



Shifter Unleashed

By

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Chapter 1

Brock Draeger stood on a large dirt hill, watching his brother, Drake, popping wheelies on his dirt bike, along the biker's path. They had been coming here for years, riding their bikes, flirting with the girls, and showing off for just about anyone. They shared a love for dirt bike riding that the family could never understand. Lately, it seemed like to Stefan that his boys were going in totally different directions. Brock had always been close to his brother. They had been almost inseparable every since they were born but things were changing. But Brock began to start to picking up on the signs that something deep was going on with Drake.

“When can we go home?”

Brock looked down at his little cousin, Celine. Celine was so much like her mother, Jaelyn in her looks but had a lot of her father's fire. Just looking at her now at the age of ten, he could tell she would to be a real handful when she got older.

“Soon, CeeCee! Drake needs to finish his ride.” Brock said, as he watched his brother.

“He *always* has to finish something.”

Brock laughed, putting his arm around his little cousin. “I think he is almost done.”

“I hope so. I'm hungry.”

“You are always hungry.”

“Hey, I am a growing kid.”

Brock looked down at his ten year old cousin. She still wore her dark hair in pig tails. She appeared so much like her father in strength, yet delicate looking just like her mother.

“Wow!” Celine whispered, as she watched Drake do a back flip with his bike on one last huge hill. “Man, he is good.”

“One day he is going to kill himself.” Brock said, watching his brother.

“Nah, you two are too tough to get hurt.” Celine took Brock's hand, pulling him with her as she walked over to Drake.

Standing far away, someone would not be able to tell that Brock and Drake were

twins, but up close there was no mistaking them. They were drop dead gorgeous with extremely kissable lips, and strong masculine jaws with arms and chests built like huge football players. They were both well over six feet tall. Brock took on the complexion and personality of his father, Stefan. Drake had taken on the darker side of the shifters like his Uncle Dedrick.

Brock's hair was the same dirty brown color of his father's. He kept it cut short but Drake had let his hair grow long, past his shoulder. It was black as sin. As far as the personalities went, Brock and Drake seemed to be like night and day.

"Come on, squirt. Hop on." Drake said, to Celine as they walked up.

"No way! You are too scary for me," Celine said.

"Nice ride, bro." Brock hit Drake on the back.

"Yeah, it helps some." Drake said, as he sat on his bike.

"Helps with what?" Celine asked.

Drake hid his face as Brock got down on his knees in front of her. "Now CeeCee, those kinds of questions will only get the tickle monster to come out."

"Oh please. Don't you think I am a bit old for that?" She placed both hands on her tiny waist, giving Brock her *stern* look. The same one that Uncle Dedrick would give the boys when they would pull a prank.

Drake came up behind Celine, "Never too old." He picked her up, tickling her with a huge smile on his face.

"Come on you two. Uncle Dedrick will kill us, if we keep you out much longer." Brock said to Celine.

"Hop on squirt." Drake said, slipping his helmet back on.

"I do not think so." She walked over to Brock. "You drive crazy."

"One day girl, you are going to take a ride with me." Drake started his bike, taking off fast, spraying dirt everywhere.

"Come on. Get your helmet on." Brock said, helping Celine onto his bike.

"Hey Uncle Dedrick," Brock walked into Ddedrick's office with a worried look on his face. "Have you seen my dad anywhere?"

“He took your mom out tonight. What’s up?” Dedrick Draeger sat behind his desk, looking like a man who had not aged a day at all. He wore suits still. The years with Jaclyn had loosened him up enough that he would wear a pair of jeans with a nice shirt every now and then though.

“I guess you might be able to help. It is Drake.”

“What about him?” Dedrick put his papers down, giving his nephew his full attention.

“It is his *heat*. I have notice it is starting to make him reckless lately.”

“You mean with his bike?”

“Yeah. He said today, that it was starting to help him. I have been watching some of the crazy shit he has been doing. It is starting to scare me some.”

“Brock, you two might be the same in a lot of things, but I have noticed as well as your dad, that when it comes to your heat, you are as different as night and day.”

“I know that.”

“Do you?”

Brock looked at his uncle, trying to decipher what he meant.

“Let me put it like this. Each male of our kind goes through his *heat* differently. Yours did not kick in until you were eighteen. Your brother has been in his *heat* since he was fourteen.”

“He never told me that!”

“He did not tell your father either. I figured it out.”

“How?”

Dedrick smiled. “Your brother has the dark side of the Draeger in him, so his eyes turn red. Just like mine do.”

“Dad’s turn red too.”

“Not like this. Your dad’s are more of an orange.” He stood up, walking around the desk. “Drake is dealing with it the best he can. The last few months you have gotten a real taste of what your brother goes through all the time. Just give him some space making sure on moonlit night to stay the hell away from him. That is what your dad always did.”

“All right.” Brock stood up to walk to the door, but stopped.

“Was there something else?”

“Yeah. What about the *gathering*?”

“What about it?”

“Are we going this time?”

Dedrick took a long look at Brock. It seemed to Dedrick like only the other day that the boys were born. “Your father is planning on taking both of you.”

Brock smiled, “Good. Drake needs to find his mate, bad.”

“Serena does not mind you going?”

“Not if I can help Drake. She noticed some of the stuff.”

Stefan Draeger sat in the family car with his two children, heading towards the first *gathering* in almost ten years. He looked at them both unable to believe how different they really were. Brock took on all the traits that he, Stefan had, while Drake was so much like his brother, Dedrick, that it was scary. He noticed how Brock sat there cool and laid back looking out the window while Drake appeared to be on edge.

“Hoping to find your mate?” Stefan asked Drake.

“I am at the point where I would do anything to take this damn edge off,” Drake said.

Stefan smiled at him. “You are not the only one that has been at the point you are now.”

“What if he does not find anyone?” Brock asked.

“Then he doesn’t. It is no big deal. I did not find your mother at a *Gathering*. Neither did your Uncle Dedrick.”

“I do not see the fucking point,” growled Drake.

Stefan leaned over to Drake, taking his face in his hands. He looked deep into his eyes seeing a reflection of red there. “Look at me,” he demanded Drake.

Drake gave his full attention to his father. As a young cub in his prime, he could easily overpower his father. He respected his father. In his tight-knit family, respect was earned not given.

Stefan looked deep into Drake's eyes, pushing into his mind. He could feel the powerful *heat* that his son was in. Drake was handling it all very well. He saw all the things that made his son the man he became from birth to today. Stefan had no clue as to why Drake was in heat so soon. He saw it sharing his son's pain, even trying to help him through it.

"Take a deep breath." He told Drake, as he continued to probe deep into his mind. Stefan opened his mind as he spoke; "Look into me, and take the calm with you."

As Stefan released Drake's mind, Drake slumped in his seat, feeling more at ease.

"How did you do that?" Drake asked.

"Why didn't you tell me it was that bad?" Stefan demanded.

"It is always this bad."

"What the hell just happened?" Brock asked, looking from his father to his brother.

"Drake is in such a state, that he could hurt others," Stefan said, not taking his eyes from him. "I have seen your uncle like this before."

"What did you do?" Brock asked.

"I took some of the edge off. Not much, but enough to get him through tonight." Stefan watched as Drake's eyes started to close. He sat back up taking a firm hold on his face again. "Look at me."

Drake looked him in the eye, this time Stefan saw more of the red. He saw an old memory also. Deep in Drake's mind, he saw a girl cowering in a corner. She looked abused, scared, and very young. Stefan could see the sudden need for Drake to protect her. He realized that this memory was an old one.

"When we get to the gathering, I do not care who you find. You take the rest of this edge off." Stefan said, still looking deep in his son's eyes. "Do you understand me?"

"Yes."

Stefan let go of Drake's mind to pull him into his embrace. He held him like he did when Drake was a small boy. "You need to hunt. You need to find the girl who will make you complete. Some one to take all the pain away, letting you live a normal life as a shifter."

Chapter 2

The *Gathering* was no more than one big party, or orgy, depending on how you saw it. It was a chance for young cubs in their prime to find a mate. They could either claim or court them. Most of the men claimed their mates since the girls of age would always try to run away. Dedrick spent a lot of time over the ten years working on changing this. Some of the fathers went along with the change. The other fathers still insisted the claim be made there, in front of everyone.

Brock noticed as soon as they reached the *gathering*, that Drake was calmer. He seemed to still have an edge. He watched his father closely as he would enter Drake's mind, trying to ease his pain. He would try to figure out how he did it.

"Hey dad, how did you do that mind thing?"

"With Drake?"

"Yeah."

"Well it is something I used to do to both of you, at one time. It was the only way I could settle you two down for your mother when you were little."

"But how did you do it?"

Stefan stopped walking turning to face Brock. "It is something you can either do or can not do. It is called mind seduction." He started to get red in the face at his admission. "I used it on your mother before we were married."

"Uncle Dedrick can't do it?"

"Yeah. He was always pissed at me *for* being able to."

"So then, you seduced Drake?"

Stefan laughed. "No. I went into his mind. I saw what he saw, felt what he felt. Your brother can do it, but right now his mind is elsewhere. You used to be able to do it also."

"Is he going to be fine then?"

"Brock, you are only as fine as you make yourself to be. Drake's heat is ten times worse than what your heat was. You were able to really concentrate on finding your mate. Drake will know her when his body picks up her scent."

Brock was more worried about Drake at this point. He heard what his father said, that Drake was at a state where he could really hurt someone. From the corner of his eye, Brock saw his brother walk over to a girl. She looked to be in her twenties. Whatever Drake was saying to her seemed to be the right thing. Then again, their father told him, Drake had the mind seduction thing in his corner.

Brock watched closely as his brother talked to the girl. He watched as the two of them started to leave the main group. They started heading deeper into the woods. Brock was not the type to go snooping on people, especially his brother. This time he felt drawn to do so.

“You know, this is the last time I can do this, Drake.”

Brock heard the girl say as she positioned herself down on the ground. He only went there to keep a better eye on them. Brock thought to himself, just in case Drake started to hurt her.

“I know. This is the last time I will ask.”

The girl giggled. “Yeah, I have heard that one before.”

“Come on, Heather. I feel like I am going to blow,” Drake growled.

Heather kissed Drake hard. “The only one doing any blowing here is me.” She got down on her knees, unzipping his jeans as she went. “How long has it been since someone took care of your *needs*?”

“Too damn long!”

“Drake you have got to promise me hard, really hard! One last hard one, before my pansy ass husband comes home.”

Drake took hold of her hair roughly. “If you suck my cock good, Heather I will fuck you so hard you won’t be able to walk straight.”

Heather moaned as she took Drake’s cock deep into her throat. Brock could see her mouth cheeks, could tell how hard she was sucking on him. He felt his own excitement start to rise.

“God, it is going to be quick!” Drake moaned, as he moved his hips to match her sucking. “Make me cum, Heather.”

Drake took hold of a tree as his orgasm hit. His fingers were tearing the bark right

off from his strength. Heather popped his cock out of her mouth, licking her lips, as she looked up at him. She lay down on the ground, pulling her skirt up to show him her wetness. As she did she played with her pussy.

“I am more than ready for you.”

Drake went down to his knees, thrusting two fingers deep inside Heather. “Scream for me.” He demanded as he roughly started to fuck her with his fingers.

“They will hear.” She said, “Oh God!”

Somehow Heather moved back up to her knees while his fingers still working her hard, kissing him to muffle her cry as her own orgasm hit. Roughly, Drake took hold of her, flipping her over to her hands and knees. Quickly he thrust his cock deep inside her pussy. He brought forth another orgasm for her. He never stopped his movements, never let up on his pounding, taking a strong hold of her hips to bring her back for his powerful strokes, slapping flesh against flesh.

“Yes!” Heather moaned. “Fuck me harder.”

Drake let part of his beast out to use the power to give her what she wanted, as well as to give him the peace he so badly needed. All he could hear was their flesh slapping hard against each other and knees scraping against the ground.

“Don’t you dare stop!” She cried when suddenly he started to slow down his movements.

Brock knew he had been found out when he saw his brother look right over at his hiding place. They did not say anything to each other. Brock was very surprised to see his brother’s eyes a deep red color.

“Drake! I am so close.”

Drake smiled over to Brock then picked his speed back up, slamming hard into Heather. Brock did not stay around to see the finished stuff, thinking it would be best to leave his brother alone. After all, he was not really hurting her the way he thought he might.

“Did you have a nice show, brother?” Drake walked up to Brock, wrapping his arm around him.

“Do you always fuck married women?” Brock inquired.

“It just so happens, Heather and I had a *physical* relationship before she was married. I give her what her husband cannot, and she helps me out.”

“What will she do, when you find your own mate to take care of those needs?”

Drake took a deep breath. “This was our last time. I plan on going hunting very soon for my mate.”

“So if you do not find your mate here, you will go hunting?”

Drake took Brock’s drink from him. “Probably, I can not afford not to find her. I can not control this anymore. These little flings with Heather only last a few days.”

Brock laughed at his brother as they started to walk away. Drake was always in control, making it very hard for him to see his brother in this kind of shape. They were only at the *Gathering* for less than two hours when a fight started to break out between two families. One brother did not like who was trying to make a claim on his sister with a father trying to deny it.

Drake laughed at the scene. He started hoping that he would not find his mate at a *Gathering*; he did not want to have to fight for her.

“You know dear brother. I do recall a time when you fought for Serena.” Drake said to Brock.

Stefan walked up to his boys, putting an arm over each shoulder. “Ah boy, when you find the one that is truly yours, you will do anything you can to get them and to keep them.” He looked Drake in the eyes. “The quickies in the woods only last for so long.”

Drake smiled at his father. He was never surprised at how he knew everything he and Brock did and were doing.

“So tell us, oh great father. How did you last so long without mother?” Drake asked.

Stefan smiled as he stopped walking. “A mind my dear boy is a terrible thing to waste.”

Brock and Drake watched Stefan walk off, not able to say a word to that. Both

knew the story behind how their father ‘met’ their mother. They knew the story behind the threat to the family also.

“He never ceases to amaze me.” Brock said.

“You? Sometimes he scares the shit out of me.” Drake responded.

Stefan continued to walk with his sons around the compound, saying hello to old friends making new ones as they walked. They got to watch two claimings while they were there. But Drake never got any closer to finding his mate.

As Brock was talking to a friend of his, Stefan pulled Drake to the side. “How long have you been having those dreams?”

Drake acted like he knew what his father was talking about. “For a few months now.” Stefan gave him the look. Drake took a deep sigh. “A few years.”

“Is it always about her?”

“I see her all the time. Some nights I can almost smell her.” Drake ran his hand through his hair. “I feel as if there is something not quiet right with her, either. Like she is tough on the outside, but she is holding something in. It is as almost as if she is looking to be held but no one is around for her. “Guess it does not really matter. She’s not real.”

“Do not be so sure of that.”

“Man!” Brock said, walking back to his father and brother. “Max over there just has another baby.”

“You use to go to school with him right?” Stefan asked.

“Yeah, he made his claim right after school.”

“Something is not right here.” Drake said all of a sudden.

Stefan looked at Drake. “What?”

Drake started walking around his brother and father. He was looking around everything, even sniffing the air. “It does not feel right.” He walked a few steps away from them. “Can you feel that?”

Stefan was looking around also, but could not feel what Drake was feeling. “I do not see anything.”

“But I feel it.”

Someone cried out in pleasure; bring Stefan’s attention back to her. Out of now

where, Drake grabbed both Brock and Stefan to push them to the ground, at the same time gunshots started to go off. Stefan covered his body over Brock's trying to look to see who might be shooting at them, Drake on the other hand stood up.

“Drake!” Stefan yelled. “Get your ass down.”

Drake was not listening. His full attention was up on a hill, where a girl was standing. She was watching trying to hide herself behind a tree, but Drake saw her, could smell her. Just as soon as it started, it stopped. Drake watched some guy walk over to the girl, roughly taking her by the arm. His canines started to lengthen as he watched the guy smack the girl, causing her to fall.

“Let's get the hell out of here.” Stefan yelled. He took hold of Drake. “Go!” For the first time Stefan had to use hard force on his son to get him to obey.

Chapter 3

“What the hell is going on with you?” Brock stormed into his brother’s room, slamming the door behind him.

“Shouldn’t you be with your wife?” Drake said, with a chilly calm, looking out his window.

“She is with mom.”

“Why aren’t you?”

“Damn it Drake, look at me!”

Slowly, Drake turned to face his brother. The way he looked, it was like Brock was looking at a stranger. Every muscle on his body was tense. His eyes were deep red. He looked like he happened to be in full-blown *heat*, but the moon night was at least a week away.

“Jesus.” Brock hissed.

“Hay, Drake, can you help me with this puzzle?” Celine came running into the room. She screamed with pure fright at the sight of Drake. Never had she seen him like this at all. Celine dropped the puzzle to the floor, taking off running.

Hearing her scream because of him, helped Drake snap out of what ever it was going through him. His eyes returned to their normal color, and all the tension drained out of his body.

“Celine.” Drake yelled, running after her.

Drake caught Celine half way down the stairs. With her screams she brought the whole house out from rooms to see what was going on. Drake knelt down in front of her, holding her at arms length.

“Hey, squirt. It is me.” He said softly. Tears were running down her face, which he brushed off. “Don’t be scared of me, please.”

She tried to pull away from him, but Drake held her in place gently. He brushed her hair from her face, and then kissed her lightly on the forehead.

“I could *never* hurt you.”

“Promise?” She asked quietly.

“Cross my heart.” He pulled her into his arms, hugging her tightly.

Drake stood up, still hugging Celine. He looked over at his father, who came out of the study with his mother. They both looked at each other with silent understanding

“It is time.” Drake said.

Stefan just nodded his head.

“I guess, I just thought you would always be here.” An hour later after Drake scared the shit out of Celina; he was packing up a bag.

“It’s not like I am leaving for good.” Drake said.

“We have never been apart before.”

Drake looked at his brother, slinging his bag over his shoulder. “I can’t stay right now in the state I am in. I will be back after the moon night. It is always easier to control then.” He put his arm around Brock. “Besides, you need time with the wife. Especially without me causing problems! I know I scared her.”

Brock hugged his brother hard and long. He was having a very hard letting him go, even for this short time.

“Take care of the family. Don’t make me come back early to kick your ass.” Drake said, hugging his brother.

“You just come back.”

Drake pulled back, looking at Brock. “Don’t worry. I will be back.”

Brock watched his brother walk out the door, unable to go with him. A tear started to fall down his cheek, as he realized it felt like part of him walked out the door.

Drake walked up to his mother, Sidney, hugging her tightly. “Don’t cry mom. I am coming back.”

“Damn right you are.” Sidney said, letting him go.

Drake smiled as he looked down at Celine. He went down to his knees opening his arms out for her, which she ran into. Drake buried his face in her hair. He made sure to take as much of her scent as he could to hold the innocent memory of her while he was

away.

“Do you have to leave?” Celine asked.

“Yeah.”

“Why?”

Drake looked at her, pushing her hair away from her face. “When you get older, I will explain it to you then.”

Celine kissed him on the cheek then hugged him one more time. When she let him go, she ran upstairs to her room.

“You call me tonight.” Stefan said, embracing his son.

“I will.”

“I will expect you back no later than two weeks.”

Drake smiled. “Yes sir.”

“Now get going.”

Brock swallowed his self-pity walking away to go looking for his wife. He found her out in the woods in the back of the house. She was lounging in the only clearing around reading a book. He had been married to Serena for only six months. Every time he saw her it was the like first time.

Her hair was long blonde that seemed to flow with the breeze. A trait not found in the full blood shifters. That was what made Serena so very special. His eyes traveled over her strong legs. Legs that last night were wrapped tightly around his hips. Oh, how he loved her legs. His cock twitched as she turned over to her side, facing away from him. Her skirt hiked up a good inch or more showing off more of those sexy lovely legs. He felt himself starting to get harder and harder.

Brock walked over to her to lay down on the blanket behind her. His hand skimmed up one leg as he began to nuzzle her neck. Serena acted like he was not even there as she continued reading her book.

“You smell good.” He said, leaning into her for a kiss. “Good enough to eat.” He

slipped his hand inside her panties somewhat surprised to find her already getting wet.

He pushed his now hard cock against her backside as he pushed two fingers deep inside of her. Serena moaned opening her legs wider for him. She closed her book taking hold of his wrist as he fingered her fast.

“Yes.” Serena moaned.

“What do I get?” Brock said in her ear. “If I give you something, what are you going to give me?”

“Don’t you dare stop! And you will find out.” She groaned out.

Brock kissed and licked at his mark on her shoulder moving his hand faster. Not missing a beat, he freed his cock from his jeans positioning his cock at her entrance from the back. The moment she began to climax he slid into her.

Very quickly he moved them both on their knees. Taking hold of her waist he moved her back to meet his strokes. It was over for both of them as fast as it started, leaving both very breathless.

“God! I have no control where you are concerned.” Brock said lying back down on the blanket with Serena clasped in his arms.

“Do not ever get control around me!”

Brock smiled and tightened his hold. “Drake left.”

Serena sat up to look at Brock. Her blue eyes could see his pain as clear as the sun. “He will be back.”

“I know.” Brock ran his hands through her hair. “We have never been apart before.”

Serena kissed him lightly moving her body over his. “I bet I could help make this easy for you.”

“I bet you could.”

“Come on you two, dinner is ready.” Dedrick said, motioning for them come into the dining room.

Brock pulled a chair out for Serena as he tried to grab Celine as she walked by.

“Cheer up, CeeCee. He will be home soon.”

Serena smiled at Celine. “I do not think I ever saw how close they were.”

“They are almost inseparable.” Jaclyn said

“Where is mom?” Brock asked when he saw Stefan walk into the room

“Still on the phone with your Aunt Skyler, I swear, when they start talking they are on for hours.”

“How is she?” Dedrick ask, handing a bowl of food to Serena.

“Oh just fine. The kids are driving her crazy, plus Adrian is driving her crazy. So I would say everything is normal.”

“You are not going to believe this.” Sidney said, walking into the room with a huge smile on her face.

“That you are off the phone? You’re right, I do not believe it.”

Sidney hit Stefan on the arm. “Not that. Skyler is pregnant again.”

“Man, doesn’t Adrian ever leave her alone?” Dedrick asked.

“How many does this make now?” Serena asked.

“Well this one will make five.” Sidney said, sitting down next to Serena. “Oh, Celine, Drake called. He is fine, and will call you later tonight to talk just to you.”

Celine smiled brightly at Sidney. “Did he say were he was staying?”

“No, baby. He just said he was looking for something, and would be home some time next week.”

“Now eat.” Dedrick said to Celine.

“God, I hope CeeCee does not show up tonight.” Brock said.

“What do you mean?” Serena said, climbing in the bed.

“She has nightmares sometimes with Drake gone she will probably end up coming in here to sleep with us.”

“I have never noticed it before. Why is she so close to him?”

Brock climbed into bed. “When she was born Drake was the one who delivered her. Aunt Jaclyn went into labor at the house. There was not time to get her to the hospital.”

“How old was he?”

“*We* were thirteen.”

“Wow!”

“So, he bonded with her then. He always was the one who could get her to stop crying, or to get her to eat her food. They are just that close.”

“Does it bother you?”

“No. She is close with me also. There is no way in hell that she will ride on Drake’s bike with him, but she will ride with me.” He laughed. “I sure do feel really sorry for the guy who comes to claim her. Between uncle Dedrick and Drake, those poor bastards won't have a chance.”

Serena walked into the bedroom as Brock was taking a shower. She smiled as she watched his body through the shower glass. Her pussy started to get wet as she watched the water run down his muscular back to his ass. Her hands itched to run them down his back.

“Man, what a day.” Brock said, sensing Serena in the bathroom “I do not know how Drake keeps up with her.”

“How did you know I was here?” She asked.

“I can smell you.”

Serena smiled as she started to take her clothes off. “You looked like you were having fun.”

“Yeah, maybe next time you should join.”

“Maybe.”

Brock closed his eyes as the water ran over his head and down his back. Serena watched him as she striped, biting her lip as she thought of what she was going to do.

Very carefully she opened the door to slip inside. She looked him up and down as she closed the door. She wrapped her arms around his waist, pressing his back close to her body. Slowly her hands traveled down to his now hard throbbing dick.

“What are you doing?” He said, with eyes still closed as he hands closed around him.

Serena licked him between his shoulders. “What’d you think I am doing?”

Brock opened his eyes and turned around in her arms. “All you had to do was ask.”

“I thought that was what I was doing?”

Her hands were still wrapped around his dick as his mouth touched her in a heated kiss. Very slowly she started to stroke the length of his cock, bringing moans of pleasure from him.

Brock quickly moved her hands to pick her up. He pushed her up against the wall as she wrapped her legs around him. With a fluent motion he entered her body, feeling only total bliss.

Serena hung on to him as tightly as he held her. Slowly he reentered her body, only to withdraw just as slowly. He was drawing out each and every feeling he could. He wanted this to last as long as possible.

“If you do not give me what I want, I am going to bite you.” Serena said in his ear.

“If I give you what you want, will you bite me anyway?”

Serena smiled at him bringing his lips to hers. Drowning in the pleasure he was feeling Brock picked up his speed. His thrusts became shorter but faster as his climax threatened to take over. He squeezed her ass as he picked up speed, trying to draw it all out until Serena reached her peak. When she did cry out her release it caught him off guard pushing him right over the edge.

Serena lay her head on his should as her body came down. “That should happen more often.”

Brock turned off the shower with her still in his arms. “It will. I am not done with you yet.”

Serena laughed. “God I hope not.”

Chapter 4

Serena woke to feeling nuzzling on her neck. "You are up early."

"I do not think I ever went down," Brock whispered in her ear, pressing his hard cock against her ass. "I am still hungry."

Serena stretched as much as she could with his arms around her with his body pressed against hers. "So I see."

Brock laughed as he rolled off the bed. "Come on let's take a bath before the monster storms in."

Ten minutes later Brock had Serena sitting between his legs, with his hand between her legs. With one hand, he held her pussy lips open so the other hand to stroke and flick at her clit. When he happened to do something she would really enjoy, Serena would hold his hand there putting pressure as needed.

"I think you are starting to like me after all," he said in her ear.

Serena had her head back on his shoulder concentrating on the slow approaching orgasm trying to get him to finish it.

"I...um...I..." she moaned softly.

"Yes."

"I never said I did not like you," she breathed out.

Brock pushed two fingers deep inside of her. "No?"

Serena moaned loudly as her orgasm hit. She moved his hand quickly turning around to face him. She kissed him hard as she took hold of his cock, guiding it into her pussy.

"God, you do learn fast," he said, wrapping his arms around her waist.

"Is that a problem?" she asked as she held onto his shoulders, moving up and down on him.

He sucked a nipple into his mouth, letting it pop out "You know, sometimes when it gets so intense, it feels like you might die," he groaned as she started to pick up speed.

She had her eyes closed as she leaned into him, brushing her lips against his. "Then kill me."

Brock groaned loudly, crushing her to him as she kissed him. He stood up, turning them around to the edge of the tub to sit her down.

"Hold on to the edge," he told her, as he moved her legs up his chest. "Make sure you hold on tightly."

He held her legs tightly, pulling her ass up a good inch. Then he pounded into her like there was no tomorrow. Her moans of pleasure fueled his with her cries of 'yes, yes, oh yes' causing him to thrust faster.

"Shit, shit, shit, oh shit," Brock cried, as he got closer and closer. "I am coming."

Suddenly, Serena moved her legs wrapping them around his waist to pull herself up. She grinded her pelvis on his getting the friction she needed to pushing Brock over the edge.

Brock held onto her as he sat back down in the water. He was still buried deeply inside her, still really hard. When she started to move her hips again, Brock let out a deep groan.

"You are going to be the death of me."

Serena laughed as she started to kiss his neck. "You started this."

"That I did." He moved his hands down to her ass, parting the flesh to rub his fingers along the ring.

"I am starting to think you like that area."

"It does have possibilities."

Serena stood up in front of him. "I do not think I want to go that route?"

"It's your call." Brock kissed her belly. "But I would like to try it one day."

Serena stepped of the tub, wrapping a towel around her body. "We shall see."

Brock watched her as he lay on the bed completely naked get dressed in a skirt with a tight strapless tank top. He was having a hard time not jumping up to take her where she stood. Normally he would be very content after sex but with Serena he found it was very different. He couldn't seem to get enough of her. He groaned when she bent over in front of him, thinking his hard-on would never go away. He seemed to always have one around Serena, a permanent hard-on.

"Now I know for sure. You are teasing me," he said as he started to stroke his cock.

"What makes you think that?" She smiled sweetly at him.

"If you keep this up we will never leave this room."

"Such promises."

"Do you want to come over here to finish this?" He moved his hand faster. "It has your name on it."

"Maybe later." She walked to the door. "What should I tell your parents if they ask me what you're doing?"

Brock gave her a deep growl, lunging at her. Serena was faster running out the door, slamming it on him. "Nice try."

"We will finish this later tonight."

"Only if you can catch me," she said through the door.

For the rest of the day Serena and Brock played hide and seek with each other. He would go looking for her in the different rooms of the house. She would run when he found her. The rest of the household could see that the two were very happy. Some were crossing their fingers that Drake would also find happiness. At dinner that night the games stopped. Brock could tell that something big was going on since Celine was not at dinner.

"What's up?" Brock asked.

Dedrick looked at Stefan, before he took a deep breath. "There was an attack on a neighboring clan. Their son was injected with that drug we told you about."

"The drug that causes us to become very weak, of almost being human-like?" Brock asked placing his arm around Serena.

"That's the one." Dedrick continued. "It seems that other children have been taken to be 'experimented' on."

"You're *kidding*?" Serena asked.

"I wish I was. This time, whoever it was killed the kid. Overdosed him, dumping him in a park."

"Shit!" Brock said.

"We found out it was the same people who were the ones that did the shooting at the Gathering," Stefan said. "I told Drake, but he is in no shape to come home just yet."

"If you do not mind me asking," Serena said, looking at Stefan and Dedrick. "Why isn't Drake here now?"

Stefan looked down, then at Brock before he looked back at her. "Drake is too close to his heat. He is having a very hard time controlling it. He felt he should not be around any of us right now. At least not until after the full moon."

"So he will be back soon?"

"As soon as he is under control," Dedrick said. "He needs to find his mate very soon."

"Tell me how many kids have been taken?" Brock asked.

"As far as we know, ten," Stefan responded. "It looks as if the person who made this finds kids easier to handle."

"Well you did say Uncle Adrian was too strong for it."

"Most of the males are," Dedrick said "But I think whoever is doing this, they are perfecting their work."

"Are you coming up to bed?" Serena asked Brock. "Yeah, I just need to ask my dad something."

"Ok."

Brock found his father standing in the kitchen looking out the window with a drink in his hand. "What's up?"

"How did you know I was here?"

"I always know where my kids are, Stefan turned around." He's fine."

"Then what's going on with him?"

Stefan sighed deeply. "Brock, when it comes to your brother, there are some things I do not even know about him."

"But there is a lot you do know."

"I can not tell you what I do not know, which is a lot."

"Then tell me what you do know."

Stefan sighed deeply. "Ok. I think this thing with the new drug, goes a hell of a lot deeper than anyone wants to say."

"How does Drake fit into all of it?"

"He is going to finish it or try to, at least." Stefan finished his drink in one gulp. "Call it his destiny."

"I don't understand."

"His mind seduction is much stronger than anything I have ever seen. He sees things in his dreams, feeling things I never could or am able to feel. In his head, he has already seen his mate. He just has to find her. She is intertwined into all this mess. When you see him on his bike, you see him as being reckless. But what he is doing is pushing his mind. He is looking for answers to questions that have not even been asked." Stefan poured himself another drink. "I have never heard of a shifter having that kind of mind power, let alone ever thinking that a son of mine would have it."

"Why didn't he ever tell me?"

"He did not tell any of us. Celine has it also. That is why they connect so well. I think you have some also, you have not found it or realized it yet."

"Where do I fit into all of this?"

"You are his other half. Look, I don't know much of anything, but you two do. I hate to put any kind of burden on you boys, but you two will finish this. Mostly Drake, but you will keep him from failing."

Stefan finished his drink, starting to walk out of the kitchen. Brock stood still digesting what his father said.

"What if he doesn't find his mate?"

"Then I think hell will let loose. Someone is trying to hurt all of us. This family the most of all, plus you know how Drake feels about his family."

Chapter 5

Serena awoke around one in the morning. With her eyes still closed she reached her hand out for Brock, only he wasn't there. Opening her eyes, she looked around to see him standing in front of the window naked. He looked to be in deep thought, and his body was tense as could be. She slipped out the bed, and walked towards him.

"Is everything alright?" Serena asked.

Brock did not take his eyes off of the approaching moon. "It is his destiny to put an end to our threat. Drake is the one. Here I always thought it was me. I was the one who needed to protect the family."

"And what makes you think you do not?" When he looked at her, Serena touched his face gently. "You do not think you need to protect him?"

"I am older. I should be the one."

Serena pulled his face down to her, kissing him lightly. "You protect him which in turns protects the family. You are light to his darkness, and my heart." She whispered the last part just before she kissed him.

Brock wrapped his arms around her, pulling her tighter into his embrace. When she hiked a leg up, he picked her up pushing her up against the window. He broke the kiss when her hand circled around his cock, stroking it in a slow motion.

Serena pushed at his chest to take a few steps back. When he placed her back on her feet, she pulled her shirt over her head. Standing in front of him naked, she continued her stroking of his cock as she started to kiss his chest, sucking on his nipples. She kissed her way down his chest to his stomach as she slowly went to her knees. Looking up at him she saw the raw hunger in his eyes.

Very lightly, Serena kissed the tip of his cock, bringing forth a hiss from him. She

watched him as she slowly took the head of his cock into her mouth. When his head went back, she knew she was doing something right.

With her hand stroking the base, Serena took as much of his cock into her mouth as she could, sucking hard on him. Over and over she slowly sucked him, drawing out the slow torture for him.

All Brock could do was stand there taking all that she was dishing out. Her innocence at what she was doing was the best thing he ever had. Never did he experience such a thing as what he was feeling right now.

Serena popped his cock out of her mouth to stand up. She kept stroking him with her hand while she gently pulled him to follow her to the bed. How she held onto his cock moving on the bed, was beyond him. Brock crawled on the bed over her letting her guide him into her body.

As his cock slowly entered her, he slowly lowered his body down to hers. Serena wrapped her legs tightly around his waist, arms around his neck to kiss him deeply as he started to slide his cock in and out of her. Brock took his time with her, making sure to hit every sensitive spot she had.

"Yes," Serena moaned. "Do not stop."

"Never!" Brock whispered as he began to kiss her neck, nipping at the mark on her shoulder.

When her orgasm hit, Serena pushed Brock on his shoulders for him to move to his back. She placed her hand on his chest, grinding her hips in a circular motion. Brock's hand moved up to her breasts, brushing his thumbs across her nipples as he gave short thrusts up with his hips.

"Harder!" Brock demanded, moving his hands back to her hips. "Fuck me hard."

Serena closed her eyes just moving. Each hard jerk of his hips sent a jolt of pleasure down her spine.

"Yes!" she hissed, "Make me cum."

Brock sat up, moving her hips the way he wanted. He looked down, watching his cock push back into her pussy, causing the pleasure in his balls to tighten even further.

Serena moved her legs so she was sitting on her knees. Her arms were tight on his

neck as she moved her hips as hard and as fast as she could.

"Do not stop!" he cried. "Oh shit!"

Brock came hard as Serena continued to fuck him like he asked. Each stroke from her only lengthened his orgasm until he bit her shoulder, pushing her over the edge.

For the rest of the week things could not go any better for Brock. Serena was fitting in well with his family continuing to try to mend things with her father. Drake called everyday, which helped to keep Celine in line. All in all the family was pretty much relaxed or as much as could be expected. Except for one thing! Another child went missing again not returning for two days. When she came home she was a wreck. Whoever it was, they were clearly looking for something in the shifter's children. Each child was being experimented on. It was starting to cause Dedrick to become even *more* over protective.

"A part of me would be happy if Drake would come home," Jaclyn said at dinner.

"You make it sound like I can not protect my family?" Dedrick yelled. "God Damn-it, she is my daughter!"

"I never said she was not! You paranoid prick!" Jaclyn yelled back.

"What the fuck did you mean?"

"Come on. This is not saving anything," Stefan said.

"Stay out of this!" Dedrick yelled at Stefan.

"Why are you yelling at him?" Jaclyn demanded. "What did he do?"

"Jaclyn!" Dedrick warned.

"Fuck you! I am worried about him, what could happen to my daughter, I should not have you up my ass about it," Jaclyn yelled, walking out of the dining room.

"Fuck!" Dedrick hissed.

"Should we send them to the safe house?" Stefan asked.

"I do not think the safe house is very safe." Brock said.

"It is not." Dedrick stood up, walking to the window.

"She is right though."

"Who?" Brock asked.

"Jaclyn. We *do* need Drake here."

"He should be heading home after tomorrow night," Stefan said.

"We hunt then when he gets back?" Brock asked.

Stefan looked at his son. He knew deep down what was going to happen. He saw it in Drake's head, just did not tell Brock all of it.

"Then you will hunt."

On the night of the full moon, the whole house was tense. Jaelyn stayed with Celine in her room playing games. Dedrick kept walking around the house to check things out Stefan with him. Sidney sat in the family room worrying about Drake. Brock stayed in his room, going through his heat the best he could. As the sun set, the heat got worst. Brock was starting to think he would go crazy when Serena walked into the room.

"It's bad this time," he moaned, "I do not know what to do."

Serena locked the door, starting to take her clothes off. "I do."

Brock watched her, like a hunter does his prey. Each piece of clothing that came off made his mouth water. With each spot of skin that would show his cock would twitch getting harder and harder. When she was down to her underwear, Brock took his clothes off as fast as he could.

"Do you know what I have learned about this time?" she asked, walking towards the bed. All Brock could do was shake his head, watching her with deep red eyes. "I have read that when you are in heat, the moon gets us ready for you." She lay down on the bed, spreading her legs.

Brock did not wait for a verbal invite. He walked over, bending down to her pussy licking her from ass to clit. The sweet taste of her fueled his heat. He took hold of her legs, flipping her over to her stomach. He pulled her back, forcing her up on her knees. With a powerful thrust, he entered her hard.

Serena cried out, not from pain but from intense pleasure of it all. With his second hard thrust, her orgasm hit, causing Brock to lose his control. He began to pound into her as hard as he could, causing orgasm after orgasm upon her. When he felt his own cum

start to erupt, Brock clamped down on his mark on her shoulder. Holding her in place he slapped his flesh against hers, letting his orgasm wash over him.

When he caught his breath, he pulled out quickly to turn her over to her back. He was still very hard, in much need of his mate. Brock took hold of her legs to sort of turn her to her side with her legs high on his shoulders. Quickly, he plunged back into her pussy, moving in and out with enough force to shake his solid oak bed from the floor.

"Scream for me, Serena!" he hisses. "Come for me hard on a scream."

Brock looked her in the eye seeing that she was close he slid a hand down her legs.

He parted her flesh hiding her ass from him, starting to circle it with his finger. He watched her expression as he started to push his finger in her ass.

"Cum now!" He yelled.

Brock pushed hard in her ass with his finger, as he unloaded deep in her pussy, which pushed Serena over to a powerful orgasm. Her scream of pleasure was music to his ears.

What caused Serena to wake from a deep, content sleep, she did not know. She looked at Brock to see if he might have done it, but he was fast asleep. She slipped out of the bed quietly, pulling one of Brock's shirts over her head along with a pair of her shorts.

"Brock, wake up," she whispered.

She did not look to see if he heard her walking to the window. What she saw put a real fear into her. She saw Celine outside alone with the gates were wide open. She rushed over to Brock shaking him away.

"Get dressed. Celine is outside and the gates are open!"

By the time Brock heard her and was fully awake, Serena was already down stairs. She threw the front door wide-open reaching Celine as she was halfway-down the drive.

"I can not find them," Celine said. "I know they are here."

Serena could tell the child was sleepwalking. "CeeCee, honey, you need to wake up for me." She touched Celine's arm. The girl dropped into her arms.

Brock came outside then. "She has not done that for years." He watched Serena pick Celine up, but something caught his eye.

"Serena. Get into the house", he said too calmly.

"What is wrong?"

"Just get in here, fast."

"And miss all the fun," Someone said from around the corner of the house. "That would be a real shame."

Brock watched in slow motion as a dart was shot at Serena. It hit her in the neck. He watched her drop Celine falling to the ground. At the same time she was falling, he was hit hard on the back of his head.

"Do not worry. I will take very good care of them."

The last thing Brock Draeger saw before he blacked out was an older man pick up Serena.

"Serena!" Brock woke up fast, sitting straight up in bed getting hit with a dizzy spell.

"Lay down," Sidney said. "Here drink this." '

"Where is Serena?"

"I do not know." Sidney placed a cool rag on his forehead.

"How long have I been out?"

"We found you outside a few hours ago."

"Where's Celine?"

Stefan walked into the room. He sat down on the side of the bed. "Whoever took Serena took Celine also."

"I have got find them." Brock tried to get up again, and this time thought he was going to throw up.

"You can not go anywhere in the shape you are in," Stefan said.

"This is what you saw, isn't it?" Brock demanded from his father.

"Losing Serena or Celina is not what I saw." Stefan put the cloth back on Brock's head.

"Is he coming home?"

"Close your eyes, "Stefan said. "Call to him like you used when you were young.

Then answer your own question."

Brock looked at his father like he was crazy, "You need to use your brain along with your beast." He placed his hand over the cloth. "Call him."

Brock closed his eyes to think of nothing but Drake. He was about to give up when something he had forgotten happened. Brock summoned his brother.

/hear you, brother.

Drake?

I'm coming home!

Chapter 6

Drake showed up at home very late that night. The house was dark and very quiet as he crept his way up to his brother's room. The last full moon seemed to age Drake some. His hair was now longer. His body frame was larger. In fact, he could probably give his Uncle Dedrick a run for his money in strength.

Drake took the stairs two at a time. He felt a very strong urge to be close to his brother needing to make damn sure he was all right. Quiet as a mouse he opened the door to his brother's room. He was not surprised to see his mother sitting in a chair reading a book.

"Bout time you got home," Sidney said closing the book.

Drake smiled. "Hello, mother."

Sidney opened her arms with Drake walking into them. Since he was not a little boy anymore, Sidney could not put her arms completely around him. Drake did not mind, it still felt good being held by her.

"How is he?" Drake asked, as soon as he stepped out of his mother's arms.

"He has a slight concussion, but since he has a hard head he will be fine."

Drake walked over to look down at his sleeping brother. Even though he was gone for a week at the most, it felt like a lifetime.

"Any news on Celine or Serena?" He asked as he lightly touched his brother's forehead.

Sidney took Drake's hand. "Come on. Your father is waiting in the study."

Drake followed his mother out down to the study. The moment the door was open his father quickly embraced him.

"Man! Look at you." Stefan said. "Only gone a few days and you've changed so much."

"And I feel it," Drake said.

"I think you might be slightly bigger than your Uncle."

Drake smiled. "Don't think he will like to hear that one."

"Damn right I don't," Dedrick said, walking into the study.

Quickly, Drake embraced his Uncle turning to his father. "So what is going on?"

Stefan took a deep breath, pouring himself a drink. "We have not heard anything, I do not think we will."

"It's the drug. Isn't it?" Drake asked.

"How the hell did you know about that?" Dedrick asked.

"Yeah, it's the drug," Stefan responded. He said to Dedrick. "Drake's mind tells him things. Shows him what he needs to know."

"If you are talking about that mind thing you do, then I understand," Dedrick said.

"I am not talking about that." Stefan handed his brother a drink. "Drake is more powerful than I or even Adrian could ever be."

Drake looked at his father, then at Dedrick before he closed his eyes. Stefan

watched him closely as his son stood quietly just saying nothing. After a good five minutes went by he opened his eyes to look at Dedrick.

"Celine is fine, so far. So is Serena."

Dedrick looked closely at Drake. "How the hell do you know that?"

Drake walked over to the liquor to pour himself a drink, also filling Dedrick's glass. "I asked her."

Dedrick could only stare at Drake.

"What do you mean, you asked her?" Sidney asked.

Stefan just smiled. "You have been talking to her with your mind since she was born. Haven't you, Drake?"

Drake smiled. "Actually, since before she was born."

"That is not possible," Dedrick murmured.

Drake sat down on a sofa. "I did not want to tell you, mainly because of how you would react." He ran his hands through his long hair, sighing as he did so.

"Well this sure does explain some things then", Sidney said, sitting down next to her son.

Drake looked up at Dedrick with a very stern look. "I will bring her home."

"I am bringing Serena home."

Stefan, Sidney, Dedrick, and Drake all looked over at Brock who was leaning against the door. He looked as if he was about to drop. That was just what he would have done if Drake did not catch him.

"What are you doing out of bed?" Sidney cried, rushing over to Brock who was lying on the floor with Drake.

"We bring them both home," Brock said to Drake. "Together."

Drake smiled. "Do you doubt me already?"

Drake picked his brother up carrying him back up to his room. Brock grabbed onto his arm tightly as Drake pulled the covers up.

"I go with you," Brock said.

"I would not have it any other way."

Drake ended up sleeping next to his brother like they use to when they were little.

Mostly Drake ended up staying with his brother because Brock had a firm grip on Drake's wrist. Drake did not know whether it was from the fear of Drake leaving again, or going to get the girls without him.

It took a full day for Brock to heal. Drake spent the time 'talking' to Celine making sure to get the information he needed to find them. So far whoever it was that had them had not done anything to them. Celine told Drake that the "bad man" was doing something to another person, and that the person was screaming all the time. Drake told Celine to block everything out like he had taught her to do.

"Are you feeling like your old self?" Drake asked Brock when he walked into the kitchen.

"I feel just fine."

Drake stood up from the table to place his dishes in the sink. Then he put his arm around his brother's shoulders. "Get the stuff?"

"Yeah."

"We will go tonight. You take the car. I am going on the bike. Celine had said something about somebody else that this guy was messing with. We are going to take the kid also."

"Okay."

Drake grasped Brock with both hands, forcing him to look him in the eyes. "Pull it together. We will bring them home."

"I know. I do not want to lose her. I can *not* lose her, as she is my life!"

"You won't. I need you to have a clean head. Do not think too much like a human, but do not go on your instincts too much either. This guy is smart, but we have got the advantage." Drake pulled his brother into his arms hugging him. As the grandfather clock in the house chimed seven, Stefan watched his boys pull out of the drive.

"Good luck guys," he whispered.

Do not worry so much old man! Drake said to his father in his mind.

Laughing, Stefan went in search of Sidney.

Drake followed the trail that Celine left for him in his mind to the oldest part of the

shipping docks in town. Most of the buildings were so old they were falling down. A *perfect place to do illegal things*, Drake thought.

"Which one of the buildings do you think they are in?" Brock asked, as he and Drake squatted down behind some boxes.

Drake was watching one building very closely. Brock noticed that he was tuning everything around them out.

"That one," Drake said suddenly, pointing to the building about twenty feet away from them.

"That is the one that looks the worst," Brock said.

"Yep, the only one that no one would ever think to go looking into." Drake sat down on the ground pulling out his homemade stink bombs and tear gas.

"Did you have to bring the knife?" Brock asked as he took the things Drake handed him.

Drake smiled as he flashed his huge *Rambo* knife in the dim light. "It helps get my point across."

Brock laughed. "I bet it does, you psycho!"

Drake flashed a big smile at his brother, putting his knife back in the holster on his back. Quietly, both brothers walked towards the rundown building, making sure to keep their senses alert to anything that might try to sneak up behind them

They came upon a side door that was padlocked from the outside. Brock was the first one to sense someone in their there plus that they were hurt really badly. Drake started to rip the lock open when Brock held his hand up for him to stop.

"It has an alarm triggered to go off if opened," Brock said, looking at the door closely.

"So how do we get in?"

Brock giving his brother the cheesiest smile this time saying "Watch and learn, little brother."

"Only by two minutes. Just two fucking minutes and you do not let me live it down."

Brock smiled again and pulled something out of his pocket. As he worked on

picking the lock Drake looked around to make sure no one was around. Within minutes Brock had the door unlocked.

“What about the alarm?” Drake asked.

“You need to work on your patience,” Brock said.

Drake watched closely as Brock started to cut and twist the wires around. Within five minutes both brothers slipped inside undetected by any one.

The room they entered was something that both hoped little Celine didn't see. Iron beds with restraints lined the walls. Some had dried blood on them while others had bloody tools. There were cages next to the beds that seemed to be where victims would stay until their time for the torture table.

Neither brother could say anything as they walked around the room. Drake felt his anger start to rise as he picked up small images of children suffering and men dying

Drake, where are you! Celine cried in his head

Drake stopped suddenly where he stood. *I'm here, baby.*

The bad man is coming back. He said he wants to get started on us.

Drake looked at Brock. "Our time is running out."

"What'd you mean?"

"Celine says he is coming back."

They both started to walk back out of the dark depressing room but were stopped when they heard a faint "Help me."

"Did you hear that?" Brock asked.

"Please, help me!" The faint voice said again.

Slowly, Drake turned around as his eyes fixed themselves on a closet in the corner.

"Better get your tools ready for another door," Drake said to Brock as he walked towards the corner.

Brock followed Drake watching him find the keyhole would need. This lock took him a few seconds longer to unlock. The moment the door opened both brothers wanted to vomit when they were hit with the smell permeating out of the room.

The smell of decaying flesh and dead bodies was so strong Brock could not walk inside. Drake closed off all his senses stepping inside. Bodies hung on chains against the

walls. Some were just bones while others had decaying flesh hanging off of them. That was not what Drake was looking at as he walked inside. What caught his attention was the young teenager on the table in the center.

He was a young boy of only thirteen, but he looked so much younger. Drake suspected he had been here for months. He was all skin and bones. He looked like he was very close to death's door.

"Find a blanket, Brock." Drake placed his hand on the boy's head. "You are ok now." When the boy opened his eyes Drake smiled at him. "What's your name?"

"Breck, Breck Sexton," he said in a raspy voice.

Brock placed the blanket over the boy as Drake pulled his chains from his arms and legs.

"Where's your family?" Brock asked, picking the boy up

"Dead."

Drake looked at his brother as the boy passed out.

He's coming!

"Get him in the car!" Drake said. "We need to hurry."

Chapter 7

Drake waited for Brock at the main entrance to the building. He kept telling Celine with his mind that everything was going to be ok, with them being right outside the door.

"How's the boy?" Drake asked as he got his gas ready.

"He is out cold." Brock replied as he began pulling the tear gas out of the bag.

"Think he has been here for a few months,"

"Yeah, but I do not remember dad mentioning anything about the family missing."

Drake pulled his knife out. "A family can not report something, if they are all dead."

"True."

"Ready?" Slowly, Drake opened the door as he hunched down on the ground, peeking inside.

"Yep."

Both crept inside, looking over each other's shoulders as they moved through boxes in the dark building. Drake followed the trail that Celine gave him in his mind. He saw what she was seeing.

"I can smell her," Brock said. "We are getting closer."

They stopped in front of some large equipment only inches from the girls when they heard voices approaching them.

Stay calm, squirt. I am real close to you now.

"You can not do this!" a girl's voice said.

"The more I know, the better we can protect ourselves," a deep man's voice responded.

"These are kids, damn-it!"

Something about the girl's voice stirred Drake. Brock noticed it. He put his hand on his shoulder giving him a firm squeeze.

"What about your shooting?" the girl said.

Drake and Brock heard a slap. Drake felt his teeth lengthen.

"Don't you, fucking question me, girl!"

They heard someone fast approaching. They moved deeper into the shadows.

"The boy is gone," another male voice said.

"If you let him go, I will beat you to death. It will be a very painful death, I promise you."

"Yeah, I let him go while I was with you," she said.

Drake looked over the box he was hiding behind to watch a bully of a man grab a thin girl by her arm. With the force he was using, Drake was very surprised he did not break the girl's arms.

"Get the van." He pushed the girl so hard she almost fell.

"What about them?"

"You never mind about them."

Drake watched as the girl went one way with the two guys starting to walk towards the back.

"We had better make this fast," Drake said to Brock.

Serena was the first one to spot both, Drake and Brock. Both girls were locked in cages side by side of each other. Brock started to pick the lock on Serena's cage. Drake was not about to wait around for that. He yanked hard on both doors at the same time, ripping them from their hinges.

Serena crawled out into Brock's arms while Drake went down on his knees, wrapping his arms tightly around Celine.

"I knew you would come," Celine said to Drake.

"We need to get out of here," Brock said.

Drake stood up with Celine, wrapping her around him. He started to take a step stopping when he caught a new scent. He slowly turned around, seeing the shadow of the girl heading back towards them

"Drake you had better come on!" Brock hissed.

Drake watched the girl come into the light. He lost his breath. The girl with the strong voice, whom he heard take a hit, watching as her arm had almost got broken, stood frozen in place staring at Drake.

She was the prettiest thing Drake had ever seen, even thought she had bruises on her body. Her hair, just a black as Drake's was tied back in a ponytail. Her face had the soft bone structure of a porcelain doll. She had such a fragile look about her that it seem as if she could break.

"Oh my God!" the girl whispered.

Drake's eyes changed to red as he stood staring at the girl. This was the girl from his dreams.

"Carrick! We need to get out of here!"

The man who had held the girl in the brutal grip came running towards her. He looked to be in his late fifties seeming to be in pretty good shape. He stopped short when he saw Brock with Serena and Drake holding Celine.

"That girl is mine!" the man spit out.

Drake pulled his eyes away from the girl to glare at the man. His eyes were still red with him showing his extended canines. Brock pulled Serena behind his back as he stood his ground with his brother.

The man pulled a gun out of his back aiming it at Drake. Drake placed his hand on Celine's head so she would not have to see what was going on, as well as what may happen.

"Give her back to me."

Get Serena out of here! Drake said to his brother with his mind.

What about you? Brock asked. *You have also got Celine.*

Get Serena and that boy out of here. I can take care of CeeCee.

Drake pulled one of his gas cans out of his back. He kissed Celine on the top of the head.

What ever I do squirt, do not let go of me and don't open your eyes.

Drake threw the gas at the man who held the gun. The second it hit, Brock took off at a run pulling Serena with him. Drake jumped back, landing on his back holding Celine tightly as the men and girl started coughing and yelling..

He caught the scent of the girl running by him. His cock twitched as his canines lengthened even further. Some of his shifter abilities came out as he hid in the shadows.

All his instincts were on high alert as he made his way over to a lab table. He could not leave the place standing so these people could kill more shifters.

"I wanna go home!" Celine said.

Drake sat her down on the ground as he walked over to the tables. "We are going home." He started dumping liquids and pulling things apart. He looked up sharply sniffing the air. Then he looked down at Celine. "Remember that game you loved to play?"

When she shook her head no, he smiled at her squatting down in front of her.

"The one, were you were used to ride my back when I would change?" Drake asked. Celine nodded this time. Drake kissed her forehead.

"Ok. I am going to change! I want you get on my back. Hold on real tight to the fur and remember to use your legs also."

"Are you going to go fast?"

"I am going to go so fast, you are going to think that you are flying."

Celine gave him a tender smile as Drake shifted into a full-blown black wolf with deep red eyes. He was so big that three kids the size of Celine could fit on him easily. He nodded his head to her to climb on.

Are you ready?

"Yes." Celine pressed her face into the soft black fur as Drake took off fast. He could feel Celine's fright as if it was his own. That made him run even faster than before. He was only thirty feet from his bike when a gun went off, hitting him in the shoulder.

Drake went down hard throwing Celine, who screamed. She crawled over to a box looking around for Drake. All she saw was one of those bad men walking towards her with a smile on his face.

"That's right. Do not move, girl." He walked slowly towards her, as if he did not want to spook her away. What he was not counting on was for Drake to still be around.

Two steps past where Drake dropped, he walked up behind the guy, back in his human form. He hit the gun out of the guy's hand wrapping one of his very strong arms around the guy's throat.

Okay."

"You need to aim better," Drake said in the guy's ear. He looked at Celine who looked as if she was going to cry any minute. "Look away, baby."

Drake dragged the guy behind a large box, pulled his knife out. He stabbed him in the heart. As he lowered the man to the ground he caught that scent again.

"Drake. They're coming!" Celine cried.

Quickly, he cleaned his knife off walking over to Celine. Picking her up he saw a small group of men running towards them. He took off towards his bike. Once there he picked up his bag bringing out a rope.

"Now I know you don't like riding with me, but you need to be brave and trust me."

"I trust you."

"Good girl. Now what I am going to do is tie you to me with this rope. It's just in case you lose hold of me. I want you to also hold on tightly. Okay?"

Drake had Celine secured tightly. He watched the approaching group. He started his bike revving the engine several times, along with showing them his 'animal' side.

"That girl belongs to us," the guy who seemed to be in charged snarled at Drake.

Drake looked around spotting the girl hiding, seeing that she was watching them. He picked up her scent as if he smelled fresh bread that just came out of the oven. He spun the back tire of the bike, picking up speed before he took off. Right before he did, he pushed into the girl's mind. He wanted to make sure all doors into her subconscious were open for him. The blow seemed to knock her completely off her feet. He watched her grab her head sitting down hard.

Drake spun his bike around taking off fast. He headed right for a loading ramp to jump it. When he landed on the other side he stopped and looked back at the small group again. He could see the anger on their faces as the one in charged started yelling. Just when he started to walk back towards the building, the building exploded! Knocking him and the rest of his men on their asses as the world seemed to explode around them.

"Fix that one mother fucker!" Drake said.

Chapter 8

Drake stood outside in the night looking up at the sky. His body was tense as ever while he recalled the sweet scent of that girl. He felt as if he needed her, that he needed to touch her, to get as close to her as possible.

"That boy is very lucky," Stefan said, walking outside.

Drake only stood there flexing his hands.

Stefan watched him thinking how much he reminded him of Dedrick years before Jaclyn came into the picture. He noticed how Drake's eyes would flash back and forth with the red.

"What happened out there?" Stefan asked, standing in front of his son.

"Things are going to get a lot more complicated around here," Drake said.

"That I can see!"

"Is Celine alright?"

Stefan took a deep breath before he answered. "Both girls are fine. Dedrick will not let Celine down just yet. She seems to be holding onto him needing him just as much."

"It is not over. This thing is just getting started." Drake looked at his father. "But I am going to finish it."

"I hope you are right." Stefan walked back into the house, leaving Drake alone.

It was after two in the morning with Drake was standing in his room looking out into the night. He could hear his brother, down the hall making love to Serena, hear his Aunt and Uncle talking softly to Celine, plus he could hear his parents sleeping. All his senses he had were on high alert. His mind kept wondering to the girl he saw and how his body kept responding to her scent. He let his mind seek out hers to make a connection.

The moment he did this all of his senses were alerted to everything she was seeing, letting him hear everything also.

Drake saw her in the shower, letting the water wash over her body to loosen all the tight muscles. He saw bruises also that her clothes hid, all too well. Markings on her back that looked like strap marks. The thought of her being beaten caused him to let out a soft growl, which she heard. Her head snapped up fast! She looked around the bathroom to make sure she was alone.

"Is someone there?"

Oh, her voice was a sweet heaven to him enticing him making his whole body become alert. Drake watched her shut the water off, to dry quickly off, along with watching her wrap an old robe around herself. His mind followed her to a small bedroom as he watched her change into a large shirt comb her hair even to climb into a twin size bed.

Drake waited until she was settled for the night before he started to dig into her mind to get all the information of her about her home and the layout before he left her alone. His next big plan would happen the very next night.

Stefan found Brock in the library reading a book, or trying to. It was very hard for a man to read when you had a girl on your lap, kissing you as well as trying to take your clothes off. Stefan cleared his throat watching as Serena quickly jumped off of Brock's lap.

"Don't get up on my account," Stefan said with a smile.

Brock pulled Serena back on his lap and looked up at Stefan. "What's up?" "Have you seen your brother?"

"Just this morning. He hopped on his bike taking off like a bat out of hell." "That sounds like him." Stefan looked at Serena. "Are you doing okay?"

"I am now," Serena said.

"How is Celine doing?" Brock asked.

"Not too bad. She has been clinging to Dedrick more." Stefan chuckled. "Don't know if that is a good thing or a bad thing."

"Are we going away?" Serena asked suddenly. Stefan sat down in a chair across from them. "We think it might be best if all you girls leave. Just until this thing settles down that is."

"And the boy?" She asked again.

"We found an older brother who is in college. He knew something was up when he get in touch with his parents. Dedrick has managed to sway him to finish his semester out before he quits, that way he can finish later on. Until then the boy will stay with us. Besides he is not able to travel anywhere any time soon."

"Well then, I guess I will head up to our room to pack," Serena said.

Brock watched her leave the room, and then he turned back to his father. "Is it that bad?"

"Yeah. Dedrick told me this morning that if that boy had been left any longer he would have died. Even the Doc is not too sure how he lasted as long as he did."

"So, if this thing lands on our front door, will he be safe?"

"Do not worry so much." Stefan smiled as he headed for the door, "Besides, Adrian is coming to help."

Drake came home very late that night. He followed the girl's trail to her home scooping out her house. He found every way there was to get inside, as well as what were the weakest points for him to enter if need be. He found the window that was in her bedroom. He took a long shower letting the sight of her body fill his mind washing over him. Within twenty minutes he was laying flat on his back relaxing his body. He was getting ready for his first little mind seduction. Drake needed to see how far he could push her, to find out how strong she really was.

He watched from her mind, her climbing into her bed wearing a different large t-shirt. Her hair was still wet from a shower. Her body smelled clean and fresh enticing him. As he pushed deeper into her mind he was very surprised to see her dreaming of him. She was reliving what happened at the dock. She was watching him kill that guy. A deeper probe into her mind allowed Drake to discover that she was supposed to marry this man. The thought of another touching her was enough to bring out his inner beast. He let

a growl escape, a deep snarling growl.

"Someone there?" She sat up in bed. Drake could feel her sudden fright. He gave her a slight push to force her to sleep.

After his mind was completely back with him, Drake went to sleep with a smile on his face.

"You are up early," Brock said as Drake walked into the dining room.

"Well hearing the two of you all night tends to make one not sleep well."

Brock felt his face heat up even though he tried to hide it. "You know what it is like to not be able to keep your hands to yourself."

Drake making a humming sound poured himself a cup of coffee.

"I think the girls are ready to leave this morning," Brock said. "When they are gone I want you to help me with something."

Brock seeing the twinkle in Drake's eyes realized his curiosity was spiked. "What gives?" Drake smiled his most charming smile at his brother. "Let's just say I intend to bring someone home with me in a few days."

"Do I get another hint other than that?"

"Nope," Drake looked at his brother with a very serious look, "I do want you to put new locks on the adjoining room though."

"What do you have up your sleeve?"

"Let's just say, I plan on turning the tables some."

Smiling at his brother Brock stood up. "Okay. Do not get caught tonight then."

"And what makes you think I am going out tonight?"

As Brock walked out the room laughing Drake had to smile. His own brother pushed into his mind without him even knowing he was there.

Chapter 9

The house was very quiet without the girls. Brock started his project changing the locks on the doors. Stefan and Dedrick were going over business. Adrian was heading to town. Drake was getting ready for his own move.

He packed his bag with only rope, some chloroform, deciding at the last minute he to put in some plastic straps. With his bag thrown over his shoulder and night falling, Drake headed downstairs. His father met him at the door to throw some keys at him.

"Take the jeep. It has tinted windows." Stefan said with a smile. "It's what I used to bring your mother home."

"Well I was wondering which one of you two would follow in your old man's footsteps," Dedrick said, walking out of his office with the doctor.

"Once I make this move, the shit will hit the fan most assurdly," Drake said.

"You had better be careful." Stefan said, Drake opened the front door flashing his father and Uncle a cheesy smile as he started to go out the door. "Do not worry so much! After all I am a Draeger."

Patiently, Drake waited in the shadows watching the house and the few guards that were walking around. He was not surprised to see them, especially since he left his 'calling card' behind last time. All he did was to leave a nice note on the kitchen table saying 'payback is a bitch' along with a half eaten piece cake.

As he was smiling about that, he caught her scent suddenly. He looked up. She was heading towards the bathroom, and his eyes followed her. He still did not know her name, but his body sure did know her. His body knew her so well that all of his senses went on the alert as soon as he caught a whiff of her scent making his body hard very fast.

It only took him ten minutes to get from his hiding place to her room. He heard all kinds of sounds coming from the hallway as he climbed into the window making him

smile again at the tightened security

Drake sat down on the balls of his feet in a dark corner to wait for her to come back. He already filled his bag with some of her clothing getting what he needed out and ready to take her. He was very patient in his waiting, since he knew her routine very well. Twenty minutes later he caught her scent again as she headed back towards her room, towards him.

Drake stood up with ease as she got closer and closer. His hands began to flex and unflex going into fists, as he got ready to pounce on her. The second she closed and locked the door, Drake was on her.

His hand went around her throat, slightly cutting off her air while the other covered her mouth while he pinned her up against the wall. Just having her this close to him was doing things to his body and inner self that he could not explain.

"Where is he?" Drake growled in her ear. Slowly he moved his hand from her mouth, "Your father. Where the fuck is he?"

Drake shoved her harder against the wall. He even put more pressure on her windpipe. Quickly, by her throat, he turned her around to face him, slamming her hard back into the wall. His eyes were deep red and his canines lengthened. When she finally looked at him her eyes widened, "You!" she rasped out.

"Glad you remembered me."

"You killed Brian."

"He shot me." Drake pressed his body close to hers. "Plus he was going to hurt someone very dear to me."

"What do you want?"

Drake released some of the pressure on her throat as he continued to pin her with his body. Deeply, he breathed in her scent as his face got as close as it could to her neck and shoulders. To him, her scent was like a drug working fast on his system. He grazed his lips over her ear, saying "You."

"You have got to be kidding."

He brought his face just a few spare inches from hers. "Do I look like I am kidding?" He felt her start to tremble, but she did not show any fear. He liked that.

"I'll scream."

"Go ahead."

She opened her mouth to scream. Drake stopped her with his own mouth. He kissed her hard, pushing his tongue deep inside her mouth. He found himself drowning in the kiss. It seemed the more he would kiss her, the more he needed. Nothing he did at this point was enough for him. He needed all he could get which he planned on taking all as soon as possible.

Still kissing her, Drake picked her up from behind her legs wrapping them around his waist. His hands went under her shirt. He groaned into her mouth as his hands roamed over her backside, probing the flesh on her ass moving around to her front under the panties to feel soft flesh.

Her hands went to his shoulders, whether in an attempt to push him away or to hold on, Drake didn't know. All he did know was that he loved the feel of her skin especially her body wrapped around him.

Still kissing her with hunger, Drake push two fingers hard into her wet pussy. His cock twitched at the heat as her tightness that closed around it. He had a sudden strong urge to pound into her right here.

She was the one who managed to break off the kiss. "Don't."

Drake bit her lip gently. His lips trailed down her throat that was starting to bruise from his fingers. On a deep growl he ripped the collar of the shirt, exposing her shoulder. He licked the spot that would bare his mark if he chose to mark her, "Why?" He moved his fingers in a slow motion, bringing forth a moan from her, while at the same time moving his tongue in a circle motion on her shoulder.

"It is not right."

Drake grazed his lips over her jaw down her neck, then back up to her ear for a light nibble "Feels right to me." He brushed his thumb across her clit a few times. "Very right if you ask me."

Suddenly, Drake heard some talking and footsteps outside her door. Very quickly he covered her mouth with his hand to prevent her from shouting for help. He watched her eyes as her only help walked away from her door moving back down the hall. He saw raw

fear and anger in her eyes, but blocked it all out.

"We have fucked around here long enough," Drake said, removing his fingers from her body pulling a cloth from his pocket. He threw her onto her bed but could not help himself as he lay on top of her, forcing her legs to spread for him. "By the way, what is your name?"

She looked up at him as if he lost his mind. "Carrick." Her voice was shaky as she watched him pour something on the cloth.

"My name is Drake." He covered her nose and mouth with the chloroformed cloth, watching her slowly fall asleep. "Sweet dreams."

The moment she was completely out, Drake stripped her down then dressed her in jeans and a sweater. He double checked his bag, making sure she would have enough clothing. He then picked her up, swinging her over his shoulder as if he was carrying a five pound bag.

Drake then unlocked the door placing a letter on her bed for who ever it was that would come to get her in the morning. This time the note said:

"Payback is still a bitch, but I keep what I take."

Drake walked to the window sniffing the night air, making sure no one was around. With ease of his shifter ability he jumped out the window to land solidly on his feet. Without a backward glance, Drake took off at a run towards the jeep. By the time the guards did their first 'bed check' on Carrick, she had been gone for at least one hour if not more.

Drake walked into the front door of his home with Carrick in his arms. She was still out cold. His Uncle Adrian was there leaning against the banister with a grin on his face. Stefan was sitting on the bottom step also grinning at his son.

"Is that the catch of the day?" Adrian asked,

"Now Adrian, my son just took what belonged to him," Stefan said.

"So did I! And let me tell you what, be prepared," Adrian said, looking at Drake.

"Are you two finished yet?" Drake asked.

"Nope, I am just getting started," Adrian said. He pushed off of the banister to

walk over to Drake. "She is pretty."

"Now this definitely reminds me of when you brought Sidney home," Dedrick said, as he began to walk down the stairs, "Very creepy."

"I think your Uncle is somewhat disappointed he did not get to bring Jaclyn home by the hair," Stefan said.

Dedrick popped Stefan on the back of his head when he walked past him. "So who is she?"

Drake walked passed them, taking the steps two at a time. "She's mine," he said over his shoulder.

Dedrick laughed. "Yep! That is definitely your son."

Brock opened the bedroom door just before Drake could kick it open. Brock watched his brother place the girl in the center of the bed.

"I do not think we are going to have to worry too much about the window. To high for a full human to jump "Brock said.

Drake sat down next to Carrick brushing her hair from her face. Brock noticed the gentleness in his brother.

"How long will that stuff last?" Brock asked.

"She should be waking up in a few hours."

"Here are the keys when you are done, I will meet you downstairs."

Drake locked the main door as soon as his brother closed it. He went back to Carrick to undress her. He took the things from his bag putting them in the dressers, along with the sexy things he bought for her the other day.

He pulled out a cream color camisole, deciding to dress her in that. As he sat back down he could not help himself. He started touching her breasts as he slipped the silk top on. Not being careful, he brushed his knuckles across her nipples as he tied the one thin piece of silk that held it together. By the time he had her matching boxers on her hips, his hands were shaking as his need to be with her was overwhelming him.

Taking a deep breath, Drake stood up forcing himself out of the room. He made sure that both doors were locked tightly before he went downstairs to join his family and to prepare the house for the things that were sure to come.

Chapter 10

Carrick woke slowly. Right away she could tell there was something very different. It was not her bed that she was in! Plus she could tell by the slight chill she felt that she was not in her normal clothes. Opening her eyes she confirmed she was right.

The bedroom that she was in was the size of both her living room and kitchen in her house. Never in her whole life did she sleep in a king size bed, let alone touch one before. In addition to that, never in her wildest dreams would she wear something like what she wore now.

Carrick slipped out of the bed slowly, looking around as she did. When she opened the heavy drapes to the window a small bit of hope she carried around, left her as she saw how far up she was from the ground. No way for her to try to jump down, she thought. Carrick tried both doors thinking what a surprise, they both are locked. She walked back to all the dressers in the room to rummage through them all. She kept hoping to find something other than what she had on to wear. The only thing she managed to find that was hers happened to be a large shirt and one pair of jeans.

. "Let me out of here!" she screamed. "You have no right to do this!"

"Sounds like your lady is up and about," Adrian said to Drake.

Drake finished off his sandwich looking up at the ceiling. "Yep."

"She is sounds somewhat pissed to me," Adrian continued.

Drake wiped his mouth sitting back in his chair. "Yep."

Brock laughed "You may have dad's ways but you sure are laid back like Uncle Dedrick."

Drake looked over at his brother. "You think?"

"So why are you letting her sweat it out?" Adrian asked.

Drake stood up, taking his plate to the sink. "Cause I do not trust myself around her just yet."

"Ah, my baby brother finally found his mate," Brock sang, which made Adrian laugh.

Drake walked back slap Brock on the back of the head. "Fuck off."

Brock laughed even harder as Drake walked out of the room, heading up the stairs.

"Oh man!" Adrian cried, wiping the tears of laughter from his eyes. "This is going to be so good."

"Oh, I think it is going to get a lot better," Brock said.

When Drake walked into the room he had Carrick locked in, he barely ducked in time to avoid a vase that came flying and crashed into the wall next to his head .

"What the fuck was that for? He said as he closed and locked the door.

"I want to get the fuck out of here!"

"Well throwing shit at me will not help you." Drake crossed his arms across his chest and leaned back against the door.

"When my father gets a hold of you..."

"He'll what?"

Carrick swallowed hard. "Cage you like the animal you are."

Suddenly, Drake's calmness left him. He pushed off the door hard, walking towards her with pure animal anger and rage running through him. He saw the fear in her eyes as his eyes shifted to the deep red, as she backed herself into the corner.

Drake slammed his hands on the wall hard. He was having a very hard time controlling his anger. His inner beast that wanted to show her who was in charge here, demanded that he dominate her now.

"Do you think it is right what your father did?" he hissed. "To kidnap young children from their families only to cage them is okay? To torture them letting them watch as their families died."

"He never killed anyone."

"I pulled a young boy from one of your father's torture rooms, myself. If he was in there any longer he would be dead now."

"No! The only child he ever had was that little girl."

Drake grabbed a handful of her hair roughly, pulling her head back. "That little girl means more to me than you could ever imagine. He is damn lucky she was not hurt."

Carrick grabbed his arm with both hands, trying to relieve the pain. "I was not part of this at all."

"So if you were not part of it then why the fuck were you there?" He gave a quick jerk of her hair, but still did not let it go.

Carrick let out a hiss of pain. "I was there to let her go."

"Bullshit!"

"I do not give a damn if you believe me or not. I was not going to let him hurt kids."

"Well I have a news flash for you darling. He has hurt many kids."

"That's not true. He has only experimented on your kind. To protect us."

Drake leaned closer to her. "Is that what he's told you?"

"It is the truth."

Drake inhaled her scent deeply as he brought his lips close to her ear. "Then you have been lied to. He has been taking kids, even killing some with his little experiments."

Carrick tried to pull away from him as he got closer. But Drake had a firm hold on her hair. He opened the top two buttons of her shirt pulling it off of her shoulder so he could rub his lips over her flesh.

"That is not true," she said.

Drake licked at her shoulder again. The urge to mark her was strong and getting stronger, the longer he was in the same room as her. He ran his tongue up her neck to her ear, nipping the lobe.

"Wh.. what are you doing?" she asked.

"Tasting."

His had one hand move inside her shirt as he used his other hand to pull it away from her shoulder. His lips grazed back down to her collarbone, nipping as he went.

"Why?"

Drake skimmed her collarbone with the tip of his tongue, traveling up to her jaw and back down to her shoulder.

"Because you taste really good."

"Is this your way of getting back at my father?"

He stopped his tongue turning to face her. "This has nothing to do with your father right now." When she opened her mouth to say something, Drake kissed her hard.

He forced his tongue deep into her mouth as he held onto her head by her hair. With his free hand he slid it down her body to cup her ass. He heard a small whimper as he did this letting go of her hair to place both of his hands on her ass. With ease, he picked her up to wrap both of her legs around his waist as he moved her out of the corner pressing her against the wall.

Carrick was so lost that she wrapped her arms around his neck the moment he picked her up. Never in her life had she been kissed that this. Never would she dream that her first real kiss would be like this.

Drake managed to hold her up with the help of the wall not breaking their kiss until the last minute while he pulled his shirt up and over his head. He never gave her a chance to back down let alone come to her senses.

With a quick motion he ripped her shirt wide open. He groaned when his chest came into contact with hers. Silky flesh met hard muscles as he rubbed his upper bare body against hers, feeling his cock growing larger by the minute.

With another quick motion, Drake ripped her jeans off. He heard her cry out but only deepened his kiss to drown her in the pleasure. He was all animal now, his animal was crying to claim her.

His fingers were drawn to her pussy taking two fingers to push hard into her. Drake broke the kiss to trail his lips down to her neck as he moved his finger in and out of her body fast. With his mouth working on her, and his fingers fucking her, Carrick never noticed that Drake slipped out of his jeans standing with her wrapped around his body nude as the day he was born.

Faster he moved his hand, bumping his palm on her clit. When he curled his finger

to touch her g-spot it was all over for her. She cried out as her first climax hit her, holding onto his shoulders as her hips moved on their own to grind against his hand as she rode the climax out.

However, Drake was not done, not by a long shot! He slipped his fingers out of her wet pussy to take hold of his cock. He brought the head up to her pussy rubbing it over and over, coating it with her juices. The heat from her pussy was driving him mad with lust. He found that he could not contain himself any longer.

Drake made sure he had Carrick pinned against the wall firmly as he guided his cock into her tight pussy. Never did he stop to wonder why she might be so tight, all he thought about was taking what was rightfully his.

"No! Wait!" Carrick cried.

Drake did not seem to hear her. With one fluid thrust he buried his aching cock deep within the boundaries of her virginal opening. He did not realize what he had done until it was too late.

He heard her cry out with pain. He could feel flesh stretching wrapping around him like a second skin. But it did not seem real to him somehow. How could she still be a virgin when he saw her with another man? He even caught her scent on that man.

"Do not move," He groaned out.

Carrick was crying. "Get out!"

"I can't. Just do not move." But Carrick wasn't listening. She was pushing at his shoulders, while trying to move her hips away from him. All that only seemed to heighten his pleasure. "Please don't move," Drake growled out.

"You are hurting me." Again she tried to wiggle away from him.

Drake's hands tightened on her ass. He let a deep pure animal growl escape, right before his teeth clamped down on her shoulder. Carrick cried out again as Drake bit her hard. Her nails dug deeply into his shoulders as he moved.

She thought he was going to leave her alone, when she felt him slide out of her body, but was so wrong when he thrust back inside of her hard. Twice he did this slow motion, until he felt her body beginning to relax getting accustomed to his size, when that happened he let go.

Drake moved his hips like a man possessed bringing her hips to match his by the grip he had on her ass. Over and over again he pounded into her, each time bringing him closer to his goal. When he let go of her shoulder he was surprised to see the mark turning into a bruise. He did not mean to hold her so tight, but seeing his mark on her only fueled him even more.

Drake walked over to the bed kind of pushing her back on it. He held on to her legs keeping them wrapped around his waist, but her upper body was lying back on the bed. He did not look at her face, just watched his cock move back into her body fast.

"Oh fuck!" he cried as he hips started to move on their own. "I have never..." He could not finish what he wanted to say as he felt his orgasm approaching.

As hard as he could, he moved. Over and over he pounded into her, watching his cock go in and out in a blur. One of his hands moved to her pussy seeking out her clit. When he gave her a hard pinch, Carrick cried out with a sudden orgasm. With her pussy contracting hard on his cock, Drake unloaded deep inside her. Over and over again he shot his load, thinking it would never end.

Very carefully, Drake picked her up to move her to the center of the bed, still deeply imbedded inside her, and still hard. He kissed her breasts, which he now got a look at. By the time he made it up to her lips he had to smile. Carrick was fast asleep.

Still smiling, he pulled himself out slowly. Drake was very sensitive wanting her again very much. But when he saw the blood on him and on her, his smile vanished quickly. He had forgotten that he just took her virginity and took it very roughly.

Quickly he went about the task of cleaning them both up and redressing Carrick. After he had her tucked into the bed, he unlocked the door to his room. Drake knew that if he decided to spend the night with her; he would only take her again.

Chapter 11

Carrick did not wake up until the next morning. Not only was she really sore she was very pissed. She took a long shower, making sure to take extra time in cleaning all the places that Drake touched. Even though she had one of the best orgasms in her life, she did not like the idea of him being the one to give it to her.

She managed to find some clothes that were not lingerie. She went about planning how she was going to get away. After rummaging through everything the only thing she found that she could use was an iron poker from the fireplace. She felt very bad at first at the thought of hurting him. After all she was not like her father, but Carrick needed to get away. She needed to put a stop to her father. She could not do that in here.

"Let me out of here!" she screamed.

"Sounds as if your woman is up," Brock said to Drake as they were eating their breakfast.

Drake picked up his coffee cup just before he took a drink to say. "Yep."

"Also sounds like she is breaking things," Dedrick said.

Drake put his cup down just looking up. "Yep."

"Damn good thing Sidney never did that shit," Dedrick said.

"I never gave her time alone," Stefan responded.

"Oh we all have our days," Adrian said with a smile.

They heard another bang, but Drake just kept on eating. He was acting like he did not hear a thing. Stefan watched Drake closely, and when he saw what he was looking for, he put his fork down and sat back in his chair.

"You're scared of her," Stefan said to Drake.

-Drake almost choked on his eggs. "What?"

"You heard me. Just like Dedrick. He was damn scared of Jaclyn after their first

night."

"I was not!" Dedrick cried.

"What makes you think I even had a night with her?"

Stefan raised one eyebrow.

Adrian stood up with his plate leaning over Drake. "Do not go there. Remember last time you tried to lie to your old man."

Drake looked up at Adrian. "Good point."

"You are going to have to face her sooner or later. I think your Uncle Dedrick would prefer sooner!" Stefan said.

"You are going to pay for everything she destroys up there," Dedrick said.

"You know," Stefan said to Dedrick. "There is something about her that I can not place."

"Like what?" Dedrick asked.

"I don't know."

"How about, she has a temper like Aunt Jaclyn's?" Drake said, taking his dishes to the kitchen.

"Well that to," Stefan said. He watched Drake walk out with a tray of food in his hand. "Watch your back."

"And the nuts!" Brock yelled.

Drake flipped them all off heading towards the stairs. Just when he was out of sight, it hit Stefan.

"Shit! Dedrick, it's her scent," Stefan stood up. "I have come across it before."

The second Drake opened the door Carrick tried to hit him with the poker she found. He dropped the food to the floor to grab it and her at the same time. With a quick twist, he pulled it out of her hands pulling her to him roughly.

"You just never give up, do you?" he said.

"I will crack that fucking head of yours open if you do not let me go."

"Maybe I should keep you tied to the bed."

"Try it asshole and see what happens!"

Drake had to smile at her. His smile faded quickly when her knee landed hard in his balls. He let go of her to grab hold of his balls as he went down to the ground.

"Fuck!" he cried.

"Let's see you use that again for a while."

Carrick kicked him one more time in the stomach, and then ran out the door. She never thought of locking him in like he had done to her, and later she damned herself for it. Drake like all shifters was a very fast healer.

She was halfway down the stairs when she heard the door open, and her hand touched the front door when she saw him round the corner.

"Goddamn-it. Carrick!" Drake yelled.

Stefan, Dedrick, Brock and Adrian all walked out of the dining room to see Carrick run out the front door with Drake running after her.

"Oh, I definitely say he has met his match." Brock said.

"Twenty bucks says she has him on a leash," Adrian said.

"Fifty, and I'm in," Stefan said, coming out of the dining room.

"You guys are pathetic," Dedrick responded, walking towards the stairs.

"Yea, as if Jaclyn does not have you trained good," Adrian said over his shoulder.

Carrick watched with agony as the front gates were closing. She tried to push herself to run faster but by the time her hands touched them, they were locked tightly.

"Carrick!" Drake yelled from behind.

Carrick looked back seeing him running towards her. "No." She mumbled taking off into the woods.

"Shit!" Drake cried.

As he was running towards her, he felt his hunger start to rise. Chasing after one's mate was not the safest thing to do, especially after you just made a claim. He watched her dodge trees, jump over limbs all the while telling himself, that he was very impressed at how fast she was running. She had a very good lead on him, plus if she found the right spot on the fence she might be able to squeeze herself through it.

Drake let out a growl shifting into a huge black wolf. In this form he was only two inches shorter than Dedrick, but he was just as strong as him. He was also faster able to

track her easier, and tracking her was just what he was doing. In fact, Drake pushed into her mind to see just what she was seeing. He could even tell where she was heading. Par for the course, it was the one part of the fence that she could slip out of.

Drake ran after her all the while he kept getting this feeling that she knew just where she was going. In fact, the more he watched what she was watching, the more he was sure of it. She even seemed to know how to get out of the house even though she was out cold when he brought her there.

At the same moment Carrick was about to put her foot into the side of the fence, Drake shifted to his human form to jump on her. Both went to the ground hard, and Carrick tried to kick and hit him, while Drake tried to pin her under him. Twice she managed to get out of his grip, only to be dragged back to him by her ankles.

"Give it up," Drake grunted as he pulled her back to him again.

Carrick kicked at his head. "Fuck off!"

"Grrrr! If you do not stop this, you will not like how it will end."

Drake was starting to get hard. All the fighting with her and the chase caused his blood to boil. If she did not stop very soon he was going to take her right here.

Carrick managed to pull her legs free managing to take two steps before he grabbed her around her knees, bringing her back to the ground. Still she did not give up. She went back up on her hands and knees to try to crawl away. Drake saw her ass and all of sudden he could not help himself. He bit her hard, pulling her roughly back so she could feel his erection.

"You fucker! You bit me."

Drake let go with the battle he was fighting within himself. He pulled her hair back hard to hold her tightly around her waist.

"That is not all I am going to do."

He pushed her down to the ground hard. With his mind he went to work on her body, getting her ready for him as his hands went to work stripping her.

"Stop it!" she cried, trying to hit him and move his hands away.

Drake worked fast pulling her shorts down her legs, but ripped the silk panties off. He yanked on her shirt, also ripping her bra off of her. Very roughly he pulled her back up

to her hands and knees. With a lot of determination he pushed two fingers deep inside her pussy to see how wet his mind could made her. He was not disappointed in what he found.

"You can not do this."

Drake unzipped his jeans, freeing his aching cock. With his own knees he pushed her legs apart positioning the head of his cock towards her pussy. With a jerk he pulled her head back by her hair to bring his lips close to her ear.

"Watch me," he growled.

Quickly, he pushed hard inside her body, filling her up bringing forth an instance orgasm. He never gave her a second to get used him, or to come down from her sudden climax. Drake rode her like a man possessed, bringing orgasm after orgasm out of her. She was still very tight hugging him like a tightened fist. Drake had the thought she might still be sore from last night, but he just could not stop himself. He had to claim her, making sure she knew that she belonged to him and to him only. When he felt his own climax he pulled back on her hair again, exposing the mark he left.

"More!" he demanded.

Drake slipped his hand down her body to found her clit. His lips grazed the mark along with licking it as his fingers played with her clit. Never did he stop his pounding, or let up.

"You are mine," he growled. "My mark is on you."

"No," she moaned.

Drake clamped his teeth on his mark, holding her in place as he plunged with all his might in and out of her. When he gave her clit a hard pinch she cried out in pleasure contracting around his cock hard. Drake closed his eyes just letting his balls unload deep inside of her as his teeth held onto her shoulder.

"This is not right," Carried said, breathlessly. "You can not keep me."

Drake let go of her shoulders to slide out of her body. He turned her around to lie on her back. He went to lie on top of her. He licked at a nipple as he nudged her legs farther apart for him, resting his still hard cock against her.

"I can not let you go," he said as he laid his head on her breasts.

Carrick could not help herself she wrapped her arms around him. Drake rose up to look at her. He kissed her tenderly surprised when her arms tightened on his neck and her legs wrapped around his hips. The kiss, which started out soft, ended up deepening. He slid his cock back inside her tight body moving slowly this time. He got to savor each feeling that their bodies were making.

'God! Don't tease me!' she cried.

"Thought you would like it slow this time."

"Think again."

Drake pulled himself up on his arms to move his hips fast and hard. It was not long before they both were groaning as they came. Drake lowered himself down on top of her again slowly trying to get his breath get under control.

"You are not going to lock me back in the room again, are you?"

"Are you going to run again?"

"Only if you promise to do that all over again." Smiling, Drake looked up at her.

"Just wait until moon night."

"What happens then?"

He kissed her on the shoulder moving up to her ear. "I will take all of you then."

Chapter 12

"You are related to one of them!" Stefan said to Carrick, standing outside her door.

"Yes." She looked at him like he was looking at her.

"Which one?"

"Michael Stan was my Uncle." She crossed her arms waiting for Stefan to say something.

"Shit," he hissed, turning his back on her.

"It was before I was born," she said. "So do not blame me for what he did."

"I do not blame you." Stefan still had his back towards her. "It makes sense now."

"What does?"

He turned back around, facing her. "This all started with your Uncle and his friend. Hell they brought me into it all, leaving Sidney wide open."

"I did not think I ever knew how crazy he was until I saw that little girl in the cage."

Her words stopped Stefan. He looked at her, seeing tears that were freely falling down her face.

"Why would he do that?"

Stefan sat down on the bed next to her, putting his arm around her shoulder to hug her like a father would. "There are some things in this world that no one understands. Things we are not meant to understand.

"I saw the boy that Drake said he saved. I do not understand it. Why would he hurt children?"

Stefan let Carrick cry on his shoulder. He held her like he used to hold his boys when they were upset. When he looked up Drake was standing in the doorway

watching.

I do not think she has ever cried. Stefan said to Drake.

I do not think she had ever lived.

"Do you know what sucks the most?" Brock said at dinner.

"With you, it could be anything." Drake said, putting his arm around Carrick. Brock gave Drake a dirty look making Carrick laugh. "Oh, let me see if I can take a stab at this one,"

Adrian replied. "No mate for the full moon."

"Man, how do we manage after we have already had it?" Brock moaned.

Drake leaned over to his brother with a mischievous smile. "You have got a hand."

"Hum, so what happens that night?" Carrick asked.

All of the guys just looked around the table at each other.

"Did I say something wrong?" she asked.

"No" Stefan said.

"It's just that the girls answer those kinds of questions and all," Dedrick said.

Carrick was enjoying watching the men blush, "Does it have to do with sex?"

"You know, I bet she knows more than she is telling," Adrian said. Carrick could not hold back any longer! She busted out laughing. After she was done she wiped her eyes. She almost started laughing all over again at the looks on their faces.

Still laughing, "I am sorry," she said, "I just had to mess with you all."

"She sure did change her tune," Adrian said.

"So you know then?" Drake asked.

"Yes. That was why I was taught to stay away from you. For your appetite."

"What else were you told about us?" Dedrick asked.

"Not much more. Just that you would take any girl you wanted, have sex with her, dumping her like a hot potato when done. He found out also that you seem to be weaker after the full moon."

If our mates are around, we are," Dedrick said.

"And if they are not?"

Let's say we tend to be meaner," Adrian responded before Dedrick could.

Carrick woke up the next morning alone. It was the first time since she and Drake made up that she was alone. She knew that it was going to be moon night. Her father drilled her enough about what was to happen. So instead of being scared Carrick was looking forward to it, well sort of she told herself.

By nightfall, Carrick was looking behind her and in all the dark corners thinking that Drake would pounce on her. How she ended up in his room was something she could not answer. In a strange way this was the first time that she was in his room. Drake always came to her in the new room that he put her in.

Carrick walked around the room touching some of his clothes, smelling his cologne, and thinking of all the wonderful things he has done to her over the few days. But her eyes kept darting to the large bed.

Lightly she touched the covers noticing that her hand was trembling. The thought of a more aggressive Drake was starting to scare the hell out of her.

"I can not do this," she said out loud.

She walked back to the bedroom door, the second her hand touched the knob a deep roar could be heard. Carrick's heart started to pound as she heard the heavy footsteps come nearer. Her whole body started to shake as she opened the door slowly.

She was very surprise at how dark the hallway was, how deserted it seemed, but what she was most surprise to see what Drake on his knees in the hallway. He was curled up as much as he could be, and it seemed to her that he was in pain.

"Drake?" she asked, tenderly.

Drake looked up at her, and Carrick gasped. His eyes were so red they were glowing, and so much strain showed on his face. She knew what was going on, saw the raw need in those red eyes. She felt thrilled and scared at the same time.

Stunned, Carrick watched as he stood up in all his naked glory. Every muscle on that gorgeous body was taunt. His cock was as hard as a piece of meat.

"I do not think so," she said.

The first step she took back from him, Drake's eyebrow shot up. With another step

he gave her a warning growl.

“Fuck this!” she said.

Carrick turned her back on him to ran. It was the one and only mistake a female of any kind could do in the presence of a shifter in his heat.

Drake took off after her. He did not use his speed, but toyed with her. He let her think that she was running away from him, when in fact he was really chasing her. Letting the thrill of a chase run in his blood like hot lava flowing.

In a split second, Drake shifted into a large black wolf. With one large leap, he jumped onto her back, knocking her down to the ground. Slowly he came out of his change, continuing to laying on top of her.

“I love a good chase before a good fuck,” he said in her ear.

Carrick whimpered as he moved one hand to the underside of her belly, where he moved it down inside of her jeans, then inside her panties.

“Ah, you are so wet so ready for me,” he murmured.

With as much speed as before Drake hopped up from her back, with her in his arms. He swung a kicking Carrick over his shoulder, starting the walk back to his room. Nothing entered his mind but the need to be inside her hot body, to possess her to make her his over and over again.

“Drake! I changed my mind. I do not want to do this.”

“To late to back out now, my dear!”

He kicked his door open, placing her onto her feet as he closed locking the door behind them. Carrick took many steps away from him, keeping that eye contract. Right at this point she did not trust him. She did not trust him to not hurt her like her father had told her all those years ago.

“Take them off,” Drake demanded.

“I do not trust you right now.”

He walked up to her fast, taking hold of her by the shirt.

“I could never hurt you. You are my mate, my other half. I need you to ease my pain,” he said the last on a deep growl.

Drake kissed her deep and hard, pushing his tongue past her teeth to explore her

mouth. Her taste was a drug that he had to get more and more of, a toxic pleasure that he was sure to last him a lifetime.

Swiftly he ripped her shirt wide open picking her up, pushing her up against the wall. The animal in him was taking over, demanding he claim her.

Carrick broke the kiss off, breathing heavily; “Slow down.”

Drake took the underside of her bra, ripping it from her body; “I can’t.”

His mouth closed over a nipple as his hand cupped the other breast. Carrick let out a moan at the rush of sensations that ran through her body. A throbbing need started at her core, sending her juices to soak her panties as he took turns with each nipple, making sure that each one was as hard as a pebble. She was just starting to relax in his arms when Drake stopped, turned her around fast, throwing her down on the bed. Carrick looked at him with eyes wide as he loomed over her.

“I will buy you anything you want, replace everything. Just please do not hide from me.”

Carrick did not know what he was talking about. She watched him as if in a movie with scene after scene being played out. His hands grabbed the waistline of her jeans ripping them from her body like they were made of paper. Even her panties were ripped, leaving her exposed to his pleasure.

He took her thighs spreading her wide open as he moved to his knees in front of her. With his thumbs he opened up her outer lips watching with joy as the juices seeped out to lub her up for him.

“Wh...what are you doing?”

Drake looked at her with his deep red eyes; “Enjoying what is mine.”

The second Drake's mouth clamped down on her wet pussy, Carrick screamed. It was the first time she ever had someone eat her pussy. She only read about such things, never expecting it to happen to her. The way he moved his tongue over her in addition to how he would suck on her clit was driving her mad. Twice he brought her so close to coming that she started to pull at his hair from all the pleasure that was building up inside of her.

“Enough!” she screamed at him.

Drake stopped his torture standing up holding her legs as wide apart as he could. He watched himself as he positioned the head of his cock at her wet pussy. He loved to watch it as he pushed into her heat. He loved the feel of her stretching as she sucked him inside of her. Plus he loved knowing that he finally had the one that could make him feel whole again.

Slowly he inched his way into her. He fought with himself on how fast he should go, knowing that his inner beast wanted him to fuck her so hard and so long that she would not be able to walk in the morning. But the man in him wanted to make this last as long as it could. In the end, the beast won out!

Drake closed his eyes with his head went back as he pushed his way hard into her. Carrick cried out as her orgasm hit her hard. Tremors raced threw her body as Drake started a fast hard fucking. He pounded into her as hard as he could; forcing each orgasm she had to last longer than the last one.

Growling started deep in his chest as he fucked her. Deep raw growling that kept getting louder and louder with each thrust he made. Before he had time to prepare either one of them, Drake let out one loud yell as his cock erupted hot and long inside of her. But he did not stop. As he yelled, as his seed spurted in her, he kept pumping his cock in and out fast. He was far from over!

Before Carrick knew what was happening, Drake had her turned over on her hands and knees. He brought out from under his pillow a black silk scarf and a vibrator. Quickly he tied her wrists together as he pushed back into her dripping pussy for a few more strokes.

With as much ease as he could, Drake positioned the head of his cock at the small ring of her ass. He felt her stiffen. He turned on the vibrator. In a teasing manner, he started to run it across her breasts then down to her aching clit. With just a touch of pressure to her clit with hit, Carrick cried out as another orgasm racked her body. That was when Drake started to push into her backside.

“What are you doing?” she cried.

Drake did not answer her. He was way to busy trying to concentrating on pushing in slow and easy.

“Drake...stop!”

Drake only closed his eyes while he started to push the vibrator into her pussy as he pushed harder in order to get pass the tight ring that was trying to hard to keep him out. When the vibrato was shoved as far as it would go, and with Carrick about to cum again, Drake gave one hard push, embedding himself all the way into her virgin ass.

He turned the vibrator on high, closed her legs so it would not slipped out. He took hold of her hips for a ride that she would never forget.

With each hard thrust that he gave to her ass, Carrick cried out in both pleasure and pain. The vibrator helped to keep the pleasure above anything to painful, but with each movement back in he felt every vibes that were going threw her pussy.

“Oh fuck! You are so tight!” he growled “I am so close to cuming!”

“You...fucking...bastard!” she screamed right before the final climax took her over the edge, taking Drake with her.

Chapter 13

Drake and Carrick were sleeping deeply in a spoon position. It seemed that neither of them heard the bedroom door open, or the steps that were walking towards them, but Drake did catch their scent. Quickly, His eyes opened as he rolled off of the bed with Carrick in his arms. They landed on the floor just as the gunfire went off hitting the bed.

Carrick started to scream. Drake covered her body with his own until the guy who was shooting stopped. He stopped only to reload.

"Stay here," Drake said in Carrick's ear.

Drake shifted into his full wolf-form. He jumped high in the air landing on top of the guy who did the shooting. Drake was very surprised that he was alone, but not surprised to pick up the scents of other men in the house.

With the man down on his back, Drake covered him from head to toe in his wolf form. He snarled at him before he ripped his throat out. He walked off of the guy padding over to the door, changing to a half man half wolf. He stood next to the door to wait for the next guy to walk in. It was not a long wait.

Slowly, the bedroom door opened as another guy with a rifle crept in slowly. The second he cleared the doorframe Drake shut the door grabbing him from behind. Without so much an eye blink, Drake snapped his neck.

Drake sniffed the air to make sure there were no others. When he was sure he proceeded to shift to his full human form. He ran back towards the bed to help Carrick get untangled from the sheets.

"What is going on?" she asked.

"Oh, I would say your father has arrived finally." Drake noticed that she was shaking so he held her tightly. "Do not worry. You are safe."

Carrick held on to him like her life depended on it. "I am worried about you."

Drake kissed her forehead, and then stood up. "We do not have much time. Find something to wear fast."

While Drake pulled on a pair of sweat pants, he looked over to see Carrick doing the same thing. He smiled when he saw her pull one of his shirts over her head, then took her hand to head out of the room.

"Do not look at them", he told her.

Carrick stumbled outside the bedroom since it was pitch black. Drake on the other hand could see just fine. He pulled her behind him as they walked down the hallway. She almost cried out when he pushed her hard up against the wall with his body. She did let a small sound except when she heard a man being thrown over the banister crashing to the floor.

"Hey, that one was mine." Brock said

"Well he got in my way," Drake responded. "Where are the others?"

"Adrian is downstairs looking through every room. Dad and Uncle Dedrick are outside."

"And Doc?"

"I'm right here," .The doctor who was talking care of the boy said. "Getting too old for this shit, my boy!."

"Come on. You can stay with Carrick. Take her to Breck's room."

"Fine with me. Always did better when them, bastards came after me," he doctor said.

Brock walked with them to the hidden stairs that lead to the third floor. Drake was not surprised to see Breck standing looking out the window. He had not only been here for a few days, but was already looking as healthy as can be.

"You three are going to be locked here. Do not worry, it is safe," Drake said.

Carrick ran back into Drake's arms. She hugged him as hard as she could. "Don't go."

They all heard the shot outside and the animal growl. "I will be back."

"Please!"

Drake pulled her back and kissed her hard. "I am coming back. Just do not leave. Promise?"

Carrick hugged him again. "Yes."

"I love you ", she whispered in his ear.

"We need to go, Drake," Brock said from the door.

Drake sat Carrick back down taking two steps back. "When I come back, I want to hear that again."

"You just come back."

Brock was the one who closed and locked the door. He placed his hand on Drake's shoulder. "Let's go kick some ass."

Drake looked at his brother. Both had very pissed off looks on their faces. "Them mother fuckers will not leave here alive."

Brock and Drake met up with Adrian in the family room. They watched him take out another hit man, with Brock ended up taking out yet another one who had snuck in behind them.

"Well, I have to say I am impressed old man. I did not think you still had it in you," Drake said to Adrian.

"Well being in an already pissed mood, this asshole did not help." Adrian said.

"Looks like you broke him in half," Brock said.

"I did," Adrian responded. "I think the rest of the party is outside."

The three went outside. Sure enough the rest of the group was out there. At least eight more armed men were trying to corner Stefan and Dedrick. It looked as if they were trying to capture them, not kill them.

"If you have to kill one to get the other, then do it!"

Drake looked in the direction that voice was coming from. He knew that voice and knew that scent. The man giving the orders was Carrick's father.

"Now how shall we take them?" Adrian asked.

"Well I always liked the fast approach!" Brock said.

"Are you always fast then?" Drake asked with a smile.

"Serena does not complain."

"You know, hearing you two talk about your love lives is not helping *me* any," Adrian said.

"Good," Drake said, slapping him on the back. "We do not want you to be in a good

mood right now."

"Boy, later on I am going to kick your ass."

"If you think you can, old man." Laughingly, Drake said as he shifted into his full wolf form.

Brock also had a big smile on his face.

"You are next," Adrian said, pointing his finger at Brock.

"If it helps you sleep at night."

All three shifted into full wolves taking off at a run to men who were trying to bag Stefan and Dedrick. One by one they took them out. Necks were broken, throats cut, by the time the group knew what was going on the numbers had shrunk. When there were only two standing, Dedrick shifted back to his human form standing in front of one.

"This is over."

Both of the armed men dropped their guns to take off running. The rest shifted back to their human form. Brock and Drake were laughing as they changed.

"Do you think this is over?!" Carrick's father yelled. "I am not done yet. You can not take all from me and not expect me to fight back." He spit on the ground "You just wait!"

They watched him walk back to his car driving off. "If he made the drug, then it is not over by a long shot until he is stopped," Brock said.

"Well, since I am so old I am going to bed now," Adrian said. "You boys can clean up the mess."

Stefan and Dedrick just laughed as they watched the twins argue with Adrian over the cleaning up of the house.

"Call the girls back home?" Stefan asked.

"Yep. Call the girls,' Dedrick answered.

"Good. I hate going through heat without Sidney."

"Man, .you are such a baby," Dedrick said, walking back towards the house.

Epilogue

Drake and Carrick were loading up their new Hummer getting ready to make the trip that would take Breck home to his older brother. Drake was double-checking to make sure his bike was tied down good enough, as Carrick was double-checking the supplies they would need.

"It will not be the same around here without you," Brock said.

"You know two alphas can not live in the same house," Drake said.

"But we have lived like this for a long time already."

"It is time." Drake leaned on the trailer looking at his brother. "We knew this day was going to come."

"Yeah."

"Besides. We will come back."

"Guess the house was getting crowded." Brock smiled. "Your room will be great for a nursery."

"Hey! That's great!"

Both brothers hugged, parting when they heard the rest of the family. Carrick helped Breck into the car, since he was still somewhat weak. Drake walked up to his mother.

"I want to see you every few months," Sidney said. "And I will call once every week."

Sidney hugged Drake to her, and then let Stefan have him. "Better make it twice a week for some time to come." Stefan said.

Jaclyn hugged Drake also but Dedrick just shook his hand. He had already said bye to Adrian. Skyler and Celine were too upset to say anything more to him.

Drake hugged Brock one more time then closed the door for Carrick walking around to the driver's side of the car.

"Drake! Don't go!"

Drake walked around to the front of the car to kneel down as Celine came running out of the house. She ran right at him. He wrapped his arms tightly around her.

"Don't leave me ", she cried." Ah, baby. I will never leave you." Drake kissed the top of her head closing his eyes as he held her. "Then stay."

Drake pulled her back to look her in the face. He kissed her again on the forehead. "I can not stay, baby. But I will always be with you, no matter what."

Tears were running down her cheeks as she looked at him.

"Now don't cry. You can talk to me any time you want, just like I showed you."

"But when will I see you again?"

"Very soon."

"Promise?"

"You bet. Now give me one really big hug. I need to take Breck home." When she wrapped her arms tightly around him he closed his eyes. "We never say bye, squirt."

"We say later," she said. Celine stepped out of his arms with tears still falling down. Drake kissed her one more time. "Later," she whispered.

"Later, squirt."