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I let my wolf unleash her wrath on these morons, she hasn't been able to fight much today, knowing the magic side of me was needed more to deal with Adrielle. Right now she is living her best life tearing through the wolves who have decided to fight for this useless cause until the end. My mates never stray too far and each of their wolves find mine to rub against us as often as possible as we weed through the rogues. 2

Once we have dispatched all the rogue wolves back to the Goddess, everyone helps to take the bodies to the compound we found outside our pack lands. We set them up in rows and light a pyre. These wolves will get a chance to meet the Goddess and she can decide if they were working of their own accord or if their human was forcing them to go against our kind. We also took the time to search the compound buildings. I'm amazed at what we found. The space must have held hundreds of wolves as farm animals. There are no facilities here at all. No beds, no bathrooms, no kitchens, nothing. I'm sure the only reason it doesn't smell like a toilet is because she kept them in their wolf forms and they had a whole forest to use. She really didn't give a sh*t about these wolves that were following her and Vincent thinking they would have a better life. They weren't cared for at all. Maybe that's why they fought so hard, they felt like they needed to prove themselves for her to give them affection or they felt stuck and betrayed. Either way they were angry and our pack was the only place to take out that anger.

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Oliver, Cam, Kota and I all climb in the truck together. I lean my forehead on the cool window. The exhaustion hit me all at once. "I need to check on Sierra and Jena and we should probably check in quickly with everyone, but I just want to be with you guys right now. Is that bad?"

"No, Sweetness, it's not. I just want you right now too. But I guess I can share you with these two if I have to." Dakota pretends to huff and it makes me smile. "I was not done with you in the greenhouse when we were so rudely interrupted."

"Oh, Sh*t! The greenhouse, the packhouse, all of our memories. They're gone." I didn't even think about that until now. The entire ranked street was completely demolished with the attack. Tears fill my eyes at the loss.

Oliver wraps an arm around me and slides into the center of the bench seat. "Don't worry, Babe. We'll make new memories and I'm sure there's things that are salvageable." 1

"And besides," Cam looks at us from the rear view mirror. "We can do what we always joked about with mom."

I tilt my head in confusion. "What's that?"

Dakota laughs. "I forgot about that! It would be perfect. Especially now."

"What are you two talking about?" I turn to Oliver, when they say nothing. "What are they talking about?" He just shrugs and now I know they are up to something. Oliver can't lie to me, so saying nothing at all is his way of keeping their secret.

Cam cleverly changes the subject. "So did I hear you

right? Jena is pregnant too?"

I roll my eyes, but give in, if it was really important they would say. They'll tell me when they are ready. "I think so, but I have no idea for sure. The Moon Goddess talked to me and suggested heavily that they both might be and I should be careful with them. Sierra thought so before I said anything, but it is really early. Her scent has changed though, at least I can smell a change. As far as Jena, who knows and her scent is the same. We weren't even sure if she would be able to carry pups because of Mike. He was rough with her, it was awful. I really hope so though. They all deserve this good news after everything we have gone through."

"What about you Bitty?"

"What about me?"

"What kind of news would be good news for you after all of this?" Oliver laces his fingers with mine.

I look over at him and every hormone in my body lights up suddenly. "Right in this moment a shower and the three of you naked would make me very happy." My boldness is new and it shows on his face, but I can't take them for granted anymore. We have all been too close to death too many times to not say what we want and need from each other.

Without warning he pulls me into his lap and I can hear Cam and Kota groan from the front seat when I kiss him. I run my fingers through his gritty mess of hair and deepen the kiss. There is just something so hot about the fact that they are all covered in dirt and grime and whatever else because they were helping to keep the pack safe. I pull back and look into his eyes, the four colors swirling

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together, but his chocolate brown is most prominent. I am so lucky to have the three of them. He grips my hips tighter and pulls my whole body closer to him. I can feel every hard line in his body.

"We might not get to the shower part if you keep looking at me like that, Babe."

"Is that so? What about if I do this?" I lean back and reach for Kota's shirt, pulling him sideways.

"Mmmmm." Kota melts into the kiss, cupping the back of my head and exploring my mouth gently with his tongue.

"Definitely not showering before we take you. You might not make it out of this truck." Oliver grinds me into him again and a small whimper escapes my lips.

"Somebody tell me why I always have to drive?" Cam complains behind me, making me giggle into Dakota's lips.

"Because you are what we lovingly call a control freak, bro." Kota says against my lips. "But we shouldn't leave him out Sweetness." He places sweet feather light kisses in between each word.

I shift and turn in Oliver's lap to face the driver's side and kiss the stubble on the edge of Cam's jaw and keep kissing until I get to his chin and then reverse my path back up to his ear. "Does that make you feel better Cameron?"


"If you keep that up we won't make it home safely." He clears his throat, but doesn't move away from me.


"Well, we can't have that. I need you all in one piece." I kiss him again and then move off of Oliver and back to my own seat behind Dakota, smiling to myself. I like teasing

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them, so I change topics like I'm not a horny mess. "Do we know where everyone is staying? I know there are a few houses still intact and I feel bad but I also want to be a little selfish and have one for ourselves."

"First, c*ckblock much man!" Oliver groans and adjusts himself. "Second, It's not selfish, it's practical. As much as people would love to have us all with them at the gym while we figure this out. They also would never leave us alone." 7

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