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HEY THERE,  
HOP STUFF

BETTER-OFF  
*Bunny*

INTERNATIONAL BESTSELLING AUTHOR  
SEDONA ASHE

*Better-Off Bunny*

HEY THERE, HOP STUFF BOOK 1

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**Better-Off Bunny**

*Hey There, Hope Stuff*

Book 1

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Cover artwork by Gombar Sanja

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A huge thank you to-

Allison Woerner for Alpha Reading.

Maxine Meyer for Copy Editing.

Imogen Evans for Proofreading & Editing.

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## *Sensitivity Note*



The FMC experiences bullying (but not from within the harem). She is considered a commodity within her community.

There are brief mentions of family loss.

Female rabbit shifters in this series experience heat, so things are going to get spicy!

The werewolves in this story have some equipment that make things more heated in the bedroom.

*\*wink wink\**

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# CHAPTER ONE

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## *Cillian*

“**W**ould it kill you guys to eat breakfast at a different restaurant occasionally?” Brett huffed, annoyance written in the frown on his face.

“Stop whining. You are free to eat wherever you want. No one is forcing you to tag along with us every day,” Syrus mumbled. He tried to be gruff, but there was no missing the sparkle in his dark brown eyes as the restaurant in question came into view.

And Syrus wasn't the only one affected by the nearness of the little cafe. My heart pounded hard against my rib cage.

“I don't understand your fascination with that place. The food is good and I swear I'm allergic to the rabbits who own it. My nose is already tingling just thinking about it.” Brett rubbed his nose. “I'd love to eat somewhere else. Heck, the only reason I come along with you guys is so that we can get our morning reports out of the way over breakfast.”

Rig's brow wrinkled, and his lip curled. “I'm sick of doing the same thing while trying to enjoy my meal. Let's schedule fifteen minutes in the afternoon after breakfast each day to go over them.”

Nodding in agreement, I waved Brett away. “I agree. Go eat where you prefer. Meet us at the office afterward, and we will set aside time to review your documents before we start replying to emails and returning calls.”

Looking down at the overflowing manila folder in his hands, he hesitated. The loud rumble from his stomach helped speed up his decision, and with a sigh, he stuffed the folder back inside his briefcase. “Fine. I’ll grab a breakfast burrito across the street. I’ll see you guys at the office.”

We didn’t respond as he walked away. Our attention had been captured by the radiant beauty who’d emerged from the tiny café with a steaming cup of coffee in each hand.

“Monroe.” Syrus breathed her name.

She was elegance in motion as she weaved between the bistro tables, forcing refilling coffee mugs. Her smile was so genuine that even the grumpy-looking guests couldn’t help but return her smile.

“It’s like she glows.” Rig’s hushed voice was reverent as she stopped at a table of crying kids and worn-out parents. “Watch how they respond to her at the café. He wasn’t wrong. The diminutive waitress spread sunshine while weaving her way through the guests, filling the caffeine-deficient parents’ cups, pulling giggles from the impatient toddlers. A few minutes later, when she had moved away from the last table, every diner, young or old, wore a smile. The waitress’s positive energy was contagious.

“Are we going to talk to her today?” Syrus chewed his bottom lip, a clear sign that he was anxious. “We’ve been visiting this place for three weeks and have yet to say more than a few sentences to her. For all we know, she already has a boyfriend.”

At the word *boyfriend*, every muscle in my body tensed. Rig

ver youmenacing growl let me know he felt much the same way.

go over Speaking through clenched teeth, I tried to be the voice of reason. I haven't smelled one particular male scent on her consistently, so it's unlikely she's bonded to anyone. But we need to remember that even if she is bonded to Brett, she's probably not going to be interested in us as potential mates." In any case. "Because we're wolves," Syrus whispered, his shaggy blonde hair covering his face as his gaze dropped to the ground.

"Yeah. That." My words were clipped. You would think being bonded by a shifter would be a point in our favor, but in this case, it definitely was not because the energetic beauty who'd captured our hearts, and starred in our dreams, was a rabbit shifter.

A bunny.

And although that fact didn't bother our wolves in the slightest, it was likely to cause some issues for Monroe. Wolves and rabbits often frequented the same businesses, but we never hung out socially in the same circles. Rabbits had also chosen not to attend the same schools and colleges as we shifters.

From what we'd been told, a rabbit could never feel completely safe and while in the presence of wolves. It was a deep-seated survival instinct that had the rabbits on constant guard around predators.

Sure, tolerating us for an hour while we ate in a public place near the entrance was doable, but asking Monroe to close her eyes and sleep while surrounded by a sure pack of wolves might never be possible. What if we convinced her to stay with us, and it caused her to be under constant stress? Long-term, the stress could take a toll on her body. I was determined to figure out a way to help her get away any fear of wolves she might have.

My chest rumbled, echoing the pain I felt in my heart. I wanted her to

mine. *To be ours*. Werewolves don't have fated mates. Instead, our  
n. "We choose a mate for us. Rig, Syrus, and my wolves had selected the same  
unlikely—an adorable, raven-haired waitress.

single, She was meant to be our bunny; I just hadn't yet figured out  
convince her we could make a relationship work between us.

le hair "It would probably make sense to talk to her and see if she is even  
the idea," Rig said from beside me. He must have picked up on my  
a wolfthought through our bond.

n't. All I blew out a long sigh. "You're right. Although, at this point, I think  
it all our too late for us to walk away from her without getting our hearts broken.

Running a hand down my face, I added, "Let's do it. It's time to talk to her."

Syrus's head snapped up, and a thousand-watt grin spread across his face.  
it was "Yes! It's about freaking time."

agreed He didn't speak again as we moved through the white picket gate  
es. The onto the café's dining patio. Good thing, too, since I was still trying to  
as wolf whether I'd lost my mind. What if I was wrong? Was this really the  
us to do this?

relaxed Monroe whirled on her heel, turning to face us. Her beautiful, heart-  
nct that face stole my breath. "Good morning! Take a seat wherever you like.

will be right with you." Without waiting for a response, she bustled them  
em was the side door of the quaint restaurant and disappeared inside.

ed by a Each table was covered in a white tablecloth and adorned with fresh  
be with flowers. After a quick scan, I spotted a lone table in the back corner  
anxiety patio. Giving a quick jerk of my head, I signaled for Syrus and Rig to  
to take me.

Today was the day we were going to try to talk with Monroe, and I  
er to be it would be easier to strike up a conversation with her if we weren't

wolvessmack in the middle of the tables. Plus, I preferred having my back to the railing; it allowed me to keep an eye on the rest of the patrons. I pretended not to notice us. I hadn't missed how every back had straightened and the conversations had become hushed as the diners caught our scent from the wind. They knew we were wolf shifters, and it had them on edge. We'd barely settled onto the pale blue cushioned seats before the waitress reappeared. Three cups and large plates filled with scones balanced precariously on her oversized serving tray.

"Good morning, gentlemen! How are you on this fine day?" As she spoke, she placed a steaming mug of black coffee in front of me, a latte in front of Syrus, and a cappuccino by Rig's plate.

My heart gave a ridiculous flip. She'd remembered what we all liked. Logically, I knew she probably remembered what drinks all her customers preferred, but my wolf was convinced this proved we had a connection.

"Would you guys like to hear today's specials?" Monroe pulled a purple notebook from her apron pocket and flipped it to a clean page. She nibbled on the end of the pencil as she met our gazes around the table. "Yes, please." Syrus rested his chin on his palm, staring up at her through his sick Labrador pup.

I barely held back a snort. Syrus ordered the exact same thing every time we came here, but he wasn't going to miss an opportunity to listen to her sweet voice.

Monroe rattled off the daily specials, the corner of her mouth turning up in a small smile when we each ordered our usual dishes.

Unable to hold it together for another second, Syrus blurted out, "Do you have a boyfriend?"

against Rig buried his face in his palm, and a muffled groan came from behind his hand.

Lightened, I choked on my coffee and spluttered at the younger wolf. “Smooth, cent on Real smooth.”

Syrus’s tanned skin turned the deepest shade of maroon I’d ever seen. Monroe had been in the process of tucking the sticker-covered notebook balanced back into her apron pocket, but at Syrus’s question, she missed the pocket. Her apron, and the tiny notebook tumbled to the ground.

Monroe “What?” she squeaked, and her skin bloomed with a deep blush that perfectly matched the current shade of Syrus’s skin.

Leaning to the side, I reached for the fallen notebook, intending to help her. Instead, Monroe had leaned down at the same moment, and our heads banged together with a hard thud.

“Ouch!” Monroe yelped.

Unable to help myself, I caught her face in my hand, tilting it gently a tiny each side so I could inspect her forehead. This was the first time I gently touched her skin, and I was amazed by how soft it was—far softer than flower petals I’d ever touched.

My gaze traveled to Monroe’s mouth. Would it be just as soft? Even if I could think better of it, I brushed my thumb across her plump pink lips. My shock, she sucked the tip of my thumb between her lips, and the velvet to her tongue slid across my rough skin.

In an instant, my body grew harder than stone. It was a simple gesture, but it was the most sensual thing I’d experienced in my life. Monroe whimpered with need, and I gave a low groan.

Monroe’s body jerked as though she were coming out of a daze. She gasped, she reeled back on her heels. Stumbling to her feet, she murmured

and his something intelligible about the kitchen and orders before rushing into the  
café.

, Syrus. “I’m fighting the urge to kill you right now.” Rig snarled, his breath  
rough.

n. “That was the hottest thing I’ve ever watched. Just imagine having  
a notebook on your bed.” Syrus’s eyes sparkled, and his cheeks flushed, this time from  
excitement rather than embarrassment.

I sat up in my chair, my eyes drifting to the door she’d disappeared  
nearly through. My lust quickly turned to lead in the pit of my stomach. Monday  
had been scared, and then she’d done what her nature drove her to do. She  
hadn’t. How could it ever work between a bunny and a wolf?

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I sat up in my chair, my eyes drifting to the door she’d disappeared through. My lust quickly turned to lead in the pit of my stomach. Monroe had been scared, and then she’d done what her nature drove her to do. She ran. How could it ever work between a bunny and a wolf?

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# CHAPTER TWO

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## Menroe

I fanned my flushed cheeks and sagged against the kitchen wall. Was the love of pepperoni pizza, had I licked that man's finger? Worse, yes, this was worse—it hadn't been just a random man's thumb. No, it belonged to *him*. Cillian. The man who could never be mine. Just couldn't ever consider a life with Syrus or Rig.

At the thought of Syrus and Rig, my face burned as though it were torched by the sun. What did they think of me now? Probably that I was living up to the most exaggerated reputation of rabbit shifters.

There wasn't a rabbit shifter on earth who hadn't heard the rumors about the other paranormal species spread about us. To be fair, the gossip held some truth, and the phrase 'breeding like rabbits' wasn't too far off the mark. Where most people were misinformed was when they believed that all rabbits were nymphomaniacs.

Wrong! That only applied to the females among my species. We were basically the succubi of the shifter world. This was why each rabbit female had to be paired with a group of males. It was the only way

the females sated and the males from being bred to death. Although, I' it wasn't the worst way to go.

The elders had created the harem setups among rabbits almost a h years ago, and since then, there'd been far fewer sex-related deaths burrows. Unfortunately, it had created other issues... the type of issu made it impossible for me to express any interest in the three sexy wo the patio. Which made my slip-up even more of a problem.

I decided to blame the nearness of spring. Female rabbits had th heat between the ages of twenty-one to twenty-five. After our first h came into heat every eight to twelve weeks. Those were the weeks w /hy, forespecially fertile and overly needy.

e—and The first heat of every spring was the most uncontrollable for all Jope. Itrabbits, and it was second only to what we had to endure during our ve t like Iheat. The truly sucky part was that every female rabbit's first heat co with the first heat of spring. It was a double whammy and created th 'd beenpainful, but also most erotic, experience in a rabbit's life.

t I was To prevent issues, rabbit females had their blood drawn regularly to they were matched with their fluffle, a.k.a. harem, before the first ions thespring. I turned twenty-three last month, and my blood work had si a bit ofspike of hormones that indicated my first heat would happen this sprin e mark. My eyes darted to the calendar on the wall, and my heart sank. The um thatonly three days left until spring. Every last ounce of happiness draine my body.

e were As a young girl, I dreamed of growing up to be exactly like my mot : shifterdedicating my life to being a good mate and mother. I'd thrived to keepenergy, love, and joy that existed in my family. That was all destro day coyote shifters attacked the rabbit burrows. They'd slaughtered

I'd heard hundreds of rabbits in a matter of minutes. Because violence between species was rare, it made the coyotes' vicious acts even more shocking. The wolves had come to our defense, driving the coyotes back into the depths of the forest. Thanks to the brave wolf shifters, hundreds of lives were saved, but it was too late for my parents and siblings. My family lives on, but my memories bore traumatic scars. I knew I'd never be able to get the smell of their first coppery blood or the shrieks of dying rabbits out of my mind.

My life changed in every way possible that day, becoming far different from what it had been before the attack. I'd been taken in by a sweet fluff who'd been unable to have children of their own. They loved me, and with time, I'd grown to love them back. But they had been snubbed by the community and were considered outcasts due to never producing children for the burrows.

This attitude had extended to me, and I'd learned the hard way it was best to avoid rabbits of my own age. Bunnies may be adorable, but they can be vicious.

With each passing year, being bonded became something I dreaded more than something I looked forward to. I'd resigned myself to being mated only because there wasn't another option for female rabbits. I knew the fluff was likely to be loveless, but at least I'd survive my heat. And if I'd produced a child, maybe I'd be more accepted in the burrows.

But then the wolves had walked through the ridiculously short gate and into the restaurant, and my heart had instantly longed for things it couldn't have.

Wolves were a common occurrence in the rabbit shifters' lives as a result of a bloody battle with the coyotes. Once the fight was over, the rabbit elders

shifter with the wolf alpha and pleaded for protection. The alpha had agreed. Over the years, the wolf pack had built their lives around us. Rabbits were energy-filled, productive members of society, and many of the town's businesses. We kept the town functioning, freeing the wolves' time so they could focus on politics and world matters. The arrangement worked for both species. But while we maintained a healthy respect for each other, we didn't mingle socially. Sure, I eagerly helped to arrange and cater to all the werewolves' social functions but there was a hierarchy—a.k.a. the food chain. Those on top could do what they wanted, and those on bottom let it happen. If a wolf happened to show up at a rabbit party, no one was going to be brave enough to toss him out. We weren't forced to serve the wolves if they were unkind to us.

Rabbit shifters were free to go where they wished; we simply preferred to keep to ourselves outside of business. Our species didn't form bonds with each other. Not friendships, and definitely not romantic partnerships. Unnatural.

So why did the three wolves have such an effect on me? Why did my stomach flop around in my chest like a fish on land every time I saw them? Why do they keep appearing in my dreams? I huffed, blowing a loose strand of hair from my face.

In three days, it wouldn't matter.

Fingers trembling, I jabbed at the computer monitor, tapping in my breakfast order on the cracked tablet screen. That finished, I quickly cleared the diners inside the restaurant before moving toward the door to the outside. Pausing, I took a deep breath. With effort, I pasted on a smile and bounced my way onto the patio with false cheerfulness.

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# CHAPTER THREE

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## *Monroe*

**M**y hands trembled as I refilled empty coffee mugs around the restaurant. Taking my time, I spoke with the guests at each table while I fought against the invisible force trying to pull me toward the wolves' table.

When I had no other choice but to face them, I picked up their orders from the kitchen and headed to their table. Unable to help myself, I drank in their features.

Syrus appeared slightly younger than Rig and Cillian, although that might have been due to his less guarded expressions. His blonde hair lay flat against his broad shoulders. It wasn't the blinding yellow hue of drugstore hair dye, but rather a soft golden shade that glinted in the sun. His eyes were the brown of freshly tilled soil and held an open gentleness that melted the walls I'd erected around my heart. He made me, a bunny, feel at ease, a feat that was no easy feat for a predator.

While Syrus seemed to have a laid-back ease, Rig seemed to be the opposite. His suits were always pressed with a precision that spoke of his attention to detail. Rig's cropped hair was nearly as dark as mine.

reminded me of a velvet midnight sky. His hazel eyes held a keen sheen and were tight around the corners. His face appeared fresh-shaven.

There was a part of me that hoped Rig had shaved because I'd mentioned how he looked nice after shaving his dark stubble. The likelihood of that was slim, but it didn't stop me from dreaming. I got the impression Rig wasn't the most flexible of men when it came to change, and it made me burn with a desire to ruffle his fur and see what happened when he let loose.

Finally, I drank in the vision that was Cillian. This man—er, wolf-green-eyed demigod if I'd ever seen one. He'd grown a beard recently, and there was something I hadn't realized I liked on a guy... until now. His manageable, all-brown hair was shaved on both sides, but he kept it slightly longer in the back and it was always brushed to one side. He should have been in a shampoo commercial featuring hair with a ridiculous shine. Would it feel like sliding between my fingers?

Cillian shifted and threw an arm over the back of his seat so he could watch my approach. Through his tight button-up white shirt, I could see the ripple of his muscles, and I half expected the shirt to just give and be crushed under my ghost and rip. This guy must spend hours every day in a gym to stay in that shape. To my unending disappointment, the expensive fabric stretches to accommodate each of his movements. Cillian must have a fabulous tailcoat. My skin heated with the weight of the three men watching me, and I took careful steps to ensure I didn't embarrass myself by tripping and falling on my face. With my heart banging around in my chest like a wild animal attempting to get free, I shifted the serving tray and began setting the table down on the table.

“You don't need to be afraid of us, Monroe.” The lines around Rig

arpnesssoftened a fraction as he spoke.

This time, it was my insides that grew warm. Hearing my name on their lips was incredible. If only they knew it wasn't fear that had my pulse racing and my breath coming quicker.

It was natural they'd assume my reaction was fear; that was the reaction all rabbits had when they were in the presence of wolves. It was my go-to emotion whenever I knew a wolf was around. Until these men. They were an exception.

I wasn't scared *of* them. Oh no.

I was scared of what I wanted to do *with* them.

Praying my voice wouldn't shake, I replied with a wink, "Uh-huh, I've heard that's what the big bad wolf always says right before he eats you." "I'd love to devour you," Cillian said so low that I barely caught his words. There was a thud as someone kicked him under the table, and he winced.

Squeaking out a nervous laugh, I finished setting the plates on the table and clutched the serving tray against my chest like a shield.

"My apologies. Normally, I have more control. I'm not sure what happened over me." Cillian scratched at the back of his head while Syrus and Rigel both scowled at him.

"It's fine. Please don't even think about it." I smiled, knowing I would have to replay his words over and over in the privacy of my bedroom.

"Can I make up for Cillian's lack of manners by taking you to dinner?" Rig's deep voice poured over my taut nerves like warm molasses.

"I wish I could," I stammered. There was no way they could know about the food about to go into heat, and spending time alone with them could only be one way—with me humping them like... well, a frickin' bunny. "But

his eyes

spending the next few days getting ready for the reception. And then I  
n Rig's other commitments I'll have to take care of."

eracing The word *commitments* tasted bitter on my tongue, but that was  
what my bonded would be. Commitments. For the past year, the elder  
typical had been hosting events every few weeks to give the unmatched fer  
Heck, it chance to mingle with the available males.

se three These dinners were supposed to help make our transition into a hap  
fluffle smoother after the main event. All it had done for me was prov  
still considered an outcast in our society. The females never mis  
opportunity to sabotage me, and the males either ignored my p  
h, sure, altogether or used me as a verbal punching bag for their entertain  
s you." doubted I'd ever feel safe with any of the rabbit shifters.

words. "That's a shame." Rig looked like he wanted to say more, but the c  
ed. a boot connecting with a shin told me someone had told him not to p  
ie table issue.

"Yeah, it is." My chin quivered; there was no hiding the pensive  
it came my voice.

lig shot I wanted to go to dinner with them. Just once in my life, I'd  
experience a date where the men were truly interested in me. But I  
s going have that luxury. The clock was ticking, and I needed to prepare for my

There was a moment of awkward silence before I shoved my feelin  
inner?" the tiny little box in the back of my mind. With a forced smile, I spok

"Is there anything else I can do for you guys?"

v I was "No." Syrus's smile was teasing. "Not yet, anyway."

and one With a choked laugh, I placed their check on the table and made my  
I'll be the back of the restaurant. It was the last time I would see these men,

'll have pain of that knowledge hit me like a physical blow. Only this hurt me  
any punch I'd ever taken.

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# CHAPTER FOUR

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## *Menroe*

I needed to pull myself together. Instead of going inside the restaurant, I ducked behind the privacy screen we used to hide the staff break room from the patio diners. Leaning back against the cool stone wall, I took a shaky breath.

Tears blurred my vision, and I closed my eyes tightly, trying to keep them from leaking out. It was futile. Hot tears spilled from my eyes, slick trails down my cheeks.

Large hands slid around my waist, and I barely managed to bite back a scream of surprise. My eyes flew open to find Cillian staring down at me.

“Hey. Don’t cry.” He pulled my body tight against his.

My much shorter height meant my head rested just below his jawline, against his muscles. I stiffened, not from fear, but from the strange intimacy of the position.

“I promise I’m not going to harm you, but I can’t stand to see you cry.” Cillian murmured into my hair.

I gave a soft snort and swiped at the telltale wetness on my cheek. “I’m not afraid of you, Cillian.”

“You aren’t?” There was no hiding the incredulity in his tone.

Forcing myself to relax, I rested my cheek against his shirt, admiring the cloud-like soft fabric against my skin. “I’ve just never been held like this before. It—surprised me.”

It was his turn to stiffen. “You’ve never been held before?”

“No—yes. Well, my parents used to hug me. But I’ve never been held like this by a guy.” My voice was muffled by Cillian’s shirt.

I waited, expecting him to tease me, but he remained silent. Cillian tightened, and his heart thudded harder in his chest. I relished his heat, soaked in the safety I was experiencing while he held me trapped in his arms. If only this could last forever.

“Have you ever been kissed?” His voice was a hoarse whisper.

I hesitated, debating whether or not to answer. But there was something about the intimacy of the moment with him that had me answering truthfully. “Once. But the guy was drunk, and I found out later it was a dare.”

A low growl rumbled in his chest, vibrating against my cheek. Why did my confession bother him? Confused and unsure what to do, I slid my arms around his waist, trying to calm him down.

We were quiet for a minute, and then Cillian rasped four words through my body trembling. “Can I kiss you?”

I was already pushing things with the embrace. Any type of physical contact, especially this close to my first heat, could force me into an early heat. Worse, it could make my heat hit me even harder.

“I should have said no.”

But I was about to be assigned to a loveless bonding, and my only consolation was the memory of a kiss from a drunk guy and his friends shoving me around. I tucked that memory away in my mind. A memory I could pull out

needed to remember what it was like to be kissed by someone I  
ing the connection with.

ike this Pulling my cheek away from his shirt, I tilted my head up to look  
“Yes.”

Cillian needed no further encouragement. His hand caught my chin,  
eld by a leaned down. Standing on my tiptoes, I met him partway. Our lips touched  
and the world tilted and faded away, until only Cillian and I were left  
's arms sentire planet.

eat and His lips were gentle, tasting and exploring my lips. I tried to hold  
s arms. needing to etch this memory into my brain to last the rest of my life  
the tip of his tongue slid along my lower lip, I couldn't help it. My lips  
a fraction, and I moaned.

nothing Cillian took advantage of the opening and plunged his tongue into  
thfully. mouth. His tongue was like velvet, teasing and stroking along my tongue  
was the biggest turn-on I'd ever experienced. My knees buckled,  
I would grasped at his shirt to stay upright.

my arms “Started without us? That's dirty even for you, Cillian.” Rig's love  
came from behind me, and a delicious shiver tickled my spine.

hat had Rig's hands rested on my waist, and then he lifted me up. Not loving  
feeling of my feet being off the ground, I threw my arms around Cillian's  
physical neck and wrapped my legs around his waist, not caring when it caused  
earlier ruffled skirt to ride up my thighs.

Rig pressed in tight against my back, sandwiching me between two  
wolves. If I'd possessed a single shred of rabbit shifter survival instincts  
memory should've been quaking in my tennis shoes. Instead of running, I tightened  
anted my legs around Cillian's waist and whimpered into his mouth.

when I I guess my bullies had been right after all. I was a defective bunny.

I felt a “Do you know how badly I’ve wanted to touch you?” Rig whispered in my ear. His hands slid along my thighs, and the brush of his fingers against my exposed skin caused me to ache for his touch in other places.

Cillian continued his passionate assault on my mouth, making it impossible for me to respond to Rig, although I doubted I could’ve strung two coherent sentences together, anyway.

Then, on the “This is ridiculously unfair.” Syrus’s whine came from a million miles away. “If your boss wasn’t looking for you, I’d be kneeling beneath your feet. I’d still kiss your other set of lips.”

When My brain short-circuited at the visual image his words conjured up, I started to sweat. My skin beaded across my already scorching skin. Finally, I caught up with the rest of the party. I’d heard part of what Syrus had said.

My boss was looking for me.

It was only a matter of time before he checked back here; it was a matter of time before he found me. There were a whole lot of places an employee could hide in such a large restaurant. If my boss found me in a compromising position, word would spread fast through the burrows. That was the absolute last thing I wanted to deal with, mere days before I would go through my first heat.

Breaking the kiss, I wiggled and shoved hard against Cillian’s chest. “My boss can’t find me like this. Let me down!” My voice was shrill with anger, and my heart fluttered faster than a hummingbird’s wings.

“Whoa. Calm down,” Syrus whispered. “I told him I thought I’d see you out front, and he headed that way.”

“Good!” Rig purred, spinning me around so I was facing him. His hands were against my mouth in an instant. The kiss was full of rough demands and sinful promises. My toes curled in my shoes, and when he put me back on my feet, I staggered, trying to find my equilibrium.

d in my “I—uh.” I tried to find the words for what I wanted to tell them  
on my didn’t even know what that was. Should I tell them goodbye? Thank t  
giving me a moment of passion I could savor for the rest of my life?  
ossible In the end, I said nothing. I straightened my skirt and brushed back  
t words that had tumbled free of my braid. Eyes down, I moved back tow  
patio. I paused beside Syrus, and before I could change my mind, I v  
n miles on my tiptoes and kissed him. The kiss was sweet, and far more PG t  
you to kisses I’d just shared with the other two wolves, but it was incredit  
different way.

. Sweat Hearing my boss calling my name, I quickly backed away from h  
he first rushed toward the patio. It took every ounce of willpower I possessed  
look back over my shoulder. In a perfect world, I’d have wanted those  
be my bonded. But the world was far from perfect, and it had shatte  
n’t liked dreams and hopes long ago.

. a tiny My heart may belong to the three sexy wolves, but my body never c  
would not if I hoped to bring honor to my parents’ memory by taking my p  
anted to the burrows.

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“I—uh.” I tried to find the words for what I wanted to tell them, but I didn’t even know what that was. Should I tell them goodbye? Thank them for giving me a moment of passion I could savor for the rest of my life?

In the end, I said nothing. I straightened my skirt and brushed back the hair that had tumbled free of my braid. Eyes down, I moved back toward the patio. I paused beside Syrus, and before I could change my mind, I went up on my tiptoes and kissed him. The kiss was sweet, and far more PG than the kisses I’d just shared with the other two wolves, but it was incredible in a different way.

Hearing my boss calling my name, I quickly backed away from him and rushed toward the patio. It took every ounce of willpower I possessed not to look back over my shoulder. In a perfect world, I’d have wanted those men to be my bonded. But the world was far from perfect, and it had shattered my dreams and hopes long ago.

My heart may belong to the three sexy wolves, but my body never could... not if I hoped to bring honor to my parents’ memory by taking my place in the burrows.



# CHAPTER FIVE

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# CHAPTER FIVE

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## *Rig*

I yanked off my work clothes and tossed them onto a nearby chair. I ran to the dresser, I pulled open a drawer with far too much force and the drawer hurtled off its roller track and crashed to the floor, where the contents emptied onto the thick white carpet.

Cursing under my breath, I quickly cleaned up the mess my agitation caused. That was pretty much all I'd done all day—clean up messes by yours truly. It'd been three days since the kiss with Monroe, and she hadn't been back to work. Her boss wasn't giving us any information on when she might return, either.

With each passing day, my mood became more unstable. I was an addict craving my next fix—of her. My wolf wasn't faring much better. I had spent the day pacing non-stop inside my mind. I was physically and mentally exhausted, but I knew if I tried to sleep now, my mind would fixate on the one thing I couldn't have... *Monroe*.

Slipping into my soft gray sweats, I reached into another drawer for a black tee, trying to ignore the way my hand shook. I was going to have

to Cillian at some point; he was the alpha, after all. Even if my wife picked Monroe as my lifemate, she shouldn't be affecting me so much.

Physical contact, like the touching and our brief kiss, would begin to form a mate bond, but it shouldn't have escalated this quickly. Last time we talked, Cillian hadn't even been sure how strong of a bond could be formed between bunny shifters and wolf shifters.

The soft rap of knuckles against the door frame caused me to jerk. I hadn't heard anyone coming. That wasn't a good thing for a wolf, especially since I could usually hear houseflies humping in the house next door.

Cillian leaned against the door. "Brett has invited us to visit the pack in Furningto eat pizza and watch TV with some of the guys. I know you would prefer to stay in, but it has been a while since we socialized with the pack. Syrus and contents are going to leave in five minutes. It's your decision if you want to come. I'd appreciate your presence."

It was a request, not an order. Cillian wouldn't be angry if I declined. Looking at the lines of fatigue around his eyes, I knew I would go with him. And though he was exhausted, Cillian still had to show up and be the support for his men looked up to. Syrus and I were Cillian's support, so it was a given that we would go with him.

Sighing, I nodded. "I'll come with you. Just give me a minute to get my shoes, and I'll meet you downstairs."

"Thanks, Rig." Cillian turned to leave but then paused, looking at my shoulder. "We'll find her. I've already put a call in to my contacts in the burrows."

I watched him leave, feeling slightly better. The rabbit elders would be eager to talk up setting the wolf alpha. If Cillian asked a favor, they were likely going to be eager to help.

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We arrived at the pack house thirty minutes later. Grabbing a slice of pizza, I began working my way through the guys gathered there. The pack had formed by leaps and bounds over the past decade under Cillian's leadership.

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"Hey! Everyone needs to get in here! It's starting!" Brett called from the theater room. His announcement was answered with loud whoops and catcalls.

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"What's starting?" I asked the guy who was handing out cold sodas. "The Bunny Bang Bash!" he answered with a laugh. At my look of confusion, he continued. "You know? The Rabbit Reception?"

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system,

I didn't keep up with what the rabbit shifters did in their free time, but I spend time watching TV, so I still didn't have a clue what he was talking about. "Never heard of it. Why is everyone so excited about watching a rabbit party?"

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Brett stepped up behind me and slapped me on the back. "Rig, man, you need to get out more! It's only the second time the rabbits have television. It's better than any reality TV show humans have thought of."

Basically, in the spring, the old rabbits parade the smoking-hot bunnies through a crowd of potential mates. The girls are about to go into heat, and everyone is hyped on hormones. Last year, some of the lads started getting hot and heavy as soon as they were matched. It was a total frick, man."

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My stomach churned, and I tossed the last of my pizza into a nearby trash can. Undeterred, Brett pushed me toward the movie room, and my

moved reflexively. My eyes locked onto the wall-sized television screen. I was unable to look away. This was stupid.

The likelihood of Monroe being there was slim, right?

The event was already in full swing, and I watched the girls in elegant gowns of various colors move out onto the floor.

“Each table is a family group of male rabbits. The girls have been notified by the elders to their male group. See the crystal bunny in the center table?” Brett sipped his drink as he explained what we were watching.

“The ice sculpture-looking thing?” My vocal cords had grown stiff, causing my voice to come out gruff.

“Exactly. This part is pretty cool. Every girl is wearing a bracelet that has been paired with one of the crystals on the tables. They’ll walk around the tables, and when they get near the table they’ve been paired with, the bracelet and bracelet will glow.”

He continued rambling about the gossip surrounding the match, wondering out loud whether it was random or if the elders took bribes, until I stopped listening. The camera had zoomed in on the procession of girls there in the back stood Monroe.

My Monroe.

Cold sweat broke out on my body, and my stomach plummeted toward the floor.

Unlike the bright yellows, greens, blues, and every shade of red on the red blanket, Monroe wore a dove gray gown. It was a simple dress, lacking delicate beadwork and yards of fabric trains that the other gowns had. My dress should have appeared cheap by comparison. Instead, it made her look like a ruling queen among fluttering princesses.

“Easy, Rig.” Cillian’s voice was low as he stepped beside me and touched

en, and mangled soda can from my hand.

Anger boiled inside me. Why hadn't she told us? She'd toyed with last day in the café, letting us think she was interested, all the while knowing she was days away from basically being married.

"Did you know?" The words were barely intelligible through my clenched teeth.

"I'd heard of this event, but hadn't ever looked into it. Until Monroe no reason to care about bunny social behaviors." Cillian's tone was firm and stiff, I'd known him long enough to know that it was his go-to for calm emotion.

"She's scared." Syrus's shoulder bumped against mine as he moved around the stand next to me. "Monroe doesn't want to be there."

Squinting at the TV, I waited for the camera to pan toward her. When it did, I studied her features as she followed behind the rest of the laughing girls. A stiff smile was frozen on her beautiful face. She wore light makeup, but it didn't cover the red skin around her eyes. Monroe had been crying.

If this was supposed to be the happiest day of her life, then something had gone horribly wrong. Why did Monroe look like she was walking toward the execution rather than about to meet her beloved bonded? I didn't have long to get my answers.

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"Did you know?" The words were barely intelligible through my clenched teeth.

"I'd heard of this event, but hadn't ever looked into it. Until Monroe, I had no reason to care about bunny social behaviors." Cillian's tone was flat, but I'd known him long enough to know that it was his go-to for covering emotion.

"She's scared." Syrus's shoulder bumped against mine as he moved to stand next to me. "Monroe doesn't want to be there."

Squinting at the TV, I waited for the camera to pan toward her again. When it did, I studied her features as she followed behind the rest of the laughing girls. A stiff smile was frozen on her beautiful face. She wore only light makeup, and it didn't cover the red skin around her eyes. Monroe had been crying.

If this was supposed to be the happiest day of her life, then something had gone horribly wrong. Why did Monroe look like she was walking to her execution rather than about to meet her beloved bonded? I didn't have to wait long to get my answers.



# CHAPTER SIX

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# CHAPTER SIX

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## *Menroe*

The girls around me were all smiles as they twirled their way between the tables, dancing to music I was unable to hear over the pounding of my heart in my ears. We were playing a life-changing game of Hot and Cold where our future mates were the hidden object we were supposed to find.

Lights glittered overhead, catching on the opulent table place settings and sparkling off the expensive beadwork that adorned every gown in the room. Well, every gown except mine. I loved the simplicity of my dress, but when we'd waited backstage, the rest of the girls hadn't been shy about their feelings about it being 'boring.'

Brushing my fingers across the silky fabric, I smiled. It was the most beautiful thing I'd ever owned, and I'd paid for it with the tips I'd saved while waitressing at the café. The elders were supposed to pay for every girl a custom gown designed and sewn for them, but I hadn't been surprised when none of the dressmakers in the burrows had availability for me.

It seemed every girl in the burrow needed a full wardrobe for their birthday week, and I'd lacked the piles of cash needed to bribe my way to the top of the seamstresses' schedules. Excluding a female who was being n

shouldn't have been allowed, but my emails to the event organizers regarding my need for a suitable bonding gown had gone unanswered. Just like every other email I'd ever sent them.

If I'd been wealthy, my treatment would have been different. Since I was protected by the wolves, the rabbit shifters had flourished. Deals had been created, and businesses were launched. Wealth and prestige became things that suddenly mattered in the burrows. The rabbit men who were invited to meetings with the wolves gained respect among our kind.

As an orphan and the sole survivor of my family line, I lacked both social and political standing among the rabbits. The only thing I had of value was between my body. A healthy female rabbit, even a poor one, was considered a treasure by the elders. Not for our brilliant brains, but because of our baby-proofed Cold War ability.

I said, "All that glitters is not gold," I murmured under my breath. The gowns, and it didn't matter how beautifully they adorned the room and the women in the room; all this night was about was matching a womb with the men despite the fact that I filled it. The elders and most of the men in the room viewed the unvoicing females as little more than breeders. And as much as I despised it, I

was shown up tonight and allowed them to tie the crystal bracelet to my wrist. The most My stomach twisted, and I pressed my hand against it, willing it to disappear. What choice did I have? I had nowhere else to go. A rabbit alone in the wild could never survive. We were prey, not predators. Our strength came from numbers.

If I ever hoped to honor my family line and find acceptance in the burrows, this was my one and only shot. With that ringing in my head, I walked to the front of each table, carefully avoiding eye contact. I focused on watching the men I had matched

gardingtelltale glowing of the rabbit crystal that would signify I'd found my lifemates. My bonded.

Every couple of minutes, the crowd would cheer, and I'd hear the beings squeal as matches were made. Sweat slid down my spine, and I fought to keep my breathing even. Part of me was anxious I wouldn't find my things but part of me was equally terrified I would.

The only men I'd ever wanted weren't here, not that a pairing between me and one of them would have worked, anyway. I was on the lowest rung of society, the lowest burrows, which meant I was miles below the wolves.

The bracelet on my wrist flickered, the light warm against my skin as I stepped closer. My steps slowed as I forced myself to put one foot in front of the other. The crystal on the table in front of me glowed a flowery purple, the same shade of pale purple as the bracelet on my wrist.

Pulling my gaze from the crystal, I looked at the men seated around the table. The world around me tilted, and black ink filled my vision as I fought desperately not to pass out. Wrapping my arms around my waist, I gripped myself, praying this was a nightmare, and I'd wake up any minute.

But I didn't wake up, and this wasn't a dream. My lip trembled as I realized that this was very much happening.

The five faces staring back at me held expressions ranging from disbelief to shock to malicious glee. These men were the elders' sons. They might have been rabbit royalty for how everyone adored them, which is why the treatment of me had always been overlooked, excused, or completely ignored.

These were the men who were likely to run the burrows one day, and for this single girl here tonight had wanted them. Except me. I'd hoped for them but them.

and my “Unbelievable.” Zane threw up his hands.

“Be nice, Zane. Aren’t you going to come greet us, loner?” Seth  
girlishme. His lips would have been beautiful if not twisted in a perpetua  
ught to when he looked at me. He’d told Zane to be nice, but instead of eas  
match, anxiety, it caused my worry to shoot through the roof.

“Yeah, you wouldn’t want to embarrass yourself by running like a  
veen us little bunny, would you?” Malcolm coaxed, something dark glinting  
in the eyes.

Seth pushed his chair back from the table, spreading his legs and c  
1. I washis arms. “Come here. Be a good girl.”

front of I hesitated, my eyes darting around the room. What was I searchi  
ple, the Help? An escape? Neither option presented itself. Half the room wa  
making out, while the rest stood open-mouthed, not bothering to hic  
und the stares as they watched the burrow’s golden boys... and me.

fought Were the spectators expecting me to reject the match? Or maybe the  
pinched waiting for the men to reject me? A rejection had never happened  
history, and as much as I despised these guys, I’d never disrespect the  
when I decision by walking away from their decision. Not to mention, m  
couldn’t survive the heat alone. This was all that I had.

sgust to Straightening my wobbling spine and pushing back my shoulders,  
as well my way to Seth.

ly their “That’s a good little bun,” he purred, causing my skin to prickle in f  
pletely I tried to sit in the seat next to him, but with a laugh, Seth wrapped  
around my waist, shoved my flowing skirt up to my knees, and pul  
d every onto his lap so that I straddled him. “Oh!” was all I managed to say be  
anyone lips slammed against mine.

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# CHAPTER SEVEN

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# CHAPTER SEVEN

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## *Monroe*

I tried to pull away, but his fingers sank into my hair, pinning me in place. His kiss became crushing, and he pushed for me to open my mouth to give his tongue entrance. I resisted, only to feel his teeth sink into my lip.

Seth likely wanted to incite my heat by teasing me with pleasure and pain, but instead of stirring needy feelings within me, my mind focused on the bitter, coppery taste of blood filling my mouth.

This kiss was far different from the gentle, passionate kisses I'd experienced with the wolves. They'd given as much as they'd taken, always taking cues from how I'd responded to them. Seth was only interested in what he could take.

Chairs scraped the floor as the other guys scooted closer to Seth. Someone's hands slid up my hips and waist, while lips pressed to the side of my neck. From the corner of my eye, I could see Tom and Jordy waiting for their turn. Either that or they had a thing for watching. Disgust swirled in my gut.

I should've been over the moon with the attention of these men, especially

with my first heat mere hours away. For the past several hours, the build-up had been bubbling beneath the surface of my skin. This was the point of the entire event. Match up horny rabbits who would procreate in order to expand our species.

Then why did all of this feel so wrong? Instead of it feeling natural, the rite of passage it was supposed to be, it made me feel dirty and... uncomfortable.

Zane's hand grasped my chin, jerking my head toward him. My jaw popped under the pressure of his grip. "Do you know how much I've wanted your body?"

I wanted to ask him if that was before or after he'd knocked me around in a place high school and burrow meeting hall. And what about all the other times he'd humiliated me? But if we were going to turn over a new leaf tonight, the bottom wasn't going to bring up the past. Pushing past the memories, I shook my head.

My head ached with pain, "Don't worry. Tonight, I will show you." Zane pulled my mouth open, kissing me with a force that would no doubt leave bruises on my pale skin.

Warning bells clanged in my mind. I'd been taught that a heat cycle was a male's chance to drough on a female, but her bonded males were supposed to be gentle, taking care to make her feel safe. This was all wrong.

What he was doing to me... Still, I hesitated. What if there was something wrong with me? Maybe I should be flooded with hormones, and I should be trying to rip Seth's pants off. Maybe I was defective. An icy shiver slid down my spine, not of fear but of disgust. I was trying to accept this situation and be the good little rabbit that was supposed to be, but the urge to flee was building to a crescendo in my mind.

Seth's hands grabbed my hips, grinding me down against his hard erection. He groaned, and his nostrils flared with desire. I tried to imagine

heat's Cillian's hands on my body, willing to try anything to make this s  
was themore bearable. It didn't help. In fact, it made Seth's touch even  
reate inreulsive, and my mind recoiled.

Bile rose in my throat at the vulgarness of Seth's movements, b  
or likeinside, a tiny flame flickered to life. My heat. It didn't matter if I  
sed. nothing to do with these men. My rabbit's nature only cared that the  
My jawwilling males in the vicinity, and I felt the heat bubble closer to the su  
wantedwas being betrayed by my body's instincts.

Tears clung to my eyelashes. I would be helpless to stop the heat  
und thefully took over. Until the heat subsided, I would be at the mercy of t  
es he'dmating me. But how could I trust these men to protect and care for me'  
, then I Malcolm slipped a finger under one of my gown's delicate straps.

ook myquick rip, it snapped, and my dress started to slide down over my

quickly snatched the fabric and clutched it against my chest. Seth  
to his,back, a small smile on his face. He sent a knowing look to Malcolm  
skin. one sharp movement, Seth shoved to his feet, toppling me onto the floo  
ould be Crying out in shock, I grasped at my torn gown while the rest of tl  
itle andlaughed down at me. Seth cleared his throat and addressed the elders

on the stage overseeing their matches like pompous kings surveyir  
[y bodykingdom.

clothes "Esteemed elders," Seth began, his deep baritone voice filled with  
delight,arrogance. "I believe a mistake has been made today. While Monr  
rabbit Isweet girl, she just isn't cut out to be the mother of the next generatio  
) insideburrow's leaders. My family and I ask that you please accept our rec

attend next spring's reception to find a suitable female to stand by our  
rection. My brain struggled to understand what was going on, and when  
it waspanic surged inside me, a tsunami prepared to destroy what was left

situation broken soul. This couldn't be happening. The room had grown eerily  
n more everyone holding their breaths.

“But what am I supposed to do?” I asked, my words a broken whisp  
ut deep Seth paused, glancing down at me. His expression was caring,  
wanted thoughtful, but his eyes were cold. He arranged his lips into a sad, sy  
re were smile and faced the elders again.

urface. I “We understand that this represents a problem for Monroe. W  
upcoming heat so close, it would be impossible to find her assistance  
once its short notice. Therefore, we are willing to take the time from our sched  
he mensee her through her heat as well as her future heats. We will provide  
? and food for her so that she isn't a burden on the burrow's resources.  
With a will not be producing heirs with her.”

chest. I Seth's words were more effective than a punch to my stomach. I  
pulled even suitable to reproduce with? There was no way the elders would a  
n. With this, would they? I couldn't breathe as I waited for them to speak  
or. defend me.

ne guys The elders conferred with each other for less than a minute befo  
who sat clambered to their feet. They'd reached a decision quickly... far too c  
ig their “This is highly unusual. As elders, we take great pride in creating t  
matches for future offspring. However, we have discussed your requ  
1 cocky in honor of your many contributions to the burrows, we agree to allow  
oe is attend the ball again next spring and find a match you feel is more suit  
1 of our The elderly, gray-haired man who I'd once thought kind turned his  
quest to blue eyes on me. “You are a lucky girl to have these energetic you  
side.” willing to care for you. This is such an honor for you, Monroe.”

it did, “An honor?” I choked out.

of my They were sentencing me to a life without love, without respe

7 silent, without a chance to produce children to honor my family line. I'd always been an outcast. Worse, I'd be a toy for these men to use as they saw fit, and the elders would ignore any mistreatment their golden boys dished out on me. Almost as if Zane reached down, gently pulling me to my feet. Pressing his lips against my cheek, he whispered, "And just like that, you belong to us. Our little whoopee." It was that last word and his groping hands that finally propelled my body into action. My knee found the erection straining against Zane's pants with a satisfyingly hard thud, and he tumbled to the ground in pain. I didn't wait to see what would happen next. Giving into my terror, I ran like a homebound rabbit I was. I didn't care what predators awaited me outside the burrows... None could be worse than those in this room.

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without a chance to produce children to honor my family line. I'd always be an outcast. Worse, I'd be a toy for these men to use as they saw fit, and the elders would ignore any mistreatment their golden boys dished out on me.

Zane reached down, gently pulling me to my feet. Pressing his lips to my ear, he whispered, "And just like that, you belong to us. Our little whore."

It was that last word and his groping hands that finally propelled my frozen body into action. My knee found the erection straining against Zane's pants with a satisfyingly hard thud, and he tumbled to the ground in pain.

I didn't wait to see what would happen next. Giving into my terror, I took off like the scared rabbit I was. I didn't care what predators awaited me in a life outside the burrows... None could be worse than those in this room.



# CHAPTER EIGHT

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# CHAPTER EIGHT

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## *Cillian*

I stared at the TV, emotions roiling in me like a volcano preparing to erupt. My heart stopped beating when I spotted Monroe's sweet face on the screen. I realized she was about to be snatched from my life forever.

"Why didn't she tell us or give us a chance?" Syrus's voice was low and dangerous, and he gave a quick swipe at the corner of his eye.

Syrus was soft for a wolf, but no one in the pack dared to tease him. Not when his best friends were the alpha and the beta. Not to mention he could hold his own in a fight.

"Because we were nothing more than nice strangers. We weren't good enough." Rig's voice was flat, his eyes glassy dark orbs.

"It was more likely because we are wolves. Rabbits mate rabbits, mate wolves," I added, the words bitter on my tongue.

It didn't have to be that way, but the age-old survival instincts between predator and prey, along with old shifter traditions, made it seem like an impossibility for Monroe to be with us.

Rig cursed when Monroe's bracelet began to glow, matching her eyes. A table of male rabbits. Disgust knocked the wind from my lungs.

recognized them from the business meetings I'd held with the burrow. The TV crew loved the guys, though, because they ignored all the other tabloid guests. Instead, they kept the cameras zoomed in on Monroe as the wolves put their hands—and lips—all over her.

The wolves scattered around the room whistled and cheered, taking bets on how far things would go while the show was still being recorded. I wanted to scream at them to shut up, but my vocal cords were frozen.

In my mind, I could still feel Monroe's soft curves pressed against my body, and it made watching these men with her even more distasteful. It had been nothing more than a warm-up for her. My wolf's howl of pain erupted around my skull.

"Monroe's upset." Syrus leaned forward and squinted at the TV screen.

"You're wrong. She seemed pretty eager to jump in Seth's lap." The wolf's voice hoarse, snarled.

"No! Look closer!" Syrus's words vibrated with urgency. "Her body is stiff as a board. She isn't relaxing into their touch like she did with you. She's in pain, Cillian."

The last thing on earth I wanted to do was to look closer as the rabbit bit directly at the person my wolf had ever wanted. In the end, curiosity won the better of me, and I found myself taking a halting step toward the TV. The wolf's camera zoomed in tight on Seth and Monroe's faces.

What. The. Frick. Syrus was right.

Seth's face was a mask of raw desire—and something else I could never put my finger on. But Monroe's face was void of all emotion. Even when she was kissed, she never kissed the guy back, and her eyes stayed open.

When she'd been in my arms, her beautiful thick eyelashes had draped over my face. She had given me the sexy bunny come-hither bedroom eyes. While I

vs. Theher, Monroe's cheeks had flushed a rosy pink, and her body had  
les and against me. She'd clung to my shirt, using the grip to pull me closer and  
ie male herself steady.

Monroe had been just as turned on by my touch as I had been by her  
bets on Looking at her now, I saw none of those things. Every time a man  
live. Itable touched Monroe's body, her muscles would tighten, and she see  
fight the desire to shy away.

nst my "Why doesn't she just tell them no?" Syrus ran his hand through h  
l. We'dhis jaw ticking in frustration.

echoed "Um. Am I missing something? Why does it matter so much to  
Brett's eyes darted between Syrus's face and the TV. "Wait a second.  
en. the waitress at that café you guys love so much, isn't it?"

o." Rig "Drop it," I ordered, pushing an alpha command into the two wo  
answer his questions later. Right then, my entire focus was on the  
dy is asplaying out on the screen in front of me.

ou and My confusion and heartache were quickly followed by a fury hott  
all the fires of Hades as I watched the men rip Monroe's dress strap  
bit men nearly exposed her breasts to the entire room, and everyone watch  
sity gotdrama from their homes.

V. The Seth stood suddenly, letting Monroe's delicate body slam agai  
concrete floor like she was nothing more than a dirty napkin.

The wolves in the room growled and shouted their disapprov  
ln't put Monroe's rough treatment. It didn't matter if they knew her or not; th  
n being of cruelty wasn't tolerated. If a wolf had dared to treat his mate th  
he'd find it difficult to walk for weeks, even with our accelerated  
ropped abilities.

I kissed Syrus staggered to an empty chair and collapsed into it, his face tu

melted pale green.

and keep “I’m going to kill him.” Rig’s facial features hadn’t changed, and his expression was flat, making his threat all the more terrifying.

As I’d known Rig since we were both pups. He always followed through on his threats. That was a dead man walking.

My eyes shot back to the TV. Seth was speaking, and I wanted to know what he was saying. “SILENCE!” Deafening silence fell on the room. My hair, my roar, my order.

In the end, I wish I hadn’t known what he spoke to the elders or how they’d accepted their request as though they’d been doing Monroe’s kindness. She wasn’t a burden. No, she was a blessing, yet they were treating her as though she was an unwanted pet needing a home. I’d always seen rabbits as gentle, sweet creatures who needed protection. Now I saw the scene colors, and horror sank into my bones.

These rabbits were vicious creatures, capable of unbelievable cruelty toward their own.

I would never forget this.

A growl ripped from my throat as Zane reached down and lifted Monroe’s feet. He whispered something to her that the microphones didn’t pick up. “Syrus!” I barked. He’d learned to read lips one summer when he was a bored teenager, and it had proven to be a surprisingly handy ability.

When he finally spoke, Syrus’s voice was mechanical, and he croaked out the vile words. “And just like that, you belong to us. Our little whore.”

The room erupted into chaos. Wolves pelted the wall and television with healing bottles and cans, their outraged growls shaking the room. If I’d wanted, I could have ordered them to take out Seth and his friends, and the pack would have shifted and carried out my command with glee. But the co-

caught in my throat when Monroe clutched her tattered dress against his chest and raced out of view.

No, I wouldn't give the order.

Seth Because I wanted to kill them myself.

They would regret the day they dared to touch Monroe. *My Monroe.*

My clothes turned to shreds as I released my wolf, allowing the aftershock to ripple over my body.

I thundered through the pack house with Syrus and Rig hot on my tail. Outside, I lifted my snout to the midnight black sky and howled a great bloodcurdling warning... one of a predator on the hunt for its prey.

Tonight, after finding my precious Monroe, I had plans to keep the Reaper busy.

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Tonight, after finding my precious Monroe, I had plans to keep the Grim Reaper busy.



# CHAPTER NINE

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## *Cillian*

**T**he hard thud of my paws in the dirt matched the pounding bear heart.

*Where are we going?* Syrus's voice drifted through my mind.

*To eat some rabbit,* Rig snapped.

I was losing control of my wolf, and my human consciousness began to fade as my wolf pushed to the forefront. With immense effort, I fought to maintain a semblance of my humanity because, without it, I knew how this night would go down. It would be far worse than the night the coyotes attacked the burrows.

*The rabbits have grown fat and self-centered under our protection. They brought this on their own heads,* Rig snarled.

Rig wasn't wrong. The rabbits would pay for their treatment of Monroe. My Monroe. But first, we needed to find her. She was our priority.

*Where do you think she is?* Syrus, always the level-headed one between us, asked.

*I think she'd want to get as far away from them as possible,* I responded, lifting my nose into the air and hoping to catch her scent.

*But what makes you think she would run in this direction? Rig ask might have run to the opposite side of the burrows.*

I hesitated before answering. *I'm hoping she ran toward us.*

Rig snorted. *She's a bunny... our prey. You think she would willin to wolves while terrified?*

I growled at his disrespectful tone, forcefully reminding him w alpha. *Yes. Tonight, the rabbits proved themselves to be vicious. B better to protect her than a predator every shifter on earth feared?*

I prayed my logic was accurate—that maybe, just maybe, some sm of her subconscious knew we would be her shield.

But we needed to find Monroe before any other shifter did.

*Plus, Monroe likes us,* Syrus added with a calm certainty I envied.

Falling silent other than our raspy breathing, we covered mile after thick woods and underbrush. When I caught the sweet scent of j egan toblossoms drifting in the wind, my wolf released a victorious howl.

We'd caught her scent. Now it was just a matter of time before w exactlyour girl.

Syrus and Rig's howls blended with mine. It was a bone-chilling ha

A warning to those who crossed us and a reassuring promise to the o n. *Theyneeded us.*

I licked my long canines, relishing the thought of ripping into Seth' Monroe.I wanted to watch his vile blood drain into the soil. My muscles tig and bloodlust consumed me until my vision was tinted crimson.

*Focus, Cil. There will be time for vengeance later,* Syrus urged.

The tantalizing scent of jasmine grew stronger. Straining my ears, I ponded,up the faint but steady thump-thump of a heartbeat. *We're close. Le two miles away.*

ed. *She* With a burst of adrenaline, I sped across the leaf-covered forest floor. Syrus and Rig on either side of my wolf. Leaping over a massive fallen tree, I skidded to a stop in a tiny clearing. She was here, but where?

*gly run* *Thump-thump-thump.*

My gaze darted around the forest, my enhanced eyesight making the forest floor as bright as if lit by the sun.

*ut who* *In the log*, Rig whispered, as though worried she might hear our thoughts and run.

*all part* *The log?* It was large, but was it large enough for a human? I moved to the log. Reaching one end, I laid down on my belly and peered into the hollowed-out trunk of the ancient oak tree.

She was there. Moonlight caught on the fabric of her dress, causing a shimmer of glow. Her hair had fallen from the elegant style she'd pinned it up in for the last reception, and it cascaded around her face.

Her large luminous eyes watched me, but she made no effort to scoot away from me. My wolf was pleased, although I reminded him that Monroe had a way of knowing who we were while in our shifted form.

Whining softly, I dropped my snout onto my massive paws, hoping to convey I wasn't a threat to her. Rig and Syrus moved to either side of me and did the same. For several long minutes, we lay there, breathing in the comforting scent of moss... and Monroe. She'd always smelled incredible, but tonight, she was alluring and absolutely edible. My mouth watered even as I wondered what had caused her scent to change.

Monroe's muscles slowly relaxed, and she rested her tear-streaked cheek on her palm while she studied us. Her gray silk gown was ripped and splattered with dark stains. There was a faint scent of blood hanging in the air, and I hoped it was from the sharp thistles covering the forest floor.

or with There would be no place on earth for the rabbits to hide if they'd  
n log, Imuch as a drop of her blood.

Monroe's lips parted, and she broke the silence. "You're Cillian."

It wasn't a question, but rather a statement. Lifting my head, I g  
ig it asawkward nod.

A small, heartbreaking smile teased the corner of her mouth. Winci  
oughtspushed herself up onto her hands and knees. Keeping one hand on the  
her dress, she carefully shimmied her way out of the log. Reaching  
l closerthrew her arms around my wolf's neck without hesitation and burst int  
nto the Unable to speak but wanting to comfort her, I licked her bare shoul  
whined. Monroe's arms tightened as she clung to me, soaking my f  
ng it toher salty tears.

for the "I was trying to fi-find my way to you, but got confused and s  
Monroe's body shook with racking sobs. "But I kne-knew you'd find r  
ot awaythat all three of you would come for me."

had no I wanted to shift so I could hold her in my arms, but my wolf ref  
relinquish control of our form. At the light touch of her fingers strok  
ping tocoat, I stopped struggling against my wolf. If petting me helped to ca  
me andthen I would happily sign up to be her emotional support wolf.

calming To my unending embarrassment, my tail smacked the ground,  
night itleaves and dirt into the air around us. Rig and Syrus huffed a  
nderedcompletely ignoring the narrow-eyed glare I shot in their direction. I c  
help my joy. Monroe had known we would come for her and waited fo  
l cheekwas another step toward getting her to trust us.

ed and Not wanting to be left out, Syrus and Rig crawled toward her c  
g in thebellies. They kept their movements slow, being careful not to startle h  
hadn't grown up in a pack, so she couldn't possibly understand how l

shed sodeal this was. None of us had ever reduced ourselves to such den-  
positions for anyone—not even each other. But for Monroe, *our Mon*  
would do anything to make sure she felt safe.

gave an Curling their massive white wolves around her body, my pack mate  
sure Monroe was tucked safely between the three of us. Monroe strok  
ng, shewolves in turn, and ever so slowly, her tears began to subside. Her  
e top of drooped, and her body sank against me as exhaustion finally overw  
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deal this was. None of us had ever reduced ourselves to such demeaning positions for anyone—not even each other. But for Monroe, *our Monroe*, we would do anything to make sure she felt safe.

Curling their massive white wolves around her body, my pack mates made sure Monroe was tucked safely between the three of us. Monroe stroked both wolves in turn, and ever so slowly, her tears began to subside. Her eyelids drooped, and her body sank against me as exhaustion finally overwhelmed her.

I knew she wouldn't be able to hear me, but I couldn't keep from whispering to her in my mind. *Rest, beautiful. No one will dare touch you.*

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# CHAPTER TEN

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# CHAPTER TEN

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## *Syrus*

**M**onroe's breathing gradually slowed and evened out. Her eyes fluttered closed, sending a wave of awe washing through me.

*She's sleeping?* I asked through the bond.

*Yes. This shouldn't be possible, especially so soon,* Cillian responded.

Monroe trusted us enough to fall asleep while surrounded by three predators. It was a huge statement of how she already felt toward us. Or maybe just a sign of how exhausted she was after the night's mayhem. A fresh wave of anger shot through me. Monroe should never have gone through the humiliation the rabbits had dished out at their party.

We lay there for another two hours, protecting Monroe as she slept. None of us wanted to disturb her sleep. The night was calm, and everything was going fine... right up until the air began to hum around her.

The clean scent of ozone wafted around us, causing my nose to twitch. *What is going on—*

My question was cut off when Monroe's shift rippled across her body, turning our sleeping beauty into a sleeping bunny. How she managed to

through a shift was beyond me, but my heart melted at the tiny doe rabbit nestled inside the silk gown. It was the cutest thing I'd ever seen.

*Awww.* Cillian, Rig, and I drawled at the same time in the mental link.

It was also the first time I'd seen a rabbit shifter perform their shift. Rabbits preferred to remain in their much larger human forms when they were alone, but wolves? Not so much. I couldn't blame them. If I was the natural prey of a predator, I'd avoid shifting and tempting them with my delicious self, just in case.

I nuzzled the tiny furball. Her back legs twitched, but she continued sleeping soundly. Even her bunny form trusted us, and that knowledge of her warmth blossomed in my chest.

My eyes widened. If I'd felt protective of her before, it was nothing compared to how I felt now. Monroe was in her weakest form, and I would destroy anyone who so much as looked at her twice.

*Now what? We should probably get her back home before a predator shows up.* I hesitated, hating the idea of waking her, but my wolf refused to relax with her tiny shifter form at risk from, well, everything.

*We should,* Cillian's wolf huffed. He lumbered to his feet, careful to avoid the jostling Monroe's tiny bunny body. It reminded me of the memes online where people refused to get up because their cat was sleeping on their lap. Nonelap, and they didn't want to disturb them.

Rig and I rose to our paws, and all three of us stared down at the small puff of fluff. If anyone had stumbled upon us in the woods at that moment, it would've looked like we were planning our next meal.

*Who's going to wake her?* Rig asked while taking a step back. Cleo looked at me. *It didn't plan to do it.*

An idea tumbled through my mind. *Wait a sec! Let me try something.* Taking a step forward, I gathered the top and bottom of her gown.

ve graymassive jaws. It took a couple of tries, but I managed to create a ha  
1. with our sleeping bunny curled up inside. She released a contented  
ink. and I smiled, almost dropping the fabric.

ir shift. *Idiot. Keep your mouth shut while carrying her. Got it?* Rig snarled.  
around *You're just jealous you didn't think of it, and now I get to carry her*  
rticularI taunted him over my shoulder as I turned and pranced my way tow  
too. house.

ntinued Rig gave a low growl behind me, then he and Cillian moved to fla  
e had aproviding protection. Although I doubted we'd need it. Cillian was a  
in peak condition, and there wasn't a creature in these woods stupid  
w I feltto challenge him.

who so Blessedly, the trip home was uneventful. The pastel hues of sunr  
begun to paint the sky when we finally climbed the front porch steps  
lawn. Ihome. Cillian quickly shifted and pressed the passcode into the keyp  
with herwould unlock the front door. This was the best invention ever since

lacked pockets to carry keys in. Rig and I followed Cillian into the hou  
o avoid Rig shifted and caught a white robe that Cillian tossed his way. Un  
postedto put my precious bundle down, I remained in my wolf form and eyed  
on their "Let's take her up to the main bedroom and settle her into bed."

rubbed the back of his neck. For the first time since I'd known him, he  
leepingworried.

precise "Are you sure we shouldn't put her in a guest room? At least unti  
had time to talk to her?" Rig asked, and just like Cillian, he s  
arly, heuncertain.

I knew why they were hesitating.

7. The main bedroom had never been used. We'd spent years prepar  
1 in myroom for our future mate. It was the room we would share with the fen

mockclaimed as our own. A room just for her and where no other female had  
squeaked, stepped foot. We'd prepared every little detail with our dream mate in

Countless hours had been spent making sure it was perfect—from  
throw pillows on the massive bed to the feminine products in the  
master home, cabinet in the bathroom.

and our If we took a female in there who ended up deciding she didn't want  
our mate... well, then the entire room would need to be dismantled.  
Thank me, maybe we would burn the house to the ground and start again.

an alpha Our eyes locked, each of us weighing our feelings for the gray  
enough balled up in the silk sling I carried. I knew my answer, and I watched  
expressions as they came to the same conclusion. She was our mate. My  
wife had needed to convince her that she wanted to claim us as well.

is of our Cillian reached out to take the sling from my mouth but stopped at  
my head that whine. Turning, I made my way toward the stairs. I lifted my head to  
wolves bumping her body against the polished wood steps. My progress was  
slow. but it was worth the extra effort when she didn't wake.

unwilling Rig moved ahead of me down the hallway and opened the bedroom  
door for them. Elation and fear churned in my stomach. I'd dreamed of this day for weeks.  
Cillian like forever. But I'd always imagined we'd lead our beautiful mate into  
our bedroom. And that was nothing like the current reality.

My nails clicked against the painted wood floor as I padded into the  
room. We'd painted the wood a soft turquoise, and then sanded the new paint  
down, giving the boards an aged patina appearance. I'd never admit  
the embarrassing amount of time we'd spent reading magazines and home  
blogs to figure out what our woman might like. Then we'd spent  
months recreating those things in our future bride's room. The floor had been  
painted with those things.

ad ever I moved to the center of the room and stopped. The bed was unu mind. both wolf and human standards. Instead of a typical four-poster be om thecreated a dropped floor in the center of the room. It was like a pit, so edicineof climbing up into a bed, we'd crawl down into it. The bed had a mattress that was ten feet by ten feet. A down-filled comforter cove nt to bemattress while piles of colorful blankets and pillows lined the edges. led. Or Pausing, I looked at the other two men. *I think I should stay in r form. She fell asleep in the forest, surrounded by the white fur of our bunny* Waking up in a house with three men might be traumatic after the c ed theirwent through tonight.

We just *That's smart.* Cillian tapped a finger against his temple. *Perhaps we all change back?*

my low I considered his words, then slowly shook my head. *She is going to o avoidtalk when she wakes up. If we are all in wolf form, then we'd need s slow,back. Monroe might not appreciate the eye-full of naked men as soon wakes up. Speaking of which, you two should put some pants on.*

n door. Easing down the steps and onto the mattress, I made my way tow hat feltcenter of the bed. I lowered the silk dress down and let the fabric fal nto thisrevealing our beautiful mate.

She'd managed to continue sleeping, and my tongue lolled out e room.mouth in a proud wolfy smile. Curling my wolf around her body, I u t down,nose to tuck her against my side. With a whisper of a sigh, she twitc to thetiny nose and nestled into my wolf's white fur.

e decor Safe in the comfort of our home, I closed my tired eyes and allowed t hoursto sleep.

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# CHAPTER ELEVEN

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# CHAPTER ELEVEN

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## *Syrus*

I woke to the cutest sight I'd ever seen. The tiny gray bunny stretched her legs and yawned. Her large dark eyes blinked open, looking directly at me... then she released a terrified scream. Well, it would have been a lot louder if she'd been in her human form, but in her bunny form, it came out as a tiny, adorable squeak.

Bouncing to her paws, Monroe's gaze darted around the bed, pausing on Cillian and then Rig. She looked ready to make a run for it. Cillian and I must have thought the same thing.

"Monroe. Calm down, sweetheart." Cillian remained motionless as he spoke, his voice low and soothing. "You're safe. This is our home, and you're free to come and go as you please."

The tiny rabbit's heartbeat began to slow ever so slightly, and her tiny nose wiggled. It was freaking adorable, and unable to stop myself, I reached out to touch her face.

Monroe squealed. Sitting up on her back feet, she used her tiny front paws to rub at the wet fur sticking up on her face. I snorted in amusement at her murderous scowl the puff of fluff directed at me.

“Syrus. That’s gross, man. Keep it in your mouth.” Rig yanked it and then, reaching over me, he scooped Monroe up in his massive hands and cradled her against his broad chest.

Grabbing one of the soft blankets from the pile next to him, Rig wiped the wolf slobber from her face. The drying fur stuck out at odd angles. He huffed another laugh.

“Syrus! Go shift to your human form before I decide to enroll puppy obedience classes,” Cillian ordered, pointing at the door.

Rolling my eyes, I made a move to obey, but changing my mind, I shifted to my human form. My completely naked human form.

Another tiny rabbit scream came from Monroe. Laughing, I grabbed her from Rig’s hands and cuddled her to my face. “Good morning, bunny!” I heard her scream. Indignant, she scratched at my face, trying her best to kick me. Ignoring her efforts, I buried my face in her cashmere-soft fur and inhaled the fragrant jasmine scent that clung to her.

One minute I was cuddling the most adorable bunny on earth, and the next I was being straddled by the sexiest woman on earth. My lungs forgot to work, and I froze in shock.

“Would you cut it out?” Monroe growled. She was trying to sound serious, but there was no hiding the playful note in her voice or the way her ears twitched in amusement.

Too stunned to speak, I choked on a chuckle. Apparently, that was the wrong thing to do.

Flattening her hands on my chest, Monroe shoved me, toppling me backward. Grabbing my wrists, she pushed my arms to my sides. She pressed her knees into my arms to keep me in place, pinning me against the

ny tail, and freeing up her hands. She didn't need to try so hard, though, since she had no desire to 'get away' from whatever this was.

Still straddling my chest, she leaned in toward my face. And licked my cheek. Not waiting for a response, Monroe gave a husky giggle. "How do you like that, huh?"

Monroe's soft cheek brushed against my stubbled jawline as she pressed her face against my neck and began to murmur nonsense. I realized in a moment of shock she was teasing me and mimicking how I'd buried my face in her hair while whispering sweet nothings.

She sat back, a triumphant look on her face. "It's not so fun when you're cuddled against your will, is it?"

"Puff!" Cillian made a strangled sound, and when he spoke, his voice was hoarse. "I don't think you made the point that you were hoping to make."

Monroe scowled at him before turning back to me.

I hadn't moved or even breathed. My skin burned with the memory of the next brush of her breasts against my chest, her soft skin against my neck, the way her hair fell along my biceps, and the heat pouring from her core as she pressed against my abs.

My mouth had gone dry, and it took every ounce of control I possessed to keep my mouth pinned beneath her. I wanted Monroe, and having her naked body

so close to mine was a temptation I wasn't sure I could resist much longer.

Monroe tilted her head and studied my expression. Her eyes widened as she looked down at her naked body straddling my bare chest. A rosiness tinted her cheeks, and she ducked her chin, allowing the curtain of dark hair to obscure her face from me. She made a move to get off me.

Not liking her pulling away from me and trying to hide her beautiful face, I growled. Sitting up quickly, I held her against me. Monroe's gasp of surprise

As I had turned to a breathy moan as her core slid down my abs and settled in  
where she discovered just how happy she was making me.

My hand traveled up the length of her neck, following the line of  
until I could grip her chin and tilt her face up to mine. “Don’t hide from  
Puff.”

Monroe’s honey-brown eyes bore into my soul. Her shyness bleached  
with her pupils expanded, and her heart thundered as though she were running  
her first marathon. Her sweet jasmine scent grew stronger, blending with a new

The exotic, sweet, and spicy fragrance was intoxicating and caused  
your blood to pump harder. Brushing my thumb along Monroe’s plump bottom  
I leaned in. I was starving for a taste of her.

“Wait!” Monroe yelped, pressing her palms against my chest. Her  
eyes were wide with panic. “We need to talk, and time is running out.”

I’d love to give her all the time in the world, but she smelled  
of the incredible by the second. My rational thinking abilities were fading  
like silk and my wolf was being stirred into a frenzy of need.

Clenching my teeth together, I ground out, “You better talk fast, Puff.”

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# CHAPTER TWELVE

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# CHAPTER TWELVE

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## Monroe

Sweet baby carrots! How was I supposed to explain things straddling a sexy and very naked wolf? There were so many things I wanted to do with him that involved our mouths, but talking wasn't one of them.

*Monroe, focus!* I gave myself a mental slap. Time was running out, heat was blooming... Ready or not, I needed to come. I glanced at their faces, making my decision.

As much as it terrified me, I wanted them. And the truth was, I needed them. Desperately.

But first, I needed to give them the facts. Then they could decide if they wanted to run for the hills, and I'd use the last bit of time before my heat to find an abandoned burrow to hole up in.

Taking a deep breath, I plunged into my explanation. "I'm about to get into heat, and I'm going to turn into a sex-obsessed bunny with a mind focus on just one thing."

All three guys' mouths fell open, and I would have laughed if the situation hadn't been dire. Whatever they thought I was going to say, this wasn't

Cillian opened and closed his mouth several times before managing a croak, “And this is a problem... why?”

I nearly facepalmed. Of course, he wouldn’t understand the severity of the situation. He was a wolf, not a rabbit.

“You don’t understand. This isn’t something that is fixed by having a heat a couple of times a day. A rabbit’s spring heat turns her into an animal, and I’m trying to explain things, but it was hard to focus with my heat beating steadily inside me. “It’s the reason females are paired with a group of male rabbits. One or two male rabbits wouldn’t be able to keep up with the drive of the female. We could literally breed them to death.”

While there was a shocked silence, and then all three wolves burst out in fits of laughter. Iguffaws. Rig collapsed on the bed, grabbing his sides. Cillian tried to straighten his features into a serious expression. Syrus squeaked against him, his entire body shaking with laughter.

I crossed my arms under my breasts, only to blush when I realized the guys’ made them more prominent. Quickly readjusting my arms, I covered my breasts in a belated attempt at modesty. I’d always been shy about my appearance, but the heat had my body ready to beg for him to look.

Ignoring my inner hussy, I raised an eyebrow and tried to give them my best quelling look.

Syrus chuckled. “Puff, if you’re trying to look intimidating, you’ll have to try harder. Because right now, you just look adorable. And personally, the idea of being bred to death sounds like a freaking fantastic way to go.”

“Quit calling me that,” I grumbled. “What kind of nickname is that anyway?”

“Sorry, no can do. The nickname is a done deal, Puff. It suits you perfectly because you’re just a puff of fluff in your rabbit form.” The corner

ging to Syrus's eyes crinkled in amusement.

Maybe this was why rabbits didn't have relationships with wolves. I mean, if you and I were the only ones of our kind, we would never tell each other how cute they looked. Which makes sense because we're all fluffy pint-size shifters when in our rabbit forms. Although, I suppose it was better for a wolf to think I appeared adorable rather than delicious. "I was edible."

Building "Well, I guess that's better than looking delicious," I mumbled.

Of course, I wasn't. "Oh, I wouldn't say that." Syrus's mouth pressed to the pulse on my neck, sucking gently.

My body instinctually leaned into his heat, sending shivers racing through my body. Reluctantly pulling away, Syrus brushed his lips against my neck, and "You are definitely delicious."

"You know that since we're both in our human forms, that we're not practicing cannibalism, right?" I asked.

"It depends on which part of you I eat." Syrus winked, licking his lips.

"Is it just me?"—Rig inhaled a long breath of air and groaned— "or is my scent getting stronger?"

That yanked me out of my lust-filled haze. "Crappity, crap, crap! You need to focus and let me explain things!"

"We're trying!" Syrus protested. "But you've got to quit telling horrible jokes if you want us to take this seriously."

Exasperated, I threw up my hands. "It wasn't a joke!"

Syrus's eyes dropped to my suddenly uncovered breasts. But then, with a puff, furiously and with no small amount of effort, Syrus moved his eyes back to meet mine.

"Okay, like I was trying to tell you guys before being so interrupted." I narrowed my eyes, daring them to snicker. "You've heard

phrase ‘breeding like rabbits,’ right?”

Rabbits The men’s lips twitched, but to their credit, they didn’t laugh. A  
nse, asguys nodded their heads.

ough, I “That only applies to female rabbit shifters. A male rabbit shifter  
er thansame sex drive as any male shifter. It’s the females who go a little  
crazy, every single time they go into heat. This is why female rabi  
paired with a large fluffle.”

y neck, “A— What?!” Syrus’s strangled voice reached an elevated pitch n  
reserved for tween girls.

through “A group of rabbits is called a fluffle—”

t mine. Syrus cut me off. “That’s so freaking cute, Puff!”

Running out of time, I ignored him. “The larger fluffles are neces  
ould beensure that the female’s needs are met while also making sure the ma  
healthy... and alive. Thankfully, our heat only comes a few times a ye  
ps. while every heat is awful, none are as bad as the spring heat. That  
is youralways the hardest on a female rabbit.”

I hesitated, nibbling on my bottom lip. “Especially when it’s her firs  
ou guys “And this is your first?” There was no laughter in Cillian’s voice,  
expression was serious.

ilarious “Yes.” My voice cracked.

“What do you need from us? Name it. We’ll do anything fo  
Monroe.” Cillian caught my hand and gave it a reassuring squeeze. I  
linkinghe didn’t notice my sweaty palm.

ack up My nibbling turned into full-blown chewing on my lip. Anxiety thro  
to overwhelm me. All jokes aside, what I was about to ask them was  
rudelything.

ard the “Stop overthinking things, Puff. Just tell us.” Syrus’s hand rested

bare thigh, and the rough texture of his thumb brushed along my skin.  
“If I have to go through my heat, without... relief.” I picked my  
carefully. “I might not survive.”

I wanted them to help me relieve the pain I would experience from  
heat.

I wanted to ask them to take me as theirs.

But I knew I couldn't.

A female bunny's first heat bonded her with those males as her mate  
for life. Even if the wolves didn't get emotionally attached, I'd follow them  
around for the rest of my life because being away from them would hurt  
so much. It's one reason what Seth had proposed to the elders was so  
necessary and cruel. My heart would have bonded itself to them, but they would have  
been free to claim another female as their mate.

The same thing could happen with the wolves. When they claimed  
one worthy wolf shifter female as their mate, I'd be forced to watch from  
the sidelines as they would break me.

“Not waiting for their response, I rushed on. “Maybe if you guys  
could find someplace where you could lock me up, that would work? Then I  
wouldn't be a danger to anyone... or to myself. There's a chance I could survive  
on my own. The older female rabbits taught us some tricks on how to find  
a mate. If I do it often enough and use some of the other techniques, I might  
be able to pull it off. The heat should only last about a week.”

The flicker of hope eased a bit of the tension in my chest. I could  
survive. I'd survived the attack and survived years of cruelty at the hands  
of the rabbits. I'd done that by myself.

This would be just one more challenge I'd face head-on... and alone.  
“Let me see if I understand. You want us to lock you in a room,

your pleas for sex, and listen to you pleasure yourself pretty much n  
r wordsfor a week?” Cillian’s face filled with a comical mix of horr  
incredulity.

om my “Yes,” I whispered, because there wasn’t another option for me. Th  
shifters I’d been paired with all but rejected me as a partner, and I ref  
live my life as their plaything.

“No,” all three men answered as one.

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your pleas for sex, and listen to you pleasure yourself pretty much non-stop for a week?” Cillian’s face filled with a comical mix of horror and incredulity.

“Yes,” I whispered, because there wasn’t another option for me. The rabbit shifters I’d been paired with all but rejected me as a partner, and I refused to live my life as their plaything.

“No,” all three men answered as one.

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# CHAPTER THIRTEEN

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# CHAPTER THIRTEEN

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## Menrae

“**T**hat’s the most logical option—” I pleaded, but was cut off by  
“We said no. That isn’t an acceptable option.” He crossed  
arms, his posture daring me to argue with him. “Not happening.”

My muscles sagged in defeat. It probably wouldn’t have worked, and  
I couldn’t survive the first spring heat alone. My eyes brimmed with tears.

“Why don’t you tell us how your heat would’ve gone if you hadn’t  
matched with scum?” Cillian’s voice was gentle.

Lifting my eyes, I met his gaze, cringing at the pity I saw there. How  
could he know about my matching? Come to think of it, how had they known  
to look for me in the woods?

“You know about Seth? And the others? But how?” My chin wobbled.  
I refused to cry. I’d been disgraced in front of the entire burrow; I could  
never show my face there again.

“The live stream of the event,” Rig answered.

My heart lurched, panic and shame warring inside me. “You saw  
I stumbled over my words, trying to figure out how to describe the shape  
of my entire world. *That?*”

Cillian's thickly muscled arms wrapped around me, pulling me away from a protesting Syrus.

"Yes, I saw. I watched as one girl after another made their way into the room, each a near carbon copy of the other. And then I watched a girl step from the shadows. Her elegant dress clung to her in all the right places, making the statement that it didn't need the glittering adornments of the others."

Rig leaned toward us, and reaching out, he stroked my dark hair. "You were a queen among princesses."

I sucked in a ragged breath at the pride shining in Rig's eyes. "Rig thought I looked beautiful. Desirable. Fresh tears burned my eyes as he said his continued."

"Watching you walk between the tables was the worst torture I'll ever have to endure. Knowing at any moment you'd find your matches with me forever lost to me. It hit me with the force of a speeding train. I couldn't look away, but I also couldn't bear to watch."

Cillian held me cradled against his chest as he spoke, and I was surprised when something wet splashed my arm. Glancing up, I noticed the wet tear had traced down his cheek. Cillian was crying. Over me? Reaching out, he brushed my hand across his stubbled cheek, wiping away the evidence of his sadness.

"Then I saw you get matched with Seth. He's attended many business meetings, and I never liked him, but last night was the first time I thought about killing him. Seeing his hands touching your beautiful skin made me see red. When I saw your reluctance and realized he was forcing his attention on you, something inside me broke." Cillian's words became garbled as he stared as his lips shifted to show protruding canines. He'd partially shifted

ay from I froze. It was the instinctual reaction of a prey animal realizing the in danger.

nto that Cillian's eyes widened. "Please, Monroe. Don't be afraid. I'll nev womanyou."

places, And just like that, inexplicably, my fear bled away. I knew wi of the shadow of a doubt that I was safe with these men.

Not wanting him to worry, I pushed up onto my knees and wrap : "You arms around his neck. There was no stopping a moan from escap throat at the erotic sensation of his bare skin against mine. The he They'd already affecting me too much. It was supposed to ramp up slowly, Cillian from zero to sixty like a street racer from *Fast & Furious*.

"I'm not afraid of you, Cilly." I smiled at the nickname; it was ever besince he was acting silly. "If I feared you, don't you think I woul and befreaked out last night when you were in your wolf form?"

1't look Cillian gave a jerky nod against my neck, and his warm brea goosebumps racing along my skin.

urprised "Fine. I am a little afraid of you guys. Although it's mostly bec t line ainstinct," I confessed. Pressing my lips to his collarbone, I adde 1g up, I whisper, "Somehow, that bit of fear makes me crave you three even m e of his Cillian's body grew taut. "I want you. It's taking every fiber of n control to keep from taking your body right now. Please, tell us wl usinessneed before my wolf decides to take matters into his own paws."

thought Swallowing hard, I tried to collect my thoughts, but they wer had me jumbled than a kitchen junk drawer. All I could think about was the s touch Cillian's hand on my hip, how I wanted Rig to sink his fingers into n l, and I and how I wanted Syrus to stop licking his lips and start licking other t fted. Stabbing pain sliced through my stomach. Whimpering at the

My wereonslaught, I doubled over and wrapped my arms around my waist.

“Puff?” Fine worry lines appeared around Syrus’s eyes. “Are you ok?  
ever hurt “Give me a minute,” I wheezed. Closing my eyes, I breathed thro  
searing cramp until it subsided. “My body is giving me a not-sc  
thout areminder that my heat is coming... and soon.”

Pinching the bridge of my nose, I cleared my throat. “If we were g  
ped mydo this here in your home, I’d require lots of snacks to keep up my  
ing myAccess to a tub would be nice to help with the pain, but it isn’t necess  
eat wasalso need to have a nest prepared.”

not go Swallowing the lump in my throat, I thought about the room I’d p  
already. The room my rabbit bonded should have taken me to last nigh  
perfect “Nest?” Syrus looked around the bed.

ld have “This is one way rabbit shifters are a lot like actual rabbits. Female:  
fluffy nests filled with soft down. Rabbits will even pluck their own  
th sentline the nest.”

All three men looked at my hair in horror, and I snickered. “I’m nc  
ause ofto yank out my hair to line the bed.”

rd in a The wolves sighed in relief.

ore.” My stomach fluttered. I was asking too much. Sure, I was drawn t  
ay self-but technically, we were still strangers. Not to mention, was I seriousl  
hat youto have sex with wolves? Would it even work? What if the heat could  
satisfied by male rabbits?

e more What if it was too much for the wolves, and I killed them with my  
feel ofneediness? I’d learned about anatomy in school, and most male  
ny hair, weren’t built like these hulking wolves.

hings. Would our bodies even fit, or would they rip me in two? The tho  
suddensex with the wolves had my skin tingling and my core growing slick. (

my body was willing to take that risk.

“ay?” “This is your room, and we can get you anything you need to redecorate and make it yours.” Cillian was typing feverishly into his cell.

I blinked, trying to get my mind out of the gutter and focus on what he was saying.

“I’ve got Brett headed to the store. What snacks do you want, Bun?” Cillian glanced up from his phone with a questioning look.

“First Puff, now Buns? We need to have a talk about these names.” Cillian growled, and then tried to ignore Rig and Syrus’s simultaneous ‘aww’ sounds. My growl came out sounding more like a purr.

With no more time to waste, I rattled off a list of high-energy snacks. Cillian was utterly embarrassed at the amount of food I was asking for. Rig didn’t seem surprised, though. He only nodded and typed the list to Brett.

“How can we make the room more comfortable?” Syrus asked. “If it were a burrow, what would it look like?”

“It would be underground, idiot,” Rig scoffed, not bothering to look up from his phone.

Syrus rolled his eyes. “I’m aware, but I’m sure there is more to it than a hole in the ground.”

“Yes. Being underground means it is dark. That helps to make us feel secure. Soft lamps and candles would be placed around the room. If we add some more pillows and blankets, this will work perfectly.” I patted the mattress. It was soft as a cloud; far plusher than the beds I’d prepared back in the burrows.

Syrus leaped off the bed and disappeared down the hallway. Less than three seconds later, he skidded back into the room, his arms overflowing with supplies. Clearly,

blankets in every color and fabric. He tossed them onto the bed, bury  
orate itbeneath them.

The sound of Cillian’s deep laughter as he dug me out from the  
he was fabric had butterflies taking flight in my stomach. He was effortless  
and I wanted to study his face for hours. I wouldn’t, of course, sir  
s?” Rig would be creepy.

Unless I could find a way to do it without him noticing...

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blankets in every color and fabric. He tossed them onto the bed, burying me beneath them.

The sound of Cillian's deep laughter as he dug me out from the pile of fabric had butterflies taking flight in my stomach. He was effortlessly sexy, and I wanted to study his face for hours. I wouldn't, of course, since that would be creepy.

Unless I could find a way to do it without him noticing...

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# CHAPTER FOURTEEN

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# CHAPTER FOURTEEN

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## *Menroe*

I was pulled from my stalker-ish musing when another sharp burst rattled my insides. Grinding my teeth together, I barely managed from screaming.

Cillian looked up from his phone, his eyes searching my face. I schooled my face into a blank mask, not wanting to alarm the guys needed a few more minutes, and then I could stop fighting against my heat.

“Everything is on its way. Now you need to explain how we can be to your needs.” Cillian spoke as though he were arranging a meeting client rather than asking me to describe in detail all the kinky bunny b that was about to go down.

A white-hot twinge of pain in my abdomen had me gasping. Catch breath, I plunged ahead with my explanation. “My heat will come First, I will get really, um, needy. If that isn’t taken care of, then the p hit me full force. Not just waves of pain, but constant agony. The only ease the discomfort is for me to orgasm. The more often I orgasm, t

pain I will feel. This is why fluffles generally have at least five males. each male a little longer to recover between matings.”

Without realizing it, I'd begun to chew on my lip again. Rig's large hand touched my lower lip, drawing my attention to the abuse I was inflicting on it.

“Calm down, Buns. We are more than capable of meeting your needs without kicking the bucket. You are seriously underestimating our stamina. I'm confident we could give the rabbits a run for their money when it comes to sexual prowess. Who knows, we might even outlast you.” Rig winked at me.

His sexy bedroom voice left me panting, and warmth flaring inside me. The pain was a flame that grew hotter and more out of control with each second. Time was running out.

“I hope you're right,” I mumbled, picking at a loose thread on the blanket. “I'd never forgive myself if my horniness caused a homicide. What if I die while copulating creates complete carnage? What if I do you in while I'm rising you? I'd never forgive myself if I caused a mating massacre!”

All three men howled with laughter, still not comprehending the greatest risk they were taking. They were the ones underestimating the stamina of a female bunny in heat. I made my way to the edge of the bed, prepared to crawl out and go find a hole to hide in for the next week.

Syrus gave me a soft smack on my bare butt before pulling me closer, kissing my lap. “Puff, it's a risk I'm willing to take. Besides, I like challenges.” He nipped at my earlobe.

“There is more to it than that.” Sex was one thing. What I had to worry about next was just as worrisome. “The problem is that my rabbit may bond with the less guys during the week. I promise I'll do my best to avoid it, but it is

It gives impossible to prevent. Female rabbits love caring for their mates, and hearts tend to attach to the men caring for us during our heat.”

I couldn't meet their eyes. “You don't have to bond with me or claim me on though. And if I bond with you, I'll try to stay away and not be crushed to add the last bit, hoping to reassure them.

Rig caught my chin and turned my face to look up at him. “What do you want to claim you?” he asked.

I sucked in a breath. Rig's normally guarded face was open, allowed me to see he was serious.

“Yeah, I don't remember any of us saying we didn't want you to claim me.” passing Syrus added. “I'm still not seeing a downside to your heat.”

Cillian stole me away from Syrus. Wrapping his arms around me, he pulled me in a tight embrace. “You stole our hearts long ago, and our hearts all claimed you as theirs. We were trying to give you space and not force you into a relationship with us.”

Tears welled in my eyes, relief bursting like a dam inside me. “I don't want you to feel like you didn't have a choice.”

“We had a choice. We chose you.” There was no hesitation in Cillian's words.

They chose me.

They wanted me.

” Syrus They thought I was worthy of being their mate.

Joy erupted inside me, and I opened my mouth to tell them how I felt, but instead, a scream ripped from my throat as pain slammed into me.

A sheen of sweat coated my body, and my stomach twisted, causing agony to fill my abdomen. My breasts grew heavy, and the dull ache b

and our my legs intensified.

I was out of time. Ready or not, my first spring heat had arrived. The men were shouting words at each other, but my brain no longer listened. All I could think about was the way my body hurt. With each wave of heat that ricocheted through me, my body was left vibrating with a power that drowned out all thoughts except one. Sex.

Unable to help myself, I ground my hips down against Cillian's leg. He moaned at the delicious friction. For a fraction of a second, the pleasure overrode the pain that was tearing at my insides like a rabid squirrel. However, the moment I stopped moving my hips, the heat returned with a vengeance, leaving wet trails down my cheeks as I cried over the intense pleasure and the crippling pain.

“Do you smell that?”

I wasn't sure who spoke; their words seemed to be spoken underwater a million miles away. Shifting my hips again, I moved my slick heat against Cillian, and once again, the pain was pushed back slightly.

Cillian held me against him as he rose on his knees before laying me gently down on the bed beneath him. Hovering over me, he pressed his lips to my neck, slowly kissing his way down between my aching breasts. His tongue was warm as he lapped at my skin. It felt different from how I thought it should, and glancing down, I studied him.

He was still human, but also not quite human.

Cillian's eyes were glowing orbs—the eyes of his beast. His lip curled slightly, and I caught sight of his sharp canines. Those fangs were meant to tear into flesh, but Cillian was using them to tease my sensitive skin.

When his tongue curved around my nipple, I whimpered. He'd pressed his tongue against my breast as well, and it was much longer than a normal

tongue. Dirty thoughts of what I wanted him to do with that tongue  
body burning with need and embarrassment.

Sinking my fingers into Cillian's hair, I held him to me, savoring  
the waveabrasive texture of his tongue against my skin. He took his time, using  
his need soenhanced tongue to curl around and tease the hardened peak of my nipple.

my shame, I felt my body hurtling toward climax. How could this  
happen andwith nothing more than his tongue on my breasts?

Cillian pulled back, breathing hard. His arms, which were braced over  
my shoulder, the side of me, shook slightly. Through heavy-lidded eyes, I watched his  
tears roll back into his skull.

"I've never tasted anything so sweet. I must be crazy." Cillian  
said hard, then his predatory eyes focused on me. "You taste like sugar?"

My mouth had gone dry, and I struggled to speak. "Ye-yes. When  
you lick me, it's supposed to make you want me more."

His face took on a wild look. "Do you taste like sugar in other places?"

I didn't get time to answer before Cillian slid down my body and  
positioned himself between my parted legs. He didn't give me time to prepare before  
his face and tongue plunged deep inside me.

The sudden penetration had me clawing at the bed in an attempt to  
escape, my thoughts away from the brain-frying sensation. Cillian grabbed my hips, refusing  
me escape. He continued to sink his tongue deep inside me, lapping  
me like cream like a starving man... or animal.

Rig and Syrus moved to either side of me. Syrus lowered his mouth  
to my breast, teasing and licking. Rig's mouth captured my lips in a demanding

kiss. Cillian apparently didn't appreciate sharing and gave the two  
of them several warning growls... which they ignored. His rumbling growl  
travelling through my core, and it was more than I could handle.



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# CHAPTER FIFTEEN

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# CHAPTER FIFTEEN

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## *Menroe*

**T**he need and pain should have eased with my orgasm, but instead intensified. “Please,” I begged. “It hurts.”

Slipping my hand to the junction of my thighs, I tried to touch myself to have Cillian bat away my hand with a snarl.

“Let us tend to you.” The words were layered, as though two people speaking at the same time instead of one.

“Are you okay?” I panted, trying unsuccessfully to focus on his face.

“He’s fine. His wolf is fighting him for control. They both want to claim your body, and neither one is willing to sit in the background,” whispered while his tongue traced along the edge of my ear.

I didn’t care who did the claiming, so long as they got on with it. I tried to slip my hand between my legs, desperately searching for any relief, only to have Cillian snatch it away with a warning growl.

Anger surged through me. “Either help me or get out of my view,” I snarled. “You said you wanted me? Then show me!”

That seemed to do the trick. Cillian yanked off his sweats, his erection springing free. Another wave of slick heat coated my core.

sight of him, and I whimpered. Cillian slid a hand down his length, giving a hard squeeze.

My body trembled as another cramp rolled through me. “Please,” I begged, my eyes blurring with tears.

Cillian lined himself with my entrance, pausing only for a moment before burying himself inside me. He was far larger than any of the toys they had designed to look like a male rabbit shifter’s erection. A new type of shudder shuddered through me.

“Don’t hurt her, Cillian!” Rig growled.

“Back down!” Cillian snarled at Rig, who responded by grinding his teeth against her, both together.

Cillian’s eyes locked onto mine, his face tense. “Are you okay, Mollie? Do you want me to stop?”

“I’ll die if you stop. And then I will come back to haunt you, and I’ll be the ultimate erection deflection device afterlife ruining your sex life. I’ll be the ultimate erection deflection device.” Cillian gritted out.

In response, Cillian slowly eased himself deeper inside me until I could feel the tip of his erection press against my cervix. My fingernails dug into his hips. Another wave of agony ricocheted through me. Desperate for relief, I squirmed against him.

“Be still.” Cillian moved his hips, slowly easing out of my tight channel. It was an exquisite combination of torture and pleasure. “I’ve got you.”

My heat protested the emptiness by causing my muscles to cramp. “I can’t even speak for fear I would scream. Cillian must have realized that while his gentleness was thoughtful, it was causing me pain.”

“I’m sorry,” Cillian whispered before burying himself deep inside me

ing it a I saw stars as he picked up his speed, each thrust faster and harder t  
one before. I clung to him, my body hurtling toward my next clim  
egged, world around me burst into blinding light, and I forgot how to bre  
ecstasy poured through me like molten lava.

efore My body clamped down on Cillian's erection. He groaned and hi  
at werestiffened. I moaned when he jerked inside me before collapsing on  
of pain beside me, his eyes closed and breathing erratic.

I wanted to enjoy this beautiful moment, the first time I'd felt Ci  
me. But the demanding pain of my heat eased for only the span  
is teeth breaths before it threatened to swallow me in agony all over again.

out, rolling onto my side and curling into a tight ball. The room swirl  
lonroe? my stomach lurched. I was going to be sick. This was too much. How  
going to survive this much pain for days on end?

ll spend Warm hands slid beneath me, lifting me off the bed. Syrus tucl  
tion," I against his body. He brushed my hair away from my cheek, and crav  
touch, I leaned into the roughened palm of his hand.

felt the "Puff, look at me." Syrus's voice was gentle.

his arms With immense effort, I opened my eyes to peer up at him.

lease, I "Focus on me, honey. Let me take care of you, okay?" Emotion sw  
Syrus's eyes.

nnel. It "Okay." I rasped out the single word, unable to manage more th  
while my body seemed to be actively attempting to rip my organs in tv

np and Syrus moved to the raised edge of the bed, where he lifted me to si  
st have beautiful painted wood floor. He shifted onto his knees, positioning  
e more between my legs and lining himself up with my entrance.

I closed my eyes, hunching into the scorching heat of his body as  
ie. agonizing cramp scrambled my insides.

han the “Look at me. Focus on me, Puff.” Syrus tilted my face up to look at  
ax. The The tight worry lines around Syrus’s eyes and mouth broke my heart  
athe asfirst time together shouldn’t be like this. But there was nothing I could  
about it now.

is body I did my best to blink back my unshed tears and focused on Syrus  
the bedswollen tip of his erection pressed against me, sending a thrill of  
weaving its way through my misery. If this heat planned to kill me,  
llian incontinent.

of two Not willing to wait, I wrapped my legs around his waist and pulled  
I criedbodies together. We groaned in unison. His erection wasn’t as large  
ed, andCillian’s, but it was thicker. I wasn’t sure he would have fit inside me  
v was Ibeen my first partner that morning.

The movement of Syrus sliding against my tight walls was enough  
ked mesome of the heat’s pain... at least momentarily. But as soon as he stopped  
ring hismoving, my insides began to ache. I bit my lip, needing more but unsure  
to ask.

The older women had taught us that as the heat progressed from the  
stages, female rabbits became bolder about taking what they desired. I  
irled insure which was more embarrassing... having to ask, or being greedy  
taking what I wanted.

ian that “What do you need?” Syrus leaned down, sucking my bottom lip between  
vo. his.

t on the My body arched into his. Tightening my legs, I held him tight against  
himself“More. Faster. Harder.”

Great. My vocabulary had been reduced to single words. Frustrated  
anotheragain. “I want everything, Syrus. Don’t hold back.”

Those words were all it took for the sweet boy-next-door guy



him. away. Syrus pulled his hips back in one swift move. I didn't even  
art. Our chance to protest his absence before he'd sheathed himself inside m  
ould do core. Hard.

His hungry mouth moved down my neck, and his tongue strok  
us. The feverish skin. "You taste delicious, Puff. Addictively sweet." He groan  
; desire thrusts becoming rougher.

I'd die Trembling, I clung to him, delirious with need. Each roll of his hip  
new wave of ecstasy crashing through me, washing away some of the j  
led our "More, Syrus." My fingers traced the lines of his abs, enjoying t  
ong as they flexed as his pace increased. Both our bodies were slick with swe  
had he animalistic need for release had driven away all other thoughts fr  
minds.

to ease We moved as one, our bodies rocking in perfect rhythm to a song c  
stopped could hear. The coil of lust inside me sprung free, and my climax shu  
ire how through me. Syrus's hands slid under my thighs. His fingers dug into r  
as he lifted my hips and angled me so he could drive his erection deep  
ie early me.

wasn't "Syrus!" I purred his name, shocked to realize my need had already  
dy and to build again.

I tilted my head to the side, giving Syrus better access to my neck  
etween an instinctual move, and one I hadn't thought all the way through.

The last thing a prey animal would ever do around a predator was t  
nst me. them their neck. It was the equivalent of putting out a sign that said 'e  
while ringing a dinner bell.

, I tried So I shouldn't have been surprised when Syrus's teeth sank into m  
It wasn't a cute little love nip, either. Oh no.

to melt This bite was savage, with both his upper and lower teeth slicing t

n get any skin.

ly slick That was when all Hades broke loose.

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That was when all Hades broke loose.

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# CHAPTER SIXTEEN

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# CHAPTER SIXTEEN

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## *Menrae*

I screamed. Not from pain, but from the violence of my orgasm. I almost instant relief from my pain. It wasn't gone, but it was somewhat satisfied and had quieted to a level I could survive.

Rig and Cillian's growls echoed off the walls of the room, and the power of the sound made even the tiniest of hairs on my body stand on

"Release her!" Rig snarled.

"Syrus! Don't. You. Dare," Cillian warned, punctuating each word with a snarl. I caught his eyes over Syrus's shoulder, surprised to see a glint of murder glinting in the green orbs.

I wanted to ask what Cillian didn't want Syrus to do. Bite me? With Syrus's teeth deep in my neck, it kinda seemed like he had already done the doing' that Cillian was warning him against.

Syrus jerked and stilled. He still held my thighs, clamping my body against his groin.

Cillian's hands reached out for me, preparing to pull me away, but I stopped him. "Cillian, stop. It's too late."

"That doesn't sound good—" I was cut off as Syrus's erection, sti

inside me, did the impossible. It grew thicker and longer. There was a pressure—too much. Panic surged through me. My body wasn't made for males this large!

Tears burned in my eyes, and I tried to push away from Syrus. My body was too full, and my walls burned as they stretched. This pain had nothing to do with my heat and everything to do with the monstrous erection impaled on.

"Be still, Buns. If you pull away now, it will cause more damage." Large hands caught my smaller ones, keeping me from shoving Syrus's chest.

and the "He's going to rip me in two!" I cried.

seemed "No, he's not. Let your body relax; it will adjust to him." Rig's normally rough voice had dropped to something akin to a purr, and my body relaxed almost instantly.

At the end. As soon as I quit struggling and allowed my taut muscles to relax, the pain grew more bearable. With each breath, the pain caused by his size lessened along with the pain of the heat, until they almost canceled each other out. I managed to relax a little more.

Rig kissed the tops of my hands. "Good girl."

Frankly, "Wha—How?" I wasn't even sure what to ask.

By now Cillian answered, his face a dark scowl. "Syrus claimed you as his mate. The idiot bit you while being inside you. That triggered the mating bond, and I'm going to kill him for it."

"Mating shift?" My voice cracked, and my eyes widened. If he shifted out of his wolf with his mouth on my throat, would he remember that he liked me? Would he resist the temptation to eat me?

Will deep "Calm down, Buns," Rig soothed. "He's not turning into a wolf."

o much shifters are gifted with some enhanced abilities we can also use in our  
ade for form.”

I nodded woodenly. Rabbit shifters had a few tricks up their sleeve  
[y body made sense that other shifters would as well.

thing to “One of those abilities is triggered by biting while having sex.

1 I was Rig’s cheeks reddened, and he coughed awkwardly—“penises expand  
than a human male, and the base grows thicker. This locks the  
” Rig’s together until the swelling goes down.”

against Despite the pain, joy burst through me. Syrus wanted me, not  
tonight, not just as a toy to be played with, but as his lifemate. A  
humiliation of the rabbit reception, I’d feared I would never have ma  
ormally family of my own. While these men had said they wanted me as theirs  
ponded had gone a step further than words. He’d shown me with his actions.

Shifting my hips, I tried to find some relief from the overw  
he painfulness I was experiencing. I wasn’t able to move more than  
warred centimeters, though. Rig wasn’t kidding about us being stuck together.  
ut. I let suck because the cramps had begun again, and I knew I didn’t ha  
before the pain would return full force.

“Impetuous pup,” Cillian growled under his breath.

Rig snorted. “He’s twenty-two. That’s hardly a pup anymore, Cillian  
s mate. “Then he should stop acting like one,” Cillian snarled.

shift... Their squabbling faded into the background as the swollen base of  
erection rubbed against my most sensitive bundle of nerves. Rolling r  
ted into again, I gasped when he rubbed me in just the right way. Lust flood  
me and nerve ending in my body.

I found my pace, and using those few centimeters of wiggle room, I  
f. Wolf his engorged erection against my g-spot. Cillian had brushed against



humanhe was thrusting into me, but that didn't compare to the delicious p  
massaging me as Syrus was at that moment. Panting, I moved faster, r  
as, so itdriving me to use his body to satisfy my needs.

Syrus growled, my neck still clamped gently in his mouth, a  
Our"—vibrations rumbled down my throat. I wasn't sure if he was warning  
d moreencouraging me, but as desire boiled my blood, I didn't care.

couple Everything inside of me was on fire. A delicious heat that licked  
nerve ending in my body. One last roll of my hips, and I screamed in e  
just forSyrus grunted, his erection twitching inside me. I wondered if he wa  
fter the sensitive while swollen and made a mental note to ask... later.

tes or a As the aftershocks of my orgasm faded away, so did my cramps, giv  
s, Syruscomplete relief from the pain of my heat. The rabbit women had talke  
the rare occasion that a female's mates may be able to satisfy the heat  
ielmingto give her a period of relief amid her heat. But it was a talent so rare  
a fewconsidered a myth among rabbits. Was it possible that Syrus had disco  
Whichway to ease the heat's strain on my body?

ve long Syrus's teeth eased away from my neck, and his tongue licked al  
punctured skin. Light-headed and trembling, I fell against his chest.

When Syrus finally stopped licking my neck, I lifted a hand to evalu  
1." damage. To my surprise, I found only raised welts. There was no b  
open wounds, only healing scars. It was one more thing I needed to a  
Syrus'sabout. Later. All I wanted to do at the moment was sleep.

ny hips "My sweet little Puff." Syrus's husky whisper caused my heart to fl  
d everyhe held me against him.

Several minutes later, the swelling receded, releasing our bodies fr  
rockedlock he'd created. But he still didn't let me go, and I didn't want him  
it when

pressure eyes fluttered closed, and I cuddled deeper into Syrus's arms, relishing the heatsoothing body heat of my mate.

"I can't believe someone wants me... that I have a mate." I kissed him on the bare chest.

"You have more than one mate, Buns. I can't wait until you also wear a mark on your beautiful skin." Rig lifted me from Syrus's lap and strode down the hallway. He gave me a quick but heated kiss on the lips. "I have you ready for you. I've put some herbs in the water. It'll help with pain and any more injuries Syrus might have caused."

Cillian's voice came from behind us. "Syrus will pay for putting his hands on you before me. But I'll deal with that later."

"Worth it!" Syrus shouted from the sunken bed.

Rig's chest rumbled in laughter at Syrus's cocky response.

I peeked over Rig's shoulder to see Cillian carrying a tray overflowing with snacks and every conceivable flavor of sports drink. He winked

and a tender smile played across his lips. Tears burned the back of my eyes. They were so thoughtful, and they anticipated my every possible need.

Happiness bloomed in my chest, along with something else.

I'd been attracted to these men for months, but what I felt now was more than that. I was falling head over heels in love with these three wolves.

My wolves.

*My mates.*

utter as

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from the

to. My

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# CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

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# CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

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## *Menrae*

**W**e cuddled in the bed together after my bath, with Cillian stroking my hair while I relaxed against him. I'd nearly fallen asleep when he said, "What would happen if you bonded with mates who didn't come back?"

Anxiety wormed its way through me, and my breath hitched. "He told me I've only heard stories of it happening, and it was miserable for those who were left behind. They could never move on and find a family because being too far from their bonded mates hurts like a mother-trucker. And what sucks even more is that the pain worsens every time the males she's bonded to are with another woman. It isn't just an emotional pain, either. The cheating causes physical pain so severe that it usually leads to the female being hospitalized."

Cillian's fingers trembled in my hair. "And Seth was going to do the same to you? Did he know what it would do to you when they allowed you to bond with them but then took another female as their chosen bonded?" His voice rumbled like a thunderstorm as he spoke.

"Yes," I whispered, my voice cracking. Seth would have loved causing me pain for the rest of my life.

“Wait. He’d knowingly cause you that kind of pain for the rest of your life? And the elders were willing to go along with it?” Rig’s fingers dug into the mattress. He must have partially shifted because an ominous sound followed.

Now didn’t seem like the best time to go into detail about Seth’s treatment of me, so I tried to stay vague. “Seth always felt entitled to touch me, and as the son of an elder, it has always been overlooked.”

“Syrus, watch her. Rig, come with me.” Cillian all but threw me away before bounding off the bed and storming out of the room with a snarl, I was hot on his heels. A few seconds later, the front door slammed against the wall, hitting my frame hard enough that the entire house trembled.

When he returned, “What’s going on?” I asked, eyes wide as I stared at the empty doorway where the men had exited through.

“Wolf business,” Syrus purred.

Honestly, I was sitting on his lap again, but this time facing away from him. His hands glided down my body, and even though I was confused by the men and Cillian’s abrupt disappearance, I moaned.

It is how Arching back against him, I delighted in the sensation of his back brushing against mine.

Physically, “Do you want me to stop?” Syrus hummed against my ear, his hands sliding up my belly to cup my breasts.

It is this to “Noooo.” Groaning, I ground my hips into his lap.

It is to bond I went cross-eyed when his stiff erection jerked against me. My chest burned, growing heavy with lust.

“Maybe we should wait for the others to come back?” Even as I said, I slid my hands behind my head to sink my fingers into his hair and pressed his lips against my skin.

of your “Or maybe we should enjoy this time with just the two of us?” He dug into the back of my neck—in the precise spot a predator would use to snap their prey’s neck.

A tendril of fear unfurled in me, but instead of fight or flight mode kicking in, the threat of danger excited me. Syrus was unlocking something in me that I wanted to get my freak on with him.

I tried to turn in his arms to face him, but he gripped my hips and pulled me into place on his lap. Syrus shifted beneath me, and my body trembled as his erection slid along my slit. He wasn’t trying to bury himself inside; he was teasing me.

“Syrus.” I moaned and squirmed, desperate to feel the delicious pressure again.

“Patience, Puff.” He gently nipped the skin where my neck met my shoulder. “We have all the time in the world.”

Syrus’s I growled, which only made him chuckle. Giving in to my wiggling hips, he shifted his hips, stroking his velvet length against my sensitive folds.

I dropped my head back against his shoulder, reveling in how incredible that simple movement felt.

I’d been taught how to take care of my own sexual needs, but nothing compared to being touched by a man. *My man.*

Syrus continued to suck and nip my neck, his hips lazily moving against me. With each stroke, I grew increasingly slick, lubricating his length. My belly slid smoothly against me.

When an intense sugary taste filled my mouth, followed by Syrus’s tongue poking, inhaling and a long suck against my neck, I knew the heat was continuing to accelerate at lightning speed.

The deluge of hormones from my heat was working like a toxin, at



is teeth every part of my body. Over the next twenty-four hours, not only would I might continue to be a needy mess, but the heat would subtly shift my appearance as well.

kicking During each heat, my skin would glow, my lips would grow plump in me, my hair would shine like I'd just been to a celebrity salon. All to ensnared bonded would find me impossible to resist. As if that wasn't enough, I'd held me was the sweet taste the wolves had already noticed.

l as his Female bunnies had a sweetness to their skin all the time, it was a side effect; quirk. But when the hormones from the heat flooded our body, our skin went from a hint of sweetness to tasting like a five-star dessert. Even our friction was affected, turning into an aphrodisiac men found addictive.

“Monroe.” Syrus groaned against my neck while his tongue continued to lick the sheen of potent hormonal cocktail from my skin.

Concern trickled through me. It was intended for male rabbit shifters, but Syrus and I didn't know the effect a large dose might have on a wolf. I opened my mouth to warn him, but Syrus's hand sliding along my inner thigh silenced anything I would have said.

When his fingers teased my aching slit, my body trembled violently. It was “Please.” I didn't care that I was begging. All I could think about was the touch and the release I desperately wanted.

g as he Syrus didn't make me ask twice. He slipped a finger into my slick channel until it locked against his hand, trying to find friction. Giving me what I needed.

Syrus slid a second finger inside me and ground his palm against my clit, pulling me into a deeper trance.

uing to All the while, he continued sucking and lapping at my skin like a starving animal. I needed to tell him to not ingest so much until we could figure out the effects, but I didn't want him to stop.

would I “I need to feel you in me. Please, Syrus.” Raw lust had turned me outwardhusky.

Syrus didn’t respond, but in a single smooth move, he rolled me on my back beneath him. Using his muscular thigh, he wedged it between my legs, forcing my opening to him.

Then, there He jerked his hand along his hard length and lined himself with his cock at my entrance. But before he could thrust himself inside me, the house shook and an odda bellow echoed down the hall.

It went The roar was feral and sent a tendril of fear skating down my spine. I sweated an erotic duo, and my body responded by sending a rush of desire straight to my core.

I tried to

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to get up, and

he pulled my

leg cut off

he moaned.

It was his

thrusting into my core. I

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# CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

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# CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

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## *Monroe*

I was jerked from my lust-filled haze by the bedroom door flying open and slamming against the wall hard enough that the handle embedded itself into the drywall.

Cillian and Rig stormed into the room. Both men were shirtless and wearing only their dark sweatpants. Their chests were covered in scratches, as if they'd just had their butts handed to them by a rabid alley cat.

Rig's expression was sullen, his facial muscles jerking as he clenched and unclenched his jaw. Cillian's eyes were wild as he scanned the bedroom for any threat. Both men froze mid-step as their minds processed the scene in front of them.

"What is going on?" Cillian bellowed.

"*We were about to do some parallel parking until you so rudely butted in. It didn't seem like the most polite response, so I reigned in the out-of-control lust that threatened to choke me and asked a question of my own. "What do you go? And what in the deviled eggs happened to you two?"*

Rig mumbled something under his breath and shot a sour look at his shirtless companion. Cillian's lip curled in a smile, and I caught my

He looked powerful and dangerous... like a sexy demon who'd just mischief.

"Cillian?" Syrus's thoughts must have echoed my suspicions. "What do you do?"

Ignoring him, Cillian strode to the bed and sank down next to me on my knees. He moved closer until my chest was pressed against his, and our faces were only millimeters apart.

"After hauling Rig's impulsive butt back to our territory, I made several business calls." Cillian's long fingers played with my hair as he spoke.

"We were having sex and cuddling, and you suddenly remembered you needed to make business calls?" I asked, unable to hide my incredulity. Turning to Rig, I added, "And you needed a run? If you don't want me to leave Rig, I'll leave. This is your home."

My heart ached at the thought of leaving, but I would never want to see these men to endure my presence. Rig settled against the pillows on either side of me, his sharp gaze trailing along my exposed body. Still, he said nothing. Cillian rolled his eyes. "Rig has an issue with controlling his temper. When that happens, his wolf often gains control. His wolf decided he wanted to hunt down a particular rabbit and see that immediate justice was served. I couldn't trust Rig while he was in wolf form, so I forced him to shift back into his human form. The thickets are full of thorns, and we both got scratched on our way back."

My eyes widened. Rig's eyes shot daggers at Cillian's back.

"Why'd you stop him, Cil? Seth deserves everything Rig would dish out!" Syrus's arms wrapped around me, pulling me against him and away from Cillian.

The shift happened so fast I thought I was hallucinating. One

caused Cillian was human; the next, he was— I didn't know what he was. I was neither man nor wolf.

What did he say? No, he was something in between.

*Werewolf.*

What about his eyes? Wait. Those weren't real, were they?

What about your lips? "Dude! You are going to terrify her!" Syrus shouted, his hand covering his eyes in a belated attempt to keep me from seeing Cillian.

What about a few words? I batted away Syrus's hand and watched as the wolf-man-thing opened its snout-mouth-thing and spoke. My mouth dropped open, and my mind struggled to comprehend the strangeness of this monstrous beast speaking in English.

What about the here? "Don't ever pull her away from me, pup. She's mine." Cillian's lips were flashing his very sharp fangs at Syrus.

What about the force? Syrus stiffened behind me, but to his credit, he didn't cower away from Cillian version 2.0. "She's ours too. Get that through your thick skull!"

What about the ending? For a moment, I thought there was going to be a fight, but finally, Cillian nodded his head a fraction, acknowledging Syrus's words. "Fine. *Ours* is what we wanted. In answer to your previous question, Seth will pay dearly for his treatment back to Monroe. But a quick death is too merciful. Which is why after I hauled the impatient pelt home, I made a few calls."

Cillian's glowing green eyes locked with mine. "We have a treaty with the rabbits."

What about the end have? "I know." I resisted the urge to roll my eyes. Everyone knew that.

1... and... "Part of that agreement requires the elders to ensure there is fair trade among the rabbits. Wolves do not tolerate inequalities within their community, and we didn't want to protect a society of shifters who f



He was protect their own members from being hurt and abused, emotion physically.”

My heart stumbled, losing its steady rhythm. Surely this wasn’t where I thought it was going...

“The elders have been notified that our treaty is now void due to my treatment of you. I have already pulled my security. They are no longer patrolling the land around the burrows.”

“Frick yeah! That’s why you’re the man, Cillian!” Syrus whooped and brainleaped to his feet. Holding me tight around the waist, he did a weird peaking dance.

I peeked at Rig from the corner of my eye and caught the devilish curl that slid across his face. Tears blurred my vision, and I struggled with warring emotions.

After years of suffering abuse and neglect in the burrows, it felt amazing to have revenge. But I’d also been proud to be a rabbit shifter, and until Cillian’s night I’d wanted to honor my parents’ memory by doing my part to make the burrows stronger. Yet now, because of me, the burrow was as weak as it had been when the coyotes attacked.

This was impossible. There was no way he’d managed to do all this in a few minutes he’d been gone.

“How? How are you able to do all that?” I asked. Was he the one respected among the wolves that he could get the wolf shifter’s alpha to do what he asked?

Cillian’s ears twitched, and his brow raised. “Do you know who we are?” His features had softened from rage to amused curiosity. How was I supposed to know who he was? I knew his name and his rank, but that was about it. I was on the lowest rung of the burrows

ally or ladder. Actually, I probably wasn't even on the ladder. The elders  
inviting me to attend the rare wolf and rabbit meetings, nor did I have  
t going group of friends to gossip with.

I'd owned a small television when I was younger, but Seth and his  
to their had stolen it. I spent every waking moment working, so I didn't exact  
long time to keep up with the who's who in the shifter community.

I was a loner. Shaking my head, I waited for his answer.  
ed and Cillian's voice was tender. It was an odd contrast to his ferocious f  
victory "Baby girl, I *am* the wolf alpha. Rig and Syrus are second and t  
command over the pack."

1 smirk My blood didn't just turn cold, it froze in my veins.

with my He was the alpha.

*THE FREAKING WOLF ALPHA?!*

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He was the alpha.

*THE FREAKING WOLF ALPHA?!*

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# CHAPTER NINETEEN

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# CHAPTER NINETEEN

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## Monroe

*I* 'd had sex with the alpha wolf. Reality hit me like a two-by-four to the face. If he was the alpha meant what he'd said earlier was true. The burrows were completely unprotected. And at the worst possible time. Most of the men would be busy caring for the bonded females who were going through their spring heat. Tears rolled down my cheeks.

"Why are you crying, Monroe? Are you afraid of us?" Cillian's form bent over me. "Of me?"

I should have been afraid of them. They weren't just wolves; they were essentially wolf royalty with strength beyond what regular shifters held. They didn't fear them—not even Cillian's werewolf form scared me.

"I'm not afraid of you. It's just, I don't want the rabbits to die because of me." I sobbed as the dam holding back my emotions broke.

"I cannot forgive how they treated you, or for the life they were willing to curse you to live. The rabbit elders are already blowing up my phone requests for a meeting. They want to discuss a new agreement, and intend to arrange that meeting after your heat is over."

I wrinkled my brow, not understanding why he was making them. “I’m sure Syrus or Rig could stay with me for a little while so you could be with them.”

Cillian gathered me in his arms and settled down onto the lush rug that was piled high with blankets. “Beautiful, as long as Rig keeps his hands under control, nothing is going to drag me away from you again. If the rabbits want something from the wolves, the rabbit elders will need to be begging on their knees for you to forgive them.”

“BEG ME?” I shouted before quickly covering my mouth to hide my embarrassment.

Cillian smirked. “Oh yes, and they better come ready to plead for my help. Otherwise, I will throw them out. Whatever arrangement you can completely agree to, I will honor. I am yours to command, little rabbit.” Cillian’s face was busy with fresh tears running down my cheeks and dripping onto his chest. “I respect you. He respected me and wanted to make me happy. I hadn’t felt respect in my entire adult life. It was incredible, but it didn’t stop me from worrying about the future.” “I can see the wheels spinning in your mind. You’re still upset about it, aren’t you? Would you have me do?” Cillian growled.

I needed time to think about what I wanted, but now was not that time. Not while hormones were pumping through my blood, and my head was clouding my judgment and fogging my mind. My body had been temporarily satisfied, but now I needed rest and food—and not necessarily in that particular order.

But I also didn’t want the rabbits to be wiped out while I was caught up in satisfying my lust.

“Can you ask your wolves to protect the rabbits until the meeting? From a distance, so the rabbits don’t realize you’re still guarding them?”

n wait.burrows?” My voice trembled. I had no right to ask anything of this  
ld meetthe alpha.

“Rig,” Cillian barked. He tossed his phone toward the beta wolf,  
nattresseyes never left mine.

his wolf With a sigh, Rig caught the phone and tapped at the screen for  
. If theseconds. Once he’d finished, he powered down the phone and placed i  
o comehardwood floor. “Done.”

A wolfish smile spread across Cillian’s face.

uth in “I know that look, Alpha. Shift back before you mate her,” Rig said.

Cillian rubbed at his head, snarling in frustration. He paced the woc  
or yourbeside the bed. “Don’t you think I would if I could? My wolf won  
wish todown. We are both maintaining half control, which is why I’m in this t

s words “Fascinating,” Syrus whispered, his chin tucked on my shoulder. “  
only ever held that form for a couple of minutes at a time in the past.”

ected in “Yeah, well. It requires a level of equal willpower from both my w  
ing. myself. We’ve never had anything we both wanted badly enough t  
: Whatover before. He wants her just as much as I do.” Cillian’s gold eyes

How could such a fearsome creature look so gentle?

ne. I pushed away from Syrus, crawling across the bed to Cillian. H  
eat wasdown on the wood floor at the edge of the bed. Cillian remained still,  
porarilyto see what I was going to do.

rticular I paused, gathering my courage. Up close, his beast was huge. As

Cillian was around six-foot-five, but in this form, he was close to eig  
ht up intall. Which made my short stature look completely ridiculous next

Was I even tall enough to ride this ride?

Maybe I felt inside for my rabbit, expecting to find her desperate to esca  
ing thewas desperate, all right. But not to escape. Oh no, my horny inner



man...wanted this hulking beast.

I pushed myself off the mattress and climbed onto the floor with a but his grace as I could muster. Sliding a leg across his lap, I groaned when the of his thick, muscled thighs forced my upper thighs to spread in a near several Cillian's fur was thinner than when he was in his full wolf form, but on the was still a significant amount of fur. It should have felt weird but against my skin, but it tickled and teased my bare skin as I adjusted my his lap, sending goosebumps traveling the length of my body.

Still unmoving, Cillian watched me with interest and a hint of worry and flooreyes. There was something else in their depths, and it caused my stomach to backclench. He was still worried I was afraid of him... and that I might reject him." I slid my arms as far around his chest as I could.

You've "You said I was yours?" I whispered, rubbing my cheek against his fur.

Wolf and "Yes. You're mine." Cillian's words were thick, and his chest rumbled to fight "That means you are mine, too?" I reach a hand up to tease his ear, glinted than a human's but shorter than a wolf's. Cillian moaned, his chest trembled. It seemed I'd found a sensitive spot.

He'd sat "Yes. Please let me be yours." Cillian's words were so soft I almost waiting them.

My heart cracked at the longing in his voice. The monster alpha was a man, to claim him as mine. He was offering himself up to me. A rabbit might feet All doubts and hesitation melted away until all that was left in me was to him, and a tiny but bright flame of love. It needed time to grow, but it was I'd begun falling in love with them. "Mine," I whispered, a magic word. She changed my life like a fairy tale spell.

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# CHAPTER TWENTY

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# CHAPTER TWENTY

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## *Menrae*

**M**y body trembled as we neared the conference room door. The room filled with the burrow's rabbit leadership. If it hadn't been for the three wolves pressed against my back, I would have bolted back to the burrow if we'd just come.

While my heat had eased in the last four days thanks to my mates' constant attention, it wasn't quite over. But I didn't want Cillian to keep putting the meeting off. Especially since the rabbit elders had become more demanding in their requests for a meeting with each passing day. I didn't owe anything, but I also didn't want the entire burrows to suffer because of the decisions of a few Grade-A jackrabbits.

Syrus gave me a gentle shoulder bump. "You've got this, Puff."

"Don't worry. If they so much as look at you wrong, I'll eat their faces." Cillian winked.

His teasing words did little to ease my anxiety—probably because I was a hundred percent sure he was joking.

"Remember, they can't lay a finger on you without facing me." Cillian leaned down, placing a gentle kiss on my cheek and pressing his

against the small of my back.

Straightening my spine, I lifted my chin and stepped into the conference room.

Shock rippled across every face in the room, but I did my best to keep my expression smooth and unbothered. As expected, the seven rabbit elders were present, as well as five of the rabbit shifters who guided the city's businesses and commerce.

The remaining five rabbit shifters were faces I'd not planned to see again... in this lifetime, anyway.

My unmatched-matched-bunny-bonded.

way—a To be fair, they didn't look any happier about seeing me. It was the look of disgust and rage on their faces that sparked a fire in my belly. I wanted the way to be angry. For once in our lives, I wanted them to have to actually look at me and treat me like a human instead of their plaything.

constant My wolf mates led me through the plushly carpeted room to the long mahogany table. Every seat had been taken except for the two leather chairs at the farthest end.

re them Rig and Syrus grabbed the two seats on either side of the largest one of which was clearly meant for the alpha. Realizing there wasn't a chair for me, my heart accelerated. Memories of being publicly humiliated years ago flashed through my mind at the speed of light. Surely the wolves were bringing me here just to embarrass me.

Catching my hand, Cillian pulled me down on his lap. He tucked my head behind my ear and leaned in. "Don't doubt me again, little mate. You're not like the rabbits."

of fury." My belly flip-flopped at his sexy growl, and I reminded myself to hold his hand together until the meeting was over. The last thing I wanted was

ripping his perfectly tailored dark suit off...

alpha's "If you keep looking at me like that, I'm going to end the meeting before it begins and kick everyone out," Cillian whispered.

keep my My cheeks burned, and I was thankful when he turned to address the other wereshifters.

arrow's "Normally I would open this meeting by saying, 'Good morning gentlemen.' However, it is not a good morning since, if not for this meeting, I would be relaxing in the comfort of my home. I also do not consider the men at this table gentlemen, after what I witnessed of how you treated women in the burrows." Cillian's voice was cold as ice, and his eyes clearheld a predatory glint.

and them Bunny instinct should've had me making a run for it, but I sat up straight on his lap. The mate bond was growing stronger with each hour, and knowing the big bad wolf had my back was proving to be a powerful confidence booster.

the three "Thank you for seeing us, Alpha." Bernard, one of the elders, bowed his head as he spoke. "But with all due respect, why is *she* here?"

at chair, Cillian lifted a brow. "Do you have an issue with Monroe being here for me?" "I understand that you were unhappy with reports of mistreatment over the yearburrows, although I assure you there has been a misunderstanding. I wouldn't dare thank you for finding one of our lost females. Her bonded have been distraught over her absence, and we will happily reimburse your pack for any loose inconveniences you incurred due to her misadventure."

We are Cillian's body was vibrating against mine, and the arm of Rigby creaked ominously under his grip. The elder didn't realize the danger he was in and decided to dig his hole deeper.

to start "Monroe is a female, and her only job experience is as a waitress."



doesn't possess the needed skills to be of value in this discuss—”

before it That's as far as Bernard got before Rig was at the opposite end of the table and lifting the man from his chair. Storming to the door, Rig tossed Bernie the Bunny out of the room and slammed the door closed in his stunned face.

“Unless you wish to be thrown out like Bernie the Bunny, I suggest you choose your words carefully,” Rig snarled as he returned to his seat beside me.

“You can't just throw him out!” Frank, a second elder, made a noise from his seat.

Cillian gave a dark chuckle. “I own this building and most of this building, yes, it is up to me who stays and goes. Sit or leave; I don't care.”

“As you wish, Alpha.” Frank agreed and took his seat. I didn't notice his jaw tightened when he looked at me.

A quick glance around the table told me none of the rabbit shifters were happy to see me.

Taking a moment to compose himself, Frank began. “We would like to assure you that the burrows care deeply for every rabbit living the burrows.” The televised portion of the ball was out of context and dramatized to get attention in the views. We treat all rabbit shifters with equal care. It is unfortunate that our emotions got a bit out of hand.”

My mouth fell open. How could the man sit here and lie straight through his teeth for any faces? Every rabbit in the room knew and had turned a blind eye to the mistreatment I'd received. They hadn't cared when I'd been in elementary school and had returned home after school each day with torn clothing. He was being roughly pushed around the playground. The elders had buried the school nurse's report that I was undernourished from having my meals stolen every day.

The only thing that changed when I went to middle school was that the tablebullies increased their efforts to make my life terrible. The elders once Bernard did nothing when my clothes in the locker room were cut to ribbons and I showered after PE. They ignored my dropping grades due to my assignments 'disappearing' after I turned them in to the teachers.

High school was the worst of all. My bullies knew they could get away with anything short of killing me, and I became the butt of every cruel joke to the other students could think of. Seth and his gang made sure I was on their team for every group project, so they could leave me to do all the heavy lifting, so—just like I was forced to do the rest of their homework.

When they'd sabotaged my science project, causing it to explode and embed shrapnel in my skin, I thought the elders would finally punish them for the cruelty. Instead, they suspended me for endangering my present classmates intentionally. If I hadn't been a shifter, I would likely have suffered vision loss and long-term damage from their 'prank,' but I don't like to be punished.

I would never forget the smirking faces of Seth, Zane, Malcolm, Tom, and higher Jordy as they stood behind their fathers as I was being punished. That was the only victory I won, and there was nothing I could do.

Once I graduated, I'd believed they'd leave me alone. But they'd gotten so used to their way to continue their harassment. How many cups of scalding coffee had they spilled on me and then complained to my boss about my elementary clumsiness? I'd lost count.

Then there were the nights they would stand outside my window shouting drunken insults until the wee hours of the morning. My things were constantly going missing or being destroyed. The worst was the time

that they would barricade me in my room and leave me trapped until someone came again my calls.

while I was Lost in my thoughts, I jerked when Syrus's voice brought me back to the present. "If that is true, then what would have happened if Monroe had been at the ball?"

at away "She would have received the same care as every other female rabbit she navigated her first heat," Sam, a third elder, snapped.

he put on "I see. So she would have spent her heat with her matched mates, and their work would have bonded with each other. I understand that is customary during a female's first heat." Cillian's tone was flatter than a ghost's pulse, as if he was completely uninterested in the conversation.

sh their I wanted to speak up, but my tongue refused to move, and so I did nothing. I always do when dealing with these rabbit shifters—pull into myself and have to guard my heart so their words wouldn't hurt as much.

was the "Well, uh, not quite," Sam stammered.

Rig rested his palms on the table and leaned forward. "Yes or no? Not a fiasco on the television part of some soap opera, and Monroe's nieces had males—your sons—were going to bond with her during the first heat?"

Seth was turning red, and I could hear his knuckles cracking beneath the table. He was livid and barely maintained control of his temper.

ing hot "Monroe didn't give us time to explain things to her. Yes, the boys were going to bond with her when she went into heat."

Seth stood so fast his chair toppled to the floor. "What the frick, Daughters, how could we pick a girl next time and wouldn't be stuck with the same? We can't believe you'd lie to me!"

es they Rig growled, and this time, he didn't walk around the table. No, he lunged onto the table and slid across it to slam into Seth with a sickening

e heard Blood gushed from Seth's nose as Rig hauled him off the floor and thr  
into the hall as though Seth weighed nothing more than a pillow.

κ to the "You attacked him for no reason!" Sam shrieked in outrage.

I stayed Rig stopped mid-step, turning on his heel to face the man. "I attack  
for many reasons. He's lucky he escaped with only a broken nose."

abbit as *Somebody help me!* Either my heat was flaring up, or the temper:

this room just spiked 15 degrees. Sweat trickled down my spine, and r

nd they clenched as I watched the intimidating wolf shifter do what I'd

luring as someone to do for me all my life... stand up for me.

though Cillian sniffed, and he must have smelled my arousal because I f

grow hard beneath me. This meeting needed to hurry itself along, or v

what I'd going to have a serious problem.

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Blood gushed from Seth's nose as Rig hauled him off the floor and threw him into the hall as though Seth weighed nothing more than a pillow.

"You attacked him for no reason!" Sam shrieked in outrage.

Rig stopped mid-step, turning on his heel to face the man. "I attacked him for many reasons. He's lucky he escaped with only a broken nose."

*Somebody help me!* Either my heat was flaring up, or the temperature in this room just spiked 15 degrees. Sweat trickled down my spine, and my core clenched as I watched the intimidating wolf shifter do what I'd wanted someone to do for me all my life... stand up for me.

Cillian sniffed, and he must have smelled my arousal because I felt him grow hard beneath me. This meeting needed to hurry itself along, or we were going to have a serious problem.

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# CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

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# CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

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## *Monroe*

**S**ensing we were running out of time before the next bout of heat j me, Cillian spoke. “Let’s cut through the crap. You don’t care Monroe, and you treated her as nothing more than a commodity. We have different ideas of what protecting and caring for our own means.”

“That’s an insult!” Frank spluttered.

“It’s the truth, and you will shut up and listen,” Rig snarled, his r flexing beneath his suit jacket.

“Here’s the deal. I want nothing else to do with the burrows. I do n to be contacted with your issues or concerns. I do not want to receiv regarding business ventures you want me to invest in. I do not wan shifters working in my office buildings and handling importar documents. I do not want to continue to pay my wolves a salary to gu burrows. I am finished, and I will not reinstate the previous arrang Cillian was eerily calm as he spoke.

Pandemonium broke out among the rabbits. Outcries of bi agreements and unfair treatment were thrown at Cillian. For his part, looked amused.



When the elders realized that the wolves hadn't responded to any arguments, the room descended into an awkward silence.

"Are you finished?" Cillian asked.

The elders ground their teeth and nodded.

"Good. Then I will continue. You asked me to reconsider. I did, and I refuse to uphold the old agreement or create a new one. The only reason we are sitting here today is that Monroe doesn't want the burrows unprepared. Because of her request, we have continued to guard the burrows until the meeting could take place."

Every set of eyes in the room stared at me.

Pain hit Cillian wasn't finished blowing all our minds. "If you want an agreement with the wolves, you will need to get her approval. Any clearly business you wish to have with me will be through her."

What in the Timothy Hay was he doing? The rabbit shifters didn't think me, so why would he think making me the liaison between our two species was a smart idea?

Sam found his voice first. "Alpha, this is extremely unfair. We are not willing to work within your terms, but we request that we be allowed to choose our delegate to work with you."

I needed to find my backbone. The wolves were standing up for me and the wolf was sitting here like an idiot.

"No." I was shocked at how strong and firm I sounded, and by the look on the faces around me, I wasn't the only one surprised.

Cillian's arm tightened slightly around my waist, giving me an encouraging squeeze. Drawing on that simple gesture of strength, I looked at Cillian ahead. "I am your only option, take it or leave it. Right now, I am the

of their reason the burrows are still protected, so I would suggest you reconsider your attitudes.”

“Can we have a moment to discuss this privately?” Frank asked, directing the question to Cillian.

And I still With a sinking feeling, I realized these men weren’t ever going to change their attitude toward me. My hands began to tremble, and anger burned in my belly. That led to a new problem. It seemed my heat reacted to fury in the same way a fire reacts when you pour gasoline on it.

*Boom.*

I stood to my feet, flattening my palms on the table and leaning toward the new men, channeling my inner boss babe. “You can have the next two hours to further discuss it. We have things to attend to and will visit the burrows to get things. I’ll look over your proposal there.”

Frank opened his mouth but shut it really quick when all three wolves decided to stand behind me.

“You can see yourself out. My mate has told you her terms, and you have nothing left to say.” Cillian’s voice had lost the bored, unaffected tone he maintained the entire meeting. He sounded *very* affected as he dropped the truth bomb.

My suspicions were confirmed when his arm slipped around my waist and he pulled me back against him. Our significant height difference caused his hard erection to press into my back.

The first ripple of pain whispered through me, a precursor to the painful muscle cramps that would come if I didn’t find relief quickly. How was I going to make it to the house before then?

“YOUR MATE?” Sam and Frank bellowed.

“Our mate,” my three wolves answered together.

er your That was the moment the rabbits lost their cocoa-puff crap.

“This is unacceptable!”

irecting “A rabbit cannot mate with a wolf!”

“This is disgusting!”

change Syrus and Rig shifted in spectacular harmony. Rig leaped onto the t  
d in mya second time, his massive wolf stalking down the mahogany table tow  
7 in theoutraged rabbit shifters. Meanwhile, Syrus was making his way do  
side of the conference room, herding the rabbits toward the door like  
herding sheep.

ard the “Then I suggest you leave quickly unless you wish to hear somethin  
ours tounholy. Because I am about to worship my luna’s body and satisfy he  
ther myCillian used his wolf’s rough voice. Looking up, I watched his sharp  
descend, and his eyes begin to glow.

res rose I should’ve been embarrassed that he’d just told them he was a  
breed me, but all I felt was pride. Seth and posse had thought I wasn’t  
ve haveof being their mate. Now I was mated to the alpha wolf, and he wante  
ne he’dwas the luna and the person they needed favors from.

ed that This was my moment.

*How do you like me now?*

ist, and Wanting them exactly how much the alpha had wanted me, I brus  
ised hishair back over my shoulder, allowing his marking bite to be seen. Tilt  
head, I presented my neck to Cillian—showing them how much I trust  
racking My mate responded instantly to my submissive gesture. Leaning do  
oing tokissed the mark on my neck before gently nipping it. The scrap of h  
across my skin sent heat rushing to my core, and I swallowed a moan.

The last thing I saw before Rig’s body slammed the door closed was  
furious expression.

Then I forgot everything as Cillian kneeled behind me. With a low he lifted the skirt of my sundress over my hips, exposing my butt a pink thong to his hungry gaze.

“How do you smell so incredible? It was all I could do not to be able forover this table and take you on the spot, not caring who was watching and theCillian spoke, he gently pushed me forward until my elbows and feet were bracing me on the table.

In this new position, I was presenting myself to him like a female in which, to be fair, I absolutely was. When Cillian pressed his mouth against the tiny strip of fabric covering my aching core, my body arched off the floor heat.” Cillian chuckled. His tongue traveled just under the edge of my canines teasing me, before he stood.

“You should have skipped the thong. It’s in the way.” His fingers landed on my burning skin as he removed the silky garment, letting it fall to the floor.

He unbuttoned his perfectly pressed slacks, and a heartbeat later, he was length pressed against me, seeking entrance. Cillian’s hands gripped my waist, angling my hips to give him better access. Our extreme height difference would have made this position impossible if not for the overhead my conference table.

My stomach spasmed, and sharp pain burned like lightning through me. It seemed my heat was done being patient. Biting my lip, I barely kept myself from screaming.

“Hurry. My heat... it hurts,” I whimpered between waves of pain.

Cillian didn’t hurry.

Pushing forward, he eased inside me, inch-by-excruciatingly-slowly. Cillian’s thumbs gently stroked my back as he held my hips. The ten

growl, of the gesture had tears springing to my eyes.

and tiny I was in the alpha's opulent conference room, on his private floor overlooking the city, at the top of the wolf shifters' business headquarters. He'd exposed me and positioned me on the table for his pleasure.

ing." As Everything about this was dirty and naughty. Yet he wasn't pounding my breasts, he was looking for his quick release. The big bad alpha was making love to me.

It was heart-stoppingly romantic... and abso-freaking-lutely frustrating. "Cillian," I growled. "This isn't a go-slow-and-enjoy-the-scenery moment. This is a bang my bunny brains out type of moment!"

Syrus and Rig guffawed, but Cillian responded by leaning down and nipping my neck. He meant it to be playful, but my heat viewed it differently.

"Ohhh." The raw moan ripped from my throat as my body arched against the table. "Cillian."

"Crap man. Either give her what she's begging for, or move and let her go." Rig's gravely rumble made my core clench.

Cillian groaned. "She's so tight, and your voice is turning her on more than anything." I opened my heavy eyelids to look over at where Rig leaned against the wall.

"By my voice?" Rig seemed shocked, then a dark look that promised sorts of wonderful things settled over his features. "Is that right, Buns? My voice make you want to do dirty things?"

Rig had dropped his pitch an octave lower, and combined with the smirk, it was too much. My entire body quivered, and a sheen of sweat formed on my skin.

Cillian buried himself inside me, but I was so tight that it was a challenge even though I was soaked. His breathing was harsh, as he worked to tenderness and out. As our bodies rocked together, I looked over at Rig and Syrus

Syrus was relaxing on the floor, while Rig still leaned against the wall. When that jaw hit the table when I saw what they were doing. They'd freed their erections from the confines of their slacks, and were stroking them while watching their alpha pound into me.

It was sexy as heck to know my mates were that turned on for me. I couldn't take it anymore and my release exploded through me. Cillian followed me into bliss, burying himself deep and locking us together. My heat retreated, once again sated by my mates.

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Syrus was relaxing on the floor, while Rig still leaned against the wall. My jaw hit the table when I saw what they were doing. They'd freed their stiff erections from the confines of their slacks, and were stroking themselves while watching their alpha pound into me.

It was sexy as heck to know my mates were that turned on just by watching. I couldn't take it anymore and my release exploded through me. Cillian followed me into bliss, burying himself deep and locking us together.

My heat retreated, once again sated by my mates.

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# CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

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# CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

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## *Menroe*

I decided I wanted to take a shower and put myself back together we drove out to the burrows. Truthfully, I was just trying to put it much as I wanted to be a confident luna with a backbone of steel, and a bunny.

Confrontation wasn't something I'd ever be able to handle well. Even I'd guarantee the elders were discussing how to manipulate this situation to their advantage.

Sighing, I stepped into the little black dress I'd picked to wear. It had been tucked among the closet full of clothing, shoes, and accessories I'd worn to the previous day.

I may not have experience wearing designer garments, but I can recognize them. Heck, they even smelled expensive! But my stubbornness had refused to return any of it, claiming they'd waited years to have a piece of the spoil.

The black dress was the perfect blend of take-no-prisoners boss and do-something-naughty succubus.

Stepping out of the bathroom, I laughed when my three mates burst

pant—in their human forms.

Syrus led me to a fluffy white vanity chair and gently brushed my hair. He picked a pair of high-heels with dainty straps that laced up my ankles. Kneeling in front of me, the big bad beta slipped them on.

Cillian handed me a box.

“What’s this?” I brushed my fingers across the black velvet.

“Why don’t you open it and find out?” Cillian teased.

Nervously, I lifted the lid and stopped breathing.

A glittering tiara was nestled on a silk cushion.

“It’s the luna crown,” I whispered in awe.

before You didn’t have to be a wolf shifter to recognize the iconic accessory. Asmother was an artist who had been fascinated by the stunning piece. The tiara was famous for its intricate design of swirling white gold and clear-cut diamonds that sparkled like stars in the night sky.

and now, But it was the precious gemstone shaped like a crescent moon that featured prominently in the middle that was the stuff of legend. The

either didn’t know what it was made of, or they weren’t telling, and the mystery had created an almost cult following in the paranormal community.

broken up Since the luna crown was rarely seen and even more rarely photographed, the mystery was nowhere close to being solved. In person, I was disappointed

to see the moon held only a dull glow, though. Maybe the photos of the brilliantly glowing stone had been photoshopped?

Looking up at Cillian, I batted my eyelashes and teased, “I don’t see how you will tell me what makes the crescent moon glow?”

Syrus leaned forward and whispered conspiratorially, “The alpha’s

It was so dramatic and silly I laughed—only to stop when I realized the guys weren’t laughing with me.

“I don’t understand?” I reverently traced the delicate edge of the tiara in my hand. Cillian scooped me up in his arms and carried me to an oversized velvet lounge that sat in the corner next to a large bay window. Sitting me down in his lap, he brushed a kiss against my cheek before plucking the tiara from my head and placing it in a small velvet box.

“Syrus was telling the truth. It’s the alpha’s love for his luna that gives the stone power. The moon goddess gave this stone to the wolves. It’s maybe a physical reminder for the luna of her mate’s love—even when she’s being a temperamental beast and utterly unreasonable.” Cillian’s smile faded, and he looked sad.

“My father was the last alpha to touch the stone, and that was many years ago. Both of my parents passed away nearly thirty years ago, but unless his love was so strong, the moon still holds some of its glow.”

Unshed tears sprung to my eyes. “I’m so sorry, Cillian. I know what it was like to lose your parents. It’s a wound that never heals.”

We were quiet, and then he spoke again. “It was a long time ago, and this is meant to be a happy moment.” Cillian kissed my cheek. “Now it’s time for my luna to wear the crown.”

My heart stumbled, then screeched to a halt. He wanted me to wear the pointed wolves’ heirloom? “I’m not a wolf shifter, though.”

“That doesn’t matter to me. Nor does it matter to any other wolf. Only their luna, and that’s all they care about.” Finished speaking, Cillian placed the moon-shaped stone between his thumb and forefinger.

I watched in awe as his fingers began to glow—no, not his fingers, but the moon that radiated light. When Cillian moved his hand, the center of the crown was awash in a beautiful, buttery glow.

“That’s incredible!” I breathed. And then it hit me.

“a. The stone glowed from the alpha’s love.

l chaise Cillian loved me?

own on He must have read my expression because he carefully placed the stone from the alpha’s head and then captured my face between his calloused palms.

“I love you, Monroe. My heart belongs to you for the rest of our lives. There are everything I could have hoped for in a mate and so much more.”

He then captured my lips in a searing kiss that turned my body to jelly.

“My turn.” Rig yanked me from Cillian’s lap, lifting me in his arms.

I yelped in surprise, and my dress rode up to my hip as I wrapped myself around his waist.

“I thought I could live happily without a mate, but that changed and yet morning you walked out to take my order for the first time. It tore me out.

“I think you might not ever accept a wolf as your mate, and now I want to make sure that it’s anyone apart who tries to take you from me. You’re mine, Buns. I love you.”

Rig brushed a featherlight kiss across my lips, and before I could react, he strode to Syrus and dumped me in his lap.

It was the weirdest game of pass the potato I’d ever played, but I valued the time for a thousand percent living for it.

“Hello, Puff,” Syrus purred, his voice husky.

“Hi.” My cheeks warmed. All I could manage was a lame *hi*?

Syrus chuckled, nuzzling my neck. “In case you didn’t know, I’m already pinched with you.”

“Really?” Was this really happening? I chewed on my lip. “It’s so hot. It was. How can you guys love me this fast? Maybe it is just a side effect of being a piece of heat?”

All three wolves growled.

Syrus rubbed his nose against mine. “Puff, your heat is one heck of a

incredible bonus, and I never thought sex could be so mind-blowing.  
loved you before your heat started.”

tiara on Rig snorted. “Yeah. You don’t actually believe we like that trash c  
the café, do you? The only reason we kept coming back was to be near  
es. You “Shut up, Rig! You’re making us sound like creepy stalkers,”  
Cilliansnapped.

Rig shrugged. Ignoring him, Syrus continued. “We were devastate  
. we saw you being matched at the reception. But you are ours, and  
ny legsnever let you go. Never.”

“Now who’s being creepy?” Rig grunted.

ged the My heart was so full I thought I’d burst at the seams. “I don’t th  
apart toweird, I think it is amazing. It’s been so long since I’d felt loved.  
/ill teareverything I’ve ever wanted.”

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æact, hecalmed. It didn’t matter what happened at the burrows because  
everything I could have ever hoped for. I belonged to and was treasi  
vas onethese men.

*I was loved.*

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Rig snorted. “Yeah. You don’t actually believe we like that trash coffee at the café, do you? The only reason we kept coming back was to be near you.”

“Shut up, Rig! You’re making us sound like creepy stalkers,” Syrus snapped.

Rig shrugged. Ignoring him, Syrus continued. “We were devastated when we saw you being matched at the reception. But you are ours, and we will never let you go. Never.”

“Now who’s being creepy?” Rig grunted.

My heart was so full I thought I’d burst at the seams. “I don’t think it’s weird, I think it is amazing. It’s been so long since I’d felt loved. This is everything I’ve ever wanted.”

Tears of joy streamed down my cheeks, and the storm of anxiety inside me calmed. It didn’t matter what happened at the burrows because I had everything I could have ever hoped for. I belonged to and was treasured by these men.

*I was loved.*

# CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

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# CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

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## *Menroe*

**A**s the car neared the burrows, my heart banged around in my chest like a drunken seagull. I'd never wanted to come back here again.

When the elders delivered their cruel verdict at the ball, with nearly every bunny in the community present to witness my humiliation, I'd run from the main hall. In the dressing area, I'd been greeted by several of the bunnies who'd been matched in previous years.

Cruel laughter and insults weren't the only things they hurled at me; some of them had thrown their wine glasses and splattered my beloved gown with the dark red liquid.

The elders' decision had cemented my status in the burrows. I was less than an omega in the wolf community. Watching the stains bleed through the gray silk of my dress, I'd been devastated. Then I'd had a moment of clear clarity.

I'd never find love, or even acceptance, within my community.

Pulling my eyes from the all too familiar scenery flashing by the window, I ran my thumb across the fabric of my black dress. It was fitting.

Forget being a black sheep; I was the black bunny of the burrows.

The car slowed, coming to a stop at the beautiful tree-lined path that led through the burrows to the main building. There were a few building burrows, and these acted as entrances to the underground tunnels that housed most of the rabbits since the coyote attacks.

The trees were in full bloom, creating an archway of pink and white blossoms. It was amazing how tranquil and sweet everything about the community looked on the outside, completely hiding the toxicity that lay beneath the surface.

Rig opened my car door, and, holding out his hand, helped me out of the car. Syrus stepped out behind me and adjusted my skirt before I had a chance to. Cillian stepped to my side. Tucking my arm through his, he led me down the petal-covered pathway.

"Just let me know if I can kill anyone for you," Rig whispered from behind me.

"There won't be any killing today." I hesitated, thinking of Seth's face when he'd been kicked from the conference room, and the way he'd looked at me. A few

"Yesss," Rig hissed. "That means there's a chance."

A real smile spread across my face... until I glanced down the long, lower-football-field-length path and spotted the angry faces waiting for us at the main house. The elders must have gathered nearly every rabbit from the crystal-burrows. They wanted to make sure I knew how hated I was among my people.

It was a blatant attempt to intimidate me.

Despite my determination to be confident, my legs wobbled, and I stumbled. Cillian caught me. "Keep your head up, Luna." A man I didn't recognize strode past me.

Turning, he gave us a wink. "We've got your back."

that led “We?” Perplexed, I watched him leap into the air, his clothes shredded in the shift. When he landed, it was on the cinnamon-colored paws of his hat that I stared in shock. He’d shifted with the effortless grace and smoothness of an elite athlete.

and red “Thank you, Brett,” Cillian rumbled.

out our “Show off,” Rig grumbled.

lurking Brett lifted his shaggy wolf head and howled. It was hauntingly beautiful and goosebumps skated across my skin. In the distance, a wolf answered from the third wolf responded, then a fourth and a fifth. Within sixty seconds, I lost count of how many wolves were joining in Brett’s eerie howl. Was it two hundred or more? A hundred?

Not all the howls were in the distance, either. It seemed like many were coming from the woods that surrounded us. That was confirmed when several more began to stalk from the shadows where they’d been lurking. Several minutes later, they were walking alongside Brett’s wolf.

added, The rest of the massive wolf shifters remained on either side of the pathway, bowing low to the ground as we passed between the two walls of the tunnel. Peeking over my shoulder, I watched wolves with coats of gray, brown, nearly brown, copper, and black pour into the pathway behind us.

outside “How many are there?” I asked reverently, never having seen so many wolves in my entire life.

of my kind. “Six thousand nine hundred and sixty-nine,” Cillian answered without hesitation.

missed I choked. “But how? There aren’t that many wolves living in our town.”

ast me. Cillian stopped walking, smiling down at me. I turned to face him, and he pulled me against his body.

ding as “I’m not only the alpha over this town, Monroe. My land and is wolf stretch across the US. These wolves represent only a small part of my j ss of an “Why are they here?” I whispered, although I knew every wolf v mile radius probably heard me.

Cillian chuckled. “For you. They’re here for you.”

My lip wobbled, and I blinked hard, determined not to cry.

autiful, “The wolves have a luna for the first time in decades. They’ve ered. Aarriving in town over the past several days, hoping to see you.” Pr I’d lost love shone in Cillian’s eyes. “I’d already ordered my guards to be co wenty?in the woods today. But Brett’s howl was a call to arms, and every hearing distance responded. They dropped everything to be here.”

ly were I was losing the battle. A tear trailed down my cheek. “But I’m a wolves I’m not a wolf shifter. They’re okay with that?”

oved to Cillian wiped away my tear. “You are part of our pack and part family. On top of that, you are their luna. Wolves protect each o ie path, emotionally and physically. These wolves will protect you with their wolves. Not because I ordered them to, but because they want to.”

cream, Catching my chin between his thumb and forefinger, he tilted my c His lips met mine, and he kissed me like we were the main charact o many Nicholas Sparks movie. My ears rang with the happy barks and cele howls of the wolves around us.

without Pulling away, I smiled at the smear of pale pink lip gloss on Cillian

Going up on tiptoe, I wiped it from his mouth. “Let’s do this, Alpha.”

r small This time, when Cillian led me down the path toward the now n faced rabbits, I positively floated. For the first time in my twenty-three and he I was walking through the rabbit shifter community with my head hel no longer trying to hide.

wolves I wasn't afraid. Why should I be? I had an army of wolves at my back." accepted me.

within a The rabbit shifters had made a mistake.

*They'd thrown me to the wolves, but I'd come back... leading the pa*

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I wasn't afraid. Why should I be? I had an army of wolves at my back who accepted me.

The rabbit shifters had made a mistake.

*They'd thrown me to the wolves, but I'd come back... leading the pack.*

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# CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

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# CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

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## *Cillian*

My head was throbbing, but I refused to let the pain show on my face. The wolves were happy to have a Luna was the understatement of the century. The pack was buzzing with energy and exuberant joy.

*Are you going to be okay, Cil?* Rig asked through the link, knowing well the toll this was taking on my body.

As alpha, I had a telepathic link to every wolf in my pack that was about ten miles. Unlike an individual wolf who could choose who to link with, the link between me and each pack member stayed open so I could hear any cries for help.

Normally, this wasn't an issue since only a few hundred wolves lived in the town. Right now, there were a few thousand wolves all sharing their thoughts in my mind. My head felt like it was going to explode as white-hot agony crackled through my brain, but I was happy to deal with the pain so that Monroe would see the pack's devotion. I could sleep the pain off later.

My little mate glanced up at me, her brow wrinkling as though she was trying to figure something out. Hesitating for a moment, she let go

sleeve. Ducking under my arm, she pressed herself against my side, my arm drop to her shoulder.

Her hand snuck under my jacket, where she untucked a small section of my white dress shirt in the middle of my back. My mate's palm pressed against my bare skin.

Cool relief flooded through my head. It was like aloe on a sunburn. I turned wide eyes on Monroe. How had she known I was in pain?

She gave me a sweet smile and kept her hand on my back. To onlookers, it would appear she was being affectionate. It took all my control to resist throwing her over my shoulder and taking her back home, where I could say worship this little angel for the rest of the night.

“Alpha.”  
We'd reached the end of the path, and the rabbit elders dipped their heads in full respect to me. I didn't miss that they ignored my mate, and neither did I.

Within moments, Brett crouched, baring his teeth. The wolves began to growl, and many snarling wolves crowded in and around the burrows, the ground vibrated beneath our feet.

The rabbit shifters began easing away from the elders. All except the ones who lived in Monroe had been matched with. They stayed behind their fathers, sending their angry looks at my mate.

Realizing their dismissal wasn't going to be tolerated, the elders' anger clipped, “Luna.”

“Elders.” Monroe's tone was regal, like a queen meeting her subjects. I wanted to laugh, but with effort, managed to school my features into an expressionless mask.

“Follow us, please.” Elder Frank motioned for us to follow him.

letting He led us to a clearing like something from a storybook. Oversized, hewn picnic tables with matching benches were scattered around the perimeter of the lawn. The elders moved to the largest table in the middle of the clearing, and I pressed Syrus, Monroe, and I settled across from them.

The rabbit shifters in the clearing moved to claim seats at the other end, effectively surrounding us. It was a tactical move on the elders' part, I wanted to throw us off balance with a show of force.

Of course, it sure, if both species were shifted, a single wolf could take out everyone who resisted in the clearing. But with all of us in human forms, we were outnumbered. I could have a challenge fighting our way out.

Well, we would have been outnumbered, if not for my pack. I was the only one who'd seen through the elders' little mind game. The large r heads weaved between tables, spreading out to provide backup if needed. Then the wolves created a wall around us.

The elders watched the wolves, eyes tightening as they watched them with so backfire. Instead of showing us their strength, all they'd done was ground every rabbit in the burrows how weak they were. If I wanted them could snap my fingers and the rabbits would be wiped out in less than a few minutes.

They needed us. We didn't need them. And every tense face around showed that they definitely knew it.

To my surprise, Monroe didn't wait for the elders to speak first. "Have you created a proposal for my consideration?"

I shifted slightly on the bench, covering my mouth with my hand and then from smiling. Monroe wasn't playing around anymore.

"Yes, we have, Monroe." Elder Sam slid a document toward her.

"Luna." Monroe didn't reach out to take the paper.

rough- “Excuse me?” Elder Sam’s face wrinkled in confusion.

grassy “Not Monroe. It’s Luna to you. None of the elders cared to remember Rig, name in all the years I lived in the burrows. You don’t get to use it now aren’t friends.”

tables, This time, Rig was the one scrubbing his hand across his jaw to t. Theysmirk. She might shift into a bunny, but she had the courage of a wolf.

Sam ground his teeth, struggling to control his temper.

y rabbit Elder Frank decided to step in. “Of course, Luna.” He slid the paper red and to Monroe.

She said nothing, but reached out and turned the paper toward sn’t the Monroe began to read. Her face darkened as a storm brewed inside wolves further she read, until I could practically feel the lightning crackling the resther.

“I’m going to focus on the main points.” Monroe clasped her hands air plantable. “First, you want us to increase the number of guards around showburrows, at no cost to the community. Second, you want a rabbit shift dead, I have a seat at the table during all wolf shifter meetings, even if on an fivebusiness is being discussed, although you aren’t offering a reciprocal a wolf to attend all rabbit shifter meetings.”

ound us Syrus dropped his head into his hands at the rabbit elders’ audacity.

Monroe wasn’t finished though. “Third, since all werewolves in town ave you receive a small monthly stipend from the profits coming from werew businesses in town, the elders wish for all rabbit shifters to receive the to keep As hard as I tried to resist the urge, I snorted. These rabbits had lot crap.

“Oh, and what about number four?” Monroe held out her fingers, off points. “You want the wolves to agree not to interfere in rabbit tra

and customs, even if they find them morally questionable.”

I narrowed my eyes at the shifters across the table. Had they even  
sound reasonable? Perhaps this was a prank? If that was the case, it  
would be on them. I despised pranks that wasted my time.

“Did I understand all that correctly?” Monroe asked, her tone cold.  
The elders nodded their heads.

“Alright, so let’s talk about what it is you plan to do for your end  
contract, shall we?” Monroe pretended to check the paper. “First, you  
to provide each member of the burrows a private one-hour meeting ea  
herself to express their concerns.”

“Yes, the alpha expressed his annoyance that we weren’t aware  
feelings. This would ensure, in the future, every rabbit gets a chance to  
with us and isn’t too intimidated to approach us.”

*Let me kill him. Please? It can be an early birthday present?* Rig be  
the mental link.

*Yes, let Rig kill him. It can be my birthday gift too,* Syrus pleaded.

I fought my wolf. He wanted to let Rig spill blood. *Hold it toge  
Monroe gives the order, you are free to obey her. Otherwise, let her  
these men.*

“I see.” The muscle in Monroe’s jaw twitched. “Let’s move on to th  
three items. Two, you will provide councilors to speak with un  
female bunnies to ensure they are fully prepared for what to expect at  
same.” and how to best represent the burrows during the televised event.”

My eyes shot to Monroe’s face. She had to be joking.

“Third, the rabbit shifters will continue to work in wolf establishm  
keep the town running, but at a ten percent higher wage.”

Hades! I already paid every rabbit working within the town’s limits

twice the minimum wage, and bonuses. And we didn't need the rals  
tried to staff our businesses. We could easily provide those jobs to hum  
he joke provide more work for the wolves.

“And finally, point number four. You will accept me as liaison  
certain conditions.” Monroe kept her chin up and her back straight  
made it very clear back in Cillian's office that I'm the only liaison y  
l of the get. However, in the interest of hearing you out, please tell u  
u agree conditions.”

ch year How was she so calm? I wanted to tear their idiotic contract into  
and toss it back in their faces. Knives stabbed my skull as the g  
of your wolves' displeasure ricocheted through the mind link.

o speak “Yes, Luna. We were a bit hasty at the meeting this morning in req  
an alternate liaison. The burrows are thrilled to have one of their own  
gged in wolf shifter's luna.” Frank beamed, and his beady eyes sparkled.

My skin crawled and the hairs on my body rose. Something was wro  
Sam spoke next. “This is an incredible opportunity for o  
*ther. If* communities to come together—”

*handle* Monroe scoffed, cutting him off. “You are making this sound like  
arranged marriage between two warring countries.”

ie other Sam smacked his palm on the table in excitement. “Exactly! Tha  
natched perfect description!”

the ball We stared, slack-jawed and utterly speechless. They couldn't be so  
as to lay claim to a wolf pack's luna, could they?

Oh, but they could.

ients to “We've spoken at length, and although it is unorthodox to have a  
shifter mated to wolves, we can see how it could help create a better  
s nearly for both species. At the ball, you were matched. This means you be

obbits to Seth's fluffle. They have agreed that for the betterment of the burrow  
ans, or will still honor the match." Frank looked toward Seth and the rest  
pricks who'd humiliated my mate. His eyes shone with pride, wh  
, under stomach churned with acid.

it. "We *Now can I kill him?* Rig snarled into the bond.

ou will I should've said no, but I didn't want to. *Make it slow and messy.*

s these *Yesss! Finally!* Syrus' shout banged around in my head like a gong.

Rig's muscles tightened as he prepared to spring across the table.

confetti *No.* The single word was a soft whisper in the mental link.

athered The three of us froze.

*Did you hear that?* I asked Rig and Syrus.

uesting *Yeah,* Rig and Syrus answered.

1 as the *Maybe it was one of the wolves?* Syrus suggested.

*No, I would recognize the voice. I know all my wolves.*

ong. With no small amount of effort, I followed the thin thread that cr  
ur two link between my mind and the unknown speaker. My heart stopped.

*Monroe?* I asked hesitantly.

it's an There was a brief pause, then came a soft, yes.

It shouldn't be possible since we were two different species, but sor  
t is the she'd built a link to not only my mind, but to all three of ours.

*Monroe said no. Back down,* I ordered Rig.

o stupid Rig sat back, stunned at the knowledge our mate had spoken in the l  
*All yours, my love. If you decide to start killing people, let Ri  
though. Otherwise, he'll sulk for weeks.*

a rabbit Monroe didn't respond to me. Her focus was on the gloating elde  
r future she was eyeing them like a predator does its prey.

long to It's about to go down. *Timber!* Syrus cackled in the link.



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# CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

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# CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

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## *Cillian*

“**H**ow do you expect that to work?” Monroe sounded almost annoyed. My brain screamed *DANGER*.

I’d never had a mate before, or even time to date. But a primal survival instinct told me my mate was about to start sending souls to Hades, and I should keep my mouth shut so I didn’t catch any of her ire.

To my delight, Frank lacked any such survival instinct. “You will be back here with the boys, of course!”

“Oh, I see.” Monroe’s smile sent a shiver through me. “At the beginning, the boys and his group didn’t want to bond to me. They were willing to use me for their entertainment, but they weren’t willing to claim me as their father or mother of their children. Which would have left me suffering from being bonded to them, without having them feel the same toward me.”

Sam spoke this time. “Ah yes, but that isn’t an issue now. You were bonded with the three wolves during your first heat. It is unlikely you would be bonded with any other male after that. The boys have agreed to care for all your needs, including heats-”

He paused at the growls rumbling from our side of the table, but th

an idiot, continued- “They even agreed it would be wise to produce one child with you. Since you bonded to the wolves, it wouldn’t be your fluffle to be without a bonded, so they will be matched next During her first heat, and when they are unavailable, you will be able relief from the wolves. Hopefully one of those breedings will p offspring to help bring our two species even closer.”

I was paralyzed, and afraid that if I were to break free from it, I’d r through the Burrows doing far more damage than the coyotes ever ha pulsed from me in waves, and my pack felt it. Every wolf in the c crouched with their teeth barred, waiting for the command to attack. used. Monroe’s laugh pulled me from the dark edge I’d been teetering on slightly unhinged, but that made it even more adorable.

survival “I knew the rabbit Elders were out of touch with reality, but this id that Iwhole different level. Do you not realize how entitled you all sour now?” Monroe wheezed.

I move “We don’t appreciate your disrespect, Monroe. You should be grat all we’ve done for you, instead of throwing it back in our face like a ll, Sethchild.” Spit flew from Frank’s mouth.

ly body “Grateful? For neglecting me? For depriving me of love? For ignor bondedpleas for help because you are too blind to see the cruelty of the E n beinggolden boys? Should I be grateful for being the laughingstock of the t at the ball, just because your sons wanted to keep me as a pet fo bondedamusement?” Monroe’s chest heaved and her eyes flashed.

ld bond “You-” Monroe made eye contact with each of the Elders and their : ill yourshould all be grateful to the wolves! They have protected the Burro years, when they didn’t have to. You found a soft-hearted Alpha w ien likeprotective toward our species, and you abused his good graces. The

at least never bullied us or treated us with disrespect. No, it is our community that is fair. I thought they were too good to attend the same schools as the 'mutts'." spring. Monroe snatched up the contract and held it up. "This is disgusting to seek no mutual respect in this contract. Only manipulation and greed produce. Instead of using this second chance to be humble and show the wolves appreciate what they've done for the Burrows for all these years, you came here tonight as an opportunity to see how much more you could take from the community. Rage. You make me ashamed to be a rabbit."

Learning, Seth jumped up, leaning toward Monroe, "Bite your tongue! You are better than to speak to us like this. The wolves might have let you go. It was a liaison, but you will do that job from the Burrows so you can see what people need."

is on a "No. I will never spend another night in this prison." Monroe screamed, but her voice was firm.

"I'm sure these wolves enjoyed the experience of a female bunny. Useful for them. They are probably still high on your taste and promising you the world. Spoiled. You aren't that special, and they will get bored." He lowered his voice to a whisper, not that it mattered since every wolf there could hear him. "I can't trust those bloodthirsty mutts."

Burrows Rig was shaking with rage, and I was struggling to comprehend the Burrows of duplicity and cruelty the Elders were capable of. How had I been so stupid or their to trust them? I'd used wolf resources to help their community grow and flourish, and they'd considered us nothing more than dogs?

sons, "Monroe stood, still maintaining her unbelievable dignity. "I trust the Burrows for my life. Far more than I'd ever trust any of you!"

who felt "You are even more of an idiot than we thought. Do you think we have wolves really care about you? You think they have the control to keep

ity that snapping your neck? You need to get off your high horse and realize it  
a matter of time until you become a snack to one of those savage l  
}. There Seth hissed between his teeth.

edness. Monroe clenched her jaw. Spinning on her heel, she walked cont  
ves you into the sea of angry wolves. One moment she was there, and the ne  
decided vanished. My mouth fell open, and my eyes scanned the spot where  
wolves stood.

Her sexy black dress lay on the ground.

I know The wolf closest to the dress, Reese, padded over and gingerly gathe  
be the fabric in her mouth. Lifting the silk from the ground, she revealed a t  
at you of fluff.

I swallowed the lump in my throat.

didn't It was one thing for her to feel the pull of a fated mate and trust Rig  
and myself. But it was another thing to trust wolves she'd never m  
in heat. instincts should have made it impossible for her to shift into her bun  
ld. But so many wolves in the area. To a rabbit, it was a death wish.

ice to a We'd spent years protecting the rabbits, but they still saw us as m  
l. "You Seth had degraded the wolves, calling us savages without control. Rath  
argue, my mate was showing the wolves that she trusted them with her  
ie level She'd gone against instinct, to stand up for the wolves and make h  
io blind in the most memorable way possible.

ow and "Awww. I forgot how cute she is as a bunny!" Syrus cooed, m  
move to stand.

em with "Sit." I ordered. "Let her do this without us."

Reese dropped the gown and dropped to her belly in front of tl  
k these bunny. Monroe hopped forward, touching noses with the charcoa  
ep from



t's only Reese licked Monroe's face in greeting. The bunny huffed. Sitting on her hind feet, she used her tiny paws to wipe her wet fur.

Syrus snickered, no doubt remembering how disgruntled Monroe had been when he'd done that.

Next, she Once she'd cleaned her fur to her satisfaction, Monroe made her way through the wolves. It was quite the sight to watch the tiny rabbit lead the way between the wolves, with Reese prancing behind her like an overly terrifying puppy.

Like dominoes, the wolves dropped to their bellies as the tiny rabbit passed near, eager to greet her and show their respect. More than a few wolves thumped happily on the ground, something they'd normally be teased about but not this time. No one would tease a wolf for showing affection for Syrus, Luna. Especially a Luna who is this adorable.

Monroe seemed relaxed as she touched noses in greeting. Knives didn't stab my skull at the intensity of the emotions pouring through the link from the pack. The tiny bunny had just wrapped an entire pack of monsters with her little paw in a matter of minutes.

Spinning around, she darted under Reese's body and nipped at his tail before taking off at top speed. Reese barked and took off after her.

*What is she thinking? Is she trying to prove wolves will hunt rabbits?* growled through the link.

Syrus chuckled. *No, I think she's going to prove the exact opposite.*

The gray rabbit ducked under some of the wolves still standing and hopped over the ones who were laying on their bellies. Dodging and weaving, she led Reese on a wild chase through the pack. Wolves encouraged, and wanting to join in the game, they kept shifting positions creating obstacles to slow Reese down.

on her Just as suddenly as she started it, Monroe screeched to a halt heaving from exertion, she flopped on the ground. Reese skidded to a halt beentowering over the rabbit, breathing heavily and licking her lips to keep drooling.

er way The rabbit shifters gasped. They believed they were about to see Monroe's death. After all, what wolf could get caught up in chasing prey, and then attacking them at the end of the hunt?

With a happy bark, Reese gently nipped Monroe's cotton-ball ear. Flopping onto the ground, the dark wolf stretched out alongside the others' tails. Monroe wasn't quite done making her point. Pushing to her paws, she looked over at the rabbit shifters who were watching wide-eyed. Thumping her back on the ground, she made sure she had their full attention.

Bouncing to Reese, she touched noses and then shoved her tiny head into Reese's mouth. Reese gagged and yanked her head away. Commentally like she had a hairball.

around The wolves barked and chuffed in laughter. While the rabbit shifters looked stunned. The girls had been overly dramatic, but they'd proven Monroe's point.

My mate had proven nothing would stop her from standing up for herself? Rigpack. She'd also shown she had courage galore in that tiny body.

She'd already belonged to the wolves because she was the Alpha's mate. But now she'd just earned their loyalty by her own merit.

ing, and I hated to think what would happen if anyone tried to touch her again. Monroe hopped her way back to the table. Rig took off his jacket, barked laying it on the ground. The bunny scooted under it. Shifting back to her human body, she quickly pulled the jacket around her. Rig's leather jacket wrapped around her small frame twice.

Sides Reese trotted over, dropping the Luna crown at Monroe's feet with a halt, whine.

ep from "Thank you, friend." Monroe scratched behind Reese's ear.

Bending down, she grabbed the tiara and with the confidence of a Monroe's she settled it on her head. It was slightly lop-sided, but with her glowing resistand her untamed hair blowing around her face, she was the sexiest th ever seen.

all tail. Monroe stormed up to the table, bouncing up on the picnic table bunny. she could glare down at the elders.

e stared "I won't say this again. If you ever talk about my wolves like tick footmonsters again, you will need to relocate the Burrows." She growled sounded adorable until the pack added their own growls to her.

ad in a The Elders gulped and looked nervously at each other.

oughing Monroe's glowing amber eyes locked on me. "You said it is my d regarding any agreement between our pack and the Burrows, correct?"

shifters I was lost in her eyes and nearly forgot to answer. "Yes."

l made She faced the Elders. Raising her voice so the gathered shifters could she gave her decision. "There will be no treaty. You've proven wi for her words that you never respected the wolves, or appreciated their protec these years. There is no reason for us to continue wasting resources."

s mate. Monroe looked past the elders at the rest of the rabbit shifters. "I've very little kindness from anyone in the Burrows, other than my a n. parents. However, I hope the entitled attitudes within this community , gently to its poor leadership. If the Burrows wished to seek a new agreemen to her consider it... but only after the current leaders are removed, and new r jackethave taken their place. There will be no exceptions."

She looked at the rabbit shifters scattered around the clearing.

h a soft rabbit in the Burrows is being mistreated, please know that you can c  
me for sanctuary. You don't have to stay here, you do have other optio

Monroe leaped off the table with an ease only a rabbit shifter  
queen, manage, and started down the path toward the car, leaving ev  
ng eyes speechless.

ing I'd "Alpha! You aren't going to let her talk to us like that, are you?

Sam snarled.

ench so I smirked. "You heard my Luna. And she can do whatever she want

"Monroe! Where are you going?" Elder Frank screamed.

hey are "I'm going HOME, and I'm taking all my wolves with me!" \

, which turning around, Monroe threw up both her hands, giving the rabbit  
the middle finger salute.

Rig, Syrus and I burst out laughing. It seemed our little mate was  
decision out of her protective shell, and she was spicy.

Howls rang out as the wolves rushed to obey, disappearing into the  
the way they'd come. With a happy yip, Reese gathered Monroe's dr  
ld hear, high-heels.

th your "Take them to the pack house, please?" I called out.

tion all With a nod of her head, Reese shot off into the woods.

"You're driving!" Rig tossed me the keys and took off after Monroe

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"If any

rabbit in the Burrows is being mistreated, please know that you can come to me for sanctuary. You don't have to stay here, you do have other options."

Monroe leaped off the table with an ease only a rabbit shifter could manage, and started down the path toward the car, leaving everyone speechless.

"Alpha! You aren't going to let her talk to us like that, are you?" Elder Sam snarled.

I smirked. "You heard my Luna. And she can do whatever she wants."

"Monroe! Where are you going?" Elder Frank screamed.

"I'm going HOME, and I'm taking all my wolves with me!" Without turning around, Monroe threw up both her hands, giving the rabbit shifters the middle finger salute.

Rig, Syrus and I burst out laughing. It seemed our little mate was coming out of her protective shell, and she was spicy.

Howls rang out as the wolves rushed to obey, disappearing into the woods the way they'd come. With a happy yip, Reese gathered Monroe's dress and high-heels.

"Take them to the pack house, please?" I called out.

With a nod of her head, Reese shot off into the woods.

"You're driving!" Rig tossed me the keys and took off after Monroe.

# CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

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# CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

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## *Rig*

**W**atching my little mate strut away from the stunned elders was possibly the highlight of my entire life. Her sexy body, combined with her newfound attitude, already had my cock straining against my pants. But when the elders shouted after Monroe, she responded by throwing middle fingers... I was a goner.

“You’re driving!” I tossed Cil the keys and took off at a run and a beauty wearing nothing but my leather jacket.

I caught up to her just as she reached the SUV and opened the back door. Grabbing her waist, I jumped in and moved to slam the door behind us.

“Oh!” Monroe gasped, clinging to me to steady herself.

My wolf was salivating after watching her play with the pack. If Cillian ordering us to let her do it on her own, I would have shifted and joined in the game of tag.

I’d held my wolf in check, but I was losing control. Lust clouded my judgment. Watching her with Cillian in the office was the first time in my life I was jealous of my alpha.

All I could think about was my need to bury myself inside her, and



her scream my name as she climaxed. I desperately wanted her to climb my shoulders and bite my skin. I'd seen the fire in her eyes in the conference room, and I wanted her to unleash it.

Syrus yanked the door handle from my hand. "There isn't a chance of getting her all to yourself. Move."

I growled, reminding him I was beta and he couldn't order me around. With Monroe's warm body in my arms, I decided I didn't care if he was or not.

"Sit on the opposite side," I snarled, my voice the strange vibrato of a barely contained wolf.

I sat on the leather bench seat, and without a word, Syrus sat on the opposite side, combined facing me. The SUV's interior was set up like a limousine. Its benches faced each other so we could conduct business while traveling to different locations.

"That was the hottest thing I've ever witnessed." I adjusted her so she straddled my lap, then rocked my hips up. "Feel what you did to me."

Monroe's eyes widened and then glowed with her own desire. She rocked her hips, rubbing against my length and moaning at the friction.

Chuckling, I slid my hands under my leather jacket to grip her hips. As she rocked on my lap, I ground her against my aching erection.

"It feels so good," Monroe whimpered.

"Mm-hmm," I agreed, my wolf pushing me to ignore any foreplay and breed our female.

"If you are going to make me keep my hands to myself, the least you should be doing is let me see her beautiful body," Syrus grumbled.

"Yes. Take it off," I growled. "I want you bare in my lap."

"What if someone sees?" she whispered, glancing nervously at the

law mySUV windows.

ference “They can’t see in here. Now, take it off.” Leaning in, I pressed my hands into her neck. “Don’t make me ask again.”

you’re Monroe gasped, hurrying to wiggle out of my jacket. It was so big for her small frame, it fell almost to her knees. She let it fall to the SUV’s floor. But I sat back on the seat, taking my time and drinking in every inch of her naked body. She lifted her arms to cover her breasts.

“Don’t,” I growled.

of my Monroe slowly dropped her arms and met my eyes.

Dropping my pitch low, I praised her. “Good girl.”

the seat My mate’s legs trembled, and the scent of her arousal grew stronger. I loved how responsive she was to us. My wolf was snarling for us to touch her hard and fast, but I wanted to tease her just a little more.

I slipped a finger between her thighs, flicking it inside her tight channel so she “Rig,” she whimpered.

Pulling my finger from her slick heat, I sucked it into my mouth. Monroe rolled her eyes at her sweet taste. “Delicious.”

Monroe watched me, her eyes amber pools of lust.

As she “I’m going to take you so hard you won’t be able to walk when I’m finished.” My warning did nothing to cool the molten lava shimmering in her eyes. “If you don’t want that, you need to tell me now.”

lay and “I want you, Rig,” she purred.

“Kiss me,” I ordered.

u could Monroe threw herself at my chest. Flinging her arms around my neck, she pressed her lips to mine and kissed me like she was starving.

I brushed my fingers down her soft skin, exploring every inch. She melted into my arms, making soft little mewls into my mouth as our tongues danced.

“Rig. Please,” she begged, desperately working the buttons on my sl  
y teeth I couldn’t hold back any longer. Flicking open my pants, I fre  
painfully stiff cock. I grabbed her hips and brought her down, impal  
on heron my length with a single hard stroke.

or. Monroe moaned, her nails clawing my chest as she tried to scramble  
t of her “Yes,” I groaned.

I lifted her hips and brought her back down hard.

“Oh, Rig!” Monroe’s mouth pressed to my neck, licking and suckin  
I rocked my hips, grinding against her clit; enjoying her sou  
pleasure.

onger. I When her nails dug tiny half-moons into my chest and shoulders,  
ake herfeel my release beginning to build. Wrapping my forearm around her  
pounded into her, driving us both closer to our orgasm.

mel. Monroe clung to me, moaning and murmuring nonsense. Unable to  
sank my canines into the soft skin between her neck and shoulder. Pir  
ly chestmy arm and my teeth, my beautiful mate was unable to get away—  
she was trying.

“Rig. I’m going to... to...” Monroe panted.

ien I’m I growled, putting enough power into it to ensure Monroe’s entir  
g in hervibrated.

“RIG!” Monroe screamed as I thrust hard enough to make her teeth  
She came for me, her body clamping down on my length as the afte  
of her climax rolled through her.

ck, she “Bite him, Puff. He likes the pain,” Syrus murmured, his voice hoar  
She didn’t hesitate. Her teeth sank into my skin, and she raked h  
he wasdown my chest.

The orgasm tore through me with the force of a cyclone. I’d never c

hirt. hard in my life. My length twitched and jerked inside her, the base be  
æd myto swell. I could pull out now, and she wouldn't be stuck on me. But  
ing herwant this to end.

Grabbing her hips, I forced the swelling base inside her, lock  
e away. together. Monroe bit me a second time as the friction of my swolle  
rubbed her just right and coaxed a second orgasm from her.

Wrapping both arms around her, I slumped back on the bench seat,  
g. her with me. I spent the rest of the ride back to our home licking and n  
inds ofmy mate as she cuddled against my chest. She was perfect.

I'd never been so content.

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hard in my life. My length twitched and jerked inside her, the base beginning to swell. I could pull out now, and she wouldn't be stuck on me. But I didn't want this to end.

Grabbing her hips, I forced the swelling base inside her, locking us together. Monroe bit me a second time as the friction of my swollen cock rubbed her just right and coaxed a second orgasm from her.

Wrapping both arms around her, I slumped back on the bench seat, pulling her with me. I spent the rest of the ride back to our home licking and nuzzling my mate as she cuddled against my chest. She was perfect.

I'd never been so content.

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# CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

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# CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

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## *Monroe*

**I**t had been about two weeks since the big showdown in the burrow heat had ended, and I'd managed to not breed my mates to death. It was good since, heat or no heat, I couldn't get enough of them.

Sadly, with my pain gone, they'd needed to catch back up on things at the office. They hadn't been comfortable leaving me alone, so they'd been taking turns staying at home with me.

It was adorably sweet, but I'd been cooped up too much the past few weeks and needed an outing. It had taken more than a little convincing, but the guys finally agreed to let me have a girls' day with Reese.

In her human form, Reese was the opposite of her dark furred wolf. She wore her blonde hair in a bouncy bob that suited her bubbly personality perfectly. Her skin was paler than mine, and was dotted with freckles that added to her sweet girl-next-door vibe.

"This place has the best margaritas and salsa. You're going to love it!" Reese's sea-foam green eyes sparkled. Yanking open the restaurant door, she practically dragged me inside.

I laughed, loving her enthusiasm. "I can't wait!"



My life had changed so much in such a short amount of time. Not only did I have three sexy mates, I had a friend—and not the imaginary kind growing up.

The restaurant was dimly lit, giving it a cozy feel. The tall-backed vinyl booths were painted in cheerful hues of reds, blues, greens and yellows. Reese led me to one of the booths, playfully shoving me onto one of the cushions before sliding onto the cushion across from me.

We'd barely sat down before a sweet older lady came to take our orders. Reese opened her mouth to order, but was cut off by our waitress. "Remember, you're planning to murder my ears with what you call Spanish, I'll know if you mess up." Myout."

Which They clearly knew each other, because both women were fighting and talking. "But Stella, how else am I supposed to practice my Spanish?" Reese asked. She returned to dark pools as she gave Stella puppy eyes.

She was taking "Ay mi hijita! Don't give me those eyes. It won't work. Go use English like everyone else!" Stella playfully smacked Reese on the back of the head. She handed us a few with the plastic menus.

Reese, but Placing one of the menus in front of me, Stella set the other in front of Reese. "I will be back to get your orders in a few minutes."

Reese. "She's the best!" Reese whispered after Stella was out of earshot.

Personality "Of course I am!" Stella called over her shoulder.

Reese said that "Is she a werewolf?" I whispered. I hadn't smelled a wolf, but her personality was far better than a human.

Reese said, "No. She's Latina." Reese grinned and answered as though it made sense. "Nothing gets by her."

I smiled back, my heart warming at the obvious affection between them.

We spent the next few minutes looking over the menu and ordering.

only did food. Stella sat two baskets of warm tortilla chips and a bowl of chunky salsa. I'd had on the table, and we dug in.

Between mouthfuls of food, Reese chatted about everyone in the pack. She was as determined to catch me up on a lifetime of wolf gossip in a single hour.

And I loved every second of it.

"Well, isn't this cute?"

I recognized his voice before I looked up.

Seth.

My stomach twisted, and bile rose in my throat.

Seth pushed into the booth beside me, while Zane crowded in behind him. Reese's blonde bestie growled, and I thought she was going to attack. Instead, she snatched the salsa and chips away, guarding them with her teeth.

At least she had her priorities straight.

Malcolm, Tom and Jordy pulled up chairs at the end of the table, their heads squished between Seth and the wall. They'd blocked us in.

"I see your jail keepers finally let you out of their sight." Seth smirked at the front of the pack.

Reese's growls turned to laughter. "You guys are idiots to even be here. You're all going to die."

Was she crazy? She was a wolf shifter, but these guys weren't smart. We were outnumbered. My gaze darted around the room, searching for perfect mates. My heart sank. The restaurant was empty other than our table and the humans on the opposite side of the restaurant.

Seth *tsk*-ed. "Oh, I'm sure you've already alerted the alpha. Unfortunately, there were rumors of coyotes on pack territory, and he took his st

cy salsawolves to deal with the threat. Even if he runs at full speed, we will be  
before he gets here, mutt.”

pack. It was his name-calling that flipped my crazy switch. I straightened  
my spine and stopped pressing myself into the wall. “Don’t call her mutt.”

“Look at you getting all protective, *luna*.” He emphasized the last part  
letting me know he thought the title was a joke.

“Just say the word, bestie.” Reese popped a chip in her mouth and  
the salsa from her fingers.

*Carrot cake!*

Reese was as crazy as Rig. Did I just attract the slightly unhinged?  
beside me. I needed to diffuse the situation. “Seth, this isn’t a fight you want. C  
ck him to the burrows. The only reason Cillian didn’t decimate the burrow  
er arms because I asked him to just ignore the rabbit shifters. He isn’t going  
happy when he finds out. And he sure as heck won’t be in a generous mood  
. I was you’re here when he arrives.”

Seth grabbed my chin in a bruising grip. Yanking my mouth toward  
him. “A stopped just shy of our lips touching. “You ruined our lives. And now  
whored yourself out to the wolves, letting them take what was always  
talking to be mine.”

going to I froze, years of trauma and cruelty at his hands flashing through my

Reese didn’t wait for my order, and lunged across the table. She might  
be all animal and her human form, but she would still be stronger than a human female.

or pack Rabbit shifters had one advantage over wolves. We were slightly  
faster, and a Zane used that to his advantage. Grabbing the dull knife on the table  
slammed it between her ribs.

immediately, “No!” I shrieked as Reese hit the food covered tabletop. Drinks t  
rongest dishes cracked, and her blood mixed with the salsa spreading across th

gone. Out of the corner of my eye, I caught sight of Stella rushing the door out the back of the restaurant. Relieved they would be safe, I focused on my friend my Seth.

Rage like nothing I'd ever known erupted in my chest and burned my veins. They'd never wanted me, but now that I wasn't their problem, they wanted to take everything from me.

I licked my lips. I'd made a friend, and now she lay bleeding on the table. All because I tried to protect me. I was her luna, and no one touched my wolves.

Using the same speed Zane had used when he stabbed Reese, I snatched the broken margarita glass. Bouncing off my seat and onto the table, I backslammed it into Zane's face. I wasn't sure what I hit, but his screams told me it was probably important.

Seth tried to stop me, but I was a rabbit shifter too... and I had adrenaline fueling me. Spinning around on the slick surface of the table, I kicked hard with both feet.

There was an ominous cracking sound when my boots connected with your ribcage. I made a mental note to thank Rig for picking the cute and sturdy combat boots.

Seth coughed and wrapped his arms around his chest. I wasn't sure if he was in pain. Sinking both my hands into his hair, I yanked his head down. There was a crack as his skull connected with the corner of the table. His body went limp.

OH CRAPPITY CRAP CRAP!

I hadn't meant to kill him... or maybe I had?

*Help!* I shrieked into the mental link with my mates, not sure they could even hear me. I could barely manage to connect when they were at the table beside me, it was unlikely they could hear me from miles away.

humans Malcolm, Jordy and Tom shoved out of the chairs to catch Setl  
back onslumped to the floor, blood pouring from his head and mouth.

My head snapped up when Stella came roaring from the kitchen, w  
l in mybutcher's knife in one hand and a pan in the other. She wasn't cor  
n, theymess around, but I didn't want her caught in the middle of this.

Reese groaned, trying to sit up. I needed to get us out of here before  
e she'd little gang turned their attention back to us.

"Stella! Help me get Reese." Stella changed course, having been r  
natchedpummel Malcolm with the cast iron pan.

table, I We looped our arms under Reese and rushed into the kitchen and  
of painthe backdoor. Shoving it open, we came face to face with a vicious j

wolves. My ears rang with the angry snarls and howls as they poured i  
ears of restaurant.

ick out Stella and I half-dragged, half-carried Reese a safe difference fr  
chaos.

with his "Are you okay?" Reese whispered.

deadly The adrenaline was wearing off and tears streamed down my

"Why are you worried about me? I'm fine! You're dying!"

t done, Reese's giggle turned to a groan. "I'm a wolf shifter, I'll heal. You  
Hard. getting rid of me that quick."

ble and On impulse, I threw my arms around her neck, squeezing her tight.

"You were epic, luna." She patted my back while Stella fusse  
Reese's injuries.

Then my other worry rose to the surface. "Reese, I think I killed him  
y could "Nah. His heart was still beating. Unfortunately, he'll live—"

sitting A roar of fury tore through the air and Rig's wolf blurred acr  
parking lot and into the restaurant.

1 as he “Nevermind.” Reese shrugged, then winced. “Rig is definitely going  
him.”

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“Nevermind.” Reese shrugged, then winced. “Rig is definitely going to kill him.”

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# CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

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# CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

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## *Monroe*

Cillian and Syrus showed up moments after Rig. Both wolves rushed me, shifting into their human forms to check me for injuries. Stella was loose with a rapid-fire string of Spanish.

“What is she saying?” I asked Reese, worried Stella wasn’t going to be able to handle the knowledge that shifters existed.

“Girl, my Spanish sucks,” Reese snickered. “But I recognize enough to know it is your mates’ bodies that caught her attention, not the fact that two wolves just turned into men. I think she’s wishing she were twenty years younger.”

“We heard you in the link. We thought you were hurt.” Cillian’s eyes widened, and he pressed his forehead to mine.

Reese guffawed. “Heck no! Your sweet little luna has you fooling around thinking she’s a scared rabbit. She’s an assassin ninja bunny.”

My mates gave her twin looks of confusion, and Syrus moved to check for a stab wound.

“Monroe, if you are truly okay, I’m going to go make sure the pack doesn’t go on a rampage. You didn’t just call us... you called the pack. Between

and the smell of blood, they are going to have to fight their wolves to control.” Cillian stood, but hesitated.

“Go! I’m fine. Make sure our wolves are okay. Shoo.” I motioned to go. “Syrus can get us home.”

Reluctantly, Cillian took a step backward before turning on his heel and shifting into his wolf.

“Let’s go home.” Syrus stood and held out his hand to help me to my feet.

“Syrus, what about Reese and Stella? We can’t let Stella back in the house until it’s clean and everything that’s being destroyed is replaced.”

“We’ll take them home with us. Reese’s brothers are in the fray, and we aren’t leaving her alone.” Syrus bent and scooped Reese into his arms.

Stella let out a gasp. “Stella, we need you to come with us.” I looped my arm through her arm.

“Okay?”

The older woman hesitated, but finally nodded. “You two are a mess.”

“You have questions. Let’s go.” Untying her apron, she tossed it to me. “Betty’s apron.”

“Your man put this on. My old heart can’t handle your man candy.”

I laughed and quickly tied the pink ruffled apron around Syrus’ waist.

He looked like a photo from a buff firefighter calendar. It was absurd, but

sexy as heck.

Giggling, I smacked Syrus on the butt. “Let’s go home, Betty Cocke.”

ed into



I sighed, snuggling tighter against Syrus’ chest. This had been the longest week in the history of days.

After we arrived home, Syrus had settled Reese in a guest room. Stella didn’t hurry to help her shower and bandage her wound. While Stella had never been that

regain to Reese, I'd gone to take my own shower, eager to wash the blood, and sticky margarita from my skin.

for him Now we were in the living room, sipping hot cocoa, while Stella  
around our kitchen. Incredible scents wafted through the room.

feel and "Is she cooking or rearranging the cabinets?" I whispered.

"Both. Cooking seems to be her way of working through anxiety. P  
y feet. wasn't impressed by our bachelor housekeeping. I think we've  
re until adopted," Syrus chuckled.

"I hope so! What I ate today at her restaurant was delicious!"

and we Reese laughed. "I'm going to be here for dinner every night, if th  
case!"

gh hers. The front door swung open, and Cillian stormed inside. "He won't f  
listen to me!"

ss and I "Who won't?" I asked.

ut have My question was answered when Rig trotted in behind him, his wo  
wagging happily.

aist. He "DROP IT," Cillian ordered, pushing enough alpha command i  
out also words that even I felt it.

Rig rumbled a complaint and dropped the stuffed toy he was carryin

er!" "What is that?" Syrus squinted at the toy.

"Not what. You mean *who*," Cillian hissed. "Rig! I didn't mean  
him in here! Take him back outside!"

jest day Reese burst into laughter. "He brought you a rabbit!"

"What?!" I squeaked, looking closer.

ella had A sinking feeling filled the pit of my stomach when I recogni  
tended rabbit's pelt. "Seth."

Reese clutched her sides, howling with laughter. "Your mate just l

“I’ll give you a dead rabbit as a gift like a fricking kitty cat.”

“He’s dead?” I croaked.

“Yes, oh wait. Maybe not—”

The rabbit leaped to his paws and bounded across the floor toward the kitchen, hoping to escape the wolves.

Stella’s scream was followed by the racket of pans being thrown around the kitchen.

“Get him, Stella!” Reese screamed encouragement.

Rig barked and scrambled to join the chaos. His nails couldn’t get traction and he slid across the hardwood floors, crashing into walls and furniture.

The doorbell rang, adding one more thing to the poop storm threatening our home. Cillian threw up his hands.

“Rig! Catch the rabbit and take him to the jail with the rest of his friends!” Cillian roared after my bloodthirsty mate.

I started to get up, but Cillian motioned for me to stay. “You’re not handling it.”

Flinging open the door, and clearly prepared to scare off any unwanted visitors, Cillian snarled. “You best not be from the rabbit council. I’m not in the mood today.”

“Um, no. I mean, yes,” a soft feminine voice said from outside.

I scrambled off Syrus’ lap and headed to the open door. Ducking under Cillian’s arm, I came face-to-face with a blue-eyed, blue-haired rabbit.

“You aren’t from the council.” I bit my lip, trying to remember if I’d ever seen her. “I don’t think I’ve ever seen you in the burrows.”

She twisted her hands together. “No, I’m not from your old burrow. My name is Ellora. I’m from the Greenbriar burrow in Oregon.”

I held out my hand. “Nice to meet you, Ellora. I’m—”

“Oh! I already know who you are! I bet every bunny in the US knows you are!” Ellora took my hand, flashing me a small smile.

“What do you mean?” Cillian questioned.

Ellora’s eyes shot up to meet his and her smile fell away. “Monroe is a bunny who runs with wolves. She’s turned our world upside down.” Dizziness washed through me. I didn’t want to be known across the continent. All I wanted was to enjoy my pack and be left alone by those who’d lived in my old burrow.

“Someone recorded the meeting in the clearing and leaked the video. They were incredible, and I realized I didn’t have to accept a role I’d been put into either. At the end, you told the rabbits that they had other options if they could come to you.” Ellora glanced nervously behind her. “I know your friends!” were talking to your old burrow, but I hoped if I could get here, you could help me escape too.”

My heart banged in my chest, and I met her tear-filled eyes. I saw the pain I’d gone through shimmering in their brilliant blue depths.

“Was it your bonded?” I asked, already knowing the answer.

She nodded. “Except I wasn’t able to run before my heat hit. The rabbits love me, they just want me to give them heirs and take care of their needs. I couldn’t stay any longer, so I ran.”

Reaching out, I took her hand and led her into the house.

“Of course we’ll help.” I gave her a hug as she sank to the floor, sobbing. “You’re not alone.”

I looked up at Cillian, pleading with him to agree with me.

“You are safe here, Ellora. I’ve already sent a message through the link that you are to be protected as a member of the pack. I’m glad you’re here. Monroe has been cut off from the local burrow and that is hard

ws whoshifter. Please stay as long as you wish.” Cillian bent and pressed a s  
to my lips.

Hope and joy burst inside me. With the help of my wolves, our litt  
e is thecould become a safe haven for bunny shifters.

I had loving mates, a loyal pack, a best friend, and now... *I had a pu*  
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shifter. Please stay as long as you wish.” Cillian bent and pressed a soft kiss to my lips.

Hope and joy burst inside me. With the help of my wolves, our little town could become a safe haven for bunny shifters.

I had loving mates, a loyal pack, a best friend, and now... *I had a purpose.*

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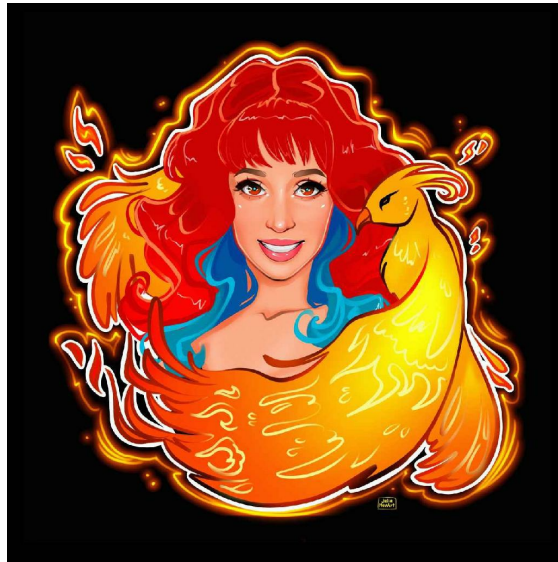
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## *About Author*



Sedona Ashe doesn't reserve her sarcasm for her books; her poor husband can tell you that her wit, humor, and snarky attitude are just part of her life. While she loves writing paranormal shifter reverse harem novels, she is also a sucker for true love, twisted situations, and wacky humor.

Sedona lives in a small town at the base of the Great Smoky Mountains in Tennessee. She and her husband share their home with their three children, an adorable pup, five cats, an arctic fox, chickens, several crazy turkeys

chubby frogs, an emu with happy feet, and over a hundred reptiles. When isn't working, she enjoys getting away from the computer to hike, free travel, study languages, and capture places and animals in her photographs. She has a crazy goal of writing a million words in a year, and spending months exploring Indonesia.

You can find more information about the author and her books here:

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