

Chapter 0325

"It's nice to see you too Sam. Thank you for that vote of confidence, it is greatly appreciated. Osiston is here on mission, with us along with Nickolas and the rest of the team. So don't get your panties in a twist."

"Well aren't you special, no titles or anything anymore?" He tries to look stern, but it's just not in his nature and he winks at me. "I was hoping to see you in person while I'm here, but you're not even on the territory are you?"

"It's hard to use titles when we are undercover, so no we don't use them here. And we are on territory but we aren't close enough to visit. Name's Mina by the way." Mina introduces herself.

"Oh damn, sorry. It didn't even cross my mind that you guys haven't met yet." I smack myself in the forehead. "Mina, this is Sam, my packs' future Delta and Sierra's current toy. Sam, this is Mina, one of the warriors in the training program with me. Her dad is a warrior for the Alpha King."

"It's nice to meet you Mina, and who are you calling a toy?"

"Did we not just interrupt what I think we did? You are her toy. She plays with you however she likes. You just happen to enjoy the playtime."

"Okay, so you're not wrong. But it sounds so demeaning like

that. I'm feeling a bit used and may need some TLC when we are done here." He looks over his shoulder at, I assume, Sierra. We all laugh.

"Alright, I'm decent now, give me my friends back." I hear Sierra before the phone blurs again and then before her face comes back into view. "So tell me everything that you can. What were you guys doing last night?"

Sam slides behind her wrapping his arms around her waist and resting his chin on her shoulder. Goddess I hope they are mates, they are perfect together.

"Nothing much really. We went on a run, getting to know some of the guys on campus. Just making connections. It's all recon at this point."

"What campus? Where are you, Little Bit?" Sam interrupts again.

"We are currently college students and trying to get close to a group of guys here." Mina fills in some of the blanks for him.

"You were around a bunch of college guys last night? Seriously? Did you know any of them before you got there?"

"A couple, the rest we met throughout the night. Why?"

"No wonder Oliver was losing his mind and Cam and Kota kept calling to ask if I was okay. They said something felt wrong. It wasn't me, it was you."

"Huh?"


"You have always had an extra strong connection with those three. Apparently, it doesn't matter how far away you are, they know when you're in a potentially dangerous situation."

"There's no way they could have any connection right now. Mina and I have our warrior brands, we don't feel any of those emotions right now."

"Oh yeah? You aren't even old enough to have a brand yet. What the hell?!" He takes a deep breath and looks straight into my soul through the phone. "Dad told me a bit about the warrior branding ceremony and what happens. Did you happen to get your brand around Thanksgiving?" He rubs his face.

"Yeah, why?" There's no way he could know that. He would have no reason to.

"You say you shouldn't have a connection with them or us or whatever. Well, around that time we were all hanging out and then a searing pain took over all of us. Dropped all five of us to our knees. Alpha Lucas called in everyone to come help, but no one had any idea what was going on. We all had different reactions after that. Your brother got sick, like throwing up everything for an entire night and then slept for three days. Oliver spent more time in the gym breaking sh*t than actually working out. He said he felt off and just kept having spikes of aggression that he couldn't control, that

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him and his wolf felt like they were being separated. The twins didn't get sick like Mateo, but had a hard time breathing for a few hours. They both said it was like something was being pulled out of their chest. Then they spent the rest of the three days glued to each other's side like they were actually afraid to be apart. I spent three days running between my friends on high alert, I could feel my protectiveness kick in and like Oliver I couldn't control the urge. That had to be our connection to you, Little Bit. It's the only logical explanation. Which doesn't sound logical at all." He rubs his face again.

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