
FOR THE LOVE OF SAM

Her Unexpected Mate - Book Three

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This book contains fantasy themes appropriate for mature readers only. Nothing in this book should be interpreted as Blushing Books' or the author's advocating any non-consensual sexual activity.

Chapter 1

March
Thursday—Dulles International Airport
Sam

"SO, they don't know I know?" I ask Colin. Turning to him in the driver's seat as we watch the plane leave the tarmac. It takes my best friend and his brother to fight a battle and we don't know if they'll make it back alive.

"No, lass. They donn'a know," he says sullenly, sighing. "I couldn't do it, Sam. I didn't know how to go with them. Even if I wanted to, I couldn't have gotten on that plane because I'd shift while we were over the Atlantic. I know I could have taken an earlier flight. But I don't have it in me, lass. This curse, the monster it makes me, I am so ashamed I've sent them to fight without me." Colin is staring out the window. The sun is about to dip below the horizon. We both know we don't have long now before he changes.

I put my hand in his. "Colin? You aren't cursed. This

isn't a punishment for something your family has done. No one thinks you're a monster.”

“Ah, but they should. I am. I must get out of here. I can't stay, Sam. It's almost past sunset. It's not safe for you. I'll call you tomorrow.” He opens the door and gets out of the truck. Turning, he reaches back in and hands me his keys. “Just leave it at the house when you get back. Goodbye, lass.” He closes the door and stalks off into the night. I watch until he disappears into the shadows. I know he won't let me see him shift. But the fact that he has opened up to me enough to tell me what he is, has to be enough for now.

I confronted him weeks ago, in February. The night Melody and I met up with him at the munch where we found out our friend Summer was pregnant. Colin and I had plans for that week and had been texting non-stop, up until three days before the munch. Then he went MIA and didn't respond to my calls or messages.

Six weeks earlier—February

Wednesday—Southern Maryland

Sam

“What the fuck, Colin?” I ask him after we watch Melody leave the restaurant. “You surprised the shit outta me showing up here. I haven't heard from you in three days.” *I'm pissed and ready to fight. No one ghosts me and gets away with it.*

“Sam, lass. Can we grab a booth and talk? I'm truly

sorry. But if we can talk, I can explain.” He seems earnest, so I nod and follow him to one of the empty booths in the corner of the Mexican restaurant. It's a munch night for the Southern Maryland BDSM club, and I asked him to meet me here as a kind of first date. But seeing how he ghosted me this week I didn't expect to see him tonight. If he says he has an explanation, then I'll give him the chance to explain.

Ten minutes later I'm staring at him across the table. “You're a werewolf?” I say with as much disdain in my voice as I can. “Look, if you don't want to go out with me. You just had to say so, Colin. I don't need some bullshit story about how it was a full moon this week, and you turned into a dog, so you couldn't text me back.” I stand from the table abruptly and storm out of the building. As soon as I reach the parking lot, I realize my mistake.

“Shit!” I stomp my foot in the gravel.

“You gave Mel your car, lass. I'm supposed to drive you home,” Colin says, standing behind me.

“Don't follow me, Colin! I'm not doing this. I'm not getting into a fight with some delusional man about how he is a werewolf. And I am certainly not getting into a car with you!” I stomp back to the restaurant but spin on him before reaching the door. “Do. Not. Follow. Me. I will get a ride home from someone else, *anyone* else.” I turn and go back inside. Fortunately, he doesn't follow me.

I'm three margaritas in when I look up, and Sara is standing next to my barstool. “Mind if I sit here, cutie?” I sigh and shake my head no at her. When we met at the January munch, Sara and I had a brief fling at the beginning of the year. I thought I could experiment with my attraction to women, but she wants a switch, and I am submissive through and through. It just didn't work out. Watching her as she takes the seat next to me, her arm brushes mine and I get goosebumps across my skin. My stomach clenches and I feel the wetness between my legs. Sara is

fucking hot! Her cleavage is something you only see in porn films and the oil slick peek-a-boo hair that falls in long curls down her back frames her gorgeous full face. I glance at her long legs sticking out from a tight black mini that only someone as crazy as she would wear in this weather.

“What’s gotcha down, Chica?” she asks me with a smile that melts my insides. I wish we could have made it work between us. I smile a soft smile back at her.

“Some guy,” I say with a sigh.

“Ah, see, that’s why I don’t give them the time of day,” Sara answers with a wink. “Women are so much less complicated.” I shake my head at her response.

“Sara—” She holds her hand up to stop me.

“Sam, let me finish. I wish we could have made it work between us. But I know you’re not a switch. Just because you can’t help me with my submissive needs doesn’t mean we can’t play, and I can’t help you with yours.”

She reaches under the bar and slides her hand up my thigh. Even through my tight jeans her touch has me on fire. My cunt is soaking at her touch, I think about having her mouth on me. In the BDSM world, I’m what they consider a masochist. The pleasure pain gives me freedom like nothing else. I am also one hell of a bratty submissive. The combination means I need a strong Master to control me and keep me in my place when I push back. I push often and hard, not just for the fun of it, but looking for the punishment that gives me the next level of what I need.

“Sara,” I sigh. “I can’t do this tonight. It isn’t going to work between us. We both know that.” She shakes her head and smiles at me.

“I just want to play, Sam. Please. Come home and play with me. I can see it in your eyes. I know what you need. Tonight, we are on the same page. Let’s have one last scene

together, as a goodbye.” Her hand is still on my leg. “Now stand up and let's go.” Her command sends a bolt of lightning to my core and instinctively, I move.

“Yes, Mistress,” I say and nod as I stand. She slips her hand into mine and leads me from the restaurant. One last night I tell myself. One last time then it's goodbye. I can't catch feelings for this woman when I know I can't satisfy her and give her the things she needs from me.

My wrists are secured with ropes to the carabiners hanging from the support beam in the ceiling of Sara's basement. I'm naked and she is standing behind me with a whip in her hands.

“You're going to do exactly what I say, aren't you, slave?” she says and snaps the whip across my back. I clench my fists but don't cry out. The stinging pain spreads through my body. My skin on fire with it.

“Yes, Mistress,” I say, this is what I need. After spending the evening with Colin telling me about werewolves, I needed to be brought back to Earth. I squeeze my eyes closed. Colin's face is all I see.

I force my body to relax to her and try to reach for subspace. “Thank you, Mistress.” I zone out in my mind and breathe.

Later, I lay curled in bed. Sara is on the pillow opposite me. I smile at her. “Thank you,” I say earnestly.

“Anytime, Chica. Consider it my goodbye gift to you. I know that we couldn't make it work between us, Sam. I think you're truly wonderful and I'm glad we gave it a try. You want to talk about it? About him?”

I shake my head.

“No. But thanks for the offer.” I fall asleep holding her hand.

Thursday—Southern, Maryland

Sam

My phone died overnight and by the time I had Sara drop me off at work this morning I'm anxious to talk to Melody since I couldn't text her about Colin. But Ms. Sandy tells me that Finn called this morning saying Melody had an accident and possibly a concussion so she won't be in. *Damn! Finn. I can talk to Finn.* As quickly as I have the thought I disregard it, because if Melody is hurt then Finn won't be coming in either. I have no doubt he will be staying with her.

The day creeps by at a snail's pace. Not only am I confused about Colin and what he said, but I am left with a severe mixture of confused feelings for Sara after our night. Around noon I look up from the deli counter where I have been in the middle of a mad rush. Without Melody to back me up, Ms. Sandy just can't keep up, So we have been drowning in orders for hours now. When I meet Colin's eyes he smiles. I press my lips together and fight back the smile I was about to give him, he caught me off guard, and I almost forgot I was staring into the eyes of a nut job for a minute.

“Do you have an order, Sir?” I ask and he drops his smile.

“Sam, I was hoping we could talk after your shift. Listen, I need to talk to you, please. I can't get you off my mind. I need you to believe me, Sam. I have an idea. I know I can

prove it.” He stands staring at me, not budging from his spot. I don’t respond. I simply keep working on my orders.

“Look at me, lass.” The command in his voice stops me, and I glance up at him. “I’m going to be back here to pick you up when you get off work. Since I noticed you still don’t have your car, I’m going to drive you home. We are going to talk about things. You can trust me, Sam. I’ll prove it.” I just nod once in acceptance. I have to get to the bottom of this.

Colin isn’t going to hurt me. I’ll make sure Finn and Melody know that Colin is picking me up. After I finish my shift and pack up my bag, I use the store phone to call Melody. She doesn’t answer so I leave her a message.

“Hey, Chica. So, Colin and I got into a bit of a spat last night and he didn’t drive me home. Sara did. But don’t worry I didn’t do anything too stupid. Colin is picking me up today and hopefully we can work it out. I hope your head is feeling better. Call me A.S.A.P. Love you!” Disconnecting the call I come out of the office and into the store and see Colin waiting for me. I wave at him and head his way.

When I reach his side I ask, “So, um, are you ready?”

“Let’s go, lass. I’m going to explain this all to you again and then give you the chance to let me prove it,” he answers as he grabs my hand and leads me to the parking lot. Once I’m in his truck I start to relax, it smells like him. The warm, inviting scent comforts me, and feels like home. Pine and sandalwood.

“*Colin is a good guy,*” I tell myself and I know deep down it is true. Whatever this is he is trying to tell me, I’m sure I can find a way to help him. Finn and Melody can step in, and we can do some kind of intervention to get him the help he needs.

When Colin gets into the driver’s seat he looks at me. “I don’t need an intervention.”

I turn to him aghast, as he starts the truck. "I didn't say you did! You can read minds now too?"

"No, doll. It's written all over your face. You clearly think I'm insane and you're trying to figure out how to rope Finn and Melody into some sort of intervention to have me carted away to the funny farm. I can see it in your eyes." I sigh at his response.

"Am I really so readable?" I ask, turning to face him.

"Aye, lass. Ye are. Do ya' mind if we sit here and talk before, I take you home? I think you might feel safer if you're someplace familiar. You can always get out of the truck and walk right back into The Sub Shoppe if you feel like you're in danger, doll. But I promise you. I'm not going to hurt you. Just please, Sam. Hear me out."

I nod slowly. I honestly have no clue what to say to this man. I decide I will simply hear him out. He thinks he can prove the werewolf thing, okay then. I'll give him a chance.

"Sam, everything I told you last night was true. One week out of the month, I turn into a wolf after sunset. I spend the nights in that form during the weeks of the full moon. I may be cursed, but I am not a monster. My family's ancestors, back in Ireland, played with dark Druid Magic they did not understand. That curse has been passed down to all the men in the Caomhanach family. That is why I didn't respond to you this week. That is why I will not be able to come out with you on certain nights. I cannot control the change. It takes me over."

"So, you're like a real wolf then? When you change, I mean? Do you lose control then?"

He smiles but then quickly says, "No, lass. I can't control the change, but I can control myself. We do not shift into mindless monsters. We do not hunt humans and I can control my actions as a wolf. Just not whether I choose to be the wolf or not. Give me four weeks. On the first night of the

full moon week in March, I will show you. If you agree to continue to see me until then, I will show you that I am telling you the truth, doll.”

“We? So, Finn, too? Does Melody know?” I screech at him. Is this what she has been keeping from me? Why she is staying with Finn. She knows they’re wolves. My mind rushes through the thoughts. Colin nods in assent to my question.

“Then why wouldn’t she tell me, Colin? If Finn is a wolf, I think she would tell me.” I wring my hands in my lap, nervous by the realization that I may actually believe what he is telling me.

“Melody can’t tell you, Sam, and you can’t tell them I’ve told you. Finn’s secret is not hers to share with you, and mine is not yours to discuss amongst your friends. Sam, I have never told a soul this before. I honestly never thought I would.” He pauses and turns to look out the windshield. “I have spent my life hating myself and this curse I have been stuck with. Hating the men who forced this life onto me. Please understand. I will prove this to you because I want to have a relationship with you built on honesty and trust. But this is all I will tell you, lass. I will not discuss it further. After showing you what I truly am next month, if you don’t run from me screaming, we will agree to never discuss it again. Do you understand?” Colin is adamant.

I sit staring out the windshield for a long moment before I turn to him.

“Colin, I’ll respect your wishes. But you have to understand how hard this is to believe. First you tell me you’re a shapeshifter. I don’t know, a werewolf. Then you tell me that your brother and my best friend know, but I’m not allowed to talk to them about it. Do you see how farfetched this is?” I ask him, then chew on my fingernails, waiting for his response.

“I do,” he says and nods. “Can you agree to my terms, Sam? Please say you will.”

Colin

I dropped Sam off and immediately regretted my decision to discuss this with her.

“You’re cursed, Colin. Why are you even entertaining this? Nothing can come of a relationship with the woman.” I slam my hand on the steering wheel of my truck and put it in reverse, backing out of Sam’s driveway. If the woman doesn’t run screaming from me in a month when I show her that I shift into a wolf on the nights of the full moon, I’ll be shocked.

Why I’m doing this, I haven’t the slightest idea. I can’t turn away from her, though. I’m drawn to her like a moth to a flame, her bright pink hair, and dark brown eyes. The tits on her would turn a saint’s head. But there’s more to it than that, something I can’t explain, and while it intrigues me it scares the hell out of me just as much. I drive home, hoping I haven’t just made the biggest mistake of my life.