

## MELISSA

When the pickups and 4X4s belonging to the members of the Makadewa collective pulled up, I literally held my breath.



My hands shook, and I pressed them to my mouth to stop from screaming.

I didn't see Robert or Sienna in any of the open backs of the pickups, but a moment after one of the Jeeps came to a stop the door swung open and Robert climbed out.

A strangled noise sounded through my fingers.

He was too far away to hear it, but it was as if he did anyway. His face turned, and his eyes locked on me.

My legs unfroze and I ran to him.



Chapters



Display



Unmute



Comment



React

I grabbed him in my arms, holding so tight —if only I could meld our bodies together, then perhaps I would feel like we were close enough.

His shoulders began to heave as he sobbed into my hair.

His arms around me were just as tight.



I couldn't get enough of feeling his warm body close to mine.

After these nightmarish months, I was finally whole again.

## THANDA

"I've missed you terribly," I whispered to Nina as we sat next to each other on the curved bench of a back booth at "Show and Tail."

In this part of the club, the music wasn't quite as loud.

It was so good to see her again, after all these months.

Nina had pulled away after the terrible news about Jocelyn. Knowing her ex suffered, Nina told me, was more than she could bear.

She couldn't stand to wrong Jocelyn by seeing me.

I suppose I understood—after all, Nina's sense of right and wrong only made her more wonderful to me.



But it was hard.

I had certainly missed her.

Her eyes locked with mine and she licked her lips, sending a pulse of desire through me.

The certainty that she was my mate felt like a lock that wouldn't budge.

Although I craved touching her, and sat within inches of her, I held myself back.

I hadn't lied. I really did want to tell her about my intention to help the resistance.

And if I touched her now, she might think I'd tricked her into meeting me.

"I asked you here today to let you know," I said to her in a quiet voice, "that I just leaked a video of you and the rest of the resistors attacking that prisoner transfer."

Nina's eyes widened. "There was a video?"

I nodded. "Monica Birch filmed it. Kept herself well away from it. But everything that happened is quite clear. It's an amazing show."

Nina whistled.

"I've made a decision," I continued. "I'm going to help you all in any way I can."

As Pack Lawyer, I'm privy to most of the pack's decisions and movements. I'll be your spy on the inside."

Nina's mouth opened as if she was taken aback.

Then she leaned in and kissed me, her hands

slipping into my hair.

I kissed her back.

“Hey ladies,” a feminine voice said.

With a prickle of irritation, I looked up.



It was the blond dancer... the one I'd noticed before.

She had another woman with her. She had sleek black hair that, for some reason, brought to mind the pelt of an otter.

They stood with their arms around each other's waists, clad in black lace boy shorts and push up bras.

“Want to party?” the blond asked.

“On the house,” said the sleek black-haired one. “It's always a treat when we get some girls in here.”

The spike in my desire shocked me.

*I didn't think that blonde was sexy—I was*

“ ”



*appalled!*

Except I couldn't stop thinking about her shaven parts.

I glanced at Nina, afraid she'd picked up on how aroused I was by the offer, and that she'd be disgusted.

But Nina met my eyes with a sly smile and gave me just the tiniest nod.

*She likes the idea.*



My privates turned to hot water.

I swallowed, but I couldn't bring myself to speak.

I gave her a small nod back.

"Sure," Nina said for both of us.

"Cool," the black-haired dancer said through a grin.

With the hand not wrapped around her partner's waist, she was toying with a string

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of beads around her neck, and she put them between her teeth, eyeing me openly.

*Oh, hell.*

*I'm in so much trouble.*

“I'm Sapphire,” said the blonde, “and this is Kimber.”

The tip of Kimber's tongue licked a bead.

“Come on,” Sapphire said.



We followed them into one of the curtained cubbies.

I barely had time to sit down on one of the two benches on either side before the dancers began to sway and gyrate to the pulsing music.

Kimber swung a leg over my lap and leaned in. Her large, rounded breasts brushed against my face. The beads caressed my cheek.

She smelled of roses.

Shocked and hopelessly aroused, I dug my nails into the plush seat at my sides.

Nina laughed and slapped Sapphire's ass.

"Damn, I haven't had fun like this in so long!" she cried, giving me a look of joy.

Nina's smile was full of light.

*God she's beautiful when she smiles like that.*

Nina ran her hand across my collarbone and her fingers caught on the top button of my blouse.

Kimber's hips rocked up against my belly.

*I'm going to cum just sitting like this.*

She leaned closer as Nina's fingers fiddled with my blouse's buttons, undoing them.

The beads swept against me again.

I glanced over—Sapphire's hand was down Nina's pants.





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I whimpered.

*I’m a dominant. How am I so completely overwhelmed here?*

But the arousal was too strong—I was drowning in it.

“Touch me,” Kimber whispered in my ear



UNLIMITED

With a moan I obeyed, and the act of obeying itself was so hot—I brought tentative fingers to her belly, so close to mine, and ran them up her ribs to the lovely curves of her breasts.

She arched her back, giving her breasts to me, and I ran the tips of my fingers over the skin that bulged just a little over the cup of her bra.

Her hands came up and grabbed the front of the bra, and with a quick gesture her breasts tumbled out.

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*It must have had a front clasp, my mind babbled.*

I let my mouth find her skin, my lower lip pulling down as I ran my mouth over the swell of her breast.

The beads tickled my cheek.

Nina's hands were under my blouse—she'd moved, I wasn't sure how—and she had slipped between Kimber's lower half and mine.



She was kneeling on the floor now, with Kimber standing, straddling her back.

I arched against the bench I still sat on.

Nina's lips pressed against my bare belly.

When had my shirt come off?

Kimber jerked a little and gasped.

Sapphire was doing something to her that I couldn't see, but it made her press her breasts in my face, the warm smell of roses

filling my nostrils.

Then I felt Nina bunching up my skirt and pulling off my panties.

As Kimber leaned over me, giving me her breasts again, I ran my hands down Kimber's back and into the lacy boy shorts, cupping her ass.

Her legs were spread, and I touched Sapphire's hand fondling Kimber.

I rubbed my hands over Kimber's flesh as her breasts bumped into my face and Nina parted my folds and began to lick.

As Nina's motions became rhythmic, I peered down and saw that Sapphire still had one hand in Nina's pants.

Sultry excitement grew.

I squeezed Kimber's ass and she gasped.

Sapphire's movements in Nina's pants went faster.



Nina moaned into my sex, her breath hot.

Kimber's soft breasts pressed my face.

Then her body tensed and she began making little cries of pleasure.

"Oh," I choked, and started cumming, too.

My ears filled with the chorus of our four-part ecstasy.



The waves that swept over me kept coming.

I let out a long cry as the strongest orgasm yet exploded through me.

Everything scattered and all that was left was sensation—soft flesh, hot breath, pushing touch.

"Nina!" I gasped, and she was in my arms, her fingers inside me, pumping.

After a time, the waves receded.

We all subsided.

Soon, the four of us were lying entwined, and it was impossible to know where I ended and the others began.

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Not far away, a man paid a woman to put his cock in her mouth and move it in and out until he came.

She had long, thick brown hair that he liked.

He dug his fingers into it.



When the man was done he gave her a twenty and got in his car, driving through the red light district of Mahiganote.

On the street outside a strip club, he recognized Thanda Singh, passionately kissing a woman with ebony skin.

## SIENNA

Aiden was pissed.

It didn't seem to make any difference to him that we had won. That we'd rescued fifty-six

prisoners, my father among them.

That there was a video of the whole thing going viral now, making us look like rebel heroes.

“You could have been killed!” he said, limping slightly as he paced the narrow space of our cabin’s bedroom.

Sounds of celebration filtered in from outside.

“Aiden,” I said, sitting on the bed and stretching in a vain attempt to calm the bone ache I’d earned from using my powers during the attack. “It was fine.”



“They had assault weapons, Sienna!”

“Which nobody used,” I pointed out.

“Probably only because I was there, and I tied everyone up. What if I hadn’t been there?”

“I never agreed to you going!”

“Like I said before, I make my own choices.” I said, trying to keep the

choices,” I said, trying to keep the frustration out of my voice. “Just like you do.”

“What is that supposed to mean?”

I frowned at him. “It was your choice not to get involved. We could have used an Alpha there to dominate those guards. But you decided to stay behind.”

“And I said for you to stay behind, too!”

“You said that’s what you wanted. But I don’t take orders from you,” I stated.

Aiden made a noise of frustration and ran the fingers of both hands into his dark hair.

“If you die, I die,” he said.

*Wow.*

*Emotional blackmail, now?*

“Have you thought at all about what that would mean for Rowan?” he said.



UNLIMITED



I blinked at him, shocked to my core.

He gave me a chagrined look.

“Well, it’s true,” he said in a quieter voice.

“If you die, I die, and Rowan loses both parents.”

“Okay, Aiden. How about this? If we don’t fight Josh and his people, Rowan grows up in a world where they make him register his ‘impure bloodline.’”

“Did you know there’re a batch of new laws coming out?”



Aiden glowered at me.

“You need an extra set of papers to have permission to travel now,” I pushed on.

“Non-werewolves can’t adopt werewolf children. They can’t be buried in werewolf cemeteries. There’s talk about segregating schools, Aiden!”

I gestured vaguely at the window, and the bones of my arms throbbed.

“Is that what you want for our son?”

“None of it matters, Sienna!” he barked.

“We’ll stay here. It won’t affect us. We’ll be safe!”

“We’ll be goddamn cowards!” I snapped, losing all patience. “Rowan will grow up to see us that way!”

Aiden blanched and his mouth set into a thin line.

He turned and walked out the door.



## MICHELLE

I pressed the rim of the bottle of Chivas Royal to my lips and took a swig.

I was lying on my bed, the silk duvet bunching around me.

*Nothing but the best for the queen,* I thought with bitterness.

As the liquid slid smoothly down my throat, I stared at the video of Sienna extending

her arms and shouting at the guards of the prisoner convoy.

She looked like a goddamn red-haired Wonder Woman.

I flicked my phone and the video gave way to Yapper. I tapped the trending #PrisonBreak hashtag.

*@RoguePackHouse - Cowardly new Alpha is posed to take rights from wolves! Already in discussion about prison camps! Anyone who is not "pure" is not safe!*

*@NonieHerself - You've got to be kidding me. The #ECP is too much these days. You're really down with this shit, @MichelleAwesomeDaniels?*



*@LTruman\_catlady - They now have 5 Hunter Squads searching for #TrueAlphaNorwood Desperate much? And with the way the protest went yesterday... hello, @MichelleAwesomeDaniels! Your mate is out of control!*

*@OfficialKeishaWendell - All I'm saying is #Sienna wouldn't have stood by and put up*



*with this shit. @MichelleAwesomeDaniels  
otoh*

*@SWfanforevah - The Rebels are  
coming! The Rebels are coming! Fuck  
yeah! #PrisonBreak #RebelAttack  
#SiennaMercerNorwood #ANewHope*

*@OfficialKeishaWendell - This bitch is  
fierce, people! #SiennaMercerNorwood  
#PrisonBreak*

*@GlendaGlam - All ya'll praising  
#SiennaNorwood for the #PrisonBreak done  
lost ya damn minds! We live in a society of  
LAW and ORDER last time I checked!*



I reyipped the last one, and then composed  
my own yip:

*@MichelleAwesomeDaniels - The  
misinformation out there making #Sienna  
out to be some kind of hero is just  
disgusting! My mate #AlphaJoshDaniels is  
bringing honor back to the #ECP! People  
who can't see that are just #sad!*

I watched the last line of the yip as the  
numbers began to turn over, but I could see



*@MichelleAwesomeDaniels - Don't @ me with your bullshit! #SiennaMercerNorwood is an enemy of the state!*

The replies went from 3 to 75 to 129 within the next minute. The replies did not follow suit.

I was getting ratio'd, the most obvious sign of Yapper condemnation.

Tears filled my eyes, making it hard to see what I was typing.

*@MichelleAwesomeDaniels - Fuck all of you! I'm not even reading your replies! Fuck Sienna! She's going to burn in hell!*

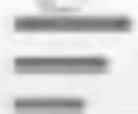
It was going to be a long night.



## JOSH

I checked my phone as Yapper dinged me again.

“Jesus, Michelle,” I breathed, and glared at Singh. “You have to put a stop to this, now!”



“Jesus, Michelle,” I breathed, and glared at Singh. “You have to put a stop to this, now!”

Singh was sitting on a Navajo-print chair, his hands folded over his knees, gazing at me like he was at a goddamn garden party.

“And what do you propose I do, my Alpha?”

“You’re my fucking head of security! Shut these assholes down!” I shouted, shaking the phone at him.

“Shut them down?”

“Yes! Fucking round them all up. I want *every* fucking person who reyipped that fucking video arrested!”

“Now, Alpha, be reasonable,” Singh said. “What you’re asking is impossible.”

“A large number of the people ‘reyipping’ the video don’t even reside within the territory of the ECP.”

“I don’t care how you do it!” I screamed at him. “*Just fucking make it happen!*”



Singh stood up. He had the oddest smile on his face.

I stared at him as he stepped closer to me, his eyes locked with mine.

“No,” he said.

I sputtered. “No? That’s an order from your Alpha, Singh! You can’t just say no!”

Singh shook his head like a disappointed parent.

“Oh, Josh... you just don’t see.”

*What in the actual fuck does he think he’s doing?*

“I *don’t* have to take orders from you, at all.”

“What?” I said, genuinely bewildered.

“That money Dorsey loaned you? It wasn’t really Dorsey’s. It was mine.”

“What? I—I don’t understand. Are you making a play for Alpha?”



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Singh shook his head again. “Oh no,” he said. “I'm not interested in unseating you, Josh. You go right on being my figurehead. But from now on, let's be clear.

“I make the rules.”

