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Becky Wilde ©2011

Chapter One

Megan Harvey slid from the front seat of her best friend, Stefan Romanov's expensive car; and stared in awe at the old style, plantation mansion on the outskirts of Oak-vale, Idaho. She felt a nervous tremor shiver up her spine in trepidation, trouble was brewing, but she had no idea why she felt the way she did.

Stefan walked around the hood of his car and took Meg's hand into his own, and led her up the white stairs leading to the large double, front doors. The door opened and an elderly man in a suit, bowed his head slightly.

"Welcome home Master Stefan, Miss, I will have Joe get your luggage. Master Nik has asked that you meet him in his study, as soon as you arrive."

"Thanks Harry, I would like you to meet Megan Harvey, Meg this is our butler Harry," Stefan introduced.

"Pleased to meet you, Harry," Meg greeted and held her hand out to shake Harry's.

"Likewise, Miss Megan," Harry replied with a smile as he shook her hand.

"Come on Meg, we'd better go greet big brother," Stefan said as he pulled her along the large wide entry.

Meg hardly had time to take in any of the house. Stefan pulled her along as he walked quickly to a room towards the back of the house. She had to practically run to keep up with his six foot five frame, she was taking three to four steps for his every one.

Stefan didn't knock on the half closed door to the study, but pushed the door open and strolled in, tugging Meg behind him. Meg was a little breathless by the time they came to a stop in the study, and tried to calm her breathing quietly.

He let go of Meg and walked up to his older,

slightly shorter, brother, and pounded him on the back as he hugged him. "Hey Nik, how's business?"

"Busy as usual," Nik replied in a deep gravely, accented voice.

Meg felt shivers up and down her spine as Stefan's brother spoke. She moved her eyes towards the large man standing beside the desk and had to bite her tongue to stop the gasp forming in her throat. He was such a handsome, rugged looking man, with light blue, piercing eyes, shoulder length, black hair and full of masculine muscle. He took her breath away. Meg slid her eyes away from him and looked back to Stefan, as he moved around the side of the desk to her side and took her hand in his.

"Nik, I would like you to meet Megan Harvey, Meg this is my big brother, Nikolai Romanov," Stefan stated with a grin, as he placed an arm around Meg's small curvy waist.

"Pleased to meet you, Nik," Meg murmured, as she held her out hand towards Stefan's brother.

"You too, Meg," Nik stated, as he moved around the desk with a predatory grace and took Meg's hand in his. He inhaled her scent and let out a growl so low, only one of his own kind would be able to hear it. Her scent was absolutely delicious and he knew in an instant the woman standing in front of him was his mate. His cock filled with blood until it was hard enough to pound nails. He wanted to strip this woman and plunge himself into the warm, wet heat of her body. Hell, what a dilemma. She was his brother's girlfriend. What was he supposed to do now?

Meg felt a warm tingle up the palm of her hand as Nik's large hand engulfed hers. She shivered as she pulled her hand away quickly. Her pussy clenched and released, cream gathered in her pussy and dampened her panties. She had never felt desire for any man before. Why she had to react to this one, she had no clue.

Nik studied the petite woman next to his brother through narrowed eyes. She was dressed casually in denim jeans and a silk shirt, her long brown hair hung in a silk sheet down her back to her waist. She couldn't be any more than five foot four inches. Her emerald, green eyes slid away from his nervously, as she licked her full lower lip.

"I hope we will be able to get to know each other over the next couple of weeks, Meg, and become friends, for Stefan's sake," Nik stated with a blank expression.

"Yes, I would like that too. "Thanks for inviting me," Meg stated politely.

"You're welcome." Turning to his brother he said. "Why don't you show Meg to her room, so she can freshen up if she wishes? I've had the blue room made ready for her. Dinner will be served in the informal dining room, in around two hours. I'd like to talk to you before dinner, Stefan."

"Sure Nik. Come on sweetheart and I'll show you to your room," Stefan stated with a smile, as her took Meg's hand in his and led her from the room.

Nikolai didn't take his eyes off of Megan as Stefan led her from the room. When she was no longer in sight, he walked around to his chair and collapsed in an inelegant slump. He wanted to pull his engorged cock from his pants and relieve the aching throb. He had been waiting for his mate for so long. He was ecstatic he had finally found her, but now he would have to see how much of a relationship his brother had with her. God, what a mess. Her scent still lingered in the room and he couldn't stop himself from breathing it into his nose and lungs again.

Nik had become Alpha of his pack when his father had died. As much as he loved being the head of the family business and the pack; he knew it was going to cause problems when he finally revealed to Megan, what they really were. He loved that he had found his mate, but knew he was in for a rocky ride, as she was human. Most humans were totally unaware of the existence of other kinds, amongst them. Nik knew a couple of vampires and witches as well as the existence of ghosts, but had never met any of the spectral kind. He just hoped Megan Harvey wouldn't run from his house screaming when he eventually told her what he was.

Meg followed Stefan through the sumptuous house, feeling very inadequate by the opulence surrounding her. She was such a clumsy woman. She knew she would die of embarrassment if she accidentally knocked or broke something.

"Here we are, sweetheart," Stefan stated, he opened a door leading off from the hall on the second level of the house.

"Oh my. This room is absolutely stunning."

"I'm glad you like it, Meg. I'd better get back to Nik and see what he wanted. Your luggage should be brought up very soon. Make yourself at home," Stefan stated as he turned to leave the room.

"Thanks Stefan. I could really do with a shower. I'll see you in a couple of hours."

Stefan gave Meg a smile and quietly closed the door behind him. He made his way back to Nik's study to see what he wanted to talk about.

Stefan arrived back at the study in time to see Nik down a shot of whiskey. He had never seen his brother drink before dinner, so he knew there was definitely something wrong.

"Take a seat Stefan," Nik stated as he sat down in his chair.

"What's up? I've never seen you drink so early before"

"How well do you know Megan Harvey?" Nik asked in a deadpan voice.

"Uh, not that well. We are becoming good friends

and I really like her. Why?" Stefan asked his brother.

"Answer another question for me first. Are you in a relationship with Megan, as well as friends?"

"No. I wanted to have a relationship with her because she is such a wonderful, loving woman. I have taken her out a couple of times and kissed her once, but there is no chemistry between us, no spark. So we both decided to leave it at friendship. Why are you asking me all these questions about Megan? And what was with that growl you let out before?"

"Megan is my mate," Nik stated quietly.

"Oh my God," Stefan stated, as he sank down into the chair across from the desk.

"Does she know what we are, Stefan?"

"No. No, she has no idea. Are you sure she's your mate?" Stefan asked.

Nik didn't bother to reply, instead rose an eyebrow at his brother's question.

"You're going to have to take things slow with her, Nik. She is such a sweet innocent. She's had a pretty sheltered life, from what I gather. Her parents were quite elderly when she came along; they didn't think they could have children. She has no siblings, in fact, she has no other living relatives. Her parents were the only children of their own parents. She is totally alone in the world. Promise me, you won't hurt or upset her?"

"Stefan, she is my mate. The last thing I want to do, is hurt or upset Megan. But there is no way in hell, I'm letting her leave," Nik stated emphatically.

"You are going to have to try and curb your dominance a bit, brother. Otherwise I can see her leaving," Stefan stated with a gleam in his eye.

"You knew didn't you, Stefan. I can see you planned this out."

"I had an idea you and Meg may connect. I didn't know if she was your mate, but I couldn't let the opportunity pass up, in case she was. Looks like I was right," Stefan stated with a grin.
"I owe you one, brother." Nik stated with an answering smile.

Chapter Two

Megan made her way downstairs after she had showered and changed. She felt a lot more comfortable in her knee length skirt and billowing off the shoulder top. She followed the voices she could hear coming from a room off to the side of the entry hall. She took a deep breath, pushed her shoulders back and pasted a smile on her face. There was no way in hell she was letting Stefan's brother, Nik, know how much he intimidated her.

She walked into a large living room which had a leather sofa and armchairs and turned slightly to the left to see Nik standing at a bar pouring a drink and Harry just leaving through a door on the other side of the room.

"Would you like a drink Megan?" Nik asked without turning to face her. Once he was done fixing his own drink he turned towards her, his piercing eyes locking onto her.

Meg licked her lower lip nervously as she walked further into the room, "Do you have any chardonnay?"

"Yes. Do you have a preferred label or will anything do?"

"Whatever you have is fine, thanks."

"Take a seat, Meg. Stefan should be down any moment. What do you do for a living?" Nik asked as he walked towards her, drinks in hand.

"I'm a librarian at the University. Thank you," Meg stated as she took the glass of wine Nik proffered. Her fingers accidentally touched his as she took the full glass from his hand, and she had to concentrate really hard not to show the shiver she felt work up her spine. Her clit throbbed with desire, which made her squirm in her seat a little.

Nik sat down next to her on the sofa, but made sure not to sit too close so he wouldn't scare Megan. He could smell the scent of her wet cunt, and knew he affected her as much as she affected him. He clenched his jaw as he controlled his wolf, wanting to take control, to claim and mate with his woman. He held his glass out to hers and tapped the rim of the glasses together, "Salute."

"Cheers," Meg replied, then took a sip of her drink. Her eyes wandered the room rather than look back to Nik. Her gaze slid from painting to painting as she thought of something to say.

"How old are you Megan?" asked Nik.

"Twenty-two," she replied.

"I'm thirty-three," Nik supplied.

Megan had no idea what their ages had to do with anything, so she looked at Nik with a raised eyebrow.

Meg felt fire spreading over her cheeks with embarrassment, so she dropped her eyes to the carpet beneath her feet. Just looking at him had her body humming with burning embers.

"I did not mean to make you uncomfortable. How long have you known Stefan?"

"Um, a couple of months. We started going out a few weeks ago."

"Yes. Stefan told me. You're good friends, only, yes?"

"Yes, we are good friends. Your brother is a wonderful man," Meg opined, as she continued to trace a pattern in the carpet with her eyes.

"You are not comfortable with me. Why do I scare you, Megan?" Nik asked.

Meg raised her head to look him directly in the eyes, "You don't scare me."

"Ah, now there is no need to lie to me. I can see your fear of me. Your body language is very clear. I promise I will never hurt you, Meg."

"I never thought you would," Meg replied.

"Then why do I intimidate you? Is it because you are attracted to me, the way I am to you?"

Meg lowered her eyes again as she thought how to

answer. She was saved from answering as Stefan walked into the room.

"Hi Meg, Nik. Sorry I kept you waiting, sweetheart," Stefan stated as he walked over and placed a kiss on her cheek.

Meg felt her face flame because she knew Nik was watching her like a hawk. She could feel goose bumps rising up along her skin, until her whole body gave a large shiver. Stefan must have noticed.

"Are you cold Meg?" he asked.

"No, I'm fine, thanks," Meg replied, gulping down half of her wine.

"Dinner is served, Master Nik," Harry the butler announced.

Nik rose to his feet and held out a hand to help Megan up. She didn't want to take his hand, but if she refused he would think she was rude. She placed her hand in his and got to her feet. She tried to pull her hand away, but Nik only tightened his grip.

"Please, allow me the honor of escorting you to dinner."

"Thank you," Meg stated in a cool voice. She was surprised it didn't shake with her anxiety. She hoped to God he could not feel how nervous she was. She could feel a slight tremor as her hand rested against his large, warm palm.

"You feel it too, don't you, Meg? Please don't deny it. I think you are a very sexy lady."

"Nik, please. I am here with your brother," Meg whispered through clenched teeth.

"Yes, you are. But I know you are only friends, and he has given me leave to court you."

"What? You don't even know me. How can you want to court me, for goodness sakes?" Meg asked as she glared at him.

"Ah, this is good. You are not such a little mouse after all. I will look forward to seeing your fire," Nik stated with a grin, as he led her to a seat at the table.

He pulled her chair out for her and pushed it back in as she sat down.

"Thank you."

"You're welcome."

"I've never seen you so solicitous before, Nik. What's with the gentleman act?" Stefan asked his brother with a smirk.

"Very funny, Stefan. You know damn well, I am very attracted to Megan. Stop baiting me and embarrassing your friend. Take no notice of Stefan, Meg. He delights in goading his big brother."

Meg just smiled at him, then turned her head to glare at Stefan.

"If only that fire was really directed at me, sweetheart. Alas, it seems I must step aside and allow Nik to court you," Stefan stated with pronounced dramatics, as he placed his hand over his heart.

"You are such an idiot, Stefan," Meg stated with a laugh. "You know, very well, I am not interested in a relationship with anyone and stop teasing your brother."

"Why?" Nik snapped out as he looked at Meg.

"Why what?" Meg asked, her brows drawn together in a frown.

"Why aren't you interested in a relationship?"

"I have things I wish to do. Goals I plan to reach, before I even think of entering a relationship," Meg replied.

"What are your goals, возлюбленный (beloved)?" Nik asked.

"What did you say?" Meg asked.

"You are not ready to hear the translation yet, Meg. I will tell you when I think you are ready. Now, what are your goals in life?"

"I want to pay off my student loan; and save a nest egg, so I can have the freedom to write when I have enough money."

"What do you wish to write about?"

"Fiction."

"Are you not going to elaborate the genre you wish to write?" Nik asked.

"You are not ready to hear it yet. When I get to know you better, I may tell you," Meg stated, as she stuck her stubborn chin into the air.

Nik threw his head back and laughed. His deep gravelly voice sent shivers down her spine.

Oh God she was in so much trouble. She squirmed in her seat as she felt more cream leak out to wet her panties.

"Touche. You are definitely less of a mouse than I first thought. It will be a pleasure getting to know you. Please, eat. It would be selfish of me to keep you talking, and allow the food to become cold."

Meg listened to Nik and Stefan talk throughout the meal. She was beginning to relax, as the wine she had begun to work through her system. She found herself answering Nik's questions automatically, when he spoke to her.

"Do you have any family, Megan?"

"No, both my parents are deceased and I have no siblings."

"No cousins, aunt, uncles, anyone?"

"No, just me."

"You must be very lonely," Nik stated quietly.

"No. I have great friends. Stefan is my best friend and I have a work colleague I go out with regularly," Meg stated, as she glanced to Nik.

Nik could see the sadness and loneliness in her eyes. She had not known Stefan that long; and as far as his brother had advised, the colleague had only just started inviting Meg out, so she could get her claws into Stefan. Stefan had brushed her aside, and since then the colleague had stopped asking Meg out. Pride would not allow her to let anyone know she was lonely. Nik vowed then and there, his mate would never be alone again.

"Would you like dessert?" Nik asked.

"No, thank you. I've had too much to eat already. The meal was delicious."

"You need to put more meat on your bones, Meg. I like to be able to hold my woman in my arms, without the fear of hurting her," Stefan stated from across the table.

"I am the perfect weight for my height, thank you very much. If I put on any more weight, I'd be considered fat," Meg snapped.

"Some men like a little meat on their women, Meg. Not everyone is attracted to skin covered skeletons," Nik stated.

"Are you telling me, I am too thin?" Meg asked indignantly.

"No. You are absolutely perfect, but you would not be unattractive if you had a little more weight covering your bones."

"Thanks, I think."

"You are such a joy, мой помощник (my mate). Come, we will adjourn to the pool room," Nik stated, rising to his feet. He pulled her chair back and allowed Meg to stand. He took her hand in his and led her to the billiards room and seated her on a sofa. Meg watched Nik and Stefan play a game of pool as she sipped another glass of wine. She felt very warm and relaxed, her eyes betrayed her time and again as they wandered over to Nik constantly.

Nik knew his mate was struggling to keep her eyes off him. He hid the smile of satisfaction he felt, every time her gaze perused his body. He knew he was going to have to claim her, bite her soon, to make her his. He didn't want another pack member chasing after her. She was his and there was no way he was going to let another male, besides his brother near her.

He finished the game of pool with Stefan and turned towards Meg. He saw her cheeks flame when she realized he had caught her staring at him.

"Do you play, Meg?"

"No."

"Would you like to learn?" Nik asked.

"Yes, that would be nice. Thank you."

"Come, I will teach you. We will play against Stefan together."

Nik helped Meg from the sofa and led her to the pool table. He placed her in front of the white ball as Stefan took the triangle away from the contained balls. He enveloped her in his arms and body heat as he showed her how to hold the cue and line up the white ball with the colored balls. He couldn't resist the urge to push his hard cock into the soft flesh of her ass.

The whole length of his body was against her and she couldn't breathe. She tried to regulate her breaths, by taking a couple of deep noiseless gasps and letting them out slowly. She was in heaven and hell. He was turning her into a mass of trembling nerves. She couldn't take in anything he was saying to her regarding the rules of the game, so she just drew the cue back and hit the white ball. She missed hitting any other ball, then turned around to face Nik and pass him the cue. He was so close to her she could see little golden flecks in his eyes.

"I...I think I'll just watch. You should play with your brother, since he knows what he is doing."

Nik leaned down to whisper into Meg's ear. His hot breath sent a shiver down her spine, "Coward."

Meg didn't bother to respond. She edged her way along the table until she could move around Nik, without touching him.

"Sire, Malcolm is here and would like a word with you," Harry stated from the door, as he bowed to Nik.

"Send him in, thanks Harry," Nik replied.

"Sire," Malcolm stated as he walked towards Nik. When he was a meter away he bowed low until Nik told him to stand. "Thank you for seeing me."

"Malcolm, I would like to introduce you to Megan Harvey, мой помощникмой (my Mate). Megan this is Malcolm Strand, he takes care of my security," Nik stated.

"мой помощник, (my Queen), I am pleased to meet you," Malcolm stated with another bow.

"You too, Malcolm," Meg stated with a frown. Why did everyone bow around here? And what was with the Russian? Anyone would think they were royalty. But that couldn't be the case, because she knew damn well she was nowhere near royalty.

Megan watched as Nik and Malcolm interacted on the other side of the room, out of hearing distance. Whatever Malcolm was telling Nik, wasn't making him happy. In fact he looked down right angry. She hoped like hell she was never on the receiving end of his anger. Nik looked so ferocious; she was scared he was going to hit poor Malcolm.

Nik glanced over towards Meg and must have seen the fear in her eyes. He turned his back to her so she could no longer see his face.

"Meg, why don't I get you another drink? What sort of games do you like to play, sweetheart?" Stefan asked as he came to stand in front of her, blocking her view of Nik and Malcolm.

"I think I've had enough wine, thanks Stefan, but I would love a cup of coffee. I love to play Backgammon and I like Chess, but I am not very good at it."

"Stefan, we have a problem I need you to help Malcolm sort out. I will make sure Meg is entertained," Nik stated, moving back across the room toward Meg.

"Actually, I think I should head on up to bed. It's been a long day and I am becoming rather fatigued," Meg stated as she stood.

"Your coffee, Miss Megan," Harry the butler,

stated as he entered the room. He placed a tray with cups, sugar and a jug of milk, on the low coffee table, bowed to her and Nik then left again.

How the hell did Harry know she wanted coffee? No one had left the room to tell him. This place and the people in it were beginning to make her feel as if she was living a dream world.

Nik moved to Megan's side, slid an arm around her slim waist and led her back to the sofa. When she was seated he sat down next to her and turned his head to hers.

"How do you like your coffee, Meg?"

"Black, no sugar, thanks. Can I ask you something Nik?"

"Yes, ask away?"

"Why does everyone keep bowing?"

"I really don't think you're ready to hear the answer to that question yet."

"Oh for goodness sakes. I am not a child, you know. I am a fully grown, adult female. Just because I am not very tall, people tend to treat me like a child. I have had it with you and your holier than thou attitude. You are treating me like an imbecile," Meg stated, as she rose from the sofa, crossing her arms over her chest defensively.

Nik stood in front of her, reached out and took her by the arms to prevent her from moving away from him.

"I know you aren't a child. I just don't think you are ready for the answers to your questions yet," he stated, gazing down into her eyes.

"Try me," Meg snapped out.

"Okay, but don't say I didn't warn you, Meg," Nik stated, then took a deep breath. "We are all werewolves, and you are my mate."

Meg felt her mouth drop open at Nik's statement. Then when his words finally sank in; she threw her head back and laughed. Oh God, he was loony. How could such a hunk be so crazy. She laughed until she felt tears prick her eyes, now he had her on the edge of hysteria. She stopped laughing abruptly and looked at the man still holding her. She saw the seriousness in his eyes and felt her mouth twitch again with amusement.

"If you laugh again, so help me, I will kiss the laugh right out of you. I am not crazy."

"Sure you're not. I think it's time I went home. Could you please order me a cab?" Meg asked pulling away, then moved across the room to the door.

"You are not leaving, Megan. If I have to lock you in your room, I will," Nik stated firmly as he stalked her.

"You can't keep me here against me will. That's bloody well kidnapping. I'll call the police and they will come and get me out of here."

"No, they won't. I will prove to you, I am what I said," Nik stated as he wrapped an arm around her waist. He picked her up in his arms and walked back to the sofa. He gently placed her on the sofa and moved the coffee table out of the way. "Watch me, Megan."

Meg watched Nik with trepidation as his form began to shimmer; the lines of his body began to blur. She heard terrible cracking sounds as she watched Nik's body begin to contort. His mouth and nose elongated to form a fur covered muzzle. Meg shoved herself back into the sofa cushions and lifted her feet from the floor. She must have blinked, because the next moment standing before her was a very large wolf with piercing, blue eyes and black fur. She gave a whimper as the wolf moved towards her and covered her head with her arms.

"I will not hurt you. I have already told you that. Why do you fear me, Megan?" Nik asked, using his unique were powers as he pushed his thoughts into Megan's head. "Megan, look at me."

Meg slowly lowered her arms and stared at the big black wolf. She had the insane thought of her being Little Red Riding Hood, as the wolf continued to look at her.

Nik moved forward slowly, cautiously, until he was only centimeters away from his mate. He gently nuzzled her hand with his head, trying to convince her to pat him. He gave a groan of appreciation as she slid her hands through his silky fur.

"Can you understand me, Nik?"

"Yes, Megan."

"How the bloody hell is this even possible? Doesn't it hurt when you change like that? Where do your clothes go? Does anyone else know of the existence of werewolves? What am I doing? I am just as crazy as you are. I am talking to a werewolf, or maybe I've been drugged and am hallucinating."

Nik's wolf began to shimmer once more and Meg quickly removed her hand. The cracking and popping sounds of his contorting bones, made her wince with sympathy. Once more Nik was standing in front of her fully clothed. He pulled the coffee table back within reach of the sofa and handed Meg her mug of coffee.

"Breathe. Drink your coffee and I will explain. Werewolves have been on Earth since the beginning of time. We have evolved to what we are, just as humans have. We are the same as a human being, just, with more genetics. My parents were werewolves and everyone you meet here, in my home is also a werewolf. We have the power to change our body shape into wolves, but we do not have to wait for a full moon to do so. That is a myth created by humans. A werewolf cannot change shape until they reach puberty. The first few times we change can be painful, but we become accustomed, our bodies more supple. We don't really know what happens to our

clothing. There have been a few theories regarding this, but I think they just, disappear when we change into our wolves and then reappear, when we become human once more. Do you have any other questions, Meg?" Nik asked as he took her hand within his own.

"What is a mate?"

"You are my mate. You are the equivalent to my 'wife' in human terms."

"How can you say that? You don't even know me and I don't know you," Meg stated with agitation, as she got to her feet once more; and began pacing.

"I can tell by your scent, Megan. You smell of vanilla, earth and woman. Your scent draws me to you," Nik stated, walking toward her. "No. Please don't be afraid of me and back away. I would never, ever, hurt you."

"I can't believe this. How can you expect me to believe any of this? God, I am losing my mind."

"No, you are as sane as I am. How can you refute what you have seen with your own eyes? You know what I am saying is true. I showed you what I am. How can you deny us?" Nik stated angrily.

"You need to give me some time to process everything. I didn't even know werewolves existed until moments ago. Next you will tell me, witches, vampires and ghosts exist as well."

"They do exist, Megan. Not everything is fiction. There has to be a little bit of truth to every myth, don't you think?" Nik asked.

"I suppose so. You have totally blown my mind, Nik. I just don't know what to think anymore."

"Then don't think. Just feel," Nik stated, as he pulled Meg over onto his lap and placed his lips against hers.

He slid his mouth gently over hers, seeking a reaction to his own passion. When Meg gave a sigh and breathed out, he took advantage and deepened the kiss. He slid his tongue over the seam of her mouth,

seeking entrance. When she complied, Nik gave a growl of approval and devoured her. His kiss was so carnal, it was a wonder they didn't burst into flames. When he felt Meg slump against his body in surrender, he slid a hand up her rib cage and stroked the side of her breast. When she didn't protest or move away, he moved his hand over her soft fleshy mound and kneaded her gently. She thrust her chest into his hand begging for more. He flicked his thumb over the hardening nipple, taking her moan of pleasure into his mouth. He wanted to lay her down on the floor and fuck her so badly, but knew she wasn't ready for that, so he weaned his mouth from hers until he was sipping at her mouth. He lifted his head and looked into her passion glazed eyes.

"We were meant for each other, Megan. Come, I will walk you to your room," Nik stated as he lifted her from his lap. He held Megan around the waist as she wobbled on her feet, and had to hide his smile of satisfaction from her. He loved that he was able to make her boneless with desire.

"I can find my own way back to my room," Megan stated haughtily, as she pulled away from his grip and headed to the door.

"Goodnight," Nik stated, as he watched her leave the room. He had to hold in his mirth as she ignored his platitude.

Nik went in search of his brother and Malcolm. He had a problem he needed to deal with.

Chapter Three

Nik found his Beta brother, Stefan, in the kitchen with his other Beta's, (second to their Alpha), Malcolm, Seamus and Logan. Stefan was talking to his equals, as they tried to hash out a plan to confront another pack, which had apparently decided they wanted in on his territory. Harry was serving coffee and Nik knew he would inject his opinions to the conversation if needed. Harry had been his father's Beta, but had decided to retire and become his butler, when his parents had died. Harry was like a second father to him and Stefan, but Nik knew he could trust him with his life, if it was necessary.

"Do any of you know why the Malibu Pack has suddenly decided they want our territory?" Nik asked, as he took a seat at the kitchen table.

"No Sire, we have no idea. I have Stacey trying to hack into their computer system. Hopefully she will be able to give us a heads up," Malcolm stated.

"Seamus, since you are the fastest and strongest of my Beta's. I would like you to be my mate's bodyguard. I want you to follow her everywhere she goes. The only reason you will not be with her, is when I am. I want you to post one of the thirds, Omega's, to guard Meg's door at night. You can rotate them so they don't become too tired."

"Thank you, Sire. You do me a great honor. It would be a privilege to protect your mate, my Queen," Seamus stated, with a deferential bow.

"Logan, I want you to see if you can find out why the Malibu Pack are so interested in our territory. There has to be a good reason. We've never had any trouble with them before. I want an update first thing in the morning. We'll reconvene here at seven am. Thank you for the heads up Malcolm. I want you to help Seamus protecting my mate. I'll see you in the morning, guys," Nik stated in dismissal, watching his male pack members leave the room. "Harry, you

didn't have anything to add. Do you have any idea why the Malibu Pack would want to encroach on my territory?"

"Sire, there is only one explanation I can think of. I may be wrong, but I have a feeling they have been watching us for some time. I think someone is after the Alpha position of the pack. Your mate will have to be watched as the Malibu Pack Alpha will probably try to get to you through her."

"I thought the same thing, Harry. The question is why?"

"Well, there was a time when your father had first met his mate, your mother. The Alpha of the Malibu Pack, John Sampson, was courting your mom. Everyone knew she wasn't his mate, but for some reason, he didn't want to acknowledge that fact. Your father met your mother in town one night. She was out with some of the other females of the pack. Your father took one sniff and look at your mom, and that as they say is history. Needless to say your father won your mother's heart. Ever since then the Malibu pack has been holding a grudge against our pack, Trinity Pack. Even though the Alpha who presided over the Malibu's is no longer alive, I would think he told his son, Travis the story and he is now trying to exact revenge."

"Why have I never heard of this before? Why didn't my father ever say anything?" Nik stated with frustration.

"I believe your father thought the trouble was over. There have been no tussles between our two packs since you mother was mated with your father. I don't know why Travis Sampson would want to exact revenge now. But as I said, Sire, it is only a theory," Harry stated.

"I have a feeling you are right on the nose, Harry. I want you to keep an eye on Meg as much as possible, as well. Stefan. She needs to feel comfortable with us

now she knows what we are."

"You told her? Bloody hell, Nik. You could have given her time to get used to you, before you told her about us. She is going to want out as soon as she can. If I know Meg, and believe me I do. She is going to try and escape as soon as she can."

"Why do you think I have asked Logan and Seamus to be her bodyguards during the day; and have some of the Omega's at her bedroom door during the night?" Nik said with a grin. "She is one feisty little woman. I can't wait for her to try," Nik stated with a chuckle. "Let the games begin."

"You are one sly man. You know that don't you?" Stefan grinned at his brother. He knew Nik was looking forward to every challenge, Meg placed in his brother's way.

Meg drew the curtains back from the window and looked out into the dark night. The windows were sliding doors and she could see a balcony attached. She unlocked and opened the door; then stepped out into the clean, crisp, night air. She moved to the railing and clasped her hands around the cool, white metal.

She listened to sounds of insects and birds, hidden from view. Taking a deep breath, she peered over the side of the balcony. The drop to the ground was at least eight feet high. There was no way she could jump down without seriously hurting herself. If she could climb over and hang from the bottom of the metal rail structure, the drop to the ground would be much less harrowing.

Meg went back into her room, thankful she had for packed a backpack in her suitcase. She grabbed her wallet and shoved some clothes into her pack, then made her way back towards the open glass doors. She carefully climbed over the top of the railing and since she had changed back into her jeans and sneakers,

had no trouble placing her feet.

She crouched down, breathed in deeply, grasped the bottom rail of the balcony structure and pushed her feet out slightly until they fell over the edge of the house. She was dangling by her hands and knew she had to let go so she could land on the ground. She let her breath out and let go at the same time. Meg landed with a thud and fell to her knees. She didn't hurt herself, but hoped like hell no one had heard her landing. She quickly gained her feet and took off across the grass. She ran as fast as she could, aiming for the driveway but keeping amongst the trees so she wouldn't be seen. She ran and ran, until she could run no more. She gave a smile of elation when she saw the iron gates within view as she slowed to a walk. Meg was just about to put her hand on the gate latch when she heard a low rumbling, growl behind her. She turned around slowly and stared into bright, glowing, green eyes of a wolf.

"Ah, nice doggy. Sorry, wolf. I didn't mean to insult you, whoever you are. Look, I don't belong here. I don't want to be here. Just let me open this gate and I'll leave you to whatever it is you do," Meg stated, turning sideways, keeping the wolf in her peripheral vision, as she reached for the gate latch.

"Alpha, you need to come to the front gate. Your mate is trying to escape. I will keep her here until you arrive," Seamus advised, using the mental like he had with Nik.

"I'm on my way. Don't let her leave, but do not hurt or scare her," Nik replied.

Seamus moved in close to his Queen and latched onto her backpack with his teeth. He tugged gently, pulling her away from the gate.

"Hey, stop that you overgrown dog. That is my bag, you're trying to steal," Meg stated, using all her body weight to pull back toward the gate.

It was a wasted effort. The wolf was so much

stronger than she was. She felt herself being pulled further and further away from the gate. She only had one option left to her. She was going to have to ditch her backpack. Using the wolf's strength to her advantage, Megan slipped both of her arms from the backpack shoulder straps and let go. She turned around to see the wolf tumbling over. She gave a bark of laughter, then ran to the gate once more. Instead of wasting time by trying to open the intricate latch, she grabbed the iron rails and began to climb. There was only one horizontal rail to place her feet on. She was going to have to use her arms to pull herself up and over the gate. She was up the creek without a paddle. She never had been strong enough in her arms to lift her body, using only her arms.

Megan gave a squeal of fright when she felt hard, warm, masculine arms wrap around her waist. She looked over her shoulder slowly, knowing who had her before she could see. As soon as he had touched her she felt a tingling down the length of her spine and goose bumps raised all over her skin, her pussy clenching and her clit throbbing with desire.

"What do you think you are doing? I can't believe you were going to leave. Do I scare you so much, that you would leave yourself vulnerable to strangers?" Nik whispered quietly into her ear.

He was too angry to listen for an answer. He hoisted Megan over his shoulder and began the trek up the long driveway, back to the house. It was time he claimed his mate. He had wanted to give her time to get used to him and the other members of Trinity Pack. Now he had no choice. If he didn't claim her and she ended up escaping, she could end up in the hands of the Malibu Pack. That was the last thing he wanted for his mate. He had no idea what the other pack would do to Meg; and he had no inclination to find out.

"Put me down you overgrown baboon. What do

you think you are doing? You can't keep me here against my will. I am going to have your ass in jail for kidnapping me, holding me against my will. I can't believe you are doing this!" Meg finished on a sob.

"And I can't believe you would be stupid enough to try to leave. You have no idea of the danger you would be putting yourself in. I can't let you do that, my mate. It is my job and the job of my pack members, to keep you safe at all times. We can't very well do that if you leave, now can we?" Nik stated, smacking Meg's ass.

She was wriggling around on his shoulder and thumping his back at the same time. Nik was worried she would injure herself. He smacked her butt again.

"Ouch. Stop hitting me you bastard. I can have you arrested for abuse. Don't think I won't."

"Stop being so melodramatic Meg. I only smacked you. There is a big difference between a disciplinarian smack to abuse. Learn the difference. I told you I would never hurt you; and I meant it."

"Bloody Neanderthal wolf. Who do you think you are? Just let me leave this loony bin," Meg finished on a sob.

"Ah, I can't do that. You are my mate. Why would I let you leave me?" Nik asked.

"Because I asked you to and because I want to."

"We were made for each other, Meg. Just give me a chance to get to know you," Nik stated.

"No. I don't want to be here. I want to go home," Meg cried out, as tears slid down her cheeks.

Nik pulled Meg from his shoulder, until she was cradled against his chest with an arm beneath her bent knees and the other around her back. He carried her up the steps to the front door of the house and walked through. He didn't pause, but took her straight up to the second level of the house to her bedroom. He placed her gently on the bed, stood up straight and

stared down at his mate. She was so beautiful. She took his breath away. There was no way he was letting her leave him. He moved toward her and sat on the bed next to her, reached out and hauled her into his arms. Her struggling was futile. He didn't give her a chance to protest.

He covered her mouth with his own. He didn't ask for a response, he demanded one He used his mouth to pry her lips open and swept his tongue into her sweet depths. He felt her hands pushing against his chest. He gave no notice and devoured her. He slid his tongue over hers persuading, then demanding a response. He felt her go limp in his arms as she acquiesced to his dominance. He smiled against her mouth and slowly weaned his mouth from hers.

He began kissing and licking his way down her neck. He nipped her earlobe and down her throat, until he reached the join of her neck and shoulder. Inhaling her sweet scent, he opened his mouth, letting his incisors lengthen, and bit into his mates flesh. It was done. He had finally claimed his mate. He licked at the wound he had left with a growl of approval, as the taste of her blood exploded on his taste buds. She was his and no other would be able to claim her.

Meg punched Nik on the arm when she felt him bite her. What the hell?

"You bloody barbarian. You bit me. Let me go."

"Never, Meg. I have just claimed you as my wife. You will never be able to leave me."

"You did what?" Meg asked, her tone close to hysteria.

"Calm down. No one can harm you anymore. I will know where you are at all times, now. I will be able to communicate with you using my mental powers, even from a long distance. You are my wife. I suggest you try and get used to the idea," Nik stated firmly as he cradled her on his lap.

Megan had had just about more than she could

stand. She pushed her way off him and rose to her feet. She walked over to the dressing table and looked for something to throw. Her gaze landed on an ornate silver backed brush. She picked it up and hurled it at his head. Nik gave a bark of laughter as he ducked the missile. That just made her downright furious. She didn't look to see what she grasped. She lifted anything she could get her hands on and began to hurl things left and right.

"You had no right to claim me, you bloody arrogant wolf. I'll teach you to laugh at me."

"You are such a joy. You look so sexy when you're angry," Nik stated, as he perused her inflamed cheeks. Her hair was in wild disarray around her back and her eyes were bright with her fire.

"Get the hell out of my room. Just leave me alone," Meg cried.

Nik walked over to the glass sliding doors, closed and locked them, then removed the key from the lock. He turned, letting his eyes slide down the length of her body. He slowly walked toward her as she backed away from him. He took her by her upper arms before she move too far from him and hauled her against his body. He held her captive with his eyes, smiling down at her as he slowly lowered his head. He was not leaving. His wolf and body demanded he consummate his claim.

Nik slanted his mouth over hers, thrust his tongue into the depths of her sweet mouth and growled low in his throat as he enjoyed the taste of her. He ran his hands up and down her body, pulling her hips in tight against his hard cock, and rubbed against her soft belly. He didn't let up, he made sure to build the fire in her higher and brighter, until she was rocking her hips into his.

Nik slid his hands down the front of her shirt, releasing each one until he had her flesh exposed to him. He slowly slid the shirt from her shoulders and let it fall to the ground. He wrapped his arms around her and her more tightly against her hard body, then inched his hand up her back, flicking the clasps of her bra free. He weaned his mouth from hers, opened his eyes to slits and looked down at her beautiful body. She was exquisite. He could spend hours looking at her, but knew he couldn't give her body a chance to cool too much, letting her mind have control once more.

Nik slid a hand back around to her stomach as he leaned down to kiss and nibble along the sensitive arch of her neck. He smiled against Meg's flesh as she threw her head back with pleasure. He moved his hand up to her breast, cupping her in the palm of his hand, measuring the weight of the soft warm globe. His head traveled down her body, licking his way over the top of her breasts, until he was at her other mound of flesh. He sucked her nipple into his mouth, flicking the sensitive peak, back and forth with his tongue. He gently gnawed on her engorged nipple and was rewarded by the sound of her moans.

Nik released the other breast from his hand, slid it down her soft warm belly, until his finger reached the button and zipper holding her jeans together. He released the button and slid the zipper down slowly. He slid his fingers in beneath the elastic waist band of her panties and nearly cum in his pants as the scent of her honey and the feel of her soft curls entranced him. He slid his hand down over her mound, until he reached the top of her slit. He pushed two fingers down, encountering her dripping wet pussy, coated his fingers with her cream and slid back to the top of her flesh. His fingertips found Meg's blood engorged clitoris, and began to rub lightly over the sensitive flesh.

Nik picked her up with his other arm around her waist, slanting his mouth back and forth over hers as his fingers still rubbed and pleasured her. He carried Meg to the bed and carefully lay her down, glad she was clutching at his shoulders, which made the move much easier. He slipped down to her cunt until he reached her cream filled hole and slowly pushed the tip of a finger into the entrance of her sheath, all the while still devouring her mouth.

Nik slowly drew the kiss back and licked his way down her body, over the hard peaks of her breasts, down over her stomach, as his busy hands divested Meg of her sneakers, jeans and panties. He licked his way up the inside of her thigh as he pushed her legs apart, giving him access to the place he wanted to be the most.

Nik opened his eyes to watch Megan as he took his first taste of her delectable pussy. She looked like a goddess. Her head was thrown back, her eyes closed, her red lips slightly parted as she panted for breath. He grasped her hips in his large hands, when she nearly bucked him off of her, as he ran the flat of his tongue over her sensitive bundle of nerves. He wrapped his large, muscular arms around her thighs, one large palm resting over her pubic mound as he moved the other to her tight hole. He slid the tip of his finger into her wet pussy and retreated again in slow pull. She whimpered out loud as pushed his digit back into her body. He slowly increased the pace of his finger, until he was pumping it in and out of her body rapidly. He twisted his finger around until the pad was rubbing against the rough sweet spot he could feel inside.

Nik pushed in a little further and felt the thin membrane declaring her virginity, growling with satisfaction and possessiveness. He increased the pace of his finger again, making sure to rub over her G-spot. When he felt the warning ripples and flutter of her impending climax, he withdrew his finger from her body, ripped out of his clothes using his beasts claws and covered her naked frame with his much

larger one.

Nik leaned down over her, took her mouth with another carnal kiss, which had her whimpering and wriggling beneath him. He held her thighs wide, slid his hard cock down her slit and plunged into her depths. Her cry of pleasure and pain, brought his wolf to the forefront taking control of his body. He didn't want to hurt Megan, but could no longer control his and his beasts urges.

Nik withdrew almost all the way out, then plunged back into her tight, creamy cunt. He set up a fast furious pace, too out of control to leash his wolf. He pumped in and out of her vagina, rapidly. Forging deep and harder with every pump of his hips. He withdrew his mouth from Meg's, gasping for oxygen, his lungs bellowing with the effort, as the sound of his balls slapping her ass echoed through the room. He felt the warning ripples of her tight flesh, run the length of his cock, surged forward again and again, making sure to hit her sweet spot.

Meg arched her hips up into his and he growled low in his throat, her whimpers becoming louder as she teetered on the edge of ecstasy. Nik pumped his hips faster, determined to send her over before he lost total control. She screamed her pleasure as he felt her internal muscles clamp down hard on his cock, rippling the length of his flesh, as he pumped once, twice more then bellowed out his own release. His body quivered on top of hers as he held her hips against his, as he shot his load of cum into her cunt and womb. He slumped down on top of Megan, careful not to give her all his weight, as his breathing began to slow and the quaking of their bodies stopped.

Nik lifted his head and looked down at Megan's flushed face as he rolled to his side taking her with him, his flesh still in her warm body. He wanted to stay buried in her flesh for the rest of his life. He felt

whole for the first time in his life and was awed that he had touched heaven on earth. He slowly withdrew his softening cock and realized he had fucked his mate into exhaustion. She was sound asleep.

Chapter Four

Megan awoke the next morning feeling tired and drained. She had eventually woken to an empty bed after Nik had made love to her. She had felt used and unworthy to find herself alone once more and had cried herself to sleep, as she rode an emotional roller coaster within her mind. She knew there would be no way she could leave without Nik knowing. He was a werewolf for goodness sakes and he had claimed her. She was now his wife according to their pack laws. She figured the only way she would be able to escape now, was by recruiting someone to help her, but who.

There was no way she would be able to trust Stefan, he was trying to help Nik keep her here. Where did that leave her?

Meg slid from the bed, grabbed some clothes and headed for the bathroom. Maybe after she had showered, she could think things through more clearly.

Nik joined his Beta pack members in the kitchen dining area, rather than the formal dining room. He didn't want Megan to have the chance of over hearing his concerns about her welfare.

"Morning guys. Thanks for meeting me. Malcolm, has Stacey been able to hack into the Malibu's computer system yet?" Nik asked.

"Yes Alpha. Stacey discovered the Malibu Pack has somehow infiltrated our pack, or, they are bribing one of our pack members to find out what is happening within our own pack. She hasn't yet found out who the mole is, but she is working on it diligently," Malcolm replied.

"Damn it, that's not what I wanted to hear. Malcolm, I want you to beef up the security around here. No one is to be able to access my mate or her room, unless otherwise approved by me. Is that understood?" "Yes Alpha," Malcolm replied.

"Apparently the Alpha of the Malibu Pack is out for revenge; and has decided he is going to use my mate, if he can. I believe we may have a wolf on the take. In other words someone in this pack is feeding information to the Malibu Pack for money. I want you all to watch everyone. You are to trust no one," Nik stated, steel glinting in his eyes.

Nik's gaze changed as he breathed in the scent of his mate. She was coming downstairs, making her way to the kitchen. He halted the meeting with his pack members.

"We will discuss this more later," Nik stood, heading to the door to greet Megan. Megan, how did you sleep?"

"Fine," Meg snapped. She was still angry with him for stopping her escape attempt and for claiming her without her permission, then leaving her bed after having sex with her. Even though the sexual chemistry between them explosive, Meg would have liked to get to know Nik. Instead he had taken her choices away and made important decisions regarding her, without her consent.

She shoved passed him and stomped into the kitchen, dining room. She came to a halt when she saw the men sitting around the timber table. Harry rushed over to Meg with a mug of coffee in his hand, gave a bow, then handed the mug to Meg.

"Thanks Harry."

"You're most welcome, Mistress," Harry replied, then moved back into the kitchen.

"Megan, I would like you to meet some of my pack members. Stefan you already know. This is Logan, beside him is Malcolm and Seamus is on Logan's other side," Nik stated.

"Pleased to meet you," Meg replied.

"It is an honor to meet you, my Queen," Seamus stated as he rose to his feet.

What he did next had Meg's mouth gaping open. He took her hand in his and bowed until his forehead touched her hand in supplication. She was even more astounded as the two others followed suit. She looked at Stefan to see him laughing at her. He didn't bother to follow suit. He knew Meg was still angry with him, as well as his brother. He wasn't a masochist. There was no way, he was risking her wrath by getting too close to her before she had calmed down.

Nik slid his hand down her arm and led her to the table. He seated her on the right of his chair, which was located at the head of the table. Once Meg was seated, he took his own seat. Harry began bringing the breakfast food over to the table. He watched as his mate jumped from her seat and went into the kitchen to help Harry, by picking up a platter of bacon and eggs. She placed it on the table before anyone could prevent her.

"Thank you, Mistress Meg, but it is my honor to serve you. You have no need to help with anything," Harry stated.

"I don't care. I will help you if I want to and nothing you, or anyone else in this room is going to stop me from doing what I want," Meg stated, as she crossed her arms over her chest.

"These people are here to serve and protect you, Megan. It is an honor for them to do so," Nik stated.

"Well, I don't really care. I am human and no one is going to be serving me. I am no better than anyone else in this room," Meg stated belligerently.

Meg didn't know it, but her statement ingratiated her to all the pack members in the room. They each vowed silently to protect her with their own lives.

Meg listened to the men talk throughout the meal. Their conversation was inconsequential subjects such as the weather and other pack members. She had a feeling her presence was preventing them from discussing what they really wanted to talk about.

Once the meal was over, Meg helped Harry clean up the dishes and wipe down the table and benches. The expression on Harry's face of shock, then resignation nearly had Meg laughing out loud.

"Harry do you cook, clean and open the door for everyone?" Meg asked curiously.

"I do the cooking because I enjoy it, Mistress Meg. I don't do the cleaning myself other than the kitchen. I have other female pack members who clean the house weekly," Harry replied.

"Hm, could you please stop calling me Mistress Meg? Meg is sufficient. You are making me feel uncomfortable," Meg stated.

"If that is your wish, Meg."

"It is," Meg replied.

"Thank you for your help," Harry stated gratuitously, his eyes twinkling as he gave her a wink.

"You're welcome," Meg stated over her shoulder as she left the room.

She wandered the house, trying to get her bearings. She felt as if she was a princess in a palace. She was waiting to wake up and find herself back in her little one bedroom apartment.

Meg found a large room filled with plants and fountains. She was stunned to find such a room inside. She wandered through the room, breathing in the scent of roses and lavender. She found glass sliding doors on the opposite side of the room and slid them open. She stepped outside under the covered patio and heard a feminine snicker to her right. She turned to see three women sitting in chairs staring at her.

"Hello, I'm Meg," Meg stated courteously.

"We know who you are, *human*," a red headed woman stated disparagingly.

Meg watched as the woman turned back to her friends, completely ignoring her.

"I can't believe our Alpha has claimed a human.

He could have had the pick of our pack. I don't think he was thinking. I mean look at us compared to that. It can't change and run with Nikolai; and has the strength of a Gnat," stated the red head.

Meg turned her back to the women's laughter and walked down the steps into the garden. She didn't let them see her cheeks flaming with humiliation or the tears in her eyes.

She wandered through the landscaped gardens until she came upon a hedge maze. She entered the maze and made her way to the center. The fountain in the middle was beautiful. A wolf sat on it's haunches looking up at a human female, her hand resting on the wolf's head. Water was sprouting from cub wolves mouths, surrounding the pair. Meg stepped closer to inspect the statues and gave a gasp. Goose bumps raised up all over her skin and she felt a shiver work it's way down her spine. She was looking at herself. How could this be? Was their magic in the works, or was it just a coincidence? Meg backed away from the fountain and groped for the bench seat behind her. She sat down with a thud, her legs too weak to hold her. How long she sat staring at the feature, she had no idea. When she finally drew her eyes away, the sun was high in the sky.

Meg got to her feet and began to back track through the maze. As she got closer to entrance she heard voices. She stopped short and kept her breathing shallow. She didn't want whoever was there to know she was listening. She heard the voice of the red head who had insulted her, and the deep voice of a male.

"You are going to have to be very careful. I heard the Alpha talking to his Beta's this morning through the kitchen window. He's going to have a guard on her twenty four hours a day. He knows the Alpha from the Malibu Pack is out for revenge. You can't let anyone see you kidnap her." "I think now would be the perfect opportunity. She is totally alone and just behind the hedge listening in," replied the male.

When the words the male spoke finally sunk in, Meg spun on her heel and ran as fast as she could. She was totally trapped. She had nowhere to go. She could head toward the center of the maze, or she could hide in one of the dead ends. Either way she was going to be caught. There was no way she could run, overpower or escape a werewolf using his nose to scent his prey. Meg didn't make it very far before she felt the warning prickle at the back of her neck. Pain exploded through her skull and then she slumped to the ground as darkness sucked her into it's depths.

Nik finished speaking with his Beta's after Meg had left the kitchen. He didn't realize how long he had kept them with him, until he glanced at the clock. A frisson of alarm pulsed through his system. He had kept her bodyguards occupied for hours. The last thing he had wanted was for his mate to wander alone when there was a traitor in their midst.

"I didn't realize we had been talking for so long. My mate has left the house and is probably in the gardens. I want all of you to help me look for her," Nik walking to the front door. Uneasiness assailed him. He tried calling Meg using his mental link, "Megan, where are you?" His trepidation increased when he got no reply.

Nik used his sense of smell and followed his mates scent. It was strongest near the conservatory and on the outdoor patio. He followed it into the maze until he was in the center. She had definitely been here. He made his way back out and stopped near the entrance. He picked up his mate's lingering scent, but hers was not the only one. He smelled Nadia's scent, one of his female pack members, as well as a male wolf. He could not place the male's scent, but knew he had

smelled it before.

"Betas, I have found the scent of my mate as well as Nadia's, but there is also a male wolf scent, I cannot place. I am just inside the maze. I need you all to come to me and see if you can determine who the male wolf is," Nik stated through his mental link.

Seconds later his Betas were with him. It was Seamus who was able to identify the wolf's scent.

"I believe Nadia was accompanied by Nathan Roarke. He is new to our pack, if you remember Alpha. He said he had no pack of his own. We checked him out and found this to be the case," Seamus stated.

"I have a feeling he has given us a bogus name and he is from the Malibu Pack, sent to infiltrate ours. I believe he may have my mate. Find Nadia and bring her to me. Once I question her, we have plans to make. We need to save my mate."

Nik walked toward the patio. His blood was pumping through his body at a furious rate. He feared for his mate's life. There was no way to know what the Alpha of the Malibu Pack would do to his mate. He had to try and curb the instinct of changing to his wolf, and charge into the Malibu Pack to rescue Meg. The last thing he wanted was to be killed and not be able to save his mate. He had plans to make.

Chapter Five

Meg woke feeling as if she had a jack hammer pounding within her skull. She gave a groan as she lifted her hands to her head. She tentatively examined the back of her head with gentle fingertips and discovered the source of her pain. She had a lump on the back of her head and felt stickiness, and she realized she was bleeding slightly.

She heard a noise to her right and slowly turned her head to the source. She discovered a strange male sitting in a chair beside the bed she was on, staring at her. His eyes were a piercing, translucent green. He had brown hair and a goatee beard below his thin lower lip. He sat without blinking and she began to get very scared.

Meg moved slowly as she scooted across the bed to the furtherest side, away from him. He didn't move. If she hadn't seen the slight rise and fall of his chest as he breathed, she would have thought he was dead.

"Who are you and want do you want with me?" Meg asked in a tremulous voice.

The male didn't answer her. She became very frightened as he sat staring. She crawled her way to the foot of the bed and rose to her feet. She wobbled as dizziness assailed her and the pounding in her head intensified. Once the dizziness passed and the pounding settled to a dull ache. She walked to the bedroom door.

He was on her in an instant. Once minute he was sitting in the chair watching her, the next he had lifted her in his arms and placed her back on the bed.

"I cannot allow you to leave," he stated quietly.

"Who are you?"

"I am Travis, the Alpha of the Malibu Pack."

"What do you want with me?"

"You will find out all in good time, my sweet," Travis stated cryptically.

"That red headed bitch put you up to this didn't she! I knew she was going cause me trouble. A human, as she put it. I'll bet it's because she wants Nik for herself. If she only knew how much I wanted to leave. She could have helped me, instead of handing me over to you. I could have told her she was free to pursue him. The last thing I want, is to be claimed by a bloody werewolf."

"Yes, I can see why he wanted you. Such fire. Are you hungry or thirsty Megan?" Travis asked. "Perhaps I can get you some pain killers for your headache?"

"I don't want anything from you, except to for you to release me. I don't know what you're aiming for, but I can tell you now, Nik won't rest until he has me back."

"That is what I intended. I know he will come for you and I will be ready," Travis stated as he rose to his feet and left the room.

Meg gave a sigh as she began to relax slightly. She heard the door to the room being locked. She was a prisoner. She only hoped Nik didn't take too long to come for her. She wasn't going to sit back and wait though. She was going to do her damnedest to escape.

Meg got off the bed and began to explore the room. She opened all the doors and searched through all the cupboards and drawers, looking for anything she could use as a weapon.

She scrutinized the window, and to her dismay, she discovered she was not on ground level. She was in a two story house. There was no balcony outside for her to climb over. If she tried to escape she would probably end up hurting herself. She had just settled back on the bed, as she heard the key in the lock turn. An elderly female entered the room carrying a tray with food on it. She placed the tray on the bedside table and leaned down to whisper in Meg's ear. "My name is Helen, I am the house keeper for the Malibu

Pack. I will not harm you, Megan. I know my Alpha is not in his right mind. I have sent word to your mate to let him know you are safe for now. The Beta, next in line to Travis, also knows his Alpha is insane. We are working on getting you out of here safely."

Helen straightened up and spoke in a normal voice, "Hello dear, I'm Helen. I've brought something for you to eat."

"Thanks Helen, I'm Meg."

Helen made her way back to the door, gave Meg one more glance and left, closing and locking the door behind her.

Meg took the cover off the food and sniffed appreciatively. The aroma of steak and vegetables had saliva pooling in her mouth. She hadn't eaten since breakfast and knew it was well past the hour of dinner. She noticed a small plastic cup with two tablets in it. She tipped the tablets into the palm of her hand; and was relieved to see the familiar name of pain killers stamped into them. She swallowed them down with a sip of water and then picked the plate up, to rest on her lap. She ate everything on her plate and gave a sigh of repletion. She placed the plate and utensils back on the tray and recovered them.

Meg rummaged through the drawers and closet until she found some clean clothes and underwear, then made her way to the adjoining bathroom. After she was showered and dressed, she found a toothbrush still in it's packaging and brushed her teeth.

She entered the bedroom and walked over to the window. She was about to unlatch and open the window, when she heard the key turn in the lock. She quickly pulled her hand from the latch and crossed her arms over her chest, trying for a pose of nonchalance.

"I see you've made yourself at home. I'm glad you feel comfortable enough to do so," Travis stated from

behind her as he entered the room. He walked over to the bedside table, lifted the food cover and smiled with satisfaction to see his prisoner had eaten. He waited for her to turn to him and begin asking her questions again. He was astounded when she continued to ignore him. No one ignored him. He was the Alpha of a prestigious pack and a werewolf. He could crush her using only his fingers.

He grabbed her shoulder in a firm grip and spun her around to face him. She kept her eyes lowered. This pleased him very much. It showed him she was accepting of his dominance, his power as an Alpha male wolf. He placed a finger beneath her chin, tilting her face to his. He couldn't prevent the backwards step he took, when he saw the fury in her eyes. He stepped forward again, took her chin between his thumb and index finger and squeezed. He knew he was causing her pain. He felt the muscles in her body tighten. She kept her gaze on his and her expression of fury didn't waiver. He released his hold on her brought his hand up to her cheek, and smiled as she flinched away from his touch. She wasn't impervious to fear, as much as he thought. She was just hiding it. This satisfied him enough to step back from her, he gave her a smirk and left the room.

Meg gulped in a huge breath of air as she heard the key turn in the lock once more. She rubbed her chin and winced at the pain. She was going to have a bruise on either side of her chin. The mongrel had hurt her quite badly, but there was no way she was ever going to let on to him. He was definitely a sandwich short of a picnic. Meg had seen the madness in his eyes. She had to get out of here, now. She reached for the lock on the window and flipped it up. She held her breath as she slowly pushed the window open. It slid up without a sound. She released her breath as she straddled the window sill and looked down to the ground below. There was a bush

directly below her window. She prayed she could push off far enough from the window sill, to avoid landing on the bush. Taking another breath, she swung her other leg over the sill, until her legs were dangling. She gave a mighty push using all the strength in her arms; and hoped like hell no one heard her land on the ground.

Meg tried to land on the balls of her feet, to limit the amount of sound she made on impact. She held still, not moving or breathing as she listened to her surroundings. The knee of her right leg was throbbing, since she had twisted slightly on her landing. There was nothing she could do about it now. She had to get out of here and fast.

She scanned around one last time, then took off running. She aimed for the trees she could see about twenty feet in front of her. She prayed with every step she took. Please, please, please, help me get out of here. She chanted in her mind. By the time Meg made it amongst the trees, her knee was throbbing painfully, and felt as if it was twice it's normal size. She didn't stop, she couldn't afford to. There was no way of knowing what that sicko would do to her, if he caught her again. No, she wouldn't give up until she was safe. Hopefully she would find the road and be able to flag down a driver. She could get a lift back to town and report Nik as well as Travis. They would both end up locked up in a mental institution or jail.

Megan felt a pain pierce her chest at the thought of Nik, locked away. He wasn't crazy. He had proven he was a werewolf. She knew it would be the end of his existence if he was incarcerated. She couldn't do that to him or Stefan. She realized then that she was in love with Nik.

"Oh God, please help me. What have you done to me? How could you have made me the mate of a werewolf? I didn't even know they existed, until recently," Meg sobbed.

Meg became aware of a light glowing through the trees. She ducked behind a very large tree trunk as adrenaline kicked in. She was ready for a 'flight of fight' situation. She knew damn well she wouldn't be any hindrance to a werewolf. Looks like she was going to have to flee. Meg listened intently as the glowing light come closer and closer. She couldn't hear any footsteps.

"I am here to help you. Come out, come out, wherever you are. Megan, I will not hurt you. I can show you a way to freedom."

Megan closed her eyes in distress. Whoever the female with the singsong voice was, she knew who Megan was.

"Open your eyes Megan. Come I will show you the way."

Megan opened her eyes to see an ethereal, glowing figure of a female in front of her. She blinked, then blinked again.

"I promise you, I am real. Please, come. We must hurry, they have discovered your escape."

"Who, what are you?" Meg asked her voice trembling.

"I am what you think. I will not hurt you. Come, now."

Meg took a deep breath and followed the floating, spectral female. She jogged slowly ignoring the pain in her knee. They traveled for what seemed like miles, until the pain in her knee and the pounding in her head, was so incessant, Megan knew she could go no further. She slumped to the ground and panted for breath, holding her throbbing knee.

The female ghost turned towards Megan and knelt at her side, "Close your eyes, Megan."

Megan complied to the request. She felt a warm tingling in the vicinity of her knee. The throbbing in her knee stopped and she felt the swelling reduce.

"Come, you must hurry. They are gaining on us,"

stated the female spirit.

Megan got to her feet and followed her guide at a run. She ran and ran, until she felt she was running on pure adrenaline. She was totally exhausted, but knew she could not stop. The spirit slowed down and pointed to the river visible in a gap amongst the trees.

"You must swim across. When you are on the other side you will be safe. Go, Blessed Be Megan," stated her spirit guide, then she faded away.

Megan ran to the river and dove into the ice cold water. She felt the water dragging her down, her shoes and clothes became heavy with water. She stopped, treading water, using the toes of her feet, she nudged her shoes and socks off. She took off the sweater and let it go, then struggled to discard her wet clinging denim jeans, but finally managed to remove them. She was left wearing a bra, T-shirt and panties, but she felt much lighter, and struck out for the other side of the river bank.

Chapter Six

Nik and his Beta's were about to leave the house for an all-out attack on the Malibu Pack, until he heard Harry call his name.

"I've just had a phone call from Helen, the house keeper of the Malibu Pack. It seems your mate has escaped. The last she heard, Malibu Pack members were chasing her towards the river," Harry stated.

"Thanks Harry. Change of plans Beta's, we head to the river at the far end of the property, to the south," Nik stated and took off running, with his Beta's following.

Nik, Stefan, Seamus and Logan changed in mid stride to their *were* forms. They would reach the river much faster, as they had more speed, agility and great night vision in their wolf forms.

They reached the river just in time to see Malibu Pack members dive into the water from the far side. Nik spotted Megan about twenty feet in front of him. She was struggling with fatigue, trying to reach their side of the river. He didn't stop to think, just dove straight in and headed towards her.

Megan heard the splash close to her and gave a sob as she struggled to keep her head above the water. She was just about done in, when she felt a wet tongue lick her face. She opened her eyes and knew she was looking at Nik. She put a hand up behind his neck and clung to the scruff of his neck. She was so cold and tired, and her head was killing her, all she wanted to do was sleep. She felt hands pull her from the icy river, but couldn't seem to open her eyes to see who was helping her. She felt a spray of icy water fly over her, as Nik shook himself dry. Then she was being lifted into strong muscular arms. Her head slumped down in the curve of Nik's neck and shoulder, as she drifted into sleep.

"Stefan, Malcolm, Seamus, I want you to stay here and make sure the members from the Malibu Pack

don't come onto our land." Nik stated, as he watched the wolves in the river turn back to the other side.

Nik ran back to the house with Megan in her arms. He could see her lips beginning to turn blue with cold and she was shivering violently in his arms.

"Logan, I want you to change to your wolf, run back to the house and call the doctor. I need to have my mate checked over, to make sure she isn't suffering from hypothermia," Nik instructed.

Logan changed forms mid stride and took off at a sprint. As soon as he was back in the house he changed back to his human form and called the doctor.

It took Nik a lot longer to get back to the house in his human form, he would have like to change, but he had no way to carry Megan safely. He ran as fast as he could, making sure not to jolt his mate too much. Her shivering was escalating and he was worried for her health. He gave a sigh of relief as the lights from the house came into view, but knew it would be a while before his mate was out of danger. He sprinted up the stairs and took Megan to his bedroom. He lay her down on his bed and began removing her cold, wet clothes. He wrapped her in a thick blanket and placed her under the covers of his bed. He was just about to strip out of his own damp clothes, since his body was still wet when he had changed back to his human form, when he heard and smelled the doctor approaching.

"Hi Nik, is this your mate?" asked Jackie.

"Yes, she swam across the river after she escaped from the Malibu Pack. She has a blue tinge to her lips and won't stop shivering. I don't know if she has any other injuries," Nik advised his friend, and the Trinity Pack Doctor. Jackie Worth.

Jackie took her stethoscope from her bag as well as a blood pressure cuff. She gave Megan a thorough examination whilst Nik moved to the adjoining bathroom to dry off and dress in dry clothes. He heard, Stefan, Seamus and Malcolm return to the house, and knew the threat was circumvented for the moment. Jackie had Megan covered decently as Nik re-entered the room.

"So, how is she?"

"She is suffering from a slight case of hypothermia and she has a slight concussion. It looks like she took a hit to the back of her head," Jackie stated. "The best way to get her warm is body heat. I want you and someone else you trust, to climb into bed with your mate, to help warm her body. What you have done so far is good, but we need to warm her up quickly. Her blood pressure is too low."

"Okay, thanks for your help, Jackie. I appreciate you rushing over here at a moments notice," Nik opined.

"No problem, Alpha. It's my job. I need to get going, I have a baby to birth. I'll see you later," Jackie stated as she turned and left the room.

"Stefan I need you in my room now. We have to help get Megan's body temperature up," Nik commanded, using his mental link. Then stripped down to his underpants and T-shirt, then slid into bed and cocooned his mates body.

Stefan entered his brother's room, stripped down the same as Nik had, and climbed into bed. Nik took the opportunity to question his brother about the Malibu Pack.

"Did Travis try to come onto our land?" Nik asked using his mental link to his brother.

"No. His second in command was waiting for him and the other Malibu Pack members when they swam back to their side of the river. He challenged his Alpha for leadership and won. It was a terrible fight, over with quickly, but his second in charge ripped his Alpha's head from his shoulder's. We will have no more trouble from the Malibu's. I've heard his second in charge has been waiting for the opportunity and reason to challenge his Alpha; and that he is the right person for the job," Stefan informed his brother.

"Thank God," Nik stated with a sigh. Now he only had to worry about Nadia.

Between the two of them it took less than half an hour before Megan was warm once more. Stefan climbed out of the bed, got dressed and left the room. Nik was too afraid to leave Meg alone, so he stayed where he was. Determined to protect his mate as she slept and healed, he dozed lightly through the night. When the first rays of the sun began to lighten the sky, Nik got out of bed, dressed and left the room. His mate was sleeping peacefully under the covers in his bed. She was warm and safe.

Nik entered the kitchen to see his Beta's already seated at the informal table. He poured himself a coffee and took a seat. "Has Nadia shown up yet?"

"No Alpha. We were unable to locate her last night and it is the same this morning. How is my Queen?" Seamus asked.

"She is well. She was sleeping deeply and peacefully when I left her. I think she will sleep for a while yet. She was totally exhausted last night, also she's suffering a slight concussion. Now, back to the problem at hand. I want Nadia found and brought to me immediately. If any of you see her or Nathan, I want to be informed straight away. I have a few things which need to be attended. Logan, I want you to guard my mate until she awakens. Do not leave my bedroom door until she comes out."

"Yes Alpha," Logan stated, as he rushed towards the stairs. It was an honor to be asked to protect his Queen. He would give his life for her.

Logan stood guard for another three hours. He came alert when he heard movement in the room beyond. He hadn't heard his Queen getting out of bed. He quietly opened the door to his Alpha's bedroom to

a small gap. He was just in time to see a large male standing over his Queen. He plunged through the door and was just in time to save his Queen from being stabbed. He grabbed the assailants wrist and squeezed hard, using all his *were* strength. The assailant screamed in pain, as Logan broke the bones in his wrist. He turned the male towards him and realized he had broken Nathan's wrist. Logan shoved him to the floor, twisted Nathan's arms behind his back while sitting on him.

"Alpha I've just stopped Nathan from killing your mate and have him restrained. Please, come to your room. Your mate is awake and seems to be frightened." Logan advised, using his mental link.

"What the hell are you doing, Logan?" Meg asked. "I just stopped this male from killing you, my Oueen."

Meg didn't get to reply as Nik burst through the bedroom door, with Stefan and Seamus on his heels. Nik went to Meg and pulled her onto his lap. He took the bed coverings with her so she was still covered from the neck down.

"Are you alright, Meg?"

"I'm fine. Please put me down. What the hell is going on around here? First I'm prevented from leaving here, then I'm kidnapped by a loony and now someone is trying to stab me. I have had enough. You need to let me leave. I have been in danger from the moment I set foot in this house. You have to let me go," Meg sobbed out.

"Ah, Meg. I'm sorry for the danger you have been placed in, but if I let you go now you would be killed. They will find you no matter where you go. Can't you understand, I'm trying to keep protect you by keeping you here? And even if it was safe for you to leave, I couldn't do it. You are my wife. I love you, Megan. It would tear my heart out if you left me," Nik stated, as he watched his Beta's remove Nathan

from the room.

"If you loved me enough, you would let me go."

Nik didn't reply, he gave a sigh and kissed her temple. He set her back down on the bed rose to his feet and left the room. He couldn't stand to see his mate so unhappy. If it was within his control, he would take back his claiming of her and let her go. But he couldn't turn back the clock and he was dealing with the situation to the best of his ability. He only hoped his mate would eventually come around and return his feelings. He knew she desired him, but it wasn't enough. He wanted her love as well.

Meg sighed as she watched Nik leave the room. She had been totally blown away when he said he loved her. She got out of bed and made her way to the shower. She'd had enough of him telling her what to do. It was about time she found some back bone and stood up to these dominant, werewolf males.

Nik made his way downstairs to his study. His Beta's had Nathan on his knees before his desk. "Where is Nadia?"

Nik waited for Nathan to answer. He continued when he stayed mute. "I know Nadia helped you to kidnap my mate. You can't protect her. I will eventually catch up with her. You can't stop her from being banished from my pack. Now answer the question. Where is Nadia?" Nik asked again.

"I don't know and even if I did, I wouldn't tell you. If it wasn't for your father, you would have been born into the Malibu Pack. He stole her away from my Alpha's father," Nathan stated.

"Do you honestly believe, a werewolf female could be taken and mated against her will? Use your brains. My mother loved my father. Nothing could have changed them mating. My mother was not the mate to your previous Alpha. My parents mating was preordained by the stars. Nobody could have stopped it. Your deceased Alpha didn't know what he's talking

about. He had been told one side of the story by a man who had his pride maligned. His heart did not enter into the situation; and now his son has ended up losing his life because he took it upon himself to exact revenge. Did his actions show you he was thinking clearly? Do you honestly believe he was sane?" Nik asked, as he watched Nathan.

He knew he had made him think. He could see Nathan's mental cogs turning, but knew he would not get a response from him. "Let him go."

Nik knew he would have no more trouble with Nathan. He watched as Nathan rose to his feet, cradling his wrist in his hand. "Think yourself lucky to be leaving with only a broken wrist. If I give my Beta's the command, they will rip you to shreds in an instant."

Nathan stood staring at Nik with awe. He realized, before him stood a man of compassion. Only a man with true strength, would allow an enemy to leave without ordering him to be killed. Nathan bowed to Nik in supplication and left the room. He was not going back to the Malibu Pack, even though the his crazy Alpha was no dead. He was leaving and heading to another state.

"You will find Nadia in the previous Malibu Alpha's office," Nathan threw over his shoulder, then disappeared from view.

Chapter Seven

Megan slowly walked downstairs after she was showered and dressed. She froze near the bottom of the staircase and watched the man sent to kill her, leave. When he was gone, she stomped her way to Nik's study.

Megan stopped when she saw Nik was not alone. She was about to back out of the room but Nik prevented her from escaping. "

Please, leave us," Nik stated. He waited for the room to clear, the closed the door behind his Beta's. "What has upset you, Meg?"

"You, them, the situation I find myself in," Meg replied.

Nik took Meg's hand in his and led her to the small sofa in the corner of his study, then sat beside her. "Talk to me, Megan."

"I've had enough of all this, Nik. I am not going to let you or anyone else, push me around anymore. I've been here for over a week now. I want to go home and get back to my normal sane, boring life. I'm not cut out to be your wife. You need to let me go home, please?"

"Megan, I understand. Really I do, but you need to put yourself into my situation. If you were me and I was you, knew you were in danger. Would you let me leave? Please try to understand. I only have your best interests at heart. I would die if you were harmed. I was so scared when I realized you were missing and had been kidnapped for the Malibu Pack's Alpha. Please, just stay until I know you are no longer in danger. If you wish to leave when it is safe, then you may."

"Do you really mean that, Nik?" Megan asked uncertainly.

"Yes, Meg. If you wish to leave when it is safe to do so, I will have Stefan personally drive you back home," Nik stated with resignation.

"Thank you," Meg stated.

Nik watched his heart and soul leave the room. He felt as if his heart was being ripped out of his chest. It seemed there was nothing he could do or say, to change his mate's mind. She was going to leave him. He would not live for long without his mate. He walked over to his desk and began to get his papers in order.

Stefan returned to the study as Nik finished writing his will. He stood looking at his brother, seeing the expression on Nik's face scared him. He didn't want to lose his brother, but knew if Nik didn't fight for his mate, he would lose his life.

"Why?" Stefan asked.

Nik didn't pretend to misunderstand his brother's question when he answered. "She says she has had enough of being in danger. If it wasn't for me, she wouldn't be in any danger. If I hadn't claimed her as my mate, she would probably have stayed safe. She asked to leave and I told her she could, once it was safe."

"I know all this, Megan told me already. What I want to know is why you aren't fighting to keep her. She is your mate. You know you won't survive for long if she leaves. Is that what you want Nik? Do you want to die? You know I'm next in line to be Alpha, and I know I don't have what it takes to lead the Trinity Pack, nor do I want to. Why are you giving up so easily? I've never known you to give in without a fight. Why now?" Stefan asked.

"She doesn't love me, Stefan. Yes, we have a chemistry together and in the eyes of our laws we are married. But she wants nothing to do with me."

"Have you told her you love her?"

"Of course I have. Do you know what her response was?" Nik asked with a bitter laugh. "She said, if you love me, let me go. So that is what I will do. I will let her go."

"You know what I see? I see two people in love, both as stubborn as the other. One determined to play the martyr and not beg; the other so scared of returning that love, then having her partner leave, just like the rest of her family. It doesn't matter that them leaving, dying, was out their control. What she sees in loving someone, is endless pain and emptiness," Stefan stated. He saw comprehension dawn on his brother's face. His frown slowly turned to a grin, then outright laughter.

"When did you become so wise, little brother? No don't answer that. Thank you, from the bottom of my heart," Nik stated as he rushed from the room.

"About time you woke up!" Stefan stated, using his mental link to his brother.

"What would I do without you, Stefan? Go and inform Harry to begin preparations for a wedding. I want the ceremony to be held in the center of the maze. He can hire caterers for the reception which will be held here," Nik commanded, as he went in search of his mate.

Nik found Megan in the conservatory, sitting on a bench breathing in the scent of the flowers. He sat down beside her and took the hand closest to him, in one of his own.

"I have a few things to tell you, Megan. I want you to listen and not interrupt. If you have any questions when I'm done, feel free to ask," Nik stated.

Meg inclined her head and waited for Nik to speak.

"Being a werewolf has certain aspects, I'm sure you are unaware of. Our life span is extended beyond a normal human life span. We cannot die of any human disease. We do not get sick. The only way to kill a werewolf is by silver bullets, or any silver lodged in our bodies, and, or decapitation. We can survive our allergies to silver, as long as it is removed quickly. Werewolves have the ability to heal rapidly.

If I was in a car accident, depending on my injuries, it would take hours or up to a week for me to heal. I cannot die any other way. I can change humans to become like me by the exchanging of blood. I could lengthen your life span so you age at the same pace I do. I have what you would call superhuman strength and speed compared to a human. I can hear, see and smell beyond a normal human. I know when someone is near me. My senses let me know. I love you, Megan. I don't want to lose you, but if it is still your wish to return to your sane, boring life when it is safe for you to do so; well then, so be it. Do you have any questions, sweetheart?" Nik asked.

Meg was too shocked to voice a reply, so she shook her head.

"I will leave you to process the information, I have given you. If you have any questions or just wish to speak to me, I am available to you at all times," Nik stated. He kissed her tenderly on the temple, gained his feet and left her to her thoughts.

Stefan found Meg sitting quietly staring into space. He sat down next to her and clasped her hand. "I love you like a sister, Meg. I know Nik spoke to you a while ago, but I know damn well, he didn't tell you everything. I know my brother enough to realize he wouldn't want to sway your decisions in any way. When he said he would let you go, he meant it. What he didn't tell you was, if you leave him he will die. A werewolf cannot survive without his mate for long, once he has claimed her or him. He is willing to die for you, Megan. He loves you that much. I know you have feelings for my brother. Sparks fly about the room whenever you are together. What I want to know is; if you are willing to let him die alone? Life is a risk we all take when we marry, or claim a mate. No one can know what the future will bring. Are you willing to throw away what could be the opportunity, the love of your life? Nik is willing to risk his life for you. Can't you love him the same? Unconditionally, no strings attached. Think about that, before you throw everything away. Please, take some time to really think things through, before you make a decision, Meg. I would hate my brother and my best friend to be lonely, or live and die with regrets for the rest of your life," Stefan stated. He kissed her hand, gave her a hug and left the room.

Megan sat and processed everything Nik and Stefan had said. She knew she just couldn't walk away without giving Nik a chance to court her. She didn't want to regret her decision and wonder for the rest of her life, what could have been. She wanted a chance to be loved for who she was. Not what she was or what she had. Nik loved her unconditionally. Could she do the same? Could she open herself up and ignore the what if scenarios? Was she willing walk away and feel no pain? No. She already knew the answer to that question. She would still feel pain if she left. She already had loved the Alpha of the Trinity Pack.

She made her way across the room of the conservatory and left by the glass doors. She had no destination in mind, but found herself being drawn to the maze. She walked slowly through the maze as if she was in a dream. She stood staring at the fountain and the statue of the human female, which resembled her so much. She felt no fear or surprise to see a bright light begin to form at her side. She had somehow known she was meant to be in the center of the maze. Her spirit guide formed fully and stood quietly beside her. They both stood staring at the beautiful fountain.

"Are you willing to throw away the chance to have the children you have always dreamed of having? Every race, human or otherwise, eventually feels the pain and loss of a loved one. Are you willing to throw away your love, because of your fear? I have always

admired your strength and courage to face reality, Megan. Why do fear love more so now, than when you faced the reality of your parents death? Your parents loved you more than you will ever know. They would want you to be happy. They wouldn't want you to punish yourself, just because you are still alive and they aren't. What do you think they would feel if they knew you were too scared to love, with your whole heart? I will always watch over you, Megan. It takes a great deal of courage and strength to take that final leap of faith. You will never be alone, if you decide not to stay with Nikolai, but you will continue to exist rather than live, if you leave. Is that what you want? Remember me Megan, I love you. Blessed Be," the female specter stated as she began to fade.

"Wait. Who are you?" Megan asked in a voice full of emotion, as tears coursed down her cheeks.

"I am your Grandmother, child. Your mother and father love you very much, but they want to see you live. Grasp life with both hands, Megan, and don't let go. You won't regret it."

"I love you too. Tell my parents I love them," Megan called out as she watched her Grandmother fade before her eyes.

Megan stayed sitting on the bench for quite a while. She cried in a release of pent up emotion; for her guardian spirit, the Grandmother she never knew. For her deceased parents and then finally for herself. She finally gave herself permission to grab life with both hands and not let go. She jumped up from the bench, threw her head back and laughed with joy. She was in love and she needed to tell her husband. She wanted to get married, have a human ceremony. She wanted to live with her mate, as a wife should and finally, she wanted to have his babies. She felt so free. She was brimming with so much love, she could barely contain it. She began to run to her destiny. She

was not leaving her mate and she needed to tell Nik, she loved him with her whole heart.

Chapter Eight

Megan ran through the maze and entered the conservatory. She didn't think about closing the door behind her, she was in too much of a hurry to see Nik. She ran through the house and stopped in the kitchen to grab a glass of water. She took the full glass with her and went in search of her mate.

She found him in the study as usual. He was surrounded by his Beta's and a couple of other pack members she had not as yet, met. She gave Stefan a smile as he looked at her. He came towards her, as Nik was still talking to his pack members.

"You look like you've been crying, Megan. Are you alright?" Stefan asked.

"Yes. I'm fine Stefan. I finally have my eyes wide open," she stated with a smile, which lit up her whole face.

"Welcome to the family, Megan," Stefan whispered in her ear and kissed her cheek. "Nik won't be much longer and then I'll get everyone out of here for you. I'm sure you would like some privacy to talk."

"Thank you, Stefan, for everything. What would I do without you?" Meg asked.

"I'm sure you would have come to the same conclusions you have. It just might have taken you a bit longer to work everything out."

"I will always be here for you Megan. You're not only my best friend, but you are also my sister in law," Stefan stated.

Megan waited impatiently for Nik to finish up his business with his pack members. She fidgeted until she was driving herself crazy, let alone anyone else watching her. She was about to walk over and take a seat on the sofa, as the male pack members bowed to Nik then to her and left the room.

Nik walked toward her, once everyone else had gone. Meg began to walk to him, to meet him half way.

"Nik, I need to talk to you. I want to explain some of the reasons I've been so hesitant to commit to a relationship."

"Okay. Would you like to sit down?" Nik asked, as he took her hand in his and began to guide her to the sofa.

A familiar female voice stopped them in their tracks. "Well, doesn't this look nice. Are you trying to use your feminine wiles to keep my Alpha dangling on a string? You know Nik, you really disappoint me. I never thought I would see the day you would want to mate with a *human*. We could have been so good together. But you had to go and throw it all away for that," Nadia stated, as she raised her arm and pointed a gun at Megan. "I can't believe you would choose that little bitch over me. You could have had the best, but you threw me over."

Nik tried to push Megan behind his back to protect her, but she stood firmly by his side. His heart was pounding in his chest as he saw Nadia point the gun in her hand at his mate.

"Stefan, Nadia is in the study with a gun pointed at Megan. Get in here now," Nik screamed through his mental link.

"Oh, I know what you're doing *Alpha*," Nadia sneered. "They won't be coming to help you anytime soon. You see, I have been in the pocket of the Malibu Pack for months. I brought a few rogue friends here to help me. I can't believe you couldn't see what was happening right under your nose. You always thought you were too good to commune with the lesser members of your pack. Well, I bet you wished you paid more attention now, don't you? Ah ah ah, no moving, Nik. You're precious Beta's have been tranquilized like the animals they are," Nadia stated in a high pitched laugh.

Oh God, she's as mad as the Alpha of the Malibu

Pack, Megan told herself. She glanced about with her eyes. Hoping to spot something to use as a weapon against Nadia. She spied a sharp silver letter opener on Nik's desk near her hip. She slowly moved her arm in that direction and hoped like hell, Nadia didn't spot her movement. She kept her gaze on Nadia until she felt the item with her fingertips. There would be no help from the other pack members, if Nadia was telling the truth about them being tranquilized. It was up to her and Nik to get themselves out of this situation.

"Why have you done this, Nadia?" Nik asked, keeping her eyes on him as he slowly began to inch away from Megan's side. "You should know we don't pick our own mates. They are destined by the spirits, preordained. You know we only get one mate in our lifetime; and hope we are lucky enough to actually meet them. Why would you think you could have been my mate?"

"Oh my God. You are priceless. Do you know that?" Nadia gave an unnatural high pitched laugh. "I don't really want to be your mate, you stupid wolf. I want to be Queen. I want to have the power to rule over a pack. I want them to bow and scrape to me as they do to you. I want them at my beck and call, to do whatever I tell them to do. Power is money and money is power."

"No you're wrong Nadia. Power is to be sensitive to others needs. To put others before your own selfishness. To love with your whole being, as I love Megan. That is power," Nik stated, as he moved further away from Megan.

"One more step and I'll pull the trigger," Nadia stated as she watched Nik intently.

Megan took the opportunity of her inattention to grab the letter opener in her hand. Because she hadn't been able to use her eyes, she picked up the sharp end and felt it slice through the palm of her hand. The

smell of blood must have been strong because both Nik and Nadia glanced her way. Megan used her advantage as soon as Nadia looked at her and moved with a quick leap in front of Nik, as she raised her arm and threw the sharp object at Nadia, with all her strength. Megan heard the loud blast of the gun as it was fired and felt a sharp agonizing pain beneath her breast. She fell to the floor writhing in pain until it began to fade into blessed numbness. She turned her head towards Nadia and saw the letter opener lodged into her chest. She was lying on the floor no longer breathing. She turned back to see Nik's face. He was holding her, but she couldn't seem to feel anything. Her vision began to fade, but she would not succumb to the dark, until she told Nik what she had intended, when she first walked into the study.

"Nik," Megan croaked out of a dry sore throat.

"Oh Meg, don't talk baby. Save your strength and fight for me. I can't live without you Megan," Nik sobbed, tears streaming from his eyes.

"I love you, Nik," Megan rasped out, just before she faded into the darkness.

Nik gathered his mate in his arms and sobbed her name, "Megan, don't you dare leave me. I've only just found you. Please, don't die."

"I've called for an ambulance, it should be here any moment, Nik. She's a strong female, Alpha. She won't give up without a fight," Harry stated, as walked unsteadily into the room, still battling the effects of the tranquilizer, and clasped Nik's shoulder in support.

Harry and Nik heard the siren as the ambulance drew closer. Nik had to be pried away from his mate so the paramedics could work on her, to get her stabilized. He felt his knees weaken as they placed her on the stretcher and carried her to the waiting ambulance. Nik climbed into the back of the vehicle, after the paramedics and sat staring at his mate. Praying to God to save her life.

He sat in the waiting room for hours and was unaware of his pack members joining him, one by one in his vigilance. He didn't move from the seat he was in, as he stared at the emergency room doors, willing a doctor to come and let him know his mate was out of danger.

Nik sat up straight, as the emergency room doors opened to a male doctor. He walked toward Nik and shook his hand. I've done everything I can for your fiancé, Mr. Romanov. It's up to her and God now. She had extensive damage to her right lung. I've repaired the damage, but such a traumatic experience to a body can send a patient into shock and she still may not pull through. I'm sorry, but we've done all we can. Call me if you need to talk, anytime, day or night."

Nik forced his voice to work before the doctor left, "Can I see her, please?"

"Sure, she's in intensive care, which is the best place for her to be. I don't want you to get a shock when you see all the machines she is hooked up to. They are there for an added extra to monitor your fiancé's vital signs. Please, follow me."

Nik followed the doctor into the intensive care unit. His knees nearly buckled beneath him when he saw Megan so pale and lifeless. He sat down in the chair on the opposite side of the nurse, monitoring her and took her hand in his. He brought her hand to his mouth and kissed it. He breathed in the scent of her skin and lay his head down on the mattress beside her and prayed. He didn't stop praying until he fell into a light doze at his mate's side. He dreamed of a beautiful woman floating in the room looking down at his mate.

"You love her more than your own life, Nikolai Romanov. I couldn't have wished for a better husband for my daughter. Megan will recover, but it will take months for her to be as healthy as she was. She loves you and wants to spend the rest of her life with you. She didn't get to tell you everything in her heart, before she slipped into the darkness. Megan wants to marry you and have children with you. She wants to be able to spend the rest of your life with you as well. Which means she wanted you to change her to be as you are. If you change her now, her recovery will be much faster as you know. You will have five minutes to change her, when the nurses change shift. Do it quickly. You will have a long life filled with love, laughter and children. Blessed Be."

Nik watched the apparition in his dream place a kiss on his mate's head and fade away before his eyes. He jerked up and realized he had been asleep, dreaming. He watched the nurse check his mate's vitals as she moved to the closed curtains.

"It's shift change. It won't be any longer than five minutes before another nurse is sitting next to your fiancé, monitoring her vital signs," the nurse stated as she closed the curtains behind her.

Nik didn't stop to think he just acted. He let his canine teeth lengthen and tore a small cut into his wrist with one tooth. He opened Meg's mouth with his other hand and placed his wrist at her mouth and let a couple of drops of his blood, fall between her lips. He massaged her throat trying to get he to swallow by reflex and gave a sigh when she did. He leaned down and kissed her lips, nicking her lower lip with his longer eye tooth and tasted her blood. He licked the blood from her lip and sat down in the chair at her side once more. He hoped and prayed he had given her enough of his blood for the change to take place.

Chapter Nine

Megan became aware of the large warm hand holding hers in a light clasp. She could hear a beeping and wondered what was going on. She pried her heavy eyelids open, blinked a few times, until her vision cleared and looked over to see Nik asleep in a chair, his head resting on the side of the side of the bed. She slowly withdrew her hand from his and ran her fingers through his black, silky hair. She didn't stop her hand from moving over his head, through his hair ,as the nurse at her side stood and smiled at her as she took notes of her vital signs.

"You're looking so much better today. I'm glad you're finally awake," the nurse stated with a smile a gave her hand a pat. "I'll be back soon, I'm just going for a coffee. If you need me, just push the button on the end of this cord."

Megan gave a nod and smiled at the nurse and watched her leave. She continued to stroke Nik's head and hair until she felt him tense. She moved her hand to the side of his face and watched as he sat up, slowly. When he saw Megan's eyes open looking at him, a slow smile spread across his face. He stood up and kissed her gently on the lips.

"How are you feeling, sweetheart?"

"I am actually feeling really well," Megan stated, surprise evident in her voice. "Other than feeling a little sore and bruised, I feel astoundingly well."

"I am so glad. You scared me, Megan. I thought you were going to die. Don't you *ever* do anything like that again. I wanted to protect you, I told you I cannot die easily. Why did you put yourself in front of a bullet meant for me?"

"Because I love you, Nik. I didn't want you to get hurt; and in the situation Nadia had us in, you're healing abilities were the last thing on my mind. I couldn't bear to see you hurt."

"Ah, sweetheart. You've made me so happy. I love

you, too," Nik reiterated. He then took Megan's hand in his and knelt down next to the bed.

"Megan, you are the air I breathe, my heart and soul. Would you do the honor of marrying me?"

Megan felt her eyes prickle, then tears of joy coursed down her cheeks as she gripped his hand. "Yes, Nik. I would love to be your wife. You are my heart and soul. I want to have children with you and grow old with you."

Nik stood to his feet and climbed up on the bed beside Megan. He scooped her into his arms, being careful not to hurt her, or move any of the wires attached to her; and cuddled her close. He stared down into her eyes and slowly lowered his head to hers. He took her mouth in a slow tender kiss, expressing all his love for his mate. He would have kept on kissing her, if it wasn't for someone clearing their throat at the end of her hospital bed.

"I'm glad to see you finally awake, Megan. You had us worried there for a while. If you would allow me to check Megan over, Nik. Why don't you go and get a cup of coffee and something to eat. I should be done by the time you get back; and take all those people in the waiting room with you. They're starting to make my hospital look untidy," Doc stated with a grin.

Nik removed himself from Megan's bed, placed a chaste gentle kiss on her lips, gave her a wink and left the room with a great big smile on his face.

Doc checked Megan over and was surprised by how fast she was healing. He left the room with a perplexed smile on his face, advising she would be ready to go home the next day. By the time Nik returned Megan had been unattached from all the machines she was hooked up to, as well as showered. She was feeling totally alive, full of love and joy and couldn't wait to leave the hospital.

Nik came back to Megan, still looking like a scruff

with several days of beard growth, his hair standing up on end and his clothes rumpled from having been slept in. He looked absolutely gorgeous to her. She saw movement behind Nik and realized Stefan followed him.

"Well, aren't you a sight for sore eyes, Meg," Stefan stated as he leaned down and kissed her cheek. "You look amazing for someone who nearly died. How do you feel?"

"I feel amazing," Meg stated, as she looked at Nik and gave him a saucy wink. "You know, since I've woken up, I've realized everything looks so much brighter, my hearing seems to be impeccable and my sense of smell is amazing. I feel like running through the woods just because I can. So when do I get to do my first change?"

"How could you know, Megan? You weren't even conscious!" Nik stated with amazement.

"Oh well, a relative of mine may have whispered it in my ear whilst I was sleeping."

Nik gave her a knowing smile, moved up onto the bed with her once more and hugged her close.

"You changed her?" Stefan asked, but knowing the answer before Nik could reply. "I can't wait to run with you, my beautiful sister in law. You will be amazed by how free you feel. Now hurry up and get well, because I am not missing out on going with you on your first time out."

"The Doc says I can go home tomorrow. Why don't you go home and have a good nights rest, honey. You'll feel so much better. A shower, shave and a change of clothes wouldn't hurt either," Meg stated with a grin.

"Why, you little baggage. Are trying to tell me I stink?" Nik asked with a grin.

"No," Megan began to reply. "Well, maybe just a little ripe," she said with a laugh.

"I think she's trying to get rid of you Nik. Come

on, I'll drive you home. Get some rest Megan. I'll see you tomorrow," Stefan stated as he leaned down and kissed her cheek. He left Nik and Megan to say good bye in private.

"I love you. I'll be back first thing in the morning to break you out of this joint," Nik stated. He looked intently into her eyes, then lowered his mouth for a chaste kiss.

"I love you too, Nik. I'll be ready and waiting," Megan replied, as her eyelids began to droop.

Nik walked out from behind the curtain in the intensive care unit, as he looked back through, before closing them around her bed, he saw her eyes close and her breathing even out.

Meg was home by mid-morning the next day. Nik settled her on one of the large sofa's in the living room with a blanket on her lap and told her to rest. He sat down beside her and gave a sigh of contentment when she settled her head on his lap. He had Stefan put on a movie for her and sat back as he ran a hand up and down her back, in soothing motions. He couldn't stop touching her and to be honest, he didn't want to. He loved her so much. He couldn't wait for the surprise wedding he had set up for a week away. He'd had Stefan get her size from her clothes and had him pick out a wedding gown for her. Everything was planned and organized. All he needed now was for Megan's energy levels to pick up a bit more. She was a lot stronger today, than she had been yesterday, and by the time the wedding came around, he knew she would be totally recovered.

He watched his pack mates come in and out of the room to check up on his mate. She had won over every single one of his pack members, when she had thrown herself in front of the bullet meant for him. They kept asking her if there was anything she needed or wanted, but since Harry was acting like a

mother hen, her answer was always a negative.

Nik looked down at her face as the movie came to an end. Her eyes were closed and her breathing was deep and even. His mate looked so innocent when she was asleep. He wanted to spend the rest of his life watching her. She was so beautiful, inside and out. He couldn't have asked for a better mate.

They day of the wedding dawned and Nik was so excited he could barely contain his leashed energy. He had woken and suggested he take Megan shopping for the day. By the time they got back he knew everything would be set up and ready for their ceremony and wedding reception. He was going to have to sneak her up the stairs to her room, passed closed doors which would be hiding caterers and food. He only hoped she would not have her spoil surprised until he could get her into her room to shower and change into her wedding gown.

When they were standing in her room, he took her by the hand and led her to the closet which held her gown.

"Megan, I have a surprise for you. Close your eyes and don't open them until I tell you," Nik stated with a grin.

"Okay," Megan complied and waited impatiently. She was one of those people who loved surprises and let the anticipation build. She could hear Nik rustling around in the closet, then heard the door close again. Another rustle then all was quiet.

"I love you, so much," Nik stated as he knelt down in front of Megan.

She felt him slip a ring on the ring finger of her left hand. She held her breath until he told her she could open her eyes again.

"Megan, open your eyes," Nik stated.

Megan opened her eyes and tears formed in her eyes to see her mate, down on bended knee in front of her. She looked down at her left hand still gently clasped in Nik's larger hand. The ring on her finger was gorgeous. There was a large solitaire diamond set in the middle, and on either side were two small hearts with smaller diamonds within, all set in white gold. She flung herself in his arms, wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him passionately, as tears streamed down her face.

"Oh Nik, it's beautiful. I love you so much," Megan whispered against his mouth.

Nik weaned his lips from hers and gently clasped her face between his hands. "I have another surprise for you," Nik stated and turned her head gently, until she was looking at the closet door. He watched her face waiting for comprehension to dawn.

Megan stared at the beautiful sleek white gown hanging on the closet door. She gave a gasp as she realized what she was looking at. She turned her head back to Nik, opening and closing her mouth a few times.

Nik gave a chuckle, placed his lips on hers for a gentle peck, rose to his feet, bringing Megan with him. "How long do you need to get ready sweetheart?"

"Now. You mean today? Right now?" Megan asked when she eventually found her voice.

When Nik nodded in confirmation, Megan flung herself at him once more. He gave a chuckle as he caught her in his arms and wrapped her arms and legs around him. His chuckle turned into a groan as she slid back down his hard, muscular body.

"I'll be ready in an hour," Megan stated, as she took his hand and pulled him to the door. She gave him a small shoved out the door and slammed it closed behind him. He laughed outright as he walked away, when he heard her squeal of delight.

Chapter Ten

Stefan led Megan down the carpet aisle to the center of the maze. Megan looked absolutely stunning in her simple but elegant white gown. Her hair was piled on top of her head and she had placed small, white Gardenias throughout her hair. She made her way to Nik standing before the fountain and the marriage celebrant waiting behind him. Stefan placed her hand into Nik's and moved to the side so the ceremony could begin.

The rest of the day took on a dream like quality for Megan. Her ceremony had been beautiful, as she and Nik had spoken their vows from their hearts. The reception that followed was full with her new friends and family. Her and Nik's pack members. They ate drank and danced the night away under the stars. She couldn't have asked for a more perfect day.

Nik was dancing with her under the stars, holding her close to his large warm body.

"I love you Mrs. Romanov," he whispered in her ear.

"I love you too, Mr. Romanov," Meg replied quietly.

"We have so much to look forward to, little one. Your first change, the first of our children, spending the rest of our lives together."

"Yes. You know if it wasn't for Stefan and my Grandmother, I probably wouldn't have found the courage to grab hold of you with both hands and never let go. I will always love you Nik. No matter what life throws our way, that will never change."

"I thought you said you had no living relatives, Megan," Nik stated as he looked down into his eyes. "I don't," Meg replied.

"Then how did your Grandmother help in your decision to stay?" Nik asked with a slight frown.

"Ghosts really do exist, Nik. My Grandmother helped me to escape from the Malibu Pack and then

she came and spoke to me when I was trying so hard to leave. As I said, if it wasn't for your brother or my Grandmother, I think I would still be running."

"Hmm," Nik murmured and leaned down to whisper in her ear. "I know ghosts exists. Your mother says to say she and your father love you very much."

Megan looked up into his eyes, her vision blurred by tears, "My mom visited you?"

"Yes, baby. She came to me while you were fighting for your life in the hospital. She told me, even though you would survive, it would take you a long time to recover. She told me the things you didn't get to say to me before you slipped into unconsciousness. She was the one who told me to change you. She told me the nurse was leaving, because it was shift change and I would have five minutes to give you my blood and to take a little of yours. If I hadn't you would still be in hospital."

"Oh, Nik. We have family of Guardian Angels watching over us. I know we will always be safe, because they are looking out for us. When do I get to meet your vampire friends?" Meg asked with curiosity.

"Well, they only come to visit about every fifty years or so," Nik replied.

"Really? I'll be too old to enjoy meeting them by then," Megan stated disappointedly.

"Do you remember when I told you we age differently to humans?" Nik asked.

"Yes."

"Well, you will probably still look the same as you do today, in fifty years time," Nik stated.

"Oh my goodness. How long is a werewolf's life span?"

"A few hundred years," Nik replied with a grin, as he saw astonishment cross Megan's face.

"Cut the cake. Cut the cake," pack members began

to chant, as the music ended their dance.

Nik lead Megan over to the patio where a three tiered cake was set up on an elegant stand. Megan took the ribbon wrapped hilt of the knife in her hand and Nik enveloped her small hand in his own. They made the first cut into the cake as flashes from cameras flew around them. Harry took over and set about slicing the cake and putting the slices on plates, as the caterers handed them out.

The Trinity Pack members watched as Nik fed a bite of cake to Megan and then Megan fed Nik a bite from the same piece of cake. They roared and hooted out their delight.

Nik decided he had waited long enough for his wife and scooped her up into his arms. As he carried her away from the crowd, amidst ribald comments and cat calls, he looked down into her eyes as he took hurried steps through the house. When they were in his bedroom, he kicked the door closed behind him and locked it. He carried her towards the bed and slid her down the length of his body. He gazed deeply into her eyes as he held her face gently between his large, warm hands.

Nik devoured her mouth with his as he removed her dress from her sexy body. He slid his tongue into her mouth, sparred with hers until they were both panting for breath. Nik pulled back and took in the sight of his mate, his wife, standing before him in a small pair of white lace panties. He picked her up in his arms and lowered her to the bed. He kept his eyes on her as he began to remove his own clothes.

He watched her eyes travel the length of his body, hesitate when she got to his hard cock and widen when she saw his size.

"Oh Nik, you are so handsome. I love the way your muscles ripple beneath your skin when you move, and your cock. Oh my, your huge!"

"Don't be afraid Megan, I will never hurt you.

You've taken me before. We were made for each other sweetheart," Nik replied as he crawled onto the bed and covered her body with his own.

He took her mouth with a carnal hunger, flaming the embers of their desire into a raging inferno. He removed his mouth from hers and licked his way down to her breasts. He sucked one of her aroused peaks into his mouth while he pinched the other between his thumb and index finger. When he had her arching up into him and sobbing in her throat, he slid down her body, spread her legs wide and placed his mouth on her hot wet pussy.

He licked over her clit, swirling his tongue around and over her in decreasing circles, pleasuring her sensitive bundle of nerves. He pushed a finger into her body and slid it over her G-spot until she was rocking her hips up to him in a timeless rhythm. Nik pushed in another finger, pumping them in and out her cunt as he lapped at her clit. He felt the warning ripples of her flesh and increased the pace of his thrusting fingers, harder, faster, deeper. He growled on her flesh as her muscles clamped down hard onto his embedded digits as she climaxed, gushing out her pleasure to cover his hand. He licked up all her sweet juices and then climbed up over her.

Nik thrust his cock into Megan's pussy with one powerful surge as he swallowed her cries of pleasure with his mouth. He held her hips in his hands and pounded in and out of her flesh, making sure to hit her sweet spot, time and again. He removed his mouth from hers, bent his head and sucked one of her nipples into his depths. The sound of their flesh slapping together echoed throughout the room, heightening their arousal. Nik felt the warning tingle at the base of his spine, sat up between Meg's thighs, keeping his hips rocking into hers, licked one of his fingers and began to massage her clit.

One, two thrust more, and Meg screamed out her

release, her muscles rippling along his hard length, massaging and clamping down on his cock. Nik threw back his head as he grasped Meg's hips, plunged one more time into her body, and howled out his release, his body shaking and quaking with pleasure. When the last spasms dwindled, he slumped down over Meg as he tried to find the strength to move. He groaned as he rolled to his side, taking Megan with him so they were lying face to face.

"Welcome to the rest of your life, my love," Nik stated.

Megan didn't get to reply as he took her mouth with his, a sweet slow display of the love he felt for his mate, his wife. She had the rest of her life to talk to her husband, her mate. Now was no longer the time for talking. She felt Nik's cock hardening once more within her body, and moaned with delight as he began to move.