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Stormy Weather

IN THE

Bitten BAYOU

Bitten in the Bayou [Stormy Weather 2]
by Selena Blake

Cobblestone Press

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First published in 2008

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CONTENTS

[Dedication](#)

[Chapter One](#)

[Chapter Two](#)

[Chapter Three](#)

[Chapter Four](#)

[Chapter Five](#)

[Chapter Six](#)

[Chapter Seven](#)

[Author Bio](#)

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Bitten in the Bayou

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ISBN: 978-1-60088-280-7

Cover Artist: Dan Skinner

Editor: Tracy Seybold

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Dedication

To Leila Brown, for stepping into my life at just the right moment, giving me encouragement, pushing me to work harder and think outside the box.

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Chapter One

The sun broke through the dark thundercloud and warmed the damp earth. Jules Deveraux turned to his brother André and frowned. "See anything?"

André shook his dark head. "*Non*."

They'd been in town for supplies, waiting for the latest hurricane to blow to shore when a distressed businessman had stormed in looking for his missing girlfriend. He'd hired André and Jules to find her, to bring her back safely. No one knew the swamp and the forest as well as the Deveraux brothers.

So here they were. On the chase. Not that Jules minded. He was a wolf in human clothing after all.

As quick as the sun had come, it went. Thunder rumbled in the distance, and the wind picked up again. The scent of muck and rain swirled around him. He sniffed the air for any scent of the woman.

"He must love her an awful lot, *non*? To come here looking for her?"

"His concern seemed ... genuine," André said, leaning down to study a patch of earth.

This would go a lot faster if they were in wolf form, but they couldn't risk being seen. The storm chasers and weather reporters were already setting up shop, waiting for the next big one. Jules had seen enough storms to have a good idea which ones would pass them by. Perhaps it was just a sixth sense.

"You don't sound as if you believe that, *mon frere*," he said as they pushed their way farther into the forest.

"I don't."

"Neither do I. He seemed *too* concerned."

"Too possessive," André agreed.

Jules caught the scent of lilac and inhaled appreciatively. Warm, distinctly floral with a hint of woman. He'd found her.

"Come on." He took off jogging.

Lightning crackled overhead, charging the air with its energy. They had to find her and get the hell outta here, fast. If there was one thing Jules knew, it was that lightning, tall trees and water don't mix. He paused and caught her scent again. He turned right and pushed the low hanging limbs out of the way.

The boom of thunder told him the storm was getting close. He saw something through the leaves. Something pink. He motioned for his brother to look in that direction. André nodded, his gaze fixed on the spot.

There she was.

The scent grew stronger, surrounding them. Swirling on the wind. Intoxicating him. She smelled ... ripe. Delicious. Unexpected ... but familiar.

Odd. He was sure they'd never met before.

Together they stepped forward, silently, until they had a better view.

Angelica Humphrey's picture hadn't done her justice. Her golden hair was captured loosely at her neck. Several tendrils escaped, cascading around her face. She looked through the

view finder of a camera, completely oblivious to their presence.

Didn't she know there were predators about?

André must have sensed his thoughts. A tight smile curved his lips upward, and they shared a glance.

Her petal pink t-shirt was peppered with raindrops. It outlined her lush breasts and trim waist. A sage green rain slicker was cinched around her hips and her form-fitting jeans flared at the bottom over a pair of boots that had seen better days. A dingy camera bag sat at her feet.

Angelica felt a zing along the back of her neck. That same zing had often warned her of danger or where to be to get the best shot possible. It had warned her away from William, thank God. Despite his Golden Child good looks, he was a dark and dangerous man. Possessive and ruthless.

Slowly she lowered her camera till it dangled from her neck. The snap of a twig made her look right. Two men stepped out of the trees and into the clearing.

Her first instinct was to run.

But for some reason she stayed put, looking them over. The one on the left was tall, trim, with unruly black hair. He had sharply chiseled features. Some might even call him beautiful. But his lean frame proclaimed he was all man.

"Angelica Humphrey?" the other man asked.

He was only an inch or so shorter and far more rugged. Muscles shimmered beneath his T-shirt. He had the same dark hair, unreadable eyes, and rosy lips.

A coil of desire tightened low in her belly, surprising her. She hadn't felt honest to goodness desire in a very long time.

"How do you know my name?" she asked, mentally calculating how fast she could pull the knife from her boot. She never traveled without protection. As a wildlife photographer she sometimes came across beasts that needed taming.

"William Bardsley asked us to find you. I'm André Deveraux, and des is my brother Jules." His accent was delicious and wicked. His brother gave her a friendly smile, one that was supposed to put her at ease, no doubt. But it just made all her muscles tighten.

William had sent them?

They didn't look like William's thugs. She'd never warmed to any of his friends or ... associates.

"You don't look like you need finding," the taller one, Jules, murmured. A dark eyebrow inched up slightly as he took in her raincoat and boots.

"Why don't you run along and tell William that I meant it when I said it was over."

The two men shared a glance. Jules put his hand on his hips. The rain picked up again, and she quickly shrugged into her coat.

"He's not your boyfriend?" Jules asked. An unreadable expression crossed his face.

Angelica couldn't stop the laugh that erupted from her lips. "Hardly. We were dating. I said it was over. William's the type that always gets what he wants. No matter the cost to anyone else."

She bent to put her camera in her bag, making sure to keep an eye on them. Overhead, the wind howled through the

trees and the birds she'd been photographing took flight.

"Better yet, don't tell him you found me at all."

Slowly she backed away from them.

"If he's not your boyfriend, why did he come all this way to find you?"

That had her stopping in her tracks. A trickle of fear tiptoed up her spine.

"He came here?"

André nodded.

"We met him in town. What in the world are you doin' out here anyway? Don't you know there's a hurricane a comin'?" Jules asked.

Angelica nodded. She did indeed know there was a hurricane coming. "That's why I'm here. I'm a wildlife photographer."

"A wildlife photographer?" André asked, as if he'd never heard of the concept before. He stepped closer, and Angelica's heartbeat picked up speed. Didn't they care that they were getting soaked? Their T-shirts seemed to be melting against their tanned skin. Another clap of thunder shook the ground, jolting her nerves.

Jules spoke quietly to André in what sounded like French. His voice was rich like Swiss chocolate. André nodded, and they both settled their gazes upon her. Tingles erupted over her skin, her breasts tightened and the trickle of desire exploded into full blown need.

"I, ugh, I've gotta go. Nice meeting you." She turned like a scared deer and ran.

Bitten in the Bayou [Stormy Weather 2]
by Selena Blake

She'd gotten all of three feet before a strong hand clamped down on her wrist and spun her around. A scream froze in throat when she found herself pinned to Jules' tall frame.

"Not that way. Wanna get eaten by a gator?"

Again that dark eyebrow mocked her. But she couldn't find the energy to care. She was too aware of the flat planes of his stomach, his rock hard thigh between hers, the corded muscles beneath her fingertips. Her breath stalled in her lungs as she looked way up, her gaze meeting his.

He'd asked her a question. Silently, she shook her head. No, she didn't want to get eaten by an alligator. But she wondered what it would be like to be gobbled up by a sexy Cajun.

She stomped down on that thought. If William had come after her, he was more serious than she'd originally thought. She needed to disappear for a while. Good thing she'd brought her passport.

"What do they call this color, André?" Jules' unexpected question confused her. His eyes flicked over the top of her head.

"Strawberry blonde?" the other man replied. He sounded like he was right behind her. She turned her head and saw him out of the corner of her eye. Only a foot or so separated her back from his front. She'd be lying if she said the men's nearness didn't affect her. Excite her just a little.

She'd traveled the world, and though she'd always had her lens zoomed in on animals, she'd kept an eye out for Mr. Right. Or Mr. Hot-n-Sexy. She'd never come across a man so worthy of being photographed. A man so gorgeous he could

steal her breath. One who had an animal magnetism that was usually reserved for movie stars.

Until now.

And there were two of them, she thought, feeling rather dreamy despite the fact that she was sinking into the mud.

"Right," Jules murmured, drawing her attention back to him. "Strawberry blonde. I love strawberries, don't you André?"

His tone was so seductive, so husky, Angelica's insides melted. Her hardened nipples brushed against his chest, and she knew she should back away from him. Get as far away from these men as she could.

"Mmm, hmm."

"So juicy. And sweet," Jules whispered in her ear. A little thrill raced through her as his breath warm caressed her wet skin. When he straightened and actually licked his lips, she was sure he was going to kiss her.

Angelica found strength she didn't know she had and took a step back. Self-preservation. She had to get out of this swamp. Away from William. No matter how seductive these men were.

Her back hit something strong and solid. Not a tree. André.

Large hands clamped over her hips, and a squeak of alarm escaped her lips.

"What's wrong, *chérie*?" Jules stepped toward her, his hands capturing hers. He breathed on them, letting his hot breath chase away the chill.

"No—nothing." She shook her head. When he looked up at her through those long, black eyelashes, Angelica realized she

was a goner. They'd completely and utterly seduced her with their heated looks, sexy accent, and tender touch. "Is William still in town?" she found herself asking.

Jules tensed for just a second before he shrugged those strong shoulders. "Dunno."

"Does it matter?" André asked.

"He's a dangerous man." Her voice shook more than she wanted.

Jules' jaw worked back and forth, and his hazel eyes darkened to match the stormy sky. "Don't worry, *chérie*. We'll protect you."

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Chapter Two

"Let's start by getting her out of this storm," André said.

Jules nodded his agreement and laced his fingers through Angelica's. He could smell her desire, hear her quickened heartbeat, her shallow breathing.

Turning, he started back toward their cabin. He was glad she'd put her raincoat back on. The rain had soaked their clothes. Water ran off his chin, dribbled from his fingertips. He could tell she was getting chilled.

Jules lengthened his stride. They wove their way through the forest, around the swamp. The rain coming through the trees sounded like a wild orchestra. The frogs lent their throaty vocals, and in the distance a bird added her own song. Through the leaves, the wind whistled. Such an incredible song.

Such a crazy woman to be out in the middle of it.

He looked back and saw that she was watching him. He couldn't help but smile. At first he hadn't been sure if she'd actually needed rescuing or not. There was an air of confidence about her. Like she could handle herself.

And yet she'd seemed almost vulnerable when they'd told her that her boyfriend—ex-boyfriend—had come looking for her. She'd denied their relationship was that serious. Her eyes flamed with green fire.

Obviously she didn't like this William guy all that much. If he was as dangerous as she seemed to think he was, she certainly didn't want to be anywhere he could find her.

Bitten in the Bayou [Stormy Weather 2]
by Selena Blake

"About another half mile," he told her over his shoulder.
"You all right?"

No sooner had she nodded then she tripped over a fallen limb. André caught her around the waist and sat her back on her feet.

"Well, I was until you asked," she said with a shaky laugh. He liked the sound of her laugh. And he liked that she wasn't a damsel in distress, he thought, pushing his way through the thick underbrush. Green and yellow leaves sliced at his skin, but he barely noticed.

The wind blew at their backs, as if it was pushing them to the cabin. He led her across a well-worn, cedar footbridge. In the distance he heard the lower growl of Gin, their guard dog. Ever since Sebastian and Amanda had gotten back together, Jules and André had been camping out down here at the cabin. They were happy to give their brother his privacy with his new wife. With their Luna.

The cabin came into view. Gin waited on the porch, his bushy tail wagging slowly like a willow in the breeze. "We're here."

"Where is here?" Angelica had pulled the hood of her jacket up over her head to ward off some of the rain.

"What would you call this, André? Our summer home?"

"I just call it the cabin," André replied and made his way up the stairs. He spoke quietly to the dog and patted his head.

Jules tried to see the place through Angelica's eyes. Years ago they'd had a small fishing cabin on the water. It was rustic, but tight for four werewolves. Then Burke's brother,

Bitten in the Bayou [Stormy Weather 2]
by Selena Blake

Laurent, had moved over from France and things got even more cramped. Later Sebastian had built this one and one closer to the road. They both afforded more privacy, which was something the Deveraux men needed. What with turning into wolves occasionally and being wealthy bachelors.

The cabin was multiple levels, made to withstand the weather and everything Mother Nature had to throw at them. The wood was varnished a rich honey gold. At the far end of the wide front porch a soft fabric hammock rocked and rippled in the wind.

Jules stepped onto the boardwalk and tugged Angelica up the stairs.

"Let's get you dried off, *chérie*. That hurricane'll be here soon. You can wait here with us until it's over."

She chewed her bottom lip for a moment, but once she was out of the weather she seemed to brighten a bit. She held tight to his hand. He rather enjoyed it.

Inside André and Jules took off their wet boots and left them by the door. Angelica surveyed the large open living room. She studied the art and photographs, then the books as she shrugged out of her raincoat.

"Here. Allow me." André took her coat and hung it on the coat rack by the door. "Don't be alarmed, *coeur*, I'm gonna put da storm shutters down."

Angelica watched in rapt fascination as André pressed a series of buttons that put the electronic shutters down. What was that line from that movie? *No expense spared*. When the windows were dark and protected from the storm, soft overhead lights popped on. Who were these guys?

"If you'd like to get out of those wet things and take a warm shower, now would be the time. Power will be out soon. And we won't start the generator until after the storm, *chérie*."

She turned to him and then looked down at her wet clothes.

"Somehow I don't think you guys are your every day swamp rats," she said with a smile. *Unless one of them was the king.*

Jules laughed. "*Non*. Nothing that verminous."

"Who are you, really?"

"Does it matter, *chérie*?" He stepped forward, wanting to sweep her into his arms and then settle her onto his lap. He had the strongest urge to keep her there

"I like to know who I'm ... involved with. No, that didn't come out right. The company I keep. William seemed like a good guy at first. But then he became possessive. We were only dating. And not even exclusively."

"But he wanted you all for himself?" Jules supplied.

"Yes."

He gave her a long once over from the tips of her white socks to the wisps of blonde hair framing her face. She didn't meet his gaze, looking at the floor instead. Her hands were tucked into her back pockets. The position was casual enough, but he could sense an underlying rigidity in her spine, her shoulders. Again, her mixture of confidence and vulnerability charmed him.

Bitten in the Bayou [Stormy Weather 2]
by Selena Blake

With her combination of lean athletic body and almost pixy like features, Jules could understand why a man would want to lock her away and spend all his time in her company.

His mind conjured up all sorts of mental images of what they could do together...

"I can understand that desire, *chérie*."

She stared at him for several long seconds.

"Which way to the bathroom?"

She was probably smart to put some distance between them, so he pointed to the door. "I'll get you something dry to wear."

She nodded. But for some reason, she still didn't look convinced. She crossed the room, and a few seconds later he heard the soft click as she locked the door behind her. Even more than he wanted her body under his, he wanted her to be comfortable with him.

"You gonna keep this one, *mon frere*?" André asked once she'd gone. He stood in the kitchen, his strong hands opening a bottle of white wine. "She looks like she's the chardonnay type," he murmured innocently.

"I plan to have her, if that's what you mean."

The corner of André's mouth kicked up into grin. "Well, dat was a given."

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Chapter Three

Angelica was thankful to be out of her wet clothes and freshly showered. She slipped into the t-shirt and sweatpants Jules had given her. They smelled like him. Rich, spicy, masculine. She pulled up the hem of the shirt and rubbed her cheek against it.

He hadn't said what he did for a living. She didn't know exactly who he was, but the look in his eyes ... there was something about him. Something familiar. Something safe.

When he'd said they'd protect her, she'd believed him.

Now if she could just wait out this storm without embarrassing herself in front of the two gorgeous Deveraux brothers...

When she stepped from the bathroom, the shutters were down, and the room was dark. Candles dotted the space, giving it a romantic glow.

She was not going to think about romance.

"*Chérie*?" Jules called. He leaned into the living area from the kitchen. "Feeling better?"

"Much. Thank you." She noticed her camera bag was sitting on top of the armoire. The big dog lying at the base of the front door looked up at her and wagged his tale a few times.

"Hungry? André makes the best gumbo in five counties." For an instant the thought that the food might be drugged crossed her mind, but she quickly put it out of her head.

They'd come out there to find her. Why would they risk being struck by lightning only to harm her?

She nodded and followed Jules into the kitchen. He and Andre must have changed while she was in the shower. They were both in dry shirts and fresh jeans. Wind howled around the cabin walls like a wolf during mating season. It gave her chills.

"Are you guys sure this is a safe place to be?" She gulped as a loud bang of thunder shook the floor.

"Perfectly safe. We engineered it dat way. All de materials were made to withstand high winds. And da foundation floats, so rising water is no problem."

"Well ... wow." She glanced around at the homey interior. They sure weren't your typical bachelors.

"What made you want to be a wildlife photographer?" Jules asked, pulling bowls off of a shelf. She watched his sure, easy movements. It was as if he'd performed the task a thousand times. Beneath his jeans and the fabric of his shirt she could see his well-toned muscles. He placed three spoons on the counter, and her gaze zeroed in on his long fingers.

He'd asked her a question ... photographer. Her. Right.

"I love wildlife, to start with. My parents had me out of the house every weekend when I was little. I've been to more national parks than I can count. In high school I was on the yearbook staff and in college, journalism. So it seemed like a natural progression."

"What's the most majestic thing you've ever photographed?" André asked from the stove. The recessed lights overhead showed off his five o'clock shadow and the

chiseled lines of his face. God, she'd love to photograph the two of them. There was something so rugged about them. Something so untamed in their eyes. Dark eyes that reminded her of the waters of the bayou. Somewhere you could easily get lost.

"Tigers!" she said quickly, remembering his question. "Last year I photographed tigers in Africa. I was scared to death and totally exhilarated at the same time."

"Did they try to eat you?" The corner of his full, kissable mouth pulled up into a smile that did funny things to her stomach.

"No," she said, laughing.

"They didn't want to eat her, *mon frere*. They probably wanted to lick her from head to toe." Jules' words brought naughty images to mind. Images of him and her naked. *Him* licking her from head to toe. Her toes curled against the wood floor. "What would you like to drink, *chérie*? We have wine, water, and beer."

Figured, she thought with a mental smile. Bachelors and their beer.

"Water's fine, thanks." He looked as if he wanted to object, but instead he pulled a glass from the shelf and then reached into the fridge for a bottle of water.

"I should probably get you an extra. André 's gumbo can be spicy. He likes it like he likes his women ... hot 'n spicy," Jules teased. Angelica found herself relaxing a little.

He put the glass and bottle on the table. "Have a seat."

They were so much more laid back than William. She sighed. She wasn't going to think about him. She wasn't.

"So tell me about yourselves. What do you do? Favorite sports team? Ever been married? All that jazz."

As soon as the words left her mouth she dropped her head into her hands. *What an idiot.*

"We're Saints fans all the way," Jules said as if she hadn't embarrassed herself. "Here ya go." He put a bowl of gumbo in front of her.

A bold combination of scents wafted under her nose. Soon the men joined her. They both had a big glass of ruby red wine in front of them, and suddenly that looked like a good idea.

She bit her bottom lip and picked up her spoon. It was just a meal. A safe place until the storm passed. Surely she could keep her hormones in check for that long.

"How did William know where to find you?" Jules scooped a spoonful of gumbo into his mouth. She watched him chew, fascinated by his strong jaw.

"I have no idea," she said, shaking her head. Irritation clawed at her when she thought of him coming all this way as if she belonged to him. As if she was an item to be owned and carried around. That made her no better than a pet. A dog.

Another loud clap of thunder shook the building, and she shivered.

"You're safe, *chérie*."

Jules quiet voice calmed her, and she smiled across the table at him. For some inexplicable reason she found herself believing him. It was hard not to. He had such a commanding presence.

André got up a few minutes later to refill his bowl, and she realized she'd hardly touched her food. Not wanting to seem ungrateful, she dug in with gusto. It was pretty spicy. Her eyes watered, and she reached for her water glass.

"Good?" Jules asked with a sexy smile. Her stomach did a flip-flop.

She nodded and dropped her eyes to her bowl. Dear Lord, where was her willpower? Why was she so attracted to him? To them both?

The thought sent a ripple of desire through her. She took a deep steadying breath, but it did little to stop the thoughts, the images, running through her mind.

"So what were you photographing out there today? Seems like a bad time to be out shootin' pictures," André said.

"I was capturing the wildlife as it runs from the storm. Birds are particularly in tune with the weather. Most animals are, actually."

"Have you ever taken pictures of wolves?"

"No, but I've always wanted to. They're a favorite of mine."

"A favorite, hmm?" Jules took a sip of his wine, and her gaze followed his movements. His lips were red, his mouth dangerously sexy. What would it be like to kiss him?

"Yeah—" Her voice cracked. "I—um, I adopted one, actually. Through a Save the Wolves campaign. They send me pictures of him once a year and let me know how he and his pack are doing. He's beautiful."

"Males aren't beautiful," André said.

"Handsome, then. He's a very handsome wolf."

"Does he have a mate?"

"Not yet. Maybe one day. I don't want him to be a loner forever." She took another bite.

Jules smiled and André frowned, a wrinkle creasing his forehead. "Loner?"

"You know. Alone. Never settling down. I want him to find a mate and have cute, little wolf puppies, and then I could be a grandma."

The men exchanged a glance, and she realized how crazy she sounded.

Gosh, she didn't even have any cats, and she was already the crazy old lady...

"Nevermind," she muttered and quickly polished her bowl. Then she drained her glass and tried to convince her taste buds that they were *not* on fire.

"I like that idea, actually. Settling down and having wolf puppies." Jules nodded as if getting used to the idea. Then he smiled.

"I just don't want him to be alone, that's all."

"We can understand that, *chérie*. Can't we, André?"

André's eyes darkened, but he gave a terse nod. Then he was out of his chair, collecting the bowls.

An uncomfortable silence hung in the room. Angelica wondered if she'd said something wrong.

"What would you like to do until the storm passes?" Jules asked.

She shrugged. "What do you normally do?"

"Read. Play cards. How about a game of Scrabble?" His drawl combined with his enthusiasm was sexy as hell.

"Well, I'm not much of a speller, but I'll give it a shot."

"Dat's da spirit, *chérie*." He strode into the candle lit living room and knelt in front of the TV armoire.

André sat another bottle of water next to her glass, and she smiled up at him. The predatory look in his eyes momentarily shocked her. But it was gone before she could be certain of what she'd seen. He dropped into his seat at the round table and took a long drink from his wine glass.

Jules came back with the game and laid it out in front of them. They took turns selecting pieces from the bag. Angelica stared at the letters and wondered what the hell she was going to spell with them.

"Rules are, any words go. You get double points for dirty and triple for animals. In Angelica's honor." Jules flashed her a grin and selected a letter from the bag. "Whoever has the lowest letter goes first."

She and André did the same.

"I got an O," she said, showing them the wooden piece.

"B," Jules said. André held up an E.

"Looks like I'm first." Jules put his letter back in the bag. He rested his chin on his fist as he studied his letters. His eyes darted back and forth like he was magically figuring out all possible combinations.

"Well," he said finally. "It's not that big, but I think it's gonna help me win." He laid down the pieces, and she stared at the word. *Fox*.

He glanced at the ceiling, obviously doing some mental math. "Double word—triple because it's an animal. Seventy eight points."

"Dang."

"That's too short," André complained.

And so it began. Brotherly rivalry. Crazy rules. And enough sexual tension to burn the cabin down. André gave his brother an evil grin and then smiled at her apologetically.

"Double word, ya know."

Fuck.

"Well, it's definitely dirty," she said, hardly recognizing her husky voice. She reached for her water.

Staring at her letters, she kept wishing that there was an L on the board. She'd never been much good at this game. Words were not her thing. How was she supposed to use three Os?

"Well, they're your rules," she murmured and laid down three pieces off of André's word.

"Cock. I like the way your mind works, *chérie*," Jules said. She felt a blush heat her cheeks.

"They're your rules," she protested.

"You're embarrassing her," André inserted smoothly.

"What am I supposed to do with three Os?"

Jules threw his head back and laughed. Even as embarrassment flooded her, she found herself loving the rich happy sound. He leaned forward and pegged her with a glance that melted her insides. "Well, *chérie*, I'd think you'd cry out with pleasure." He raised an eyebrow in a way she found deliciously sexy. "Over. And over. And over again."

Her blush deepened, but her pussy grew moist at his words. She took a shuddering breath, utterly amazed at the effect his words, the mental pictures flashing before her eyes,

had on her body. How did she manage to say such crazy things?

He made no move to continue the game; he merely regarded her. Uncomfortable with his intense gaze, she reached for the bag and pulled out new letters.

Now she got an L.

"It's your turn," she told him.

"Clit. Double word," he said and wrote down his score.

André studied the board for a moment and then laid down *box*.

At least that wasn't remotely sexual.

She focused on her letters and rearranged them a few times. A loud bang against the wall behind her startled a shriek from her throat. Her heart pounded, and her blood surged through her veins.

"You're okay, *petite*. Why don't you come sit over here by me?" Jules offered.

"You'll look at my letters," she said with mock fierceness.

"I wouldn't do that. I promise." Before she could reply he'd stretched toward her and was pulling her and her chair across the floor toward him. She grabbed for her tray of letters but kept them carefully angled away.

His nearness, his warmth, surrounded her. Tempted her. Her breasts tingled in anticipation.

"Tongue," she announced as she laid down her letters.

"Cock and now tongue. Have something on your mind, *cher*?" Jules teased. That now familiar flutter tickled her insides. How was she supposed to steel herself against his flirtations? He was a master.

He made her forget about William, the storm brewing outside, even her own nervousness. What she couldn't figure out was why he would be interested in someone who was a bit bigger than average and not your typical blonde with blue eyes.

She remembered what he'd said about loving strawberries...

"Maybe wine isn't such a bad idea," she murmured.

"I'll get it. You play," André told Jules.

When André returned with her wine, Jules had laid down the word *gem*.

"As in gem stone?"

Jules nodded.

The lights flickered once, twice, and then they were cast into darkness. With no light, her other senses immediately took over. The rain beat against the house furiously. It seemed alive, like it was trying to claw its way in. A nervous tremor coursed through her veins.

A heavy hand settled on her knee, and she jumped, a girly squeal erupting from her throat.

"Shh ... you're okay. Let your eyes adjust." By the tone she could tell it was Jules who was comforting her.

Slowly the candle light from the living room brightened their corner of the kitchen.

"Looks like we're done for a while," he said, his voice low ... seductive.

She turned to look at him, able to make out his features, the hungry look in his eyes. Glancing over at André, she saw

him watching her closely. The intimate inspection unnerved her. Made her want to shift in her seat.

But the hand on her knee squeezed gently, reassuring her. When she looked into Jules' eyes, she hardly noticed the rumble of thunder or the howling wind.

"I want to kiss you," he whispered.

"Are you asking permission?" she asked and held her breath.

"No," he said roughly, and before she could blink, his lips were crushing hers. She shifted toward him, closing her eyes. He cupped her cheek in his hand, and she wanted to rub herself against it. To soak up his warmth, his strength.

He probed at her lips with his tongue, and she opened for him. As his tongue swept inside she heard someone groan. She wasn't sure who.

He tasted rich ... of wine and gumbo. Their tongues danced back and forth, and she clung to his shoulders. Her breasts were heavy and aching for his touch. She felt hungry, empty.

Slowly he severed the kiss, and a tiny sound of protest escaped her lips.

"Damn, you know how to kiss. So soft and tempting. Giving and demanding all at once," he said, sounding out of breath. "I could kiss you for hours."

That could be arranged, she thought blissfully.

It was as if the whole day, since she'd first caught sight of them in the woods, had been leading up to this moment. Priming her, readying her for his kiss. His touch.

A warm hand curled around her shoulder, and she turned to look up at André. That predatory look was back, and it called to something inside of her. Quickly she glanced back at Jules.

He cocked his head to the side. "You didn't think he was going to let me keep you all to myself, did you?"

Before she could answer André wrapped his hands around her waist and pulled her up into the circle of his arms. His lips came down hard on hers. Hot and demanding. This was no slow taste test. It was pure urgency. Breath-stealing, soul-searing passion. He held her close, his hands branding her through the thin fabric of the T-shirt.

First Jules. Now Andre. If he hadn't been kissing her senseless, she was sure she would have wondered at the fact that she had let two gorgeous Cajuns kiss her. Within seconds of each other, no less. But his lips chased away all coherent thought, and the only signals being sent to her brain were pleasurable feelings.

She let her hands slide up the solid wall of his chest and settle on his broad shoulders. Touching him was a sensual journey all its own. His muscles rippled beneath her fingertips, causing her to tingle deep inside. Moisture pooled between her thighs.

The tip of his tongue swept along the seam of her lips, but instead of seeking entrance, she realized he'd licked her. Her knees went weak, and he held her to him as if she weighed nothing at all.

All the wonderful, sexy sensations bombarding her made her light-headed. This was her ultimate fantasy. Could she be

dreaming? She didn't think so. She'd never have come up with anything this perfect. Her imagination wasn't overly fruitful. And in her wildest dreams she'd never met two men who could equal Jules or André.

"You're thinking too much," André murmured against her lips. "Take her upstairs."

His words doused her like a shower that had just run out of hot water. Upstairs? With them? Both of them?

Before she could protest, or even decide on her options, Jules' arms wrapped around her, and then she was being lifted. He settled her high against his chest, and her insides went to mush. She'd never been picked up like this before.

Yep, she must be dreaming.

"If you don't want us, *chérie*, now is the time to say stop," Jules said as he carried her across the living room.

Us. The word hung in the air. She stared up at Jules' profile. Her heart squeezed in her chest, and she realized she liked him. But they hadn't even had a first date. And it wasn't like she knew all that much of about him. About either of them really.

Except they'd come out into a hurricane to find her. They'd sworn to protect her from her asshole ex boyfriend. They'd fed her and sheltered her from the storm. Without her knife she was perfectly defenseless and yet they'd been complete gentlemen.

And she was insanely attracted to both of them.

"Why would I say stop?" she asked softly, thoroughly enjoying the protective feel of his arms. And the rush of excitement coursing through her. Sometimes when she was

out in the cold, waiting on an animal to show up for his photo shoot, she daydreamed about this. Being held, feeling safe and warm.

"Andre and I ... have old wounds, Angel. Now we have a pact to never fight over a woman. Instead ... we share," he said as he carried her up the stairs. Her stomach gave an excited flutter.

"You'd never fight over me." She laughed.

"You bet we would."

His words caused her to still in his arms. She soaked them in. Two men, fighting over her? It was crazy. And a primitive part of her thought it sexy as hell.

André came behind them with a candle in each hand. He sat them on a dresser, and she could make out an enormous bed across the room. She didn't get a chance to look at much else before Jules lowered her feet to the floor.

"Do you have a preference?"

"I couldn't pick between the two of you, if that's what you're asking."

And if she were honest, she'd had more than one fantasy about having two lovers.

The brothers shared a glance and then turned their attention back on her. Oh, what the hell. What happens in the bayou stays in the bayou? Right.

She took a steadying breath and looked from Jules to Andre. "I'm all for sharing."

They gave her matching, almost canine-like, grins as they flanked her. If she hadn't been so excited she would have felt a little like an animal's prey. But Jules' spoke soft little

endearments and together the two men made short work of her clothes. Before she knew it, she was standing between them, naked. Chill bumps broke out over her skin.

"You are so beautiful," Jules said, cupping her breasts in his hands. Behind her, André was solid and warm. He skimmed his hands down her sides and held her against him. Her nipples beaded against Jules' palms, crying out for attention.

He gave it to them, using his fingers and then his mouth. He suckled and pulled until the inside of her thighs were slick. She'd never known her breasts were so sensitive.

While Jules played, André slid a hand across her belly and down through her curls. Jules took a brief moment to shuck his shirt before he returned his lips to her breast. The dim light highlighted his incredible body. He was cut, sculpted. Pure male perfection. He used his whole tongue to brush over her nipple, then he sucked her into his mouth. She moaned low in her throat and let her head drop back against André's chest.

"Are you going to come for us, *petite*?" André's deep voice pushed through the fog.

"Hmm hmm."

"Yes," he told her.

"Yes!"

Over and over he raked the tips of his fingers through the soft hairs between her legs. Never touching her clit, never testing her wetness, never sliding inside of her. Tension built in her muscles, and she wanted to scream out. Beg them to help her come.

Instead, they continued their slow torture for endless minutes. When she could barely stand, Jules wrapped his hands around her waist and held her up.

"Come, *chérie*," André said and flicked his finger over her clit. An orgasm rushed through her, taking her by surprise. She cried out as her muscles twitched and contracted. When it subsided and she was falling back to earth, she leaned against the big man behind her.

His arms hugged her close, and she sighed.

Jules couldn't wait to taste her. Angelica's sweet scent called to him in the darkness, begging him to lick every inch until he found everywhere she'd dabbed her lilac perfume. Inhale her until he couldn't think straight. Her skin was tight from her orgasm, her pores oozing sexy pheromones.

The beast inside howled for fast and furious sex, for him to bend her over the big bed and take her from behind. Grip her hips and bury himself as far as he could go. But he wasn't going to give in to the wolf. Not today.

Cupping her cheeks in his hands, he lowered his lips to hers. She was soft. So very soft. But she returned his kiss with surprising passion, and he found it hard to be gentle. To go slow. Her small hands were cool against his naked chest. He slid his tongue between her lips, and she sucked it inside. The gentle suction made his cock ache, made him desperate to feel her mouth and that tempting tongue further south.

Her fingernails curved against him, and a soft moan rose from her throat.

"You do plan to let me kiss her, don't you, *mon frere*?" André's amused voice cut through his passion and Jules pulled back slowly.

His beast snapped its jaws as André skillfully turned her in his arms. His brother lowered his head and nibbled on her ear. A delightful little laugh bubbled from her lips. The sound and the sight of her pale skin against the tan of his brother's made Jules swallow hard. André's hands slid down her back and cupped her ass, and Jules knew he had pulled her against him, against his erection. Knew that she was feeling André instead of him.

He took a step back and worked his socks off. Then his jeans. And finally his boxers, until he was as naked as she was.

André trailed kisses up her jaw, but his eyes were locked with Jules. His brother was testing him. Jules didn't like it.

He liked Angelica. A lot. He wanted her for himself. But he shouldn't. He knew he shouldn't. She was only here until the storm had passed, and then she'd be gone to who the hell knew where and he'd never see her again.

Or the cute dimples at the small of her back.

They'd agreed to share her. Now his inner wolf was wondering what the fuck he'd agreed to.

Angelica felt like she was in heaven. She'd never been so thoroughly kissed. So aroused because of a kiss. André's tongue sparred with hers as his hands massaged her ass. His strong fingers slowly kneaded the flesh, all the while pushing her against the hard length of his erection.

Jules' hands slid around her ribcage and cupped her breasts. He wrapped around her like a glove as he showered kisses over one shoulder ... and then the other. A shiver of excitement coursed through her.

When André pulled back and looked down at her with those dark eyes, she could see a barely tamed fire. One she felt deep in her belly. He stepped away from her quickly and shed his clothes.

Tanned skin stretched over strong, chiseled muscles. She wanted to lick her way up his abs, take those dark nipples in her mouth and swirl her tongue around them until he groaned.

His cock, long and gloriously hard, pointed straight at her.

"Like what you see, *chérie*?" Jules whispered, his hot breath grazing her cheek. She nodded, unable to speak.

"Good. Get on the bed. I want to lick you all over."

She trembled at his words, excited, emboldened by them. He gave her bottom a playful swat, and she crawled across the mattress. When she flipped onto her back she found them standing at the end of the bed, side by side, surveying her body as if it was land they intended to conquer.

White hot lust burst through her, and she could hardly contain her excitement. She wanted to touch them, kiss them, feel them all over. She wanted to be sandwiched between them, have their hands cover every curve, caress every inch.

Jules trailed his hands up her legs as André laid down next to her. He slid one arm under her head and ran his other hand across her stomach. She sucked in a breath.

"You're beautiful," he whispered in her ear. She found herself wanting to believe him.

"And she's a natural blonde," Jules said, his voice thick. He pushed her legs apart and lay between them.

She didn't know what she'd expected to happen, how she'd expected this to play out. But if the butterflies in her stomach were any indication, she was in for a bliss-filled night.

The first touch of Jules' tongue on her sex chased away all other thought. His breath was warm on her most tender parts, and she waited with much anticipation for his next move.

André gently bit her shoulder, and shivers raised over her skin, leaving chill bumps in their wake.

"Did you like that?" His voice was deep and yet soft.

He watched her closely, as if gauging her answer, her reaction.

"Yeah," she said, but the sound was more like a squeak.

His smile did funny things to her heart and mind. "Good." He kissed her then, but her focus was quickly divided as Jules ran the tip of his tongue up the crease of her pussy. Over and over he did it. Barely breaching her. Simply tasting her. It drove her crazy.

In combination with André's kiss, it brought her blood to a slow boil. Seconds later, as if they'd planned it, Jules thrust his tongue inside her just as André's tongue speared between her lips.

Angelica cried out with pleasure. A flood of moisture rushed forth. Jules licked it up, licked her. Her fingers curled into the thin blanket on the bed. She held her legs open

wider, begging him silently to make her come. To give her that sweet release she'd already enjoyed.

When André severed their kiss and moved to her breast she arched against him. He put his hand on her stomach and held her down. She loved and hated it. Being held down. Away from him. She wanted to rub herself all over him. Snuggle close. But at the same time, his movement asserted his dominance. His strength highlighted the difference between them, and that made her pussy pulse with excitement.

She reached for his cock and wrapped her hand around it tightly. He groaned against her breast, the heat searing her nipple. Slowly she pumped her fist up and down, enjoying the feel of his hard flesh.

Jules flicked his tongue over her clit, as if demanding her attention. Her hips launched off the bed, driving her flesh into his waiting mouth. He sucked on the sensitive little nub, and she felt a mini-explosion deep inside. He followed up with gentle strokes that made her want more. More of everything.

André sucked her breast into his mouth. She'd never felt anything quite like it. So hot. So wet. Like he was trying to devour her. She took a deep, steadying breath and gave in to the pleasure taking over her body. It made her feel limp. Sated.

As he let the globe slide from his mouth, his teeth grazed her skin. Pinpricks of awareness, both pleasure and pain, radiated outward. She wanted to feel that again.

"How does she taste?" André asked.

"Delicious," Jules replied, smiling up at her. Damn, he was handsome. Sexy as holy sin. He stared straight into her eyes and licked his lips. "Hot. Sweet."

He traced her slit with his fingers, and she cried out, wanting, no *needing* to feel something inside of her.

"What is it, baby?"

"I want to feel you," she whispered.

"But you're feeling him," Jules said, his gaze fixed on where she held André's rigid cock in her hand.

"Inside me," she clarified.

Jules cock throbbed at her words, and he fought the urge slide up into her. Slow and steady, he told himself.

"You will, *chérie*. We just have to make sure you can take us."

He lapped at her juices again, loving the taste of her. Loving the way her warm cream filled his mouth, going straight to his head. Staring up the length of her body, he watched as André kissed her. She seemed lost in it. Lost to him.

His beast would have none of that.

He thrust a finger into her soaked sheath, relishing the feel of her body clenching around it. Little moans of excitement filled the room, and André took advantage, sweeping into her mouth, taking everything she had to give him.

Jules sucked on her clit, wanting to drive her over the edge. He wanted to make her come and forget all about his brother.

Bitten in the Bayou [Stormy Weather 2]
by Selena Blake

André was still testing him. Trying to see how much he wanted her, how far he'd let them go. But he wasn't going to fight. He was simply going to win her body over.

In and out he thrust his finger, twisting it slowly in a corkscrew motion. Sucking her into his mouth again, he skimmed her tender flesh with his teeth and felt her explode beneath him. Hot waves soaked his finger, her muscles coiling around him. The scent of her arousal, her release, filled his nose, like a delicious smoke.

She tore her lips from André's and cried out loud and long. But it was Jules' name on her lips.

As she came back to earth, her body limp between them, Jules smiled at his brother.

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Chapter Four

Angelica had never felt so satisfied. The couple of times she'd slept with William had been something to snicker about with her girlfriends. And her past sexual relationships weren't much better. She'd never had a man dedicate so much energy to her pleasure, making sure he made her come.

And she'd never come twice in a single day.

Still, she wanted to feel Jules inside of her. Wanted that promise his eyes held ... complete pleasure. Wild passion. An orgasm that would sweep her away and literally rob her of breath. One that would have her screaming at the top of her lungs.

He scooted up the bed and lay next to her, his erection brushing her hip. She still held André in her hand. She softened her grip and smiled over at him.

"Your turn, *mon frere*," Jules said with a sexy smirk.

"His turn?" Angelica asked in disbelief. Could this night get any better? Her favorite thing in the universe, even more than getting a prized shot of reclusive wildlife, was oral sex. There was nothing else like it. And Jules was a master. She secretly knew André would be just as good, and the thought made her pulse race.

"Hmm hmm. It's my turn to kiss those beautiful lips. And nibble on these succulent breasts," Jules murmured against her breast.

She flopped back in complete bliss. Succulent. Who'd have thought she'd ever hear those words describe any part of her

body? She was enjoying the high his words brought when André pushed a finger inside her.

He twisted it back and forth and nibbled on her thigh. She spread her legs wider, silently inviting him to have his way with her. He chuckled low in his throat.

Jules leaned over her, staring into her eyes. So slowly the wait was almost painful, he leaned in and brushed his lips across hers. It was the softest of touches and yet the most erotic kiss she'd ever experienced. So sweet and sensual, as if he were afraid to take it further.

With his forearm behind her head and other hand wrapped lightly around the side of her throat she felt completely secure. Cradled and cherished.

Over and over he brushed his lips over hers and then worked his way along her jaw. He nibbled at her earlobe, and her pulse jerked in response.

"You have no idea how much I want you," he murmured into her ear. The hot, steely length of his cock pressing against her hip was definitely a clue. Her nipples stood at attention, longing to feel his coarse chest hairs against them.

André slid his finger out and lathered her lips with her juices. Then he dipped his finger back inside. His blunt fingertip rubbed against her tight, backdoor hole, and heat scorched her skin from the roots of her hair to the tip of her toes. She felt positively on fire.

As he rubbed back and forth with the length of his finger, Angelica went mad with lust. She'd never known such sensations existed. As he toyed with her, he tickled her clit with the tip of his tongue.

Jules rolled away momentarily and reached for something on the nightstand. The flickering candlelight highlighted the muscles of his body. The trail of dark hair from his navel down to his long, thick cock. He handed something to André and then settled himself around her once again.

She rubbed against him, loving the feel of him against her breasts. He wrapped a warm hand around one breast and brought it to his lips. Over and over he circled her nipple with his tongue until she thought she'd go mad. He didn't seem to care that he was slowly torturing her or that she desperately wanted to feel him inside of her. She reached for his cock with both hands and he jerked forward as they closed around him.

Something cool and slippery hit her pussy and slithered down toward the tight hole. She sucked in a sharp breath as it began to tingle.

André's fingers moved in, rubbing, gently probing.

"He needs to prepare you, baby."

"Prepare me?" she croaked, fighting excitement and fear all at the same time.

Jules nodded. "Just relax. Focus on me."

That wasn't hard, she thought. His eyes locked with hers, and he stared at her until he was all she saw, the only thing in her world.

Vaguely she felt André's slick fingers breaching her backdoor. He was incredibly gentle, slow.

"I can't wait to feel you wrapped around my cock," Jules whispered against her throat. His naughty words heated her blood further. Making her want to be just as naughty. "I want

to bend you over the bed and fuck you from behind. Pound into you until you cry out with pleasure."

Her hands tightened on his cock, and he groaned against the tender vein in her throat.

"I—" She couldn't finish the sentence. André pushed a slick finger into her, and her attention shifted. Over and over he probed her with the tip of his finger, wetting her, testing her. Stretching her so his magnificent cock could fuck her there.

Dear God, the thought alone was like a drug. She felt high as a kite.

"You what, baby?"

She squeezed his cock again.

"You want something?" he teased and nipped his way up her jaw.

She licked her lips and searched his eyes.

"I want your cock," she admitted.

"You already have that," he murmured, a single black eye brow raised.

Taking a deep breath, she decided to go for it. There was no sense in wanting something and not being willing to voice it. She just had to have the courage to say the words. She ran a hand up the solid wall of his chest, through the thin blanket of hair there, and then thrust her fingers into the silken locks of his hair.

Damn, that in itself was wickedly erotic. How did he have such soft hair?

She pulled his head down so she could whisper in his ear.

She opened her mouth to tell him what she wanted when André slid the rest of his finger into her tight passage.

Moaning against Jules cheek, she tried to thrust against André's hand.

But he was having none of that. He pulled his finger out and soon she felt more cold gel sliding over her skin, massaged into her.

"I want your cock in my mouth," she whispered to Jules and felt him suck in a breath. His cock twitched in her hand and, if possible, grew larger. His strong pulse ran through it, beating steadily against her palm. "Do you mind?" she asked, already knowing the answer.

"*Mon frere*," Jules said, his voice unsteady. He rolled away from her. André pulled out and watched the two of them.

Jules quickly pushed himself until he was lounging against the headboard. Angelica looked at him, a wicked gleam in her eye. She looked positively naughty as she crawled toward his cock. Her nipples were hard and begging to be suckled.

But so was his cock. As her lips wrapped around him, he threw his head back and let out a long moan that had been building all day.

Her hot little mouth moved over him with precision. Her cool hands cupped his balls, squeezing them tenderly. Testing their weight and size. And then she started rolling them in her hands. His hips launched off the bed, and his cock hit the roof of her mouth.

She used her other hand to push him back down. It stayed on his thigh, her fingers sweeping back and forth in an erotic caress.

Opening his eyes, he saw André kneel behind her. His brother studied her rounded derrière as if it was a map. Then

he took the bottle of lube and squirted the contents between her cheeks. As if unable to help himself, André rubbed his cock over her ass. Spreading his legs wider, he thrust up against her as his hands tightened around her hips.

His movements must have surprised her because her mouth clamped around Jules' cock, and she sucked hard. Her hand tightened around the base of his shaft, and his eyes rolled back in his head.

Damn, that felt so good.

She pulled back and blew cool air against the wetness, then swirled her tongue around the head. He tried to push himself between her lips, but she'd have none of it. Her small hand against his thigh held him where she wanted him, and the hand on his cock stroked up and then down.

"You likin' that, *mon frere*?" André asked, a smirk on his face. But Jules could tell *he* was thoroughly enjoying himself.

"Loving it."

Jules watched as André pushed a finger into Angelica's tight little hole. He didn't seem to encounter much resistance, in fact she pushed back against him, and her mouth left Jules' cock.

But not for long. Soon she licked the sensitive spot along the underside, playing it like a guitar. His pleasure mounted, and he fought for control. She tightened the ring her fingers made around the base of his cock and bobbed her head up and down. Her teeth grazed gently against his skin, and he couldn't stop the groan.

Through his lashes, Jules watched André add another finger to her hole. And then, another. He worked them in and

out, his other hand clamped over the soft flesh of her ass. She must have been ready for him, because André lubed up his cock.

Jules felt an irrational sense of jealousy. Quickly he pulled her up from his cock so that he could kiss her lips. He fisted his hands in her hair and plunged his tongue into her mouth. He could taste himself on her. Salty, earthy.

She met him thrust for thrust, her tongue dancing around his. Her breasts brushed against his chest, and she purred low in her throat. He wrapped his hand around the vulnerable skin there and enjoyed the vibration against his palm.

When she sucked his bottom lip into her mouth and nipped the flesh with her teeth, he almost lost it. But she quickly pulled away and took him into her mouth again. She took him deeper, and he could feel the back of her throat against the tip. He kept his hands in her hair, holding her there. She tightened her lips and added some suction.

André groaned, and Jules looked up from where his cock disappeared between her red lips. His brother was slowly pushing his dick into her. He could see his fingers flexing into the flesh of her hips, his jaw tight.

"Good?" Jules quipped.

"So fucking good I'm gonna come any second," his brother said, his voice dark and tense.

Angelica sucked harder. He was amazed at her stamina. Most women he knew would have given up by now. Weres had an uncanny ability to control their release.

The sight of her sucking him deep, her breasts brushing against his legs, André fucking her sweet ass, was almost

enough to make him come. Almost. But he ground his teeth together and held back.

Angelica had never felt so good, so naughty. André's cock was huge, but it gave her a pleasure she couldn't have imagined. Jules rubbed his knuckles against her head, his fingers not releasing their hold on her hair. He held her down on his cock, and she sucked him for all she was worth. She was going to make him come if it took her all damn night.

André pulled back and then pushed inside again, slowly, painstakingly. Then he did it again. All the nerve endings he touched did a happy dance. She pushed back against him, wanting more.

His teeth scraped against her shoulder blade. Her muscles and tendons tightened, and an orgasm mounted deep inside. Jules made a deep guttural sound. Almost a growl. André immediately licked her skin and then froze inside her. He braced one arm against the bed and wrapped the other around her, his fingers seeking and finding her clit. He rubbed it quickly, furiously. And she came beneath him.

Her mouth clamped around Jules cock, sucking him harder. She wanted to cry out her pleasure, but his hands held her head still as he thrust his hips up. The tip of his cock entered her throat, and he groaned loud and long as he came.

She'd never let a man come in her mouth before, and she didn't expect the hot wash of semen against her tongue. He massaged her scalp with his fingertips as he cock pulsed between her lips. At last he lay back against the headboard, panting.

André stayed locked inside her, raining kisses along her back. She let Jules cock slide from her mouth, and she looked up at him with smug satisfaction.

"You weren't supposed to do that," he told her sternly, but she could tell by the tiny curve of his lips he was pleased.

"No? I thought that was the idea." She cocked her head and gave him her cockiest grin.

"I pride myself on my control," he told her.

She smirked.

"Thank you, *chérie*," André murmured before pulling out. He disappeared into the bathroom, and she collapsed into a happy heap next to Jules.

"Happy?" he asked.

"Ecstatic."

He curled around her, a large hand settling on her belly. "I'm not done with you yet."

"Mmm ... I hope not." She should be exhausted. Sore. Instead she felt a little raw but completely energized.

"Rest up for a bit. I want you to enjoy it when I slide my cock into that sweet little pussy." She was fairly certain that she'd enjoy it right now.

André came back to bed sometime later. He lay down next to her, and she draped a leg over his, her hand on his chest. Outside, the storm still howled, but she'd forgotten about it. The rain hammered against the roof and debris pelted the walls like buckshot.

She shuddered involuntarily, and Jules tightened his hold on her, wrapping himself around her a little more. Sandwiched between the two Deveraux brothers, she felt safe

Bitten in the Bayou [Stormy Weather 2]
by Selena Blake

and protected. She wondered how long it'd last. She had to leave sometime, and William was bound to find her again.

Would he ever give up? Leave her alone? She was running out of places to disappear to.

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Chapter Five

During the middle of the night, Angelica felt a hand combing the curls between her legs. She spread them a little, enjoying the touch. Opening her eyes, she saw André staring back at her.

A hard cock nudged her back. She rolled toward Jules, and his fingers slid inside her.

"You're already wet for me, baby."

Always, she wanted to say. She'd started dripping the moment she'd seen him yesterday. But she'd never admit it out loud.

His thumb raked over her clit, once, twice. Then he removed his hand and settled himself between her thighs. Instantly she opened for him, wrapping her legs high around his waist. The broad tip of his penis nudged at her opening, begging entrance.

Braced above her, he kissed her sweetly. She wrapped her arms around his shoulders, welcoming him. Slowly he slid inside her, his face contorting as he tried to remain in control. She smiled up at him, unable to stop the flutter in her heart.

He rotated his hips, causing his cock to twist inside her. The motion did funny things, pleasurable things, to her insides. Then he pulled out, his eyes locking with hers. He pushed back in, and she was aware of every single long inch of him.

André made a sound low in his throat, and she turned to see him rubbing his cock. His hands were wrapped around the

base and the head. He thrust against his palms, his head thrown back.

"Faster," she whispered to Jules.

"Your wish," he said and pulled out. "Is my command." He thrust hard against her and then picked up a frantic rhythm.

Another orgasm built low in her belly, and she wondered how many times a woman could come in one day. Four seemed to defy some law of nature. But then Mother Nature had probably never met the Deveraux brothers.

Jules pulled out and stared down at the beautiful woman in his bed, her legs spread wide. Her pussy dripping for him.

"Flip over," he ordered. She looked like she wanted to protest but slowly did as she was told. He slid off the side of the bed and tugged her over until her feet touched the floor.

"Jules, what—"

"Shh," he whispered in her ear, rubbing his chest against her back. His cock nestled against her ass. "I told you I wanted to lay you over the edge of the bed and fuck you."

She moaned low in her throat.

"And you get the added bonus of watching my brother make himself come." His teeth lengthened and his jaws grew more rigid. His beast wanted out. It wanted to mark this woman as his and his alone.

She wiggled her ass against him, as if begging for his cock.

He was more than happy to oblige. Grasping her hips in his hands, he lined his cock up with her pussy and thrust forward in a single fluid motion. She groaned again, the sound muffled against the bed.

He bent over her, threading his fingers through hers as he fucked her. His gaze locked with André's, and he knew his brother was reading his mind.

But André was too busy with his own cock to stop him.

Jules nuzzled the crease between her neck and her shoulder, then licked it. His cock pistoned in and out of her. He loved the feel of her beneath him, so small, soft, and feminine. It made his beast more vicious.

More protective.

With a low groan, André came. Jules could see the jets of sperm shooting through the dark.

The slippery walls of her sheath closed in around him, squeezing him tight. She cried out his name as her body tensed beneath him.

Unable to stop himself, he clamped his teeth over her shoulder and spilled himself inside her. She screamed as the pain of his bite mixed with the pleasure. He was careful to hold back the wolf inside. To use his magic to hide the mark, blur her memory, and make her orgasm unforgettable.

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Chapter Six

Angelica couldn't believe it'd only been four days since Jules and André had brought her here. It felt more like a lifetime. She'd become so engrossed in their lives. Talking with them on a daily basis, cooking with them, sharing meals, showering with them. The sex wasn't bad either. She smiled at the memories.

The storm had left a lot of debris and some high water. But just as they'd said, the cabin was solid. They'd worked to clean up the porches yesterday. Today they planned to go out so she could photograph the wildlife that had hung around for the storm ... if there was any.

She caught Jules' gaze across the table and smiled. He smiled back, and she felt that familiar punch in the region of her heart. It was an unusual feeling, not at all bad though. After hours of conversation, she felt an odd connection to him, as if she'd known him most of her life. She'd shared stories of her childhood, and he'd done the same. He had a wicked sense of humor she loved.

For all their similarities, the Deveraux brothers were unique. Jules was warm and friendly. She often thought of him as the charmer. Andre was serious, protective, and quiet. He'd been emotionally distant the past few days. She wondered what was going on in his mind. Not that she had any right to pry.

Jules stared at her with those hazel eyes that made her forget what she was saying. A lock of that sinfully black hair

fell across his forehead, and she wanted to kiss the cute furrow between his brows.

Finished with her breakfast, she stood up to carry her bowl to the sink. An arm snaked out and wrapped around her waist. He pulled her toward him, pushing his own bowl away. She'd just sat her own bowl down when he bent her back over the table, his face buried between her breasts.

He made short work of the robe, and she found herself naked beneath his gaze.

"I want you," he said darkly.

She was quickly realizing that she could deny Jules Deveraux nothing. It was a scary thought. But when she looked into his eyes and saw the desire there, her fear subsided and she spread her legs.

"Good girl."

Her nipples were already hard peaks, and he swooped down and sucked one into his mouth. She lay back, enjoying the heat and suction. His hand skimmed down over her hip, and a long thick finger ran between her lips. Already she felt her climax coming on. Jules could make her come faster than she'd thought imaginable. More often than should be legal.

She honestly didn't know how she was going to leave. Her body wasn't going to let her. But she couldn't stay.

He hadn't asked, and she had to get a move on. Had to find a safe place to hide from William.

"I think I'll have dessert with my breakfast," he murmured, his breath hot against her tummy. His lips closed over her pussy, his tongue lapping up her cream.

Angelica lay back against the solid oak table and squeezed her nipples between her thumbs and fingers.

"Are you two at it again?" André asked, humor in his voice. He was fresh from the shower, a white towel draped around his sexy hips. He used another towel to dry his hair. The site of him made her mouth water, and she reached out to him.

He stepped toward her and stopped at the edge of the table. She craned her neck to the side and reached beneath the towel. He was already hard and hot. She tested the weight of his balls before wrapping her hand around his iron cock. He moaned low in his throat and draped the spare towel around his neck.

Jules thrust a finger into her waiting pussy and curled it upward. Her hips lifted off the table, and she tightened her fist around André's cock.

"Easy man, she's gonna jerk my dick off," André muttered.

Jules laughed and sucked the sensitive nub into his mouth. He lavished attention with his tongue until Angelica thought her eyes would roll back in her head. She tried to keep time, stroking André's cock, but it was hopeless. She couldn't concentrate on two things at once.

Just when she'd been about to peak, Jules pulled away. André, too.

"Guys?" She sat up on her elbows and watched as Jules stripped down. André tossed the towels aside and pulled her to him.

His kiss was scorching, speaking of need and a desire stronger than she'd ever known. His hand dipped between her legs, a thick finger pushing her juices back toward her

backdoor. He circled the rosebud with his finger, dipping inside.

Her knees went weak and just as she was about to crumble, Jules clamped his hands around her hips. They held her up between them as if she weighed nothing at all. André broke the kiss and wrapped her legs around his hips. His cock slid inside her pussy, startling her with its length. He seemed to go deeper than ever before.

"Put your legs down, *chérie*," Jules said against her throat.

"But—"

"Just do it. We're going to make you come. We promise."

Biting her lip, she let her feet slide to the floor, André pulling out as she did. Jules spun her toward him, and she squeaked in surprise.

"Are you ready for us, baby? Both of us?" His arms wrapped tightly around her waist, crushing her against him. Her breasts flattened against his chest, and she clung to his shoulders, feeling dizzy and horny.

His words registered slowly, and her eyes widened. She licked her lips and ran her foot up the back of his leg. She let her head tilt to the side in the way she knew he loved. Immediately, he bent his dark head and nipped at the tender skin there.

Quickly he lifted her and then settled her on his cock. She barely had time to adjust before she felt André behind her, the broad tip of his cock poised at the tight hole. Slick and slippery, he slid inside her, inch by slow inch.

The pain met pleasure, and she couldn't stop the cries building in her throat. It was delicious. Erotic and down right

naughty to be plastered between two men. Two men she'd only known for four unforgettable days but felt like she'd known a lifetime.

Her pussy began to throb, and her heartbeat kicked up.

With André all the way inside, Jules began to move slowly. They held themselves rigid, and she had to lean back just to feel connected to the big man behind her. The leisurely strokes went on for what seemed like hours.

She was stretched to the limit. Her legs wrapped like a pretzel around Jules' hips, André's strong hands clasped over her breasts. Her breath came in short pants as she tried to lever herself against them.

"Faster," she finally begged. When she looked into Jules' eyes, she saw something there she'd never seen before. An unreadable emotion. But it was there. She felt it down to the pit of her stomach.

He gave her a hard kiss and then began thrusting in earnest. André accepted her weight, moving with his brother. Bringing her unimaginable pleasure. As they plunged into her, her climax built and she felt like she was running up a mountain. Flying up it at a breakneck speed. Until, at last, she jumped off the cliff.

Every nerve ending screamed out in ecstasy. She arched her back, words tumbling from her lips. She had no idea what she was saying. Then her whole body went limp, her insides mush.

André came next, his huge cock filled her. His fingers tightened on her nipples, and he pressed his cheek against hers, uttering words in French. Jules went rigid inside her and

Bitten in the Bayou [Stormy Weather 2]
by Selena Blake

then she felt the warm wash of semen as it shot into her. He kissed her, long and slow, and deep. He needed no words. His kiss said everything.

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Chapter Seven

That afternoon, after they'd dressed, Angelica pulled the neck strap of her camera over her head and followed Jules and André out of the house. Gin followed her out the door and she closed it behind them.

Gin growled ferociously, and she turned to see William standing at the bottom of the steps. The gun in his hand caught the sunlight, and her stomach dropped and did circles around her knees.

"I hired you swamp rats to find her. Not to screw her," he ground out. Before she could open her mouth to tell him the thousand angry words flowing through her mind, he aimed the gun at Jules' chest.

Jules pushed her behind André just as the gunshot blasted through the quiet bayou.

Her scream was even louder. André lunged at William. Before her eyes he shifted. Transformed. A streak of gray hit William in the chest, knocking him backward. She dropped to Jules' side and pressed her hand over the wound in the center of his chest.

"Jules. Jules!" she screamed. He lay slumped against the railing, his eyes closed. "Don't you dare die on me." Tears blurred her vision, and she ignored the terrible sounds ... the growls, the cries, then the deathly quiet that settled over the wetlands.

She needed to call someone. Call for help. She couldn't move, couldn't move her hand.

"André," she croaked out. Turning, she saw a huge gray wolf standing over William's lifeless body. There was blood everywhere. The sight chilled her to the bone, and she crouched protectively over the man at her side.

"Jules," she called, feeling for a heartbeat. "Stay with me." She felt a slow, steady beat and kept her hand pressed firmly against his chest. A shadow crossed over them, and she looked up to see a naked André standing over them.

He leaned close.

"Don't touch him," she bit out.

"He'll be all right, Angel. Are you okay?" André's voice was low, calm. How the hell could he be so calm? Tears rolled down her cheeks. Pain burned in her chest.

"Don't stand there, call 911."

"It won't help, *chérie*."

"Just do it," she yelled.

"Angel—Angelica." He grabbed her arm and pulled her up. She fought him like a wild cat. "I promise you, he'll be fine. But he's gonna be pissed when he wakes up." He sat her away and picked up Jules' limp body. She followed closely as he carried his brother up to his bedroom and laid him on the bed.

"Where's the phone?" she asked, looking frantically around the room.

André held out his hand, and a cell phone suddenly appeared.

"Holy shit." She backed up a step, her heart beating wildly in her chest. "Who—what the hell are you?"

He held the phone to his ear, his dark eyes locked with hers.

"Burke. Problem. They shot Jules. No, he's fine. He'll be fine," he said, his eyes boring into hers. "There may be more. Thanks."

"Now, about who and what I am," he began.

Half an hour later, Angelica sat curled up in the corner, staring at the man on the bed. He was breathing. She couldn't believe her eyes. But she had to believe her heart.

André sat across the room, dressed in jeans and a black T-shirt.

Jules made a gargled sound and then moaned. Her heart did a happy dance, and she unfolded herself from her hiding spot. But then his face contorted, and he made a ferocious sound that scared the hell out of her. She took a step back, her hand over her heart. It thumped against her palm.

"Jules," she whispered, unsure where she found her voice. Her knees were banging against each other, the rest of her body trembling right along with them.

He relaxed and those gorgeous black eyes opened and searched for her. "*Chérie*?" She was at his side in an instant.

She took a shaky breath and sat gently on the bed. He sat up, cupping her cheeks in his warm hands.

"Oh, my god." She started to cry again.

"Shh..."

"I thought I'd lost you," she whispered, wrapping her arms around him.

"Lost me?"

"Well ... not that I ever had you." She gave a shaky laugh. "But your crazy brother wouldn't call 911, and there was so much blood," she said in a rush, her heart sinking. She felt sick to her stomach and looked everywhere but his eyes.

He closed the few inches between them and kissed her lips. She couldn't believe it. Couldn't wrap her mind around it. But as he coaxed her lips apart and plunged into her mouth, she clung to him, happiness washing over her like sunlight.

When he pulled away, he looked over at André . "William?"

"No longer a threat."

Jules nodded at the news. "I'm sorry you had to see all that. I'm sorry I didn't tell you—"

"I told her," André inserted.

"Everything?" Jules asked, his head cocked to the side. He stared at her in wonder.

"Everything," his brother confirmed.

"What are you still doing here?" he asked with an uneasy laugh. She realized then that he'd expected rejection. He'd expected her to head for the hills. She couldn't imagine being so different. Living such an alternate life.

Her eyes grew wide. "Where else would I be? I had to make sure you were okay! And this one here kept telling me you'd be fine. I didn't believe him." She nodded at Andre.

Jules grinned at her, and her heart did a back flip. "I'm fine. We wolves are tough."

She stared at his chest, at the blood stain.

"I'm gonna go check in with Burke and Laurent," André said and strode from the room. She heard his heavy footfalls against the stairs.

"I'm sorry if you were frightened," he murmured, his thumb rubbing against her cheek. He kissed her forehead. "I didn't want you to find out like that. Are you okay?"

She nodded, unable to do much else. Everything was surreal.

He pulled her closer and wrapped his arms around her. The warmth of his strong body chased away the chill that had enveloped her the moment Gin had started growling at William.

"I love you," he whispered, kissing her temple.

"What?" She pulled back, staring up at him wild-eyed. Her heart squeezed painfully in her chest and she pressed it with her hand to ease the ache.

"I think I loved you from the moment I saw you standing in the clearing. Your eyes wide like you thought we were going to eat you," he said.

"Well—" she said. "You did bite me."

"Sorry, love. I had to claim you. We wolves have to mark what's ours so someone else doesn't come along and take it."

"André wouldn't do that." But the puzzle pieces clicked together. That's why he'd been so distant. While he'd shared his body, he'd kept himself disconnected otherwise.

"I know he wouldn't. But my were didn't."

"It's crazy, you know."

"What is?" He tugged her head back and licked his way down her throat. She found it hard to concentrate on what she'd been about to say when he did that.

"Loving you after four days," she finally managed to eek out.

"Mmm." He pulled her into his lap, and she wrapped her legs around him. He stared down at her chest, and her shirt dissolved into thin air. That was definitely weird.

Her jeans were next and then his clothes. "It comes in handy," he said and kissed her. Even though her head was spinning, her body wanted him. She rubbed her naked breasts against him and suddenly remembered his wound.

She pulled back and looked at his chest. It looked as it had every other time she'd seen him. Strong muscles covered with a dusting of black hair.

"As good as new, *mon amour*."

His words made her melt, and she leaned forward, kissing his chest. Figuring they'd work out the details later, she was happy to just wrap her arms around him. Rub herself against him, soak in his nearness.

When he lifted her onto his cock, she was wet and waiting. She slid easily down his hard length and moaned as he filled her. They sat for several long minutes, staring at each other, not moving, not saying a word. She kissed him softly, letting her kiss tell him what was in her heart.

Slowly, she began to grind against him. He cupped her ass in his hands, lifting her up and down on his shaft. His strength amazed her, and she had the crazy thought that she was the luckiest woman on earth.

"I agree," he told her with a cheeky grin.

Eyes wide, she froze in his arms.

"We can read minds, *chérie*. Yours is fascinating."

Her mouth dropped open but she didn't know what to say. He leaned in and sucked her bottom lip into his mouth,

nibbling on it. The move turned her on like a light switch, and she braced her arms back against the bed and thrust against him as hard as she could. Faster and faster she moved, driving herself toward release. His cock rubbed against the front of her pussy, driving her wild. He was so close, so very close to hitting that special little spot.

Make me come, she silently begged, biting her bottom lip.

"Your wish is my command," he murmured and then reached between her legs. The side of his finger raked over her clit. She was so on edge that the gentle pressure set off her climax, and her inner muscles squeezed him tight.

He threw his arms around her and groaned against her throat as he emptied himself inside her. Every nerve ending throbbed with pleasure, and she wondered if she could stay like this forever.

But eventually the ecstasy ebbed, and she snuggled close to his chest.

"About that litter of pups," he whispered against her temple.

"Pups?" Her eyes went wide and he laughed.

"I'm thinking I should adopt a mate for your wolf ... so he can feel as wonderful as I do."

She threw her head back and laughed. When the giggles subsided, she cupped his strong jaw in her hand and stared deep into his dark eyes.

"I love you, Jules Deveraux. It may be crazy to love you after four days, but I do."

"That's what I like to hear, *mon amour*."

She kissed him softly, savoring every moment.

Bitten in the Bayou [Stormy Weather 2]
by Selena Blake

"You know," he murmured, sometime later in that sexy accent of his. "Once you're marked, you can never leave your mate."

A part of her knew she should be mad that he'd bound them without her permission, much less her knowledge. But her heart warred with her mind and won.

"There's nowhere I need to be. And I figure if I can make it through a hurricane, living in the bayou with you can't be that bad." He held her to him, his hands caressing her back.

"You're part of our pack now. You can meet my other brother and his new wife. And my cousins."

For a brief instant she wondered how she'd explain him to her friends and what was left of her family.

"We can take it slow. And we can buy a house wherever you want."

"You don't have to tell them anything ... too specific. I'll tell them you rescued me from a gator of a storm."

He grinned. "It's the truth."

"I'm fine with staying here. This is your home. I'm kind of a nomad." And it was important to her for him to be close to his brothers. She was an only child. Close family would be nice.

"You don't mind putting down roots with an ol' Cajun?"

"I'm looking forward to it," she whispered and then kissed her way along his jaw. His stubble grazed her skin. "Just one thing," she said. "Do you think you could get André to tone down the spices in his gumbo?"

He laughed. "I can try."

And then he kissed her.

Bitten in the Bayou [Stormy Weather 2]
by Selena Blake

The End

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

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 brunettes actually have more fun.

Visit her online at www.selena-blake.com

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