

# WEREWULF JOURNALS 3: HUNGRY PLEASURES

Camille Anthony



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### Camille Anthony

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# Dedication

This one is for Sue Seeley, mother of my list and friend of my heart.

Thanks, hon, for all you do!

#### Fast Food

"Pavel, my love, sorry I'm late. You wouldn't believe the traffic!"

A wry smile stretched Pavel Janecek's lips as he stood and watched the striking blond man sweeping toward him. As usual, those sparkling blue eyes were trained only on his. The other man never noticed the slack-jawed stare of their waitress as he breezed right past the unmoving woman whose sturdy body blocked his path.

Pavel bowed in respectful greeting. "No problem, Highness. I've only just arrived, myself. Good to see you, as always."

His prince never changed. He didn't mean to be rude, but a lifetime of having people move out of his way had conditioned him to arrogance. Pavel couldn't help the welcoming smile widening his lips, so he settled for an admonishing shake of the head before bowing lower. A playful buffet on the shoulder demanded he rise and he did, to clasp hands with the man chosen six years in a row by *Time* magazine as the World's Richest and Most Eligible Bachelor.

The man pursed his full lips and made a tsking sound. "How many times have I ordered you to drop the title? If you will not use your own, you can hardly expect me to answer to mine."

A thousand responses flooded his brain, but Pavel settled for an offhand shrug and a bland answer that wouldn't have his sovereign up in arms. "You know me...I like to play it safe. And one never knows what your mood is going to be."

The man snorted. Lifting an expressive eyebrow, he quipped, "Like you'd ever allow me to get away with being moody for long." Blue eyes twinkled as he added, "Are we calling what you do safe nowadays?"

Their shared laughter dissolved into soft smiles and an exchange of intimate glances acknowledging their long acquaintance and total acceptance of each other.

"The traffic was hellacious today and the taxi service was atrocious. Reminds me why I prefer the services of a driver whenever I come to New York. I don't know why I didn't bring Yanaff this trip." Grinning, the prince brushed full, yielding lips against Janecek's clenched cheek in a pretend casual kiss before seating himself at the table.

To minimize public fallout, Pavel turned his head at the last moment, allowing the caress to fall on his cheek instead of his lips. He contented himself with raising a brow at his prince's antics, knowing it would do no good taking him to task for that public kiss. Americans thought men kissing meant only one thing. Rickard forgot this wasn't their homeland or else he deliberately ignored the possible homophobic reactions of the watching patrons.

"I imagine you didn't want him hearing anything about this new venture until everything was in place. You'd want to slant the publicity in just the correct way. I daresay few will learn of this until you've finished orchestrating it to your liking."

Retaking his seat, Pavel met his prince's glacier blue eyes across the table, noting the mischievous glint in them, his own narrowing at the quickly concealed calculating look he'd surprised in his friend's gaze. What devilment is brewing in that devious mind of his now?

"How well you know me, darling." Rickard lowered his gaze, glanced down at the table, and smiled. His eyes lit up at the sight of the food-laden plates the waitress had been delivering as he arrived. "Ah! I see you've been here long enough to already order for me. Thank you, darling."

Stabbing his fork into the penne pasta and marinara sauce, the prince wolfed down a huge mouthful. Jaws working, he spoke around the mass. "I really am glad to see you, but I'm squeezing this meeting among about six others. I'm starved and I'll barely have time to chew before I need to leave in order to make my next appointment."

"I know well your hatred of tardiness, sire. Our discussion shouldn't take long." Pavel lounged back against his chair, studying his friend and employer's bent head, admiring the lusty way he ate. Rickard did everything with gusto, lived his hedonistic life to the fullest, yet managed to conceal his true self from all but his oldest and most trusted friends.

There were times Pavel marveled at the closeness that still held the two of them cemented in a relationship that had once been sexual in nature. Today was not one of those times. Today, he'd been given ample evidence to support his continued love for Rickard.

First and foremost was his prince's unwavering loyalty. Fidelity ruled Rickard's heart. Though a multibillionaire and royal head of state, Rickard never hesitated to drop everything or rearrange a frenetic schedule to speed to Pavel's aid.

Sated Pleasures was a case in point. The damned weight-loss program was sure to prove a massive cash cow simply because Rickard had the Midas touch. Every business venture he involved himself in turned to gold, due mostly to the thorough way he investigated every aspect -- no matter how small or finite the detail -- of any project he contemplated putting his name to.

Rickard could have chosen anyone to lead the innovative weight-loss project. But when the spies he had monitoring his wayward subject reported Pavel was again between jobs and hurting for money, he'd called begging for help. They both knew this job offer was charity -- Rickard's sly way of getting around Pavel's stubborn refusal to take the funds his prince kept pushing at him.

Knowing the lengths Rickard had taken to put this operation together, Pavel almost felt guilty about bringing up his present concerns. Unfortunately, his conscious wouldn't let him hold his peace. "As you suggested, I've spent the last two weeks going over the business plan and program modalities. So far, I've seen nothing that has changed my mind about the extreme nature of this venture. In fact, at this point, I am even more of two minds about having accepted this job."

Rickard stopped chewing and glanced up, the moonlight pale strands of his hair shifting with his movement. An indulgent smile widened his plush lips as he patted them with his napkin. "Pavel, my love, nothing is ever easy with you. Why did I think this situation would be any different?"

Pavel sucked in his breath, struck, as always, by that glittering smile, by the sensual splendor of his friend and sovereign, his one-time lover. If anyone could be called a specimen of true masculine beauty, it would be the man seated across from him.

His Royal Highness, Prince Wagner Rupert Rickard Orloffberg's perfectly symmetrical features were misleadingly angelic. Large, changeable sapphire eyes, deeply set between thick, light brown lashes, gazed out at the world beneath matched winging brows Brooke Shields would have paid good money for. A patrician nose bisected high cheekbones and balanced the full, pouty lips of a mouth that could have won a Mick Jagger look-alike contest. His air of natural leadership and his firm, masculine jaw line belied the otherwise feminine cast of his face, marking him an Alpha among males.

And what does that make me? Pavel pondered, speeding down a well-traveled road to the night he'd held a weeping, shuddering, shattered Rickard in his arms. He'd soothed him and hushed him and later, he'd given his friend the love and acceptance he'd begged for...

With a smothered moan, he ruthlessly squashed that memory, banished it back into the turbulent sea of forced forgetfulness. *That memory, especially, had to remain buried*.

"Despite the additional information you sent me, my concerns and reservations remain."

A long-suffering sigh lifted Rickard's broad chest as he laid his fork down. "Pavel, I have told you these women *want* what we are offering and they're willing to pay us a steep price to get it. Every one of the first fifteen potential clients has signed the papers promising they will instigate no reprisals, legal or otherwise. There'll be no repercussions regarding the treatments they will undergo while at Sated Pleasures.

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"Even their husbands -- where there are husbands involved -- have signed the consent and release forms. Hell, most of them would pay double what we are asking to get their marital cows down in size. They want a trophy wife, not a trophy kill!" Finished, he picked up his fork and attacked the artistically swirled heap of steamed spinach, scooped up a mound of seasoned diced tomatoes and onions.

Janecek frowned, lips tightening as he scowled at his erstwhile employer. "That was meanly said!"

Rickard gave a nonchalant shrug. "I didn't say it to be mean. I am simply being truthful."

Pavel tapped the stack of papers on the table before him. "I believe some of these punishment modalities ride the line of sadistic. In some places, they leave sadistic behind and head straight for BDSM." He shook his head, picked up the papers and ruffled them at his childhood friend. "Rickard, how can you not see that some of this stuff simply goes too far?"

"Then restructure the program any way you want. Turn it into what you feel it should be," his friend countered impatiently, between hurried bites. "That's why I chose you, Pavel. I, above all, know just how ethical you are. I know you would never allow any of the male staff to go too far. If anyone can make this a success, I believe it will be you. Therefore, I place the project totally in your hands. Do with it as you will. No one will question your judgment nor limit your spending. Just keep one thing in mind..." His intense gaze speared Pavel in his seat.

Feeling the weight of that level stare, Pavel raised an inquiring eyebrow. "Yes, my liege?"

"These women have tried everything to lose their unwanted pounds and nothing else has worked. They are fat -- not pleasingly plump, not carting around a few extra pounds -- fat. Or they believe themselves to be so. Above all else, they desire to be slim. For some reason known only to God, they cannot control themselves. In some extreme cases, their eating habits are killing them. Having tried and failed at everything else, they will come to us -- to this program -- expecting us to work miracles for them. Your main job will be keeping the customers happy by giving them what they want. That means getting the weight off them...by any means necessary! That, after all, is what they are willing to pay us such huge sums for."

"But...spanking them, Rickard? Tying them up and whipping them when they cheat on their diets? Punishing the ladies' clit and nipples with clamps and weighted chains? Staking them naked on a bed and arousing them without allowing them satisfaction?"

Rickard set his cutlery down once more, this time with a sharp click. A quick swipe of his napkin cleared a smidgeon of sauce from his lips. "Well, why not, Pavel?"

A knowing glint sparkled in his sapphire blue eyes as he batted his ridiculous eyelashes, deliberately flirting with his longtime friend. "Cheating is naughty. If they get caught, they deserve a spanking. We have to bring a dose of reality to these women. It's about time they

woke up and smelled the coffee. Few men enjoy the extra flesh you seem to crave. You, my friend, are a genteel aberration."

Pavel stiffened in his seat, jaw firming. "Why? Because I do not believe women were designed by the All-Creator to be stick figures?"

Rickard smiled. "Not for that reason, alone, but... yes."

Lost for words, Pavel shook his head. He wouldn't bother reminding Rickard that he was not the only one with a taste for generous flesh. All the males of his family were so disposed.

Rickard reached over and patted his hand. "As for weighting their nipples and clits -- it is only what they are doing to themselves by carrying all that extra weight. In addition, putting their body on display and letting them find out they can't get sexual satisfaction unless that body is pleasing to a male is simply the true way the world works."

"Your arguments have several basic flaws, ones we have argued over for years."

"Yes, yes, I know, my friend. You would champion every downtrodden woman, whether or not she welcomes your partisanship. Still --" Rickard leaned back in his chair and folded his hands over his taut belly -- "I notice you didn't say anything about the type of rewards available when they lose their weight goal for the week. I didn't hear any horrified cries of: 'But, *Rickard*...letting them pick the staff of their choice whenever they lose more than five pounds in one week, and have them act out whatever fantasy they want -- up to and including fucking their brains out?'

"And what about the other salacious rewards they can choose when they meet their personal weekly goals, such as administering punishment to other clients as needed or earning conjugal visits with their significant others? Why haven't I heard any outraged questioning of those reward modalities, hmm?"

#### Amaretto and French Vanilla on the Dessert Menu

Hot-cheeked and titillated, heart pounding so hard she could feel it in her clit, Kaila Morgan sat frozen at her table. Food cooled un-chewed in her mouth. Her fork dangled forgotten from her hand. She held her breath, avidly eavesdropping on the two men in the adjacent booth. Lord, but their outlandish conversation had made her hotter than asphalt in summer.

*Clit. Nipples. Spanking.* Those raunchy words spoken in their deep thrumming voices had her squirming in her seat, heat dripping between her thighs. She didn't know whether to be outraged on behalf of all women or to jump the partition and volunteer -- *beg* -- to become one of their clients.

So that was his name... *Pavel.* Her sexual interest and curiosity had flared on first sight. Kaila swallowed the lump of cold food, barely noticing as she replayed earlier events.

She'd already been halfway through with lunch when he'd walked into the tiny restaurant and stood in the doorway, surveying the area like he owned it. His patrician head, covered with a smooth cap of dark, maple syrup-colored hair, had swept side-to-side as he scanned the room with a wary, careful attention to detail that reminded her of Kevin Costner's character in *The Bodyguard*. His darkly tanned features had exuded a strength and masculine pull she'd found hard to resist.

His mouth-watering body -- that tall height and husky build encased in a raw silk navy suit that emphasized and faithfully showcased sleek muscular fitness was enough to speed the surge of blood through her veins. When his piercing, light green eyes suddenly met her arrested gaze they'd instantly snagged her imaginative libido, triggering a rush of saliva in her mouth and in other positions, lower down.

Her insides had cavorted in a nerve-jittering dance as his bold peridot gaze had slowly coursed up and down her full figure. Hell, that heated look had flowed like molten lava over

the prominent curves and valleys of her body and she'd grown alarmed when her nipples surged into stiff hillocks under his focused stare. Kaila had almost detonated when his nostrils widened and his mobile lips had curled into a sensuous lazy male smile -- his acknowledgement of and praise for her helpless response.

She remembered wondering if those flared nostrils meant he could smell her arousal. Lips parting, lungs desperate for oxygen, she'd drawn in a panicked breath -- which had immediately lodged in her throat as he'd begun walking toward her. It released only when he'd stopped at the adjacent booth and informed the server he would sit there while waiting for the second member in his party.

Her hopes had plummeted. She should have known he'd be meeting a woman. Good gracious, if he belonged to her, she'd never let him out of her sight, let alone her bed. No man as intriguingly handsome as the one on the other side of the partition would be without feminine companionship for long. No woman with an ounce of sense would hesitate to snag such prime beef, though his accent proclaimed him other than USDA.

Once out from under the man's direct scrutiny, Kaila had gathered her tattered composure about her and tried to resume her lunch. Biting into her broiled fish without tasting a bit of the succulent flesh, she'd chewed slowly, jaws working independently as she'd indulged in her favorite pastime: fantasizing over men who'd never be seriously interested in her plump, black woman's body.

It had been ridiculously easy to imagine this man's tanned muscular body naked beneath her roaming fingertips, his long limbs entangled with hers in a hungry embrace. With a strangled moan, she'd shaken off the fantasy, eyelids drooping under the heavy mantle of unfulfilled lust. Reaching for her water glass with trembling fingers, Kaila had gulped the cooling liquid, chagrin washing over her as the state of her panties attested to liquid pooled in places other than her mouth.

Gulping for air, Kaila gripped her fork with one shaking hand, pressed the other against the rounded swell of her belly as her erotic visions sparked a burning conflagration in her belly and lower.

It took another ten minutes to cool down during which his party had arrived. Why had she heaved a sigh of relief when she'd seen it hadn't been a woman after all? Hey, hadn't she heard Pavel call the second man his prince? And what had the new guy meant about Pavel not using his own title? Well, that pretty much put her fantasies to rest. Kaila sighed, glum over the ending of an affair that had never even gotten started. Damn, but why did the tasty ones always have to be out of her range -- both socially and otherwise?

In her eyes, Pavel seemed more like a prince than that hoity-toity white man so stuck on himself he never noticed the waitress he'd almost knocked off her feet. Unlike Pavel, whose brawny physique made her pussy cream, the prince was too svelte for her tastes. This Rickard guy was tall, yes, with a well-defined and muscular body that might be called extremely handsome in a... regal sort of way, but he just didn't do it for her.

He was very pale -- Scandinavian pale -- with ice-white hair and frosty blue eyes that made her think of clear, frozen Alaskan ponds. She shivered, and not in a nice way. He seemed too cold for her, too contained. Perhaps, if she'd seen him before she set eyes on Pavel? No. The chilly prince just didn't light her fire. He wasn't the one her libido had honed in on. Pavel, now...

Nothing ever came of her interests...and she didn't expect anything to come of this one. Her excessive weight tended to make most men -- the men *she'd* be interested in, anyway -- overlook her for anything sexual. Her looks might not be much to write home about, but Kaila knew she wasn't truly ugly. Weren't people always telling her how lovely her face could be if she'd only lose a few pounds?

I always find myself drawn to tall brawny white men, men that could easily pass for lumberjacks. Why don't they return the favor and feel attracted to big, brawny women...this black, brawny woman, at that?

Overhearing this Pavel guy liked a little meat on his women's bones had her pulse jumping with excitement. Experience told her most pretty white men weren't interested in dating black women, let alone *really* fat, black women with hang-ups. There wasn't just meat on her bones; there was a hell of a lot of gravy and mashed potatoes.

Absently polishing off the last morsel on her plate, Kaila leaned closer to the dividing partition, dying to catch another snippet of conversation.

"What can I do for you, hon?"

Kaila jumped. "Oh, you startled me!" Caught up with eavesdropping, she'd forgotten signaling for the waitress. Conscious of how easy it was to overhear neighboring conversation, she kept her voice low and flashed a wry smile at the hovering woman, indicating her empty plate. "I'm finished. May I have the check, please?"

"Want coffee or dessert?"

"No, thank you. I don't drink coffee."

The waitress stacked the silverware and unused coffee cup on top of the plates, adroitly hefting the entire pile in one hand. Snatching a cloth from her apron pocket, she wiped down the table with a practiced swirl. "Sure you don't want any dessert?"

Kaila's self-conscious glance at the dividing partition was telling. The two hotties' overheard conversation had sparked a different kind of appetite, one that left her aching and ravenous...but not for food. She wanted dessert, all right -- it just wasn't available from the restaurant's menu.

With a sigh, she handed over her Visa card. "Thanks, but not today. I'm dieting." The long stress of the first syllable of *dieting* indicated what she thought about America's fanatic pastime.

The waitress nodded, popped her wad of gum, and gave her shoulder a commiserating pat. "I know the feeling, believe me, doll." She waved the credit card before tucking it into her chest pocket. "Be right back with this and your receipt."

As she waited for the waitress to return, Kaila scrunched closer to the partition, unconsciously breathing through her mouth to minimize the noise. Rickard's teasing rebuttal of Pavel's concerns had her eyes widening in shock. Spanking? *Grown women?* 

She hadn't been spanked since the sixth grade when her father caught her and a friend writing graffiti on the school walls. Seeing he was the janitor, he'd been incensed to learn his daughter had been one of the culprits causing him extra work. Just the reminder of that righteous walloping and the threat of receiving more of the same had served to keep Kaila on the straight and narrow all through her teenage years.

What would it be like, being spanked by Pavel, stripped and humiliated in public for being caught cheating on her diet? Would he use a strap, a rod, or his hand? His hand, she decided. He would want the punishment to be personal, would want her to know how much she had disappointed him.

With stern sorrow, he would order her over his naked lap, but there'd be no disguising the jut of his hard, thick cock prodding her belly while he held her down. Raising and lifting his big hand, he would pound her butt repeatedly, raining merciless, punishing blows on her large, cushiony ass. When he finished, before he let her up, his hands would soothe the hurt he'd inflicted; his lips would kiss and caress the hot and tender skin of her bottom, letting her know the punishment hadn't been vindictive. Then he would turn her over, forcing her burning cheeks to bear her weight as he gripped her knees, lifted, and spread her legs wide, and aimed his cock at her swollen folds...

Kaila grabbed her water glass and chug-a-lugged the remaining contents. Good golly, Miss Molly! Where had that come from? She fanned herself. Whoo-hee, but that spanking fantasy had lit her flames. She shifted, womb burning as if it was on fire, producing another wash of scalding juices to further soak her panties.

This is just dandy! Now I've got to deal with the discomfort of wet underwear when I go back to work.

Biting back a shaky moan, afraid the men on the other side of the partition would hear her, Kaila squeezed her thighs together in a useless attempt to ease the throbbing in her empty vagina. Nothing she did seemed to help. She'd never been this wet and horny in her life.

And she didn't understand why.

She didn't like pain, nor was she into kink; leastways, she'd never *thought* she was into kink! Great heavens, how was she to know what she was into, never having had any real experience one way or the other? She'd only been on one date in her entire life -- almost twenty years ago when she was seventeen. That experience had been so bland, she'd

forgotten the specifics of it, couldn't recall whom her date had been or what he'd looked like. She had absolutely nothing with which to compare her present feelings.

Hell, but she certainly couldn't deny her body had reacted strongly to that fantasy of Pavel beating her butt and then banging her into oblivion. The notion shocked her silly. She tried out the same fantasy using Brad Pitt.

No.

Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Uh-uh!

Orlando Bloom as Legolas.

Well...maybe...ah...no, but there had been a twinge there.

The prince guy?

Hell NO!

Well... she mused, taking a deep breath. That pretty much sums it up. Seems I like the idea of being mastered only if it's Pavel doing the mastering.

Brought up short, Kaila reeled, her arousal doused by a dash of reality. What was she thinking? Why was she wasting her time daydreaming about something that was never gonna happen? This Pavel was maybe royalty -- if not, at least one of the world's movers and shakers -- so far out of her league he wasn't in the same state, let alone the same ballpark. For god's sake, she didn't even know his last name.

Kaila fought to firm her quivering lower lip. Looking down at her overly plump body, she mentally catalogued all its faults. Sadness overwhelmed her. Sometimes -- like right now -- she could really understand and totally sympathize with the desperation felt by others trapped in the same situation as she.

The quiet hopelessness they suffered, she knew firsthand. Knew what pushed them, what drove them to spend their hard-come-by wages on fad diets and programs, giving in to the urge to grasp at those promised miracle cures. Like those others, she'd lost hundreds of pounds, only to agonize over her inability to keep the shed weight from returning.

Kaila viewed what she called her rebound pounds as enemies she had to struggle against day and night. Like a million other women caught in the same quicksand of yo-yo dieting, isolated in a fat hating-teasing-ridiculing-dehumanizing world, she'd gradually grown from hating the pounds to hating herself for her perceived lack of self-control.

By all that was holy, if the possibility of losing and *keeping* off the weight came with the price tag of surrendering total control of her body to someone else, she'd pay it in a red-hot minute. If someone could derail her depression-fueled eating binges by commanding her obedience and ruling over her dietary lifestyle, then...*yes!* She would willingly submit. She'd sign on for any punishment as long as it was at Pavel's hands and glory in it, knowing he punished her to help her accept responsibility for her failures, to meet her goals. And if she

ever met her weekly challenge, she knew just who with and how she'd choose to spend those award hours!

The harried waitress slid the thin credit card platter onto the table before her. Still dazed at the conversation going on in the next booth and the radical thoughts swarming in her brain, she absently added a decent gratuity before scrawling her signature on the receipt.

Here was the hated, embarrassing part of having to squeeze into a narrow cubby: prying her way out. Kaila carefully worked her belly along the table, scooting sideways to the edge of the seat. Twisting at the waist, she used the edge to lever herself out of the close confines of the booth. Finally upright, she gathered up her purse and bags, straightened her dress, and settled her coat before giving in to the compulsion to sneak another look at the two men whose conversation had intrigued her so.

Peeking over the partition into the other booth her cheeks went hot. Frozen, her gaze collided with the intense, pale green gaze of the man she'd been drooling over a few minutes earlier. Kaila tore her eyes away, only to slide into eye contact with a knowing sapphire gaze. The white-haired prince winked at her, which startled her so badly she unwittingly returned shell-shocked eyes to the brown-haired man.

Oh gods, they're both staring at me! If they didn't know it before, they have to realize I overheard their conversation.

Eyes widened as a chill raced down her spine. Sneaking another look from under her thick lashes at Pavel, Kaila worried at her full bottom lip. *Oh gods, he's smiling at me!* 

Stomach flip-flopping, muscles quivering, she stifled a moan. Another rush of heat burned in her cheeks and spread downward, leaving her awash in helpless desire. In the seething cauldron of her womb, cream churned, overflowing into her pulsating pussy. *Please, God, the last thing I need is for it to escape my already sopping panties and slide down my thighs.* 

Shyly averting her gaze from the undisguised burning interest in a pair of dazzling eyes, she shivered. Hurrying past their table, she strove to ignore the avid glitter in the second pair of ice-blue eyes. That steady glacial regard unnerved her in a different way entirely, made her shiver with unease. Revulsion and fear of ridicule tightened her skin and set her nerves jangling. She just knew the chilly blond had been sizing her up as a potential client.

That's when disaster happened.

The heel of her left shoe caught on a wrinkle in the carpeting and snapped. Her ankle turned, pitching her sideways. Packages and her bag went careening every which way as her arms flew up, cartwheeling in a frantic effort to maintain her balance. Nothing worked. Shrieking in fright, Kaila flailed one last time before toppling over...right onto Pavel's lap.

*Heat.* One hand fisted in raw silk, grappling to keep her precarious seat lest she slide, the other clasped the corded column of a man's neck. Beneath the cloth, solid male flesh generated a heat that found its echo in the hidden folds of her sex.

*Hardness*. This was so close to her dearest fantasy; to be held and cherished, surrounded by the steadfast love of a caring man who saw beyond the defects of her body...all the way to her hungry soul.

Home. For a timeless moment, basking in the comfort of the strong arms cradling her shaken body, Kaila pretended the man holding her was her forever lover, the man she dreamed and fantasized about on a regular basis. God, he smelled delicious. Like sun-warmed man and pine trees. Sublime peace flooded her soul, melted her bones...until she recalled exactly where she was, whose arms were wrapped around her and whose lap she was overflowing.

The accident hadn't taken any real time. She'd been in his lap less than a minute, but Kaila felt an eternity had swept over her, tumbling her world before depositing her onto an unknown shore.

Her face flushed hot with embarrassment. Kaila wrestled her urge to remain right where she was, but it took every ounce of willpower she could muster to relax the grip of her fingers on his neck. With a reluctance she could taste, she removed her other hand from his chest and leaned back, whimpering as her body left his enveloping heat.

Her move met with resistance and Kaila's breath stalled in her throat. Stunned, her pulse galloped as she felt -- just for a minute -- Pavel's arms tighten around her, his big hands closing over the abundant flesh of her hips and pressing her full curves back against his wide, washboard chest.

Before she could savor the renewed heat, the moment was over. Strong hands lifted and steadied her as, thoughts whirling, she braced and tried to stand. She wobbled as her legs took her weight, praying she wouldn't fall flat on her face. In seeming answer to her silent plea, the strength returned to her legs and she took a deep breath, squaring her shoulders before turning to face the seated man whose lap she'd commandeered.

"Thank you for catching me." Her lips turned up in a wry smile. "I apologize for the unannounced visit."

The man rose and bowed from the waist, his smile slight, eyes gentle. "It was my pleasure, believe me; feel free to visit any time."

Kaila gave him a weak smile in return. His words were world shaking enough, but did the man have any inkling how devastating that flashing dimple of his was?

Shaking her head, she settled for a simple, "Thank you." Nodding one last time, she turned and limped over to retrieve her broken heel. With a sigh, she pried off the matching heel to make her shoes level, bemoaning the loss of the pair. A present from her eldest brother, she could never hope to replace them.

By the time she'd worked the straps back over her feet and straightened up, both men had gathered her scattered packages and stood holding them. "Your shoe is broken. That cannot be comfortable. Allow me to order you a conveyance home..."

"Thanks again, but no, thanks," she muttered, almost snatching her parcels from them. "I don't have far to go. Just around the block, really." Kaila only wanted to get out of the restaurant and away from the embarrassing situation.

Keeping her head down after the first unguarded glance, she evaded the cool assessing glitter in the wintry depths of the prince's eyes, wondering why he looking at her so hard. What was he thinking about her?

As she walked away, she could feel their gazes on her, burning into the skin of her back. At first, self-conscious, she took small, shuffling steps, careful to keep the top of her thighs together. God, she needed to minimize the exaggerated sway of her ample hips. After a moment's contemplation, however, she figured the hell with it!

Like the arrogant blond bombshell pointed out earlier, I'm one of those women who've tried everything to lose this weight, and it wasn't happening. Her lips firmed. Fuck you, Prince Not-Charming. You don't like what's swinging in the breeze, you don't have to look!

She deliberately slowed down, taking her time. Placing each foot carefully in front of the other, she ignored the natural movement of her butt. Each step set her hips swaying widely, almost bumping the tables on both sides of the aisle and she was sure both men got an eye full as she swept down the narrow path to the door.

So there!

#### A Piece of Cake

Rickard and Pavel retook their seats and Rickard immediately turned his head toward his friend, noting the stark expression of lust and more still turning the light green eyes to shimmering gold. Tucking the fact away for later ammunition, he observed Pavel watching the retreating back of the very voluptuous black woman hurrying from the restaurant. He smiled, excitement rising, making his cock stir. *Oh, baby, I have you now!* 

Pavel caught his look and cringed. "Don't say a word!" he warned, shaking his finger at his sovereign prince.

"Oh, but I simply have to, Pavel, you look positively poleaxed!" Devilment danced in Rickard's voice as he looked his friend over. "And don't shake your finger at me."

His laughing gaze tried to zero in on his friend's lap. "Speaking of poles, I'm betting your cock is ramrod hard. In fact, I wager you're sitting there with a mile-long boner from having that black woman's big ass in your lap! It's a wonder your cock didn't drill straight through that hideous off-the-rack suit skirt. Admit it, or I'll come over there and feel for myself!"

Pavel shifted in his seat, a fierce frown on his face. "The state of my cock is none of your business, and please don't make fun of her clothes. I doubt many of the working class can afford a personal tailor."

Rickard smirked, watching him surreptitiously trying to ease his uncooperative hardon along the seam of his left leg. As he watched those large hands moving on the outline of the monster cock he'd once had exclusive rights to, heat boiled in his balls and his own cock jerked. "I apologize about the unkind comment, but I think the state of your cock is very much my business...or at least, my concern. Don't attempt to evade my question. Shall I find out for myself?" For a moment he thought for sure Pavel would tell him to fuck off, but the humor of the situation seemed to catch his conservative friend. Pavel's mouth twitched up in a rueful grin. "Hell, why would you when you can see the swelling from there? Yes, she made me hard. I'm stiff enough to drill tunnels through our iron-laced mountain ranges."

They both dissolved into laughter at Pavel's pained words. Relaxed by the shared amusement, Rickard tested the waters. "But you'd rather drill that chocolate marshmallow ass. Damn, Pavel, did you see her face?"

Pavel nodded, sighed. "Of course I saw her. In fact, I'd noticed her when I first arrived. This heavenly scent drifted past my nose and I tracked it back to her. I think she might be one of the women I've told you about -- a Breed. I'd love to get closer, analyze her fragrance at the source. God, she's so beautiful! Sadly, she has no idea how lovely and special she truly is."

He turned his glowing gaze on Rickard. "Did *you* see her? Smooth café au lait complexion, loose, sexy curls down to her shoulders, full bouncy breasts and those wide rounded hips..." Pavel licked his lips and Rickard caught a glimpse of fang. "Did you really take a good look at her or just dismiss her as merely another clumsy fat woman?"

"I wasn't talking about her *looks*, man, I was talking about her expression. She must have overheard our conversation!"

Pavel's eyebrows drew together. "Why do you say that?"

"First off, she was sitting in this booth right here --" He tapped the partition to his left. "-- and her expression when she met our gazes was priceless. She looked shocked and wondering, fearful and aroused...all at the same time. I bet one reason she blew out of here so fast was to get somewhere private before her panties overflowed and the cream slid down her thighs."

Janecek's facial muscles tightened into a forbidding frown. "You think she was that impressed? That she liked you that much?"

Rickard smirked. "All women like me...if they ever spare me a glance. Hell, Pavel, she only had eyes for you!" His smile slid off his face. Determination hardened his next words. "I've waited a long time for this and I *will* claim my right to share her once, when the time comes, Captain of the Royal Guard."

Pavel shook his head, his mouth tightening in anger. "No, Rickard. How dare you insist on something so medieval?"

"The pack and the royal family are bound and must remain so. Pavel, it may be ancient, but it is our law and works both ways. I am required to receive my bride from your hands on our betrothal night. Our fathers and mothers underwent the binding, as did theirs before, all the way back to the beginning of our dual pact."

Pavel's hand sliced the air between them. "Do you believe my loyalty a thing of bindings? Am I held to you by tradition and duty or by love?"

Rickard's heart softened as it so often did when he dealt with this man who was his elder in age but in all else, his acolyte. He reached up and snagged Pavel's waving hand, held it tightly. "No man knows the depth and breadth of your love and loyalty better than your prince. It has never and will *never* be in question."

"Then why would you force this? You know what will happen once I've bonded with a mate..."

"First, we will do this before I allow you to bind yourself so tightly. Second, you promised me, remember? In exchange for my never fucking you again, we made a bargain. 'When I think I've found the right one,' you promised, 'I'll allow you to make the final decision, to give her to me or not.' Is that not what you said?"

"For goddess' sake, your Highness, I made that promise years ago, when we both were struggling to find a way to remain friends, though no longer lovers. I thought you long past the need for compensation over losing my sexual services."

Rickard winced and let go Pavel's hand. He could feel his facial muscles stiffen as pain roared through him. He didn't even try to mask his expression, not caring if he revealed to this man how much that comment had hurt him. "Ouch." He met his friend's already sorrowful gaze. "You've learned to be cruel during your stay in America. The scalpel of your tongue is razor sharp. I feel the cut, here." He touched his chest.

"Forgive me, please!" Pavel ran the fingers of both hands through his thick hair. "I don't know why I said that. You know I didn't mean it. By the moon, Rickard, I'm practically mind-fucked by this woman and I don't even know for sure she is the right anything. I mean, I haven't really met her...falling into my lap doesn't count, and she's driving me crazy. She wouldn't even let us call her a cab so I could learn her address." His face reflected his sudden angry frustration. "I can't get her scent out of my nostrils!"

Rickard waggled his pale eyebrows. "Oh, you wanted to do more than call her a taxi. You wanted to take her on a test drive, didn't you? Rev her motors and ride her. Vroom! *Vroom!*"

Pavel frowned. "Stop making light of this, Rickard. And how the fuck do you plan on *giving* her to me when we don't even have her name? We know nothing about her, and now she's gone."

Ah, Pavel, your emotional upset is showing. His friend didn't make a habit of cursing. "Temper, temper!" he crooned. Leaning forward, avidly searching for another sign of weakness, he taunted, "I know you well, Duke Pavel Andreiavich Janecek. You have never responded like this to any woman. Oh, you're a healthy male and every so often you'll find a partner to help you burn off built up energy. You've fucked quite a few women in your time, but I've never -- before today -- seen your green eyes go incandescent gold with lust...in my very presence."

Rickard sat back and laced his long fingers over his belly, his soft laughter devoid of humor. "You want this woman, all right, and for far more than a casual fuck. Hell, if it were casual for you, would I be interested?"

Pavel sucked in a breath before turning his head away, closing himself off, trying to hide other secrets, perhaps. "You see too much, damn you."

Too late, I already know your secrets, am acquainted with your demons. They haunt my own nightmares, too. "I can find her for you, Pavel. Today, if need be."

Sitting forward, Pavel revealed a ravenous hunger Rickard half wished had been aimed at him. "How?"

And then, probably realizing he'd betrayed his interest, Pavel let his muscles relax. He leaned back in his chair, face once more blank and empty of expression. "We -- *you* -- have nothing to go on."

"Lust has clogged your mind. Think, Pavel. We already know a lot about her. We know she had lunch in the next booth. She didn't pay at the counter, so we know she paid by credit card." He paused, hooded gaze intent on Pavel's face.

"Rickard, you know I hate it when you look at me like that."

He knew exactly what his ex-lover meant but played ignorant. "I'm looking at the man who ran into exile with me when we were both youths; the man who saved my life and my sanity at the cost of his mother's love. How else am I supposed to look at the only man who has loved me for myself and sought nothing in return?"

Pavel sighed. "Just stop, okay?"

"Do you want that big black beauty enough to deal with me, love?" He lowered his voice, used it to incite his friend's erotic cravings, to fuel his illicit hungers -- issuing an invitation to indulge his carnal temptation. "Shall I get her for you?"

"What the hell kind of question is that?"

Rickard leaned across the table. "The kind you must answer quickly. Choose carefully, for I will only make this offer once. This is your last chance..."

Pavel closed his eyes on a deeply indrawn breath. "I see her, you know...the woman unrevealed. She tries to hide her vulnerabilities, but she is so open to hurt. She runs from herself, can't see her own beauty. Courage is like a cloak around her, yet she has never truly opened herself to life. She is a lot like you in that she pretends enjoyment while hurting. Perhaps that is some of what draws me to her. Even in her hurried retreat, there was a quiet dignity. You had to have sensed what I did. You and I, we've gone through fire and turmoil. We can tell when another has endured like experiences. Whatever she has been through, she has come out the stronger for it."

Rickard snorted. His friend was so far gone he would never find his way home. Now he'd make him admit it. "Quickly, my love. *Do you want her?*"

Pavel's eyelids snapped open to reveal green eyes almost swallowed in the incandescent power of pre-change. "Yes, damn you!" His words were guttural, rasped through gritted teeth. "I want her. I want to dive into that energy she has boiling around her. I want to test the strength of her resolve as well as the strength in her thighs. I want to awaken her to her own potential as I sample her scent at the core, drink her down, and gorge myself on her."

Rickard gasped, lower belly muscles flip-flopping at the green fire blazing in those beloved pupils. Such passion! Such desire! He'd once had it all to himself. He wanted it once more, wanted to bathe in that heat, wash himself clean in the molten flames of Pavel's fervor.

Pavel always made him want to be better than he was. His faith in him made him feel powerful and assured, determined to rule and live so he might one day find himself worthy of the fierce loyalty his premier Duke ever lavished on him.

In truth, his foremost subject and friend was like a relentless force of nature. Pure, clean, uncontaminated by the world's wickedness, Pavel was an innocent filled with passion and full of carnal fire. His commitment to his own standards constantly lost him potential power and positions, but he never bent, never compromised. His unwavering dedication had saved Rickard time and time again. Pavel was the only constant in his hectic, hedonistic life. He had to have him one more time. He had to. To that end, he would ruthlessly press his advantage. "Enough to share her with me, hmm...?"

When he didn't answer right away, Rickard leaned forward, placing his hand over Pavel's clenched fist.

"Pavel, you know I love you, despite the fact that we haven't held each other like that for many, many years. It's not only sexual, though I always want to fuck you. We shared one year during a time of hell and torture. I would have had the heart and humanity burned out of me if not for having you as my anchor. I know you never had the same depth of feelings for me. Nevertheless, beloved, I have never stopped -- could never stop loving you. Don't ask it of me. It would be like cutting out the only living part of me."

Rickard paused as his voice thickened with emotion rarely expressed. "If I must give you up, totally, it will be to a woman of *my* choosing. As your ruling sovereign, I have that right. The woman who wins you, wins a great prize, wins my kingdom's greatest treasure. We both know I'd have no kingdom without you."

Pavel bowed his head, averted his gaze. "You give me too much credit."

Rickard shook his head, hand tightening on Pavel's. Pleased warmth flooded him when the older man turned his palm up and returned the pressure of his grip.

Pavel sighed heavily. "Oh, Rickard, you know I do not love you carnally, though I have shared my body with you for comfort. I do not *lust* for you. Yet surely, you must know my love for you is deep and fathomless. My fealty is eternal. Nothing and no one will ever change that."

Rickard swallowed against a lump in his throat. "You humble me with your loyalty. Throughout our lives, you have stood my champion, even against your own pack. Yet, you will not allow me to repay your service. You hinder me at every step. You will not come back to Drestovia and resume your titles and duties as --"

"My line's honor is tainted. We no longer deserve the title."

Rickard grunted. "Uh, in the vernacular of American slang... *Bullshit!* You redeemed the honor of your line when you single-handedly retook my kingdom. Still, you refuse every offer of help and won't touch the funds I have deposited in your accounts back home."

With a show of slow reluctance, he eased his hand from Pavel's grip. "If this is the only way I can serve you, so be it. I will not stand by and see your gentle nature abused or used against you."

Pavel sat up, eyebrows gathering in a scowl. "Wait, Rickard, I'm no weakling. What do you think --"

Rickard flung up his free hand, palm out. "Silence, Pavel Janecek. As your prince, I order you to remain aloof from this woman. You are not to approach her without my consent."

Pavel leaped to his feet, snarling his disapproval.

Rickard drew his shoulders back, assuming a regal mien that, though he rarely used it, came all too naturally. "Did you just *growl* at your sovereign?"

The low rumbling subsided. A shame-faced Pavel bowed his head in submission.

"Better. Now sit down and heed me! I do not make this decision lightly. Your instincts tell you to move quickly, but I will not have you moving too fast. I will investigate this woman. She must be *good* enough for you, *worthy* of you. To that end, I'll test her and find her measure. If she passes my tests, I will deliver her right into your hands. If you see her after today, you will know I have given my approval. And though I know how much it goes against your instincts, you must keep your vow to me. You are not to bind with her until I say."

"I can still smell her. The scent is driving me insane. If another finds and binds her before I can..."

Rickard's voice was stern when he said, "You will trust me to keep her safe for you."

Their gazes met and clung, spoke of shared history, of debts and loss...of understanding and tolerance, brotherhood and love...of duty.

"Once," Pavel gritted, finally. "I'll share her *and* myself with you once, Rickard, then never again."

Rickard's mouth stretched in a wide, pleased smile even as his eyes filled with tears. He leaned back, laid his head against the worn cushion of the chair, his body gone boneless with the fierce arousal pounding at his groin. Just the thought of having Pavel once more had hardened him to the point of pain. However, a greater agony twisted his heart and came

with knowing, after that one night, their relationship would inevitably change, never to be the same. "Done and agreed. I'll take you any way I can get you."

"You could order me."

Rickard frowned. "I am not so heinous as to force your sexual submission." He opened his eyes and lifted his head. "That you think me capable of such, hurts."

"You are keeping me from her. That hurts."

"I know. It won't be for too long if she proves worthy."

"I-I'm -- forgive me, sire, I am impatient."

Rickard hid his smile. "That statement easily qualifies as an understatement."

"I would like to know how you plan on finding out her name."

"Now, that's a piece of cake." Standing and reaching into his back pocket, Rickard casually pulled out a crisp thousand-dollar American bill and snapped it between his fingers. "If you don't want to be found, never leave a paper trail, my friend."

Rickard bent and clamped Pavel's chin between strong fingers. He pressed his lips against Pavel's in an aggressive mastering kiss; this time, not allowing him to turn his head or deflect his aim. He didn't lighten up until the other man gave in and opened his mouth under the prince's. His tongue snaked in and stole a taste of their shared past, flicked over the edge of a sharp tooth.

Straightening up, Rickard licked his swollen and moist lips, breathing hard. His palm ghosted over Pavel's cheek as he quickly regained control of himself. Backing up, he saluted Pavel with a jaunty wave and a flirty wink. "*Ciao*, darling. You might want to take that long cock of yours in hand to keep it good and hard. It's been quiescent long enough."

## Setting the Table

Three weeks later

"On behalf of Orloffberg Enterprises and as your acting Alpha, I'd like to welcome you all to Sated Pleasures. The first thing I want to impress upon you as training staff is the importance of maintaining an air of support and compassion. You will never use a derogatory term to describe our clients' bodies and I'd better not ever hear any 'fat' jokes among the staff. Certainly, never in the hearing of our clients. Such infractions will be cause for instant discipline."

The bevy of beautiful men nodded in unison. A few shuffled their feet and exchanged sly glances, refusing to meet his gaze. Those he noted, memorizing their faces. He'd get their names and make a more comprehensive scrutiny of their dossiers. They might need a show of force to discourage them from bucking his authority.

"The pilot group is comprised completely of women. We'll use the data from this first session as statistics for our brochures. Remember, they are coming to us for help. Most will be suffering low self-esteem garnered from a lifetime of insults and hurts dealt by an unfeeling world. If we perform our duties correctly, we will bolster their self-image even when we must subject them to the various punishment modalities."

Pavel paced up and down the row of model-quality men, all finely muscled and handsome specimens. He had to admit he'd doubted Rickard's wild idea of using adolescent pack males at first. Now, he conceded it made sense because the young randy wulves rarely got a chance at female flesh due to the shortage of pack women.

Besides, his kind actually liked women with some flesh to them. In fact, they adored them -- the more flesh the better. Old, young, black, white and everything in between, wulves measured their women's beauty by their abundant curves and their ability to survive

hardship conditions. It was a proven fact a female with extra pounds was more equipped to survive the hard fucking a wulf in his prime fighting form preferred.

He knew the youngsters were also motivated by the obscene amount of money they were being paid, the chance to get out from under their tradition-bound Alpha Primes, and by the opportunities to have copious sex and mete out punishment. There was a little sadistic Dom in every wulf.

"Just because these ladies have signed release papers and affidavits of voluntary participation does not give us the freedom to brutalize or mistreat them. You must at all times remember these are humans, terribly fragile, weak, and vulnerable in comparison to us.

"That said, no punishment will take place without a witness present." He paused and scrutinized each man closely. "Gentlemen, I want strict records kept. From the day a client steps onto our property, I want a complete journal on each woman. You are to keep track of exactly how much they weigh; what their goal is; what our doctor's recommendations for them are -- the whole works. Yes?" He acknowledged a raised hand.

"Sir, I understood we were to have only one client assigned to us. Now I am hearing we will be working with more than one. Why is that?"

"Good question." Pavel nodded at the man. "Rogers, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir, Brandon Rogers, from the Northwestern America pack."

"Well, Brandon, this program involves an intensive, 24/7 program regime that requires constant supervision and interaction with the client. We wulves can endure long hours awake; however, even we must sleep at times. You are entitled to time off, as well. I have made a roster, dividing all of you into teams of three. You and each of your team members will be on the clock twelve hours a day for three days. A full day off, on call for emergencies only, will follow every third day of work once the rotating schedule begins. You will draw numbers or go according to pack standing to determine who takes which days off. After that, you may switch among yourselves at will as long as your clients are covered."

The majority murmured their agreement with the plans, exchanging pleased glances with each other as they realized they would be sharing their workloads.

"I also want to reiterate the importance of not revealing our *uniqueness* with our clients. I know your alphas have instructed you well and if your pack teachers are anything like mine were, secrecy was beaten into your hides along with the lessons."

The men howled with laughter.

Pavel held up his hand for silence. "The humans must not know we are different. Be aware of your conversations at all times. Not only about our not being Earthlings, but also about where this retreat is located. While none of the clients know the location of this spa, and therefore cannot compromise our position even inadvertently, you should be very

careful not to share even so much as another client's last name with anyone. All here will go by first name only, and that includes staff."

Pavel met and held each man's gaze before moving on to the next point. "I cannot stress enough the importance of how you are to treat your charges. Our success depends on strict adherence to the program guidelines. Maintaining the client's anonymity is tantamount to gaining their faith and trust. Some of these women are very highly placed in society. They need the confidence of knowing nothing taking place here will ever be revealed elsewhere."

"Sir, what if we recognize someone?"

"Then you pretend you do not. You keep it to yourself, and that means not sharing the information even with other staff. If you have a problem with that, come see me. I'm willing to make shifts in the roster and reassign you to another client."

Pavel picked up a thick stack of papers and began calling off the name of each individual written across the top. He passed them the envelope, explaining, "This is your homework. Read the information carefully and memorize most of it. You'll find an envelope stapled to the last page. Inside are four keys: the key to your room, the universal key to all non-restricted areas of the resort, the key to your personal client's room, and the key to the elevator that will take you to the punishment rooms.

"The punishment suites are located on the lowest level of the compound, and the elevator will not go to that floor unless the key is inserted and turned. This ensures that no client wanders down accidentally." He paused and gave each staff a stern look. "I would be very unhappy if that should happen. It would mean a client not only had no supervision, but they somehow got possession of your key."

"What happens if we lose our keys?"

"Hope you don't. They are monstrously expensive and the replacement will come out of your paycheck. There is only one duplicate key each, for your personal room and your client's room. I have them securely locked away in my office complex. If necessary, I can replace them once. The master keys have no duplications -- you should be able to figure out why that was set up this way. You should never give the key to your client's room to anyone except the person scheduled to relieve you while you are on break."

Handing the last packet to a blond giant who looked a lot like a younger, more handsome Fabio, he turned to face the room. Smiling, he waved toward the door that had just opened behind him, revealing servers dressed in the uniform of a famous catering service swarming around a huge center table loaded down with exotic foods, drinks, and platters overflowing with bloody rare meats.

"This evening, I've arranged a 'get acquainted' party for us. You all come from different packs, some of which haven't interacted for centuries. Please, take this time to mingle and get to know one another. I foresee times in the future when you will need to call upon each other for assistance and it will be much easier if you have bonded in some way. Tonight there will be no humans among us and you are free to be as natural as you like. Some of you

are used to fucking those lower in rank. Remember that here at Sated Pleasures the only one holding pack rank is me. There are to be no forced matings. If a wulf says no, take him at his word."

The males looked at each other, some smiling, others bristling at the heated looks coming their way. Obviously, there'd been some rank posturing already. Glad he'd nipped that in the bud, Pavel picked up a haunch of bloody steak. His fangs sank into the meat, ripping a large segment off. Once he'd eaten, those lower in status to him could partake.

Finished with the piece, he drank a glass of water, wiped his mouth with a napkin and smiled at his staff. "One more thing...no shifting or feats of inhuman strength are to be witnessed by non-pack staff." He didn't need to explain how they'd know which staff to avoid. All wulves identified pack -- family -- with just a whiff. Humans, in contrast, smelled like...food.

"And sure as hell, there will be no nibbling on any of the humans. If you need unrefined food, there's plenty of wild game on the island. See me. I'll schedule shifting times and places."

There were a few snickers among the men. "I heard they taste like chicken."

Pavel noted the heckler. It was one of the males who'd earlier evaded his eyes. "Joking about it is one thing...acting out the joke is another matter entirely. All who haven't yet done so must come forward and take oath under me. If you have a problem with that, you're welcome to leave. Your Alphas informed me they have made the situation clear and all of you are here voluntarily."

A burst of nods acknowledged his words.

"Good. Then we should have no problems. But bear in mind, I will tolerate no deviance or rebellion. I am Prime Alpha of this sector and will respond with terminal force to all challenges. I will personally disembowel the wulf that goes against my orders. No second chances, no excuses."

The murmuring ceased. He thought it would.

"Okay, lecture over. Let's have a howling good time."

After the cheers died down, Pavel stood near the door and shook the hand of each male trooping past, giving them personal attention and a few words of welcome. Those who hadn't done so before knelt and bared their throats, giving their word to accept his dominance and commands.

Once everyone was seated, Pavel picked up his filled wine glass and lifted it high. "A toast -- to Sated Pleasures! May this project be a *losing* success!"

"To Sated Pleasures!"

"And to all of you -- your hard work will be the deciding factor in making this endeavor rewarding."

"To *us!*"

Several men laughed out loud. Pavel chuckled, but refrained from pointing out the enthusiastic youngster's error over toasting himself. "Orientation will continue tomorrow morning at nine a.m., sharp. Please be punctual. For tonight, enjoy yourselves, but also use this time to identify your teammates. The list is posted on the employee bulletin board one level down in the staff break rooms. Should any teams be unworkable, now is the time to tell me. After tonight, it's set in stone, people.

"We have one week left before the ladies begin arriving. Gentlemen, they will come to us ducklings, but when we release them, they will be swans."

# Pound Cake and a Little Honey

Kaila groaned and rolled over on her side, trying to ease her aching belly. Like her shame, the pain wouldn't go away, no matter which way she tossed and turned.

Opening swollen eyes, she peeked from under her sodden pillow and gasped in horror at the debris and trash scattered all over her bed and about the room. A fist squeezing her heart, she gazed about her sunny bedroom, dismayed at the culinary chaos all about her.

An empty Sara Lee Pound Cake box listed drunkenly in the middle of discarded candy wrappers; its sodden state due to the leaking soda bottle propped on its lid. Burger King wasn't the only fast food restaurant represented. Crumpled foil papers and dried out Chinese noodles, the empty baskets that once housed Wendy's baked potatoes littered the carpet and side tables, testifying the pound cake wasn't the only thing causing her upset stomach.

Glaring over at the empty box Kaila groaned aloud and closed her eyes, shutting out the scene of gluttony. *An entire pound cake! I can't believe I ate the whole thing!* 

She hated her sick inability to control her gorging. At this rate, she'd never have a true love-interest, not if she continued down the path she was on. How could she ever hope to attract and keep a hot, sexy dude like that European guy she'd fallen on at the restaurant almost a month ago? What had his name been? Pavel! Yes, that was it. Like he or anyone else wanted to be saddled with a woman trying to eat herself to death -- a woman like her. *Hell, I don't want to be saddled with me and I* am *me!* 

Tears leaked from beneath her puffy lids as she huddled under the covers, momentarily giving way to deep dejection. This unconscious gorging was happening more and more often, despite the new experimental drugs the therapist had her trying.

She worried because these bouts of deep depression left her disconnected to the world around her, threatened to bury her -- made her contemplate self-mutilation on the good days and suicide on the worst ones.

Most days, she got along fine, but her problem wasn't most days, it was the lonely nights.

Someone had told her depression was anger turned inward and she guessed that could be true because some days she really hated herself. But what frightened her most were the times she couldn't work up the energy to care. Lately, her chosen form of self-mutilation was binge eating.

There was no way to know what she'd consumed or done to herself during this last bout of depression, but it was time for her to stop hiding and find out.

Throwing back the covers, she dragged herself from the bed, staggered to the bathroom, and stripped out of her crumpled, smelly clothes. There wasn't any blood under her nails, but that didn't mean anything. While mired in one of these fugues, she often lost large chunks of time. She could have cleaned her hands and eradicated any evidence of self abuse.

It had been so long since she'd done anything so drastic. She'd thought herself on the other side of all that. Now, bile burning at the back of her throat, she fearfully checked over her body in the mirror. *Please, God, don't let me have cut or gouged myself.* 

Kaila sagged against the sink in relief, pulse hammering at her temple. Nothing...*thank God!* 

Her stomach finally rebelled. Staggering over, she sank to her knees in front of the toilet and held onto the rim with sheer desperation as she gave up the night's excess. Finished, she scrubbed her face, sat on the closed lid, and wept.

In the beginning, when she was eighteen or so, the bouts had been more frequent and more violent. Almost daily, she'd wake to find blood staining the sheets, deep cuts on her arms and legs from where she'd gouged her skin, seeking to bleed out the pain of her self-hatred. She hadn't done anything like that for years, but the possibility lurked just over her shoulder, gibbered its threats in her ears whenever she let down her guard.

The problem was as complex as it was tragic. At the same time it was very simple. Support groups were no help, at least not for her. She'd joined plenty of eating disorder self-help groups over the years to no avail, but she didn't blame the people who'd tried to reach her through the years. Until she opened up and shared the experience that had scarred her, no group therapy would be able to help. So far, she'd been unable to open up.

She couldn't quite remember what the trauma had been.

Whatever had happened in her past needed confronting -- she knew that. All the doctors and psychiatrists said so. Unfortunately, the particulars kept slipping away from her faster than she could creep up on them.

A swirling black cloud of fear and pain hovered over the last half of her senior year. With difficulty, she could recall snippets, yet whenever she pushed at her mental barrier,

searching for more information, blinding migraine headaches blasted away at her temples and stilettos of agony stabbed into her pupils.

Every doctor she'd visited had warned her *not* to push. The brain was a marvelous instrument, they said, assuring her that, when she was ready to cope with the trauma, the information would be there for her to retrieve.

She sat on the toilet seat a long time before mopping her tears and gathering the energy to bathe. The rank smell of her own sweat and lingering reminder of her sacrifice to the god of the toilet got her moving.

Kaila stepped into the shower and turned the water on, setting the temperature to scalding hot. Leaning against the tiled wall, she lifted her face to the spray, too dejected to do anything more than allow the water to pound her body.

Wishing she could wash away her excess pounds as easily as she banished the stink of fear, she scrubbed every inch of her skin, scouring until the dark flesh glowed with an underlying pink hue. She shampooed and rinsed her unruly hair, noting it was time for another perm. Her hair had grown out until there was very little curl and a whole lot of kinky. She shut the water off and toweled dry, stepped over to the sink to pamper her tangled mop with a hot oil treatment.

Damp hair wrapped in a towel, Kaila slipped right into her practiced, post-depression routine. First, she put on her cleaning outfit, an old sweatshirt and a pair of cut-off jeans that had seen better days. Then she cleaned her bedroom from top to bottom, stripped the sheets off the bed, and tossed them into the washing machine with the rest of the dirty clothes. Once she got that load going, she scrubbed the kitchen cabinets and scoured the oven. Next, she mopped and waxed the linoleum floor. When she finished with the preliminaries, she moved on to the heavy stuff.

Strenuous activity always helped her in the aftermath of a binge session. Today was no different. Three hours later Kaila felt loads better emotionally. The entire house shone with cleanliness, and the scent of lemon permeated every room.

Her light brown skin glowed with a healthy sheen of sweat as she cleaned her front room floor. The tile in her entryway was Italian, shipped all the way from Tuscany...and bought at deep discount from Home Depot. It had to be hand washed with a vinegar and water mix and then dried with a soft cloth to prevent streaking. The parlor, last on her list of cleaning chores, was halfway finished when the door chimes sounded, startling her out of a deep cleaning fugue.

Kaila put a hand to the small of her back and stiffly straightened up. Grateful for the break, she reached up, unwrapping the thick terrycloth towel from around her head to let her corkscrew curls bounce free around her damp forehead. Running both hands through her curls, she fluffed and lifted them and instantly, the damp hair cooled her sweaty skin, provided a much needed relief from the heat she'd worked up toiling in the warmth of the late spring sun.

She grimaced as she climbed to her feet, wondering who would be knocking on her door at two p.m. on a bright Saturday afternoon. She wasn't expecting her brothers and all her friends knew never to bother her with visits once she turned her cell phone off. Besides, they all shied away on housecleaning days. She wasn't a bit averse to making them roll up their sleeves and help.

She thought about running upstairs to her room and putting on a bra and some decent clothes. She vetoed that, deciding not to keep whomever it was waiting on the doorstep so long. Pulling her loose sweatshirt down around her hips, she hunched her shoulders a bit, hoping her visitor didn't take up too much time. With luck, they'd never notice her bra-less state.

"Be right with you," she yelled. She took two steps and then stopped to tug the legs of her cut-offs down from where they'd crawled up her thighs while she was on her knees scrubbing. As she drew nearer the door, the shadowy figure of a man became visible through the glassed portion. A sniggle of unease swam through her. She lived in a nice neighborhood, but she didn't take chances. She slowed, detoured to the front closet and hefted her aluminum baseball bat.

"Yes? Who is it?" She raised her voice so it would be audible through the door.

"Miss Morgan? I am Rickard Orloffberg. We have not been formally introduced. Nevertheless, I believe we qualify as...informal acquaintances. I would appreciate a few moments of your time."

Who the hell is Rickard Orloffberg? And why does that name sound familiar? "I'm not dressed for company, Mr. Orloffberg. Could you come back at a later time?"

"Unfortunately, my time is extremely limited as I must leave for Europe in under six hours."

Why does the voice sound familiar?

Totally intrigued, she sat her bat aside and reached for the two locks on the door, twisted them open. "Sorry for my appearance. I was in the middle of cleaning and --" Her voice trailed off as the man turned and smiled down at her.

Holy shit!

She recognized him immediately as the slighter, taller businessman from the restaurant -- the one who had called Pavel *honey, baby*, and other love names.

In broad daylight, with the sun streaming down on his frost-white locks, highlighting his silvery blue eyes, the man was magnificent! Unlike most white men, he had full, sexy "kiss me!" lips and a body that screamed decadent carnal delights.

Kaila swallowed hard and had to remember to breathe. She stepped back to allow him entrance.

"You're no plain 'mister'," she accused, ushering him into the living room, "but please, come in..." Her hand swept a welcome into her living room. Thank goodness, she'd cleaned

that first. She, herself, might not be up to par, but her house was pristine clean and shining, smelling of springtime freshness.

"Thank you, Miss Morgan. Hopefully, this won't take long." He brushed past her, slowed, let his body touch hers at breasts and belly. "Do you remember me?"

As if anyone could forget him having once laid eyes upon him! "You were at the restaurant last month...oh yes, I remember you. Please have a seat." She indicated the cream loveseat, strewn with throw pillows in every vibrant, primary shade. Her lips tightened when he ignored her and settled regally on the oversized matching chair.

Glaring at him, she took the loveseat, sitting as far away from him as possible. She might be inexperienced where men were concerned, but something -- some aura of danger emanating from him -- warned her to keep her distance. Space between them was good. "Why are you here?"

The man settled himself amidst the cushions, looking assured and at ease. Kaila realized the rarity of that. Most men found themselves uncomfortable surrounded by feminine things, in a feminine atmosphere. This man looked in command. His eyes sparkled, the expression in their crystalline depths one of assessment and humor. "You may recall the conversation you overheard between my companion and me...?"

"Pavel," she said, voice tripping over the name. She cleared her throat. "You called him Pavel."

His eyes lit up. Just as quickly, he banked the fires within them, his expression returning to one of neutrality. "Actually, I called him many things, but yes, his name is Pavel Janecek -- a beloved friend as well as business associate. We were discussing our latest venture, Sated Pleasures."

Sated Pleasures! The name, spoken in his gravelly tones, exploded on her senses. Loaded with layer upon layer of sexual nuances, the name suggested so much. She forgot her bra-less state and sat forward, uncrossing her arms. Her fingers dug into the thick padded arm of her small sofa as arousal roared through her, igniting first in her frontal lobe and then sweeping through the rest of her body on a tidal wave of heat. Her nipples beaded.

One of the busiest designers in the ad firm she worked for, Kaila was considered adroit at turning a phrase, but knew she'd never have thought up something like this in a million years. Whoever had come up with the title was brilliant. She'd always been a quick study at nuances and could understand the implications in the title...could see the allusion to the deeper meaning.

Sated Pleasures! Oh yeah, it worked. In fact, in her case, maybe it worked too well. Her clit throbbed like a metronome, pounding with the beat of her excited pulse. Kaila licked her lips, swallowed hard. "Oh God," she murmured, squeezing her thighs tightly together, trying to control her runaway body. The name, alone, had her creaming.

"Oh, my *God...*" she whispered, squirming on the cushion.

Orloffberg's eyes narrowed. "Yes," she heard him croon almost under his breath. "You are quite perfect." Sitting forward, he smiled at her, his pale gaze roving over her form, noting -- she was sure -- her stiff nipples and accelerated pulse. "Why, Ms. Morgan, you are so very responsive, aren't you? So sensitive to suggestion..."

His purred words shocked her out of the incipient orgasm. She sat back, shrank into the depths of her cushion-strewn loveseat. Feeling exposed and on display, she folded her arms protectively over her jutting nipples and gave her shorts a discreet tug before crossing her ankles. "Can we cut to the chase? Why are you here? What do you want with me, Mr. Orloffberg?"

"First, I would love for you to call me Rickard, if you would. The title of 'Mr.' is not really correct, so we can do away with it."

"I don't know you and I don't believe in being casual with someone I'm not acquainted with."

Orloffberg's lips tightened, his expressive gaze grew cold and hard as glacial ice. "In that case, correct etiquette dictates you address me as His Serene Highness, Prince Wagner Rupert Rickard Orloffberg or simply, Your Highness. Addressing a ruling head of state as 'Mister' is quite casual, wouldn't you say?"

Kaila smothered a smile. Don't like your commands being questioned, heh? Like I give a rat's ass.

She boldly locked gazes, meeting his eyes in the secure knowledge that, here in her own home, she has as much claim to royalty as he...queen of her castle and all that.

"First of all, you're not *my* Highness. Second, I saw your picture in Time magazine so I knew who you were, but since you introduced yourself as plain Rickard Orloffberg, I figured you didn't want the title bandied about."

"Well..."

"Shut up. I'm not finished!" She was just getting started. Oh yeah, she was mad, now. Getting right in his face, she raised a forefinger and repeatedly stabbed him in the chest while letting him have it with her double barrel verbal shotgun. "Third and last, Mister High and Mighty Principality, what maggot crawled in your empty brain and convinced you to come up in my house throwing orders around? Last *I* checked, I am a free woman and you'd best think twice before you really piss me totally off!"

Blood high, temper soaring, Kaila swanned her neck, backed up, and pointed both forefingers at him, thumbs cocked back. "Dude, *check* yo'self 'fore you *wreck* yo'self!" Snapping both thumbs down simultaneously, she "shot" him, mouth making the silencer gunshot sound. Pursing her lips, she blew imaginary smoke from her finger-guns. Mouth turned up in a tight curve, she gave him a smile that in no way conveyed she was happy to see him.

Complete and utter silence echoed between them. She couldn't read the glint in his ice-blue eyes, but she figured he had to be mad as a hatter. Then he smiled a true smile that stretched his lips, exposing his straight white teeth. His smile added warmth and friendliness to his austere expression, turning his already overwhelming good looks into devastating handsomeness.

Seated, he executed the neatest bow she had ever seen. "I salute you, Miss Morgan...and applaud the correctness of following my hunch. I was right to seek you out. You are no panderer." His smile widened. "You are not afraid to speak your mind." His eyes went incandescent, turned from frosty blue to deep cerulean. "I find a woman blessed with a strong personality...*interesting* --" He licked his lips, leaving a moist sheen along the generous curves. "-- in the extreme. So, too, does my friend, Pavel."

There went that throbbing again, accompanied by moisture and heat. Her body warmed but her mind cooled. She was being manipulated by a pro and she didn't like it. "You didn't come here for a social call, so stop playing me, your highness, and just tell me what you want from me."

The prince sat back and looped his hands loosely over his raised knee, twining his long slender fingers together. His thighs shifted.

*Oh my gracious...he has an erection!* Her eyes widening, Kaila stared at his groin -- a huge erection that hadn't been there earlier. *Did I do that?* 

"Actually, Miss Morgan, I want to offer you a job."

Sucking your thick dick? I don't think so!"I have one, thanks."

Rickard -- she couldn't think of him as Orloffberg while he was sporting a hard-on she might have caused -- waved away her rejection. "It would be a temporary job. And it would pay very well." He cocked his head, thrummed his fingers on the taut surface of his thigh.

I bet that's raw silk.

"Kaila -- may I call you Kaila?"

"Sure."

A smile blossomed. "Then I must insist you call me Rickard. I couldn't possibly insult you by addressing you by your first name while you persist in addressing me by title."

Her eyes narrowed. "You really like to win, don't you?"

He threw back his head and laughed, looking so much like a little boy who'd played a trick on his governess. "I do."

She wanted to smack him. "You're underhanded, too."

"I am. You'd do well to remember that."

"Oh, I will," she said, baring her teeth in what only an idiot would call a smile, "Rickard."

He rewarded her with another one of his blinding grins. Sitting forward, he turned off the seductive pose and became all business. The sudden shift threw her off.

"I don't want to waste time going over what you already know, so I'll ask you, how *much* of our conversation did you overhear at the restaurant that day?"

Her cheeks flushed with remembered heat. "Pretty much all of it. You guys weren't whispering."

"Then you understand a little of what we hope Sated Pleasures can become. Let me tell you what the resort is *not*." He ticked the points off his fingers. "While we are concerned about our clients' comfort, it is *not* a Club Med resort. Our program is not designed to be a quick fix. Most overweight women did not reach their present weight overnight and will not lose it in that manner, either." He waited for her nod of understanding before continuing.

"Sated Pleasures is *not* only about dieting. We have doctors on staff to monitor every aspect of our clients' physical and mental wellbeing. Before being accepted in the program, we insist each client undergo extensive testing." This time, his smile was a playful smirk. "Only if they pass those tests are they allowed to pay us an obscene amount of money to be forced into obtaining their dearest goal."

His smile fell away. "We guarantee the weight will come off. And we will not release anyone from the program until the weight has remained off for one full year."

Her eyebrows rose. "Who can afford to be away from work that long?"

"No, no, do not misunderstand. The in-house treatment lasts approximately two months. We monitor the client after release for a full year. If, during that time, they begin to regain the pounds, we will bring them back to Sated Pleasures to undergo a second, more intense regime...at no additional cost."

Kaila sighed. "It sounds great, but there's no way I could afford that. Even if I could scrape up the money, I'd never be able to take that much time away from work."

"Kaila, I did not come here to talk you into becoming a client. Well, I did come to proposition you in a way, however, not as you imagine. May I be blunt?"

"You haven't been...?"

His warm chuckle made things shift low in her belly. Hey, I like the other guy! Why am I responding to this one?

"You are a beautiful black woman." He reiterated his statement, backing it up with others when he saw her blatant disbelief of his words. "Do not mistake me for one of your blind American males. I can see your hair is a gorgeous nimbus about your soft shoulders. Your dark brown eyes, light brown skin, and full lips...your lush hourglass figure --" He kissed his fingertips. "Magnifique! Pavel found you very beautiful. And I..." He shrugged; that universal European shoulder movement that conveyed so much. "I find my taste conforms to his in most things.

"He has taught me not to judge by appearance alone," he continued, shushing her when she would have interrupted. "Where it matters, Kaila, you are exquisite. Your strong character shines from within. My sources tell me you are a hard worker, giving to your employer full loyalty and an honest day's work."

Kaila closed her eyes, shutting herself away from his scrutiny. Those glacier blue eyes saw too much. She remembered thinking something similar when she'd interacted with him at the restaurant.

She heard him get up and her eyes snapped open. Pulse increasing, she watched him move until he towered over her. Licking her lips, she blinked as he slid in beside her, took her hand in one of his.

"It is also evident to me that you desire to be on the outside what you are on the inside. You yearn to have your inner beauty expressed in the physical realm."

His long, lean thigh pressed against her thick one, riveting her helpless attention to his muscular leg. He grabbed her full attention when he lowered his voice and whispered in her ear, "I know all about you, Kaila. Don't imagine I came here without having you thoroughly checked out."

The buzz she had going with all the compliments came to a screeching halt. "How dare you delve into my private life? What gives you that right?"

He grinned at her outraged gasp, even white teeth flashing. "I wouldn't be here now, if I hadn't. Much as Pavel was impressed with you, I haven't been naïve enough to walk into an unsecured situation since my father was murdered while I was still a child. Much as I might love the pretense of freedom, I can't afford to travel without bodyguards, darling."

Kaila jumped up and looked about, frantic at the thought of more men lurking inside her house, ready to pounce.

"Relax. He drew her back down while she was still trying to catch a glimpse of his secret service contingent. "They're outside, maintaining the perimeter."

She strained her neck toward the wide bay window. "I don't see anyone." Her voice sounded curt in her own ears. Skeptical.

"Trust me, they are there. My staff are simply so good you don't notice them. They are under orders to guard me at all times and even I must give in occasionally. I would be a fool in their eyes to overlook any possible danger where you are involved."

She tried to tug her hand free. "You act like I'm some Mata Hari, some super spy or something. I'm surprised you'd take the risk of sitting here with me."

He didn't let go. Instead, he wrapped his bigger hand around hers and held on tight. "I know you are not." His facial expression went vague. His voice, when he continued, sounded distracted. "Your hand is so soft, so smooth." His eyes came up and they were no longer cold. "I wonder if the rest of you is like that? Soft Kaila..."

She tugged at her hand for real, anxious to get free. He turned her hand and she about died in embarrassment, chagrined over its condition. The palm was dry and cracked; the back almost gray with ash. Hell, she'd been scrubbing floors and washing windows when the prince came calling. She hadn't had time to slather on any lotion or get fancied up. Not that she would have done that, anyway.

"You've got to be kidding."

"On the contrary..." He raised her hand up to his lips and pressed a kiss in the middle of her chapped palm, rubbed his stubbled cheek against her tender skin.

She surged to her feet, finally managed to snatch her hand back. "Stop it! What do you think you're doing?"

Rickard leaned back against the loveseat. Without speaking, he stared up into her face, his eyes blazing with molten flames. The soft afternoon sun shone through the window, highlighting the pure silvery strands of hair, the almost delicate skin of his wide brow. In the face of such beauty, she yearned for the rougher visage of Pavel.

"I don't want you." She was lying to herself and knew it. She just didn't know why.

"Yes, you do. At this moment, you *do* want me. What you mean to say is, you do not *want* to want me. I'm willing to bet you're sopping wet. If I pulled your shorts down and placed my hand in your panties, touched you, I would find you dripping with need."

Kaila couldn't deny the truth of his words. The moment he'd put his mouth on her hand -- her *hand!* -- she'd drenched her undies. "All right, then," she snarled. "I don't *want* to want you."

He tilted his head, studied her out of inscrutable eyes. "I find I certainly want you, Kaila, very much, in fact." He heaved a sigh, shedding his air of indolent grace as he would shed a wet cloak once reaching shelter.

"Pavel --" She spoke his name like a talisman against temptation.

"Yes. For Pavel's sake and your own, I will not pursue this, now." A half smile curved his beckoning mouth. "Now is not the time for us, though I promise you...it will come."

God, she'd never known a white man with such full, thick lips. It wasn't fair! "Now I know why your friend questioned working with you. It is very much like making a deal with the devil."

"You flatter me. I am nowhere near the manipulator Old Nick is purported to be. If I were, I wouldn't have to worry about Pavel's fears coming true. He is leery about the potential for abuse where the staff is concerned. As you overheard, every client must sign a legal waiver giving up their right to prosecute Sated Pleasures, any of its staff or owners for any punishment they are subjected to during the course of their treatment.

"That being said, I realize there is a high possibility one or more of the staff will overstep their bounds. I need to know should that happen. To that end, I would like you to become a client at Sated Pleasures. Enter the program. Take advantage of all it has to offer.

All you need do is keep your eyes open and report any infractions you might discover directly to me."

"Why should I work undercover for you?" Excitement leaped, set her mind spinning. "Just to be able to join your program?"

His lips turned up. "Well, there is all that lovely money involved also, but yes, you will become a client. I will expedite the entry process for you, pay your fees, and give you a spending allowance so you can purchase some clothing before you go. My sources tell me you inherited this small townhouse in your youth, from a retired torch singer who once went by the name Martha Magdalene. Repairs and upkeep drain you. Your job, while rewarding emotionally, is barely enough to get by on. The salary doesn't stretch to luxuries. You eat beans and rice and live simply, adding to your small nest egg quarterly. The rest of your money is eaten away by doctors' bills."

She chilled. How much had he found out about her illness? "If you tell...anyone, I swear --"

"Your secrets -- such as they are -- are safe. I do not intend to tell Pavel anything about you. I believe finding out about a new lover is half the fun. I only wish you to work for me. If you do, you will never have to work again. I will pay you --"

He mentioned an amount that had her choking on her spit. "That's a freaking fortune. Who do you expect me to kill?"

His laughter sounded like music, causing her to frown. Damn it, she'd like to know why everything about this man seemed perfect. She had to remember he was here with a not-so-hidden agenda. He spoke of naiveté and claimed he'd lost his a long time ago. She suspected he was playing on hers.

"No one, I promise. I don't expect you to intervene, simply report. In the best-case scenario, you'll have nothing to report. In any case, whether you discover anything or not, you will receive the same amount of money."

"Why are you going to all this trouble?"

Rickard didn't answer right away. Finally, he pursed his lips and sighed. "No matter how well we research the staff, it's possible a bad apple will find a way to conceal itself in the barrel. I have diplomatic immunity. I need not fear legal action here, in the States. I don't have to do anything to protect myself. I am simply interested in putting Pavel's mind at ease. My friend is a true chivalrous knight. He would be devastated should something happen to one of the women while in his care. With that in mind, I must caution you. You are not Mata Hari, and I won't have you getting carried away with any supposed spy scenario. Do not, in any way, place yourself in danger."

"You sound like you care. Why don't you want me reporting to Pavel?"

"Never make the mistake of thinking I do not care deeply for Pavel. I do. Because he seems to have developed an interest in you, I include you in the people whose safety matters

to me. Besides, if something happened to you and Pavel found out I'd recruited you, he would never forgive me." He winked.

He walked toward the door. "I must go. Before I leave, do I have your agreement?"

Kaila trailed behind him, watched as his hand encircled the old-fashioned crystal doorknob. His palm cradled it. As if it were an old lover, he caressed the cold glass, his fingers sliding across the surface with the sure, delicate touch of a sensual connoisseur. She lifted her gaze a little and ran up against the bold outline of his jutting cock. With a little gasp, her gaze flew to his face. His eyes burned as he returned her gaze -- lit from within with dancing blue-white flames. Silently, wordlessly, he dared her to acknowledge the lust raging between them.

Low in her belly, an answering heat flickered to life. Her breathing increased until she was panting, her starved lungs reaching for oxygen. "Go away. I don't want to want you!"

A pleased-sounding laugh broke from his lips. Aroused and hard, he stalked toward her, took her upper arms in his hands, and yanked her into his chest. His cock butted against her soft stomach and he ground against her, pressing his hips forward to jab at her with his hard length. She barely had time to register that heat, had just noted he was much wider and broader close up than she'd thought when he brought his lips down on hers and proceeded to devour her mouth.

Kaila shuddered. Then she opened to him, helplessly enraptured by the brilliant tutelage of his masterful tongue.

Oh gods, the man can kiss! Added to that, his arms about her were surprisingly strong and long. He had no problem getting them around her bulk and pulling her close to draw her into the kiss. Sipping at her mouth, he bit her lower lip with tiny, stinging little nips that fueled her ardor, inviting her to do the same to him.

She accepted his invitation, sent her tongue on a timid foray within the hot depths of his mouth. Growing daring, she tasted him as he had her. His reward was swift and carnal. One hand slid up under her sweater, climbed her hills and valleys to capture a nipple. It hardened against his callused palm, pushing out with impudent boldness. *A prince -- with calluses? What next?* 

Next was the sultry rhythm of his hips as he repetitively flexed his cock against her, humping her lower belly while he continued to cradle and caress her tight nipples. With an incoherent murmur, he pinched one tip between thumb and forefinger and *twisted*, repeatedly tugging the stiff flesh out away from her body and then pressing the compressed tip hard against her chest. Shifting his hand, he repeated his actions with the other breast, wringing a verbal response from her that made her face heat with shame.

Moans and animalistic groans fell from Kaila's mouth, startling her with the raw, needy sounds. Her hands came up; she buried her fingers in the silken mass of his hair, loving the feel of all those thick, straight locks. The contrast between his moon-white hair and her dark skin entranced and enchanted her.

Almost out of control from the desire pumping through her system, Kaila bit at his lips, demanding more. She'd never had this much, never tasted passion straight from someone's lips. It was good, so damned good it didn't matter that the man who was bringing it to her was not the man of her choice.

"Scheiβe, you are so wet, liebchen! And so tight!"

Oh gods, when had he put his finger in her? How could she have missed the insertion of such a long, thick digit? He eased his finger out and pumped back in her, rotating his hand to increase the friction along the intimate corridors of her sex.

She brought her hips forward, begging for the firmer contact he continued to deny her. "Please...*stop?*"

"Tell me I am not pleasing you." His finger retreated, pulled out, only to slide back in joined by another finger.

She shuddered. Her flesh burned, and then moistened, stretching to accommodate the wider girth of his two fingers. High inside her, the tip of one finger flicked against a spot she'd known nothing about. Her knees weakened and she sagged against him, mouth wide open as a shocked scream heralded her delight at the sensation.

"Oh god, oh god...again, please!"

"But of course!" He repeated his action, pulling the same womb clenching reaction from her.

Faster.

Harder, his fingers plumbed her depths.

In and flick! In and flick! In and flick!

Cold air wafted across her chest. Kaila looked down, astounded to see her large breasts exposed to Rickard's salacious gaze. "Hold your sweatshirt out of the way," he ordered, voice gone guttural in his focused lust.

Trembling hands clutched the edge of her top, lifted it higher until she'd bared the tops of her breasts. Her pecan-brown nipples rose amid the darker circle centered on her café-aulait mounds.

"Yess!" He hissed his pleasure at the sight. A second later, his head snaked down, full lips opening over a jutting nipple. The hot, moist cavern of his mouth enclosed her; his teeth clamped like a vise around the erect, tight nubbin. His cheeks hollowed as he applied hot, forceful pressure to the sensitive tip, suckling her, drawing hard on the morsel he'd captured, flicking across the distended crest with quicksilver darts of his tongue.

Drowning under the intense stimulation, racing toward a pinnacle she'd never climbed, Kaila locked her hands behind Rickard's head and clung for dear life. "Oh...oh...oh, something is happening to me!"

With a growl that rasped across already over-stimulated nerves, Rickard drew back his head, allowing the tip of her breast to fall from his lips. Chest rising and falling with his

labored breathing, he rested his forehead on hers. Eyes closed, he held there a moment. Then his hand gathered one of hers, led it down to where his cock surged beneath the cloth of his dress slacks. Guiding her fingers, he wrapped her palm around his hard girth. "Desire doesn't get any more real than this, Kaila. Believe me when I say I find you *very* desirable."

Dropping a kiss on her forehead, he pulled away, leaving her cold and forlorn. "And respect and loyalty doesn't get any harder than this!" A self-mocking quirk tilted his lips as he moved her convulsing hand away from his penis.

His words confused her. His actions dismayed her. He wasn't going to fuck her?

Rickard probably read her questions in her eyes, on her face, because he brushed the back of his hand over her left cheek. "Today, I am only going to watch you come. I will not fuck you...today."

Her words warbled because her mouth shook so much. "I don't understand."

He sighed. When he spoke, he sounded angry. "I barely understand it myself, *liebchen*." Half leading her, half carrying her, he guided her back to the loveseat, eased her down on the plush cushions. "Open your legs for me, sweetness."

With a docile obedience she was hard-pressed to understand, Kaila spread her knees, allowing Rickard to settle between her splayed thighs. She lay quiescent, still as stone as he folded her sweatshirt out of the way and widened the opening of her shorts. Her nipples beaded under his hooded gaze. "Caramel corn," he teased, "my favorite."

He fell to her, agile hands plumping her mounded flesh, fingers tweaking and flicking her beaded nipples. Soon, she was moaning and squirming beneath him, her passions quickly re-aroused to the flashpoint they'd reached before. Mouth still working her nipples, he sent one hand seeking beneath the band of her cut-offs. She mewled as his broad palm smoothed the thick, tangled bush covering her fleshy, dark mound.

Three fingers thrust past her narrow opening, forced their way high in her clasping channel. Her hips flew off the sofa, chasing the lightning of his touch. His body held hers open as his hand pumped between her thighs, driving his fingers in and out, in and out of her wet core. Slurping, slapping sounds of flesh striking flesh filled her ears as her body sought to hold his ramming fingers deep within.

Growling around her nipple, Rickard ordered, "Now, *liebchen!* You will come for me, now!"

"Oh my God...unhh...oh, yes...yes!" Knees falling to the side, Kaila's hips surged upward, swallowing his hand as her upper torso jerked under the electrified whiplash of a long-delayed orgasm.

His tongue lashed at her nipple, battered the fleshy button until it screamed beneath his ministrations. Turning his head, he lavished the other tip with the same fervor. Between licks he encouraged her, fingers blurring as they shuttled between her open thighs. "Yes, baby, yes, my sweet one...come for me, cream all over my hand."

With a primal cry, she arched one more time. Her muscles clenched, held her body airborne as she hung on the cusp of completion. And then it struck, unraveling her bones until she flowed like water to the cradling cushions.

"Ah, baby. You are well worth waiting for."

Kaila moaned, every muscle and sinew rubbery as Play-doh, too dazed to be sure she heard his whispered words correctly. Unable to find the strength to turn even her head, she drowsed on the couch, hands languidly caressing her naked breasts, all shame consumed in the sensual conflagration just passed.

From above, lips that would have done a black man proud pressed down on hers. An insistent tongue pried her mouth open, swept in to encourage her participation in a kiss hotter than the Sahara desert. Caught up in the meshing of mouths and tongues she barely felt him lowering her shirt and straightening her pants.

Pulling back and away, Rickard gazed down at her, a soft smile wreathing his face. "I really must go. In a day or so, my man will arrive with an envelope for you. It will contain everything you need, including my private number." He paused, opened his mouth, closed it with a slow shake of his head. "When next you see Pavel, give him my love."

He left her boneless from his loving. She turned her head to watch him leave, eyes growing damp as, this time, his hand closed around the crystal knob and twisted. The door opened. Beyond the open portal, she caught a glimpse of shadows in the bushes, saw one man come up and speak to the prince. *His bodyguards*.

Relaxed beyond measure, she sighed, turned on her side and drew her legs up. A moment later, her eyes drifted closed.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Did all go well, Highness?"

Rickard stood on the porch and watched as his trusted men emerged from their secret posts. Aware Karel and at least two others had observed his foreplay with Kaila, he frowned. Even those who hadn't observed the tryst had no problem discerning the course of events. They had only to observe the heft of his still erect cock.

Normally, their knowing wouldn't bother him. Today, for some reason, it irked the shit out of him. Some things should remain private...like giving the woman who might prove to be your best friend's forever girl her first orgasm. Or two.

Gruffly, still battling his raging lust, he ignored the question and barked an order. "Karel, have the car brought around immediately."

"At once, Highness." Tucking his chin down, the security leader spoke in rapid cadence into his mouthpiece. A practiced hand gesture dispersed the men to their default defense positions.

A few minutes later, a sleek white stretch limousine flying the personal Orloffberg flag and the flag of Drestovia purred around the corner. Rickard wasted no time climbing inside. Pushing a button on the master console, he engaged the privacy shield, bottom lip caught between sharp teeth until the barrier completely concealed him.

Hissing with need, he widened his legs, hurriedly unzipped his slacks, and drew out his angry red cock.

He was so damned close...and yet so far.

Flinging his head back against the tan leather squabs, he eased his fist up and down his rampant length, almost sobbing at the burning pleasure roaring up his spine, radiating outward from his tight, full balls.

A flashback of Pavel's plus-sized woman, her full thighs open as she came on his hand, inundated his mind, ramped up the urgency of his need. Groaning, he increased the pressure and speed of his fist, gripping his upstanding cock and pumping hard while his other hand cupped and rolled his balls. Fiery ribbons of arousal slammed through him, bowing his back and locking the muscles in his legs. He'd barely managed to control his earlier climax. There was no stopping this one.

With a lusty shout, Rickard gave way to his solitary orgasm. Semen, lava hot and churning, boiled up his shaft, shooting in strong spurts to coat his belly and hand. The climax lasted forever, driven by the memories of Kaila's lush body abandoned in the throes of her frantic completion.

Panting in the aftermath, he cleaned himself, mopping up his spilled seed with a pristine handkerchief. Muttering angrily, he stuffed his limp cock back in his pants and zipped up. Closing his eyes, he pressed his thumb and finger against the bridge of his nose.

As the car sped through traffic, he admitted he'd let the situation get out of hand. Knowing it was easier catching flies with sugar than with vinegar, he'd only meant to lure her with a little sweet lovemaking...not end up so hot he had to masturbate in the back seat of his damned limo!

The depths of her passions had overwhelmed him. His lust for her had surprised him and he'd found himself carried away by her enthusiasm. Only the most gracious mercy had enabled him to stop before taking her. Pavel would have killed him...and rightly so.

Lifting his right hand, he cupped his palm over his nose and mouth, inhaling deeply. Her essence still clung to his skin. Sweet, slightly musky, with an undertone of...Dial soap. Kaila's scent was just like her, a mixture of the exotic and the pure. He couldn't wait to fuck her with Pavel. At the thought, his cock, so recently sated, filled and hardened. Heart thumping, he stared in consternation at this new development. He bit his lip, worry beginning to tug at his soul. He'd bargained for only one time with them.

Shit. What if once wasn't enough?

# Vichyssoise

"Ladies, welcome. My name is Pavel and I am the director of Sated Pleasures. I know your flight was long; however, I trust it was a pleasant one. You must be anxious to freshen up and get settled in, but before you exit the plane, I'm afraid I must ask you to remain in your seats while the stewards pass out your orientation papers. There are a few final items we need to go over."

Oh heavens -- it's him! Good grief, he looks so much better than I remembered!

Pavel Janecek hadn't seen her yet and Kaila kept her gaze glued to his face, wanting -- *needing* to see his expression if, or when, he recognized her, remembered her.

"One of the first things we'll address is how we identify ourselves. You may have noticed I gave you only my first name. While here, we will all be known by first name only. Do not give out your last name to anyone. Staff will not ask for it, and no one else is entitled to it. I, of course, am conversant with everyone's information and I am the only one on this island who needs to know it. I assure you, your information will remain private and secure."

Kaila yawned, quickly covering her mouth with her hand. Much as she wanted to hang on to his every word, the flight had been long. Actually, for her it had been two flights. The first one flew into Washington/Dulles, where a private jet had been idling on the tarmac. The second, longer flight had brought them to this unknown destination.

Her jaw widened in another sleep-deprived yawn.

This last week had been a whirlwind of activity for her. As Rickard had promised, she'd opened the door early Monday morning to find his current head of security, Karel, standing on her step. He'd handed her two forms in triplicate, collected her signatures, and then driven her to the bank to deposit the indecently large check that had freed her from ever having to work again. *Two point five million dollars! I still can't believe I have that kind* 

of money sitting in the bank waiting for me to come home. Money to help Daddy and the boys.

Instead of leaving, as she'd expected him to, Karel had overnighted the contracts to Rickard and remained with her the entire week, sleeping in the guestroom upstairs. Acting as her bodyguard, chauffeur, and fashion guide, he had taken her on a sweeping tour of all New York's upscale shops catering to the large-sized woman.

Thanks to Karel, she now felt confident and assured, convinced she looked as good as everyone else aboard. Clothes might not make the woman, but well tailored, they certainly hid a plethora of flaws.

Karel had been just what she needed. His care and concern -- the way he always took her hand to help her enter or exit the car -- made her feel precious and special. He never spoke down to her, never belittled her opinions. On the same note, he never agreed with her just to placate her and they had several grand arguments when their views differed.

Yes, she knew Karel acted on orders from Rickard, but he could have carried out his duty and remained aloof and distant. Instead, he had been a fun, cheerful companion, teasing her into stretching her wings, forcing her to try on bright, colorful coordinates and once, literally snatching a dark, somber black pantsuit out of her hands with mock expressions of horror.

She loved the mental challenge and stimulation he presented and dreaded the idea of his leaving. By the time he drove her to the airport, she felt as if she'd gained another brother, one who understood and accepted her just as she was. At least, she had been prepared to accept him as a pseudo-brother.

During the enforced closeness of their weeklong association, Kaila hadn't pretended not to notice his growing regard. It was hard to miss. "Good lord, Karel," she'd finally gathered the courage to ask, "do all the men of your country like big women?" She doubted it was *her*, per se -- he had to be predisposed -- but imagine meeting three men in as many weeks, and having two of them blatantly come on to her!

"No, not all. In the case of my prince, I believe he was shocked to find himself succumbing to your acerbic brand of charm." He held up his hands to stave off her outraged protest. "His words -- not mine. Not usually drawn to full-fleshed women, my lord found it hard to explain his loss of control. However, he is a deeply perceptive man and sees beneath the surface of most. You blind-sided him with your inner beauty, as you have done with me."

He leaned closer, whispered in her ear, his lips brushing against the sensitive lobe. "In my case, the males of my line have always preferred having something substantial to hold on to. Pavel is my second cousin."

She'd drawn away in shock. "You are cousins? Really?"

"Of course. Only a pa -- uh...family member would be trusted near you. The prince wouldn't risk any other male being overcome by your allure."

She snorted, flashing him a disbelieving smile. "You almost had me until you went overboard. My allure...yeah, *right*...!"

Karel didn't return her smile. "Only the very real threat of having my testicles forcibly removed and fed to me has kept me from attempting to jump my cousin's claim. Before sending me to you, the prince informed me of my boundaries."

"Claim? When did Pavel make a claim? What gives anyone the right to make a claim on me?"

He ignored her questions. "I have been warned off. I am not, however, restricted from presenting myself to you as an alternative." He captured her hand, brought it to his lips, and brushed a heated kiss across her wrist. "I, too, have a title and lands. If you decide you do not want Pavel, please recall there is another Janecek who would welcome you as a mate and would worship your luscious body in his bed. And Kaila, my love -- we Janeceks are faithful dogs...and *highly* sexed." He winked and exited the limo.

In total shock at the suddenness of his proposal -- he had just proposed, hadn't he? -- Kaila had remained silent and numb as he deposited her suitcases with a skycap, to be tagged and loaded onto a baggage flat. He ignored the check-in counter and used his diplomatic status to waltz her past airport security to the private jet waiting on the field.

He'd left her with a few words of wisdom she'd taken to heart. "A woman's body is rich and mysterious. Hidden valleys and lush hills are her legacy...and a man's reward. What male yearns for meager bread and water when there is wine and cheese available?" he had asked, dark brown eyes filled with admiration.

Still reeling from his earlier declaration, she'd stoically waved goodbye as he backed away from her. He didn't turn around until he'd bumped against the door, as if wanting to feast his eyes upon her as long as possible.

She'd hurried onto the plane, trying desperately to distance herself from the sick realization of her body's betrayal. A strong pulse throbbed to life in her core, startling and disgusting her. Her damned body teetered, poised on a sexual precipice, responding as strongly to Karel's whispered promise as she had to Rickard's kisses. If the bodyguard had bothered to make a real move on her, she'd probably have jumped his bones right there in the airport.

Dear lord, I am turning into a slut! Damn it, three men have turned me on, one with kisses, the other two with just a word or the promise seen in the glint of an eye.

"Her name is Kaila. She's done this before. We thought she was just ignoring us."

"Kaila? Kaila, are you with us?"

Pavel's voice -- one of the men from whom she'd gladly accept the title of slut, as long as his body delivered on the promise -- brought her out of her deep reverie. Sometimes, she retreated so far from reality it could be hard to reach her. The embarrassment she felt now at

being caught daydreaming while Pavel instructed them on what to expect at Sated Pleasures brought scalding heat to her brown cheeks.

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"Uhm, yes, sir...I am now."
"Good."
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The two were practically secluded in the back of the plane, Kaila having chosen to sit as far away from the others as possible. It had only taken several aborted attempts at conversation during the flight to discover that, other than the common denominator of their excess pounds, she and the ladies accompanying her had nothing *in* common. In fact, they'd made it plain they felt they were rich and savory vichyssoise while she was plain old cold potato soup...from a can.

The group had broken up naturally along the lines of yachts, dinners in Milan, and gambling in Monte Carlo. Thanks to Rickard, Kaila had money in the bank and new clothes, but she hated jockeying for position at the best of times and now, feeling out of place, knowing she was the least wealthy woman in the group, she'd decided to keep her distance.

Since no one else felt like discussing the newest roll-backed prices at Wal-Mart, she'd opted to settle back with a funny MaryJanice Davidson novel, which kept her chuckling softly to herself for most of the flight.

Now, sheltered from the curious gazes of the women by his broad back, Kaila looked up, and found her gaze snagged by Pavel's piercing green eyes. His extended hand held the last orientation sheet.

He met her startled gaze, his pale eyes filled with a hot blaze of -- the emotion looked remarkably like joy, mixed with a healthy helping of lust. The next instant they'd narrowed in sudden anger. Mouth tightening, a muscle ticking in his jaw, he sniffed the air about her, stared at her as if she'd done something wrong -- something other than falling into a daze during his welcoming speech. Without uttering a word, he handed her the sheet, turned, and walked back up the aisle.

Oh, he remembers me, all right. He must be wondering what I'm doing here. I hope he doesn't think I'm chasing him!

"As I was saying," he continued, "you must be sure, ladies, that this program is what you want. There won't be another chance to return home without consequences. If you decide to leave now, we will refund your monies minus the non-refundable administration fee. You will have one year to reconsider and rejoin us without having to go through the entire screening process again. During that time, we will credit your administration fee to your new application. After a year's time, that will no longer hold true. Is this clear, so far?"

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"Yes."
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<sup>&</sup>quot;Uhm-hmm."

<sup>&</sup>quot;Got it, handsome."

He stood near the cockpit door, gaze in her direction, seemingly waiting for her response.

"Very clear," Kaila answered in response to his pointed stare, her words husky and strained. Just listening to his voice had her insides tied up in knots. The others all chimed in, but their voices were just so much white noise in the background. She didn't pay them any attention, too busy trying to control her suddenly rampant libido.

"Should you decide to stay, you will abide by all the rules set down. There aren't that many." Pavel strode up and down the aisles, handing out more papers as he spoke. "This last is your behavior contract. You will sign one copy and return it to me. It will go in your file. You will keep the other copy with you at all times. Memorize it. We will punish every infraction. There will be no exceptions made, no mercy meted out on the grounds you couldn't recall a particular rule."

Pavel paused and took a deep breath. "Once you leave this plane, your former lives end for the next two months. There will be no favoritism shown by any staff toward any client. You are all here on equal footing. Now you've all had ample time to look over the rules, does anyone choose to leave?"

No hands rose.

Pavel's wide smile softened the stark lines of his face, revealing an inner tenderness Kaila found highly appealing. More than one yearning feminine sigh wafted about the airplane, telling her some of the others felt the same pull of attraction. She bristled, wanting to shout, "Hands off! He's mine!" fully prepared to back her claim up with violence.

"Excellent! Ladies, I am pleased you've all decided to remain with us. Again, welcome to Sated Pleasures, my dears. You will now exit the plane and board the trams. Leave all your belongings except your personal purses. All luggage will be transferred to the compound by another carrier."

Feeling smug, Kaila tucked her book away and stood, awaiting her turn to exit, confident he'd aimed his comments about favoritism at her. If so, he had to be cautioning himself. She had never once hoped to receive any special treatment from him. Despite what Rickard and Karel had hinted at, she hadn't believed Pavel would even recognize her, let alone remember her with any but casual interest. The sudden tenting of his pants proved otherwise, screamed his interest.

She stared out the plane's small window as Pavel exited, loving the view. He crossed the tarmac to the waiting trams, his trim buttocks flexing and rolling under her interested gaze. Her womb clenched and her vagina pulsed with need. Her mouth watered. So, too, did regions farther south.

#### **Duck Sauce**

The ride to the main complex meandered through the most lush, verdant greenery she'd ever seen. The foliage and temperature reminded her of the islands of Hawaii. She was sure this island lay near or in a corresponding longitude and latitude. The day was warm, but not too hot, sultry weather to match a sultry regime of weight loss. She could hardly wait to get started.

There were no buildings along the route. No civilization sprouted in this primitive location. It was just the trams, the clients, and the few staff escorting the women to the compound amid hibiscus flowers, jeweled bushes, and brightly colored birds singing from the sheltered safety of high-hanging branches.

She lay back against the comfortable seat, closed her eyes, and immediately tuned in on the conversation going on between the two women in the seat ahead of her. She'd nicknamed them Huey and Dewy for their resemblance to her favorite, old-time cartoon characters. Both had soft platinum curls piled high over their foreheads. Their bodies looked soft and fluffy as marshmallows, and the bright orange lipstick they sported made their mouths look like a duck's beak.

"I just know this program will enable me to take the weight off and keep it off this time." Huey twittered, clasping her chubby hands over her breasts. "I wonder if that juicy director is part of the fantasy fulfillment."

Dewy snickered. "I should have known you'd be ogling that man. Though I must say, this time I see what you find attractive. Isn't he luscious? Wonderful eye-candy...that's what the young women call good-looking men nowadays."

"Speaking of young, don't you think he's a little immature for you, Lucinda?"

"Pot calling the kettle black, Sara. You're just as old as I am. Besides, I don't want to keep the boy, just sample him once or twice."

Kaila opened one eye and glared at the elderly sluts. Both women, unaware of her scrutiny, laughed salaciously, putting their heads closer together to whisper risqué musings in each other's ear.

She didn't care to listen to them serving Pavel up as a beginning entrée to their insatiable appetites. He was worth much more than that. *She* would make an entire meal out of him, not just an appetizer.

"Well, Sara, you'll probably have nothing to worry about on that score. You'll probably be the first to earn a punishment. You can't go a day without sneaking a candy bar or something sweet. I doubt you'll ever get the chance to think up an award session."

Huey took offense at that. "Oh, I will, too! I'm determined to lose my weight this time. I bought this season's Blasé in a size ten. When I go home, I'm going to throw the biggest gala this side of the Rio Grande. G.W., himself, will come and dance with me."

Lucinda-Dewy twisted around to confront her companion, her expression skeptical in the extreme. "G.W. comes to every party you throw -- the man is a campaign fund whore. But if his wife lets him dance with you, I'll give you the India diamond necklace you've been salivating over for the last seven years."

"Lucinda! Will you, really?"

"No, silly, I won't have to. You'll never get those extra pounds off in time for this year's entertaining."

Sara's rounded shoulders slumped. She was the shorter of the two and her hunched posture made her appear much more so. Kaila, peeking through her lashes, caught a satisfied glint shining in Lucinda's eyes and realized she'd deflated her companion's joy and anticipation on purpose.

Now, Huey, that was just downright mean.

Pursing her lips, Kaila closed her eyes and leaned her head back, having seen and heard enough. She would keep an eye out for that vindictive Lucinda. If she could treat someone she knew -- the two women were obviously acquainted, had probably signed up together for support. They might even be best friends -- as she'd treated poor Sara, she was capable of anything.

*God save me from the like!* Kaila shuddered. With friends like Lucinda, she would feel safer surrounded by enemies.

# Turkish Delight

Pavel sat in the foremost vehicle, mind and heart racing as he resisted the urge to twist in his seat and luxuriate in another glimpse of Kaila's sweet form.

She's here! He's sent her to me! But there's a new look in her eyes -- she's shed some of her innocence. His jaw firmed as he thought of the direct gaze that had clashed with his on the plane. Growing wary, his eyes narrowed, wondering just what Rickard's testing had consisted of.

While I can't help being glad she's lost that air of timidity, it had better not be because he took his testing too far. Damn it, I forgot what a greedy bastard Rickard can be! If he's fucked her, I'll strangle him with my bare hands.

Just that quickly, the territorial anger faded, leaving him drained and despondent. Pavel sighed. No, he wouldn't strangle Rickard. How could he? He knew his prince didn't have the most developed sense of patience or self-control, being used to reaching out and grabbing whatever caught his interest.

Besides, he'd done nothing more than stake a nominal claim to Kaila. As of yet, he had no right to his anger. As long as it had been consensual, he had no say in what Kaila did or didn't do with Rickard or any other man.

Still, he'd like to know how far Rickard had gone, how intimate the interaction between the two had been. He needed some clue how to proceed in his courtship of her -- because he definitely intended to court her.

It had only taken getting close to her in the small confines of the plane, letting her exquisite scent surround him, for that initial attraction to leap into renewed flame. He bit back a groan.

As a child, he had often overheard the elders speaking of how their kind chose a mate. The animal part of them cared little about the outward appearance, concerned with more

visceral things. They used a combination of smell and touch, knowledge and intuition to make that important decision.

Living in chosen exile from his pack since his youth, he had no one to turn to for instruction, no one to lead him through the clan's mating rituals. His mother had not spoken to him since he'd challenged her mate and won. Now, ready to settle down with a forever mate, Pavel desperately needed to find out if he could develop this instant olfactory and sexual attraction for Kaila into something deeper, something lasting.

Pavel shifted uncomfortably on the tram's bench seat, trying to ease the growing ache in his groin. That she was here — enrolled in the program — was a mixed blessing. As the director of Sated Pleasures, he answered to no one. Like a Sultan of old, his word was law, his desires paramount. Turkish delight had not always been the name of a sugary delicacy. The original title had referred to the sticky-sweet morsel found between the thighs of the Sultan's favorites.

Only his own strictly ethical standards kept him from taking Kaila from the tram and disappearing into the brush with her, discovering what delights might lurk between her creamy brown thighs.

Pavel chewed on his bottom lip, wishing he were sinking his teeth into some part of Kaila's delectable body. He'd have to take on her assignment himself. There was no way in hell he could assign her to one of the triads. First, she would be odd man out. Rickard had waited until the last moment to wire he was sending one extra client, giving him no time to assemble another team. More importantly, he couldn't risk losing control and ripping the throat out of any man who raised his hand to her. Just the thought of her receiving punishment at the instigation of another made him break out in a sweat. Imagining her full-bodied figure flipped over his lap, her flushed bottom writhing under his punishing blows, caused him to swell and throb as his body produced enough heat to rival the island's tropical temperatures.

Teeth clenched against the agony of his arousal, Pavel stoically endured for the remainder of the ride to the Sated Pleasures compound.

It would tickle Rickard to learn he'd been hoist on his own petard. To think, he had argued against the severity of the treatments, declaring them barbaric and crude, insulting to women. Now he sat, nerves in chaotic disorder, praying Kaila would commit some infraction that would allow him to mete out the very punishments he'd so verbally deplored.

He knew it was only a matter of time before he had an excuse to get his hands on her. Once he did, he didn't plan to ever let her go. The difficulty would be holding out till Rickard arrived.

# Bon Appetite!

The trams pulled up under the awning-covered walkway that led to the impressive double doors guarding the main entrance to Sated Pleasures. The central building consisted of two wings stretching east and west, flanking the three-storied, Mediterranean style complex that greeted all visitors with a display of leaping water fountains surrounded by pockets of flowering gardens in the internal courtyard. Every room on the first floor looked out onto the courtyard, tall windows open to the reflected light.

A folder strategically placed to shield his hardened penis, Pavel ushered the new clients into the plush interior and down the long, airy main hall. Reaching the public parlor, he nodded at the staff to open the doors so the women could enter.

As the women trooped in, they all paused as one, frozen upon the threshold of the doorway. Inside the opulently decorated room, wide, linen-covered tables groaned under an assortment of beautifully catered, decadently high caloric foods and drink.

"This is your goodbye feast, ladies." Pavel entered the room, brushing past the stunned women to stand beside the tables, laden with every foodstuff imaginable. Fresh fruit, pasta dishes, garnished with bright red marinara sauces, pizza, lasagna, quiche, and a long list of exotic dishes graced the board.

A sweep of his hand indicated the vast array. "I thought it only fair to allow you this one night of freedom. Since this is the last time most of you will see anything like this, I encourage you to indulge yourselves, enjoy what is before you. If you desire something that is not presently available, you have but to inform your staff. We will see that you receive the item you as soon as possible."

"I thought we were supposed to be starting our diets." The hesitant question in the speaker's voice spoke volumes about her confusion.

"Jessica, Sated Pleasures is not about deprivation. Here, we will always try to substitute one pleasure for another. But tonight, you have all come from differing places -- some have traveled farther than others. You are all tired, confused, and a little off balance. You're in a strange place, surrounded by people you don't know, and facing a situation that has loomed large in your minds for at least a month. Piling on the added stress of beginning your regimes on top of all that would not be very thoughtful of me."

"So, when will we start our program?"

"You already have. This is simply the meet-and-greet portion of your personalized treatments. Tonight is for making the acquaintance of your trainers and the other team members. I advise you to use this time to bond with your support team. They will have a great part in helping you achieve your success."

"I've looked on the board. My name isn't there. Who is my support team?"

Just the sound of her voice tightened things low in his belly. He'd scented her, felt her presence behind him before she spoke. That knowledge gave him time to school his features into a semblance of disinterested calm.

"Unfortunately, the owner didn't radio information of your inclusion soon enough for me to arrange another team. Sated Pleasures was designed to cater to a very specific number of clients at one time. The maximum number of clients was never to exceed fifteen. You are number sixteen."

Kaila tilted her head, looked up from under drawn brows. "What does that mean, exactly? There's no place for me? You're going to send me away? Why accept my application and my money if there wasn't room for me?"

Pavel was stunned. Her agitation was real. Rickard must have sent her in cold, set her up as a real client, though, as far as he, Pavel was concerned, Kaila had nothing to lose except her low self-esteem. She was a luscious bundle of feminine flesh he couldn't wait to sink his cock into.

Wondering what games his prince was playing now, Pavel stared at the woman who didn't seem to know she had been gift wrapped and shipped out like an early Christmas present. "First of all, you are here, and here you will stay. Arrangements were set in motion early this afternoon."

A smile parted her full lips, twinkled in her dark brown eyes. "So, where will I be staying and when do I meet my trainer?"

Pavel returned her smile, bemused at how infectious it was. "I introduced him to you on the plane. I am your trainer. You'll be staying in my private quarters."

Her smile faltered and fled under her obvious consternation. "What? But I-you-we-what...?" She scrubbed at her forehead, lost for words. "I don't understand."

"It's simple. Sated Pleasures was created to cater to fifteen clients or less, at a time. With that in mind, we built a total of fifteen suites. The director's wing has several guest suites and so, since I am to be your trainer, I have placed you in one of those."

"But what will everyone else think?"

Pavel stared at her, his mouth relaxed, but not quite smiling. "All the other trainers are situated as close to their charges. This will be no different." His smile widened. She had him so worked up he had to work at keeping his fangs hidden. "Besides, I don't give a damn what everyone thinks. I am the director of this program. No one, not even Rickard has the right to question or overrule my commands."

Kaila's body stilled and Pavel's mouth tightened, catching the almost instinctive response she gave at hearing the prince's name. "It seems you've become better acquainted with our behind-the-scenes-owner. Is that how you became odd-person out?"

"Wh-wh-what do you mean?"

"I mean, I've known Rickard for a long time. He's never been partial to full-figured ladies, but you are lovelier than most. Perhaps he's made an exception in your case."

Kaila's brown face twisted into a scowl. "If you're asking did I fuck my way into this session, the answer is no!" Hands balling into fists, she spat the next words hard and low. "You know I've met Prince Rickard. I met you at the same time. He showed up at my house about a month after the restaurant fiasco and he offered to fit me in."

Pavel returned her glare with a calm regard. "I've no need to ask if he fucked you."

"You don't? Aren't you in the least curious?"

"No."

"Good." A questioning frown replaced the scowl. His lack of curiosity didn't seem to sit well with her. She cleared her throat. "Well, why not?"

"Rickard wouldn't fuck you and then send you here. To me." He'd thought that very thing earlier this afternoon, but there was no need to inform her of his momentary lapse of trust and good sense.

Kaila fisted her hands on her hips and narrowed her pretty sable eyes at him. "You know this, why...? Why wouldn't he fuck me? You think I'm too fat for him? Maybe I'm too fat for anyone to want to fuck. Maybe your cousin didn't really want to fuck me, either!"

He hadn't known of Karel's presence. His cousin would have felt the same attraction he had. Angered and thrown off balance, Pavel grabbed Kaila's arm and practically dragged her behind him out the door and into a smaller office down the corridor.

"Hey! Let me go! Take your hands off me."

He released her and turned to shut the door behind them, closing them off from any interference. Once their privacy was assured, he turned back, but leaned against the door with his hands behind him. The way he felt right then, he feared he'd do something regrettable if he didn't keep them shackled.

She stood in the middle of the room, hands fisted at her side, so mad her eyes spit sparks at him. She shook one fist in his face. "You don't put your hands on me like that. And you sure as shit don't snatch me behind you like a sack of potatoes."

Ignoring her irate posturing, he cut right to the heart. "When did you meet my cousin and how would you know he wanted to fuck you?"

"Karel?" Her soft smile drove him crazy with jealousy. How dare she smile while thinking about another wulf!

"Yes, Karel!" His voice rumbled low and menacing, the growl so close to the surface it distorted his words. Rickard he could trust, after a fashion. He wasn't so sure about Karel. "Tell me."

"No." She crossed her arms over her impressive chest.

He glared at her.

She glared back.

Cursing under his breath and running agitated fingers through his hair, Pavel swung away, breaking eye contact. One more minute of staring into her shining gaze and animated face would have been his downfall. He was one breath away from sweeping the papers and phone off the desk and throwing her across it, spanking her ass, and slamming into her pussy.

Glancing over his shoulder, he saw she hadn't moved from her stubborn position. "Don't push me, woman!"

Her brows rose. "I'm not the one who dragged someone away from the food, buddy." She stalked toward him, stopping just shy of touching. "You're making me miss the feasting. Like you said, this is my last chance to party and I still have a lot of people I wanted to meet."

"Kaila, just tell me what passed between you and my cousin...don't make me ask you again, please. This is very important to me."

"Why?" She canted her head, watching him warily. "Other than ogling me in the restaurant, you never made any move to get to know me."

He saw no reason to withhold the truth from her. "I was forbidden to contact you or attempt to find out who you were."

"Forbidden by whom?" Her eyes sparked with growing ire. "What kind of man are you to let someone tell you who you can or cannot pursue?"

Pavel raked his fingers through his already mussed hair, fighting the urge to howl. "To answer both your questions, I am Captain of the Royal Guard, charged with the safety and well being of my prince. Rickard commanded me to keep my distance."

"And you do everything Rickard says...even when it's about something this personal?"

"I know that may seem strange to you. Americans have no concept of the feudal relationships involved with a monarchy or principality."

"Hey, don't you insult my country. We may not have a royal family, but we do read. What do you think we Americans are...a bunch of uncivilized monkeys?"

*If you only knew...* Pavel hid a smile. One of the derogatory names his people called humans was dirt monkeys.

"Don't be ridiculous. You Americans are civilized as a whole. But you cannot argue the fact that you abolished royal rule here during the American Revolution. Kings and princes are merely visiting dignitaries, not the word of law among your people."

She nodded, giving him the point. "I see that, yes. So, what you're trying to say is, Rickard can tell you what to do, whom to fuck, and all that?"

Her sarcasm didn't escape him. Pavel raised his gaze toward the ceiling. "More than that, he can deny me the right to marry where I choose."

She looked aghast. "Sounds like you guys need to have a revolution of your own. No one should be able to dictate another's choice like that."

Pavel shrugged. "On the whole, Rickard is a good prince. He works hard at not overstepping his limits."

"Doesn't sound to me like he has any." She snorted. "It must be nice to be king."

A laugh rumbled in his chest as he answered. "He's a ruling prince, not a king, and there are a few limits to his power. The old days of *Droit de Seignior* are gone. With one exception, he can no longer claim the marriage night of newlyweds."

He laughed louder as her jaw dropped. "And he will not ignore one of his men's prior claims to a woman."

She sobered quickly. "Speaking of claiming...what did Karel and Rickard mean when they said you'd placed a prior claim on me?"

Pavel cleared his throat. "They said that?"

"They did." She licked her lips, adding a natural sheen to their plump surface.

Pavel groaned. If she does that again, I'm going to lose it, throw that plump ass on the desk, and devour those lips...then feast on the lips lower down.

Deciding on the better part of valor, he grabbed up her hand and retreated toward the door. Her futile tugs against his hold barely registered on his more than human strength.

"Now where are you dragging me?" She dug her heels in, pulled...and shrieked when her feet left the ground as he tugged back.

Twisting agilely, he reeled her in against his chest, and immediately though reluctantly set her away from him. "I'm taking you back to the reception hall. As you pointed out, you are missing the feast."

"What? All of a sudden you don't want to know if Karel and I did the featherbed jig? You mean you don't want to hear how Rickard and I fucked like Easter bunnies?"

"No."

That seemed to stump her. "Why not? A minute ago you were foaming at the mouth, demanding I tell you everything."

"Once either of them mentioned my claim to you at all, they would never violate it."

He could almost see her mind turning over what he'd said. Finally, she heaved a sigh. "What about *my* questions? Are you ever going to give me some answers?"

"Yes, but not tonight --" He thought about his hopes for the evening and rectified his statement. "-- at least, not until much later tonight."

"Oh, that's not fair!"

He escorted her through the door, his hand on the small of her back, absorbing the heat rolling off her flesh. Keeping his voice low, he spoke near her ear, his words meant for her only. "Tomorrow you see the doctors and undergo tests that will confirm the treatment modality geared especially for you. Tonight is for mingling." He gave her bottom a push. "Mingle."

She took a step away then turned to confront him. "What if I don't want to mingle anymore? What if I want those answers you're withholding?"

Instead of answering her, he changed the subject. "Tomorrow, when I give you a directive and you question me, I'll have the right to punish you."

She reared back. "What? Where in the rules does it say that?"

Pavel tried to keep a straight face as he caught her shoulders and steadied her, kept her from falling over. His lips twitched as he recalled the restaurant and the feel of her cushy, full-cheeked bottom nestled in his lap. If he had his way, he'd soon be palming that sweet ass again. He took heart, hopes rising when she didn't pull away immediately.

"C'mon, Pavel...admit you made that up."

He chuckled, imagining his next words would anger her. He couldn't wait to see the passion in her explode again. Kaila lit up like Roman candles; her emotions flared high and bright. Pavel couldn't wait to burn up in her passionate flames.

"On the contrary, my dear, allow me to recite the pertinent phrase from the list of rules I passed out this afternoon — the same list posted on the inside of every client's door. Rule three under the Client's Conduct section clearly states: 'Clients must obey the instructions of their trainers at all times. If, in the client's estimation, the instructions are illegal or the client believes they may prove potentially injurious to their health, the client may address their concerns to the director." He smiled directly in her eyes, biting back a laugh at the fire sparking in the depths of her brown pupils. "As the director, I will, of course, diligently investigate your claim...before denying it."

Kaila shrugged his hand off her shoulder. "See, that is so wrong! You act so arrogant, but lucky for you, I know you're just pulling my leg. Besides, if you try that shit on me I'll kick you so hard you'll think your balls are tonsils."

For the second time that night, Pavel burst out into laughter. He chuckled even harder at the expression of disgust on her pretty face. She had no idea how rare his laughter was, didn't realize she'd already made major strides in conquering him.

Ignoring the astounded glances from the staff, he made an effort to gain enough control to bring his guffawing to an end. Drawing close, invading her personal space, he drove his tongue into her ear before whispering, "Weak women bore me. Your little announcement has only served to make my cock hard. I do so love the idea of domming a strong woman. Grrrrrrow!"

"Did you just growl at me?" A flush of pink rushed across Kaila's cheeks, painting her brown skin in glowing warm hues.

He brushed the back of his hand against the heated skin and teased softly, "Hey, I thought black women didn't blush."

Kaila shrugged Pavel's hand off her cheek and pushed herself out of his loose embrace. "Well you thought wrong. We do. Most white folk just don't see it. It's like all of you thinking we blacks look alike." Kaila wiped her ear with the side of her hand. "And hey, could you keep that slimy tongue out of my ear? God, you're slobbering all over me!"

Pavel smirked. She'd liked his tongue in her ear...maybe too much. He could smell her arousal steaming off her skin. "Sure --" He raised his hands, signaling surrender, planning anything but. "-- as long as I can put it in another place of my choosing." He sent his bold gaze down her front, skimmed over her full bust line and the dipped indention at her waist. His eyes darkened, gaze resting on her pelvic area. "My tongue likes things a lot hotter, tighter, and wetter than ears."

She opened her mouth -- he guessed to yell at him -- closed it, and then opened it again. "Are you supposed to be making all these sexual innuendos and talking to me like this? Aren't you violating some client/trainer rule or something?"

Pavel closed his hands into fists to keep from grabbing her. She was so good for him, her reactions keeping him amused and aroused. "You haven't registered the name of this place, have you? *Sated Pleasures*." He spread his hands. "Darling, does it *sound* like anything is against the rules?"

"So you can tease me like this, and it's okay?" She sounded disbelieving.

He dropped his voice to a husky whisper. "Baby, I can and will fuck you bowlegged and there are no rules against anything we choose...as long as it is what we both wanted. All you'll ever have to do is ask!"

#### Tart Lemonade

Good gracious, but the man is bold as brass and moving way too fast for me. Kaila placed a hand to her belly and pressed, striving to contain the muscles jumping beneath her clammy skin. From the time he'd snatched her out of the main room, she'd been riding a rollercoaster of lust.

Pavel was nothing like his cousin and his prince. Karel's advances had been slow, soft, so mild she hadn't even seen them coming. Rickard, used to getting his way and impatient with her timid responses, had been a whirlwind, unsettling her, yet leaving her itching under her skin. Rickard had only been half-right when he claimed she wanted him against her will. She hadn't wanted him at all until he'd worked hard at making that happen.

Pavel Janecek -- the green-eyed male siren -- made her want him with just a word, a glance, and a smile. If Karel was a vanilla cream soda and Rickard a root-beer float, Pavel was the tart lemon in fresh lemonade, the thirst quenching drink that made a person jones for one more sip.

She'd never been one to confuse caution with cowardice, and decided now was a good time for a strategic retreat. Scooting away on the pretense she needed something to drink, she grabbed the first thing at hand. Sighing in relief, she closed her fingers around a glass tumbler filled with a frosty, fruity concoction. Her first sip confirmed the drink was as delicious as it looked.

"Running away is not the answer. It only makes me want to chase you. A warning, Kaila...don't bring out the hunter in me unless you're ready to become my prey."

With a start, Kaila swept around at Pavel's gravelly statement. She hadn't heard him sneak up on her.

Glancing up into his blazing eyes, she barely suppressed a shiver. Was it a trick of the light, or did his pupils glow with a phosphorescent sheen? Before she could take a closer

look, he shifted, reached around her for a cup, and the impression faded. When he glanced back at her, she saw they were just eyes -- beautiful eyes, yes...eyes to drown in, even -- but still just eyes.

"You know --" She cleared her throat. "-- contrary to what you might think, I am a very slow mover. I don't...um...usually sleep with guys I don't know."

His knowing light-green gaze bore into hers. That mobile mouth quirking, Pavel propped a hip against the side of the overloaded table, crossing both his arms and legs in an indolent stance. "What a wonderful coincidence. I don't usually sleep when I'm with a beautiful woman. We can keep each other wakeful company after which I guarantee you'll know everything you need to know about me -- both historically and biblically. For example, due to a silly childish prank during my youth, the tip of my cock is crooked."

Kaila choked, spewing out the mouthful of punch she'd just taken. He'd spoken his words in normal conversational tones, readily overheard by anyone. He didn't seem the least bit embarrassed while she was ready to sink into the floor. "Shh! Are you crazy? Anyone could hear you."

He shrugged. "You Americans are overly concerned and easily embarrassed when it comes to sexual matters. We Europeans take a more casual attitude toward these things." With a sly smile, he took two steps away from her, raised his hands in the air and just shouted out, "Ladies and gentlemen, if I could have your attention? Thank you. I was telling Kaila, here, that due to a childhood incident, my cock veers to the left. Would any of you care to hear the tale?"

"Oh, I would!"

"Please, Pavel, do tell!"

"Yes, entertain us with the story, if you would."

Kaila closed her eyes and counted to fifty. Ten wasn't nearly enough numbers to cool her temper. How dare he bring her to the attention of all these people? As soon as she got him to a private place, she was going to strangle him!

People from all over the room gathered about the imposing figure Pavel cut as he waited for the curious crowd to settle down. Kaila found herself tucked into his side by a brawny arm, kept close even as she made furtive, abortive attempts to dislodge his arm.

"First, I must tell you a little about my native country. We of Drestovia are a proud people, a people of the land. You could say we have resisted entering the nineteenth century, let alone conforming to the twentieth."

One of the female clients interrupted to ask, "Excuse me, Pavel. Isn't Drestovia the Principality of the Orloffberg family?"

A pleased smile widened Pavel's lips as he nodded. "Indeed, it is. The Orloffbergs have held the throne of Drestovia in an unbroken line since the beginning of recorded history. When Arthur was battling the Picts and trying to consolidate his hold on his tiny island, our

royal family had been ruling for over five hundred years. No other still existing principality or monarchy can claim the same."

Rosemary, the client who'd let it be known on the flight over that she was accustomed to the best and wouldn't settle for less, seemed thrilled. She slid up to Pavel's other side, grabbed hold of his arm, and cooed, "I've recently read up on the noble lines of Drestovia. Isn't it true that you are a duke?"

Kaila stared at Rosemary, shaking her head. How stupid could this woman be? Only an idiot would reveal the director's family connections after being informed everyone was to go by first names, only, for reasons of privacy.

At her side, Pavel stiffened. Pointedly drawing away from the woman, he brushed her hand off the sleeve of his jacket. Contrary to the heated anger she could feel pouring off him, his eyes, when he gazed down at the indiscreet client, had turned frosty green. "You are mistaken, madam. My family has no title."

She gaped at him, visibly thrown off balance by his brusque answer. "But, surely that's not correct. Why, I'm sure the article said --!"

Giving her his shoulder, Pavel issued the cut direct, ignoring her attempts at continuing her line of questions. "Ladies and gentlemen, I fear I must issue a rain check on that story. I'll gladly share it another day. For now, bear in mind you all have a big day planned tomorrow. Clients, your doctors' appointments begin at eight o'clock in the morning. They've requested you all be NPO -- fasting, that is -- from midnight on, so take advantage of all you can, now. The kitchen staff has orders to shut this room down by eleven forty-five p.m."

Next, he turned his attention to the staff of hunky men. They all looked like the Chippendales that got away, but to Kaila, Pavel looked just as hot or hotter. Were these the men who would be fulfilling the women's fantasies? Kaila glanced up under her lashes at Pavel. She had a few fantasies of her own, ones she'd like her personal counselor to bring to life... Yum!

"Trainers, I leave it to you to make sure your clients do not hoard food or take any away from here to secret it in their rooms. This is a new environment and many of them may require individual treatment. Get them settled for the night."

"But you were going to tell us about your story..."

"Yes, we all wanted to hear it."

"Oh, do please stay and entertain us."

Pavel glanced back, flashing a smile, but continued to herd Kaila toward the door. "Ladies, I give you my word we will get together another time. Until such time, I bid you good night."

Lengthening her stride to keep up with him, Kaila looked up at Pavel, peering through the dark for a glimpse of his set face. "You lied."

He didn't look at her as his hand slid from her waist, slid down her arm to catch her hand. He entwined their fingers. "I didn't lie."

"Yes, you did. Karel told me, 'I too, have a title and lands.' And Rickard called you Duke Pavel Janecek. That doesn't sound like a non-existent title to me."

Pausing in the middle of the walkway, Pavel swung about and took her shoulders in both hands. "No matter that Rickard continues to ignore my wishes, the title is defunct and I have not lied." He glared down at her, expressions of anger and lust chasing across his stern visage as he scanned her distrustful face. Visibly forcing the anger down, he tried to explain.

"Listen to me. Under Drestovian law, if the present bearer of a noble title repudiates that title it is considered defunct until that person has an heir. If the heir also repudiates the title, it reverts to the crown. I have repudiated my title."

She reached up and covered his hands with hers where they rested on her shoulders. Muscles twitching, she cringed under his tight grasp. "Lighten up, will you? You're digging your claws in me and it hurts!"

### Sweet Cantaloupe

Pavel's eyes snapped to her shoulders, fear twisting his gut. Oh, Mother Moon, had he forgotten himself to the point his claws had emerged?

No, he saw she had been using a turn of phrase, but his grip immediately loosened. Crooning tuneless comfort, he massaged her sore shoulders. Voice low and tormented, he whispered, "I'm so sorry, Kaila. I'd never intentionally harm you. I forget how fragile you hu...uh...*ladies* are."

She nodded and patted his hand. "That's okay. You didn't really hurt me. And hey, I'm sorry I called you a liar. If you don't want the title, you shouldn't let anyone make you accept it."

"Even my wife?"

"Your *wife...*?" She jerked back, or tried to. He refused to loosen his hold on her. Her dark face paled. "You're *married*?"

Her smell intensified, making his head reel. Giving in to temptation, he lowered his head and took her lips, hungry for a taste of her mouth. Blessed moon, she tasted of honey and sweet cantaloupe...all the fresh flavors of summer wrapped in smooth dark chocolate.

Her slap shocked him.

"Why?"

Her teeth gleamed in a snarl worthy of any wulven bitch. "I don't kiss married men."

That his statement had bothered her told him all he needed to know. If he'd been a cat, he'd have purred. "And you still haven't. I'm not married, sweetheart."

Kaila glared at him. "You said...I forget exactly what you said, but you asked something about your wife."

He chuckled. She had no idea she'd revealed the depths of her attraction. She was acting jealous, and he adored her loss of control. "I asked if I should allow my future wife to decide if we reactivate the title."

"Oh." She relaxed in his arms and he quickly took advantage, drawing her closer.

"I'm not mated to anyone. I'm free."

He nipped the end of her earlobe. "I'm available."

He licked a path up her neck, letting his teeth score the vein throbbing below the soft dark surface. Taking one of her hands in his, he placed it over the bulge pushing out his zipper. "I'm hard as steel wanting you."

\* \* \* \* \*

Kaila almost groaned as Pavel's hands gentled on her. Tender and soothing, they stirred her senses as they calmed her nerves. Letting her head fall forward, she rested against his chest, the broad expanse rock hard and warm as his hands swept over her back and shoulders. She rubbed her forehead back and forth, loving the firm feel of warm, silk-covered flesh beneath her cheek. "That feels lovely."

One big hand cradled the back of her head, fingers digging into the thick mass of curls rioting over her head, applied pressure to her neck, and lifted her face to his.

Lips so close they brushed hers, he asked, "May I kiss you again?"

"I'll die if you don't."

Their mouths melded. Lips pressed and opened, tongues met, teased, tasted, withdrew to meet again. His mouth worked leisurely, gliding over hers, lips warm and soft, firm and wet. Tongue languidly probing her mouth, he took slow, hot possession, ran the tip over her teeth, and plumbed deep.

Kaila moaned, tightened her hands on his arms, holding on for dear life as the world spun about her. His other hand came up, joined the first and cupped her face as he pulled her forward, increasing the angle and depths of his tongue thrusts.

He groaned and the low vibration rumbled against her chest, causing her womb to pulse in need. Breasts aching for attention, she rubbed them over his chest, the friction scoring the tender tips of her nipples, swelling them into hard little knots.

He pulled back, panting. "Damn woman, you taste delicious and feel even better."

Hands fisting in his close-cropped hair, she tugged his head back down to hers. "Talk less, kiss more!" She took control of the kiss, smothering his delighted laughter with her hungry mouth.

Grinding her hips, she pressed against the thick bar of his cock, the long, hard organ jutting sharply into her soft belly. His hands coasted down her back, fingers dug into her buttocks and squeezed, dragged her closer, tighter. He lifted her to her tiptoes, slid his leg

between her thighs, and angled her hips to rub his distended member in the notch of her crotch. He hit her clit and she moaned into his mouth, body shaking under the wave of heated arousal that washed through her mound.

Harsh breathing sounded at her ear as Pavel drew his mouth away to beg. "Oh, baby! Kaila, let me fuck you tonight, while it's just you and me -- no program or official positions between us, no taboo relationships -- just us. I want you so badly. I feel like I've wanted you forever."

His tongue surged into her ear. He rimmed the outer edge, lightly flicking the fleshy swirls, using his teeth to nip at the lobe. Electric eels slithered down her spine, the sensation of his tongue in her aural orifice tickling and titillating her. "Ooh!" Her breath came out on a shaky sigh and she melted, arms going slack about him. "Ooh, Pavel!"

"I can make you feel better than this. I can make you scream, if you'll let me. Will you, Kaila? Will you let me make you scream?"

She struggled to get the words out, so aroused she could hardly breathe. "Yes. Please, yes!"

His arms tightened around her, then loosened as he stepped back. "Not here." He grabbed her hand and towed her after him, his feet almost running toward his wing of the complex.

This is it! I'm really going to do it! I'm going to let this man fuck me. She laughed, letting him pull her along, her heart stuttering with excitement, pussy fluttering and clenching in empty need. Her next panicked thought was: Oh gods, don't let me disappoint him!

Then she remembered how long she'd waited for this moment, how many years she'd fantasized about making love to a man who wanted her just as she was. *And don't let him disappoint* me!

### Apples, Cherries, and Bananas

Pavel opened the door to his suite of rooms and pulled Kaila over the threshold, slamming the door behind her as if frightened she would change her mind. She smiled to herself. That was so endearing of him. She couldn't understand why a major hunk would worry about her ditching him. This man could have anyone he wanted.

"Let me show you where your quarters are before I get carried away and forget everything."

"All right."

"They are down this hallway." He led the way through the impressive, starkly decorated living room, down the hall and to the left. Picking through his keys, he inserted one into the lock and twisted the knob. Kaila caught her breath.

"Oh my gosh, Pavel, these rooms are gorgeous!" She drifted into the room, entranced gaze darting left and right, eager to see everything the suite had to offer.

The sitting room walls were a dull nut brown, the curtains and table throw a shimmering gold. The rug was chocolate brown, rich and thick beneath her feet. She sank almost to her ankles and gave a pleased sigh at the decadent feeling of luxurious softness. "This feels heavenly!"

"Take your shoes off. Run your toes through the nap."

Feeling childish, she did as he suggested. Slipping her sandals off her feet, she ran them through the dense fibers of the rug. Laughing, she flung out both hands, beckoning him to her side. "Take your shoes off, too. Come join me."

With a warm chuckle, he did so, coming to her and taking her into his arms. His kiss, this time, was fierce and hard, demanding. This was no gentle petitioner in her arms, but a masterful lover, demanding she surrender first her mouth, and then her entire body to his control.

He forced her mouth open under his and thrust his tongue deep. The pounding rhythm he set mimicking the coming act. One hand coasted up her side, slid under the loose blouse to brush over the lace of her bra. Through the thin material, her nipple beaded, pressing into his palm.

She sighed as cloth gave way beneath his insistent handling, and then her bra was tugged up, spilling her breasts into his cupped hands.

"Ah! What have we here? Plump little apples for me to nibble on?"

"There's nothing little about them apples," she murmured, leaning back against his arm to offer her torso to his descending mouth.

"Oh, but there is," he insisted, bending to lick one jutting button. He flicked the neglected nipple, ran his thumb over and over the crest. "This is the little apple I'm referring to. The rest of this bounty is the pie...I'll get around to eating that later."

He latched onto her nipple and sucked it deep into his mouth, pulling on her with such strong suction her knees grew weak. Shocking her with his strength, he bent his legs slightly and slid a hand under her bottom. Straightening, he lifted her up in his arms and strode out the room and back up the hallway.

She tightened her arms about his neck, held on as the fingers attached to the hand around her upper back played at the side of her breast. "Where are we going?"

"Back to my rooms. The first time we fuck, I want you in *my* bed."

She swallowed. "I-I think I should tell you...I'm not very good at this."

He froze in midstep. "One of the first things we will teach you here at Sated Pleasures is to appreciate your own worth." He gave her a little admonishing shake. "You don't need to be *good*. You only need to be Kaila."

She relaxed in his arms, caressed his cheek with her hand before trailing it down the side of his neck. "Thank you."

"Wait till later to say that. I haven't given you anything to say thank you for as yet." He pushed his face into her palm, wordlessly begging for more caresses. She stroked his face and chin, the bend at his neck, and the wide expanse of his shoulders. The smile that creased his cheeks revealed his deep dimple. When they reached the door to his room, he juggled her so he could reach the handle, at one point supporting her entire weight with one arm and a propped knee.

"How are you able to do that? I'm a hefty woman. No man's ever lifted me before."

"How many men have you wanted to lift you?"

His question startled her, made her think. "Just you."

"Good answer!"

She smirked. "I thought you'd think so."

"Baggage!" With a playful slap on her rump, he sat her beside the bed.

"Wow! Did you have this baby special ordered?"

"Yes." Pavel gently moved her hands out of the way and dealt with what was left of her blouse. Not giving her time to become nervous, he turned her and undid her bra, sliding it off her shoulders and away from her torso, brushing his lips over the top of her back and along her shoulder blades before turning her toward him. "Now, this is a sight worth waiting for."

He captured both her hands and stepped back. Keeping her hands locked in his, he opened his arms wide, revealing her bare upper torso to his avid gaze. She looked down to see what he found worthy of praise. Suddenly, she saw herself through his eyes.

Her large breasts -- never exposed to the sun -- were a lighter color than her arms and legs and rode atop her chest like proud galleons under full sail. Her long nipples, stiff and thickly swollen, were a darker brown, almost black in the circle of her pouty areoles.

Jerked out of her reverie, she felt his hands at her waistband. "Your pussy is filling the room with such a sweet scent. I want at the source of that luscious fragrance."

The idea shocked her. "You can smell me...my arousal?"

"Oh, yes. This same delicious scent washed over me in the restaurant that day. It's haunted me ever since." He drew her pants down her legs, hooked her panties with his thumbs, lowering them along with the pants. Squatting, he urged her to step out of the bunched material, steadying her as she obeyed.

One hand braced on his shoulder, Kaila waited, unsure of her next move, as he remained low to the ground. She knew he was looking at her, there. Crouched as he was, his head was even with her mons. It didn't matter that a full mat of bushy hair covered her groin, sheltering the fleshy lips of her vagina from easy viewing. She struggled to resist the almost overwhelming temptation to cross her legs and hide from his heated gaze.

Suddenly, his nose was there, planted in her hair, nuzzling its way through the dense growth to the hooded, nerve-rich knot below. His hands came up and bracketed the outside of her thighs, holding her still as he mashed his face against her intimate flesh.

She heard his breath sough in and out as he inhaled deeply, drawing in the aroma wafting from her core. Heat blasted against her, burned her exposed clit as he released a long-held breath over her dampening tissues. Then he licked her.

"Oh, shit!"

Fingers digging into his flesh, she gripped him as the world tilted around her. Tiny, stinging sparks of carnal delight sped throughout her body, curling her toes and wetting her thighs.

"God, Kaila. You should see what I see!" His hands moved inward, fingers dove through hair to part her labia. "You look a hundred times better than you smell. Your pretty cunt is so red and ripe, swollen and gleaming wetly like a cherry bursting with juice. I've barely touched you and you're practically dripping!"

He lifted his face and met her gaze. His beautiful mouth was covered with her juices. A smile curved his well-shaped lips. "I'm going to taste you, bite into that luscious cherry..."

His fingers widened her more, opened her to his tongue, which he stiffened and stabbed at her clit, repeatedly sweeping over the stiff, thimble-sized organ until it throbbed and ached. His teeth closed over her, biting down with carefully calculated pressure.

She shouted, "Oh, *hell* yes, Pavel! Your mouth feels so good!" Her voice shook. Her thighs tightened around his head like a vise while her hands scrabbled for a hold.

He let go of her clit and licked her from bottom to top, pushing into her tight opening before swiping his abrasive tongue across her sensitized flesh. She cried out again, every muscle in her lower body tightening and jumping.

Whimpering, she sagged against him, knees weak, while the walls of her vagina fluttered. Creamy heat flooded her tight sheath in preparation of receiving his cock. He diligently lapped each drop as it welled, his facile tongue darting over every drenched inch of her.

With a muffled groan, he pulled his tongue out of her and surged to his feet. Her body left the ground in a gravity-defying arc as he tossed her through the air to bounce on the taut mattress of his king-sized bed.

"Oof!"

She leaned up on her elbows, started to scrabble up on her knees.

"Stay there!" His sharp command halted her tentative movements. "Lie down, keep your legs spread wide, and watch me strip."

He didn't need to tell her twice. Eyes staring, mouth dry, she obeyed him. Feeling like the boldest slut, she lay back, opening her thighs as wide as she could. He moved so he could stare down at her vagina, green eyes so dark they looked black in the dim light. She felt so vulnerable, so naked, so obviously the object of his intense gaze. Lust shivered over her, raising goose bumps on her exposed skin. Gathering the courage to act bold and brazen, she lifted her knees and splayed them to the side, stretching her upper thighs until her nether lips parted, revealing her inner folds.

"That's right," he murmured, wetting his lips as his chest rose and fell with his rapid breaths, "offer your cunt to me. Hump your hips up. Let me see how hungry you are to have my hard cock pumping into your hot pussy."

Embarrassed, yet feeling the heat running through her veins, she pumped her hips up, felt moisture sliding from between her thighs to pool on the covers beneath her -- evidence of how excited he'd made her. Her nipples stabbed at the ceiling, aching and tight with her arousal. Body shaking with need, she watched him unbuttoning his shirt.

"That's how I want you." The weight of his hooded gaze tugged at her womb. "Stay like that...open and wet for me, ready for anything I might want to do to you and with you."

Fingers moving slow and precisely, he kept his gaze trained on her pussy as he peeled the edges of his shirt apart, exposing the hair-roughened surface of his broad chest.

He quickly shrugged the cloth off his shoulders, but slowed down to run his hands over his chest. Long, manly fingers plucked his flat male nipples until they rose off his chest, grew stiff and hardened into blunt hillocks.

"Mhmm...!" Kaila's lips parted on a sigh, mouth watering as she eyed his chest, envisioning those jutting little buttons filling her mouth. "I want to taste those."

His chest rose and fell as his breathing increased. "I have something else for you to taste first." Hands dropping to his waist, he unbuckled the thin leather, drew the belt from its loops, and tossed it over his shoulder.

Walking over to stand by the side of the bed, he towered over her. She'd come up on her elbows, but fell back when he leaned down, hands supporting his weight at either side of her head. Smiling into her eyes, he kissed her, an open-mouthed, tongue-tangling foray that ended way too soon for her.

Straightening back up, he winked at her, a wide grin slashing his cheeks as his hand went back to his pants. The lone button slipped out of its hole, guided by his large hands. Catching the zipper tab between thumb and forefinger, he eased it down, careful not to catch his erection -- pressing boldly against the cloth -- on the metal teeth. The placket parted to reveal his hair-swirled groin, the top of his cock just visible in the V of his opened pants.

No wonder he was so careful with that zipper. He'd foregone the use of underwear so nothing lay between hard cock and metal teeth.

A virtual innocent to male genitalia, Kaila swallowed with rising excitement, eager and anxious to see the rest. He pushed his pants down and stepped out of them, turning to toss his last item of clothing after his belt. When he faced her again, she shot to a sitting position, heart pounding in her chest, hand fisted at her mouth in the age-old gesture of feminine alarm.

Fierce and imposing, his penis stood high, skimming his belly in a show of gravity-defying eagerness. Long, thicker than her wrist, with sculptured, prominent veins -- bluish in color -- running along its jutting length, it was stunning. *He* was stunning...from the wide, hair-covered base to the beautiful, angry-red mushroom-shaped helmet engorged with heated blood. She saw he'd spoken the truth, earlier. His cockhead was bent, his perfection marred by that last crooked inch veering sharply to the left. Disappointment flooded her and she was quick to share her feelings. "Damn it to *hell* and back, this sucks, Pavel! Your cock's too big to fit in here!"

He roared with laughter, monster dick bobbing in time with his body's shaking.

"It's not funny." Kaila drew her legs together and covered her vagina with both hands while she eyed the one-eyed bandit swaying before her face. "I finally get the courage to make love and the man I choose has a cock big enough to choke a horse."

"What flattery! But I love it, so don't stop." Still chuckling, Pavel leaned toward her, laughing louder when she scooted away across the bed.

"Don't bring that thing any closer!" She held up a hand in warning as he ignored her commands and pounced. "I'm not playing with you, Pavel."

"Kaila! Honey, trust me...we'll fit."

"I bet you say that to all the women you split wide open." She continued trying to evade him, squirming frantically when he pinned her between his splayed thighs. The hefty column of his cock, squeezed between their writhing bodies, pressed impudently against her belly. Pavel reached down, grasped his cock in one hand, and aimed it at her entrance, rubbing it in the slick juices matting her bushy curls. She stilled, sucked in a panicked breath as she felt the broad head slip between her swollen lips and lodge in the mouth of her folds. "Oh, holy shit!"

Pavel hissed as he rocked his hips, pushing against her enough to let the head pop through her small opening. "Damn girl, you are tight and so fucking hot." He pressed his lips to hers, his tongue demanding entry. "But you ought to have more faith in me." Slowly, he drew back, dislodging his cock from her tight entry. It exited with a meaty popping sound. "We take this ride together, or not at all."

His words rang true; besides, he had pulled out when she feared he'd push into her against her wishes. "I believe you, it's just..." She shrugged, at a loss for words.

"I think what's bothering you is a lack of familiarity." Pavel took her hand and brought it down to his groin, curled it around his penis. He kept his hand over hers until she squeezed him gently, letting him know she wouldn't release him if he let go. "He's not so frightening once you get to know him, I promise."

She had to smile. Her brothers did the same thing -- spoke of their cocks as if they were separate beings. "Hey, you curve up at the end just like a banana." Kaila ran her hand up to the tip of his cock, following the bend and rounding the fat tip with her palm. As she stroked back down toward the base, she heard his breath catch. Her hand paused. "Am I hurting you?"

"Not nearly enough," he answered, folding a hand around hers and guiding it in a stronger, harder rhythm. His other hand eased between her thighs to delve between her hot, wet lips. One finger speared inside, surged up her clinging channel, and slid back out only to surge in again. A second finger joined the first and she squirmed under the strong reaming, losing her concentration as her body focused on that one sensitized spot.

Her hips bucked upward, demanding a deeper penetration. She panted, mouth open as she gasped at every bold stroke. Her inner muscles clamped tightly around Pavel's pumping fingers, strove to keep them inside, where they felt so good. Every time he withdrew them, she whimpered at the loss, her body desperate to feel more of the smoldering sensations he was building within her.

Her hand fell away as a small orgasm shot through her, electrifying her nerves and scalding her inner flesh. "Oh, God...! *God*, Pavel, help me!"

Moving up her body, he caught her beneath the knees, lifted and spread her legs out and back. He stretched her so wide she could feel the burning pull in her thigh muscles. Scooting his hips close to hers, he fit his cock at her entrance. "Watch me."

Her gaze sped to his.

"No, not my face," he said. He nodded down toward where his long erection rested at her opening, the blunt tip buried in her thick hair, looking like a pillar of ivory against her dark brown and red pussy. "Watch *us.* See me entering you..."

His long, thick erection looked so angry and red, filled with blood and desire. Giving a small twist of his hips, he rubbed the tip of his staff in her juices to coat it well. He tapped her clit twice before pushing inward, beginning a slow, measured slide inside her. Smiling down at her, he kept the forward pressure steady, giving her pussy time to stretch and mold around his thick girth.

"Oh, God...we look so awesome...this *feels* so awesome..." Her head fell back, neck muscles grown weak as she shuddered at the delicious glide of hot, hard meat along her slick walls.

"Open your eyes, Kaila. Keep your gaze on us until I'm all the way in. I want you to see how well we fit." His guttural words jerked her from her mini-swoon and she obediently glanced down her belly to watch his cock slide further in. The muscles in her thighs twitched as he lay on top of her, his body weight forcing her wide open.

He came and came in a long, drawn out glide until his pubic bone grated against her clitoris, his straight golden bush meshing with her crinkly dark brown curls.

"Ah, Kaila, honey...you are so fucking hot and tight!"

"Is that --" She clutched at his shoulders, sucking in a needed breath as her vagina strained to hold his massive girth. "-- is that a good thing?"

"It's a fucking *great* thing, honey. Okay..." He panted, trembling against her. "Okay, let's wait a minute. If you move now, I'll lose it, and I want to make this so good for you...perfect."

She couldn't help shifting underneath him, eager to explore more of the exciting sensations his presence inside her was generating. "You were right -- it didn't hurt *too* much going in, but I feel so full...like I'm stuffed to overflowing with your cock." She sighed, undulating against him, and gave a little laugh as she draped her arms about his neck.

"Oh, hell, woman!" Pavel groaned, coming up on his toes. He dragged his cock out till just the head snagged in her elastic opening, then surged heavily back into her. "Didn't I ask you to be still?" He growled the next sentence, eyes narrowed on her face. "I hope you're ready, sweetness. This is going to be a... Very. Rough. Ride."

He emphasized each word as he fucked her, his powerful thrusts pounding in, his thick cock hurting her as he tunneled deep. Mouth latching onto a straining nipple, he bit down as his hips sent his cock plunging in sharp, powerful jabs that lit up her nerve-rich sheath.

"Yes, yes, yessss! You're fucking me so *hard!*" Kaila threw her legs over his churning haunches, used her heels to force him deeper inside her clasping pussy. "Oh, yes, Pavel, shaft me! Fuck me harder! *Ouw, ouw, ouwww...!* Oh God, it hurts so good..."

And he was hurting her, albeit deliciously. There was nothing civilized about Pavel as he growled and grunted over her, hands digging into her flesh to hold her in the position he wanted. He ate at her breasts as he fucked her, biting and licking her nipples, teeth closing on the upstanding tips with a pressure just shy of brutal.

Kaila found herself responding to his wildness, glorying in the knowledge it was her body, her pussy driving this luscious man to lose all control. She flailed under him, ecstatic cries -- raw and animalistic -- pouring from her mouth. Needy and raunchy, the noises shocked her. Never would she have imagined such nasty sounds falling from her lips.

Sweat dripped from Pavel's face onto her breasts, glinted on the muscular arms holding him aloft. His hips flexed with each powerful thrust, driving his cock deep and hard. Their bellies slapped together, the noise sharp and compelling in the darkened room. The wet, carnal sounds of vigorous fucking rose about them as he plunged his raging erection into her dripping pussy, meshing their pubic hairs, grinding the ridge of his cock against her clit with each long, outward stroke.

Heart racing, Kaila opened her mouth for Pavel's tongue, clung to it, breathing his air and giving him hers as the conflagration within threatened to explode outward. Body heaving under his, giving everything she had, she clenched down onto the thick penis tearing her apart, ripping her world asunder and creating it anew.

Pavel, teeth gritted with effort, gripped her hips and rolled her higher, changing the angle of his entry. With a guttural cry, he pulled out of her. "Still not enough...have to get deeper!"

"No!" Disbelieving, Kaila screamed in denial, hands outstretched to hold him to her.

"Hold on, baby," he growled, rolling her to her side and sliding behind her. "I want to reach more of this sweet little pussy. I want to touch your womb." Lifting her right leg over his top thigh, he pressed in from behind, burying his cock back inside her greedy vagina.

"Oh, shit...! *Shit*, you're in me so deep!" His cock felt long enough to exit from her mouth. He slid in and in on an endless search for the mouth of her womb, penetrating higher than he had before. Her fingers curled around his upper arms and closed on his biceps, nails gouging the skin as she arched her spine under the dark pleasure of his thrusts, sobbing for breath.

"Oh, yes, Kaila...that's it! Hold onto me as I claim what is mine. Feel me fucking you, claiming you!"

Trembling at the overwhelming sensations, she obeyed, pushing back into his heavy thrusts, inviting his possession, used her body as well as her mouth to beg and plead for more, more. "Oh, yes! Fuck me, Pavel. Fuck me harder...deeper!"

"Are you mine, Kaila? Because if you're mine I'll never stop fucking you!"

"Yes...yes!" She didn't stop to think, just grabbed at his promise. She never wanted this moment to end.

His hips slammed into her, sending her pelvis jerking forward. The heavy hand on her lower belly dragged her back against him, not allowing an inch of her flesh to escape his hold. "Then say it. Say, 'I'm yours, Pavel."

Her head lolled limply on her neck. "I'm yours, Pavel."

"Louder! Shout it."

"I'm yours, Pavel!"

"Say, 'My pussy is yours."

He shafted her so hard she could barely get the words out. "My pussy...ooh... my pussy... ohmygod...uh...oh, *god*, it's yours...it's yours!"

He smiled in praise, slowed his frenzied fucking to a gentler pace. "Oh, babe, you're so tight like this...so hot around my cock." One broad hand reached down, cupped her pussy where it stretched around his cock, fingered her clit until it burned. Her vaginal muscles fluttered, clenched on the welcome intruder in helpless tiny ripples.

He purred, "This precious cunt of mine is trying to squeeze me to death while your wet heat's burning me up." He took her hand and placed it low on her stomach, below her belly button, pressed his own down hard over it. "Can you feel me burning inside you? Feel how hard my cock is for you...only for you?"

She groaned and shuddered. Beneath their hands, she *felt* and could almost visualize his cock tunneling beneath her skin, buried deep in her pussy. Pavel spoke of burning, but it was she who burned inside, the hot jut of his cock scouring the length of her convulsing channel. He was so thick, and her vagina so untried, the thrusting began to chafe the narrow groove of her sex.

Just as the discomfort started to detract from her pleasure, Kaila felt a burst of warm soothing fluid flood her channel, spreading blessed balm to her tender, abraded tissues. Another jet and still another bathed the stinging flesh until all she felt was the slide and glide of his body in and around hers. She realized he was releasing his sperm in small spurts to lubricate her sore pussy. His caring actions caused her already engaged emotions to deepen. Kaila knew she'd just taken a step closer to falling in love.

Those soft feelings exploded into angry anxiety as he pulled out of her yet again. She growled. "What the fuck...?"

"Want to see your face, see you come..." His hoarse words disintegrated into a rough moan. His large hands turned her, opened her, his heavy thighs pressed her legs apart as his thick penis scraped past her clit, causing volcanic eruptions in her womb.

A pained groan sounded above her and she glanced up to see Pavel's mouth opened in a grimace, face contorted with strain as he rocked his hips, powering his cock with what seemed inhuman speed. "By the Moon…come for me, Kaila!" He gasped, impossibly redoubling his thrusting until the friction of his cock inside her pussy generated the heat of a melting sun.

Kaila had never imagined being fucked so determinedly, so perfectly. His body worshiped hers, every muscle flexing in smooth collaboration. His mouth and hands moved in coordination, setting a rhythm that steadily built her excitement until she was screaming at the indescribable sensations pouring over her. "Oh yes…ohmygodddd…Pavel! Oh hell, fuckmefuck

Breasts swelling, nipples hardening to stiff peaks, she thrashed and jerked, every nerve in her body standing at attention and responding. All the strength seemed to leave her extremities as lava formed in her womb and radiated outward. Legs and arms falling away, eyes rolled up in her head, Kaila quaked and shuddered. And the pleasure redoubled and grew again.

Sweat poured from her. She moaned, both frightened and thrilled to feel her body quickening, readying itself for another explosion. In the complete stillness before the carnal storm struck anew, she stared up at her lover and whispered, voice filled with wonder and awe, "Oh Pavel...you make me fly. Is *this* how it feels to soar?"

"Oh Kaila, my darling...what a gift you are!" Sounding shaken, Pavel slid his hand down and latched onto her clit. Wedging a finger in past his pistoning cock, he drew out her juices and slicked them over the hard, stiff button. He circled the upstanding knot with one finger while raking his thumb across the little head, playing her like a virtuoso.

Ecstasy -- white hot and shimmering around the edges -- slammed into her, struck her head on and tumbled her into a grinding completion that went on and on. She turned her head and muffled her screams by biting his arm -- the only part she could reach without removing her hand from her belly, where the movements of his cock continued to enthrall her.

With a final wicked thrust, he stiffened and froze against her back. His cock grew enormous, stretched her pussy until the pain threatened to overwhelm the pleasure. Hips melded to hers, Pavel threw back his head and howled, shouting his climax to the ceiling.

"Pavel, it hurts!" She sobbed, frightened at the pain, at the growth she could feel beneath her fingers. There was something there at the base, a knot of some kind, blocking the mouth of her vagina, trapping his cock inside her. "What's happening? What is that?"

Groaning, he hung suspended over her as his cock continued to grow and spew, squeezed by the rhythmic convulsions of her clenching channel. "Hold on, babe. It will be okay, I promise. Just ride it out...this is just me loving you good."

His fingers ringed her clit, pinched and pulled it as he shot jet after hot jet of come into her sealed pussy. He filled her up, emptied his load into her until she could feel his balls hanging slack and emptied against the crack of her bottom.

#### Cream Pie

She awoke to soft kisses and wet nipples. Kaila opened her eyes to find Pavel nuzzling at her breast, his mouth opened over her left nipple while his right hand toyed with the other. His tongue swirled around and around the tip, teeth nibbling gently on the crest.

Her hand came up and plowed through his thick swatch of hair, fingers bunched in the locks at his neck. She held him to her, pressed his mouth closer to the place where she ached and stiffened for him.

Pavel switched to the neglected nipple and gave it the same detailed loving, not halting until both tips were diamond hard and shining with his saliva. Lifting his head, he scooted up and fit his semihard cock in the niche of her thighs, burrowing until his hips won a place between her open legs.

Lips smiling down at her, green eyes crinkled in amusement, he bent his head to place an almost chaste kiss on her mouth. "You sore?"

"God, yes."

"Too sore to take me again?"

She gazed up at him in wonder. "You want me again?"

He dipped his head and nuzzled her in the tender bend where her neck met her shoulders. "Always...always...in all ways."

She didn't want to deny him, but her pussy did ache and throb something fierce. "I'm really sore down there."

"I can make it better..."

Kaila closed her eyes as Pavel slid down her body. His hands lingered at her breasts, thumbing the soft nipples into stiff hillocks. Long fingers plumped the resilient mounds as his mouth skimmed over and over the crease just beneath the swelling of flesh.

She moaned a little as his gentle manipulation brought her body to life, raised the heat, swelled the craving into a conflagration of need. "Pavel."

Her fingers slid through the silken strands of his hair, pressing his mouth against her skin. His teeth scraped across a spot low on her belly, causing her muscles to contract. She shivered as his tongue darted out, lapping at the small bowl of her navel, painting the ticklish depression in wet heat that cooled as his mouth roved lower.

Pavel groaned against her mound, his hot breath searing the flesh beneath her covering of coarse curls. He buried his nose in that hair, pressing hard against her pubic bone, and her womb clenched, released a gush of moisture to scent the room with the heady aroma of her rising passion.

"Kaila! By the Moon, Kaila, you smell delicious!"

Lost in the sensations he layered one upon the other, she dimly heard him cry out, felt him easing her legs apart, widening them to get at the heart of her. Fingers bunching in his hair, she lifted into his caress, thighs quaking as he painted damp swirls on the skin just beside her crease. His tongue darted out, stabbed through the fleshy lips of her labia to flick over her hooded clit. With a wild cry, she convulsed.

Pavel held her down, kept her anchored as his hands pushed her legs wide apart, fingers peeling back her lips to reveal the mouth of her sex. He swiped her from the base of her pussy to her clit, rough tongue lapping up her slit with greedy licks.

Moisture poured from her, coating her pussy and the tops of her thighs. Pavel shook his head side to side, slurping her juices, stabbing his tongue inside her, curling that facile tip up to gather every drop. When he closed his mouth over her and suckled, she wailed. Her hips left the bed as she pumped up at his mouth and he obliged her, pushing two stiff fingers in her pulsating channel while he continued the suction over her clit.

After an endless time, Pavel lifted his head, chin dripping with her juices, and met her slumberous gaze. Green eyes glowing with an expression almost too intimate for her to bear, he deliberately wiped at his face, brought the fingers to his lips. Eyes sliding shut, he licked her wet desire from his flesh. "Mhmmm…you taste of the sweetest, richest cream."

His sexy words, coupled with that look of decadent pleasure on his face, did it for her. Lightning flashed in her blood, bringing it to a boiling point. Thunder crashed nearby and she laughed, realizing it was her own voice growling demands of her teasing lover. "Please, Pavel, please...!"

"Are you ready for me now?"

"God, yes...now, *right* now!" She opened for him before he could ask and when he came to her, pressed the large blunt head of him to her sopping entrance, she pushed up, determined to engulf him.

She hadn't healed from before and his cock was so huge it still hurt taking him in. He went slow, inched up her still sore channel in tiny increments, and thankfully, she was wet enough to aid his entry, but the pain threatened to overpower the pleasure.

Face wet with sweat, features twisted into a grimace of concentration, Pavel sank another few inches into her. "Relax, Kaila," he ordered, teeth clenched as he hung over her. "I'm big, yes, but you know we fit. It'll be better once I get all the way inside you. Play with your clit. That should help ease my way."

She hesitated, shy about doing something so intimate while he watched. Then she laughed at herself because what could be more personal than what they'd already done? Tentatively, she sent one hand questing to where he jutted out of her. The barrel of his cock was wedged tightly in her stretched opening and she had to pull back her labia to get at her half-buried clit. He hadn't completely entered her so the part of his cock extending above her pussy remained dry. She couldn't get at her own lubrication unless she could work a finger in beside his thick erection. No way did she want to do that -- he stretched her too tightly now.

Kaila glanced up, found Pavel staring down at where they joined. The weight of his heated gaze added to her need to get past the pain of his entry. "Slide out a bit."

He looked at her, a question in his eyes.

"I need moisture..."

Pavel closed his eyes. When he opened them, remorse gazed out at her. "I'm a lustful idiot! Please bear with me, love, and know that that your nearness turns my brain to mush."

"It's okay, just..." But he was already pulling out of her, the smooth slide against the walls of her tight sheath sparking the pleasure she'd been chasing. Shallow dips followed, gentle, slow jabs that worked her cream to froth, coating his cock and the tops of her thighs until on every entry he eased deeper and deeper into her secret heart.

Soon the pleasure, the thrill returned and Kaila's body awoke with a vengeance. He was fucking her now, plunging in hard and so fast his round, full balls slapped her ass with each heavy thrust. His hands gripped her hips, held her up, held her open beneath him as he took her with a controlled violence that made her half mad with lust.

"Mine!" He growled that word as he pushed all the way in, over and over, claiming every inch of her pussy as his own.

Oh god, he was hurting her so good and she loved it, loved the way his cock dragged along her wet tissues, filling her, touching every inch. Her blood burned, body flamed as he led her in a primal mating ballet, told her what he wanted as he strove to send her spiraling over the edge.

Desperate to grab hold on to something, anything, Kaila latched onto her own nipples, tugging and twisting them as her lower body danced under the whip of Pavel's determined

assault. He'd been masterful before, but this time she sensed he wanted more than her body. This time he wanted to claim her soul.

When his body convulsed on hers, his seed jetting deep inside she knew she'd found her home. She'd never want another man like she wanted this one. Kaila very much feared she'd already given Pavel her soul.

"Come for me, sweetness."

His gruff plea pushed her over the edge and she screamed, straining to gain that last glittering peak. Screamed again as her body flew apart, blasted by the most intensely erotic orgasm she'd ever experienced as Pavel continued to pump in and out of her milking channel.

Later, in the drowsy aftermath, Kaila waited until the low, even huffs of breath told her Pavel slept. Leaning up, she gazed down into his slack face. He looked so innocent in sleep, like a choirboy resting between celebrations -- nothing like the demon who'd fucked her to within an inch of her life. Bending down, she brushed a whisper-soft a kiss on his cheek. "I love you."

# Spinach

The phone rang three times before he could reach it.

"Pavel, here," he whispered, glancing down to see if the strident noise had awakened Kaila. Not that anything shy of an earthquake would wake her. He hadn't been able to keep his hands off her, had fucked her four times before she'd pushed him away and fallen into a sexual coma. Poor darling, he'd worn her totally out.

"Was she...sweet?"

Pavel closed his eyes and dragged in a steadying breath. "Rickard, don't do this."

"I have to know." The phone faithfully rendered the sound of Rickard's heavy breathing. "Is she quiet or loud? Oh, god, Pavel...did she...did she make those soft noises women do while you fucked her? Did she...scream that last time when she came?"

Pavel eased out of the bed and walked naked into the living room. Staring at his reflection in the bank of un-curtained windows, he glared at the cordless phone in his hand. Lifting it to his ear, he snarled, "Do you have my place bugged? Because that's one thing I won't tolerate, not even from you…especially not from you, Rickard."

"You think I bugged your place because I know you've just finished fucking your lady?" Rickard did sarcasm well. "I simply know you, Pavel. I knew you would want to claim her tonight, before the program officially began. I even know you don't plan on having her again until her session is over."

"While you are hardly ever wrong, in this instance you are not quite right. I definitely plan on having her again, but only if she initiates the action. I am her trainer and I do not want her thinking she has to give me sex to do well in the program."

From several countries away, Rickard tsk-tsked at his long-time friend, cheerfully pointing out, "Those pesky ethics of yours makes you predictable as well as blue-balled."

Pavel heard the anger riding under the surface of his prince's voice. Pity for Rickard's self-imposed loneliness moved him to speak truthfully. "Thank you for sending her to me. She is the most astoundingly passionate woman I have ever met. I will never fuck another woman and I will not feel the lack, for she is all I will ever need."

The silence on the phone was so deep he thought the connection had ended. "Rickard...?"

"I could have had her before you."

"I know."

"Why don't you sound upset? I would be, if I were you."

Pavel smiled, relaxed and more inclined toward openness knowing his friend couldn't see his indulgent expression. "No, you wouldn't be. You see, as well as you might know me, I know you in return. Kaila was a virgin. And you knew that."

"Strange conclusion to come to when there was no hymen."

"Humph! Stop trying to goad me. It won't work. You and I both know a hymen is not always proof of virginity, just as the lack of one does not change the fact that a woman might be virginal where it counts...in her mind."

"True. So, your point is...?"

"You are a master of seduction, easily capable of bringing a sexual novice to point. A master -- yes, however, you are not a predator and Kaila was never prey to you."

"What is she but prey to you? What do you call what you did with her this night? Damn it, she barely arrived and already you have her tucked in your bed. And you've told her nothing."

"I call it making love, fucking the love of my life, my mate. And she is *blissfully* tucked in my bed." Pavel softened his voice. "You know it is too soon to say anything to Kaila. But that's not what's bothering you. What's wrong, Rickard? You're hours ahead of us. It's almost morning where you are. Why are you still up?"

"Oh, I'm not still up. I'm nicely deflated, sitting here on the side of my empty bed with come splattered all over my abdomen."

Pavel met his own gaze in the naked window, noted how easily he read the horror in his eyes. "The link!"

Rickard gave a weak chuckle. "Yes, the bloody link. I was with you all the way."

Pavel's voice cracked like a whip. "Break it off."

"My cock? I almost did, I was jerking it so hard during that last bit, there." Stony silence echoed across the connection. "Guess that quip fell flat."

"Break it off, Rickard."

"No."

"Damn it, sire!"

"It keeps me sane."

Pavel's shoulders drooped. He let his head fall forward. Leaning against the wall, he shook his head over the stubbornness of princes. "How long have you been maintaining the link?"

Pavel could almost visualize his nonchalant shrug.

"Long enough." A note of pride sounded in Rickard's voice. "I've learned to activate it without your noticing."

"So I see. Now what?"

"Now, you get to go back and curl up with your lush black beauty while I go clean this come off my chest." His voice sounded flat and weary.

"It was your choice. You get to live with it." He couldn't stop the chuckle.

"Damn you, Pavel, you're laughing at me! Fucker, say good night and hang up before you really piss me off."

"Good night and hang up before you really piss me off." His quick return came tongue-in-cheek and they both laughed. After a long silence, Rickard spoke again, his voice no longer light and joking.

"Pavel?"

Listening to what wasn't said, Pavel heard a somber element in it. His prince sounded...lonely. "Yes, sire?"

"I -- never mind." His voice hoarsened. "I don't know if I can stay away the whole five and a half weeks. Don't bond with her before I get there or you'll never be able to fulfill your promise."

Pavel closed his eyes, pinched the bridge of his nose between thumb and forefinger and blew out a long-suffering sigh that bespoke waning patience. "I am aware of that."

"In the meantime, eat plenty of spinach. You're going to need the strength."

### Green Peas or Corn

"I hate green peas. I'm not going to eat them so you might as well tell your quack medical staff to remove them from my food list."

Kaila pushed her plate away, mouth turning down at the colorful assortment of diced carrots and green peas. "And I don't much care for cooked carrots, either." She continued to grumble as she used her fork to push away the al dente vegetables. "These things are hard. What did they do, pick them from the field five minutes ago?"

Pavel swallowed his sigh. This first day hadn't gone well. From the moment he'd knocked on her door to awaken her, Kaila had been uncooperative and downright surly. She'd been nothing like the giving, gentle woman he'd loved most of the night, instead, sniping and snarling at every suggestion he had to make.

The first serious sign of trouble had reared its ugly head when they'd showed up at the doctors' suite of offices and she found a male waiting to examine her.

"I want a female doctor. I'm not getting naked in front of some stranger just because he has a stethoscope in his hands!"

That hadn't been the end of her complaints. Even the female practitioner they rounded up could do nothing to please her. There was just no satisfying her today, and Pavel wondered for the tenth time what had gone wrong...

Mindful of his promise not to pressure her, he'd reluctantly taken her back to her room. Wanting nothing more than to hold her all through the night, cuddle her in his arms, he had to keep his word. He'd left her snuggled under the covers, cute mouth slightly open. She'd probably deny with her last breath that she snored, but Pavel had found the gentle burr endearing.

Looking down on her, he'd ached to snatch her up and haul her back to his bed, even knowing he couldn't have her again sexually. He was too big, she was too sore, and it was his privilege to care for her and guard her in all ways...even against his own rampant desires.

Watching her now, he wanted to tan her stubborn hind parts. "My staff doctors are not quacks and you will eat what is prepared for you, or nothing."

She pushed the plate away so violently the contents spilled over on the tablecloth. "I'll take nothing for two hundred, Alex. If this slop is all you can offer, I'd rather go hungry. Perhaps the breakfast menu will be more to my taste."

Pavel bit back a snippy retort and controlled his rising temper. It wouldn't help to respond to her taunts. He was the one in charge; it was his duty to guide her gently. Besides, the more she acted out, the more concerned he felt. This wild, childish behavior was not the norm for Kaila. He wasn't quite sure how he knew, but the certainty grew within him that all was not well. "Are you PMSing?"

As soon as the words left his mouth, he shook his head, knowing he'd made a tactical error. For one thing, she was nowhere near her cycle. As up close and personal as they'd been last night, there's no way he would have missed scenting her ovulation. And he'd have had to wear condoms.

Kaila sneered at him. "Is that every man's answer to a woman having a mind of her own? Can we go home now? I'm tired. I need a shower and then I want to go to *sleep*."

Pavel caught the emphasis on that last word, as he was sure she meant him to. She was giving off waves of anger, her agitation growing by the minute. Pavel's nose crinkled as her pungent scents flooded his nostrils. He was at a loss to fathom the source of her rage.

"Well?"

With a sigh, Pavel folded his napkin and stood up from the table. Coming around, he held her chair, doing nothing when she twitched away from him, rejecting his hand at her elbow. As she stalked toward the door of the dining room, he couldn't help eyeing the full curves of her ass, swinging with womanly grace before his hungry gaze. Doubtless, he'd be going hungry tonight, too.

## Marzipan Roses

Kaila paced the floor of her bedroom, aware Pavel was also awake and moving in his part of the suite. Unlike her, he was able to bury his agitation in a pile of work. She wasn't so lucky. Sleep had eluded her since the night she'd spent with Pavel.

Fighting back tears for the hundredth time that week, she plopped down on the fatcushioned chair by her bedside. In the space of just one night, everything had gone wrong. Somehow, she'd turned Pavel off. She'd gone to sleep so happy, convinced she'd pleased him as he'd certainly pleased her.

No one had ever touched her as deeply as Pavel had, seen into her soul, and watered the dry barren waste of her heart. She hadn't known what to think when she'd awakened that next morning to find herself alone, deposited back in her own bed.

What did I do wrong? What didn't I do right? Oh, god, I never got around to sucking his cock. Could that be it? Maybe he thought I didn't want to... Kaila's teeth worried her bottom lip as she contemplated what she should do. Maybe she should just ask him if that was it...offer to do it now if he wanted. She didn't know anything about giving blowjobs, but she was sure Pavel could teach her what he wanted.

She slumped back in the chair. The time to ask had come and gone. Tears slid down her cheeks as she admitted she didn't have the courage to confront him. What if that wasn't the problem? What if once with her had been enough and he no longer wanted her? She would just shrivel up in shame if her asking forced him to reject her face-to-face. The least she could do was let the man alone, not chase him like a rabid groupie. But oh, how she missed his wonderful kisses and the feel of his muscled body over hers. One night had spoiled her, addicted her to his lovemaking. Even recalling how much that first time had hurt couldn't douse the fire burning between her thighs at the memories of their second and third time together.

\* \* \* \* \*

Another restless night spent doing paperwork.

Though his eyes burned with tiredness, Pavel couldn't sleep. He could hear her moving about long after she should have been asleep. She hadn't been sleeping well for a good week and as her trainer, he knew he should go in, encourage her to get some rest. He dared not. If he went to her now, nothing would stop him taking her back to his room, to his bed.

What had gone wrong? What had he done to make her retreat? *Oh god, I probably hurt her, hurt her more than she was willing to admit. Maybe she's too frightened to trust her tender body to my brutal care again.* 

The thought of possibly having caused her physical damage made him sick to his stomach. He almost rushed to her room to demand she allow him to check her for injuries. What held him back was the knowledge he'd get her legs open, take one look at her pussy, and try to devour it. The way she was acting with him lately that certainly would not go down well with her.

Pavel paced his office. The only thing keeping him sane was remembering the doctors hadn't mentioned any vaginal damage. Of course, they might not have known what to look for...it hadn't been that kind of exam.

The phone rang in the midst of his musings. Startled, he glanced at his watch. Who would be calling him at two in the morning? Striding over to the phone, he checked the number. It wasn't ringing on the business line, but it wasn't Rickard. The prince always called from his cell phone and his identity was coded in all the resort phones.

Curious, Pavel lift the receiver. "Sated Pleasures, Pavel speaking."

"Alpha Prime, I greet you. I am Hunter McCallum, Alpha Prime-in-Waiting of the West --"

Shocked, Pavel interrupted. "I know who you are, McCallum."

The urbane voice on the other end of the line resumed speaking. "We have not met, Alpha, yet I also know of you. I am in route to your position and have a request to tender. May I meet with you?"

Pavel thought fast. This had to be some of Rickard's meddling. Even so, he dared not insult one of the most influential wulves in the world. Lachlan might be the actual head of the pack but everyone knew he was close to retirement. Besides, Hunter was equally well known as the creator and head of the NHP, the league of non-human protectors. "I won't ask how you discovered this secure location, Alpha. Tell me your ETA and I'll make time for you."

"Let me call you back when we're closer to coming. Right now, our itinerary is fluid. We have several places we want to visit before coming to you."

"We?"

"No entourage this time, just me and my mate, Melody. I'm combining some long overdue tasks with our extended honeymoon."

Pavel remembered now. He'd missed the ceremony, but his pack had sent a representative to present his congratulations and gifts. He offered the traditional greeting now. "May the Moon shine bright on your mating, Alpha, and make it fruitful."

A rich chuckle sounded in his ear. "You'll have no doubts of the fruitfulness of our union when you see my Mel!"

"She's gravid, then. We'll take the best care of her during your stay. Please call ahead before landing and I'll have a tram meet your plane. You'll both, of course, stay free for as long as you wish."

"Thank you for the invitation, Alpha. We accept."

Pavel cleared his throat. "If you require grounds and privacy to hunt I can provide such, but we do have humans at this location and discretion is mandatory."

"That won't be necessary at this time, thank you. However, hunting is one of the items I'd like to discuss with you when I arrive."

"I am, of course, at your command."

A hearty laugh made him pull the receiver from his ear. "Man, cut the formal rhetoric. I don't go in for all that stuff and Melody will tease the hell out of you if you do it in her hearing. And no, before you ask, I don't even try to control her. She wears the pants in my den."

Another laugh sounded. Pavel couldn't quite make out the low contralto tones in the background before the phone suddenly went dead. Pavel absentmindedly hung it up, his heart lighter for hearing the warm interaction between Hunter and his new mate. There was no one on the planet more Alpha male than Hunter McCallum, so he knew the other wulf had been joking. Still, it was nice to hear the love in Hunter's voice. It took a strong, secure male to openly admit a female ruled his heart. Pavel's respect for the wulf went up several notches. What he wouldn't give to be that assured of Kaila's feelings for him.

The morning cooking staff came on duty at four a.m. He called down and left a message for the head chef to contact him before going back to work on the piles of paperwork that went along with his job.

When Andre, the breakfast chef, rang through at four-fifteen Pavel informed him of Hunter and Melody's arrival and requested he plan a special meal for the honeymooners. He wondered aloud about having a wedding cake baked and presented for dessert.

"Sir, there's a suitable cake, decorated with roses made of marzipan left over from the welcoming feast."

"That will do nicely."

Now all he had to do was get Kaila to behave in a civilized fashion. He'd heard Hunter's bitch was a full-figured black woman. Perhaps she and Kaila would find something in

common. He hoped Melody's presence would help Kaila accept her body and grow more comfortable in her own skin. His chosen mate was a beautiful Junoesque woman with curves many men -- and all wulves -- craved. Unfortunately, she'd allowed America's national obsession with thinness to brainwash her into thinking differently.

### Frosted Cinnamon Buns

"Good morning, ladies. Breakfast will begin shortly, but first, I want to congratulate three of you on reaching all your goals for last week! This didn't take luck, this took determination."

Under the guise of clapping, Ruff leaned back in his seat, trying to ease his boner, wondering who the lucky wulf would be. One of the clients under his charge had met her goals, but all three women at his table were twittering and rustling about like pheasants in a blind.

They had no idea how the sweet aroma of their cunts had him adjusting his pants on an hourly basis. Poor dears hadn't a clue how often the staff salivated for a taste of their tender flesh. If they did, none of them would have self-esteem issues. A wulf didn't judge by looks, but by smell and some of these bitches had the sweetest smelling pussies in the world.

By the Moon, he was *hungry*. His cock hadn't been inside a pussy in so long he'd have to teach it new manners if he ever got an invite.

Ruff picked up his coffee cup and took a deep swig, wishing Pavel would hurry up with his speechifying. Like a lot of others, he'd come to Sated Pleasures for the promise of pussy and perhaps a little light bondage and spanking. So far, he'd had none of his pleasures sated.

No one had warned the wulves how hard they'd find it being around females they could smell but not touch. Well, he could testify to it being hard...fucking hard. That was the state of his cock day in and day out -- fucking hard.

Another round of applause, and Ruff clapped along, pretending he'd been paying attention.

Brandon leaned over from the next table and nudged him. "Hey, dude, you're not supposed to clap for yourself."

Shocked, Ruff heard his voice saying, "Says the wulf who cheered himself on day one."

"Okay, so I was innocent. What's your excuse?"

"I wasn't listening."

Brandon chuckled. "That'll learn you!"

"Quiet, whippersnapper, 'fore I learn you a thing or three!" From up front, Pavel was calling his name, so he hushed the other wulf and gave the director his full attention.

"Sir?"

"Since all three women chose you as their fantasy, we've tossed their names into this bowl. The order in which you pull out the names is the order in which the ladies will have their fantasy realized."

Pinning on a winning smile, Ruff stood and started making his way up front. "Wow, all three picked me? Ladies, I feel honored to be your choice. I'm gonna try real *hard* to fulfill your every wish."

The clients all laughed and he held in the need to howl, wondering how his fellow wulves were dealing with the overdose of lustful scents.

The heady reek of wet feminine flesh bathed his nostrils, and by the time he made it to the roster there was no concealing his heavy erection. It rode his jeans as a cowboy rode a bronc, bucking and jerking.

Ruff reached in and pulled the slip of paper from the box. "And the first winner is..." Making a big production of it, he read: "Sara!"

\* \* \* \* \*

"Sara, are you frightened of me?" Ruff stood looking down at Sara, his hands filled with the cake box. She was round as a plump hen and twice as fluffy, just the way he liked his women. Of course, she was a tad older than his norm, but older bitches often proved to be the better lay, thanks to their years of experience. Also, they tended to be more relaxed, less fearful of the dread specter of pregnancy.

"Oh no, Ruff! If I were, I wouldn't have chosen you as my fantasy."

"Then what's wrong? Every time I try to get closer you edge away."

"Well, you see, much as I want to do this, I just don't feel comfortable."

Sneaking another glance at the politely worded fantasy, written in an antiquated hand -- in ink, no less -- without a single error, Ruff had to grin. She was certainly a bold one...on paper.

Dear Mr. Ruff.

I would like it if you ate homemade frosted cinnamon rolls off my breasts and if you wouldn't mind, please smear frosting on my vagina and then lick it off.

Sincerely, Sara

Would he mind? Was she kidding? Ruff smothered a rueful chuckle behind his raised fist and a pretend cough. After he finished fulfilling her wish list, he had one of his own to see about. Cinnamon rolls weren't all he'd soon be eating. His fluffy little Sara was about to get a whole lot more than frosting licked from her juicy little pussy.

"Well, how about this, hon...what say we just get comfortable and eat these cinnamon rolls before they get cold. That okay with you?"

She nodded and he sidled further into the suite, checking out the plush interior decorating of the hedonistic fantasy rooms. He set the box down on a table by the bedside and plopped down on the mattress, finished casing the area. He hadn't been in one of the pleasure units before, but his quick perusal revealed they were much nicer than the ones in the punishment suite.

Sara took a seat over by the window, sitting with her knees pressed primly together and her feet precisely aligned. The perfect picture of an old-fashioned lady. Ruff noted her unspoken statement, not worried a bit over her shy reluctance. He'd soon get those knees opened.

Conscious of the clock ticking their hour away, Ruff started unbuttoning his shirt. "It's a tad warm in here. You don't mind if I take off this shirt, do you, Sara?"

"Uh...uh..." Her doe eyes stared across the room at him, pupils almost swallowed by the white surrounds. Yep, she minded...to hell with this!

Ruff stood up, stripped off his shirt, and with economical movements, toed off his shoes. When he glanced over, he found Sara had both hands in front of her eyes, quaking in her chair. Pretty much what he'd expected. Not wanting to frighten her more than he already had, he stalked over to her, bent down, put his hands under her armpits and brought her to her feet.

She started to stammer something, but he hushed her, placing a finger against her lips. He lifted her chin and smiled into her worried face. "The way I see it, Sara, you chose me because you have a hankering for me. Well, I've got a hankering for you, too, but you've only earned an hour, and we don't have time to court each other. My cinnamon rolls are getting cold and there's nothing worse than cold icing on your nipples, trust me."

She gasped and he pressed the finger harder against her lips. A wide smile parted his lips when he felt a hint of teeth and then a quick, furtive swipe of her tongue. Sara was coming around. "Sweet girl!"

"You have a fantasy and I have less than an hour to give it to you. So we do this your way or the Ruff way, but once you choose, you can't back out."

In a quiet little voice Sara asked, "What's the rough way?"

"Sweet cakes, Ruff ain't my birth name, it's the way I like my sex." He flicked an eyebrow in a flirty wink and licked up the side of her cheek in a slow, sexy curl of tongue that had his own cock bucking. She tasted luscious, a mix of fear and lust.

"Please, Ruff..."

Her voice hitched and Ruff laughed as he swept her off her feet, depositing her on the bed. Kneeling over her, he ripped her blouse open, ignoring the buttons and then started in on her skirt. Once he had her naked, Ruff nodded in satisfaction.

Not taking his eyes off Sara, he reached toward the box on the table, transferred it to the bed. Instead of opening it and pulling out a roll, he sank back on his haunches to take inventory.

Two eyes, indifferent blue...where had he read that? No matter. Actually, her eyes were closer to gray and if she wore dentures, they were good ones. Her breasts were still full, though they sagged a bit with the natural progression of age. Fair skin, again age speckled but still smooth, covered her plump body.

"You're a lovely woman, Sara, a vintage beauty worth savoring. I am so going to love sharing a cinnamon roll with you, but first..."

He leaned down and grasped both her nipples between a hard finger and thumb. Watching her face, he squeezed the tender tips, continuing to apply pressure until a fleeting grimace twisted her girl-next-door features. He let up immediately, employing a gentle tug and pull movement that soon had her mewling under him.

Only then did Ruff lower his head, drawing a stiff nub into his mouth. He continued tweaking the other nipple as his tongue busily lapped all over the soft skin of her left mound.

"I believe you requested our treat be served on your breasts. I'm a firm believer in being neat, so I'm afraid we can't eat until the table's been thoroughly cleaned." He switched to the other breast, curling his tongue about the bit of hard, upstanding flesh. Her back bowed. Sharp and savory, her pussy juices spilled out of her, flooding the air, and Ruff drank it in, more anxious by the moment to begin the true feasting.

"Oh, my god!"

"Naw, just your boyfriend, but I'll have you screaming other titles before I'm through."

Ruff wasn't bragging, just making a promise. He intended for Sara to have a good time. First, she'd earned it. Taking off extra pounds at her age had to be hard. Second, he knew, having talked to Leon, Sara's trainer, that she struggled with poor body image. When she left him, the one thing she'd never worry about again was looking good.

"Well, look here...is that a perky little nipple standing up for some attention?"

Sara laughed. "Young man, there hasn't been a perky thing on my body since before my Albert died."

She had a cute, infectious giggle and Ruff released the nipple he'd been tending to smile down at her. He thumbed her tight nub. "If there's one thing I know, its nipples...and this one is definitely perked up."

She squirmed uncomfortably, her scent changing to the slightly sour mix of verbena and dill -- embarrassment. She turned her head to the side, avoiding his gaze. "You know...you don't have to say those things to me. I came here with Lucinda just for the thrill, but I didn't really think handsome young bucks like you would really want to spend fantasy time with wrinkled up old biddies like me."

Unnerved, Ruff lay half on top of Sara, his big body covering most of her slighter one. His smile faded, chased by the sobering realization that this one hour could make or break this gentle, shy woman.

In a flash, he saw what Pavel was trying to accomplish, understood finally why the director was always going on and on about making the clients feel special. He couldn't go ahead with his plans and disregard Sara's feelings. After all, this hour was for Sara, not him.

Cursing himself for his newfound ethics, Ruff rolled away and sat up, head cradled in his hands. He huffed a few times, working up the resolve to offer her a choice, a choice that would kill his chance for some pussy. He felt like crying, thinking about having to pass up the sweet, fragrant female sex smelling up the room. Mature women were like virgins — tight and narrow — but unlike a virgin, the older gals knew how use what they had. Hell, passing up older pussy should make him eligible for sainthood.

Ruff rubbed his head, already frustrated, but he knew what he had to do. If he didn't do the right thing with Sara, he'd never again respect himself.

He twisted to look down at the quiet woman. "Uh...Sara...?"

Her face tightened and he could tell she thought he was about to blow her off. She sat up against the pillows, pulling the edge of the sheet up over her breasts. "Yes?"

He turned around and sat next to her at the top of the bed. "Can I be honest with you?"

"I-I..." Her voice stalled and she nodded instead of trying to get anything else out.

"Sara, I know you wrote about me eating those cinnamon rolls off your breasts, but I don't think you really want me to do that."

"Oh, but I --"

"Sara! We're being honest, here." He reached out and took one of her hands. It was trembling. "So here's the truth..." Placing a finger under her chin he raised her face to his. "I don't want to eat cinnamon rolls, I want to eat you. And icing is nice, but I'm sure if I stir the mix right, I can whip up some cream that tastes a lot better to me than that sugary stuff."

"You mean you..."

"I mean I want very badly to fuck you, but if all you want is for me to get a belly full of rolls and go away with an aching cock, we'll do that, 'cause this is your hour."

"But do you really want me?" Her voice shook, sounding very close to tears. He took the hand he was holding and molded it over his distended cock.

"You feel that?"

"Oh, my god!"

"Sara, if this monster didn't like you nothing I did would get it up. I want you, Sara, and you want me, too. Stop!" he ordered, holding a finger against her lips when she tried to protest. "We're being honest, remember? Sara, I read your fantasy, now let me tell you mine...

"I want to finish sucking and licking your tits, make those pink nipples real hard. By the way, your breasts are nice and plump. No, they don't stand up like a twenty-year-old's, but you know what? They're not supposed to. Yours are wonderful, ripe, and mature. The only way they'd look better is in nipple clamps. Next time you earn a pleasure room, I'm going to bring a few and adorn you with them. You'll soon realize they're not just for punishment.

"Anyway, after I've gotten your breasts all wet and primed, I'm going to make you play with them while I go down on you. It'll take some time to get you good and wet, creamy enough to handle what you're holding so sweetly. I'm big and I don't want to hurt you, so I'll lick and suck on your clit 'til you come at least two times. Then I'll prop your hips up with one of those pillows -- it's been a while for you, so this first time, I won't take you on your knees. I'll ease inside, slow and gentle until I've got all nine inches sheathed in your hot pussy." His voice roughened. "Then I'll fuck you 'til you scream and I swear to your god, Sara, if there's even one minute left to our hour when we finish, I'll fuck you again."

Her hand was a vise around his aching cock, and Ruff had to pry it loose. "There you have it: my fantasy. Now, I know you older, more genteel ladies find it hard to talk nasty, so I'll make it easy for you. If you want me to fulfill your fantasy, just say, 'Get the rolls.' If you want to star in *my* fantasy, just say, 'Get busy."

"Ruff?"

"Yes, sweetheart?"

She reached and squeezed his cock hard enough to make his eyes water. "Get busy!"

He was moving down her body before she finished speaking, cock so eager his precome wet the front of his jeans. "Oh, baby, thank you! Thank you! You won't regret this, sweetness." His hands tugged on the sheet, steadily revealing her flushed body to his avid gaze. With a hungry groan, he noted the coarse curls between her thighs were already glistening with her juices before he buried his head in her sweltering heat.

Goddess, she tasted good, her juices light and thin, but savory. Her clit was bigger than he'd expected, thick and fat and swollen. He slid two fingers into her tight folds as he sucked at it, desperate to know how much tenderizing he had to do before he could sink his stiff

cock into her. Thank the Moon she was dripping, her tissue elastic enough to take every hard inch of his steel erection.

"Please, Ruff, get busy! Fuck me now!"

Dragging his mouth away from her enticing cunt, he reared up on his haunches, undoing his jeans, and pushing them down. Goddess, he wished he had a camera. Sara looked gorgeous -- flushed and pink from his mouth, vibrant and aroused. All her shyness had disappeared as she gazed up at him, an unabashed woman, demanding fulfillment. He couldn't help teasing her. "Sara, I found those four lost pounds of yours."

"Huh?"

He slid into her welcoming heat. "They're right here!"

# **Strawberry Tart**

Kaila decided it was the fault of the dessert cart...and the strawberry tarts. The icing-dribbled pastry simply looked and smelled too good to be sitting there in the open, an invitation to break the rules.

She licked her lips. She could almost taste the hot, sugary-tart sweet, feel the crusty phyllo dough melting in her mouth...damn, her finicky appetite sat up and took notice at the divine smell. Unfortunately, they weren't on her list of allowable foodstuffs this week so she'd be doing without.

She heard a moan and glanced over at the woman seated across the room from her. She wasn't the only one salivating over the taboo dessert. Poor Rosemary hadn't taken her eyes off that cart since the kitchen staff rolled it in and returned to the kitchen, leaving it unguarded.

Personally, Kaila thought it mean of the trainers to have sweet contraband lying around in plain view, tempting the clients with the sights and smells of forbidden treats. Worse, the calorie-laden desserts weren't forbidden to everyone, so an assorted few had to go through the agony of watching others enjoy what they craved.

She couldn't say Rickard hadn't warned her. Sated Pleasures was not solely about weight loss. Some of the clients here were concerned about other things, like drug abuse or alcoholism, though for most, their weight also tended to be an issue, at least in their own heads. Those folk weren't always on a restricted diet and could enjoy the world-class chef's decadent delights.

Kaila thanked God her depressive urge to binge hadn't manifested here. When depressed and bingeing, she could strip that cart of all contents in under sixty seconds, flat. Come to think of it -- and she had -- why *hadn't* it hit?

She bit her lip, glancing under her lashes at the man seated beside her, casually perusing the business section of yesterday's morning edition of the Wall Street Journal. Maybe the joy she'd felt at being wanted by Pavel, the multiple tension-loosening orgasms he'd given, her had staved off her cyclic descent into self-hatred. If so, this unprecedented idyll probably wouldn't last much longer.

Her heart did a sorrowful flip-flop as she watched his deceptively slim fingers gripping the sides of the paper, ruffling it as he turned the pages with quiet efficiency. She shivered, remembering those strong hands on her -- *in* her the night they'd made love. *Oh, excuse me, that must have been the night we* fucked, *'cause if it that was love, it would have happened again -- right?* Right!

She pushed her lunch around on her plate, trying to make it look like she'd eaten something. There were no peas or carrots this time, and everything smelled delicious, but she couldn't work up a real appetite. Unhappiness kept leaching it away. At this rate, she'd have no problem losing her targeted weight for the week.

With an inward sigh, Kaila pondered the looming anniversary with dread, when she should have been looking forward to the joyful culmination of her first week. How was she expected to celebrate when the only person she wanted was Pavel? She cringed at the thought of his servicing her out of duty, rather than his own choice.

Once again she questioned, as she had every day since that first, what she'd done or left undone to make him discard her. Had he banished her from his room because she hadn't satisfied him? He'd certainly seemed satiated after the fourth time, but she had no way of knowing. If he'd truly been satisfied, would he have needed the other three times? Wouldn't the first have been enough?

Hell, I warned him I'd never done that before, but I'm willing to learn, to do whatever he wants... Her thoughts chaotic, Kaila ducked her head and surreptitiously wiped away a tear. Fighting for control, she forced down the flood threatening to overflow her eyes. The last thing she wanted was Pavel seeing her cry. She sure the hell couldn't stand being the object of his pity. That would absolutely kill her.

Tears vanquished, she lifted her head up and stared into the middle distance, shoring up her lost calm. Out the peripheral of her eye, she caught a covert movement and watched, intrigued, as Rosemary filched the last strawberry tart off the dessert tray.

A quick glance back at Pavel showed him still engrossed in his paper, head buried between the sheets. No one else seemed to have seen what she saw. Eyebrows raised, she wondered if the woman would try to eat the thing here, or hide it for later. Personally, Kaila thought it wiser to save it. It wouldn't be smart to try to eat it in here — too many potential witnesses. Of course, stealing it in the first place wasn't very smart. *Hello, Maryanne Kibibbee...is anybody home? The lights are on, but...* 

Kaila sighed. Poor Rosemary didn't stand a chance. Before disembarking from the plane, Pavel had warned them all they would be under constant surveillance. She could have

told her they probably had the dining room bugged -- with cameras as well as audio equipment. Everything at Sated Pleasures was state-of-the-art, after all, and Pavel never left anything to chance.

Whatever Rosemary decided to do, she didn't have much time. Her trainer would return any minute since he'd only stepped out to use the john.

Kaila watched the woman's frantic gaze dart about the room, calculating the threat of exposure. Instinctively, she averted her gaze when Rosemary's glance swept over her table. She raised her head just in time to see the other woman's quick, furtive movements as she stuffed the tart in the right pocket of her Capri pants and pulled her loose blouse down over the bulge.

Again, Kaila shook her head over the woman's stupidity. She could have warned her. Should have, probably *would* have warned her, except... Rosemary was such a snob, one of the ones always turning up her nose at anyone less affluent than she and her cronies. It wouldn't hurt if management took her down a peg or two. Besides, Kaila wanted to find out how the staff would react to this infraction of the rules. So far, she'd had nothing to report to Rickard. She needed to start earning that fat-assed fee he'd paid her.

Settling back to observe the inevitable, Kaila pushed her toyed-with meal away and took a desultory sip of her lemon-flavored water. Seems Lucinda of the orange duckbill had called it wrong, twice. Not only had Sara been the first to earn a reward, she wouldn't be the first client punished, as that singular distinction was going to Rosemary.

"Kaila, I had thought better of you."

Kaila's head jerked up, her eyes met Pavel's accusing gaze. What was he talking about? She sat frozen, nerves jangling. Her stomach muscles clenched, making her glad she hadn't tried to force any food down. She had to clear her throat before she could get out any words. "I don't know what you mean."

"That was poorly done of you." The sad disenchantment in his voice made her feel two inches high, even though she had no idea what he was talking about. Sucking in a shaky breath, she fidgeted with her silverware, tapping a discordant rhythm on the edge of her porcelain plate. She finally gathered enough courage to ask, "What was poorly done of me?"

"Rosemary's theft of the tart was pathetic. She was too slow, too obvious. However, more disappointing to me was your decision to do nothing."

Kaila didn't like hearing that. She'd had her reasons for not interfering. Rosemary's stupidity was the only poorly done thing, in her opinion. The woman had gotten caught because she hadn't stopped to think. "Tart theft -- wow, exciting events are taking place today. I always thought the role of tart thief was traditionally played by the Knave of Hearts?"

"Where was your heart, Kaila?"

She slammed her fork on the table, anger boiling up sudden as a summer storm. Narrowing her eyes at Pavel, she leveled her knife at him. "My heart was in my chest, Pavel, where it remains." Her mouth tightened at his continued stony silence. "What right do you have to judge me? Where was *her* heart when she belittled the poorer clients on the plane, of which I was one? Why haven't you called her on her behavior since coming here? She's never ceased her 'I've-got-more-class-than-you' tricks. I thought everyone was supposed to be equal while here."

Pavel sat back and crossed one long leg over the other, linking his hands around his upraised knee. "I'm not concerned about the state of Rosemary's heart or her compassion, as she is not my woman. I'm not fucking her."

"You're not fucking *me*, so I must not be your woman, either!" As soon as the words left her mouth, she covered her lips with her hand, aghast at what her angry outburst had revealed.

Unbelievably, the edges of his eyes crinkled with silent amusement. "So, that's what's been bothering you!" His lips curved up in a pleased smile and it looked to her as if he fought dissolving into outright laughter.

Kaila stared at him, anger smoldering inside. Carefully, she placed the knife on the table, barely resisting the urge to slash the smug grin off his face. "Laughter isn't the best response right now, if you get my drift. I fail to see anything funny in this situation, Pavel. In fact, I'm getting angrier by the moment."

He sobered quickly. Uncrossing his legs, he scooted closer to the table, to her. "I'm not laughing at you, my heart. I'm simply overjoyed to learn you've not lost your attraction to me. I've been quietly dying inside since our first night."

She frowned at him, heart kicking into overdrive. "You took me back to my room. I woke up alone, after you said you'd never stop --" She glanced around and lowered her voice, wanting to keep their conversation private. "-- fucking me."

Pavel uncrossed his legs and flung back in his seat. "I don't believe this!" He sighed, sat forward once more, and captured her gaze with a steely glance. "Do you remember what I answered that first night, when you asked if it was okay for me to speak to you, come on to you?"

Her brow creased. "Yes. I think so."

"Refresh both our memories."

"Well, I'm paraphrasing, but basically you said, 'The name says it all. Anything is allowed as long as the client is okay with it.' You said you could even fuck me bowlegged if you wanted."

"Er...*no*, dear, I said I could fuck you bowlegged if *you* wanted me to... if *we* wanted it." Pavel's face softened. "You've been thinking I didn't *want* you?"

She nodded.

Now his brow creased. "That's just insane, Kaila. I labored hard that night -- knowing I only had the night -- to prove just how much I wanted you, but it's been almost two weeks, and you've never invited me back. I've been drying up inside, shriveling to an empty husk thinking you didn't want me."

A fist tightened over her heart, squeezed her lungs until all she could gasp was, "Pavel!"

"I thought I'd disgusted you or worse, hurt you so badly you never wanted to come to my bed, be with me again."

The plain and simple truth rolled over her like a tidal wave. Pavel had proven repeatedly that his scruples wouldn't allow him to take advantage of a woman he deemed under his care and tutelage. That was why he'd asked her to fuck him before she actually began the program.

Hell, I am a stupid, stupid idiot! All this time, I could have been in Pavel's bed...in his arms!

The pain she'd been struggling with, the sense of being found wanting eased. Kaila gasped, clutching her chest. She hadn't realized just how deeply the situation had eaten at her until now, when the pain drained away. Her tears surprised them both.

"Oh, god, no, honey...please don't," Pavel begged, dragging his chair closer. He used his bulk to hide her distress from the other diners.

"I can't..." The sobs ripped through her, cleansing and burning away the anger and bitterness that had smoldered within her for over a week. "I-I-I thought I wasn't e-enough for you, that I-I didn't pu-pu-please you e-e-enough!" She wailed, waving the hand not plastered to her face.

Pavel captured that hand, plucked her out of her chair, and plopped her down onto his lap. One big hand rubbed soothing circles on her heaving back. "Shh! Shh, baby, don't cry." He rocked her gently, letting her curl into his body as she cried out her pain. "It's all right, it's okay. Sweet thing, you're ripping my heart out!"

"B-but it's not okay, Pavel! I've been h-h-horrible to you and everyone for longer than a week. I hate myself!" Kaila kept her head buried in his chest as she wailed her sordid confession. "I've been m-mean and ugly to the other women, j-just because I was a-angry at you."

"Yes, I've noticed." Pavel's hands didn't stop comforting her, though his quiet words scalded her spirit.

Kaila hung her head. She couldn't bear for him to think less of her. Coupled with her own feelings of guilt, his earlier comments about her heartlessness stung even more. Shame filled her over her recent behavior. Having been in that position most her life, she usually had a soft heart for an underdog. Her latest actions had betrayed who she was...the standard she set for herself.

"While I'm thankful we've cleared the air of our personal contretemps, I'm afraid we'll have to address this issue right now."

Kaila lifted her head and shyly met his stern gaze. She sniffed, wiping away the last of her tears. "What do you mean?"

He didn't answer right away. Catching the attention of Rosemary's trainer -- who'd returned from the bathroom while they were distracted by their conversation -- Pavel indicated he should come over.

The trainer, a tall, brawny fellow with a shock of blond hair that labeled him an outdoors type, and the softest brown eyes, came and stood almost at attention. "You needed something, Al -- sir?"

Pavel stood, easing Kaila off his lap and onto her feet, maintaining his hold on her. Turning, he faced Rosemary's direction, keeping her in his view as he talked with the young man. "Brandon, where is the rest of your team?"

Brandon's brows creased in question. "Bill and Roger are with Lucinda and Sara on the track. The women have slow digestive syndrome and the doctors prescribed a fifteen-minute walk/run before lunch. It's supposed to stimulate their peristalsis. Rosemary has other problems, among them, weak ankles. The doctors have forbidden jogging."

Pavel nodded as if he already knew the information he was hearing. "You left your charge unsupervised."

Brandon looked surprised. "But, she was here, in the dining room. I thought it was okay to do a quick run to the john since others were here at the same time. I mean, *you* were here, sir."

"Yes, I was, but you neglected the courtesy of requesting a hand-off. Lucky for us all, the fact I was so deeply involved observing my own client's behavior is what will enable us to salvage this situation. Your client stole the last strawberry tart off the dessert tray. It is now residing in her --" He cocked an inquiring eyebrow in Kaila's direction. When she failed to answer, he prompted her, his voice grown hard and implacable. "Kaila --?"

Sullenly, she answered him, irritated he was making her the bad guy. "It's in her right pants pocket."

Brandon swept a shaky hand through his sun-streaked hair. "Oh, shit! Oh, fuck! Man, I don't like this."

"Neither do I." Pavel snapped the words out with angry force. "The team system was put into operation to help lessen these occurrences. The client pays when the staff fucks up --" He gave Kaila a stern, straight look. "-- or when a fellow client fails to have compassion."

Turning back to the young trainer, he softened his voice. "Brandon, I know you find this situation stressful because you have a genuine care for your client. You made a mistake,

a minor one, as it happens. From now on, I imagine you'll make sure to assign her to someone before seeking your own comfort so this never happens again."

Brandon nodded vigorously. "You can believe it, sir!"

"On the other hand, Rosemary is a grown woman, capable of making her own decisions. For good or ill, she has made this one. Let's go and relieve your client of her pastry and escort her to the punishment suite."

"You're coming along, Director?"

"Yes, I am. Since your team is otherwise occupied, I will be your witness."

"Thank you, sir." A sigh of relief lifted the boy's impressive chest. After seeing his panicked reaction, noting the instinctual way he looked to Pavel for guidance, Kaila couldn't help thinking of him as an older teenager, though she knew all the staff had to be at least twenty-five.

"Please, call me Pavel."

Already heading for his client, Brandon threw a horrified glance over his shoulder. That look said no way in hell would he dare honor Pavel's request. Kaila, feeling amused at the young trainer's hero-worshiping, struggled to smother her grin. She didn't smile for long.

Brandon's timid posturing while dealing with Pavel gave way to a firm, masterful stance with his client. "Rosemary, stand up and empty your pockets."

Poor Rosemary looked trapped, her gaze whipped to and fro, seeking a way out of her predicament. Kaila swallowed and dropped her gaze, wishing she were somewhere -- anywhere -- but here, forced to witness this woman's embarrassment.

A slight pinch on her upper arm had her eyes flying open. Pavel's pitiless gaze dared her to look away. His unwavering stare seemed to accuse her. *Your withdrawal, your unwillingness to be a friend, is what helped this situation develop along this path.* 

Grimacing, Kaila gave him a jerky nod and braced her shoulders. Lifting her head, she looked into the haunted eyes of the woman slowly rising to her feet, trying to project her sympathy, wanting the other woman to sense she had an ally among enemies. Scowling, Rosemary dropped her gaze.

"Empty your pockets." Brandon repeated his order, his voice gone even harder.

With a defiant toss of her head, Rosemary reached into her right pocket and brought out the smashed tart. "Here, take it. I don't want it now, anyway."

Brandon accepted the worse-for-wear pastry and set it on an abandoned plate. "Rosemary, you read the rules. You know the consequences for stealing and cheating on your diet."

She shrugged, her square face set in lines of truculent defiance. "I don't see what you're making such a fuss over." She smiled flirtatiously at Brandon, ignoring both Pavel and Kaila. "I didn't eat it, so technically, I haven't cheated on my diet."

"Well, but you would have, if Kaila hadn't seen you pocket that tart."

Rosemary's head whipped around, her eyes narrowing as she glared at Kaila, the expression in them malevolent and burning. "You rotten little low-life bitch!" Catching herself, she flashed a disparaging glance over Kaila's sturdy frame. "My mistake, there's nothing *little* about you, is there? You just wait, you pathetic, social climbing whore. I'll teach you to stay out of my business!"

Accepting some of the blame for this situation, Kaila tried to ignore the distraught woman's insults. While not as big as Kaila, Rosemary was no society tulip -- more like a full-blown magnolia -- having no right to disparage another for excess weight. Feeling threatened, she was only lashing out at the one person she felt had no power to retaliate.

"Rosemary, this place is loaded with surveillance devices. I didn't tell them you filched the thing, though I do wish now I'd caught your eye and discouraged you."

The disbelieving glare she received convinced Kaila to let it go. With a shake of her head, she half turned away, sick at heart over being forced to witness the older woman's comeuppance. She couldn't believe she'd actually looked forward to this same thing less than a half hour ago. Now, seeing what her silence had wrought, she'd give anything for the chance to go back and relive the last half hour.

"Let's go, Rosemary." Brandon took her by the arm and marched her out of the dining room. Tight-lipped, Pavel indicated Kaila should follow after and she did. Dread settled in her belly as she wondered what punishment her trainer would mete out. She knew, from his demeanor, he'd determined she deserved to be chastised for her part in this fiasco.

"Where are you taking me?" Rosemary's voice shook, despite her obvious attempt to appear calm and in control.

Brandon's reply was terse, his voice brusque. He had to clear his throat before he answered, "To the punishment suite."

#### **Hot-Crossed Buns**

Rosemary pulled back against Brandon's hold, her eyes wild. Her skin took on a sallow, ugly pallor. "Wait! Stop! I didn't eat it." She dug her heels in, trying to slow her progress down the hall toward the bank of elevators.

"You stole it. You intended to eat it." Brandon's tone said the argument was over.

"But I didn't," she wailed, turning a frantic, pleading gaze on Pavel. "You're not going to let him punish me! You know who I am!"

Pavel returned her gaze, his own placid and unruffled. "I will stand witness to your punishment to make sure your trainer remains within the guidelines of the program."

Rosemary was so shocked she stepped into the elevator without further fuss. Kaila walked in and went to the very rear, turned, and faced the front. She kept her gaze trained toward the floor, embarrassed and ashamed at having seen and been part of the other woman's torment.

Brandon pulled his key chain out of his back pocket and fumbled through the collection, picking out a thin key that didn't look like it would fit the lock of any modern door. Kaila watched him insert the key into a narrow opening at the base of the instrument panel and twist.

The key turned smoothly. A click sounded loudly in the small confines of the elevator car. Light illuminated a button that had been dark and inactive and Brandon took a deep breath. Glancing over at Pavel, who nodded at him, he pushed the button and then turned to glare at Rosemary as if blaming her for having initiated this sequence of events. Kaila winced, smarting under a similar glare from Pavel. Having already accepted her blame for part of what was happening, she had no defense against his angry disappointment.

The ride down seemed interminable and Kaila took a moment to wonder how many floors the compound housed. She leaned against the back wall fervently wishing they would quickly arrive at their destination, just wanting all this to be over.

The car finally came to a smooth halt and the doors slid open onto a dimly lit, though still expensively decorated parlor. The plush carpeting deadened their footsteps as the group exited the elevator and walked left down the hall, which stretched openly before them, lined with doors.

Kaila calculated it had to run the length of the building, corresponding to the huge reception area and the adjacent dining and ballrooms above them. They turned a corner and the hall became narrower.

The rooms along this corridor all had windows open to the hall. Wide and bare of any covering, they offered a stark view to the gruesome contents of the rooms. Through one window, Kaila glimpsed tables laden with instruments, gleaming metallically in the low light. A bare chaise, restraints coiled at head and foot, was the only other furniture. She shivered. What the fuck have we signed on for?

The thought of punishment, and just what that could entail, didn't titillate as it had while she'd been in the restaurant. Faced with the grim reality, the ribbon of dread coiling low in her belly left no room for arousal.

Brandon stopped at the last door on the left. Taking a deep breath, he inserted a key and unlocked the door, gesturing Rosemary before him. "Go in."

With a worried glance and a shiver that set her loose jowls to shaking, the older woman crept past, careful not to touch any part of her body to her trainer's stiffly held torso.

As Brandon moved, preparing to enter the room behind his charge, Pavel laid a hand on his shoulder. "I have no doubts you can do this, but if you require assistance, you need only gesture."

The look the younger man shot him held gratitude and determination. "Thank you, sir, but this is my responsibility. I helped cause this. It would be cowardly to cry for help. Besides, even I can see she needs to be made aware of how her actions contribute to her failure not only to lose weight, but to find true happiness."

As the door shut behind the youth, Pavel took Kaila by the arm and moved her over to the window, bringing her body flush against the bare pane. Stepping up behind her, he pressed close, forcing her into the cold glass. He rested the full weight of his chest on her back, letting her feel the length of his body, his engorged penis digging into the small of her back. Fully extended, steely hard, the promise and threat of his large cock pushing against her made her knees weak, made her hungry.

"As Rosemary suffers, so shall you." His voice low, mouth brushing against her ear, Pavel shared his intentions for her. "As punishment, you're going to watch everything happening to her while I arouse you without allowing you to climax. Whatever Brandon metes out to her, I'll later mete out the exact same treatment to you."

Her heart thudded in her chest as his words stole her breath. A wave of heat washed over her, flushing her cheeks, stiffening her nipples, and tightening the muscles fluttering deep in her empty, eager vagina. Shocked at her reaction, she doubted he'd be able to stop her from cresting. She was so horny, he'd only need to touch her and she'd go off like a rocket.

More experienced than she, Pavel had to know what she was thinking. He proved he'd been thinking along the same lines when he leaned closer and, hands on her shoulders, pressed all along her back until her front molded to the glass. Her thin blouse was no defense as her breasts flattened, pushing her shrinking nipples against the cold pane. "You're going to tell me every time you get close to coming. And I'm going to stop, only to start all over again."

"Oh," she moaned, wriggling against the hard planes of his body. It had been so long since she'd felt him like this...jutting and hard, his breath loud and frantic in her ear. "That is so not fair, forcing me to participate in my own punishment. What if I decide to come and take the consequences?"

Pavel's hands tightened on her shoulders and then his grip relaxed. No part of his lips touched her when he asked, "Are you still mine, Kaila?"

Heat flooded her veins. Her pussy clenched on the empty sheath he'd claimed and conquered. Turning her head, she looked at him from the corner of her eye. "Yes."

He pulled back. "Then trust me when I say you wouldn't at all like the consequences of defying me."

His hand came up and cupped her chin, firmly returned her gaze to the happenings beyond the window. "Watch. Don't stop looking, no matter what I'm doing to you."

Brandon had moved to stand by a table, one hand resting on the edge, the other holding a strap of some kind. He faced the window. Rosemary stood in the middle of the room, her back toward the door, about three feet from the cot. Her pants were bunched around her ankles. Since she was faced away from the window, Kaila couldn't see her face, but her arms were clasped about her torso -- hiding her breasts from her trainer? -- and her shoulders were shaking. Kaila thought she was crying.

Pavel stuck his tongue in her ear, driving the tip deep. He stabbed and retreated rapidly, sending chills up her spine. Desire spilled over into the bowl of her belly, sparked along the top of her thighs. Excitement tingled in the tips of her nipples as he wedged a hand between her body and the glass to tug on a jutting tip through the shirt she wore.

"Do you know why men like fucking a woman's ear?" His raspy voice scratched along her nerve endings like nails across a blackboard. Every hair on her arms stood straight at attention. She shivered. How could he make her shiver with both lust and fright? How could she feel excitement when a helpless woman was being disciplined, and she would soon be undergoing the same punishment?

She let her anger and resentment show in her snappish answer. "Be-because it gives them a sense of power?"

"No. We love it because the deeper our tongue goes, the narrower the channel gets. Hot, tight, vulnerable...just like another area we men love so well."

His other hand came up and tweaked her other nipple. He flattened his palms over both her breasts and rubbed in a firm circle, fingers digging into the flesh at the outside of her mounds, thumbs meeting in the crease between.

On the other side of the glass, Brandon's lips moved. Kaila tried to read his lips, but failed, distracted by what Pavel was doing to her. He communicated the other man's command for her under his breath. "Remove the rest of your clothes. Don't make me ask you again."

She gasped in sympathetic horror. That was why Rosemary was crying. She'd gotten as far as pushing her pants down and froze, unable to do anything more. She was older than Kaila by probably twenty years or so -- perhaps more. Her old-fashioned mores had just caught up with her predicament. She *couldn't* take off her clothes in front of an audience -- a man young enough to be her grandson. A man, moreover, she wasn't intimate with -- in front of Pavel and her. Rosemary didn't have it in her. "Pavel, she can't! Her upbringing won't allow her to do it."

"She will."

His terse reply brought to mind his last warning to the clients before they'd left the plane: *No exceptions made. No mercy...* 

Somehow, she knew he'd follow that policy even with her. He would never allow her to trade on their personal relationship. Inside, she was proud enough to be glad he wouldn't. She hoped she wasn't the type of woman who'd trade sexual favors for a get out of jail free card.

"I said, watch."

Almost as tense as Rosemary had to be feeling, Kaila observed as Brandon's mouth moved, watched Rosemary shake her head, no. She jerked, flinching, as his hand lifted, bringing the crop across Rosemary's chest with a silent snap.

"The room is sound-proofed." Pavel reached above Kaila and pushed a button, activating the intercom set high on the wall. The hall filled with the sound of Rosemary's pained cries. Kaila blinked away tears as she listened to the woman's distress.

Sobbing wildly, Rosemary frantically removed her top, practically ripping the blouse off. Fingers fumbling, she struggled with the clasp of her bra and seconds later, her pendulous breasts hung down, freed from the cage of old-fashioned lace and boning. The lash mark stood out bright red against her pale chest. She bent, still crying, and pushed her panties down her legs until they pooled atop the pedal pushers she'd dropped earlier.

"Turn and lie crossways over the bed." Brandon's voice was harsh, his features hard, as if carved from stone. Only his eyes gleamed with sympathy as the broken, frightened woman shuffled over to the bunk, her steps small and fast, her legs hobbled by her clothes.

In the room, Brandon had moved over to the bed, to stand above Rosemary's splayed form. "Rosemary, your goal is to lose thirty-five pounds. I'm not going to bind you unless you force me. You're about to receive thirty-five lashes with this crop. If you buck or turn, I'll start over. If you put your hands back to intercept the lashes or scream at me, I'll start over. If you get up, I'll have Pavel come in and help me secure you to the bed and I'll start over. Do you understand?"

She nodded her head.

He didn't accept her answer. "In this room, I want clear, verbal answers for everything I ask you. This session is being taped and I don't want any question later about whether you understood or not."

"I understand!" Her voice was high, panicked, but clear. No one would later dispute, the fact she'd been fully informed of all consequences.

"You will keep track of each lick. I'll only proceed when you've called off the number. Do you understand?"

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"Yes!"
"Then begin counting..."
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Listening to the two in the room brought a series of different reactions, equally confusing to Kaila. As Pavel's hands continued their erotic massage, working her breasts and nipples until she wanted to scream, Kaila squirmed, eyelids drooping as Brandon's highly suggestive words struck a chord, drew it taut. In a flash, her mind's eye saw the man kneeling between the older woman's thighs, his tongue sweeping up the narrow channel of her vagina.

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"One."

Lick.
"Two."

Lick.
"Three."

Lick.
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"Four! Five!" Rosemary's voice broke. "Oh god it burns! Please stop!"

Kaila's eyes flew open. She watched Brandon bring the flogger down across Rosemary's broad hips a fifth time. Those hadn't been lips falling on willing flesh, but leather. The quaking mounds of Rosemary's ass were striped a bright hot red. "My god, Pavel -- he's beating her!"

"Yes, he is. And I'll shortly be giving you the same." Abandoning one breast, he pushed his hand under her waistband, into the top of her panties. "But I'll go one better. If you cry out like that over a paltry five stripes, I'll paddle your ass so hard you won't sit for a week." His wrist curved down, and two fingers scooped up her welling cream, spread it over the erect bundle of nerves sitting at the top of her vagina.

She let out a yelp and froze, terrified the room's occupants had heard her accidental cry. She had no idea if her shout came from fear or arousal. Both were present, perhaps in equal quantity.

"The mike is one way. They can't hear you." Pavel whispered assurance of their relative privacy, his tongue flitting in and all about the shell of her ear. "Only I can hear your little cries and whimpers, the moans you release as desire burns along your veins and sizzles in your cunt."

On cue, Kaila moaned again. She was already at boiling point from the heated lash of his thumb and fingers. God, she could feel her nerves popping as he plucked at her clit, pulling the stiff knot up and out before mashing it, grinding it against her pelvic bone.

She pumped her hips at his hand, wordlessly begging for more, whimpering in need when he pulled his hand out of her and away, refusing her request. "Oh, I don't think so, Miss Morgan. You're not nearly hot enough yet."

### Roasted Chestnuts

Only years of experience kept Pavel from groaning aloud as he played with Kaila's clit while watching her react to Rosemary's disciplinary session. Brandon was proving to be a typical wulf in that he'd begun enjoying his client's spanking a bit too much. And the cub was good at it, too...landing blows not truly hard enough to harm but definitely sharp enough to burn. Rosemary's cheeks were bright red, but twenty lashes in -- instead of writhing in pain and flinching from the blows -- the woman was arching her butt up to receive the next spank...and the next.

The boy was a natural Dom, firmly bringing the point home, yet mixing the pain with pleasure. The female would dread future spankings, but not so much she'd hate the trainer.

Pavel's cock hardened at the thought of having Kaila's naked ass stretched across his thighs, raised to receive the palm of his hand. Much as he wished he could celebrate their reunion with a bout of loving fucking, he wouldn't be touching her this evening, not that way. Tonight, he'd warm her buns to the consistency of roasted chestnuts, teach her he wouldn't tolerate cruelty in his mate, but tomorrow night...

He shook off his introspection, dampened his anticipation, and paid attention to what was going on in front of him.

Rosemary cried out, "Thirty-five!" and slumped across the bed, her body going lax as Brandon administered the last spank. Pavel couldn't tell which woman was the more shocked -- Rosemary or Kaila -- when Brandon tossed the strap aside and sank to his knees by the bed. With an inarticulate groan, the young wulf swiped his tongue over the red welts he'd raised on Rosemary's ass, fingers digging into her sides, holding her still as his mouth roved from the small of her back to just under the jutting curves of her full bottom.

The older woman's warbling cry wasn't one of pain or anger. Pavel's nostrils flared as the scent of arousal wafted through plaster and dry wall. A glance down at Kaila's slackjawed face made him chuckle. He removed his fingers from her dripping pussy and popped them in her mouth. A belly laugh worked its way up through his chest, muffled against her neck, where he'd tucked his head. "Every staff member at Sated Pleasures performs his or her job passionately." He laughed again when she elbowed him in the side. He subdued her, then directed her attention back to the couple in the punishment room. "Watch how he gentles her. No punishment should leave a bitter taste in the mouth. Or the soul."

Kaila leaned into him, quiet for a long while. Then, "Is that how you plan to handle me? Punish me and then gentle me so I won't hold your brutality against you?"

Pavel closed his eyes, held his breath and stilled, using every technique he'd learned over a rough and troubled life to deal with the pain her quiet question brought to searing life within him. "Ask me that same question tonight."

In the room, Brandon had pulled Rosemary up into his arms. She threw her arms around his back and buried her face in his chest, body shaking with the strength of her sobs. He held her by the shoulders, shook her gently. "Don't you ever make me do this again!"

She shook her head, no. "I won't. I won't."

"C'mon...I'll help you dress. You probably want a nap before dinnertime, but we'll have to get you an appointment with the docs before you can do that."

Rosemary raised her head, met her trainer's gaze. "Why? I feel fine."

Brandon handed her the bra and blouse she'd tossed in the corner. "Each client has to report to the medical suite after receiving punishment. It's the rules." He stopped and quirked an eyebrow at her. "And we're going to obey all the rules, aren't we, Rosemary?"

She sighed. "Yes, sir."

Beneath his chin, Kaila snorted. "Gag me with a spoon."

## Unsweetened Grapefruit Juice

She'd been praying for a reprieve and when the walkie-talkie squeaked, claiming Pavel's attention, she took it as a sign from above. Letting out a pent-up breath, she sent up the appropriate thanks.

Walking down the hall from her, Pavel unclipped his unit from his belt and thumbed it on.

"Yes, I'm here. What is it?"

The McCallum's flight just touched down, sir. A tram is on the way to intercept.

"Escort them to the presidential suite in my wing and inform them I'll be along shortly. See they have everything they need."

Yes, sir. I'll make sure it's done, but there was something else I needed to talk with you about."

"You have my attention, Travis."

Sir, are there any...er...non-staff nearby? I have to report something of a sensitive matter.

Pavel lifted his head, looked right into Kaila's eyes. She didn't pretend she hadn't been listening. A distracted expression clouding his usually clear green eyes, he ordered, "Go down to the end of the hall and wait for me, please. I'll be with you directly."

Kaila slipped away, wanting to be as far from her angry lover as possible. Normally, she'd have called him on the highhanded ordering but for that tacked-on please. Right now though, she was thankful for the chance to minimize her presence. Hopefully, his business would keep him occupied until it was too late to administer her punishment. She felt his eyes on her and scooted further down the hall. She honestly believed she was coming to love him, but sometimes being with Pavel was like drinking unsweetened grapefruit juice...good *for* you, but not good *to* you.

\* \* \* \* \*

Pavel strode up to her twenty minutes later. She knew, because she'd had nothing else to do but track the time ticking away on her wristwatch as she waited on him. There wasn't a single picture or decoration gracing the walls in this area of the compound, which sort of made sense when you remembered they dragged angry, struggling clients down here against their wills. Why place potential hazards along the way?

Walking the mile...walking the mile...walking the green mile...

Kaila smothered her inappropriate giggle. That Stephen King movie was all she could think about as she'd traveled down the long corridor earlier this afternoon, feeling like a convicted felon.

"I'm sorry that took longer than I thought it would, Kaila. Thanks for waiting so patiently."

She flashed him a look. "Will my good behavior minimize my punishment?"

"No." He grinned and took her arm, guided her along beside him as he moved at a brisk clip. "There's no time to administer your discipline, so you've won a reprieve. Anticipation should keep you primed until we can get around to it."

She grimaced. "Oh, *joy!*"

He had the nerve to chuckle. "Your sarcasm is duly noted."

Anger swamped her and she was tempted to respond with a snarky comment, but he squeezed her hand in sympathy and her insides melted as they had that first night. "What's so important you have to put off my spanking?"

Pavel didn't stop walking, though he turned his head to face her. The sexy smile he gave made tingles race through her, stood the hair on her arms and at her nape on end. "Some trouble outside the confines of the compound. The groundskeeper found the carcasses of a monkey, a deer, and a leopard of all things, mangled and left by the front gate. They're worried the clients might wander off the path and come into contact with whatever is responsible."

A cold frisson of fear skittered up her spine. "Do they know what it was?"

Almost as if he sensed her fear, Pavel dropped her hand to put his arm over her shoulder and drew her close. "They're not sure at the moment, though I don't think there's much to worry about, Kaila."

She didn't know how he could be so calm about a wild animal rampaging so close to the facility. "How likely is it a jogger might be attacked?"

"Not likely."

He squeezed her shoulder and she relaxed under his comforting embrace. "The head groundskeeper is just doing his job, informing me of any unusual happenings, and this is something that might impact on our clients' safety. You have nothing to fear. Our training

staff is highly qualified not only as counselors, but as bodyguards. They're well equipped to protect their charges, and as long as the rules are obeyed there shouldn't be a problem." He slanted a teasing look down at her. "As you know, no client is ever to be outside the main compound unaccompanied by their trainer."

Kaila flinched, and then recovered, playfully poking her tongue out at Pavel. She'd trespassed that rule the first full day. Already smarting at having woken up alone, she'd soon grown bored waiting for Pavel when he'd stopped by his office to sign for some deliveries and make a few important phone calls. Drawn by the unspoiled verdant natural scenes outside the office complex, she'd wandered off, only to become lost amid the unmarked twists and turns of the living jungle.

Though Pavel had quickly found her, she'd had enough time to become frightened. So had he, apparently, for he'd clasped her to his chest, alternately hugging her close only to hold her at arms' length and lecture her about the danger of her unthinking actions.

A day confined to her room as a reminder freedom came with responsibility had convinced her it was better to give a more respectful nod to the rules and regs.

"Rub it in, why don't you?" She pretended to grouse, tipping her chin to laugh up at him. Her laughter died as she met the lazy heat in his astonishingly beautiful light green eyes.

He paused right there in the corridor, hands dropping to the round curves of her butt. Both palms cupped and rubbed the full mounds as he nuzzled her neck. "I fear I should have *rubbed* it in that first day. It's too late to impress you with my authority now."

Kaila went up on tiptoes, so hungry for his mouth she couldn't wait for him to initiate the kiss, but grabbed his head and tugged. She moaned when their lips met, clung, opened to each other as their tongues danced, gathering the moist heat and multiplying it a thousand fold.

Pavel broke off the kiss, breathing hard, his hands steel bands around her upper arms. Eyes tightly shut so that his face seemed contorted in a pained grimace he leaned down until his forehead rested against hers. "If we don't stop, I swear I'll take you against the wall here in the corridor."

Kaila swallowed back her lust, wanting nothing more than to shout at him to take her and damn the consequences. With shaking hands, she smoothed the hair back from her face, nodding jerkily. "I'm sorry."

"Oh, dear heart, don't ever be sorry for your passionate response. I treasure the way you ignite, go up in flames for me." He placed his hand under her chin and lifted her face until she was again gazing into his eyes.

"I need to deal with the groundskeeper's concerns. Not that I think it's anything more than a large predator establishing its boundaries, but it is my responsibility to guard against all possible danger where the spa's clients may be at risk." "I understand."

Pavel sighed heavily. "It seems I am always putting you last, when I would give anything to have you be foremost in my attentions."

Kaila smiled. "Don't sweat it. You're top dog around here. I don't think I'd respect you as much if you didn't take your job seriously."

"Thank you for that. I promise this shouldn't take too long. It is, as I said, probably nothing."

"So I shouldn't go running through the jungle screaming, "Lions and tigers and bears...oh, my!"

He laughed. The carefree sound made Kaila look up at him, glad to be even a tiny bit responsible for giving him a moment's relief from the constant pressures of his position. The merriment washed away years from his countenance, giving his face an almost innocent cast, though she had ample cause to know how far from innocent this man was.

He glanced down, eyes gleaming, inviting her to play with him. "You left off wulves. Lions, when sated, will not chase after prey. Tigers and bears, unless you threaten their young or trespass their territory, will also leave you alone. But a wulf -- if you run from a wulf he will most definitely chase after you."

She giggled. "A wolf, huh? Should I be afraid?"

Pavel waggled his eyebrows. "Most certainly. Wulves like to play with their prey."

She guffawed. "You're trying to scare me and it isn't going to work. I watch National Geographic and I know wolves only kill when necessary. Even their dominance fights end when one of the wolves surrenders."

All the expression drained from Pavel's face, starkly highlighting the sharp angles of his cheeks, the strong line of jaw. "Yes, but there are wolves...and then there are wulves..."

They came, at length, to the end of the hallway and Pavel held the door for her as they passed through the lobby. The receptionist, a pretty petite thing with silver hair to her hips looked up and came to attention. "Sir, the pilot radioed in that the plane is on schedule to arrive in another hour. Alpha Hunter and company are on board."

Pavel cursed under his breath. "Thank you, Elise. Hold all other messages. Call the warden and tell him I'll have to reschedule until tomorrow morning, and have him lock down the grounds until daylight. Send a bulletin out to the staff that there should be no late night strolls until I give the all clear."

"Yes sir." The uber-efficient aide flashed a smile at Kaila before turning to carry out Pavel's instructions. Her fingers were soon flying across her keyboard.

Kaila tugged on Pavel's sleeve. "Who names her son Alpha with a last name like Hunter?"

Distracted, he patted her hand, fishing for his walkie-talkie. "His last name isn't Hunter; it's McCallum."

"So where'd the Alpha come from?"

He froze, eyes focusing on her. For a moment, she felt like a deer caught in the glare of headlights. Then his gaze softened. "It's a uh, nickname."

A rueful smile lifted the corner of his mouth. "I need to meet with him alone. Will you dine with his wife this evening, help keep her occupied?"

"Sure, but who are they? Would I know them?"

"I don't imagine their names will mean anything to you. Hunter works with the police department in San Francisco. He's a mover and shaker, very important in that city's...politics. He's also a newlywed. His wife Melody and he are on their way to their honeymoon."

That raised her eyebrows. "What kind of man conducts business on his bridal trip?"

"A busy one. Actually, they married a while back. It's taken him this long to clear his schedule." He snorted. "Hunter's a lucky male. I've heard he's deeply in love with his wife and she in turn, is totally supportive of his work...and him."

Something about his tone -- a longing he couldn't hide -- had Kaila bristling. "You sound jealous of him."

He stopped fiddling with the communicator to stare down into her face with such a solemn look she grew uncomfortable. "I am. I want what he has. All of it."

Kaila stared back, trying to decipher what he meant. Did he want Hunter's woman, or Hunter's happiness? Where did she fit in his dreams and wishes...if at all?

Before she could think up something to say, Pavel seemed to shake off his introspection. Giving her a wink, he tucked her arm in the crook of his elbow and set out across the compound, moving fast enough that she had to skip a few steps to keep up. His rapid pace made her glad she'd worn her cross-trainers.

Forcing her to keep up, Pavel plowed on ahead, muttering to himself and shaking his head. She strained to catch his mumbled words.

"Damn it, I'll barely have time to shower and change... How am I going to tell her? I'd hoped to have more time, time for her to become more familiar with me. Now..." He frowned, firmed his lips. "Why now? This visit is so inconvenient and if it were anyone but Hunter... Damn and double damn! I don't have any choice. I hate how this forces my hand."

Unable to make sense of his long string of disjointed words, Kaila slowed, pulled back until he turned to see why she'd stopped. "What's wrong?"

Kaila watched him carefully, not sure what she was looking for, only knowing something wasn't *right*. "I'm fine, Pavel but what on earth is bothering you? You've been distracted and antsy all afternoon."

"Nonsense." But he failed to meet her gaze.

"You seem very nervous." Kaila's eyes widened as a thought crossed her mind. With this company coming, perhaps she had become an inconvenience. It was okay to play slap and tickle with the lower class until someone of equal rank came around.

Fighting the burn at the back of her eyes, she firmed her shoulders and stood tall. She was not the clingy type and much as she'd come to care for Pavel, she wouldn't try now to hold him against his will.

"If you're tired of me, just say so." It disgusted her how much her voice shook, but for the life of her, she couldn't speak above a whisper. "Or maybe you think I'm not high class enough to know my way around your company." She tried to keep her bitterness from leaking out into her words, inhaled and held her breath while she battled the urge to cry. "I give you my word I'll stay in my room until you come back from dinner so you won't have to worry about the unaccompanied rule."

Pavel's eyes widened then narrowed. His mouth fell open. A moment later it snapped shut and she was treated to an example of true anger. If she thought he'd been upset the day she disappeared into the forest, this was nothing short of full-fledged fury. "Tired of you?"

His hands gripped her shoulders, fingers digging into the flesh at her collarbone. "I don't fucking believe this! Haven't you heard anything I've been saying this afternoon?"

Kaila looked up into his burning eyes and felt the tears slipping down her cheeks. "I-I-  $\scriptstyle \text{I}$  --"

"Shut up!" His growled command froze the half-formed sentence on her lips.

Pavel's hands tightened and flexed as he fought for control. With a smothered curse, he shook her, the force of his hold setting her curls dancing about her face.

"I will *never* grow tired of you." He emphasized each bitten off word with another flex of his hands. "And to think I would discard you as unworthy because of how much money you do or do not have... How can you think so lowly of me to even mouth something so foully dishonorable?"

He gritted his teeth, his fierce frown driving home his displeasure. "Woman, I need you in my life like I need air to breathe! I know I've moved too fast, probably scared you away, but I --" He broke off in midrant.

Kaila chanced a glance up to find his gaze pinned on her but the expression within his eyes vague and unfocused. She waited for him to continue, but after long minutes went by with no further movement, she waved a shaky hand before his face. "Hello? Earth to Pavel...come in, Pavel."

She'd gone beyond worried all the way to contemplating heading back to the main building to get help when suddenly his body relaxed. Blinking in rapid succession, Pavel gazed about like he was trying to get his bearings. Kaila eyed him askance. If she believed in astral projection, she'd have said he'd been elsewhere -- in mind, if not in body. "You want to tell me what just happened?"

He stared into her eyes and she stilled, meeting his searching gaze straight on. For a moment, she felt they both teetered on the brink of something momentous. She held her breath, anxious yet excited.

In the end he simply shook his head. "We can't deal with this right now." He glanced about, and then focused on Kaila once more. "Come on, love, we'll finish this when we get to our suite."

Kaila trailed behind Pavel, her hand snug in his, a bemused smile tugging at her lips. She looked down to be sure she wasn't floating on air. He loved her...or at least, deeply lusted after her.

For a man accustomed to dealing with the public, of hobnobbing with influential business persons and royal heads of state, Pavel's declaration of love had sucked. Far from being polished and practiced, he'd tripped over his words, fumbled his delivery and totally lost his usual urbane demeanor. Instead of putting her off, his gauche actions had thoroughly convinced her of his sincerity. She grinned at his stiff back, giddy with joy.

# Dinner À la Carte

Two hours later, seated across from the visiting head of state, Pavel cursed his emotional cowardice, ashamed of himself for wimping out. Kaila still remained ignorant of the true state of affairs, of his true nature.

In the hour he'd had before Hunter arrived, he'd tried numerous times to confess, but each time he geared up his nerve, the thought of Kaila turning from him in disgust made his gut burn, turned his knees to water. Teasing her about the predatory habits of wulves was one thing, watching her run screaming from him a whole other matter. Ultimately, it was a risk he hadn't been capable of facing. Losing Kaila simply wasn't an option.

Not for the first time, Pavel rued the psychic connection he shared with Orloffberg, knowing Rickard had picked up on his agitation and the reason for it. His sovereign would soon be calling or emailing, sticking his nose in to make sure Pavel wouldn't try to wriggle out from under the demands of the ancient law governing his pack's relationship to the Drestovian royal family. That one required night of sharing loomed over his head, limiting his options, shortening the time he had to ease Kaila into her role as his mate. Which brought him right back to the sticking point: How did he tell her he was a wulf -- a member of an alien race stranded on Earth since the dawn of ancient history?

Pavel knew he was no coward, having proven his bravery long ago. Tales were still being whispered of him throughout the Worldwide Confederation of Packs. In remote dens and around leaping fire pits, wulven bards howled the ballad of Duke Pavel Andreiavich Janecek who -- through cunning, strength, and valor -- single-handedly foiled the assassination plot of a king's brother and a wulven Alpha gone mad. Oh yes, Pavel Janecek was a bona fide hero...

Where is that hero when I need him? Pavel didn't feel very heroic tonight. In his youth, while still a wet-behind-the-ears cub, he'd challenged and beaten his rabid sire in a

dominance fight to reestablish a young Rickard on his throne. He'd feared nothing because he'd had nothing to lose. Losing Kaila would mean losing everything.

"...reason for not claiming her."

The tail end of Hunter's comment broke through his thoughts and for the fourth time that evening, Pavel was forced to ask him to repeat himself. "I'm sorry, Alpha. I seem to be somewhat distracted."

Hunter picked up his glass and sipped the chilled white wine. A smile played about his lips as he met the other Alpha's eyes. "If I had a beautiful round bitch tucked up in my den, I'd be distracted, too. Oh wait...I do have one of those!"

They grinned at each other and Pavel found himself marveling at how comfortable he felt around the great Hunter McCallum. He was nothing like his formidable hype -- well, he probably was -- but he went out of his way to let Pavel know he wasn't pulling rank. Not that he could. In fact, as Alpha Prime of his pack, Pavel actually outranked Hunter.

"Your Melody is a regal black beauty."

The American Alpha nodded, and sighed happily. "She's a handful...two, but I wouldn't have her any other way. Your...Kaila, was it...?" He continued at Pavel's nod. "She's almost as beautiful as my sweet bitch -- seems like a gracious, kind female, which makes me wonder about your reasons for not claiming her. A blind wulf could see the passion between you. Your scent is all over her, telling me you've fucked her, yet I saw no mark. She's unbound, up for grabs."

Pavel cleared his throat. "There's more to the situation. It is...delicate."

Hunter placed a hand over his mouth, which did nothing to disguise his bark of laughter. "I'll say. You've got an unclaimed, sexually activated breed surrounded by an island full of randy wulves. It doesn't get more delicate than that. Frankly, I'm impressed the headlines aren't screaming: 'Coverage of the Bloodshed at eleven!'"

Pavel stiffened. "Are you implying doubt of my ability to exercise complete control over my wulves?"

Hunter leaned back in his chair. "Hell, no, I wouldn't insult you like that...not on your turf, anyway, unless I planned to challenge." He slanted a knowing look at Pavel. "You're antsy and I feel for you. Not too long ago I was in your shoes so I have plenty sympathy for you."

His statement made Pavel sit up and come alert. "I beg your pardon?"

"There's no mistaking the mating scent the two of you are giving off. It permeates your entire den."

"I had no idea," Pavel stuttered. "I apologize if your stay has been..."

Hunter held up a hand. "Don't get your tail in a twist. The smell doesn't affect me because Melody and I share a true-bond. I'm well protected and immune to the lust pheromones thrown off by other bitches." His mouth turned down in a distasteful moue.

"I've been where you are now and I'm well aware of your beast's frustration. Living with a mate, forced to hold off insuring her total commitment can be hell. I didn't complete the binding with Melody until just before our mating ceremony. As a result, my own cousin tried to jump my claim."

The shocking information, and the matter-of-fact way Hunter proffered it, startled Pavel so much he choked, sputtering in his wine. No inkling of such a scandalous turn of events had traveled along the gossip highway and he knew the cousins had worked to keep it hush-hush.

A huge hand good-naturedly pounded him on the back until he gasped, "Enough!" Carefully setting his glass back on the table, he asked, "Are we talking about Chase McCallum? The other American Alpha Prime-in-Waiting?"

Hunter grinned. "That's the one."

"And he's still breathing?"

"Very much so, and true-bonded to my nephew's step-daughter for a while, now." Hunter's laughter boomed out, hazel eyes sparkled with amusement. "You have no idea how much that tickles me. See, she's a breed, but still a human teen. He's got another two years to go before she's legal by human law." He gave a contented sigh.

Pavel eyed him warily. "You sound like that pleases you."

"Oh, it does, Pavel, it does. You see, Chase is too high profile among humans to take what to them would be an under-aged mate. Believe me, Andrea isn't the type of bitch who'd allow him to hide her away. And she won't tolerate him easing his itch with anyone but her."

"You're a cruel wulf, Hunter McCallum, to take humor in another's misfortune."

Another laugh rumbled up out of the other male's deep chest and Pavel marveled at how huge the wulf was. Hunter was solid muscle -- over six and a half feet and almost three hundred pounds of condensed power and drive.

Thank the Moon McCallum was content to become an ally, because Pavel knew this wulf could take him in a fight and never work up a sweat. He'd make sure that never happened. Being Alpha wasn't about being stupid. If he ever had to face Hunter straight on, he'd make sure to load the deck in his favor. He hoped the day would never come.

His guest flashed fang, careful that no one else caught a glimpse. "You have no idea the lengths I'll go for vengeance, although this is really only payback." Hunter leaned closer and lowered his voice. "You might not have heard, but my Melody gifted me with a cub at our mating. My boy's name is Blair. He's still got his milk teeth but he's a scrapper."

Pavel smiled, taking note of the proud look on Hunter's face. Wulves treasured their young. "Congratulations."

"Thanks. Man, fatherhood is great! I'm teaching him how to growl. Anyway, Blair stays with Andrea's dam a lot and I bribe him to filch his cousin Andi's undies from the dirty

clothes. I mail 'em to Chase about once a month. Course, he can smell them through the wrapping so he knows what they are, knows countless people including the mailman have handled them..." The big wulf giggled. "...drives that fucker crazy!"

Pavel blanched. "You mean you actually send panties drenched with her scent to a wulf bound in celibacy for three years?"

"Yeah, but like I said, it's just a bit of payback. If it were vengeance, I'd be sending pieces of her. By the way --" Hunter pinned him with a mock frown. "-- if you tell my bitch what I just shared, I'll use your guts for shoestrings." His grin faded as his face fell into grim lines. "Mel's finally gotten over her mad and wants me to lay off him, but it's not that easy for me. I keep seeing the look on her face when I busted down the door of my own den to find he'd cornered her..."

Pavel met Hunter's burning gaze. "Like I said...I'm surprised he's still alive." He lightened the moment by drawing a metaphysical zipper along his lips. "But since you're so scared of your bitch, you have my word...I'm mum."

Hunter's big body relaxed against the back of his chair. "Thanks, Alpha. I love my cousin and we're slowly getting past the damage to our relationship. His motivations were pure and that convinced me to withhold crying wulfshead against him. The other reason he's still living is one of the things I need to talk with you about. I appreciate this private time you've allowed me. The ladies being here would have been unfortunate."

"For the record, I suspected your mate's pre-dinner attack of morning sickness was a ruse. I knew it for certain when she requested Kaila keep her company in a strange place." Pavel cocked a single brow in skeptical comment. "I have this problem about seeing your bitch in the role of a woman needing coddling. It's just not believable."

His guest didn't try to deny it. "Forgive the subterfuge. You'll soon understand why I really don't want to talk about this around Melody -- or anyone else, for that matter."

Pavel propped his elbow on the table and leaned his chin on his palm. "I'm all ears."

"Have you heard the rumors emerging about the Werewulf Journals surfacing?"

"You're talking about the supposed writings of the first Alpha Prime, the wulf who volunteered to be bioengineered for the original breeding program?"

Hunter nodded. "The same, though the human-wulf program was actually the second attempt to create viable mates for our people. The first program involved the indigenous wolf population. There was minimal success there, as there was minimal intelligence on the wolves' part. The majority felt the connection was bestial. Resistance among the rank and file grew until the head scientists and lead Primes decided to abandon it."

Pavel frowned. "That story is an old legend, a fairytale for cubs. Are you telling me you believe our breeds today come from the lone male sent out to infect and impregnate scattered groups of human females?"

"Actually, there were two journeyers -- not just the one, but yes, I do. I know it to be true."

"Two...?"

"If you think about it, it makes perfect sense. Our people were highly advanced. We've lost a lot of ground through the eons, so the scientists back then had to be more meticulous, almost anal in their determination to assure the survival of our species. Scientists today would never consider an experiment without controls, so it stands to reason the ones assigned to make sure this solution worked would also have provided a blind control. They loosed one wulf with, the other without the biological modifications."

"That would mean..."A chill gathered in Pavel's belly, quickly spreading to the rest of his body. "But a biological blending between wulf and humankind is impossible without gene manipulation. Besides, we are forbidden to mate with humans and a wulf is only fertile while in fur form."

Hunter's narrowed eyes met his, the expression in them implacable. "The stricture against taking humans in fur form came from the dawn of our history here, and as a people, we were conditioned to obeying those in authority over us. The two variables had no such constraints placed upon them. They were set up in opposition to each other, both given the mandate to feed and fuck at will. Rumor has it both were successful."

"Sweet mother Moon!" Pavel blinked slowly, feeling dazed as all the ramifications of Hunter's information sank in. "If what you say is true, our early leaders and our own scientists have perpetrated a heinous crime against not only our people, but the humans, too."

Hunter bowed his head, spoke without meeting Pavel's shocked gaze. "I have under my protection the living proof that such unions are viable."

Blanching, Pavel couldn't control his gasp of horror. Lurching back in his chair, he stabbed the other Alpha with an accusing glare. "Who else knows of this abomination? Who chases after you even now to erase the threat of this knowledge becoming widespread? How dare you bring danger to this island without first offering full disclosure to me?"

Hunter glared at him, body bulking beneath the trappings of silk and broadcloth. A low, menacing growl trickled from between his drawn back lips. "I brought with me my mate, the dam heavy with my pup. Ask again, Alpha, if I bring you danger, but know I'll take the asking as insult."

His reasoning made Pavel pause and think. He didn't really know Hunter. All he had to go on was what traveled through media or the mouths of other wulves. But those stories spoke of an honorable wulf, a self-appointed protector, not only to wulves but to any being in need. They also told how the mighty wulf -- a rogue who'd left pack lands in defiance of his Alpha -- had fallen under the spell of a beautiful black earth goddess.

With a sigh, Pavel relaxed. Hunter would no more put his Melody in danger than he would eat his stepson for dinner. The anger drained away, leaving a leaden sense of dread.

"Forgiveness, Alpha." His words low, he gave his head a shake, grabbing at control in an attempt at clear thinking. "This news..." He raised burning eyes to Hunter's, hoping he'd see laughter, a light of teasing — anything but the deadly serious gaze that stared back at him. He spread his hands. "I am at a loss, here. Shadows and darkness, McCallum, but your words cause my heart to pound in dread and fear. My mind balks each time my thoughts approach this matter..."

The look in the expressive hazel eyes softened and a sigh wafted from the other wulf as he visibly went from attack mode to something approximating calm. "Your concern for those under your care does you credit. Be at ease. Other than the ones actually protecting the cub, you are the only person to whom I have revealed this information. I took a chance telling you this. I'm glad I wasn't wrong in thinking you'd see through to the true magnitude of this problem, Alpha of Drestovia."

Pavel raked fingers tipped in claws through his hair, had difficulty holding his transformation to that small outlet. "See it...? My goddess, Hunter, I can see nothing else! If the Separatists get wind of this..."

"Unfortunately, while the Separatists can cause a lot of turmoil, I am not really worried about them. They are not the ones presenting the greatest threat."

"No," Pavel murmured, "they wouldn't be. Damn it, I need a drink."

"Won't do you any good, our metabolism is too fast for us to get drunk." Hunter slanted a commiserating smile at Pavel. "If it's any consolation, I felt the same way when Chase brought me up to speed."

Pavel propped his elbows on the table and dropped his head in his hands. "Please, Hunter, tell me you've made this up."

"No such luck, I'm afraid. There's proof."

"All right, then." Pavel swept a covert glance about the room, ensuring their conversation went unnoticed. "Get up, Hunter -- casual and slow. We're simply going for a stroll to continue our after-dinner talk." Under his breath he added, "We're taking this back to my suite. Talk like this can overturn governments, let alone kill two Alphas foolish enough to spout such controversial fare in public."

### Chocolate Moon Pie

Three days later, Pavel and Kaila drove Hunter and his mate back to the airstrip. The American Alpha carried away with him a letter of introduction, granting him free run of Drestovia's pack lands. Before Hunter finished his tour of Europe under the guise of taking a leisurely honeymoon, he wanted to visit all the other heads of packs on behalf of his cousin. Chase had been forbidden by Rann to reveal his knowledge to the other Alphas. Only to Hunter -- who had the right to claim overlordship because of Chase's failed coup -- could he divulge what he had discovered.

Pavel didn't envy Hunter his search for Chase's Holy Grail: the Werewulf Journals of the second journeyer. It was imperative the two cousins find that book and neutralize it. If Chase's insane sire, Rann found it first, all hell would ensue...a hell that would encompass the humans as well as all wulfkind.

Watching the plane taxi for takeoff, Pavel held the woman he loved in his arms, unable to stop thinking about the information Hunter had shared with him. They had three years, tops, to avert disaster. Three years was a short time to prepare, to train their people to reengage hostilities -- wage a war they'd thought ended eons past -- one they had no hope of winning. Three years was a sinfully short time to love his mate when he wanted forever.

Silently, he followed her back to the tram, gaze intent on the womanly sway of her full hips. His hands coasted over the sheer blouse and short floral skirt hugging her curves as he helped her inside. The drive back to the compound took less than a quarter hour, but Pavel had grown hornier by the minute as the two sat close together, their thighs brushing against each other as the tram bumped along the uneven jungle floor.

Back at the apartment suite, Pavel walked into the parlor and realized Hunter had not exaggerated...even the public rooms reeked of their former love play. His cock rose as he

inhaled the lingering mingled scent, mind filling with the memories of pleasures explored and the hedonistic sating of every desire.

Swallowing hard as the scent of renewed passion washed over him, he looked down at Kaila, heart doing that little electric jump he'd grown accustomed to feeling every time he gazed upon her beloved face. He wrapped his arms around her and squeezed.

"Hey, not so tight." She laughed, wriggling, trying to work her arms free. He eased up enough for her to get them loose, gratified when she immediately flung them about his neck. He felt even better when she pulled his head down and began peppering his face with joyful, exuberant kisses. Finally, her mouth settled over his and her tongue dabbed at the seam of his closed lips, pressing for entrance.

He wallowed in her actions, basked in the warmth of knowing she wanted him. Unable to hold out, he took command of their kiss. Groaning, he claimed her mouth in an endless exchange of tongues and heat. Her vibrant taste exploded on his senses, her arousal bursting across his nostrils in a steady blast of beckoning heat.

He pulled away, breathing hard. "I wanted you so badly, craved this ever since I carried you back to your own bed. I never dreamed it would be this long before I had you in my arms again. Tell me you missed me as much. Did you play with yourself while Hunter and Melody were here?"

Her smooth, brown, creamy skin darkened as a flood of heated color washed over her features. She buried her face against his chest with a little groan. "Yes. No."

"Yes?" He prodded her, determined to get an answer.

"Yes, I missed you."

"No?"

"I didn't play with myself."

Pavel grinned. "But you wanted to?"

She nodded, keeping her face tucked close to his skin. He picked her up and carried her to his room, the beast riding him hard, demanding he mark her as his. Pavel fought the wulf, battled his own desires to cement their relationship. He couldn't, wouldn't do that, not until he'd shared everything with her, given her a chance to reject or accept him. But he had to give the wulf something or risk losing control entirely.

He placed her gently on the bed, came down over her so his body coasted along every generous curve from head to toe. With a little snarl of possession, he took her lips again, seeking out the torrid honey of her mouth, flirting with her timid tongue.

"Goddess, you're sweet!"

"More!" Her hands fisted in the cloth of his shirt, tugged it loose so she could place her palms flat on his back.

"Yes, touch me, baby!" The feel of her hands gliding barely along the sensitive curve of his spine made him shiver, almost freed his beast. His balls tingled, sent fire shooting up his cock. He buried his head in her neck to hide the incandescent glow of his eyes as the wulf looked out from them, greedy for its mate.

"Too many clothes!" He leaned to the side, snagged a hand under the neckline of her blouse and ripped the fragile cloth away. He made shorter work of removing her frontfastened bra.

With a tortured sigh, his hands cupped her heavy breasts as they fell from their lacy cage. The firm mounds were resilient, bouncing back as he flexed his fingers over the giving flesh -- marshmallow-soft, springy flesh covered in rich chocolate skin -- his own personal Moon Pie. Kneading her, he rotated his palms over her rising nipples, feeling the little nubs stiffening under his touch. Finally, he bent his head to swirl his tongue around the up-thrust nipples.

Beneath him, Kaila writhed, crying out. Pressing her hands hard against his back, she lifted her pelvis, trying to force his body down on hers. "Please Pavel...it's been so long."

"Tell me what you want, Kaila." His words more growl than anything, he tugged down the side zipper of her skirt. As he slid it over her wide hips, he prompted, "Say it out loud."

"You," she gasped, digging her nails into his skin, unknowingly stroking the beast. "I want you!"

Tossing panties and skirt over his shoulder, he dropped open-mouthed kisses over the smooth dark skin of her round tummy, dipped his tongue in the deep well of her bellybutton. "You've got me, darling. I'm yours and that's the truth."

Pavel shuddered. He was close, too close to changing. And moonbeams, but the taste of her, the spicy, hot flavor that was distinctly Kaila had him way beyond hungry. The wulf clawed at his gut, starving for a wetter taste of his mate. It wanted blood, to mingle their DNA in a more intimate way.

The knowledge Pavel couldn't, wouldn't indulge that need drove the beast almost insane. Drove him almost insane, for he was the beast. The urge to bite her, mark her so the entire world would know she belonged to him grew until his mind burned with the animalistic instinct to claim, to bond, to breed...

Fearful of hurting her should his fangs emerge, he curled his lips over his teeth and nipped at her straining nipples, satisfying a small portion of his needs. Her pert nubs stiffened more, flushed a hard, hot brown under his ministrations. Plump and fat, they sprang up at him, tempting and taunting him with the promise of more illicit pleasures. Mouth watering, he opened his lips over first one then the other breast. Pavel drew strongly, engulfing not only the sweet tight tips, but her puffy areolas as he feasted like a starving child.

With a growl that rivaled one of his own, Kaila pressed the fingers of one hand to the back of his neck, anchoring him at her breasts. She balled her other hand into a fist and pounded his shoulder, wailing, "For god's sake, get inside me, Pavel!"

Almost sobbing, she bent her knees and opened her legs wide, making room for him between her thighs. "I need your cock inside me, now!"

Pavel lifted his head and gazed down at his woman, pride in her aggressiveness overwhelming him. A little over a week ago, she'd cowered in fear before him. Now, she eagerly demanded what she needed, wanted. Dare he hope she would prove brave enough to face down the beast?

Lust warred with honor, almost won as his gaze tracked down her full, lush body to the juncture of her fleshy thighs. Her pretty red pussy gaped open for him, cream glistening in the coarse curls and on her swollen labia.

His very flesh protested his intentions. It hurt, but he gained enough control to take his hands off her. His stomach cramped as he slowly pulled back, cock bobbing forlornly as he sat up, removing himself from temptation. Already he ached, wanting, needing to be closer to her -- skin to skin, entwined. "I can't…not like this. I refuse to make love to you under false pretenses. I can't do that to you again without you knowing the truth of what I am -- unless you can accept me as I am."

## Hershey's Kisses

"What do you mean, you can't...?" Kaila jack-knifed into an upright sitting position, hands reaching for him in blind panic but Pavel shifted, preventing her touch. It took a moment for the significance to sink in and then she was pulling back with a dismayed gasp.

The sting of his rejection bit deep and she rolled over, away from him, tugging a corner of the sheet up around her shoulders to cover her suddenly uncomfortable nakedness. She turned to face him, a chilly foreboding causing her heart to trip, her pulse to race. She rubbed the bumps on her arms, continued to hug herself after they'd receded, closing her body off in the face of Pavel's unexpected reversal.

"I should have said won't. It wouldn't be right."

"But it was right five minutes ago?"

Pavel lifted his head, flinching as he met her gaze. "No." A huge sigh. He rested on the heels of his feet, hands knotted into fists on his muscular thighs. His splayed knees clearly displayed the swelling at his groin, the drape of his pants doing nothing to hide the aroused state of his cock. Her mouth watered. She dragged her hungry gaze away, only to collide with the bright green of his solemn stare. "Five minutes ago I was listening to my libido, not my conscience. Now I've come to my senses."

"I see, you low-down skunk," she sputtered. "Now that you're in your right mind fucking me is a no-no!"

Pavel's handsome face contorted as he frowned down at her from his kneeing position. "That isn't what I said, at all. Please don't twist my words..."

She felt like pummeling his chest to relieve some of the frustration roiling in her belly. Narrowing her eyes at him, she hissed in anger, "I wasn't the one who started this -- not that I wasn't behind the idea a hundred percent. You were the one tossing people on beds and stuff, sucking on my nipples like they were Hershey's Kisses."

"I freely admit being carried away by your delicious charms."

"Ooooh! False flattery is so not going to get you anywhere!" She barely resisted pulling her hair out by the roots. "I can't believe you got me all hot and bothered and now won't do anything about it."

"I'm all hot and bothered, too."

"Yeah, right!"

"I can't believe this shit! Here I am, hurting like a mother-fucker and you're moaning because I didn't take advantage of you!" One hand graphically grasped and tugged the erection rearing between his legs. "This doesn't lie!"

Kaila sneered at his big cock. "What? This is you being noble?" She laughed. She couldn't believe he was blaming this fight on her. "Do me a favor...don't do me any more favors."

Executing a fluid move that had her jaw going slack, Pavel flung his body backward off the bed in a high, somersaulting leap that ended with him balanced on the toes of both feet.

"Whoa!" Okay, that was freaking fantastic...if not a little impossible. "How did you do that?"

"Oh, I can do a lot of things," Pavel snarled, stalking to her side of the bed to loom over her. "You'd be surprised at some of the things I can do." He shoved his face into her neck, inhaled through his nostrils like a dog sniffing at a treat.

Weirded out, Kaila drew back, tucking her neck down in her shoulder. She batted at the hands reaching for her breasts. "Stop that!"

"First you yell at me because I won't, now you slap at me because I will..."

Why had his voice gone all gravelly like that?

"Tell me, Kaila, do you even know what you want?"

"You're scaring me."

He took another one of those freaky sniffs in her direction. "No, I'm not. I can smell what you are and it's not scared."

Kaila gulped a couple of times before answering, "You think you're so smart, so what am I?"

"Hungry." Pavel leaned in, seeking out her neck again, putting his hands on the sheet and tugging it from her nerveless fingers. Pavel frightened her like this, so focused and intent. "Hungry just like the wulf..."

His words thrummed in that low register, and she'd never heard his voice so bass. It rumbled like thunder during a lightning storm, rattling her bones and resounding in her womb.

She scooted back until her shaking shoulders met the headboard, gathering what courage she had to meet his eyes. By god, there was no way she could be mistaken this time. His eyes were glowing.

Pavel knew his actions unnerved Kaila, but he couldn't draw back. He was barely holding on to his skin form as it was. Besides, he'd told the truth...she was more aroused than frightened, which was a good thing, because he was too far gone to stop now. If he didn't tell her, make her believe him quickly, he'd end up head buried back between Kaila's mouthwatering thighs and nothing would be resolved.

"Kaila, I want you to remember..." Pavel paused, shocked at the gruff edge to his words. He focused all his self-control on forcing his fangs to recede so he could continue without the distortion created by his involuntary transformation. He took her hand, held it. "No matter what happens, I will never hurt you."

"I don't like the way you're acting, Pavel," Kaila whispered. Her voice shook and he felt her fingers curl about his before she eased them from his grasp as if her first instinct was to hold on to him though her present fears urged her away. "What are you doing? Why are you pushing me away?"

His heart twisted at the sadness in her voice. "I will show you the answer to all your questions," he said, and relaxed.

For Pavel, shedding his two-legged form was like escaping from prison. With a sensual thrill that shuddered through him, he gave himself over as fire burned in his eyes and heat flowed up his spine, a thousand prickles opening his flesh as skin gave way to fur. Fangs burst from his gums as his jaws reshaped, his face elongating and his muzzle emerging.

He dropped to his knees, spine shifting as his tail plumed up. Undergoing the lightning-quick changes rippling over his body, Pavel shrugged off the last vestiges of pseudo-humanity. Shaking himself out of his clothes, he reveled in this strong, healthy, lupine body, nose quivering with the scents pouring in a steady stream of information.

Pavel loved this true form, loved the flex and power of his four limbs -- reveled in the intensity and clarity of perception available to him as the wulf. Throwing back his head, he howled in joy, issuing an invitation he knew his brothers would not hear, for the walls of his den were soundproofed. Which was a good thing, since Kaila was screaming her head off.

She had scrambled way back on the bed, drawing her legs up as far as she could tuck them. The whites of her eyes showed all around the chocolaty brown of her irises and she continued to scream until Pavel feared his ears would start bleeding.

He had to do something to derail her fear, or risk losing her, driving her away forever. With a lupine sigh, he morphed back to skin form. Coming to his feet, he held up both hands, palms facing out signaling surrender. In truth, he'd surrendered his heart long ago. Raising his voice over her screams he shouted, "Kaila! Kaila, stop yelling for a minute and listen to me!"

The wulf's hearing wasn't as good or as efficient as its olfactory system, but the sense was more acute than that of humans. Kaila's loudly voiced protests were hell on his sensitive aural channels. He thanked the moon when her high-pitched cries shut down midscream and blessed silence reigned.

He wanted to go to her, wrap her in his arms, and reassure her he would never hurt her. The wild look in her eyes convinced Pavel to give her space. Holding out one hand, he attempted a smile. "I won't hurt you. I swear it."

"Stay away from me!" Sighing, he stayed where he was, bemused at how small a bundle Kaila had managed to squeeze her plus-sized body into.

"You're being ridiculous and you know it. There's no way in hell you can convince me you believe I'd lay a fang on you. I love you."

"What can you know of love? You're a monster!"

The breath caught in his throat, threatened to choke. The venom with which she spoke was real. She meant what she said. Pavel's shoulders slumped. "What's your definition of a monster, then? Because to me, a monster is someone who could walk past a homeless man sleeping in the snow and not cover him with their coat."

Eyes awash with burning tears, voice clogged with the pain of dying hope, he met her wide-eyed gaze. "Monsters can look at the faces of starving children and then sit down to a full plate and never give them another thought."

All the strength left him and he collapsed to the floor, arms wrapped around his middle as he curled into a ball. His eyes flooded and he did nothing to hide his tears, swamped by the vision of empty years stretching out before him as barren and bleak as a desert landscape.

He wanted to shift, to change into the wulf and slink away to lick his wounds, but he feared they were heart wounds -- the kind that even time could not cure. Keeping his head bowed, he murmured in a slow, faltering voice, "All I know of love is what you've taught me...to be gentle in the face of insults, to give in the face of fear. You love so courageously, I'd hoped you'd be brave enough to..."

Feeling a thousand years old, Pavel dragged his body to an upright position, turning to face the bed and the quivering mound of flesh that was his beloved. She was so beautiful, so vibrant...and he was nothing more than a cowardly wulf, so afraid to face his mother's rightful hatred he'd willingly endured over twenty years of self-exile. Kaila deserved better than that and damn it, she was right to call him a monster. If it didn't hurt so much, he'd laugh at how he'd deluded himself into thinking this thing between them could have a happy ending.

"My apologies, Kaila, you are correct in labeling me a monster, unworthy of you." His hand shook as he reached up to brush his hair out of his face. Strengthening his resolve, he drew in a deep breath, forcing back the renewed surge of tears. He couldn't bear to meet her gaze as he made his next promise. "I will not force my presence upon you any longer. You will need to remain here, in these rooms until I can find a suitable trainer with which to

exchange clients. But do not worry," he hastened to add, catching her agitated movement in his peripheral vision, "I shall remove myself to the office complex...there are a few small rooms where I can --" He broke off, unable to resist a quick under-the-lashes glance at Kaila. "Well, you probably do not care about all that except to know I will not bother you here."

He backed away slowly, reluctantly...wondering if the leaden weight in his chest would ever lighten. Pausing, he took one long last sorrowful look at the woman he would have done anything to keep at his side. Anything but force her against her will. The last bittersweet glance because he knew he couldn't trust himself to leave her be, let her go. He had to cut the connection between them completely or run the risk of one day forcibly making her his.

He shuddered, mind rebelling at the thought he would ever behave in such a dishonorable way, but he didn't fool himself. Kaila was in his blood, her scent in his nostrils. The years ahead loomed doubly empty for he knew now she was his true-bond mate. He'd never love another...and though the option was his, he'd never take a female to mate simply for progeny. Just the thought of siring a pup that didn't have Kaila's eyes, her creamy, dark complexion, made him sick with disgust and longing. Groaning, he wrenched open the door, desperate to get away from the pain ripping him in two. He didn't look back, couldn't bear it.

"Goodbye."

## Almond Joy

Kaila stared at the door through which Pavel had just exited, mind whirling with a thousand impressions, wildly insane thoughts, and visions.

How much of what I think I saw is real and how much just the fevered imaginings of my twisted mind? She was in no position to take her own sanity for granted. After all, no one could say her screws weren't loose...she had a gaping hole where memories should be. Still, memory loss was one thing...seeing a man turn into a wolf and back again a totally different ball of wax. It couldn't be possible...could it?

But what if it was possible? What if everything she'd seen -- her boyfriend morphing into a beast human nightmares were made of -- had been reality and not a figment of her imagination? What should she do? Her first instinct, to run screaming a warning to the other clients, died a quick death. Imagining the looks on the listeners' faces had Kaila quickly discarding that idea. Who would believe a word of her bizarre story? She barely believed it and she had witnessed it.

Rocking her body back and forth, seeking the comfort of the soothing rhythmic motion, Kaila closed her eyes and sank into her healing, peaceful place. With a startled cry, she jerked upright, eyes snapping open as shock rocketed through her. Chaotic thoughts zipped and zinged, refusing her attempts at organizing them into some kind of lucid process. Pavel was there...in her mind's sanctuary. His smiling image gazing at her, the love in his eyes so bright, so obvious it lit the golden landscape of her mind. Here, where she ran for safety, she found his beloved essence, embedded in her heart's core.

How...? How had he managed to infiltrate her last defenses, slip under her guard like a clandestine thief without her knowledge? She had thought the path to her heart more closely guarded, locked behind steel plates to keep out the promise of pain.

From that first morning she'd wakened alone in her bed, Kaila had known her emotions of desire and admiration were deepening into something frightening and potentially devastating. She'd fought her way up from a depression ruled life to the rare binging to the point of physical discomfort. If Pavel failed to love her back, she feared that world might crumble, returning her to the time she did more than punish her body with food...

The following days had done nothing to lessen the love growing inside her. Taking courage in hand, she'd decided to love him, despite the risk. And by his caring words and actions, Pavel had seemed set on the same journey into uncharted territory.

With his revelation, everything had changed...and yet, nothing had changed. In all the upheaval of learning his secret, the truth of her love for him remained. In the blink of an eye -- faster, actually -- she'd become prey. Primal and genetically ingrained, the ancient fear of the beast -- of the wolf, struck deep, drove all else but survival from her mind.

Now her mind's camera -- clinically analytical now that her instinctual fear had lessened -- presented a picture of Pavel as he'd shifted before her, eyes pleading for her understanding. At first glance, he'd looked so imposing, so determined to confront her with the knowledge of his true nature. Only now, alone in a room where she'd witnessed the impossible, been privy to a miracle, did she realize he'd also looked frightened, scared to death she would react just as she had.

Kaila clutched at the bedding as she questioned her reaction to her lover's bombshell. Of course she'd been frightened...who wouldn't have been? Pavel's declaration, his changing, had been shocking and fantastical and her fear had been visceral, unavoidable. She'd had no time to prepare. Hell, let's be honest, girl...all the time in the world wouldn't have prepared me for that!

"Okay, Kaila, let's look at this logically. Your boyfriend is a werewolf. On the negative side --" She raised a finger. "-- he's a freaking werewolf! He probably howls at the moon, chases rabbits, and sheds, for god's sake."

Kaila, you're talking to yourself!

"...and he's got me talking to myself...not like that's any crazier than what I'm contemplating now!" She ran her fingers through her hair, questioning her remaining sanity.

"Okay, on the plus side...he seems to be tame. And if there's one thing I know as sure as the sun will rise even if I'm not here to see it, I know Pavel loves me. He's not only okay with my fat, blubbery body, it actually makes him hard."

Kaila's fingers relaxed. Dropping her head back to the pillow, she started to chuckle. Seconds later, she was rolling across the mattress as her mirth brimmed over, spilled out. She did some howling of her own, laughing so hard that tears came to her eyes. "So Pavel's a wolf... I've always said most men are dogs and we women have been putting up with them since forever. Aren't dogs and wolves in the same family? What woman in her right mind would reject a man who likes extra pounds just because he can get furry?"

Her laughter died down to the occasional hiccupping snort and Kaila turned on her back, stared at the ceiling through moist eyes. He'd looked majestic as a wolf -- damned big, wild, and fierce -- every inch a fearsome predator, but she wasn't his prey, would never be prey to him. Pavel would gnaw off his own leg before he hurt her. And really, his condition was no worse than if he suffered from some sort of handicap or a family disease he couldn't control...

"I can't believe I'm doing this!" Kaila muttered to herself, throwing off the blanket she'd been twisting between her fingers. Swinging her legs off the bed, she padded over to her dresser and pulled a new set of clothes out, dressing with frantic haste.

"Besides, that beast owes me an orgasm," she complained, heading through the airy parlor on her way to the front door. "We'll just see about him storming out on me...!"

\* \* \* \* \*

"Pavel Andreiavich Janecek!"

Pavel, trying to keep his mind off his misery by working on some long-delayed paperwork, lifted his head, heartbeat beginning to pound a drum-like cadence in his chest. The voice sounded like Kaila but it couldn't be, could it...? If so, she'd taken the effort to find out his full name.

"Pavel! You get your mangy hide out here this instant!"

It was her!

Almost overturning the desk in his mad scramble for the door, Pavel felt his lips spreading into a wide, disbelieving grin. Standing in the lobby, arms akimbo and fists resting on her broad hips was Kaila, rimmed in the brilliant light of the early afternoon sun, hollering at the top of her voice...hollering for him!

"Kaila...?" He skidded to a halt in the doorway, breath coming in hard huffs as his lungs labored to catch up to his body's need. Inwardly giving thanks, he closed his eyes on a prayer. Oh, blessed Moon, thank you! I will strive every day of my life to be worthy of your great gift!

Pavel opened his eyes and met her heated gaze with what he hoped was studied nonchalance. "Kaila, why are you here? Didn't you say everything that needed saying in the bedroom?"

He may have been able to fool everyone with outward appearances, but inside, he waited breathlessly for her answer, pulse racing, heat running just under his skin. All were signs of imminent shifting -- except he'd never been further from the change. This torrid rush of energy pouring through bone and sinew was his body's instant response to the mere presence of the mate predestined for him since the dawn of time.

A mystifying smile playing about her full lips, Kaila sneered, "Oh, I'm not here to talk, you pussy-teasing bastard."

"Huh?"

Her bold behavior, so unlike his normally shy woman, shocked Pavel speechless. Usually, she found it uncomfortable to mention anything sexual in mixed company, but now she stood right in the middle of the busy hall, shouting loudly enough for all to hear her risqué words.

In his peripheral vision, he saw several trainers peek around their cubicle wall, watching the unfolding drama with sly smiles and gleaming eyes. A low growl quickly sent them back to work, heads lowered in obedient response to their Alpha's rumbling warning.

"Don't 'huh' me, mister! You stroked my clit into a hard-on and then left me hanging. You need to get your cock back to our bed and take care of business. If you don't, I'm going to whack off your balls and stuff them up your ass!"

For two seconds, Pavel watched, open-mouthed, as Kaila turned and swished her plump, round bottom through the glass doors of the spa entry. Then he threw back his head and howled his joy until the rafters shook, forgetting where he was and who might be watching, reveling solely in the challenge his bitch had just thrown down in front of witnesses.

Moving fast enough to blur, he raced toward the gently swinging door, his mind a well of seething lust and desire. Conscious of nothing beyond the full figure retreating before him, he snarled when a soft body came between him and the door.

Elise held his shoulders, so to the human onlookers, it appeared as if she used his body to keep from falling. In truth, she captured him long enough to bend close to his ear. "Sir, there are humans around. Control yourself."

Her low-voiced warning acted like a dash of cold water, bringing Pavel crashing back to reality. "Shit! What was I thinking?" Hands closing over hers, he squeezed in gentle thanks. "Damage control...?"

"Got it under wraps, Alpha." Ruff waved at him from over the top of his cubicle. Placing a hand over his heart and gazing off in the direction of his fast disappearing soon-to-be-mate, he crooned, "You go play chase with your breed. Man, a dark, generously fleshed woman...and forceful, too...I think I'm in love!" His half-serious expression revealed his very real admiration.

Heart dancing on air, Pavel couldn't even work up a suitable growl. Mouth stretched in a smile so wide he figured he'd have difficulty getting through the door, he laughed aloud, the joyous sound not nearly as light as his spirits. "You're too damned late, Ruff! She's mine!"

\* \* \* \* \*

"I've finally figured it out."

Kaila lay on the rumpled covers, bare body stretched out in as sexy a pose as she could imagine, swallowed hard, just managing to control the startled jump at the rumble of Pavel's sexy voice speaking from the midst of the open bedroom door.

Her nerves were on edge. It had taken all her courage to confront Pavel as she had, baring her soul in front of those people in the office. All the way back to the suite, she'd marveled over her feat, wondered where she'd gotten the nerve. Now, she pressed her fingers to her still blushing cheeks, positive the hot flush in her flesh would never cool down.

She had to look away. Pavel presented too much of a temptation, all that lean powerful body displayed for her pleasure. He lounged against the jamb, corded arms crossed over a deep chest, muscled thighs atop long legs crossed at the ankles. "What have you figured out?"

He pushed off from the open doorway, moving with fluid grace, coming to a halt at the foot of the bed. One finger trailed a line of fire around her right ankle. "You smell of almonds and sweet coconut, covered in the richest, darkest chocolate."

Of all the things he could have said, that surprised and tickled her. She giggled, caught the sound behind the press of her fingers. "Sometimes you feel like a nut..."

"What?"

She couldn't help it. His expression was priceless. She hadn't thought he'd understand her statement, seeing she quoted a jingle from an old candy commercial. "Private joke, sorry," she gasped between chuckles.

Pavel's face fell into austere lines, the light in his beautiful green eyes dimming. "I don't want privacy between us. No secrets...not anymore." He moved toward the head of the bed.

Her laughter died under the seriousness of his expression. "Okay." She sat up. "I need you to do something for me."

"Anything." Pavel brushed the back of his knuckles along the line of her jaw.

Kaila cleared her throat. "I want you to change again. Turn back into that wolf."

A slight frown pulled his brown brows together. "I don't want to frighten you. We don't need to rush this. I don't expect you to be comfortable with this right away." His forced laugh sounded strained. "I can imagine how bizarre this situation would be to someone with no clue."

Leaning over, Kaila brushed her fingertips across his lips, hushing his rambling. Pavel was usually so authoritative and take-charge. To see this humble hesitancy in him caused a twisting ache to spike in her chest. "I expect certain things from myself. I need to accept you in all ways and I can't do that if I can't even bring myself to confront the animal part of you." She sighed. "I won't lie. I'm scared…but if I can wrap my brain around the possibility of you, I think I'll be able to relax more."

Pavel kissed her fingers, his tongue coming out to bathe the tips pressing against his lips. "Remember that even in wulf form, I'm still Pavel and I love you and I would never, never hurt you. I can understand human speech and if it becomes too much, just say so. I'll shift back."

Kaila nodded and held her breath as Pavel stood and began removing his clothes. The shirt first, revealing the broad planes of his chest, covered in that lush pelt of brown hair her fingers loved to comb through while they made love. Before Pavel, she hadn't even liked hairy men. Now she doubted anything less than a soft, curly cushion could excite her.

Pavel unbuckled his belt, slid the thin length of leather through his belt loops, and tossed it toward the armchair across the room. She licked dry lips, breathing through her mouth as his hands reached for the fastening of his pants, undid them with slow, tantalizing moves that had her clenching her hands into knuckle-popping fists.

God, he was so hot.

Kaila squirmed, squeezed her thighs together trying to alleviate the throbbing of her clit. Moisture welled in the cleft of her sex and she tightened her belly muscles as arousal clawed at her womb.

Pavel's nostrils flared and she creamed again, heartbeat thudding, pulse jumping. "You can smell me, can't you?"

"Oh, yes. Makes me hungry for you," he groaned, toeing off his shoes before pushing his pants down his hips. "I can't wait to lap the juice from your pussy, play with the fat, stiff clit of yours until you scream, until you come in my mouth and all over my face."

"Oh, god...you are making me so horny!" Kaila grabbed her tits, dug her fingers into her full mounds and kneaded her nipples, desperately supplying the tactile sensation her body required. "Hurry up!"

He paused, smiling, and she saw sharp looking fangs, growing longer even as she watched. "You're the one demanding I change for you. I'd much rather fuck you first and then show you my fur form."

Right now, Kaila couldn't recall why she'd insisted on such a thing. She flung herself back on the mattress, opening her arms and legs to him. "Forget about shifting, then. Come and fuck me!"

Not waiting for her to change her mind, Pavel kicked out of the pants pooled about his ankles and crawled up the bed toward her, running both hands up the inside of her legs, pressing them apart until he'd made a place for his wide shoulders.

"Home." His moist, sighing breath wafted warm over the drenched flesh between her thighs, and Kaila flexed her muscles, seeking more of that humid heat.

He ran his fingers through the wiry hair on her mound, each slight tug awakening the underlying nerves, causing her skin to tingle. Pavel glanced up from staring at her down there, his eyes glowing -- yes, this time she knew what she was seeing -- with lust and love.

"If you had any idea how beautiful this pussy was, you'd never close your legs to me. If I could, I'd have you naked every day, all day, ready to display this dewy morsel on demand."

Kaila shivered, moaning, his suggestive words pouring over her like a warm fur blanket, making her ache as he coaxed her body to give up its thick honey. "How often would you demand it?"

"Every day," he answered, peppering her wet flesh with wetter kisses. "At least four or five times a day. I'd have to have you in the morning, of course, and at lunch, and maybe for an early afternoon snack. Then, each night I'd bury myself inside you one more time before sleeping.

"I want you to imagine..." he whispered, fingers barely touching, drifting up and down the crease of her labia, smearing her with her own cream "...my coming home to find you waiting for me, your legs splayed wide, playing with your pussy. I'd drop to my knees and watch as you fingered your sweet cunt until your cream dripped onto the cushions beneath you. Then I'd bend and take you in my mouth, send my tongue sliding up and down along your wet crease. I'd part your plump lips, nibble on your tender pearl until your hips bucked up at me."

Pairing action to words, his fingertip parted her swollen lips, dipping between to flick her exposed clit. Using his thumbs, he peeled back her labia to reveal the pulsating heart of her sex.

Pavel looked up into her eyes, his loving expression melting her heart as well as her womb. "Oh, Kaila, there is such beauty within and without, if only you would allow yourself to believe it..." He held her open as he lowered his head, sent his tongue fluttering up and down and all around.

Kaila gripped his head, fingers curling in the thick hair at the nape of his neck. Eyes tightly shut, she rode the turbulence he invoked within her, feeling his beard stubble rasp the tender flesh of her inner thighs. His mouth was hot on her, his tongue a demon flicking over her nerve-rich flesh, lighting flames wherever his rough, wet appendage ventured.

With a wild cry, she urged him to greater speed, crushed his mouth against her pussy. He didn't try to escape. Like a babe finding his mother's tit, he latched onto her clit, sucking it into the torrid heat of his mouth. Two long fingers pushed into her to the knuckle, withdrew only to push in again and again. Her intimate muscles closed down on them, squeezing his fingers in a rhythmic demand for more.

A third finger joined the other two, adding width and power as he curled his hand and pumped them into her tight vagina. The wet, sucking sounds his fingers made going in and out of her raised her lust to flashpoint. Needing something far larger than his fingers, Kaila tugged at Pavel's hair, almost mindless in her rush to have his cock filling her. "Now, Pavel...please! Fuck me now!"

Pavel rose between her legs, his lower face wet and shining with her juices. Running his tongue over his lips, he grinned at her, those fangs still in evidence. Kaila was shocked

she hadn't felt them while he was eating her pussy. Revealing that strength she'd often wondered at, he hooked his arms under her legs and lifted her lower body off the bed.

His cock was waiting, thick, long, and steel-hard. The fat tip, flushed almost purple with blood, leaked a steady stream of precum. Fisting his erection, he swirled it in the copious slickness covering her mons, teasing her clit with the blunt organ. He began slowly easing the broad head into her small sheath.

Kaila held her breath against the discomfort. She couldn't help the grimace of pain as the thick glans popped through. Pavel gritted his teeth and gazed down at her pain-contorted face.

"I'm sorry, my love. I know it hurts going in, but I promise you enough pleasure to counteract the pain."

"I want you...all of you." She grunted, savoring the slow burn of his entry.

A heavy groan broke his guttural demand. "Then take me...!"

His big hands slipped underneath, cupped her full cheeks, and lifted her into his thrusts. He started slowly, let her feel the blazing friction of his huge cock scraping the walls of her constricting pussy. His heavy balls slapped the crease of her ass as he pounded in and out of her, sweat dripping onto her heaving breasts.

Her entire body shook, jolted by the power of his thrusts. Kaila could do nothing but curl her fingers around upper arms too big to completely encircle, and hold on as Pavel fucked her harder than he ever had...hard enough to send her convulsing in an orgasm so strong she feared she would lose her mind.

Her pussy clamped down, gripping, milking the cock raging inside her. Kaila cried out, "Oh, yes, fuck me like you mean it!" Lost in spiraling excitement, she slapped his tight butt cheeks, the blows stinging her hand, and laughed giddily when his hips redoubled their motion.

The snarling growl that came out of Pavel seemed to reverberate in her pussy, setting off an explosion of lust that sent her into a fucking frenzy, and Kaila lost control, swatting his hard flanks over and over. She felt him growing impossibly larger and harder within her.

"Kaila!" he gasped, the green of his eyes lost in an incandescent glow, "Be careful...I can't...I might shift!"

She didn't want to be careful. She wanted him as wild as she was, wanted the power of his beast raging in her, feeding the fire that roared out of control in her cunt. "Fuck me!" she screamed, so lost in carnal ecstasy she had no room for surprise when, beneath her clutching hands, a pelt of coarse hair flowed over his shoulders and down his back.

With an animalistic grunt, he complied, shafting her so fast the slick walls of her cleft radiated heat. All along her body his soft hairs brushed sensitive skin, heightening the carnal experience, making it a sublime moment in time.

She hugged him close, slammed her hips up to take everything he had, accepted each long, steely inch of the cock barreling its way in and out of her weeping pussy, scraping against her clit with each outward journey. When his hot mouth closed over her nipple, she screamed, body bowing, thoughts unraveling.

His tongue rasped over her nipple, lapping at the upstanding point. He ran his fangs over the round, resilient mound before lifting his head and burying it in her neck. The huff of his breath tickled and she flinched, pulling her shoulders back. A snarl rolled by her right ear and a second later, fangs tore into the soft meat at the base of her neck.

"Pavel!" Kaila cried out, startled at the bite, shocked by the pain that blazed where he continued to work his fangs into her. She felt warm wetness flowing down and realized he'd bitten her hard enough to break skin, to make her bleed. Even as her horrified thoughts registered his bestial action, her orgasm hurled her over into a howling storm of flashing sensations.

Her body jerked and spasmed and he rode her down, rode her hard until he was snarling and growling, crying out in words too guttural for her to interpret. His cock bucked like a wild thing inside her, shooting gusts after gusts of boiling, thick sperm high up her milking channel.

Eons later Kaila jerked awake to find herself covered in a slack-muscled Pavel blanket. She ached all over, and not all of the aches were a pleasant reminder of what they'd done. Doing a quick recon of her body, Kaila realized her pussy was sore and still stuffed with Pavel's cock that, though deflated, remained thick enough to need careful easing out. She discovered another more unpleasant burning ache in the crook of her neck. Lifting a hand to investigate, she fingered what felt like puncture marks. Then she remembered...

"You bit me!"

Pavel's head snapped up. His drowsy expression fled, eyes meeting hers and widening as he saw where her hand laid. "Shit!"

Feeling sick to her stomach, Kaila swallowed past a lump of dread. "Does this mean I'm going to turn into a werewolf on the next full moon?"

## Calorie-free Snacks

"I'm telling you, there's something very strange going on around here!"

"But strange in a good way," another client sighed, stretching her arms over her head.

"You're on the late show. I noticed how different the staff was as far back as last week."

A dark-haired woman, vaguely Italian in looks, nodded sagely. "They're like Stepford Husbands or something."

"Yes! That's exactly what I mean! They're perfect specimens -- tall, handsome, buff -- and they all like fat women, each and every one of them. And best of all, they're calorie free!"

The ladies giggled. One said, "This place is so perfect, it's almost scary."

"She hit it on the nail. It's not just the staff," another woman chimed in. "It's this whole setup. I've stayed at a lot of fat farms in my time, but I've never been to one where there's no true dieting."

"Maybe so, but how do you explain why everyone's losing weight?"

A young blonde named Mary, barely on the far side of chubby groaned, "Hell, with incentives like the staff members here, who wouldn't meet their weight goals? I'm getting wet just thinking about this week's reward." She gave a sexy little moan. "All those who like it...Ruff...raise your hands."

Sara tentatively raised her hand.

"We're not in school, silly," Lucinda taunted, "you don't need permission to speak, nor must you wait to be acknowledged."

One of the women hushed Lucinda. "Let her talk, Lu. Contrary to the high opinion you have of yourself, you're not the boss around here."

"Go on, Sara...what were you trying to say?"

Sara cleared her throat. "I wasn't going to say anything. I was raising my hand because...I liked Ruff, too."

The group of women hooted and hollered until Mary shushed everyone. "I'll tell you something else. My sorry husband, Larry, insisted I come here. He's moving in big society nowadays, and a frumpy housewife isn't good enough to hang off his elbow. Hell, he's no Brad Pitt or Hugh Jackman, but to let him tell it, I'm the one who needs fixing. Well, if giving him two children and getting stretch marks in return is wrong, he's heck out of luck. As far as I'm concerned, those marks are badges of honor. I'm through cowering under his dictatorship. Things are going to be different when I get home. For one, he can start showing me some love and respect, no matter what size I am. If he can't do that, Lawrence can haul his sorry ass out of my house!"

After a few of the other women followed Mary's example, sharing their post-spa plans, Sara spoke out again. "When I get back, I'm going to sell my house and buy a smaller condo, maybe rent out the second unit."

Lucinda gasped. "Sell your family's stately home...why?"

The diminutive woman squared her shoulders. "My family has all passed. There's no one left to leave it to after I'm gone. Better to sell the house now and enjoy the proceeds than to leave it to the government. Besides, I don't want to live next to you anymore."

"Well, I never...!"

"...lived." Sara finished the irate woman's sentence. "I know you haven't, Lucinda. And you probably never will, but I've decided I want to."

"You go, Sara! It's good to see you speaking out and taking up for yourself. In addition, you're looking great. How many pounds have you lost so far?"

"Seven," the stout dowager crowed. "Not much more to go and Lucinda is going to owe me a certain necklace!" She sobered. "You know, I've never before lost weight so easily and it got me thinking...what if they're addicting us to something...putting something in our food or water? What if, when we leave here, we gain all our weight back?"

Rosemary's dreamy smile softened her lined face. "I, for one, don't need food to addict me. I'm already hooked on this program." Her smile widened, eyes taking on a slumberous glow to match the one transforming her aged face. "I've met my weight goal two weeks in a row."

"Oh, Rosie, that's wonderful! Tell us what sort of fantasy you requested. Whom did you choose?"

Her freckled skin flooded with hot red color. "A lady doesn't kiss and tell her fantasies, but I chose Brandon. And he was so sweet to me!"

"I'll just bet he was!" Anita, a plump young thirtyish woman married to an ambitious ad exec cooed, fanning herself. "That boy is built like a Mack truck. I wouldn't mind checking him out, myself."

"What did he do...smear that dried up old cunt of yours with those strawberry tarts you stole so you'd be wet enough for him?"

Lucinda's nasty comment resounded throughout the dining room. Shocked silence reigned as all eyes turned toward Rosemary to gauge her reaction. The older lady's face crumpled, turned brick red as all her lively joy drained away.

"That was mean, Lucinda." Sara spoke up quietly yet firmly, the expression in her eyes stern as she stared down the woman she'd called friend for years. "I hardly know you anymore. In fact, I don't think I care to know you anymore."

Lucinda dropped her own eyes, voice surly as she tried to backpedal. "I didn't mean anything by it. Can't anyone take a joke?"

Cacophony broke loose as the other clients rushed to the shattered client's defense. En masse, a dozen voices clamored, condemning the vindictive socialite for spoiling Rosemary's moment of triumph.

"It's all right, everyone." Rosemary held up a hand, her soft words halting the outcries. "Lucinda can't say anything to negate this wonderful truth I've found." She stood and faced the other clients.

"For years, I let how others viewed me color how I felt about myself. As a result, I became a bitter old hag, hating myself and everyone around me. Believe me when I say there've been many times in the past when I've been as nasty as Lucinda. I'm not proud of it, but I'll let the memories serve as a reminder of who I was so I never go back there.

"I came here for the weight loss program, but I've gained so much more. I'm actually glad I stole that tart because by forcing me to face the consequences of my actions, Brandon taught me I was worth the effort. He proved someone cared enough about me to make me stop self-destructing." She glanced around the circle, gaze searching the crowd. "I don't see Kaila here and I'm sorry about that because she was one of the persons I've been very cruel to. I won't feel right until I've apologized to her. Regardless of what happens after we leave here, I'm done letting my bitterness spill over to everyone around me. I'm done hating myself. Lord knows I'm old, but I'm not dried up, and at least one person thinks I'm worthy of love. That's enough to go on with."

\* \* \* \* \*

Across the room, Brandon, his friend Travis, and two other trainers listened to the distant conversation, aware their clients would freak if they realized how easily the personnel could overhear them. The human females had no idea how sharp the staff's hearing was.

"Go, Brandon!" Travis whispered, pumping his fist in salute to the younger wulf. "Your client is making great strides!"

A dark-haired wulf snickered, "A firm hand and a hard cock will soften them up every time."

Brandon lowered his head. He didn't like the disrespectful tone in the wulf's voice when he spoke of Rosemary. "It wasn't like that, Delin."

"It's always like that, young padiwan." Delin grabbed his crotch and rubbed the hard bulge beneath his zipper. "These human females melt like syrup for wulven cock. We're their new secret weapon against fat. Lose the weight -- find the G-spot."

Brandon stiffened. "Cut it out, man. If Pavel heard you talking like this he'd kick your ass off this island so fast your tail would twist."

The older, hardened wulf sneered and cupped his crotch in an even more lewd gesture than before. "The high and mighty Alpha Prime Pavel can suck my dick and lick my furry balls if he ever climbs off that juicy bitch of his! He ain't my Alpha and I'm not afraid of those old rumors going round about how he offed his sire while still a pup. He probably planted them, himself."

Travis spoke up. "You gave throat oath to him, so I'd say he is definitely your Alpha. And you're actively disobeying him when you treat the clients like they're your inferiors -- you make them feel uncomfortable."

Delin cocked his head at Travis, brows lowering. "Who gives a fuck? They sure don't -- fuck, that is. I signed on to this gig for some pussy and so far none's been forthcoming."

The other staff member, a calm, quiet wulf who was a favorite with the ladies, sighed. "No woman's going to choose you as her fantasy unless she's deep into BDSM. What do you expect when you eye them like they were whores?"

"I expect to fuck me some grateful monkey ass, is what I expect," the angry wulf snarled, tossing back his chair and rising from the table. "I'm out of here!" Tossing a dismissive glare toward Brandon, Travis, and the other wulves, he whistled sharply. "Hey, Alice in Fatland, time to get your rabbity ass in gear!"

Across the room, a Bronx flavored voice yelled back, "My name is Anita, dickwad!"

"Why, you insolent dirt-monkey, I oughta...!" The wulf's eyes went incandescent, glowing with heat as his body shimmered on the edge of shifting. Brandon and the others gasped, rushed to their feet and circled the out-of-control wulf, shielding him from the clients' views. "What the hell are you thinking, dude?"

Travis, as big and bulky as Delin, got in his face, snarled low and menacingly. "Back the fuck down and get your ass somewhere until you're calmer! You're dead meat if you blow this operation."

Delin jerked away. "I'm okay. Back off. I have to take my client for her exercise."

Brandon shook his head. "Hell, no, you won't...not like this. One of us will cover for you until you regain control. Go hunting, do something to take this edge off or there's gonna be trouble."

The older wulf bared his teeth. "The only trouble I see is what you're about to step into if you don't get out my way. I don't need a punk adolescent telling me what to do. Fucking that dried up monkey bitch don't make you a man, cub."

Travis backed Brandon up. "You're not taking the client anywhere right now. You can rendezvous with us in the dining room, collect her after dinner."

Delin's face contorted in anger, but he kept his human shape. He shoved past the wulves circling him and once free, turned and snarled, "This isn't over."

Travis made his way over to the clients, a calming smile on his face. "Anita, your trainer isn't feeling well. I'll be covering for him until after dinner, so when we're ready to go, you'll be coming with me."

"Good thing, too." Anita huffed. "I think I'll have a word with the director. I don't want him as my trainer any longer."

Left alone with the other wulf, Brandon extended his hand. "Hey, I'm Brandon, son of the Bitch Lessa. I'm a moon-cub out of the Western America pack."

Smiling slightly, the brown-haired wulf took Brandon's hand, shook it firmly. "I'm surprised your dam didn't name you Lucky. It's always nice when a pack fathers a joint cub. I'm Ruff, by the way -- from the other side of America, which makes us cousins of a sort. My dam is Rhutha, my sire Drake." He frowned toward the door through which Delin had stomped, an exasperated sigh lifting his impressive chest. He met Brandon's gaze straight on. "We're going to have to report this. I know Delin. He won't let the insult lie."

"I wasn't trying to insult him, but he was clearly out of control. There's no way I was letting him near a client like that."

"No!" Ruff was quick to agree. "You did the right thing, you and Travis, but Delin won't see it like that. He can be vicious."

Brandon nodded. "I'll tell Pavel first chance I get." He looked toward the door, too. "What makes him act like that?"

Ruff's smile was far from humorous. "How old are you, Brandon?"

"Thirty-one."

The other wulf sighed. "Still a cub. Tell me, were you a virgin before coming here?"

Brandon ducked his head. "Yeah."

"So was I. Delin wasn't, but it's been years since he's been allowed off pack lands and no pack bitch would tolerate him near her. He's horny, hungry, and he can smell dinner perpetually out of reach."

"What do you mean?"

Now it was Ruff's turn to eye Brandon askance. "You gonna tell me you didn't recognize the scent?"

"What scent?"

"The breed -- Pavel's lady, cub. She's an unmated breed, but if this afternoon is anything to go by, she won't be for long. Her scent's been driving most of us insane with lust, but none of us is stupid enough to challenge that wulf for his bitch. I don't know why he hasn't marked her because I know he's fucked her -- she's inundated with his musk." The usually laid-back wulf ran his fingers through his hair, ruffling the ordered locks. "I wish he'd hurry up -- piss or get off the pot -- because she's pumping out some of the strongest 'fuck me' pheromones ever to singe my nostrils."

Brandon laughed nervously. "That's why I was so jittery around her. I couldn't take my eyes off her, but I thought it was because she is so beautiful. Her color is so rich and dark and those curves..." he sighed. "Man, Pavel is a lucky dog."

Ruff smirked. "I don't know why you're going on about her when your pack bitch is darker and rounder than she is. Weren't you at the wedding earlier this season?"

Brandon gave him a shocked glare. "Man, if you think I raised my eyes above knee high at that ceremony, you're on the good stuff. Hunter let all us know in no uncertain terms what he'd do to the wulf that even dared meet her eyes. I know what her ankles looked like, wrapped around his hips while he was mating her, but that's about it."

Ruff looked pensive. "Pavel hasn't said anything. That's what makes this situation so volatile. Maybe he doesn't plan to mate her permanently. If not, that means she'll be up for grabs when he's finished with her."

Brandon knew better. "Don't count on that, dude. I saw how he was with her. I don't know what he's waiting for, but that's a mated pair if I've ever seen one."

A dejected sigh was Ruff's answer. "Yeah, you're most likely right. Not saying I agree with him, but sometimes I can feel Delin's pain. Human females are nice when there's a famine, but we can never let loose with them. We must always be aware of how fragile they are...how easily they break. We can't even do midchange on them and a fuck's just not a fuck without a little claw and fang, know what I mean?"

Brandon glanced over at Rosemary, recalling how gentle he thought he'd been and still she'd panted under him, grunting at the strength of his thrusts and whimpering how hard he'd fucked her. Afterwards, she'd claimed to like it, but now he wondered. Had he hurt her? Had she only pretended to enjoy being with him so as not to hurt his feelings? He hoped not. He wanted to give her in return the same pleasure she gave to him...

Ruff's hand fell on his shoulder, bringing his attention back to the present. "Dude, you're stressing too much. Dwelling on it isn't going to make it any easier. Let's collect our clients and get them headed to their appointments. We can talk in private while they're eating dinner. I want to run something by you...something I think Pavel should be made aware of."

# Sperm Cocktail

Pavel laughed himself weak. Goddess, but this woman brought him more joy than he could hold inside. She twisted his guts into knots, too, but that was to be expected. Bitches had been doing the same to their hapless mates since time immemorial.

"No, my heart, you won't turn into a wulf. I'm not contagious and I don't have a disease. I used the word werewolf because it was the closest to what I knew you'd understand."

Kaila relaxed against the mattress. "You mean you lied? But I saw you turn into a wolf..."

"You saw me take on fur form." Knowing his duty to his new mate, Pavel reached between her legs and scooped up a dollop of their comingled juices. The emotions that tangled his heart as he brought it to his mark on her neck could not be described in human words. Never had he felt so connected to another. Not even his close relationship with Rickard during those dark and desperate years could compare to the maelstrom of feelings bombarding him right now.

He winced, euphoria popping like an overblown bubblegum wad when she jerked and screamed. "Ow, goddamn it!" Glaring at him, she slapped a hand against the bite mark on her neck. "What the hell did you smear on that bite? Sucker burns like a mother!"

"Some of my sperm," he answered, pulling her hand away. "It sets the mark so all others will know I've claimed you as mine. Leave it alone. It has healing properties and will make sure there's no infection. It will stop hurting in a minute," he added when she continued to frown at him.

"You could warn a person, you know."

What he knew was she wasn't really angry at him. "I would never hurt you unless it was absolutely necessary." He held out his arms. "Come cuddle. I have a lot to tell you."

Both her brows lifted. "More stuff? I don't think I can handle anything else right now, Pavel."

He drew her into his arms and settled down beside her. "I want you to know everything about me. I want to tell you of my past, what I want for us in the future...everything."

She nodded, settling the covers about them. "Start with the part about me not turning into a werewolf."

The chuckle that escaped surprised him. He had never laughed so much until Kaila. It felt good. "I'm a wulf, honey, spelled W-U-L-F. Before our breeding program, we had only two forms: the fighting one and our four-legged one. We gained our skin form, the shape I'm in now, by splicing human DNA into our genetic codex. We are an alien race that crashlanded here on Earth. I say alien, but in truth, we have almost as much right to the planet as humans. We helped your ancestors tame fire. In fact, we taught the Chinese writing."

"Oh, you did not!" Kaila slapped his shoulder, her twinkling brown eyes filled with mirth. "Next you'll be saying your people were responsible for civilizing the planet..."

He didn't say anything, just lay beside her and watched the mirth give way to wonder. "You are shitting me!"

"No. I would never claim you humans did nothing to help yourselves along, but my people had a large hand in seeing things didn't go to hell in a hand basket. After all, Earth was the only planet we had."

Kaila let out a heavy sigh. "I don't want a history report, interesting as it might be. Get to the good stuff. Like, how have you guys been here all along and we humans never caught on?"

"A wulf who can't maintain skin form will find him or herself confined to pack lands. From a cub, we're taught the discipline of maintaining our skin form, developing the mental muscle so it becomes a thing of visceral control, much like breathing. Secrecy from humanity continues to be our shield -- protection for both species. A wulf endangering the status quo commits the gravest crime against the pack -- one still punishable by death."

Kaila looked skeptical. "You mean in all that time, no one twigged? That is so bogus."

"Well, some have caught on...sort of. Look at all the stories of werewolves and things that go bump in the night," he pointed out dryly. "Your ancestors knew plenty. They knew enough to come in when the sun set. Why do you think Ben Franklin shared his studies on the phases of the moon like he did?"

"You are NOT going to tell me Ben Franklin was a wulf!"

Pavel grinned. "Okay. Whatever you say, sweetheart."

"Pavel!"

But he was one of us. It has always been our policy to have men close to those in power, if not the one wielding said power. Ben was a great wulf, a wonderful statesman for both our people.

He watched Kaila's eyes widen as she realized he hadn't opened his mouth while speaking to her. Her voice shook as she asked, "How did you do that? Make me hear you without having your mouth moving."

I've bitten you, shared DNA with you more than once. We're mated. Wulf pairs are telepathic, sharing that connection within our dens. Alphas can speak to multiple wulves, but most wulves can only communicate between their mates and cubs and other close family members.

You did it again! I was watching! You didn't throw your voice or anything like that. You're talking in my head!

Yes, and you're talking in mine.

"I am not!"

"You did. Just now. Don't worry, sweetness," he soothed, brushing her hair back from her forehead before laying back down and propping his head on his crossed hands, "it will get easier the longer you do it."

"This is too freaky!"

"It's simply the way we talk intimately." He shifted uneasily, wishing he hadn't promised her total honesty. "The way you're responding to mindspeak, thinking it's...freaky as you say, makes me hesitate to tell you about your true nature..."

"What are you talking about, wolf-boy?"

He could feel her sharpened gaze boring into him, smell her confusion and growing trepidation. Pavel sighed. He had a feeling his next confession was going to be almost as difficult as coming out to her as a wulf. How do you tell a woman she's part alien without her laughing in your face?

"You're a breed female, Kaila. One of the prized rare humans born with modified wulf DNA, capable of bearing wulf young." He chanced a glance up and over to find Kaila sitting up beside him, face blank with shock, disbelief, and growing anger.

"My mother and father were deeply in love. When she died, my dad almost crawled into the coffin with her. The only reason he didn't was because he'd promised to finish raising us four children. She never cheated on him a day in her life, wasn't capable of thinking it."

"Sweetheart --!"

"No!" She slapped her hands over her ears. "There's nothing you can say that will make me believe you. I'll put up with a lot, but don't ever even hint at that again!"

Kaila...baby, I'm not saying your mother was unfaithful. I think she was a breed, or your father is. One of them passed the gene to you.

"You're doing that mind thing again. Stop it."

Her accusatory tone made his lips curl up in a fond smile. "You wouldn't listen to me any other way. Besides, it's a natural way to communicate between mates...get used to it. Now, are you ready to hear me out?"

She gave a curt nod.

"Okay. We were an Armada — ten ships, each holding five thousand soldiers, scientists and officials — sent as troop reinforcements for a war that had dragged on centuries, as well as the honor guard and personal bodyguards for the provisional government. History says a traitor in our midst sabotaged the navigation system and homing beacon, before sending us millions of parsecs off course. We ended up here, on Earth, castaways with no way home. Our leaders and scientists knew we were doomed as a species if we couldn't find a way to propagate ourselves, but there were so few females available. We were warriors, not family groups, and the female officers and scientists were quickly claimed by the Alphas among us, leaving the majority sexually deprived. The hungrier they became, the greater grew the risk of rebellion."

"My god, it sounds like a George Lucas film."

"It does, but this was no movie, and the danger to this new world's original inhabitants was very real. You've seen my true shape. Can you imagine intelligent wolves rampaging among the primitive peoples, eating and fucking at will?"

"Fucking?" She raised a skeptical eyebrow.

Pavel sat up and turned toward her. Some things had to be said face-to-face, couldn't be said in words. "There were no wolves on Earth when we crash-landed. Our first breeding program involved us mating with the native wild dogs. The result was the animals you know as wolves. But that program was abandoned when we found the offspring, though enhanced with some of our attributes, remained only borderline sentient. We found humans closer to what we wanted, but feared our genetic makeup were too dissimilar."

Kaila chewed on her bottom lip. "I can understand that...I guess...but if you guys only had your battle form -- which I haven't seen, by the way -- and your animal form, how could you mate with human women?"

"Involuntarily...on both sides, I'm afraid. Simply, my ancestors raped the primitive women, hoping their seed would take. Most times it did not. On the rare occasions it did, often the child died during infancy. And the women almost always died during delivery."

"Your ancestors don't sound too nice."

Pavel shrugged. "They weren't. They were desperate creatures trying to ensure our species' survival. For all they knew, the war we had been headed toward ended in total annihilation of both sides, leaving us the only wulves in existence."

"Well, you're still here, so they obviously found a solution."

"Yes, they did. The new breeding program was designed to be long-term, to provide mates generations into the future. Our scientists found a way to modify our volunteers by capturing humans and extracting their DNA, injecting both the wulf and the human with the mixed cocktail. If they survived the atomic and molecular tampering, they were tagged, bred, and released back into the human population."

"But how did that help the males who had no mates?"

Pavel switched to mindspeak. *Please don't be angry when I tell you. Remember, it was eons ago. Our people were barbaric and ruthless; they had no mercy for those weaker than themselves and they saw the human race as inferior.* 

Kaila ran her hand down his cheek, offering sympathy. "Just say it, Pavel. I'm not going to judge you by what your five times removed ancestors did. If I took that angle, I'd have no white friends and my life would be barren, indeed."

Isn't being mated supposed to make us each other's best friend? Best friends never condemn...

Pavel swallowed his grin. He knew she had no idea she'd slipped into mindspeak. He couldn't resist hooking a hand in her thick curls and pulling her down for a lengthy kiss. "You are the best thing to ever happen to me."

When she just smiled, he gathered the courage to tell her everything. "To keep the rank and file under control, the Alphas allotted times when separate packs could roam and thin what they called the herd. The ancient stories of werewolf abductions were based on fact, as was the universal stories of Little Red Riding Hood, more than likely. Wulves would lie in ambush, wait for a remote family to return to an empty house, and slaughter all the men and boys. They'd rape the women and steal the girl children, returning with them to their ships where they raised them as nothing more than group whores, casual relief for the unmated males."

"Oh, my god!"

Pavel hung his head. "I told you it wasn't pretty. Our history is not something we are proud of. As a people, we are guilty of many crimes against your species. This is one of the reasons our leaders developed laws to protect humans from us, to keep our peoples separated so we could never take advantage of you again."

"I don't know what to say. It all sounds so barbaric!"

"It was a barbaric time, but it was long ago. I have to believe we wulves have changed for the better, though there are still factions among us that want nothing more than to return to the so-called freedoms of that time."

"Pavel --?"

Something, a note in her voice, alerted him to what she wanted to ask and he adroitly sidestepped her bid for his attention. "There's nothing to worry about on that score, at least. There are enough Alphas who oppose that view to render it an impossibility."

Pavel!

He sighed, giving in to the inevitability, unable to resist her when she demanded on their intimate channel. *You're becoming too good at this.* 

And you're doing a good job trying to sidetrack me.

He snorted. Obviously not good enough!

Why don't you want me to see this other form of yours?

Because I don't want you to think of me as a monster and that form IS monstrous to humans.

He lifted his face toward hers, let her look into his eyes, revealing his vulnerable feelings. "It's our fighting form, the one most used to kill. I was in midform when I cheated during a challenge fight and murdered my father."

"Oh, my God!"

Her choked cry raked claws across his heart. Battling the urge to howl in loss, he flung himself off the bed. Back turned, he snatched up his pants and jerked them on, needing some form of hiding from her horrified reaction. *So much for not condemning me...* 

"You idiot, I'm not condemning you, I'm *crying* for you." Kaila's arms came about his chest. She pressed her warm body against his back and hugged all she could reach of his trembling body. "You are not a cold-blooded killer, Pavel. Nothing you or anyone else can say will convince me of that."

He turned in her arms and buried his face in her neck. "You're wrong, Kaila. I can put on the form, the outward appearance of a human, but I'm a wulf, not a man. If you persist in seeing me like that, if you judge me as a human, I'll lose every time. I've killed as a matter of course. Given the right reasons, I'll kill again."

She drew back to gaze up into his eyes. "Is that what you think I'm doing...judging you?"

"Aren't you?"

She shook her head slowly, worrying that full bottom lip of hers. "When I came to the office looking for you, I'd already dismissed the jury. I know I'm not much to look at, no great prize in the couples' sweepstakes, but once I've made up my mind, I'm loyal. If this relationship ends, it won't be me wielding the knife."

Her expression of pained embarrassment, the cringing way she held her body filled Pavel with a burning anger at whoever had so thoroughly brainwashed this gorgeous female into believing herself unworthy, unbeautiful.

Eyes narrowing, Pavel stepped away from Kaila, his anger growing as he watched her fold in on herself, believing he was rejecting her. That she still thought he would ever abandon her boiled his blood, set it pounding in his temples.

"Strip!"

"Huh?"

He turned his back on her and stalked across the floor, yanked open the closet, and pulled out a flat, wide belt. Hearing her gasp, he glanced back over his shoulder, mouth tight in a disapproving grimace. "I recall I owe you a spanking and we might as well get it out of the way, now."

Her fear blossomed like a flower in a rain-swept desert -- like the quick-lived plant it died just as fast. The acrid scent flooded his nostrils, but almost immediately turned to the more peppered smell of hot anger. "Why now? Because I dared to question you?"

"No. Because you dared to think less of yourself. If I do nothing else with the remainder of my life but teach you the error of your beliefs, I will count it well-lived. Kaila, you are beautiful." He deliberately let his gaze rove over her generously plus-sized figure. "There is no portion of you that is not worthy of love, worthy of respect...that does not call to my carnal nature."

Tears dripped down her face, her expression confused and hopeful all at once. "I would give anything to believe you. Sometimes I do, but sometimes I just can't understand how you can say that and mean it. I'm nobody, a woman who can't even keep her weight down..." Sobbing, she bent way over, her arms clasped about her belly.

Angry as he was, Pavel couldn't stay away from her. Her pain drew him to her and he took her in his arms, holding her close. "You are the woman I love. I see you, see into the heart of you. You smell honorable and except for that one time, I know you to be compassionate and caring. I want a mate like that...want my cubs to have a mother like you. They'll need the kind of love I believe you're capable of giving." When she continued to cry, he grew impatient and shook her. "Kaila, looks fade! Only love lasts. I love you now and always. Will you love me in return?"

"I do," she sobbed wildly. "I do!"

He bent and kissed her forehead, lingered to drop soothing pecks on her wet, swollen eyes and cheeks. "Then don't denigrate the woman I've chosen to life-mate with. You are my true-bond mate and it pains me to see you hurting when there is no need."

She looked up, her startled gaze meeting his. She hiccupped then gave a shaky laugh. "You mean that."

"Every word."

She sighed, leaned into his chest. "I think I need that spanking."

His arms tightened about her. "You've got thirty-five strokes coming."

She stiffened. "That many? I haven't been spanked since before high school."

Pavel leered down at her. "Trust me...your father would have been jailed if he'd given you the punishment I mean to mete out."

She looked up from under those thick, sexy lashes of hers, eyes gleaming with trepidation and excitement. "Will it hurt?"

A slow smile curved his lips. He felt his fangs growing as lust rose under his skin, wakened the beast. "Oh yeah...so good you'll be begging for more."

She shivered in his arms. "Oh! Hearing that made me wet."

His words were a low growl. "I know. I can smell your juices flooding your pussy. When I finish heating your seat, I'm going to lick every nook and cranny of that juicy cunt clean."

Kaila wriggled. "Where do you want me?"

Pavel gritted his teeth, almost coming as her innocent question sent lust screaming along his nervous system. "On your knees. If I recall, you also promised me a blowjob. If I don't release some of this steam, I'll never last through your disciplining."

"Sucking your cock is no punishment, it's a reward!" She dropped with alacrity, her hands shaking as she ripped at his fastenings. "I've been dying to get you in my mouth." She pulled his organ out as she spoke, fingers wrapped around the fat barrel in a firm hold. "Just the thought of having my lips around you has me so wet my juices are dripping down my thighs."

"Stop talking. Open your lips and take me in your mouth." He knew his words were curt, even abrupt, but he was struggling to keep from turning, from shifting into mid form and scaring the hell out of her.

Her hot mouth engulfed his turgid erection and Pavel hissed, sensation exploding in his balls, heat flashing up and down his legs, centering in the heavy organ disappearing behind her lips. He grasped his cock at the base, circled the shaft to keep from accidentally feeding her too much. He was big and didn't want her gagging, possibly forming a negative opinion about going down on him. One day, he'd teach her to deep throat, but for now, her enthusiastic sucking and the tight, wet interior of her mouth was all the heaven he craved. "Ooh, yes, baby! Suck me in...use your tongue and teeth...let me feel you."

# **Appetizer**

Kaila drew hard on the thick cock between her lips, overjoyed at how Pavel's body bowed, his legs shook. He couldn't fake his pleasure, his weakness as she fondled his heavy balls and gripped his thighs to pull him towards her as she slurped on his stiff penis. The little eye in the blunt head leaked a sweet, earthy syrup and she was surprised to find she liked the taste.

It felt good, right, to be at his feet, to have his thick cock stretching her lips wide. She loved being naked before him, anxious to please this man -- no, this wulf -- who'd promised to cherish her always. Her nipples were hard, her cunt dripping and aching to be filled, but she knew he wouldn't fuck her until after she'd received the spanking she deserved.

Kaila shivered, remembering the daydream she'd had in the restaurant. The torrid images flashed before her closed eyes and her womb clenched. A gush of fluid ran down her thighs. No matter the reason, she wanted Pavel's hands on her, his cock in her, his mouth locked on hers. As long as he touched her, she'd never call it punishment.

"Precious Moon, I'm going to come, Kaila." Pavel's gravelly voice rasped over her nerves, igniting the corridor of her cunt like dry tender before a flamethrower. "Will you swallow my seed?"

She nodded, mouth too full to speak. Yes. Give it to me, Pavel. Come in my mouth!

A moment later, he did. Head thrown back, he howled his release, body strung tight as a bow, hips flexed, holding his groin flush against her mouth, Pavel came in thick hot gushes that blasted the back of her throat. She swallowed and swallowed, determined to accept every ounce, greedily licking down the shaft to catch each errant drop.

Feeling triumphant, Kaila sat back on her heels, smirking up at him as Pavel swayed on his feet. Her tongue darted out to catch a dab of moisture by her mouth. The look on his face

told her everything she needed to know. "Any chance my performance will impact that spanking?"

His voice was a sexy drawl when he answered. "Oh, you can bet on it!" He sat on the side of the bed and patted his thighs. "Come here."

Her belly twisted into knots as she rose from her knees and began the short trek toward the man waiting to administer thirty-five swats to her naked butt. All of a sudden, her fantasy didn't seem too exciting...more like daunting.

"Don't get cold feet, now. There's no need to be so frightened. Baby, I keep telling you I'd never really harm you." His voice chilled as he added, "In fact, I'd destroy anyone who threatened you and I'd sure as hell kill anyone who succeeded in hurting you." Pavel held out a hand. "Trust me?"

With a sigh, she placed her hand in his, letting him draw her down to his lap. "If I didn't," she murmured, sparing a disparaging glance down at her full breasts and rounded tummy, "I'd never bare all this skin in front of you."

He chuckled, rubbing a big palm over her belly, leaning over to tweak a jutting nipple with lips-covered teeth. "I adore this skin and everything it covers, wench. It displeases me when you make less of yourself. Remember that."

"I'll try. Just keep reminding me if I forget."

"I will. Your first lesson in the consequences of earning my displeasure will be this spanking. I warn you, I won't go lightly with you just because I love you."

A wry grin curled her lips. "Somehow, the thought never crossed my mind." She stared up at him, gathering her courage. "Let's get it over with."

"Wait." Pavel captured her face between both his hands, held her still as he brushed his soft lips over hers, coaxing her mouth open beneath his. When she parted her lips his flavor burst on her tongue. She tasted the tart-sweet tang of his woodsy essence, the wild pureness of his beast as he devoured her mouth, and she was just as urgent in her greed for him.

"Oh, god, I love you!" Groaning, she clutched at his shoulders, twisting her fingers in the thick, silky growth of hair covering his nape. The soft strands twined about her hands, seemed to cling with a mind of their own.

Panting, Pavel pulled away, rested his forehead on hers. "Keep that thought uppermost..."

Before she could respond, he exhibited that unnerving inhuman strength that ordinarily thrilled her. Lifting her off her feet, he flipped and turned her, bringing her down over his knees. Feeling herself tipping, Kaila yelped and grabbed at his leg, trying to steady herself. One strong arm came across her back, anchoring and stabilizing her. "Relax. I've got you, babe."

One broad palm smoothed up and down her back, the calluses scraping over her skin setting up a delicious tingling in the nerves along her spine. It was like that feeling you get

when you see the fingers coming to tickle you or the shivery crawl up your neck when you *know* something scary is gaining on you...

Kaila stiffened, stomach muscles jumping. She tried to relax, figuring the stress of anticipation was worse than the actual ordeal would be. Pavel wouldn't harm her...

"Start counting."

"One!"

Ten strokes in, she was glad she'd used the word, harm, because he sure as hell was hurting her! Kaila squirmed, kicking up her legs as the eleventh blow landed on her left cheek, desperate to get away. Fire raced up her spine and she bucked on his lap, embarrassed at the frantic cries and pleas tumbling from her mouth. At least she hadn't vocalized her distress before the fifth swat and earned more of the same. She didn't know how she would stand these thirty-five, let alone any extra.

"Please, Pavel let me go! I promise I won't ever do it again!" Kaila wailed, not even sure what she was promising, only wanting the spanking to end. She counted fast and he kept up, scattering a flurry of swift, hard blows over her hot flesh, making sure every inch of skin from below the tender fold under her full cheeks to the soft, vulnerable area at the top of her deep crease felt the heat. She screamed out, "...eighteen!" and the ordeal abruptly halted.

Breathing hard, fighting sobs, she tried to catch her breath as she gathered the will to begin counting again, dreading the moment Pavel would begin all over. Heart pounding, her entire body trembling, Kaila's hands curled around his muscular legs, palms barely registering the coarse hair dusting the firm calves.

"Wait, Kaila. Don't count yet."

Firm hands, cool against the throbbing heat awakened by his blows, roved over her buttocks and back. The soft massage brought blessed relief to her stinging cheeks and Kaila crooned under her breath, shifting languidly. Gradually, her body relaxed under his gentle ministrations, the tips of her breasts pressing against Pavel's hair-covered thighs. A lump formed under her tummy, growing harder and firmer the longer she lay across his lap. She could barely constrain her grin as she asked, "Did you stop because something came up?"

His warm, lazy chuckle melted things low in her belly, his hands continued to stroke and skim along the full lines of her body. "Oh, something's come up, as you say, but that's not why I stopped."

She missed his warmth when he lifted his hands. "We're halfway through, with the punishment part behind us. Now I'll teach you to enjoy your spanking."

She snorted without bothering to lift her head and look at him. "Not likely."

That wicked chuckle sounded again. "You have no idea...but you're about to learn a much needed lesson about the relationship of pain and pleasure. Sit up."

She did, only to find her muscles had gone lax under his gentle kneading. She needed his help to get upright and turned around to face him. His eyes twinkled at her, the mischievous glint making her smile. "What are you planning?"

"For these next seventeen swats, I'm going to put my cock inside you. Every time you count, you'll get a swat as well as a thrust. I won't move, and won't allow you to move, until you've counted. If you want a harder, faster thrust, it will come with a harder, faster swat."

She thought about it, quickly seeing the deviousness of his plan. "So, unless I ask for it harder and faster, you'll only give me gentle swats?"

"And gentle strokes. Yes."

"And when we're finished counting...?"

"We're finished. I'll pull out."

Surprisingly, she felt her pussy gush at the thought of controlling his thrusts as he spanked her. She faked a pout. "That's not fair. What if I don't come?"

He raised that single eyebrow. "I'd suggest you order your swats accordingly."

Kaila licked her lips, unable to disguise her eagerness. "How are we going to do this?"

Pavel stood her on her feet, scooted to the top of the bed, and then beckoned for her to come to him. He fisted his thick erection at the base and aimed it up -- a long, steely bar of flesh waiting to impale her. "Straddle my lap with your back facing me and ease down on my cock."

Pulse jumping, Kaila did what he ordered, biting her lip as she lowered herself down over his rearing staff. As usual, she had some difficulty working his fat blunted head past her tight entry, but she circled her hips, pressing down hard until the bulbous tip popped through and forged its way up her fluttering channel. Her wet sheath engulfed him, intimate muscles clenching and unclenching on the substantial column as she sank all the way down until her coarse pubic curls intermingled with his dense brown bush. Her thighs shook with the pleasure. "Oh damn, Pavel, you feel so good!"

"Up on your knees. Lean forward and put your arms back toward me. I want my cock just barely inside that tight cunt of yours."

His voice sounded gruff, and Kaila glanced over her shoulder to find his teeth clenched in a fierce grimace. Sweat stood in great drops on his brow and his eyes glowed with the hot golden color she now knew meant he was close to shifting.

"Do it, Kaila!" His hand came down, administering a sharp slap. It stung. She jumped. "Okay!"

The growl in his voice had her worrying about his self-control. She so didn't want the wulf to come out and play right now. Kaila leaned forward until she thought she would fall. Pavel caught her hands before her breasts touched the bedding, pulled her arms back, and shackled her wrists with one large hand. The position was straining, but not truly uncomfortable.

She hung from his hands, pussy entrance stretched wide around his cock, butt raised just right for what he had planned. Kaila felt...excited. She never thought she would, hadn't figured she was cut out for the kinky side of things, not after the way the first part of her spanking had hurt.

"Are you ready?"

She strained her neck to look around at him. He looked so fierce she wished she hadn't. "I guess..."

"Then start counting."

"One."

The blow was soft, barely felt, so was the gentle twist of his cock in her pussy. A soft kiss of flesh on flesh, barely there.

"Two?"

The second swat landed in a different spot, but with the same intensity. His palm rubbed her bottom, petting her. What a letdown. Kaila blew a sigh out her pursed lips. *Well, I'll never get off like this...* 

"Harder! Three!"

Pavel laughed and swatted her sharply, raising and dropping her on his steel-hard erection.

Oh, that one stung! But the accompanying thrust was delicious. She craved the feel of his cock burrowing up inside her, grinding against her throbbing clit. Her pulse increased. Okay, she could handle a bit more.

"Harder! Four, five, six!"

Three swift, pounding swats. Three breath-stealing thrusts. Her ass burned and her pussy sizzled with what felt like Greek fire, lit up by Pavel's enormous cock. Nothing but total consummation would put out the flames. She lifted her hips, trying to escape the heat, but her wulf snarled, yanked her back down on his lap by her captured wrists, refusing to let her ease either sore bottom or aching pussy.

Kaila chanced a furtive glance over her shoulder and caught her bottom lip between her teeth. Pavel was very close to the edge, the animal within him gazing out at her with blazing eyes. Fur flowed heavy along his shoulders and his parted mouth showed the tips of wicked fangs.

"Oh god, oh god," she panted, driven wild with the need she saw in his face, the same need clawing in her belly, howling through her womb. The pain of her bottom was nothing to the cauldron of acid lust eating her from the inside out.

Kaila leaned forward, rested her forehead on his upraised knee. She scattered kisses over his hair-covered legs, the only part of him she could reach. "Please, Pavel, please let me come!"

"Count!"

She tried to work her vagina on him, tried wooing his cock to no avail. His grip was implacable but gentle on her, heading off her every attempt to circumvent punishment. She pouted. "I don't want any more spanks."

"Do you want to come, sweetness?"

"Yes!"

"Do you want to come hard?"

"Oh god, Pavel... yes!"

"Count for me, then. Tell me how many times you want me to fill you with cock, how hard you want me to give it to you." He used his free hand to tweak her jutting nipples and she cried out at the lush pleasure threading through the darker veins of pain. "Tell me how loud you want to scream..."

Kaila screamed the words. "Hard! Hard!"

Tears flooded her eyes. Her nipples felt like bits of hot coal, burning at the tips of her swollen breasts. Between her legs, her sex wept harder than her eyes. Over and over, she clenched and released her muscles on the rigid column of Pavel's penis.

"Seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve --" She gasped for breath. "-- thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen!"

Impossibly, he kept up with her, hard palm falling in the same rhythm his hips shuttled back and forth between her thighs. Each swat sparked flames in her flesh, lava in her cunt. Each thrust pushed her closer and closer to the edge, left her dangling over a sharp cliff of erotic danger.

Kaila panted at eleven, breath coming harsh and ragged between her open lips. She gasped prayers and pleas at thirteen and fourteen.

She'd never climbed so high, never risked falling from such great height. She teetered over the abyss, fear and longing buffeting her heart. If she were to fall and Pavel didn't catch her...

"Let go, love. Fly for me. Fly with me!"

His hoarse voice in her ear, urging her to trust him was the catalyst, his love her safety net. Kaila leaned back and this time he allowed it. Her neck was boneless, her head lolled on his chest as her hips bounced atop his churning loins. His strength was inhuman, his stamina monumental, and his determination as adamant as his shuttling cock.

She fell into his hands, convulsing through the screaming orgasm that lasted through swats fifteen, sixteen, and seventeen, secure in the knowledge Pavel would always catch her.

### Raw Meat

Delin had thought this island gig would satisfy him, but he was sick to death of being at the beck and call of spoiled, high-society monkey women. All the clients erroneously thought they were worthy of being fucked by a wulf when in reality they didn't deserve to lick his paw.

They were nothing, these human bitches, nothing but primitive apes barely out of the trees. These women were so stupid, so blind to reality that they let others -- males, mostly with no taste in good woman flesh -- dictate what their bodies should look like. Hell, the only thing these idiots had going for them was their rounded curves and full bodies. Even so, he'd just as soon eat one as fuck her. He hadn't enjoyed a juicy human haunch in too long, and he planned to rectify that really soon.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Let's go, Alice. You missed your run this afternoon."

The tennis shoes hit her in the chest as she exited the dining hall. Anita jerked back, an unladylike curse coming to her mouth. Of all the trainers on the island, why did she have to get the psycho? She stomped over to a bench and sat down to change her shoes. "That does it. I'm sick of your abuse, Delin. I'll have you know I've reported your behavior to the director. I told him you don't have the right to mistreat me when I've done nothing to deserve it and he agreed with me. By tomorrow, you'll be an unpleasant memory."

"I'm shaking in my boots. Meanwhile, your fat ass needs to get on the track. You still have three pounds to lose this week."

Anita stood and placed her fists on her hips. "You know, I'm not going to let you bother me because tonight is the last time I'll have to put up with your mean ass."

Delin laughed under his breath. "Truer words have never been spoken."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Has anyone seen Anita?

"She left the dining hall before we did. Said something about her trainer insisting she do her laps and not wanting to do them in the dark."

"That is one rude, nasty son-of-a-bitch. I'm so glad I didn't get the short straw and pull him."

"I hear Anita's complained to the director. She's going to have a new trainer come tomorrow."

"Good for her! I'd have complained a long time ago."

"Well, if you see her, tell her I found her bracelet. The clasp must have come off."

"Just give it to Patricia. They share trainers."

"I think I'll hold on to it. There's no telling whom she'll end up with and I wouldn't want it to get lost in the shuffle. Her kids made it for her."

"Oh, how sweet! It's a good thing you found it, then."

\* \* \* \* \*

"One more lap, Alice and you can stop chasing that bunny." Delin shook his head, chuckling at his humor. 'Course, she didn't know she was the butt of his joke. She was the rabbit tonight and tonight, he was going to feast on her.

"You know, I can find my own way home, so why don't you just fuck off? And cut out the Alice in Wonderland jokes. My name is *Anita!*"

"Your name is *dinner*, stupid bitch!" Delin's whispered retort didn't reach the uppity human. He made sure of that. Fading back into the bushes lining the quarter mile track, he kept his head down as he quickly shed his clothes. Hunting was wet, dirty work and he needed his clothes clean for afterwards. He wasn't ready to leave this cushy job just yet.

Naked now, he allowed his wulf free rein, glorying in the sprouting of fur across his shoulders and down his back, the growth of his snout, ears, and tail. Biting back a whimpering growl at the visceral ecstasy, he rolled to four feet as he underwent the shifting and rearranging of muscles and bones, sinew and spine all the way down to the molecular level. Shedding his puny skin form, he settled into the powerful, majestic battle form. He regained his footing, fangs descending, claws snicking out to their full, lethal length.

Mother Moon, it felt wonderful! Power roared through him, flooding his mind and body with life and vigor. He was a primal being, no tame animal held on a leash. Ruled only by his wants and desires, Delin snarled, salivating at the near scent of prey. Plump little Alice was about to get cut by shattered glass...

\* \* \* \* \*

Anita paused, listening to the darkness, to the sudden quiet. Living at the edge of a jungle you got used to hearing noise. The constant chatter of monkeys, the shrill cries of the macaws and parrots -- these things became the norm. When the brush went still, when the silence throbbed like an open sore...then was the time for caution.

"Aaalice!"

Anita shivered as the low, inhuman sing-song wafted toward her on the evening breeze. Twisting around, she stared into the dense brush, searching for the origin of the voice. "Who is it? Who's there?"

The creature leapt from a dark copse of palms, falling upon her before she could throw up an arm in defense. Pain exploded in her throat and chest as claws ripped through her clothes like shears through paper. Blood gushed from her severed trachea, rendering her voiceless. She screamed inside her head. Shocked and dying, her staring eyes watched uncomprehending as Delin shifted enough for her to recognize him.

"You're about to be late, Aaaalice...for everything!"

"No!" The word gurgled in her throat.

She had time to regret not having kissed her children one more time, to wish she and Jerry hadn't fought before she'd left, time to scratch one word in the dirt. Then the real pain began...

\* \* \* \* \*

Delin lifted his gory muzzle from what was left of Anita's left thigh and howled triumphantly. If others heard his cry -- animalistic, with no hint of sentience -- they would discount it as one of their Earth cousins, a simple wolf.

The other animals hadn't been much of a challenge, didn't have enough sense to feel the cornucopia of regret and horror facing death under his fangs and claws. For the animals, it was part of the natural order of things. This was better than the prey he'd taken before...more emotionally filling. He had to do this again, had to feel the prey jerking beneath him, whimpering and...he paused, thinking. Next time, he'd leave a little more of the throat intact -- allow his victim the ability to beg. He would have enjoyed hearing the bitch plead for her life.

Afterward, he would clean the scene -- dump the remains in a gorge he'd found and sprinkle the pepper around that would cloak his scent. But now...now he was hungry in a different way.

The moon illuminated the scene in black and white details. The black of blood, the white of exposed bone. Grunting, Delin pawed at the body, finally realizing he'd have to shift from battle form for this final feast. He'd left her torso intact on purpose. Unlike most wulves, he liked his pussy cold...

# **Heart Syrup**

"Alpha...Alpha!"

The loud cries of Enri the groundskeeper, accompanied by his frenzied knocking, awakened Pavel and he came instantly alert. His animal senses told him it was the dead of night, the darkest hour before the dawn light would begin to creep over the horizon.

Immediately, he checked the slumbering woman beside him, a quick touch to reassure himself she was safely dreaming. Kaila twitched in her sleep, mumbled something, and shifted restlessly but didn't awaken.

Easing out of bed, Pavel headed for the door, slinging on a bathrobe he'd scooped from the foot of the bed. He didn't bother dressing otherwise. For some reason, he suspected he'd soon be shedding the clothes to take on fur. There was something about late night emergencies that almost always ensured it.

The cry came once more and Pavel hurried to reach the door, anxious the noise not wake Kaila. The entire spanking scenario had been intense...pleasurable in the end, but emotionally draining for both of them. She needed her rest and he didn't want her disturbed. He flung open the door. "Yes, what is it?"

Enri stood on the other side of the threshold, wulf eyes gleaming. The slighter wulf thrust both hands through his already disheveled hair, body strung tight with nerves. "We've found a body, sir. I..." He gulped. "I think it's one of the clients!"

Pavel's heart dropped. "Oh, sweet mother Moon!" He stepped out of the doorway and pulled the door shut behind him. Standing on the porch, he drew in a deep breath, blew it out. "Give me the particulars."

"Two staff members were out on a clandestine meeting and sniffed out the body. Turned out to be a female, partially eaten. Kill was made to appear as if done by a wild animal, but there are traces of semen in the vaginal cavity."

Pavel frowned. "Given the nature of this place, we cannot assume rape was part of the crime. She might have consented to --"

"Excuse me, sir," Enri interrupted. "The body and surrounding area were powdered with pepper. The only scent the two could get -- and me, too, when I investigated -- was that of the semen. It was deposited *after* the blood loss."

Pavel's mouth tightened. "Damn it." He dragged his own fingers through his hair, mind racing for a solution. If this news got out, he'd have a full-fledged panic on his hands. "Damn it! This is horrendous. Have the medical staff been alerted? They'll need to identify the body, give me a time of death."

Enri nodded. "Done, Alpha. They have the body. The two staff members are Drestovian. They will say nothing."

"Nevertheless, I'll want to speak with them, get directions to where they found her."

"I have them nearby, sir. I was certain you'd want to investigate for yourself." The wulf cleared his throat. "I've been there and did a preliminary. It may have been staged to be a random animal attack but when you look closely enough, it's easy enough to see the deed was planned out."

"What do you mean?"

"Items of her clothing are missing. She's still wearing what's left of her jogging top. Most of her left thigh is gone; consumed is my guess. So where are the pants? They aren't there, no shredded remnants...nothing. And there are other clues -- the pepper, the movement of the body after the deed...we might find more clues if we could discover where the killer actually murdered her."

A massive sigh lifted Pavel's chest. "Moonlight in shadows, we need answers. Meanwhile, I'll have to contact Rickard, though I suspect he's been eavesdropping and already knows. Listen, Enri...we can't have the humans learning of this, at least not yet. Much as I hate the subterfuge, we'll have to allow them to think this just an unfortunate wildlife disaster." His mouth firmed. "But I want that murdering piece of shit found. I want his mangy hide strung on a rack and dried!"

"What are your orders, Alpha?"

"Get the office staff awake and have them report to the compound. I want all staff members out of their beds and in the reception hall within the next hour. We need a discreet head count of the clients, find out which one is our victim. While that's happening, I'm going to head out with the two who discovered the body, see if I can't find that original site and catch a whiff of the culprit. Pepper is a classic trick, but not good enough to stump a trained tracker. I should be able to pick up something...even if it's the scent of this wulf's excitement. Sooner or later, he'll trip up and we'll be waiting."

Enri nodded. "My crew is uncompromised and already mobilized. I sent Len to the airstrip and Paulo to the boat landing to ask if any suspicious activity had been noted. The others are ringing the compound, making sure no one leaves or enters."

"Good job. You think the murderer might try to get off the island?"

Enri sucked his teeth. "It would be the logical thing to do."

Pavel grunted. "I don't think he meant to indulge his weakness here. This place is too small, too secure. The odds of being caught are too great. This beast isn't logical, Enri. He's rabid, out of control. He's tasted human flesh and liked it, no...he *craves* it. I doubt this is his first kill, and if we don't hurry, it probably won't be his last. Murdering is like potato chips to him now. He can't stop at just one."

Pavel?

Pavel, drouch, what is wrong?

"Oh, fuck, that's all I need!"

"Sir, what's wrong?"

Pavel's mouth turned up when Enri jumped, startled by his abrupt outcry. "Don't mind me, Enri. I've got two inquisitive people in my head, both talking at the same time."

Enri shook his head. "I don't envy you, Alpha. Our prince can be very demanding."

Pavel laughed, even while marveling he could do so in the face of such a tragedy. "I can handle Rickard. An angry Kaila is another matter. I'd better go placate my mate before I take off!"

Enri shared a male smile. "They're wonderful creatures, but living with them requires some adjustments."

"Truer words, my friend," Pavel snorted. "Truer words..."

\* \* \* \* \*

The last three hours had been hell. Pavel sat on the bed, holding his mate in his arms. He brushed his fingers down her sweet face, heart aching at the sign of her recent tears. She'd cried herself back to sleep and all he could do to ease her pain was hold her while she sobbed so wildly he'd worried she would make herself ill.

Telling Kaila about Anita hadn't been easy. She had a tender heart, and learning one of her new friends had been murdered hit her hard. Pavel had debated keeping the entire truth from her for a full five seconds. Then sanity set in and he told her everything he knew.

Telling her about Rickard had been almost as hard...

Pavel, drouch...

I'm fine, Rickard. I'm holding Kaila.

Oh, that certainly put me in my place! A mental chuckle accompanied that last. My plane is touching down. I'll be with you both in half an hour.

You must have left two days ago. I told you not to come.

Well, your command came too late, love. What else did you expect from me? Your mouth said one thing, but your emotions said another. How could I stay away when you were hurting so badly? In all the years we've shared this link, I've never experienced such pain...not even when you took control of the pack for me.

I keep telling you that wasn't only for your sake. What your uncle and my father did was wrong, evil. We had to stop them. Father was rabid...just like this fucker we are dealing with now. Once a wulf goes feral it becomes a danger to everyone, not just humans.

All you say is true, but I didn't feel half the agony shooting my uncle that you felt having to kill your father.

After all this time, Pavel still felt like squirming when Rickard revealed the extent of their connection. He felt exposed, uncovered. He marveled at how the connection with Kaila made him feel just the opposite. He craved her mind's touch, hungered to be a shadow in her thoughts. It was the difference between a mate's bond and a friend's. Until Kaila, he'd thought the connection with Rickard the closest possible. She'd proven him gloriously wrong.

Believe me, I will not agonize over putting this filthy dog down. Whoever he is, he has betrayed his oath to me and harmed one under my protection. There is no hole deep enough for him to hide in.

I'm glad you realize this fiasco is on us to handle. The normal human authorities cannot deal with this situation. I've alerted the NHP. They're dispatching two operatives to the island today. I've issued the clearances.

Pavel sighed with relief. *I've met Hunter. If his men are anything like him, they'll be a great help.* He freed one hand to brush the hair off his forehead. *Damn it, Rickard, how did this happen? I personally checked out all the wulf applications for trainers and staff. How did I miss this motherfucker?* 

My love, don't even go there! Rickard's mental tone was harsh. Don't dare start your usual: 'Everything's my fault because I'm God and control everyone around me!' spiel!

It isn't anyone else's fault but mine.

Really? What about the killer? Doesn't he share any blame?

Pavel clenched his jaw. He never could make Rickard understand his need to protect those he loved, to stand between them and danger. When he failed, he felt it on a personal level. *You don't understand...* 

I understand this mess is no doing of yours and I won't allow you to shoulder the blame. Not even in your own mind.

Pavel clenched his fists, forgetting they were wrapped about Kaila. When she gasped and thrashed in his arms, he thought he'd awakened her.

"What are you doing? Let me go!" Her frantic voice started him.

Pavel tried to soothe her. "Shh, baby. It's okay."

"Please...!" Her voice broke, terror lacing the single word. Pavel stared down at her, belatedly realizing she still slept.

*Pavel, what is happening? Why is Kaila so frightened?* Rickard's panicked mental questions stabbed through his brain. He'd forgotten their connection would allow Rickard to pick up Kaila's emotions, if not her exact thoughts.

I don't know. I'm trying to find out. Don't distract me.

Fine, but don't try to shut me out.

Pavel growled and Rickard's presence retreated to the back of his thoughts. A second later, he cringed when Kaila seemed to respond to the ominous sound.

"Please don't do this! What have I ever done to you?"

"Oh, baby, please wake up. Please don't cry so," Pavel begged, rocking his mate as she sobbed in fear. "Your tears melt my heart."

Pavel had no idea how long he held Kaila as she struggled and screamed, trapped in a nightmare he couldn't penetrate. All he knew was the helplessness of watching her pain, the futility of reaching her dreaming mind...the brutal urge to kill whoever had caused her original agony.

# Whiskey Sours

Kaila drowsed in Pavel's arms, drained and strangely at peace as the tattered remnants of her dreams knit themselves into the whole of her memories.

"Do you want to talk about it?" No pressure no demands...just a calm query of her desires. If she didn't already love the man to distraction, this would have assured the outcome. By way of answer, she took a deep breath and began her narration.

"Thanks to my overdeveloped body -- namely being overweight and having double D hooters -- I didn't have the greatest time in junior high and high school. I remembered my classmates' taunts hurled on a daily basis. 'Jugs, can I get some milk?'; 'Hey, Kaila, can you dial long-distance on those babies?'; and of course, the forever hilarious, 'I've heard the bigger the boat, the smoother the ride...Kaila's an ocean liner!' which always cracked them up."

Pavel said nothing, just snuggled her into his shoulder, his big hand moving in a soothing pattern over her back. Secure in his love, she kept her eyes closed as the old/new scenes flashed before her as if they'd happened yesterday.

"So I concentrated on academics, striving to excel. Being at the head of the class didn't require good looks or a slim body. I was the typical nerd. Kept my head buried in a book every chance I got. Imagine my shock when the star and captain of the football team asked me to the prom."

She shifted, uncomfortable with this first telling of the events that had changed her life. "Funny, the memories evaded me for so long, yet now I can recall every little detail...how thrilled I felt, my giddy excitement at finally having a date...and for the prom, of all things."

"Tell me," Pavel encouraged, his low voice gruff and rumbling. She knew him well enough now to gauge the effort he was making to remain calm, enabling her to recite the

traumatic events responsible for derailing her life for so long. Drawing on *his* courage, the sure foundation of his love, she allowed herself to drift into the past.

"I guess it started long before, but I didn't know that, then. Science class had just let out and I was hurrying down the hall to my next class when I heard my name called..."

"Kaila, wait up!"

What did Maury Montgomery want with me? My heart skipped a beat. Maybe he needed help with the science project. I'd be glad to study with him, if that was the case.

"So, you heard my girlfriend, Sylvia left when her father got shipped overseas?"

I nodded. Where was this going?

"Well, that leaves me without a date for the prom this Friday night," Maury said. "Everyone else is all paired up. So, you wanna go out with me, or what?"

The star football jock was asking me out for a date?

Shocked and giddy with excitement, I nodded, not caring I was a last resort. I'd harbored an unrequited crush on the popular boy ever since he'd been elected freshman class president. Until today, I hadn't thought I had a hope of even being noticed by him, let alone being asked for a date. "Sure, Maury, I'd love to!"

"Okay. Cool." His gaze swept over my casual attire, a grimace crossing his expressive face. "Um...wear something spiffy, if you have it. My dad's letting me borrow his Maserati. We'll go somewhere happening...afterwards."

"I'll find something," I promised, biting the inside of my cheek as I pondered how I would do that. Dad held down two janitorial positions: one during the morning, the other at night. Even with two salaries, the money barely stretched to cover rent and necessities like food and utilities. My three younger brothers and I shopped at Goodwill. Sometimes, we were lucky to get church hand-me-downs and were glad to have them. New clothes were coveted Christmas presents or rare gifts from far-removed relatives.

"All right, see you Friday night. I know where you live."

After school, I ran home and whipped through my homework and chores to get to Miss Martha's house before it got dark. Dad had conniption fits if any of us were out after dark without his say-so.

Miss Martha was a widow who lived two blocks over -- right where the projects ended. She was elderly, had arthritis so I helped her clean house twice a week. She didn't have much money, but she did have an absentee son who sent a whopping check twice a year -- guilt money, I figured -- along with notes for her to buy something nice for Christmas and birthday. She always spent some of that money on our family.

One year -- a week before Christmas -- a brown UPS truck delivered a huge box of fresh fruit right to our door. I figured it was from Miss Martha, even though there was no card. I knew it for sure when the widow, with a kind twinkle in her eye, asked if we'd

enjoyed the juicy Florida oranges. I loved her, and not just because she was always doing nice things for my family.

Thank goodness Miss Martha was a big woman. I planned to shore up my courage, grit my teeth, and ask if I could maybe borrow a special dress to wear on my date Friday.

She opened the door on the first knock. I hid a smile, knowing the elderly woman had been standing at the window, watching the street for my arrival. "Evening, Miss Martha. I had a load of homework, so I only have time to do the upstairs vacuuming and the kitchen."

The old lady eased the door open a little bit more and patted my shoulder as I squeezed past, edging around the woman's wide girth. "You such a good girl, Kaila. Not many young'uns want to bother with old Martha like you do."

"I don't mind." I felt guilty at the praise, ashamed of my hidden agenda. I shook off the feelings. I had come plenty times to help with no thought of getting anything for my work, not even thanks. "I remembered you said you had a hard time getting up the stairs with your arthritis flaring up lately. I'll just go on up. It'll be dark soon and you know how dad is..."

Miss Martha chuckled. "Don I jes! That man's a stickler fer proper behavior fer sure. Old-fashioned as the day is long. Pity yore mom went and died like she did. That man lost all semblance of happy when he laid her in the grave."

"Yes, ma'am." I shifted toward the closet where the vacuum was. I loved it when old Martha got started reminiscing, but I didn't have time for that, today. I'd never be done in time to beat the sun home. Dad would ground me for a week, and I'd miss my date. "I'll do the dusting while I'm up there, too."

I whipped through the vacuuming and dusting, determined to do a good job as payment for the favor I planned to ask. Leaving the vacuum running so Miss Martha wouldn't become suspicious, I crept into the bedroom used for storage and opened the closet door. Inside, hanging in a tight-packed row, were beaded costumes from long ago, preserved in see-through plastic bags. I loved how they glittered and glistened, how their clear and colored beads caught and split the light. My hand riffled the hangers, set the dresses swinging as I searched through the elaborately decorated costumes. All of them looked like they would fit my plus-sized body.

The blue one...the one with the handkerchief hem decorated with tiny glass beads. I liked the rainbow-hued bodice and the chiffon layers that fell in a gentle A-line about calf height. This was the one I would ask to borrow. Slipping it from the rack, I carefully draped it over my arm.

"Miss Martha, I'm all done with the dusting and the vacuuming. I'm just putting everything away," I hollered from the front parlor, where I was trying to fit the upright back into the broom closet. She was a bit hard of hearing.

"I'm in the kitchen, dear. Come on back when you get done."

Finally wedging the Hoover into its place, I wrestled the door shut and resettled the dress over my arm. Taking a deep breath, I bolstered my courage and walked through the kitchen door.

"Oh, I see you read my mind!" Miss Martha smiled big, showing the few natural teeth she had left. She hated wearing false teeth and only put them in when she went to church. "I wanted to give you a present for doing so well in school and for helping an old lady out like you do." She frowned. "But you only have one. Run on back up and pick out two more dresses, baby. You can have your pick of all but the white gown in the far corner. That's my wedding dress."

I gasped. "Oh, Miss Martha...really?" "Really."

"Thank you! Thank you! I have a date Friday night and I had nothing to wear...for real."

"In that case, you should have some nylons and a new hairdo, too. Give me a hand up and we'll go gather what you need. Hurry up, gal. Daylight's burning and it'll soon be dark."

Friday night, Maury showed up on my doorstep with flowers. I opened the door, wearing my new, old blue dress, knowing I looked sophisticated and smart with my hair arranged in loose curls upon my head and my legs encased in sheer, control top pantyhose.

"Kaila, who is that on the porch?"

"It's my date, Maury Montgomery, Dad." How I loved saying that.

The newspaper rattled as he lowered the pages to glance over the edges at me. "Michael Montgomery's boy?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, where's your manners, girl? Invite him in."

I flinched at the thought of Maury seeing our shabby furniture, but I put my shoulders back and gathered my pride around me like a cloak. "I'll get him, sir."

I went back to where Maury waited for my on the front porch. "I'm sorry about this, but we have to go in and talk to my dad before we leave. Dad is very old-fashioned. He's probably going to give you the old 'have-her-home-by-midnight' spiel."

"No problem, so is mine and I've heard that spiel lots of times." He followed me inside and held out his hand to the grey-haired man seated in a tatty brown pleather recliner. "Good evening, sir, my name is Maury Montgomery. I appreciate you allowing me to take your daughter out."

Dad stood and shook Maury's hand, offered him a seat on the couch, not seeming to notice it had seen better days. I had covered the cushions with an old flowered sheet, and the pattern clashed with the geometric design of the faded wallpaper.

"So, where are you planning to take my little girl?"

Maury's lips curved up. I closed my eyes, wanting to sink into the floor. There was nothing little about me. "I thought we'd take in the Electric Eel. They have a small restaurant that overlooks the dance floor."

"Woo-wee! That's upscale, isn't it, boy?"

"I can afford it, sir. I want to take Kaila somewhere nice...and don't worry, I'll have her home before midnight. I wouldn't want you to forbid her to come out with me again."

My heart pounded in my chest, my pulse leaped at the thought the most popular boy in school might be thinking about taking me on another date after this one.

I never thought to question his sudden interest. Why would I? Maury acted the gentleman, so kind and considerate; seeing I had everything I wanted, making sure I didn't embarrass myself by exposing my ignorance of the finer things, like which fork to use first.

"Did you enjoy yourself tonight?"

"Oh, yes, I did!" I'd been over the moon. "I really enjoyed this date."

Maury slowed the car and cleared his throat. "Is it okay if we head over to Wilder Bluff? I want to kiss you, but my dad would have a fit if I tried anything like that while driving."

Me? He wanted to kiss the nerdy girl who knew more about computers and chemistry than about the chemistry of attraction between a boy and girl?

I discovered a frog in my throat, too. "Sure, I'd like that," I croaked, then colored up as I realized how that had sounded. "If we go to Wilder Bluff, I mean."

"Cool."

While I dreamed of exchanging class rings and going steady, he drove to the local necking spot, a secluded area just outside of town. There were several empty cars parked when we arrived and I figured the occupants had abandoned their rides for a romantic walk along the creek bed.

Maury cut the car engine and opened his door. "Get out."

I looked at him, squinted through my glasses to see his face. His voice sounded angry. "What's wrong, Maury?"

"Just get out of the car, Kaila. Hurry up."

What on earth was the matter? I scrabbled for the door handle, missing it in my distracted haste. My fingers finally grasped the curved metal and pulled up, but before the door could open under its own momentum, it was snatched open. Still holding onto the handle, I fell out of the car, awkwardly landing on my bottom in the dirt.

"Oww! Oh!" I looked up to find myself surrounded. Seven members of the starting football team glared down at me. "What are you guys doing here?" I turned my head, searching for Maury, "Maury, what's going on?"

"Yeah, Maury, what's going on? You're almost an hour late. What's the matter...you chickening out?"

Maury addressed his friends, refusing to meet my eyes. "Just get her up on the hood, damn it. I don't have all night."

Ice slithered up my spine as two of the football players, black boys I knew well, grabbed my arms and hauled me up. Our families worshipped at the same church. How could they do this to me?

My feet dragged as they pulled me to the front of the low-slung car, forcing me down upon the sloping hood of Michael Montgomery's silver Maserati. Holding my wrists in an unbreakable grasp, they pressed me back to the warm hood, avoiding my accusing glare.

Dread coiled in my belly. My mouth dried out as my breathing escalated, chest rising and falling as panic climbed up my throat. "What are you doing? Let me go!"

Face implacable, Maury stood beside the car, swigging whiskey straight from the bottle, spilling some as he chugged it down in long swallows.

"Strip her."

I tugged against the boys' hold. "Please...!" My voice broke, terror stealing my control, "Please don't do this! What have I ever done to you?"

"How about showed us up every chance you got, bitch?"

"Yeah," another of the boys drawled, shoving in to stare coldly over his teammate's shoulder, hard eyes glaring into mine. "How about messing up the bell curve in Mr. Tanner's class so three of us got knocked off the football team?"

They were angry because I got A's? The only thing I excelled at was the cause of this horror? "I didn't mean to! I'm sorry!"

Hard hands ripped at my dress, not even trying to find the fastenings. As the fragile fabric gave way, I sobbed in fear, hearing the devastation of my life in the destruction of my antique finery.

"You'll be good and sorry soon, fat bitch."

"Yeah, you fat, ugly bitch!"

"Hurry up and fuck her, Maury. We ain't got all night."

Maury finished the bottle and started on another, still refusing to meet my eyes. "Don't rush me. I'm not near drunk enough to touch her."

Dean, the black fullback, stared down at me. "If she wasn't so damn fat, I'd fuck her myself. Tell you what, fat-ass, lose some weight and I'll come back and do you up good."

"Get busy, Maury. Deputy Breek drives by here every night around eleven and you don't have much time."

"Make her suck your dick, that'll get your juices flowing."

My stomach roiled as my dinner threatened to come back up. They really planned to rape my. "Please, Maury, oh, God, please don't rape me! Let me go home. I won't tell anyone, I promise!"

"Tell whoever you like, bitch. That's why we're here. We'll all swear you gave it up voluntarily, and then offered to do all of us."

His words only made me cry harder, my tears threatened to overwhelm me as I struggled against them. Breath ragged and harsh, I sobbed for Maury to have pity. "Oh, please, oh, please, ohpleaseohpleaseohplease..."

"Someone shut her the fuck up! I can't stand that caterwauling."

"Get it over with, man. You lost the draw; now do it! This bitch is strong. We can't hold her all night."

"All right," Maury snarled, tugging on the snap of his slacks. His pants loosened and he pushed them down his hips, let them fall around his knees. He didn't take off his boxers, just reached in and pulled out his penis. Already semi hard, it swelled and grew as he stood between my legs, stroking himself and staring down at my exposed body.

Frantic, I continued to plead with him from behind the makeshift gag of hands, begged him to let me go, to not do this. Little whimpers escaped around the rough fingers several of the boys pressed over my mouth, keeping any louder cries trapped.

For a moment, I thought his eyes softened. An instant later, I watched them harden, jaw clench. Despair and hopelessness filled me.

"You brought this on yourself, Kaila. Always the one with the answers, always messing us guys up," he said, talking himself into anger, working himself up to hurting me.

His alcohol-laden breath gusted in my face while he fought to pry my thighs open. Two more players helped, taking my legs and spreading them wide. "Yeah," one grunted, holding on as I bucked and fought, "what's your answer for this, bitch?"

Wedging his erection at the entrance of my vagina, Maury pushed into me, tearing through my hymen without tenderness, intent on giving as much pain and humiliation as possible.

I bit through the fingers covering my mouth. With a curse, the hand let go and I screamed and cried, cringing against Maury's invading body as he humped his hips into me, driving his penis in and out of my dry channel, bruising my flesh while he destroyed my innocence.

Sometime during the ordeal, I passed out.

When I came to I was back in the front seat of the Maserati, my tattered dress slung about my shoulders, panties gone. Body aching, hurting in places I'd never explored, I huddled close to the door.

"I'm calling the police as soon as I get home," I warned him through my tears, my anguish deep and soul destroying.

"Go ahead. I dare you. All my teammates will swear they had you, too. They'll tell everyone you put out to all of them. Now get the hell out of my car."

Scared to death, I stood on the porch as he roared away, knowing I couldn't go inside like this. My father would take on the entire town in my defense, and only end up ruining our family. My brothers didn't deserve that.

I thought of Miss Martha and ran all the way to her house. I banged on her door, sobbing like a wild woman until she rushed to let me in. I fell into her arms and told her everything that had happened.

She wanted me to call the police, but I refused, reminding her of Maury's family money and the influence of his rich and famous football celebrity father. Reluctantly, but seeing how upset -- hysterical, really -- I was, she helped me come up with a plan.

I left while she called my father to ask if I could stay with her a few days since she was feeling ill. Our only phone was in the kitchen. I heard him talking with her as I sneaked in the front door. Calling out a rushed greeting, I flew down the hall to my room.

Once in my bedroom, I stripped out of the now hated dress and rushed into the bathroom. I had to get clean, couldn't wait to scrub the feel of those boys' hands off every inch of my bruised skin. I kept scrubbing, kept heating up the water, trying to boil the shame and pain out of my body. All the while, I screamed inside, railed at the bitter reality of my life that let a beast like Maury get away with what he'd done to me. I believed his boast, knowing he and his friends' words would sway any jury against a poor black girl from the wrong side of town...

## A Dish Served Cold

Kaila lay against Pavel's chest, feeling oddly light and empty inside. He crooned soft nothings in her ear...only the strength of his trembling hands, the clutch of his arms holding her tightly, his chin resting atop her head revealed his emotional turmoil.

"I never went to the police. I stayed with Miss Martha, and for two horrendous weeks, we waited anxiously for my period to come. I cried through a whole box of Kleenex the day it finally started."

"You never confronted those males again?" Pavel asked, clearing his throat to erase the gruffness. "They didn't taunt you about it?"

She shifted languidly, nestled closer to his chest. "I didn't remember any of this until just now. Once my menses started, I must have blanked out the entire episode. Miss Martha really had been feeling ill. She died a week later, and everyone -- I most of all -- was shocked to find she'd left me her house and the entire contents."

"Oh, god, I didn't even remember her funeral, don't recall laying flowers on her grave." Tears started as the feelings of loss for that gentle woman swept over her, feelings her mind hadn't allowed her to access for almost twenty years. "She kept me sane...as sane as I could be, during those days and I..." She shook her head, dashing at the tears streaming down her cheeks. "I didn't *remember* her!"

Pavel's thumbs soothed over her cheeks, chasing the moisture. "Hush, now. Your subconscious mind knew best back then, and you remember now, which is all that counts. I promise you we'll go there together one day...honor her memory with flowers --" His voice grew hard, implacable. "-- and the knowledge that justice was done, though belated."

Kaila sat up and pulled away, eyes wide on the burning green pupils staring down on her. "Pavel, what --?"

His mouth, tight with anger, didn't move. *I will not allow those males to remain unpunished. Even were you not my true-bond mate would I allow such injustice!* 

Kaila stared at him in awe. It's been so long...

You have a twenty-year reunion coming up. We will attend!

Dipping her head, Kaila pressed a kiss on the skin of his chest, rubbed her face back and forth in the lush mat of hair. "I love you so much, Pavel Andreiavich Janecek. How I wish you had been my first, my only."

Pavel rested both palms on her cheeks, raised her face to meet his lips. His kiss was gentle and soft, cherishing. "But I was your first lover. On our first night, I spoke with Rickard later, after you'd fallen asleep. I told him I had received the gift of your innocence." He kissed her. "I have treasured it ever since."

"Oh, Pavel!" She threw her arms about him, squeezing as close as she could. "I never dated since then, but I wanted to. More than anything, deep down, I wanted to have a true date where the man hadn't lost the pull of the straw or had to get drunk in order to fuck me. I perpetually dieted, driven by their unrecalled slurs, yet each time I'd lose significant weight, I'd binge, never knowing it was because of what Dean had said to me."

A frown creased Pavel's brow. "Dean. Not the one who physically raped you?"

"He said if I ever lost enough weight, he'd come 'do' me." Kaila sighed. "Somewhere deep inside, I took his words as a threat. I didn't want him or any of that crew coming anywhere near me and I guess my subconscious took care of it the only way it could by keeping me fat."

His voice cold and calm, Pavel asked, "Do you want me to kill them?"

The idea startled her. Kaila relaxed back in her warm cradle, used mind-talk to tell him to put his arms back around her. He did, drawing her close and dropping kisses on the top of her head.

He'd do it, too. She knew he had no qualms about killing if he thought the cause just. Kaila had never thought about it, but once introduced, the idea wouldn't dissipate. Did she want them dead? The boys -- now men -- who'd violently destroyed her innocence and her self-esteem? Maury, who'd brutally ripped from her something that was hers alone to give?

"I want them to suffer. I want them to feel the helplessness I felt as I struggled under them, pleading for the mercy they withheld. I want them to watch all their hopes die --" Her voice rose in passionate outcry. "-- just as mine did! I want their dreams dead!"

"Done."

Visions of Pavel taking fur form and attacking her enemies had her backpedaling. She'd best clarify that statement. "Um...you do know I meant financially and socially dead, not physically, right?"

Above her head, Pavel sighed, the depth of it raising her cheek where it rested on his chest. "I do not know if I can promise Maury and Dean will remain among the living. The others --" He shook his head. "-- perhaps."

What had she done? "Pavel, I really don't need you to go that far..."

"No, Kaila. In this, you will not rule me. Those men committed the most heinous crime against womankind and got away clean. Perhaps, having suffered no consequences, they have done the same to other misfortunate girls.

"Nor do you rule me. I want their names and the years they attended your high school," a cold voice demanded from across the room. They turned to find Rickard standing in the open door of their bedroom. Cold fury etched his pale face; the expression chilled Kaila to her marrow. She shrank back into Pavel's warm embrace. The prince was not a man she would want as her enemy.

"I will orchestrate their financial and social ruination." The prince bared his teeth in a fierce grin. "I leave the physical and mental torture to you, my brother wulf."

Pavel smiled grimly, nodding in agreement, and Kaila slumped, sighing. "Both of you are too bloodthirsty. What am I going to do with the two of you?"

Love me! Pavel suggested on their private channel.

Rickard sauntered over and dropped a kiss on her cheek. "Ah, my sweet chocolate confection, love me, too...though after today, only from afar." He put his open lips over hers and kissed her hard, laughing against her mouth at the involuntary rumbling snarl coming from Pavel.

On the public bond they'd shared for years, the one she now had access to, she heard Rickard tease, *Down, boy!* Then the feel of his mind grew somber. *I acknowledge she's all yours, but Pavel, I love her almost as much as I do you. My brother, will you honor our pact?* 

Pavel quirked a brow at Kaila, silently offering her an out even now.

She had to admit she'd been shocked when Pavel had told her about the pact between the royal family and his wulf pack. She hadn't had much time to ponder all the ramifications but she couldn't deny she was tempted.

What woman wouldn't want to be the focus of two beautiful men, determined to elicit every drop of sexual pleasure, every ounce of erotic sensation from her?

She'd never done this before, been part of a threesome, and she was nervous. Hell, her pudgy body was bare-butt naked before two men who could rival the world's sexiest models. She knew Pavel could smell her fear, hear her heart beating fast and hard in her breasts, but he could also smell her arousal. He had to know her pussy was creamy with want, her clit throbbing in need as she sat on his lap, his hard cock digging into the soft fleshy mound of her belly and the heat of Rickard's body smoldering at her back.

Her slight nod was all he waited for.

## 182 Camille Anthony

Pavel looked up at Rickard. "Tonight, I will honor the ancient pact between our peoples and place my mate in your keeping." Rickard reached for her and Pavel's hands clamped on her arms as he fought to control his possessiveness. "For this one night *only*, she consents to be possessed by you, my Prince."

"So be it." Rickard directed his answer to Pavel, but stared the while into Kaila's eyes. She gulped. The wicked glint in Rickard's eyes made her knees quake.

## Double Dagwood Sandwich

"According to ancient law and the everlasting pact between the House of Orloffberg and the Werewulves of Drestovia, I, Prince Wagner Rupert Rickard Orloffberg, ruling sovereign of Drestovia, do hereby claim first night's right to the mate of the Janecek Alpha Prime, Pavel Andreiavich. I swear upon my body -- the instrument with which I will seal this agreement -- to honor his true-bond mate above all but my own bride, to be her shield and her support and if necessary, act as father to her children. She shall want for nothing and our pact shall extend to every member of the pack. This I swear."

Pavel looked on as Rickard took his mate's mouth, wedded his lips to hers. Helpless to resist the urge to protest a male, even this one, touching what was his; he tightened his arms around Kaila, forcing himself to do nothing else as she responded to Rickard's practiced kiss. He couldn't fault her, having first-hand knowledge of Rickard's proficiency in these matters. The man certainly knew what to do with those juicy lips of his.

Unobtrusively, Pavel shifted her on his lap until she faced outward, allowing Rickard freer access to her mouth and breasts. The man dropped to his knees before her, slim strong fingers curling over her knees and pressing outward, widening her stance. Rickard gazed down at her, hands brushing back and forth, up and down her inner thighs.

He heard Kaila catch her breath, saw Rickard's pale blue eyes gleam, regarding her with an emotion very close to love. Her rich scent rose on the air, telling Pavel of Kaila's building need. "Rickard, I don't know...what if --"

The prince placed a finger across her lips, sealing her doubts behind them. "I adore your courage and gentle heart. Overhearing your story tonight, my heart aches for your pain. Let us wash away those memories, replace them with something stronger. We will show you your true worth, sweet Kaila. But you must never allow anyone to say you are not beautiful. See how beautiful you are in our eyes."

Rickard tipped her head up, demanding her attention. Her wide brown eyes gazed into blue, then she was turning her head to look at him, and Pavel felt his eyes beginning to smolder. He gazed down at her, a slight smile playing about his lips. "What my prince says is true. I love every succulent inch of you, each abundantly lush curve."

"What if I do something wrong? What if I don't please you?"

Rickard's gentle smile tugged at Pavel's heart. He could predict the words that would come out of his prince's mouth. He'd heard them before, almost twenty years ago.

There is no right or wrong where love is concerned...only pleasure. Your satisfaction is all that matters.

Rickard hadn't trusted his sentiments to verbal speech, choosing instead to make his point mind-to-mind. Hearing him caused Kaila to gasp. Pavel knew it shocked her to hear Rickard as well as she could hear him. Watching her reactions, he felt unsure how she would take learning the prince shared such a private link with them. She wasn't slow. It wouldn't take long for her to realize he and Rickard had once been intimate.

"What is Rickard to you, Pavel? What is he to me?"

"A friend."

"A very intimate, loving friend." White eyebrows waggled in a suggestive manner.

Kaila's startled gazed flew to Pavel's, her brown pupils large. "You and he...?"

Pavel's lips tightened. He should have known Rickard wouldn't be discreet. Staring over her head into Rickard's unrepentant gaze he answered her query with the honesty he'd promised her. "I didn't want you to discover it this way, but yes. We've been intimate."

Her lips thinned. "Is he my competition?" Before he could answer, she turned and speared Rickard with a fulminating glare. Balling her hands into fists, she struck him on the shoulders, anger darkening her already dusky face. "Are you? Do I have to fight you for him? Because I will!"

Laughing, Rickard caught her hands, ensnared them in his steely grip. Pushing between her knees, he edged closer until the weight of his body pressed Kaila's back against Pavel's chest. "God, she's feisty, Pavel! Is she this passionate when you fuck her?"

A wash of color flooded Kaila's cheeks. Pavel could almost feel the heated embarrassment enveloping her quaking body. "Don't you dare answer that, Pavel!"

He ignored her. "Yes, she is. Passionate. Lusty. Giving." His hands roved up and down her arms. "I have never had such a generous lover. Every time with her is better than the last."

"See?" Rickard asked, applying firm pressure to turn Kaila's stubborn face up to his. "There is your answer. I am not your enemy, Kaila. I am no longer Pavel's lover. I still love him as I love you. I would never hurt you and any fool can see that you love Pavel more than I ever did."

He sighed, looking across her shoulder into Pavel's eyes. "One day soon we will tell you our story. Perhaps you will understand what drove us in those days. I will tell you this: your mate saved my sanity, my kingdom, and my life. I owe him everything."

As always, Rickard's vehement words made him uncomfortable. "You owe me nothing. What I did, I did for love."

Rickard and Kaila glanced at each other before both went off into peals of laughter. Even though the joke was on him, Pavel was grateful their laughter lightened the tension between them.

Kaila laid her head back, resting it on his shoulder. "You are too modest, my love."

"I see you've learned his ways." Rickard quirked an eyebrow before his gaze snagged on Kaila's more than generous breasts. Her laughter had set them jiggling and now they quaked gently, her deep brown, tightly puckered nipples riding the lighter brown swells. His smile died. His pants tented as his cock rose. He wet his lips. "Damn, those look good. Oh, man, I have to..."

Pavel's stomach clenched as he held Kaila still, watched his friend's head descend, watched Rickard's lips closing over his mate's stiff nipple, drawing hard on it.

"Ah! Oh, god!"

Kaila jackknifed in his arms. Pavel's fierce grin exposed his fangs as Kaila bowed her upper body, pushing more of her breast into Orloffberg's suckling mouth. He could barely growl the question, "Do you like that, Kaila? Like the way he's drawing on your pouty, thick nipple?"

She groaned. "I *shouldn't*, but God help me, *I do!*"

Her tortured statement moved him. Pavel's jealousy melted away. He didn't want her feeling guilty. None of this was her fault. Instead, he wanted her to enjoy this night.

For Kaila, he would conquer his inner wulf's inborn compulsion to horde his mate's pleasure to himself. For her, he would make sure he and Rickard between them gave her all the sensation she could stand... enough and more to push her right over the erotic edge. "Yes, you should. You should love every moment. I want you to grab every drop of pleasure and squeeze it dry, baby."

Pavel lifted his hand and tweaked her free nipple, groaning with rising lust as her cries fell on his ears. His cock twitched and grew with every sweet little mewling sound she made. His fingers tugged on the turgid tip in tandem with Rickard's strong pulls as he continued to suckle the one deep in the hot confines of his mouth.

He thought his head... both heads...would blow off when Kaila ground her butt against his aching cock. He was saved by Rickard pulling away, his mouth releasing her breast with an audible pop. "Your breast is divine, Kaila. I could suckle all night long. But I only have this night and I want more..."

The prince grabbed the tails of his shirt and tore them apart, scattering buttons and revealing a chest with skin smooth as milk, spread over an expanse of rippling muscle. He took Kaila's hands, brought them to his chest and let go, leaving her to smooth them down that pale slope.

Pavel gasped for breath. The contrast of her dark skin against Rickard's lightness was dramatic. He let his hands glide down his woman's side, slid them between her thighs, and pulled her legs wide apart. "You want more? Taste her, then. Lick her clit, suck on her pussy, and see why I can never get enough of her."

Without a word, Rickard sank lower, brought his mouth to her open cunt, and latched on, mouth busy as a cub's at his mother's tit. While Rickard feasted between his mate's legs, Pavel palmed her breasts, kneading and tugging on her erect nipples. "Give me your mouth, woman!"

Her cries spilled into his mouth and he ate them up, devouring the hot, honeyed depths of her mouth. He took her like a bandit, held her up at passion's point while he ripped all control from her. His hands kept her wide, kept her open for Rickard's voracious tongue as together they pushed her toward the first glittering edge of night.

She bucked on his thighs, body twisting under the lash of teeth, tongue, and lips, so close to going over Pavel could feel the fine tremors running up and down her spine. Her hands scrabbled for purchase at his biceps, nails dug into his skin as her every muscle clenched in rigid need.

"Let go. Come in his mouth," Pavel ordered, his voice the catalyst for her orgasm. He continued to work her nipples while she screamed and spasmed.

"God, that was delicious!" Licking his lips, Rickard rose from between Kaila's outstretched thighs. He unzipped his pants and kicked them off, revealing a long, thick erection. "I can't wait to get in your tight little cunt, sweetheart." He fisted his cock and pumped it a few times before aiming it at Kaila's dripping pussy.

Pavel growled a warning. "Stop! You don't go in uncovered, Rickard. Mine is the only sperm to go in my bitch's womb."

The prince nodded, bent for his pants, and retrieved a condom. "I knew that, just forgot in the heat of the moment." He tore the package and donned the latex covering, blue eyes twinkling with mischief. He winked at Kaila, who was beginning to show signs of nervousness now that she'd come down from her sexual high. "Don't worry darling, I'm not as big as our guy, here. I'll give you all of the pleasure, none of the pain." To Pavel, he said, "Keep her legs open and lean back, Pavel."

Curious, Pavel did as he said, leaning backward so Kaila was spread open on his chest and belly. His stiff cock reared from beneath her bottom, the bulbous tip fiery red with hot blood. He bit back a groan when Rickard, with a wicked grin, rubbed his cock up and down the slick groove of Kaila's folds, bumping against his cock on each downward swoop. "Stop fucking around, Rickard."

"Surely you don't mind a little foreplay to soften you up, sweet." The other man laughed softly at Pavel's sour expression and began easing into Kaila's splayed pussy.

Pavel couldn't have looked away if his life depended on it. Tears clogged his throat as he watched his best friend's cock disappear into his wife-to-be's cunt. "Oh, Kaila, darling, you are so fucking beautiful!"

"You are, sweet thing. Indeed you are," Rickard agreed, beginning a slow, gentle fucking that soon had Kaila keening and worrying her bottom lip. "You are so tight and hot! God, Pavel, but you are a lucky dog!"

Pavel had eyes only for Kaila, eyes riveted on plush lips flattened by the girth of Rickard's cock as it glided in and out of her wet folds. Gradually, though, he became aware of her stiffening, her ardor fading. Searching her eyes, he frowned, opened the deeply personal channel only the two of them could access.

What's wrong, my heart?

I'm sorry, Pavel. This doesn't feel right.

This?

Rickard in my...in your pussy. You made me say it, remember? It's yours. My pussy is yours, not Rickard's.

She couldn't have given him a more precious gift. The tears overflowed then. "Pull out, Rickard."

To his credit, he did so immediately. "What's wrong?"

Kaila hung her head, but Pavel wasn't having that. Sitting up, he let her close her legs before shifting her back around to face him. "Kaila doesn't feel comfortable with this."

"It's not you, Rickard, believe me!" She was quick to let him know she didn't mean to insult him.

He held up a hand. "Stop. You owe me no explanations. You've honored me beyond measure and I'll --" He made to turn away and Pavel bit the side of his cheek, derailing his grin at the forlorn bobbing of his friend's cock.

"Wait." Kaila's soft cry halted Rickard in his steps. "I only want Pavel in my pussy, but if you wanted to...you know..." She shyly glanced down and around as she patted her flank.

Rickard followed her gesture and his eyes widened, and then flashed up to meet Pavel's amused gaze. "You're asking for a sandwich?"

This time, Kaila was the one grinning. "I'm volunteering to be the meat...unless you're vegetarian."

Pavel felt his eyes go white-hot at the idea. A pulse beat in his eager cock, his balls filled until they were heavy and tight. With Kaila between them, he could freely share love with Rickard. He could almost see it: his cock, hard and high, knotted in her pussy while Rickard reamed that small anus of hers. Their cocks would rub together, separated only by

the thin membrane of Kaila's passages. His fangs flashed when he answered. "Baby, you won't find anyone more carnivorous than we two!"

Rickard's full lips parted in a happy smile as his cock perked up and hugged the curve of his belly. He rubbed his hands together, giddy as a loon. "Personally, sweetheart, I'm just happy I don't have to slink away and play pocket pool. I'd give up my chance at Nirvana for the chance to sink back into something hot and tight. I hope you're prepared to be devoured. Wait here while I go find some lube."

She nodded, glancing over at Pavel for his approval. Feeling proud of her, he nodded and she took a deep breath and squared her shoulders. "Okay, so how does this work?" She giggled a bit, displaying her unease. "I mean...how do we set it up? I know tab C goes into slot P, but uh...who goes on top, who's on the bottom, or do we all lie on our sides?"

Strong emotion called to his beast. Heart filled to bursting, Pavel forced the wulf back under his skin, fought off the change, determined to give his courageous woman a night she would always remember. Taking a deep breath to calm himself, he held out his hand, waited for Kaila to take it. "Just follow our lead, honey. Trust us. We're going to make this so good for you."

He thought he'd break down and cry at the love shining in her eyes. "I thought you knew...I trust you with my life." *I love you*.

Her confession rendered him speechless. *Mother Moon, my dark bitch, you make me insane with love for you. Let me prove it to you. Tell us what you want and we will fulfill your wishes.* 

"Tonight, I want to pretend I'm the celebrity star with the male harem everybody wants. I want to be fucked by two beautiful, sexy males who only have eyes for me."

Returning from the bathroom with a tube of K-Y, Rickard groaned. "She still doesn't believe we find her beautiful, my friend."

"She will. We're going to fuck her in front of the mirror."

A wide grin slashed across Rickard's face while Kaila's paled. "Great idea!"

They both advanced on her, cocks bobbing and eager, pointing toward her pussy like hunting dogs on pointe. She backed up, hands held out before her, a nervous laugh tripping from her lips. "Now, guys..."

"Get her!" Rickard yelled, making a swipe for her and missing.

Pavel pounced, covering the space between them with a single bound. He pinned her arms behind her as Rickard dragged the free-standing mirror over by the bed. "Easy, Ms. Morgan. It's just your harem getting ready to fuck you senseless. After all, we only have eyes for you." He took her mouth as her lips opened, killing whatever she'd planned to say. She tasted so sweet Pavel almost resented his friend when he interrupted.

"I think this way will work. You're a bit shorter than me and strong enough to hold her standing up. Once you've got her pinned on your cock, I'll take her ass. You face the bed so she can see the mirror over your shoulder."

That wasn't quite what he'd envisioned. "No. We'll stand sideways so she can see herself between us, see how our bodies adore her."

"Oh guys, you're making me seriously hot, here!"

"Good girl. That's just how I want my chocolate-flavored bitch...seriously hot. Hot enough to burn us all up." Pavel stroked a semierect nipple, giving it a pinching caress that had it firming up under his appreciative gaze. He continued to play with her breasts until she was panting and begging. Only then did he stop and lift her up into his arms. Glancing over at Rickard, he ordered, "Fist my cock and hold it up while Kaila sinks down on me."

Rickard's eyes gleamed as his big palm engulfed Pavel's flesh, the heat from his fingers wrapped around his cock helping to stiffen it, not that he wasn't already hard as a spike.

"Oh, my god..." Kaila's voice shook.

Pavel followed Kaila's gaze down to where his cock reared, thick and jutting, the blunt head leaking precum in small rivulets that ran down the sloped tip. He bit back a yelp when Rickard knelt and swiped his tongue across the helmeted top and then glanced up, his lips glistening with the slick juice.

"Oh, shit!" Kaila crooned, watching avidly. "That is so freaky deek!"

Rickard smirked. "You want me to do it again?"

For all his protestations, Pavel knew he could easily slip back under Rickard's spell. Their love was so different it posed no threat to the heart connection he shared with Kaila. He couldn't help being thankful when she said no.

"I want you to do *me!*" She pouted.

Pavel could have kissed her. In fact, he did. When she came up for air she ordered, "That's my cock. Take it out of your mouth and put it inside me like you were told!"

"Whatever you wish, your Highness."

Pavel could have told Rickard his sarcasm was lost on Kaila. This was how she was when she succumbed to the sexual frenzy ruling her libido. Queen-like, she fully expected them to obey her every whim.

Rickard tightened his grip on his cock as Pavel began lowering Kaila down his shaft. Her sizzling juices seared his distended glans as her tight folds closed around the tip, her intimate muscles squeezing the life out of him.

"Mother Moon, you're tight!"

She groaned, leaned down to nip his shoulder. "Mmm...you're so big! Fill me up, big bad wolf. Fuck me like the animal I know you are!"

Rickard blew out a shocked breath. "Shit! Pavel, have you done her in battle form?"

Her head came up off his shoulder. "Huh?"

"Shut up, Rickard." Pavel grit his teeth, pushing up into her, concentrating on burying the last inch of his cock in her torrid heat. He groaned. "I'm in and I won't last long like this. Her pussy is strangling me. Hurry up and take her ass!"

The prince didn't need telling twice. Checking to make sure his condom was secure, Rickard opened the tube of lubrication and squeezed a large dollop onto his palm. While he slicked it over his cock and used first one finger then two to work it into her small puckered hole, Pavel forced Kaila to watch herself in the mirror.

"Look, love. See how your pussy gloves my cock. Greedy little thing doesn't want to let me go." He used the strength in his arms to lift her up and off his organ only to bring her jouncing back down. "Look how wet you've made my penis...it's shining with your slippery juices."

She whimpered, fingers clenching like claws into the hair at the nape of his neck. He felt the slight tug all the way to his balls. "Rickard!"

"All most there, *drouch*. She is too small to rush in. I must take my time."

Suddenly, Kaila shouted. Tightening her thighs about his hips, she lifted up, trying to escape the solid cock tunneling up her back chamber. "Oh shit, oh shit! I didn't know it would hurt this bad!"

"Relax, my heart. Push out and it will get better. I promise you once he gets in, you're going to love it." Pavel gripped her plump cheeks, pulled them wider apart to help ease Rickard's way. He could feel the other man's long, thick cock sliding alongside his inside his woman's narrow channel. His balls drew up.

"By all that's holy, I'm in, Pavel!" Rickard shouted, voice hoarse with strain.

Pavel looked down at Kaila's expressive face, knew his own expression had to be fierce. "Now, my darling, we *fuck!*"

In no hurry, he let Rickard set the pace. The prince's slow, smooth glides in and out of her rectum soon had Kaila thrusting backward, wildly riding the thick cock embedded in her ass.

Pavel wanted to scream as each jounce of her full curvy body rocked her on his steely boner, stoking the flames roaring at the base of his spine and between his legs. Rickard's upper thighs, dusted with a thatch of wiry hair, brushed against his swollen testicles, making it harder each time for Pavel to bite back his animalistic moans. His balls were on fire, the strained flesh full, tight, and sensitive as they slapped against the round curves of her jiggling ass.

He could only imagine what Kaila was feeling, her small pussy stuffed with his monster cock, her ass filled to the brim with Rickard's long, though less thick organ. He'd had that shaft buried to its balls and knew how its heavy weight felt plunging deeply in his constricted channel.

By the look on Kaila's face, the glory shining in her eyes, she loved being the sole focus of two lusty males intent on her pleasure. "Look!" he rasped, turning her head back to the mirror. "Look at us!"

She had to see what he saw...three people, linked and joined, intimately tied together with lust and love. One woman, bridging the gap between two friends...her channels the medium in which they met, passed...and met again.

One of Rickard's hands came around and gripped Pavel's hip. The other dropped to finger Kaila's clit. Mirroring him, Pavel's hand joined his at his mate's gleaming pearl, both fingers battling to bring her ecstasy.

And then they were all going up in flames...

White-hot heat poured over the three of them as Pavel linked them all together with a mental connection that seared through their individualities. Together, they writhed in the tumultuous heart of a carnal storm, bodies and minds buffeted by a maelstrom of flashing emotions -- primal, wild, and fierce. Hips flexing, necks straining, arms gripping, pussy convulsing, cocks exploding, they came and came, tortured with a pleasure so sharp it cut, so bright it blinded. So pure it washed away all jealousy, loneliness, and pain, leaving them at peace, at rest...in love.

\* \* \* \* \*

Eons later, exhausted from their long session, weak in the aftermath of that mutually world-destroying orgasm, the three of them fell limply apart. Drunk with repletion, the three staggered to the bed, Pavel and Kaila still intimately connected. Unused to the intense emotions of a threesome done right, Kaila quickly fell into a pleasure-induced stupor.

Taking pity on his unconscious love, Pavel dropped a possessive kiss on her forehead and eased his deflated cock out of her. He rolled over onto his back, replete and happy.

Rickard rose and made his unsteady way to the bathroom. A minute later, Pavel heard the water running and smiled gratefully. He whispered his thanks when Rickard returned sans soiled condom, holding two warm, sudsy cloths.

Together, they cared for their slumbering lover, gently cleansing her swollen, reddened pussy and rectum before taking care of each other. When they finished, Pavel tossed both soiled cloths toward the bathroom, too tired to get out of bed. He'd deal with them in the morning.

Going to his side, Pavel wrapped his arms around Kaila's thick waist and pulled her close, spooning her against him so his quiescent cock nestled between the cushiony hills of her lush bottom. Behind him, he felt Rickard snuggling close, a warm presence at his other side.

There was still much for him to do. He had to catch a murderer, keep Sated Pleasures afloat, stop the clients from rioting, and maintain control in the face of chaos. Relaxed and

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drowsy, he smiled into the dark. Though serious, those problems didn't worry him in the least. After all, he had his friend at his back and his mate by his side. Together, they could conquer the world.



# Camille Anthony

Camille Anthony, a sunny California transplant, is quick to say her fertile imagination and a love of romance fuels her writing, which she has been doing since grade school. Her favorite stories are those of strong, honorable people -- whatever the race, or planet of origin -- who are driven by love and lust to find and hold that one special someone. She likes her heroines feisty, her heroes dominant and her passion red hot!

She loves to hear from her readers. Your comments and suggestions are appreciated.

Visit Camille on the Web at www.camilleanthony.com or e-mail her at camilleanthony@camilleanthony.com.