

Jayce's P.O.V.

We left the room quietly when Jax started to grind his cock against her core and we have been waiting for them to come down for dinner ever since, some of these females give me the creeps as they keep staring at me.

Colt calms down the moment our Princess walks into the room and I get up to fill her a plate with food I know she will finish in no time, as I walk back I see the females give her dirty looks. I have to stifle a smile at Max's rapid questions.

I follow her with my eyes as she gets up to get a refill on her food and coffee, Colt pushes forward the moment her steps falter and he is quickly by her side to guide her back to her chair. I nearly roared out loud when she told Colt they needed us.

I hold her close as I walk up the stairs with her and I don't care if we spend the next hour just cuddling as long as I get to hold her in my arms, but if I read our Mate's red face correctly that won't be the only thing that will happen once we are in our room.

As soon as I kick the door behind us her lips are on mine and I devour her lips as if this will be the last time, both of us breathing heavily within seconds. We slowly break the kiss as I walk us to the bed and gently put her down.

I give her a repeat from last time, but this time I am in control. I keep my eyes on her face as I keep grinding my rock-hard cock against her core and I love the way she writhes under me. I lean down on my left elbow as my

right hand cups her breast.

She moans as I start kneading her breast, my cock feels as if it wants to break through the confinement it's in and I press down harder on her core. Her breathing tells me she is close and I pick up the pace, because I want to see her come undone.

She tries to speak, but it doesn't make sense as she is a mumbling mess right now and a few moments later she screams my name as I push her over the edge. I trail kisses over her face and down her neck as she is slowly coming down from her high.

I collapse next to her as I pull her close to my chest, I could do this all day long with her and I will never tire of it. She places her hand on my raging hard-on, squeezing it gently as she kisses my jawline and I groan at the pressure she puts on my cock.

I whimper as she pulls back her hand, but I reacted to soon as I feel her hand on the button of my jeans and I hiss as she pulls the zipper down. I turn my head to face her and as our eyes lock her hand touches my cock.

She slowly wraps her hand around my shaft and starts pumping her hand up and down ever so slowly, making me groan at her ministrations. "Princess... stop teasing..." My mind goes blank as she squeezes my cock harder, nothing more than groans escaping my lips.

She keeps her eyes locked with mine as she slowly glides down my body and my cock starts to twitch in anticipation, hoping she will swallow it whole. She lets

her tongue swirl around the tip of my cock and I roar loud as I feel my balls tighten.

She has barely sucked my cock into her mouth as I come undone, shooting my load into her mouth and she keeps licking and sucking until my cock has gone flaccid. She slowly crawls back with a smirk on her face and as she lies down next to me she whisper, "Thanks, Babe. I needed that."

Hunter's P.O.V.

I watch as all Pack-members gather in front of the Pack-house, Max gives me a nod and that is my cue to link Uncle Luke to bring out Ellen, Mac and Paul. Uncle Luke and his men lead them to the steps to the front porch and makes them face the crowd that has gathered to hear their punishment.

"Good evening, everyone. Thank you for coming back here to hear the punishment we have decided on given Ellen, Mac and Paul. Only a handful chose banishment or immediate death, but most of you put a lot of thought into what you want to happen to them.

We were surprised at some of the punishments written down, but what surprised me the most is that only one of you actually thought real hard about it and pointed out that we were going to let one person get away unpunished.

I asked someone close to me to get the person behind all this, some of you may know him by name and I am glad I have the privilege of calling him my Uncle. Uncle Drake,

will you please step forward with your prisoner?"

The crowd parts as Uncle Drake walks towards the Packhouse with their Father Edmund in tow and for some reason he doesn't look to happy, "Edmund, thank you for joining us." I say with a smirk on my face as Uncle Drake stops in front of me.

Edmund growls at me, earning him a slap on the back of his head from Uncle Drake and I hear giggles and chuckles all around me. Uncle Drake walks up the steps to wrap his arms around me and I see quite a few people looking strangely at the scene in front of them.

He greets my Mates before he makes his way over to his baby Sister and hugs her tightly with a huge smile on his face, his eyes on their parents who are walking up to them. Aunt Sasha squeals the moment her eyes land on her parents and I give them a few moments before I ask for silence.

I scan the crowd looking for Myles and I am grateful Frank showed me a picture of him or I wouldn't have known who to look for. I Lock eyes with him as I ask, "Myles would you please step forward?" He looks at me with surprise on his face, but steps forward none the less.

"With Mac and Paul accused of conspiracy to kill your Alpha and his Son, this Pack no longer has a future Beta and Gamma. I already talked with Uncle Todd and he still wants the position of Gamma when Frank takes over.

That leaves us with one small problem, even if Alvin was

still around Frank doesn't want him as his Beta and we all understand why. Myles, you come from a long line of Betas and are the right Wolf for this position, will you become Frank's Beta when the time comes?"

Myles' eyes switch from me to Frank, who nods his head and back to me again. "Your Highness, I would be honored to take the Beta position when Frank takes over from Alpha Quinten." He answers my question and the crowd erupts in cheers and howls.

Once the crowd has calmed down I repeat the highlights to Uncle Drake and Edmund, the smirk on Uncle Drake's face becomes bigger and Edmund starts growling as he stares at his Pups. "I know everyone is anxious to find out what their punishment will be.

As a Pack you have decided on a long and humiliating punishment before they will be put to death.." I don't get to say more as Edmund roars that I can't put them to death, that I don't have the authority to do so. I quickly help him out by introducing myself to him and that shuts him up.

"Uncle Luke, is the first part of their punishment ready?" I ask him and he nods his head as his men grab Edmund, Ellen, Mac and Paul and drag them off to four cage put in the clearing in front of the Pack-house.

"You will spend eleven days in these cages, one day for every year you deceived this Pack. Pups up to the age of ten can throw whatever they want at you, as long as a parent is present. Pups from ten till the age of sixteen can throw whatever they want at you unsupervised.

No one is allowed to throw bricks, glass or other items that can severely injure them, after those eleven days you will be released from the cages and put in the dungeons. Then you will be used for training purposes for an additional eleven days, this will be for the members that are seventeen years and older.

Again you are not allowed to injure them severely as I want them to be conscious to see what is coming next, some suggested repeating this until they beg for death and even though I see the appeal in it I have found a more suited follow up." I see the four cages are closed and Peter walks up to me with a grin on his face.

"Your Highness, can we have the honor of taking the first turn? After all they took my Father's position." He asks and Cara, Benjamin and June are standing beside him, Pops and Papa are right behind them.

"Peter, you have permission to start their punishment." I say and I watch as the four Pups walk towards the cages. Aunt Sasha hands them each a basket and I wonder what she put in there, but I don't have to wait to long for that question to get an answer.

They have all put on a glove and I see June scrunch her nose as she pulls her hand from the basket, something running down from her hand just before she throws it at the cage with Ellen in it.

"Rotten tomato." June yells at her and I burst into laughter as I see the tomato run down her face.
"Bullseye." Papa shouts as Cara's tomato hits Mac on the nose and Peter and Benjamin have hit their mark as well.

