

Dakota
Cassidy



CATNIPPED

Changeling Press

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Catnipped Dakota Cassidy

Charlie Ledbetter has a *big* problem. She doesn't like cats. In fact, she's allergic to them. And now she *is* one... sort of.

Caught in the middle of a vicious argument between two men at the pet store where she shops for her dog Pinky, Charlie doesn't just end up nipped in the fight when it's over -- she ends up having a horrible allergic reaction and much sneezing, wheezing and gulping Benadryl like it's tequila ensues.

But that's not even the half of it...

When one of the two men involved in the scuffle, Quinn Piljor, comes to apologize for his part in the scuffle, he brings his brother Luke with him. Tall, blond, sexy, off the chain hot Luke. A man Charlie's immediately attracted to. The brothers explain her little allergy problem can be solved with a ritual that takes place upon the full moon -- a *sex* ritual.

Crazy that, huh?

Charlie finds out what the Piljor brothers say really is true. In order to stop her violent allergic reaction to her new body's chemistry, her only shot involves having sex with Quinn.

But what does a girl do when the man she really wants to be with isn't the man she *has* to be with?

Dedication

For my good friend Isabella Jordan.

With love and gratitude,

Dakota

Chapter One

“You fucking redneck! I’ll kick your stupid ass!”

“Bring it, you asshole!”

Charlie Ledbetter beat feet into Fabulous Furrries, her local pet store, grabbing a cart and hurrying past the two very large, very angry men who were clearly not happy with each other, judging by their livid scowls and clenched fists. Both were rather impressive in height and girth, but the guy with the jet-black hair was just a bit scarier than his lighter-haired foe.

Charlie shivered when she stepped around them. They gave off this bad ju-ju she wanted nothing to do with.

Being the “avoid trouble” kinda chick she was, she didn’t linger. Besides, Renee would kill her if she was late for her pork tenderloin with orange sauce and dinner was always on time at her best friend Renee’s. Time was of the essence.

Charlie scurried to the chew-toy aisle to pick up a new bone for her dog Pinky. Her Pug-Chihuahua mix needed some kind of entertainment while she was at the bookstore or her furniture would suffer in the way of shredded cushions and scarred wood. Pinky went through bones like J-Lo went through husbands and to not have a healthy supply of them meant her couch would meet a long drawn-out death.

Strolling along the aisle, she fingered the green dental bones, hanging neatly in a row. Pinky’s breath smelled like a Jersey dump and apparently, these bones promoted clean, sweet breath. But the Pinkster loved the clear bones and whatever made Pinky happy...

Out of the corner of her eye, she caught the two men she’d seen in the front of the store, stalking one another in the cat food aisle beside hers. The lighter haired of the

two stomped behind the guy whose hair was so black it gleamed blue highlights, yelling something.

And it didn't sound like they were fucking around.

"I told you to stay the hell away from Tasha, you motherfucker!" the taller by an inch or so guy with light brown hair hissed between clenched teeth.

Charlie couldn't help but overhear their anger over this Tasha. Yet she snapped her eyes back to the bones hanging in plastic wrap and turned her cart the other way, trying to focus on picking the right dog bone for her very picky Pinky.

But they weren't making it easy. The conversation heated up and the hotter it got, the juicier it got. It was like rubbernecking. Charlie couldn't turn her listening ears off or keep herself from sneaking peeks at grown men behaving like children.

"She's not yours anymore, Quinn, and why would she be when she's got *this*?" The raven-haired guy answered back and that was when Charlie caught another glance of him over her shoulder, grabbing at his package with a meaty paw.

Hoo boy.

She turned back around and made a face, jamming her chin into her jacket. Jesus, men really did think it was all about the schlong.

And it so wasn't. Not that it hurt, mind you, but it didn't amount to everything.

A loud growl went up and it struck her as odd. It was so deep and resonant, it almost didn't sound human. With that, more words followed.

And they weren't very nice in Charlie's estimation, but she couldn't blame the guy. The really dark-haired guy *had* thrown the "package" card into the universe. Men were sensitive about their meat and the lighter-haired guy was apparently no exception.

"I'll -- fucking -- kill -- you!" he spat with succinct timing.

Oh, good. A death at Fabulous Furrries. Sooooo not something she wanted to witness. But suddenly she had no choice. The thwack to her back, shoving her into her cart, was sharp, knocking the wind out of her momentarily. Her fingers clenched the cart while she sucked in a lungful of air before she turned to confront the Neanderthals.

God dammit! She bruised easily.

Gripping her side, she massaged her rib area, then narrowed her eyes and focused on her targets. Charlie stepped directly between both panting men, planting her hands on her hips. She faced the darker-haired guy and waved a finger. "Hey, knock it the hell off! You just crashed into me. I don't know about you, but I hear there've been lawsuits over less. Now this is a public place. Can't you see I'm in deep deliberation over which bone to choose for my precious? Jesus! I can't think with the two of you yelling. Now take your business elsewhere. There are people here trying to shop in peace."

Ooooh, but Cro-Magnon man clearly didn't like to be chastised. He flipped the guy behind her the bird, then narrowed his gaze at Charlie. "Shut up, you bitch, and mind your own business," he sniped, the set of his mouth forming a sneer.

Charlie gasped.

He. Did. Not.

Charlie, while usually not one to engage, became enraged. The motherfucker. She stood on her tippy toes and stuck her face in his. "I'm sorry. Was 'bitch' the word you used? For the love of dick, couldn't you be more original? You slam into me and I'm the bitch? Ohhh, I so don't think so. I'm going to find store security."

But Charlie didn't have time to finish telling the fucktard off.

The lighter-haired guy did it for her -- with menace. "Don't call the lady a bitch, you fuck-up. I swear to God you have the mentality of a two year old!"

Okay, so the guy with the black hair didn't much like being compared to a toddler -- though Charlie didn't think he was far off the mark -- because the next thing Charlie knew, he was grabbing at the guy behind her and somehow after a scuffle of grabby hands and flailing arms ensued, she ended up in a big old manwich, stuffed like a piece of bologna between two men, the one on top of her weighing at least a good two hundred pounds.

The whoosh they made when they hit the ground was softened for Charlie because she landed right on top of the raven-haired, mouthy guy.

At first her grunt of pain was because of the impact, but when the sharp sting of a tooth pierced her earlobe, her grunt became a sharp cry.

The lighter-haired guy's head snapped back up and it was assholes and elbows while everyone struggled to get up off the floor. The fuckwit who'd called her a bitch skedaddled, taking off between the aisles.

However, her hero had chosen to help her up, righting the cart that had toppled over. "Are you okay?" His concern was clearly written on his handsome, chiseled face as he ran his fingers over his teeth.

Charlie waved him off with an angry gesture, gripping her side and wincing. "Oh, I'm fab. Just dope. What is wrong with people these days? Jesus Christ! You're in a pet store, for God's sake, fighting like two kids on a playground." Fuck, her ribs hurt.

And then she saw the blood drip to the floor.

Her blood.

Gushing from her ear and splattering on the worn tile in crimson droplets, making a tiny pool by her feet.

All righty then.

"You're bleeding," he pointed out, his tone filled with worry.

"Observant much?" Charlie grabbed her purse and dug around in it to look for tissues, but to no avail. But suddenly the heavens opened up and a store clerk magically appeared, who, ironically enough, had been nowhere to be found when the shit was going down, yelling for someone to get some ice and some paper towels.

Charlie took both gratefully, then frowned when she pinched her earlobe.

"Oh, shit! I'm really sorry. Here, let me help you." He grabbed at the ice in a plastic bag, but Charlie yanked it away.

"Uh, thanks, but I'm good. You've helped plenty. Why don't you go find your playmate and rip off one of his limbs then beat him to death with it?"

His look was sheepish. "Here, let me take your name and number, and I'll give you mine. I'd be happy to pay any medical bills you have."

Fuck. He was being way too nice, and suddenly she felt like shit. "Look, forget it, okay? I have to go. It's been a long day. But really, thank you for offering." Charlie grabbed her purse from the floor and hit the bricks.

When she got to her car, she was gasping for air and her sinuses had begun to clog. Looking at her ear in the rearview mirror, though it had gushed like he'd severed a major artery, it didn't look too bad. She had a big old hole in it from where his tooth had nailed her, but it wasn't bothering her near as much as the throb in her head was.

The rest of her felt like shit too. The tickle of a sneeze began at the back of her nose, then erupted in a tidal wave of more sneezing. Her eyes began to itch and ache and water seeped from the corners.

Damn, had there been cats in there? She only had this kind of allergic reaction to cats...

Wiping the tears from her eyes, Charlie dug around in her purse for her cell and dialed Renee. Pork tenderloin with orange sauce was definitely out tonight, but Benadryl was so on her menu.

* * *

Charlie stared at her reflection in the mirror and then at the pile of hair on her floor by her feet.

If she didn't quit shedding, a Hoover with super suction was next on her list of things to buy.

Right after more Benadryl. Oh, and more Benadryl.

Looking down at her toenails, now sharp and oddly pointy, she frowned.

Christ, she needed a pedicure.

She sneezed hard, and then sighed.

Upon reflection, one might find what had happened at Fabulous Furrries three weeks ago kinda freaky.

However, now that some time had passed and she'd sort of adjusted, she just figured -- go fucking figure.

Grabbing another handful of tissues, she wiped at her red, swollen nose and winced.

She was still coming to terms with the idea that the man who'd sunk his tooth into her was responsible for this mess. She should make *him* vacuum the fucking floor.

Charlie ran a cool cloth over her eyes and called to Pinky out of habit. Not that he'd listen... No matter what she did, she couldn't coax him out from under the bed since this had happened, but she tried anyway. "Pinky? C'mon, dude. We can't go on like this forever, you know. Have you forgotten how I got into this flippin' mess?"

Silence greeted her ears. Nary a whimper from da Pink.

"Yeahhh, that's right. I was going to get *you* a new bone, you beast." But Pinky clearly cared little about her predicament. He seemed only to sense the huge changes that had occurred in her body's chemistry the past three weeks.

"Ya know, Pink, only I, Charlie Ledbetter, could wind up being caught in the middle of a brawl over some chick named Tasha in the chew-toy aisle and end up like *this*."

On the drive home, Charlie had sneezed so frequently and so severely, she thought surely she'd have to pull over and call Renee to ask her to come pick her up. Luckily, she made it home before the real wheezing started and her lungs began to rattle like a pit of snakes. The only thing she could figure was there had to have been cats in the pet store. Fabulous Furrries welcomed all patrons and their pets. But under normal circumstances, Charlie wasn't typically affected by her allergy to cats unless she was around them for an extended period of time, snarling up their hair.

While she'd been busy trying to figure out why a good dose of Benadryl -- something that always quieted her allergic reaction to cats before -- wasn't cutting it two hours post dosage, her doorbell rang.

At the time, she'd cursed, hoping it wasn't the Jehovah's Witnesses looking to recruit her again. Because she felt like she might snap and offer to let them come help with the virgin sacrifice in her back yard, feeling as butt-ugly as she did.

But opening the door revealed a crowd of people who wanted to *talk* to her about what had happened at Fabulous Furrries. What they wanted to talk about left Charlie a million things. Most of which was totally freaked out.

Apparently, these were her new people.

All twenty or so of them.

Full of apologies.

A bunch of tiger shapeshifters...

From Tibet.

Fancy-schmancy.

Somehow, these people, the Piljor family, had located her rural home in the country and after a family *pride* meeting -- because that's what a plethora of tigers were called -- a pride -- had decided something had to be done about Charlie. It seemed what she'd thought was no more than a harmless, albeit bloody nip to her earlobe, wasn't harmless at all. She'd been bitten by a cat.

And not just any old cat. A *tiger*, to be precise.

Who shapeshifted. There was that word again.

Nice.

Being bitten by a *shapeshifter* meant she was one now too. Well, almost. Her shift wouldn't be complete until the full moon.

Her shift...

When the guy who'd nipped her ear at the pet store had come home and told his family he'd left a hole in her earlobe the size of Texas, they'd chosen to act -- responsibly. Which was very ASPCA as far as Charlie was concerned.

The head pride guy, Luke, decided she couldn't be left to her own devices and looking back, Charlie decided that was downright decent. What if they'd never bothered to own what had happened at the pet store?

Jesus Christ Superstar...

They'd explained what a shapeshifter was and how they weren't just tigers, but half human too.

Hence the wandering around looking like everyone else on the planet.

Now the memory made her chuckle. At the time -- not so much. Charlie blew her nose with some toilet paper and rummaged around in her medicine cabinet to see if she maybe she had some more Flonase. A snort or twelve couldn't hurt.

Her image in the mirror told her nothing could hurt at this point. She looked like complete shit.

All thanks to a fucking nip on her ear.

Charlie'd never forget looking at the crowd of people gathered on her steps, minus the guy who'd done the dirty to her. They were all really, really good looking -- so good looking she was almost intimidated by their hard bodies, perfect hair and striking facial features -- via eyes that were swollen and red and thought, well, huh.

When she'd said the word out loud, it somehow sounded less crazy. So she repeated what they'd just said, "Tigers, eh?"

It was like a day at The Bronx Zoo.

Right here at her little house in the country.

Everyone began to speak at once, as if they'd already anticipated what she might ask. Their origins were Tibetan, which was sort of cool, and she'd have appreciated that factoid far more if it weren't for the fact that she couldn't stop sneezing.

"Tigers..." she said again to the crowd of faces, wiping her eyes with a tissue. "Like roar, Born Free tigers?"

"In essence," the face that stood out the most for her in the crowd replied. He was all blond hair and lean muscle, dressed in a sweater and jeans. Hmm-mmm-good. Even if he wasn't human.

"And I'm not supposed to assume you people are all certifiably fucked in the head?" But there were *twenty* of them... that was a buttload of crazy people all telling the same crazy story.

"You wanna see?" one man from the back of the crowd offered.

Charlie leaned against the railing on her front porch and coughed, clearing her throat. "Um, see? See what?"

"Me, you know, shift -- into a tiger. So you'll know we're telling you the truth," he responded, pushing his way up her steps.

Her snort filled the chilled evening air. "I take it you've run into skepticism before. I mean, I can't imagine anyone in their right mind would doubt the truth of what you're saying. Like seriously, I bet this kind of thing happens everyday. A nice, non-violent, average, simple girl goes to the pet store to get her dog some bones and she walks out of said pet store a tiger. Happens all the time, right? Or is that just me walking out on a limb, talkin' smack?"

He remained silent to her rant of an inquiry, but waited with questioning eyes.

Her stomach sank and her grip on the railing tightened. Fuck no, she didn't want to see. "You know, if you'd asked me say, last week, I might have been game. I'm sure it's super cool and all. But I really feel like shit today, and honestly you're all freaking me the hell out. So I have to go with no for the moment. But thank you just the same. Just know it's appreciated."

The hot blond guy interrupted his overzealous pride-mate by introducing himself as the head honcho, Luke, and then launched into a speech that offered her reassurance. "We don't want to frighten you. Only inform. I'm sorry my brother isn't here to apologize in person, but he will be. You can trust me when I say, I won't let this go. This is our responsibility and we plan to handle it as such." The stern set of his jaw left Charlie certain he was serious.

They'd given her some background on shapeshifting and all the kooky shit that went with it, then as suddenly as they'd appeared, they left to let her digest.

When all was said and done, even after researching on the Internet what Charlie had always thought was utter baloney and someone's overactive imagination come to life on a movie screen, she'd come to accept this new fate. There wasn't much choice in the matter. The changes in her body alone were enough evidence. She was one big shedding hairball, her eyesight was so keen at night when her eyeballs weren't watering, they were zeroing in on the herd of deer she had in her backyard that were at

least five hundred feet away, and then there was her nose. It was suddenly her guide to all things raw and red.

Raw, red meat.

And to top everything off Pinky wouldn't come near her. Not within twenty feet of her even.

Charlie shuddered. Poor Pinky -- so confused -- so terrorized by her very presence he mostly didn't come out from under the bed anymore. Clearly he smelled the change in her and he wasn't having anything to do with it. Lately, when he ate, he zinged from his new hideout, nabbed a morsel or two from his bowl and zinged back under the bed for cover.

She left the bathroom and her reverie to kneel beside her bed, lifting the comforter to peek at Pinky. "Pink? Ohhh, Pinkster... is it that you're worried I'll eat you? I won't eat you, I promise. I love you -- since the first day I laid eyes on you at the pound. I mean," she gave him a guilty look, "I have thought about it, okay? Seriously, I'm just being honest here. You *do* smell good, but I've managed to fight the impulse so far. I can keep doing it... I think... So c'mon, huh? I'll play sock with you," she coaxed, wiggling a finger at him.

Pinky whimpered, curling his barrel-round body into itself and putting his head between his paws.

Charlie sighed in defeat. "So that's a no. Okay. Fine, but you can't hide forever. I mean, eventually you're going to have to trust me." *And I totally hope to live up to that expectation by not snarfing you down whole.*

Charlie rose, her head hanging, her will suddenly stolen from her due to the scent of fresh deer meat hanging around her back yard again. She slapped a hand over her mouth to keep it from watering.

She wanted to eat a deer and it didn't even need to be cooked as far as she was concerned.

Jesus, how much further could she sink?

You're a cat, oh, sorry, a tiger from Tibet, la-dee-da -- that's allergic to herself. Sinking has a whole new level for you.

Right, she was a tiger who had been allergic to cats when she was 100-percent-grade-A human.

Now that she was half human and half tiger from Tibet, her allergies had become so much worse.

Which was just another go fucking figure.

Only she, Charlie Ledbetter, could be bitten by a cat, be stuck halfway between human form and cat form, and have an allergic reaction.

To herself.

Jesus. Effin'.

Chapter Two

Giving up hope on Pinky for today, Charlie went to her kitchen in search of some more allergy meds. These days she gulped bottles of antihistamine like they were Pepsis, popped any kind of pill in varied combinations like she was eating potato chips, and if she wiped her nose just once more, it'd likely fall off into the tissue.

Gripping the edge of the kitchen sink overlooking her backyard, Charlie sneezed again, her eyes sore and watering like twin faucets.

Thank God this could all be fixed.

She snorted when she remembered exactly *how* her allergy issue could be fixed. She'd only gone over it a million times since she'd found out the remedy and then once more reassured herself -- this would all go away soon...

Her newly acquired pride relatives had told her so. They really *could* make this little allergy problem better.

When one of the pride people had returned three days later, she came bearing more information.

Okay, so it was some jacked up information, but it was all Charlie had.

"It's going to seem absolutely sinful to someone who isn't of our kind," Juanita Piljor, er, grandma tiger told her over tea and a bottle of still more Benadryl.

Charlie sneezed and smiled gratefully when Juanita handed her a tissue across her small dinette. "What? How bad could it be? Like is it some kind of ritualistic virgin sacrifice? Because if that's the case, you're scratching up the wrong post. I hate to be blunt, but I'm no virgin. I'm no slut, but lily white I'm soooo not." Then she cringed. The poor woman had to be seventy if she was a day, cracking wise about sex probably wasn't appropriate.

But Juanita laughed, her wrinkled face broke out in a grin and her red lips coated with lipstick curved upward. "Oh, you don't have to be a virgin."

Suh-weet! Charlie cocked her head and raised an eyebrow in question. "Care to explain?"

Her hand reached across the table, gnarled and covered in age spots, to grip Charlie's. "You don't have to be a virgin to do this, dear."

She squirmed in her seat. "To do what?"

"To fix this."

"Hold up. Are you saying there really is some kind of sacrifice?"

"Well, I guess it depends on how you define the word sacrifice. If I were your age, I'd call it an adventure. At my age, it's just called lucky. Anyway, the ritual goes back many, many hundreds of years and has to do with the full moon and pheromones and something else that escapes me, but I know it works because I've seen it with these old eyes. Well, I mean, I didn't watch... I just know it did the trick."

"Pheromones and watching what?" She blew her nose hard. "Okay, here's the deal. I say you just tell me and get it over with. I have a crazy feeling I'm going to freak and right now, I feel miserable. It can't be much worse than it already is. So if I have to dance naked while I hop around on one foot and sing *Kumbuya*, I'm in. I just don't want to live the rest of my life needing oxygen and a Benadryl chaser."

Juanita poured her more tea. "I like a girl who attacks things head on. All right then, this is what's required. You have to have sex."

They really were a lovely group of folk, her pride people via pet store brawl were.

Yippee-ki-yi-ay. Now if only there were someone who'd be willing to travel the road, as of late anyway, less traveled. While Charlie knew she should be really freaked out, the sex part wasn't such a big deal. It wasn't like losing a limb or something. She wasn't a prude and if that's what it took, then, okay. It was finding the person to have sex with her she was struggling with. "I don't have a boyfriend. In fact, I haven't had

one in two years. I own a small bookstore in town and I work *a lot*. I haven't had time to date. So I think we have to find another way."

Juanita shook her head, the white-grey of her hair, wispy and thinning swaying under her ceiling fan. "Not just sex with anyone, Charlie. You have to have sex with the person who bit you at the rise of the full moon."

Word.

"Um, you mean your grandson?"

"Yes, Quinn."

Quinn. That was a nice name. Charlie wondered what it'd be like when it rolled off her tongue as she screamed it in passion while she had *ritualistic* sex. "Forgive me if I'm out of line here, but I can't have sex with someone I don't even know."

Grandma's face grew somber. "You will if you want to reverse the effects of the bite..."

Okay, so from what Charlie gathered from Grandma Juanita, all she had to do was have sex with the dumb ass that had bitten her just as the full moon rose and they could reverse the effects of the bite. She went to bed that night with Grandma Juanita's words swimming around in her cotton-filled head.

Then the blond head tiger Luke showed up the next day. She'd never forget the look on his face when he began to retell her about this pending sexcapade while handing her a tissue.

"You haven't fully changed," tall, strikingly rugged and high cheek-boned, Luke explained from her doorstep.

"Yeah, this is what I hear. I'm not sure if I'm grateful or pissed he didn't finish the job," she sorta joked. Pushing back her heavy length of hair and hacking up more gunk from her lungs, Charlie gasped for breath.

Luke smacked her back, his smile grim, while his brother stared at his feet. "We think, or at least we hope that's why you're suffering from these allergies -- because you haven't shifted totally. Your body's at war with itself trying to adjust and I don't know

that if you did fully shift, if you wouldn't end up more miserable. We can't take that chance."

"What worries me here, oh Striped One is this -- what if we do this thing and it doesn't work? What if my body likes war?"

Luke closed his eyes and took a deep breath, clearly seeking patience. "I know the reversion works."

"Ahhh," she chuckled the word. "So you're a watcher like grandma too?"

He rolled his tongue along the inside of his cheek. "No, I didn't watch. I did see the aftermath and everything was right as rain. So let's just count ourselves lucky Quinn didn't bite you on the full moon." He made a face at his brother. "If we don't do this before the full moon fully rises and you shift completely, you're in like Flynn. Sunk, to be precise, but we *can* fix this. If you mate with my brother Quinn, the numbnuts that bit you because he's a jealous, spiteful hothead who's into public brawls, you can revert back to your human form with no trouble at all. But I can't impress upon you how important it is to do this just before the full moon rises."

Naturally.

"Any particular reason this full moon shit makes so much of a difference?"

His jaw clicked when he cracked it. "The full moon is a shifter tradition. Our entire pride participates in the rise of the full moon, but no, I don't know why on a full moon you're totally turned and any other day you aren't. It just is."

Of course, she couldn't see if the moon was full because her eyes were always watering since she'd been nipped. She might have been more flipped out over the sex thing if Grandma Juanita tiger hadn't already warned her about it. She'd had some time to catch her breath, figuratively speaking anyway, since yesterday.

"Care to explain that? Juanita didn't get too detailed yesterday because she said you had to handle this as pride leader. So hit me with the goods, Tony the Tiger. Because this could just be some cheap, albeit elaborate way to get into my pants," she remarked dryly.

Luke grinned that stunningly disarming grin again. "It's an old legend. A kind of remedy for those who were never intended to be bitten -- courtesy of my grandmother, whom you've met." He nodded in the direction of his brother, thumbing a finger at him. "Tell her, numbnuts."

"Quit calling me a numbnuts!" he hollered. "It was a mistake and I'd like to explain. Travis Barker and I go way back. We've never gotten along, but when he slept with my girlfriend --"

"Ex-girlfriend," Luke interrupted, his eyebrows, thick and darker than his hair, knitting together.

Quinn narrowed his liquid brown eyes. "'Whatever. He didn't have to tell the entire pride, did he? Anyway, I was chasing the redneck who slept with Tasha. I had him cornered too, but then we slammed into Charlie and she got pissed -- rightfully so. She got between us and Travis got nasty because he's a drunken asshole. I wasn't going to stand there and let him insult an innocent woman, Luke. So I intervened."

Charlie nodded her head in agreement. "He definitely did defend my girliness."

Quinn ran a hand through his light brown hair and shrugged. "I really wanted to smash the shit out of his face, but he grabbed for me over Charlie's shoulder and I lost my balance. Charlie ended up between us on the floor, but the impact of hitting the floor made my head slap forward and I nicked her ear. If the shithead hadn't pushed his luck, none of this would have ever happened and everything Luke said is true," he finally offered, looking in Charlie's direction. "We do have to have sex."

Looking back, when Quinn's tooth had sunk into her ear, she had heard his grunt of shock. His yelp of dismay had been genuine.

Charlie nodded her head once more. "Okay, so oops and all. That doesn't help much when I can't breathe and my eyeballs are dripping off my face. How am I supposed to be able to concentrate on wonking the kitty out of me when I can't think straight over the amount of Benadryl in me?"

"Again, it's the only way, Charlie, and again, the entire pride is really sorry Quinn is such a jackass." Luke's amber and green-flecked eyes hardened as he looked at his brother.

Quinn scuffed his sneakered feet. "I said I was sorry, Luke, so shut the hell up. Would you let someone talk about your woman like that?"

"She's not your woman anymore and drawing that much attention to yourself, in a pet store, of all places, was just stupid on your part."

Luke's reminder clearly pissed Quinn off. "He followed me in there, Luke --"

Charlie put a hand between them, interrupting their bickering. "How about we save this spat for another time? I don't know Tasha, but I'm sorry she slept with Travis and I'm even sorrier I got into the middle of this. I say we focus on the problem at hand. And that's you and me having... well..."

Luke's jaw cracked again hard, hard enough that it echoed in her backyard. "Charlie's right, Quinn. Let's just do what we have to in order to make things right."

Yeah, like have sex.

Charlie would've giggled if this wasn't all so nucking futs.

She turned to them and looked Quinn directly in the eyes. "And how do you feel about this, Quinn? I mean, I'm not exactly pretty to look at right now. My eyes are perpetually red, my nose is stuffy and redder still and I want to Alaskan bake the deer in my backyard for dinner. Wait, scratch that. I'd eat 'em raw right off the bone. That can't be terribly appealing to you."

He gave her a sidelong glance and shrugged, his wide shoulders bunching underneath his flannel jacket. "I did do the crime..."

"Wow, way to bag a chick, huh?" Charlie's sarcasm was evident.

Luke stepped between them, his muscled chest at eye level. Tilting her chin up with a finger, he smiled down reassuringly and laughed. "That wasn't what he meant. You're very attractive and Quinn was just saying so right before we got here. And I agree." He chuckled, sending a wave of electricity along her spine.

Luke's smile had captivated Charlie from the moment she'd first seen him on her stairs. Truth be told, she'd been eyeing Luke up since he'd come to her door. He *was* cute. However, he wasn't the man she had to work to get rid of these allergies.

Quinn was and while he was cute too, Luke had this sort of raw, primal thing going on that Quinn couldn't touch.

But -- Quinn was the key to being allergy free.

Too bad, so sad.

Looking out her kitchen window at the gathering deer, Charlie found dredging up that conversation in her memory only made her like Luke even more three weeks later.

Luke was the pride's leader and so he'd taken on the task of seeing to Charlie's well-being. All that shoulder length, dark blond hair, his smoky, chocolate brown eyes and crazy hot body were more than enough to make her wish *Luke* had bitten her instead of his brother.

And he had a nice set of thighs. Not too thick, not too thin.

Fucked.

She was so fucked.

She didn't want to have sex with Quinn. Not even a little. No, he wasn't ugly by any stretch of the imagination.

He just wasn't Luke.

Chapter Three

This didn't have to be a problem.

It really didn't.

But it so was.

Now, after getting to know her hot pride leader, Charlie hadn't been able to stop wishing Luke had been the one to bite her. He made visits often and at first she'd believed him when he said it was his duty as the boss to make sure she was okay. Though lately, checking up on her, bringing her bouquets of flowers made from colored tissues and a new supply of nasal spray somehow didn't seem like as much a duty as it did an excuse to see her.

Why someone as hot as Luke would want to hang out with her and her big, runny nose escaped her. But she couldn't deny all the time spent together was becoming a habit -- one she didn't want to break.

They watched movies together, ate dinner together, hunted choice cuts of red meat at the supermarket together. All the while, Charlie's attraction for Luke growing until she thought she'd lose her mind from the mere smell of him.

Wait, she'd already lost her mind when she'd bought into this shapeshifter sex thing, hadn't she?

But he kept his distance whenever they got too close, and Charlie'd decided it was time to change all that.

Luke had taken care of any doubts she might have had that he was lying about his ability to shift too. He'd shifted for her one night after they'd watched a couple of movies.

That had been a grand showing of fluffy hair and teeth. It almost made her want to complete the transition because he was so beautiful, but then, she'd sneezed and she was reminded she couldn't go on like this. Her nose would explode right off her face.

Tonight, for the first time, Luke had finally showed his hesitance for her upcoming boink to allergy freedom when she'd opened her big mouth while they watched TV on her couch.

"How is Quinn, anyway? Is he nervous about tomorrow night? Do we need Viagra or something? You know, just in case he gets... I dunno, stage fright? I mean, it's not like I have to be particularly attracted to him. I can fake it, believe me. However, he has equipment that kinda has to work in order for me to revert back," she'd spoken her thoughts out loud and then, clamped a hand over her mouth. Of all the fucktard things to ask the brother of the guy she had to screw in order to consider nasal spray a thing of the past.

Luke's face went rigid for a moment, then softened a bit. "I'm sure it'll be fine." His next words were muttered under his breath on a huffy whistle of air. "God damn it, I should have bitten you."

Leaning in closer to him, Charlie gazed into his eyes and her heart rate sped up. "It's a crazy way to get into a chick's pants, but I wish it had been you, too," she offered in the way of consolation, letting her hand rest on his broad chest.

Tugging her head back by the length of her hair, Luke pulled her to him. "Do you have any idea how much it pisses me off that Quinn will be the one to touch you first? It should be me," he growled.

Her throat was thick and filled with words of regret. Quinn was nice enough and she had to do what she had to do. She certainly couldn't go on like this, wheezing and coughing, but Luke's admission made her cunt clench and her gut raw with regret. "I'm sorry. I didn't ask for this, you know," she reminded him of the facts. "Maybe we could look at it this way -- if not for Quinn, we might never have met."

"We could." His mouth set sternly.

Charlie kissed the corner of it. "Then let's."

"And you know..." She buried her face in his thickly corded neck, trying to figure out exactly how she was going to catch her some tiger.

Luke stroked the length of her hair. "What's on your mind?"

Oy. "Quinn doesn't have to be the *first* person to touch me... I mean, there's no rule against it, is there? It won't affect the shifting thing, will it? If we -- I mean..." She moaned. "You know what I mean." She rubbed her nose, not so drippy tonight, against the collar of his shirt.

Luke wrapped his fingers around her hair and tugged her head backward. His light brown eyes with the amber-and-green flecks scanned her face for only a moment, then his lips descended on hers with possession as an answer, hot and hungry, prying her own apart and slipping his tongue inside her mouth to rake it over hers. The rasp of his hot flesh made her tremble with a need she'd never known could be so intense. So wanton and wicked. Visions of a night alone with Luke made her pull back with a gasp to look at him with a questioning glance.

"So that's a green light? It's okay if we -- we --"

His lips barely touched hers, when he whispered -- possessive, angry, "No, it doesn't matter. It only matters on the night of the full moon that Quinn be the one to mate with you in a traditional manner." Luke's eyes devoured hers, myriad emotions flashing back at her. "When tomorrow's over, you're *mine*, Charlie, got that?"

She gulped. "Yeah, I got it. But I say we think about tonight instead."

The breath he took was ragged and then his lips covered hers once more and Charlie was lost to the delicious taste of his tongue prying her lips apart. Her groan was garbled against the hard press of his mouth. Her nipples were tight, pressing painfully against her bulky sweater.

Luke outlined her lips with his tongue, rasping over them as he pushed a hand up under her sweater to impatiently move her bra up over her breasts. He used his thumb and index finger to roll a nipple, sending sharp pangs of lust to Charlie's pussy.

Her heart hammered in her chest, her head pounded and this time it wasn't just because it was stuffy. When Luke's hands wrapped around her waist, sliding her into him, she straddled his hips, lifting upward to grind against the rigid outline of his cock.

Merciful Heaven, he was hard and thick, his groan at their contact feral. Her sweater was suddenly gone and the cool air brushed against her skin, mingling with his hot breath when he found her nipple with his tongue. The sharp sting made her hiss in pleasure, buck upward, pushing her breast into his mouth for more.

Luke circled the tight bud, flicking his mouth over the pebbled surface, running his hands along her sides, sliding them under her until her back arched and her head hung off the couch limply.

Charlie's hands grabbed for his hard shoulders, digging her fingers into them when the rush of wet heat slithered along her cunt. She wanted to be naked, feel his flesh against hers, slide her breasts along the crisp hair she knew he had on his chest.

Luke let go of her nipple with a pop and pulled her up to a sitting position. His eyes, that sexy light brown, flecked with amber and green drank her in.

Charlie stared back at him for a moment, her allergies forgotten as she reached behind her and unhooked her bra, letting it fall away.

"Fuck, Charlie," Luke murmured. "You have the most beautiful breasts. Just right. Not too much, not too little." His hands reached up to cup them, caressing the soft swell of their undersides with his thumbs. His eyes grew smoky, narrowing with lust.

She swallowed hard, reaching for his waistband, tugging at the buckle, button and zipper until they were undone, shoving his jeans and underwear over his lean, bronzed hips until he had just his shirt on. Charlie reached up under it, sweeping her hands over his hard pecs, tangling her fingers in the hair, kneading his firm flesh with a groan. When she pulled it up over his head to reveal his chest, so solid, so broad, her breath was stolen from her. His skin gleamed in the dim light of the television, his hard abs rippled as she traced circles over his flesh.

Luke kicked his shoes and pants off, letting her have her first glance at his cock. It reared upward, thick and rigid, pointing outward, begging her to touch. He pushed

her backward, seating her against the arm of the chair, then tore at her jeans, throwing them to the floor.

His fingers were hot when they dipped into her pussy, stroking the wet slit of flesh as his lips found hers once more. Their tongues clashed, stroking, soothing, tasting while Luke caressed her cunt.

Charlie spread her legs wider and when he grazed two fingers over her clit, her hips rolled, pushing upward, seeking more. The slick slide of his fingers was deliciously sinful, decadent as he explored her.

Luke tore his mouth from hers, her whimper at its loss banging in her ears. His mouth traveled down along her neck, sipping, tasting, leaving behind a moist trail of lips and tongue, all the while, he stoked her pussy, slow, persistent, strokes, dragging his fingers up and down.

Heat rose in her belly, settling there, simmering, building until she panted her need. "Please," she muttered, her eyes rolling to the back of her head, her head slung back over the arm of the couch.

When his mouth covered her navel, he whispered against her skin, "Please what, Charlie? Do you want my mouth on you? My tongue inside you?"

Oh, Jesus. "Yesssss."

Luke wasted no time then, his large hands spread her thighs, draping one over his shoulder and sliding his hands under her ass, he dragged her to his mouth.

The contact was exquisite. The soft kiss he placed on the lips of her cunt shot jagged pangs to her womb, making it contract sharply. The first stroke of his tongue, wet, silky, rasping along every exposed part of her, made her toes curl and her hips lift higher to draw him as close to her as she could.

Luke circled her clit, at first simply mouthing it, his hot breath stirring another, higher plane of lust in her, and then surrounding it, suckling until her head thrashed and her body shook.

The soft hair on his head rubbed enticingly against her thighs when she clamped them tighter around him, making her moan with pleasure. Release was so near,

Charlie's head spun and when Luke inserted a finger into her swollen passage, she couldn't stop the tidal wave of orgasm.

The soft, wet slurp of his tongue on her, coupled with the plunge of his finger into her, made her finally lose all control. Her climax was almost painful, touching every nerve ending until she cried out from the intense fire it wrung from her body.

She gasped, arching her spine, lingering against his mouth until each shudder had passed, until she could no longer hold herself up. The aftermath had her clinging to the sides of the couch with fingers that ached from hanging on.

Luke crawled up along her body, stroking her length with his large hands, sweeping his fingers over every intimate part of her body until he rested his frame over hers. Looking down at her, his eyes were clouded, darker than they usually were, but Charlie couldn't read what they meant. He looked as though he wanted to speak, but she didn't want any words.

She just wanted him.

Draping her arms over his shoulders, Charlie pulled him into a kiss, deep, hot, wet, tasting herself on his lips before she pulled away and slid down between his legs. He rose above her, gripping the arm of the couch, growling out his pleasure when she grasped his cock and pressed her tongue to it.

Her hands found his balls, rolling them gently between her fingers before she took every last inch of his shaft between her lips and slowly consumed him. He was hard and soft all at once in her mouth, his rigid length pulsing against her lips as she took him in slow strokes. Lips and tongue explored the salty taste of his cock, sweeping along its length over and over. Charlie gripped his thighs, kneading the hard muscle, drawing him deeper, suctioning him until she'd created a tight vacuum with her mouth.

Luke gripped her hair, pushing and pulling, driving into her until his hiss of approval led to him yanking his cock from her with a popping sound. His breathing was ragged and harsh as he hauled her body back upward to lie beneath his. Big hands shoved her thighs apart and then he hovered over her, his jaw clenched.

Charlie whimpered with a lift of her lower body, offering herself to him without fear, yet he hesitated.

He leaned forward, brushing a kiss to the corner of her mouth. "I need to be in you, Charlie. I need to bury myself in your cunt, now, but I don't want to hurt you. When it's like this, I can't always control my hunger and you're weak right now..."

"If you don't do me now, Luke, you're the one who's going to end up hurt," she whispered, husky, needy.

His lips crushed hers in response, while his cock, poised at her entrance, plunged into her, yanking the breath from her lungs.

Her gasp rattled throughout the room, drowning out the sound of the TV. Luke settled inside her, but he only allowed her a moment's respite before he began a slow grind of flesh against flesh. His cock speared her, stretching her, making her raise a leg to wrap it around his waist so she could accommodate all of him.

Fire wound its way to her cunt, the dizzy rush of orgasm once again seeking relief. Each plunge Luke made, each scrape of her clit against his abdomen brought her closer until her eyes rolled to the back of her head and her heart throbbed painfully.

Luke's body grew taut, tension evident in every muscle as he held himself above her, then buried his face in her neck to muffle his howl of release. His cock shuddered inside her when he came, his head rearing back and his teeth gritted.

He let out a whoosh of air and sunk into her, leaving Charlie to wrap her arms around his neck and squeeze her eyes shut.

Dayum.

She'd had a sexual encounter or two that ranked pretty high on her list of "jobs well done," but to have come so intensely, been so fiercely possessed was new to her.

Hawt. Very hawt.

And then a thought occurred to her. "Luke?"

"Hmmm?"

"We didn't use protection." Jesus Christ in a mini skirt, she never forgot protection. It must be the allergy meds fucking with her common sense. As if right on cue, Charlie sneezed.

Luke withdrew from her and reached out to grab a tissue from the coffee table. He handed it to her with a smile. "We don't need to. Tigers don't carry disease, and we can only reproduce at certain times of the year and this isn't one of them."

For real. "You know, if it weren't for the physical changes in my body, I'd say you were all fucking nuts. If I hadn't seen you do that shift thing, which looks way uncomfortable, I'd have called 911 by now."

His face filled with regret. "These past three weeks have been a lot for you, Charlie. I'm sorry."

She shook her head and planted a kiss on his lips. "Nah, don't be sorry. All we have to do is get through tomorrow and it'll be okay."

Charlie buried herself beneath him, pressing her watery eyes to his comforting chest.

"Tomorrow," he agreed with little enthusiasm.

Her stomach clenched at the regret in Luke's tone and then she coughed again, reminding her tomorrow couldn't come fast enough.

Chapter Four

So, here she was, three weeks and a day later, preparing for a bout of wild sex with a tiger just before the full moon reached completion. Just not the tiger she craved like an alcoholic craves an early morning Bloody Mary.

Another round of sneezes assaulted her and she took a snort of nasal spray, hoping her nose wouldn't drip on poor Quinn.

The knock on her door at the Piljor's lake house made her jump. Popping the door open, Charlie gave Quinn a half smile. "Got that Viagra?"

He laughed back. "Funny, that's very funny, Charlie. You ready?"

"I think at this point, I'd do your crazy Uncle Harry if it meant I'd stop sneezing. I can't understand why in human form I can control my allergies with meds, but this halfway crap has my head ready to explode."

Quinn pushed the door open and took her hand. "I don't know and Uncle Harry has a hands-off policy. So you leave the crazy bastard and your lustful thoughts for him outta this, ya hear?" he joked.

Charlie chuckled too, feeling a bit more at ease. "Okay, tuna lover, let's do this." She pulled him to the king-sized bed in the middle of the room and sat down, ready to do what must be done. She wasn't inexperienced by any means, but this had to be at the top of her list as one of the strangest ways to get laid.

Facing her, Quinn ran a thumb down her cheek. "Listen, I just want you to know that I'm really sorry this happened and if I could take it back, I would. I mean, you're really great looking and all, but Luke is who you want and we both know it. Living with Luke isn't going to be easy after this."

"Yeah, he kinda likes me, huh?" She secretly chuckled with glee that Luke had made his desire for her so clear to even his brother.

"Yeah, he kinda does," was the gruff answer when Luke pushed open the door and towered over them both. The room grew smaller and the air thickened.

Maybe artificial insemination was the answer...

"Look, Luke, I'd change this predicament if I could, but it has to be me, according to legend and you know it. Don't do this to yourself or to Charlie."

Quinn's apology made Charlie's heart thump against her ribs.

Luke yanked Charlie up by an arm and turned her so that her back pressed to the muscled wall of his chest. Her body instantly melted against his, secure in his embrace, but her legs trembled. She felt like she was betraying him by doing something she literally had no desire to do. Yet, had no choice but to do.

Well, she had a choice. She could choose to have puffy eyes and a leaky faucet for a nose for the rest of her life.

Terribly unattractive.

"Don't talk, Quinn," Luke ordered, his husky command edged with a hard tone. "Just follow my lead." Turning her in his arms, Luke looked down at her, his brown eyes searing her blue ones. "Trust me, Charlie, okay?"

Her nod was his answer and his lips found hers, capturing them with possessive force, making her whimper under the delicious pressure. Their tongues tangled and she forgot that Quinn was even in the room until his hard body pressed to her back, thick and muscled.

The rigid outline of his cock pressed against her ass and Charlie found herself moaning in spite of herself. Quinn's arms came to rest at her waist as Luke's smoothed over her back. She wrapped her arms up around Luke's neck, savoring the sweet taste of his tongue, hot and silken. His shaft bulged and sought the apex at her thighs, grinding into it, while Quinn began to undress her.

Hands, strong and sure, pulled at her sweater, yanking it over her head to leave her with only her lacy bra as a barrier. Luke's shirt came off with a jerk and when their skin made contact for the first time, her nipples beaded to sharp, needy points. The rustle of clothes being discarded became a dull, vague awareness.

Quinn's hands roamed the curve of her ass, reaching around her and unzipping her jeans to shrug them down over her hips and past her ankles. His thumbs hooked into the waistband of her panties and they fluttered to the floor. Charlie felt the hook of her bra unclasp and Luke's hands cupped her breasts.

Warm and forceful, he kneaded the globes of flesh, moaning into her mouth as the fullness of them molded to his will. Thumbing a nipple, Charlie moaned too, pressing herself more closely to the hard wall of Luke's chest, whimpering when his lips skimmed the line of her jaw and stopped at her ear to whisper, "Christ, I want to fuck you, Charlie."

"Just stay with me and everything will be fine," she whispered back. It was all she could offer for now.

Pulling her closer, Luke scooped her up and carried her to the bed, followed by Quinn, who came to lie beside her, his body leaner than Luke's, but still just as bronzed. She could admire the beauty of both brothers, but Luke's muscled planes, rigid abs and thick cock were what made her cunt wet and left it begging for relief. His hands were what set her heart to crashing and her knees trembling. He was all tan gleaming tan skin and sharp angles. Charlie's fingers ached to touch the lean line where his pelvic bone met his waist. Her mouth watered with it.

Closing her eyes, Charlie chose to feel rather than think, letting go of her inhibitions and savoring these new sensations.

Luke knelt beside her on the bed, leaning over her to kiss her while his hands trailed over her exposed skin, stopping at the swell of her hip and caressing it. She cupped his jaw and lost herself in the throbbing need his lips coaxed from her.

Quinn's lips began a journey to her breast by way of her collarbone, sweeping over it to press wet kisses to her cleavage and finally stroke a nipple with his tongue while his hands caressed the soft flesh of her inner thigh. Charlie bucked at the contact, sweet and sharp. It made her arms reach up to pull Luke down to her, running her hands over his hard biceps, squeezing the solid muscle.

Luke slung a thigh over hers and the fine sprinkling of hair tickled her flesh. Luke's lips never left hers as Quinn's enveloped her nipple and swirled his tongue over it. She arched upward into the hot mouth that laved at her, while her hips rose to meet Luke's fingers that spread the flesh of her cunt wide and stroked her clit, bringing the hard nub to an achy point.

Turning her to her side, Quinn positioned himself behind her, while Luke settled in front of her, his lips but a breath away from hers. He inserted a finger into her channel, slick and hot. Her cunt instantly clenched the digit, milking it, grasping it and writhing when he found her G-spot and raked a finger over it.

Her hands ached to clasp Luke's cock and without hesitation, she sought the hard, wide length, stroking it, using the tiny drop of come to lubricate her passes. His cock pulsed beneath her touch, rigid like steel, smooth like raw silk. His kiss deepened and Charlie opened her mouth wide to let his tongue sweep over hers.

Quinn's cock prodded her from behind, slipping between her thighs to mingle with the fingers that brought her such skillful pleasure. His rigid abdomen burned the skin of her back. His fingers plucked her nipples and they responded by tightening and growing hotter.

Her pussy clenched at the slick motion of Quinn's cock, stroking her, his hands roaming to each breast, tweaking her nipples, rolling them between his fingers. Spirals of white-hot heat clawed at her nerve endings and rushed to her cunt in waves of sizzling currents. Luke's finger in her pumped in long, wet strokes and the combination of the two made Charlie whimper as her orgasm built.

Their breathing grew ragged and harsh, each gasp for air a closer step toward release. The sweat of their bodies glued them to one another, singeing her flesh, creating an electric friction.

Quinn's gliding cock and Luke's deft fingers drove her to her first orgasm. It exploded from her body, making her let go of Luke's cock and writhe against the fingers in her, bucking wildly.

Placing a hand on Luke's chest, Charlie let her head fall back on her shoulders while she tried to catch her breath.

Luke's hands came to push away the hair now glued to her brow and Charlie took that opportunity to slip away from the two bodies that surrounded her with their heat and settle between Luke's thighs.

He growled with a low, feral hiss, knowing what was to come. When she took her first taste of him, he bucked hard in an upward motion of hips and a sharp lungful of air.

Her tongue stroked him, letting her saliva guide her path. Gripping him, Charlie enveloped him between her lips, flattening her tongue; she let the full length of him fill her mouth.

Quinn kissed his way along her spine, over the globe of each ass cheek, parting her legs until his head rested on her thigh. Spreading her swollen lips, he plunged a tongue into her cunt, spearing it against her clit.

The carnal pleasure of it sizzled through her veins and she rose to meet his mouth as she plummeted again and again on Luke's cock.

Luke's hands wound in her long hair, and his breathing grew sharp to her ears. They both thrust together, coming in unison as Luke's cock raged against her lips and Quinn's tongue fucked her pussy. Charlie swallowed Luke's hot seed, clinging to his thighs.

Quinn gentled his mouth, letting the orgasm ease before moving back up to press against her spine again. His cock burned her back and without a word, he slid between her thighs and prodded her wet, aching passage.

Charlie was more than ready and while Luke regained his breath, she gripped his shoulders for support. He buried his face in her neck, suckling the tender skin.

Quinn's cock filled her with a forceful thrust, stretching her, making her lift her ass higher for more.

Luke's hands found her breasts again and kissed his way down over the tops of them, then flicked his tongue over a hard nipple, gathering the two together then tonguing them both.

"Ooooooh," escaped from her lips and she arched against the wet heat. When Quinn had captured a nipple it was wonderful, but when Luke did, it was sinful, hot and wantonly wicked. Charlie strained against Luke's mouth while Quinn hiked her higher, driving into her with a rapid rhythm of hard cock. Charlie rocked against him and clung to Luke's head, her pussy burning, aching with the need for release.

Luke roamed her body with his mouth, leaving her breasts and nudging her thighs open to rest his head between them. The silken whisper of his hair grazed her thighs and she lifted one leg higher to rest on his waist.

His deep inhalation of breath fanned her cunt and made her clit, already greedy for his tongue, harden and swell. The first kiss he planted there compelled her to reach down between her legs and thrust his head flush against her. She heard him moan and felt the rumble of vibration against her pussy.

She needed Luke's mouth on her while his brother fucked her. She needed to feel his presence, strong and assuring, to share this connection with him.

Luke did as she encouraged, taking the time to explore her before finally latching into her clit and with a slow tongue, he stroked long, endlessly. From behind her, Quinn's hips began to jerk and he placed his hands at her waist, gripping it for leverage as he took one final hot plunge into her.

His moan was raw and he cried out in release just as Charlie did, her thighs quivering and her veins alight with flame as her juices ran freely.

Tugging at Luke's shoulders, she brought him back up to her eye level again and buried her face in his shoulder, still wracked with tremors.

Quinn slipped silently from between her legs, kissing her lips briefly, then left without a word, leaving Luke and Charlie alone.

Charlie burrowed into Luke, pressing her full length to him and reveling in the firm hold he kept on her.

Exhaustion set in and Charlie couldn't fight it any longer. Sleep took her while she laid in the comfort of Luke's arms.

* * *

A hard cock, simmering with heat pressed between her legs, waking her from a delicious dream filled with only Luke. Charlie's eyes popped open and she smiled. Luke stared down at her with a satisfied grin.

"Finally. I thought you'd never wake up," he teased, stroking the outer lips of her pussy with his hands while his hard length slid between her wet lips.

"Look, it isn't everyday a girl has a three-way. Gimme a break, huh?" Remembering the night before, Charlie smiled. It had been an experience she'd never forget, enjoyable out of necessity, but Luke was who she wanted.

Only Luke.

"How's your nose?" he asked while sliding his tongue along her shoulder and down to a hard nipple. His tongue flicked out to stroke it with a wet tongue.

Her cunt contracted hard. His lips and tongue were so skilled, decadent, adept. "Ahhhhh," she moaned, forgetting the question. "What was the question?"

"Your nose, baby. Do you feel better?" he repeated, using the moisture of her pussy to lubricate the finger that dragged through it.

Oh my, God! It *was* better. This was the first time in three weeks and two days that she'd woken up without her head feeling like it was stuffed with cotton and her nose dripping. "Yeah, it does feel much better. How completely crazy," she muttered when he spread the lips of her cunt and made a circular motion with his thumb over her clit.

"I told you it was true," he said, enveloping her nipple, sipping at it with his mouth.

It was true. She was human again and for a mere moment, she wasn't sure she even wanted that. It would always make her and Luke very different. However, remembering her sneezing bouts made the choice indisputable. "We'll always be so different, Luke," she mumbled as he rolled her to her belly.

"Ask me if I care, Charlie," he said with a husky voice, lying over her spine to brush the hair from her neck. He pressed his lips to her ear and whispered, "I have to make you mine now, baby," he urged. "Last night, I wanted to fuck you. Today, *I will*."

She shivered at his words, possessive and forced from lips that sounded tightly compressed. Lifting her hips higher, she felt the smooth tip of his cock beg for entrance to her cunt. "Did you shift last night? Quinn too?"

"Yeah, we did. Everything is fine," he said and with a swift stroke, filling her to the hilt, his balls slapping against her. His hands gripped her hips and he pressed kisses to the skin of her shoulder.

Quinn's cock had been thick and enjoyable, but Luke's was gloriously long and hard, driving into her with measured strokes of precise heat.

"Christ, Charlie, you're tight and so wet for me. I could fuck you forever."

He filled her like no other, wide, hard as a rock and slick from her desire. Reaching around her waist, he slipped a finger into her cunt to stroke her clit and it intensified her desperate need to come. The press for release clawed at her, making her buck harder against him.

Luke pumped within her, grinding against her ass until she felt tears sting her eyes from the unbearable pleasure. Her hands clenched the sheets, gripping it when the tidal wave of her first orgasm sent her over the edge.

Luke howled when her muscles clenched his cock, milking it, gripping the hard shaft, bringing it to a fevered frenzy.

"I'm gonna come, baby. Come with me," was his insistent demand and Charlie adhered to his words, letting the fight to slip over the abyss end.

She came in crashing waves of light and electric heat while Luke's seed, hot and thick poured into her, drenching her with it.

They collapsed forward onto the bed with the delicious weight of his hard body, pressing into hers.

She could feel Luke's grin against her shoulder as he nuzzled her neck. "Smug bastard," she chided, chuckling.

He smoothed a hand over her ass and laughed too. "Shouldn't I be?" his question was cocky.

Rolling over, she faced him and kissed his lips. "Yeah, Mr. Piljor, you should."

With a sudden gust of air, Charlie sneezed violently.

Nooo. No, no, no. It couldn't be...

She hadn't given thought to the fact that while her allergies might lessen, she was still allergic to cats and Luke was essentially a cat with the same kind of dander a cat had. Crap.

"You okay?" Luke asked, concern clearly written on his face.

"I'll be fine," she said on another sniffle.

"Shit! You're allergic to me, aren't you? Mating with Quinn only lessened your allergy to yourself..."

"Well, crap, I think you're right." She coughed and tried to sputter the words out.

"I'll get the tissues," Luke offered, running a comforting hand over her hair and reaching to the end table by the bed to hand her a festively bright pink tissue. "So now what? What else can we do? I hate seeing you suffer, Charlie, but I don't think I'm prepared to let you go because of it. So what's next?"

"Well," she said through a watery smile, "It's not like I reacted horribly all of the time. So, if you think you can live with my sometimes watery eyes and red, drippy nose -- cuz, I assure you, it's ugly -- then I guess I'm all in."

"I think that can be arranged." Luke laughed with a kiss to said drippy nose.

"Then, pass the Benadryl, please," she ordered with a giggle.

Dakota Cassidy

Dakota Cassidy found writing quite by accident and it's "been madness ever since." Who knew writing the grocery list would turn into this? Dakota loves anything funny and nothing pleases her more than to hear she's made someone laugh. She loves to write in many genres with a contemporary flair. Dakota lives with her two handsome sons, a dog and a cat. (None of them shape shift -- that we know of.) She'd love to hear from you -- she always answers her e-mail! Visit her at www.dakotacassidy.com or email her at dakota@dakotacassidy.com.