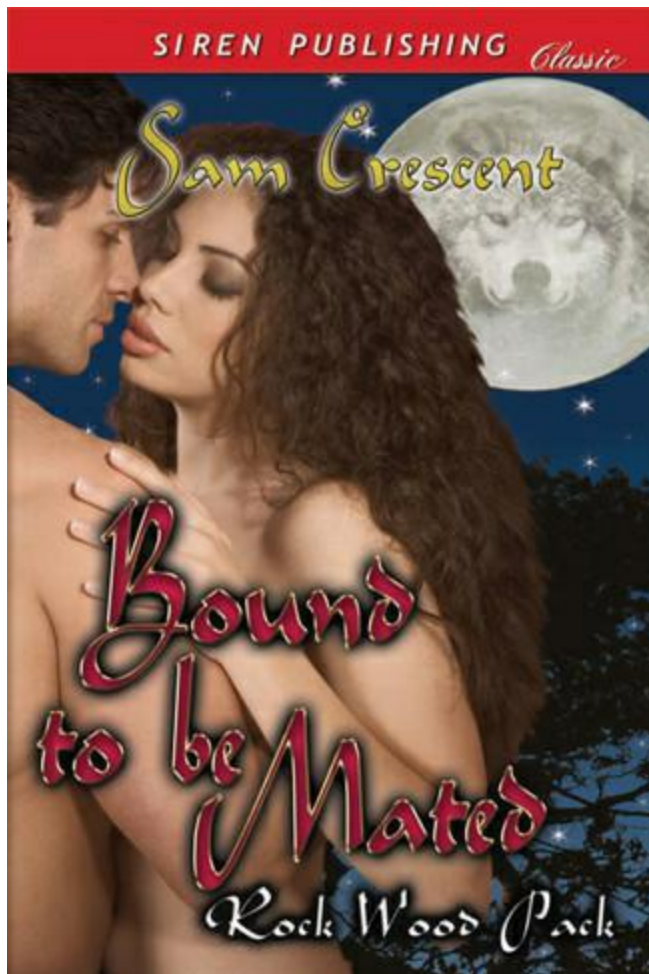


# **Bound to Be Mated**

**Sam Crescent**



## **Rock Wood Pack**

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Rock Wood is not like many towns. In the darkness lurks a dark secret as the town houses one of the fiercest wolf packs.

Charlotte is forced into going to a party on the outskirts of town. She doesn't expect it to turn into a nightmare.

Leader of the pack Micah must do everything in his power to keep the people of his town safe. The only solution is to mate with the young woman who had been thrust into his care. Four years pass and Micah can't control his beast. He needs his mate and intends to claim her.

However, danger still lurks in every corner. A woman from his past refuses to accept Charlotte as her queen. Micah must fight for the love of his queen, for her protection, and for the future of his pack, but will it be too late to save her?

**Genre:** Contemporary, Paranormal, Vampires/Werewolves

**Length:** 33,470 words



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*Rock Wood Pack*

**Sam Crescent**

**EROTIC ROMANCE**

**Siren Publishing, Inc.**

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## **DEDICATION**

I want to say a big thank you to Siren for giving *Bound to Be Mated* a home. Also, I want to thank my sister Emma for her

company while I wrote this.

## **BOUND TO BE MATED**

*Rock Wood Pack*

**SAM CRESCENT**

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## **Chapter One**

“Come on, Charlotte. Come out with me. You can study another time. I mean, you're twenty years old, and you should be out partying.”

Charlotte Griffin glanced at her older sister, biting her lip.

“You know you could go out if you wanted.” Charlotte knew she didn't need a babysitter. It wasn't her fault their parents

thought Kimberly—Kim—needed to stay at home.

“Yeah, right. And let the parents give more of a reason to kick my ass out of this shit hole. Not that Rock Wood is a great

town anyway. We’re stuck in the middle of nowhere with nothing to do to keep us occupied.” Kim shook her head and kicked

the coffee table. Charlotte winced as it cut into her fleshy stomach. She was sitting on the floor studying. “What’s wrong, fatty,

too much pressure?”

She smiled at her sister even as the nasty remarks cut deep. Charlotte picked up her school bag as she got up from the table.

The baggy shirt she wore covered most of her body. Kim wouldn’t have anything else to ridicule.

“Mom and Dad won’t find out. I can stay here, and if you’re back before ten —”

“You really think that will happen? Once I look for a guy, I’m staying until I get fucked—”

“Kim, don’t say stuff like that.” Charlotte walked out of the room and up the stairs to the far end of the hall to her bedroom.

Finals were coming up at college, another year almost finished, and she really needed to concentrate on passing so she could

get a good job. Her parents promised to help pay for everything provided she got the grades to get into college and then

maintained them throughout. So far so good and she only had two years left.

“You know, you could come with me. Be some fresh meat,” Kim said, coming up behind her.

“I’ve told you before I don’t do that.”

“You’re twenty for fuck’s sake. You’re going to need someone to pop that cherry while you’re young.”

Charlotte pulled a face, grossed out.

“You selfish little bitch,” Kim yelled. “I’ve had to listen to all the good deeds little Charlotte has achieved all my life. No

one ever cares about me, and all I ask is for you to come to my stupid fucking club, and you shun it.” You can bring your fucking school work. It’s not like anyone would want you anyway.”

She hung her head, listening to the constant assault her sister dished out. Out of all the things Kim could throw at her, her size

and the way she looked hurt the most. A buzzing sounded in her ears, and she agreed to go with her before she gave it some

thought.

Kim jumped up and down and hugged her. Her elder sister was twenty-three with a bad attitude but a body of sin all the men

drooled over. The boys in her year at college were constantly asking for her to try to get them a date with the hot sister.

Their parents might think she was the better daughter, but Kim was the one with the social life and friends. Men adored Kim,

and every other day a new guy was knocking on the door wanting to ask her out. Charlotte didn’t have anyone but her parents to

keep her company. Once, just once, she wished someone would look at her with something other than disdain. For years she’d

tried to be invisible, only wanting to answer when directly spoken to.

“Come on, grab your stuff.” Kim transformed into the bubbly young woman and pulled her out of the room. Charlotte picked



up her bag and walked with Kim to the car her last boyfriend had bought her as a parting gift.

“I owe you,” Kim said, turning into a sweet older sister the moment she got her way. She leaned over and kissed Charlotte on the cheek.

Thirty minutes later, Charlotte regretted her choice when they pulled up to the bar. Crowds of people drinking and yelling

stood outside in the parking lot. Fires were alight in old barrels. Couples, men, and women were making out, and Charlotte

blushed when she saw one woman on her knees, her head bobbing up and down.

“Don’t be a child. That’s tame. Come on.” Kim pulled her from the car, and they moved through the herd of bodies pulsing to

the loud banging disguised as music.

Charlotte stuck out like a sore thumb, wearing a pair of baggy blue jeans and gray shirt, while Kim and the others wore

miniskirts and short tops that allowed their tits to pop out.

She followed her sister like a lifeline.

“Kim, girl. It’s about time you showed up.” One the men stopped her sister, hugged her, and kissed her on the forehead.

“Sorry, sitter duty. Charlotte, meet Wilson. Wilson, this is my younger sister, Charlotte.” Wilson shook hands with her in

greeting. She smiled and pulled away as soon as possible.

“A younger sister?”

“Don’t worry. She’ll be fine, she doesn’t drink and she won’t cause trouble.”

“Better be. Otherwise, Micah will hit the roof. You know how he is with our secret.” Kim laughed, and Charlotte could tell

her sister was nervous by the sharp tone to her laughter. Why would Kim be nervous? She knew these people, didn’t she?

“I wouldn’t want to upset the alpha, now would I?” she said.

“Come on. I’ll put her at the bar, and Pete will watch over her.” Charlotte followed the couple, averting her gaze when

Wilson grasped Kim’s ass. One of his fingers went under her sister’s short skirt. Charlotte couldn’t believe Kim had wanted to

go to what looked like an orgy fest.

Most of the couples that had danced together had been almost naked, but when they walked into the bar, the couples were, in

fact, naked. Strippers danced on the tables, and men feasted on the women with legs splayed open.

Kim laughed, clapping her hands, and Charlotte wanted to go home. They got to the bar, and Wilson pushed some people

away who were sitting at the end. He cleared a section right next to the exit.

“Yo, Pete,” Wilson called and gestured a tall, hairy man over. She tensed, and Kim seated her, pulling her head back so she

hovered over her.

“Be a good girl and stay here.”

“Watch her and make sure no one takes her. She’s a human from the local town,” Wilson ordered the man named Pete.

Charlotte frowned. What did it matter that she was human? So was everyone else.

“No problem. You want a drink, sweetheart?” he asked.

She smiled at him and shook her head.

“How about some fries? We serve food as well.”

“Get her some water and fries. Trust me. She’ll eat it.” Kim touched her belly, and she couldn’t help but blush. Why did Kim

have to do this to her?

Pete gave her a beaming smile as soon as they left and went to serve more customers. Running her fingers through her hair,

Charlotte tied her hair in a band and pulled her course books out. Math, English, and psychology, all dull courses but the most

necessary ones to pass if she wanted to get a decent paying job. These were the ones causing her problems.

She opened the first two books up with a highlighter pen in hand. With all the distractions around her, she plugged in her

music to drown out all the activity. She turned her music up to full blast and started studying.

Being able to get great grades meant she’d get out of Rock Wood for good. Strange things happened in this town. Fights,

disappearances, and strange howling sounds happened around a full moon. In fact, every night during a full moon her parents

locked and bolted the door minutes before the sun went down. Apparently their parents used to do it before them, and the

tradition simply passed on.

Pete brought back her water and a basket full of fries, and Charlotte smiled her thanks to him. In between fries and water,

she highlighted important points. An earbud was taken out of her ear, and Charlotte tensed turning to the large man standing

over her.

“Hey, pretty lady. You want some company?” A bulky man with large muscles, a shaved head, and a beard stared down at

her.

Charlotte shook her head and made to take the earpiece from him.

“Now, now. Why would a pretty girl like yourself be sitting here all alone?”

“Please, can I have it back?” she asked, licking her lips in a nervous gesture.

“Not until we talk.”

He moved his hand out to push a loose strand of hair that had escaped her ponytail behind her ear. She caught sight of a wolf

tattoo on his forearm. Charlotte was intrigued by the design and allowed her gaze to follow it. The wolf stood alone in shadow

with the full moon rising behind a load of rocks. The tattoo covered the entire right arm.

“You like my ink?”

Charlotte nodded, not looking him in the eye. “It’s an interesting design. Beautiful.”

His other arm was not as picturesque. It displayed a blonde woman bent over a chair being fucked from behind. More effort

went in the detail of the large cock penetrating her. “What do you think of

this one?”

“It’s a little explicit.”

The other man chuckled. “I’m Cade, second-in-command of the Rock Wood Clan.”

Charlotte shook his hand and smiled. He suddenly didn’t seem so threatening. “I’m Charlotte Griffin, er, younger sister to

Kim. I think she comes here on a regular basis.”

“She left you here alone?”

“Yeah. But that’s okay. She just needed to sort something out with a guy named Wilson. Shouldn’t be long.” Charlotte didn’t

bother adding the, *I hope*.

“Yeah, well, Wilson will probably keep her all night.”

Suddenly, Cade tensed and glanced behind her. Charlotte looked behind her but saw nothing.

“What’s going on, Cade?” Pete joined them.

“Get Micah now.”

Cade grabbed Charlotte and pushed her behind him. “Stay quiet.”

“What’s going on?” The bruising grip he had on her scared her.

“Just be quiet.”

A loud crash sounded around the room, and silence met the sound. Six hard-muscled men charged past where Charlotte had

been sitting moments before.

The leader, a large man, stepped forward. He looked terrifying and ready for the kill.

Charlotte gasped and hid behind her newfound friend.

“Cade.”

“Brandon.” She heard him say.

“Seems you guys are throwing quite a party, and we’re not invited.” Brandon moved to the nearest table where three women

sat. He upended the table, beer bottles and cards spewing everywhere when the table broke in two.

“No one from any other packs was invited. You need to leave, now.”

Charlotte gasped as the muscles in his back started to ripple, his shirt visibly moving when he flexed.

“But the thing is, friend, we’re not just any pack, but the Eagles. We’re your neighbours.” Brandon took hold of one of the

women and thrust her toward the group of men. “We share everything with our friends, after all.”

“Let the girl go.”

“She’s not mated, and she’s human. Nothing important. Send her out to the other boys. I’m in the mood for some

entertainment when I get back.” The men laughed, and Charlotte heard the fading screams.

“You’re making a big mistake, Brandon.”

“Where’s the big guy? I want to see Micah.”

“He’s coming.”

“Well, now. While we wait, why don’t we have a little chat? Oh look. Your little cavalry has arrived.”

Charlotte choked back a sob when Cade was joined by three more men. None of them was carrying a weapon.

“What do you want, Brandon?”

“Answers.”

“Answers to what?” The men let Cade do all the talking.

*You’re going to have to leave slowly, Charlotte.*

Charlotte gazed left and right, trying to see who was talking to her.

*You don’t have the first clue what is about to go down, so I suggest you move through the crowds and leave.*

Shocked and disturbed, Charlotte slowly began to walk away. The men at Cade’s side bunched together, covering her from

them. Whatever was going on, she wanted no part in it.

“Where is the delightful Miss Kim Griffin?” She stopped and waited. The whole room buzzed with energy.

“Kimberley Griffin is one of ours. What do you want with her?”

“You see, Kimberley and I have an understanding, and I’ve given her part of the bargain, and now, I want the next part.”

“Kim struck a deal with you?”

“Yes, a rather pleasing one. In fact I believe you’re letting her sister leave as we speak.”

Charlotte froze.

All eyes turned to her, and she didn't have the first clue what to do.

"She's not a part of this. She's an innocent."

"Exactly, and that is part of the deal. Come here, little girl."

Cade turned to glance at her.

*Run.*

She needed no further warning. She charged through the crowds. A fight broke out behind her, but she didn't look back. She

couldn't. Following his orders to the letter, she got out of the front door and ran to the truck. Kim was notorious for leaving the

keys in the ignition. All she needed to do was get there and get out before they noticed.

Her fingers curled around the handle, and she jerked the car door. A hand curved around her waist as another went over her

mouth, pulling her away from the car.

Charlotte screamed, trying to fight off her attacker.

"I've got you, you little pretty."

Charlotte screamed behind his hand and tried to bite him. The man behind her laughed and pulled her through the back

entranceway of the bar. Cade stood off to the side while a man who looked more deadly took his place. Murder shone out of

his eyes. Charlotte gazed at him and stopped her struggles. No matter what she did, her efforts would be wasted against

everyone in the room. All their eyes had changed color, some glowing amber while others glowed red or black.



Terrified now, she knew in her heart she stood in a room with a load of male shape-shifters.

She didn't know how she knew, only that she did.

"Micah, I'm so pleased you could finally join us." Brandon remained seated.

"Not like you gave me a choice. You were taking our women."

He waved a hand. "They're only human females. Their use is for one good fuck. You know that."

Charlotte watched Micah tense, his body humming with energy like a special aura around him.

"You've invaded my property, my town, and insulted my women. Now tell me what the hell you want." Micah walked

forward, separating from his men.

Charlotte's eyes widened when she saw his hands changing into claws. The act looked painful, but his facial expressions

didn't change.

"I was under the impression I had some kind of deal going on here." Brandon went to her side. In the struggle, her ponytail

had come loose, and he started to wrap strands of hair around his finger.

"What deal would that be?"

She couldn't concentrate on the conversation occurring between these two men. Her fear over her safety consumed her.

"Kim Griffin."

"What does a human slut have to do with my town and my pack?"

Charlotte knew Kim had fucked up somewhere, and now she'd be the one to pay the price. Her life, or lack of it, might not

be important to these men, but to her, it meant everything. She was twenty years old with her whole life ahead of her.

“That little slut made a blood oath with me to unite our packs. It would seem some of your women are a little less loyal than

you think.”

Blood oath? She had no idea what they were talking about, but it didn't sound good.

*What have you done, Kim?*

“Get Kim, *now*. ” All the people at the back of the room scurried around to do their master's bidding. “I don't know what that

bitch has told you, but I can assure you it's news to my ears.

Minutes went by as pack members searched while Brandon played with her hair.

“You're a pretty one.”

Tears formed in her eyes, and she tried not to let them fall. She didn't want to give this man the pleasure of seeing her break.

“You can cry all you want. We won't harm you.”

“Stop taunting the poor girl,” Micah warned. “She's scared enough as it is.”

“Yes. The little girl doesn't know what is going on. It would seem not only do we have an innocent in our midst, but one of

the townspeople who are also in the dark about you and your kind.” Brandon tugged on her hair, causing her to cry out in pain.

“I guess it means she isn’t under your protection like all the townspeople.”

“Don’t try to use those fucked-up old laws on me, Brandon. They won’t stick for long.”

“A tempting morsel like this? Come on, Micah. Remember the good old days? Innocence like this would be bartered like

fresh meat. Don’t you smell that? Her cunt hasn’t even had the pleasure of a cock inside her.”

Charlotte struggled when Brandon bent down and sniffed the delicate column of her neck. She whimpered as his tongue

stroked the pulse rapidly beating, giving her the essence of life.

“No tainted blood. Even her heart runs pure. A truly kind female human. Wonder when we last met one of those.”

“Don’t do it.”

Micah moved forward, and for the first time, Charlotte noted the guns.

“Wait. I want to see how pure.” Brandon went to his knees before her, placing his face in her crotch like a dog.

Charlotte tried to pull away, but his soldier at her back kept her locked firmly in place. Never before had she been so

mortified.

“Please,” she begged. “Please let me go.”

She heard him take a sniff and come away from her body. Her body felt violated from the touch.

“Pure innocent. Tell me you don’t smell it, Micah. You smell it, and you want to fill this virgin cunt with your spunk.”

Charlotte cried, the tears falling.

“Get away from her.”

“Ah, here is the woman of the hour.”

Kim was dragged to the center of the room by one of Micah’s men, followed closely by Wilson. They were both naked, and

Charlotte tore her gaze away.

She didn’t want to see her sister with a man.

“What the hell is going on? Why did you interrupt us?” Kim complained.

Brandon turned his attention to her sister. “Now this one, Micah. As I’m sure you’re aware, this one stinks of corruption,

sex, slut, and general waste of space.”

Relieved, Charlotte relaxed in the hold of the man. She was exhausted, even though she’d done little.

“Hey. That’s no way to talk to a lady,” Kim said.

Every single man in the room started to laugh, scoffing her sister.

“What the hell are you all laughing at?” Kim was getting angrier with every passing second. “Why do you have my sister?”

“You see, Micah, that little tart over there offered me something, and I’ve come to collect,” Brandon said.

The guy at Charlotte’s back was breathing down her neck. She pulled a face and looked on at her sister and the men squaring

off against Brandon.

“There’s nothing here for you. What did the little human offer you?”

“Women. Lots of women. You see, it would seem most of the bitches running through this town end up in your pack. I want in on the action. My men are becoming a little rowdy.”

Growls erupted in the room, and Charlotte tensed as one of them came from right behind her.

“You shouldn’t make deals without a pack member present. Wilson, were you present at any of these negotiations?” Micah asked.

Charlotte didn’t understand everything that was going on. They were talking too fast and they were growling right behind her. Was her sister part of some sort of cult?

“No, sir,” Wilson replied, his head bowed down.

“The women of my pack don’t get passed around like dogs. They make their own choices. If some women want to go with you, then they’re allowed to go.” Micah turned to the room. “Any of the women present in my pack step forward if you wish to join Brandon and the Eagles.”

The tense silence spoke volumes.

“Not one of you lovely women want a chance to be with us?” Brandon called to the room.

Charlotte was sure she heard someone vomit.

“Leave the girl and get out,” Micah ordered.

Charlotte stared at the floor, trying to not draw any more attention to herself.

Why couldn't she have told her sister to go without her?

"No. A deal's a deal. Kim is part of the Rock Wood pack, and I want something in the bargain." Brandon took hold of

Charlotte's chin in a firm grip, forcing her to face him.

This man was stronger than her, so she didn't bother to struggle. The attempt would have caused her more pain than anything.

"I'll take this one as compensation. I could use a newbie to train for my passions."

Brandon pressed a hand to her breast. Charlotte whimpered, and her struggles returned in full force. She might not know

what was going on, but her instinct to protect herself was kicking in tenfold.

This man posed a threat, and she had no way of getting away from it.

## **Chapter Two**

Micah watched the young girl fight to be free. He turned and glared at Kim, the person who'd caused all of their problems.

The call of the moon and the wolf grew stronger. Large canines grew in his mouth, and his hands began to shape into large

fiendish claws. A woman in his bar was in danger, and the animal within him responded.

"Let the girl go," he ordered. With each word he spoke, his voice grew louder. The submissive wolves in the back were

cowering to his dominance.

Brandon smiled but didn't let the girl go. Instead, he cupped her between the thighs. The young girl screamed in fright, the

sound painful to hear. He didn't allow any woman to be hurt in his company. Stepping forward, he glared at his two trusted

men, who moved closer as well. This wasn't a fight for power but a fight to protect someone smaller and way more delicate

than their kind.

“So the big bad wolf has come to play?”

“She's in my town, in my bar under my protection. Put my property down.” He paid and served this town well. Made sure

they always had work and business. In return, he asked for them to board up their homes for three nights of the month.

“But she doesn't smell like pack. She smells innocent, and with no claim. By our very laws, it means she's up for grabs. Our

men did catch her, and it's been so long since they've had a plaything.”

Micah knew about the laws. He'd helped to write a few of them.

“Unless you're willing to use another method?”

Micah should have seen this coming. For years, Brandon and his pack of mutts had tried to take over his turf. He wasn't

having any of it.

“What do you want?” he asked, already knowing the answer.

“You take the girl for yourself. Right now, in front of us. Mark her and make her yours.” Murmurs ran through the whole of

the room.

The girl stared at him with a mixture of fear and hope radiating out of her eyes. She was young, and he scented she was close

to womanhood. Her scent held the spark of innocence that wasn't associated with a woman used to physical contact. Perhaps

seventeen, eighteen. Fuck, he hoped she was older. What Brandon was asking would terrify any woman who wasn't

accustomed to pack laws. She wouldn't know what was about to happen, and he was about to put one of the townspeople in

danger.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Charlotte Griffin," she whispered.

Micah stared at Kim. "I want to know what selfish reasoning you used in a bargain that has put your sister's life in danger."

Kim gazed at the floor. What happened tonight would not go unpunished. Micah knew he'd have to hold a meeting with the

townspeople about Kim. For now, Charlotte and her innocence were at stake.

"Come here, Charlotte," he called, making sure his voice was calm so he wouldn't frighten her.

He watched as she pulled away from the man holding her and moved around Brandon. She licked her lips and then focussed

on Micah as she walked the short distance to stand in front of him.

"Do you know what is going on?"

Charlotte shook her head.

"Do you know who I am? What I am?"

She shook her head again.



“I’m going to need you to trust me.”

Micah waited as she looked behind her at the Eagles and then turned back to him. “I will.”

He took her hand and brought her into contact with his body. Shit, Brandon had been right. She smelled of innocence on a

fresh spring morn. Her scent dazzled him.

Cupping her chin, he tilted her head back until she stared into his eyes. He ran his thumb across her full bottom lip. He

loosened his grip on her chin, a finger travelling down past her throat to her vulnerable neck. The delights within her small body tempted him. Micah was alarmed. No human female could tempt him. The demands of his body craved rough, hard

fucking. The mate, or woman who would become his for the rest of his life, would have to learn to take all of him. His cock

was long and thick like the rest of him. A human female would struggle. Even now, because of his sheer size, he refused to take

human women for fear of breaking them. Clearing his head of his troubled thoughts, he put all of his attention into Charlotte.

His protective instincts rushing forward, he tilted her head back and looked at her delicate neck, beautifully exposed for him

to see. Her pulse was beating rapidly, her breaths coming in short, sharp pants. The world around him stopped. The scent of

honey, vanilla, and the fresh sunshine during a morning run through thick forests invaded his senses. Micah pictured Charlotte

naked running from him but with the intention of getting caught. He growled as the instinct to claim her surged within him. One

moment she was standing with her head tilted back, and the next, her back pressed against his. The speed at which he moved

would terrify most humans. He bit into his palm—the thick blood oozing out—and pressed it to her lips.

She fought him. The little wildcat struggled in his hold. The call of the moon hit him, the canines in his mouth growing for the

mating call. In one smooth motion, he struck, his wolf teeth sinking into her human flesh. The fluid from his own vein fed her at

the same time he took hers. Micah's one free arm caught her to him. After a few seconds with his teeth inside her, her struggles

ceased. Charlotte went pliant in his arms as she passed out.

Micah retracted his claws and looked down into the face of the young woman he'd just destroyed.

The alpha of the Rock Wood pack had mated a human female.

“Well, that was almost as enjoyable as watching you fuck,” Brandon said from his place in front.

Micah growled and picked up his mate. “I suggest you take your pack and get the fuck out of my town.”

Turning with her in his arms, he went to his office. Careful with the small bundle he held, he placed her down on the sofa.

Micah sensed Cade at his back. “Don't say anything,” he warned.

“Say?” Cade yelled, slamming shut the door. “What else is there to say other than you've taken a human woman as your

mate. Not only that, from the look of her, she was too young to know how to deal with our kind. Do you have any idea what this

is going to do to her? The risks you've posed?"

"I told you not to say anything," Micah said once again.

Cade snorted.

Micah pulled the hair away from her neck. The two points were bloody and swollen like an allergic reaction.

"Shit, boss. You bit her good." His friend and second-in-command came and stood over him.

"I didn't mean for this to happen," he whispered. He stared at her innocent face.

"You could have marked her any other way. By kissing her on the lips or by hugging her, you'd have offered your

protection," Cade argued.

"That's all I was going to do. I couldn't stop it. I had to have her." Micah stood and went to the door as someone knocked.

Kim stood on the other side, and he couldn't contain the angry growls he sent her way. She held up her hands in surrender,

tears in her eyes.

"This is your fault," he accused.

"I don't know what I was thinking."

"You best get in touch with your parents and warn them I'm coming. Why doesn't she know about me? About this town?" he

demanded to know.

"Mom and Dad thought it best she wasn't plagued by the wolves—"

“You mean they already had one daughter acting the slut for us so they didn’t want the second,” he interrupted her. Micah

heard a moan from behind him. Cade stood over the woman who would one day become his queen.

“It hurts,” she mumbled without opening her eyes. Her hands moved to her neck where he’d bitten her.

“You’ll be okay, kitten. Settle down.” Micah spoke calmly and placed a hand on her shoulder. Charlotte eased back into

sleep, his voice and touches already having the desired mating effect.

“She’s truly your mate then? That wasn’t just some show to Brandon?” Kim asked.

“I think you’d better get out of my office and find your parents. I’ve got to chat with them.”

Kim scurried off.

“What are you going to do about her, Micah?” Cade asked.

Forcing himself to turn from his mate, Micah focused on Cade. “You know what I must do.”

“But the town may see this as an act of—”

“The town will see that we punish those who put the lives of our people in danger.”

### **Chapter Three**

Micah traveled with Cade and a few others of his best men. Charlotte lay in his arms with a slight fever but nothing to

concern himself with. Only an hour had passed since the mating call, and already, he felt the effects on his body. The pull of his

attention. Every second he had to resist gazing down at her. He wanted to reach out and touch her.

Closing his eyes, he glared at Kim Griffin. This was all her fault. Her greed had caused him to act without reason.

In truth, he couldn't blame anyone but himself. The car came to a halt outside a small house. The light on the porch and the

tiny vehicle in the driveway made him aware her parents were home.

A woman, slightly taller than Charlotte, stood in the doorway, an arm wrapped around her middle.

Cade took Kim by the elbow and forced her up the short drive. Micah went next, carrying Charlotte, and the other men

brought up the rear.

“What happened?” a man in his forties asked.

“I'll explain everything but please let me put my m—Charlotte down to rest.” Her father showed him to her room.

The instant he walked into her bedroom, Micah was at home. The honey scent of his mate filled every corner.

Books, drawings, and sketches filled the walls, and three small bookshelves filled the remaining wall space.

Resting her on her bed, he pulled her shoes off and settled her down before following the father downstairs.

Mrs. Griffin sat at the kitchen table sobbing while his men guarded the property. Kim sat next to her mother, sporting a red

cheek.

“How is she? How is my baby?” the mother asked.

It grieved Micah that he didn't know their names.

"She's alive. Tomorrow she may ache and have flu-like symptoms, but after that, she'll be well and taken care of."

"Thank god," the mother whispered.

"I regret to inform you I don't know either of your names."

"I'm Frank, and this is my wife, Doreen. I guess you know Kim." The father made it more a statement of fact than a question.

"Yes, I do."

"Tonight a member from the Eagle pack came into my town at your oldest daughter's behest, claiming I'd hand over some of

my pack women. I take it you know about the laws of the town and who and what we are?" Micah questioned the two oldest.

Both nodded.

"Good. When I learned about this, the leader grabbed Charlotte and threatened to take her. She doesn't know who we are

and, by our very laws, was unprotected."

Doreen sobbed and leaned on her husband's shoulder. "I told you we should have said something. We shouldn't have kept

her in the dark."

"Right you are. Because of the situation I was placed in, I've now mated with your daughter." Silence met his statement.

"What do you mean?"

"Charlotte Griffin is now my queen and, as such, is the female leader of the Rock Wood pack."

“That’s not possible. She’s human, and she’s only twenty. Too young to be a queen,” Frank argued.

Micah held up his hand. “I’m more than willing to give her time, as much as I can, to grow accustomed to what has happened

to her. But I must warn you, when the time comes, I will take her and make her my own.”

“What happens until then?” Doreen seemed to accept his response.

“She lives her life. Finishes college and, until she’s ready, finds a job. I want access to all of her information. As of now,

I’m her sole guardian.” With each word he said, Micah sensed the strings holding him to Charlotte tighten.

“You can’t be agreeing to this,” Frank said to his wife.

“What other choice do we have? The decision has been made. We’re lucky Micah didn’t kill her or let this other man take

her. At least now she’ll have some form of a normal life.”

Micah watched the conflicting emotions on Charlotte’s parents’ faces. He was surprised Doreen had accepted her daughter’s

fate. Because of that one act, he respected her far more than Frank.

“This is unfair.” Frank cursed and stood up from his chair, going to the back of the kitchen. Cade and his other two

bodyguards blocked his path. “What? I’m not even allowed out of my own fucking house?”

“Watch your language.” Doreen was the strongest in their partnership, so Micah addressed the alpha of the house. “I’ve

come regarding another matter”

“What else do you need to discuss?”

“Kim cannot go unpunished. She brought another alpha to my door and a pack of his strongest men into my town. They could have caused all manner of damage.”

“I said I was sorry—”

Doreen stopped Kim from saying another word by raising her hand in the air.

“If I let this slide, it means other townspeople could bring more danger here. I can’t let that happen.”

“I understand. What are you planning to do?” Doreen asked.

“She must be banished from Rock Wood. I don’t want her stepping foot in my town again.”

“This is scandalous,” Frank yelled, coming closer to Micah. “First you’re taking one of my daughters to mate her, and don’t

get me started on how sick that is, and the next, you want me to get rid of my own daughter?”

“I suggest you calm down,” Micah ordered the irate man in front of him.

“Don’t you dare tell me what to do in my own house.” Frank pointed a finger at Micah.

The simple move was all it took for him to snap. Faster than any human could detect, he had Frank locked down in a

chokehold, bent over the dinner table.

“In my world, I’d have the person in Kim’s position killed to make an example of her. Be thankful I’m only banishing the

little bitch. Do you understand?” When Frank didn’t respond, Micah applied



more pressure.

“I said, do you understand?”

Frank jerked his head in a nod.

“I want Kim gone by tomorrow morning. I’ll be by to check.” Micah walked out of the room and glanced up the stairs one

final time. He inhaled a lungful of air, the scent of Charlotte distracting him.

Cade stood waiting until Micah built up the strength to turn away and leave his mate behind. Micah got into the car, and it

felt like he was being kicked in the gut as the car pulled away from the house. Driving away from the woman he needed more

than the full moon was wrong.

“I hate to say this to you, sir, but you sure know how to pick ’em,” Jordan, the man driving, said to him.

Micah didn’t bother to respond.

“Do you think she’ll come to you?” Cade asked.

“I’ve got no choice but to hope. Either she comes to me, or I’ll have to go to her. The need within me will only be contained

for so long. She’ll come to me, or I’ll have no choice but to go to her and claim her. Charlotte has become part of me. I pray

she’ll accept me before then.” Micah stopped talking. He didn’t need to voice his concerns aloud. They all knew the result of

claiming if the mate hadn’t already started relations. On the way back to his bar, Micah cursed his werewolf form, the full

moon, and the claiming he knew he’d have to do.

## Chapter Four

*Two years later...*

On the last day of college, Charlotte had mixed emotions. She was happy she'd passed all of her exams but saddened her

sister wouldn't be able to make her final ceremony. For the past two years, Kim had written to her off and on about her travels

—Italy, Spain, Romania, Egypt, all wonderful places Charlotte had only ever read about, let alone thought of visiting.

Charlotte thought back to the morning after Kim had taken her to that bar on the edge of Rock Wood. When she'd woken up

the following morning to see her mom and dad standing over her panicked, she'd been in shock. The events from the night Kim

took her to that bar on the edge of town were still fuzzy. One face kept coming back to her—short dark hair and eyes as gray as

the moon, a handsome man, but one who excited her. And yet, at the same time, she sensed fear inside her whenever she thought

of him.

Her parents sat in the seats in front of the podium. The college in Rock Wood always celebrated the yearly event. Charlotte

was thankful all she had to do was grab her certificate and walk down the flight of stairs opposite the stage. She stood waiting

for her name to be called. The people behind her snickered. Closing herself off from the cruelty of their words, she made her

way up onto the stage, shook the Dean's hand, and glanced out at the audience.

Charlotte smiled at her parents and thanked the Dean before walking off the stage. As she made her way across the field, she

glanced back. Along the back row behind all the parents stood a long line of men. They looked fierce and deadly, each wearing

a leather jacket emblazoned with a wolf and the words *Rock Wood Pack*.

Frowning, she gazed at all the men's faces, coming to settle on the one at the far end. She recognized him, but she had no

idea where she's seen him before. Across the distance, his eyes sparked gray, and his hair was as dark as night.

Charlotte gasped as he turned to her, staring back at her.

A pulse built inside her body. Scared as the first wave of arousal poured through her, Charlotte turned away from his

temptation and stormed away, going back into the college to get out of the sunshine.

She went straight to the bathroom and splashed cold water over her heated cheeks. Her hands were shaking, and her neck

ached. Gazing in the mirror, she cupped her neck and winced.

What the hell was wrong with her?

Charlotte couldn't think about what was going on. In a few weeks, she'd be out of here, and she wouldn't have to think of a

single person living in Rock Wood. She'd be free to do what she wanted.

Once she was properly cooled off, she went back out onto the field.

Looking at the back row, she saw all the men. She'd have to pass them to get to her parents down the center of the aisle.

Taking a breath, she walked over to them, shocked as they all tensed when she grew near.

They blocked the path down to her seat. Tapping one of the men on the shoulder, she gasped and pulled back. The touch felt like a burn.

“I’m sorry, could I get past?” she asked. The man turned, and she was startled by the intensity of his gaze. The heat returned to her cheeks. It was him, the man from her dreams.

“How can I help you?” he asked.

“You’re blocking the path. I want to get back to my mom,” she explained, the pulse beating rapidly in her neck. Her fingers touched the ache on her neck once again, wincing from the burn.

Charlotte noted the other men had turned to gaze at her. Not used to so much physical attention, her eyes dropped to the ground.

One, the man she dreamed about, put a finger beneath her chin and tilted her head back.

“Never, ever, drop your head,” he ordered.

“I–I–I’m sorry,” she stuttered.

He dropped his hand away and let her past. Charlotte couldn’t help but take a glimpse back at the man who’d intrigued her.

\* \* \* \*

“Let her go,” Cade said to Micah with a hand on his arm.

He watched her leave, satisfied when she turned back to glance at him.

Micah allowed his men to hold him back. Making a scene in front of so many humans would be disastrous. He stayed for the

duration of the graduation ceremony.

“Your scent is strong. Only a foolish man would go anywhere near her,” Jordan said as they made their way over to their

bikes and cars.

“Exactly, but the world is full of fools,” Micah told him. The memories of him were more like dreams to Charlotte. She

wasn't completely clear what had happened the night he'd made her his mate. Like most humans, she'd blocked the pain out.

He followed a good distance behind her parents' truck and kept out of sight while she made her way indoors. Doreen

acknowledged him as he passed, and he thanked the lord daily Charlotte had a strong female to protect her.

The women in his pack grew tired of his lack of attention. He refused every woman's advance, and because of this, a

bitterness had wormed its way into his pack. He sensed it as he pulled up in front of his bar with the rest of his men.

Since the mating, he wanted no one but Charlotte, and he wouldn't malign his chances with him stinking of another woman

when she finally came to him. No one ever knew what the future held.

## **Chapter Five**

*Two years later...*

Micah stared at the woman before him, naked and spread on his bed. He smelled her arousal, and his cock answered the call

of the sexual release he sought. Her slit was bare, and her cream leaked out of her pussy, spreading onto her outer lips.

He licked his lips and bent his head to taste her cream. The nights of the full moon his pack women would try and offer

themselves to help him to slake his lust, each one trying to eradicate the scent of his true mate. Throughout the years, the impulses within him had grown stronger, sending him almost into insanity. However, he still hadn't taken another female. This

morsel in front of him was getting harder to ignore. Maybe he should give in and take this little woman until he couldn't think of

his mate's name for a few minutes.

"Please, fuck me, Micah." She moaned out loud when he fucked her with three fingers inside her cunt.

"Not Micah. Alpha. That's what I am. Use it," he demanded. No woman would call him Micah in his bed. That right was

reserved for one woman.

Growling in frustration as Charlotte appeared in his mind once more, he pulled away from the woman. Taking hold of a

nearby lamp, he threw it across the room, enjoying the sound as it smashed on the floor.

"Get out!" he yelled.

"What?" she asked, dazed by lust and fear.

"Get the fuck out. You're not my mate. Get the fuck out of my room." Micah turned his back on her and only released a

breath when he heard the door close.

Shaking his head at his actions, he went and picked up the lamp. Cade knocked and opened the door. He was the only man

who dared enter his chambers after a woman left.

“The way she ran out of here I thought you’d thrown it at her,” he said.

Micah grunted and put the pieces in the trash can, careful to not cut himself.

“The need within you is growing, I take it?” Cade asked.

He made sure all the sharp and large pieces were inside the trash can before standing and staring at his second-in-command.

“She said my name,” he gave as a response.

“That’s it? For the past two years you’ve done nothing but throw women out of here. I’m jealous. None of the females are

lining up to be my fuck buddy. Each full moon brings about more and more violence. You can’t hold back any longer. For this

pack and for your sanity, you’ve got to go to England and claim her.”

Micah roared. Over three months before, hearing the news of Charlotte getting engaged to a man and moving to England had

almost destroyed him. She was only twenty-four, with her whole life ahead of her. Not only that, she was his.

He knew Doreen had tried to reason with her daughter. He’d stood in the kitchen while she tried to convince her daughter to

return home. Since leaving college and Rock Wood, she hadn’t returned. Not for Christmas or birthdays. No special event

brought her presence. A card and present came in the mail for her parents, but

she didn't visit in person. Charlotte remained absent from Rock Wood.

"She's happy," he began to argue.

"Fuck that. How do you know? Have you gone and seen her? Spoken to her?" Only Cade could argue with him this way.

"If I go to England, I'll need to take some people with me. It would split our pack in half and make us vulnerable if Brandon decided to strike again," Micah warned.

"I think more pack members would vote for you getting your mate than worrying over Brandon."

Micah glanced down at his hard cock.

"And she'll be the one to stop that thing from rearing its ugly head," Cade joked.

Pulling on a dressing gown, Micah glared at him.

"What if she doesn't want me?" he asked.

"Are you serious? You're the fucking alpha. For all you know, she doesn't understand what is happening to her body. The

mating heat affects both of you, remember. She'll feel the call of the wild."

"Get the team together. We'll leave first thing in the morning," Micah ordered him and then left to go to the bathroom to

wash the scent of the woman who wasn't his mate off his body.

He turned the shower on to full heat. The hot water would wipe away any trace of sex. By the time he collected his mate, he



wanted to be free from the women he'd had.

Would she welcome him?

Shit, he didn't even know if she'd suffer with mating heat. Each woman was different. All of his pack females had one cycle

a month where they either locked themselves away in their underground dungeon or spent three days wrapped around the body

of their mate. Some of their women were consumed by lust, which built to a fever pitch over several days. Once the cycle was

completed the woman could go back to normal with all of her hormones in check. Had she experienced this emotion with her

new fiancé? Micah growled. Imagining another man with his hands all over his woman was enough to set his nerves on end.

Slamming a fist against the wood door did nothing to appease his anger.

For two years, he'd spent his time visiting her parents, trying to find out every minute detail of her life. Was she happy or

sad? Did she miss her life in Rock Wood?

Every day he didn't see her, the need within him grew worse. All he wanted to do was see his mate.

The dreams at night were getting more desperate. He dreamed of Charlotte, naked, running with him through the woods. The

nightmares were fueled by her lack of presence. He dreamed of running with her, his beast coming forward and attacking her.

Killing his mate.

Charlotte was human, and no way could she survive any attack from the people of his pack.

Micah ran the hot water and wondered if it would be best to call the search off. Would it be best to leave her to the human

life she'd been part of for so long?

Staring at his reflection in the mirror over the sink, he prayed for some answers. Micah wished for some mystical force that

could tell him what he needed to know.

Nothing materialized. He only had the thumping of his heart and the pulse of his cock whenever he thought about her to keep

him company. No amount of jacking off or watching porn would appease his lust.

He slammed a fist against the glass, happy to see his reflection shatter. No amount of thinking or planning would take him

away from the simple conclusion to his problem.

It was time to claim his mate.

## **Chapter Six**

Charlotte heaved as the sickness consumed her. Three days out of the month her body was struck by uncontrollable shivers.

She didn't want to tell Greg how her pussy would burn for the touch of a man. She felt the humiliation at the fact it wasn't her

fiancé's hand she wanted, but the hands of a stranger she craved. She spent many nights dreaming about a man with dark hair

and gray eyes that sparkled in the moonlight. Charlotte had no idea who the man was who plagued her thoughts and dreams.

His face had begun to turn into a nightmare she couldn't escape. She'd wake up and find herself fingering herself to ease the

ache. Nothing she did could bring her to climax. Twenty-four, and she hadn't orgasmed once in her life.

She thought about the letter from Kim suggesting she'd find the solution to her problem back in Rock Wood. Charlotte

snorted. All she'd find in Rock Wood was her parents, who were more like strangers, and townsfolk who boarded up their

windows as if wolves would try and get in. No. She was safer here with Greg. The fiancé she never saw.

Greg. She sighed. He'd be coming around soon, and she wasn't ready for the badgering he'd give her. They'd met, and he'd

wooed her. Three months later she'd moved to England and bought a place where she could live.

She was engaged but didn't want to share accommodation with the man she was planning on spending the rest of her life

with.

She flushed the toilet and then moved through her tiny apartment. She went straight to the kitchen. She needed her coffee hit.

First thing in the morning, coffee gave her a good boost to the system. The caffeine also helped to stop the shakes. If she wasn't

a virgin, she'd think she was pregnant.

No baby, no sex, nothing. She wasn't even sure she liked Greg. He always came across as being a little uptight. She rarely

liked hearing him talk, which is one of the things that were baffling her. Why did she stay with him even though she couldn't

stand him half of the time?

Why then had she accepted his marriage proposal?

For the past few months, she'd had bouts of this sickness. A bug she couldn't quite seem to drop for a few days of the month.

She couldn't tell Greg how her body came alive and her pussy creamed for a stranger who visited her dreams.

In fact, the last time Greg had popped around for dinner, he'd tried to get her to have sex with one hand against the breast

and another aiming for her crotch. His skin on hers had sent her heading for the toilet to throw up.

No man could get close enough to her without her suffering the same illness. She was twenty-four and hadn't had sex yet.

Even at college, she'd kept to herself and studied rather than gone on dates.

Picking up the phone, she called the office where she worked as an assistant to a manager and told them she wouldn't be

able to make it today.

"Look, Charlotte, this is getting to be a little predictable. I think it's time you made some decisions."

"What are you trying to say?"

"We're letting you go. Your visa will soon run out, and we think it's best if you make a clean break."

"But I'm getting married. I don't understand."

"I'm sorry, Charlotte," her boss said and hung up.

Charlotte slammed the phone down and then stalked back to her kitchen. She pulled out the chocolate ice cream she kept for

emergencies out of the freezer. Who cared if it was first thing in the morning? What the hell was she supposed to do now?

How could she marry a man whose touch repulsed her? How could she return to Rock Wood and face the sniggers from her

old peers as she moved back into her parents' house?

Someone knocked on her door. Charlotte cursed and turned the television up louder. She didn't want to talk to anyone. For

many reasons, least of all being she looked like crap.

Another knock.

She spooned more ice cream into her mouth.

“Come on, Charlotte. I know you're in there. I can smell you.”

The spoon paused before it hit her lips.

Smell her?

A dollop of chocolate dropped onto her lap. She scooped it up and placed the tub on the table in front of her.

Her gut tightened, and her pussy pulsed. His voice called to her and easily aroused her. Could a man do that with his voice?

The shy girl inside her wanted to turn, run, and hide, but beyond that door lay something. She didn't know exactly what that

something was. In her gut, she felt the difference inside herself and the call within her to open it up and face the potential change in her future. She ran a hand through her hair and gulped down the nerves clogging her throat.

What lay beyond the door?

Her stomach twisted, and when she reached for the handle, she saw her

fingers were shaking.

Licking her lips, she tightened her grip and opened the door.

One large man dominated the space at the front of her door. Six men stood behind him and down her corridor. She stared at

each man and noticed they were larger than every other man she'd seen.

The man in front held her attention. His gaze was penetrating her to her very soul. He forced her attention on him.

“Hello, Charlotte.”

In two simple words, Charlotte felt as if she'd come home.

## **Chapter Seven**

“Who are you?” she asked. The man stormed past her and into her small apartment. She stared in shock when the other six

men entered her tiny flat. How they managed to fit was beyond her.

“He's not here,” the leader said.

“Probably a good thing. Adding a human casualty for admiring beauty isn't on my top-ten list of things to do before I die,”

another man said.

Charlotte recognized some of their voices, but her memory was a little fuzzy.

“What are you taking about?” she asked. A headache began to build at her temple. The man, the leader, stalked toward her.

His presence was powerful inside her small apartment. The men behind him stayed in their positions in her sitting room. One

flicked through the television programs while another went to the kitchen.

The man whose voice she recognized pinched her ice cream.

“Hey, that’s mine!” she yelled at him.

“If you ask me, you could do with eating more of it,” he told her, staring up and down her body.

Charlotte was aware of her weight. No matter how many diets she followed, it seemed to constantly increase.

“How dare you?”

“You’ve lost weight since I last saw you, munchkin,” the man stealing her ice cream said to her, seeming awfully familiar

with her.

No matter how hard she tried, she couldn’t place them. She knew they’d been at her graduation. So had many other people.

“Are you Kim’s friends?” Several of them snorted and turned away from her. What was wrong with everyone?

“You know who I am, Charlotte.” His voice drifted over her, startling her into full arousal.

“I don’t know.”

“One night four years ago you came to a bar. A bikers’ bar. Do you remember?”

Charlotte listened, and she recalled her sister nagging to go out and party. The bar was dark with naked girls dancing around.

She remembered that sex was on display in every corner.

“I see you remember.”

“I don’t remember anything. It was all a dream. A bad horrible dream. Now get out before I call the police!” she screamed.

His men guarded the door while he moved her farther into the room.

“My god, you’re still innocent,” he said, sniffing the air.

“That’s none of your business,” she argued, covering her body with the robe.

Charlotte kept moving backward until her back hit the wall. She cried out as he pounced, trapping her between his rock-hard

body and the brick behind her.

“Let me go,” she whimpered.

“I can’t do that.”

He pressed his body against her pelvis, and she gasped. He was hard as steel, scorching her through her clothing.

“Fuck. I’ve got to taste you.” He pressed his nose against her neck.

In the next instant, sharp teeth bit into her neck.

Charlotte caved under his attack. The pain and the connection with his body drove the images into a freeze frame. All the

memories of that night four years before resurfaced and bombarded her mind. She remembered everything, including his name.

Micah.

With a force she didn’t know she possessed, she threw Micah away from her. Blood trailed down her neck. She touched the

blood with the tip of her finger.

“What the fuck are you?” she asked, outraged.



The other men in the room stared at her.

Looking down, she saw the confrontation with Micah had opened her robe, showing her nakedness.

“You’ve never seen a woman’s tits before?” she shouted. The vulgar words sounded harsh to her own ears.

“Not a virgin’s tits,” they all said at once.

Humiliated at her exposed body, she tied the sash and ran for her room. She slammed and locked the door.

She pressed her back to the door with her hand going to her neck. A small drop of blood dotted her fingers.

The man had bit her. No, not a man. Not from what she remembered from that night.

What the fuck had happened to her?

Storming around her bedroom, she grabbed her cell phone and slammed the door of her en suite bathroom.

Charlotte dialed her sister’s number and waited for her to answer.

“Hello.” The voice sounded muffled.

“Who the hell is Micah, and what the fuck went down at that bar all those years ago?” she demanded.

Rarely did she raise her voice. With the revelation she’d just had, she didn’t think being nice about it would get her what she

wanted.

“Charlotte?”

“The very one.”

A few cusses and she heard her sister yell at someone. Another curse and a door slammed.

“You mean to tell me you had no recollection of that night?” Kim asked.

“Nothing.”

“Then what brought on the attack of awareness?”

Charlotte ran her fingers through her hair and got up to check her wound out in the mirror. It looked like one hell of a love

bite.

“You know a six-foot-plus giant and his pack have stormed my apartment, and the giant has bitten me.”

“Micah is there?” Her sister sounded panicked.

“Yep.”

“Shit. You’ve got to get off this phone. He’ll punish me worse if he catches you talking to me.”

“What are you talking about?”

“Because of the crap that went down, I was banished from Rock Wood, Charlotte. I’m not allowed to set foot back in there

ever again.”

“But we’re not in Rock Wood.”

“Yeah, but the banishment also includes anyone from there. I broke the rules when I started talking to you. Not only pack

law. I also disobeyed my alpha and my queen.”

“Who’s your queen? And you’re not a part of this pack. Shit, what’s with all

these words of wolves and packs and

everything? I'm freaking out here." Charlotte placed a hand over her chest. Her heart pounded inside her chest.

"You're the queen, and there is still so much you don't know about Rock Wood. I can't believe Mom and Dad kept you in

the dark. Even now, when your life is on the line."

"What do you mean?"

"Shit, this is going to get me punished more. You're the queen of the Rock Wood pack. The men in your apartment are

werewolves, and the big one, Micah, he's the alpha, and you're his mate."

Well, shit.

\* \* \* \*

"That didn't go well," Cade said to the men in the room.

Micah flinched as the door slammed. "Maybe I shouldn't have been so demanding," he suggested.

His men chuckled. Micah couldn't help his response. Charlotte had been engaged for the longest time, yet she still held her

virgin barrier intact. No dick had been near her body. Probably a good thing, otherwise he'd hunt the bastard who thought he

could touch his mate.

Even on the other side of the door, she'd responded to his voice. Whether she liked it or not, Charlotte was his, and her body

already knew it.

“I don’t like the fact she’d forgotten about us, boss,” Cade said in between mouthfuls of ice cream.

“She remembers. Not everything, just the night she first entered the bar.”

“You know, Brandon will be up to something if we take her back,” another of the men said.

Micah sighed. He couldn’t do anything about Brandon without starting a turf war. The ways of the wolves were always

fucking pedantic. They were animals for fuck’s sake. Why couldn’t they settle their battles man to man? Brandon was a fucking

coward, hiding behind their rules as some kind of shield. Brandon was a threat to the humans, but no other leader saw it.

“If he touches her, I’ll kill him.”

“It’s not just Brandon who’ll be a problem,” Cade said. “There are all the others in the pack who’ll have a problem with a

human being queen.”

He hadn’t thought of that problem. Micah cursed. He had more problems on his mind over the last few years with rogue

wolves than caring about a human queen.

“I can’t change what I did.”

“Not saying you should, Micah. Some of us won’t be as accepting of Charlotte. Especially some of the women who’ve tried

to get in your bed since she left town,” Cade replied.

Would Charlotte be pissed if he punched a hole in her wall?

“She wouldn’t survive a challenge,” he admitted to himself. How would he

keep her safe from the very animals she should

be able to control? “Do any of you have a problem with Charlotte being by my side?” He may as well get their viewpoint

before he restaked his prior claim. They were the strongest in his pack and the most loyal.

“I like Charlotte.” Cade responded first. I hope she can keep your temper down. You’ve been a fucker to live with these past few years.”

“I don’t have a problem. Be nice to have a woman who’s doesn’t have fucking issues besides the human kind.” This came from Jordan.

The other men nodded in agreement. A weight eased from his chest.

It would be far easier to stake his claim knowing other pack members didn’t mind Charlotte being high ranking. He hadn’t

prepared anyone for Charlotte being his queen purely because he didn’t care what others thought. She was his mate, and that

was final.

He was about to speak when his ultra-sensitive hearing caught onto Charlotte talking to someone.

Tuning in, he heard the voice of the woman he’d banished.

“Fuck me,” he growled. He threw open the door to her bedroom with such force it knocked it off its hinges. Charlotte wasn’t

in sight, but he heard her clear through the door.

Careful with the next door, he used his strength to open it. He felt like a fool

when he discovered the door wasn't locked.

She sat on the toilet staring at him in horror.

"Give me the phone," he ordered.

Charlotte cradled the phone closer to her tits.

His orders were being ignored.

"Give me the phone," he demanded.

"No. I'm talking, please leave." She put the phone to her ear, and he had to repress the need to snatch it away from her.

Charlotte wasn't one of his wolves, and he needed to remember that.

"Charlotte, give him the phone," he heard Kim tell her.

"Kim?"

"Just do it, Charlotte. Don't make this any worse than it already is."

He watched Charlotte nod, and then she handed him the phone, staring down at the floor. Micah put the phone to his ear.

"Hello, Micah," Kim said.

"Kim."

"Look, I know I've broken the rules—"

"You've done far more than that. Why don't you tell me what you told my mate?" he asked. Micah surprised himself by how

calm he sounded.

He didn't want to scare off his mate.

Micah listened as Kim told him as much as she knew about Charlotte. He got the sense Kim had been talking to Charlotte for a good while.

“Look, Micah. She got in touch with me. I love my sister even if I don’t show it all that much. She doesn’t understand

anything about you or the pack. Mom and Dad kept her in the dark for a reason. I don’t think they wanted her to get involved.

They intended for her to leave Rock Wood. Please, treat her right.”

“You’re in no position to be asking things of me,” he told her.

“Then I’m asking on behalf of your mate. I know more about the wolves and their customs than she does. If you push

Charlotte too far, you will lose her.”

Micah disconnected the call and placed the device in his pocket.

Charlotte didn’t look at him, and a punch landed in his gut. He scented her tears. Fuck. He hated it when women cried.

Going down on his knees in front of her, he took her chin in his hands and tilted her head back.

A stream of moisture ran from each eye.

“Don’t cry, baby, please,” he begged.

“You’re scaring me,” she admitted.

Micah opened his mouth and then closed it. He didn’t have a clue what to say.

“I would never, ever, hurt you,” he said.

“Because I’m your mate?”

*You’re so much more than my mate.*

“Yes,” he answered in response.

“I don’t know anything. I don’t understand. I’ve only just remembered you.”  
He saw the confusion and the fear in her eyes.

Her lips trembled. Micah ran his thumb over her lips, plump and gorgeous.  
He leaned down and pressed his lips against

hers. Charlotte gasped and Micah deepened the kiss, sliding his tongue inside  
her mouth. Tasting her. He moaned, and his fist

sank into her hair, pulling the long strands.

Charlotte gasped beneath his touch, and he relished the sounds of her little  
pants. He cupped her face and took more from

her. Micah forced her to submit to his will and desire.

Her small body shook under him, and he had to calm his wits before he went  
too far and frightened her away. Micah pulled

away and ran his thumb over her now swollen red lips.

“I’m sorry I was a little rough,” he whispered. He laid another kiss on her  
lips.

“You can’t seem to stop,” she said to him with amazement in her voice.

“I want you, Charlotte, always.”

“What the fuck are you doing in my girlfriend’s apartment?”

Charlotte tensed and looked to the door. The anger rose in Micah and growl  
echoed along the thin walls.



“Don’t hurt him,” she pleaded.

“He goes now.” It wasn’t an instruction or a question. Micah was warning her Greg would not be part of her life any more.

“What do you want from me?”

“Everything.” He kissed her once more and walked toward the sound of the commotion. Micah walked in to see Cade

restraining the human man with one arm, still eating the tub of ice cream.

“Who the fuck are you, and where is Charlotte? Charlotte? Charlotte?” he yelled.

“I think you should turn around and leave right now,” Micah warned, holding his arms over his chest.

“Fuck you. Charlotte, baby, are you all right?” Greg called.

Micah growled.

“What the fuck?”

“I’m growing tired of your language. Charlotte is already taken. She’s mine. Leave now.”

“No way. Charlotte and I are engaged to be married. You’ve got no right to be in this apartment.”

The guy had guts. Other men would quake in their boots when Micah was present. Not this guy. He was showing he either

had too much confidence or he had a death wish.

“The engagement ends. Charlotte is mine, and no one else will have her.”

“I’m not leaving. I love Charlotte.” Micah scented the lie in his words.

“You’re lying. You don’t love Charlotte. What if I were to tell her how you smell of another woman? You reek of her pussy and her perfume.”

Cade gave him a funny look, and Micah wondered if Cade could smell the scent of another woman on Charlotte’s fiancé.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Stop it, Micah,” Charlotte said, coming into the room. He turned and was pleased to see her dressed. The tight jeans distracted him.

A tiny waist and full hips. His mouth watered to see her naked. A sweater covered everything, destroying his view of her huge tits.

He loved his women curvy and full.

“Charlotte.” Greg gasped.

“I think it best if you leave.”

“What he says is a lie. I would never cheat on you. Never.” He sounded so pathetic. Micah almost felt sorry for him.

“No, it’s not. You know it, and I know it. I’m going back home, Greg. I think it best if you have a clean break.” Charlotte moved over and kissed his cheek.

Micah went to grab her back, but she came and stood in front of him.

“You used me, you little slut.”

Micah watched her tense before him. He sensed the hurt coming off her in

waves. He growled, prepared to strike the little fucker down for insulting his mate.

“Be nice to the little lady, limp dick,” Cade ordered before bodily removing him from the apartment.

“No wonder he made my skin crawl,” Charlotte said.

He placed a hand on her shoulder, loving the feeling as she relaxed at his touch.

“You’re coming home?” he asked.

She nodded but didn’t turn around.

“I’m glad.”

## **Chapter Eight**

Charlotte stared out of the window on the plane. She thought it would take days to organize a flight, but she’d learned Micah

owned his own plane.

As soon as everything had been handled and she’d packed all of her belongings she wanted to take back, they were driving

out to the nearest airport.

She sat next to Micah as he worked from a laptop. Watching such a large man tapping at the keys of a small mechanical

device was quite alarming. Any second she expected it to explode in protest.

“If you keep staring at me like that, I’m not going to be held responsible for my actions,” he warned her.

Charlotte turned away, not wanting his attention on her. She couldn’t help but

be fascinated by him.

Cade came and sat in front of her, smiling at her.

“So do you remember me?” he asked.

She couldn't help but smile at his easier attitude.

“I think I do. You tried to protect me and send me on my way, right?”

“That's me. But Brandon was determined to keep you, and Micah here then mated with you. Not that I blame him. You were

one pretty girl, but the last years have done wonders for you.”

Charlotte blushed and stared out of the window.

“Stop flirting with her,” Micah told him.

“He's not flirting,” Charlotte said, defending him.

She watched as he slammed down the laptop lid, and she flinched, expecting the thing to crack.

“Numbers crunched, boss?”

“Business is a pain in the ass, but it guarantees we've got some comfort.”

Cade took the laptop and left them alone. Charlotte gazed up to see him looking at her with interest.

“What?” she asked.

“I'm sure you've got lots of questions about us. About the pack.”

Charlotte had tons of questions.

“I'll wait until I see Mom and Dad,” she answered. He still unnerved her.

“You’re not going to see your parents straight away,” he said to her.

“What? What are you talking about?”

“I’m your mate, Charlotte. You’ll be living with me, and I’m the best person to tell you about my pack.”

“What if I don’t want to learn anything from you?” Charlotte knew she sounded like a child. She couldn’t help the way she

was responding. He’d been nothing but nice to her, and she was acting like a first-class bitch.

“You want to know. That’s all right. I can wait until you become desperate to know the answers.” Micah leaned back in his

seat, settled his fingers on his lap, and closed his eyes.

*Great move. He’s taking a nap, and now all you want to do is talk.*

“I’m sorry,” she started. “I don’t know what I’m doing. I—I mean my life has just been turned upside down, and now I find

out I’m your mate and about werewolves and everything. I’m never usually this nasty.”

Charlotte was so pleased she’d managed to stay calm for as long as she could. Biting her lips, she gave up when all he did

was smile.

She turned away from his tempting body and looked at the window. There was nothing for her to see other than the clear blue

skies and the white fluffiness of the clouds.

“I understand you’re new to all of this. I’m not thinking any less of you. You’re taking it rather well.”

Charlotte smiled and continued to stare out of the window. The last part sounded like a compliment.

“Will you tell me about your pack?” she asked.

“Sure, but it’s easier if you ask questions and I answer the ones you wish to know first.”

She nodded and gazed at the view one last time before spinning back and giving him her undivided attention.

“Do all the people of Rock Wood know who you are?”

“Most do. We decided we wanted to live peacefully among the human population, so we help them with their businesses and

problems. We play the role of the law at some points, and we get the days and nights of the full moon to hunt freely in the surrounding forests. For those people that don’t know about us, we try and get them to understand. Most cases, nothing bad

happens. Don’t ask me what happens in other cases.”

“Okay. Is that why they board up their houses?”

“Yes. It throws our scent off. If we end up running through town, we don’t want to endanger people’s lives. Sometimes the

fear and someone running can send our beasts into a frenzy, and we can’t be held responsible for our actions.”

“Are there any more wolves besides you guys out there?” Charlotte tried to think of all the questions of importance.

“Yes. You met Brandon, and there are loads more spread throughout the country and the world.”

“Are all of them as generous as you?” She’d noticed during the ceremony, even though some of the townspeople showed

fear, most showed respect for Micah and his pack.

“Do you mean do they protect the towns where they live?”

Charlotte nodded.

“No. Unfortunately some of us thrive on instilling fear. They pick off the humans one by one until the wolves have no choice

but to leave the barren land they’ve created.” He sounded sad and ashamed of his kind.

“The men in the plane? Do you trust them?” she asked, staring at each of the men.

“With my life. There is a ranking system through the pack. The strongest of men go from the leader down through the station

until you get to civilian pack members.”

“You’re the alpha? The leader?”

“Yes, Cade is the next in line. He’s a true and fierce warrior. He’ll need a strong female to keep him in line. Jordan is the

next. He looks like the happy-go-lucky type, but he’s deadly in a fight.”

“The other men?”

“You’ll get to know in time.”

Charlotte nodded. She thought she’d have hundreds of questions, but it seemed she could be calmed with the few she’d

asked.

“Is there anything else you want to know?”

She nodded and wondered how she could pose the question without stuttering

and going beet red.

“What about mates? I don’t understand what you mean about us. Kim seemed to think it had really strong significance or something.”

“Hey,” he said, cupping her cheek. “Never be embarrassed about talking to me. I would never treat you any differently.”

“O–okay,” she stuttered.

“When Brandon threatened your safety that night four years ago, he demanded I mark you with my scent. You had no knowledge of who or what we are. You weren’t claimed. Kim put your life in jeopardy by bringing you to my bar. Brandon

demanded I mark you and thus protect you by pack law, otherwise he was free to take you.”

He stopped and took a sip of water.

“In the process, I managed to claim you as mate. I fed you my blood, and I took yours, and through it, I marked your body as my own.”

“Marked my body? That doesn’t make sense. I’m not hurt or injured, and I didn’t sustain anything from that night. How is it possible?”

“Because every single wolf who comes into contact with you will scent my wolf. Not only will they scent my wolf, they’ll scent my pack and the strength within it. You’ll forever be protected, and other wolves should steer clear of you or risk



increasing my wrath.”

Charlotte touched her neck where he'd bitten it earlier. Already the puncture wounds had healed.

“So, if you're a werewolf with a pack, does that mean vampires and zombies and stuff like that exist as well?” she teased.

“Not even close. No documentation or proof has been found as to whether other monsters walk this planet. As far as I know.

The wolves are all that exist. Maybe you should get some rest. You've got a long day tomorrow when we land.”

Charlotte nodded and turned to gaze out of the window. She was curious as to why she wasn't running away or panicking.

She didn't know what her future held, but right now she was happy and content where she was.

\* \* \* \*

Micah watched her fall asleep. Soon her tiny snores could be heard, and he heard Cade and the others snicker. She sounded

so cute.

He didn't know how long he sat and listened to her, too happy knowing she was okay and coming back home to care about

anything else.

“She took that rather well,” Jordan called from over the book he was reading.

“This is the beginning. Let's see how she adapts to life inside the pack,” Micah said. He leaned over and pulled a strand of

hair off her face.

“Maybe you should take her to a more comfortable spot. Get better acquainted,” Paul suggested from behind him.

The other men snickered, and Micah chuckled. They were all just being men, and with Charlotte asleep, she couldn't hear their easy banter.

“You men will be the death of me. Don't ever let me catch you treating her with anything but respect,” he told all of the men.

He lifted her up in his arms, delighting in the shape and size gracing his arms. She moaned and then curled up against him,

snuggling down. Micah carried her to the back of the plane where the separate room with a bed lay. He eased her down,

removing her shoes. He kissed her lips and neck before pulling away. More than anything, he wanted to join her on the bed.

Instead, he pulled the blanket over her and left her to rest. She might be taking all of the werewolf talk well at the moment. If

it became too much for her, he feared the reaction and stress on her body.

“How long until we land?” he asked the pilot through an intercom system as he moved to take his seat.

“Another couple of hours, sir.”

Opening his laptop, he winced when he saw the cracked screen. Fucking thing. He didn't know his own strength some days.

“We need a new one already?”

“No!” he shouted at Cade.

Cade simply sniggered and settled back for the plane ride.

## Chapter Nine

Someone was shaking her to wake up. Charlotte swatted at the hand in the hope the owner would leave her alone.

“Come on, baby, rise and shine. Time to get ready.”

She moaned and turned away, grunting for whoever it was to leave her alone.

“I need to sleep,” she called.

“Shall I strip naked and join you in bed?”

Charlotte jerked upright. Micah stood with his hands by his side and an arrogant smile on his face. “Is the invitation still open?”

“It was never open,” she replied. Charlotte rubbed her eyes and tried to focus on the clock.

“What time is it?”

“The time doesn’t matter, but we’ll be landing in half an hour, and then we’ll be going to visit the pack—”

He stopped what he was saying, and she opened her eyes to see what the problem was. Micah was staring down at her

boobs.

It looked like sometime while she slept she’d pulled her sweater off. The small crop top did nothing to cover the huge things.

She grabbed at the blanket to try and cover her boobs, but he stopped her.

“I never knew how big they were,” he moaned. Charlotte had never liked her chest. They always caught some bozo’s

attention, and the next thing she knew, she’d be the brunt of all the tit jokes they could come up with.

“I don’t like them,” she admitted. She used her hands to cover them.

Micah reached out and took hold of her hands, his eyes so clear, the desire within them startling. “Never hide them from me.

You look stunning.”

She held her breath as he pulled her small crop top up over her head. The large bra was designed to reduce the appearance

of large breasts, but it didn’t matter. Hers were always big no matter what she did. Should she push him away? She liked the

desire shining in his eyes more than she wanted to cover up.

“Let me, Charlotte,” he demanded.

She looked down at his hands reaching out toward her bra. Nodding, she leaned forward for him to undo the clasp and slide

down the straps keeping the bra in place. The material gave, and her breasts fell out of their confines.

“So fucking beautiful,” he said when she sat back.

Micah didn’t stare at her breasts, but at her.

“Do you like them?” she asked, unsure of his reaction.

“I’m as hard as fucking rock. I want you, Charlotte. I shouldn’t, but I do. I want you so fucking bad,” he said.

Goose bumps broke out on her skin from the possessive sound of his voice.

“Why shouldn’t you want me?”

“I don’t age,” he said to her.

“How is that possible?”

“When our bodies turn for the first time during puberty, it starts the initial transformation. When maturity hits us, we remain in that age forever.”

“So you’re telling me most of your werewolves are like eighteen?” she asked.

“Not even close. You give us the benefit of thinking we mature like humans. No. Our maturity hits when our beast within can

be controlled. At least in the most pressing of circumstances. I hit maturity at thirty-three.”

“That’s not so bad. You’re only eleven years older than me.”

“And the rest. You know I’m a lot older than you, Charlotte.”

“We don’t need to count the excess years. I don’t care. You’re not about to shrivel up on me, are you?”

Micah laughed, and she liked the hearing the sound. He looked less fierce when he laughed.

Charlotte smiled and touched his hand before reaching out for her bra and shirt. In one fast move, he pulled her clothing

away and out of reach.

“What are you doing?” she asked.

“I want to taste you.”

Charlotte frowned. “How can you taste me? You want more of my blood?”

“No.” Micah didn’t explain what he wanted. He showed her. Pushing her to the bed, he climbed over her. She settled with

her hands either side of her body.

He smirked and kissed her on the lips. With each of his kisses, he opened her mouth wider as he plunged his tongue inside,

deepening the kiss. Charlotte could taste him on her lips. She moaned, and her arms circled his neck, holding him close as the

kiss deepened.

Her body came alive under his expert touch. Her pussy was dripping wet, and she wanted him so bad. She wanted to be

fucked.

Micah kissed her lips and moved down to her neck, nibbling until he moved down and tasted her breasts. A cry spilled from

her lips as he circled a taut nipple before biting down on the sensitive bud. He flicked the tip and soothed the small burn before

he moved onto the next, bringing out the same response. He nibbled the bud until it was painfully hard, biting down and licking

her back to earth. His hands cupped her breasts and stroked them as his mouth loved them.

“So big and ripe,” he said around a mouthful of breast.

Never before had she considered her boobs so desirable. “Do you like them?”

“Yes.”

“Boss, sorry to interrupt the action, but pilot says we got ten minutes to land,” Cade shouted through the door.

Charlotte yelped and reached for her bra and shirt.

Micah turned to the door and growled. “We’re coming.” He then turned back to face her.

“What?” she asked.

“I don’t want to stop.”

Charlotte nodded. What else could she do?

“When we get home, I want you.” He fisted a hand in her hair and brought her lips to his. “And I intend to have you.”

Charlotte cried out and gave herself to his command. She doubted he meant his words. Was she ready to give her virginity

up to this man?

She gathered her clothes but couldn’t get the doubts out of her mind. When she was in his arms she couldn’t think of doing

anything else. The moment Micah let her go, her mind was filled with doubts.

Dressed and seated, she watched the runway come into focus. Her life was about to change forever. She didn’t have the first

clue on how to stop it, even if she wanted to change it.

\* \* \* \*

Micah drummed his fingers on the armrest. He was growing impatient to get out of the metal can and onto the ground. His

dick was fucking killing him where it was pushing against the zipper of his jeans. He wanted the ground, a warm bed, and

privacy so he could finally take his mate. The first full moon was in a few weeks, and he wanted to have sated himself enough

inside her body to know he’d not hurt her if he couldn’t find a safe place for her to hide. He was conscious of all the men’s

sniggers. They’d be able to scent his impatience and his growing need for the

woman at his side.

“I forgot how pretty Rock Wood could be,” he heard Charlotte whisper at his side.

One bonus for them, at least she liked parts of Rock Wood. It would be the place she'd be staying in for some time.

“Once we get settled, I'll take you to Frank and Doreen,” he told her, upset she didn't have any lasting effects from their time

in the bedroom.

“Thank you. Talking on the phone and writing is never the same as seeing them face-to-face. I guess I'll be seeing more of

them now since I'm back home.”

“Providing you're escorted at all times. You'll be seeing them regularly,” he confirmed.

She wanted to argue. He could see it, but she nodded and went back to looking at the view.

Why wouldn't she give him more than thirty seconds of her time?

The plane couldn't land fast enough.

Micah owned a runway just outside of Rock Wood. It was a ten minute drive away from the bar and about a thirty minute

drive from the large house. The house was owned by him for all the wolves to live in the countryside. It was a perfect setting

as it was surrounded by green fields and a mass of trees. The place was locked away and secret. Only a few people knew of its

location. Usually they could be reached through the bar and, with a swift telephone call, be at the bar or house within minutes.



No one greeted them at the airport. That was how he liked it, to know his wolves were busy.

They got into their cars, Cade driving Micah and Charlotte.

“This is like VIP stuff.” She giggled.

“In Rock Wood, you are the important person.” Micah chuckled when she blushed. He wanted to take her in his arms and

show her how much she meant to him.

The men in his family weren’t very vocal about their feelings for their mates, but more times than not, he wanted to reach out

and show her what he felt for her.

Thirty minutes later, they pulled up outside his house. The large building housed more than a hundred wolves from his pack

but not all of them at once. When they had guests from packs passing through, the place would be teeming.

“Showtime.”

## **Chapter Ten**

Micah saw everyone stop and glance at his car. Some of the females looked ready to kill, and for a split second, he

questioned his decision to bring her here.

He was alpha and the other members of the pack would do as they were told.

Cade opened his door, and Micah got out. He reached in to offer a hand. Charlotte gazed outside and shook her head.

“I think I’m more comfortable here,” she told him.

“Charlotte, you can’t stay in there forever,” he said, trying to reason with her.

“Take me to my mom and dad’s place. I’ll be much better there.”

“Charlotte. You are my mate. They’ll accept you because of this. Take my hand.” She hesitated and began nibbling on her

bottom lip. After a few seconds, she gave him her hand. He helped her across the seats and out into the open.

Some of the wolves were trying to get a better view of the human who had caused so much trouble. Micah watched Misty

slam down her bucket of cleaning water and storm away. That would be a problem.

Cade shrugged at him. There was nothing he could do about his stupid mistakes other than pray they wouldn’t bite him in the

ass.

“My mate has returned,” he called out to the rest of his pack.

Some of the men nodded toward her, and she smiled. Others turned their backs and carried on working.

Micah didn’t like their reactions. He just wanted to get her inside so he could have his wicked way with her.

He spoke to a few men, keeping Charlotte locked closely to his side, not giving her an opportunity to escape.

As soon as he got her home and slammed the door on the wolves—his signal to stay the fuck away—he pressed Charlotte

against the wall.

“What are you doing?” she asked.

Micah showed her. Pushing his fingers in her hair, he combed out the thick strands from the elastic band. He plundered her

mouth. She opened, welcoming his kiss.

Driven half-crazy by her scent next to him for the last ten hours, Micah was drugged on the need to take her.

He wanted to have her legs wrapped around his waist while he fucked her cunt.

“I’ve got to have you now,” he moaned.

Her blouse lasted seconds before he tore it from her body, followed by the jeans she wore.

“Slow down,” she ordered. Micah growled and lifted her in his arms. “I don’t know you.”

“We’ve got plenty of time to get to know each other,” Micah said. He ran up the stairs and found his bedroom in quick time.

He crashed through the door and slammed it shut.

“You’re not giving me time,” she complained.

“Feel me, Charlotte. In your heart you know you want me. Your body already knows its master. Give into it, Charlotte. Take

me, accept me. I can give you everything,” he whispered.

She stood before him in her underwear. Micah stepped back and gazed at the beauty of her body.

“Do you hate what you see?”

“I love what I see.” He took her hand and brought her against his own. He roughly pulled at his clothes until they tore or

were yanked free.

He picked her up and carried her to the bed. Charlotte giggled.

“This is insane. I’ve never done anything like this before.”

“And you’ll only ever do this with me. No other man will have you. Never.”

Micah yanked the bra from her body, her large

tits spilling free. His cock was so fucking hard. Pre-cum already leaked from the tip.

The need to gain control over the fiery lust pulsing through his veins was vital before he tipped her back and fucked her hard

and rough for the first time. Lips and tongue sucked her nipples and played with her breasts. His other hand went between her

legs and ripped the fabric of her panties in half. He threw them away, replacing his hand on her mound. A small amount of hair

outlined her pussy lips, making him harder.

Micah ran a finger through the moist slit and cursed at her wetness. The scent of her need permeated the room.

Sucking in a breath and turning from her, Micah got his beast under control. He wouldn’t ruin her first time by being an

animal.

No one had ever told him how powerful he’d feel having his mate close by. Charlotte meant the world to him.

“Are you all right?” she asked. He heard her moving, and then her hand lay lightly on his shoulder.

“I need to make sure I won’t hurt you.” He turned back to her and watched her gasp. One of her hands covered her mouth.

“Your eyes are different. Your eyes have gone black where they’re usually gray.” Seeing her reaction made him gain the

control to pull his beast back and stop him from unleashing the monster within.

“I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be sorry. It’s who you are.” She cupped his face and brought him up for a kiss. She knelt on the bed, and Micah

tumbled her back down. His body covered hers.

Her glorious honey smell tempted him like no other. He knew he wanted to take her on one of the nights of the full moon. To

see her body writhe in pleasure, soaked in the moonlight.

Micah worked her body, kissing her lips and creating a path downward until he reached her lovely-smelling cunt.

She cried out when he used his fingers to spread her wide. Her tiny clit was peeking out from the hood, red and swollen. He

licked up her slit, smelling her own exquisite scent.

“What are you doing?” she demanded on a moan.

Micah smiled. His little maid didn’t know the true carnal pleasures that awaited her.

“Lay back, baby. Enjoy.” He used his tongue to bring her to the height of pleasure. His hands moved up her body and began

to play with the swollen red nipples. Charlotte thrashed beneath him, crying out for him to stop and then to carry on. He

chuckled, loving her reaction. Micah wanted her dripping wet with her own natural lubricant before he tried to fuck her with

his large cock.

She was panting and screaming for a release she didn't understand. Micah finally heard her submit to the pleasure he was

giving her. He licked her clit until she cried out and convulsed in orgasm. He didn't want to hurt her. She was coming down

from her high, he grasped his cock. The tip and head covered in his pre-cum, he aligned his cock with her pussy entrance. In

one smooth thrust, he penetrated her virgin cunt and claimed Charlotte Griffin as his own.

Her tight pussy fluttered around his hard shaft. He'd taken her innocence in the first thrust, but his cock wasn't all the way in.

Compared to his body, she was so tiny and small. Tears shone in her eyes, and he knew, even with her climax, he'd hurt her.

"I'm sorry," he whispered.

"Please don't move anymore," she requested.

"I've got to. I'm not all the way in."

"It hurts," she cried out.

Micah didn't move at all. Instead, he grabbed her waist, running his hands over her hips and grasping her butt. He laid kisses

on her shoulder, loving her body with his touch. Never in his life would he want to hurt her.

He cursed his body and the instinct of the wolf. If he didn't claim her soon, he'd be driven insane by the vision of being with

her. If he didn't get himself under control he risked killing her in the process.

After some time, her pelvis began to move, and he knew the pain would have lessened, and her body was starting to crave

for more.

“Can I move?” He didn’t want to hurt her, and if it meant waiting for her, he’d wait as long as his beast would allow.

“Will it hurt?”

“I don’t think so. That pain is gone. Only pleasure is left.” He crossed his fingers, hoping he was right.

“Okay, we’ll try it.”

Micah took her lips and brought her lower body under his. His mate would like the loving of his body.

He’d make sure of it.

Taking hold of her hip, he pulled a small amount of the way out of her and then fucked back inside. Charlotte didn’t cry out

in pain but in pleasure.

With every push inside her body, she took more of him until he was fucking her with his whole cock.

She moved with him, lifting up as he pushed inside. Together they created a rhythm.

“Fuck, you feel so good,” he cried out. Her body squeezed him, the tightness of her pussy making it harder for him to hold off

his release.

He buckled, and she cried out. Micah reached down and fingered her clit. He wanted to feel her cunt come around his dick.

The hard and swollen rod, waited to release his seed inside her body.

“Oh my god!” she screamed, as within seconds of him playing with her clit, she climaxed a second time.

The flutters of her pussy around his shaft sent him off. He exploded inside her body, washing her womb with his seed. Micah

collapsed against her. In the last four years, he’d never been so happy and sated.

## **Chapter Eleven**

Micah collapsed on top of her, and Charlotte enjoyed the weight of him pressed against her. She cradled his head against her

breast where he lay. A sheen of perspiration covered their bodies. Her body hummed from the sudden lovemaking. She moved

to try to get a bit more comfortable and found her previously unused body sore in many places.

A wince broke from her, and Micah sat up. He gazed down at her.

“Are you sore?”

“A little.”

*Understatement. You fucking hurt.*

Charlotte didn’t want him to feel bad. After all, it wasn’t his fault she hadn’t been with a guy before.

“Wait here,” he said, softly.

She watched him leave and made sure his back was turned before she looked down her body. No apparent bruises marked

her flesh or between her thighs. She couldn’t see anything from this angle.



She didn't want to move for fear of causing more damage to her body.

Some women said it hurt the first time, like a pinprick. They must have never known a giant pinprick.

Micah came back a few minutes later and scooped her up into his arms. The sudden jolt of her body had her crying out.

“What’s the matter? What’s wrong?”

“Nothing. Just a little sore from the strength of an alpha,” she joked.

“Shit. I forgot to take care of you after taking you. I should get a doctor to look over you. I’m such a fucking asshole. Not

only is it your first time, but at that last stage feeling your cunt tighten around me, I didn’t have any control. Shit, baby, are you

hurt?”

With his outburst, Charlotte didn’t know whether to be embarrassed, blush, laugh, or cry.

“I don’t think we need a doctor.”

“Can I take a look just to make sure?” He looked panicked.

“Do you have to?”

“I’m not risking it.”

Charlotte nodded, and he led her into the bathroom, placing her on the edge of the bath.

“I want you to lean back a little.”

Charlotte held on to the edge and watched as Micah placed his large hands on

each thigh and spread her open. The cool air soothed her used flesh.

He grabbed a cloth and began wiping away his seed and her cream, and he spoke constantly to her.

A thorough inspection later, he placed her in the bathtub where nice warm water and bubbles encased her.

Micah joined her, easing in behind her. A hand on her stomach brought her back pressed against him.

“Was there any damage?”

“No. A little blood, but that’s from your innocence. I’ll take a look in a few hours. If there’s more blood, I’ll call the doctor in.”

He held her hands out in front. He placed his palm against her palm. “You’re such a tiny woman.”

Charlotte burst out laughing. “You’re the first person to consider me tiny.”

“I’m so much bigger than you.” He nuzzled her neck. She loved the easy banter between them. Being together for the first

time had cut through the tension. Charlotte felt safe with him.

“What are you thinking?” he asked.

“That I feel safe with you and happy.”

“You sound surprised.” They entwined their fingers, and Micah brought her hands to his mouth and kissed every finger in

turn.

“It’s not every day you learn you’re the mate of an alpha werewolf, and this burning need inside has been growing brighter

ever since that day you told me to trust you.” Charlotte had come to the realization on the last part of the journey on the plane.

She was able to recall the time Brandon threatened her life. She thought about how Micah had affected her then.

She felt the call of Micah, and she loved looking into his eyes. Even then she trusted him with her life, as if some part of her

had known it was what she needed.

“Did I say to trust me?”

“You asked me my name, and then you asked me to trust you.”

Micah nodded and brought his arms around her. Her breasts lay against his arm.

“Did you?”

“Did I what?”

“Trust me.”

“I came to you. I’ll always trust you, Micah.” She answered him honestly.

“Even though I’ve mated you to me for life? I’ve got to warn you. I’m a possessive bastard, and I won’t let another man

touch you. You’re mine.” He kissed her neck on the spot he’d bitten her both times.

“What about when I grow old? Will you still want me then?”

“When we finally claim each other in front of the pack on the full moon, you’ll stop aging,” he whispered against her ear,

making her shiver.

“What? What do you mean?”

Claim? Pack?

*I hope that isn't what I think it is.*

“You're my mate in every sense of the word, but to make it final, the claiming must be done in front of the pack. I'll take you

and make you mine.”

“Okay, I don't like the sound of this. By taking or claiming, you mean sex, right?”

He stayed silent.

“Micah, I've been home less than twenty-four hours. The full moon is... what? In four weeks? I'm not having sex in front of

all your pack people. That's not fair. I don't want to do it.” She pulled out of his arms and turned to stare at him. “Why?”

“Because you're the one I want. You're the one my beast wants. Throughout all of our time, only one woman can answer the

true beasts call. I can feel your call. Once the final claiming has taken place, my beast will calm down. We'll be connected.

We were destined to be together, whether we were supposed to meet on that night four years ago or at another time. The fact

still remains we were supposed to meet, Charlotte. Don't you feel it?” He took one of her hands and pressed it over his heart.

The rapid beat of his pulse brought a well of tears to her eyes. Did he know how beautiful his words sounded?

“You think we’re destined to be together?”

“Always. I never doubt it in my mind.”

Charlotte lunged at him, wrapping her arms around his neck and kissing him.

His words, his possession, were everything she wanted. Everything she dreamed about. She wanted to be so totally desired

and loved by a man that the man couldn’t bear for another man to be near his woman.

“Thank you,” she said.

Micah laughed. After some time, they washed each other, growing aroused with every touch. He brought her over his lap, a

leg on either side, and showed her how to take him. In the bathtub, she eased down on his large, wide cock and watched in

amazement as it sank into her pussy.

Each time her cunt tightened around him, he’d groan and grasp her full hips in his hands. Charlotte loved the reaction he got

from her body. He seemed to be totally taken with her in every sense of the word. He thumbed her nipples or flicked her clit.

Micah rested his hands on her hips and stomach as he helped her find the right movement to bring them both to fulfilment.

Her speed increased when her need to climax increased. Micah seemed to swell more within her, filling her up.

She held on as he pushed his hips up to meet every thrust. Water sloshed over the sides of the tub. Charlotte didn’t care. She

wanted this man more than wanted anything in her whole life.

“Please, please,” she begged until he threw her over the edge of bliss and caught her up in his arms.

His cock jerked inside her body, and the hot wash of semen pulsed inside her. She moaned, and this time she collapsed

against him. Sleep began to claim her, and Micah helped her out of the tub. He dressed her and took her to bed.

## **Chapter Twelve**

Charlotte woke to hear the birds chirping. She rolled over away from the glowing sunshine and glanced at the clock. Not

only was it another day but also nine in the morning. Squeaking, she rushed to the bathroom to take care of her morning

business. Next she changed into a yellow cotton summertime dress. She put on her bra and panties first and then slipped into

the dress. She put on some slip-on sandals, brushed her hair, and made her way downstairs to the breakfast table.

Easily thirty men were spread out on a large table with twenty women. The table was one big place of activity. Cade,

Jordan, and Micah sat at the head of the table, and they all stopped talking and eating when they noticed her.

“Good morning,” she croaked.

“Good morning. Many of you already know my mate, Charlotte. Come and enjoy some breakfast.”

Charlotte smiled at several people as she passed. She was shocked when a few people threw her a disgusted look and then

went back to eating their mush in a bowl.

“What’s everyone eating?” she asked as she took a seat next to Micah. Her hands stayed firmly in her lap. She didn’t want to

show anyone how much she was shaking.

“Cereal,” someone grumpily replied. Charlotte glanced along the table to see the unhappy faces. A thought popped into her

mind. “Who wants pancakes?”

All their faces turned to her, causing her to turn bright red in the face.

“You know how to cook?” one of the men asked.

“Doesn’t anyone else cook around here?” She stared at some of the women, who continued to glare at her.

“Yeah, right,” one of the men said. “They can’t make fucking toast, let alone anything else.”

“Can you cook?”

“Yes. I think I do it pretty well. Do you want me to make you all up some pancakes?”

Murmurs of agreement went round the table.

Charlotte shot up out of her chair but was stopped when Micah caught her wrist. “You don’t have to cook for them.”

Moans and groans erupted around the room.

“No problem. I want to do it. I’m more suited to the kitchen anyway.” She pulled on her wrist. He refused to let go, and only

when he laid a kiss to the pulse on the inside of her wrist did he let go.

She didn’t run. She speed-walked the short distance to the kitchen. Charging through the door she saw a woman leaning

against the cupboards. She looked like she was clearing away tears. The woman jolted up.

“I’m sorry. Do you need anything?” the woman asked, wiping her nose.

“Hi, I’m Charlotte.” She pressed her hand out in greeting. She saw it shaking and brought it back behind her.

“Oh, shit, you’re my new queen. I’m sorry. What can I get you?” the woman began to babble.

“Well, I’ve come to make the men pancakes. Do you want to help? Could you tell me your name?”

“Of course. I’m Titania. Yes, I’ll help. I’m not a great cook. I’ll help however I can.” Charlotte shook hands with the other

woman. Titania had a weaker grip than Charlotte.

She liked the other woman on sight. There was something about her that drew Charlotte to her. She didn’t know what it was,

but she followed her gut instinct.

“First, I need to know where the flour and sugar are.”

Titania showed her where everything was, and the two women started talking.

“How many people are usually here?” Charlotte asked as she went looking for the largest mixing bowl she could find.

“Depends. Sometimes twenty or less. Most are here at the moment to meet you for the first time.” Titania took another mixing

bowl and began following the instructions Charlotte gave.

“It looks like we’re going to need to make trips out.” She began to heat the frying pans on the stove top and dolloped out



spoonfuls of the pancake batter. Titania waited on the other side while she flipped each pancake, and once they were done on

both sides, she piled them on the plate for Titania to take into the dining room.

For the next hour, Charlotte and her new friend made batches of pancakes. They chatted in between cooking, talking about

their likes and dislikes.

“You’re so much fun,” Charlotte said when they began washing the pots. She heard the men growling from the other side of

the door. One of the pack came in and offered thanks, bringing in an empty tray. “I think we’re going to need to shop. If breakfast is anything to go by, they’ll have an appetite come dinner.”

“I believe alpha orders in a lot of the food, but you’ll have to talk to him about bulk buying,” Titania replied. “When this

house was first purchased, there were only a few pack members who stayed. As the years went on, our pack grew. Micah is a

good alpha.”

She loved hearing about Micah. The entire pack respected him.

“So, this is what happens to the weakest ones.” Both of the women turned toward the door. A magnificent beauty with fiery

red hair and glowing eyes stared back.

“This is our queen, Misty.” Titania spoke with her head bowed.

“Don’t talk to me, weakling. So you’re the one who’ll be gracing the alpha’s bed?” Charlotte knew she was being assessed.

The sneering and the disgusted look told her she failed in all departments

with this woman.

“I guess. Micah picked me,” Charlotte told the other woman.

“He didn’t pick you. You were a hindrance, and he’d promised to protect the town. You’re nothing, and come the full moon, you’ll be lucky if you survive.”

Misty left with a snarl. Titania looked panicked, and Charlotte hugged her.

“What was all that *weakling* talk about?”

“There is a ranking order. Those of us who are weak and refuse to fight for dominance are considered weaker and so are left

at the bottom rung of the ladder. I can’t fight. I find it too violent and nasty. It’s bad enough being a monster, let alone doing

damage in my human form.”

“She seemed awfully possessive of Micah.” Charlotte glanced back and wondered what she was missing.

“Misty is just Misty. Stay out of her way and you’ll be fine.”

Together they finished cleaning the kitchen, and Charlotte went looking for ingredients to start dinner. She liked being in the

kitchen, and at least here she wouldn’t have to face the room of scary wolves.

Beef, tomatoes, chillies, and peppers. A few spices from the store cupboard, and she began to make a chili con carne.

She chopped onions and garlic and threw them into two large pots, followed by the cubed meat. Hands banded round her

waist, and she knew Micah was kissing her neck. The thrill from his touch sent a lightning path of sensation to her pussy.

“I can smell your creamy cunt. You want me,” he whispered next to her ear.

“You’re so vulgar,” she complained, even as her cunt convulsed and she wanted him desperately.

Was this natural? To be so turned on by a man she barely knew? But in a way, she did know him. She’d lived with his

presence throughout the last four years. She had spent the years dreaming about him. Charlotte had thought he was some

stranger in her dream. Now she knew the connection they shared together.

“You love hearing me talk dirty. Besides I can scent every change within you. You want me.”

She sliced through the peppers as Micah moved her hair out of the way and kissed her neck. He bit down and then soothed

the spot with love bites.

“The men love you. You wowed them with your cooking,” he complimented.

“Let’s hope they’ll love my chili just as much.”

Micah stayed by her side with his hands wrapped around her. She loved having him close by, and he refused to move.

“You’re never letting me go, are you?”

“You’re mine, Charlotte. I intend to keep what’s mine. Are you done?”

“Why?”

“I want to take you upstairs and have my wicked way with you.” He nudged her with his cock. He was thick, long, and hard,

pressing into the curve of her ass.

“You’re insatiable.”

Charlotte put some water, tomatoes, and a few spices in the chili, turned the heat down to low, and placed the lids on the pans.

Micah escorted her upstairs to his room.

They stared at each other with the curtain wide open and sunlight filling the room. Charlotte removed her dress before he got

a chance to ruin it. She stood before him with her full figure, some might say an overweight figure, but with Micah, she felt

beautiful.

“I’m not going to last,” he warned once he ripped his clothes, shredding the fabric. She thought if he kept destroying their

clothes, she’d have no choice but to take up sewing.

They were on each other, kissing and loving one another as if they couldn’t breathe without being inside each other. Micah

threw her to the bed, and she opened her legs wide for him.

He shook his head. “I want you on your knees.”

Charlotte frowned at him but went to her knees on the edge of the bed. He touched her ass, roaming over her hips and waist,

and coming back down. A light slap landed on her right cheek, and she yelped, turning round.

“You’ve got one sexy ass,” he said.

Her pussy creamed, wanting to have him inside her. She moaned and begged for him to fuck her. Micah teased her dripping

folds. Charlotte screamed out in climax. She was still in the throes of her climax when her mate grasped her hips and thrust all

the way to the hilt, going deeper than ever before. A scream echoed off the walls, but she pushed onto him as he fucked

forward. He grabbed her hands and pinned them to her back, holding her as he pushed his long, thick cock inside her.

Micah never let up the pace he set. Hard, fast, and deep.

Only when she'd climbed to another orgasm and screamed did he give her his seed. A roar came out of him the same time he

pushed inside her, hitting the top of her cervix and making her gasp out in pure pleasure.

### **Chapter Thirteen**

Micah glanced at the clock on his office wall and stared back at the three men talking. Their words meant nothing to him. A

recon of the entire area had alerted him to some rogue wolves without a pack to claim them. Rogues were always pests. They

entered a town and caused problems for a neighboring pack. They also didn't follow the rules the humans set or the laws of the

pack.

"Has anyone sighted them?" he asked, running a hand through his hair. His cock twitched in his pants. No longer did he want

to be sitting here, listening to the mundane. Charlotte rested upstairs, and he wanted to go and fuck her glorious body then bathe

her, followed by another round of lovemaking. They'd been back in Rock Wood for over a week, and he couldn't get enough of

her.

His cock was hard all the time. At dinnertime he had the table to guard him, but other times he found himself driving or

walking toward her, to take her back home and sate the hard-on.

“No, sir. Their tracks lead to town, but none of the residents have said anything. Maybe just a couple of rogues passing

through. Some break away from a pack because of the dangers,” Cade said with a knowing look. “You really don’t care about

rogues or pack business. Charlotte is resting.”

“The full moon is a few weeks away, and I don’t know what to do.” Micah sought the help of his most trusted friends.

“If we take her to town and go with her parents, you run the risk of hurting her family. A mated male would find his woman

anywhere,” Jordan informed them. He sat in the corner peeling an apple.

“How do you think she’s getting on?” he asked. The pack’s opinion of his mate meant a great deal to him. He would never

get rid of her, but he’d have to consider the happiness and general well-being of his people.

“The men love her. I guess it’s true. A way to a man’s heart is through his stomach. They like coming home to a warm meal

and friendly smile. None of the men feel threatened by her. In fact, most of them talk about our queen with respect,” Cade said.

He was the one who dealt with this side of pack matters.

“But?”

“There are members who love her presence and like the new you. There are still those who oppose a human female leader.”

“I take it some of them are women?”

“Yes. Ones who thought they’d have a shot at you. Others who hate being out ranked by a human. All the crap that goes on

with the pack and female politics. Also, they don’t like the fact she’s one hell of a good cook.” Cade sat with his hands in his

pockets.

“Has Charlotte at least made many friends?” he asked. Between running his bar and the politics of the town and humans, he

hadn’t really gotten the chance to find out how she’d been settling in. They had sex and talked a little. She left his mind when he

was involved in pack business. He didn’t want her to get hurt because of her being human.

“One of our girls, Titania, a lower-ranking member of the pack. She stays with her in the kitchen, and I’ve seen them

laughing and doing all that BFF shit that goes with it,” Cade said and stood.

“Where are you going?” Micah asked.

“We can’t take Charlotte into town, and we can’t lock her up in the dungeons. We’ve got no choice but to find the chains and

secure her in your room. Your beast will respond a lot better knowing she’s home for when you change back, but then our

beasts can be unpredictable, and wolves don’t often mate with humans. I’m going to find some chains.”

Micah hadn’t thought about the chains. The best idea would be to keep her at

home. He'd scent her nearby and hopefully

know his mate was safe, and he'd run the hills and the forests free. No one would dare to harm her. All he was doing was

protecting her from himself.

The other men followed him out, and Micah was on the way to his room within seconds. Misty waited at the stairs. Her

arousal shocked him still. He'd fucked Misty a few times before he'd claimed Charlotte. She'd made her availability clear,

and she wouldn't be intimidated by his relationship with Charlotte.

"Hello," she said with a smile. Micah wasn't fooled. The smile meant all kinds of crap he didn't want to get involved with.

Had she been giving shit to Charlotte?

"What do you want, Misty?" he demanded to know.

"Want? It's a couple of days before the full moon. I thought we could spend them together. I'll do anything for you, Micah.

You know that."

She wrapped her arms around his middle and kissed him on the cheek.

Movement from behind him forced her away from him.

He didn't recognize the girl, but her eyes widened as she took in the scene.

"What are you doing here?" Misty demanded the other woman.

"I'm taking up a heating bag to Charlotte. She's in a lot of pain at the moment."

This must be Titania.



“Hold on, Titania,” Micah called up the stairs as she made it to the top. He turned back to Misty. “We’re finished. Do you

understand? You were a fuck, nothing else. I haven’t touched you in years. You do anything to hurt my mate, and I’ll kill you.”

Micah hated sounding like a bastard, but the bitches in his clan needed to get it through their heads that he would never leave

his mate. Charlotte was his. Strong and firm.

“You’ll regret that come the full moon. Your beast will rise up, and you’ll want someone to fuck then.”

“That’s the good thing about having a mate, Misty. I wouldn’t desire any other female but the one in my bedroom,” he

snarled.

Titania walked with him to his room. He sniffed the air, and the wave of pain hit him like a fist in his gut.

“What’s the matter with her?” he asked, concerned.

“She’s suffering with cramps. It’s that time of the month.”

Titania smiled at him and walked off.

“Wait, Titania. I wanted to say thank you for becoming friends with my mate.”

“No need to thank me. Charlotte is a lovely girl, and I love her as a friend. Here, she’ll need this.” Titania passed him the

bag and then left.

Micah watched her leave and exhaled. At least one person adored her.

He opened the door and saw Charlotte curled up on the bed.

“What’s the matter, baby?” He moved straight for the bed.

“Cramps. It’s embarrassing.”

“Nothing about you is embarrassing to me.” He moved up onto the bed and peeled away the covers. She wore one of his old

shirts. The thing dwarfed her. However, he liked seeing her in his clothes.

“Where’s Titania?”

“Went to bed. I took this from her.” The heated pack was placed across her belly above her pubic bone. “Does that feel

better?”

“Yes,” she moaned out. “Will you hold me?”

Micah took off his clothes and settled in behind her. She twitched away from his nakedness. “Don’t worry. I don’t expect

anything,” he assured her.

“You’re hard, though.”

“Whenever I’m with you, I’m hard. I just want to hold you.”

After a few minutes, she settled down, and he kissed her neck and rubbed her back. She was the first woman in his bed to

suffer with a period. He would usually steer clear of emotional women. Charlotte was different.

He soothed her until she drifted into sleep. Micah lay watching her until he too allowed the darkness in.

Charlotte lay in his arms, and it was one of the best night’s sleep he’d ever had.

## Chapter Fourteen

Her period lasted until the day of the full moon. His men were testy around him. They'd scented a change within her, and

they feared for her safety. Before the full moon hit, after dinner, he'd have to make love to her so his beast would be calm enough to withstand another full moon without his mate. When he eventually mated her in front of his wolves and they'd

witnessed it and his scent would be forever around her, he'd be fine. The nights of the full moon, she'd walk around, and no

wolf would touch her. Until that time, he had to keep her safe.

She served up some spaghetti dish with a rich meat and tomato sauce. There were so many plates of garlic bread.

Charlotte came and sat next to him. Titania sat beside his mate, and he witnessed the growing bond between the two women.

Cade stared at him in warning, and some of the other men kept glancing at him and then at Charlotte. When everything was done

and finished, Charlotte and Titania made to clear everything away. Micah stopped her.

"I think tonight the men can finish the cleaning," he told the table. They all knew what he had to do.

Every single man got up and began to clean away the dishes.

He didn't waste any time. He picked her up and carried her up to their room. The men would be waiting with the chains as

soon as he was done.

The door slammed, and he put her down but twisted her so her back was to him.

“Stop manhandling me. Micah!” she yelled. Her hand slapped out at him. Her struggles were useless against his strength.

“I want you,” he said.

Her large breasts pressed against his arm where he held her captive. No matter how many times he tried to warn her, she

seemed to relish the chase. He was a wolf, and no matter how much fun he got, the game could get deadly.

Tonight he had no choice. He had to keep her locked and chained to his bed. His wolf wouldn't handle her running from him.

Charlotte was still human, even if she was his mate. Her body would easily break with his strength.

“Why are you fighting me?” he asked.

Her struggles stopped for a few seconds. “Because I don't want this.” She kicked out at him, throwing her leg back. Micah

dodged her flaying feet.

“We both know that's a lie. You've been panting for me since you finished your woman's problem.”

“No, I haven't,” she argued, but her blush confirmed everything he needed. His mate desired him, and as they were together

more often, the more the attraction built between them. He knew she wanted to be taken, and he was more than happy to oblige.

In a bold move he pressed his hand between her thighs, cupping her mound. Charlotte stopped instantly. Micah smelled her

cream dripping. She might not realize it, but his mate was turned on and wanted a good hard fucking.

“What are you doing?” she panted.

“Showing you how much you want me.” He flicked the buttons open and dragged the jeans down. Micah was surprised when

she started to help him undress her. Charlotte kicked them away. She wore a pair of deep-red panties. He moaned. Her full

figure looked delightful. Good enough to eat.

He didn’t want any of his view disrupted, and he took her to his full-length mirror. One of his many kinks was he liked

watching his cock sink into a woman’s pussy. He wanted to watch as she took him all and begged for the pounding she

deserved. Would Charlotte be begging him by the end of the night?

Her top half was covered but peeking beneath her shirt was a rounded belly. The sight of her flesh made him want her more.

Micah didn’t like women who were mere bones with flesh on. He liked a woman with hips. He could grab onto her without

fear of breaking her.

Placing both hands on her hips, he tested her sturdiness.

Micah approved. His hands didn’t meet in the middle. She was a pure woman, and he hadn’t gotten her shirt off yet.

*Did you wear a matching bra?*

He licked his lips in anticipation. He placed a hand on either side of the top part of her blouse. He pulled. The buttons

popped all over the place. The fabric tore to shreds. Micah let it fall to the floor.

Charlotte's large tits heaved over the edge of the lacy trimming keeping them contained. She was easily a double cup.

The rose red of her nipple was outlined though the lace.

A blush stained her cheeks.

After tonight, she'd be his fucking queen.

A gruff sound escaped his lips. "You look stunning."

"I'm fat," she moaned. Her hands went to cover her stomach.

Micah snatched her hand away. "I love this. I love everything about you." Taking her hand, he brought it to rest on his dick.

"I'm as hard as rock for you."

Kissing her neck and shoulder, he watched her close her eyes and rest her head against his chest.

He peeled off her bra and snapped the catch open at the front, watching those large mounds pour out. Dusky-red nipples

stood proud and firm, begging for his lips. Did her skin taste as good as she smelled?

The bra lay on the floor in a heap, and he cupped her with his hands. His large hands were filled by the fullness of her breasts. She might be human, but her body matched his ideal woman in every way.

Tweaking the nipples, Micah watched her open her eyes, staring at their reflection. The buds tightened and swelled beneath

his touch.

"I could fuck these tits."

"What do you mean?" she asked on a gasp.

Micah pressed them together. “Down here. I could fuck you and come all over you. Would you like that?” He saw the

embarrassment and knew she wasn’t ready to discuss what her body desired. Even now his ultra-sensitive sense of smell

detected the flush of arousal. Her fragrant cream seeped into the lace of her panties.

His hand traveled down until he cupped her over the red lace.

The tips of his fingers where they lay near her slit were already drenched with juice.

“You’re so fucking wet. I bet I could fuck you really easily.”

She couldn’t hide the tightening of her thighs around his hand.

Gripping the lace in his fist, he tore it off her body. Micah didn’t want to leave the view of her willing body to remove them.

“They were my favorite pair,” she cried out.

“I’ll buy you new ones.”

A small bush, neatly trimmed, covered her swollen lips from his view. Keeping his eyes firmly on her reflection, he opened

the plump lips to show him her tight little clit peeking out.

“You want me,” he said.

“Yes.” She panted as he grazed the little bud with the tip of his finger. “Oh God,” she cried out. Her knees buckled from

under her. Micah caught her to him and held her as he took her back to the bed.

He made a mental note to fit his room out with mirrors. He wanted to see his

mate in a fit of pleasure from all angles.

Laying her down, he cupped her hips and brought her to the edge of the corner of the bed. Opening her legs wide, he stared at

her exposed pussy. Drips of cream eased out of her tight channel and wet the crease to her anus.

“What are you doing?” she asked.

“Feasting.”

He swiped his tongue, gathering her cream up so he could lick her down. She tasted musky and deeply feminine.

“Fuck, you taste so good,” he mumbled.

Hands on her thighs, he opened her wider and tongued her gorgeous clit. Settling her around his body, he removed one hand

and circled the entrance to her cunt. With one thick finger, he pressed inside her, feeling her velvety walls clutch at him. He’d

fucked her the moment they’d got back and several times since, but she was still as tight as a fist.

Pulling out and then pushing in, Micah got her accustomed to his finger before he inserted another digit. Her cream dribbled

onto his hand. He concentrated on tonguing the swollen bud.

Charlotte’s fingers were crushing the duvet beneath her. Micah sensed her battle to remain in control and the desire to let go.

She didn’t know what she wanted the most.

He didn’t want her making decisions, just reacting. He coated the thumb on his other hand and pressed it to her anus while



fucking her with three fingers.

She screamed out from the small contact on such a system of delicate nerves. Micah knew she'd fought the battle and lost,

and now, it was his time to win the war.

Sucking the little button between his teeth, he pulled his fingers out of her pussy. Biting down to bring the fine balance

between pleasure and pain, he thrust his fingers inside her dripping cunt and worked his thumb inside her ass.

Charlotte orgasmed. Her ass and pussy were clamping down on him, refusing to let go.

His cock was so hard he had to force down his need to spill his seed, letting his mate enjoy her release.

When her climax began to subside, only then did he ease up, and when he did, he pulled out and went to the bathroom while

she lay with her legs wide open.

Micah washed himself up and rid himself of his own clothes. He walked into the room to see her still lying in the same

position. Her eyes widened as she saw his nakedness.

Never would he hide anything from her. He took his thick prick in hand and stroked his length.

He was big. Not conceited. Micah was alpha of his pack and well hung. Even when he took her, he'd have to be careful.

Maybe even use more lube to help her.

"You're so big," she said.

“You’ve taken me before,” he told her, walking further into the room.

“I know. But you look bigger than before. How is that possible?”

“Tonight is the full moon. My beast is close to the surface.”

“You don’t want to complete the claiming now?”

“You’re not ready. I want to, but only when I’m sure. I want to feel those warm lips wrapped around my dick,” he told her.

This period of time was about learning. Finding out what she liked and also the limits he could push. The next coming weeks

were about to be the most exciting of his life.

“What?” she whispered. Her gaze travelled from his cock to his face.

Micah walked towards her so he stood within touching distance from the bed.

“I want you to open your mouth and taste me

on your tongue like I just did with you.”

“Isn’t that wrong?” Even though he’d taken her, she still believed some parts of intimacy between them were wrong.

“Do you want to do it?” he asked, going for a different tack.

“I don’t know,” she replied, bowing her head.

Frowning, he tilted her face back to look at him. “Never be ashamed of what you want. Do you understand?” he ordered.

Charlotte nodded.

“Have you had sexual fantasies?”

She stared back at him with a question in her eyes.

“Do you ever get aroused by imagining something happening to your body?”  
Micah would have to learn patience. It wouldn't

do for him to lose control. Charlotte didn't have the years of experience or  
the vast partner base he had over the years.

She nodded.

“Taste me the way I tasted you.” He glanced at the clock. He had two hours  
to fuck his mate before the moon was at its peak.

Charlotte moved forward, and she climbed off the bed and went down to the  
floor. She stared at his shaft. The head leaked

pre-cum out of its tiny slit at the tip.

“What is it?” she asked.

“My pre-cum.”

Her tongue flicked out, and she licked the head. A small moan released from  
her lips, and she circled the whole head and

took him inside her wet, warm mouth. He held onto one of the posters of his  
four-poster bed. Her little mouth created a riot of

sensation up his dick to his balls. When they had more time, he'd gladly  
shoot a load down her throat and watch her drink it

down. Tonight he didn't have time.

Micah pulled out of her mouth. He intended to claim her pussy. He wanted to  
have her filled to the brim with his essence.

“Did I do it wrong?” she asked on a breath.

“You did it so right I thought I was going to lose it in your mouth.” He  
slammed his lips down on hers and kissed her hard

and deep. Micah wanted her to know to whom she belonged. The man *and* the wolf.

They tumbled to the bed. Charlotte opened her legs wider to receive him. The head of his cock slid between her creamy lips.

He gazed down and saw her cum leaking out of her little hole and all over her clit.

Groaning, he spread her juice all over his cock and pressed the head inside her body. Charlotte sucked him inside, and he

watched his shaft sink in. The wetness engulfed him, the tightness squeezing him in a fist.

“Look at me,” she begged.

Micah didn’t know where to look. Seeing his body disappearing inside hers was beautiful to watch, but seeing his mate with

her glazed eyes so close to coming was also a beautiful sight.

His fingers teased her clit, and he raised her legs high on his hips. He tilted her hips and slammed in with such force it knocked the headboard of the bed against the wall. They cried out together, and the banging of the headboard never let up.

Micah was straining and kissing her. Charlotte gasped, her nails sinking into the skin of his back. He cried out and flicked her

clit. His seed pulsing inside her channel, and seconds later, Charlotte climaxed around his softening shaft.

The night was still young, and he fucked her senseless until she collapsed into an exhausted and sweaty sleep.

All he wanted to do was lie down and sleep, but the full moon was nearing the point of no return. He pulled a blanket over

her to preserve her modesty.

Cade and Jordan waited outside.

They handed him the cuffs, and gently he placed a cuff around her wrist and then to the headboard. He prayed she wouldn't

wake before he got back. Being chained to a bed would cause a lot of explaining his end.

"Wow, is she still fucking alive?" Cade asked.

"Show some respect." Micah shooed the other two out, and he gazed down at the woman of his world and laid a kiss to her

lips. "Sleep well."

Micah closed the doors and watched the two men start chaining the doors together.

"Do you think this will keep her in?"

"I don't think keeping her in will be a problem. I think the problem will be keeping you out."

Micah growled at his friend. He placed a palm against the wood and breathed out a sigh of relief. His body was covered in

her scent.

She would survive. He had originally planned to take her during this full moon, but he didn't feel she was ready to cope. On

the next full moon she would be his, completely.

On the front lawn, the last of his men began running as they saw their alpha. Micah ran with them into the surrounding forest.

He sensed his pack running wild through the greenery.

The moon reached high in the sky, and Micah closed his eyes, allowing his wolf to release. He was a giant black wolf.

Cade knocked him over, and the chase was on. He looked back at the house. One light shone brighter than any other. He

turned to go back. Cade slammed into him and shook his head. His wolves would keep him occupied.

## **Chapter Fifteen**

Charlotte woke up and tried to run a hand over her eyes. Her hand wouldn't move. Cuffs chained her hand to the bed. The

light shining through the windows told her it was morning.

She rattled the metal and pulled at her wrist. Nothing got her free. She slumped down on the bed. She was pissed off. The

blanket had rolled off her and she saw the evidence of their ferocious lovemaking the night before. They hadn't even showered.

The other problem, she needed to pee.

"Micah!" she screamed. Footsteps outside her bedroom made her take a calming breath. She heard the sounds of chains

being moved.

The next minute Micah stood in the doorway.

"How pissed off are you?"

"I'm chained to a bed, and I need to go to the bathroom."

Micah unlocked the cuff and told her about the problems of the full moon. Charlotte didn't attack him. She was touched that

he cared so much to keep her safe. Her arms circled round his neck.

“Thank you.”

“Don’t mention it.”

In that moment, locked in his arms, Charlotte knew in her heart she was in love. Micah was such a lovely, wonderful,

amazing man. A bit possessive at times, but she loved him with all of her heart.

She didn’t say anything. They’d only been together a short time, and she didn’t want to spoil it in case he didn’t feel the same

way.

Micah took her to the shower and cared for her. She loved the attention he bestowed on her, and for the next two nights, she

let him lock her in the room. In the morning, he would return and care for her once again. She stared out of the window and

wondered what he was doing. If he would be missing her.

Charlotte made a choice. Come the next full moon, she’d fulfill the pact so she could run with the rest of her pack.

## **Chapter Sixteen**

The days progressed, and Charlotte cooked for the pack and helped out at the bar with Micah. She liked being with everyone

and surrounded by friendly faces. Micah saw a change in his mate. He kept looking at her belly for signs of a baby. Every time

he spilled his cum inside her, he begged for a child. Anything to hold her to him for longer. The more time they spent together,

the more desperate he’d become to claim her. Another full moon wasn’t far away, and he feared the beast more than ever. The

other men in his pack were getting restless. They viewed her as a queen and the mate of their alpha. However, her scent

changed throughout the day. She would always smell of him, but it would weaken with time. The only way to solidify his right

would be to take her.

How would she feel to be taken in front of his pack? He hadn't told her the entire truth about the claiming. Micah knew he'd

have to tell her the complete claiming. He'd not only have to take her in front of his pack but he would have to take her anally.

It was the way the claiming had been performed for centuries.

Micah used their time to press against that sweet little rose, but his cock was much bigger than a finger or a thumb. How he

would get past the claiming he didn't know. Their relationship was going so well, he didn't want to upset her. He heard her

come back into the sitting room. The movie was on a pause.

"I don't understand what her problem is. She keeps bumping into me and growling at me when I pass. It's like I've got some

horrid disease or something. I don't, do I?" Charlotte asked, picking up a bowl of cheesy snacks and carrying them over to the

couch.

"What?" Micah had been so busy watching her tits bounce as she walked he hadn't bothered listening.

"Misty. She's always pushing out at me. Do I have a nasty scent?"

Guilt clawed at him. Misty had been the constant woman, one of the females of his pack who he'd used to release his energy



into. This was before Charlotte had entered his life. Clearly, Misty felt she had a prior claim over him. He didn't have the first

clue what to say.

"Maybe it's that time of the month," he suggested instead. He knew in his heart if he were to tell her why Misty was being

such a bitch, it would break Charlotte's heart. She hadn't been with him long, and he wanted her dependent on him. Micah

wanted her to be thinking about him. When it came to the pack, he wanted to be the one to handle them. Not her. He wanted her

to remain the sweet woman he'd come to adore. Their mating was intended for life. Just because he'd had a sex life before she

became his world didn't mean it wouldn't hurt her. Especially with him being her first.

"That can't be it. Unless you're telling me wolf women have a period three weeks in a row?"

"I don't know. I don't care. I've got my woman on my lap feeding me food. I don't want to think about another woman."

Charlotte giggled and began feeding him snacks one after the other. He'd have to talk to Misty and warn her about the

consequence of upsetting his mate. Maybe he should see about transferring her to another pack.

He shrugged it off. Misty would learn with time he wasn't going to change his mind.

She snuggled against him, and he loved the feel of her body around his. The movie began playing. He didn't watch it. He

was content with staring at her. The best movie he'd ever seen.

\* \* \* \*

Charlotte didn't think about Misty or Micah's response. She trusted him with her whole heart. He would never hurt her.

She loved her family, but being with the pack was right for her. They always had something to talk about. The pack were like

her children in many ways. They came to her with recipe suggestions and some of the men had brought her books from the

town's bookstore for her to read.

The men thanked her as she picked up their bowls, filling the tray she held. Titania would be serving up the bowls of ice

cream and fruit. The women still ignored her but thanked her for the food. She sent a smile toward Micah, who, she noted, had

been staring at her ass.

The desire to wiggle and send him a wink was strong, but she suppressed it. Their playtime would be reserved for the

bedroom. She turned away and walked to the door leading to the kitchen.

Misty barged past her again, forcing her to drop the tray of dishes. The table was filled with all members of the pack went

silent.

Charlotte went bright red and stared at the beauty of the other woman.

"Well, aren't you going to pick that up?" Misty demanded.

Charlotte looked at the mess and then at Misty. She'd never been a fighting girl, but talking with Kim the other day about her

problem had forced her to grow a backbone. Kim had warned her that being

in a pack meant she had to learn to stick up for herself.

“What is your problem?” she demanded, her voice rising. Charlotte knew the other pack members could hear her but refused

to intervene. All the other times Misty had purposefully done this and forced her to clean up food, the other pack members

would have heard it.

Suddenly Charlotte wondered how many people hated her being with the alpha of their pack.

“What did you say to me, human?”

Misty stood closer, invading her space. Charlotte wanted to bow out, but knew if she did, she’d lose something among them.

More than anything she wanted to run to Micah and have him make it better. Fucking hell, what was she turning into?

“I said, what is your problem?” Charlotte thought about her sister and the force and attitude she used to give off during

confrontations. She prayed this worked.

“My problem?” Misty burst out laughing. Charlotte noted a few other women at the table smirking.

“Yes,” she said, bringing her attention back to the woman in front of her.

“My problem is a small little human comes in here and thinks she has the right to sit near my alpha. You were gone for over

four years. You’ve got no right to him. No claim whatsoever. Where were you when he needed you? He rejected us because he

was mated to you.”

“That’s enough, Misty,” Micah demanded.

“No. My queen asks, even though no human woman could ever be my queen. Before he mated with you, we were dealing

with the alpha. Ask him who was warming his bed before you came along and when the full moon rose high in the night sky.

Ask him, Charlotte.” Her voice grew louder until she was screaming. “I was the one dealing with all your jobs while you

didn’t even know werewolves existed. I was fucking my alpha. Me.”

Charlotte felt her whole world break apart. She turned her gaze onto Micah. “Is this true?” she asked.

He didn’t answer her. He gazed down at the table, giving her all the answers she needed. She felt humiliated as the other

women snickered at her. Even Cade looked guilty. He knew. They all knew why Misty had been beating on her, and none of

them had warned her. Not even the man who claimed to love her.

“Then by all means be the queen”—she gestured to the mess on the floor —“and clean this shit up.”

With her head held high, Charlotte walked from the room careful to not look anywhere but in front of her. The blood pumped

through her body, and each step was harder to take. Tears formed and fell silently down her cheeks. Charlotte moved from the

dining room to the stairs. Every move she made felt like a chore. By the time she got to the third floor, she was gasping for the

strength to carry on. The pain in her heart turned into a throbbing ache.

She opened the door to their room, staring at the space surrounding the king-sized bed.

Had he taken Misty on the bed? All of her happiness died in an instant. Not caring how it looked, she went straight for the

wardrobe and grabbed a few of her clothes. She'd stay in one of the spare rooms until she could leave tomorrow. There was

no way she would be staying after what had happened.

Slamming her door at the end of the hall did nothing to ease her pain. The sound of the wood cracking against the doorframe

did nothing but make her wince at the sound. Charlotte made sure to lock the door behind her.

Only in the confined space, away from the wolves, did she finally break down. Charlotte knew they would probably be able

to sense her anguish and scent her tears, but she wouldn't have to look at them. Her next stop was to close the curtain. The view

of the endless forest was not wanted.

Collapsing on the bed and drowning inside herself, Charlotte allowed herself the pity she deserved.

She felt like a little girl again after a bully had gotten the best of her. All she wanted to do was go and cry on mommy's lap.

Eventually, tired and exhausted, she drifted off into a fitful sleep.

Sometime later Charlotte woke up to the sound of knocking on her door. She rubbed the sleep from her eyes and gazed at the

clock. She'd been asleep for about three hours. It was barely midnight.

"Who is it?" she called.

“You know who it is,” Micah answered from the other side.

“I don’t want to talk to you.” Getting up from her place on the bed, she stood near the door to be able to hear him better.

“I’m sorry.”

“Sorry for what? Sorry for doing it or sorry you got caught?” she asked.

“Both.”

Charlotte didn’t know whether she hated him a little more for his response.

“Look, it happened before I even knew you. What did you expect me to do? Live like a monk?” he demanded.

No, she didn’t expect him to live like a monk. She fucking hated his guts now.

“Well, I’m sorry I didn’t know what kind of hold I had on you. It wasn’t my fault. I didn’t know about the women you fucked

before me would still be living with you. You mated with me, remember? Now you can just un-fucking-mate me. I want nothing

to do with you.” She slammed her fist into the door.

She welcomed the pain in her hand as it took away some pain away from her heart.

“Shit, you’ve fucking hurt yourself,” he said. “Let me in to have a look.”

Charlotte glanced down at her wrist and frowned. Bright red dots appeared on her knuckles.

The pain was minimal.

“I’m fine,” she whispered, wiping the blood on her shirt.

“I don’t want to sleep alone,” he admitted through the door.

Closing her eyes, she thought of his arms wrapped around her. She missed him but refused to give in. He’d hurt her, and she

wanted away from the pain. Misty would be the first of many women, and it would be best for her to cut and run.

“Get Misty,” she replied.

“I don’t want Misty!” he shouted. “I want you.”

“I don’t want you,” she lied.

He continued to try and talk her around, trying the door handle a few times. She knew he could snap the lock in two if he

chose. Charlotte was thankful that he didn’t.

After a while he left, but several minutes later, Cade came knocking.

“Go away, Cade. I want to be left alone.” She pressed the pillow over her head to drown out the noise.

Eventually she drifted back into a fitful sleep.

## **Chapter Seventeen**

Micah stared at the breakfast table. Mounds of burned pancakes and grilled mushrooms filled plates. All the other pack

members had decided to eat cereal. A few people decided to give the burnt food a go.

They sat around the table eating. It was the first time breakfast had been a quiet affair. Misty had tried to take Charlotte’s

place at his side. He’d growled at Misty and ordered her to sit as far away from the seat reserved for his mate as possible.

Charlotte was a fantastic cook, but the members of his pack, both men and women, needed a few lessons.

“Did anyone wake my mate this morning?” he asked as the minutes wore on and she still did not appear.

“Her door was still locked this morning,” Cade told him.

Fisting his hand to contain his rage, he threw his plate against the wall.

He roared. Two days were left to a full moon. The energy pounding through him forced the other pack member to stay on

alert. He could bring about his change and theirs if he so desired.

“Calm down, alpha,” Cade warned.

Micah saw his fingers bow and change to claws. He bit his lip and brought the change under control

Perfect timing. He scented his mate walking near.

Getting up from his seat, he moved to the double doors and flung them open. Charlotte jumped, letting out a small yelp before

she got herself back under control.

Micah frowned. She carried two suitcases and a backpack.

“Where are you going?” he asked.

“Home.” She made to walk right past him, but his hand shot out and caught her before she could leave.

“What is this? I thought you’d join us for breakfast.”

“No thanks,” she said, and pulled her arm from his grip.

“I don’t understand.” Micah cupped her cheek, tilting her head back to look



at him. Her eyes were red and puffy from crying the night before.

He ran a thumb down her pale cheeks. Charlotte tore from his grasp and moved to the door.

“There’s nothing to understand. I’m going home.”

“I can take you to get more stuff,” he informed her, reaching for his coat.

“No!” she shouted.

He paused.

“Don’t you get it? I’m done. We’re finished. Over. I’ve had enough. I don’t want this mate thing anymore. It’s over, Micah.”

“I don’t accept that.”

Micah had grabbed her in the hope his touch would stop her. “I’m a human. You’re a werewolf. Get your hands off me.”

Charlotte stared at him with fire in her eyes.

“You’re my mate.”

“I’m nothing more than an inconvenience, and it’s time for me to leave.” She brushed past him.

“Is that all this was? A little bit of fun for you?” he called after her. The wolves sat silent at the table. He didn’t care what

they heard. The only thing he cared about was walking away from him.

“How dare you?” She placed her cases on the floor and came charging back at him. Her little finger rose in the air. “I was

engaged. I had a man who wanted to marry me. My life was fucking perfect

until you came along and ruined it.”

She pressed the tip of her finger against his chest. The tears streamed from her eyes.

“Don’t go,” he said, the tears punching him in the gut.

“I don’t understand why this hurts so much. I know you’ve been with other women. You’re older than me. I don’t know if I

can deal with you sleeping with Misty and god knows how many other women you’ve slept with in this pack. I just can’t do it.”

She shrugged, and she wiped at the tears falling from her eyes.

“They mean nothing.”

“Now they mean nothing. Now. What happens when you crave another wolf? A female wolf? I can’t do this, Micah. If you

cared, you’d let me go.” Her tears turned to sobs. Micah stared back and saw Cade shatter the glass he was holding.

“Let me take you. I want to make sure you’re safe.” She would refuse. Micah knew it in his gut. “Please.”

Eventually she nodded, and he grabbed his jacket and car keys.

The drive to her house didn’t take long. Micah tried to talk to her, but she wouldn’t say anything. She spent most of the

journey looking out of the window. Her parents were standing waiting on the porch when he drove up.

Charlotte got out and took her cases with her.

Micah got out and watched as she went to her mother. His heart was breaking as he witnessed her breaking down in her

mother's arms, sobbing.

Frank stared at him, murder in his eyes. Charlotte was pulled into the house until he could no longer see her. Micah stared at

Frank for several more minutes.

He didn't care about the way her father looked at him. His only concern was to make sure Charlotte was safe. Some

neighbors came out to see what was going on. None said a word. He waited. The sun rose in the sky to the highest peak and

still he waited. A curtain twitched, and he stared into her eyes. Charlotte stood at the window looking down at him. She made

no move, and in that moment, he knew he'd lost her.

Turning away, he got into his car and drove away.

He felt nothing.

\* \* \* \*

Charlotte watched Micah stand outside her door for all of three hours before he turned and left. Once the car was in the

distance, she went up to her room. She stared at her suitcases. Her clothes were in there, but if she began to unpack, it would

be accepting her time with Micah was over. She sat on the bed and waited until the call from her mother to announce dinner

was ready. She was crying again, and when she went down to dinner, her parents refused to talk to her.

The meal with her parents was a long and tiring process. She missed the hustle and bustle of the pack. Micah always sat at

her side feeding her little morsels he thought she'd like. Even though she cooked the food and they ate casually, he always

treated a meal like they were eating in a five-star restaurant.

"I can't believe you'd bring that man to my door again," her father finally said.

"I wasn't responsible for bringing him the first time," Charlotte argued. The first trip home was still fuzzy in her mind. Her

fork moved the food around her plate. The appetite she had was now gone. Food tasted funny now anyway. Also, she didn't

like eating too much. She'd suddenly started to get sick in the mornings.

"Yeah, well, I've had enough of him meddling in our lives. A waste of time, the lot of them."

"They put food on our table, Dad. They put it on everyone's table by constantly making sure Rock Wood was protected,"

Charlotte argued in defense of her pack. She was not defending the leader, but the rest of the pack didn't deserve the hatred her

father was spilling.

"Can't be that bad for you to be sticking up for him," Frank told her. Charlotte looked down at her dinner. She didn't want to

talk about her feelings with her father.

"Don't start, Frank," her mother intervened. "Charlotte, that man loves you. Loves the very ground you walk on. Please tell

me what's going on," her mother said.

Both women waited until Frank left the room in a huff.

“He had other women, Mommy. One of the pack women has treated me like crap since I got there, and she told me in front of

him how she’d have been his if it weren’t for me.” She sobbed.

Doreen grabbed her and hugged her tight. Charlotte was grateful to her mom for allowing her the time to break down.

Charlotte was usually the levelheaded one who never allowed her emotions to get in the way of what she had to do.

“I want you to settle down, honey, and listen to me.”

She nodded and dried her tears on the jumper she wore.

“Over four years ago, I watched as that man, the alpha of the Rock Wood pack, carried you in and took you upstairs. Frank

told me some time ago he simply laid you in bed and settled you down and watched you sleep for a few minutes. Since the

night he chose to make you his mate, he’s been nothing but kind and sincere.” Doreen held her hand up as Charlotte was about

to argue. “Hear me out, baby. I’m not finished.

“These past four years you’ve never wanted for anything. Micah was there at your graduation ceremony. He paid for you to

go to college.”

“What?” Charlotte asked.

“That’s right. Your dad got laid off from work, and we couldn’t afford to pay the other half of your tuition fees. Micah found

out, and you all of a sudden became sponsored by the Rock Wood founding bar. Do you think your apartment really came with

the money for graduating college?”

Charlotte thought about the cute little one-bed apartment she'd been gifted with in her first year. She had never thought

anything about it at the time. Her mother use to say, “never look a gift horse in the mouth,” and that is what she did.

“Micah did all of that?”

“He paid for your driving lessons when we couldn't afford to keep up with the payments. I know you didn't want to take

them in high school because of your nerves and that's why we agreed to wait until you were ready. When he found you were

being hassled by that professor—the one that got fired for screwing with his students for good grades?—he went and taught him

a thing or two about manners. Micah made sure the funds were there for everything you've ever dreamed of wanting.”

“How do you know all this?” Charlotte questioned.

“Because he used to come by here every Saturday when the letters would come from you. For hours he'd sit in your bedroom

looking at your photo. He always said you were too young. You deserved to have a life before he claimed you. I'm guessing for

every female mate to an alpha there are going to be a few bumps in the road. Women wanting to claim what's yours. Now tell

me, darling. Did I raise you to sit down and take it, or did I raise you to kick in the teeth of anyone who threatened you?”

Charlotte had never heard her mother talk in such a way. She stared the woman who was usually so calm and caring and saw

the vicious streak within her. When anyone threatened her cub, mother bear was out to set them straight.

“He’s not mine.” She knew it was a lame-ass excuse.

“Bullshit, lady. That guy has got it bad. He wants you more than his next breath. Go and get him back here.”

Charlotte kissed her mom on the cheek and ran for the front door. Her mother moved up close behind her.

“I can’t believe I’ve been so blind.”

“If this woman tries to lay claim again, scratch her eyes out and show her who’s boss.”

She laughed at her mother’s ideas. “What have you done with my mother?”

Charlotte opened the door and came to a stop. Brandon from the Eagle pack stood in front of her. She remembered the way

he’d groped her and the way he’d threatened her.

“Hello, princess. Well, you’ve grown up, haven’t you?” Charlotte tried to slam the door shut, but he wedged it open. His

grip threw the door wide, and in the next breath, he slammed her against the wall. She lost her footing and fell against him. In

the next moment she saw the gun in his hand. “I’m taking the little lady with me. I’ve a message for Micah. Tell him it’s payback.”

Charlotte screamed when the bullet hit her mother’s side. She watched her mother slump to the floor, and then Brandon was

grabbing her. Charlotte fought him, but his strength was far superior to hers. He picked her up and threw her over his shoulder

as if she didn’t weigh anything.

Brandon threw her in the back of the truck. All of the large men she recalled from the night she became a mate stared at her.

She heard him slam the door and get in the front.

“She smells so fucking good. Can I have a taste?”

“She’s a mated alpha, and, boys, we’re about to claim her for the Eagle clan.”

Darkness swam before her vision. From their words, it sounded like they were going to rape her. She felt panicked, scared,

and in need of her mate. If she hadn’t left Micah, this wouldn’t be happening.

*Micah.*

Charlotte was about to die, and Micah wouldn’t even know how she felt.

*Micah.*

## **Chapter Eighteen**

Micah got into the house, surprised to see most of his pack waiting in the main foyer, some sitting on the stairwell. Men and

women of his pack stood looking at him.

“Where is she?” Cade asked him.

“She’s not coming back. Why are you all here?” He placed his coat on the hanger and stared out at his pack.

“But she’s pack. She’s ours. We’ve got to get her back.”

“Yeah, she’s the only one who makes decent pancakes. Cade’s are shit,” one of the male members called from the back.

Micah couldn’t help it. He chuckled.



“Well, I fucked up, and she isn’t coming.”

“So you’re just going to give up?” Cade came forward, arms folded across his chest.

“She doesn’t want us, Cade.”

“Bullshit. You selfish bastard!” Cade shouted. Micah tensed sensing the impending argument.

“Are you squaring up to me?” Micah demanded.

“You’re just a fucking coward. You fucked up and sent Charlotte packing. She’s the best thing that ever happened to you.

What’s the problem, *alpha*, too much hard work?” Cade sneered at him.

Micah noticed all the other pack members had stepped back. Only Cade was confronting him.

“What the fuck is this? A show of leadership? You wanna take my pack away from me?” Never one to back down from a

fight, he pushed all of his power through, showing Cade through his connection to the pack what kind of shit storm he was

bringing down on himself. The connection had passed from each alpha through generations. An aura that flowed within them

that allowed them the ability to gain authority over other members not worthy of his crown. He was the alpha, he was the

strongest member of his pack, and he would not let another member tell him what to do.

Cade growled instead of backing down. “Charlotte deserved better than you.”

Hearing his words and knowing in his head Cade was probably right, Micah slammed his fist against his best friend’s face.

“What was she to you?” Cade got up from the floor. He didn’t fight back, but he kept coming back for more. “A cunt for you to screw?”

Micah lashed out, two punches to the face and one under the chin. Sweat broke out along his skin. The moon was calling to

him to bring forth his wolf form and to settle the fight as the beasts they were. Inside his human skin, he couldn’t unleash the

beast he wanted. Micah thirsted for blood. He wanted to rid himself of the pain of Charlotte’s loss and to exert the dominance

of his position.

“Stay down!” he roared. Micah was amazed to see Cade fight his hold. Cade got up sporting a bloody split lip and swollen

eye from his struggles.

“Or maybe she was a little bit of fun. Somewhere to dump your load every once in a while. Is that it? Did it make you feel

like a man fucking a human?”

Micah saw red. He didn’t know why Cade was insulting his mate and him, but it was bringing fire out from inside him. The

need to silence him or get him to take back his insults was strong.

“I thought you liked her. You wanted her as your queen!” he shouted. He tried to distract himself from beating his best friend

to a bloody pulp. They’d been through everything together. Why this? Why now?

“Don’t bring our wants into this. Admit to yourself what you wanted from her. Don’t blame us for bringing Charlotte here.”

Micah was caught off guard as Cade charged him, sending him down.

Cade landed a few blows of his own before Micah threw him off his body.

They got to their feet and stared at each other.

“That night when Brandon showed up, you could have done any number of things to protect Charlotte. But you didn’t. You

took her and marked and claimed her for your own, and you don’t know why?”

Micah stared at his friend. He fought back the tears forming in his eyes. With a verbal attack, he couldn’t think past the

waves of pain rolling through him. He saw Charlotte standing, terrified, being held against her will. He felt the hurt inside her

as she was begged for him to save her. He’d known back then she didn’t have a hurtful bone in her body.

“I’m waiting. You took a terrified, twenty-year-old girl on the verge of womanhood and made her your own. You stayed

away from her until the right time came to claim her. You snarl at anyone who poses a threat. Now tell me, my alpha, why did

you do it?” As he was speaking, Cade was pushing Micah further into the corner.

Trapped into a corner, Micah snarled. “Because I had to have her, all right?” Cade stepped back as Micah poured out his

reasoning. “I can’t explain it, but when I’m with her, nothing else matters to me. She doesn’t care about my rank or my strength.

She cares about me. I mated with Charlotte because, on that night, staring into her eyes and seeing her strength, I fell in love.”

Cade placed a hand on his shoulder. “Then why are you standing here without her? Find her, talk to her, because if you let

her go this second time, you won’t be able to get her back. My friend, you won’t get her back. Could you live with watching her

love someone else, having someone else love her?”

He’d been a fool. An all-around fucking fool.

Micah took the hand offered to him, and he shook it, bringing Cade in for a man-hug. “Thank you for opening my eyes.”

“I told you I’ll give you what you need, not what you want.”

Micah turned to the door about to go and fetch Charlotte. He stopped as Frank staggered inside. Blood smeared on his shirt.

He was panting and looked like he was about to have a heart attack.

“Brandon from the Eagle pack has taken Charlotte. He said to pass on a message.” Frank stopped, going to his knees.

Micah’s gut tightened.

“He said to tell you it’s payback.” He passed out on the floor. Micah scented the blood was not Charlotte’s.

“Brandon will pay,” Cade said, standing by his side.

“Yeah, the bastard will pay. With his fucking life.” Micah turned to the rest of his pack. The time of the full moon was

coming. In a few short hours, Charlotte would be surrounded by werewolves not of her pack. They’d attack, and she wouldn’t

survive it. He had no choice. He had to get to her before the full moon.

“If any of you have a problem with Charlotte being your queen, I suggest you

step forward now and deal with me.” Micah

looked along the long row of pack members. As his eyes connected with theirs, they looked at the floor. He settled on Misty.

He walked the short distance to stand in front of her.

“Look at me,” he ordered.

Misty hesitated for a split second.

“I said look at me!” he shouted. The sound echoed off the walls. “I asked if any of you have a problem with Charlotte being

your queen.”

Micah held his hand up, stopping her from responding.

“I suggest you think quickly and carefully. I’m claiming my mate in the full cycle of the moon. Anyone treats her any less than

she deserves will answer to me and be punished by pack law.”

Murmurs erupted from his decree.

“She may be human, but she’s still my queen. None of you will threaten her or try to claim me. I don’t want to be claimed,

and anyone who brings tries to threaten my mate will answer to me.”

The women bowed their heads, and Misty spoke up. “I apologize. I thought you wanted me and were only dealing with

Charlotte as a woman you had no choice in mating with.”

“I had a choice, Misty. I wanted Charlotte, and the mating and protection were means to an end. She’s mine, and I swear...”

He stopped, reached out, and grabbed her around the neck. She tried to pull

free and show her servitude. “If you ever so much

as look at Charlotte in a way that is less than full respect, I will tear you apart and watch you burn. Do you understand?” Micah

only saw the woman who’d hurt his mate. He was pissed. Brandon had his mate, and he wanted justice. He wanted that

bastard’s face on the table.

Misty nodded, and he released her.

The monster within him was ready to be set free.

“Let’s go and get our queen.”

\* \* \* \*

Charlotte heaved her guts up in the trash can they had provided. Her stomach refused to keep anything down. Perspiration

dotted her brow. The smell of the fish and decay was sending her to her knees as another wave of sickness hit.

“What the fuck’s wrong with her?” one of her captors asked.

“I don’t know,” another replied.

“Are you two fucking stupid?” Brandon yelled as he came charging into the room. “What we’ve got is an unmated but

pregnant female. Micah sure didn’t waste any time in fucking his seed inside you, did he?”

Charlotte collapsed to the floor and prayed for death. No, she prayed for Micah to come and get her.

*Don’t be stupid. Micah won’t come and get you. He hates you.*

She stared at the man who'd caused all this shit, and she hated him.

"I'm not pregnant," she gasped out. Each time she took a breath and scented the rancid smell, her stomach turned.

"No?"

She shook her head.

"Have you been sick in the mornings? Do your tits feel painful at the slightest touch? Mood swings?"

Charlotte closed her eyes as more tears fell. She was pregnant, and she would never get to tell Micah.

Her hand went to her stomach, and she wondered if a boy or girl lay there.

"Let me go," she said.

"Sorry, darling. Not going to happen." He slammed a fist against the metal bars, making her jolt from the floor. Her unsteady

feet and the pounding in her head made her clumsy, and she fell and hit her head on the wall.

"Boss, what are we going to do with her?"

"I think we'll keep her and see what Micah will give up for her. If nothing, we'll wait it out for the brat to born. No alpha

can deny a son or daughter." Brandon cackled from outside of her cage.

It was ironic that she was the only human in the room, and yet, she was trapped like an animal.

"Then what, boss?"

"I've always wanted a piece of that ass. She'd do nicely as a trophy piece."

“You know, Brandon, your biggest mistake in life is thinking you’ve got the best security. The next biggest mistake is taking

what is mine,” the loud voice said somewhere in the distance.

Charlotte tried to face the voice with hope in her heart.

“Micah!” Brandon yelled.

“The very one.”

“You came alone I hear.”

“I’m here for one thing. My mate,” Micah said, his voice getting closer.

“You left her alone with no security. How do I know you even care?”

“Because I’m here, and wherever Charlotte is, I’d follow.”

Charlotte cried happy tears. Micah had come for her. Maybe there was a chance for them after all.

\* \* \* \*

Micah saw Charlotte lying on the floor in the cage. The rancid smell must have really turned her stomach. His heart had

lifted and taken a dive when he’d heard Brandon tell her she was pregnant. His mate was in danger, and it would be up to him

and his pack to keep her safe. Thankfully they’d have the element of surprise.

“So where are my men?”

“Unconscious. They didn’t stand a chance.” Micah wouldn’t kill all of Brandon’s wolves. Not all of them would be

responsible for his leader’s decisions.



“All you had to do was give me some women. As you can see, it’s hard to keep them here. The women we’ve been taken don’t last long here.”

“If you cleaned this shit hole up, they’d be here all the time.”

Brandon charged first, throwing a fist in Micah’s direction. “Get the girl out of here,” he called to the men he’d told to wait

for his call.

Micah blocked the fist. He saw the men going for the cage. “Now!” he yelled. Cade, Jordan, and a couple of others charged

through. The rest of his pack were outside dealing with the surrounding area and the wolves that could be roaming.

“You fucking bastard.” Brandon kicked out, slammed a fist in Micah’s gut, and cut a punch up to his chin.

Micah pulled away. “You should never take the mate of an alpha.” He blocked Brandon’s next punches. The fight was

brutal. Blood sprayed from their fists and out of their mouths. His men easily took care of the other men. Micah, seeing his opportunity, lashed out and slammed Brandon to the floor. His fist was unrelenting in his attack on the man who’d put the

woman he loved in danger.

Cade pulled him off. “It’s over. You’ve won,” he assured him.

Micah gazed down at his fist, which was a bloody mess from the attack. He didn’t feel the pain, and he charged for the cage

and broke the lock. Charlotte lay in a heap on the floor, and he picked her up in his arms. She moaned but didn’t pull away.

“I’m so sorry,” he whispered.

“Don’t do that now. I’m so sorry I acted like a crazy woman.”

“You can go crazy on me, just never leave me again.”

Charlotte chuckled, and he carried her out of the cage.

“What shall we do with him?” Cade asked, staring down at the bloody Brandon.

“Leave him. Let it be a lesson to the wolves.”

“You were so brave,” Charlotte told him.

“I had to be. The woman I love was in danger,” Micah said, smiling down at her.

“You love me?”

“With all of my heart,” he confirmed.

“You know, when I thought of love being mentioned, I’d hoped for a more romantic venue,” she informed him.

“Then consider that one an apology for all the other times I should have said it.” Micah kissed her on the lips. Charlotte

turned away.

“I’ve got puke breath.”

“I don’t care.”

The moment they hit the outdoors and the fresh air, Charlotte felt a million times better. Her stomach settled more with each

indrawn breath.

Micah placed her on the ground. Titania was standing to the side waiting for her, and Charlotte ran to her friend and embraced her.

“I was so scared,” Titania cried.

“Me, too.”

Cade slapped Micah on the back. “We did it.”

“He’ll come back. This is just a pinprick. Brandon won’t give up without a fight.”

“We should just kill him.”

“You know our laws wouldn’t condone that,” Micah said, and hugged his friend.

“Charlotte, watch out!”

Both men tensed, and their attention went to the woman being called. Brandon emerged from the building, and he brandished

a weapon. A knife glinted in the moonlight. His target was Charlotte.

Micah started to run, but it would be too late. He watched as Titania noticed Brandon, threw Charlotte to the ground, and

stopped him. Brandon struck out at her, but she wasn’t having any of it. She kicked out and sent him sprawling, a war cry

breaking out as she snapped his head from his shoulders, decapitating him.

Micah went to his mate while Cade took a now-screaming Titania away. He heard her whimpers. “He was going to kill my

queen.”

“You did what you had to do.” Cade hugged the hysterical woman.

“She’ll have to answer to the wolves,” Jordan said, coming toward the three.

“No, she won’t. Titania killed a wolf to protect her alpha’s mate. She won’t answer to anyone or anything,” Micah informed

the other man. He walked the short distance with Charlotte in his arms. “You saved my woman, my queen. Anything you need,

ever, let me know. I’m in your debt.”

Titania nodded.

“Come on. Let’s go home.”

## **Chapter Nineteen**

*A few weeks later at the next full moon...*

“Don’t run from me,” he warned.

Charlotte stared at the full moon above her, the moonlight casting a glow all over her body. Even covered in her clothes, she

knew her body drove her mate crazy. Micah looked so big and powerful looming above her. He took her breath away. To think

she’d been mated to him all of these years and hadn’t been with him since the beginning.

“My mate wants me,” he whispered.

“Always,” she answered.

Her heart leapt when he tore the shirt and jeans from his body. Watching him get naked made her melt.

“I love you,” he said.

Charlotte chuckled. Ever since he'd saved her from the cage Brandon had put her in, he'd spent every waking moment telling

her he loved her. She relished hearing the words.

"I love you, too."

He leaned down and kissed her. His tongue thrust inside her mouth, and she tasted him on her tongue.

"I want you so much," he said.

"Then take what you want. I'm here, and I'm yours."

His teeth grazed her nipple, and she gasped with the sheer pleasure. Her pregnancy had brought about a huge change with her

body, and every touch on her breasts created so much sensation. She could now climax with her breasts alone being sucked.

"Are you sure? What about the baby?"

They'd agreed that during the full moon she'd allow him to claim her in front of his wolves. For the past few weeks, Micah

had been testing her body with his fingers and a few dildos, preparing her anus for his penetration.

Charlotte was excited and frightened about what was about to happen. She loved Micah with her whole heart. No matter

how many times she tried to deny it, she could not refuse her love for him.

"The doctor has said I'm fine. Our baby is healthy, and we can still partake in sexual relations."

Micah smiled and kissed her. When she was with him, he made her forget about everything. He broke the kiss, and his look

turned serious.

“They’ll be around, but you won’t see them. This is about us, not them.” He talked about the rest of the pack. They had to be

present while it happened, but she didn’t have to be in a crowded bedroom.

“You are one amazing woman, and you’ll be a

fabulous leader.”

“Thank you,” she whispered.

“What for, baby?”

“For taking me that night and making me yours.”

Micah pressed his lips to hers. He didn’t need to say any words. Charlotte moaned and wrapped her hands around his neck.

She ignored the pack, who were somewhere near the surrounding trees, and kept her attention on her mate.

“I want you so much,” he said.

“Take me, Micah. Fuck me.”

Micah took her at her word.

His lips moved down her body, circling her breasts, spending extra attention on the large buds. He nibbled her nipples until

she was thrashing underneath him in absolute pleasure.

“I bet they’re wanking over you.”

Charlotte paused. “Don’t talk about them.”

“I can smell how wet your pussy is. I bet they’d love to be here.”

Charlotte didn't want to hear about the pack, but she couldn't deny the rush of sensation at the thought of other men being

turned on by her being with Micah. Did that make her slut?

His fingers ran up her slit, and she no longer cared. Micah was the only man she wanted. No one else.

“So wet and juicy.”

Charlotte watched him travel down her body. He kissed her stomach and whispered soothing words before he went farther.

She leaned back on her elbows she watched as he spread the lips of her pussy open wide. His tongue going to her clit. She

loved him going down on her. Her cunt was already on fire, and she needed to be sated by his lips and tongue.

His fingers fucked inside her while his tongue teased her little bud peeking out of its hood. He tormented her in little circles,

creating a mass of sensation.

The ground underneath her provided a lovely blanket for her to fall back onto. The scent of the forest and the earth, so much

a part of her life, would now be a part of her. He stretched her pussy open, thrusting three fingers inside her. She felt each one

as he pushed her so close to orgasm.

“Come for me,” he ordered. His tongue never gave up, and within seconds, the heat inside her built until she exploded into a

head-rushing orgasm. She grabbed the earth under her. A scream tore from her throat. Her cunt tightened around his fingers,

which suddenly seemed too large inside her.

Micah kissed his way up her body and pressed his lips to hers. She tasted her essence. Charlotte followed his lead, knowing

this would be it. She would forever be his, and he would be hers.

He helped her to her knees, and he settled behind her.

Micah had brought some lubrication to help everything along. She heard him open the cap and the sound as he began to

spread the stuff all over his cock.

He'd shown her what he'd have to do to help her accept him inside her body. Micah had shown her how the lube would feel

and what she should do to get him inside her.

Next, his cool fingers pressed against the tight bud of her anus, and she squealed.

"Relax and breathe," he whispered. The deep sound of his voice gave away how turned on he was.

She inhaled and forced her body to relax. A cool finger went inside her rectum, past the tight ring of muscles. The slow burn

didn't hurt, but teased her. The thoughts of having him push that large cock inside her filled her with fear. When they'd been

experimenting in the bedroom, her climaxes had become more powerful with a finger or fake cock up her ass. She wanted him,

and the only problem she had, was the fear of the length of his dick. Micah wasn't known for being small.

The tube of lube landed in front of her. He'd used all of it.

Taking a breath, she waited while he pressed the tip around her anus, spreading the moisture and getting her excited to have



more.

“Please,” she begged.

“I don’t want to hurt you.”

“You won’t.”

The head pressed against the centre of her anus, and she took a breath and waited. He moved slowly, pushing the large erect

head forward. She felt the pinch as her ass tightened. She relaxed, and the muscles eased. The head of his cock lodged inside

her.

“You’re so big, and it feels so good,” she said on a gasp.

“Hold on, baby. There’s more to come.”

Slowly, he fed the length of her cock inside her ass. Charlotte Griffin, a shy plump young woman, the mated queen of the

Rock Wood alpha, had a cock up her ass.

“You’ve got it all.”

She let out a breath and held on to the grass, her fingers digging in the dirt. The feeling was tight, uncomfortable, but also

unbearably pleasurable. Micah grabbed her hips and started off slowly. He pulled all the way out until only the head remained

before slowly working back in.

Charlotte panted for breath. The glow of the moon and the scent of the earth were all too much.

“Please, harder.”

Micah leaned over her and laid a kiss to her neck and back. The pace increased. He reached underneath her and teased her

clit.

She thought after one climax she wouldn't be able to cope with a second. She was wrong. The second orgasm built inside

her. With every thrust of his dick inside her ass, she pushed back, taking him all the way, enjoying the burn and relishing the

fine line between pleasure and pain.

Charlotte knew she wasn't going to last much longer.

“Come for me, baby. I'm so close to letting go.”

She opened up and let him take control. Her release washing over her, screams rent the air as he fucked her harder and faster

than any other time before. He used her ass, and he growled as he pushed inside her one last time. Charlotte felt the explosive

heat of his semen pulse inside her ass.

The howls of the pack could be heard over their panting. Micah chuckled, and Charlotte went red with embarrassment.

She'd forgotten about the pack.

“The Rock Wood pack has a new queen,” he whispered. “Are you a bit sore?”

“A little, but I'll be all right.”

“You are the best thing that's ever happened to me. Charlotte, you will own my entire heart, mind, and body for the rest of

our lives.”

Charlotte smiled and kissed him. Her body felt alive and her heart burst with love she had for this man.

Who would have thought the unplanned trip four years before to this man's bar would have resulted in her finding the one man she'd love for the rest of her life?

Micah wrapped his arms around her, and they lay for the remainder of the night, cuddled on the forest floor.

Neither of them wanted to move. Both were content and happy to be with each other.

## **Epilogue**

Cade stared at the head of the table where Charlotte was feeding her alpha. A warm glow spread through his body watching

the two people he cared most about in the world. Micah was indeed a changed man.

"We need more pancakes," one of the men said, getting up from his seat.

"Stay. I'll go and get them." Cade left the table and made the short distance to the kitchen. Four frying pans were on the go on

the seven-burner gas stove. Titania stood flipping each one. He stopped and gazed at the most beautiful woman in the world.

One of the lowest pack females, Titania wasn't well known for her fighting ability. Even though she'd killed Brandon a few

months before, she'd been driven half insane from the blood on her hands.

A raised fist always sent her scampering away. As one of the highest members of his pack, the alpha's second-in-command

and personal bodyguard, he was expected to mate with a strong and fierce

wolf. But his blood boiled over with lust whenever

he saw her. Now, as he watched her flip another pancake, a hand on her full, rounded hip, his cock stirred, and he wanted

inside her warm hot body.

“Hi, Cade,” she said. She handed him a plate heaping with steaming pancakes, and she poured lots of syrup to get the pack

started.

Her voice was pleasing to listen to. He wanted to put the platter down and take hold of his woman and kiss her until she

begged for more.

His woman? She didn't like the fights or the arguments he started or settled.

“Was there anything else you wanted?”

*I want you.*

“No.”

With a smile, she turned her back on him, making up some more batter for the mix. For a few more seconds, he admired the

curve of her ass. She always wore a skirt, one of those long denim ones. This skirt molded to her hips and the generous handful

of ass.

Would she scream and shout rape if he got on his knees and bit her on the butt?

“Hi, Titania.” Another lower-ranking member of the pack came in. Cade recognized him from one of their training sessions.

He didn't know all the wolves on sight. There were many of them living in the house at the same time.

"Hi, David." She turned and graced him with a warm smile.

He didn't like the easy way she and David interacted with one another. Should he stake a claim now?

The other man circled his arms around her waist and kissed her on the cheek.

"They're starving out there," he told her.

"Wolves always are."

Cade was starving, but he was starving for the woman in another man's arms. As a superior to this David in the pack, he

could easily stake his claim. It was his right to do so.

He took a step forward, intent on claiming what was his.

**THE END**

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**ABOUT THE AUTHOR**

Sam Crescent is passionate about fiction. She loves a good erotic romance and so it only made sense for her to spread her

wings and start writing. She began writing in 2009 and finally got her first acceptance in 2011.

She loves creating new characters and delving into the worlds that she creates. When she is not panicking about a story or

arguing with a character, she can be found in her kitchen creating all kinds of havoc. Like her stories, the creations in the kitchen can be just as dubious but sometimes things turn out great.

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## **Table of Contents**

Title Page

Copyright Page

Dedication

Chapter One

Chapter Two

Chapter Three

Chapter Four

Chapter Five

Chapter Six

Chapter Seven

Chapter Eight

Chapter Nine

Chapter Ten

Chapter Eleven

Chapter Twelve

Chapter Thirteen

Chapter Fourteen

Chapter Fifteen

Chapter Sixteen

Chapter Seventeen

Chapter Eighteen

Chapter Nineteen

Epilogue

About the Author

# Document Outline

- [Title Page](#)
- [Copyright Page](#)
- [Dedication](#)
- [Chapter One](#)
- [Chapter Two](#)
- [Chapter Three](#)
- [Chapter Four](#)
- [Chapter Five](#)
- [Chapter Six](#)
- [Chapter Seven](#)
- [Chapter Eight](#)
- [Chapter Nine](#)
- [Chapter Ten](#)
- [Chapter Eleven](#)
- [Chapter Twelve](#)
- [Chapter Thirteen](#)
- [Chapter Fourteen](#)
- [Chapter Fifteen](#)
- [Chapter Sixteen](#)
- [Chapter Seventeen](#)
- [Chapter Eighteen](#)
- [Chapter Nineteen](#)
- [Epilogue](#)
- [About the Author](#)