He is no longer sweet and gentle, but hungry...for me. One hand firmly grabbing my waist, pulling me into him. The other has my pony tail in a strangle hold while he devours my mouth. Here's my fierce protector. He yanks my neck to the side and works his way down my throat and to my chest. I'm sure our panting can be heard for miles, neither of us care though. The warm sun beating down and the sound of the ocean set the tone for this very hot interaction.

He takes one n*pple into his mouth and I moan from the sensation. He gives just as much attention to the other while he rocks my hips, grinding our still clothed lower halves into each other.

"Oliver, I need more, please." I pant out. He shredded my shorts.

"F*ck, baby. Have you been naked under these all day?" He digs his fingers into the flesh of my thighs and I giggle. "How often do you do that?"

"Whenever we are home." I look at him through my eyelashes biting my lower lip.

He growls and pulls my mouth back down to his and rubbing my slick center against his shorts. The sensation only made me more wet for him. His hands can't stop moving over every inch of my skin. It doesn't take long for me to get frustrated with his lack of nakedness and I lift up enough to release him from his shorts. I can't pull them off all the way since his feet are planted and keeping us from toppling off the hammock into the sand, but it's enough for me.

I stroke him while he quickly removes his shirt and tosses

it aside. "That is a problem." He says into my mouth.

"How so?"

"How the f*ck are we supposed to get any work done when we know your hot little ass is there for the taking?" Just to emphasize his thoughts he squeezes my hips hard and drives me along his length.

"It's only one less layer. It's not like I'm walking around naked."

"But if I know all I have to do is slide your shorts over," He rubs my cl*t with his thumb, "Or slide your leggings down a few inches to find heaven, I'm not going to be able to keep my hands to myself."

"Maybe that's the point." I smile at him, letting out a moan as he pinches my very swollen nub. "Please, Oliver, more."

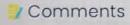
He lifts me effortlessly seating me on him to the hilt while taking a n*pple back into his mouth. I start rocking on him letting the friction send delicious waves of pleasure through me. It doesn't take long to get close, it never does with any of them. I feel like exploding the minute they touch me.

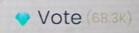
He picks up our pace as I start to tighten around him. He's starting to grunt, getting close himself. He has full control now slamming me down on his thick d*ck, a sweet pain in my pelvis as it connects with his. Then the little sparks of my org*sm starts to fire. "Yes, baby, like that. Yes, harder, please, I need more. Ah, ah, ah, YEEEESSSSS!" I'm riding him so hard I can't keep a grip on his shoulders.

"Keep, f*cking her." A gravely hoarse voice sounds from behind me. Then a hand glides down my back straight towards my ass, reaching my wet heat and dragging it up

to my back entrance. "That's our good girl, Watching you ride Oliver from the window has me ready to blow. Do you want more?" Cam growls at the shell of my ear, his fingers still circling my tight little hole. Without waiting for a response he works a finger in and I can feel both of them move in me.

Involuntarily my hand reaches back and I find his exposed erection ready for me. "Were you jerking off to us?" I ask breathlessly.





"I have a need to stroke myself when I watch you do anything. Here I don't try to hide it." I squeeze him harder and he glides his finger in further and faster. "That's it, Love. Relax for me. Make Oliver come so hard he blacks out."

Oliver heard the command and thrust a couple more times before exploding inside me. He will leave a handprint on my hip and my boob, but the pain only sends me over the edge with him.

"OH F*CK, I'm coming again!!" Cam keeps me balanced while Oliver helps us both ride out the climax.

As I come down I realize I only have two of my mates with me. "Where's Dakota?" Oliver must have felt my guilt wash over me at not including all of them in our little tryst.

Oliver strokes my cheek. "Hey, it's okay. We talked about this, remember, he's okay. You won't be able to be with all three of us all the time..."

"As much as we would love that, we also have a job to do. Besides, I think he has something special planned anyway. Let's get you cleaned up." Cam lifts me off Oliver and they both take me inside to shower.

Whatever they have to show me must be really important, because they were on their best behavior while we cleaned up to go meet Dakota. They gave me no other hints to what they are up to. We drove in the truck, me front and center. I finally started to recognize where we are going and I can't hide my excitement. The streets look so nice, everything is coming along with the rebuild and it is so much better that I could have imagined. We

make our way further in and I can imagine what it's going to look like when the grass and trees grow back in.

We make a familiar left turn and butterflies explode in my stomach. There's no way, absolutely no way it's ready. I can feel my pulse pick up, I 'm not sure if I'm more excited or afraid of what I am going to see when we make the next turn.

"Breathe, Bitty." Oliver grabs my right hand and laces our fingers. Cam mirrors the movement on my left.

We make a right turn and I stop breathing. What on earth have they been up to? "There's no way." I whisper.

"It's nowhere near done, Love. But these are the bones of our new home." Cam squeezes my hand.

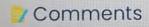
I have no words. I can see the image these five boys had as children. This massive structure is forming. He's right, it's just the bones, the framework, but I can see it, our home. It is a 'U' shape, just like our street was always set, but everything is interconnected. The central part of the building has the outer walls up ready for whatever facade they chose so I can't see through to the back. The right side seems to be the next phase with partial outer walls, wiring and duct work. To the left, just the concrete base is set. It looks to be about four stories if the central part is anything to go by.

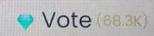
"Oh, wow!" I'm still whispering, but I can't make my voice do anything else.

The street has been converted into a circle drive and Cam takes us right to the wide double front doors. Once he's parked, Oliver steps out and helps me down. As soon as I turn around Dakota is stepping through one of the main doors and jogging towards me.

"Not gonna lie, that was hot." He rumbles in my ear and I

pull back to look at him confused. "Apparently, distance doesn't not stop us from feeling your absolutely sweet org *asms. And these guys have very active internal dialogue according to my wolf. Which he decided I needed a play by play. I had to step away from everyone until you all finished, so I could finish and act normal." We were all laughing with him now. I'm glad he didn't feel left out. It's one thing to give them one on one time, but taking two and not three somehow made me anxious once I realized he was missing. "Come with me Sweetness."





He laced our fingers together and walked me to the double doors before opening to a massive open concept room. "What is this?"

"We will show you the plans later, we actually need your input on a couple things. What I have to show you is over here." Dakota keeps walking me through to the back. There isn't anything here to indicate what they want to use this space for, so I couldn't even guess, but the windows set in the back wall almost make me cry. They made sure to recapture the entrance to the patio. It was always my favorite thing about the kitchen in the packhouse. But, we don't stop here like I assumed. He keeps pulling me along, his grin getting wider as we go.

"What are you up to?"

"Me? Why would I be up to anything?" He just winks and takes a few more large steps. I'm starting to have to jog to keep up, he's so excited to show me whatever it is. "Okay, Skylar, close your eyes." Oh, damn. He is serious. I think he's used my given name less than a handful of times in my whole life. I don't even hesitate to shut them.

He steps behind me, placing a hand on each shoulder and starts to guide me forward. I hear a metal click, a whoosh, and then I'm hit with warm humid air. "There's no way!" I whisper again. It cannot be possible. Our entire home was completely flattened in the attack. He moves me forward a few more steps. I can hear water trickling not far from me and smell the damp earth freshly tilled and planted. I can smell roses and lavender, jasmine and eucalyptus. It is heavenly. We stop and he shifts me a few times and I have to laugh at him trying to get the angle right.

eucalyptus. It is heavenly. We stop and he shifts me a few times and I have to laugh at him trying to get the angle right.

"Dakota! Can I open my eyes yet?" I whine at him, but with a smile.

He kisses me gently, laughing at his ability to get to me. Once he returns to my back and places both hands back on my shoulders, he whispers, "Take a look."

I open my eyes slowly and I am lost for words for the second time today. It is gorgeous. It's our garden, but so much more. The pool is still in the center with the zero depth walk in, but instead of being rectangular it is a circle in the center of the room. To one corner is a massive lounge area that was definitely made for all four of us to fit comfortably. In another corner a vining plant looks like it is being trained to climb the wall over a black iron dining table with four chairs. To my left the soft riverstones line the floor and walls where a rain shower head is concealed in the ceiling. To my right raised planting beds house many different plants that I would take a guess pertain to magic somehow. There is a stone path that surrounds the pool and leads to all the corner pockets of the space and plants are everywhere. It is amazing. I turn to Dakota and bury my head in his shoulder and let my happy tears fall. They did this for me.

"Welcome home, Sky." He whispers. I look up to thank them all, but it's just the two of us.

I pull back confused. "Where ... "

"It's my turn. I told you we would all have plenty of time in here together." He leans forward, asking for permission and I don't hesitate. This is so amazing. I can't wait to

