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Stormy Weather



THE *Cajun's*
CAPTIVE

The Cajun's Captive [Stormy Weather 1]
by Selena Blake

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The Cajun's Captive

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Dedication

To Dena Celeste, for being such a wonderful friend and always being there when I need a quick read. And to Deanna Lee, for believing in me.

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Chapter One

June

The low rumble of thunder drew Sebastian Deveraux's gaze to the East window where he could see the mighty Mississippi and its churning dark waters. The morning's slow drizzle reached a downpour crescendo. He sighed, knowing that the hurricane looming in the Gulf of Mexico would wreak havoc with his shipping business. At least for the next few weeks.

The wet weather and dropping barometer made his joints ache. He knew he should at least call the office to make sure his second in command had things under control, but he was having a hard time convincing his body to get out of bed. As the Alpha, it was his job to protect his pack and take care of their needs. And that took money. In another few years, it would be time to sell Deveraux Shipping and fade into the woodwork.

Humans would get suspicious if the CEO of a shipping empire never seemed to age. He was feeling ancient today. And lonely to boot.

In his wolf form, he rose up on all fours and stretched before heading to his closet. The original floors of the old plantation house were cool against his paws. He'd loved the wide pine planks on sight and hadn't wanted to do anything more than seal them and toss down a soft rug or two.

Inside his closet, he transformed into his human self, his muscles and bones stretching and compacting until he

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straightened to his full six feet four inches. He leaned his head to the right and heard, as much as felt, his neck pop. Today's muggy weather called for jeans and a T-shirt.

He was zipping his favorite pair of Levi's when the scent of gumbo wafted under his nose. He sniffed the air appreciatively. One of his brothers must be heating up last night's leftovers for breakfast. Like any red-blooded man or beast, he loved to eat. Loved meat, loved anything that set his taste buds on fire and made his mouth water.

Dieu, he missed France. Missed the food, craved the bread, a sip of French wine straight from the vineyard. But he could never go back. He clenched his jaw at the flood of memories that rushed forth.

Slipping a T-shirt over his head, he strode to the kitchen and found Andre stirring the gumbo in a heavy cast iron pot. They nodded at each other in greeting.

"Coffee's on," Andre said, his deep voice sleepy and rough.

"*Merci*. Jules up yet?"

"*Non*. Think any more about what he said, *mon frere*?"

Sebastian had thought of little else. He hadn't gotten more than a few hours of sleep last night. Jules, and the rest of their small pack, wanted a secure future and everything that went with it. Mates, kids. Sebastian wanted the same thing. But that security came with a price. As wealthy as he was, it didn't matter when he wasn't mated.

Being mated was a sign of security, one he longed to give his brothers and cousins. A complete Alpha pair. It would signify their future.

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But when he thought of his other half, the woman who'd stand at his side, it wasn't a she-wolf he pictured. And when he thought of his pups, they didn't have dark hair like he and his brothers. They were angelic blonds with piercing blue eyes and infectious smiles.

Impossible. He mentally shook the thoughts away.

"I can't just pick up a mate at the market," Sebastian said. He'd said as much last night.

Andre watched him with dark eyes. The same eyes that all the Deveraux men were blessed with: dark as night, filled with stormy emotions and a sense of cunning found only in a true predator.

"Forgive me, brother, but I don't think dating bimbos and celebrities is going to help in your search."

"I didn't realize I was searching," Sebastian said. He took a sip of the strong black elixir that promised to jolt him awake. The hot liquid hit his tongue and scalded its way down his throat.

Truth was, there was only one woman he'd ever wanted as a mate. But she obviously wasn't destined to be his other half, his *Luna*. The weight of his responsibility pressed down heavily on his shoulders. He knew he should step aside and let Andre become the Alpha, but nothing was that simple. There was no stepping aside for wolves. Everything had to be fought and won. And Sebastian had no intention of fighting his own brother.

After a long pause, Andre muttered, "We all wanted her, you know."

"She was never yours to have," Sebastian snapped. Andre didn't look surprised or hurt at the outburst; he simply flicked his gaze to the floor, but Sebastian apologized anyway.

"You should go after her," his brother ventured.

"It wasn't meant to be."

"Are you still buying into that stars aligning crap? *Mon Dieu*. Enough already, *mon frere*. If you want her, you must go get her. Make her listen to reason. Find out why she ran. Bring her back and make her yours." Andre's voice rang with emotion. He almost sounded like he, himself, had been in love. Painfully, completely ... and lost her. "Tie her up if you have to."

A sharp sound outside caught his attention. Not thunder, nor rain. Something else. A low growl sounded from the hallway.

"Jules is up," Sebastian said and headed toward the sound. Even though he saw nothing out of place, he knew that the walls around his estate didn't keep out reporters, tourists, and the occasional woman, desperate for a wealthy husband. His sharper wolf senses took over as he slipped into his bedroom and looked around. It was just as he'd left it. He saw nothing but rain through the window, but his keen ears could hear someone breathing. He exited his room and moved toward the front of the house. His brother, Jules—still in furry form—was in the large foyer.

"You take the back," Sebastian told him and headed for the front door.

The wide front porch wrapped all the way around the house and he quickly made his way to far side that ran the

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length of his bedroom. The rain beat on the roof above his head, drowning out his footsteps.

The blonde peering into his bedroom window never heard him approach.

"Can I help you?" he asked mildly when he was within pouncing distance. Shrieking, she whirled to face him, backing up at the same time. Her hands came up to balance herself, but it was too late. He made no move to rescue her even though he could have. Her momentum toppled her over the railing and into the soggy grass below. She landed flat on her back.

From the edge of the porch, he stared down at her not feeling the least bit sorry for startling her. What did a man have to do to get privacy?

Her wheat colored hair covered her face and the rain slowly soaked her clothes. She seemed too startled to move. Finally, she eased up on her elbows. Her breasts heaved and fell as if she might start crying. The last thing he wanted was a crying woman. Or a lawsuit.

"You all right?"

With a perfectly polished hand, she flicked her hair out of her face and glared up at him. The blue eyes that locked with his couldn't have surprised him more if there'd been eight of them.

Amanda St. James. Alive and in his yard.

Couldn't be. He narrowed his gaze and took in her features. Same cute pixie nose. Same rosy, heart-shaped mouth he'd longed to kiss. Same delicious curves that his hands itched to caress.

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Suddenly he was transported a decade ago when they'd all been hanging out on a hot summer day. It had been August. Suffocatingly humid. Then Amanda had grabbed the hose and proceeded to drench him and his brothers to the bone. Her kissable mouth had laughed and smiled as they'd chased her. When they'd finally caught her, turning the hose on her, the water had plastered her clothes to her sweet young body.

It had taken all his willpower not to carry her off that very afternoon. To kiss her all over—from that adorable nose, to those delicious berry pink lips, to her hot pink toenails.

The clap of thunder brought him back to the present. His eyes didn't fool him. He sniffed the air and her scent filled his lungs. She smelled so sweet, so familiar, and so wonderful that he almost closed his eyes to savor it. Instead, he took in her pitiful form. She looked like a drowned cat. He watched as the rain molded her shirt to her breasts. Either from cold or, heaven help him, desire, her nipples beaded beneath the fabric and stood out like pebbles.

He clenched his fists. Long dormant need surged upward startling him with its intensity. Its rawness. He hadn't seen or heard from her in nine long years but he'd never stopped wanting her. It was the reason he dated a long stream of women, never settling down. He'd never felt this kind of urgency with anyone else. Although he'd tried to wipe away her memory, none of them could compare to Manda. His Manda.

But her presence now reminded him of how she'd fled all those years ago. She'd gone off to Yankee country for school. Then she'd gone on to work for one of the biggest broadcast

companies in the country. Never looked back. Never called. Simply fled. Ran from him.

His inner beast had been too proud to let him chase. Had been sure she'd come back in a week or two. Weeks had turned into years and now almost a decade. Now the beast growled deep inside, for the years he'd lost, for making him want her so, making him wait. It lay coiled, anxious and ready to spring to life and take what it wanted.

He crossed his arms over his chest, trying to keep the dangerous animal inside on a tight leash.

"Well, well, well. If it isn't Amanda St. James." He couldn't keep the disdain from his voice. He hoped to hell she couldn't hear the hurt, the yearning ... "Did the Yanks kick you out? Get too cold for ya up north?"

"What a mean thing to say." For a moment, she looked genuinely wounded. But he told himself that was part of her game. The network probably sent her.

"Then what are ya doin' here?" Probably snooping for a story, he thought. *Figured she'd use her looks, her connections, to get it. Like hell, she was going to get her story.*

Her tongue slipped between her glossy pink lips to lick a raindrop. That simple movement reminded him of all the times she'd licked her lips, stuck out her tongue at him—reminded him of everything he really wanted in life.

And just how much he wanted to kiss her.

Once again, he took in her sad wet form and saw everything he'd wanted for hundreds of years. Everything he'd been denied and had denied himself.

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Sebastian knew he couldn't be angry; she was worth the wait. He couldn't let her get away again. This was a sign from the Gods. She was meant to be his. He'd known it all those years ago when he'd watched her blossom in front of his eyes. While he'd waited for her to grow up. Waited for her to come to him.

He still knew it. Nothing had changed, he reasoned. Except that he wanted her more now than he had nine years ago.

And she was well over eighteen now. He would finally make her his.

With the effortless grace his kind was known for, he leapt over the railing and landed at her feet. Oblivious to the rain, he glared down at her.

"Get up," he ordered. She started to crab crawl backwards but she couldn't get away fast enough. In a lightning fast move, he hoisted her over his shoulder. She barely weighed more than a sack or two of sugar.

"What are you doing?" she cried.

"Taking what's mine."

He knew the instant she comprehended his words. She squirmed and wiggled like a bunny in a trap, but it didn't matter. He had her where he wanted her.

For now.

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Chapter Two

"Put me down!"

"Relax, *chérie*." He carried her around to the front of the house and across the threshold, past the open wooden door. His brothers were nowhere to be seen.

"I'll give you the quick tour," he said, knowing she couldn't see more than the floor. "The foyer. This is the hallway. And this..." He deposited her in the middle of his oversized bathroom. "Is the bathroom."

She shivered as his gaze raked over her petite frame. Her nipples were still beaded beneath the fabric. She crossed her arms over her chest and gave him a pointed look. He merely raised an eyebrow.

"Who do you think you are?" Her eyes blazed up at him and color stained her cheeks even as droplets of water slid down her creamy skin.

She'd always been the embodiment of beauty. Natural, wholesome, dazzling in her sweetness. Even now, in her black Capris and soaking white top that would give any woman in a wet T-shirt contest a run for her money. Even when she looked angry as fire, there was still a sweetness about her.

Why was *she* angry? he wondered. She was the one trespassing on his property. And it wasn't his fault she'd done a back flip into the mud. Okay, so technically it was his fault since he'd surprised her, but...

"You know exactly who I am, *chérie*. Or have you forgotten since you ran away?"

"I have no idea what you're talking about."

He could tell she was trying not to shiver, not show him any weakness. Her eyes feigned innocence.

"Don't play innocent, doll. You know who I am, just like I know who you are. I've always known."

"You're right. I know what you are. What I want to know is why you're acting like a caveman!"

"What is it you think you know, *petite*?" he asked, ignoring her last question.

She backed away from him, her eyes going wide. "*Loup-garou*," she whispered, her bottom lip trembling.

Her French was surprisingly rusty and he threw back his head and laughed. "You think I'm a Cajun werewolf? That I kill bad little Catholics? Is that what you think?"

"I saw you."

Shit. She'd been watching when he'd walked into his closet. Perhaps it was time to call his decorator to install some automatic blinds.

"Hey, Wolf. Come!" he called to his brother. Jules, still in his wolf form, padded into the bathroom. Sebastian could see the surprise, the interest in his brother's keen brown eyes. His rough brown coat seemed to bristle when he looked up at Amanda.

"Is this what you saw?" he asked her.

"It's a trick!" Her hands came down on her hips and she scowled at them.

"No trick, *chérie*. Now, why don't you tell me what you're really doing here?" He bent down and scratched Jules behind the ears as he would a dog. Jules hated this kind of

treatment, but Sebastian knew he was accepting it because he wanted to know why lil' Manda St. James was in Sebastian's bathroom.

"I—I didn't know this was your house." She was lying through her pretty pink lips. Jules must have known it, too, because he growled low in his throat. Manda backed up another step and hit the granite counter top. She reached back to steady herself.

"S'okay boy," he reassured quietly and glanced back up at her. "We don't believe that *chérie*. We know you're here to do a story on me. What's your angle? Big businessman dating Hollywood Starlet? Or are you going for something more local?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," she repeated. This time her voice didn't quiver. She actually sounded like she believed what she was saying.

"Really? Go get something to eat, Wolf," he said, dismissing his brother. Jules slowly backed from the room and trotted away. Sebastian straightened and stepped toward her until they were toe-to-toe. She leaned away with a little gasp that told him she wasn't as calm as she wanted him to believe. There was desire in the depths of those pretty blue eyes and her body called to his. He longed to pinch her nipples between his fingers until she cried out his name. Until she begged him to take her. Instead, he settled for placing a hand on the counter on either side of her and leaning in close. This way he wouldn't miss a detail of her reaction.

"I know about you too," he continued. "How you ran away. Went to Columbia. Graduated with honors. Went on to sign

with ABC. You just got promoted. What am I missing, Amanda?"

"I didn't run away," she told him firmly, even as she shivered.

"I don't believe you, but it doesn't matter. This is a game you don't want to play with me, Amanda. I might have lost you all those years ago, but I'm not going to lose this time. You're back and I don't intend to let you leave again."

He didn't give her a chance to say a word. Instead, he flicked the shower on and gave her a dark look that told her to do exactly what he said.

"Get out of those wet clothes."

A look of surprise crossed her face that would have amused him had she not then glanced at the door as if to gauge how quickly she could get away from him.

"So you don't catch cold. You're welcome to use my shower to warm up, *chérie*," he said, letting his voice drop to a seductive low. Then he turned to leave. "But I can't promise I won't join you," he said from the doorway.

Sebastian closed the door behind Jules and himself and heard her yell after him.

"You're a rat, Sebastian Deveraux."

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Chapter Three

Trembling, Amanda sank down onto the cold tile floor. She stared at the door Sebastian had just exited and wondered what she'd gotten herself into. He wasn't the same man she remembered. Gorgeous with a sensuality that should have been illegal, yes. But he was also angry. And if she could trust his words, possessive.

He'd looked so predatory. Like the animal she'd always thought him to be. So much the same and yet different.

Tall, dark, dangerously handsome. Deep brown eyes, jet black hair, and a tan from years in the sunny South. The small scar on his jaw added to his dangerous sex appeal.

She tipped her head against the cabinet and let her mind drift back to a decade ago when she'd had a painful crush on Sebastian. She'd never let on though. When he wasn't treating her like a kid sister, he'd looked at her like she was the only woman he'd ever wanted. And when she wasn't daydreaming about him, she'd been as confused as hell by his sudden mood swings.

He'd played hot and cold so often she'd felt like her head was spinning. So she'd moved away. Away from his reach, the temptation. Away from what she'd always known would be her destruction: love for a man who didn't love her back.

She'd thrown herself into school and then into work. All the while, telling herself that she could get over him, that she was over him.

And then she'd received that note.

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God help her, she'd convinced herself that there wouldn't be anything between them. No more chemistry, no more mushy insides when he smiled at her just so, no more aching in her heart when he showed off that protective side of his nature that she'd always loved.

But he was more potent now than he'd ever been.

What the hell had she been thinking, coming here?

She hadn't been thinking. Not really. Just following her heart. Her heart that had stupidly been seduced by a gorgeous arrangement of flowers and a few words on a crisp linen card.

She massaged her temples trying to ward off the impending headache. It didn't help. She was still cold and miserable.

Steam rose above the glass doors of the shower, beckoning to her. Slowly, she stood up.

He'd seemed positively shocked to find her on his property, she mused as she stripped out of her clothes. Angry about it. But surely, he expected to hear from her?

"This can't be happening," she whispered. Maybe she was dreaming. She pinched herself. *Ouch*. Definitely awake. Still in Sebastian Deveraux's enormous bathroom. Still shivering from cold and desire.

He'd leaned close, too close for comfort, and stared into her eyes as if he could read all her secrets.

She bit her lip, knowing he probably could. She stepped into the large tile shower and let the hot water rain down on her skin, driving away the cold. It made her want to moan with delight, but she didn't dare.

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She reached for the bottle of shampoo and inhaled the fresh refreshing scent of juniper and eucalyptus. It did little to calm the rapid pulse in her veins.

Even after all this time, he could still make her tremble. She still yearned for his touch, was dying for his kiss; still craved the completion she'd secretly known that only he could bring.

But the things she'd heard about him and his brothers were true. Softly spoken words carried on the winds. She'd known it. The reality of what she'd seen shouldn't have surprised her, but it made her tremble. She'd always had a gut feeling about him and his brothers and she always listened to her gut.

Except for when it had told her to stay in Louisiana all those years ago. She couldn't end up like her mother. She wouldn't.

And right now, her gut was telling her to get as far away from Sebastian as possible.

Sebastian gave her exactly twenty minutes before he entered the bathroom again. He didn't bother to knock. It was, after all, his bathroom and she was after all, a trespasser. She squeaked in surprise and tightened the fluffy white towel around her wet body.

"Privacy please!"

He dropped his gaze to the pile of clothes heaped on the floor. Knowing that the lacy bra and barely-there thong had been hugging her sweet body most of the day only fueled the flames inside him.

"I thought you said I was da Big Bad Wolf, *chérie*. Now you call me a rat. Yes, I heard you," he said when she raised her eyebrows. "Any other animals I remind you of?"

Her chin came up and she stared at him with those crystal blue eyes. Her hair hung over her shoulder like honey colored waterfalls.

"*Non? Bien*. Gumbo's ready." He made for the door, scooping up her clothes and sandals as he went.

"Sebastian!"

"What is it, *petite*?"

"Clothes?"

"Ahh. I thought you might come to the table in da nude?"

"You're out of your mind," she told him hotly. Her fire fed his, but she didn't know that.

"You won't always think dat. I assure you. There's a robe inside dat door." He turned on the Cajun accent and charm because he knew she wouldn't be able to resist. You could take a girl out of da swamp, but you couldn't stop her from lovin' a Cajun.

"Thank you."

* * * *

Jules was transformed, dressed and sitting at the old pine table in the kitchen by the time Sebastian finished tossing Manda's clothes in the washer. If he had his say, she wouldn't be needing them for quite some time.

Delicious aromas wafted from the stove: sausage and shrimp, rice and beans, and several spices. His stomach growled.

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"What the hell's she doin' here?" Jules asked, curiosity and concern lacing his words. His hands clamped around a mug as Andre poured them all a fresh cup of coffee. There was electricity in the air that had nothing to do with the storm outside and everything to do with the woman under their roof.

Years ago, they'd fought over her. Fought like the wolves they were. And in the end, none of them had won her. If everything went according to his plan, as quickly devised as it was, they'd have their Luna, and he'd have his mate.

"Not sure yet. Probably snoopin' for a story," Sebastian said.

Jules' brows furrowed. "You've got that look," he said.

Andre nodded.

"What look?" Sebastian stirred the gumbo.

"The 'yer up to something' look."

"Yer right. I'm cookin'."

Jules just laughed and added another spoon to the table.

"How's the hurricane?" Sebastian asked.

"Cat 2. The dry air'll slow down winds. It's comin' quick though."

Sebastian agreed with that. Third storm of the season and it was moving fast. Wind speed didn't concern him as much as the water, but there was a good chance it would pass them by.

He heard the gentle footfalls before Manda poked her head around the corner. Her blonde hair was still damp and stringy. She gave him a tight-lipped smile and then glanced at his brothers.

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"Hi Jules, Andre. It's good to see you."

Jules looked her up and down with an appreciative glint in his eye. "You too."

What Andre had said about them all wanting her was true. Was true even now. Sebastian could smell their blood pumping through their veins.

Her skin was free from the mud and grass, fresh and clean. She looked small and fragile in Sebastian's big black robe. In fact, it looked like she'd had to wrap it around her twice.

He smiled. The knowledge that she was naked beneath the robe made his cock stir. He couldn't help letting his gaze fall on the large wooden table between them, knowing it would easily support their weight. That he could push open the robe and feast his eyes on her body, trail his hands over her flesh, sink into her until they were both complete.

"Um, do you have a first aid kit?"

Her words pulled him from his lust-filled fantasy. She held out her hand, palm up. He could see a faint scratch.

"I couldn't find one and—"

Before she could finish her sentence, he crossed the room and took her hand in his. He felt her heartbeat race beneath his touch.

"I'll get it," Jules volunteered.

Her silky smooth skin was cool, soft. It took all his control not to kiss her wrist. Trail his tongue along the delicate vein coursing just below her skin. Would she let him or would she snatch her hand back?

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Didn't matter. He enjoyed a good chase. He was, after all, a wolf in human clothing.

"Here ya go." Jules handed him the first aid kit.

Sebastian directed Manda to a nearby chair and opened the white metal box. With a few swift movements, he applied ointment and a bandage, inwardly chanting to himself that soon she would be his.

"The food smells good," she said and pulled her hand from his grasp.

She smelled good. Good enough to lick, nibble, and taste. He'd always thought she smelled of raspberries, but right now, she smelled fresh, like rain.

Sebastian glanced at Jules. His eyes were stormy gray. Undoubtedly, he could smell her freshness too.

"Let me serve it up, then," Sebastian said quickly. He could feel Manda looking at him as he pulled the bowls off the shelf and began ladling out the gumbo. What was she thinking? Was she regretting her decision to trespass?

"So, Sebastian says you're here to do a story on him," Jules said, cocking his head to the side as he regarded her. Sebastian sat the bowl on the table in front of them and then stood back to watch.

"He misunderstood. I'm not here to do a story on him. I wouldn't do that."

"Really?" Jules glanced at Sebastian before pegging her with another stare. "Even after he broke up with Carmen what's-her-name?"

"Not even after he broke up with Carmen what's-her-name," she said flatly and dipped into the gumbo.

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"He's still the most eligible bachelor in Louisiana, you know."

Jules would have made a great lawyer, Sebastian thought. He wasn't giving away anything that wasn't public knowledge or opinion, but he was definitely turning up the heat under Manda. He stifled a grin as she shifted uncomfortably in her seat.

"Course, you probably knew that. Working at the Network and all. Bet it's easy to keep tabs on old *friends*." He stretched out the last word.

"What do you want me to say? I told you I'm not here to do a story on him."

"Are you here to do a story on me?" Jules asked. He wiggled his eyebrows and gave her that almost canine smile Sebastian knew most women found charming. He wasn't pleased to see her frown turn into the slightest of smiles.

"Why would I do a story on you?" she asked.

Jules leaned across the table, his polo shirt outlining his muscular build.

"Because, *chérie*. I'm the second most eligible bachelor in Louisiana."

The wolf inside demanded Sebastian claim her as his and right now, but he mentally tightened the leash. He didn't want to scare her. He wanted her screaming with pleasure, not fear.

Amanda drowned in sensations. Sebastian stood close by, his presence unnerving, and Jules looked as if he wanted to eat her. He was just as breath-stealingly handsome as his brothers. Jet-black hair that glistened in the overhead light ...

piercing eyes so dark she could be staring into the night sky ... tanned skin stretched over hard muscles. It was enough to make a girl drool.

She forced down a spoon full of gumbo. The flavors exploded on her tongue. It was better than anything she'd ever tasted in New York. The heat and texture combined to do a little Cajun dance in her mouth and she wanted to groan, but she wasn't about to give Sebastian the satisfaction.

So the man could cook. Big deal. Why couldn't she have found a man in New York who could cook? Weren't there a billion chefs in New York City?

"Sorry. I'm not here for you." She tried to regain control but the words came out wrong.

"So you're here for him?" Jules asked not missing a beat.

"Nope." She forced herself to meet his gaze. "Ever thought about a career in journalism? You've got the interrogation part down pat."

"Somehow, I don't think that was a compliment."

"It wasn't."

"Why are you here?" Sebastian asked. His voice was deep, heavenly.

Amanda looked at him and her breath faltered. He was leaning against the counter, his legs crossed at the ankles, a bowl of gumbo in his strong hands.

Was he really so clueless? It didn't matter. She just needed to get out of here *pronto*, and figure out what she was going to do with herself for the rest of her life, now that she knew time and distance wouldn't change her feelings for this man.

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He stepped forward, gazing down at her with probing eyes. She found it hard to formulate an excuse and decided the truth was her best bet.

"I got the flowers. Thank you," she said and turned back to her own bowl. Chill bumps broke out over her skin as they always did when Sebastian was near. Her nipples began to harden into little peaks. She couldn't help staring at his fingers, wondering what they would feel like on her skin.

"Flowers?" Jules and Andre echoed in unison.

She nodded. "At my father's funeral. They were beautiful."

"Funeral?" Sebastian asked. He sounded puzzled.

Unease settled over her and she frowned up at him.

"Yes, *Sebastian*, the flowers you sent. Last week, after my father died." She emphasized his name.

"You sent her flowers?" Andre asked, looking pleased.

"I have the note in my car. I thought—" she broke off. Oh, it didn't matter what she thought. Obviously, she'd been wrong. Again. Just like she had all those years ago. Only last time, she'd had the proof of how foolish her thoughts from his own mouth.

His secretary had probably sent the stupid flowers.

"What did you think?" Sebastian's tone was quiet and seductive.

She fumed. So he was still playing games. "Are my clothes ready? I really need to go. I have a plane to catch."

"They're in the wash. You're not going anywhere."

His tone had changed to one full of authority, only adding to her rising irritation. The perfect example of hot and cold.

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Why the hell had she even come back here? She could have just sent a thank you card. Honestly, what had she expected? Him to throw open his front door, get down on his knees and profess his undying love for her? Admit his stupidity at letting her go in the first place, and then for not coming after her for nine years?

Hah. Like that was going to happen.

Gathering her wits, she stood and smiled at Jules and Andre. *Good gracious, they were handsome.* Much more so than she remembered.

"Thanks for the gumbo. It was good to see you two again." She straightened her spine and turned to look at Sebastian. "You'll understand if I have your robe sent to you."

With that, she turned and fled the kitchen. She ran across the pine floors toward the front door. She had to find her keys. Clutching the robe around her, she reached for the doorknob.

Strong arms wrapped around her waist and hoisted her into the air.

"Put me down!"

"Not gonna happen, *chérie*."

"Put me down this instant, Sebastian." Her voice was full of heat and censure.

He slung her over his shoulder enjoying the feel of her small squirming body. He knew he shouldn't get so excited by her helpless struggles, but he couldn't help himself. She beat her small fists against his back as if that would make a difference.

He laughed and nipped at the flesh of her hip. "Not on your life, sweetheart. We've gotta get on the road."

"The road?"

"*Oui*. Hurricane's a comin'. Gotta get the camp ready. Don't want any broken windows." He knew he could've had his cousin Burke do the job. Heck, even Jules could've done it. But doing it himself meant being alone with Manda. In the middle of nowhere. Where she couldn't get away. Where she'd have to come clean.

Where no one could hear her scream.

He had plans for that gorgeous body of hers. He couldn't wait to feel her feminine curves against him, under him. Her tight sheath around his cock as he slid in and out of her, bringing them both to the brink of ecstasy.

"There's no reason for me to go with you," she insisted, sounding a little more panicked now and a lot more breathless.

"Sure there is, *chérie*." Sebastian opened the front door and stepped out into the hot damp air.

"I don't think so." She kicked, her knee nailing him in the gut.

"Hold still, woman! I don' wanna hurt you."

That got her attention. She froze atop his shoulder.

He started down the stairs toward the garage. The rain showered down on them, soaking the thin fabric of his T-shirt, but he hardly noticed.

"Just let me go, Sebastian. I have a job, a life in New York!" she pleaded.

"And some boyfriend up there as well, no doubt."

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"I don't have a boyfriend."

"Really? No boyfriend." He entered the garage and pulled his key chain from his pocket.

"Really. Now. Put. Me. Down!"

"Can't. You've seen too much."

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Chapter Four

The next thing Amanda knew, she was in the back of Sebastian's Mercedes with her hands and feet tied. She'd caught a glimpse of the license plate before he'd deposited her in the backseat. Appropriately, it read ALPHA. She sneered with disgust, partly at him, partly at herself, but mostly at the whole situation.

"I can't believe you tied me up. You big jerk," she yelled as he circled the car.

He laughed as he landed in the driver's seat and glanced back at her in the rear view mirror. "So, I'm a jerk and a rat." He sounded amused.

She wanted to wipe the amusement off his face. For the hundredth time, she wondered what the hell had caused her to drive out to his sprawling estate and get out of her car. And what had possessed her to hop the fence instead of ringing from the call box? She knew her curiosity had gotten the better of her. That was never going to happen again.

Part of her wanted to give him what for. The other part desperately wanted to curl up in his arms and beg him to make love to her.

She was crazy for even thinking it. She'd seen him with her own eyes ... in wolf form. With fur, four paws and a snout. A slow tremor shook her body and she told herself not to be afraid. He'd never hurt her before, why would he start now. But even though she'd believed for years, seeing it, seeing the truth ... she couldn't stop trembling.

"You should thank me, *chérie*."

"Why is that?"

"Because I just saved you from having three men at once."

A gasp caught in her throat, but to her surprise and humiliation, she found her pussy growing damp at the thought. How perverted was that? What was wrong with her?

Sure, she'd been attracted to all three Deveraux brothers when she'd been young. But she was an adult now. She couldn't be thinking about them like that. And certainly not together.

But the thought lingered. She wondered what it would be like to be with the three of them. Could they stop fighting long enough to drive her crazy with pleasure? Nibbling on her bottom lip, she let her imagination run away with her. Six hands to caress her skin, three hard cocks to ride until she couldn't stand up.

"Forget it Amanda. It's not going to happen," Sebastian said darkly. A crack of thunder drove his point home.

"You're crazy," she chided even as she pressed her thighs together and tried to think of anything but being in bed with the three of them.

"I'm not the one thinking naughty thoughts about screwing three men at once." A jet-black eyebrow rose in a way she found both arrogant and infuriating.

Obviously, he could read her thoughts. She fumed silently, sprawled across the backseat with the bathrobe gaping open. No doubt, passing truckers would get an eyeful. That just pissed her off more. The Sebastian she'd known and loved would've never put her on display like this.

She watched the scenery as best she could from her vantage point. The miles ticked by.

"This is kidnapping," she said finally, breaking the silent treatment.

"I've been accused of worse."

"I don't doubt it," she said hotly. He glanced at her in the mirror, as if questioning her sanity. She rolled her eyes and rested her check against the soft leather of the back seat. It smelled of leather and wet dog. *Figured.*

After what seemed like hours, she struggled into a sitting position. At least, she was halfway sitting. The ropes were cutting into her skin, and she'd long lost feeling to her fingers. She craved the freedom to move. Craved circulation. Sebastian had been very careful as he'd tied her, even though she hadn't made it easy on him.

Why he'd bother to tie her at all, she didn't know. Did he think she was going to jump out of a moving car? And why was he taking her with him? She didn't want to be in some shack when Hurricane Camilla roared ashore. The man was crazy. Certifiable.

He was also like a drug. As much as she tried to resist, she'd never been able to get enough. The only thing that had worked had been moving half a country away.

She stared at his strong jaw and had the strongest urge to run her fingertips over the shadow of stubble there.

"You can let me go, you know."

"I cannot."

"Why not?"

"Because you'll run."

"We're back to that?" She sighed and glanced out the window. Dark clouds hung low in the sky and rain pelted them. The windshield wipers were working overtime as they sped south.

"I'm just basing my decision on history."

"I didn't have any other choice. You wouldn't understand."

"Try me, *chérie*."

Did he have to use that sweet accent of his? Or call her *chérie*? Surely, he knew his endearments, as natural as they were, made her heart flutter a bit.

It shouldn't flutter at all. She should be mad as heck. A few days ago, she'd had the hottest job in New York city, a closet full of great shoes that she could barely afford, and a life without Sebastian. Without his brooding good looks, she'd had her heart firmly in her chest. There'd been no chance of him ripping it from her and stomping on it.

Now she was tied in the backseat of his car. With no shoes and only a scrap of her dignity. So why wasn't she spitting mad?

Something was definitely wrong. Maybe she'd hit her head when she'd fallen off his porch. Maybe he'd enchanted her. Did werewolves have magical powers like that? She'd heard rumors...

"What are you thinking about in that beautiful head of yours?"

"Flattery will get you nowhere."

She had to stay strong. Use what little bit of strength and anger she had left. Being this close to him put her in serious danger of falling for his temptation. Falling under his spell. It

was lust. She had to remember that. That's all he was offering.

"That's not true. Your pulse leapt the tiniest little bit when I called you beautiful. You can't deny it, Manda. Any more than you can deny your desire for me."

She huffed. Of course she desired him. She'd have to be blind not to. It ticked her off that she was so easy to read. So obvious in her attraction.

"You're full of it," she scoffed.

"You deny it?"

Before she could answer, he pulled the car to a stop on the shoulder. The sudden movement tossed her forward. The second they stopped, he was out of his seat and opening the back door. Her heart thundered in her chest. He had a dangerous look in his eyes. Water droplets pelted his shirt, clung to his hair.

Somehow, he folded himself into the backseat and then pulled her into his lap.

"What're you doing?" A shiver raced up her spine. He was too close. Much too close. He would surely read all the secrets in her eyes.

She looked away.

"Look at me, *chérie*."

She shook her head.

Patiently, he cupped her cheek in his hand. Dear God, she wanted to rub against it, wanted to feel his hands in her hair, his fingers against her lips, her skin, her breasts. This was madness. She'd come down here for a funeral, for goodness sakes. This wasn't supposed to happen.

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Reluctantly she met his eyes.

"That's better." He stared at her as if searching for something. "Now tell me you don't desire me."

Looking at him made her stomach do little cartwheels. She was so tired of denying the truth. Denying her desire for him. She was tired of protecting herself all the time, of trying too damn hard not to be her mother.

She shook her head again, unable to say the words aloud, but couldn't help leaning into him. His hand stroked her side through the thick material of his robe and she yearned to remove the fabric. To be naked in his arms. To feel his skin against hers.

"That's right. You can't say it. It's not true. You've always wanted me, *mon amour*. Just as I've always wanted you."

Her eyes swerved up. He knew she'd had a crush on him? He'd always wanted her? What about what he'd said to Jules?

She started to speak but the words came out in a jumbled heap. The chill bumps came back full force and she shivered beneath the thick robe.

"Shh..." His gaze flicked to her lips and she licked them quickly. Hoping, praying he'd kiss her. Their breath mingled. God, how she'd dreamed of this. Of being this close.

"We need to get back on the road. Don't wanna get stuck out here with the storm a comin'."

He kissed her forehead and lifted her from his lap. That was it? *That was all?*

He came back here and told her how much he wanted her? And didn't even steal a kiss?

"Men," she mumbled.

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He got out of the back seat, slammed the door and then opened his to get back in the driver's seat.

She wanted to scream. She wanted to tell him to get back here and put her out of a dozen years of lust-filled misery.

Sebastian pressed his foot down hard on the pedal, hoping the tires wouldn't slip on the water. His resolve was in jeopardy. He'd simply meant to prove to her that she couldn't lie to him, show her that he knew her as well as she knew herself. He could see in her eyes how much she wanted him.

Maybe it hadn't been such a good idea to bring her down here to the middle of nowhere. If he'd stayed at his estate, he could already be inside her sweet body.

Damn. Damn. Double damn.

His cock was rock hard. They'd be at the cabin soon. He had to get control of himself. He'd already put in a call to Judge Rothburn, who'd be meeting them there soon.

Manda grumbled to herself. He couldn't quite make out what she said, but a look in the mirror told him she was fuming.

"What's got yer feathers ruffled, *chérie*?"

"You! You, Sebastian. Always playing God. You've kidnapped me. Tied my hands and feet. As if I'm going somewhere."

"You're still denying that you ran away from me nine years ago?"

"I ran away from everything," she cried. Surprised at her outburst, he looked back at her again. Even in the murky light, he could see pink staining her cheeks. "From you. From here. These people."

"Why, Manda?"

"I didn't want to end up like my mom."

What?

He saw his turn coming up and gently pressed the break. Just another minute. Then they were getting to the bottom of this.

Spotting the cabin on the left, he flipped the blinker and pulled into the driveway.

"You call this a cabin?" Manda asked, her gaze fixed on the wide wooden structure.

"A fishing cabin, *oui*. My brothers, cousins and I each have a key." A button on the dash opened the garage door. When they were safely inside, he turned the car off and then glanced over his shoulder at her.

She stared at him wide eyed, then shook her head.

"Now tell me, *cher*, how did your mother end up?"

"Please. As if you don't know. She was the laughing stock of Louisiana."

He raised an eyebrow at that. Her mother had always been warm and friendly. Even when he and his brothers kept snooping around her daughter. His own mother had never been warm or friendly toward him.

"How so?"

She let out a frustrated sigh, as if explaining was either painful or beneath her. "Are you going to untie me?"

He draped his arm over the back of the passenger's seat and regarded her slowly. She writhed beneath his gaze just as he wanted her to. He wanted her on edge, white hot with

lust. Because he intended to have her very, very soon. For a very, very, very long time.

"Not until you tell me what I want to know."

"You're insufferable."

"Why didn't you want to be like your mom? She was nice. Caring."

"She loved a man who never loved her back."

He looked in her eyes and could see her pain.

"What do you mean, *cher*?" He didn't understand. His parents had never been in love but that didn't stop him from wanting it. Wanting her.

"My dad never loved my mother. He had relationships behind her back constantly. I think she died of a broken heart, not heart disease."

So that's why she'd only come back when her father died. As far as he knew, they hadn't seen each other in the nine years she'd been gone. And now that her dad was dead, well, she didn't seem entirely upset about it.

Damn, he wished he'd known. He would have been there for her. Puzzle pieces started to fall into place. So that's why she'd run. She'd thought her feelings, her desires, were one sided.

He didn't see how. He'd always craved her. *Women never made sense to him. Especially human women. They expected men to read their minds. Afraid to say what they wanted, take what they wanted.*

She brushed the hair from her eyes and he caught sight of her bound wrists.

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"Hold that thought." He got out of the car and went to turn on the overhead light. While the garage door was rumbling closed, he opened her door.

"Promise not to run?" he asked.

"Never," she said but her words lacked conviction. She wiggled toward the edge of the seat.

The bathrobe gaped, showing off her creamy skin. Just a little farther and he'd be able to see her breasts. *Veuillez Dieu*. She caught him looking at her and frowned up at him. She was terribly cute with her pouty lips and crinkled forehead. Her long hair was disheveled around her face, almost dry.

"Let me help you," he whispered and gathered her in his arms. She didn't make a sound, merely held herself rigid.

As he carried her into the house, brilliant blue lightning lit the sky. Silently he counted the seconds until he heard the first crack of thunder.

"Storm's movin' fast. I'd better get started," he murmured against her cheek, reluctant to let her go. He felt and heard her sharp intake of breath. *So, she wasn't as unmoved as she wanted him to think.*

That made it even harder to put her down, to step away from her, when all he wanted to do was strip her down and touch her everywhere. Kiss and lick until he'd explored every inch of her body.

He left her standing in front of the leather sofa in the living room and went to find the candles and flashlights. He deposited those on the coffee table in front of her and then

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went to bring the patio furniture in off the deck. Her gaze followed him the whole time.

He could feel the tension growing. Her impatience. Her resistance. Her anger seemed to boil just below the surface.

But he could smell her desire. He knew that once he dipped into her he wouldn't be able to stay afloat.

"You can have a seat, you know," he told her as he passed by with the last of the chairs.

"I have to pee," she said between gritted teeth.

"Well, then ... We do have a bathroom here. We're not totally primitive." He let the last word hang in the air.

Her eyebrows shot skyward.

"It's through that door over there." He pointed.

"And how am I going to get there? Hop like a rabbit?"

Her sassy response made him smile. Damn, he'd missed her. Andre was right. He was a fool. Sometimes he was stuck in his own world and needed a good smack upside the head.

"You do remind me of a bunny..." he mused, stalking closer.

Her blue eyes flashed up at him with a silent message. One that said as soon as she got free she was going to make him pay.

"But I don't mind carrying you." He couldn't stop his gaze from roaming over the creamy flesh, starkly pale against the midnight black of his robe. She had no idea just how he wanted to gobble her up, nibble every delicate spot from her ears to her toes.

"If you'd just untie me—"

"*Non*. You will run. Then I'll chase. And I'll bring you back. You'll just wear yourself out, *petite*."

"Why are you doing this? Why are you trying to keep me here?"

"I should think it obvious," he whispered in her ear. He rubbed his cheek against hers and then lifted her into his arms. He strode across the room to the knotty pine door, and nudged it open with his foot. He let her down gently and smiled at her frown.

When he started to leave, she called after him frantically.

"*Oui, mon amour?*"

"Untie me. Now!"

"Sorry. No can do. Here. I'll help though, yes?" He cocked an eyebrow and gathered the robe in his hands. How he loved to tease her. How he wanted to please her, pleasure her in every way he could think of. But she had to learn how to trust him first.

Manda's eyebrows shot up and she grabbed onto his arm with her hands, bound at the wrists.

"Don't look," she ordered.

"Why not, *chérie*? You have nothing I have not seen."

"You've never seen me naked," she whispered fiercely.

He chuckled. That was a problem he intended to remedy very shortly. "I'll turn my head," he told her sweetly.

The tiny bit of gentleman left in him said to simply untie her. But the darker side of him took perverse pleasure in her slow submission. His hard won acceptance.

With her hands and feet bound, she flopped down on the toilet.

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"I can't believe this," she grumbled.

"You must learn that I'll take care of you *chérie*."

"Why?"

"A husband always takes care of his wife."

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Chapter Five

Sebastian left her sitting there wide-eyed. He figured she'd call him to help her up, but she didn't say a word for endless minutes. She was either confused as hell or hoppin' mad. He wasn't sure which. As he lowered the storm shutters, he figured he'd find out soon.

Finally, she called his name followed by "untie me you brute. I have to wipe." He could see her grinding her jaws together and her eyes glistening. For a brief second, he feared he'd pushed her too far. He conceded and untied her wrists then stepped from the room and crossed his arms over his chest. Patience wasn't his strong suit.

"What did you mean by 'a husband always takes care of his wife?'" she called a minute later as the toilet flushed.

"Just what I said."

"We aren't married."

At her heated retort, he opened the door and pulled her against him. "But we will be."

"Says who?"

"Says me. Judge Rothburn will be here in a few minutes."

"A few minutes!" She sounded panicked. "He can't see me like this. Sebastian, untie me this minute!" Her old accent was starting to come out.

A knock on the front door drew their attention.

"Too late," he murmured and untied her feet. He hauled her against his side and opened the door. The graying judge

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stood on the porch, an umbrella at his side. Sebastian's cousins, Burke and Laurent, stood behind.

"Judge Rothburn, thanks for coming so quick. Please come in." Sebastian stepped aside to let them in. "Burke, Laurent." He nodded in greeting as they stepped past him.

He felt Manda's gaze on him, but she said nothing. Did nothing more than take slow, deep breaths. Then he felt her muscles tense as she leaned ever so slightly for the door. He closed it none too gently, flipping the locks. He buried his face against her neck and whispered against her skin, "Don't even think about it, *chérie*."

"Too late," she whispered back, mocking him.

"Don't forget, *petite*, that I have excellent night vision. If you run, I will hunt you down."

"You didn't before," Amanda tossed back, but inside she was on fire. The image of herself fleeing into the darkness with him hot on her heels was a dream she'd had hundreds of times.

It always ended the same way...

Eventually he would catch her, his hands biting into her flesh as he hauled her against him. She was too tired to put up a fight. In fact, she almost sagged with relief. His body was big and strong and warm. The warmth she craved.

He turned her toward him roughly, tearing off her clothes with desperate hands. His eyes glowed a beautiful silver. He made no effort to hide his erection, made no move to release it.

Instead, he reached for her, running his hands over every inch that he could reach. Her skin was taunt with goose

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bumps and his touch slowly warmed her, made her wet with desire.

Without a word, he stepped back and his clothes disappeared like magic. In the darkness, she had a hard time taking in the view but knew he was solid and strong. His cock was long and thick, jutting out towards her.

Momentarily panicked, she backed away but he was on her in an instant. They fell through the air, rolling on the damp ground. She found herself on her stomach, her breasts pressed painfully into the earth with Sebastian's hot breath on the back of her neck.

"Tell me you want me," he whispered into the darkness.

A gargled sound escaped her lips.

He pushed his weight off her and she instantly missed the warm shield his body had provided.

"Tell me you want me," he said again.

Oh, God help her. She'd always wanted him. For years, she'd wanted him to claim her, to take her body. To bring her pleasure.

"Say it," he ordered, pulling her up on her hands and knees. She wobbled unsteadily, feeling completely exposed. His hands smoothed over her backside, his palms caressing every curve. "I know you want me, *petite*. You're on fire for me. I bet you're dripping for me."

His thumbs skimmed her pussy lips. She could feel the wetness, knew that he could feel it too, and that she couldn't deny it. Her nipples hardened in the cool air and she shivered again.

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"You can't deny it, little one. Your body gives you away. You want me just as badly as I want you."

He probed her pussy with a single thick finger. It wasn't nearly enough. She craved more.

She pushed back against his hand shamelessly, moaning low in her throat. He laughed then showered kisses along her spine. A warm hand closed over her left breast, cupping its weight. Slowly, he massaged the pointed peak and began driving his finger into her. Then two fingers. Then three. He stretched her, but it still wasn't enough. Her skin was on fire, and she wanted to come more than she wanted her next breath.

His hand left her breast and flicked over her clit. The tiny bolt of electricity shot through her body caused her to squeak, but she spread her legs wider, trying to rub against his fingers. She didn't care if anyone came upon them. If anyone saw how exposed she was. It didn't matter that she was naked in the middle of the forest, or that there were probably bugs and animals lurking all around her. She could only think of his strong hands and that thick cock.

"Say it, *petite*." His voice was harsh and filled with frustration. She wanted to tease him. To make him admit his feelings for her. To make him pleasure her until he came. But when he pulled his fingers from her wetness she forgot all about her plans. She could only cry out at the emptiness.

"I won't touch you again until you—"

"Fuck me, Sebastian!"

He immediately slid the broad tip of his cock slid inside her, answering her desperate cry. He worked himself inside

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inch by slow inch. He was so thick. So long. Would her body take all of him?

A few seconds later, he pulled out and thrust all the way in, delighting every nerve along the way. His hands clasped her hips tightly, holding her steady as he increased the tempo.

"You're so wet. So tight." Above her, he grunted and groaned as he pumped in and out. His balls slapped against her clit in a rhythm that tortured and teased her. He pushed her closer and closer to the brink. She tightened her muscles around him, reveling in the deep groan that erupted from his lips.

He wrapped himself around her, and even as his cock filled her and her pleasure teased her with its nearness, she marveled in how big he was. How strong. And how feminine she felt next to him, under him.

He pulled all the way out and she felt emptier than ever before. A searching finger teased her clit and drew lazy circles keeping her at her peak.

"Please," she moaned and leaned down slightly hoping he would let her come.

He drove into her with a force that startled a cry from her lips and almost toppled her. Furiously he pounded her pussy and rubbed her clit.

Her orgasm was explosive. Not the usual wave that washed over her. But a bomb of pleasure exploding inside her and radiating outward. His cries joined hers and she felt him swell inside her tender sheath. His movements halted but she

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could feel him coming, could feel every muscle tightening like a violin string.

She was always amazed at his stamina. At least his stamina in her dreams. He would fuck her until she couldn't stand up. So they'd simply lay down. She'd curl around him and he would stroke her skin with gentle hands, telling her that it was only the beginning. Murmuring words of love...

The power picked that moment to go out, startling Amanda from her daydream. With the storm shutters down the room was pitch black. She squeaked with alarm.

"One second. I already had the candles out," Sebastian said and left her temporarily. One by one little flames lit the darkness. Soon, fire light was flickering over the polished wood walls and shadows danced about the room.

"Come on, *petite*, the Judge needs to get home soon." Sebastian's eyes glittered in the candlelight and once again, Amanda was reminded of just how dangerous he looked. And how crazy he was.

This wasn't a dream. Or some fantasy she could control.

She couldn't marry him. She'd dreamed of it a thousand times, but never like this. Never with so much unsaid between them. Never without uttering a thing about love.

Did werewolves feel love?

"Come on, *petite*." He held out his hand.

She had to make him see...

Sebastian let his hand drop to his side.

"Maybe I should tie you back up, *chérie*."

Her eyes narrowed and she folded her arms across her chest. Burke and Laurent chuckled softly, but she didn't spare them a glance. It was Sebastian she scowled up at.

"You wouldn't dare. You have no right to keep me here, Sebastian."

"I have every right, *chérie*. You've been begging me with your eyes to take you for over a decade now."

She sucked in a breath and marched over to him. "Not in front of everyone, you big brute."

She grabbed his wrist and pulled him toward the kitchen.

"Why did you send me flowers? Why did you write that note?" she asked through gritted teeth.

Swiftly, he pulled her to him and stared down into her upturned face. "I never sent you flowers."

"Yes, you did. You signed them 'love, Sebastian'. But you obviously didn't mean it. You just want to get your way, like always. You want me so your brothers can't have me."

"I always get my way, Manda. That's why I'm Alpha. And I do love you, I think I always have. But I didn't send you flowers. And I don't want you just so my brothers can't have you."

Her jaw dropped and tears dripped down her cheeks. Outside, a clap of thunder sounded. It shook the walls and hurt his ears.

She laughed and pulled away from him, but he couldn't fathom why. She reached out for the counter to steady herself.

"Why now? Why do you tell me this now?" She broke off in string of crazy, jumbled French. "And who sent the flowers?" She dropped her face into her hands.

Sebastian didn't know who sent the flowers; he figured perhaps one of his brothers or his secretary. But he wasn't concerned with that right now; right now, he was concerned with her tears.

"What's wrong, *chérie*? Why are you crying?"

He wondered if he'd ever understand women. *Tell them what they want to hear and they cry. Don't tell them and they cry anyway.* All he knew was that his cock was hard as a damn rock, his heart was pounding like the rain, and there was a hurricane coming ashore.

"I'm crying for all the years we wasted."

"That's it?" He mourned that too, but nine years out of his lifetime was worth the wait if she'd be in his arms every day for the rest of it.

The thought of waking up next to her each day made his heart ache with happiness. He could almost see the days laid out like photographs in front of him. There didn't seem to be enough. But he'd always known that if he chose a human for a mate his life would be tied to hers. When she died, he would as well.

The happiness in his heart turned to anguish. A brutal, scalding ache. He studied her, remembering the first time she'd looked at him like he was her hero. He'd known right then that he'd fight to the death for her. And if finally having her meant shortening his life ... he took a deep steadying breath, hardly able to believe that the day was here and he

was making this decision. It was a decision all alphas had to make sometime; a sacrifice his brothers and the pack understood.

"That's it? That's it!" she demanded, her voice hoarse from crying. "Tell me right now, Sebastian or I'm running out of here and you'll never see me again. Why do you want to marry me? Why so suddenly?"

"All the time I was growing up you had mood swings that could rival any woman with PMS. You'd look at me like I was your entire world. And the next minute you'd treat me like a kid sister. Or worse. You wouldn't say anything at all. You'd fight with your brothers—

She took a quick breath and continued her tirade. "I heard what you said to Jules that day. About how you could 'never marry me.' That was the last straw for me. I was so damn confused all the time that I had to leave. I had to get away. I never knew where you stood. All I knew was that I was crazy in love with you, and for some reason or other, you didn't feel the same way. Or maybe you had demons to exorcise. I don't know.

"So I repeat. Why now? Why in the middle of a hurricane? After all these years ... Why didn't you come after me? Why didn't you call? Track me down? Hunt me down if you're so darn good at it? And just what would give you the idea that I'd marry you?"

When she paused to take a breath, he held up his hand. Stunned only began to define what he was feeling. It was like when he'd become Alpha of the pack. All the love and responsibility stared him straight in the face.

He'd never know lil' Amanda St. James had such a set of lungs.

"Are you gonna answer the girl or not?" Burke asked.

"Cause if you don', I'm gonna come in there and steal her away, cousin," Laurent added.

Sebastian snarled, low and long. Amanda backed away from the menacing sound. "You're not going to touch her," Sebastian told the men in the other room.

He got down on his knees and reached for her, his decision made. "Chalk it up to foolish pride, *chérie*. We wolves aren't the smartest in the food chain when it comes to things like this.

"But I've always wanted you. You always make me laugh. You keep me grounded. You make me want to do better at everything. When you smile, I feel like I can do anything in the world. You make me more human."

Her eyes seemed to glow. Not with anger or confusion, or even lust. But something else. Something that took his breath away.

"Where should we stand?" she asked quietly.

Breathing a sigh of relief, he took her hand and led her to stand in front of the coffee table that was aglow with candlelight.

"How about here?"

* * * *

After the Judge and his cousins had left, he pulled his wife toward him. The somewhat chaste kiss he'd given her moments ago when Rothburn had uttered those sweet words

ordering him to kiss his bride ... well, that wasn't nearly enough to satisfy him. He'd been waiting over two hundred years for this.

"I want you," he murmured. He gently clasped her face between his hands and gazed into her eyes. "I've wanted you so long, *chérie*. So long. And you ran from me. Never again." He lowered his head and brushed his lips against hers. The first touch was gentle, sweet. The slightest of caresses. Having tested the waters, he caressed her cheeks with his thumbs and deepened the kiss. His tongue slid along the seam of her lips, begging entrance. She took little convincing and soon he was inside, plunging into her. Taking her.

She whimpered when he pulled back. He tipped his forehead against hers and stared into her eyes again.

"You know I'll never let you go now."

"Where would I go?"

"I don't know. Where did you go before?"

"It doesn't matter," she whispered and kissed his lips. His hands tightened around her waist and she pressed closer, tangling her fingers in his hair.

Dear God, he was her husband now. It was amazing. Was it three days ago, she'd been in New York? It felt like a lifetime. She took a moment to take it all in. He'd said the words she'd always longed to hear. And she knew he spoke the truth.

Sebastian wasn't one to spout his feelings. Perhaps that had been their problem all along. Hormones. Lack of communication. And a possessive streak as wide as the Mississippi.

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"Am I dreaming?" she asked, lazily trailing her fingernails along his scalp.

"If you are, I hope you never wake up."

His hand traced the length of her spine leaving a delicious chill in its wake. His eyes burned bright in the soft glow. Outside the storm raged, the wind howled. Amanda had never been this far south during a hurricane. Would this place withstand the wind? The water?

"It's sturdy, *mon amour*."

Sometimes, she really did wonder if he could read her mind. He gave her a reassuring smile that had her stomach doing cartwheels.

It seemed surreal—the candles, the storm, their shotgun wedding—she could barely believe she was standing in the same room with Sebastian. But she wasn't dreaming. His kiss had been far too good to be a dream. She smiled at him as she pressed her hips against his erection.

He groaned and scooped her up into his arms.

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Chapter Six

They'd barely made it to the bedroom before Sebastian had slipped the robe from her shoulders. It pooled around her waist, giving him easy access to her full breasts. He trailed his hands over her collarbone before cupping the sweet flesh in his hands. As he caressed each curve, he memorized every delicious detail. Every catch of her breath. Every skip of her pulse beneath his fingertips.

Her hands tugged at his shirt. He barely noticed. He knew nothing but the hard little peaks between his fingers. He squeezed gently and Manda moaned into the darkness.

"Like that, do you, *cher*?"

"Mmm hmm."

He dipped his head and laved one of the dusky pink nipples with his tongue. God, she smelled heavenly. Aroused ... warm ... feminine. His cock twitched behind the seam of his jeans.

"I want to touch you," she whispered into the darkness.

Quickly, he tugged his shirt over his head and went back to loving her nipples. She shimmied and squirmed as he rolled them between his thumb and finger. When he tugged, she actually screamed. The sound echoed off the walls only to be drowned out by the intense rain outside.

Her nails raked over his back and she tried to rub against him. He held her at bay. If she touched him much more, he'd come in his pants.

"Hurry," she pleaded.

"Hurry, *petite*? Why should I hurry?"

"I want to touch you. I've dreamed—"

He leaned forward and traced her earlobe with his tongue. A shiver racked her body and her skin tightened beneath his hands.

"What have you dreamed?" he whispered.

She hid her face against his neck, her arms wrapped tightly around him.

She felt so good in his arms. So right. Just the right size. With a flick of his wrist, the robe fell away and she was completely naked. Gloriously, beautifully naked. And wet. He could smell her desire.

"Tell me," he said softly and slid a hand between her legs. Her hair was short there, soft. He couldn't wait to see her in the daylight when he could drink in every detail.

"I've dreamed of you. That's all."

"What did we do in these dreams?"

Instead of answering, she ran her hands over the hard muscles of his chest. He let his head fall back as he relished her touch. Her small slender hands were cool and soft. He wanted to suck on every finger ... see exactly what turned her on. What made her fall apart.

Her hands slid lower, down his abs and straight to the ridge in his jeans. She cupped his cock as if testing the size. He could hear her breath coming in shallow pants now. Cupping her cheeks, he dove into her mouth, his tongue dancing between her lips.

She gasped at the invasion. Slowly her hand squeezed his cock, bringing him closer to the edge.

"Amanda," he rumbled. She didn't heed his warning; instead, continued to tempt and test him.

"What?" she asked innocently, even as she pressed herself against him. Damn she felt good. Soft, sexy ... perfect. Her nipples rubbed against his skin and his cock leapt against her hand.

"You need to keep your hands to yourself." He didn't know how much longer he could last. He liked to pride himself on his endurance. But Manda was special. He'd been waiting for her for a very long time.

He'd dreamed of how their first time would be off and on for years. Even before it had been decent to do so. But this is not how he'd imagined it. He'd had more control. It wouldn't do to come in his pants like a horny teenager.

"That's not fair. I've been wanting to touch you since the first time I saw you without your shirt on years ago." Her admission was quiet, husky, but it had an affect on him nevertheless.

"You still haven't told me what I want to know." He scooped her up and deposited her on the bed. "Don't move," he said.

He practically ran to the living room to get the ropes he'd tied her with earlier. There was no way he was going to give in and fuck her fast and hard. He wanted things nice and slow. But that would never happen if she kept touching him.

He wanted to devour every inch of her.

Kiss the undersides of her breasts.

Lick her pussy dry.

Nibble his way down her thighs all the way to her toes.

"What are you doing?" she called.

"T'in ya up, *chérie*."

"Why?" She sounded slightly panicked.

He returned and leaned down to kiss her on the cheek.

When she saw the rope in his hands, her eyes squinted and he could tell she was more angry than panicked.

"You are not tying me up again Sebastian."

"You can't touch me, not yet. I'm too on edge—"

"I want you on edge," she said, her voice almost a purr.

"Dammit, Amanda. You make me crazy. I've never been this hard before, and I don't want to hurt you. You're small and sweet and delicate and I'm tough and—"

"But I want you all hard and tough." She teased his nipples with her fingertips and he stifled a groan. She didn't understand what she was messing with. His baser instincts were barely in check.

"You say that but—" he trailed off, half afraid of something he couldn't even put a name to.

"What?"

"I don't want to scare you."

As quickly as he blinked, she hurled herself at him. They fell back against the bed and she stared down at him, an odd look of pleasure and irritation on her face.

"Trust me, you're not going to scare me."

He cupped her cheeks, unable to help himself. He kissed her hard, telling her everything that words couldn't say. She was right there with him, touching and tasting.

"You have no idea just how badly I want you. All the things I want to do with you. To you," he said against her throat.

"But I'm barely in control and there's an animal inside me who won't be gentle with you, *cherié*."

His words halted her and after a moment, she rolled away.

"Do I get to tie you up later?" she asked, her humor shining through.

"I'll think about it," he said and reached for the rope. She didn't protest as tied her wrists above her head. Somehow, he managed to ignore the lithe body, ripe with desire that beckoned to him. "Now, tell me about these dreams of yours. I want to hear every detail." He moved down the bed trailing his fingers over her leg, loving the way chill bumps broke out in his wake.

"Sebastian!"

"I told you, *cher*, no touching."

"I can't touch you with my legs."

He was sure that if there'd been more light, the look he gave her would have made her blush. He wrapped a piece of the rope around one ankle and then cinched it to the post on the footboard.

"Don't be shy, *chérie*. I've had dreams about you as well. Dreams where you ride my cock for hours."

His words must have excited her. She sighed low and long, and he could feel her pulse jump beneath his fingers as he tied her other ankle.

"I've probably dreamed about you every night for a decade. Even when I shouldn't have. About what your skin would feel like against mine."

"I dreamt that too," she said.

He crawled up the length of her body, letting the hair on his chest tickle her. "How does it feel?" Slowly he nibbled his way down her jaw to her ear. She sighed and arched against him. God, she smelled good.

"Wonderful. Wonderful. Please Sebastian..."

"What is it, *amour*?"

"Touch me..."

"Where?" He laughed at her exasperated sigh.

He caressed her cheek with the back of her fingers.

"Here?"

She shook her head.

"Here?" He cupped her breast and tugged on the nipple. She squirmed against him, her pelvis rubbing against his cock. He rolled to the side, at a safer distance.

"No!"

He moved his hand up to her collarbone. "How about—"

"No! Down there. For heaven's sakes. Don't make me beg! Touch me!" Her pleas made him laugh, as did her modesty. She'd quickly outgrow that. Werewolves weren't known for their modesty. They had no problem with colorful language or nudity.

"Ahh ... you want me to play with that pretty pussy. Is that it?"

She nodded enthusiastically.

"Say it," he whispered against her ear.

"Wh ... what?" she stammered.

"I want to hear you say it."

"Oh, for heaven—"

He slid his palm down her tummy and let it rest right above the nest of curls between her legs. He could feel her straining to move underneath his hand.

"I'm not touching you until you say it."

"Touch my pussy, Sebastian." Her words were even, almost clinical, but it was her tone that told him how desperate she was. It was the rise and fall of her chest, the ragged breath against his cheek.

His fingers slid through her wet curls and between her delicate folds. She was so wet. So warm and just waiting for him. "Good girl. Now that wasn't hard was it?"

He circled her clit with the tip of his finger. Slow lazy circles that had her hips lifting off the bed.

"A little anxious are we?"

"Sebastian!"

"Sorry love." He settled himself between her thighs and kissed every inch he could reach. The sweet scent of her swirled around him; filled him until he felt as if he were drowning in it. He sank a finger into her, coating it with her juices.

"Now, tell me about those dreams so I can make you come."

"We're in the woods. You're always chasing me," she offered so quickly it made him laugh.

"Do I catch you?"

He kissed and nipped his way up her thigh. Her legs spread wider and he lapped up her cream, loving the taste. Memorizing her musky scent. He turned his finger left and

right and slowly curled it forward. Her hips shot off the bed and she cried out.

"Found it ... Tell me more."

Her body tightened up, every tendon and muscle. He could see her pulling on the ropes, but he'd tied them carefully. They wouldn't come undone without his help.

"You catch me. You rip my clothes off and toss me to the ground."

He sucked on her clit just enough to make her gasp. Then he stopped and waited for her to continue.

"You thrust your fingers inside me, but I'm already wet. I'm always wet for you."

He groaned low in his throat. "I like the sound of that. How many fingers?"

"Two, sometimes three."

"Think you can take three fingers, *petite*?"

"I hope so."

He chuckled and asked her why. Before she could answer, he added a digit turning them inside her slippery channel.

"Because you have a huge cock, that's why. Sebastian, *please*."

"What? What do you want?"

God, he sounded just like he had in her dreams. Amanda was about to come apart and he only had two fingers in her. The roar of the storm was nothing compared to the quake building deep inside her.

"Tell me, *chérie*. So I can make you come." He went back to work scissoring his fingers and lapping at her pussy. Every so often, he hit her clit just right and she felt a spark of

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pleasure. She dug her heels into the bed as best she could so she could drive herself against his fingers, his incredible mouth.

Just when she thought he might let her come, he pulled out his fingers and licked at her juices with his velvety tongue.

"Oh, God. Yes!"

He sampled her, nibbled on the tender flesh. She cried out when he slowly speared her with his tongue. Her cries turned to screams as he thrust faster and faster into her. Deeper. She had to have more.

Something bigger.

She was starting to feel dizzy. Starting to wonder if the orgasm would ever hit her. It was so close. So wonderfully close.

A bolt of lightning lit the room giving her a view of the handsome man between her thighs. She tossed her head back and pulled on the ropes again. This wasn't fair. She wanted to touch him. To feel him. She'd fantasized so many times about learning every inch of his body and now he was so close.

Then he stopped.

She whimpered. "Sebastian!"

"Relax, love." No sooner had the words left his lips than three thick fingers filled her. "Now, you were telling me about your dream. About my fingers pumping in and out of you. Like this?"

"Yeah." She could barely find her voice when he was touching her like that.

"What next?"

"Please, Sebastian."

"Please what?"

"Untie me," she whined. "Enough is enough."

"I told you, no touching—"

Exasperated, she stared down at him, barely able to make out his face in the darkness. "I don't want to touch you. I want you to fuck me. Now."

He froze. For five whole heartbeats, he didn't move a single muscle and she started to wonder if she'd shocked him. Then in a lightning fast move, he was circling the bed, snapping the ropes.

"Ready for this, *petite*?" he asked, his voice dark and low.

"Yes!" Her cry was punctuated by a loud crack of thunder. It was as if the heavens had been waiting for this very moment just as she had.

He crawled across the big bed and settled himself between her thighs. She ran her hands up over his arms, memorizing with her touch what her eyes couldn't see. He repositioned his hips and the broad tip of cock nestled against her opening.

He thrust himself home in one fluid motion. She screamed out in pleasure and pain. Neither of them moved for endless seconds. He kept his arms bracketed around her and she ran her hands down his sides, silently urging him to make love to her. Finally, slowly he pulled back. For a moment, she felt empty but then he was inside her again, filling her. She angled her hips and he sank deeper. With each thrust, they found a rhythm. Him driving forward and her lifting her hips to meet him. He nuzzled her neck, his chest grazing her

breasts with each movement. She recognized the tender caress for what it was, a man barely holding onto his control. He pumped his cock into her faster and faster. She wrapped her legs around him, her moans growing louder.

She'd never felt this good before. This complete.

"Am I hurting you?" he asked when she moaned low in her throat.

"No. Harder. Faster."

She realized very quickly that human men were no match for werewolves. He fucked her harder *and* faster. So hard, she thought they'd break the bed. So fast, she could scarcely breathe. But her body accepted him. Welcomed the onslaught.

Then, as if she'd just leapt off a cliff into the turquoise waters of the ocean, she came. She moaned out her pleasure as it crashed into her like a tidal wave. Every cell in her body seemed energized and blissfully happy.

She heard the throaty grunts and groans of the man above her, her husband, who was thrusting for all he was worth.

With a loud shout of raunchy French, he froze inside her, his cock shooting his seed deep into her body. His muscles were hard beneath her fingertips, but they were also quivering. When he collapsed against her, she lazily ran her fingertips over his back.

"I love you," she whispered.

"I love you too, Amanda St. James." He rose up just enough to kiss her chin.

"Deveraux," she corrected.

"You're right. Mrs. Deveraux. Has a nice ring to it."

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"It certainly does."

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Chapter Seven

Darkness fell over the cabin and the winds eventually died down. Amanda had never felt so wonderful or so safe. They lay there, wrapped in each other's arms until sleep finally claimed them.

In the early hours of the morning, he kissed her awake and she could already feel the steely length of his cock against her hip.

"Good morning, my beautiful bride." She nestled closer, aching in all sorts of delicious places.

"Good morning, my handsome husband."

"So is that how your dream ended?" he asked as he nuzzled her shoulder, a warm palm covering her right breast.

"That was far better."

"Good," he said, sounding satisfied with himself, before his lips claimed hers in a soul-stealing kiss.

He gently squeezed a tender nipple between his finger and thumb. The slight pressure had her gasping. He took full advantage, sweeping his tongue inside her mouth. The erotic invasion brought a rush of moisture to her pussy and she angled her hips toward his.

He let go of her nipple and slid his hand between her legs.

"Are you sore?"

"A little."

"Sorry."

"I'm not. I feel well loved," she said and stretched against him.

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He quickly ran his hand over her torso, his large palm warming her skin. "You are well loved. By me."

Before she could say a word he'd claimed her lips and slipped his hand between her legs. The tip of his finger circled her clit and she shifted her pelvis trying to increase the friction. He laughed softly against her lips.

She whimpered and let her legs fall open, hoping he'd take advantage. Instead, he continued kissing her and driving her crazy with that finger. She was so on edge she was about to fall off. Why was he tormenting her so?

Reaching down with her hand, she started to guide him to the perfect spot but he brushed her hand away and continued his tender torture.

Two could play this game. She wrapped her hand around his cock and stroked up and down slowly.

He groaned against the column of her throat. "That feels so good."

At his words of encouragement, she tickled the underside of his penis with her thumb. He shuddered against her and slid his finger deep inside her tender sheath.

He didn't play fair. She wanted to drive him crazy just like he was doing to her. When she got to the base, she adjusted her grip so she could gently squeeze his balls.

He groaned again and stroked her clitoris, rubbing the tender bundle of nerves with back and forth with his thumb, until finally the tempo was just right. Her hand paused over him and the other grabbed hold of the sheets.

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"So close," she said, afraid to move, to breathe, lest he lose the rhythm of his strokes. So close, she chanted in her mind, willing the orgasm to take her.

"Come for me," he whispered. His words must have done the trick, because her inner muscles immediately began to clench around his finger. Next to him, her body tightened up like the bow of a violin and she screamed out her pleasure.

When she went limp in his arms, he kissed her softly. Her hand rested against his cock; he was still hard as a pipe.

When he pulled back she gave a happy sigh, then narrowed her eyes in mock fierceness. "Finally."

"You enjoyed yourself."

"You're so cocky," she whispered, her voice becoming sleepy. "Problem is you have every reason to be."

He lifted her hand from his hard-on and brushed a kiss over her knuckles.

"Get some rest. You're gonna need it." He kissed her shoulder and then pushed off the bed. "I'll be right back. Need to check da weather."

* * * *

When Amanda woke, light was just starting coming through the bedroom door. The spot next to her was empty. She sat up and looked around the room.

"Sebastian?"

"Out here, *cherie*."

She followed the sound of his voice and found him sitting in a lone chair on the deck, his gaze fixed on the light blue

sky. The door was propped open and the shutters had been raised.

"Storm headed east so we didn't get the worst of it." He smiled up at her and she felt her insides turn to mush all over again.

The black robe didn't look nearly as big on him as it had on her. She bent to give him a kiss and he pulled her onto his lap. His strong arms wrapped around her naked body, holding her close.

"I will never get tired of kissing you," he informed her.

She laughed and wrapped her arms around his neck. As she gazed into his dark eyes, she wondered why she'd ever stayed away.

"You must stay, you know. You're to be my Luna now."

"Your Luna?"

"My mate. The leader of our pack. You're the Alpha female now."

"Does that mean that you have to do whatever I tell you?" she teased and trailed her fingers down the hard plain of his chest.

"I might let you have your way every now and then," he said and cupped her left breast in his hand. She arched against him and felt the hard ridge between them.

"Sebastian!" she said, shocked at his eagerness. "You're hard again."

"I cannot help it, *cherié*. It's your fault. It's what being near you does to me."

It was time for some payback.

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"Is that right?" She tugged at the ties holding the robe closed and let them fall away. She stared deep into his eyes as she brushed the soft fabric away from his body. Bracing her hands against his chest, she straddled his hips and slowly drank in the sight of him sans clothing.

Hot was an understatement. No wonder he was the most eligible bachelor in Louisiana.

Not anymore. A smile spread across her face and she began to rub against the hard length of him.

He sucked in a breath and looked at her through his lashes. "What are you smiling about, love?"

"You're not the most eligible—bachelor—in Louisiana—anymore," she said, concentrating on the friction between her legs.

Her juices covered his cock, making for a slippery ride. He bucked his hips and almost succeeded in sliding home. She pushed him down and shook her head.

"It's my turn to drive you wild."

"You do that every day." His hands closed around her hips and he pushed his hips up against hers.

She was rapidly losing control of both her desire and him, and the look in his dark eyes said he knew it. He reached between her legs and flicked the sensitive nub.

Quickly, she stood up and turned around. "You're not getting your way," she told him over her shoulder.

He growled low in his throat but the sound didn't scare her. She reached beneath her and guided his cock into her wet sheath.

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Bracing her hands against his thighs, she began moving up and down on his cock. She kept the rhythm tortuously slow. He was so big, so thick. His hands raked over her back and she fought the urge to lean back against him, to let him take the lead.

His arm snaked around her waist and his fingers closed over her clit, making her cry out.

"I should tie you up since you can't keep your hands to yourself."

"Not a chance in hell." The possessive tone set off something inside her. She tossed her head back and rode him as hard as she could. An orgasm swept over her, heating her from the inside out, shocking her with its quickness.

She was almost embarrassed, but he kept his fingers pressed firmly against her. She moaned long and low and slowed to a stop.

"We're not done, beautiful," he whispered into her ear.

In the blink of an eye, he'd pushed them out of the chair and bent her over the railing, his cock still balls deep inside her. He brushed her hair to the side and rained kisses over her back and shoulders.

She braced her hands against the wet wood and stared down into the dark waters. Her breasts dangled into space and she suddenly wondered if anyone could see them. She looked out at the quiet landscape and pastel sunrise.

"No one can see you, *chérie*. We're out here all alone." He nipped her shoulder blade with his teeth. An excited shiver raced over her skin and she pushed back against his cock. He

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pulled all the way out and then thrust into her. "No one to hear you scream."

His words brought another flood of desire, of moisture. Clamping his hands over her hips, he started a slow motion, almost a twist as he pushed himself inside her heat. Cries of delight erupted from her throat and carried over the water.

Faster and faster he moved, his hot breath panting against her neck.

"Come for me," he demanded and rubbed her clit.

"You first," she replied, squeezing his cock with her muscles. A deep sound, almost a roar, burst from his throat. He swelled inside her and came with force. At the same moment, sharp teeth clamped over the base of her neck causing her to scream. Tears stung her eyes, but the pain was quickly replaced by pleasure. He pressed against her clit and she came again, crying out his name. Her knees went weak, and she was glad she was trapped between the solidness of Sebastian and the strong wooden railing. She was utterly spent.

"I love you," he said, his voice thick with emotion. He kissed the tender spot on the back of her neck.

Love and pleasure wrapped her like a blanket. Moisture slicked her thighs, but she didn't care. She had Sebastian. Finally. After all the yearning and waiting, she had his love. She was home.

The End

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Author Bio

Selena Blake has been telling stories for as long as she can remember, so, it's only appropriate that she write some of them down and share them with you.

When she's not writing sinfully hot erotica or spicy paranormal romance, she can be found watching movies, listening to music (and dancing around like a crazy woman), or cooking in her kitchen. She loves fruity drinks, the smell of coconut suntan lotion and exploring the darker side of things, looking for the light. She firmly believes that at the center of every anti-hero, there is a heart of gold. And that brunettes actually have more fun.

Visit her online at www.selena-blake.com.

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