Elapsing into Love

Written by Christopher Rivers

Other books by Christopher Rivers

Inescapable Desires (Alpha Series book 1 of 3)

For the Love of Peace (Alpha Series book 2 of 3)

Elapsing into Love (Alpha Series book 3 of 3)

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Library of Congress Catalog Number 2024919980

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Elapsing into Love ISBN:

979-8-89660-304-7

979-8-89660-305-4

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This dedication is in loving memory to my little buddy, Willow. My friend who fulfilled all the emptiness within. I will always love, and miss you.

# Chapter 1

Ninety percent of the world’s population will never achieve what they first set out to do with their lives. Sure, some of us may go to college, and learn how to manage the stock market. While others may even open that dream business they always wanted. However, even while we are reaching for success. There remains one important ingredient about life that human beings must deal with in order to survive in today’s world. That one item is change. Change is without a doubt the hardest fact about life everyone on the planet must deal with in order to survive. If you fight against it, you will be fighting it for the rest of your life. The outcome of our time on the planet may forever be evolving by the decisions that we make. However, changing ourselves is the most arduous task all human beings have. The only good defense for change is acceptance. Acceptance is without a doubt the best weapon God has given us to defend ourselves against the uncertainties of life. Some people will live their whole lives fighting against the tides of change. These people never seem to come to the end of the war, for another battle is always on the horizon. The instinct to fight is almost too much for most people to resist. It would appear to these gladiators that they were winning the campaign. When in fact, at the end of each skirmish, they find themselves on the same treadmill, and would soon be fighting for their lives once again in the arena of life.

Only a small percent of the world’s population would be able to see beyond themselves, and understand what God was doing with their lives. However, there are a few people out there who found God touching them in a way that you could only find in fairy tales.

Harvey was one of those people.

Born and raised, Harvey Tomas Rivers. Harvey had an English father, and a Native American mother. His mother named him Harvey, and he never went by his middle name because he hated his father. Harvey was born, and raised around his mother’s Native American heritage. All his life, Harvey always felt more Maliseet Indian than a French man. Long ago, the Rivers surname was a famous aristocratic name, and it appears to be an archetypal English name, but it is in fact, French. It derives from the village of La Riviere in Calvados, Normandy. The original name holders were companions of Sir William, Duke of Normandy in his 1066 conquest of England. Harvey knew his family had no less than nine coats of arms granted to the Rivers family. The earliest belonged to Sir John de Rivers of Ongar, Essex. Who was recorded as being present at the Battle of Falkirk in 1298, and was knighted at the siege of Calais in 1299.

Harvey could have cared less about his ancestors on the other side of the world. It was the lessons he learned in the Maine state woods which took hold of his heart. One of his uncles was always telling him stories about how man used to live as one with nature. So many times, Harvey wished he were a deer, or another animal, so he too could live in harmony with the rest of the world. Instead of trying to survive with the craziness of the civilized world around him. Even at a young age, Harvey understood man knew nothing about living with nature. All man wanted to do was destroy, conquer, and control everyone, and everything on the planet. Harvey knew men were not masters of their hearts, for they let their childish behavior control their actions, and ultimately their lives.

Harvey became self-aware as most boys did as he went through the awkward years of his teens. But unlike other kids his own age. At eighteen years old, Harvey still didn’t have a clue what he wanted to do with the rest of his life. He always felt whatever it was God made him for, he wouldn’t learn of it until later on in his life.

Being the youngest in a violent, dysfunctional home with two sisters, and three brothers, Harvey just felt lucky to be alive. His teen years were filled with being afraid inside, and outside of the home. There never seemed to be a safe haven in which to run to, except for his uncle’s farm, and even then, the world wouldn’t leave him alone. At home when his older brothers weren’t protecting him, they were terrorizing him. The violence and the threats, and insults from his older brothers was a daily vitamin to be consumed. Living with so much fear in his life over time, slowly took its toll on him. Harvey couldn’t see past no more than a year of his life as he expected death at any turn in the road. There were times when the grim ripper was more of a comfort to him than his own bed at home. Death was a way of ending the pain, and suffering he had to endure for most of his childhood. There was no way he could control, or stop what was happening to him on a daily basis. There just wasn’t any order to his world. Every day seemed to be out of control, and no one had a life manual that could help him out.

No one could comprehend who he was no matter how much talking he did, and he certainly wasn’t going to inform other people of the thoughts that were in his mind. They would think he was crazy! Nevertheless, the word crazy was a word that was directed at him by his older brothers, and other people for most of his young life. The thing was, Harvey didn’t think he was crazy at all. As a matter of fact, he felt he was a smart, intuitive individual. He knew what was going on inside of him, even though he couldn’t get other people to see it themselves. His brain was working nonstop twenty-four seven, ripping apart daily events to evaluate, to understand why people are the way they were.

Harvey knew somewhere there had to be a pattern to life. All he had to do was to find it. By the time he reached his twenty-fourth birthday, he was diagnosed as borderline bipolar with attention deficit disorder and post-traumatic stress disorder. At the time, being classified with these problems didn’t help him out much. It was as if a doctor told you had Thrombotic Purplura, they didn’t make any sense to him. Harvey knew he had problems with his emotions, and his behavior. The only difference was now he had names for these problems. It wouldn’t be for some time before he would be able to use this information to his advantage.

Coming from a rather poor family. He was used to getting his clothes, if he got any at all, from the local Salvation Army. His father, and oldest brother, not living with them, forced his mother to carry the burden, and take care of all six kids herself. There were times when she enlisted the help of Catholic churches in getting Christmas presents, money, and food. Even with the welfare coming into the house, there never seemed to be enough food at home for all of them. Food in their home was like water going down the drain. His older brothers always seemed to get the hog portions of the items, and then they would taunt him with it.

Being the youngest in the family. Harvey’s mother understood what he was going through with his two older brothers. There were times she would treat him with food, or other things without the rest of the family knowing about it. Then Harvey’s life took a turn for the worse when his sister Donna moved out of the house, and Rachel started spending more and more time away from home. They were the only ones protecting him when his mother wasn’t home. After Donna left, the fights, arguments, and taunting got worse. The household was turned upside down on a daily basis.

The funny thing was even with the threats, and punishment, and hurtfulness his two brothers directed towards him. They also protected him from other people in the neighborhood. Often with violence, and threats. That never made any damn sense to Harvey at all. How do you love someone, and then treat them like shit? Granted, there wasn’t much love in the home, and fear was a blanket that was forever wrapped around him, forcing him to react like a cornered animal when provoked.

As his sixteenth birthday approached, his mother saw her independence coming. Forced to get his own apartment, a new chapter in Harvey’s life began. However, the booze, dope, and chasing after wild women was short-lived.

One of Harvey’s biggest problems as a young adult was, he could ever keep a job for any length of time, and girls wanted to go out with guys who had money in their pockets. From when he was sixteen years old to his twenty-fifth birthday, Harvey worked twenty some-odd jobs. More than half of them, he got fired from, and the rest he quit, and walked out on. There always seems to be a good reason he walked out of a job, and at every job there was always a different reason.

Nothing seemed to be working for him. His life was like skiing on moguls. When he wasn’t going up one hill, he was going down the back side of them. There were times in his life when he would hit a level plateau, but because of his problems, those good times never did last long enough.

Harvey packed his things and left Maine. Renting an apartment beside Lake Champlain in Vermont, he signed up for writing classes at Burlington Community College. As it was in the past, the time at the college didn’t last long. He started drinking heavily, and smoking pot.

After a year of living in Burlington, he left school, and moved to a countryside apartment to get away from city life. Living in the town of Maple Leaf, Vermont, he spent a quiet winter. When cabin fever set in the following spring. He packed all his belongings in a van then stored the vehicle at someone’s house he had only met the winter before. With his backpack strapped to his back, Harvey hitched a ride to the Appalachian Trail, where it veered off the Long Trail. From there, the trail continued northeast, and into the White Mountains of New Hampshire.

## \*\*\*

Harvey approached a post sticking out of the ground with a sign on it, a blue blaze was painted underneath it. The sign read, “Shelter.” Painted on the trees, more blue blazes showed the way to the shelter.

“Thank God.” He said out loud, leaning against a thick white birch for support.

He was totally wiped out from the day’s hike. Sweat covered his form from his head to his feet, making his shirt, and shorts stick to his skin. He has been following the white blazes northeast on the Appalachian Trail for the past ten days, and his body has yet to get accustomed to hiking from one shelter to another. A few times, he had to set up his tent off-trail because he didn’t make it to the next shelter before it got dark. To this point, he has yet to run into other hikers going his way. A few hikers did pass him coming from the Northeast, but they only said, “Hi” and moved on.

Then today, he had to climb up his biggest mountain so far. He didn’t think Mt. Moosilauke was going to be that bad of a climb because it was one of the smallest mountains to the beginning of the White Mountains. However, even with the good grade and open trail, the trek up the mountainside still kicked his ass.

Reaching the lento, he found someone’s backpack, and their things scattered on the floor to one side of the shelter, but no one was in the area.

All the shelters on the Appalachian Trail were standard three sided lentos with a fire pit in front of it, and sometimes a bear pole off to the side. Bear poles were becoming popular to help keep animals from getting at your backpack, and the food inside it. There were a few mouse traps made from tuna cans hanging down from the ceiling. Mice were a problem in a lot of the shelters. The little rodents were always living around, and under the shelters.

Harvey removed his pack, and sat at the edge of the shelter, away from the other person’s belongings. Laying back with his head on his pack, he rested as he listened to the quiet of the forest around him. A few minutes later, he was startled when he heard a woman’s voice.

“Hi,” she said, scaring him, making him jump. She quickly added, “Oh, sorry. I didn’t mean to startle you.”

Standing in front of him, holding a water bottle in each hand, was a beautiful young woman not much older than himself. The girl couldn’t have been no more than five feet tall. She had sandy brown hair with dark evergreen eyes, the color of pine trees. Her face was pretty, with small kissable lips, and a sparkle in her eyes. The girl’s clothing looked clean, and her light-colored top gave him a fine outline of her small breasts, and nipples poking through the fabric. But unlike his clothing, heirs looked freshly washed, and weren’t dirty from the trail. Glancing over at her backpack, he noticed that it too, looked clean. Harvey knew this didn’t mean she just got on the trail, or came from town. Somehow, females managed to stay cleaner while hiking the trail than men. It was an enigma about trail life he had yet to figure out.

Setting her water bottles in the shelter, the girl dug into her backpack, and pulled out a hiking manual, and a map. Harvey continued watching her lay her things on the floor of the shelter. He didn’t understand how on earth could she approached him without him hearing her, there was no sound except for a light breeze. The forest was dead quiet. Trying to cover up his embarrassment over being surprised, he dug through his pack, and took out his water bottles, along with a small tin cup.

“My name is Harvey.” He told her.

Beaming a smile at him, she replied, “You can call me Tess, Harvey. And you won’t need your cup. The spring has a deep bottom, you can submerge your bottles.” She told him.

He was about to leave to get water when she asked, “Are you staying for the night, or are you moving on?”

Harvey laughed out loud and told her. “Well, I guess that depends on what you’re doing.” He quickly added. “I’ve been camping alone every night since I got out here. It would be nice to have some company.”

“Oh, I am not going anywhere tonight,” Tess informed him with another beautiful smile. “I’m on a northbound hike to Gorham. I know it’s none of my business, but where are you headed for?”

Harvey just then realized he had no clue where he was going. He’s been out on the trail for ten days, and he still didn’t have a destination. He was just hiking along, trying to run from his past like he had been doing for most of his life.

“Oh, I don’t know.” He told her. “Maybe I’ll make it up to

Mount Katahdin in Baxter State Park.”

With that said, he walked off to find the spring.

As the saying goes, to find water on the Appalachian Trail, all you need do is walk downhill for half a mile. Water never seemed to be close by the shelters. The further away a shelter was from a water source, Harvey always thought were the healthier streams, and springs. More than once, he went to a water source by a shelter only to find someone soaking their feet in the water you wanted to drink. Tess was right about the spring, he didn’t have to use his cup. Someone must have been taking care of the area because the spring was deep and clean.

Filling his water bottles, he drank half a liter of the cool liquid as he thought about Tessa’s last question. Her inquiry had disturbed him. Here he was waiting to run into someone else going his way, and he didn’t even think about the questions people might ask him. With his water bottles topped off, he left the spring.

It was getting dark by the time he got back to the shelter. Tess, by that time, was lying on her sleeping bag with her mat under it. Her things were put away, and her pack was hanging on the wall beside her. Resting easy, she read through her guild book, and looked over the map for tomorrow’s hike. Harvey unloaded his pack, and removed his sleeping gear, and the things he would need for the night. Sticking his headlamp on his head, he got out of the shelter to hang his pack on the bear pole.

Looking over at Tessa’s backpack hanging on the wall of the shelter, he told her, “Tess, do what you want. But if you keep your pack there. The mice will chew holes in it, or a bear may even smell the food you have in it. If you want, I can hang it for you.”

“Thanks anyway, Harvey,” Tess told him as she thumbed through her guild book. “The mice won’t touch it, and trust me, no bears will be coming around here either. This isn’t my first time out here. I know these mountains very well.” She explained.

“So, you don’t think there are any mice, or bears around here?” He asked.

“Oh, with this being the White Mountains, Harvey. I am sure there are plenty of bears, and moose around here as well.”

“Then what’s going to stop them from coming into the shelter and taking your pack, or stop the mice from chewing holes in it?” He wanted to know.

Tess then said something to Harvey that he would remember for many, many years to come. “Harvey, the animals out here won’t come near me. They’re scared of me, and they have every right to be scared. Trust me, Harvey. There isn’t anything out here that will bother you as long as you’re with me.”

Saying that, she went back to reading her guild book with her headlamp turned on, sitting on her coat, and not stuck on her head.

Harvey didn’t know what the hell to say after that. He stood there a moment watching her, wondering just who in the hell this woman was. She was beautiful, and he was attracted to her in a big way, but the word wacko did not fit her at all except for the words she just used.

Harvey shook his head, and hung his pack on the bear pole. Sometimes you could meet the strangest people out on the trails.

The rest of the night was uneventful as he learned more about the

girl who wasn’t afraid of bears or mice. Her name was Tessa Melissa Winston, and she lived on Heaven’s Gate Island, off the coast of Belfast, Maine. Tess wouldn’t tell him much about her personal life. She was twenty-seven years old and would only say she lived with her family on the Island. She did tell Harvey there were six females and five males living there. Then she redirected the conversation over to him, or switched to another subject whenever he inquired about her life on the Island. It was obvious she didn’t want to talk about those subjects, so Harvey stayed away from those topics. Before they went to sleep, Tess suggested they hike together, since they both were going in the same direction. Harvey wholeheartedly agreed.

Later, that night, he woke to find Tess wasn’t in her sleeping bag. He figured she went to the privy, but after an hour and a half, she still wasn’t back. Three-quarters of an hour later, she finally came back to the shelter and laid down.

It only seemed to Harvey he just closed his eyes again when he heard Tess yelling at him to get moving.

Opening his eyes, it was still dark.

“Christ, what time is it?”

Laughing at him, she told him. “It’s almost five. Come on, we

have a really big climb today. You’re going to be wanting the extra time.” She told him.

Gronning, he got out of his bag, and retrieved his pack from the bear poll. Mu-chin on a pop-tart, he got himself ready for the day’s hike. Leaving the shelter behind them, and still half asleep from being woken up too early, Harvey gave Tess the point. Tess seemed full of spark, and energy hiking up the trail ahead of him in the predawn light. But true to her word, as soon as they left the shelter, they started climbing. The sun was well off the horizon as they hiked up the spine of the mountain, pine trees around them got shorter, and shorter the higher they climbed.

With Tess hiking ahead of him, instead of looking at the ground. Harvey watched her form hiking ahead of him. The woman was awfully cute in her tight shorts. Tess had a strong, stout body with curves that made it hard for him to fall asleep last night.

While staring at the sight of her in front of him, Tess suddenly stopped, and spun around towards him. With a grin on her face, she asked him. “Are you getting a good view of my ass, Harvey?”

Taken back from being caught, he let his hiking pole hang from his wrist. Turning his right palm up, he laughingly told her. “Well, it’s a great distraction from climbing this friggin mountain.”

The girl only smiled back at him, and shook her head, then continued climbing. It seemed she did not mind his attention on her.

At about noon, the ground leveled out, and they ate lunch. Their next shelter was in the trees ahead of them on the side of the mountain they were climbing. It wouldn’t be until the next day before they would cross the tree line, and have nothing around them, but the rock of the mountain itself.

Tess sat off to the side by him, eating from a little bag of trail mix, and sipping from her water bottle. When she finished, she laid back, waiting for Harvey to finish his lunch.

“Is that all you are going to have to eat? Is a little bag of trail mix?” He asked.

“Ya, I am all set. I am not that hungry.” She explained.

Harvey didn’t say anything as he finished his flatbread peanut butter sandwich along with some peanut butter crackers, and a Snickers bar for dessert. Throughout the rest of the day, he watched Tess closely. He had to admit the girl was strong as the day’s climb didn’t bother her as it did him. Tess took the steep grade of the mountain with an ease he didn’t have. He did notice one thing about her. Her backpack was too small, and didn’t seem to have much in it for a long-distance hiker. Her sleeping bag alone took up most of the room in her pack. Harvey damn well knew she couldn’t be carrying much food with her.

When he was last in town, he added fifteen pounds of food to his pack, which would last him until Gorham. Tessa’s backpack was a hell of a lot smaller, and could never hold all her gear, plus that much food. Making their way up the mountainside to the next blue blaze. Harvey kept eyeballing Tessa’s pack, but he didn’t say anything to her about his suspicions.

Finding and following the spur trail to the shelter that night. They both set their packs down in the shelter. Tess immediately took her water bottles down to the spring. Harvey unloaded his pack, and set up a spot for himself. The shelter they were at was smaller than the one the night before. There was only enough room for four or five people to sleep in it, with very little room left over to walk around inside it. Harvey looked over at the area where Tess would be sleeping tonight. They would be sleeping a lot closer together than last night. After stuffing the sack for his sleeping bag into the bottom of his sleeping bag, he turned around, and flinched as Tess scared him with her silent presence behind him.

“For crying out loud,” He yelled at her. “Will you stop doing that?” Ever since he met the woman, she has scared him silly half a dozen times. The girl seemed to walk just above the ground while not making any sound.

“I didn’t do anything.” She told him, setting her water bottles down in the shelter.

Harvey looked down at her hiking boots. They were expensive watertight boots made with heavy leather, and were built to last a lifetime, as long as you change the sloe occasionally. Both together, Harvey knew, must have weighed at least five or six pounds each.

“How in hell do you walk around here, and not make any noise with those things on?”

The smile she shot at him took Harvey’s breath away. Just because of that one little smile on those kissable lips, Harvey knew he was in deep trouble.

“I told you; I know the woods. I’m at home out here.” She explained as she laid out her sleeping bag and pad.

Harvey grabbed his water bottles and turned to leave, but Tessa’s next comment stopped him dead in his tracks.

It’s a dipper.” She informed him.

Digging back in his bag for his tin cup, he left for the spring. By the time he got back to the shelter. Tess was stretched out on her sleeping bag, relaxing. Her backpack was back up on the wall of the shelter again, like last night.

Cooking his dinner of Ramen noodles on a single-burner white gas stove, he asked her if she was going to eat. Flipping through the pages in her guild book, she told him she already did while he was down at the spring. Almost as an afterthought, she got up and retrieved a small bag of trail mix from her pack. Glancing at the food in her hand, Harvey figured the only thing he had seen her eat in the last twenty-four hours was twelve or fourteen ounces of nuts. The girl was turning out to be a big mystery. For one thing, something about her was drawing him to her. Harvey couldn’t explain it, but he couldn’t get his mind off her no matter how hard he tried. In fact, he liked the way she made him feel. When Tess went to the privy, he moved his sleeping bag closer to hers. He had just finished moving his stuff over when, without warning, she spoke up behind him.

“I’m right behind you.” She told him, alerting him to her presence.

As she said it, she placed her hand on his exposed lower back. She still scared him stupidly by her sudden appearance, but it was her touch that electrified him. For the smallest moment of time, it felt like she was inside of him. Harvey knees almost gave out as he quickly sucked in a deep breath of air, as if it were the last breath he would ever take. Just as sudden as it happened, she let go of him, and the feeling vanished into thin air. What she did to him was as obvious in his body language as was the sounds coming from his mouth, but Tess lay down acting as if nothing happened.

When he laid down beside her, she turned over, and turned out her light, and said good night. As she did during the priviest night, he heard her leave the shelter hours later. She didn’t come back for over two hours.

The very next day, all the strange events started all over again. First, the five am wake up. Then her wonderful-looking butt in front of him as they climbed. Today, however, Tess slowed down, and stayed closer to him. She also put on a shirt that gave him all the opportunities he wanted to see her breasts. By lunchtime, she had him so aroused, and excited he wasn’t hungry at all. All he wanted to do was to jump on her. Once again, as she did the day before, Tess only ate a small portion of trail mix for lunch.

The surprise came after lunch. Tess put on her pack, and then pulled him to his feet. Pushing her chest into his, she briefly kissed him on the lips. She then continued hiking up the trail. Her sudden kiss surprised Harvey, but Tess acted as if it was the most natural thing in the world for her to do. With the memory of her lips, and breasts pressed against his chest, Harvey followed her.

They were up and out of the trees by the afternoon, hiking across the top of the mountain as they made their way to the other side. Clouds gathering around the peak acted like a drifting fog bank. Giving them a crystal clear view of the valley below then, ten minutes later, they were surrounded by them, cutting off their visibility. Hiking on they couldn’t see more than thirty feet across the rolling terrain. By the end of the afternoon, they had made good time, and were back in the trees on the other side of the mountain. A short while later, they found the blue blaze and shelter.

Once again, as she had done in the past, Tess set her pack down and hurried off for water.

Harvey took his pack off and sat down, contemplating everything he knew about Tess, and her strange behavior. One thing he knew for sure, the girl wasn’t eating enough. However, her body looked fanatic, and sexy as hell. The little woman was bubbling with life. Just the little sounds she made during the day forced him to look over at her. Then, at the end of every afternoon, the first thing she did was to run off for water, but each time she took longer than it should have for her to get back from the spring. Then there was the way she kept touching him throughout the day. She was doing something to him, Harvey was damn sure of that. But whatever it was, he didn’t have a clue. Each time, she did it. It felt like her presence was inside of him, changing him. Harvey knew he may have some emotional problems, but what Tess was doing to him was real, and he wasn’t imagining it.

Giving her the privacy she obviously wanted, he waited until she came back from the spring before going for water himself. Getting back to the shelter with his water bottles. He unloaded his pack, but this time he placed his bed roll right beside hers. Tess watched him doing it, but didn’t comment on it. Getting his dinner ready, he didn’t bother to ask if she was going to eat.

Resting on her sleeping bag, Tess looked over tomorrow’s hike as he finished his meal. When he laid down beside her, she told him, “We’ll be in Gorham in about four days.”

Harvey knew what that meant. She would be leaving the trail.

Thinking of her absence from his life forced Harvey to reach over, and pulled her to him. Tess didn’t hesitate, and rolled over and into his arms. Placing her on her back, he kissed her. Tess wrapped her arms around him gave his kiss right back to him. Harvey’s hand roamed over her breasts, and down the length of her body. He continued his forward advancement further south; the girl’s body was on fire. Enjoying his touch through the fabric of her clothing, she pressed her hips into his fingers. The longer his hand lingered, the sounds she was making continued to grow louder. However, when he went to unbutton her shorts, she grabbed his hand, stopping him. Harvey looked into her deep aquatic eyes, the questioning expression on his face provoked her response. “Harvey, we can’t do this, you’re not ready.” She told him. “If we did this right now. I would end up killing you. You need more time.” She simply told him.

He pulled away from her. “Tess, what are you talking about? Why would you want to hurt me? Tess what the fuck is going on? You’re not eating enough, and you’re running off into the trees all the damn time. And every time you touch me like you just did now. You’re doing something to me. I don’t know what in hell you’re doing, but I sure as hell can feel it!” He told her.

Tess kissed his lips, and ran her little fingers through his hair before responding. Taking his face in her hands, she looked deep into his eyes. She could see the desires he had for her. It was clearly written on the man’s face.

“Harvey, you need to trust me. I do want you in a big way, and I hope soon I can make love to you. If there is any other way, I can satisfy you other than making love to you. I will do it. All you have to do is tell me what that is.” She then waited for his answer. Harvey thought about her offer.

“You really like me, but you need me to wait.”

Yes,” she told him. “I need more time with you. As soon as I am finished, I will give myself to you. I promise”

“Finished? Finished with what, Tess? I don’t understand. What are you talking about?”

“Come here.” She told him.

Grabbing the back of his head, she forcefully kissed him once more. However, this time her kiss was different from any other way she had touched him before. Her presence was inside of him, and he was trapped inside his own body. Harvey didn’t even realize the sounds he was hearing were coming from his own mouth. There was nothing he could do but scream. There was just no defense against her love. It didn’t feel like it was a bad thing that she was doing to him. It felt like she was injecting herself into him, and he was freaking out because of it. Harvey thought she would never let go of him as the feelings, and sensations surging through him penetrated every cell of his being. As suddenly as it started, it ended just as quickly. It was over, she pulled away from him. Only then did Harvey realize she had only briefly kissed him. He laid there staring straight into her eyes; he wanted more, more of her love, and more of her body.

Tess could see his emotions as plain as daylight. “OK, settle

down.” She told him. “I only touched you, and then pulled back. Soon I’ll do it again, and you will be stronger. Each time I pour myself into you, I’ll do it for longer and longer. Then one day I will flood you with my love, and that’s when the magic happens.”

“Tess, what in the hell are you doing to me?” “We call it sharing ourselves.” She simply told him.

“Who is we?” He asked.

“Me and my family. Harvey, you need to let this ride for now. I can’t tell you everything, but one day soon I will explain myself fully. I must go slow with you.”

“OK, fine. I can wait,” he told her. “But tell me this. Why

do you have to go slow with me?”

Tess looked at him for so long that Harvey didn’t think she was going to answer him. Again, she stroked her fingertips through his hair.

“Harvey, you’re not going to be happy with my answer, and it will raise even more questions.”

The steadfast expression on his face, along with a rock-solid look in his eyes, told Tess he wasn’t backing off this one.

“Harvey, I was waiting for you at that shelter where we met. I was hiking north, but I stopped because I could feel you behind me. know what’s wrong with you, babe. Your life has been a living hell, and I could feel that as well. Now, can we just leave it alone for right now?”

Harvey thought about what she just told him and just like their conversation about bears and mice. Her words sounded crazy, but for whatever reason. He also felt she was telling him the truth. Harvey decided to leave it alone, for now. After all, he had a beautiful woman in his arms, which was something that hardly ever happened to him.

“Will you at least sleep in my arms tonight?” He asked her.

For an answer, Tess pulled her sleeping bag over them both, and shut off her light. Once again during the night, Tess left the shelter, she came back into his arms after a few hours. Over the remaining days on the trail, their routine didn’t change. Tess ate her trail mix, and stepped off the trail, and went into the woods at random, and every night she left his arms for a few hours.

Meeting Tess changed everything about why Harvey was out here on the trail. He came to the mountains because he felt like a normal person when he was hiking like he was one with nature. But because of Tess, he wasn’t hiking to be in the mountains anymore. He was only hiking to be with her. Every day, she filled his world a little more with every mile they went. Each day they were together, the more they learned about each other. And the closer they got to route two, where Tess was getting off the trail.

Harvey walked up to the shelter where they would be spending their last night together. He didn’t see Tess in the area. Her backpack, and things were scattered on the floor of the shelter, just like when he first met her. Taking off his backpack, he threw it against the back wall of the shelter more out of sheer frustration than anything else. They were only a few miles from route two. Tomorrow will be the last time he will ever see her again. Sitting down with his back against the wall, he thought about what he was going to do with himself when she left. He knew damn well he wasn’t going to be able to stay on the trail much longer. And he couldn’t think of any other place he wanted to go. It felt like his life was ending at route two.

Harvey sensed Tess arriving before he could hear, or see her. A moment later, she walked around the corner of the shelter, not making a single sound. She was holding her water bottles in front of her, but there was a look of concern on her face.

“Harvey, what’s wrong?”

Harvey only stared at the ground as he answered her. “Well, tomorrow you’re leaving. And-

Harvey stopped talking as a single tear drop rolled down his cheek. The next thing he knew, Tess had him in her embrace, she was kissing his lips and tears. Pulling back from him, she told him.

“Yes, Harvey. I need to get off the trail, but Harvey. You’re

coming with me. Do you think I have acted the way I have with you just to say goodbye to you tomorrow? I would never do something so mean.”

“Tess, you haven’t really told me anything about anything.” He reminded her.

“Well, I didn’t know myself what was going to happen. My original plans have been changed. We need to meet up with Janet tomorrow, she’ll be picking us up. After that, I will know more about what’s going to happen. But no matter what, once I am done with you, Harvey. Nothing will ever separate us, not in this life, anyway. Honey, you have me forever. That’s how me and my family work.”

Surprised, he just said. “Life?”

“Yes, life, but remember. I need to open myself to you. Sweetie, you’re almost there. It will happen real soon.” She promised him.

Later that night, when Tess took her midnight walk, Harvey waited a few minutes, then followed after her. Trying to be quiet, it took him a while to work his way down to the small stream in the dark. He lost her at the stream, he didn’t have a clue what direction she went in. No other trails were leading away from the stream except the one going back to the shelter. Not knowing what direction she went in, he was about to turn back when he heard noise off through the trees. Peering through the dark underbrush, he knew damn well if he stepped into the thicket. She would hear him from a mile away. With the moon shining down on him, he worked his way closer to the sounds by using the rocks in the stream. Even with the bright moonlight, it was still slow going. After several minutes, he was getting closer to the noise as the trees began to thin out. Finding a small clearing off to his right, there was something big kneeling in the tall grass, but whatever it was it had its back to him. The thing was bent over something, making sucking sounds, and growling softly like a wolf or dog. At first, he thought it might be a bear, but the sounds it was making, and the outline of its body were all wrong.

“It has to be human,” He thought to himself.

Extending his hand, he went to turn on his flashlight when the figure spoke to him from the darkness in a low female tone of voice,

“You shouldn’t have come down here, Harvey.”

Quickly turning on his flashlight, Tessa’s back was to him, and she was stark-ass naked. Standing up, she turned around towards him. A dead rabbit lay limp in her bloody hands. The thing was ripped wide open, its guts hung out of it as its blood dripped onto the ground. Tessa’s chest, and face were covered in the rabbit’s blood.

Totally beside himself, he almost screamed. “Tess, what in the fracking hell are you doing?”

Her lips were coated with the rabbits blood as she told him.

“Well, I was enjoying my dinner until I was rudely interrupted. You should go back to the shelter, Harvey.”

“But why? Tess, if you need food, I could give you some. I don’t understand this at all.” He told her, totally confused by the situation.

“Harvey, I eat human food, but I prefer to eat red meat when I am hiking, and even when I’m home. I still eat a hell of a lot of raw meat.”

Harvey didn’t know what the hell to say. He was speechless. He finally finds a wonderful woman who he falls for, and she strips down at night, and goes in the woods to eat bunny rabbits.

He just stared at her for a moment, then he slowly asked,

“Tess…just tell me this…are you one of the wolves?”

Tess was forty feet from him and, for a long time, she didn’t say anything. When suddenly, in a fiery blur of motion, so fast Harvey couldn’t follow her body’s movement. She ran at him, and took him in her arms. Picking him up, she brought him over to the side of the stream, and set him back on his feet. It only took her a second, or two to complete the maneuver. Reaching the side of the stream, Harvey’s mind was spinning as she held him in her arms.

“Listen to me, Harvey. I am an Alpha, and so aren’t you? That’s why I waited for you at that shelter. You needed help, and I took the responsibility to help you. You should know by now that wolves don’t go around hurting people for no reason. I am what I am, and I cannot change that fact. I also cannot let you run off because what I have started with you has to be finished. I cannot leave it incomplete. I either finish the job, or I will be forced to kill you.”

“Tess, are you trying to tell me you’re turning me into a wolflike one of the Alphas?”

“Yes Harvey, that was the only way I could help you. Now, I can’t do this with everybody, but with you, I felt I could. Harvey, when an Alpha turns another Alpha, they do so because it is necessary and righteous. Tell me, how have you been feeling since we met?”

“I feel great, stable, better than ever really. My emotions haven’t been going up and down like they were before. I am also sleeping a lot better.”

“Listen, baby, I want you to go back to the shelter so I can finish my dinner. I need to hunt again. That one little rabbit isn’t going to fill me. When I get back, we’ll talk.”

“I lost my flashlight in the brook when you picked me up.” He told her.

“OK. I’ll take you back to the shelter. It would be best if you close your eyes, or you’ll be puking by the time I get you there.” She warned him.

Harvey shut his eyes for no more than three or four seconds when Tess set him on his feet in front of the shelter. She gave him a quick kiss, smearing the rabbit’s blood on his face. Then she was gone as fast as they got there.

Harvey sat in the shelter for a long while with no light on, until he just happened to find Tessa’s sitting on her jacket. He couldn’t believe it. He was dumbfounded and speechless. His girlfriend was a damn wolf.

There wasn’t one human being on the planet who didn’t know what a wolf was. The Alphas made their first appearance when they killed seventeen million people in North Korea when its government was about to launch its nuclear missiles at Japan and the United States. A few years later, they went worldwide and told the world’s governments to stop their wars, and to keep all their military forces within their borders. Some countries didn’t listen to their warning, and the population of four countries was wiped completely off the face of the world. Over two hundred million people lost their lives in the blink of an eye. The world was in a panic. People everywhere were scared they would be next. The United States government froze the stock market, and closed all state and federal government doors to help the wolves with their goal of global peace. Parties called Angles were sent to every nation around the world to calm people down, and to promote change within its government. The Angles told other nations the wolves only wanted peace between all people everywhere. As long as governments stopped their mass killing of human beings, and listened to them, no one would be hurt. Since then, peace has broken out worldwide. Countries were now unselfishly helping each other while trade between them skyrocketed. Human beings were now learning how to live better lives as their thinking changed. and they lived for peace, and not war. Crime in America was now at an all-time low in the history of the country. The wolves haven’t attacked any countries, or have gone public with any messages over the past several years. In their last message, they told the world that at some point they would go from country to country to remove people of power who were still harming, and killing human beings and the planet. No one has heard from them since. Across the globe, crime levels were going down as human beings learned for the first time in world history how to live without violence.

An hour later, Tess came back to the shelter. She was clean and was wearing her clothes. She lay down, and went into his arms.

Rolling her over on her back, he kissed her.

She pushed him back, and told him. “Not yet Harvey. Anyway, we need to meet Janet tomorrow.”

“How is making love to me going to interfere with tomorrow?” “When I first make love to you, it’s a different kind of love than you ever have experienced. It takes a hell of a lot out of you until you get used to it. It’s also going to put you asleep for a few days afterward. Because of whom you are, I had to let your body get used to feeling me before I made love to you. That’s why I kept touching you. If I would have done it any other way, you may have turned into a monster that I would have had to kill.”

“Is the rest of your family the wolves we all know about?”

“Yes, there are thirteen Alpha above all others, but we also have Betas within our pack now.”

“What’s a Beta?”

“Unlike an Alpha, a Beta is a person who doesn’t change when we love them. However, they are an important part of the pack. Their family.”

Tired of answering his questions. She made him turn out the light before she snuggled in close, and they both slept. The next day, it only took them a few hours to reach the AT dirt parking lot alongside of route two.

Janet had yet to show up.

Harvey set his pack down as Tess started arguing with someone who wasn’t there. Talking to the air in front of her, she seemed to have a one-sided conversation. The way she was acting. If Tess were a dog at that moment, her ears would have been pinned back.

“Janet, where in the hell are you?”

“Oh, give me a fucking break.” She said in discuss. “The girl with a photographic memory got lost. Ya, right!”

“Well, hurry the hell up. We can’t go anywhere. OK, love you too.” Finished with her conversation with herself. Tess busted out laughing when she saw Harvey staring at her.

“Don’t worry, I’m not going crazy.” She told him. “I have a communication implant. You’ll get one just like it.”

“Is that why you kept running off during the day?”

“Wow, you’re catching on fast, baby. I can talk to a lot of people through this thing, but to tell you the truth, it’s a pain in the ass. I tried to get mine removed, but Kelly put his foot down, and wouldn’t let me do it. I’m a big source of firepower for the wolves.”

“Who’s Kelly.”

“OK, I forgot. We didn’t talk about this last night. You better sit on your pack. This is going to take some time.” She told him.

She waited until he got comfortable on his backpack before she continued. “Kelly is not only the leader of the pack of wolves, but he is also my husband. Harvey, we don’t have the attitudes that your society lives by. Half the time we don’t live by your laws. Were Alphas, we make our own laws, and we take what we want when we need it. Right now, in our family, there are six females, and five males, and we make love to whoever we want to within the family. Whether it’s two men together, or two women. As I said, we don’t conform to society standers, and your terms like fag, or lesbian, and bisexual do not exist in our lives. The women on the Island pretty much do whatever the hell we want, but there are some women in our pack who only make love to men. However, no one will force you into a sexual situation without your consent. Harvey, we’re a bunch of killers, not flower people. Once I am done sharing myself with you, you’ll end up as husband number six.

“So, without ever meeting these people, they’re just going to take me into the family.”

“Sweetie, Kelly and our first wife Tamra, and Janet have already met you. You just didn’t know it at the time because you were sleeping in your tent. Kelly needed to approve of you, and Janet needed to read you before I laid one finger on you. If either one of them told me not to touch you. I never would have met up with you at that shelter.”

“The four of you did all of this before we met.”

“Yes, of course. We don’t take someone in without our pack leader, and first wife knowing about it. And Janet had to be there to read you. She needed to find out if I would have done more harm than good when sharing myself with you.”

“By the way,” she warned him. “don’t ever lie to Janet. She’s not only an empath, but she can do a hell of a lot more than that. She will catch you every time.”

“But I don’t want you to think we’re a bunch of misfits living on an island. Kelly has brought a few people into our family just like you because of their disabilities. Kelly found that people who have these types of issues have a stronger desire to change their lives, which also turns them into more powerful alphas. There are only a few on the Island who were like you before they came to the family. I myself am one of them, but don’t think because you have been turned into a wolf that it will remove all of your problems from you. You’ll still have them, but you will find they won’t be able to control you like they used to.”

“So, because of my disabilities, you expect me to be a powerful alpha? What do you think my ability will be?”

“We don’t know, Harvey. That’s up to you, and your own body to figure it out. Harvey, an underdeveloped alpha just being near a full-fledged Alpha, can change that person. We don’t have any control whatsoever how our love changes you. The women on the Island will share themselves with you as they make love to you. But if you’re not into men, the guys will do it over time through male bonding and companionship. It just takes longer this way. We’ll be doing this to force your body to start the evolution process that will transform you into an Alpha. Once started, your body will take off on its own, and complete the process all by itself.”

It took another hour and a half, but finally, a redhead driving a huge green Safari truck with the words, “Moose Killer” painted on the hood, pulled into the parking lot. The truck had large mud tires, and a long antenna on the back, with the top of the antenna pinned to the front part of the roof. The windshield on the vehicle could be folded down on the hood so passengers could hunt for lions, and other animals from the safety of the truck.

The redhead quickly got out of the truck, and wrapped herself around Tess, giving her more than just a friendly kiss. She was as beautiful as Tess, yet the woman was fair-skinned, and had thousands of freckles covering her form.

When Janet let go of Tess, she approached Harvey. He stuck out his hand out to her, but she knocked it off to the side, and wrapped herself around him. Pinning him against the side of the truck, she laid a passionate kiss on him. As she did, she pressed her body firmly against his while running her hands up and down the length of his form. Harvey didn’t move an inch as she took hold of his manhood through his clothing. Softly squeezing him, Harvey couldn’t help himself, and immediately started to get excited.

Still holding him in her arms, Janet pulled back a little, and told him in a thick, northern Irish accent. “Love, in our family we kiss and touch without discrimination. Holding back your affections is the worst thing anyone can do to another family member. When you meet the others on the Island give them everything you have that’s within you. Absorb their love, and the heat of their bodies, as they will be doing the same to you.”

After the unexpected welcome, they loaded the truck. As they pulled out of the parking lot, Tess suddenly went off in the front seat beside Janet. Reaching under her seat, she pulled out one camera after another without their protective cases around them. There were six different styles of cameras, two tripods, and a file box big enough to hold thirty rolls of film sitting on the seat between her and Janet by the time Tess was done.

“Got lost, my ass,” Tess scolded her with a mean look on her face. “You were shooting film, you little bitch. That’s why you were late.”

“No matter what it looks like,” Janet told her, shifting the truck into a higher gear. “You’ll never be able to prove it.”

Leaving the parking lot behind them, Harvey asked where they were going. Looking through the rear-view mirror, Janet told him. “We need to find a motel because we plan on being here for a few days. One reason I agreed to come, and get Tess was because I wanted to get up on Mount Washington, and take some spring pictures. Tess gets to have some R and R, and I expect you’re going to be sleeping Harvey.”

Harvey held his tongue, and didn’t make a comment. Before entering Gorham, he quickly dug through his pack to find out how much cash he had on him. At the edge of town, there was a motel with a large white sign on the side of the building that read, “Hiker Rates.” It also had its own restaurant on the ground floor, with rooms on the second story, and two strings of rooms out back of the main part of the motel.

“Hey, what about that one?” He said. “That one looks cheap.”

Tess barely glanced at it and said, “Roach Motel.”

Janet checked it out through the windshield, and crunched up her nose at it. “Nan, I’d rather not. Anyway, I know a better place.”

Janet’s better place turned out to be a huge white one-hundred- room mansion at the base of Mount Washington. The place advertised they had a pool with a restaurant serving food 24/7. There were tennis courts, and cleaning services along with a bar, and nightly entertainment. Under two white columns that held up the roof over the front doors stood the hotel’s vela service.

Harvey slowly told the girls. “Aw, guys. This place is just a tad beyond me.”

Janet shot back, “Don’t worry, sweetie. We got this one.” She told him.

“I don’t know,” Harvey replied. “This place is going to cost you for the three of us.”

Tess reached back and took hold of his knee in the back seat.

“Harvey, who are Janet and me?” “Your Alphas.” He told her.

“That’s right, we are.” She replied. “Harvey, if I needed a million dollars stuffed in tiny backpacks, and then have them placed on the backs of bunny rabbits, and then have them hopping down main street here in Gorham. Baby, it might take some doing to get it done, but it would happen. When a wolf calls for help, the entire pack, and our entire organization responds. As a wolf, you are never far away from

help no matter where you are in the world.”

“So, you’re rich?”

“Pretty much,” Janet told him as she pulled up to the main entrance. “We could never have done what we did to the world if we weren’t. We do have access to an unbelievable amount of money, but riches don’t mean anything to us. Money is just a means to an end.

There are more important things in life, like love and family.” Leaving the truck with the resort’s personnel, they grabbed their gear and walked inside. Approaching the front desk, the guy on the other side of the counter was dressed in a suit and tie. He quickly glanced at their backpacks, and how Harvey and Tess were dressed. With his head down, he wrote on something lying on the counter, and asked, “Can I help you?”

“Yes, you can,” Janet said, getting his attention. “Is the ambassador’s suite open?”

The guy quickly lifted his head, and broke into a big wide smile. “Yes, Miss, as a matter of fact, it is.” He told her, getting friendly with them all of a sudden.

While Janet was digging through her wallet, the guy behind the counter gave them brochures of sights in the area, and a list of what the hotel could offer them. When he took Janet’s credit card from her, Tess touched the back of Janet’s arm.

“Where’s Malcolm?”

“Don’t worry,” she told her over her shoulder. “Kelly and Tim took him, and Tamra fishing. He won’t find out about it for a few days.”

Harvey looked over at their bill as Janet signed for the room. The

cost of the room was $1,800 hundred dollars a night for the three of them.

“Who is Malcolm?” He asked Tess.

“He’s going to be one of your husbands, he handles most of the business end for the family along with Kelly.”

“Is he going to be upset you’re spending too much for a hotel room?”

Janet turned around to him. “Harvey, Malcolm is my beta, and he gets emotional about money no matter who spends it. You should have seen him when he and I took out the leader of the PKK in Turkey with three Stinger Missiles. I thought he was going to start crying because we paid a hundred and twenty thousand dollars for the missiles, then we blew them up, killing that son of a bitch, Cemil Bayik.

Walking shoulder to shoulder, the three followed a young woman who escorted them to their suite. Beside him, Harvey took hold of Tessa’s hand. “This is going to take some time getting used to.” He quietly told her.

“Baby, once you wake up, you’re going to find things will be easier for you to understand. You won’t suddenly have the skills we have, but you will Trust me, your whole world is about to change for you.” know things without even asking.

There were two bottles of champagne on ice with fresh fruit in a basket inside the room by the time they were ushered into their suite. Their accommodations had a vast living room with a kitchen, and its own bar along with a fifty-six-inch flat screen on the wall. In the living room, and bedrooms, tall, extra-wide doors with railings across the threshold looked out at Mount Washington off in the distance.

Janet tipped their escort. and she left. Tess took Harvey into one of the bedrooms while Janet grabbed her gear, and went into another. Setting their packs down in their room, Tess brought him into the bathroom. After removing his clothing, he pulled her to him. Kissing her, his hands roamed over the curves of her body until he found that place between her legs where kingdoms have been crushed out of existence over.

Later in the bedroom. She told him, “OK, lover. Get back on your back.”

“I can’t have the top?”

“Oh, no way.” She told him, shaking her head. “You are going to be freaking out. The first time I do this, it isn’t easy.” She looked down at the length of his body and grabbed his manhood. “Oh ya, you’re ready.” She said with a laugh.

Climbing on top of him, she guided him into herself. As Tess continued rocking herself above him, Harvey kept a steady supply of sounds of pleasure emerging from his between his lips.

“Alright, hang in there,” she told him. “This will feel like we’re making love forever, but trust me, it’s not going to last anywhere near that long.”

While Tess continued loving him, Harvey reached up, and took hold of her breasts. They were wonderfully small. He lightly ran his fingers tips over her harden nipples. Tess’s body was getting hot and wet from his touch. Grabbing her hips, Harvey brought her down on him, enjoying her warmth. When suddenly, she was inside of him just like when they were on the trail. Except this time, Harvey could feel her loving power that was contained within her, it was too much for him to handle. The alpha was everywhere inside of his mind and throughout his body. Harvey was trapped, he was no longer in control of himself. Freaking out, he tried sitting up, but Tess pushed him back, and held him to the bed. So much was happening to him all at once. He was having a hard time understanding all of it. There were just too many sensations happening within him, and her overpowering love alone felt like it would kill him. As Tess poured her love into him, Harvey released himself, and had his first orgasm, but they didn’t stop there. The orgasms kept coming, one after another, rolling over on top of each other. With each release, his climaxes were getting stronger, and stronger as their love drenched him and the bed. The sensations didn’t seem to have an ending, as an endless wave of passion, and love took over Harvey. His skin felt like it was on fire. He started screaming at the top of his lungs in one long, endless cry for help as each release exploded like a supernova throughout his mind and body.

Tess continued rocking her body back and forth above him. She understood what was happening to him. Harvey wasn’t just reacting to him being inside of her. Moreover, he was responding to her love being injected into him. She still remembered her first time she and Kelly made love. The loving touch from an Alpha was electrifying.

She knew he wasn’t going to take much more. His face was already beat red, and he was taking deep breaths, fighting for air to breathe. She needed to end this soon as the moisture seeping from their bodies soaked the bed. Leaning over him, she begin grinding herself on him to find her own pleasure. As fast as it all started, it ended just as quickly. Screaming out, Tess had her own orgasm. She fell on top of him, her chest heaving as she took in huge gulps of air. Looking the situation over. The bed was a wreck from secreting perspiration and sweat.

Harvey was out cold.

In her mind, she called out for Janet. Two seconds later, Janet quickly walked in through the bedroom door. She came over to the bed,

Tess asked, “How is he doing? Is he OK?”

Janet felt Harvey out for a moment, then told her. “Ya, he’s fine.

How are you? You look a bit out of it.”

Tess rolled off Harvey, and onto her back on the other side of the bed. Janet came over and picked her up in her arms.

“Come on, I’ll put you in the tub, then I’ll call housekeeping to take care of the bed.”

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Sometime later, Harvey woke up. It was pitch dark in the room without a single light left on, but he could easily see everything all around the plush room. Both Janet and Tess were on either side of him, sleeping. Through his mind, Harvey looked out into the living room, and then outside in the parking lot where their truck was parked. Being able to see out in the parking lot didn’t feel at all strange to him. It felt like it was a natural thing for him to do.

Seemly for no reason, he felt wonderful and different at the same time. He didn’t feel troubled at all anymore. For the first time in Harvey’s life, he felt right with the world. It was the world that felt out-of-place now and not him. Harvey couldn’t stop smiling to himself, as he looked at the two women in bed with him. He was madly in love with them both. The love he had for these two creatures would have no end. Never in his life did he ever have emotions flowing through him like he did right now. Carefully, he got out of bed without waking the girls. Still smiling like an idiot, he opened the tall doors to look out at Mount Washington off in the distance.

As soon as the starlight, and moonshine hit his body, his skin started glowing, and sparkling at the same time. He stood in total wonder at the transformation. Stretching out his arms to look at them, he was amazed by the sight. A few tears leaked from his eyes as he looked up to Mount Washington well over six thousand feet above him. He tried to see what was on top of the Mountain but couldn’t.

Janet’s voice suddenly spoke up behind him. Harvey looked behind him. Tess and Janet stood naked behind him with a grin on their faces as huge as his own.

“It will take you sometime before you find what your range is.”

She told him. “There are only four of us out of the whole family who have the greatest range. Because of my abilities, I alone in the family have the greatest range.

“This feeling of love in me and the glowing. Will it ever go away?”

“The sparkles and glow will leave you in about twenty-four hours or so, but your emotions, and the feelings you are having will stay with you for the rest of your life. That’s one reason people are drawn to us, and why we have that spark of life that makes people look at us. Wade, your soon-to-be husband, was drawn to us from over a hundred and sixty miles away. Then he stole a ten-foot boat, and drove out into the open ocean to find us. We all have our different ways of how we come to the family. Tomorrow night, the three of us will go hunting in the

woods to teach you how to use your new body. That in itself is going to be an experience you’ll never forget. From now on, when you’re out in nature, you will find the woods to be your home, and it doesn’t matter if you’re in Russia or South America.”

Both women saw something in Harvey. In a blur, they were at his side, grabbing a locking hold on both of his arms.

“Don’t do that,” Tess yelled at him.

“I just wanted to see if I could move as fast as you.” He told her.

Sternly, still holding tight onto his arm, she told him. “Harvey, I’m the fastest woman on the planet, so don’t play the chase game with me. You won’t get far before I catch you. We all have unique abilities, and you’ll have your own soon. It will come out by itself, but if you tried running right now. Only God knows how many people you’d run over and kill. So, for now when you move, just go slowly. You need to remember you’re in a different body than the one you had before. Tomorrow night, Janet and I will take you out to the woods, and you can run and let yourself go wild,”

“Come back to bed, love,” Janet told him. “Let’s spend the rest of the night in each other’s arms.”

Harvey was looking forward to running in the woods but having a three-way sexual experience with two of the most beautiful women in the world was one of the most wonderful experiences he has ever had in his life.

When they got to the woods with the girls the next night. Harvey found a place in the world that felt more like home than any other home he had ever lived in before. The girls showed him how to run using the speed of an alpha. After plowing over some big, thick trees, he learned how to go around them. Being able to steer himself while running, they played the case game, and ran after each other through the trees. Darting through the undergrowth, he tried to catch Tess, but the little woman was just too fast for him. Zipping through the trees, she would tease him, letting him get close to her. Then, using a quickness Harvey didn’t have, she ran out of his reach faster than his eyes could follow her. Throughout the night, the alphas ran, and played while the girls taught him about his new body.

At one point, Harvey asked how far they were from Gorham.

Tess pointed off in a direction and said, “Oh, it’s off that way about thirty miles. Don’t worry, Harvey. Your sense of direction will be kicking soon.” She told him.

Janet poked her head out from some bushes, she told them.

“Will you two piped down? There’s a clearing up ahead.” She informed them.

Crouching down at the edge of a field, they watched a small skipper grazing. Tess quietly told Harvey to kill it so they, too, could eat. Harvey sprang from the tree line, and went at the deer as fast as he could. Tackling it, the two rolled thirty feet before stopping. One of the deer’s legs snapped, and broke in mid-roll. When they came to a stop the animal was hopping up and down on three legs, going nuts trying to get the hell away from him. Harvey threw it back down on the ground, trying to break its neck. Just by chance, he gained the leverage, snapping its neck, and killing the deer. Both Tess and Janet jogged across the clearing, laughing at him while shaking their heads at the same time.

“Harvey, we’re not trying to play football with it,” Tess scolded

him as he lay on the ground with his arms locked around the deer’s neck. “We’re trying to get something to eat.”

Janet was still laughing at him. “Let me tell ya though,” she managed to say. “If this was a real football game, that little skipper

you’re holding would have scored a touchdown.”

After the three consumed the small deer, they found one more. This time, Tess showed him how to kill it. In the flash of an eyelid, she sprang from the bushes, grabbing the animals nose with one hand, she ripped out its throat with the other. The deer didn’t stand a chance. Falling to the ground, it was dead in seconds.

The rest of the night was used to sharpen Harvey’s new skills. They topped off the night by running up six thousand feet to the top of Mount Washington, where they made love on soft moss growing beside a gigantic granite boulder as big as a house. Resting back on the grassy knoll with their naked bodies pressed together, they star gazed.

“So, what happens next?” Harvey said, no in particular.

Tess let out a deep sigh, reluctantly she told him.. “We need to go home. You need to start your training. Anyway, Kelly wants us all back. Malcolm found out about the hotel, and he started crying to

Tamra and Kelly about it.”

Laying on the other side of Harvey, Janet told her. “Don’t worry about Malcolm, Tess. I’ll take care of that little shit myself. He’s just missing me, and he wants me back home.”

Heaven’s Gate Island was located northeast of Belfast, Maine. Tess told him the Island was a little over a mile and a half in circumference. The Winston family has owned the Island for many generations. It was the only place in the world where Alphas, like himself, were grown and trained. Tess already told him the den of wolves was a whirlwind of activity with tennis courts, a gym, and rifle range and pool. There was even a gravel track built around the edge of the Island. The Island had one beach with cottages, and a workshop where Tess told him Mike built sailboats. There were also many other buildings making the Island resemble a small town. Janet had her own photography studio, but hands down, Harvey thought.

The most amazing building on the Island was the family’s home. It was beyond belief with a white marble staircase, and a huge bed chamber. The Alpha’s home looked to Harvey like it would stand for five hundred years. It had to have at least fifty rooms in it. Tess told him the cellar was even bigger than the house itself.

The family members who were on the island gathered at the pier to welcome Harvey home. Eight of the wolves were waiting for them when they docked the Freeloader at their pier. Each one kissed, and held him while touched him without discrimination. Kelly was the biggest wolf there. He crushed the air from his lungs, giving him his welcome.

Kelly told him. “It’s good to see you made it, Harvey. You’re going to be dealing with a lot at first, it may seem overwhelming, but everybody on the Island will be helping you. Now that you’re one of us, you will pick up on things rather quickly. You may use anything you want on the Island. After all, you are family now. If you need anything. Just ask me or one of the others. The wolves take care of each other’s wants, needs, and desires. So don’t be shy.” He told him.

When Kelly’s first wife stepped up to him. Harvey fell in love

with her as soon as he saw her. Tamra was taller than him. She was wearing a red two-piece bathing suit showing off her long, powerful legs and slim body. Her face was exquisite, along with a mane of strawberry-blond hair that reached well past her shoulders. She had a set of grayish-blue eyes of fire that lovingly spoke to him. Just the way the woman held herself told Harvey to respect her. Like Kelly, she commanded respect without speaking one word. He remembered what Janet told him at the AT parking lot, but he couldn’t bring himself to treat Tamra in the same manner he did with the others. She was beautifully perfect in every way, and she was also his leader.

Tamra must have felt what he was feeling because she suddenly reached out, taking him in her arms. Giving him a kiss that would wake the dead, she took his breath away as her hands roamed over his body. Getting him excited, she removed her hand from his shorts. Embraced in her loving arms, Harvey knew his past life was truly over. If it weren’t for the emotions and feelings running through him, he would be pretty convinced he was already dead and buried.

“I want you for myself tonight if you will have me,” Tamra told him. Harvey couldn’t deny this wonderful woman anything. “Yes, of course.” He immediately told her.

Still holding onto him, she gave him a smile that would make a flower grow. “Harvey, what you’re feeling right now is the love and power that is inside of me. Kelly and I are the strongest alpha’s here, but you’ll get a little bit of that feeling from all of us. You are going to have to get used to your new life because there are many unique things about us. Now don’t freak out when you see them, but there are fourteen other wolves you need to meet.”

She let him go as Kelly put two fingers in his mouth and let out a sharp whistle. A pack of silver-light gray timber wolves merged from the trees. They charged across the lawn at a dead run. They were huge. The two wolves in the lead, Harvey figured, had to be almost two hundred pounds each. They were the size of a grown man. The wolves slowed down the closer they got to him. Both leading wolves quickly smelled him and took his scent. Then, standing one at a time on their back legs, they sniffed his ears and breath, then licked his face. Dropping to all fours the animals brushed against his legs. When the first two were done, the rest of the pack swarmed all over him, giving him their love. Knocking him down to the ground, they licked him while giving him playful love bites. Harvey was having the time of his life, and almost forgot all about his new family standing around watching him and the wolves.

After a while, Tess hauled the wolves off him, and they all walked up to the house. As they went up the path, they all could hear Malcolm, and Janet quietly arguing behind them. Harvey liked Malcolm right away. He was a kind genital soul who was even shorter than Tess. Since he has been with Tess, everything he has learned about the Alpha’s showed the love and compassion they had together. Even when the males kissed him, it didn’t feel weird at all to him. They embraced him with their smiling faces close together, quickly giving him a kiss, then let him go. Every one of the wolves was tuned in to themselves and each other. Never in his life has he seen people behave like this.

“No, keep your damn hands off of me,” Janet scolded the short little man. “We were having a good time, and you ruined it.”

“But baby, 1,800 dollars a night for a room. Plus, food and gas and the wear on tear on the truck along with all the film you were wasting-”

Abruptly, Malcolm stopped talking. He knew he just screwed up big time.

Concerned, Tamra shot a look over at Kelly.

“Oh, no,” he told his first wife, shaking his head. “I’m not going anywhere near that one.”

Everybody stopped walking and watched Malcolm and Janet. The two lovers were facing each other. Janet had her hands on her hips as she drilled her eyes down at the little guy.

“Wasting film!” She screamed in his face. Pointing two fingers at his chest, she added, “Oh, I’ve had just about enough of your penny-pitching whining attitude. Just wait till we get into the gym, tomorrow. I’m going to pound you into the mat so damn hard. You’re going to be a foot shorter than you are now.”

Leaving him standing there by himself, Janet rushed up the path, passing the others as she went.

Staring down at the ground, Malcolm stuck both of his hands into his shorts pockets, and kicked out at the sand at his feet.

Besides Harvey, Tamra laughed, then told him. “Irish women; the sweetest, most beautiful, loving, amazing, evil, psychotic creatures you’ll ever meet.”

Once inside the house, Tess brought him under a white marble staircase to a vault-like door. Opening it, she took him down the stairs into to cellar, there were tunnels leading off in every direction. Showing him the classroom, she told him he would be spending a lot of time there. The room was filled with computers, along with shelves lined with books. There were many filing cabinets in the room, and a large flat screen, and blackboard. On the blackboard, someone had written, “Welcome Home Harvey.”

She then showed him the armory, which had so many weapons in it that Harvey didn’t know what to say. The money alcove alone at the other end of the room surprised the hell out of him. As they walked through the rest of the armory. Tess told him not to touch anything in the rooms until he was familiar with the items that were in it. In the last room of the armory, everything there was a different size and shape.

“What are these?” He asked her.

“Their bombs that kill human beings. Some of these will also destroy buildings. There are a few others in here that create a virus when they go, boom! These smaller ones over here,” She picked up one off the shelf. “will blow up smaller objects. It’s best you stay away from the armory until you understand what’s down here.” She told him.

Taking him back upstairs they went up to the second floor. At the top of the white marble staircase was a doorway on the right. As they walked in, the lighting came on by themselves. Harvey stopped and stared at the contents of the room. It was an extremely large bedroom with fourteen of the biggest beds that Harvey had ever seen. Six people could sleep in one all at the same time. There was one bed in the room that was bigger and higher off the floor than the rest.

“That’s Alpha’s bed where Kelly and Tamra always sleep,” she informed him. “But you’re more than welcome to sleep in any bed with whomever you want. You will never be kicked out of any bed in the room. We all jump around from one bed to another all the time. That round bed in the middle of the room is kind of play bed, it’s always the most active one in the room. Pretty much anything goes while you’re on it.”

“However, if you need some alone time.” She told him. “You can grab one of the other bedrooms down the hall. Sometime after their nighttime romp, the wolves will come in and curl up with us. All the doors in the house are fully automated, and they can come and go as they please.”

Then she showed him their bathroom, which had four copper tubs, and a walk-in shower. They walked around the family’s playroom off the bed chamber. Things were hanging from the ceiling that a family member could sit in while another played with them. It also had a steam room, and a bed built into the floor. Outside on the porch was a large hot tub with chairs, and tables with umbrellas sticking up through the center hole of the tables. Taking him back downstairs they had dinner in his honor.

Later that night, when he went to their bed chamber, Tamra was waiting for him. She walked up to him as he came in. After kissing him, she asked, “Will you snuggle and love me tonight?”

At first, Harvey was speechless. Tamra had a hard body from heaven that had been screaming at him since he met her. She was trim, fit, and had wonderful breasts that would please him to no end.

“What about Kelly?” He asked.

She just smiled and took his hand as she walked him over to the

Alpha’s bed. “Kelly can sleep on the other side of the bed tonight.” She told him. “No one will bother us, honey. Everyone knows I want you for myself tonight.”

That night Tamra showed Harvey a different way to love that left him feeling wonderful and complete. She injected him with a ray of sunshine he had never experienced before, and he knew it was changing him. After their lovemaking, his mind was clearer, and his focus was sharper then it has ever been. Somehow, she also manages When he woke in her arms the next morning he felt wonderful, like he was a new man all over again.

Tess watched Harvey sit down at the breakfast table with a smug smile on his face. Leaning over to him, she teased. “So, I see you had a good time with Tamra last night,” she said with a grin of her own.

“I couldn’t get her to go to sleep.” He confessed. “She an animal.”

“She was having fun with you, Harvey. Tamra, as loving as she is, likes to get aggressive sometimes. Mike and Barbra will be home sometime this week. Get together with Mike and tag team her. You’ll see her turn from a lion into a purring little kitten real fast. Mike knows how to handle her.”

She then added, “If you ever get run down, and wiped out and it seems like there’s too much is going on. Ask to spend some alone time with her, Tamra will fix you right up.”

“Is she a healer?” Harvey asked, remembering the way she made him feel after they made love.

“Yes, she is, in a way, but Tamra is really much more than that. I may be the fastest, and one of the strongest fighters in the pack, but

Tamra is something else altogether. She also happens to be one of the most powerful female Alphas we have. That’s why she’s Kelly’s leading female.” She explained.

Tim took him aside after breakfast and told him they made up a retinue for him to follow. From that day on after breakfast, if he didn’t have other commitments. He would start the day with a run around the gravel track on the outskirts of the Island. That was followed by hand-to-hand combat training in the gym with Tamra or Kelly leading the class. Afterward, he would go to the rifle range to practice shooting a variety of weapons with Tess instructing him.

Once lunch was over, they all had some time off, which almost always involved one of the girls sharing themselves with him. The afternoons were taken up with schoolwork in the classroom. Harvey found they all trained six days a week, and on Sunday they rested.

There were many courses in the classroom Harvey found he needed to complete. One of which was first aid in combat trauma which was taught by Stephanie. Janet had her own class on photography, and film equipment with Tim, or Sandra, teaching courses in computer knowledge. Tess held a class on offensive and defensive driving, afterwards, she took him off Island to practice what he learned in the Moose Killer. Even Tamra held a class on how to gather Intelligence. Barbra and Mike, being ex-CIA, taught him about military strategics. and operations around the world. But Harvey’s biggest surprise came on the first day in the classroom when Kelly told him about their organization.

“Harvey, we didn’t get to be the wolves by accident. All of us belong to an organization that is so old we don’t know how long it’s been around. At one time, it was once the biggest secret in the history of the world. Our members are scattered in groups all around the world. Thousands of us have remained in hiding from the world for many generations. The primary objective of the organization is to bring change and peace to the world. Other packs out there are not as powerful as us here on the Island. But they are stronger than normal human beings and as fast. They just don’t have our abilities.”

“Everyone here on the Island, including you, are Alphas who are above all Alphas everywhere. I was the first alpha, and everyone here has been changed differently because of me. Just like what Tess did to you. You, yourself are evolving, and learning to be something greater than you were, and soon your body will start developing all on its own. You still can be killed,” he told him. “but your body can take a hell of a lot more punishment than before.

“From time to time, we do work for the CIA, and other branches of the federal government, but our primary mission is world peace. Soon we will start on our next faze to help clean up all the countries who are having a hard time in bringing peace to their nation.”

Kelly then took Harvey into the tunnel to a door, which Tess hadn’t shown him before.

“This is a very special room to us, only a few people other than our family know about it. You will find you’re going to want to spend a lot of time here. We believe the organization started with what’s in this room, and we have been caretakers to it ever since. Once you step inside, it’s going to be hard for you to breathe for a while, but the more time you spend in there. The easier it will be to breathe while in the room.”

Kelly went to open the door for him, but Harvey stopped him. “Kelly, what’s in here?” He wanted to know.

The giant smiled down at Harvey for a moment, then told him. “The Spirit of God is in here, Harvey.”

Harvey knew Kelly wouldn’t lie to him. Everything he had learned about him, and the rest of the family told Harvey they would never deceive him. Kelly himself was a fun-loving person, but he was also a very serious, and dangerous kind of man Harvey had never known before. As Harvey stepped into the room, he still couldn’t believe it until he fell to his knees as he crossed the threshold. Trying to catch his breath, the presence in the room took firm hold of him, and sent his mind spinning out of control. Kelly was right about everything he told him, and even his body started changing all by itself. As the months flew by, he spent a lot of time in their special room which held the cross of “Christ.”

## \*\*\*

John waited beside the jeep out front of the Limpopo airport in South Africa. After twenty minutes, another man came outside, and walked up to the vehicle.

Shaking hands with him, John said. “So did you have a good

trip?”

“Oh, I sure did.” The guy told him as they both got into the jeep, he finished with a smile on his lips. “I even managed to find time to check out that strip club on top of Mun joy hill like you told me.”

Laughing, John started the vehicle, and then pulled out into traffic.

“See, I told you,” John told him. “I knew you would like that place. The Pussy Cat Lounge is probably the only club in the entire state of Maine to see a little skin. Now, if you had gone down to Florida, you would have found them everywhere. Florida is a hell of a lot more liberal than Maine.”

Both men were quiet, lost in their own thoughts as they made their way out of the city. The loud congestive streets turned quiet as soon as they left the town behind them. The surrounding countryside soon turned very pretty, with many farms, and wide open greenish brown grasslands. After a while, they left the fields behind them, and entered the jungle.

Keven asked, “How is Sara coming along with her equipment?”

John turned his head towards him, and smiled. “Man, she’s right on it. Sara and her crew haven’t stopped since you left. We’ll know today wither her unit is ready. I think we’re all ready, Keven. We’ve just been waiting for you to get back.”

The surrounding jungle thinned out, and the mountains were on the horizon. John turned off the main road, and drove down into a small valley at the base of Hanglip Mountain. Soon more military vehicles like theirs were seen on the road as they made their way towards a small city with long barracks. Most of the buildings were painted in the same green color. Houses were painted white, and all the buildings had their numbers on the corners of the structures. Groups of men appeared jogging down the road, dressed in sweats, while others walked down the streets in army fatigues. Further on, as they passed by the optical course, gunfire could be heard being fired off in the distance at the rifle range.

Approaching a sixteen-foot wire fence going off in both directions, four guards stood by a gatehouse. The guards asked for their credentials. After showing their id’s, the guards letting them through the gate. The two men continued towards the base of the mountain. Reaching a hundred-foot hole in the mountainside was another chain-link fence stretched across the opening. More guards stopped them, and asked them for their IDs once more.

Letting the two drive inside the mountain, they finally parked in front of a huge vault-like door. More men were stationed beside the door. Keven and John’s IDs were checked for the third, and final time. Starring into a computer screen, a guard checked their facial features along with their fingerprints they had on file. After a few moments, the huge vault door opened, and they walked into the underground complex.

Tunnels ran in many directions, but John and Keven only followed one of them. Reaching an elevator, they took it down to the third level. Finding a door in the tunnel marked conference room one. Unannounced, they both walked in. Fifteen people were waiting for them around an oval table. John sat down in one chair while Keven walked over, and set his briefcase down on the table with the wall screen behind him.

Standing in front of the group, he told them. “As you know a new member came to the Island. They call him Harvey. He lived in Biddeford, Maine, but I don’t have any other information about his past life because I focused my attention on who he is now. Harvey is just the person we want. They have just turned him, and soon he will be strong, and fast, like they all are. However, I believe it will be some time before he gets his ability. The family doesn’t let newcomers go unescorted by themselves while off the Island. So, if Harvey goes ashore, expect one, or two other alphas to be with him.”

“Trying to take Harvey while he is on the Island would be a death sentence for anyone involved in the assault.” He told the group.

“We’re just not going to be able to do it. I paid some low-ranking men from Brunswick Naval Air station to tell me about an event that happened on the Island a few years ago. These men were on the Island cleaning up the aftermath of a battle that was fought there. All they would tell me was a force of a hundred men, or more attacked nine alphas in the middle of the night. All of the attacking force were killed by the alphas and their wolves. From what I was told, not one alpha was wounded, or killed during the firefight.”

Getting serious, he added. “Believe me, I took a really good look at their island, and there is no way we are going to accomplish anything by going out there. It would be foolish to even contemplate it. The only way this is going to work is by taking Harvey while he is ashore.”

Keven looked over at a slim African woman with round glasses with pink frames.

“Sara, is your department ready?”

Wearing a white lab coat, Sara stood up at the table holding a clipboard in her hands. “The information I got back from the test we ran on Sandra gave us the final key to the puzzle. My unit was turned on near her for just a brief amount of time. However, the reaction in her body language was undeniable. The machine works. The unit was turned on for only a quarter of a second, and it had immediate effect. If we boost the power, any alpha in the area will be affected as well.

The thing is we’re going to be needing a hell of a lot of power to keep the machine running for any length of time. We’ll have to build two mobile fusion generators. One to take down the alphas in the area, making them helpless, and another for transporting the captured alpha back here.” Sara sat back down in her chair.

Keven looked across from him at a guy across the table, “Is this true, Tony?”

Tony stood. “Sara’s right, I am afraid,” Tony told the group.

“However, I expected this from the beginning. That’s why I put in the request for extra personnel, and equipment from the beginning. I have one set of technicians working on a large unit that will hold the alpha once he’s here. While the rest started building two fusion generators small enough to be put into two vehicles. With the information we received from Sara, we won’t need to test this thing again. We know it will work. However, the generator in the vehicles will only hold one alpha. With the nuclear power, we have under the mountain. The unit we have here will accommodate five or six of them, no problem. That’s if we get that far.” He told the group.

Tony sat down as a Chinese lady picked up her teacup, and asked. “Will the machines harm them, or kill them, is what I want to know?”

From her chair, Sara answered her. “There is a limited amount of risk when using either unit to hold them. It will be hard on their bodies, and we will have to watch them. The unit for the vehicles is only for transportation, and it will knock them out as soon as the field is applied. The unit we have here will enable them to be awake, or to sleep. If any of them get into trouble while under the field. Tony has built a room on the lower level for them to recuperate in. The room is encased in reinforced steel, not even an alpha could get through it in their weakened state. But even if they did. We have the knockout field all around the outside walls to stop them. They will never make it past that.”

An elderly man in a business suit and tie asked, “What about getting their abilities? How are we going to go about getting them, and will the effort of getting it hurt them?”

Keven could see they all were very concerned with killing one of the alpha’s. Many years before, Kelly Winston promised the world if anyone killed one of his wolves, he would wipe out their entire country.

“A full-fledged alpha changes another alpha through the love they share together.” Keven told them. “Their abilities are locked in their genetic code. We find that code, and reproduce it. We are going to be working on different methods at the same time for maximum results, but no, this part of the process shouldn’t kill, or hurt them.”

“OK. I can see how finding their genetic code could work.” The elderly gentleman replied. “That’s if you found it, and if you could duplicate it in another human being. That’s a hell of a lot of ifs, but tell me this. Who is going to convince an alpha to bring out the code?”

Everybody was looking around the room at each other when Keven spoke. “I am,” he told the group. “It will be my job to get as close to them as possible, even if I have to go into the field holding them.”

Cleary shocked everyone at the table only stared at him.

Sara quickly stood up, and told him. “Keven, are you fucking

crazy? The risk for short-term exposure in that field for a human is one thing. However, long-term exposure will kill you deader than shit.”

“Yes, I know Sara,” Keven told her. “I’m counting on it.”

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Janet and Tess stuck their heads in the classroom. Harvey was staring intently into a computer screen as he multi-tasked. Singing out aloud, he beat his pencil on the tabletop in rhythm to, “I Want To Be Sedated” by the Ramons. Everyone on the Island knew he loved hyped-up jam music. The music was bellowing out of the classroom speakers as he read what was on the computer screen.

Janet rose her voice over the music, “Harvey, what on earth are you doing? It’s almost dinner?” She told him.

Harvey looked up, quickly turned off the program supplying him with the music.

“I’ll bet he’s reading about the Civil War again,” Tess said, walking up to stand besides Janet.

Both women walked over, and looked over Harvey’s shoulder at the computer screen. “See, I told you,” Tess said, waving her hand at the computer. “The guy can’t get enough of this stuff.”

Harvey knew Tess was right. He loved the 1800s, and the way they lived back then, but it was more than that. Ever since his body started to change, his concentration was rock solid, and he could remember the things he learned. The way he was before, his disability handicapped his ability to learn. With the change in his body, he was now soaking up information faster than he could read it. He was spending more, and more time in the classroom, and the house’s library learning everything about the present, and past history of the United States, and the world. All the alphas on the Island trained every day as well as studied many different subjects, but for Harvey, learning became an obsession. But it was the slave trade between the 1500s, and 1800s that really captivated him. When he wasn’t learning another subject. He took breaks which always involved the Civil War, and slavery during those eras.

“What got you so hooked on the Civil War?” Janet asked. “The battles.”

“It’s not just the battles, Janet. It’s the way they fought the war. They used archaic tactics, which gave them a larger body count on both sides. The closest I can determine there were at least 60,000

lives lost by the time the war ended. And that’s not even talking about the wounded, or black slaves that were killed.”

Getting serious, he looked up at the two women beside him, and told them. “These fucking people were nuts.”

Kelly’s deep baritone voice was heard in the room as he came walking into the classroom. “Yes, by our standards they were Harvey, but at that time in history, slavery was considered worse than going to war. All the way back before the time of Christ, man has owned slaves. This was the first time in history a people, and country were fighting against it, but this war wasn’t fought just because of the slave trade.” He told him. “Over the years, the Northern states were getting worried about the buildup of power within the South, and the federal government in Washington, DC. During the 1700s the southern economy was doing fairly well. Most of the richest plantations in the country were in the south. But by the end of the 1840s, their economy was dropping back as the North was industrializing. The South at the time was also losing its foothold in the political arena in Washington, DC, and they weren’t very happy about it.”

“So, you believe the federal government had ulterior motives other than slavery to go to war.”

“I’m sure of it, Harvey. President Lincoln himself said. If he could have saved the Union without freeing one slave, he would have. Although you don’t see a lot of that in history books, slavery wasn’t the prime objective of the Civil War. But it was used to win the war. When have you ever known the United States government to have a single-minded purpose when they did anything? Plain and simple. The southern states were trying to get as powerful as the north while trying to take over Washington, DC. Their plan backfired on them.”

Harvey could see Kelly’s point. The Southern states were getting a bit big for their britches at that time. Now, if the alphas weren’t in hiding at that time in history, there wouldn’t have been as many lives lost. The alphas could have taken out the Southern army without hardly one cannonball being fired.

Using their abilities alone, they could have stopped both armies.

Addressing Tess, he asked. “You said my ability would manifest by itself. I’ve been on the Island for months training day, and night, and I still don’t know what it is.”

Kelly answered him for her. “It will show up when it’s ready,

Harvey. This isn’t something you can rush.”

“However,” He looked over at Janet. “Do you see anything in

him?”

Janet took a moment as she stared into Harvey’s eyes. “Harvey, I can feel there is something in you, and there is a shitload of power behind it. I think your ability is being blocked by the ability itself. All our abilities seem to have a mind of their own, and sometimes we can’t control them. But I’m not about to try, and help bring it out. I could do more harm than good. Give it time, honey.” She told him, “It will reveal itself on its own when it’s ready. All of us here went through the same process.”

Tess hauled him to his feet. “Come on, big boy. You’ll never find your ability if you don’t put some nourishment into you.”

After dinner, most of the family went outside to the pool, or play with the wolves on the Island. All Harvey wanted to do was to go read some more. Kelly caught up to him before he went into the cellar. Walking up to him from the direction of his study, Kelly was carrying a thick heavy book in his bearlike hands.

Handing it to Harvey, he told him. “You wanted to know the actual truth behind the times of that era. This book comes from my personal library, and it’s very old.”

Harvey took it from his hands, and found it was a handwritten book. On the binder of the book was printed, “United States 1700-

1866.”

“Kelly, this is awesome. Thank you.”

Kelly then handed Harvey a pair of blue latex gloves, and told him, “Wear these when reading it, and be careful of the pages, their bridle.”

Harvey told him he would safely guard the book.

Over the next few weeks, Harvey spent every spare moment he had between training to read Kelly’s book. Nowhere in the manuscript did the author give their names, or their family biographic background. The book only contained the history of the United States between 1700-1866. However, what the authors did write about they wrote in every little detail. The US economy took up a sizable portion to the beginning of the book, and what was taking place in the state’s governments, and in Washington, DC. But it was the years preceding, and during the Civil War, and the slave trade which held the most detail.

The author explained there were two forms of slave societies at that time. Genuine slave societies, and slave-owning societies. African men and women in the southern states in America were of the genuine society. And was without a doubt the harshest, and worse form of slavery for any human being, as they were considered chattel, a commodity. They had no rights, and neither could they marry. Unlike other slaves owning societies like in China, India, and Egypt. In countries like Grease, a slave-owning society, a black slave could achieve great heights in politics, and other areas of their society.

Native Americans were the first slaves sold in the United States, and were the hardest to control due to their beliefs, and rebellious nature. White men were the second form of slavery that reached the shores of America. Convicts, and indentured servants were sent to America to work out their debt. A redemptioner would also pay for a person’s passage, and room, and board while the individual would slowly pay off his debt in the US. If the individual failed to pay his debt in a timely manner, they were put into slavery. But no matter how Harvey looked at it. Economics was behind the slave trade worldwide for all forms of slavery. Because of the high cost of importing sugar, and cotton, and tobacco into America. Plantations in the south ended up sealing the fate of millions of Africans. They were thought to be some of the better slaves to own because if they ran away, they would stick out in sociality like a sore thumb. They were also from distant lands, and didn’t know the language, or the lay of the land. Their nature also wasn’t as rebellious as the Native Americans.

Kelly’s book amazed Harvey to no end. It gave him names and dates of ships that were transporting illegal slaves to America even after the slave trade with Africa was abolished in 1808. Ship owners risked their ships payload, and the ship itself to keep African slaves coming into the United States. Sometimes these ships would even take blacks from the Congo. Most of the slaves off the ships were sold along the coast when they made port. While others from plantations were being resold at taverns, and slave markets in the south. Much to Harvey’s consternation. He was dumbfounded to learn the North and some Western states owned slaves throughout the Civil War. It wasn’t until Congress passed the Thirteen Amendments on April 8th, 1864, that slavery was abolished in America. The House then followed the Senate on January 31, 1865.

To Harvey, the writer of the book was obviously not a slave owner himself. However, nowhere in the book did it give his direct opinion about slavery. The book only listed facts as to what was happening in that era. It explained everything. How a slave’s worth was calculated, and the plight they had to endure every day of their lives. The raping of the black females, and daily whippings was one thing, Harvey thought. But it was the hangings, and burning of escaped slaves that horrified him the most. Escaped slaves were hunted like animals, most were executed by burning, and hanging, or sold back into slavery.

Slaves being resold at markets, and taverns spoke English, or at least slave talk. It was the unskilled ones who came off the ships, who were whipped, and beaten more than the rest, for they speak they didn’t speak the English language, or understand what in hell was going happening.

Skilled healthy males like, “carpenters,” “blacksmiths,” and “fancy maids” brought in the highest dollar. Fancy maids found by willingly giving themselves to their owner’s sexual perversion gave the women better food, and healthier living conditions. Due to a lack of nutritional food, slave’s food consisted mostly of half a bushel of corn meal, once a week with very little meat, and almost no vegetables, disease was acute among the black population. Before the 1800s the life span of a slave was only about thirty years. The fatback, and salt pork that they did receive did little to stop dysentery, typhoid, typhus, and pneumonia among their ranks. From lack of nutritious meals, most babies delivered by black women of that time weighed only an average of five pounds.

The wealth of their owners made a huge contribution to a slave’s life. Owners of lesser wealth had the most problems with the poor health of their slaves. On larger plantations, slaves found an easier life due to the large crops being sold. Their owners also had high connections in the government as they invested in the stock market in the north, and railroad lines that stretched across the-

Startled, Harvey looked up from the book in his hands.

“Harvey!” Tess stood in the doorway to the reading room, yelling at him. “Didn’t you hear me?”

“No, sorry.” He apologized.

“Some of us are going into town, and I was told by Kelly to take you with us.”

“So, I guess I don’t have a vote in this,” he asked, glancing down at his reading material.

“Nope, I’m afraid not. Kelly said you needed a break. Come on, we’ll only be gone for a few hours.” She told him. “What the heck are you doing in here, anyway?”

Confused, he asked. “What do you mean?”

She laughed at him, and pointed to the books all around him. There were several books opened beside him. Harvey looked down at his reading material scattered around him on the flat couch. Each book was opened to a different time in history, and he had more sitting on the floor in a pile.

“Harvey, you’re studying seven different books at the same time.”

First, Harvey wrapped up Kelly’s book in its protected plastic then he placed a book marker in the other six books before answering her.

“I’m comparing Kelly’s book to the history books we have here in the library.”

“What’s got you so interested in that era?” She wanted to know.

“It’s not just that era, Tess. For the first time in my life, I can sit still, and really learn about something, and retain the information. It feels wonderful to be able to learn, I get a high from it. However, what happened during the Civil War, and to the blacks of that time has me almost speechless. If I weren’t reading it for myself, I wouldn’t believe it.”

They met up with Janet, and Wade at the Islands pier, and took the Freeloader into Belfast. While the guys were busy buying fishing gear, Tess and Janet went across the street to the body shop.

Janet paid for her soap and oils, then she waited for Tess by the open doorway. Looking across the street. The guys were just leaving the tackle shop when Janet started feeling sick to her stomach. Within a second, or two, the feeling quickly increased more, and more. She held her midsection with her hand as she looked over at Tess for help. Tess herself was doubled over, as Janet watched, she fell to the floor. A split second later, Janet fell to the floor.

Janet tried calling out to her men across the street, but they too were laying side by side on the sidewalk. Her vision was starting to get blurry when, without any warning, she watched Harvey disappear in a puff of smoke. Then a black van suddenly appeared, and stopped beside Wade, blocking her view of him. When the van took off, Wade was gone. After a while, the sick feeling in her stomach left her. The shop’s owner was helping Tess to her feet as his customers were helping Janet off the floor.

Janet was finally able to trigger her implant. “Kelly! Tamra! We need help, and we need it right fucking now!”

By the time Kelly, and the rest of the alphas got to the body shop. Tess, and Janet had already gathered anyone who witnessed the event inside the store. The shop’s owner called the cops. The first

officer to show up got out of his cruiser just as Kelly, and the rest of the family’s blurred forms came racing up the street from the direction of the piers.

Reaching the police officer, the officer took a step back when he saw Kelly run up to him. “Officer, this is our affair,” Kelly told him. “We’ll handle this.”

Ever since their last worldwide broadcast, the world has known about the wolves. However, Director Mellon, and President Obama felt the law enforcement around where they lived needed to know about them to for-stall any problems that may arise.

“Mr. Winston, our department has already been told your business is none of ours. However, is there anything I can do to help?”

“Yes, as a matter of fact, there is,” Kelly told him. “We’ll need both tackle, and body shops closed to the public. We also need to reroute traffic, and pedestrians around this area. we should know whatever in the hell happened here inside of a few hours. I’ll lift the lockdown then.” He told the office.

The family questioned everyone in the body shop, and in a matter of a few minutes. All but one of them was released. Tamra gave Kelly the run down as they stood outside the Tackle shop.

“There isn’t much to add from what we already know, Kelly. We only have a vague description of the two guys who took Wade. One guy has black hair, the other has brown driving a black van. People thought they were trying to help Wade out. Only one other guy, other than Janet, watched Harvey disappear. He just told me one second Harvey was lying on the ground, and the next he was gone. It shook him up pretty good watching Harvey disappear in thin fucking air. The med techs are checking him over right now, I have one of the police officers with him.”

“The problem is,” she told him. “no one got a real good look at the van, or the men driving them. Barbra, and a police officer have gone up the street to check any business nearby that may have caught them on camera. We might want to check other businesses further in the direction they left. The one thing we do know for certain is whatever happened, it only affected our family members.”

When she finished. Both she and Kelly stared down at the spot where Harvey had disappeared from. His clothing and shoes were lying on the sidewalk.

“What in the hell happened to him, Kelly?”

“I don’t know, Tamra. But I don’t believe the men who took Wade had anything to do with Harvey’s disappearance. Whatever happened to him did so for some other reason.” Kelly reached into his pocket and took out his cell phone. He placed a call. It rang a few times before it was picked up on the other end of the line.

“Curly, I need all three of you guys right away. Some assholes just took one of my alphas, and Janet, and a civilian watched as Harvey disappeared right in fucking front of them.”

# Chapter 2

While Tim and Stephanie were trying to track down the black van that took Wade. Malcolm stayed at the scene of the crime as the rest of the family went back to the Island.

Back home, Tamra, and Sandra walked into Kelly’s study. Sandra handed out protein drinks to help energize her family in case they were activated. Kelly was talking on the phone with Director Mellon at Langley, while Janet, and Tess were looking over a map of Maine’s coastline.

Janet looked up when Tamra came over to them. “I can’t see them taking Wade by land.” She said, looking back down at the map. “They could have taken him out to sea from any of these ports along the coast.”

Just then, Kelly’s other phone rang. With Kelly still talking to Roger on their secure line, Tamra answered the phone for him. After answering it, she snapped her fingers, getting Kelly’s attention.

“Kelly, Moe has an update.”

Kelly spoke into his phone. “Roger, hold on. I think you’re

going to be wanting to hear this.” Kelly places both phone calls on the conference line.

“Go ahead, Moe.” Kelly told him.

Moe’s voice came out of the room’s sound system. “Kelly, I thought you should know. I just ran a quick plenary scan of the downtown area. We don’t know what happened to either Wade, or Harvey just yet, but whoever took Wade was running small minifusion generators. There were two of them. The scan showed one generator was more powerful than the other. We don’t have any information about what kind of machines they were using along with the generators, but whatever it was. They needed a hell of a lot of power in order to make them work.”

Roger spoke up from Langley. “Moe, if they were using fusion generators, then we should be able to track them by satellite.”

“Ya, that’s what we thought.” Moe told him. “That’s why I called. Larry is trying to follow the residual effects of the stronger generator as we speak, and Curly is trying to track down the other one. However, were not getting much of a single from the units. there might be shield covering them.”

Kelly has known these guys a long time, and knew they did everything in threes. “Curly, are you and Larry on the line?” “Ya, Kelly. We’re all here.” He told him.

“Curly, where are you right now?”

“At the moment, I’m south of Belfast, about thirty miles. These

guys have been zigzagging all over the fucking place. I’m afraid I’m going to lose them. I can barely get any readings with the equipment I have with me. I’ve already had to backtrack half a dozen times

“Curly, stay on them as long as you can. I’m sending Tim your way to help you out. Larry, Stephanie will be coming out to you. As soon as you five get more Intel, let us know as soon as you do.” All three men agreed they would.

“Roger.”

“I’ve already have my people working on it, Kelly. Give us a few minutes, and I’ll call you back as soon as I can.”

With nothing better to do, Kelly kept the conference line open and placed another call. The sexy voice of an Irish female came out of the speakers. “My love, you sure have waited a long time to get in touch. How’s the family.”

Kelly explained what had just taken place, and then he told her.

“Catherine, I’m placing the organization on full alert. I want everyone who’s away from home to return immediately. These assholes just may be coming after one of the lesser alphas. If they can get to one of mine, then they sure as hell can get at one of you. I know you guys have Scotland under wraps. In any case, tell everyone to use extreme caution outside of their den.”

Catherine’s voice was more serious when she answered him. “OK, I have a worldwide alert going out. It’s going to take a hell of a long time to get everyone home. Kelly, these sons of a bitch are leaving the States by air or sea. I can’t see them driving off to Canada or staying in the United States.”

“Ya, that’s what I fingered too. Roger has every airport in New England on alert looking for these people. They’re not going to get

out by air.” He told her.

“Well, I’m sure you guys are busier than a virgin maiden at a brothel, so

I’ll let you go. I’ll talk to you later. Love you, babe.”

“Love you too.” He told her.

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Keven screamed into his phone. “You guys took, Wade! Fredi! Wade is a fucking full fledge Alpha, and is totally aware of himself! Sara herself doesn’t even know if we can contain a mature alpha.”

On the other end of the line, Fred’s excited voice agreed with him. “I know. I know, Keven. But we really didn’t have any choice. Harvey fucking disappeared right in front of our friggin eyes as we pulled up to the curb. His fucking clothes were laying on the sidewalk, Keven. That only left Janet, or Tess, who were across the street. I was sure as hell wasn’t going to grab one of them. Janet, and Tess are two of the oldest alphas on the damn island. That only left Wade to choose from.”

Fredi steadied his voice when he told his boss, “Keven, if we didn’t take Wade, the entire operation would have been blown wide open, and they would know all about us. You yourself said we only had one chance to do this.”

“How is Wade doing within the field?” Keven asked him.

“He seems to be doing OK. I have the power on the generator cranked up to maximum. His body functions are all normal, and he’s

out cold.”

“Do not deviate from the plan any further Fredi,” Keven threatened. “Or I’ll put a fucking bullet in your goddamn head myself.” Keven slammed his phone shut in discuss, then tossed it across the room.

Sara was cleaning herself in the bathroom with the door wide open as she listened to Keven talking to Fredi. Walking through the doorway, she fastened her pants, and picked up her white lab coat off the rug. Frowning at the wet stain in the middle of the coat, she put it on anyway.

“So, they took Wade instead of Harvey?” She asked.

Keven shook his head, “Ya, they sure did.” He told her. “I don’t know what in hell happened, and Fredi, and his team don’t know either. He said Harvey was there one moment laying on the ground, and the next he was gone.”

He looked questioningly at Sara. “Could the field do that to him?”

“I don’t see how Keven. You’re talking about making a human being disappear. Our equipment wasn’t designed to do anything like that. I don’t know how it could even happen.”

“Then what in the hell happened to Harvey?”

“It’s anyone’s guess at this point, Keven. I better go get lab, and get our team ready to receive Wade. Thank God he won’t be here for another week. We’re going to need all the time we can get to be ready for him.”

Keven stopped her as she was going through the door. “Sara, can

we even hold Wade without killing him? We were only prepared to

hold one of the younger alphas.”

Sara moved her pink glasses to the tip of her nose, and looked

at him over the rims. “Maybe? The machine settings will have to be randomly changed while he’s under the field. And the power to the reactor will have to be increased. We’ll have to keep a close watch on him, but maybe. Just maybe, we might have a chance.” She told him.

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Harvey was barely awake when someone gave him something to drink. Sometime later, they gave him more of the liquid. He drank everything they gave him, then he went back to sleep dreaming about the Island, and Tess, and his new family. The process of drinking, and dreaming seemed to go on forever. Finally, one day he woke up. and there was a pretty nurse with light brown hair sitting on his bed beside him.

“No, lay back down, and don’t try to get up,” she told him, forcing him back on his pillows.

Harvey tried to say something, but she stuck a wooden spoon in his mouth. “No talking either,” she told him. “you’ve been on a liquid broth diet, and need to eat. You’ve been unconscious for almost two weeks. Just rest, and get your strength back.” She told him, feeding him more of the liquid. After eating everything she gave him, Harvey fell back to sleep.

Over the following days, the process didn’t change. Waking his nurse would feed him, then he would sleep. As every day passed, he began to get stronger, and stayed awake longer. Then one morning, he woke to the gentle touch of his nurse’s hands. She helped to move him into a sitting position with his pillows behind him.

“What’s your name?” She asked him.

“Harvey.” He told her.

“Where do you live, Harvey?”

“I live on Heaven’s Gate Island, northeast of Belfast, Maine.”

“Humm… I know Maine pretty well,” the woman told him.

“But I’ve never heard of a town, or settlement called Belfast. I’ll have to ask around. We’ll need to contact your family. You’ve been here for weeks. There are a lot of trappers that come into town from the north.”

“Who are you, and where am I?”

“I’m your nurse, my name is Caroline. You are at a hospital in the township of Portland. Some travelers found you naked on a trail that leads up north. They brought you here. You were out cold when you got here. The doctors couldn’t find anything wrong with you other than you were malnourished. You were pretty far out of it, but you must have been dreaming a lot because you have been talking in your sleep since you got here.

“Portland is a vast city,” Harvey told her. “I can’t see why anyone would call it a township.”

A man in a white coat stepped close to his bedside, chuckling. “We do have some of the finer things in life here in Portland, but I sure wouldn’t call it a city either.” He told Harvey. “I’ve been tending to you since you been here. How are you feeling? Do you have any numbness, or any pains?”

He admitted he felt fine other than being weak and shaky.

“That’s good to hear.” He told him. “You have been a big mystery around here. As Caroline said, we found no injuries on you.

As soon as you can start moving around on your own, I don’t see why you can’t leave the hospital.” He told him. Saying that much, the doctor walked off.

“Let me get you some solid food. You’ve been drinking nothing, but broth the whole time you’ve been here.”

After she left, Harvey was able to get a good look around the room. If he was in a hospital in Portland, then it sure was a piss-poor one. The floors were made of plank boards, and the walls were plaster, and not sheet rock. His bed, and those around him were made of unfinished wood, and there wasn’t one piece of electric equipment in the room. Spaced out hanging on the walls were oil lamps.

“Where in the hell am I?” he asked himself out loud. Just then, he heard a horse whinny outside his window.

Using the table in front of the window for support, Harvey got out of bed and looked outside. The sight in front of him sent his whole body into shock. The streets outside his window were made of dirt, and there wasn’t one bit of asphalt to be seen anywhere. Trotting, and walking down the town’s street were horses pulling carriages, and buckboards. There wasn’t one car to be seen, and the streets had old-fashioned oil lamps spaced out along the avenue. Most of the surrounding buildings were made of rough-cut lumber, and very few were painted, only a few were made of red brick. Strolling along wood planks in front of the shops. Women were wearing wide old-style dresses, while the men were in solid colors, and pin-striped suits and

vests.

Harvey suddenly lost his strength. Groaning, he fell to his

hands, and knees on the floorboards.

“You shouldn’t be out of bed,” came the stern cry of Caroline’s voice. She helped to get him back to bed, then tried to give him something to eat.

Harvey pushed her hand, and spoon away from him.

“What’s today’s date?” He asked his nurse.

“Its May 16th.”

“No, I mean, what year is it?”

She gave him a strange look. Placing her hand on his forehead, she asked, “Do you feel OK, Harvey?”

He removed her hand, and stressed. “Dam it, Caroline. What year is it!”

“Harvey, it’s 1855. What’s the matter? Don’t you remember?”

The plaster on the walls, and the way Caroline was dressed in her long dress, and white apron over it, along with what he had just seen outside his window. Proved what she just told him, but Harvey still couldn’t believe it. Somehow, he was transported back to 1855. His head started spinning, making him dizzy. Caroline forced him to lie back down. Stroking her fingers through his brown hair, she sat with him until he fell asleep.

Softly whispering to him, she asked. “Who are you Harvey, and who’s Tess, and Janet, and what’s the heck is an alpha?”

Caroline was taken by Harvey as soon as she saw him come into the hospital. The guy was flat out on his back, but there was something drawing her to him. There was something about the man that was different. Whatever it was, it was calling to her. Stroking his hair, she had the strongest desire to hold him. She stopped touching him, and moved away, as the desire to kiss him as he slept was getting too great.

Over the following days. Her daily visits with Harvey made her body hot whenever she was around him. She finally confessed to herself she liked the way he made her feel. He excited her whenever she was around him. She had to make extra effort to hide the powerful feelings developing within her. Never in her life has any man ever made her feel the way this handsome stranger made her feel.

Caroline stayed close by Harvey, or in as much as she could. She even came in to see him when it was her day off. She couldn’t explain it, but the man was drawing her to him. There was something about him, and it sure wasn’t the sound of his voice when he spoke The young man didn’t sound like a Northerner, and he didn’t have the southern drawl of a Southern gentleman. He was a bit dark skinned, but that didn’t foretell if he had any Indian blood in him. Caroline was sure there was a lot more to Harvey than his body was telling her.

Over the weeks, she caught him half a dozen times sitting on the edge of his bed with his eyes tightly closed. His face beat red from straining, and his fists gripped so tightly together she could see the whites of his knuckles. The first time she saw this, she rushed to him, thinking something was wrong, but he would only tell her that he was fine. Then he would lay back down on his bed, and turn his back to her. It was after she told him what year it was that his nightmares started to get worse. The night nurse would tell her he would thrash about, and then wake up screaming. For his well-being alone, Caroline knew then she had to dig into him, and find out what he was hiding.

Days before he was to leave the hospital, she found him sitting in his chair staring out the window. The wrinkles around his eyes gave proof of his deep concentration as his fingers drummed impatiently on the tabletop.

Sitting down on his bed, she asked him, “Harvey, something is wrong, and I can clearly see it. Would you tell me what’s bothering you? Is it about one of the females you have been calling out to in your sleep, or is it about the Alphas?”

The longing in his eyes searched for something as he looked over at her. For a long time, they sat there, and he didn’t say anything. Caroline didn’t think he was going to answer her at all.

Finally, he told her, “You would never believe me if I told you. How do I talk about something if it could change history?”

“History is in the past, Harvey. You can’t change something that has already been done.”

The haughty look he shot back at her sent a chill up Caroline’s spine.

“Want a bet.” He told her.

Caroline frowned, then crossed herself as she told him. “Harvey, would you just tell me what’s on your mind? I won’t say anything to anyone else. No matter what it is. I promise.”

Caroline was beautiful, with a pretty smile, and a shapely form. He was attracted to her, but his presence here in this era could disrupt future time. Harvey knew even when a man stepped one foot in the forest, he changed it with just that one footprint. Being in the dilemma he was in, and not having anyone else to confide in, he decided to tell her. He knew he was going to need a friend if he was going to survive here. Harvey ended up telling Caroline about his life with Tess, and about the rest of the alphas, and how he thought he got here.

“Something around me was creating pressure on me. Suppressing me, making me feel sick at the same time. While another force inside of me was quickly building its own pressure. I think my ability was finally coming out. I think it was trying to protect me, and in doing so, it sent me here to the 1800s.”

When he finished his story, Caroline’s mouth was slowly working like she was trying to speak, but she wasn’t making any sound. She stopped, and stuck out her hand, and tried once more, but failed. Finally, she sat back, and dropped her shoulders, and looked him straight into his brown eyes.

“You really aren’t playing with me, are you? You’re dead serious.”

Harvey didn’t give her an answer. Instead, he walked over to the fireplace, and took its poker from beside it. Walking back over to her, he handed it to Caroline and asked, “Can you bend that in half for me?”

Shocked, she told him, “No, of course not. Harvey, that’s heavy cast iron steal. I don’t believe there is a man on the planet who could bend it with his two hands alone.”

Caroline’s eyes almost popped out of her pretty little head when Harvey snatched the poker from her hands, and bent it in half. Seeing the expression on her face, he told her, “I told you; alphas are super strong. There are many other things we can do that normal men can’t do.”

He straightened the poker back out the best he could then put it back beside the fireplace.

Intrigued, Caroline asked. “Show me some more.”

“Caroline, right now, I am more worried about getting back home than anything else. It’s best I don’t reveal too much to you. I have to be careful. My actions here could change history, and the world as I know it. If I ever do, get home. I may find a totally different world.”

Taking one of his hands in hers, she wrapped both of hers around his. “I can see by your eyes that you’re missing home. Honey, acceptance is one of the hardest things a human must deal with in this world. If you can’t change something, then live with it. I’ll bet you’ll find your answers there. It sounds to me like this ability of yours is a living being inside of you. Out of force, it made it’s selfaware to protect you. Harvey, even if you’re a young alpha. You did use this ability once to get here. It may have almost killed you, but if you did it once before, then you should be able to do it again. You just may need time. What you went through took a hell of a lot out of you, and who knows what the conditions need to be for it to be used.”

Harvey knew Caroline could be right. Since he has been here, he could now feel something deep inside of himself when he couldn’t feel it before. Looking back out the window, he told her, “Where am I going to live? I don’t know how to act, or talk like you people,” He confessed. “I don’t have a penny to my name.”

The words were out of her mouth so fast Caroline didn’t have time to stop herself. “You’re coming home with me. My aunt died a few years ago, so there’s plenty of room for you at the house. We may cause a scandal in the neighborhood with two unmarried people living under one roof, but what the heck? We do live in the modern age. It’s not like it’s the 1700s anymore.”

Caroline took him home, and at first, Harvey stayed close to the house as he learned about his caregiver, and living in the 1800s. Caroline was a Tennessee gal who spent most of her younger life in the South, then she came north to go to school. Not having any close relatives when her mother died, she moved in with her aunt in Portland, where she’s been living ever since. She wasn’t rich, but neither did she need anyone to support her. With the wealth from her aunt for the past year, she has been volunteering at the hospital. She took Harvey home, and bought him some clothes that wouldn’t make him look like a commoner. When finding out he had never ridden a horse, she took him for a ride in the countryside. Reaching an area with very few trees around them, she showed him how to unharness the horse from the carriage. Then she put a saddle on the animal, and told him to climb on.

Harvey went to get on the horse when Caroline started laughing at him

“Harvey, you really don’t know horses, do you? You’ve been riding in them cars so much you know nothing about animals. You need to approach the horse from the side the main isn’t on.” She told him. “It’s easier for the horse to see what you’re doing, and you’re less

likely to spook him.”

After the riding lesson, she set up a bunch of glass bottles on a log and took out a forty-five-colt dragoon revolver.

“Coming from Tennessee, my daddy taught me how to shoot even though it’s not ladylike.” She explained. Two-handed, she aimed at the bottles. Slowly and carefully, she shot three of the bottles off the log then laughed out loud, totally pleased with herself even though she missed twice.

Handing the heavy weapon to Harvey, he holstered the gun, then strapped it around his waist. In a movement too fast for Caroline to follow, he pulled the gun, and fanned the hammer, shooting six bottles off the log. Spinning the gun in his right hand, he had it back into the holster before the shards of glass from the last bottle hit the ground.

Surprised and impressed, Caroline exclaimed. “Oh, my! That’s the fastest I have ever seen anyone shoot before. They did teach you well on that island of yours.”

“Caroline, you wouldn’t believe the weapons I know how to use. We even have antics like this gun on the Island. An alpha train with everything a man can kill with. I could shoot a flea off a dog’s back at fifty yards. You’re pretty good with a gun yourself, but I kind of expected it with you coming from Tennessee. However, there are something’s I can show you to help you out.” He showed her a few tricks on how to handle her weapon.

They ate lunch while sitting on a blanket. Afterward, they strolled through the open field while the horse grazed by the carriage. Walking side by side, their hands touched. Caroline reached out and took his hand in hers. Harvey stopped walking, and looked over at her. She gave him a big, beautiful smile. Harvey couldn’t resist the temptation. Bring her into his arms, he gave into the passion of the wolf inside him. His ran his hands down her form, Caroline moaned into his mouth. Breaking free of his embrace her eyes remained locked on his as she removed her dress. Naked, she laid down on the garment, and reached out to him.

When Harvey entered her, she cried in his ear. She was so wonderfully warm, and excited by his touch. Her moans continue to boil the blood of the wolf within him. Harvey could not help himself; he was lost in her. Totally captivated by her sex, and the sounds she was making. It was like he was an ocean wave and she was the shore, calling him home to her love.

Without meaning to, Harvey suddenly penetrated her with his love. As soon as he did, Caroline lost complete control of herself. Her entire body started trembling, getting him soaking wet. She had multiple orgasms that were so strong he could feel them leave her. Tilting her head back, her face was beat red as she released a scream that could be heard around the world. Not able to handle anymore himself, the wolf bellowed out his call as he shot his love into her. Out of breath, he collapsed on top of her.

Taking his weight on his forearms, Caroline wrapped her arms around him. Locked together, they lay silent for a long time.

“Harvey, did you just do what I think you did?” She quietly asked him.

Embarrassed, he told her. “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to. I couldn’t

help it. I don’t think I could have stopped it from happening even if I wanted to. God, I almost gave you everything I had in me.”

Raking his back with her nails. She asked, “Are you telling me there’s more? Oh, my God, I loved it.”

“Now I will have to finish it the process. It will get easier next time.” He told her, looking down at her underneath him. “Are you sure your, “OK” with this?”

She pushed up with her hips, putting pressure on him. “OK with it. Harvey, I have hardly thought about anything else since you first told me about it. Give me the rest. I want all of it right now.”

“No, I won’t do that here.” He told her, “Tonight at home. I’ll give you everything in me, but remember, you’ll be sleeping for a few days.”

After he got Caroline dressed, he pointed to a round treeless mountaintop covered in green grass about two and a half miles away.

“Let’s go up there. I want to see the countryside.” He told her.

“The horse and carriage can’t make it up there. I’ve tried. Anyway, it will be getting dark soon.”

Harvey just smiled at her as he picked her up in his arms. “My love, there are so many things you don’t have to worry about anymore, and seeing in the dark is one of them. Now close your eyes, or you’ll be puking by the time I get you up there.”

Over the following months, with Caroline’s help, Harvey got his bearings, and learned how to fit into the new life he was entangled in. He knew Caroline was right. To fight the situation, wasn’t going to help him at all. At least now he could feel his ability even though he couldn’t use it. In the meantime, he had to come up with a plan about what he was going to do while he was here. He asked Caroline to buy some items for him, and then Harvey spent the next few weeks working everything out, and finding the right man for his project.

At a tavern in town, an Irish bartender with slick, laid-back hair and a curled, waxed mustache told him. “You’ll be wanting to talk to Tyler Henry. He owns a little shop at the edge of town. He’s a gentleman’s, gentleman. Honest as the day is long, he is. He’ll have the skills you’re looking for.” He told Harvey.

Tipping the bartender. Thirty minutes later, Harvey walked into Mr. Henry’s shop. Most of the shelves in the store had very little products on them. A big burly body of a man sat at a drafting table behind the counter with short, thick fingers. The guy was only in his thirties, but there was already premature gray in his hair.

In a kind, soft voice, he addressed Harvey. “Hello, can I help you?”

Harvey looked across into the guy’s workroom as he approached the counter. A lot of the tools, and equipment were already packed into crates.

“Moving, are you?” Harvey asked.

“Yes. My wife wants to be closer to her family. Anyway, Portland isn’t doing too good right now. Living in a bigger city, I’m sure to have more customers.”

“You wouldn’t, by chance, be moving to Connecticut, would you?”

Benjamin narrowed his eyes at the stranger. “Yes, how did you

know? Few people in these parts know were leaving. We haven’t told many.”

“Wild lucky guess,” Harvey told him with a devilish smile.

“So, how can I help you?”

“Quite frankly, I came here to help both you and me.” Harvey told him.

“Did you now?” Tyler said, leaning back in his chair, and folding his thick arm across himself. “And just how were you going to do that?”

Harvey explained, “Sir, what would you say if I had schematic drawings on how to build a lever-action repeating rifle along with a magazine that could hold up to sixteen rounds of ammunition?”

“I would first ask you if you were drinking. There is no such animal in this country, or the rest of the world, for that matter.”

“If I could defiantly prove what I say is true. Would a man such as yourself be interested?”

Tyler seemed to judge Harvey all over again before he answered him. Standing up to his full height of five, seven, he faced him.

“If you could give me definitive proof, I would be more than interested. Let’s cut to the chase here. Speak your mind.”

“I want to be your silent partner,” Harvey told him. “I’ll give you the schismatics. You build one working rifle to use as a sample. Our first buyer will pay upfront for the material to make the rest of them. We’ll then buy, or rent a building where you can start mass producing them. There will be a forty/sixty percent cut. I get the sixty.”

“I guess I don’t have to ask who our first customer will be. I

imagine it will be the US Army, but there is still the startup cost for machines at the factory, and its employees.”

“We’ll slowly build it up selling batches of rifles, so the cost won’t be too hard on us, and we’ll split the startup cost between us fifty, fifty. In any case, it’s going to take a year, or so to get this thing going.” He told John.

Tyler narrowed his eyes at Harvey again but didn’t speak for a moment. Finally, he told him. “Assuming everything is as you say it is, I’d say hell yes. A rifle like that will be selling off the shelf, and it would bring a pretty penny along with it. Let me see the drawings. If everything checks out, we’ll walk over and see your lawyer.” Harvey took out the drawings, and laid them on the counter. Tyler leaned over, and went through them. At one point, he looked up and asked, “This is fine work. Are you the one who came up with this design?”

He assured Tyler he did. Harvey started laughing to himself as the guy began whistling as he shuffled through the drawings. Harvey knew he had Tyler hooked on the idea.

The Henry rifle wouldn’t go into production until 1860. It was a different version than the Volition rifle people were using today. Harvey’s rifle was a .44 caliber breach-loading lever action rifle holding sixteen rounds per magazine. It was forty-four inches long, and weighed nine pounds and fourteen ounces. The shells for the weapon held 1.6 grams of gun powder, and the bullet weighed fourteen grams.

The only problem with the rifle was during the Civil War. Finding shells for the weapon could be difficult for the fighting men to find. In any case, soldiers would still buy the rifles. Some soldiers used their reenlistment bonus during the middle of the war, as the fighting men figured the repeating rifle could save their lives. The Henry rifle would soon become to be known as, “The rifle you could load on Sunday and shoot all week.”

During this era, the Northern and Southern army used muskets of many different models, like the “Spencer musket.” The Spencer’s max range was 650 yards, and it used a .58 caliber mini ball. It was one of the most favored muskets to use because of its accuracy. Most muskets, like the Enfield’s musket, you could load and shoot about three times in a minute. It was first manufactured in 1853. The Enfield was heavily used by the military on both sides in the Civil War. The ball for the Enfield was a .577 caliber, and it could shoot 1,400 feet per second at a max range of 1250 yards, but not with any great accuracy at that distance. The rear sights were adjustable, and the front was fixed. Unlike the Enfield, and Spencer musket, Harvey’s rifle was shorter, and would be used by soldiers who were dug in, or by horsemen. The Henry rifles were also favored to be used during raids for their mobility, and were not used in open battlefields.

Finished scrutinizing his work, John held the schematics in his hand and looked up at him. “I can see there are a few pages missing, but I expect you’ll give me them once the legal stuff is worked out. What are you going to call it?”

“For my own reasons, I don’t want my name attached to this venture at all,” Harvey told him. “We’ll be calling it, “The Henry Rifle” and there’s one more speculation. The factory must be in New Haven, Connecticut. I will not do it any other way.” Harvey told him.

In Harvey’s time, the Henry rifle was manufactured by the New Haven Arms Company in New Haven, Connecticut, and it was invented by Benjamin Tyler Henry.

The next day, Harvey went to get Henry to work out the legal details of their arrangement. Henry was already putting his shop back together to make the first rifle. Later that day Harvey told Caroline of his plan for the next five, or six years.

She didn’t say anything at first as she stood, and walked around the living room, thinking to herself. After a while, she turned to him and said. “Harvey, I will follow your lead in whatever direction you go. So, yes. I will marry you. There is love in my heart for you.” She told him.

They were married, and because Harvey didn’t want to use his last name. They got married under Caroline’s maiden name, Archer. They spent a wonderful honeymoon night on top of that same bald top mountain, and every afternoon they ate shaved ice while strolling in the park downtown Portland. They spent their honeymoon at the house, as Harvey didn’t want them to spend money. He told her they needed to save it. Caroline already told him she had a good sum of money, and she would give it to him, but after she told him how much she had. She was shocked when he told her that they would need thirty times what she could give him.

Caroline was dumbfounded. “Harvey, to raise that kind of money. It would take a lifetime to achieve.” Harvey told her he would have it

within two years, maybe a little longer.

The week after their wedding, Harvey started playing cards a few nights each week down at the local taverns. After getting himself known in the area, he found higher stakes games, and his wealth accumulated. Alphas could feel around them, and although he couldn’t always tell what a player had in his hand like Janet**.** Because of his enhanced instincts, he could feel a person out telling Harvey whether or not to play his cards. It wasn’t a sure-fire bet he would win by using his ability, but more often than not, he would take the pot. Harvey knew he would never achieve his goals by his winnings in poker alone. But what his winnings would do is to finance him into the areas that would bring him the wealth he, and Caroline would need. However, to do that. They needed to move to Boston.

Boston at the time was a bigger city than Portland, with an open seaport. Ships were coming, and going almost every day. Selling their house. They shipped Caroline’s personal belongings to a warehouse in Boston. Renting a home there, Harvey started playing cards almost every night of the week. With Boston being a bigger city, he readily found low-level playing games, but what he wanted was higher stake poker games. One night, another player who he had come to know offered to take him to a high-stakes game. Harvey finally found his shoe-in. From that night on, he only played with the richer crowd. Sometimes, he would meet up with Martin. and they would go to a game together.

Martin was just the kind of man Harvey needed. The guy smelled Harvey’s wealth on him, and he was friendly towards Harvey from the start. They spent a lot of time together over dinner, or whiskey at a local tavern, but Harvey never brought him home to meet Caroline because the guy was a thug. It has been a little over a year since he and his bride moved to Boston, and Caroline was still young in her training. Harvey didn’t want any interruptions at home. Nor did he want his wife to associate herself with Martin.

Living in Boston, he didn’t fail at his retinue, and he got to be known as an aggressive gambler. Every morning, he would come home, and sleep until the afternoon, he would spend the rest of the day with Caroline.

One morning, he came home, and didn’t see her in the house. Going up stairs to their bedroom, he pried open the paneling on the wall inside their bedroom closet. Removing the box from inside, he added his nightly winnings. He felt her arrive before she came into the room.

Caroline noticed the wealth in the box. “My good lord, Harvey. How much money is in that box now?”

Embracing her, he gave her a kiss with a smile. “I think we have enough now.” He told her.

“How much do we have?”

“Oh, somewhere around a two hundred thousand, I reckon. But of course, I need to pay you back for what you gave me. I never would have done it without you, babe.” He told her, giving her another kiss. With his grub stake in hand, Harvey knew he was ready. It was time to bring Caroline’s charm into their little scheme. Martin had asked to meet him for dinner, and asked him to bring Caroline with him. Harvey knew Martin wanted to meet Caroline to judge them both before he helped Harvey with his request. Harvey put on his best vest, and added a pocket watch, and his tan overcoat. Slipping on his cowboy boots, and cowboy hat, Caroline came into the room decked out in her best dress, looking like a million bucks. When they both walked into the restaurant together, people stopped eating, and looked up at the alphas.

One man sitting with his lady friend waved them over. “Harvey, over here.” They both got to their feet as they approached the table.

Caroline saw it was true what Harvey told her about Martin. He was a slick little man, and wore the clothes of a common person. He tweaked his waxed mustache, and talked with his hands as he spoke to you. But it was the feeling she got from him that told her he was a shifty individual. Caroline had no problem seeing this guy indeed worked on the opposite side of the law.

After introductions, his girlfriend said in a squeaky little voice, “Mr. Archer, isn’t that a southern name? I can hear Caroline’s southern Tennessee drawl, but you, sir. Don’t sound like you’re from the south, or the north for that matter.”

Caroline answered for Harvey. “It is a southern name, Leea. The captain started his young life as a cabin boy roaming the seas, somehow over the years, he lost the ability to talk like an upright southerner.”

“But I don’t hold it against him.” She told the woman. “I love him just the way he is.”

“Believe it, or not, Leea. Caroline and I grew up two counties

apart in Tennessee.” Harvey told her. “The funny thing is, I didn’t meet this angle until I came to Boston a few years ago.”

Removing his cigar from his mouth with two fingers, Martin asked Caroline. “Do your family own slaves in Tennessee?”

Caroline’s eyes quickly darted around the room without turning her head.

“Have I said something wrong, Caroline?” He inquired.

Caroline kept her voice low when she spoke. “No, Martin. You didn’t and yes, my family does have slaves. It’s just getting harder to be a slave owner in the North. Take as an example a friend of mine.

She’s a really good person with the fear of God in her heart. She was rudely accosted, and embarrassed by three women the other day. They were in front of her house screaming at her because she disciplined her nigger openly in public. They had bibles in their hands, and everything, it was just awful.” Caroline told them. “I would have taken a stick to that nigger too if he spoke to me the way he did to Glenda. My sweet lord, you give a nigger a good home, and they think they can talk to you in any manner they want.”

Both Martin and Leea snapped a looked at each other, and busted out laughing.

After eating their evening meal, both men excused themselves to talk business while the women chatted. Walking up to one end of the bar, Martin ordered two whiskeys, and asked the bartender for a little bit of privacy. After getting their drinks for them, the guy moved down to the other end of the bar.

Martin slid Harvey a small piece of paper and quietly told him.

“I got him to agree to talk to you, but like I said before. You take care with these people, Harvey. They are not people to be messing around with. They don’t look the part, or sound it, but if something is illegal here in Boston, then they have their dirty little hands in it. Rumors have it that they are going to try to abolish slavery in the states. These people are desperately looking for investors. If I had the cash flow, I would jump on it myself as the price for slaves is about to climb sky high.”

“Put your money into the railroads, Martin. That’s a solid investment with less risk. I need the money now. I can’t wait.” He told Martin.

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The bread shop was located in the middle of the city on main street. It was the same store Caroline, and him have been getting their bread from since they moved to Boston. Harvey waited until no customers were in the shop before walking in, and telling the guy at the counter. “I need two hundred loaves of black rye.”

The guy looked him up and down really good, then walked off into the back room. A minute later, he came back out, and motioned for Harvey to come inside. There was another guy in the kitchen, along with the cooks, and kitchen help. The other guy waiting for them quickly frisked Harvey, then told him to follow him. Harvey followed the guy down a dark hallway. They came to a door. Harvey’s escort knocked twice on it, then opened it.

Martin was right, Harvey thought to himself. These people did not look like slavers or cutthroats. They resembled bakers and cooks. Even the guy in the back office didn’t look the part. He resembled an accountant more than anything else. His hair was thrown over his head to cover his baldness, and he wore a black vest over a white shirt with his sleeves rolled up to his elbows. The guy gestured for Harvey to sit down in front of his desk.

Getting right to the point, he said, “Martin told me I could trust you.” The man drilled his eyes into Harvey and asked. “The thing is, can I?”

Harvey already knew he needed to be direct with this man. “I have always thought that there isn’t a man on this planet who I can fully trust,” Harvey told him.

“So, you trust no one.” The guy asked while picking up a halfburnt cigar, and stuck it between two fingers.

“I trust my wife explicatively but, I trust animals the most, for they live by nature’s laws, unlike man who lives by greed, and selfish things. The thing is, at some point, men must rely on each other for the common good. There’s really no other way around it.”

With a blank stare, Eric told him. “Martin was right. I do like the way you think.”

“OK, here’s how it works. Believe it or not, they have tribes of their own people over there gathering the cargo. Which they then sell to the ships. It takes up to seven to twelve weeks to make the crossing. They unload the cargo in the south as fast as they can. It usually only takes a week, or two at the most to sell it off. I use your money to supply the ship, hire men, and buy the cargo. The captain gets a cut, and his crew gets an even smaller one. When our money has been deposited into a bank down south. You pick up your share here. Your money will be inserted into bread loaves just in case someone sees you in here too much.”

Harvey noticed the guy never once used the word ‘slaves’ or ‘blacks’ to him. This was just a business transaction with the guy, and nothing more.

Harvey and Caroline had already talked all about them buying slaves for the ships. Both he, and her were against slavery. Caroline’s biggest reason for coming north to go to school was to get away from the slave trade. But what Harvey wanted to do was to help as many slaves as they could. But to do this they needed a lot of cash.

Taking a sheet of paper from his desk, Eric slid it over to

Harvey. “Here are the ships we have that are waiting for investors right now.”

Along with each ship’s name, there was the price for the investment, and the date they wanted to leave port. Harvey picked a few of the ships from memory, and laid the money on Eric’s desk.

Standing to leave, Eric told him. “Bear in mind from time to time, ships do go down out there. If so, you lose your investment.”

Harvey knew damn well each of the ships he picked would not sink, and he was sure of it. “Mine won’t go down.” He told Eric.

“Oh, ya. Now, how could you be so sure of that?”

Harvey gave the gentleman thug his best grin. “Because I’m a time traveler. I know what’s going to happen.”

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Harvey stared out of the window of their cabin while Caroline was taking a nap as their train sailed across the southern countryside. No matter how he worked it out. It still bothering him what he did back in Boston. Since 1808, it has been illegal to harvest human beings from across the waters of the ocean. With very little new slaves coming into the country. Raping of female slaves at plantations happened more, and more often as their owners did their best to increased their slave population.

The ships Harvy invested in were going to be transporting illegal slaves into America, no matter what he did. Harvey felt he was only taking advantage of the situation to bring some good out of a nightmare. Kelly’s book told him those ships would be leaving port on those dates, and returning with their precious cargo. Harvey tried to justify that he was only doing this to help the slaves, yet it still left a bad taste in his mouth, and a sick feeling in the pit of his stomach. By the end of the following year after he started investing in slave ships. He had accumulated enough wealth to start working on the next phase of his plan.

The northern men he hired were all ex-military from New England. They were all big men, and trained in war fair, and would never cower from a fight. They waited in their own cabins on the train to start their new job of protecting him, Caroline, and the Archer Plantation. With Caroline’s help, she used her voice on each of the men to drop their New England accent.

Caroline’s ability shocked Harvey, and herself when it suddenly came out one day while they were in a tavern in Boston. His wife liked to wear her dresses, but she started wearing britches when she rode along with Harvey. Entering a saloon, men looked at her slim shapely from over, but out of common decent and for the fact that Harvey and she were wearing their side arms. Most men in the bar kept their eyes high on her except for one guy who had a little more than his share of beer.

As Harvey talked to the guy he came to see at the bar. He could feel Caroline getting a bit agitated by a pair of eyes as they roamed over her shapely bottom. Harvey fingered he’d let her handle the guy if she chose to do so.

Concluding their business as they were leaving, Caroline had her fill with the drunk’s wandering eyes. As they were leaving, she leaned over his table, and directed her words at the man. When she spoke, her lips moved, but it was as if she was speaking magical words. Harvey could see the air in front of her lips rippling out from her mouth. No one else in the room seemed notice it but only Harvey.

“Why don’t you go cool off?” She told the drunk.

The guy immediately stood up at his table. Picking up his pitcher of beer, he then dumped it over his head as everyone in the place busted out laughing. But the drunk wasn’t finished. Quickly, removing another pitcher from the table next to him, he did it again, and dumped the beer over his head. When he reached for a third one on a different table. The guy at the table grabbed the beer, but it was ripped from his hands. Men from both tables started fighting the enchanted drunk. The guy didn’t even try to defend himself as he unsuccessfully reached for another pitcher from another table. By that point, the guy had three men all over him as he struggled with another man’s pitcher.

Suddenly, Caroline’s high-pitched voice rang out across the room. “Stop this!”

Every person the room snapped their heads in her direction, then they froze in place. Harvey got them the hell out of them as fast as he could**.** His wife turned out to be a powerful alpha with an amazing ability. For a long time, after the event at the tavern, Caroline didn’t speak in public unless she had to.

Harvey smiled to himself as their train zipped through a small settlement with no platform, the town only had one small building by the railroad tracks.

Harvey knew Caroline would play a key part in keeping

them safe in the south, much like the Henry rifles he and his men had with them. Each of the his men were under orders whenever they were on duty to carry one of the rifles along with a pistol around their hips, and a knife in their boot. Surprised when seeing the rifles, the men had no problem holding a weapon of such power for the era.

The military personnel at Fort Preble in Portland acted the same way when Henry, and he went to speak to the commanding officer of the fort. Reaching the sentry at the gate, a soldier stopped them, and asked what business they had at the fort.

Harvey told the guy without getting off his horse. “We need to speak to your commanding officer.”

The soldiers responded, “Sir, we need to understand the nature of business you have with my commanding officer before I can let you

in.”

Henry took the rifle they brought with them in his hands, and showed it to the soldiers. As he opened the breach, he told them. “Tell your commanding officer that I have a rifle here that will kill sixteen men faster than it takes for him to run his hand through his hair.”

The other soldier there stepped up to the first one who was talking to Harvey. The guy took his buddy’s Enfield from him. “Run, and don’t walk.” He told the guy.

It wasn’t long before the same guy came running back, out of breath. He escorted Henry, and Harvey to the command building. As they were getting off their horses, an officer stepped outside, and greeted them.

Glancing at the rifle in Henry’s hands, he asked Harvey. “What is this I hear about, a repeating rifle?”

Harvey let Henry take it from there. Handing the weapon over to the officer, Henry told him. “Sir, my name is Benjamin Tyler Henry, and this sir is the Henry rifle. She’ll hold up to sixteen rounds, and will shoot as fast as you can close the breach.”

Looking the weapon over, the officer worked the leverage action. “And this.” the officer asked, pointing to the cloth wrapped around the stock of the gun.

“Sir, why don’t you try shooting it first then I’ll take that piece of cloth off,” Henry told him.

Away from other buildings, and after shooting a few rounds off.

The Colonel turned back to both men standing behind him. “This is a wonderful weapon of the like I have never seen before. I’m guessing

you two want to sell this to the Army.”

“You guessed right,” Henry told him.

“Mr. Henry, there is a good possibility we have a war coming our way in the next few years. This rifle would increase our firepower. However, the United States Army doesn’t have a heck of a lot of cash right now. How fast can these be made?”

Henry told him of the difficulty of getting copper for the shells.

“With the government’s help in getting the copper, there won’t be any other optical in making the weapons.” He told him. “The barrels, and gun stocks we can order from a different manufacturer. It’s the small items, and the assembly which will take the most time. We’ll have to house the process for making the bullets away from the civilian population. Within a year, we could be making a couple of hundred of these weapons each month.”

“If we can cut a deal in getting you the copper. What is this going to cost the Army?”

When Harvey told him the Colonel whistled, and shook his head. Looking the weapon over once more, he replied, “That sure is a rather sizeable sum of money. I’m sure we will want these rifles, but I don’t know how many. I’ll have to pass this up through the change of command, and get back with you two gentlemen.”

“Now?” the officer asked them. “Are you going to tell me what this piece of cloth is all about?”

Henry unwrapped the material from the stock. Carved in the stock were the words, “For President Lincoln from Benjamen Tyler Henry.”

Seeing the Colonel’s surprised expression, Harvey told him.

“Sir, the roomers we heard were Mr. Lincoln will run for the presidency. When he takes office, sir, we wish you would present this gift to him yourself.”

Harvey knew the federal government at that time didn’t have the Secret Service within the government, but what they did have was a ton of spies. This same Henry rifle would be given by the

President to one of Lincoln’s most trusted spies. Working and living behind enemy lines, this same man would go on, and make a huge contribution to the Union’s effort during the war. That same rifle would keep that spy alive many, many times over the following years of the war.

The money from the rifles wouldn’t be rolling in for a year, or so but, Harvey expected that. Like a snowball, the rifles would gather momentum as time went by. Which was fine by Harvey, he wouldn’t need the extra money until he started stockpiling munitions for the Henry rifle, along with black powder, and ball. There wasn’t anything in his history books about what he was planning to do for the wars effort. As long as he was careful, he didn’t think he would affect the futures outcome too much.

Their train was slowing down as it made its way around a long down-slopping turn. Seeing the town ahead of them, Harvey stood to wake up Caroline.

Leaving their cabin in a good mood, Harvey stared at Caroline’s ass as she walked ahead of him through the narrow aisle of the train. Her britches did give people little to imagine, as they were tight and fitted her like a glove. Reaching out with his hand, he grabbed her butt cheek, placing his fingertips up inside her mid seam, goosing her.

Grabbing the door frame for support, she shrieked and turned to him. “You better watch it buddy, or I’ll take you back to our cabin and show you some things my mother told me a lady should never do to a man.”

She kissed him, and they both stepped off the train, and into the town of Charlotte, South Carolina. During the summer of 1858, Charlotte was the center hub for the state’s cotton growers with its gin mills, food stores, and slave markets. There were many different shops, taverns, and houses where people lived. It was a bigger town than Portland, and much more diversified. White men and women wore their finery, chatting as they walked on the planked wood in front of the shops. While workers, black and white, paid no heed to the surrounding commotion. Slaves in their common clothes were everywhere, carrying items out to buckboards, or just sitting in their wagons waiting for their masters. Almost all the slaves’ clothing was different shades of gray, and in a sad state of repair. Those who did have white shirts were stained from sweat and dirt. You could tell which slaves had wealthy owners as some slaves wore pattern or bright-colored clothing, but even most of those were old.

As Harvey and Caroline walked over to their waiting horses. Two slaves not more than twenty-three years old were unloading large, heavy sacks of grain from the train. Both of their shirts were soaking wet from working under the hot southern sun.

Off to one side, a guy yelled at them. “Lewis, if you and Isaac

don’t have that wagon loaded soon, I’m going to put the whip to the both of you.”

Lewis looked up from his work with sweat dripping off his brow. “We’ll have it done real soon, sir. You’ll see.”

Harvey and Caroline eyeballed the overheated slaves as they walked by, but they didn’t say a word. Approaching a guy wearing chaps, and a cowboy hat. The guy handed the leads to their horses to them. Harvey could see the thoughts forming through the guy’s eyes. Softy, under his breath, he told him. “Take it easy, Anthony. There is a hell of a lot we’re going to have to get used to seeing.”

Speaking louder, he asked him. “Are we all set?”

“Yes, Sir. We got the provisions just like you asked, and the notice was pinned up on the billboard outside of the saloon.”

The notice was to hire more men for the plantation. They needed more men for guards, and to help the blacks rebuild the big house, and other buildings on the plantation. All of the new hands were to be closely interviewed. Harvey only wanted men who had few ties to the community. After passing their interview, Caroline would talk with each one to ensure the safety of everyone living on the plantation.

“OK,” he told Anthony. “let’s move out.”

John was sweeping off the boards in front of his barbershop as he, and a shop owner next door were talking.

“Now be it known,” John told the guy as he looked up from his sweeping. “I’m not calling the guy a liar. It just seems every time I go in there. I get less than what I paid for.”

“His scales are off, and he doesn’t know how to set them right.

The guy isn’t the sharpest thorn on the bush, John.”

John stopped what he was doing, leaning on his broom he looked over at his friend. “See, I knew I wasn’t losing my-”

John stopped talking as he looked past his friend. Raising his voice, he asked, “Who in the Sam hell is that?”

A small army of men slowly rode by with an arsenal of weapons. The lone woman with them was dressed like the men, and she was carrying her own weapons.

Harvey had to admit they were making a statement as everyone on the street got out of their way to watch them pass by. And that’s just what he wanted. With their display of force, everyone in the town would know that Captain Archer, and his wife, Caroline, had indeed arrived.

Every one of them was riding tall, strong brown quarter horses twenty hands high. Their horses’ rumps were so large they swayed from side to side with their long tails swinging back and forth like a pendulum as they walked. Ten of Harvey’s riders rode up front, with Anthony in the lead. The men had their pistols in their holsters, and a rifle in their hands. The barrels were pointed sky ward with the butt of the gun resting on their thigh. Behind them rode Caroline and Harvey, trotting side by side with their own weapons holstered. Behind them, one of his men rode behind the Capitan as another one rode behind Caroline. Bringing up the rear was a buckboard loaded with supplies, and fifteen more riders.

John waited until the last of the men was riding by before he called out to them. “Excuse me, but who is that?” he asked pointing

over to Harvey and Caroline.

One of Harvey’s hands answered back without stopping, “That’s Capitan Archer and his wife. Miss Caroline. They’re buying a plantation just south of here.”

Turning back to his friend, John scratched his head. “Now, that’s damn funny.”

“What in the heck is funny about them?” His friend asked, almost in shock. “They look like they’re ready to take over the damn town.”

“That’s what I mean. I have never seen plantation hands who were as big, or looked like them. Did you see the faces of those men, their hardened veterans? Now the only plantation that I know of that’s south of here is the old Robinson place. You don’t suppose they are headed over there, do you?”

His friend jumped up from his chair. “I better go tell Mr. Gordon about this. The Robinson Plantation is a bigger place than his. He’s going to want to know about them.”

Harvey did what he did not to make his name known in the area, but furthermore. He did so because he wanted the Southerners to fear him right from the beginning. The Archer plantation was going to be a top contender in the area for its cotton and tobacco. Harvey wanted everyone in the area to know he wasn’t just an ordinary Southern, and that he was a force to be reckoned with.

It took most of the day to reach the plantation. Even the people they met on the road got out of their way as they came riding by them. When they got to the plantation, Harvey spotted a carriage like Caroline had back in Portland. A black man was walking beside it. Harvey kicked his horse into gear, and met up with the carriage. Caroline showed up with their foreman, he and Harvey got off their horses.

“Mr. Archer, I presume.” A short plump man with gray hair said, getting out of the carriage.

Harvey and Anthony took the older man’s hand.

“I’m Capitan Archer, and this is my foreman, Anthony.” With a wave of his hand toward Caroline sitting on her horses, he added. “And this little angel is the one who captures my heart, and made an honest man out of me.”

Caroline leaned over in her saddle and took Mr. Bishop’s hand as the older man told Harvey. “Don’t worry about it, Mr. Archer. Females have a knack for getting to the best of us, as I know all too well.”

“Is this the man you wrote to me about?” Harvey asked, nodding his head in the direction of the black guy.

“Tom, say hi to Mr. Archer.”

Harvey noticed Tom wasn’t introduced to either Anthony or Caroline.

“Good to meet you, Tom.”

“Pleasure is all mine, sir.” The black guy told him with more than a few teeth missing from his mouth.

“Tom, Mr. Bishop wrote to me about you. He said you know all about this piece of property, and about growing cotton, and tobacco, too.”

“Well, Sir. I was born, and raised here as a slave until Mrs. Robinson gave me my freedom before she moved back home. But I’ll tell ya this, sir. If it comes from the ground, I can grow it. Be cotton or tobacco, or vegetables. I know this land, and every gully in it better than anyone alive.”

“You sound like a man I want working for me. How’s that sound Tom, would you like a job?”

Tom broke into a big toothless grin. “Sir, that’s just what me, and the misses were hoping you would say when we found you were coming.” Shaking his head, his smile disappeared as he looked at the ground, then back up at Harvey. “Thing is, Sir. I’m just no good as a fieldhand anymore. I’m getting old.”

“Don’t worry, Tom,” Harvey told him. “You won’t be working in the fields. Do you own a horse? I expect you’ll be riding more than walking.”

“Yes, Sir.” He said laughing. “But my horse is older than me. We keep it at the house for the kids as a pet. He gets more loven from my kids than I do.”

Harvey told him he’d be able to ride a quarter horse soon, and for him to show up for work the day after next. Mr. Bishop got on one of Harvey’s horses as the man showed the three the property. The main house was just as he described it in his letters. The home was some distance from a stone wall along the road giving the home some privacy, and the porch itself sat high off the ground. At the bottom of the stairs was a large round area as wide as the house with red bricks inserted into the ground. On both sides of the brickwork, a vast lawn stretched out till it met the tree line, and stone wall. A dirt path ran in between the lawn where it passed under an arch, and joined with the road. The home was well built with two levels but was a bit run down, and badly needed a coat of paint. On the front porch were four columns that held up the roof over the porch, giving the home the look of a Southern plantation.

They went through the double front doors, and quickly walked through the house as Caroline wanted to see the kitchen first. Just like the slaves’ bedrooms at the back end of the house, the kitchen itself was small as well. Harvey was pleased to see a large food closet off the room with a deep stream flowing close by the house, and throughout the backyard. The rest of the home had the usual rooms of a plantation with its main bedrooms upstairs. Downstairs was a large sitting room with a fireplace, and across the hall was the library where Harvey would put his study.

Riding on, they rode to the slaves’ cabins next.

Harvey’s first impression when he saw them was to burn everyone to the ground. No one had been taking care of them for some time. Anyway, he doubts they were in any better condition when slaves were living in them. Moving on, they found the barns, and empty storage sheds. Every tool on the property was already sold off, they would be forced to buy everything they needed.

As they made their way by the cotton, and tobacco fields, Mr. Bishop told them. “There must be 2500 acres of land here that can be used without cutting and clearing new land. Bless her heart, after Mr. Robinson died, she did her best to keep the place running. She made a lot of mistakes, and the last year she was here; she planted all 2500 acres to try to stop the inevitable of moving back home. The hot weather, and drought that year killed her crops. The property has been on the market for the past twenty-six months.”

Riding beside him, Caroline shot a glance over at Harvey, then back to the steel sweat box out in the middle of a field. The box itself was planted in the ground. It was so heavy the last owners left it where it was. Just seeing that damn thing got Caroline’s blood steaming as she thought about the human beings who were put into the thing under the high temperatures of the scorching sun. That square metal box was the epitome of why they were here.

Behind Mr. Bishop’s back, Harvey reached over, and grabbed her hand as Caroling quickly wiped a tear from her eye. Harvey looked at Mr. Bishop’s back as he rode on his horse in front of them. The guy had no idea whatsoever of the danger he was in as the two alphas rode past the steel box that was made to torture human beings.

Harvey gave the banker a bank draft for the down payment for the plantation, and told him he would come into town to finalize the deal, and wire the rest of the money to get his deed.

Before Mr. Bishop left, he told them. “You’ll find better slaves being sold in Charlotte than in Greenville. Most slaves being sold there come from good owners. Greenville, I always thought, was where the troublesome negroes were sold at. Now I know it’s against the law, but new slaves are still coming into the South. They are a bit harder to find, as I’m sure you know, Mr. Archer. However, if any are around, you’ll find them in Charlotte too.”

As the banker rode off in his buggy, Harvey took Caroline in his arms and promised her. “The first thing that is going to happen here is that box will be sealed, and no one will ever go inside it ever again.” Laying her head on his shoulder, she held her husband close to her.

The next day, the Archer clan was on the move again. Harvey left some men behind with instructions to seal that box in the field before they got back. Five men were in front of them, with empty wagons and ten men trailing behind them. They returned to Charlotte.

Once again, people got out of their way as they rode through the town. Many just stood watching them pass by. When Harvey stopped at the bank. Two of his men cross the street, keeping their eyes roving all around them while another hand stood by the bank’s door. Anthony, Caroline, and Harvey went into the bank, while the rest of the men went off to finish their tasks. When the Archers came outside, they got on their horses.

Anthony took the lead with his charges behind him as the three other men brought up the rear. Everything they did in town, they did it using military formations. People kept watching them, but they left them alone, and that’s just what Harvey wanted. He didn’t need strangers asking personal questions, and knowing their business. They would make friends in the South, but they would do so on their terms, and not theirs. Harvey always thought southerners were standoffish. No matter what people said about southern hospitality. Harvey always believed southern hospitality to be a slap in the face, and a knife in the back. Even in his time, he believed southern hospitality was a farce. It just did not exist.

The Archers made their way over to the train yard. Most slaves were sold at the yard. As soon as the slaves came off the train they were cleaned up with water, both men, and women had oil rubbed on their bodies to help show off their forms. Every slave was chained, and naked, even the women and children. Wearing chains around their ankles, they would stand together in groups to be inspected by would-be buyers. The men were sold next to last to get buyers to buy the children, and older ones first. Last to be sold were the girls who paid a bigger price to have a better life than the rest of them.

Caroline and Harvey had their game faces on as they walked around with Anthony looking the slaves over. The rest of their men were covering the tops of the wagons to keep their newly bought slaves out of the hot afternoon sun.

Seeing two young black kids off to the side in chains, Harvey stopped and asked a slaver if he could talk to two children. The man nodded his head, and told them to go ahead. The two kids were slim, but tall for their age. They appeared to be twelve, or thirteen years old and, by the looks of their eyes, scared out of their minds.

“What are your names?” He asked them.

They both responded at the same time. “George,” said one, the younger one said, “James.”

“I am looking for two runners. I need two smart young men, and they must be really fast. Are either one of you fast?”

Right away, George had a good feeling about the guy talking to him. He quickly answered, “Yes, sir. I’m faster than the wind.”

James looked to his buddy standing beside him, and responded in kind, “I’m faster than lighting.” He told Harvey.

Harvey smiled at them both, and told them they would do.

Moving on, they stopped by a group of black women. Harvey asked which of them had the skills to cook for large amounts of people. Not wanting to be sold as field hands, all the women raised their hands when put to the question.

“If you never cooked for large groups of people, drop your hands.”

Some of the women lowered their hands, but three were still up. He questioned all three, then they moved on. The bidding war was going to start soon, but Caroline stopped Harvey, and pointed to another group of slaves separated from the others. They were all attractive girls with ages ranging from sixteen to twenty-five.

One of the girls had caught Caroline’s eye. When the girl glanced up at her again, Caroline saw something in her. It was something that shouldn’t have been there, not with any slave. The woman’s eyes clearly showed her intelligence. As quick as it happened, the girl looked back down at her feet like the rest of the slaves were doing.

Caroline put her hand on Harvey’s arm.

“What is it?” He asked.

“That one there, the Matteo, look at her eyes when she looks up.” Just as she said it, the girl glanced up at Caroline, and Harvey.

“Did you see that?”

“Yes, I sure did. Let go have a chat with her.” He told his wife.

Approaching another slaver trader with a whip hanging off his belt. Caroline asked the guy. “Why are these slaves put off to the side away from the others?”

“Their fancy maids, Miss.” The guy told her. “Sometimes buyers want to talk to them in a direct way, let’s say. It’s just best they are separated from everyone else.”

“All of these girls have agreed to do this.” She questioned him.

“Yes, Miss, that’s thelaw.”

Pointing to one, Caroline asked, “I would like to talk to that one.” The slaver told them they could approach her.

The girl’s hair was long, and wildly unkempt, as was the patch of hers that looked more like an overgrown field. She had small round breasts, and she wasn’t smiling. Caroline already knew if she did, her smile would be brighter than the sun. She was almost as tall as Caroline, and her limbs, and hands didn’t have any scars, telling Caroline she has never worked in the fields.

What’s your name?” Caroline asked her.

Using her slave’s vocabulary, the girl told them. “I’m Cecilia, Misses.”

Harvey knew his wife was no fool. As soon as they started talking to Cecilia, Harvey saw through her right away. Cecilia acted, and talked one way, but she had already given herself away to them.

As they moved off to get ready for the bidding, Caroline told him. “Harvey, I want her.”

“She going to rack up a good sum even if no one catches on to her secret.”

“I don’t care.” She told him as they gathered with the other buyers. “Do whatever it takes and buy her.”

The bidding started with the children first. They spaced the kids across the staging area. Harvey easily got George and James for 500 dollars each. When the women came up, he got his cooks for 1400 dollars. He then bid on the other women of different ages, and got them all. Other men were trying to get one of the females too, but Harvey was throwing numbers at them that they couldn’t compete with. Next was a large group of males with their age ranging from seventeen to twenty-seven. As with the girls, Harvey outbid everyone, taking all the males for himself. The average cost he paid per male was 2300 dollars each.

People were starting to talk, and stare at him and Caroline as they took all the slaves for themselves. The last group of females were brought out. Harvey saw Anthony thought it best to bring a few more of his men closer by them as the crowd’s mood turned sour towards the Archers. The first five fancy maids Harvey took cost him almost 2800 dollars each. He planned on using them as housemaids, and not Fancy Maids.

Cecilia was the prettiest one out of the lot, and she was the last one on the block. She didn’t look very happy with what she was doing, and kept those wonderful bright eyes cast down on the dirty stage. Harvey’s heart fell for her. He knew he was going to do whatever he needed to do to get her. Even if he had to shoot some son of a bitch to have her.

The bidding for Cecilia started at two thousand dollars. Pretty quickly, it shot up to 2900. There were only three men left bidding on her. One guy, Harvey figured was bidding for someone who wasn’t there, he knew the man wouldn’t last. However, one of the other guys had to be a plantation owner by the looks of his clothing. He stared Harvey down as the last guy bidding on Cecilia dropped out of the binding. Harvey could see this plantation owner was pissed off at Harvey for outbid him for the males. Trying to intimidate him with his stare-down, he kept upping the bid for Cecilia.

“We have thirty one hundred dollars going once, going…” “Thirty two hundred” Sang out the plantation owner.

Harvey immediately yelled out. “Thirty three hundred.”

The other guy paused for a moment, then said, “Thirty three

hundred and fifty.”

Harvey, at this point, was getting fed up with this guy. He called out, “Three thousand dollars, and the son of a bitch yelled out right behind him, “Three thousand six hundred and fifty.”

The surrounding crowd was hushed. You could hear a pin drop as they watched these two bulls fighting over this young pretty mulatto female. Harvey was about finished screwing around. The price for Cecilia was climbing above the standard price for even a fancy maid. The other plantation owner refused to let Harvey have Cecilia.

Harvey called out four thousand dollars, and the crowd around him groaned. The plantation owner’s face went beat red. He seemed to think twice about what he was doing. In a quiet voice, he sang out, “forty one hundred.”

Harvey didn’t even hesitate a beat, and shouted out right behind him, “Five thousand five hundred dollars.”

The crowd around him went nuts, and started cheering, and whistling. Harvey could see he had the other guy beat as his shoulders suddenly dropped. The man wasn’t willing to spend more than that for her.

The slave trader closely watched both Harvey and the other guy as he slowly called out. “Going once…going twice…sold for a sum of $5,500 dollars.” The slaver shook his head. Selling that pretty little bitch had to have given him the highest bid of the year.

People around Harvey were so happy by the bidding war it was as if they themselves were getting Cecilia. A few guys even slapped Harvey on the back.

One stranger suddenly stepped up close to Harvey and asked, “Didn’t you and your wife just buy the old Robinson place south of here?”

“Yes, we did. Why would you need to know?” Harvey asked him.

“Oh, no reason really,” the guy told him. “But do you know who you were just bidding against? That’s Mr. Gorden. Until you and your wife showed up in these parts, he had the largest plantation in the area. Now I don’t know you, but you seem like a decent fella. You watch out for Mr. Gorden. He is a Southern gentleman, but that man can hold a grudge. Don’t turn your back on him. You just stepped on his pride today.” With that, the stranger moved off.

Caroline was smiling at Harvey as she pointed over at the stage. They were taking Cecilia off. She still had her eyes cast down in front of her, but she had a shit-eating grin plastered on her face.

Most slave’ owners kept the shackles on their slaves until they got home. However, young bucks who were unruly wore them even when they were working in the fields. When Harvey’s property was brought out to him, not only did he tell the guy to remove the chains, but he also told him to keep them.

As he and Caroline helped their slaves into the back of the wagons, they kept repeating to them, “Don’t be scared. Wonderful things are about to happen for you.”

Cecilia was the last one to be brought out. She wasn’t grinning anymore, but her eyes told them she wasn’t scared at all. When she went to get up into the wagon, Caroline stopped her.

“You’ll be riding with me,” she told her.

In her slave talk, she told Caroline, “Ifn I do dat de law will get me an-you.”

Caroline stared straight into her bright eyes. “Stop the slave talk, and speak to me correctly.” She told the younger women.

The girl looked into Caroline’s face for the longest time. Then she squared her shoulders, stood taller, and said without any slave accent at all. “How did you know?”

“You were playing your little part pretty good fooling other people. Except for people like me, and my husband, we tend to spot things others can’t see. It was your eyes, Cecilia. They are the windows to the soul.”

“I’m sure you know if I get on your horse with you, the law will be all over us. They’ll throw us both in jail.”

“No, they won’t,” Caroline told her. Turning to Harvey standing beside her, she told him. “Give her freedom.”

The slaves in the back of the wagon were thunderstruck. Wide eyed, they stared at the Archers, and Cecilia with their mouths

hanging wide open. Harvey wrote out Cecilia’s bill of sale using

Anthony’s back to write on.

Caroline turned back to Cecilia, who had tears streaming down her face. “People in this world will kill if you were caught by yourself, even if you’re a free woman. You will not live long in the south. I am asking you to come home with us, and stay for a while. When and if you really want to leave? We will give you whatever you need to start a new life somewhere else up north. No one will harm you as long as you’re with us. Now, will you do as I ask, and come home with us?”

Cecilia stared deep into Caroline’s eyes. A smile slowly appeared on the girl’s face. “I had a good feeling about you when I first saw you. I couldn’t take my eyes off you. It was as if I was a bully goat, and you two were the carrot. Something was drawing me to you. I believe you will do as you say. So, yes. I’ll come home with you. You won’t have any problems with me.”

Harvey showed her the bill of sale. “You’re free now Cecilia, we just have to bring this to my lawyer, and get it legalized.”

Tears were streaming from her eyes as Cecilia wrapped her arms around Harvey’s neck, and kissed his cheek. However, when she took Caroline in her arms, she quickly kissed her on the lips instead.

Caroline got on her horse as Anthony helped Cecilia get up behind her. Sitting on the rump of the animal, Cecilia had a smile a mile wide as she held on tight to Caroline’s waist with her cheek pressed against her shoulder.

Getting home late into the night, Harvey went to help put his new charges to bed while Caroline went to the big house with Cecilia, and

their household staff.

Addressing the black workers at their cabins, Harvey told them.

“As you can see, these shacks are pitiful even for a field mouse. The first thing we’ll be doing is ripping them down, and rebuilding them properly. Each structure built will house four people, and will have three large rooms. Two bedrooms and a front room. There are no chairs, or tables in them now, but over time. Miss Caroline and I will be giving you many more things. We will also be building a washroom for males, and one for the women. Every one of you will wash your bodies with lye soap after a day’s work. Food will be brought to you before you go to sleep, so split up, and choose where you want to sleep. The women go to the shacks to my right, and men go into the ones on my left. If anyone needs to go to the privy to dunning the night. You’ll go right to it, then straight back to bed.”

“Do not be fooling around.” Harvey told them. “You may not see them, but my men will be all around you, watching over you as you sleep.”

One of the blacks timidly raised his hand. “Sir, are you telling us we won’t be chained?”

Harvey knew these people were used to being treated like dogs. When you brought a stray dog home, you chained him at night, or brought him inside, or he would wander off during the night. Slave owners kept their slave chained at night until they got to be trusted.

Harvey pointed his finger at the guy.

“Oh, excuse me, masa. I’m Nathanial.”

“Nathanial, everyone here will never have chains placed on them

again, and if they do. It will be over my dead body. Also, I want to hear no more talk of calling me Massa. You will address my wife as Miss Caroline, and Cecilia as Miss Cecilia, and you will address me as Capitan, or Mr. Archer.”

The surprise look that popped up on Nathaniel’s face appeared on those all around him too. But even as Harvey turned his horse toward the house, he could see they didn’t believe him about the chains. Harvey understood it wouldn’t take long for the whites on the plantation to trust the blacks. However, because of what they have been through all their lives. It would take much longer for the blacks to trust them.

Slowly walking into their bedroom, trying to be quiet, he saw Cecilia, and Caroline were already asleep. Both women were naked, with Cecilia’s head resting on Caroline’s chest. Sleeping side by side, a sheet halfway covered them. Being in the south, the hot southerner temperatures would never seem to go away. Caroline had her arms wrapped around the younger women holding Cecilia close to her. Harvey went back downstairs to his study. There was just too much work to be done to justify him going to bed.

It took a huge chunk of his cash to buy the plantation, along with the tools, and equipment they would need. The slaves he would be buying along with his guards, and their upkeep would slowly deplete his bank account. He was still bringing in an unreal amount of money working with Eric in Boston, but Harvey knew. As soon as they got their first crops in, he would stop investing in the illegal slave trade.

Eric, the gentleman thug at the bakeshop, and Harvey were

racking in so much money during that first year. Eric started bringing his earnings over to Harvey at the house. The guy didn’t look, or act like it, but Harvey knew him to be a thug. He and his men reminded Harvey of the mafia back home in New York city during the fifties drinking coffee out front of their shops in their business suits and ties. While doing only God knows what in the back rooms of their business where no one could see them.

Harvey had Eric over for dinner a few times at their home, and the guy invited them over to his place for dinner with his family. Before Harvey, and Caroline moved to the south. Harvey had Caroline use her voice on Eric to insure they would get all of Harvey’s money. For the time being, they still needed the ships to get the Plantation up and running. Over the next year, they would plant only a token crop the first year to cover up what they were really doing. That first year, they would rebuild the whole plantation.

Which would give the slaves time to train, and settle into their new life while living on a southern plantation.

For the rest of the night, Harvey sketched drawings in his study to change the design of the main house, and the water tower he planned on putting behind it. With the pressures from the water tower, they would have running water inside the home. He planned on building two bathrooms, one upstairs off his bedroom, and one downstairs by the staff’s quarters. Once the chimney in the kitchen was rebuilt at the back of the house, each bathroom plus the kitchen would have hot and cold running water. The girls would have bathtubs to use with a shower for him.

Using the design of an outhouse he remembered from the Appalachian Trail, Harvey made their bathrooms just like it. Most people, even in his era, didn’t know that it was the urine that really stunk up an outhouse, which also hindered sold matter from composting. By placing a metal plate inside of the hole to catch the urine from males and females. The liquid bio-waste would then be directed by a pipe to its own hole dug deep in the ground. The solid matter would have small chips of wood, and bark from the forest floor tossed on top of it to help dry it out, and increase the decomposition process. Adding a stopper to the hole, and you would never know it was an inside outhouse.

The kitchen and slave quarters at the back gabble end of the house were another matter. The entire back wall desperately needed to be moved out by ten feet. Harvey redesigned it and placed the wood stove, and brick oven on its own porch to keep the heat out of the home. He then added to the same room large windows that could be covered in winter and times of storms. Having to rebuild the chimney from the ground up from moving the wall. He added a large water tank built into the chimney, giving them hot water throughout the house. The whole operation was pretty straightforward, and not too costly to build. They would have all the free labor they would need with the blacks living there. It was the water tower itself, and especially the gears below it which were going to be the most challenging to build.

He planned to have someone else build the gears along with the water lift from the stream. They themselves would have to redirect the stream temperately, then dig a deep hole into the stream bed, then widen it out. Stones from the fields would be added all along the slopping walls of the stream. The area would end up being so big and deep that they could take a dip down steam of the water wheel in the heat of the day. The paddle wheel for the tower when standing would be eight feet high, and three feet wide to catch the water flowing from the top of the stream. The wheel would turn the gears, which would rotate the water lift, and bring water up to empty into the tower. Water would then be directed to the holding tank in the chimney, or directed for cold water for the house.

Harvey stopped what he was doing and looked over his drawings while shaking his head. “Man, you’re going to have to find a millwright,” he told himself. A mill house with its grinding stone, and water wheel, Harvey knew he could find someone who could help them with the gears below the tower.

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Slumped over his desk, Harvey woke with the genital touch of

Caroline’s hand.

“Harvey, wake up.” She told him.

Wiping his mouth with the back of his sleeve, he moved the things he was working on off to the side as she set some eggs bacon, and black coffee down in front of him.

“We need a damn cow,” he said, mostly to himself.

She answered him anyway, “Yes, we do, dear. All in good time. Anthony is in the hall waiting for you. Do you want me to send him in?”

“Yes, and send in either James, or George, too.” He told her,

taking a drink of the bitter coffee, which reminded him to tell whoever made it to put some eggshells in it next time. A moment later, Anthony knocked on the door before he came in.

Harvey, looking up from his breakfast, and told him. “Anthony, you’re the only man here on this plantation who can disturb me at any time, upstairs, or down. You are not to wait out in the hall like a servant.”

Harvey handed him the drawings to look over as he finished his food.

“Wow, Captain,” Anthony exclaimed as he shuffled through the drawings. “This is going to take some doing. Those gears to the tower itself will require us to find someone who knows how to build them.” “That’s going to be your baby,” he told his foreman. “Find the nearest millwright, and bring him here.” He added, “How did our workers do during the night?”

“No problems. They’re eating right now.”

“Have them start cleaning up those rat houses, and the area around them while we wait for the lumber to be delivered. Make a pile away from their shacks, and start burning anything we can’t use. The lumber I ordered should be here by the afternoon. I also want to talk with everyone after lunch.”

There was a knock at the door. James peeked his head inside.

“Uses call for me, sir.”

Harvey made a mental note to teach these people how to speak correctly.

“Good morning, James. Have you had something to eat yet?” The

boy assured him he had.

“I want you to go out back, and have one of my men saddle three horses then bring them around out front.”

Harvey made another mental note. He needed stable hands.

“Is Tom waiting outside?” He asked the kid.

“No, Sir. No one is.” The boy informed him.

The kid took off running after taking a piece of bacon Harvey gave him. As soon as he left, Harvey stood, and walked out of the room. Anthony followed him outside. Walking out on the porch, they both looked down the path, but no one was in the area except for a guard by the stone wall beside the road.

“Something is wrong, isn’t there?” Anthony said to him.

“Yup, there surely is.” Harvey told him. “I don’t have to see his place to know Tom, and his family are starving with the plantation being shut down for so long. With him not being here this morning, something bad has happened to him.”

Anthony jogged around the side of the house, and soon brought two horses out front. At a fast gallop, they both rode over to Tom’s place.

The Robinsons had given Tom, and his family a small piece of land that wasn’t very good for anything, and it was far away from any stream. When they reached his home, Harvey understood why they were given this plot of land. It was very rocky, with alder trees growing around the home. Because of the rocks, and packed earth,

Tom’s family would have had a hard time growing anything in their garden. Their house was large, but it wasn’t in any better shape than the rat shacks on his land. None of the windows had any glass in them. There was one old horse in a makeshift corral built out of tree limbs beside the rock garden with no roof over the animal protecting it from the sun.

Hearing them approach, Tom and his wife came out onto the porch. They both looked scared to death. Tom’s wife had tears in her eyes. Harvey got a knot in his stomach when he heard Tom speak.

Tom got apologetic real fast, “Caption Archer. I’m sorry, but I couldn’t leave the house. I’ll be there as soon as I can, sir.”

“Tom, what’s wrong?”

Tears started falling from his eyes, “It’s Marylou, my daughter. I think she is dyeing, sir.”

Harvey immediately jumped off his horse, and walked right into his home without asking. The place was as he expected, he didn’t like what he saw. There was a little boy dirty from head to toe, and a little girl in a dirty dress sitting at a table looking sorrowful and scared. Harvey walked into the back bedroom without being invited.

He found Tom’s oldest daughter laying on her bed, and the girl was clearly in pain. Her skin glistened with sweat rolling off her brow. She was no more than fourteen years old, but the look of her body would fool anyone. She looked much older than that. Harvey removed a tattered old sheet from her, and placed his hands on her cheeks, and chest. She was burning up.

He turned to Anthony, but the guy beat him to the punch. “I’ll

go get her.” He told him.

As he was leaving the room, Harvey yelled after him. “Anthony,

ride like hell’s fire is on your ass.”

While they waited for Anthony to get back. Harvey sent Tom down to get cool water. Harvey stripped the girl of her dress. He then ripped apart her clothing, and a shirt he found on the floor into rags. When Tom got back, he soaked the rags in water, and laid the cloth all along her body as Tom’s misses fanned her daughter’s face.

Suddenly, in a blinding fury, Caroline’s form appeared in the room, startling both Tom and his wife. Harvey moved out of her way. Taking the rags off her, she checked the girl’s body. When she touched

the girl’s side, she cried out in pain.

Turning her head towards Harvey, she told him. “Harvey, this girl is going to die. I think her liver is inflamed. If we were at a hospital up north, she still would only have a slim chance of living through it. Taking the liver out is risky, but doable if we had a doctor. It’s the post-op infection that sets in after is what will really kill her. That’s if her liver doesn’t bust open before then.”

After a while, and out of breath, Anthony finally arrived running into the room. He was looking hard at Caroline, and not at the girl.

With Greenville being the closest town, Harvey told him. “Ride to Greenville and get the doctor. If you must pull your gun on him, then do so, but get his ass back here pronto.”

Tuning to Tom, he gave him some instructions, “Go find me some green moss. It must be living, clean it of any dirt. Cut the roots off, then dry it over the fire. It must be totally dried out then have your wife grind it into a power.” He also told him to get some other herbs.

When Tom was gone, Harvey took a bullet from his holster. After taking removing the slug with his knife, he dumped the gun power in a bowl by the bedside table.

“Harvey, what in the world are you doing?” Caroline asked him. He smiled at her. “I’m making penicillin, baby. My uncle showed me how to do it. It’s not as good as the actual stuff, but it will work.”

“What is penicillin?” she asked, speaking the word as if was strange to her.

“It’s the way of the future, honey.”

Not risking moving the girl to a cleaner place. They kept wet rags

on her until the doctor showed up an hour later. They could hear the man as he argued with Anthony outside.

When he stepped into the cabin, they heard him telling Anthony, “I cannot believe you hauled me over here like this for a damn nigger. You told me in to town she was a white girl. I have half a mind to turn around, and go back home.”

Anthony shoved the doctor into the bedroom, the man came up short with Harvey’s gun pointed in his face.

Real calm like, he told the doctor. “Doc, there is a human being here who needs your help. I need you to remove her liver, and if your attitude doesn’t improve real fast, and you don’t change your tune.

I’m going to put a fucking bullet into your head.”

No one in the room spoke as the Doctor was thinking the situation over. Letting out a deep breath of frustration, he moved over to the girl’s bedside.

After looking her over. He told them, “Yes, it is an infected liver.

Now, I can take it out if it doesn’t burst open in my hands, but.” He looked around at the dirty environment of the room. “She’ll die in three days of an infection, anyway.”

“It’s called septicemia, Doc,” Harvey told him to remove it, anyway.

They knocked the girl out with whiskey and opium. As the doctor took a knife from his bag, and went to cut her, Harvey stopped him. Pouring whiskey over the doctor’s hands, and the knife, he also put some on the girl’s side. It didn’t take any more than an hour for the man to finish stitching her up.

Walking the doctor outside, Harvey tried to smooth things over with him. Pulling on the man’s arm, he asked the Doctor, “Doc is what this?”

“Well, of course, that’s my arm you’re yanking on. Are you a fool?” He asked.

Harvey agreed with him. “Yes, it is your arm. These blacks are my arms too, and they are also my livelihood. Without them, I’d go broke.” Havey shoved some money into the man’s vest pocket “Sir, I’ll see to it my men are easier with you next time the Archer Plantation needs you.”

With Caroline sitting with the girl, Tom and his wife came out on the porch. They both took his hands, and kept thanking him over, and over with never-ending gratitude.

“Tom, your daughter is going to be just fine,” Harvey told him. “Caroline watched the doctor, and he did a really good job. When she wakes up, make her swallow some of that paste mixed in water three times a day. Have some clean water ready for her to drink because that stuff will taste like crap. She’ll be back to her normal sassy self in no time.”

“Now Tom, I really need you to get to work. Do you feel up to

it?”

For the rest of the afternoon, the two men rode all over the plantation as Tom showed him the lay of the land. The Archer Plantation was rich in water, there were many small, and large streams like the one by the house, but none were very close to the fields except for one.

Sitting on their horses, Tom pointed to it.

“That one stream right there, even in the hottest years, won’t dry up on you, just like the one by the main house. I’ve tried to tell my Massa to dig a ditch across the road, and let it flood the field from time to time, but he thought with the grade of the land, the water would wash the plants away.”

Harvey looked at the field, and thought it probably would, too. Where they stood, they were on higher ground than the rest of the field.

“I see what you’re saying, Tom. However, that field is huge and for that one stream to feed the whole field it would be a massif undertaking to accomplish it.”

“No, Sir. It won’t.” Tom said grinning like he knew something the Capitan didn’t.

Kicking his horse in gear, he told Harvey. “Come with me sir, and I’ll show you.”

Riding to the other side of the field, Tom got off his horse with a shovel in his hands. He told Harvey. “I was raised as a boy here, and I know this place better than anyone.”

Using the shovel, Tom dug into the earth, then told Harvey to grab some dirt from the bottom of the deep hole. When Harvey pulled his hand out of the hole, he had soft moist dirt in his hand.

Perplexed, he looked at Tom, who was grinning at him.

All Harvey said was, “How?”

Tom pointed to the right side of the field a hundred yards away.

 There was a wide impression all along that whole side of the field,

mixed with trees, and thick bushes.

“When I was a small boy, I used to play in a big stream right over there.” He told Harvey. “The current int the stream was so strong that I had to watch myself, or it would carry me away. Before I got into my early teens, it just suddenly disappeared, and was covered over, and was gone. That side of the field always did well after that, and it will yield better than the rest. Then one day, I came out here, and started digging holes all the way to the end of the field. I don’t think anyone understands this, but you and me. But that stream didn’t dry up like people thought, Mr. Archer. It’s under us, I am sure of it.”

As they rode back to the stream on the far side, Harvey was lost in thought. “It’s going to cost to invest in this, but what we sow, so shall we reap. We’ll need to dig a large round hole into the bank of the stream about here.” He told Tom, pointing to a spot. “We’ll line it with rocks, and add a removable stopper so the water will rise in the hole, and then flow down the pipes. We’ll pipe the water out to the center of the field. Using T shape junctions. We’ll lay more pipes with holes drilled in them three or four feet apart all the way down to the end of the field. Both sides of the field will have water year around, and the cotton will be abundant.”

It was getting late into the afternoon as Harvey, and Tom rode behind the main house.

“I am thinking about digging some large root cellars and such. Where behind the house do you think would be the best place.”

“The big house has its own root cellar, but I suppose you know that” Tom said eyeballing Harvey. “Well, I wouldn’t want to dig anywhere around the house if I didn’t have to. That whole area is sitting on a bed of clay. That’s one reason why your stream there doesn’t dry up like most do.”

Pointing off in the distance he said, “If I were to dig anywhere. I’d do so on the other side of the barn over by the chicken coops. All that area over there, and further back is nothing but earth with very little tree roots. Which will make it easier to dig”

Arriving back at the front of the house, Tom was slowly getting down off his horse when Harvey told him to stay on it.

“You have this animal to use for as long as you work for me.” He told Tom. “Get some grain from my foreman. I want it to be well fed, and taken care of.” He then handed a twenty-dollar bill to him.

Tom’s eyes snapped wide open. Slowly he asked, “Sir, what’s this for?”

Harvey had to laugh to himself. In this day and age, a black freeman was paid at most six or seven dollars a month. That twenty dollar bill would feed Tom’s family for two months with change left over.

“That’s a hiring bonus, and it’s not your pay. I want you to start work after lunch tomorrow. This way you’ll be able to get into town, and get some food, and cotton cloth for your daughter among other things. But I want you back here tonight after dinner. There’s something I want you to hear when I talk to the workers.”

When Harvey stepped into his bedroom minutes later, Caroline started yelling at him to shut his eyes. Standing at the doors threshold, he asked. “How in the hell am I going to move around?”

Caroline came over, and guided Harvey into the center of the room before telling him he could open his eyes.

Cecilia was standing stark naked in front of him with a smile that showed the feelings she had for the man who set her free. To Harvey, Cecilia wasn’t the same woman they just bought the other day. She looked absolutely beautiful. Her black wild hair was cut short, and parted in the middle of her head. There were loose curls in her hair as it hung down the sides, and back of her head. Her hairstyle made her eyes, and smile brighter than it was before. Caroline must have bathed her, and put oil on her dry skin because her form shined by the oil lamps. She looked totally different, and even her pubic hair was cut into a small patch, letting Harvey see every center of her. It took Harvey a moment before he realized he was gawking at her.

She waited in front of him, when Caroline spoke up, and told her to go ahead. Not waiting any further she walked up to Harvey, putting her arms around his neck as she laid a lip lock on him that got his motor screaming. Tasting her sweet lips, Harvey wrapped his arms around her, and crushed her into himself as she gave him everything in her. He was lost in her embrace as she took his hand while still kissing him, and placed it between her thighs. Feeling her warmth, and moisture on his fingertips snapped Harvey back into reality.

Quickly pushing her away, he stepped away from her. Walking over to a chair in the corner of the room, he sat down.

He shook his head at her and told her, “Cecilia, don’t ever do that again.”

Cecilia’s smile vanished, she looked questioningly over to

Caroline for support.

“Harvey, what’s wrong?” Caroline asked. “You and I both have feelings for her, and you know it. She an underdeveloped alpha, Harvey.”

“Caroline, with you, I slipped in the heat of passion. I can’t make that mistake again.” He told her.

“Harvey, the girl only wants to make love to you. She knows nothing about being an alpha.”

“What’s an Alpha?” Cecilia wanted to know.

Caroline went to him, and kneeled in front of him. “Harvey, this isn’t beyond the norm for you, or your family. So, tell me what’s wrong.”

Harvey just blurted it out. “Caroline, she has been a slave all her life. If some guys set me free after twenty years. I’d make love to him too, and I wouldn’t care where he stuck his carrot. Of course, she’s happy. I for one sure as hell don’t blame her. I’d do the same damn thing.”

“Is anybody going to tell me what an alpha is?” Cecilia asked again. Harvey and Caroline only glanced at her, and engorged her question.

Caroline finally understood Harvey’s problem. As much as he wanted her, he couldn’t bring himself to take advantage of her. Caroline and Cecilia had spent the last 24 hours together getting to know each other. They spent the whole time talking riding back home from the slave market. Then later before bed, they talked, neither woman had any problems with their naked bodies touching as they

slept.

After Caroline came home from Tom’s house. She tended to Cecilia’s abrasions from the chains on her legs, and gave her a bath in the stream. After the bath, she told Cecilia to lie on the bed as Caroline went over every inch of the girl’s body.

“OK, open your legs I want to check your insides for any scar tissue, or other problems. I’m pretty sure already you’ve already been raped.”

Caroline was envisioning her insides as her two fingers explored Cecilia’s body. Suddenly Cecilia moaned, and pushed with her hips pressing Caroline’s fingers deeper into her.

Caroline stopped what she was doing.

Looking up at her she said, “Emma wasn’t just your childhood friend who taught you how to read, and write was she? She was your lover, and I bet it was also that fact that was the contributing factor why they sold you off, and not because she was teaching you things.”

Cecilia admitted to it. “We were friends since we could walk, and lovers from an early age till when they sold me. I was about eighteen then. They never even told Emma what they were going to do with me when they sent her off to her aunts in Pennsylvania.”

“I was then sold to a pig. He wouldn’t leave me alone. One day he told me he wouldn’t bother me so much if I would play with myself while he watched, and did his business all over me. That only happened twice. Then one day while I was doing it for him, he raped me. I fought him the whole time. I ripped him out of me making him spill his seed on the floor. He was so mad, he beat me so bad I couldn’t walk for almost a month. He tried to get at me later, but every time I fought him, and every time, he beat me. I guess he got tired of fighting me. I wouldn’t give in to him, and he knew he would have to kill me to be with me. So, when he sold me, I said to myself. If they are going to rape me. I might as well agree to it.

“Harvey, believe me, this girl knows her own mind. She isn’t naive like the other ones we have. She may have been a slave, but her mind has been free for a long time. Emma made damn sure of it. We’ll give you some time to think about it.” His wife told him. “But I’m telling you right now. I want her to be with us.”

They both looked back over to Cecilia who had gotten tired of being ignored, and was sitting Indian fashion on the rug. Pouting, with an elbow on her knee, and her chin resting on her fist, she waited for them while looking out of the window.

“Cecilia, dear. What’s wrong, hon.” Caroline asked.

She didn’t say anything for a minute then in a quiet voice she said,

“You won’t tell me what an Alpha is.”

Caroline and Harvey just looked at each other, and busted out laughing.

Cecilia threw her hand up in the air, and repeated, “Who in the hell around here do I have to fuck to tell me what an Alpha is.”

# Chapter 3

They were all waiting for him, sitting on the ground around the fire as the three Alpha’s approached them. Everyone was staring at Cecilia in her new britches riding one of the big horses all by herself. Riding beside Caroline, she proudly displayed herself in her new clothes, and newly found freedom.

Harvey handed a bottle of whiskey over to Anthony, and told him to mix it in the lemonade they brought down from the house. Harvy waited until everybody had a cup of lemonade in their hand. Harvey pointed to a big buck who was downing his lemonade. Harvey yelled for him to stop.

“There is no need for you to gulp your drink, nor is there to eat your food like it’s your last. No one here will go without good, tasty drinks, or food to eat. All of you will get your fill whether or not you have been bad. Food or drink will not be withheld from you on this plantation. So, relax,” he told them all. “no one here will take nourishment from any of you.”

“I’m going to be telling you a lot of stuff tonight. And I’ll answer your questions as we go. I’m sorry about your sleeping conditions. I wanted to wait until we fixed your houses before we brought in your mattress and other things. The lumber didn’t come today, but I expect it will arrive by tomorrow.”

“Some of you men know how to build, and some of you don’t. Those who do will teach those who do not. Ladies while the men work on the houses, I want you to get our gardens going so we all have fresh vegetables to eat. A big part of the garden has already been tiled. Abigail will be cooking for all of us in the big house for now with the household staff helping her. However, as soon as we can get your pavilion built. You’ll then be able to cook for yourself on your own stove we will place under it. Ladies when the time comes. You will cook dinner for all of you. You’ll also be needing two new outhouses. I will show you how I want them built, and where. Once your houses are finished, and the Pavilion is built. We will start on building the walls that will surround your cabins.”

He stopped and asked them. “Do any of you have any questions.”

No one said anything as they all looked back at him with blank stairs and uncertainty in their eyes.

When no one said anything, he said. “Speak your mind.”

They still didn’t say anything as they looked back and forth between themselves. When no one spoke up that time, Tom stepped further into the firelight.

“Sir, may I say something.”

Harvey told him to continue.

“Sir, I think everybody here is in shock. I know, I am a little speechless after hearing what you just said. White men don’t normally go around telling us their plans. They just say here go do this, and we do. And I’ll bet none of them here has had a carrot, or potato this year. They don’t believe that you’ll make good on what you say.”

Harvey figured that wasn’t the way to approach this. They just didn’t trust white men. However, there was one way to get them to believe him.

“Here, maybe I should have started like this.” He told them. “In a few years from now, the South will start a war with the North at Fort Sumter in South Carolina. Me and my wife are not here to run a plantation. We are here operating it to supply us with the money to take care of all of you. We’re going to be using all of our wealth to teach you everything from reading, and writing to how to handle yourselves in a white man’s world, regardless of what the damn Southern law says. The law and civilized society stop here on the Archer Plantation: we’ll make our own laws, and will not be governed by the outside world. All of my men are ex-military, they will help me to train you all how to fight to protect yourself. You will all know how to fight and use a rifle by the time we’re done.

“Miss Caroline will be teaching the women how to fight. My wife and I do not believe in owning slaves. We moved here to buy as many slaves as we could to protect them from the white man. There is also a bigger reason why we are here, but I cannot at this time tell you about that. There is coming a time within a few short years from now when I will be setting all of you free. I know you don’t trust us, but please. Trust what I say. Everything I tell you will come to pass.”

Caroline approached Harvey, and held out three bibles stacked on top of each other. Harvey knew the slaves may not believe in them yet, but what he knew they did believe in was God.

Harvey placed his right hand on top of the bibles and said, “On a stack of bibles. I promise you before God and you all. I will set free every slave that I own months before this war ends. I promise you in our care you will eat your full, and be taught everything you need to know to live in a white man’s world. You will not be raped, or unjustifiable hurt while you’re here. My men and I will protect you with our lives.”

Tom quickly raised his hand, “This war, Sir. When do you think it will happen? It’s the first I’ve heard of it.”

“The Civil War will start when Confederates opened fire on Fort Sumter on April 12, 1861. That’s just a few years from now. President Lincoln in the North will issue a “Emancipation Proclamation” on September 22, 1862. The Proclamation will not take effect until January 1, 1863.”

“The proclamation will outlaw slavery in only the southern states who are fighting against the north. Even though Lincoln will be the president of the United States. At that time, Mr. Lincoln will not have the authority to outlaw slavery anywhere else. It will still exist in the northern and western states. On January 31, 1865, Congress will passed the 13th Amendment outlawing slavery everywhere within the confinement of the United States. Under Confederate President Jefferson Davis slavery would still exist in the South until the surrender of Confederate troops west of the Mississippi, on May 26, 1865. The war will be over then.”

Harvey could see he was getting to them as the blacks stared wide-eyed at him. No one moved, and not a sound was spoken as he finished his speech. They even stopped drinking their lemonade.

“Within just a few short years all of you will be set free. But for now, I need you here because without you. I will not have the money to keep you alive. Some real bad times are coming our way, and a lot of men coming here will die by our hand as we fight for our lives. I will be buying as many slaves as I can. There is going to be a hell of a lot of you living here, and I need you to remember the things we teach you. So, you can pass it along to the slaves that I buy. No one is to talk about what happens on the Archer Plantation to anyone who is not part of this plantation.”

Harvey then unwrapped a whip from its cloth. All their eyes were drawn to it. He held it out to a young buck. Harvey could see by the guy’s eyes the man was fearful of the whip. With the whip coiled in his hand, Harvey held it out to him, he told him to touch it. Gingerly, the guy did.

Harvey then told everyone there to do the same. As he walked around extending it out for them all to touch. When he was done. He told them, “This is the last time in your lives you will ever feel a whip on your body. This is the only whip on my land, and it will be the last one.”

Handing it to the slave who first touched it. Harvey told him,

“Now, throw it in the fire.”

The guy gave him a little smile, and did as he was told.

“That hot box you all seen out in the field has had its door sealed shut, and it will never be used by another human being ever again. Now, if you act out, and do something wrong. You will be disciplined. Any female who does so Miss Caroline will handle that herself. If any of you lay hands on one of my men. Just like out in the world, expect to get your ass beaten by them. My men are here to keep us all safe. They are ready to use force to protect you.”

Harvey removed his forty-five from his shoulder hostler, and let it hang down at his side. He cocked back the hammer with his thumb.

“If any of you so much as lay your hands on any of my females in my household out of anger or hatefulness. I swear by God I’ll put a bullet in your fucking head. People, we all need to live here together in harmony. So be gentle with each other. Let’s try and live in peace until this damn war is over with.”

Putting the weapon away, he asked for questions. That time everyone jumped to their feet, and started talking all at once. Harvey looked over at Tom. The older man was doubled over laughing. Most of the questions the slaves had pertained to their freedom and the war. After they all got their answers, Harvey saw a change in them. He felt they believed him to a point. Once they drank what was left of their lemonade, he told them all to go to sleep. With the whiskey in their systems, they would sleep like a baby tonight on their wooden racks.

Just before he, and the two girls rode back to the house. Tom told

him, “Sir, never in my life have I seen, or heard of such a man as the likes of you. God Bless you, Sir. You’ll still have trouble with some of them, but those who believe you will stick up for you.” He told him.

Later that night when Cecilia crawled in bed between Caroline and Harvey. She began playing with Caroline. Suddenly she felt Harvey making his way inside of her from behind. He stroked her a few times then drove himself all the way inside of her.

She screamed out in pleasure; with moist fingers, she grabbed the back of his neck, and turned her face towards him, kissing him.

Caroline attacked from the front.

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Someone took hold of his member, waking him. As he opened his eyes, Caroline was stroking him under the sheet while lying on her side propped up with her head on her hand, Cecilia watched,

“Stop it,” he told his first wife. “I have a lot of work to do today.” She only tightened her grip on him.

“For weeks now you have been so tired at night that you fall asleep without giving us any loving,” Cecilia told him. “We want some morning sex, and we’re going to rape you if we have to.”

“Cecilia, he’s ready,” Caroline told her. “Come and get him.” “No, I have to get to work!” Harvey repeated.

Getting out of bed, he dragged Caroline with him. Their bodies got twisted up getting out of the bed, making them both fall on the rug on the floor.

Taking the opportunity, Caroline sat on his chest, naked, pinning him to the floor with her butt sticking in his face.

Cecilia ran around the bed, and lowered herself on him. Quickly rocking her hips, she held onto Caroline in front of her. Harvey was trapped, he knew he wasn’t going to get out of this one. Caroline’s bottom was inches from his nose, he could smell her blessed aroma filling his senses. It didn’t take long, crying out, he released himself into Cecilia.

Feeling his warm seed spread out inside of her set off Cecilia’s orgasm as she continued stroking Caroline. When Caroline’s lips form into an “O.” Cecilia knew her, climax was about to blow. She increased her efforts on her wife. Caroline cried out her pleasure as her body and mind exploded with Cecilia’s love which set off Carolina’s climax getting Harvey’s chest wet.

Both women fell off to the side of Harvey laughing their butts off. Laying on the floor together they held each other and giggled.

Harvey untangled himself from the two women, and walked off into the bathroom. Opening the waterspout, he cleaned himself from their loving. Picking up his toothbrush, he looked at it with distaste. Not having toothpaste in the 1800s sucked. He dabbed some paste concoction on the bristles. The crushed mint leaves mixed in with the paste did little to help with its taste. They sold toothpaste in town, but the stuff was worse tasting than the stuff they made at home. Combing his hair, he watched the girls behind him through the bathroom mirror. They were still on the floor soaking in the warmth of their afterglow.

“You know,” he told them through the mirror. “Ever since we married Cecilia into our little family you two have been eating high off the hog, and haven’t been doing much work around here. I think it’s time you two take a more active role in our Plantation.”

Caroline’s and Cecilia’s stopped loving each other as their eyes snapped wide open. They eyeballed each other.

Cecilia spoke softly to her wife, “Run!”

Caroline whispered back, “Don’t be stupid were naked.”

Cecilia raised her voice, “I do believe I need to take care of the mint plants today. The sun will dry them out in a heartbeat if someone doesn’t watch over them.”

“Oh ya, she was really good,” Harvey thought to himself. She hit on one of his pet peeves.

“That’s great,” he told her. “While you’re out there you can help the village girls weed the garden while Caroline is down in the root cellar organizing it. If Caroline gets done sooner than you, Cecilia. She will be coming out to help the rest of you out. The garden should be done by lunchtime with the number of people working on it. You two can then bring lunch to the workers in the field. And I don’t want to see any more lemonade out in the field again, cool water only. Sweet drink isn’t good for anyone working under the summer sun.”

Dressed, he walked passed them still locked in each other’s arms lying on the rug. Going through the door he paused, and turned to them.

“If you’re so intent on needing my body. Come to my office in the afternoon, and don’t wear anything under your dresses this time.” He told them. He shut the door leaving without waiting for their reply.

Cecilia and Caroline started arguing.

“I get him first you’re too much of a hog, anyway you’ve been tickling me with that long tong of yours.

“Ya, right,” Caroline told her pinching her nipple. Cecilia cried out taking hold of her breast. “And I’m not a hog, bitch. Last time I had to pull it out of you to get any satisfaction at all.”

Harvey wasn’t kidding with the girls; he was busier than a bee at harvest time. The Plantation has been transformed over the first few months since the villagers were there. They now had over fifty of them living in the small village with a tall fence made of trees surrounding them, protecting them, and their privet lives within its high walls. There was only one entrance to the village, and the doors could only be locked from the inside. They remained open twentyfour/seven.

Black women and men were hauling the last of the tobacco leaves out of the end of the field as Harvey rode by them. Working together they sang as they worked along. On the other side of the field, men were already tilling the field as women laid down the new seed. Harvey figured they stood a good chance of getting a second crop in.

A few of his guards were watching over the field as Tom rode herd over the workers. It seemed to Harvey everything he touched was turning into gold. His wealth increased as did his relationships with the blacks and both girls. Tom turned out to be a blessing from heaven, and was his most prized employee.

Harvey wanted to build Tom, and his family a house in front of the village so it would be safer for them while Tom watched over the villagers. But Tom wouldn’t let Harvey do it. Having his own land even if it was all rock meant everything to the man. Instead, Harvey built a hut where Tom could keep watch over the workers when he wasn’t busy somewhere else. He added a bell on the outside wall of the hut which Tom used to gather the villages. There was a much bigger bell at the front of the house that Henry made for Harvey before they moved south.

By the end of the first year, Harvey and some of his men along with the villages showed up at Tom’s house one Sunday afternoon. Harvey was standing in his front door yard with a lit torch in his hands.

The door to the house slowly opened. Tom peeked outside first looking at the torch in Harvey’s hand then at Harvey.

In a concerning voice, he questioned Harvey. “Capitan, I can’t believe you’re here to burn me out. You’re not the kind of man to do something like that.”

“Oh, no,” Harvey told him with a big grin on his face. “That is in fact what we’re going to do.” Everyone standing behind Harvey started laughing as he finished with. “Then afterward we’re going to build a better home for all of you.”

The cost of materials was minimal for the type of home they built. Tom’s old house was in such a sad shape anything they built would be an improvement. With the free labor, it took almost no time to burn their home to the ground and rebuild it. The new house had four bedrooms and a living room, with a hell of a lot better kitchen than what Harvey saw the first time he was there. They had lumber left over that they used to build a small barn for the two horses plus a chicken coop. Since no work was taking place at the Plantation, they also cleared Tom’s rock garden. They then added wagons filled with topsoil to it. By the time Tom and his family were allowed to see the place, it no longer looked like a popper’s home.

Tom and his wife had tears in their eyes as they walked slowly around the house unbelieving what they were seeing. Standing in the kitchen with them, Tom’s wife stopped in front of Harvey with Caroline right beside him. For a long time, the woman looked into his face as tears ran down her cheeks. When out of the blue she took hold of Harvey’s face in both hands, and kissed him on his lips.

After she released him. Standing beside her, old Tom told his wife. “Mary, I want to thank you, because if you didn’t do that. I was going to have to do it myself.”

Over time, the workers learned to trust them. It didn’t happen all at once. It happened in small pieces as they all learned to live together. Once the village, and heavy construction were finished. The villagers would lay out in the evening air under the trees, or take a dip in the stream by the water tower. On Sundays, Harvey got them all together under the pavilion, and they talked about God, and read from the good book. No work took place on Sunday. In small groups with Harvey’s men watching over them, the villagers would fish, or explore different parts of the plantation. Harvey’s men were always watching them no matter where they went. He had picked strong men who hated slavery like he did. Along with their monthly pay, these men were promised a share in the plantation once the cops started being harvested.

Riding along beside the tobacco field. Harvey watched ahead of him as one of his guards inspected a wagon’s rear axles. There was a heavy load of Tobacco leaves heaped in the back. On his knees, the guard held out his repeating rifle to a black buck standing beside him so he could get a closer look at the axle. The guy quickly looked around them before he took the rifle.

Harvey had to laugh to himself. The slave looked totally out of place with the guard’s weapon in his hands. If this would have happened anywhere else, but here, and a slave touched a weapon. They would have keel-hauled, and beaten him bloody, and they would have gone without food for many days.

Over time, Harvey knew stronger bonds between his men, and the female villagers were going to happen at some point. One day, he watched a guard snoozing under a tree with his arm around a black female. Sitting close together, the girl stayed awake watching around them as her friend took a little nap. Harvey held his tongue; he didn’t have the heart to say anything to either of them at that moment. They both looked cute together. His men sooner, or later were bound to get closer to the females, he expected it.

Everyone knew there were to be no babies on the plantation until after the Civil War ended. The men were taught sexual behavior, and how to practice safe sex by Harvey, and the females by Cecilia. Because of the laws of the South, there were no marriages. Guys had their girlfriends, but females like the one Harvey saw in the root cellar one morning with one of his guards.

Seem to be having just a little more fun them those with a boyfriend.

Harvey and his men had very little trouble with the villagers. The last time they had any trouble was at the beginning with a big new buck who after getting so much freedom on the Plantation; the man overstepped his bounds. The guy was a large man about twentysix years old, and he towed over just about everybody on the Plantation even Harvey. Harvey thought he was one big son of a bitch.

Anthony sat with Harvey in his office drinking iced tea while telling him about the incident.

“We have been giving this guy leeway like you said, Captain. But he just keeps taking advantage of his situation. He took food from the storage shed, and some of the boys confronted him. He got angry, and gave us a bunch of grief. I personally thought he was going to hit one of us. Right now, I have some village trustees watching over him. Tom is sticking close to his hut out front along with the normal guards. Tom told me he has his pistol with him, but he is keeping it out of sight.”

They gave the villagers a hell of a lot of leeway. However, violence on the Plantation was stepped on as it was a fire that could unhinge, and burn the Plantation to the ground.

 Harvey and Anthony rode over to the village to talk to the man. Tom saw him coming, and began ringing his bell in the pattern that told everyone to gather at the pavilion.

Once they all sat down at the tables, Harvey got off his horse, and said in a loud voice. “Jedidiah, front and center.”

A big black mountain slowly stood up, and walked over to him. The guy wasn’t large, he was huge, he towed over Harvey.

“Jedidiah, you have infringed on the well-being of everyone here by stealing food. This infraction will not go unnoticed. I have watched you flap your mouth more than you do your arms when you’re working. I am not going to put up with it anymore.” Harvey told him.

Continuing on he said, “However, back talking to my men after they tell you to do something…” Harvey let his rage suddenly show on his face as he raised his voice and screamed. “…who in the hell do you think you are to talk to anybody like that. Do you think you are special, Jedidiah? You’re nothing but a child to me. One look at your ugly mug, and anyone here could see you’re a coward.”

The word coward smacked Jedidiah across his face. Harvey could see the blood pumping through the man’s face faster than a bullet train racing across the countryside in Japan. The big man suddenly got mad.

“Don’t talk to me like that, Sir.” Jedidiah shifted his feet, and leaned forward on the balls of his feet. “I’m not a coward.” He told Harvey.

Off to the side by Harvey. Worried, Anthony called out. “Caption, watch him.” His foreman warned him.

“Is that a threat, Jedidiah? Because if it was. It was piss ass weak one if you ask me. I really cannot see how a person like yourself could threaten anyone anyway. You don’t have what it takes to be a man. You a fucking fancy maid.”

Everyone there could see Jedidiah wanted to get at Harvey. The black women there had their hands over their mouths, and the men were wide eyed disbelieving what they were hearing. They all could see Harvey was picking a fight with Jedidiah. Which surprised them as none of them had ever seen him do this before.

Harvey saw the reaction in the big man. “Oh, does the little boy want to hurt me? Would you like to go a few rounds with me,

Jedidiah.”

Harvey watched his eyes as the big man looked over at the seven men with their weapons behind Harvey.

“Say-in I did. Yous haven your men beat me.”

Harvey took a step closer to him. His men advance with him wanting to stay close to Harvey, but he waved to them to stay back.

“Anthony,” Harvey told him without taking his eyes off the black mountain in front of him. “If anything happens to me. You and your men are not to hurt Jedidiah in any way. Is that understood”

“Capitan, he’s going to crush you.”

Harvey kept his eyes glued on Jedidiah. He knew the bull was ready to charge.

“You still don’t have what it takes little man,” Harvey told him. “You don’t have a clue what it means to be a man.”

“Anthony, call it out,” Harvey told him, getting himself ready.

Anthony had already sent someone to the first aid box at the main house. He just shook his head, and did what his boss told him.

“3, 2, 1, Go!”

Jedidiah came charging at him growling like a bear, but it was over so fast it surprised everyone there. They all jumped to their feet as Harvey’s men just stood in place staring at Harvey in awe.

Using the speed of the wolf within him, Harvey side sept Jedidiah, and grabbed the back of his head, as his left hand took hold of Jedidah wrist at the same time, Harvey tripped him using his foot. Jedidiah went down face first while his feet stayed behind. He fell like a tree. Harvey slammed his face into the ground so hard he could feel the guy’s nose break. Pinning his arm around his back, he pressed it to the breaking point, and kept it there.

Crying out, Jedidiah turned his face sideways. Blood was pouring from his nose as he screamed. “Sir, my arm. My arm, Sir.

Please it hurts.” Cried the big man.

Kneeling on his black, Harvey asked, “Are you going to give us any more trouble. Are you going to do what we tell you, and not back talk.”

Harvey didn’t release his grip, but he also didn’t want to break his arm. The guy was without a doubt the strongest one on the Plantation, he needed him working.

When Jedidiah didn’t answer him, Harvey screamed at him and added more pressure to his twisted arm. “Answer me!

“Yes, Sir. I’ll do whatever it is they want. I won’t cause any trouble. Please let go of my arm.”

Harvey quickly backed away from him.

Jedidiah sat up.

Tom came over and looked at his nose then handed him a rag. Holding his nose with the rag, Jedidiah stretched his arm out as he kept his eyes glued on the little man who beat him fair.

“He’ll be OK, boss. I’ve never seen a man die over a broken nose before.”

“Why were you stealing rations,” Archer asked him. “Are you not getting all of the food everybody else is given.”

Mumbling through the rag, he told Harvey. “Yes, Sir. I’m just hungry after dinner. I didn’t think anyone would mind. There’s so

much more food on your Plantation, Sir.”

Harvey already figured that was the case. Because of the guy’s size, he needed more food than everyone else. After telling Tom to make sure Jedidiah received extra rations at mealtime, he walked over to his horse.

But before he left, he turned back around before he mounted the animal, he addressed Jedidiah once more.

“Do you know why I bested you, Jedidiah?”

Still sitting on the ground holding a rag to his nose, the big guy just shook his head, “No.”

“It’s because you never judge a man by his size, or his strength. You judge a man by his actions, and what’s inside of him. A man’s charter means everything, in this world Jedidiah. That’s why you lost. You didn’t understand what kind of man I am.”

“Matter of fact,” Harvey looked at everybody all around him. “Only my wife, and Miss Cecilia are truly the only ones on this plantation who know what I truly am.”

With everybody there still dumbfounded over the evening events. Harvey figured he would give them one last show. Approaching his tall quarter horse from the rear of the animal, he vaulted up into the saddle, and then rode away.

Jedidiah did turned his life around, and never caused anyone any more grief. The big buck turned out to be one of the most trusted of the slaves on the plantation. Harvey trained him himself, keeping Jedidiah close to the house. Once trained, Jedidiah was under orders by Harvey to protect Miss Cecilia, and Miss Caroline at all costs to

his own life whenever the women went off the plantation.

Jedidiah did as he was told, but the man lost his temper one afternoon in Greenville. Harvey’s men did not have enough time to stop the big black.

One of Mr. Gorden’s men was walking into a shop in Greenville as Cecilia came outside. After bumping into her the guy told her,

“Get out of my way you nigger slut.” Then he shoved her into the wall beside the door.

Jedidiah almost killed the man before Harvey’s men stopped him.

Hearing a white man get assaulted by a slave on the town’s streets sent the sheriff running before a lynch mob was formed. He locked up Jedidiah in his jail for assault, and disturbing the peace. When word was sent to the Archer Plantation, Harvey and six riders raced into town. They found Cecilia, and her two guards watching over the women as Caroline talked to the towns sheriff out front of the jail.

Riding up to them, dust from their horses followed them when they stopped. Harvey quickly got off his horse, reaching out he turned Cecilia’s face towards him, she had a cut above her right eyebrow with dried blood smeared on her skin.

Caroline approached them with a concerning look in her eyes. “Harvey, he won’t release Jedidiah even if we pay his fine. I believe he’s doing it because he’s afraid of reprisal from the whites if he lets him out. He told me himself the nigger needs to be taught a lesson. Harvey, they’re going to beat him until he can’t move. Jedidiah will be dead before they let him out of there.”

Greenville was a small town closer to the Plantation than

Charlotte. For the most part, the law in the town hasn’t given them too much trouble. As time went by it was Mr. Gordon’s men who gave the Archer Plantation the most trouble. Harvey’s men have clashed with Gordon’s men more than once.

Harvey looked over at the sheriff. The guy had on a white shirt, and a flowered pattern vest with a black round hat stuck on his head. His gun was on his hips with his deputy standing behind him. Harvey and his men have had run-ins with the sheriff before. But due to his plantation being the biggest, and wealthiest plantation in the area, people pretty much left them alone.

However, their Plantation was also well known for not socializing with people in the area. Most people coming to the plantation never made it past the archway by the road. Due to the plantation’s wealth, most visitors to their home were those who came by with their hands stuck out. When the orphanage for boys and girls in Charlotte asked for money, Harvey would always give.

“Jarrid,” Harvey said to the sheriff as he walked over to him. “It seems to me we have a bit of a problem here.”

“Mr. Archer, there is no misunderstanding here at all. Your nigger assaulted a white man, and by law, he must pay the price.”

“Jarred, this is an issue of a fine, and not confinement.” He told him.

The sheriff’s face suddenly went red as he raised his voice, “Not for a fucking nigger it isn’t. That son of a bitch is going to pay for what he did. I dish out the law as I see it. That’s my job.” He told Harvey.

Harvey already knew they wouldn’t let him out. Jedidiah would

be lucky if he got out of there alive after hitting a white man. Harvey turned around, and slowly made a show of looking over at a few of his men on their horses. He grabbed the brim of his hat, and nodded his head. Three of his men got off their horses, they then removed their weapons, and hung the gun belts on their saddle horns.

There were a lot of townspeople watching the display of events at the jail. One of Harvey’s men walked up to a man who was in the crowd. Harvey’s hand first tipped his hat to the stranger, but when the man tipped his hat in return. Harvey’s man punched the guy in the face. He then began to beat the living hell out of him for no reason at all. Harvey’s other two men did the same thing, but with two different guys watching the show. In the course of a few seconds, men were throwing punches at each other as a small riot broke out.

The sheriff and his deputy ran over to control the crowd. Raising his gun in the air, the sheriff fired a shot stopping the fighting mob.

Pointing his gun at one of Harvey’s men the sheriff told him, “Make another move, and I’ll put a hole in you.” He spoke sharply to his deputy. “Steve cut them three out, and lock them up.”

As they walked by Harvey going into the jail, all three men were grinning to each other. Wiping blood off his lip, one hand said to another, “Man, that was fun I want do that again.”

When the sheriff came back over to Harvey, he was meaner than a rattlesnake. “I don’t know what in the hell you think you’re doing, Mr. Archer. But now you have three more of your men in my jail. If you want to end this peacefully. I’ll let you pay their fine, and release them to you.”

“Oh, no way sheriff,” Harvey told him shaking his head. “I think those boys need to learn their lesson but, let me tell you this, Jarred. I will raise the heavens from the ground if any of my people has so much as a scratch on them when they come out of your jail.”

“By the way sheriff, I’ve meant to ask you. Where is Mr. Gordon’s man? The one who shoved Miss Cecilia into the wall, and cut her pretty head.”

Harvey saw the sheriff was thinking hard. “He’s down at the tavern. Why.”

Harvey got close to the man, and told him while looking him straight into his beady little eyes. He yelled at the guy, “Because he assaulted a female, and that is an arresting offense.”

The sheriff knew he shouldn’t have said what he did next, but he couldn’t stop himself in time. “She’s a nig—”

Harvey screamed right back in his face. “She’s a fucking free woman, and by our laws, she has the right to be protected by you. If you don’t go and get Gorden’s man, and throw his ass in your jail. As a southern gentleman. I have every right to blow his fucking head off.”

The sheriff stood back a moment before telling Harvey. “Mr. Archer, you, and your family don’t seem to be conforming to our ways too well. Around here we have a code of honor, and our southern hospitably is a big part of that code. With you having the biggest Plantation along with Mr. Gordon. Everyone knows you’re a very wealthy man, and some people would like to share their southern hospitality with you, but you scare them. You ride into town in military formations, people can’t approach you. And I know you’re growing cotton, and tobacco out there, but you run your plantation like it’s a military installation. You seem to have a big problem making friends since you moved here.”

“To hell with your southern hospitality.” Harvey told him as he thought about the three strangers who were buried in a deep pit on his property. After a while whoever was sending the men out to spy on them stopped sending them.

“I’ve already had a taste of it. Any society that makes laws, and will not back them up isn’t a society at all; it’s anarchy. I know our laws sheriff, and I abide by them. As far as people being afraid of us. Even the devil is afraid of God. Goodness has always followed goodness. Evil cannot walk behind Jesus, Jarrid. Now, are you going to put that man under arrest, or by law am I going kill him myself.” Harvey told him.

Sitting on their horses they all waited until the sheriff’s deputy brought Mr. Gordon’s man over to the jail.

Harvey trotted alongside Caroline as they left town “Don’t worry about the boys, Caroline. They’re going to be getting some rest for the next week, but no one will harm Jedidiah while he’s being watched over by our men.”

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Larry and Stephanie found one of the black vans outside of Bangor with the reactor in the back still running. The FBI, and the ATF, and half the United States government stormed all over it. They looked for prints, and DNA, but Kelly knew they weren’t going to find anything. When someone had the know-how to build fusion generators, and some other machinery to take his alphas down. He knew they were the type of people who would be caught so easily.

The government’s satellites helped to locate the first van, but not the second one with Wade in it. The other van Curly and Tim finally ended up losing. The two men refused to give up and were zigzagging across the state trying to get a fix on the second van. They last reported in near Portland, and were continuing driving south.

All the lesser Alphas in the world still have not checked in with their home groups. Only the strongest Alphas in these groups were now looking into their missing personnel. Kelly knew that didn’t mean these people were taken. A lot of them were on vacation, or were just far from their home ground. Kelly knew it would take time to gather so many people spread across the world.

However, once the second van was found. He was ready to put a plan of action together to kill the son of a bitches who thought they were beyond the reach of the Alphas.

Larry, Stephine, Moe, and Malcolm came out to the Island later that night. Kelly watched their boat pull alongside the Island’s pier from his study. Moments later, the group walked into his study where they all were waiting for more information to come in.

With nothing better to do, Tess was sitting in a leather chair with her legs underneath her as she thumbed through some of Harvey’s history books. She had a stack of them on the floor beside her.

Suddenly, Tim’s voice screamed in all their ears through their commutators. “Kelly, we got them. Their trail just jumped onto I95. Their making a straight run south out of Biddeford. These sons of

bitches are headed for Boston, Kelly. Curly and I are so dam sure of it were not even trying to track them anymore. We’re racing for Boston’s harbor: we’ll pick up their tail as we cross the state line.”

Kelly told him he would have an escort waiting for them when they crossed the border into Massachusetts. Picking up his phone he placed a call to Roger. Roger assured him he’d have the state police meet them there.

“Kelly, these guys have had more than enough time to jump on a ship and leave port.” Roger told him from Langley, Virginia. “Boston has a huge harbor with hundreds of ships leaving her port every day. If they leave from there then they are lost already among thousands of ships out in the shipping lanes. Once Curly and Tim can give us confirmation, they are headed for the harbor. I’ll have the FBI start looking around the docks, and find what ship they could be on. I’ll have the Coast Guard, and Navy searching the ships who left dock today.”

Pausing, he then added. “Kelly, this is going to take more than a just few days to figure out.”

Kelly let Roger go, and sat back down at this desk. He already knew what they were getting into even before Tim’s last message. These people were smart. They had every detail of their plan already worked out. Whoever they were, he knew what was happening now was just the tip of the iceberg. That was another reason why he put out a worldwide alert for the lesser Alphas. Kelly had a wild card up his sleeve, but he wasn’t going to play that until they searched the ships.

With the seriousness of the situation, and the tension hanging in

the air. He noticed none of the three who entered his office even bothered to give everyone a customary kiss.

Moe came straight over to him.

“I check the area where Harvey disappeared using every piece of equipment we have, and there wasn’t a single scrap of evidence to help us locate him. I believe you were right, Kelly. These people didn’t have anything to do with taking Harvey.”

“Then what in hell happened to him,” Tamra asked, walking over and placing her arm around Kelly’s shoulders.

“Harvey had to do it to himself, Tamra. There’s just no other explanation.”

Tess didn’t join in with the conversation as she continued to stare intently at the book in her hands.

“Occam’s Razor isn’t a for sure fact, but in this case because there is no evidence. I believe it telling us Harvey disappeared on his own.”

“Are you trying to say what I think you are?” Kelly asked him.

Moe slowly nodded his head, “Yes, Kelly I am. Harvey transported himself with, or without him knowing it to a different place…” Moe hesitated then said. “…or different time. There is no other reason why that young man vanished into thin fucking air.”

Everyone in the room was quiet except for Tess who kept softly mumbling to herself sitting in her chair reading, ignoring the conversation, and everybody else in the room.

Janet broke the silence with her thick Irish voice, “No, fracking way.”

Sandra sat down heavenly in a chair off to the side and asked,

 “So, his ability is teleportation.”

Sticking out his right hand, Moe told them. “There isn’t any other rhyme, or reason for what happened to him.”

“Oh, my God,” Janet piped in. “When I scanned him, it did feel like there was a hell of a lot of power in him, but I didn’t think it could be something like this.”

“So where in the hell is he,” Stephanie asked. “If he can do this, why hasn’t he just popped back home.”

“We may never know, Stephanie. He may have transported himself to another part of the world, or maybe he’s injured, or he could have travailed through time. If he did go through time who knows it just may have killed him.”

Kelly looked over at Tess who still hadn’t stopped staring into the book in her hands. He could see she was clearly shocked by something.

Kelly spoke softly to her, “Tess, what are you reading.”

Looking up at him, she told everyone in the room, “Guys, you had better read this for yourself because I don’t fucking believe it myself.”

They all went over to where she was sitting. She showed them the page she was reading from, but she kept her hand covering part of the page. The chapter she was reading from was about the southern plantations during the era of the Civil War.

While everyone read the paragraph silently, Tamra read it out loud for all of them. “The Archer Plantation is without a doubt one of the most successful plantations of the 1800 era. However, it is also one of the most secretive, and mysterious of any plantation of that era. No one has a true count of the African Americans they kept enslaved. For there is very little information about the owners, or their life while they lived on the plantation. ”

“With the exception of Caroline Archer. Who was originally from Tennessee? Mrs. Archer moved to Portland, Maine to live with her aunt after her mother died. Abruptly later, for reasons of her own after her aunt passed. She moved to Boston, and then to the plantation in North Carolina with Mr. Archer. Somewhere along the way she had met Mr. Archer. There are no records of how they met, and there is very little information anywhere on record about Mr. Archer himself.”

“What we do know about Mr. Archer is he could have been a captain for a ship of that time. His hired men address Mr. Archer as Captain many times in public. Stories told about Mr. Archer’s tell of his never-ending devotion to his slaves. Another story depicts a battle that was fought near the end of the war at the plantation with Confederate troops. It was told, slaves and plantation hands were reported fighting side by side against the Confederate soldiers.

Another story goes on to tell of a slave of Mr. Archer’s. After hitting a white man, the slave was jailed. Fearful the man would be beaten to every inch of his life while imprisoned. Three of Mr. Archer’s men started a riot in the town. They were subsequently arrested, and placed in jail. They watched over the slave, protecting him while he was being held in custody.”

“Trying to find more information about this successful, and most secretive plantation. A team of Archaeologists from Stanford University in the United States was brought together at the ruined down-home of the Archers. To this day the main house still stands.

It was to the team’s utter amazement to find the main house showed the Archers had hot, and cold running water in their home. However, the team’s biggest surprise came to them when they discovered hidden passageways in the cellar. The Archer’s had a large hidden underground system of caverns under the property. Tunnels ran from the cellar of the home in every direct, concealing many empty caverns. Evaluating the soil content, and what little artifacts left behind for told the caverns held everything from food to livestock, black powder, and musket ball.”

“The Archers were well known to rule their plantation with an iron fist, and did not have social gatherings like other plantations of that time. A photographer for a southern newspaper asked to take pictures of their beautiful plantation, and of Mr. and Mrs. Archer. The man was thrown off the plantation, and out onto the dirt road on his butt.”

“The caption below was taken months later when the same newspaper reporter without Mr. Archer’s consent, took this picture. This is the only picture known to exist of the Archers.”

As Tamra stopped reading, Tess removed her hand that was hiding the picture.

Harvey, and two women, one black were riding side by side under an archway on horseback The words over the arch read, Heaven’s Gate Plantation. Harvey was wearing the same mu-stash and goatee as Colonel Sanders, owner of the Kentucky Fried Chicken restaurant chain, except Harvey’s hair was brown. Dressed in white pants and a white shirt, he had his weapon in a shoulder holster under his left arm. Riding on either side of him were two beautiful young women. One woman was white, the other mulatto, both were sitting side saddle holding onto their parasols with one hand with their weapons under their left arms.

Under the photo was written. “We may never know who this southern gentleman was. This mystery stranger is a ghost, he doesn’t exist in any records of that time. It’s has been assumed, he hid behind his wealth. Heaven’s Gate Plantation was one of the wealthiest plantations of its era. Owning the largest number of slaves (possibly, well into the thousands). Captain Archer was known to care for, and protect his slaves as if they were family.”

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By the next morning, it was confirmed. Wade was taken to the docks in Boston. The FBI and the Boston police force swarmed over the areas where ships made port around Boston’s harbor. It took them a whole day, but they finally located the other van stashed in a warehouse. Wade was nowhere to be found.

Roger had the military send helicopters to pick up the Winston family, and bring them to their search ships. While the Coast Guard managed the smaller vessels. The family was flown to Naval ships to search oil tankers, and other large seagoing vessels leaving Boston. Due to the size of a supertanker, it would take a normal human many hours for anyone to search a ship. One of the Alpha’s, and Navy personnel would board each ship. While the crew was held top side an alpha would use their inhuman speed, and race through the tanker looking for Wade, or his scent. After searching through a ship, they would move on to another one. Three days went by. As they were searching the last group of ships that could possibly have taken Wade. Tamra’s voice spoke through her commutator ended the ordeal for them all.

Every one of the Alphas was spread out, many miles apart when Tamra triggered her implant. “Kelly, you guys can stop searching now.”

“Did you find, Wade?” Kelly asked hopefully.

“No, I’m afraid not, but he was on this ship I’m standing on. The skipper told us some of the crew on board forced the Capitan to stop the ship at gunpoint, out in international waters. A sub surfaced, and they all went into it. He’s long gone, Kelly. The Navy is making the tanker turn back to Boston, but the sub we’ll never find. We need to get Curly, and his crew on board for a better search for clues. We’ll be questioning the crew further on our way back to port.” She told him.

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Harvey was sitting at his desk talking to Tom, and Anthony when James busted into his office without knocking.

“Sir, you better come out front.” The boy told him.

“What is it, James.”

“It’s Mr. Gorden, he is riding up to the house.” Then he added, “He’s alone, Sir.”

Gorden rode up to the front steps as Harvey, and Anthony came outside. The man had on white pants, along with a light blue shirt, and a neckerchief tied around his neck. Wearing a cowboy hat, he touched the brim of his hat, and nodded at Harvy The man was clearly older than Harvey by ten years.

Sitting on his mare, he addressed him. “Mr. Archer, we haven’t been officially introduced, and I hope I haven’t caught you at a bad time. Sir, I believe it’s time we talk.”

“Why don’t you get down, and we’ll have a cool drink on the porch.” He told the guy.

Getting off the animal, he handed his horse’s reins to James, Gordon came up the stairs. After Harvey introduced his foreman. Anthony then moved off to the other side of the porch giving the men some privacy.

James tied up Mr. Gorden’s horse to post sticking out of the ground in front of the house. The post had a figurehead of a horse with a round ring sticking out of its month.

George stuck his head out of the doorway as the men sat down. His eyes flared wide open seeing Mr. Gordon with Harvey. Addressing him, Harvey said. “Go tell my wife, Mr. Gordon is here then bring us some of my personal lemonade,” Harvey told the kid.

While they waited for the drinks, Mr. Gordon being a Southern gentleman committed to the wonders of their beautiful home. Both men made light talk until Caroline came walking out through the doorway looking like a million bucks. Harvey noticed she was wearing a dress she seldom wore. He could smell her scent laced in the air from where he sat, He knew dam well she was totally naked under her clothing. Being they were so actively working on the plantation; she and Cecilia almost always wore britches. Which was something the men on the plantation had to get used to. Most of the time, due to the summer’s heat, they wore simple long light dresses with a low chest line.

As Caroline walked outside, both men jumped to their feet. Harvey introduced her. Taking her hand, Gorden leaned over, and pressed his lips on the back of her hand.

“You truly are a vision, Mrs. Archer.”

“Oh, stop it, Mr. Gordon.” Caroline laughingly told him. Then she tapped him on the chest with her fan. “OK. Say it again, I think I can handle it once more.”

They all three laughed with big smiles.

Caroline called out behind her, “Cecilia, girl. Where are you.”

Cecilia appeared in the doorway holding a tray with drinks on it. She had on the same style of dress as Caroline, and Harvey knew without asking, she was naked under it as well. Harvey just shook his head, and tried not to laugh. Mr. Gordon’s noise couldn’t compete with the nose of an Alpha. Harvey could clearly smell the scent of both women. He didn’t have to ask to know they were in each other’s arms seconds before they rushed to get dressed.

Cecilia set her tray down on the table, and faced the man who almost bought her to use her as his own personal sperm bank.

Mr. Gordon took both of Cecilia’s hands in his and said, “Oh, my. To know there was so much beauty in you. I would have paid 100,000 dollars for you at the market. Girl, you sparkle in the sunlight.”

He turned to Harvey without letting her hands go. “Mr. Archer,

you nailed me hardcore out-bidding me like that. I’m sure you could tell. I was madder than a shook-up hornets’ nest.”

Gordon turned back to Cecilia still holding onto her hands. If Harvey had a gun in his hand at that moment, he would have shot the guy in the back of his head.

Cecilia gave Gordon a bright smile, and a twinkle from her eye as she kissed him lightly on the cheek.

“I think Mr. Gordon wants me for himself, Mr. Archer,” Cecilia told her spouses.

Addressing Gordon, Caroline told him. “Cecilia is a free woman now, Mr. Gordon. The only way anyone can get her now is through her heart.” She then sat down in her chair beside Harvey.

“Mr. Gordon, I must run off and make sure Abigail doesn’t spike our rabbit stew we’re having for dinner. It was a pleasure meeting you, Sir.” Turning around she went back inside. Just before she went inside, she gave Gordon another one of her bright smiles.

Gordon watched her leave then sat down at the table with Harvey and Caroline.

“Wow, she is something wonderful, and her vocabulary is excellent. Miss. Caroline, I must say you’ve done a bang-up job with her.”

“Well, I can’t take all of the credit…”

Behind Gordon’s back, Cecilla stuck her head out of the doorway. Holding her stomach, she leaned over, and pointed her finger in her mouth like she was getting sick.

When Mr. Gordon took a drink of his lemonade it gave Caroline

time to wave her fingers at her telling Cecilia to leave.

James and Anthony on the other side of the porch, watching Cecilla were quietly laughing to themselves.

“…my husband has helped to educate her. The poor thing hardly knew how to tie shoes. Do your slaves have shoes, Mr. Gordon?”

“Most do, but not all. The little ones grow so fast they just take them off as soon as your back is turned. We’re not as wealthy of a plantation as you folks are here. Mr. Archer, I saw you’re going for a second tobacco crop this year. Do you really think there is still time?”

“Mr. Gordon, if your fields are ready. I’d tell you to plant. I’m sure you know we planted early. I have a feeling about this year. I think the cold weather will hold off, but even if it doesn’t. It’s better to harvest early, and take in smaller tobacco leaves than to have nothing at all to sell. They’ll bitch about the size of your plants, and may give you a little less for them, but buy them they will.”

All three of them were quiet while they sipped their drinks.

Looking at the glass in his hand, Gordon turned to Harvey. “I am happily surprised to see ice here at the Archer Plantation. And you must tell me whatever is in this Lemon aid; it’s truly wonderful. This isn’t whiskey is it.” He asked him.

Caroline answered, waving her fan in her face, she told him.

“Mr. Gordon that’s an old family recipe. Not having any sons, and only daughters, my daddy showed us girls how to make the best moonshine this side of the Mississippi.” She told him proudly. Snapping the fan closed, she leaned forward towards Gordon.

Harvey watched Gordon’s eyes first look into hers then the man

glanced down at the cleavage on her chest. That was the second time Gordon almost died today, Harvey thought.

Caroline continued, “You might want to take it easy on that Mr. Gordon. That stuff packs a wallop. It will have you chasing Cecilia around the house in no time. And with the way that dark-skinned kitten looked at you a moment ago, I bet she would let you catch her too.”

“My love.” Harvey told her “Why don’t you see how Cecilia is doing in the kitchen? Mr. Gordon, and I need to talk.”

Before she left, she turned back to Gordon. “I’ll make sure George brings you a pint of my daddy’s recipe before you leave. But I feel I need to warn you, Sir. Don’t smoke your pipe while drinking it. I saw that happen once, and it wasn’t a pretty sight at all.”

Quickly, saying good day. Caroline went back inside the house and upstairs. Opening their bedroom door, Cecilia was naked laying on the bed.

“Well, you sure took your sweet ass time getting here. Can we now finish what you started before that jackass got here?

After Caroline was gone, Harvey said. “OK, what’s on your mind? You didn’t come all the way out here to just visit, and talk about tobacco, and cotton.” He told the man.

“Mr. Archer, let me be honest with you. I did some checking into you when you first moved here. I did so because with your Plantation, and your wealth, you have unsettled my life here. Granted, you have every right to be here if you are who you say you are. For the lack of a better word, I was the top dog so to speak around these parts since Mrs. Robinson moved away. Quite frankly, my plantation started doing better after Mr. Robinson passed.”

“Sir, I did not believe the reports I got about you coming from Tennessee. To me, something just didn’t feel right. Plantation owners don’t have the kind of men you have working for them, or owning the amount of slaves you have. You see, over the last year, or two some very strange things have been happening around these parts since you arrived.”

Gordon raised his hand, stopping Harvey from speaking. “Now, I am not accusing you in any way of anything,” He told him, “But the things that have been happening have never happened before.” “What are these things,” Harvey asked him.

“Well, for starters. Just after you moved here one of my men was found with his neck snapped while on duty. Someone killed him in the middle of the night but for reasons unknown to any of us at the Gorden plantation.”

“Then months later, five of my men were found dead on the trail over by Knob Hill. No one, not even the sheriff knows who might have done it. The thing I find funny is each one was shot right between the eyes.”

“Mr. Gordon, any skilled gunmen could have done that. As soon as I herded about it myself, I thought someone must have bushwhacked them.”

“Well, at first, I thought so too. However, they were all shot like one person alone did the shooting all by themselves. That was mighty strange,” Gordon’s eyes pierced into Harvey’s as the older man finished, “one man against five.”

“Well, hell, Mr. Gordon. If I see any strangers around. I’ll tell the sheriff right away. Is that all you’re concerned about.”

“No, it isn’t.” He told Harvey. “I had also had three other men who have worked for me for a long time. They’re good old boys, and I can trust them with anything. Mr. Archer, I haven’t seen hide. or hair of them in months. They haven’t been home, or anywhere else, I’ve checked. I have lost nine men over the last year alone. All the while your men, and mine have been getting into it in town over one thing or another every other week. Hell, I’ve had to go over to the jailhouse to bail my guys out more than I have ever had to.”

Leaning forward towards Harvey, with his forearm on the table.

Gordon locked eyes with Harvey. “Sir, if you, and I don’t watch it our plantations are going to collide, and more than likely. In the end, you and I will be at each other throats.”

At that moment it seemed to Harvey that he was the one who was carrying the grunge. It wasn’t that he hated the man, Harvey just hated slavery. And the guy sitting in front of him was the epicenter of that hate.

Harvey has seen how Gordon’s men treated their slaves on and off their plantation. He and the girls have made many nightly raids on their plantation. What they saw while there made Harvey want to burn the place to the ground, and kill every white man alive. He had to restrain, Caroline more than once as they watched Gordon’s men take a young female into the woods. Forcing the girl to the ground. They would lift the hem of their dress as the females kept pleading with the guy to stop, but they never did listen to their cries. Instead, they lay there, and let the men do their business as tears rolled down the sides of the their faces. The rape itself was bad enough.

However, it was the beatings, and whippings, and watching human beings put into a hot metal box that tore at Harvey the most.

All by himself one night. Harvey took the risk, and broke the neck of one of Gordon’s guards at the plantation. Under the cover of a dark moon, he raced naked across the field to bring food, and water to the slave in the box. The slave ate, and drank everything he had while lying on the floor. When he went to leave the guy pleaded with Harvey to take him with him. Harvey knew he couldn’t. When a slave ran, they wouldn’t stop looking for the runaway slave until they had him burning from a tree. With a missing slave who was supposed to be in the hotbox, they would know someone let the guy out. Linc mobs wouldn’t stop looking for the persons involved. It would put everything Harvey was doing in jeopardy, and would cause many problems.

“Listen,” he told the man. “They would find you. They would search everywhere for you, and not stop because they’ll know someone helped you escape. And if by chance they found you, they would torture you until you told them who helped you. They would never stop looking for you, or me. You must escape on your own.” He told him. “Escape, and come find me, and I’ll help you get to the north.”

The guy grabbed the edge of the door as Harvey was closing it.

Harvey had to push his hands back inside. There were so many different emotions going through Harvey at that moment, but the memory of him watching his hands pushing those black fingers into that steel box was too much for him. It was a memory Harvey knew would haunt him for the rest of his life. He had to take care of his people first, that was their prime objective. He never saw that man in the steel box again, but Harvey saw him every time he closed his eyes at night.

When Caroline saw the shape, he was in when he got home that night. Fearful, Harvey may act out. She removed every weapon from the bedroom, and got him drunk as fast as she could on her daddy’s shine. Cecilia slept on the floor against the inside door that night, while Caroline sat in a chair watching over him. Escaped slaves started showing up at the Archer Plantation a little while after that, and they never stopped coming.

When Mr. Gordon placed his hands on Cecilia, it made Harvey sick to his stomach to let him touch her. However, no matter how he felt about the South, Harvey knew he needed to keep himself in check. They were here to help as many slaves as they could, and not to start a war like James Brown was doing at Pottawatomie Creek in Kansas, or Harpers Ferry, West Virginia.

Harvey leaned over the table like Gordon was doing, and placed his forearm on the table. In the background, he could see Anthony taking hold of the handle of his gun on his waist as James quickly stood up, and moved out of the line of fire.

Quietly, Harvey told Gordon. “It sounds to me like you have a

pole cat on your tail Mr. Gordon. You need to watch yourself because these cats will stop at nothing, and they are also likely to come at night. I will admit there is something about you that I dislike. It’s a sick feeling that is so far buried within me. I doubt if I will ever be rid of it.”

“However, Sir.” Harvey agreed with him. “You are right. There needs to be peace between us. Because if we don’t have it, and we get into it. Only God himself knows how many will die. After all, we are in the business of operating plantations. You and me Sir, are not gunfighters were businessmen.”

Gordon didn’t react to his threat, but neither one turned their gaze away from each other. Both men knew they hated one another.

Gordon broke first. Sitting back in his chair, he took a sip of his drink.

He told Harvey, “I’m not afraid of the weapons you have. I’ve never seen them before, but they, and your men do not scare me. You outnumber us, but I think you understand that I am not a man who runs from a fight.” He picked up his glass, and offered it to Harvey. “Let us have peace between us.”

With what was going on at his plantation, and the slaves showing up in the middle of the night. Harvey knew it was best to make peace. Harvey told his men to tone it down when in town. Mr. Gordon told him, he would do the same with his men. The fights, and meanness directed between the two plantations after a while went away. Both Plantations got back to normal.

They now had so many slaves on the plantation they

outnumbered the whites by three to one. With the number of people on the plantation, they had to raise as many farm animals as they could. However, it was the vegetable garden where they were lacking. Tom pointed out to Harvey an area that he said would be great for the more rustic vegetables. “By planting corn, and potato, and other root vegetables out there in the open,” Tom told him. “Will give you more room in the garden behind the house for herds, and other leafy plants. The sun isn’t going to hurt the corn, and such in an open field like this.”

Having a lot of vegetables on the plantation kept everyone healthy. However, having enough beef for everyone was costly. The price for cows wasn’t that much except when you were feeding over three hundred people. Harvey didn’t buy many each year. When he did it always turned the butchering into a gala event. Everyone got some beef to eat, anything that was left from a cow was always made into jerky for stews.

On the plantation, rabbits were their main source of meat followed by pigs and chickens. Harvey had the men build a rabbit pen high enough so the rabbits couldn’t jump out of it. It was George and James jobs to check their traps, and gather other natural food from the forest for them to eat. After a while, they had so many rabbits they didn’t need to set out their traps anymore. Being confined also made them grow bigger, and healthier than the wild rabbits.

Cecilia was the fishing nut on the plantation, and was always running off with a few guards, or when she could manage it with some of the villagers. Harvey bitch her out for skirting work, and using the guards when the villagers were with her, but then she showed him the jars of fish they caught. She had Abigale canning all her fish. Even with other people fishing, canned fish never amounted to a great deal. However, they were an excellent source of protein in the winter months when making stews which they had for dinner a lot.

Grains like wheat they would have to buy. Everything they bought seemed cheap to Harvey, not because of the plantation wealth, but because he came from the future. Buying a beer at a saloon for ten cents was a marvel until he drank one. The beer had its own flavor, and the aftertaste he couldn’t even begin to describe. The whiskey was a bit better, but watered down, and harsh to drink. When Caroline introduced him to Tennessee moonshine, Harvey knew he had found his favorite drink of the 1800s. The wild berry flavored liqueur she made exploded in his mouth making him want another sip. Then the surprise came as shine hit the back of his throat which forced him to think twice about that bigger gulp.

The biggest surprise they all received down south was in Augusta in 1859 when Miss Elizabeth Thornton came into their lives.

Caroline and Cecilia were sitting on the porch having one of their milder discussions. Cecilia was playing with a thick round stick in her hands that was about nine inches long.

“See, it’s nice and smooth.” She held it out for Caroline to inspect, but Caroline wouldn’t touch it.

“He’s going to freak out I tell ya.” She told the girl.

“No, not if you’re doing that thing with your tongue again,” Cecilia explained. “He loves that. Were always trying new things.

You saw what he did to me the other night.”

“Girl, that was different we were in a damn tree,” Caroline told her. “Anyway, you were enjoying it so much you were screaming your fracking head off. I had to stuff a rag in your mouth.”

Both women were quiet for a moment as Cecilia was lost deep in thought. “Well, I guess there is no point in just throwing this into the fire. Maybe you and I—

“No!” Caroline suddenly yelled at her. “If anything gets put into

my body it will be his-

Looking up the path to the road, Caroline cried, “Who in the fuck is that.”

At a fast trot, a woman just came through their archway riding a large black stallion. Caroline figured the stallion had to stand well over eighteen hands. The rider was riding the animal like a racehorse with her stirrups up high, and a crop coming down out of her right hand. Keeping her butt off the saddle, she held her body up on her thighs. She was wearing high black boots up to her knees, and a dark gray tight-fitting pants. She had on a deep purple shirt with ruffles, and a short black coat with tails. On her head sat a black hat with netting coming off the front of the hat covering her eyes. To top off her outfit there was an extremely large purple feather sticking out of the hat, flowing back behind her**.**

When the horse and rider got to the house. Her horse being high strung kept moving around while she talked to them. It looked to

Caroline like she was riding an ocean wave.

“Oh, my. Land sakes alive, never in my wildest dreams have

 I ever seen such a wonderful animal.” Caroline told the horses rider.

Moving slowly down the porch’s stairs, James was clearly intimidated by the monster horse. He didn’t want anything to do with the animal.

Broadcasting a bright friendly smile, the woman spoke with an English accent. “Thank you, this my baby. His name is Thumper. I brought him over from England years ago. I’d have him eating at the dinner table with us, but my husband put his foot down.” She told both women.

Cecilia always being the direct one in the family asked, “Who are you.”

The horse took a sidestep, and swung his hind end partway around. The animal couldn’t seem to stop moving around, or digging at the brickwork in the ground with its front hoofs.

“I’m Mrs. Elizabeth Thornton. Just call me Emily. I’m the wife of the mayor of Charlotte. I have been waiting a very long time to come out here.”

Saying that much the women got off the horse.

James nervelessly went to take the horse’s reins, but Caroline stopped him. Through the open doorway, she yelled for George. George came racing out on the porch.

“Both of you,” She indicated to the boys. “Walk him, and cool that animal off before you tie him up.” One look at the horse told her it would have dragged James across half the plantation before anyone got it back under control.

Emily slowly walked up the stairs like a thousand men were

watching her. She couldn’t have been any more than thirty-five years old, Caroline thought. Her body was just like her horse. Strong, beautiful, and wild. Caroline was taken with her, right away.

Cecilia asked, “Emily, why have you been waiting so long to come out here.”

Emily gave both women another bright smile as she took off her hat. “I’ll tell you, but first let’s go inside.” Then the woman just walked inside the house ahead of the girls like she owned the place.

Cecilia and Caroline shot a look at each other with a “what the fuck look” on their faces. They raced in after Emily. When they caught up to her, she was looking into Harvey’s study. Cecilia cut in front of her, and shut the door closed. Turning back around, Carolina was almost speechless.

Cecilia was a different sort of person.

“Mumm, maybe you could tell me something, Emily.” Cecilia quietly asked, suddenly she raised her voice and screamed. “Just what in the fuck do you think you’re doing lady.”

Emily only stared at Cecilia for a moment then she busted out laughing. “I already like both of you.” She told them. “You’re just what I expected. And as to why I would just walk into your home uninvited, that has a simple answer.” She told them. “As far as I know. No one in the surrounding area has ever been invited into your home, and I didn’t come here to play word games on your front porch.

“Now, we have a lot to talk about,” Emily told them as she started walking across the hall, heading for another room. “So, let’s go into your sitting room over here, and have a nice cup of tea, with lemon of course, and not milk. I’ll get you two caught up to where I am at.” She told them.

Then the women entered the sitting room all by herself. Quietly, Cecilia asked Caroline if she wanted her to get a rifle.

Caroline shook her head. “No, this woman has something on her mind, and she’s only going to play it out it her way. What can I say, she is English. Their strange people.”

While Abigale made the tea. Emily told them about herself, and how she ended up on their door step. She first came to America in her teens with her family, and fell in love with the country. Years later, when asked by her father and mother what school she wanted to attend. She told them she wanted to go to school in United States to further her education. Since the family had relatives living here, they agreed, and sent her off. After Emily left school, she hopped back, and forth from England until at twenty-seven years old she met Mr. Thornton at a function in Washington DC. They both eventually got married.

Mr. Thornton worked for the federal government for many years, and they lived in Washington DC until it was turned upside down over the pending war, and the issue of slavery. Southerners were finding it harder, and harder to live, and work in the Washington area. The pending problems with the country, and the fact that both of them have been bouncing back in forth from America and England for years. They decided to settle down, and moved to the south where her husband ran for mayor of Charlotte. Because her husband was campaigning, and closing their lives in

Washington DC. Emily hasn’t had time to come out, and meet them sooner. She said she had heard a lot about them, and only today did she find time to get away.

When she stopped talking, Caroline asked her. “Emily, why on God’s green earth did you need to see us so badly? And it sure as shit wasn’t because you heard a lot about us.”

Matter-of-factly, she told them. “Yes, that is partly true. However, I wanted to meet you because your plantation is the first one that I know of in the South that is against slavery.” Emily told them.

Neither Cecilia, nor Caroline said anything as they both glanced

at each other. Since they first saw the women, she has shocked them at every turn. Now she was talking about secrets that could get her killed. From the corner of Caroline’s eyes, she could see Cecilia was getting ready to pounce on her. Breaking Cecilia off her train of thought, Caroline reached over, and took hold of her knee.

“Pour me some more tea, love.” Addressing Emily, Caroline went on. “Emily, I have to say. I haven’t a clue who’s been misinforming you. But we have a rather large slave population here at the Archer Plantation. With the amount of slaves we own, one would think you’re off your rocker. I believe you just might be as crazy as that horse you have tied up outside.”

Reaching over to Caroline, Emily placed her hand on Caroline’s thigh, and told her. “Hon, I don’t need to walk around here to know your slaves are free people even though the law in the South says they are not. To ease the burden here between us.” She told her. “I will tell you my family has never once owned a slave. We have a few here in Charlotte, but they are not mine. And if my husband were to so much as slap, or beat one of his slaves. He knows I would deck him outright then he would lose this for about a year.”

Leaning to the side on the couch, she slapped her ass with her right hand. Shaking her head back, and forth she added, “That man would be crying his eyes out. I spent some time in the Orient,” She informed them. “learning the art of pleasing a man. And I would have to say I am rather good at it.”

Then she placed her other hand on Cecilia’s thigh and gave them each a squeeze and forgot all about removing her hands. Cecilia and Caroline quickly glanced over at each other.

“Listen, I know people high and low, and these people talk.

Some have suspicions about you, but they don’t have any proof. Anyway, most of them are morons. I think a lot of them are jealous of what you’ve got here. I’m probably the only person who knows for sure what is happening out here but don’t worry. Your secret is safe with me.” She told them.

Pausing. Emily picked up her teacup and took a sip giving Caroline time to ask. “Why is it you’re so sure the Archer Plantation is what you say it is.”

“Well, you see. I didn’t want to embarrass myself coming out here without knowing for sure. So, I had a rather crafty individual look at Mr. Archer’s relatives in Tennessee without the man knowing anything about the Archer Plantation. On the surface, Mr. Archer’s background holds tight. However, this person I sent over there well,” As a matter of fact, she told them. “He is in love with me.”

Explaining further, she said. “I had a fling with him before Mr. Thornton was in the picture. So, this individual stuck around, and did some deep digging.”

“Caroline, he uncovered Mr. Archer’s relatives were your distant relatives four times removed, and not related to Mr. Archer’s at all. Caroline, Mr. Archer is a ghost, and it is killing me to meet him.”

Suddenly, out of nowhere, the women stood up.

“I think you two need some time alone. Point me the way to the outhouse, and I’ll give you some time to talk.”

Caroline called out for George. The kid must have been right down the hall. He ran into the room.

“Show Mrs. Thornton to the bathroom, please.”

“What in the good lord’s name is a bathroom,” Emily asked her. “George will show you, Emily. It’s just like an outhouse there’s no difference.” Cecilia told her.

After she left, Cecilia asked. “Well, she knows. How are we going to kill her? I’ll bet a hundred people know she’s here. If an upstanding woman like her knows about us, and the law hasn’t shown up yet. I would say she’s telling the truth. However, I kind of like her. She’s a straight shooter if not a little weird.”

“I believe you’re right,” Caroline told her. “We can feel her out some more after all she did feel us first.” She said smiling at her younger wife.

Cecilia hit her on the arm with her fist, “You’re married to me remember.”

Caroline hit her back. “Stopping it. I hate pain.”

“You like it when Harvey gives you a little.” She told her.

“Ya, on my ass if he’s playful like.”

Emily came walking back into the room chuckling, “He does what on your ass, Caroline?”

When both women didn’t say anything. She grinned at them and added, “Oh, come on. I’ve got to hear about this.”

True to her word, Emily never let the secrets behind their plantation out. Her strange wild behavior, and uptown manner had no end, but over the years she protected them using her influence, and that of her husbands. She wasn’t around very much because she still traveled frequently up north, or across the waters to England. Emily turned out to be the closest friend they had in the South, and she always came out to the plantation riding, Thumper, her black stallion.

The first time Harvey saw the animal. The horse reared up on its back legs as it pawed the air in front of him with Emily on it. Dropping to the ground it snorted, and pushed its head into his chest. Harvey fell for Emily, and her horse as soon as he met them both. Emily being close with people in Washington DC, kept them updated with recent events. Sometimes through letters alone. Because of the information, she could gather from her influential friends in Washington, Emily turned out to be the biggest contributing factor that got escaped slaves to the north. There were times when she took them on a train straight into the north. It was risky, but was without a doubt the fastest way. Carrying a letter from a congressman, or Senator. The letter stated to any authority to allow her to pass unhindered. She would then hand them over to slave sympathizers once they reached the northern

territory.

Over the years, there were many methods they used to hide slaves on the run. Along the border of Virginia and North Carolina was a large area of swamp land known as, The Great Dismal Swamp. Harvey knew runaway slaves would live throughout the war there. Due to the harshness of the swamp, the whites wouldn’t venture far into its boggy lands filled with snakes, and other hidden hardships. Harvey knew by the end of the war there would be over two thousand slaves hiding among its lichen-filled trees. Living off the swamp, they would also ask for handouts from travelers at its edges. There were many times they would even risk raiding plantations for the things they needed. Harvey told every slave he put there to leave the swamp by the middle of the summer of 1864. The whites at that time would end up getting tired of the slaves living in it. Those in the swamp were considered to be an infestation on the land. All altogether they would raid the swamp, killing any runaway slaves found there, some slaves they put back into slavery.

Harvey thought they accomplished a hell of a lot since they had been in the South. They may have only one good friend who they can trust but, with Eimly’s help, they were exceeding their goals. Hands down, meeting Eimly made up for their lack of friends.

The slaves on the plantation were doing their part as well. Their village was built with long poles sticking out of the ground surrounding their living area protecting their lives within its walls. The women now had greenery, and flowers planted on their side of the village, and the men’s side as well. Harvey let the girls plant flowers wherever they wanted. They brighten the place up making it feel more like a home, and less like a southern plantation. The main house now had hot, and cold running water, and the grounds around their home, and village was plush in green grass. There was now a long high fence on the left side of the mansion stopping people on the road from viewing the back side of their home. The kitchen door was the busiest area of the house with a lot of activity by the stream, and water tower. The fence would stop any wood be sightseers from viewing that area from the road.

Their front yard was now plush with small plants, and a few small trees. As soon as they moved in Harvey had the men cut down eighty-five percent of the trees around the front and sides of the house. He wanted nothing but an open green lawn between the cement wall and the home. Anyone in the front yard, or on the side of the house could be plainly seen. With no trees, or large bushes in the yard the beauty of the home came from the plots of flower beds he spaced out on both sides of the path that came from the road. The whole front yard was one huge flower garden with flower beds placed all around the lawn.

At night after it cooled off, he would set extra watches along the road, and the villagers would walk around, and socialize on the largest part of the lawn. The flower beds were piled high to a man’s waist, and were wide, and oval in shape. Duck Potatoes, and Primrose, and Blue Indigos grew from the beds by the arch in the wall. Other beds had Bulbous Buttercups, Paw Paws, and Fire Wheels growing out of them. The were all types of southern flowers along with stonework. around the edge of the flower beds

The dirt path from the arch led through the middle of the yard to a round circle of red brickwork inserted in the ground in front of the home. Harvey thought the red bricks only enhanced the beauty of the house, and flower garden. On the far right side of the home at the tree line were birdhouses hanging from the many tree limbs. Spaced out in a line under the trees, Harvey had his people placed heavily reinforced picnic tables. Out of sight from the road, and house. Further back in the trees the village sat.

James was leaning back on the side of the house hiding the lemonade he snatched from the kitchen when Abigail walked into the food closet. Sitting with his back against the house, he sipped his drink. Both he, and George lived in the house since Harvey bought them. When they were not with Harvey, both boys were under the watchful eyes of Abigail, or one of the other women.

When Harvey got them home, he stuck out his hands at them, and said, “Do you see these hands, and do you see my lips.”

Both boys shook their heads and said, “Yes, Sir.”

Pointing to the two of them, Harvey told them. “You two are my hands, and you two are my lips. This is why I need you.”

From that day on, one of them stayed around the front outside, or inside of the home. While the other was almost always somewhere around in earshot of Harvey. Even when Harvey was riding one of the boys ran along beside him. Harvey at first let the kids themselves make some sort of arrangement between who was going to be with him. That is until one day when he heard some commotion coming from the downstairs bathroom.

When Harvey opened the bathroom door. Power the women kept in the bathroom covered all over the inside of the room. It was everywhere, on the windows sills, tables, and the floor. The sink was spilling out water over the rim because a rag had fallen into it, stopping the water from draining.

George, being the oldest, and bigger was on top of James as the two fought over the bar of lye soap in George’s hand. James threw a punch, hitting George in his eye. George didn’t even flinch, and kept trying to shove the bar of soap into James’s mouth.

“You take that back, or the only thing that will be in your belly today is a lump of soap.” Threaten, George.

Harvey yelled at the two lying on the wet floor with power all over them. They both froze in place looking up at Harvey. George had a scared look in his eye, but James was still sucking on the edge of soap. His eyes were watering up so bad tears were streaming down the sides of his face. Guilt was written all over George. Harvey bitch them out then made them clean, and dry out the bathroom. From that day on, Harvey picked who would be with him. With George being stronger and bigger, he was the one with Harvey the most.

Downing the last of his lemonade, James suddenly dropped his cup on the grass as he watched a rider come racing in through the archway at a full all-out gallop. He was riding Miss Thornton’s crazy horse, Thumper.

James didn’t wait. Something was dead wrong, and the boy knew it. Jumping up, he ran over to the big bell by the front of the house, and started ringing it like crazy while staying close behind it for

protection as he watched horse and rider come in.

The guy was doing his best to slow down his runaway steed before they got to the stonework in front of the house but, with Thumper speed. James knew they would never make it. He figured they both would end up inside the house through the front doors.

Pulling back on the leads, the rider forced Thumper’s chin all the way back. As James watched the animal did something he’d never seen any horse do before. Thumper saw the brickwork coming at them, turning his body sideways, he started back peddling trying to slow the hell down. Sliding in the dirt, James could tell the huge black stallion knew he wasn’t going to make it in time. As soon as his four hooves touch the brickwork. Thumper went for trick number two to stop himself in time. Leaning backward, he stuck out his front, and rear legs bracing himself against the stonework.

James had to hand it to him, he really did try to stop, but the horse couldn’t as its hoofs just slid across the exterior brickwork. Then James witnessed the weirdest damn thing he ever saw in his short young life. All on his own, Thumper hopped up into the air. When he hit the ground, he braced himself once more like before, with all fours of his legs sticking straight out. Thumper must have realized that wasn’t enough. Taking another hop, he hit the ground, and braced himself again. Each time he hopped, and touched back down the friction of the impact along with the weight of his body and that of the rider, slowed them down. By the time the horse, and rider stopped their forward movement, horse and rider were halfway up the stairs to the house.

Hearing the house’s bell ringing, Harvey, and Anthony galloped to the house as fast as they could.

Harvey looked over to Anthony, and yelled. “This is it.”

Anthony yelled back, “We are as ready as we will ever be, Captain.”

By the time they got to the house, guards were peeking over the fence with their rifles in their hand while others showed up in the windows of the home. Caroline, and Cecilia ran from the interior of their home with their own rifles in their hands.

As Harvey approached the house, horse and rider was backing down the front steps. Reaching the bottom, the animal shook its long mane of hair, and then snorted. He whinnied a few times like he was happy with himself as he moved his rear end one way, and then another, already impatient from standing still.

The guy on the horse took off his hat, and pressed it to his chest as he kept trying to control Thumper underneath him.

“I’m sorry to scare you folks,” He told them. “But riding this dam horse is like riding a lightning bolt. He’s nuttier than a squirrel in mating season.”

As if to answer the guy’s statement, Thumper turned his head, and shot a mean look at his rider, and snorted.

“Miss Emily cabled us from Washington DC. She wanted you all to know that war has been declared between the South, and the North. Confederates’ soldiers attacked Fort Sumter yesterday in Virginia. The southern states are rallying, and people everywhere are acting like it’s a big fracking tea party. Human beings are already dying in Virginia.”

Shaking his head, he added. “If I can get this damn animal

pointed in the right direction, I need to get back home. God Bless, and take care, folks.” With that, he turned Thumper around, and told him “Home Thumper.”

At first, Thumper was very calm, carefully he slowly walked across the brickwork. But as soon as the horse’s hoofs touch the dirt path, and without the rider saying anything. Thumper took off as if he just left the starting gates. Rappley, surging forward, he was in a full gallop as they passed under the arch with his tail raised high, and flowing back.

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The Alphas returned home from their search for Wade. Kelly knew there was pretty much nothing they could do for the time being. They lost the sub at the coordinates where it met the ship. As soon as he got home, he called Roger at Langley. After asking him to repeat a message to President Obama. He then played the last card he had to locate his missing Alpha. Placing a call to Catherin in Scotland, Kelly gave her an order that would activate the entire organization of wolves for the first time in their history. All lesser Alphas within each group were ordered to drop everything they were doing, and search every port of call along their coat lines for any information about Wade. They would in return report to their groups, and the Alphas of that group would give their reports to Catherine in Scotland. Catherin in turn would inform Kelly. It was a massive undertaking, but Kelly didn’t feel he had any choice.

His heart was weighing heavily on him not just because of his missing Alpha, but also because of a promise he gave to the world on the wolves’ first televised message to the world. Kelly was a leader, and his word as a man meant everything to him. On the wolves’ first telecast, he threatened if anyone killed one of his wolves. He would cause a mass extinction, and kill every single human being in that country. He only did it to scare the governments of the world, but now he realized he should never have made that promise. An Alphas’ body could take a lot of punishment, a hell of a lot more than a normal human being. But if they managed to kill Wade. Kelly not only knew he would keep his promise, but he was a little afraid, he may go a little bit further than that.

Sitting at his desk, he made up a program for the house’s computer to work out. Nine hours later the computer spit out his answer as Tamra came into his study. Looking up from what he was doing, he asked her, “How is everyone.”

“The family is taking this pretty hard, Kelly. Tess most of all. I had to spend some alone time with her and then Janet. They’re both doing better now, but I expect this trend to be hitting everyone at some point.”

Looking at the printouts laying on his disk, she asked, “What’s this.”

Two stacks of papers were sitting on Kelly’s desk. One had the

words “least likely” written at the top of the cover page, and the other had “most” likely written on the page. The most likely had thousands of ports of call written on the pages.

“Using what information, we have right down to their hair color, and make. and model of the Vans. I asked the computer to give me a readout of the most likely and least likely places where they might take Wade. Since you are our information officer. I was hoping you might help me trim this down a bit.”

Tamra looked at the pages, and told him. “I think before we do anything we need to narrow down your first question to the computer. Then we’ll get Mike and Barbra involved with the groundwork. No matter how we look at it, Kelly. We’re looking at weeks, and not days before we see Wade again.”

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“He looks fairly peaceful,” Keven told Sara as he looked down through the safety glass from the operations room.

Lying in a bed, Wade had an intervenes drip in his arm. His room was thirty by thirty, and had four seven-inch transmitters on each wall, spreading the field within the room. Outside the field along the walls of the room were medical equipment of all kinds to keep him alive. The entire room was encased in heavy steel, and had a heavy vault-like door. The windows looking down on Wade had steel shutters that could be closed if they were needed.

Glancing over at Sara. Keven asked, “I thought he was having problems that’s why I rushed down here.” He told her.

Sara kept her eyes on her screens that were controlling the field. “That’s because I had to dope him up again. Keven, Wade made look totally out of it flat out on his back, but the son of a bitch knows we’re here. I’ve been changing the field now, and then to confuse him. I’m not sure how long we can keep him here without sending him to the lower level. I’m waiting as long as I can.”

Looking at the other technicians in the room, he asked. “Are we getting any closer to his DNA code?” Other technicians were working at their own consoles, writing down readings, and adjusting their equipment.

Kim, bless her heart, without anyone noticing, bent down with a grin on her face, picking up the pen she had dropped on the floor. Giving Keven a great shot of cleavage. He would have to reward her for that when she was off duty.

The only one else in the control room who wasn’t a scientist was one serious face individual in army fatigues. The guy watched the army of men guarding the base through flat screens. His wall had flat screens showing pictures all around the base which switched at random to different cameras.

“His blood work, and skin cells I have already sent in.” Sara told him. “It’s just a matter of time now, and trying to control Wade.” She told him. “The fact he knows we’re here worries me, Keven. He shouldn’t know what’s happening to him. I felt we couldn’t take the chance, so I knocked him out with a heavier dose. He’s a hell of a lot stronger than we first realized.”

Kim called out a warning from her console, “Sara, there’s another spike in his brain activity ,and this one is larger than the one before it.”

“Son of a bitch.” Sara quickly started turning a bunch of switches on her board. Looking over at Keven, she told him. “See what I mean. He has enough tranquilizers in him to kill a fucking horse. The son of a bitch should be out like a fucking lite, but he isn’t.”

When he got sick in Belfast, Wade only had memories of his body being moved. He didn’t have a clue how long he was in that state, except it felt like it went on for days. Then he was placed somewhere where he was now. He almost woke up a few times, but someone kept giving him something that knocked him out for a time. Today, he realized people were watching him. He could sense them, and the cold steel around the room. He figured, he was inside a reinforced room. However, he didn’t have the energy to move, or even enough to trigger his ability.

Wade was a lot like Tess, and Harvey when he first drove a stolen skiff out to the Island. However, when he got to the Island, his mental problems were a lot worse than any of the other two. When his alpha body developed it did so like the rest of his family with one exception. The rest of his family had one major ability were his body had developed two of them. Not being able to fully wake up. He devoted his semi-sleeping time to resting, and gathering his strength. Bit by bit, he kept storing small pieces of energy deep inside of himself. As soon as he could, he would use it to trigger one of his abilities which would allow him to escape. Until then he played possum.

There was no concept of time, or how long they held him captive, but over the following days, or weeks. His body began to get weaker from whatever they were doing to keep him in that condition. Their efforts to keep him sedated were also slowly killing him. The task of stealing away some of his body’s energy was also putting a major strain on him.

He felt them move him again.

Sometime later, he woke up, and could hardly move. Slowly rolling over, he looked with half-closed eyes around him. He was in a small steel-encased room. There were no windows, just cameras on the walls and ceiling. There was a toilet, and a sink with food on the shelf over a table with one chair. Wade waited to gather energy, but after a few hours, he was still in a weakened state. Barely managing to move, he took hold of the edge of the table got out of bed, and sat in the chair. After an hour, or so he ate every scrap of food in the place. With his forehead laying in his arms on the table, he gathered every ounce of strength he had left in his body. He could feel the air pressure in the room getting stronger, and knew soon they were going to move him again. This was the only chance he was going to get. He knew it was now or never.

Keven and Sara along with everyone else in the control room were watching him by cameras. Everything seemed to be going well although Wade was still weak. He managed to get out of bed to feed himself.

“How much longer now,” Keven ask Sara.

“Oh, no more than twenty minutes. All he needs is a break, and some food. His body is so weak right now he can’t do anything.” She told him.

Watching the camera, Kim warned them. “He’s standing up.”

Wade shuffled a few feet to the center of the room. Then all at once, he released the energy he had been storing. Standing taller, he looked straight into the camera while sticking his middle finger up at the cameras, giving them the bird. Then he sank out of sight into the

floor, and was gone from sight.

Keven and Sara snapped looks at each other.

Perplexed by the situation, Keven was in shock. He hit a large round red button on the wall. Alarms started to ring in the underground complex, and across the base.

Sara just shook her head, and looked back at her board. “What the fuck.” She looked over at Keven.

Keven told her. “See, I told all of you he was a fucking wild card. Now you know why I was so pissed off when the team grabbed him, and not Harvey.”

Running for the door, he told her. “We’ll find him, he can’t get too far. He’s too weak.” Grabbing a headset off the wall. Keven ran out of the control room, and raced down the tunnel as sirens bleared throughout the complex.

Within fifteen minutes, Keven had patrols searching all around the sides of Hanglip Mountain. Groups of men were in vehicles while gangs of men were running around searching with dogs. It took a few hours, but finally, the dogs paid off. They caught Wade’s scent going west toward the ocean. Keven knew there wasn’t any place he could run to as the whole area was rolling hills with very little vegetation and trees. Wade was in a hot open country with no water, the ocean was many miles away.

On the other side of the mountain, Keven got the report about the dogs catching Wade’s scent. Helicopters flew over Keven’s head towards Wade’s direction. Driving his jeep over the landscape at breakneck speed, Keven was trying to catch up with the group that located Wade. The entire world knew the Alpha had the wolves’ ability to appear almost invisible once they removed their clothing. But Wade in his weakening condition surely couldn’t get too far. At some point, they would catch him. Somehow, Wade stored enough energy to trigger his ability, but Keven knew the power in him would soon be depleted. The man had to be running on only the fat of his muscle tissue.

“Top dog, Charley Mike.”

“Go ahead, Charley Mike,” Keven said into his headset.

“Target has turned, west by northwest.”

“Stay on him, Charley Mike.”

Keven suddenly cut the jeep’s steering wheel sharp to the right just avoiding some animal he didn’t have time to identify. With the amount of men in the brush searching for Wade. The critters were confused, and were scampering everywhere looking for a place to hide. Keven knew the lay of the land, and by Wade’s angle of travel, he knew just where Wade was going.

The ocean cut into the land like the shape of a framing hammer. Somehow the Alpha knew it was there. More than likely, Keven thought. He smelled the salt water. Whatever Wade thought he was accomplishing; Keven had no idea. There was nothing but beaches of rock, and sand all along the coastline. There wasn’t a town for hundreds of miles. The man didn’t have an escape route unless he could fly, or swim thousands of miles to South America’s eastern coastline. Wade had to know he was as trapped, Keven thought.

After leaving the mountain behind him. Wade surged forward

with the last drop of his energy once he detected the water miles ahead of him. He had to reach it at all costs, or he knew he would never get back home to the Island, and his family. As he depleted the last of his energy reserves, he continued using the shire willpower of the wolf inside of him. He knew he was feeding off his bodies mass, but at the moment, that could not be helped. After a while he wasn’t running anymore, but was only staggering along trying to keep his body upright. Tripping over rocks due to his fatigue, he fought his way across the desolate landscape.

Suddenly, catching a movement off on his right, he quickly snatched the animal with his hand. Without even looking at it, he bit into its flesh as the creature screamed out in pain, squirming, and clawing at him, trying to get the hell away from him. Hearing the animal cry out in pain, he had enough compassion to take its head with his next bite. With his back teeth, he crushed its small skull, blood and brain tissue spread throughout his mouth. Eating the small animal helped him, but it wouldn’t help his energy reserves anytime soon. He needed to rest, and get more food in him. However, resting was one thing he knew he couldn’t do at the moment.

Coming over a little rise, he could see the rocky beach, and the coastline before him. Looking back behind him, he couldn’t see them, but he knew they were there. They would catch up to him any moment. Turning back to the beach, he failed to see the ledge in front of him. Falling off the cliff face first, he hit the sides of the wall several times before coming to a rest at the bottom of the forty-fivefoot drop. He was hurt, but the Alpha blocked the pain. Reaching out, he crawled on his hands, and knees across the rocks towards the water’s edge as the men searching for him were working their way down the same ledge, he fell off just a moment before. As he got to the water’s edge, he stuck his hand in the water, and willed his second ability to life.

He spoke her name, “Janet.”

His ability transferred its life force into the ocean from his hand. Totally wiped out, Wade collapsed at the water’s edge.

In the water, the being suddenly became self-aware, it only had one mission in life. To find her. It didn’t matter who she was, or where in the world she was located. It only had one goal in life, to find her. A small ripple moved away from the shoreline. The further away it got from land the stronger, and bigger it became, feeding off the warmer water around it, stealing its energy, and determined to find what it was looking for, the ripple grew into a huge wave as it reached deeper waters, gaining more power, and increasing its speed. Reaching the middle of the Atlantic, the wave spread itself out for miles. Splitting itself into separate parts, other waves came off the larger one, seeking out the one it was sent to find. One went onto the straights of Gibraltar as others found smaller tributaries to follow. As it crashed onto different shorelines of the world. The power in it dissipated like the wind, after not finding the one thing its life it was created for. Flowing Northward the wave continued searching for that one being it had to find. It would not let itself fail. It had to find what it was looking for. Traveling in every direction of the compass it searched the world.

When Steve moved to Florida, he was already a fishing nut. His wife and kids came first in his life, but every spare minute he had, he dropped a line into the water. He was a catch-and-release type of guy unless he landed something special. By luck of the draw, he was able to buy his first big fishing boat. Steve fingered on fishing it like the smaller boats he had throughout his life. However, when he took his buddies out fishing, he found his greatest pleasure in life came from helping other people catch some of the biggest fish they would ever see in their lifetime. Steve was hooked. Within that first year of owning the boat, he started a fishing charter. He did rather well in that first year alone. He knew what he was doing, and he knew the waters, and his charters caught the big ones.

After slowing the boat down, Steve waited with his customer beside the hot chair. He kept his eyes on the line in the water. One of his three paying customers was sitting in the chair holding the rod as his buddies sucked down the beer they brought with them. The guy in the chair had pulled the rod up when he got a strike, but the guy’s timing was off due to the hot sun, and beer they were drinking. The guy just missed, not setting the hook.

Steve waited beside the guy in the chair like a coach. The conditions were right, and everything was going as planned.

“Waite for it, Frank. Just wait for it.” Steve told him. “Don’t move, or wiggle the line.” He told the guy. “That son of a bitch is still out there.” He told the guy.

The other two knuckleheads went quiet standing behind the chair, watching their buddy. They were hanging onto the moment, waiting for when the fish took the hook. Suddenly the line went tight, the fish took the hook, and brought the pole down. Then it took off like a bat out of hell. The line was feeding out through the reel so fast that Steve poured seawater over the spool to cool it down. Dropping the water picture to the deck, he kept his eye on the line. The guy in the chair still had the pole down holding on to it with both hands. Steve knew any moment they were going to bring in one big son of a bitch.

“Frank, it’s coming real soon.” He told him. “Wait for it. Wait.” Something about the movement of the line made Steve scream, “Now, Frank. pull, pull!”

The guy in the chair locked the line, and yanked back on the pole as hard as he could. A second later a huge Marline jumped into the air twisting his huge body in the air with a hook stuck in his mouth.

The two guys behind the chair started screaming.

They had just hooked the Marline when all of a sudden, the boat lifted up on the port side as water started pouring into the boat from the starboard. Everything and everyone in the boat was slammed into the starboard side rail, except for the guy who was locked in the chair. Coolers, and tackle boxes fell over spilling beer, and gear across the deck. The boat began filling up with water.

All of a suddenly, the boat righted itself. Steve rushed inside the cabin turning on the bilge pumps before the seawater got the batteries wet. The two knuckleheads stuck their heads into the cabin.

Steve assured them the boat was, “OK.”

One guy wasn’t slurring his words anymore when he asked,

“What the fuck was that.”

Steve looked around them. The ocean was calm, it was a beautiful day, and the swells were small. Looking back at the massive wave that

hit them, he told the guys as he watched it move away from them.

“Rogue wave, I mean what the fuck else could it have been.”

Just then the guy who had been sitting in the chair for hours went off. They lost the Marlin.

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Janet was coming out of her darkroom when she felt it nearby. Quickly, she looked out her studio window, and watched it come ashore.

The wave knew its journey was coming to an end, and fulfilling its task in life. Feeling the Island ahead of it. It increased in speed.

As the wave came ashore it overran the Island’s only beach taking out the beach cottages. Hitting the Island the wave transferred its power, and energy into the Island.

Janet had just set down her photos to go warn the others about the wave when without warning a powerful force threw her into the far wall. Laying on the floor, nothing else in the room seemed to have been affected, only her. Wiping the blood off from her mouth, and nose with her hand. She jumped up screaming bloody murder as she ran from the lab, and into the house. Racing through the door in Kelly’s study, Tamra, and Kelly quickly looked up at her forced entry.

“I felt him.” She screamed at them. “I know where Wade is!”

# Chapter 4

News of the war didn’t surprise Harvey, or anyone on the Plantation because he already told them it was coming. They had already begun using the food in the storage sheds and root cellars. Anything they would need over the next few years until 1865 would be stored underground where no one could find it. All over the property, the villagers had dug out large rooms underground to store food along with all of Harvey’s little surprises. The Confederate army was sure to stop by looking for food, gunpowder, and ball.

Harvey wasn’t about to give them anything, including his food. The Archer Plantation would keep only a token crop of Tobacco, or cotton growing to make it look like a struggling southern plantation.

The hardest part of his plan was the vegetable gardens. They needed the gardens, and it was a for sure bet if the Confederate army saw the fields, they would take whatever they wanted. The best they could do was to set out guards further along the roads. When the scouts of the Confederate Army approached the plantation. Villagers would quickly rip out what editable plants that was there, then hide them below ground. The gardens would look as if someone had ransacked the area.

The only other problem with this plan was the repeating rifles they all had. There was nothing they could do about that. In any case, repeating rifles would be showing up on the Civil War battlefields throughout the war. Harvey figured they covered just about any issue they may have with the Confederate Army. Even if they were attacked. All of his men were ex-military who helped Harvey train the villagers before the war started.

Caroline played a key role in helping train everyone, even the guards. Using her voice on them, they all advanced quickly in their training. If fifty of Harvey’s people fired a rifle at the same time. Fifty men would fall to the ground, dead. Caroline’s ability didn’t just help them to be better shooters; she made them into sharpshooters. Harvey’s people never missed.

Cecilia’s ability didn’t show itself until the winter of 1861. Every winter since they have been on the plantation they have been getting ice from a pond on the property. Storying it underground in a cellar with a low ceiling. They would pile it all together in one big heap, and then cover it in heavy canvas. They would have ice for most of the summer season.

That is until the winter of 1861 when Mr. Owens, and his family moved onto the land on the other side of the pond. Being Southern ladies, Caroline and Cecilia rode over to bid the Owens welcome in the area. The girls made a basket with the usual foodstuff of bread, jams, and rabbit stew. Caroline also added a pint of her daddy’s recipe. The girls were gone less than twenty minutes.

On returning home. Harvey could see they were mad as hell. Mrs. Owens was friendly to the two at first, but when she saw the moonshine in their basket. She picked up her bible, and called down hellfire from heaven, and bitch the girls out for bringing the devil’s water to their home. At that point in the girl’s story, Harvey started laughing. You could go to six homes in the south, and the owner would thank you for bringing that gift. However, the seventh home you went to, you could find the strict Godly attitudes of a Puritan.

Harvey knew the South was loaded with them. The girls didn’t have a good visit, but they brought back some useful information and that’s why he sent them over there in the first place.

Mr. Owen made his wealth by building railroads. However, his career went south with an accident he had in North Dakota. The load of rails he, and his men were picking up had somehow shifted in transit. A young slave was helping to take the rails off the train. The slave didn’t consider the load wasn’t sitting right. He was inexperienced, and didn’t understand the pressure behind the chains holding the load. He released the chains, and a good part of the load piled up on top of Mr. Owen, ending his work with the railroads. He lost his left foot in the accident. Caroline said he could use his right arm, but the man was cripple.

Harvey and Caroline over the next month started making nightly

raids on their place as soon as it got dark. Stripping down, they’d run through the trees, and learn more about their new neighbors.

Everything was as the girls said was true. The Owens weren’t very friendly towards their slaves, but it was Mr. Owens who was the worst one out of the bunch. Harvey felt the guy was taking out what happened to him on all of his slaves. With a wooden peg on his left foot, he could walk, but it seemed to Harvey the guy wasn’t accepting his plight. The conditions at their home didn’t seem as bad as Mr. Gordon’s Plantation, but it still wasn’t good for any human being.

They were bringing back their first load of ice from the pond when Mr. Owens, and his men caught up to them on the road. Harvey told the wagons behind him to stop as the three riders approached them. Harvey spotted Mr. Owens right away. The guy stopped by Harvey’s horse, and tipped his hat to him using his right hand. The man’s left arm he kept against himself. Harvey could see his hand was mangled by the accident.

“You must be Mr. Archer.” Harvey told him he was.

Leaning forward in his saddle, Gordon looked over the ice in the wagon. “My, now ant them some fine pieces of ice you have there. They must make a nice cool drink in the summer’s heat.”

“They in fact do.” Harvey told him.”

Looking straight at Harvey, Owens told him. “Well, see there’s just a little problem with that ice you have there in that wagon.”

“Now what would that be,” Harvey replied. He know a shit storm was headed his way. Harvey could already see it coming. This guy was a prick, and he was going to give the Archer Plantation a rash of shit every time they encountered one another. Harvey figured the man was probably pissed off that his neighbors were sitting pretty on their little plantation with their flower garden drinking ice-cold drinks throughout the day’s heat.

“That pond you took it from belongs to me. You’re taking it off of my land.” He accused Harvey.

Back in the 1700s and 1800’s they didn’t have many land surveyors. And to have one survey a plantation of Harvey’s size was a costly thing to do. Harvey knew in fact the pond belonged to both him and Mr. Owens. A drawing of a map Mrs. Robinson left behind on the wall clearly showed the pond was part of her land. Seeing how she, and her husband owned the property for twenty years, Harvey believes the map to be true. The deeds back then did show the property line, but they weren’t very detailed. Harvey could already see this shitstorm stopping them from getting ice for at least this year. He was going to have to ride into Charlotte to talk to his lawyer and Mr. Bishop.

“Mr. Owns that pond is big enough for the both of us to take ice from. With you just moving in I can help you with harvesting it. I am sure we can come to some sort of arrangement.”

As soon as Harvey said it, he regretted it. You never offer to help a person with disabilities to do anything. They had to do things for themselves. Plus, by offering to help the man, it stepped on his ego.

Owens sat up taller in the saddle with blood pumping into his face. He was clearly offended. “Sir, I am capable of handling my own affairs, thank you. Now stay off my land, or I’ll send for the sheriff.”

He told him.

He turned his horse away to leave but stopped. Turning back around in his saddle, he added. “And keep your wife away from the house as well. She and that nigger of hers upset my wife to no end the other day. I had to send for the doctor in Greenville to calm her down. I can’t believe you let your wife go around displaying a nigger in white women’s clothes like that.”

Harvey had to use every bit of self-control not to kill all three men right there. That’s how it started. Their first feud with their neighbor. Harvey rode into Charlotte that day. After talking to his lawyer, they both went to see Mr. Bishop. Mr. Bishop thought it would be faster if he contacted Mrs. Robinson first to see if she had any documentation that showed the property line better. It took a few weeks, but Mrs. Robinson sent what documentation she had back to Mr. Bishop.

Bishop then talked to the sheriff who then rode over to the Owens place. The Archer plantation had rights to the pond. However, in the meantime, they were forced to break up stream ice to help fill the ice cellar. The stream ice was filled with dirt and twigs and had to be picked through, it was slow going. It got cold in the south, but cold enough temperatures to freeze a pond didn’t stick around long.

Getting the “OK” from the sheriff. They set out the next day for the pond. Harvey stood at its edge looking over the pond over. There was a half inch of water on top of the ice already, and it was already starting to break up.

Standing beside him, Cecilia asked him. “Well, what do you

think.”

Harvey looked at her and smiled to himself, she looked cute. She was wearing a dark gray dress that buttoned to her neck, and had long sleeves that she rolled up. She also had a white piece of cloth wrapped around her head to keep her warm. He would have taken her into his arms, and kissed her if the other men weren’t with them. Cecilia was a woman with an amazing face full of love and kindness, but she had a way when she got mad. She could drill you with her eyes making you feel her anger. That was the only way Harvey could explain it. It was part of her personality, and he loved all of her for it.

“Cecilia, once the wagon is unloaded. Have a guard take you back home, and get every wagon we have, and get everybody in the village out here. We’re taking all of the ice from the pond today.” He told her.

Any day the ice would be gone, and since Mr. Owens wasn’t harvesting any this year. Harvey figured he might as well take all he could. After an hour, or so everybody started to arriving. The men sawed, and pulled the heaviest pieces out of the pond while the women were trying to snag as many around the ponds edges as they could. It was cold, wet, heavy work. Harvey stood back, and watched his people work with pride.

Everyone was working well together. They were one with each other as they sang, and finished their work. He truly could not believe what he, and the girls had done with these people. They were happy, and healthy for the first time in their lives. The plantation hasn’t had one death due to malnutrition, or disease. The Archer plantation was wealthy, and healthy, and they did it without one slave being whipped, or beaten, or placed into a steel box. He hasn’t had to discipline anyone in the village in a long time. The villagers themselves were now controlling anyone who got out of line. His plantation was a God-given miracle.

Josh, one of the villagers, broke his thoughts. “Captain, troubles coming.” He then nodded his head off behind Harvey.

Harvey glanced behind him, then told Josh. “Keep everyone working. I want to be out of here, and have the ice put away before dark.”

Cecilia was sitting on the back of a wagon sharpening a saw with a file when Harvey turned to her. “You to young lady, put some mussel into that saw.” He told her.

She didn’t say anything, instead, she picked up a small piece of ice, and chucked it at him.

Harvey waited for Mr. Owens to get closer before he asked the man why he was on his land. He already knew this conversation wasn’t going to be a good one. The guy had already delayed their harvest, and he has acted like an ass ever since he knew the man. Harvey was tired of it.

Owens approached him, but didn’t get off his animal. His two men with him stayed in the background watching them. Looking all around at the slaves working the ice. Owens took off his hat, and wiped his forehead with a neckerchief even though the air temperature was cool.

“Mr. Archer, I’m truly amazed by what you have here. I have

never known any man who owned so many slaves. I knew you were wealthy, but you sir have astonished me.”

Then he looked down at Cecilia working on her saw. Harvey saw recognition in the man’s eyes, or maybe he was attractive to her.

“Mr. Owens what is it that you want. We’re rather busy here.” Harvey placed his hands on his hips. “If this is about us taking all of the ice. I’d just like to point out you are not harvesting any.”

“Oh, no. Take the ice.” He told Harvey. “I don’t have the manpower this year with getting the homestead in shape. Next year I’ll grab some. No, my boys told me what was going on down here, and I thought I would come out, and see it for myself.”

Harvey glanced back at Cecilia behind him. Slowly, she ran the file across the saw’s teeth as she kept looking up at Owens. He could feel the anger within her building. She was getting really upset about something.

“Mr. Owens, I need to get back to work, if that’s all you need.” Harvey didn’t have time for anymore crap from the man.

Cecilia was sure of it as soon as she saw him. Owens was the same man she knew from before in Texas. She never got a good look at the guy at his house, but now he was sitting on his horse in front of her. She was sure he was the same one. She remembered him well indeed. He spent a lot of time at Emma’s home that summer trying to get closer with Emma whenever Emma’s mom or dad wasn’t around. Emma and she thought he was a pig. To think an older man making advances on a young girl. When she walked in Emma’s room and caught Owens forcing himself on Emma. She lost it, and attacked him giving him a cut across his cheek with one of her fingernails. He ended up telling Emma’s parents about her attacking him, and what he saw in the root cellar days before. It was because of him that she lost her first love, and best friend.

“Well, I’ll let you get back to work.” Owens told Harvey.

Looking back down at Cecilia, he asked her before leaving. “Were you not owned by Mr. and Mrs. Winfield? They lived in Texas years ago. Yes, I am sure of it.” He told her. “You’re the one I found naked in the root cellar with their daughter.”

The man seemed to be thinking back in time. “Oh, yes. I remember it well. I laughed my ass off at the sight of you two. I remember the surprised look on your faces the most.

Cecilia dropped the file, and saw on the ground then stood up.

“You’re as much a fucking pig now as you were back then.” She screamed at Owen. “Emma hated you touching her. You lied to her and me.”

Owens chuckled to himself with a smile plaster on his face. “With you, that was the only time I went black, and to tell you the truth. I didn’t enjoy it very much.”

“That’s because you were so drunk at the time you were in the wrong part of the county, asshole.”

Harvey raised his hands in the air to stop the confrontation. He could already feel the tension rising in Cecilia. He didn’t know what

was about to happen, but he could feel the power building within her.

“Wait just one dam minute the both of you,” he yelled at the two.

Neither of the two seemed to hear Harvey as Cecelia stared up

with hatred pouring from her eyes. The rage written on her face was eerie, tilting her head down slightly, she drilled her eyes up into Owen as he sat on his horse.

Trying to put an end to the showdown, Harvey said. “Mr. Owens, I have held my tong and put up with your shitty mannerisms in the past, but I will not do so any longer. You need to leave.” He told the man.

Owens turned his horse to go but stopped. It would be the last mistake the man would ever make with the Alphas.

Addressing Cecilia one last time he told her, “That little white muffin of yours responded to me while she was under me. However, it escaped my imagination. When I found out after she came back home and found you gone that she killed herself.”

Cecilia looked like he hit her in the face with a brick. Taking a step back, she wrapped an arm across her stomach as tears started pouring from her eyes

Accusingly, she told him. “You’re lying.”

Owens shook his head, “Oh, no I am not. They found that pretty little wildflower in the root cellar with her wrists cut wide open.” Then he gave a little laugh. “To think a white girl killed herself over a piece of nigger pussy. Who would ever think she was in love with a nigger bitch like you.” Owens shook his head and started laughing out loud.

Then, it happened. Cecilia’s ability came out of her. Harvey was

about to put his body into motion to hall Owens off his horse when he felt something behind him. Turning around, Cecilia was staring at Owen, but the look she was giving him was different this time. Her

face was in total rage, but it was her eyes that sacred Harvey the most.

They weren’t her eyes any longer. They were the eyes of a she wolf and they told Harvey one thing. She was getting ready to kill.

The Alpha stood her ground as she looked up at Owens with her new eyes. They were a sharp shade of gray, and were blood shot with long lines of red spreading away from her pupils like chain lighting in the Texas sky. Then she started growling really low just like the wolf she was.

Hearing the sounds coming from her, Owens stopped laughing and looked in Cecilia’s direction, and froze in his saddle. A look of terror appeared on his face as the man began screaming. Falling backwards off his horse, the animal took off running. Even while on the ground, Owens kept staring at Cecilia as he tried to get away from her. Cecilia stayed where she was as Owen’s men got off their horses to help him up, but Owens kept just screaming in total terror. Nothing his men did, or said made any different. Owens backed himself up against a tree, and continued to scream bloody horror as he stared over at Cecilia. Then the man soiled himself.

Harvey took hold of Owen’s shirt, and slapped him hard across the face a few times, but that didn’t knock him out of his screaming fit. He then had Cecilia get out of Owen’s sight, but the man still didn’t stop. Owens was caught in some sort of living nightmare that he couldn’t wake up from. Using one of Harvey’s wagons, Owen’s men took the man home.

After they left, Cecilia was nowhere to be seen. Harvey found her on the other side of the pond laying on the cold ground crying her eyes

out.

Sitting down beside her she told him. “He doesn’t deserve to live Harvey. What he did to Emma, and me is unforgivable.” Then she broke down laying her head in his lap.

A few people helped to get Cecilia on Harvey’s horse with him. With her two arms around him, she cried all the way home. It would be weeks before she would return to normal.

The terror Owens continued to experience finally took its toll on his body, he never recovered. Not able to sleep, or eat, he died days later still screaming his fool head off. When Eimly found out what happened, she and Thumper spent some time at the plantation with Cecilia.

At Harvey’s request, Eimly sent her ex-lover to Texas. When Harvey got the news, he didn’t tell anyone, but only Caroline. Emma did indeed die just as Owens told them. They didn’t speak of it, but at some point, Harvey realized Caroline must have informed Cecilia. When she got better, Harvey worked with her for a long time to make sure she could control her ability. He had to hand it to her. Her ability was a powerful one, but it was also a horrible way for anyone to die. He told her she was to use it in only extreme cases of life and death situations.

For a long time after the incident at the pond. Being the fun loving person Cecilia was. She stuck close to Harvey when he had a heated conversation with people off of the plantation. Harvey knew what she was doing. She was dying to use her ability again, but he also knew she was pushing him a little too far. When a store owner started yelling at one of Harvey’s people because the guy broke a glass lamp taking supplies out to the wagon. Cecilia hurried over, and stepped closer to Harvey. Feeling her presence pressuring him in the middle of his conversation with the store owner. He yelled at her in public. Since then, she took her ability a little more seriously as the civil war started showing up at the plantation.

George was now spending most of his time with the guards as a runner. As they watched more and more men came by the plantation on their way to enlist, or in small groups of troops being transferred to different units.

Spotting groups of men on the road. George would run like the wind to the house, and either James, or him would ring the bell in the front yard, “Ding dong, Ding, dong,” The rhythm of the chimes told everyone men were on the road. Almost everybody asked for a handout. At first, Harvey fed small groups at the reinforced tables under the trees. Sometimes he even had lunch with them. He didn’t have a problem feeding these small groups of people. However, he wasn’t about to fed the whole Confederate Army.

When the first main body of the army rolled by the plantation, a detachment of men came through the archway looking for an offering. A Major along with his Sargent, and a few corporals rode up to the house. The three Alpha’s met them at the bottom of the stairs of the porch.

Caroline and Cecilia were dressed in their fancy dresses and Harvey was in his best white shirt and hat. As they made their approach, Caroline and Harvey started clapping while Cecilia stood

back not saying a word as Harvey instructed her to do.

Harvey yelled out, “Praise God to the Confederacy and God’s blessings to you Major and your men.”

Caroline went up to the Major’s horse, and placed her hand on his thigh. “Sir, you, and your officers must come up on the porch, and out of the sun, and have lunch. We don’t have any whiskey, or brandy right now, but if you care to indulge. I do have my daddy’s recipe.” she offered.

The Major addressed the beauty beside him. Tipping his hat to her. He told Harvey and Caroline, “Sir, my name is Major Joseph

Hooker, and we won’t be having time for your wonderful hospitality. We are desperately needed elsewhere. However, we do need food.

We could also use all the power, and ball we can get as well.”

Harvey got sorrowful and apolitical. “Sir, I’m sorry. We want to do our part, and we have, and that’s the problem. We have been getting cleaned out ever since the war started. We will keep building our stores only to be depleted the next week. I only have a small amount of power and ball for my men so we can hunt. As for food, I tell you the truth we have very little. I shot two rabbits for our dinner tonight. But your welcome to have them for your mess tent if you want them.” He offered.

The Major looked doubtful at Harvey. Plantations were getting hit hard for supplying food, and ammunition for the war’s effort, but the Archer Plantation was one of the largest ones in the south. He believed they had to have more then what Harvey was telling them.

Harvey read the man’s thoughts through his eyes. “Please, by all

means, see for yourself that my words are not true.” He told the Major.

The Major ordered some men to check their barns, and storage buildings. As they waited, Harvey watched more men, and canons roll by on the road in front of their home.

Caroline asked, “Who is the General of your army, Sir and is he with you? Maybe he would like some of my daddy’s recipe.”

Without waiting for an answer, she called over to Cecilia. “Run and get that last pint of shine for the Major.” She told her.

When Caroline looked back at him, he told her. “General McPherson is Mrs. Archer, but he isn’t with us right now. We’ll be meting up with him soon.”

The riders came back out front from checking for anything they could use.

On horseback, a corporal saluted to the Major as he approached and told him, “Sir, there’s nothing there. At best, they have maybe a month’s worth of corn meal, salt pork, and very little vegetables in the cellar. Looks like their gardens have already been ransacked. As for their stock, I only saw an old cow grazing in the field. We found half a keg of power and some shot. But if we take it from them, they could starve if they don’t get that cotton crop in soon”

The Major turned back to Harvey and Caroline. Tipping his hat to them he told them, “The rage of war affects us all. I will delight in knowing while I may be on the front lines. There are others who are sacrificing alongside us at home. Ma’am, I bid you a good day and good day to you, Mr. Archer.”

As they rode out, Cecilia came up to them. “Well, now that they

know where we are. They’ll be back.” She told her spouses.

Harvey shook his head, “No, these ones here won’t be,” He kissed both women on their lips as he slipped an arm around each of them. “General McPherson and his army are marching to Atlanta, Georgia to be slaughtered like cattle. McPherson will be the only General who will die in this war in Atalanta. The Major here, he will survive the battle.” He told them.

Dressed in black pants with a white shirt, and black vest. Jedidiah was sitting back on the porch steps with a big smile plastered on his face after watching Harvey kiss both women in front of him.

When Harvey looked over at him, he told him. “Jedidiah, go down under and grab us a fat bore, were roasting a pig for dinner.”

Jedidiah tipped his hat to him before doing what he was told to do.

Over time, Harvey and the girls stopped hiding their relationship from the guards and villagers. Everybody on the plantation already knew about the three of them. The household staff knew better than to go upstairs until all three were up, and moving around in the mornings. Everyone on the plantation has been watching their relationship develop over the years.

One evening, Harvey and his two ladies were planning out the next day’s workload when Tom, and Abigale appeared in the doorway of his study. They both were dressed in their finest.

“What is this all about,” He asked Tom. “Did we forget someone’s birthday?”

After bowing real low, Tom told the three. “Dinner is being

served in the front yard.”

He then took Caroline, and Cecilia’s hand while Abigale directed Harvey. They led them outside. In the middle of the flower garden was a table covered in a white tablecloth with candles, and flowers. All around the garden lanterns were lit hanging from rods sticking out of the ground.

After they seated the three of them, Caroline asked, “What on earth are you two up too.”

Abigale answered her. “Miss Caroline, a woodchuck cannot stay in the ground all of the time, he has to come out sooner or later. The three of you have been taking care of all of us. Now is the time we all believe you three saw the sunshine.” With that said, she placed one of Harvey’s hands in Cecilia’s, and one in Caroline’s. That’s where it all started. On days when the workload was light, someone would set up a picnic for the three of them to be alone. Other times, George would make sure no one would disturb them while they swam in the stream in the evening. Those had to be the best times Harvey had with his wives. Skinny dipping in the cool waters, and making love to them on the banks of the stream out in the open without a care in the world. Their love flourished as the war between the North, and South continued to rage on.

When Abe Lincoln was elected to office on November 6th of 1860. South Carolina Militia troops then seized the Federal Arsenal in Charleston, South Carolina on December 30th, they demanded its immediate surrender. Federal troops withdrew from the arsenal and relocated to Fort Sumter. President Lincoln was then inaugurated on March 4th of 1861. The Civil War between the states officially started on April 12th, 1861, when Confederate General P.T.G. Beauregard fired his cannons on Fort Sumter.

After South Carolina left the Union in December of 1860. It seemed to Harvey the snowball would never stop rolling. When Virgina succeeded, thousands of people were going to start dying. In the winter of 1861, Jefferson Davis was inaugurated as provisional President of the Confederacy in February.

Days before the battles of Fort Henry and Donelson in Tennessee on February 6th and 14th 1862. Harvey got Caroline prepared for the bad news. Most of her kin still lived around those forts. It was a very hard time for her. It wouldn’t be for many months later before she would find out that a lot of her close relatives did not make it through the battles.

When Federal forces took New Orleans, in April of ‘62. Harvey knew what was coming next. Lincoln issued his Emancipation Proclamation on September 22nd, 1863. Harvey sent a rider into town to get a newspaper so he could read it to everyone on the plantation. He even sent a message of the news to the slaves who were hiding, and living in the “Great Dismisel Swamp. History books told Harvey as many as 2,000 runaway slaves were living there during the height of the war. The fact is, Harvey knew there was more than twice that number hiding there from the whites.

Around the fire that night on September 22, everybody on the plantation gathered at the fire pit by the pavilion. After reading the Emancipation out loud a lot of his people still did not understand what

he just told them.

One guy stood up and asked, “So, blacks ant free yet.” Harvey pointed his finger at him.

“Oh, sorry, Sir. My name is, Jeremiah.”

Harvey quietly laughed to himself. He had so many people on the plantation that he couldn’t keep them straight. A runaway slave could slip into his group, and he wouldn’t know it until he did a head count.

“Wrong form of speech, Jeremiah. It’s, “So, blacks are not free.”

“To answer your question, no they are not.” He told the man. “All the Emancipation does is to declare slavery is unlawful in the states that are fighting the against the Union. In all of the other States, it still is legal to own slaves.”

“Why is that, Sir.” Jeremiah wanted to know.

“This is a hard question to explain. President Lincoln did not have the power to enforce it in the other states at this time. Like I told you before, that will happen when the Federal Congress passes the 13th amendment on January 31, 1865. I know you all think highly of Mr. Lincoln but remember what I told you. Lincoln will go on to say if he could have saved the Union without freeing one slave, he would have.”

Rebeca raised her hand and stood. She was an older woman about thirty-two years old and was in the first group of slaves he bought. She was also one of the most trusted people he had. She controlled the women on their side of the wall. She also watched over the cooking, and washing parties, and she was sweet to the younger man, Jedidiah.

In all seriousness, she asked him. “Sir, have you been touched.”

Harvey didn’t understand what she was talking about. “Excuse, me.”

“I wanted to know; do you have the second sight? Ever since we have been here you have told us things before, they even happened. At first, all of us thought you were crazy, but everything you tell us has come to pass. Only a person with second sight could do these things.”

“OK, I understand. No, Rebeca.” He admitted. “I do not have the second sight as you put it, but I do believe in it. It’s rare when someone dose have it. There are other terms for it as well. Like clairvoyant, or empath. Then there is the term called, “Telekinesis” which means a person can move objects with his mind.”

Rebeca laughed out loud before saying, “You are the most loving, caring white man I have ever known, but also the strangest one too. Like the words you just used. I never heard of them before. Who are you, and where do you really come from, Sir.”

Harvey knew she wasn’t messing around. They all had been told the same story Caroline, and he had come up with years before. He couldn’t tell them the truth about his past.

“All of you remember you gave me your word as a men and women. That everything I say, or do here on the plantation has to remain a secret. You can’t tell anyone, not ever.”

Everyone started shaking their heads as one guy yelled out. “Never Capitan, your secrets are ours.”

A woman standing beside Rebeca nodded her head and told him. “I’ll take everything to my grave, Sir.”

“I’m from a place unlike here,” Harvey explained. “Where I live there hasn’t been slavery in a long time. And people don’t go around hurting each other anymore. On the Island where I live we have fourteen of the biggest timber wolves you have ever seen. They are without a doubt the largest wolves in the world weighting twice the size of man. They live with us, and sleep with us every night. There are also fourteen adults living on the Island now, six females, and eight males. If you ever met Tamra, you would fall in love with her right away. She is without a doubt the most powerful, and beautify female we have.”

He pointed his finger at Jedidiah. “Kelly, Tamra’s husband is a bigger man than you, Jedidiah. On the Island, we never stop training, or studying as we learn everything about human beings, and life on the planet. We do it six days a week, and rest on Sunday. “You won’t believe this,” Harvey told all of them. “our library in my home is as big across as your village.”

A bunch of people started laughing as Jeremiah spoke up. With a big grin showing his pearly whites, he said. “Now, you joshing us, Capitan.”

Harvey didn’t say anything right away. He just sat there looking at them as the longing for home filled his heart. Slowly, one by one, the laughing stopped, and everyone got serous because of the look on

Harvey’s face.

Rebeca told them all. “We all know the Capitan does not lie. That’s one thing we know for sure about the man. The Capitan has always been a serous person. I don’t believe he is joshing anyone by

what he said.”

Rebeca looked Harvey straight in the eye, and slowly said, “He can’t go home, that’s why he’s here.” She told him. Looking all around at the rest of her people all around her, she told them. “That’s the only thing that fits about this man. He can’t go home.”

As a matter of fact, Harvey could go home, and it was a secret he had carried with him for a few years now. However, he was the only one who knew about it. He had yet to share this knowledge with either Caroline, or Cecilia. One reason was because the day he found he could go home was also one of the most horrible days of his entire life.

It was Cecilia’s birthday, and Harvey planned on spending the whole day with her while Caroline stayed home putting her birthday party together.

Harvey looked over at Cecilia trotting beside him on her mare as they rode into Greenville to buy her some birthday presents. The woman was glowing, and her smile hadn’t left her face since he told her what they were going to be doing today. She was walking on cloud nine. Getting a new dress was one thing, but getting Harvey for the whole day to herself, and spending some time fishing with him was almost too much for her.

Cecilia has always been nuts about fishing ever since she has been with them. Emma and she used to run off all of the time to drop a line in a nearby stream where they lived. Harvey has woke up in the middle of the night, and she was nowhere to be found inside the house. After searching the home, he walked out the kitchen door, and found her sitting on the bank of the stream by the water tower all by herself.

Humming softly to herself, she held onto her pole with her line in the water. Walking over to her, he asked her what she was doing.

Confusion stared back at him. “I’m fishing of course.” She told him holding up her pole.

“But Cecilia, there’s no fish in this stream.”

“What.” She turned back around at him. “Of course, there isn’t.I know that. Do I look like a girl who doesn’t know what she’s doing with a fishing pole?”

Ignoring him, she kept fishing, and started humming to herself again. Harvey let her be.

There were other times she did that same nighttime romp. Fishing seemed to soothe her, and drain the stress from her. When the stress of life around the plantation was getting to her, Harvey would toss her pole to her, and tell her to get lost. A few hours, or so later, she would come back happy as a kitten with a few brook trout hanging from a string.

“I think this dress has too much room in the top,” Cecilia told him through the wall of the dressing room.

“Well, try on that other one I gave you. I like that one better anyway.”

Browsing through the women’s shop, Harvey waited for her. There were only a few stores in Greenville that sold women’s, or men’s clothes. Most shop owners found that selling a verity of things brought in more costumers. Cecilia first wanted to try on a few dresses at Melissa’s dress shop. Mr. and Mrs. Anderson just opened it, and named it after their deceased daughter.

Harvey was quickly getting tired of circling through the shop like a buzzard. Impatiently he asked, “Well, are you about done in there.”

“Hold on, I’m almost finished.” She told him through the wall again.

Harvey felt eyes on him. The shop’s owner was leaning back against the counter slightly laughing to himself.

“Ya,” he told Harvey. “I know just how you feel. I still get the same dam feeling when I get here in the morning. I’d go out of my mind if I didn’t have something to do.”

“I would have Mrs. Archer do this,” He explained to him. “But its Cecilia’s birthday. It’s a special day for her.” He told him.

Looking down in the glass case in front of him. Harvey noticed different color hair ribbons that were fanned out displaying the embroidery work of a wolf’s head on both ends of the ribbons. Harvey knew both girls would go nuts over them.

“Now those I like.” He told Joesph. He lowered his voice so Cecilia couldn’t hear him. “Do you get these often?”

He figured he would come back later, and buy them after Celia’s birthday. He didn’t want to buy a present for Caroline on Cecilia’s birthday. It just wouldn’t be right.

“Nope. The lady who makes these gives me different ones every time. I never know what work she has to sell me.” Harvey told Joesph of his problem.

“I have John bring an order of material out for Mrs. Wordsworth on Tuesday. If you don’t mind waiting a day. I can have him drop these off to you at the plantation.”

Harvey told him to send them out.

He just paid for the ribbons when Celia stepped out of the dressing room. Harvey’s eyes almost fell out of his head. He thought that dress would look great on her, but Cecilia’s mulatto skin, and her long curls just enhanced it. From the waist down the dress was a darker green than the top as it flowed out like dresses of that era. But the top was tight against her with four buttons and four fixed ones beside them. The top covered her chest not quite to her neck, and it was short sleeved ending at her biceps.

Harvey snapped himself out of his trance. “That sure does look pretty on you, Cecilia.”

Joesph told her it did as well.

“Well take it off, and we’ll get our other shopping done,” he told her.

After looking at herself in the mirror, she headed back into the dressing room when she snagged two pieces of clothing off of a rack. Hurrying into the dressing room she yelled out, “As soon as I try these on. Who knows when I’ll get back into town.” She explained.

Harvey placed his arms on the counter, and laid his forehead on his arms while Joesph busted out laughing. He got up when Joesph came over, and stood in front of him. Removing a flask from underneath the counter, Joesph handed it to Harvey.

“So that’s how you stay sane in here.” He told him.

“Are you kidding me. Mr. Archer, I have to be three sheets in the wind to spend six hours in here with a bunch of cackling women. It’s too small, it’s too tight. Why do they make it like this? I’m thinking of letting my wife take over the dress shop. I’ll open up a damn saloon down the street.”

Harvey finally got Cecilia out of the dress shop then he bought her some other items from different stores along main street. Leaving town, they followed a path north instead of east towards home. Cecilia wanted to try fishing at a stream that ran off of Knob Hill.

Harvey agreed to it knowing there would be plenty of green grass for the horses to graze on and also giving them a great spot for a picnic.

Reaching a fork in the path they turned left, and rode up over the hill. As soon as they got there, Cecilia ran down to the stream with her pole in hand.

“Hey,” He yelled at her backside. “aren’t you going to help me.” “All I’m doing is just checking the stream,” she said, ling to him “I’ll be right back.”

Harvey unsaddled the horses then removed their bridles. He wasn’t worried they would wander off, he was faster them anyway. Spreading out the blanket he had brought with them, he was digging out their lunch, and called out for Cecilia. While waiting for her, he took off his shirt and boots. After a minute, Cecilia came over the hill from the direction of the stream. When he seen her, he stopped what he was doing, and just stared at her. She had that same gray dress on that she wore when she did her thing to Mr. Owens. Her pole was in her right hand, and there were two trout hanging from a line in her left. Harvey couldn’t believe it in the span of fifteen minutes she was already catching fish.

“Are you sure you weren’t a fish in a past life.” He told her.

Walking toward him, she cocked her head to the side and told him. “Oh, your real funny”

Taking off her dress, she laid down beside him on the blanket still wearing her undergarments. As Harvey was getting their lunch ready, she started rubbing his thigh. He knew what that meant. On his knees, he turned to her. Her top was already off, and she was taking off her bottoms. Throwing them on the grass, she reached for his pants.

Harvey stood up to remove them, but Cecilia had other ideas. Pulling his pants down past his waist she quickly yanked on them taking his feet out for under him. After throwing the pants on the grass, she attacked him. Diving on him, she kissed him, and licked his nipples as she made her way to her prime objective.

Harvey was just reaching his climax when he suddenly he felt the pounding of many hooves beating the ground. Knocking Cecilia off him, he quickly stood. Five riders were riding hard straight towards them. A bad feeling suddenly shot through Harvey. Turning to Cecilia, she held onto the blanket in front of her. He told her to run, and hide on the other side of the rise by the stream. Harvey stood his ground. He was defenseless and naked, but he knew he would never make it to his weapons by the horses.

As they came up to him all five men were laughing. Stopping twenty feet from him one rider kicked his horse to go off in the direction of Cecilia, but one of the men stopped him.

“Albert, never mind that black bitch. We will all have a turn at her once we’re done here.”

Not letting them see any fear, Harvey asked the man. “Now, what

can I do for you five assholes on such a fine day like this.”

The would-be leader pointed his finger at Harvey. “Mr. Archer, ever since you moved in. You and your men have been giving the Gordon Plantation a hard time. Mr. Gordon is a fine Southern gentleman. Against my advice, he has invited you, and your Misses out to the plantation on several occasions, but you have refused every time. We all have tried to get to know you to clear the air between us, but you’re not a very sociable man. You seem to have a problem with accepting southern hospitality.”

Harvey noticed the other men sit straight up in their saddles as their buddy finished. “The boys, and I have taken it into our hands to take care of this little problem once and for all.”

Harvey knew there was nothing he could say to stop them from trying to do whatever they had on their minds. So how he talked to them didn’t matter.

Leaning across his saddle his horn the would be leader went for his gun. Harvey was moving even before the guy removed it from his holster. Reaching out, he ripped out the throat of the horse that was closest to him. As the horse and rider went down, Harvey broke the guy’s neck. Jump up behind the second rider, he ripped out the guy’s throat with his fingers. The last three men had time to pull their weapons, and point them in his direction. Jumping to the ground, he kept the second rider’s horse between him, and the other riders when the first shot rang out. As a rider rode around behind the horse he was hiding behind, Harvey grabbed one of his legs and pulled. The guy’s leg came off like it was a hot chicken dinner. Screaming in pain, the

man fell to the ground.

The second shot filled the air but missed Harvey. With him hiding on the other side of the second horse the last killers couldn’t get a bead on him. They shot a few rounds in his direction, one of which hit the horse, and not Harvey. At that point, Harvey had about enough of this bull shit. Placing his hand on the horse in front of him, he pushed against the horse with everything he had. The animal went sideways, and into the last two riders. All three horses, and riders fell to the ground as one more wild shot was fired. With both men pinned down by the horses. Harvey quickly went around, and snapped both of the men’s necks. Then he finished off the guy with one leg who had been screaming his head off as he bled to death on the ground.

Calling out for Cecilia, he looked over his work pleased with himself. Their blood was already drying on his skin. His chest, hands, and arms were covered with the stuff, but surprisingly. He didn’t have one bullet wound on his body.

“You people really need to understand your opponent before you go around attacking him.” He said out loud to the dead men.

Looking over to the rise, he called for Cecilia again, but she didn’t come. Harvey broke into a run. Standing on top of the rise, he couldn’t see her anywhere down by the stream. When Harvey turned around it felt like someone hit him in the gut with a sledgehammer. Cecilia was lying in the grass off to his left. She must have been working her way to get around the horsemen. When he got to her, she was barely conscious. Her eyes were wide open as blood continued running from between her lips, and down the sides of her mouth. She was trying to talk to him but couldn’t because a round from the men’s guns had hit her in the throat. Tears began leaking out of her eyes when she reached up, and placed her hand on his cheek.

Harvey picked her up in his arms crying, “Baby, I told you to hide. Why didn’t you hide.”

A flood of tears began flowing from his eyes as he watched her life leave her body. Nothing was living in her anymore, her eyes were stoned dead. Harvey lost all track of time. He wasn’t even aware his body was beginning to heat up. How long he sat there holding her pressed to his chest, he didn’t know. He wasn’t even aware when he started convulsing as his body became super-heated as he cried over the loss of his lover.

Unaware of what was happening around him. The grass all around the two quickly turned from green to brown, and then black. Looking at Cecilia in his arms with her blood all over him. Harvey totally lost his mind as the power of the wolf within him came out all of a sudden in full force. Tilting his head back, he screamed his pain into a cloudless blue sky. Bellowing out his anguish. A ripple was created in the air. The force spread out all around him at the speed of sound as if a bomb had just been detonated.

Hearing the cry of the wolf, every animal in the area ran away from it as fast as they could. Fleeing, foxes, rabbits, and deer ran together to get as far away from the beast that had suddenly come into the woods.

Joesph was helping Harvey off the floor of his shop.

“Mr. Archer, are you alright?”

Harvey felt himself out. He was tired, and a little dizzy, but other than that he felt fine.

“What in the hell happened.” He asked Joesph.

“You were looking at them hair ribbons then you just keeled over. Are you sure you’re going to be all right? I could run, and get the doctor.” He told him.

“No. I’m fine,” Harvey assured him. “But I could use some water.”

When Joesph went to get the water, Harvey opened the door to the dressing room. Cecilia was just taking off that same green dress she had been wearing earlier.

Startled, she cried. “Harvey, what are-”

The look on his face stopped her dead. Something was wrong with Harvey!

Harvey didn’t say anything to her as he came inside the room, and shut the door behind him. She stared into his eyes the whole time not saying a word to him as he removed the rest of her clothes. Something was so wrong with him. She didn’t have to see it in his eyes, she could feel it pour out from the man. Something happened in the last ten mutinies had suddenly changed him.

Cecilia let him do whatever he wanted to her.

Naked, he pressed her against the wall, and made love to her. Squishing her against the wall, she held the back of his head as he forcefully made love to her. Then she felt his tears on the side of her face. Holding on to him even tighter with her chin pressed on his shoulder. His breathing was getting heavy. Cecilia didn’t make a sound. This was all about him. She would let Harvey do any damn thing he wanted with her. All that mattered was holding onto him, and loving him. A shutter went through her body as Harvey thrust himself into her. Releasing an orgasm, she continued staring at the wall on the other side of the room.

Something powerfully bad must have happened to get him into this state of mind. As he pressed her against the wall, she stopped him mid-stroke. Not caring if the floor was dirty or not, she lay down on her back, and opened herself for him. He attacked her. His forcefulness delighted her in as much as it turned her on. She wanted to let herself go, but this was all for him. She took everything he gave her. Even the pain didn’t make her stop him as he drove himself into her over and over.

When he finally cried out, she grabbed the back of his head in her hand, and held him. As his breathing became easier, he continued working himself in her. Once he was finished, Cecilia damn well knew she had to get him home.

Using every trick in her book, she failed to get Harvey to turn homeward. After they left the shop, he just kept telling her to be quiet. The whole time on the way out to knob hill, Harvey kept watching behind them.

To Cecilia the man just wasn’t acting right, but when they got to the fork in the trail. He shocked her speechless when he told her to ride home alone.

“Don’t talk to anyone, and don’t let anyone see you going home.” He told her.

“Harvey what the fuck is going on. I’m not about to ride home alone, and leave you here like this. What in the hell has happened.” She wanted to know.

Then Harvey did something he had never done to her before. He reached over, and slapped her face. He didn’t do it hard, but just enough to make it sting. It was enough to get her attention.

Harvey knew she was concerned for him. He could see it embedded in her eyes. However, he had to get her the hell out of there.

“You listen to me, lady. You ride this fucking horse into the ground getting home. Ride, Cecilia. Ride!” He cried to her. As he yelled his last, using his hat he slapped her horse’s rump with it. “Ride as if they are coming to in slave you, and don’t you dare stop for anything.”

Scared out of her mind, she did as he told her. Her horse took off into a fast gallop, before she lost sight of him. She looked behind her. He was standing by his horse in the middle of the trail taking off his clothes. Cecilia rode a few miles from him before stopping her horse. After tying it to a tree. She removed her clothes, and began running across the country through the trees as fast as she could go. She would get home a hell of a lot faster on her own.

James was dozing in a chair on the front porch when the house’s bell started clanging like crazy. Startled, he jumped to his feet, wide eyed he watched Miss Cecilia’s naked form as she rang the bell as if her life depended on it.

Miss Caroline was the first one to reach her. One look at the tears on Cecilia’s face told Caroline everything.

She took her lover in her arms and asked, “Where is he?”

Harvey saw them this time as they left town. They were hanging back trying not to be noticed. He waited in the trees until they rode up to the fork. As he stepped onto the path behind them, he heard one of them saying, “We would be able to see them if they went that way up the trail. I’ll bet he’s up there on Knob Hill fucking that pretty little nigger of his.”

Their spoke person pointed over to the rider who was speaking.

“We’ll all have her before we kill her, but you Charley. You get her last. You like to pound the piss out of them while you’re screwing them. I don’t want any of that black bitch’s blood on me.” He told the guy.

Harvey scared the hell out of them when he spoke up from behind them. “Can I show you, gentlemen, some southern hospitality?”

All five riders spun their horses around. Charley yelled, “What the hell? Where in the blaze’s hell did you come-

The guy didn’t make it any further. Harvey had his gun in his hand, and was fanning the hammer before they could even reach for their pistoles. Before the last rider hit the ground, he had his weapon back in its hoister. Standing over their lifeless bodies he took a good long look at them, savoring their deaths. He gave the dead men one last look as he climbed on his steed. This was the most satisfaction he would ever get out of killing another human being.

He was almost home when six riders came charging down the trail at him. Whipping their horses to move faster they rode like a bat out of hell. Trail dust washed over Harvey as they slowed, and stopped

by him.

Anthony was out of breath when he spoke, “Miss

Cecilia…came home…naked as a J-bird screaming, and hollering for us to ride like the devil and find you. What the hell’s going on, Capitan”

Harvey just told them he was fine. After retrieving Cecilia’s horse, they all rode home together.

The next time Harvey found Cecilia wasn’t in bed with Caroline and him. He went outside, and sat down beside her, and threw his own line into the stream that didn’t have any fish.

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Rebeca sat back down. Jedidiah raised his bear-sized paw in the air and stood up from where he was sitting with her.

“Capitan, you are one of the smartest men I know, and you understand all of these things about the war, but why is it you won’t tell us more about the battles that are taking place? We hear the Union and Confederate Army attacked each other at different places like Bull Run. But you won’t explain to us what happens.”

Harvey knew they all were proud of the Union Army. Newspapers were a huge source of information, but even in this day and age. News traveled mostly by word of mouth. And since the Archers kept visitors limited at the plantation the villagers were eager to get more word of the war.

“Jedidiah, this will sound strange to you all, but there will come a day when the world will realize that violence isn’t necessary for us to live together in peace. My family doesn’t believe in violence, and we go to great lengths to put a stop to it. I realize you all want to know what’s happening out there in our country. However, I will not sit here, and romance you with words of human beings killing, and harming each other.

“All of you had a slave’s mentality before you came here. To change that we had to create an environment to protect you while we trained you. Just the way all of you are speaking today is living proof that what Caroline, and Miss Cecilia, and I are doing is working.”

Trust me,” he told them. “Reading about this screwed-up war in history books is a hell of a lot better way to learn about what’s happening now.”

Harvey was going to stop there, but the steadfast look in their eyes told him they were not satisfied with his answer.

Instead, he told them. “On July 1st of this year, there will be a battle unlike all of the battles in the war. The Confederate Army will cross into the Northern Territory by a town called Gettysburg in the state of Pennsylvania. Over six thousand men will be killed on both sides. There will be over 24,000 men injured, and over a thousand will be missing after the battle. To my way of thinking, this is an archaic, and savage war. Because of the way they fought this war gave both sides a larger body count. They have a canon that shoots a group of eight cannonballs called a “Grapeshot.” When this grapeshot hit the ground all of the balls scatter in every direction killing everything in the area.”

Standing up, he walked closer to Jedidiah. With both his arms wide apart, and his palms turned upward, Harvey asked him. “Is this what you want to absorb into your minds? The gore, and hate, and killing. One would think all of you had enough of that by now. The societies of this world will lie to you, and trick you into their insane way of living, but I will not. I will teach you the truth about life, love, and even death.”

He could see they were all clearly shocked by what he just told them. Women had their hands over their mouths, and even Jedidiah’s stunned expression stared back at him. When July 1st came that year the villagers held a prayer service by the pavilion before going to work. Someone tied some flowers around one of the pavilion posts, and pinned a note under the bouquet of wildflowers.

Harvey read from it, “God grant us the knowledge of what we are doing to ourselves and you. Protect us all, white, and black, for we know nothing of keeping each other safe. We are children living for your glory in Jesus’ name. Hale to Him the King of all Kings, and to His father a God like no other.”

Caroline came up behind Harvey as he read the note. Placing her hand on his shoulder, she told him, “They’re coming around, Harvey. They’re really starting to grow.”

It was during the early spring of 1865 when the vanguard of the Confederate Army came up the road by the plantation.

Scouts must have reported back of a large plantation ahead of them. A large party of men raced through, and entered through the archway. They spread themselves out across the lawn. Harvey could see this time the men wanted more than food, power, and ball. More men appeared through the archway as many more walked in formation down the road in front of the main house. There were well over seventy soldiers in his front yard, and a hell of a lot more than that out on the road.

Harvey knew then everyone on the plantation would soon be fighting for their lives.

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The ground was passing underneath them at a rapid rate as Catherin, Tamera, and Kelly looked down at the ground below them. The pilot of the plane had lowered the plane’s tail door in midflight getting ready to let their passengers off. Any second the go light would turn green telling the Winston family, and the lesser Alphas with them to jump.

He turned to Catherin beside him. Her long red hair was tied back keeping it from getting tangled up in her parachute lines. Like everyone else there, she was nude as well.

Kelly kissed her then asked, “Are you sure you’re ready for this.”

She gave him a little laugh, and told him. “Love, this is your show. I’m following you.”

Kelly quickly brushed his face against hers then turned, and jumped out of the tail of the plane.

When Kelly jumped into empty air. Everyone on board rushed forward to exit the plane. Kelly’s pack was the first one out. Their bodily forms poured from the back of the aircraft in a fluid motion, like water falling from a glass. All eighty members cleared the aircraft. Once they were in free fall, they quickly formed up into large groups of circles hanging on to each other to keep themselves from spreading

too far apart.

Looking around him, Kelly saw as more Alpha jumped out of other aircraft in the area as they too got into formation. Tamra floated beside him, and took his hand as Catherin grabbed his left. Tess and the rest of his pack hurriedly formed themselves into the same group.

Feeling the pressure of the earth coming up at him, Kelly didn’t need an altimeter to know they needed to break free. and release their parachutes. After he let go of his family, he pulled the cord releasing his chute. He watched the others doing the same. Everywhere, all around him, light blue chutes were opening up as they all stayed within a square mile of each other. Thirty-two hundred strong they filled the sky with their blue umbrella chutes. There wasn’t an army in the world who could stop what they were about to do.

They should never have taken one of their own. It was as bad as if they had already killed Wade. The Alpha’s wanted their blood for what they did. They wanted it on their bodies, in their mouths with their flesh stuck between their teeth. It didn’t matter there was an army of men waiting for them. To this end, they were ready to kill every human being holding Wade captive.

Kelly was ready for this fight. His threat that he would destroy any country that killed one of his alphas was lifted from his shoulders when they learned Wade was still alive. Upon finding out where Wade was. Kelly asked President Obama to talk to the President of South Africa, Jacob Zuma who admitted he knew about an operation that was taking place in the province of Mpumalanga. But the man also told Obama, he did not authorize it. Kelly let both Presidents know South Africa would not be entirely destroyed. However, the small town along with its army of men at the base of Hanglip Mountain and its underground complex would be completely decimated. Nothing would be left standing, not even the mountain itself.

Kelly got ready as he watched the ground come up at him. He was seventy feet from it when he opened the buckles that released his parachute. Effortlessly, he dropped to the ground taking the impact with his legs.

Standing, he took in the surrounding area around him. The land was flat in all directions with an enormous blue sky looming above him filled with parachutes. Kelly was always impressed with Africa. Home to ten percent of the world’s flowering plant species. The whole country was a natural habitat for the many different animals, and plant life. It’s fine grass lands, and mountains was home to twenty-two thousand indigenous plants from over two hundred and thirty different families. “Proud was Africa,” Kelly thought.

The country has seen its share of bloodshed. He knew Mother Africa would cry today as his Alphas would kill thousands, spilling their blood on the ground. He carefully chose this spot as a staging area. Hanglip Mountain was a little over fifty miles away to the northwest. Many miles off to his west, he could make out the towns of Johannesburg and Pretoria. To his right were the mountains of the Kruger National Park.

He waited until Tess, Tamra, and Catherin released their parachutists, and dropped out of the sky beside him. He noticed everyone was enjoying themselves as they floated down. This is why they were made, to protect the world, and mankind. But for anyone to take one of their loved ones as a captive was intolerable. They had no guns with them. What they were ready to do they wouldn’t need any. With the force of speed, surprise, and sheer number, Kelly planned on overrunning the men and their base. While they ripped out their throats with their bare hands and teeth. The entire wolf pack wanted their blood in the worst way. No one would live through what they are about to do. Even if they ran every single one of them would be hunted down to the last man and women. Kelly new no one on their side would live through this day.

Before the Alphas made their appearance to the world, mankind did whatever man wanted. The planet itself was a total mess. Global warming ,and the loss of the ice caps were slowly killing the planet, and mankind. Man knew this yet; they did nothing about it. The air quality in China was so bad you couldn’t breathe the air in most of their major cities. The Chinese Government knew this, but they didn’t do anything to stop it, using fossil fuels was slowly killing them all.

The Amazon rain forest was once one of the largest habitats in the world that produced most of the oxygen for the planet. Corporations were cutting down the rainforest at an alarming rate to make room for cattle. Because of the population explosion in the USA for the past sixty years, corporations were doing this to feed America. There just wasn’t enough room in the country to raise the beef they needed to feed themselves. The situation got worse as corporations stopped grass-feeding the livestock. The beef being raised today was fed grains, and chemicals to keep them alive in the overpopulated stockyards. The stockyard were so unhealthy for the animals they had to use more vaccines just to keep them alive. Since they stopped grass-feeding cattle, diabetes and heart disease have more than tripled in America in the last fifty years. Those two diseases alone were the biggest causes of Americans dying every year. And still, no one did anything about the problem. Human greed, and the unwillingness to change were slowly killing all of them.

It was their dying planet, and the murdering of thousands of men, women, and children worldwide every year that was the catalyst that triggered Kelly, and their organization into action. There was no end in sight to the slaughterer. Mankind did not have the right to kill on such a massive scale, God alone held that right.

As the last Alpha dropped from the sky. Kelly, Tamra, and Tess started running towards the northwest. The strongest Alphas took the lead as the army of lesser Alphas followed after them. Within minutes they were within the reach of the military installation at the base of Hanglip Mountain. Kelly looked over at Tamra, running beside him. “Now,” he told her.

Tamra triggered her commutator, “Form up.” She told everybody.

Immediately those behind them began to spread out. Sixteen

hundred Alpha’s were on Kelly’s left and right. They spaced themselves out in an upside-down “V” formation with him, Tess, and Tamra on point. Kelly wanted Tess to be on point because not only was she one of his most powerful of his alphas, but Tess also had an amazing ability. It was Tamra’s job to follow her wife and get to Wade to keep him alive. Janet not only knew where they were holding Wade, but she also knew Wade was hanging on by sheer willpower alone. Whatever they were doing to him to contain him was slowly killing him. Kelly had a sinking feeling they may already be too late.

The land around the Alpha’s whipped by them at an alarming rate as the army of wolves picked up their speed. Their bodily forms were a blur as they covered a mile in a matter of seconds. They were within reach of their target, and could see the mountain ahead of them. Seeing Hanglip Mountain off in the distance they began howling like the wolves they were. They were going in for the kill. and it didn’t matter if they were seen, or heard. There was nothing in the world that could stop them. The base and its mass of weapons, and personally had no chance of surviving what was about to happen to them.

Searching for something to eat for dinner. Kogey an elder of the San Khoikhoi people, and his two sons were climbing near the top of Hanglip Mountain. Neither male was over five feet tall, and even with their youthful both Akia, and Paki had their father’s winkled appearance. The three were part of the original Indigenous bush people who still live the same way of life even in this day and age. Although, English was spoken by most people in Africa. The San tribe still used their own language which consonants sounded more like

clicks.

With the San’s eyesight being extremely keen, Akia was the first one to spot them. He called to his father who was searching under a Jackal berry tree to see if the tree was hiding a termite colony.

“Clickachk” he said.

Kegoy looked to his son who was pointing away from the

mountain. “Father, what is this? I’ve never seen anything like it.” The boy told him.

Kegoy quickly moved to a spot where he too could look out across the valley floor.

Paki joined his brother and father.

Shaking his head, Paki told them. “That isn’t a sandstorm.”

Kegoy squinted his eyes, while his mind searched for anything that could tell him what he was looking at. The problem was he couldn’t recognize what it was. The only thing it looked like to him would make it impossible for it to be this far inland. Fear suddenly shot through him. The older man realized he may not know what it was, but he was pretty damn sure death was advancing on them at an astonishing rate. It looked to him like a wall of water was wiping out everything in its path leaving nothing but destruction in its wake. Mile after mile behind it every tree, and building were being completely destroyed by this unnatural force. It was creating a path like the spring tornadoes that came every year except this one left a path miles wide. Then he heard them, Kegoy couldn’t believe what he was listening to. It wasn’t the sound of a coyote pack running across the rolling landscape. The sound Kegoy heard was the sound of wolves, and there were thousands of them.

Kegoy immediately grabbed his sons, and pushed them into motion. Words rushed from his mouth, “To the caves near the peak, go.” He ordered them.

Paki whose name meant, “Witness.” Stopped to looked back at the death advancing on them.

Kogey could see his son wanted to watch it. He pushed the lad forward, and gave him a swift kick in the ass to get him moving. Kegoy was getting scared for his sons, for himself, and their small village on the other side of Hanglip Mountain.

“Run boys and stop for nothing. Get to the caves. Run!” He screamed at their backs.

When the alphas hit the town, it didn’t slow them down. Buildings blew apart as the line of wolves went through them. Most of the people they found, they ran over, or decapitated them as they ran by. Kelly knew the real fight would be at the base of the mountain, and he wasn’t wrong in thinking that.

The base had gathered as many men as they could on the other side of the sixteen-foot wire fence. They all waited for the advancing army of wolves to cross the open field between the fence line and the base.

As soon as Kelly past the last of the buildings they opened fired. Shells began exploding all around him as the sound of many machine guns filled the air. Many of the lesser Alphas quickly went down. Flashes of bright white light suddenly erupted all across the battlefield. Heather was running behind an Alpha from another pack when the base opened fired on them. The guy in front of her twisted in mid-step, then went down hard on his back. Bullet holes were riddled in his upper body as blood flowed from his mortal wounds. Running by him, she brushed her hand along the side of his face. There was a sudden flash of light surrounding them then it was gone. The wounded Alpha immediately jumped up from the ground, and began running again.

Kelly, and Tamra, and Tess together hit the sixteen-foot fence around the edge of the mountain, plowing it over. On the other side were tanks, artillery, and gunmen who were all shooting in their direction.

Kelly screamed at Tess, edging her forward, “Go girl. Go!” He told her. Then he jumped on top of a tank, ripping the hatch off, and killed each guy as he hauled them out one by one.

Tess had made a special effort to conserve her power days before they stepped on the airplane. Even as they were running here, she tried to run as relaxed as she could, not wanting to waste any of her energy. When Kelly told her to go. She opened herself in a way she had only done a few times in her life. Opening her mind, she released the power of the wolf within her. A small sun rapidly grew inside of her, doubling, and tippling its power in milliseconds. Seconds went by as the energy from her poured out from the pores of her skin. As the energy emerged it became self-aware. Within seconds the force around her was twenty feet wide. Encasing her, protecting her. Tess wasn’t running anymore as the field carried her in whatever direction she chose.

Kelly was removing another hatch to a tank when Tessa’s ability went off. He couldn’t follow her with his eyes as Tess suddenly went from subsonic into light speed.

To Tess, time seemed to slow down the faster she went. She could see her bubble was crushing tanks, and artillery, and other vehicles that were in her way. Any human who touched her bubble turned into a flash of ash. She spotted where she was going to enter the mountain. A fence was stretched across the opening where there was a gigantic vault door to the complex. Tess wasn’t going to need any door. She hit the side of the mountain with so much power the whole mountain trembled and shook. Driving a twenty-foot hole into the side of the mountain she did stop until she reached the tunnel system inside the complex. Reaching the tunnel, she waited for Tamra to catch up to her.

All sorts of people were running in panic throughout the tunnel. As they ran by her, she didn’t kill any of them. She was on a different mission. That is until one guy came by with a forty-five in his hand. His other hand was wrapped around a black woman’s who was wearing glasses with pink frames. Holding tight on her hand the guy egged her on to move faster.

The woman screamed out when Tess suddenly stepped out of the hole she just made. Tess reacted more out of instinct than anything else. Seeing the weapon in the guy’s hand, she reached out and decapitated the man’s head from his body. His partner may have been scared for her life when she first saw Tess, but the woman really lost it when Tess threw the guy’s head at her. She stood there a moment with her body shaking as screams of terror bounced off the walls. She dropped the guy’s head on the floor, and ran back the way she came.

Tamra finally came out of the hole and ran over to her.

Tess looked at her wife. She had sweat running down her face, and she was breathing heavily.

“Well,…you sure took your sweet ass time in getting here.” Tess told her.

Not waiting for an answer, they both moved off down the tunnel.

Wade was nearby, They ran down the tunnel, not even bothering to hurt anyone who didn’t have a weapon in their hands. Kelly and the rest of the Alphas would soon be pouring into the tunnel to handle anyone who was left in the complex.

# Chapter 5

All Harvey knew for sure was a major battle would be fought near his plantation during the Civil War. The history books he read only gave vague details about the Archer Plantation, and almost nothing about the battle that was fought there. Although almost everyone believed a battle was fought there. They just didn’t have any proof or any information about it. Harvey knew they were coming just not when, or how many there would be. If it wasn’t for the house still standing in his era with the underground cellars below it. No one from his time would have remembered anything about the Plantation.

All three alphas met the Lieutenant Colonel as he rode up to the house on a dark brown quarter horse with his men in tow. Just the way the Colonel, and his men were sitting in their saddles told Harvey a shit storm was on its way.

Everyone on the plantation was already in place waiting for the

killing that was sure to come. The villagers were hiding in the trees beside the wide lawn ready to turn over the reinforced picnic tables to use them as a barre. Some of his hands were at the front of the house on the second and first floor hiding behind the reinforced walls of the home. Anthony was directing his men, and some of the villagers on the other side of the fence line that stretched away from the house. With a tall bearer in the side yard , no one standing out front, or from the road could see them hiding on the other side of the fence line.

On the back porch with the help of some men, Abigail got the wood stove out of the way, and pointed the cannon at the back right outside corner of the house. After quickly loading it, she waited with a burning cigar sticking from the side of her mouth.

Under the stairs of the front porch, George cuffed the backside of James’ head as the boy tried to see what was going on in the front yard.

He turned back to George. “Stopping hitting me. I just want to see what’s going on.” He told the older boy.

George handed him a lit cigar, and kept one for himself.

“Just get ready to light the fuses. Anyway,” He added. “If you stick your head out there you’ll get your foolish head blown clean off. The Capitan made this place special just for us.”

Both boys looked down at the line of fuses on the ground and the gold watch beside them. Each fuse had a different burn time which they had to light off at the right time. The Capitan had even given them his pocket watch so they didn’t have to count out the seconds. At the other end of each fuse was one of the many wonderful flower beds that were spaced out across the front lawn.

Clapped her hands together, Caroline approached the Lieutenant Colonel and his horse. Most of the Colonel’s entourage had dismounted, and had formed up on either side of their officer. The rest of his men spread themselves out across the lawn on both sides of the path.

“God bless the Confederacy.” Carolina sang out giving the Lieutenant Colonel, and his men praise. “Colonel, you surely must come down out of this sun, and sit on the porch. I’ll have Cecelia run and get some lemonade and a spot of my daddy’s recipe.”

Her warm smile disappeared in a wispier of smoke when in a gruff voice the Lieutenant Colonel told her, “Ma’am. Were here for other reasons other than a tea party. I can see by looking around what Mr. Gordon told us about you people wasn’t far from the truth.” Then he added, “Ma’am, I have never once in my life been one to partake in drinking of spirits.”

He then turned his attention on Harvey.

Harvey placed one of his hands behind his back. He spread all five of his finger out then he dropped one starting the countdown.

Looking through a small crack in the stairs, George quietly told James, “Light number one.”

“Mr. Archer, or whatever your real name is. You, Sir, need to come with us to Richmond. There are some people there who want to speak to you.”

Harvey told him clearly showing his anger. “Sir, you are imperious. Under what authority do you have to remove a Southern gentleman from his home at a time like this? This is absolutely

ridiculous.”

Cecelia quietly moved closer beside the major’s horse as Harvey dropped another finger behind his back.

Caroline took a few steps back from the colonel’s horse, placing herself in direct line of fire of the men who were advancing closer to Harvey. A few of them already had their weapons in their hand.

Taking hold of his saddle horn the Lieutenant Colonel leaned over his horse’s neck, and yelled down at Harvey, “Sir, I doubt very much you are a Southerner. If you are anything, sir, you are a spy.

“Mr. Gordon has gathered enough information about you to convince the confederacy that you are a ghost. There nothing about your background that has checked out. As a matter of fact, there’s no one who really knows for sure who in hell you really are.” He told Harvey.

Behind his back, Harvey quickly opened, and closed his hand twice, singling to the kids to light all the fuses. When the Colonel told his men to take Harvey all hell broke loose in the front yard.

Cecelia dug her fingernails into the Lieutenant Colonel’s thy getting his attention. Yelling out in pain the man look down into the eyes of a wolf. Screaming out all of a sudden, he then fell backward off his horse. When he hit the ground he continued screaming his foolish head off.

Caroline looked to the men who surged forward to take hold of Harvey. The Alpha’s face was enraged as she screamed at the top of her lungs, “Die!” All of the men hearing her suddenly flashed a look of surprise on their faces. They were all dead by the time they hit the

ground.

Using their inhumanly speed the Alphas split up, and began killing the soldiers on the red bricks in front of their home.

Harvey’s men then opened fired from the first, and second-floor windows as the rest of his men behind the fence assaulted the Confederate soldiers from the fence line. There just wasn’t any place for the men to hide. Some shot at the house’s windows, and the fence line as they tried to escape from the barge of lead coming at them. Others attempted to climb over the cement wall along the road. Only a few made it through the archway in the wall.

The largest group of confederates was relaxing on the grass drinking sweet water from the well before the bullets started flying. They all ran for the safety of the tree line on the other side of the lawn.

Hearing the battle start. The villagers ran from cover of the trees, flipping over the picnic tables, they letting loose their guns. There was just no place for the Confederates to go. They were trapped. Scared for their lives, some of the soldiers ducked behind the flower beds while others ran for the safety of the backside of the house.

When the men rounded the corner of the house. Abagail on the back porch fired her cannon. Her first assault killed fifteen men in one mighty burst.

The vanguard on the road immediately stopped when the first sounds of fighting started in front of the house. Officers rallied the men, and ordered them over, and around the wall to support their troops on the other side of the wall.

Harvey didn’t have any time to see how Caroline, and Cecelia

were doing. He was too busy killing. He quickly dispatched one guy, and then ripped an arm off of another. Everything was happening too fast. Most soldiers didn’t even have time to put a cap on their Enfield rifles. One guy tried to stab him with his sixteen-inch bayonet, but Harvey just grabbed his rife barrel and pulled. The guy should have let go of the weapon. He was no match for the power of the wolf within Harvey. Grabbing the guy’s neck in one hand Harvey bit into the side of the guy’s face with his teeth then he ripped out his throat with his hand.

Looking around at the devastation all around him. Both of his wives were covered in blood as they fought the men using their abilities, or just their bare hands like he was doing. There were bodies everywhere on the ground with more men still pouring into the yard from the road. Harvey knew it was time. Dropping to the ground, he cried out over the noise of the battle. He began owling like a wolf, Caroline and Cecelia drop to the ground as well. Inside the house, and along the fence and tree line all gunfire stopped. With no one shooting at the soldiers, a lot of men looked over at Harvey crying out on the ground. His bizarre actions stopped the men in their tracks.

Being a proud Southerner, Beauregard Alexander Porter at nineteen joined the confederate army. Since then, he has fought in a few major engagements with the Union army which battles were always planned out. Except for this one today. They were to pick up some guy who was wanted for questioning. He realized taking Harvey wasn’t going to be easy when all of a sudden all hell came apart at the seams. He just managed to scramble over the wall with one of his buddies when all of a sudden, the shooting stopped. There was one alone man lying on the ground with ripped-up men beside him howling like a damn wolf.

Kneeling on the ground besides one of the flower beds, Tom asked his friend beside him. “Clark, what in hell is going on here.”

Neither his friend, nor Tom ever found out as the first fuse reached the explosives under the flower bed. Ball bearings packed in clay lay over the top of each keg of power within the bed. When the fifteen pounds of gun power went off, it killed every man within thirty feet. Blowing dirt, and smoke high into the air, even the strength of the cement wall fell to their destructive power, making gaping holes in the barrier a man could walk through. As soon as the first one went off, the others blew one after the other. Anyone standing in the front yard would never survive the blasts. The best anyone could do was to hit the dirt.

After the last keg went off, Harvey surveyed what was left of his once beautiful home. The exterior walls of the house were peppered with holes from the ball bearings, and the soldiers’ rifles. He wasn’t too concerned with the house, or anyone within its walls. The home was without a doubt the strongest structure on the plantation. The heavy wooden shutters lined with cast iron covered the windows with the sign of the crosscut into each of them. The reinforced walls made the big house into a stronghold of which no one in this century understood. With their food stores underground, and tunnels leading to other rooms. Everyone on the plantation could hold up in it for many weeks without anyone knowing it. The only thing anyone could do was burn them out of the house, and force them into the cellars, but Harvey already had a plan ready if that were to happen.

All around him lying on the lawn were men either shot up or torn apart by the firepower from the flower beds. Around each creator on the lawn, men lay dying with their body parts ripped from them. Their wailing, and cries were the only sound that could be heard as all fighting suddenly came to a complete stop. Their sobbing didn’t affect Harvey in the least. He cared for all people everywhere in the world. But what he hated the most was their bigotry, and for in-slaving human beings. Southerners were raping, beating, burning, and treating the black population in a manner that he knew was unjustifiable wrong. Tess and all of the alpha’s on the Island had tough him. When you stand on the side of wrong no matter how a human being justifies it, it’s still wrong! There was a reason why his ability brought him here. His own compassion for the black slaves shaped his ability to this point to ease the strong emotions, and feelings he had for these people. In effect, his ability was a living being alive inside of him. Working together, Harvey now understood why Kelly told him that the alphas would never fail at archiving their goals. Together with their abilities, they were just too powerful for anyone on the planet.

Caroline glanced over at Cecelia who was slowly getting off the ground. She was a mess. Her beautiful dress was stained with blood and dirt.

“Are you, OK.” She asked her.

“Ya, I think so.” She told her as she looked off toward the cement wall. “But I think we’re in real trouble now.” She told Caroline. More men were filling through the archway, and the holes the power kegs had made in the wall.

Caroline screamed to her younger wife, “Get to the house now!” She ordered her.

Looking for Harvey across the lawn, she called to him. “Harvey!”

Harvey began running towards the front of the house as he yelled to her,

“Get inside!” He told her.

Harvey knew these men would be here at their plantation at some point during the war. However, what he didn’t know was how many there would be. He only frigged on a detachment from the Confederate army showing up. When he got the report from Anthony about the large number of men coming their way. He knew there were going to be too many for them to handle.

Caroline and Cecilia raced for the house. Running up the front stairs, Jedediah opened the door letting them in. Harvey followed right behind his wives just as the full force of the brigade opened fired on them from the road. The battle continued as the sounds of hundreds of Edenfield, and Spencer rifles cut loose once more in the front yard.

Inside the house, Caroline was getting worried. She shouted to Harvey over the sounds of the battle, “Shouldn’t we bring in everyone through the back? There’s too many of them.” She told him firing off another round from her rifle”

Harvey shook his head. “No, not just yet.” He replied.

Harvey knew this is where most of his men, and villagers would die. Yet, he was unwilling to call everybody into the house just yet. He was doing this more for the sake of the African Americans than anything else. These people have been waiting all of their lives to give back to the whites for what they did to them. What was happening today at their plantation was more their fight against slavery than to keep Harvey out of the hands of the Confederate Army. He was concerned for every one of them, but Caroline had already talked to everyone who could hold a rifle. When one of them fired off a shot a soldier was killed. With the power of Caroline’s ability everyone on the plantation were indeed marksmen.

As more men continued to pour over, and through the cement wall, they we’re dying to left and right. Bodies were piling up on the lawn as the soldiers tried to make it to the tree line, and then around to the back side of the house. Most of the soldiers stayed away from the side of the house the fence was on. It was just a killing ground with nothing to hide behind. A line of men were firing their muskets over the wall at the fence line.

Looking through the spyglass that stuck down from the ceiling. Harvey checked on how the villager’s line of defiance was doing behind the picnic tables. One glance told him they were taking heavy losses. The Confederate men had managed to make it to the tree line closest to the wall, and were now using their tables to hide behind as well as the trees.

Harvey looked over to Jedediah who was hanging back with

a rifle in his hands. The weapon looked dwarfed, and out of place in his huge hands.

He screamed at the big guy, “Jedediah, bring them home

now.” He told him. Without so much as a word spoken, Jedediah ran from the room.

It took a few minutes for the word to get out to them, but after what seemed like an eternity to him. Harvey could finally see the recall being spread throughout the black ranks. He watched as two lines of people formed. One line retreated, and carried the wounded as the other continued to fire upon the Confederates. Cover fire from inside the house put even more pressure on the soldiers in the trees giving the blacks precious time for their retreat.

At the back of the house. People from the trees, and fence line were scrambling as fast as they could through the back door. Multitasking, Abagail directed people to the cellar where they could get medical attention while shooting over their heads at the army of men advancing on them. Organizing people to the windows, she set up the perimeter on the back side of the home. The last thing through the back door before it was shut was her canon. With help from Jedidiah, they hauled it to the furthest point in the room, and pointed it at the outside door.

Wiping sweat from her face with a hankie, her lover handed a tin cup with lemonade in it. Taking it from him, he stopped her as she went to take a drink. With a broad smile, he pulled a flask from the inside pocket of his vest and asked her, “Would you care for some of Daddy’s recipe.”

Taking a look at the small flask in his hands, she told him, “Love, you better run and get more because what you have there is just a tease the way I am feeling right now.”

Suddenly the Confederates opened fire on the back side of the home telling them all they were now surrounded.

The battle for the house continued. They were holding their own with minimal losses. There was no chance they’d run out of ammunition anytime soon. Henry has been shipping in munitions for years now from their factory in Connecticut. Using trains, he shipped bullets, and black power in coffee, and other food supplies. Where the rifles were a lot heavier, Henry had them shipped in lumber supplies they got from the timber mills in Maine.

The fighting outside of Harvey’s window seemed to quiet down some as only a few rounds were being shot at them from time to time from the tree line and wall. The Confederates seemed to be figuring out their next move. They already tried throwing flaming torches on top of the roof. But Harvey had his archers shoot burning arrows into the trees where they were hiding. The torches stopped coming.

Picking up one of their homemade grenades, he thought out his next move. The grenade was simply made with gunpowder, and nails in a tin can with candle wax covering one end, and a fast-burning wick sticking from the wax. Their rifles, and the grenades were about the strongest firepower they had. He wanted to bring with them a few Gatling canons from the north, but the risk of them getting into the Confederates’ hands was too great. In any case, the Gatling canon wasn’t invented until 1861 by Richard Gatling. Which was after he and Caroline moved to the plantation from Boston. It wasn’t until November 1862 that the weapon was finally patented. In any event, Mr. Gatling would only sell the massive weapon to the Union Army. The Southern Army tried to get Mr. Gatling to sell to them a few of the guns, but Gatling refused. At the time, the gun was unique in weaponry. With two people operating it. It could fire 150 to 200 rounds per minute.

Union General Horatio Wright reported after watching the weapon being tested wrote: “I have examined the weapon… known as the Gatling gun, and it seems to me it possess much merit.”

What confused Harvey the most was why in the hell didn’t the Union Army buy more of the weapons in the first place. He knew from history books that the guns saw limited action during the Civil War. At the time only a few Union Officer’s bought them using their own money.

General Benjamin Butler paid a thousand dollars each for twelve of the big guns. Two of which were used at Petersburg in 1864. After further weapons testing. The US Army did approve the guns for purchase, but not until 1866. Which made no sense to Harvey whatsoever to buy the guns after the war ended?

It was starting to get dark outside when Harvey noticed out of his window. The soldiers were gathering together forming themselves into groups. From the light flickering in the background behind them. He was pretty damn sure they were getting ready to make an all-out effort to burn them out.

He past the word for everyone to get ready. However, the Confederates didn’t wait until nightfall as Harvey would have done himself. The battle lasted hours with a high casualty rate on the Confederates’ side. The soldiers were madder than hell losing so many of their friends, they were out for blood. When a Confederate Officer threw up a banner from the road they came at them from all sides, all at once.

Everyone on the plantation was as ready as they were ever going to get. Inside the house, three shooters were at each window. Medical personnel stood offside out of sight in the hallways ready to remove anyone injured. As soon as someone was removed from a window another one from the hallway would take their place. A line of people was strung though out the house all the way to the cellars, where more people were waiting to fight.

Carolina and Harvey were at a window in the front room shooting off round after round from their Henry rifles.

Cecelia ran over to them from her corner window. Her face showed her concern, “Harvey, there’s too many of them. We need to get into the cellars, and let them burn the house.” She told him.

Carolina fired her rifle out of the window. She jacked another shell into her Henry rifle, and repeated the process before pulling back from the opening.

“She right, Harvey,” Carolina told him, wiping the sweat from her brow with the back of her hand. “We didn’t expect a fucking army to be marching by us.”

Harvey knew these people were not the whole Confederate Army. If anything, they were only a battalion of men being transferred to another part of the state. If they were the army, there would be a hell of a lot more soldiers, but they would also have canons, and other artillery with them. In any case, he knew both of his wives were right,

but he still wasn’t ready to give in just yet.

Addressing Cecelia, he told her. “Get everyone ready to evacuate the house. We will only have a few minutes left anyway.”

As Cecelia ran out of the room, Harvey looked through his spyglass again. The men were now coming at them in large groups, shooting as they ran. Behind them other men were carrying torches, attempting to throw them up on the roof. On Harvey’s side of the home. Some guys had made it to the house, and were now tossing their flaming torches on top of the roof while others splashed oil on the walls.

Carolina and he were franticly shooting every son of a bitch they could when the first smell of wood burning reached Harvey’s noise. They had no other options left. The house would burn, and they would lose the battle. A heavy cloud of smoke was already forming in the front room. With the house burning most of the shooting had stopped as all of the Confederates pulled back to watch them burn. Harvey turned away from his window to head for the cellar with Caroline when he quickly took another look through the spy glasses. He thought he had heard something. The next time it went off, he clearly heard it, the sound of a bugle being played. He didn’t have to see the men coming out of the woods on the other side of the road to tell him the Union Army had just arrived.

Charging across the field towards his home were hundreds of

men in blue. In the middle of the front line the Stars and Strips was being carried by a young man as a bugle boy beside it bellowed out the call to charge, over and over on his horn. Canons started firing from their direction dropping “grape shots” along the road, clearing a path for the Union soldiers running across the field. Volley after volley, the men in blue shot into the trees, and at the cement wall in front of the home.

Harvey rescinded the call for the retreat. Instead, he ordered a full assault at the windows while the house continued to burn around them. Soon, every window in the house had people fighting over every spare inch of window space. Glancing at the calamity behind him, Harvey could only shake his head. A woman using her larger body mass, pushed one of his guards out of the way because the guy was too slow in jacking another shell into his rifle. Holding her rifle to her shoulder, in a rapped fire fashion, she shot round after round not even removing her eyes from her sights.

In almost no time they had the gray coats on the run. The men along the cement wall were getting a frontal assault, and attacked from their backsides at the same time. With the road cleared the Union soldiers easily entered into the trees, and swarmed the area around the house. With only scattered shots filling the evening air, Harvey told Jedidiah to form a fire party to save the house. Then, he went outside through the front doors with Carolina, and Cecelia to meet the Union Army.

Running down the porch steps, Harvey could see bodies spaced out everywhere all over the yard. The wall itself was in tatters with gaping holes in it. The long fence blocking the back side of the house was all but knocked down along with bullet holes riddled all over the front side of the home. Their once plush green lawn, and flower gardens had huge gaping holes in the ground from the power kegs with body parts lying all around.

Union men were roving around checking out everybody while removing ammunition, and weapons from the corpses. While others were gathering what was left of the Confederate regiment on the lawn by the cement wall. They placed guards around them, containing them.

An officer with a gold leaf on his collar quickly rode up to meet Harvey and the girls. Climbing down off his horse, the guy addressed Harvey. “Sir, are you Mr. Archer?”

Harvey told him he was. The Major pulled a letter from inside his jacket, and handed it over to him.

“Sir, I don’t know what the hell this all is about here. But President Lincoln himself ordered us to find this regiment of Confederates before they got here.”

Apologizing, he told Harvey. “I’m sorry, but we were too late to set up an ambush for these gray coats.”

Opening the letter, Harvey found the handwriting letter was from the 16th President of the United States. It read, “Sir, I have not had the pleasure of meeting a man of your caliber before. With God’s grace, I may be able to rectify this at some later time. Sir, you have true grit, which is one thing our country desperately needs. A few years ago, I received a wonderful gift in the form of a Henry Rifle made by Benjamin Tyler Henry of the Henry Rifle Company in New Haven, Connecticut.

At that man-to-man meeting. Mr. Henry told me a little about what you, and your wife were doing. Sir, I applaud you for your tenacity and determination, but truthfully. At the time I never thought you, or your wife would ever live this long.”

“Rest assured Sir, your secret lives in the South will forever be a closely guarded secret by me, and the United States Army. The only reason why the Union Army is there with you now is because I sent them. Years ago, I gave my Henry rifle to a friend of mine. My friend took that weapon, and just recently caught wind of a conversation that the Confederate Army was coming to your home. I pray this letter will find all of you safe.” At the bottom, the document was signed; “May God’s love flourish over you, and your wife. It was signed by Abraham Lincoln.

Harvey slid the letter into an inside pocket of his vest as the Major waited. He could see there was still something on the man’s mind.

“Is there something else.” He asked.

“Yes, Sir there is, but it’s not directed at you.” Removing his hat the Major turned to Caroline standing alongside Harvey.

“Ma’am. Seeing how Mr. Lincoln comes from Kentucky. He wanted to know if you had any of your daddy’s recipe, I could bring back for him.”

Both Harvey and Caroline busted out laughing as they heard the cry of Cecilia’s voice from behind them. When Caroline turned around and saw what was before her, she was immediately crushed beyond all belief. Tears started rolling down her cheeks as she watched Cecelia crawl out from under the stairs. George was following her out. Laying in her younger wife’s arms was James. He had taken a round to the side of his head, and a good portion of his scalp was missing.

Still in shock, George kept repeating over, and over as his own tears fell from his eyes. “Captain, I told him, and told him to keep his damn fool head down, but he wouldn’t listen to me.” The boy cried.

Carolina then watched Harvey turn into the animal that she always knew was inside of him, but hoped she would never meet. She first got a taste of the wolf when they first moved here. It was the night Harvey talked to the man in the steel box. Harvey was so far gone by the time he got back home. Carolina ordered everyone out of the house as she, and Cecilia watched over him throughout the night. Now, right in front of her, the wolf in Harvey was taking over as he ran over to James, and picked up his little body in his arms.

Tears poured from Harvey eyes as kneeled on the ground with James body in his arms. Till his head back the wolf’s bellow out his anguish. The air around him and James suddenly turned hot, and ripped outwards with the power of the wolf’s sorrowful cry. Every soldier in the area snapped their heads in their direction. All around Harvey and James the grass, and red brickwork in the ground suddenly turned black.

Gently as he could, Harvey placed James on the ground.

When Harvey looked up. Caroline instinctively put her hand to her mouth. Her loving husband was no longer there. The Alpha wolf stood, his eyes were black as night without any white in them. Harvey looked to where they were holding the Confederate soldiers. Disarmed, and under heavy guard the men were just sitting, or standing on the lawn. Carolin knew just what Harvey was thinking. She sprang forward as fast as she could. She leaped at Harvey with all of the strength that was in her. Cecilia to had noticed the change in Harvey as well, and went to grab a hold of him. Both women collided together as Harvey was no longer standing where he was.

Caroline started screaming his name as both she, and Cecilia openly used the speed of an alpha with the soldiers watching them. Harvey knew he wasn’t himself as the wolf in him took over. It was powerful, and it was pissed off, and had complete control over him. It could feel everyone’s fear all around him as he sped across the lawn towards the confederate soldiers. The panic in all of them only fueled the Alpha’s hunger for death. Agile as a wolf, Harvey darted around the Union soldiers so fast they didn’t even know he was there. Somewhere off in the background in the distance, he could hear Carolina’s voice screaming for him, but it didn’t even faze him. The wolf had one sole purpose in life, to kill!

Still in shock over Harvey’s actions, Caroline watched as he pulled out his revolver, and began firing into the crowd of Confederate prisoners. He was less than a hundred feet away but, with every shot from his gun, one of the Confederate soldiers fell dead on the grass. Six shots quickly rang out, and six lives were suddenly gone from the world.

Dropping the empty weapon in his hand, Harvey grabbed a colt dragoon off a Union soldier as he ran around him. He continued shooting as he ran.

To Caroline, Harvey was moving so fast, it was as if time itself stood still for the Alpha letting him murder the men. She knew if they didn’t stop him from doing what he was about to do. There would be nothing that would be able to keep him from killing all of the soldiers, except another Alpha.

Cecilia managed to get to him first. Leaping for his legs, she took him down like a pro-linebacker with both arms wrapped tight around his knees. She could feel the power in Harvey as she held onto him. He was too strong. She was already losing her grip, and knew she would never hold him by herself.

Harvey fell like an old Oak tree with Cecilia’s arms wrapped around his legs. He continued firing the Colt as he began struggling with Cecilia, trying to get her off of him, while at the same time still firing his gun.

Cecilia’s face was pressed tight into Harvey’s ass as she held him. If she wasn’t so worried about him, and the men he was killing. She would have thought the whole situation a little funny. Swiftly, she wrapped her legs and arms around Harvey getting a better hold on him.

While Cecilia held him Caroline finally had her chance. She tried to talk to him but Harvey kept reaching around her, firing his gun. Using her voice, she told him to stop, but her Alpha’s ability had no affect him. She took hold of his head, and attempted to force him to look at her, but Harvey only pushed her away from him.

The soldiers were just standing around when Harvey started howling like a wolf. One guy went to grab his arms, but Harvey just took the man’s weapon, and then threw him twenty feet. By the time two others got a hold of him. Harvey already emptied the gun he just took. They tried to do the same thing the first soldier did, but they too

got thrown back without their sidearms.

Harvey’s sudden actions terrified Caroline. Even though he had already prepared her, and told her all about the extreme emotions of an Alpha. She was still in shock at the sheer power she felt within him. Taking care of him was her responsibility, and here she was failing at the most important part of her job as his wife.

The girls continue delaying Harvey giving the soldier close by time to pill on top of him. As more men kept coming at Harvey, he kept knocked them all off to the side, and stealing their weapons at the same time. Finally, the Union men got smart. They removed their weapons before trying to get a hold of him. While the soldiers were playing pig pile with Harvey.

Caroline finally got her chance. Grabbing the hair on both sides of his head she screamed into his face. “Harvey, stop this!” She yelled. “Calm down!”

As Harvey’s eyes locked on hers, his body immediately went limp. The eyes of a she-wolf stared into his own, calming him. They were a shade of the deepest blue the Alpha wolf had ever seen. No other words were spoken as Caroline’s eyes alone themselves gave volume to the love she had for him. The Alpha had no defense for it. He caved in as his high-strung emotion suddenly left his body.

As soon as Caroline saw she had her husband back, she looked around trying to find Cecilia. Men covered Harvey’s body, and she couldn’t see her wife anywhere.

The soldiers standing around them just shook their heads at Harvey in disbelief as to what he had just done. Their Major himself

was rooted in place with aww, he was speechless.

Caroline called out, “Cecilia, girl, are you OK.”

A muffled sound coming from underneath the soldiers confirmed she was alright.

Before the ruckus started, Ben and Alex were watching the prisoners along with a bunch of other men. They all saw what started the outburst with Mr. Archer. Dumbfounded, they witness a human being moving faster than an animal. His blurred form was coming right for them. Fearful, they raised their rifles, but a shout coming from their Major stopped them.

The commotion only lasted for a brief moment of time. Harvey was finally under control. Ben and Alex looked at each other, and then behind them at their prisoners. Within a matter of a few moments, thirty-seven Confederate soldiers lay dead on the ground.

Ben looked over to Alex. “How in the hell did he just do that.”

Alex didn’t reply straight off but, continued looking down at the dead men in front of them.

 “What I really want to know,” he told Ben. “Is how in the hell did he do that.”

Alex pointed to several knives, and one alone bayonet sticking out of the chest of some of the men on the ground.

“Ben, did you see him throw a knife.”

Ben could only give a sharp whistle. Shaking his head, he told his friend. “No, I didn’t. But where in hell did he get a bayonet from? This place is starting to freak me the hell out. I’m ready to go back to Boston. What about you.”

Alex agreed with his friend.

### \*\*\*

April 9, 1865, the Army of Northern Virginia surrendered. From that point on the other southern states followed them. President Lincoln would be shot five days later by John Wilkes Booth. The villagers were already told that it would happen. They knew the Civil War would not legally end until August 20th, 1866.

Harvey told the girls it was time, they needed to go home. They accomplished what Harvey set out to do in this era, to save as many Africans from the bondage of slavery as he could. Along with the supplying the confederate soldiers with ammunition for their Henry rifles along with black power and ball.

The villagers were now trained, and understood how to fight, and live in a white man’s world.

All of his guards received a share of the plantation as promised with Anthony in control of the Plantation’s wealth. Anthony assured him he would take care of the villagers until they decided what they wanted to do now that the war was coming to a close.

It was a tearful goodbye. The free slave population had many questions wanting to know where they were going, and why they were leaving. Harvey would only tell them that it was time. They never did celebrate the ending of the war. There were just too many hardships, and death that came with the downfall of the Confederacy.

However, the freemen and women did party to their newfound freedom. Harvey was proud of all of them. They all have come a long way.

When he announced their departure, Abagail hugged him, and looked deep into his eyes, and told him, “You know how to go home now. Don’t you, Sir.” Harvey just hugged the plump-back woman in return.

James’s grave was marked with a headstone. Anthony assured Caroline and Harvey he would put fresh flowers on his grave as long as one of them was living on the plantation. There were many other villagers buried on the property. However, the men who came to spy on them were buried so deep, that Harvey made sure no one would ever find them.

### \*\*\*

Tess was getting out of the Freeloader when she felt Harvey coming home. She looked to the shoreline. A split second later Harvey popped back. They had their backs to Tess as they looked upon the path to the house. Harvey had his arms around two women, one black, and the other white. Walking up behind them, Tess cleared her throat getting their attention.

They turned around and saw her.

Surprised, Harvey cried, “Tessa, my love. I’ve missed you so much.”

In his excitement, he jumped forward to embrace her, but Tess didn’t seem to be happy to see him. She quickly greeted him with a kiss, but she then took a step away from him. For the life of him, Harvey couldn’t understand her problem.

Then she told him. “Harvey. The whole family is ticked off at you. We all know damn well you could have come home sooner. Do

you even realize what you put us all through?”

Harvey tried to take hold of her again, but Tess wasn’t having any of that. She pushed him away.

Getting worried because of her behavior. He asked, “Tess how long have I been gone?”

With a wave of her hand, she pushed his question away as if it meant nothing. “Harvey, you have only been gone a few months.”

Then she raised her voice, and balled him out again. “You know. You need to look in the mirror once in a while. Harvey one look at you, and I could see the years have piled up on you. You’ve aged almost ten years since I last saw you.”

Harvey knew she was right, but he didn’t even know he could return until just a few years ago. Tess started walking away but stopped, and turned around back to him.

She bobbed her head in a circle at him as she told him, “Don’t expect a fare thee well, and how do you do when you see the others either? They as ticked off at you as I am, and when you see Kelly…well-”

She turned both of her palms up in the air. “Sweety you’re on your own there.”

Then sweet as pie, she spoke to each of his wives by name, and kissed them both on the lips. Holding each of their hands in one of her own, she told them, “Welcome home ladies. No one is mad at any of you.” She nodded her head in Harvey’s direction, and she added. “We’re just mad at knucklehead over there.”

Then she turned away, and started to walk up the path to the house

while both of Harvey’s wives folded their arms in front of them, and drilled their eyes into him. He couldn’t believe it, they were taking Tessa’s side. They were mad at him as well!

“Well, isn’t this just a fine welcome home-”

Harvey let the last word hang in the air as a thought accrued to him. Yelling after Tess, he said. “Hey, wait one damn minute here.”

The short woman stopped walking, and turned back to him again.

“What?” she asked impatiently.

“How come you know the names of Caroline and Cecilia.”

Tess rolled her eyes at him before she answered him. “Everyone knows what you were doing, and we are all proud of what you three have accomplished. Kelly believed he could have gotten a message to you, but he didn’t. And the reason why he didn’t was as he told me himself. You needed time to grow up, and do you know what? He was right.”

Almost urgently, he asked again. “Tess, how did you know, I was very careful not to make an imprint of my life while I was there.” “Harvey, where do you think that book Kelly let you read came from? Kelly himself wrote it. Kelly has thousands of books he has kept throughout the years. The first time I went strolling through his personal library I got lost, and he had to come find me. I thought I was going to starve to death, or at least die from lack of water.”

Turning back around, she continued talking to herself as she walked up the path while holding both hands up in the air as she went.

“Oh, sure I understand.” She said talking to herself. “You’re a big and powerful Alpha now. You stopped your training before it was completed. Then you use ten years off your life without me in it, and it’s just fine, and dandy for you.”

Looking back behind her at him, she told Harvey. “Buck-o, you’ve only got just a small taste of what means to be an Alpha. Boy, do I have some big surprises for you!”

Turning back around, she left them standing there.

Looking at both of his wives, Harvey said mostly to himself. “Well, I guess next time I should go into the future, and then they would never know I was gone.”

From somewhere in the world, Janet’s thick northern Irish voice suddenly popped into the minds of all three of them. “Wanta bet. I’ll lay even money down on that one anytime.”

The Alpha saga continues, expect my next novel by the spring of 2025