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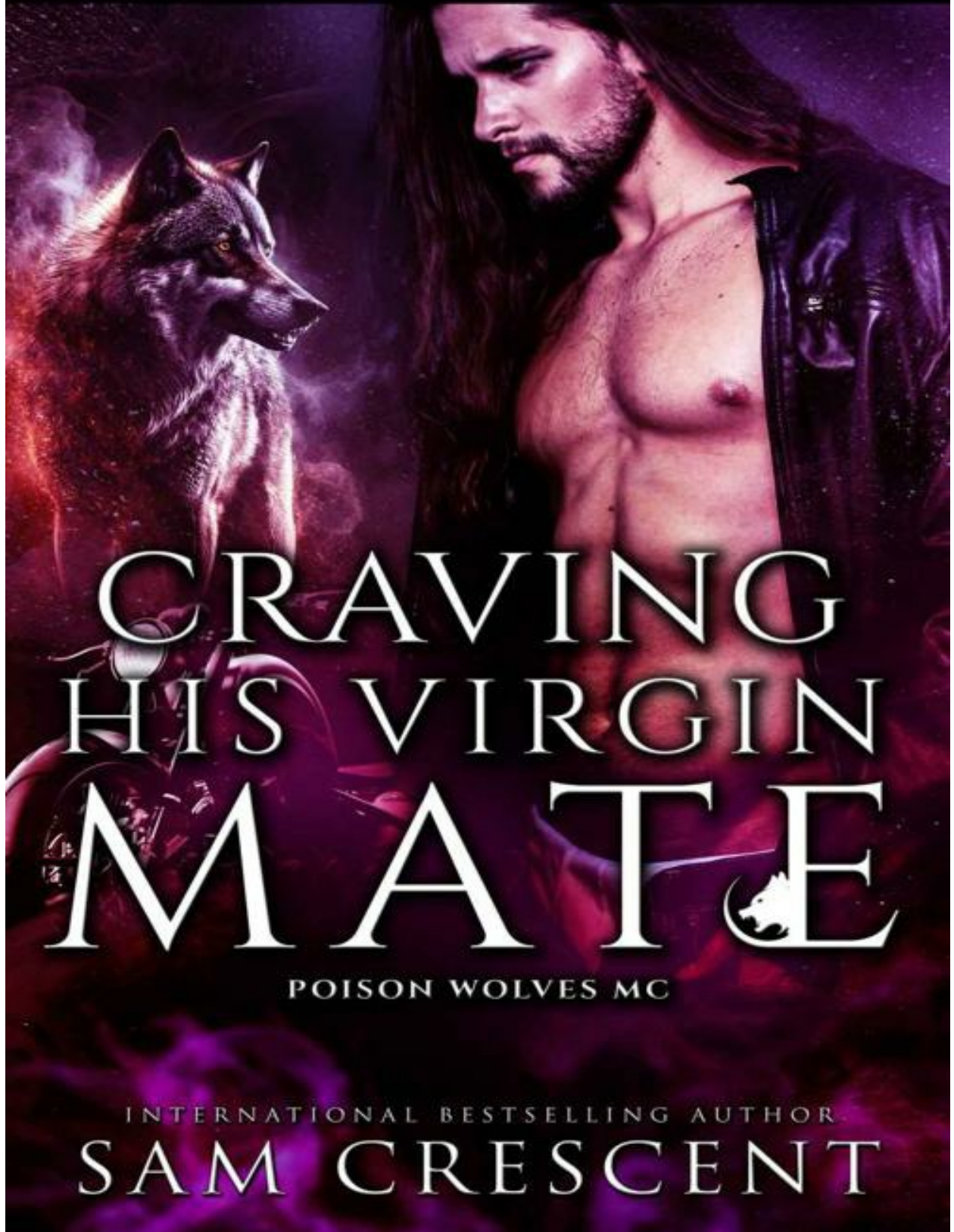
CRAVING HIS VIRGIN MATE

POISON WOLVES MC

INTERNATIONAL BESTSELLING AUTHOR

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CRAVING HIS VIRGIN MATE

Poison Wolves MC, 2

Sam Crescent

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Chapter One

Agatha Preston thanked the young waitress who served her. Before she could ask any questions, though, the woman was gone, walking away without saying a word. She wasn't worried. In this small, quaint town, which she believed was named Poison, a lot of the locals were very offish, especially with her.

She had noticed most were perfectly fine with one another and more than welcoming, but it seemed when it came to her, they were not exactly forthcoming. She'd arrived in town two days ago, and at first, no one had been helpful. Whenever she asked about a hotel, they would look at her cluelessly, but that didn't matter.

Her original plan had been to stay for a couple of days, take some pictures, enjoy the scenery, and move on, only that hadn't happened. All it had taken was two days for her to fall in love with the town. Not the people, just the town. It was like a small village in the middle of nowhere, surrounded by forest — a place for people to get lost, and right now, she didn't want to leave. For the first time in forever, she finally felt peace and at home.

Staring down at her burger and fries, she felt her mouth water, and she took a large bite, closing her eyes at the exquisite taste. The food alone was to die for. She grabbed some ketchup and squirted a nice, big dollop onto her plate. The diet was gone. She didn't even know why she bothered to lose weight. There was no boyfriend waiting in the wings. Not even her adoptive mother was around to glare at her unhealthy eating.

Another bite of the cheeseburger, and before she had even finished, she shoved a fry in. She was so hungry. Every now and then, she caught people staring at her, but she refused to feel self-conscious. She wasn't eating like a pig. There was no dribble of sauce down her chin, nothing, and what did it matter if there was? She wasn't hurting anyone.

Pushing her negative thoughts to the back of her mind, she looked down at her food and made an effort to not look at anyone else.

The plan for the day was to go exploring. She wanted to see if there was a house or an apartment for sale, which meant she could prolong her stay. The hotel she stayed at wasn't exactly welcoming. Each morning, noon, and night, the owner, who refused to introduce herself, asked when she was leaving.

She couldn't believe how inhospitable they were being, but then again, she wasn't exactly known for giving in to rudeness. Her adoptive parents had always told her to stand her ground for what she believed in. They'd been the rocks in her life up until a year ago, when they had died in a horrible auto collision. The pain of losing them had been so acute, and little by little, through traveling, she'd been able to soothe her broken soul.

Traveling helped a lot, and she documented her experience in her blog. Everywhere she'd been, she'd made a post, or several, talking about the food, the scenery, the vibe, all of it. Ever since she arrived in Poison, she hadn't typed a single word. There was so much she wanted to say, but at the same time, this was a tiny piece of heaven, and she knew that, deep in her soul.

Agatha's attention was pulled away from her food and drawn to the main door, which was open as it was the height of summer. She spotted two large men wearing leather jackets who seemed to pull all the diner's gazes toward them. They walked past her table, and one of the men, who sported a long ponytail, stopped and looked at her.

Poison Wolves MC. They were a motorcycle club. She had seen quite a few in the past year, but none of them had looked like this. They were tall men, large, and muscular as well. Both wore jeans that clung to them like a second skin.

Agatha couldn't look away, especially from the guy with the ponytail. She didn't even know why she was drawn to him. He moved toward the counter, and she noticed he watched her. She had already finished her food. This was not normal for her. She wasn't used to such scrutiny and it was making her nervous. Why was he staring at her? Her hands shook a little and her stomach seemed to twist as she continued to sit at the table.

Agatha grabbed her bag, lifted her tray, and carried it across the diner to where she saw several empty trays stored. Sliding hers inside, she turned and made her way to the counter, only to stop when Ponytail stood right in front of her.

"You're not from around here, are you?" he asked.

His voice was deep, and it seemed to travel down her spine in a caress.

"Er, no, I'm not." She frowned.

What was the proper and polite introduction? Words seemed to fail her. She quickly held her hand out.

“Hi, I’m Agatha Preston,” she said.

He stared at her hand, his gaze unwavering as he looked right at her, not through her, but right at her.

What did he see? Was he angry? Why did it even matter what he was thinking or feeling? She didn’t know him.

Suddenly, he grabbed her hand, his grip was tight but not too tight.

“Boyan,” he said.

“It’s nice to meet you ... Boyan.” Why were her nipples getting hard? She had never had this reaction to a man, like, ever. She forced a smile to her lips.

Agatha couldn’t remember a time in her life when she’d been comfortable in a man’s company. She often felt a little out of place. She hated crowded places, loud music, and she often preferred her own company. She hadn’t made many friends.

Her parents had told her from the beginning that she’d been adopted. They didn’t want any secrets between them. When she was sixteen, she was curious about her adoption, and they had gone to find answers together. Hoping to figure out why she didn’t seem to fit in anywhere. The only information the adoption agency had was that she’d been left on the doorstep of their office. That was it. No information about parents. Nothing.

Agatha had done a blood test in the hope of trying to find information about her past, but nothing. So, she had given up. No, she’d not given up, but what she had done was accept that her birth parents didn’t want her, and there was no trace of them. She had her parents, and that was enough. Until they passed.

Now, she traveled. Staying in one place was just too hard. When she could go and see her parents, living close to them, in one place, had seemed like the right thing to do. The moment there was nothing for her to hold onto, she’d moved. Sold her apartment, quit her job, and traveled. It was in her blood and what she’d wanted to do for years. She had waited until she was twenty-five years old.

Which was why it was so surprising to her that she was tempted to stay here. The people were awful, but the town was beautiful. She loved it here, and for the first time in her life, she felt at home. Again, so freaking strange.

This was not home. This was the furthest place from home. It wasn’t in the city, there were no cars as far as the eye could see, and certainly no

brick buildings, and fake trees and flowers to appease everyone. The air didn't stink.

Releasing Boyan's hand, she smiled at him, and then left the diner, stepping out into the warm summer sun. Tilting her head back, she pushed her sunglasses up her nose and just took a moment to enjoy the summer rays.

She needed to find a realtor. Walking around Poison hadn't shown any potential houses or apartments for sale, and she really, really wanted a place to call her own. Once she settled down, she'd figure out what she wanted to do with the rest of her life. For now, she wanted to find a place to live.

Poison was going to be her home, even if the people were horrible.

"That's the female that stumbled her way into town. She's the one who's pissing Alpha off," Enzo said.

Boyan watched the sway of the woman's hips as she left the diner. He knew Alpha was pissed. He'd called church the night she had stumbled into town. According to their sources, no one had been nice to her. Wolfe was keeping Amelia at bay, the only woman who would be nice to the female. The pack didn't want a human in their town.

The best way to get her to move on was to be total assholes to her. Nothing seemed to be working, though. It had been a couple of days and the woman wasn't budging.

He'd heard complaints that she took pictures of the forest, scenery, smiled at the locals, but didn't seem to recoil from them. Even now, he was doing his best to be disgusted with her presence, and she didn't seem to care.

"There's something off about her," Boyan said.

"You think? Most humans would have left by now. No one will talk to her. They won't even clean her hotel room."

Boyan frowned and glanced down at his hand. There was strength inside her, he'd felt it as he held her hand.

Enzo sighed. "Maybe one of us should fuck her, piss her off, and then send her on her merry way."

Boyan growled and as he did, the sound echoed around the diner, stopping several of the pack from eating as they looked toward him in fear. He didn't give a shit what they thought.

The pack admired the Poison Wolves MC. They were the ones who protected the pack. They were all alphas within their own right, but it was

Alpha they turned to, their club prez, to make the final decisions. Not that he made them alone.

The whole club made the decision, which was why he and Enzo were in town. Alpha wanted them to protect the pack, to scare the little human female into leaving. He looked toward Enzo, who'd already pulled out his knitting. The moment he got comfortable, there was no moving him.

“Seriously?”

“You made first contact, and you're looking pissed off that she didn't get the hint. You're all growly, and I want to finish this sweater.”

“You're being an asshole.”

Enzo winked at him. “Of course I am. We agreed to come here for Alpha, but that doesn't mean I want to spend all afternoon scaring a little human, when you can do all of that without me. I'm going to knit and when you fail, I'll get the job done, and I might look rather dashing in my new sweater.” He held it up to himself. “What do you think?”

Boyan wasn't even going to waste his breath. Enzo liked to knit, like, a lot. It was what he did to pass the time. It was either knit or fuck. The brother did both, but he'd never found the right female for himself.

Presently, the only club brother who was mated was Wolfe, and the club members were getting tired of hearing him fuck Amelia every single night. Boyan was tired of it. All they did was fuck.

Boyan had even gotten to the stage where he refused to be at the club if Wolfe and Amelia turned up. Being around a fully-mated couple wasn't supposed to be hard. He was happy for Wolfe, but if anything, seeing the club brother settled down and happy made him realize exactly what he was missing in life, and that alone was just crazy.

There was nothing in his life to miss. Only ... the love of a woman. Not just any woman either, the right woman. It made him feel like a fucking pussy just to think about it.

He was one of the fucking Poison Wolves MC. He helped to protect the pack and this town from potential harm and certainly from hunters. Thinking about settling down wasn't in his job description. This wasn't something he should be thinking about. But, he was, all the freaking time — because of Wolfe and Amelia. It was a lot easier when Wolfe pretended to not like Amelia, and kept his relationship a secret with the young rebellious wolf.

Boyan had enjoyed watching the pack squirm in the early days of

Amelia and Wolfe. The whole pack had hated her and her vegan-loving ways. She was the only person within the pack to have two dogs with her as well. She was the complete opposite of everyone within the pack. Now, he tried to avoid being near the couple. He didn't like the feeling in the pit of his stomach, the loneliness that seemed to consume him.

"Boyan?" Enzo asked, still holding his knitting up against his body.

He shook his head, got to his feet, and left. Enzo was there for the long haul, which meant it was now up to him to go and get some answers. Stepping outside, he inhaled deeply, picking up her scent.

It was a subtle scent, like a very mellow cinnamon, not overpowering. This was strange. Everything about this woman was different. A normal person would have run away by now, after the way the pack had treated her. It had been quite clearly stated that her presence wasn't wanted, and yet here she was, still. Refusing to leave.

Picking up his pace, he nearly lost her scent across town. How was she able to blend in with the pack? This never happened before. Boyan focused on her scent alone, following it, and picking it up close to the realtor's office. He came to a stop when he spotted her talking to Bob.

He hated Bob. The piece of shit had given Agatha a hard time. Even though there had been property to rent or buy for a member of their pack, he attempted to send her packing.

"I'm afraid we don't have anything on the books at the moment. No apartment lettings, no rentals, not even a house swap. We have nothing," Bob said.

The pack were not happy. They were running scared, and he understood it. Humans hadn't been kind to the pack, especially hunters. It was why they made sure to have constant surveillance around the pack and through the forest. Not the kind controlled by cameras. No, they used their beta team, as well as the main MC.

This woman, Agatha, smiled. "Seriously, you're a realtor and there's absolutely nothing on your books?"

"Nothing."

"Then what's with all these pictures?" Agatha asked, pointing at his shop window. "This is not nothing."

"We're in the process of removing them. To be honest, this town is not the best when it comes to employment, business, or housing. Between you and me, this is a dead place and one you should immediately leave."

“Is that any way to speak to our guest?” Boyan asked.

He didn’t know why it bothered him that Bob was trying to get her to leave town.

Agatha spun around to look at him. There was a smile on her lips, but he detected how forced it was.

“Ah, Boyan, is it?” she asked.

He nodded.

“This is Bob,” she said. “I’m sure you two know each other.”

Bob had already bowed his head, giving him respect. He was one of the pack leaders. Alpha gave all the orders, but he was still part of the Poison Wolves, which made him higher in rank than most.

“We do.”

Agatha nodded and turned to Bob. “Thank you for your time. I appreciate it. If there is an opening, could you please let me know? I’m enjoying my stay at the hotel, but I’d like to find something more permanent.”

She still wasn’t leaving.

Bob was a horrible bastard. Rude and mean along with it.

Boyan put up with him because he knew his shit about real estate and had helped the club many times, including finding locations needed to start building more homes. The pack was constantly expanding. Bob returned to his shop, and Agatha sighed and continued to walk away.

“You’re planning to stay?” Boyan asked, following her. It didn’t take him long to match her footsteps.

She stopped and turned toward him. “Is that a problem?”

“No.” The lie was easy.

“Huh, you could have fooled me. This town isn’t exactly the most hospitable, is it?” she asked.

“What makes you say that?”

“The way people are acting.” Agatha laughed. “Is that why this place isn’t a hot spot for tourists?”

“We have tourists. Plenty of them,” he said.

“The kind that don’t stick around?” she asked.

He didn’t say a word. Most of the time, they allowed human tourists to do their touristy stuff, made sure they didn’t exactly feel welcome, and then forced them to move on. Humans got uncomfortable around the pack, so it never took them long to leave.

Agatha was proving to be a pain in the ass. She just wouldn't leave.

"They never need to stick around," Boyan said. "The point of tourists being here is to see the sights and move on. They have no reason to stay."

"Really, because I can think of plenty of reasons."

Chapter Two

Each day she spent in Poison, she became more charmed by the place. Despite the people being aloof, she found it utterly cute and adorable. This had to be the weirdest trip she'd ever been on.

Her stay at the hotel also seemed to be annoying the shit out of the staff. She didn't know their names, as they refused to wear name tags or even introduce themselves. The diner at least served amazing food.

She turned the newspaper over, glancing through the old headlines. Agatha had seen the newspaper was nearly a year out of date, which was fine. Catching up with modern news had never been her strong point. Reading the newspaper was not on her list of plans for the day. No, enjoying her pancakes, which were smothered in syrup, along with bacon pieces and nearly a mountain of scrambled eggs, was the plan right now. Once she was done, she intended to explore the town, hoping to find a "For Rent" sign.

She had checked the realtor again, and he still hadn't removed any of the houses or apartments listed, which told her quite plainly he was lying. Fine. She didn't mind, she'd find a place to stay.

"Well, well, well, I have to say I thought Wolfe was kidding, but he wasn't, was he?"

Agatha looked up to see a beautiful woman pulling out a chair opposite her. She wore a lovely blue dress that hugged her body and flared out at the hips. Her long brown hair hung around her body.

Glancing around the diner, she noticed people were staring. Another little clothing item she spotted was the leather cut the woman was sporting. The kind that Boyan and a few of the other MC people had worn.

"Hello," Agatha said.

The woman smiled and then held out her hand. "Hello, I'm Amelia," she said.

She wasn't rude by nature and she took the woman's hand, giving it a shake. Agatha checked to see that there were several tables free, but this woman had come to sit with her.

"Do I know you?"

"I highly doubt that. You're new around here and, well, I'm not."

She had no idea what to say to that so she kept eating her breakfast. "What brings you here?" Amelia asked.

"Have you been sent to find out why I'm here?" Agatha asked.

“Yeah and no. The town is a little nervous about your presence.”

Agatha looked at the woman and knew she wasn't going to leave. “You do realize this is strange?”

Amelia chuckled. “True, I do realize that, but you see, what is also weird is a woman on her own, still in a town where I can guarantee most of the residents have been assholes to her. It has me curious.”

This whole town was strange and weird. She was just a single woman looking to find a place to settle down. No, that was a lie, when she entered this town she hadn't intended to stay. All she'd wanted to do was travel, and now she couldn't imagine leaving. She found the town's rudeness charming, which had to be incredibly strange, even for her. It wasn't like she went out of her way to be around rude people.

“What is there to be curious about? I like this town. It's beautiful and peaceful.”

“And do you have any family? A fiancé? A boyfriend?”

Agatha sighed. “No, my parents died a year ago. I don't have anyone.”

“Oh,” Amelia said. “I am so, so sorry.”

“It's fine.” The pain of losing her parents was still fresh, but she wasn't hurting as much. “It's why I want to move here. To have a fresh start. I've been traveling for so long now, and I think it's time I settled down. I know that's not going to be easy. I'll need to find a job and no one seems to want to rent me a place, let alone find me a job.”

“I have a job for you,” Amelia said.

This surprised her. “You do?”

“Yes, I do. I'll have to talk to the bar owner, Val, but I think there could be a place for you. We're always looking for waitresses.”

“A bar?”

“Yes, the Poison Bar,” Amelia said.

“Do you think that's wise?”

“I don't see why it would be a problem.”

Agatha smiled. “No one likes me, don't you think that would affect customers?”

Amelia threw her head back and laughed. “Trust me, no one in this town likes me, either. I mean, they put up with me because of who my husband is, but they don't like me. They've been trying to get rid of me for years, and in fact...” Amelia stopped and looked at her. “I do have a place.”

“You have a place?”

“Yes, it’s my old place. I’m not living there anymore, so if you don’t mind being near the bar and kind of on the outskirts of town, to the point of obscurity, you should be fine.”

She actually felt elated. “You’re sure?”

“Totally sure. If you’re ready, we can go check it out now if you’d like?”

“Yes, yes, I’d very much like that.” She finished her breakfast and quickly got to her feet to pay the bill.

The waitress constantly glared at her, but she didn’t care. She would have happily stayed at the hotel, but the chance to get away from the nasty looks and perhaps start a life here was too much of a temptation. She left the diner walking side by side with Amelia.

“So, this town doesn’t like you? Were you an outsider?”

Amelia chuckled. “No, not at all. I’m a ... vegan, which probably doesn’t mean a whole lot but I made sure to ban the hunting of deer, and I also own a couple of dogs, which is not well known here, and well, yeah, I’m the odd one out. You could say they act like a pack.”

She saw Amelia smiling.

“A pack?”

“Don’t you think?”

“I guess. Wait, are you referring to this town as a pack of wolves?” Agatha asked.

“Something like that.”

Agatha wouldn’t have described them like that, but this woman had been living here a lot longer than she had, so she figured it was best to leave the viewpoint to her.

“Don’t worry, they won’t be insulted by that,” Amelia said. “Most people would have left by now. If not at the hotel where Nancy and Georgie work, then certainly dealing with Bob.”

“Ah, you heard about Bob?” So those were the names of the women at the hotel — Nancy and Georgie. She liked the names. They were lovely.

“Everyone hears about Bob. He wasn’t exactly forthcoming with me. Tried to get me to leave town. Don’t worry about it. If you can handle people giving you the stink eye, and you know, being generally rude, then I’m sure you’ll settle in nicely.”

“What does everyone have against me?” Agatha asked. “I’ve been

polite and haven't been rude or attempted to ruin the natural beauty of the place."

"They don't like change, and you're proposing it. Don't worry about it, it'll pass."

They had walked for several minutes, leaving the town behind. The sun kept filtering through the trees but she had also noticed they were under a great deal of shade.

"Here it is," Amelia said. "It's not much, and the main showroom is still empty. I always hoped to do something with it, but so far, zip."

"It was an old shop?"

"Yep. The shop closed down, but the apartment it's attached to is more than fine. Trust me."

In an odd way, she kind of did. It probably helped that she was the first and only woman to be nice to her in a long time. She watched as Amelia pulled out her keys and went to the door. Following her inside, Agatha knew instantly she had fallen in love with the place. It was small, quaint, and in a bizarre way, smelled exactly like home.

"This is perfect," she said. "When can I move in?"

"You allowed her to move in?" Alpha asked.

Boyan looked across Alpha's office to see Amelia sitting with Wolfe right behind her, hands on her shoulders.

"Yep."

There was no fear in Amelia's eyes. She had allowed the human woman to move into her old place, since she now spent most of her days with Wolfe at either the club or the home they shared together.

Alpha swore and paced the length of his office. It was rather entertaining to see him losing his shit. Boyan was thoroughly amused. There was still the problem, though, of the human female now living amongst them, especially as they were two weeks away from a full moon. This posed a huge threat.

"I'm also talking to Val, I believe he'll have a job opening for her as well. Poison is always so very busy, and there are not a lot of the pack willing to be a waitress. She's looking for work."

"Wolfe!" Alpha all but growled.

"Do not tell your man, my husband, to shut me up. I don't see what the big deal is."

“She’s human,” Boyan said. “That poses a big threat to all of us. We accept tourists to a certain extent but not like this. You have made a massive mistake with this one.”

Amelia shook her head. “If you actually spoke to her, I’m pretty sure you would sense that there’s something different about her. Something ... off.”

“Boyan said the exact same thing,” Enzo said, still knitting away.

“What?” Alpha asked.

“She’s ... her scent isn’t strong,” Amelia said. “She’s not easily scared either, and I do think she finds this pack charming. All of us. All the crap they’ve done, being rude.”

“What do you mean, her scent isn’t strong?” Alpha asked. “All humans have a strong scent.”

“It fades,” Boyan said.

He’d been watching the woman from afar, trying to figure out what it was about her that made her so different.

“That’s not possible,” Alpha said.

“I’m telling you, when I followed her from the diner through town, her scent faded within the pack.” Boyan shrugged.

“What do we know about her?” Alpha asked, seeming to grow even more tense.

Boyan knew why he was tense, as did Wolfe, Enzo, Rocco, Draco, and Gunnar. They all knew why he was tense. They’d found ... another one.

A year ago, Wolfe’s mate, Amelia, had been attacked by a vet she used, Dr. Milton. He’d helped with a couple of the deer she’d attempted to save, which had then led to the petition to stop the pack from hunting them during a full moon. Anyway, Dr. Milton had discovered they were wolves, and as he did so, he had started to infect people, including himself.

Up until two weeks ago, they hadn’t found any more people infected, until they stumbled on a man, squirming, his bones shattering as he went through a transition. This man was no longer human nor beast, but something mixed, something deadly. They had him chained up in a secret location, under constant watch. They didn’t trust the beta team with him. This was something for the club.

Not long after they found this man, Agatha showed up in town. Boyan wanted to believe it was a coincidence, but he had a horrible feeling it wasn’t. Whatever Dr. Milton did, he had infected people with their blood, and now, it

was up to them to try and clean up the mess.

Humans were not meant to turn. Full-blooded wolves could turn. Humans didn't have the strength of mind or body to withstand such a transition. It would kill them. Everyone they encountered had so far perished. They tried to save them, but it was impossible.

"She's alone," Amelia said. "She has no family, her parents are gone. No boyfriend or loved one."

"I'll run a check on Agatha Preston," Boyan said.

The club looked toward him.

"That's how she introduced herself to me. She gave me her name."

"And once she meets Val, I can give you a date of birth," Amelia said.

"You're willing to do this?" Wolfe asked.

"We need to protect the pack, I understand that, but if you just spoke to this woman, even if you only said a few words, or smelled her, you wouldn't see a threat."

"Boyan didn't see a threat," Enzo said.

"Fuck off, Enzo," Boyan said.

"What does he mean?" Alpha asked.

"He means nothing because he doesn't know what he's talking about."

"I need to know if this is going to be a problem for you?" Alpha asked.

"So, I think she's sexy? Yes, I want to fuck her. What's the big deal? I want to fuck most women. This woman won't be a problem."

"You will not fuck her," Alpha said.

"Out there, you tell the pack what to do. Not me and not here."

He wasn't going to be told who he could stick his dick in.

"Leave us," Alpha said.

One by one, the men left. Amelia followed behind her husband, and within seconds, he was alone with Alpha.

"This woman could be dangerous to the pack, Boyan."

"I understand that, but you're making a judgment call right now, without meeting her."

"She's human."

"And so humans are all bad?"

"We've never met a good one, and right now, I don't believe it's safe for her. I'm pretty sure it hasn't escaped your mind that all the people

currently infected are in some way making their way here.”

It hadn't escaped his notice.

The people they had found were close to the town line, most of them collapsing in the forest.

“She is a human female, and this means her life could be at risk.”

“Dr. Milton is dead.”

“And we don't know how many people he infected or who they're infecting, if they can even infect other people.”

“I'm aware of this, which is why now is a good time to keep her around,” Boyan said. “We don't know what is out there, but to leave her to fend for herself, to leave town completely unprotected is not something we should be considering either. I know having a human female in town is not ideal, but we're going to have to deal with it.”

“What about Draco?” Alpha asked.

Boyan knew he'd bring up the club brother. Draco had been the only one of them to be mated. This was many moons ago. His mate had been killed by a human hunter, and Draco hadn't been the same since. Losing the only love he'd ever have had killed a part of his soul. There were moments Draco was more animal than human. If it hadn't been for the club, he'd have gladly given in to the beast.

“Then he's on guard duty,” Boyan said. “I know none of this is ideal, but it is what it is. We can't put her life at risk, and we can't expose her to Draco or any of the infected. We just can't.” He ran fingers through his hair then pulled it all back, tying it in a bun at the base of his neck.

He needed to get the length cut, but he kind of had a thing with the salon owner, Macy, and they liked to fuck around the full moon. The only problem was Macy got a little too attached, and well, he got a little bored. It was why he'd not gotten his hair cut in a long time.

Not that he feared Macy. The club would be pissed if anything happened to him, and she would have to answer to any crimes she committed. She didn't like to take no for an answer. Macy had started to talk about mating, the future, kids, all of it. Boyan knew she'd enjoyed many men of the pack, not that he minded that, but she wasn't the woman he wished to settle down with.

“Fine. I'll deal with Draco,” Alpha said.

Alpha was always able to bring Draco back from the edge. So far, Draco had seemed fine. The last few weeks, he'd been focused on keeping

this human alive.

It was strange, ever since his mate died, he'd been happy to hunt and kill humans. The infected humans seemed to garner his sympathy, and he attempted to help them all through the transition. They hadn't made it.

The current infected seemed to be lasting the longest. Boyan knew they should contact Shirley, the pack healer, but if they did that, it would alert the pack to the problem. The pack could be giant pains in the ass, but they also feared the unknown. There was a chance they would attempt to hunt and kill all those infected, even though it wasn't their fault.

There was a lot of shit going on. He knew deep down they didn't have time for a strange-smelling female, but what more could they do? He also didn't want her to leave. There was something about her that had his wolf intrigued. He'd not told Enzo about that.

He'd not let anyone know that the moment he was close to Agatha Preston, his wolf woke up, and the urge to mate was exceedingly strong.

Chapter Three

This was insane.

Agatha had never known a job interview to go by so fast. Amelia had picked her up from her apartment, and they'd walked to the bar.

Val was a nice man, a little rough around the edges, and his gaze had seemed almost penetrative. Like he was trying to see all the way through her, which was fine, a little off-putting, but it was something she could handle.

She had gotten the job after a few choice questions. Again, the easiest interview she'd ever been part of.

Now, all she had to do was work, which consisted of clearing tables, taking orders, and delivering them to the customers. Most of the time, as Amelia said, it was about serving the bar. Her training would begin tonight. Agatha had no idea how this was going to work.

She'd never liked crowds. She'd never been a people person. In fact, back in the city, her job had been in a small cubicle, taking phone calls and handling people's insurance. That was it. She'd not been great at her job, but she'd been good. Her small cubicle had been her safe haven, as it stopped people from crowding her space. At work, they all had a job to do.

Working at a bar was not keeping people at a distance. It was not talking to them through a device and helping on a computer screen.

"You're looking nervous," Amelia said.

"Oh, it's nothing. I haven't had much experience in bars."

"You haven't?"

"No."

"You've not partied?" Amelia asked.

"No, I'm not much of a partier." She held onto the cloth with a death grip, not wanting to let it go for fear of what that would mean.

She was not going to panic.

Her heart raced. Her hands felt clammy. Her stomach seemed to twist.

Amelia grabbed her hands. "Stop. Just stop. Don't worry. Trust me, they won't bite, and even their hatred of me didn't stop them from ordering. Everything is going to be fine."

"I don't think Val should have hired me."

"He likes to be a rebel. Don't mind him. He seems to like everything everyone else doesn't." She shrugged. "He was the only one who'd hire me."

Agatha smiled. She didn't see why people in town had such an issue

with Amelia. She was a sweetheart. So lovely. She had to wonder if people still gave Amelia a hard time because of the leather jacket she wore. Agatha had noticed she rarely took it off. Even now, she was behind the counter, and it was hot — summer was not messing around this year — but Amelia still wore her leather jacket.

For a split second, she couldn't help but think about what it would mean to be wanted enough to have someone give her a leather cut, to stake their claim. She didn't get much time to think as the doors to the bar opened and a large group of people stepped through.

Agatha noticed them hesitate when they saw her, but it didn't stop them. They went to Amelia and gave their orders. She released a breath and stood behind the bar, waiting for someone to ask her to get their order.

Val came around the bar and put a hand on her shoulder. "What can we get you?"

Agatha tried not to freak out. She saw that people wanted to wait for Amelia to serve, but they also didn't want to offend Val. They gave him their order, and that was when her training started.

She was a mess. The beer pump was quite strong and she ended up holding the glass too close to the nozzle. She ended up smashing three glasses, shooting beer up against her shirt, and then not filling them quite deep enough. Val took over, but he only did one or two, giving her time to see and learn. After the tenth glass of beer, she was starting to get the hang of it.

With how fast the bar filled up, they had no choice but to come to her, as Val and Amelia were busy. She was a little surprised to look up and see that there were people everywhere, and the panic she had had earlier evaporated.

"You need to go and grab some glasses and clear the tables," Val said, handing her a serving tray.

She took it, grateful to leave the counter, because serving didn't seem to be her strong suit.

Working her way between the tables was not difficult at all. People were giving her a wide berth. She knew, deep down, she should be a little upset by that, but in truth, she didn't care. Carrying trays full of empty glasses was easy. When she got to the kitchen around back, she saw there were a lot of them that needed cleaning, so she got to work without Val's insistence. She washed the glasses, dried them, and carried them through to

the main bar, placing them on the back counter for Amelia and Val to serve. She got into a nice routine.

“So, they’ve got you here in the back.”

Agatha nearly dropped the glass she’d been holding. She hadn’t heard anyone enter the kitchen.

She held the glass tightly and turned to look at the man, Boyan. His voice was very distinctive. Deep, dark, rough, and an edge that seemed to melt her panties.

“Someone needs to clean glasses.”

“Is this what you did back home?” Boyan asked.

She shook her head. “No.”

“What did you do back home?”

She glanced over her shoulder to find Boyan still looking at her. “Are you supposed to be back here?”

“I can be anywhere I want to be.”

“Val doesn’t mind?”

Boyan raised a brow. “Back home?”

“I, uh, I worked in an office. I handled insurance.”

“In a small office?”

“Yes.” She finished washing the last of the glasses and grabbed a towel, ready to dry them.

Boyan surprised her by taking the towel from the counter and joining her.

“You don’t have to do that.”

“But I want to.”

“Do you work here as well?”

“No.”

“Then trust me, I need this job. I already suck at serving,” she said.

“I heard. Word seemed to travel fast that the new girl can’t serve drinks.”

Agatha rolled her eyes. “I will get better.”

“I have no doubt, but it seems people like to see you fail.”

“You do realize this isn’t a good advertisement for the town.”

“I’m not trying to advertise it. This place can be a massive shit show, and yet, for some reason, you’re still here. Makes a guy wonder why?”

“And I like to keep guys wondering.” She placed the glasses on the tray and picked them up.

“Is that what you’re doing? Trying to keep a guy back home wondering?”

“Not at all. I’m here because there’s nothing waiting for me back home. Why go someplace and be lonely?”

Boyan looked at her and she found it impossible to look away. Why did he do that? *How* did he do that? It wasn’t like his look was friendly or forthcoming. He actually looked quite mean, but again, she still couldn’t bring herself to turn away. Maybe it was the town. It was starting to have an affect on her mind that she couldn’t quite control. That made more sense to her.

“And yet, you’ve come to a town that has not been accepting. Many would say coming to a place and setting up a home where no one wants you is even more lonely.”

“It is, but this is where it gets really strange...” — she moved in close to almost whisper — “I don’t feel lonely here.”

She took a step and made her way out toward the bar. It was the truth. She knew she should feel an element of loneliness and despair. The town had been consistent in making her feel like an outsider. Even though they’d done that, she loved the town and felt so complete and at home. It was strange.

Admittedly, having Val sniff her from time to time was a little strange. The first time he did it, she asked Amelia about it, and the other woman had told her not to worry about it. Even still, she was pretty sure when she stood close to Boyan, he’d also sniffed her.

Oh, well, the town was full of interesting people, and this was where she planned to make her home. She’d accept them, quirks and all.

The pack couldn’t get drunk, though they could attempt to. At the most, they would get very merry, but that wouldn’t last. Their systems wouldn’t allow them to get too far as they metabolized at a fast rate.

Boyan sat at the bar and watched Agatha as she continued to gather glasses and disappear into the kitchen. She’d be gone for several minutes, only to return with clean glasses.

“You keep staring,” Amelia said.

“Why is she working in the back?” Boyan asked.

“It’s where Val sent her. She wasn’t doing great on the serving, and people were getting antsy. We’ll train her, and she’ll be as good as me at serving.” Amelia shrugged. “Is Alpha coming down to check her out?”

“I’m not sure.” Alpha wanted to get a sense of her, but he had a feeling he’d do it when Agatha wasn’t even aware of it. Boyan didn’t know when, but Alpha would get his answers. He took a long swig of his drink.

“Are you okay?” Amelia asked.

“I’m fine.”

“Don’t give me that. I know having her around might be a little hard,” Amelia said.

“It’s not hard. I promised Alpha I’d keep an eye on her. That’s what I’m doing. That is *all* I’m doing.”

His wolf was trying to claw through his skin, trying to force him to go into the kitchen, just so he could see her again. He ignored the impulse. He was the one in control of his body, not his wolf. Not anyone else. Just him. He had to stop himself from constantly looking out for her. The moment she stepped into the room, his body went on high alert.

“Macy alert,” Amelia said, and took a step back.

Boyan didn’t have time to make his escape before fingers stroked up the back of his leather cut.

“Hello, Boyan,” Macy said.

“Macy.” He shrugged off her hand.

He didn’t need or want to be cruel, but she didn’t seem to take a hint, or the plain bluntness of denying her attentions. He wasn’t interested in her. They had some fun times, but that was all it was.

“I haven’t seen you in a long time.” She reached out to touch his ponytail and he grabbed her wrist.

“Don’t.”

She stuck out her bottom lip, in what he assumed was supposed to be a pout.

“Boyan, you do not have to be that way.” She pressed her body against his arm.

He’d never struck a woman in his life. In fact, he often had a great deal of patience, but Macy was testing his last freaking nerve.

“Step back, Macy.”

“Come on, Boyan. You know as well as I do that you want me. That you need me. It’s been so long since you came to visit me.”

Boyan stood and pulled away from her. “I also know you’ve been enjoying many of the pack. I suggest you back off before you embarrass yourself.”

Val was there, grabbing Macy by the arm and escorting her away. Boyan didn't want to be at the bar, waiting for glimpses of the new woman. He handed Amelia some money and stepped behind the counter, going into the kitchen. Agatha was there, drying some glasses again.

"You don't have to keep coming back here. I'm quite capable of cleaning glasses without assistance."

"Tell me about yourself," he said.

His wolf liked to hear her voice. So far, just her talking was able to calm the beast within him, which was what he needed right now. He'd wanted to tear out Macy's throat. His wolf was not happy with the idea of her touching them. He'd go so far as to say his wolf was pissed off at him for sticking his cock inside her.

"Er, you want me to talk about myself?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Tell me about yourself. Tell me about your parents, about you, about all of it." He didn't want to keep talking but he needed to insist on her speaking.

"Er, there's not much to tell. My parents adopted me when I was a baby, and they raised me but told me—"

"What?"

"Huh, what?"

"You were adopted."

"Yes."

"As a baby?"

"Yes. I was adopted as a baby, but no one had any idea who could have abandoned me or why, or anything." She shrugged. "There's no record of my birth parents. In fact, I even took a blood test in an attempt to find them."

Boyan stared at Agatha, a little ... shocked. This couldn't be happening.

"Boyan, are you okay?" Agatha asked.

"Yeah, I'm fine. So, you gave blood for someone to check your DNA, to try and find your parents?"

"Yes. There was no record, which according to the expert, I can't remember his name, he said it might mean they're not in any database and there's no record of them. Boyan, are you okay?"

“Do you remember the person you went to?” Boyan asked.

“I have no idea. What is going on?”

“The doctor or the expert, do you know his name?”

Agatha frowned. “I think ... his name was ... Dr. Milton, I think.”

Boyan stared at her in disbelief. No, it wasn't possible. Dr. Milton was a fucking vet, it couldn't be the same person.

“Are you okay?” Agatha asked.

“Yeah, uh, I'm fine. I've got to go and check on something,” he said.

“It was nice to see you, Agatha.”

He rushed out of the bar and headed back to the clubhouse. This couldn't be happening, it had to be a coincidence. There were more people out there with the name Milton. There was no way a vet would take blood to test for DNA or family links. He didn't understand how he was able to find Agatha. Arriving at the clubhouse, he didn't linger, even though several of the guys called out to him. He ignored them and instead headed straight to the basement. They had kept Milton's main files. Most of the words had been an erratically written, jumbled-up mess that made no sense. Some did, though, and he could only put it down to when he'd been perfectly sane and conscious of what he was writing.

“Boyan, what is going on?” Alpha asked, coming down to the basement five minutes after he'd found the box with the files.

“Agatha was adopted,” Boyan said.

“O-kay, but why are you looking through Milton's files?”

Boyan looked up. “Because Agatha was adopted as a baby. Her scent lingers within the fucking pack. She feels more at home here, where everyone hates her, than she does in the city surrounded by humans. She went looking for her parents, there was no record, but she gave blood. Think about it, Alpha. She gave blood to a Doctor Milton. Her scent disappears in the pack.”

“You think she's a wolf?” Alpha asked.

“I think there's more to her than meets the eye. We also don't know how the fuck Milton was able to get wolf blood.”

“She hasn't transitioned,” Alpha said.

Boyan shook his head. “I don't know all the details, but you have to admit, this makes sense. Milton was conducting experiments. We assumed Amelia was the cause of him being exposed to wolf blood. What if this was before now? What if Milton had seen one of us, or someone in the past turn into a wolf?”

“I think that’s a long stretch.”

“We’re wolves, Alpha. We take care of our pack and every full moon, we throw back our heads and howl. We give in to the wolf inside us. You don’t think that’s a long stretch of the imagination?”

Alpha ran a hand down his face and took a deep breath. “Fine. What are you looking for?”

“I don’t fucking know. Something, anything in this mess, that would explain Agatha. She’s not a wolf, and yet seems to blend into our world, and that makes no sense.”

He looked through the first box, not seeing anything of significance. Milton had been clever. He’d been able to file some of his research but it had also been made to appear as if the file was about a pet dog.

When he got to a file named “Agatha,” he stopped. The picture was that of a wolf dog. He pulled out the file. The wolf was bright white with a few wisps of gray. Opening the file, however, he saw Agatha’s picture, and next to her name was a title, *Experiment Twenty-Six*.

What the ever-loving fuck?

Chapter Four

Calling a church meeting had been vital. Boyan had read the file that stated Agatha Preston was Experiment Twenty-Six. According to the notes, Agatha had been born to a couple, a human female and a male who could turn into a wolf. They were simply known as “Mom Twenty-Six,” and “Dad Twenty-Six.”

The mother died during childbirth, and the father attempted to escape with Agatha. He’d been captured. There were no details as to where or when, or exactly who they were.

Agatha’s blood had been drawn as a child. According to the blood work, she was a human child and had been placed in an adoptive home. She had been adopted twenty-four hours later, but it would seem Milton had in some way stayed a part of her life. First as a vet, then as a family friend, and finally, taking her blood in an attempt to find her parents. Even though he knew her parents were dead, he’d kept the blood, and Boyan had a feeling it was Agatha’s blood that had been used to infect other humans.

“Do we know if someone was funding this?” Enzo asked.

For the first time in a long while, he didn’t have any knitting in his hands.

“We don’t,” Alpha said. “No one has come to check on his research, nor bought his veterinary practice.”

“This is a little ... stretch,” Wolfe said. “None of us knew about him until Amelia. Do you really think he could be responsible for experimenting and testing on wolves? On packs?”

“Anything is possible,” Alpha said. “We know there are human hunters. We know they have tried to hunt us and kill us. If someone put a price on one of our heads, it wouldn’t take long for them to find someone weak, take them out, and hand them to whoever was willing to pay.”

“This shit is dangerous,” Rocco said. “If she is number twenty-six, it means there were twenty-five experiments before her. How many after?”

“I’d say until he found the perfect blood,” Gunnar said. “He was trying to create a baby that had both wolf and human blood. That must be what he was after.”

“But what he might not have known was that our blood doesn’t change until we transition. Our wolf is dormant,” Alpha said.

“What about Agatha?” Ryker asked. “She’s not a wolf.”

“Or is she?” Boyan asked. “Her scent mingles with the rest of the pack. She is happy here, which I don’t fucking get.”

“She has never turned,” Gray said. “Her scent mingles with us but that doesn’t mistake the fact she’s still human.”

“Maybe that’s it,” Enzo said. “She is part human. Her mother was human, her father was a wolf. It stops her from being able to turn.”

“Do you think that’s why Milton wanted nothing to do with her?” Rocco asked.

“I’m starting to think we shouldn’t have killed Milton. Most of his notes are nonsense. He clearly took the blood himself but suggests he ran out of money, got desperate, or someone attacked him,” Enzo said.

“Agatha knows nothing,” Boyan said. “She only knows that her parents gave her up.”

Boyan sat back and stared at the file spread open on the desk. They had gone through Milton’s files and decided they were nonsense. Crazy ramblings of a man who’d gone over the edge. Not once had he considered any of this real.

Now, they were facing the possibility that not only did Milton infect innocent people, but he also had a lot of people currently living in the human world who may or may not be wolves.

“I need to meet Agatha,” Alpha said.

“She works at Poison,” Boyan said.

“No, I need you to bring her here.”

Boyan looked at Alpha. There was a reason they had given him the role of Prez, and also why he was the leader of the pack. Out of all of them, there was only one skill Alpha had that none of them did — the ability to bring forth a wolf, no matter the time within a moon cycle.

“If you do that, you could kill her.”

“We need to know what we’re dealing with. I know this is not ideal.”

“You can’t kill her,” Wolfe said.

“Bringing forth her wolf will not kill her.”

Enzo snorted. “No offense, it won’t kill a full-blooded wolf, but we don’t know what this will do to a part-human, part-wolf breed. Look what’s happening to those infected.”

“Yes, those that have been infected,” Alpha said. “We’re talking about someone who has some wolf blood in her.”

“And what if the infected are the same?” Boyan asked. “What if they

have part wolf blood inside them?”

Alpha ran his hand down his face. “We need to start somewhere and if that means it kills Agatha, that’s a risk we have to take. We need answers, and fast. None of this makes sense. Our only source of information is gone. Even Agatha’s parents are dead. We don’t know if they were working with Milton or not. We don’t even know if this was some wealthy man’s ramblings or ideals based on stumbling upon a real-life wolf. We know jack shit. This puts the whole pack in danger, and I’m not going to allow that to happen. The pack, Boyan, comes first. It will always come first. You know this.”

He did, and most of the time, he agreed. The pack would always come first. The only problem he had right now was that his wolf didn’t quite agree. The very thought of anything happening to Agatha made him angry. He wanted to hurt, to hunt, to kill. The need to protect her was overwhelming, and he’d never felt this way about anyone.

“I’ll go and get her,” Enzo said. “I’m not emotionally involved.”

“I’ll get her,” Boyan said, getting to his feet. “She’s done nothing wrong. You need to understand that.”

Alpha got to his feet. “This is for the pack.”

Boyan glanced down at the file that happened to show several pictures of a young Agatha. Within the information were a great deal of personal documents, the kind of stuff a doctor shouldn’t know. He didn’t like this. He didn’t even know Agatha properly and yet he felt enraged that someone had invaded her life like this. Not only invaded but lied. He didn’t know for certain if her parents lied, or if they got caught up in the lie instead. Either way, he would get to the bottom of it.

“There are more files,” Boyan said. They had thought they were ramblings of a crazy man. That he’d somehow manipulated customers and lied, changing up their pets’ information. “What if all those files are people like Agatha?”

“It looks like we’re going to be doing some reading,” Alpha said.

Enzo groaned. As did the rest of the club.

Boyan smiled. “So, I’ll go and get Agatha then.” He winked at the club and several of the guys called out to him that he was an asshole.

All of this had been a hunch. Nothing more, nothing less. In truth, he didn’t think it would lead to anything, and that he’d imagined he’d seen Agatha’s picture before.

This wasn't good news. Not for the club, and not for the people who had come into contact with Milton.

Leaving the clubhouse, he checked the time and saw it was early so Agatha wouldn't be needed at the bar for work. Straddling his bike, he took off, riding through town. He normally liked to take his bike out on the open road, to feel the machine purring between his thighs. When he was traveling through town, he liked to run, to feel the wind on his face and his feet hitting the ground as he made contact. He couldn't do any of that.

Speed was necessary and also to maintain the vibe of being a regular human male. If Agatha wasn't a wolf, then he didn't want to scare the shit out of her by allowing his beast to roam free mere seconds before seeing her. It was already hard to control his wolf. He wasn't going to add to the risk.

Arriving at Amelia's old apartment building, he saw the main part of the shop was still empty. The club didn't have a clue what to do with the shop, so it had remained vacant. Amelia had a couple of suggestions, but after some research, it was discovered they were not viable business options. The club adored Amelia because of Wolfe, but that didn't mean they wanted to be out of pocket.

Boyan inhaled deeply. Cinnamon.

It was such a strong scent, but what confused him was most times he hated the smell of cinnamon. He didn't like it in his drinks, in his baked goods. He hated it, but when it came to Agatha, he wanted to take a bath in it. To rub his face against her hair and his body, to simply drown in all that belonged to her. His mouth watered for a taste.

Lifting his hand, he knocked on the door, feeling a stirring in his dick. He was so freaking aroused. He wanted her. Badly. This feeling wasn't dissipating. It kept growing, and he didn't like it. He hated the lack of control his wolf was having. There was no way he was going to tell Alpha. He couldn't stand the thought of any other man being near her, sniffing her, seeing her. He wanted to force all men to leave her alone. Agatha belonged to him.

The door opened and there she was, looking stunning, magnificent, beautiful. There were not enough words to describe her.

"Boyan," she said.

"Agatha."

Silence.

He couldn't seem to form words.

What the fuck was happening to him?

This was strange. Agatha had been thinking about Boyan, then a single knock at the door, and there he was, waiting. He looked strange as he gripped either side of the door, like he was trying to hold onto something.

“Are you okay?”

“Yeah, I’m fine. It’s nothing. Just a bit of a headache.”

“Oh, let me go and grab you a glass of water.” She’d been wondering what she said to him last night for him to suddenly seem to close up and disappear. She didn’t have a great record when it came to men, but this was a first for her, sending them off, running scared.

“No, it’s fine. I don’t need any water.”

She stopped. “Would you like to come in?”

“Actually, I’ve been asked to come and get you.”

“Come and get me? What for?” She folded her arms, not exactly liking his tone.

“The town’s ... mayor, he’s kind of a big deal in these parts. He wants to extend an apology your way, or something. I’m not exactly sure why he wants you, but when he gives the orders, I have to follow them.”

She had a feeling that was a lie.

Agatha frowned. “If he wants to apologize to me, why is he not here?”

“He’s ... you know, busy.”

Something was up. She had no idea what was going on but she did know that Boyan was lying.

“Do I need to make an appointment?”

“No, we need to leave now.”

She looked at him. “You don’t look in any state to travel.”

He smiled but even to her that looked forced. “I’m fine. Honestly.”

Agatha sighed and then glanced down at the time. “I don’t have long and then I’ve got to get to the bar. Val’s going to train me.”

“Ah, okay.”

“Yeah, it didn’t go too well last night. I lost a few glasses. I’ve offered to pay for replacements, but he doesn’t want me to. I don’t mind. I broke them, so I should be the one to replace them.”

She grabbed her jacket, keys, and bag. “Will we have time to come back here?”

“No.”

“Will you be able to drop me off at the bar?” she asked.

“Yes, I will.”

“Awesome.” She pulled the door closed and flicked the lock into place.

Humming to herself, she followed Boyan, only to stop when they came to a motorcycle. She didn’t know a single thing about motorcycles, but she could tell this one was expensive. She had no idea if that made it a good one, or just a machine that got him from one destination to another.

“Er, no, I don’t, no, I’m sorry. I’m going to have to walk,” she said, feeling her cheeks heat.

Boyan chuckled. “It’s not as bad as you think.”

He no longer sounded so choked up. She looked at him and saw he did in fact look perfectly fine. There was color in his cheeks and he didn’t seem to be holding on for dear life.

“Has the headache eased?” she asked.

“Yes. What is the scent you wear?”

“Huh?”

“You know, the perfume.”

“Oh, I don’t wear any scent,” she said. “I think I had an allergic reaction to some of the soaps and creams when I was growing up. Everything I wear is unscented.”

“That’s not possible.”

Agatha frowned. Boyan was growing on the “strange guy” radar, and it was starting to concern her.

“Ah, do you want me to make my way to wherever it is your mayor wants to meet?”

“No,” Boyan said, shaking his head. “It’s fine.” He climbed onto his bike. “Get on.”

“I prefer to walk.”

“And I’d prefer for you to get to work on time. Val won’t have a problem training you but you won’t have a job much longer if you’re late. He doesn’t like it when his staff is late.”

“Oh,” Agatha said.

Death machine, or on feet and no job at the end of it. She really didn’t want to get on that bike, but she also didn’t want to lose her job. She forced herself to climb onto the back of his bike. As she did so, she wrapped her

arms around his waist instantly as the fear seemed to twist her stomach.

Was that a growl? Agatha frowned as Boyan's chest seemed to rumble. She was pretty sure he'd growled. Was that even possible? Of course it was ... but an actual growl? She must have been hearing things. This town was a little strange. No, not a little, a *lot*. She didn't have a clue why she still found it charming.

The bike started up and she jumped as it did.

It's fine, Agatha, you're not going to die.

She held onto Boyan a little tighter, not wanting to let him go.

He feels nice.

Agatha pressed her face against his back and breathed him in. The scent of leather was strong, but there was also another underlying scent that captured her senses and made her press her face against his back. He smelled earthy, which was crazy. It was like he was freedom and adventure wrapped in a package, and she couldn't imagine why she was thinking that. It was insane to even ... no, feelings didn't have scents. This had to be the grief of losing her parents or something.

The ride wasn't long and Agatha didn't know why they couldn't have walked. She expected to go to a town hall, or somewhere official. Instead, they arrived at a building with metal gates, that also seemed to have barbed wire across the top of each metal spike. There was a "Poison Wolves MC" sign on the side, as well as their emblem.

Boyan brought the bike to a stop and Agatha didn't waste any time in climbing off. They hadn't been on the bike long enough, but she did feel a quiver in her thighs. That was fine. Everything was fine.

She tried to ignore her intrigue of Boyan. He didn't need to know that her nipples were rock-hard and she felt an answering warmth between her thighs. At twenty-five years old, she was a virgin. Men back home and even boys growing up hadn't held any appeal to her. They'd been immature and stupid. Not all men, but the ones that seemed to want to take her on a date had all been wrong. Giggling, joking males that she wasn't attracted to.

Boyan didn't giggle. He was tall, a lot taller than her, and even though he wore a leather jacket, she knew he had thick muscles as the leather struggled to keep them contained. He looked serious and in control, like nothing would ever phase him. Even if he did seem to run out after she told him a little about her life. She had added that little detail about him to the charm of the town.

Boyan took her hand and Agatha didn't have time to take a second to enjoy the feel of him touching her. They stepped into the clubhouse and she went on high alert as there were a lot of men there. Amelia had talked about the clubhouse briefly, but she didn't see any sign of the other woman. In fact, she didn't see signs of *any* other woman.

"Mayor Alpha," Boyan said. "This is Agatha, the woman you wanted to see to apologize for how the town has been treating her."

She turned her attention to Mayor Alpha. What a strange name. He was the biggest man in the room, even larger than Boyan. One look at him and she had a feeling she knew why he was in charge. Not who she imagined to be Mayor.

Agatha smiled at him. "It's a pleasure to meet you, Mayor ... Alpha." That was his name?

Just another thing to add to the growing strange list.

"Agatha Preston."

She nodded her head. Did she need to bow? "You have a lovely town." There was no way she was going to tell him that she found it a little strange, including the people. Not exactly the kind of thing you told the mayor.

She looked into his eyes; they seemed cold. A dark brown with hints of a golden hue. They were not like eyes she'd ever seen before, and as soon as she looked at him, she didn't want to look away. They were mesmerizing. She was so captured by his gaze it was impossible to look away. Who would want to look away?

I do, because they're freaking scary.

So why the fuck couldn't she?

Chapter Five

Boyan felt Alpha working his magic on Agatha. So far, she'd been able to reject the calling, but he felt her body ripple. Something was happening to Agatha, he didn't know what. His own wolf was crashing against the surface of his body, threatening to escape. He didn't like that Alpha was touching Agatha.

It was just a holding of the hand, but it was sending his wolf into overdrive. He had to keep taking deep breaths. There was no way he would be able to walk away. Breathing in and out, he tried to calm his wolf.

Get his fucking hands off her.

Ours.

Mine.

She's mine.

I want her.

Mate.

He ignored the call that screamed in his mind. He saw Alpha frown as Agatha suddenly pulled her hand away.

"It's a pleasure to meet you. I look forward to you exploring this town and I hope we will meet again soon."

Agatha nodded at him.

"I've got to take her to work," Boyan said.

She turned to look at him and he saw it, the change of her eyes. They were an amber he'd never seen before, and it was like he could see the vision that was her wolf. He saw a beautiful tan wolf, somewhat golden, but light. Agatha was a wolf. There was no doubt about it.

One look at Alpha, and Boyan saw his concern. There was a wolf in Agatha's body, but it seemed to be locked away. Alpha couldn't call it.

"I'll see you when you get back."

Agatha took a step away and seemed to stumble. He caught her, pulling her into his arms and he chose that moment to breathe her in. Cinnamon.

One close sniff and the wolf within his body calmed a little. They could handle everything else, as long as they got to hold her and sniff her, and one day soon, he hoped to mate with her. Just the thought of stripping her curvy body naked, exploring every single inch of her, was too much of a temptation to deny. He wanted her so badly.

They stepped out of the clubhouse. Boyan knew he should get Agatha to work and back to the clubhouse almost immediately, but his wolf had other ideas. They stepped up toward the bike and Agatha shook her head.

“Can we walk? I don’t think I can handle another trip on your bike. I’m so sorry,” she said.

“No reason to be sorry. No reason at all.” He didn’t mind.

She didn’t pull out of his arms and they walked out of the main clubhouse gates. The further away from Alpha they got, the calmer Agatha got. The shaking had stopped, and slowly, she pulled away from him, which he didn’t like. The last thing he wanted was for Agatha to move away.

“That was so strange. I think I might have gotten a little star struck,” she said, forcing a laugh.

He detected it.

“Star struck?”

“The mayor is like a celebrity in town, isn’t he?” she asked.

He chuckled. “I guess in a way he is.”

“I must have been so embarrassing.”

“Not at all. Trust me, some people seem to fall at his feet, almost howling,” he said, which is exactly what happened to wolves. The moment Alpha called forth their wolf, they collapsed to their feet and gave in to that need. Agatha hadn’t.

She started to walk fine on her own, but he didn’t like that and reached for her hand, locking their fingers together.

“I’m, er, I’m fine.”

“I know, but I want to make sure you’re okay. We’re walking all the way to the bar, and I’m not going to let you, you know, collapse.”

“Yeah, that was a weird moment,” she said.

“Don’t worry about it. So, how are you liking the town?” he asked, wanting to distract her.

“I’m loving it. It’s such a sweet place to live. I know I’ve only been here a couple of days, but I love it. Do you think it would be possible for me to live here permanently?” she asked.

“I don’t see why not,” he said. They would need to get to the bottom of why she had wolflike features, like her eyes, the way they changed color, and tendencies but was unable to change into a full wolf. “So, you mentioned that you knew Dr. Milton? Did you see much of him?”

“No, just twice I think. He did look familiar. I’m pretty sure he’d been

a friend of my parents but they said they'd never met him before." Agatha shrugged. "They would know better than me. After the testing and the results, which did come in pretty quick, I never saw him again."

"What were your parents like?" he asked. He wanted to try and figure out the connection to Milton. "Shit, I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to bring them up like that. That is cold of me to ask."

"No, it's fine. Yeah, it's fine. They've been gone just over a year. It was sudden and completely unexpected. We had always been close. I've never made friends easy, you see, and they were always there to make it easier. My dad even offered to take me to prom, but I decided that was a little too much."

He chuckled. "And straightaway, they told you that you were adopted?"

"Yes, they said they didn't want there to be any secrets." She shrugged. "It was a bit weird at first as they said it a lot. They wanted me to know for sure that they had adopted me, and to make it clear as well that they wanted to keep me. People do stuff for crazy reasons. I was wondering, Boyan, do you have a girlfriend?"

He stopped and turned toward her, seeing her cheeks go a deeper shade of red.

"No," he said.

"What about that woman at the bar last night?"

He frowned, trying to think of one of the women at the bar last night. There hadn't been anyone. The wind brushed across their bodies, and he felt his ponytail, and it made him recall Macy.

"Macy? No, she's not my girlfriend or partner." He had no idea what humans said to one another to describe a quick fuck that meant nothing, but he had a feeling it wouldn't exactly go down well with Agatha.

"Oh."

"What about you?" he asked. "Any boyfriend or loved one waiting in the wings? Someone you plan to write to and tell all about this place?"

"No, no one."

They had come to a stop and Boyan couldn't resist pressing her up against the nearest tree. She let out a little gasp.

"You need to tell me to stop," he said.

"Why? You're not doing anything."

She tilted her head to the side and he let go of her hand to cup her

face, tilting her head back.

Her lips were plump, fuckable. Staring at them, he imagined pressing his cock between those lips, watching her take him all. There would be time for that. For now, he pressed his lips against hers, kissing her. From the moment he first saw her, he'd wanted to do nothing else. They felt so good and as he slid his tongue across her bottom lip, she released a gasp that made him plunge inside, tasting her for the first time.

Letting go of her face, he ran his hands down her body, touching her, feeling her, wanting to do a lot more, like spread her thighs open and fuck her hard. He didn't do any of that. All he did was kiss her, exploring her mouth.

She released a little moan and then pressed her body against his. Sliding his hand up her back, he sunk his fingers into her hair, holding her against him. He'd kissed a lot of women during his time, more than he could count, but none of them had ever made him feel like his.

Even his wolf had quieted, and he had a feeling in the back of his mind, his wolf was taking care of himself, while he got harder, wanting to do nothing more than take her.

Val was patient with her.

He'd changed the glasses to plastic cups for her to practice on, which was a little embarrassing. Actually, it was a lot embarrassing, but she ended up breaking several of the glasses. He told her not to worry as he'd purchased them on the cheap.

Val trained her for an hour, and by the time he was done, he was confident enough to give her a glass, and she filled it, completely to the top, with no breakages, spills, or eruptions. She felt so freaking happy.

"I did it," she said.

Amelia was there and she clapped her hands. Agatha held the glass out and took a bow, being careful not to empty the contents as she did.

"Congratulations," Amelia said.

"Now all we've got to do is let the pack serve her."

"Pack?" Agatha asked, putting the beer on the counter.

She looked toward Amelia, who was then staring at Val.

"You know, the hungry pack of wolves that are going to be knocking at my door," Val said, gripping the back of his neck. "You know, I've got to go and do some stuff. Well done, Agatha. I'll be back in a moment."

Agatha frowned and watched him leave, wondering if she was the

cause for his sudden disappearance.

“Was it something I said?” she asked.

“Nah, Val is just being Val. This is the first time I’ve seen him quite so devoted.”

She smiled. “And you’re sure he doesn’t mind me working here?”

“Not at all. Trust me. No one would hire me because I pissed off the whole town. Nothing comes between them and their beer, and I’m still working here.”

“But you’re dating one of the Poison Wolves MC, right?”

“Well, dating ... married.”

“You’re married?”

Amelia held up her ring. “Yeah, we’re married.”

“Wow, I thought you were only dating.”

The other woman chuckled. “It was a bit of a rocky start. Wolfe wanted our relationship to be kept secret. I think he was a little embarrassed, you know, to be attracted to the town’s loser.”

“That’s awful,” Agatha said. There was nothing romantic in that.

“Well, love is love, and he worked his way back into my heart.” Amelia shrugged. “Now, we can’t be apart, and we’re together, and everyone else can go suck it.”

Agatha laughed. “You do look very happy.”

“I am. Wolfe and I are very happy.”

Wolfe, Alpha, they were unusual names.

Agatha cleaned the bar and then the floor, before heading around back to finish cleaning some of the glasses. Amelia pulled the chairs off the tables, and they got set up for the bar to open. Val came out of his office long enough to open the main door. They didn’t have to wait long for people to arrive.

At the beginning of the night, no one would take a drink from her. She was back to kitchen duty, which she didn’t mind. Some of the glares she got from the people were scaring her. They looked mighty pissed that she was at the bar.

It didn’t take long, though, for Val to ask for her assistance as more people arrived. She stepped behind the bar and began to take orders. She wasn’t as fast as Val or Amelia, but she was able to keep up with the general service. They had to take turns in serving, gathering up glasses from the main floor, and then washing them.

She'd been serving for nearly two hours when some of the Poison Wolves MC arrived at the bar. The moment the group stepped inside, she saw people stopped and just watched them. Her gaze was on Boyan. She didn't know if he'd changed since their kiss, but his hair was pulled back into a ponytail and his shirt was still white. He had on a pair of jeans and a leather cut.

Agatha knew it wasn't polite to stare but it was hard for her to look away. He commanded the room. Alpha was there with him and a couple of other people she didn't recognize. They approached the bar and the one she imagined was Wolfe rounded the counter and pulled Amelia into his arms.

"Hello, beautiful," he said.

Amelia chuckled and Agatha tuned the couple out.

"Agatha," Boyan said.

"Boyan."

His lips were pressed together and it was like he was trying to stop himself from smiling. She didn't know why she found that charming, but she did. Just another little detail to add to her list of what she loved about the town.

"What can I get you?" she asked.

"A beer."

"Whiskey."

"Vodka."

"Gin."

The orders took her by surprise.

"I'll serve," Val said.

"That's fine, Val. We don't mind Agatha serving us," Boyan said. "Just make sure you get Alpha his drink first." He winked at her.

Alpha was the one who ordered the whiskey so she got to serving the drinks. The whiskey for Alpha, a beer for Boyan. She didn't know who the vodka or gin were for, but she poured them anyway. One of the men tipped back the gin, then proceeded to pull out some knitting. She was a little taken aback by it.

"Don't mind Enzo. He takes his knitting with him everywhere," Boyan said. "Alpha you know, and the vodka drinker is Rocco."

She smiled at each of them. "It's a pleasure to meet you."

"And I imagine you know who Wolfe is," Boyan said, nodding to where Amelia and Wolfe were making out.

Agatha felt her cheeks heat and she stole a gaze toward Boyan. He winked at her. This had to be so embarrassing. She felt like they were horny teenagers. Pressing her lips together, she stepped away from the bar, becoming aware of more people watching them. No, they weren't watching her and Boyan. They were just watching him.

"We're going to need more glasses," Val said.

That was her chance to escape this heat. This was not the appropriate time to be aroused.

Grabbing the serving tray, she made her way through the bar, being careful as she collected glasses. She had gotten toward the bar with a tray full when suddenly someone shoved her, hard. The tray spilled out of her hands, and the glasses tumbled to the floor. Agatha had nowhere else to fall, and she landed on top of the shards of glass, crying out as some embedded into her flesh.

"What the fuck!"

There was a sudden growl and with her face close to the shards, Agatha was too distracted to see what was going on. Hands grabbed her hips, and she let out a gasp as she was in someone's arms, Boyan's, and he moved her out of the main bar. She didn't have time to see who'd pushed her. It must have been some kind of mistake.

"Boyan, you need to put me down. I've got to go and clean up the mess," she said.

"You're cut, Agatha. You're not going to clean up anything. That asshole who pushed you can clean up the mess." Boyan started to mutter something beneath his breath. She was only able to make out the words, "useless bastard beta team." That was it.

Staring down at her palms, she saw they were red. The glass had cut her flesh. Boyan grabbed her wrist.

"How do you feel?" he asked.

"It's fine. There's not a lot of pain."

His grip on her wrist seemed to tighten.

"I can still feel you holding me," she said.

"I'm sorry. This must be stinging."

She wrinkled her nose. "A little, I guess."

He growled again.

Agatha chuckled. "Do you know you do that a lot?"

"Do what a lot?"

“You growl. I’ve never heard anyone do it, but you’re always doing it.” She smiled at him.

“I’m sorry,” he said.

Agatha smiled. “It’s fine. It was rude of me to even say anything.”

He captured her face. “Don’t, you don’t need to worry about shit like that.”

Was he worried about her? She wasn’t used to anyone, besides her parents, being concerned for her well-being. Her parents had their own way of handling her. When she got into scraps, they often told her to get up and to brush herself down. Life was going to be hard. She had never thought of them as cold or unfeeling, but with how Boyan reacted, she had to wonder about it.

“You’ve got glass in this hand,” Boyan said.

“Oh, I didn’t even notice.”

No, she was too busy reeling from the fact she liked someone worrying about her, which was so freaking crazy. She didn’t know Boyan. They’d shared one kiss together, that was all.

Chapter Six

Daniel was one of the latest men who'd wanted to try to get into the Poison Wolves MC. He thought he had what it took to be part of their club. He didn't. Daniel was weak, a total beta, and so, Alpha had denied him. The whole club had denied him but it was up to Alpha to give the news.

They had a small number of beta team men in the pack. They all wanted to be part of the main club, but none of them had what it took.

Boyan was pissed off as he wrapped Agatha's hand. He did notice that after he removed the glass, and by the time he'd put some of the bandages on her skin, she had started to heal. He didn't even realize he'd been growling.

"There," he said. "All better."

"They feel fine." Agatha shrugged.

"How is she?" Amelia asked, coming into the main kitchen.

"She's fine," Boyan said. "Where's Daniel?"

"Alpha made him leave. He was clearly too drunk."

That was another reason he would never be part of the club. The man's gut was too weak and some alcohol had gotten through his system.

"Everything is fine now," Agatha said. "Boyan took care of it."

"Yeah, your hands are pretty bandaged up. Val told me to let you know he doesn't mind if you go home."

"But I've only done half a night."

"And you only completed about an hour of training with two free hands. Both of them are bandaged. Did you need to use so much, Boyan?"

"She was hurting. I used what was necessary."

Amelia smiled. "Of course you did."

Agatha looked at Amelia and then at him. He was acutely aware of everything she did. Each movement, each look.

She climbed off the counter and he watched her force a smile to her lips. "I can still work."

"I'm taking you home," Boyan said. "End of discussion."

"Ah, I'm a grown woman and I can make my own decisions."

Boyan stepped into her space and she had no choice but to tilt her head back to look at him. "You don't want me to walk you home?"

He had to wonder if she was thinking about him, the kiss they'd shared. The moment they explored together. Boyan wanted her alone again.

He was more than happy to take a walk out to her place, get her settled in, and then explore that pretty body of hers. His wolf wanted to do that. Especially as they had already sensed that Macy had entered the fucking bar as well. The last thing he wanted to deal with was that viperous woman.

“Yes, of course I want you to walk me home. Fine, if you insist, but I’ve got to speak to Val first. I don’t want him to think of me as a slacker or something.”

Boyan put his hands on her shoulders and they left the kitchen, going into the main bar. Val was finishing up serving a customer and he turned toward Agatha and him.

“Val, you’ve got no problem with me taking Agatha home so she can rest and heal her hands, do you?”

“Not at all. That was a nasty fall, Agatha. Take tomorrow off.”

“That won’t be necessary.”

Val tutted. “We’ll see how your hands are doing before we make any rash decisions.”

“Agreed,” Boyan said.

He gripped her shoulders and moved her back toward the kitchen, heading to the staff room.

Agatha grabbed her bag.

“No jacket?”

“Crap,” she said, reaching for her jacket.

He had to wonder what she was thinking about. Was he in her thoughts? Was she thinking about his lips, his touch? They left the bar.

“Did you bring your bike?” she asked.

“Nah, the club decided to walk tonight.” They’d checked the freaking forest as they had another complaint from one of the locals who swore they’d seen a wolf wandering the forest.

After dropping Agatha off at the bar, he had no choice but to return to the clubhouse, where they formed a team, scoured the forest, checked in with Draco and their wolf-turning human. He was still alive, and Draco seemed perfectly put together, which in itself was a fucking miracle.

Draco hated humans. Humans had taken his mate, and yet here he was, helping a human go through the transition.

Boyan had a feeling the man wasn’t going to make it. The scent of death clung to the air. The man was just too stubborn to give in, which was a shame. His stubbornness had real potential. Letting go of Agatha’s shoulders,

he wrapped an arm around her waist and pulled her in close.

“I can walk,” she said.

“I know, but holding you is something I want to do. Do you have a problem with that?” he asked.

“None at all.”

“Good.”

Holding her in some way tamed his wolf. Breathing in her cinnamon scent helped to calm the need to go and hunt Daniel, to teach him a lesson about respect. Instead, he held Agatha and breathed her in, wanting to drown in all that was her.

“It’s a beautiful night,” she said.

“Stunning,” he agreed, not that he paid much attention to the sky. No, what he found beautiful was the woman in his arms.

Agatha didn’t live too far from the bar and he saw it up ahead. They arrived at her door and he took the keys from her hands, then opened the door.

“Would you like a drink?” she asked.

“Yes, and I’m the one taking care of you.”

They walked up the flight of stairs, heading to her main apartment, and he urged her into the sitting room. Amelia hadn’t removed any of her furniture, so the place had been fully furnished for Agatha.

“Sit,” he said, walking toward her kitchen. He opened the fridge. She didn’t have a lot of food and he wrinkled his nose.

“What do you eat?” he asked.

“At the diner mostly. I’ve never been a great cook.”

Shaking his head, he opened the cupboards and found a couple of boxes of flavored noodles. This was going to be food for the night. He made a note to stock her fridge. There always had to be food. He couldn’t believe she didn’t have the place stocked. At the clubhouse, they had lots of stuff. The guys were always hungry.

Filling the kettle with water, he placed it on the stove and ignited the gas.

Stepping into the main sitting room, he saw Agatha looking adorable. Her hands were still bandaged.

“How do they feel?” he asked.

“They’re fine. Honestly, I think I’m a fast healer.” She reached for one of the fastenings.

“Stop,” he said.

“You don’t have to worry. It wasn’t that hard of a fall.”

“Agatha, I took glass out of your cuts. You need to allow them to heal.” He moved toward her as she kept fidgeting with the bandages.

“I’m fine. Honestly.”

He sat on the coffee table and grabbed her hand, loosening up the bandages and then peeling them back. There was blood on the gauze he used, but as soon as he removed that and stared at her palms ... there was nothing there.

Boyan looked at her hands and then up at Agatha. He knew what this meant.

Agatha shrugged her shoulders. “See, I told you, a fast healer. This is nothing.” She pulled her hand out of his and ran her palm down her thighs.

“There was blood,” he said.

“And that doesn’t mean anything. A simple paper cut can bleed very badly. It doesn’t mean it’s a bad cut.”

“How long?” Boyan asked.

“How long what?”

“How long have you had the ability to heal fast?”

Agatha looked away.

“Tell me.”

“I’m not allowed to tell.” She pressed her lips together.

Boyan stared at her. “Your parents told you this, didn’t they? They told you that you’re to hide all cuts and bruises. They knew you healed fast?”

Agatha returned her attention to him, her lips slightly parted. “They ... it was supposed to be a secret.” She nibbled her lip.

“What else did they tell you?”

“Nothing,” Agatha said. “Just that I must have something special in my blood, maybe. I don’t know, it was a long time ago. I just remember they told me I had to be careful. I had to not hurt myself and if I did, I was to hide it. That was all.”

Boyan looked at her.

“It’s nothing.”

He couldn’t tell her. Something was off about Agatha. She had so many traits that made her wolf, and yet, Alpha couldn’t bring her wolf forward. According to her file her mother was a human and her father was a wolf.

What kind of experiments was Milton into? His wolf didn't like this. They had seen what mixing wolf blood with a human had done. There was a guy who was close to death because it didn't work. What if Agatha turned and it killed her? A human body couldn't withstand the change.

There was a risk he'd lose her.

Did Boyan think she was weird?

Over the years, as a child, she did get into a lot of scrapes. Agatha knew she'd been an adventurous kid, always roaming, trying to explore and find everything. Her parents had tried to stop her. They would tell her ghost stories, attempt to scare her away, but if anything, she had found their tales more exciting. They hated it when she cut herself or injured her body. They never wanted to take her to the hospital, and would often try to avoid it.

The pain would lessen, and eventually, the blood would fade and her flesh wouldn't even have a scar. It was why her parents started to become less concerned with what she did, where they would brush it off as just a little scrape.

Pushing those memories to the back of her mind, she looked at Boyan as the kettle began to whistle. She saw his jaw clench and seconds later, he stood, leaving her alone. He wasn't happy.

Lifting her hand up, she placed it on her thighs and stared at it. She knew, without a shadow of a doubt, that she had cut her palm. She felt the glass slide in, and she had even seen Boyan remove it from her hand. The pain hadn't been too bad. Yes, at first it had stung, but as quickly as it came, it had also faded as if there was nothing there. There was no scar. Nothing. It was like falling on broken glass hadn't happened.

She clenched her hand into a tight fist. What was she going to do? Removing the bandage from her other hand, the gauze had a little blood on it as well, and once again her hand was free and clear. This made no sense to her. Over the years, she'd done a lot of damage to her body. Not intentionally. A few accidents here and there.

The one incident she had never told anyone about happened a year ago, not long after her parents had died. She'd been so consumed with grief she hadn't seen the car coming toward her until it was too late. The driver had been going way too fast, and had hit her. No one was around to see, and whoever hit her and sent her crashing to the pavement hadn't stuck around. They had vanished, speeding off into the night.

Agatha had a broken leg. She also had several broken fingers, and there, at the side of the road, mind numb, she had listened to something soft and soothing.

Just put yourself back together.

So she had. She'd snapped her fingers back into place, twisted her thigh, and used her belt to hold it together. Like some kind of zombie parody, or at least she felt like it had been, she'd gotten to her feet, brushed off the aches, and then made her way to her apartment. No one had stopped her.

It had been dark, but when she arrived at her apartment, the pain in her leg had been nothing short of a small itch. When she stared at her reflection in the bathroom, her face was clear, and she watched as the bruise faded to nothing. She had landed on the pavement, she knew this. She knew her face must have looked a state because it had been hurt, but during the walk home, she healed.

By morning, her leg had been fine. Her hand was more than okay.

She'd lain in bed and known that she couldn't stay in the city. That something wasn't quite right about her, so she'd packed up and started to travel. All she had was her backpack, which contained her clothes. That was all. She didn't own a car as they frightened her. Whenever her parents went traveling in a car, she often had to wear a crash helmet as she feared being crushed.

In the past year, she'd visited many towns and explored cities, and none of them had made her feel like this town did.

Boyan returned to the sitting room, carrying two pots in his hands.

"Here," he said, holding one out to her.

She took the pot. He'd also brought her a fork and her stomach chose that moment to growl. Thanking him, she shoved the fork into the noodles, spun it around, and then lifted it up and took a bite, slurping them up as she did so. They tasted so good. Her mouth watered for a second bite. Noodles in a pot, there was no way anyone could go wrong.

"Both of your hands are healed?"

"Yes."

She wanted to tell him about that incident a year ago, but she didn't want to freak him out. Putting the pot to her lips, she drank up some of the broth.

Within minutes they finished their food and Agatha turned to look at him. "Have you lived here all your life?" she asked.

“Long enough.” He reached out and smoothed a curl behind her ear.

Agatha stared into his eyes, wanting to ask him so many questions but knowing he didn’t trust her yet. They didn’t know enough about each other.

Mount him.

It was such an odd thought, but before she could stop herself, she started to straddle his waist. Her hands went to his shoulders and she stared into his eyes. He gripped her waist.

“I’m so sorry,” she said.

Boyan smiled. “You don’t need to be sorry, baby. I’ve got a beautiful woman straddling my dick. There’s no reason to be sorry about this.” He gripped her waist and pulled her down.

She felt the hardness of his cock as he rubbed against her. Tilting her head back, she couldn’t help but moan. He felt so good.

Inside.

His cock.

So deep.

It was the soft voice again. She rarely heard it, but the moment she did, she felt safe, warm, and no longer alone. Cupping his face, she pressed her lips to his, kissing him hard. His hands didn’t stay at her waist, and she was thankful for that, because she needed his touch, craved it.

Boyan growled against her mouth, and she swallowed him down, feeling her nipples tighten and her pussy grow slick. Thrusting against his cock, she needed him inside her.

He let go of her neck and he caressed down toward her ass. She wore a pair of jeans, and she suddenly realized how inappropriate they were. They were getting in the way.

Boyan moved fast, pressing her to the sofa. He slid the button open, followed by the zipper, dragging it down. He pulled the jeans off and then she was wearing only her panties. Boyan was still in his jeans.

“Take them off,” she said, gripping the loop at the waistband, wanting them gone.

He chuckled. “All in good time.”

She wasn’t happy. She wanted to feel his cock inside her. The panties she wore suddenly felt too tight, and she needed them off.

Boyan tore them from her body and quickly replaced them by cupping her pussy. A single finger slid between her slit, and she cried out, moaning his name as he worked her clit. He stroked forward and backward, side to

side, and the pleasure was instant, but it still wasn't enough.

She tried to reach for his jeans, but he wasn't having any of it. He lifted her hand up above her head.

"Keep it there, or I stop," he said.

She pouted. This was all new to her. She'd never experienced anything like this and yet she couldn't stop. This was pure instinct of what she wanted.

Boyan continued to play with her pussy, and then she saw him move, felt his breath across her naked flesh. She didn't get the chance to ask him what was going on. His mouth feasted on her pussy. His tongue replaced his fingers in dancing across her clit.

"Boyan," she said his name on a moan. She thrust her pelvis up to meet him, wanting his touch, wanting to come, wanting his cock, wanting it all. The list of what she craved kept growing.

He reached up and his hands gripped her tits, pressing them together as he licked at her cunt. It wasn't enough.

More.

Mate.

Now.

Agatha didn't understand the command.

She felt her peak begin as Boyan pushed her over the edge, sending her release spiraling through her body. She couldn't think, couldn't do anything but feel. His tongue was amazing. She didn't want him to stop. It fired her body, and as she threw her head back, crying his name, she felt something awaken within her. With her eyes closed, she was sure she saw something on four legs, something big, something tan, something ... other.

I'm you and you are me.

Coming into the light, Agatha saw it — a wolf — strong, agile, and she knew without a shadow of a doubt that it was the voice she had heard. The voice that had been guiding her.

Agatha opened her eyes and screamed.

Chapter Seven

“I’m so, so sorry.”

Boyan looked toward Agatha and he had no choice but to force a smile. “It’s all right.”

“No, it’s not. I don’t even know what happened.”

He didn’t exactly know what to say to comfort her. There were no words he could think of. How do you ask a woman what it was about having an orgasm that made her scream and not in pleasure? She’d been scared. He saw the fear in her eyes.

His first instinct had been to protect, and he’d thrown himself off her and stalked around the apartment, trying to figure out what scared her. There was nothing there. No one had invaded the home. There was nothing to fear.

Agatha had disappeared into the bathroom and had returned only a few moments ago. Since then she had looked mortified. Boyan sat on the edge of the sofa, hands sliding together as he tried to make sense of what happened.

“Do you, er, do you want me to do anything for you?”

Her gaze went to between his thighs, but she had no need to worry about that, because he was as far away from aroused as physically possible. There was no way he was getting an erection anytime soon. All his attention was on fixing whatever went on in her mind during her time of release.

“I’m fine,” he said. “You don’t need to worry about that.”

“I messed this up. I’m so sorry.”

“Babe, look, you don’t have to say sorry, okay? I’m not upset or concerned. If anything, I just need to know you’re okay.”

“I’m fine.”

“Women don’t usually scream in fear after they’ve orgasmed. It kind of affects a guy’s ... you know ... mind.”

“I’m so sorry.” She groaned. “It was stupid.”

“Do you want to tell me what scared you? I’ve got no clue. Was it me? Was it what I was doing?”

“No.” Her voice rose incredibly loud. “No, of course not. That was amazing. I’ve never felt anything like that before in my entire life. It was ... I loved it.”

Okay, he was finding this a little hard to believe. A woman who loved what was happening didn’t act weird, they just didn’t.

“So, what scared you?”

Agatha slid close to him and reached out, taking his hand. “I do want to tell you, but you’ve got to promise me you won’t laugh, or find it stupid.”

“I can promise you, I won’t find any of this stupid, not at all.” No, he needed answers.

“It was the strangest thing, it was like I saw ... ugh, this shouldn’t be so hard to say but it’s crazy.”

“Try me, I’m quite happy to listen.”

She shook her head. “Fine. I saw a wolf, okay? It was so vivid, like it was in the room with us, telling me what to do, and it was insane.”

“A wolf?”

“Well, at least you’re not laughing, so I guess there’s that.”

Boyan frowned. “You orgasmed and saw a wolf and that freaked you out.”

“This wolf was talking to me, and it was there, like in my eyes or something. I don’t know. It makes no sense and I’m so sorry, and I know you probably hate me right now.”

He cupped her face, tilting her head back, and then he kissed her lips, hard. Agatha was tense in his arms to start, but then slowly, achingly slowly, began to melt against him. He loved to feel her submission against him. It drove him fucking wild.

“Boyan?”

“Yeah?”

“Do you think I’m crazy?”

“No, I don’t think you’re crazy.” He pressed his head toward her. “I don’t think you’re crazy at all.” This was another sign that Agatha was in fact a wolf.

Her wolf was inside her somewhere, but for whatever reason she didn’t want to come out and play. Or she did want to come out and play, but she didn’t know how. There were so many possibilities for why she wasn’t coming out. He had no way of telling her exactly what was going on.

“Seriously?”

Boyan chuckled. “Do you want me to think you’re a bit crazy?”

“I don’t know, maybe. I think I’m crazy.”

He stroked his thumb across her cheek. “So you sometimes have a wolf telling you what to do?”

She wrinkled her nose. “It sounds stupid.”

“It sounds intriguing, so stop worrying and just talk to me.”

Agatha blew out a breath and then shrugged. “I don’t know what else to say. It doesn’t happen often. I think it’s when I’m not sure exactly what I’m doing. It’s like a guide in my head.”

“Do you have a name for it?” he asked.

“Yeah, crazy.”

He laughed. “Has it ever steered you wrong?”

“No, no, it hasn’t. It always seems to know what to do. I guess in a way you could say I was led here by it. It’s not like this town is easy to find.”

They made sure of that. Only random humans found them, and then by the rudeness of the people, they never stuck around. Again, they did it all on purpose.

He pulled Agatha in close and moved so that he was lying down and she rested on his body.

“You’re not running away so I guess that’s a good sign.”

“A very good sign.”

“Or you’re just as crazy as I am.”

Boyan winked at her. “Maybe I am. After all, I’d rather hang out with a woman who has a wolf guiding her than anyone else.”

Agatha rolled her eyes. “I have to wonder how it is that you’re not taken. It’s not like you’re not a catch or anything.”

“Ah, so you think I’m hot?”

“I don’t have to think it. We both know that you know it.”

“It is a given. What do you think makes me hot? The leather jacket? The MC? What?”

“Are you trying to get me to tell you exactly what I think is hot about you?” she asked.

“Yes, it would be nice to know.”

Agatha giggled. “That is not happening.”

He ran his hands over her back. “I don’t mind. I think I know exactly what you like about me.” He thrust his pelvis up against her. His cock had finally started to go hard again, but it hadn’t been easy. Knowing she only feared the unknown of her wolf made it easier.

“You know, we, ugh, can, you know...”

“Babe, the next time we do this, I’ll be all for it, but we’re not doing anything while you screamed out in fear. I just can’t.”

“It had nothing to do with you.”

What she didn't know was that it could have everything to do with him. Her wolf might actually be comforted by him.

"So, do you see this wolf of yours often?" he asked.

"Huh, you want to know more?"

"Why not?"

"There's not a whole lot to talk about, to be honest. That was the first time it was so vivid." She shrugged. "Can we not talk about it? It does seem kind of crazy to me." She dropped her head to his chest. "I'm so sorry. I feel so sleepy."

Boyan stroked her back. That was because her wolf had been close. "It's okay, I've got you."

And he wasn't going to let her go.

When Agatha woke up the next morning, Boyan wasn't there. He'd also been able to carry her through to her bedroom without waking her up. She found a note from him waiting for her in the kitchen, letting her know that he let himself out after putting her to bed.

She hoped he hadn't stayed the night. Her dreams hadn't exactly been pleasant. All night she had felt like she was running through the forest, running from something. What? She didn't have a clue. There had been fear running through her veins and all the time, one word had kept playing through her mind — *trust*. What or whom was she supposed to trust?

Agatha knew she shouldn't have talked to Boyan about it. It was stupid of her to have done that. Now she was having dreams that were not going away.

After a quick shower, she didn't bother with coffee, grabbed her bag, and headed out into the warm sun that was high in the sky. It was late, and she was never normally a late riser, but clearly, something was off. Her hands were still completely healed, that part hadn't been a dream.

She arrived in town to see that it was busy, but she wasn't interested in sightseeing today, or shopping. No, what she needed was food. She was starving.

It was already lunchtime and as she entered the diner, she saw it was busy. There were no tables available. She walked up to the counter, aware of gazes following her. She noticed the waitress took her sweet time in taking her order. With no tables available, she slid into the only chair at the counter and waited, trying to avoid looking at her hands.

When she was younger, it was a lot easier to ignore the signs her body was telling her. There was no way she could ignore it now, not as a grown woman. People didn't heal miraculously overnight. There was not even a sting from the glass. It was like it hadn't happened.

Tapping her fingers on the counter, she stared straight ahead. The waitress didn't even bother to offer her some coffee.

Hungry.

Thirsty.

Agatha took a deep breath as she felt her anger starting to build. Why were they being so rude? She wasn't rude to them at the bar. No, she was polite and served them. She took another deep breath and as she did, she smelled him — Boyan. Turning her head, she saw him and several of the men from the clubhouse enter the diner. She didn't care who else was with him. Her gaze fell on Boyan.

The anger dissipated somewhat, especially as he looked at her. At first, there seemed to be an angry glare on his face, but the moment he looked at her, he smiled. That smile was everything.

He moved toward the counter and stood behind her, banding an arm around her waist. He pressed a kiss to her neck. "Evening, beautiful."

She groaned. "Don't remind me. I never sleep in this late." Her stomach chose that moment to growl. "And I'm starving."

"You and me both, baby. What are you having?"

"Cheeseburger, all the trimmings, or I will if they ever actually serve me."

Boyan let out a whistle. It was like he was calling a dog. The waitress, who didn't have a name tag on, immediately came to his command. "Where's this woman's food?"

The smile on the waitress's face dropped. "I, er, I don't know."

"Well, go and get it, and make sure you double everything. I'll have what she's having." Boyan shook his head.

"I guess it is going to take more than me working at the bar to be accepted into this town."

"Ignore them."

A chair became available and she watched as he pulled it toward her.

"You're not going to sit with your buddies?"

"Nah, it'll give them a chance to miss me."

She couldn't help but laugh. "You're so confident."

“I know my worth, baby.” He reached out and tucked a stray curl behind her ear. “How are you feeling?”

She felt acutely aware of her hands, but also her pussy as she remembered his mouth between her thighs last night. “I’m good. Fine.” She felt her cheeks heating and Boyan leaned in close.

“I’m starting to think you’ve got dirty thoughts on the brain.”

Was he flirting? It felt like he was.

She turned her head and kissed his cheek. “Maybe I have.”

Agatha didn’t have a clue where this daring woman had come from. This wasn’t her, but around Boyan, she couldn’t seem to help herself. Nibbling her lip, she looked into his eyes and knew she wanted to be lost in his gaze forever. It would be easy to do. All she’d have to do was look at him. Was this normal?

He leaned in close, brushed his lips against her ear, and his breath sent a wave of heat flooding her body.

“Are you thinking about how good my cock would feel deep inside your cunt?” he asked.

She loved hearing him talk dirty. She had no idea that she would love it, but those dirty words made her pussy ache. Agatha was unable to respond. Words failed her. Her mouth had gone dry and all she could think about was Boyan, naked, driving inside her.

“I know that’s what *I*’m thinking about. I can’t wait to see your tits hanging above me, waiting for my mouth on those sweet nipples of yours as you take my cock deep inside your wet pussy. You’ll be soaked because I’m going to lick you until you can’t think straight.”

She already couldn’t think straight. Agatha was so engrossed by what he was saying, she didn’t hear the waitress return, until she dropped the food down loud enough to make her jerk up. How many people could hear them? She hoped no one could.

The waitress stomped off and Agatha couldn’t help but turn her attention to him. “Was there something going on between you and the waitress?”

“No,” he said.

“You’re sure?”

“I’m sure. There was nothing going on but that didn’t mean she didn’t want shit happening.”

“Ah, okay.” She smiled. “Will I have to worry about any woman

coming to stake a claim on you?”

Just the very thought of it sent a shock wave of anger rushing through her body. It was so sharp, she had no choice but to take a deep breath to get herself calm again. This was insane. She shouldn't be angry.

Unlike her, Boyan wasn't a virgin. It was crazy to think she had never been touched, but the guys she'd been near had never appealed. No one had held a candle to Boyan. She was actually pleased she'd not been with anyone else. Deep in her heart, she knew this with Boyan was going to happen. There was no fear, though.

“What's going on in that head of yours?” he asked.

“I'm just wondering if I'm going to have to fight a woman to have you?” The moment she said the words, she winced. She quickly looked away from him, in case he was startled by her possessive words.

At his chuckle, she had no choice but to look at him. He stared at her with a glint in his eye.

“I like it when a woman knows what she wants, and trust me, Agatha, I like it a lot.”

Chapter Eight

Boyan didn't know if he should be nervous or excited. Every little detail Agatha expressed or showed of herself, pointed to her wolf traits peeking through. Her possessiveness, her hunger, even her desire. Every time he touched her, he felt a rumble in her body as if she craved his touch and didn't want it to stop. He didn't want to stop touching her, found it next to impossible to do so.

Unfortunately, Agatha had work to do, while he had to go hunting for Shirley, the town healer. On his way toward the healer as he had a whole heap of questions, he got the call from the Alpha. Draco needed them. When the club needed him, he had no choice but to respond. He arrived at their secret location where they'd been dealing with the human-wolf mixed breed. Draco was sitting on the floor and in the cage was a dead body and a mountain of blood.

"What the fuck?" he asked.

"He tore his body apart," Draco said. "That has to be one of the most messed-up things I've ever seen."

"Did you ... you know ... get pissed off?"

Draco looked at him and Boyan had to question him.

"You think I went into that cage, killed him, and then came out?"

Boyan shrugged.

"I'm clean," Draco said.

Staring at Draco, he saw there was barely any blood on him and certainly not on his hands or body. The few spatters that did coat him were simply from the spray of blood.

"What happened?" Alpha said.

"He was laughing and joking about stuff. Saying as a kid his folks would tell him the scariest stories about wolves and vampires. Shit that made him go to bed and say in bed, and then as he was laughing about one of his memories, he suddenly arched up and started to scream. His bones broke but this was different. They were not merging within his skin but they broke out of his skin, and then he ... he died and it was like his body couldn't take it, and collapsed after emitting a pool of blood. He was in a lot of pain."

Draco got to his feet and then without a word turned on his heel and walked away.

Boyan looked at Alpha.

“Go to him,” Alpha said.

“This isn’t good,” Enzo said.

“No, it’s not.”

He couldn’t help but think about Agatha. Is this what she had coming to her?

“What about Agatha?” he asked.

All the men turned to look at him. “We know she has wolf traits. What if this is what happens next?”

“She didn’t respond to my call,” Alpha said.

“So, some people don’t respond to your call.”

“Come on, Boyan, you know that’s rare and usually because their wolf is not mature.”

Boyan shook his head. He couldn’t handle the thought of Agatha being in pain. Of Agatha feeling anything like this. The very thought of her dying made his wolf crash against the wall of his skin as if in battle. No. There was no way they could allow their women to be hurt.

“Go and deal with Draco. He’s spent a lot of time with this human. I don’t like the effect it might have,” Alpha said.

Boyan needed to get away from the stench of blood. He felt the need to protect Agatha. It was strong, powerful stuff that flooded his veins. Stepping out of the cages, he made his way up to the surface and took a deep breath, scenting Draco had walked a few feet into the forest. He caught sight of him between the trees. His hands were shoved into his leather cut pockets, staring up at the beaming sun. It was hot today, another day closer to the full moon.

“How are you?”

Draco was not known for being talkative. Just a few moments ago, that was the most he’d spoken in a long time.

“It wasn’t your fault,” Boyan said.

“I tried to control the change. That wasn’t normal. That was fucked up.”

Boyan nodded in agreement. He’d only seen the consequences of what happened and he knew it had been messed up.

“Do you want to talk about it?”

“I know there’s a human female in the town,” Draco said. “The one whose scent mingles with the rest.”

Boyan tensed up.

“I know why you didn’t tell me, but she’s in danger. If she is part of this ... fuck up, we need to get her here.”

“Draco, she didn’t respond to Alpha’s call.”

“But her scent, I need to see her.”

Boyan rushed in front of Draco to stop him, holding up his hand. He’d never stopped a brother from doing anything. This was a first.

“I know you want to get your dick wet, but the safety of the pack must come first. The fact you have allowed this human free reign is already stupid. What if she’s like him?” Draco asked, nodding his head toward the cages. “She should be in there.”

“First of all, her scent mingles, of that I agree. We found her documents, okay. In the shit we kept from Milton, we saw it — she has a wolf father and a human mother.”

Draco shook his head.

“He didn’t have any files, Draco!”

“If she’s like him, then come the full moon, Boyan, she will die.”

He couldn’t help it. Just the very thought had him reacting. He slammed his palms against Draco’s body, throwing him back, until he hit a tree. Draco slumped to the ground, but not for long. Within seconds, he gracefully stood up, brushed off the leaves and dirt that had covered his body. His outburst brought Alpha, Enzo, and Rocco out from the cages.

“What is the meaning of this?” Alpha said, growling out each word, which seemed to vibrate throughout the forest.

“He is protecting the female,” Draco said. “She needs to be in that cage. She’s a threat to herself and to anyone she comes in contact with.”

“You’re not putting Agatha in a cage.”

Draco took a couple of steps toward him. “When the full moon hits, you’re going to be sorry.”

He expected Draco to fight him, but all he did was turn and head back to the cages. Enzo and Rocco did the same.

“Talk to me,” Alpha said.

“There’s nothing to talk about.”

“I thought you were interested in this female as a way of getting her to leave,” he said.

Boyan didn’t say a word, just gritted his teeth and tried to keep his wolf under control.

“You know Draco will never allow anyone to bring suffering to the

club,” he said.

“Agatha will not hurt the club. She doesn’t have a clue what she might or might not be. You couldn’t bring forth her wolf.”

“There’s something inside her, Boyan. Don’t be a fool.”

He hadn’t told them that his wolf responded to her. How protective he was of her. “Do you need me here?”

“No, we’ve got this covered.”

Boyan turned to walk away.

“If she shows any sign that she’s a threat to the club, this is where she’ll end up, Boyan. Don’t put your needs ahead of the club or the pack.”

All he could see was the blood, the dead flesh. It looked like it was out of a horror film rather than actual life. There was no way Agatha would end up like that.

Save her.

His wolf wasn’t exactly helping right now. He had never put the club or the pack in danger. Not even when he was there for Amelia, trusting her. If it hadn’t been for him, then Wolfe wouldn’t be mated to her, and the whole pack would have been in danger. He took a deep breath and stopped as he got to the outskirts of town. The pack was milling around, minding their own business. He heard the excitement about the coming run. Of course, people were a little apprehensive to have a human female so close during such an eventful night.

Boyan had been looking forward to bringing forth his wolf and running as fast as he could. But now, he had other problems. More pressing issues.

Hands clenched into fists, he knew exactly where he was going. There was only one person he knew who could have the answers he sought.

Shirley.

Agatha noticed that Amelia and even Val kept looking at her hands. Her perfectly healed hands.

She was pretty sure she had also seen them tilt their heads back and sniff the air from time to time. She had to have been imagining that last part, because even to her, that made her sound crazy. It wasn’t a casual sniff as if they smelled food, it was kind of like a canine sniff.

Shaking the thoughts from her mind, she turned back to cleaning the bar and trying not to think about Boyan. She tried — really, really tried —

but failed. It was hard for her to think of anything but Boyan. He seemed to be just about ... everywhere. She couldn't think of anyone else.

"So, Agatha, what are your plans for the next year?" Amelia asked, suddenly coming to the bar and taking a seat.

Customers weren't due to arrive for another half-hour.

Agatha frowned. "Next year?"

"Yeah, you know, are you planning to stay in town? I'd love to get to know you." Amelia's smile was intoxicating.

"Oh, right, yes, I do plan to stay in town, I'd like to settle here, if that's okay."

"Settle here? I thought some of the people were awful to you?" Amelia asked.

She shrugged. "I can handle it. I know it's probably insane for me to say so, but this place feels like home." Saying the words out loud felt good and she couldn't help but smile at Amelia.

"Home?"

"Yes. Home. Have you ever had that feeling?" she asked. "Like you're exactly where you're meant to be?"

Boyan.

The name flittered through her mind and again, just thinking about him put a smile on her face. It was insane. All of this was insane, but that didn't stop the way she felt. He felt like home. He felt safe and secure, and everything in between.

Go to him.

Make love.

Fuck him.

Make him yours.

She dropped the towel and crossed her arms over her body, a little disturbed by the sudden impulse to get up and leave. This was not who she was.

"I've never left town but when I'm around Wolfe, I know exactly what you mean." The smile Amelia had was so much more. It was filled with love and understanding, acceptance, and just about everything Agatha craved. "I don't suppose this has something to do with Boyan?"

Agatha didn't know what to say. "It might. Is that a problem?"

"No, of course not. Why would it be a problem?"

"I didn't know if he was ... taken ... you know?"

Amelia shook her head. "I think he had something casual a short time ago, but he ended it. Other than that, nothing. In fact, between the two of us, I've never seen him so smitten with anyone else."

"With me?" Her heart started to race. Could it be possible that he was a little smitten with her?

No, that couldn't be right, could it? Maybe. They did flirt.

Ugh, her head was a mess with all the endless possibilities, and deep down the only thing she wanted was to be with him. It was insane how she imagined it, stripping down to where they were naked and just surrounding each other. His hands all over her body. She wanted to feel them on her tits, ass, legs, just everywhere. She wanted to drown in his scent, but not in a crazy killer way, just a consumed kind of way, which made absolutely no sense to her. This was all a little scary. A little crazy.

"Are you okay?" Amelia asked.

"Um, yeah, of course." She offered a smile, but it was the furthest thing from her mind. Her body had suddenly become hot all over.

"I hope you ladies are ready," Val said.

The way he unlocked the door, Agatha couldn't hear anything. Just the squeak as metal slid against metal, and it was a little too dry to withstand. Clenching her hands into fists, she watched the doors, and customers were already on their way inside.

Focus.

She tried to but she saw Boyan, stripped naked. She imagined him with a lot of ink covering his body, and muscles that seemed to go on for days.

Licking her lips, she couldn't stop the thoughts as his arms surrounded her, his nose pressing against her neck, his teeth nipping just slightly. All of it a temptation she couldn't deny.

Sinking her nails into her flesh, she forced herself to come out of her erotic thoughts. What the hell was happening to her? She had never spent this amount of time thinking about sex. Being around Boyan, it seemed to be all she could think of, and this was not like her at all. She didn't look at men. She didn't care to be in the company of men, and yet, this was all she wanted to do. Not men, per se, but one particular man.

The moment customers approached the bar, she was able to make the need fade, just a little. Forcing a smile to her lips, she looked at the first couple of men who approached, who also seemed to sniff the air and look at

her. Were their eyes changing color? Agatha looked away, grabbed a glass from behind the counter, and turned back toward them. Their eyes were normal again but they kept staring at her.

“What can I get you?”

She expected them to ignore her, like they had done the first couple of nights. They would only use her services if Val and Amelia were busy and they didn't want to wait. This was not one of those times, but they asked her for their drinks, and Agatha got to serving. Before she even realized what was happening, two hours had passed. She hadn't been able to leave the bar as they'd been swamped with orders. This always amazed her. It was rare for the Poison Bar to be empty.

Wolfe had entered the bar a short time ago, as had some of the other MC club members. She spotted a group of women who were barely dressed, but all trying to vie for the men's attention. It was clear what was on their minds.

After another hour passed, and she started to collect the necessary glasses they would need for the job. She grabbed her tray, rushing around, picking up glasses and taking them straight through to the kitchen. For some reason, she felt the need to be in the kitchen. The energy in the room was strong, and so she got to cleaning each glass, rinsing it out, washing it, and then, picking up a towel to dry it.

Agatha didn't know when she became aware of him, only that it felt like her body went into hyper alert, and she just knew he was in the room, waiting. Turning toward him, she saw Boyan staring at her. One arm rested just above his head on the doorframe. How did he look even more sexy than the night before? Agatha had never considered herself someone who ogled men, but she did so with Boyan, glancing up and down his body, admiring everything about him.

“Hello, beautiful,” he said.

Did his voice sound even sexier?

Agatha didn't know what was happening. She had put the glass and her towel down on the counter, took one step, then a second, then another, and kept going until she stood right in front of him. She wasn't sure what she wanted to do next. Putting her hands on his chest, she quickly debated, but then Boyan took the next steps out of her hands.

He reached behind her, gripping the back of her neck, and thrusting her up against him. She released a moan and then he slammed his lips down

on hers, and everything else faded away. They were no longer in the bar. They were not surrounded by his friends and everyone in town. It was just the two of them. The two of them, and several counters.

Her pussy was soaking wet. Her nipples rock-hard. She wanted him.

One of his hands stayed at her neck as he ravished her mouth, the other slid down her body, going toward her ass, gripping the flesh, and another moan emitted from her which he seemed to swallow down.

She wanted to fuck him. Agatha didn't want this to stop. She wanted to feel him deep inside her, fucking her, taking her, claiming her virginity. Never had she felt so sure of anything, and the truth was, she'd never really been sure of much in life. Coming to Poison, and now Boyan were two things in her life she was completely certain about.

Chapter Nine

A Few Hours Earlier

“It’s rare for me to see you here, Boyan,” Shirley said. She walked around her shop, which was full of spiritual crystals, herbs, books, and a few other items he wasn’t quite certain of.

He didn’t like Shirley. The woman was a judgy, catty, old bitch. He knew in the past she had refused to heal Amelia. If this was just a general cut or illness, he’d have gone to Amelia. Ever since she had mated with Wolfe, he’d come to see that the pack overall had failed her. They hadn’t taken care of Amelia, but had treated her like a pariah.

Boyan fucking hated it, but he also admired Amelia. Not once had she thought to leave, even if the pack had tried to force her hand. A lot of the pack were terrified now. Not only was Amelia now mated to Wolfe, who could be a mean son of a bitch, but she was part of the club. No one dared step out of line with her. They would all be pissed if that happened and would do something about it.

“You’ve been around for awhile, I wanted to ask you a few questions about new wolves,” he said.

“New wolves? Is Amelia pregnant? I’d have thought Wolfe would prefer to come and see me.”

Neither would come and see Shirley. He didn’t know what they were going to do when Amelia and Wolfe decided to get pregnant, but right now, that didn’t seem to be a problem.

“No, this doesn’t have anything to do with Amelia.”

Shirley pursed her lips. “I can help them, you know.”

“You are aware we all know that you’ve refused to help Amelia in the past.”

“Exactly, in the past, none of that matters anymore.”

Boyan doubted that. “I’m not here about Amelia and Wolfe. I’m here about a new wolf.”

Shirley sighed and turned toward him. “Like all wolves, the moment they meet maturity, normally at eighteen, they naturally come into their wolf. Hurts like a bitch, but that is exactly what happens.”

“And what if it doesn’t?”

The healer paused. “I have never known it to fail, Boyan. Our wolves are always there. They’re always a part of our souls. It’s a mutual

understanding between us that it's best for us to merge as one."

Boyan gritted his teeth. "And what if a child was to come of a wolf and human mix?"

Shirley laughed. "That is rare."

"But it has happened."

"Well, of course it happens. Admittedly very rarely." Shirley put her hands on her hips. "I've never met a child who has, but from what I know, any part of the body that's human cannot withstand a change. They must be full-blooded wolf to turn." She shrugged. "Humans are weak. They don't have what it takes to turn. I imagine in a human-wolf breed, a child may not be able to withstand the transition into a wolf."

"Is there a chance it could be dormant?" he asked.

Shirley sighed. "What is this about?"

"Just answer my question." He had long lost his patience. Shirley was a giant pain in the ass. He didn't like her, and it was starting to sound to him that she didn't know the answer.

"In theory, yes, there's a chance a wolf can remain dormant within the body. They may not be able to complete the transition because he or she is not a fully formed wolf. Again, I'm going based on theory here, and the fact that in most instances a human cannot handle a transition."

"Have you ever known of wolves that have taken humans as mates?"

Shirley's lips pursed.

"There have been?" he asked.

"I ... there have been rumors, of course there are rumors that it happens. Men believe that humans are their mates. It's ridiculous is what it is." She shook her head and snorted. "It really is nonsense. Wolf and human do not mix, not matter what they want."

Boyan shook his head. She had been a waste of time and there was no way of knowing of a human or wolf mix. Angered, he left the shop, but didn't go back to Alpha and Draco to clean up the mess. He made his way toward the clubhouse. Several guys had a couple of the pack women hanging around their necks.

The full moon was getting closer and the sexual energy had already started to build. He walked into the clubhouse, but didn't linger, instead went into Alpha's office, and then reached for the files he was going to need. He picked them up and began to flick through the first couple, reading through all the data. Some of it was legible, some of it was not.

He frowned, gathered up several files, and spread them out across the desk, looking at each one. There were two different kinds of writing. This was not Milton. He was sure of it. Picking out similar letters, he saw the T's were done two different ways. One of them had a small strike-through and were constantly a straight line, while the other was erratic, always longer than it needed to be. It stood out. There were several other letters that were also similar.

Alpha stepped into his office and Boyan turned toward him. "There's someone else."

"What?"

"Working with Milton during this," Boyan said. "Look at the writing."

"Boyan, you're wasting your time with this. Milton is gone and we've wiped all trace of him at that veterinary center."

"It's not over. We've just had another man infected with the fucking wolf blood, who was unable to survive the transition. Do you think he's going to be out last? We don't even know if he's infected other people!"

Alpha closed his office door and stepped toward the desk.

"Look at the writing. Look what it's saying."

Alpha sighed and glanced through. "Are you sure this is not just the start of Milton when he was stable, and then as he got crazy, after infecting himself, his writing changed?"

"I'd agree, but look at the entries in the files. This dates back nearly five years ago."

Alpha sighed. "Fuck."

"Why fuck?" Boyan asked.

"This is good news."

"Is it? Because the fact that we've got Agatha in our town, a twenty-five-year-old female, is already a little too fucking much. Twenty-five years, Boyan. That's why this is all fucked." Alpha lifted one of the files and dropped it.

"At least we know this didn't work," Boyan said.

"What?"

"Whatever they were looking at or into didn't work. Milton ended up experimenting on himself. He ended up ... crazy, and on the outskirts of town. If this was successful, he wouldn't have been alone, using humans without their consent and all that kind of shit."

Alpha nodded. "You're right. We need to find the person who was working with him."

"That's going to be impossible," Boyan said. "We don't even know where to look."

"We know he used the same name. All we need is someone who knows how to handle a computer and can do some digging, and I happen to know a person."

"You do?"

"Yes," Alpha said. "But I'm going to have to handle this."

"Dude?"

"Let me deal with this and then I'll call you."

Boyan didn't like this, but one look outside the main window and he saw the sun had already set. It was time for him to head to the bar.

Agatha.

His wolf liked that idea. He wanted to go to the bar, to see Agatha. Not only did he want to see her, he wanted to fuck her. To rub his body all over hers, to smother her in his scent so everyone knew who she belonged to and there was no one else to take her from him. He wanted to do all that and more. So much more.

"Go," Alpha said.

He didn't want to leave because there was so much more work to do, but he also didn't want to stay. There was a woman with his name on her.

Nodding at Alpha, he was given an instruction and he had no choice but to follow it. Leaving the clubhouse, he made his way toward the bar. There were a lot of pack out tonight. He didn't expect anything less. Not when it came close to the full moon. The pack were trying to find someone to spend the full moon with. To enjoy the feel of being with a pack member, to feel that closeness, to experience it.

All he could think about was being with Agatha. Stripping her clothes from her sexy, curvy body, laying her on the earth, kissing her body, making love to her, and then fucking her until all she could think about was him.

Present

Val cleared his throat and Agatha had no choice but to pull away from Boyan. It was the last thing she wanted, but she also had a job to do. She needed to earn a wage and the only way to do that was to actually work, not make out with her boyfriend.

But I want to.

Boyan chuckled and kissed her head. "I'll be waiting, baby." He winked at her and that seemed to go through her whole body.

Val left the kitchen as well and Agatha got back to working on the glasses. Once she had a whole tray filled, she carried them out toward the main bar. As she did so, she was aware of Boyan watching her. She knew it was him, but to make sure she wasn't losing her mind, she kept glancing behind her.

His gaze was on her.

She had worn a pair of jeans and a tight-fitting top today. It was hot, hotter than it had been in a long time. She had wanted to wear a dress, but working in the bar in a dress didn't seem like a good idea. Not with how easily she had fallen just last night.

Val and Amelia had a lot of questions. She could also sense that they didn't like how she'd healed either. Just another little fact after another that she had no choice but to push to the back of her mind. That was all she could do.

There had never been any answers. Her parents had always told her to be careful and to never tell anyone what happened. The image of her broken leg after being hit by a car flitted through her mind, but she once again pushed it to the very back.

The night wore on, and as it did, the bar's crowd got smaller and smaller until Val was about to slide the lock back into place.

"I'm taking Agatha home," Boyan said.

"I help with the cleanup." She certainly didn't want to be seen as being lazy.

"Not tonight. Tonight I'm taking you home."

"I've got it," Amelia said. "No worries."

Agatha took the tray to the back of the kitchen, quickly grabbed her purse as she hadn't bothered with her jacket, and then followed Boyan out of the bar into the hot night. She was sure it had gotten hotter in the past few hours. There was no way she'd be able to put the jacket on.

"You know, that was quite rude," she said.

"Val knows how to clean up and Wolfe will be by to pick Amelia up. If she's not finished, he'll help."

"And it will make them hate me more because I'm not pulling my weight." She sighed. "The town doesn't like me at all right now. What do you

think they're going to think of me if they believe I'm not pulling my weight?" she asked.

"Do you think I give a shit about what the pack feels?"

"Pack?"

"The town." He pulled her into his arms and pressed her up against the side of a tree.

"You say some strange words, do you know that?" she asked.

"They're just words. They have no meaning."

"Words have a whole lot of meaning." She was stopped from saying another word as he took possession of her mouth.

This kiss wasn't gentle or sweet, but passionate, consuming. He commanded with his lips, and Agatha couldn't deny that she melted against him, craved his kisses. All night she'd been thinking about his lips on hers, wanting his hands all over her body. It was like Boyan had stepped into her fantasies, learned what he wanted, and come right out of them, and intended to use them to his advantage.

"I want to take you home, Agatha," he said. "I want to strip off these clothes and touch every inch of you. I want to suck on your tits. I want to kiss your pussy. I want to taste your sweet cunt on my tongue."

She groaned.

"And I know you want that as well, don't you?"

Another moan.

"Yes, you do, but you don't have to say anything. I know what you want." He kissed her lips. "Unless I'm wrong. Tell me to fuck off."

"No," she said.

"I'm wrong?"

"No, you're not wrong. I want that."

"Then do you forgive me for making you leave work?"

She rolled her eyes and he chuckled, taking hold of her hand, and together they walked the short distance toward her place. Boyan took the key from her hand, sliding it into the lock, flicking the catch open. She stepped inside her place and made her way upstairs.

Agatha didn't get far before he was there, his hands on hers. He grabbed the edge of her camisole top and pulled it over her head, tossing it to the side. The lacy white bra she wore went next, ending up on the floor. Agatha took off his jacket and tossed it over the sofa. She went for his shirt, but Boyan was there first, tugging it over his head. She couldn't help but be

distracted by his ink and of course his full, muscular body. His long hair was still tied back but she didn't mind.

Agatha reached for his jeans, flicking the button open, but he grabbed her hips and spun her around so that her back was pressed to his front. Boyan's arms crossed over her body. She became acutely aware of every little detail of him. The thickness of his arms. How good it felt to have his hands on her body. All of it. Not a single detail was lost.

Another moan escaped her lips and he chuckled.

"Do I drive you wild?" he asked.

"You know you do."

His teeth nibbled at her. "Good." He kissed her neck and at the same time, she felt his fingers delve into her jeans and flick the button open. Another moan left her. She couldn't help it. He took care of the zipper and loosened the jeans enough to shove his hands inside. He went past her panties, and then she felt him on her pussy.

"You're already so wet for me, baby," he said. "Have you been thinking about me?"

"Yes."

"Good." He nibbled her neck and then started to stroke her clit.

Agatha closed her eyes, trying to hold off her orgasm but with just a few light touches on her nub, she was ready to come apart. The pleasure was intense. She sunk her teeth into her lip, trying to think of everything but coming.

"Come for me," he said.

And just like that, as if by magic, she did so, screaming his name. They were not even naked yet, and he'd barely touched her, but she screamed his name, not wanting him to stop.

Boyan growled against her neck, and then his warmth was gone. She opened her eyes and he'd crouched down, taking the jeans with him.

"Step," he said.

Agatha's body shook a little from the orgasm but she reached down, touched his thick shoulders, and stepped out of the jeans. One, then the other.

"Good girl."

She loved that. She didn't even know why she did, but she loved it.

He slid the panties from her body, and part of her was a little disappointed he didn't just tear them off. Not that she had the money to replace all of her torn panties.

Naked.

Boyan still had on his jeans and as he stood, about to reach for her, Agatha sunk to her knees in front of him.

“Agatha,” he said. Her name seemed to be a warning on his lips.

She smiled up at him.

“What?” she asked. “I’m naked and I think it’s only fair that you are as well.”

This was pure instinct. Agatha didn’t have a clue what she was doing. It was this feeling that she followed, almost a gut reaction when it came to Boyan.

She reached for his jeans. She had already taken care of the button moments before, and now she handled the zipper. Grabbing the waistband of the jeans, she slid them down his body, staring up at him as she did so. He’d already kicked off his boots, and this time he stepped out of them. Boyan didn’t need to use her for leverage as he already knew what he was doing. All that remained were the boxer briefs.

One quick glance and she saw how erect he was. Her mouth watered. She wanted to taste him, to feel him sliding between her lips as she sucked him down.

“What are you thinking?” he asked.

His voice seemed deeper, gruffer.

“I want to taste you,” she said, and licked her lips as she spoke.

He growled.

“Then take my dick out and suck it.”

Chapter Ten

Boyan was hanging on by a thread.

He had promised himself he wasn't going to fuck Agatha. That he would enjoy her body, and show her everything, but that didn't seem to be working. No, he wanted inside her.

His wolf was so close to the surface, and seeing her on her knees right now, mere inches from his dick, he struggled. This need to fuck her, to fill her stomach with his seed and completely take her, overwhelmed him.

He watched her intently, waiting for any sign that she didn't want this or him. She reached for his boxer briefs and tugged them down. He kicked them off the last part, and then stood. His cock was already hard as fucking rock. It had been from the moment he'd entered the kitchen at the bar and watched her. Staring at her curvy ass, admiring the length of her body, thinking about her naked and spread out, waiting to take all of him. Her hands circled his length, and he reached out, wrapped her hair around his fist, and stared into her eyes.

"Don't use your teeth."

He had a feeling Agatha was a virgin. Again, this was all just a feeling. Her touch was untutored, natural, nothing planned or conniving. What Agatha did was down to her reactions, and he loved that.

She closed that short distance between them and then her lips circled his cock. Boyan tried not to close his eyes, but the pleasure was out of this world. She only took the tip of his cock to start and then, slowly, sunk on his length until he hit the back of her throat. He pulled back, but he knew he'd wanted to go deeper, to fuck her throat, to get her to take all of him, every single inch. She didn't use her teeth, and she bobbed her head, sucking him in.

Boyan counted to ten to try and keep some semblance of control, but there was none. No control, no nothing. There was just pleasure, immense, immeasurable pleasure. He didn't want to come in her mouth, though.

Another feeling consumed him of sinking his cock into her pussy, and filling her with his cum. He let go of her hair but not before he'd pulled her lips from his cock. He didn't give her time to protest as he lifted her onto the sofa, spread her legs wide, and then proceeded to lick between the lips of her sex. She tasted so fucking good. So sweet and ripe, and he had to have more.

Sliding his tongue back and forth across her clit, she was still so

sensitive from the last orgasm he'd given her, she wasn't ready for a second. He took his sweet time, rocking back and forth, then around, then moving down to her entrance. When he finally took her, it would be with his dick. Tracing the entrance, he moved back up toward her clit, sucking the nub into his mouth, hearing her moans of pleasure.

That's it, baby, come for me.

He grabbed her hips, holding her in place as he worked her clit, drawing her closer to orgasm.

"Please," she said.

"Come for me," he said, growling the words against her flesh. He took her clit into his mouth, using his teeth, not to cause any pain, but to heighten her senses. He wanted her completely wild, to be on cloud nine, unable to think of anything but him and the pleasure.

Not on the sofa. The thought ran through his mind and he stopped licking her pussy. Agatha protested, and he lifted her up into his arms, to which she seemed to freeze. Again, he didn't mind, he carried her to the bedroom and didn't waste any time. He placed her on the bed, and then was back between her thighs with the same instruction for her to come. He wanted her orgasm on his face, he wanted to drink her up.

"Boyan!" She screamed his name.

His command brought forth her second orgasm and as it did, he lapped it up, loving the taste of her. He held onto her hips, keeping her in place, as he worked every last piece of her orgasm out of her body until she couldn't stand it any longer. Boyan stopped and kissed his way up her body, tracing his tongue toward her nipples. He circled the buds, going from one nipple to the next, then he reached between them, gripping his cock. He was so hard and Agatha was so wet.

Tracing his cock through her slit, he bumped her clit, seeing the pleasure was still very fresh. He did this for several thrusts, before he moved down toward her entrance, and then, without waiting, he slammed balls-deep inside her. He tore through the small flesh of her virginity, staking his claim on her, and loving it even as he hated her sharp scream of pain. The last thing he wanted to do was cause her pain.

Gritting his teeth, he tried to control his anger at himself. The wolf inside him, at her scream, retreated.

Fucking coward.

He wrapped his arms around her, keeping himself perfectly still in the

tightness of her cunt, not daring to move for fear of hurting her. She was his whole fucking world.

“Boyan?” she asked.

“I’ve got you, baby. I’ve got you.” He kissed the top of her head, then her cheeks, each one in turn, before going for her lips.

He was so angry for causing her pain. He kept his cock inside her.

Boyan was surprised by how hard he still was. Her cunt was incredibly tight. Closing his eyes, he waited, concentrating his attention on Agatha, waiting for the pain to subside or at the very least lessen. He didn’t have to wait long.

Agatha moved first. Her hips, tentatively, and then a little more, drawing her hips back, and working her pussy over his dick. He didn’t dare move for fear of hurting her again.

“Boyan, please?”

“I don’t want to hurt you,” he said.

“You’re not. Please, I want this. I need this.”

Boyan lifted and stared down at her. With his cock still deep inside her, he pressed her to the bed, keeping her legs wide open, making it impossible for her to move.

“I’ll be the judge of that,” he said.

Taking hold of her hands, he pressed them either side of her head, and then began to slowly pull out of her pussy, watching her eyes. He noticed they had a sharp bolt of amber at the very edges. Was that her wolf? Would Agatha have traits but not be able to turn into a wolf?

There were so many questions and then a slice of fear ran down his spine. What if he awakened her wolf? He slowed down his thrusts and Agatha groaned.

“Boyan?”

Her pussy tightened around him and he growled, low and deep in his throat. His wolf hadn’t come back. The furry bastard was more than likely licking his wounds in the recesses of his mind. The pleasure was intense.

He wanted to take it slow, to not risk bringing forth her wolf, but holding back was not going to work. Tightening his hold on Agatha, he held her to the bed and started to fuck her, in long, deep strokes, driving in and out of her. His name falling from her lips in a pleased moan was the best kind of music he could hear.

Boyan felt the start of his orgasm as it tingled his balls, working up,

and he slammed deep and hard inside her, feeling his release as it spilled from his cock into her waiting body. Of course, his wolf was more than happy now, but Boyan held the control. Like always.

Keeping his cock inside her, he moved lower on the bed, and kissed her hard, wrapping his arms around her as he did so. He didn't want to let her go. The thought struck him quickly. This with Agatha wasn't a quick fuck. It wasn't about sharing a single moon together. His grip tightened around her, and he opened his eyes, staring past her shoulder, and trying to figure out how he was going to keep this human woman all to himself. It was impossible.

She would be in constant danger and not only that, would he be able to save her from her own wolf?

Boyan fussed a lot, not that Agatha minded.

First, there had been some deep kisses while he was still inside her. She didn't know how long they lasted, but it was a long time. Of course, her stomach had chosen to growl and alert them both to the fact she was hungry. That had been embarrassing. Not quite as embarrassing as Boyan seeing the evidence that this was her first sexual encounter.

He had then gone into serious protective mode. He'd picked her up again. Whenever he did this, she was always a little anxious. What if he dropped her? She wasn't a light woman, and so freezing in his arms seemed to do the trick, at least for now.

Boyan had taken her into the bathroom, ran a bath, along with salts, put her in the water, and disappeared. She had heard him pulling the sheets off the bed, and of course she had to wait for him to return to the bathroom. He then climbed into the tub, which he'd filled too much, and some of the water had spilled out. She got out of the bath, to try and clean up the water. Of course, Boyan got his own way, picked her up and placed her back into the bath. She rolled her eyes, but emptied some of the water out of the tub, and moved so Boyan had room to join her.

Agatha collapsed against him, chuckling. "You didn't need to do any of this. I could have cleaned it up."

"How come you've not been with other men?" he asked.

She lifted her head to look at him. "You want to talk about this?"

"I love that you've not been with anyone else and that makes you all mine." He gripped the back of her neck and kissed her. "But I know you're a

beautiful woman. There had to have been plenty of human men who wanted you.”

She frowned. “Human men.”

“You’ve taken all the brain cells from my dick. Men.” He winked at her.

Agatha was starting to question his words. Pack and human were a bit strange to her. Who was she to talk about strange things, though? She had the ability to heal from a car accident without going to the hospital — *that* was strange.

“I’ve ... I ... it’s complicated.”

“Did you live in a place where there were no men?” he asked.

“No.” She snorted.

“Were you never asked?”

She opened and closed her lips. “I mean, I was asked out on dates but it was ... I never ...” She frowned. “I don’t know. I never got this feeling with them, and please don’t freak out on me. I’m not expecting a proposal or anything. I know that marriage and the whole future and stuff freaks men out. This is all new and I’m learning.” Now she was just rambling and she needed to learn to shut up. Why was she bringing up things like the future and marriage? Crap. None of this made sense to her. “You see, I’d have ruined it anyway.”

He kissed her hard. “How could you ruin it?”

“By talking about stupid stuff like proposals and marriage.”

“You’re not frightening me away,” he said.

Agatha frowned. “Are you trying to tell me that you want to get married?”

Boyan chuckled. “Maybe. What are you doing for the next fifty years?”

Her mouth dropped open and she pulled away, staring at him.

He winked at her. “I see that I have you speechless.”

“I don’t know if you’re joking or not.”

He shrugged. “I’m not joking. I don’t joke about this kind of stuff.” He lifted up her foot and traced across the heel. “But I can see you’re not ready to talk about it.”

“It’s not that at all.” She nibbled her lip and knew she held a deep frown, which she tried to not have, but couldn’t help it. He was talking about forever. “Can we just—”

Boyan stopped her from saying anything by grabbing her hips and hauling her against him. Before she knew what was happening, he had her straddling his waist, and she felt the hard ridge of his cock against her. “Enjoy each other and leave all the serious shit for another time?”

Agatha opened her lips and closed them, staring into his eyes. “Yes, for now.” This was not how she expected her first time to go. “I ... I’m sorry.”

He gripped the back of her neck, which she loved. In fact, there were a lot of things she loved about Boyan. Especially as he lifted her up and without any effort at all had thrust deep inside her.

“Don’t be sorry, Agatha. You have nothing to be sorry about. I can wait for you to be ready.”

We’re ready right now.

You want him.

Take him.

He’s yours!

Agatha didn’t know where the words were coming from or what they meant. Forever with Boyan sounded like a dream come true. No, it *was* a dream come true. She couldn’t imagine being with anyone else, nor did she want to.

In her mind, she saw a life with Boyan, one filled with passion, love, with this feeling that she was becoming increasingly addicted to. She wanted him more than anything. From the first moment they had met, she felt this connection. She didn’t have a clue where her doubts were coming from. All she knew was a part of her wanted to dive headfirst into this with Boyan, and another was terrified.

She didn’t know what the hell to do, but as he began to slowly thrust inside her, all doubts went to the back of her mind. In this moment, she knew she could be with him, no questions asked.

Alpha looked at Draco and knew the club brother was hurting. Draco hadn’t gone inside the clubhouse. He’d taken his food outside, and he’d not even gone to shower or change. There were a few specks of blood on his clothes.

“Are you okay?” Alpha asked, approaching him.

There was a lot of shit going on around them, but he knew he had to reach out to Draco.

“I’m fine.” Draco was a man of few words.

He didn’t have time to spare. Alpha had already sent Wolfe to get Boyan. There was no doubt where he was. He needed the guys at the clubhouse so he could call a church meeting. It was fucking important. Boyan, and his ever-knowing fucking mind, had been right. There was a second person, and that person was still very much alive, but living with another pack about three hours away.

Alpha needed to talk to his men. Reaching out to another pack came with a risk. He needed to know what the brothers were prepared to do. He knew they needed answers.

“You got close to this one,” Alpha said.

“Did you know he was going to get married?” Draco said. “He had found the woman of his dreams and he loved her more than anything. They had picked out a dog together. A little mongrel, I think he might have said the breed. One day, the dog got sick and he went to the vet, a Dr. Milton.” Draco stopped. “He said he doesn’t remember much, just that he was talking to the doctor, then Milton suddenly left, and the next thing he knew, he woke up in a cage. He never saw the woman he loved again. From what I can gather, the girlfriend had come to pick up the dog, and he didn’t infect her, but he did infect *him*. After some time passed and shit was injected into him, Milton got pissed off and released him.” Draco turned to look at him. “He knew he was going to die. I couldn’t stop it.”

“We’re going to get to the bottom of this.”

“You do realize he could have infected many people.”

“We’ll handle it.”

Draco shook his head. “I have hated humans for so long. I can’t stand them. I have wanted to kill every single one of them for taking my mate from me. For ... killing her. I wanted to shoot them all in the neck, watch them bleed out. I wasn’t prepared to like them. I wasn’t prepared to pity them.”

Alpha nodded. “We can stop. We don’t have to take this any further and those that come, we can just eliminate.” He’d gladly kill anyone that posed a threat to the club.

He stared at Draco for the longest time, waiting.

“No. They don’t deserve this. The people that killed my woman deserve death. Those that hurt others who are weaker deserve to die. Not innocent people. Not those who just want love and happiness.” Draco got to his feet. “We’ve got to put a stop to this.”

Chapter Eleven

Boyan didn't want to leave Agatha, not after she had rebuked his proposals and questions of a future together. But Wolfe had come to get him, and with Wolfe there in person, he knew this was fucking serious. Alpha must have all the details.

So, he kissed Agatha, promised her he'd be back, which he would, and followed Wolfe back to the clubhouse, where the guys sat waiting.

He took his seat as Wolfe did the same. Alpha threw down the file in his hands.

"Milton worked with someone — a female, a human female — who is currently mated to an alpha in a pack three hours away. She worked with him for five years, and then something happened. There's no information, nothing. Milton disappeared and suddenly surfaced a few years ago, as a vet."

"Another pack?" Boyan asked.

"Yes, she is mated to the alpha there. It's not a welcoming pack, not to outsiders," Alpha said.

"But she has answers?" Boyan thought about Agatha.

"We have to arrange a meeting," Draco said.

"Why?" Rocco asked. "I'm sick of this shit and cleaning it up. If we see any more human fuckups, they get killed. Simple as that."

Draco growled and Boyan tensed up, ready to strike.

"What the fuck, man? I thought you'd agree with me? Humans do not have what it takes to do this," Rocco said. "It nearly kills us when we go through our first transition. Rather than see me as the asshole here, why not think about the mercy we're fucking showing them!"

"They deserve a chance to live!"

"What about that fucker I've just had to clean up?" Rocco asked. "Do you think it's fun having your skin split open and your insides ready to explode? You think that was fun for him?"

"Enough!" Alpha raised his voice and Rocco sat back. Draco was still tense with his gaze on Rocco, but he also seemed to come to heel.

Alpha breathed out a sigh and looked at him. "In case it has escaped your notice, we have reason to believe our very own resident human also has wolf genes. Her wolf doesn't respond to commands, but as I'm sure others have sensed, she doesn't smell human either." He pointed at Boyan. "I believe that's where you were."

Boyan nodded. "Shirley doesn't know anything either. I've asked."

"Waste of fucking space," Wolfe said.

"For Agatha, I need to talk to this woman," Boyan said. "Her wolf is there. It's dormant but I need to know if it will come out to play. I need to know if this will kill her."

The club went silent and Boyan clenched his hands into fists and gritted his teeth. His wolf howled in the back of his mind.

"She's your mate?" Wolfe asked.

"I don't know what she is but I can't ... I can't ... nothing can happen to her. Agatha cannot die." He had to say the words slowly as the very thought of anything happening to her scared the shit out of him.

The club went quiet. He lifted his head and looked at each of the brothers in turn.

"What?"

"I'll make the arrangements," Alpha said. "We'll need a small group of men to come with us to this meeting. I don't want it to look like we're waiting to be attacked."

Boyan knew he was already going. Enzo, Rocco, Gunnar, and even Draco agreed to go. All the guys agreed to go, but Alpha picked his team. Everyone else had to stay behind to take care of the pack and make sure nothing else went wrong.

Church was dismissed. Boyan headed out of the clubhouse and was nearly at the gate when Draco's voice stopped him.

"She's your mate," he said.

He stopped and turned to look at Draco. The brother looked in even worse shape than ever before. "How do you know?"

"That feeling, that you cannot allow her to die. It's how I know. Being with a woman isn't about all the fucking and breeding and shit. It's about that feeling." He pressed a hand against his heart. "Where you walk into a room and all you want to do is find her. You can scent her, and you crave to just walk near her, and you know that smallest distance is still too much. Where holding her in your arms is more than enough. Your thoughts are filled with just moments of her, wanting to be near her, begging to be next to her, just wondering how her day has been. Then of course, there's the sex. Where other women being with you just ... it disgusts you. You cannot stand another's touch. That is what it's like, and the way you reacted in there, you're mated, Boyan."

“And what happens if she dies?” Boyan asked.

Draco spent most of his days hanging on by a thread. The brother wasn't really living. He existed and that was all. It was a sad and miserable existence. They all kept him from going over the edge. According to their wolf legends, you only mated once. For Draco it meant he had no mate to look forward to.

“You become nothing. You cease to exist. All you can focus on is what you did wrong. How you could have saved her.” Draco shrugged. “It's not good.”

“Man, I'm so sorry,” Boyan said.

“It is what it is. All I can say to you, and to all of you who find your mates, don't ever let your guard down.”

Draco was done talking. He spun on his heel and walked away.

Running a hand down his face, Boyan didn't know how to fix the brother. There was nothing to be done.

Stepping out of the clubhouse grounds, he started to run through the forest and made his way toward Agatha's home. All he wanted was to be with her, to wrap his arms around her, and surround her with his scent. He didn't know how long he would have with her before her wolf threatened to come out.

It didn't take him long to make it to her apartment. He had a spare key and flicked the key into the lock, and made his way upstairs. Agatha was still in bed. The sheets were over half of her body, just her midriff. She'd pulled a pillow beneath her head, her ass and most of her legs were exposed. She looked so fucking precious.

Agatha moaned in her sleep and then opened her eyes. “Boyan?”

He stripped out of his clothes. “Hey, baby,” he said.

Within seconds he was naked and joining her on the bed, pulling her against him. She let out a little groan. “You're so warm.”

He chuckled. “I had to run to get back here.”

“I missed you.”

She snuggled up against him.

Kissing the top of her head, he ran his hand down her back, going toward her ass. He loved feeling her tits pressed against his chest. One of her legs moved over his and her knee was so close to his dick, but he didn't care. All he wanted was her.

“I missed you too.” He kissed her again.

Home.

His wolf was back, enjoying the precious moments he spent with Agatha.

“Did you do everything you needed to do?” she asked.

“Yeah, I may have to leave for a couple of days, but I’ll let you know all the arrangements.”

Agatha had been rubbing herself against him, but at his words, she stopped.

“Leaving?”

“Yeah, I’ve got to sort some stuff out with Alpha. It’s not a big deal. Amelia will still be in town, and Val. It’ll be good.”

“Do you need me to come with you?”

He was tempted to take her but he would not risk it. “I can’t. It’s business, babe. Club business.”

She smiled. “Okay, then. I’ll stay here and I’ll miss you, and think about you.” She snuggled up against him. “I really do love being here with you.”

His wolf liked that very much, and so did he. He liked every single part of Agatha.

“And I love being here with you,” he said. “I was thinking when I get back, you and I could perhaps think about moving in together.”

Agatha opened her eyes. “Moving in together?”

“Yeah, you and me. What do you think?”

She nibbled her lip. “Are you serious?”

“Totally serious. I like you. I think you like me, and it’s time for us to move in together.”

She smiled. “I thought men were supposed to be afraid of that kind of commitment.”

“Not me.” He leaned down and kissed her.

Agatha threw back her head and moaned. She didn’t realize sex could be so amazing. She’d read about it in a couple of books and had seen several acts in movies, but she hadn’t figured she’d love it quite as much as she did, especially with Boyan.

He was the reason she loved it. He had her on her knees, on the bed, his hands at her hips, pulling her up against him, with his cock balls-deep inside her. His hands moved up to her tits, cupping them in his palma, and he

groaned.

“Do you like my dick inside you, baby?” he asked, his voice deep and rough.

She loved the sound as it vibrated against her skin.

“Yes.”

He let her go and she pressed her hands to the bed as he returned his grip to her hips and began to pound away inside her. When he'd woken her up this morning with his head between her legs, she'd been startled and instantly aroused. It hadn't taken her long to find her release. Nothing more than a few seconds of his expert touches. Boyan had been about to leave the bed after he licked her pussy, but there was no way she was letting him leave now. He'd not wanted to have sex, or at least he had said he wanted sex, but he didn't want to hurt her.

For Agatha, her body was fine. The moment he slid inside her, there had been no pain. Only pleasure, as she expected. Feeling his rock-hard cock slide in and out of her, she knew she was close, but she suddenly tensed up as his hands went to her ass and he spread the cheeks wide.

“My little virgin doesn't know what it's like to have a man here, either.” He growled the words and slid his finger right over her anus.

She was a little shocked, but that small touch sent a shock wave of pleasure through her body. His hand moved and she felt him between her thighs, touching her clit, and she knew he was coating his fingers. She closed her eyes, tensing up as he once again pressed a finger to her anus.

“Relax, baby. I'm not going to hurt you.” He stroked over her asshole and then she yelped as he pressed his thumb right against her anus.

The pressure eased immediately.

“Is it hurting you?” he asked.

Agatha shook her head.

“Do you want me to stop?”

This time she hesitated. His cock had stilled while he was balls-deep inside her. Did she really want him to stop? There was pleasure there, and of course it did feel weird, but she didn't exactly wish for him to stop, so she shook her head.

“Don't worry. I'll take care of you.”

Something inside her seemed to purr, not like a cat, but just an appreciation of what he said. She liked it and her body loved it.

His fingers touched her anus again and this time she didn't jump back

startled, she waited, allowing him to take his time, to work her anus as he did so. Another whimper escaped her as his finger pressed against her asshole, and this time he didn't stop.

At first, there was a little amount of discomfort, and then that morphed fast into pleasure. Especially as he let go of her hip to stroke between her thighs, touching her clit, sliding his fingers through her wet slit, getting her nice and wet. She started to rock back against him, not just his cock, but also his fingers. It wasn't long before he added a second finger and began to spread them, and she whimpered.

“One day soon, I'm going to fuck this ass, Agatha, and then you're going to be all mine.”

She didn't have a problem with that.

He pulled his fingers from her ass and then held onto her hips, pounding inside her, fucking her harder than ever before.

She felt her own orgasm start to build, but she didn't quite reach it before she heard Boyan's growl of release as his grip tightened on her body to almost bruising. Not only did she hear him, she also felt his cock jerking inside her, filling her with his cum.

It hadn't even subsided and he kissed her neck, pressing her to the bed. “Touch your pussy, Agatha. Make yourself come.”

Sliding her hand between her body and the bed, she touched her pussy, stroking over her clit, and she felt Boyan's hand move to cover hers, guiding her fingers over her clit, working her body until she couldn't focus. She came for the second time that day, and she hadn't even been up for an hour.

Boyan chuckled. “I love feeling your tight cunt wrapped around my dick. This is how I should wake up every morning.”

Agatha laughed. “You could have woken me up before you got started.”

“And where would the fun in that be? You came, and I woke you up very happy and full of pleasure.”

She rolled her eyes and quickly gasped as she felt his cock seem to harden again.

“You want to go again?”

“Hell, yeah, I do, but I've got other plans.”

He pulled out of her pussy, and Agatha didn't have much time to move before his hands were on her hips once again. This time, he led her into

the bathroom and stepped them both into the shower.

Boyan took the full force of the cold water, waiting for it to warm up before he brought her in front of the spray. His hands wrapped around her. They were big, strong, powerful arms, and they held her captive within his, and she loved it. She didn't want him to ever stop.

He reached for the shampoo and before she could take it from him, he squirted some onto her hair and began to lather it in. He flicked the lid back on and placed it on the shelf.

"I can wash myself," she said.

"I know, but where's the fun in that?"

"Is that all you're going to say today?" She couldn't help but smile as she looked up at him.

"Might be."

He had this wicked smile on his lips that made her heart sing.

Once he lathered the shampoo, he moved out of the way of the spray and washed it from her hair. He wasn't done with her, though, as he did the same with the conditioner, and then of course with a sponge and some soap.

Having him touch and explore every inch of her body was an erotic experience. One she struggled to keep a level head with. His touch was everywhere. She loved his caress and didn't want him to stop.

Sinking her teeth into her bottom lip as he ran his fingers between her thighs, touching her core, she felt close to another orgasm with just the smallest of touches. What was this man doing to her?

Before he got the chance to take care of himself, though, she grabbed the soap and sponge from his hands and placed them back on the tray behind her.

"If you want to get dressed and start coffee, I'll be done in just a few minutes," he said.

"Not happening. On your knees," she said.

His brows went up, but Agatha wasn't going to leave. Boyan was too tall for her to wash his hair, so she had no choice but to command him to lower down onto the shower stall. He did so and she reached for the shampoo. He had long, thick hair, and she measured some shampoo into her hand before applying it to his hair. She ran her fingers through the strands.

"I've been meaning to get my hair cut," he said.

She paused in washing his hair. "Why?"

"I hate it long, but there's a woman at the hairdresser's who ...

well...”

Agatha frowned. “Did you have a relationship with her?” There was instant jealousy that consumed her.

“No, it was ... it meant nothing. It was just sex, but I ended it awhile ago. She doesn’t see it that way, and well, that’s why my hair is long.”

She ran her fingers through it. “I can take care of it.”

“You can?” he asked.

“Yeah, let me finish washing it.” She washed out the shampoo and immediately applied conditioner to his hair. “My mother used to cut my father’s hair all the time. She was a hairdresser. I could have done the same. She taught me, but I never enjoyed it.” She would prefer to cut her man’s hair than allow another woman to do it.

Agatha paused. *Her man?* With every second that passed, Boyan was starting to feel like her own man. Hers. No one else’s. He belonged to her.

After washing his hair, he went to leave the shower stall, but Agatha was still not done with him. Picking up the sponge and soap, she started to lather it up and then worked it across his skin, taking her time as she did so, learning every inch of him. Committing him to memory. To soap him, she’d gotten him to stand up, and now it was her turn to sink to her knees. His cock was hard and thick, sticking right out in front of him. She couldn’t help but look at his length and as she did, her mouth watered.

Lathering up his legs, she waited to do his dick last, and after she did that, she rinsed all the soap from his body, but kept her fingers around his length, staring up at him. Without any instruction from him, she stroked her tongue across the tip, then sucked him into her mouth.

She heard his instant hiss and one of his hands reached out, touching the wall. His other hand went to her hair, gripping her neck as she began to lick and suck at him. Agatha took more of him into her mouth, taking him all the way to the back of her throat. In and out, she felt this drive inside her, wanting him to come, and to feel it sliding down her throat.

“Fuck, Agatha, if you don’t stop you’re going to have to swallow my cum.”

She didn’t stop. That was exactly what she wanted. Holding onto his thighs, she bobbed her head, creating a pace that threw him over the edge.

“Fuck!” That one word came out in a shout and she felt his length jerk, and then the coat of his seed as it hit the back of her throat. She swallowed it down. There was so much of it, but she continued to lick and

suck at him until he couldn't take anymore and pulled away from her.

Licking her lips, she got to her feet, about to leave the shower. Boyan grabbed her, wrapping his arms around her, drawing her back, and then kissing her. She slid her hands up his body, circling them around his neck, knowing she didn't want to stop, she didn't want any of this to stop with him.

Chapter Twelve

Two Days Later

Boyan loved traveling. There was nothing better than being on his bike, especially when he was still in human form. As a wolf, he loved to run, to feel the wind rushing through his fur as he took off, enjoying the freedom of the forest.

This was a different experience, though. He wasn't happy with this travel. They were traveling to meet the woman, Elizabeth Cole. Alpha had told them the arrangements hadn't exactly been welcome. Elizabeth's mate and Alpha did not want to meet. They were two packs that although close in distance, didn't want anything to do with each other.

So, their meeting was to take place in a forest that had no ownership. It was a completely dead land to all. They would all be protected in some way, but he didn't like this detail.

He didn't like any of this, but they had to do it. Alpha had the details. They had to ride to a certain location, store their bikes, and then make the rest of the way on foot.

They were already asking a great deal by having Draco with them. They had passed several humans on the road, and each time they came close, even though they were in a vehicle, they surrounded Draco so he didn't do anything drastic. His temperament made him a risk. One moment he'd be perfectly fine, the next, he was ready to tear people's throats out.

Boyan had to wonder if this was all a mistake. Agatha was back home, waiting for him. She had seen him off that very morning. He'd woken her up, this time to make love to her. For the past forty-eight hours, he'd made love to her every chance he got, exploring her body, trying to cement his scent on her. If any of the pack got near her, they would smell him. They would know if they did anything, they would have to answer to him.

He was a little concerned about leaving her, especially with Macy still being a problem, but he would fix that.

Before they left, Agatha had also taken care of his hair. She had taken off the length. She had experimented with him, allowing him to hold a mirror as she took his hair to neck length. He didn't like it, so she shortened it more until he was happy.

Alpha held his hand up, letting them know they were coming to their first stopping point. They slowed, coming to a hidden entrance, and they rode

through it. They were surrounded by a thicket of trees and bushes. The air was so clear and fresh.

Alpha suddenly came to a stop, leaving them all no choice but to turn off their ignitions and park their bikes. They weren't exactly hidden, but they were safe. Not many people would venture through such a small path. There was no way to fit a car around it.

"This is it?" Rocco asked.

"There are no tracks, this is where we can store our bikes," Alpha said.

"Dude, I don't like this," Enzo said.

Boyan rolled his eyes. He knew the brother was pissed because he couldn't bring his knitting. The brother was always pissed when he couldn't bring it.

"We're not here to like it and maybe that's the point," Gunnar said. "No one is supposed to like it, which is why it's the perfect meeting spot."

Boyan glanced around him, staring at the forest.

"Do you know which direction we need to go?" He wanted to get this over and done with.

"This way," Alpha said, pointing straight in front of him.

"I could have totally fucking knitted," Enzo said, shaking his head.

Draco laughed, as did Rocco and Gunnar.

"You guys can laugh, but if I do something to seriously fuck this up, then it's on you."

"You're not knitting. It's as simple as that," Alpha said.

Enzo continued to grumble.

Boyan wanted to focus on the mission. He needed to save Agatha.

They walked for close to thirty minutes when they all came to a sudden stop. Boyan smelled it — wolves — and certainly not pack.

"They're close," Gunnar said.

They all agreed, and this time their movements were even more cautious than before. Boyan was ready to strike at a moment's notice.

He didn't want to offend the other pack, but it was rare for two different packs to get along. It was why there was always a distance between them. Packs always had different alphas, and men of power didn't always enjoy sharing it.

Boyan knew the Poison Wolves MC defied that very notion as they were a group of men who could all be alphas. That was why they worked

together as a team. They knew they were a lot stronger together than apart.

Up ahead, he saw them. One woman stood there with a male close at her back. There were several men, more than they had, but Boyan didn't care. Numbers didn't mean victory. They passed through a thicket of bushes, and then came to a stop. There was a short distance between them. Alpha took the lead as always.

"Elizabeth Cole?" Alpha asked.

She nodded her head and he watched as she glanced at the man by her side, who had a grip on her arm.

"It's okay," she said.

The alpha gritted his teeth but wouldn't let her go. Elizabeth slid his hand down, and then locked their fingers together, as they approached. There was still a short distance between them.

"I am Elizabeth Cole, and I believe you have questions regarding Dr. Milton." The alpha at her side growled. It wasn't a nice one, and Boyan went on high alert.

"Yes, over a year ago, we had an encounter with him. He tried to kill a member of my pack. It would seem he injected himself with wolf blood," Alpha said.

Elizabeth shook her head and growled. "Stupid, fucking idiot."

"That's not all," Boyan said. "We know he infected other humans."

"They didn't make it," Draco said. "They've stumbled onto our land and have not been able to withstand the transition. They have all died."

"And it's not pretty," Enzo said.

Elizabeth ran fingers through her hair and continued to shake her head in agitation.

"We also have a human female," Boyan said. "Her name is Agatha Preston. Milton had a file on her. She was born to a wolf male and human woman."

There was another growl from the alpha beside her. He had yet to speak, but Boyan sensed the anger.

"You worked for him," Alpha said. "And we need answers. We need to know how to stop these humans from dying, and we also need to know what is going to happen to our human, who does have wolf traits but cannot turn at request."

Elizabeth sighed. "I didn't work for Milton. I worked *with* Milton, a long time ago. You see, I, like Agatha, had a wolf parent and a human parent.

As did ... Milton.”

This surprised the fuck out of Alpha and Boyan.

The alpha at her side growled again and pressed close against her. Elizabeth smiled and touched him.

“As Milton and I were not full-bred wolves, the pack alpha expelled us after we turned eighteen. Our parents couldn’t have anything to do with us, so we took off. It hurt Milton. He loved the pack, and we tried to make a go of it in the human world. We went to work, and school. Both of us were great at science and biology. I didn’t realize until it was too late that Milton’s main objective was to become a full-breed wolf. He wanted back into his pack.”

“You experimented?” Boyan asked.

“In the beginning, I truly thought we had mixed-breed couples who were there willingly, for us to learn everything there was to learn. That’s what I was there for, to learn what a mixed wolf was like — a human and wolf — but I later realized he was killing the parents and putting the children into care. He was placing them at a disadvantage.”

“Milton was part wolf?” Rocco asked.

“Yes. As am I.”

Boyan stared at her. She looked like a human but he couldn’t smell her either.

“Will her wolf come out? Will it kill her?” Boyan asked.

Elizabeth smiled. “Agatha is a half-breed wolf. She will have wolf traits. I believe I was able to learn that our scents are masked by the pack we’re meant to be with. We have this built-in need for wanderlust until we find the place we’re meant to be, and we settle down.” She touched the man at her side. “We find our mates and we feel with the same passion as other wolves. We’re also quite protective and jealous as well. I’d advise not to test those boundaries. We can’t turn into wolves, but we are strong. Also, we heal as well. Fast.”

“Know that one,” Boyan said. “Within hours of Agatha cutting her hands, they were fully healed as if nothing happened.”

“That is a pretty handy thing to have,” Elizabeth said with a smile.

“What about children?” Boyan asked.

This time, a bigger smile from her. “Children are, of course, more than fine. You will find that if you do mate with a woman like me, half-wolf and half-human, some of your children will be able to turn when they reach maturity. Others may not.”

“What about accepting the pack?”

“We need to know what to do with the ones Milton infected,” Draco said. “Can they be saved?”

The smile disappeared from Elizabeth’s face. She turned back to him. “Your mate will accept the pack. Agatha is part of the pack and she feels the call of the moon, and the pack, all of it. She might be a little skeptical at first, but all you’ve got to do is be open with her. The wolf inside her will know not to be afraid, so she won’t be.” Elizabeth looked toward Draco. “It is not good news. Humans are not supposed to ... they don’t have what it takes. Their bodies cannot take a transition like wolves can. The blood infects, and it changes their entire makeup. There has never been a successful human-to-wolf change. It has always ended in death, and when you think you’re getting close to success, it ends in a bloodbath. It’s a mercy to kill them while you can.”

“This is your fuckup and you’re saying the only way to save people is to kill them?” Alpha asked.

“Mind your tongue.” This came from her alpha.

“No, it’s fine. I didn’t experiment on people. Of that, I swear to you. Milton was obsessed with finding a way back to our old pack. That was never going to happen and I never wanted to return to a place that didn’t want us in the first place. When I realized what he intended, I shut it down. I got my new pack, my mate, to help us end what he did.”

“Only it didn’t end,” Boyan said. “He moved up his game and infected more people. He infected himself and we had no choice but to terminate him.”

“I figured that was what happened when you came looking for me.”

“That is enough,” her alpha said.

“Do you have any more questions?” Elizabeth asked.

“None, but in the future I might.”

She reached into her jacket and pulled out a card. “Then please contact me. I know it’s rare for packs to include a half-wolf. I can help, even if it’s just to reassure her.”

Boyan took the offered card and slid it into his pocket. The truth was, he and Agatha would be okay, but the people Milton infected were well and truly fucked.

Draco didn’t like any of this.

They had arrived back at the pack an hour ago. No one had questioned him as he left, making his way through the forest. He went past the caves that had housed their last human. It was all clean now. That Elizabeth woman had to be wrong. He couldn't believe for a second that there was no way for them to survive.

He chased off into the clearing, going past the lake and farther away until he came to the small cabin. It only housed a few items. Draco had built it himself, intending to take his own life after he lost his mate. None of the club nor the pack knew of his intentions, of the plans he had to kill himself. None of them had worked.

He couldn't kill himself, no matter what he tried, to join his woman. So, he made his way behind the cabin. Seeing the opening stairs, he made his way down toward another set of caves. These didn't have bars, but there were chains. He figured someone, many years ago, had tried to hurt wolves.

Pulling out his cell phone, he turned on the flashlight and shone the light into the room. Alpha and the club didn't know what he had found hours before making their journey to that woman. She had been walking through the forest, blood pouring from her mouth, her clothes covered in a layer of dirt. He'd not taken her to the cages. He'd brought her to his safe place, the one place no one else would think to go.

With the light shining on her, she flinched, but he saw her eyes quickly adjusted to the light, and he crouched down.

"Do you remember me?" he asked.

The woman looked at him, tilted her head to the side, and then nodded. "Yes. You found me."

"I did. I need you to tell me your name."

"It's Lelah. Lelah Martins."

"Nice to meet you, Lelah." He had to find a way to save this woman.

Chapter Thirteen

Agatha was serving a customer when Boyan entered the bar. She finished pouring the beer, and then without even thinking, rounded the bar and ran toward him. He caught her up in his arms, spun her around, and she laughed as he did so. He placed her on the floor, cupped her face, and kissed her, hard. The room faded away.

This was the first time they had shown any kind of public display of affection. She had to wonder if she should feel a little embarrassed at everyone seeing what they were doing.

“I missed you,” she said, the moment they broke the kiss.

“As you can see, I missed you a little more.”

She tapped him on the arm, but then took his hand and led him back to the bar. She forced him to sit down, and she quickly rounded the bar. Glancing at Val, she saw her boss with a brow raised.

“I’m so sorry,” she said.

“Nah, it’s fine. It’s nice to see another of the mighty fall.”

Boyan laughed.

Several customers had approached the bar. She noticed they all gave Boyan a wide berth.

“I didn’t expect you back so soon.”

“The meeting went better than I expected.”

He wouldn’t tell her what the meeting was about, and she didn’t want to pry. If he wanted her to know, he’d tell her.

“That’s good news, right?” she asked.

He nodded.

“Can I get you a beer?”

“Yeah, you can.”

She chuckled and quickly served him a beer. Placing the glass in front of him, it was her turn to go and collect glasses.

The town still kept their distance from her, but at least they no longer rejected her service. She had made several trips with the glasses, and placed them in the kitchen for Amelia to wash, when she returned to the bar to see a woman pressing herself against Boyan. When she went to reach for his hair, he grabbed her hand. Agatha rounded the counter, and within seconds had placed herself between Boyan and the woman.

“Can I help you?” Agatha asked.

All her life, she avoided confrontation. She couldn't stand conflict of any kind and yet, before she could even think about what she was doing, she was here, between Boyan and another woman. This made no sense to her.

Mine!

Smack her.

Growl at her.

Claw her face.

He belongs to us.

Us? Who the fuck was us?

Agatha didn't know if she liked that voice at that moment, because it seemed to be encouraging her to be violent toward this woman.

"Ah, so this is the little ... newbie," she said.

"Macy, I suggest you leave."

"Why? You don't want her to know that you belong to me?" Macy tilted her head to the side. "I take it you're the one that gave him that disgusting haircut."

"Back off," Agatha said.

"Or what, little girl, do you think you scare me?"

Agatha reacted as Macy went to grab her. She didn't know what Macy was going to do, but she still grabbed her hand, twisted it behind her back, and slammed her body against the bar. She also didn't know why this reaction had garnered a whole lot of attention from the town. This was not what she needed.

"Boyan doesn't want you. He doesn't belong to you, and I suggest you leave him alone." She tightened her grip, making Macy cry out.

Snap it.

Agatha let go of the woman. Macy instantly pulled away from her. There was no fear in her eyes, but she was startled. Looking down at her hands, she quickly rushed to the kitchen, then immediately out the back door, going into the night.

Boyan had followed her. He grabbed her hair, pulling it away from her face, as she bent over and then threw up.

"It's okay," he said. "I've got you."

She didn't know if in that moment she wanted to be "got." She had hurt another person. There had been a real desire in her veins to hurt that woman. That was not like her.

She threw up a little more, and then stood, wiping her mouth on the

back of her hand and rubbing it down her jeans. She pulled away from Boyan, feeling tears in her eyes.

“Hey, hey,” Boyan said. “It’s okay.”

“I’m going to get thrown out of the town. I’m going to ... oh, my God, did you see what I did?” She looked at her hands. “I don’t know what happened. I’ve never hurt anyone. I’m used to hurting myself. I mean, I totally got run down by a car before I got here, and I actually healed myself, and now I’m just rambling because that kind of stuff doesn’t happen, does it?”

“You got run over?”

She pressed her lips together. “Yeah, not long after my parents died. I wasn’t thinking and I stepped out. The car ran me over. I had a lot of damage and...” She shrugged. “I healed without any medical intervention. Isn’t that messed up?” She pressed her hands to her face. “My God, what is happening to me?”

Boyan pulled her against him and she pressed her face against his chest, breathing him in. He smelled so good and she didn’t want to lose him.

“I guess you’ll have me committed for being crazy.”

“You’re not crazy.”

“Come on, Boyan. Even you have to admit that was insane.”

“Macy had what was coming to her. You saw her messing with your mate, and it triggered something in your mind.”

“Triggered?” she asked. She frowned. “Mate? Okay, you keep doing this to me. You call the townspeople a pack, and mates, and other weird things. I mean, who has a name like Alpha, that’s crazy.” She looked at Boyan and laughed, expecting him to chuckle with her.

He looked serious.

“Boyan, what is going on?”

“Have you ever had a feeling that there’s more to you than meets the eye?” he asked.

She frowned. “I have no idea what you’re talking about.”

“Okay, then, how about this? When you were in there, and you saw Macy about to touch me, was it just you reacting, or did you have a voice in your head or a feeling that didn’t feel quite your own, but it was one you had to listen to?”

Yes.

There it was again. She opened her mouth, closed it. How did she

respond in a way that wasn't going to make her sound crazy?

"You have traveled from the city. Moved through different towns, looking for something. The moment you walked through here, you felt at home, in a way that living with your parents, growing up, never did. You don't even care that the people here are assholes. You love it here. You feel it in your gut that this is where you're meant to be."

"Yes," she said, her voice a whisper.

"And when I'm near, you feel safe, right?" She nodded. "But it's not just safe, you want to be with me. You feel this closeness, this connection, and every single time I step into a room, you know I'm there. You don't even have to see me to know I'm right there with you. Isn't that right?"

She nodded again, this time a little afraid to admit it.

"You hadn't been with any other men, even though I guess you've known some for a long time, with schools and all that. With me, you feel like you've known me your whole life. You want to be with me and you not only see our present, but our future. In fact, you want to wrap your arms around me and completely cover me with your scent."

"Boyan?"

"And you heal, fast," he said. "Super-fast, in a way you know a human shouldn't. In fact, I can imagine your senses growing up seemed a little scary to you. The ability to have superb hearing. To sense danger, and to even smell something that wasn't quite right. You've always had a fascination with the moon. Maybe to the point of embarrassment for your parents."

She had no idea how he knew all of this. She'd never told a soul. Her parents had always tried to hide it. When they had gone to fairs in the city, they'd been too loud and too bright. She'd hated it. The only child to hate a fair with all the rides, and she had preferred to stand with her cotton candy and stare up at the full moon.

"What are you trying to say?" she asked.

He ran a hand down his face. "You were born to two people."

She giggled. "As is everyone."

"One of your parents, your mother, was human. Your father was a wolf. A full-breed wolf. From what I've come to understand, they didn't realize they were being experimented on, but they were mated. You were born, and Dr. Milton, the one who took your blood, killed them. He killed them, placed you in care, but monitored you."

“You’re not making any sense.”

Boyan stepped closer to her and she saw his eyes, the darkest of amber, and then she realized the wolf that was in her mind.

He’s telling the truth.

You know I’m here.

You’re a wolf, Agatha.

“This is ... you can’t be ... I mean...”

“I don’t know if your adoptive parents knew, but I believe they knew something. I don’t have all the details, but I might have someone who can help you determine if they were part wolves, which is why they knew for you to hide certain traits, but to also keep you safe from yourself.” He cupped her face and she looked at him. “At the next full moon, if you don’t believe me now, I will turn for you. I will show you I’m not joking around. The reason I have called the townspeople a pack is because that’s exactly what they are. They’re my pack. They’re protected by the Poison Wolves MC. We all can be alphas, but we came together to protect our pack and our home. Alpha is the one we agreed could be in charge, as he has the ability to call forth a wolf.”

She frowned. “Is that what you were doing? Calling my wolf? But I didn’t change.”

“And you won’t be able to change.” He stroked some hair back behind her ear. “You will never change, but it is why you heal, it’s why you feel these extreme thoughts about me. Why you hurt Macy. No one is going to be upset with you. You’ve chosen me as your mate. You are mine. She crossed the line. No one tries to take a woman’s mate and gets away with it.”

Agatha couldn’t believe what was happening. It was all a little too fast, and then she felt the world spinning.

“Agatha?”

“I think I need to lie down.” The whole world went black.

“You told her,” Alpha said.

“You didn’t see how freaked out she was at what she did to Macy,” Boyan said.

Agatha had passed out nearly an hour ago, and rather than take her, he’d carried her all the way to the clubhouse.

“Don’t you think you might have been a little too fast?” Amelia asked.

“That woman said she would understand and that her wolf would accept it. How was I supposed to know she’d fucking faint?” Boyan paced the length of Alpha’s office. He was angry with himself. “I thought fainting spells were only meant to last a few seconds. Not hours.”

He reached into his jacket pocket for Elizabeth’s number.

“You’re not calling her,” Alpha said.

“Why not? I’ve got a passed-out mate who cannot take the information I just gave her. She’s the only one who knows anything about this.”

“What harm could it do?” Amelia asked.

“I don’t want us to be at the mercy of another pack. We can figure this out on our own.”

Boyan couldn’t believe this. “This isn’t about being at their mercy! This is about my woman, my fucking mate — and I need her to be healthy! I need her to be alive and, you know, by my side. Elizabeth is the only one with answers.” He shook his head and reached for his cell phone. As he did, Agatha moaned and slowly opened her eyes. He moved closer to her. “Hey, baby,” he said. He took hold of her hand, kissing her lips. “I’m here.”

She smiled up at him. “Boyan.”

“You kind of scared me there for the past hour.”

“An hour?”

“Yeah, that’s how long you’ve been passed out.”

Her gaze went behind his shoulder to the club.

“Where am I?”

“You’re at the clubhouse,” he said.

“Oh.”

“I kind of freaked out.”

“Do you remember the conversation you had with him?” Amelia asked.

Agatha looked at him and slowly nodded her head.

“That’s good news, right? It means you haven’t passed out again. So, yay.”

She laughed and that was even more great news. If she was laughing, that had to be a good thing.

“So, you’re wolves,” she said. “You’re all wolves.”

“Yeah, we’re all wolves.”

“This is big news, right? Like, really big news.”

This had to be one of the weirdest conversations he'd ever had. He couldn't recall ever talking to anyone about this, not even with his parents when it happened. Talking about being a wolf with other wolves just never happened, and his first initial transition was so long ago.

He cupped her face and stared into her eyes. He was sure he saw flecks of amber shining back at him.

"I love you," he said.

"Boyan?"

"I don't care who hears. I love you. I love you so fucking much, and I know this is not perfect, and I don't know what you wanted out of life, but I love you more than anything else in the world, and I don't want to live without you. I want everything out in the open."

He heard the rest of the pack slowly start to leave the room, giving him and Agatha privacy, which was very much needed.

There were tears in Agatha's eyes.

"I didn't mean to make you cry. That's the last thing I want to do."

She sniffled. "They're good tears. Happy tears. I love you too, Boyan. I know this is all fast and everyone will be telling us that we're moving too fast."

"The good news is that wolves only know one speed, and that is fast — really fast." He stroked her cheeks and stared into her eyes. "You fucking scared me."

"I don't even know why I passed out." She frowned. "I don't even feel like I passed out. If anything, I feel like, er, well, I was dreaming."

"You were dreaming."

"Yeah, I was in a forest and so was this wolf. It was a beautiful wolf, bright white, and so kind. For the longest time I think we just sat staring at each other, and then it was like we had a conversation."

"That's your wolf," Boyan said.

"My wolf."

"That voice in your head. The one that helps you to think and feel right. The one that tells you if you're in any danger, or if it wants to rub its body against another — that is me."

She laughed.

"This is all a little surreal. I feel like I should be panicking but I'm not. I feel fine."

He kissed her lips and pressed his head against hers. "You're going to

be fine. More than fine. I love you, Agatha.”

“I have no idea what all of this will mean.”

“It doesn’t have to mean anything at all. The pack is going to accept you, and in time, we will have children, and we’ll figure all of this out together.”

“Children?”

“If you want kids, that is. I’m sorry. I’m kind of babbling here.” He stared into her eyes and saw there were tears glistening as she smiled back at him. “What is it?” he asked.

“You’re babbling over me, I never thought anyone would ever babble over me.”

He pulled her close and slammed his lips against hers. When she passed out, he couldn’t recall being so frightened in his life. He was part of the Poison Wolves MC, he never got frightened. Nothing scared him.

“I love you, Agatha, so fucking much.” He thought about Draco and certainly his own feelings that consumed him. Nothing could ever happen to her. He would do everything in his power to keep her safe.

“I love you too. Am I dreaming?”

“No,” he said. “And even if you are, then let’s make sure we never wake up.”

Chapter Fourteen

The Full Moon

The pack hadn't exactly been overly welcoming. From what Boyan had told her, Alpha had called a meeting, and it was known that she was in fact a wolf, with different abilities. She wasn't present for the meeting, which she was grateful for. She'd never been someone who wanted to be watched.

Now with the full moon high in the sky, Boyan had walked her into the forest. She had already seen several of the pack change into their wolf form. Agatha had been a little afraid before tonight. Boyan had spent the last few days telling her everything about the pack, talking about his wolf, his first change. Other than his commitments to the pack and the fact she had to work, they'd spent all their free time in bed. They had divided their time between his clubhouse and her home.

"Are you nervous?" he asked.

"No."

There's no need to be nervous.

Ever since she had learned what she was, and after several conversations with a woman called Elizabeth Cole, she had come to accept that voice inside her head. She'd never cut the voice off, figuring it was part of who she was, but there had been times over the years she'd not exactly listened. She was listening now.

Boyan pulled her close and kissed her. Feeling his body press against hers made her moan.

"I love you."

She chuckled. Hearing him say those words never got old.

He stepped away from her and she watched, amazed and totally in awe as he stripped out of his clothes, but that wasn't what made her gasp. Seeing Boyan melt away, to give way to his wolf. Boyan was a big boy, and there was no fear. She knew this wolf wouldn't hurt her as he approached.

She held her hand out and stroked his fur. The wolf within her mind rubbed against the wall of her skin, and Agatha closed her eyes, seeing her wolf, feeling it, and knowing in her heart everything was going to be okay. More than okay.

Staring into his eyes, she was pretty sure she heard him say he'd be back in just a moment. She watched him take off, running through the forest. There was no way she could look away. He was a stunning combination. The

power in his legs, the gracefulness with which he ran. Boyan had warned her that he was going to need to do a quick run, to allow his wolf to roam freely. He asked her to stay, to wait for him, and to just be in the forest, and so she did.

We're finally home.

We're free.

In the last few days, she knew her wolf was happy. She knew this kind of feeling was what they'd been searching for all their lives. Living in the city, traveling through towns, none of that had brought her peace, but the moment she stepped foot in Poison, she had finally come home. This was where she was meant to stay, and there was no way she was going to leave.

She didn't know how much time had passed before Boyan finally returned, but he stepped through the forest in human form, completely naked.

"Did you have a good run?" she asked.

"I did, but now it's even better." He reached for her, and she put her hands within his. He started to walk back and she followed him.

"I have a feeling you're just showing off right now."

"Maybe a little bit."

She chuckled but he walked them back toward a small lake.

"I thought you might like a swim."

He pulled her in close and was already pulling her dress up her body and throwing it to the side. Agatha couldn't believe how much love she had for this man. She giggled as he attacked her bra, then her panties. He hated whenever she wore underwear.

Boyan picked her up in his arms, and before she could stop him, he'd carried her into the water, which was cold to start with as soon as it touched her flesh. With Boyan's arms wrapped around her, she soon started to warm up. He didn't let her go and she loved it as he held her tightly, kissing her. His tongue traced across her lips, and as she gasped, he slid right inside, tasting her.

Putting her hands at his waist, she was tempted to slide them up, to wrap them around his neck, to press their naked bodies together, but instead she kept one hand at his waist, and with the other she slowly began to stroke downward, wrapping her fingers around his length.

He growled out.

"Two can play this game." He spun her around so that her back was to him. She still held his length in her grip, but Boyan was able to cup her

between her thighs.

His lips were at her neck, his tongue tracing across the curve, playing right over her pulse.

“You’re so wet,” he said as his fingers slid between her slit, touching across her clit.

She worked his cock, going from the tip down, then back up again. He was so hard, long, and thick. She didn’t want to ever let him go.

“Are you wet for me?” he asked.

Agatha smiled. This was a question he asked often and she knew why.

“Yes, I’m wet only for you.” Boyan loved the fact she’d been a virgin. He loved that no other man had touched her, and she loved that as well.

She knew he hadn’t been a virgin, but she didn’t care. Macy, in front of the whole pack, had apologized. Agatha had accepted her apology and in a strange way, they had become friends. She understood that Macy hadn’t realized Boyan was taken, that he was mated.

Boyan had then told her exactly what it meant to be mated. It meant as wolves, they were to spend the rest of their lives together, to love one another, to be by each other’s side, to have each other’s back, to grow old together. In short, they had finally found each other’s happily ever after. She loved him so much.

He growled against her body and if it was even possible, she felt how incredibly hard he got.

“That’s right. All me. Only me.”

He slid a finger deep inside her, then a second. He stretched his fingers, teasing her as he did this, opening her up. She thrust against his waiting hand, not wanting him to stop, almost begging him to keep going.

“You’re so fucking beautiful. I want you to come on my fingers and once you do, I’ll fuck you and make you come all over my dick. You’d like that, wouldn’t you?”

“Yes!” Everything he said sounded amazing.

He pulled his fingers from her pussy, and used both to work her clit, drawing her higher and higher toward orgasm. It never took him long to bring her to release. She was often a little embarrassed by how fast she came from his touch alone. Even with his tongue, she found her release quickly and she loved it.

“Then come for me, Agatha. Come for me so I can fill you with my

cum.”

It was like he had complete control over her body. Those few words, and she came, hard, screaming his name, not wanting him to stop. She thrust against his hand, and Boyan drew out every second of her release.

Agatha didn't think she could take much more, but then he spun her around, lifted her up, and with a few easy moves, he slid her onto his cock. Another moan escaped her as she felt him, inch by aching inch, sink inside her, going to the hilt. He moved his hands from between them, going to her ass, and then working her up and down his length, driving inside her, fucking her.

“Fuck, baby, you feel good. So fucking good.”

“Yes, please, Boyan, fuck me,” she said.

He captured her lips kissing her, and she felt him thrusting in and out of her.

“You know what I want you to do,” he said, seconds later.

Agatha groaned but slid her hand between them, touching her clit as he continued to work his length inside her. The pleasure was intense with his hard dick inside, and when her second release washed over her, it was different as she felt him driving inside her. Boyan growled, slamming inside her three more times, and then she felt his hot cum filling her up.

She knew he wanted to make her pregnant. Every time they had sex, he would put his hand on her stomach and ask those words, “Do you think I knocked you up?” Not the most romantic, but she loved it either way.

Opening her eyes, she stared into his, smiling.

“Marry me,” he said.

His words took her by surprise, but not for long.

“Yes,” she said.

She loved this man, this wolf, more than anything else in the world. She didn't want to be anywhere but with him.

Epilogue

Two Months Later

Boyan never thought he would marry a woman. There had been moments throughout his life where he hoped he'd find the woman he wanted to spend the rest of his life with, but as the years passed and women became nothing but a blur of fun, he started to believe there wasn't one out there for him.

Then Agatha came into his world.

Staring down the aisle, he saw her on Alpha's arm, waiting. The music had already started. The pack had been told about his impending nuptials, and they had all played their part to bring them together. They made sure there were plenty of seats on either side, making up the aisles. Several of the pack had also opted to sit on his bride's side. She had no one but the pack now.

On Agatha's side were the club, as well as Amelia, Val, and of course Macy, which was a surprise, but he didn't care. The pack would learn to accept her.

Agatha began to walk toward him, closing the distance, and he didn't care how lovely the town looked, or the fact the pack had made this day magical. All he focused on was his woman as she made her way toward him. Step by step. She looked so freaking stunning in the white dress. It was nearly winter and the dress dipped in a V at the front, exposing her beautiful cleavage, but had long sleeves. The bodice molded to her body, and the skirt billowed out.

To him, she looked like a princess. Her long, blonde hair was spiraled around her body, and there were several pink and blue flowers that had been placed within the strands. She wore no makeup as she didn't need it. She was stunning. And she was marrying him.

Boyan didn't know what he'd done to be so lucky, but he was going to roll with it. Agatha was his. All his.

Alpha held her hand out to him, and Boyan didn't hesitate. He took hold of her hand and led her to the altar, where Alpha had quickly moved into position. He was the one who could bless their marriage.

Alpha began to speak. Boyan stared at his woman, and when the time came for anyone to dispute their union, he waited. No one said a word. It was time to kiss his bride, and that he did, pulling Agatha toward him, pressing

his lips to hers.

The pack erupted into cheers and he didn't care. He had his woman.
The love of his life.

The kiss broke and he stared into her eyes. Agatha pulled him close,
pressing her lips to his ear.

"I'm pregnant."

And she had just made it the best day of his life.

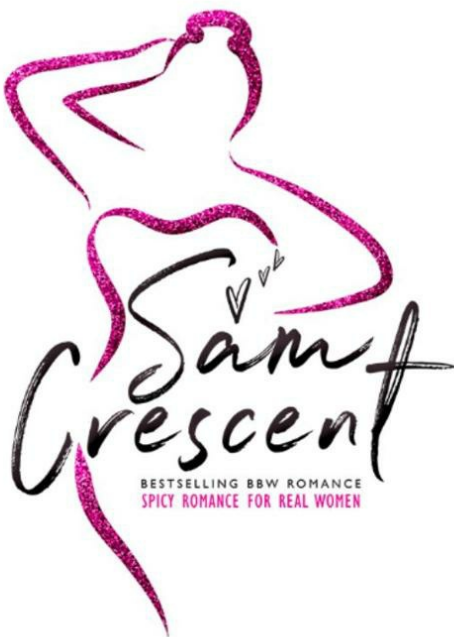
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BONUS SAMPLE CHAPTER

REJECTED BY THE ALPHA

The Alpha Shifter Collection, 14

Sam Crescent

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Sample Chapter

Misha Parks stared up at the full moon, wondering if any of the wolf guards were looking down on her, mocking her. Would they give her advice? Tell her what to do? She liked the idea of someone caring. Someone looking down at her and wishing her well. Everything in her life told her that she was so way off base. There was no one out there looking down on her.

From the time she was a baby, she'd been alone.

She had no idea who her parents were as she'd been abandoned in a forest after being alive for just a couple of weeks. The Masters pack had taken her in, and she'd been put in their special brand of a foster system.

The abandoned children shared a house, and each adult member of the pack took turns sharing the responsibility of caring for them. So noble. Some of the people were amazing. She couldn't deny they tried to make them feel welcome. Of course, with all packs, there were also people who made them feel like scum and would rub it in that no one wanted them.

Growing up, she had more good memories than bad ones.

No one knew her parents. She possessed wolf DNA though, that was clear.

Running her fingers through her hair, she lifted her knees close to her chest and didn't move from this spot.

At the age of eighteen, her life had changed forever, in some good

ways and some not so good ways. The good ways, she got to finally feel her wolf. For so long, her beast had been close to the surface, randomly wanting to spill out. It was a rare case for a person's inner wolf to come calling, but she had gotten it.

Finally feeling the full moon on her back as she ran out in the woods had been incredible. What happened during the following full moon when she happened to be near the alpha, Decker Masters, wasn't so fun.

Her wolf had recognized him. She didn't realize what it meant until he publicly rejected her.

Decker, the Masters Pack Alpha, had denied her, and in doing so, rejected her as a mate. He was twenty-four years older than her, but age didn't matter to wolves. Rejecting a mate was unheard of, especially in the pack she was part of. She'd done some research and knew it was possible for mates to not ... mesh well.

He'd never given her a reason. No one had asked why he didn't want to be with her. She supposed to many within the pack, it was clear.

She wasn't like other wolf females. From a young age, she'd been blessed with curves. To some, she was a fat wolf, but she loved her curves. She didn't mind having large tits, full hips, a big ass, and thighs that sometimes rubbed together.

Misha had learned at a young age to accept herself for who she was. It helped that the pack's healer, Blueberry, had been her mentor. The woman still was, and they were the best of friends.

Still, it sucked to see the moody alpha from time to time. She tried to avoid him at all costs. Every time she saw him, she had mixed feelings about him. Sometimes she wanted to be near him, to just feel that closeness her wolf needed. Packs were supposed to be close. Mates were inseparable. She'd seen how they worked. They were a bunch of sappy romantics, and horny as well.

It was why she liked to run off to the deepest, darkest part of the forest and stare naked up at the full moon. It helped to distract her from the way her body was pretty much humming to be fucked.

She was a virgin and craved her mate. Just because Decker had denied her didn't mean she no longer felt this warped connection to him. Life was so unfair.

She hated him and wanted him with equal measure.

At least he hadn't taken on any other female within the pack. There

was no lover she had to compete with. Just the thought of him being with another woman was enough to make her stomach clench and to set her nerves on edge. She hated him for making her feel that way.

After a good four hours had passed, she knew it was the right time to leave the forest and to head back.

Getting to her feet, she looked up at the full moon and couldn't help but feel like it was a traitor to her for some odd reason.

She didn't bother to go back to her wolf form as she walked through the forest, aware of other members of the pack while they enjoyed the night together. No one had offered to keep her company.

At twenty-one years old, she was growing tired of being in the pack. Just because Decker had rejected her didn't mean she had a choice in going without male company. Anyone could offer to be with her. He'd denied her and had no right to her at all.

She found her pile of clothes right where she left them. After slipping on her panties and bra, she worked her tank top into place, followed by her layered tan skirt. Then she stepped out into the main town square, staring at the place she'd called home, and wondered, not for the first time, if she should move on.

Some members of the pack thought she stayed to make Decker's life hell. She stayed because this was her family. She loved it here.

Where Blueberry had found her place in the pack as being a healer, Misha flitted from place to place. She helped Blueberry heal. Took care of the foster kids. There were only three of them at the moment. Also, she worked in any of the shops that needed help, including as a waitress at the diner. She did her time at the library, even dealing with pack complaints as well.

She did everything and nothing. Her life was devoted to the pack, but with no real permanent place for her. She heard the whispers of her being too flighty. Some believed her parents were rogue wolves, which was why she'd been dumped there.

It didn't matter.

As the months had turned into three long years of rejection, she was starting to feel like her place here didn't exist.

She arrived at Blueberry's place and stepped inside. Incense filled the air and made Misha smile.

"You're back early," Blueberry said, coming out of the back.

“I’m tired. Any incident tonight?”

“Not a damn thing.”

On the night of the full moon, Blueberry always kept her shop open and made herself available for the full twenty-four hours in case any of the pack needed her. It was rare, but sometimes pack members fought over a female, or they were just plain clumsy.

Blueberry moved toward her and held up her hands, not exactly touching her, but certainly getting a sense of her aura.

“You’re not happy tonight, sweet child.”

Misha rolled her eyes. “You say that every full moon.”

“This is different. I sense defeat and a need to move on.”

She sighed. “Blueberry, don’t.”

“You’re thinking of leaving the pack, aren’t you?”

Misha tucked some hair behind her ear and shrugged. “I don’t know. I think about it. The Owens pack visited a few months back. His son said they would feel lucky to have me.”

“The Owens pack is full of pig males who think they are gifts to women, and some of them treat their mates like slaves. You do not want to go there.”

“I know, but come on. Don’t you think it is time for me to move on? I avoid the alpha like the plague, and I hear what people say. I don’t need their pity. It’s bad enough my parents never wanted me. Now my own mate can’t stand to be around me.”

Blueberry touched her cheek. “Don’t think like that. No one pities you.”

“You’re lying.”

“Some may pity you, but that’s because they care about you.” Blueberry sighed. “I do not understand the alpha. He’s a good man, but with this decision, I think it makes him a bad alpha.”

“Be careful, you don’t want to be bad-mouthing him. You never know when he might appear and challenge you.”

Her friend burst out laughing. Decker was a strong alpha, and he’d only been challenged a couple of times. Misha had seen him in battle. He was fierce, deadly even. He’d never killed his opponent, but he had no choice but to injure them.

If a challenge was made, it was their rules. Death didn’t have to occur, but serious injury did. The laws were brutal, but they were designed

that way on purpose.

“Does Decker know you’re thinking of leaving?” Blueberry asked.

“Decker doesn’t have the right to know what I do. He forfeited that right when he rejected me in front of the entire pack. He can go and suck on his dick for all I care.”

Another successful full moon behind him.

The brand-new wolves that had turned had done so successfully. He did prefer it when the new waves of wolves who hit the right transition age embraced who they were. When his father was alpha, he had witnessed several men and women who had fought their change, and it hadn’t been pretty.

His father, Decker Senior, had no choice but to force them to change, rather than them doing it willingly, and it made the experience even more painful than it had to be.

He personally hated using force or bringing forth his alpha to make them turn.

Stepping out of his home and moving toward the town square, he sensed the pack. A happy pack meant a happy alpha. His father had taught him everything he knew. Decker Senior spent a lot of his time enjoying retirement, happily taking his time to embrace hobbies, and of course, spending time with his new wife.

Decker’s mother had died many years ago. The role of alpha’s wife had been too much for her. She hated being a top female, especially as she’d been such a submissive woman who despised conflict. There had been many enemies.

He pushed the thought of his mother’s death to the back of his mind. The fact his father had finally found a woman he loved was a miracle. It was rare for wolves to find a second mate, but he should have known his father was the kind of man who seemed to make miracles happen.

People greeted him as he passed. Giving him a wave or saying good morning. He acknowledged them all and made his way toward the diner.

It was a Friday. He normally avoided the diner on this day as *she* would be working, but he needed his coffee, badly.

The only vice he had in this life was coffee. He loved the taste of the stuff. It had developed at a young age, and it always helped that the diner possessed an abundance of it.

He walked inside the diner and immediately scented her.

Misha Parks smelled so fucking sweet, like vanilla and cinnamon, the most addictive smell. The diner was full of the pack, but it was her unique fragrance that stood out to him.

He went straight for the counter and took a seat.

Holding up his hand and smiling, he played the role he needed to, even though the tension inside him wouldn't disappear.

She was close.

He knew she was.

Last night, he'd seen her at the edge of the forest, stripping out of her clothes, where she thought no one was looking, but he always did.

Misha, the rejected, Parks. That was what everyone called her, and he hated it.

He tensed up even more as she came out of the kitchen, carrying two plates. She didn't look at him. To anyone who didn't know her, she simply didn't know he was there, but he saw it. The tension in her arms. The way she carried herself, how tightly woven her body was. She knew he was there, and she chose to ignore him.

Your fault.

With his hands clenched, he didn't bother to look at her, but the mirrored glass in front of him gave him the perfect view of her.

She made her way to the back of the room, setting down the two plates in front of a woman and her child.

There were smiles on everyone's faces, and he knew there were pitying looks as well. Everyone in the pack knew she was his mate. They hadn't been in private when he'd turned his back on her and rejected her. Misha had taken it, and still, she was one of the most valued and loved members of the pack. If anyone needed a helping hand, she was there. Volunteering, helping out, being the ear people talked to, the shoulder to cry on.

She was ... incredible.

Free-spirited.

Charming.

As his father once told him, he would have been lucky to have such a mate. No one understood why he'd rejected her.

They all assumed it was because she was a no one. Abandoned, lonely, with no real history there, but that wasn't the case. He had his

reasons. All of them were his own, and he hadn't told a single soul.

The only person who knew the truth was Blueberry, but she was a bit freaky and appeared to know everything about everyone without them saying a single word.

He still hadn't been served his coffee.

Decker couldn't take his gaze away from Misha. The uniform she wore shouldn't be so appealing. The skirt part of her dress ended at her knee, and it wasn't fitted to her ass, but he'd seen her in outfits that highlighted her curves to perfection.

He'd memorized the way her body looked, not just in clothes, but also naked. Misha wasn't ashamed of her body, and just watching her was sheer torture.

Her laughter carried as she talked to a couple of unmated males.

His wolf was close to the surface, wanting to tear them to pieces for even looking at her, but he stayed perfectly still. When they left, he would make sure they all knew not to flirt with her.

Decker had rejected her, but he'd also made sure all single males knew she wasn't to be touched, not to be mated with either. No one could have her.

One of the men touched her arm. Misha laughed, patting his hand, and then moved away.

It took all of his strength not to pound on the man right there in the diner. He didn't care if children were present. No one touched Misha. No one.

She rounded the counter, still ignoring him.

None of the other waitresses had come to serve him either.

"What does a man have to do to get a cup of coffee around here?" he asked.

It was the first time he'd spoken to her in months. The last time, he'd reprimanded her for changing the filing system in his office at the town hall.

Misha stopped. He watched her take a breath and turn toward him.

"Seeing as I am the only one here, you will have to accept coffee from me, but last time, you couldn't stand anything these hands touched, if my memory serves me well enough." She held her hands up. The bracelets on her wrist slid down her arm, making a tinkling sound as they did.

Children had gifted her a bracelet. There had to be easily twenty on her wrist. He'd seen them running toward her, excited to give the sweet

woman a bracelet. Misha accepted each and every single gift they gave her, wearing them all.

“No one is serving me.”

“We’ve got a full house. Will you accept me serving you, or do you want me to get someone else?”

“I’ll have a coffee, extra sweet, please,” he said.

“Coming right up.” She turned her back on him and went to the coffee pot. “To go or to stay?”

“To stay.”

He always left whenever she was near. This was unusual behavior for him. Misha didn’t say anything else. She poured his coffee, added the right amount of sugar, and turned toward him, sliding the large mug his way. “Enjoy.” She gave a little curtsy and left to the kitchen.

Decker watched her go.

Damn it.

He shouldn’t be watching her, or wanting to speak to her, or doing anything. She was a fucking menace.

After lifting the coffee, he took a sip. He couldn’t complain about the drink either because it was good, just as Misha knew it would be. The woman was a thorn in his side.

His gaze returned to the table of single men. Keeping an eye on the guy who had touched her, he waited, drinking his coffee, enjoying the hot liquid as it slid down his throat. Acutely aware of Misha’s movements in and out of the kitchen, he knew she looked ... good. No, amazing. She was a stunner.

The moment the handsy guy got up and left the diner, Decker stood, pulled out some cash, including a generous tip, and left as well, following close behind him.

When the guy was near an alley between a florist and a gift store, Decker shoved him down, grabbing him by the scruff of the neck, then throwing him up against the wall.

“If you value your place in this pack, you will stay well clear of Misha Parks, do you understand me?”

“What the fuck, man?”

“It’s Alpha to you.”

“I thought you rejected her.”

“She is not for you to touch. If I catch your hands on her again, there

will be consequences.”

He didn't punch him. That would have made him a bad alpha. The warning should suit for now, but the wolf within him wasn't satisfied. With the full moon only a few hours behind him, his need to possess her was so strong. Denying his needs was starting to cause him problems.

End of sample chapter

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