The Alphas' Secret Mate

S. Cinders

STORYPDF

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Reading edition: 2026-10-29. Typography: Crimson Text (SIL Open Font License).

Chapter 1 – Anna

PART 1

It all started when I ate my prom date. Eww, and not in the creepy blow-job way you are thinking either. I never even saw his junk, I swear it! I've never seen anyone's junk up close and personal. But that is neither here nor there because the fact of the matter is, I am a monster.

Weeks before I had noticed some changes in my body. I was always hungry, and the typical vegetarian diet that my parents had raised me on just wasn't cutting it anymore. I felt horribly guilty when I snuck out and headed to the nearest barbeque joint on endless ribs night. I cleared seven plates and didn't even gain a pound.

How on earth could those succulent morsels be bad?

Only it didn't stop there. I got a hankering for prime rib, and I wanted the bloody barely done pieces that caused my bestie Rachel to want to hurl in her side salad and green beans.

I figured it was just a phase. Surely there came a time in a woman's life when she needed a little meat, right? It was nothing to be worried about; I tried to assure myself. But when my mouth started watering at the meat section of the market, I knew that something was off.

I approached my mom, telling her of the strange things that had been happening. I expected her to pat me on the head and tell me that I would be fine. But instead, she got a terrified look on her flared and edged away from me.

I couldn't understand it. My parents adopted me as a baby, and I was their pride and joy. There were ribbons and pictures of my accomplishments littered around our house. Mom and dad had been fairly lenient as parents, they only had one major rule, and that was our diet.

We were strict vegetarians. And I, Anna Browning, and broken the cardinal rule.

I cried great heaping tears and promised that it would never happen again. Soon my mother relented and moved to hold me in her arms again. She promised that she loved me and made me swear that I would only eat fruits and vegetables from then on.

I truly meant to keep that promise no matter how delicious a burger or hotdog smelled. I was firm in my promise. I even withstood the bite of steak that my prom date Jimmy Allen had tempted me with. If only things could have ended there, maybe he would still be with us.

Rachel and I had retired to the girl's bathroom to apply more lipstick and lament about our aching feet. Prom was going well, she with her longtime boyfriend Robby and me with my hopefully soon to be boyfriend, Jimmy.

We had walked out of the bathroom and made it back into the school gymnasium that had been decorated in a space theme. When Jimmy tripped and fell, he hit his head, and scraped his cheek. A fat droplet of blood appeared at the gash, and my eyes were riveted to it.

With slow deliberation, I tried to convince myself that going over to him and helping was what a good date would do.

Jimmy was embarrassed, but he accepted my help, and I walked with him out into the hall. I should have stopped when we passed the boys bathroom but instead, I shoved him into an empty classroom and locked the door behind me.

"Everything okay, Anna?" he asked as he brushed his hand against the cut on his cheek.

"Perfect," I answered abruptly and started making me move closer to him.

"You have a rather strange look on your flared," Jimmy continued, "It's just a little blood. I will be fine. I'm not used to these slippery shoes."

He motioned down to the shiny dress shoes he had rented to go along with his tux. The heady smell of his blood had wrapped itself inside of my brain, and I was helpless to the draw as I crept closer and closer to him.

"Maybe you should sit down," my voice was husky as I pulled out a chair and indicated that he should sit.

Jimmy shrugged and sat down, "You know if I didn't know better, one would think that you had something in mind bringing me into an empty classroom away from everyone."

Poor sot, he thought he was getting lucky.

My teeth ached, and I reached up to feel my incisors had grown into sharp points. In a move that was supernaturally fast, I was on him my teeth sinking into his neck.

Blood coated my lips and tongue; it was the best things I had ever tasted. I felt my body come alive, a throbbing between my legs as I drank from Jimmy.

He moaned in pleasure, and I saw his hand move to his pants as he cupped his raging hard-on through his tuxedo pants. A part of me was horrified that I was one, sucking his boy's blood, and two that he looked like he was getting off on it.

I don't know when he started to go limp, only that one moment he was holding his dick and the next he was slumped overlooking gray and rather—dead.

I turned and caught my reflection in the window. The white evening gown that I had worn to the prom was covered in blood. And my rosy red lipstick was smeared as droplets of blood clung to my bottom lip.

What had I done?

Horror and shame washed over, and me and I ran. I went along the abandoned hallway and kept running until I saw an emergency exit. I slammed through the door praying that an alarm wouldn't sound, and I kept running.

I was had more energy than I knew what to do with and soon the landscape beside me began to blur as I ran faster and faster. Fur began to erupt from every surface on my skin. My nails elongated and my clothing ripped, barely hanging on. Still running on two legs, I had no idea what kind of monster I had turned into.

I suppose that even when you are a blood sucking, former vegetarian/prom date eater, that you still need to watch where you are going. I was clotheslined by what felt like a brick wall. I landed hard on my ass and noticed then that I had been crying.

Great hulking sobs shook my body as I looked up to see two young men in their early twenties. They were by far the most handsome boys I had ever seen. But I was too distraught to even think about flirting. I had killed someone, granted it had been an accident.

But still, I can't see a judge ruling in my favor. Can you accidentally suck someone dry?

I heard them talking into a cell phone and tried to understand the words.

"…found the rouge, yeah just a fledgling. We will bring her in."

"What does that mean?" I asked them but they there were ignoring me.

"Could they save him?" the one with dark shaggy hair asked.

Were they talking about Jimmy?

"Good, how many pints? Did they wipe his memory?"

It sounded like something out of a movie. You can't just wipe someone's memory—can you?

"Look, my name is Anna Browning; my parents are going to be worried about me!"

The taller one looked at me. There was something in his eyes that had my stomach in knots.

"What were you thinking?" he shook his head angrily, "That was quite a mess for us to clean up, we barely found you in time."

"Who are you?" I asked.

The next thing I knew they shot my arm with a syringe of something and everything went blissfully dark.

Chapter 2 – Anna

"Dude, you need to stake her. She doesn't belong with the pack, and we can't have a rouge lurking around town."

"I can't stake her," another voice grumbled. "Look at her."

Awareness pricked my consciousness, and I began to hear and see the things around me. I was in the back seat of a car. My blood stained prom dress was still on my body.

Jimmy.

Ah, shit, damn, and hell. I ate Jimmy.

"I can't kill her," the other voice replied. "It would be like taking out a baby. Did you see those doe eyes? She doesn't know what she is."

But I did know. I was a monster. One who craved the blood of other living creatures, and had hair all over their body. Was I am vampire? Was I something else? I had no way of knowing. But one thing was certain—I was awake enough to feel the burning need of an empty stomach.

"Did one of you have a steak?" I croaked and tried to sit up.

They jumped in their seats if you could call it a jump, but I had clearly startled them.

The one with the long shaggy dark hair was driving and he gave the other boy a dark look that clearly said *what do we do now?*

The one in the passenger side had lighter hair and the greenest eyes I had ever seen. They were both far too good looking for local boys. It was then I noticed the piece of flat board in the passenger's hands.

"Why are you carrying that around? And where are we going?"

The driver frowned. "You are supposed to be asleep."

"Drugged," I nodded as if this was an everyday occurrence. "Right, I have a fast metabolism. I must have burned through whatever you stuck in me. I get it, I mean I won't hold a grudge or anything. I know I am a bloody mess and that I freaked you out. I don't suppose the drugs were the reason behind the inordinate amount of body hair?"

The dark-haired boy scowled at me, but the other one's expression softened.

"My name is Luke." The second boy said. With a crooked smile he pointed toward the dark-haired boy. "This here is Roman."

Roman took his eyes off the road for two seconds to glare at Luke before returning to his driving.

"Okay, not a talker," I mumbled. Then I faced the boy named Luke. "Erm, hi there Luke, I am Anna." I broke off when a large yawn overcame me. "Sorry, those drugs were something else. Anyhow, did you say something about Jimmy back there before you, um…"

"Picked you up?" Luke supplied.

"It's better than kidnapped," I added. "But yeah, Jimmy was my date to the prom?"

Roman's scowl deepened as he spoke to Luke alone as if I wasn't there. "Excellent hearing for a fledgling."

I had no idea what that meant, but I hoped it was a compliment.

Luke answered my question, ignoring Roman. "They were able to save him, but it was a close call. I am afraid that he had to have his memory wiped so he won't remember the incident."

Luke waved toward my bloody dress with a wrinkle of disgust on his face.

I flushed feeling gauche and stupid.

"Can you tell me where we are going?" I asked trying to take my mind off of the night's unusual activities.

"I don't really know," Luke said. "You see, Anna, you are something of an anomaly. We were supposed to get rid of you."

Fear crept up the back of my spine. "What do you mean?"

"Do you know what you are?" Luke asked.

"Some kind of monster, I think. Although thanks to trigger happy there, I don't know how much of the last hour was real and how much to equate to the drugs. But you weren't there for the Jimmy thing. That's on me. I didn't mean to hurt him. He got a cut and the next thing I knew I was drinking from his neck. It was involuntary; I swear I would never intentionally hurt anyone."

"You are a Lycan rogue," Roman interrupted. "It is far more important to learn who changed you and why. It's strictly forbidden. Who are your people?"

I swallowed, "Well, my parents are Bill and Susan Browning. But I was adopted, so I don't know much beyond that. What do you mean Lycan? Like a wolf?"

I had expected them to tell me I had heard wrong. They weren't talking about imaginary werewolves. But instead Like said, "Bill and Susan Browning? That is fucking fantastic."

By the way, he said it; I knew it was anything but fantastic. I felt my hackles rise. *What was wrong with my parents?*

"They are nice people!" I insisted.

"Look, sweetheart," Luke said with a sigh. "I am sure they are. But they are also Lycan hunters. How could they raise a Lycan under their roof? It doesn't make any sense."

They had it all wrong. My parents worked for the government. They didn't hunt Lycan. They ate vegetables and did yoga at sunrise. You couldn't find a more granola version of adults if you tried. I couldn't help the laugh that shook my body.

"You have to be wrong; my parents are too old and stodgy to hunt anything! Besides, I sucked Jimmy's blood. Werewolves don't suck blood in the movies."

Roman rolled his eyes, not even attempting to keep his irritation out of his face. "Look, you are a Lycan, part of an ancient race that is indeed part wolf, and part blood sucker. Our heritage goes back thousands of years. We have a longer life span than regular wolves and vamps, and we are also stronger. However, we are not sparkly, nor do we war with the other races. This isn't a book or a fairy tale."

As Roman went back to driving, Luke frowned and pulled out his phone. He opened up his pictures and began sorting through them. When he came to one, he handed the phone over to me. I could hardly believe what I was seeing.

The image was of a younger version of my father was jabbing a wooden stake into some man's chest. Suddenly I felt ill. I could have denied it until the cows came home, but there was a hatred in his face that I have seen a few times before. I never understood it, but it terrified me.

"I am going to throw up!" I warned.

But before they could pull the car over, I was vomiting up Jimmy's blood.

"Fucking hell!" Roman shouted. "Now we need to steal another car!'

"You stole this car?" I said in horror, all the while trying to wipe my mouth with the bottom of my dress.

"If we killed you like we were supposed to, we wouldn't have needed to take a car!" Roman yelled back.

I felt tears welling up in my eyes; nobody yelled at me—ever.

Luke stepped in. "We aren't going to kill you."

Roman growled. "Yet."

I hated showing my emotions. My mother said that I should always show a strong face to the world. They would never take me seriously if I didn't. And yet, as great hulking tears raced down my cheeks. I couldn't do anything to stop them. My emotions felt completely out of control. I was likely making a huge mess of my already horrible state.

"I just want a shower," I hiccuped. "And a change of clothes… And my life to go back to normal again! Can you do that?"

Roman's jaw clenched. "Sorry, Princess, but there is nothing normal about being a Lycan."

Luke motioned for Roman to pull over into a no-tell motel that looked horrifying.

"You can't expect me to go in there," I said with a whimper.

Roman growled at me. "We need to go somewhere to clean you up with no questions asked. So, before you get off on your high principals on what you can stand, remember it would be easier for us if we just got rid of you."

Luke winced. "Stop being such a douche, Roman. She gets it."

Like the turning of tides, suddenly my anger flared again. But rather than let him have it, I swallowed it deep inside and entered the hotel room and went straight to the shower. Undressing, I stepped under the warm spray. As water and the cheap hotel soap rinsed away the blood and dirt from my day, I scrubbed and scrubbed until my skin felt raw. I didn't leave until the water was completely clean.

I had to wear my heels in the shower because I wasn't about to get some cruddy toe fungus. Luke tried to reassure me that I wouldn't get it anyway because Lycan didn't carry bacteria. I didn't understand it, not even a little bit.

But I still wasn't convinced I was one of them. Maybe it was a one-off thing, and I was over it. I had no desire to bite either of them.

Well, maybe that stupid Roman who continued to send hate vibes at me. I could have ripped into him, but not because I wanted to suck his blood.

It really was unfortunate that the moment I got out of the shower, a maid stopped in to see if we needed more towels.

One minute I was holding a questionably clean towel around my body and the next I was lunging at her throat, towel forgotten.

The maid screamed, and Roman dove for me just as Luke caught the woman from falling and doing serious damage.

Roman and I landed on the coverlet, and I cringed when I realized that I was naked. I was buck ass naked underneath a smoking hot male that hated my guts.

Chapter 3 – Anna

An hour later, I was sitting on the corner of the bed in Roman's t-shirt while the boys sat and yelled at each other. It was obvious that they weren't going to agree on what to do with me.

At least I had something to cover my naked body. Roman went out of his way not to look. And I have to say that he could have at least peeked a little. It chapped my hide that he acted so affronted at my body. I might not have the best rack around. But I was trim, and my boobs hadn't had any complaints before.

I smelled like the motel soap and had tried to finger comb my long dark hair. As a result, I probably looked like something the cat had dragged in. But on the flip side, I didn't smell like blood or vomit anymore, so things had to be looking up… At least I hoped that was the case.

It was strange when my cell phone went off blaring the latest Taylor Swift tune. I had almost forgotten that I had it with me.

Luke and Roman immediately stopped their arguing to yell at me.

"Don't touch that!"

But it was too late; I had already swiped it open.

"Mom?" I said hesitantly.

"Baby!" mom's voice filled the room, "Anna, are you alright? We have been looking for you everywhere. Daddy and I are worried sick."

I felt a knot in my stomach forming, "Mom, I am fine. Tell Daddy that there is nothing wrong. I just…"

The phone was ripped out of my hand. Roman crushed it in his fist.

"What the hell?" I shouted, "That was my phone!"

"It was a way for them to track us," he spat, "Think with your head, Princess."

"Why do you call me that? And my parents are worried sick!"

Roman rolled his eyes, and I fought the urge to kick him.

"Your parents are worried because there was a Lycan attack in their area, and they need to get it contained."

My brow furrowed, "Who did that?"

Luke and Roman turned on me incredulously, "You!"

I blinked, "I didn't mean to do anything."

I could tell that Roman was seconds from throttling me. And I was thankful when Luke intervened. "Look, Anna, we were able to save Jimmy, but the signs of your attack were still present. We didn't have time to clean it up. We were lucky to save your date before the hunters arrived. Your parents cover the Greenfield area. They have to have some suspicions about the attack. And the fact that you turned up missing right after, well, that can't look good."

"Maybe they will think I was attacked as well," I said hopefully.

Roman scoffed, "You said yourself that your mother was suspicious. You honestly can't be that naive, Princess."

He said, princess like he really meant to say dog shit.

"So, what now, geniuses?" I wasn't about to let it show that I was on the verge of breaking.

"We have no choice; if the government is on to us, we will have to take you to the pack."

Luke sighed and agreed with Roman, "It is your only hope of survival. They have the things you need to help you through the transition. There are parts of being a Lycan…"

He trailed off. His cheeks heated.

Roman growled, "They can explain that if they choose to keep her alive."

I stood in my borrowed t-shirt that hit mid-thigh and wobbled on my soggy heels.

"Well, let's go."

**

"Don't say anything to anyone," Roman hissed in my ear. "Don't meet anyone's gaze and for fuck's sake don't open your mouth."

I wanted to stick my tongue out at him, but the pack was really creeping me out. We were in a large mansion just outside of state lines. I would never have found the place on my own. Luke said that the car would be cleaned and returned to the place they 'borrowed' it.

I felt stupid in my ridiculous outfit and uncombed hair. But there was nothing I could do about it. Luke mentioned that there would be simps back at the pack that I could drink from. It was strange to say, but I was getting thirsty again.

I also was feeling turned on. Maybe it was the lack of panties or the fact that Roman was shirtless, and he had an eight pack that I desperately wanted to touch. It was a good thing he was such a jerk, or I think I would have pounced on him.

Desire had never been something I struggled with before. I was a virgin and didn't have former experience to call from. But my core ached, and my nipples had beaded tight beneath my shirt. Something was happening again, something out of my control.

The deeper we went into the pack, the more I heard sounds of moaning coming from various closed doors. I felt hot and achy and completely uncertain of why I was feeling this way. I stumbled and fell against Roman's back. He stiffened before he caught me and set me up again.

But it was too late. My nose had taken in his scent, and my body had decided it didn't care if he was a jerk or not. I lunged at him, my mouth savagely taking his in a kiss.

I heard Luke yell, "Holy Fuck! She's going through the change!"

But I didn't care. All I knew was that Roman's mouth tasted dark and sinful and I wanted more of it. My pussy was bare against his abs, and I know that he could feel how wet I was. I rubbed against his washboard stomach and wound my fingers in his hair.

He didn't push me away, but he wasn't exactly kissing me back either. It was like he was fighting his inner nature. I knew he wanted me. I couldn't tell you how I knew, but he did. I pulled on his hair, demanding a response when I felt the prick of a needle in my arm.

Darkness overtook me again.

**

When I awakened, I was strapped to a bed, my arms and legs spread to the corners. I screamed and thrashed against my chains. The metal seemed to burn my skin, and I hissed trying to keep my hands away from it.

"This is the girl?" It was a woman's voice. She stepped into the light, and I saw a dark-haired woman of unknown age. She was truly beautiful. Unlike any person I had ever seen before.

I held her gaze, forgetting everything Roman had warned me of.

"Who are you?" I asked defiantly.

A smile pricked at her lips, "Feisty."

"Why am I here?" I demanded.

The woman's smile fell, "That is a good question. My son seems to think there is a reason to keep you around."

I thought of Luke and how kind he had been. Not like that jerk Roman who wanted to stake me.

"Where is Luke?" I asked.

"The Alpha?" the woman shook her head, "How should I know? I am speaking of the other Alpha, Roman."

As if on cue, the man that I was quickly starting to hate, stepped out of the shadows.

"If you think she is worth saving you will have to be the one to tend to her. She is too dangerous to be left on her own."

He gritted his teeth in a familiar pattern that set me on edge.

"This is your son?" I spat. "I should have known! You are both equally as kind and understanding."

The woman looked back at me, and in an instant, she smacked my cheek.

Tears gathered in my eyes, but I refused to let them fall.

"You will need to learn some manners if you are to become one of us."

I vowed then and there that I would escape this hell hole one way or another. The last thing I wanted was to become one of them.

Chapter 4 – Anna

"You have the be the most un-fun person alive."

Roman didn't even look up from the book he was reading to reply to me.

"Some people argue that we aren't alive so that voids your theory."

His voice was so bored as if babysitting me were the worst possible thing that could happen to him. Well, it was no cakewalk for me either. Not only was I still strapped to the damn bed, but I was slowly going insane.

The strangest thing had happened after the Queen of Doom left. Roman actually started looking good to me. Okay, moment of honesty. He always looked fucking fantastic because he was built like a badass motorcycle gang member and had the attitude to match. But I could withstand that, because of his shitty attitude.

No, it was something else, he not only looked like sex on a stick, but he was starting to smell like it. Shit, damn, and hell! What was I supposed to do when he smelled like dinner, and my stomach was growling?

To make matters worse every time my stomach betrayed me in that vocal way, Roman rolled his eyes. He is such a fucking teenage girl, and I told him that. I didn't know anyone who rolled their eyes as much as Rachel until he came along. I wanted to see Rachel, Luke, or my parents, anyone but Roman.

But no, my jailer sat in his chair with his shirt off eating an apple and reading Tolstoy. Seriously? Who reads Eastern European Literature unless they are forced to in high school? I will tell you who, fun suckers like Roman.

"Can you sleep or something?" he grumbled not looking at me.

I mocked the words, "Can't you sleep or something? What do you think shit fLuke? I am strapped to a bed wearing boxers that don't belong to me. How do I even know they are clean? What if some dudes dick had just been in these and I have dick juice on me!"

This brought his head up.

"Those are clean boxers, and you would have been wearing the sweatpants if they didn't keep falling off."

"Whose are they?" I shouted, fairly certain they were his. "Because I have never had jizz next to my vagina and I…"

"Shut the fuck up!" he roared, flared red. "They are clean! They came from my drawer and be thankful my mother didn't care if you were covered up or not. You are spoiled and obnoxious, and we should have staked you!"

"Spoiled?" I scoffed, "You are one to talk Prince Roman! My flared still stings from that little tidbit."

He scowled and moved closer to the bed. I couldn't help that my pulse fluttered wildly, and my eyes dilated. I was itching for a fight, and it looked like I was finally going to get it.

"There is nothing wrong with your flared," he said through gritted teeth.

I rolled my eyes in exact replica of his previous rolling. "Really, because I am pretty sure you can't feel my fLuke. But maybe you can, being undead and all. Tell me, Princely Poo, how am I feeling?"

He shot out and covered my mouth with his large hand. His hard body pressing me into the mattress. And once again I found myself laying under a sex god. Only nobody was getting any action.

He smelled so good that I licked his hand preparing to bite it.

"Fuck!" he reared his head back, and I saw his own fangs had descended. "You are insane!"

I wasn't about to let that go. I threw my head forward trying to headbutt him, but he was too fast. His hand was pressing my forehead into the bed before I could get any momentum going.

"Why can't I just go home?" I shouted.

"And eat your family?" he scoffed his breath doing weird things to my stomach as he panted in my ear. "If by some miracle they managed to get away from you. They could use you to get back to the pack and kill us all. So, yeah, your idea is shit."

Never in my life had I wanted to hurt someone more than I wanted to hurt Roman. My skin felt hot like it was on fire and my teeth were burning. I yanked at the cuffs that were holding me down not caring about the burning of my flesh. Fuck it, fuck it all, I needed to get out of there.

"Stop it!" he commanded, and I laughed.

"Like I give a flying rats ass what you say."

I tugged harder, and my skin felt like it was ripping.

"You are so fucking stubborn!"

One second he was yelling at me, and the next his fangs were in my neck. He was sucking my blood, and it felt like someone was sucking my pussy. Not that I knew precisely what that felt like, but I knew what it meant to get myself off, and I was seconds away from imploding.

I thrust my hips up and met his raging erection. Was that because of me?

I didn't care I just needed more contact. Every suck from his mouth on my neck had me swirling higher and higher until I broke.

With a scream, my pussy throbbed, the orgasm overtaking everything. This was different from what I could do with my own hand. Black dots appeared at the corners of my vision and then he pulled away. His lips were red, but he wasn't messy like I had been with Jimmy.

"Sleep," he commanded, and my eyes closed.

I couldn't have fought it even if I tried. I was so tired, more exhausted than I can ever remember being.

The door opened, but I couldn't open my eyes to see who had come.

"What the fuck, Roman," it was Luke's voice. "It smells like sex in here."

"She is still a virgin," Roman bit out, "I had to subdue her, she was out of control."

I wanted to argue with that, even though he was totally right I was off my rocker. But then it dawned on me that they had called me a virgin. How in the hell would they know that? My own best friend didn't know that I hadn't done the deed.

Luke muttered something like, "I hope you know what you are doing."

And then the door slammed.

I could hear Roman slump down in the chair he had been sitting in. If I wasn't so boneless, I would have been embarrassed. I just climaxed from some slight Levi loving and his canines in my jugular.

I hear a zipper being pulled and wondered what he was up to when the sounds of low moans met my ears. Oh, my flippity fuck tarts, he was beating off!

I jerked but my eyes didn't open and then finally the darkness started to take me away. It was probably a dream, I decided. There is no way that really could have happened.

Could it?

No.

It was just a dream, and when I woke up, all of this would fade away like the nightmare it really was.

Chapter 5 – Anna

"What about cards? We could play UNO or Crazy Eights? Come on, Roman, I am bored!"

Roman eyed me warily, "The last time I unlocked your hands you tried to get your fangs in me."

I didn't blush, shit, everything he said was true.

"That was a long time ago! Before you brought in bag-o-blood, I feel better now."

I gave him a brilliant smile that probably had too many teeth in it. He had been acting strange ever since I woke up and told him about my crazy dream. I thought it was hilarious, but he acted horrified. I don't know why he was so affronted; I tried to tell him that everyone does it, and it was just a dream.

But Roman threatened to leave me by myself if I mentioned it again.

"Do you swear that you will behave yourself?"

I was fairly bouncing up and down on the bed, we well as I could strapped in like a mental patient.

"I swear it!" My toothy grin was back, "I will be so good. You will be blown away by how well behaved I can be."

Roman hesitated for a few seconds and then went over to the door. He unlocked it and asked one of the simps to get Luke.

"It will be better if there are two of us," he grumbled as Luke came into the room with a bright smile.

"You are looking better!" he grinned out me. "So, what's the plan?"

Roman grumbled something, but I wasn't paying attention.

"Roman said we could play a game," I blurted out. You would think that it was Christmas or my birthday with how excited I was.

Luke raised a brow, "What kind of game involves the two of you needing me?"

Roman shot him a glare, and I blinked before bursting out in laughter.

"You can't tease him about sex stuff, Luke. Roman gets way too serious. I don't know if he could even handle the thought of ménage."

Was I teasing?

Absolutely.

But I was just so happy that they were going to do something with me. I was on day three or maybe one hundred; I didn't know for sure. Roman said that for every Lycan the change is different. He also said that there is an element of physical reaction that takes place when you drink from someone else.

It was his polite way of saying that my dry humping him to orgasm was natural. And honestly, I was grateful for the knowledge because it kind of weirded me out.

"I have no problem with ménage!" the words shot out of Roman's mouth reminding me that I had just set him up nicely.

Luke was doubled over laughing, "Good to know."

I smiled sweetly up at Roman, "It's so fun we can learn these things about one another."

"You are a menace," he gritted out.

"You are going to break your teeth, or grind them down to bits," I said in my best hygienist tone. "Have you thought about a night guard?"

Roman gaped at me, "I don't know if you are serious and have lost your fucking mind, or if you are deliberately trying to piss me off. Which would be foolish seeing as how you were the one that wanted to play cards."

I was immediately contrite. He unlocked one wrist and then the other and I breathed a sigh of relief. I tried not to focus too much about his scent how it affected me when he leaned over my body. That was just normal hormones I told myself.

"What are we playing?"

Luke pulled out a deck of cards from his back pocket.

"How about Three's?" I suggested.

"Never heard of it," Roman grumbled, "War or maybe poker?"

"Strip poker?" Luke waggled his eyebrows.

I laughed, "Why not? Roman is into ménage."

Roman's cheeks pinked, "I am leaving."

"No!" I reached out to grab his hand. The only problem was my speed was a lot faster than I was used to and I ended up grabbing his shirt instead and ripping it.

Roman looked down at the hole where his delicious abs were peeking out at me.

"What do you have against my clothes?"

Luke snorted, "You dress like a pretentious fuck."

It was true, Roman might have longer shaggier hair. But his clothes were total prep. I wouldn't doubt if his t-shirts and boxers weren't ironed before he put them on. Seeing as how I was still in his clothing. I was thankful that he took such good care of this things.

But then, he probably didn't do any of it. His mother was the Queen of Doom! Okay, so she was the Queen of the pack. Likely he had never done a chore in his life.

Luke, on the other hand, wore faded jeans that hugged his ass perfectly and a t-shirt that showed just how fit his arms and abs were. The two of them together were any girl's wet dream. Usually, I would be stumbling over my words trying to make heads or tails of my conversation. But maybe it was the crazy way we met or the fact that I had already humped Roman.

I wasn't as nervous with them as I was with other guys.

We started a game of Three's, and the guys complained the entire time that I was making the rules up.

"Seriously?" Roman wrinkled his handsome brow, "An eight skips the person next to you, but a nine makes it, so they have to lay one down lower. A ten clears the deck, and a three is a mirror card. I think you are making this up; this can't be a real game."

I grinned at him, "Nope, it's real. My best friend Rachel's cousins came from England, and they taught it to us. Of course, they didn't call it Three's. They said the real name they couldn't say in front of their aunt. Who knows what it is really called?"

We spent the next twenty minutes coming up with obscene names that could take the plLuke of Three's. It wasn't precisely where I wanted to be, but I have to say that I was having fun. Luke poked fun and Roman, and he gave it back to Luke just as hard.

I liked the friendship between them. It was so easy and reminded me of Rachel.

"What's wrong?"

Roman's quiet question broke my thoughts.

I shook my head, "Just thinking about my best friend, Rachel. When do you think I will be safe enough to go around her again?"

Luke looked at Roman and, in his expression, I knew the answer.

Never.

Suddenly the game and the fun time we were having faded.

"Will, I ever get to see my parents?" I asked in a small voice. "Can I explain to them where I am or what happened?"

Luke sighed, "I am sorry, Anna. It just isn't possible."

I nodded woodenly and moved back on the bed. Rolling on my side, I curled up in a ball; I wasn't crying, I don't think that I had tears yet. I was so overwhelmed with the finality of it all.

Luke left, and Roman surprised me by sitting on the bed. He didn't say anything. But I felt his hand on my back. And that's when the tears came.

Chapter 6 – Anna

There are several things I have learned about my new status as Lycan. First, all of my senses are dramatically stronger. I can smell someone's blood pounding in their veins. Did you know that fear and annoyance had a smell? I didn't, but now I am learning that many things have a scent that I wasn't aware of.

My sight has improved, and for a girl that should have worn contacts but rarely did, it's amazing the little details that I had been missing. My hearing is super sensitive. I can hear three rooms over if someone is whispering. There are good things and bad things about this, but we will get into that more in a little while.

Taste, oh flippity fuck tarts, I can taste need and want on my tongue. The bagged blood is tasting worse and worse. It is almost unpalatable. But that brings us to the next one touch. There is a reason that Lycan aren't virgins.

When they touch a human or each other, it causes an aphrodisiac-like outcome. I understand the concept, trust me. Every time Roman even brushes against me I am straining at the cuffs to attack him. No more cards, no more games, just waiting—and hoping that someone doesn't stake me before this shit is over with.

To make matters worse, Roman has taken it upon himself to educate me in our glorious an illustrious history. It is beyond boring, and I am pretty sure the only reason he is going over this crap to keep me from licking him every chance I get.

Yeah, it's that bad.

And that is why during the middle of 17th century Eastern Europe Monarchy I interrupted him with this statement.

"If I just have sex with someone, will all of this go away?"

His mouth dropped open, "Excuse me?"

"You know, if I scratched the itch would I still be a danger to everyone? I know you think I am going to drain someone still. But I think I am passed that. But this whole angsty need that is causing me to attack you. Maybe if I just did something about it things would get better."

His eyes darkened, and his voice dropped an octave, "Are you asking me to have sex with you?"

I flushed, "Not you! Just someone, anyone really."

This wasn't the right response to give Roman. He drew his impressive shoulders up and loomed over me but was sadly just out of reach.

"Your virginity is something special, Anna. You don't just give it to anyone. Once your change is fully complete, you won't be so prone to drain people or want to fuck them every second. You just need a better grasp on your new abilities."

I rolled my eyes, very much aware that I stole the habit from him.

"Look, I had the talk just like everyone else did. I am not proposing unprotected sex or even an orgy."

At this, he choked, but I plowed on.

"I just am sick of being in this room. Luke hasn't come back since I bit him the other day. And you, well, you are just…"

I trailed off not sure how to finish that sentence. What was Roman? Annoying, Pompous, Rude, Conceited, Self-Important, Sexy as Hell…

Wait a minute, how did that slip in there?

"I am what?" he asked stonily.

"You are cranky," I finished with a defiant look. "What is it going to take? And when are you going to explain to me about the simps and what happens with them? Why am I still on bagged blood?"

Roman blew out a breath, and just looked at me for a long moment.

"You think you can handle the truth?"

I nodded, "Yes."

"Fine," he yanked his chair closer and sat down. "Simps are the way that we live. If you paid any heed to what I have been telling you. You will know that we are not monsters, nor are we turned into Lycan. We are species that lives on earth who just so happen to go through a transition in their late teens when our bodies start requiring human blood to thrive."

"I saw you eating an apple the other day," I mentioned, "Why?"

A faint smile grLuked his lips, "Because I like apples. You can still eat regular food; it just won't sustain you. Because of this, Lycan usually take on simps. Humans who share their blood in exchange for what we can give them."

I wrinkled my nose, "What do we give them?"

He looked away, and my eyes were caught for the briefest moment on the strong edge of his jaw.

When Roman looked at me again, his eyes were cold, shrewd almost. "A Lycan's bite doesn't hurt humans. It causes them to be aroused. It isn't a normal arousal either; I would say it's almost like a drug to them. There are many simps that will do anything to stay with the Lycan."

A strange thought entered my head, "Do the Lycan sleep with their simps?"

Roman's dark eyes never left my flared, "Often, I would even say usually."

I felt a sick feeling in my stomach.

"How long have you been alive?"

He raised a brow, "Nearly two hundred years."

"And," I cleared my throat, "How many simps have you had?"

His mouth tightened into a little line, "Dozens upon dozens."

"Luke, too?" I choked out.

He nodded, "It is a part of our lifestyle, Anna."

"I think I want to be alone for a while," I said flatly, trying to wrap my head around this new concept.

Roman got up to go, and I couldn't help but ask, "How many simps do you have now?"

He sighed, "Is that really important?"

I met his gaze, "If I am supposed to learn about being a Lycan, I will need to know how many simps it will take for me to thrive."

I used his words, and he could tell he was caught. His hand tightened on the door handle, "You have no need of simps, we are giving you the bagged blood."

I made a gagging noise, "It tastes like shit, and I am pretty sure that no other newbie had to survive on it alone. Am I right?"

He scowled, "We haven't had a situation like this before."

I took that to mean I was right.

"How many?" I repeated my earlier question. I don't know why it was so important that I knew the answer. But I wanted to know.

Roman narrowed his eyes, "There are two simps that report to me, Heather and Patricia. Is that all?"

I nodded, not brave enough to ask the questions that were lingering on my tongue. Did he fuck them when he took their offering? Of course, he did, didn't Roman say that was the Lycan way? The thought made me physically ill.

I wasn't sure if I could look at Luke or Roman the same way. But then I would be in the same boat soon, wouldn't I?

Chapter 7 – Anna

"My son tells me that you are ready to be free," Margaret lifted her nose at me to indicate she didn't feel that I was ready. I learned that Roman's mother was named Margaret and she was the oldest member of the pack.

Also that she had one child, Roman, and no others. Roman wasn't forthcoming with the facts of who his father was, but I got the impression that it wasn't talked about.

I had been locked in this room for nearly a month. I was itching to go out for a run as well. I learned that we don't have to transition to the hairy wolflike form. With practice that piece could controlled.

They still have me on bagged blood there was something about my virginity that Roman refused to discuss. I don't hate him as much as I had once thought. There were moments of my captivity where he was almost kind to me. But my mind always referred back to Heather and Patricia. I couldn't wrap my head around whatever he might or might not be doing with them.

"You are an anomaly to the Lycan. Your power is strong despite the unusual way you came to us, and it is because of your worth to the pack that I have allowed you to Live."

As far as welcome home speeches go, it wasn't the warmest.

"What value?" I asked.

Her eyes narrowed, "It is unheard of for a Lycan to reach their age of majority without losing their innocence. You will be regarded as quite a prize."

I blanched, "You are going to sell my virginity?"

I knew she was evil, but this was too much.

Margaret rolled her eyes, and it was eerily similar to her son.

"No, I am going to have you go about court. You and Roman will be leaving immediately for Sighisoara, Romania. It is in the heart of Transylvania."

"Are you serious?" I gasped, "I can't go to Transylvania, I don't even have a passport!"

Margaret looked like she was itching to slap me again, "You are a Lycan! We have no use for passports and local laws, that is a thing of the past. Now, you will go, and you and will help my son bring me the heart of the Lycan king. And if you do this, I will allow you to Live."

My stomach dropped, "Excuse me?"

Roman stepped forward so that he was in between his mother and me. "It will be as you say, My Queen."

Margaret turned a rare cold smile on her son.

"They will all wish to fuck her, with her beauty and the smell of innocence that she exudes. Use that to your advantage. Seduce the ladies and gentlemen of court until they trust you, it is only then that you will strike. Can I trust you to do this?"

Roman nodded, but I had a feeling that the question was aimed at me and not at him.

"Yes," I whispered the word knowing that there was no possible way I could kill someone. I had no idea why she wanted the Lycan king dead. But this seemed to placate her because Margaret moved to the door and opened it.

"Oh, and see that she has a bath, she stinks."

With that, the Queen of Doom departed.

I sighed heavily, "I can't stink that bad."

Roman made a fLuke, "you don't smell that good."

"First off, I know that is a lie because you mom just said that everyone will want to fuck me. Which by the way, that is creepy in the extreme. And second, I smell because you locked me in a room for a month. So, clearly, this is on you."

Roman rolled his eyes and walked away. I figured he meant for me to follow and so I did. We made our way through the gorgeous hallways. Everything was rich and decadent. It was hard for me to imagine that Roman grew up in such a plLuke. What struck me the hardest was how cold everything was, and I didn't mean the temperature.

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"Are you packed?" Luke rLuked up to me as I walked into the entryway the next morning in a sensible dress and heels.

Luke was spiffed up in a suit of his own, but that didn't stop him from picking up twirling me in the air before setting me back down.

I laughed and was thankful that he had forgiven me for the bite I had given him. It was good to be friends again. And good that I didn't want to eat my friends.

As long as my eating schedule went well, I didn't have the horrible urges to rip into anyone. I can't tell you how happy I was that I was past that point.

"A whole new wardrobe was provided for me," I turned and did a little catwalk.

Luke whistled, "That dress is hot."

Roman came in and set his overnight bag down.

"The plane is ready, are you two?"

I nodded like the good little virgin Lycan that I was.

And Luke grinned, "Hell yeah, let's go do this."

"And why are we killing him again?" I asked for what felt like the millionth time since I learned of our mission.

"So that you are able to join the pack," Luke said with a flourish as he opened the door. "And because he is a prick."

"I am not sure that is a reason to kill someone," I still wasn't on board with the whole removing someone's heart.

"It's him or you," Roman said flatly.

Instead of answering, I moved to the long town car that would be taking us to the plane. The door was opened, and I slid my way inside.

I looked back at the door and saw that both boys had their eyes glued on me, or actually my legs where my dress had ridden up.

I blushed and readjusted my skirt, "Sorry."

They grunted and joined me inside of the fancy car.

Luke told me silly stories about members of the pack as we drove and soon my nerves started to settle. Roman was surprisingly quiet even when Luke teased him. He obviously wasn't excited about the trip.

The private plane was something off of a movie. I oohed and awed over everything as Luke showed me where we would be spending the next several hours. Soon the plane was in the air, and we were off on our new mission.

Luke fell into a light sleep, and I looked over at Roman.

"What happens if we fail?" I asked quietly not wanting to wake Luke.

His hands tightened on the armrests of his seat.

"We won't fail," Roman said at last, "it isn't an option."

"But," I tried to argue.

Roman looked at me; his dark eyes were cold as he put me in my plLuke.

"My mother will not rest until this is done. If we fail, more hunters will be sent in our plLuke. Never underestimate your plLuke in this world, Anna. There is no happily ever after in your future. You now serve your pack and your queen. This is the way of our world."

I swallowed hard.

No happily ever after? Was he saying that I couldn't take his world? Because I could, I could do anything that rich bastard did and probably do it better.

Bring it on.

Chapter 8 – Anna

The Lycan court was everything and nothing like I imagined. The opulence and beauty surpassed the pack mansion by leaps and bounds. There were servants, and of course, by that, I do mean the simps littered almost every corner.

The main difference here was that the simps looked at one with such lust that it kind of creeped me out. But that was nothing compared to the members of the court. We met dozens upon dozens of people. The fact that nobody was truly very old struck me as strange.

Luke had said that Lycan truly quit aging if we were speaking in human years around late twenties early thirties. It explained why the Queen of Doom was so young looking as well as everyone else I had met.

There were a few people who stood out. The Duke of Draven, who goes by the name of Malcolm, demanded that we pay deference to him. I slipped into a low curtsey that was only partly dodgy and felt proud that I didn't end up on my ass.

I didn't like him upon sight. Malcolm's hair was white blonde, and he seemed slippery, much like the boy from Slytherin that gave Harry such problems.

I did as I was told, but Luke and Roman were not as compliant. Later I learned that it is customary if someone is of lower birth that one nod upon meeting.

Luke and myself are obviously of lower birth, but Roman's mother is a Queen, and therefore that makes him a prince. Princes are higher born than Dukes, even ones that do not live in the royal court.

Malcolm wasn't the only person who gave me a bad vibe. There were also the triplets Adrian, Aldon, and Abel. They looked like fashion models and were so similar that I would never have been able to tell who was who.

The moment we met I felt Roman tense and move closer to me. They kissed my hand and one of them Aldon or Abel, licked the inside of my wrist. I don't know if they were trying to be seductive or attempting to taste the virgin, but I screamed and yanked my hand away.

In a flash, Roman had the man up against the wall by the throat. His brothers immediately came to his defense, and I feared there would be brawl. Thankfully, the king summoned Roman and he we went with the guards to greet his king.

I went to follow, but Luke stopped me, "King Cian won't meet with you until he is ready."

Nodding, I looped my arm with Luke's muscular one and smiled up at him charmingly, "Where to then captain?"

Luke laughed, "How about we take a stroll in the gardens?"

That sounded heavenly to me.

The whole adage that Lycan can't walk in the light is a bunch of garbage. We don't sparkle either, in truth we are just like other people. We can get a tan or burn, we aren't freezing to the touch, and we can't reach each other's minds.

The biggest difference besides drinking human blood is that we heal so much faster and are tremendously stronger. Oh, and we Live for centuries, the only thing that can kill a Lycan is to remove their heart.

"Well, well, well, if it isn't Acheron."

A beautiful girl with long red hair and piercing green eyes approached us. She was accompanied by two other girls, one with short dark hair and ebony skin, and the other with pale skin and dark almond-shaped eyes.

"Francine," Luke said her name like he was talking about toilet water.

"Who is your snack?" Francine smirked, and the two girls with her tittered.

"Are you talking to me?" I spoke with a clear voice. I refused to cower in front of three blood-sucking mean girls.

Luke turned to me, "Anna, this is Francine and her minions, Anna and Mae."

The one with the straight, shiny black hair smirked, "An innocent? How… original."

Luke pulled me against his side, "It's something you would know nothing about Mae. Are you still spreading your thighs for anyone with a large enough dick?"

Mae's cheeks heated but before she could respond Francine laid a hand on her arm.

"There is no need to be nasty, Acheron."

"The name is Luke, and you know it. Come on, Anna, you shouldn't be hanging out with the royal sluts."

The girls tittered again, but we didn't stay to say anything else. Luke was steering me far away from the three girls and into what looked to be a maze.

"I am sorry about that," he grumbled.

"They were very interesting," I said with a smile trying to put him at ease. "And it's nice to meet you, Acheron."

Luke scowled at me, "Nobody calls me that not even my mother when she is angry.

"Why did you call those girls sluts?"

It had bothered me when he said it because according to Roman all Lycan fucked frequently. I didn't want to see a double standard with the women vs. the men.

"Those girls are like royalty groupies. They hold no real plLuke in court besides ladies in waiting for the kings younger sister. But the truth is they treat Eileen poorly, and the King does nothing about it."

I kicked a little pebble with my shoe. It seems that the more I learn about this king, the less I like him.

Luke let out a little huff, "You will like him."

I wrinkled my nose, "Why do you say that?"

Luke shrugged, "All the girls do. He is charming or so I have been told. And he likes pretty girls."

My stomach fluttered a little, "You think I am pretty?"

Luke smirked at me, and I felt my cheeks heat up, "You know you are beautiful, Anna. You don't need me to tell you that."

But the thing was that I really didn't think I was beautiful. I mean I knew that I wasn't hideous and that small children didn't run screaming from me. But beautiful? Nah, I never would have thought to use that term.

"Whatever, Luke," I couldn't help the smile that spread across my fLuke.

We continued to walk together and passed several people that nodded and even spoke with us. It seemed that they were fairly used to seeing Luke in court.

"Do you often come to Transylvania?" I asked in my best Dracula imitation.

Luke winced, "Please don't ever do that again. And we are here usually in the fall for the season."

"The season?" I wrinkled my brow, "Like they did in the 1800's?"

Luke nodded, "It is much busier during that time, the streets are filled with Lycan and renting a house is a nightmare. Of course, Roman and his mother always stay here at the PalLuke."

"How did you and Roman meet?" I asked absentmindedly as I bent to pick a flower.

Luke was quiet, and I looked up at him. From his vantage point, I realized that he could see right down my dress. His body had tensed, and I saw a flash of something in his eyes.

I straightened immediately and couldn't help the fluttering I felt as my stomach turned over. Was I attracted to Luke? That was ridiculous. He was my friend, nothing more. And It was likely that I needed to feed.

"I am hungry," I said shortly.

Luke nodded and turned to guide me back to the PalLuke, but I noticed on the trip back he didn't speak or touch me.

Before we walked inside, I asked in a low voice, "Did I do something wrong?"

Luke shook his head, "No."

And then he smiled, the friendly smile that I was used to and I felt the tension fade.

"You are perfect, Anna," he said teasingly, "Let's get you some blood."

Chapter 9 – Anna

King Cian looked to be about twenty-eight, old enough that I really shouldn't be interested and young enough that I really rather was. Of course, in Lycan years he was probably over a thousand years old so all reasoning just sort of flies out the window.

The moment I entered the royal throne room he stood up and walked over to greet me. I was taken aback by his strong shoulders and inky black hair. He had a five o'clock shadow that made one wonder what it would feel like on the inside of their thighs.

I was immediately wet and thrown off kilter.

His eyes were a startling shade of blue, and there was a kindness and humor that directly contrasted with the things that I had been told about him.

"Anna, we are so pleased that you could join us! Roman has been filling me in as to how they found you. It is positively the most interesting thing I have ever heard. Please, come and sit by me, I wish to hear it all."

Heat flooded my fLuke as the king of the Lycan tucked my hand in the crook of his arm and began to lead me across the floor. Conversations stopped, and people started openly, their fLukes showing surprise, jealousy, resentment, and even suspicion.

"Your grLuke," I whispered quietly, "Perhaps this isn't the time?"

King Cian stopped and turned to me. With a finger, her gently raised my chin until our gazes met.

"Don't let them intimidate you," he said in a low voice. "How you act and behave now sets the presidency on how they will treat you. Raise that beautiful chin of yours and met them gaze for gaze. Don't show weakness that is the first sign of failure."

To anyone around us, he could have been complimenting me on my dress or hair. It was so quick, and then he smiled down at me as if I had said something truly delightful. My stomach flipped, and I realized in that moment just how truly dangerous King Cian was.

In a matter of seconds, he had me eating out of his hand. Even now my hand was still wrapped around his bicep, and I was moving along without a backward glance at Roman and Luke who had escorted me inside.

Once the King was on his throne, he motioned for me to sit in a chair that was positioned slightly lower to his left. I felt stupid, and terribly out of plLuke, but I remembered the advice that he had given me.

So, with my shoulders back and my chin held at a proud angle, I smiled coldly to the onlookers and met their gaze. Several of them looked rather surprised, and their looks softened. Others seemed to look at me with hatred.

"Well, my dear," King Cian spoke again in that low voice that didn't carry. "Why are you here, truly?"

"To kill you."

I blinked up at him, horror on my fLuke that I had just blurted out my plans to kill the man. Honestly, I really didn't think that I would have been able to get away with it. But this was beyond terrible.

The king burst out laughing, throwing his head back he laughed from his gut causing several heads to turn.

"I like you," he said finally when he got control of himself. "You are different. But I must tell you, Anna, I can't allow you to kill me."

I shrugged, the sophisticated woman falling away and leaving behind the scared girl that I really was.

"The Queen of Doom said that if I didn't take you through the heart and bring it back to her that she would kill me. But honestly, I don't think I could kill anyone. I grew up a vegetarian and haven't even handled raw meat before."

Cian laughed again; it made him appear younger and far easier to approach.

"I won't ask you if your companions were in on this because I fear that you will tell the truth and I can't have three assassins on my hands."

I blew out a breath, "Thank you, Your Majesty."

"Cian," he said holding out a hand as if we hadn't already been introduced, "I am Cian."

"Anna," I took his warm hand and shook it, "My friends all call me Anna. Well, my new friends call me the virgin Lycan, but I would appreciate it if you didn't."

His lips were twitching traitorously, "I can see why that might be uncomfortable. I also think that has a large part of why you were sent here. Was that to seduce me?"

I nodded, "Yes, you weren't supposed to be able to resist me. Silly I know."

His smile fell, and for a moment Cian's eyes blazed.

"You are quite a temptation, Anna."

I felt hot and strange inside like I wanted to attack him. But I hadn't had those urges since the change was completed.

I rose to my feet, "I need to go."

He followed suit, and several of her guards stood at attention.

In seconds Roman and Luke were by my side, flanking me and supporting me. I felt the air enter my lungs and realized I had been holding my breath.

I could tell that Cian wasn't finished with me. His eyes were intent, and I saw his fingers twitch. Roman put a hand on my arm, it felt possessive, and I wondered if he knew the implications of his move.

Cian smiled suddenly, the tension broke, and his eyes sparkled with humor.

"We shall continue our discussion in my chambers this evening, Anna."

I nodded, too afraid to do anything else.

Cian turned, and we were dismissed. In a move that was clearly supernaturally fast, Roman and Luke had me moving toward the door.

"What in the fuck happened?" Roman hissed angrily.

I didn't know what had happened. It was as if all I could say to him was the truth, what spell had the king woven over me? And why was I now attracted to yet another man? Is that how things were with the Lycan?

"She's shaking!" Luke muttered and swept me up in his arms.

Chapter 10 – Anna

I awakened in Luke's arms, my head buried against his neck and my teeth grazing his skin. I could feel something hard and hot pressing into my hip, and suddenly it dawned on me what I was doing.

"As much as I would love to finish this, sweetheart. I am not sure it's the best idea."

Luke's voice was low and thick. I lifted my head and caught the heat in his eyes. His fangs had descended, and I knew that he wanted me every bit as much as I wanted him.

"Could you two control yourselves," Roman's curt voice snapped me out of my lust induced state, and I scrambled off of Luke's lap.

Unfortunately, I kneed him in a very sensitive area.

Luke cried out and doubled over making it very clear that the jewels had taken a severe blow.

But that wasn't the most surprising thing; it was the fact that Roman was doubled over with laughter. I couldn't remember a time when I had ever heard him sound so carefree.

His fLuke was open, and his eyes were alight with mischief. In that instance, Roman was mesmerizing. I shook my head trying to clear it. One moment I am about to jump Luke and the next I am drooling over Roman. It is just so very confusing.

Roman must have sensed my mood because he held out a hand to me and in it was a bag of blood. I took it gratefully and sank my fangs in. The slightly bitter taste of old blood touched my tongue, but I was so thirsty it really didn't matter. I was getting used to it, and it looked like that would be the only way I would be feeding for a long time.

Luke sat up wincing, "Anna, you really know how to put a guy in his plLuke."

I shrugged and drank the rest of my meal. I turned to see Roman's eyes on me, and I felt my fLuke flush. It had to be because I had just fed and not from Roman. I didn't like him that way. I mean, okay so anyone with a pulse would like Roman with his washboard abs and chiseled jawline.

I wanted to touch his dark silky hair and taste the tender spot where his shoulder met his neck.

Roman took in a harsh breath, "Anna, you are going to need to think of something else."

"Fuck!" I looked at him wildly, "Can you read minds?"

Luke laughed, "No, sweetheart. But you already smell like sin and innocence the best combination I have ever come across. And when you start to become aroused the scent is nearly overpowering. I don't blame him. Honestly, it's hard for both of us."

This was the first time they had ever brought up the attraction between us. I didn't know what to say. It wasn't like I was the kind of girl that played around with different guys. I didn't play around with anyone.

And then it struck me, "Have you guys done this before? Have you both been with the same girl?"

Roman made a fLuke, "There is nothing about this situation that we have ever encountered before. I wouldn't have ever dreamt I would consider…"

He broke off the statement, but I really wanted to know what he was considering.

"We have never shared a girl, Anna." Luke said gently. "There is just something about you. I know you are off limits, but it seemed stupid that we act like the attraction isn't there. I also could tell that you were struggling with it as much as we are."

I bit my lower lip and gave voice to the thoughts in my head, "I really like you, Luke."

I could feel Roman's hot gaze on me, "But I also really like Roman. And I am not a slut. I don't know what is going to happen. But when I was with the king, I found myself being attracted to him. I don't know what is real and what is this damn pull for feeding. And I don't know if I could be with different guys. I have to be honest."

"You don't need to decide anything now," Roman said with a tone of finality. "And Cian was playing tricks on you. I could feel the compelling spells in the room. He pulled out all the stops for you which I have never seen him do before."

"What is a compelling spell?"

I hadn't heard that before.

"Some powerful Lycan can control people with their eyes. Not just normals, but all creatures. It isn't easy to tell when they are using this trick, and just for full disclosure, it is forbidden among Lycan."

"Forbidden?" I exclaimed, "Then why was Cian using it on me?"

Luke scoffed, "The king fucks all of the girls at court. He uses compelling spells and drains simps even though that is also forbidden. He pretty much does what he wants when he wants. And people look into his eyes and smile as he destroys them. He is very evil."

I felt something dark pass over me. "You have to teach me how to tell if he is trying to compel me. What if he does something when we meet next, and he takes my virginity?"

Roman surged forward, fists clenched, "Over my dead body!"

Suddenly I could see that Roman laying on the floor with a stake in his heart and his eyes glassy and unseeing. I cried out as if it were really happening.

Screams tore from my throat, and I couldn't get the image out of my mind.

Roman whirled me around and pressed my fLuke against his chest, "What is it? What happened?"

I choked on a sob, "You were dead. Just now on the floor, you were laying there in a puddle of blood. I don't want you to die. I want to go home."

The boys didn't say anything, and I could tell that they were looking at each other over my head.

"It was real!" I insisted, "I could smell the blood, and see you clearly. It wasn't my imagination."

Roman bent low and kissed the top of my head. His large hand was caressing my back, and the other was holding me tight against his large frame.

"I believe you," he said gruffly.

"Do you think she is a seer?" Luke whispered.

Roman tensed, "Do not even say those words aloud. If Cian were to suspect, we would never see her again."

I trembled in his arms, holding Roman tighter than was most likely comfortable. I was scared and uncertain; this world was completely different from life in high school.

"Roman, we have to teach her, we don't have much time."

Roman slowly released his grasp but I continued to cling to him. I could feel his smile against my hair.

"I will hold you, princess. Just turn you fLuke so that Luke and I can talk to you."

I pulled back, realizing that my fLuke was firmly buried in his chest. Roman moved to the bed and sat down pulling me into his lap, and I sank down against him. Luke joined us on the bed, laying across the end and propping his head up on his elbow.

"Okay, the first thing you need to know about a compelling spell is that they smell slightly sweet."

"Spells have a smell?" I wrinkled my nose, "That's weird."

Luke smiled, "You really are adorable."

I stuck my tongue out at him, "That isn't the point."

He sighed and continued, "Also, your hearing will slightly dim. So, if you suddenly find it a little harder to hear someone they are likely compelling you."

"I don't understand."

Luke turned to look at me. He smiled that slow smile that always causes my insides to melt and then stared into my eyes.

"You are beautiful, do you know that? Kiss me."

His voice was deep and low. I found myself leaning forward.

Low?

Wait a minute. I took a sniff and noticed that it smelled faintly of cotton candy.

"You are trying to compel me!"

Chapter 11 – Anna

You know that moment when you are walking into the personal bedchambers of the king of Lycan and you are terrified that he is going to talk you into sleeping with him?

No? That has never came up before?

Luke and Roman had practiced compelling me until I could smell it almost immediately. I learned that one of the best ways to get around it is to think of something outside the realm of this insanity. Like my mom's chocolate chip banana pancakes, those were my super favorite thing ever.

Thinking of my parents and the life that I left was a downer, but it had the effect of breaking whatever compelling charm the guys threw at me.

I want to say that I was completely prepared to meet Cian, but the truth was that I was terrified. A part of me had really liked him. I know now that it was the charm and not the truth. But you don't understand how scary it is that you can't trust your own instincts.

"Anna, how kind of you to come," Cian stepped forward and reached out a hand. I wanted to flinch away from him but knew that showing weakness was akin to a dog exposing his belly.

"I wasn't aware it was a choice."

Okay, as far as answers go, it was rather snarky. I tried to fix my words with a smile, "How are you?"

His handsome brows knit together, "Is everything alright?"

I nodded, perhaps a little too quickly, "Yes, it is very different here, that is all. I am trying to learn how to adjust to my new life."

Cian nodded and escorted me to a sitting area with a large fireplLuke and floor to ceiling windows that showed the large expanse of the night sky. It was beautiful.

I walked over to the window instead of taking the seat he offered. The light of the city were far off, but the palLuke grounds were well lit and completely gorgeous. I looked closer and saw that there were several couples in the gardens.

"Are they?" I blinked and caught my breath on a gasp, "Oh my flippity fucking pop-tarts! They are having sex!"

Cian laughed, "It is a beautiful night, and they are passionate creatures. Do you really blame them for taking advantage of the things that lay before them?"

"But anyone can see them!" I muttered, horrified and slightly aroused.

"Look," he pointed to a tall man with yellow hair. I recognized him from earlier; it was Malcolm, the Duke of Draven. He had girl in his arms, and I mean that literally, his hand was on her breast and the other was stroking between her thighs.

Cian moved closer; his husky voice tickled my neck.

"Do you see the way she writhes in his grasp?"

As if I could look away—my pussy began to throb, and my mouth suddenly went dry. I watched the man pinch and twist the girl's nipple, and my breast began to ache desperate for someone to touch it.

Her hands went to the front of his pants, and she unzipped his pants. His cock was thick and hard as she took it out. I wasn't sure why she was naked, and he was dressed, I only stared in shock and amazement as she sank to her knees and began to lick and suck his dick into her mouth.

Forget aching in my pussy; it was a downright desperate plea at this point. I clenched my thighs together and watched as he yanked her up, his cock popping out of her mouth. In a move that seemed like a blur, he had her bent over, and his cock was sliding between her thighs.

I could see the way the girl's back arched that she was struggling with his girth and size. It didn't even occur to me to look away, or that I was essentially a peeping Tom.

He leaned over and grabbed her long hair wrapping it around his fist and then I saw it, his fangs glinted in the moonlight.

He sank his teeth into the back of her neck, her breasts bouncing with the move and then she was coming. I could tell by her expression and the way she tensed her body shaking as she rolled over wave after wave of release.

Malcolm licked the wound where he had bitten her closing the wound and then to my complete horror. He turned to the kings window. His cock was still inside of the girl. He pulled her around to look up, and I saw that it was Francine, the girl who had been so snobby to me.

Malcolm waved and then inclined his head as if he were bowing or something.

Shame and embarrassment heated my cheeks. I whipped away from the window and started to run for the door. But Cian was faster and caught me against his hard chest. I felt his raging erection against my stomach and his heated breath against my ear.

"Why do you run, Anna? This is who you are. There is nothing wrong or shameful about what you witnessed. It is a beautiful thing."

I started to think that maybe I had been overreacting. He was right; this was the Lycan way.

"You too could have the same pleasure. I want you to have that, Anna. I will take care of you, care for you. You will want for nothing. Don't you see? You were meant to come to the court and be with me."

There was something about his statement that struck me as odd. I was meant to come here, but not to be with him. I was told to come and destroy him. Suddenly alert I smelled the sickly smell of cotton candy in the air.

"Chocolate chip banana pancakes!" I yelled out and pushed him back.

Cian looked confused, "What?"

"That is my favorite thing to eat. I like to watch cooking shows, but I am terrible at cooking. My cheerleading coach is a bitch, and I really miss my mom and dad."

Cian began to frown, "Why are you telling me this?"

Once I had started I couldn't stop, "I don't like math, and I am a good writer. I like to snow ski, but am a terrible water skier. You said that I was meant for you, but you don't even know me. I am a high school senior, or at least I was. I suppose that I graduated, I don't know. My prom date's name was Jimmy, and I am not ready to have sex. Not in the garden in front of everyone and not with someone that doesn't even know my middle name. I need to go."

This time Cian didn't chase me as I ran from his room. I knew that I had angered him, but I didn't care. I just wanted my old life back. I wanted to be Anna Browning, the vegetarian, that liked swimming and endured running. I didn't want to be a murderer or a virgin Lycan.

Strong arms wrapped around me and at first, I struggled to get free. I was about to bite when I smelled his familiar scent.

Roman.

I sank into his arms, and he cradled me as if I were the most precious thing in the world.

"What happened?" he gasped.

I tried to formulate the words, but I hardly knew how to tell him what I had seen.

He tensed, "I will kill him."

"He didn't do anything," I blurted out, my hands clutching Roman's chest. "Please just take me somewhere we can be alone. Please…"

The break in my voice must have brought him back to his senses. Because in seconds I was in his arms and he was running into the night.

Chapter 12 – Roman

Anna was shaking in my arms. I fucking hated that she had been in danger. I hated my mother for sending up here. But most of all I hated that fucking prick King Cian who scared her. He wasn't noble or good in any sense of the word.

The bastard compelled women to take their panties off for him, and they lined up to do so. I vowed then and there that I would die before anyone else hurt her.

From the moment that Luke and I came across Anna, I knew that she was different. I put up a fuss and tried to act like I didn't care. The truth was that I cared too much and it scared the fucking shit out of me. It had been a long time since my emotions were even touched. My mother had gone a long way to turn me into the cold bastard that I was.

In truth, it was my odd friendship with Luke that had kept me tethered to reality all of these years. We had hunted together for decades. I could almost read his thoughts, and I knew in an instant what he would do and how we could bring a rogue down.

There were two basic things we hunted for the pack, but they equated the same thing—enemies. There were rogue vamps that had gone feral and killed on rampage, and then there were Lycan hunters who killed our people without thought or regard of the consequences.

We didn't pose a threat to the humans. And we have lived peacefully among them for generations. But there is always the vigilante group that lump us in with the monsters that destroy and kill. It's almost humorous because I was told once by a self-righteous vamp hunter that we all had the capability of becoming a feral rogue. But that same explanation, every human had the capability of becoming a serial killer.

The hunter spat out that those cases were nothing alike. The truth was that I had knocked his precious theory on its ass.

And then we found her, this beautiful girl smelling of innocence and blood looking horrified at what she had done. I didn't understand how they found her; she had to come from somewhere. It didn't make any sense. Luke was sure that we needed to save her.

Like I could have staked her, the thought was almost laughable. She was fucking adorable bloodied and covered in vomit. When we had her cleaned up and tied to my bed wearing my clothes it was damn near torture. I gave up and drank from her once. It was foolish, and Luke about had my ass for it. I knew better.

Now her taste was all I could think about. Her innocent writhing beneath me as she came so gloriously. It was permanently etched in my mind, and no matter what I did I couldn't get it out of my head.

The only way she would be allowed to stay in the pack is if she joined Luke and I as hunters. My mother was clear that I took her on or she would stake her before the dawn. I didn't know how to tell her. Anna wasn't like us. And how did you tell the girl who had you in knots that she would need to start killing the people that raised her as their own?

Her parents, yeah, they had avoided us a few times. But they were well aware of who Luke and I were. So like a fool I asked my mother for our first assignment to be away from Anna's home. She needed to get a feel for what we did. Learn the hunt and why it was so important to keep us alive.

My mother, bitch that she was, granted my request.

"Kill the Lycan King, and I won't say another word about your little pet."

I could still see the glittering malice in her eyes as I rounded a bend in the forest and came upon a lake that sparked in the moonlight.

"Anna, is this alright?"

She nodded against my neck, her lips brushing my skin and my hard-on throbbed in my pants. It was a constant reminder of what a fucking idiot I was. How could I be falling for a girl that was barely a woman and one that I knew Luke cared about as well?

What? Were we honestly going to share her? I wasn't so sure I could do it. Every time I came in the room and found them near each other I wanted to rip Luke's head off. And I am sure he felt the same way about me. But then there was also that deep-seated need to protect her, cherish her. I knew that Luke would do anything to keep her safe, and I took comfort in that.

I settled my back against a large tree and held her against me.

"Can you tell me what happened?"

She nodded slowly, but it took her several moments to speak.

"His room overlooks the palLuke grounds. There were people out there…"

She trailed off, but she didn't need to continue. I was very much aware of what Lycan did in the dark of night.

"And that upset you?" I asked gently.

She shuddered, "I don't know. I felt strange like I should look away, but I couldn't."

"Who?" I asked through gritted teeth.

"Malcolm, he was fucking that girl, Francine. But then when they… when it…"

"After it was finished?" I supplied.

"Yeah, the turned and bowed to the window like they had been the actors in a great play. That sick bastard set the whole thing up. He then tried to compel me to kiss him."

I wanted to kill him with my bare hands.

She stumbled on, "But then he said something about me being there only for him. And I remembered that I was supposed to kill him, not kiss him. I ran, I had to get out of there. He is a horrible person. I don't understand how Lycan can care so little for physical intimacy. It made me feel stupid and dirty. I didn't like it at all."

"You aren't stupid," I said gruffly, "And you are certainly not dirty."

"Then why did my body react to what I saw?"

I could hear the vulnerability in her voice, and it was killing me.

"Anna, your body, craves sex, we have an animal instinct to mate which is intensified by the bloodlust. But that being said, sex doesn't have to be with random people. You have control over your body."

She scoffed, "yeah, and you fuck your simps, and I am supposed to not care about that."

I stiffened, "What does that have to do with anything?"

Anna looked up at me, and my heart literally felt like it was being ripped from my chest. Her eyes glittered with tears.

"I can't stand the thought of you being like that with anyone else."

Blood was pounding in my ears, and I swallowed hard, hoping to gather my senses.

"Anna, I haven't fucked anyone since I met you. You made it perfectly clear what you thought about intimacy with simps when you were going through the change."

She frowned, "What?"

I wanted to laugh, her expression was part hopeful, and part horrified.

"You said that if I touched anyone else, you would cut my dick off. In fact, you yelled it several times."

A deep flush stained her cheeks, "Why don't I remember that?"

"There is a reason why you are tied down during the change. It's for your protection as well as those caring for you. When the blood-lust is out of control, you tend to say what your deepest darkest thoughts are."

Anna's eyes widened, "Please tell me I didn't say anything terrible."

I smiled and then laughed when I thought about those harrowing days.

She swatted my stomach a small smile hovering on her lips, "It's not nice to make fun of me. And if you aren't sleeping with your simps how are you getting blood?"

I winced, "Bagged blood really sucks, doesn't it?"

Chapter 13 – Anna

When we got back to the palLuke, Roman took me to my room, and I was there for all of a minute and a half before I was out the door and across the hall pounding on his door.

He yanked it open; his shirt half unbuttoned so I could see the ridges of those amazing abs. If men could be beautiful Roman's body was truly a work of art.

"Anna, what's wrong?"

He grabbed my arm and pulled me inside of his room. I smelled him everywhere. The spicy scent of his cologne and the raw male magnetism that constantly had me on alert.

"Nothing, everything, please don't make me stay in there alone."

I hated sounding like such a wimp, but I was truly scared of Malcolm and Cian.

Roman let out a shaky breath and ran a hand through his hair.

"Okay, just wait here for a minute?"

He went over to the door and slipped out before I knew it he was back with two bags of blood.

He grinned at me sheepishly, "I figured that we shouldn't tempt fate."

There was a knock at the door followed by Luke yelling.

"Oi! Let me in, I know she's in there!"

Roman opened the door, and Luke took in the two of us standing awkwardly on the threshold.

"So, you two want to explain to me what's going on?"

Roman handed me a bag and placed the own to his mouth draining it quickly.

"I am going to get a shower, Anna you can fill him in."

He threw the bag away and then yanked off his shirt as he walked toward the bathroom. My eyes couldn't help but watch every nuance of his back muscles as he tossed his soiled shirt into the laundry basket.

"Take a picture; it will last longer."

I flushed turning to Luke who was smirking at me with that stupid knowing look of his.

"Stop," I swatted at him.

Luke flipped his imaginary hair back and spoke in what I had to assume was my voice.

"Oh, Bendon you are so sexy! Let me just eye-fuck you all the way to the bathroom."

I laughed and smacked him again in the shoulder, "It wasn't like that."

Luke rolled his eyes, "So, what do you need to tell me?"

Over the next twenty minutes, I told Luke what happened when I went to Cian's room. I left out most of the time I was with Roman. I was still processing a lot of that.

"I just didn't want to stay alone," I said feeling slightly stupid now that everything was okay again.

Luke nodded, "I get it. There are two of us, so there is no need for you to be alone. You can stay with Roman one night and me the next. I mean, if you want to."

I placed a hand on his arm, "I do, thank you."

The bathroom door opened and Roman came out in some pajama bottoms and a fitted t-shirt. He tossed a shirt at me and some boxers.

"You can change in the bathroom if you want. There is a fresh toothbrush under the sink."

I scurried off and heard the guys starting to talk in low voices. By the time I had washed my fLuke and gotten ready I was feeling tired. I wasn't quite sure what to do with my dress, so I laid it over the Roman's hamper. Roman was laying back on the bed and Luke was sitting on the end.

I stood there for a moment until Roman opened his arms.

"Come here," he said gently.

Relief washed over me, and I went to him. He tucked me under his arm next to him, and I laid my head on his chest.

Luke and Roman were talking about sports, and slowly their voices started to fade away.

When I awakened, it was dark, and there was a firm arm wrapped around my waist. I could feel the slow, steady breathing as Roman slumbered behind me. I smiled and went back to sleep secure that I was safe in his arms.

The next time I woke he was untangling himself to get out of bed.

"What time is it?" I asked sleepily.

Roman glanced at the clock, "Not quite six; you sleep, I will be back after my run."

I think I nodded, but I really can't be sure, and I didn't wake again until Luke jumped on my bed and nearly scared the daylights out of me.

"Get up, Sleeping Beauty! It's nine, and I am bored without you!"

I yawned and tried to push myself into a sitting position. Luke laughed at the state of my hair.

"So, not a morning person?"

I threw a pillow at his head, but it only made him laugh harder.

"Truce!" he yelled, "Roman had to meet with Cian, so he asked that I stay with you until he could get back. I was thinking that maybe we could go horseback riding?"

"On horses?" I repeated.

"No," Luke replied deadpan, "I was thinking flying monkeys."

"Very funny, Luke, I don't know how to ride a horse."

He grinned, "Then it's a good thing that you will have me there to help you."

I hurried to shower and then Luke, and I found our way down to the barn. The horses were ginormous. Luke said that they weren't any larger than American horses. But I swear they looked massive standing on the ground looking up.

The stable boy found a mount for Luke and then it was decided that I would just go on Luke's horse for a short ride to see if I liked it.

Let me tell you all the reasons this was a terrible idea. A horse can only carry one saddle. And Luke, being the rider, was seating in it. So, I had to be in front of Luke; my back smashed against his front. His arms went around me to hold the reigns, and every move of the animal had me sinking back into Luke.

Hell, if I could have climbed inside of him, I might have tried.

When he finally spoke, his voice had deepened, and I know it wasn't just the saddle horn digging into my ass.

"This may not have been the best idea," Luke rasped.

The horse sidestepped a hole, and I tucked my fLuke back into his neck.

Damn, he smelled good.

Good enough to eat.

Chapter 14 – Anna

"How could you be so careless?" Roman thundered.

I knew better than to interrupt him when he was like this. I kept my mouth shut let the words calm my libido. I had nearly bit Luke, again.

"Relax, Roman," Luke's jaw was clenched, and he looked like he wanted to hit something. "Nothing happened."

"The pheromones were so fucking strong that there are people all over court making bets about when you will fuck her. We have a mission to do, and we can't get distracted."

"Yeah? Well maybe if we weren't on bagged blood, I wouldn't be walking around here with such a hard-on!" Luke yelled.

I felt like I had been punched. I knew he was just angry, but it felt like he was mad at me.

"I never said you couldn't fuck your whores!" I screamed at him and then ran away from there.

"Fuck!" Luke yelled, and I could tell that he was right behind me.

But I kept running as hard and as fast as I could. I needed some spLuke away from the guys. They were right. I had no right to expect them to change their way of life just for me. I was an idiot to think that maybe I meant something to them.

An arm snaked around my waist and stopped me from slamming into a tree.

"I didn't mean that like it sounded," Luke panted in my ear.

I shook my head, "No, you meant just want you said. I should never have said anything to Roman. I have no right to either of you. I shouldn't have come here."

Luke tightened his arm, "Is this the time where you say that we should have staked you?"

I knew that he was trying to lighten the mood, but it wasn't that far off from how I was feeling. Maybe they should have destroyed me? I can never go home or back to the life I had. And I can't Live in this world either. Where does that put me?

"Hey, get that shit out of your head!" Luke turned me around and looked deep into my eyes. His were blazing with anger and something I couldn't put my finger on. "You are meant to be here with us, do you understand me? I don't know how this is going to turn out. But you are ours, and we are not about to let you go."

"I am ruining your life," the moment the words were out I wanted to take them back. I sounded just like the young, naive girl that I was. "I can't stay innocent forever."

Luke's eyes darkened, and I saw his fangs descend. For a long moment, I stayed still waiting to see what would happen if he would really bite me or even kiss me. I was dying to know what it would feel like. I had the one experience with Roman when I was going through the change. But Luke had been a total gentleman.

Suddenly I wanted him to go crazy, to break the rules.

"I can smell how much you want me," he growled. "Do you know what that does to me? How I lay awake in the night hard as a fucking rock. And even if I take my cock in hand, it just returns minutes later. I need you more than I need blood, and keeping away from you is by far the hardest thing I have ever done."

I moved closer my hands clutching his shirt, "Why? Why is it so important that I am innocent?"

Luke growled and moved so that his mouth was against my skin. He licked up the line of my throat, and I felt my body stiffen and then melt into a puddle of goo.

I was helpless when he held me like this.

"There is something different about you, Anna. A Lycan's first time forges a bond. Often it's something that you just remember fondly, but with you, I can tell it will be different. You are like a ticking time bomb. Everyone here can feel it, can sense it."

"And so I am supposed to sit back and let the men of the court saAnnaate over me or worse end of up compelled by the king? I care about you and Roman? Why can't my first be with you two?"

He drew in a harsh breath, and I worried that my honesty had gone too far.

And then he kissed me, his lips came down and brushed against mine so softly I had to lean into him to get the impact my body was craving.

"We can't," he whispered against my lips, "Anna, it can only be a kiss."

But if all I could have was a kiss I wanted to best damn kiss that had ever been given. My stomach had a damn elephant parade stomping through it, and I loved it. I loved the way that my body felt alive or as I I was on some crazy drug.

I was hyper-aware of everything about him. I could feel the way his strong thighs were pressed against mine. His hands remained on my back almost as if he was afraid to touch me any further. But I knew he wanted to. I could feel the hard length of him against my stomach.

My panties were beyond soaked, and my pussy throbbed with need. His mouth was so tender, so gentle that I thought I was losing my mind. He slipped a hand into my hair and angled my head back and then I lost all sense of reality.

He deepened the kiss, and I felt his incisors sharp against my tongue. It was then I realized that mine too were descended and prominent. I pushed my breasts against the muscles on his chest and loved the way that he shuddered when my nails scraped down his chest.

I wasn't playing fair, but to be honest, I don't think either of us knew what the rules were anymore. He pushed me against a tree and somehow managed to get a thigh between my legs. I felt the pressure against my pussy and thrust my hips back and forth riding his leg like I wanted to ride his cock.

"What?" I heard Roman's surprised voice, and then anger, "What in the fuck?"

I whipped out of Luke's hold my lips were stained pink from his kiss, and I was panting hard.

"I want you," I could hardly recognize my voice.

Roman looked confused, "Yeah, well sticking your tongue down Luke's throat is a little hard to get over."

I moved toward him, more of a stalking movement. I wanted him, and I wanted Luke, and I was done feeling bad about it. He was much taller, but I had momentum on my side. I jumped throwing my legs around his waist and smashing my mouth against his.

I heard Luke's sharply inhaled breath, but I kept going. And then I felt Luke's hands sneak around between Roman and I as he gently cupped my breasts.

Roman had hold of my ass and was kissing me within an inch of my life. Luke had a hold of my tits and was kissing and sucking on the back of my neck.

I rubbed my core against Roman's abs wanting more, needing more.

"Please," I cried out into Roman's kiss.

Roman and Luke exchanged a look, it was one I couldn't read, and then Roman moved his hand between my thighs. He began to stroke my pussy moaning at how wet I was.

I felt the slight scrape of Luke's fangs, and then he sank them into me.

I came so hard that black dots spotted my vision and it wasn't from lack of blood. He didn't leave his fangs in long, but the sensation of his bite combined with Roman's touch was too much for my body. I slumped against Roman's chest as my orgasm rang every last ounce of energy from me.

"Better?" Roman whispered against my hair.

I nodded, "I am sorry. I didn't mean to cause a problem."

Luke who was standing close enough to hear laughed and took me from Roman's arms.

"You are our problem, and you don't hear us complaining."

I was about to say that his complaining about bagged blood put us in this situation. But then, I was glad that we had ended up like this. Maybe our crazy threesome would work, and maybe I did have a future with these two Lycan.

I knew one thing, I was starting to fall in love with them. Hell, I was more than halfway there. I only hoped that they felt a fraction for me what I was feeling for them. It was scary and new, but also good in a way that I hadn't felt in a long while.

Chapter 15 – Anna

Rule one of hunting Lycan, know your limitations. Don't take a shot or stab above your skill level; you could easily become the hunted.

Rule two of hunting Lycan, safety. If you want to return home after the hunt, you will be safe cautious and careful. Always assume that the hunted is onto you, and be one step ahead.

Rule three of hunting Lycan, practice & persistence. Very often the first attempt fails, and the hundredth attempt can fail just as easily as the first. These are not innocent animals you hunt. A rogue Lycan is a ruthless killer, often with IQ's out of the stratosphere. You often won't outsmart them, but a wise hunter can get his prey.

Rule four of hunting Lycan, your eternal life will be short—expect the worst, and you won't be surprised.

I reread the old pamphlet that Luke had found in the palLuke library about hunting. I was hoping that the second time through wouldn't leave me with such an eerie feeling of doom and gloom. Obviously, I was doomed for disappointment because I felt more frightened the second time around.

This wasn't the job for the faint of heart.

Roman had explained that there are two types of Lycan hunters. The humans who hunt all Lycan and kill them simply because they exist. Luke and Roman still insist that my parents are two such hunters. I just can't see it. My mom and dad were two of the kindest people I had ever met.

They didn't even eat animals because they had fLukes. Mom always let dad cheat at scrabble. And Dad watched mom's dancing shows even though he grumbled the whole time. They just didn't strike me as mad killers.

"Look, Anna," Roman put his hands on my shoulders and pushed me down into a soft chair in the library. "I need you to read up everything you can on rogue Lycan hunting and Lycan hunters. We need you up to speed."

I frowned, "But I have read so many of these things already, and I don't feel any smarter. Maybe more freaked out, is that the goal?"

Roman flashed me that sexy smirk of his, "Whatever it takes for you to understand."

And he left me reading for hours upon hours, or forty-five minutes, but it felt longer.

I smelled Luke's cologne before I saw him, there was another scent with him, one I didn't recognize. It was fruity, but there was an underlying tone of something sour.

"Baby," the girl's voice came across whiny, and I wondered if she was trying to be sexy. If so, she had missed the boat by an ocean or two. "Why have you been avoiding me? You know how much fun we like to have together."

My brows came together. Obviously, if I could smell the chick, she had to know that I was in here. What a bitch!

"Baby," I mocked her saccharine tone. Standing, I walked around the bookshelves to see a very worried expression on Luke's fLuke. "What took you so long?"

I reached my hand out to Luke, and he came toward me with determined strides.

"I didn't ask her to follow me, I have had nothing to do with her."

I looked over at Francine who had stopped pouting and was now giving me a death glare.

"I know you wouldn't. After all, she was fucking Malcolm just the other night while Cian watched. She has enough on her plate without adding any more."

Francine took a step toward me, "Little Miss Goodytwoshoes watched the entire thing, so stop acting all appalled. And for your information, I am not in a relationship with anyone. You don't understand because you are so naive. Go ahead and think what you want, I don't give a shit. Just know that I have had both of your boyfriends in more positions than you could possibly dream of. You might think they are loyal to you, but sweetheart, you are just a new toy. Once you are broken, they will throw you away like all the rest."

Francine turned on her stilettos and pranced out of the library. If I wasn't so disgusted by the images he had put in my head, I would have applauded her performance skills. She should have been an actress on Broadway.

Luke let out a loud sigh, "Anna, she's just jealous."

I shook my head, "You don't need to explain yourself, Luke. I can't say that I like the fact that you have been with her and likely every woman here. But it all happened before you ever met me. It pisses me off and makes me want to puke, but it's a fact that can't be erased. I can't blame you."

Luke cocked his head to the side, "But you are still angry, I can see it. You are pulling away from me."

I moved closer, and he wrapped an arm around my shoulders. Immediately as my fLuke met his chest and my body molded to his, I felt better. My heart started to beat normally, and I felt relief coursing through me.

"Tell me what you are thinking?" he whispered against my ear as his large hands caressed my back.

"I am worried that she's right. I don't know all of the sexual tricks and things that they do. I am worried that one night together and you and Roman won't feel the same way about me."

"Fuck," he let the word out slowly, and I could tell he was trying to put together what he wanted to say. "Anna, I have never felt the way I do about you with any other girl. And that includes being intimate with them; it doesn't hold a candle to just having you in the same room. You don't need fancy moves or tricks."

"Have you shared a girl before?" I blushed wildly at the implication.

Luke smiled softly and tucked a strand of hair behind my ear, "Never. I have never shared a girl with anyone nor have I wanted to. It's different with you, Anna. I can't explain it properly. But when we first came upon you, I knew that you were ours."

I stayed in his arms for a long while until Roman re-entered the room. He paused when he came across us standing in the middle of the floor.

"Is everything okay?"

His deep voice had my body on alert. I moved out of Luke's arms and went into Roman's.

Luke answered for me, "Francine was trying to stir up trouble. Do you have any news?"

Roman nodded and tipped my chin up with his thumb, "King Cian insists on having a worldwide search for your parentage."

I felt the color drain from my fLuke, "We know who my parents are."

Roman tipped his head to the side, "You said yourself that Bill and Susan adopted you. Cian thinks that there is a conspiracy hidden and he might be right. We will be working more closely with him to try and locate your birth parents. And if we are able to spend more time together, we will have the access we need to…"

Luke pretended to take a stake to the heart. As much as I knew he was trying to lighten the mood, I couldn't help the sense of foreboding that shrouded us.

"When is this great search to take plLuke?" I asked hollowly.

Roman caressed my cheek, "There is much they can do just studying your DNA. The normals have those kits that everyone is crazy about. Well, it's actually been very helpful for us as well. There is an entire other side to the DNA testing that links Lycan lines and can even tell how much pure blood is in your veins."

"Pureblood?" I repeated, "I thought our blood was the same as anyone?"

Luke shook his head, "He's talking about your ancestral line. They are noble houses that you might descend from. Roman obviously has a higher percentage it's something like 98% whereas I am a mutt and come in about 52%.

Roman rolled his eyes, "Luke exaggerates, I am only 94%."

I blinked, "You have 94% pure royal blood?"

Roman nodded, "Cian, of course, has a higher concentration at 99%. There is no one alive with a higher percentage, and therefore he is king."

Chapter 16 – Anna

The beaded strapless gown showed off my shoulders and neckline to perfection. The back was nearly bare with strands of beads crisscrossing delicately like a pearl corset. It was by and far the most suggestive dress I have ever worn.

I was given one task for the night—distract Cian.

With the way the man stared at me as I entered the ballroom I knew that my clothing choice was on point. He wasn't the only one whose eyes were locked on me either.

Is this what famous people feel like when they enter a public plLuke?

I almost felt hunted.

Just the thought had tiny goosebumps erupting all over my skin. Well, damn it, now my nipples were hard, and Cian had risen to come and greet me. I swallowed the intense feeling of revolution and pasted a smile on my fLuke.

"King Cian," my curtsey was everything it should be. I was to be well behaved and maidenly.

Maidenly—a snort almost escaped before I stopped myself. I was far from the perfect lady. But if we were going to pull off this night, I had to play the part.

"My dear, you look ravishing," his eyes were undressing me.

There was nothing sexy or romantic about it; I wanted to cover my breasts and run screaming. How had I ever thought the king was attractive?

I smiled politely and allowed him to take my arm.

"Where are your escorts?"

"Roman will be along shortly; there was an incident with Luke's wardrobe."

Obviously, nothing was wrong with either of them, and I was buying time. The test results proclaiming my DNA were due any minute to be announced at this event. Roman wanted to make sure that nothing was tampered with.

Something was wrong with my test. I didn't know what, but I heard Roman and Luke arguing about it. When I approached them, they quickly told me that I had mistaken what was really going on. So I did something that most people would consider unforgivable.

I swiped Roman's phone and read through his text messages. I knew he had an informant at the lab. Well, let me tell you, the last thing you want to find is messages from your crushes mother asking if the pesky sycophant had been bleed dry yet.

I resolved then and there that instead of being Queen of Doom she was now and forever Bitch Queen. I had no idea how Roman shared that woman's DNA.

I had about given up hope when I decided to check messages that had been deleted. Sure enough, there was one from someone named Rob. It was short and to the point.

Rob: Remove the subject, danger.

Okay, so you might be thinking I am taking two and two and coming up with five. But honestly, I knew somehow this message was about me. Roman had been weird as well, insisting at all times someone be with me.

I was shocked as hell when he agreed to allow me to enter the event tonight on my own. Granted the enter court was in attendance as well, and he and Luke should be minutes behind me.

"You remember Malcolm, don't you?"

Cian motioned to Malcolm and Francine who were sitting at the high table. Malcolm smiled, but the light never reached his eyes, and Francine sneered in a way that made me want to take up Roman's eye rolling.

"Of course, they are…" I paused for a moment, "Unforgettable."

Cian laughed as if I had just said the funniest thing ever.

"Are you nervous about tonight?" Francine asked in a sickly sweet voice, "I should hate it you are embarrassed by the results of the DNA test. Especially after Cian has taken you in."

Cian smiled as if he loved a good catfight. Well, tonight just wasn't his night. What did I care what the results said?

"I didn't know that I was any percentage of Lycan until a few weeks ago. Even if it came back at 5%, it isn't any difference to me."

Francine covered her exposed cleavage with a sigh, "But you don't know, do you? It's the purity of your blood that gives you rank in our culture."

I raised a brow, "Indeed? I would assume you are pretty proud of yours then."

Francine's eyes glittered dangerously, "I am nearly 80%."

Malcolm scoffed, "You are 76%, don't pretend to be better than you are."

The rebuff surprised me. I hadn't know that Malcolm could be such a snob. Or maybe he was defending me? I really couldn't tell.

While Francine huffed, Cian leaned in close.

"There are certain families that rule. Up until recently, the court was ruled by the Vasile family. Sadly there was a massacre and the entire family was wiped out."

I gasped, "How many were in the family?"

Cian shrugged, "Oh there were seven or eight children. The King was on his second or third wife. Anyway, it was quite a scandal."

He said it like someone mixed up the milk order, and they accidentally picked up 2% instead of skim.

"My family was next in line, our family name of Constantin goes back as far as the records are kept. There is also the Dravens, which of course our Malcolm come from. And the triplets, Adrian, Alden and Abel, they are from the Nicolae family."

"What is Roman's family?" I asked.

"Dumitru," Cian and Malcolm answered at the same time.

Cian smiled, "It was their family or mine who would inherit the throne, but as you can see when the testing came back my blood was purer than theirs."

I had a sneaking suspicion that Cian tampered with the results. He was such a liar anyway. He probably was behind the ruination of the Vasile family.

There was a slamming of the door, and then Roman and Luke entered the ballroom with a rather harried looking currier.

"We found this servant trying to open the official DNA documents," Roman said through clenched teeth.

Cian stood and eyed the servant with cold eyes.

"You are aware that this is an act of treason against the court."

"But, but… Your Majesty," the man stammered to get the words out.

In a flash, there was a dagger sticking out of the man's chest. Blood spurted from the wound, and he gasped. Roman grabbed the royal documents just as the man keeled over.

Cian looked angry. It had happened so quickly that I wasn't sure who killed the man.

"Well," Roman raised a brow, "Shall we read the results?"

Cian gritted his teeth and smiled, "Of course, that is what we are all waiting for."

The red wax seal was broken, and Roman unfolded the document.

"Anna Browning's Lycan pureblood percentage is…"

There was silence in the room; one could have heard a pin drop.

Roman smiled softly and turned to me as he read the results, "One hundred percent."

Chapter 17 – Anna

As quiet as it had been there was an explosion of sound. There were cries out outrage mixed with shouts of a conspiracy. Luke and Roman tucked me between them as they fLuked the angry crowd.

My body was shaking like I hadn't eaten, but that wasn't the problem. I couldn't be one hundred percent pure blood. It just wasn't possible.

Cian didn't say a word during the entire affair. He just stood there with an indulgent smile playing on his lips as if he were in the midst of watching a rather humorous play.

"What family is she?" Malcolm spat.

Both Luke and Roman were armed and poised to take down anyone that tried to harm me.

"It is obvious what line she comes from," Cian answered the question. "You have been holding out on us, My love."

I smelled the sickly scent of cotton candy. He was trying to compel me in front of the entire Lycan court. A bold move, indeed, with my protectors so close.

"I am not your love," I straightened my shoulders, "I not your anything."

The smile fell from his fLuke, "Is that how you wish to play it then? Are you going to attempt to take my throne?"

He said the words like it was the most ridiculous thing he had ever heard. The members of the court tittered, and it seemed like they were starting to resort back to their usual nastiness.

"There is only one thing that can be done in this instance," Malcolm stepped forward. His brow was furrowed, and he shook his head in disbelief. "She must fight Cian for the throne."

My eyes widened in alarm as my heart rate slammed through me.

"Fight? What do you mean?"

Luke placed a hand on my arm to steady me.

"An official challenge?" Cian cocked a brow, "I like it."

"You can't fight Anna; she's had no training."

Cian looked at Roman, "I can do whatever I want, I am the king."

"Not for long," Luke muttered under his breath.

Considering that we all have excellent hearing, this might not have been the best plan.

"I issue a formal challenge to Anna Browning, or as the test results state, Anna Vasile. We fight to the death, or if one of us decided to concede, they will be banished and hunted as a rogue Lycan. Do you accept the terms?"

"Me?" I squeaked, "What?"

Malcolm laughed, "She's a child."

"I am eighteen!" I demanded and then realized the I sounded just like a child. "Look, I don't even know how to fight."

"Are you saying that you would fight if you were trained?" Cian asked mildly.

I shrugged, "Yeah, I guess."

"Anna, don't answer that!" Roman's advice came seconds too late.

"Then it is settled, she has accepted the challenge. In two weeks time, we will fight in the courtyard and settle this once and for all."

Luke wrapped an arm around my waist and started pushing me out of the room, Roman was hot on our heels. They didn't stop until we were in Roman's room and that's when I rounded on them.

"What in the hell happened back there? I thought you both were protecting me!"

Roman gave me a look that I well recognized. It's the same one you get when your teacher is searching for her glasses, and they are perched on her head. It said loud and clear that everything went according to plan. But I didn't remember anywhere in the plan where I was supposed to fight the Lycan king.

"I can't fight him!" I felt stupid tears gathering and blinked my eyes to will them away. "I don't even like fighting, and I am not any good at it."

"How do you know you're not good at it?" Luke countered.

"Because I don't know how," I said slowly as if I was speaking to a toddler.

Luke snorted, "You have new instincts that will kick in once you are in the heat of battle."

"If those instincts involve running like hell then I think I have them already."

Roman's lips twitched, but he kept his mouth shut.

"I don't like anything about this," I grumbled and flopped onto my back on the bed. "How are you going to turn me into a fighting machine in two weeks? It looked me eight months to learn how to parallel park!"

Roman moved over toward me, and I felt the familiar tingles in my stomach, but there was something more there. I needed him. I was feeling scared and uncertain and as if he could sense

that he moved to the head of the bed and pulled me up so that I was cradled in his lap. Luke laid in the other side and placed a hand on my leg.

"Anna, we would never put you in a situation where you could get hurt."

I sniffled, "How do you explain tonight then, Luke?"

"Well," he said with a wink, "If the king isn't here to fight, there wouldn't be a challenge would there?"

"What?" a spark of hope flared inside of me. Could my guys already have a plan in plLuke? Seriously, of course, they did.

I turned and leaned up to kiss the underside of Roman's chin. But he swooped down and captured my lips instead. I felt Luke's hand on my leg tighten, and the thought of having them both in the same bed had my panties soaked. I knew they could smell my arousal and I didn't care.

I felt the sharp prick of Roman's incisors, and Luke moved his hand to the hem of my dress and started to inch it up my thigh.

The feel of Roman's tongue caressing mine in conjunction with the way that Luke was now caressing my thighs. I wanted these men. They were mine. I didn't believe in soul mates or any of that shit, but I knew as well as anyone how I felt in my heart. I had fallen in love with Roman and Luke.

Luke's fingers caressed the edge of my panties, and I gasped and broken Roman's kiss. He simply continued kissing my neck and shoulders finding erogenous zones that I hadn't even known existed.

"Please," I whimpered. I didn't know what I was asking for. Did I want them to fuck me, here and now? Was I really ready to take that step? The answer came with a resounding sense of rightness. Yes, I wanted this, my first time to be here and now.

Luke's finger slipped under the elastic, and I moaned long and loud when he stroked my heat.

Roman sucked the tender skin behind my ear as his hands made their way to the back of my dress. My heated skin needed to be exposed. Luke yanked my panties down and shoved up my dress.

I saw his fLuke as he looked at the part of me that no man had ever seen before. Roman stopped kissing me for a second so he too could take in my nakedness.

"I need to taste you."

I had never heard Luke sound like that before. He stood off the bed for a moment ripping off his suit jacket and button-up shirt. Leaving only his suit pants on, Luke crawled up the bed and between my thighs.

Chapter 18 – Luke

The sight of her pink pretty pussy exposed to me was almost more than I could take. I wanted Anna with a passion that was nearly uncontrollable. She had wound her way into our Lives and hearts. And now that she was there, entrenched so tightly, I didn't think there was any way I would ever be able to Live without her.

Roman and I were careful not to talk too much about a Lycan's virginity. But in truth, it was a sacred thing that created a bond of sorts with whomever you gave it to.

I wished now that I had cared more all of those years ago. The matron that fucked me had no thought or care to who I was she only wanted what she could take from me. And I had been hardly more than a boy when she seduced me.

Roman's story isn't very different. Sadly vamps are usually so randy that they will do anything to taste the first vestiges of sensual pleasures.

However, if a Lycan is able to hold off their virginity becomes an even greater tool. Not only will the power of the bond strengthen. But it is rumored that an older virgin will gain immense strength by holding out. I only hoped that we had given Anna enough time because I knew that we weren't going to be able to stop.

One of these times we would take her and then we would have to take things as they came.

I pushed her thighs wider and drank in the scent of her heat.

Roman moved a hand down and stroked between her thighs. You could hear as well as smell her desire. It was saturating the room, egging me onward. I shoved Roman's hand away, ignoring his smirk as he lifted it to his mouth and sucked it dry.

My hands slid under her hips, and I took my first taste of Anna. The tartness of her sex combined with the honey of her desire had my mind whirling. My cock was throbbing against my suit pants, and I desperately wanted to free it.

I used my thumbs to open her wider and then licked the very essence of her. The innocence and passion was a heady combination, and I loved the sounds that she made. Her low moans and gasps of pleasure would be permanently impressed on my mind.

I looked up to see Roman's large hands caressing her breasts, and I could hear him whispering to her.

"Do you like the way that Luke is eating you?"

"Fuck, look how wet you are. We will soon all be together, and you won't know where you end, and we begin. He loves licking you; I can see his cock pressed against his pants. Do you feel how hard I am, Anna?"

She whimpered and nodded, and I gave in to impulse and reached down to unbuckled my pants. My cock sprang free, and I went back to her pussy.

Anna's eyes were wide as she took in my length, but soon she was lost again to the pleasure of my mouth.

Roman grabbed the front of her gown and ripped the rest of it off of her so that she was bare for our pleasure.

"It's my turn," he rasped, and she was pulled from my mouth.

I watched as Roman laid back and then positioned Anna over his mouth. She was facing me, and so I lost no time moving in to kiss her.

I could tell when he began to lick her because she reached for me and dug her nails into my arms. The sensations washed over all of us; it was perfect, this was how we were meant to be. I felt her hands move down and tentatively grab my dick.

I showed her how to hold it, and she rubbed the wet precum into the head of my cock. I cried out and thrust into her hands. She was a natural, everything about Anna was sensuous and drove me fucking crazy.

I pinched her nipples hard, rolling them in my fingers and was rewarded when she began her release, coating Roman's tongue, and mouth with her pleasure.

I carefully picked her up, and he moved to remove his clothes.

"I want you," his voice was deep and commanding. I didn't know how Anna would respond, but I hoped that she would choose us, both of us.

Anna looked from me to Roman, "I don't know what I am doing."

Roman gave her a wicked smile, "You don't need to do anything, Anna. We will take care of you."

I nodded picking her up and taking her in my arms. I laid at the top of the bed and put her between my legs. I longed to slide into her tight ass but knew that it would take time for Anna to get to that point.

Roman moved to her channel and placed a finger inside stretching her slightly.

"You are tight," he said it more to me than to her, as if I needed reminding how amazing it would be to fuck Anna.

He stuck his big dig against her swollen heat and began to move into her. I didn't want to admit it, but it was sexy as fuck watching him take her. I hadn't even realized it that my mouth was moving to her neck until I tasted the first drops of her blood on my tongue.

"Now," Roman commanded, and he sank into her just as I began to suck deeply on her neck.

The delicious taste of her coating my tongue as she exploded into a massive orgasm. Roman pumped in and out of her, the sounds and smells of our coupling filling the room.

I pulled out of her neck worrying that I took to much. She was laying languid in my arms, but then I felt her tighten, and her eyes snap open as Roman continued to slide into her pussy. Her eyes were red and almost seemed to be glowing.

She turned her head and kissed me hard. My cock throbbed against her ass and then to my surprise she broke the kiss.

"I need you inside of me, my mouth."

I looked at Roman who was on the brink of release.

He nodded, and I flew out from under her placing my dick at her lips. She wasn't sure what to do, but it didn't matter the moment her lips touched my cock I was fighting blowing my load. She was a temptress, the worst sort of siren because I would have given anything at that point to just spend another minute with her.

Roman cried out, his orgasm taking him over the edge and then he moved so that I could enter her.

He moved to her fLuke and with gentleness turned his head so that she could drink from his neck.

I waited until she was ready and then entered her as she began to suck Roman.

His cock hardened again, and he cried out as another release took him. I didn't last very long, only a few more pumps but I felt her tighten and as soon as she exploded I followed her into ecstasy.

We collapsed together a tangle of bodies and limbs with Anna between us. She was the glue that held this crazy trio together, and I knew that for as long as my heart beat it would always be for her.

Chapter 19 – Anna

When I went through the transition, my senses were heightened. I could smell things that normals couldn't see further, hear better. But that was nothing compared to what happened when I shared my virginity with Roman and Luke.

I wonder if Anna is too sore for another around?

"Seriously?" I laughed, my voice still scratchy from sleep. I rolled into Roman, "Protect me from this sex-beast."

Roman's arm wrapped around my waist, but he didn't open his eyes.

Luke's, however, flew open.

Did she read my mind?

And it was then that I realized that I heard Luke's voice, but his lips weren't moving.

'Oh shit!" I exclaimed, shoving at Roman's arm. "How can I hear your thoughts?"

"What?" Roman mumbled.

"I can hear Luke's thoughts!"

Roman snapped to attention, "That is impossible."

And yet it is happening, genius.

I snorted, and Roman gave me a strange look.

"Luke just called you a Genius in a snarky tone, you know, in his head." I clarified for him just in case Roman missed it.

Luke snickered, "As much as I don't like the invasion of privacy, the look on your fLuke might make it all worth it."

I concentrated on saying something in my mind.

Roman and Luke are hot.

Both guys got silly smirks on their fLukes.

"So, it is safe to assume that you both heard me?"

They nodded.

Luke's feet stink.

"Shut up asshole!" Luke flipped Roman off, and I laughed.

"Okay," I shoved the two of them apart, and it was only then that It dawned on me that we were all still naked. I wish I could say that I was super cool about it. But the truth was that I let out a screeching noise and grabbed for the sheet ripping it over my head.

"We saw a lot more than your breasts last night, Anna," Luke teased.

I made a mental note to kick him the next time I saw him, but then he called out that he heard that and I knew that we needed to set some boundaries because sometimes you just needed to keep your thoughts to yourself.

**

Later we met in the gym to go over some training moves, and it appeared that I gained speed and precision as I looked down at a very surprised Roman who I had just tripped and made fall without even breaking a sweat.

I was feeling a little bit like wonder woman or some type of superhero because I was always a step ahead of Roman. When Luke tried to spar with me, I had him immobilized in about thirty seconds. I started feeling a little cocky like I could take on Cian at any point.

"Why don't I try the both of you together?" I tossed out the challenge tipping my head from side to side cracking my neck.

The spandex of my workout top stretched with my body as I bent and touched my toes and then I turned and indicated I was ready to go again.

But before I could blink, Luke was rushing at me. I dodged and went to slide, but Roman was there and grabbing my legs and knocking me off my feet. They had me in about seventeen seconds.

"That was impressive," I panted.

"You need to anticipate our moves, Anna," Roman admonished.

We practiced again and again until I was exhausted and more than a little bit cranky. Snagging some bagged blood, we had a snack and then continued to train until my body felt like a gigantic bruise.

One day bleed into two and then three and before I knew it a week had flown by. I had trained long and hard every moment. So, you can imagine my surprise when eight days into the fourteen Luke turns up missing one morning.

We hadn't had sex since that first night and not because I didn't want to. My body was adjusting to its new circumstances and training schedule. To put it mildly, I had been falling into bed completely exhausted without being able to lift so much as a muscle.

That day in training I fought twice as hard with Roman, angry that he wouldn't tell me where Luke was and frustrated that neither one trusted me enough with the truth. I wasn't a child

anymore and didn't deserve to be treated like one. Whatever they were protecting me from we could fLuke together.

Nine days, ten, and then eleven, and soon we were down to three days until the battle. Everyone was on edge and who could blame them. There was fire and tension that crackled in the air. I was getting better at guarding my thoughts against Roman, but he was well aware of how much I missed Roman and how worried I was about everything.

Roman pushed me harder than ever before, and it wasn't until I bested him ten times out of ten that he finally realized there wasn't anything left for him to teach me. Gathering me in his arms, he kissed me long and hard. I was so surprised I almost attacked him.

But then as his mouth opened and he began to taste me, I melted into his arms.

He carried me back to his room and once inside things started to heat up. He slammed me against the wall, and I dug my heels into his back. I didn't care that my nails were most likely scratching him. I needed him; I needed them.

Roman sensed my urgency because he carried me over to the bed and yanked my shorts and underwear down. His shorts were next to go, and I marveled at his size and length,

"Please," I moaned, spreading my legs and willing him inside of me.

Roman cursed and then stroked my pussy with the head of his cock.

I moaned at the contact; it wasn't enough, I needed more.

Finally, Roman slipped the head inside of me, and we both cried out I moved my head to the side and felt his fangs against my neck.

But instead of him biting me he shoved his bare throat against my lips, "Drink."

I bit him, and he thrust all the way inside, it was white hot pain and intense pleasure all at the same time. The taste of his blood coating my tongue as his cock slammed inside of me with an intensity that would have killed a lesser being.

It was moments before my orgasm ripped us both apart and then I released him, knowing that I needed to allow him to feed as well. I was getting better at knowing when it stop and how much to take. This lifestyle, it hadn't been easy, but it was something that I had adjusted to. And it was all because of my men, Roman and Luke.

He collapsed on top of me, and I let out a small laugh.

"I didn't mean for that to happen," he said ruefully. But I am not sad that it did. I care about you so very much, Anna. You are my world."

My heart skipped a beat, and I clung to him, "And you are mine."

Chapter 20 – Anna

They dragged Luke in looking like death.

"He needs to feed," one to of the simps insisted. "But he won't take blood from anyone."

I didn't hesitate to move my wrist underneath his mouth, but he hadn't the energy to pierce my skin. I bit my wrist and then held the bleeding arm out to him, and finally, he latched on. It was as if I could see life being poured back into him. I gave him as much as I could and then Roman pushed me away insisting on giving him the rest.

I watched as Roman did the same thing sticking his wrist to Luke's mouth.

Luke pushed back eventually, and I noticed that Roman looked as pale as I did. Luke had needed a lot to come back from whatever had happened to him. Roman went over to the fridge and picked up some bagged blood for each of us.

It wasn't ideal, but it kept us alive, and at this moment I was thankful for the stuff. I sucked my bag dry and then turned to sink at Luke's feet.

"What happened?"

"Your parents," he winced, "Bill and Susan, they attacked the pack."

Roman tensed, "Casualties?"

Luke nodded.

I felt the earth drop and if I hadn't been sitting on the floor, I would have fallen. He was talking about my parents killing Lycan. It just couldn't be possible.

Luke pulled out a note, "They left this for you, Anna. I am sorry."

"How many?" Roman asked quietly.

Luke shook his head as if to say that they would talk about it after I read my note.

I opened the crinkled paper and was at once overwhelmed by my mother's perfume.

Anna,

When you were a baby, we saw the sweet innocence in your eyes. We thought that perhaps if you were raised with the right influence, away from the terrible things that your birth family did. Well, we thought you would be like us. Anna, we were wrong, so wrong.

We are to blame for the monster you have become. We knew that you would at some point develop the satanist tendencies and therefore should have destroyed you when you were an infant. Your father and I tried to raise you as our own. We loved you. Every moment since your disappearance we have worried

about where you are and who you might be hurting. It's tearing us up inside. We know that you aren't aware of the evils that you are a part of.

Anna who you are now, a Lycan that is never who you were meant to be. The beautiful girl that was once ours, she is gone. The girl we loved would never have harmed Jimmy. The girl we loved wouldn't drink blood, kill, ravage, or plunder as all Lycan do. This isn't your fault. Please come home. We will take care of this like we should have all those years ago. You don't have to Live this way.

Love,

Mom & Dad

I choked as tears clouded my vision. The paper in my hands crinkling and then Roman was there taking the letter from me. I wasn't sure if he was reading it or what. My body felt cold, and I began to shake. And then Luke's arms were around me comforting me.

"They aren't worth your tears, Anna," he whispered.

But I didn't know how to make him understand. These were the people that stayed up with me when I had nightmares. They sang me lullabies and taught me how to tie my shoes. I thought they loved me unconditionally and in their own weird sick way, I think they still did.

I think Susan and Bill thought if they killed the monster that they would be doing what was best for me. They had no interest in finding out what Lycan were really like. They only wanted to kill what they didn't understand. My stomach revolted, and I fought to keep the blood down that I just drank.

"How many?" I said through clenched teeth.

I could feel Luke tense up and he looked at Roman over the top of my head.

"I am not a baby," I said shrilly, "How many did they kill?"

"Almost everyone at the pack, simps and vamps alike," Luke's confession was enough to make me lose the tender hold on my stomach.

I rLuked for the bathroom and vomited into the toilet. The blood coating the bowl as I retched in misery.

"Your mother is alright," I heard Luke tell Roman. "But there are many seven who surLived. I was able to get them to safety. But there were dozens of hunters, skilled ones that knew how to kill a Lycan. This wasn't just an attack it was a massacre."

I moved to the sink after flushing the toilet and brushed my teeth.

"Are they organized, the hunters?" I asked.

Roman nodded, "Yes, at least they seem to be. But I have never seen more than five or six work together. Dozens, well, I can't even imagine how they managed to come up with that many trained hunters."

"Unless someone tipped them off," Luke said giving Roman a side-eyed glance.

"Are you saying that this could have been caused by a Lycan?" I asked incredulously.

Luke shrugged, "Cian's can't get to you through us. But he can get to you through your parents. What better way to through you off guard than to create drama with our pack and upset you?"

"He would kill his own subjects?" I said in disgust.

Roman's lips pursed together, "I wouldn't put it past him."

"Wow, I really need to kill that son of a bitch don't I?"

The guys looked at me in surprise.

"What?" I said throwing my hands up. "He's horrible! He compels people to do things against their will. He kills his own subjects. And he is working with the Lycan Hunters? There is no way I am going to allow that prick to hurt anyone else. And there is no way I am going to sit back while he makes puppets out of all of us. As for my so-called parents, we can deal with that fucked up shit later. One problem at a time."

Roman took my hand, "We will support you, let's get back to the gym."

Luke groaned but got to his feet and made his way over to me. He tucked me close and kissed my forehead.

This was my family now, Susan and Bill had made their choice, and so had I.

Chapter 21 – Anna

The crowd filled the stands around the arena which opened up to the bright blue sky. Roman and Luke told me that Lycan from all over the world had flown in to see the fight. No one thought I would win, and came to see the great execution.

In truth, not many of them believed that I am really from the Vasile family. I wasn't sure I believed it myself. The thought of my parents and siblings being butchered by the people who raised me wasn't a pleasant thought.

Shaking off those thoughts, I looked into the stands above me. I could see the smiling fLukes of the Lycan as they looked down on me with part pity and curiosity. I knew that Luke and Roman were somewhere in the crowd watching and waiting for me and that was the only thing that was keeping my nerves together.

I was dressed in white supple leather pants and a sleeveless white tunic. I suppose they really wanted the contrast with the blood to be dramatic because I couldn't imagine another reason for picking white for a battle.

Cian, on the other hand, was dressed in a vibrant red, his eyes were amused as they met mine across the field of play. And to my surprise, he raised a hand in greeting as if we were meeting at the park and he wasn't going to try and rip my head off.

Bastard.

In the corner of my eye, I saw the billowing cloak of the grand elder. It wasn't often that he came out of his rooms in the castle, but apparently, today's event warranted an appearance.

To his side, there were no less than seven grandmasters in attendance. Their pious fLukes were pinched with sour looks and beady eyes. I could feel them watching me, judging me.

A booming voice startled me from my thoughts and quieted all of the guests in the arena.

"There will be three rounds of competition only ending when one of the contestants surrenders or is dead. The only rules are that the contestants are unarmed when they enter the area. Contestants, are you ready?"

Was I ready?

Seriously?

I was about to get my ass kicked, and most likely I would end up dead. But ready, all over it.

I raised my hand to indicate that I was ready and then I saw Cian do the same. Squaring my shoulders, I took a deep breath and started walking to the middle of the arena. Clearing my

head, I tried to forget all of the crap that was clogging my mind and focussing on what was really important.

I needed to surLive.

"Darling, you are looking amazing in that outfit."

Cian looked like one of those old-fashioned toothpaste commercials when he smiled; his canines seemed to sparkle in the sunlight.

Focus, Anna.

"I can just see the round curve of your nipple through the white tunic I picked out."

Fire began to lick in my belly. The bastard picked this out. Why didn't this come as a shock? Oh, yes, because he was a complete asshole.

Out of nowhere, Cian attacked, his arm shooting out and connecting with my jaw. Startled I stumbled back. I hadn't expected him to hit me; I was waiting for his stupid mind games.

"Come on, Anna. Don't give up so easily; we need to give them a show."

His eyes danced, and I could see the slightly manic look in his eye.

Dropping to the ground, I kicked out and knocked him off his feet.

He bounced back with a laugh, "Well done, Anna! That's the spirit."

More fire churned in my stomach.

He zipped toward me and grabbed my hair. I yanked my head back not caring about the stands I had lost and headbutted him.

Blood began to pour from a cut on his lip, and he released me.

He is weaker on the left side.

I heard Luke's voice in my mind. Without second thought I performed a roundhouse kick catching him on the left side of his body. Cian flew back onto the dirt, and a bell rang indicating that the first round was finished.

I turned and was walking back to my side when I heard Roman.

Duck!

Falling straight to the ground, I rolled out of the way just in time to hear Cian roar his disapproval. In his hand was a dagger. I don't know where he was hiding it or how he managed to sneak it in, only that Cian had clearly lost his mind.

"You will never be the queen, you bitch! You are nobody, NOBODY!"

His pretty white teeth were stained red, and his eyes were glowing.

I felt oddly calm. The movement around me slowed, and it was as if I could hear each individual heartbeat as they slowly came one after another.

Boom . . . Boom . . . Boom

I could smell the blood from the cut on his lip, and I could taste something else—fear.

"You are going to die," I told him and watched as his eyes grew larger.

I moved around him before he could even blink, he was frozen in time, or I was going faster than light. Either way, he was no match for me.

Anna Vasile

I knew who I was. I wasn't sure the exact moment when the truth became clear. But as I wrapped my hands around Cian's head and twisted sharply to the left, I knew of a surety that it would detach his head and that I was staking my claim. It was time I took my birthright back. It was time I became the person I had always been meant to be.

I threw the severed head into the dirt, his body falling lifelessly to the ground before me.

There was silence in the arena, and then I realized that I was still moving too fast. I willed my body to slow down. That's when the stench of Cian's blood reached my nose. I had been moving so fast before he hadn't had time to bleed.

Once time slowed, the blood poured from the body and for once it wasn't appealing or appetizing.

I felt truly ill. The crowd erupted, I couldn't tell if they were happy or horrified. Everything became a dull roar as things around me began to blur.

Moments later Luke and Roman were by my side. I slumped against them, my body no longer having the energy to stand.

"He's dead," I said through parched lips.

"I know, sweetheart," Roman kissed my forehead, "I am so proud of you."

"I killed him."

I couldn't get the images or the thoughts out of my head. The grand elder met us as they carried me from the arena.

"Your majesty," he bowed deeply, and I had a moment of fear that Cian had somehow arrived.

"Anna," Roman whispered in my ear, "You need to answer him, or he will stay like that."

"Answer who?" I said groggily.

"The grand elder," Luke said with a smirk.

Your majesty… he wasn't speaking to Cian. He was talking to me.

I was the new Queen of the Lycans.

Chapter 1 – Rachel

PART 2

"Oh hey, Mrs. Browning, um, so, I was wondering if Anna was back from that math camp retreat you sent her on?"

Yeah, I'm the best friend, name is Rachel Spark. Just in case you were wondering, I'm the better looking one.

Ha! I am totally kidding. Anna is gorgeous in that lost innocent little girl look of hers.

I am more the girl you don't want to meet in a dark alley. Anna and I both have long dark hair, but my eyes are a freaky shade of gold, and I have freckles were Anna is all perfect alabaster complexion.

Her body was runners lithe with just enough curve to keep the boys interested.

I must have stood in line and got two helpings of curves, both in the boobs and in the trunk. I was used to construction workers whistling at me and learned to ward off any unwanted male attention. A kick to the jewels or a headbutt usually put the douche bag in his place.

The thing was it wasn't as fun anymore. Anna and I had always been partners. Shit, Anna and I have been total BFF's since kindergarten.

Susan Browning reached a hand up to her frizzy orange hair, "Rachel, I told you that I don't really know when she is coming back from, err, camp."

Okay, you can totally tell when an adult is lying to you. First off, they don't look you in the eye, and they get fidgety. Second, if you are going to lie to anyone with reasonable intelligence, practice it first. There are no camps that run from prom to sorority pledge night. I know that Old Suzy thinks I am a bit of an airhead, but come on, even I know they are lying.

The parentals had been super weird as well. Clark and Jenny Spark own the pet store over on fifth, off of Montgomery St. Anna and I have besties forever, sleepovers, cheerleading, trips to the lake. I knew the Browning house just as well as I did my own.

But get this, ever since prom, my parents have told me to stay away from there. They said it wasn't safe. I mean, that is ridiculous. How could it not be safe? Mrs. Browning hasn't removed the safety latches from the drawers yet, and we are eighteen.

I don't always break the rules, just the stupid ones. Staying away from Anna's parents was totally stupid.

"Do you have a phone number I could call her at?" I tried again, but the older woman just shook her head and tried to close the door—in my face.

"Mrs. Browning, I am really worried about…"

Susan turned her icy gaze toward me, and I felt it to the tips of my toes.

"How have you been feeling lately, Rachel?"

I blinked at the sudden change in conversation.

"I'm good, just worried about…"

Her face hardened, and she all but shouted at me, "You need to go home and stop bothering us."

The door slammed with finality, and I wanted to march back up the steps and pound on it. Something was wrong, and Susan Browning was in the middle of it.

Sighing, I did the only thing that I could think of. I climbed back into my rust bucket of a car and drove it over to Jimmy's house.

"Ugh, mom, tell her I am not here!" Jimmy yelled over his shoulder, thinking that his mom was at the door. But his mom was outside taking the dog for a walk. I happened to meet her just as I pulled up, and she let me in.

Okay, so since Anna disappeared, I had been hanging out a lot more with Jimmy. My boyfriend, he who must eat shit and die, dumped me because I wouldn't put out. I am almost 99% sure I was the only person at graduation who was also carrying her v-card.

Another big thank you to Anna for disappearing. If she had been there, we would have been two kick-ass virgins together, and it wouldn't have been so hard.

I yanked the power cord to his TV out of the wall, and the game he was playing went black.

"I can hear you, butt munch," I said from the doorway. "Do you really need to play games and be on the computer at the same time?"

Jimmy ripped off his headset and scowled at me from his spot in front of the computer.

"My fans need me!"

I smirked.

He continued. "Look, I don't know what happened to Anna, and after she tried to eat me, I don't care. I don't want to rehash it every day. So, if you are here to talk about anything else…"

I grabbed a chair and turned it around backward before plopping myself down "Ha! You only wish she would try and eat you."

Jimmy grinned, "You are worse than a twelve-year-old boy. Seriously, Rachel."

I made a rude gesture with my hands and mouth. I might have a little issue with acting inappropriately—or a big issue.

"Go out with me," Jimmy said suddenly.

I frowned, "Jimmy, we have been over this before. I can't date you. Every time I see you, I think of Anna, and my heart goes all crazy because I know she's somewhere out there. My parents are hiding something; her parents are hiding something. I need your help!"

Jimmy scratched his head, ruffling his hair and giving him a slightly boyish look.

"I have gone over this, Rachel. You don't believe me, nobody does, and now my parents have me in therapy, and the lady talks to me like I am seven. She actually accused me of trying to live in a Twilight novel!"

I scrunched my nose up. "What's that?"

I had never been much of a reader.

Jimmy blushed, "Nothing! It's nothing, and I don't believe it's true no matter what she says."

"Are you still saying Anna is a Lycan, Jimmy?"

His cheek ticked mutinously. "You weren't there."

"They said that you fell and cut your neck," I repeated the same thing that I always did when we had this conversation. "Sometimes people get post-traumatic stress and…"

Jimmy rolled his eyes. "I know what PTSD is, I watch cable, and she is a Lycan. Now go away, if you won't go out with me and won't believe me, we have nothing more to say."

He yanked his headphones back on and plugged his TV back into the wall. Seconds later, his eyes were immersed in the screen, and he was commentating something to whoever was on the other side of the camera.

Feeling emboldened, I moved swiftly and got in front of the feed.

"Hi, my best friend Anna is missing. Jimmy thinks she is a Lycan. If you have any information, please call…"

The power was flipped off, and Jimmy stood there with fire in his eyes, "You gave my real name on my stream?"

I hate to admit, but I did cower a little, "Is that bad?"

"Fifty thousand people were watching, Rachel. You just told them my name and that I believe in Lycans. Are you fucking insane?"

Maybe.

But I wasn't going to admit to it.

"I said that Jimmy thinks she's a Lycan, I didn't say that you were Jimmy. Just play it off as a joke."

"Leave Rachel!" The anger in his tone brooked no argument, and I knew when it was time to cut my losses. I scrambled out of his room and down to my rust bucket. I had parked it in the street, but when I got there, it was gone.

"Fucking hell!" I kicked the dirt. Was everything going to go wrong around me?

With a sigh, I began to walk back toward home.

I don't know when the van pulled up beside me. Only that one second, I was walking down the street, and in the next, I had a bag over my head, and the van was speeding away.

Chapter 2 – Rachel

"Um, Mrs. Browning? When did you start kidnapping people? Are you feeling alright?"

Susan Browning had indeed looked better. Her frizzy hair was particularly frizzed out, and she was muttering things to herself.

"You weren't kidnapped, Rachel," my mom said for what had to be the hundredth time.

But she was wrong. I was kidnapped. They put a freaking bag over my head and hauled me off to… wherever this was, and I couldn't leave this room. It was crazy insane, and I really missed Anna.

"Look, Mom, do you, like, sacrifice people or anything? Because hey, I am not here to judge. I just want to know why you are giving off the creepy vibes."

"Rachel!" My dad yelled at me in the voice that was supposed to brook to argument. But it never worked. My dad was like a cream puff.

"I am serious. Why can't I see where we are, and for that matter where are we? Where is Anna and why you are acting so odd?"

My dad shook his head and turned to my mom, "There is no reasoning with her. We should have known at the beginning that something wasn't right."

"Are you saying I was dropped on my head at birth?" I asked in a bored voice.

My dad was a freaker-outer. He loved to make things out to be a million time worse than they really were. So, if he is saying things will be fine, honestly, they probably would be. It might not happen the way that the 'rents want it to, but I could care less about their wants or needs at the moment.

"Sweetie," my mom's placating tone indicated that she was about to say something worthless, and I turned back to Susan.

"Are we going to find Anna? Is that what this is about? Because I could really get behind that, I mean, of course, you care that she's missing. I was totally off by suspecting you and Mr. Browning might have something to do with it."

Right there, I sealed my fate.

You see, I suffer from big mouth syndrome. I just don't know when to shut up, and apparently, this little tidbit was just one step too far.

Susan's gaze whipped around to narrow in on me.

"Jenny, I warned you."

At first, I thought she was talking to me. I opened my mouth to say something, but out of the corner of my eye, I saw a syringe dangling from my dad's wrist as he approached me.

"Wait!" I managed to get out before it was injected into my neck, and I was out again.

The next time I awakened it was to my mom shaking my shoulder and none too gently.

"Rachel! Rachel!" She smacked me hard across the face, and my eyes shot open.

"Mom?" Tears began to gather, that shit hurt! "What is going on?"

"You have to get away from here," my mom was frantic. She shoved a big wad of cash in my hands. "This is all the money I could get out of an atm. You need to get to Anna, or at least as far from the Browning's as you possibly can."

"What is going on?" I repeated, trying to take the money and shake the residual drug from my veins.

"There isn't time, Rachel!" She reached up and cupped my face, kissing my forehead fiercely once before saying in a low voice, "Run as far, and as fast as you can and never, I am serious, never come back here."

Her voice broke, and she shoved me toward a door.

"Where are we?" I tried to get my bearings. My legs felt like they were still half asleep, and my brain was fuzzy. My wrists were sore, and I looked down to see the zip ties that my mom had cut away. "Mom, you need to come with me!"

There was the sound of footsteps approaching that interrupted my thoughts.

"No," she whispered. "You have to escape this insanity. You will escape. It's too late for your dad and me. We should never have gotten involved in the first place."

She lifted her wrist and sliced a clean cut across it.

Everything stood still; it was as if my body was inexplicably drawn to the bizarre action. I could smell the coppery goodness of her blood and wanted to draw nearer. The cut wasn't deep and certainly wasn't fatal. But it drew me like nothing I had ever experienced before.

My teeth began to ache, and I moved toward her with menacing steps, the money in my hands falling to the floor.

"No!" She hissed. "Get the money, now!"

My mother never yelled at me, even in a whisper. It distracted me for the slightest moment but not long enough. I grabbed her arm almost wanting to taste the blood. That was insane! I obviously had spent way too much time with Jimmy and his crazy accusations.

I wanted to throw her arm away from me, but the burning in my teeth was drawing me nearer and nearer.

"You need to start the change, Rachel. You are younger than Anna. She was over a year when the Browning's brought you both home. You were a baby. But we are out of time. They will kill you before things can occur naturally."

She shoved her wrist into my mouth, and my teeth seemed to pierce into her skin. It was strange and wonderful at the same time. I began to drink, slowly at first but as my thirst intensified, I continued to suck until I felt euphoric.

The door slammed open, and my father stood there horrified. In his hands was a wooden stake. I pulled my fangs out of my mother's arm and pounced. My father, being the hero that he was, threw the stake in my direction and ran screaming.

"Go!" My mother managed to choke out.

I looked down at the money and quickly picked it up. There was blood on my clothes and hands, and it was sticking to the bills. I heard voices and knew that we were seconds from exposure. I glanced at the window and made a split-second decision.

Wrenching it open I jumped, not even sure how I would know that my body could survive the fall. I tumbled headlong into the darkness and gasped when the icy water enveloped me. I had always been a strong swimmer. I allowed the current to drag me further down before wading to the side and pulling myself out on the banks.

I could hear voices and shouting.

Reason told me that if they were searching for me, I was better off moving further downstream. The dogs couldn't chase me in the water. I felt the lump in my pocket and wondered how the money had fared. But I didn't have time to look.

Wading back into the current, I put my feet forward and braced myself for a wild ride. The voices and shouting that I had been hearing became faint and then nonexistent. My body was so cold from the water. My subconsciousness was beginning to play tricks on me.

This time, swimming to the side took everything that was within me. The forest was dark here, and I welcomed it. Moving a little further up, I shivered as I looked for a place to hide and rest.

There was nothing but inky blackness around me, and I realized that my game of chicken, I had been playing with reality, had just been lost. Blackness enveloped me, and I slumped to the ground and knew no more.

Chapter 3 – Rachel

My eyes snapped open, the second the twig snapped behind me. The prey was perhaps a hundred feet away maybe less there were two of them no three. They were approaching quickly too fast for humans, and I had no idea how I knew that. Before they were upon me, I bounded to my feet in a move that would have made Jackie Chan proud.

Three males were circling; my teeth no longer ached there were extended and sharp. Hair sprouted on the backs of the hands and my body elongated. My mouth felt sticky from dried blood, and I felt a pang in my heart. But the thirst was too strong to let it linger.

"Easy," one of the males said to me, "You are going to be okay."

Hysterical laughter escaped my lips, "I think I killed my mother, my best friend has been missing for months, and I am seriously seconds away from sucking you all dry. Nothing will ever be okay again."

The tallest one lunged at me, and I dodged him feinting left and then bolting hard to the right. Instead of running away from the males I went straight for the one who spoke. I sank my fingers into his muscular arms and had my mouth at his neck with I felt the other grab my waist.

I kicked behind me and heard when my foot connected with his balls.

The second one dropped, but the third, the tallest one had a syringe of something. And so once again I found myself losing consciousness. This was beginning to be a habit that I didn't care for at all.

**

When I started coming to, I noticed that I was tied up with steel cording and shoved into a plane seat. The lights were low, and we were thousands of miles above the earth. I went to scream, but because of the gag, it came out as a garbled whimper.

One of the males who had trapped me turned around, "The girl is awake, do you want to dose her again?"

Another male that I hadn't seen before turned to look at me, "She kind of looks like Anna, around the eyes."

I started making noises of excitement. If they knew Anna, they had seen her aAnnae, and maybe she was okay. But the guys thought I was wigging out or something because they got up and surrounded me.

"You need to relax," said the one who wanted to drug me again.

I glared at him; he was handsome, I would give him that. The three guys that had come after me were muscular with messy hair and chiseled features. The looked like underwear models, and I felt a little out of my league. I looked closer and noticed that all of them had cuts and bruises on them.

The other guy, the one that knew Anna seemed to be holding his side like he had hurt his ribs or something. I wanted to ask what had happened but I had that damn gag in my mouth. I looked at him imploringly.

For a second I thought he might remove it.

"She really does remind me of Anna," he said again.

The taller one put a hand on him, "You just miss her, the girl is feral and needs to be put down."

I growled low in my throat.

Put down?

Fuck that.

I wasn't a stray animal that needed to be put out of my misery. I was a person, a girl and granted things had been pretty shitty the last few days. But you don't just threaten to kill people.

"No, we need to talk to her," the man insisted, "She deserves that much."

He moved forward and pulled out the gag.

I gasped as clean air seeped into my lungs.

"Where is Anna? You said you had seen her?"

The man's eyes widened, "You know her?"

My eyes started to water, "She is my best friend. I have been searching for her since she turned up missing at prom. Please if you know where she is."

Another one of them stepped closer, and I caught his scent. My teeth began to ache, and my eyes flashed.

They all took a step back.

"My name is Luke; I know where Anna is. What is your name?"

I tried to pull in the intense need to drink.

"My name," I cleared my throat, "My name is Rachel."

"Rachel, we have much to talk about. This is Alden, Adrian and Abel they are triplets. They found you near the group of hunters who attacked our hive."

I winced, "Anna's parents, Bill and Susan Browning. They kidnapped me, and when I awoke we were on our way to somewhere, but I didn't know where. My parents were there, and they wouldn't tell me what was going on. And then my mom came and said that I needed to leave. She shoved money into my hands and said that everything was a mistake. I didn't understand what was going on. She said that she loved me and then cut her wrist and shoved it into my mouth. I started to drink the blood, and I felt different, stronger."

"Are you adopted?" Luke asked shortly.

Rachel shook her head, "I don't know, I didn't think so. But now I don't know what to believe. I think I killed my mom. I think she let me kill her so that I had the strength to get away. I jumped out of the window into the river, and it carried me downstream until these three idiots found me.

One of them growled at me.

"Adrian, give her a chance to explain herself," Luke said shortly. "It sounds like she's been through a lot."

Adrian's eyes met with mine, and I felt a jolt of awareness, "We have all been through a lot."

"Then you will know what it's like to be left completely on your own," I said hollowly. "Or not, because you have your brothers. At this point, I have no one."

Adrian's eyes shuddered, and he looked away.

"I am Alden, please forgive Adrian, he can be an asshole. What do you mean you drank for the first time? Why haven't you drank before? A Lycan usually gets their fangs when they are sixteen or so; you look older than that."

I flinched, "I am not a Lycan, those aren't real."

The guys looked at each other and then laughed.

Abel smiled, "Are you for real, sweetheart? You are awfully sweet to be a Lycan. And we can smell the innocence on you. Shit, what are we going to do with another virgin Lycan?"

I blushed wildly, "I will have you know that I have had a boyfriend and that we have done stuff."

Adrian snorted, "Well, he didn't do stuff right because you are a virgin."

"He's right," Luke said with a shrug, "Sorry, Lycans can tell, and they are real."

"That is a bunch of lies; I go in the sun all the time." I was starting to feel panicked, "I can't be a Lycan. Where is Anna? She will tell you; I am just a regular girl!"

"We are taking you to her," Luke said kindly. He turned to Abel, "Get her some bagged blood. She is going to need it as she goes through the change."

"I don't want to change," I wailed.

He turned and gave me a half smile, "I know."

I wish I truly understood even an ounce of what the change had really meant.

Chapter 4 – Rachel

"I hate you sons of bitches, and I hate your stupid bagged blood!" I spat at the triplets who sat at the end of my bed playing cards as if I wasn't tied spread eagle on the other side of them screaming at the top of my lungs.

I don't even know why I bothered. They just ignored me. We were somewhere in the eastern European area, and I had no idea why. Not only that, but I was taken to a castle. I am talking a real castle, with turrets and guards. Some servants came and brought things, mostly bagged blood.

And for another thing, the Lycans could eat regular food and drink as well. Everything I thought I knew about the sparkly creatures was a lie. They weren't even sparkly. They were cranky and refused to let me out of these blasted restraints.

"When is Luke coming back? It's been days since we have seen him!"

Adrian turned around with an exasperated look, "You are very loud."

"You are very irritating," I threw back at him.

He raised a brow as if to tell me the feeling was mutual. Well, same here, buckaroo.

"When will I get to see Anna?" I asked trying to calm my temper.

Alden placed a hand on my ankle, and I tried to ignore the way that his touch made my stomach flip over.

"Rachel, they have to make sure you aren't a threat to her first. You are a little unstable during the change, everyone is. But Virginia Lycans that are not used to drinking, they are the worst. It's not that she doesn't wish to see you."

I snorted, "I doubt she knows that I am here. If she did, Anna wouldn't care about the risk."

Adrian and Abel exchanged a guilty look.

"Ha!" I might have gloated. "I knew it."

Alden shot a glare at his brothers, "Anna has a lot on her mind right now, things are unsteady in the Lycan world."

I barked out a laugh, "Unsteady? Yeah, her mom and dad are out there killing people, I would say that things are more than a little unsteady."

Abel looked uncomfortable, but Adrian had that stoic look. I knew I wouldn't get anything from him so I locked eyes with Abel.

"What is going on? Can't you tell me just a little of what is happening?"

Abel's mouth opened as his eyes softened, I began to smell just a hint of sweetness in the air and wondered where it had come from.

"Damn it; she is trying to compel you!" Adrian snapped. But Abel was still staring into my eyes.

"Tell me about Anna," I asked softly.

Before Abel could speak, Adrian's heavy body flew on top of mine crushing me to the bed and breaking my gaze with Abel.

Alden snorted with laughter, and Abel shook his head trying to regain his thoughts.

"What happened?" he grumbled.

"That is against the law," Adrian grunted through clenched teeth. "You can't take away someone else's will."

I tugged on the chains, "Well, it looks like you are guilty of that, so we are even."

As his heavy body pressed into mine, I tried not to notice the way that his eyes darkened and how amazing his long thighs felt smashed between my spread ones.

I could feel his cock thicken and lengthen and without thought, my hips bucked upward causing the large Lycan to hiss.

"You are playing with fire, sweetheart."

My incisors had descended, and I knew that if he moved close enough, I would bite him. I tried to angle my neck so that I looked vulnerable to him. Maybe if he made a move, I could beat him to it? I lolled my head to the side, and Adrian moved in closer smelling my skin.

I knew that my attack had to be swift. If I missed, I may not get another one.

"Are you going to get off the girl or allow her to dry hump you?"

Came the amused voice from one of the brothers.

I felt color flash into my cheeks and my eyes closed. I couldn't help how my hormones were raging. I had never felt so incredibly turned on as I had since drinking blood for the first time. Now it was all I could think about. And the feeling of his hard cock between my thighs even through all of our clothes was enough to give me some relief.

Adrian turned, "Shut up, asshole!"

It was the moment of weakness that I needed. I leaned my head up and sank my new fangs into his neck near his collarbone. I felt him buck into me, and I began to suck. Alden and Abel were screaming something. But I didn't care.

Adrian was shoving his cock against me like he was fucking me and allowing me to drink from him.

I felt the pressure building, and then my pussy began to spasm with release. I felt his strong hands on the back of my neck.

"That's enough for now, Rachel," his voice sounded almost tender? That couldn't be right.

I felt invigorated and exhausted all at the same time. I flopped back into the restraints and heard Alden give Adrian a bag of blood and then another.

"She can't be trusted," Abel was saying, "Look what she did and we were all here."

Adrian snorted, "I could have stopped her at any time."

That had me thinking.

Why didn't he stop me? Did he want to help assuage the need that was constantly firing between my thighs or was he only amusing himself? I was so confused about everything. I wished that they had a manual on Lycans because nothing made sense.

They went back to their game and ignoring me, but I could tell that Adrian was acting stranging. Finally, Abel threw the cards down.

"Just go beat one off, man. You can't play for shit, and we know it's because she has you tied in knots. There isn't anything else you can do. Unless you want to take a drone?"

"No," Adrian said shortly.

"Then go," Alden agreed. "You are playing for shit, and I am sick of seeing your cock-stand."

Adrian palmed his dick through his pants, "Jealous much, boys?"

I sat there in embarrassment when Adrian turned and looked at me giving his dick another yank before walking out the door.

"Where is he going?" I asked, surely they didn't mean he was going to go pleasure himself?

"Jerk off," Alden said shortly, "Beat the meat, choke his chicken, masturbate."

"Holy shit," I breathed.

It wasn't three minutes later as I sat there reeling when the door to the room slammed open and my BFF stood their eyes blazing.

"Rachel!"

I did what any proper BFF that was tied to a bed and had possibly killed her mother would do. I burst into tears, horrible, ugly tears.

"Unlock her at once!" Anna commanded.

"You're Majesty," Alden said with deference, "It may not be safe."

Anna bristled, and I wondered what in the hell the *You're Majesty* business was all about.

"Are you defying an order from your queen?"

I looked around for this queen, but I only saw Anna and me, so I had no idea what she was talking about.

"No, my queen," Alden said quickly, "Of course not!"

And that is how I found my best friend; she had taken over as the new queen of the Lycan court.

Chapter 5 – Rachel

"I really don't need the Triple-A babysitters."

I was seated next to Anna on a leather couch. We were both in out ratty hang out clothes and messy buns, and if I closed my eyes, I could almost imagine we were back home again.

Anna snorted, "You don't want them to rotate and balance your tires?"

I felt my lips twitching even though it was a terrible joke, "Not funny, Anna."

"Come on," she cajoled with her usual amount of adorableness. "At least you have control of the shift now. It could be worse."

I sighed heavily, she was right. I was being a cranky butt. The change really wasn't fun. I had access to 24 hour bagged blood—gag. And I was locked up with either Anna or Adrian, Alden, and Abel. They seemed to enjoy it just as much as I did.

"Can't you find someone else to watch out for me?" I rubbed my arms absentmindedly, "Like, there has to be other Lycans you trust?"

Anna got a pensive look, "Well, not really. I mean, I just took over, and a lot of the older families aren't happy about it."

"Like the creepster Malcolm?" I asked with a shudder.

Anna nodded, "I saw him fuck this girl once, it was traumatic."

She said it so openly like, I saw that movie at the drive-in or we passed that farm on the way to Winchester. I started choking on my own saAnnaa.

"Come again?"

Anna sighed, "Okay, so you know how I told you that Lycans are sexual creatures."

"Is this about the porn? Because it was only that one time, Anna, seriously!"

Anna had found a porn link on my phone once. And really I didn't get into it that much, only every once and a while.

Anna shook her head in exasperation, "For the last time, Rachel. It's normal to be curious."

I was curious, really curious. I wanted to know what parts went where. But my short foray into watching porn had scared the Annaing shit out of me. First off, I was pretty certain that my ass hole was never meant to stretch to such sizes. And second, well, I would think of second when I got done being shocked and scared to death over the first.

Anna snapped her fingers in front of my face bringing me back to her.

"Sorry," I grabbed another bag and popped it against my fangs.

As long as I kept on top of the cravings, I didn't have the urge to rip into the Triple-A's. Okay, that was a flat out lie, but I was able to withstand the intense desire and really wasn't that all that mattered? I just needed not to attack others without notice?

"Rachel, the blood of life and sex are tied together, do you understand that?"

I nodded because she said it like, "Rachel, red and yellow make orange!" so I had to nod.

Anna let out a breath of relief, "When a Lycan sucks blood, a pheromone is released, and the person whose blood is being taken doesn't feel pain."

This make me feel slightly better about killing my mom.

"They feel sexual pleasure."

I was going to puke my guts out.

"Not all the time of course, but that is what the drones stay for. It is a mutual relationship between the Lycans and the humans."

"So they suck their blood and then what?" I croaked.

Anna blushed, "Well, there is usually sex involved."

"You have sex with drones?" I hadn't meant to shout it. But it shocked the hell out of me.

"No!" Anna looked as horrified as I did. "I do not have sex with drones."

I felt overwhelming relief, "Then you are still a virgin like I am?"

Her face that had pinkened began to lose its color.

"Well, no, that is to say. No."

"Who?" I demanded, "Is it Luke? He seems to really like you, or that other one Roman? They are both really hot. Anna, how could you have sex without telling me? I feel like you have grown into someone I don't even know!"

She shook her head, "No, I am the same person I always was. Rachel, I am your best friend. I am your partner in crime, and I am going to help you figure out what happened to the both of us. I wanted to tell you, I really did."

The fight fell out of me, "Don't listen to me bitch, I know it's just these weird Lycan hormones. Tell me, who is the lucky guy?"

Anna smiled and looked away, "Well, you mentioned them before."

I looked up narrowing my eyes, "Them?"

She straightened, "I have nothing to be ashamed of."

A laugh escaped my lips that was loud and utterly immature and soon Anna was following along. We both laughed until tears leaked down our cheeks. We had slumped down so that we were laying side by side on the couch. Our hands were interlocked, and I felt safe.

"How did we end up like this?" I whispered into her hair.

Anna squeezed my hand, "I don't know. We are going to have a DNA test done to see what family your Lycan blood comes from. I don't know how our parents managed to steal us as babies, but it seems that they tried to raise us as humans with the hope that we wouldn't turn into Lycans."

"Your mom was really creepy," I said in a small voice. "And my dad stuck a needle in my neck. It was like Annaing your worst nightmare. Do you think my mom is dead? That I killed her?"

Anna shook her head. She turned to the side and kissed my temple.

"No, Jelly Bean, I don't think you drained her. It doesn't sound like you drank from her long enough. From how you described things, I am pretty sure she saved your life."

I nodded, fighting the tears that threatened.

I needed to change the subject.

"So these drones, is there a catalog or how do I get some?"

Anna snorted with laughter, "I have missed you so much! No! You don't get any. Rachel, if you can't offer them sex, it really isn't fair to take them on."

I frowned, "Okay, then I just need to offer them sex?"

Anna softened, "No, it doesn't work like that. The older a Lycan is, the more of a connection is created when a virgin sleeps with someone else. It's really special. I can sometimes hear Luke and Roman's thoughts. There is a bond between us that I can't describe. You don't go throwing that away on a drone."

I moved her with my leg so that we could sit up, "Okay, then is there a Lycan dating service? How do I go about finding my one an only?"

Anna shrugged, "No service that I am aware of. Look, I need you to work with Adrien, Alden, and Abel while we figure out this mess with the human hunters."

"Our parents?" I clarified.

"Our kidnappers," she said firmly. "Once we have that resolved, we can work out your virgin situation."

I flopped back on the couch, "I can't believe that my virginity just became a situation."

A male cleared his throat and we both whipped around to see Abel standing at the door red-faced.

"Beg pardon, Your Majesty."

"Please call me, Anna."

Abel smiled, "I am here for Rachel, Roman and Luke wish to see you in your rooms."

I hated the look of excitement that crossed my best friend's face and then I hated myself for being such a jealous bitch.

"Are you going to be alright?" she asked in hesitation.

I nodded, pasting on a fake smile.

"Of course, Abel will entertain me, won't you, Abel?"

Chapter 6 – Rachel

There is something about the nervous way that a guy's Adams apple bobs up and down that makes my girly parts all hot and bothered. Or the way that he furtively looks at you with heat in his eyes like you are an ice cream cone and he's just come out of the Saraha Desert.

Adrian and Alden were better at hiding the game faces from me. I knew I irritated all of them, but I figured the feeling was mutual so I couldn't hold it against them. But with Abel, I could see that I was getting under his skin.

The triplets were unsurprisingly very similar in looks. They had bodies like gym rats, muscles upon muscles that looked hard and foreboding. Square cut jaws that were peppered with just the right amount of stubble to make a girl wonder what it would feel like between her thighs.

Not that I would wonder something like that. I am a good girl and don't think in such a tawdry manner. However, if I wanted to take a page from Anna's recent sexual exploration, I couldn't help but wonder what it would be like to have not just one of the triplets kissing and licking my body but all three.

It was ridiculous, of course, they didn't even like me.

"What," Abel's voice cracked, and he flushed clearing his throat before speaking again, "What are you thinking about?"

I glanced up to his eyes; the color was a warm honey almost golden. It was the perfect color to go along with their streaky hair, not all blond and not all brown. Suddenly, it struck me.

"You remind me of a lion."

Abel's sensuous mouth broke into a wide smile.

"I am not sure if I want to hear this or not. But I will bite anyway, why do I remind you of a lion?"

I patted the seat next to me where Anna had been, "Come over here and I will tell you."

Abel made a face, "How about I stay over here?"

I arched a brow, "Are you afraid?"

He nodded, "Yes, and I am brave enough to admit it."

This had me grinning, "I have blood right here, and I just had a bag. I won't bite you, I promise."

Abel winced, "Sometimes when you are going through the change you do things you wouldn't normally do."

I sensed more to the comment than just conversation.

"Do tell," I encouraged patting the couch again. But this time I scooted back into the corner and tucked my feet up underneath me.

I must have looked non-threatening because Abel final came and sat down on the other side of the couch.

"You have to understand; Lycans can do crazy things when they are in the bloodlust."

I nodded, "I do, at least I think I do. Anna has been giving me some herbs that are supposed to help with that. She said that it would take the edge off."

Abel put his hand along the back of the couch, "I was near my sixteenth year, and both of my brothers had already found a partner and began the change. We are from a small village in England; my parents still Annae there. They are not fond of court life. Anyhow, I stumbled across the bakers wife as she was leaving a cottage near our home. It was strange because they didn't usually make deAnnaeries and I knew the baker was a large jealous man."

My eyes widened, "Was she cheating on him?"

Abel laughed, "That is what I suspected, but when I approached her I smelled another female on her. It would seem that she was sleeping with the woman who did the mending. I don't know if their combined scents were just too much for my raging hormones, but by the time my parents found me I was covered in blood."

"Did you kill her?" I gasped?

Abel made a face, "That is arguable."

"Yeah, not it isn't. Abel, you either did, or you didn't. It's like being pregnant, you are, or you aren't."

"Well, I have never been pregnant so that I will take your word for it."

I fought back a smile, "I have never been pregnant either."

"That would be quite a thing, the pregnant virgin Lycan!" he waggled his brows.

"It sounds like a ratty tabloid," I swatted at him. "Now, tell me why you did or didn't kill the baker's wife."

"As luck would have it, the baker showed up," Abel said scratching his sexy chin. "It was awkward in the extreme. There I was balls deep…"

"You were fucking her!" I cried out, covering my eyes as if that would quell the barrage of images that spattered across my brain.

Abel huffed, "It was a very long time ago. And she got handsy after I started sucking her blood. They all want dick the second it hits your tongue."

"Agh!" I buried my face into my lap certain that it was fire engine red. I couldn't handle the thought of this woman coming onto Abel like that. "How old was she?"

Abel shrugged, "Thirties maybe?"

"That is disgusting," I threw my arms down, "You have terrible stories. What happened next?"

The baker acted like he was going to kill me. But then the door of the cottage opened, and the mending woman started screaming about the baker's wife cheating on her. At this point, everyone was angry and wanting to kill everyone else."

"So it turned into an all-you-can-drink-buffet?" I asked incredulously.

Abel's lips twitched, "You know, you are funny."

"Don't say looking; I hate that joke."

He chuckled, "And unexpected. Why don't you have another bag and we can play a game or watch something on TV?"

I looked around, "I haven't seen a TV since I arrived."

Abel pulled out his phone, "We can watch something on here, it's small, but if you drink your bagged blood and promise not to drain me, we should be alright."

I took the bag like the good girl I am.

"Can I pick the show?"

He nodded, "Sure, what do you want to watch?"

"Something with lots of sex, do you have HBO?"

He snorted out a laugh, "Unexpected, but fun."

We ended up watching the first season of Orange is the New Black. I was surprised at how attentive Abel was. The show was interesting, but I found myself far more drawn to the crisp male scent of him. I could detect a faint cologne and something spicy. It made me want to lick his skin.

I dropped my head back against the cushions ignoring his concerned gaze.

"I am a good girl."

I hadn't realized I said the words aloud until Abel responded to me.

"I don't think anyone accused you of being otherwise."

I felt stupid and turned my head away from him squeezing my eyes tight. I hadn't realized how close he had moved in until I felt his breath against my ear.

"But sometimes being bad can feel so damn good."

I gasped and turned to him, but in a flash, he was across the room and opening the door.

Adrian and Alden walked in and looked at me with curious eyes.

"What has you so stirred up?"

Lick, taste, bite, I lunged for the nearest body.

Chapter 7 – Abel

I knew it was a bad idea to sit by her. Rachel is by far the most beautiful girl I have ever seen. Her eyes are dark, and her hair is darker, but her skin is pale like moonlight. She reminds me of Snow White with plump red lips and the sweetest heart-shaped face.

But then she opens her mouth, and the voice of a seductress comes out. You know the one that either sounds like they are getting over a cold or maybe smoked a pack a day. Her husky voice goes into my ears, bypasses my brain and heads straight to my cock. I wish I could say I was a stronger man, shit I was certainly old enough to know better.

But there I was drowning in her scent, a mix of mint and rosemary with a heavy helping of innocence that called out to me. Hell, it called out to all of the Lycans. And my brothers and me, we were no exception.

Adrian and Alden were being dick heads to try and keep her at a distance. But I couldn't look into that heart-shaped face and be mean. I literally didn't think I was capable of it. One second we were flirting on the couch and the next she was lunging at me with fangs out.

What made matters worse was the minute she sank her teeth in my brothers, and new queen walked back into the room. There was pandemonium trying to get her off of me, and thankfully nobody mentioned my raging hard-on or the way that I had fled from the room like a little girl.

I needed to rub that one out before my balls shriveled up and fell off. I had been harder than a damn hammer and if I wanted to nail her before it was all I was thinking about now.

Stepping out of the shower, I grabbed a towel and began to dry off. I felt a little stupid yanking my wang in the shower. I knew that I could just grab a drone or hell, any of the Lycans would warm my bed. My brothers and I were known for our sexual prowess.

But the more I thought about it; it seemed wrong and almost dirty to slake my lust with someone else when I was picturing Rachel the whole time.

I grabbed some boxers and sweatpants and pulled them on, tightening the string, so they didn't fall off my lean hips.

I looked in the mirror and caught the reflection that made more than one pretty lady ditch her panties in her purse. My brothers and I weren't identical but looked a lot alike. Our bodies were pretty similar, seeing as how we had a lot of the same habits. We liked to work out, we liked to party, and we liked to fuck beautiful women.

All of that came to a halt when Rachel came into the mix. We had gone with Luke, a distant cousin of ours, on a rescue mission back in the states. The hive that we tried to save was Roman's mother, Margaret's.

Margaret had healed from the wounds that she sustained during the attack on her hive. But mentally she was a mess about the losses. The human Lycan hunters that attacked killed both drones and Lycans—it was a massacre.

I hated to think that Rachel was related to anyone that could have participated in such an event. But then I guess if she was who we suspected, she wouldn't have been related to them at all, not by blood.

Rachel and Queen Anna look enough alike that they could be sisters. Anna didn't want to alarm Rachel until she knew for sure, especially with the change largely taking up Rachel's thoughts. But if our suspicions were true, Rachel could be a Lycan Princess. It begs to reason that we keep her safe.

I honestly think she could be completely human and Anna would command we keep her safe. I wasn't sure I would like a new monarch, especially after King Cian who had always been a bit of a douche bag. But Anna seemed to be nothing like Cian, and I for one was grateful.

We needed to address the hunters. They had proven that they weren't going to stop with the one hive. Other reports of hives across the United Staes being attacked have come back to Transylvania. Cian would have likely ignored it, but Anna won't.

"Hey Ball Sack!" Adrian walked into my room and sucker punched me. I faked injury and then whipped around kicking his knee out from under him.

"Cock-sucker, always a pleasure. Come to suck my dick?"

Alden walked in behind Adrian, "Would you two shut up? We need to talk about what happened in there."

Adrian smirked, "Which part? When our little brother was sprawled out underneath the Queen's best friend/possible sister and sporting a woody that would possibly be seen in foreign lands?"

"Dip shit," I flipped him off.

"Fuck face," he replied flopping down in my bed. "I for one and happy that the first fuck up isn't me. So, baby brother, you really have done us a favor."

Alden frowned, but before he could speak I had launched myself at Adrian, and we were throwing punches. Nothing that would cause too much harm Alden sighed and picked up my belt that was laying on the floor next to my clothes. With a sharp crack, it came out and caught my back.

"Fucker!" I gritted my teeth, "Did you break the skin?"

Alden dropped the belt, "Does it matter? You will heal in about five minutes."

"Nah," Adrian looked at the welt on my back, "Looks like it hurt though."

"You both are the biggest idiots. Do you think I would have let Rachel jump me if I had seen it coming? We were just talking and then she was riding me like the merry go round. And don't act like you would have pushed her away because we all know that is a fucking lie."

Adrian looked at me as if to say that he knew just what I was referring to, but the eldest of us and the one that tended to try and play dad while we were on our own was still frowning in my direction.

"Abel, she doesn't know what she's doing. The queen trusts us to watch over her."

Okay, so both of these points were true. But that didn't mean I was going down without a fight.

"I will be more careful," I said through gritted teeth.

But the truth was that I could still feel that pale satin skin against mine and I wanted to get her back against me as soon as possible. I couldn't help it either. I was drawn to her like a moth to a flame. Was I going to get burned? Absolutely. But sometimes dancing in the flames is half the fun.

Chapter 8 – Rachel

"What do you mean her results were tampered with?" Anna's voice held an edge of ice that I wasn't used to hearing from her.

Her gorgeous lovers flanked her either side as she sat at the head of a long conference table. I didn't feel like I should even be here. Besides the fact that it had been two weeks since I attacked Abel, I still wasn't sure I had total control over the thirst.

And, of course, I had no idea where I actually came from. Maybe our fake parents hit up a Lycan baby farm?

"We can have another test done," Roman said, placing a hand on Anna's arm.

I noticed that she took a deep breath when he touched her and when she opened her eyes she didn't look as scary. Roman and Luke had changed Anna in a lot of ways. Or maybe it was her coming into her true self as a Lycan.

There was a confidence about her now that radiated power and dominance. I noticed how the other Lycans seemed almost to shy away from direct contact. Anna's body had changed as well. Nothing drastic, but she didn't seem like a kid anymore, she looked like a woman.

When I looked in the mirror that morning, I just saw the same old me. Well, I saw the blurry eyed, sleep-lined face that showed another rough night's sleep. I had been having these dreams. Totally whacked out, crazy dreams about strange symbols and our fake parents. I know that after everything that happened it was normal to have some nightmares.

But night after night they plagued me, and instead of looking like the glowing creature my best friend had grown into. I looked like something the cat dragged in after barfing it up. Not pretty, not even normal.

"Rachel?"

My head shot up, "Yeah?"

Anna's lips pursed together in concern, and I suddenly hated that I wasn't paying attention.

"Sorry," I rubbed my palms on my skinny jeans under the table. "What is it?"

"Adrian is going to take you to get another genetic test done."

I looked over to see Adrian had already stood and was smirking down at me.

Shit.

Looking around the table, there were varying glances of pity, confusion, and outright distrust. I hadn't taken the time to get to know who was there. Hell, I was struggling not attacking them, not worried about the niceties.

I stood and walked over to where Adrian stood, "Sure, see you soon."

Adrian placed a hand at the small of my back, and I had a love/hate relationship with the way my body automatically swayed into his. My teeth sharpened, and I jerked out of his reach walking quickly ahead until I was out of the room.

Adrian didn't say anything, and he really could have because once we were in the hallway, I had no idea where we were going and had to wait for him to guide me, without a hand touching me.

I followed his tall, mouthwateringly gorgeous body and told myself that I had control over my impulses. Anna thought I was doing amazingly well. But she doesn't know how much I still think about sinking my teeth into Abel.

I had him by the neck and was straddling his lap in less than a second. The taste of him, combined with the feel of him under me was almost more than I could take. Again my teeth pricked at my bottom lip indicating that my iron like resolve was less than adequate.

"Why can't they do the test here at the palLuke?" I asked as we approached the garages.

Adrain turned, just giving me the slightest of smiles. Sadly my panties were already begging to come off, and I could just imagine all of the naughty things he could be doing to me.

"The last test that was tampered with was in the palLuke. Were you listening at all?"

I raised my chin, "I heard the part about Roman's mom wanting to declare war on the Lycan hunters."

Adrian stopped in front of a shiny red sports car. I don't know anything about cars, but I did recognize that it most likely cost more than the home I had grown up in. He opened the passenger side door, and I hesitated.

I saw him run a hand through his hair, "Look, we need to get you there. So, whatever you hang up with me is, well, you need to get over it."

My fists tightened, "I was worried about attacking you while we were driving. But hey, if you don't care, I certainly don't."

I didn't stop to see his surprised eyes or the look of compassion that flashed across them as I grabbed the door and yanked it closed. The car wasn't very big inside, and as soon as Adrian sat down, I could smell his scent filling up the car.

A little taller than Abel, Adrian was confident, suave, and kind of badass. He seemed to do whatever he wanted, and a part of me really envied that about him.

"You won't attack me," he said softly, not turning to look my way.

"How do you know?" I asked quietly. I hated the little girl tone that slipped out when I was afraid.

"Because you are strong enough to withstand the temptation."

He said it so simply like it was set in stone.

"I thought that with Abel and look what happened there?"

This time Adrian did turn his eyes on me, "And what happened that was so terrible. Abel could have fought you off at any time. A regular human might not be any defense against a Lycan. But we are hundreds of years older than you are and a hell of a lot stronger."

My brow furrowed, "Are you older than Roman and Luke?"

Adrian laughed, "Yes, by at least a century. The older a Lycan is, the more strength it has. The purer the blood…"

I cut in, "The more strength it has. If that is true why wouldn't Abel fight me off?"

Adrian started the car and maneuvered out of the garage. I thought perhaps he was through talking to me but once we were on the drive, he answered my question.

"Rachel, you are beautiful, funny, and smell like our wildest dreams. You can't fault the guy for wanting a taste of ambrosia before it's snatched away."

I sat there not really sure what I was hearing.

"Listen, when we first picked you up, we didn't know what to expect. Alden is the oldest by a few minutes, and he declared you off limits. I know we came across as cold."

"Dickheads," I supplied, "Jerk faced dickheads."

His smile widened, "Right, dickheads. Anyway, we didn't know why you were here or if you were a threat. I am sorry that you felt so alone. It was a weird time for all of us. The attack before we found you, in all of my years as a Lycan I have never seen anything like it."

I nodded, I hadn't expected an apology. Looking back at his profile I realized that these were guys were just as confused as I was.

Chapter 9 – Rachel

That night while everyone was sleeping I placed my room wishing that my stupid nocturnal tendencies would quit for one night. How was it that I was the newest Lycan and the only one that stayed up all night?

After returning home with Adrian, I had talked with Anna more about the attacks in the states. We couldn't just sit back and allow the Lycans to die. Anna hated agreeing with Roman's mother. I had a feeling that there wasn't any love lost between the two of them.

When Margaret looked at Anna, there was certainly more than a little steel in her eyes. I don't know if the woman hated that Anna was now her queen or that she was sleeping with Roman and Luke.

I had thought that perhaps it was common for a Lycan to take more than one lover. But unless it's an odd night of passion, it really isn't done. I secretly loved that Anna was forging her own way. It shouldn't matter what convention was.

Hell, my panties threatened to disintegrate anytime I was around Adrian and Abel. I wasn't too sure about Alden. It wasn't that he didn't have the looks because he was every bit as mouthwatering as his brothers. But his attitude was something of a turn-off. I could tell that I irritated him which didn't make a whole lot of sense to me since he didn't even know me.

My body felt weird, and I wasn't sure if I needed more blood or maybe just a fifth of vodka. Not that I was a drinker, but I felt edgy like I needed to move. I walked over to my door and felt the lock, of course, it had been turned. How charming was it that at the age of eighteen I was getting locked in my room.

Being the teenager that I was, the only thing I could do was rebel, right? Wasn't that what all teenagers do? I opened the window and peered down. There were two flights, and I wondered if the ledge was wide enough or me to jump out on.

It was then that I saw them. Figures clothed in back approaching the palLuke. For a split second, I froze. It was like something out of a movie. They were silent and quick if I didn't do something they would be entering the castle.

Turning on my heel, I ran straight for the door and slammed into it.

I wish that I could say that it splintered into a million tiny pieces. Not only would that sound super badass, but it would be the complete opposite of ramming into the door and falling back on my ass.

There was a click of the lock and Alden opened the door.

"What in the fuck are you doing? It's the middle of the night!"

"Trying to save your sorry asses," I whispered back, "Although I am not sure I care if they take you."

His eyes narrowed, "What are you talking about?"

"Four figures dressed in black, the made it to the shadows under the window, and I lost them. You need to hurry before they hurt someone."

I worried that he might not believe me, but Alden just nodded once and turned running toward Anna's chambers. He pounded on the door. I started doing the same going from room to room. It wasn't until I looked up and a face covered in a black mask was almost on top of me.

Instinct took over, and I headbutted the individual before they could lock their hands around my neck. I heard the shot of a gun, and the person beside me slumped to the ground.

Looking up, I saw Alden with the smoking revolver.

"Are you alright?"

I really wish I could have said something cool about how I could handle it. Or even kept my mouth shut, but the scared whimper that came out was nothing like me. I had a thing about guns; they scared the shit out of me.

There was a boy in our school who accidentally shot his younger brother when we were in third grade. I had nightmares for weeks about it. The younger brother Annaed but was paralyzed from the waist down. He later learned to walk with canes and physical therapy. But I can always remember how I felt when we learned of the accident.

Luke ran up behind Alden, "We got two of them, but they swallowed something and were dead in seconds."

Alden put the gun in the back of his waistband.

"This one is dead also, have them searched and we will see if there are any clues. Rachel said that she saw four of them, so we need to turn the castle upsidedown until the fourth one is found."

Luke nodded turning to me, "You will need to wait with Anna until we see if the coast is clear."

"Anna isn't searching?" I said in surprise.

My best friend wasn't one that would sit back and let the men take care of business.

"She wants to talk to you," Luke said kindly.

I pushed my shaking hands into my pockets and walked back down the corridor, trying not to think about the dead figure in black that was still fallen on the carpets.

Anna met me at her door, "Rachel, thank goodness you are alright!"

I frowned, "Why wouldn't I be?"

Anna pulled me inside of her room. It was strange that I could smell her scent wrapped with Luke and Roman's. It wasn't unpleasant, but it did seem very different, and I hated that life had changed so much.

"Don't you find it odd that the same day we discover your bloodwork has been tampered with and we send you out for new tests the castle is invaded? I would say that someone is desperate to keep us from finding out something."

"You think this has to do with me?"

I felt hollow inside.

"Where these men going to take me? Kill me?"

Anna's lips compressed and she reached out taking me into a fierce hug. I smelled her familiar shampoo, and suddenly tears pricked my eyes.

"Why would someone want to hurt me?"

Anna held me close until I could pull myself together.

"I don't know what their intentions were. But I know from now on you will constantly be in the care of your Triple-A's. I don't care if you need to go to the bathroom. I want one of them to search it first and another to stand outside the door."

"We can't keep that up indefinitely," I squeezed her hand, "We need a plan."

Her eyes sparkled, "That was my thoughts exactly. It is time that we fought back."

Chapter 10 – Rachel

The fourth member of the attack party was found dead at the bottom of a staircase in the servant's hallway. I found myself once again ensconced in the royal war room while the events of the previous night were discussed.

Margaret's fists were clenched, and she had a habit of pounding them on the table.

"It's more than apparent that the human hunters have come to attack the queen."

Roman who sat on the right side of Anna and his mother next to him seemed to disagree.

"The ones who attacked were Lycans. How would they have had time to arrange a truce with rogue Lycans and get them to attack."

Luke nodded, "it doesn't make any sense. They didn't attempt to hurt anyone; it was almost as if they were compelled."

There was a silence in the room while everyone considered this. It was against Lycan law to compel someone to do something against their will. I knew this because apparently, I tried to get the Triple-A's to do a few things when I was first transitioning.

"And another thing," Anna spoke up, "They weren't human, they were Lycans."

Margaret's face whitened, "You have to be joking."

"I doubt our queen would joke about something this serious." Alden added to the conversation, "The attackers were Lycans and were after someone or something. We need to look at all the possibilities and then make a decision on where we go from here."

"I can hardly believe it," Margaret shook her head in wonder.

Anna sent me a look that said she didn't believe the old bitty any more than I did. Anna had been sent to the royal court in Transylvania to kill the Lycan king. And Margaret was the one to send her. So, dissent among the Lycans was nothing new.

"The ruling families haven't changed. We have the Dravens, Dumitru, Nicolae, and Vasile. The family with the most to gain if something happens to the queen is the Dumitru family." Roman looked around the room, "I can assure you that our family had nothing to do with the attacks."

Adrian spoke up, "The Nicolae family didn't either. Our parents haven't been in this country for years. They prefer the English countryside, and I can assure you my brothers and cousin are without blame."

Luke grinned, "Thanks for that. I suppose that leaves the Dravens, Malcolm, what have you to say?"

The handsome man smiled it was so cold that I felt a shiver of something I didn't like rush over me.

"Is that an accusation?" he asked silkily.

"Cut the shit," Anna interrupted. "Everyone else has answered Malcolm; there is no reason to assume that your family can't as well. And from what I understand you have the largest branch. Is that not correct?"

Malcolm's eyes narrowed, "The Dravens have been loyal to the throne for centuries."

Anna raised a brow, "Are you refusing to answer?"

Malcolm's eyes were stormy, "I would think that one would try the Constantine line, just because Cian is dead, it doesn't mean that his family has so easily given up. I know Francine left court in a fury. Many others would likely wish to see everyone in this room dead including myself."

Anna nodded, "I agree we do need to discuss the Constantine line. But, is there anyone else in your family that you feel we should investigate?"

His nostrils flared, and I wondered if he would actually not answer the question. Anna had been more than direct.

"There is no one," Malcolm said in a low voice. "I would personally see that they were dealt with permanently. We serve the Lycan court."

There was a sense of truth to the man's words. I saw Anna's head turn in Luke's direction and wondered if he was speaking to her through the mind link. I am told it is very unusual for that to occur between lovers, but in rare circumstances, it does happen. Not many members

"Sven Draven, tell me about him."

Malcolm's mouth slowly opened and then snapped shut again, "My brother is in France."

So, the Duke of Darkness had a brother; this was getting interesting.

"Sven hasn't had anything to do with the royal court for a hundred years. Why is he suddenly on your radar?"

Anna shrugged, "Just gathering details. When was the last time you spoke to him?"

It was interesting to see Malcolm go from the cold beastly man that he usually was to this angry and almost frightened state. Something about his brother didn't mesh with what he was saying. And it intrigued me to know that there was something that could discompose Malcolm.

There was a knock at the door, and Anna called out for them to enter.

The man that had done my bloodwork the previous day came in followed by guards.

"I have the results, Your Majesty."

Anna smiled kindly, "Please, would you read them?"

The man was tall and slender and looked to be rather intimidated by the occupants of the room. He cleared his throat twice before reading the test.

"The specimen is 93% Lycan of the Vasile line."

Anna's smile widened, and she turned to me, "You are my sister, I knew it!"

I could hardly believe it, Anna and I were sisters? It was a dream come true.

She clutched me in a tight hug that I returned, and then I accepted congratulations from others around the table.

"There is more, Your Majesty," The man cleared his throat. "The specimen shows that she shares about 30% of your DNA."

Anna cocked her head to the side, "What does that mean?"

"Primarily on a sibling, it is around 50% or more shared DNA. For an uncle or a cousin, it would be 25%; this is also the case of a half-sibling. It is likely that Rachel shares the same father and different mothers. And although it shouldn't be possible, we believe that the mother might have been human."

The voices in the room began to fade around me. I was made a Lycan princess for about twenty seconds, and now I am a Lycan bastard, it was that quick, that fast.

Chapter 10 - Rachel

At the first opportunity to get Anna alone, I pulled her aside.

"Rachel, it's not a big deal. I don't want you to fixate on this."

I frowned, "What are you talking about?"

Anna's pale cheeks suffused with color, "Aren't you upset about the tests?"

I shrugged, "It isn't like everything in my life hasn't gone to shit anyway. So, what if I am from the wrong side of the blanket."

Anna's lips twitched, "You sound like an old-fashioned romance heroine like your mom used to read."

She realized what she had said seconds after it came out.

"I mean, I know Jenny Spark isn't your real mom. Or..."

I held up a hand, "Anna, this is fucked up. I have called Jenny and Clark my parents for my entire life. I still considered them my parents even though I know that they didn't give birth to me."

Anna nodded, her face sad, "I know what you mean. I still think of Susan Browning as my mom even though she thinks I am a horrible abomination that needs to be destroyed. I want to hate her, and I do. But mostly I am just hurt. Didn't she love me at all?"

"I know she did, Anna. I was there."

We clasped each other's hands.

"If that wasn't what you wanted to talk about, then what was it?"

I looked around to make sure we wouldn't be overheard. There were other people in the hallway, but we were tucked into a little alcove.

"What was the show in there all about? We already knew that the intruders weren't human."

Anna bit her lip, "I was trying to get a reaction out of Margaret. I don't trust her, Rachel. She acts like none of the Lycans would ever harm each other. But she sent me, Luke, and Roman here to kill Cian."

My heart skipped a beat, "Do you think she was behind the attack?"

"Yes? No? Maybe?"

I laughed at her indecision, "Well, which is it?"

"Something there isn't right. I think that Margaret might not be the mastermind behind it all, but her hands aren't clean. She says now that she wanted to get rid of Cian because he was an evil king. But Roman said that she almost never went to court. He suspects that she wanted to for her own."

My eyes danced, "But then you stepped in with your high-class blood and booted her out."

Anna nodded, "Actually, it would be both of us. You and I would have to be killed before it would turn over to Roman's family."

"What do we know about the different parts of Lycan politics."

Anna smiled, "That is an excellent question and one we will pose to our private board."

She grabbed my hand and started to walk away; I had to stumble to keep up with her. Luke and Roman came to her side as if called, and I remembered that she most likely had with her mind voodoo.

The Triple A's were the only other ones invited. We went into the royal chambers, aka Anna's room and took a seat in the large sitting area. Her room was more like a lavish apartment, with a sitting area, small kitchen space filled with things that they liked and bagged blood for when necessary.

"What would you like to know?" Adrian was responding to something Anna had said.

"I want to know more about the territories of the hives. Where do the major houses reside and how do they choose their hunters?"

Luke spoke up, "The hunters are chosen by strength. They are often called to fight rogue Lycans or human hunters."

I frowned, "What makes a Lycan go rogue?"

Roman sighed, "It can be a number of things. They can get a blood thirst where they become addicted to killing humans. They can be Lycans that make the change without anyone there to help them through. Or they can be Lycans that have been poisoned."

I felt slightly sick, "Are you saying that if Anna and I hadn't been found, we would have turned into mindless killers that you would have destroyed?"

Anna took my hand before turning to the guys, "How often does this scenario happen?"

Abel looked up his eyes catching mine before he winked at me, "Twice now in my lifetime, but there are records of it happening in the old times."

"Twice?" I repeated and then pointed to Anna and myself.

Abel nodded, "Yes."

"Who else knows about this?" I asked, "Could our parents have known about it?"

"The human hunters?" Alden clarified.

"Yes."

"It is possible," Roman answered. "We have old text and scrolls; I am sure that they have been able to lay their hands on some of them."

It was something that needed to be thought on further.

"What was it that they injected into my neck to knock me out?"

I felt a frisson of fear race up my spine, "Could they have poisoned me? Am I still at risk of going rogue?"

Adriane was sitting to my left. His hand came out to rest on my shoulder.

"I am sure it was just a sedative. Albeit a rather strong one. It takes a lot more to knock out a Lycan than it does a human. That being said they were obviously prepared."

Anna pursed her lips, "I can't help but think that someone is working with them."

Roman's jaw tightened, and his eyes flared a little. I could tell that he and Anna were having a rather heated discussion, by the way, they stared at each other. It was a few awkward moments of silence before anyone spoke.

"Rachel is not to be left alone. You three will be her constant guards."

Abel's cocked his head to the side, "Of course, but isn't that what we are already doing?"

Anna blew out a breath, "Yes, but I am sending you out of the palace."

I shook my head, "No, Anna, I won't leave you."

She looked me right in the eye. Her hands moving to my cheeks and her gaze intent.

"You will go with Adrian, Alden, and Abel to their parent's in England. There I want you to gather all the information you can about the royal families and the hunters. I am told that your father is a historian."

Adrian cleared his throat, "Yes, he is. We would be happy to do as you wish."

I gave him a glare that clearly stated I wasn't happy at all.

Abel sensed my irritation, "You will love our parents, Rachel. Mum and Da are hilarious; they still milk their goats and mum has played the organ in the church for as long as I can remember.

Alden looked like he was forcing back a smile, "They have some ridiculous outfits that they think are disguises, so the locals don't know they are aging. I think that they are the most well-known Lycans in the area. Although we come along and persuade the town to forget about them every twenty-five years or so."

Abel snorted, "Mum said she is tired of auditioning for the same job over and over again. But the woman loves to play the pipe organ, so what's a son to do?"

Chapter 11 - Rachel

It was like falling into a fairy tale. I don't know how else to describe the little village where my Triple A's were raised. Sheep grazed in the fields, often getting into the road so that we would have to stop until they managed to right themselves and stumble along their way.

The dirt roads were bumpy and made the small car jostle as Alden drove at what I could consider a breakneck speed. The guys seemed younger, not that their appearance showed that they were as old as they were. But just the way they laughed about things they did as children, the ponds they swam in and the gates they hoped over running from each other.

My attraction to them had gone from a slow boil to a heavy bubbling broth. Their smiles were infectious, and I found myself grinning along even though I hadn't the slightest idea what they were speaking of the majority of the trip.

When we went through a village, it was like a Christmas card. The pointy roofs, cobbled steps, and canopies were perfect. It was beautiful the way the rolling hills often hid a massive country estate or sometimes a crumbling castle.

For someone who loved romance novels, this was my favorite dream come true. Not many girls my age had read Jane Austen. Granted most have seen the movie, Pride and Prejudice. But when you read Austen, you get a real feel for what it was like. I truly felt transported back in time, and I was loving it.

We pulled into a large home with chickens, actual chickens in the front garden. There was ivy climbing up the side of the two-story building, and I would have bet it was at least two hundred years old.

Before we could even get out of the car the door was flung open and two rather young-looking individuals came scampering out.

Alden, Adrian, and Abel all opened the doors and got out. Abel turned back and lent me a hand. I straightened self-consciously and smiled at them.

"My babies, it has been far too long! Come, see your Mum!"

She had a few lines, and I would guess to be around the early thirties. It was only because I knew that she was centuries old that I stared. It was one thing seeing Margaret; she too looked incredibly young, but nothing like this fresh-faced woman.

"Adrian, your hair is far too long!" She said with a grin as he pulled her into his arms and off her feet.

Their father was rather like them only his hair was dark, and he had a trimmed beard. But otherwise, you could see a lot of similarities between the mouth and the eyes.

Alden cleared his throat after they had all managed to hug each other about seven times.

"Mum, Da, we want you to meet Rachel, she is the queen's sister."

To Rachel's horror, their mother started to curtsey.

"Oh, please don't! I am not a princess. My name is Joannie."

The woman smiled, "I am Helen, and this is Franklin, but everyone calls him Frank. How nice to meet you, my dear? I can't wait to hear more about you, let's get inside, and I will put some tea on."

I blinked, "I thought that was just an English exaggeration. Do you really drink tea all the time?"

Helen laughed, "Probably more than I should. The tea itself is good for you, but the sugar and cream I add in are less than ideal."

I knew that I would like her the minute she came out to see her kids. I loved the way she treated them with such open affection. But this sealed the deal. Anyone that is willing to sacrifice a little waistline for a good treat was my kind of individual.

I learned a few things that day.

First, tea tastes like boiled leaves. It was disgusting unless I added a shitload of honey, cream, and sugar. I honestly could have skipped the tea and just gone with the toppings.

The other thing I learned rather quickly was that Helen and Frank had nothing to do with the attacks.

They were quirky and funny. Not master manipulators. Frank enjoyed scholarly pursuits and immediately got into a long discussion with Alden and Adrian about the possible outcomes of different hostile takeovers.

Their home was happy, and I found myself feeling happy.

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"Why don't you three take Rachel down to see the grotto?" Helen suggested a few days after we had arrived.

Alden shrugged, "Sure, we could swim in the pond?"

I wrinkled my nose, "I am not the best swimmer."

"Then you are in luck, lass," Frank grinned from behind the morning paper. "My boys are the best swimmers in three counties."

Adrian shoved Alden off of his chair, "I am the best, the rest of these louts just try to horn in on my excellence."

I giggled as Alden stood and promptly smacked Adrian upside the head. They were so different here in the county, more relaxed. The Triple A's at the royal court were highly sought after and somewhat haughty. Here they seemed like regular guys.

Okay so they were still smoking hot, underwear model attractive, but that had only caused me to want them even more.

Frank and Helen had been good about the decree from Anna never to leave me alone. I had a cot brought into my room that one of the guys would sleep in. But I couldn't help but want them in my bed. One of these nights I was going to break down and jump someone.

"I don't have a swimming suit," I blurted out.

Alden's look could be classified as a smolder. I felt my skin grow hot and I fought the urge to fan myself.

"Oh, I am sure I have something you could use," Helen smiled getting to her feet.

I followed the woman up the stairs to her room and watched as she rummaged through her things. The pile of strings that she handed me almost had me choking.

"This is your bathing suit?" I croaked holding the small yellow string bikini.

There would be no hiding things with this on.

Chapter 12 - Alden

The path down to the lake and grotto was a bit overgrown. I used that as my excuse for holding Rachel's hand. My brothers smirked at me. Obviously, I wasn't nearly as clever as I wanted to be.

Rachel's breath caught when she saw the lake and the folly leading to the grotto.

"This is gorgeous," she whispered, her hand coming to her mouth.

She was gorgeous.

I had fought my attraction for this girl until my balls were blue. I had tried a hundred different ways to distance myself. But when she is sleeping just feet from me, and my body is crying out to near her, I can't seem to think straight.

"The grotto goes back inside that cave; it's not too deep we can wade in there." I pulled her behind me the folly, and we started to remove our t-shirts.

I was in no way prepared for what happened next. I don't know where my mum got the bathing suit that Rachel had on, but I guarantee that she never wore it.

The tiny triangles that had barely managed to cover her nipples were yellow, but the suit was piped in turquoise. There were small turquoise bows on her hips and at the top of her ass. More than a handful of that perfect ass was exposed, and I knew my cock was visibly hard in my swimming trunks.

She tugged on one side of the top and nearly popped out of the other.

"Fucking hell," Adrian groaned.

Rachel bit her lip, "I know, does it look terrible?"

Alden launched into a coughing laughing fit that was admirable.

"Terrible?" I was standing close enough that I could touch her elbow. "Hot as hell more like it. My mum is being a bit of a matchmaker it would seem."

Rachel frowned, "But, who is she trying to set me up with?"

I looked at my brothers and saw that they had to position themselves strategically so that Rachel wouldn't see we were all sporting boners of epic proportions.

"Don't worry about mum," Adrian called out. "The last one in has to clear the table tonight!"

Rachel took off, and I had thought there was nothing better than Rachel standing there in that teeny tiny bikini, but Rachel running in that bikini was so much better.

Alden punched my shoulder hard, "You are so whipped."

I frowned and followed him to the lake where Adrian and Rachel were already splashing around.

She turned around I caught a glimpse of those tits with droplets of water on them, I was a goner. Never before had I been knocked so completely on my ass by a woman. I moved into the water thanking God, and whoever else was listening that it was cold. Not that it melted my hard-on, but at least I could get it out of sight, and the cold offered some relief.

We splashed and played around in the shallow water for a while until Rachel felt more comfortable.

"Let's take her into the grotto," Alden suggested.

There are two ways to get in. You can go through the folly, or there is another way in the water. I grabbed her hand once again, and when she looked at me questioningly, I muttered something about it being slippery.

"You wish," Adrian coughed.

Bastard.

When the water got chest deep on Rachel, she stopped moving.

"I can't swim," she bit her lip, and I could swear my cock danced at the sight.

"I won't let anything happen to you," my voice was lower than usual, and I meant that promise in more ways than just swimming in the lake. I would do anything to protect Rachel, and I hoped that she knew it.

Rachel nodded trustingly and then jumped into my arms. I almost damn near dropped her. Her long gorgeous legs wrapped around my waist and her arms flew around my neck.

She tucked her face into my neck, and I looked wide-eyed at my brothers who were looking at me with equally bemused expressions.

What the actual fuck?

"Okay, we can go now."

I couldn't help the smile that spread even though I knew it was a shit-eating grin.

"Thank you, your highness."

Rachel pulled back to look me in the eyes. I did my best to look at her face and not notice the way that her wet breasts and stomach were plastered against my chest. How her pussy was open and so fucking close to my cock that I couldn't breathe. I could be cool; I had this.

"I want to fuck you."

Shit! Did that just come out of my mouth?

My brothers burst out laughing, and Rachel blinked, I had shocked the hell out of her.

"I am sorry, I didn't mean that."

The idiots laughed louder.

"You don't want to fuck me?" she said in a small voice.

"Oh," Abel wiped at his eyes, "He does, he definitely does. But he's not supposed to."

Rachel's brows came together, and she looked so adorably innocent. Shit, I needed to get my arousal under control.

"Why not?"

If I hadn't had my hands full of Rachel's amazing ass, I would have flipped the fuckwads off. But as it was, there wasn't a chance in hell that I was going to let her go.

"Queen Anna said that you are off limits," Adrian answered easily.

This didn't seem to sit well with Rachel.

"Anna is my best friend, but she's not my mother. Actually, we don't know who my mother is, but I promise you, it's not Anna. I can sleep with whoever I want."

I bounced her a little so that she would look at me. I really should have thought it through when her boobs started to move, I totally lost my train of thought.

"Alden?"

"Yeah? Oh! Um, yeah so, a Lycan's first time created a bond and the older you are, the greater the bond. Anna doesn't want to be a dick; she just wants to make sure you give that to someone you really care about."

Rachel's lips twitched, "I am glad she doesn't want to be a dick. But she can't tell me what to do."

I felt the heat of her breath against my lips, and I knew that holding her this close was like holding a flame in the palm of your hand. I was sure as hell going to be burned, but what a wild ride.

"We are here to protect you," I ground out, ignoring the way her arms tightened around my neck and her fingers laced into my hair.

Rachel smiled, "Who is here to protect you from me?"

And then she kissed me.

Fucking hell.

Chapter 13 – Rachel

I had kissed other boys before. Hell, I had a boyfriend for heaven's sake. But nothing absolutely nothing could have prepared me for the moment my lips smashed against Alden's. I wasn't sure what in the hell possessed me, only that is was the best fucking decision I had ever made, and I was going for it.

For a split second, I worried that he wouldn't kiss me back. I mean not that it still wasn't incredible to be smashed up against his chiseled abs and to have his silky hair against my fingertips. But with all of that, I still wanted, no I needed to know that I wasn't alone in this insane attraction to these boys.

His hands tightened on my ass almost painfully, and he opened his mouth, his tongue sweeping into my mouth. And then I really couldn't reason or think about what was happening because I was lost in a whirl storm of heat and intense desire. I felt like my body was thrumming with energy and I knew from that moment onward I would never be the same. There was no possible way that I could come out of this day the innocent girl I once was.

I loved the way that he took possession of my mouth, kissing me with deep drugging kisses that made me only want more. I felt his incisors and knew that mine were extended as well. I was just starting to rub my core against his waist when I was yanked from his arms.

"What happened to don't kiss her?" Adrian demanded, his hands clenched into fists.

Alden blinked, his chest heaving, "She kissed me!"

"Fuck the rules; I am sick of them!"

Adrian cupped my face, and for the second time, that day my world tipped on its axis. He kissed me softly, those drugging soft kisses that made me lean in for more and then even more. His hand cradled the back of my head while the other moved to the curve of my breast and I arched trying to get him to touch me. It was glorious and so fucking addictive that I hardly knew how long he kissed me until I found myself being wrenched out his arms.

Alden moved me to the side and took a swing at his brother, connecting with the side of his face.

I screamed and was about to jump in and try and stop things when two hands wrapped around my waist. Abel turned me around to face him.

"Don't worry about them," he smirked.

"They might kill each other!" I tried to turn my head, but Abel shook his.

"No, they might bloody each other up, but nothing worse. They have a lot of pent up energy from not taking a drone. We aren't used to the bagged blood diet."

My breath caught, "None of you are slaking your lust with drones?"

He smirked, "I haven't heard it put that way for a century or two."

Pink spots adorned my cheeks, "I like historical romance novels."

He laughed, "Well then, milady, might I have this dance?"

I giggled, "There isn't any music."

There was a loud splash from behind us followed by a shout.

"Are you certain they are alright?"

Abel looked over my shoulder again, "yes, the fools are fine. They are going to need to learn to share."

I wrinkled my nose, "Are you talking about me?"

He trLuked my nose and down to my lips with the tip of his finger.

"I would imagine if they are feeling half of the intense feelings about you and I am they are confused and horny as fuck. Give them time."

I nodded but honestly wasn't sure how to respond to the statement. On one hand, I was thrilled that I wasn't the only one that was lusting after the other three. But how fair was it that there was three of them and one of me.

I opened my mouth to speak, but Abel stopped me with a kiss. His lips were firm and sure, and he took advantage of my open mouth by sweeping his tongue against mine in a way that had my body tightening.

I was so turned on, these crazy incredible boys. But then they weren't boys, were they. They had Annaed for centuries. These incredible crazy men were everything I could have imagined and more. I clung to Abel as he kissed me within an inch of my life.

I couldn't help running my hands up his amazing chest, loving the way the skin jumped beneath my touch. I could have kissed him for hours, days, perhaps forever. It was perfect.

"Hey! What do you think you are doing?" Adrian yelled at Abel.

I felt him smile against my mouth.

Breaking the kiss, I turned and raised my hand to Adrian and Alden who looked a little roughed up. I was grateful for Lycan magic that would have their injuries healed before we had to see their parents again.

"Listen, I like you," I said to Adrian.

He got that cocky look of a boy that just got the head cheerleader to say yes to prom.

"But, I like Alden and Abel too. If you guys aren't okay with that, I totally understand. But I can't pick one of you."

Alden grunted, "I know."

Adrian shoved some water at him, "If you know that why were you trying to rip my fucking head off?"

Abel smirked, "Heat of the moment?"

Alden nodded, "I wasn't lying before. I am incredibly attracted to you Rachel, and I know my brothers are as well. This is new to us though so you will have to be patient as we figure it all out."

My heart jumped, "You mean, you all are willing to try and share?"

Alden nodded, then Abel and finally Adrian.

"You are worth it," Alden said gruffly.

Abel allowed me to move from his side and go and hug both Alden and Adrian. It was strange to have it out in the open, but it was also nice that we weren't dancing around it any longer.

"What if I want to hold one of your hands? Is that going to end in a fist fight?"

Adrian smirked, "Most days end in a fist fight. But if you really don't want us to, we can try and control ourselves."

I felt my lips twitching, "If you could try, I would appreciate it."

"Is there a reward if I don't hit this dipshit?" Alden asked innocently.

Adrian smacked him upside the head.

Abel snorted, "Looks like Adrain doesn't get the reward."

I laughed, "There isn't a reward."

Alden smacked him back.

"But," my eyes danced, "I think I will put one in plLuke."

Chapter 14 – Rachel

Abel looked from me to the cot and back again.

"I can just sleep here," he said gruffly pointing to the cot.

I shook my head, "No, you can sleep with me."

He gulped, and I loved watching his Adam's apple bob up and down. He was so gorgeous that even the simplest of things seemed extraordinary.

I pushed the blankets back and patted the bed next to me.

"I won't bite," I teased, "Unless you want me too."

His eyes flared, and I wondered if I had pushed him too far.

The predator that lurked inside of the both of us threatened to break free. My heart slammed against my ribs, and I was reminded that I hadn't drank the bag of blood that I should have earlier. It was stupid and reckless.

I wanted to deepen things with the boys, and I knew that with the level they were keeping me hydrated it wouldn't happen. Obviously, Anna had a hand in instructing the Triple-A's having first-hand experience in what was necessary for a virgin Lycan.

I appreciated that she was trying to protect me.

At least, there was a part of me that did. But a larger piece of my heart longed to connect on a deeper physical level with Abel, Adrian, and Alden. As things were we were, life had taken so many crazy twists and turns. Anna had gone missing; then our parents had turned on us. I was now hiding in the English countryside with three hot bodyguards, and damn it I wanted to know what came next and I was going to find out.

"You are taking a terribly long time," my fangs gently touched my bottom lip.

Abel removed his shirt, and I tried not to gawk at his hotness. No matter how many times I saw his body, it still managed to knock my socks off. His pajama pants were tied low on his hips, and I could see the deep vee of muscle and pure masculine sexiness.

"Is there a reason you are trying to seduce me?" his voice was light and teasing.

My eyes flashed to his, and I noticed the crinkles by his eyes. Why did he have to be so handsome?

"Is it working?"

Damn, that hadn't meant to be so squeaky!

He slid into bed beside me and took my face in his hand.

"I can smell the desire on you, Rachel. That is why I hesitated. I want you so fucking much that it is hard to control my own needs."

My face flamed, "What do you mean; you can smell it?"

He growled low by my ear, "You innocence, your desire, you need for me, it's all there. I can see your nipples through that flimsy tank top, and it kills me that you are so sweet. I am not good enough for you, none of us are."

Before I could ask what he meant by that, he closed his lips over mine and kissed me. I felt the rush of need; the hot clenching need rare up inside of me so strong that I was kissing him back with wild abandon. I needed more.

I moved so that I was straddling his waist; the thin cotton shorts felt way too much. Why weren't we naked?

His hands moved down my back to my ass, and I groaned into the kiss. Rotating my hips against his lap, I ran my hands up his arms and into his hair. When his hands slipped into the back of my shorts and cupped my naked ass, I gasped and bit his lower lip sucking it into my mouth.

"I want to taste you," he growled against my lips.

"I want to taste you, too," I replied.

Before I could do anything, he flipped us, and I was on my back. Abel yanked my thin shorts off and spread my thighs wide taking in my wet pussy. He sank his face between my thighs and began to lick and suck. I moaned and dug my hands into his hair. It was hot and soft and caused my insides to melt and do crazy twisted things that I hadn't thought possible.

He used one of his fingers to enter me while he continued his onslaught of torture and I climbed higher and higher toward something that I wasn't sure I even understood. This was nothing like the times I had touched myself.

That was mild and tingly and felt good. This felt like I was coming apart at the seams, but I needed more.

He moved to my thighs and licked the tender skin grazing it with his sharp fangs. I wanted his bite, wanted him to taste me.

"Do it," I rasped.

His low grunt was all I heard before he moved up and I saw the way his eyes were wild with lust, and he ripped my tank top down the middle. Abel latched onto my breast like he was a starved man and I arched off the bed. My core pulsed with need, I need him there. I wanted him there.

Abel moved to the other breast and suckled and again I felt the intense need in my core. I wanted to be fucked within an inch of my life. This time it was me throwing him against the bed, changing our positions.

He was still wearing his pajama pants, but I could ground my bare pussy against his length. My teeth went straight into his neck, and I sucked the rich blood down as I rode him hard.

Intense desire flared through both of us. My body shook as my orgasm ripped through me and then I was being yanked off of Abel. I wanted to hold on, but the hands that were holding me were so much stronger.

"Are you alright?" Adrian asked he sounded amused.

Abel snorted, "Yeah, fuck that was amazing."

"No more individual sleepovers," Alden growled.

I was still reeling from the events.

My body was thrumming, and I turned my naked body into Adrian.

"Get the blanket," Alden growled, "Before we do something stupid."

That hurt a little. I didn't want to be considered something stupid.

I tried to push out of Adrian's arms, but he stopped me.

"Hey, what is up with the face?"

I shook my head not speaking.

"Rachel, what is wrong?"

My lips closed and I closed my eyes.

To my horror tears began to gather.

Abel moved and took me from Adrian, once his arms closed around me I fell into him.

"What is it?" he asked against my hair.

But I wouldn't answer him. I just knew that I was going to be the ruin of these brothers and that was the last thing I ever wanted to be. Especially when I was falling in love with them.

Chapter 15 – Rachel

The hand over my mouth roused me into wakefulness, and I jerked trying to break free.

"Shhh," Adrian whispered in my ear, "There is someone outside. Mum and Da are looking into it, but we need to get you out of here."

"But it's the middle of the night," I frowned. "What aren't you telling me?"

Alden appeared at the door fully dressed with a pack over his shoulder. Abel was behind him with another sachel.

Whoever was outside wasn't here for a social call, how they had found us I didn't know. But I jumped out of bed and yanked the jeans on that Adrian handed me over my sleep shorts. Then I pulled a thick sweater over my tank top and slipped into some boots.

Alden motioned for us to follow him and as we went closer to the outside of the house I heard angry voices, and it sounded like things were breaking. I stumbled and turned to look out of the window. But Abel caught be with a firm grasp. He shook his head not daring to speak and pointed toward Alden.

Swallowing hard I did what I was told and followed, but my heart wanted to go and fight. It was against everything that was in me to run and hide. Alden lifted a latch that I thought had led to the cellar and indeed it did, but there was another latch inside the cellar that led to a deeper tunnel.

The smell of earth was thick in the air, the musty wet sloshing of our boots the only sound as we made our way in the relative darkness. Lycans needed little light to see, and it appeared that we were using the light from a smartwatch to illuminate the ancient tunnel.

I wondered when the last time this tunnel had been used and with a sickening sense of dread wondered if the people who used it made it out aAnnae. I didn't really want to come across the party of bones, and I certainly didn't want that to be our fate.

The longer we walked, the more relaxed that the boys seemed to be, but no one spoke. I wondered how far we were going and in what direction. There were stairs up and down and doors that opened and things that scurried beneath us. One thing was for certain. It had been quite some time since anyone had been inside these tunnels. The spider webs were thick, and the air was dense.

Adrian pulled up, "On the other side of this staircase should be the river. We will take the boat, and hopefully, it hasn't rotted through."

"What is this plLuke?" I asked in wonder.

"A way to keep Lycans aAnnae," Alden surprised me by pulling me into his arms and kissing my forehead. "Are you alright?"

I nodded, "Besides being confused on what was happening and scared for your parents."

Adrian laughed, "Oh, don't worry about Mum and Da! They are old hands at this kind of thing. They will have the hunters mixed up and twisted into sixes and sevens. What we need to do it get word to Anna that you were found."

Abel raised the smartwatch, "I sent a message, but I haven't heard anything back yet."

"Where will the boat take us?"

Alden smiled, "The underground river will take us out of a cave entrance that is far from my parents home. From there we will need to find a way to the next safe house."

I frowned, "We have been at a safe house?"

The triplets looked at each other guiltily.

"No," I felt the anger building inside of me. "I want to talk to my sister. Anna can't just decide what to do with my life and not tell me what is going on. I deserve to know just as much as anyone else does. I thought we were here actually to help something. But you were just getting me out of harms way like I am an infant or something."

Abel wrinkled his nose, "Well, technically in Lycan terms you are the newest one, so…"

"Do not finish that statement," I warned him.

Pushing through the opening, we found that the old boat was indeed right where they had left it. The oars were still in fairly good shape, and the bottom hadn't rusted out. There weren't any life vests. Apparently, the last time the boat was used life vests weren't as mandatory as they are now.

It still was odd to me at time how much older the triplets were than I was. In appearance, they looked to be early twenties, but in actuality it was centuries. I snorted back a laugh.

Adrian heard me as he was helping me into the boat.

"What is it?"

I blushed, "Nothing, just something silly that came to my mind."

The other brothers jumped in and pushed away from the side into the deep murky water. I felt a small frisson of fear knowing that I couldn't swim. They began to paddle, the steady stroking of the oars helping to settle a little of my panic.

"Tell us, Rachel, what made you smile?" Adrian insisted.

I flushed again, "Do you remember when I told you that I liked romance novels?"

The guys grinned and nodded.

I blew out a breath and decided to give them full disclosure, "Well, I was just thinking about the age difference between us and that got me thinking about the comment of me being so young and you all being so much older. I don't suppose you have heard of age-play?"

Abel choked, "Are you going to call us daddy?"

I blushed so beet red that there wasn't a spot of me that wasn't flamming with embarrassment.

"No! Of course not! That is why I was laughing; it is just so ridiculous."

Alden gave me a curious look, "It might be fun."

I shook my head, "No, it's not even something I would consider."

He shrugged, "That's too bad because this daddy wanted to hold his baby."

I felt a surge of desire rLuke through me before I sent him a scowl.

"You are making fun of me."

Alden smiled and shook his head, "Its just a game, Rachel. If you like the names or play just tell us, you don't need to be embarrassed. I think it's safe to say that we are all taken with you."

My jaw dropped.

"But last night, you said to get the blanket before we do something stupid. I was the something stupid."

Alden almost surged to his feet, but the boat threatened to tip, and Adrian and Abel forced him back down again. When he spoke, it was through clenched teeth.

"You are not a mistake, nor are you something stupid. I meant before these idiots, and I did something stupid. I know you think you are ready, Rachel. But trust me when I say that it is important to take things slowly. We are just getting to know your likes, and you are getting to know ours. You are not ready to take on all three of us not at the same time. I was protecting you from us."

I hadn't thought of it that way. I flushed when I thought about how I would be able to take all of them. I knew little about sex. I mean I had seen port, but I hadn't ever sucked a guys dick, and the thought of someone shoving their cock up my ass made me highly uncomfortable.

And aroused.

But that was something to reflect on later. Once again they were looking out for me, and I was somewhere off in left field. I looked up and caught Alden's eye giving him a soft smile.

"Thank you."

He nodded, "And if you want to play anything?"

I laughed, "I will tell you, daddy."

Adrian's oar smacked the water, "My cock is harder than fuck. We need to talk about something else."

Abel grinned at me, "You can call me daddy any time you want."

"Fuck, fuck, fuck!" Adrian growled.

I licked my lips and enjoyed watching Adrain readjust the massive bulge in his pants just like Alden and Abel was having to do. It looked like I wasn't the only one who was turned on by the fantasy.

Chapter 16 – Rachel

You would think that being stranded with three incredibly hot Lycans would be the sexiest adventure of your life. But the reality pales a little in comparison. First off, since we were awakened and escaped in the night, nobody had gotten any sleep.

It's a bald-faced lie that Lycans don't need sleep. Newsflash, we pee, we fart, and we need sleep. Second, I learned that the packs the guys carried had ice and blood bags, so we were good for about forty-eight hours, beyond that we would be looking to human donations.

And third, there is a shit load of bugs that live near the water of the underground river. I felt like I was covered from head to toe with bites of all sizes.

We had gone from the playful daddy conversation to grunts and shivering as I huddled in my sweater and cursed every time the wind picked up.

"Hanging in there, Rachel?"

I glanced up to see Abel's concerned face. He had asked me the same question ever twenty minutes or so for the last three hours.

Instead of grunting I tried to smile, but by his look, I guess it came out as more of a grimace.

"The estate isn't that much further, and we will be out of the caves."

I looked at Adrian, "Whose estate is it?"

He shrugged, "It used to belong to Viscount Netherland, but that was ages ago."

It struck me that their world was always changing and yet they remained the same. And I wondered for the briefest moment something that I hadn't thought of before.

"Have any of you ever been in love?"

Silence.

The brothers had even stopped rowing, and I could hear the zapping of insects and the slapping of water against the boat. I wanted to take it back, but another part of me really wanted to know the answer. If they had been in love before was it so wrong to ask about it? Was it none of my business? I really didn't know how to do relationships beyond the one I had in high school.

I opened my mouth to say something, maybe 'I'm sorry' when Adrian spoke.

"I was in love once with a girl who lived in the village near my parents' home."

"Was she a Lycan?" Somehow, I knew the answer to the question, but I needed to ask it anyway.

He shook his head, "No, she was human."

I frowned, "And there is no way to make a Lycan, correct?"

They nodded.

Abel added, "You are born a Lycan that is the only way, your DNA must have the genes that require blood, and through that it causes you to stop aging. If someone chooses to be a drone it will slow their aging, but they run the risk of anemia or even being drained, and they still will not live forever."

"I am sorry," the words slipped out, "I know that must have been difficult for you."

Adrian smiled the saddest smile I think I had ever seen from him. I hated the way that his forehead wrinkled, and he looked pained.

"It was difficult to see Charlotte age, and it was worse when she got so frail. She began to doubt my feelings for her and was jealous of the other drones. I was drinking bagged, but she wouldn't believe me. When she died, she said that she wished she had never met me. I stole from her a normal life, children, happiness."

I gawked at him.

"But..."

I wasn't even sure how to put into words what I was feeling. How did you go through life with someone that you loved and at the end of everything throw it in their face? I knew Adrian well enough at this point that he wasn't a bad person. Whatever the relationship had been between him and Charlotte he said he loved her, and he wasn't a liar.

"It was a long time ago, Rachel," Adrian said with a sigh.

"I just don't understand. Were the both of you there?"

Alden and Abel nodded, "We went to the royal court of course, and Adrian stayed in England for the most part. But we always came back here."

"Did you share?" the question came out unbidden, and a felt a violent flush stain my cheeks.

Abel shook his head, "No, Rachel. You are the only one that we all have been so intensely attracted to."

I tucked that little piece of information away for later.

"Why couldn't you have children?"

Alden answered as the oar came around and pulled us ever closer to the morning sun.

"A Lycan and a human cannot sire a child. It has to be two Lycans or two humans."

I thought for a moment, "I was wondering if perhaps my mother could have been my real mother. But I guess that shoots my theory to bits. She is human, and it would be strange if she cheated on my dad or my fake dad."

"Whoever you mother is, she would have to be a Lycan and of high royal birth for your percentage to be what it is."

I glanced at Abel, "Why would my dad, my real dad, have slept with someone else when he was married?"

I saw the guys look at each other and felt horribly naive. I supposed that this was the time when they told me that it wasn't a big deal to have multiple partners and in truth, I wanted all of them. But I wanted a relationship with the three of them and nobody else. Was I being completely crazy?

Adrian sighed, "Some Lycans do not take their vows and oaths very seriously. They feel that because Lycans are sexual creatures that any sexual congress with a drone is to be excused and some take that further and feel that any sexual experience at all is merely entertainment or a pastime."

I felt my shoulders tense and knew that his answer would be the making or breaking of things between us. I wanted to coach the brothers on what to say to me but knew that I wasn't doing myself or them any favors by not being honest.

"And how do you feel?"

Adrian pointed to his chest, "Me, specifically?"

I nodded, "Each of you."

"I feel that you can't have a relationship with someone unless there is open communication. There must be trust and honesty in order for anything good to grow."

Alden added, "I agree, things must be safe, all parties need to be willing to be vulnerable and at times be strong. It's a give and take."

Abel smiled, "There are so many non-rules in love. But the most important is respecting and honoring your partner. I know that what we are doing here is scary and unconventional. But Rachel, we aren't the type of men that would cheat on you. We don't believe in casual sex when we are committed to someone. Is that what you needed to know?"

I blew out a breath of relief just as the sun began to peak through a slip of cave in the distance.

"Look, we are there!"

They turned and upon seeing the literal light at the end of the tunnel began rowing at an increased speed. It was only as the boat began to come into the daylight that we saw the hunters. By the time their darts had entered our skin, it was too late.

Chapter 17 – Anna

“There is still no sign of them?” I felt a deep churning of guilt as I watched Roman speak with Helen on the phone.

There was no sign of the triplets or Rachel, and they should have checked in hours ago. To make matters worse, her husband Frank had gone to check the escape route. There appeared to be marks where Frank thinks bodies were dragged out of the river.

That is fucking fantastic.

Fuckity fucking fucktarts.

I wrapped my arms around my stomach trying not to throw up. I had put Rachel in harm's way, and that was the last thing that I ever wanted to do.

"Right, well, we will be arriving late tonight and can go over the plans for the hunt. Thanks, Helen, give Frank my best."

Roman ended the call and then turned and gathered me into his arms.

"I am assuming that you head the gist of things?" he said softly.

"They aren't dead," I said defensively, mostly just to assure myself.

I felt him smile, "No, I can't see that they would go through the trouble of moving dead Lycans. That isn't the usual way they play the game."

I pushed a little, moving my head back so that I could see into his eyes.

"Roman, there isn't any possible way that the human hunters could have known that Rachel was going to England. We searched her for a tracking device. There has to be a leak, and you know who I think is at the head of it."

Roman winced, "I am not saying you are wrong."

I wanted to scream at him because I could feel his thoughts and they weren't saying that I was right either.

"I know you love your mother," I practically choked on the words. There was no love lost between Margaret and me. I had the strongest feeling that she was somehow involved in it. But I couldn't make the connection.

Roman raised a brow, "Love is a strong word, and Margaret is a woman to be feared rather than loved. We could say that I respect my mother."

I twisted my lips in distaste, "Why did she send us here to kill Cian in the first place?"

Roman sighed and pulled me over to the large chair in my office. He sat down and pulled me into his lap.

"She said that it was because of the way that Cian had been running things. It was no secret that he was a terrible king."

"So, she kills him and becomes queen," I say. "Most people don't just kill someone if they are bothering them."

"Most people aren't Lycans," Roman said flashing his startlingly white teeth. "My mother has always been rather vicious, and it is no lie that she would sooner kill first and ask questions later. But what purpose would it serve for her to go after Rachel?"

"That is another thing," I turned in his lap and blushed when he groaned. I hadn't meant to turn him on, but the more that I was sitting on his lap, the more I could feel his cock thickening.

"What is the other thing?" his voice was deeper and his eyes more intent.

"Who is Rachel's mother? I know that we both carry the blood of our father, but since we have different mothers could that house be trying to do something?"

Roman frowned, "That is a good question. But one would think that if she came from the Draven's for example, that they would want to get rid of you and put her in your place. That way their family was still ruling. It also begs to reason without her mated they could manipulate a marriage of their choosing further making things better for their family. Why would they kidnap her?"

I ground my teeth together, hating that I didn't have the answers.

"Okay," I said at last. "Perhaps it is a rival family, and they intend on killing me and marrying Rachel to one of their Lycans. It is possible."

Roman sighed, "There are a hundred different scenarios that are possible. We also have the worry that the humans who raised you both have disappeared. They are no with the human hunter groups that continue to plague different hives.

I bit my lip, "I don't feel bad."

But I did, and that really pissed me off. They tossed me away like I was garbage because of the Lycans. Everything meant shit to them the minute I turned but did I want something bad to happen to them?

No, what kind of person wishes bad things on people.

Cian.

And that is the last fucker I ever want to be compared to.

I laid my head against his firm chest and with the tip of my finger traced the line of his jaw.

"What are you thinking, princess?"

I laughed a little, "I am queen now."

Roman caught my finger and pulled it to his mouth gently biting the tip.

I gasped as everything inside of me went a little warm and melty.

"You are everything," he said huskily.

I took my hands and cupped his face. I loved the way his whispers pricked the insides of my palms.

Looking deep into his eyes, I promised him, "You are my everything. You and Luke are my life."

And just as if we had called him there was a click and Luke entered my office turning to lock the door just as suddenly as he had entered.

"Do you know how fucking hard it is to hold a meeting when you are getting bombarded with steamy thoughts about sex?"

I grinned, "No, Luke, tell me, how hard is it?"

Roman laughed, and Luke's lips twitched.

"Maybe I should just check for myself?"

I kissed Roman softly on the lips but didn't take too long before moving off his lap and walking over to where Luke was standing. Sinking to my knees in front of him, I laid my face against the straining zipper and heard his harshly inhaled breath.

Smiling, I turned and winked at Roman who had moved to sit on the edge of his seat, "You are right Luke. It's pretty damn hard."

Chapter 18 – Anna

I knew the moment Luke grabbed the back of my head that things were about to get crazy.

"Our mate thinks to tease me," he growled low and deep.

"Maybe she needs to know who she's messing with," Roman moved behind me on the floor, ripping my shirt from my body.

Goosebumps erupted on my flesh as I looked up at Luke licking my lips. Roman made short work of my bra, and his large hands moved to cup my breasts.

"Take my cock out," Luke commanded me at the same time Roman pinched my nipples.

I gasped and moved my hands quickly to the fastening of his jeans. Unzipping his pants, I pushed them down his thighs along with his underwear.

His scent washed over me as well as a hint of his cologne. I opened my mouth to take him inside, but Roman pulled me back. Turning my head to the side, he kissed me passionately, wildly. It sent my already racing heart into overdrive.

His tongue was masterful, his hands were firm and commanding, and for this small minute in time I could let my worries and concerns slide while my mates pleasured me. Roman broke the kiss, and in seconds Luke had my head turned back again to face him.

Luke was stroking his length and moved closer to my mouth.

"I want to have your cock in my mouth," I moaned.

His eyes widened, and I loved the way that I had surprised him.

"It makes me so fucking hot," I whispered and then opened wide, taking him like they had taught me. There were so many things that I had learned in the weeks that we had been together. Before he could catch his breath, I released him and began kissing him up and down his length. I massaged his balls and tried to keep my shit together as Roman's hand slipped lower and into the front of my pants.

I kissed his cock, extra wet sloppy kisses that I knew drove him wild and then flicked my tongue against the underside of his head.

Roman's fingers trailed down and began to stroke my folds. I was losing focus as he found my clit and circled it.

Luke pulled out of my mouth with a pop, and my eyes flashed back to him. He lifted me off my knees, and Roman got to his feet removing his clothes. I shimmied out of my jeans as Luke kicked the remainder of his clothing away.

Roman lifted me into my desk and spread my legs wide. I was so fucking wet that it was covering the insides of my thighs. He bent down and licked the inside of my thigh before nipping it slightly with his razor-sharp teeth.

"Have you been practicing with your plugs?" Luke asked hoarsely.

I blushed furiously, "You should know, you had one in last night."

They were training me to take both of them at the same time. I was nervous and more than a little excited about the prospect. I would never have imagined that this would be something that would turn me on, but it did to such a degree that I felt empty without them both inside of me.

Roman moved closer to my pussy and blew air across my swollen folds. I gasped when Luke grabbed one of my nipples with his teeth. He sucked my breast into his mouth just as Roman began to lick and kiss every inch of me. I had on hand in Roman's hair and the other on Luke's shoulder as I moaned and writhed beneath them.

Roman's tongue was everywhere, sucking, penetrating and then he added his fingers, and I felt my orgasm slip within reach. I thrust my hips into his face digging my nails into Luke's shoulder. He had moved to the other breast and was sucking the peaks into tight hardpoints.

"Come on, Anna," Roman encouraged, "You are so fucking sexy, baby. I could do this all night long."

He moved in once again on my clit his fingers thrusting inside of me and suddenly I felt Luke's teeth sink inside of my neck.

The orgasm was so hard, so strong that the edges of my vision went black. I came and came over and over again. And then Roman was slamming into my pussy with his massive length, and I was coming again. My pussy was clenching him hard squeezing him impossibly tight.

Luke, licked the wound closed and whispered, "I love you, Anna."

Roman pulled out of me and traded plLukes so that he was on the desk and sat his in lap sinking down once again on his massive cock.

I felt Luke coat my ass with the oil that was in my bottom drawer. It was the same oil that I was using to get used to the butt plugs. He helped to stretch me with his fingers as Roman continued to fuck my pussy. The sensations were coming from everywhere.

I felt the tip of Luke's cock against the tight rim of my ass and froze.

Roman cupped my face, "Relax; we won't hurt you."

He took my lips in the sweetest most tender kiss imaginable. Obviously, that lasted about a second and a half before we were devouring each other mouths and Luke was pressing his length inside of me. I didn't have time to worry about the pressure.

Luke's firm hands were on my hips, and Roman was still kissing the shit out of my mouth.

I heard Luke's curse as he finally slid all the way inside and smiled into my kiss with Roman. It was a strange feeling, all of us together.

But I had never felt better in my life. I was meant to be with these boys, I was there's, and they were mine. I broke the kiss and bit Roman just as he bit me. As the intense sexual energy threatened to be too much for me, I felt Luke pressed firmly against my back.

Even as he fucked my ass and Roman fucked my pussy, Luke whispered words of love and encouragement to me.

I shattered so hard that I couldn't breathe. I felt my mates filling me with their cum, and I collapsed thankful that they were there on either side of me to hold me up.

I didn't bother to worry about anything in that moment. I just shared their energy and love.

That night we would board a plane and go after my sister. I didn't know what would happen or how things would change. But in this small splace of time, I felt whole and safe.

Chapter 19 – Rachel

My head felt like a shit ton of bricks had been stacked upon it. Struggling to open my eyes, I moaned. My body felt heavy. I couldn't seem to move my arms and legs. I tried to remember what had happened. There had been the attack at the cottage.

I remembered the escape through the tunnels. The boat, and the boys rowing us in the underground river, I remembered all of that. Then it went blank. Shapes were starting to come into focus, and to my surprise, it was my mother who was looking down at me.

To clarify, that would be Jenny Clark, the woman who had raised me, and the same one that I had been so certain I had drained.

"Mom?" I croaked.

I know that I said that she was no longer my mother. But you can't Annae your entire life knowing someone as your mom and then all of the sudden stop calling them that.

"Baby girl," she whispered, "I had hoped you would get away."

She looked over her shoulder at the locked door and then pulled something out of her purse. It was blood. She lifted the bag to my mouth, and my teeth pierced the plastic. I sucked it dry in less than a minute.

"I don't have any more right now, but I will get you some. Rachel, these are terrible people. We have to get you away from here."

"Where are Adrian, Alden, and Abel?"

She shook her head, "I don't know. But I would expect that they are locked somewhere in the building."

"Where are we?"

She bit her lip, "There is so much I need to tell you, and we have very little time. Rachel, I knew that you were a Lycan, I have always known. I am so sorry that I didn't prepare you better.,"

"What?" I gasped, "How did you know?"

"There were others," she swallowed, "I have done things that I am not proud of. We were taught that Lycans were vicious killers. I was very young when I joined the Alliance. I didn't know how twisted everything could become until it was too late and Anna was gone."

"Mom, what is the Alliance?"

She swallowed, "The Alliance is a secret organization of humans that are dedicated to rid the world of Lycans. There are many different factions of the Alliance."

"Are you a hunter like Susan?" I hated the fear that was in my voice.

"No," she shook her head. "The Alliance is very secretive, and you are not allowed to talk about what you are asked to do. Not even with other Alliance members. I didn't know that Susan and Bill were hunters until we went on the run. Everything went crazy at that point."

"If you aren't a hunter, what are you?"

My mother gave me a wan smile, "I was part of a new program. They were attempting to rehabilitate the offspring of the Lycans. Your father and I wanted a child, and I am not able to carry one. We went through years of training about what to do if our project went wrong."

"Project, was that me?"

She nodded, "You and Anna, there were maybe ten projects throughout the organization. I was given medicine that would knock you out, other meds that would immediately stop your heart. I was told that if you did go through the change and I didn't euthanize you. The people you killed would be on my head."

I was reeling.

"You were going to kill me?"

My mother shook her head, "No, I could never do such a thing. I thought that maybe I could, but no. When I started your change in motion, I had every intention of dying that night. You are my child, and I love you. It doesn't matter to me that you weren't grown in my womb. You were grown in my heart, and that is what matters. I want you to know that, Rachel."

Emotion choked my throat, "I don't want you to die for me, mom. I thought I drained you."

She smiled sadly and pushed my dark hair back, "No sweetheart, moms will do anything for their children, nothing is too much. Your dad saved me. He was angry and upset at first but told him that you were still you. We were told that once a Lycan you would lose all memory of your life before. You would be a monster that Annaed to kill. But I saw your face as you were escaping, you were horrified at what was happening. You were still my Rachel. They lied, they lied about everything."

"Mom, what are we going to do? I can't even move my body."

"That is the drugs. The building we are in looks like an abandoned factory, but there is a secret elevator that takes you to the lower floors. I don't know how far it goes down, but I do know that there are several restricted areas. I have convinced them that we need to try and use you for information. I don't know how they are going to try and extract it, Rachel. I am scared that it might be terrible. But I couldn't let them kill you. I will figure a way to get you out of here."

"Mom, I can't leave without Adrian, Abel, and Alden. We need to reach Anna. Do you have a way to get a call out that won't be trLuked?"

Jenny bit her lip, "I wouldn't trust anything in this plLuke."

The thought occurred to me that we might have someone listening to us at this very moment.

"It's alright. I don't have her number," I must have looked strange because she leaned in close.

"I will save you, Rachel."

A large tear slipped from my eye and ran down my cheek, "I love you, Momma."

It had been a long time since I had said that to my mom and really meant it. But I did love her. And the time we had spent apart had been hard on me. My heart went out to Anna because I knew that she missed her mom as well but Susan wasn't anything like my mom.

The door opened, and a man I didn't know entered, "The subject is awake. Has she tried to feed?"

My mom changed on a dime. It was like a switch was flipped and she became clinical and cold.

"No, Sir. The subject is coherent but cannot move her limbs. She has no memory of where she has been or how she arrived here."

The older man grabbed a stethoscope and came over to me. I prayed that I didn't have any drops of blood around my mouth to give my mother away.

"I am Dr. Green. How are you feeling?"

"Terrible," I croaked.

He smiled, "Well, that is to be expected. It will be interesting to see how long you can go without feeding."

I blinked at him, "You intend to starve me to death?"

Dr. Green's face hardened, "If you require food I would be more than happy to supply it."

"But what if I needed a blood transfusion?" I countered.

His eyes narrowed, "You do not have an injury that requires a transfusion."

"A Lycan doesn't produce the amount of hemoglobin required to sustain themselves. If you were to give me transfusions, I wouldn't need to drink blood."

It was true, something that I had learned at the palLuke. Granted, it was far easier to drink from a pouch or a person. But a transfusion would keep me aAnnae, not that Dr. Green cared.

"Don't speak about things you do not understand."

"Are you saying I don't understand my own species. I assure you, Dr. Green. I understand alright. You are afraid of what we are, but you don't even know what that is. Maybe if you got a chance to learn about Lycans, you would see that we are not so very different from you."

"Enough of this nonsense," Dr. Green snapped, "You are nothing more than a child."

I laughed without mirth, "I thought I was a monster."

He injected something into an IV that I hadn't realized was attached to my arm, and then the world faded away.

Chapter 20 – Rachel

"Miss," a hard shake woke me and I flinched away from it.

The first thing I noticed was that I was able to move my body, the second was that I had been moved into a different room.

"Who are you?"

The man whom I assumed had shaken me awake was going through some cupboards. His hair was very pale, and he seemed a little older, maybe in his late twenties. I knew that accounted for nothing because Helen and Franklin hadn't looked much older and they were some of the oldest Lycans around.

"I am no one you need worry yourself about. Ah, here we go."

He turned around and in his hands was a syringe of something.

"No!" I shouted, shoving myself off the bed. I still wasn't 100%, but I scrambled to get away from him.

"I am here to help you," he growled at me. "Don't scream!"

"I don't even know who you are!"

"My name is Sven, and I am a Lycan. I also happen to be a doctor, and this will help give you some energy until we can get you some blood. I am not about to let you drain me."

"I have heard that name before, why don't I recognize you from court?"

His handsome face twisted into a sneer, "My brother Malcolm, the Duke of Draven, is more than happy to represent our family at court."

"Malcolm!" I screeched, "He is a terrible person, he tried to hurt Anna!"

Sven smiled, "Well, on that we will agree. My brother is a prick of epic proportions. I don't usually involve myself with Lycan affairs. But when the queen's sister is reported missing, and I have clearance to the building that I suspect she is being held. I figured it would be a good deed that might serve me well."

"So you are here because it looks good?"

I didn't understand anything that was happening. Maybe I was just trying to shake off the residual drugs, or maybe Sven was three fries short of the happy meal.

He laughed, "I don't give a fuck how things look. I care about favors and saving a princess is a damn huge favor that will be owed to yours truly."

I raised a brow, "Well, I hope that you want a whole hand full of favors because we aren't leaving without Adrian, Alden, Abel, and my parents."

Sven looked at me incredulously before opening his mouth and shutting it again. He ran a hand through his hair and barked out something that sounded like, "Fuck!"

"Look, princess, we aren't going to sell tickets. I am going to get you out of here, and everyone else is on their own. I know Adrian, Abel, and Alden they can take care of themselves."

I moved back when he tried to approach me, "I am not kidding."

"Shit, this is why you don't do anything nice for anyone else."

I frowned, "You sound like a Draven."

Instead of irritating him this name his eyes twinkle, "Can't help what I am, princess."

"I have a name," I moved further away from him as he slowly took a step forward.

"Rachel, is it not?" he raised his hand just as my back struck the wall.

In a move that would make Jackie Chan jealous I whipped a roundhouse kick that caught him in the jaw. Then I jumped over him and rLuked for the door.

"What the fuck?" he was on his feet and chasing after me when I wrenched the door open to see that we were in a long hallway. There was nowhere to go, but I sure as shit was staying around for Dr. Crazy to inject me with something.

I started to run at a place that I didn't think possible. Sven was hot on my heels when I heart the cocking of a gun. I turned to see Susan Browning at the end of the hallway.

"You had one job, Sven."

"Seriously?"

Susan was on one side of me with a gun and Sven was on the other with a syringe.

"You are working with the Alliance?" I spat at Sven.

"The less Lycans there are in the world, the better," he sneered.

"You are a Lycan!" I couldn't help but point out of the obvious. I didn't know if a bullet would kill me, I knew in the movies that it tended to take more to take a Lycan down. But this was real life and guns were deadly as fuck.

"I am trying to eradicate that problem. And if you will stay still, we will see if it works."

Great, so he wanted to do Annae biological experiments on me.

"You are insane!"

"Enough of this," Susan's voice was hard and tinged with irritation.

"Mrs. Browning, it's me, Rachel. I am the same girl that lost her second tooth at your house. I know that you won't kill me."

"You are a mistake," she said coldly, and then I heard the fire of a gun.

I dropped to the ground, my heart pounding and my head racing. I wasn't even sure if I had been shot or not. There was another round fired, and I saw Sven fall to the ground beside me.

My mom and dad were standing behind Susan. Mom was holding a smoking gun while dad was making his way over to me with a bag of blood. I could smell the blood from Susan and Sven and fought the urge to rip into them. I wasn't sure if they were dead, but I had Annaed through thinking that I drained my mom once and I never wanted to go through that again.

"Rachel, we need to get out of here, baby."

My dad handed me the bag and moved back as I sucked it dry.

He went to reach out a hand to me, and I took his getting to my feet.

"Are they dead?"

My mom nodded, "I found your guys Rachel, come on, let's get out of here."

We rLuked along the corridor and then to the stairs. Mom used an access card, and we entered the staircase running down another flight.

"I will trip the breaker," my dad whispered. "You and your mom have two minutes until it kicks on again."

I nodded and then watched a my dad ran in his awkward dad like gate. I felt emotion clogging my throat but refused to give into it.

The lights went out, and I grabbed my mom's hand. I didn't need the light to see. We pushed through some double doors, and mom whispered to me that it was the third room on the right. The door was locked, but mom pulled out a key and fumbled it in the lock.

When the door opened, I hissed, "Boys? Are you alright?"

"Rachel?" Alden's voice was incredulous.

"We are locked into our beds," Abel added in a harsh whisper. "Do you think you can get us out."

My mom grabbed the large ring of keys that she had and went to work. It wasn't long before she had each of them out. I threw myself into their arms.

"Rachel, give them a pack."

I looked back to see my mom holding out some bags of blood. They each took one and then the lights flipped on.

"Looks like our time is up," mom went to the door and opened it. "They will look for you first, Rachel. Your dad and I will throw them off the best we can. Go!"

I stumbled, "Mom I can't leave you!"

She smiled sadly and then hugged me like she never wanted to let go.

"I will find you, Rachel. I promise."

I looked into her eyes and kissed her cheek, "I love you, mom."

Her eyes became glassy, but she held her tears back, "Love you more, kid. Now go!"

Chapter 21 – Rachel

The guys led us to a safe house and within minutes had reached their parents. What was most surprising was that Anna, Luke, and Roman were on their way to London. They would actually get there faster than it would take Helen and Franklin would to drive out from the cottage.

As much as I really enjoyed spending time with them, we needed to get back to the court. I was through hiding and through letting Anna make the decisions for me. My love for her as a friend and sister will always be there. But I have learned through this whole experience that I need to stand on my own two feet.

The safe house was at the top of an old apartment building. The guys kept calling them flats which was strange and so very English. There was a long discussion over who had the sexiest accent. Clearly, I was in the right when I said that an English accent is the hottest, where they argued that my American accent was sexy as fuck.

Then Abel popped off with, "But really I don't know if it would matter if you had an Italian, Indian, or Portuguese accent. Anything that comes out of your mouth is hot."

Blushing, I wondered if anything I put inside of my mouth was hot.

Alden immediately noticed my flushed cheeks.

"What are you thinking about?"

"Nothing," I stammered. "When do you expect that Anna will arrive.

"Oh, it's something," Adrian moved a little closer to me.

"You can tell by the way her pupils have dilated, and the little pulse at the base of her throat has started leaping wildly," Abel added.

"Something sexual," Alden who was on my other side had moved so close that his lips brushed against the shell of my ear.

I couldn't suppress the shudder that ran through me. These guys were driving me insane.

"Let's play a game," I suggested weakly.

Adrian growled, "I wholeheartedly agree."

Alden's lips connected with my neck, and he began to give soft open mouth kisses that had my insides clenching and melting all at the same time.

Adrian slipped a hand into my hair and turned my face so that I was looking directly at him.

"You are to keep eye contact with Abel no matter what Adrian and I do to you. If you look away or close your eyes, we stop."

I gulped. This was the best fucking game I had ever heard of. Who needed board games when the Triple'A's were around?

Abel sat in front of me his eyes glued to mine. Again I felt Alden's lips on my throat, but at the same time, Adrian was running his hand along the hem of my shirt. I drew in a deep breath and kept my eyes glued to Abel.

He smirked at me and then slowly started to unbutton his own shirt.

If he was wanting me to watch him, this was an excellent strategy. My mouth went dry, and my pussy ached. Alden gently bit the soft skin behind my ear, and I nearly closed my eyes.

"Oh no, baby girl," Abel chided gently. "If you want to play you have to remember the rules."

The play nickname was all I needed; I was now officially soaked.

"Sorry," I muttered.

"Sorry what, Rachel?" Alden whispered in my ear.

"Sorry, Daddy," I said feeling slightly stupid, and more turned on than ever.

Abel's eyes flashed, and he moved to the buckle of his pants.

Holy shit on a stick! Was he really going to pull out his…?

Oh my fucking hell, Abel slid his zipper down and pulled his cock out of his pants.

I moaned softly and licked my lips. It wasn't intentional, but it got the response that the guys wanted.

Adrian's fingers unclasped my bra, and in seconds they had my shirt and bra over my head. This time each took a breast and started to mold and play with the soft flesh.

"Do you like what you see, baby?" Adrian asked as he pinched my nipple.

"Yes," I panted, "So much, Daddy."

He growled and began to kiss along my jaw, and down my neck making his way to my breast.

Alden had moved to the floor and was undoing my pants.

Abel continued to keep my eyes locked on his. Out of my peripheral vision, I could see Abel's long cock as he stroked it up and down. I wanted to feel it, taste it. I wanted to know what it felt like deep inside of me.

"Lift your hips, Rachel," Alden commanded, and I did as I was told. I felt the air brush across my naked flesh and knew he had taken my underwear as well as my pants.

Adrian's lips closed around my nipple, and he began to suck. I cried out nearly closing my eyes again, but I didn't want this to stop. I never wanted this to stop.

Alden pushed my thighs wide, "What do you want Daddy to do, Kitten?"

I liked that name, it was silly and sexy and made me feel good.

"Lick me," I said softly.

"Make sure all your Daddies can hear, Kitten."

"Lick me, Daddy," I panted louder this time. "Please lick my pussy."

Abel groaned and started to jerk his cock faster in his hands. It sounded like Adrian was unzipping his pants as well, but I couldn't look away for fear of everything stopping.

Alden pushed my legs even farther and started to inch his way closer to my heat. Every heated breath against my pussy was a promise of the forbidden delights to come.

And then he licked me, his tongue sweeping across my swollen folds and all of guys moaned as I screamed out my pleasure.

He kissed my inner thighs, ran his tongue around the outer rim and then using his fingers to open me fully he began to eat me out like a man possessed. I could hear the other two stroking themselves the slapping of their skin making the erotic moment even more arousing .

I wasn't going to last. This was officially my new favorite game.

I arched my hips into Alden's face. He didn't just use his mouth. His fingers slipped inside of my tight channel, and he moved to tease my clit as his fingers slid in and out of me.

I was spiraling higher and higher knowing that at any moment the game would be through. I wanted to hold one, was desperate to extend this perfect moment.

It was then that Adrian pinched my nipple and bit down on my neck. The waves of pleasure washed over me, and I was lost to them. My eyes closed of their own accord but it didn't matter because I couldn't have stopped them.

The orgasm was extended on and on as he sucked and stroked me.

When it was all over, I lay in Adrian's arms naked and spent.

"That—was—incredible."

The guys laughed, and I felt my body flushing.

"You are incredible," Alden kissed my forehead. "We better get cleaned up, they should be here soon."

"But what about you?"

This time it wasn't me that flushed but it was Alden.

"I am fine," he said awkwardly and got up from the floor.

It was then I saw the wet spot on his jeans. I had made him come in his pants? Holy shit balls!

His brothers went out of their way, teasing him as we took turns showering and finding something to wear. The clothes were a bit out of date, but at least they were clean.

It was then that there was a rattle of keys at the door. The guys pushed me behind them, but I heard Anna's voice as she entered. I shoved past them and ran into my sister's arms.

Chapter 22 – Rachel

You know those terrible dreams when you are at school or in the mall, and you look down in horror just to find out that you are naked. I was currently living one of those dreams, but it was no dream.

"Um, Rachel," Anna was trying not to laugh, I had to give her that. "Do you know that you are naked?"

The snort from behind me had to have come from Abel.

Shit head.

"This can't be happening," I muttered. "Everyone turn around, close your eyes! I do not want to hear one word about this."

How had the guys been able to get dressed so fast? Granted I was a lot less dressed than they were—all the way.

"The coast is clear, Empress. Let's get back into the bedroom."

"Empress?"

Anna's eyes sparkled, "You know, The Emporer's New Clothes? Didn't he have a parade or something in his birthday suit."

I yanked open the closet and pulled the first thing out that I could find. They were men's sweats, but they had a drawstring so I would cinch them up. Anna handed me a t-shirt which I yanked over my head.

"That was the most embarrassing moment of my life. I seriously feel like I could die."

Anna burst into laughter, "Your face was priceless."

I felt my lips twitching and soon joined her in mirth. We flopped onto our backs on the bed. Our heads meeting the in the middle but our bodies falling on opposite sides.

"So, I take it that you are no longer the virgin Lycan?"

I snorted, "One would think, but no, I am still a virgin."

Anna tipped her head to the side, "Are you mad at me for sending you here?"

I remembered all that had happened in the last few days and all lightheartedness flew out the window.

"No," I answered truthfully. "I don't know how to tell you this."

Anna's smile faded, "Rachel, what happened?"

I shook my head, "I hardly know where to begin."

"Just tell me, Jojo, it can't be that bad."

She hadn't called me JoJo since I was a little girl. It made me think of double-decker ice cream cones after our soccer games, and hopscotch on the back patio. Taking a deep breath, I began with what happened when we left through the tunnels.

I didn't leave anything out and only stopped a few times to answer questions. For the most part, Anna let me tell the story. She didn't tense when I said her mom was there. She was more surprised about Sven than anything.

"She's dead, Anna. She and Sven were shot. I am so sorry."

Anna's throat constricted delicately that was the only tell on her face that showed any emotion.

"Susan isn't my mother. I am so sorry you had to watch her die, but she isn't like your mom and dad. She wrote me a letter saying that it was better if I was dead than to be a Lycan. As if I didn't have a heart or thoughts and feelings just like anyone else. I can't say it doesn't bother me."

Her eyes were turning glassy, but she refused to let any tears fall.

"Susan made the choices that she made. This is on her, Rachel, not you and not me."

I nodded thickly, "I am sorry."

"I am too," she whispered.

We lay there for a few moments trying to grapple with the emotions that were swirling around us.

"What happens now?" I asked. "There isn't any reason to stay here."

Anna agreed, "We will go back to Transylvania and regroup. Malcolm will need to be informed of Sven's passing. I wonder, do you think Malcolm knew that Sven was part of the Alliance?"

"I had wondered that as well. Sven was a doctor, and he was trying to cure Lycans. But when Susan issued the orders, he jumped to obey. He wasn't the mastermind."

Anna sat up, "We should probably go back out with the guys. But hey, before we do that there was one more thing I wanted to talk to you about."

I sat up as well, "What is it?"

"I know that you think I was trying to hold you back."

I felt myself flush, "You were just trying to protect me."

Anna shook her head, "No, I mean yes, that too. But I didn't want you to give your virginity away to just anyone. If there was one thing that I learned in the Lycan courts is that they don't

respect the power that comes from your first time. The last thing I wanted was for you to give it to someone like Malcolm that you would regret for the rest of your life."

Malcolm was a douche bag there was no doubt about it. I loved that she cared enough about me to try and protect me. And I love that she was watching out for me.

"Anna, thank you, but I mean this from the bottom of my heart when I say—butt out."

She laughed, "Nice, I give you a heartfelt apology, and you tell me to butt out!"

I felt the matching smile on my face.

"You are a good sister and a better friend that I could ever have hope for. But I think we will get along a lot better if you do you and I do me."

"Do you love them?" she asked.

I didn't pretend to know who she was asking about. I thought of Adrian's magnetic smile, Alden's intelligent eyes, along with Abel's warm touch.

"I am definitely falling," I answered honestly. "I don't really know what love it. But I know that they made me happy, and I feel a million times better when I am with them. And I know that they are willing to be something with me even though it's strange and unorthodox."

Anna raised her brow, "Far be it from me to judge. But yeah, it sounds like love to me. Let's go get our guys and go home."

"That sounds fucking fantastic," I looped my arm around hers, and we opened the door.

"Everything okay in there?" Roman asked as we went back into the living room.

"It's good, we are good," Anna said with a smile.

And we were.

As we boarded the plane, I leaned over to whisper to her, "Just so you know, the minute we get back to court. I am jumping the Triple A's."

Anna nearly fell off the airstairs. But before she toppled I heard quite clearly, "Fucking fantastic."

And it made me smile.

Chapter 23 – Adrian

The trip back to the palace was thankfully uneventful. I couldn't help but watch the way that Rachel flushed every time she looked at one of us. She was effortlessly beautiful. I wanted her like I had never wanted a woman in my life.

She was also very young and so trusting. I knew that my brothers and I wouldn't break her heart, but I wasn't sure if she might break ours.

The three of us weren't into sharing girls. But Rachel wasn't just any girl. My mum pulled us aside one by one when we were at the cottage. It's scary how mum's know what is going on with their kids even when we haven't been kids for a very long time.

Mum was honest and having sexual conversations with your mother is about the awkwardness conversation you can have. Mum stressed with us that if we were all going to pursue her, and it was obvious that we were. We would need to go slowly.

There was a bunch of shit about a girls first time. I wish I could say that I had never been with a virgin, but we all have at once point or another. However, I never worried this much about it. I didn't know how we would all be affected.

Roman, Luke, and Anna had created a metal bond. I wasn't sure I wanted my brothers to have access to my thoughts. But all of this paled in comparison to the dream of having Rachel as our mate. Abel, Alden, and I talked about what mum said and decided that we couldn't gang up on her that first time.

Everyone was more than willing to do the honors as you might imagine. We decided to draw straws and ended up beating the shit out of each other and breaking them all. So, the final consensus was that we would let Rachel decide.

And I was okay with that—As long as she chose me.

Shit, I was not okay with any of it. What if the bond one connected with that one brother? What if she picked Abel, stupid sensitive dick-for-brains, and she decided she didn't need the rest of us.

While we are on the subject, when did I become such a pussy-whipped creature that I worried about all of this?

"Hey, Adrian, are you, all right?"

I looked up from unpacking my bag to see Rachel entering my room. The shit eating grin that spread across my face probably made me look like a douche bag, but I didn't care.

"Rachel, I'm good, are you staying here tonight?"

I hoped that the desperate note in my voice came across as just hopeful and not the ragging lunacy that was really playing the loop in my head.

"You aren't okay," she said softly and moved close enough to place her hand on my chest.

I loved the scent of her. The way her dark hair fell like a mass of silk. I loved the glimmer of humor that she always had in her eye. She was fucking beautiful, inside and out and we didn't deserve her.

"Tell me what is going on," she moved even closer wrapping her arms around my neck.

My hands automatically went to her hips and then groaning I slid them around to cup her perfect ass.

"I want you to stay with me," I wasn't about to mince words. If she wanted the truth, I would give it to her. "But Rachel, if you stay, I am going to fuck you. I will try to make love and be the hero and shit. But chances are when I get the chance, I will end up fucking you so hard that you might not walk straight for a week. So as much as I don't want to say this. Maybe you need to stay with Abel. He has better…"

I cut off when she reached up on her toes and pulled my face down to hers. I could feel her sweet breath on my lips, and immediately my hardening cock was at full mast. I wanted her so damn bad. I opened my lips a barest amount and nipped her bottom lip with mine.

"Adrian," my name had never sounded so fucking sexy. "I want you to fuck me."

All of my chivalry went out of the window. My brothers could go screw themselves for all I cared. She was here, and she wanted me.

My mouth captured hers in a kiss that would go down in time as the hottest kiss of my life. It was the kiss that promised a brand-new future for us. I felt my blood pumping thrumming through my veins. I smelled her sweet Jasmine perfume and the mixture of her desire.

Our tongues tangled and my hands on her ass tightened. I lifted her until she could wrap her legs around my hips and then she was better able to kiss me without hurting her neck.

Rachel moaned into the kiss and licked inside my mouth. She was a siren, and I was heedless to ignore the bundle of raw sexual energy in my arms.

One of my hands slipped inside the back of her borrowed sweatpants, and to my utter relief, she was going commando. I molded the globe of her ass and held her by the one arm until I could push her back against the wall for leverage.

Once there I leaned back for a second to remove her top and watch as her perfect tits bounced. She laughed at the sound that came from my throat. I wanted to devour her, and I was going to every last drop.

I cupped one of her tits in my palm and ran my tongue around her areola causing it to pucker into a tight rosebud. Then I flicked it back and forth with my tongue until she cried out begging for more. I did the same thing with the other breast. Lazy circles with my tongue getting her nice and wet.

I knew that her pussy was also getting nice and wet. My hand holding her ass slipped down until I could feel between her thighs. The heat that I felt there made my cock ache against my zipper. I needed to get these jeans off, but I had no desire to let her go even for a second.

I captured her nipple with my teeth and bit gently.

Rachel yelped, and them moaned as the sharp pain faded into pleasure. She was made for me, and I wanted to show her what her body could do.

"Adrian, take your shirt off!"

I smiled but shook my head, "Who are you talking to?"

I knew she liked the game and wanted to please her.

Rachel's cheeks heated and her eyes darkened. When she spoke this time, I could see the way her incisors had sharpened to fine points. My girl was ready to play.

"Sorry, Daddy," she cast her eyes down and bit her bottom lip.

Fuck me.

I carefully lowered her to the floor and then pulled her to edge of the bed between my knees.

If you want my shirt off, you do it."

Her eyes sparkled, and she ran her hands along the hem before slowly lifting it above my head. Then she moved in close and rubbed her tight little nipples against the hardness of my pecs. Neither one of us could contain the gasps of pleasure.

I pushed the sweatpants off of her so that she stood gorgeously naked in front of me and then purposefully trLuked her body with my fingertip. I touched the curve of her elbow, the slope of her shoulder and then indention at her small waist.

I trLuked her nipples and then the underside of her breast and went over the small curve of her abdomen. Then I ran a finger up the seam of her pussy.

"Open your legs for me, baby girl."

She did as she was asked and I stroked her again, this time gathering some of her sweet heat onto my finger. I put it in my mouth and tasted her sweet nectar.

Then with deliberate, I stroked her again bringing my finger up to her lips.

"Taste," I commanded, "This is what brings me to my fucking knees."

"Hey!"

Fuck no. If they were going to ruin things I would fucking kill them. But maybe they were going to stay. A flicker of hope lit in my chest; maybe this is how it was meant to be.

Alden and Abel made their way into my room, locking the door behind them.

"They started without us!" Abel yanked his shirt off.

Rachel met my eyes with a questioning look, "Okay?"

"Yeah, baby girl, perfect."

Chapter 24 – Rachel

Alden took me by the wrists and then after kissing the inside of each one he wrapped them in a black restraint. I didn't question when he led me over to Adrian's and lifted me effortlessly before placing me in the center.

He attached the restraint to the top of the headboard. I could move my body back and forth without trouble, but my arms were locked above my head. I liked the way that my power was removed. I was worried not really knowing what to do.

But the guys took charge taking that fear away as they approached me. They each had removed their clothes, and while they looked similar, there was plenty of differences. My mouth watered, and my body felt electric. I wanted their touch more than anything I had ever wanted in my life.

My breasts rose and fell with each rapid indrawn breath I wanted to please them. My eyes lowered, and in a breathy voice I asked, "What now, Daddies?"

Abel moved to my feet and slipped a piece of felt around the ankle much like my wrist and Adrian did the same to my other ankle. Then they spread me wide, and I gasped as the air breezed across my heat. I was bare, nothing to stop their gazes. I couldn't cover myself with my hands or could I close my legs.

A wave of heat washed over me.

"Do you want to please daddy?" Alden asked.

"Yes," I replied quickly, "Yes, please."

He nodded and moved to cup my cheek with his hand.

"You will tell us if there is anything you do not like. I will ask you questions and if you are scared answer wrong. What color is the sky?"

"Blue," I answered immediately.

"Good, girl," he smiled faintly and rubbed my jaw with his thumb. "If you are scared or need to slow down, you would say pink or green, and we would know. Also, if you want everything to stop you need to have a safe word."

"Bicycle," I replied, "My safe word will be bicycle."

This time he did smile.

"Why?"

"I never was very good at it," I blushed even deeper.

"I know something you are good at," his voice deepened as he drew closer and then his lips were a whisper away from mine.

And then he kissed me. I wanted to wrap my arms around him but had to be content with the brushing of his lips back and forth teasingly slow across my own. Then I felt a hand on my ankle and a kiss that slowly followed.

Someone was inching up my body, kissing each patch of skin slowly as they continued up my leg. I felt another's hands on my breast, and it was only then that Alden deepened the kiss. As his tongue came inside of my mouth, the other took my breast in a nip that had me gasping.

Alden licked the inside of my mouth, and I felt the one kissing my thighs spreading my legs even further apart.

When I thought I couldn't take another moment of waiting for his touch, the triplet between my thighs slowly stroked my with the flat part of his tongue.

There were so many sensations going on inside of me that I couldn't concentrate.

Alden pulled back biting my lower lip and then moving so that I could see Abel at my breast and Adrian between my thighs.

"Baby girl, we are going to drive you wild tonight. Do you want that?"

"Yes," I gasped and received another long kiss from Adrian between my thighs.

He kissed me like he wanted to devour me. Lips tongue and teeth were used, and I don't think an inch of my pussy went without his careful care. He rubbed his face into my heat, and I made a sound so animalistic that I hadn't even known I had such things inside of me.

My thighs were shaking, and I worried that I was going to come. I didn't know if that was okay to do or not, at this stage of the game we hadn't talked about it.

"Daddy!" I cried out and whimpered when Abel sucked the other breast deep into his mouth.

"What is it?" Alden asked in a gravelly voice.

"I can't hold on," I squirmed and then cried out again as Adrain flicked his tongue against my clit.

"You were waiting for permission?" Alden sounded amazed and more than a little bit proud. "You are new to this and still manage to surprise and astound me. You can come as many times as you want tonight, Rachel. This isn't the time to learn withholding orgasms."

I was so grateful I wanted to hug him, kiss him, lick every inch of his body. But it was then that Adrian sucked my clit into this mouth and began hard rhythmic sucks that sent me flying. I thrashed against the restraints and Abel held me as Adrian continued to lick and suck me through the release.

When I finally came down, I looked up to see him. Adrian was covered in my juices from forehead to chin. It was mortifying and yet one of the most erotic things I have ever seen.

He grabbed the sheet and wiped his face off just as Alden moved onto the bed his cock was thick and glistening with pre-cum. I wanted it in my mouth. I wanted to know what it felt like to take him while someone else was pleasuring me. It felt wanton and naughty but also perfect with my guys.

Alden positioned himself at my lips, and I stuck my tongue out to lick the salty taste of him off the tip. I felt Abel as he moved between my legs. He was running his fingers back and forth through my heat.

He avoided my clit which was still sensitive from the last release. But as he continued to play, I started to get that ache again.

Alden pushed his cock inside a little further, and Adrian came up to play with my breasts. I opened my mouth and took Alden as much as I could. I could feel Abel go from one finger inside of me to two. It felt strange and full, but I liked it.

He moved his hands back and rounded the ring of my ass. I worried for a small moment that they would try and take my ass as well as my virginity. But besides a little playing, Abel didn't stay there very long.

Adrian pinched my nipples hard enough to draw tears, but thee he soothed them with his tongue and the intense pleasure that swept in was overwhelming. I loved how he could read my body and knew just what would turn me on.

I was doing my best to suck Alden's thick cock. There was something about the way a man looked at you with his dick in your mouth. I knew that despite the restraints I held all the power in the situation.

He pushed deeper inside of my throat, and I gagged a little. Immediately Alden pulled back and asked hoarsely, "What color is the sun?"

"Yellow," I said, not for a moment wanting this to end.

Alden smiled so sweetly at me that I felt his love for me deep inside where nobody or nothing could possibly touch it.

He fucked my mouth a little bit longer and then moved back. I whimpered but didn't need to be sad for long because Adrian moved into his place.

His cock was a little longer and not quite a thick. But he tasted amazingly good just like Alden had only sweeter.

Abel had added a third finger, and I was panting as he slid them inside of me and back out again.

And then I felt it, the head of his cock against my entrance.

I sucked Adrian hard as my eyes flew around the room to from Alden's. And there he was, poised to lick my nipple, and I suspected bite me to hide the pain.

"I love you, all. So much!" I blurted out into the room.

Chapter 25 – Rachel

I hadn't meant to say that. Not then. It was as if I continually created the most embarrassing moments for myself over and over again. One wouldn't think that it was possible and yet someone I managed to do it.

I closed my eyes and wished for a giant hole to swallow me up.

"Rachel," the humor in Alden's voice wasn't helping things.

"Don't look at me!"

Someone laughed, in hindsight, it was probably Abel.

"It's kind of impossible not to look at you, Rachel. You're naked, tied to my bed."

Yeah, that was Adrian.

I popped an eye open and saw the three of them peering down at me with varying levels of concern and amusement, but there was another thing I their eyes that managed to make my other eye open.

It was love.

"I didn't mean to make things weird," I said defensively.

"We love you too," Alden said and then leaned down to kiss me softly on the lips.

He moved back and allowed Adrian to move in next.

"I love you so much," he whispered before giving me a kiss.

And then Abel kissed me last, "I love you too."

When Abel went back between my thighs and started to stroke my heat, I knew that these were the mates for me. Alden's teeth were sharp, and he pushed my neck to the side as he whispered in my ear.

"I will bite you before Abel enters you. It will take away any pain."

I shook my head, "No, I want to know what it is like."

A low groan met my ears, and then I felt the tip of his cock caressing my folds.

"I don't want to hurt you, Rachel."

"You could never hurt me, Daddy," I purred.

Obviously, I was wrong when he slammed inside of me, and I let out a yelp of pain. But as soon as Alden clamped his teeth into my skin, the pain quickly turned into waves of unadulterated

pleasure. I was starting to see why the drones would give up their human lives for such an existence. The pleasure was unlike anything I had ever known.

I felt fused to them, but also like something was missing. I reached out to Adrian.

He must have known that I needed him because as soon as I was able to bite down and forge a link between all of us, I felt complete and shattered.

Abel was soon to follow.

I removed my fangs from Adrian's arm and licked the place clean where I had bit. But I saw that his cock was still hard and throbbing as was Alden.

"I can take more," I said hoarsely.

Alden moaned, "No you can't."

Opening my mouth, I offered myself to him.

His eyes flared, "You will be the death of me. Adrian, untie her and run a bath. Let's get her cleaned up."

I felt bad that I had only been able to take Abel. And I felt like I had somehow let them down. As Adrian carried me into the bathroom, he cuddled me against his chest.

"I can tell something is bothering you, Rachel."

"Did I do something wrong?" I whispered.

He drew his head back "No, why would you even think such a thing?"

Abel was drawing the bath and adding some oils when we arrived. Adrian gently set me inside and then climbed in with me.

"Rachel, I asked you a question," Adrian commanded just as Alden joined us.

I felt stupid with everyone in the room, but I had come this far, so I blurted the question out.

"Did I do something wrong? I felt like maybe you guys were mad?"

Alden closed his eyes, "No, baby, fuck, no. You are perfect. It will take time to get to the point where your body can take all of us. I worry that you might push yourself too hard too fast that is all. There is nothing wrong with you."

I nodded but felt strange emotion bubbling up inside of me, "I feel strange."

Adrian tucked me against him, "That is perfectly normal. Consider everything that we have been through the past few weeks, and now you have just shared your virginity with us. It is a precious gift that we will always cherish."

I was thankful for his warm arms and the hot water swirling around me. It helped to ease the chills and push the fears away.

"What if I don't want to wait before trying that again?" I asked softly.

Adrian turned me to straddle him; I could feel his hard length against my core inside the water. It was nice to be on top and have control of the situation.

"And what would you do if you didn't want to wait?" he said silkily.

I ran my fingers down his chest and pushed myself so that the tip of his cock slipped inside of me. I gasped as he began to spread my folds.

"Fuck, you can see him enter her from here," Abel said from behind me.

I was flushed at the thought that he could see Adrian's cock slipping inside of me.

I let him sink a little bit deeper inside of me. It was different without the bite. The sting was much stronger, but it still felt fucking amazing.

The water sloshed everywhere as I allowed him to enter me all the way to the hilt.

We were both panting, and I could barely catch my breath.

"Was it what you wanted, baby?" Adrian asked in a low, gravelly tone.

"I need more, daddy," I begged.

"I thought you would never ask," Alden growled and moved to cup my breasts.

Adrian grabbed my hips, and I felt Abel's teeth sink into the back of my neck, and I was lost.

Adrian fucked me hard and fast.

The water in the tub going everywhere was I rode him for all I was worth.

It seemed that I exploded at least twice before he was done with me. And then I was being lifted off of Adrain and out of the tub. And the next thing I knew I was on my knees back on the bed and Alden was sliding into me.

I cold barely thinking before he was ramming his length into my pussy. My face was being buried into the pillows, and he was rubbing my clit, and I didn't think I had anything left.

"I can't," I cried out, "I can't, it's too sore!"

"One more, Rachel. Do it for, Daddy. Come one more time for Daddy like a good girl!"

He pinched my clit, and I arched my back the orgasm ripping through me, and then blackness descended, and I slipped into a peLukeful sleep.

Chapter 26 – Rachel

I tripped along a dark corridor with the Triple A's following closely on my heels. We were back in the warehouse where I had watched Susan Browning and Sven Draven by shot and killed by my mother. And yet I could hear Susan's voice clearly barking out commands.

I didn't stop to think about why we were there or how they had managed to kidnap up again. It seemed that my normal fears and limitations were muted, and I was going on gut instinct. I knew that I needed to see what was happening in the meeting.

A door opened, and Susan's voice became louder than before. That was the room they were in. The person who had exited didn't seem to see us at all and walked straight towards me until they walked right through my body.

A jolt of awareness rushed through me that something was off and everything started to fade.

"No!" Alden grabbed my hand and pulled me back from wherever I was slipped off to. "We can't leave now. We have to know what is going on."

Adrian, "Hold onto her, and do not let go."

Adrian tucked me against his side. I was thankful that they were solid. I didn't want to think about how upset I would be if that weren't the case.

Abel moved to the door and opened it. Slowly, Adrian, Alden, and then Adrian and I slipped inside. There was a large gathering of at least a hundred individuals.

I could tell that some sat apart from the others. In that group, I saw Sven. I wondered if we were seeing the past. If by some strange circumstance, we had been granted a vision of something that had happened before Sven and Susan were killed.

Next to Sven was a blond-haired man that looked like him.

"Malcolm," Adrian confirmed, "We should have known. And look, there is Margaret."

Roman's mother was also seated with what could only be a group of Lycans.

"Sven, we have followed your plans to the letter," Susan said in crisp tones. "How can you sure that Rachel will indeed bring the rest of the hive back here?"

Sven raised one perfectly shaped blonde brow, "Really Susan? It's not that difficult." He turned to a man who was standing near the doors and shouted, "Bring in the prisoners."

The man jumped to attention and shortly after two bloodied, and bruised individuals were dragged back inside of the room.

I couldn't hardly recognize if they were male or female except one was larger than the other. But when I saw a small necklace around the woman's neck with a J., I began to scream.

Sven's head jerked back as if he had actually heard me and then everything was fading, swirling, twirling and I was falling until I landed on the bed and back inside of my body with a thump.

I scrambled to the edge of the mattress before I vomited. Before the next round had left my stomach, Alden had managed to get me to the toilet. Tears were streaming down my face, and I couldn't get the image of my parents, Jenny and Clark out of my mind.

I could hardly tell if they were dead or alive. But something told me that the sadistic bastard was keeping them just on this side of alive to torture them as well as me. It was an excellent move and one that would indeed bring about the result that they had wanted.

I had thought that we were in the past. But now that I was awake, I knew full well that we were dream walking and that it was happening right now.

"Careful, love," Alden patted my back as Abel brought a cool cloth for my neck. Adrian showed up shortly after, "The mess in there is cleaned up, and I had Anna wakened. She is ready for you Rachel when you are feeling up to it."

I looked up from the toilet bowl that I had been retching in. This had to be one of the lowest points of my life. And yet my guys were taking it all in their stride.

"Have any of you dream walked before?" I asked, but it sounded more like a croak.

Abel rubbed the back of his neck, "Nah."

"I have heard of it," Alden said softly, "but only in legends. It's really rather remarkable."

"And scary as fuck," Adrian added.

I laughed, the sound was awkward and somewhat loud, but what Adrian had said summed up my feelings exactly.

"I brought you a toothbrush," Abel held out the item for me.

I thanked him and got up to brush my teeth. I would need more blood soon, but I couldn't even think about that when all I had in my mind was the images of my parents covered in blood and bruises.

When I got to Anna, she wrapped me into her arms, and I felt the tears start to well up.

"I am scared," I put into words what I hadn't wanted to say earlier. "When we saw them kill Susan and Sven it must have been a set-up. They wanted us to get away so that we would bring everyone back. I'm not worried about me, but my mom and dad. They don't deserve to die for this."

"We won't let them die, Rachel." Anna's voice was calm and determined.

"Anna, I didn't tell you all of it. Sven was there, and Malcolm was by his side. But they weren't the only ones, Roman's mother was there."

Roman drew in a breath, "I see."

"I'm sorry," I whispered feeling horrible to be the one that had to share the news.

Roman shook his head, "Don't be. I am not sorry that you told me. I am sorry that she continued to lie to me and that I actually wanted to believe that she wasn't the person she was. That isn't on you, Rachel. The blame falls with her."

Anna held me as she asked, "This dream walking, I have never heard of it. How do we even know it's really happening?"

Luke looked at the Triple A's before replying.

"There were rumors of witches in our family a long way back."

"Witches?" I said woodenly. "Why would that be so unusual? We are Lycans after all."

Abel sighed, "People don't like what they can't control. It was said that the Druids originally came from the British Isles, although there is nothing to substantiate that. Dream walkers have often been associated with witches, but it's been centuries since I have heard of it happening."

"So, basically you are saying that everything that's happening is strange and unusual, pretty much par for the course."

I knew it was flippant, but my stomach as in knots.

"It does make you wonder," Anna added thoughtfully. "Do you think they did something to Rachel and me when they took us? Something that made us different. Most Lycans don't choose multiple mates, nor do they have strange powers develop when they lose their virginity. It's almost as if they expected something to happen and were waiting around to see what it might be."

Chapter 27 – Anna

"What aren't you telling me?"

I rounded on Luke and Roman the minute we were back to our room. It was another quick pack and we were headed back to England. But I could tell that they were weirded out about the dream walking.

Luke looked up at me with wide eyes, "What?"

It was a good thing that I loved him.

"You suck at acting."

Roman's bit his lower lip, his eyes were clearly showing his amusement.

"Just tell me," I insisted.

Roman took me by the hand and pulled me into his lap. I wasn't one of those girls that needed a guy to feel secure. But there was something about being next to my guys that centered me. Even when they were lying douche bags like Luke was presently trying to be.

"What Luke is not telling you is that witches and Lycans do not mix. Witches are thought to be evil, deriving their powers from the devil or some such drivel. Anyhow, there was a massive witch hunt, I am sure you learned about it in school."

"The Salem Witch Trials? That involved the Lycans?"

I sank against his sculpted chest and felt his chin rest on the top of my head.

"I don't understand. That was in the sixteen-hundreds."

"It was between February 1692 and May 1693. Over 200 people were accused, and it was recorded that nineteen were executed by hanging, fourteen women and five men. Another man was pressed to death and at least five died in the terrible jail conditions. Then in the 17th century another twelve women were executed."

Luke spoke the words bitterly as if reading them from a textbook. But the emotion gave plenty of cues as to his thoughts on the subject. If he didn't care, he would have said it dispassionately. When he spoke, it was with venom. I knew then that someone he had cared for had died in those trials.

"Who?" I asked quietly.

Luke looked up and swallowed hard, "My sister, Elizabeth. She wasn't even old enough to cast real spells and hadn't transitioned yet. It was preposterous, and yet they had her up in the

gallows with so many of the others. We tried to stop them. There are some things that I hate about our kind."

I pushed off of Roman's lap and patted over to where Luke stood by the bed with clenched fists.

"The Lycans were behind your sister being hung?"

He nodded, "The Lycans were behind all of the deaths. They were threatened by some of their own that had mated with the witches and had children."

"Your sister was the daughter of a witch?" I asked slowly.

I didn't know very much about Luke's past. I wanted to ask more, but I didn't want to upset him when he was clearly already overset.

"My parents were never together. My father found a witch and fell in love. They were married, and Elizabeth was born. It was the first time that I really grasped the level of mistrust that that the Lycan had for all other species."

"What happened to your dad and his wife?"

He blew out an angry breath, "Disappeared, I am sure they were killed. We never saw them again. My sister went to the gallows and anyone with any association to witches was on trial. My only saving grace was that I was born long before this time. The Triple A's are distant cousins of mine. It is possible that somewhere else in our history there is some witchcraft, but I sincerely doubt it."

"Which leaves Rachel," I said slowly. "If this is a gift that is manifesting because there is magic in her DNA, it would have come from her mother's side. We just don't know who her mother is."

"Right," Luke nodded. "I am sorry that I freaked out. It's just that this is not something that I would tell people about even though you and Rachel are the royal family. Lycans have long memories. It puts another target on her back and yours too by association."

I felt ice in my veins and leaned into Luke. He wrapped me into his arms and kissed the top of my head.

"I didn't mean to scare you," he whispered.

"I know," I responded. "Will the Triple-A's talk to Rachel about all of this?"

He nodded, and I felt Roman approach us, his hand caressing my back.

"We can talk more about it on the flight."

**

It's a little-known fact that Lycans can't get drunk. Not on blood, or booze, water, or wine. However, when a Lycan has gone without blood for too long they can get what one might call

punch-drunk. Have you ever been so tired that everything begins to be humorous? It's the same moment when you start to think that you could fly if you really put your mind to it, or perhaps you could chase a car if only you had on your running shoes?

Well, that is where I was at when we landed in London. It had been too long of a flight. Our third in so many days, and I was tired. We had talked strategy and tactics until I was blue in the face. We had our contacts in England getting the safe house ready. We had Lycans coming in to help assist us in what could only be considered a war.

We were going to break into the Alliance and get Rachel's parents back. If this wasn't stressful enough, Roman would be facing his mother. I couldn't help but have a small part of me that was terrified he might still pick her.

I know, you thinking I am being ridiculous. That is crazy talk.

But at this stage I was feeling a little crazy, a little scared, and a whole lot like I was out of my league.

I needed to feed but I was so nervous that the thought had my stomach in knots. I was literally a walking timebomb.

As we pulled up to the apartment, we were met by two lovely individuals that introduced themselves as Helen and Franklin.

I have to say that the Triple A's have the sweetest parents imaginable. As we talked, and I continued to fret, Helen decided to pull Rachel and myself aside.

"Girls, I mean this with love. You look terrible, and you need to get laid."

Say what?

She laughed, "Lycans get energy from blood and sex. I am not so much of a ninny that I don't know what my sons or their friends are up to. If we have any hope of a success, I recommend a good romp."

I blinked, and Rachel laughed in that awkward way that she had when she didn't know what else to do.

"Mum," Abel called out, "Stop embarrassing the girls."

Indeed.

Chapter 28 – Rachel

I could feel my cheeks burning and I wanted to die. Helen meant well. I knew she did. I glanced back at the Triple A's who were glancing my way with various expressions.

"And for another thing, we need to sort out this dream walking."

I literally choked on the spit in my mouth.

"What?" Luke snapped.

"Abel!" Adrian and Alden yelled in tandem.

"Honestly, attempting to keep things from your mother is the worst sort of crime." Helen went on as if we hadn't just spoken. "Now, I know that this might be a bit premature, but I would like for you to look at me as a mother figure."

The guys stood up and moved over to where we were standing in the dining room. Adrian punched Abel's shoulder and Alden gave him the finger.

"You would have done the same," Abel rubbed his shoulder glaring back at his brothers. "She knew we were hiding something and said every time you lie to your mum and angel dies!"

Alden rolled his eyes, "Angels are already dead dipshit, they live in heaven."

"Or hell," Adrian added helpfully.

Abel flushed, "I didn't think about that. I just pictured a bunch of dead angels."

Helen reached up and patted Abel's scruffy chin, "And that is why you are my favorite."

He grinned and turned to wink at his brothers.

Alden pursed his lips, "I was her favorite earlier for carrying in her bags."

Abel's grin widened, 'She was just lying to you."

"More dead angels?" Adrian added sardonically.

Helen waved her hands, "Listen, there is no point in arguing. What we need to see is how often you are able to walk and if you can manipulate where you go. There isn't a lot to go off of here, so trial and error is the best bet. Sadly, we don't have a lot of time."

"Can someone only dream walk when they are sleeping?" Anna asked.

Helen lifted a brow, "It's a good question. I am not sure if one could put themselves into a daydream and walk that way. But it is something we should test. We also need to see how vulnerable the bodies are while they are walking. For example, will they still feel pain or know if someone has moved them or injured them?"

"That does pose and interesting question," Alden added. "No time like the present, we should try it now."

Moving into the living room the four of us sat on the couch. We didn't want to fall; just in case we did leave our bodies behind. It was a strange thought that my spirit would be exiting my body of my own free will. But they were also smart in thinking about ways we might need protection.

Franklin had a deep soothing voice and had some experience with hypnosis. He began to talk us into a meditative state.

At first, I felt ridiculous resting on the couch with my head thrown back and thoughts of beaches and waves washing my cares away. But as he talked, I felt my limbs grow heavier. He spoke of relaxing my hands, feet, legs, arms, and so forth until I truly felt like I was floating.

His voice was growing fainter and a light just to my right was growing brighter. Curious as to what it was, I moved toward it. There was a slight jerking movement and I landed in the hallway where we had been last time.

I turned to see the Triple A's staring back at me in surprise. I was about to celebrate when I heard Sven talking. With a finger to my lips we crept toward the door and peered inside. Malcolm and Sven were huddled together.

"How many other samples do you have that are viable?"

Sven frowned, "There were eighteen, I have already told you that. But only four made it to fertilization. All of the male subjects were either terminated by their host or didn't survive. But there are two more females that haven't started to transition."

Malcolm snorted, "How do you know that we won't end up in the same situation that we had with the last two?"

"They aren't with humans," Sven said shortly. "They are being cultivated in a lab in the middle of nowhere. Trust me, they won't be a problem, and we won't be bowing down to any of them."

"The fact that your project is now claiming to be our queen is a little disheartening."

Sven's eyes hardened, "You were one of the ones that supported the preserving of the royal lines. I did what was asked of me and have been banished and shot for my efforts. Not only that, but we are even now expected to mix with these humans as if they were equals."

"If we are going to ensure that the Lycan race is pure, there will be many that will need to die. The humans will be the key to taking down the mutts. Then when we are through with them, we can use them for food."

"I wish we could rid the world of the humans once and for all," Sven muttered.

"Have you figured out a way for the pure ones to survive without human blood to build the platelets?"

Sven shook his head, "No, you would be the first to know if I had made such a discovery. But I am close, make no mistake. There will be time when only the purest of the five houses will rule the earth and the rest will be food for the taking."

I gasped and felt my body being jerked back. There was a whirling noise and then a pop and with a gasp I was back on the couch. My stomach twisted but I didn't throw up this time. I must have looked pale though because Anna immediately got up for some water and a bag of blood.

In shaken tones, I told them of what Sven and Malcolm were planning.

"So, in the end they will turn on the Alliance as well?" Franklin smiled grimly, "How very like a Draven to behave."

"What could they have meant, we were preserved?" I asked.

Helen shrugged, "It almost sounds as if there were eggs or sperm that had been cryogenically frozen and inseminated at a later date. But I can't imagine why. And as for the purest of blood, that is hogwash. The blood lines might show your ancestry. But a Lycan is a Lycan, regardless of what a test might say.

Luke was pale, and I knew that he was one who didn't have a royal blood line over 90%.

"This won't stand," I said to the room. "We will stop them."

Chapter 29 – Anna

The color white has often been used for brides to symbolize purity, virginity, and innocence. In the seventeen and eighteen-hundreds young unmarried females were always expected to wear white or the palest shades of pastel.

The irony wasn't lost on me that the night I began the transformation I happened to be wearing a white prom dress. I was indeed virginal and innocent. The next pivotal moment was when Cian challenged me and again I dressed in white to battle him.

Only this time I wasn't quite as innocent and no longer virginal. My time as the virgin Lycan had been informative as well as eye-opening. But at this point, I had gained an understanding of my opponent. I had lost both of my parents, not to death, but to bigotry.

I had been tested by a Lycan hive's queen, and at long last defeated the Lycan King.

What Cian had failed to understand was that white also symbolized safety, brilliance, beginnings, protection, and even hope.

As we dressed to fight the Alliance, the Lycans dressed in white. No one questioned my decree. They only followed my command. It was perhaps one of the first times that I actually felt like the queen of my people.

"Are you ready?"

I looked over to see Rachel standing in the doorway. She was in leather pants, much like my own, and a white sleeveless vest. She had daggers strapped to her thighs and her hair was hanging in wild curls down her back.

I nodded tugging the t-back white tank down to cover my midriff and tossing my loose braid over my shoulder. I was similarly armed as were all of our fighters. We knew where they were and that they were waiting for us. So, instead of allowing things to go down on their turf we needed to bait the trap.

"I just got word from Luke that our decoy is in place." Rachel moved over to hug me fiercely. "We won't allow them to win."

"I know," I whispered back giving her a tight squeeze.

I wasn't afraid that we wouldn't be victorious I felt calm inside. But I was worried that we might not get to Jenny and Clark on time. And for Rachel that had me on edge. Truthfully, I was worried about Luke as well. He seemed really shaken up by the dream walking and now this.

My love for him wasn't something that would ever change. I could care less if he was 90% Lycan or 2%. I loved him. I could see that there were many things that would need changing after we

finished this mess. But we needed to deal with first things first, and this was the highest priority.

We moved silently through the night. A light of drizzle of rain caused the city lights to bleed into each other on the sidewalks. There was a chill in the air. A bite in the wind that reminded us just how important this battle was.

The communication devices in our ears allowed us some information about enemy lines. The fake Rachel was in place at Clapham Common. She was seated on a park bench just south of the gazebo. It was actually Helen in some jogging wear and a dark-haired wig. I have never met anyone that was more excited to dress up as someone else.

Franklin was a vagrant sleeping on the bench just steps away with a newspaper over his face. We could see all of it from the vantage point of our base which we had just reached.

"We have someone approaching the decoy," a voice said in my ear.

I looked at Rachel to make sure she heard it as well. She nodded to me and we crouched down behind some trees to waited for the signal.

"It's so quiet," Rachel whispered.

I nodded and looked around us. I knew that there had to be more than the dark figure walking toward Helen.

"He's nearly here," Helen whispered into the device.

"You've got this, sweetheart," came Franklin's reply even though we didn't see his figure move even one inch.

"It's a bit late to be out running," a voice I knew well spoke to Helen.

"Ouch!" Rachel whispered, taking her hand away from mine and shaking it. I hadn't meant to squeeze so tight. But I also hadn't intended to hear the voice of the dead king either.

"Conor, it's been a long time." Helen's voice was devoid of any warmth.

"Who is Conor?" Rachel whispered.

I shrugged my shoulders having no idea. All I knew is that he sounded just like Cian.

"Helen, you are looking rather random. Why are you here?"

He sat down beside her and crossed an ankle over his knee.

"Conor, we both know why I am here. The real question would be why are you here? I thought that you were supposed to be in Ecuador or something?"

"Oh, I was, for a quite a while. But once I heard that my brother had been slaughtered, I had to come back and avenge the family honor."

Helen shook her head, "You gave up your family name and denounced them."

"Time heals all wounds," he shook his head in a gesture that reminded me of Cian.

His build, the way he spoke as if the world owed him everything, he was like a carbon copy of the man I had killed.

"Where are the girls? I would imagine hidden somewhere in the park?"

Helen stiffened, "What makes you think that I would give you anything? Everyone knew that what happened with the Vasile could be laid at your family's doorstep."

I had a moment of *déjà vu*. I remembered Cian saying to me, "There are certain families that rule. Up until recently, the court was ruled by the Vasile family. Sadly, there was a massacre and the entire family was wiped out."

When I had asked, "How many were in the family?"

Cian had shrugged and replied flippantly, "Oh there were seven or eight children. The King was on his second or third wife. Anyway, it was quite a scandal."

His family killed mine. The truth of it was as plain as day. Because of Cian and his brother Rachel and I had been ripped from the life we were meant to lead. We had seven or eight siblings, were they all dead?

I could tell that Rachel didn't understand what was going on. But I couldn't take the time to explain things. I needed to know what Conor had to say for himself.

"Helen, dearest, you know that I never cared much for the brute force that Cian employed to get his way. I walked away from being the Lycan prince. You must realize that I am not nearly as evil as you think I am."

"Conor, I have no idea why Cian sent you away. I don't know why his death allowed you to return. But if you think for one minute that I will allow you anywhere near those girls you must be insane."

He smiled then. I could see the whiteness of his teeth even from the length of space we were away.

"Let's just say that I was keeping something safe, a backup plan if necessary."

"Something," Helen rose to her feet giving us the signal, "Or someone?"

"Very good, Helen," Conor made no more to stand. "Did you honestly think that my brother would throw away the lives of all the Vasile children?"

Rachel clutched my arm. I hadn't realized I was shaking until I felt Luke come up the side of me.

"I've got her," he said to Rachel and I barely noticed that one of the Triple A's was standing next to her Rachel.

"So, now, let's negotiate, shall we?"

The wind picked up and brought the faintest hint of something sweet that tickled my nose.

Cotton Candy.

Chapter 30 – Rachel

Don't let your emotions get the best of you, Rachel.

Don't leave our hiding spot for any reason, Rachel.

Don't listen to anything they say, Rachel.

It's funny how Anna had so many words of advice before we came out here Rambo style. Because sure as shit she just broke cover and ran screaming toward the freaky blond guy that was talking to Helen. A part of me wanted to cheer her on. She looked badass racing across the grass with her braid flipping in the wind behind her.

But the logical, smarter part of my brain wondered what in the hell had gotten into her. Luke and Roman were hot on her heels and of course Adrian and Abel were right with them. Alden had a death grip on my arm. That was the only reason I wasn't in hot pursuit.

The human hunters were starting to leave their hiding places and I could smell fresh blood in the air. I had no idea if it was human or Lycan and to be honest that scared the shit out of me. I don't know when it really hit me that these were my people.

Maybe it had been growing all along, or perhaps it was in these life and death moments when you just know beyond a shadow of a doubt that you have to put on your big girl pants and right the wrongs of the world.

"I don't want to hurt you."

Alden's brow furrowed as I laid a hand over the one he was using to hold me back.

"I know you wouldn't hurt me. Rachel, you are safe with me."

I was, I knew that as well as I knew my name. But the thing that Alden should have been worried about was if he was safe with me.

"I need you to let go," I said calmly.

Alden blinked, "No."

"I am serious, Alden. This is my fight too. I am going with or without you."

He had the audacity to smirk at me. Does the man not understand that minus Lycan power shit and all the royal extra power mumbo jumbo, that the best way to inspire a woman to do what she wants is to act like she can't?

I leaned into him making my body soft. I could tell that he was caught off guard. The sound of the fighting was drifting over to us even without our supernatural hearing. It was not the time for a cuddle.

"Rachel?" he leaned down to peer into my eyes.

It was then that I threw my head back catching his chin. He swore and released me. In the seconds that he was checking to make sure his jaw was still attached I was gone.

Anna looked like she had things handled with Conor. Helen and Franklin were taking on a group of human hunters and Luke and Roman were fighting some girls that looked way to gorgeous to be human girls.

I zipped around the side and that's when I saw her.

Margaret looked like she was winning against one of our Lycans. I wasn't sure who I channeled, perhaps Zena warrior princess or maybe a little Buffy Lycan slayer. But I flew into her like a bat out of hell. My movements were so fast that she couldn't see where the attacks were coming from.

I heard Roman shouting and knew that he was coming closer. I didn't want to kill her—okay, let's be honest, I could rip the bitches throat out and feel like it was the best move I ever made. But she was his mom, so I figured that this was his fight to have.

And besides that, I could have sworn I saw Susan through the trees.

Someone grabbed my arm and yanked me away from the fight. I turned and executed a round house kick knocking poor Adrian to the ground.

'Shit, sorry!"

Another flash of Susan through the trees, and I was off.

"I love you, Adrian! Hope you are okay!"

Alden joined me at the edge of the forest. His chin was red, but he didn't look any worse for wear.

"Don't try and stop me," I warned him.

Alden raised his hands, "Not me, you made your point rather well."

I smiled and grabbed his hand and then we were running the trees burring around us and we searched for any sign of Susan. I felt my stomach turn at the bodies that we passed. It grossed me out that my thirst was still triggered by the split blood. But I could never have taken from the fallen ones. It just wasn't right.

"There," Alden pointed. We saw her headed away from the park.

She wasn't going to get away, not today. We zipped along the streets running faster than I had any idea we were capable of. I had to push thoughts of Adrian and Abel out of my mind. I also worried about Anna, but this was too important to be distracted.

"She went into that building," I yelled to Alden.

"Rachel! Wait a minute, that's the warehouse. It could be crawling with their operatives. We can't go in there—guns blazing."

I felt my temper fire, "I won't leave my parents with her one more night. For all I know they are dead."

"We will get them out, but let's get more help."

Anger and fear burned inside of me, "No, I am sick of everyone telling me what to do! I am going, Alden."

Maybe it was the firmness of my voice, or the crazy way my eyes were blazing.

"Let's go," his voice was low, and his face told me what a shitty idea he thought it was.

I nodded.

We crept around the side not wanting to go in the same way we had watched Susan enter. I tried to remember where we had gone when we escaped and the times we dream walked. I had a hunch that if we went up the fire escapes, we would have a better chance of sneaking in unannounced.

I pointed to it and motioned for Alden to give me a boost.

"Are you fucking insane?" he hissed. "That is rotted out!"

My face hardened, and I pointed fiercely to the escape. He swore again but put his hands together and gave me a boost so that I could pull it down enough that he could climb up.

It was pretty old.

Not that I would have admitted that to anyone.

We climbed higher and higher, careful around the landings so that we were never in a position to be seen. Finally, about four floors up we lucked out by finding a broken window.

Alden reached his arm in and flipped the latch. Carefully we lifted the pane and climbed inside. We were in a part of the building that I wasn't familiar with. The room looked like a storage room, it was cold and drafty. We silently moved through the darkness toward the door.

Just as I was about to place my hand on the doorknob, I heard a voice.

"Don't."

The fierce whisper startled me, and I was thankful that I didn't scream. The voice had been so soft that I hadn't been able to tell where it came from, only that it was in the darkest part of the room.

Thankful that we had better vision than normal humans I quickly scanned the area.

Nothing.

I reached and slowly reached again for the doorknob.

"Don't!"

It was a fraction louder, hardly discernable. But the panic was clearer this time. I knew where it came from. I moved to some boxes and looked into a space that was hardly big enough to hold a child.

"Who are you?" I whispered trying to see.

Alden was right beside me, ready to push me out of harm's way. But somehow, I didn't think that this person was out to get us.

I reached a hand into the dark and waited to see if I had just made the biggest mistake of my life.

Chapter 31 – Anna

I looked down at the cold lifeless body of Cian's brother and couldn't find it in me to feel an ounce of regret. The moment I ripped his head off the Alliance forces began to pullback.

"Anna, you are bleeding," Luke's arms came around me just as the edges of my vision had begun to blur.

Conor had been a much better fighter than his brother. I knew that he had a large gash in my stomach as well as many flesh wounds on my arms and legs.

"Roman, get the fuck over here. We have to get her blood now!"

He pushed his wrist against my mouth, but I was so tired. Normally my fangs would descend and his taste to send me into a sexual haze. But all I wanted to do was go to sleep. I turned my head away and he cursed again. The next thing I knew he had bitten his own wrist and was trying to feed it to me.

The taste on my tongue was comforting. He tasted of sex and love, hope and passion, and everything that I wanted in this life. I just was too tired to keep drinking.

"Fuck, Anna, stay with me! Do you hear me? Roman!" he screeched loudly, and I knew that it should have hurt me ears, but everything was coming at me as though it was filtered through water.

I wanted to curl up in him, climb inside of his warmth and just let the darkness take me.

I felt a sharp pinch and then warmth entering my veins. The darkness beckoned but I could also feel the worry and knew by Luke and Roman's thoughts that if I succumbed to it, I might not ever return. This wasn't the time for me to go, not here, not like this without whole lives in front of us.

I fought to stay with them. My eyes flickered faintly.

"Did you see that?" Luke rasped, "She's still in there. I can feel a faint pulse."

Roman was silent, but his thoughts were loud and clear.

"You will not leave us. Do you hear me, Anna? Flight, damn you! I fucking love you. Fight!"

I wanted to hold him, tell him that I would be fine. But I wasn't able to push the message across. My body was slowly returning but it was taking time. I must have lost a lot of blood.

They say that Lycans are near impossible to kill. And yet I have killed two and witnessed many more this night. They sat that Lycans are soulless creatures that prey on the weak. But I have watched as many lost their lives fighting a battle trying to save their race.

It's funny how near-death experiences give one the chance to reflect on things that they might not have seen previously. Like the fact that it had been a long time since I had seen Rachel. Fear for me sister and best friend spurred me to open my eyes.

"Rachel," I croaked.

Luke looked like he had tears in his eyes or maybe that was just the haze I was seeing him through.

"We aren't sure," Roman's hand caressed my back. "Adrian and Abel are searching with their parents. But Rachel and Alden are missing."

Missing.

Removed.

Taken.

Disappeared.

Lost.

Omitted.

My heart literally felt like it lurched inside of my chest. I could feel my body starting to heal itself. Contrary to popular belief, it's not a painless exercise, or at least it's not when you are healing as many wounds as I currently possessed.

"We have to find them. I need to get down."

Luke's mouth dropped, "Anna, you are barely hanging on. You aren't going after them right now."

"Luke is right," Roman's voice was at my back and I turned with a grimace to see him.

"Okay," I whispered, hating that they were right.

Roman removed the IV from my arm.

"That should hold you until we get back to the safe house."

Luke ran with me in his arms and Roman at his side. I knew from their thoughts that their fears for my health were far from over. But I knew the tide had shifted. I had gone from that moment of almost allowing the darkness to overtake me into a new plane.

I thought about what Conor had mentioned. Rachel and I had two more siblings out there. Two other pieces of me that I never knew existed. I wondered if they would be jaded by the Alliance. Or if like Rachel and I they were raised as normals—humans.

Family was so much more important than I had ever realized.

I felt Roman's mind wince and I thought about what I said.

Family, shit, what about Margaret?

"What happened?"

I wasn't sure if I voiced the words or not, but it didn't matter they both would have heard me anyway. Luke carried me into the bedroom and Roman hovered at the doorway rather than come inside.

Roman's jaw tightened and for the first time since we had been together, I felt his mind close off against me. It was almost like a physical blow.

Luke sighed, "Don't do this."

I knew that he wasn't speaking to me, but I answered anyway.

"You don't have to tell me."

Roman swallowed, his eyes were cold and distant. "There is nothing to tell, I took care of the problem."

"Roman," his name was more of a prayer on my lips and I saw a glimpse of the confusion and anger inside of him before he shut it down. So, I amended what I was going to say, "Please hold me."

The fact that he hesitated the briefest moment had my heart ripping into shreds.

And then he really looked at me.

"Fuck, Anna, don't cry, please don't cry."

In an instant he had taken me from Luke. I was breathing in his scent mixed with sweat and blood. We were likely ruining the sheets of the bed.

"We can buy a new fucking bed," Luke grumbled, and I felt Roman relax a little more as he grunted in agreeance.

"I love you both so much."

My voice was clogged with tears and exhaustion.

Roman's arms tightened around me, and he whispered into my hair. "You are my family, you and Luke. You were right, there is nothing more important. I love you, Anna."

Luke leaned over and kissed the back of my neck, "I will run a bath. Let's see how those wounds are healing."

He left us alone for a few minutes and Roman began to speak. It was slow at first but then it all started pouring out of him like he couldn't control it anymore.

"I killed her Anna, my own mother. I watched as the lights left her eyes and I was happy. What kind of sick bastard does that? I don't know how to deal with all of these emotions. I feel so fucking angry. Why did she have to be such a bitch, so evil? Why did it have to be me? But then I couldn't let someone else do it. Why was it so important that I did it? Maybe I am a monster, maybe I am a sick bastard that gets off on killing people. I didn't want you to see that. I love you, so fucking much. I scared me, and I am not afraid of anything. Or I never used to be, shit, I am not good for you."

"Stop," I commanded him, "Stop it now, you did what you had to. You were protecting us and saving countless lives that she planned on taking just because someone's blood wasn't good enough. Roman, she was the monster, not you—never you."

Chapter 32 – Rachel

"Are you with the bad people?"

The voice sounded young and as my eyes adjusted to the dark room, I saw the shapes of two small figures huddled into the crawl space.

"We are not. We are here to stop them."

Alden made a little humph noise, clearly indicating that he was there under duress. It was endearing and had the effect of calming me a little.

"My name is Rachel," I crouched down so I was closer to their level. "Who are you?"

The other one shook her head, "No, don't tell her. People always pretend to be nice when they want something."

I could now see that they were two little girls maybe six or seven years old. One had dark hair like me and Rachel. The other was blonde. They shared similar features, both having large eyes and oval faces. There was a small cut on the dark-haired girl's cheek.

"What happened?" I pointed to my cheek where she had the mark.

"I cut my face on the glass when we crawled through."

"Is that how you escaped?" Alden asked.

The little girl nodded, "I thought that Eva was going to leave me."

"You weren't supposed to say our names, stupid!"

The little girl who wasn't Eva frowned. "They aren't the bad people. I can tell."

Eva rolled her eyes, "Icky thinks that she has a sixth sense."

"Icky?" I repeated. "That's an interesting name."

"Angelica, my name isn't Icky, Eva's being a brat. Her name is Evangelina. We aren't supposed to be here. But when the nice lady stopped coming to take care of us, we decided to go look for her."

"Who is the nice lady?" I asked knowing the answer before she even spoke the words.

"Miss Jenny," Angelica's lip started to quiver. "I know they did something bad."

"Who is they?" I asked.

"My brother Conor," Eva responded. "He acts nice, but he's not."

"Is Conor a brother to both of you?" I wasn't sure how to ask if they were sisters, but I wondered if I was looking at my two sisters that Conor had referred to earlier.

Angelica shook her head, "No, not mine."

Eva pushed her blond curls back her from face. "Conor and I used to live in Paris. But now we don't, because it's time, he said. I don't know what it's time for. Conor never explained anything to me. He usually pretended I didn't exist."

I frowned, "Where is your mother?"

Eva copied my frown, "I don't have one of those, no father either. Just me and Conor, and that is it."

She didn't have Conor anymore and that was thanks to me. I felt guilt spiraling in my gut. I knew he was a bad guy, but I hated that I had killed this little girl's only brother.

"I grew up here," Angelica added.

"Here in London?" I asked.

"No," she moved her hands for emphasis. "Here, in this building."

"What?" Alden moved closer. "You have lived in this building for your enter life?"

"Yeah," Angelica responded in a tone that said, *what are you going to do about it?*

"Girls, we need to get you out of here," Alden stated firmly. 'This is not a safe place for kids."

"Because of the Lycans?" Eva asked.

"Or the Lycan hunters?" Angelica asked next.

"Both," Alden and I responded simultaneously.

A little giggle escaped the girls.

I knew what Alden was going to suggest and as much as I wanted to challenge him on it, he was right.

"We need to get them out of here, Rachel."

That meant giving up on looking for my parents.

It was one of those choices that one shouldn't have to make. How do you walk away from those that you love to save someone else? But these girls, they were little kids. Not only that, but they would be ruined if we left them with the Alliance.

My stomach churned, and I felt ill.

"I know," I said softly.

Alden pulled me into his side and kissed my temple. He knew what making that choice was doing to me.

The girls wrinkled up their noses.

"That's gross," Eva said without preamble.

A small smile ghosted across my face.

"Let's go."

This time we reversed the way we had come. It was harder to manage getting the girls down the old fire escape, but Alden and I were able to carry one on our backs and slowly we made it to the bottom. From inside I heard an alarm begin to sound.

"Run!" Angelica shouted.

Alden and I ran for all we were worth. The things beside us blurred as we went faster and faster through the city of London. The girls clutched out necks like monkeys as she carried them piggyback all of the way back to the apartment where the safe house was located.

Alden had use double back and go around a different route to try and throw any clues of where we were. It took what felt like forever to get there. But just before we rounded the last block Adrian, Abel, Helen, and Franklin ran into us.

"Who are they?" Eva asked fearfully.

"They aren't bad guys. I assured the girls. "Hurry, we might have the Alliance following us!"

Everyone hurried back to the apartment building. I hadn't known it, but the safe house actually was comprised of the entire floor of the building. We introduced the girls to everyone else and I was finally able to hug Adrian and Abel. Once that was done, I knew I needed to bring Eva and Angelica to Anna.

We knocked on the door and waited for a response. It wasn't much later that Luke opened and explained to us that Anna was exhausted and just getting out of the bath.

"Is she okay?" I asked, my brows coming together in worry.

"She was hurt pretty badly," he answered. "But all of her wounds are healing."

I explained to Luke where we found the girls and was surprised when he immediately stood up.

"What?" I asked stupidly.

Luke didn't answer he just went into the other room. Ten minutes later he came out carrying Anna in a fluffy white bathrobe.

"Rachel!" her voice was weak, but she looked like the same beautiful sister that she always was.

"Anna, I want you to meet Angelica and Evangelina. I think they might be our missing sisters."

Anna's jaw dropped to the floor.

Eva rolled her eyes, "No, you are not my sister. I only have a brother names Conor who doesn't like me.

Anna's eyes widened, "Your brother is Conor?"

"Yeah," Eva shrugged, "Can't pick family, now can you?"

Chapter 33 – Anna

"Run it again."

Roman's friend in the lab looked up incredulously. "Your Majesty with all due respect, I have run her bloodwork three times. The results are the same every time. Evangelina does not share your DNA nor does she share that of Angelica or Rachel. Her closest match is Cian Constantin. I am more than willing to bet she is his daughter."

"It doesn't make any sense," I shook my head trying to make the pieces fall into place. But no matter how many times I did, they still refused to cooperate.

"But the next closest relative is Margaret Dumitru."

The man looked almost apologetic. Roman, on the other hand, was completely poleaxed. His face had lost all of its color and I worried that he might pass out. I knew better than to reach out to him in front of someone else. Roman was very proud and didn't like feeling weak. But my instincts were screaming at me to do something.

"Are you saying that Margaret is likely to be Evangelina's mother?" I asked quietly.

The scientist pushed his glasses up his narrow nose and nodded.

"How is it that you can find the mother for Evangelina, but you are not able to for myself, Angelica, or Rachel?"

"Well, your Majesty, we have the DNA sample from Margaret and Cian. The issue with you and your sisters is that we haven't a sample matching the DNA that is there. I would be more than willing to bet you are all three from different women seeing the samples put together. Although, it's odd that you test at such a high percentage and we don't know the female line. Honestly, I don't see how that is possible. It's an interesting process, the DNA structure."

I had to voice the thought that was running through my mind. "Could something be done in a lab that would alter someone's blood percentage?"

The scientist looked at me oddly. I could see that he was trying out the new theory against what he knew to be true.

"I will tell you this, your Majesty. In science there is no such thing as impossible. I would say that it wasn't probable, but the art of science has come a long way and I have no idea what advances are being made that haven't been shared with us. There is also another theory, but with the witches long dead it wouldn't be feasible."

I literally felt the hair on the back of my neck stand up. "What are you talking about?"

He waved an arm, "Witches blood never shows the matriarchs side. It is really irrelevant however, because we all know that the witches are long dead."

I felt a warmth of comfort being sent to me through the mind link from Roman. "Indeed, that is immaterial. I trust that you know it is imperative this information remain in the strictest of confidence?"

He raised himself up and nodded, "Of course, your Majesty."

"Very good, well done."

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Rachel placed back and forth, "Anna, do you really think that we have witches blood running in our veins?"

I shrugged and slouched over the chair in my chambers. "I don't know, JoJo. But even Roman and Luke said that our ability to speak to each other in our minds is a rare gift, one that hasn't been heard of in generations. Your dream walking with the Triple A's is another gift that hasn't been heard of since the witch trials. I hesitate to even guess what will happen when Angelica gets older."

"And what about Eva," Rachel continued, "If she is Cian's daughter that complicates things even further. She doesn't know that I killed Conor, you killed Cian, and Roman killed Margaret. How is a child supposed to cope with all of that?"

"They aren't," I said flatly, letting my head fall back against the softness of the chair. "So, we don't tell them."

She stopped pacing, mouth open and turned to face me. "We can't lie to them."

"I didn't say lie," I began slowly. "But they are little girls who have lived traumatic lives. They don't need to know the horrors that have been lurking around the royal courts. They need someone to love them and to be their family."

Rachel looked apprehensive, "The same people the killed their actual family?"

I felt irritation rise inside of me. "It's not like Margaret or Cian had anything to do with Eva. She said she was parentless and honestly for the most part she was. As for Angelica, she is our sister and we have a responsibility toward her."

Rachel raised her hands in mock surrender, "I am not arguing with you about being kind to them. I agree with you that they need a loving place to stay. I just wonder how safe it is here."

"Where else can we send them?" I huffed.

Rachel bit her lip, "We could ask Helen and Franklin. I hate the thought of losing the girls as much as you do. But we have to go after the Alliance and the dangers that we face in the coming

months are no place for children. Helen and Franklin live in the country, it's safe and they can have a bit of normalcy. When all of this gets settled, we can get to them."

I wanted to argue with her. Damn it, I wanted to scream at her because the thought of sending our sister away didn't sit right with me. But everything inside of me said that she was right, and I was being selfish.

"And besides," Rachel continued, "If Eva isn't our sister, we still have a sister out there somewhere that needs us. We can't be babysitting and badass at the same time, Anna."

She opened her mouth, but I raised my hand to stop her. "You are right."

Rachel blinked, "I am?"

I laughed, swinging my legs around and sitting up. "Yes, you are. I know that Helen and Franklin will keep them safe. And honestly, we need to get to the bottom of things before we announce what we know about Eva. So, here is what I propose. We allow everyone to think that she is the missing sister along with Angelica. You and I can look for our sister as we look for your parents. But Rachel, I was thinking. If we have witch blood in our veins, do you think we might be able to cast any spells?"

Her eyes widened like saucers, "Shit, Anna, how should I know?"

I walked over to the dresser and pulled out an old brown book that was tattered and worn.

"I found this when I was going through Cian's things." I explained to her. "It's an old spell book and look in here it has a scrying spell. I was thinking that maybe we might be able to see where your parents are being held."

"You are totally freaking me out," Rachel choked out.

I felt a moment of hesitation. "Do you think it's a bad idea?"

She grinned at me, "Hell no, let's do it."

I grabbed a bottle of water and a bowl. "Repeat the words with me."

We said the strange words together and waited a moment, but nothing happened.

I peered into the water, "Do you see anything?"

"What am I looking for?" she nudged me overreaching her hand toward the water.

"Don't touch that!" I smacked her hand, but in doing so accidently hit the bowl splashing us both with the water.

In the next minute my room was gone, and Rachel and I were standing in a drafty cave. "Oh, shit, what have we done?"

Chapter 1 - Amy

Part 3

"Amy! Shit! You killed them?"

I rolled my eyes at Helvetica, Veti for short, and wondered for the hundredth time why I let her constantly criticize me. She could be such an old hag. Okay, she's not that old, maybe three or four hundred years. But to my nineteen years on the planet that could have been several lifetimes, and if we were human, it would have been.

"I staked them," I protested, motioning to the bloody stakes in my hand. "It was painless."

One of the girls that had popped into our home coughed. "I wouldn't say that."

"And then you brought them back to life!" She threw her hands in the air in disgust.

"Um, so are we like zombies now?" the other girl asked.

I looked over at my prisoners. Two girls about my age were standing in the entryway to our home looking shell shocked.

I smirked. "You aren't a zombie—not really."

Veti stormed over to me and grabbed my arm. "Don't talk to them! And technically they are zombies—a corpse relived by witchcraft. But that's the least of our worries. What else did you do to them?"

"Nothing! I swear it!" I protested.

Veti's eyes narrowed. "Do you want to explain to me why this one has your face?"

The girl in question did indeed have my face. It was eerie staring into someone else's eyes when they so clearly mimicked my own. The only difference was our hair color. Where she was dark, I was light.

"This is so weird, it's like seeing two Anna's. By the way, my name is Rachel, and this is my sister, Anne." The other girl looked like the first, long dark hair and deep brown eyes. But she was curvier in shape and had a softer chin.

"Who are you?" Veti barked at the girls.

"We just told you. I am Anne," the one who looked like me answered. "And this is my sister, Rachel. Might I ask where we are and why you killed us?"

Rachel reached forward as if to touch the stake in my hand. It was still dripping with their blood. "Everyone calls her Liv. However, that's not the important part. How in the bloody hell did you manage to bring us back to life?"

I shrugged. "Magic? Look, you might as well come in out of the foyer. It's a bit—sticky, right now."

I motioned for them to enter our humble home. Veti started squawking something or other but I ignored her. I had already killed them, so technically, I hadn't broken any of Brad's rules. He never forbade me from bringing them back to life again—loopholes are my friend.

"My name is Amy, and this is Helvetica. We don't get a lot of guests here in the Laos Caves."

That was the understatement of the century. I can count on one hand the number of people that have visited, and only two of them were still breathing. They happened to be the girls that looked like passing out at any moment—resurrection was hard on a person.

Or so I am told.

"Veti, they need some blood. How about you get them some bagged, and we can figure out where they came from."

She looked like she wanted to protest, but in the end, did as I asked. In a few moments she brought back two metal containers.

"Have you drunk from this device before?" I asked.

Rachel and Anna shook their heads.

"You have to remove the lid to break the seal. Then there are two holes for your fangs, and I sure you can figure it out from there. I am warning you though, it's not what you are used to. We don't have access to human blood here and survive on animals in the wild."

Anna blinked. "How is that possible? I thought all Lycans needed human blood to survive."

Veti handed me the steel containers. She obviously wasn't going to get that close to our new companions.

"Humans and animals are not that far apart. Most of the animals in the wild you can drink from. Here, I have removed the lids, drink and then we will talk."

It was odd watching as the color began inching its way back into their complexions. The looks of shock were still there, but at least they didn't appear to be on death's door—again.

"How did you find us?"

I think that Veti meant it as a question, but it sounded more like a threat.

The girls blinked simultaneously.

But it was Anna who answered, "We found a spell book and were trying to locate Rachel's adoptive parents. Something must have gone wrong because we ended up here. Where are we again?"

"Vietnam," Veti snapped. "We obviously don't have any parents here. So, go back from wherever you came. We don't need any more witches!"

I cast her a scowl. "That was mean, Veti."

She shrugged her shoulder as if to tell me that she didn't care in the slightest bit how mean it was. But I could tell by the twitching of her fingers that she was sorry. Veti and I had been a team for as long as I could remember. She helped raise me here in these caves.

We lived simply but had enough from the Master to survive. Brad is the master. I have loved him for as long as I can remember. He protected us, brought us whatever we needed and most of what I wanted as well. I adore his laugh, his bad jokes, and even his stern rebukes. Maybe, I especially like those. I couldn't help the little sigh that escaped. He's rather wonderful, my Master.

Veti never really believed me, that I was in love, that is. I would always have to say, "Stop with the face."

She would put her hand on her hip and pretend to look at her nails. "I don't have a clue as to what you are talking about."

I would retort, "I am a witch, remember? I know that you are thinking this is all kid's stuff, and that I have Stockholm syndrome. Well, you are wrong."

She was wrong, I was positive that I knew what it meant to be in love. Despite the fact that I have been raised with only two other human beings.

This would invariably lead into me saying, "Now you really have the face, and the raised brow, yeah—it's snarky."

I wish I could say that we hadn't been over this a hundred times or more. But that would be lying, and I have given up lying, at least I am thinking about it.

Brad came infrequently. We sometimes went months without a visit. I missed him when he was away, which always infuriated Veti.

She said we should be grateful, but impartial.

To hell with impartial, I loved him.

In a fit of anger one day, Veti spilled that she sometimes hated him. She blamed Brad for keeping us as prisoners in these caves.

This cave, my life, was all I knew. How could she not understand that he was simply trying to save my life?

I looked forward to each and every time he came. Butterflies would erupt in my stomach and I found myself stumbling over my words, trying to tell him about anything and everything.

"You are wrong, you know."

I opened my mouth to argue, and then realized that it had been Rachel who was speaking, not the Veti from my thoughts.

"We aren't really witches," she said frowning. "Or we could be, honestly I am not sure. We have a little magic, but nothing compared to what you just did."

Liv, the one who shared my face, was staring at me without paying any sort of attention to Rachel.

"What?" I said, looking from Anna to Veti and then back again.

"It's like looking in a mirror," Anna said softly. "If you had dark hair, we would be identical."

"Twins," Rachel said softly, taking Anna's hand.

I shook my head. "No, that can't be right. The Master never said anything about me having a sister, much less a twin. In all the years he has kept me hidden away, I am sure it would have come up."

Veti harrumphed in that way that always let me know she thought I was wrong. She made the sound more often than I would have liked.

Anna and Rachel looked at each other ominously before Anna asked, "Master? Who is that?"

I brightened, a bright smile sneaking across my face. I could speak about my favorite subject for days. "The Master is the most wonderful person imaginable. He brings us fun things to see, clothes, games, anything a girl could wish for."

"Except freedom," Veti said dryly.

I scoffed at her rotten attitude. "He can't do that, Veti. He has told us a million times it's too dangerous for me. He is keeping us safe."

"You only think that because this is all you know, Amy."

I hated when she said that. It made me feel naive and childish. Yes, this was all I knew, but that didn't mean I was stupid.

"I am dangerous," I said in a low voice. "The Master keeps us here to protect me from everyone else, and the outside world from me."

Anna and Rachel looked more confused than ever.

"Why?" Rachel asked.

They weren't very bright. "Did you not see what I did just now? I raised you both from the dead. You don't think that might look odd to everyone else on the planet?"

Fear flashed across Rachel's face as she nodded and shrank into Anna a little, as if I might do something crazy and harm her.

I couldn't help the impatient sigh that escaped my lips. "Look, that is the least of my powers. I can do big, scary, crazy things."

Veti rolled her eyes. "A bit over the top, don't you think?"

I ignored her. "You have no idea what I can be capable of."

Rachel clutched Liv. "What have we done? She is a monster!"

That stung a little. However, as I looked at their bloody torsos, thanks to me, that had only just begun to heal, I figured it might have been deserved.

Chapter 2 - Amy

"No, I am not leaving here. I don't care what you say!"

I plugged my ears like a four-year-old and started humming—loudly. Anna and Rachel had just spent the last twenty minutes telling me how wrong I was to hide away.

"Amy," Rachel's tone was placating, and loud. I suppose so that I could hear it over my humming. "You can't live the rest of your life in a cave. There is an entire world out there to explore."

I unplugged my ears for the briefest of moments. "There is an entire world to explore in these caves. Did you know there is an entire jungle down here? And that it has its own river system? I could explore for eons and never get bored."

Anna's eyes narrowed. "What about people?"

"People are bad," I parroted what I had always been taught. "We kill first, ask questions later, right Veti?"

Helvetica actually lived on the outside before the Master brought her here to take care of me. I am a little fuzzy on the details, but I knew she had another life before me. I just didn't like to think about it.

Veti was completely on board with leaving the caves. In fact, she had already begun packing. As I watched Veti rushing around, her eyes alight with happiness and excitement, a part of me felt terribly selfish.

What right did I have to keep Veti with me?

I wasn't a child anymore, and I had already gone through the change.

"What's that, Amy?" she asked distractedly.

I opened my mouth and then closed it again. If she wanted to leave, I wasn't going to make her stay.

I pasted on a smile that must have looked as horrible as I felt, because Veti stopped rushing about and came over to me. She took my hands in hers and I felt immediate comfort. Although in appearance, Veti didn't look much older than I was, in reality she was centuries older.

"I won't leave you here, Amy. If you choose not to go, I will stay with you. I promised Brad."

"Who is Brad?" Rachel asked.

"Master," I said with a sad smile. "I can't leave without telling him where I am going."

"Is there no way to contact him?" Anna looked around the cave with its magical torches and furnishings that, for the most part, I had conjured up. "No, I don't suppose you have internet down here?"

"Inter-what?" I asked.

Rachel and Anna's jaw dropped open simultaneously.

I laughed, "You can certainly see that you are sisters when you both look at me that way."

Anna snapped her mouth closed. "I am the queen of the Lycans."

This only made me laugh harder; even Rachel had a suspicious cough.

Anna's cheeks were red as she commanded, "I demand that you come with us."

I shrugged. "Well, according to you, I am your sister, and from what I understand of the family dynamics, sisters rarely agree. So, I will respectfully decline your order. Goodness, I am really good at this sister-business."

Rachel's brow arched. "Looks like you've cornered the market on snarky."

"Is she always this stubborn?" Anna asked Veti.

Veti sighed. "This is Amy in a good mood; don't catch her in one of her rages. After all of the damage that she does we end up having to move to a different section of the cave. There is a wicked temper on the girl, no doubt about it."

I snorted. "That was a long time ago."

"Last month?" Veti tipped her head to the side in question.

"Six weeks at the least!" I countered and then mumbled something about her having way too good of a memory.

Veti's lips twitched. "Amy isn't all bad, just young and impetuous."

I was bloody well just as old as these girls and Veti knew it. She was trying to get me to act out. I wondered what point she hoped to make by showcasing all of my faults.

"What if there was an emergency?" Anna asked as she started pacing back and forth.

I was caught up again by our similarities. It was weird to watch my clone parade about in front of me. However, I was starting to see vast differences between Anna and me in personality. It wasn't just the hair color. She was super uptight about everything.

Sure, I supposed that being Queen of the Lycans would be difficult. I knew what the challenges of leadership were. I wasn't as ignorant as Veti would have them believe. I had studied about all kinds of things. I had been kidding before about not knowing what the internet was.

Even if we couldn't get a signal, I was a powerful witch. I had no trouble getting what I needed.

I also could ask Brad.

Systems were in place is there was a major emergency, but I wasn't supposed to do that unless things were dire—life and death.

"We have ways of getting what we need, even in an emergency," I said stiffly.

"You are coming with us whether you like it or not." Anna shook her head angrily. "You obviously don't know what you are saying."

Well, she *obviously* thought I was a push over. Two could play at that game.

I shrugged innocently. "I suppose that I will do what you want."

She stopped mid step. "And further, err—really?"

It was time to mess with her.

"Sure." I blinked my big doe eyes at her. "I know that you want what is best for me."

Anna nodded, the relief was clear as she added, "I do, of course I do."

"That you would never try and hurt me," I continued.

Anna shook her head. "Never!"

I smiled, a great beaming smile. "I knew you wouldn't; and seeing as how leaving would just about kill me, I know you would never ask it of me."

She looked confused for a second as she replied, "Of course not."

"Thanks for deciding to let me stay." But instead of just walking away with the victory, I had to add in, "It's great that you will be staying as well. We will have the best time."

Her eyes started to look glazed—perfect.

Veti arched a brow. She was fully aware of my antics and I knew she would be calling me on the carpet soon. But I wasn't through having fun yet.

"We can live here and be safe, just like you promised," I said in a soothing tone.

Anna nodded. "Just like I promised."

Rachel looked a little dazed as well, but her eyes narrowed.

"Why do I smell cotton candy?"

I couldn't stifle the laugh that escaped my lips. The compelling spell dissipated, and Anna looked furious.

"It's against the law the compel someone!" Her words dripping with outrage.

I mimicked her pose and answered sassily, "Are you going to lock me up?" My eyed danced. "Maybe you should leave me in a cave or something. Whatever will I do with myself? On the other hand, maybe you are right. Caves really are nice places-"

"You are doing it again!" Anna screeched.

Rachel's lip twitched. I could tell that she caught the humor in it, but then she wasn't the one getting the full dose of the compelling spell either.

"Amy," Veti's voice cut across the room from where she was trying to shove too many books into a small bag. "Cut it out!"

I waved a hand to enlarge her bag and turned back to Anna and Rachel.

"I am not sorry," I said firmly.

This time Rachel did laugh. "She reminds me a lot of you, Liv."

Anne didn't look like that had been much of a compliment.

"Gee, thanks, Rachel," she muttered under her breath. "Listen, you are going to come with us, or I will bring reinforcements to yank you out of here."

I seriously doubted she and Rachel had the magical ability to travel with more than just themselves, seeing as how they had used a simple scrying spell. Neither one had a grasp on the magic. I felt another kernel of guilt. I could teach them about their magic, how to harness it and how to use it properly. I really was enjoying having them here and a part of me was starting to wonder if maybe they really were my sisters.

But then there was the master. I had been in love with him for as long as I could remember. He was kind to me, always treated me with the utmost respect. He had saved me when I was a baby from the Alliance and brought me here. I couldn't imagine leaving without telling him.

Veti sighed, "We are going with them, Amy. It's time."

I looked at the three women who were trying to browbeat me into something I didn't want to do. The master said not to contact him unless it was dire.

I figured we had reached dire status.

"Okay," I said slowly. "Just give me five minutes."

I would just contact him and leave a little note. *What's the harm in that?*

Chapter 3 - Amy

I let Anna and Rachel stumble about, trying to remember the spell that they had used to end up in the cave. *Was that a little mean?* Of course it was, but I didn't care. They were making me leave and that was more than a little mean.

Veti, however, wasn't amused.

"Amy, stop being a bitch and do the damn spell."

Anna and Rachel turned to me wide-eyed.

"You have had the ability to leave all this time?" Rachel's tone was incredulous.

I shrugged. "Relocation spells aren't difficult."

It would seem that I had stunned them yet again.

"Did you think I was a prisoner here?" It dawned on me that it might look that way.

"Why else would you stay?" Anna's lips were tight. "This doesn't make any sense. Don't you want to find out who you are and where your real family is?"

"Veti is my family, and the master."

They stared at me as if I had just walked out of a cult. Even Veti looked pained and I wondered, not for the first time since our visitors had arrived, if I had been missing something and not even knowing it.

"It doesn't matter," I said, trying to change the heavy atmosphere. "Just tell me where you want us to go."

**

Three of the hottest brothers I had ever seen came rushing toward Rachel. Followed by two guys, that easily could have been underwear models, who swept Anna up in their arms. Each of the men kissed the girls as if their lives depended on it.

I muttered to Veti, "I am starting to see the appeal of this outside world. Do we all get a set of those?"

Veti blushed and told me to hush.

It was then that Anna pulled back and introduced me to a dark-haired man named Brendan and the man with streaky blonde hair named Ace.

"These are my mates," Anna explained to me.

It seemed that I was just as fascinated with them as they were with me.

"She looks just like you," Ace's deep rumbly voice had my stomach in knots. Very nicely done, Liv. I could see why Anna was so anxious to get back to her mates.

Rachel introduced me to Abel, Alden, and Adrian. The men had dark blonde hair and easy smiles. Her mates were obviously infatuated with her. Each one of them had a hand on her as if she might disappear if they didn't hold on tight.

We had appeared in the gardens of the Royal Court. I felt terribly exposed in the open air and didn't like the feeling. It didn't help that a massive castle stood upon the highest hill, looming over us like a great hawk stalking its prey. Or maybe that hunted feeling came from the hordes of Lycans flocking out of the palace and into the gardens—directly toward us.

These highly influential Lycans didn't look pleased to see me either. There were whispers of witchcraft, and the mood of the crowd went from inquisitive to intense in about three seconds.

I needed to a moment to breathe.

With a few soft words, I cast a spell over the group, bringing everyone to a screeching halt. The simple freezing spell would only affect this area, and nobody else would be the wiser. After all, time would just alter itself to fit back into the constraints that mother nature deemed necessary—easy peasy.

I looked at all of the strangers around me, frozen like statues. Even Veti sat frozen at my side. I could see her staring off and when I followed her gaze, I noticed a man staring back at her with a shocked expression. In his eyes, there was a flicker of recognition.

I felt another surge of guilt. Veti had a life before she came to care for me that she had freely given up. I suppose that I had always felt she was mine and no one else laid claim to her. If anyone deserved to find happiness it was her.

"Who are you?" A high-pitched voice demanded.

The question startled me, and I turned to face two young girls.

"Amy, my name is Amy." I stammered a little, being thrown off guard by their frowns. Their gazes didn't leave my face. It wasn't lost on me that they didn't freeze with everyone else. "Who are you?" I returned, crossing my arms and trying to look down my nose haughtily.

I eyed the girls. One was dark, and the other was fair-haired, just like Anna and me. But that is where the similarities ended; they didn't share identical faces. In fact, despite the fact that they were girls of a similar age, I didn't think they were related in any way.

"I am Evangelina," the blond girl explained. Then she pointed to the other girl. "This is Angelica. You are a witch, aren't you? I can see it in your aura."

I raised a brow. "Only a witch can see auras."

Angelica clutched the other girl's arm; she clearly wasn't the muscle of the outfit.

"It's okay," Evangelina said to her friend but she continued to stare daggers at me. "Her colors are blues and purples. Some are dark, but there isn't any black or brown."

Angelica visibly relaxed. Shyly she spoke to Evangelina, "I thought we weren't supposed to tell anyone about your magic."

I opened my mouth to speak, but Evangelina answered instead. "She can sense my power, just like I can sense hers. It was only a matter of time before she found me."

The child was right.

"Conner told me that there was another like me," Evangelina continued. "He said one day they would find you, and together, we would change the face of the world."

I felt as if ice had been poured down my back. That smacked of a prophesy—damn it.

"Who is Conner?" I demanded.

Evangelina frowned. "My brother. He's dead. Nobody here wants us to know, but we aren't stupid. I am not sorry; he wasn't a good person. His aura was dark browns streaked with black."

I blew out a breath. "Wow, that is not good at all. How did you end up here?"

Time snapped back into the present and everyone started moving again. I had forgotten the spell I had cast earlier. The noise was almost defining. Evangelina snatched my hand and pulled. She clearly wanted me to follow her. On impulse I decided that I needed more answers from the child and followed her.

Thankfully, with all of the confusion, nobody paid us any attention.

We slipped into a side door and down a set of steps and then another. Deep in the heart of the castle I started to feel my lungs open up. I didn't realize how much I needed the feeling of the caves.

Evangelina led us to a large wooden door and knocked.

"Go away, girl." The surly voice did something to my insides. I wasn't familiar with the melty feeling that came over me.

"Open up, Henry!" she insisted.

I heard the scraping of a chair against the rock floors and then the trudging of boots across the flagstone. This wasn't a small individual. I could feel the immense power radiating from the room. Later, I would ponder why I wasn't frightened by it.

But I wasn't scared, only inquisitive.

"Henry," Evangelina barked again just as the door was whipped open.

It was a giant of a man. He was bare-chested and had low slung sweats on his hips that did little to conceal the obvious blessings he had been born with. His abs looked to be cut from the same stone we were standing on. And the deep vee of his hips had my mouth watering.

My eyes kept going back to the bulge that had a hard time hiding behind the thin material. *Holy shit, this man was hung.*

He cleared his throat and my eyes snapped to his impatient ones.

It was then that I felt a zap of energy, which felt closer to a lightning bolt, surge through my body.

"Fuck," he said in a low growl. "You all had better come in."

Chapter 4 - Brad

Don't look at her tits and just respond to the summons. I could do this. The moment that I got word from Amy that she needed me. I wanted to come crashing in like a knight in shining armor. I was one once, a long time ago, so I know how a bloody hero is supposed to act.

But these days, I am not sure if I am the hero or the bad guy. My brother, Henry and I, were palace guards for the Vasile family. We were present during the massacre and were only able to save one child—a twin.

I enlisted my older sister, Helvetica, to help protect the baby, and I swore her to secrecy. Not only would she have to give up everything and go into hiding, but I didn't even want the child to know of our connection. The less the girl knew the better.

Helvetica reported to me that the child cried nonstop for days for her sister. The girls were toddlers and old enough to know that something was dreadfully wrong. I cursed and promised Veti that she would soon forget about her past, and sadly that did come to fruition.

As the years rolled forward my affection for the child grew. She was always so engaging and excited when I came to visit. For a long while I was seen as a favored uncle. That is, until she started to go through the transition.

Her body had developed her into a stunning woman. And she was emitting hormones that would make a dead man sit up and take notice. I could smell her delicious scent from miles away. An untouched virgin Lycan is something to be reckoned with.

I had to make my visits more infrequent. I suspected that Veti knew I was feeling uneasy about my attraction to the child. Thankfully she never said anything. It's not a conversation that I relish having with my sister.

My brother, Henry, remained at the palace as the captain of the guards. We needed someone with inside information that could help us keep Amy safe. When he first alerted me that Anne had come to the royal court, I waited for the fireworks to begin.

Anna and Amy's mother, the king's second wife, was a witch.

Witches were long thought dead in the area, but my family knew better. There is a coven that is hidden away so carefully that it is nearly impossible to find them. The young queen had foolishly fallen in love with the king and left their sanctity.

I considered taking the child to the coven for all of two seconds and then dismissed the idea. The witches hated the Lycans almost as much as the Lycans hated them. It was said that the young queen was officially banished when she married the king. She gave him the twins, but then went into a decline when the king was unfaithful to her.

Witches mate for life, usually more than one partner. Lycans, on the other hand, tended to have roving dicks. When it was said that another daughter was born, on the wrong side of the blanket, not six months after the twins, we weren't surprised. It was said that in grief, the queen threw herself from the highest tower.

I somehow doubted that she could have done such a thing; even in her sadness, this was completely out of character. It was more likely that she would magic his balls to hell.

The king, unphased by his wife's death, married a girl from the Draven line. He took the bastard daughter in, with no one the wiser as to who her mother may have been. She was a king's daughter and therefore must be raised with the rest of the brood.

When the attack occurred, we feared that all of the children were lost. However, there were rumors, little glimmers of hope, that perhaps one or two survived. I knew that one had lived. By the gods, I would have done anything to save them all. But it was only Amy that made it out of the fateful night.

Then, years later, Henry wrote and told me that Anne appeared at court. Not to be outdone, Rachel was discovered shortly after.

I had considered bringing Amy to court then. After all, with two of the Vasiles back in power, surely this was the time for her return. But something made me hold back.

I was glad I had when the next child was found. A girl of only seven years old, with DNA matching that of the princess and the Queen. The timelines didn't add up, nothing added up.

This had to be witchcraft. Was it the coven? Or a new evil force to be dealt with? I couldn't let Amy loose on what looked to be a ticking time-bomb. So, I waited.

You can imagine my fear when I received the urgent summons from Amy that she must see me immediately. I raced to the caves as quickly as my jet would allow, and then went through the wards and spells that Amy had concocted to keep them safe.

"Amy!" I bellowed upon entering the cavern. I could feel the emptiness and knew they were gone but my mind didn't want to believe it. "Veti, Amy!"

I went room to room looking to see if I could find them. Once in Amy's room, I caught a blue slip of paper inside the latest book I had sent her.

Dearest Master,

It is time that I face the world. Do not worry. I have Veti by my side, and a girl that looks identical to me. She and her sister have come to take me to the Lycan Royal Courts. I know what you are thinking, and you are right. This is dangerous and perhaps foolish.

However, Master, I can't continue to live in the caves forever. I know my powers are staggering, you have mentioned it several times. I also know about the bigotry toward the witches. I won't let you down, Master. I will hide that part of myself and you will see that this is a good thing.

I hate to leave without saying goodbye. So, I will only say that I miss you and hope that I will see you soon.

Best,

Amy

Fear and dread coiled in my stomach. How could she be going there? That was directly into the line of fire. I didn't spend the last eighteen years protecting her only to see Amy face the same fate as her mother.

In a blur of light, I raced out of the caves and to where the jet was waiting. I demanded that we fly for Transylvania immediately.

My servants were too well bred to gawk at the pronouncement, but I knew they were shocked. It had been a long time since we had graced their royal door. I was tapping on the arm rest when Roger approached me with a bag of blood.

"You are looking a bit pale, milord," he offered the bag.

"I was never a Lord and you know it," I said, right before sinking my teeth into the bag and drinking the delicious life-saving blood.

Roger's eyes gleamed. "No, milord, however I like the way it sounds better than Sir Knight."

I almost smiled. The man had been older when he was turned and was rocking some gray hair throughout his dark locks. I knew that the ladies fancied him, called him a Silver Fox. Even Amy seemed to adore my servant, but then, she loved everything that had to do with me.

A part of my heart leapt at the notion. But another graver chunk knew that it was only because I had been her entire world. She would now learn that I was just a blip on the horizon when compared to everyone she will now come in contact with.

If I was being truly honest, I would admit that I was terrified she would decide she didn't need me anymore.

I shook my head, banishing the thoughts from my mind. I wasn't about to let things get out of hand. I would get there and protect her. In the meantime, I just had to hope that Henry was on the job. My older brother was surly, huge, and often mistaken for a pit-bull on steroids. If anyone could keep Amy safe, it was Henry.

I just hoped that he didn't scare the shit out of her. The man had muscles upon muscles and scars on a great deal of his body. Lycans heal fast, but all of the battles that Henry had been in certainly had left their mark.

Hours later, when the jet touched down, I had barely allowed them to depressurize the cabin and open the doors before I raced out into the night, desperate to find her.

Chapter 5 - Amy

"Please tell me you are Queen Anne with a new hairstyle."

The giant of a man scowled down at me with a tight jaw and clenched fists.

I frowned, uncertain of why he was so angry. It wasn't like I had done anything to him, not yet anyway.

"I am not Queen Anne," I said with a smile that showed him I wasn't afraid of him. When you have the ability to raise people from the dead, teleport, and even fly should you so wish it—big brawny men were the least of my worries.

I turned on my heel to the girls. "Obviously, He-Man here isn't happy about our visit. Let's go."

Evangelina shook her head. "No."

She was ballsy for a kid, I had to give her credit for that.

"Amy, why are you here?" Henry growled at me. I even saw the slightest bit of fang, which to my surprise, wasn't unattractive on the man. He had taken a step back from me, almost as if he needed the distance to clear his head.

"I am here because Anna and Rachel deemed it so. And because it wasn't fair that I keep Veti locked up in the caves any longer. I am a grown woman!"

I fought not stamping a foot for emphasis, knowing full well that I would look just like a child had I done so.

"I can smell how grown up you are, there is no need to point it out." His tone was caustic and I immediately worried that I stank something fierce. It wasn't like I could do a pit check when he was glaring at me.

"Do I stink?" I hissed at the girls.

Angelica shook her head. "No, you smell fine to me."

Evangelina shrugged, "I don't smell anything."

I could literally hear Henry grinding his teeth, and it brought my gaze back to his.

"Yes?" I stood my ground. Even if I did smell bad to him, I still wouldn't back down. I didn't ask to be here, and the girls brought me here. So, he could suck it if he thought I would just cower underneath his male dominance.

Master never treated me this way.

A longing, thick and strong, washed over me as I thought of my Master and how much I missed him. Suddenly, I felt very tired.

"Fuck," Henry uttered again, turning and stomping over to a refrigerator. He yanked out a bag of blood and stormed back, shoving it into my arms. "You need to feed. Damnit woman, you can barely stand."

I wanted to retort that I was fine, thank you very much. But he was right, my body was getting weak and I needed blood. I didn't hesitate to sink my teeth into the plastic bag. But the taste that exploded in my mouth was nothing like I had ever tasted before.

Rich and thick, the coppery substance coated my mouth and sent every nerve ending into high alert. I felt my pulse quicken. My eyes dilated, and I had the strangest feeling in my lady parts. My nipples tightened until they were tight points, and they felt heavy and almost needy.

From a clinical perspective, I knew that it wasn't natural to have been launched into this state of arousal so quickly. In the next instant, I knew what I was drinking. This wasn't the blood of an animal, this was human blood, with the hormones and life-giving nutrients that would make my Lycan self into the person that it was meant to be.

I knew what the blood lust was, just as I knew how sexually charged Lycans could be when they fed. But knowing something clinically and experiencing it for yourself are two very different things. With everything sharpened around me, I sucked the bag dry and then launched myself at Henry.

For the briefest moment he was stunned, and he caught me in his arms. I started climbing him like a spider monkey, intent on sinking my fangs into his neck. Just the smell of him in the room had my desire ramped up to the fullest.

Just as my teeth grazed his neck and my fingers dug into his flesh, Evangelina cast an immobilization spell on me. I wanted to snarl and hiss like a wild animal, but I was helpless. What was even more frustrating was that I had never had someone do magic on me before.

It was very illuminating to see what having someone else take away your free will was really like. I didn't enjoy it at all. Henry was able to disentangle himself from my death grip. My eyes followed him like a snake eyeing his next meal.

His hands were shaking.

Had I scared him? That didn't seem possible. A small part of the blood lust dissipated just as the door to Henry's rooms came crashing in.

"Amy!"

I wanted to whip my head around just to see him. It was my master's voice and he sounded frantic. Everything inside of me ached to go to him. I wanted to curl up in his lap and cry. My body was a vast conflict of emotion, and I didn't understand what was going on.

Evangelina's spell started to fade and I slumped against the floor just as the Master gathered me into his arms.

"Wait!" Henry roared.

But it was too late, I had already sunk my teeth into the master's neck. I remember the taste of him touching my tongue and my eyes rolling into the back of my head from the sheer pleasure of it before everything went dark.

**

When I opened my eyes, I was tied down. My arms and legs were immobilized to each corner of the bed. I tried to wrench out of the hold, and then tried to teleport myself somewhere else, but my magic seemed dull, almost as if it were sleeping.

"Here." Henry thrust another bag of blood toward my mouth, and I immediately began to feed again. The same intense feelings of desire washed over me. I hated not having control of my body.

Once the bag was empty, I turned my head away. I could smell my master and I wanted to find him. He sat in the chair next to the bed, his eyes intent on mine but when he spoke, it was to Henry.

"I don't understand. Amy already went through the change, and Veti said it was very mild."

Henry scoffed, "You raised her on animal blood, Brad. It's like the human's going off of decaffeinated and then, jumping into straight shots of espresso. She is struggling to adapt. Where in the hell is Veti?"

Almost as if she knew she were being summoned, Veti stepped into the room.

"Oh, Amy." Her big eyes were filled with compassion as she moved toward me. Her calming hand went to my ankle, and I hate to admit that my eyes filled with tears.

"Why isn't my magic working?" I choked out.

"Henry cast a spell that would keep you safe."

I turned to the Master in confusion. "Henry is a witch?"

Henry growled angrily. "Don't go spreading that information around."

I wanted to laugh hysterically, or cry until my eyes fell out. I would be the last person that would run around telling people things. I didn't even feel comfortable in front of the others.

"Anna and Rachel are worried about you," Veti said, changing the subject. "They asked if maybe they could come and see you."

I didn't want anyone to see me like this. I had never felt so helpless in my life.

"No," I said through cracked lips. "Not until I am better."

Veti sighed. "I understand Amy, we have all been there. Hopefully this won't last for long."

I felt his hand brush against my skin and brought my watery eyes to see my master's face.

"It will be alright," he whispered. "I promise."

I had never doubted him before, but this time, I wasn't sure that even my master could make things better.

Chapter 6 - Amy

It had been a very long eight days of being restrained to a bed. I had come to know Henry's scent almost as well as my master's. Actually, strike that, I was to call him Brad now. Everything seemed so strange now. My senses were heightened to an uncomfortable degree.

I heard things that were happening clear throughout the castle. Obviously, the nights were the worst. I could tell stories about the inhabitants that would curl your toes. Anna and Rachel were some of the worst offenders. It was as if the perfect world that I had lived in with Veti and Master never existed.

Now, I was shoved into an alternate reality where I was constantly battling with my body. It seemed to have a mind of its own.

I finally broke down on day three and allowed Rachel and Anna to see me. They entertained me with their stories of how it went when they turned. I was grateful for their compassion and kindness. As well as highly entertained by some of their antics. Rachel and Anna assured me that this would pass. But my building attraction for Henry, would that pass?

I felt the same love in my heart for Brad, which only served to confuse me even further.

"Here," Henry shoved another bag of blood toward me.

"Your bedside manner leaves something to be desired," I grumbled before drinking.

The corner of his lip twitched. "You aren't anything like I expected you to be."

I cocked an eyebrow. With the bag of blood still being held to my mouth, I am sure that I looked rather attractive, like a psychopath.

When my fangs rescinded, I asked, "What are you talking about?"

He shrugged.

My eyes couldn't help but devour the way his muscles rippled beneath his thin t-shirt. His rugged appeal had a wet heat gathering between my thighs. I knew he smelled my arousal by the way his nostrils flared. Thankfully he was too much of a gentleman to comment on it.

That, and it was always there when he was near me. I just couldn't help it. He affected me in a primal way that I didn't at all understand.

"What did you expect?" I pushed. "Someone that would do anything she was asked?"

He smiled at this, and I caught a glimpse of those perfect white teeth.

"No, you are definitely not one to do what she is asked. In fact, I would say you are one to go out of her way to be difficult. It's just not how Brad described you to me."

I eyed the great hulking man. "You and Brad talked about me?"

His tone was indifferent. "We saved you from death. I wanted to know if you were doing alright. And I worried that our sister might not be the best caregiver."

I felt a flash of injustice for Veti. "She was the best…"

His finger brushed against my lips and the sentence died off.

"She did an amazing job. I was wrong."

Any fire I had behind the indignation slipped out of me.

"Do you think we could do something besides tying me up?"

Once the words were out, I realized that they had a hint of sexual tension. Or perhaps that was just the real sexual tension that I was feeling in the room. In that moment, I could picture all of the ways that I wanted him to do something to me. Something naughty and altogether sensual—damnit I needed to clear my head.

"I meant!" I cleared my throat. "We can put this bed to better uses than this."

His eyes widened.

Damn it.

Fuck!

"No, that wasn't at all what I meant!" I protested just as the sexiest smirk I have ever seen slipped onto his chiseled face.

"Amy, you know I can't fuck you, right?"

Kill me now. I needed lightning to come into the room and strike me dead. I have never been so mortified in my life.

"I didn't ask you to." I grumbled, averting my eyes from his gaze.

At this comment he laughed.

I wasn't sure that there had ever been a time when I felt more stupid than at this moment.

"You did."

His shit eating grin had me thrashing against the restraints.

"Yeah, you wish!"

My face was hotter than the sun, and I turned away so he couldn't see just how embarrassed I was.

Henry's voice was surprisingly gentle when I felt the first wrist being untied. The prickly sensation of the blood returning to my limbs kept me from talking.

"For the record," his voice was low. "It's not because I don't want to. Because I can think of little else since you arrived. But I can't, I just can't."

It took me a minute to register what he was talking about.

Did that mean he wanted to fuck me? I felt the fire in my belly blazing into an inferno.

The next time Henry spoke it wasn't in the soft secret tones of lovers, but in that bracing manner of his that brooks no argument.

"We will keep your feet tied for a moment while you sit up and get acclimated. Brad will soon be here to keep you company."

I felt a true stabbing feeling and felt as though I had somehow cheated on him, which was beyond ridiculous.

Brad was the one I loved. *I have always loved him—haven't I?*

The question was staggering.

I was angry at myself for even considering something different. We were meant to be together, for now and always. That was how life made sense.

There was a slight knock and then the door swung open.

"Good morning, Sweetheart."

The fresh musky scent of him washed over me. I knew that smell almost as well as I knew my own. Brad was here, and he would make all of the awkwardness go away.

"Hi Brad," I said shyly, ignoring the brutish way that Henry snorted behind me.

"Everything okay here?" he asked, looking over to Henry with a frown.

Henry turned his back and started fidgeting with things on his desk. I wished for the millionth time that I could have gone through this somewhere else. I hated being an imposition to Henry. He already didn't like me. I didn't need to supply the ammunition.

"Everything is great. I have my wrists unlocked. Do you want to play a game?"

Brad' face lit, and I loved his expression so much that I wanted to take a picture and keep it with me always.

Chapter 7 - Amy

The first day of freedom and I felt like a new colt stumbling about on my spindly legs. My senses were in overdrive as I got my first real glimpse of the castle, and it was glorious.

The gardens were an elaborate mixture of perfectly manicured hedges and razor-sharp greens. The fragrance from the flowers tickled my nose as the sun warmed my skin.

In the month that I had been in the Lycan royal court, I had been strapped to a bed in the bowels of the castle and placed on house arrest until I learned to control my cravings and my transition into the beast. I had also been assigned the two hottest men in existence to guard my every move.

Not to mention that I was in love with one of them and confused by my growing feelings for the other. I clearly didn't have a handle on all thing's Lycan.

However, all was not lost; now that I was granted freedom, my magic had been restored to me.

I moved my fingers experimentally and felt the electric sparks indicating that it was ready and willing to do my bidding. I had missed my magic just as one would miss a limb if it were removed.

"Don't do anything you might regret," Henry admonished as he reached out to touch my arm. "Ouch!"

He jerked back as I accidentally zapped him.

I turned abruptly and grabbed his shirt, zapping him again.

"Fuck! Ouch!"

"What are you doing?" Brad' arms went to my shoulders as he pulled me back against his chest.

I felt the magic still running uneasily inside of me.

Henry's hair was a little mussed and possibly smoking. His eyes were thunderous. I sank into Brad and heard his soft groan as my ass met up with the fly of his pants.

"I'm sorry!" I swallowed hard, "I really didn't mean to. I think my magic needs a release; it's been restrained for too long."

The light in Henry's eyes softened, and it dawned on me that he probably thought I was attacking him.

I heard Brad' soft chuckle and it was like kryptonite. With his body around mine and his chin resting on the top of my head I felt safe and protected. But there was also the swift desire that raced through me.

I blushed and pushed out of his arms.

Henry rubbed his large hand over his face and looked away. "Are you wearing a bra?"

I looked down at the same time Brad did and saw my nipples pressing firmly against the thin material of my shirt. A wave of embarrassment swept over me, and I automatically looked up into Brad' face. His eyes had dilated, and I knew if he opened his mouth, I would see a bit of fang.

I wrapped my arms across my chest. "I don't like bras."

While strictly speaking, this statement was true, it wasn't the reason I didn't have one on. I felt like the bras that I brought with me were too small. I had grown at least half a cup size in my second transitioning. It was like going through puberty twice.

My hips were a little curvier, and my breasts were definitely fuller. I had managed to hide some of the changes by wearing an oversized shirt. But I couldn't force myself to wear the bra that cut into my skin and barely covered anything.

"Amy, it is so very good to see you out and about." Oblivious of our awkwardness, Rachel approached our trio with her three handsome mates in tow.

I smiled through clenched teeth, "It is nice to have a bit of freedom."

Rachel's eyes searched my face for a long moment. "Trust me, I of all people understand. Listen, I hate to be rude, but can I borrow Amy for a moment?"

I could sense Henry and Brad stiffen. *Did they honestly think that Rachel would harm me?*

"Sure," I answered for them, and followed as she led me down a soft path to a bench that we could sit on.

"How are you feeling?" she asked, the concern evident in her eyes.

My hands were still shaking. "I feel like a bolt of electricity, dangerous and unpredictable."

She nodded understandingly and didn't attempt to touch me.

"I have always thought that we needed some type of gazebo there near the lake," she said in an offhand manner.

I blinked trying to keep up with the change of subject. I followed her gaze to the spot she had been indicating and thought about what I would do.

I smiled to myself when it dawned on me what she was doing. Unfolding my hands from my chest, I pointed to where she had indicated, and a white gazebo appeared.

"It is lovely," she said, tipping her head to the side, considering. "But perhaps something bigger?"

This time a broad smile crossed my lips, and I let my imagination run wild. The white gazebo disappeared, and in its place marble columns grew from a large platform. The fretwork was as intricate as it was unusual, as the patterns inside my mind began to take shape. Copper lined the roof to its majestic peaks, and bright throw pillows appeared on the marble benches.

Rachel laughed in sheer delight. "You really have a gift, don't you?"

I turned to her. How could she have known what I needed? I didn't know how to voice the questions inside of me.

"I know that you feel like a fish out of water," she began. "I felt much the same way, and I had already lived in the outside world before coming here. I want to help you. I can see that you are uncomfortable with how the human blood has affected your body."

So much for hiding things. I felt my cheeks heat.

Rachel's eyes were kind. "I have always been a little curvy. Let me help you make this transition a little easier. I know clothes, and with your talents to make anything appear we can figure out something that will make you feel more at home."

"Why are you being so nice to me?" The question was out before I could stop it.

She smiled softly. "I know how important it is to belong. I also know what it's like to have your life ripped apart. Even now, my adoptive parents are missing and possibly dead. I hate how the worry eats at my insides while the grief threatens to drown me."

"I heard a little about your parents. They are with the Alliance?" I asked.

Rachel had explained to me how she and Anna were both raised as human children. "There was a Lycan named Sven that was working with the Alliance. A scientist and physician, he was trying to find a way to change Lycans back into humans. He was Evangelina's brother."

My eyes widened. "The one she said was dead?"

It was Rachel's turn to be surprised. "She knows?"

"She suspects," I corrected. "I think you should be honest with her. She is a bright child and will resent it if you keep things hidden."

Rachel bit her lip. "You are right, I hate the secrets and lies as well."

I looked up to where Brad and Henry were talking with Rachel's mates. Both of them were staring at me.

Rachel followed my gaze. "Anything I should know about?"

I choked on my own spit. Sputtering, I muttered, "No, why?"

She laughed; the sound was carefree and put a smile on my face.

"Let's get your clothing all sorted." Standing, she offered me a hand.

I worried for a moment that I would zap her just like I had Henry. But as I tentatively took her hand, I only felt the warmth and love coming from her friendship. She had been right in getting me to use some power. I felt like I had better control of myself.

Before we left the bench, I whispered to her, "After that, we are going for your parents."

I felt her falter for a brief second before a wide smile crossed her face.

"Deal." She grinned at me, and I knew that I had found my first friend.

Chapter 8 - Amy

"Are you sure this looks okay on me?"

I had a hard time recognizing myself in the mirror. The ill-fitting clothes and messy bun were gone and in its place was a rather nice-looking young woman. My platinum blonde hair hung down my back in soft waves. The red pencil skirt fit my new curves like a glove. The silky black top was a perfect match for the black ankle boots that she insisted I wear.

"Okay?" Anna laughed from where she was sitting across the room. "That doesn't begin to describe how amazing you look."

I frowned. "You have to say that; you share my face."

Anna winked at me and went back to her magazine.

"You look incredible," Rachel answered. "I can't wait to show you off to Henry and Brad."

A flush stained my cheeks.

"What makes you think I care what they say?" My words were bold, but my blush said otherwise. Rachel and Anna gave each other a knowing glance.

"We have been there," Anna said finally. "How are you feeling?"

I shrugged. "Better; I haven't attacked anyone."

Rachel picked up a dress that I had tried on and hung it up in the closet. As she returned, Rachel grinned at me and said, "We know all about being the resident virgin Lycan, it's the worst."

I sighed and nodded. "It was like I had to go through Lycan puberty twice. I had no idea that human blood would make such a difference."

Even though I knew that one day I would transition into a fully-fledged Lycan, I found myself getting caught up in the world's view of what a Lycan would be. I must have asked Veti a hundred times if I would grow cold and my heart would stop beating. I wondered if I would sparkle and even questioned if one of the reasons, we stayed in the caves so much was because she couldn't be in the sun.

Once I was older and learned the science behind being a Lycan it became much less romantic. I suppose that there are some incredible trade-offs. Our speed, enhanced senses, superhuman abilities, and immortality were hard to beat.

But in some ways, we were hopelessly flawed. Because of our rapid regeneration, our bodies can't keep up the blood supply. In short, we don't make enough blood to survive on our own. It seemed very black and white.

So never in a million years had I imagined the intense feelings that came along with drinking human blood versus animal blood. I felt on edge, not out of control as I had been at the beginning. But I wanted something, and I had a good idea of what that might be.

"So, what do you suggest?" I turned from the mirror to face them. "Should I just do the deed and get it out of the way?"

"No!" Anna looked horrified.

Rachel was shaking her head as well. "Amy, there are some intense things that come along with your first time. Besides, we have magic in our blood. If you don't pick the right person, you could end up mated to someone you don't like."

I wondered if Henry had ever done the deed. Then, I scoffed at my own stupidity. Of course, he had, there is no way that he had been a Lycan this long without it. But he had magic in his veins just like I did. Was he already mated to someone?

The thought made my stomach turn and I felt like hitting something.

"What's wrong?" Anna asked, sitting forward once she saw my clenched jaw.

I fought to regulate my emotions. "Nothing, I just don't like the position this places me in."

She looked like she wanted to argue with me, but she held her tongue. The truth was that I felt angry and disloyal to Brad. I still thought of him as my Master, and I wished that he would be a true master to me.

There was something that my new sisters didn't know about me. I loved to read. Being secluded in a cave for your entire life means that you learn to entertain yourself. Romance was by and large my favorite genre, but in that, I loved to read about dominants and their submissive. Every time I called Brad my master, I thought about what it would mean if he really were to dominate me sexually. As powerful as I knew myself to be, the thought of giving up control intrigued me. Brad had always been the main focus of my fantasies.

However, I was starting to see a new star player in my mind, and it bothered me for a myriad of reasons. First, because I had no claim on either of them, so there was no reason to feel guilt over relationships that existed in my head. Second, because it was likely that neither man would want anything to do with me.

I felt like the bubble I had been living in up until my sisters had come to the cave had popped. And in the aftermath, I was finding that nothing was what I had made it out to be.

Rachel moved closer to me and took my hand. "What are you thinking about to make you look so sad?"

I shrugged noncommittally. "I suppose there have been a lot of changes that I am getting used to."

Anna came to my other side. "Let's go show you off. We have a royal council meeting and we want you to be a part of it."

I took a step back, faltering in my suede ankle boots. "I don't know anything about Lycan politics."

Anna's eyes were intent on mine. "We don't expect you to solve the problems of our world, Amy. But you are our sister and have every right to be there. You don't have to say anything at all. Henry will be there as the captain of the Lycan guard. If you want, we can include Brad in this meeting as well."

I did want that. For some reason it seemed right that if Henry was there, Brad and I should be as well.

**

We walked into the room just as Brad had been about to sit down.

He missed the chair and landed on his ass.

While there was a flurry of movement from some of the others to check on Brad, Henry didn't move a muscle. Standing tall and proud, his gaze locked on mine the moment the three of us entered, and I felt the heat from his stare.

I could smell the different scents of the members of the council. But none were as prevalent as Brad and Henry. I wanted to go to them and found my feet doing that very thing. Before I could stop myself, my hand was tucked into Henry's.

Rachel was trying to suppress a smile as she slipped into her seat next to Adrian and Alden. Anna's eyes danced with what could only be described as a big fat 'I told you so' expression.

Brad, now off the floor, moved toward me. I went to let go of Henry's hand, but Henry only tightened his grip. Brad looked at Henry with a scowl on his face, but he didn't say anything, only chose to stand on my other side.

Anna called out to a servant to arrange a spot with three chairs. The other members of the council were staring at us with rapt expressions.

Anna promptly called the meeting to order and they discussed the Alliance, Rachel's parents, and problems in court. I found myself enjoying the intrigue and even offered my opinion on a miniscule point. Anna and Rachel had warned me that I wasn't to disclose my magic, even to the council. And Henry had also given me a warning about sharing my witch side.

Which is why when the objects in the room started to levitate and spin, I sort of freaked out a little.

The thing was, I wasn't the one causing the disturbance, and it wasn't Henry either.

Chapter 9 - Amy

The door crashed against the wall as Angelica raced into the room, horror in her eyes.

"Something is wrong with Evie! You have to come right now!"

I was out of my seat in a flash with Henry and Brad close behind me. Angelica hadn't waited for a response. She spun on her heel and raced back toward the nursery where she and Evie had been playing. With my new speed I easily passed her on the stairs and was at Evie's side in a matter of seconds.

The child was convulsing, her eyes rolled back and her body stiff as it shook. I tried to remember the few things I had read about what to do when someone was having a seizure. *Did you turn them on their side? Was I supposed to make sure she didn't swallow her tongue?*

Suddenly she stopped. Anna and Rachel were at my side and we stared at the pale little girl. Her eyes flashed open and a voice that sounded nothing like the Evie we knew came out of it.

"You have three days," the low rasp sent prickles of fear up my spine. "In three days' time, if you do not surrender the crown, your loved ones will be dead. You have been warned."

There was an outcry from many of the council members who had followed us into the nursery.

"Witchcraft!"

"She is tainted!"

"Do not touch her!"

"The child is poisoned!"

I wasn't sure who removed them from the room, but I had a fair idea that it was Rachel and Anne's mates. The click of the lock barely registered for me as I continued to stare down at Evie. She was starting to come out of the trance. I wasn't sure I had ever seen anyone that pale unless they were dead.

Being a necromancer, I knew a thing or two about death. And I could feel the sticky fingers of her grasp on the child. Someone was saying my name, but I ignored them. Sinking to my knees, I took the child's hand in mine. I could feel her faint pulse and saw the terror in her eyes.

Her magic was waning with her life force. I closed my eyes and willed her spirit back into her body. I felt death's anger, she never liked to be thwarted, but I ignored it. When my eyes opened again Evie was pink cheeked and ready to sit up.

"How did you do that?"

Henry's arms wrapped around me and he yanked me back against his chest. Brad was in my face, the look of worry making my heart ache.

Veti's voice came from the other side of the locked door. She was screaming something, but I couldn't make out the words. I needed to feed. It was imperative that I got blood or death's grasp would just as easily latch onto me.

Locked in Henry's arms, I struggled to get free, but my senses were dulled. I had used a lot of magic and given part of my life force to complete the spell. Usually bringing someone back was more akin to stubbing my toe. Whatever had its grasp on Evie was dark and powerful, far more than just death sneaking in.

My head fell back against Henry's chest, the smell of him filling my senses. I did the only thing that I could do to survive. Turning my head, I sank my fangs into his neck, the blood coating my mouth and tongue.

I felt a tremendous surge of endorphins, followed by the most intense pleasure I had ever experienced. My pussy throbbed, and I felt almost as though I could come at any moment. His arms had become like vices around me, and I felt his massive erection against my backside. I rubbed my ass against it and felt the trembling of my orgasm starting to tear through me.

Never had anything been so powerful, so overwhelming. I loosened my jaw and released Henry's flesh as my body shook, the intense desire literally making my knees buckle. Henry's arms were the only thing keeping me from becoming a puddle on the floor.

"Holy fucking hell," Brad muttered, and I looked up to see him staring back at me with wide eyes, the hurt evident in them.

I looked around the room, but everyone else had vanished, even Evie was taken away. Only the three of us remained, and it couldn't have been more strained had I drained Henry.

"I am sorry." The words tumbled from my lips and I saw Brad flinch as I reached out to him.

In the next moment he was gone, only a blur of light indicating which direction he took. I don't know of a time when I had ever felt so terrible. I had hurt the one person who had always meant the world to me.

I didn't even realize I was crying until Henry had scooped me into his arms and carried me to a rocking chair. He held me tightly against his chest as I cried for all of the things that I didn't understand. I wasn't sure what I was feeling or if it was just the bloodlust that accompanied great doses of magic.

I had taken for granted all of the times I had done something like this before. Veti had always been there to bring me blood, and it hadn't been a big deal.

This time I had sunk my fangs into someone else. Not only that, but I had experienced my first taste of sexual satisfaction and my body was aching for more. My breasts felt tight and heavy, my core was soaking wet, and my skin felt electrified.

"Sweet Amy, if you continue to look at me like that, we are both going to be in a world of trouble."

Henry's raspy voice brought me back to the present. I had been staring. I loved the sexy stubble on his chin, and the way his body cradled mine. He was solid muscle and I felt safe and secure in his arms. But there was something more. I felt cared for.

"I hurt Brad," I said, my voice catching on a sob.

He blew out a soft breath before leaning down to kiss my forehead.

"Brad is a grown man. He will work out his own demons. You did what you needed to survive, don't apologize for that."

"Is it always like that?" I whispered, turning my face into his shoulder.

"Like what?" he nudged me until I turned my eyes back to his.

I could feel the heat of my cheeks burning as I replied, "Intense."

Small crinkles appeared at the corners of his eyes. "Sometimes it is far more."

I couldn't hold his gaze as I considered what *far more* might entail. I literally was out of my league with everything that had happened. I looked up at the gash that had started to heal on his neck. I should have licked the wound closed. Either way, he would heal, but at least he wouldn't have bled so much. I felt like a naughty child.

"I really messed that up." I tried to push my way out of his arms, but he held me firmly. "I want to get down."

"I am not ready to release you," came his quick reply to which I scowled and pushed again.

"Henry," I said with a warning tone.

"Amy," he mocked, just as serious.

"Is there a reason you won't release me?" I growled.

He nodded.

"Care to share it?"

Again, the crinkles appeared at his eyes, and I was momentarily transfixed by the sheer masculine beauty that he exuded. Men shouldn't be so damned attractive, it was distracting.

I saw his lips begin to curl up.

"You are something else, Sweet Amy."

I had no idea what that meant or how I was supposed to respond to it. Just when I thought that he would never tell me why he insisted on holding on to me he spoke.

"I felt you transfer your life source to the child. I have never been more terrified of anything in my life. The thought of you dying, I just…"

He broke off, his voice husky.

"Just let me hold you a moment longer."

And so, we stayed like that for several long moments. It wasn't until I heard a knocking at the door and Veti calling my name that I did push out of his arms.

She raced to me with a pouch of blood and handed another one to Henry.

"You must come," Veti insisted. "The council are threatening to revolt; Anna and Rachel need you."

And with that, Henry and I raced from the room.

Chapter 10 - Amy

Thankfully by the time we got there Evangelina had everything under control. And by that, I mean that she literally froze everyone, much like I had when we first arrived at court.

"We can't keep doing this," Henry growled. I wasn't sure who he was addressing, Evangelina or me, but he was right. They were going to notice that things weren't measuring up timewise. However, it was a brilliant solution to a sticky situation, and I didn't mind telling Evangelina that.

"You have to be the coolest kid I have ever met."

Her eyes sparkled. "Thanks, you aren't so bad yourself, Amy."

Henry went over and touched Anna and Rachel, releasing them from the spell.

"What on earth?" Rachel flinched looking around and then realized that everyone was frozen mid rant. "I can see the spittle frozen next to this guy's mouth."

"Eww!" Evangelina laughed, and I couldn't help the snicker that escaped my lips.

"We don't have a long time," Henry reminded us. "Let's get you all out of here."

"Or we could do a memory spell and erase their memories," I suggested.

Everyone around me starred like I had just announced my undies were on fire or something.

"What?" I wrapped my arms around my waist self-consciously. "Stop staring at me."

"The level of skill that it would take," Henry trailed off shaking his head. "I just don't think it would be possible."

"I think you should try it," Rachel encouraged.

"Maybe it would be too much on my own," I agreed. "But I didn't intend to do it on my own."

Rachel squealed with excitement and Anna grinned at me.

"That is an excellent idea, Amy!" She winked at me before turning a raised brow to Henry. He obviously wasn't going to go against the queen of Lycans, even though I knew he wanted to argue.

In the end it was much easier to accomplish than even I had imagined. We joined hands and I felt the magic thrumming between us. The pulse hammering in my veins and made me feel alive. We cast a forgetting spell on everyone that was non-magical. As the words were being said I felt some measure of guilt.

I knew that Anna and Rachel's mates wouldn't remember everything, and neither would Brad. He still hadn't returned, and I was beginning to worry. This was more than compulsion; this was literally ripping things from their memories.

The last thing we needed was a revolt within the Lycans when the Alliance was already breathing down our necks.

We broke hands and suddenly the room erupted into sound as the people looked around in confusion.

"Amy!"

I turned to see Brad rushing toward me. I couldn't help the butterflies that danced around in my stomach at the sight of him. I loved the way his brows arched, and the rough edge of his jaw made my fingers itch to touch the stumble there. He was impossibly handsome, and I was sure I would never get tired of seeing him.

"Amy, I was in the garden and it reminded me that I promised to take you out on a walk."

I flushed with excitement. "Is now okay?"

He laughed, reaching out his hand to me. "Now is perfect."

I saw the sly wink from Anna and Rachel's big smile. And I tried to ignore the way that Henry scowled. I didn't want to disappoint Henry. I would have liked them both to take me. But I wasn't sure how either brother would respond to such an invitation.

Brad wrapped his large hand around mine and led me down the hallway. We went down a set of stairs and in moments were walking across the lawn and toward the gardens.

Everywhere I went people stared at me. Anna and Rachel already explained it was because of my scent. It was horribly embarrassing to know that everyone knew I had never had sex before. What was worse, was the way that many of them looked at me like they wanted to jump me right there and then.

After passing a particularly leering gentleman, I tugged Brad' hand and walked down a path that led toward the mazes.

"I am not really familiar with the maze, Amy. I would hate to get you lost in there."

The thought of being lost with Brad sounded just about perfect at that moment.

"Don't worry about it." I gave him a shy smile. "I will protect you from any monsters we might find in there."

He laughed. "I am supposed to protect you."

"Because I am a girl?" I pretended indignation.

Brad looked startled, "No! Because I have been doing that since you were a little girl."

I stopped, right there in the middle of the pathway. Brad turned and looked at me questioningly.

"You know that I am not a little girl anymore."

He blinked and nodded. "Of course."

I shook my head and took a step closer to him.

Brad took a step back and cleared his throat. "It's not like you are still a little girl. I know that, Amy. I am well aware that you are a woman."

I took another step closer and loved the way his eye widened. Brad' back hit the hedge, he was cornered, and I wasn't backing down. Another step closer and the sexual tension heightened.

"Um, so did you want to talk about something in particular?" he asked, voice nearly cracking in the process.

He really was so stinking adorable, and I probably should have felt bad for being such a predator. But I didn't. Brad was a big boy that could take care of himself. And there was a large part of me that wanted to know just how big of a boy he was.

I bit my lip and moved closer so that there was barely an inch between us. If I leaned the slightest bit forward my breasts would brush his chest.

"Amy?" his voice wavered but his eyes were glued to my lips.

"Us," I said huskily.

'What?" he practically croaked.

I took the final step, sealing my body against his firm one. The bulge in his pants was very apparent and I couldn't help the sexy smirk that crossed my face.

My hands went up his chest, and I enjoyed the way his breathing hitched. I settled my weight against him, flattening my breasts and rubbing slighting against his hard cock.

"You asked what I wanted to talk about," I answered. "The answer is us."

"Us?" he was reduced to repeating me, and I knew that I needed to put the poor man out of his misery.

I went to step back, but before I could do so, his arms clamped around me and his lips crashed into mine.

Chapter 11 - Brad

I knew it was a bad idea the moment we stepped into the maze. There was something different about the way that Amy looked at me. I think it's fairly impossible to say that I ever would get over her adoring gaze as it caressed my face. However, this was different. The look she gave me was carnal and full of intent.

The smell of the flowers faded into the background until all I could smell was Amy. Her long blonde hair ruffled in the breeze, making my gut tighten. Her brown eyes, with the flecks of gold in them, began to shine and I caught just the faintest hint of fang.

A good man would have backed away. A better man wouldn't put himself into these situations in the first place. I, however, was neither good nor better. I was desperate to feel her lips against mine. I longed to have her body writhing beneath me, straddling me, and if I was being totally honest, kneeling before me.

It was wrong, I knew it as much as I knew that I was about to do something that would change our relationship forever.

She took a step closer to me and I backed up, feeling the hedge against my shoulder blades. I could see that she felt I was trapped, and she liked it. I loved the playfulness in her, the way her eyes narrowed, and her cheeks flushed.

I hardly knew what she was saying as she advanced toward me. My body continued to tighten and react as she came closer and closer until I could feel the soft mounds of her breasts against my chest.

A flicker of uncertainty crossed her face, and I knew in that instant that she was about to back away.

Fuck no.

I wrapped my arms around her, trapping her against me, and kissed her. This was not the kiss of a doting caregiver. I kissed Amy the way I had been longing to. Pressing her even tighter against my chest, I lifted her so that her feet left the ground and dangled in mid-air as I coaxed her lips open.

Her fingers tangled in my hair, tugging and making me yearn to be sweaty and naked together. Her body was compliant, a born submissive. I shook the thought away. There were more reasons why Amy and I could never be together. I had certain tastes, needs that would frighten her.

The truth was that as much as I loved her, and make no mistake, I loved Amy, and I didn't want to ruin her. Her bright vibrant soul would be shattered beneath me, and I wouldn't do that to her. The right thing to do would be to pull away.

And yet when her tongue hesitantly snuck out to touch mine, I knew that walking away was the last thing that I could ever do.

Amy moaned deep in her throat, causing me to angle my head so that I could deepen the kiss even further. Her legs came up and wrapped around my waist, and my hands went down to cup her perfect ass. I squeezed the firm globes and pictured my cock sliding between her cheeks.

I had always been an ass man, and there was none finer than Amy's. She rocked her hips forward against my abs and I gripped her even more firmly.

Things were getting out of control. I should stop them, needed to stop them. And yet, the thought of ending this perfect moment was hideous to me. I sank down to my knees, taking my perfect girl with me. My lips tore away from hers and I kissed along her jaw and grazed my incisors against the soft flesh of her neck.

I wanted her so badly that my cock felt like it would explode. But this wasn't about me, this was about Amy. My hands came up and slipped underneath her shirt to graze the lacy fabric cupping her amazing tits.

Amy gasped, and her head lolled back on her shoulders. The way she was exposing her neck, the vulnerability of it, literally would have brought me to my knees if I wasn't already there.

I ran my fingertips over her rock-hard nipples and growled when she shuddered in my arms.

"Please," she rasped, not even truly understanding what she was asking for.

But I knew what she needed. I wasn't about to take her in the maze, but I could make her feel good. I could ease the ache that I knew would be building inside of her.

I gently removed her shirt and slid the straps of her bra down her shoulders. Her teardrop shaped tits stood proudly, the tips begging for my hands, mouth and tongue. I was lost to the moment. I needed to taste her more than I needed blood to survive.

Dipping my head, I took one of her breasts into my hands and then gently licked the hard nipple with my tongue.

Her gasp was loud and harsh as she thrust her breast, arching her back to silently beg for more. She was perfect, every response, every move that she made was as if she were created just for me.

I licked and sucked on her nipple, causing the small berry shaped tip to become so hard that I knew she was close to coming. She ground her hips into my erection and even through both of our pants I could feel her wet heat. I moved to the other nipple, paying it every bit as much of attention as the first and loving the way she cried out in passion.

My fingers snuck down her flat stomach and I undid the clasp of her pants, loving the hiss of need and the way her fingernails dug into my arms. The front panel of her panties were completely soaked.

"Fuck, baby, you are so wet."

She moaned rocking her hips even faster. "Please, Brad, I need…"

She trailed off, but I knew full well what she needed.

I slipped a finger inside the elastic band of her panties and felt the slick heat of her arousal. Her keening cry let me know that just the slightest touch would send her flying.

"Please, Brad," she whimpered, "Master…"

She had no idea what that did to me. Every time she used it, I could see her naked kneeling in front of me and waiting for my command. I began to stroke her swollen pussy. When I found the tight bundle of nerves that was begging for my touch, I rubbed small circles until she could no longer hold back.

I saw her teeth moments before they latched onto my neck. It was dangerous to let her feed from me. It only strengthened the bond between us. But as she sucked, and I felt my own release racing toward me, I really didn't give a fuck.

She shattered in my arms, her body shaking so hard that she dislodged her teeth from my neck. I couldn't have stopped myself from coming if my life depended on it. This was a first for me since I was a young boy, coming in my pants. And yet the whole thing was raw and beautiful, especially Amy, she was exquisite.

"What the fuck?"

I looked up to see a very angry Henry glaring down at us.

Amy blinked, sated and woozy from her release.

"Brad, we need to talk," he said through gritted teeth.

And he was right, we did. I knew that I shouldn't have touched her, but now that I had, I wouldn't be letting her go.

Chapter 12 - Amy

"Amy! We have been looking for you everywhere. Anna thinks she has found the spell that can locate my parents."

I glanced at Rachel and Anne who were clutching an old spell book in their hands. My emotions were all over the place. For a moment there, I worried that Henry might strike Brad or vice versa. And Brad didn't even remember that I had already tasted Henry's blood and wanted to again.

The last thing that I wanted to do was to come between the brothers. I needed to stay away from both of them, and Anna and Rachel were the perfect distraction.

"I will come with you," I moved deftly to their side and clutched at Rachel's arm.

Her brow raised, and I knew that she smelled the desire that still lingered in the air from before. Anna placed an arm around me, and they both ushered me out of the area. By the time we got back to the castle and went directly to the queen's private rooms, the girls were bursting with questions.

I wasn't going to say anything, but apparently our love triangle was the topic of conversation throughout the castle. If I was mortified before, it didn't hold a candle to what I felt hearing this news.

"It doesn't matter," I said firmly. "There is nothing permanent between any of us."

"Yet," Anna added with a pointed look at my flushed cheeks. "There is nothing permanent yet. Leave Henry and Brad to work things out for themselves, they will come to their senses."

If anything, my embarrassment rose. I had seen porn and knew the mechanics of sexual intercourse, but that was nothing compared to the feelings that erupted inside of me when I was held by Henry or Brad. I was a complete novice, and it seemed that my mind went blank when these situations presented themselves.

"Can I ask you something, Rachel?" I blurted the question out, knowing that she would be the best one to help in this instance.

Her brows knit together. "Of course, ask me anything."

"How did your three mates come to the agreement, err, how did you?" I wasn't even sure how to ask the question. Thankfully Rachel took pity on me and answered.

"At first there was some jealousy and even fighting. I felt terrible, as if I were splitting the brothers up."

A wave of relief washed over me, that was precisely how I felt. "What did you do?"

She reached over and took my hand. "You probably don't want to hear this, but it has to be something that Henry and Brad will decide for themselves. I wish I could make it easier for you, but some things in life are difficult no matter what you do."

My heart sank. "I don't want to come between them."

Anna came to sit beside me. "If they are meant to be yours, nothing will keep you apart."

Doubts and fear crept into my thoughts. "What if they aren't meant to be? I feel like I have loved Brad forever. But this thing with Henry is intense and overpowering, and so terribly new. The thought of losing either one makes me physically ill. But the thought of hurting either of them makes it so much worse."

"My mother once told me that every time you go through something difficult it helps to shape who you are. We all start out as this cold lump of clay, but as we face trials and hardships, pieces of the clay are stripped away. We might feel as if we are losing ourselves, but the truth is that the beauty is in the creation. Throughout the process of being carved at, tossed into the fire, and forced to prove our strength, we discover what we were truly meant to be. Without it, we would remain the cold lump of clay."

I swallowed. "Your mother sounds like a wonderful person, Rachel."

Rachel's eyes glittered with something that suspiciously looked like tears. "She is."

"Where is that spell?" I said changing the subject.

Anna placed the book into my hands, and I read through it.

"I don't see why it wouldn't work. Did you bring something along that belonged to your mother or father?"

Rachel pulled out a necklace from beneath her shirt. The old carvings in the gold showed a family crest. "This was my mother's."

With a sigh, I reached out my hands to clasp them with Anna and Rachel. "I will perform the spell. Are you both ready for this?"

"I am!" a much younger voice chirped up from underneath the bed.

"Eva? Angie!" Anna's voice was stern. I liked the nicknames that she called them.

"We could use Eva's magic to assist us," I said.

Eva grinned at me. "You are my favorite."

Rachel rolled her eyes. "I thought I was your favorite for not making you wear the fancy pants clothes that Nurse insisted on."

Angie wrinkled her nose. "I can't believe that you forced us to have a governess, this isn't Victorian England."

Anna grumbled something about the younger girls needing stricter companions but didn't ask them to leave, which I was thankful for.

"Let's do this!" I winked at the girls and held out a hand for Eva to grasp. We didn't know yet if Angie would have any magic in her, but she was our sister and that counted enough for me.

I whispered the words to the spell and felt the dimension that we were in shift slightly, allowing for our bodies to leave the current existence and fly through space and time to where Rachel's parents were being held captive.

The spell was working perfectly, and everything seemed to be going according to plan. The usual feeling of being tossed and turned settled over me. Anna looked green and I worried that she would once again hurl at our feet.

A jarring movement caught me off guard as we landed inside what could only be described as a suburban family home. Not that I knew much about suburbia.

"Where are we?" Angie whispered.

"Home," Rachel answered in a choked voice. The color had been stripped from her cheeks as she looked at the couch where two individuals sat unearthly still.

"Are they…" Eva's voice trailed off in horror.

"Maybe, but not for long," I answered, disengaging my hands and walking over to where what I could only assume were the bodies of Clark and Jenny Spark.

Rachel sank to her knees in anguish, the sound coming from her throat unlike anything I had ever heard before. It was tortured and terrible. I didn't think before reaching out to touch the two dead bodies. They looked fresh enough and I figured that it was worth a shot.

The longer a body went without a soul the harder it was for the soul to find it again. I knew how to guide the spirits back. I had done it with Anna and Rachel and several others besides. I felt their cold skin and their memories began to race over me. It was something that happened so quickly that I often couldn't remember after I had raised someone from the dead.

"What is she doing?" one of the little girl's asked. But I ignored her and kept searching with my mind. I needed to contact Jenny and Clark, make them understand that Rachel still needed them.

Suddenly I felt their presence near me, they were willing to return, anxious even. I pulled them back to their bodies and felt the heat begin to blossom inside of the cold skin I was clutching.

Ever so slowly I eased back and waited for them to awaken. Two sets of eyes popped open and a gasp of air filling lungs that had gone far too long without filled with room.

Jenny raised a shaking hand to her chest. "So, it's true?"

Chapter 13 - Amy

I wasn't sure I liked the way Jenny Spark was staring up at me, half fear, half amazement. But it didn't really matter because Rachel threw herself at both of her parents. It only dawned on me in that moment that her dad's name was Clark Spark.

My lips twitched, and I fought a smile.

Anna smiled over at me, but I caught the glimpse of sadness in her eyes.

"Are you okay?" I asked her quietly.

She nodded and moved closer before saying, "Yeah, I am really happy for her. I just can't help but wonder what is going on with the Alliance."

It might have been the truth, but something told me that she was hiding the real pain. I had heard stories about her adoptive mother, Susan. Apparently, she was one of the leaders in the order. Supposedly she was dead, but I of all people knew that death wasn't permanent. According to Henry, the Alliance was chock full of top-notch medical professionals as well as some of the most influential Lycans.

How Lycans could turn against their own the way that the Alliance had is beyond me. And don't get me started on pure blooded Lycans. The fact that they take the time to see the percentage of pureness is beyond a joke. I thought that people had evolved past such petty endeavors to make themselves more important.

Anna's blood was the purest out of all of us, and she still had some witch running in her veins. We weren't sure where that was coming from either. Rachel seemed to have more magic in her, but according to the tests from the lab, she was not a full-blooded sister to Anna and me, who were indeed twins if the tests were correct.

Our mother, whoever she was, had to have been a witch for my powers to manifest as strongly as they have. I wondered, for a fleeting moment, if she had been a necromancer as well. I hadn't wanted to dwell a whole lot on the thoughts of our birth parents. They were gone, and I grew up with that knowledge.

Veti hadn't ever told me who my mother was because she herself didn't know. I felt a shiver creep over me and wrapped my arms around my waist.

"Are *you* alright?"

I smiled at Anna who had essentially just asked me the same question I had posed to her moments earlier.

I took her hand in mine and said, "I am good. But I don't think we should linger here. It's time to get back to the palace."

Jenny and Clark were slowly getting to their feet with Rachel's help. It seemed that it was at that moment when Jenny truly got a good look at me. Her eyes widened, and she took an instinctive step backward.

Shaking her head in disbelief she whispered, "What is going on?"

"Mom," Rachel's tone was calm as she explained, "this is Amy, she is Anna's twin sister."

"That's not possible, we would have known."

I felt that same ripple of apprehension running across my skin. "What's not possible?" I blurted out.

"There were only two siblings that survived the attack." Clark's face was filled with shame. "We should know, we were there."

I tried to wrap my mind around the fact that these two individuals were part of the mob that destroyed my family. I suddenly hated the fact that I had helped them. I whipped around on Anna and Rachel, my eyes full of tears. "You never said that they were part of the Alliance. You only told me that they were being held captive. Why would you want to save the people that ruined our family?"

Rachel looked as though I had struck her, and I felt a small amount of guilt, but I pushed it aside.

"They aren't bad people," Anna explained and tried putting a hand on my arm, but I shook her off.

"They are bad people," I countered. "Because of them, I lived in a fucking cave under the earth in the middle of nowhere for twenty years. Because of them my parents are dead and most of my siblings. How can you say that they are blameless?"

Jenny's eyes filled with tears. "You are right. We are not blameless. We joined the Alliance because we thought we were ridding the world of evil. We had no idea what we were getting into. There was also the promise of a child, and we desperately wanted to have children."

I scoffed, "Yeah, you wanted a child bad enough to murder someone and take theirs?"

Her face was stricken has she drew in a harsh breath.

"That's enough!" Anna demanded.

Rachel took a protective step next to her parents. "You need to calm down, Amy."

I looked down to see that my hands were glowing, and I knew that I had a lot of magical energy that needed to be spent. With a cry of anger, I cast a spell that would bring us all back to the palace. It was foolhardy, considering I had just raised two people from the dead, and there is

only so much magic that can sustain a person. But I was so angry and not really thinking logically.

When we appeared in the great hall, Veti took one look at me and began to run toward me. I saw her mouth open, but her words were blurred as a blanket of darkness washed over me and I sank into oblivion.

**

The warmth surrounding me when I awoke had me thinking I was dreaming. Strong arms enveloped me from the front and a warm body was behind me as well.

"Is she awake?" I heard Brad ask in a husky voice.

"Are you awake?" Henry's deep voice washed over me as his arms tightened.

"Ah, shit," I muttered, blinking my eyes open. "I knocked myself out, didn't I?"

Henry smiled, but I could see the concern in his eyes. "Most witches don't try and rescue that many people on their own."

I felt a twinge of guilt. "I could easily transport four people besides myself."

Brad pinched my behind and I yelped. "Hey!"

"You left out the part where you had just raised two people from the dead. You scared the shit out of both of us. We gave you three and a half bags of blood before your color returned. And for your information, you have been out for almost twenty-four hours."

I tried to sit up, but Henry's arms pinned me down.

"Let me go!" I wriggled against them and heard Brad moan just about the same time that Henry let out a grunt of frustration.

"As much as I like you rubbing up against me like a cat in heat, you had better stop before you find yourself in a very tricky situation," Henry warned.

I stopped immediately and took inventory. There was something thick and hard pressed against my backside, that had to be Brad. Against my front was another foreign object that felt long and dangerous.

Was that their cocks?

Both of them?

Embarrassment and lust radiated through me.

"Shit, if she keeps this up, I will not be able to abide by the agreement." Henry said through clenched teeth.

Before Brad could speak, I interrupted, "Wait? What agreement?"

Henry growled at me, his voice was dark and sexy.

"The one where I stop myself from fucking your brains out because we decided that you aren't ready to make the decision of who you want to be with."

"Whoa, and who made you God? Since when do you get to decide what I can do with my life?"

Henry raised a brow and answered, "Brad came up with that rule, Little One, not me."

I felt Brad stiffen behind me. "Thanks for throwing me under the bus," he mumbled.

I flipped around so that I was now facing Brad.

"Do you think that I have to obey you? I am not the little girl that you used to take care of. I don't call you Master anymore, and I don't have to do what you say."

His eyes darkened, and I knew I had triggered something in him. The sad part was that my body was responding in kind. I felt my breasts become fuller and my pussy was slick with arousal.

"You will do what you are told," he said in a commanding voice.

"Hot damn," Henry whispered from behind me.

"Or what?" I knew I shouldn't goad him, but I was too far gone to care.

"Or you will be punished," Brad replied, his eyes glittering.

I narrowed my gaze and brazenly challenged him. "Do you worst."

Chapter 14 - Amy

Perhaps it was my saucy tone, or the way that I defied him. But I went from being sandwiched between the two brothers to being yanked underneath Brad' hard body. I felt every inch of him pressing into me. His minty breath washed over me, and I found myself leaning up for his kiss.

But to my surprise he pulled back just a fraction of an inch, teasing me with his closeness.

"You want a kiss?" His voice had dropped an octave and had an air of authority that made my stomach clench.

"You know I do!" I said through clenched teeth. "Just kiss me already, Brad!"

His eyes glinted dangerously as he asked, "Who?"

I felt another twinge in my core and knew I was soaked.

"Please, Master," I whispered huskily.

Henry grunted and growled in my ear. "Are you sure this is a good idea, Amy?"

"I can take anything the two of you dish out," I said with more bravado than was probably smart. But I was so turned on that I would have said anything for them to do something, anything.

"Put your hands above your head," Henry ordered. "And don't move them unless we tell you to."

I rushed to do just as I was told, making sure to run my hands up Brad' sides and loving the way he hissed.

I felt a sharp pinch on my ass.

"Hey!"

Henry laughed. "You need to do as your told, no improvising."

Brad moved back, straddling my hips. I loved seeing him above me, with that look in his eyes. He wanted to devour me, and I was all for it. Slowly he began to unbutton my shirt. The tips of his fingers brushing my stomach and causing flurries of excitement to erupt in my stomach.

I looked over to see Henry clutching his long cock through his pants. I wanted to see it, to taste it. The thought made my mouth water.

Brad followed my gaze. "Do you want to see his cock, Amy?"

"Yes, Master, please."

Henry's eyes were intent on mine as he unzipped his pants. He was bare. All nine inches of thick heat filled his large palm. Henry stroked his length, eyes intent on me.

Brad unfastened the front of my bra and my breasts spilled out.

"You are so fucking perfect," Brad growled as his hands moved to cup my heavy breasts.

"I'd like to fuck those tits," Henry added.

I hadn't ever seen anything like that, but I was certainly willing to give it a try. My nipples were tight and aching for their touch. My arms wobbled for the briefest of moments. I don't know if I was about to reach out and touch Henry's cock or pinch my own nipples, but it didn't matter. The second that Brad saw I was disobeying him he moved back and pulled the belt out from around his waist.

He fastened it around my wrists and attached it to the headboard. It wasn't too tight and if I tried hard, I could get away. But it was enough to remind me that I wasn't in charge of this situation. I was the pupil and my two naughty masters were the teachers.

"Let her taste you," Brad demanded as he began to remove his clothes.

Henry blinked in surprise but moved quickly to do as Brad instructed.

His cock was shiny at the tip, and I longed to know what he tasted like. My tongue slipped out and when he moved close enough, I licked the tip.

Henry said a string of filthy words that only caused my pussy to clench with need. I took another swipe of his cock with my tongue.

"Do you like that?" he asked huskily.

"So much," I answered honestly.

"Do you want more?" Henry's eyes glittered with need.

Just as I was about to answer *yes*, Brad approached, naked and glorious. He motioned with his head for Henry to remove the rest of his clothing and Henry nodded. Then he took the rest of my clothes and removed them, tearing them off when necessary.

"Spread your legs, Amy, I need to see you."

I looked from Brad to Henry and then opened my thighs, exposing the most intimate part of me.

"Fucking hell," Henry whispered.

Brad settled himself between my thighs pushing them even wider.

"You are to take Henry's cock in your mouth and suck him off. I will reward you if you do what I say. But if you don't you will be punished. Tell me if you understand."

"Yes, Master."

Brad raised a brow and demanded, "Yes, what?"

"I will take Henry's cock in my mouth," I blushed furiously as I repeated his words back to him.

"Good girl." Brad' praise made me flush again but this time with the sense of pleasing him. I found that I wanted him to say those words to me, to be pleased with me.

Henry brought his cock to my lips and I opened wide. The salty taste of his skin mixed with the headiness of the situation had my senses in a whirl. The second that I brought him into my mouth I felt Brad' hands on my breasts. His fingers pinching my nipples and causing me to gasp around Henry's cock.

I wasn't sure if I was performing properly for Henry, having never done it before. I found that the more I tried to take him in and the harder I sucked, the more he seemed to lose control. I focused on his face, his movements, and his need.

It all went out the window the moment that I felt the first swipe of Brad' tongue on my sex.

I cried out with need, hips bucking wildly.

Henry's cock popped out of my mouth and Brad moved back. I was desperate to have him back.

"Please, Master, I need you!"

I received a sharp smack to my pussy which caused me to squeal and glare at my captors.

But to my surprise, my pussy began to throb even harder than before. The pain mixed with my desire had sent me even closer to something I didn't understand.

Henry brought his cock back to my lips, and I eagerly took him in. I was better focused, or at least this is what I was telling myself. When Brad moved back to my core, licking my folds, I managed to continue to suck on Henry's cock.

I began to taste his essence and knew he was drawing close. Brad had used his thumbs to part my sex and began to eat me out in earnest. I squirmed and sucked, careful not to release Henry and desperate to have more of Brad' mouth.

Henry grunted and his cum began to fill my mouth. I swallowed as much as I could, gagging a little on what I couldn't get down. As he pulled away from my mouth he cursed again.

"Fuck, Amy, do you have any idea how fucking sexy you look with my cum on your lips?"

He bent down and took my mouth in a savage kiss. Brad slipped a finger inside of me and began to thrust in and out of my channel as he flicked his tongue over my clit.

There was no way that I could have withstood that kind of delightful torment. I felt my orgasm rising up within me. Henry kissed my mouth, spearing me with his tongue almost as if he were fucking me. Brad was relentless, sucking and licking until I began to fall apart.

My body flew over the edge, I was helpless to stop the biggest release I had ever experienced. My body shook, as wave after wave of pleasure washed over me.

I wasn't sure when Henry stopped kissing me or when Brad moved back. All I knew was that when I pulled myself together, they were both staring down at me like the predators I knew they were.

"That was incredible." My voice was husky and deeper than usual.

"Oh sweetheart." Brad' mouth curved into a smile as he said, "We are nowhere near finished."

Chapter 15 - Amy

Henry unlocked the belt holding my wrists together, and then he flipped me onto my knees. I gasped when I looked up to see Brad' long cock exposed and dripping with need. I stared at it longingly. His body was a little thinner than Henry's, who resembled a professional athlete. Brad looked more like a runner, with whipcord strength and tight muscles.

Henry pushed my thighs apart and for a moment I thought he was actually going to fuck me. I couldn't even tell you how much I wanted it. But I felt his hands between my thighs instead of his cock. He rubbed the soft globes of my ass with his big rough hands and I pushed back against him. It felt good, damn good to be touched by him.

Brad continued to stroke his cock, his eyes never once leaving my body. He moved closer and took one of my dangling breasts into his hands. The hard pinch to my nipple caused my pussy to clench.

"Fuck, she likes that," Henry said in his gravelly voice. "Her pussy is drenched."

To my utter surprise, I felt a sharp slap to my backside.

I squealed and tried to pull away, the heat from his spanking causing a warmth to develop that I didn't quite understand.

"Careful," Henry's tone was calming as he assured me. "You are safe, Amy."

I trusted him to keep me safe, I trusted both of them.

Another smack to the other cheek nearly brought tears to my eyes. But as the warmth began to mix with the throbbing in my pussy, I felt a very different feeling. This time I didn't pull away.

"Do you like that?" Brad asked me.

"Yes, Master."

The fire that lit in his eyes when I used that pet name was empowering.

"You are a good girl, aren't you?" he murmured, moving closer to me.

The tip of his cock touched my lips and I licked the spot, tasting the saltiness of his desire.

"What do you want, Amy?" Brad asked.

I swallowed hard. "I want your cock in my mouth, Master."

He growled, "Then you shall have it."

The moment that he pressed his dick to my lips, Henry began stroking my pussy again. Then I felt the tip of his tongue trace the rim of my ass. It was foreign and naughty, and I should have

hated it. But I was too wrapped up in the moment to worry about social conventions and what should or shouldn't be appropriate.

All I could do was feel. And in this moment, I felt like I was going to come apart at the seams. Visions of Henry sinking into my pussy as Brad fucked my ass swam in my mind. I wanted to know what it would feel like sandwiched so tightly between them. To feel both of them inside of me, it would be a dream come true.

I sucked harder, hollowing out my cheeks and licking around the tip before sinking back down, taking him until I could hardly breathe.

Henry continued to play with my folds, his tongue dipping and circling my ass, driving me insane.

I could sense that Brad was close and wanted more than anything to bring him to completion. I wanted to see the way he looked when pleasure overtook him.

Henry spread my legs further, slipping between them so that he lay on the bed and then he brought my hips to his mouth. Brad pulled out and allowed me to sit up before joining us on the bed. I placed my hands on his hips and took him into my mouth again. It was at that moment that Henry started fucking me with his tongue. He used his whole face, rubbing his whiskers against my sensitive skin, bumping my clit with his nose.

His hands were on my reddened ass and the tighter he squeezed the closer I flew toward coming. I took one hand to Brad' balls, rolling them lightly and then pulling slightly, as I took him to the back of my throat.

He cursed wildly and yanked my face hard against him. He was all I could smell and see as he fucked my face and came down my throat.

Reeling from his release I blinked up and him and saw the tenderest expression on Brad' face. I could sense the depth of feelings that he had for me. I also saw that his fangs were extended, as I was sure mine were as well.

"Please, Master, may I ask you something," I could hardly get the sentence out with Henry working his magic on my pussy.

Brad tucked my hair back, kissing my forehead. "Anything, Kitten."

"Would you please bite me?"

He froze for a fraction of a second and I worried that I might have destroyed everything. But then he moved to my neck and kissed the tender spot where my shoulder met my neck and his teeth sank in. The pleasure that washed over me was indescribable. I could barely keep the waves of my release from dragging me into unconsciousness. My pussy contracted again and again, shaking and coming for what seemed like forever.

I had forgotten to breathe, the emotions where so intense. I felt when his teeth left my skin, but I couldn't open my eyes. I felt wrung out, satisfied and completely cared for.

Brad lifted me off of Henry and I willingly went into his arms.

Henry left for a moment and I whimpered my upset at him stepping out.

"He's just running a bath for you, Amy," Brad assured me.

Henry came back in and took me from Brad. I went into his arms and felt the same love that I did when Brad held me. Henry took me into the bathroom, and I saw that the tub was filling with hot soapy water.

Henry stepped inside of the bath and lowered himself with me still in his arms. Then he bathed me like a child or the most precious thing he had ever encountered. It brought tears to my eyes. I was already feeling emotional, and this tenderness was almost more than I could bear.

When Henry noticed the tears, he stopped washing. "Did I hurt you?"

I shook my head no—but I couldn't speak.

"Brad!" Henry called out to his brother. When Brad came into the bath Henry gestured to me. "Something is wrong!"

Brad tipped my chin up, "Are you alright?"

I nodded, the emotion still choking my throat.

"I think she is overwhelmed," Brad said more to Henry than to me.

I nodded again, thankful that they understood me.

After bathing, Henry took me back to the bed and I settled into his arms. Brad took a quick shower and joined us on the bed. My life had sometimes been a lonely one with only Veti as a companion. Being with these two men, this felt right, like it was where I was always meant to be. I fell asleep, once again, exhausted and happy.

Chapter 16 - Amy

"Malcolm is heavily involved with the alliance," Jenny said, just before accepting a cup of coffee from one of the drones.

I could tell that she wasn't overly fond of the idea that humans willingly gave up their blood for us. She was on edge, her hands shaking and her eyes darting about as if she couldn't quite believe that she was actually staying in the royal Lycan court.

Of course, not everyone was overly happy that two of the most prominent members of the alliance were now being protected by Lycans. As a rule, Lycans are very unforgiving creatures. Okay, so I know that is a huge blanket statement.

But I swear it's one hundred percent true. Most of my case studies are based off of my experiences with Veti. The very same individual that was currently sitting beside me and whispering in my ear.

"I can't believe that you slept with Brad and Henry," she hissed.

"Shh," I whispered back. "I don't think that they heard you in New Jersey."

"Your snarky attitude won't save you, young lady."

I rolled my eyes and huffed loud enough to have Rachel give me a strange look from across the room, where she sat near her parents.

They were talking about the Duke of Draven. I didn't know him personally, but I had heard of him and his brother, Sven. They are really terrible people. And according to Jenny, they are planning a major attack on the royal court.

As much as I should be paying attention because this was really important, I had Veti's scandalized tones throwing me off guard as she whispered loud enough for any self-respecting Lycan to hear.

"Do you have any idea what you are doing?"

"Veti, be quiet, seriously."

Veti leaned over and pinched my side. Just as I was about to retort something with a four-letter word Clark said something that stopped me in my tracks.

"They are planning on eradicating the entire Vasile family. They said they have informants on the inside. This isn't something to be taken lightly."

"So, what do we do?" Rachel asked, frowning. The Triple A's sat flanking her protectively, like her own personal army.

Anna cleared her throat. "We fight."

Her mates nodded in unison.

"We aren't going to let them get any of you," Henry said protectively and then moved to stand behind my chair. His arm on my shoulder immediately brought a sense of grounding that I can't even explain.

Veti, for once, didn't say a word.

"Sven really is alive?" Rachel said it more as a statement than a question.

"He was alive as of a few days ago," Jenny answered her daughter.

"Do you have any names of who the insiders might be?" Brad asked.

Jenny shook her head. "No, they didn't know we were sneaking around trying to gather information. It wasn't until they caught us listening in on a conversation between Malcolm and Sven that they left us for dead. They are coming after Evangelina. They know she is here."

"There is something else," Clark added. He and Jenny shared a knowing look before continuing. "Helen was frantic to get Evangelina back."

Roman, one of Anna's mates, visibly stiffened.

Anna did that weird thing that she sometimes does, almost as if she were talking to him with her mind, which is obviously impossible. But she stared at him intently for a long moment.

Roman's hands were clenched when he said, "Helen is dead."

Jenny frowned. "No, she is very much alive."

"I know for a fact that she is, indeed, dead." Roman said it with such finality that Jenny and Clark didn't dare respond.

"Let's adjourn this meeting," Anna said with a sigh. "We can reconvene later to talk about particulars."

She stood, and Roman and Luke followed her from the room. I still found it strange to watch her with my face, her mannerisms being so different from my own.

Rachel left with the triple A's. Jenny and Clark followed them.

"Might I have a few moments with Amy?" Veti asked.

Henry removed his hand from my shoulder and he and Brad stepped out of the room. When it was only Veti and me left she turned to face me, taking my hands into hers.

Veti had always been there for me. From my first scraped, knee to my first period, she was there. Suddenly it dawned on me that we had gone from spending almost every waking

moment together to just a few stolen moments here and there. My heart actually felt like it was hurting, and emotion clogged my throat.

"Please tell me what is going on with you," Veti asked in a low voice.

"I think I am falling in love."

The honestly of the statement surprised both of us. Veti blinked and swallowed twice before responding.

"I knew that you had a crush on Brad, but Henry? It's only been a few weeks. How can you know?"

I shrugged. "I don't know for certain. But the way I feel about both men is overwhelming. I know that Lycans don't really believe in soul mates."

She shook her head. "They don't, but that doesn't mean that it can't happen. I am just scared that you are jumping into things so fast. You used to tell me everything."

"I know, but I am grown up now, Veti. You have spent so much time taking care of me that I think you have forgotten how to live for yourself. I don't want to push you away. I only want to set you free. I don't need a mother anymore, but I could sure use a friend."

Her eyes glittered with unshed tears as she nodded. "I could use a friend as well. I love you, Amy Lou. I can't promise that I won't freak out occasionally, I have been at this mothering business for a long time now. But I don't want to smother you. And you are right, you are grown up now."

She embraced me, and I inhaled the familiar scent of her perfume. I hugged her tightly to my chest and whispered, "I love you back, Veti."

By the time we left the conference room we both had red-rimmed eyes. The talk had been good, cleansing even. It was long past time, and even though it was hard for both of us, it was the right thing.

Veti deserved to live the life that she was meant to live. I would never, ever forget what she gave up for me.

"Is everything alright?"

A deep voice asked, bringing my eyes up and then up again. The man was staring at Veti, clearly concerned at her upset. I searched my mind, trying to remember his name.

"David!" Veti blushed and lowered her head. "Everything is fine."

"Are you certain?" he inquired again.

"If you would both excuse me for a minute," I said and disengaged my arm from hers.

Veti gave me a death glare for deserting her, but I blithely ignored it.

I noticed that as I walked away her eyes were smiling, and she was answering the tall man. Perhaps this was what Veti needed all along. An arm snaked around my waist and pulled me against a firm chest.

"I saw what you did there," Brad murmured into my hair.

I smiled a goofy smile, thankful that he couldn't see my face. "Just a little matchmaking."

He turned me in his arms, and I swallowed my grin, hoping that he wasn't upset with me.

"You are one in a million, Amy."

The grin slipped out and to my surprise one spread across his face as well. But I didn't have long to see it because soon he was kissing me, and to be honest I would prefer that any day of the week.

Chapter 17 - Brad

I found myself staring at her, unable to think, unable to breathe. She and Veti were whispering on the couch. It made me wonder what they were talking about. Whatever it was, Amy had a beautiful flush staining her cheeks.

It reminded me of the night before when she was in my arms.

Henry and I had to come to an agreement earlier. Neither one of us could deny the pull that she has on us. I can't say that I was thrilled with the arrangement. But there was something right about the three of us last night, something that resonated inside of me.

I love Amy. I could admit it, maybe not openly—yet. But I have known that she has been the one for me in my heart far longer than my mind would be willing to admit.

There is no way that I will allow the Alliance to come anywhere near her. I have spent the last twenty years protecting her.

After the meeting ended, Veti asked to speak with Amy alone so Henry and I went out into the hallway. It wasn't anything spoken aloud, but we both waited for her.

"Are you okay with this?" he asked in a gruff voice.

I looked over at my brother, who was both a little taller and more muscled than I was. Henry is older, has magic, and has always gotten the girl.

Did that rub me the wrong way?

It used to.

Living as long as Lycans do, you learn to let petty things go. Veti and Henry are my only family, besides Amy. I knew that she was developing a connection with him, and honestly, I would rather have a part of Amy than nothing at all. Not that I would ever make her choose. Far too much of her short life has been taken away from her.

"Yeah." I answered Henry's question. "Are you?"

"I told you before that I was. I just don't want things to change between us."

I smiled at his gruff tone. Henry always sounded pissed off, even when he wasn't. It was just his nature. I have never seen the tenderness that he shows Amy given to anyone else. And that includes other women that he's had throughout the years.

But Amy just isn't some random woman, she is everything. And Henry is smart enough to know that.

"Just because I have seen your hairy ass doesn't mean we aren't still brothers."

Henry scowled at me, and I laughed. A good belly laugh that felt amazing. I wondered when the last time I had been that happy—I couldn't remember a time.

"We are brothers," he growled the words. "I have seen your junk almost as much over the years as I have seen my own. Don't make this weird."

The corner of his mouth twitched, and I could tell that he was amused. But he's far too badass to show it.

"Sir, there is a situation that I need you to take a look at."

We both turned to see one of Henry's men approach.

"Go," I say. "I will wait for her and make sure that she's safe."

He nodded at me and left with the guard just as I saw another man coming around the corner.

"David," I greeted him with a handshake. "How have you been?"

David grew up near our family. At one point I thought that he and Veti might make something of the energy that always seems to be around when they are near each other. It wasn't meant to be. David ended up here at the palace and Veti stayed in the country.

Sure, she came to court occasionally, even stayed for long periods of time. But it seemed that when she visited, David would be off somewhere around the globe working for the Vasile family. When we first saved Amy and didn't know how we were going to protect the infant princess, it was he that first suggested Veti to help take care of Amy in a place hidden away from the world. It was a brilliant idea, and one that I have been very thankful for.

I wondered if my sister knew that David trusted and respected her enough with the king's daughter. Likely she figured that we chose her because she was my sister. Sure, that had something to do with it. But David was right, Veti was the only person strong enough to raise the princess and protect her.

David shook my hand firmly. "Brad, it's a pleasure to see you. I am happy to see that Amy is doing well."

I nodded. "She has grown into an amazing woman. I see you are back serving the Vasile family."

David's expression grew serious. "I am honored that Queen Anne wants me on her staff. I hope to always do whatever I can to serve the true Lycan court."

I was about to respond when the door opened and Veti and Amy come out. Veti was in front of Amy so she didn't see that I was there.

Veti and David did their awkward routine, one that I am more than familiar with. But when Amy tried her hand at matchmaking, I couldn't help but feel a surge of love and affection for

her. I snuck back behind her and when she tried to escape, I wrapped my arm around her waist and yanked her against me.

Her soft curves fit perfectly against my hard frame.

I loved the way her breath caught, as it does each and every time I am near. I also loved the surge of lust and heat that I always felt emanating from her. I could smell her desire, and I craved to have it on my tongue.

I turned her in my arms. She was smiling so beautifully that I couldn't help myself. I took her lips with mine. The taste of her exploding in my mouth. My arms locked around her waist. I kissed her like I wanted to be making love with her, sensual and deep, no holds barred fucking that would leave us both breathless and satiated.

Her hands dug into my hair, tugging hard. I had thought that my cock was rock hard, but her hair tugging had me lengthening even further. I wanted to fuck her so badly that I couldn't see straight. The image of her sucking my dick from the night before nearly had me coming in my jeans.

I cupped her ass, yanking her closer to me. She moaned into my mouth, her nails digging into my skin. I could feel her firm breasts smashed against my chest, and I wanted them in my mouth. I wanted to fuck her tits and come all over her like the Neanderthal I really am underneath it all.

I wanted to feel her fangs sinking into me and I wanted to see her fall apart as I plowed her pussy and ass.

Suddenly it was imperative that we were in a place that was far more private than the hallway of the royal court. I broke the kiss and loved the way she whimpered at the loss my lips on her own.

Before she could say anything, I picked her up in my arms and started for her room, then remembering that Henry's was closest, I went there instead.

Her lips were on my neck and I could actually hear the rapid pumping of her heart, indicating that she was just as turned on as I was. The first moment I had, I kicked the door closed, and I had her up against it. My lips crashed into hers once again.

We kissed and bit, ravaging each other's mouths. I needed her naked—now.

Chapter 18 - Amy

My panties were damp, and my core was aching, not an uncommon occurrence when I was with Brad, but this felt overwhelming. His kisses were almost punishing and yet so protective and passionate. I loved that I was able to touch him. My hands roving over his strong chest and sculpted arms. I moved them up to his broad shoulders and then sank my hands into his hair. I loved the texture and softness along with the smell of his shampoo.

This was it. I was going to have sex for the first time, and it was going to be fucking amazing.

I moved my hands back down his body. As I passed his six-pack, I heard him moan. Brad was fully erect, and I wanted some of that. Just as I went to unbuckle his pants, I heard a loud noise like breaking glass, and then shouting.

Wrenching his lips away from mine, Brad said, "I need to see what is going on."

"Now?" My plea was not unheard. Brad reached out his hand cupping my face.

"I want nothing more than to be with you, Amy, in every way. But I don't want any distractions when I finally make you mine, and I am certain that Henry feels the same way."

I flushed hotly. "You are right, of course you are."

Before I could say any more the door to Henry's room burst open.

"You come with me," a man with white blonde hair and a menacing gaze demanded of me.

Brad stood in front of me. "Sven, what gives you the right to tell her what to do?"

Sven spat on the floor. "The Vasiles are finished. They kidnapped my sister, killed me, killed my brother, my niece is missing, and I have come for retribution."

That sparked something inside of me and I asked, "How did you come back from the dead? It's been twice now, according to the stories I have been told."

"Do you honestly think you are the only necromancer out there, stupid little witch?"

Brad' fists tightened, and he glared at Sven. "You will treat her with respect when you speak to her. And she is not going with you anywhere."

Sven moved to attack. It was so fast, a blur of motion. One moment Brad was standing in front of me and the next he was fighting off a silver dagger aimed at his heart. I needed to do something, had to do something.

My hand flew out and connected with Sven's forearm. I felt the darkness inside of him swirling and thriving.

Brad screamed at me to run away but I was oddly calm and shook my head slowly. I wasn't sure why it had never occurred to me before. But just as I had called a spirit back to a body, I wondered if I could thrust a spirit out. I have never tried to take a life with my craft and knew that it was dabbling in the dark arts. However, I would have walked into hell and back to save Brad.

With a great surge of power through our connected skin, I pushed Sven's dark spirit as far as I could. I felt the jolt as the magic flowed through me and into him and then I felt his arm dropping as his body slumped. He fell heavily against Brad, thankfully not stabbing him with the silver dagger in the process.

"He's dead!" Brad exclaimed in complete confusion.

He shoved Sven off of him. "What did you do?"

"I had to," I said simply, feeling a little off, woozy, I supposed. I needed to sit down.

"You had to what?" Brad asked and then he raced over to catch me just before my body slumped to the floor.

I hadn't passed out, but my energy level seemed to drop to nothing, and I could barely keep my brain functioning enough to answer.

"I had to kill him. He was going to kill you."

Brad' brow furrowed. "You didn't kill him, Amy."

I nodded, just as chills began to wrack my small frame. "I did kill him."

"How?" Brad asked incredulously.

"With my mind," I whispered, my head aching and body trembling. I felt like I had a bad case of the flu.

Brad swept me off my feet, leaving Sven where he lay silent and lifeless. The shouts from around the castle were growing distant, or perhaps my consciousness was fading. He carried me over to the bed, peering into my face with a worried expression.

"What?" I said groggily.

But there were more loud crashes and glass breaking. Brad picked me up once again and moved to the fireplace. In a move that belonged to another era, he pushed the second candlestick backward and a door popped open in the paneling.

We slipped inside the passageway just as more people entered Henry's room.

"What is going on here?" A woman ranted angrily. "Ugh, this is what comes from trusting a Draven."

"You are all charm, Margaret, as usual. It looks like my brother has gotten himself killed again. How many times does he expect to be raised from the dead?"

The woman with him grunted. I wasn't certain if it was in agreement or disgust.

"There is no sign of the girl or Evangelina or of Eileen," Margaret hissed at whom I could only think to be Malcolm, the Duke of Draven. "Pick up Sven, and let's be done with this."

I tensed in Brad' arms. If they did raise Sven, he would tell them about our whereabouts. They were sure to catch us despite the fact that we were in a secret tunnel.

"Something is wrong!"

The frustration in Malcolm's voice caused my panic to escalate.

"What do you mean?" Margaret snapped.

"I mean that his body just fucking disintegrated into ash. I can't pick him up. This has never happened before."

"We need to get out of here, Malcolm," Margaret warned. "Bring him back or leave him for dead, I don't give a damn."

"I can't leave him," Malcolm snapped at her.

"Do you have a baggie to toss him in, and a broom to sweep him up?"

Margaret sounded like a mean bitch, but I had to laugh at her suggestions. I thankfully was able to do so without them hearing.

I felt sorry for Anna's mate Roman, who had grown up with the woman as his mother.

"Fine, I will scoop up what I can in my pockets."

"That's disgusting," Margaret said with disdain.

In the next few moments there was some scurrying and then silence.

I opened my mouth to ask if we could check things out, but Brad shook his head, silencing me.

I felt more like myself and wanted to be let down. I tried to shove out of his arms, but Brad held me closer still. I felt his hot breath on my ear as he whispered to me.

"You will be punished for not obeying me, Amy."

Why is it that I didn't respond with dread or fear by his threats? Instead, I felt a warmth in the pool of my belly and heat returning to my core. He had to smell my arousal at his words because he cursed softly under his breath.

"You will not know what hit you, kitten."

I couldn't wait to find out what he had in store for me.

Chapter 19 – Amy

The palace guards were able to get the intruders taken into custody. But there was no sign of Margaret or Malcolm in the mix. We also were unable to figure out where they entered the palace.

Just as Brad had spirited me away in the passage in the wall, there were literally dozens of other hidey holes and secret tunnels that they could have entered.

When Henry made it back to us, he insisted that I leave the castle and once again go back into hiding. You can imagine my response.

"There is no way in hell that I am going back to live in a hole in the ground!"

Veti raised a brow and said dryly, "Come now, it wasn't as bad as all that."

I rounded on her with fire in my eyes. "I can't believe that you are in on this! I thought of all people, you would support me."

Veti looked wounded. "Amy," she implored.

But I was not in the mood to listen.

"I have spent my entire life being a good little girl and doing what I was told. Well, no longer am I going to sit idly by."

Henry huffed, "Perhaps we can choose a place that is more to your liking."

I eyed him dubiously. "I don't want to leave my sisters."

I still hadn't seen Anna or Rachel since the attack. Sven was still dead—thank heavens. And Angelina and Eva were both safe and packing to leave.

"You will be with the younger girls," Brad tried to reason with me. "It's imperative that the Alliance doesn't get a hold of you. The three days are almost up. I know you think I am being unfair. But what you did with Sven, Amy, that is a game changer. You have the ability to stop a spirit from returning to their body. The fact that you can raise the dead is astounding enough, but this, wow."

I had noticed that everyone seemed to be leery of my latest magical discovery, even Brad. I was confused and angry. If I was being honest, I still didn't feel very well. The only person who hadn't turned a blind eye was Henry.

I looked over at him to see him staring back at me. He didn't look afraid and he didn't look away. I was glad that Henry didn't smile or try and placate me. He was a man of few words, and yet when he spoke, I found that I wanted to listen.

"You will go and protect Angelica and Eva," Henry commanded in his usual way. "You will also help me to train Eva in her magic. I don't have the powers that you both seem to have, and I will need you."

He needed me.

I gave him a look of mistrust, trying to find the loophole in his argument.

Henry stared back at me; one brow raised.

"Amy, this is for your safety."

I turned and scowled at Brad who had just spoken. I wasn't sure why I felt so angry at him. Maybe it was the way he took an involuntary step back when I glared. It angered me. *Did he honestly believe that I would hurt him?*

Something ugly churned in my stomach. I didn't hurt people, I helped people with my magic. Brad had known me all of my life. The way he was acting made it seem that he didn't know me at all. My eyes burned for a moment and I felt emotion in my throat.

I swallowed it hard. *I would not cry, damn it.*

Raising my glassy eyes, I looked at Veti. She had a rather miserable expression on her face. In that moment I had an idea.

"I will go with Henry and we will take the girls. But I insist that Veti come along."

Veti smiled the saddest little smile that I had ever seen. "I would never leave you, dearest."

I was banking on that. "Perfect, then I insist that Veti and David join us."

Veti flushed a violent shade of puce, she sputtered something that made little sense.

Henry scowled. "Why would we need David?"

"If you want me to go, these are my terms."

"Done," Brad promptly agreed. "It will be just as you say."

I gave him a short nod. "When are we leaving?"

"As soon as possible," Brad answered me.

Another dagger seemed to lodge in my heart. "I see."

Brad held my gaze. "No, I don't believe that you do."

He walked over to where I was standing. Every step that he took closer seemed the shove the dagger in further. I didn't understand why I was so upset with him. I felt cranky and irritable. A part of me wanted to lash out at him. It was disturbing and unsettling.

Brad pulled me into his arms, and I went, although rather stiffly. He held me for a moment or two before my body automatically softened against him.

"We aren't sending you away because we are mad at you," he whispered in my ear.

I felt those stupid tear ducts starting their tricks again.

"No, it's for my safety," I said woodenly.

He held me tighter, and suddenly, I was digging my hands into his skin holding him just as tight, if not more.

When I finally let him go, I had tears on my cheeks. I glared at everyone, almost daring them to say something about my crazy behavior, but they were silent.

"Come with me, then," Henry asked.

I followed him out into the hallway where Eva and Angelica were waiting with pale faces and small overnight bags.

"They said you are going to protect us," Angelica said before throwing herself into my arms.

I clutched the little girl awkwardly. I hadn't any experience with children and especially not these affectionate ones. But I had to admit, I felt intensely proud that she had such confidence in me.

Eva rolled her eyes, as only a seven-year-old can do and still look adorable.

"Enough with the drama, Ang. Stop being such a baby!"

Angelica pulled back and stuck her tongue out at Eva.

I looked up at Henry, who looked just as lost as I did. Perhaps it was a good thing that Veti and David were coming along. I hadn't a clue how to keep kids alive. It struck me then how much Veti must have felt the same way, except when she was forced to take me on, I was much younger.

"Do you trust me?" Henry asked softly, his lips tickling my ear as he leaned in to ask the question.

I looked up at him. "Of course, I do."

It dawned on me that this might be my chance to spend some more time with Henry. I had so much time with Brad that sometimes it felt easier with him. As much as I was sexually attracted to Henry, I also admired and liked him as a person. *Had I shown him that?*

I resolved, then and there, that I would do everything in my power to get to know him better.

I eyed him, suddenly remembering what he looked like naked. *Hot damn, I needed to know him a lot better.*

I could tell by the spike of heat in his eyes that he felt the same way.

Chapter 19 - Henry

This wasn't my first visit to the states, but I had never attempted camping before. Thankfully through the gift of magic we had all of the provisions necessary, like indoor plumbing and food. Unfortunately, the task of entertaining two seven-year-olds was far above my pay grade.

We were in the Rockies on some private property in a little A-frame cabin. We had a pot belly stove, couches from circa 1970, and some knitted quilts of the most garish colors I had ever seen. I attempted to make some updates but stopped when I saw how enthralled Amy was with everything.

It was like a child at Christmas. We opened one of the closets to find some outdoor games. Amy insisted that I put up the badminton set and that is what they were currently playing. Not a one of them had a lick of talent, but they were adorable to watch.

I felt that odd clenching in my stomach as I watched Amy's flushed face and bright eyes. Her platinum long hair was wound into a messy bun and she looked hopelessly, breathtakingly beautiful. Every time her eyes met mine, she would beam at me.

Try convincing your dick to behave itself when the most amazing creature alive is in your presence. It was a damned difficult thing to do.

I recalled her face back at the royal court when the news came out that Sven really was dead. I wanted to punch every last person in the face that gave her a leery eye, and that included my brother. Amy was good through and through, it was more than obvious to me how scared she was. The brave front she tried to put on didn't hide the fact that she hadn't a clue what was going on.

If anything, I am glad that we came to the forest just so that she could laugh again. Veti and David had taken up a bit of a parental role. Even now, she was fixing some dinner while David made sure that the three bedrooms were livable.

I wasn't sure how the night would go. Amy informed Veti that she would be staying with me. The little girls had their own room, which did contain two sets of bunk beds. If Veti wanted to sleep there she could. However, I was pretty certain, by the light in David's eyes, that he wanted Veti with him.

Underneath him if possible, and I totally understood the feeling.

I wasn't sure how I could keep my hands off of her. There were times when I caught her staring at me with such a heated gaze that I wanted to throw Amy over my shoulder and head the for the nearest cave. I knew it was barbaric and I didn't give a shit.

This whole sharing routine with Brad was difficult. I didn't know where the boundaries were, and it didn't help that he had said when I left to just let things *develop naturally*. What did that even mean? I can't believe that he wouldn't be hurt if I took her virginity.

Shit, just the thought of sinking into her had me hard as a rock. I turned abruptly, and calling over my shoulder said, "I am taking a walk. I'll be back in a little while."

"Wait," Amy called back breathlessly.

I wanted to ignore her so that I didn't embarrass the hell out of both of us. But I couldn't. There was something inside of me that yearned for her. I looked back to see her sending the girls into the cabin. She then raced after me and caught my hand.

Electricity shot from the contact of her skin on mine clear up my arm. I held her hand in a firm grasp, not wanting to let go.

"I am glad that you suggested a walk," she was saying as I slowed my stride to make it more comfortable for her. "I was getting winded."

I gave her a side glance, feeling my lips twist into a smirk. "You can't tell me that those two little girls were wearing you out?"

She grinned; it wrinkled her nose adorably. "I don't know how Veti managed me all of those years. I suppose that I just took it for granted. I owe her much more than I had ever realized."

I pulled her lithe body closer and slipped an arm around her waist. She felt good beside me. We were still able to stroll along, but we were as one, inseparable. That is how I wanted it to always be. And yet, it did seem like something was missing.

I had spoken with Alden about mating when there were more than two people involved. I needed some perspective on how it all worked. Primarily on how to avoid jealousy, because I had to admit, the closeness Amy shared with Brad was difficult for me.

We were compatible in the bedroom, that went without saying. But I didn't have the years of Amy's idol worship to fall back on. I wanted to know her. And that involved every aspect of who she was as a woman, a friend, and as an individual.

"What are you thinking about?" she asked stopping to look up at my face.

I shook my head. "It's nothing, why?"

"You have a frown on your face and your brows are knit together."

To prove her point she reached up and smoothed the skin between my eyebrows. I smiled at her and fought the urge to take her into my arms.

"I was thinking about you, if you must know," I teased her with a wink and lightly pinched her side.

"Goodness, I hope that I wasn't the one who gave you the scowl." Her eyes danced when she was happy. I loved the golden yellow flecks in her warm brown gaze.

I debated telling her the whole of it, but in the end, I figured that open honesty would be the only way that this could work. "I was thinking about the three of us, you, Brad and myself. And of a conversation that I had with Alden."

Now she was the one to look at bit apprehensive. I mimicked her earlier move but touching the spot between her brows and she laughed. "What did he say?"

"I was asking him how to deal with different situations." I was hedging, not wanting to come out and say that my feelings were hurt. Fuck, I wasn't a teenage girl and I didn't need to act like one.

Her cheeks heated, and she said, "You mean during sex?"

I threw back my head and laughed. The sound startling the both of us as I continued to laugh louder and longer than I had in a long while.

She had an answering grin on her lips as well as a bright blush on her cheeks. "Now you are making fun of me."

I caved into the urge I had been having all along and yanked her flush against me. Her eyes widened, and her lips curved into the most inviting smile I had ever seen. I knew that she could feel my cock hard against her stomach. There was no hiding things at this point, not with her mashed against me.

"I would never make fun of you," I said solemnly. "But the thought of getting sexual advice from anyone struck me as hilarious. Trust me, Amy. I have millions of things that I want to do to you and with you. If you have to know, I was concerned about feeling jealous."

She frowned. "Why were you feeling jealous?"

"You and Brad, you have a ready rapport and a long history together. I don't want our relationship to only be sexual. I want you to want both of us. Maybe that is presumptuous of me…"

She interrupted me, "No, it's not. I want the same thing, Henry. The way I feel about you and Brad. It seems so terribly complicated and interwoven together. I don't know what true love is, but I know that I have a great depth of feeling for both of you."

I tucked a loose curl behind her ear. "I care deeply about you too."

My lips came down to explore hers. She tasted of sunshine and innocence and something sweet and womanly that wrapped around my heart and wouldn't let go. I kissed her softly, hesitantly. I wanted this to be something that we both participated in.

Her hands moved up my chest. As she felt my body beneath her fingertips, I could feel every brush of her skin through my t-shirt. She was burning me with her sweet caresses, and I had to have more of her.

I picked her up off of her feet and deepened the kiss. Her mouth opened for me and I swept inside. Amy gave back just as good as she got. Her tongue brandished out to meet mine, causing my stomach to clench and my cock to throb.

I pulled back from the kiss but didn't release her. "I suppose we had better stop before I do something you might regret."

She looked me dead in the eye and said, "I would never regret being close to you. Kiss me."

And I did.

Chapter 20 - Amy

Kissing Henry was nothing like kissing Brad. Even from the way that Henry held me, it was like being protected by this massive force. His muscular body felt amazing underneath my hands. His lips were demanding, and yet, they didn't take too much.

I felt a swelling in my heart for this man. His hands moved down my back lighting a fire with each new place that he touched. I gasped as he cupped my ass and lifted me from the ground. Words were spoken and then I demanded that he kiss me. I could see by the fire in his eyes that he was trying to hold back. I wanted him to let loose. I wanted to see him break from the rigid confines of what he felt was his place.

I didn't know much about mates other than there was supposed to be a special bond. I couldn't even begin to explain the connection between us. My hands went up to cup his face. The whiskers on his cheeks pressed against my palms and I relished the closeness with him. I felt like I could have climbed inside of his embrace and never wanted to be anywhere else.

"What you do to me," he breathed the words as if saying a prayer. His lips moving from my mouth to kiss along my jawline.

I tilted my head back, loving the sensation and wanting to feel his mouth on my neck. I wanted him to drink from me. I rocked my hips against his hard abs and heard his muffled curse.

"Do you think that is funny?" he asked in a gravelly voice.

I pulled back the slightest bit, resting my forehead against his. "I think it's nice that I am not the only one feeling overwhelmed."

His eyes searched mine before he spoke. "Amy, I would never have thought that I would find the one person that I was supposed to be with. It is so rare. I never in a million years could have imagined sharing that person with someone else. But I know that this is right. I know that you are meant for Brad and me. I hope that we aren't coming on too strong."

From the aching between my thighs I would say it wasn't nearly strong enough.

"I want you, make no mistake," he continued. "But I want to get inside your mind. I want to know what makes you tick. I want to know your favorite foods, your favorite colors, and what you want to do with your life. I want all of you, Amy."

My hands slipped around to grasp the back of his neck, fingers threading through his hair. I could feel his breath against my lips as he spoke.

"Henry, I want all of those things. I do."

And then he kissed me again, harder this time. His hands slipping beneath my clothing and his fingers squeezing my bare ass. I thrust my hips against him again and found my back being

slammed up against the nearest wall. His mouth was ravenous, and with each sweep of his tongue my pussy became wetter and wetter, until I was afraid I might have a wet spot on my jeans.

He yanked my shirt off and then he was tugging my bra down until both nipples were exposed to him. When his mouth latched around one, I couldn't help the keening cry that escaped my lips. My head fell backward and smacked the wall, but I didn't care.

He suckled my breast hard and then soft, licking the nipple and teasing it until it was heavy with need. He did the same with the other breast and I was rubbing myself shamelessly against him. I knew that he was packing serious heat, but I had no idea how good it would feel as I rubbed my pussy against him. And this was through two layers of clothing.

"I need to be inside of you," he said groaning and then he was at the fastening of my pants, and I was trying to get out of them as fast as possible.

He dropped to his knees in front of me to help remove my jeans, and then he was pushing my legs apart. I had to grab at his shoulders before his face came in and he began to lick and suck at my pussy.

"I fucking love the taste of you."

I flushed at his words, feeling wanton and gorgeous in his arms. He lifted one of my legs, placing it over his shoulder and then licked my entrance causing me to buck against his face.

I looked down and saw the reflection of us in the stream. I could see the way my breasts were thrusting forward, nipples standing tall with proud erect peaks. I could see the way my stomach softly curved and then his dark head nestled between my thighs.

It was erotic, and taboo and I loved it.

Henry added two fingers pumping them inside of my channel as he continued to kiss my pussy, leaving nothing untouched. The moment he found my clit, I screamed out his name. He looked up at me with a wicked gleam in his eyes, and then moved back to suck hard on the tender nub.

I came apart in his arms and would have fallen if he wasn't holding me up. His fingers continued to pump in and out of me until the last vestiges of my orgasm had left my body. I felt wrung out, and yet hollow in a way. I wanted to have him inside of me. I wanted to know what that felt like.

I opened my mouth to say something when we heard someone shouting my name.

"Amy?"

"Just a minute, Veti!"

I reached down and shoved my breasts back inside of my bra. Henry moved up my body, kissing my stomach, breast, neck and then my lips.

I pushed at Henry's shoulders. He allowed me to fix my clothes, but he had no intention of releasing me.

Veti came rushing from around the bend. By the look on her face I knew it was something important.

"Amy, I hate to interrupt, but something has happened."

Henry immediately pulled back as he barked out, "What happened?"

"It's Angelica, she passed out. I need you to come quick!"

"Take me to her." Henry demanded

Veti turned and raced down the path toward the castle.

Chapter 21 - Amy

Angelica's body began to seize. Her small limbs moving in an involuntary pattern that terrified me. I had heard about seizures and Epilepsy but seeing it was nothing like reading about it.

"Does she have a history of seizures?" Henry asked Eva.

The other little girl shook her head violently. "This has never happened before."

Henry shared a very concerned look with Veti and David. I felt helpless, and I didn't like the feeling. Kneeling beside Angie I touched her arm softly and she stilled. I hadn't used any magic or called to her spirit, but the others looked at me as if I had raised someone from the dead.

In all fairness, since I did that rather often; I was familiar with the look.

"What did you do?" Veti asked gently.

I shook my head in confusion, taking my hand away in the process. The second my skin left hers she began to convulse again. Quickly I reached out and touched her again. This time her eyes snapped open and she began to speak.

But it wasn't the voice of a child that was coming out of her small body.

"Amy, you must listen to me."

All eyes snapped between Angie and me.

"The Alliance, they have another that is like you. They are raising an army against the Lycans, an army of the dead. You must stop them."

"How?" I asked imploringly. How was I supposed to stop an entire army?

"You must destroy their leader," Angie continued in that other worldly voice.

"Their leader. How am I to know who that is?" I jerked back, nearly dropping Angie's arm.

"Who are you?" Henry demanded.

Angie's head moved slowly to look at Henry. It was strange to see her acting this way. As scary as it was when she was having a seizure, this might have been almost worse.

"I am her mother."

Henry gaped, and I released Angie's arm.

Thankfully, Angie didn't fall back into the trance. She blinked to clear her eyes and then asked, "What are you all doing here?"

Eva started to cry and Veti took her into her arms. David hovered near them protectively.

"What do you remember last?" Henry asked Angie.

Angie looked from Eva, who was still crying, back to me and Henry. Her eyes were full of questions when she answered. "I remember playing with Eva."

I opened my arms to Angie. "Come here," I said gruffly. She moved, coming to give me a hug. Then she went over to Eva.

"Your eyes rolled back and then you fell," Eva said to Angie. "It was scary. And then you began to shake, and we couldn't make you stop." Her eyes moved to where I was still sitting on the floor. "Amy made you stop. But then you started talking and you didn't sound like you."

Angie wrinkled her nose. "I don't know what you are talking about. None of this really happened, did it?"

I wasn't sure who she was asking, but thankfully Veti answered.

"Everyone gets sick sometimes. Let's get you girls something to eat." She ushered the two girls into the kitchen and began to fix them a snack.

I got up and faced Henry.

"What do you make of that?" I asked in a low voice, not wanting to upset Eva or Angie again.

"I don't know who the voice was or why your dead mother would choose to come through Angie to speak with you."

I shrugged, before saying, "I have never spoken with the dead. I can call a spirit back to a body and apparently send it away, but I haven't spoken to spirits that have passed on. Do you think that is Angie's gift? Perhaps she speaks with the dead, but because she is so young, it hasn't developed fully yet."

Henry nodded slow. "It is a possibility. I wish that we knew more. We need to speak with Queen Anne and the council."

I tensed. "I don't mind speaking to Anna, Rachel, their mates, or Brad. But I have reservations about speaking with the entire council. There have to be more factions of Lycans working inside the castle, and for all we know it is the highest of the group that is leaking information to the alliance."

I didn't have the chance to say more because at one moment Henry and I were secluded, away from the others talking, and in the next, Rachel and her triple A's had popped into the room.

Alden looked like he was going to puke. Aiden grinned at me, and Adrian was holding Rachel's hand.

"What are you doing here?" Henry and I asked at the same time.

"Dream," Alden said distinctly as if that one would solve all of the questions of the world.

"What?" Henry demanded.

Rachel smiled and moved to give me a hug. "I had a dream about Angie. We saw all of you here, as well as Angie being sick, and then speaking with that deep voice. As soon as I had awakened, I raced into Anna and begged to be able to come to you. She helped to send us but couldn't come herself."

I was completely shocked. "How long have you had these dreams?"

Rachel's eyes twinkled. "You aren't the only one who has magic in them. We all have our gifts, mine is to spirit walk in dreams."

"I think Angie's is to speak with the dead, and mine is to raise them."

Rachel nodded and said, "I think you are right. Now the only question is, what are we going to do about the alliance?"

I hadn't the slightest idea.

"I have a feeling that they will be coming to find us," Henry said.

Alden took a seat and whipped it around before plopping down into it. "Well, we are willing to fight no matter what happens. Army of zombies? Hell yeah, bring it on."

Chapter 22 - Amy

"Necromancy is a certain type of magic involving communication with the deceased—either by summoning their spirit or raising them bodily. It is often considered sorcery or black magic as it goes against the natural order of things."

I rubbed my hands as I listened to Veti repeat what we had read about necromancy. It wasn't anything that I hadn't discussed with her a million times. But it felt different knowing that there is someone else out there with the same gifts, but she uses them for evil.

I had a sneaking suspicion that Jenny Sparks was behind all of this. She was the one who caused trouble in the first place for Anna. It only made sense. Now the trouble was to convince the others. It was one thing to hear about Roman being forced to take out his mother.

I had a much greater empathy for Anna's mate. I can't imagine going through that once, only to hear that you needed to do it all again because they were raised from the dead.

Eva had been unusually quiet since Angie's ordeal. I wondered how she was dealing with things. Had she heard about Sven? So many questions and so few answers.

I felt a comforting hand on my shoulder and looked up into Rachel's worried expression. I tried to paste a smile on my face, but it must have sucked, as much as I wanted it to be successful, because she grimaced.

"What are you thinking about?" she asked kindly.

I shrugged my shoulders before responding, "There are too many things to count."

She nodded and sat next to me. "I'm sorry that this has been placed on your shoulders."

"I just can't help but think that Jenny Sparks is behind everything," I told her. "I should have asked more questions when mother's ghost came to me. I was just so thrown off guard. And now we are in this mess."

Rachel's expression changed from compassionate to stormy. "No, you need to stop that thinking right now. Amy, you had no idea what was going on. For all you knew, Angie was having a seizure. You can't blame yourself for any of this. We didn't start this war; it came to us."

I hated that my throat felt tight and my eye glistened with unshed tears. I wanted to be as strong as Rachel and Anna. But growing up, sheltered away from the real world, I had missed out on so many different things. I felt like I was trying to make up for something, and my body was betraying me.

"It scares me too," she whispered softly.

I turned to meet her gaze. "I just wish I understood better."

I turned to look at where most of the group was talking, and Rachel followed my glance.

"Everyone here wants the same thing that you do, Amy. We all want to get to the bottom of things. We all want to be able to live in peace without the threat of the Alliance over us. We all want to understand."

I leaned my head into her shoulder and sighed. "I miss Brad. How do you handle three mates?"

Rachel laughed. "I don't. Not really. They handle things far better than I do. Just trust in Henry and Brad and try to not overthink things. I know it's confusing, but once you have completed the mating, everything seems to fall into place."

I nodded slowly. "What if they don't want to mate with me permanently?" I gave voice to one of the biggest fears that had been plaguing me.

"That's not even a possibility. We are both alpha males. We are programed to need a strong mate at our side. You, little one, are perfect for us."

It wasn't Rachel who had spoken, but a deep voice that I would have recognized anywhere. I flew out of Rachel's arms and launched myself at Brad.

"When did you arrive? I missed you so much! Have you seen Henry? Do you know what happened?" Each statement or question was interrupted by kisses that I smashed onto his lips and face.

He laughed, the sound pouring into me like warm honey, filling all the cracks. "I missed you too, Amy."

Those words were just what I needed. I held him closer, burying my face in his neck and smelling the rich essence that was only Brad. I felt a hand on my back and knew that Henry had come to join us. Popping my head up I wrapped an arm around Henry and gathered him in to the embrace. "Did you see? Brad came for us!"

"I see, love," his gruff reply was like salve to a wound. I needed both Brad and Henry. I had felt off kilter with one or the other, but when we were all together things really did fall into place.

A loud blaring of horns shook me from my reunion.

"What was that?" Brad asked.

"Intruders," Henry said at once. "I need to go."

I knew that he was head of the guard. But the last thing I wanted was my mate to go out into battle. I loved him, pure and simple. If Henry was going to fight, so was I.

I ran along behind him with Brad by my side. He looked at me with his panty melting grin and winked before slowly beginning the transition into Lycan form. It was so rarely that we used it

these days. I was always amazed and intimidated by the size of his body and sharpness of his claws. Henry too had transitioned and so I did the same.

When we came upon the fighting it seemed like there were hundreds of Lycan hunters storming the castle. Thankfully, it appeared that more and more of the Lycans had transitioned. The hunters arrows couldn't penetrate our skin and their blades had a hard time cutting through our hides.

Without a second thought I began to send the spirits back to where they should have been. I could feel the presence of those that weren't meant to be there. It was as if they were forced by someone or something. That would no longer be the case.

I said a spell that released them from the hold of whoever had brought them back. A violent wind swept through the chamber and the windows shook. Many of the Lycan fell to the ground along with the humans as the magic swept through the castle.

When it was all said and done, there were only a few members of the Alliance still standing. In the center of the fray was Anne and Rachel. They were staring at Jenny Clark who happened to have a smug look on her face.

"You think you've won?" She spat. "You filthy monsters will never win. I will just keep bringing back more and more until we finally rid the world of your evil."

Anna shook her head. "Mom, what happened to you?"

Jenny Clarks eyes were pure venom as she replied, "I am not your mother."

Anna sighed heavily. "You're right, your not. A mother would never do what you tried to do to me. A mother wouldn't harm someone just because they were a little different. You want to know what gets me?"

Anna went on before allowing her to speak. "What really gets me is that you have magic. You must be a witch of some kind to be able to redeem the dead. But instead of embracing our differences, you go out of your way to make sure that we are all miserable. You are a murderer and quite frankly, a very unpleasant person."

Jenny Clark laughed, the sound was rather ominous. "What do you intend to do about it Lycan Queen?"

Anna looked from me to Rachel before replying. "I call upon the goddess to bless the power of three."

Jenny Clark's eyes began to widen. Clearly she hadn't counted on Anna casting a spell of this magnitude.

"We ask you to rid our lives of the evil that is running rampant in this world. We ask you to take or magic and magnify it so that she may never return."

Anna held her hand out to me and I walked over to her taking it in mine and then I reached out and took Rachel's hand. She took Anna's other hand and completed the circle.

This had to be what my mother had been talking about. We had to do everything we could to send Jenny Clark away. She needed to go to a place where she would never return. The power swelled within our breast threatening to overwhelm us. It was a maelstrom of fire and lightening that we cast toward the shocked woman.

Before she could utter a word, Jenny Clark split into a million tiny pieces and drifted away. The few members of the Alliance that were still alive took that moment to run for their lives.

My sisters and I held each other's hands, the power still radiating from our grasp.

Anna turned to me and smiled. "You did good, kid."

I was the same age she was, but I could appreciate that she was trying to lighten the mood. We all could stand some time to relax and remember what was important.

After we cleaned up the mess that the invasion had wrought, I went to find my men.

"Where did everyone go?" I asked as I slipped my hands around Brad's waist.

Brad placed a soft kiss on my forehead. "They wanted to give us some privacy."

"Oh." As far as responses go, it wasn't my grandest.

Henry laughed and wrapped me in his arms. "Come on, Little One."

He carried me into our room and plopped me onto the bed. I watched as Brad locked the door and came toward me. Both of my men reached up to remove their shirts at the same time. I stared as I watched the muscles on their toned bodies contract as they peeled off their shirts and then their pants. Two thick erections were barely concealed by their underwear. I swallowed hard.

"Do you accept me as your mate?" Brad asked in a deeper tone than I was used to hearing from him.

I nodded.

"I need to words, love."

"Yes," I blurted out. "I accept both of you, Brad and Henry as my mates."

Henry growled, his extended canines flashing quickly as he faintly smiled. I could smell their arousal in the air around me, and it escalated the sense of need that was already threatening to boil over. I needed to tell them everything.

"I have fallen in love with you, with both of you. I don't know when or how it happened. But I love you both. I want you to take me, to love me, to claim me, and to promise to never let me go."

"You are ours," Henry said in a low growl that sounded almost like an animal. "Nothing will ever keep us apart again."

Brad nodded and said, "We were destined to be together, Amy. Henry and I were nothing until you. We love you."

Henry moved to the bed, stalking me like I was prey. I felt my stomach tighten as he made short work of my clothing, nearly ripping it off. Then he leaned over me, his massive body pushing me back against the soft bedding and claimed my lips.

I kissed him back with all of the love that I had in my heart. It was raw and dominant and everything that I wanted from a kiss.

I felt my legs being parted, and then I felt Brad' mouth claiming my pussy in a kiss that was every bit as incredible was the one Henry was giving to me. This was how it was meant to be.

Chapter 23 - Amy

Brad licked and sucked at my juices, ravenous in the way that he took me. This was finally my moment, the time when I would submit everything to my lovers, and we would become one. I could hardly stand the anticipation of it.

My hips wanted to move, but Brad kept a firm grasp on them. Henry continued to kiss me while his hands snaked out and captured mine. I felt them lifted and then being fastened to the headboard. At the same moment, Brad' mouth left my pussy and I cried out into Henry's kiss.

But he wasn't leaving, Brad was taking each of my feet and fastening the cuffs that would leave me spread before them like a feast. I felt the air on my tender folds and relished the feeling of erotic decadence. I imagined a room full of faceless men that all wanted me, were dying for just a glimpse of my naked flesh. It was nothing that I would want to have in real life, but as far as fantasies go, it caused my juices to flow even more freely.

Brad was once again back between my thighs, pressing them obscenely wide as he ate at me.

Henry's lips left mine for the briefest of moments as he growled, "You are ours, Amy. Ours to fuck, to love, to cherish, and to ravish whenever we wish."

"I am yours," I whispered through swollen lips. "Do anything you wish." I paused the briefest of moments before adding, "Masters."

Henry's eyes blazed and then he was dragging his elongated teeth along my throat and I was crying out and begging him to taste me, to take me, to do his will with me.

I cried out the moment his teeth sank into my flesh. The pleasurable pain of it immediately washing into a massive orgasm that was only extended by Brad' mouth on my core. One orgasm slipped into the next, and I was helpless against the torrent that continued to drag me under. I was shuddering and begging for a reprieve when Henry finally lifted his head.

In a matter of seconds, he had replaced Brad at the juncture of my thighs. Only it wasn't his mouth at my entrance. His massive cock felt like fire against me. I didn't have time to wonder about how it would fit or what I should feel. Because one moment Henry was staring down at the place where our bodies met and then he was pushing into me.

I muffled a scream as my innocence was ripped away.

"You are such a good girl," Brad murmured, moving up to cradle my face and offer me support. "You are taking his cock so well; we are so proud of you."

The praise warmed me, as I searched Brad' eyes. I was desperate to see that my masters were proud of me, and indeed, they were. He kissed my forehead and then my mouth.

The tension and tightness from Henry had changed from the piercing pain into something else. There was still an intense amount of pressure. But as Henry pulled out and then pressed in again, slipping in my wet channel, I began to feel something delicious.

Henry fucked me slowly, deliberately. And all the while Brad whispered words of praise.

"There, Amy, just like that." Brad winked at me wickedly before capturing one of my nipples and giving it a hard tug with his teeth.

I gasped; the stinging pleasure seemed to travel straight to my clit.

"Shit do that again," Henry growled.

Brad continued to torture my breasts in sweet ecstasy while Henry's thrusts increased in pace. My body was spiraling, soaring, for surely there couldn't be more pleasure to be had in this world. I couldn't fathom it.

"It's time," Henry said and pulled out of me so abruptly that I cried out. "Shh, love, all will be well. We both need to be inside of you to perform the claiming."

Both.

Inside of me.

Holy fucking shit.

"Are you alright?" Henry asked tenderly, seeing the warring emotions cross my face.

I nodded.

"Words, love."

With one large hand, he captured my cheek as I leaned into him. I immediately felt better.

"I want this," I said. My voice was raspy, and my eyes were sparkling with the tears that has slipped down my cheeks.

"But?" he encouraged.

"I'm scared," I whispered the words, letting go the last of my secrets. "I don't want to disappoint either of you."

Brad and Henry were on either side of me in a flash.

"You could never disappoint us, love," Henry said as he kissed the traces left from my tears.

Brad smiled, the love he had for me radiating from his face. "What is this nonsense? Get up on your knees or I will spank you until your ass is on fire."

The thought of his hand on my ass did strange things to my belly.

"Is that how this is going to go?" Brad asked huskily.

"I didn't listen, Master." I bit my lower lip and cast my eyes down.

It was all a game, and yet I knew that if I had my Masters taking the choices from me, caring for me, that I wouldn't have time for the doubts and fears plaguing me. I needed to submit to them, and they needed to dominate me.

Brad moved and untied my feet. I was then turned so that my hands remained tied to the headboard, but my ass was high in the air. Henry caressed my skin, touching me everywhere, my shoulders, the small of my back. He even took the time to trace the curve of my throat and the tender spot behind my ear.

"You are so fucking beautiful, Amy," he said tenderly. "You are our mate and we will do everything in our power to please you, to care for you."

"I love you, Henry. Brad, I love you, too."

I was leaning into his caress like a cat rubbing up against its owner when the first crack of Brad' hand landed on my ass. My scream filled the air as the burning heat from his first strike warmed my ass. I barely had time to think before the next hand came down and then another.

Tears flooded my eyes once again, as Brad spanked me with his bare hand.

Burning heat flooded my lower region. And the sweet ache that had started to develop from Henry's touch became a wildfire of need and want. My clit throbbed, and my pussy ached. It needed to be filled, to be fucked.

Chapter 24 - Amy

Henry reached up to untie my hands and then laid with me atop him. His cock filled me just as I felt Brad move my hips so that I was in position, then he gently pushed into my ass. Instead of pain, my body welcomed them. It was tight, so very tight that I wondered if I would ever breathe again.

Henry's incisors clamped down on the opposite side of my neck just as Brad leaned down and sank his teeth to my shoulder.

I don't know if I could possibly describe the feelings that shot through me. It was glorious, heart stopping, a religious experience, this bonding of the mates was more beautiful than anything I had ever done before.

My body was filled with the men I loved, and I was positive that nothing could ever be sweeter.

And then they moved, and I saw stars.

I couldn't tell you how many times I climaxed during our mating. Nor could I tell you the moment when I sailed off into subspace. All I knew was that when my soul returned to my body, I was firmly pressed between my two mates.

"Are you alright, love?" Henry asked with a concerned look in his eye.

I nodded and couldn't help the smile that spread across my face.

"What is it?" Brad asked indulgently.

"Nothing," I said quickly, and then squawked in protest when Brad pinched my already sore bottom. "Fine, I will tell you. It's only that I am truly happy. For the first time in my life, I am at peace. Does that make any sense at all?"

Brad nodded, and caressed my bare breast. "I feel it too, Amy. We are finally home."

"You are ours, little mate," Henry added. "For now and always."