

Broken Warrior 91

Chapter 91

“Son? What are you doing here?” Anders interrupts our moment.

I immediately step in front of Rik. I’m not sure if I’m protecting him or planning to take any wrath that comes from Anders, but I

did this, so I’ll be the one

responding.

“Alpha Anders. I invited Rik to dinner tonight. I understand that you feel that this is your time with my father, and if you choose for

Rik to not be here tonight, then he and I will go somewhere else while you and dad have your time.”

He raises his eyebrow at me. “You and Rik will go somewhere else?”

“That is correct.” I can feel Rik trying to move around me so that I’m not in such a protective stance, but I’m subtly moving to

keep him where he is. Behind me. Anders eyes moving back and forth between us.

“Anders,” my father calls, rolling toward us. “Haven’t you learned your lesson yet about taking on Guardians?” Anders looks at

me another moment before a smile spreads across his face. “You’re right Clint. Taking on your little badass once was enough for

me.” And he turns and follows my father outside to the grill. I turn back to Rik. “Well, come on in then.” As he passes me, he

leans in and kisses my cheek again, causing me to blush.

As we head to the kitchen, I point to the stairs. “I’ll be right back, I only have one vase and it’s upstairs.” He takes the flowers

from me while I run up the stairs to my room to get the vase filled with the now dead roses. I bring them downstairs and see that

Rik is looking around the house.

When I reach the bottom stair, he turns and smiles at me. “It’s cozy, it has a homey feel to it, I like it.” I stop and look around. I’d

never given much thought to how cozy our house is. It has been my home for most of my life, so it’s always felt like home to me.

“Yeah, I guess it is.”

He nods his head at the vase of dead roses in my hand. "You still have them?"

"I couldn't bring myself to throw them out, so...yeah, I still have them."

He walks over, taking the vase from my hand, giving me the roses in his. "I'll be happy to replace them any time you need fresh

ones. Where is your garbage can?" I point to where our garbage is and he throws out the old flowers, going to the sink to rinse

out the vase and put fresh water in it. He takes the flowers from me and puts them in the vase. "Where do you want them?"

+15 BONOS

"How about the dining room table for now. I'll probably put them in my room later."

"Dining room table it is. So, what's for dinner? Something smells delicious."

"Our dads always have steak on Thursday. I'm not sure if it's become a tradition or if they just really like steak and make sure

they get it once a week, but Thursday is steak night in this house."

"Steak is good. But that's not what I'm smelling."

"Oh, I made a lobster mac and cheese. I hope you like that sort of thing."

He walks over and puts his hands on my hips, gently pulling me toward him. You made me lobster mac and cheese?"

"Well, it...it's for everyone." I'm so nervous around him that I'm stumbling on my words. I don't know what to do with my hands,

and they end up on his chest. I can feel the heat of his body through our clothes. His chest under my hands is firm and muscular.

I wonder what it would feel like to run my hands over his chest, down his abdomen to the line of his jeans. I'm overwhelmed by

the scent of him. Like most shifters, he smells like the forest. But more than that, he smells strongly of brownies. It's the same

comforting scent I smelled when he rescued me. He said our house felt homey, but he smells like home. Like the place you

come to at the end of a long, hard day when you need to relax and unwind. Your place of safety and comfort.

I hadn't even noticed that I'd leaned into him, drawing his scent into my nose until he leaned down nuzzling into my hair. "Little

Guardian, I would love nothing more than to know what is going on in the beautiful head of yours, but I think we need to redirect

your thoughts before our fathers come in and smell your arousal."

It was like a bucket of cold water was dumped on my head. I leaped out of his arms as he chuckled softly. "Perhaps we can

focus on dinner? How can I help?" He asks me.

I know my face must be scarlet in embarrassment, but I look around and get my bearings. The mac and cheese is almost done,

so it's time to make the salad. I get everything out to start chopping and plating the salads. I give Rik what he needs to set the

table.

Dad and Anders come back in with the cooked steaks. They eye the two of us and Rik was absolutely right. It would not have

gone over well if they had thought I Was

getting turned on by my future alpha.

I put a pat of truffle butter on each steak and after bringing everything to the table, we sit. Anders and Rik sit beside each other

opposite Dad and I, so I'm facing Rik. "This looks and smells delicious. Thank you both for including me tonight." He says to both

of us, but his smile is only for me.

I smile and duck my head as I focus on my food.

My Dad clears his throat before turning his attention to Rik. "So. You are mystery man, eh?"

Rik turns to Dad and replies, "Yes sir."

Cara's

"Did your father ever tell you what he had to do to get your mother to date him?" My father asks with an evil grin on his face.

My head whips up to Anders. "You had to convince Luna Calista to date you?" I can tell that this story is news to Rik as well

because his attention is now on his father.

Anders is glaring daggers at my father who just smirks back. "Not like Lily wanted anything to do with you either Clint." He throws a jab at my dad.

Dad just nods his head. "It's true." He turns to Rik. "Your father and I weren't exactly known for having a chaste dating history."

Anders scoffs. "I wouldn't call what we were doing 'dating'."

"True. So, do you know this story Rik?"

Rik looks at his father before turning to mine. "No sir, I don't believe I do."

Dad and Anders are having another one of their silent conversations, almost like they are reliving the moment together while my father tells the story.

"Well, your

mother and Lily were best friends. One day your father notices Calista at school. And..."

Anders interrupts him, "It was like everything in the world just righted itself." A small smile on his lips at the memory.

Dad continues, "Right. So your father, being the future Alpha, saunters up to Calista and Lily."

"I didn't saunter."

"Oh, you sauntered." My father jokes with Anders before picking up the story again. "And he asks your mother out on a date.

Now, mind you, your father didn't ask girls on dates. I'm sure you know how it is, they just flock to the strong males in the pack."

Rik looks from my dad to me but, intelligently, doesn't acknowledge my father's comment.

"So, imagine your father's surprise when your mother turns him down flat." Anders picks up the story line again. "I was so

shocked, I didn't even know what to do or say, and just watched the two of them walk away." He looks over at me. Your father

wasn't any help at all, basically laughing at me saying something like 'tough luck buddy'."

Today's Bonus Offer

Chapter 93

I looked between the two of them. I don't know why adding Rik to the group has changed the entire dynamic of their conversation

tonight, but this is hilarious.

"So, what happened? How did you win her over?" I ask.

"I convinced your father to pull a Top Gun bar-singing routine with me." Anders says and my father starts laughing so hard he

has tears in his eyes. He's still laughing when he says, "We were so bad, Calista finally agreed to go out with him if we would

stop singing."

We're all laughing now, and Anders says, "Hey, it worked."

"And the rest is history?" I asked.

"Not exactly. I had to show her that I meant it, that I wasn't trying to make her one of my conquests. I think she finally realized

how serious I was when I had a jewelry set made for her."

Rik jumps in. "The aquamarine surrounded by sapphires?" He asks and Anders nods. "Yep, who do you think had it made for

her?"

Rik looks thoughtful. "That's where I got the idea to make Cara's. I always loved that they looked like a combination of Mom's

and Shali's eyes." He looks at me as he says this and Artemis, the hussy, pushes forward so her eyes show in mine. Kai, not to

be outdone, pushes forward for a moment too, making Rik's beautiful eyes bleed to sapphire. He must get his eyes from his

mother.

"Like father, like son." My father says. "You may not have sung her a song, but grand gestures are definitely a Forte trademark."

"Not just a Forte trademark. I don't remember you slacking in the grand gesture department." Anders says to dad.

"Mom didn't want you at first either?" I ask, stunned because all I'd ever heard was how in love my parents had been.

"Your mother shot me down several times. Only made me want her more."

“So, what was your grand gesture?” Rik asked.

“Not to be outdone by your father,”

e looks at Anders who smirks back at him,

LC

I found a song called September Lily and I learned how to play it on the guitar. I practiced for months, every day.”

“Trust me, it was EVERY day. I thought my car drums were going to burst.”

+15 DONOS

Anders interrupts, chuckling.

Dad smiles and continues. “On Anders 18th birthday, we arranged for me to get on stage. It was meant to look like a toast to

him. But instead, I grabbed my guitar and sang my song to her. Walking through the crowd of pack members until I was right in

front of her.”

He smiles wistfully at the memory, reliving it as he tells the story. “At the end, I got down on one knee. I think she thought I was

going to propose, but we were both too young. And I asked if she’d be my date to the prom.”

“It was a bold move.” Anders states. “She could have shut you down in front of the entire pack.”

“But she didn’t.” Dad says softly.

“No, she didn’t” Anders repeats.

“So, we went to prom, all four of us together, and had a great time. And the rest, as they say, is history.”

Cooper Author

Double Cara update. What did you think of the glimpse of Clint and Anders back story? I loved writing

Chapter 94

When I arrive at the Nelson’s home, I can tell that Cara is dressed up for me. She’s always beautiful, but her hair is in bigger

curls than normal and there is light amount of makeup on her face. She’s so stunning it takes my breath away.

When my father asks why I'm there, I'm not surprised and ready with my response. What does surprise me is that Cara turns to

stand in front of me, like she's protecting me. And then she basically challenges my father letting him know that if he has a

problem with me being here, that both of us will

somewhere else.

go

While I appreciate that she's willing to spend time with me, I'm punched in the gut with a harsh reality. In concept, the idea of

having a Guardian is exciting, amazing. Someone who is your equal who will have your back on the battlefield. The reality,

however, means that my Guardian, who is also my mate, will be putting her life on the line for me. I can't let that happen. I'm the

Alpha. It's MY job to protect the pack, including and most importantly, protecting my mate and

Luna.

When I try to move out from behind her, she continues to shift her body so it's impossible for me to step around her without

pushing her out of the way. My dad is watching the interaction and realizes what she's doing.

Thankfully, Mr. Nelson arrives at

that moment to diffuse the situation and Cara invites me in.

While she goes to find a vase for the flowers, I take a look around. The place feels like home. It's different than living in a pack

house, and I wonder if she'd want to live in a house of our own when we're mated. Especially when we are ready to have pups. I

had never really considered living outside the pack house, it's always been my home, but this could be even better. Just us.

After putting the fresh flowers in the vase, I ask her what the delicious scent is. I already know what it is, it's her. The beautiful

smell that is all hers. The smell that calms my nerves, relaxes my mind and brings me peace. She brings up the steaks and I

can't help but tease a bit when I say that's not it. When she says it's the lobster mac and cheese, I realize she went out of her

way to make this a nice dinner for me.”

My need to be near her overwhelms me and I walk to her, pulling her hips against me. I’m not sure she realizes that she moans a

little as her hands land on my chest and she leans into me. I’m confident that she’s not immune to the pull of the mate bond

when I smell the sweet scent of her arousal and know that if we don’t shut this down now, I may not want to stop and that’s not

good when both

+15 BONOS

our fathers are just outside the door.

We finish prepping for dinner just in time to have Dad and Mr. Nelson return with the steaks. The smell of dinner is making my

mouth water. No wonder my father doesn’t want to share his time on Thursdays. If I’d known he was eating this well, I’d have

forced my way in a long time ago.

I had expected to be grilled by Mr. Nelson, so when he asks me about being Cara’s mystery man, I’m ready. However, the turn of

conversation after that takes me by surprise. Watching the interaction between my father and Mr. Nelson is new and interesting.

My father doesn’t have many close friends. Being the Alpha is a lonely position. It’s yet another reason why the Luna is so

important in the pack. She provides the partnership that the Alpha doesn’t get from others, except possibly his Beta if they are

close.

Today’s Bonus Offer

GET

Chapter 95

The relationship between Dad and Mr. Nelson is practically a brotherhood. talk together as equals, laughing and joking at the

other’s expense, exactly as you would expect brothers to do. It’s a new and different side to my father that I haven’t seen before.

I like it.

Cara is as surprised as I am that my father had to convince my mother to date him, and I silently curse Mr. Nelson for bringing up

the way she—wolves are drawn to powerful wolves. Cockblock much Clint?

When my dad says he had the jewelry set made for mom that gave me the idea for the jewelry set for Cara, I can't believe it. I

hadn't really thought about where it had come from, it just always reminded me of mom's eyes which gave me the idea for

Cara's.

I love that while I'm talking, Artemis pushes forward to show off the allu eyes that I'm talking about. Kai pushes forward too. He

wants to make sure Artemis knows he's all in with me.

Mr. Nelson's comment about 'like father, like son' makes me proud. My father is a good Alpha, a good mate and a good father. I

really do hope to live up to his high standards when I'm Alpha.

Listening to Mr. Nelson talk about how he had to convince Lily Nelson to date him too, gives me hope for Cara and I. I know

we're mates, even though she doesn't. They would have known before Mom and Lily as well, and it all worked out in the end.

There's a brief pause while we clear plates and get dessert. Dad brought a pie that Mom made. "What kind of pie did Mom make

this week?" I ask.

Cara pulls it out of the fridge and sniffs it. "Smells like peanut butter?" It's a question, not a statement.

I walk up behind her, sliding my arm around her waist as I lean in. "Yep, peanut butter. I love Mom's peanut butter pie. Should we

make some coffee?"

She shows me where everything is for coffee and I start a pot brewing, while Cara starts washing up dishes. Our dads have

stayed in the dining room, continuing to reminisce about the good old days, so it's just the two of us in the kitchen.

There is something almost intimate about us moving around each other, being together like this. I realize, I want this. This life,

this domesticity, this intimacy with Cara. For a moment, I can hear the sound of the tv in the other room with

+15 BONOS

cartoons, hear the pitter patter of little feet running through the kitchen as we move around them and each other cleaning up. I

want it all and I want it with this woman.

I so overwhelmed with the feelings inside me, I can't help myself. I go to her, take her soapy hands in mine and turn her to me

before cupping her cheek and kissing her with passion. I pour everything that I'm feeling into that kiss. I want her to feel how

much I want her, not just today or tomorrow, but forever, for always.

I'm lost in her scent, her taste, the feel of her lips against mine. I nip at her bottom lip seeking entrance until her lips part and I

slide my tongue into her mouth, deepening the kiss. One hand slides into her soft hair, while the other pulls her tightly against

me. I never want this kiss to end.

I've forgotten everything but her until I hear the sound of someone loudly clearing their throat. I'm suddenly brought back to

reality and realize that I'm kissing Clint Nelson's daughter with a passion no parent wants to see right in front of him. And not just

him, my father as well.

I slowly pull my face away from Cara's, only now realizing that her hands are gripping the front of my shirt, holding me close and

one of my legs has slid in between hers. We're practically wrapped around each other. Cara opens her eyes. They are dazed

and her lips are puffy from my kiss. She's never looked more beautiful.

I turn my head and see both dads looking at us. "Perhaps you can stop kissing my daughter long enough to let us have some

dessert Rik." Mr. Nelson scolds me.

Sorry sir, your daughter is just too amazing to let moments like this one pass me by."

He nods his head in understanding. "Just as long as you understand that my daughter is still underage and saving herself for her

mate." He gives me a knowing look. I'm her mate, he knows it, but he wants me to wait until she knows it as well.

"I understand sir, and I respect that decision."

"Son, if you're going to be kissing my daughter like that in front of me, you'd better start calling me Clint."

YES! Finally! "Thank you, Clint." I can't help but smile.

Cara has gone back to finishing the dishes, hiding her face while she gets herself back under control. I grab the pie and a cutter

and head back to the table. Cara gets the plates and coffee. While we're eating dessert, I have a question I've been wanting to

ask.

"So, I'm dying to know how you got the nickname Little Badass, Cara." I'm looking at her as I say it, so I see the smile that

flashes on her face before she forces it back down. She looks up at my father. I look between them, finally registering what

happened.

"She pinned you, dad?" I ask, stunned. My father is one of the strongest Alpha's in the country. He used to be the strongest, but

younger Alphas like Liam and I are taking that title now.

Mr. Nelson, Clint, gets a smug look on his face. "She not only pinned your father, she did it in, what was it Anders? Fifteen

minutes?"

His antagonistic tone has my father scowling. "Yes, fifteen minutes. I guess in your family it's 'like mother, like daughter.'"

I look at Cara in awe. She's that good? I mean, I've watched her with my warriors, she's the best we've got. But good enough to

beat my dad that quickly? Maybe I need to rethink going head-to-head with her.

As I watch, Cara's brows furrow. "What do you mean? Did my mother pin you as well?"

+15 BONGH

Dad's head swings back and forth between Cara and Clint. "You never told her?" Clint looks surprised, then looks at his daughter

thoughtfully. "I guess not. I guess it never came up." He smiles at Cara. "You don't just look like your mother; you also have her

mouthiness and her toughness. She took Anders down in just under fifteen minutes in her day as well."

Cara looks thrilled. I guess, considering how young she was when her mother died and everything her father went through

afterward, she probably doesn't know as much about her mother like most people do. The thought made me sad for her, and I

want to find a way to give her the information about her mom.

"So, wait," I jump in. "She got her record in kicking Alpha butt from her mom and her new nickname from you?" I ask Clint.

"Yep." Clint says, still smiling proudly at Cara.

"My nickname comes from you? What is yours?" Cara asks. Seriously, how do I know more about her family than she does?..

It's my father than answers. "He was the Big Daddy Badass, at least until your mother came along and knocked him down a peg

or two."

Chapter 97

This has been a fun evening. It's been great watching my father look so happy almost youthful again.

When Rik asks what kind of pie his mom made, I had to sniff it. It smells good, like peanut butter. But, if I'm being honest, the

room now smells like Reese's Peanut Butter Cups between the pie and Rik's brownie scent. My mouth is watering and if a nose

could orgasm, mine would be. When he wrapped his arm around my waist and leaned in to sniff the pie, I had to fight the urge to

lick his neck. It was right there, I could just lean in.....

Coffee! Yes, we need coffee. Thankfully, he doesn't seem nearly as distracted as I am. I begin to wash the dishes, trying to get

my head out of the gutter while he's making coffee. But then, he's there, taking my hands and he kisses me like I've never been

kissed before. It's possessive, passionate, loving, and so full of promise that all I can do is grab hold of his shirt and let myself

get lost in the sensations of his mouth and his chocolatey smell commanding my attention.

I'm so lost in the onslaught to my senses, that I have totally forgotten where we are. When I hear someone clear their throat, I

can't be bothered to care. I am blissed out on Rik. Even after opening my eyes, I'm in his trance. I give my head a quick shake

trying to come to my senses.

When he asks, I'm astonished to learn that Rik doesn't know about my nickname. Dad, of course, proudly announces that I

pinned Anders in fifteen minutes.

I did not know that my mother had done the same thing in her time. It reminds me that I need to go to her memorial. Maybe Rik

would want to go with me. I know this is usually his night to go with his mom, but maybe I can convince him to go with me this

weekend.

Imagine my surprise, when I also find out that my nickname comes from my dad. In hindsight, it was the older warriors that

started calling me that, so it was intentional. I just didn't understand it at the time. Now I'm proud of my nickname. It means I'm like my father, and there is no one in the world I'd rather be like than my amazing father.

When we finish, Rik helps me clear the dishes again. When we're done, I look at him.

"Can I show you something?"

His face lights up, like I've just told him he's won the lottery. "Of course."

+15 BONOS

I take his hand, intending to guide him to my room. "Dad, Anders, we're going upstairs. If I miss you Anders, have a good week."

They both stop talking and turn to look at me like I've got two heads. Dad's eyes track to my hand holding Rik's. "The door stays

open Cara."

"Dad! Seriously?"

"Door. Open." This time, he looks at Rik and there is a clear warning there.

"Fine." I roll my eyes and pull Rik along. I grab my flowers on my way upstairs. I want them back in my room where they belong.

When we get to my room, I let go of his hand and put the flowers back where the other ones were. I begin to clean up the dead

flower petals that litter my desk. When I turn back, Rik is taking in my room. I see his brows furrow as he looks at my new

bearskin rug. But, as I watch, he closes his eyes and takes a deep breath. I sniff, but don't smell anything. I wash my sheets

every week, so it can't be that. When he turns, he has a beautiful smile on his face. Ok, so maybe my room smells good? Maybe

he smells the lingering scent of the candles he bought me? I point to the loveseat against the window where I've watched him in

training." Have a seat."

He goes over and sits down. I walk around my desk and pull The History of the Guardian from a drawer in my desk. I don't know

how many people know I have it, but I think it's better to keep it out of sight, just in case.

I have read some passages and want to share what I had found with Rik. It seemed only fitting since he was the one that got me

the book.

I lug the giant tome over to the loveseat and sit beside him, laying the book on both of our laps. He wraps his arm around my

shoulder, his warmth seeping into me. The smell of brownies becomes overwhelming again, and I turn into his chest. and sniff. I

tried to be inconspicuous about it, but, of course, he notices.

Chapter 98

"Do I smell?"

“No, of course not. But....” I don’t want to sound stupid, and I start biting my lip thinking I should just keep my mouth shut.

He takes his thumb and pulls my lip out of my teeth. “But?”

I just blurt it out. “Did your mom make brownies today?”

He looks at me, confused. Yeah, I know. Seriously random question.

“Not that I know of, why?”

I take another sniff. “It’s just that you smell like her brownies. Like fresh out of the oven brownies.”

His smile goes mega–watt. “Is that so?” His thumb starts making circles on my shoulder. It sends distracting tingles through my

body. He leans in and brushes his nose in my hair. “I heard my mother’s brownies are your favorite.”

I close my eyes. I’m falling into his trance again. Artemis is no help at all, she’s been under the Rik and Kai spell for a while now.

He chuckles and kisses the spot just above my ear. “Was there something you wanted to show me?”

My eyes fly open. Dammit, there was a reason I brought him up here. I turn back to the book, opening it to the page I wanted to

show him.

“So, I’ve been reading the History book that this amazing Alpha got for me. I smile and give him a side eye glance, seeing him

echo my smile. “And I found this interesting passage.”

I point to where I am reading.

Since the inception of the Guardian

There have only been two in existence at any time

Created by the Moon Goddess herself

The spirit of the Guardian will reincarnate

When the current body of the Guardian passes.

I look at Rik. I can see that he’s trying to work through what I want to know.

When he looks back at me, I ask my questions.

I ask my questions. “There is nothing about a

Guardian being born. But here I am. For five years, there were three Guardians Do you think that it shifted the balance and may

have put events into motion that caused my mother's death?"

His arm wraps tightly around my shoulder, pulling me closer to him. I tuck myself into him, feeling calmer just being around him.

This question had been weighing on me but getting kidnapped overshadowed it and I'm just now able to get back to working

through this question.

He begins running his fingers up and down my arm. I'm not even sure he realizes he's doing it. He looks lost in thought. Finally,

he answers.

"No. I don't think that your birth caused an imbalance. There had to be a possibility of two Guardians being mated at some point

in time. So...."

He let's the question hang in the air before looking at me. I ask the lingering question. "Where is my mother's wolf spirit?"

We look at each other for several minutes before it all comes tumbling out of me. "I mean, it's been 13 years. Don't you think

we'd have seen her, heard from her, something by now? Even if she didn't recognize Dad and I, we would have known that

another Guardian had awakened. I'm sure that knowledge would have been passed among the Alphas. You haven't heard of

anything, right?"

He leans over and kisses my temple. "No, we can check with my father, but I think I would have heard if another Guardian had

awakened. He would have told your father."

"Let me think about this. I have an idea, but I don't want to say anything more until I know for sure that I might be able to get us

some answers." He turns to look at me, turning my chin so that I'm looking at him. "Can you give me a little time and trust that I

will see what I can do on my end?"

my

I give him a sweet smile. "Yes. I trust you." His answering smile is full of hunger as he rubs his nose against mine. The action so

sweet, so tender, it makes heart melt. Even Artemis, who has been very quiet tonight, begins purring softly in my head.

He closes the book and gently puts it on the floor before turning to me, pulling me to him. One hand goes into my hair the other

slides down my back pulling me closer as his lips take mine in a kiss so dominating, I can do nothing but submit to his passion.

Chapter 99

When we get to Cara's room, I take a moment to close my eyes and just breathe In her scent. It's intoxicating. Kai wants to jump

on her bed and roll around. If It wouldn't be creepy, I would do it. The thought of being surrounded by her scent and leaving ours

on her sheets makes us both happy.

When she asks if I've been around my mom and her brownies, I can't help the smile that breaks out across my face. I smell like

her favorite dessert? I lean in, running my nose through her hair. I smell like brownies to her, and she smells like vanilla and

honey to me.

When she shows me the passage from the book, it's curious. If there have only ever been two Guardians, how was Cara born? If

Guardians are reincarnated versions of the same wolf, Artemis shouldn't be a Guardian. And more importantly, where is the Guardian that would have taken on her mother's wolf spirit?

She's right. After 13 years, someone would have heard of a Guardian awakening. News like that travels like lightening. But I

haven't heard of anything, and I know my father would have mentioned it if he had. If nothing else, he would have let Clint know.

There is someone that may have the answers she seeks, but I don't know if he'd be willing to meet with us. King Ailduin would

most likely have some answers. He did, after all, have the book with this information in it.

I don't want to get Cara's hopes up, so I just ask her to trust me and give me some time so I can get in touch with Ailduin and

convince him to meet with us.

Her soft response telling me she trusts me is more than I can ignore. I move the book out of our laps. I have to taste her. I take

her mouth in a show of dominance, growling my pleasure at finally having the taste I've wanted all night. I want her to feel my

Alpha aura. In the past, I've chosen to curb the power of my aura, not wanting she-wolves getting too attached to me. But I know

Cara can handle it, and I want her submission. I want to feel her trust. I want her and Artemis to give themselves to me and Kai

freely.

Her arousal is perfuming the air and mixed with the scent that is all hers, I can feel how easy it would be to lose control. But I

harness my desire for her. This is my time to see if she can truly give herself to me. She's too young to claim but that doesn't

mean I can't leave my mark on her neck. Her soft moan of pleasure elicits a growl from me.

+15 BONOS

Pulling her into my lap, I begin trailing kisses down her jaw to her neck. "You smell so fucking good."

I continue to nip at her, pulling her neck to the side to give me better access. My love bites may heal by the time we get to school

tomorrow, but my scent will still linger on her. And I'm making sure it's all over her.

I slide my hand up her thigh continuing my assault on her neck. I need to feel her, touch her skin, make her come undone for me.

I want to watch as she lets go of the control she always has over herself. My beautiful, strong, powerful mate. I want everything

with her, but tonight, I want to see if she will surrender herself to me.

I lay her on the loveseat so I have better access and a better view. I slide her leggings down and slip a finger underneath her

panties, running it between her lips, feeling her wetness before sliding it up and rubbing circles on her clit. A growl rumbles in my

chest as I feel how wet she is for me. My sweet little mate. Kai pushes forward as I slide a finger inside her. Watching her as she

lets us strum her body like a precious guitar. She is so responsive, so receptive. As I watch her, Artemis comes forward. Both of

them have given themselves to Kai

and I. Now it's time to see her lose herself in the pleasure we are giving her

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Her moans grow louder so I take her mouth again with mine, swallowing the sound. I run my finger back between her folds,

kissing my way to my ear.

Spread your legs for me love.”

She does as I ask, and I pull back to look at her as I slide my finger in and out. I feel her body tense as she gasps. I hold her

gaze watching her eyes darken with desire and need. The heat I see in them must be reflected in mine. I feel Kai shining in my

eyes just as Artemis is shining in hers.

I slide my hand in her hair holding her as I ravage her mouth possessively. I slip a second finger inside her and begin to slide

them in and out at a faster pace. Her body begins to tighten around my fingers, as she arches her back, searching for her

release. I pull back so I can watch as she comes undone.

I can feel the intensity of my eyes on hers and my Alpha aura comes out. “Cum for me my little guardian.” The sound coming

from my mouth is so raw and hungry with my need to see her give herself to me. The moment I say it, I curl my fingers inside

her, hitting her sweet spot and her body clamps down on me.

Kai loses control. “MINE!” He states, claiming her.

I kiss her with every bit of feeling that I have for her; love, passion, desire, respect, I give it all to her in my kiss while I swallow

her moans, helping her ride. out her orgasm on my fingers.

We're both breathing heavily, as she begins to come down from her high. I lean my forehead on hers, watching her. I gently

brush her hair away from her face, continuing to slide my fingers slowly in and out of her as she trembles with aftershocks.

I need to taste her. I want to know if she tastes as good as she smells. I already know her mouth tastes deliciously sweet. So,

while I hold her gaze, I slide my fingers out of her and put them in my mouth. She tastes so fucking good my eyes roll back into

my head and I can't help the growl that leaves me. So. Fucking.

Good.

"Rik. Time to go. Cara has school tomorrow."

I sense Cara stiffen, as my father bursts our bubble. But I take my time licking all of her off my fingers. This is the most decadent

taste I've ever had the pleasure of savoring, and I do savor it. Every last drop.

"Be down in a minute." I finally respond to my father. I don't want this moment

+16 BONOS

to

end. And soon, very soon, it won't have to. She will be mine and I can take as much time loving her and making love to her as I

want.

When I'm done, I help Cara get her clothes back in order. While I don't care who knows what we do together, I do care that no

one should see my girl's body but

1. me.

I want to kiss her again, so I lean down, letting her taste herself on my tongue. Then I rub my nose against hers. It's more an act

of love and affection and I want her to feel that too. This isn't something that means nothing. It means everything and I hope that I've conveyed that tonight.

I stand and hold my hand out to her. "Walk me to my car?"

When I help her up, she's unsteady at first. I'd be lying if I said I didn't love having her body pressed against mine. My dick is so

hard it's painful, but I can deal with that when I get home. Right now, I need to make sure my little mate is good.

When she is able to stand on her own, I touch her face again, because I can. beautiful.”

“So

And she is. Her eyes are still a little glazed after her orgasm, her hair is a little messy, her lips are puffy from my kisses and her

neck is riddled with my marks Nothing and on one has ever been more beautiful to me.

When we get downstairs, I say goodnight to the parents. Dad mind links me tha he wants to chat tomorrow. Whatever it is, it's

not ruining my night. I'm flyin high and I intend to stay that way.