



EAGLE RIVER BONDED TRIO
BOOK TWO OF EAGLE RIVER SERIES

BECKY WILDE

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Book two of Eagle River Series

By Becky Wilde

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Chapter One

Holly Swift got off the bus in the small town of Eagle River, Ontario, Canada. She breathed in the clean, fresh crisp, country air and smiled as the peace and tranquility of her surroundings seeped into her soul. She was on holiday for the first time in her twenty two years of living and had decided instead of staying on the bus, taking it to her journey's end, to stop and explore such a beautiful, quaint country town. As soon as she had seen the town and its surrounding beauty, it had called to her somehow.

Holly had always believed in following her intuition. It hadn't steered her wrong yet, so she didn't hesitate when she felt she was meant to be somewhere or with someone, she didn't question, she did. She thanked the kind elderly bus driver as he handed her her large bag then turned and headed down the footpath toward the café, a few hundred

meters down the street. She smiled with uninhibited joy as the sun's warm rays warmed her back in the cool fall air and looked about her curiously as she walked. Her bag was getting heavy and by the time she entered the café her shoulder and back were aching from having the heavy load across it.

Holly sat down at a small window table and perused the menu to decide what she would order to fill her rumbling stomach. After placing her order with the waitress she sat and watched the citizens of the small town stroll in a leisurely manner, as they fulfilled their daily chores. She finished her chicken salad sandwich and coffee, left enough money for a tip and her bill on the table then exited.

Holly walked across the empty street with her heavy luggage once more slung over her shoulder, as she headed toward the motel. She opened the door to the reception office of the motel and walked through, a bell tinkled over the door letting the proprietor know she was there.

Holly eased the large heavy bag from her shoulder and gave a sigh of relief as she rotated her aching limb. She straightened and nearly gasped aloud as she looked up at one of the most handsome men she had ever seen. He stood at least six foot three, with a ruggedly chiseled jaw, a slight indent in the center of his chin and collar length brown hair. He had the most amazing colored brown eyes and she could not seem to pull her gaze away from his.

* * * *

Brock breathed in one of the sweetest scents he had ever smelled, as he walked out of the small kitchen next to his office in the motel. He felt as if he was floating on air, like a cartoon character, as he followed the scent to the reception office. He stopped and froze at the counter as he stared down at the most amazing woman he had ever seen. She was average in height of around five foot five, with shoulder length light brown hair and hazel eyes. She had an adorable sprinkle of freckles across the bridge of her petite

nose and cheeks. He wanted to howl with joy and had to struggle to physically push his beast back down. The last thing he wanted to do was scare his mate. Brock snapped out of his lust induced stupor and took a step closer to the counter.

“Welcome to Eagle River Motel, ma'am. My name is Brock Fontaine, how may I help you?”

Holly cleared her throat as the effect of the hunk's voice sent shivers down her spine and made her pussy clench with unrequited desire. “Um, I...I'd like to book a room please.”

“Sure thing, little darlin” Brock smiled gently, as he picked up the clipboard with the registration forms attached. He handed them over to his mate as he spoke once more. “If you'll just fill out this registration form and pick how you'll be paying for your room, I'll hand over a room key.”

Holly took the forms and pen and began to fill out the

required information. When she was done she handed the clipboard back to Brock.

“What brings you to Eagle River, Holly?” Brock asked, after a quick look at the registration form for his mate's name.

“I'm on vacation.”

“Great. How long do plan to stay?” Brock asked.

“I don't know yet.”

“Hm, okay. There is a lot to do and see around these parts. If you want some local knowledge just let me know,” Brock said with a smile, as he took a step back and reached for a room key hanging on the board behind him. He moved forward again and held out his hand to Holly.

Holly reached for the room key from Brock's hand and felt a tingle of awareness race up her arm toward her breasts. She felt her nipples elongate as their hands made contact and hurriedly pulled her hand back, the key clasped in her tight fist.

“Thanks,” Holly squeaked out and bent down to pick up her large bag from the floor. She didn't see him move, but one moment Brock was on the opposite side of the counter, and next he was standing next to her, reaching for her bag.

“Allow me, little darlin’,” Brock said as he picked up his mate's large bag.

Holly straightened, took a step back from him and looked up into his gorgeous brown eyes.

“Thanks,” she muttered then looked away from him quickly.

“Come on, I'll show you to your room,” Brock opined as he moved to the door. Brock let Holly unlock, then open the door to her room and precede him into the room. He watched the gentle sexy sway of her hips as she moved. She had an unconscious grace to her movements; she was such a feminine little thing. Brock felt his cock harden even more against the zipper of his jeans and wondered if he would have the imprint of the teeth embedded into his

engorged flesh.

He moved toward the bed and placed Holly's luggage on top of it for her, then turned to look at her as she moved about the room.

“If you need anything, don't hesitate to give me a call, little darlin'. Doesn't matter what time of day or night it is,” Brock reiterated as he made his retreat. The last thing he and his wolf wanted to do was leave, but Brock knew he couldn't very well jump his mate's bones, since they had only just met. He would scare her off if he made a move on her too early. Besides, when he made a move, he was sure his brother, Zane, would want to be present. Brock had a feeling little Holly was mate to both of them. He quietly closed the door behind him and went to call his brother.

Holly gave a sigh of relief when Brock finally left. She had felt decidedly uneasy with him around, as well as being so horny; her panties were now damp with her desire. She had never reacted to a male so quickly in her life. Sure, she

was a normal healthy female, and had urges just like the rest of the female population, but she had never found a man she was willing to share those urges with; until now.

Holly quickly unpacked her bag, hanging her clothes in the closet provided, grabbed some clean clothes and headed for the shower. She was feeling rather sticky after spending most of the morning and a part of the afternoon on the bus and she relished feeling clean once more. She took her time in the shower, shampooing and conditioning her hair, then cleaning her body with her favorite scented honey and milk body wash. Once done she dried herself off, dressed and then blew dry her hair. She was feeling much better and decided she would explore more of the small town of Eagle River. She grabbed her purse and room key and left to wander around the small picturesque township.

Holly wandered down the main street of Eagle River, a happy smile on her face as she perused shop windows and greeted the friendly people of the small town in return. She

felt as if she had come home for the first time in her life. Holly had spent most of her childhood moving from foster home to foster home, and never had she once felt as if she fit in. She had been one of the lucky ones and had lived with nice families. She had never had to contend with the abuse you so often heard or read about in the papers or on the news. But every time she felt as if she was finally making headway with her new family, something always happened and she would be sent back into the system to another orphanage, to wait for another foster family who wanted to help out. It seemed that fate was against her and her foster family would all of a sudden need to move away, to start life in another town or state far away.

Holly was such a happy go lucky person and was thankful for her bubbly personality; otherwise she may have ended up another troubled young woman who never got out of the merry go round of social welfare. Not long after she had turned sixteen, her family at the time had been

moved away as the dad had been in the armed forces and had been shipped for a stint in another country.

Holly had decided she was old enough to stand on her own two feet and since she was such a bright person and had finished school a year earlier than most of her peers, she had started looking for a job and a place to share with other young people. She hadn't looked back since. She was so independent and able to look after herself so well; she had never needed another helping hand from the government.

Holly spied a nice dress in a small shop and entered the shop to take a peek. She wandered from rack to rack and nearly had a fit when she saw the price tags on the clothes.

“Hi, can I help you?” said a female voice.

“Oh, no thanks. I'm just looking,” Holly replied courteously.

“Well, if you need any help just let me know,” replied the shop assistant.

“Sure, thanks.”

Holly looked a bit longer, too embarrassed at not being able to afford the exquisite clothes, but not wanting to let on to the woman behind the counter. She gave herself another five minutes, and then left with a wave as she exited.

Once back on the street, Holly wandered up one side and down the other, looking at all the stores and their prices if she could see them before entering a shop. She was half way down the street when she heard the deep growl of a powerful engine traveling along the road. She turned to look and saw a late fifties model red Cadillac convertible, which had obviously been worked to the max. Holly knew quite a lot about cars even though she couldn't afford one herself. She had her driver's license and hoped one day to own a nineteen sixty nine Mustang which she planned to do up to her own specifications.

Holly stared in awe as the vehicle came closer and then

passed her by. A woman with blond hair was behind the wheel of the car and she watched in envy as the car turned into the parking lot of the Motel down the street. Sighing she began to move again.

Holly worked her way down the street until the shops petered out. She was now in the beginning of the residential area of the town. She crossed the street so she could make her way back up the other side of main street and look in the shop windows, and stopped to stare at a large building obviously built back in the mid to late eighteen hundreds.

The architecture of the nineteenth century had always intrigued Holly, so she began to walk toward the building. The buildings of earlier times seemed so much more sturdier than modern times and also had a lot more character than the clinical modern designs of today. As Holly got closer to the building, she realized it was a hotel and decided it was a good a place as any to have a meal and a drink.

Holly stood inside the entryway and let her eyesight adjust from the bright afternoon sunshine as it began to wane to the dimly lit interior of the hotel. She spied an empty booth on the opposite side of the room and took a seat. She glanced around quickly, not wanting to draw any of the male's eyes to her and quickly looked down as she picked up the menu on the table.

Holly could feel a blush working itself up her neck and over her cheek bones with embarrassment. Every male in the place had been looking at her when she had glanced about. She was feeling very uncomfortable and decided she would just have a cool drink and leave as quickly as possible.

“Hey, sweet cheeks, what will you have?” asked a deep male voice.

“A lemonade please,” Holly replied without looking up.

“Sure thing, be right back,” replied her server.

Holly felt as if hundreds of ants crawled over her skin,

as she felt male eyes perusing her from head to toe. She couldn't wait to get her lemonade, drink it down as fast as she could and leave.

“Here you go. That'll be a dollar fifty, sweet cheeks.”

Holly handed over five dollar bills as she replied, “Keep the change.” She grabbed the glass of lemonade and drank half of it in one go. She took a few deep breaths and then demolished the rest of her drink. She was about to slide out of the booth to leave when she was trapped in on both sides, as two large men slid onto the seat at her table.

“Hey baby, where you goin' in such a hurry?” asked the male on her right.

“Uh, I was just going to meet a friend,” Holly replied without making eye contact. “Could you please move out of my way?”

“Now, don't be like that, sweet. You just got here what's the hurry?” asked another man from across the table.

“I only stopped for a drink because I was thirsty. Now, I

really need to leave. Please be kind enough to let me out,” Holly said nervously still not making any eye contact.

“Oh, I don't think so, baby. You're perfect. You're just naturally submissive and I've been looking for a woman like you, for a long time,” stated the man on her right.

Oh fuck. What the hell had she gotten herself into?

“Look, I'm really sorry, but I need to leave,” Holly stated firmly as she raised her eyes for the first time. She bit her lip as she looked up into the face the man to her right and had to hold in a nervous giggle as she saw his greasy hair and skin. She turned her gaze across the table and knew by the man's similar features, the two men had to be related. They both definitely needed help in the hygiene department that was for sure. They were both large with flab and wore dirty stained T-shirts. The smiles they gave her, she assumed were supposed to be heated, but they both fell short. They looked like ugly leers across their ugly features.

Holly moved herself into the corner of the round seat, as she tried to stay away from the men and their unclean smell of sweat, which assaulted her nostrils. The further she moved the more they relaxed and looked like they were going to keep her trapped for the rest of the night.

The only way Holly could think of a way to escape was to excuse herself to use the ladies room and see if she could find another way out of the hotel. Taking a deep breath, she looked up into the eyes of dumb then dumber. "I suggest if you don't want me to make a mess right here on the seat, you let me up to use the ladies room," Holly stated firmly.

Holly watched as the man on her right eyed her suspiciously, and then moved up off the seat to let her out. She knew he watched her as she headed to the ladies room and gave a sigh of relief when the door closed behind her. She didn't hesitate but ran over to the windows high up above the toilets, climbed up onto the toilet, then opened it up and climbed through with her purse slung over her head

and shoulder. She held in a moan as she landed on one of her feet awkwardly, and then took off as fast as she could, back to her motel.

Holly gave a sigh of relief as she limped into the parking lot of the motel; she was still a few hundred meters away from her room which was next to the reception office when she heard the rumble of two motorbikes pulling into the parking lot. She turned her head to look over her shoulder and nearly had a heart attack when she saw dumb and dumber glaring at her.

Holly gave a scream as she turned back around and ran to the office as fast as her injured ankle and foot would allow. She reached the handle on the office door just as a large hand slammed down on her shoulder. She was about to let out an almighty yell when the door to the motel office opened beneath her hand and she fell into large muscular arms.

Chapter Two

Brock felt a chill travel the length of his spine when he heard his mate scream. He leaped over the reception counter and wrenched the door open just in time to catch his mate in his arms. He looked up and saw one of the dirtiest, ugliest men he had ever seen with his hand on his mate's shoulder. He let out a low growl, he knew Holly wouldn't hear, but knew damn well the coyote shifter in front of him did. He watched the man lift his hand off of Holly's shoulder, put both of his hands in the air in a placating gesture and backed away from his mate.

Brock pulled Holly into the safety of his arms as he stared down the man and his brother, harassing his mate. He watched until they both got back on their motorbikes and took off without a backward glance.

“Are you alright, little darlin'? Did they hurt you?”

Brock asked as he put a bit of space between him and his mate, so he could look down into her face.

“No, they didn't hurt me. I'm fine,” Holly replied, and then contradicted that statement, when she winced as she put all of her weight on her injured leg. She gave a squeal of surprise as Brock picked her up into his arms and carried her to a chair near the wall. He gently placed her on the chair and squatted down in front of her.

“Where are you hurt, Holly?” Brock asked with a concerned frown.

“Oh, it's nothing, but thanks for asking,” Holly replied, her eyes sliding away from Brock's to the left.

Brock moved a hand up and gently took hold of her chin, pulling her gaze back to his. “Not gonna happen, little darlin'. You are not leaving here until I know where you're hurt and how you got hurt,” Brock stated firmly.

Holly pulled her face out of Brock's grip and began to talk. “I um, I was wandering around town, just looking

around and was crossing the street when I saw a nice old building behind main street. Since I was getting hungry and thirsty and the building turned out to be a hotel, I decided to enter and get something. I noticed after I sat down it was only full of men, so I ordered a lemonade and planned to leave as soon as I finished my drink. I was about to leave when those two bozos trapped me into the booth I was sitting in and wouldn't let me leave. I eventually told them if they didn't let me out I was going to leave a puddle on the seat. The ugliest one let me out and I went to the ladies room and made my escape through the bathroom window. As I landed I twisted my ankle, but I was in too much of a hurry to get away, so I didn't stop, I hurried back here and you know the rest.”

“Which foot?” Brock asked in a deep growl.

Holly didn't say anything as she lifted up her injured foot. Brock carefully slid her sneaker and sock off her foot and gently clasped her small foot in his large hand. He

turned her foot to the side and saw a bruise and swelling forming on the side of her foot and ankle.

“Fuck it, Holly. You could have broken it, you're lucky it just looks like you've bruised it. I don't think you've sprained it any,” Brock opined. “I'm going to get some ice to put on it, that should help the bruising and swelling.”

The door to the motel opened and another gorgeous man entered the office. *What was in the water in this place? Besides dumb and dumber, most of the men Holly had seen were all tall, sexy and handsome.*

“Hey Brock. What's up?” Zane asked as he saw his brother kneeling at the feet of a sexy woman. He froze as her scent wafted to his nostrils, and had to push his wolf back down so he wouldn't howl with joy. His brother was squatting at the feet of his mate, and if he guessed right by the expression on Brock's face, she was his mate as well.

Zane moved toward Brock and his mate, and then knelt at his brother's side. He saw the bruise and swelling on his

mate's ankle and foot. "That must hurt like a bitch. Are you alright, sweetheart?"

"Uh, yes thanks."

"Holly, I'd like to introduce you to my brother, Zane. Zane this is Holly Swift."

"Pleased to meet you," Holly muttered.

"Oh no, sweetheart, the pleasures all mine," Zane replied, as he picked up one of Holly's small, soft delicate hands and kissed it.

"Zane, Holly was harassed by two men at the local hotel down off Main Street. She managed to escape them by climbing out the ladies room window, which is how she did this, but they followed her back here and one of them got a hand to her shoulder before I could intervene."

Zane knew immediately what Brock was telling him. The coyote shifters often frequented that hotel. Most of the local women knew to stay away from there as the bastards were always giving women a hard time. Just the thought of

his mate walking into such danger, had the hackles on the back of his neck rising and his wolf butting against him to claim his mate, then to go rip apart a few coyotes.

“Zane can you get an ice pack out of the freezer?”

“Sure,” Zane replied jumping the counter with effortless ease using only one hand.

Holly could feel her body responding to the testosterone or pheromones in the air, her pussy clenched and released dampening her panties once more. *What was it about Brock and now Zane that turned her on so much? She couldn't understand why all of sudden she was horny around these two men. She'd been around handsome men before and had never even blinked twice.*

Zane came back into the reception office and once more jumped the counter. He knelt down in front of Holly and stilled as he breathed deeply. He looked at his brother and tried to hide his grin of satisfaction and approval as they smelled her desire for them.

“So how are we going to do this bro?” Zane asked using his mental link with his brother.

“Not sure yet. She's a bit skittish, even if she's turned on by the sight of us.”

“Yeah, I figured that one out already. She won't look us in the eyes for very long,” Zane replied.

“What about using the coyotes threatening her, to keep her with us so we know she's safe?” Brock asked.

“Might work, but it would be better coming from you since you've been around her longer and know her a little better.”

“Holly, I'm not happy about leaving you alone here at night by yourself. I know we have someone manning this reception office all the time, but since those two men tried to hurt you and take you, I would be much happier if you came home and stayed with Zane and I. What do you say, little darlin?” Brock asked with bated breath.

“I...I don't know. I don't really know you either,” Holly

said quietly, as she bit her lower lip nervously.

“That may be Holly, but I wouldn't feel right leaving you here knowing you could be in danger. Zane and I share a suite of rooms at our boss, Sloan Taggart's property. You could pick a room and Zane and I can share for a while. I don't want you getting hurt by those assholes who were after you little darlin',” Brock reiterated.

“Holly, listen to Brock, honey. You don't know what these men are capable of, we do. They're not nice and will do anything to get what they want, and at the moment, they want you,” Zane said, as he held the ice pack against her injured foot and ankle.

Holly gave a sigh as she looked out at the dark parking lot. She knew she would feel a lot safer if she stayed with these two muscular, sexy men, but she didn't want to make a nuisance of herself. She looked back at Brock and Zane then back toward the window. She saw the single light of a motorbike and the roar of an engine as the bike moved past

the motel.

“Okay, thanks. I would feel much safer,” Holly finally replied.

“Good girl. Why don't you and Zane go and pack up your stuff while I finish up here? That way we can be ready to go at just about the same time,” Brock said as he stood to his full height.

“Okay,” Holly said on a sigh as she stood up, dislodging the ice pack and the hand Zane was using to hold it in place. She went to take a step as Zane moved aside but didn't get the chance. Zane scooped her up into his strong muscular arms and began to move toward the exit.

Holly placed her arms around his neck as she held on to him, as she spoke quietly, “I can walk, you know.”

“I know you can, babe, but why damage that foot any more than you have to?” Zane asked as he glanced down at his mate. She felt so right in his arms. He never wanted to

let her go. He and Brock had just taken the first step to courting their mate. He knew Brock was calling home and giving everyone a heads up to them bringing home their human mate. There would be a warning spread out amongst the house to keep the shifting out of sight until they had a chance to tell their mate, they were werewolves. The last thing they wanted was to have Holly run screaming from them.

Holly packed up as much of her clothes as possible, but Zane wouldn't let her walk more than a couple of steps, so she had to direct him to collect her belongings from the bathroom. She had rinsed out her bra and panties in the shower and knew they were hanging over the rail for all the world to see. She kept her eyes lowered with embarrassment when Zane came back into the room with her stuff.

“Holly, look at me,” Zane stated, as he moved closer to her.

“What?” Holly asked belligerently as she looked up at him with red tinged cheeks.

“You have nothing to be embarrassed about, honey,” Zane said as he looked into his mate's beautiful hazel eyes. He leaned forward slowly and placed a gentle kiss on her soft warm lips. He had to stop himself from devouring her the way he wanted to, and push his wolf back down, as it tried to take over and claim their mate. He moved back after he placed her items in her bag. It was going to be a really long night having their mate within their vicinity and not being able to do anything about it.

Chapter Three

Holly was feeling rather uncomfortable as she was seated between Brock and Zane in the front seat of their four wheel drive. When she had moved to the back door of the vehicle, Brock had gently guided her to the front. She had been reaching for the seatbelt when he had gently moved her into the middle of the seat and sandwiched her between him and his brother. She sat staring out the front windshield, gripping and wringing her hands with nervous energy, until Brock took one of her hands in his.

“Relax, little darlin'. You're safe with us,” Brock stated, as he lifted her hand to his lips, turned her hand over and placed a kiss in the center of her palm.

“Are you sure this is alright with your boss? I don't want to intrude,” Holly said quietly with a hitch in her voice. She was so turned on by the two men on either side

of her, she was having trouble sitting still. She shifted her butt on the seat for the umpteenth time and quickly turned her head toward Zane when she thought she heard him growl. He seemed to be sniffing the air, and hoped like hell he and Brock couldn't smell her arousal.

Holly gave a sigh of relief when Zane slowed the vehicle and turned into a gravel driveway. He leaned down and pushed a button beneath his dash and waited patiently, until the wrought iron gates opened to admit them. He moved the stick shift into gear and slowly began to drive up the long driveway.

Holly knew she emitted a loud gasp when the huge mansion came into view, at the end of the drive. There was a fountain feature in the center of the circular drive, lit up with colorful lights. "Oh my God. That is so beautiful," Holly muttered.

"What is babe? The house or the fountain?" Zane asked, as he steered the vehicle past the house and parked

the car under a massive carport.

“The fountain,” Holly replied. “I have never seen anything so beautiful in my life.”

“Come on, little one. Let's get you settled before dinner. I have to warn you, though. Most of the people who work for Sloan live here as well, so the dining room will no doubt be overflowing,” Brock stated as he got out of the vehicle and extended a helping hand to Holly.

Holly reached out and took the hand Brock proffered as she slid along the seat. She tried to hide her gasp of arousal, as the tingling sensation returned once more, when Brock took her hand. He helped her from the seat of the vehicle, but didn't let go of her hand as he led her into the rear of the large mansion. She glanced over her shoulder to see Zane bringing up the rear with her bag slung over his shoulder, his eyes were glued to her ass, as she limped slightly. Her ankle and foot were feeling much better, since she'd had the ice pack on it, thank goodness. The last thing she wanted

was to be carried everywhere by two gorgeous men. She was having enough trouble as it was, keeping her libido under control, just by being in their presence.

Holly could hear a lot of voices but since Zane and Brock led her in through the back of the house, she hadn't yet seen anyone. Brock led her up a wide staircase and along a hallway until they reached a door at the end. Brock opened the door and led her inside. She stopped as she took in the bulky leather furniture in their living room. It was a cherry wood color and it seemed to suit their dominant masculine personalities.

“Choose which ever bedroom you want little darlin'. Come on, I'll show you the bedrooms and there is a connecting bathroom between our rooms,” Brock stated as he opened the door to his bedroom. He let Holly have a look around his room, then led her into Zane's room. “Which one do you want, Holly?”

“Neither, I'll sleep on the sofa,” Holly said quietly.

Brock moved and crowded her with his big body. He took her into his arms and held her securely against the length of his body as he rested his chin on the top of her head, breathing in her unique scent.

Holly couldn't breathe. Every time one of them took her into their arms, her libido kicked in with a ferocity she could never have imagined. She stood stiffly, not wanting to become too comfortable. She knew she could not let herself become dependent on either of these men. She was only here for a holiday for goodness sakes. She would have to head back home eventually, and find another place to share, since she had given up her room to take this break. She also had to find another job. Thank goodness she had all of her worldly possessions with her. The clothes on her back and the rest in her bag.

Holly felt another tall, hard warm body enclose her from behind. Zane had moved up behind her, essentially trapping her between himself and his brother. He leaned

down as he wrapped his arms around her waist and whispered in her ear.

“No, baby, you are not going to sleep on the sofa. You either choose a room yourself, or we'll do it for you.”

Holly shivered as Zane's warm breath caressed her ear. Her pussy clenched and released begging to be filled. She felt so right standing between these two sexy men, they oozed testosterone, pure sexuality, but she didn't even know them. She pushed at Brock's chest and was surprised when he let her go and stepped back. Zane released her and stepped away from her as well, giving her the room she craved, so she could once more breathe again.

“Would it be alright if I had a shower?” Holly asked trying to keep the quaver out of her voice. Not sure if she had succeeded when the men looked at her with a frown.

“You don't need to ask Holly. Consider this your home. You can do whatever you want,” Zane replied.

“Okay, thanks. Where is my bag? Oh, don't worry I see

it,” Holly said before they could reply, and moved to where her bag was currently on the sofa. She pulled out her toiletries bag, as well as clean underwear and clothing, then headed for the bathroom through the closest bedroom.

Holly gave a sigh as she leaned back on the closed bathroom door. The events of the night were finally catching up with her. She felt the need to scrub her body clean, after being in the presence of such horrible men, earlier in the evening. Her foot and ankle were beginning to throb as well. She had tried to walk as normally as possible, so Brock and Zane didn't have to carry her, and now she was beginning to pay the price of her stubborn independence.

Holly stripped out of her clothes and got into the shower. She washed her hair and scrubbed her body until she was sure it was raw. The first sob hit her as she rinsed the foam from her body to wash down the drain. She slid down the tile wall and shoved a fist against her mouth,

trying to keep her noise to a minimum. She was shaking and sobbing as if there was no tomorrow and couldn't seem to stop. She knew logically that she had nothing to really cry over, but she had never been in the situation she had earlier, and realized she was probably suffering a bit of shock. She pulled her knees up, wrapped her arms around her legs and rested her head on her knees and cried.

Brock stilled and tilted his head as he heard a noise coming from the bathroom. He wasn't sure what he had heard so he listened intently. Zane moved in closer as well, and they entered Brock's bedroom as it was closest. They waited quietly until they heard another sound. It sounded like their mate was crying.

They didn't hesitate; they opened the door and entered the bathroom. The sight of Holly curled up on the floor of the shower, as she sobbed nearly broke their hearts. Zane pulled open the shower door, reached in, turned off the water and then gently stepped in and picked her up into his

arms. Holly seemed to be totally oblivious to the fact she was naked and tried to crawl up his big body. She wrapped her arms and legs around him, and hid her face against his chest as she cried.

Brock grabbed two fresh towels from the cupboard and wrapped one around her back and the other around her wet hair. He followed Zane out to his bedroom and squatted down behind their mate, as Zane sat on the edge of his bed with Holly in his lap. Brock began to dry Holly so she wouldn't catch a chill. He dried as much of her as he could reach, then draped the towel over her back, unwrapped her hair and began to gently rub it dry. She was such a precious little thing. To see her so distraught was more than he and Zane could handle. They let her cry until she her tears dried up and she was breathing evenly and deeply. Their precious little mate had fallen asleep in Zane's arms.

Zane didn't want to let her go. He wanted to savor the feel of her in his arms. He wanted to strip his clothes from

his body and feel her naked skin against his own. Brock must have been of the same mind, because he began to strip his clothes off, then pulled back the covers on his large bed and crawled in. He held his arms out to Zane and they carefully transferred Holly into Brock's waiting arms. She didn't wake, but gave a contented sigh as she snuggled up against his warm body. Zane watched Brock wrap their little mate in his arms as he stripped out of his own clothes. He crawled in and pulled the covers over them and moved up against Holly's back, sandwiching her between them.

The feel of her soft, warm naked body against theirs, had their cocks hard in seconds. They wanted nothing more than to love every inch of her delectable body, but knew they would scare her off, if they did. They just held her and relished the feeling of her in their arms. She felt so right between them and they vowed to each other then and there, they would never let her go, or let anyone get close enough to harm her.

“She tries to be really independent doesn't she Zane? I think she's only had herself to rely on. She's such a submissive little thing, but I don't think even Holly realizes that,” Brock spoke to his brother using their mental link.

“Yes, she is. She hardly ever looks us in the eyes. I wonder if she has any family and what made her come here for a holiday? How the hell, are we going to tell her what we are, without her freaking out?”

“Maybe we can get Jade to help her with that. Oh my god, if we can get her to join with us in the Mate bonding ceremony, how in tar-nation are we going to get her to bond with another were or two?”

“I don't know bro. Who are we going to ask? I don't think Jade would be too pleased if we asked Hunter and or Grady,” Zane opined.

“Why not wait and see how she interacts with the others? She may have an affinity with one or two of the other weres. See if we can get her to choose, without her

knowing about it."

"I think you may have something there, bro. We'll wait and see, give her some time to adjust," Zane agreed as he snuggled in closer to Holly.

Holly came awake with a start when she realized she was in bed naked between two naked male bodies. She gave a gasp and tried to sit up so she could move away. They wouldn't let her.

"Shh, it's alright little darlin'. We won't hurt you. We were trying to give you some comfort. How are you feeling?" Brock asked in a low soothing voice.

"I'm good. Can you please let me out? I can't breathe," Holly said in a high pitched voice, as she felt two hard male cocks against her thighs. She was so embarrassed now that she remembered how they had pulled her sobbing from the shower. She must have fallen asleep on Zane's lap. The last thing she remembered was wrapping herself around him and sobbing into his chest. *God she must look such a mess.*

Holly knew her eyes would be red and swollen, let alone what her hair was going to look like, after falling asleep with it still wet.

Holly closed her eyes as she felt the two men on either side of her get up. She heard the rustle of clothes as they got dressed. She hoped they left the room soon so she could get dressed and try to make herself look better, than she knew she did right now.

“We'll wait for you out in the living room, baby. Come out when you're ready and we'll go down to dinner. You've got about half an hour,” Zane said over his shoulder as he and Brock left the room.

Holly got up, got dressed and went to work on making herself more presentable. There was no way in hell she was meeting a lot of people looking like something the cat dragged in.

Chapter Four

Holly took a deep breath and tried to pull back, so she was hidden behind Zane and Brock's large bodies. They wouldn't let her. They each took a hand and pulled her in between them, as they entered a large dining room full to the brim of people. There were a few women but most of them were men. Holly felt her cheeks redden as everyone stopped talking and turned toward her. They were all staring at her and she tried to look confident, but knew she had failed when a woman at the other end of the room got to her feet with a wry smile on her face and began to walk over to her.

“Hi, you must be Holly, I'm Jade. Welcome to our home. If there's anything you want or need don't hesitate to ask,” Jade greeted as she held out a welcoming hand.

“Hi Jade, thanks for letting me into your home,” Holly

replied quietly.

“Oh Holly, it's not just my home. This house belongs to my husband and his brothers and anyone else who lives here. We all share,” Jade replied and then surprised Holly by leaning forward, giving her a hug and kissing her cheek, her very pregnant belly getting in the way. “I just know we are going to be great friends. Come on and I'll introduce you to everyone.”

Jade pulled Holly along by the hand and took her to meet Sloan, Hunter and Grady first. Then she went down the table and up around the other side, pointing out who was who with a finger. Everyone seemed to be nice enough, they all waved in greeting as they said hi.

Once the introductions were done, Jade pulled Holly down to the seat beside her as she shoved one of Sloan's brothers out of the seat. Hunter got up, kissed Jade on the forehead and moved around to the other side of the table. Holly looked at Sloan, to see his expression of indulgence

as his brother kissed his wife. Holly sat down next to Jade and gave a sigh of relief as Brock sat on her other side. She tried to hide behind her usual bubbly facade, but she just couldn't seem to keep it up. She was too nervous.

An elderly woman and two younger women began to bring platters of food out to the table. Jade introduced the housekeeper and the two women to Holly, telling them she would be staying with them for a while. Holly couldn't believe how accepting everyone was, having her within their midst.

“Holly, what do you do for a living?” Sloan asked from the end of the table.

“Um, I'm currently unemployed. I decided to leave my job as a secretary and take my first holiday. I'll be looking for another job when I go back home,” Holly replied, keeping her eyes on the table in front of her.

“Where are you from, Holly?” Jade asked curiously.

“Omaha, Nebraska.”

“Do you have any brothers or sisters” Hunter asked.

“No,” Holly answered quickly.

“Do you still live with your parents, Holly?” Grady asked.

“N...no,” Holly answered, clearing her throat as her voice cracked, as she answered.

“Do you want some steak, little darlin? How about some of Emma's famous potato bake?” Brock asked as he held each of the platters for her. Brock really wanted to ask Holly about her parents but knew the question had upset her, so he quickly changed the subject by offering her food.

Holly couldn't believe the size of the steaks. She picked one up and put it on her plate then sat staring at it, because it covered three quarters of her plate. She looked to see if there were any small pieces but realized she had the smallest one left. There was no way in hell she could eat a piece of meat that size. She looked to Jade and nearly giggled at the way the small pregnant woman was

devouring her huge piece of meat. Then she nearly gagged when she saw how rare the steak was, and knew there was no way she would be able to eat something that was still practically bleeding.

She took a small amount of the potatoes and other vegetables and began to eat. Not once did she touch the steak.

“Are you a vegetarian, baby?” Zane asked her quietly, from around the back of Brock.

“No,” Holly replied.

“Then why aren't you eating your steak little darlin'?” Brock whispered in her ear.

“I'm not that hungry, I guess,” Holly replied, not wanting anyone to hear how the thought of eating the half raw meat, made her feel ill.

Holly sat back in her chair and watched as everyone around her devoured their meal. Seeing Jade relish the taste of her steak and then beginning to eye the huge slab on her

plate made her stomach churn. Holly pushed her plate toward Jade and gave her a weak smile in return, as Jade's eyes lit up when she took the steak from Holly's plate. As Jade cut into the meat and Holly saw the red juice flow from the cut, she knew she was going to embarrass herself. She quickly jumped up from her chair with a quick, "Excuse me," as she hurried from the room.

Holly made it back up to Zane and Brock's rooms and into the bathroom in the nick of time. She leaned over the toilet and sank to the floor as she lost the contents of her stomach. She had just finished throwing up and flushing the toilet when Zane and Brock burst through the bathroom door.

"Are you alright, Holly? Do you want me to call a doctor?" Zane asked as he helped her to her feet.

Brock moved to the sink and filled a glass with water then handed it to her. After rinsing her mouth out, she took a few sips of the water to settle her stomach. Zane wet a

wash cloth and wiped Holly's face and mouth then took her chin in a gentle grip so she couldn't look away from him.

“Are you sick, baby?”

“No, I'm fine.”

“You are not fucking fine,” Zane replied with anger and frustration. “Now, I suggest you tell me why you were sick, because I'm not letting you go until you do.”

Holly pulled her chin from his grasp and stared at Zane angrily. She hadn't wanted to hurt anyone's feelings but he had asked for it, so she was going to be honest and damn the consequences. “The sight of you lot eating nearly raw steak made me sick. I can't believe you all could eat that. Don't you realize you could get sick eating half raw meat? It turned my stomach, alright. I was fine until Jade took the steak off of my plate and cut into it. When I saw all the blood seeping out of it I couldn't hold back my nausea anymore.”

“Aw shit. I'm sorry little darlin'. We tend to forget how

not everyone likes to eat meat the same way we do. I'll make sure Emma cooks yours longer than the rest of ours," Brock stated.

"Look, I really don't think this is going to work. I think it would be best if you took me back to the motel. That way, I can't embarrass you anymore than I already have. There is no way I could sit at the table for another meal and watch y'all eating raw meat. Please, just take me back?"

"No. It should be us that's embarrassed, not you, Holly. We should have thought about it before dinner, but we just wanted to make sure you were safe, and forgot all about our propensity for very rare meat," Zane replied. "How about we eat up here from now on?"

"Thank you but you still don't get it. I can't sit and watch you eat raw meat without getting sick. Not even you two," Holly's said with a hitch in her voice. Once again she felt like the odd one out. She was just never destined to fit in anywhere. It would be for the best if she just left.

“We can't, won't let you leave, baby. You could be in danger and the last thing we want is for you to get hurt,” Zane reiterated.

“Look, I'll stay the night of your sofa, but tomorrow I want one or both of you, to take me back into town. I think the best thing I can do, is get on a bus tomorrow and continue my journey, or just head on back home.”

“Fuck it, Holly. That's not gonna happen. You're staying right here. I'm not letting you leave. Not now that we've finally found you,” Zane raged at her.

Holly took a step back from Zane as he glared at her. The fire and rage in his eyes was enough to scare the shit out of her, but that wasn't the only thing she felt. Her panties began to dampen as he glared at her. She took another step and another, until she was in the doorway of the bathroom. She turned on her heel and ran.

Holly didn't get very far. Zane moved without making a sound and he moved fast. One minute he was in the

bathroom and the next he was behind her, wrapping one of his large muscular arms around her waist and hauling her up tight against his chest.

Holly let out a loud scream as she tried to get away from Zane. She used the heels of her feet, kicking backwards into his shins. It didn't seem to have any effect other than hurting herself; he didn't even make a noise. She was about to start scratching and slapping when the sound of their sitting room door slammed open, hitting the wall. She froze in Zane's arms as Sloan, Hunter, Grady and finally Jade walked into the room.

“What the hell is going on in here?” Sloan yelled as he took in the scene. “Zane have you...?”

“Not yet. We were going to but, she hasn't given us a chance yet,” Zane replied as he eased his hold on Holly.

Holly watched as Jade pushed her way through the three big men in front of her. She stood with her hands on her hips as she glared at first, Zane then Brock. She took in

Holly's frightened face, stepped up and went toe to toe with Brock and Zane.

“I want you to go downstairs and let me speak to Holly alone. You will not come back up here until I tell you it's alright, and take my husband and his brother's with you,” Jade growled out.

“As you wish, my Queen,” Brock and Zane replied, bowed their heads to Jade and left, taking the others with them.

“Let's take a load off, Holly. God my feet are killing me,” Jade stated, as she sat on the sofa and put her feet on the coffee table.

Holly sat on one of the arm chairs. Still not feeling very comfortable, she sat on the edge of the seat as she watched Jade try to get comfortable.

“When are you due?” Holly asked.

“Yesterday. I can't wait to get this baby out of me. I am so sick and tired of being a beached whale,” Jade replied

with a sigh.

“God Jade, you don't even look pregnant from behind. You look like you have a ball shoved up your jumper,” Holly said with a laugh.

“Well thanks, but when you get pregnant one day, you'll know how I feel,” Jade said.

“Oh, I don't think I'll ever get pregnant,” Holly replied as she looked down at the floor.

“Don't you like kids?”

“Oh no, I mean yes. I love kids, but I don't think I'll ever find someone to have them with.”

“Why not?” Jade asked curiously.

“I don't know. Well I do actually, but I don't want to bore you with the details.”

“Come on, Holly. Give. How are we going to be friends and stick together like women should, if you won't talk to me?”

“Okay, but don't say I didn't warn you,” Holly said with

a sigh. She took another deep breath and began to tell Jade about her childhood and how wherever she went she never seemed to fit in.

“I think you fit in here just fine, Holly. You're too hard on yourself. You're the only one who thinks those things. There is nothing wrong with you girlfriend.”

“Then how come watching all of you eat, made me vomit?” Holly asked facetiously, then covered her mouth as she realized how rude she sounded.

Jade burst out laughing. Once she started she couldn't stop. She held onto her large belly, as tears coursed down her cheeks. Holly had to wait for Jade to get herself under control once more, before she could speak.

“What is so damn funny?”

“I was just remembering when I first came here. I felt the same way you did. In fact I didn't even eat meat. It used to turn me off watching those men wolf down their half raw meat and then go back time and time again for more. It was

sickening.”

“So what changed? You were eating it too,” Holly stated.

“I am going to tell you quite a lot, and I don't want you to freak out like I did. I want you to wait until I've finished and then, if you have any questions, I'll answer them as best as I am able to. But just remember, this is still all pretty new to me as well. I've only been here for about ten months,” Jade declared.

“Really? It seems like you've been here a lot longer. And what was with Zane and Brock calling you their Queen?” Holly asked with a frown.

“Come over here, get comfortable and I'll tell you everything,” Jade patted the seat beside her. She waited until Holly had made herself comfortable, watching as she curled up into the end of the sofa. Once she was ready, looking at her expectantly, Jade began to speak.

“I first met Sloan at the little café in Eagle River. I had

come to fulfill my mother's dying wish of seeing where she had grown up, and it just happened to be in the gate house of this estate. I came here and agreed to stay for a week to look around and get a feel for the place. For my mom, you know. Well, everything was okay until I decided I was going to have to go home, eventually.

“Saying that in front of Sloan, tipped him over the edge and he claimed me. You see, Holly, everyone who lives here is a werewolf; and are all part of the Eagle River Pack. Sloan is my mate and his wolf felt threatened when I said I was going to leave, so he claimed me. He is the Alpha of the pack and when he claimed me, I became their Queen, much to my disgust. Zane and Brock are also werewolves and you are their mate. They want to claim you, just like Sloan claimed me. If you decide to bond with them you will have to go through the claiming ceremony, just like I did. That means you are going to have to have sex outside, with the entire pack watching you. Once you have mated

with your mates, then you will have to mate with one or two other weres, so you are safe if anything happens to one of your mates, or both your mates at the same time. Female mates are so rare; the pack likes to anchor the female to other wolves, in case your own mates die. That means you won't follow them into the afterlife, and you can mate with whoever you're anchored to. Oh, I forgot. Your mates may like to share you with others to enhance your pleasure, and you can often find single males having sex with each other. I love it when they do that; I find it such a turn on," Jade declared as she looked at Holly.

Holly was staring at Jade as if she had two heads. Jade knew exactly how she felt and held up her arm for Holly to see. "Watch my arm, Holly."

Holly watched and covered her mouth in horror, as fur began to sprout from Jade's skin. She saw claws push out from the tips of her fingers and wanted to bolt away from her, but she knew her legs wouldn't hold her, as they felt

like jelly. She opened and closed her mouth a few times, then gave up as no words came to mind. She just sat and stared at Jade, then gave a sigh of relief as the claws and skin withdrew back into Jade's arm and fingers.

“As you can see, we're not really delusional. I know it's a lot to take in and process, but just bear in mind, no one here would ever hurt you. Women are precious to these men and they would give their lives to protect you.”

“Ar...ar...are you going to have a puppy?” Holly asked with horror.

Jade burst out laughing again. She had asked that same question not long after she had found out she was pregnant. “No. A *were* doesn't make their first change until they reach puberty. Which I thank God for. Could you imagine trying to run after a puppy and keeping it under control? Now that would be a nightmare,” Jade replied, as she covered her mouth and yawned.

“If I mated with Zane and Brock, would I have to be

changed into a werewolf as well?"

"No. That is your choice to make, and no one would force you to do that if you didn't want to. If you decide to mate with them, your life span will be prolonged. Werewolves live a lot longer than a normal human."

"How long?" asked Holly.

"Hm a couple of hundred years I think," Jade replied around another yawn. "Now, do you want to stay in here with these two or would you like a room of your own?"

"Um, if it's okay with you I think I'll take my own room. I need to think things through," Holly replied.

"Yeah, now that I can understand. Oh by the way, werewolves can smell when your horny and they have exceptional hearing. Watch this. Hunter, Grady, can you come here please?" Jade asked in a normal voice.

"What can we do, baby?" Grady asked as he entered the room.

"Are you alright, sugar?" asked Hunter as he followed

close on Grady's heels.

Jade looked at Holly with a smirk and raised eyebrow. When Holly responded with a nod, she looked back to Hunter and Grady. “I want you guys to see Holly settled into a guest bedroom, please. Give her the one next door, that way hopefully Zane and Brock won't kick up too much of a fuss.”

Chapter Five

Holly didn't see Brock and Zane for quite a few hours, and she was thankful for the reprieve. She had so much to get her head around, and felt as if she was the one going insane, as she tried to process everything Jade had told her. A knock at her door had her freezing in her tracks. She had been pacing as she thought things through. She didn't really want to have to deal with Brock and Zane so she called out to whoever was on the other side of the door.

“Who is it?”

“It's Emma, Holly. I brought you up something to eat since you didn't eat much at dinner. I thought you may be hungry,” Emma called through the door.

Holly opened the door and let Emma in. She quickly closed it again, just in case Brock and Zane were nearby. Emma placed a covered tray on a small table near the

bedroom window and then turned to face Holly.

“I know Jade has tried to explain the way of things around here, but I just wanted you to know, if you have any questions all you have to do is ask and I'll answer them for you. Now, why don't you sit down and eat your sandwiches. I know you're probably hungry. And don't worry about the other meals, I'll make sure all your meat is cooked properly,” Emma stated with a gentle smile.

“Thanks Emma, you're a life saver. I'm starving. So, are you one too?” Holly asked as she sat down, took the cover off her food and took a big bite of her chicken salad sandwich.

At Emma's nod, Holly swallowed loudly and looked down at the table.

“You have nothing to fear from any of us, Holly. No one here would ever harm you. In fact, I think you'll find the men who live here in this pack, treat women a lot better than a normal human male does. I'll leave you to finish

your meal. Just leave everything on the table when you're done and someone will come and collect your dishes later," Emma said, and then to her surprise she leaned down kissed Holly on the top of the head, then left.

Holly finished her sandwiches, then decided she would save someone a trip back to her room and left to take her dishes back to the kitchen. She was half way down the stairs when one of the men was on his way up. He stopped and stared at her, sniffing the air near her. He must have liked what he sniffed, because he moved toward her, trapping her against the wooden banister.

"Well, hello there sweetheart. What's your name?" the man asked as he picked up a lock of her hair and rubbed between his fingertips. Then he lifted it to his nose and inhaled deeply.

"You smell good enough to eat," he said and snapped his teeth together audibly and smirked. "So what's your name sugar?"

“Holly,” she replied, a nervous quiver in her voice.

“My name's Ethan Samson. I just know you and I are gonna be good friends. Who do you belong to sugar?” Ethan asked as he leered at her.

“I don't belong to anyone and I never will,” Holly replied, glaring at the man.

“Oh, so you do have a bit of fire. Good, I'll look forward to taming you, Holly,” Ethan drawled out.

“Get your fucking hands off her, right now,” Zane growled out through his teeth, as he bared them at Ethan.

“Hey man, I was just fooling around,” Ethan stated, before swallowing nervously.

Holly watched Zane stalk up to Ethan and crowd him back against the banister, the same way he had done to her. Zane was a lot taller and much more intimidating than Ethan could ever be. Holly backed away from the two men cautiously and began to make her way slowly downstairs once more, but she didn't take her eyes off the two men.

“You will never go near my mate, again. Is that understood?” Zane asked Ethan.

“Yeah, sure. Sorry Zane, my apologies, Holly,” Ethan said as he looked at her.

Holly didn't say anything, just gave a nod of her head, turned back around and hurried into the kitchen. Holly washed and dried her dishes and was about to leave, when she felt large muscular arms wrap around her waist.

“Are you alright baby? He didn't hurt you did he?” Zane asked from behind and above Holly.

“No, I'm fine. Please let me go, Zane,” Holly said as she pushed at his arms.

Zane released his hold on Holly and stepped back away from her. “Why don't you come into the living room for a while, Holly? We could watch some TV or play some pool or cards. Whatever you want baby?”

“Okay,” Holly said and followed Zane out of the kitchen.

The living room was full of people, mostly men, and Holly could feel them all staring at her. She sat down on one of the large modular sofas in the huge room and gave a sigh as Zane then Brock sat down on either side of her. Holly was just starting to feel comfortable, when other male werewolves entered the room. Instead of sitting on the other furniture, they sat on the floor in front of her, Zane and Brock as they tried to jostle for a position, so they were touching her.

Holly was about to wriggle away and get up, but didn't get a chance. Brock wrapped an arm around her shoulders, and then leaned down to whisper into her ear. "Don't be scared of them, little darlin'. No one here would hurt you. But you have to remember, we are pack animals and as such, we like to be touching others all the time. Single males especially, like to be touching any and all of our females if they can. They would never touch you inappropriately, so just sit back and relax."

Holly breathed in and out a few times and let her muscles loosen with every breath she took. She settled into the back of the sofa and began to watch the television. She was aware of someone rubbing one of her feet and looked down to see one of the males in the process of taking her other shoe off and then he began to massage her foot. She couldn't even remember his name, but whatever he was doing felt damn good and she wasn't about to interrupt his ministrations. She felt a tug on her other foot and saw another man pulling her other shoe off. He smiled up at her and then looked down at her still swollen and bruised foot.

“What happened to your foot, Holly?”

“Oh well, I twisted it. It doesn't hurt much anymore. I'm really sorry, but I can't remember your names.”

“I'm Myles O'Dwyer and this great lug next to me is my brother, Riley. And don't worry about keeping all our names straight, you'll remember eventually. If you don't know just ask, honey.” Myles stated.

“Okay, thanks Myles,” Holly replied then looked away again.

Holly snuggled in closer to Brock, as the droning noise of the television lulled her to relax even more. She began to feel really sleepy and was having trouble keeping her eyes open, until something Jade had said ran through her brain. She sat up straight and looked from Brock to Zane and back again.

“What?” Brock and Zane asked at the same time.

“Have either of you had sex with Jade?” Holly asked, as she watched their faces closely.

“What difference does that make, little darlin’? We aren’t asking you about your previous love life,” Brock said, but didn’t look Holly in the eye.

“Oh my god. You did, didn’t you? How the hell...? What the hell..? Oh I am so out of here,” Holly said, as she pushed out of Brock’s arms and rose to her feet.

“Holly sit down,” Zane barked out as he rose to his feet.

“You can just both go to hell. Leave me, the fuck alone,” Holly sobbed as she ran from the room.

“You know, if Jade wasn't our Queen and mated with Sloan, as well as being under Hunter, Grady's, and all of our protection, I think I would kill her right now,” Brock stated with disgruntlement.

“What the fuck have you done to that girl now?” Jade yelled at Brock and Zane as she waddled into the room.

“Hey, how come everything is always our fault?” Brock asked with a frown.

“Because it's always the man's fault when a woman is upset,” Jade replied as she winced, then crossed her arms over her big belly.

“Well, it just so happens that it's your fault this time, Jade,” Zane said sarcastically.

“What did I do?”

“It's not what you did, it's what you said. Did you tell Holly we had sex with you?” asked Brock.

“No. Oh fuck it. Me and my big mouth. How come women are always so perceptive?” Jade asked with a frown.

She then tried to stomp from the room, but ended up looking like a duck waddling with something shoved up her ass. The men watching her had to hold back their snickers of amusement, until she was out of hearing range.

Jade found Holly out in the back garden, in her favorite spot. Sitting on the bench watching and listening to water as it sprouted from the wolf fountain.

“Holly, can I please have a moment of your time?” Jade asked cautiously.

“Yes, take a seat,” Holly replied, scooting over giving Jade more room, but making sure to keep her tear stained face turned away.

“Brock did have sex with me, but he didn't know he was going to find his mate, you. Besides, he didn't fuck me in the pussy; he took me up the ass. Would you condemn

him to a life of celibacy until he found the right woman? Zane and I haven't had sex, but I watched him and Hunter masturbate each other. I gotta tell you girl, that was fucking hot,” Jade stated with a leering grin. “I will never love anyone the way I love Sloan, Holly. I have loved most of the men living here, but only as friends. No one could ever take the place of Sloan. I have a special place in my heart for Hunter and Grady, since they are my anchors and I always will, but you've got to remember, that we are all part animals. Animals usually have sex with any female. Sloan only wanted to enhance my pleasure by letting others join in. If you decide to hang around and end up mating with Zane and Brock, when you first get pregnant you are going to be so horny, you'd jump anything with a cock. Well, almost. It's not like being a normal human, Holly. It's so much more,” Jade stated, as she held her belly and doubled over panting.

“Jade are you alright?” Holly asked as she watched her

new friend.

“Yeah, but do you think you could go get Sloan? This baby isn't going to wait much longer,” Jade replied.

“You're in labor? Oh my God. Why didn't you say something? What should I do? Do you want me to go and boil some water?” Holly asked in a panic.

“Noooo,” Jade groaned out. When the pain finally passed, she sat up straight and looked at Holly, “Please, go and get Sloan.”

“I'm already here, little Jade. I was wondering how long you were going to try and hide the fact you were in labor from me,” Sloan stated, and then bent scooping Jade up into his arms with ease.

“Well, fuck you Sloan. This is all your fault you know. How come you always know everything? Is nothing sacred around here?” Jade yelled at her mate.

“I can tell, because your scent changes honey. Now take some deep breaths and try to go with the pain. Don't fight

it, Jade,” Sloan said, his voice drifting away as he carried Jade away.

“Fuck off, Sloan,” Holly heard Jade yell in reply, and had to cover her mouth to smother her laughter.

She knew then and there she was going to accept Zane and Brock as her mates. She had been falling steadily in love with them since the first time she had laid eyes on them. The thought of leaving and never seeing them again, had pain searing through her heart. She wanted to have what Jade and Sloan had. She'd never been wanted for herself. Never really had anyone to care for her. She was sick of being unloved and lonely.

“I love the sound of your laughter, little darlin'. You don't laugh anywhere near enough,” Brock stated as he stepped out of the shadows.

“I used to, until recently. Except it wasn't real, it was a front I showed to everyone. I've never been accepted for who I really am. I've never let myself be myself. I've

always felt like I would never fit in, anywhere,” Holly whispered.

“Oh, Holly. Please stay here with us, little darlin’? We love you for who you are. You’ve had to be so brave and independent haven’t you? You’ve never had anyone to lean on or take control for you. Please, let Zane and I do that for you, Holly?” Brock asked in an emotional tone, as he moved to Holly and wrapped her in his arms, pulling her against his chest.

“Holly, Brock and I love you so much, baby. We want to take care of you for the rest of your life. Will you stay and mate with us?” Zane asked, as he pushed his big body up against Holly’s back, wrapped his arms around her hips, and thrust his hard cock into her ass.

“Yes. I love you too. I want to stay here and spend the rest of my life with you both. I never want to be alone again. I spent my life going in and out of foster homes. Just when I thought everything was going to be okay, the

families I was living with would pull up roots and move. I spent until the age of sixteen, going from foster home to foster home. By then I'd had enough, so I went out and got a job. I've been so lonely. I want nothing more than to mate with you both, to spend the rest of my life with you. I don't know how I can love you already? I've only just met you, but I do love you both.”

“Oh baby, thank you. You won't regret it,” Zane replied as he spun her in his arms and slammed his mouth down over hers.

Zane groaned at the first taste of his mate. He wanted to go on kissing her forever, but knew he would have to stop soon, to let Brock kiss Holly. He used his lips to open Holly's mouth and thrust his tongue in between her lips. He tangled his tongue with hers, as he slanted his lips over hers again and again.

Brock became impatient waiting for Zane to finish kissing Holly, so he moved around them and shoved Zane

to the side. He stepped in, took Holly into his arms and kissed her with all the love he had been holding back. He coaxed her into kissing him and groaned as she tangled her tongue with his, then slowly weaned his mouth from hers when she began to rock her hips against his. He cradled her head against his chest and ran a hand down over her hair, soothing her arousal away, as Zane did the same, by rubbing a hand gently up and down her back.

Holly looked up at Zane and Brock, dazed by the passion they had brought forth from her. She had never, ever, been kissed like that in her life. Her legs felt like cooked noodles, too weak to hold her up. *What the hell was having sex with them going to do to her? Oh God. She was going to have to have sex in front of lots of strangers, as well as have sex with someone else. She'd never survive it.*

The night was a hive of activity as people came and left again. It seemed the birthing of a child by a Queen and Alpha was a big deal, and the news of the impending

arrival of a baby brought Alpha's and werewolves from other packs to the house, to pay their respects. Which seemed kind of strange to Holly, as Jade was still laboring and no one would be able to see the baby until after it was born.

Holly helped Emma in the kitchen preparing food and drink, for all the visitors dropping in throughout the night; and had to hold back a laugh when Sloan entered the room looking a sickly gray color, as he yelled for 'someone to go and make the doctor hurry up and get his ass here before he killed him.'

Jade finally gave birth around three am in the morning, which Holly and Emma were profoundly grateful for. The visitors had stopped coming around one am, and Sloan apparently had had to be physically restrained by his brothers so he wouldn't tear the doctor's throat out. All in all it, was a pretty normal occurrence according to Emma. Holly had to bite her tongue so she didn't argue with

Emma, but knew it was probably something to do with werewolf protocol, which she had no idea about. *I mean who comes to visit the house and leave gifts before the baby was even born?*

Jade and Sloan were now the proud parents to a healthy baby boy. Who could be heard throughout the house screaming for his food, as Sloan carried him out of his and Jade's suite of rooms, to show off like the proud father he was. What had Emma and Holly laughing was the fact they could hear Jade screaming at Sloan to 'bring her baby back, right now damn it.'

Holly finally crawled into bed around four am and was asleep as soon as her head hit the pillow.

Chapter Six

The rest of the week was busy with more visitors, who came to see Sloan and Jade's, baby boy, whom they'd, named Zachariah Taggert. Holly would have had wanted the ceremony the next night, but Jade had put her foot down because she wanted to be there to watch the ceremony, even though she couldn't participate.

Holly spent her time visiting Jade and Zachariah in her Queen's apartment, holding the tiny baby boy and cooing over him like he was hers. Jade and Holly had become great friends; and even though Holly was still shy, when there were a lot of men around, she was becoming more confident.

Zane and Brock tried to stay away from Holly as much as possible, as there wolves were continually pushing at them to claim their mate. The only time they spent with her

was in the evenings in the living room surrounded by others. Holly was beginning to get so sexually frustrated, she was scared she was going jump on her men, no matter who was around. Since she was still a virgin and didn't really know what to expect other than what she had heard from others or read, she figured her men were probably feeling a lot worse than she was.

Finally the day of the bonding ceremony arrived. Holly spent most of the morning in the kitchen helping Emma cook for the night's meal, and making sandwiches to tide everyone over the rest of the day. Holly looked at the clock and gave a tired sigh. It was three o'clock and she had just over three hours before the bonding ceremony would take place. She was beginning to get very nervous and knew she should have told her men she was still a virgin. She decided to seek them out. The last thing she wanted was to embarrass herself in front of the whole pack by crying with pain and asking her men to stop making love to her. They

wouldn't be bonded properly, unless they climaxed at the same time while her men bit her, according to Jade. She was scared she was going to freeze and not being experienced, had no idea what to expect.

Holly found Zane and Brock playing pool on the far side of the huge living room. She wandered over to them and waited until Brock had finished his shot.

“Can I please have a word to both of you in private?” Holly asked quietly.

“I don't think that's a good idea, baby,” Zane replied, moved to her side, bent his head and sniffed the side of her neck. He growled low in his throat and lifted his head to look at Holly.

The fire in his eyes had her backing away from him. She took her eyes off of Zane, to look at Brock and saw him moving toward her as well. Holly came to a dead stop, as her back collided into the wall. She was trapped and Zane was only a few feet from her. He was staring at her as

if he was going to eat her whole.

Brock moved closer to her, placed a hand on the wall above her head, then leaned down and sniffed at her neck. He growled low in his throat, the rumbling sound making the hair on the back of her neck rise.

“You need to get out of here while you can, Holly. If you don't move now, we won't be held responsible for what we do to you,” Brock whispered against her ear. His hot moist breath making her shiver in reaction.

Holly had no idea what was wrong with Zane or Brock, but from the heat in their eyes and their voices, she wasn't going to hang around to find out, what they wanted to do to her. She ducked under Brock's arm and took off running. She didn't stop until she was safely in her room, with the door locked behind her. She leaned against the cool wood of the door and rolled her heated cheek on the wooden panel. She stripped out of her clothes and headed to the bathroom. She was going to take a nice long, hot leisurely

bath.

Holly shuddered as she heard the howls of two wolves echo throughout the house. She quickly entered the bathroom and locked that door as well. She knew her men would never hurt her, but she was worried they weren't going to be able to hold out until the bonding ceremony. They had scared and excited her with their heated predatory looks, and knew something about her had gotten to her guys. They seemed to be hanging onto their control by a thread.

Holly took out the one and only dress she'd brought with her from the closet. It was a simple white sun-dress, but she had always loved the dress. It was cool as it was made of simple cotton, but it was nice enough and she had kept it in great condition. She left her hair down and brushed it until it gleamed under the bathroom light. She was ready with five minutes to spare.

Holly covered her mouth with a shaking hand as she

realized she hadn't gotten the chance to tell her men she was inexperienced in regards to sex. Then she nearly freaked out, because she didn't know who was going to be her anchor or anchors. *Oh God. What the hell did she think she was doing? There was no way she would be able to have sex in front of an entire group of people, let alone have more sex with a stranger or strangers as well.*

Holly froze as a knock sounded on the door. She held her breath, hoping whoever it was would go away. There was no way she could do this. She didn't know what to do. When she began to see spots in front of her eyes, she drew in a gulp of air and hoped whoever was on the other side of the door, hadn't heard her. She couldn't bring herself to open the door. She couldn't go through with this. Another knock sounded and then another, and Holly's breaths were panting in and out of her lungs so fast, she thought she would pass out. The knocking stopped and Holly quietly crept over to the bed and sat on the edge of the mattress. A

light knock sounded on the door and Holly ignored it once more.

She sat staring at the door nervously, as tears coursed down her cheeks. When no one else knocked on the door, she put her head down in her hands and wept quietly.

She leaned into the soothing hand running up and down her back and arms. She took a deep breath and looked up to see Brock and Zane kneeling in front of her.

“How did you...?”

“What's wrong, little darlin'?” Brock asked in a quiet soothing voice.

“I don't know what to do?” Holly wailed. “I've never done this before. What if I can't do it?”

“Look at me baby?” Zane commanded. When Holly turned her tear reddened eyes and stained cheeks to him, he placed a light kiss on her lips. “You don't need to do anything, Holly. You don't have to know what to do; all you have to do is feel. You can do that can't you baby? Just lay

back and feel,” Zane reiterated as he held her hand in his, running his thumb along her skin.

“Who did you...?”

“It doesn't matter who we chose to be your anchor, sweetheart. We'll look after you, I promise. All you have to do is keep your eyes closed and let us pleasure you,” Brock stated.

Holly took a deep breath and stood, her men standing with her, each holding one of her hands. “Okay, let's go do this. I'm sorry for being such a coward.”

“You're not a coward, baby. Just listen and do what we tell you and everything will be fine,” Zane said, as they began to lead Holly from the room.

Holly kept her eyes on the wolf feature fountain and the elderly man standing before it facing her. She ignored everyone else, as she held her head high and walked between her two men.

They stopped in front of Sloan's Uncle and she took

another deep breath as Uncle Charles gave her an encouraging smile and wink.

“Holly Swift do you promise to love and try to obey your mates, Brock and Zane Fontaine, as long as their requests are reasonable?”

Holly was too nervous to hold in her snicker at the ridiculous ceremony vow. She took another deep breath, to get herself back under control and answered, “I do.”

“Brock and Zane Fontaine, do you promise to love and protect your mate, Holly Swift and try to breed with her as soon as possible?”

“We do.”

“I now pronounce you bonded. You may kiss your mate.”

That's it, Holly asked herself. Was she now married to her mates?

Zane turned Holly toward him and took her mouth with a kiss so carnal, it was a wonder she didn't burst into

flames. He didn't give her a chance to think or look around at the other *weres* watching the bonding ceremony. He pushed her arousal higher and higher, until she was clutching at his arms and her knees began to buckle. Zane tightened his grip around her waist and gently lowered Holly to the ground on to blanket.

Brock moved up beside Holly's other side and nudged Zane aside, to let him kiss their mate. He didn't give Holly time to cool down; he swooped down and coaxed her into responding to his kisses. He opened his mouth over hers and thrust his tongue into her mouth, twining them together while Zane removed his clothes. He moved his mouth across her face and nibbled a sensitive spot beneath her ear. He nipped and licked his way down, and pushed the thin straps of her white dress down over, and off Holly's shoulders. He licked his way over the top of her high pert breasts, teasing her until she was thrusting her chest up at him, as she whimpered in her throat.

Zane lay down on the blanket and took Holly's pert nipple of her other breast into his mouth and sucked firmly until she bucked her hips up, frantic with need. He pushed her dress down and over her hips as he knelt over her and took her mouth again. He thrust his tongue into her mouth, curled his around hers, and drew it into his own mouth. He kept her in the throes of passion, as Brock stood to remove his clothes. When his brother returned to Holly's side, Zane released her mouth and slid down her body between her legs, slid his hands up the inside of her warm silky skin and separated her legs. He gave a low rumbling growl when his mate tried to squeeze her legs closed. Then dove down to her vagina, as she acquiesced to him. He swirled his tongue over the red, throbbing bud of her passion and grasped her hips with his large hands, as she bucked up. He licked and laved her clit and slowly pushed his middle finger into her warm, wet cunt. He began to slide his finger in and out of her pussy, all the time licking and sucking on her clitoris.

Zane gave a growl of approval as her cream soaked his finger and the walls of her sheath fluttered around his digit. Zane increased the pace of his lapping tongue and thrusting finger to thrust through the thin membrane of skin, as he sent Holly over the edge into climax. He let her ride out the sensations of her rhythmically, clamping muscles until they ceased, then kissed his way back up the length of her body. He kissed her mouth and thrust his tongue into her sweet cavern, sharing the taste of her juices with her.

Brock licked and nipped his way down over Holly's breasts, stopping to pay attention to each of her elongated nipples, then moved down over her stomach and swirled his tongue in and around her navel. When he had her rocking her hips up and down, he slid down to her pussy and licked her from ass to clit. He moved up between her splayed thighs and slowly began to push his engorged cock, into his mate's body.

Once the head of his cock popped through her tight

flesh, he slowly began to rock in and out of her wet sheath, gaining a little further depth with every forward thrust. Brock gave a huge sigh of relief when he was finally buried in Holly's vagina to the hilt. He lifted her upper torso into his arms and pulled her into his body for a kiss, as she sat impaled on his hard cock. He slanted his mouth over hers and dueled his tongue with hers, as he watched Zane move up behind Holly. When she moaned into his mouth and began to rock her hips, moving slightly over his hard flesh, he knew Zane was preparing her for his entry.

Zane massaged the cold lube into Holly's tightly closed anus and stimulated the sensitive nerve endings to her ass. When she began rocking her hips and her anus was clenching and releasing, he coated his fingers with more lubricant and began to massage with firmer strokes. He began to push his fingers into her dark hole and had to put a hand to his balls to tug them down firmly, so he wouldn't lose his load there and then.

Zane worked his way into Holly's ass until his fingers were buried to the hilt. He slowly separated them, to stretched her tight muscles and gave them a twist as he thrust them in and out of her anus. When he felt her tremble he withdrew his fingers and lathered his cock with the lube. He slid the head of his cock over her back entrance, and then began to push in when she opened to him. He groaned as her warm, tight flesh enveloped the head of his cock and quickly gave his balls another firm tug. He slowly but firmly, forged his way into his mates ass, until he was all the way in to his balls.

Zane slid his cock back until just the tip was resting in Holly's tight ass and as he began to push his way back in, Brock slid his cock out of her warm, wet cunt. Brock and Zane slowly but surely, slid in and out of Holly's holes, increasing the pace slowly with each forward thrust. The sounds she made were enough to drive any sane man to the brink of control. By the time they were at a nice steady

rhythm, Holly was whimpering and moaning with ecstasy. Brock and Zane were having trouble holding back their orgasms, which they needed to do until Holly was on the brink of her own release.

Brock had never felt such heaven in his life. The way Holly's pussy trembled and released around his stiff rod, had him gasping for air, as sweat rolled down his face. He could hear by Holly's escalating cries and knew that she was on the verge of climax. He felt another warning tremble as the walls of her pussy massaged along the length of his embedded cock. He couldn't take much more pleasure. He was in heaven and hell. He reached down between his and Holly's bodies and slid a finger through the copious amounts of her pussy juice, then moved back up and swirled the pad of his fingertip over her engorged little nub.

"Now," Brock yelled at Zane through their mind link, as he pinched Holly's clit between his thumb and finger. He

and Zane leaned down and bit her where her shoulder and neck met, as their muffled roars of release echoed through the night air, just as Holly squealed out her own. The feel of all three of them climaxing together was totally indescribable.

Brock and Zane held onto Holly's hips and waist, her flesh clamping down hard on their sheathed cocks, as she convulsed, trembled and screamed, as she came apart in their arms. They all slumped together, their lungs bellowed air in and out with noisy gasps.

Chapter Seven

Holly had died and gone to heaven. She was so satiated, she couldn't move, not even to open her eyes. She heard the sounds of other pack members making love in the cool early evening, but didn't care. She was where she wanted to be, between the two men who had stolen her heart. She was so tired and replete, she never wanted to move again. She gave a whimper of pleasure, pain as Zane slowly removed his cock from her ass. She heard the sound of water being squeezed out of a wash cloth and opened her eyes to see Zane cleaning his cock with soap and water. Her eyes widened in disbelief as she saw the impressive package he was sporting, and he wasn't even fully engorged. *How the hell had she taken that in her ass without him splitting her in half?* Zane picked up another clean washcloth and proceeded to clean her dripping holes. She gave a slight

wince as he gently wiped the cloth over her vagina and then her bottom.

Oh God. She was supposed to have sex with someone else now. She was too boneless to move and knew there was no way in hell, she could do that again. Holly heard more water splash and looked over to see Brock cleaning his large, half flaccid cock. She couldn't believe she had had those monsters buried in her body. She gave a sigh, closed her eyes and drifted into a light doze.

Holly jerked as she felt a warm, wet tongue slide through the folds of her pussy. She groaned out loud as her nerve endings began to come to life once more. She felt a light sheen of sweat begin to break out over her skin, as the tongue on her sex flattened out and administered to her sensitive clitoris. She couldn't seem to stop herself from rocking her hips in time with the rhythm of the tongue pleasuring her. She opened her eyes and looked down her body to see Brock looking up at her through slitted eyes.

He placed the tip of a finger barely inside of her vagina and slid his finger in, in tiny little thrusts. He had to place his large palm over Holly's stomach to keep her from bucking him off. He watched as Zane moved up beside Holly and took her mouth with his own, ravaging her until she was moaning into his brother's mouth.

Brock sat up between Holly's thighs, then slowly worked his way up the other side of her body. He lay down beside her and pulled her mouth from Zane's so he could devour her. He ran his hands over her breasts, pinching and plucking her nipples into hard little peaks.

Zane moved between Holly's thighs and began to push his way into between her blood engorged, wet folds. He couldn't stop the groan of pleasure from escaping his mouth, as her flesh enveloped his, until she was wrapped around his hard cock like a warm, wet glove. He nudged Brock to let him know he was ready for the next step and they both helped their mate to sit up on Zane's hard rod.

Brock moved to Holly's side, kneeling beside her, he slowly turned her head toward him, using a finger beneath her chin. He held the base of his cock in his fist and slid the tip over the seam of her lips. He growled with approval as he watched her tongue flick out and scoop up the clear drop of fluid on his tip. He watched with fascination, as Holly opened her mouth and sucked the head of his cock in between her full, red lips. She sucked him into the depths of her mouth, until he touched the back of her throat. Brock moved his other hand into her hair and held her head still, as he began a slow pumping motion with his hips, sliding his cock in and out of her warm, wet recess.

He leaned down and whispered in her ear, "Close your eyes, little darlin', and keep them closed."

Holly did as she was told and tried to wiggle on Zane's cock, to get him to move. Now that she'd had a taste, and knew what to expect, she wanted more. So much more, and she wanted it now. She moved one of her arms to the back

of Brock's thighs and pulled him closer. She made slurping sounds as he moved his hips forward and back, as she laved beneath his cock with a swirl of her tongue. She gave a small squeak when she felt cold fingers massage over her anus and was about to open her eyes when Zane's words stopped her.

“Keep your eyes closed, baby. Just feel,” Zane commanded.

Holly did as commanded and kept her eyes closed. She knew another pair of hands had joined in touching and pleasuring her body, and didn't know if she really wanted to know who it was.

She felt a large cock being pushed into her ass, and began to suck more vigorously on Brock's tasty, steel rod. She could feel the coils in her womb and sheath beginning to tighten as the cock in her ass stopped moving, buried to the hilt.

Zane wrapped his arms around her hips and lifted her

slightly, and he began to thrust in and out of her pussy. She sucked harder and bobbed her head up and down the length of Brock's penis, as whoever was buried in her ass began to pump in and out of her anus at the same time Zane moved in and out of her sheath. She knew she wasn't going to last long and her groans got louder with every push and retreat of the cocks in her body.

Zane could feel the beginning flutters of Holly's pussy in warning of her imminent climax. He couldn't believe how quickly their mate had him and his brother, on the verge of release once more. He moved his hand down in between their bodies and began to massage her clit.

"Now," Zane yelled through his mind link as he, his brother and Myles began to pump their loads of cum up the length of their cocks and out the tips, into Holly's mouth, ass and cunt.

At the same time Brock and Zane bit their mate in the same place as they had previously, while Myles had already

picked up Holly's hand and he bit her on the wrist. Zane and Brock watched as Holly passed out and slumped onto Zane's chest, her body still pulsing and clamping until her orgasm petered out.

Myles O'Dwyer slowly pulled his cock out of Holly's ass and picked up a cloth to clean her up. He couldn't believe how weak his legs felt and had to give a bark of laughter as he teetered on wobbly legs, as he bent down and kissed Holly on the temple. He turned and walked away to leave the three newly bonded trio alone.

* * * *

Holly groaned as her sore body protested her movement. She yawned and stretched, then froze as her hands came into contact with two warm, naked male bodies. She opened her eyes to see Zane and Brock leaning on their arms smiling down at her, as they watched her waken. She gave a shy hesitant smile and felt her cheeks redden with embarrassment. She lowered her eyes as they

continued to stare down at her.

“Holly, look at me,” Zane demanded in a sleep gruff voice.

Holly looked up at Zane and Brock, then back to Zane again from beneath her eyelashes.

Zane held her gaze as he leaned down and kissed her. When he had her panting for breath he released her lips and grinned at her. “Good morning, baby.”

“Morning,” Holly whispered.

Brock leaned down over Holly and kissed her as well. He sat up and gave her a wink as he spoke, “Morning little darlin’.”

“Morning.”

“Come on, sexy lady; let me run you a bath. A good soak will help ease all those sore muscles,” Zane said, as he scooped Holly up into his arms and headed to the adjoining bathroom.

Holly sighed with bliss as she sat in the tub full of hot

water. She felt so decadent laying there as her two mates washed her tired aching limbs.

“Do you know how sexy you are, baby? God, you make me hard every time I look at you. Your breasts are such perfect mounds of flesh, and fill my hands to perfection and your pussy. I could spend all day lapping up your pussy juice. You taste so sweet and I can't wait to have you cum in mouth,” Zane growled.

“Oh God, Zane. I can't. You need to give me a bit of time to recover. I'm too sore,” Holly said as she squirmed in her seat.

“I know Holly, but I just wanted you to know what you do to us. You are so perfect,” Zane replied.

“Hardly. I have so many faults, it was a wonder we ended up having the bonding ceremony.”

“Stop putting yourself down, little darlin'. You are absolutely perfect for us. No one is perfect, we all have our faults, but we love you just the way you are,” Brock

reiterated.

“You guys make me want to cry. I love you too, both of you.”

“You are just what we want and need, baby. Now, come on, we’ll help you dry off. I’m starving and need some breakfast,” Zane opined.

True to their word, Zane and Brock helped her dry off and then dried themselves as she got dressed. She was so hungry, she didn't think anything could put her off her food this morning.

She walked down to the dining room between her two mates, and sniffed appreciatively as the aroma of bacon, eggs, pancakes, toast and syrup tantalized her senses. Her stomach growled loudly and her mates gave her a grin, as they took her hands and led her into the dining room. Zane pulled out a chair and made sure Holly was comfortable, then sat on one side of her, as Brock sat on the other. Since they were the last to arrive for breakfast and were a little

late, the food was already on the table. Holly had no qualms about digging in.

Once breakfast was over, Holly helped Emma in the kitchen to clean up, as her mates sat around the dining room table talking to Sloan, Hunter, Grady, Riley and Myles. Holly and Emma were just about finished with the dishes as Ethan walked in, bringing more dishes, which he informed them he had found in the living room. Holly didn't like being near Ethan, ever since the day he had cornered her on the stairs. She thought he looked at her lewdly, but really had no reason why she felt that way. No one else seemed suspicious of him, and he had been nothing but courteous to her ever since he had found out she was Zane and Brock's mate.

Holly didn't like to think mean things about other people, but she had no reason to trust Ethan. He always seemed to be staring at her and skulking around corners when she was near. He gave her the creeps. She hadn't said

anything to Brock or Zane, as she didn't want to be the one to cause dissension within the pack.

Holly took the dishes from Ethan's hand and gave a shudder as his arm brushed against the side of her breast. She looked up into his eyes but didn't see any knowledge of what he had done. She gave a mental shrug and pushed the incident to the back of her mind, figuring she was probably over reacting. She turned to the sink and began to wash the dishes as Ethan was getting himself another cup of coffee.

“Thanks for your help Holly; I'm just going to wipe down the dining table. Once you've finished there we're done,” Emma said over her shoulder, then left the room.

Holly finished washing up and dried the few dishes on the sink and put them back into the cupboards. She was about to turn around and hang up the towel, as a large hand clamped down over her mouth and a sickly sweet smell invaded her nostrils. Her body gave out as she slumped down into a drugged sleep.

Chapter Eight

Holly woke with a pounding headache and feeling sick to her stomach. She didn't know why she felt sick, but knew she had to get to the bathroom before she lost her breakfast. She turned her head as she tried to sit up, only to be stopped short as a metallic noise sounded above her head, and her arms wouldn't move. She opened her eyes and looked above, to see her wrists enclosed within metal handcuffs, which were threaded through metal rails on a headboard. She lifted her head and looked down the length of her body to see her feet were still free. *Where the hell was she? Who had tied her up?*

Holly took in her surroundings and knew by the wallpaper peeling off the walls and the splotchy paint on the ceiling, that she was no longer at the mansion. She was about to open her mouth and scream for help, as the sound

of the bedroom door being opened, stopped her.

“Oh good, you're awake,” Ethan stated the obvious as he entered the room.

“Where am I? What do you want with me? Why have you kidnapped me?” Holly asked, her voice cracking with fear.

“Because you should have been mine,” Ethan roared. He went from absolute fury to calm and smiling within seconds, as he sat down on the side of the bed he had her tied to.

Holly looked into his eyes and saw madness, but was thankful he seemed to be back under control, for the moment. She flinched as he lifted a hand and moved it toward her face.

“You are so beautiful,” Ethan said in a quiet voice, as he smoothed her hair back from her forehead.

“The moment I saw you, I knew we were meant to be together. You are such a submissive little thing, but you do

have some fire hidden way down in your depths. I love the way your eyes change from hazel to more green when you're angry, and your hair. It's so soft and silky smooth. I love the way your hair smells," he said as he leaned down and inhaled her scent. "Hm, you smell like honey and milk, so sweet and innocent. But you're not innocent anymore are you? Why didn't you fight them, you little bitch?"

Ethan slapped Holly's cheek so hard she saw stars. She felt bile rising in her throat and knew she was going to be sick.

"Sick," Holly said just before the contents of her stomach made its presence.

Ethan roared in fury as Holly vomited over his arm. He jumped up from the bed and slammed out of the room.

Holly whimpered at the pain in her head and cheek. The stench of her own vomit making her feel even more ill. *Oh God, please let me go home. I want to go home to Zane and Brock. Please, let them find me?* Holly prayed, just before

darkness drew her down into it's depths.

Holly woke up to find herself naked in a bath full of water. Ethan had washed her hair and was now washing her body. She tried to sit up and cover herself, but her limbs were still feeling too heavy. She didn't have an ounce of energy, but knew if she was going to escape she was going to have to force herself to be strong once more.

“Sit still,” Ethan barked at her, as he began to wash her again. “I can't have my woman smelling so awful, now can I sweetheart? I bet you feel much better, now that you're clean don't you Holly?”

“Y...yes, thanks,” Holly managed to get out. Maybe if she led him to believe she belonged to him, and played along with him, he would become a bit more relaxed and less vigilant.

Holly let her eyes wander around the bathroom hoping to see something, anything she could use as a weapon. She had just about given up hope when her eyes landed on a

pair of scissors sitting on the vanity unit. She was too far away, but eventually she would have to get out of the tub and dry off. She gathered her courage and anger. She let it build within her and compounded it, until she felt rage permeating her body.

Ethan finally finished washing her. Holly thanked God. The touch of his hands on her body was making her feel ill, making her skin crawl and rise with goose bumps in rejection. He helped her to stand in the tub, and then carefully held her upper arms as she stepped over the bathtubs edge. Holly made herself stumble to the left and grabbed the pair of scissors from the vanity.

Ethan helped her to straighten as he smiled down at her and spoke to her, “Are you alright...?”

Holly opened the scissors and stabbed them into his chest with all of the strength she could muster. She watched in horror as Ethan fell to the floor, his hands clutching at the scissors in his chest. He let out a roar of pure fury as he

grabbed her ankle, and then laughed as she fell on top of him. He used the last of his remaining strength to punch her in the side of the face and listened to his evil laugh for the last time, as she once more slipped down, down, down into the dark chasm below her.

* * * *

“Holly,” Zane roared when he couldn't find her. He and Brock could only smell a faint trace of Holly in the rooms she had entered. They met in the kitchen and they smelled a slight underlying sickly odor which was out of place in the room, as well as Ethan and Holly's combined scent.

“He's taken her,” Brock yelled, then howled out his grief; which had all available pack members running into the kitchen.

Myles and Riley skidded to a halt beside Sloan, Hunter and Grady. Shannon, Shane and Tyrone were not far behind, as they moved into the kitchen and sniffed deeply.

“Ethan,” Sloan stated through clenched teeth, as the

other Beta's nodded their heads in agreement.

“I'll rip his fucking throat out,” Brock growled as he began to strip his clothes from his body. He changed into his *were* form and moved around the room, breathing the scent of his fellow pack member and mate. He followed the trail out of the kitchen, through the sliding glass doors. Keeping his nose to the ground he ran as fast as he could without losing the scent he followed. He was running for his mate's life.

Brock felt his brother come up beside him, but didn't let his presence detract his concentration. He knew his Alpha and pack members weren't far behind, and was thankful they had joined him on his and his brother's hunt. They needed to get to Holly, to have her back in their arms, to know she was alright, unharmed by a rogue pack member.

They ran for miles until the scent of his mate became stronger. Brock slowed his pace, as he smelled smoke from a nearby house, and changed direction so his scent would

not be blown toward the house, giving their approach away. The closer he and Zane got, the more dread filled their bodies. They could smell the coppery scent of blood in the air, and by the strength of the aroma there was a lot of it.

Brock picked up his speed once more and took a flying leap, crashing through a pane of glass. He didn't feel the glass cut along his muzzle, as adrenaline and fear for his mate's well being, cut through his heart. The pain was so intense he had to concentrate on keeping his legs from buckling beneath him.

Brock ran through the small house, Zane close to his heels as they followed the scent of blood. They both groaned as they entered the bathroom to see their mate, Holly, lying naked on top of Ethan. Her body was covered with blood and the copious amount of the dark, life giving fluid, seeping onto the floor had Brock and Zane howling with grief.

They both changed back to their human forms, moving

to their mate's side. Brock reached Holly, first and gently lifted his mate up into his arms. His legs nearly buckled beneath him once more, as he heard Holly whimper with pain. He strode from the room and gently placed her on a bed, on her back. He brushed her hair from her face and began to wipe the blood gently from her body, to see where she was injured.

“He's dead,” Zane growled. “I think Holly killed him. There are a pair of scissors sticking out of his chest. She plunged them into his heart.”

“Good,” Brock growled his reply. “I can't find any open wounds on her. I don't think any of the blood was hers. She's got a nasty lump on the side of her head near her temple, which looks like he punched her, and her other cheek is red and swollen. If he wasn't dead I would rip his fucking head off.”

“I know,” Zane replied. “The others are here. We need to get Holly home so we can let a doctor look her over. I

don't like the look of her head injury.”

“Me either. God, we can't lose her now, we've only just found her,” Brock stated, his grief evident in his tone.

“Come on, let's wrap her up in a clean blanket and get the fuck out of here,” Zane opined. Zane searched the cupboards for a clean blanket and pulled it off the shelf. He and Brock gently wrapped Holly to keep her covered and warm, then Brock picked her up in his arms.

Holly moaned and moved a hand up to her head. Her eyes fluttered open and she gave a small smile, as she looked up at Brock. She moved her hand to his cheek and soothed her palm over his warm skin.

“I knew you would come,” Holly said on a sigh, then closed her eyes once more. Letting herself relax, she slipped back into sleep. She was safe back in the arms of her mate's.

Chapter Nine

Holly snuggled into the warm bodies on either side of her and gave a sigh of contentment. Her head and face hurt like hell, but that was insignificant to the peace, protection, love and joy, she experienced being sandwiched between her two mates as she lay on her side. She moved an arm behind her and one in front of her and pulled her men closer to her body. She loved the feel of their warm, naked skin touching her own. She would never get enough of them touching her, or her touching them.

She felt Brock move behind her and opened her eyes to see his face looming over her body. She smiled as she looked into his worried eyes, as he stared down at her.

“Hi,” Holly whispered.

“Hey, little darlin'. How are you feeling?”

“Great,” Holly replied with a bigger smile, then winced

as her face protested.

“Don't lie to me, Holly. You're not fine. You're in pain,” Brock said and gently kissed her on the forehead.

“I am fine. I'm just a little sore. That's nothing.”

Zane moved at her front and she turned her head back to him, as he rolled over to look at her.

“You've been to hell and back haven't you, baby? God, we are so sorry he was able to take you, right out from under our noses.”

“It's not your fault. He was insane. I could see the madness in his eyes. He would be screaming with fury one minute and smiling the next.”

“That doesn't excuse us, Holly. We should have been aware what was going on. We were too wrapped up in other things and let someone nearly kill you. It's not fucking acceptable,” Zane stated, as he threw back the covers on the bed and began pacing.

“He's right you know. We are your mates and it's our

job to protect you. We couldn't even do that in our own fucking home,” Brock roared, as he too got up to pace.

Holly knew they weren't upset with her, but to see her two mates beating themselves up over something, which was totally beyond their control, made her angry. Holly got up, walked up to her mates and stood in front of them, totally naked with her hands on her hips.

“It is not your fucking fault. Why can't you two see that? He was insane, mad, loopy, what about that can you not understand? He knew I was already mated, yet he still abducted me. Ethan was living in his own little world of unreality. Why can't you get that through your thick skulls?” Holly screamed at them.

When they didn't reply and just stood staring at her, she made a growling noise in her throat, headed to the bathroom, entered and slammed the door closed behind her. God, men. You can't live with them and you can't live without them.

Holly got into the shower, washed her hair and body, then dried herself off with short, abrupt, economical movements. By the time she got back into the bedroom her mates were no longer there. She picked out her favorite worn jeans and a large T-shirt, got dressed and went down to get some food.

Her men weren't in the dining room and she noticed everyone stopped talking as soon as she entered. She looked from one person to another, but no one would meet her eyes. Her gaze landed on Jade, then Sloan, they were the only two who would look at her.

“What's going on?” Holly asked, her heart sinking into her stomach.

She pushed her plate away without touching any of her food and picked up her mug of coffee. Jade turned her gaze away and Holly watched her look at Sloan. She took a deep breath and then turned back to Holly.

“Out with it,” Holly said, as she looked at Jade

expectantly.

“Brock and Zane have left for a while. They said they needed some time away from you, to think. They've asked Myles and Riley to protect you until they return,” Jade said quietly.

Holly looked from Jade to Sloan. She turned her head to look at the rest of the room's occupants, but none of them would look back at her. At least she wasn't a leper to everyone. She wondered where Myles and Riley were, since they weren't in the room. She hoped she didn't see them too soon. She didn't want to know if Myles couldn't look her in the eyes anymore. She knew that Myles had been her anchor, as she had asked her mates the next morning. The last thing she wanted was for him to look at her with pity, the way she knew the others would look at her, if they met her eyes.

Holly got up from her seat and left the room without saying a word. She felt as if her heart had been ripped out

of her chest. The pain was so great, she had to stop herself from doubling over. Holly moved to the back of the house and exited through the sliding glass doors. She sat down on the bench seat near the wolf fountain and cried her eyes out. She knew she should never have agreed to mate with Brock and Zane. They had left her, just like everyone else she had met in her life. She was unworthy of their love, just like she had been to all the others. God, what a fool she had been. She should have left when she still had the chance.

Holly's health took a downward spiral, as the days of her mate's absence turned from days to weeks. She couldn't eat, couldn't sleep and even though Myles and Riley often trailed her in the gardens, she never once spoke to them or them to her. She knew she was going to have to leave. She didn't belong here, in this world of rich werewolves. She was the odd one out, again. Everyone was too scared to talk to her, in case of upsetting her. They were all walking around on eggshells, not being their usual selves. She had

to get out of here and let them get back to their lives.

Holly entered through the sliding glass doors, walked up the stairs and entered the room she had shared with her mates. She grabbed her old bag down from the top of the wardrobe, and began to throw her clothes in. She didn't care how they landed, if they were folded or not and got wrinkled. The only thing running through her mind was to get out of here as fast as she could. She cleared the bathroom of her personal items and shoved them into her bag. Now all she had to do was get someone to give her a lift, back into the small country town of Eagle River.

Holly wandered down the hallway and stairs listlessly with her large bag slung over her shoulder, weighing her down. She stopped at the bottom of the stairs when she saw Myles and Riley looking at her sadly.

“What are you doing, Holly?” Myles asked.

“I'm leaving. Could one of you please take me into Eagle River?”

“Holly, please. Just give them a bit more time. They'll come around eventually. They love you so much,” Myles stated.

“Ha, yeah I can see that,” Holly stated facetiously. She had to keep her anger at the surface, if she allowed it, she would be breaking down as her broken heart consumed her with pain and sadness.

“You can't leave, Holly. You're a part of this pack now. Stay,” Riley said, as he held a beseeching hand up to her.

“Yeah, I can tell. That's why you're all walking around here as if someone's died. Most of you can't even look me in the eyes anymore, and everyone's afraid to speak to me. Yeah, I can see how much a part of this pack I am. No, I'm leaving with or without your help,” Holly replied, and swept past Myles and Riley.

Holly left through the front door and didn't look back. She walked down the long gravel driveway and gave a sigh of relief as the large black, wrought iron gates came into

view. She punched in the electronic code for the small gate off the side of the larger ones, and slammed it closed behind her, as she began her long trek back to town.

She was walking along the bitumen and heard the sound of someone running through the underbrush and leaves amongst the trees. She looked up to see a strange man running toward her, as he looked back over his shoulders. In his arms was a small baby, boy. He had Zachariah, Jade and Sloan's, son in his arms.

Holly didn't think, she picked up a large branch off the ground and held it like a baseball bat, waiting until the last minute, until he was nearly upon her and swung the branch at his face, with all her might. She gave a wince as the sickening sound of bone and cartilage crunched, as the branch met his face and nose. Holly leaped up and caught Zachariah in her arm,s just as a car came screeching around the corner, heading straight for her. As she landed on one foot and knew she was not going to be able to stay on her

feet, as the car came careening toward her, she curled her body around the little baby boy and used all her strength to protect him, as the car impacted with her body. She felt bones breaking in her body, but kept herself wrapped around Zachariah.

Holly went flying through the air, but didn't release her protective hold on the baby, as she slammed down onto the ground. She felt her head impact on the black, road tarmac, and knew she was seconds away from unconsciousness. She pulled her broken body up and around the baby, to keep him from harm and whimpered in agony. She thought she heard the sound of wolves growling and fighting, but when she listened she heard no more than the blood rushing through her ear canals. Blessed numbness permeated her body and she drifted down into the deep, dark black hole.

Holly drifted on a soft white cloud, happy to keep floating and not feel. She knew if she went back, there would be nothing but pain. Pain from her broken body and

pain from a broken heart. *Please tell me why, God? Why does everyone always leave me? Am I such a horrible person, that no one wants to stay and love me?*

Holly watched calmly as two large bright lights floated toward her. As they came closer, they began to take the shape of two people. A lovely lady and man stood smiling at her as they looked into her eyes.

“You cannot stay here Holly. It is not yet your time. You need to go back to the men who love you, more than their own lives. Trust in them my beautiful daughter. We did not want to leave you, but our choice was taken away from us. We died three months after your birth. We were involved in a car accident and we tried to stay with you, but we were needed here. Everything you have been through has lead up to you meeting your two husbands. They also needed to know you were not as fragile as you seemed, and could be strong when the time was right. They will never leave you daughter; they are waiting for you to return to them. You

will never be alone again. You are surrounded by people who love and care for you. You will live a long life, have children and be happy. We love you Holly."

"Mom, Dad, I love you," Holly sighed as her parents faded away.

Holly returned to consciousness, the pain in her body utter agony as she whimpered low in her throat. She could hear crying but didn't know who it was. She tried to raise her arm to soothe the person, but her limb wouldn't cooperate. She could hear someone telling her to bite down hard. It took a while for her sluggish brain to comprehend, but she did eventually. She tasted blood in her mouth and would have spit it out, but whoever was with her coaxed her to swallow. Then they wanted her to bite again. They wouldn't leave her alone, kept pressing and commanding her. She was so tired ,she did what they said and swallowed more blood. She gave a sigh as she drifted down, the wall of the darkness consuming her once more.

Chapter Ten

Holly woke feeling as if she had been hit by a truck. She groaned as she tried to move, but halted as her sore body protested. She felt movement at her sides and opened her eyes. She had to blink a few times as everything seemed much brighter. She looked up from her back to see Zane and Brock leaning on their arms staring down at her.

“Wh...what happened?” Holly asked, her mouth so dry it felt like her tongue was stuck to her palette.

Brock moved away from her and was back with a glass of water within moments. He gently held the back of her head and helped her to drink some water. When she was done he placed the glass on the bedside table. She was back in the room, she shared with her two men.

“You were hit by a car and nearly died. We are so sorry for being such stubborn, stupid idiots. We are sorry we left

you alone for so long. We love you so much, little darlin'. We can't live without you. You are so strong and brave, but you are also shy and timid. We love you; you are so perfect for us. We will never, ever be so arrogantly stupid again. We will be by your side always," Brock stated, moisture evident in his eyes.

"Oh my God, Zachariah?" Holly yelled, as she tried to push herself up from the bed.

Zane pushed Holly back down by her shoulders, being careful not to touch any of her bruising. "Zachariah is safe and sound, thanks to you baby. He didn't even have a scratch on him. Sloan and Jade are so thankful you were there to save him. They say they are forever in your debt. I am also sorry, for the way we treated you, baby. We felt totally useless as men, after you were kidnapped, let alone as werewolves. We were stupid and ignorant and hope you can forgive us. We love you so much, Holly," Zane said as he kissed her forehead.

“Yes, I forgive you, you stupid idiots. I love you both, so much. But if you ever do or put me through something like that again, I will kill you. I was so angry and hurt. I thought you had left me, just like everyone else in my life.

I met my parents. They didn't abandon me, they died in a car accident when I was three months old,” Holly said on a sob. “Why was everyone here treating me like a leper?”

The door to their bedroom opened to admit a large group of people. Sloan and Jade entered first, baby Zachariah in Sloan's arms. Next were Myles, Riley, Shannon, Shayne and Tyrone. They moved up closer to the bed and as one they all knelt down and bowed their heads to Holly in supplication.

“We were embarrassed about these two idiots leaving you. We were ashamed of the way they were treating you. The way we behaved had nothing to do with you, Holly.

We are forever in your debt, Holly. Whatever you want is yours. We will never be able to repay you for saving the

life of our son,” Sloan stated with reverence.

“I don't want anything other than what I already have. I have two men who love me, and whom I love in return. I have a huge family, which I have never had before, and great new friends. Thank you, but I have everything I need and could ever want.”

“If you ever change your mind and want something, please come to me and ask,” Sloan advised.

“Thanks.”

“No need to thank us Holly. We thank you from the bottom of our hearts,” Jade reiterated, as tears coursed down her cheeks. She rose to her feet, walked to the side of the bed, pulled Zane out of bed and lay down with her head and face buried in Holly's hair and shoulder, as she sobbed out her gratitude.

Holly wrapped her arms around Jade and ran a soothing hand over her back and hair. She watched as Sloan handed Zachariah to Tyrone and then picked his mate up in his

arms. He took her from the room as he tried to calm his mate down, the rest of the people in the room following.

“Are you alright baby?” Zane asked, when he saw tears running down Holly's cheeks.

“Yes, I'm fine. I'm finally where I am supposed to be. With the men I love and the family I never had,” Holly replied with contentment. She quickly changed her face to a mock frown, as she turned back to her mates.

“Would one of you like to explain to me, why I can hear and see so much better than before. And why the smell of half raw meat is making me hungry,” Holly growled low in her throat.

“Now, don't go getting upset, little darlin',” Brock began. “We had to change you, otherwise you would be dead right now.”

Holly burst out laughing at the trepidation on her mates faces. She couldn't help it. She knew they had changed her and why, but it was so nice to know she was able to keep

them on their back foot, in her presence.

“You know, baby. If it wasn't for the fact you're still covered with bruises and recuperating, I would put you over my knee and spank that pretty sweet ass of yours,” Zane said with a lascivious grin.

“You just try it buddy and see who ends up on top,” Holly replied. Then burst into laughter once more, at the surprised look on Zane's face.

* * * *

Holly's bruises had faded and the soreness in her muscles was gone, but still her mates wouldn't take any of her hints and make love to her. She was getting damn sick and tired of being treated like a fragile piece of porcelain. She was going to have to take command and jump their bones.

Holly sauntered into the large living room, dressed in her new leather skirt and skimpy tight top. She put an extra sway in her hips as she walked across the room on her

delicate high heel shoes. The wolf whistles, howls and cat calls that followed her, made her smile at her mates, as they looked up from the pool table to see what all the fuss was.

She leaned against the pool table to make sure she had her mate's attention, and then hoisted herself up onto the table using her arms. She pushed the colorful balls out of her way, then closed her eyes and slid her hands up her body, until she was cupping her breasts. She pinched her nipples and bit her cheek as she heard Zane and Brock growl at her provocation. She was about to sit and run a hand down Brock's chest, as Zane was still out of her reach, when they pounced.

Zane literally jumped up on the table to stand over her. He began removing his clothes, as he pinned her with his eyes. He stood over her totally naked; to let her look her fill and then he knelt down, straddling her hips. He leaned down and slanted his mouth over hers.

Holly tried to push Zane away, as they were still in a

room full of spectators and wanted to move things to their bedroom. Zane took no notice. He and Brock began stripping her clothes from her body, heedless to the ruination of her new clothes. Brock jumped up on the table next to Holly and silently cursed the wooden frame of the table digging into his naked ass. He pushed Zane off of Holly, picked her up in his arms and took her down to the floor as he kissed her passionately.

Brock spread Holly's legs with his own and surged into her tight, wet pussy with one move. He groaned into her mouth as her flesh rippled along his hard length, then picked her up so she sat impaled on his cock. He held her by the fleshy globes of her ass and spread her cheeks wide, to give Zane access to her tight hole.

Zane bent down to lick over and around Holly's anus. He growled with approval, as her little pucker opened and closed, just enough for him to put his tongue into her hole and wriggle it around, letting his saliva lubricate his mate.

He sat up, held onto Holly's shoulders and began to push his way into her tight body. The feel of her tight muscles enveloping his hard cock, was almost too much pleasure to bear. He gave her time to adjust to his penetration, and when she once more released her muscles, pushing out to give him access, he surged forward until he was balls deep. He didn't hold still this time. He just kept pumping his hips in and out of her body, as his wolf took over. Zane and Brock pumped in and out with fast hard thrusts, the sounds of their flesh slapping Holly's, turning them on even more.

* * * *

Holly whimpered with pleasure as her mates pounded in and out of her body. She could feel the muscles in her pussy and womb, tightening as they gathered into a big coil. The sound of other moans in the room penetrated her frenzy of passion and she pulled her mouth from Brock's, opened her eyes and turned her head toward the sounds.

What she saw first surprised, and then turned her body

to fire. Hunter was masturbating Tyrone, as Tyrone sucked on Grady's cock. Shannon was sucking Hunter and Hunter was sucking Shane, as he masturbated Shannon with his other hand.

Holly tipped over the edge with a loud cry, trembling and convulsing in Brock and Zane's arms. She clamped down hard on their cocks and milked their cum up from their balls, until they shot their loads into her body. Her mates howled out their release, which was echoed around the room, as the other men pleasuring each other climaxed at the same time. Holly flopped down on top of Brock's chest. The smile on her face one of complete satisfaction and satiation.

When she could talk again, without panting she looked up to the other men as they pulled their clothes back on.

“That was so hot. I never knew I was into voyeurism, but we have to do that again,” Holly said on a sigh and a giggle, as the others wagged their eyebrows at her.

“You can have anything you like, Holly. Remember, Sloan and Jade's orders,” Hunter said, then laughed out loud at the low growls coming from her mates.

Holly couldn't help it. She burst out laughing. She had never been happier in her life.

Epilogue

Selina Stoner looked in her rear view mirror once more and then indicated as she saw a sign advising Eagle River, was only five miles off the main highway. She was tired and hungry and also needed gas. The fuel needle was showing she was getting pretty low, so she decided to make one stop and fuel her car, as well as her body. She needed to get out and stretch anyway; her leg was beginning to ache from being in one position, from having her foot on the accelerator for so long.

Selina pulled into a parking spot at the front of a small café. She sighed with pain and exhaustion, as she stretched out her tired aching leg, slung her purse over her shoulder and got out of her small compact car. She entered the café and walked up to the counter to place her order, then went and sat down at a nearby table.

She pulled out the chair she was about to sit in and gave a gasp of pain as her leg muscles spasmed, then she grabbed at the chair as she began to fall. She gave a cry as she waited for the pain of her body landing on the floor. She didn't hit the floor. Strong arms wrapped around her waist and beneath her knees. She was held up against a warm, hard muscular chest and she gave a gasp of surprise, as she looked up into the purest green eyes she had ever seen. The strange, tall man stood looking down at her as if she was a hamburger and he was a starving man. She saw his nostrils flare as he breathed deeply and looked at her with heat in his eyes.

Tyrone caught the falling woman in his arms and breathed her scent deeply into his nose and lungs. He froze as her delicious scent surrounded him, tightening his muscles and wrapping around his beast. He had to push his beast back down as it pushed against him, trying to take over, to claim their mate.

“Are you alright, sweetheart? Did you hurt yourself?”

“Uh, no. I'm okay. You can put me down now.”

The large, strange man slid Selina down the length of his warm, muscular body. He held her by the waist until she was steady on her feet and then released his hands. He caught her once more as her knees began to crumple again.

“Whoa. Have you been drinking, little lady?”

“No, I have not,” Selina replied indignantly.

The man steered her to her seat and help her to sit down on the chair.

“I'm Tyrone and you are?” Tyrone said as he held out a hand in greeting.

“Selina. Selina Stoner. Thanks for your help.”

“No problem, sweetheart. What brings you to Eagle River?” Tyrone asked.

“Uh, food.”

“Where are you headed?” asked Tyrone.

“Hey, what's with the inquisition?”

“No inquisition, sweetheart. I was just being polite by making small talk.”

“Oh sorry,” Selina replied, as she leaned down and began to rub the knot of cramped muscles in her leg.

“Are you sure you're alright? You look like you're in pain,” Tyrone stated as he watched his mate massage her leg.

“Yes, I'm fine. It's an old injury. Keeps giving me grief,” Selina said as she sighed and leaned back in her chair.

Selina thanked the waitress as she brought her sandwich and coffee over to her and placed it on the table, then turned away again. Selina picked up her coffee and took a sip of her drink. She closed her eyes and savored the strong rich, brew as it passed over her taste buds. The bell above the door rang as more customers entered the café and she opened her eyes as two more handsome, strange men sat down at her table.

“Selina, I'd like you to meet my brothers Shannon and Shane Stead. Shannon, Shane this is Selina Stoner,” Tyrone introduced.

“Hi,” Selina replied courteously. She wiggled in her seat as she felt her vagina clench and release with arousal. She had never felt desire for any man before, but she had read and heard enough to know what she was experiencing. Her clitoris was an aching throb and she felt her cheeks heat as the desire pooled low in her belly making her feel heavy and achy. *Gawd Selina, get a hold of yourself woman.*

Selina looked up to see three pairs of varying shades of green eyes, pinned to her with heated stares.

“Selina, where are you headed or are you here for a holiday?” Shannon asked her in a low husky voice, which had shivers shooting up and down her spine.

“Huh? Oh sorry. I am just passing through. I stopped for something to eat and to gas up my car. Where is the gas

station in this town?"

"Oh it's a little further out of town. Why don't you follow us and we'll show you. I can ride with you and then I'll leave you to it?" Tyrone suggested.

"Uh, no. That's okay, I'm sure I can find it on my own. Thanks anyway."

"How the hell are we going to stop our mate from leaving?" Shane asked his brothers, through their mind link.

"I don't know. I'm working on it. If either of you have any suggestions, you need to tell me and fast. You need to start thinking quickly. We can't let her leave," Tyrone replied to his brothers.

Shannon, Tyrone and Shane sat watching Selina as she drank her coffee and finished off her sandwich. When she was done she began to fish in her purse for her wallet.

"Please, allow me," Tyrone said ,as he pulled his wallet from his pocket and left money on the table for the bill and

a tip.

“Oh, thanks. Again.”

“No problem, sweetheart,” Tyrone said, as he rose to his feet and helped Selina rise. He kept his hand at her elbow, supporting her in case her leg gave out again. He knew she had been injured, but wanted to know how and by who. He felt fury rising in him at the thought of someone hurting his mate, and had to push his wolf back down.

Tyrone helped Selina into her car and gave a sigh. He and his brothers hadn't been able to think of a single thing to keep Selina in Eagle River. She gave a wave as she closed the door of her small car. She turned the key and groaned out loud as her car engine made a funny grinding noise, but would not turn over. Selina slammed her hand down on the steering wheel and then leaned her head down. Her door opened and a hand pulled her out of her car.

“Don't worry, sugar. We'll take you home with us, organize for your car to be brought to our house and we'll

fix it for you.

Selina didn't get the chance to reply. Tyrone and his brothers pulled her luggage from her car, locked her car up and had her in the back seat of their SUV before she could blink. They were on the road before she could voice her objections.

“What the fucking hell?”