

# The Pack Rule Number 1 No Mates

## - Billionaire One 254

[ 1,657 words ]

Chapter Two Hundred Fifty-Four

GAYLE

I almost feel like I could be dreaming, but I'm not and that's the best part.

"Oh God!" I cry out, as Cane's tongue traces my folds and another wave of almost pleasure washes over me and my body arches upward off the bed. Okay...so maybe this is the best part. "Cane! Cane please..."

"Hush Kitty Cat, there are wolves downstairs that I'm sure are gonna hear you and I don't want anyone interrupting us for any reason," Cane commands, then bites my inner thigh almost punishingly. "Ah!" I yelp, casting my eyes downward as I string my fingers through his dark blond locks.

The muscles in his back shift, tensing when I pull on his hair and he moans against my sex. His mouth is hot when it closes over my clit, his tongue playing in rhythmic circles as he milks my core. His hands are molded to my boobs, squeezing and massaging as he tortures my sex in a horribly slow seduction that has me on the verge of screaming. He hasn't even shifted yet and already he's too strong for me to overpower. Every time I try to take control, try to urge him faster, he stops me.

"God you are so perfect," he whispers, his tongue diving deep between my folds to slow fuck me while I whimper above him. "And you taste so fucking good. I could kiss you like this forever."

"Cane..." I beg, yanking on his hair with both of my hands as I become more and more desperate for release. "Stop fucken teasing me!" I snarl. I can feel him smile against my slit, biting and nipping before sucking my clit into his mouth. "Shit!" I breathe out, releasing his hair to fist the bed sheets as he squeezes my breasts then draws one hand downward to test my heat.

Lifting his head from between my legs, his blue-green eyes capture my gaze and the hunger in them is almost frightening. He sits up, keeping me pinned to the bed with one hand while the other closes over my sex. He's fully attentive, his gaze shifting from his hand on my breasts to his fingers currently circling my clit. Watching my eyes, he suddenly shoves two of them inside of me, groaning when my breath hitches and my moisture coats his hand. I'm so wet for him, I can feel myself dripping as he begins to stroke those fingers in and out of my core. My body lurches upward, my hips bucking, chasing a release that he seems intent on keeping me from.

"I have imagined doing this to you since the moment I watched you run away from me in the woods," he admits, slowing his fingers before removing them completely. "The reality of you is fucken painful."

I shiver, watching as he strokes his cock above my folds, painting it in the juices of my sex. He angles the tip of his dick toward my slit sliding it up and down tauntingly as he watches my eyes.

"Cane, I want you. Please..." I beg, grasping the hand he has locked on my chest and raising it toward my mouth. After kissing his palm, I trail his fingers over my lips then suck one into my mouth as I arch my back and rub my nipples against the skin of his forearm. "Fuck," he growls, staring at me with hooded eyes. "I'm not going to last long, Kitty Cat. Not with you doing shit like that."

I stroke one hand over the strength of his forearm to grasp the bulge of his biceps and draw him forward. "I want you inside of me, Cane.

Now."

He bites his bottom lip then closes his eyes, his body shuddering for a moment before he drops forward, positioning himself at my entrance as he closes his mouth over one breast. "There's never been anything in this world that I have wanted more than you," he says, shifting to my other breast to suck and bite at the flesh. He thrusts forward slightly, just enough to push the head of his shaft inside and I writhe beneath him, widening my legs and stroking the muscles of his back. "I'm almost afraid that this is some kind of dream, or alternate heaven. I don't want to wake up anywhere else but here, with you wrapped in my arms."

"You will, Cane. I promise," I whisper harshly, kissing the top of his head as his lips trail over my collarbone.

He growls, sucking on my throat viciously as he rears back then slams his hips forward, pushing all the way inside. "Fuck!" he groans into my neck, rocking his hips back and forth as my muscles tighten around him. "You are so tight, baby and so soft."

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Chapter Two Hundred Fifty-Four

I moan at the feeling of being invaded by him, stretched by him. Every single nerve ending in my core is singing with pleasure and it steals the breath from my lungs. "God...Cane," I whimper, my walls pulsing around his shaft as he grinds into me. "I want more." Lifting his mouth to mine, he slides his tongue over the pad of my lips and slams into me again, punching a cry from somewhere deep inside of me as he falls into a steady, pounding rhythm. His arms come around me, one hand tangling in my hair and the other grasping my ass so tightly I know there will be bruising, but it feels magnificent and I'm spiraling toward the edge at a rapid rate. Every time he enters me, he lifts my hips, going deeper than anyone ever has before, punching against my cervix like he wants to move right through me. It's painful and wonderful all at the same time, and try

as I might I can't keep myself from shouting my pleasure. The rock hard muscles of his chest press into my bosom and every time my nipples shift he groans into my mouth.

"Holy shit, Gayle. I fucken love you so much," he rasps, gritting his teeth as he picks up the pace. "You feel so good...I have to have all of

you."

His muscles strain beneath my hands and I climb higher and higher toward ecstasy, my body winding tighter than ever before. I'm there, I'm right there, I can feel it taking over my limbs and my mouth falls open with a helpless cry of pleasure just as he slams his lips down on mine, shoving his tongue deep as he loses control and begins pistoning into me hard enough to shake the walls. My center snaps and a ricochet of wanton pleasure riots through my bones, stealing my vision and shooting stars through my eyes. My back comes up off the bed and I scream his name against his mouth, every muscle I have locking onto him as I ride out my climax. A moment later he explodes inside of me, pumping me full of his white hot desire, his hips jerking and grinding while he finishes in the deepest part of my core. With a final thrust, he growls loud into the night, then twists his body to fall onto his back while coiling his arms around me and dragging me over the top of him."

We lay there panting and trapped in utter bliss. His heartbeat pounds beneath my ear, strong and undeniably alive. I smile to myself, dragging a leg over his body as I curl into him. "I love you too," I whisper. "Even more now."

He chuckles, kissing the top of my head as he strokes his hand up and down my back. "I'm so happy right now. I don't think anything could ever ruin this moment."

I snuggle in deeper, tracing my finger nails up and down his abs as I replay the way it felt to find him awake in my room over and over again in my mind. "I'm happy too. I can't believe we almost lost this. Other than when my mom died, that was probably the most scared I've ever been in my life. I don't ever want to feel that way again. Not ever."

Cane's body shudders beneath mine. "Yeah. That reminds me. I have a promise to keep. What did your brother do with Roman's body?"

My head jerks up and I gaze down at him, my brow furrowing. His eyes are sated and full of love when he stares back at me and although I hate to upset him, I know I have to tell him the truth, "They took him to Red Wolf Island."

Cane's body stills. "Red Wolf Island. What do you mean? Who took him?"

I bite my lip, shivering when Cane's eyes lower from my face to my naked breasts and I feel him hardening again beneath my leg. "My brother and some of the wolves. They wanted to question him somewhere isolated. Somewhere that they know he can't escape." "Wait a minute," Cane snarls, flipping us over in a flash of movement so that he can gaze down at me. "He's still alive?"

Jesus, he's quick. His movements seem almost faster than they should be.

"Yes. He's alive."

Cane's eyes flash with a touch of gold and his fangs spike out, causing me to gasp in shock. He's really changed. It really, really, worked Thank you Gio...

"Do you know how to get there?" Cane asks, leaping from the bed.

"To Red Wolf island?" I ask, sitting up and drawing the blankets around me.

Yes."

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Chapter Two Hundred Fifty-Four

"I do," I say in a resigned voice. But I was told we needed to stay here and guard the other hunter?

Cane tenses. "What other hunter?"

I swallow thickly. "We have another one of them. He's locked up.

"Locked up where?" Cane asks,

"Here. In the basement. His name is Ted."

The grin that Cane gives me is damn near chilling. "Perfect. He's perfect for what we'll need.

"Need for what, Cane? What are you-"

"I made you a promise, Kitty Cat. Remember? And that little fuck is going to help me keep it Chapter Comments

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[ 1,169 words ]

The Pack: Rule Number 1 - No Mates

Chapter Two Hundred Fifty-Five

GAYLE

The house is still quiet when Cane and I slip through the door of my room and into the hall. The clock on the wall reads that it's four am in the morning and despite the early hour I am wide awake. Before we decided to come down here I threw on a light pair of pajama bottoms and a loose white top. I'm not wearing a bra or panties, so when I race down the stairs the wind catches my shorts, whipping them upward and before I can step one foot beyond the landing Cane is on me.

The space is dark around us, but even so, our lion sight makes everything easy for us to see. Yet I don't check the room, because as far as I know everyone here is still sleeping.

"These shorts are going to be a problem, Cane hisses softly in my ear, snaring me around the waist with one arm and cupping my ass cheek with his free hand.

I start to laugh, pressing back into his growing erection so that I can feel it rocking behind his jeans.

"I agree. Definitely going to be a problem. Especially for me, after all the yelling you both were doing only minutes ago, Quinn's voice spills across the space and that's when I remember that he and Delilah had fallen asleep together on the couch in the living room that evening. He doesn't stand up, simply tilts his head in our direction to flash Cane a wide-toothed smile. "Good to see you again, Cane. I stand up and hug you, but your sister is asleep across my lap.

Cane smiles, wandering toward the back of the couch to peer down at her for a long moment. As glad as I am to see her, Cane whispers, "I'm not entirely ready to hear her mouth, so carry on."

Quinn laughs silently in the dark, then says, "I really am happy to see that you're okay, man." His face falls, guilt tainting his features. "It never should have happened that way. I'm a wolf shifter and I should have-

"No," Cane interrupts. "No, bro. Everything happened just the way it was supposed to. Don't you dare go feeling responsible for my fucked up mistakes. They were mine to make and I own them. You did what you were supposed to do. You took care of my

sister." They stare at each other for a long moment, a silent understanding passing between the two of them before Quinn simply nods and turns

away.

"I'm pretty sure Taedora prepared one of the guestrooms for you two. What are you both still doing down here?" I ask.

"It's on the other side of the villa and Lilac refused to let me move her until she knew whether or not Cane would be waking up," Quinn says. "So we both fell asleep here and were honestly sleeping pretty well until that small earthquake rocked the house a few moments ago. Which I can pretty much guarantee you, Gio heard as well." Quinn chuckles, flashing the two of another grin. "But now that the danger has passed, I'll carry her up to bed. She can yell at me when she wakes up. Where are you two headed so early?" "Just needed some air for a moment," Cane answers smoothly, tossing me a pointed look.

"That's okay, keep your secrets," Quinn replies, clearly aware that Cane is lying. "You know where to find me if you need some help with that little bastard."

"Werewolf hearing..." I supply with a roll of my eyes and Cane smirks guiltily.

Yup, Quinn comments. "Sometimes it's an absolute bitch. Especially during earthquakes."

By the time the two of us enter the basement, it's closing in on five a.m. and when I step toward the room that houses Ted Cane stops me with a shake of his head.

"Go upstairs Kitty Cat," he says. "I'll handle this and then meet you in just a minute."

"What?" I snap. "No! I'm not afraid of him, He's just some little crybaby weasel that-

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## Chapter Two Hundred Fifty-Five

"I know, baby," Cane says quietly, pulling me into his arms for a ferocious kiss. "And I know you're not going to like what I do next, but m going to ask you to trust me."

"I do trust you, Cane," I whine. "It's you that needs to trust me. I don't want any more secrets between us. I need to know everything you intend to do. Especially now that you're a lion."

His blue eyes glitter with a splash of gold as he gazes down at me, seeming to be lost in thought for moment. "You're right, he says. "God help me, you're right. If I only would have listened to you before... he trails off almost as if he can no longer speak. "What did

you just tell Quinn?" I remind him. "You said everything happened the way it was supposed to. As painful as it was...if it hadn't happened that way, you wouldn't be a shifter now. And maybe - for whatever fucked up reason - we were supposed to go through that so that you and I could have a full and happy life together. Maybe it was designed that way. So that we could appreciate each other more or fit together better or I don't know what - but what you said to him made perfect sense to me. So don't you dare go forgetting about it."

He smiles. 'You're right. I won't. Come on then,' he says, with his hand on the lock. "Let's get this bastard ready to run into the woods."

"What?" I hiss. "Why would we do that?"

Cane turns to me with that clever little grin that has become somewhat of his trademark. "Because in order to get rid of the rangers scouting the woods for you and get the Elder Few to release your mom's body, we're going to need him to be rescued"

My mouth falls open in an 'o' of fascination and for the very first time I begin to understand how his mind works. "I bet you loved chess as a child."

He shakes his head. "Nah. That game bores me. Too many limits to what you can do. I prefer a bigger, wider, less restricted playing field"

"And why does that not surprise me..." I murmur.

But the biggest surprise comes when Cane opens the door and the overhead light goes on. Right away I sense that there is something wrong, but I can't see what it is with Cane blocking the entrance. When Cane turns around there's a fire in his eyes and I know without asking that the room is empty.

"Shit," I snap.

"Go get the wolf," Cane snarls. "This little motherfucker scent is still fresh, but we might just need Quinn to chase him."

As I turn around and head for the stairs it dawns on me... Only the most powerful of lions can scent their prey that way... The kind born to be Alphas... The kind born to be Kings... Chapter Comments

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[ 372 words ]

## Chapter Two Hundred Fifty-Six BARTLETT

When I marked Rose again, it was for a couple of reasons. One... I want her pregnant and I want her pregnant as soon as possible. The thought of her leaving me is almost too much to bear and although she seemed to understand that I wouldn't be allowing that, I want something more substantial than words tying her to me.

Call me selfish if you want to. Psychotic even. I could care fucking less. She's mine and I refuse to give her up. Hunter or no.

The yacht landed at five a.m. on the dot. Lucky for me I had just finished preparing the basement. Now, several of my brothers and one lion shifter piled into the living room after securing Roman behind a cell we had fashioned out of silver coated steel bars. Until today, it had been created for 'just in case' reasons. It seemed to me that 'just in case' was changing more and more into more than likely every day. And that included the new presence of mates.

'So I hear your girl is here. That true?' Timmons coos, sidling up next to me and I have to work to keep the growl from my voice when I

answer him.

"Yes it's true." Then I smile wide when I answer and add, "And I've just added a fertility mark to my claiming one. With any luck she'll be carrying my pup soon."

A swirl of darkness banks his eyes and for a moment I am truly confused. Timmons is pissed, but for the life of me I can't understand why. He knew she was my mate. He even helped run interference for me at the hospital. So what the fuck was eating at him, now? "How nice for you," Timmons snaps, stepping away from me. "Excuse me boys, but I need a run."

Then without another word he dives out the door with the rest of us staring after him.

"What the hell is his problem these days?" Domonic asks seriously.

"It's the mates thing," Rainier says quietly. "The only one he seems able to accept is Draven. All the others he's mad about. Even mine."

"Huh," Domonic grumbles. "I'll have a talk with him."

"Maybe you shouldn't," I say seriously. "Maybe Draven should."

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[ 1,132 words ]

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The Pack: Rule Number 1 - No Mates

Chapter Two Hundred Fifty-Eight

ROSE

"What?" Bartlett's voice cracks with pain as I stumble backward and over the couch behind me.

Somewhere in my head I know that he won't hurt me, but the set of fangs that he is sporting still has me cringe. "Y-you're a shifter." I whisper, tears filling my eyes. "Did you bite me? Is that how I-I..." But I'm not even sure what it is I'm trying to say as the room falls deathly silent and more shifters crowd the space.

One by one, beyond Bartlett's shoulders men who are impossibly big and impossibly handsome crowd the space, "That's not what you called me, Bartlett bites out. "You called me monster."

My chest is heaving as they all stare at me, each of their eyes filled with disdain. With cruelty.

"Aren't you?" I hiss clamoring backward away from them. "I want to go home!" But even as I said it, I knew it wasn't true. Looking at Bartlett, at the pain of his gaze as his fangs disappear, I know I only want him. But how can that be?

Do you want to see a monster?" The meanest looking one, with eyes like burnt coal and hair the color of autumn, snarls. His fangs flare and I can't help the whelp with fear as I press my back against the wall behind me. "Turn around," the man snarls.

I flinch and Bartlett growls, but not at me. No, he's growling at the lumberjack of a man behind him. "Stop it. She's just scared.

Fuck that. Let her see who the true monster is Bartlett. If there's any hope for her here, then she needs to know."

"He's right Dom," a dark haired male says, one that Felix is suddenly clinging to. "We were all much gentler with Draven. What would she think if she saw you-"

"Turn around!" The large one, the one they are calling Dom, shouts again.

I whimper, but do as he says with my eyes closed just in case they plan to harm me. Keeping them closed I wait, thinking that any minute now I will feel their teeth on my

flesh and hoping in my heart of hearts that Bartlett will do something to stop them. "Open your fucking eyes," the voice of the one they call Dom says.

My body shudders, only half aware that no one has touched me yet. "Okay," I whisper, doing as asked when it becomes clear that I'm not being physically attacked. I didn't notice it before, but there's a mirror in the corner of this wall between two windows and it takes me a moment to realize who it is they wish me to see.

Myself.

"I don't understand," I whimper, placing a finger on the reflection of my neck, where not one bite mark, but two can now be seen.

"There's your fucking monster," Dom says. "The hunters are the monsters. Not us. Now let's eat so we can get back to work."

A flurry of movement causes me to gasp, but before I can turn around Bartlett appears behind me, his blue eyes drenched in sadness. "You're not a monster," he whispers, meeting my confused gaze. "You're my mate."

"Mate?" I repeat, my eyes filling with tears as my mind trudges through all the little things Roman taught us about shifters.

"Yes," Bartlett says softly. "And I claimed you, like a selfish fool, without asking you first." He sighs deeply as he starts to turn around. "So if you still want to leave me... I'll find a way to get you back home."

As he turns around, his back is to my back, but I can still see the defeat in him as he walks away. His shoulders are slumped and his powerful arms slack at his sides. Something about the way he looks, about the way he walks away from me, starts an aching in my chest 1/2

## Chapter Two Hundred Fifty-Eight

that I know will never stop without him.

"Bartlett," I hiss, spinning around, fully intent on telling him that I don't want to go, that I need him, but he doesn't give me the chance. Instead, he tosses his phone on the couch and then leaps out the front doors to disappear in the woods beyond the house. "Would you like to eat out here?" Emily's voice sounds from the kitchen doorway and my eyes are drawn in her direction. She's smiling at me as she steps into the room, despite the scowl I'm still receiving from her face with the gray eyes who's sat at the dining table in the room beyond. "I can serve you and Bartlett."

"He just left," I say quietly, my eyes on the woods, thoughts of my dream dancing in my vision. Maybe I'm meant to follow him.

"He probably just went for a run, Emily informs me convincingly. "Sometimes that's what they do when they are feeling overwhelmed.

"Are you a wolf too?" I ask sheepishly, somehow already knowing the answer is going to be, no.

She shakes her head. "No. Koda is my mate. I'm like you. Just as human, just as lost once." She tilts her head, showing me the two crescent shaped marks at the base of her neck.

I intake a sharp breath, my eyes falling toward the phone. "I didn't want to leave him. I only wanted to call my brother and let him know that I'm okay. Because is my family tells him I'm missing - he'll come looking for me - and when he can't find me... they'll make him my place." Emily's eyes widen. "As what? A hunter?"

I nod, biting my lip and not even realizing Mister Meanie Pants now stands in the living room, his gray gaze more thoughtful than angry

"So they did force you," Dom says.

My gaze lifts to his and I shrug. "They forced my brother when he wanted nothing to do with hunting - ever. I took his place because I was a natural-

"Shot. Yes," Dom says, his eyes twinkling, "So I've heard. How many animals have you hunted?"

I swallow, not sure what the right answer is. The truth Rose. Just tell the truth. "My first hunt ended with me in a coma," I admit, tears filling my eyes when I think of my initiation into the Elder Few and the poor cat I swapped for my own. "But I killed a cat. And I hated it." To my surprise Dom's mouth quirks up in a smile. "So not a monster then. Good. Maybe there's hope for you after all

Releasing a shuddering breath, my eyes go toward the woods beyond the glass. "Do you think I should go after him?"

"You might want to wait. Bartlett probably-" Emily starts, but Dom silences her with a hand over her mouth. "Yes, you most definitely should."

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[ 1,145 words ]

## Chapter Two Hundred Fifty-Nine DRAVEN

"So let me get this straight, I begin, my eyes lingering on my father for a longer moment than any of the others. "They took him too?"

My father nods, stepping forward with a guilty bow. "Domonic is the Alpha of your pack, little one. It was his decision to make and rightly

50.50.

I'm getting a little tired of all this secrecy," I snap, my attention snagging on the newborn cat in the corner. "And what the fuck is his problem? He's been pacing like that for hours."

"He needs to shift," Goose says calmly. "At least, that's what I'm getting from him."

"I know what I need, Cane grumbles. "I need Roman. I want to punish him."

"Well Roman isn't here Dimwit, Delilah chortles, her newly healed mark catching my eye.

"You're marked," I whisper happily, smiling back at her when her eyes shoot my way.

"I am. Someone couldn't wait any longer," Delilah teases and Quinn shrugs my way.

"So what now, then?" Taedora asks from her corner of the room where she is making a few margaritas for those who are not pregnant.

"With the hunters still unaccounted for," Cane hisses, "the Elder Few will be sending their enforcers and with those Rangers still scouting the woods, I don't think any of you should shift." "Any of you? Gayle taunts. "You are a shifter now too, baby. There isn't any you."

Cane grins, then races toward her with a blur of speed that has the rest of us gazing toward my father in question.

Gio shrugs. He is twice born and apparently very dominant. I have never met one that has been made a shifter before so I don't know the extent of their power."

"So what you mean to say," Goose begins, "is that he might be stronger than any one of us."

Gio smiles in his all knowing way and I can't help but snicker. "Perhaps."

"That's...just not fair, Goose grumbles. "You better make me a drink too, Tae."

"He also was given the blood of a Lion King - basically an Alpha of your kind...so there is that," Gio adds with a sardonic smile.

"You're wicked, Taedora says, passing my father the first margarita. "You shouldn't be giving me any more reasons to adore you than I already have. You're already King of my wet dreams as it is."

I snicker as Gio spits out his drink, a dark blush blossoming across his cheeks as he chokes on the compliment.

"She's had the hots for you ever since that day you grabbed her by the throat and stopped her from shifting," I murmur sidling up to him.

Ah, he says, finally regaining control of himself. "I see."

"So how did you do it?" I can't help but ask him, ignoring that his eyes go dark for a moment as he looks away.

I am of noble blood," he whispers softly, in a voice meant only for me. Then he meets my gaze with a serious one of his own. "As are you."

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## Chapter Two Hundred Fifty-Nine

"Half, I quip, stepping away from the weight of his words and then ing the way they tam to follow my steps. Make mine a virgin," I call out to Tae, barely glancing back at my father who is muldenly capriated by the for cafes in his glass. He's hiding something. I just know it. But what?

"So how do we get to this island? Cane's voice chatters the ingat laughter coming festo the nest of us as we eniroy our cocktails and non

cocktails in my case.

"Why would we go there? Delilah glares at her brother.

He ignores her, fixing his gaze on me instead.

"We would need a boat, but

"But what?" Cane challenges, his blue eyes flashing so gold I'm momentarily stamped for an answer, "Roman's death is as much mine as it is Gayle's. I deserve to be there when he goes.

"Cane, Delilah warns, but he hardly looks her way.

"I need to be there. I don't care if I have to go alone. Or if I have to sun. I'm going to get there, Cate announces to the room. "With help or without it.: DOMONIC

I'm just about to step back inside the basement when my phone rings with Draven on the line.

"Hello gorgeous. I wish I could say I was just thinking about you but-feat off when the telltale sound of a boats engine filters through the line. "Where are you?

She's on her way here. I just know it.

"You know the answer to that, she answers and my hackles immediately go up.

"I can explain. The way I treated Bartlett's girl wasn't unfair it was justified. She needed to know that we weren't monsters. She did! "Who called you? Emily?" It had to be Emily, the little meddlesome Beta's mate. Damn her.

The line goes quiet for a moment and I can practically hear the wheels in Draven's mind turning. Nobody called me Domonic. Why? What have you done?

Nobody called her?

"Baby! I don't want you here. I want you safe. Why are you on your way here?

"Cane," she says simply and my eyes go straight for Gryffin who is standing right behind me.

"So he's

Alive and well," she says softly.

Gryffin smiles, having heard her himself. He'll need to shift, Gryffin reminds me with a dominant jerk of his chin. "Until he does he'll feel like a caged animal. It's good that they're coming here. A little more icing on the cake of revenge I plan to feed the bastard in the basement.

"Who else is with you?" I bark into the phone, stepping away from the basement door and faxing my eyes on the ocean through the windows.

## Chapter Two Hundred Fifty-Nine

"Um...almost everyone."

"What?" I snap, thinking of my remaining brothers that I left watching over the town.  
"Who is almost everyone obvious anger and despite myself, I can't help but smile.

"The rest of your pack, my father, Cane, Goose, Tae, Gayle

"Holy fucking shit," I snarl. "Who's watching the town? Waiting for the dorm?"

"That would be Sofia and my men," Gio's voice sounds from somewhere nearby and I curse his bigguttred seces for tanning

"No bodyguards for Lord Gio?" I snicker.

"I don't need any damned guards, I hear him snarl. "But yes. There are two of them with us as well-

"Where did you find a boat for this?"

"My father Lord Alpha Gio," she snickers, then clears her throat like she's about to drop a bomb on me." un-my way bought Old Bob's houseboat for twice what it's worth.

"He what?" I gasp out. "That thing is slower than a snail on concrete."

"Yeah, she says sadly. "We've gathered."

"But we'll get it fixed up!" Gio's voice rings out defensively. "Just not before we get there. Which may or may not be tee the

I let loose with a laugh that I can't help bubbling over with and hear Gio grow in the background. But my hy is stopped stor when my eyes catch on Bartlett returning from the woods...alone. What the fuck?

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