded in her chest. She was weak around them, and just the sound of Dustin's commanding voice had her forgetting to play hard to get. She was upset with them still, although right now she couldn't remember why.

Adam tapped her ribs, and she slowly lifted her arms in the air. Slowly and being sure to caress her skin and brush against her breasts along the way, Adam removed her dress. There she sat upon Adam's lap only wearing fire-engine red-colored thong panties and a matching lace bra that was a sharp contrast to the violet dress he just removed. If they had given her time to change her clothes by herself at the house, she would have put on something that matched. Then she recalled that she wasn't the only one who wanted her out of the neighborhood and to safety ASAP.

Silence filled the interior of the vehicle.

* * * *

Adam smiled at the sight of her. He was glad that he had gotten to grab an outfit for her to wear. Although Kyle preferred their mate in red, Adam loved when Sam wore purple. Looking over her body and the undergarments Kyle had chosen, Adam realized that their woman would look sexy in any color. She was built to please, and it was no wonder his cousins found her attractive.

He held her by the waist and saw how large his hands were in comparison to how narrow Sam's waist was. He glided his fingers over the tight ridges of her abs. Sam closed her eyes and shivered in his arms.

Her essence filled the interior of the vehicle. "I loved watching you ride Donny in the backseat, Sam. I want to feel you ride me," he whispered as he continued to stroke her skin then cup her breasts. He heard her intake of breath, and he flicked the hardened buds then lifted his crotch, signaling what he wanted.

Sam moaned then rocked her rear against his lap.

He leaned back and absorbed the feel of her delicate hands as they pushed under his T-shirt. His cock pulsated against his zipper, demanding release. He couldn't help but think about the way Sam looked at his cousins. He felt jealous and possessive like never before. He knew she was teasing them and trying to give a little payback, but it still bothered him. Her hands rubbed up and down his chest then she lifted his shirt to his neck and leaned forward. When her tongue peeked out to lick the pink, protruding flesh on his chest, he closed his eyes and held her more firmly.

Her talented little mouth tugged and teased his flesh while her hands pushed lower, over his abs then to his jeans. She unfastened them slowly, and every touch, every small bit of pressure to his groin, cock, and balls nearly had him coming in his jeans.

"Samantha." He stated her name through clenched teeth then placed a hand over her ass and pressed her body harder against his own.

“What is it, Adam? What is it that you want?” she teased as she ground her pussy against his cock, making him growl.

“Inside you, right now!”

He couldn’t hold on and wait for her torturous games to end. He lifted his rear, and Sam along with it, and yanked his pants down his legs. Sam held on as her body nearly fell off of his, causing her to open her legs wider and release another gush of sweetness. His nostrils flared, and his cock sprung up, thick and hard as steel, nearly taking his breath away. It poked against Sam’s belly.

She held his shoulders and lifted her rear with his help. Adam yanked off her panties then aligned his cock with her cunt and pulled her down as he pressed upward.

Sam held on and met him thrust for thrust, riding him fast and deep. The feel of her hips beneath his hands as she pumped against his cock, milking him for all he had, drove Adam wild with desire. He slapped her ass, and it seemed to make her go faster and lift her hips then shove downward in a series of strokes that sent his wolf to near surface.

He couldn’t help it. She was wild and sexy and more than he could have ever asked for in a mate.

His claws emerged from his fingers, biting into her flesh. Sam held his eyes with hers then leaned forward and covered his mouth in a deep, sensual kiss. Their tongues dueled for control, but Sam was on a mission to conquer him, and Adam didn’t care. She pulled from his mouth then kissed along his chin and neck. He felt the vibrations. He sensed her body tightening along with his, and he knew they were about to come together.

“Sam,” he growled, and she bit into his shoulder, surprising him and causing him to explode inside of her. Adam leaned forward as he continued to pump his seed and bit into her shoulder. Her body shook beneath his own, and she held on to him. Her breasts were pressed tightly against his neck and shoulders as he caressed her back and held her tight.

* * * *

A few moments passed as he caressed her back, her hair then neck before placing tiny kisses against her skin. His mouth reached her mouth, and they shared another kiss before they opened their eyes to look at one another.

Adam's heart throbbed against his chest when he looked into Sam's eyes and saw that they had changed.

They were a brilliant green with black and golden specks. They looked like the eyes of a wolf.

"Holy shit!" he stated aloud, and Trey and Kyle were immediately by their side.

"What? What's wrong?" Dustin yelled from the front.

Adam explained.

* * * *

"Let me up," Sam stated as Adam held her still and stared at her.

Trey and Kyle now did the same thing, and they looked so shocked.

"They're gorgeous," Kyle stated as he reached over and caressed Sam's cheek.

She turned toward him, unsure why they were looking at her like this and acting so weird.

"What is it?" she asked, although she knew it must have been something to do with the feeling she had inside of her. It was different.

"Your eyes, Sam. Your eyes changed to that of a wolf," Adam explained, and Sam panicked.

"What? What do you mean?" she replied, pulling off of Adam's body and leaning over the console between the two seats to look into the rearview mirror. Dustin nearly drove the SUV off the road.

“Wow,” both Dustin and Donny added as Sam absorbed the brilliant, bold colors in her eyes. Suddenly she felt nauseous and dizzy.

“Whoa, honey, sit back and relax a minute. This is a lot to take in.” Kyle’s arms came around her waist and pulled her onto his lap. Trey got her dress and helped her put it back on.

“What does this mean? What’s wrong with me?” she asked them as the tears stung her eyes.

“Nothing’s wrong, Sam. There are only two explanations for this as far as our family’s history goes,” Dustin added.

“Well? What the hell are they?” she demanded to know, getting irritated. Did these men just turn her into a fucking wolf? The stories about werewolves were right. *They bit me and turned me into a werewolf.*

“Son of a bitch! You did this to me. The five of you bit me and turned me into one of you. Oh, my God!”

“Calm down, Sam. We did not turn you into a wolf. We can’t bite you and turn you like that. It’s more complicated, and you have to have the gene present in your system,” Donny stated from the front seat.

“Stop the car! Stop the car now!” Sam yelled, and Dustin slowly brought the vehicle to a stop.

“Let me out!”

“Where the hell do you think you are going?” Adam asked as he grabbed her arm to stop her.

“I need to get out of this car and get a breather.”

Trey opened the door and got out first then Sam, Adam, Kyle, and the others.

They were on a long stretch of open highway. There appeared to be no one around except for them and the other SUV filled with the cousins that was now reversing backward toward them.

The SUV stopped, and Sam walked a few feet away from the men. She felt about ready to vomit. Her insides tightened and felt as if they contracted then released repeatedly.

She held an arm around her waist and looked out across the Texas land. She knew where they were. They were about an hour out from Wolf City.

“What the hell is going on?” Logan yelled, and when Sam turned to glare at him, he instantly froze in place, his eyes wide, and took a step back.

Logan looked at Dustin then back at Sam.

“I thought she was human.”

“Give us a few minutes, Logan, and then we’ll get back on our way.”

She felt Adam behind her, and then his hands touch her dress as he zipped up the back the rest of the way. His hands moved to her shoulders and squeezed her lovingly.

“I know you’re scared, Sam.”

Sam turned abruptly toward him, causing his arms to leave her shoulders.

“Scared? You think I’m scared? How about pissed off? How about so damn angry I want to—”

“We need to get you to your father’s. It’s not safe out here in the open like this,” Donny said from a few feet away.

She raised her hands up with her palms facing them.

“I need a minute, and I am not speaking with any of you.”

Sam knew she sounded bitchy and rather closed-minded, but what the hell was going on with her life?

The men began to get back into the vehicle when Sam looked out over the open land one last time. She took a few deep breaths then released them. When suddenly she felt a desire to run and be free. It was crazy, and yes she enjoyed running as exercise in between her martial arts. She had been an athlete most of her life and had the urge to go for a run or a jog, and that always calmed her. But this was

different. This feeling was deep. It was just as deep as her love for the brothers.

The tears filled her eyes as she wrapped her arms around her waist then headed back to the SUV.

She climbed inside and took her position between Adam and Trey. She looked straight ahead and didn't say a word until they arrived at her father's estate.

Chapter 12

They made their way through town, and Sam tried not to look. It was beginning to sink in. Those feelings she buried two years ago and the reminders of Alex.

She looked out the window, saw the small town and the many people walking around window browsing. The dirt-covered roads, the long road in and out of town, and the many estates and farmhouses scattered miles between one another. It was a peaceful place, but it was where she met Alex and Ted and where she fell in love. The first time.

Leaving Wolf City to head to Dallas for work and freedom had taken courage and gall. She fought her daddy tooth and nail, but he finally let her leave. He had asked her to wait until her twenty-first birthday, and she did. The next day he told her that she was free to go live wherever she wanted. She didn't know what turning twenty-one had to do with it, but she was ready to move on. Their relationship wasn't getting stronger. If anything it was getting weaker.

Dallas was a big city, and she fit in just fine. When Alex moved into her building, she thought it was Ted's parents' doing. They adored her, and she had helped Alex and Ted get along with their family better. Then Dad called and freaked out about her and Alex living in the same apartment building. Sam shook her head. There was no need to go over all that. The apartment reminded her of Alex's death.

She swallowed hard as Dustin drove past the town and onto the long, wooded back roads. Alex was heavily in her mind.

As they pulled up the long dirt road, her daddy's place came into sight.

The ranch looked even more stunning than she remembered. Even the men commented about the spread. She gulped her emotions, now nervous about seeing her father.

He had been angry with her when she left. They never really discussed her relationship with Alex. He told her over the phone a few times that she didn't have to come back to visit, and it hurt. So the calls were fewer and farther in between. He called her last year at nearly midnight to wish her a happy birthday. He nearly missed it completely. Sam realized that in five more days she would celebrate her twenty-fifth birthday. More than likely she would be doing that celebration here.

* * * *

Donny spoke with his brothers through their link.

"You have heard everything she has been thinking since leaving New York. This is really hard on her, and we need to be supportive," Donny stated.

"Being supportive is one thing, but listening to her think about this Alex guy and how much she cared for him is difficult for me," Trey responded. They all agreed.

"We need to help her through this. I'm not sure how this reunion with her dad is going to be, never mind the fact that her eyes changed."

They all agreed with Trey.

"Let's take care of our mate. She'll open up to us eventually," Dustin concluded as they exited the SUV.

* * * *

They all watched as an older man and a young woman emerged from the front doorway. The house was a very large, old-style farmhouse. Complete with a wide wraparound porch, covered with hanging floral baskets. It looked like something out of a magazine.

“You didn’t say that you have any siblings,” Trey said to Samantha.

“I don’t,” she stated through clenched teeth, and they felt her immediate anger at seeing the young woman beside her father.

The woman had short blonde hair, was thin and dressed in a pair of designer capris and a tank top that accentuated her thin shoulders and small, perky breasts.

Sam gave Trey a shove, apparently reading his mind. How did she do that? Even Sam appeared surprised then a look of disgust fell over her face. Their mate was angry.

“Sammy! Oh, my, look at you,” her father professed as he walked quickly down the stairs and pulled her into an embrace.

Sam hugged him back, but Trey noticed her eyes remained on the blonde woman.

“It’s nice to see you, Father.”

He looked her over then at the men behind her.

“So it is true. Well, nothing we can do about it now. Let’s come inside, so we can catch up.”

He grabbed Sam by her hand and pulled her along with him. The blonde remained.

“I’m Samara.” She reached her hand out to greet the brothers as she eyed them like candy then rolled her tongue over her lips. She smelled of wolf and something else.

They instantly didn’t like her.

“Nice to meet you, Samara. We better head inside with Sam,” Dustin stated then walked past her along with his brothers.

* * * *

The house was overdecorated with ornate furniture and vases. It looked cluttered and unwelcoming.

“What have you done to the place?” Sam asked as her father poured them some brandy. To Sam, he appeared a little tipsy. Perhaps her dad had a few drinks before her arrival.

“It’s Samara’s doing. She loves to collect.”

Sam watched as Samara eyed her then wrapped her slimy arms around Sam’s father’s waist. Inside, Sam had a bad feeling. She hated this woman. She had always disliked her.

Sam heard Dustin’s words. *“Be careful, mate. I feel you’re upset, but we are here for a reason. It goes above and beyond this woman.”*

Samantha cleared her throat.

“So is there something you two would like to share with me?” Sam teased as she touched one of the vases and made it shake a little. That caused Samara to jump from where she stood.

Sam caught the vase by the rim on top and smiled. “I got it. No worries, Samara.”

“Samara loves to collect very expensive art and collectables. Everything you see was purchased by Samara,” her father stated then smiled at the blonde. Samara winked at him then rubbed her hand down his arms. Samantha wanted to puke.

“That’s a pretty costly kind of hobby, Samara. They must be paying you real well down in Bonham working the front desk?” Sam replied sarcastically, and Samara looked about to retaliate.

“Listen here, Sammy. You haven’t been around for years. You left your father to go off and do your own thing, leaving him with this big place and all alone. He has feelings, too.”

“Oh, and I’m certain that his feelings were exactly what was on your mind when you seduced him.”

“Samantha!” her father stated in anger.

“Okay, let’s cut to the chase here. I left almost four years ago, and you two know damn well why. In those two years you’re telling me

that the two of you fell in love and are a couple? She's only three years older than I am, Dad."

Her father looked a bit taken aback and nervous.

"That's none of your business," he stated firmly, and she nearly faltered.

"Oh, really. I'm supposed to believe that you fell in love with the biggest gold digger and slut this side of Wolf City!"

"I won't stand for this talk, young lady," Samara stated, nearly shocking Sam silent.

"Who the hell do you think you are talking to? You know what? I've got nothing to say to you. As a matter of fact, get the hell out of here so I can talk to my father."

"She's not leaving, Sam. You're angry with her because Alex once had a thing for her." Sam tried to control her anger. She didn't want her eyes to change in front of her father, but this was getting hairy.

"She never slept with Alex. Alex didn't want to be with a skanky ho like her."

"I did sleep with him. I was supposed to bear his child, but then you were always showing up, taking care of him and Ted."

Everyone stared at Samara after that statement.

"Enough, Samara. Go upstairs and get ready for dinner. I would like a few moments alone with my daughter."

He eyed Samantha from head to toe then looked at the five large men standing in the living room.

"You give Samara some respect. I don't expect you to treat her that way while you're here."

Samantha felt bad. She loved her dad, but she hated Samara. How the hell could they be together?

"How did you two get involved?"

"It's none of your concern. It happened, Sammy, and that's it. The past is over."

His words were like a spear through her heart.

The past was over. The same day Alex died her father told her to move on and that she should have listened to him and stayed away from Alex. He had been so cruel.

"I'm not here for her sake. I'm here for yours. You have a bit of explaining to do."

Her father took a step toward her and stared at her.

"Do not speak to me in that manner, young lady. I'm your father, and you will show me respect."

Samantha stood up from the couch.

"Where's my respect, Dad? All those years I loved you, respected you, and did as you told me. Then you basically kick me out. I never heard from you once except when Alex moved into the apartment building."

"I called you when he died."

She shook her head in anger and shock.

"You gave me an 'I told you so,' and then basically shoved me off to New York."

He shook his head.

"You didn't listen to me. If you had just listened to me you wouldn't be in this position right now," he stated then looked at the five men.

Sam glanced over her shoulder at the brothers. They remained with her the entire time. At the moment, they looked about ready to pounce on her dad. She loved them for their support.

"What do you mean 'this position'?"

"You were with Alex when I forbid you to get involved with him. You were with him in Dallas for over a year."

"He lived in the same apartment building as I did, Dad, and most of the time he was serving his country in war, amongst other things. Which is why I am here."

"You did not belong with him. Just as you do not belong with these men."

“What?” Samantha, as well as her men, exclaimed at once. Her father ran a hand through his hair and sighed.

He waved his hand through the air at them.

“This, this was not the future planned for you.”

“Oh, really? And what exactly was my planned future in your eyes?”

“Frederick!”

They all turned toward Samara’s voice. She had changed into a short evening dress and immediately Sam’s father walked over to her.

“Why don’t you take your friends over to the guest suite? You’ll be more comfortable over there, Sammy,” Samara stated then motioned with her head for them to leave.

Sam’s blood pressure felt as if it would explode. Kyle placed an arm around her waist and pulled her against him as they exited the living room.

Sam absorbed the decorations and new design of the foyer as she exited with her men.

“Where’s Ted?” she asked Logan and the others who were waiting outside.

“He’s on his way. Sounded upset that he wasn’t here with you,” Jake replied.

Sam could tell that they all heard what took place inside the house. She wondered why the hell she was even here. Her father didn’t love her anymore, and now Samara owned him and his money. It was a mass confusion, and she was beginning to feel as if she had become the center of a huge joke.

In her mind she just wanted to leave. She didn’t want to stay anywhere near her father or Samara.

As they got into the SUV, they bypassed the new building Samara referred to as the guest suite and headed back out onto the main roadway.

“Where are we going?” Samantha asked, hearing the agitation in her own voice. She stared at the window, feeling the spears practically shoot from her intense stare. She was pissed off.

Trey pulled her onto his lap, despite her attempt to remain stiff and in one position in the seat, and hugged her.

“We’re going into Valdamar territory, sweetie. It’s where you belong and where we can decipher what the hell is happening around here.”

“But what about my father?”

“He’ll be fine,” was all Donny would say, but she felt his anger.

She was silent a few moments before she spoke.

“Hey, I’m sorry about that back there. I’m sure you all felt uncomfortable.”

Trey hugged her tighter.

“Nothing for you to be sorry about, Sam. You were great, and you didn’t back down. I’m sure that was tough, considering that your father had always been such a disciplinarian.”

“He’s changed,” Sam whispered as the tears filled her eyes. She snuggled into Trey’s embrace and closed her eyes.

“There was a time when I believed he loved me,” she whispered, and Trey caressed her hair then kissed her cheek.

Chapter 13

“You made them leave. That was not the plan, Frederick,” Samara scolded as her eyes turned, showing her wolf.

“Why couldn’t you have just killed her back on the side of the road? The team could have destroyed all of the Valdamar in the process,” he retorted.

“Because she has the damn information we need. You lost your cool.”

“The mere idea that she was intimate with Alex Preston and could have become part of his pack infuriates me.”

“Well get over it, Frederick. Now you have Fidelis on your ass. He’ll kill you right now because he doesn’t need you anymore.”

“Sure he does. He needs me to kill Lord Crespin and get Sammy.”

“And you think that Sammy is going to go with you anywhere after the way you spoke to her and treated her?”

“I know Sammy. She has a huge heart. She’ll forgive me, and she’ll trust me.”

Samara smirked. “I sure hope so, for your sake. Her men are warriors of the Valdamar clan. They don’t mate often from that family. The women are few and far between, and they are usually strong wolves. I didn’t sense that Sammy had made the change yet.”

“She may never be able to shift, but she carries the blood of the wolf. If she hasn’t gone through the change yet, then she may never.”

“I’ve heard that some of the weaker wolves can’t change until their thirties.” Samara chuckled.

“Not likely that Sammy will be weak. On the contrary, her mother was very strong. Alexa was gorgeous as well. I was taken aback by

the strong resemblance to her mother all these years. Now seeing her like this and near her twenty-fifth birthday, I know that she has more Alexa and the Crespin blood in her than Gray.”

“Well, Sammy cannot become part of the Valdamar, and her grandfather cannot live. We need to get her to Fidelis so he can mate her and impregnate her. That way he will gain access to the circle, the government, and eventually, control of the circle of elders.”

* * * *

They had traveled for hours just trying to get further into Valdamar territory. They talked through CB radio with their cousins from Team Two and about what they all sensed and smelled around Sam’s father’s place. It didn’t sit right with them. Dustin couldn’t place his finger on what exactly he sensed about Samara aside from her being a two-faced bitch. He was proud of Sam for sticking up for herself and not backing down.

He looked in the rearview mirror and saw that Sam was sound asleep in Trey’s arms. Trey continued to hug her close and scatter tiny kisses against her neck. Dustin and his brothers could feel just how content and at peace Trey was with Sam in his arms. That made them all feel better.

They hadn’t been in this part of eastern Texas in ages. Not since they were small children visiting with their parents. It was way before their training and their entrance into the military. As soldiers they were only privy to certain information. They knew and respected the members of the circle of elders even though they met only a few of them. They used their training, their instincts, and the spirit of the wolf to lead them and to help them to fight. Coming back here to the native villages of Valdamar brought them peace and a new energy. Added to that energy was their return here with their mate. But Dustin was certain that the locals and the relatives they hardly knew would

take them in with celebration and loving arms and perhaps shine some light on the mess.

Dustin pulled into the town and parked the SUV alongside his cousins.

Immediately they were surrounded and greeted.

Sam awoke, and gently, Trey helped her out of the SUV. As she emerged, silence filled the air. The men all took position next to Samantha. Dustin wasn't certain what just happened, but his wolf was not fearful. He protected his mate just as his brothers, but something else was going on here.

* * * *

Samantha took in her surroundings and the lovely little town. There were so many people and wolves gathering around them, it was as if they had been waiting for their arrival. But Sam didn't recognize one person.

"Where are we?" she whispered to Trey.

"You are home, Sammy. You are where you are meant to be." They all turned toward the familiar voice, and Sam smiled as she saw Ted.

He stood near an older but attractive man with dark green eyes and a kind smile. Sam was drawn to him immediately. He smiled at her, and Trey clasped her hand tightly. She looked away from the older man and to her mates for reassurance.

It was Dustin who moved forward toward the older man.

"It is an honor to meet you, Lord." Dustin bowed, and the others followed suit. Sam wasn't certain what she was supposed to do. The truth of the matter was that her head was throbbing and her heart ached after the meeting with her father.

"Samantha. This is Lord Crespin."

"Was this an elder that my father was protecting?"

A sudden scowl came across Lord Crespin's face.

"It is time for her to learn the truth. Bring her along into my house. I will meet with her alone," Lord Crespin stated then pointed toward Dustin.

"You are the leader of your brothers?"

"We are leaders together, Lord," Dustin replied.

"Very good. I remember the five of you from when you were very small pups. Your mother was strong and your father a true warrior. They are here as well. Be sure to visit with them. They are eagerly waiting to meet your mate."

"Come with me, Sam." Ted gestured to follow Lord Crespin as he reached for her hand.

She hesitated a moment, and Kyle held her hand, stopping her.

Lord Crespin smiled.

"If you would like to join us, you may, wolves. But there will be a time when you must leave me to discuss some matters with your mate."

Dustin nodded, and they all followed suit.

* * * *

"I can't believe that Crespin is here and Mom and Dad," Trey stated through their link.

"Yeah, that has me very concerned," Kyle added.

"Why?" asked Adam.

"Because you know as well as I do that if Mom and Dad are here in the village, and so is an elder of the circle, then there's some heavy stuff about to hit the fan," Kyle added.

"Just stay beside our mate no matter what," Dustin added to the conversation.

"You don't have to ask me twice," Donny joined in.

"Who is this Crespin, and why is it that I feel so interested in him?" Sam asked, invading what they thought was a private conversation.

"Hey, you heard us?" Trey asked.

"I can hear you all the time. Just as I know that you can hear me even when I forget to block you. Now tell me who he is. I want info now."

"She has become quite demanding, don't you think, Dustin?"

"A true Alpha's mate." Dustin took her hand, and they all followed Ted and Lord Crespin to his home.

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The custom-built estate was two levels high and very wide, containing over a dozen bedrooms and other facilities. It was decorated very homey with spacious areas and large sofas surrounding fireplaces and dining areas. It made Sam feel as if the lord appreciated social gatherings of all kinds. She had a funny feeling when she entered the house. It was strange, yet she felt as if she had been there before, but she would have remembered. Her mother had died when Sam was very little. Just barely walking, from what her father told her, and he didn't like speaking about her at all. Since Sam was an only child and her father's family mostly lived between Wolf City and Dallas, she never headed this far east. She wondered why her mom even came to mind right now.

The aroma of meats and chicken filled the room as they entered a living room. It was adjacent to a large dining area and kitchen.

"You must be starving. Why don't we show you to your room so you can freshen up and then meet down here in twenty minutes for some dinner?" Ted suggested, and they were grateful. Sam hoped no one had heard her stomach rumbling.

The lord excused himself then Ted showed them to their quarters.

It was way on the other side of the house and across a small garden area and courtyard.

“This is gorgeous, Ted. I don’t remember ever hearing about this place or this pack, but yet some things just stand out to me as if I have been here before.”

Sam absorbed the beauty of the gardens as her men walked inside their small chalet.

Ted took Sam’s hand into his own and held her gaze.

“This is where you truly belong, Sammy. It’s where Alex had intended you to be, and it is where I was willing to bring you if you had given me the chance.”

Sam swallowed hard. She had a feeling that Ted was trying to say that he had feelings for her.

“Ted, you have always been there for me. There’s a special place in my heart for you, just as Alex will remain in my heart as well.”

He reached out to caress her cheek.

“You were always so humble and oblivious to your beauty and appeal. You are meant to be in this position, Sam. Follow your gut instincts and you will know what is right.”

Before she could respond, Ted leaned down and kissed her then walked away.

“If I hadn’t heard the whole conversation, your friend would be dead right now,” Adam stated, coming up behind her.

She shook her head and smiled as he put his arms around her waist, lifted her, then carried her into the chalet.

Chapter 14

The men had explained to Samantha that Lord Crespin was of royalty in the circle of elders. But as she watched him joke around with her mates as well as his own mate Marie, Sam thought he was pretty cool. When Marie had entered the kitchen, she stared at Sam, and tears filled the woman's eyes. Samantha was taken aback by the response, but she also again felt some kind of connection to the woman just as she felt with Lord Crespin.

They all talked about their lives, how Sam had met her mates, and about the current disturbances in the area packs. They were small-talking their way to the big questions and what ultimately brought Sam here. Yet, Sam still remained unsure and distracted by her father's attitude toward her.

She was silent for a few minutes as the Omegas came in and cleared their plates.

"Let's head into the living room. There is more room there and much for us to discuss," Lord Crespin stated then rose from his chair. Everyone immediately followed.

As Sam was walking out along with Marie, the woman gently touched Sam's hair.

Sam turned to her and smiled, noticing the same green eyes that her husband had.

"Your mother had hair just like this," she whispered then covered her mouth as the tears emerged.

"Did you say my 'mother'?" Sam asked as they entered the living room.

The men were all staring at something against the far wall. Sam looked away from Marie and toward a beautiful painting of a woman. That woman looked exactly like Sam.

She felt her jaw drop then someone reach for her.

“That is a picture of your mother, Alexa, our daughter,” Marie added, and Sam heard the intakes of breaths from her mates.

The tears stung Sam’s eyes. The woman was her twin. Her father had forbidden her to see any pictures of her mother. The one picture she had and hid from him was of a woman who looked nothing like this woman in the painting, but Sam had cherished it.

“Samantha, there is much we need to tell you,” Lord Crespin stated as he took her hand into his own and held her gaze. Sam couldn’t hide the tears.

“Where were you all these years? Why did my father never tell me about you?”

He patted her hand then walked her to a nearby couch. The brothers remained standing.

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Lord Crespin released a sigh. They had waited for this day for more than twenty years. “The only two times we got to see you, Samantha, was when you were first born and then again when you were three. Both times your mother had snuck into the village without your father knowing. On her way back home, Alexa was attacked, but luckily she fought off her attackers and beat them. When Frederick found out where she had gone, he forbade her from returning.”

“But you were her parents, why would she obey such a command?”

The lord sighed then locked gazes with his wife Marie.

“Why?” Sam asked again.

“She was in love with him. She was forced to obey him and live by his rules and commands.”

Sam squinted then she shifted her glance toward her mates.

“My mother was of the wolf, was she not?”

They were both silent a moment.

“Yes, child, she was.”

The men remained in the room for support. They held Samantha’s gaze a moment before she turned back toward Lord Crespin.

“My father is human. She could have made him do anything she wanted him to do. A wolf is way more powerful than a human. I just don’t understand any of this. What did he have on her? What lies or information could he have possibly used to make my mother stay with him and never see her own family?”

“Samantha, your mother was protecting you the best way she could.” Lord Crespin looked at his wife, and he silently told her not to say anything more. She argued with him through their link.

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Sam was getting very angry. She stared at her grandparents, two people she never knew even existed, and she felt their bond. Not just their love and connection to one another, but to her as well. It was the strangest sensation, but suddenly it was as if she just realized who she really was and what was missing all these years from her life. She didn’t get to grow up with a mother. Her father would never let her see any pictures of her mother, and now it seemed he had been keeping a whole family and heritage away from her as well.

She looked at the older couple. She could see slight resemblances to her own looks. But mostly she felt their love.

“You two are speaking to one another through your link, aren’t you?” Sam asked, and both grandparents looked to her.

“You know about that?” Marie asked.

Sam smiled then looked toward her mates.

"I share such a gift with my men. Though they still haven't taught me how to block my thoughts from their preying ears and minds," she teased.

"That's wonderful. And have you shifted yet?" Lord Crespin asked.

Sam immediately felt the color drain from her cheeks.

She shook her head.

"No worries at all, Samantha. By your birthday it will happen," Donny added to the conversation.

"Or perhaps sooner," Kyle stated then winked at her.

Sam wrung her fingers together on her lap.

"I'm not sure I'm quite ready for all that yet."

"Information overload, huh, Sam?" Trey replied.

She smiled. "Something like that."

She looked toward her grandparents. "My father will try to make up for his attitude this afternoon. I know he will because it seemed that Samara wants my father and I to get along, despite the fact that I can't stand her."

"Samara was with him?" Crespin asked.

"Samara and he are...partners," Samantha said with disgust.

"Samara is a traitor." Ted walked into the room, and he looked angry and concerned.

"Ted?" Lord Crespin said his name and stood.

Ted licked his lips before he spoke, and his eyes never left Sam.

"Samara can't be trusted, nor can your father, Sam."

"What is this about?" Lord Crespin asked.

"Dustin, your cousins received some information from informants that say Frederick is no longer involved with the government. He was released a year ago."

"What?" Lord Crespin questioned.

"I know that the elders have used his services for protection in the past and that they trust him, but he is up to no good."

"You know this how?" Lord Crespin asked.

“He has been seen with Fidelis, and so has Samara.”

Everyone seemed to be upset about that name, but Sam just felt more confused.

“Fidelis is an elder of the circle. So what that Frederick knows him,” Adam added.

“Tell her why her father didn’t want her around Alex.”

The brothers nearly growled from the mention of Alex and Sam being together.

“Samantha, you are the last living heir to the Crespian throne. If and when you are able to shift and the gods grant you the ability to take the wolf form, then you become another member of the circle and follow in my path.”

Sam didn’t quite understand the intensity of this situation, but her men looked shocked.

“So what does that mean?” she asked.

Marie placed her hands on Sam’s shoulders and embraced her.

“You are special, Sam. Alex had figured that out years ago and took it upon himself to be your protector until the time came for you to shift. He didn’t trust your father and wanted to keep you as far from him as he could,” Marie whispered.

“Alex confided in me and told me who he thought you really were. He also fell in love with you, Sam, but he knew that you weren’t his mate. His job was to serve the packs, Lord Crespian, and the circle of elders best he could. He did that and sacrificed his life.”

She stared at Ted and the information.

“But why wouldn’t he tell me about my family and my grandparents? I could have come here and met them, and I don’t know, maybe figure out all this craziness.”

“It’s not what the gods wanted, and it wasn’t the right time. Do you remember when you told me that Frederick freaked out about you leaving for Dallas?”

Sam nodded.

“Remember how he asked that you wait until your twenty-first birthday? It was because he thought that if you had your mother’s blood in you that you would have the ability to shift. You weren’t able to do it then.”

“But my dad still freaked out when he found out Alex was living in the same building as me.”

“He was afraid that the two of you would mate and that Alex would become a top leader in the Preston Pack. Then if you were able to shift and found out who your mother really was, Alex would become Alpha, and the Crespian clan could take a place in the circle of elders.”

“But then Alex died, so he didn’t care,” Sam whispered as the tears rolled down her cheeks.

“Yes. He investigated the process of the family tree and how the wolf packs hierarchy stood. He used his connections and involvement with the government to start tracking down the members of the circle of elders and other leaders of the government. That’s when he found out Alex’s missions and his access to certain information. He had no choice but to inject the microchip into you, Sam. There wasn’t anyone else he could trust, and if he gave it to me, then they would have just killed me to get the information.”

“That’s insane,” Dustin replied, looking angry.

“How could Alex do that to her? She would immediately become the target,” Kyle added.

“No, she wouldn’t have because she is meant to lead. Alex injected that microchip with every scientific data, hidden bases, coordinates, and so many other things that Sam would be the most powerful member and leader of the wolf communities of the world. When she didn’t shift, and her father thought of her as useless and nothing more than a human, he left her alone. She was living a normal life, and that was the safest place for her to be.”

“I don’t believe this. How can this be true?”

“It is true, Sam. You were living a normal life until recently when you started to get into some pretty crazy situations. You were nearly killed twice. You met your true mates in New York. They are strong and worthy Alphas. The perfect match for a queen Alpha female ruler, and by bonding with them, their wolves bring out your inner wolf. By joining Crespin with Valdamar, the gods lead you into the twenty-first century with all the tools, wisdom, and strength necessary to prevail.”

Sam just stared at him. Her head throbbed, and she felt about ready to pass out. It was Donny who took her hand and walked her over to the couch to sit down. Kyle kneeled on the floor in front of her while her other mates took positions near her as well.

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Numerous thoughts went through her head. It was insane, and she wondered if her father had ever really loved her. Did he seduce her mother, trick her with lies and deceit then force her to stay away from her family? Sam looked at Lord Crespin and Marie. They seemed so kind and good. Her father did leave her alone once her twenty-first birthday passed and all during the last two years in New York.

“Wait, Ted, you had said that my father issued an order for my return. Why? What would it matter whether I live or die to him if he believed me to be unable to shift?”

“We found out once you visited his home that he has been dealing with some rogue wolves that are hunters. Your father contacted me and was aware of you meeting the Valdamar brothers and finding your mates. He said that your life was in danger. I’m sorry to say that I fell for his sincerity. Then when those wolves tried to attack you at your house before we left, I figured Frederick was aware of something I wasn’t aware of. Then we got here, I connected with my informants while you met with your father, and here we are. He wanted you here for a reason,” Ted added, giving Sam an apologetic look.

“He may be aware of the microchip,” Kyle stated.

Sam looked up at her mother’s portrait.

“How did my mother die?” Sam asked, her voice cracking with the last syllable.

Lord Crespin, Ted, and Marie looked away from her with tears in their eyes.

“We don’t know.”

“What do you mean, you don’t know?”

“We never found our child. We were told by Alexa’s true mate that she was dead,” Marie added.

“My mom’s true mate? Who is that?”

No one would say a word.

Sam raised her voice.

“You know who my mother’s true mate is and you won’t tell me?”

“It’s not our place to tell you,” Crespin began to say.

“That’s nonsense! There was a man out there, a wolf, meant to be my mother’s true mate, and I want to know who he is.”

“He was from the Stevenson pack,” Marie stated.

“Stevenson?” both Sam and Ted asked.

“First name?” Sam pushed for more information.

“Alfonso,” Marie replied.

“Holy crap!” Ted exclaimed.

As she processed the name in her head, she instantly realized who it was.

“My commander’s name back in New York is Al Stevenson.”

Marie and Crespin looked at her.

“He has been near you all this time?” Crespin asked.

“He has kept guard over her. Has made sure that any time she was in trouble or alone that one of us was called to be at her side,” Dustin added.

Sam felt the tears well up in her eyes. Her commander was her mother's true mate and had taken it upon himself to protect her even though he and her mother never actually bonded.

"But why would he do that?" Sam felt the ache inside her heart. Her mind remembering the first time she and Al met. Then how well they hit it off and got along. She felt safe with him and immediately comfortable. Eventually, they became friends. He often referred to her as being more like a daughter.

Sam covered her mouth and cried.

"What is it? What's wrong, Sam?" Donny asked.

"Al is my father, not Frederick."

Ted gasped, but Lord Crespín and Marie closed their eyes and cried. The room fell silent until Sam rose from the couch and walked to Marie.

Marie looked at her, the green of her eyes as bold and brilliant as her own.

"You knew, didn't you?" Sam whispered.

Marie nodded her head, and Sam embraced her. Lord Crespín hugged Sam as well.

A few seconds later, Sam slowly pulled away, wiped her eyes with the back of her hand, and pulled her cell phone out of her back pocket.

"Who are you calling?" Dustin asked as he touched her arm.

Sam took Dustin's hand and placed it against her cheek. She leaned into it, closed her eyes then kissed the inside of his hand as the tears fell. "My father. I want him here."

"Wait," Ted stated, and everyone looked at him.

"There's no need to. He's already here," Ted announced.

Sam was confused as she looked at Ted then around the room as if Al would appear any moment.

"He'll be here within the hour. I didn't understand why he wanted to come, but as soon as I told him who your father was hanging out with and then about the hunter wolves, he insisted upon helping out

and joining us here. I told him about what happened with you and Frederick today. I also told him about Samara. He was pissed and said he had some things to check out but would be here by tonight.”

Sam closed up her phone.

“This is a lot of information to process.”

Dustin pulled Sam into an embrace and kissed the top of her head.

“Lord Crespin, I think it would be a good idea if Sam takes a little break. Perhaps we can go outside and stroll through your beautiful gardens until Al arrives?”

Lord Crespin smiled at Dustin.

“That sounds like a wonderful idea.” He walked a few steps toward Sam and kissed her cheek.

“Go, child, we will send for you as soon as your father gets here.”

She took his hand and squeezed it.

“Thank you...grandfather.” She smiled then snuggled into Dustin’s embrace as he walked her out of the room.

Chapter 15

Dustin remained silent as he walked Sam across the courtyard and to the nearby gardens. He found a swinging bench and brought her right to it to sit on.

She remained snuggling close to him as she tucked her legs under her rear, and he held her with one arm around her shoulders.

The others were scattered about, either leaning on a paved rock wall, or they sat on small stone benches built into the area around the garden. They were feet from where she and Dustin sat.

From the house to where they now sat, Sam's heart had been beating rapidly. Her body was shaking ever so slightly, but still he felt the trembling.

Now that they were sitting side by side and the others were close by, it seemed her heart rate was slowing to a more regular beat.

He looked toward his brothers, and their eyes all remained focused on Sam.

"It was a lot to swallow, huh?" she whispered, catching their attention.

Dustin caressed her hair and her shoulder.

"It sure was, Sam, but you are very strong. Plus you figured out Al is your father."

He felt her body tremble, and then she turned into his embrace and knelt next to him on the bench.

She cupped his face with her hands and held his gaze with her own. She just stared at him as if she were trying to read his mind. Then she did.

“By the gods, I love this woman with all my heart. Please keep her safe. Please don’t let her pull away from our love. She is strong, she is beautiful, and she is ours.”

“I love you, too, Dustin. I love all of you. I am not feeling strong right now. I feel...vulnerable,” she replied through their link.

The tears rolled down her cheeks right before she leaned forward and kissed him.

She kissed him for only a few seconds before she pulled away and snuggled against his neck, sobbing.

Dustin pulled her all the way onto his lap. She instinctively straddled his waist, and he rubbed her back.

Over her shoulder he looked at the others. He blocked his words so only they could hear him.

“She needs us, not only as her mates but as warriors and wolves defending packs and the circle. We need to find out everything we can about Frederick. He called her back here for a reason. He’s up to something, and we need to find out what. Also, see what we can find out about Sam’s mother’s death. It sounds suspicious to me.”

“I agree, Dustin. You stay here with Sam. We’ll split up in twos and see what we can gather with the pack members here and our government connections,” Kyle said then they each walked over to Sam.

“We’re going to leave you two alone for a little while, Sam. We’ll be back in a bit. We love you,” Donny said then kissed her cheek. The others followed suit then left.

Sam had her hand against Dustin’s cheek as she caressed his chin and neck.

“Where are they really going?”

Dustin touched her chin and held her gaze. *“We love you, Sam. We are your mates, and we are your protectors. You are not in this alone.”*

Before she could respond, he kissed her softly until she cuddled against him and closed her eyes.

* * * *

Trey and Adam went to speak with Lord Crespin and Marie to see what other information they had. Kyle and Donny went outside of the Crespin home and into the village to where the Crespin and some Valdamar resided. They were also going to see their parents, Duvoe and Murette.

Kyle spoke into his cell phone, rambling on in Gaelic. He had a connection in Ireland to someone working undercover. A few calls later and the ball was in motion to find out more about Frederick and his associates. He also had someone looking into Samara's family background as well as her associates.

"We heard you arrived hours ago," Murette Valdamar exclaimed as she embraced her sons one at a time. First Kyle then Donny.

"It's great to see you, Mom," Kyle added as he hugged her tight. It had been months since they had seen her.

"Sorry we didn't come by sooner. We've been busy since we arrived," Donny said.

"That's understandable, you've been at Lord Crespin's?" their father Duvoe added.

"Yes, sir. Our mate is Lord Crespin's granddaughter," Kyle announced, and both his parents' eyes widened in surprise. Then their mom embraced them again.

"When will we get to meet her?" Murette asked, sounding enthusiastic. It almost made them forget how complex the current situation was.

"Why don't we head inside so we can explain a bit, Mom," Donny suggested as he took her hand and led her back inside of their home. His father and brother followed.

Kyle's phone rang a few times with updates and information about Frederick and Samara. Each one caused his stomach to churn with disgust. He and Donny explained everything that had been

happening since meeting Samantha. Their parents were thrilled to know that Sam's father wasn't Frederick. It had been a concern for many years until her mother disappeared and Samantha hadn't shifted. Now that they knew Sam was a Stevenson, they exhaled and promised to help in whatever way they could.

"I take it those calls you're receiving are not good news, son?" Duvoe asked Kyle.

Kyle shook his head. "I fear we will need more protection than what is here, Father. We may need to transport Samantha elsewhere. It appears that Frederick has been cohorting with Redalfo."

"Redalfo? He's an elder as well," Donny exclaimed.

"He's a piece of crap. The only reason he holds a position is because of his bloodline. He's always been a problem and only looks out for himself. I'm not surprised at all that Frederick is keeping his company. Samara and Redalfo have always been stirring up trouble. She's been trying to land an Alpha for years."

"Do you know the Prestons?" Kyle asked.

"Of course we know Ted. It was tragic how his brother Alex died."

"How was their relationship with Samara?" Donny asked, and Kyle knew exactly why.

"I believe she tried to seduce both of them at one point, but when it came to making a decision to be Alpha of the Preston pack, both Alex and Ted declined. Alex kept reenlisting in the military, and Ted for some strange reason joined the Dallas police department."

Donny and Kyle locked gazes. They didn't have to say any words. They knew what the other one was thinking. Alex and Ted were both in love with Sam and wanted to protect her. They felt nervous and jealous.

"What do the Prestons have to do with your mate?" Marette asked, and Kyle explained.

An hour later, they were antsy and felt an intense need to be by their mate.

“We promise to bring Samantha by tomorrow to meet you both. I think she is overwhelmed with everything she has heard and experienced today,” Donny said as they began to leave the house.

“That’s understandable. The poor girl must be besieged with emotions. Be sure to bring her by. Your aunt is baking up a storm since your cousins are visiting with you as well.”

“Sounds good, Mom, see you tomorrow.”

Kyle smiled, and then he and his brother headed back toward Crespin’s place. On their way down the road and to the estate, they saw Frankie and Vince.

Both SUVs sat side by side on the back road as the men talked.

“How is your mate feeling?” Vince asked from the driver’s side.

“She is hanging in there,” Kyle replied from the passenger side of their SUV.

“Lord Crespin seemed very attentive to her. What was with his mumbo jumbo about time to learn the truth?” Frankie asked.

Donny explained.

“Oh, shit! So you mean the five of you are going to be fucking royalty? My ass is not bowing down to any of you,” Frankie added with a shake of his head. Leave it to him to make a joke out of the situation. Donny and Kyle laughed. Then they explained about Ted, Alex, and Frederick.

“I didn’t like that asshole the second he came out with the bimbo. She reeked, too,” Frankie stated.

“Well Kyle just got a call from one of his contacts in the government. It seems that Frederick and Samara have been spending a lot of time with Redalfo.”

“Shit, Donny, Redalfo is an asshole. Everyone knows that. He’s been trying to prove he’s worthy of his position in the circle for ages.”

Donny nodded at Vince’s statement.

“Well I don’t trust Frederick, and now that Sam isn’t really his daughter, there’s no need for them to be in contact with one another,” Kyle added.

“I wouldn’t let my mate near him anyway,” Vince said with vehemence as if Sam were his mate. Then they talked a little longer about surveillance and guards for the area. Vince and Frankie would touch base later on tonight or tomorrow morning.

They said goodbye then headed their separate ways.

* * * *

Trey, Adam, and Ted cornered Al as he arrived at the Crespin estate.

“So what the hell, Al? Leave out some important information when you were suggesting that I mate with Sam?” Ted asked, catching Adam and Trey completely off guard.

“Like that would have ever happened with us around,” Adam stated, taking a step toward Ted.

“Okay, men, settle down and let’s discuss this situation. If anyone is confused and upset besides Sam, it’s me and my wife,” Lord Crespin added, eyeing Al from head to toe.

“You could have told us, Al.” Lord Crespin pointed at Al.

“How did you figure it out?” Al asked as he ran a hand through his hair. He looked like he had little to no sleep and the rims of his eyes were red.

“We didn’t figure it out, Sammy did,” Ted stated. Al’s eyes widened in shock.

He looked around for her. “How did she know?”

“She put it together. She recalled the connection to you and how close you were. She also said that whenever she was in trouble or alone that you made sure either one of us got to her or Ted knew,” Adam replied.

“How did this happen? I mean, I know how it happened, but why did Alexa get involved with Frederick?” Ted asked.

Al paced the living room in front of them all and tried to explain.

“I had no idea that she was pregnant with my child. We were together until I acted like a moron because she was hanging around with Frederick. All of a sudden she was distancing herself from me and spending more and more time with him. She married him, and that was it. I didn’t know Samantha was mine until one day I saw this woman at the park in Wolf City watching this adorable little girl with red-brown hair in pigtails and these gorgeous green eyes.”

Al paused and stared up at the picture of Alexa.

“I knew immediately, but of course I tried to deny the possibility. Then I spoke with the woman and found out she was the nanny taking care of Samantha. The little girl was rambunctious and such a handful. She was doing cartwheels and jumping from the top of the jungle gym. The little girl fell and cut her knee, and she didn’t even cry. Instead she walked over to the nanny and asked for a drink. I inhaled the moment she came close, and it felt like I was punched in the gut. I smelled her scent. I knew she was mine.”

“Why didn’t you do something about it?” Ted asked.

“I couldn’t. Alexa never told me. She married Frederick, and then she died before I could question her. It was torture knowing that Sam was my child, but without my mate, I, too, began to die inside. I had given up and was at rock bottom when I met your parents, Ted.”

Ted’s eyes widened in shock.

“They helped me get through the depression, and when you and Alex began hanging out with Sam as she got older, I realized more and more that I couldn’t leave her or forget about her. So I made a promise to myself to stay in the shadows and check on her from time to time. I was working my way up in the Dallas police department when Sam moved to Dallas. I heard through the grapevine that she was applying for a job in New York City, and I pulled in a few favors and got the job in the forty-sixth precinct. It was coincidence that I wound up being her commander. It was the best gift I could have asked for.”

Everyone was silent as they absorbed what Al just told them.

“What kind of wolf doesn’t go after what rightfully belongs to him? She’s your daughter. How could you see her over the years and not want her to know?” Donny asked, sounding disgusted with Al.

“I wanted her to know, Donny. I wanted to tell her, but what if she didn’t believe me? She could have gone back to Frederick and demanded an explanation, ultimately letting him know that she wasn’t his. She was safer not knowing. She wound up leaving Dallas and heading to New York. It’s where she met you, her mates, and established herself. Frederick is a monster, and I wouldn’t have put it past him to hurt Samantha to get back at me and Alexa.”

“But that wasn’t your decision. It was mine.” Everyone turned toward the doorway where Samantha stood with Dustin. He towered over her from behind, giving an extra intimidating appearance to Sam.

* * * *

Sam couldn’t believe what she was hearing. It was as if everyone had control over her life except for her. Al had known since she was a child that she was his child, and he did nothing. She had seen hundreds of homeless or unclaimed children wish they knew who their parents were or had parents that loved them instead of abused them. They suffered in unsafe foster care and shelters. They were helpless children. She had defied Frederick, fought with him, and always wondered why their personalities clashed. She felt like there was something wrong with her, so she bent over backwards to please him. She took the martial arts lessons and aced the foreign languages, and then by twenty, he had changed. He stopped pushing her. He had given up on her because she couldn’t shift. She felt worthless and as if she was a disappointment. If not for Alex and Ted, who knows what she may have done or gotten herself into.

“Sam.” Al said her name, and his voice cracked. He honestly looked sad and totally caught off guard. He would have continued

living life without letting her know that she was his child. What did she do to deserve such treatment? Did anyone really love her?

She felt Dustin squeeze her shoulder. He heard her thoughts.

"I...I'm not certain what to say to you, Al. I feel like everything I've learned today is a blur of chaos and heresy. I don't think any of it has really sunk in."

"That's understandable, Sam. You've been given a lot of information in one day," Lord Crespin added. Everyone stared at her. She felt like a misfit. Crazy and stupid as that was for Sam as an adult to feel, she did. She wanted to be alone, yet her insides craved her mates. She needed them next to her, and even that was something she was trying to get used to.

"I think the best thing for us to do is not talk anymore."

"What?" Ted asked, and everyone looked shocked at her words.

Sam inhaled then took Dustin's hand into her own.

"I'm tired, I'm emotionally and physically exhausted, and mostly, I'm sad," Sam stated, her voice cracking as the tears ran down her cheeks.

She looked toward her grandparents.

"If you will please excuse me, I think I am going to turn in." She kissed Marie on the cheek and turned away from the others, clasping on to Dustin's hand to take him along with her.

Chapter 16

Dustin pulled off his T-shirt then pulled off Sam's. He was silent. Without a word, he gave Sam the peace and quiet she asked for and the love she needed. Her arms remained by her side, but her eyes stayed focused on his.

He softly caressed her arms from wrist to shoulder. He unclasped her bra and slowly removed it from her body. He inhaled, loving how beautiful his mate was. He envisioned taking a breast into his mouth and tasting her skin. She closed her eyes and moaned, obviously, she heard his thoughts.

Chuckling low, he cupped her breasts then leaned down to nibble on the hardened, protruding flesh. She sighed in relief, her body swaying as he wrapped his other arm around her waist.

Dustin heard the sound of the water running from inside the shower. The steam was beginning to surround them. He undid his pants, stepping out of them as he remained holding Sam. When he was completely naked, he began to remove the remainder of Sam's clothing. He cupped her breast then caressed her body from breasts to neck.

Before they entered the shower, he pulled Sam to him and kissed her deeply.

They walked into the large shower, feeling the hot water spray over their bodies while Dustin continued to explore Sam's.

She grabbed the soap and lathered some in her hands as Dustin nibbled on her breasts then pulled her hips hard against his hips.

She gasped, obviously just as aroused as he was.

“I love your body, Sam,” he whispered as the water traveled over her curves, dripping from her abundant breasts and nipples then over her belly to her pussy. He kissed her again, hungry for more of her warm, moist mouth as he pressed the palms of his hands against her backside. His cock, hard and erect, pressed against her belly, and Sam took that second to touch his cock and stroke it with soapy hands.

Dustin closed his eyes and parted his legs to lower his body to hers so she could touch him fully.

Unable to take much more of her ministrations, Dustin took the soap and began to wash her breasts, being sure to thoroughly caress each mound before rinsing her.

Sam turned in the water to rinse the soap, and Dustin couldn't resist the sight of her perfect ass. Reading his mind, she bent forward, reached behind to his shaft and lined his thick, hard cock up with her front entrance from behind.

A second later Dustin pressed forward, filling her and emitting a moan of satisfaction from Sam. The connection between them was strong as Dustin slowly thrust into her.

She was the sexiest fucking sight he had ever seen. With one palm flat against the shower wall and the other reaching back to grab hold of Dustin, he lost the slow pace and began to thrust faster. His balls slapped against her ass cheek as the sloshing sound of water tried to detour between their bodies.

The more he absorbed her features, the harder his cock grew. Her shapely thighs bent to accommodate his thrusts. He trailed a finger along each thigh, loving the tight and toned feel of it beneath his hands. He caressed her rear then her spine before reaching under to catch her large breasts as they bounced from his thrusts.

They panted and moaned with every move until Sam had to use both hands to hold on to the wall. Dustin wrapped one arm around her waist as he continued to make love to her. He used his other hand to reach over her thigh to the front of her entrance and press fingers to her cunt. Sam trembled beneath him and released her first orgasm.

“Mine, Sam. You’re all mine,” he growled against her ear then nibbled on her shoulder, a bit rougher than he anticipated.

Sam growled for more. “Harder, Dustin, I need you,” she cried.

Dustin held her tight, felt his whole body tingle then his cock throb as he plunged fast and deep into her. He covered her hands that lay flat against the wall with his own. His other arm wrapped snugly around her waist as he rotated his hips deeper into her from behind.

The water sprayed over them, the steam added to their lovemaking while he continued to make love to Sam. He cupped one breast, pulled on her nipple as he thrust repeatedly into her. She rocked back against him, meeting him thrust for thrust. His wolf dominated Sam’s body as he held her in position. When he thrust hard while pinching her nipple and cupping her breast, he lost control.

He exploded inside of her just as he bit into her shoulder. Sam screamed her release as Dustin held her, relishing in the aftereffects of their lovemaking.

* * * *

Sam felt the tears leak from her eyes. While in the midst of making love, she felt the bond and connection between her and Dustin. She also felt his brothers, but then there was this aching inside her heart that made her feel almost inferior or unworthy.

Dustin slowly pulled from her and turned her toward him.

The fingers beneath her chin and his hand against her backside were hardly felt. It was as if she was having an out-of-body experience or was numb to the sensitivity of her lover’s touch. They had been so connected only moments ago, but now she felt anesthetized.

“What is it, baby? What’s wrong?” he asked, and she felt the tears burn against her cheeks as she looked at this handsome god in front of her. She was tired, and maybe some sleep would help her get through this.

“I think I need to go to bed. I feel so weak,” she whispered, and Dustin turned off the shower. When they emerged, Kyle and Adam were there, holding towels out to both of them.

Sam took the one Adam held as he wrapped her in it then lifted her. She instinctively wrapped her arms around his neck and snuggled into his shoulder as he carried her to bed.

* * * *

“I’m worried,” Kyle whispered as he watched Sam sleep. Dustin made sure she was deeply sleeping before he moved away from her.

“We need to make some plans and discuss the information we heard today. She’s our responsibility.”

They all looked at Dustin.

“Where the hell do we start?” Kyle asked in response to Dustin’s statement.

“Let’s go talk in the other room so we don’t wake Sam,” Adam added, and they were all hesitant to leave.

“We’ll hear her if she stirs,” Trey whispered, opening the bedroom door. Everyone slowly exited the bedroom.

Donny paced the room while the others took positions in chairs or on the couch.

“I don’t like what I’m feeling. She’s in emotional turmoil. I feel it here.” Donny emphasized his heart by pounding a fist against his chest.

Dustin agreed. “We all feel it, and I won’t be able to rest and feel content again until this bullshit is behind her. She’s going to need our support with not only her grandparents and Al being her biological father, but also with Frederick.”

“Fuck Frederick! He’s not allowed near her. Especially since we don’t know what it is he wants from her,” Adam replied.

“We may not have a choice in the matter. Our contacts are trying to figure out how deep Frederick is in with Fidelis. If they’re aware of

the microchip and Sam's destiny as the leader of Crespin, then we are in for a hell of a fight. Fidelis is powerful and selfish. He doesn't follow the rules and has been using his position as an elder of the circle to influence others. Sam didn't even know she was of wolf. She was raised human, and explaining every detail, law, and protocol of the wolf is going to be difficult," Dustin added.

They all released annoyed and frustrated sighs.

"We are her mates. Our bond is significant and strong. She hears our thoughts as we hear hers. So why can't we help her without anyone knowing?" Trey stated.

"What do you mean, Trey?" Kyle asked.

"We can feed her any information she needs through our telepathic connection. No one knows we are capable of this. It will help give her the confidence she needs to fulfill her destiny and position as royalty and eventually an elder of the circle."

"That's a great possibility, but right now we have to focus on keeping her safe. Let's remember why we were called to come here. There have been burglaries and illegal and secretive investigations into Crespin and our own family, the Valdamar. Someone, could be Fidelis himself, is seeking a takeover," Dustin thought out loud.

A rumble of outrage traveled through the room.

Chapter 17

“Why should I keep you alive?” Fidelis asked as he held his claw against Frederick’s throat.

“Please, please don’t kill me. I’ve served you all these years and raised my daughter as any wolf of the royalty would raise a future queen. She is a warrior, she is a goddess, and everything you ask for in a mate.” Frederick pleaded for his life.

Fidelis let the blade of one claw cut against Frederick’s jugular, causing a small cut.

“She can’t even shift. She may never be able to.”

“She still has Crespin blood in her. I read the history of the circle and the methods to gaining access as an elder. With Crespin blood you can mate Samantha and gain power not only in the circle but amongst all packs,” Frederick screamed as Fidelis grabbed him tighter and let him see his long, sharp teeth up close.

“How can you be sure she will even come to you when you call her?”

“She will. She has always been an obedient child. She has a kind heart for those in need. She won’t let anything bad happen to me. If I call and ask her to help me as my daughter, she will.”

Fidelis released Frederick, tossing him to the ground.

“You need to call now. Your lack of safety measures in contacting me and doing business has cost you. The Valdamar, Stevens, and Preston clans, as well as other government officials, are investigating us and our dealings. This means that Lord Crespin feels threatened, so let’s see if you can get Samantha here. Then I can determine whether

to kill you or keep you around.” Fidelis shifted back to full human form.

Frederick stared at Fidelis. A giant at six feet five inches tall with shoulder-length black hair and crystal blue eyes, the man was intimidating. Bulky muscles and a scar against his right eye added to the intimidation.

“I got her to leave New York. I will get her to come to me now.”

Frederick flipped open his cell phone.

* * * *

Samantha tossed and turned in her sleep. She went over everything that had been going on. She saw Al, then she saw Frederick and felt guilty for knowing the truth when the man had no idea that he wasn’t her father. He still deserved credit and respect for raising her. She couldn’t just forget about Frederick as if he never existed. Despite his behavior today and the fact that he was shackled up with that slut Samara, she felt obligated to at least patch things up with him. He was in danger because of what Alex injected into her. It had to be why there were burglaries and break-ins in the surrounding pack homes. She had family here that she never knew existed between her grandparents and now Al. Poor Al. How difficult it must have been for him to know he had a daughter, yet he couldn’t be with her. Sam was saddened by that. Just as it seemed everyone around her had been holding in secrets or were knowledgeable about information pertaining to her life, yet they didn’t warn her or share.

She wouldn’t let them tell her what to do anymore. When she met the brothers and nearly jumped them with such sexual desire, she had no idea what was wrong with her. Now it made sense. She was a wolf, she was their mate, and this was the process. But knowing after the fact kind of pissed her off. Then there were her grandparents, who knew she existed, yet allowed their daughter to keep away instead of fighting with her mother Alexis and making her see that they loved

her despite the marriage. Poor Marie and Lord Crespín, they looked white as ghosts when she stated that perhaps Al was her real father. It was as if something clicked just by her stating the possibility out loud. They were thrilled to have their granddaughter back but even more joyous to know that she wasn't Frederick's child. Why was that? What else were they not telling her?

Ted had lied about Alex's death. That fact alone should make her hate him. She trusted both Alex and Ted with her life, yet neither of them were confident enough to trust her in return and share their secrets? Now she was supposed to turn around as if nothing happened and forgive and forget? What about the damn chip somewhere imbedded in her body? *What the fuck!*

The tears stung her eyes, and the anger filled her belly as Sam threw back the covers and stood up. The room spun a little, but that was most likely from the lack of sleep and not the foreign object that had remained undetected in her body for two years.

Son of a bitch, Alex! How could you do this to me?

She thought about him, and her body no longer warmed at his fine military looks and fun personality. Instead, she felt detached.

Sam pulled on a pair of jeans and a T-shirt. Listening by the doorway, she knew the brothers were there talking. She heard their mumbled voices. She leaned her head against the door and listened. They were blocking her, so she couldn't hear their thoughts.

What are they hiding from me? Can I trust anyone?

The sound of her cell phone ringing startled her. Quickly she walked across the room to her bag and opened the phone.

"Hello?"

"Sammy, baby...it's Daddy."

Her chest tightened as her mind first thought about Al and then realized it was Frederick on the phone. The poor man hadn't a clue that she wasn't his daughter. Now what?

"Hi."

“Ahh...It’s so nice to hear your voice. I acted like a total moron today when I saw you, Sammy. I was angry and jealous and just upset that we missed so much time together when you left for Dallas and then New York.”

“You were the one who pushed me to go for the job in New York. You said there was nothing left in Dallas for me.” The thought made her nauseous with sadness. Her heart was broken when Alex died, and her father showed no heart at all.

“I was dead set against you getting intimately involved with the Preston boy. He wasn’t good enough for you, Sammy.”

“You didn’t even give him a chance.”

“I knew things about him that you didn’t know.”

“Like what? He didn’t have a lot of money because he was a soldier? His family owns a cattle ranch? What, Daddy? What did you know about Alex to not think he was good enough for me?”

“You’re special, Sam. You are meant for so much more. Gosh, why are we even talking about this? You have not one but five wolves from a very authoritative and superior pack claiming you their mate. My daughter mated to wolves is not what I ever expected for you. But if you’re happy, then I will learn to live with it.”

Sam gulped the lump of emotion in her throat. She was overwhelmed with confusing information of who to trust, who not to trust, and what the hell she was doing with her life. She was at a crossroads. Now she had to figure out which way was the right path to take.

Her father was there for her up until she was twenty-one. Then he was there for her on and off over the following two years. It wasn’t until she was in Dallas and living in the same apartment that he abandoned her.

Abandoned? Why did she think of her father as abandoning her?

“Sammy, are you all right, honey?”

Sammy cleared her throat.

“I’m overwhelmed with information and emotion right now.”

“You mean about Samara?”

Samantha tried to swallow her anger.

“I never liked her dad. She had a reputation as a slut and a user, so to see her with my father, yes, I am a bit angry.” Her father was silent a moment.

“That’s understandable, Sammy But I’m a grown man, and you remember the old Samara. She’s matured and has changed. I’d like to think I had something to do with that.” She heard his sincerity and attempt at lightening up the situation, but she wasn’t taking the bait. Samara appeared as if she had the ability to land any man she wanted.

“Listen, why don’t we get together and talk? I want to make up for my behavior today, and I have some other things for us to talk about. Things that I should have told you years ago.” Sam tried not to get upset. Now what?

“What kind of things?”

“Well, I’m certain you have met your grandparents. They don’t care for me, and that’s understandable. I took their daughter away from them, but it was what your mother wanted. She had been involved with another young man, and things were getting too serious. We met, fell in love, and she wanted nothing more to do with her parents. Alexa felt controlled, which made her feel out of control.”

“But she visited them when she had me. Why would she do that?”

“They told you that?”

“Yes.”

“She felt obligated to let her parents see you. But when she got there, they were even more determined to insult her and the baby since I am human, not wolf. That day they were brutal to her. She was so upset she ran from their home, through the woods, and was attacked. Somehow she and you both survived. It was all their fault. After that she vowed to never return.”

Sam felt sick to her stomach. Every time she engaged in a conversation someone revealed an old story. Then someone

contradicted the story and supposedly told the truth. Sam wondered who the hell was being truthful.

“Anyway, I want to see you. Can you come here now?”

“Now? It’s nearly eleven and dark.”

“I can send a car for you.”

“No. This can wait until tomorrow morning.”

“Your mates don’t trust you enough to let you out of their sight to see your own father for an hour? I’m not liking this, Sammy.”

She sensed that fatherly tone and cringed.

“My men will be fine with me seeing you. I will come by tomorrow.”

“Will they be with you?”

“We’ll see.”

“Until tomorrow, Sammy.” Then she heard him hang up the phone.

The bedroom door opened, and Donny stood there.

“We thought we heard your voice. What are you doing up?”

She turned her phone toward him.

“Someone called you?”

“Who?” Adam asked, joining them in the bedroom.

Sam turned away from them and sat down on the edge of the bed.

“Samantha?” Adam called to her.

“My...dad.”

Both men looked at one another then at her.

“Al?”

Sammy shook her head.

“Frederick!” Donny exclaimed, nearly growling as he took a step deeper into the room.

Sam grasped the edge of the bed and cringed at his tone.

She was glad her hair was so long because it now covered her face from their intense looks. She heard the others enter the room. The brothers could be intimidating one at a time, but together they were a force she knew she would lose against.

“What’s going on?” Dustin asked, and Donny and Adam explained.

“What the hell did he want?” Kyle joined in.

“I don’t care what he wanted, she shouldn’t be talking to him,” Trey stated, sounding furious.

“He’s my father, Trey, why wouldn’t I talk to him?” she responded, her voice cracking at the end.

“He’s not your father,” Trey countered, moving closer and placing his fingers underneath her chin to make her look at him. She refused to and stared at the floor.

“Sam, look at me,” he demanded.

Slowly, she raised her eyes. They all stared at her. Dustin and Adam with their hands on their hips, Kyle and Donny took positions on either side of the bed near her, while Trey held her stare.

Trey raised his eyebrows at her, and she absorbed his muscular arms and the long, thick fingers that held her chin. He was sexy and handsome, a soldier just like Alex was. Alex said he wanted to protect her, and so did the brothers. Her father hadn’t trusted Alex, and look where he had gotten her? Her father didn’t seem too upset with her relationship with the brothers although he did say it wasn’t what he had planned for her.

“What did he want?” he asked her.

“He’s my father, Kyle, he wants to see me.”

“No!” Adam yelled along with Donny and Kyle.

Sam jumped then stood up from the bed. She stood toe to toe with Kyle, who had over a foot and then some on her, but she wouldn’t falter.

Sam placed her hands on her hips, lay her head all the way back as far as it could go, and stared at Trey’s chin.

“You, none of you can boss me around. If I want to go see my father, I will.”

Trey grabbed her arms and bent down to look her in the eyes.

“You don’t understand, Sam. He’s not who you think he is, and he’s involved with a really bad wolf.”

Sam turned away from him, and Trey released his hold. He ran his hand through his hair and exhaled.

“Tell her, Adam. Tell her about Fidelis.”

She looked at Adam and his stern expression.

“Sit down, Sam,” Adam whispered, moving closer to her.

Trey placed a hand on her shoulder, and although he didn’t apply much pressure, she got the hint that she better sit or else.

Sam got comfortable and listened.

They explained about who Fidelis was and what their inside contacts had found out about Frederick.

“He’s up to something, Sam, and we feel that you’re in danger. If he knows about the microchip or that you’re not his daughter but Al’s, he could try to kill you.”

She shook her head in denial as the tears rolled down her cheeks. Her heart ached.

She stood up and tried to leave the room, but Dustin grabbed her and pulled her into an embrace.

“It’s all true, Sam. We’re sorry to be the ones to tell you this, but he’s bad. I know you’ve been through a lot lately and all this news about your grandparents, Al, and even Alex, but we’re your mates, Sam. We’re here to protect you and love you.”

He caressed her cheek with his hand, and she pressed her cheek against it.

“I don’t know who to trust.”

The words weren’t meant to upset or insult her men but one look around her, and that’s exactly what happened. Adam turned her from Dustin’s arms toward him. He placed his hand under her cheek and chin and held her gaze.

“Sure you do, honey. You can trust us because we are your mates, and we are your destiny just like you are ours.”

Before she could argue, Adam placed his lips over Sam's and kissed her deeply.

* * * *

"She needs reassurance, brothers. She needs all of us right now before she does something stupid. Everyone has confused her," Dustin stated through their link, and the brothers began to prove their love for their mate.

As soon as Sam was plush in his arms he released her to Dustin. Dustin kissed her just as thoroughly then removed her T-shirt and cupped her breasts. Meanwhile his brothers stripped from their clothing. Dustin took his time massaging and licking her breasts and nipples as his brother Adam massaged Sam's shoulders and scattered kisses along her neck. When Dustin removed her jeans then cupped her pussy. Sam gasped then teetered toward Adam, who caught her. His hands roamed over her ass cheeks then between the crevice.

"You are our love, our mate, our lives," Adam whispered against her ear.

It was Dustin who lifted her up and turned her around in his arms to place her on top of Trey, who lay naked on the bed. Sam straddled him then took his cock immediately inside of her.

Trey cupped her cheek as Sam began to rock against him.

"You feel so good, Sam, so hot and tight. I could stay like this forever." He pulled her down toward his face so he could kiss her.

Kyle moved in behind her and began to massage her shoulders then her back. He trailed his fingers along her spine all the way to the crevice between her cheeks. He gave one mound a squeeze then felt Sam tighten before she came. The sloshing sound echoed through the room as Sam increased her speed, riding Trey faster.

Trey pulled on her nipples then cupped her breasts.

* * * *

Kyle rubbed a finger from her pussy to her ass as she continued to ride his brother. The sound of her heart racing and the desire for more charged him up.

He pressed a finger to the puckered hole and passed through the tight rings.

Sam growled as she pushed back and forth against Trey's cock and Kyle's finger.

"Fucking beautiful. I love this ass, Sam. I want in," he growled against her shoulder, then nibbled on her neck as he pushed his finger in and out of her hole.

"Yes, yes, please," she begged, and he pulled his finger from her hole then replaced it in a flash with his throbbing cock.

He couldn't go slow, couldn't take his time. His wolf was scared that its mate was trying to separate. His brother's wolves felt the same way. They were on a mission to reclaim their mate and dissolve all her feelings of insecurity and uncertainty.

Thrust for thrust, Trey and Kyle had their way with her. Sam wouldn't allow them complete control, she gave as good as she was getting.

"I'm coming, baby, I'm coming now!" Trey exclaimed as Kyle pushed her closer to Trey so his brother could bite her as he came. Soon after, Kyle exploded inside of her, biting her skin then crushing her against Trey.

They caught their breath then Kyle pulled out of her first, and soon Trey followed. Trey rolled her to her side, where she met Adam, waiting with open arms.

Sam knew just what to do as she tossed back her long brown locks and straddled Adam.

"Come here, woman, and give me some loving," Adam stated as he wrapped a hand around her neck and shoulder, pulling her down to his mouth. He kissed her softly then more deeply as Sam lifted her rear and lined his cock with her cunt. The little vixen pushed his cock

inside her then cupped his balls before he was even halfway inside of her. “Feeling a little frisky, mate,” he teased as she closed her eyes and rocked against him. Her breasts bobbed in front of him as her hands tightened on his balls, squeezing them and turning him on beyond belief.

When Dustin gave her a slap to her ass that echoed through the room, Sam gasped then orgasmed.

The bed dipped. Adam stretched his legs wider, and Dustin moved in behind Sam. He didn’t need to test the waters first. Sam was wet and ready for her men.

* * * *

Dustin couldn’t believe the way Sam was controlling Adam, how she looked with her breasts bouncing in the air, her French-manicured fingers massaging and pulling Adam’s balls. Then as she rode him like a wild cowgirl, he felt possessive and proud of his mate. She was their woman, their destiny.

He teased her back entrance by tapping the head of his cock against her rear. Sam wiggled back toward him but never lost her rhythm as she continued to ride his brother.

“You feel that, Sam? You feel that thick, hard cock of mine? You do that to me, Sam. You make me so fucking hard. All I think about is making love to you.”

Sam slowed down her pace as Adam massaged her breasts.

“You want me inside you, too, Sam?”

“Yes,” she choked out between pants.

Dustin placed a hand on her left shoulder and squeezed her.

“I’m gonna fuck this ass so good, baby, you’re going to scream for mercy.”

“Oh!” she moaned, and Dustin lined his cock with the puckered hole then pushed through the tight rings to ecstasy. All three of them moaned together as the men began to set the pace.

* * * *

Sam felt her whole body relax and fall into her role as mate to five wolves. Something strange and magnificent filled her inside as she attempted to take both Dustin and Adam at once. They rocked up and into her repeatedly as she cheered them on, and then she felt her insides burn and her eyes change.

Her mouth felt strange. It was as if her teeth didn't fit there.

"Adam," she growled, and he locked gazes with her, showing his wolf eyes as well. She looked to the side, and she saw Trey and Kyle, their eyes changed to their wolves, too.

A glance over her shoulder and there was the magnificent green and black specks of Dustin's wolf.

She wasn't afraid. She was completely connected to the five of them.

"When you come, bite me, Sam. Bite me with those beautiful teeth of yours," Adam demanded. She shook her head.

"What if I hurt you?"

"Not likely, mate," Dustin teased, giving her ass a slap as he thrust faster.

They both picked up their pace, and Sam felt herself drift into their rhythm. She accepted their control and possession of her. They were all one, all together. Sam felt her body tighten then, ready to explode. She met them thrust for thrust then leaned forward, needing to claim Adam to begin her own domination of her men. The tension built up and up until finally she lost it. She growled then exploded as she bit into Adam's shoulder. She instinctively licked the wound then felt her men explode inside her together. They rode out the last few strokes then rested against one another.

* * * *

When Sam opened her eyes, she felt her wolf at near surface.

“By the gods, you have the most magnificent eyes I have ever seen on a wolf,” Adam complimented then caressed her cheek with the back of his hand and knuckles.

Sam smiled then looked to Dustin.

“Gorgeous,” he added, caressing her hip bone before squeezing her backside.

Donny, Trey, and Kyle made similar remarks as they kissed her. Donny kissed her belly, Trey kissed her inner calf then thigh, and Kyle leaned across Adam to kiss her lips.

She was amazed at how connected she felt, but she also felt like there was something more. It was just out of reach.

She sat up, and so did Adam and Dustin.

“What is it?” Dustin asked.

“I feel strange. I feel like I’m not quite whole, but I’m halfway there. Does that make sense?”

“Sure it does. Your teeth are elongated, your eyes are that of a wolf, yet you’re still in human form.”

“I need more,” she stated and jumped up from the bed.

Dustin chuckled as he watched her pace the room.

“What do you mean ‘more’?”

“Show me how to shift. I want to...now,” she demanded.

They looked at one another then smiled.

“Okay. You need to take that sensation you have inside of you. That desire for more and to reach that completeness, and focus on it.”

Sam closed her eyes and tried to hone in on that feeling. She felt it building and building.

Then she heard her men’s voices.

“Embrace your family heritage. Give in to your true self and the power of your wolf, Sam,” Kyle told her.

“You are not alone, Sam. Your mates are forever by your side,” Donny stated.

“It’s right there, you’re doing it,” Dustin encouraged her.

Sam felt her bones begin to move and shift, her body transitioned, and she felt the bite of a stinging pain, but the desire to be free, to be her true self wiped it out. A moment or so later, she was on all fours, and her heart soared. She shook from head to tail, nearly losing her balance.

“Stunning!” Dustin exclaimed, and the men walked around her, taking in her form.

“What? Is something wrong with me? Am I ugly?” she asked and wagged her tail at them.

“Fuck, no, baby. You’re hot,” Trey stated then caressed her fur.

“She’s shiny and soft, her color is amazing. I’ve never seen such a brown, and look at those red highlights. Incredible.”

“I want to run!” she exclaimed then took off through the doorway. Her men followed suit, calling after her.

“It’s different on all fours, Sam. Be careful!”

But Sam took off. They changed into their wolves and followed suit as Sam raced through the courtyard and into the fields on the back property.

* * * *

She was overjoyed with happiness. Finally she felt whole and special inside. Transforming into a wolf destroyed all her feelings of inadequacy and sadness. The fresh air, the scent of trees and her men filled her. Her sense of smell was incredible. Her snout twisted in numerous directions as she debated about which scent to follow and which was more intriguing. She raced her men, and they played with her, nipping at her tail and pressing their muzzles underneath her tail. As a female she instinctively knew what they were after. She craved it herself and knew that she was meant for them.

She dodged their attempts, but her wolf knew that she wouldn’t be able to fend them off if they wanted to pounce on her. The thought of

making love to them in this form had her teasing them with her essence.

“Watch that, Sam, I don’t know if you’re ready for that yet,” Trey teased.

“If you catch me, I’ll let you try it,” she teased back, and then took off to the right, trying to trick him. She ran right into Kyle, who rolled her to the ground and straddled her. They growled at each other then wrestled on the grass until Kyle flipped her over and mounted her from behind. There was no way she could move as he pressed his cock inside of her. It was amazing and beautiful, and she felt complete. Just as Kyle came, he howled, telling all what was happening. Sam followed suit, howling along with him then waiting as the others made love to her as well.

* * * *

Feeling content and spent, she curled into a ball on the grass that overlooked a stream. Her wolves gathered around her in a circle of warmth and protection.

She released a sigh as her head lay over her paws and she embraced the smell of her mates.

“How do you feel, Sam?” Donny asked through their link.

She was silent a moment, and then the word came to her.

“Free.”

They all snuggled tighter, and she knew they felt her emotions and they understood how momentous this was for Sam. It was a new beginning, a new life with her mates.

Chapter 18

Kyle and Trey remained with Sam as she slept in bed. Her transformation into wolf then back again into her human form had exhausted her. That would continue to happen until her body got used to it. They would each see her through the process.

Dustin and Adam left early to talk to their contacts and see if they could get some extra security around the village. Especially around Sam, her grandparents, and the other women in the surrounding packs. They called for a meeting with all area alphas and, of course, Lord Crespin.

Kyle caressed Sam's hair. The brown locks cascaded over the pillow and against Trey's neck.

Sam hummed at his touch.

"I survived. Are you impressed?" she whispered then yawned, covering her mouth then turning onto her belly.

Kyle smiled.

"I guess I'm impressed. Why would you think that you couldn't survive the shift?"

She was silent a moment as if contemplating her words. She closed her eyes again and clasped his hand beneath the sheets.

"Insecurity, I suppose. Everything was just too perfect in wolf form, and now that I am back in human form, I feel conflicted."

"Conflicted? You mean because you were raised human?"

"Kyle, aside from the fact that I am a descendant of wolves, look how dysfunctional my family is, never mind how screwed up my life turned out to be."

Kyle leaned forward and kissed Sam on the forehead. Then Trey cuddled closer against her other side. He began to rub the palm of his hand along her spine and over her bottom.

“Wolves don’t do dysfunctional, Sam. Your human rules and systematic beliefs of how a person should or shouldn’t live their lives are so minimal compared to the heart and soul of a wolf.”

Sam stared at Kyle as if he were nuts.

He scooted down lower so that their gazes locked.

“You remember how you felt when you were in wolf form?”

She nodded her head.

“Tell us what you felt, what stood out to you?” Trey asked.

“I felt free and alive. I could breathe easily, and I could smell so many different scents. I wasn’t sure which one to follow, but I wanted to investigate all of them. I loved running through the woods and, of course, you chasing me.” She blushed as she lowered her head.

Kyle teased her.

“No need to feel shy or embarrassed around us, Sam. We’ve seen you in every form, naked, and always sexy as damn hell.” He squeezed her hand, and she shifted her body so that she now lay on her side as she embraced him.

Her stomach growled, and they laughed.

“How about we take showers and then meet the others for breakfast?” Trey suggested, rising from the bed.

“Do I have to face the others? I’m not sure I’m ready for more information about my family tree.”

Kyle chuckled.

“We are all going to be there for you, Sam.”

Sam lifted up and leaned on her elbow. “I forgot about meeting my dad. He’ll be calling me again for sure.”

Both men felt their cackles rise.

“We’ll see, Sam. Let’s get through breakfast with Ted and your grandparents first.”

She smiled then touched Kyle’s chin.

“We’ll talk about it once I get my cup of coffee in me and some food. I’m starving.”

They began to get out of bed when Sam grabbed a hold of both their hands.

“What is it?” Trey asked.

She lowered her eyes then pulled them closer to her.

“I may need some help in the shower,” she teased.

Kyle swiftly lifted Sam up and tossed her over his shoulder.

“No need to ask twice. I’m in,” he replied as he hurriedly headed toward the bathroom. Trey was right behind them.

* * * *

Sam felt as if she were simply glowing. Even as she walked, she felt more confident and sure of herself. It didn’t matter as long as she had her mates beside her.

She smiled and waved as she entered the large kitchen. Not only were her men, her grandparents, and Ted there, but so were a few other men as well.

“Good morning, Samantha.” Lord Crespian greeted her with a smile, but she embraced the man and instantly sensed his relief.

She inhaled as her nose absorbed not only fragrances but also emotions of those around her. Her grandmother was happy but uneasy just like her grandfather. Her mates were concerned but proud as she entered the room, and Al was anxious and uncertain.

She immediately felt the tinge of guilt for Al having that feeling. There was also a feeling of closeness to him. She walked over to him and took his hand. The others remained quiet as she closed her eyes and brought his hand to her lips. The tears stung her eyes at the realization of who he really was. Her wolf knew better than her human self and her broken heart.

“Sam.” Al cautiously said her name, and she shook her head, indicating silently for him not to say another word. The silence filled the room, but Sam embraced the bond with her father.

She wasn’t sure what to say, so she said the first thing she could think of as she opened her eyes and held his gaze.

“We will work it out. I feel you inside of me. Here,” she stated, placing his hand over her hand over her heart.

“So that was you we heard last night?” Marie asked.

Sam released Al’s hand and went to Dustin. She placed one hand on his shoulder and one on Trey’s.

“A lady never kisses and tells.”

“Well, wolves do,” Kyle teased then gave Sam a wink.

She blushed and turned away.

“You did shift into a wolf last night?” Al questioned.

Sam smiled.

“She is definitely your child, brother,” one of the men she did not know stated as he walked closer to her.

“I’m Matt, Al’s brother.” He held out his hand for her to take.

Sam was surprised, but as she looked at the other two men and saw the resemblances, she smiled.

“Ahh...more secrets revealed. I have uncles now, too,” she replied sarcastically but shook Matt’s hand. He was tall like Al, and he shared his smile as well.

“Those two are Tom and Jimmy.”

It was Al who introduced the other brothers.

“Nice to meet you.”

“How about some food?” Ted suggested, and everyone agreed as they took seats around the table. A few moments later they were served trays of food. Sam was starving as she eyed the eggs, bacon, hash browns, and pancakes. They all began to make their plates and eat.

By the time they were finished, the conversation focused back on their packs, Sam's position once her role and identity was established, and what to do about Fidelis.

* * * *

As they left the kitchen and entered the porch outside, Sam thought about the information that was shared during breakfast.

"I'm supposed to meet Frederick this morning."

Sam's words got everyone's attention. A series of gasps and orders went through the air.

"We discussed this last night and decided that you weren't going to see him," Adam pointed out.

"You discussed it last night then changed the subject," she challenged.

"You can't go, Sam, we don't know how he is involved, and he can't be trusted," Al added.

"Exactly why I should go meet with him. He's the reason we're all here."

"It could be a trap," Matt added.

"More than likely it is," she replied.

"Then why meet him, Sam? Why put yourself in danger?"

"I wouldn't be in danger because I am not just a human anymore. In shifting last night, so many things have become clear to me. It was as if the blinds were raised and a new light shone upon all the questions I had. Is it not my 'destiny' to be a ruler, a leader, and, eventually, an elder of the circle?"

"Yes, it is, but you need time to learn and be taught the ways of the wolf. Throwing yourself in front of the enemy is not showing leadership," Al proclaimed.

"Yes, but that would be true if the enemy knew that I was of the wolf and a future leader. To him or them, I am merely a human."

"He could know somehow about the microchip," Ted added.

“No. There is no way he could know, and I’m not planning on telling anyone anything. Besides, even if he did know, he couldn’t do anything about it. I’ll have my mates with me,” Sam said then looked toward her mates.

“I hate to say this, but Sam going in there to meet Frederick could give us insight into his plans. He could reveal information about Fidelis or any business he has,” Crespin stated.

“I don’t think I like this,” Kyle replied.

“Well the choice is mine. He may not be my biological father, but he did raise me since birth. I owe the man his requested meeting. If our relationship ends today, then so be it.” Sam stood up and began to walk toward the doorway.

Dustin stopped her and pulled her to him.

“We will make a plan for your visit. Two of us will be with you at all times while the other three remain nearby. We’ll figure out who will be where. You are not to take any chances, and if your gut tells you something is up, you need to get the hell out of there,” Dustin ordered then stared at her with a stern expression, challenging her to dare and disagree.

Instead, Sam wrapped her arms around his neck and smiled.

“Let’s start planning,” she whispered then kissed him.

* * * *

They gathered around the kitchen, making plans and organizing which wolves would be where. Team Two, the brothers’ cousins showed up decked out in their camouflage looking fierce and ready for action.

It was Logan who snuck up on her, grabbed her around the waist, and snuggled next to her neck.

“Oh, yeah, it was you last night. We’re proud of you,” he whispered then inhaled.

It tickled, and she began to laugh as she gave him a smack to his thigh.

“Cut it out,” Dustin exclaimed, half smirking and half trying to look serious.

Logan squeezed her tighter.

“Ah, come on. I was just confirming that the luscious scent we found and tracked to here was hers.”

“You know damn well it is hers,” Adam chimed in, giving Logan a look that told him to release his mate.

“What do you mean followed my scent?” Sam asked as Logan slowly released her then placed his hands on her shoulders.

“You have an incredible scent when in wolf form. We followed it immediately, and it stopped the moment we got to the house. Since we know everyone else’s scent in here, I figured it had to be you.”

Sam twisted her shoulders out of Logan’s grasp and dodged his hands.

“It’s really going to take some time for me to get used to all this sniffing and scenting stuff. Humans aren’t used to that sort of thing. It’s kind of insulting if someone smells you.”

Adam pulled Sam into his arms as Logan leaned his hands on the table and looked at the blueprints of Frederick’s ranch.

He nuzzled next to her neck as he nibbled and kissed the tender flesh.

“He wasn’t insulting you, Sam. It was a compliment. Logan meant that you smell unique and appealing. This means, we’ll have to keep an eye on you, especially as the mating process continues.”

“Geesh! You mean we’re still not fully bonded yet? How the hell long does this take?” She crossed her arms in front of her chest, pretending to be bored with the process.

He rubbed the palm of his hand along her belly then across her ribs, just barely missing her breast.

“It could take a while,” he whispered in her ear then nibbled on her lobe.

“All right, enough of that. Let’s get down to business,” Dustin commanded, giving her and Adam a stern look as if angry for their public display.

They both raised their hands to salute him, and everyone started laughing except for Dustin.

Sam left the kitchen, giving the men time to plan their strategy in case this meeting was a setup. Sam couldn’t imagine that it was. After all, Frederick had no idea that she wasn’t his daughter.

* * * *

Sam stood near the open sliding doors that looked over the deck and gardens. The house was lovely and the surrounding wooded landscape appealing to both her human and wolf side. As she inhaled she sensed the movement behind her and knew that it was Al. He hadn’t even entered the room completely, yet she knew it was him and sensed it.

“Are they just about done?” she asked without turning around.

She heard his chuckle then felt him near her.

“Just about, Sam. They want to be sure they have most of their bases, if not all of them, covered.”

She tried to remain relaxed, but she sensed her father’s uneasiness. Sam was certain this was difficult for him. Now that she had time to think about his emotions and how hard it must have been for him all these years, she wanted to ease some of that concern.

“I’m not angry with you anymore.”

He was silent as he stood beside her and looked out toward the woods.

“You aren’t?”

She turned toward him as he turned toward her.

“No. I couldn’t imagine how difficult it must have been all these years, knowing that you had a child that you couldn’t love.”

He reached out and touched her cheek with the palm of his hand. Sam closed her eyes and absorbed the fatherly caress.

“That’s where you are wrong, Sam. I loved you since the moment I found out you were mine.” He pulled away and glanced toward the woods again. Sam’s heart ached for him. He had truly been hurt.

Sam took his hand, startling him a moment, but she didn’t release him.

“I, for one, believe that you and I have a lot of time to make up. That will start as soon as this meeting with Frederick is over.”

He squeezed her hand and held her gaze.

“I know you believe him to be a decent man. I knew him years ago when he took your mother away from me. He is not who he seems, Sam. Do not trust him for a minute. He was the reason your mother and I couldn’t be together, why I had to stay in the shadows during your upbringing, and why your mother is nowhere to be found.”

Sam swallowed hard. The question immediately sprang into her mind.

“What did happen to my mother?”

She felt Al’s instant emotion of turmoil and emptiness.

“She disappeared, and Frederick told the family that she had died.”

“Do you believe this is true?”

He was silent a moment as if contemplating his words, and Sam wished she could hear his thoughts.

“If she is dead, then I believe that Frederick is responsible.”

Sam felt her eyes widen at his accusation. Was it his emotions, his loss of a lover to another man, that made him say such a thing, or could the possibility be true?

They were silent.

“I can only tell you what I recall as a child. My earliest recollection of my mother was her holding me and the way she smelled. Then she was gone and Frederick had different child care

providers as I was growing up. I had trainers, teachers, and private instructors of all kinds. By the time I was twelve, I was a black belt in Tae Kwon Do and other forms of martial arts. I could speak five languages which I am still able to speak today. I believe he was training me for something.”

“Sabe o idioma dos seus antepasados e da palavra falada do círculo de anciãos?”

She looked toward him as he asked if she knew the language of the circle of elders, which was Gaelic, and instantly responded back in Gaelic.

“É unha das miñas linguas favoritas. Peguei nel rapidamente e meu pai estaba satisfeito.”

She told him it was a language she had picked up on very quickly and that her father was very pleased.

“He may have thought that you could become a ruler if you were to mate with the right wolf. However, when you couldn’t shift by your twenty-first birthday, he had given up hope. It shows his self-centeredness and his true reasons for forcing your mother to mate with him.”

Sam felt sick to her stomach as she held herself, wrapping an arm around her waist. Suddenly she recalled little comments and conversations her father had with others over the years.

He was insistent that she work out, study, and train for hours. When she met Alex and Ted, she strayed from her studies without him knowing, but her skills were rusty when he tested her. He always tested her at dinner or when she first woke up in the morning. It kept her on edge and ready to respond on an instant’s notice. She had forgotten about all of that. Her focus had grown over the wellness of her two best friends Ted and Alex.

“I’m so sorry that I didn’t try to take you away from Frederick. I had no idea he was doing these things to you. I thought I was protecting you, Sam.”

“You were protecting me the best way you knew how. I had Alex and Ted beside me for many years. They helped me to get through all that intensity.”

“Yes, but Frederick feared your involvement with them.”

“He feared that I would end up with Ted or Alex or both. He expressed his anger and disappointment in me for falling in love with them.”

Just then she sensed Ted entering the room. She was embarrassed that he heard her words of love for him and his brother although something told her he already knew how she felt.

“We should have taken you away from Frederick when we had the chance. We thought we were doing the right thing,” Ted stated, moving further into the room and closer to Sam and Al.

She smiled at him.

“The decisions we have all made have brought us here now, together.”

He moved closer and held her gaze. Sam felt her wolves and their cousins begin to enter the room as well.

“Alex and I could have saved you then. If we had mated, then you wouldn’t be going through such sadness and pain right now.”

“You don’t know that, Ted. Besides, you and Alex were not meant to be my mates. You were meant to be my protectors. I will always love you for that. I fear that if you both weren’t present in my life at the time I may have done something foolish to end it all.”

Ted’s eyes widened at her proclamation. She knew they all heard her, but it was true. At one time or another in her life, she wondered why she even existed.

“I love you, too, Sam, and I will always be around to protect you. Please be careful today. I know your wolves will explain how the order works and what your responsibilities are as an Alpha female and ruler, but always know that I am here for you. I will serve you as my princess and my friend.” He bowed his head, took her hand into his own, and kissed the top of it.

Sam felt the tears fill her eyes then the realization that everyone was staring at her.

“Well, are we ready?” she asked as she glanced around the room at all the men. They had the appearance of a small army. Most were dressed in military fatigues or all in black. Her men the most appealing to her eyes as she looked over each of them. The others left the room, including Al and Ted.

“There is still time to change your mind,” Trey whispered as he placed a strong hand under her hair against her neck, as he pulled her to him.

“It has to be done. There are unanswered questions and things our packs need to know.”

Trey smiled then kissed her.

He took her hand and led her out of the house and to the awaiting SUVs.

* * * *

Dustin, Kyle, and Adam took position around the perimeter of Frederick’s ranch. Ted and Al were with Team Two in the surrounding woods as Sam, Trey, and Donny pulled up in front of the ranch house.

They watched from a distance as Frederick greeted them. He was alone, but Trey and Donny both sensed Samara. They equally felt on guard as they entered the house.

* * * *

“I am pleased that you returned to me, Sammy. I apologize to your mates for my blatant disrespect. I am human not wolf and don’t fully understand how easily my comments insulted you.” Frederick eyed them from head to toe, and Sam sensed her father’s anxiousness.

“Our concern is our mate. You are her father and she loves you, so we forgive the disrespectfulness this time,” Donny replied.

Frederick held Donny’s gaze then looked at his daughter. He took her hand and smiled.

“Let’s go sit in the living room. Perhaps your men could remain here so we can talk?” he suggested.

Sam looked at Donny and Trey.

“Would you mind? I haven’t seen my dad in too long.” She pleaded with her eyes.

Donny and Trey held her gaze then looked at Frederick.

“We’ll be right here,” Donny replied, and Frederick took Sam into the living room.

* * * *

“They are very protective of you.”

“I’ve come to realize that wolves, especially Alpha males, are quite protective of what belongs to them.”

He looked her over, and she half felt as if he were disappointed and half as if he were proud that she understood the men’s position.

“Are you happy with them? I mean, I had high hopes for you, Sammy, and ending up with a small wolf pack was not one of them.”

“I am very happy with them, Father. They are not as small of a pack as you may think. Not that I truly understand the hierarchy of such things, but they tell me that their pack is very large and well respected.”

“Yes, the Valdamar are respected, but how does their family feel about their Alphas mating a human?”

She pretended embarrassment a moment, playing her role as human, but she sensed her father’s disrespect.

She looked up at him with pretend tears in her eyes.

“They love me, Father. As I am certain you can relate to considering that you are human and my mother was of the wolf.”

His eyes widened at the mention of her mother. She had been forbidden to ever mention Alexa.

“Your mother didn’t love you. She betrayed us both and left. Wolves are to protect their young and nurture them. She didn’t bother with that.”

“What really happened to my mother?”

He stared at her as if her question completely caught him off guard. In her mind her wolves warned her to tread carefully.

“She is of no importance to you.”

“What do you mean ‘of no importance,’ Father? I have met her parents. I have seen a portrait of her, which looked nothing like the woman in the picture I held all the years growing up. What happened to her? Where did she go?”

“She’s gone, and it doesn’t matter. What matters now is your destiny.”

She felt on guard and suddenly as if there was trouble outside. She stood and looked toward the doorway.

“What’s going on?” she asked just as she felt her mates shift then roars echo through the house. It was Donny who warned her to not shift but remain in her human form.

“Enough of this nonsense talk!” Sam swung around at the sound of a deep, strange voice.

She gasped as she saw a very large man with thick, black hair that hugged his shoulders and bright blue eyes. The scar above his eye made him look lethal and barbaric. She sensed his evilness and knew he was bad.

“She is more beautiful in the flesh than in the pictures,” he stated, walking toward her.

“Father?” she whispered, wondering who the hell this guy was.

She attempted to contact her mates and make them aware of the man in the room, but they did not respond back. Fear made her belly clench and tighten.

The man towered over her. As he inhaled her scent, his eyes began to glow, and she attempted to take a step away from him.

In a flash he held her wrist then pulled her to him.

“Precious little thing you are.” He eyed her breasts, as if he could see through the material of the red tank dress she wore.

He inhaled again and squinted his eyes.

“Valdamar, huh?”

“She has begun the mating process, Fidelis,” Frederick stated, and Samantha felt her insides quiver with trepidation. Fidelis was the name of the elder the men had been concerned over. That name was the same name that the creature stated when he attacked her in her home. He had said that Fidelis won’t be happy. Her mind traveled in numerous directions as she attempted to pull away from the man holding her.

“Do not fight it, my mate. Embrace your destiny as we leave this place and begin our journey.”

“What? I’m not going anywhere with you. Father?” she stated then looked toward Frederick in hope that he was not in cahoots with this man.

“It is what I have trained you and prepared you for all these years, Sammy. You are going to mate with Fidelis, bear his children, and help him to become the most powerful Alpha of the circle and of all wolf packs,” Frederick stated, with such enthusiasm and pride it made her want to hit him.

“No! I won’t go with you. I am mated to the Valdamar brothers.”

“No need to fret, Sammy. Your men are being eliminated as we speak. It was a nice bonus that they brought the others along with them. I can destroy numerous packs by killing their Alphas and taking over their wolves.” Fidelis began to pull her along with him.

“Head through the basement,” Frederick told them as the sound of growls and things crashing filled the front entranceway. Her men and their cousins were fighting to get to her. She felt their anger, their determination to get inside.

* * * *

“Fidelis is in there! He has her and plans on taking our mate!”
Donny yelled to the others as he and Trey continued to fight off the attackers.

“There are too many to fight alone. Backup is on the way!”
Dustin growled.

They were all fighting in wolf form, trying to get to Samantha. Fear clenched their guts at the knowledge that they may not get to their mate in time.

“I feel her fear. She believes that we are being killed off one by one.”

“Samantha, we are alive and on our way. Hold tight, baby,”
Adam yelled as he dodged a hit and bit into the throat of one of Fidelis’s men.

* * * *

“How can you stand here and let this happen? What kind of a man are you?” Sam screamed at her father as Fidelis pulled her toward the wall and a secret doorway.

“You are the whole reason why I married your mother. I wanted to rule and have it all. Once you are mated to Fidelis, I will have my rightful position by his side.”

“You’re a monster, and I hate you. I will never love this wolf. I would rather die than be with him.” She screamed as she attempted to pull from Fidelis’s grasp.

“She is just like her mother. She is feisty and needs to learn her place.” Fidelis went through the doorway along with Frederick, pulling Sam along with them.

“What do you know about my mother? I was a small child when she died.”

Fidelis smirked as they descended the staircase and walked into a large basement filled with more antiques. She caught sight of Samara, the smug-looking bitch. It irked Sam to know that that woman was involved with this as well.

“Is that what Frederick told you?” Fidelis asked as she released Sam and looked her over as if she were an enticing meal.

Sam looked at her father then back at Fidelis.

“She’s gone, it doesn’t matter,” Frederick replied, but he looked scared.

Fidelis grabbed a hold of Frederick and held him by his throat.

“Did you think I didn’t know Alexa was still alive? Did you think you could really fake her death and get away with it?”

Sam stepped back and covered her mouth at the insinuation. One look at Frederick and she feared the next sentence from his lips.

“What do you care if Alexa lives or dies? You need her daughter, and I am giving her to you.”

“All ends must be tied, and there can be no exceptions, first you then Alexa.” Fidelis snapped Frederick’s neck, and she watched as her father fell to the floor.

Sam screamed then attempted to run. She saw Samara’s face and the look of hatred that covered her. She struck at Sam with a knife, and Sam dodged the hit. They circled one another as Sam prepared to fight for her life. She could do this.

“I need her alive, Samara,” Fidelis stated as Samara lunged again toward Sam.

“I am better than her. She’s not even a wolf!” Samara ran toward Sam, kicking and swinging, as Sam amazingly dodged each strike and retaliated by hitting back.

A punch to Samara’s chin then stomach made Samara begin to shift.

Sam knew she needed to do something now.

A quick block and she got the knife away from Samara, picked it up, and was about to strike when she felt the hit to the back of her

neck. The pain radiated through to her shoulders. Samantha fell to the floor then covered the back of her neck as she glanced up toward Fidelis.

He held a long syringe in his hand then pointed to Samara, telling her to leave.

She kicked at Sam, causing her to cry out in pain. But instantly Sam began to feel numb. She was filled with fear as the room spun and Fidelis lifted her up into his arms.

Help! He stuck me with a needle, and I can't fight him.

Sam called to her wolves but received no response.

* * * *

Fidelis placed her on the long, solid table.

"You are quite resourceful. Your father has trained you well. You indeed will make the perfect mate for me." Fidelis began to tie her wrists with rope and connect them to hooks on the table. She attempted to fight him, but her body and mind seemed to move in slow motion.

She shook her head side to side.

"No! I won't do this. I will never be yours."

She watched as he removed his shirt then crawled up on the table between her legs. Her heart pounded in her chest as the tears flowed from her eyes.

His hands covered her legs then slowly moved over her skin, under the material of her dress to her hips. He flipped the material up, revealing her thighs and her covered mound. Leaning down, he inhaled with his eyes closed.

"Ahhh...you smell amazing."

He opened his eyes as she attempted to wiggle free from confinement.

"Except, of course, for that rancid smell of Valdamar."

"I hate you!" she spit at him. He wiped the saliva from his face and licked his lips.

"Tasty," he teased then rubbed the palms of his hands over her breast. He shocked her as he ripped the material, revealing her lace-covered bra and abundant amount of flesh.

His eyes glowed black and dark blue as he licked his lips, his elongated teeth filled with drool as he stared at her flesh.

"I will enjoy tasting every inch of you." He cupped her breasts, and she screamed for him to release her.

He struck her face, causing blood to drip from her mouth. The move stirred her wolf. She closed her eyes, trying hard not to shift or reveal her ability as she called to her mates. She didn't get an answer. They weren't coming, and she wasn't going to succumb to this monster.

When his tongue lashed out against her inner thighs, she screamed again, crying for her mates.

"*Where are you?*" Dustin yelled, and she opened her eyes as if her were right here in the room with her.

"*Downstairs in the basement. He has me tied up. He ripped my dress and is determined to mate me.*" She screamed the words and heard her men's roar. She wasn't certain if it was in her mind or if Fidelis heard it as well. When she opened her eyes, he stared at her, wide-eyed and full of concern.

"Your eyes? You are of the wolf?" he asked, and she tried to pull her arms free.

He looked around, and she knew that he had heard the growls. He quickly undid his pants and began to strip. Sam felt her incisors elongate and her wolf begin to surface.

She teetered between succumbing to the tranquilizer, or whatever drug was in the needle, to giving in to the shift.

"*Shift, Sam! You must not let him have you!*" Kyle yelled, and Sam began to shift.

* * * *

The ties that bound her wrists became shredded material as she shifted to wolf.

Fidelis did the same and actually stared at her in awe for a moment before he pounced.

“I can take you in any form. You are lovely in both, and no man or wolf would resist such sex appeal,” he growled as he rolled her to her stomach.

She fought as hard as she could and rolled him to his back. They banged into numerous items around the room, causing a ruckus. The men would surely know where to find her.

She bit at Fidelis, and he bit back. He was monstrous compared to her, and she knew she wouldn’t win this fight. She just needed to hold him off until her men got there.

The sound of a door bursting open and numerous growls filled the basement just as Fidelis rolled Sam to her stomach and mounted her.

He was about to press his cock to her entrance when numerous wolves attacked, bringing Fidelis to the ground.

She heard his torturous cries of pain as Donny ripped Fidelis’s throat from his neck and the others continued to demolish him.

Sam panted for air as she slumped to the ground and closed her eyes.

Chapter 19

Sam teetered in and out of consciousness. She was in human form, was naked when she heard the muffled voices around her. Her men yelled for something to cover her, and she sensed their cousins in the room.

She felt the warmth and her body being shifted as they dressed her in something. Instantly, she smelled Dustin. She was wearing his shirt.

She smiled.

“Dustin,” she whispered.

He cupped her face, and although she couldn’t see straight, she knew it was him and absorbed his body. She could see the muscles on his chest and what appeared to be blood.

She reached out, missing him completely and grasping a shirt instead.

“You’re hurt.”

“No, baby. I’m fine. How are you feeling?” he asked as he caressed her cheek.

“I can’t see straight. I think it’s from the needle.”

* * * *

Dustin clenched his teeth. He could smell Fidelis all over her, and he didn’t like where his scent was most prominent. They had nearly failed their mate.

“You were amazing, Sam. You defended yourself and fought off an Alpha wolf,” Donny added from beside her.

“Where’s Samara?” she asked.

They all looked at one another.

“She was here?” Trey asked.

“She attacked me with a knife. I was fighting her off until Fidelis struck me with the syringe. Then he ordered her to leave.”

“Our cousins and the others haven’t seen her,” Adam responded.

“She got away then.”

“We’ll find her, Sam. She won’t be able to hide once we inform your grandfather and the other elders,” Dustin spoke to her then pulled her into an embrace.

“Is she okay?” Al asked as he and Ted walked closer.

Dustin had made sure that Ted and Al stayed at a distance until they could cover Sam up. Their cousins had seen her naked, but they had been right by their side the entire time.

“Dad?” she called to him, and Dustin and his brothers moved out of the way so Al could embrace his daughter.

“I was so scared. Thank the gods that you and your mates share such an intense bond.”

Ted moved next to her, and she grabbed his hand and squeezed it.

“Help me up,” she asked.

“Are you sure you can stand?” Al asked her as he helped her.

“Yes. I have to stand. We have some investigating to do,” Sam stated.

“Investigating?” Ted asked.

Sam looked at Al and grabbed both his hands. The tears filled her eyes as she held his gaze.

“My mother, your mate, Alexa, is alive.”

Dustin grabbed a hold of Al as he appeared he might pass out.

“What?” Al asked, and Sam explained about what Fidelis and Frederick had revealed.

* * * *

They had looked through papers and files for hours until finally Dustin demanded that Sam get back to the estate and rest. Her eyes were nearly closing from exhaustion.

Their cousins Logan and Jake had called over two hours ago and said that they found Samara. Lord Crespin and the elders would be dealing with her punishment.

Finally she agreed and left with her mates to go back to the village. Once she saw her grandparents and explained what had happened, they called in their enforcers and began to make numerous arrests and inquiries into Fidelis's estate as well as into Frederick's.

* * * *

Sam emerged from the long, hot bubble bath and slowly made her way to the bedroom. She had been a bit disappointed that none of her men had joined her. Until she walked into their room.

Trey, Donny, and Kyle lay naked on the bed. Adam and Dustin sat alongside in the two armchairs looking just as sexy and appealing as could be.

Her heart hammered in her chest. She loved these men with all her heart. She felt something extra strong building inside of her, and when she was showering she realized what it was. Although she hadn't the time or opportunity to take any kind of test, she knew she was with child. They had given her the greatest gift of all besides their love. She held the thoughts deep within her where her men couldn't read them. She was waiting for the perfect moment.

Placing her hands on her hips, she stared at them. Each was sporting a long, thick cock, making her mouth drool and her pussy weep with anticipation. The wolf inside of her wanted to devour her men. She was ready for anything they could dish out.

She placed her hands on the silk material of her gown and slowly began to pull it up and over her torso.

She licked her lips as she eyed Trey, Donny, and Kyle.

“Hurry up and get over here, woman,” Trey demanded as he jumped up to kneel on the bed. His cock tapped against the satin sheets, and his eyes glowed dark brown with specks of green.

She pulled the material over her head, and an instant later Dustin held her arms, using the material from her negligee to keep her restrained.

Her breasts pressed forward, her heart hammered with anticipation against her chest. She felt Dustin’s cock against her lower back then the crevice between her ass cheeks as he rubbed up and down behind her.

Sam parted her legs just as Adam appeared in front of her.

He placed his hands on her hips and fell to his knees.

“You’re so fucking hot.” He growled while he caressed her hip bones and kissed her belly.

She felt the giddiness inside her and a feeling of anticipation as the realization hit her that a baby was growing inside of her.

Dustin tightened his hold on her restraints then kissed the back of her neck as he slid one hand along her ribs then to her breast. Cupping the firm, plump mound, he began to massage it.

Cream leaked from her folds as she moaned from their touch.

* * * *

Adam couldn’t take it any longer. Her scent was intoxicating, and although they had decided that Trey, Donny, and Kyle would have her first, Adam needed something to hold him off.

He pressed a finger to her folds, and Sam moaned her release. She was so responsive. He lifted her thigh over his shoulder and plunged in and out of her, making her wild with need.

He had to taste her. Her scent was somehow even more appealing than ever as he licked her cream and sucked her clit.

Dustin pulled her nipples, causing Sam to wiggle beneath his hold as they had their way with her.

Adam slurped and licked her from back to front, his tongue elongating, and needed more.

“You taste so good,” he growled, lowering her leg and kissing her mound. Something inside him stirred. He was suddenly feeling even more possessive. As if that were even possible.

* * * *

Dustin removed the garment from her hands and turned her toward him. He kissed her lips, and she wrapped her arms around his neck best she could as she stood on tiptoes.

He bent down, lifting her leg over his shoulder, needing something to hold him off until it was his turn to love her. He tasted her cream and sensed a difference there. He wasn't sure what it was, but she tasted amazing.

* * * *

Sam held on to Dustin's shoulders as he ate her cream and twirled his tongue inside her. She felt that incredible itch, yet it seemed less antagonizing. Was this part of the mating bond? Could they be fully mated now that she was with child?

Sam felt Trey move in behind her. He kissed her neck, and she reached behind her to caress his cheek. She twirled her fingers into his dark brown hair and yanked at him to suck harder against her neck. She wanted more.

Dustin placed her feet on the ground, and Trey pulled her backwards toward the bed. Now Donny moved around behind her. She sensed him as Trey turned her around to straddle Donny on the bed.

They locked gazes.

“Hi,” she whispered.

“Hi,” he replied then closed his eyes as she grasped his cock and began to slide her hand up and down the shaft.

She lifted her rear, needing them inside her to make love to her. She was wet and ready as she aligned Donny’s cock with her pussy and slowly took him inside of her.

Sam rocked her hips as Trey took position behind her, kissing her shoulders, her back, and then her rear. She grabbed on to Donny’s chest. She loved the feel of his muscles beneath her fingertips and the way his bright green eyes held her gaze.

“I love you,” he whispered.

“I love you, too,” she replied.

“I love you, as well,” Trey whispered as he placed his mouth against her neck and shoulder then slowly pushed his cock through the tight rings of her back entrance.

Sam moaned, closed her eyes, and rocked between her two lovers.

* * * *

“You feel incredible, mate. You’re so tight, so wet for us,” Trey stated through clenched teeth as he pushed her forward against Donny’s chest, getting deeper penetration.

Donny kissed her lips and held her to him. When he released her lips, he turned her to the right, and she smiled when she saw Kyle. He held his cock in his hand and locked gazes with her. He was so handsome. So incredibly sexy with his chiseled muscles and authoritative expression. If he issued an order, she would do exactly as he said.

“In that case, I want that wet, sexy mouth wrapped around my cock...now,” he demanded as he cupped her head and pulled her closer.

She licked her lips then took him inside her, licking across his shaft then devouring the pre-cum from the mushroom top.

Together the three of them developed and synched their strokes. She relaxed between them, letting her men set the pace and bring her to orgasm.

* * * *

“I can’t hold back. She’s so tight,” Trey roared as he pumped faster into her then exploded inside her. She moaned around Kyle’s cock then felt him tighten and release his essence as he roared. She swallowed quickly, taking all of him as Donny thrust up into her. He held her hips and rapidly thrust up and down until they both exploded together.

She released Kyle’s cock in order to breathe, and he collapsed next to Donny on the bed. Slowly, Trey pulled from behind her then moved around to cup her cheek and give her a kiss.

Sam hugged Donny, kissing his chest and loving the feel of her men around her.

* * * *

A few moments passed when Trey, Donny, and Kyle moved off the bed and Adam and Dustin took their place.

Dustin lay down on the bed and pulled her on top of him. He grabbed her hair and gently yanked on it.

She giggled at his playful antics then lifted her rear and took his thick cock between her legs. Slowly, while she held his gaze and pulled on his nipples, she took him inside of her.

Dustin in return cupped her breasts and gave her nipples a similar treatment, causing her to orgasm and pant.

“You have to be able to take what you dish out, wolf,” he teased her, and the fact that he called her wolf made her giddy with excitement.

Then she felt Adam behind her as his hands joined Dustin's in torturing her breasts.

Sam reached her arms back over her head to touch Adam and feel his strong, firm cheeks beneath her palms. She didn't have to look directly at him to imagine his facial expression. She knew the look of desire in his deep brown eyes, along with the trembling vein against his temple that always gave away his fight for control. She did that to him, and the thought empowered her.

Adam licked along her neck, then down her spine as his hands caressed her curves. Dustin continued to thrust up into her.

When Adam's lips met her crevice, Sam pressed forward against Dustin and kissed him. They battled for control over the kiss as Adam pressed his cock to her back entrance.

Dustin released her lips and held her face between his hands. He locked gazes with her. "I love you."

She smiled as she stilled her body with Dustin's cock deep into her.

"I love you, too," she replied softly, but panting with anticipation. Adam was pushing deeper through the tight rings.

She lifted her rear and pressed her face closer to Dustin as he and Adam filled her completely.

They were both deep inside her as she lay still between them.

The men began to rock against her, each penetrating more than her body, but also her soul.

She lost focus for a moment as the thought sprung to mind that they were all content and fully bonded.

They must have heard her thoughts as Dustin pulled out a little and Adam pressed fully inside of her.

She lifted up and met her men thrust for thrust as they chanted her on.

Her breasts bounced up and down, her belly clenched and tightened. She felt herself begin to experience tiny explosions of relief, but she still wasn't there yet.

She joined them as they increased their pace. The bed bounced and creaked from their combined thrusts. She felt sexy and wild. The bed dipped as Trey, Donny, and Kyle joined them on the bed. She felt out of control yet completely safe and protected with all her men surrounding her. The tightness built up and up until finally Adam exploded inside of her as he bit into her shoulder. Dustin followed Adam, clenching his teeth and growling her name. He latched on to her breast and sucked the nipple hard, causing her to explode along with them. They held one another in the aftermath until finally Adam pulled from behind her.

* * * *

“That was amazing,” Adam whispered as he pressed a kiss to Sam’s shoulder.

“Sure was,” Dustin added as he caressed her backside.

“I don’t know what it is, but I feel so possessive right now. I just want to hold you in bed all day,” Trey admitted, and the brothers agreed to share his thoughts.

Sam smiled as she licked Dustin’s skin.

“Maybe it has something to do with finally being fully mated?” Dustin added.

“Or maybe,” Sam began to say as she lifted her head and looked at her men, “maybe it has something to do with the baby.”

They all stared at her, and she wasn’t sure if they were mad or happy for a moment.

Dustin lifted her with little effort, so she straddled his waist and had to stare at each of them.

His large hands expanded out across her midsection. He looked at her tummy then back into her eyes.

“Sam?”

She nodded her head.

“I’m about ninety-five percent sure I am.” She smiled then winked.

Dustin pulled her to him and hugged her. Soon the others did the same, and once they passed her around, the coddling began.

“We weren’t too rough, were we?” Donny asked, full of concern. She shook her head and smiled.

“Are you hungry? You must be starving,” Trey stated as he jumped up off the bed and quickly got dressed. Kyle did as well.

“I’ll go with you. We’ll bring back a bunch of stuff.”

“Stop!” she yelled, and everyone froze.

“You two, get back over here,” she demanded with her hands on her hips as she continued to straddle Dustin.

Trey and Kyle came closer to her, and she smiled.

“I’m fine, and I’m not hungry for food. I’m hungry for more of my men. So get those clothes off of you and get back in this bed. We’ll worry about food later. Right now I want to cuddle.”

Trey and Kyle stared at her as their brothers chuckled.

“As you wish, mate,” Kyle said and began to remove his clothes. Trey did the same.

Dustin rolled her to her side as Adam took position on the other side of her. The others joined them as Adam and Dustin caressed her belly. They all remained together, and she fell asleep in their embrace.

Chapter 20

“I can’t believe this. We find out that Alexa is alive, and we are unable to get into the fucking building she’s in due to protocol?” Al yelled as they all gathered around the living room.

“I think we should go over there, tear down the damn door, and get her out,” Ted added.

“Have you guys gotten anywhere with our government connections?” Logan asked. They were all feeling frustrated and angry.

“Hold on before you decide to go crazy, and see what Sam comes up with,” Trey chimed in. They all looked at him.

“Where is she anyway? I haven’t seen her since this morning,” Al asked.

“And why aren’t any of you with her?” Ted asked, obviously still on edge after the events that took place since yesterday.

Dustin raised his eyebrow at Ted.

“Our mate is safe and secure, plus only in the other room, Ted. Believe me, none of us will be letting her out of our sight for a long time. It’s unnerving that she’s not even in the same room right now.”

“Especially now,” Donny added as he glanced toward the doorway for the tenth time in less than five minutes.

It was Lord Crespín that entered the room first.

He had an odd expression on his face.

“What is it?” Marie asked, filled with concern.

He just shook his head as Sam entered the room.

“Okay, here’s the deal,” Sam stated then began giving out orders.

“Logan, you, Ted, and your brothers are coming along as a safety precaution. I will explain everything to Dustin while I change my clothes. We have an hour trip.” Sam began to walk away when Al cleared his throat.

“Sammy? What’s going on?”

Sam stopped as if she had gotten so caught up in what she needed to do that she plumb forgot that Alexa wasn’t only Sam’s mother but also Al’s mate.

She walked over to him and took his hands into her own.

Looking up at the handsome man who was her true father, she smiled.

“I have a plan, and it is in motion. You will not be able to enter the building where Mom’s being held, but I will.”

“What?” a few voices chimed in, including Trey and Kyle’s.

“Al...Dad, you know how I work. I’m going to pull this off. It’s the only way, and I will explain on the ride over. You and Ted come along in our SUV. Now let me get changed. Be ready to leave in ten minutes,” Sam stated then quickly headed out of the room.

Her men, of course, followed her.

* * * *

They all watched as Sam stripped then began getting dressed in a dress suit. She pulled her hair up in a fancy hairdo on top of her head then sprayed it with hairspray. She added some conservative jewelry as the men asked questions.

“The place Frederick has stored her away in is as secure as Fort Knox. There is no way we could push our way inside and get her out with force. I made a few calls and have a way to get me inside.”

“Alone?” Donny asked, sounding concerned.

“Yes, Donny. It’s how this has to go down.”

Sam got up and grabbed a small purse then headed toward the doorway. Dustin stopped her.

"This is dangerous, isn't it?"

"It's a bad place, Dustin. I'm not going to lie to you. The bastard sent her into a secure asylum. They've kept her sedated and practically comatose for years. They labeled it depression at the loss of her infant child. He lied and made up some bogus story. She's a damn prisoner."

"Why can't one of us go in?" Donny asked, taking position beside her.

"Because, you're not a social worker who has to deliver the news that the woman's husband is dead. And also that there is family interested in her condition."

"You?"

"Yes. We need to go. I have an appointment with the caretaker of the facility."

"You're not going in there alone," Adam stated.

"I have to. One of you cannot go in there with me, nor can Marie, Crespin, or Al. They all would be too emotional."

"Why can't one of us?" Trey asked as they walked out of the bedroom then the cottage.

"Look at you. You all look like a bunch of bouncers."

"So what."

She exhaled in annoyance at Trey's "so what."

They joined the others in the living room and prepared to leave. Dustin was looking around the room when he stopped Sam.

"What about Ted?" he suggested.

"What?" his brothers all responded, sounding dead set against it.

"What?" Ted asked, and Sam thought about it.

"I would trust Ted with our mate's life. Either he goes in with you, or we call this off," Dustin stated, sounding very serious.

Sam nibbled her bottom lip then grabbed Ted's hand.

"Change of plans, Ted, you're coming with me. I'll explain on the way over."

* * * *

Ted and Sam entered the building after passing through four security checks. Finally they were greeted by a stern and odd-looking man named Harry Werner. His sickly features made her wonder if he were a patient instead of the caretaker.

“It is nice to meet you, Miss. McNeil.”

Sam shook his hand, and he held it in his own a few moments too long.

She never faltered from his gaze.

“This is my associate, Mr. Williams. He accompanies me on all my business excursions. I’m also training him, so he will be observing not really commenting,” she declared, catching Ted off guard. She eyed him in warning, and he smiled then nodded his head at the caretaker.

“So you mentioned over the phone that you are a social worker for the Gray family? I was under the impression that Mr. Gray had no living relatives.”

Sam crossed her legs, revealing a little bit of skin, to the caretaker’s obvious liking.

“Well, that’s the way Mr. Gray had wanted things. However, when Mr. Gray died, his estate was left in the hands of his only living relative, a daughter. She in return had no idea that her father’s first wife was still alive. She loved her father dearly, and out of the goodness of her heart, she wants to ensure that Ms. Gray is taken care of.

“Here is a letter with her signature as proof.” Sam passed over the sheet of paper created and signed by her on the way over in the SUV.

Mr. Warner took it and looked it over as he leaned back in his chair.

“Why didn’t she come herself?” he began to question.

“She is quite grief stricken, as you could imagine. It is believed that wild wolves tore him to pieces.”

Mr. Werner sat forward, shocked at the information.

"I don't want any trouble. I've done my part for all these years. I know how those packs operate."

Sam was a little surprised, but she played it off.

She leaned forward then glanced around, as if being sure that no one heard her.

"Then you know how important it is that you follow Ms. Gray's request?"

His eyes widened.

"What exactly is her request?"

"She wants Ms. Gray to live in a normal home. Her home on the ranch that her father left to her."

Mr. Werner stood from his chair.

"I cannot. That woman has remained sedated for over twenty years. She speaks in tongues and cannot just move into a home like that." He snapped his fingers, and Sam knew exactly what this man was after. The green stuff and nothing less.

Ted sat forward as if biting his tongue, but Sam sat back, relaxed and unaffected by the caretaker's outburst.

"I do believe that Ms. Gray will fully compensate you for the care you have provided as well as a bonus for removing her from this fine establishment prematurely."

He cleared his throat then held Sam's gaze.

"How well will I be compensated?"

Sam stood up, and Ted followed suit.

"That all depends."

"On what?"

"On how quickly you can get Mrs. Gray down here, out to my waiting vehicle, and get all the necessary documents ready for her release. If it is not done in a timely manner, Ms. Gray may decide to buy this fine establishment with all the money bestowed to her by Frederick Gray and hire all new employees, starting with the caretaker position."

Sam nodded toward the door for Ted to begin leaving.

“Wait. I will take care of it, but I need time.”

He picked up his phone on the desk and hit a button. Sam looked at the wristwatch.

“Time is money, Mr. Werner. We will wait in the lobby.”

* * * *

Ted watched as Sam kept her straight face even as she pretended to fax the release letter to the so-called heir of the estate. Marie signed the document as Sam had indicated before leaving the house, and she faxed it back.

Mr. Werner looked it over, accepted the documents as Mrs. Gray was being attended to.

Twenty minutes later, a man emerged pushing a wheelchair with a woman slouched in the seat. She had short dark hair, was pale, and looked worn out.

Sam had to swallow her emotions. They weren't safe yet.

“I take it this is the woman?” Sam asked Mr. Werner.

“Yes. She is all yours. I look forward to receiving the check,” he stated as he took Sam's hand, brought it to his lips, and kissed the top of it.

She forced a smile as Ted took position behind the wheelchair and began to wheel her outside.

The moment they were in the sunshine, the woman covered her eyes to shield out the glare. Sam wondered if the patients were ever allowed outside of the institution.

Her mates eyed Sam as they helped the woman into the SUV and they drove back to the village.

* * * *

It had been three weeks since Alexa was rescued from the shelter. Al remained by her side as the drugs were weaned from her system. They had a long road ahead of them, but her mom was making progress.

One afternoon as Sam walked with her mother through the gardens, she took her hand into her own. Sam saw the tears in her mother's eyes and knew she felt the bond. Being with family, and with Alexa's own mother and father, helped to make the memories return.

"I feel you here," her mother whispered as she placed Sam's hand over her own heart.

Sam couldn't hide the tears. Her mom was remembering her. This was the beginning of healing for all of them.

"That's because we are one. You held me in your belly just as I hold my child within me."

Sam took her mother's hand and placed it over her belly where the small mound began to form. Her pants were beginning to feel too tight, and her hunger grew daily.

Alexa's eyes glistened as she embraced Sam's arm and leaned against her.

"I want to remember everything. I feel like I've missed out on so much."

Sam held her mother to her as they walked.

"This is a new beginning for both of us, Mom. I never knew who you were, and I look forward to all the years we can now spend together."

Her mother smiled.

"I'll be whole again one day, Samantha."

"I know you will, Mom, especially with Al by your side."

Alexa blushed as she turned toward the walkway.

There stood Al and Donny, both smiling and both looking ready to see their mates.

"I think he misses you already?" Sam teased.

“As do your men, too.”

The women walked toward the men, and Sam released her hold as Al took Alexa’s hand and smiled.

He looped her arm through his own, smiled at Alexa then Sam before continuing on their way.

Sam felt the tears fill her eyes then roll down her cheeks as Donny wrapped his arms around her.

“She’s going to be just fine, Sam. You’ve helped her so much already.”

Sam held Donny’s arms and leaned back against him.

“Where are the others?”

“Waiting for you, it’s snack time for the little one,” he teased then caressed her belly.

Sam giggled as they headed inside to the kitchen.

When they arrived her men had a feast set for her instead of a snack.

“What the heck is all of this?” she asked, motioning with her hand.

“We weren’t sure what you would be in the mood for,” Trey responded as he pulled a chair out for her then kissed her cheek.

“This is too much.”

“Nonsense. The baby needs nourishment, and so does the mother,” Dustin added, taking a seat next to her and loading her plate with food.

“Slow down, Dustin, I’m not even hungry,” she replied just as her stomach growled.

They raised their eyebrows in challenge as she crossed her arms in front of her chest.

“You’ll need your energy for later,” Kyle stated as he rubbed her shoulders and made her arms come undone so she would relax.

She tilted her head up toward him.

“What’s later?” she inquired.

The men were silent as she eyed each of them.

“Let’s just say, you, us, my black martial arts belt, and the private dojo,” Dustin teased then dipped a strawberry into whipped cream before lifting it to Sam’s mouth.

Her insides quivered, and her heart soared with love and admiration for her men. She took a bite, closed her eyes then pushed her breasts forward. She knew they stared at her body.

Slowly she rose from the chair and pointed at Dustin then at Kyle.

“You grab the strawberries, and you, grab the whipped cream. The last one in the dojo gets tied up first,” she stated then ran for the door.

She heard the chaos then the sound of her men running behind her.

By the time she made it to the dojo her men had beaten her there, and Dustin leaned against the doorway, holding his black linen belt and plate full of strawberries.

Sam smiled wide, filled with anticipation as she wondered what exactly her mates had in store for her and that black martial arts belt.

THE END

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

People seem to be more interested in my name than where I get my ideas for my stories from. So I might as well share the story behind my name with all my readers.

My momma was born and raised in New Orleans. At the age of twenty, she met and fell in love with an Irishman named Patrick Riley Dwyer. Needless to say, the family was a bit taken aback by this as they hoped she would marry a family friend. It was a modern day arranged marriage kind of thing and my momma downright refused.

Being that my momma's families were descendents of the original English speaking Southerners, they wanted the family blood line to stay pure. They were wealthy and my father's family was poor.

Despite attempts by my grandpapa to make Patrick leave and destroy the love between them, my parents married. They recently celebrated their sixtieth wedding anniversary.

I am one of six children born to Patrick and Lynn Dwyer. I am a combination of both Irish and a true Southern belle. With a name like Dixie Lynn Dwyer it's no wonder why people are curious about my name.

Just as my parents had a love story of their own, I grew up intrigued by the lifestyles of others. My imagination as well as my need to stray from the straight and narrow made me into the woman I am today.

Also by Dixie Lynn Dwyer

Ménage Amour: *Were She Belongs*

Ménage Amour: Sequel to *Were She Belongs: Were Love Found Her*

Ménage Amour: *For the Love of Anna*

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