

## Chapter 0547

I see my big, funny, sweet twin in a heap on the ground surrounded by three wolves. Mike is looking around using Dakota as bait for me. He really is stupid. He's just going to stand there with two henchmen waiting to sedate me. He doesn't know what I would do for a pack member or team member, let alone one of my mates. This f\*cker is going to suffer and Jena and I will see to it that it's long and painful. 1

\*\*\*"Let's go Bitty."\*\*\* I feel Oliver and Cameron running up close to me. We all take off, I lunge for Mike as my guys take out the other two.

He tries desperately to stab me with whatever he has in his hands. Robbie was right, he really can't fight for himself, he relies too heavily on others or magic to help him out. Those should all be extensions of your strength not the basis of strength. My wolf is uber pissed he tried to take out one of our mates and now he thinks he can take us by force again. Yep, she has already claimed them, all three of them. I am so screwed. 7

She clamps her jaw over and over snapping at Mike's arm trying to make him drop the syringe he's holding. Mike's eyes are wild with fear. He never saw me or any other female as being equal or capable of fighting a male. We are breeders and ornaments to him. His underestimation is my absolute advantage and my wolf is here for the ultimate

demonstration of our strength and skill. We grapple and fight, he finally drops the syringe, my wolf biting every inch of him to cause him a slow bleed. He will not die quickly, he doesn't deserve it.

I don't know how long I have been fighting for but Mike's will to live is pretty high. I finally got him on the ground and then I shifted. My wolf is letting my human form get a few hits in as well, we both deserve to have a hand in his torture.

Someone grabs me around the waist and pulls me off of Mike. I keep fighting. I want him to feel all the pain I felt, Jena felt and all the other girls he took advantage of felt.

"Tiny, stop. Please love, Dakota needs you." That caught my attention immediately and I stopped moving in Cam's arms.

Cam doesn't set me down though. He pulls my legs up into a bridal carry and holds me close. I wrap my arms around his neck. He's afraid for his brother and doing his best to hold it in, but he can't hide it from me and he doesn't try.

We don't walk far when he stops and sets me down. I can see a huge gash on Dakota's side. It looks like a wolf bit him, but also something else was used to stab him. The wound goes from his hip bone to the bottom of his rib cage and it looks like they can't stop the bleeding.

Elena and Gentry are both here doing what they can to help him. Oliver is sitting behind him propping him up in a reclined seated position so he can drink whatever potion

they are giving him.

"Dakota." I breathe out, tears starting.

"Hey, sweetness. Come here." He gives a little jerk of his head and I walk closer. "If I'm dying today I want one of those hot as f\*ck kisses you gave Oliver."

I let out a teary laugh. "Of course that's what you're thinking of as you lay here mortally wounded." I move closer to sit next to him, but he's not having it. He weakly wraps an arm around me and winces as he pulls me to straddle his lap. "I'm so sorry, I didn't mean for anyone to get hurt."

He grabs my waist and pulls me closer. I lean in intending to give him a small kiss on the lips. There are so many people here watching. I really don't want an audience for this, but I won't wait either, I can't risk losing him without telling him how I feel. Once our lips touch, it's just like with Oliver, I don't feel any of the things that Sierra talked about, but it does feel right and calming, like we are one person that has been split apart and finally came back together. It's peaceful. <sup>3</sup>

He pulls me even closer so there is no space left. I grab both sides of his face leaning into the kiss. He doesn't press for more than our lips touching though. It is sweet and simple, but I don't want to break away. Just as I have that thought though, someone gasps.

"What?!" I pull back alarmed and Dakota groans.

"He's healing. How is he healing?" Lil asks, staring at Dakota's side.

I lean back to see he's still bleeding, but the wound now looks days old, not minutes.

"You are his mate, Little One, you can heal him, this is proof, it's the only explanation. It would work faster and more effectively if you marked him though." Gentry says matter of factly.

"How though, I can't feel any of that stuff with the warrior brand in place and I'm too young, aren't I? If I tried to mark him now would it even work?" I'm hopeful and panicky at the same time.

"We can take your brand, that is how yours was designed. I think your magic is powerful enough to override the age demand from your Goddess."

I look at Dakota, then Oliver behind him and over to Cam, who has kneeled down next to us. Do I want to be mated right now? I always thought eighteen was too young to mate, but now that I have mine and it's just as unconventional as everything else that's happened in my life, do I want to wait?

Dakota raises a hand to tuck a stray lock of hair behind my ear. "No pressure, Smalls. I could just keep kissing you to heal until you're ready, that would not be a bad thing either. You know you're ours now. That at least sunk in." He tries

for a laugh, but groans in pain again.

Elena places a hand on my shoulder. "You only have to mark him, and probably the other two as well." She winks at me, actually winks. "The rest you four can figure out later." She must have read the panic in my face at the thought of fully mating with them. I'm just starting to wrap my head around the idea of being with the three of them. [9](#)

I nod and give Gentry my wrist. There is no question. I need to do everything I can to save Dakota. Her unusually warm hands wrap around my arm above and below the warrior mark. She begins to murmur under her breath and I can feel my arm heat up, but it's nothing like when I got the brand. The wind picks up around us. My friends and my whole team are here now making a protective circle around us, but I don't actually know what's happening. The wind is swirling like a tornado kicking up dirt and leaves and whatever else is on the bloodstained ground, but nothing touches us. I keep shifting my focus to my three mates. Three. I am in so much trouble. [8](#)