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"You might be right about that," Lil says. "I only had to put up with her briefly, but she was a spoiled pain in the ass. Her dad was the one you had to watch for. He's an elder in his pack and one of the more sneaky ones."

"Yeah, her dad was not happy about me attending meetings with Alpha Reggie, Luna Anne and Xander. Or that I was allowed to help with protection plans and strategies. And his Alpha was kind of an idiot. That was one of the more fun conversations I had during the conference."

"From what I understand you were the first person to shut that Alpha up during a planning session...ever." Lil laughs.

"That's because he's stupid and I said as much without saying the actual words. We helped his pack while providing assistance to the surrounding packs that actually got attacked that year. Kyle and I worked with them on a defense strategy that he never implemented and then he wanted more help in the form of Royal Pack warriors doing patrols around his pack. I think he just assumed no one knew about our pack's involvement in that situation and no one would question his needs."

"Wait, which Alpha is that? And when did you help Kyle with pack assistance?" Dakota asks from behind me. Squeezing my hip, teasing me for yet another thing they don't really know about me.

"I helped Brett and Kyle forever ago. It was the first time I was allowed off of pack grounds to do anything warrior related. We really didn't do a whole lot, but helped with

patrols while their warriors healed and helped with some extra training and strategies to be more efficient. Alpha Brecc thought that he should have gotten help too, even though his pack wasn't attacked at all. His is one of the packs bordered by the sea on one side and surrounded by the three packs that did actually suffer from attacks. He claimed that they were in more danger because of the ocean access. We gave him strategies and even drew up watchtower plans that, at the time of the conference, he still hadn't constructed. He just wanted Royal Pack warriors to patrol." I shrug, because I still don't understand his logic.

"You putting an Alpha in his place doesn't tell us why one of their Elder's daughters came to you here, now. And how the hell did she know where to find you and get here? I thought Brett said no one but Osiston was getting in or out of whatever barrier, perimeter thing is keeping us isolated." Dakota keeps going with his questioning.

"Maybe it's only against our pack members getting out?" Sam suggests. "I mean no one wants any of us to test the theory and Osiston said that warriors are on standby, hidden not far from that location when we need them, but he doesn't want to come in and scare off whoever is out there right now, prolonging the eventual fight. Maybe she was able to just waltz in." He shrugs.

"Or maybe she's working with the Rogue King." Jena adds. "I never got to meet her, but she was one of two that was pretty upset at how close you were to Xander, right. I know one of them threatened you, or something."

All three of my mates barely contained their growls.

"Okay, 'threatened' is kind of giving Charlene too much



credit. She tried to attack me like a political princess, not a warrior, it was stupid and I made sure she knew it too. Olympia's pack was one of the packs that Kyle and Brett helped after an attack, it had a ton of damage, the most I remember right. But I think her and Charlene were probably at the Royal Pack or somewhere else out of harm's way, since I met almost everyone from the packs that were affected and I didn't meet them until I was with Xander and Alpha Reggie for the conference. I don't know if she would work with the Rogue King of her own free will, but she did seem alright playing her dad's puppet willingly. Who knows."

"We are going to circle back to you helping with a pack relief effort and none of us knowing about it, Shorty, but where did Olympia go, since she obviously didn't get to see you?" 2

I look at Sierra and Jena, who sound like they were the ones who saw her, and raise my eyebrows. I wouldn't put it past either of them to welcome her in and then put her in a prisoner cell just for being b\*tchy to me one time.

"What?! Do you think we would do anything to her before getting information?" Sierra tries really hard to look offended.

"Yes, I very much think you would. I think sometimes you are more defensive of me than the guys are."

I laugh as a chorus of 'heys' comes from all sides of me.

"You know we would defend you Smalls. That's not even a question." Dakota squeezes my ankle.

"I do know that, but the difference between guy friends and girl friends is the level of petty my girl friends will

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stoop to on my behalf.”

“Hell yes! And no we did not chain her up somewhere, but I do have a couple places in mind if she turns out to be one of the bad guys. I figured I shouldn’t jump to conclusions since our allies are so few.” Jena chimes in and we all laugh again, although I know she’s serious.

“So where is she then?” I raise my eyebrow at them. I know she isn’t in a comfortable place if she’s here somewhere.

“She’s in one of the border houses, under guard, locked in a bedroom. She is comfortable and we made sure she was fed, but she wouldn’t talk to anyone but you and seemed perfectly content to be contained until you came to her. So she is either here to spy or she doesn’t mind a night of protection from whatever is out there even if she is locked up.” Jena finally tells me. “And you are not going to see her tonight. You just got your mates and you are going to just sit here for once and hang out. She will be there in the morning and if anything happens the guards will let us know.”



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My jaw dropped at her blatant command for me to leave something alone. I know she means well and I have no intention of going anywhere right now, even if my mates would allow it. She just knows me that well and I hate leaving things unfinished. Just another one of my fatal flaws.

"Well, I guess I know what we are doing in the morning then." I look at my guys to see if any of them have a problem with the plan. They all just nod. Since we are on lock down, there isn't much anyone is going to allow us to do

We sat outside for a while just talking with everyone. Just like dinner with Ava and Brett, it felt so normal and I never realized how much I craved 'normal.' I lean back into Oliver's chest, talking and laughing with our friends. Dakota has not let go of my ankle, just rubbing circles up my calf and Cam has been playing with the fingers of my left hand. Everything has been so gentle and light, but the message is clear, they want me and are making sure I know it. They are just waiting for any sign from me to go back upstairs and continue getting to know each other on a deeper level.

I can feel Oliver starting to get antsy under me, his length is pressing into my butt and I know it has to be uncomfortable. Dakota's hands are actually sweaty, but he keeps contact with me, now gliding his palm up and down my whole leg, being a little less subtle about what he wants. Cam seems to be the only one who is in control of his outward actions, although I can feel his inner desire

amping up just like the other two and I know I shouldn't torture them, but I keep the conversation going for a while longer, until it just feels mean to keep teasing them. They are doing their best to not tear me away from my friends, knowing what these connections mean to me.

I finally start to feel tired and it only takes a look to Oliver and he scoops me up wordlessly and my girlfriends giggle as we all but run through the house towards the elevator. I can feel how close the twins are behind me. Oliver shifts me as we step through the elevator doors so I am facing him, arms around his neck and legs around his waist. He is holding each of my butt cheeks in his large hands and pressing me into him so I can feel exactly what I'm doing to him. I let out a little gasp as he shifts my hips to rub my core up against him and I love the sensation that shoots through me.

"Do you like that, baby?" I just nod, not breaking eye contact.

"He needs words, Love." Cam growls right against the shell of my left ear as he slides his hand up the center of my stomach, but he doesn't grab my boob like I thought he would, he keeps going until his fingers settle around the top of my throat, turning my chin towards his face so I can kiss him. I whimper into the kiss and again when he pulls away. "Tell him what you like or he's going to stop."

Oliver tilts my hips again and he just pulls random incoherent sounds out of me, but Cam won't let go of my face to look over at him. "I love that."

"He's going to need you to be really specific, Sweetness." Dakota runs his nose in my hair at the base of my skull. They are so overwhelming like this and I love it and can't



focus on anything all at the same time.

"I..I like it...when all of you touch me like this. It kind of scrambles my brain." Oliver rubs me against him again. "Oh, f\*ck! Yes, that feels so good." I let my head rest in Cam's hand, letting my eyes close so I can focus on feeling.

"Can you handle more, Sweetness?"

"Yes, please."

Oliver adjusts his hands on my ass and I almost whine when I feel a third hand rub in between his down between my legs and I'm sure he can feel how wet I am through my leggings. Oliver keeps rubbing my cl\*t against his c\*ck and Dakota continues to rub me on the outside of my clothes from behind.

"I need more, please, Dakota." He growls in my right ear. I open my eyes and look right at Cam. He leans in to kiss me again. Dakota's hand moves to the waistband of my leggings and slides his hand in, tracing down my butt stopping briefly to graze over my puckered back entrance and I gasp into Cam's mouth.

"We will be visiting that soon, Love." He whispers against my lips, just as Oliver tilts me again and Dakota glides his long fingers further through my wet slit and straight into my center. There was no warning, just an absolute intrusion that shot energy through me and I grind into Oliver again. We all moan and Dakota pulls back and slides his finger in again.

"Yes! More, please." I try to look over my shoulder, but Cam won't let my chin go. Dakota pulls his hand back again and I feel a shift before the intrusion is intensified

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as he enters two fingers. Every time he thrusts his fingers in I rub against Oliver. They have a good rhythm going and it feels amazing while Cam continues to kiss me, exploring my entire mouth with his tongue. I can feel my climax getting closer. My whole body is starting to vibrate and I am struggling to hold onto Oliver's shoulders.

"She's close."

"She's so wet."

"Send her over the edge, now."


Both Oliver and Dakota increase their movements and it only takes a few more thrust to send me crashing. I moan into Cam's mouth. He doesn't release my lips until I have ridden out my climax and go limp in Oliver's arms.


"Such a good girl, so responsive for us."

I don't know why that praise makes me smile, but I can't fight it as I tuck myself into Oliver's neck and the elevator opens to our floor.

"Let's get you in the shower, baby." Oliver walks straight through to the bathroom and manages to get both of us undressed without putting me down. Cam and Dakota turned on all of the shower heads and stripped down too.

I guess we're all getting in together.

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