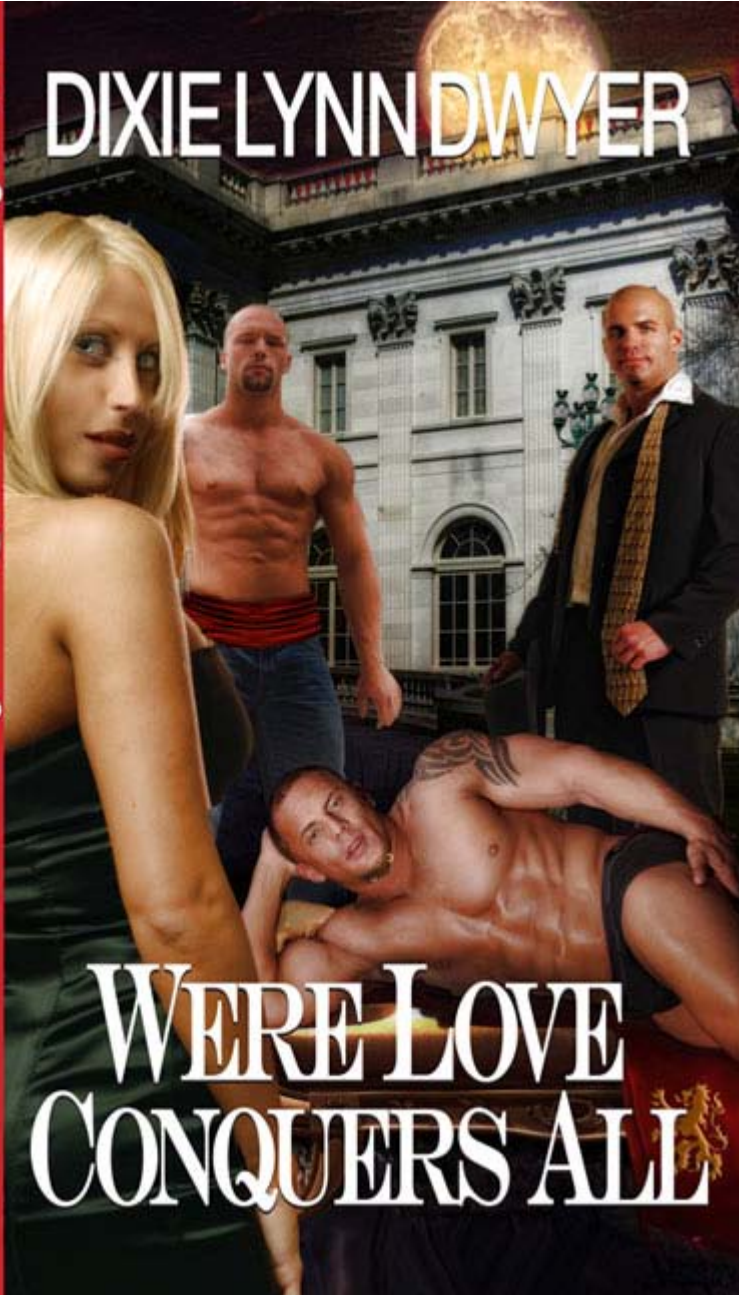


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DIXIE LYNN DWYER

WERE LOVE
CONQUERS ALL



Were Trilogy 3

Were Love Conquers All

Princess Charity Mossano of Milan is the Chosen One. She is forced to remain in hiding as a magical rogue wolf named Devlon continues to hunt her. He wants to mate her to gain her powers, destroy the circle of elders, and rule the world. She establishes Caliber, a security firm, to protect the last Royal were family, the Venificus triplets. Maximus, Luther, and Dante are individually powerful and dominant males. They get what they want and are superior in battle, in wealth, and in charm.

Fate leads Charity to the Royal Venificus estate. She realizes that the three handsome, powerful royal Alphas are her mates. While there, someone Devlon is working with attempts to kill Dante. She reveals herself and the battle of all times begins. With the help of her spirit sisters, Lexi and Antoinette, along with their Alpha mates, Charity must fight the evil villains and save the world.

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

Length: 70,301 words

WERE LOVE CONQUERS ALL: THE FINAL BATTLE

Were Trilogy 3

Dixie Lynn Dwyer

MENAGE EVERLASTING



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DEDICATION

To all my readers who continue to follow my stories. I thank you for your patience as you waited for the final book to the Were Series. Do not be surprised if some relatives of the Sinclair, Crimson, McFay or Kellmore packs return with love stories of their own.

~Dixie~

WERE LOVE CONQUERS ALL

Were Trilogy 3

DIXIE LYNN DWYER
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Chapter 1

She ran as fast as she could while she dodged tree limbs, prickly bushes, and other barriers prohibiting her from escaping. She tripped and rolled through the dirt, landing awkwardly against a tree stump. It nearly knocked the breath out of her as she attempted to recuperate. An enormous roar echoed through the forest, causing her to freeze in place.

Charity screamed out in terror as the blade made contact with her skin.

“I don’t want to die...Please don’t kill me!”

The dark form loomed above her, mocking her every effort to escape to safety. There was no safety from such a beast. Scrambling to her feet, she fought with her last bit of strength, her last dying breath, while she clutched the golden locket to her chest. It was all she had left of her parents. Tears streamed down her cheeks as the memory flashes felt more like bee stings through her heart.

Charity’s Godmother’s words echoed through her mind.

“Never show fear, for the fates have plans for you, child. You are the Chosen One.”

Easy for Bethany to say, she wasn't the one who had been stalked for months by Devlon, the evil Lord of Bracus. He was the one Alpha werewolf on a mission to control all other packs within the United States. He wanted Charity as his mate. He wanted to possess her powers. He reeked of evil, deceit, and something other than just werewolf. She felt it with her being.

"Why are you fighting me, my love? We are meant to be together."

Devlon stood straight up in front of her. Aside from him being the most evil, manipulating, self-centered son of a bitch, in were form, he was magnificent.

His fur coat was the color of deep chocolate brown and showed streaks of black along his neck and shoulders. His muzzle was long and narrow, but it was his teeth that were most impressive.

Growling at her, she watched the drool drip from his tongue and teeth.

"Leave me alone! I am not yours for the taking."

Charity slowly crept her way backward until her back lay flat against the tree stump.

A smirk formed on the beast's mouth, half animal, half human. Only a seasoned were could show both forms simultaneously. It was magical. The cunning expression of his human form showed clearly despite the muzzle and knife like teeth.

His long, wet tongue reached out to taste the blood of her wounds by her cheek. Charity cringed, closing her eyes, wishing the fates would send her a message. *Tell me how to evade capture from this beast. Tell me how to stop him from destroying other packs.*

* * * *

Devlon was in his glory because this was the moment he had waited for. He was building his army, preparing to defeat some of the strongest and largest packs in the world. If he could possess the

powers of the Chosen One, then he could rule practically in an instant. He wouldn't have to waste his time with small battles or getting blood on his hands from killing the elders, the Crimson Alphas, and the royal family, the Venificus. No, he could bypass all of them by possessing Charity. He stared at her a moment. Her beauty was like no other he had ever known in all his years. The purity of her soul practically gagged him. Her youthfulness was inspiration. He was a lot older by practically a dozen human centuries, and although he appeared to be in his early thirties, Charity looked all of about eighteen.

Who would have known that Davis, the wizard, would somehow find the Chosen One? It was destiny.

He eyed the necklace she held in a death grip and identified the action as a show of weakness. Inexperience and lack of proper training would cause her demise. Her parents couldn't help her now. They were dead. He had made certain of that.

"I see you still hold that locket of value." Devlon nuzzled his snout over her hands that clasped the golden locket. The enticing smell of her skin caused his body to hum with need. She smelt pure and more satisfying than any meal or prey had ever smelt. It caused his insides to stir, and every part of him was aware of the rare delicacy before him. He debated about where to start because she was just so delicious. He had to be careful. Her shy display of weakness could be a trap. This couldn't turn out to be this easy. He nudged her clenched hands that held the locket.

"I enjoyed watching them suffer. I know you loved them dearly, but they stood in the way of my plans."

He could feel her sadness, and it brought her guard down, made her weak for his taking. This was just too easy. He reached out a half-claw, half-human hand and caressed her cheek. It was silky and oh so feminine, and it made his body throb with a need to possess and explore the rest of her. He held her gaze, and he could see the tears glistening in her emerald green eyes.

He ran a claw through her abundant, golden locks and inhaled her intoxicating scent.

“They don’t matter anymore. They would have only held you down and forced you to be something you weren’t meant to be.” He caressed her shoulder with his muzzle before inching closer over her body. And what a delectable body his little princess had. He would spend hours exploring it. That would be the most pleasurable aspect of his plan. She was a goddess herself, and in a year’s time, she would be an amazing piece of ass to own. She was impressionable, naïve, and trainable in her youth. She was just so mouthwatering.

* * * *

Charity couldn’t fight the flow of tears or the emotion of anger that crept through her body to her soul.

This beast killed everyone in her family to get to her. There was no way she would allow him to have her. But his expression irked her. She felt her body shake and fear grip hold of her heart. His drool dripped from his razor-sharp teeth as his eyes roamed over her breasts. He was a beast, and she didn’t want to belong to him.

Suddenly Bethany’s voice filled her mind.

“He does not have power over you, child. It is you who holds the power of the earth and all other realms. Unless you accept his claim on you and he leaves his mark upon you, you can fight him.”

In the distance, Charity could hear the fighting from the others in Devlon’s pack. It sounded as though his soldiers were being attacked by something. A bright, orange light illuminated the forest. It was gorgeous, and she practically felt the goodness surround her. Charity felt the fight within her extrasensory abilities sending her messages of what to do. There was an innate desire to survive and to defeat Devlon’s attempt at abducting her. She had no idea where the energy and aspiration had come from, but suddenly she felt stronger.

Numerous images flashed through her mind, making her focus on her destiny and a need to protect and serve.

Reaching down, she quickly opened the golden locket as she thought about her parents, her loved ones, and all who suffered death just to keep her safe. A bright white light jumped from between the golden hearts, shooting straight through Devlon and connecting with the orange glow. Devlon went flying backward, his back striking into a larger tree. He lay unconscious below it as the swirls of light lifted Charity through the forest and away from danger. Closing her eyes, she drifted off into a peaceful sleep.

* * * *

On her journey, she saw the powers she possessed, her purpose on this earth, and her need to protect the were packs from annihilation. Although the Fates had ultimate control over her abilities, she was meant to only use them for good and not for evil.

When Charity awoke, she sensed the strength and control within her. There was no evil where she lay. Looking around, Devlon and his pack were nowhere to be found.

Reaching for the locket, the one safety net she always found comfort in holding, she realized in terror that it was no longer there.

Panic sunk in as she lost her breath.

Did Devlon have it? Where was the locket? It was the last memory of her parents and family. She knew of their existence for such a short period of time. Her parents had given her to a healing woman Charity knew as Bethany. It wasn't until her eighteenth birthday that Charity found out she was not an orphan child, but the daughter of two great warriors. Her birth and existence were kept a secret for her safety and that of all realms. That was until Devlon found out she was indeed alive. By killing her parents, he thought he would have control over Charity's soul as well as her gifts.

Something tingled over her right breast. Pushing her blouse aside and then her bra, she saw the mark. A small red heart lay embedded in her chest. Upon her fingertips touching it, the mark glowed. The thought intruded her mind and the emotions she felt. It was the power of the locket, an eternal symbol of her quest, of the journey set before her as the Chosen One.

* * * *

6 Years Later

Feldman stood in front of the Fey Goddesses. It was Bethany, the Goddess of Vaneer, who shared her insight into the foreseeable conflict. She had chosen a garden area filled with elaborate species of roses, lilies, and wildflowers. It was absolutely stunning, and Feldman had never seen any garden on earth comparable. He especially enjoyed watching the tiniest of fairies, fluttering from flower petal to flower petal as if they had not a care in the realm. The sight never ceased to amaze him. With their tiny bodies, translucent wings, and little high-pitched voices, they were intriguing. The little outfits they wore were priceless.

Feldman bowed his head and gave his most respectful greeting to the Goddess as the sweet fragrance filled his nostrils.

“It is always a pleasure to be summoned by you, Bethany.”

She chuckled at him, and he knew if she weren’t a goddess that she would be blushing from his blatant flirtatious demeanor. She truly wasn’t that much older than him. He had always been quite the popular fellow, but for the first time in centuries, he felt desire.

Her shiny, auburn hair was abundant with curls that cascaded over her shoulders and down the center of her back. She was breathtaking.

“Ahhh, it is I who receives the most pleasure from your call. Though they are rare, they usually evolve into something exciting or

complex. What precisely have my cousin Lexi and her spirit sister Antoinette gotten themselves into this time?" Feldman asked.

Bethany smiled.

"A little mischief here and there keeps most of us young and vibrant. It is not what they have done, but rather what they choose to do when their powers are tested and called upon," she added, sounding mysterious.

Feldman felt the seriousness of Bethany's tone. They were no longer fooling around. This was a serious matter.

"Are they in danger, Goddess?"

"Not yet, but I would be lying to you if I said it wasn't something to be concerned about. You know I am not at liberty to expand or reveal information of the future, Feldman. However, I fear that the evil powers of Storm and Pragan are just the surface of both Lexi and Antoinette's fight. Stay nearby and I will call upon you when the time grows closer."

"As you wish, Goddess."

Feldman bowed his head as the Goddess disappeared.

* * * *

Royal Venificus Mansion

Lord Maximus Venificus was superior in nature besides genetics, so Latikus watched his Alphas closely. Maximus was a wolf to reckon with. His eyes alone dispensed authority and challenge. Only the weak-minded fool would even think of challenging anything that Maximus, Dante, or Luther stated. They were magnificent leaders and superb warriors. This new information was going to stir their anger, and he for one did not want to be in the line of fire. Just then Maximus looked at Latikus with a frustrated expression.

* * * *

The meeting was taking forever. Maximus didn't even have to look at his brothers Dante and Luther for them to hear his thoughts. As triplets, they could read one another's minds. They were feeling the same way, but it was their job to oversee all aspects of the Venificus pack. As top Alphas, they currently held control over all packs within the United States as well as others throughout the globe. With such power and control came responsibility and many meetings. The recent increase in attacks on wolf packs in the United States and even abroad was a concern. No one seemed to have any suspects, and he hadn't heard from the Circle of Elders either.

This discussion about power over the security firms seemed minimal now, but perhaps it was a sign of trouble. His wolf had been antsy and irritable the last few days. This was surely a sign of what was to come.

"Lord Dante, please understand the council's concern with this matter. We are not seeking justification for Delta's actions. He did not have the right or authority to take the business from Ferlow in regards to Selcon, but the business is failing. Delta and his pack would be the better choice to take over the small security firm. Selcon is losing business because of Ferlow," Spencer, an omega from the Trinity pack, stated. He was supposed to play a neutral role in such pack dilemmas, but it seemed to Maximus that he had a personal interest in the elimination or takeover of Selcon.

Luther spoke up next.

"Why is it that Selcon is failing? As head Alphas, we should have the ultimate control and ownership of all security firms protecting the packs. Why not merge Selcon into V-Con?"

Spencer glanced toward the two other omegas then to Ferlow and Delta.

Maximus was not a patient man, and it appeared his omegas were holding back information.

Releasing a sigh, Maximus rubbed the small patch of hair below his lip and chin. The two gold hoops clinked together. Spencer swallowed hard. Maximus knew he was feared by everyone whether he was in human form or were form. He wasn't arrogant, and he didn't use their fear of him against them. Maximus welcomed anyone who challenged him, and no one would be so foolish to do so. He was confident, not cocky or at least he hoped he didn't come across that way. Spencer avoided making direct eye contact with Maximus, obviously, fearing the power of his hypnotizing spell. Maximus knew that his appearance had a lot to do with the respect he received from others around him. Standing at six foot three and having solid muscle on top of solid muscle was enough to intimidate even the bravest of beasts. It was also known to never make direct eye contact with Lord Maximus Venificus. Not unless he wanted to feel pain or perhaps death.

Spencer cleared his throat and looked toward Dante, the more approachable and diplomatic of the three triplets.

"It seems that the international security firm called Caliber is gaining the interest of Selcon's clients as well as others here in the US."

"Caliber! Why does that name keep popping up?" Luther asked.

Silently he spoke to his brothers about the meeting he had the day before yesterday with Latikus, the director of V-Con.

"It is a security firm that started in Europe approximately five years ago. They provide security for all the were packs, fairies, vampires, et cetera. Ever since Storm and a group of rogue wolves attempted to take Kellmore, Sinclair, and the Crimson Alphas' mates, there have been random attacks and violence. Our own company, has subcontracted agents from Caliber to assist due to the fear circulating amongst everyone," Latikus stated.

"Latikus, why is this the first we are hearing about Caliber and the deliberate attempt of a takeover? Who is the owner? Why have we not

fought to maintain control over all security fronts?" Maximus raised his voice, and the room fell silent.

"Brother, let's not rush to judgment. The pack numbers have increased dramatically over the past couple of years." Dante interjected then stopped talking after the look Maximus gave him.

"How does it look for V-Con, which has always been controlled by the Venificus family, to suddenly lose clientele, never mind subcontract out work by another company we don't even know? Who is the owner of this Caliber?"

Maximus stared at all those surrounding him at the table. When his stare was met with silence, he rose from the table.

"Laticus, Ferlow...Delta?" He raised his voice an octave higher.

Maximus slammed his fist down on the table, and the men all jumped in fear.

"You mean to tell me that no one knows who the owner of this security business is?"

He growled his question, and the sound of his roar was surely heard through the meeting room walls.

Dante and Luther urged the omegas for an answer.

"No one knows? None of you have heard anything about who owns Caliber?" Dante asked in his calming voice. It appeared to ease the atmosphere somewhat, because at that moment, Delta spoke up.

Clearing his throat, the young omega kept his head down and spoke more to the cherrywood table than to his Alphas.

"I have heard, Lord Venificus, that no one knows who actually owns the security company. The word on the streets for anyone looking for security is that the company provides the best-trained individuals. It has been said that the price is well worth the service."

Maximus remained silent a moment.

"I want you, Dante, to find out whatever you can about the owner of this company. I want to know their intentions in regards to their Alpha."

“That’s assuming that the owner is one of us, a were,” Dante added.

Maximus looked toward his brother, his eyebrows crinkled in anger.

“Would other packs, my packs, feel safer with a non-were protecting their interests instead of me? Are we not still the royal family?”

“That’s not what I meant.” Dante spoke firmly. He was more sensitive and easygoing than Maximus. Most were knew that and approached him with concerns or challenges. His other brother Luther laid somewhere in between, usually breaking up the differences between Maximus and Dante. There was no denying that Maximus was the muscle and the warrior of the three. It was only right for him to be head Alpha. However, their bond was strong and Maximus looked to his kin as equal.

This time it was Luther who intervened before things got out of hand between Dante and Maximus.

“Perhaps instead of jumping to conclusions, we should figure out who this owner is and extend an invitation to next week’s party at the mansion. It would be a way to see who they are, determine friend or foe,” Luther suggested as Maximus strolled toward the window that overlooked the gardens below.

They all waited for his response.

“*Maximus, there hasn’t been anything done to make the owner of Caliber appear our enemy,*” Luther stated.

“*I agree with Luther. Let’s see who this person is. If they are an enemy, then here, in the family mansion they would be foolish to attack,*” Dante added.

The others in the room could not hear their conversation, and the triplets didn’t let on to their mind conversation. No one knew that the triplets could speak telepathically.

“Fine. Do it, and we will take the necessary steps once we know for certain who or what we are dealing with,” Maximus ordered then dismissed everyone from the meeting.

His brothers remained behind.

* * * *

Dante watched as Maximus shuffled through the papers on his desk. He was still annoyed at the fact that the company, Caliber, had been slowly overtaking the Venificus security firms. Dante looked at his brother Maximus with envy and sympathy. He was a great Alpha, exceptional compared to all other Alphas. He took his position serious and always put their people first. He had denied himself true happiness, weighted down by all his strength and concern for Dante, Luther and their pack. Lately Maximus kept to himself, and that was a concern that Dante and Luther had not confronted their brother on yet.

His brother’s pain was felt through the walls he tried to put up in defense. That was Maximus, always sacrificing himself. Maximus fit the role of the head Alpha, the ruler of all packs. From his large build to his superior demeanor, the man was intimidating. Besides the use of his special gift to hypnotize with his gaze, he was strong, quick, and fierce in battle.

It wasn’t that Dante and Luther were inferior in any way. He smiled, filled with pride for his brother Maximus. There could only be one Alpha. One Lord of Venificus.

The triplets were identical, but their differences were obvious and made apparent by small distinguishing features. Dante looked at his brothers as Maximus checked over some files from Latikus.

The tattoos on his biceps and shoulder added a roughness to his demeanor. He always dressed in black, whether jeans, dress pants, or suits. His mysterious, intimidating persona served him well. Dante used to tease him about the black, but the color did coordinate well with the deep, dark green of his eyes and his masculine build. He was

a perfect specimen and symbol of the Venificus genes. He also displayed an expression of superiority and anger. The three of them were a force of superior power.

Dante in comparison was more subtle and approachable. He was labeled the calm one and tended to be more sympathetic in nature. He was handsome in a gigolo actor kind of way and dressed to perfection. He always got the woman he set his eyes on. He was charming, charismatic, and filled with lines to woo the ladies. He had large muscles just as Maximus but was leaner in build. He enjoyed dabbling in sword fighting for fun. When it came to casual, his jeans were designer. With dark green eyes and a defined dimple in his left cheek, the man was a magnet for the ladies. He loved women, and he adored their need to feel desirable and as if they were beautiful. He had gotten so used to analyzing women and summing them up in a matter of minutes that he had become bored with most female were around the territory. But not so much that he gave up having sex. Wolves were sexual creatures, and certain needs had to be provided for. They had their entourage of women to take to bed each night if wanted. They enjoyed certain female company, but learned quickly that those prolonged and frequent relationships could be misconstrued as commitment or dedication. Royalty had to be careful with whom they mated.

Then there was Luther, the youngest of the three by three minutes at birth. He had a short, thick beard only on his chin and a thin line of hair that bordered the frame of his face. His hair was cut very short in a military style that showed a few faint scars from battle. A gold hoop stood out on his left eyebrow, and his eyes were light green with specks of black. He was a hair shorter than his brothers but just as massive in muscular build, and in personality he was a combination of the two. He was possessive of what belonged to him, except when it came to his brothers. They shared most everything, including women. They had tempers and demanded respect. As royalty they were number one.

The silence was killing him, so Dante initiated the small talk.

* * * *

Dante poured himself a glass of water.

“So what do you think, Luther?”

Luther gazed at Dante with a smirk on his face.

“I think that my possessiveness has rubbed off on Maximus.”

Maximus glared at Luther.

“The fact that neither of you feel any concern for this matter is upsetting, to say the least.”

“Oh, come on, Maximus. You’re jumping to conclusions. Perhaps we should have spoken to mother and father before sending an invite to this mysterious villain, considering that mother and father have insisted on monitoring the security firm even in retirement,” Luther added.

Maximus was staring out the window as Dante spoke.

“No time like the present. You should really control that roar of yours,” Dante stated then chuckled.

Maximus turned to address his brother in a not-so-calm matter when he spotted his mother by the doorway. The scowl on her face told him he was in trouble.

“Maximus Venificus! I want to know what caused such a roar of anger from you that I nearly spilled my cup of tea,” Celeste Venificus probed as she strolled farther into the room.

Their mother was petite and strong willed. Her fragile appearance was definitely a façade. But the brothers knew better than to show any disrespect or recalcitrance toward her. Their father wouldn’t tolerate it either.

Maximus crossed his arms over his chest and sighed.

“Am I not allowed to get angry and raise my voice in my own home?”

“Maximus?” she repeated.

“Maybe Dante and Luther would like to explain since they are so unconcerned.”

Celeste looked toward her two sons, waiting for an explanation.

They explained about Selcon.

“Did you say the other company was called Caliber?”

The men noticed their mother’s facial expression change. It was apparent to Maximus that his mom held back information.

“You know of this Caliber and who the owner might be?” Luther asked.

Celeste took a few uneasy steps toward the chair by the table. Luther grabbed her arm to assist her.

“Mother, what is it?” Dante asked.

Celeste remained silent a moment.

* * * *

Celeste had sensed the uneasiness, the feeling of dread, for several weeks now. The phone call from Brutus, a leader of the council, had expressed some concern over the organization, Caliber, gaining control and momentum in various realms. He warned of the potential for possible takeover of V-Con. Then there was the gossip about a few pack leaders stirring up trouble about Venificus gaining a monopoly over the US werewolf packs and European werewolf packs. It appeared that trouble was on the horizon. Some individuals were expressing interest in challenging the existence of the royal family. They felt that having one dominant were pack above all would prove disastrous in this day and age. The council had been created to stop any such event from taking place, but still gossip was spreading throughout the were packs.

She just wasn’t certain if Caliber was friend or foe. With all the random violence lately and no leads by the were authorities, it seemed that all they could do was wait.

“I have heard of this Caliber before. Brutus contacted me weeks ago with concern of Caliber controlling all aspects of security, including V-Con, but none of us have been contacted. They would have to appear before the Council to get that permission.”

“Why is this the first we are hearing about it then?” Maximus asked.

“Brutus asked that I wait. I’m sorry, Maximus, if it caused any trouble. I’m certain you can get to the bottom of this. We’re just not sure if this Caliber is an ally or an enemy. There has been some talk to take power from the royal family and make us equal to all Alpha pack leaders. That would leave the council in full control of all laws and decisions.”

“But then if someone with a desire to cause trouble and gain control as leader wanted to, he could infiltrate the council, fill it with other elders who believe in his teachings and beliefs, and eventually take control as a single leader. That doesn’t make any sense. We need to remain as the royal family. We’ve always done what is right and just. Who dares to challenge our bloodline?” Maximus asked, sounding perturbed at the accusations.

“We shouldn’t jump to conclusions. We extended an invitation to the owner of Caliber for the party here at the mansion next week,” Luther announced.

“You what?” Celeste asked, standing from the chair.

“I’d like to meet in person the individual who thinks they can come in here and take over our entire corporation. V-Con and Venificus have been head of security for centuries,” Luther countered.

“I think Brutus should be made aware of this. As a head of the Council, either he or another representative should also attend. Precautions must be taken, Maximus. For all you know, this owner could be the one responsible for the attacks on our friends as well as the individual spreading thoughts of a takeover.”

“Let them try to take over my royal position. We will fight for this family’s deserved royalty and power. I will call Brutus myself. I

would like more information about Caliber, and perhaps he has some insight.” Maximus walked toward the desk.

“Maximus, Luther, and Dante, please handle this carefully. I have had an uneasy feeling for weeks now, and I fear there is trouble ahead for the Venificus family.” All three men instantly felt their mother’s fear and concern. She had a gift of foretelling certain events. Silently they acknowledged it as Maximus made the call.

Chapter 2

Charity sat behind her desk in her private home office. She had just finished finalizing the security for a high ranking lycan in Europe when a call came in from the main office line.

“Hello, Val, what can I do for you?” Charity asked as she placed the documents back into the blue folder and filed them in her desk drawer.

“I just received word that there was an attack on Rhonan’s pack out in New Mexico.”

“Oh my, was anyone seriously injured? What happened?”

“Only Rhonan and three others survived.”

Charity gasped in shock. Caliber was not responsible for providing constant security for Rhonan’s pack, only on special occasions and upon his request. She wondered what had led to the attack and who was responsible.

“I sent out a team immediately. They should be arriving momentarily. Initial interviews with Rhonan and the three other weres claim that an unknown group of werewolves and lycans are responsible. They were larger than normal werewolves and unstoppable, from what Rhonan stated.”

“We don’t know who this group is or why they chose Rhonan’s pack?”

“Our investigators are leaning toward a renegade group who have been slowly gaining recognition as anarchists against the council. They want their own rules and to do away with the council.”

“That’s ludicrous. The council is what has kept all were races alive for centuries. What about the FBI? Any of our guys in there have more information?”

Val was silent a moment, and Charity became concerned.

“What is it, Val?”

“They have received some information from undercover agents about a pack of wolves, lions, and other magical beasts organizing a rebellion. They seem to have their eye on Venificus.”

Charity nearly lost her breath. It was Venificus that she ultimately was protecting. All the were packs throughout the US and Europe were nearly completely under either Caliber’s protection or V-Con’s. She couldn’t help but wonder who was in charge of the takeover and if it could be Devlon.

“Do they know who the leader is?”

“No, Charity. Other packs are catching wind of this attack, and I haven’t confirmed it yet, but it appears there was a similar one in New Jersey just a few weeks ago.”

“Is the same group responsible?”

“It appears so. At least that is what our agents in the FBI are stating. There were two wolves identified as members of Storm’s pack.”

“Storm, huh? I wonder who he’s working for now, considering his last attempt at a takeover sent him into fey confinement. How the hell did he escape, anyway?”

“There are renegades even in other realms, Charity. It could have been anyone.”

“You know as well as I do, Val, that some sort of magic had to have assisted in his escape. I don’t like the feeling I’m getting.”

Things had been so calm for the last six years since her escape from Devlon. Her mission was clear once her training was complete. As the Chosen One she needed to protect the packs and ensure that Venificus remained ruler of all.

“Um...there’s something else.” Val interrupted Charity’s thoughts.

“What is it Val?”

“An invitation arrived by courier today. It was addressed to the owner-operator of Caliber.”

“So?” Charity couldn’t understand why the man sounded so hesitant. It wasn’t as if they’d never received such mail before.

“It is from Venificus. They are having a large party at the Venificus mansion and have asked your attendance for the week. They would like to also set up a meeting for the day after the party to talk business. Our sources say that the Venificus are concerned that Caliber is trying to pursue a takeover.”

Charity sat back in her chair and thought for a moment.

“What are you going to do?”

“I’m thinking, Val. I trust that the Gods know more than all of us. If it is a sign to receive this letter after the news of attacks on the were packs I am to protect, then I would say we need to attend the event.”

“How are you going to pull that off?”

“I’ll give you more details as I work it out. In the interim, plan on attending with me and have Ferin keep an eye on things while we are gone.”

“You have kept your identity hidden for so long, Princess. Why would you reveal yourself now?”

“Who said anything about revealing myself? And you’d better get out of the habit of calling me princess. When we are there, I am your assistant and *you*, Val, are the owner-operator of Caliber.”

“Oh...I don’t like the sound of this.”

Val was silent, and Charity knew exactly what he was thinking. She imagined him nibbling on his fingernails as he over thought the situation. He was an average-size man. He was handsome and quite diplomatic with business. He dressed like a typical human accountant would, but he had were blood and no one would know it unless they were were. He was scared out of his mind. The Venificus were quite

intimidating from what she had heard and had learned over the years. The three men were notorious creatures. They were very wealthy and surrounded themselves with luxury and women. Charity learned through intel that the three wolves enjoyed martial arts and sword fighting for fun. Most people who met the Venificus brothers found them to be extraordinarily handsome and strong. The Gods were determined to keep them in charge.

Hanging up the phone, she prepared to make her plans.

Ferin would need some help maintaining and operating Caliber while she and Val were at the Venificus mansion. She thought of just the right magical creatures for the job and called upon them. She had an uneasy feeling about the attacks. She would initiate an investigation of her own, but it appeared that the Fey Gods wanted her to see only certain things. This wasn't sitting well with her.

* * * *

Next would be packing for the week. She hadn't a clue about current trends and styles appropriate for an affair at the invitation of royalty. Before she could imagine the right person to help, Bethany appeared before her.

A soft, glowing light and the lovely goddess appeared beside Charity with an expression of joy and excitement.

"You were about to call me, were you not?" Bethany asked as she placed a strand of her long red hair behind her ear.

"Yes, Bethany, I was going to ask for your assistance."

Bethany snapped her fingers in front of herself, and immediately her attire changed from gorgeous gown to a pair of jeans and a pink T-shirt. She smiled wide and took Charity's hand.

"Shall we go shopping?"

Charity chuckled.

“Slow down there, fairy Godmother. There’s no rush, and it’s not like I will turn into a pumpkin at the end of the week. You’ve been reading too many fairy-tale stories.

Bethany released Charity’s hand, placed her hands on her hips, and gave her a cocky grin.

“Honey, I am the fairy tale. And you, my dear, are a princess.”

“Not for this trip I’m not. I am an assistant to Val who will pretend that he is the owner of Caliber.”

Bethany chuckled.

“Like you would pass for that? Oh, just forget it, and let’s go shopping. You’ll need a dress for the dinner, some casual clothing...” Bethany carried on as she took Charity’s hand, squeezed it tight, and walked her out of the office.

* * * *

Charity laughed as she and Bethany shopped for clothing and dresses. An hour into the ordeal and Charity was exhausted but excited. She had been so bogged down with the security business and keeping her identity hidden that she really wasn’t up to par with today’s fashions.

Charity was far from the scared young woman of six years ago in the forest. Between her training, and experimentation with her amazing abilities, as well as her strength, she had turned into quite the confident warrior. Relying on the guidance and signs from the fates had come naturally. She couldn’t help but feel that this upcoming trip to Venificus was significant. Still, she needed to be very careful and trust no one. The Goddess would keep Charity safe. Although Bethany’s lag in communication lately indicated trouble, Charity stood confident for whatever was thrown her way. How interesting that Bethany showed up today to go shopping. If Charity didn’t know any better, she would think that Bethany was up to something. The sneaky Fey Goddess enjoyed mischief, as most fey did. She smiled to

herself but promised herself to be cautious. After all, there had been numerous attacks on innocents lately.

It made her feel a tad uneasy, knowing that others in this realm were being persecuted, attacked, or killed. Yet with all her powers and abilities, the Gods did not have her intervene. It was frustrating to be left in the dark. Sometimes, in an instant vision, she would have to appear in another realm or a different area altogether to help save the life of someone of importance.

Could it be that the war she had been told about as a young child was approaching?

Charity thought of her spirit sisters, Lexi and Antoinette. Although the two women didn't realize their connection to Charity and had never actually met her, their connection was significant. Many questions entered her mind, but Charity knew only time could give her the answers. She instead prepared for the trip and some rules for Val to follow. He was to appear as her boss and the owner of Caliber at all times. He was to refrain from calling her "princess." No matter how forceful the Venificus brothers acted, Val had to remain confident and in control. Then she looked over the protection list and the names on the list of those individuals who booked protection during the time period that she would be gone.

Chapter 3

“Have they arrived yet?” Dante heard Luther ask as he stood in front of the office desk, holding the phone to one ear and shaking his head “no” to his brothers.

“Please inform us the second they arrive.”

“They didn’t show up today. Perhaps they aren’t coming?” Dante stated as he straightened out the bow tie to his tuxedo. Glancing at himself in the mirror one last time, he gazed at his brothers.

Both were wearing their tuxedos, black with white shirts except Maximus, who wore a black shirt under his tux.

“The assistant replied and said they would both be coming.”

“Let’s head downstairs and greet our other guests.” Maximus stood and headed toward the doorway. Upon opening it, the sound of music and conversation echoed through the hallways. As they approached the stairs leading to the front entranceway, they noticed the familiar and friendly faces of their fellow pack leaders and members. Despite the information about several more attacks, they were appeared to be in good spirits.

“Good evening, Lord Venificus.” Dante and his brothers heard the soft voice of Shelly, a Beta in his pack. She was quite attractive with her long blonde hair and crystal-blue eyes.

His focus was on getting downstairs so when the owner of Caliber arrived, he could be the first to get a good look. Giving Shelly a nod of his head, he continued on his way.

* * * *

Charity straightened her slim-fitting black gown as the doorman winked at her. She looked at him strangely before hearing Val chuckle.

Leaning closer to her, he whispered in her ear.

“Princess, there is no way you can hide your appealing beauty. You stand out, and I am certain you will be approached by every single and non-single male.”

“Quit it, Val. I am not a princess this week. I am your assistant.” She looped her arm through the arm Val offered then entered the front door with the other guests.

The mansion was magnificent and the decorations and artwork superb, and despite the fancy gowns and tuxedos, there was an aura of welcoming and comfort. This was the Venificus home.

Val introduced her to quite a few weres and lycans. Along the way she sensed the presence of some fairies hiding their identity through use of magic Charity was in constant security mode, and she was able to break those barriers immediately and without their knowledge as she and Val mixed and mingled through the party. Aside from some naughty sexual thoughts, the fairies did not intend harm. Her insides fluttered with an awakening of some kind. There was history and an abundant amount of spirits within the home.

The further she walked into the room the more stares she attracted and the more central a focus she became. She needed to do something to pull their attention away from her so that she appeared less interesting.

Charity placed a spell over her body so that the fairies and other magical creatures would not pick up on who she really was. Ultimately Charity did not exist and had died along with her parents. Revealing herself too soon would send Devlon to the Venificus doorstep. That wolf would stop at nothing to mate her and rule the universe.

Pushing the uneasy thoughts aside, Charity and Val began talking to a group of omegas from the Venificus pack.

* * * *

“It is a pleasure to meet the man behind Caliber Securities. You have kept your identity such a secret there have been wagers going around on whether you are male or female, wolf or some other creature,” Spencer stated but kept looking at Charity with a sparkle in his eye. She sensed immediately his wanton stare and increased the power of the spell she set up around her. Instantly he focused on Val and the business.

“So Charity, your line of work must lead you to meet some interesting creatures,” Delta stated.

“Why yes, it does. I can assure you that my work days are never boring,” she replied then lowered her eyes, knowing that he was to get respect as an omega in the Venificus pack.

He stepped closer and whispered low. “And your evenings? Are they as entertaining?”

She smiled then hugged Val’s arm, pretending to be coy.

Delta chuckled. “Charming young woman, very charming indeed,” he added then took a sip from his wine glass, staring at her over the rim.

* * * *

From across the room, Maximus stood staring at the most stunning woman he had ever seen. She was unfamiliar yet so captivating with her long, wavy golden-blonde hair and voluptuous figure. She stood about five foot four, and the man next to her wasn’t much taller.

In his mind he heard his brother Luther.

“You see her, too. Who is she?”

“Where are you two looking? I’m caught behind this crowd of lycans.”

Dante sounded frustrated, and then he appeared right in front of her. Maximus and Luther released a sigh of anguish that their brother Dante got to approach her first.

They slowly made their way toward her as numerous guests stopped them along the way.

* * * *

“Ahhh...the guests of the hour have arrived.”

Charity looked up into the most stunning green eyes she had ever seen. The man before her was gorgeous. He looked exquisite in his designer tuxedo. Immediately she knew he was a Venificus, and quickly she turned away. But her chest tightened in anticipation and awareness. He was captivating in his black tux that accentuated his solid, muscular chest. His eyes seemed to sparkle as he caught her staring. She turned away and tried to maintain focus on the conversation amongst the men, but her body was completely aware of the Venificus's close proximity.

A moment later his voice, the sound deep, upbeat, and personable, penetrated the small circle of men that gathered around her and Val. Being the only female did not make her nervous, but somehow this Venificus did.

The introductions began, and Val shook the man's hand first.

“It is a pleasure to meet you, Dante Venificus. This is my assistant Charity,” Val stated as Dante reached out his hand. Charity placed her hand in his for a handshake as her gaze locked with Dante Venificus's. He was tall, larger than any werewolf she had ever met, yet his hold was gentle. Tiny vibrations scattered through her arms as he smiled as if he felt the same sensations. His smile was debonair and flirtatious, and his eyes roamed over her flesh as if he could see through the material of her dress. Unfamiliar with her own body's reaction to his blatant perusal, she fought off the urge to pull away.

Her body warmed from where he touched her all the way through to her heart.

He was special. She knew it instantly.

“It is a pleasure to meet you, Charity.” Dante smiled then released her hand as the conversation continued around her. Despite the attention being drawn to Spencer, who continued to speak on his soapbox, Charity could feel Dante’s gaze still upon her.

Charity glanced toward Dante. He winked, and her heart pounded inside her chest. This being a first for her, she played modest and shyly turned away. Despite the effort to focus on the conversation she found herself looking back toward Dante and his attire. Dressed in a designer tuxedo, the black material stretched across his massive chest. She was certain the man was built of solid muscle with ridges and definition between each layer. She swallowed hard as her imagination got the best of her. She could tell by the way the starch white collar hugged his skin that his neck was muscular too. The man was a work of art. He raised his glass to take a sip of wine, and she noticed the large diamond cuff links that held the sleeves together.

* * * *

“*Charity? Her name is Charity?*” Luther asked, and Dante looked around to see him approaching. But where was Maximus?

“*Yes, it is, and I’ve got dibs, bro.*”

“*Cut the crap, Luther. Just get over here and meet her. She’s...*”

“*Amazing.*” Luther stated as he approached the small group. Dante introduced him to Charity.

* * * *

Dante caught Charity staring. But then she sensed another man approaching. As she locked gazes with the other man, her heart pounded against her chest. There was another drop dead gorgeous

male, and he looked almost identical to Dante. He was an inch or so taller than Dante but shared the same facial features. It was Dante's brother.

Dante began the introductions as he held her gaze.

"Charity, I would like you to meet my brother Luther. Luther, this is Charity. She is Val's assistant from Caliber Securities."

Luther took Charity's hand, bowed his head, and kissed the top of it.

He looked up at her as his lips pressed against her skin.

"It is a pleasure to meet you, Charity."

"Likewise, sir," she stated. Her voice shook, and she couldn't help but hold his gaze. His eyes were just as green as his brother's, and he was just as handsome. Her breasts tingled and her nipples immediately hardened. She nonchalantly attempted to rub the inside of her upper arm against it to relieve some of the ache. The ache was instant and strong enough to make her attempt to subside it without being obvious.

There was so much charisma around the two brothers. She understood why they were adored. Pulling her hand away and rubbing the ache in her breasts away along with it, she looked around the room. Some of the women around the room were staring at her with daggers in their eyes. It appeared that Luther and Dante's attention toward Charity did not go unnoticed.

She quickly looked away from them and tried to focus on what some other man was talking about.

Val smirked at her. "Sir, perhaps it would be wise to meet some of the other guests. I believe that Delta and Ferlow are gazing this way," Charity whispered, and Val looked toward the men Charity was referring to. They were standing around a crowd of other men not even looking in this direction.

Charity hated to do it, but Val wasn't getting her hint that she needed to get away from the Venificus men. Thank goodness the third

brother did not appear as well. For some strange reason, she was drawn to the Venificus men in a way that made her body tingle.

Val was enjoying the conversation too much, and Charity exhaled in annoyance.

She tensed the moment she felt the hand on her lower back. She caught her breath as the warmth of his hand penetrated her skin. Every erogenous zone on her body was aware of the two Venificus men beside her.

“Perhaps you would like a tour of our home?” Dante asked as Luther smiled.

Charity looked toward Val, who was still deep in conversation.

He was playing his role too well for her liking at the moment.

Desperate to come up with an excuse, she failed miserably.

“I should stay with Val. In case he needs something,” she quickly stated, but Dante had looped his arm through one of hers and was leading her away for the tour.

Val hadn’t even seemed to notice as Charity glanced back toward his direction. When she looked forward again, her gaze smacked into a giant. Intimidation flowed from his presence. It was like the parting of the Red Sea. The crowd of people swiftly moved out of his way, and the determined look on his face told all he was on a mission. His dark green eyes looked mysterious and almost daunting as he approached with determination in his stride.

The man was dressed all in black and reminded her of Dante. Then she realized he was the other brother.

He caught sight of her staring and paused a moment. She could sense his power and quickly looked away, reminding herself she was supposed to act like an assistant, not the princess. Her eyes seemed to have a mind of their own despite the warnings. He was handsome, a warrior through and through, but she also sensed the sadness within him.

His expression grew stern at the fact that she stared at him. Was he so vain of a man that he preferred people bow to him? Luther

interrupted as Dante pulled her closer to him. The tight proximity to the other brother brought on a wave of heat and attraction. She was frazzled.

“I’ll catch up with you two,” Luther stated as he followed his brother toward a group of men.

Dante pulled her along with him, and as Charity glanced back in the warrior’s direction, she saw he was face to face with Val.

* * * *

“I’m sorry, Dante, perhaps we could look around later. I should really stay with my boss,” she glanced back toward the direction of Val, but another group of men now blocked her view.

The warm, large hand held her dainty one a bit firmer.

“I have you all to myself, and your boss, from what I hear, can fend for himself.” He leaned down a little closer and whispered, “I promise not to bite.”

She absentmindedly placed her hand over her quivering stomach. Why was the spell weak around the Venificus men?

He chuckled at her show of fear.

Dante guided her through numerous hallways. Along the way they passed numerous couples and guests attending the party. His firm hold on her and the feel of his muscular hip tapping against her side with every step they took had her feeling a bit unsettled. He pointed out a few paintings he seemed smitten with, and she was nearly lost in the comfort of his company. That in itself was odd for her. She was not a social butterfly.

“I love this one here. You see how the artist captured the intensity of the wolf’s eyes as he noticed his prey,” he whispered next to her as they stared at the painting.

Dante’s warm breath against her hair sent chills of awareness through her body.

She tried to clear her mind of being aroused and attracted to the wolf.

“I think the artist was trying to focus on the prey more than the wolf.”

“Really? Where do you see that?” he asked, placing his hand on her hip as he pressed his body closer against her back and looked at the painting over her head.

She caught her breath at the feel of him so close. The fabric of his tuxedo pressed against her bare skin on her back.

“Look at the creature’s eyes. It’s completely aware of the wolf’s intentions. I would like to think that the creature escaped.”

Dante chuckled, and the warmth of his breath collided with her hair.

“I am certain the wolf caught the creature.”

He sounded so sure and confident it half excited her and half annoyed her. Why did he sound as if they were no longer discussing the painting?

Feeling his hand move along her hip to her belly made her move out of his grasp and continue down the hallway. That was close.

They came across a great room with numerous paintings and portraits of generations before them. There were portraits of other parties and friends as well as photographs.

Charity felt the pulling on her heart tattoo. A strong sensation led her in the direction of a particular display of photographs.

“So tell me, Charity, how close are you to your boss?” Dante’s hand curved around her waist as she attempted to focus on the large picture in front of her.

The warmth of his touch was not intimidating or frightening in any way.

He gently pushed her hair away from her right shoulder and neck. The light touch of his fingers sent warmth through her body. Instantly her breasts tingled and her insides tightened. She swallowed hard then

fought the attraction again. He overwhelmed her as she forced a little magic in between them.

“What do you mean, Dante?” She caught his gaze upon her, and she willed the spell to strengthen. He stepped back but did not release his hold on her waist. At least he felt the barrier.

“I mean, are you involved with him on a personal level?”

“Why, Dante, that’s none of your business.”

“Is that a no?”

“I think we should get back to the party. Val may need my assistance with your brother. He seemed rather charged up.”

She attempted to exit the room, but Dante stopped her.

His hand gently cupped her chin, forcing Charity to look up into those beautiful green eyes of his.

“I feel foolish saying this, but I’m incredibly attracted to you. You are...breathtaking.” He leaned down. Their gazes locked, and Charity felt the anticipation. Then his lips were suddenly inches from her own when fear gripped a hold of her heart. She slapped her hands against his chest.

“Dante! I don’t even know you, and from the likes of your tactics, I am certain that line has been used before. Perhaps on naïve women who find your money and charm irresistible, but I am a...” Charity stopped herself before she said “princess.” She nearly forgot the protocol of lesser weres to this Alpha.

The look on Dante’s face stunned her a moment as she retreated back to the shy assistant. She hoped that Dante did not have the same hypnotizing powers that his brother Maximus was known to have. Avoiding his gaze she took a few steps backwards.

A moment later she sensed him looming over her. She swallowed hard, trying to cope with the reaction she should be showing and what was naturally in her as a princess. Stunned at the moment, she didn’t sense him reaching toward her until she felt Dante touch her chin and caress it softly with his thumb before tilting it toward his face.

The look in his eyes frightened her. The yellow-tinted gleam in his eyes told her his beast was about to surface. She obviously angered the Alpha. This was turning into an incredibly bad situation because of her lack of experience with Alphas, and men in general. She struggled with a response that went against her true self and opted to maintain the lowly assistant demeanor.

“I’m sorry...” she barely got out as Dante quieted her.

“Shhh...” The sound wasn’t patronizing or insulting. He was sincere. .

“I like your spirit, Charity. Perhaps I was a bit too forward. I am not certain what came over me.”

He was appealing. He was charismatic in his approach to seduce her, and the dimple in his left cheek that kept sneaking out each time he smiled warmed her heart.

She nibbled on the inside of her bottom lip and tried to maintain some control.

“Your lips call to me. I want to kiss you.”

“Oh...I...” Charity took a step back, only to be encircled by Dante’s arms. He ensured she stayed put as he closed the distance between their bodies. The warmth and strength under the palm of his hands against the satin of her dress flowed through to her skin. Her attempt to stop his agenda by laying her hands against his chest backfired on her. Before Charity could argue, Dante’s lips covered her own, and she found herself in his full, masculine embrace.

Every muscle in her body felt as if it merged with his. Powered by their own will, her hands smoothed across and over each ripple of muscle, taut against the material of his tuxedo. Her breasts pressed against his solid chest of steel as his tongue teased her mouth, drawing desire from every part of her.

His hold was soft yet firm, warning her body to make no move of escape.

His lips were warm against her mouth, his hands smooth as silk yet strong. She was lost in the moment until a sound brought her back to reality.

He growled low and deep, and the heart tattoo on her chest felt as if it pushed against the material of her dress to reach out and touch Dante.

Feeling the moisture between her legs, the desire to wrap her legs around the man and have him ravish her body, freaked her out.

Charity pushed herself away and turned her back on Dante. Embarrassed and surprised by her panting as well as the loss she felt being separated from her mate...Mate?

Her lips tingled, and she could just imagine what they looked like after the kiss. She rubbed her fingers against her lips, trying to fix the lipstick the best she could in the low-lit room. Then she heard Dante behind her, and as he approached, she turned on him, preparing to give him a piece of her mind. She had to resist the temptation he struck her with, at least until she could get advice from the spirits.

Charity stood still as her gaze locked with Dante's. He was breathing heavily and fighting for control of something. His eyes had changed completely. He had the eyes of a wolf. The green was bright and sparkled to an almost iridescent color.

Frightened and without a second thought, Charity ran from the room.

* * * *

Dante tried to maintain control of his beast, but it was too difficult as he realized Charity was his mate. Her taste, her scent was so intoxicating that his wolf needed more. He didn't want her out of his arms, never mind his sight. He tried to compose himself. He didn't want to make a scene, but her taste filled his mouth, and his nostrils flared, trying to gather more of her scent. This was such an...uncontrollable feeling. Frantic, he ran after her.

* * * *

As Charity ran through the doorway and into the hall, she slammed into Luther. He held her firmly, and their gazes locked.

“Where’s Dante? Where’s my brother?” He squeezed her shoulders tightly.

Luther’s eyes looked similar to Dante’s. They sparkled with specks of yellow revealing his wolf except Luther had more control over his beast.

Her body warmed against Luther’s touch. He eased the tension in her arms and began to inch closer to her. Charity felt the rhythm of her heart beat faster. The same connection and attraction to Dante now drew her to Luther.

His face was against her neck, inhaling her scent. She felt the desire tingle through her from being so close to Luther. Her breasts pressed against his chest. Her nipples hardened with need. She closed her eyes and tried to maintain some control. When his lips pressed against her skin on her neck, she nearly melted against his muscular chest. The veins in her neck were sensitive to his caress. Her entire body hummed with need for more. She had never felt anything like this. His lips trailed along her throat to her chin and then her lips. He kissed her quickly, plunging his tongue into her mouth and nearly taking her breath away. She gripped his arms, unable to move as he held her tightly in an embrace. She had never experienced a kiss from a man before and never two men in less than two minutes.

Another growl awoke her from the trance, and both she and Luther looked back toward the doorway.

Dante stared at them.

Charity took that opportunity to bolt. Dodging under Luther’s arm, she ran as quickly as the high heels would allow her and into a small gathering of people. She slowed her pace, and looked back to ensure they weren’t following her before retreating to a safe hideaway. She ran toward the stairway, slowing down before she

made more of a scene than she already had. She needed a moment to collect her thoughts and to pull herself together. Why was she so drawn to the two men, and brothers no less?

* * * *

Charity stopped in a bathroom and freshened up. Gazing in at herself her reflection revealed flush cheeks, more prominent specks of black in her emerald green eyes, and she felt a warm tingling sensation against her chest.

Suddenly a sensation of uncertainty twisted with want filled her. Loosening the thin strap she pushed the material of her dress away from her breast to view the tattoo. Slowly peeling back the snug black material, the heart appeared. It was slightly glowing like it had never done before.

She quickly covered it as she gasped in shock.

What is happening to me?

Why have the spirits sent me here?

What is it about the brothers?

So many questions filled her mind. She needed to get back to Val. They would have to leave. Tonight!

There was no way she was staying here in the Venificus home.

Taking a deep breath, she exited the room and went in search of Val.

* * * *

“Wait, Dante! Let her go,” Luther yelled, placing his hand against Dante’s chest. His brother was still breathing rapidly but slowly gained control of his beast.

Dante stared at his brother.

“She’s the one, Luther,” Dante whispered.

Luther glanced around them just as a few people strolled toward them. Guests were everywhere. They chose to converse silently.

"I know, brother. I felt you lose control. I felt the connection you felt with Charity. I felt it myself immediately. Her scent and the taste of her skin as my lips pressed against her neck and the kiss we shared were overwhelming."

"She's scared, but she is ours."

"Are you certain?"

"I am. I sensed the desire within her. I smelled her arousal at my touch. She is intoxicating."

Luther exhaled.

"We need to find Maximus."

"No need." Maximus interrupted their conversation. He was still downstairs but able to communicate at any distance.

"Maximus, did you feel what Dante felt?" Luther asked.

"Yes, but I am not sure. We don't even know what she is. I could not get close enough to smell her. What is she, Dante?"

"I'm not certain, brother. I could not determine clearly."

"We don't know who she is or this Val fellow. He wasn't very assertive or businesslike in his answers to my questions. He avoided the discussion and kept looking for Charity," Maximus exclaimed.

"Do you think she belongs to him?" Luther asked, and Dante growled low and deep. Luther felt the same jealous sensation. If Maximus did, he wasn't revealing the emotion.

"I don't think so. I did not smell her on him. I can tell you that he has some werewolf blood in him. We need to question them and find out more."

"I think we should make them feel more comfortable. Resist the urge to possess her, Dante. We need to be certain who she is," Luther added.

"I see her now. She's headed toward her boss." Maximus watched from a distance.

* * * *

Charity stood next to Val as he spoke to a few other weres from the Midwest pack. They were discussing the hunt that would take place at the end of the week.

“It is going to be wonderful. A true Venificus tradition,” Spencer explained before taking a sip of wine from his glass.

Val whispered to Charity. “Where did you run off to? Lord Maximus Venificus was... is quite intimidating. I nearly wet my pants from his interrogation tactics. I would appreciate it if you would stay nearby from now on.” Val’s tone told Charity he had been frightened by Maximus. Rightfully so. She had yet to meet the man, but his stare alone earlier had set her defenses up and her body into near flames of desire. It appeared she was physically attracted to all three Venificus. The thought made her breath catch in her throat. She swallowed hard.

“I had some problems of my own, Val. We might not be staying.”

Val crinkled his eyebrows and locked gazes with her. Before he could ask why, Charity glanced around the room, immediately noticing Maximus staring at her. She quickly broke the eye contact and looked at Val. Her body warmed at the idea that Maximus stared at her. This was ridiculous. How could she be attracted to all three brothers? The idea alarmed her but also did not seem so ludicrous. After all, she was a princess and they were royalty. The circumstances of this visit and this evening were unexpected.

Frustrated, she moved her hair off her shoulder and leaned in closer to Val.

“There’s some heavy stuff going on right now, Val. I’m confused, and we need to stay away from the Venificus brothers.”

“What happened? Did they try something with you?” His angry tone was surely heard amongst the group of men around them as the men stared at her and Val. Charity swallowed hard as she noticed Dante had rejoined them.

Charity grabbed Val’s arm.

Dante stared at Val and Charity. Val didn't falter his gaze toward Dante. Charity watched as the two men stare each other down. She didn't want a scene to emerge between the two men. Val was her protector here, but the Venificus would eat him alive if she didn't intervene.

"If you would please excuse us, gentlemen, I believe that dinner is being served." Charity pulled Val along with her.

* * * *

"Who is she, Lord Dante?" Spencer asked as all the men watched Charity head in the direction of the dining room area.

He tried to maintain control of his beast and the jealous feelings he had.

"She is stunning. Like some goddess," Latikus proclaimed then grinned.

"Since when did the Venificus invite goddesses to their parties?" Spencer asked then chuckled.

"I only know that she is Val's assistant with Caliber Securities," Dante replied as the group made their way to the dining area as well.

"I need to get me one of those. I'd have her spread out on the desk, in the printing room, the mail room, it wouldn't matter. She looks delicious," Latikus remarked.

"She sure does, but there is also innocence about her. A stunning beauty with a body made to please the right wolf," Spencer replied.

"You think the lovely Charity is a virgin, Spencer? You could be on to something," Latikus countered with a gleam in his eye as he looked toward Charity's direction.

"Goddesses and virgins at the Venificus party? I'd say this is the best family gathering in centuries," Spencer said then chuckled.

"I think it requires some deep investigating on my part, Spencer. I'll let you know if the lovely Charity is a goddess or a virgin later." Latikus winked, and Spencer laughed as he shook his head.

Dante was just about to grab Latikus when Luther grabbed his shoulder to stop him.

The others continued to the dining room and located their seats.

“Calm yourself, brother. We need to be careful.” Dante looked back at his brother Luther, grateful he had grabbed him before he did something stupid.

“If Latikus dares to touch her, I will rip his heart out and tear him to shreds,” Dante promised.

“We’ll figure this out, and if she is our mate, then thank the Goddess she is here in our home where we can keep an eye on her.”

“I want to do more than keep an eye on her, brother. My beast needs to touch her and taste her. I want to claim her before some other man even attempts to take a sample of what is ours.”

Luther smiled then shifted his stance and the bulge between his legs. “I know exactly what you mean. I would like to do nothing more than go over there, toss Charity over my shoulder, and take her to the nearest bedroom. But we can’t act like beasts. We are royalty, and there is a protocol to follow.”

“That protocol may just become too difficult to follow. Our mate is way more enticing than I could have ever imagined a mate to be.”

They continued walking with the rest of their guests, being certain to locate Charity before they took their seats.

Only the Alphas and the omegas sat in one area. The other guests gathered in a separate room.

* * * *

Considering Charity had done everything in her power to place the spell over her and deceive her identity, it seemed the brothers were wiser. Charity and Val were surprised to find that they were to be seated with the Venificus family. Perhaps it was just a bluff, but she would make the best of it.

“I think we’ve impressed them already, prin—” Val stopped short before he called her princess. She had warned him to be careful. Glancing up, she noticed Luther sat across from her. He appeared to see what just occurred. She looked away, but Val smiled at Luther and began making conversation.

Charity followed the direction of the other guests’ gazes as they watched an older man and woman enter the dining area. All eyes were upon them as they took seats nearest the end position of the long dining table. The woman had the same green eyes as the brothers, and the older man looked exactly like them but much older.

Dante sat at the other far end along with several Alphas from other packs. Charity knew them all. They represented some of the packs within the United States and from Europe. Most she had never met in person but handled all their security affairs behind closed doors. They did know her name, and they knew she was the one that scheduled their security and ensured their wishes were met to the fullest. She smiled, they in turn returned the smile, and Charity went back to listening to the discussions around her.

The final empty seat was the head position at the table. Conversations halted and all heads bowed as Lord Maximus Venificus entered the dining room.

Charity couldn’t help but take a peek at him. He was magnificent, superior, and her heart began to race. The man stood out among every Alpha male she had ever encountered. He appeared wild and untamable yet debonair and classy. No wonder many of the women were drooling. An uneasy feeling filled her belly.

His facial expression was bold and serious. There were two small gold hoops attached to the thick patch of hair on his chin. It was attractive and made him appear rugged and as if he had a wild side to him. Her feminine instincts found him just as attractive as his brothers. He seemed more like the black sheep, or perhaps the most feared. He was solid muscle, and his chest stood out further from his

trim stomach and waist. She could only imagine what Maximus would look like in were form.

He stood by the seat, looked straight at her and caught her gaze. Quickly, she looked down and avoided his stare.

“Friends, my family and I thank you for joining us on this festive occasion.” All eyes gazed at Maximus.

When he raised his full glass of red wine, the sound of chairs moving and people hurrying to stand and take their glasses filled the air. Charity stood and reached for her glass, catching Dante and Luther watching her closely.

“Please feel at home here. Anything you need or want can be provided. Enjoy the meal, the dessert, and the entertainment. Our home is your home for the week. To the hunt!” He raised his glass, and in unison all responded.

“Venificus!”

Then they took a sip and sat back down at the table. On cue, the walls to the back of the room parted and a large orchestra appeared, already beginning the melody of a classical tune.

It was quite impressive, and Charity couldn’t help but smile. She enjoyed the classical style as well as great art ranging from the Victorian era to present day. There had been numerous paintings along the corridor near her room, but she had yet to further investigate. Then of course there were the ones in the great room where Dante had kissed her.

Turning away from the orchestra, she saw Dante watching her, and the warmth hit her cheeks. Her nipples tightened and pressed against the fabric of her dress. Her heart tattoo burned gently beneath her skin and other parts came to life. She looked away from him, hoping her blush and her arousal went unnoticed. It seemed now that just a look from one of the Venificus sent her feminine assets up in flames.

She quickly looked away as the wait staff began to serve a lavish meal of turkey, ham, roast beef, and all the side dishes imaginable.

As Charity watched and listened to the various conversations going on, she felt other eyes upon her. It was the brothers' parents.

"I don't believe we've met. My name is Alexis." The tall woman had taken a seat next to Charity but had been in continuous conversation with the man beside her since they entered the dining area. She was a werewolf. Charity could smell and sense it. She was related to the brothers somehow, but that information wasn't divulged by Alexis yet.

A glance from Alexis to Luther told Charity the young woman's intentions. The brothers wanted information.

Charity prepared to play her role as assistant.

"I'm Charity. It's nice to meet you."

Alexis leaned closer. "If you don't mind me saying, you are quite beautiful. The men have all been talking about you."

Charity felt her cheeks warm, and she was certain she was blushing.

Alexis touched her arm.

"Oh, I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to embarrass you. Someone with such beauty should be used to the male attention. It appears my assumption was wrong," Alexis stated, and Charity sensed the woman's sincerity.

"That's okay. I don't get out much. I'm always busy with work. Stuffed in an office most days, when I'm not traveling of course."

"You've never been to a party like this?"

"No. I had to buy this dress just for tonight. I hate shopping."

Alexis smiled.

"I love shopping. There are some great boutiques in the city. I'm hoping to hit a few of them before we leave this week." Alexis glanced at the man who was sitting beside Luther. Charity knew he was an Alpha.

He smiled at Alexis then locked gazes with Charity. He was a warrior, yet good vibes radiated from his aura. Charity smiled in return. Then she watched Zagoran whisper to Dante and Luther.

Quickly she glanced away. Both brothers smirked, and Zagoran chuckled.

“It appears you have caught the interest of the Venificus brothers.”

Charity looked back at Alexis.

“What do you mean?”

Alexis smiled at Charity, appearing somewhat amused at her naiveté.

“You don’t get out much. So let me explain a few things. You see, the Venificus brothers are complicated. However, they have their choice of women. Down the hall, numerous Betas wait with much anticipation of whom they will spend the evening with.”

Charity was shocked. Not that she was ignorant to the ways of the wolf, but she felt annoyed, angry, and...jealous. Damn it, she was jealous just imagining what type of women waited down the hallway. Glancing in that direction then back at Alexis caused Alexis to laugh. Charity turned to Luther, Dante, and Zagoran, who seemed to be attempting to listen, and she gave them a dirty look before turning away.

If not for the interruption of plates being removed by servants, she was certain one of the brothers would react to her rudeness. At the moment she didn’t care.

“I did not tell you that to upset you. I just find it amusing that a bunch of women have been waiting months for this night, planning, practicing their techniques just so that they can land one of the brothers for a night. Then here you are, all innocent, naïve, and two of the brothers are practically drooling at the sight of you. Quite interesting.” Alexis took a sip from her glass.

“Well, I’m not interested. I don’t want to cause any problems. I’m here for business reasons. As a matter of fact, I may be leaving tonight.” Charity quickly picked up her glass of wine and took a sip. Alexis looked toward the brothers and her husband.

“You don’t want to leave. You’ll miss all the fun. Besides, if what you say is true and you’re usually stuck in the office or traveling, then you should take advantage of the week off. Please don’t leave tonight. I am certain you will enjoy your stay here. I can tell you are honest and a good person. I’d like to get to know you better.”

Charity placed her wine glass back down on the table.

“Is it you that wants to get to know me, or did your mate and the brothers put you up to this?”

Alexis blushed then smiled.

“I won’t lie to you. There’s something about you that makes me feel comfortable and want to be honest. Zagoran is going to be angry at me for admitting this but, yes, they did ask me to talk to you. However, I wasn’t expecting you to be so nice and forthright. I’m sorry to have deceived you, Charity. Can we forget my original intentions and just start over?”

Charity smiled. “I suppose we can, but can you explain to me why the brothers are so untrusting? Why are they interested in finding out about me?”

“Aside from the obvious reason, they’re concerned over their business. I don’t know all the details, but I can tell you that last week’s meeting was scary. Maximus was loud and very angry. Everyone disappeared from the house. Zagoran didn’t tell me what took place, but Maximus is not one to upset. You see, he is a warrior, the greatest of them all. He is feared by most and does not trust easily.”

Charity must have looked concerned because Alexis touched her arm as she whispered.

“You should know that he can be rough, and don’t ever get caught alone with him. Also be certain to never look into his eyes.”

“Why is that?” Charity asked although she already knew the answer.

“He has a power to hypnotize and weaken with his stare.”

“Do his brothers have this gift as well?”

“No. Only Maximus. Just stay clear of him this week.”

“I’ll try, but I do believe that my boss and I will be meeting with him and the others if not tonight then tomorrow. Like I said, I may be leaving earlier than anticipated.”

“You should be fine in a room of many. Besides, if Luther and Dante are going to be there, which I am certain they will, then you should be safe. Still, do not lock gazes with Maximus.”

“I appreciate the words of advice. I will discuss this with Val and see when my boss would like to head back to work.”

“I hate to break up this private conversation, but would you ladies like to join us in the other room for some cognac and dessert?” Zagoran interrupted as he stood behind their chairs.

Alexis smiled wide. Charity could tell they were in love. The bond between wolf mates was unbreakable.

Noticing that Zagoran was alone, Charity looked for Val, but he was already walking away with Spencer.

That man doesn’t take orders very well. I told him to stay beside me.

Smiling, Charity had no choice but to follow Alexis and Zagoran.

Chapter 4

The were couple led Charity to a grand room adjacent to where the orchestra played.

A large wood and stone fireplace sat in the center of the room. There were plenty of couches and single chairs to sit in. Alexis led Charity closer to the fireplace and a comfortable S-shaped, double-sided couch.

Once again, only the Alphas, omegas, and select guests lounged here for dessert.

Charity felt the spirits around the room. She sensed the good times, the numerous parties that took place in this room alone, as well as remnants of the triplets' childhood. A fey goddess wanted her to see these things and to know the triplets were exactly why she was here.

"My name is Zagoran. I am Dante's cousin."

Charity allowed the were to take her hand, and gently he brought it to his lips and kissed her hand.

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Zagoran. I hope I didn't keep your mate from dining with you."

"Ahh, Alexis and I do not need to be side by side at all times." Zagoran touched Alexis's cheek before taking a seat in a single chair in front of them.

Charity focused on the couple. They were both quite striking. Alexis, with her shoulder-length brown hair, large brown eyes, and very thin figure complemented her mate's features. Zagoran was tall, lean, with sandy blonde hair and hazel eyes. The light streaks of

blonde were attractive, and Charity was certain in wolf form both were gorgeous.

“I must ask, Charity, what are you?”

“Zagoran!” Alexis exclaimed.

“I’m sorry, dear, my curiosity has the best of me. My sense of smell seems to be malfunctioning. However, I feel goodness all around you.”

“Still, Zagoran, you don’t just ask her straight out.”

“It’s the warrior in him, Alexis,” Charity stated, keeping her eyes locked with Zagoran.

He rubbed his chin and appeared to be faltering under her gaze.

“Perhaps it is why Dante and Luther sent the two of you to interrogate me.”

Alexis lowered her head, and Charity sensed the woman’s regret. Her mate held firm.

“So, will you tell me what you are so that I may go back to my Alphas and impress them?”

Charity smirked.

“Now what fun would that be? It is their curiosity in my boss and his company. I am simply his assistant. You won’t get any more information from me.”

Zagoran smiled.

“Perhaps my cousin will be more influential.”

At that moment, Charity sensed the large figure to the side of her, and without turning she knew it was Luther.

* * * *

Luther took the seat closest to Charity. The close proximity was enough to provoke his wolf’s attention. He would need to remain calm. He didn’t want to scare her.

“It has been said that I am quite the interrogator. What information is it that you are trying to seek from this goddess, Zagoran?” Luther asked, never letting his gaze leave Charity’s.

“Whatever I can, cousin. She is quite secretive, though. Maybe you can persuade her?”

Charity seemed like she wanted to bolt, but Luther would not let her. He wanted to be as near to her as possible. He didn’t want to risk another man or beast taking her from them.

“So how did you enjoy the dinner, Charity?”

Charity folded her hands in her lap and leaned forward. Luther could tell by her body language that she was uneasy. Good. Perhaps he could intimidate her enough to find out who she really was.

She slowly raised her eyes to him, taking a moment to wet her lips before speaking. He nearly groaned out loud at the sight. He imagined those lips upon his body tasting him, teasing him.

“It was exceptional, sir, and the music was wonderful. I enjoyed it.”

“Please call me Luther. Do you like classical music?”

“It’s relaxing, and mostly I listen to Mozart.”

He rubbed his chin and tried with much difficulty to continue the small talk when all he wanted to do was taste her.

Inching closer as he placed his arm behind her on the sofa, his fingertips brushed against her hair. The golden strands felt like silk as they ran through his fingers. He noticed her body shiver from the contact. She was attracted to him as well. Thank the Gods.

“Any favorite songs?”

“I have a lot of favorites.” He leaned forward, giving her his complete attention. It was also an attempt to move closer and decipher her scent. Obviously feeling nervous by his close proximity

Charity crossed her legs and, in doing so, sent him an even better scent. She was attracted to him, he could smell her arousal.

Carefully he inched beside her. Their thighs touched, and his manhood hardened as it pressed against the zipper of his pants. If this

was any other woman, he would grab her by her wrist, lift her from the couch, and take her to a room to devour her from head to toe.

Charity tensed up but continued to answer his question.

“Symphony No. 40 Wolfgang Amadeus. I like Swan Lake Suite, I...”

Luther moved closer and caressed a handful of her hair as his arm moved over her shoulders.

“Those are some of my favorites as well,” he whispered next to her ear. He absorbed her perfume. It was sweet and fresh and reminded him of spring.

Charity inched her way closer to the right, nearly falling off the sofa but Luther grabbed her waist and pulled her against him. She gasped.

* * * *

“I think I should get going,” Charity stated as she abruptly rose from the couch to place distance between herself and Luther. The man caused her temperature to rise to perspiring degrees.

He, of course, rose from the couch as well, now towering over her small frame.

She abruptly turned to Alexis and Zagoran.

“It was a pleasure meeting you.” She took Zagoran’s hand, and he held it firmly.

“Where are you running off to, Charity? The party is just beginning.”

“I should find Val. He must be wondering where I am.”

I’m wondering where the hell he is.

Charity glanced around the room. That’s when she noticed the triplets’ parents approaching.

* * * *

Celeste and Marcus Venificus headed straight towards the young woman who had gained the most attention at the party. She was quite stunning although she conducted herself in a very conservative way. Judging by the reactions of all the males and quite a few females at the party, the young woman could have her choice. The fact that she also gained the interest of Celeste's sons was intriguing. Dante and Luther could not keep their eyes off her, and Maximus was trying his hardest to avoid her completely. Celeste took that as a sure sign that Maximus was feeling what his brothers were.

But none of that had truly drawn her to the blonde haired beauty. It was something else entirely.

* * * *

"Mother, father, how nice of you to have joined us. I haven't had a chance to speak with you all evening," Luther greeted his parents, placing a kiss on both of his mother's cheeks before shaking his father's hand.

Charity instantly felt the bond, a connection of some kind with the mother. Their gazes locked, and Charity was certain the woman felt it, too.

"This is Charity. Charity, meet my parents Marcus and Celeste Venificus."

Before Charity realized what she was doing, as if guided by a higher power, she took two steps back, placed the palm of her right hand over her heart, and bowed in respect for the parents of the Head Alpha. Taking the mother's hand softly, she kissed the top of it before rising again. Charity repeated the ancient gesture to the husband, who appeared just as pleased with the action as his wife.

"It is an honor to meet you both. Thank you for inviting me into your home."

Charity sensed the confusion around her as Luther exchanged glances with Zagoran and Alexis, who moved out of the way.

To the side of Celeste and Marcus, Charity caught sight of Maximus, and her heart raced, nearly protruding from her skin for release.

However, Celeste took that moment to talk to Charity.

“It is nice to meet you, Charity, and we are always pleased to welcome new friends to our home. I hope you enjoyed the dinner. I noticed Alexis had your ear for quite some time. Did you have enough to eat?” Celeste eyed Alexis as if knowing what Alexis had been up to. Luther cleared his throat.

“Mother, Charity works for the owner of Caliber.”

Celeste appeared stunned a moment but quickly recovered. Charity found the older woman to be of strong spirit. To be the mate of a Head Alpha one needed to be tough, diplomatic, and forthright. There was a lot of responsibility with the job. She also had a touch of magic about her. Not too strong, but strong enough to accept the feelings the spirits were surrounding them with.

By the looks of Marcus, he was a handful.

The older man had not let his gaze lift from Charity. He was as tall as Luther but much thinner. In his day, he was an amazing warrior. Charity could feel the spirits around the room. She had a feeling this meeting was of importance, and she had the inclination to reveal her true identity to them. However, the spirits warned her that it was not time.

“I have met your boss, Val. He is...quiet,” Celeste added hesitantly.

Charity leaned a little forward.

“He is disorganized. You can say it. Believe me, I know.” Charity smiled, and Celeste returned the smile.

“What exactly do you do for Caliber?” Luther asked.

“Are you certain you want to ask me that question directly? I mean, you’ve sent just about everyone over to interrogate me.”

Marcus and Celeste laughed, but Luther appeared annoyed.

“Is that any way to speak to an Alpha,” Luther teased, taking a step closer to her.

“Is that any way to treat a guest, and might I remind you, Alpha, you and your brothers invited Val and I.”

He stared at her. His eyes glowed ever so slightly while he quietly decided how he should respond. His mother beat him to it.

“Have you seen the Backus room? There are numerous paintings and memorabilia from those before us?” Celeste asked.

“No, I have yet to see such a room but would love to.”

“I will show you so why don’t you come along with me, and I can give you a personal tour.” Celeste looped her arm through Charity’s and led her away from the crowd. Luther began to follow, but Marcus stopped his son.

Maximus stood near the doorway, looking grim and ready to tear Charity limb from limb. She evaded his eyes and listened while Celeste accompanied her through the mansion.

Charity thought that Maximus was quite daunting looking. It didn’t take a genius to tell that the man meant business. It was surprising that she hadn’t felt the need to run in the opposite direction from him because of his size alone. He had to be at least six feet tall. His biceps alone were twice the size of her thighs. No one in their right mind would dare challenge such a man, never mind a wolf. In wolf form, he had to appear magnificent. There would be no mistake who was royalty and who was not. Dante and Luther were just as large. However, they didn’t give off the same challenging demeanor. Maximus was a soldier, always on guard and always ready to snap into battle. It unnerved her in a way, but also enticed her. She was attracted to all three of them, yet apprehensive. As Celeste began to describe numerous paintings and family heirlooms, it gave Charity some time to put the triplets out of her head. This alone time with their mother was not coincidental.

* * * *

“Who is the young woman the Venificus seem to be hovering over?” Conrad Symporian whispered to his fellow lion and cousin, Dexter.

“She is an assistant to the owner of Caliber. The Venificus have concerns over the series of attacks on pack members in New Mexico and New Jersey. The company also seems to be slowly overtaking V-Con,” Dexter stated with a grin.

“Does the Master know?”

“He’s aware of the destruction of Selcon branch. He is not concerned. By the end of the week, we strike. We will be in and out like the wind, thanks to Davis.” Dexter smiled at Davis.

Davis, the wizard, was prepared to perform magic to seclude one of the brothers from the rest of the pack during the hunt.

“What’s the plan?” Conrad Symporian asked.

“While alone, Davis and I will kill him,” Dexter replied with confidence.

“Has the master decided who yet?”

“Yes, it will be Dante,” Dexter announced.

Conrad Symporian smiled.

“I will enjoy that immensely.” Dexter smirked, taking a sip from his drink while the Alphas of numerous wolf packs enjoyed themselves. In just a few days, it would be the beginning of the end for the Venificus. The death of Dante Venificus would place them in the soberest of moods. He wished he could stick around to watch afterwards, but that would be too risky. The triplets were close and never strayed too far away from one another during a hunt. He smiled as he absorbed the happiness and celebration taking place around him. The end of the week would be a whole different atmosphere.

Chapter 5

“Mother, what do you think you are doing?”

Charity nearly lost her breath and her footing at the sight of Maximus.

If it weren't for Celeste, Charity would have faltered.

“I am showing our guest some of the family heirlooms.”

“In our private vault?”

Maximus was breathtaking and masculine.

Her tattoo apparently thought so, too, as it pounded against her chest. If this kept happening every time a Venificus brother was within a few feet of her, Charity was certain she would have a heart attack.

“Maximus! Do not be so rude to Charity. Leave us be.”

Celeste pulled Charity along firmly as Maximus stood in one place, his large fists by his side.

As if sensing Charity's discomfort, Celeste broke the silence as they entered the Backus room.

“Do not be afraid of him. He will not cause you harm, my dear.”

“He did not seem too happy about me coming back here. Perhaps I should meet back up with Val,” Charity stated, pausing a moment before entering the doorway.

Celeste locked gazes with Charity.

“No. There is something I want you to see.”

Charity felt confused but followed the woman inside the room.

Charity gazed in awe at the exquisite artwork.

Numerous paintings of members and supporters of the Venificus pack were depicted throughout the room. She recognized faces and

family emblems of the Crimson packs, McFay and Sinclair. She absorbed it all as she took in her surroundings and noticed a large, solid wooden door with numerous locks.

Charity was caught up in viewing the many pictures, feeling the spirits of their souls come alive at her viewing. She wanted to touch the paintings and the sculptures but was afraid of revealing her identity to Celeste. There would be no way to explain her ability to see the past and foresee the future.

In that moment, Charity heard the numerous locks on the door come undone. Turning toward Celeste, Charity waited for her direction.

“Few have seen this room.” That was all Celeste said as she motioned with her hand for Charity to enter over the threshold first. Charity instantly felt the tightness in her chest.

* * * *

Celeste watched in awe, knowing that Charity was sent to Venificus for a purpose. Her ability to sense magic and her gift of being a visionary told her Charity was important.

She watched as the beautiful young woman absorbed the literature, the pictures and memories of the past. If the spirits wanted her to learn the young woman’s identity, it would be at their discretion and pace. She waited patiently.

It was at the one location in the room where Charity paused and tears pooled in her eyes that Celeste knew who she was.

Charity watched as Celeste gasped then covered her mouth. The tears rolled down Celeste’s cheeks.

Charity offered her hand to Celeste. She smiled, and Celeste bowed to Charity before accepting Charity’s hand.

“Do not be afraid of me, Celeste. I mean you and your loved ones no harm,” Charity whispered.

Celeste had difficulty controlling her emotions. She heard and had known that the one child born to the two great warriors had been murdered.

Charity glanced back at the small painting and the picture of her mother and father standing beside Celeste and Marcus.

"I understand why the spirits have revealed my identity to you. They know, as I do now, the love you had for my parents."

"But you were killed the day of your birth," Celeste cried, still holding on to Charity.

"My parents knew that I needed protection. If the wrong people or beasts got their hands on me, it would mean the end of the universe. It was a sacrifice they needed to make, and not soon after they were killed as well."

"I know. Marcus and I tried to find out who was responsible. There was so much evil and black magic that many of our family members died. We had no choice but to cease our investigation and rebuild our pack. We have been doing so since."

"I know you have. It is why I had developed Caliber. To protect all packs without anyone knowing I was protecting them."

A tear escaped from Celeste's eye.

"You have taken a risk by coming here."

Charity turned away from Celeste a moment, for no words needed to be spoken.

"My parents trusted you and loved you. It is their spirit that has led me here."

Celeste wiped her eyes despite the fact that the tears continued to fall. This was obviously a shock for her, and Charity empathized.

"What do you need me to do? I will do anything for you, my princess," Celeste bowed her head.

Charity placed her hand on Celeste's shoulder.

"Do not cry. You need to be strong and to continue on as if I am only an assistant to Val."

"I understand, but—"

“Yes, Celeste, what is it?”

“Whom are you protecting us from?”

Charity sighed then slowly walked near the other paintings, letting her hand softly glide across the carved wood.

The walls of the room were custom carved with a series of wolves weaving out from behind large forest trees. There were so many wolves hidden among the carvings, Generations of Venificus.

“Not just whom, Celeste, but what.”

Celeste cringed as the uneasy feeling consumed her soul. Instantly she thought of her sons and was filled with concern. Charity was next to her again, taking her hand.

“It seems the spirits have guided me to your home for many reasons. Trust in those spirits, and be confident that I will protect your sons from harm. They are the main reason I am here. They are the future, the permanent leaders of all packs both here in the United States and in Europe.”

“This person or thing must be a very powerful threat for the spirits to have summoned you.”

“The evil ones are responsible for many deaths, including my family.”

Celeste covered her face with her hands.

“But, Princess, the evil was so powerful back then that many packs were destroyed. How can you be sure that it won’t happen again? I’m worried about my sons and about the Venificus blood line. They are the last hope for expanding the pack and our future as leaders.”

Charity consoled her.

“You must remain strong and be certain to keep our secret. When it is time for my presence to be known, there will be no turning back. Right now the belief that I am dead has our enemies preparing for a takeover that can never take place as long as I am alive.”

Celeste was about to ask more questions, but Charity stopped her.

“I promise to protect them. I know you have questions, but now is not the time. We need to return to the party, and I need to convince everyone that I am merely an assistant.” Charity smiled, and Celeste took her hands into her own.

“My princess, you could never pass for just an assistant. You are gorgeous. Your parents, Pasaarra and Lukon, would be so proud.”

Celeste embraced Charity.

“Thank you.”

The two women headed out of the vault and into the Backus room.

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Chapter 6

Ferlow, Delta, Dante, Luther, and Maximus gathered in the meeting room. They went over the recent attacks to pack members and other business while waiting for Val and Charity to arrive.

“How do we know that Caliber is not somehow connected to these attacks?” Ferlow asked.

“Val did not come across as capable of such deceit.” Dante stated.

“And Charity, the blonde goddess of the evening?” Delta inquired.

“No. She can’t be connected,” Dante replied calmly, but his brothers could feel his anxiety and defensive emotion.

“How can you be sure?” Delta asked, leaning against the wall near the window.

“I suppose it’s gut instincts.”

Delta smirked.

“I believe she went to her room alone,” Delta teased.

“She didn’t go to Val’s room either,” Ferlow added.

“Enough!” The sound of Maximus’s voice echoed through the room just as Val and Charity approached the doorway.

* * * *

“Damn, Charity, I don’t know if I can take this. That Maximus can toss me with his finger. One look from those dark, evil eyes and I’m road kill.”

Charity placed her hand on his shoulder.

“Just do what I told you. If he gets too pushy or you feel scared, push the question off to me as if you can’t even be bothered. You must do most of the talking. After all, I’m just—”

“An assistant! I know. So does everyone else who was at the party last night.” Val sighed then cleared his throat.

The sound caused the men in the room to stop speaking immediately. They were greeted by Luther.

Charity smoothed out her black wool skirt and slim-fitting emerald green sweater. The high-heeled boots gave her a little height, and she was thankful for it as Luther approached.

* * * *

He lost his breath just from the sight of her. The deep green sweater brought out the emerald color in her eyes. It also accentuated her perfect breasts. He could only imagine how glorious they would feel and taste. His mouth watered, and Luther cleared his throat in an attempt to calm his wolf.

He licked his lips and focused on the one negative to Charity’s appearance. Her long golden locks were pulled up tightly to the back of her head in some fancy, sophisticated style. He liked her hair down, flowing behind her back or as a shield to shy away from his stare.

“Charity, Val, please come in,” Luther gestured toward the two empty chairs on the opposite side of the large, oval, cherrywood table.”

Watching Charity cross the room behind Val, he absorbed her perfect little ass and high heel black boots. The woman was driving him wild with want.

“*Stop staring at her as if you want to devour her!*” Maximus interrupted Luther’s thoughts.

Luther turned toward his brother and smirked. Dante was pulling out the chair for Charity.

“I can’t help myself, brother. Her backside features are as enticing as her front.”

Maximus released an annoyed sigh.

“She looks incredibly hot in those boots,” Dante added.

“I think I like her breasts the most,” Luther replied.

“Focus brothers...focus!” Maximus stated firmly.

* * * *

“Thank you for meeting with us, Val. I believe that you met everyone last night at the party. Shall we get right to it?” Maximus asked as he sat at the head of the table and locked gazes with Val. Charity nudged Val to remind him not to allow Maximus the advantage of hypnotizing him.

Val cleared his throat and quickly readjusted himself in his seat.

“Let’s get on with it. I am certain you are looking forward to the hunt at the end of the week and the festivities this evening,” Val replied more confidently.

“Yes, we are. I hope you will be joining us,” Luther stated trying to confirm that Val was indeed a werewolf.

“Let’s see how the meeting goes first.”

Charity was thrown for a moment but glad to see that Val was trying to keep up with Maximus and his attitude.

“Well then, we’d like to know, what is your interest in Selcon?” Luther asked.

“I think the better question would be, why are you losing clients at Selcon?” Val stated.

Charity watched the facial expressions change between the brothers. Ferlow just looked plum angry.

“It seems that you must be offering Selcon’s clients something for taking their security needs to Caliber.” Dante spoke up this time.

“Yeah, we offer better service, and our referrals are up.”

“It is not your place to solicit business from other packs. Selcon is a subagency of V-Con,” Ferlow stated abruptly, looking about ready to reach across the table and hit Val.

“Your service is poor, and your personnel are not happy.”

“What do you know about my personnel?” Ferlow yelled.

“I know that many of them have inquired about jobs with Caliber!” Val responded with a more angry tone.

This was not going as smoothly as Charity hoped. If Val kept this up, there was going to be a fist fight.

Ferlow growled. “Where is your respect for your Alpha? V-Con owns Selcon.”

“But they do not own Caliber. We are an independent company, and our agenda is the same as your Alpha’s. We intend to protect all clientele from evildoers.”

“You do not even have the Council approval,” Ferlow retorted, outraged.

“Charity, do you have the numbers we discussed earlier?” Val asked, and Charity nodded her head then began looking through the files. She passed the paper to Val.

“I can tell you in the last three months alone that more than half of your clients have moved their business to Caliber. Charity, you speak to most of the clients. Is there any particular reason they seek our services?” Val asked, and all eyes were on Charity.

“Most of our clients refer their family and friends. They are pleased that we can represent all types of individuals and creatures. With the increase of random attacks across this realm, people are scared, and they want the best protection possible.”

“V-Con is the best!” Dante exclaimed, sounding utterly insulted. He held her gaze, and Charity felt compelled to continue since she could hear Val’s heartbeat hammer against his chest.

“None of our clients have been attacked while under Caliber protection. Times are changing, Dante. Plus, keep in mind that we are talking about Selcon, not V-Con. Selcon is a small, let’s say for

argument's sake, sister company. They are not nearly as organized or respected as V-Con."

Dante nearly roared with anger at her suggestion that Caliber provided better protection and clients of Selcon were not properly guarded. She knew of two incidences where pack members under Selcon protection were attacked and harmed. Charity had done her homework.

"But it is still under the control of Venificus," Luther replied.

"Is it really? Considering the numbers, I would tend to argue against that statement," Charity replied then held Luther's gaze. She couldn't help herself. He was so sexy.

He stared right back at her and focused on her lips. Immediately she felt her breasts tingle and her nipples harden in response. She held her ground, determined not to falter under Luther's stare.

"Perhaps it is Caliber who is responsible for the attacks in order to cause a hostile takeover," Ferlow added, breaking the spell Charity was under. Before she could reply, Val was speaking. He was a true disciple of Caliber and of course his princess.

Val snorted in disgust at Ferlow's accusation and looked directly at Maximus.

"I think your problem is clear, Lord Maximus. Selcon is failing due to bad service and lack of happy employees," Val spit out rather sarcastically.

"I don't appreciate your smug attitude. What is it that Caliber is after?" Maximus stated firmly. Val shook with fear.

He glanced at Charity, showing her his fear and intimidation by Maximus. The man just couldn't handle Maximus Venificus.

"I believe right now you are showing disrespect to your Alpha." Maximus leaned forward in his seat and held Val's gaze. Charity was caught up in watching the Lord assert his authority.

Her heart beat faster, her stomach muscles tightened, and she couldn't help but absorb his features.

She wondered what it would feel like to be held in his arms. Did he visit that room of wolf females last night? Who were the three lucky women chosen by the Venificus triplets?

The thought of them with other women made her feel jealous and envious as well. She struggled with the emotions.

Val fell forward, hitting the table with a thump and holding his stomach. In her daze, she realized too late that Maximus had used his powers on Val.

Charity grabbed him and jumped from her chair. The man was deadweight and moving him by herself was not an option. The others chuckled.

She frantically looked around the room for someone to help her. Their amused expressions were shocking.

"I don't find this amusing at all, Lord Venificus!" she exclaimed as she placed her hands on her hips and stared at him. He appeared amused as well.

"He deserved it," Maximus replied before he waved his hand at Delta and Ferlow to remove Val from the room. Then he crossed his arms in front of his massive chest.

"Where are you taking him?" Charity asked, concerned.

"To his room. Don't worry. When he wakes up in a couple of hours, he'll just have a headache," Dante told her calmly as he smirked.

She released an annoyed sigh.

"I think I should go with him," Charity stated as she prepared to leave.

"Stay!" Maximus commanded in what sounded more like a growl than actual words, and Charity froze in place. His command caused Delta and Ferlow to rush from the room with Val in their arms.

Charity swallowed hard. Once again, she was faced with showing her true self and ignoring this controlling beast and succumbing to his authoritative tone and appearance.

“Why should I? So that you can use your special power on me as well? You have nerve, Lord Maximus. Val did not do anything to warrant such actions on your part. He was simply answering all of your questions. Just because you didn’t like the responses was no need to be so cruel.”

Lord Maximus’s eyebrow arched as he uncrossed his arms in front of his chest.

Shit...now I did it.

Charity began to grab her papers and files off the desk, and as she turned toward the door to leave, Maximus blocked her way.

She gasped in shock as her body hit the wall of steel, causing the papers and folders to land half on the table and half on the floor. She felt her legs wobble but held her position and tilted her head in defiance. They locked gazes and both inhaled deeply.

She saw his eyes turn before her own eyes and was mesmerized by the instant change.

Silence filled the room.

* * * *

Maximus attempted to ignore the effect the woman was having on him, and he tried to maintain his distance. Once Charity reprimanded him for hypnotizing Val, all restraint disappeared.

Before she could escape the room and his questions, he cornered her by the large table. Now he was inches away from the woman he dreamt about all night

He was shocked as he realized, standing this close, that Charity was indeed their mate. He inhaled, trying to calm his breathing.

“I have a few questions for you.”

She looked up at him with such a defiant look he almost laughed at her foolish courage. But the way she leaned away from him and braced the table for support told the opposite. She was afraid. Good. She should have been.

His eyes lingered over her plump lips then the rest of her face. She had soft, gentle features. He could only imagine how silky her skin would feel. His eyes absorbed the rising and falling of her chest and the way the green cashmere confined her abundant breasts. She was more voluptuous than any woman he had ever seen. He felt his wolf awaken, and he had to touch her.

“What makes you think I would answer any of your questions?” Charity spoke, and he grabbed her around her narrow waist. Now her breasts were wedged up against his chest. She gasped in surprise at his abrupt move then held his forearms. His wolf stirred as his brother’s low growls filled the room.

She was petite and so feminine, yet he felt the strength within her. His hand smoothed across the dip in her lower back that led toward her backside. Her hip lay firm against the table.

“Simple, Charity. You will answer my questions because I said so.”

Her sexy lips parted to answer him, but he hardly understood a word she said. Her lips called to him to taste.

“I am not one of your servant women waiting on your beck and call.” She squeezed his forearms and crinkled her eyebrows in the most adorable way.

He smirked at her defiance. The thought of her waiting in the chamber room for him or one of his brothers to choose for the night sent waves of excitement through his body. His erection grew bigger and harder at the thought of Charity in his bed for him to have his way with.

The smell of her heavenly scent, the defiance in her eyes, and her hands on his skin were too much for him.

Sliding his hand over her shoulder to her neck, he gently caressed her skin. He watched Charity swallow hard, but her gaze never left his. He was right about the feel of her skin. As he reached her cheek, he felt the incredible softness, and it appealed to him. She was

intoxicatingly gorgeous in every sense. He never felt so compelled to kiss someone in all his years.

Taking a firm yet gentle hold of the back of her head while readjusting his stance to accommodate her shorter frame, Maximus dipped down closer to her face. She hesitated then relaxed as if she felt the energy between them as well.

“Lord Maximus, what are—”

Maximus covered her lips with his own, smothering any more words of defiance or challenge to what he wanted.

She didn’t fight his invading tongue. In fact, she twirled her own around his in a game that made him imagine his full erection in her mouth, sucking and pulling until he found his release.

She melted against his body, and he supported her with one arm lifting her off of the carpeting.

* * * *

Charity was lost in emotion and desire. This man, this wolf, was incredible. Her body was on fire everywhere he touched. As his thumb caressed the thin skin over her neck, she felt her blood pulsating along with his own. It was as if it joined his and became one. The feel of his mouth now against her chin, her throat, and neck caused the moisture to invade her panties once again. When she felt his teeth nip her skin then follow the curve of her neck, she nearly exploded inside.

Princess or not, the brothers did incredible things to her. Things she never experienced before.

The brothers! Where were Dante and Luther?

She panicked, and as if sensing her reservations, Maximus released her lips and whispered before trailing his lips across her chin and neck.

“They’re here.”

She breathed heavily, trying her hardest to maintain what little control she had when she felt another large body behind her. Warm, solid hands soothed the tense muscles in her shoulders, and somehow she knew it was Luther. It was as if she sensed him, and her body and spirit recognized his scent and his presence. It probably had a lot to do with the abilities she was granted as the Chosen One. The Fates had revealed nothing to her since her arrival at the mansion. Nor did they stop her from accepting the brothers' sexual advances.

He leaned closer, inhaling her scent, exchanging smiles with his brother Maximus before gently kissing her neck. Luther's lips felt good against her skin, but she wanted to taste his lips.

As the two singly striking and powerful Alphas simultaneously nibbled on her, she felt her body sway, only to be captured by Luther.

"You have yet to kiss me so seductively, Charity. I am jealous."

As Charity turned to respond, feeling as if she should apologize at his statement, she opened her mouth and Luther caught it with his lips.

Maximus turned her body toward Luther's as his hands glided over her collarbone then shoulders.

She stood on her tiptoes, and still Luther needed to widen his stance to crouch down and better access her mouth.

He tasted different than Maximus. He was passionate but firm, as opposed to Maximus who thrust right in and took what he wanted. The thought warmed her once again, and her body betrayed her.

She heard Maximus inhale.

"I do believe that our Charity is enjoying herself."

She tensed at his words, at her own eager sexual response to the three men. She had never been with a man before. The spirits had never directed her toward anyone, until now. Instead of one, there were—

The feel of another set of hands stopped Charity in mid thought.

She did not need to look to know it was Dante. Once again her body and soul recognized her mate.

Luther released her lips. His eyes showed flecks of yellow and black as he exhaled but refused to release his hold on her waist.

Dante laid his palm against her belly gently while his other hand touched her cheek and directed her to face him.

“Don’t be afraid, Charity. We won’t hurt you.”

Dante. He was so calm, caring, and empathetic, much more rational and in tune to others’ emotions and feelings. He softly kissed her lips.

A loud knock on the door caused Charity to tear her lips away from Dante and move away from him.

She needed to gather her thoughts. To ask the spirits for direction. How could she be the mate of all three brothers? Not that it was uncommon among the wolf packs themselves, but it was rare. The Sinclair pack had three were Alphas and were mated to a fey princess. Lexi and her wolves had quite the love story. Then, of course, there was Antoinette and her four men from two separate packs. Their joining was significant to the battle against evil. Charity was a princess, and it would make sense for her destined mates to be of royalty as well. But she never really looked at herself as being royalty. Her focus was always on the Venificus men and the continued safety and security of all wolf packs. She wished the Fates would provide concrete guidance. All she had to go by was her attraction to the triplets and the heart tattoo that seemed to pound against her chest the closer she got to the men.

Her thoughts were interrupted as Maximus blocked her from the view of the doorway, and Luther held her gaze.

Luther whispered, “It is Ferlow and Delta back to rejoin the meeting. This is not over, Charity. We’ll talk later.” He reached up and gently rubbed his thumb near her lips.

She assumed that some lipstick had smeared, and he corrected it.

“You look perfect.”

He smiled, and her body reacted to the sexy expression on his face. Maximus gave her body the once-over as he squeezed her

shoulder then turned around. Taking a deep breath, Charity attempted to act unaffected by the wolf. It was a lost battle. Everywhere his hands had touched burned with desire for more. She felt out of control and weak. Could this royal Alpha have powers even she was defenseless against?

“Let us help you gather those papers, Charity,” Maximus stated, and both he and Luther helped her pick the items up and stack them onto the table.

He was once again distant and authoritative as he leaned against the table.

The others remained standing as Ferlow and Delta joined them.

“How is our friend Val doing?” Luther asked, as if knowing the question was on Charity’s lips but she was still recovering from her brief encounter with the Venificus brothers.

Charity cleared her throat then stacked the papers and took a seat. Her legs felt wobbly and unable to support her weight.

“He is out cold and snoring, Lord Venificus.” Ferlow bowed then took a seat across from Charity. She avoided his gaze but not before giving him a dirty look. Then Ferlow winked at her, and Luther and Dante growled simultaneously.

Maximus began speaking.

“Charity, there are some questions we would like to ask you, and perhaps you will not be as evasive as your boss.”

“Lord Venificus, I will try,” Charity bowed her head and avoided his gaze.

“Does your boss have no respect for his Alpha?”

Charity looked up in shock.

“No, Lord, on the contrary, the owner of Caliber has much respect for you and your family.”

“Then why does he have his own company in Europe and now appear to be attempting to take over some of the largest sub companies of V-Con here in the United States?”

Charity could sense the anger in Maximus's tone. She needed to maintain some control here. She hated to lie to the brothers and felt the upset as her stomach ached. But there was more to worry about here than sexual attraction. The Fates had not stated that they wanted her to reveal her true identity to the triplet Alphas. She had no choice but to wait. If she spoke as if in third person referring to herself as the owner instead of Val, then maybe she would survive this interrogation.

"I can tell you in all honesty that the owner of Caliber is not trying to overtake V-Con."

Luther laughed, as if the possibility of V-Con being eliminated by Caliber was too ridiculous to even speak of.

"What is it that you find so amusing?" Charity asked, directing her question toward Luther.

He smirked slyly, as if he had some kind of control over her now that he kissed her and she didn't stop him.

She released an exasperated sigh and decided that these brothers were a bit too cocky for her liking. Did they really think they were invincible?

"I do believe that your employees are the ones who should be questioned here." Charity looked toward Ferlow and Delta. "Your employees of Selcon should be able to answer the question of why they could not provide adequate protection and other services to their clients without subcontracting Caliber."

"We have gone over our employees' poor performance, Charity," Dante replied, trying to ease the tension in the room. Charity didn't want to use Ferlow and Delta as scapegoats but around the Venificus brothers she felt defeated. There must be some kind of magic spell in their kisses. It was the only logical explanation as to why she wanted to look into their eyes, melt into their embrace, and confess.

"We should have been made aware of the situation months ago." Luther began to speak, but Charity couldn't quite focus on his words.

Her eyes locked on to those incredible lips of his and the way they felt pressed against her neck.

Maximus released a sigh, crossing his muscular arms in front of his chest, and Charity's gaze fixed on his mouth. She couldn't help but desire those lips against her own again. She practically felt the tickling sensation of that small patch of perfectly trimmed hair with the gold hoops disappearing under his lower lip. How amazing would that feel brushing against her neck, her breasts, or between her thighs?

A gush of cream pooled between her legs, and Charity squeezed them tightly together.

All three brothers looked at her with half-smirking and half-reprimanding expressions.

Here she was, fantasizing about them in her own mind, and they could smell her arousal, feel her desire for them.

I have to get out of this room!

"What is going on here? Is the beauty of this woman and her instant attraction to you blocking your good judgment? How do we know she is not some sort of trap to lure you or attack you? I can smell her scent!" Ferlow yelled, and Maximus appeared angry however held his temper in place.

"Do remember who you are speaking to, Ferlow?"

Maximus was staring angrily at Ferlow and then back at Charity as if she were at fault.

"Don't try to blame me for your poor business skills, Ferlow. Lord Venificus, why weren't you aware of the decrease in business and the lessening of your clientele list until recently, when many clients have not been with Selcon for nearly a year? And what, Lord Venificus, I find quite worrisome is why haven't you kept better track of the sub companies of V-Con? Under Caliber watch there have been no successful attacks. The same cannot be said for V-Con."

"Wait one second there! Who are you to come in here and question our performance?" Ferlow scolded angrily.

"Lord Venificus, someone has not been doing their job."

Charity looked toward Ferlow then back at Maximus.

“We don’t take kindly to insults against our family members,” Dante stated, agitated.

Charity sighed. She needed to get out of this room and not have to answer questions that could reveal the true purpose of Caliber. If the brothers were told that she was protecting them, they would surely flip out. Dominating Alphas would never allow protection for themselves. She struggled with wanting to tell them who she was, but the Fates forbid her.

“I do believe that your problem lies within house. These two individuals are the ones you should be annoyed at and questioning. You are trying to use Caliber’s expansion of business as a scapegoat for the true problem. For if it wasn’t for their poor business skills, lack of good record-keeping, and if they simply did the job their Alpha appointed them to do, then you would still have control over Selcon. But you don’t. Caliber could have taken over Selcon months ago, but out of respect for the Venificus family, we have not. I gather that once Val arises from his current state, you can kiss Selcon good-bye completely!”

Charity stood from her seat. Maximus rose along with his brothers.

“How dare you stand before being dismissed!” Ferlow yelled. Charity had had just about enough of him and his attitude. The fact that he winked at her every opportunity he got was disrespectful and made her feel uneasy. She needed to appear more superior. She still had not revealed her ranking among the were packs.

Playing submissive to a bunch of overzealous, macho werewolves was exhausting and annoying. She clenched her fists in anger.

That Ferlow were gave her the creeps. Especially the way he kept trying to manipulate her activities since she arrived here.

Then Ferlow had tried to corner her alone early this morning but was unsuccessful because Val appeared. He was up to something. All her senses warned her to not be caught alone by him.

“This meeting is not over,” Luther exclaimed, interrupting Charity’s thoughts.

“I mean no disrespect, Lord Venificus. I am simply stating the truth. You owe my boss an apology, and be ready to lose Selcon to a better company. The owner of Caliber is not trying to destroy V-Con or the Venificus name. We are trying to protect you.”

“Protect us! This woman is insane,” Ferlow yelled, and Maximus raised his hand for him to stop.

Maximus stared at Charity. It was an intense gaze, and she held his, completely forgetting about his hypnotizing skills. She focused on his emotions and knew he was torn between wanting the respect he deserved as Alpha and his attraction to her. He wanted to make an example of her but couldn’t find it in him to cause her hurt or embarrassment. She easily felt his power and momentarily absorbed it in fascination. He was talented and strong in mind, but that power was nothing compared to hers.

Charity didn’t want to insult or hurt him. And there was this aroma in the room coming from all three brothers that felt as if it sought her out.

Confused by its power, she focused on escaping the room and getting away from them. Being diplomatic and obedient came difficultly for her.

Charity bowed her head and walked closer to Maximus.

She took his hand, momentarily shocked by the connection she felt. It appeared that Maximus felt it, too, but regained his authoritative expression before he warmed to her touch. Slowly she kissed the top of his hand before bowing away.

Raising her eyes to meet his, she was surprised at what greeted her.

The twinkling emeralds were powerful indeed. She was probably one of the few people, if not the only person, capable of not being paralyzed by such a gift as his. The vibrations that traveled through

her hand, her arm, and into the core of her body from his simple touch had her wanting to embrace him and love him.

Love him? The emotion tore at her soul. What did she know about love? About men? About wolves?

The intense feeling in the room did not go unnoticed. She needed to gather her strength and resolve the tension. She didn't like when Maximus was angry. It made her feel off-kilter.

She pretended to be somewhat affected by his power as she held on to the corner of the table while Maximus held her other hand.

"Lord Venificus, I must apologize for my outburst. I do not mean to cause conflict among your pack. In fact we are working toward the same goal, and that is to keep the Venificus as royalty and as the lead pack. Our goal, like yours, is to provide safety to this realm and other realms that may be threatened by evil. Please accept my apology."

Maximus squeezed her hand.

What felt more like minutes than seconds to Charity had passed. The silence in the room was interrupted by someone clearing their throat. Charity looked to see who it was. Ferlow held her gaze a moment, and she looked back at Maximus.

"I think perhaps we need a break before continuing. We have been at it for quite some time." Maximus smiled at her, but when she attempted to move her hand, he held it firmly.

Charity whispered a nearly silent gasp of surprise at the pressure of his restraint.

"Ferlow, Delta, you may leave. I will let you know when the meeting will begin again."

Ferlow and Delta bowed their heads at their Alpha and left the room. The door closed behind them, and Dante swiftly checked the knob. She heard the turning of the lock.

* * * *

"What are you going to do, Maximus?" Luther asked silently.

"She is up to something, and I want to know what," he replied.

"Do you think she is an enemy? Do you believe that Ferlow is correct, and she is setting a trap for you...for us?" Dante asked, sounding distraught at the possibility. He already had strong feelings for Charity, and Maximus sensed them. If he were at all honest with himself, then he would admit to having the same feelings as his brothers.

"I am not certain. But I do know that she desires us as well. I can smell her arousal, her need for us. The bond is beginning, yet we haven't marked her as our own. It is quite interesting, don't you think?" Maximus held Charity's gaze. She appeared mesmerized by his silence instead of concerned.

Interesting.

"What do you plan on doing?" Dante asked this time.

* * * *

"I heard that wolves can speak to one another through their minds, if there is a deep connection like mates or twins." Charity spoke, breaking the conversation between the triplets.

Maximus crinkled his eyebrow at her as if he was suspicious about her observation.

"Is that what you think we are doing?" Maximus asked her.

He looked her over as if she was his next meal. Her insides stirred with desire. She was no one's prey. If anything, she was the hunter. She had to remain strong.

"It would be my guess, considering the silence of all three of you. Alone, each of you is never at a loss for words."

Maximus let his other hand glide up Charity's arm then back down again.

Her breath caught in her throat at the intense attraction between them. The look into his green eyes and the way his goatee appeared

rough and masculine caused her mind to erupt into one erotic fantasy after another. Chin to chest, she tried to regain her composure.

“Do you really want to know what my brothers and I are thinking?”

Before Charity could respond, Maximus lifted her onto the table, her rear hitting the hard wood as his muscular hips separated her thighs.

She gasped.

The palms of her hands reached back to brace herself from falling as her stockings caused her legs to slip further apart. In this position, her scent rose up and attacked the air. Three separate and unique growls rumbled through the room. Charity remained still and motionless.

Strong, solid hands caressed Charity’s legs. The thin layer of mist-colored stockings added to the intensity of the sensations. Her mound throbbed in anticipation and want.

When she looked into Maximus’s eyes, they were glowing yellow.

“You have a bit of a temper on you, Charity. You speak your mind and worry about the consequences later,” Maximus whispered to her as his hands glided between her legs and she attempted unsuccessfully to close her thighs to his invasion.

“Do I look worried,” she replied, compelled to challenge her Alpha. Her Alpha, when did she decide to allow him to be her Alpha? Just one look into those green eyes, and with each inhalation of rapid breath, she anticipated his touch. She desired the feel of his hands on every inch of her body. She felt the need to touch him, to be part of him, and for him to claim her as his mate. He was sexy and intimidating, and her need to have him all over her was all that mattered. It was obscene, the way she craved and desired the three of them. Her pussy lips throbbed with need. A deep inner itch swelled from within her. She didn’t know them, but it seemed her body did, for every caress of skin or breath alone sent her into flames.

Unconsciously she rocked her hips against the table in attempt to lessen the need.

Upon the completion of her words and thoughts, Dante and Luther appeared on either side of Maximus. Her breathing grew rapid as she caught each of their gazes.

Her heart hammered in her chest. They were a lethal combination. Her body and mind struggled for control to resist the temptation. They were just so darn sexy and all Alpha male. Their low, feral growls did something to her insides. Her panties were soaked, and her breasts burned to be touched by one of them or each of them. Separately or together, she didn't care. She just needed.

She closed her eyes as something filtered through her nostrils and into her pores.

Oh Goddess, I can't take it.

"You feel it, don't you?" Dante whispered, placing his hand over hers and caressing over her wrist, up her forearm, before skimming over her breast. "Oh," she whispered.

She shook her head, denying his words, denying her own body's reaction to their close proximity. This couldn't be happening. Why now? Why when the world was about ready to fight its greatest battle?

She momentarily caught each of their gazes until Maximus leaned forward.

"Do you know what we do to subordinates?" he whispered.

Never one to give in, she challenged his words without a second thought.

"I am not a subordinate. I don't work for you or your brothers," she told him.

Luther chuckled, and Charity looked toward him.

His eyes were dark and mysterious. He had a feral look that she imagined would be on a beast playing with its prey.

She leaned back and tried unsuccessfully to close her legs. Her thighs shook with need.

Maximus grabbed her thighs and pulled her forward until the V between her legs collided with his thighs. Her eyes were almost level with the large bulge pulsating against his dress pants. She swallowed hard, felt the dryness in her throat before she licked her lips providing moisture to them.

The brothers growled.

Maximus practically attacked her mouth with his. His kiss was hard and hot. She couldn't catch her breath and felt herself slipping into his control.

A roll of his tongue, the sensation of cool metal and trimmed hair tickled her chin and cheek as he devoured her mouth. Their tongues battled for control. Her body quivered and inched closer to the edge of the table, and her skirt lifted higher.

She simultaneously felt Luther caressing her left thigh while Dante caressed the right one.

Their strong fingers brushed over the sheer stockings against her skin, but it was no barrier against them. She loved the way they touched her, and with each caress, the tingling, burning sensation built up inside her vaginal walls. Her labia throbbed.

Her breathing grew rapid at the thought of all three Alphas touching her at once.

She felt the small tingling sensation then release from her mound as Maximus growled against her mouth.

She was embarrassed by her body's response to them and the obvious show of it.

The sound and sensation of her stockings ripping against the point of the V between her legs simultaneous with Maximus pulling her forward caused her to lose her balance and fall flat on her back.

Dante had caught her head before it hit the table, bracing her from the fall. Her squeal was muffled by Maximus's mouth as he caged her body with his own.

She couldn't help but wonder if the triplets were talking through this erotic assault step by step as each of them strategically assaulted her body in ways that were foreign to her.

Twenty-two years of being on her own, never allowing anyone to get close to her, and here she was exploring intimately with three strangers. Werewolves no less?

The little black thong she wore was easily shifted to the right and replaced by a large hand and protruding thumb that caressed her outer lips.

Charity closed her eyes and moaned at the pleasure.

"You are gorgeous," Maximus whispered. His warm breath felt as good as a caress. She closed her eyes and attempted to gain control of these out-of-control feelings.

She felt his fingers part her wet folds. She saw the controlled and determined expression on his face. Then she felt his finger press between her folds and slowly push inside of her. Her legs separated farther, and her breasts tightened and pleaded to be touched. Her whole body wanted to be touched. As if sensing her need, both Dante and Luther slowly pushed her sweater up, revealing her pierced belly button and then her large, black-lace-covered breasts.

They each inhaled deeply and reached for the piercing.

Laughing at one another and their simultaneous attraction, their hands traveled over her ribs to her breasts.

"Please," she panted for their touch. Their stare made her nipples harden to a point of near agony. *Touch me please*, she begged in her mind but refused to give in verbally to them.

"You are breathtaking, Charity," Dante whispered, not bothering to unclip the front clasp but instead pushed the lace back and released her left breast from confinement. "Look at how pretty her breasts are and how soft they feel."

"She's a goddess brother, a goddess," Luther added, and Charity moaned as Maximus increased the speed of his in-and-out motion with his finger. Maximus added a second digit as Charity scooted her

hips closer toward his hand, her hips joining the rhythm his fingers set. She was on fire with need as the itch grew stronger with every stroke.

He pulled her ass cheeks over the edge of the table and leaned his face down between her legs, inhaling deeply.

His growl was low and feral. Hot breath on top of her most intimate part? Was this a good thing?

The sensations she felt gave her the answer, and that intoxicating aroma was incredible.

These wolves could do as they please as long as they keep touching me.

She should be embarrassed or afraid, but some inner desire knew this was right, that they were a part of her.

Her breasts pulsated as Luther pulled her other breast from confinement revealing her heart-shaped tattoo.

She panicked a moment, hoping that they would think it was just a tattoo. She prayed to the Goddess that the heart didn't glow. "Piercing, tattoos, and a responsiveness to our touch we have only dreamt about."

"You *are* a goddess," Dante stated as Maximus pulled his fingers from her channel. Charity nearly demanded his fingers return to their rightful place and thought about grabbing his head and holding it there but stopped herself as his mouth and tongue took their place.

He nibbled a little harder than she expected causing her to release a gasp. But then his tongue rolled between each fold before plunging into her for another taste. It was too much to handle.

Luther and Dante pressed their mouths against the nipples of her breasts, sucking and nibbling softly then harder. It was slightly painful yet addicting as they licked, sucked then nibbled on each breast. They pulled her nipples between their teeth causing a slight pinch before they licked away the sting. She moaned in response as she reached up and placed a palm on each of their heads, guiding them to continue. She heard their mumbled chuckles and smiled. The

triplets were taking her body to levels she had never imagined possible.

Maximus pulled her legs over his shoulders to gain better access to her clit as he sucked harder and deeper, drawing out a moan and a small scream before her release. A slight breeze hit her back slit as her legs shook.

He kissed her mound softly as Luther released her breast.

“Delicious,” he stated, locking gazes with Charity.

She could hardly focus as Maximus gently placed her legs back down on the table and Luther moved from the side. She was distraught at the loss of Luther’s mouth on her breast and Maximus’s mouth on her mound, but delight replaced the sadness as the men changed positions.

Maximus stood where Luther once did, and he leaned down and kissed her mouth.

She could taste her own scent on his lips, and the desire to know what Maximus tasted like filled her thoughts.

Before she could fantasize about him and his brothers, Luther took position between her legs then plunged two fingers into her pussy while simultaneously licking her outer lips. He slurped and sucked, rolled his tongue, and plunged in and out with tongue and digit as she wriggled and struggled to control the tightness building deep inside her.

Her body lifted, only to be held down by Dante’s mouth and Maximus’s mouth on either breast.

They were going to be the death of her.

Luther pushed in and out harder and faster than Maximus had, thrusting and pushing as her body released orgasm after orgasm. The palms of their hands lay flat against her stomach in a show of domination, and she loved it. Her belly quivered as she raised her hips, counter thrusting to Luther’s thrusts into her pussy.

Her nipples tightened and hardened then stood at attention, demanding more.

Maximus kissed and nibbled along her breast, over the heart tattoo that vibrated under the skin and toward her collarbone. The chills ran through her body, and she rolled her head to the side to give his mouth better access. That's when she felt his teeth nibble not so softly against the flesh as Luther released his fingers, lifted her ass then licked and sucked away her juices.

Charity moaned, "Oh please...please, I can't take it." Her body shook at yet another orgasm, and the trio chuckled and growled with satisfaction.

Dante released her breast, licking the nipple in a circular motion before finding her neck then her lips.

"You can take it. You're so sweet and so passionate."

He kissed her feverishly, invading her mouth with his tongue.

She grabbed his head, allowing her own desire to control the pressure of the kiss. But his hand slid under her hair and grabbed a handful, slightly controlling the movement and tilting her head back.

Charity pouted.

Dante smirked. "I see you have difficulty taking orders, but we are your Alphas, and you belong to us, Goddess,"

Charity felt the wave of excitement at his words as she came again. Luther slurped and sucked harder until Dante moved from his position.

Her breasts felt the chill of the air and the loss of warmth from the brothers' mouths. But soon that was resolved.

Luther took one last taste of her cream before gently placing her thighs back down on the table.

He walked to Dante's side and cupped her breast as Dante took position between her legs.

Charity felt weak and sensational at the same time.

"I can't, Dante. I can't," she whispered, out of breath as the feel of his hands and palms rubbed up and down her inner thighs.

She moaned at the sensation while Luther played with her breasts. He seemed mesmerized at their size.

Staring at them in awe, he held what he could in the palm of his large, calloused hand then pinched the nipple. Charity gasped as Maximus sucked her other breast harder. She held his head, fighting the desire to push him away or pull him closer. Maximus's whiskers scraped erotically against her breast, causing tiny currents of energy to run through her body.

Dante submerged two fingers into her mound and observed her body's response.

She felt the flow of liquid release from her body as Dante growled then released his fingers and raised her legs.

His mouth devoured her cream. The warmth of his breath brought on an onslaught of vibrations and spasms throughout every inch of her body. It was too much for her.

Charity cried out in one final release.

* * * *

She felt as if she lost consciousness, like the room spun out of her vision.

Somehow, when she opened her eyes, she laid on a sofa, fully clothed but exhausted. Her breasts throbbed and pinched, her legs felt weak, and she felt like...a bunch of eyes were upon her.

Fear consumed her at the fact she blacked out and was unaware of her surroundings. Yet she didn't sense the spirits warning her or the vibes of trouble.

She looked up to find three sets of emerald eyes gazing upon her.

"See, we didn't kill her," Luther stated sarcastically. He smiled at her then winked. Her body reacted. She felt the instant wetness between her legs. The brothers inhaled.

"Damn, she is going to be the death of us," Dante replied.

Funny, she was thinking the same thing about the three of them.

Maximus looked serious and concerned. She couldn't help but wonder if he was angry with her.

“I-I’m...” She couldn’t find the words to say as she sat up and fixed her hair. She realized it was flowing freely and no longer confined by the fancy hairstyle she applied before the meeting.

The meeting. Oh my god, what have I done?

Charity sprung up off the couch and straightened her skirt. The sensation of a slight cool breeze between her legs caused a rush of heat to hit her cheeks.

It wasn’t a dream. She had allowed the triplets to have their way with her body. Maximus ripped her stockings. Each of them had tasted her...

She attempted to run for the door but was pulled into an embrace by Maximus. Luther and Dante stood on either side of him. Luther laid the palm of his hand on her left ass cheek while Dante placed a hand on her right. The fact that they acted as if they possessed her both turned her on and scared her.

They stared down at her. Their size, their Alpha position, and everything they stood for had her shaking with confusion. *By the gods, what is happening to me?*

“Do not run away from us, Charity.” Maximus spoke calmly. Her body was wedged up against his, and the hardness of his erection against her stomach caused her to catch her breath. Her body shook, but she held his gaze.

“We knew you were special from the moment we first saw you. Each of us was instantly attracted,” Luther stated.

“It is rare for triplets to share the same mate, but it seems you are our chosen one,” Maximus replied.

Charity nearly fainted. He had no idea how accurate he was about her being the Chosen One. This was ludicrous.

“We have shared the same woman before but never felt the same connection or desire,” Dante added.

Oh great! Just what I wanted to hear. Charity felt the instant jealousy at his declaration. It was no big deal to them, but to her, this

was a first. She had never been with any man, and she needed to get away from these three and think.

“Is that supposed to make me feel better?” she asked, annoyed that her voice cracked. She was supposed to be stronger than anything, and yet these three men weakened her. Thank the gods that the triplets were not the enemy.

Luther laughed.

“I do believe our little goddess is jealous.” He touched her cheek then took a strand of hair between his fingers as he held her gaze. She nearly allowed his charm to sidetrack her. His comment annoyed her, so she pushed his hand away, causing him to release the strand of hair. She knocked his smirk off his face at the same time.

She eyed him angrily. The light green of his eyes sparkled with mischief. Her belly fluttered.

Maximus pulled her against him and covered her mouth with his own. The kiss was deep but quick. Maximus released her abruptly. She nearly lost her balance until a smirking Luther grabbed her to him and kissed her just as thoroughly. By the time he was finished thoroughly exploring her mouth while his hands reached under her skirt to caress her bare backside, she was breathless. As his palm grabbed a handful of her rear then pressed lower, she jerked away from him to break his hold.

Luther’s eyes glowed, and his nostrils flared. That’s when she heard Dante. He made some strange sound like a half-chuckle, half-moan. Before she could step further away, Dante snagged her around the waist and pulled her hard against him.

Her heart hammered in her chest, but her body was turned on by their macho, controlling behavior. She felt the liquid drip between her thighs just as Dante covered her mouth, being sure to give it as much loving as his brothers.

The feel of them around her, passing her from one to the next overwhelmed her senses. She felt as if she were on a roller coaster.

“Maybe you’ll think twice about leaving us before we’ve dismissed you,” Maximus stated firmly. They were smug and conceited, and she’d had her fill. Placing her hands against Dante’s chest, she pushed him away. He released her lips but not his hold.

Their gazes locked. “I can’t seem to resist touching you. I foresee a problem.”

“So do I. The only way to resolve this is to keep you with us,” Luther replied then chuckled as Charity’s eyes widened in shock.

“You may think this is a game, but I do not.”

She pulled away from them and walked toward the table. Images of her displayed “buffet style” on it earlier, like a feast for their taking, had her feeling faint. She grabbed onto the edge of the table and tried to control her breathing.

Dante caught her around the waist. The show of possession and masculinity heightened her arousal. When had she become so needy for intimacy?

“I think you need to rest a bit longer. Stay.”

Her powers gave her insight into most people’s emotions and personality. Although sometimes blocked, this wasn’t the case at the moment with Dante. Dante was caring and empathetic. How would he be when she revealed who she really was?

She reached up and touched his cheek. Her fingers gently stroked his skin, and he smiled, causing his dimple to show. She nearly got lost in his eyes. He was sexy and appealing.

“I need to go. I need to think about this. I never...I just need some time to think.”

Luther walked closer, but Maximus stood at a distance, his arms crossed in front of his chest. He emitted dissatisfaction and an air of arrogance. Yet she still found him irresistible.

“It’s understandable. You have probably never had such an experience, he stated slyly, but she sensed his question about her sexual experience.

Instantly she was annoyed. She may not have been as experienced as these wolves obviously were, but she would not be embarrassed by her lack of experience. She was a lady, not some piece of meat. And a princess for that matter. There was a certain protocol princesses followed, and indiscretion with were beasts was unacceptable. Fun, but unacceptable. She nearly smirked to herself.

Her thoughts got the best of her, and when she looked up to see all three Alphas smirking at her as if they read her thoughts, she panicked once again.

No way would they get to her that easily. She was strong, independent and—

“You enjoyed yourself, Charity. What’s the hurry?” Maximus asked as he took a few steps toward her. His condescending tone got her anger fired up. What a pompous wolf!

Charity grabbed her files and cleared her throat.

“For your information, Alpha, no man has ever touched me like that or anywhere the three of you did. This might be some big joke to you, my experienced, ‘I get to pick from a room of women who I can screw around with’ Alphas, but to me, this is completely new. So excuse me if the virgin finds the situation a bit disturbing and confusing.” She poked him in the chest as she spoke then hurried toward the door. The three Alphas stared at her as if letting her declaration sink in.

She used the distraction to leave the room and run down the hall and back to the safety of her room.

The spirits better speak to her soon because right now she wanted to leave the Venificus mansion.

* * * *

“A virgin! Holy crap, this is not normal,” Luther exclaimed with a smirk.

“Stop joking around. It’s obvious she’s never been with a man or a wolf for that matter,” Dante stated angrily at Luther’s lack of empathy toward Charity.

“We still don’t even know if she is a wolf,” Maximus replied.

“I couldn’t decipher while I was tasting her,” Luther added with a grin as he leaned on the table. His smile said it all.

Dante laughed. “Me either, I think another taste test is in order.” They looked toward their brother, Maximus.

He was straight faced and concerned.

“What is it, Maximus? Did you sense something?” Dante asked.

“She didn’t falter at my stare.”

“What?” Luther asked, standing straight and no longer smiling but now concerned. No one was immune to their brother’s hypnotizing spell.

“It worries me.”

“This is a concern. Perhaps there is a reason for her immunity to it,” Luther added.

“Like what?” Maximus questioned.

“She is our mate and destined to be ours, the mother of our children, the continued growth of our pack. She would have to be strong to be in such a position,” Dante stated.

“She is so feminine and small. Like a delicate crystal I worry we will break her when the time comes to mark her,” Luther stated.

The brothers were silent a moment, as if sharing the thought.

“She is strong and has the characteristics of a warrior,” Maximus added.

“Yeah, like the way she yelled at you, Maximus, and pointed in your chest, Luther. She does not fear her Alphas.” Dante chuckled.

“That is something we will take care of immediately. If it turns out that she is not a wolf and something else, then she will learn the rules and customs of the pack. In the future, if she chooses to make any such public or private show of disrespect, then she must be punished and made an example.” Maximus walked toward the desk.

They heard the seriousness of the Lord Alpha's tone.

"Let's get ready for the day's festivities. It is nearly time."

Chapter 7

“So, did you learn anything from the meeting?” Conrad asked Ferlow as they stood alone near the Backus room. Most of the guests had gathered by the fireplace in the main living room or were already preparing to head outdoors and enjoy the cool fall evening.

“It was aggravating, actually.”

Conrad glanced at Ferlow and crinkled his eyebrows, indicating that Ferlow caught his interest.

“I was nearly made a fool of by that mysterious blonde. She practically destroyed everything I have worked so hard to achieve until she managed to piss off Maximus.”

Conrad smirked.

“She sounds interesting. Did you find out exactly who she is?”

“No. But neither did the Venificus brothers.”

Conrad rubbed his chin until he caught the strange facial expression on Ferlow.

“What is it?”

Ferlow was hesitant before he spoke.

“I think that they are attracted to her.”

“That’s understandable. She is a sight for the eyes. Her appeal is obvious, Ferlow.”

“It is rare for the brothers to simultaneously be attracted to the same female. Doesn’t this warrant concern?”

“From what I understand of the brother’s behavior, sharing a woman is not uncommon.”

“Sharing at different times, no. But at the same time is rare. Those three Alpha weres are selfish and tend to be jealous of other weres sharing what presently interests them.”

“I really don’t see the problem with this.”

“I didn’t say it was a problem. I do believe that if they are attracted to her, then they would want to protect her. She could be of use to our master.”

Conrad widened his eyes in surprise.

“Keep this between us for now. The night of the hunt is a big night for our master and for us. Upon Dante’s death, the slow and painful demise of the Venificus begins. If we need to do further damage, then we can make the master aware of the woman and see what he commands.”

Ferlow smiled. It was invigorating to be part of such an historical event. The master’s promise of power and control over the new V-Con had been convincing enough to make Ferlow forget his blood ties. Although he was a cousin of the Venificus brothers, he had no true power in his pack. He thought of himself as powerful and strong. He didn’t see anything wrong with advancing and being a leader. There were too many blood rules and traditions to follow. He wasn’t even liked among his people. The triplets had become the most powerful leaders. They were well respected, honored, and looked to as the greatest asset to the were packs. If someone was to destroy them and begin to weaken their reign, then it would instantly prove that leader’s power and capabilities. From there, the leader would begin to annihilate other powerful Alpha packs and eventually gain their pack members’ support. They would have no choice but to follow, unless they chose death as an option. His master had the abilities to succeed in this, and he would be by his side along the way.

They departed and prepared for the activities scheduled at the mansion.

* * * *

Charity had taken a long, hot bath and tried to rationalize her behavior with the triplets as she dressed in dark slacks and a warm black wool sweater.

She had allowed the Alphas to seduce her. It seemed she was weak in their presence, which indicated her need to rationalize her behavior today. They were handsome, powerful, and so darn sexy that every ounce of her being craved their touch. But were they destined to be her mates and she theirs? How could something like this work? She had a crazy schedule and would often have to pop into another realm if someone was in need. She had the vampire ball in Transylvania coming up next month. Then there was the fey wedding of Goddess Sabrina to Fey Knight Miguel in six weeks, and the list went on and on. Never mind all these attacks and the negativity surrounding the Venificus family.

She sighed at the realization that settling down and mating just couldn't happen right now. At least not until the realm was safe and the evil culprits at hand were captured or destroyed.

She glanced at the clock, realizing that she promised Alexis that she would accompany her on a shopping trip into town. Grabbing some money and her purse, she headed out of the door.

Walking down the hallway and toward the staircase, she noted the sound of music and laughter. As she descended the stairs, she saw numerous guests dancing and singing to some traditional folklore music. It was pleasant.

"Hey, I was waiting for you. Are you all set?" Alexis asked.

Charity smiled. "I suppose so. But remember, I warned you that I'm not much of a shopper."

Alexis smiled. "I will shop enough for both of us."

Charity giggled then looked up toward the rooms upstairs. She had checked on Val, and he was still feeling sick to his stomach. Hopefully he would be well enough to eat dinner when she returned. They had some things to discuss.

* * * *

Alexis had shown Charity some of the best stores in town. Charity had no idea that nude shoes were in this season or any of the other fashion trends. Alexis giggled, but felt really good spending time with Charity. She hoped that they would become great friends. They sat at a little café for some coffee and a light snack. There would be another party and some activities after dinner at the Venificus mansion tonight. Charity and Alexis didn't want to ruin their appetites, so having something small to snack on was a smart idea.

They talked about Charity's job with Caliber and the direction the owner intended on pursuing. While talking, they had been approached numerous times by men looking to flirt. Alexis sat in amazement.

Just then Alexis's cell phone rang.

"Where are you?" Zagoran asked. His tone sounded firm and commanding, and Alexis was certain that Charity could hear it from where she sat.

"I'm in town like I told you I would be." She rolled her eyes at Charity, expressing her displeasure with the way Zagoran was speaking to her.

"Get back here now. You didn't let the guards know you were leaving," Zagoran reprimanded Alexis.

"I don't need guards."

"Alexis, you are my mate, and I expect you to follow my orders. You are not to go out alone. Not with all these attacks going on," Zagoran yelled at her over the cell phone.

"I am with Charity, who is part of a major security firm. Aside from a bunch of sex-craving men, we are doing quite well on our own."

"She is not one of the guards for the security firm. Charity is an assistant to the owner. She isn't trained."

“How do you know that?” Alexis asked in challenge then looked toward Charity for any ounce of support or proof that Charity was trained in self-defense or something.

Charity smiled and nodded her head, obviously hearing the entire conversation.

“Charity and I will be just fine. We’ll be back shortly.”

“What did you mean by sex-crazed men? Are there men bothering you two?”

“Not me so much as Charity. She can’t walk a half a block without some handsome man handing her his phone number or stopping her to introduce himself. She’s hot.”

Charity’s eyes widened in shock as she shook her head and tried to get Alexis to stop exaggerating.

Alexis smiled.

“We’ll be back soon.”

“Okay. Be safe and keep an eye on Charity for my cousins. They are not going to be happy about this.”

Alexis hung up the phone and laughed.

“Why did you do that?” Charity asked, and Alexis smiled then crossed her arms in front of her chest.

“I like you, Charity. This family needs a woman like you around. The triplets are head over heels for you. This will just give them the push they need to make their move and claim you already.”

“Claim me? I’m leaving tomorrow.”

“No, you’re not. You are going to stay here and enjoy the week’s events with me then attend the hunt and be claimed by the Royal Venificus brothers.”

“You are crazy. I don’t even live around here I don’t know anything about royalty or getting involved with royal Alphas, and I have a full time job and home far away from here,” Charity replied.

“These are minor technicalities that won’t stand a chance of being barriers against mating with the brothers.”

Charity exhaled then took another sip of iced tea.

* * * *

Alexis continued to smile and look around the town, admiring its beauty and charm. But Charity's thoughts were suddenly on the Venificus brothers. She should have been more careful and not allowed them to kiss her. She felt her cheeks redden and her body warm, remembering what happened in the meeting room. They did a heck of a lot more than just kiss her.

She thought about them constantly, but she also thought about the danger they faced. Mates or not, she needed to focus on securing their pack's position and getting information to the Circle of Elders to initiate plans of defense.

"I think we should get going," Charity stated as she watched Alexis. Her line of sight landed on two very rugged-looking individuals crossing the street and heading toward them.

"I think you're right," Alexis replied then stood up to grab her shopping bags.

Immediately Charity sensed the men's thoughts. They were wolves, and as she inhaled, she knew they weren't friendly. They were rogue, and they seemed to have their eyes set on Alexis.

Charity stood up and whispered to Alexis.

"Do as I say and everything will be fine."

Alexis nodded.

Charity grabbed her hand and pulled her along as they exited the café and headed down the street. There were people everywhere.

"I think I should call Zagoran."

"And make him panic? No need to worry. These guys are just trying to frighten us."

"They're doing a good job, and they are wolves, not men," Alexis replied.

"They are rogue and do not follow the same rules as you and Zagoran. Just keep walking to the truck, and we'll be fine."

Alexis squeezed Charity's hand tighter.

"You do know how to fight, right?"

"I hope that won't be necessary."

They turned the corner and could see their car in the distance. As they approached the vehicle and Alexis hit the automatic unlock on the doors, they heard a voice.

"Hey, where are you running off to?" one of the guys stated.

They turned to look at them, and Charity told Alexis to get into the car.

"Do I know you?" Charity asked calmly as she looked over the two men. She read their minds and knew that they were after Alexis. Someone ordered them to capture Alexis. They were going to use her to get to Zagoran.

The taller wolf with golden blonde hair, stubble on his face, and bulging muscles moved closer to Charity. He looked her over from head to toe as the other guy with brown hair walked around to the passenger side.

He reached up to touch a strand of hair on Charity. She immediately knew he was bad.

"No, you don't know me, sweetheart, but I'm going to change all that."

He grabbed her hair and pulled just as she heard Alexis scream.

Charity released a small amount of power to get the wolf to release her. She knew she had to do most of the fighting on her own or it would raise questions about her abilities. In a flash, she had kicked the blonde, turned him around, and knocked him to the ground. Then she hurried to Alexis's side and struck the other man in the back, giving Alexis room to escape his grasp and retaliate.

Charity was shocked when Alexis roared then struck the guy with a right hook to his nose. Charity ensured that the men didn't shift by using her powers to overpower their wolves. They were in a public place.

“Hold it right there!” Someone yelled, and when Charity turned around, she saw a police officer. The sirens could be heard in the distance, and Charity knew Alexis was safe. Now they just needed to worry about the police.

* * * *

Charity was relieved that the police didn’t push the issue of how two women defended themselves against two larger men. They gave the police officers their side of the story, and of course two of the officers were wolves just like Alexis. They knew the Venificus and immediately called them to notify them of what had occurred. The police were insistent on following them back to the estate.

Before they even left the scene, an SUV of Venificus guards arrived as escorts home.

* * * *

“What went wrong?” Latikus yelled into the cell phone.

The wolf on the other end stuttered as he spoke.

“There was this blonde woman with Zagoran’s mate. She fought off both men, and then the police showed up.”

“Was she of the wolf?”

“They didn’t sense that she was a wolf. But they also said they couldn’t shift either. Something held them back.”

Latikus felt his anger building. The master would not be happy about this.

“Who was the blonde woman?”

“We don’t know. They believe that she was staying at the mansion, though.”

“I will get back in touch with you shortly. We’ve missed our opportunity now, and Zagoran will more than likely not allow his mate out of his sight.”

Latikus slammed the phone closed and thought about the conversation.

Who was the blonde woman with the ability to fight and not shift but also maybe with powers? Who could it be?

He opened his cell phone and called Conrad Symporian. He was at the estate still. He could find out.

* * * *

Charity watched as a very angry but concerned Zagoran pulled Alexis into his arms and hugged her. She felt their bond and their love full force. It was amazing.

But then Charity saw the Venificus brothers arrive. The crowd parted, and the men moved forward. It was Dante and Luther that showed expressions of relief at seeing her. Maximus, however, looked very angry.

She followed the others as they entered into the house and tried to mix in with Zagoran and Alexis. She felt the hand around her upper arm stopping her from going inside. It was Dante. She was left alone with Dante and Luther.

In no time at all, they had her pinned against the house right beside the front entrance and doorway. Each man held a hand against her stomach and hip on either side. The feel of them touching her made her lose her breath. They stared down at her as they placed their other hands on the wall beside her head on either side. She was sandwiched between them and the wall.

“Explain what happened now,” Luther practically growled.

She closed her eyes and absorbed the way they made her feel. They wanted answers and were giving orders, but all she could think about was the way their hands pressed against her belly and hip bones and how sexually stimulated her body was. Her nipples hardened, and by the gods, other parts begged to be touched. It was outrageous.

* * * *

Maximus listened to Alexis explain to Zagoran and the others what had happened.

“Charity was amazing. Before I even knew what was happening, she had one guy down on the ground and the other one who attacked me distracted so I could hit him. It was incredible, and she was so calm through the whole thing. She is amazing.”

With each detail, from the guys flirting with Charity all the way to both her and Alexis nearly being abducted, he lost his control. All he could think about was grabbing Charity, throwing her over his shoulder, and taking her to his room to explore her body and ensure that she hadn’t been harmed in any way. His nostrils flared, and his eyes tingled with anger.

Then Val slowly made his way down the stairs.

“Where is my Charity?” he demanded to know as he took the final few steps, waiting on the last one as if the extra height gave him courage to face Maximus.

Maximus sensed the man’s fear.

“She’s outside with Dante and Luther.”

Val gave Maximus an annoyed look then headed out the front door.

* * * *

Charity could hardly get the words out of her mouth. It didn’t matter anyway because Luther took that moment to sniff against her neck and ear then nuzzle closer. Dante did the same, and she began to pant.

Luther and Dante kissed her chin then the corners of her lips.

“We were so worried,” Dante whispered.

She was lost in the sensations when suddenly the front door opened, and Charity tried to push the men away.

“Charity?” Val stated out loud, and she locked gazes with him. She willed her power to make the men release their hold, and they did.

“Are you okay? I was so worried,” Val stated as Charity walked over to him and he embraced her.

“I’m fine. How are you feeling?” she asked as she glanced over her shoulder at Dante and Luther. Their teeth were clenched, and they stared at Val with anger.

“Let’s go back inside. You look so pale.” Charity took Val’s hand and walked inside the house with him.

They received numerous looks as they headed upstairs.

“Where do you think you are going?” Maximus asked as his angry voice echoed through the foyer.

Charity looked toward him as Val shook next to her.

“It seems that my boss hasn’t quite recovered fully from your attack, Lord Venificus. He needs to go back to bed.” She winked at him and continued up the stairs as numerous grunts and shocked exasperations from the small crowd of people echoed behind her.

She wouldn’t go back down. She was not going to take orders from him. She was slowly losing the battle to expose her position, her power, and her authority. Especially with Maximus, Dante, and Luther around. The spirits had yet to direct her to do so. And boy did she want to tell the brothers who she really was.

* * * *

Charity spoke with Celeste about the attempted abduction of Alexis. She also made sure that the information leaked to Zagoran from the police department. She was able to contact the detectives on the case and have them notify Zagoran and give him the names of the wolves associated with the attempted abduction. At least the information could help Zagoran to protect his mate. A new fear traveled through the extended family.

Everyone was on edge, and even Val was questioning whether he and Charity should remain at the Venificus mansion or head back to Caliber. She used her powers to help heal him more quickly and calm his anxiety. She explained to Val that the spirits had yet to show themselves or give a foretelling of what was to come or what Charity was to actually do for the Venificus and their pack's members. Times like this were rather frustrating.

Charity was walking in the library, looking at old books from the numerous eras as well as some family paintings of the Venificus family. She was trying to get a better understanding of the family and their importance to the were community. It was one thing to look at pictures and receive information from the Goddesses, but entirely different to experience their personalities and actions in person. The one picture of Maximus, Dante, Luther, and their parents was intriguing. She could sense the sadness in Maximus's eyes even in the picture. Luther and Dante looked just as stressed, but not sad.

She heard the door open and sensed Luther enter. He closed the door and remained silent. She looked over her shoulder at him then back toward the painting.

Luther was incredibly handsome.

Charity had an array of abilities. But without the consent and backing of the spirits she could not use them fully. She had the ability to feel the emotions and thoughts of people around her. It was a gift that often led her to healing someone in need or simply making a deeper acquaintance. She felt Luther directly behind her and his need to be close to her. He had truly been concerned over the circumstances of the day's events and potential harm that might have come to both Charity and Alexis. Suddenly she felt his arms go around her waist. He pulled her against his chest and cuddled next to her neck and shoulder.

"I've been looking everywhere for you."

She placed her hands on his wrists to try and remove his arms, but it was useless. She really didn't want him to let go, and she was

feigning weakness around him. The truth of the matter was that she loved the feel of his embrace.

She moved her head so she could look at his face and her heart hammered in her chest.

His green eyes glowed ever so slightly, and his smile lit up her heart. The gold hoop above his eyebrow somehow added to his charming appeal, and she returned his smile. He was a possessive man. She sensed it with all her being, and it made her desire him more. He was a wolf that gave of himself fully, not partly, when it came to action. Luther was definitely a noble and gallant Alpha.

"I was right here all along. Didn't Alexis inform you?" she challenged then turned back toward the painting. Her insides danced with anticipation as she wondered if Luther would try to kiss her again.

He gave her waist a squeeze and ignored her statement.

"Do you like that picture?" he asked.

She took a deep breath and debated about answering him. He gave her body another squeeze. She felt his thick fingers against her ribcage, and it made her feel feminine and alive with desire.

"Your Alpha asked you a question."

She felt the chills from his command and fought with her own authority as a princess. She nodded her head. He kissed her neck, and she closed her eyes.

"The painting was created from a photograph taken last year before a party here at the mansion," he offered, and she wondered how Maximus could look so sad if they were at a party.

"Are you certain it was before a party?" she asked cautiously.

"Of course. Why do you ask?"

"Lord Maximus looks rather sad."

Luther chuckled.

"Stressed is more like it. He takes his position very seriously, as do Dante and I. Maximus just feels compelled to take on all the responsibility so that if something goes wrong, only he is to blame."

“I noticed that about him and that he also does not like to be challenged.”

“He is the Royal Alpha.”

“He had no right to use his powers on Val.”

Instantly Luther turned her around to face him. He towered over her as he pulled her body against his own and stared into her eyes.

“Val was disrespectful and deserved the treatment.”

Charity tried to pull away but Luther wouldn’t let her.

“What exactly is your relationship with Val?” he questioned as he gave her waist a tug closer to his body. Her thighs parted, and she felt his erection against her belly.

She gasped in response to the burning inside of her.

“He is my boss,” she whispered, half out of breath.

His lips moved closer to her mouth, and her skin tingled with want.

“Your boss, not your lover?”

She was lost under his spell as she felt her chest heave up and down.

“Boss, not lover,” she whispered, and Luther pressed his mouth over hers then plunged his tongue inside. She sensed his relief that Val wasn’t her lover. The Alpha had been jealous. Interesting.

He kissed her wildly, and their tongues dueled for control of the kiss. He lifted her thigh higher against his waist then cupped her ass and caressed her bottom while he ravished her mouth.

It was wild and carnal. She could sense the mating musk filter through her body from her nostrils and from his touch.

He released her lips so they could catch their breath, but the seduction continued. She rubbed her hands along his solid muscular arms and shoulders as he lifted her rear onto the wide shelf to the right of the paintings and spread her thighs. His hands pushed under her sweater and cupped her breasts as his mouth sought out her lips again. The palm of his hand felt hard and demanding against her skin. Her nipples hardened in response to his possessive touch. She allowed

him to control the kiss, and then their breathing grew rapid as they attempted to devour one another's lips. She felt his strong, large hands pull and tug on her breasts, causing her to moan inside Luther's mouth. He thrust his hips against her mound, the material a barrier against penetration. He let go of a breast and reached for her button on her jeans and the zipper. She pulled her mouth from his and panted for breath as she tried to stop his hands.

"No, wait, we can't," she begged.

He lifted her off the ledge and pulled her to him.

"Yes, we can. I locked the door. No one will bother us." One hand pressed against her ass as he pressed his thigh between her legs parting them.

"No, it's too much too soon."

He pushed his other hand inside her jeans and against her hip bone.

"I need to feel you. Let me pleasure you, Charity. Your scent is too enticing for my wolf."

He kissed her hard then pushed her pants down slowly.

Her body coiled up with anticipation of a more intimate touch. Her pussy throbbed with need as she absorbed the pressure of his hand against her hip bone before he pushed further with determination.

"Please," she begged, and he cupped her mound then pressed a finger in between her wet folds.

Charity gasped.

* * * *

Luther never wanted anything more in his entire life. The taste of her lips, the feel of her body, and the scent of her cream drove him and his wolf wild with need. Her abundant breasts rubbed against his chest, and despite the material guarding them from his view, he could feel her hardened nipples.

He pressed his finger in and out of her as Charity moaned against his mouth.

He released her lips, lifted her sweater, and pushed aside her lace bra so he could taste her breast. Then he added a second finger, and Charity moaned as she thrust her pussy against his hand.

“You’re so wet for me, aren’t you, mate? All hot and moist just for me,” he whispered, feeling his own need deepen as his cock pressed hard against his zipper.

Charity moaned at his words as she gripped his arms in an attempt to allow his fingers better access to her cunt.

“That’s it, Charity. Damn, I want to taste your cream,” he stated then licked along the seam of her lips before plunging his tongue inside her mouth.

He felt her tighten up then explode against his fingers. He released her lips then bent quickly to tug on her nipple with his teeth. He looked up into her glossy, lust filled eyes without releasing the hardened bud from his teeth. He licked and sucked her breast as Charity moaned. Slowly he released her nipple then stood up straighter.

Luther pulled his fingers from her body and brought them to his lips. They locked gazes as he licked each digit slowly while he stared at Charity.

“Thank you, Charity. That was delicious,” he teased then pulled her into his arms and hugged her against him.

He caressed her bare backside with his hands then pressed a finger along the seam of her crevice.

Charity jumped but Luther hugged her tighter against him, using her backside to keep her where he wanted her.

“Now I’m afraid we need to go see Maximus. He’s been looking for you.”

She took a deep breath and held his gaze.

“Why?” she asked as he slowly released her so he could help her get dressed. She clasped the button on her jeans and allowed him to pull her into an embrace again.

“You have yet to give him your side of the story about Alexis’s near abduction. You were rude to him. He is the Alpha, and your behavior requires punishment.”

Charity pulled away from him and crossed her arms in front of her chest.

“Punishment? Has he lost his mind?”

The sound of the door unlocking caught their attention. Immediately, as the door opened, Charity took a retreating step backward and into the shelf. Maximus and Dante entered the room, closing the door behind them.

“I thought you locked that?” she asked, annoyed that her voice shook.

Luther smiled. “The Alpha has access to every room.”

* * * *

Maximus smelled her scent the moment he opened the door. His brother had succeeded in breaking down her defenses with seduction. He didn’t need his help to control their mate. Charity needed to learn her place in the pack and what responsibilities she would have as their mate.

“I had asked Alexis to have you meet me in the office,” Maximus stated as he took position a few feet in front of her.

“I was too busy,” she replied.

Maximus clenched his teeth and stared at her.

“When an Alpha summons you, you come immediately.”

“I was taking care of Val. His sickness was your fault.”

Maximus grabbed her wrist and moved closer to her. He stared down at her defiant facial expression and felt conflicted.

“Part of me wants to throw you over my knee and discipline you for your actions.”

“For my actions? What have I done wrong to deserve such an extreme punishment?”

“You consistently defy my orders and my command. You placed yourself and another Alpha’s mate in danger by not calling us immediately and going out on your own without guards.”

“I handled things fine without your guards. You do not own me, Maximus. I will not tolerate such demands from you or your brothers.”

Immediately Maximus pressed her body against the wall behind her.

“That’s where you are wrong, mate.” He caged her in then covered her mouth in a hard, demanding kiss. He lost his control at her outburst. The smell of her arousal at his demands and the scent of her cream when he stated that he would punish her sent his wolf into action.

He couldn’t seem to get enough of her taste, her scent, or the feel of her in his arms. The possibility that she could have been abducted or killed, sent rage through his entire being.

He ran his hand up and under her sweater, finding a breast and cupping as much as his hand could hold. She whimpered against his mouth, and he used his other hand to lift her up so she could straddle his hips. He used the wall behind her as leverage. He felt crazed with desire as he tore his lips from her mouth so they could catch their breath then licked along her shoulder and neck. He nibbled at her skin, and her arousal wafted through the air.

“Please, Maximus,” she panted.

“You belong to us. We are your Alphas, and we will protect you,” Maximus replied then released her breast to grab her face between his hands and hold her gaze.

She looked just as hungry with desire as he felt.

“You are our mate. We will not allow the disrespect or the recalcitrant behavior any more. After the hunt we will discuss this further.”

Maximus cupped Charity’s cheek and held her gaze again.

“You will learn to control that temper, Charity.”

Luther moved next to her and clasped her hand, bringing it to his lips. Before he kissed it, he stared at her.

“Our mate has a lot to learn about the ways of the wolf.” He kissed her hand.

“I think a good ass spanking may be inevitable, brothers,” Dante added, taking a step closer to their mate.

They watched Charity’s chest rise and fall as she attempted to control her breathing.

Dante rubbed a hand along her hip to her backside then squeezed.

She stirred under their gazes. They sniffed the air, and all three wolves smirked.

“I think our mate might even like a good spanking,” Luther teased, but then someone knocked on the door again, interrupting them.

“We’ll discuss this more tonight after the hunt.” Maximus then rubbed his thumb against her chin before kissing her softly.

Chapter 8

The Alphas remained in meetings, trying to figure out who was after Zagoran and his mate. They were making connections to some of the attacks throughout the state.

“Some of our investigators said that the two men were rogue wolves. They don’t belong to any particular pack,” Delta stated.

“Charity connected some of our investigators with one of her main operators at Caliber. He was really helpful. I think we might get some leads from him by tonight,” Dante added to the conversation.

“Really? That woman, Charity, seems more apt at running Caliber than that man, Val, who is the owner,” Delta said with a smile.

“It wouldn’t surprise me at all if it turned out that she actually runs the company. That happens a lot when you are the owner’s personal assistant. Personally, it doesn’t matter to me. She saved my mate,” Zagoran stated.

“Well, we might as well call it a wrap on this meeting for now. There’s not much more we can do. I am looking forward to the run and releasing some of this extra stress. My wolf has been antsy for weeks now,” Dante confessed, and everyone agreed as Maximus rose and ended the meeting.

* * * *

“I can’t wait to see Charity. It’s outrageous how much I feel lost without her nearby. Do you think she will come willingly tonight?” Luther asked his brothers as they walked down the hallway.

“She has no choice but to come to us when we call,” Maximus replied straight-faced.

“You were a little tough on her today in the library,” Luther added.

Maximus stopped in mid stride.

“I was tough? I am an Alpha, just like you are, Dante. No woman, no mate of mine, will interfere in my leadership. If we allow her too much control, she won’t learn her place as Alpha female, never mind as royalty.”

“All I’m saying is that you could be a little less abrupt. She was concerned about you. She saw your picture in the library and saw sadness in your expression,” Luther offered.

“Sadness?” he questioned, his eyebrows furrowed in surprise.

“Maybe she’s just in tune to your emotions and your character as a good mate should be,” Dante added.

“Well, I know one thing for sure. Her body is in tune to our touch. She’s never been with a man before, and we will be her first and only. The thought that no other has ever or will ever make love to her drives my wolf wild with possessiveness.” They both looked at Luther and agreed.

“Let’s prepare for the hunt. Tonight we’ll take full possession of what is ours,” Maximus replied and then continued to walk away from the meeting room.

* * * *

Charity had taken a long, hot bath and tried to get the Alphas out of her mind. It was becoming difficult to be apart from them. Their touch had such an effect on her body that even now, after a long, hot bath, just the thought of their touch made every erogenous zone hum with desire. At this rate, she was liable to jump them herself. The thought made her cheeks warm.

The hunt was tonight, and she still wasn't certain which form the spirits would want her to take. Sometimes it was annoying to have to wait for their command. Other times, when she just allowed herself to react without their provocation, things turned out the way they were supposed to. Kind of like today with Luther in the library. As a princess she was supposed to act with discretion and not give into selfish desires. But she couldn't resist temptation or the hungry feeling that seemed to deepen in the presence of the Alphas. She was beginning to believe that they were indeed meant to be her mates. It made sense after all. They were royalty and she was a princess. She couldn't help but wonder if she were meant to take on the form of a feast for the brothers. The thought brought on a surge of heat through her body. They had only been separated for a couple of hours, yet she couldn't stop thinking about them.

She was still a bit angry at Maximus for hypnotizing Val. The poor man was nauseated even after she used some of her powers to calm his sickness. He had continued to pretend serious illness to the Alphas and the other guests to not attract questions or attention. It gave Val more time to investigate the incident at the café in the beginning of the week and also the connection to the random attacks. Maximus proved that his reputation as an authoritative and powerful Alpha was warranted. His ability to hypnotize in an instant was bestowed upon him by the Goddesses. They had yet to feel that he overused that privileged power or that he abused it. However, seeing that Val had experienced it firsthand bothered Charity. His temper was a bit questionable in her book. However, she did provoke him at the meeting and forget her role as assistant. That being said, his form of punishment for her would make any sane woman act out on purpose. The way he grabbed her around the waist, lifted her easily onto the table, and then kissed her breathless was invigorating. Then of course, she provoked Maximus again in the library today. His threat of punishment both angered her and made her body warm with desire for his command. It was insane. She was a leader, not a

follower. How could a relationship with such demanding Alpha males work out?

Brushing her hair as she watched her reflection in the vanity mirror, she couldn't help but desire the brothers' touch again. It was amazing, but she felt a connection. Praying to the spirits for some kind of sign or indication that she was to continue the love affair with the triplets had caused the spirits to act. They had condoned the attraction, and it appeared that they wanted her to be their mate. The brothers had professed the same information. This came as a complete surprise to Charity. She recalled the Goddess Bethany's words.

"The spirits have answered your prayers, my princess. It seems that through the years your assignment as protector to the Venificus royal family was in part to secure your mating. It has been proven by the three brothers' actions, words, and inner desires that they have chosen you to stand beside them as ruler. You will need the combined strength of their love for you and your love for them to fight the battles set before you. Embrace the time together with them. You will be challenged by their unique, strong, and determined personalities as well as their need to control and possess all of you. Do not be afraid. Follow your heart for you have the ultimate power of sensing emotion, desire, and true intent. You will know what to do."

She thought she would spend eternity alone. As the Chosen One, she had too much responsibility and allegiance to protect both this realm and all others when the spirits called upon her. How could she possibly be allowed to fall in love?

The words caused an ache in her belly and a knot in her throat. The tears filled her eyes, and instantly she thought of her mother.

To lose her parents as a baby was the beginning of a lonely path set up for her by the gods. Rationalizing their intentions led her to believe it was all to make her stronger. The fight against Devlon and her escape through the use of her unknown powers at the time was all

part of her destiny. Through the heartache, the pain of not having her blood family to aid her or to simply love her, Charity developed a wall of protection around her heart.

Here she was, capable and willing to offer goodness and love to those souls she knew and sensed were forthright, yet she had no one to love her back. There had been no one to hold her and make her feel protected instead of being the protector. That was until meeting the triplet Alphas. They had truly touched her heart and her soul.

She thought that she was destined to fight the battle of all time and to be alone with her gifts, her powers, and her dedication to the gods. She had been wrong, and now she was seeing the bigger picture here. She thought about Maximus, Luther, and Dante and felt the tightness in her chest and the deep emotion in her heart.

Could it be that she was already in love with them?

The knock at the door interrupted her thoughts, and she wondered who it could be.

“Celeste, how are you?” Charity asked, motioning for the older woman to enter the room.

Celeste wore a black velvet jumpsuit, and Charity couldn’t help but wonder if the woman was planning on joining the hunt.

“I came to check on you.”

“That was very nice of you—”

Charity began to walk to the chair by the vanity again when Celeste stopped her.

Touching her arm, Charity locked gazes with Celeste.

“You are feeling confused, my princess.”

Charity exhaled and was worried about sharing her emotions with Celeste. As if sensing it, Celeste spoke.

“The spirits have sent me to you. They feel I can be of service, and I am honored. You know that I loved your parents very much. Pasarra had dreamt of having a daughter someday, but she knew the risks.”

"I wish she were still alive, and my father, too." Charity sat down on the chair.

"It is understandable."

Celeste stood beside Charity and gently caressed her hair.

"You are not alone anymore, Charity. The spirits have sent you on this journey with much purpose. I can feel something growing within you. A deeper power, a weapon perhaps for the evil you must destroy."

Charity locked gazes with Celeste and laid her palm against her heart.

"I feel it, too. I feel it even more when I am with—"

Charity paused, feeling a bit embarrassed.

"When you are with my sons." Celeste smiled knowingly.

"Yes. I feel a connection to them, a need to be around them all the time. For twenty-two years I have been alone. There has been camaraderie and friendship, but never love." Charity blushed at the confession.

Celeste smiled.

"That is not something to be ashamed of, Charity. A princess should not act with indiscretion. I am certain it is part of the appeal my sons feel for you. I told you that you could not simply pass as an assistant," Celeste joked, and Charity smiled.

"Celeste." Charity cleared her throat and held the woman's gaze. "Your sons, Maximus, Luther, and Dante, have been chosen by the gods to be my mates."

Celeste smiled, the tears instantly forming in her eyes.

She bowed before Charity.

"It is such an honor, and I am certain you can handle them."

She embraced Charity then chuckled as she pulled away.

Wiping her tears, Celeste appeared to be gleaming with joy.

"They are quite the handful, with each more determined and stubborn than the next. The qualities of each of them together make the perfect mate for a princess. Do not fear. I have much faith in you."

Charity smiled, but deep inside she felt a sense of anxiety. Could she truly give all of herself to these three men?

“It is quite interesting how the spirits work to ensure that the good continue to destroy the evil.”

“What do you mean?”

“I was pregnant with the triplets before you were conceived. Pasarra had difficulty getting pregnant. It was years later when she finally conceived you. We were so thrilled. The triplets were just turning twelve, and I used to joke around about joining our families. What if she had girls and they were mates to my three sons? We were very good friends, as you know. Pasarra became pregnant with you, and we hoped for our little fantasy would come true. We had a huge celebration when you were conceived.”

“You mean your boys met me when I was just an infant?”

Celeste nodded.

“They were young, and I’m not sure if they remember meeting you. It was a happy time.”

“That is amazing, and it makes me happy that you shared such a fond memory. Do your sons know or remember?”

“I am not certain. I suppose one day we will bring it up and tell them. Are you going to let them know that you are the Princess?”

Charity sighed as if thinking about it.

“I want to tell them, but I feel that the time is not right. I don’t know why exactly but my instincts are telling me to wait a bit longer.”

Celeste smiled then placed her hand on Charity’s shoulder. “Do not fret my dear, when the time is right you will know, and then we can celebrate.”

Celeste smiled just as the sound of someone knocking on the door interrupted them. “I will meet you outside for the hunt.”

Charity nodded her head and rose from the chair as Celeste opened the door.

* * * *

Dante nearly fainted at the sight of his mother in Charity's room. A mix of emotions ran through him. First, he was worried that Charity had told his mother about hypnotizing Val. Second, he thought about what he and his brothers had done to their goddess virgin, and the heat hit his cheeks.

"Dante Venificus, you better act like a gentleman in this young lady's room. I expect you downstairs in fifteen minutes."

"Yes, mother. I wouldn't dream of being late to the hunt. Fifteen minutes is plenty of time." He smirked at Charity as he kissed his mother on the cheek.

Dante entered the room, closing the door behind him.

"And what brings you to my room, Dante Venificus." Charity took a few steps back and clasped her hands in front of her.

Dante stared down at the petite beauty meant to be his mate. His brothers were right to be concerned. Charity was delicate, feminine, and sweet. He wouldn't dream of hurting her.

"You look gorgeous as usual, my goddess," he smiled and was content to see the blush hit Charity's cheeks.

He chuckled when she exhaled.

"I had to come see you. You have dominated my thoughts."

Charity stepped back again as Dante took two steps toward her. He crinkled his eyebrows at her.

"You have nothing to fear from me, Charity."

"Is that so? If you will excuse my hesitation in believing that you mean me no harm, considering, my boss lays very ill a few doors down because of your brother."

Dante smiled.

"Your boss is fine, Charity. I just checked in on him. Besides, your boss did not show the respect he should have with Maximus."

She took another step back.

"I think we should leave my room."

Her panicked expression nearly made him roar with laughter. His woman was not a tease or a flirt. She was modest, classy, and sinfully pure.

Dante moved closer, and Charity wasn't quick enough to dodge his arms.

* * * *

Charity gasped. It wasn't that Dante really scared her. It was his size, his instant effect on her that put her on guard. Her head barely reached his chest, and every time one of the brothers hugged her, her belly collided with an erection. Dante was hard and very large, causing Charity to breathe more rapidly.

In an attempt to avoid his control, Charity reached behind her and held his hands while leaning back as far as his embrace would allow.

"Dante, please. We need to get ready for the hunt."

"Ah, ah, ah, my dearest Charity, it appears you do not know the proper etiquette when in the presence of your Alpha." He smirked then squinted in a way that told her she was in trouble in a good, sexual way.

The dimple in his cheek sprang out and nearly embraced her heart. Dante was so sexy and adorable.

She must resist his charms.

"And do you plan on teaching me the 'proper etiquette,' Dante?" Charity asked, still attempting to pull away from his hold. It was hard to resist touching his muscular arms. She ran her hands over his chest half trying to stop him from pressing his body against hers and half needing to feel the muscles beneath her fingertips. He took complete advantage of her size.

A moment later, she was sprawled out on the edge of the bed. She squealed in shock before Dante kissed her.

He held the base of her head in one hand while he simultaneously loved her mouth and found the waist of her sweater with the other.

She couldn't resist his charms and embraced his shoulders, returning his kiss. She ran her fingers through his short hair and felt the muscles on his neck and shoulder. Dante pressed his fingers beneath the underwire of her bra and pushed upwards giving him better access to her breast. He maneuvered his thigh between her legs and instantly she felt his hard cock press against her groin. He massaged and tweaked her nipple rolling it between his thumb and pointer while he ravaged her mouth and then her neck. Tilting her head back so he could gain better access to her skin, she heard his whispers.

"You taste so good Charity. Your skin is soft and feminine, you make my wolf hungry for a taste," he stated then licked across the seam of her lips.

She breathed heavily as his mouth tasted every inch of her own before spreading more licks and kisses across her chin and neck.

"There is no reason to fight the inevitable. You are our mate, Charity."

She inhaled and exhaled his scent, and the moisture grew between her thighs. Her pussy wept for more of him. She wanted his fingers, his cock, something inside of her to ease the hunger and the ache. Dante growled then nibbled a bit harder against her neck.

His thigh spread her legs, and then she felt the warm palm of his hand against the waistband of her pants. He rubbed his hand along her hip bone then across her ribs as if he read her mind. Her body hummed for more, and he must have felt it, too. His kisses slowed down, and his fingers singed her skin. Everywhere he touched felt as if it burned through Charity's body and fed the hunger building inside of her.

He pressed his hands deeper down her pants until his fingers reached her wet folds. The moment his fingers reached her pussy she arched her hips toward his hand.

“Just a little feel Charity and perhaps a tasty appetizer before later tonight.” He whispered as he spread her pussy lips and pushed a finger into her.

Unable to elicit a verbal response, she reached for his face as she arched her hips, meeting his fingers thrust for thrust.

He rotated and flexed his finger then added a second digit. She moaned at the sensations as he found some oversensitive spot along her vaginal walls and that elicited more moans and tiny orgasmic jolts.

“You’re so responsive and sexy. Come for me, Charity. Let go and share this part of you with me.”

He thrust his fingers deeper and faster into her pussy. The sloshing sound filled the space between them as she attempted to remain focused on Dante’s face. His eyes glowed as he licked his lips and she arched her breasts forward.

“Oh Dante,” she moaned as her insides tightened and something strong and powerful continued to build up inside of her.

Dante chose that moment to cover her lips and muffle her screams as she thrust against his fingers and exploded against his hand.

She panted causing Dante to release her lips but not before sucking her bottom lip into his mouth and tasting more of her.

Slowly he began to remove his fingers. She watched in awe as he licked her juices from each finger.

“Mine.” He began to push her pants down her hips, kissing her until she pulled away and she stopped him.

“The hunt, Dante. We have to go.”

He stopped kissing her to lock gazes. The wolf in his eyes revealed his desire for her and his affection. She saw his expression change to seriousness in an instant.

“Tonight, after the hunt, one of us will come for you. We can wait no longer.”

Charity held his gaze, and the realization of his statement hit her, as well as a vision.

Stopping time, she saw the events unfold in Dante's eyes. She watched as someone tried to kill him during the hunt.

Charity squeezed her eyes tightly and pulled him close to her.

"What is it, Charity? What's wrong? You're shaking." Dante rolled to the side and brought Charity with him. He held her close, and she willed away the tears.

"My goddess, don't be afraid. We will not hurt you. It will be quite pleasurable, I am certain." He kissed her forehead and held her close.

"Don't even think about it, Dante. Get both of your asses down here now. The ceremony is ready to start." Maximus's voice through their telepathic link interrupted Dante's moment alone with Charity.

He reached his hand out to Charity.

"Shall we?"

"Did your brother beckon us?"

Dante stopped her, grabbing her around the waist as her chest collided with his causing her to catch her breath

"How can you tell I was conversing with him?" He caressed his finger against her cheek as he held her.

"Every time your brother speaks to you through your minds, the small vein by your neck pulsates faster."

Dante smiled.

"Gorgeous and observant."

He took her hand and left for the hunt.

* * * *

Charity stood by the picture window that overlooked the meadows and fields surrounding the estate. Val was feeling much better and standing close beside her.

She had told him quickly about her vision and requested that he stay beside Dante at all times during the hunt.

"And where shall you be?" Val inquired.

“Wherever the spirits lead me, Val. There was more to me coming to this event than just business. I fear that someone is trying to start a war. If they succeed in capturing or killing a Venificus, it could mean their demise.”

“Should we call for backup?”

Charity was silent a moment as if contemplating the idea.

“No. It’s the way it is to be.”

Charity absorbed the raging bonfire and the large amount of animals that danced around it. It was a glorious sight to see, yet Charity felt tense. She was compelled to seek out the triplets, and the moment the ritual began she found them.

Pushing through the double French doors, Charity marched quickly toward the railing to get a better look at her wolves.

Her wolves? She shocked herself with her own possessive thoughts. She battled inside with warning them or perhaps making them stay beside her, but she couldn’t.

All three wolves stood bunched together. Two possessed coats in a deep chocolate color. One had cream colored stripes along the neck while the other had spots of silver along its stomach and back.

The third was even larger than the first two, who alone were bigger than any wolf she had ever known of. The others wolves around them seemed small compared to the three brothers.

The third and largest wolf was as black and shiny as onyx. He was growling and snarling as if he couldn’t stand to wait much longer. She wondered if he was hungry and wanted to chase and catch his prey as soon as possible. Charity swallowed hard, and her heart raced. Maximus! She couldn’t help but imagine them chasing and capturing her. If she were in wolf form, she would surely give them a run for their money.

She absorbed the sight of all the others. Glorious, large, and feral looking lions roared with enthusiasm and excitement. There were panthers and more were all gathering around, just waiting for the signal.

The night was cool and the moon high and bright. It was magical the way the stars sparkled alongside it.

Charity was drawn back to her wolves and their eyes sought her out as well. She immediately saw Dante's emerald green eyes as he gazed at her before taking off. Luther stayed alongside Maximus as they sprinted in the opposite direction of their brother.

"Val!" Charity was concerned for Dante. He needed protection. As she turned to tell him to go, he was already long gone.

Pleased, she watched the others quickly spread out among the forest. There were so many creatures but mostly there were wolves who joined the hunt. Observing their features and the magnificent specimen of wolves, she noticed the large lion and his eyes of darkness.

He glanced at her before taking off in the same direction as Dante. Another small wolf followed suit.

Her chest tightened, and her tattoo strained with ache and a sense of foreboding. There was something evil about the lion.

Charity looked around her, noticing a handful of people enjoying their cocktails and heading closer to the fire to keep warm. It was a clear evening, and the stars were brilliant.

She slowly walked down the small flight of porch stairs that descended onto a large, paved patio. To the left, she sensed Maximus and Luther. They were on the hunt. Both excitement and joy filled their hearts. To the center, many other wolves and lions continued to chase their prey, and some had already captured theirs.

Looking in the direction Dante had taken, she prayed to the spirits to allow her to see him in her mind. Immediately his image appeared, showing her he was safe and carefully making his way through thick, heavy brush.

"Princess! He is in danger. You must go to him now before it is too late." She recognized the deep voice and knew it was Dravo.

"Dravo! What are you doing here? Where are you?" she asked as she walked into the darkness of the woods. She glanced around the

area, and no one seemed to notice her leaving. “I thought you were taking some time off?” she asked Dravo telepathically.

“I was until the Goddess summoned me and suggested that I meet up with you here. I take it that you have no idea who is trying to destroy the Venificus family?”

“No, but I am confident that I will. My concern is for Dante Venificus. He is in danger.”

“We will talk later. They are using dark magic on him. You must hurry.”

Charity feared for Dante’s life. She would deal with Dravo later.

With one quick thought, she jumped through the air, feeling her bones shift and reform as she took her form in a massive lioness. Charity had rarely used her magical ability to shift. The fact that the spirits wanted her to transform into a huge lioness was surprising. She bolted in the direction she felt the evil was most and leaped through the trees. Her eyes instantly adjusted to the darkness. Night vision allowed her to see farther than most nocturnal creatures. Her heart raced with fear and anticipation.

Coming through the clearing, she saw in the distance Val lying unconscious on the ground. The need to defend and conquer ran through every inch of her body. Val was one of her protectors, her closest friend. Dante was her mate, and he needed her strength and her power to save him from death. Her eyes adjusted to the ray of light that formed a large dome around both Dante and two other animals. She hurried along as the one animal that appeared to be a combination of lion and were jumped on top of Dante. His cries of pain filled her ears, and she growled deep and strong while plunging through the dome of light.

Charity lunged forward, feeling the force of the magic attempting to keep her at bay. It was stronger than anything she had ever encountered, and she feared for Dante’s life. He could not defend himself against such an enemy and beast.

Charity was more powerful than the evil, and as she penetrated its force field, she destroyed the barrier just as the lion sliced his claws through Dante's chest.

The roar of pain echoed through the woods. Surely the others had to have heard his cry.

Charity roared as she jumped through the air, catching the were lion off guard. He hadn't expected the intensity of her assault. He jumped back, and she rolled with him, fighting and scratching in defense. Her thoughts were on Dante. He had to survive. She needed to help him.

The animal lay underneath her growling and fighting with all his strength. She continued to fight against him as Charity lunged her weight forward, absorbing his evilness and the spell he was trying to use on her. Behind her there was another deep growl before a claw made contact with her back.

Charity felt the blow to her ribs and neck, and then the power emerged within her. In a fit of rage to protect her mate and the animalistic desire to kill her prey, Charity tossed the were lions off her, they lay in shock on the ground while she rose up on two legs.

The sound of multiple roars filled the woods as Maximus and Luther emerged.

The were lion retreated, running through the woods to escape. The other lunged toward Dante, attempting to finish him off.

Charity changed forms, placing a barrier over Dante as well as Luther and Maximus. When the were lion hit the force field, he exploded, turning into dust.

* * * *

Maximus and Luther were by their brother's side.

Charity attempted to move closer, but Maximus demanded she not come any closer.

“Who are you? What have you done to our brother? What are you, some kind of magical witch?”

Charity was shocked and heartbroken. Did Maximus actually believe that she was responsible?

“Maximus, you don’t understand.”

“I don’t want to hear it. We need to get him help.”

“She is not the one you should be angry with.”

The sound of Dravo’s voice interrupted the argument as he appeared instantly in physical form.

Both Luther and Maximus growled in defense.

Dravo didn’t falter. It was common knowledge that werewolves and vampires didn’t get along.

“Dravo, please! Now is not the time for this.” Charity moved toward Dante, only to be growled at by the brothers.

Delta, Latikus, and a group of other omega protectors emerged onto the scene. None of them would let her near Dante.

“Who are you, and what is a vampire doing here?”

“We don’t have time for this, Maximus. We need to get your brother back to the house so I can help him.”

“You’re not coming near him!” Luther exclaimed.

“Then he will die, and it will be the beginning of the end for the Venificus,” Dravo replied, crossing his arms in front of his chest with arrogance.

“I will kill you, blood letter!” Maximus proclaimed as he puffed out his chest and took a defensive stance.

“Go ahead and try, wolf. It will be your fault that your brother dies.”

“Stop it, Dravo. They are confused,” Charity stated, glancing at Dante and his pale coloring. He was barely breathing.

“You’re right we’re confused. First, you are a woman, then a lioness performing some kind of magic while our brother lies injured,” Luther stated.

“Who are you?” Maximus growled just as a number of other wolves came onto the scene.

“Maybe this is all her fault. She is part of Caliber. She set up this attack so her and her boss Val can take over Selcon and V-Con,” Latikus offered.

“Are you mad?” she asked, getting angry now instead of remaining calm. At this rate, her true identity would be revealed in anger and upset.

Celeste changed into human form. “Dante! What happened?” she asked, running to her son’s side.

“We should ask Charity, if that is even her real name,” Maximus stated.

Celeste looked at Charity for answers.

“Get him to the mansion or he will die,” Charity whispered as the tears filled her eyes.

Celeste looked at her son Dante then Maximus.

“Do as she says, Maximus. We need to get him home.”

* * * *

Celeste stood by Marcus, and the tears flowed as she sobbed for her dying son. She feared for her son’s life and for the future of Venificus. Others gathered around the bed, all trying to soothe Dante’s pain. There was a spell of some kind destroying their efforts. Charity forced her way through the doors along with Dravo, and the wolves’ mumbled growls filled the room as Luther grabbed for Dravo.

Charity stopped him.

“Please! Stop this insanity.”

“You! Get out of here and take the vamp with you” Maximus was angry and scared. Charity understood that, but she was the only one who could save Dante’s life.

She looked to Celeste for help.

“Celeste, clear the room.”

Everyone looked at Charity as if she were crazy for ordering royalty around until Celeste began to direct everyone from the bedroom.

“Why are you doing what she is saying?” Luther asked. Celeste didn’t answer.

“She must be using some kind of magic of her own,” Luther added, eyeing her as if trying to see where the magic was coming from.

“Dravo, please stand guard by the door for us. I need to be certain no one is near.”

“Yes, Princess.” He stated and bowed his head.

Only Celeste, Dante, Luther, Maximus, and Marcus remained in the room.

“What do you need for us to do, Princess?” Marcus asked.

“Father, what is going on? Why are you calling her princess?” Luther pleaded for an answer.

“I will explain everything later. You must trust me now if we are to save your brother.” Charity stepped closer to the bed, and Maximus stopped her.

“Who are you?” he demanded with clenched teeth.

Charity locked gazes with Maximus and laid her hand against his cheek. She smiled and sent calming sensations through to his heart.

“I am your protector, and I will never harm you. Please trust me, and I promise to reveal the truth.”

Maximus was hesitant, but he moved away from Charity and let her by.

Upon moving closer to the bed, Charity caught sight of Dante. Her emotions nearly got the best of her until suddenly she felt the tingling sensations within her. They started from her toes and slowly made their way through her entire body.

She sat down beside Dante and stared at him.

His gray complexion tore a hole through her heart. The crinkling of his eyebrows and soft, barely audible moans were heart wrenching.

But there was something else, something evil, surrounding his form. She sensed the feeling of foreboding as numerous pictures flashed through her mind. She saw smaller attacks being planned. She needed to contact her friends for help. The time was drawing near.

Without touching him, she laid the palms of her hands inches from the sheets on the bed. Closing her eyes, she envisioned his wounds and attempted to identify the evil spell.

* * * *

The lights in the room flickered on and off. There was a rumbling in the distance outside, and fear like Maximus never felt before surged through the room.

“What are you doing?” he yelled, stepping closer to Charity but fearing to touch her. A light glow formed around the frame of her body. He stepped back as his mother held his arm and pulled him away.

“Mother, who is she? What is she doing?”

“Maximus, I know you are afraid, but Charity is here to protect us. Trust her, Maximus. You must trust her for Dante to live.”

Maximus covered his face with his hands then removed them to look at Luther.

Luther moved closer to the bed.

“What can I do to help you?” he asked Charity, and Maximus was shocked. Was he the only one who questioned this woman’s intentions?

Charity stood up from the bed, and Maximus watched the warm, gentle glow disappear. He stared at her and saw her sad expression, but also strength.

* * * *

“Someone has cast an evil spell over him. He has several life-threatening wounds.”

“Can you save him, Princess?” Celeste asked, wide-eyed and full of fear.

Charity gave the woman a small smile.

“I must call upon the spirits for help. Whatever they ask, you all must do.” She locked gazes with Maximus.

“Maximus, I know you are scared and confused. My true identity needs to remain a secret, so everything that happens or is stated in this room must remain in confidence. Do you understand?”

He stared at her, and she heard the questions. He wondered what she was going to reveal to him. He wanted to ask her what and who she really was? He felt so out of control, and she knew it.

Glancing around the Venificus family, she felt the love, the strength of all of them.

“I am Princess Charity Mossano of Milan. I am the Chosen One.”

Celeste, Marcus, and Luther immediately bowed their heads. Maximus seemed to absorb the information more slowly. She wondered if he were putting together family history and a fairy tale he had surely heard as a child.

“It is true, Maximus, and the gods have brought us together for a reason. This attack on your brother is the first of what I feel may be several attempts on each of your lives. As we speak, other attacks are being planned. Someone with great resources is making his presence known. There is evil preparing to overtake the Circle of Elders, the Venificus throne, and all superior Alpha wolves and magical creatures. Its cause has been ongoing for the last several years.”

Dante moaned, and Charity moved back to the bed.

Placing her hands over Dante’s body, she felt his pain and began the rhythmic chant to remove the spell and destroy his injuries.

Luther and Maximus moved beside her, and she felt their support, their belief in her, and their love for their brother.

“Take his left hand, Luther. Maximus, take his right hand,” Charity ordered, and both men did as the Princess commanded.

Charity stood between them, feeling the increase in strength of the bond between the triplets. It was missing something, something more which would truly break the spell.

Dante moaned louder in pain. It was too much for him to survive. She needed to save him.

Reaching for their hands, Dravo yelled out, “Princess, no!”

Not giving her move a second thought or concern for the consequences, Charity heard Dante’s quick intakes of breath like they were his last and grabbed both Luther and Maximus’s hands. With all four of them united, the power to break the spell emerged.

Charity glowed and a line of golden light appeared to extend from her stomach in a sheer line to Dante’s body. Each of his wounds moved through the field of gold light and into Charity.

She cried out in pain but held on, maintaining the circular link.

“Charity!” both Luther and Maximus yelled. Both were concerned for her safety.

Charity’s body’s shook, and the light exploded with the last remnants of evil leaving Dante’s body.

Dante’s eyelids began to flutter then open, locking gazes with Charity.

She collapsed with Maximus catching her before she hit the floor.

* * * *

Maximus sat in a chair beside the king-sized bed. His head was throbbing, his eyes dry and itching, but he couldn’t rest. Not while Charity lay unconscious and unresponsive.

She had saved Dante’s life. Absorbed his injuries, his pain to save him and protect the Venificus family. His initial reaction hours ago to her declaration of being the Chosen One was shameful and selfish. He had no right to be so cruel to her. The fear of losing his brother and

the betrayal he felt from Charity deceiving him allowed his temper to react.

Watching her chest rise and fall with every breath she took, he felt helpless.

“You should try to get some sleep. Dravo said she will be fine,” Luther whispered from the other side of the bed where Dante and Charity lay side by side. Maximus, too, was sitting in a chair with his feet up and resting on the bed. Their mother had brought them blankets when they refused to leave and sleep in their own rooms.

Maximus sneered at Luther. How was he supposed to believe some blood letter? It didn’t sit easy with any werewolf in the house that a blood letter was allowed access. They were supposed to keep Charity’s identity a secret, yet here they were inviting a vamp into their home and the upper floor where only family resided. That move would surely cause enough gossip and chatter to make their guests run to their own conclusions.

Shit!

Maximus rubbed his eyes.

“Too many thoughts are going through my head, brother.”

Luther sighed then shifted in his seat.

“I understand, but remember, you cannot bombard her with questions when she awakes. She is our mate, and we are to protect her and care for her whether she needs us or not.”

“How can she need us? She has the powers and abilities we have only read or heard stories about. She is the Chosen One. Why would she need three werewolves? No, brother. I am afraid we will merely be her servants. We will be at her command.”

“Maximus! I can’t believe you are being so self-centered and power hungry. Don’t you realize what an honor it is to be the mate of the Chosen One, Princess Mossano of Milan? The knowledge of her existence alone will bring battles of all kinds to our doorsteps. We are warriors with the blood of centuries of fighters before us. The spirits have chosen us to protect her and be her mates.” Luther glanced at

Charity. "I am honored to be chosen by her, by the spirits. Our connection is strong and getting stronger by the moment. She is so beautiful, Maximus. She is ours," he whispered.

"Will you two shut up so I can get some sleep? I was nearly mauled to death, you know." Dante spoke then cleared his throat. Both Luther and Maximus stood up from their chairs.

Dante rolled his head to the side and nearly knocked into Charity. He smiled then snuggled closer.

"Ahhh, now this is more like it."

Maximus growled low in his throat. "Let her rest, you moron."

"You're just jealous because you're out there and I'm in bed with our goddess," Dante snuggled closer to Charity.

The sound of the door creaking open sent the brothers on guard. Luther and Maximus stood prepared to attack.

Dravo entered the room.

* * * *

Dravo was very concerned for his princess. He heard the whole conversation between the Venificus brothers. Maximus would be the most difficult to deal with. Despite his mother's assurance that Dravo was on their side, the largest brother was untrusting. Charity would have her hands full with him.

Eyeing each brother, he walked closer to the bed, hardly acknowledging their fierce, low growls.

"I am not the enemy. You will be dealing with plenty very soon."

Dravo walked beside the bed and watched as Dante held Charity more snugly. His one arm lay protectively over her stomach.

He glared at Dravo, obviously distrusting him around his mate. Dravo could tell the weres were having difficulty allowing a vampire in their home, never mind this close to their mate.

Perhaps these weres will be worthy of their positions.

“She is doing better. I can feel her power increasing. She has much healing to do.” Dravo raised his eyebrows at Dante. “He didn’t ask to be attacked,” Luther stated.

“No, however, he should be dead. My princess risked too much to save you.”

Dravo placed his hand against Charity’s cheek.

“Why do you keep referring to her as your princess?” Dante asked, sounding possessive of Charity.

Dravo moved away from the bed and stood at the end of it where he could watch all three brothers.

“Charity is the Princess of all realms and all those human, magical, and beast. The Venificus have been chosen to lead this realm and fight against those who want to destroy the Circle. Brutus is aware that the Princess is here with you. However, he does not know that the three of you are her chosen mates. It is quite shocking that the spirits have done this.”

“Why is that?” Luther asked.

“The evil that is preparing to destroy the Circle and take over the power of the realms must be of the darkest kind. Charity alone cannot defeat it. She must need the power of your combined efforts as one.”

“You mean the power we felt when we all held hands with Dante?” Maximus asked.

“Not quite. She risked death for Dante. Fighting the powers of fate and bringing a dead man back to life has its consequences.”

“How so?” Luther asked.

“What consequences?” Dante asked, holding Charity with a look of sheer concern.

“It is difficult to say for sure. She may stay asleep like this for quite some time, she may show the scars of your injuries on her body, or perhaps she may have more power and magic within her than even the spirits of fate are aware of. All we can do is wait and see.”

“My god. Why didn’t she just let me die?” Dante asked.

Dravo chuckled.

“The Princess is privy to information and events no others would ever know of. I can tell you that she is very strong in her will to protect the Venificus family. She has been in hiding for a very long time. We had discussed the risks, but she was compelled to be here for the three of you and your family. She had little to go by except that an attack on the Venificus family was growing near.”

“She came out of hiding? Who was she hiding from?” Maximus asked.

“It is not for me to say. That is up to the Princess. But I can tell you that she has saved many lives. In the last few years she has fought hard to wipe out numerous attempts at destroying your race as well as other races.”

“That’s why she created Caliber,” Maximus stated.

“Yes. She had to remain anonymous. There were pack members who have not remained loyal to Venificus. She risked much to ensure your family’s continued growth and superiority. I am certain she will explain it all to you if and when she recovers.”

“Are you saying that we have traitors in our pack?” Luther inquired.

Dravo stared at him then nodded.

They all looked at Dravo then looked back at Charity.

Chapter 9

Charity ran through fields of wildflowers. The long white gown she wore danced in the breeze as she laughed and giggled. She kept glancing over her shoulder, smiling angelically as if someone was running with her.

She tried to see who they were, but the dream would not let her.

Looking ahead toward a line of trees and the forest, she saw darkness.

She stopped short just at the beginning of the entrance, sensing the danger. Death and evil so powerful she shook with fear lay through the trees just ahead.

She heard the men call her name and she yelled, "Stop!"

Dante, Luther, and Maximus ran straight into the forest.

Charity cried in pain and fear for their lives.

The spirits appeared around her.

"Why are you so upset? You do not need them"

Charity cried, "I do...I do need them."

"Then take what is yours. Protect them from the evil."

"But how? How can I help them?"

"Do you love them?"

Charity thought for a moment. How could she love three men, three wolves at the same time?

"Think with your heart, Princess, with your soul and all that is part of you."

Charity felt the bond, the love she had for the triplets as waves of energy and desire filled her to her core.

"I love them."

“Then use your gifts. Save them and let them claim you as their mate.”

Charity gazed back toward the darkness, hearing her men screaming in pain and anguish. Through teary eyes she raised her hands above her and cried out their names “Dante, Luther, Maximus, I love you!”

“I love you.”

* * * *

Maximus, Luther, and Dante all gathered around Charity on the bed. She had been tossing and turning, fighting some sort of dream or nightmare. They tried to console her, but it seemed as if she couldn’t hear them.

They were each worried, and they began to caress her arms, her legs, and her hair to soothe her pain. Then they heard her words. “Dante, Luther, Maximus, I love you.”

They locked gazes then took her hands and joined them in a circle with their own.

“I love yo—”

* * * *

Charity awoke, finding all three brothers holding her stare. They were connected so deeply at the moment that her whole body felt warm and tingly. It felt right, and for once in her life, she felt whole.

“We love you, too, our princess.” Dante broke the silence then leaned down and kissed her cheek. Luther followed, but Maximus was silent.

Charity shifted her body and instantly felt the pain. She closed her eyes, held her breath as she cringed.

“Don’t move, Charity. Just lie here and rest. We will take care of you,” Dante ordered.

Charity sighed as she readjusted her head on the pillow, waiting for the pain to subside.

“Are you okay?” Charity asked Dante, trying to hold his gaze, and he smiled.

“Thanks to you.” Dante caressed her cheek then scooted closer to her.

Her heart lifted with joy at the sight of his dimples. His coloring was back to normal, and he looked so handsome and sexy. A warm tingling coated her body on the inside. With his body close against hers, she felt compelled to sink against him and relish in his embrace.

“Let her rest.” The firm voice of Maximus stirred panic inside Charity’s stomach.

She slowly turned her head to capture his gaze and was surprised by the angry facial expression. Was he angry with her still? Did he not understand the reasoning behind her secrecy? She was shocked by the feelings of betrayal and distrust he projected. Charity also felt compelled to retaliate and challenge his authority. This was becoming second nature to their relationship.

“Are you still upset with me, Alpha?” she asked in a shaky breath. She wasn’t feeling a hundred percent yet.

“You need rest,” he answered firmly.

Charity turned her head in response to his verbal demand. Why was he so bossy? Then she looked back at Maximus, her anger getting the better of her.

“I’m fine,” she stated in between clenched teeth.

“You’re not fine. You can barely move. Give her space, Dante.” Maximus crossed his arms in front of his chest. From her lying down position, Maximus appeared gigantic and powerful. He was used to being in charge and giving orders. Their personalities would surely continue to clash.

His black shirt stretched across his pectoral muscles, and his forearms were bulging with muscles as well. She saw his tattoos which only added to his appeal. He had a look about him that surely

made most back away in fear or intimidation. With the expression he held at the moment, the word “beware” should be flashing like a neon sign. She swallowed hard. Man, was he intense. Even though he wore a loose fitting pair of dark jeans, he looked mouthwatering. She remembered the way his firm buttocks felt in her hands. The way his iron-clad thighs pressed against her body and his thick, long fingers pulled orgasm after orgasm from her needy body. *Oh my.*

The stern expression, along with the two gold hoops and superior demeanor, gave her the chills. Add in the fact that Luther now caressed her hair and being surrounded by three sexually charismatic wolves aroused every erogenous zone of her body. Did nearly losing one of her mates to black magic cause her hormones to run amuck?

All she kept envisioning was their touch, their embrace, and what it would be like to be made love to by them.

Dante locked gazes with Maximus, and Luther stepped in to assist before a real argument took place.

“I think we’re all still on edge after everything that happened last night. You and Dante rest, and I’ll go see if we can get some food up here for you.” Luther crouched down beside the bed and placed a kiss on Charity’s forehead.

“I’m not hungry,” Charity stated with an annoyed expression directed toward Maximus.

“You will eat!” Maximus commanded, and before Charity could respond, he was walking away from them.

“I’ll go see about supper.” Maximus stated firmly.

With that, Maximus left the room.

Charity was hurt by his treatment and annoyed at his commanding tone. Alphas were such dominating creatures.

Dante pulled Charity gently into his arms and laid her head against his chest.

Rubbing her hair, he whispered to her.

“He thought he had lost you or that you would have suffered scars from saving me,” Dante whispered.

“He doesn’t need to be so bossy,” she stated then exhaled.

“Getting upset with his reaction is not going to help you heal faster. Rest, darling.”

Charity was suddenly so tense and on edge. The pain of her injuries was coated with annoyance toward Maximus.

“She’s all tense, Luther. Maximus has got to control that temper of his.”

Luther sat down on the edge of the bed, his hip warm against Charity’s thigh even though the blanket covered her.

He cupped her cheek and caressed her lower lip with his thumb.

“I was so scared that I lost you. We were scared the other day when you and Alexis had nearly been assaulted and abducted. But this, this was horrible. Maximus and I could have lost our brother and our mate.”

She felt bad for getting angry at Maximus now. Luther was right. More than likely, Maximus was just having a hard time admitting that he was scared. He was an Alpha. He couldn’t show his emotions or any sign of fear. For some reason, his stubbornness and attitude really got to her.

A warm, tingling sensation awakened in her body. In the back of her mind, the thoughts resurfaced. These three triplets were her mates. How in the world was she supposed to handle three strong, dominating Alpha males? Especially Maximus. He was so...

Luther began to rub her thigh as Dante scattered small kisses against her neck and shoulder. The throbbing pain she felt only moments ago now felt more like a tingling. Could their kisses, their closeness actually make her heal faster?

Slowly she began to relax and absorbed the musk of their scent as they seduced her into relaxation. By their touch and attentiveness alone, that deep hunger built up and up until she felt tight and fully aroused. She clenched the sheets. Afraid that if she gave into her body’s desires, she would combust.

* * * *

Dante locked gazes with his brother before scooting toward the middle of the bed and gently taking Charity along with him. His eyes roamed over the cleavage of her chest, taking in the sight of full round breasts nuzzled beneath the white lacy camisole she wore.

She didn't seem to be in terrible pain as she moaned, eyes closed and obviously scenting the mating musk Dante and Luther omitted. It was all part of the mating process, and its effects should lessen any deeper aches she might have.

Her scent was so intoxicating that they had to control their wolves. All their mate had to do was smile or respond to their touch and their wolves would want her. Despite his own injuries and near death experience, his cock throbbed beneath the light pants he wore. It felt so fucking hard that the combination of his mate's scent and the gentle brush of the material rubbing against his erection could make him explode.

The air around them felt almost magical, and in a sense, Dante believed that there was something magical taking place. He was honored to be picked by the gods to be mate to a princess. But right now, she was his woman, his love, his wolf's life mate, and caring for her, loving her, and holding her were his top priorities.

* * * *

Luther took off his shoes and scooted under the sheets and blankets to get closer to Charity. She snuggled into his embrace and Dante felt Luther's exhale of relief. Despite Luther's cool, calm demeanor, he had truly been terrified that Charity wouldn't make it or would have been scarred. The depth of Luther's fear as well as need for Charity caused a lump in Dante's throat.

Both brothers lay on their sides holding her.

The sound of their heartbeats, their combined breathing became their focus. Their insides warmed from being so close to their mate. Luther and Dante shared the moment together, united as brothers and privileged enough to possess such a deep and powerful bond. Feelings, emotions, and need they never knew circulated through their veins, in their blood, and to the souls of their wolves. Simultaneously they began to seduce their mate and love every inch of her together. Luther was taken aback by the depth and their combined arousals and love for their mate. The only thing missing was Maximus. Luther felt his brother's anger and concern over Charity. He just didn't know how to express his concern in passion and in gentle possession. Luther could hear his brother's thoughts and knew that Maximus was on his way upstairs. Perhaps if Luther and Dante rearranged the atmosphere of the bedroom making it more calm and relaxed, then Maximus would gain some control of his emotions.

Luther reached down below the sheets and softly caressed her thigh. Dante placed his hand on Charity's cheek and gently turned her toward his face. He kissed her lips, wanting to taste her.

"Our mate is lovely, isn't she, brother?" Luther professed, gliding his hand between Charity's thighs, teasing her mound by just barely brushing against her folds.

Charity stirred, releasing Dante's lips and moving her hand to cover Luther's hand that was touching her pussy. He held her gaze, enjoyed hearing her quick intake of breath. The coloring in her cheeks made him chuckle. She was little compared to them. Luther knew he and his brothers appeared as giants to most, and with other women, they took what they wanted. It was understandable for Charity to be scared. But this was so different. Charity was different. Not just because she was a princess, but because she was their mate, their chosen one, their lover.

"We would never hurt you. In fact, we promise to pamper you, love you, and lick and nibble every inch of you."

He offered his reassurance as he glided his hand over her precious mound, applying just the slightest bit of pressure.

“Starting now,” he whispered as he felt the dampness on her panties, and even though she was unsure, her body knew this was right. The fact that her small, delicate hand stayed on top of his own actually turned him on. It was such a controlling action. Most women just lay back and receive whatever the Alpha gave. Not their mate. At times he was certain their roles would reverse and she would be the one leading in the bedroom. That didn’t bother him one bit. Charity held on to his hand as if she guided him or could define his moves.

He chuckled then made his way past the material to her wet folds.

He methodically pulled and massaged the area as Charity tightened her hold.

As Dante massaged her breast through the cotton T-shirt, Luther parted her folds then gently pressed his thumb between them. Her body responded, wetting his fingertips.

Charity tilted her head back and moaned ever so lightly. Her breasts pushed forward, and her hips arched. The sight of her exposed throat and the scent of her cream as Dante licked and sucked her breasts connected the three of them. As they simultaneously aroused their woman, their own bond as brothers felt stronger. The possibility that Charity strengthened the bond touched his soul. Luther never allowed himself to believe that one day he and his brothers would share one woman and mate her for life. It just didn’t seem possible until Charity. He kissed her exposed belly, causing another low gasp and for her to tighten her hold on his wrist.

“Release my wrist, Charity. Lay back and let us love you,” he told her then licked her skin by her belly, making his way down her body. As he nibbled along her hip bone then took a path with his tongue over her groin while he maneuvered his fingers in and out of her pussy, she released his wrist and gradually laid her hand over her belly.

Luther licked her skin again then drove two fingers between her folds, catching her off guard. She grabbed his hand and tilted her head up to Luther. Her sweet, angelic face stole their hearts away. In an instant, Luther was bound to her, and he hadn't even made love to her yet. It was as if someone hit a switch and said, "Here she is, your mate." He swallowed the lump of emotion and held her gaze as she held his wrist. His fingers pushed in and out slowly until she could adjust to the rhythm. She stared at him, her expression filled with uncertainty and desire.

"Trust us. Let us comfort you and take away the pain. Lay back. Do not try to stop me with your hand."

His order was firm, and Charity looked a bit piqued at first until Dante lifted her shirt, removing it from her body for better access to her breasts. But once he began to suck and pull at the abundant mound, it seemed Charity was falling under their control.

Luther continued the in and out motion with his fingers, starting slow then progressing harder and faster as Dante feasted on the full, large breasts of their goddess.

"Oh, Princess, you are perfect," Dante whispered.

"And so responsive," Luther growled, scooting lower while he kept rhythm with his fingers. With each stroke, she spread her legs, opening for him.

With his other hand, he ripped the barely functional panties from her body. She stirred, but then he pressed his fingers deeper.

* * * *

Charity couldn't help the sensations she felt at the brothers' actions and words. What was Luther doing to her down there? She had the urge to tilt her hips and demand he press harder and faster into her. She had never experienced anything like this, yet her mind and body were hungry for more. Once again she felt that tight feeling deep within her core. The hunger she had experienced for her mates

seemed to be strengthening. Something was growing and building up inside of her. She felt about ready to combust but was hesitant to give into the unknowing. She never focused on herself, her body, or her needs. Now she was faced with a decision to trust these men, these wolves, and allow them this ultimate intimacy or run out of fear.

As she inhaled their scent, it destroyed the pain her body was in and replaced it with something wonderful.

She had heard of the mating musk with werewolves but never believed that anything could be so intoxicating, never mind work on her. As she ran her fingers through Luther's hair and absorbed the feel of his muscles and scent, she felt the urge to relinquish all control to him.

Luther and Dante felt so good next to her, touching her, whispering words of desire to her. She had often wondered when, if ever, the spirits would grant her a lover or a mate.

Her body responded in ways she was partly embarrassed over. The triplets had much more experience which both scared her and turned her on.

Luther pressed further, increasing the motion with his fingers as he added a third. As he pushed in and out of her slick folds, he hit some kind of special spot inside of her. She arched into his thrusts and lifted her hips. She moaned without a care of being embarrassed. Whatever he was doing, she didn't want him to stop. She was so close to something. She wasn't sure what but she needed.

Charity arched back and clenched the sheets with her fists as the most amazing sensation combusted inside her then released. The wetness between her thighs was more like a flood than the leak she started with at Luther's touch.

What is happening to me?

"She's so responsive, Dante, my wolf is in dire need," Luther stated, out of breath.

Dante continued to suck one breast while massaging the other as Luther spoke to him. The sensation of cool air against her breast caused her nipples to harden.

“Oh yeah, brother, she is quite responsive.” He sniffed the air, his eyes turning a golden yellow color.

“I need to taste her.”

“Me first,” Luther interjected, and with that, he disappeared under the sheets, neither wolf bothering to ask what she wanted.

She was about to state her uncertainty and request a pause to catch her breath when suddenly she felt Luther’s tongue lapping up the wetness around, over, and in between her feminine folds. Her pussy throbbed and ached right before another orgasm hit her.

Charity gasped at the sensation, widened her thighs, and thrust gently against Luther’s mouth. The warmth of his tongue and breath colliding with her pussy caused tiny aftershocks to rock her core.

Dante chuckled.

He locked gazes with her. “I’m next.” He kissed her chest as he plucked and pulled the nipple on her left breast harder.

“Enjoy the sensations, Charity. You are ours for eternity.”

Charity could feel Dante’s erection against her outer thigh. Luther sucked and slurped as she came and came over and over again.

The more he sucked and slurped while Dante whispered the brothers’ intentions the more her body relaxed and gave in to the desire.

“Does that feel good?” he whispered next to her ear.

“Yes.” Charity exhaled.

“Do you want something more in there?”

“Mmmm...” Charity could hardly understand Dante’s words while Luther was doing amazing things with his tongue.

Suddenly the creaking sound of the door opening caught Charity’s attention. She froze and tensed, but Luther kept working on her body, and Dante half glanced in the direction of the doorway. Neither of

them seemed to care if their actions were going to be viewed by others.

Charity grabbed Luther's head, angry that there wasn't enough hair to pull on.

* * * *

When she saw the scowl on Maximus's face, she cringed.

As he carried a tray of food, he sniffed the air.

And growled, causing her to shake in response. The cream leaked from her pussy as Luther continued to lick her in response.

"You're scaring her, Maximus," Dante stated nonchalantly then returned to kissing her neck.

"Good!" he replied angrily.

Luther took the moment to suck harder then added two fingers to his ministrations, nearly making Charity jump back and hit the headboard.

Maximus walked the tray to the table, placing it down then standing away, arms crossed and looking annoyed.

Charity closed her eyes as Luther and Dante brought on another wave of explosions in her body. She hated to admit it, but she enjoyed the sight of Maximus standing there so authoritative, staring at his brothers, tasting her. She was angry with him still, and if he had stayed, he would be enjoying this as well.

The thoughts shocked her. She felt so comfortable with the brothers. It was as if she had known them forever.

Dante pulled the sheets away from Charity's body. Luther kissed her inner thighs and continued to finger-fuck her and devour her cream as Maximus watched. Dante sucked and nipped at her breast as Luther gave Maximus a view of Charity.

"Isn't she lovely brother? She is all ours to do as we want with her," he whispered, and Charity raised her hips in response to his words and actions.

Maximus moved closer to the bed, and in a flash he was between her legs, caressing her thighs.

Luther moved out of the way and now began to suck on her other breast. Charity panted and felt the coolness between her legs and the disappointment of the lack of attention there.

She felt annoyed that Maximus interrupted Luther's actions. She wanted more. Her body craved more of these three men.

But once she locked gazes with Maximus, her body felt as if it went up in flames. It had something to do with being connected to the three of them at once.

The yellow glow to his eyes, the firm and part man, part beast expression on his face stirred her womanhood to the next level. His goatee, the two gold hoops, and his extra-large build turned her on beyond recognition, and possessiveness overtook her thoughts. *Mine*.

He chose that moment to lick across her skin from under her knee to her calf. When he gave her a little bite, she extended her leg and tried to pull away. His large thighs had her legs spread even wider.

"Hey. What's with biting me all the time?" she asked, half feeling annoyed and half turned on by the fact that the three men bit her so often.

Luther nipped at her breast, and Dante simultaneously nipped at her neck.

"We are wolves, Princess. We bite whether we are angry or aroused," Luther offered as an explanation, and then both he and Dante nipped at her nipples on her breasts. She squealed just as Maximus chuckled and his warm breath collided with her wet folds.

"Oh," Charity moaned as Maximus licked her from back to front.

* * * *

Maximus massaged her inner thighs with his thumbs, moving closer to her pussy lips, teasing her, and wanting to hear her beg for

him to touch her. Her skin was soft and silky. It was like nothing he ever felt before.

His wolf was surfacing, and he was only massaging her thighs. He was shocked as he fought to restrain his wolf. The smell of her arousal struck him hard upon entering the bedroom, and her moans of pleasure were appealing. It was more than just the mating musk. Her response and eagerness despite her lack of experience was fate.

The creaminess of her skin made his wolf want to nibble along every inch and taste its mate. When he did so, she squealed at the effect it had on her. Her abundant breasts, firm stomach, tattoo, and piercing drove both the man and the wolf into a near frenzy. He had to remain in control because staring so intently at his mate would surely make him lose it. She was their mate, their woman. The fact that she was petite in size and a princess to boot had him hesitating. He'd never had to hesitate with a woman before. It brought on feelings of concern and a hint of foreboding. Change was inevitable. As his hands covered her flesh giving him the freedom to touch her and possess her just like in his dreams, his cock throbbed beneath his pants. His wolf wanted him to fuck and claim his mate. His belly muscles tightened, and his cock felt excruciatingly hard.

He refocused on the feel of her skin beneath his palms. He was so close already. He felt on the edge of partially shifting. This couldn't be good. The woman beneath his hold was feminine and dainty looking. He didn't want to hurt her as thoughts of shoving his cock to her womb filled his wolf.

Charity watched him and nibbled on her bottom lip and glared at him. She looked adorable. If this kept up, their little princess would be getting more than her injured body was ready for.

He held her gaze as his thumbs caressed her outer lips and felt her thighs shaking. The way she held his gaze as his thumbs pressed and gently played with the swollen flesh was intimate and unnerving. His nostrils flared, inhaling her aroma. He felt his own thighs tighten along with his throbbing cock. He wanted to learn every inch of her

body and especially right there. He pressed his thumb against the small opening, and his Charity stirred beneath his ministrations. He felt the glistening cream lubricate his thumb.

She was angry with him. He could see it in her eyes, and he could sense it. They had yet to mark her as their mate, yet he and his brothers knew when she was angry and turned on. So he thought he would ease her mind and defuse the problem between them.

He scooted closer, causing her thighs to rise over his thighs and push her pussy lips higher for his play.

"I thought I told you to rest," he stated with his fingers pausing in place.

"I wasn't tired," she panted defiantly, and he raised his eyebrows at her challenging reply.

He caressed her more, deeply inhaling the scent of her arousal.

"Defying me, Princess, results in punishment."

He watched as Charity flinched at his words before recovering.

"Punishment?" He heard the quivering in her voice. Good. Charity being a princess or not, he was not one to bow down and take orders from anyone. The Princess would learn to oblige his demands.

"It is our fault she is not resting, Maximus. Perhaps we could let this one slide for now," Luther suggested with a smirk, and Charity looked concerned.

Maximus leaned forward between Charity's legs and closer to her face.

"I think that the faster our princess learns the rules the better a mate she will be for us."

* * * *

Charity was about to protest when Maximus gently submerged two fingers into her, rotating and caressing as he simultaneously licked the seam of her lips then kissed her fully. One arm was braced over her left shoulder while his massive chest pressed against her

needy breasts. His kiss was rough and demanding. Unlike Dante's or Luther's, this Alpha was all full throttle. His thick, hard fingers pressed in and out of her channel. It felt so good that she began to thrust her hips against his fingers and knuckles. It was erotic, and the energy in the room increased. His large heavy body pressed against her, and she felt in tune to his desires to claim her. His cock pulsed against her skin despite its confinement beneath the clothing he wore. It felt long and thick, and despite her reservations, she wanted his cock to replace his fingers.

She had no time to recover from the assault on her body as Luther pulled one thigh back, and Dante pulled the other, and Maximus released her lips and settled back to kneeling in front of her. She was completely open to their viewing, and the move brought on another wave of amazing sensations. She moaned and pulled Maximus down on her, not caring about his weight, just the need to feel more. He kissed her again as she ran her fingernails over his shoulders and to his chest.

Maximus released her lips and used his arm to lift his body a little bit off hers.

"I'll crush you, Princess," he whispered to her. She shook her head side to side.

"I want..."

"Yes, Princess?" the three brothers asked at once.

"More!" She raised her voice as Maximus continued the in-and-out motion, drawing everything he could from her. Her essence filled the room, and the brothers growled.

Maximus pulled back, and Charity grabbed at him, trying to remain touching him as his fingers continued to stroke.

Again Luther and Dante caressed her thighs, pulling them wider for their view. They leaned down and stroked her folds, colliding with Maximus's fingers.

“Ohh,” she panted, tilting her head back and thrusting her hips against their fingers. It felt so incredible to be touched by the three of them at once.

Their hands caressed her belly then her breasts.

“Look at us,” Luther demanded, and she immediately opened her eyes and locked gazes with him. The feel of their gaze and touch on her body, as well as Maximus’s continued ministrations, made her moan a release again.

“You look sexy when you orgasm, Charity. So exotic and feminine. Make her come some more for us,” Dante whispered. His voice was deep and almost sounded like a growl.

She watched as Luther leaned down, holding her gaze as he licked her nipple then gave it a tender nip.

She panted for air, and Dante cupped her breast and held it to his mouth, all while the three of them touched her folds.

“Look at her beautiful breasts, so plump and more than a handful. It will take me hours to explore them.” He licked her skin then pulled as much breast into his mouth as he could then sucked and nibbled relentlessly.

She squirmed under their play.

Maximus took that moment to press his fingers into her folds and find a spot that sent her shattering into ecstasy. She nearly screamed from the sensation.

“Look at how her body knows its mates. She smells delectable, and her taste...oh, her cream is addicting,” Maximus whispered with a dark, aroused gleam in his eyes.

Charity inhaled, smelling her own scent. She watched as Maximus slowly removed his fingers from her and brought them to his lips. He held her gaze as he licked her cream from the long, thick digits.

Her belly quivered with need, and her insides tightened again.

“Please,” she found herself begging for more.

“It’s too intoxicating to resist,” he growled then scooted back down between her legs. He licked her folds then gently parted them.

“Delicious,” he stated between licks then pressed inside her with his tongue. He repeated his ministrations, being sure to taste and lick every inch of her. All she could do was lie there and feel the sensations. Luther and Dante raised her arms above her head then licked her skin from her ribs to her fingertips. She felt weak and paralyzed by their control of her body. She lifted her hips then tried to grab for Maximus as his teeth latched on gently to her labia. She tossed her head to the side and tried to maintain control, but Maximus, Luther, and Dante were all growling and nipping at her skin.

She felt Maximus place her thighs over his shoulders then plunge his tongue inside her folds. He used his fingers to spread her folds and massage her delicate flesh as his tongue elongated as if he partially shifted from man to wolf. His ability to do that aroused every nerve ending in her body.

She moaned and attempted to grab at him and hold him where he was because it felt so fantastic. But Dante and Luther had their own roles in seduction as they continued to hold her arms above her head.

“Your body calls to our wolves, Princess. We are going to make love to you,” Dante whispered as he held her arm, caressed it from wrist to breast while licking and nibbling a sensitive spot on her skin.

“We are going to mark her as our mate for all to know. No man, no beast, no other will ever possess this body,” Luther added while cupping her breast before taking a nipple between his teeth and pulling.

Charity moaned another release, feeling at her wit’s end, in sexual overload.

When Maximus released his mouth from her, swiping his tongue one more time before getting up, Charity opened her eyes, filled with disappointment that he left her. Then she heard the zipper of his jeans, and the bed dipped and swayed.

Dante and Luther went to work on her breasts, her neck, everywhere their mouths and tongues could devour.

She stared at Maximus, and then her eyes absorbed the sight of his naked body, his tattoos, the scars along his chest and shoulder, and more so, the size of his erection. The thought of it fitting into her scared her.

Her emotions and desire were tangled up between being capable of handling these three men sexually and the animalistic desire within her to claim her mates. It was a roller coaster of emotions.

“I...” Charity hesitated unable to speak from the sight of Maximus naked in front of her.

His eyes changed before her. Deep specks of orange swirled with yellow. His breathing grew rapid as if he were about to lose control.

She felt Dante and Luther growling next to her.

“Princess?” She heard the word, but the sound was not human. Her body made the decision for her as the three men inhaled and Maximus knelt onto the bed between her thighs, prepared to slide inside her. She absorbed the sight of the mushroom top glistening with pre-cum. The size of his large, thick fingers wrapped around his shaft did not indicate a contrast. Everything about Maximus was extra large. He pressed between her swollen pussy lips, parting then as he slowly penetrated.

Charity gasped, at first feeling fullness and slight pain as the large vein rubbed along her vaginal walls. Maximus paused, and her body made room for the large invasion. She tightened in response then released tiny spasms of desire.

“She’s so tight,” he stated through clenched teeth, sounding breathless.

Charity looked down, realizing that Maximus was not nearly halfway inside her.

Dante sucked on her neck and whispered in her ear.

“Relax and let us make love to you. We will not hurt you.” He kissed and flicked his tongue against the sensitive vein along her neck and shoulder as Luther attempted to swallow more of her breast.

Maximus pushed on further until Charity heard him growl and felt his claws against her hips. He pulled her deeper, and she screamed low and deep against Dante's mouth.

"I...can't...hold..."

Maximus withdrew partially out before pressing back into Charity. She moaned with pleasure, not pain, then grabbed onto whatever part of him she could reach and hugged him against her.

"I...I don't want to hurt you," he spoke, his voice sounding half distorted. His wolf was surfacing as he fought the need inside of him and focused on his woman.

"I need more. Harder!" she demanded, scratching his shoulders.

As if waiting for those words he spread her thighs and thrust into her.

At first Charity was scared. Then she caught her breath, and with each intake of air, she absorbed the musk of her men. It was intense, and the feel of his thick thighs pressed against her open thighs heightened her arousal. Her flesh was lost within his larger frame. Even with her arms stretched out to the sides, she could barely reach around his arms and shoulders. It was at this moment, when they were intimately connected, that his bulk stood out. A glance to either side of her and both Luther and Dante appeared just as large.

She wanted more, needed more of them.

Lifting her hips toward Maximus, she tried to reciprocate his rhythm, but he was so much stronger.

She panted with him, feeling the tightening deep within her core and the multitude of orgasms.

It was minutes later when she felt Maximus increase his speed while thrusting in and out deep, fast, and hard until they simultaneously screamed their release.

Like a hot, tingling jet stream, she felt his seed as it burned through her insides, causing a tingling sensation deep within her body. Her heart tattoo felt as if it drummed against her chest.

Charity closed her eyes, her body shook with the aftershocks, and Maximus leaned forward to kiss her.

He sucked in her tongue and twirled it around with his own until they released in order to breathe. He kissed her neck, her chest as Charity lay still and spent.

The palms of his large hands rubbed over her backside and ass cheek, giving it a squeeze.

It wasn't until she felt the bed dip and bend that she sensed Luther moving.

Dante did the same.

Maximus growled sounding annoyed to Charity as he slowly pulled from her body and moved away from her.

She was momentarily saddened by the loss until Luther took his place between her thighs.

The feel of Luther's hands against her thighs told her his intentions.

Before she could respond, he was leaning down taking a taste of her for himself. He lapped at her cream and played with her wet folds, causing her body to stir alive again with more desire for her mates. In and out, he pressed a digit and alternated tongue for finger. He licked her cream and moaned as if he engaged in the most satisfying meal he had ever had.

"I can't hold back. I need to be inside you," he professed abruptly. Then he repositioned himself immediately pressing his engorged cock deep inside her.

"Oh, damn, she's so tight!" Luther clenched his teeth, pushing deeper until he was completely submerged in her inner warmth.

Charity moaned "I can't...I..."

"Yeah, you can. Just let yourself feel," he cheered her on, rubbing his hands over her hip bones and waist, making her hips collide against his thrusts.

Maximus whispered next to her ear.

“You’re ours for the taking, Princess. Feel how good it is to be with all of us.”

Charity opened her eyes to lock gazes with Maximus. He kissed her lips then her shoulder before getting up from the bed.

The bed moaned and groaned from Luther’s deep thrusts into her. She felt Dante next to her. He leaned down and kissed her mouth, capturing another gasp caused by Luther.

Dante had undressed and slowly crawled next to her on the bed. He held his erection in his hand, and his facial expression was filled with torment.

Charity reached out to him, drawing him closer.

Dante moved closer while Luther pressed repeatedly into Charity in slow, deep thrusts. With one hand she held on to Luther’s shoulder for support, whipping her head side to side in ecstasy. Feeling Dante gently caress her cheek before tilting it toward him, she knew what he wanted. Swallowing hard then licking her lips, she allowed him to move his erection to her lips.

“I can’t wait, Princess. I need to feel your mouth on me.”

Charity slowly licked the pre-cum then along the base of his penis to the sac below. He moaned his appreciation then growled while she pulled more of him deeper into her mouth. She had never done anything so intimate before, but her body, her mouth, and tongue seemed to have a skill of their own she was not knowledgeable of. Dante growled and moaned as Luther plunged in and out of her body in a faster, matching rhythm. She wasn’t sure how much more of this she would be able to take, when suddenly Maximus latched on to her breast and suckled roughly.

She moaned and withered from the triple onslaught of sensations as she and Luther simultaneously came together.

Luther rubbed and caressed her thighs. Maximus was relentless while he nibbled her breasts then her neck.

“Please, Maximus. It feels so good.”

She felt Luther pull from her body, and Dante took his place.

She didn't know if she could take much more of this. Her body felt weak, and exhaustion was slowly taking over.

"I need to be inside you. We must claim you together," Dante exclaimed then pressed his cock in between her folds. Amazingly, she took him in. Dante's penis was just as thick and hard as his brothers. She felt the ache as her vaginal walls clung to his thickness. As it rubbed along her channel, she felt every inch of him.

Maximus and Luther held her arms above her head while they tortured her upper body. Their efforts rewarded her with another amazing orgasm.

As Dante shoved forward and began to press in and out of her channel, she felt another wave of energy and desire.

"Yes," she panted then thrust her hips against Dante. The move made him lose his focus. His eyes glowed as they held her gaze. He looked possessed and needy.

He thrust hard then pulled out slowly. Then he thrust again hard and pulled out slowly again. He was a dominant man and wolf.

"You're so tight and feel so damn good. I could stay inside you forever," he growled then thrust up into her again.

The way he stared at her breasts and seemed to lock into watching his brothers lick and suck her flesh must have caused him to lose his control.

The next thing she felt was Dante reaching under her rear, grabbing her cheeks and lifting her higher. Only her upper back remained on the bed as he thrust in and out of her body with fast, penetrating strokes.

She nearly lost her breath as she screamed her release. She locked gazes with Dante as he bared his teeth, showing off a distorted expression as he roared then exploded inside of her. That same burning and tingling sensation filled her body, and her tattoo pounded against her chest. The four of them were one. She knew it with her heart and her soul.

Dante pulled from her slowly and panted as if the motions caused him to lose his breath.

“Look at me.” The growled command had Charity opening her eyes to respond.

Her gaze collided with a sea of emerald green eyes. Flecks of gold and black penetrated to her soul. They were mesmerizing and belonged to Maximus.

She inhaled sharply.

“Mine,” she heard in unison as all three of her wolves touched her, caressed her, and took positions around her on the bed.

Chapter 10

Davis the Wizard attended to Conrad's wounds as the master had commanded. Conrad moaned in agony.

"Why is he suffering so much? Any of the wounds on his body should have healed by now," Dexter stated.

Davis stared at the foolish lion. He hadn't a clue as to what had taken place at the Venificus mansion. He was still focused on destroying Venificus alone when something greater happened.

"He has been touched by the purest of magic."

Davis ran his hands above Conrad's skin, being sure not to touch it, as a soft glow of goodness was attempting to destroy the evil within Conrad Symporian.

The lion was in such excruciating pain as he battled over the decision of turning good or remaining bad. His final choice would either free him or kill him. The fact that the good power was even offering a second chance was odd to Davis. If someone crossed a wizard ever, they would die a horrible death.

Davis didn't recognize this goodness at all. It was a combination of every magical and human power that ever existed. He sensed fey, wolf, night, vamp, mother earth. It was like everything all combined into one. As an evil wizard, this both annoyed him and thrilled him to actually witness such power.

"How can you just sit there and do nothing?" Dexter asked as he watched his cousin suffer.

"Foolish lion, I am not powerful enough to destroy this type of magic power. It is like nothing I have ever experienced or even heard of before."

“How can that be? You are a great wizard. That is why the master chose you and why Conrad trusted you in this mission.”

“It is not his fault.”

Both Davis and Dexter jumped at the sound of the deep voice. They turned around in circles, wondering where it was. They didn’t see anything to indicate where the voice came from. It was Davis who bowed his head and got down on one knee.

“Master, you honor us with your presence.”

“Davis, I see you have done your best to help our lion friend.”

Davis nodded his head then rose from the floor and went back to caring for Conrad.

“Master, I cannot see you but can feel you all around me. I am sorry we failed you. We will try again as soon as you command. I must ask master. What is this magic that Davis is talking about? Will my cousin live?” Dexter asked as he, too, knelt on the floor, staring into nothing, for the master had yet to reveal himself in solid form.

* * * *

“You did not fail Dexter. On the contrary, you all have succeeded.”

In an instant, out of nowhere, the master appeared by the bed alongside Conrad. He was very tall and a perfect specimen of wolf. He had the ability to take any form and was a superb warrior. Dexter shuddered in fear at the power and evil that emitted from his body.

Dexter watched as the master closed his eyes and ran the palm of his hand above the sheets that covered Conrad. His fingers shook, his face tightened, and a sheet of black smoke encompassed Conrad. Davis quickly covered his hand over Conrad’s then grabbed onto the master. The vision overtook them as Devlon saw his princess.

* * * *

“Devlon!” Charity whispered as she jolted upright in the bed. Her breathing was rapid. Her eyes tried to focus as a soft glow from the sunrise pressed through tiny cracks in the shades.

Luther and Dante lay on either side of her, and her heart began to settle down. Quickly she looked around the room for Maximus as fear grasped a hold of her heart.

“I am here,” he whispered from across the room.

Charity calmed her breathing, knowing that her mates were safe.

She uncovered her body, crawled from the bed, and went to Maximus.

His nostrils flared, and she watched his eyes lock onto her naked flesh. Her pussy clenched then wept at his stare. She climbed atop his lap, needing him to hold her so she could clear her mind of the evil that had penetrated her thoughts only moments ago.

The feel of his strong arms embracing her while his large hands caressed her back then moved lower over her ass cheeks made her warm up with desire.

It was an amazing feeling she had inside of her. She pressed her breasts against his pectoral muscles, and her body hummed. When Maximus rubbed his hand up her back over her shoulder then cupped her head, she was turned on by his need to dominate. She understood his thoughts, his need for control as the Royal Alpha. She would never take that power of control away from him or his brothers.

She moaned, tilting her head back to feel his grip tighten. Then with his free hand, he pulled her hips closer to his torso so all she had to do was lift to ride him. But when he cupped her breast and pinched her nipple, she froze where she was, needing and wanting to absorb each and every touch.

“Maximus,” she whispered.

He pulled her to him to kiss her mouth and ravish every inch of it. She craved the feel of his cock rubbing along her vaginal walls. She lifted her hips, pressed down over his thick erection, and took him inside of her.

* * * *

Maximus had never felt so out of control. When Charity walked across the room to him, naked and voluptuous, his heart hammered in his chest, and his beast roared with pride that she was his mate. It had taken the inner strength of man and beast to not attack her before she reached him. He was now glad that he didn't, for the feel of her atop him right now was pure pleasure.

Her soft, toned skin, the firmness of her ass as she lifted up and down along his shaft in a slow tempo was ecstasy. Her vaginal muscles clung to his girth, nearly stealing his breath away.

"Look at me," he growled when he released her lips. Her feminine fingers held his shoulders as her breasts lifted up and down with each thrust and only inches from his mouth.

He reached out with his wolven tongue to catch a nipple and caused a shriek of pleasure to emerge between his mate's parted lips.

"You are a naughty wolf," she teased him then increased her speed atop his lap.

He held her gaze, felt his eyes change over, and so did hers. They were a vibrant combination of green and silver. They shimmered and shined like no other he had ever seen.

"Your eyes are gorgeous," he whispered, and she kissed him quickly, released his lips then rubbed her breasts against his face.

He growled at her, feeling his claws protrude from where his human fingers once were. He gently scraped along each mound, causing Charity to moan her release, but she kept on thrusting up and down.

Her tempo increased. He locked gazes with her as a feral and dark look encompassed her eyes.

"Mine," she whispered.

"Mine," he countered then thrust up, meeting her own thrusts one for one.

It was an intense moment as they moved together, fulfilling the need that was growing stronger and stronger inside of them.

She leaned forward and nipped his neck as he lifted her from the seat, reached the bed in record time, and plunged into her depths. They moaned simultaneously as she grabbed on to him, scratching and pulling him to her. It seemed like Charity couldn't get close enough to him, and he was feeling the same way. He licked along her breast as he stroked relentlessly along the warm, tight, wetness of her vaginal muscles. She gripped his cock, and he began to teeter between man and wolf.

He growled and knew he was shifting, but he could not stop the change. The intensity of their bonding and the sensations erupting through him as his cock fucked her pussy was too much to control.

His cock throbbed and elongated, too, causing Charity to lose her breath, but she kept at him, wanting and needing more. He felt her legs press harder against his ribs as he tilted her ass up a little to gain better penetration. He rocked his hips hard and fast trying desperately to ease the hunger inside of him. He just couldn't seem to get enough of her.

Maximus heard his brothers awaken, but he was lost in a rhythm, in the moment with his princess as they connected beyond anything he had ever felt.

Her vaginal muscles clung to his cock, milking him for everything he had. His teeth clenched together, now that of a wolf as he felt himself about to explode.

That's when he saw the vision.

Charity accepting him for what and who he was and accepting his control and power and vowing to not interfere in his reign. He would remain in control and master of his kingdom. She would stand beside him and his brothers to protect the packs and all that was good. Her life was in danger, as well as their future. This bond between the four of them was fate in its purest form.

She looked at him. “Bite me, and claim me as your mate for all eternity.”

He felt her orgasm just as he exploded and simultaneously bit into her shoulder, absorbing all she had to give as he gave every part of himself in return.

Chapter 11

Lexi stood in the bedroom watching over her three sleeping sons. The vision had awoken her from a sound sleep. Quietly, as not to wake her mates, she tiptoed to their bedroom to ensure that they were indeed safe. The sound of their even breathing and the look of their angelic faces calmed her concern. They were such a handful. They were getting more and more rambunctious each day. Now with Sierra and Valco expecting their first litter, the cousins were impatient.

Lexi couldn't ignore the nagging sensation as she contacted Feldman and Antoinette.

"What the spirits have revealed to you both is true. The Chosen One has revealed herself. She is in this realm," Feldman stated through their mind link.

"This is amazing and quite the momentous occasion, is it not, Feldman?" Antoinette asked.

"It is, but I am afraid that since she has revealed herself, many dangers lay ahead for your mates and their packs. She had risked danger in order to protect one of her mates from death."

"Her mates? What kind of danger?" Antoinette asked.

"Slowly, over the last century or so, a group of rogues have been taking over various areas of the world. Not just here in the US, but also in Europe, Asia and the Middle East. Pack by pack, sections of whole cities and even certain key areas of the government are being infiltrated."

"How can this be happening, Feldman? Why haven't the Goddesses warned us or called upon us to intervene?" Lexi asked.

"Yes, I am wondering the same thing. I mean, I know I am new to all of this power, and I have yet to learn all my abilities, but I feel as if I've been kept out of the loop," Antoinette stated.

"Rightfully so, Goddesses. You are both being summoned now. It seems that as we speak, an attack has taken place on the royal family," Feldman added.

Both women gasped.

"The Alphas are okay?" Antoinette asked.

"Yes. That is why the Chosen One has revealed herself. It was Charity who saved Dante's life."

"Thank the Goddesses she was there. Hey, why was she there at the mansion? Did she foresee this happening?"

"Who did it? Who tried to kill Dante?"

"All your questions will be answered. I am certain that the Goddess will contact both of you. There is something else you should be aware of. It is a secret right now, but I am certain that won't be the case for long."

"What?" Lexi inquired.

"The Venificus triplets are Charity's chosen mates."

"Oh my," Antoinette stated, sounding shocked. Then she and Lexi talked about the size and demeanor of the men.

"I'm not saying anything against my mates. They are strong and righteous mates, but I do believe that the Venificus brothers would give Saber, Paul, and Andre a run for their money."

"My men as well. Thank the Goddesses we are all on the same side. Wait until Luke, Brad, Jacob, and Troy find out. They'll want to go and see the Venificus," Antoinette added.

"In due time you will be summoned and perhaps more will be revealed to you by the Goddesses."

"What does that mean?" Antoinette asked.

"It means we'll have to wait to find out because Feldman isn't going to share."

“Now, now, Lexi, there’s no need to feel insulted. Fate has a hand in this, and none of us can stand in the way of fate.”

“I have to go. Saber is looking for me.”

“Me too, Feldman.”

* * * *

Feldman stood in silence, no longer having the company of his cousin or Antoinette as he watched the Venificus mansion. He sensed the evil magic and was shocked at the culprit. Could the wizard Davis really have taken up with the likes of Storm and Devlon? If so, the women had a hell of a fight ahead of them.

Feldman heard a sound, but he didn’t bother to turn and see who it was. He knew already. His fey powers made it impossible for anyone to sneak up on him, even a vampire.

“I can’t believe the wolves haven’t attempted to eat you yet,” Feldman stated with a glance over his shoulder.

Dravo laughed. It was a unique, thick, dark laugh that only a vampire could pull off.

“Am I to assume that the situation our princess is in requires a fey knight’s presence?”

“You’re assumption is correct, old friend. It appears that we are all in for quite some trouble.”

“You sensed the black magic, did you not?”

Feldman raised his eyebrows at Dravo, and he chuckled.

“Okay, so what’s the plan?”

Feldman glanced at the estate as well as the numerous wolves who secured the perimeter of the property.

“It’s up to the Princess. All we can do right now is wait for her call.”

“She knows that I am here. I won’t stray far, Dravo. I have a bad feeling about this old friend.”

“As do I, Feldman.”

“How is our princess holding up?” Feldman asked.

“She is trying to get a grasp of the personalities of her mates. She nearly died saving Dante.”

“So I heard. The triplets are a handful. They are strong and noble wolves. She will certainly have her hands full with them. It is quite the honor.”

“They are used to leading and being in control. They will have a lot of adjustments to make. Between their wolf customs in regards to women and their royal standings, it should make for some interesting arguments.” Dravo chuckled.

“I gather some have already taken place?”

“Of course. But the Princess is unique. She has grown up so much. I am honored to have served her and to continue to serve her.”

“May we get through this, old friend, so we can continue the fight against evil.”

Dravo nodded as they looked out over the Venificus land.

* * * *

Antoinette felt the sensations. There was a touch to her shoulder, and her senses filled with the smell of wildflowers. “Princess,” she whispered then touched her belly where the small mound continued to grow. She had been thinking about her babies and worried for their safety after speaking with Lexi and Feldman through their link. The touch of the Goddess Charity eased her mind. She remembered that smell. It was so vivid in her mind from the night her men and their pack were attacked at the airport terminal. Storm and his black magic power had nearly killed her mates. She had raised her hands up, prepared to die to protect them, when an enormously strong force joined her own and knocked Storm down. She saw the angelic face before her nostrils filled with the scent of wildflowers as the darkness overtook her.

She had wondered why Storm had the ability to blind her with his powers while the Chosen One was present. But soon she realized that fate runs the show. She needed to prove to herself, her mates, and their packs that she loved them and was ready to become their Alpha female. She had nearly faltered under Storm's power and control.

The sound of someone approaching caused her to inhale and lose the scent of wildflowers. The Princess was gone.

"Hey, are you feeling all right?" Brad asked as he turned Antoinette toward him and smiled.

"Yes, just having a little mind meeting with Lexi and Feldman."

His eyebrows crinkled with concern.

"I'll explain everything at breakfast."

Brad pulled her to him and kissed her neck, nuzzling against the dip in her shoulder, making her body hum.

"We missed you in bed," he whispered as he knelt down on the floor in front of her while he caressed her breasts through the silk nightgown she wore then lifted the material.

Antoinette closed her eyes and held Brad's shoulders as he kissed each breast and tasted her skin. He placed his hands gently over the small lump of her belly and laid his head against it while he hugged her.

She caressed his hair as he held her close, his lips pressed against her belly skin.

"You smell like wildflowers," he stated, and she smiled, knowing that the Chosen One had indeed been present before. She felt Antoinette's concern for the babies and comforted them.

A peacefulness came over Antoinette as the realization set in. No matter what battle was to come, her babies would be fine, and her mates would continue to rule as Alphas.

A moment later, Brad lifted her into his arms. She held on to his neck and shoulders as he made his way through the hallway.

"Your mates are waiting," he teased with a raise of his eyebrows as he squeezed her backside before kissing her.

* * * *

Dravo gathered some items for the Princess to wear and walked down the hallway. He nodded at a few who were on guard, and they just seemed to size him up. He knew they weren't happy about him being there. Truth be told, he wasn't either. The faster he could get the Princess out of the United States and back to Europe the better. His chalet would be the perfect hideout for her. But that wasn't going to happen. Once her identity was revealed beyond the Venificus family, things would change. Add in the factor that three Venificus brothers were her mates, and there was no way she was leaving this realm.

Releasing a sigh, he approached the door and knocked.

Luther, Dante, and Maximus stood in the center of the room talking as Dravo entered. They eyed him suspiciously, and he could feel their need to protect. Perhaps they would prove to be worthy of their positions as mates to the Princess.

"What can we do for you?" Dante asked. They were looked a hundred times better, thanks to Charity.

He walked past them, not caring that they growled and headed toward the bathroom. He could smell the Princess. It was one of his many talents as a vampire. His other ability to remain in sunlight for longer periods of time came in handy. He wouldn't have to leave Charity alone so soon and in the hands of her mates when daylight fell upon them. But he did need rest, and for now, he had at least a few more hours.

"Where do you think you're going?" Luther asked, practically ripping Dravo's shirt as he stopped him.

Dravo turned and bared his teeth.

Luther growled back and gave Dravo a blasé glance at his impressive incisors.

Charity's voice filtered through their growls.

“It’s okay, Luther. Dravo is bringing me my clothes,” she yelled from the bathroom.

Dravo smirked then winked at Luther before he continued toward the door.

A quick glance over his shoulder and he could tell that they were not pleased. Good. They had better get used to it. He had spent many years by Charity’s side once he located her.

* * * *

“Dravo, stop teasing them. This is not the time or the place.” Charity reprimanded him as she pulled the clothes from his arms and rushed him back out the door.

“But you always let me watch you get dressed,” he said over his shoulder.

Charity caught sight of the triplets, and they looked very upset.

“I’ll be just another minute,” she told them then closed the door.

Charity dressed quickly, but she heard the conversation going on between Maximus, Dante, Luther, and Dravo.

He continued to tease them then explain just how old he was and how much respect he had for Charity. She smiled to herself. Dravo was a bigger part of this current battle than he knew. Many things would be revealed to each of them. Dravo was not secluded from this. The frustrating part was that she had yet to have another vision. There was no forewarning of what would come next. But knowing that Devlon was leading the way made her feel unsafe. She had to protect the Venificus Family.

She exited the room dressed in a green cashmere sweater and black dress slacks. Dravo had been kind enough to bring her dress shoes as well.

The men immediately stopped talking and stared at her. They were a handsome set of men and appeared intimidating yet debonair in their appearance. Each wore dark dress slacks, a black button-down

dress shirt, and a thick black satin sash that held the gold Venificus royal emblem on it.

Dravo bowed before Charity, and although they hesitated, Dante, Luther, and Maximus did the same. She sensed their anxiety. They were the ones used to being treated as royalty, and here they were, bowing down to her.

She approached them, Dante in the middle and Luther to his left with Maximus to his right.

“My handsome mates. You honor me with such respect, and in return, I honor you, for the position you hold and your faith in the powers of the Goddesses.” She locked gazes with them then bowed before them.

It was Dante who pulled her into an embrace and kissed her.

Caught off guard, she laughed as he released her to his brother Luther, who in return thoroughly loved her mouth. Feeling sedated with love, she sought out Maximus, and he firmly took her into his arms and kissed her just as thoroughly as his brothers.

It was Dravo who cleared his throat and put an end to the kissing.

“Well, shall we go stir up some trouble?” Dravo asked, and Maximus gave him a warning expression.

Charity grabbed Dravo’s arm and hugged him to her.

“You will do no such thing. We are guests in the Venificus home and will show complete respect for the royal family. My sources tell me that it is only the immediate Venificus family and Brutus who know who I really am.”

“The mere fact that Dante is alive after being attacked in such a way, never mind with magic, will raise a lot of questions,” Luther added.

“Yes, but I do believe your guests and pack members are most concerned over Dravo being here. Let’s meet with your bodyguards, Brutus, and anyone else you feel can be privy to my true identity. The Wizard Davis was responsible for the magic that nearly killed you,

Dante. Soon enough, the villain behind these attacks will know I am here in this realm. That is when the true trouble will begin.”

She glanced at Dravo, and he touched her hand, offering a consoling action of support.

It didn’t go unnoticed by her mates.

* * * *

Maximus was trying his hardest to keep his cool. This was a lot to absorb, and he didn’t need the added bonus of a blood letter at his mate’s hip.

“Why does he have to stand so close to her?”

“Will you calm down? The Princess bowed to us and thanked us for our show of respect, and you’re worried that she could have feelings for a vampire?” Dante exclaimed, sounding annoyed.

“Fuck yeah! Lots of women are into that sort of thing,” Luther added then smirked as they followed Charity and Dravo out of the room.

“I don’t like it.”

“You sound paranoid for an Alpha,” Dante teased.

“Well, look at her. She’s stunning. She’s got the body, attitude, and sex appeal of a goddess as well.”

“Yes, she sure does, brother,” Luther replied as he eyed Charity from behind.

“Well, just remember this, Maximus. She chose us. We made love to her first, and we are bound to her as she is to us. Dravo is her friend, and we cannot make her ignore that friendship just because our wolves are jealous.”

As they walked down the hallway to the meeting room, multiple guests moved out of the way and stared at Charity. Then they looked at Maximus and his brothers as if wondering why they walked behind the woman and the vampire. It irked him to think that this was a sign of Charity’s superiority and his loss of control.

Charity stopped where she was and waited for Maximus and his brothers to get closer. She took his hand and took her position by his side. She smiled at him then at Dante and Luther.

When Dravo walked behind them all, he couldn't help but wonder if his princess had the ability to read minds as well. He focused on the feel of her small, dainty hand within his larger one. The contact calmed his wolf and that of his brothers. He lowered his head so he could whisper in her ear. The scent of wildflowers filled his senses. Everything about her caused such a deep hunger inside.

"Can you read minds, my princess?" he asked her.

She took a deep breath before answering him. The move caused some feelings of foreboding and insecurity within his wolf and his man. Secrets could destroy any relationship.

"I can see what the Goddesses and fey want me to see."

"You knew that Dante would be attacked."

"Yes, and I prepared for it best I could."

He glanced back toward the vamp who obviously could hear the conversation.

"You didn't know that your vampire friend would crash the party?"

"No, Maximus. I didn't know that he was coming, but I am grateful that he is here. He is a close friend, and I hope you will give him a chance to prove his loyalty."

"I remain wherever my princess resides," Dravo added as he eyed Maximus in challenge.

"We'll see," Maximus countered, and Charity placed her hand over Maximus's arm and sent him calming thoughts.

Her intoxicating scent was causing him to lose focus. He inhaled, and it cost him as his voice deepened and his desire became clear. Luther caressed her hair, and Maximus imagined what he would do to Charity once he got her back to their bedroom.

"Do you know what I am thinking right now?" He nuzzled close to her neck, and she closed her eyes as she stood still.

“I cannot read your mind, but I can tell you what I am thinking right now.”

She pressed her palm against his cheek as Dante placed a hand on her shoulder and Luther clasped her other hand with his own.

They were alone now that Dravo entered the meeting room without them. Maximus was amazed at the feeling of love and compassion that traveled through his body. He saw what she wanted him and his brothers to see.

They were in the bedroom, slowly removing the clothes from their princess’s body. Her eyes were closed, and her arms relaxed by her sides as they absorbed the sight of her. Dante caressed her neck from behind her as he removed her sweater. Luther cupped her breasts before removing her bra and tasting her flesh. She moaned at their touch, and a wave of her desire rushed through the air, taking their breath away.

They felt the need to mate and to claim their mate and satisfy their needs. But the sound of a voice clearing and bringing them back to the present interrupted any ideas of escaping the meeting and making love to their woman.

They opened their eyes and held Charity’s gaze.

“We will make your vision a reality once this meeting is over,” Dante promised as he caressed her hips then kissed her neck. Luther kissed her neck on the other side, and Maximus took her hand to lead the way into the meeting room.

* * * *

They entered the room, and all eyes fell upon Charity. Instantly, she knew the men wondered why she was there. A glance around at all the faces and she saw Brutus, Celeste, Marcus, Spencer, Delta, Ferlow, Val, and five other men she knew, who were the Venificus brothers’ guards. Her men stood beside her as the growls filled the room at Dravo’s presence.

"I think it would be wise for me to introduce myself and my close friend Dravo," Charity stated, and the growls lowered.

"Your Alphas have summoned you to this meeting for a good reason. What we discuss in this room is not to leave this room. It is a matter of safety and security to your Alphas and their continued existence."

That statement seemed to gain everyone's attention.

"My name is Princess Charity Mossano of Milan. I am the Chosen One."

Gasps and excitement went through the room. It was Brutus who stood and bowed first, and then the others joined him. He approached and bowed before her again.

"By the Goddesses, I am in shock, my princess. It was thought that you were dead or an actual myth told throughout the centuries to keep peace and goodness in the realms."

She smiled softly.

"It was you that saved Lord Dante?" Brutus asked.

"Yes. I reveal myself to you now so you all can understand the seriousness of the current threat to this realm."

"Please have a seat, everyone, so we can discuss what we know thus far," Maximus stated, and everyone quickly grabbed seats by the table.

Charity allowed Maximus, Dante, and Luther to take seats at the head of the table. She stood behind them along with Dravo.

It appeared to make the others feel uncomfortable, but Charity was trying to decipher where the negative thoughts were coming from. She waited not-so-patiently as the meeting continued.

* * * *

"As you all know, my brother was attacked during the hunt last night. It is unknown at the moment who planned this attack. However, our guards were able to track down a scent, leading us to believe that

a set of rogue wolves and lycans were responsible. There have been numerous attacks on key were packs throughout the United States and Europe. A company called Caliber has been slowly taking over protection for our fellow packs in order to investigate these killings.” Luther stated.

“Isn’t Val the owner of Caliber?” Brutus asked.

“The Princess is the owner and operator of Caliber Securities. She came here by my request after our records indicated a possible takeover of V-Con and Selcon. During her stay, she had a vision, and if not for her quick response and abilities, my brother would be dead. It would surely be the beginning of the end for the Venificus family.”

“Her presence also helped to secure the safety and protection of our cousin Zagoran’s wife, Alexis. Charity was there the other day to protect Alexis from being abducted,” Luther added.

Zagoran bowed his head at Charity and clasped his hands in front of him, indicating his praise and respect for her.

“So do you have any idea who is responsible for these attacks?” Their father Marcus asked with concern.

The brothers were silent, and their eyes fell upon Charity.

“The Goddesses have yet to reveal specific information to me. However, I have my suspicions. Most importantly, it is each of you, through process of elimination, that can figure out who would want to destroy the Circle of Elders and the royal family. In actuality, they want to rule the earth, this realm, and all others by eliminating the strongest of species, the were packs.”

“Have the other head Alphas been notified?” Brutus asked.

“I will be handling that personally, Brutus. I expect that you will be notifying the Circle of Elders about the severity of this situation.”

“Of course, Princess, and at your command, I would like to initiate more soldiers for your protection,” Brutus replied.

She motioned with her hand toward the triplet Venificus brothers.

“I have my protection right here. Maximus, Luther, and Dante will be nearby at all times. Dravo will be around during the evening

hours.” She looked toward him as he bowed his head then slowly exited the room. The sun was nearly fully up, and he had to get to darkness. “What is it that you would like us to do now?” one of the other men asked.

“Maximus, you are the Royal Alpha and need to create a plan of how to proceed. I will remain in the Venificus mansion under your protection for the time being. All I ask is that there is room made for some important visitors.”

* * * *

Maximus and his brothers wondered why she had yet to reveal that she was indeed their mate. He cleared his throat and gave her a look indicating his displeasure. It did not go unnoticed.

“Men, we will discuss some leads and rejoin again for a meeting in an hour’s time. In the interim, I ask that you keep the information we discussed amongst those present here. Find out what you can about the attacks and any rogue wolves who may be involved. They had to have left some clues around,” Maximus stated.

“Val would be the best person to speak to in regards to potential leads,” Charity offered. Val nodded in response as Maximus assigned certain people to specific tasks. As the meeting adjourned, Ferlow approached Charity. As he bowed before her, holding her gaze, he took her hand, and immediately she froze in place.

* * * *

She sensed the evil within him and the fact that he chose to go against his own family in hopes of gaining power and authority. She also sensed Devlon as she pulled her hand away.

“It is a pleasure to meet the real you, Princess,” he stated, and she sensed his desperate need to escape and immediately contact Devlon. She feared that because Ferlow was working with him, Devlon could

have access to the mansion in one of his many forms. She needed to contact Lexi, Antoinette, and their mates. She also needed to meet with her mates and warn them of the true leader. She couldn't help but be afraid. Just the thought that Devlon could be after her again made her shudder.

Not wanting to reveal her abilities to Ferlow, she simply smiled at him and hoped that he would confess and tell her mates what he knew.

He stumbled as he quickly exited the room. Devlon had a strong hold on Ferlow. There would be no turning back from Devlon

Charity grabbed on to Dante.

"What is it? What's wrong?" he whispered, and she leaned into him so no one else could hear.

"Have your men follow Ferlow without him knowing. He will lead you to those who tried to kill you, Dante."

His eyes widened in shock, and she felt his wolf begin to surface with outrage and anger.

Charity grabbed a hold of him, and so did his mother, Celeste.

"Listen to Charity's directions. She will not steer you wrong, son."

"Mikah, Vehrinn, come here now," he called to his guards.

They immediately approached, and Charity sensed the good in them and their loyalty toward their Alphas. They bowed to Charity and Dante first.

Dante gave them directions, and they all immediately left the room.

It was just Charity and her men now. The guards received their orders and left the room. Maximus stared at her, and she sensed his anger.

"You are angry with me again, Maximus," Charity whispered as she stared at him.

His arms were crossed in front of his massive chest, and she knew he was upset. Dante and Luther took position beside him as they stared at her.

She sighed but held their gaze.

“Did I not give you control of the meeting and the direction of your investigation? Was I not diplomatic in saying that the three of you would lead the way?”

“Of course not. That is not what is concerning us,” Luther told her.

“Well, please explain to me why I am getting that look from the three of you.”

“You had an opportunity to state that we are your mates, yet you did not,” Dante offered the explanation, and Maximus exhaled, indicating that was why he was angry with her as well.

She thought about it for a moment and didn’t see reason now to hide anything from her mates.

“I sensed Ferlow’s betrayal and felt that our mating should not be made public as of yet. There is more to what is going on here than a potential takeover.”

“Explain!” Maximus retorted with authority. Her insides coiled up tight, and man, did she have the desire to defy him. She felt her cheeks redden.

Luther and Dante chuckled.

“I don’t find this amusing,” Maximus stated.

“All others on the face of this earth shudder at your tone and command, however, our mate gets turned on by your show of authority,” Luther added then took Charity’s hand into his own.

He lifted it to his lips and kissed the top of her hand before trailing kisses along her fingertips. When he pulled one digit into his mouth, she moaned.

“Please, Luther, we must remain focused here.”

He released her finger then pulled her against his chest.

“Focused? How can I remain focused when all I want to do is spread you on the table and eat you up,” he admitted then nibbled on her neck.

She needed to tell them about Devlon, but then she felt Dante move in behind her and remove her sweater from the waist up and over her head.

His hands immediately moved to her pants, unzipping them and pushing them down. Luther kissed her mouth while he undid the clasp on the front of her bra.

She saw Maximus move about the room, and then she heard the sound of the door locking. She was relieved he thought of that because right now all she wanted was her men inside of her.

In a flash, they laid her body on the table and spread her legs. Luther lifted her hips from the table, placed her thighs over his shoulders, and then plunged his tongue between her soft feminine folds. He licked her pussy lips and nibbled and pulled the sensitive flesh with his teeth while Dante focused on her breasts. She panted and twisted beneath their ministrations until Luther growled and rose higher. She heard his zipper and felt his movement before sensing his cock by her opening.

“We will fill your body with our scent, mark you as ours, and there will be no need for a formal announcement. You belong to Venificus.” He growled his words then shoved forward, sending her body into immediate combustion. His long, thick shaft penetrated her vaginal walls, sending tiny vibrations of lust through to her soul. Her vaginal muscles gripped his hard cock with such need and desire she lost her breath. She felt every sensation, every bit of need Luther desired with each of his thrusts. He needed to possess her when and where he wanted to. He was her Alpha, her lover and mate for life.

In and out he rocked his hips, thrusting his cock deeper into Charity’s core. His brothers cheered him on and helped to intensify the love making. A lick to her right breast, a tug on her left nipple she

was too caught up in the depth of Luther's thrust to distinguish what mate did what action.

She felt Luther's claws at her hips and his cock elongate inside of her just as Dante pinched her nipples. The sharp, hard claws somehow didn't break the skin and instead soaked her pussy and caused Luther to somehow penetrate deeper. She moaned her release as Luther pumped two more times before exploding his seed into her womb as his balls slapped against her ass. He fell against her, biting into her shoulder next to his brother's mark.

Before she could completely recover, Luther pulled from her body then moved to the side as Dante took his place. She panted before him, eyes heavy but her body ready for round two. She had an overwhelming desire to be everything these three men wanted and needed in a mate.

Dante stared at her breasts and then her face while he caressed her needy breasts. Her bosom somehow tingled with need to be touched, licked, nipped at, or just devoured by him. It felt as if she could lose her mind if they didn't touch her there. When Dante caressed his thumbs across each sensitive nipple then rolled it between his fingers, she moaned a small release. He bent down and licked between his fingers, taking her right nipple between his teeth and teased her. After a few licks, nibbles, and fondling, he moved to her other breast and did the same. Charity moaned and arched her hips off the table. Dante removed a hand from her breast and pressed her back down. His large hand encompassed almost her entire stomach as he began to press his large body forward. She wiggled with need.

"Dante, please. I need you," she panted, and he smiled while his long, thick erection pressed against her wet folds. She felt her body tingle with desire. Her vaginal muscles gripped him tight as he pressed against her sensitive spot. She closed her eyes and moaned while she tilted her pelvis upward. He leaned forward, pulling her thighs over his shoulder, while he licked her breasts and then her

belly. It was amazing, and she was compelled to touch him anywhere she could reach.

He pulled from her body, and she whimpered from the loss of him being inside of her. When she looked at him, she saw the intensity of his facial expression.

Then her focus shifted to the feel of his tongue trailing a pathway to her pussy. He licked between her wet folds then nibbled the delicate flesh. He was filling her with more desire and need.

“Please, Dante. Please.” She begged for more.

He growled at her. “I needed to taste my princess’s cream. It’s too delicious to ignore.”

He squeezed her inner thighs, and she thrust her pelvis toward his hands in desperation for more.

Dante smiled then lined his cock up to her swollen pussy and slowly pressed into her. It was torture as she moaned and pushed her pelvis toward his, trying to get quicker penetration.

“On my command, I am in control. You belong to Venificus,” he ground his teeth then shoved forward, forcing her breathless and open to his desires.

In and out he thrust his cock through her tight vaginal muscles, trying to find release and to fully claim his mate.

She lifted her arms up, leaning on her forearms, shoving her pelvis toward him, trying to meet him thrust for thrust. Each time his cock massaged against her inner muscles, the deep ache she felt seemed to settle down. She wanted more and needed more from him.

Dante reached to her neck and hair then leaned forward, covering her mouth in a voracious kiss while he thrust against her. She felt his balls slap against the crack of her ass, and the table creaked as she panted in this sensitive position.

She could hardly stand it any longer. Her body about to explode with lust for her men, her mates, her protectors.

He helped her lie back down on her back then continued a frantic pace, thrusting against her until he could no longer take it. Her

vaginal walls grasped his cock and milked him for every bit of seed he offered.

She closed her eyes as he thrust two more times then bit into her shoulder while he spilled his seed into her womb.

He kissed her belly, her breasts frantically as if Dante couldn't get enough of her.

Then Dante covered her mouth with his own until he got his fill. She felt him pull from her body. She was disappointed, but then she sensed that hunger building inside of her once again. She wanted more.

One look at Maximus as Dante moved out of the way, and she knew she was in trouble.

* * * *

His sole focus was claiming his mate's body and soul. She belonged to him and his brothers, no one else ever. He spread her legs, massaged her thighs beneath his splayed hands, and dove forward with his mouth. He licked her sweet, wet folds, teasing and tasting the delicate flesh as Charity wiggled on the table. Over and over he licked, nibbled, and tasted until he got his fill again as Charity panted. He was forceful and knew it as he pulled her rear a little further toward him then pressed a finger to her pussy. In and out he maintained a slow rhythm with his finger as he watched the glistening cream cover his digit as his mate moaned, the sound antagonized his wolf, and its need to mate and claim.

"Venificus," he growled then alternated finger to tongue against her slick folds.

Luther and Dante began to caress her breasts and play with her pink areola with their tongues and teeth. Even that view enticed his wolf's need to claim.

“I want inside you now,” he stated then looked at his brothers. They ceased their actions as Maximus grabbed Charity, pulled her against him, and kissed her wildly.

He had his way with her mouth and teased her back entrance while he devoured her. A second later, he released her lips, turned her around, and pressed her body over the edge of the table causing her ass to hang off the edge. The sight of her perfectly round ass called to his wolf. He knew that would be a first for her, and he wanted in.

He caressed the globes as well as her shoulders and back. He spread her legs farther apart with his thigh, eliciting a moan of pleasure from his princess.

“You like that, don’t you, Princess.”

He pressed a finger into her wet cunt from behind while he pressed his other hand against her lower back.

In and out he watched in awe as she coated his digits with her cream. His cock throbbed with need to be inside of her. It was killing him to wait this long. But something inside him needed this possession and her submission. It was his wolf’s way of feeling dominate and needed. He leaned his much larger body over hers and began a seduction. His wolf needed full control and revved up the process by sniffing at her neck, licking across the bite marks from his brothers before nibbling on her shoulder bone. Her body shivered beneath his as his tongue and teeth continued their decent toward her rear. He rubbed his hand along her curves then spread her ass cheeks, being sure to massage and stimulate her senses. It seemed to work along with his fingers as they thrust into her just inches below.

“Do you like that?” he asked, and all he received was a moan from Charity. Then she thrust her hips back against his fingers. He chuckled then inserted another finger, eliciting another deep moan from her.

The sight of her was enough to make him come all over her backside. The way her golden locks cascaded over the table, her blushed cheeks pressed against the wooden surface, and her breasts

peeking out from under her arms all turned him on. The curve of her back and her ass while he finger-fucked her over the table was killing him.

He couldn't stand it any longer. He pulled his fingers from her folds and replaced them with his thick, hard cock. Pressing forward, he heard her pleas for more and gave her what she asked for.

"Please, Maximus!" she roared and thrust back against his hips. She needed to be claimed as much as he needed to claim her. In and out he pushed inside her, feeling her vaginal muscles grip his flesh.

He grasped her shoulders and pumped his hips harder against her, gaining deeper penetration. She moaned and bucked against the table.

The table rocked and groaned under the pressure of his thrusts. He pressed his finger to her folds, lubricating them before bringing his finger to her forbidden hole. She squirmed beneath him then thrust her hips back against him as he pushed through the tight rings.

"Oh!" she moaned, and it was all he could take as he buried his cock to the hilt and he pushed his finger into her back entrance then exploded inside of her. He fell against her back, biting into her shoulder while he repeatedly thrust into her again and again.

* * * *

Charity was exhausted as Maximus pulled from her body, turned her around to face him, and then hugged her against his chest. He lifted her up in the process, and she wrapped her legs around his frame the best she could. Her muscles shook from their lovemaking as her eyes closed and she allowed her men to take care of her.

The smell of their lovemaking filled the room. They surrounded one another, inhaling and growling, content to have marked their mate again.

"By the time we're finished with you, there'll be no need for a formal announcement on our mating," Maximus stated confidently

then kissed her mouth. He thoroughly tasted her before pulling on her bottom lip with his teeth then releasing.

Chapter 12

Charity sat with Dravo as Val and her mates began receiving calls about numerous attacks around the globe.

"I can't believe this. Whoever is responsible is wreaking havoc on any and all protective operations we have initiated. It is complete chaos out there," Dante stated.

"Damn it!" Luther roared as Maximus paced the room.

There came a knock at the door. It was Brutus.

"Your guards were attacked as they found a hideout location to the men that attacked Dante."

"Are they alive?" Dante asked.

"They are, and they have prisoners. Ferlow is one of the men that betrayed you. Dexter and Conrad Symporian are dead."

They were shocked.

"These men worked for the family for generations," Marcus added.

"Their leaders are not known as of yet. They will be placed in the prison until you command their interrogation for answers. The bad news is that they know that the Chosen One is indeed alive and here," Brutus added.

Celeste gasped then covered her mouth.

They all looked to Charity.

"You must tell them, Princess," Dravo whispered.

"Tell us what?" Luther asked.

"The others will be arriving shortly. When they do, I will explain everything," Charity announced then held Dravo's gaze.

“Charity?” Maximus called her name, wondering what information Dravo was referring to. He didn’t like the fact that the vampire knew more about his mate’s life than her mates.

“I am asking you for just a little more time, Maximus. I must wait for Lexi and Antoinette to arrive. They need to be part of this.”

They prepared to interrogate the prisoners.

* * * *

Charity looked out the window as her men gave orders to interrogate the prisoners and prepare the mansion for attack. The position of the home, the vast and excessive amount of land surrounding it, would be hidden from human society. It was a fortress that kept their secrets and existence within, but also, if infiltrated, would provide cover for the enemy as well. In the hours that passed, she allowed her men complete control over the strategic plans to secure their home and their pack members. By her suggestion silently to Luther, all Alphas were to return to their packs to protect them and nearby packs were called to provide extra security and protection for the Venificus family. She contacted her people at Caliber and asked that they initiate Caliber’s emergency protection plan. Her mates were going to need some extra help introducing her forces with their forces. There was no time or room for animosity or power trips.

“You will need help making the decisions with my people and appointing them their positions. I have the perfect person in mind for this,” Charity told Maximus.

Then she felt the Fey Knight’s presence and knew that Feldman was there. Charity looked to Celeste and held her gaze.

Brutas left the room, leaving Charity, her mates, Dravo, and her mate’s parents.

Charity sensed the evil presence. She knew that it was Devlon, Davis the wizard, and Storm who were combining forces. She needed

to get to her spirit sisters. They would have to handle this situation together.

* * * *

“Charity, are you okay?” Dante asked as he pulled her into his arms.

She hugged him tight then smiled.

“My spirit sisters will be here any moment. There is someone else I would like you all to meet.”

Everyone looked at Charity then around the room, as if wondering of whom she was speaking. She was giving orders but looking toward her mates for assistance, and they seemed grateful.

“Show yourself, old friend. The Princess summons you,” Dravo stated aloud.

Instantly, a large, attractive young man appeared before them all.

The others gasped as the man knelt down before the Princess and bowed.

Charity placed her hand on Feldman’s shoulder. Her mates growled low and took position next to her.

“Rise, my friend. There’s no need for formalities. I want you to meet my mates,” Charity stated, and Feldman rose.

He locked gazes with the Alphas and absorbed their personalities.

“So it is true, Princess?” Feldman asked, and Charity smiled then took his hand.

“I would like you to meet Maximus, Dante, and Luther Venificus, my mates,” she stated as Feldman bowed his head then extended his hand.

“This is Feldman, and as I am certain you figured out from his unique entrance, he is of magic.”

“What kind of magic?” Luther asked, sounding a bit on edge.

“The good kind,” Feldman replied then smiled.

Feldman continued to meet the family and stopped in front of the Alpha's mother and father.

"It is a pleasure to meet you, Celeste." He held her gaze.

"Ahh. I sense a little bit of magic in you. Interesting."

She smiled back and then Dravo interrupted.

"We have much to prepare for, my friend."

Feldman looked at Dravo. "Then let's begin to plan. I believe that the others should be arriving any moment."

"They are arriving as we speak. So before any fights begin, I think you should start to organize my friends from Caliber. They are waiting patiently," Charity stated to Feldman then smiled.

He bowed before her.

"As you wish, Princess." Then he bowed to the Alphas before leaving the room in a flash.

* * * *

They all gathered around the room, discussing the locations for their armies to take position. Charity and the others had joined them at the Alphas guards' request. There were some controversies over the people from Caliber and their instant takeover of troops. It took Maximus, Dante, and Luther to calm their soldiers down and explain Charity's position. By the time they were done, Charity had no choice but to reveal her identity and her need for cooperation. Their tempers disappeared, and a sense of loyalty and commitment to the fight for goodness and for their royal Alphas emerged among them. Charity realized that every one of her mates' packs' members were loyal and willing to sacrifice their lives for them. She prayed to the spirits that they wouldn't have to.

* * * *

She listened in as Maximus gave the positions of where he felt the troops should be stationed. There would be hundreds scattered from the perimeter of the house to the perimeter of the estate.

"The plan sounds good, however, due to the fact that we are unsure who we are dealing with other than Storm and Davis the Wizard, we may need some extra power," Feldman suggested.

"Princess, now would be the time," Dravo stated to Charity.

She swallowed hard then clasped her fingers in front of her.

Everyone watched her, and if her mates' scowls were any true indication, then she was certain they felt her anxiety and fear.

"Charity?" Dante whispered.

She gave him a small smile.

"Everyone in this room knows how I escaped being captured. You all know why I had established Caliber. My objective is to ensure that the Venificus family, the Circle of Elders, and the main head Alphas of all major wolf packs continue to thrive and maintain power. With the assistance of Dravo, Feldman, my spirit sisters Lexi and Antoinette, along with my mates, we will need to work together to fight this evil. I can assure you that it is like no other."

"Who is the leader?" Maximus asked.

Charity looked around the room then at Celeste.

"His name is Devlon, and he is a very powerful and magical were."

Celeste covered her mouth and gasped along with her husband, who held her close.

"So you see, as soon as the others arrive, we will discuss our options," Charity added then looked away from everyone. She hated to minimize Devlon's power and ability to place fear in her.

As Maximus approached, she felt his hands on her shoulders, and instinctively she closed her eyes and leaned back against his muscular chest. The feel of his embrace lessened her anxiety.

"What are you not telling us?" he whispered next to her ear.

She tensed immediately, but before she could answer, Dravo spoke from behind her.

“Devlon is the evilest of spirits. He killed her parents when she was first born and attempted to capture her. Your ancestors, the Venificus, risked their lives to save her.”

Maximus, Dante, and Luther listened as the stories continued.

“We were very close with her parents, Pasarra and Lukon. We had thought that the Princess died in the fire that had destroyed the mansion in Europe. Our family fought against Devlon’s troops and failed. We were forced to retreat,” Celeste added with tears in her eyes.

“But the Goddesses lent a helping hand and placed me in hiding,” Charity added as Maximus hugged her tightly.

There was a knock at the door, interrupting the conversation. Marcus opened the door, and one of the Venificus guards stated that the guests had arrived.

“Send them up please,” Maximus ordered to Marcus, and then the silence filled the room.

“We will need to work together on this. There can be no conflicts or fight for lead power.”

“Why are you looking at me like that? I’m so easygoing,” Dravo teased, but Charity held his gaze. In a moment, there was going to be a burst of questions and accusations, and she would have to initiate an abrupt interruption and explain what was going on.

Chapter 13

The room swelled with excitement and appreciation for authority and power. As introductions were made and pleasantries exchanged, there was a hum of camaraderie surrounding them.

Lexi and her men, along with Antoinette and her men, bowed before the Princess.

“It is a pleasure to meet my spirit sisters in person. We have much to discuss. But first, how is the family?” Charity asked, directing her question toward Lexi, Saber, Andre, and Paul. Lexi’s mates were very attractive and strong-spirited men. They were dominant in nature and loving with their mate.

“The children are doing well, Princess. They have accompanied us and are under the security of both Crimson, McFay and Venificus guards,” Lexi responded.

“And you, Antoinette. How are you feeling?” the Princess asked as she eyed Antoinette’s belly with a smile.

Antoinette placed her hands over the small mound and smiled. “I am feeling well. Thank you, Princess.”

Jacob, Troy, Luke, and Brad just stared at Charity. She smiled at them. Their wolves were strong and courageous. They would need to be vigilant in protecting their mate and their unborn cubs.

“Please come sit down, and we can talk some more about our plans. I am afraid that the time and opportunity for pleasantries will need to wait for now. It is imperative that we discuss our enemy’s abilities and agenda,” Charity stated, and everyone scattered around the room to take a seat. Charity indicated for Antoinette and Lexi to sit on either side of her. The moment they did, a sensation of unity

encompassed the three of them. They each felt it as they smiled at one another.

* * * *

Antoinette had a funny sensation in her belly as she listened to the Venificus men talk. At first, she thought it was because of their aura, good looks, and superiority as royal Alphas, but then she sensed the vampire behind her.

She listened to the conversation but every so often glanced over her shoulder at Dravo. His eyes were dark and mysterious. He stared at her so intently she could practically feel a hole burning through her skin. She also felt not attracted to him, but connected to him. It was so strange. Something tingled inside her, and it felt as if it traveled through her blood stream.

Her mates caught her gaze and began to growl. All conversation in the room halted.

“What seems to be the problem?” Maximus asked, and Antoinette’s men stared at Dravo.

“The vamp has been in a dead stare at our mate since we arrived,” Jacob stated as he remained staring at Dravo.

Dravo looked at Charity then stood up, prepared to leave the room. Antoinette and her mates stood up as well. Her men moved toward Dravo, but Antoinette raised her hands at both her men and Dravo.

“Wait.” She raised her voice, and they stopped their approach.

Antoinette looked at Charity for assistance, and Charity instantly rose from her seat and walked toward them.

“We don’t have time for this. The enemy approaches, and we need to know what the plan is. I have an overwhelming feeling to protect my mate and also shift,” Jacob added to the conversation.

Charity took Antoinette’s hand in her own then looked toward her mates.

“This will be the easiest way,” Charity whispered.

“Take her hand and each of you hold hands.” The men took their mate’s hand, and Antoinette locked gazes with Dravo looking uncertain but curious.

“Princess, you shouldn’t overextend your powers. You will need everything you have shortly,” Dravo stated with his arms crossed in front of his chest.

“Dravo, you need this. You need to know the connection in order to help me fight against Devlon.”

Dravo’s eyes widened, but he slowly reached his hands toward Charity. The moment they connected their eyes closed and the vision took over. Charity spoke to all of them and immediately they saw a reenactment of what had taken place as Charity narrated the entire thing.

“When your mother was pregnant with you, Antoinette, an evil rogue wolf, had wanted to claim your mother as its mate. Your father attempted to protect her. He attempted to fight an army of were, but there were too many. He would have died from losing so much blood until someone of great power sent a vampire through the woods to where your father lay dying. That vampire was compelled by the fey spirits to save him. That is why you have vampire blood in you. Somehow that blood was passed on to you when you were conceived. Your parents tried to protect you as long as they could, but somehow this rogue wolf found out about your existence, and he came after your parents. Your father, along with your mother, was killed while in the process of protecting your identity and your existence. That vampire blood that runs through your veins is—”

“My blood.” Dravo blurted out, ending the connection as Charity released their hands.

“Yes, it is true. Dravo is the vampire that saved your father so he could protect you from being captured and killed. This connection between your vampire blood and your sorcerers’ blood will be crucial in your fight. Also, Dravo, it was Antoinette’s father who passed

along the sorcerer's power to you as you aided him. He bestowed upon you the abilities to withstand the sunlight and have more power and magic than other vampires. This is your connection, both of you. I can tell you now that you will need this combined power to fight."

Antoinette's men had released her hand, but Dravo now took her hand into his own. They held one another's gazes, and Dravo looked a bit unsure of what to do. Then suddenly Antoinette walked closer to him and embraced the vampire.

It only lasted a moment, and then Antoinette smiled at Dravo then smiled at her men before taking her seat between Lexi and Charity.

* * * *

"As you can see, the spirits and Goddesses have been preparing us for this fight. Everything happens for a reason. There are connections to one another for reasons beyond explanation, and it is your duty and obligation to take the position you are directed toward. Follow your heart, and use the strength of your love and connection to your mates and to our union as spirit sisters," Charity stated then caught everyone's gazes around her to be sure they understood.

"Lexi, you are of the powers of both fey and wolf. These powers will be needed to fight against Davis the Wizard. Your men, along with Feldman, will provide assistance in this fight. Remember that strength and power of your love as well as our connection to each other. That is the strongest and most powerful weapon you'll use."

Lexi nodded her head then held her mates' gazes.

"And you, Princess, do not tell me that you are planning on fighting Devlon alone," Dravo asked, and Charity remained silent.

"Princess?" Dante asked, waiting for an explanation.

She inhaled then clasped her hands in front of her.

"We will just have to wait and see," she whispered, feeling the tiny hint of fear inside of her. She recalled her desperation to be saved when Devlon had nearly captured her.

"You cannot fight him on your own, Princess," Dravo added, taking a step closer and eyeing her men.

Maximus, Dante, and Luther looked concerned.

"Explain," Maximus ordered, and Dravo looked at the Princess and waited a moment. When she didn't respond, he began to speak.

"Devlon is a very powerful beast. He can take any form and has both were and other magical powers. No one is certain of the intensity, but he nearly captured Charity."

"Was he after her powers?" Luther asked.

"Yes, and his main objective is to capture and mate the Princess. If he were to succeed, then all her powers and abilities would be shared with Devlon."

Maximus, Dante, and Luther growled.

"Why did you not tell us this immediately?" Maximus roared.

"There is no way we will allow you to be in the presence of him, never mind fight him, Charity," Luther added, moving toward her.

"We will protect her. We can keep her in hiding if need be," Dante suggested.

Charity rose from the seat, her fear, her uncertainty could be felt around the room.

"There is no way to avoid this confrontation any longer. We must fight for the Venificus family, for the continued existence of were and all other spiritual creatures. If Devlon succeeds in destroying us, then the world will never be the same."

The room was silent as Charity's words sank in.

"How long before they arrive?" Saber asked.

"They aren't far. I can sense the evil moving closer," Antoinette stated

"As do I," Lexi offered then walked closer to Charity.

"There is more for us to discuss. Can everyone please give Antoinette, Lexi, and I some time alone? This is the first time we are meeting in person, and we have much to talk about," Charity stated, and everyone rose from their seats. Charity watched as Saber, Paul,

and then Andre caressed and kissed Lexi before leaving the room. Antoinette's men Jacob, Troy, Luke, and Brad did the same to Antoinette then left the room with Dravo, Feldman, Celeste, and Marcus.

Maximus, Dante, and Luther remained standing in one spot with their arms crossed in front of their chests and looking as if they were not planning on leaving anytime soon.

Charity raised her eyebrows at them, and they did the same. Antoinette and Lexi took a seat and watched in amazement.

"That includes the three of you as well."

"We are not leaving your side, mate," Luther professed as he eyed her from head to toe.

Charity felt her body hum with desire, but now was not the time or the place.

"Please, Luther. I will be fine here in this room with my spirit sisters."

"That's not a decision you have to make solely by yourself. We are your mates, and we decide what is right for you and best for your protection," Dante added.

Charity was shocked at their blatant disregard of her orders and especially at the way they stood there looking so damn superior and sexy. They reeked of intimidation and power. She adored them with every bit of her body and soul.

She walked over to them and whispered. "I adore you with all my heart, mates. We are one now, and you will know immediately if I am in danger. You will feel it here," she stated then touched her hand over Maximus's chest. She felt the beating of his heart then suddenly he grabbed her wrist, wrapped his arm around her waist, and held her against him.

Charity gasped then squinted her eyes at his little trick.

"I don't like this one bit. Knowing that Devlon is nearby and how badly he wants you as his mate does not sit right with any of our

wolves. We will give you a little bit of time, but then you are ours to protect, and one of us will remain by your side always.”

Before she could respond, he covered her lips and stole her breath away.

When he finally released her, she felt lightheaded and completely forgot about Lexi and Antoinette. Luther took his place and gave her mouth another round of loving. He squeezed her tight before releasing her to Dante who actually hugged her first then nuzzled against her neck, taking his time with no consideration for their audience. His lips pressed against her neck, and he found that tender, delicate spot that nearly made her body explode. If it weren't for the fact that two other people beside her mates stood in the room, Charity would have reciprocated her mate's show of dominance.

Finally, Dante released her with a smile, and the three brothers nodded at Antoinette and Lexi before exiting the room.

Antoinette was fanning herself with her hand as her eyes remained on the wolves as they left, and Charity just smiled wide.

“Damn, can those men kiss,” Antoinette stated, and both Charity and Lexi chuckled.

She inhaled then released before taking a seat across from them.

She felt as if she were simply glowing.

“They will be perfect mates for you, Princess. Seeing that love firsthand, makes me think of my own bond with my mates. It's like nothing I could have ever imagined,” Lexi offered with a smile of both appreciation and respect.

Charity thought about that and the way her mates showed such control of her at the moment.

“You suddenly appear a little flustered, Princess. Is it something I said?” Lexi asked.

“Not at all. It's just that the Alpha wolf's need to dominate everyone and everything can be overwhelming sometimes.”

Lexi and Antoinette smiled.

“They can be intense, especially now that I am pregnant with their cubs. I’m surprised that they weren’t insisting upon staying in this room beside me as well. You saw how they reacted to Dravo. By the way, thank you for what you did. It’s like having another family member besides just my grandma.”

Charity smiled. “That’s understandable, and I was happy to help eliminate a potential fistfight. I suppose I am just used to being on my own and need to get used to having mates just as the two of you did. By the way, how are you getting along with your powers?”

Antoinette sighed. “I have been dabbling in a bit of magic on my sorcerer side. Feldman has been helping out a lot. I feel a bit more confident, especially since your visit the other night.” Antoinette rubbed her small belly. “My concern has been mainly for the cubs. But I promise to serve you fully, Princess, and do whatever is asked of me.”

Charity smiled then touched Antoinette’s hand. Immediately the tiny vibrations ran up their arms. Charity pulled away, and the vision struck her mind. Both Lexi and Antoinette stared at her.

* * * *

Lexi looked at Charity. She stared off as if having a vision of some sort, except that Lexi could sense the foreboding, the fear, and anxiety Charity felt. A glance toward Antoinette and her serious expression and Antoinette felt it, too.

“They will come for us. Devlon knows that you are both here. Many wolves will die trying to save our lives and the existence of our mates.”

Lexi swallowed hard then touched the Princess’s hand. So did Antoinette, and immediately they were all pulled into a vision.

Chapter 14

The room was buzzing with conversations and plans of protection for the estate and the women. Saber, Paul, and Andre spoke with Dante, Luther, and Maximus about security and where the Venificus needed more backup soldiers.

Jacob, Troy, Luke, and Brad offered what soldiers they brought with them. Their concern for Antoinette and the cubs was taken into consideration.

“We could each protect our own mates in separate locations here in your estate to ensure their safety if, in fact, Devlon, Storm, and Davis the Wizard penetrate the outer perimeters,” Brad offered.

“It’s obvious that our wolves want to protect our mates and our cubs. We brought the triplets with us and have our main guards with them now,” Saber added.

“Along with our mother, Celeste, they will be in safe hands,” Luther offered in support.

“Devlon and his partners do not want your children or you. Their main objective is getting to the Princess. Your mates, Lexi and Antoinette, offer additional power because they are spirit sisters with the Princess. There is a bond there, created by the Goddesses in preparation of what’s to come. Your roles are important. Take your guards and try to hold them off as long as possible,” Feldman stated as reassurance to their plans.

“How do you know so much?” Dante asked, questioning who exactly Feldman was.

“He is a fey knight, my friend. A rare but powerful ally to our packs as well as yours,” Saber stated.

“And a blood relative to Lexi to boot,” Andre added with a wink.

“Fey knights, vampires, sorcerers, and goddesses, all together in the Venificus mansion ready to fight,” Paul stated, sounding amused.

“Let’s not forget the Princess as well. She is the most important in this fight against Devlon. She will need the power and strength of your love and bond, as well as that of her spirit sisters. Devlon is extremely devious and evil. He should not be underestimated, nor should any of you feel that you have the capabilities to fight him alone,” Dravo informed them, causing a heaviness of concern and trepidation to embrace the wolves.

“You seem to know a lot about him,” Luther stated

Dravo sighed then decided these men needed to know everything in order to fight the evil beast.

“The Princess shared her experience as a young woman before her powers were revealed to her and her place as the Chosen One predicted. What she didn’t mention was the power of the beast and his ability to frighten her. He can and will use anything to trick her. That being said, she showed weakness as he taunted the Princess about killing her parents. She nearly faltered, if not for the Goddesses’ assistance.

“This time is different. I am afraid that Devlon will use all of us against her, including the lives of her mates as well as the lives of her spirit sisters. It is important that we remain close. So my suggestion is to drop the idea about separating into different parts of the estate.”

Low growls went through the room. A need to be with their mates filled the wolves’ hearts as each Alpha exited the room to find their mates and secure their safety. The sensation was nearly overwhelming. It was as if they sensed that the women weren’t there. They had heard all about the enemy. The Alphas discussed everything from Storm’s attempt on Antoinette to Devlon’s attempt on Charity. They had their investigators gathering more information, and it only added to their uneasiness. They were each ready to shift on a moment’s notice. Tension was high, and they immediately sought out

their mates. When they got to the main room, the women were nowhere in sight.

* * * *

“So remember what I have shared with you. When the time comes, you will know what to do,” Goddess Bethany stated.

In the distance the women could see their wolves had reentered the room. Their roars of disapproval and concern warranted their attention.

Charity exhaled in annoyance. Maximus, Dante, and Luther were about to shift with anger.

“Be careful, Princess. Devlon has the ability to reach you, even from afar. He will use anything he can against you to weaken your strength. If he senses the conflicts between you and your mates, he will use that against you.” Bethany told Charity.

“It’s just a lot to get used to for all of us. Maximus, Luther, and Dante are demanding and want to remain in control of everything. How can I be a leader if they expect me to bow down to them?” Charity stated with annoyance and frustration. She loved her men, but this was getting tricky.

“Compromise. No matter what happens, you must learn to work it out together. Now you better get moving. Their growls are beginning to concern their troops.”

* * * *

In an instant the room filled with tiny sparkles. They glittered around the men, causing their anger and fear to calm somewhat. Then suddenly the women appeared.

The scent of wildflowers filled the air. The men smiled as they saw their mates except for Luther, Dante, and Maximus. They roared their disapproval, and everyone froze in place.

Maximus couldn't control his temper, nor could his brothers.

"Clear the room," he stated in a growl, and everyone immediately obliged.

Charity stood with her arms crossed in front of her chest, staring at him.

The moment the door closed and Dante locked it Maximus was immediately in front of Charity. She gasped at his quickness which only antagonized his wolf more. Princess or not, she was going to abide by his commands and demands.

Maximus remembered how concerned he felt earlier when he heard more about Devlon from Dravo and the fact that Devlon craved their woman and now they were desperate to be with her. Their wolves needed to feel her body in their arms and possess every inch of her, claiming her as their mate. They had the urge to leave their scent all over her so there would be no question as to whom she belonged to. It was an outrageous feeling, and they couldn't control it any longer.

"Where did you go to?" Luther growled alongside Maximus and Dante. They surrounded her as if she were their next meal. Her eyes held theirs, and she didn't look the least bit frightened. If anything, she seemed both aroused and defiant.

"Now you ask me, after you so rudely dismissed our friends?"

They growled firmly, trying their hardest not to grab her and let their wolves have their way with her. Luther could smell her arousal, and his cock throbbed in anticipation of feeling her vaginal muscles grip him good.

"Answer me," Luther firmly stated. One look at his princess's sweater and he could see her pebbled nipples. She shifted her weight to her other foot but was too tired to move her arms over her chest to hide her body's reaction to him.

"I was with my spirit sisters and the Goddesses, and I don't appreciate your irate behavior."

It was Luther who growled, unable to stop his wolf from showing his mate who was boss.

* * * *

Luther pulled Charity against his chest, causing a gasp as her lips parted and he covered her mouth with his own. He took her body along with him until she was pressed against the wall.

He wasn't gentle as he pushed his body against hers and devoured her mouth. The taste of her moist mouth as he explored every inch of it and the feel of her curves beneath his hands pushed him further to mate. Her delicate fingers against his skin pushed into the muscles on his chest with little room to evade his embrace. That move merely made his beast more determined to have her.

His cock throbbed against the zipper of his pants, and his wolf pushed for penetration. It wanted inside her, to claim her and know she belonged to him. He rubbed the bulge against the fabric of her pants as he caused her thighs to open to him. Still her fingers pressed against his stomach, his chest, and then up and over his shoulders. Everywhere her dainty fingers touched tingled with desire and that tingling sensation fed his cock's need to fuck and claim every inch of her. She attempted to use her weight, and he wondered if she was determined to place some distance between their bodies. He could sense her need to not give in. But her body said otherwise. Glancing down at the sweater she wore, he could see the outline of her breasts and nipples as they pushed against the fabric. He knew she was aroused, and if she wanted to play hard to get, then he was game. He always enjoyed a good challenge.

He grabbed ahold of her hands and entwined them with his own as he released her lips. He trailed kisses along her neck as he raised their entwined hands above her head and leaned against her. The move caused her breasts to push forward, and he felt her hardened nipples as she panted for breath.

He crouched a little lower, nipping a nipple through the fabric of her sweater and pulling, causing her to moan.

“You think this is going to work? You think you can control me with force?” she challenged as soon as she caught her breath.

He ignored her idle threats and accusation then rubbed his engorged cock against her mound. Despite the material, she would certainly feel his need for her. A moment later, as he latched on to her breast through the material of her sweater, Charity rubbed her pelvis against him.

“You belong to me, us,” he growled then slowly released her hands and reached for her sweater. He immediately lifted it from her body then pressed her against the wall again. Before she could react, he palmed her breasts and brought one to his lips. As he tongued the hardened bud, she closed her eyes and caressed his arms. All while he thrust his cock against her pelvis.

The feel of her touching him sent his body up in flames. She tore at his clothing, indicating to him that she wanted the clothes off as much as he did. He covered her mouth again, ravishing every inch of it. He reached down and undid the button and zipper to her pants. He shoved them down and reached his fingers between her wet folds. She moaned against his mouth as he released her lips so they could breathe. They panted for air.

“Oh, Luther,” she moaned again, this time saying his name and calling to his wolf. With not so gentle fingers, he parted her slick folds, pulled and rubbed against the sensitive flesh, causing moisture to drip down her thighs. Immediately he pressed two digits inside her. The sloshing sound echoed around them. She moaned her release and held his wrist as he thrust in and out of her.

“Hold on to me,” he growled at her, and Charity immediately did as he said. He pulled his fingers from her body, and she cried in torment as she continued to thrust her hips against him.

He undid his pants, pushed them down his legs, not even bothering to waste time stepping out of them. He lifted her by her ass

cheeks and pressed her hard against the wall as he shoved his cock between her folds.

They both gasped in relief and satisfaction. The feel of her vaginal muscles clinging to his cock with every stroke had him grinding his teeth and fighting not to come so quickly. He felt hot, on fire with such hunger he teetered between his man and his beast.

Her abundant breasts were pressed against his chest, and the sight of the cleavage turned on his wolf. She was so fucking sexy, and she belonged to him and his brothers. He thrust his hips, his wolf showing dominance and possession as his cock throbbed for release.

Then he growled as he shoved his tongue into her mouth, thrusting his hips into her, the need to claim dominated any other thoughts. He didn't give her time or room for her to counterthrust. His wolf was in dire need as he shoved in and out of her folds. His body tightened, and he could feel her vaginal walls grip his flesh. He knew she was about to burst. His wolf cheered prematurely, but the man was determined to ensure satisfaction.

"Mine!" he roared as he thrust into her warm depths over and over again in a fast pace. He felt the perspiration reach his brow, his teeth clenched with all he had to give to his Charity. He loved her with all his heart. He'd never felt anything so sensational in his life. He gripped her hips and knew that he could leave a bruise as he pounded into her until he found his release. It continued to build up inside of him as Charity held him close and bit lightly into his shoulder.

Luther lost all control, slamming into her a few more times before exploding inside of her. As he shot his seed into her womb, he bit into her shoulder and imagined his mate with child. He never gave thought to a family in his lifetime. But with Charity, it seemed natural, and he wanted it all.

He held her against him as they slowly calmed their breathing in the aftermath of their lovemaking. But it wasn't long before Luther sensed his brothers' desire as well.

He slowly pulled from her body and placed her feet back onto the floor. He kissed her lips as Dante took her hand and pulled her to him.

* * * *

Watching his brother take Charity so strongly and smelling her cream as it filled the room made his wolf growl with need.

“Get ready, Princess, you belong to us,” Dante stated as he took her hand and pulled her toward the couch. They stood in front of the sofa. He twined his fingers through her hair and brought her mouth closer to his for a kiss. Despite the fact that he was fully clothed, he felt his woman’s breasts against his cotton shirt, and her hardened nubs were telltale that she was ready for more. When she cupped his face along his hands and gave into the kiss, his cock throbbed for release.

He fondled her breasts just as Maximus pressed his body against her back.

She moaned as their lips released, and Dante took that moment to lick her nipples, one and then the other. Maximus gripped a handful of the gold locks and tipped Charity’s head back against his shoulder.

“Mine, for the taking,” he growled then thrust against her rear.

Dante undid his pants and removed them in record speed. He took a seat on the couch, holding his engorged cock in his hand as he waited for Charity to take her place. Maximus kissed her hard as he caressed her body with his hands. She arched and swayed against him.

Maximus released her lips and cupped her breasts from behind her. Dante watched as Maximus’s palms glided over Charity’s curves, from breast to belly to her mound. She reached her hands back, causing her breasts to push forward just as Maximus slid two fingers between her wet folds. As if on command from his brother’s fingers, she parted her thighs and bent her knees, nearly losing her ability to stand without support. Maximus held her.

The growls filled the room. Luther joined them, unable to resist the temptation of taking another taste of his mate's breast. He pinched the nipple then gave a light tug. Maximus pressed his fingers in and out of her folds.

"You belong to us. You will submit," he growled then nipped her shoulder and neck causing her body to orgasm. As he pressed his fingers in and out of her, the sloshing sound filled the room. Her hips pushed forward toward Dante as she moaned her release.

Dante looked about to explode as Maximus slowly pulled his fingers from her body. He moved her forward, and she immediately placed her hands on Dante's shoulders for support as she straddled his body.

His hands smacked against her ass cheeks, and she gasped in shock. Her cheeks reddened, but her cream dripped from her needy folds.

Dante didn't give her much time as he grabbed her hips and thrust his cock up into her channel. She moaned but grabbed on to his shoulders so she wouldn't lose her balance.

Up and down he used his wolfen strength to fuck up into her.

Maximus removed his clothes then moved in behind her. A silent understanding rose between the brothers as Luther knelt on the seat beside them.

* * * *

Charity had an overwhelming desire to be taken by her mates. Yet she felt a light bit of reservations about submitting completely. This was difficult for her. She had been on her own for quite some time, and these three men were dominant in every sense of the word. But she knew they were her mates and that they were destined to be together. With each touch, it was getting more and more difficult to resist falling under their commands of control and protection. They were so damn sexy and dominant, and she loved it. She wanted to be

protected and loved for once in her life. Her insides tingled with need to claim and be claimed. As she raised and lowered her mound over Dante's thick, hard member, he gripped her hips tighter, indicating that he was in control. She moved again in challenge, and it cost her. Dante reached behind her hair and pulled her face closer to his lips then plunged his tongue inside her mouth. When he finally releases her mouth so she could breathe, she lifted her legs as Dante sucked one nipple into his mouth as Luther latched on to the other. She moaned and closed her eyes, feeling about to explode. She wasn't going to be able to take much more of their lovemaking. Then she felt Maximus's hands massaging her shoulders, her back, and between her back entrance.

* * * *

Maximus could tell that Charity was still unsure of her role as their mate. She would comply with their demands for control. As Dante pulled his cock out of Charity's pussy, letting only the tip remain inside of her, Maximus reached beneath her folds. He quickly swiped a finger against her swollen lips, he dragged her thick cream back and over the puckered hole causing Charity to shiver with desire.

Charity tightened up, but his brother's helped to ease her fear.

It was Luther who held a gentle fistful of hair and covered Charity's mouth in a voracious kiss. Dante thrust his cock up into her while he cupped her breasts and tweaked her nipples. Charity's body tightened at the onslaught of sensations.

Maximus leaned against her back, pushing her chest closer to Dante's. Then he pressed a finger into her puckered hole.

Dante caught Charity's scream of satisfaction with his mouth In and out Maximus pushed his digit as Dante thrust up and down.

"You're so tight back here, baby. My cock's going to change all that for you. You're ours. This body belongs to us." He grabbed ahold of her ass cheek and squeezed.

“Oh yeah. She’s grabbing my dick so hard I’m going to explode,” Dante growled as he thrust again.

Luther took that moment to caress Charity’s hair then turn her head toward him. Maximus watched as Charity licked her lips and reached for Luther’s cock.

“I need,” he growled, hardly able to speak.

“Ours. You are ours to do as we please with.” Dante exclaimed.

Charity appeared to be getting turned on by their words. Her body rattled her out as liquid dripped down her thighs.

Maximus pulled his finger from her back entrance as Charity turned to the side, adjusting her head as she took the head of Luther’s cock into her sweet, sexy mouth. The men growled, and Maximus couldn’t wait. His wolf was near surface. The smell of her cream, the vibrations of sexual desire that filled the room were too much.

He lined his cock with her back entrance and slowly pushed forward. Grinding his teeth, he did his best not to give in to the urge to slam into her. She was so fucking tight he lost his breath.

When he felt her thrust back against him, he lost the fight and gave in to the need to claim.

Grabbing ahold of her hips along with Dante, he thrust forward to the hilt, immediately sending Charity into a frenzy of movements.

She screamed then moved about, thrusting up and down and taking Luther deeper down her throat.

In a flash Luther shot his seed down her throat then moved aside.

Dante and Maximus were on a wild roller coaster of emotions as Charity tried to meet them thrust for thrust. It was amazing and so intoxicating that Maximus nearly lost focus. The sight of her creamy skin, her muscular back as she lifted up and down over Dante’s cock all while his cock disappeared into her ass drove his need higher.

“I love this ass,” he stated then gave a smack to each cheek before grabbing them. As Dante thrust up, Maximus pulled out then shoved forward, parting her ass cheeks and adding to the onslaught of sensations.

* * * *

“More,” she chanted, rubbing her breasts against Dante’s face as he licked and nibbled what he could catch with his mouth and teeth.

Behind her Maximus shoved forward, his balls slapping against her ass. Inside her mind she saw their connection. All four of them together and united. Dante thrust one more time up into her filling her with his seed and chanting her name.

* * * *

Then Maximus followed as he gripped her hips, bent his legs, and went in for deep penetration. His wolf wanted to plant his seed, and it had an overwhelming desire to impregnate his mate. He imagined her belly round with their pups. His brothers had the same sensation. As soon as he had the chance, he was going to do just that. He exploded inside of her just as she orgasmed around their cocks. They fell forward, leaning against Dante until Maximus pulled from her rear and disappeared as Luther pulled her up into his arms.

She wrapped her legs around Dante’s waist, and he kissed her deeply.

* * * *

The feel of his hands under her ass cheeks and against her oversensitive flesh caused her to moan. Dante massaged her cheeks then the crevice.

“Has our princess learned who’s in charge?” he teased as he continued to stimulate her body.

When she gave him a challenging look, she felt his fingers stop in place as he stared at her.

“No more disappearing, and when we give an order, you are to follow it.”

“But I’m a princess and need to be in control at all times.”

He squeezed her to him as Maximus pressed against her back. Maximus grabbed her shoulders and hugged her.

“You’re not in control and command with us. In fact, I do believe we need to prove to you that we are the ones in control.”

Without warning, Luther kissed her then lowered her body over the arm of the couch.

Dante caressed one thigh while Luther caressed the other thigh, and Maximus stood between her legs.

* * * *

Her wet folds tingled as her men stared at her wanton flesh. She was completely open to their viewing, and her stomach clenched with anticipation.

“Please. I don’t know what you want from me,” she panted as Dante and Luther drew little imaginary circles with their fingertips on her inner thighs. She squirmed and wiggled her hips just as Maximus squatted down face level with her folds.

“Oh my,” she whispered, her chin to her chest as she held Maximus’s gaze.

““Oh, my mates,’ is more like it, Princess,” he teased then softly touched a finger to the sensitive flesh.

Charity nearly skyrocketed off the couch, but Dante and Luther held her firmly.

“Do you see how pink and pretty our mate is, brothers? She’s glistening and ready for more of us,” Maximus teased, brushing his thumb against her skin as Dante and Luther did the same.

The fact that all three of her men were teasing her clit caused her to explode with desire. As she felt her cream drip from her folds, she held Maximus’s gaze. His emerald eyes sparkled with lust and

mischievous. His wolf was present, she sensed it while he reached out his tongue and licked her cream.

“Oh, Maximus!” she screamed again.

Maximus plunged his tongue between her folds then licked everywhere he could. He lapped up her cream from rear ass cheeks to front labia, being sure to get his fill. She moaned and withered under his ministrations, but when his teeth latched on to her labia and gently tugged, she lost all control.

“Who do you belong to?” Luther demanded to know as he held her leg behind the kneecap and caressed her soft skin. The feel of the multiple gentle caresses along with the not-so-gentle tugs and nibbles by Maximus made her combust into flames. She felt the tears leak from her eyes as the power and depth of her love for the men swept through her.

“Who do you belong to, Charity?” Dante growled this time just as Maximus nibbled and pulled then licked and sucked.

“You! Oh, by the Goddesses I belong to my Venificus men!” she screamed.

Maximus pulled his tongue from her folds, stood up, and plunged his hard cock, taking her deep. With her hips raised over the arm of the couch, he penetrated deeply, causing more explosions to go on inside of her. She didn’t think she had much left in her when suddenly she tightened up just as Maximus appeared to be on a mission to possess every inch of her body. Thrust after thrust he chanted her name while his brothers touched her as well. It was overwhelming, and yet she felt so connected to them. She imagined her future with them beside her. She imagined starting a family and leading everyone together. Two more thrusts as he bared his wolfen teeth before he exploded inside her. Then they came together, and she felt the warmth of his seed as she caved in to their command. It shoved against her womb just as Dante’s and Luther’s had. She knew they had succeeded. All she could do was hope that they would make it through this battle. So many lives depended on it.

The sensations weren't like anything she'd ever felt before. She wanted them in her life forever. She wanted this connection forever. She loved them with all her heart.

As Maximus thrust a few more times, she panted for air at the feel of three sets of hands massaging her body.

"Venificus," she whispered, and they chuckled before Maximus pulled her up from the couch and into his embrace.

Chapter 15

“They are all there, just as you predicted they would be,” Davis the Wizard told Devlon. He felt a bit uneasy about the amount of good power surrounding the Venificus estate. However, Devlon assured him that their combined evil power was stronger. Especially if they could get Charity alone.

“Then we shall begin to initiate the attack. I want to start with their nearest area packs. Begin the raids on their businesses and homes. In the interim, you and Storm begin infiltrating the Venificus estate. You go after Lexi since you share similar abilities and want her so badly for yourself, and Storm, you go after Antoinette. You can easily destroy her with the amount of magic and experience you have over her.”

“And what about you, Devlon? Where will you be?”

Devlon smirked then leaned against the desk.

“I will be right here.”

Both Strom and Davis stared at him in shock. Was he expecting them to fight the battle alone? Was he crazy? They would need his power.

“The Princess will come to me.”

“And if she doesn’t?” Davis asked.

“Then I will go to her and bring her back here. She is not as strong as you think. Because of her goodness, she will falter when faced with a fight against evil or good. How quickly you forget what she did to Conrad. Even after he tried to kill Dante, she offered Conrad lenience and forgiveness. There’s no need for complicated plans. She will falter. You will see. Now get going.”

Davis looked at Storm, and then they both bowed their heads before Devlon.

Davis was weary and also sensed something around him. As he and Storm exited with their guards, he had a vision. Even now, the Princess was offering reconciliation for his actions both past and present.

Annoyed that he actually considered giving in, he cleared his throat and focused on his objective. Kill Lexi and her men, or perhaps kill her men and take Lexi for himself. After all, the beast was going to get the Princess, and Storm was going to get his Antoinette, so why shouldn't he have a woman to his near stature for himself, too?

Smiling, he began to change the plans around a bit. This was going to be interesting.

* * * *

The last twenty-four hours had been exhausting for everyone. Charity got to know her Spirit sisters Lexi and Antoinette better as well as their mates. The men got along exceptionally well, which indicated a bond that would surely strengthen over time. As long as they succeeded in defeating Devlon.

Charity had argued with her mates a few times when she was called to assist in battle somewhere away from the estate. Thanks to Feldman and Dravo's suggestion, one of her mates was able to travel with her as a personal escort. First, Dante, then Luther and finally, Maximus. They were never gone too long. Each time she completed a mission and helped to save someone of great importance in the line of battle, her mates grew impressed as well as aroused.

Any and every chance they had to make love to her was taken. Charity gained a deeper understanding of her Alpha wolves and their need to express their love for her as well as their possession. Where at first Charity felt conflicted between remaining a leader and becoming their possession, she now understood the logistics of it all. The spirits

had granted her three perfect specimens of Alpha male. They had the strength, the intelligence, and the demeanor to be leaders to all packs. Along with all their assets and abilities came their attentiveness and focus on her. It wasn't on the fact that she was the Chosen One and a princess. Their attentiveness, public and private shows of affection were because she was their woman. Her heart swelled with adoration and love for them as well.

Upon their return, the estate was in the same condition. However, she felt the increased anxiety the moment she and Maximus popped into the bedroom.

* * * *

"We've been waiting for you. A battle against our warriors in Monroe is under way. There are casualties, and our omegas want to bring the injured here," Dante informed them.

"How can that be? Charity didn't sense a need to assist," Maximus stated.

"These are your followers, the ones lowest in your packs, correct?" Charity asked.

Luther's eyes widened.

"What does that have to do with anything? They are still our supporters, and we need to assist them," he stated firmly.

"I did not mean to sound as if their lives do not matter. I would like to point out the fact that it could be some sort of trap. Is there a way to check all incoming injured and weres that enter our estate for safety?"

Dante exhaled. "We can try," he replied then picked up the phone to call their guards.

Luther grabbed Charity around the waist and pulled her into an embrace. He nuzzled an apology against her neck.

"I lost my temper. I know you care about our people. My wolf has been uneasy all day."

He kissed her before she could reply.

"It's okay. Let's go help them."

"We have men doing that now," Dante told her.

"Let's get an update on the enemy's location. If they've infiltrated our outermost perimeter, then they're close by," Maximus stated as he pulled out his cell phone.

Charity sat down and closed her eyes. Another vision and call for help came to her. She braced herself as she saw the first victims of Devlon's attack.

Women and children were screaming for their lives as large, feral-looking creatures grabbed for those they could reach and ripped their bodies to shreds. She saw lions attacking wolves. Their large, hairy claws ripped into men and children, killing everything in their paths. It was surreal, yet she knew with all her being that it was really taking place just miles from the estate. She covered her mouth and cried at all the pain and suffering. She saw Storm and sensed Davis the Wizard's power over the fights. The were packs of Venificus wouldn't stand a chance if this continued.

A moment later they heard the explosion. It awoke Charity from her vision.

* * * *

The entire house shook, but the explosion took place just outside the perimeter. The sounds of screaming and yelling echoed through the air as crowds of men, women, and children rushed up the lawn and driveway. The outer maid's quarters immediately filled with the injured and escapees. It was total chaos.

"Take your men and secure the entire house. I want men on every floor, and secure the stairs leading up here," Marcus ordered as the Alphas joined him.

"What can we do to help?" Saber asked.

"Secure your mate. Let our men handle this," Marcus replied.

Screams filled the hallways, and immediately Saber knew that it was Lexi.

* * * *

“Are you okay, Charity?” Maximus asked as he pulled her to him. She was in a daze as the vision took over her sight.

The woods overflowed with enemy soldiers fighting against Venificus soldiers. There were shape-shifters of various kinds. Lions, were, fox, and cheetahs fought against one another in an attempt to keep the fighting away from the Venificus mansion. Although she hadn’t seen it firsthand, she recalled the stories about how Devlon had burnt her parents’ castle to the ground.

“They’re surrounding the estate. They’re coming from the woods,” Charity whispered but remained with her eyes closed and absorbed in the vision.

In the upper floor in a safe and secure area, Lexi’s children were being guarded. She stood there with them as the doors burst open and men reached for the children.

“Lexi’s boys are in danger. Go to them now!” she yelled as Luther and Dante ran toward the door. Maximus and Charity followed until Charity heard Lexi’s screams, and then she heard Antoinette’s. Storm and Davis were in the house. She immediately clenched Maximus’s hand.

“We need to move fast. Antoinette and the baby are in trouble.”

Growls filled the hallway as Venificus, McFay, and Crimson wolves fought against the invading enemies.

“Grab his hand!” Charity yelled to Luther and Dante. They did as she said, and she closed her eyes. They immediately disappeared and popped into the room where the children were being guarded.

* * * *

The moment they appeared in the room, the men realized they were caught in the battle. Saber, Andre, and Paul had shifted into wolf form. They were fighting against Devlon's men. Charity watched a moment in shock as the fight began before her own eyes. She looked around the room spotting Lexi.

Charity ran toward Lexi and the boys.

"They're okay. I was able to get to them in time. Feldman is tracking Devlon now," Lexi stated as her sons cried.

"Where is Antoinette?" Charity asked.

"I don't know. Why?"

The feeling of danger overwhelmed both Lexi and Charity.

"I need to get to her. Storm is going to kill the cubs."

"Wait!" Lexi stated, but it was too late. Charity disappeared.

* * * *

Charity searched the house. She felt Antoinette's presence, just as she felt her mates' strength and power as they defeated the rogue weres. In the distance outside, she heard the roars of fighting and the victory of her mates' soldiers. They were destroying Devlon's men.

Outside of the house and through the woods, she sensed Antoinette and Storm. Immediately she appeared just a yard or so behind them. Storm was dragging Antoinette with him. His arm wrapped around her neck as his hand lay over her belly.

"No, please don't hurt them. Please. I will go with you. I'll do whatever you want."

"I am with you, Princess. Buy me time and I will make the move."

Charity had sensed Dravo's presence, and when she heard his voice in her mind, she was relieved. They needed to protect the cubs. She also sensed her mates. They were angry that she had gone off without them.

She called to them through her mind.

“Let her go, Storm. It’s over and you have lost.” Charity called to them. Antoinette’s eyes widened in shock, obviously at seeing Charity appear out of thin air, but also alone.

“I don’t think so, Princess.”

Storm pushed Antoinette down just as Davis the Wizard appeared along with Devlon.

They raised their hands, and immediately an invisible shield covered them and Charity.

Charity gasped in shock. She felt their evil power combined and nearly fell to her knees. She could see Antoinette on the ground and Dravo next to her. Their fear and uncertainty was apparent.

Charity attempted to control her breathing. She raised her shoulders and inhaled, noticing the difficulty she had doing such a simple thing.

It was silent where she stood. Now Storm and Davis just stared at her with evil smirks on their faces. Where did Devlon go?

“I am right here, my princess,” he whispered from directly behind her. She couldn’t move or turn from her position. She was literally frozen in place. But she felt every touch, every whip of breath against her neck as Devlon inhaled her scent.

His hands caressed her shoulders and arms. He pressed his body against her back as he whispered against her hair.

“You smell pure and intoxicating, my princess. You feel it, too. I know you do. I can sense your arousal and desire for more of me.” He continued to manipulate her thoughts. She noticed Storm and Davis raising their hands again and staring with such intensity toward her.

She remembered that day on the woods when Devlon first attempted to capture her and mate her.

“Ah, yes, that was a special day. I underestimated you then. These last six years have given me time to learn more about you and what will make you happy.”

She thought about her mates. She called to them and to the others to come to her.

He gripped her shoulders roughly. He pressed her down to the ground then shoved his knee between her shoulder blades, and leaned his face against her neck.

He inhaled against her neck. She sensed his rage at obviously smelling her mate's scent all over her. He was too late, and she was confident that her mates would stop Devlon from claiming her.

"They can't help you. They aren't worthy or even half as powerful as I am."

Charity felt the tingling sensation then the worrisome thoughts that perhaps she wasn't strong enough to fight Devlon. Did he have the power to control minds? Was it Devlon that was sending her these negative thoughts to weaken her? She felt his hot breath against her neck. The bastard was not going to do this to her.

He chuckled next to her then wrapped his arms around her body.

"You can't fight me, Princess. But you can join me. Won't you come sit beside me on the throne and rule the world with me? I can't wait to sink my teeth into your neck and taste every inch of your body while I come inside of you. My seed will fill your womb, and we will create a pack of future leaders, just you and I."

Instantly she sensed her men, Lexi and her mates, as well as Feldman and Antoinette's mates. Their troops followed suit behind them.

"Do not look to them. They are weak. With me is where you belong," he stated firmly then licked her neck as he rubbed his pelvis against her back entrance.

* * * *

"Why can't you destroy it? How can we get to her?" Luther demanded to know as he and his brothers prepared to shift. The power of the force field around their mate was like nothing they'd ever felt before. The closer they approached the more pain they felt.

Maximus growled and ran toward it, but Dravo and Feldman grabbed him to stop him.

His roar echoed through the woods. Maximus couldn't stand around and do nothing to save his mate. She needed him and his brothers. They loved her and Maximus was determined to do his part and help to save the were packs. It was everything Charity had worked for all these years. She had been protecting the Venificus and the other packs to ensure a future for the weres. He stared at the force field, debating about attempting to run through it.

"You can't. It will kill you instantly," Feldman yelled.

Maximus stared at his mate as he caught his breath.

"How do we get to her? He's touching her, and it's driving my wolf insane," he yelled. Now Dante and Luther stood beside him. They were partially shifting, growling, and moaning as they stood there helpless while another wolf, an evil wolf, touched their mate.

Feldman felt the wolves' torment, but he also felt the power of the Princess.

"Antoinette, Lexi, come here please," he ordered. Then he held Dravo's gaze. Even the vampire's eyes glowed with anger and fear for his princess. They were all connected to Charity. They needed to get together and be one in the fight to save the Princess and the world.

The women stood between Dravo and Feldman.

"We must try to destroy the force field. Devlon, along with Storm and Davis, is restraining her with their combined magic. We must use ours together to break the barrier."

They nodded in agreement.

"Will it be safe?" Jacob asked with concern for his mate.

"Yes, you just said that touching the force field will instantly kill Maximus," Paul added.

"Touching it, yes, but destroying it with good magic, no." Feldman replied.

They looked toward the circle and saw Charity fall to her knees in pain.

“She needs our power to fight the three of them. She will not survive if we don’t make the move now,” Feldman demanded.

Lexi grabbed Feldman’s hand. Dravo grabbed Lexi’s hand and then Antoinette’s hand.

They closed their eyes and focused on destroying the evil and penetrating the force field. Their efforts did not go unnoticed by Devlon.

* * * *

“They are trying to fight it. I can feel their power, but it is nothing compared to ours,” Devlon proclaimed with confidence as he pushed Charity’s sleeve up her arm and revealed her creamy wrist.

His teeth elongated as he growled. His hands turned into paws as his nails dug into her skin. He could smell her blood, so pure and magical. He drooled with anticipation of the taste. Once he sucked on her flesh and her blood moved into his body, the transformation would begin. He would gain her powers, her abilities to foresee the future, to fight any living creature and rule the world. He would know who his enemies were, all those who wanted to defeat him before they could even get the opportunity. Soon he would be the most powerful being. He would be the God.

* * * *

Charity felt the pain penetrate through her blood. Devlon, Davis, and Storm were so evil, so strong in their desire to rule and conquer, she nearly faltered. She couldn’t believe what the Goddess was doing to her. Why would she allow this? Why would she go so far as to let Charity suffer such pain?

Charity turned her head and saw her mates as well as her spirit sisters. They were holding hands with Feldman and Dravo. The realization hit her suddenly as flashbacks entered her mind. She

remembered the first time they made love to her and the first time her mates bit into her shoulder, breaking her skin, absorbing her blood and marking her as their mate for eternity. Then she remembered the time in the office after they thought she had been taken and how upset they were with her. They possessed her body in every way. Their wolves demanded submission, and their love for her filtered through her blood. They filled her womb with their seed and impregnated her. She was sure of it. But then she recalled the moments during their love making when she felt dizzy and nearly blacked out. Charity saw what the Goddess had with help from Bethany, Maximus, Dante, and Luther already shared her powers. They were one. Just about every capability she had, they now had running through their veins. They just didn't know it. Her eyes filled with tears of joy and immense love for her men and for their followers. She closed her eyes and sought their strength.

"We can do this. We can fight the evil together. You have the powers that I have. Join hands, my mates. All Alphas join hands with your mates and feel the power of good. Believe in all of our love combined."

Charity felt the connections. She absorbed the love between Antoinette, Jacob, Luke, Troy, and Brad. She felt the love between Lexi, Saber, Andre, and Paul. She felt the love between herself, Maximus, Luther, and Dante, and of course the love and connection of Dravo and Feldman combined. There was a light of goodness from the spirits of wars past. The troops of Venificus, McFay, Crimson, and Kellmore, combined with smaller packs, emerged among the trees and through the forest walls. The force field was completely surrounded.

Charity chanted then felt herself gain some strength. She pulled her wrist from Devlon's grasp.

She raised her other hand up, palm facing her spirit sisters, Feldman, and Dravo.

Their power began to penetrate the force field, and the Goddesses revealed the purpose of this moment. She was not alone in the battle against evil. She was the leader, the Chosen One, but one glance toward her mates, her spirit sisters, and friends and she knew she could succeed. Her confidence grew, and so did the combined powers of her and her friends.

“No!” Devlon roared as the force field exploded around them and both Storm and Davis fell backward onto the ground.

“This can’t be happening,” Devlon screamed in frustration as he shifted into a horrible-looking beast. His fangs dripped with drool, and he looked hideous.

“This is happening. You’ve lost Devlon. It’s over,” Charity stated firmly as her mates, her friends, and the army of soldiers walked closer. “You cannot escape, Devlon. Your time has come,” Charity chanted as she raised her hands.

“No! I will not lose.” He roared again as he raised his hands, and both Storm and Davis did the same.

Antoinette and Lexi took position beside Charity. Dravo, Feldman, and the men took position behind the women.

As Devlon, Storm, and Davis shot their hands forward with all their power, so did the women, as the battle to defend the world raged on.

The skies rumbled with thunder. Spirits of the Venificus, Crimson, McFay, and Kellmore gathered around them. Alphas, vampires, sorcerers, fey, and numerous other mythical creatures appeared in the sky, on the grounds, and beside the Spirit Sisters.

It was a moment of reckoning for Devlon. Charity offered him and his partners one final chance of redemption. In the distance the darkest gathering of souls howled and chanted in anticipation of their possible meal.

Devlon hadn’t a clue.

“Devlon, I offer you, Davis, and Storm one final opportunity to change your ways and to recede from the power of evil. This will be

your final choice. Join us or suffer the consequences of your past and present actions. What choice do you make?" she asked as the wind blew stronger and the gusts shoved Charity's hair forward then backward.

There were immense vibrations of pain and death that waited in the darkness behind Devlon and his partners.

"I will never stop hunting you. I will make you mine and destroy the unborn cubs growing in your womb."

Charity glared at Devlon. "Your time has come. You've lost, and none of your threats mean a thing. You chose the wrong people to challenge. Admit your defeat," Charity stated firmly.

"This is not happening. This is not over!" he roared as he lashed out at Charity. The men growled, but Charity smirked.

"You have lost, Devlon. Look around you. Feel the love and power we have as one against you. Love conquers all."

With those final words, Devlon leaped toward Charity, only to be yanked back by invisible restraints.

Devlon, Storm, and Davis screamed in terror as they fell to the ground, where all of their power was sucked from their bodies. The black clouds of darkness appeared to touch down on the earth and swept the men up into their onyx-colored arms. They disappeared, and the sky turned bright. The abundant sunlight filtered through and surrounded them with warmth and happiness.

Everyone released their hands and hugged.

* * * *

"I love you," Charity stated as her men embraced her, each taking a moment to kiss her thoroughly. To the side of them, her spirit sisters were embraced by their own mates and loved just as thoroughly as well.

Dravo and Feldman stood back, smiling, then waited for their turn to embrace their friends and share the moment of celebration.

Epilogue

The estate was buzzing with excitement as all the workers prepared for the party. It was another Venificus celebration. But this time all the packs gathered from every location around the world. The music played continuously throughout the day as everyone gathered around, celebrating life, unity, and the elimination of discrimination. Never in all time had so many different creatures and spirits filled one location. Never had there been such a peace and unity like there was now with the reign of the Chosen One along with Her Mates the Royal Venificus.

Charity looked out around the yard on the beautiful, warm spring day, appreciating all her friends and loved ones.

Wolves and lions, fey knights, cheetahs, dragons, and tiny fairies, never mind other mythical creatures, gathered around one another, as if this was how it had always been. There was no discrimination, no arguments of who was better than whom. Politically, socially, and morally, the world had become a better place with no room for evil or corruption. It was Utopia in its finest form.

Lexi's three boys came running over to her. They rubbed Charity's now very round belly and placed their cheeks against it. They listened as the babies kicked then kissed her belly before running off to chase some other young wolves from the packs.

Charity laughed.

"They are too much. I hope you don't mind them doing that to you, Charity. No matter what Saber, Paul, and Andre tell them, they can't seem to stop worrying and loving your babies," Lexi stated.

“I don’t mind at all. I kind of get a kick out of it.” She chuckled as she rubbed her belly.

“I think the cubs do as well.”

They laughed some more.

“Who knows, maybe when they’re all grown up, they might fall in love with one of your cubs,” Antoinette teased as she attempted to adjust her position on the lounge chair. To Charity she looked awfully uncomfortable. She would have the babies by later today, but she just didn’t know it yet. Charity smiled.

“What?” Antoinette asked, trying to hide her discomfort.

“You don’t think it’s possible?” Lexi asked as she rubbed her own belly, knowing that she would have another set of cubs in another few months.

Charity locked gazes with her spirit sisters.

“It would be so wonderful if our packs merged one day. I love living here now and being around Dravo, Feldman, and the other pack members. With all the spirits around and the goodness, it’s heaven,” Antoinette replied.

Charity had been thrilled that they decided to move closer to the Venificus estate. They had become so close and looked to one another for support and friendship. Plus, each of their mates had merged their security business with Caliber and now dominated the world of security. Mostly their clients were human.

“Are you ladies going to lounge around in the sun all afternoon?” Maximus asked as he and the other men joined the women on the patio. They gave each of their women some loving then took seats around them.

Lexi’s boys came up the stairs again and jumped on top of their fathers. The men wrestled with them a bit then held them in body locks.

“Awww, come on, Dad. That’s not fair,” they complained until Saber, Paul, and Andre kissed the tops of their heads and let them loose.

Again the boys got down then walked to Charity and touched little hands to her belly.

Before anyone could reprimand them, they took off in a run toward more trouble.

"I swear those two are going to make me lose my mind. They're always getting into some kind of trouble," Lexi complained jokingly.

"They're boys, and they're just like we were growing up," Saber replied.

"Just what I wanted to hear," she added sarcastically, and everyone laughed.

"Maybe this next set will contain a girl. What do you think, Charity?" Lexi asked as she smiled toward her.

Charity gave a big smile. "Perhaps. We'll just have to wait and see," was all she said, and the men moaned in response. The women laughed, knowing that their mates never liked hearing the noncommittal answers to questions the spirits had yet to reveal. Sometimes the spirits revealed information that was meant only for them.

Maximus, Luther, and Dante moved toward Charity. They each bent down and kissed her lovingly, one at a time as they caressed her belly. The cubs kicked and moved around in response, making her giggle.

"We love you," Dante whispered.

"I love you each, as well," she replied.

The men stood up and talked about going out for a run with the others.

"Don't go far Jacob, Luke, Troy, and Brad," Charity told them with her eyes closed, and immediately the men halted. Charity sensed their stares but refused to open her eyes.

Antoinette gasped.

"Oh my. I'm going to have the babies today?" she stuttered.

Charity peeked open one eye and squeezed Antoinette's hand.

“Everything is going to be just fine. The babies are fine, and you have everything you need right here. Enjoy the next few minutes and relax.”

“The next few minutes!” Antoinette exclaimed in fear.

“What do we do?” Brad asked.

“You relax and let nature take its course. We won’t be far,” Luther stated as he placed his arm around Jacob and led him from the patio. The others followed.

* * * *

“Charity?” Antoinette said her name in a shaky tone.

Charity opened her eyes and looked at both Antoinette and Lexi.

“Maybe if we take her mind off of it, she’ll relax?” Lexi offered.

“Take my hand,” Charity stated, and all three women linked hands as they lay back in their lounge chairs that were side by side. Lexi lay in a lounge chair on her left and Antoinette lay in a lounge chair on her right.

The vision filled their thoughts.

Charity could sense Antoinette’s fear, which was completely natural. She feared that her cubs may have something wrong with them, considering she was part sorcerer and had vampire blood running through her veins. Charity showed Antoinette the cubs, indicating one girl and three boys, all of them healthy. Charity sensed her relief and then Lexi’s concern for her litter. She revealed to her that Lexi would have three girls. Lexi laughed inside and wondered how her mates were going to handle that. The women giggled as well.

“What about you?” Lexi asked. Charity smiled then revealed to them her cubs. One girl and three boys. They sighed. As she felt her sisters’ feelings of contentedness, the Goddess revealed more to them. The three women sat in awe as the future of their packs was revealed before them.

Lexi's three sons would be mates to Charity's daughter and Charity's two boys would be mates to Antoinette's girl. Their packs would fully join and expand, uniting their union and a bond created and strengthened by love.

The realization hit them hard as tears filled their eyes, and they realized that love truly does conquer all.

Antoinette gasped as she sat upright, releasing Charity's hand and stopping the vision.

"What's wrong?" Lexi asked.

"Her babies are on their way." Charity smiled then stood up from the chair.

Charity took one of Antoinette's hands, and Lexi took the other. They helped her up as each of them called to their men through their mind links.

"Let's get you into the delivery room. We'll be right there with you."

Antoinette smiled. "I'm not worried anymore. I'm so happy that you are both here with me."

She smiled as a dozen men banged into one another to race up the stairs. Dravo and Feldman were in tow as well.

"Are you okay, sweetheart?" Luke asked Antoinette as he caressed her cheek. Her other men took position next to her.

"I'm fine, and I love you," she replied as her men each kissed her.

"Well, we don't want to have the cubs out here, so let's get moving," Charity stated, and quickly they headed inside.

* * * *

Charity walked out of the delivery room and locked gazes with her men. Maximus pulled her to him and kissed her deeply while he rubbed his hands along her backside. Luther approached her left while Dante stood by her right. They, too, pressed kisses to her neck then kissed her.

The sound of babies crying came from the doorway. They all smiled with joy as her mates placed their hands over her belly. Charity felt her babies kick, and her men chuckled, feeling the sensation as well.

“Feels like the cubs are anxious to play,” Luther stated.

“With all these cubs being born, this estate is going to turn into a playground,” Dante replied.

“I’m sure they will all be the best of friends after all. We’ve all become so close.”

“I’m sure your right, Maximus.”

Maximus pulled her close and kissed her lips. “I bet there’s a beautiful girl in there who’s going to be as gorgeous-looking as her mother.”

“And I’m sure there are some boys in here that will be as handsome as their dads,” she replied.

“Wouldn’t it be wild if one of our boys wound up being mate to one of Antoinette’s or Lexi’s kids?” Luther added in thought.

Charity couldn’t hide her smile or her blush as Lexi and her men stood nearby them.

“Wouldn’t that be something else,” Lexi added, and she and Charity chuckled.

“Charity?” Maximus called her name, sounding serious.

“Lexi?” Saber did the same to Lexi, and the women smiled then placed their hands against their mates’ cheeks, telling them how much they loved them.

Settling for their love for now, both men promised to talk about their comments later.

Lexi and Charity winked at one another just as Jacob and Brad opened the door and yelled out, “One girl, three boys!”

Charity smiled wide at their joy and elation surrounded everyone around them. They were already a family and were bound by their love of goodness and connection of faith. Charity saw the images of the spirits encompass the estate.

Everyone around them cheered and congratulated them as the spirits looked on and gained three more wolves to watch over.

THE END

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

People seem to be more interested in my name than where I get my ideas for my stories from. So I might as well share the story behind my name with all my readers.

My Momma was born and raised in New Orleans. At the age of twenty she met and fell in love with an Irishman named Patrick Riley Dwyer. Needless to say, the family was a bit taken aback by this as they hoped she would marry a family friend. It was a modern day arranged marriage kind of thing and my Momma downright refused.

Being that my Momma's families were descendants of the original English speaking southerners, they wanted the family blood line to stay pure. They were wealthy and my father's family was poor.

Despite attempts by my grandpapa to make Patrick leave and destroy the love between them, my parents married. They recently celebrated their sixtieth wedding anniversary.

I am one of six children born to Patrick and Lynn Dwyer. I am a combination of both Irish and a true southern belle. With a name like Dixie Lynn Dwyer it's no wonder why people are curious about my name.

Just as my parents had a love story of their own I grew up intrigued by the lifestyles of others. My imagination as well as my need to stray from the straight and narrow made me into the woman I am today.

Enjoy my newest series FIVE-O.

~Dixie~

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