

A movie poster with a red-tinted background. A woman with long, wavy blonde hair is shown from the chest up, looking down with a somber expression. To her left, a large, dark, textured shape, possibly a hand or a mask, looms over her. The overall mood is dramatic and mysterious.

BONNIE
ROSE
LEIGH

WAITING FOR
WILLOW

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Waiting For Willow
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WAITING FOR WILLOW

BY

BONNIE ROSE LEIGH

DEDICATION

*To Chris for being there for me – as always,
Twila and Selkie for being my Beta Readers,
and Amanda for naming the characters. I
couldn't have written this one without the four
of you.*

CHAPTER ONE

Scanning the crowded pub, Willow Kincaid knew business couldn't be better. Ever since hiring Derek Moretti and Quinn Donovan to tend bar at The Howler, and act as bouncers for their rowdier clientele, the place filled to near capacity every night. Tonight wasn't an exception despite it being hours away from Samhain. They'd begun turning people away more than an hour ago due to the very real possibility of overcrowding.

As always, her gaze settled on Derek and Quinn, the two men she'd felt compelled to hire for her pub nearly a month prior. Though she hadn't really been looking for either bartenders or bouncers at the time, she didn't regret hiring them in the least. Her business had increased tenfold since they'd started working for her, both in female clientele desperate to watch her new employees in action, and males anxious to ensure that the new Werewolves in town didn't step on their turf, taking the single females for their own.

Willow thought the whole situation hilarious. Besides, just like every other red-blooded female

in town, she enjoyed the luscious view as the pair worked her bar every night. Derek's golden brown hair hung down to his shoulders in tousled waves. Emerald green eyes could be laughing one minute, then smoldering with heat the next. His lips were full, begging the right woman to walk up to him and just give 'em a nibble or two—and man did she want to be that woman. His chest was wide enough to intimidate anyone who even thought about causing trouble, and it was also the perfect size to make any woman feel small and sheltered in his embrace.

Quinn, on the other hand, had Black Irish written all over him. With blue-black hair that hung carelessly to his collar and deep sapphire blue eyes that seemed to see into a person's soul, Quinn was the more serious of the two men. Older by a year, he tended to take the lead in most situations. Willow considered him the thinker of the duo. He stood just an inch or two taller than Derek's six-foot-four, and had to turn sideways to get through the doorways at the pub. His shoulders and thighs were the size of small tree trunks and she'd spent entirely too much time visualizing just what he—and Derek—would look like sans clothes.

In fact, in the last month, her dreams had gotten decidedly more erotic and always featured her new employees. In the last week alone, she'd had

to resort to breaking out her vibrator several times, wearing out the poor batteries more than a few times in an effort to appease her body's insatiable demands for sexual relief. Apparently, her body wanted real men between her thighs and wouldn't settle for her plastic toys much longer. At least, not at the rate she ran down batteries.

As Quinn lifted the pass-through separating the bar from the patrons, Willow took a seat on the nearest empty barstool and waited for the show to begin. Over the course of the last month, she'd found particular enjoyment watching the pair of walking studs tossing out troublemakers. Watching the flexing of Quinn's and Derek's jeans cupping their muscular asses when they bent over to pick up their prey off the floor just before they threw them out the door was a favorite pastime of hers.

This time it was Jessup Jones and his cousin, Marcus, causing problems. She'd known they were looking for a fight when they reached for their waitress, Sera, and pulled her onto Jessup's lap despite her apparent distaste for her new position. She attempted to push herself off him. It wouldn't take long now before Quinn would be all over their asses. He didn't like to see women abused in any capacity, especially when others were nearby to prevent the abuse and did nothing but watch from a distance. Once a woman said no,

that was it. No meant no and Quinn would pound anyone who harmed a woman, no questions asked.

As Quinn moved toward the Jones' table, Derek made his way from behind the bar, an oak bat in his hand. Not that he'd really need the baseball bat to do any damage if the situation called for it. She'd seen these two protect the wait staff and female patrons enough to know they could take care of each other and then some, no weapons needed. When danger surrounded them, they always had each other's backs, no matter how simple the situation may look on the surface. This instance wouldn't be any different.

When Jessup refused to let Sera up from his lap, going so far as to yank her top down exposing her breasts to the rest of the drunken room, he pretty much signed his own ass-kicking warrant. Knowing that the safest place for her to be right now was behind the bar, Willow hopped over the counter and made her way over to the phone. Her hand rested just inches away, ready to call in the law if necessary, although she doubted she'd need to do so. Not when the situation looked to be already in hand.

With one hand wrapped around the nape of Jessup's neck, Quinn had already pried him from his table while Derek quickly but gently eased Sera off his lap. Marcus lay sprawled on the floor,

his chair knocked out from beneath him. Heaven only knew how traumatizing a lecherous attack by the drunken Jones cousins could be on a person but, thankfully, Derek and Quinn were right there to protect Sera before things got out of hand. Within seconds, Jessup and Marcus were forcibly shown the door to the sound of jeers and mocking laughter.

Knowing the pub was safe in the men's hands, Willow went back to her office and tallied up the afternoon's receipts. She needed to get to the bank before the witching hour and the pranksters started roaming the streets of Serenity pulling mischievous Halloween shenanigans. In Serenity, starting the night before Halloween and for a full twenty-four hours until Halloween ended, the citizens were fair game for pranksters.

Although her town had little crime, even she didn't feel quite comfortable taking the deposits to the bank drop-off slot after hours, despite the bank president's insistence that it was perfectly safe at any time of day or night. She especially didn't feel comfortable doing so on Halloween when the veil between the worlds thinned.

After leaving a note for her guys, Willow filled out the deposit slip, dropped it into the bank bag, grabbed her keys, and slipped out the back door of the pub. She paused, letting the cool October air soothe away the stench of too many men who'd

insisted on finding reasons to rub themselves all over her skin. She just wanted to make her deposit and get back so she could shower off everyone else's scent but her own.

Within minutes after leaving the pub, she dreaded her decision to drop off tonight's take by herself. The eerie silence and creepy sense that someone watched her from the shadows had the hair at the nape of her neck standing at attention.

She should have waited until after closing and taken Derek and Quinn with her. It's not as if they hadn't offered more than once to accompany her on her nightly jaunt to the bank, but she was afraid she'd jump them if she were alone with them for any length of time. In hindsight, it would have been smarter to take a chance at rejection and die of embarrassment if she *did* jump them than to become some victim of random crime.

A chill worked its way down her spine. Willow sped up. Her gaze constantly scanned the darkness searching for anything suspicious, her senses hyperaware of the darkened doorways and alleys that could hide a mugger. She only had three more blocks until she reached the bank—three more blocks of her own stupidity. Perhaps she could stop at the all night diner, give Derek and Quinn a call and have one of them drive her to the bank and back. Better to be safe than sorry and all that.

As she crossed the street and approached the diner, she saw a sign clearly announcing they'd closed early to celebrate Halloween. Willow's dread increased. Looking up and down the street, she gnawed on her lower lip in indecision. Not willing to take the risk, she decided to head back to the safety of her pub despite having no solid proof that something—or someone—currently stalked her. She'd seen too many movies and books where the heroine ignored her instincts and ended up dead. She wasn't about to be one of those too-stupid-to-live women. Not if she could help it.

Without giving herself more time to dither, she immediately turned in her tracks and started back across the street heading toward her bar. Besides, it was Samhain and nothing said she had to drop off tonight's take now. She could wait until tomorrow, after the bank opened for the day. If she hurried, perhaps she could jump in the shower before the pub closed and talk one or both of her new employees into spending a few hours doing the horizontal tango with her.

Perhaps she should feel guilty for wanting both men, but in Serenity having two men in her bed wasn't exactly taboo—not like in the human world, anyway—since there were triadic mate bonds, several of which had formed right here in town. Why her thoughts had turned toward mate

bonds while walking down an eerily quiet street when all her attention should focus on her surroundings, she didn't know. *Maybe so I can cope with the unreasonable terror flooding my veins.* That sounded reasonable to her. Besides, she definitely preferred thinking about sex with Quinn and Derek than the alternative.

She was still two blocks from her pub when every instinct inside her told her to get the hell off the street and somewhere safe. Whether it was her imagination or not, she'd not ignore that inner voice. Holding her purse closer to her side, Willow put her head down and sped up, desperate now to get back to her pub before whatever was making her uneasy struck. An eerie howl split the ominously silent night, and she shivered in dread. The hairs on the nape of her neck stood up and her gut clenched in terror.

She hugged her purse holding the bank deposit closer and started to run. Her footsteps pounded against the sidewalk and her heart hammered against her chest. Sweat ran down her back as she made her way closer to safety. Focused on the neon sign at The Howler gleaming in the distance, she promised herself never to go through this kind of fear again. From now on, she'd either take someone with her to drop off the deposit or wait until the next day. That was her last thought before someone dressed in all black stepped out of

the alley just in front of her and held a gun to her chest, freezing her in her tracks.

Before she could blink, a soft shuffling from behind caught her attention, then pain the likes of which she'd never imagined ripped through the back of her head, dropping her to her knees. She could feel warm liquid seep into her hair and knew immediately someone had struck her hard enough to break the skin. Darkness closed in on her and she could do nothing to fight it. Before she could find her voice to scream for help, her body gave up its fight, dragging her down and under. *Goddess, help me.*

CHAPTER TWO

Endless seconds became minutes and Derek's sense of unease grew. They'd waited for this night for over a month, the night he and Quinn would finally claim their mate. However, the last twenty minutes seemed to stretch for hours. With his stomach churning and his wolf pressing against his consciousness, something within him demanded he go search for her.

Having closed down the bar at one, they'd immediately let themselves into Willow's apartment, anticipation hanging heavy in the air. Tonight they'd finally make her theirs after years of searching for her. However, Derek watched Quinn pace from one end of her living room to the other, knowing instinctively something had gone horribly wrong and that, even now, Willow needed them now more than ever.

Without pausing to think about his next move, Derek stood and headed toward her front door. "I'm going to search for our mate. Something isn't right, Quinn. She should have been back by now."

Quinn's blue eyes blazed with rage before he slowly nodded, his hands fisted at his sides. "I'll wait here in case she comes back before you return. If you find something suspicious, call me and we'll search for her together."

Derek knew just how difficult staying behind was for Quinn. The man had an obsessive need to see all women protected, especially their mate. Every night, Quinn ensured that Willow got home safely, watching from a distance until she was safely tucked into bed for the night. This had to be tearing him apart. "Of course, Quinn. We'll find her, don't worry."

Derek headed out the door and glanced at his friend one last time. "Keep your cell phone handy. I'll call when I know something." By the time he reached the street and looked up toward Willow's apartment, Quinn had already situated himself in front of the window, his arms braced against the window frame. He scanned the street below looking for any sign of trouble.

Knowing that Quinn watched from above, Derek closed his eyes and inhaled, breathing in the myriad scents surrounding The Howler. Hundreds of different odors thickened the air around the pub but, having spent hours near Willow, it didn't take long for him to pick their mate's scent from all the others.

As he expected, it veered to the left, in the

direction she normally took to get to the bank. After waving up at Quinn and pointing toward the route she'd taken, Derek started following her scent trail, aware that every second he wasted tracking her meant it would be that much longer before they could hold their mate in their arms—where she belonged.

Looking back, they should have claimed her weeks ago instead of letting her get to know them gradually, but they wanted to ease her into a relationship with them. If they had mated her immediately as their wolves had demanded, they'd be able to communicate with her telepathically, no matter the distance between them. Not to mention, they would have known right away if something dire happened to her. They wouldn't wonder and worry—they'd know the moment danger surrounded her. Once they had Willow safely home and finally in their arms, they wouldn't waste another moment before finalizing their position in her life. She'd just have to get to know them *after* they mated her.

Within seconds of following what remained of Willow's scent, the hairs on the nape of his neck quivered. Visceral fear whipped through him when he picked up the sickening smell of freshly spilled blood. By the time he reached the alley whence the smell emanated, he knew without a doubt that the blood belonged to their mate.

Despite the late hour and the pervading darkness of the alley, he had no trouble spotting her purse wedged between the dumpster and the rusted rim of a car tire. Nor did he miss the smeared blood on the wall above it.

Derek pulled out his cell phone and speed-dialed Quinn even as he bent down to lift Willow's purse out of the filthy grime coating the ground. While the phone on the other end rang, he unzipped her purse and grimaced when he saw the still full moneybag nestled inside. The motives of whoever had taken her obviously hadn't included robbery. He would have felt better if they had.

"Quinn here."

"Get down to the alley across from the diner. Willow's been taken and they left her purse—and the bank deposit—behind." Derek clutched the heavy purse in his hand, leaned against the alley wall and lowered his head in prayer. She had to be okay. Nothing else was acceptable.

"Be there in five, my man."

Derek nodded, despite the fact that Quinn couldn't see the movement. Closing the lid to his phone, he took a deep breath, then straightened away from the wall. He'd successfully hunted rogue paranormals for years, tracking them across the country and ultimately dispensing justice once they captured the criminals. He'd find Willow.

They'd find her and bring her home – alive.

First things first, while he waited for Quinn to arrive he'd try to determine how many had attacked her and what their method of escape had been. They wouldn't have wanted to chance someone seeing them with her, whether she was conscious or not. So, how had they managed it?

Derek walked to the mouth of the alley and looked out toward Main Street. Looking both directions, he quickly realized the town looked eerily vacant of people. In fact, only Quinn was on the sidewalk and he was practically running toward the alley.

Normally, citizens were all over the sidewalks, clogging the way, forcing you to move along at a snail's pace while the townsfolk gossiped and chatted with friends. Tonight though, with many of the shops and restaurants closed early for the holiday, the scene lacked a noticeable absence of witnesses—something Willow's attackers must have banked on. In the end, that wouldn't make a difference. With Quinn's help, they would find her and, when they did, Derek vowed her kidnappers wouldn't live long enough to regret going after her.

* * * *

She noticed the suffocating darkness first, even

before the whispered chanting reached her ears. The air tasted of mildew and dust. Goosebumps pebbled across her skin. She heard something heavy dragging in the distance just before a gust of wind brushed against her body. That's when she realized that wherever she was, wherever they'd taken her after knocking her over the head, they'd stripped her of *all* her clothes.

She tried to move, tried to get up, but her arms were secured above her head. Her legs were spread-eagled, and something heavy and tight encircled her ankles. Her stomach clenched. A wave of nausea swept over her. She struggled against her bindings and they only tightened around her wrists and ankles, sending numbing pain through her limbs.

She needed to think, needed to find a way to save herself from Goddess knows what, but she didn't even know where she was, who had her, or how many people she'd have to fight off. Her head pounded, beating mercilessly with every frantic pulse of her heart. This couldn't be happening to her. She should never have left the pub tonight. How could she have been so stupid?

The whispers grew louder. She licked her lips, scared out of her mind, afraid to speak, afraid not to. Her entire body trembled. The nausea worsened. The more she struggled against her bonds, the louder the chanting grew. They had to

know she'd awakened and yet they didn't stop speaking. She could hear voices all around her, coming from every direction. So many voices, men and women, yet no one particular voice stood out as familiar to her despite the small size of their town.

If she could only see what was going on around her, perhaps she could calm down enough to think, but the darkness was all consuming. As the voices rose in pitch yet again, a haunting wail echoed around her, like the call of a banshee portending death. Her heart thumped against her chest as paralyzing fear threatened to suffocate her. Whatever was going to happen to her, it would be soon. She didn't have a doubt in her mind about that.

She had so many regrets. She regretted that she hadn't given in to the impulse to take Derek and Quinn to her bed before her abduction and that she hadn't had a child of her own to pass on her genes. But most of all, she regretted that more than likely the people who held her would get away with their crime.

Before another regret or morbid thought could enter her mind, the flare of a match briefly lit up the room. What she saw in that second chilled her to the bone. She closed her eyes, briefly, positive that when she opened them she'd find that she'd imagined the black-robed figures surrounding her.

But when she worked up the courage to open them again, she quickly learned she hadn't imagined a thing. The room was brighter now, allowing her to see more of what surrounded her... unfortunately.

Her entire body trembled as her gaze quickly scanned the small square chamber. She didn't know whether her teeth chattered from the bone-deep cold of the cement room or the sight of the eleven black-robed kidnappers surrounding her, their cowls completely cloaking their identities. It took only seconds to catalogue the rest of her surroundings, making her wish she'd never bothered to regain consciousness. Without a doubt she knew she was about to die.

The one reading from the tome grew louder as the light in the stone room grew brighter. That's when Willow realized just where she'd been taken, just where they'd stashed her to perform their rituals—inside the only mausoleum in Serenity's single cemetery.

When someone grabbed her hair and pulled her head back, brandishing a long, copper, crescent-shaped blade over her throat, all semblance of calm disappeared. She did the only thing she could. She screamed as if her life depended on it because it very well did. The chanting grew louder. She screamed again before giving in to the waiting darkness.

CHAPTER THREE

“And why are we at the cemetery, Quinn?”
“Because her scent trail ended in that alley and Sera saw a hearse idling outside The Howler. She passed and waved at Willow while taking out the trash, but the next load out, Willow was gone as was the hearse. It’s the only lead we have—half-assed, though it may be.”

“But...”

“I know, D, it’s a long shot, but at this point, it’s all we have.”

Instead of doing the smart thing and going to the law immediately, he and Derek had gone off half-cocked and gone to the rescue. Hopefully, the delay in calling the Sherriff’s Office wouldn’t make things worse in the end. They only needed a little bit of good luck on their side and perhaps a benevolent goddess or two.

“Okay, Derek, you take the south end of the cemetery. You hear anything—I mean anything, even the slightest bit suspicious—you call my cell

phone. I'll take the north end and do the same. We'll meet in the middle. Then start over taking east and west next, okay?"

"Absolutely, Quinn. I want our Willow back. I miss her, man, and I want her back. I won't let anyone keep her from us.

"Just keep remembering that, buddy. Just keep remembering that."

Despite his every internal warning screaming at him to tear apart the cemetery, they had to move cautiously so as not to alert the kidnappers. It'd been hard enough waiting around for Sheriff Ben Marcum to arrive at the scene and convince him to accompany them to the cemetery with some officers.

If it had been up to Derek, they would have searched without the police entirely, but they wouldn't take unnecessary chances with Willow's life, despite their belief in their own abilities to bring her home safely. The more people looking for her, the better.

Thank the Goddess she seemed to have friends in this town or they might be up shit's creek without a paddle. Once they told Sheriff Marcum that Willow was missing, he put his entire police force on emergency duty, so they had plenty of bodies out searching the town if his hunch about the cemetery didn't pan out.

Knowing he and Derek could catch her scent

better in their wolf forms, Quinn pulled Ben aside.

"What is it, Quinn? We're doing everything we can to find your mate."

Quinn shook his head. "It's not that. We have a better shot going in as wolves. Just don't shoot us when we go wolf. We should have started tracking her the moment we arrived here. We've already lost too much time as it is."

Ben nodded. "We've got you covered." He started to turn away, then paused and looked back, meeting Quinn's gaze. "We'll find her, Quinn. Never doubt it."

Quinn nodded, then let his gaze roam throughout the graveyard. The cemetery consisted of thousands of acres, with tombstones and crypts and even an ancient mausoleum. It could take hours to search it all and find her, and that was *if* she was even here. He pulled out his cell phone and quickly dialed Derek's number.

"Derek here,"

"I suggest we shift. We'll pull up her scent much faster as wolves."

"I agree, Quinn. Meet you by the front gate in five minutes."

"Agreed."

After making his way to the front gate, he waited for Derek to join him, his every nerve taut. *So are we going to strip here or find some shed to duck inside?*

The gardener's shed might be the wiser choice. The town may be full of Supernaturals, but we don't want to announce that we're hunting, either. Besides, it's just up ahead, on the path toward the right. I walked past it earlier.

Then let's get going, Quinn. It's time we get our mate and bring her home to us.

Within minutes, they entered the small garden shed and began to disrobe. Once naked, Quinn prepared to shift. His muscles stretched and contorted, joints popped. Bones changed shape and grew. Power and strength surged through his body, completing the transformation into his black wolf. He dropped to all fours, geared for the hunt, spurred more by fear for his mate than courage or preparation. The transformation's pain and disorientation ended as fast as it had begun.

Beside him, Derek completed his transformation into a golden wolf. *Ready?*

Before he could answer, his mate's soul-shattering scream pierced the night air.

* * * *

Willow woke to pain, sharp stinging pain. Small cuts were seeping blood up and down her arms and legs, across her tummy and down both sides of her rib cage. Blood ran down her body in rivulets, filling the etched scrollwork on the tomb

they'd tied her to. As she struggled to remain conscious and aware, her body steadily grew weaker, the blood loss too much for her to fight. The chanting, though, seemed to keep growing louder, adding rhythmic feet stomping and hand clapping, too.

She tried to fight against the bonds tying her to the tomb, but she didn't have the strength. She could barely lift her head. Another stinging cut slid across her right thigh, another rhythmic chant rang out above her head, another slicing cut slashed at her abdomen. Her lashes fluttered. Unconsciousness threatened, but she swore she thought she heard wolves howling in the distance before she succumbed to the darkness.

* * * *

Deep within the body of the wolf, Derek's mind raged. He wanted to ravage the ones who had the audacity to kidnap his mate. He could smell her blood on the wind. He could smell the ancient and evil magic. They were attempting a blood sacrifice and it enraged him that they would attempt such with his mate—that they would attempt such with anyone at all, but especially his mate. It incensed his beast. They would be lucky to survive his wrath.

Locked on to her blood scent, it took only a few

minutes to locate the mausoleum where they were holding Willow prisoner. Two sentries stood outside, garbed in long black hooded robes, shotguns cradled in their arms. *I smell a whole bunch more than just the two men that are standing out here. I say we go in low and circle in from behind. Take these bastards out. Show no mercy, Quinn.*

I agree, Derek. Show no mercy.

They went in low, using the cemetery monuments and headstones as cover to circle around until they'd come up behind the guards. When he was certain they were close enough to attack, he signaled to Quinn. *Now!*

As one, they leapt for the men's necks, breaking them in one vicious bite, leaving the men dead at their feet. Not sure what they'd find inside, he thought it best to shift back into human form first, just in case Willow needed to be carried out.

We should slip on these robes to blend in. In the dark, they shouldn't see the blood. Let's just hope there aren't any Supernaturals who can smell the fresh blood among these guys.

Good idea, Derek.

Unfortunately, by the time they shouldered their way inside the mausoleum, only their unconscious mate remained inside, still tied to the makeshift altar, unable to tell them how her kidnappers had disappeared as quickly and as cleanly as they had.

Their priority had to be taking care of their

mate. The sentries had fallen beneath their blood lust and would not be answering any questions. He and Quinn had a more important duty now, pampering and claiming their mate. Someone else could go after her remaining abductors. She needed them more than they needed vengeance.

Only after they'd secured her in a relationship would they question her about what had happened to her, and only *if* she brought it up first. They didn't want her to think they were with her only due to the trauma she'd suffered through because that certainly wasn't the case. They'd walked around with hard-ons while they'd waited to claim her, willing to wait to give Willow time to get to know them as men first.

After untying Willow's hands and feet, Derek carefully lifted her into his arms and cradled her against his chest. He wanted to weep when he looked at all the shallow cuts across her body. What they'd done to her body, what they'd done to her soul—they should burn in hell. He wanted to rip and tear into their bodies, each and every one of the bastards that had taken her—he wanted to make them each pay.

"We can't let the others see her like that, Derek." Quinn's voice sounded as broken as Derek felt inside.

He nodded. "Do you see her clothes anywhere or something we can cover her up with?"

With Willow pressed against his chest, he scanned the mausoleum, only now taking notice of the finer details. He studied the tomb and the surrounding detailed carvings of the Demon Leonard, the Master of Black Magic and Sorcery. The first order Demon was Inspector General of Sorcery, Black Magic and Witchcraft. From the waist up, Leonard had a goat's body with three horns on his head, a goat's beard, two fox-like ears, and red, enraged eyes. He held a goblet of a sacrificial victim's blood in one hand and an ancient text in another. In the carvings, a human woman lay on an altar, her body covered in shallow cuts, her wrists sliced open, her head missing. Thirteen hooded followers of the demon knelt at his feet.

On the other side of the tomb, he saw the Tumi, a crescent-shaped blade made of copper—used in ancient times for ritual beheadings—lying on the mausoleum floor. Obviously, they had arrived just in time.

CHAPTER FOUR

Quinn shook, his eyes drawn repeatedly to Willow's bleeding and battered body held so protectively within Derek's arms. Rage infused every cell of his body. He may not be able to hunt down who had done this to his mate and bring them to justice, but he would see to it that the Sheriff knew what they were up against. If the followers of the Demon Leonard were trying to summon him and were making blood sacrifices in his honor, they were up to something well beyond whatever the Sheriff had likely ever handled in the past. But Quinn definitely needed to warn Ben Marcum about what he may face.

He wanted to hurry and relay his news so they could get their mate home. They needed to get her bathed, bring in a doctor to see to her injuries, and, after she healed—physically and emotionally—they'd lay claim to her body, heart and soul, and mark her as their mate. But before all that, they needed to cover her. She wouldn't want the others

to see her this way, injured, naked and vulnerable.

As an Alpha wolf, she wouldn't be able to tolerate being in such an exposed position. Unable to protect her earlier as they should have, in this they could at least do something to prevent others from pitying her in the future. She'd hate such a thing even more than what her kidnappers would have done if she'd remained in their care. She could accept torture more than she could accept pity. As an Alpha wolf, he could understand that.

Quinn told Derek, "I'll go ahead and tell Ben what we know and arrange for medical treatment for Willow. I'll be right back with our clothes as well. We can cover her with one of these robes until we get her away from here. She wouldn't want anyone seeing her this way. Let's get her home and somewhere safe before anything else happens."

Derek nodded. His gaze, though, seemed distracted.

"What is it, Derek?"

"Look at the carvings on that tomb and along the walls. I think whatever they intended here tonight would only have been the beginning of their plans."

Not wanting his voice to wake her until they were someplace safe and someone could treat her pain and injuries, Quinn chose to speak to Derek using their pack bond instead. As a shifter, she'd

heal, but he didn't want her to hurt in the meantime. As soon as she regained consciousness and the doc gave permission, she could shift into her wolf form and back to human, and her injuries would be gone as though they had never existed.

I know, Derek. That's the Demon Leonard. We've been up against thousands of dangerous Supernaturals in our time, some that most would run screaming from, yet my wolf just sneered at. But this has me quaking in fear. We must guard her at all times until either someone eliminates him or his use for her is at an end.

You're right. In a town full of Supernaturals, when friend can be enemy, and demons that can possess others easily are involved, we definitely need to make sure that no one gets near her unless we're absolutely positive they're not tainted by demons.

Stripping out of his robe, Quinn handed it to Derek. *Here, put this on her. I'll be back with our clothes in a few minutes. I need to speak with Ben and let him know what we're facing. Then I'll bring the car around so we can transport her to our home. It's time we showed her the house we had Conn and Marcel build for the three of us once we discovered our mate lived here.*

Derek smiled. *You're right. I can't wait to see her eyes light up when she gets a load of her new digs. Do you think she has any idea you're loaded and built her a mini-mansion to live in?*

Quinn laughed. *No, and I can't wait to see her reaction. He drove a ten-year-old pick up, wore*

jeans and t-shirts most days, and scuffed-up sneakers. More than likely, she had no idea he'd inherited millions and had looked forward to the day he'd finally meet his mate so he could start spending his inheritance. They'd have plenty of money to raise a family of their own—the three of them. He couldn't wait to get started.

Calling forth his wolf, Quinn shifted, letting his beast free. After witnessing what her attackers had done to his mate, his beast needed to run against the wind or it would hunt her kidnappers down rather than return to where the Sheriff waited coordinating the search and rescue. Another time he'd let his beast have more time to race and hunt prey, but for now, he had to get back to his mate. Sniffing the wind, he picked out the Sheriff's scent and headed that way. The sooner he found Ben, the sooner he could return to Willow.

* * * *

Willow woke to warmth and a sense of safety and security, something she didn't expect. Hell, she didn't expect to wake again. Stretching, she could feel the burn of the shallow cuts across her body and the sting of silver burns around her wrists and ankles. But already she knew her body had begun to heal. Wherever she was, her kidnappers no longer had her. She knew that without a doubt.

A familiar scent tickled her nose, making her smile for the first time in hours, or hell, it could have been days. She had no idea how long she'd been sleeping. Just knowing that somehow Derek had found her—and therefore Quinn as well—gave her all the reason to smile she needed. She shivered, her thoughts automatically turning to why she'd need rescuing. Just thinking about what her attackers had planned for her gave her chills. She had no doubt she wouldn't have survived it if she hadn't been rescued.

Opening her eyes, she wasn't surprised to see Derek. She'd smelled him nearby. The room, now that completely threw her. She had no idea where he'd taken her.

"Where am I?"

"You're in our home. In our bedroom, actually."

Willow gasped. "You and Quinn are lovers?" She didn't know what to think. She had nothing against one man loving another, but she'd hoped to pursue a relationship with the pair. Although if they were already involved—with each other—that wouldn't be likely now.

Derek laughed—a full belly chuckle. After at least a full minute passed, he wiped tears from his cheeks, then straightened and made his way toward the bed where she rested. "No, we're not lovers. Quinn and I are actually cousins. No, the

three of us will share this bedroom, Willow. You have to have known by now that the three of us are destined mates. Our scents have practically merged already and we've yet to make love to you."

Willow blushed and looked away. "I suspected." Hell, she'd more than suspected. The erotic dreams that were getting progressively naughtier were very indicative of mating dreams. More than likely, Derek and Quinn had shared those same dreams with her.

She'd hired the pair based on her reaction to their scent. She'd wanted to bite the base of their neck and submit to their every carnal need within five minutes of them walking into her place. She'd have hired them regardless of their size or qualifications just based on her unprecedented reaction to the men. The fact that they could keep her patrons and staff safe was an added bonus.

Willow cleared her throat, then straightened the down comforter surrounding her, before meeting Derek's gaze. "Where is Quinn?"

"He's downstairs letting the doctor out. He'll be up in a minute. How are you feeling?"

Flexing her arms and legs, she grimaced when a shaft of pain ripped through her wrists and ankles. "The cuts aren't bothering me too much, but the restraint burns hurt like hell," she admitted.

Derek nodded. "That's probably because the ropes were braided with silver jewelry wire. Thin and woven through the rope, you never even knew it was there as you tried to escape the bonds."

"Bastards used spiked rope to tie me down. No wonder I couldn't break free."

"You're lucky you didn't develop silver poisoning. If you had fought against the ropes much longer, or they had dug deeper into your wrists or ankles, you could have gotten sick before we even had a chance to get to you."

"Doc says if she goes ahead and shifts it should not only heal the rest of her cuts, but rid the remaining silver poison from her system. Other than getting rest when she feels she needs it and eating a protein rich meal, he says she shouldn't have any lasting damage."

Willow's breath caught as it usually did when she saw the pair standing together. One golden blond, one dark as night, the duo were gorgeous – and if Derek was to be believed, they were both all hers. She licked her lips just thinking about the possibilities.

Perhaps she should be more traumatized than she currently seemed to be, but she'd regretted not making a move on these guys before her abduction. She didn't want to have the same regret if anything else happened to her. She was

an Alpha female. It was time she started acting like it and seized what she wanted. Right now, she wanted these two men to make love to her and to hell with everything and everyone else.

She wanted to feel their bodies pressed against hers, feel their lips suckle her nipples, their arms enfold her against their muscular chests. She wanted those things and so many more that just thinking about taking Quinn and Derek to her bed had her nipples hard and cream slicking her inner thighs.

Seeing them standing together, one at the foot of the bed, the other in the doorway, she knew that she wanted to see them like this for the rest of her life. To do that, first she needed to heal. Then she needed to convince them that her kidnapping hadn't affected her mental and emotional judgment. She didn't want to spend another night—hell, another moment—apart from them. It was time to take matters into her own hands.

CHAPTER FIVE

Derek inhaled Willow's scent, something impossible not to do standing this close to her, wanting to wallow in the fact that she was finally where she was supposed to be. When he smelled her arousal thickening the air around them, his cock went from semi-hard to fully erect in less time than it took to draw a full breath. But when she started nibbling on her full bottom lip while rubbing smaller and smaller circles on her left breast, he thought he might explode within the too-tight confines of his jeans.

Behind him, Quinn moaned low in his throat. *What is she trying to do, kill us?*

I don't know Quinn, but if I had to guess, I'd say she's trying to seduce us. She is an Alpha bitch after all. She's not a weak woman. She'll forge past last night's events with courage and strength.

Apparently she's decided she's tired of sharing our dreams and wants to share our bed instead, Quinn quipped.

Thank the Goddess, is all I have to say to that.
“What do you want, Willow?”

“I want to know why you two haven’t made a move on me in the month you’ve been in town. Then I want you both to come over here and fuck me.”

Quinn chuckled. Derek moaned. By the Goddess, he loved a woman who wasn’t afraid to tell him exactly what she wanted sexually, but would she submit to his and Quinn’s carnal needs? They were Alpha males, dominant personalities who tended to take control in the bedroom, although they didn’t practice Dominant/submissive relationships per se. Would she—could she—follow directions in the bedroom?

I guess we’ll soon find out, won’t we, Derek?

Yeah, I guess we will. I have a feeling, though, that Willow can take anything we can dish out. She’s strong – probably stronger than the both of us, when it comes down to it. The fact that right now she’s doing her best to seduce us is proof enough of that.

Then let’s not let the seduction go to waste.

I’m with you one hundred percent. When she pinched her nipple and began tugging the hardened nub, he growled low in his throat, letting her see how close to the surface his beast now lived. It would only turn her on that much more to know how close he was to losing control. How close they both were because he could sense

Quinn's wolf as well, both beasts anxious to claim the wolf beneath Willow's skin as their own.

After catching Willow's gaze, he slowly gripped his cock through his jeans, sliding his hands up and down the length, once, twice, making sure her gaze was locked on his movements. Once positive he had her full attention, he dragged his fingers to his zipper, and slowly unbuttoned and unzipped his jeans, pulling the zipper down tooth by tooth until his rock hard cock sprang free.

Strip down, Quinn. I think it's time to stake our claim on the little red-haired Alpha.

I can get behind that.

Derek smiled. *Let's see about getting her between us, instead.*

With his cock free, he slowly stroked it from base to tip, rubbing his thumb across the crown, spreading the drop of pre-cum already gathered there across the head. He trembled in reaction.

Willow's eyes widened. Her tongue slipped out between plump lips before she bit her bottom lip and moaned low and needy. "That is so sexy," she whispered.

"You haven't seen anything yet, baby," Quinn murmured before he stepped forward and stood next to Derek, his body completely bare and open to her gaze. Again, she nibbled on her lower lip, this time drawing blood. Obviously, she wasn't

aware that her fangs had lowered once her arousal surged.

Seeing that little drop of blood pooling on her lower lip had his cock jerking in his hand. *Let's see how aroused we can make our little wolf, Quinn, before she begs us to take her.*

* * * *

Quinn could so get behind what Derek had planned. He wanted to push Willow to her limits, see exactly what those limits were in and out of the bedroom, though he tended to agree with Derek. Willow had loads of strength and courage. She was strong enough to take the full brunt of their passion. He didn't doubt that for a moment.

While Derek continued to tempt their mate, Quinn set the mood by readying the room for their love play. He moved about the room with deceptive ease, lighting candles that had been set in various spots around the room, turning on the small radio sitting on the long cherry dresser to a local station known to play moody jazz music. After closing the window to keep the crisp, pre-dawn air outside, he lowered the shades and closed the curtains to keep the sun from shining in once it rose. They would all need their rest after they sealed the mating.

Tasks completed, Derek and Quinn stood side

by side in the flickering candlelight and waited until Willow began to squirm impatiently before moving toward her. With lazy grace, the pair crawled onto the bed with her, one on her left and the other to her right.

Quinn could hear Willow's wildly beating heart as he gently touched his lips to hers. This was their first kiss and he wanted—no, needed—for it to be gentle because he didn't know how long his beast would allow gentleness before taking over control. She tasted of warm cinnamon and apples, as though she'd been drinking warm apple cider. It was her unique flavor and one he'd savor all the rest of his days. Her taste intoxicated him. He wanted to nuzzle her neck, bathe in her natural perfume until their three scents became one.

He broke the kiss and Derek moved to take his place, kissing her so tenderly he'd be jealous if he didn't know that the fates had decreed that she'd love them equally. She was theirs—all theirs.

Quinn tugged the comforter down, baring her almost entirely to his gaze. He could still see shallow cuts across her skin and his gut clenched in worry. *We should have her shift now to make sure she heals quickly.*

Derek nodded.

"Willow, come out from beneath those covers and shift to your wolf form and back. Derek and I would feel better if you were healed before we

went further. We want to make sure the silver is completely out of your system so that you don't grow weak."

Willow sighed. Quinn could feel her disappointment that their loving would be delayed, but in this, they wouldn't be swayed. Her health came before their mutual desire.

Finally, she nodded and he let out the breath he hadn't even realized he'd been holding. Across from him, on Willow's other side, Derek did the same.

Quinn watched Willow close her eyes, preparing to shift into her wolf form in front of them for the first time. While distracted, he took the opportunity to strip the blanket from her completely. Within seconds, the shift from human to wolf began. Her muscles stretched and quivered, joints popped. Bones changed shape and grew. Fur sprouted, covering skin, flowing into a glossy red coat. Transformation complete, Quinn sucked in a deep breath. As a woman, she was gorgeous, as a wolf she was a sleek and deadly predator. He couldn't wait to claim her for his own—their own.

Fully healed, the wolf yipped once then shifted back before moving to lay on her side, facing Derek, her back to Quinn. He about swallowed his tongue when her glorious ass faced him, her lush curves within inches of his tongue and hands. He

couldn't wait to taste her, take her, mate her.

With a gentleness that surprised him, he ghosted his fingers along the calf of her leg, while in front of her, Derek's fingers lightly grazed the underside of one breast then the other before trailing down the smooth length of her flat tummy.

Quinn had to taste her. He scooted down the bed and let his lips work a sensual path from the bottom of her foot, up the back of her leg, over her thighs, making her tremble beneath him. As Derek's tongue plundered her mouth, he wanted to do the same with her pussy, eating the sweet cream he could see coating her pussy lips.

She quivered beneath their touch, her entire body vibrating with need. He kept things slow — kept teasing her with his touch. He moved to nip at her ass with his teeth and she started, gasping into Derek's mouth. Quinn's lips then brushed over the bite, soothing away the sharp sting with his tongue. He couldn't wait to give her a mating mark, to bite down upon her flesh until he drew blood, creating a permanent bond between them — but that was for later.

Derek's hands moved to cup her breasts. She moaned as his fingers squeezed and massaged the lush mounds, tugging and pulling at her diamond-hard nipples. The more Derek stimulated the rosy peaks, the stronger the scent of

her arousal grew.

Quinn slid two fingers into her pussy from behind, amazed at how tight and wet she was, how she gripped his fingers as though reluctant to let him go. Already, with just the barest amount of foreplay, she was almost ready to take them inside her. She groaned, pushing her hips back to take more of the thick fingers. She shuddered from head to toe as he gently thrust them in and out, stretching her as he went. He was a big man and he didn't want to hurt her during their mating.

"She's so hot," Quinn murmured, and Derek's fingers joined his between her thighs.

Derek slipped his fingers into her channel along with Quinn's and her legs quaked. She gripped Derek's shoulders, moaning. Again, her heightened arousal perfumed the room, thickening the pheromone-rich air. With every inhale, his dick grew harder and his wolf grew more difficult to control. Soon, he'd have no choice but to mount her. He just hoped that she'd be ready to take him by then.

"Does it feel good, baby?" Derek whispered.

Quinn held his breath. This was the first test. Would she answer Derek with the truth?

She nodded, apparently completely beyond any kind of coherent speech. Her fingers clenched at the flesh of his arm, digging in and leaving half-moon shaped impressions in his skin.

Quinn lightly slapped her ass. “Answer him, Willow.” It was an order. Would she follow it? Holding his breath yet again, Quinn waited to see what Willow did next. It was all up to her to say exactly how their relationship proceeded, but he hoped – no, prayed – she had the strength to give over the control they needed.

CHAPTER SIX

“Tell me,” Derek ordered. “Talk to me, Willow.” This time his voice gentled just a bit.

“It feels good. Too good,” she gasped, grinding her hips against their fingers. They each added another digit, stretching her impossibly wider. She cried out, her pussy sucking them farther inside her, filling her completely. “Oh, yes.”

She bit her bottom lip, once again drawing blood as her passion mounted. Her wolf strained against her skin. It wanted freedom to mate with its males, but not yet. Tonight was for her. The pleasure they were giving her bordered on pain, but it was unlike any pain she’d ever experienced and nothing she’d ever willingly give up after experiencing.

“I want to taste you, Willow,” Derek murmured against her open mouth. “I want to lick this sweet pussy, eat up all the cream you have dripping down your thigh, baby.”

Willow swallowed. Never had anyone spoken to her in such a way. Her entire body burned. She ached, literally ached, with need. Her clit pulsed, swollen with desire. She needed to come so damn bad she wanted to scream and they'd barely begun.

She nodded, wanting that more than anything else. No one had ever gone down on her and she wanted these men—her men—to be the first ones, the last ones, to do so.

She wanted to feel his mouth against her mound, licking up the juices she could feel dripping from her channel, soaking the sheets beneath her. She wanted to feel his tongue fucking her, feel him suckling on her clit, bringing her to orgasm with his mouth.

Quinn moved to sit on the bed and pulled her down onto his lap, her back to his chest, his back to the headboard of the cherry sleigh bed. He hooked her legs over his thighs, then spread them wide. Kneeling between her spread thighs, Derek's fingers separated the damp folds of her pussy before lowering his head to the juncture of her thighs.

She watched, fascinated, as he licked up her slit, circled her sensitive clit, then back down to her ass hole. Over and over, he followed the same route. Up. Down. Over. Around. She gasped as his tongue gently swiped across her clit, time and

again, sending sharp shards of pleasure-pain directly to her womb.

Quinn's cock nestled between the cheeks of her ass, rocking gently against her, causing her pussy to grind against Derek's mouth. She moaned, biting down on her lip as the tension in her body built higher. Close. She was so close. Just a little more and she'd blow like a rocket. Just...a...little...bit...more.

Derek licked at her, using his tongue to toy with her clit and make her crazy. Just as she was about to come, he pulled away, leaving her empty and desperate for release. "No," she gasped, tugging at his head to pull him back. "No, Derek. Don't stop. Please, I need to come, please," she begged.

He removed her hands and quickly lifted her from Quinn's lap, all the while shaking his head. "Turn over onto your stomach."

"My stomach?" she questioned, but did as he asked, knowing in her gut she needed to submit to him in this, though losing that orgasm at the last minute did rankle.

The down comforter brushed against her aching mound sending another jolt of pleasure zinging through her clit. She moaned, low and throaty, growing more and more desperate for someone to mount her.

Something cold and wet probed between the

cheeks of her ass and she glanced over her shoulder at Quinn. His deep blue eyes flashed with heat. His jaw tensed, his gaze grew fierce as he separated her cheeks and pressed the tip of the toy at her opening. It was long, with balls of varying size that became progressively bigger as they advanced to the tip.

"Where did you get that?" she asked, more worried about its size than curious as to where it came from.

"We bought it when we first realized who you were to us. It's to help prepare you for both of us," Quinn replied, then gently slid the tip past her opening. "Eventually, you'll be able to make love to both of us at the same time, but in the mean time, this will begin stretching your ass to accommodate us so we don't hurt you once we mount you back here."

She gasped at the burning sensation as the first two knobs pushed past the tight ring of resistance of her sphincter. With a moan, she lifted her hips and lowered her shoulders to the mattress, taking it three more balls deeper, each one stretching her wider. A burning hunger that surprised her built in her ass. It pulsed and grew as Quinn continued to lick and kiss at the globes of her ass, then farther up to the small of her back as he pressed the plug slowly deeper and deeper into her bottom.

She'd seen this in the bar, throughout town—two men and one woman. Never in her life did she imagine she would enjoy it so much herself. Four hands touching her, two sets of lips driving her mad, two bodies sandwiching her between them—it was all so heady, so wildly intoxicating. She knew she'd never get enough of it. She prayed they felt the same.

Quinn spanked her bottom, sending tingling warmth up her spine. She liked it, craved it, and wanted him to do it again. When he did, she moaned as the muscles of her anus contracted around the toy he embedded deep inside her. Did the fact that she liked being spanked while something was up her ass make her a pervert? If it did, she couldn't find it within herself to care.

"Now, turn over," Quinn ordered. She turned over gingerly, all too aware of the plug lodged up her ass. He spread her legs wide, easing one leg over his shoulder and placed the other around his waist.

Gently he pushed the head of his cock into her pussy. He grimaced. His eyes slid closed. She couldn't stop looking at him as he held back, forced himself to show restraint despite his desire to ravish.

Derek gently brushed across her clit with his thumb as Quinn slowly sank into her silken, wet heat, before sliding his hands up her hips to cup

her breasts. Her hips jerked, taking Quinn deeper inside her. Derek chuckled before bending over her to draw her swollen nipple between his lips and suckling.

Juices poured from her, coating both Quinn's cock and the toy filling her ass. Leaning over her, Derek licked at her other nipple, while pinching the first, tormenting the hard buds.

She panted for air, desperate now. She needed more, so much more. She moaned, arching her back. It was taking entirely too long for Quinn to get inside her. She wanted him deep inside, filling her to overflowing. Was that too much to ask?

"Please, Quinn. Don't make me beg, anymore. Fuck me, already," she demanded, lowering her voice to a throaty purr.

With a growl, Quinn thrust forward, surging in only halfway. She gasped at the stretching, fullness. She winced when he pressed farther still, unsure if he'd fit after all.

Pain mixed with pleasure as he pulled back, then pressed forward again, this time more forcefully. Derek continued to play with her breasts, his lips and tongue laving each mound with deliberate intent, plucking her diamond hard nipples, and stimulating her senses until she was nearly incoherent with the overwhelming sensations.

"By the Goddess, she's so damn tight, Derek,"

Quinn growled as he pulled back, then moved against her, going balls-deep with one mighty lunge. "It's going to feel like she's squeezing the life out of you, but what a way to go."

Willow screamed and lifted her hips, arching into his thrusts. Her pussy clenched around the invading shaft, while her ass pulsed around the anal plug. Pleasure and pain mingled as his slow, steady withdraw then equally slow reentry sent her senses reeling out of control. Her hands fisted in the comforter, clenching and unclenching as she fought to stop her orgasm from taking hold. She wanted it to last longer. Needed it to last longer. "Oh, yes. Oh, yes," she groaned as Quinn ravaged her pussy over and over, thrusting harder and deeper with every pump and swivel of his hips.

Derek straddled her shoulders, gripping his cock at the base. Holding it before her lips, he whispered, "Suck it, my mate."

Opening her lips, she licked at the head, but Quinn was riding her pussy so hard, her head moved, missing her target completely. Derek shifted and she ran her tongue along the underside of his cock from balls to tip and down again. He groaned and his balls drew up tight as she bit softly at the underside, then sucked gently.

"I want to see those beautiful lips around it, Willow. Take my cock into your mouth and suck it."

She nodded, then opened her mouth, allowing him to guide his cock between her lips. She moaned around his girth, circling the tip with her tongue the best she could considering she could barely fit him inside her mouth at all he was so thick. His musky, salty taste filled her mouth, calling to her beast, her every primal instinct demanding she mark him as hers by biting his inner thigh and breaking skin, mixing her saliva into his bloodstream, thereby combining their DNA and building the mate bond between them.

She sucked at Derek with strong pulls, moving her mouth in the same rhythm and pace as Quinn's cock that still surged through her channel. The pressure in her womb built higher and higher as a sharp tingling spread along her limbs. She was close, so close and already she could tell it would be the strongest orgasm of her life.

Her breasts ached and swelled as Quinn thrust harder, deeper, hitting her womb with every inward thrust. Derek fucked her mouth with just as much intensity, hitting the back of her throat with the tip of his thick shaft, lodging it at the back of her throat with every pass.

Her body exploded. Every nerve ending screamed with pleasure. It happened suddenly and with such intense heat, she screamed as loud as she could with a cock lodged halfway down her throat. Arching her hips toward Quinn, she rode

out the wave of bliss as she continued to suck Derek's cock. Her pussy clenched and sucked at Quinn's shaft, seemingly reluctant to let him free of her sheath. Her ass pulsed around the toy, intensifying and prolonging her pleasure.

"That's it, baby," Quinn crooned as he suddenly pulled from her pussy. "It's Derek's turn to feel you squeezing his dick, love."

She moaned around Derek's erection, needing another release despite the fact that she'd just come harder than she'd thought possible. Derek removed his cock from her mouth and helped her onto her hands and knees. He moved behind her and without preamble, slid his cock into her sopping wet pussy with a long, low groan, then slowly withdrew until just the head remained lodged inside her gate.

"Oh, so good. Such a wet, tight little pussy," he purred as he ever so slowly thrust his cock deep inside again. His fingers tugged at the toy, sliding it in and out in counterpart to his cock. She groaned, moving her hips in time with him. Desperate to feel everything, to experience all the pleasure they wanted to give her. Quinn moved in front of her, putting his cock at her lips. She opened her mouth and licked at his head gently, knowing without being told exactly what he wanted. She could taste herself on his cock and, intrigued, she licked along his length. She'd never

taken a man's cock in her mouth after he'd been inside her, but she didn't feel disgusted like she thought she would.

Quinn buried his hand in her long hair, wrapping it around his fists as he showed her the speed and rhythm he preferred.

"Suck it, sweet. Make me come down your throat," Quinn growled and she opened her mouth, sucking him between her lips. Her body tensed again until she exploded around the two invading shafts filling her so full it was almost painful. As another orgasm washed over her out of nowhere, her mind fell into a tailspin. A kaleidoscope of colors passed behind her closed eyes. She gasped for air, dragging it into her lungs with a hoarse and ragged cry.

She focused everything she had on sucking Quinn's cock and making him come. She wanted to taste his essence, wanted to feel him filling her mouth with his salty come. With a shout, Derek joined her in orgasmic bliss, filling her pussy with hot jets of semen. She felt so full, so consumed, but she didn't stop—couldn't stop—sucking Quinn's cock. She wanted to please him as much as they'd pleased her. He thrust once more, hitting the back of her throat and stopped there. With a growl, he shot his cum down her throat. She licked greedily, enjoying his salty, musky taste.

Quinn fell back onto the bed with a sigh and

she crawled over to lie across his chest. His arms wrapped around her waist and pulled her on top of him. "Bend down baby and mark me as yours. It's time to take Derek and me as your mates."

"Past time," Derek added. Walking toward the bed, he held up the cloth he'd brought with him. Derek gently tugged the toy from her ass. She winced at the slight pain as it pulled free, knowing it would sting the first time she tried sitting on her bottom. He tossed the toy to the floor, then smoothed his hand over her hips and bottom, before taking the wet washcloth he'd retrieved and bathed her swollen pussy and sticky thighs.

Climbing into bed, Derek nuzzled her throat on one side, while Quinn did the same on the other. Together they bit down, breaking skin and drawing blood. Stroking the wounds with their tongues, they bathed the bites with their healing saliva. "Now it's your turn. Bite us, baby, and claim us as yours to love for the rest of our lives, as we have grown to love you."

Willow's heart hitched in her chest before nearly thumping out of her chest in sheer happiness. Smiling, she reached first for Quinn since she was facing him, pushing him down to the flat of his back. Leaning over his chest, she tried to decide just where she wanted to leave her mark on her men. Within seconds, she had the perfect place.

Pressing her face against the base of Quinn's neck, she licked his jugular. He swallowed. She could smell his excitement, his wolf's excitement. Moving on, her lips trailed across his wide chest, down his pecs until she reached his breast. After pausing to look into Quinn's glittering blue gaze, she closed her eyes, then bit down, marking him directly above his heart. *This way you'll always know you have my heart as well.*

Easing off Quinn, she rolled over and pushed Derek down, mirroring all the previous movements she'd shown Quinn. Just after piercing Derek's chest, she stared into Derek's emerald green gaze and sent him the same message she'd sent Quinn along their new mate bond. *This way you'll always know you have my heart as well.*

Both men reached for her hands as she kneeled between where they lay sprawled on the bed, pulling her down to lie between them. As Quinn cuddled her from the front, and Derek from behind, she sighed, enjoying the relaxing movement of Quinn's hand leisurely running through her hair and down her back as Derek ran his palms down her hips in slow, sure strokes meant to soothe. He placed a soft kiss against her shoulder, his arms encircling her. Quinn scooted forward, lifting her left thigh over his right and wrapping her in his embrace as well. There she fell asleep, enveloped between them, safe, secure, and

more sexually satiated than she'd thought it possible to be.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Derek woke feeling refreshed and relaxed for the first time in what felt like years, if ever. He couldn't remember the last time he'd felt so at ease with life, despite the badass shit going on in Serenity. With his mate finally in his arms, life couldn't get any more perfect. His mate had her head resting against his chest, her thigh straddling his waist as she cuddled alongside him. He'd have to thank Quinn later for giving him this time with Willow. While Quinn was gone finding out what new leads the investigators may have found, he could luxuriate in the feeling of waking up to his mate lying in his arms.

His cock stirred, rising quickly at the feel of Willow against him, her scent in his nose. He wanted to make love to her so badly this morning, but she'd been through a lot last night on top of the mating and he'd do nothing to hurt her. For now, just knowing she'd agreed to be his mate and had, in fact, marked him as hers last night, was

enough for him, hard cock or not.

Unwilling to wake her up when she needed her rest, he eased out from beneath her and scooted off the bed. He'd go downstairs and see what they had in the kitchen to fix her for breakfast and, hopefully, by the time she woke, he'd have a feast ready for her. And if he couldn't find anything decent to eat, he'd have Quinn bring something home when he returned.

* * * *

Willow stood in the shower, letting the warm water ease her sore and tender muscles. She'd didn't have a doubt that Quinn had left her and Derek here to go into town to investigate her kidnapping. Did they think she couldn't handle knowing that something horrible had almost happened to her last night, could still happen to her?

The shower door opened letting in a puff of cool air. She lifted her head, surprised to find Derek standing amidst the billowing steam. When she'd woken alone yet smelled Derek's scent still lingering in the house, she'd assumed he was avoiding her this morning for some reason.

"Quinn had to go to town. Mind if I join you instead?"

Framed in the shower doorway, with steam

rising around him, his golden brown hair damp and tousled, his hard body naked and aroused, she wasn't sure taking a shower with the man was the smartest thing to do. Not if she wanted some answers.

"That depends," she admitted, distracted by his cock which seemed to grow larger before her eyes. She wanted to reach out and touch him, to get down on her knees and take him down her throat. But first she needed answers.

"Depends on what?" he asked, his lips twitching in amusement. "What do I need to do to share your shower?"

"There's only one thing really. You and Quinn don't keep me in the dark about what's going on."

"Have we been doing that?" he asked, his head tilting slightly to the side as though surprised she'd called him on it.

"Yes, and you know it or Quinn would be in here with you."

He stepped forward, crowding her against the cool tile wall. "You're right," he said with a nod. "We have been trying to protect you and it won't happen again. But right now ..." He grasped her wrists, holding them together over her head with one hand while holding her chin in his other. "Right now, I want to fuck my mate."

Her heart raced when he dropped the hold on her chin and let his hand trail across her

collarbone and down her breast. He thumbed one of her nipples, bringing it into a hardened peak before moving on, trailing his fingers along her waist and upper thigh and back up again. As his callused palm ghosted over her hip, goose bumps erupted across her skin. His hand paused, then cupped her pussy. Without hesitation, she spread her legs wider, giving him better access.

By the Goddess, she wanted him. How had she lasted an entire month having them working at her bar? Now that she'd actually succumbed and had taken them as her mates, she wanted to thank all that was holy for bringing Derek and Quinn to Serenity. She hadn't realized how lonely and empty her life was without a mate until she'd found two of her own.

When two of his thick fingers sank into her channel, she groaned. Arousal flared. She wanted Derek and she wanted him now.

"Fuck me, Derek. Please," she begged, uncaring if she sounded weak in that moment.

Not weak. Never weak. You need and we give. It's as simple as that.

Please then. I need you.

Then hold on, love. Leave your hands where they are.

When she nodded, he dropped his hands and picked her up by the waist. "Put your legs around my hips and hold on for the ride, baby," he murmured.

They both groaned at the first feel of skin pressed against skin. His cock pressed between them, hard, pulsing. She wanted it inside her, filling her empty cunt and she didn't want to wait a moment more. A heartbeat later he was inside her, his mouth covering hers, swallowing her cries of pleasure. He thrust deeper and deeper, harder and harder. She met his thrusts with her own, tightening her legs around his hips. She wanted to sink her fingers into his hair and hold on, but he'd told her to leave them above her head and she didn't want to do anything that might make him stop—at least not until she'd come.

Their tongues tangled in a heated kiss. Their breaths mingled. She inhaled his scent, letting her wolf catch scent of his. She arched her hips, taking him deeper, needing more. With every stroke, he hit the mouth of her womb sending shards of pleasure-pain zipping through her body.

Reality narrowed to just the two of them, his cock, her cunt—fucking like two animals in heat and that was fine with her. She gasped as her orgasm slammed through her. Her channel clenched down on his surging cock, milking him of jet after jet of hot cum.

He slumped against her. Body pressed against body, she could feel his heart pounding against her chest. Her legs shook and she knew if she dropped them, she'd never be able to stand on her

own.

* * * *

The house was quiet when Quinn walked in the door, but he could smell the sex and passion still hanging thick in the air. Behind the fly of his jeans, his cock hardened. He'd much rather have woken up to Willow in his arms this morning, but someone had to check on the manhunt, and since he woke first, he'd foregone the luxury of morning sex.

But since they still had no news as to what the kidnappers had planned, he could now devote the next couple hours to loving his mate. By this evening, he hoped to know more about who had driven the hearse that had abducted her, and the friends and associates of the two men they'd killed outside the mausoleum. Once they knew that information, the hunt for her kidnappers should be easy.

It still didn't sit well with him to wait for others to take the lead in the hunt, but guarding and protecting his mate mattered more than his need for vengeance—even if he had to keep telling himself that.

Why wouldn't you want to be out there hunting them down?

For a second, the sound of his mate's voice in

his head shocked him. Then he realized what she'd said.

I need to be here with you.

No. What we need to do is go out there and find the assholes that thought they could sacrifice me to the Demon Leonard. That's what we need to do.

Quinn smiled. He loved her sass. *Where are you?*

I'm downstairs in some monstrosity of a kitchen. You'll need a cook to do this place justice.

Shaking his head, Quinn chuckled. "If that's what you want," he murmured as he walked into the eat-in kitchen. Yeah, he'd probably gone overboard when they'd had this designed. It had two ranges, two ovens, and a huge refrigerator all in stainless steel, an island with its own sink and a large country farm table and chairs enough to seat eight.

Scanning the large kitchen, he found Willow leaning into the fridge, her body covered in one of his t-shirts and hanging to just below the curve of her ass, her long red hair hung in tousled waves, still damp from a recent shower. He could smell the scent of his shampoo and beneath that, the scent of aroused woman and cum-soaked skin.

Stepping up behind her, he wrapped his arms around her waist. Her only reaction was a startled jump, then a quick exhale before relaxing in his arms.

Willow chuckled, then grunted as she turned

in his arms to face him. "If I hadn't heard you coming, scented your approach, you would be eating your balls right now, so don't think I'm helpless. So, now, where have you been?"

"Trying to find out the names of your abductors. Not having much luck so far." When her brows furrowed in worry, he pulled her closer, snuggling her head beneath his chin and wrapping his arms around her back as he pressed her against him.

"Don't worry about it. We'll know something soon."

"I don't know if this will make sense, or help or not, but I kept smelling dogs and cats, even rabbits. Is it possible one of them works around animals?"

Quinn stiffened, set her away a few inches. "What else do you remember that might help?" He hated asking her, hated involving her at all, but he doubted she'd willingly sit on the sidelines. The sooner these people were taken out, the sooner they'd catch whoever needed the services of a demon enough to perform a human sacrifice in his honor.

Willow chewed on her bottom lip and closed her eyes. He didn't interrupt her or try to pull her into his arms. He'd listen for now and, when she was through remembering the night before, then he'd comfort her. But first, they needed the details.

"I remember candlelight, the smell of wet cats and dogs, voices, chanting, men and women, low-pitched and high. I smell roses, could have been carnations—that bit is fuzzy. I can see eleven people standing around me, but I can hear something to my right, in the corner, feel someone watching. He's enjoying himself.

"It's a man?"

She shook her head. "I don't know. That's just the feeling I got. That's all I remember really. The next thing I know, I'm waking up here."

Quinn shuddered. So much could have gone worse last night than it had and he was so incredibly grateful that this woman was here with him now. Pulling her into his arms, he held onto her. He wanted to wrap her in cotton, but he knew she wouldn't stand for it.

Willow sighed, then slowly pulled away. "As much as I'm enjoying my time with you guys, I have to get to the pub. It won't run itself and you two are supposed to be working tonight."

His gut clenched. Bringing her out amidst a bunch of people, not knowing who their enemies were, didn't sit well with him, and it certainly didn't sit well with his wolf who wanted its mate protected at all costs. Before he could tell her what he thought of her idea, she pursed her lips and started tapping her foot. With her wearing his T-shirt and looking all sexy, he didn't have the heart

to tell her that look didn't intimidate him but it might get her fucked. Better to just show her instead.

Instead of taking her out to the living room, he quickly picked her up and brought her over to the kitchen table. Bending her over the top, her ass facing him, he held her down with the palm of his hand. "Spread your legs, Willow. I want to make love to you."

A heartbeat later, legs spread, ass up and in the air, Quinn changed his mind about how and where he wanted to fuck his mate. Derek may have gotten the first morning cuddle, but he'd be the first to explore her ass. He couldn't wait to claim her there, marking her in such an animalistic way. His beast agreed, urging him to mount her. Now.

Quinn lined his cock up against her pussy and slowly entered her, aware that after last night and this morning she was probably tender. After a couple of slow easy thrusts, he withdrew from her clasp channel and pressed against the tiny pink rosette of her ass, then palmed her lush bottom. "Is this okay?" he asked, not knowing what he'd do if she denied him this. Already his beast demanded he thrust hard, take her, claim her. Leashing it just to ask permission about killed him.

"Yes," Willow said, pushing backward. Willow

relaxed and widened her stance, helping him as he slowly worked his shaft in with small thrusts. His hand circled her waist, stroked over her belly and slid downward to her pussy, before finally pinching her clit between two fingers. He wanted her to come. Needed her to find her pleasure as well.

By the time he'd hilted inside her, he needed to stop and rest. One movement, one tiny flex, and he'd lose it. Feeling her like this was beyond exquisite and he wasn't a virgin to sex by any means. She was so tight, a vise around his cock that throbbed with every beat of her heart. What he had with Willow, making love to his mate, nothing compared to it. Nothing.

"Am I hurting you?" he asked, closing his eyes, forcing himself to remain still when he was finally all the way in. He hadn't used lube and he didn't want to do anything to hurt her.

"Oh yeah, but in a good way. Can't you tell how wet I am?"

Before he could think of a suitable response, she rocked against him, urging him to thrust. He almost came. Only sheer willpower kept him from coming in her ass before she reached her own release.

Unable to do anything else, he gave in to his need, to his beast's demand and took her like he wanted, though he tried to gentle his thrusts. Soon

their movements were jerky, their breathing erratic. They strained against each other, their skin glistening with sweat.

When he knew he wouldn't last much longer, he tugged on her clit, then stroked the naked head, once, twice, three times. She quivered, her ass clamped down on his cock, and he thought he'd died and gone to heaven when jets of ropey come shot in hot splashes, filling her ass hole to overflowing. Quinn collapsed against her back, only then stopping to wonder why the house seemed silent.

As he slowly withdrew from his mate, he smiled, both beast and man pleased to see his cum marking her skin. "Where's Derek?"

Willow shrugged, then looked away, something an Alpha wolf normally would never do. His hackles rose. He growled low, forcing her to turn her gaze up to his. He knew he wasn't going to like the answer, but he needed to know it anyway. "Where is Derek?"

CHAPTER EIGHT

As the men and women went about their duties at the kennel, Derek watched from a nearby tree. Hidden in the foliage, he could only be thankful that the leaves were late in turning colors this season and hadn't all fallen to the ground already or he'd have had a hard time finding a place to conceal him.

He probably should have waited for Quinn to come with him, but Quinn wouldn't have wanted to involve their mate. Derek already knew that she had no intention on sitting on the sidelines while they rescued her. He snorted. That woman could take care of herself. Now that she knew someone had painted a target on her back, she'd be aware and alert for danger.

She'd tossed him about the exercise room for half an hour, proving to him that she could take care of herself in a fight. As she said, no one would expect her to pack the punch—or sidekick—that she did. She had the advantage of

surprise, especially if they expected her to be cowed by her botched kidnapping.

Quinn would probably be all over his ass once he realized he'd snuck out while Quinn and Willow were occupied, but he'd done what he'd had to do to be true to everyone in his pack—small though they were at only three members. He hoped that changed, soon. He wanted little ones, wanted children of his own, a pack like the one he grew up in. He'd invited others out here and he hope to hear from two of his closest friends soon. Until then, Willow, Quinn and he would have to learn to compromise—not an easy thing to do among Alphas usually.

The fact that Derek usually let Quinn take the lead wasn't lost on either man, just as neither ignored the fact that Quinn thought things through more thoroughly and, therefore, made a better leader than sheer Alpha power would.

He caught her scent first, just as the moon began to rise. Then Quinn's. They were coming in from the east and would be on him soon. The fact that Quinn didn't even bother to mindspeak was proof enough of his anger. Quinn hated being manipulated, but sometimes the only way to get things done needed careful manipulation. His lips quirked thinking about this afternoon's events. Manipulation and a man's T-shirt.

When Quinn and Willow arrived at the base of

his tree, he wasn't surprised to find them in wolf form. It was safer this way for him anyway, otherwise Quinn would be in the tree trying to strangle him. He'd wanted Willow left out of the investigation completely. He wouldn't have been happy to learn he'd been seduced so Derek could investigate on his own, thereby luring his mate and Quinn out as well.

Don't tempt me, Derek. What have you learned?

Derek could hear the annoyance in Quinn's voice, but also the resignation. Good. At least he'd had time to calm down and accept.

Only after having my ass handed to me for two hours on the exercise mats. She has moves I want to learn.

Derek snickered. Yeah, she had some moves all right, though he had a feeling he and Quinn weren't talking about the same thing. Movement across the kennel yard drew his attention.

It's been quiet here today. Business as usual from the looks of things, but I don't think that's normal.

Across the field, he watched as they dragged out three sawhorses and a sheet of plywood. *What are they doing?*

Willow's voice whispered through his mind, immediately sending blood surging through his cock, a normal occurrence anytime he spent time with her. *Looks like they're building another altar. With the one on the mausoleum under guard, they can't finish the ceremony. Tonight's a full moon and*

my guess is they have plans to try again after dark while it's still Halloween.

That makes sense. Since I'm stuck up a tree, why don't you go back to Quinn's truck and call in help. He keeps a cell in the glove compartment.

Beside her, Quinn shifted. The big black wolf fairly vibrated with fury. If he didn't get her out of here soon, she'd witness a blood bath and he didn't want her seeing either of them hunting, covered in blood and gore. She may be an Alpha, could fight at their side, but that didn't mean they wanted her in danger and exposed to this kind of sickness. People who would sacrifice another for any reason didn't deserve to live.

What makes you think I'd want them to live?

His mate's angry voice made him wince. He'd have to remember to shield his more primitive thoughts if he didn't want her pissed at him a lot in the future.

Derek wasn't surprised when Quinn started laughing in his mind. He did have a macabre sense of humor. *Please, call in reinforcements. I don't like the look of that. If they're building an altar that means they already have another victim for tonight in their hands. The sooner help gets here, the better.*

He could feel her reluctance, but after agreeing, she hastily dodged through the underbrush. Her fur blending with the fallen leaves made it hard for him to see and he knew exactly where she'd gone.

As soon as he knew she was out of range, he looked down at the black wolf sitting at the base of the tree. *What do you want to do?*

They must have another victim already, or one nearby, if they're setting up the altar. There are only a couple more hours of Halloween and then the veils between worlds will solidify again. If they're going to summon Leonard, they're running out of time to do it.

If we go in too soon, then we won't know who's in charge, either. You heard what Willow said. The one in charge likes to watch. He wants to be there while his Demon is summoned forth. If we stop this too early, we may never know who ordered Willow's kidnapping.

If we wait too long, someone else will die.

Derek sighed. Quinn had a valid point. Could he live with himself if someone died when he could have done something to prevent it? He knew the answer without even taking a moment to think about it. *What do you suggest then, Quinn?*

* * * *

Willow raced back to the truck, fully aware that what she was about to do would probably get her in a world of trouble with her men, but she couldn't just stand by and let someone else get hurt in her place. It wasn't in her to do. Besides, once she followed through on her plan, as last minute as it was, the guys wouldn't fail on following through with rescuing her.

She may have only been mated a matter of hours, but she knew they loved her, just as she'd known for weeks that they were going to be the loves of her life.

It didn't take a genius to know that very shortly someone would be dragged out into the kennel yard, tied down to the temporary altar, and sacrificed unless they did something drastic to prevent it. She hoped that when all was said and done, Derek and Quinn weren't too upset with her. She didn't want her mates mad, but she couldn't do nothing when lives were at stake. It wasn't in her, just as it wasn't something her mates could allow either.

She reached the truck minutes later and quickly shifted back to human form, shivering in the cold night air. Hopping in the cab, she quickly tossed on the jeans, flannel shirt, thick socks, and hiking boots that she'd driven over in. "Let's hope they remember they love me once they get me home," she muttered as she reached for the phone tucked in the glove box.

After quickly calling the Sheriff's office and leaving a message with the dispatcher, she dialed one of her closest friends, Abby Marcum. If the Sheriff wasn't at the station, Abby would be the one to reach him, being mated to the man and all.

Three rings later, Abby's breathless voice came on the line, "Hello."

Willow blushed, her cheeks hot in embarrassment, her thoughts turning to the lateness of the hour and what could be the cause for Abby's shortness of breath. She hoped she hadn't interrupted anything, but this was an emergency.

"Hi, Abby. This is Willow. Look, a lot of shit's going down and I need your help."

There was a slight pause as if she were thinking quickly, then a decisive, "What do you need me to do?"

"I need you to get Ben and his people to the Saving Grace Kennel. They're building a temporary altar and it looks like they're about to repeat last night's ritual. We need help here, fast."

"You've got it. Something tells me you aren't just going to sit there and wait for help to arrive."

"Would you?" she asked, already knowing Abby's answer. She'd do whatever she had to in order to protect others, even sacrifice herself if need be. Willow would do no less. Besides, her mates were nearby. They wouldn't let anything happen to her. Seconds later, she hung up with Abby's promise to send help ringing in her ear. At least she'd done all she could to go into the situation with backup. There was no sense wasting time.

Sliding across the bench seat, she picked up Quinn's keys and slid them in the ignition.

Backing up, she made a hasty three point turn and headed toward the next road on her left. Following it should take her directly to the kennel. Driving directly to her kidnappers would hopefully throw them off enough that, while they were worried about what she had planned, Quinn and Derek could get in and rescue whoever the cultists—because she couldn't figure out what else to call a group of people devoted to a demon other than a cult—had taken captive. Then they could come back for her. Preferably, before she lost her head and the Demon Leonard crossed over to this realm.

Steeling her spine, she drove straight to the kennel, pulling into the long winding drive as though she hadn't a care in the world. Only when she'd pulled to a stop in front of the main entrance did she connect with her mates.

I know you're going to be pissed, but this is the only way. I'll distract them while you get their prisoner out. Come back for me when he or she is safe. Backup is on its way.

She could feel Quinn's anger and Derek's resolve spiraling down the mate bond. *Just be prepared for when we get you home. You've earned a punishment for putting yourself in danger without even discussing it with us.*

You would have said no.

There was a slight pause, then Derek and

Quinn both sighed. *You don't know that, Willow,* Quinn murmured.

Now you'll never know, Derek added.

What kind of punishment are we talking about? she asked, just as she started to open the driver's side door. She needed something else to think about while she headed toward danger.

The erotic kind. Now keep your ass safe until we get you home or you'll earn more swats to your ass than you already have coming, Quinn promised.

Willow swallowed, then wiped her sweaty palms on her jeans as she slid out of the truck. "Here goes nothing," she muttered, just as the door to the Saving Grace Kennel opened. The owner, Harold Hawkins, stood framed in its doorway, a double-barreled sawed-off shotgun cradled in his arms.

Be careful guys. These people are armed. Don't do anything stupid.

Take your own advice, baby. We're sniffing around the property now. As soon as we find their intended victim and get them out, we'll be back for you. Hang on, Derek whispered. Then they were both gone, Derek and Quinn off to save another while she distracted her kidnappers. Oh happy, happy, joy, joy. Just what she wanted to do, turn herself over to a madman at gunpoint.

"Come on in, Willow. We've been expecting you."

Startled, Willow stopped. Her body trembled. She hadn't expected this.

"We just received word you were on your way. How nice of you to turn yourself in. Now, if you don't want to die right here, right now, get moving." Waving the gun toward the shed on the edge of the property, Willow didn't argue with the man. The longer she pretended cooperation, the longer she'd have to figure out what to do next.

Looking around for anything she could use for a weapon, she almost missed seeing the white tigers hiding in the brush. The Calvary had arrived. Now Quinn and Derek wouldn't have their loyalties torn. Ben and Trevor Marcum could rescue whomever they had planned to sacrifice, and Derek and Quinn could help her take down the cultists.

Giving the hiding tiger a slight nod, she continued toward the shed, knowing full well that all hell was about to break loose—literally. She could feel the evil in the air, feel it swirling, searching for someone to invade. Shit. Someone must have called the Demon already, which meant that the altar was for show and their victim was already dead, his life energy fueling the demon summoning.

Although she and Quinn had called the Sheriff's office before heading over to the kennel, they hadn't known anything specific at the time,

but had left a message. Apparently, not taking any chances, they'd gone ahead and summoned Leonard now. So not only did they have a demon to hunt, but they had a traitor in the Sheriff's department.

The only people she could trust now besides Ben and Trevor were her mates. Everyone else was suspect. If she kept that in mind, she might just survive long enough for her punishment later tonight. Just thinking about that had her shaking again, but this time, at least, it wasn't in terror.

CHAPTER NINE

Quinn knew something was wrong the minute Willow left his side. *She's going to try something. Be prepared for anything.*

I am. She's here, isn't she? She has a way of taking charge of a situation. If she thinks she can do something, she won't stop to ask permission, Quinn. She'll just do it.

You're right. The Marcum Brothers will be here soon, if she made that call to the Sheriff's office like we asked her to. When they show up, I say we cover our mate's ass. She won't be sitting in the truck. I can guarantee that.

How can you be sure?

I hear the truck heading up the long drive. She's planning to use herself as a distraction, just wait and see. Deep in the body of the black wolf, Quinn watched from the bushes behind the rear corner of the shed as his mate pulled forward and stopped his truck. He shook his head, a grim smile tilting his lips.

He wasn't smiling five minutes later when he felt the evil rising and swirling above his head.

Shit. They've summoned Leonard already. With it loose, unless we eliminate the summoner first, I have no idea how to contain it, never mind terminate it. We don't even know whom Leonard is currently answering to.

I don't know about you, Derek muttered, but I don't want to ask it, either. We'll have to call in a specialist to take this demon out. The best we can do now is take out the cultists and hope one of them leads us to his priest or priestess. Until then, we cover our mate's ass and do our best to help keep this town safe despite a loose demon that practices black magic and sorcery.

Agreed.

Just as Willow was about to reach the open shed door, Quinn edged out from beneath the bush. On the opposite side of the shed, Derek did the same. Now, Quinn urged, sending the thought to both Derek and Willow. Immediately, Willow stomped on Harold's instep and jammed her elbow in his gut before quickly dropping and rolling, knowing that they would be coming in low and fast to take their enemy down.

Once she rolled clear, Quinn jumped for Harold's exposed throat while Derek went to its open belly. Viciously and without mercy, they ripped into the man that held their mate at gunpoint. They had no mercy for this man, despite

knowing that Harold had three grandchildren he talked about every time he came in the pub. Right now, he was prey. Simple as that.

Before they could completely gut him, their mate screamed a warning in their heads. Jumping to the side, Quinn spun, growling low in his throat as two of the kennel techs approached, one carrying an old revolver, the other carrying a 9mm handgun. *Shit. The way our luck is going, they'll have homemade silver shot in those guns.*

No shit, Derek quipped.

Focused on the approaching boys, Quinn didn't notice that his mate had circled the shed and was positioned to attack until she flew through the air and took the first one down, square on the chest, sinking her teeth into his jugular with one lunge. With one ferocious tug, she ripped out his throat. Impressed despite himself, he didn't stop to think. Instead, he barreled into his mate, protecting her smaller body from the remaining cultist who even now spun in circles trying to shoot Derek as he lunged and retreated.

Go. We'll take care of this. Get in the truck and lock the door. You have a punishment coming.

He could tell she wanted to argue, but instead, she submissively lowered her head and slunk toward his truck. Quinn snorted. That woman didn't have a submissive bone in her body, but he would sure enjoy punishing her when they got

home. Just the thought of spanking her as she rode Derek's cock, while he rode her ass had him hard, even in his wolf body.

Stop playing with him, Derek. We have a mate to spank.

Seconds later, the gunman lay dead at their feet. All together, that meant five cultists dead at their hands, out of fourteen, if Willow's memories were correct. That meant nine more were still unaccounted for. Perhaps Ben and Trevor would have more luck finding the rest, now that they knew at least one of the cultists had ties in the Sheriff's department and another worked or owned the florist. It was more than they had yesterday.

With the demon's life tied to the summoner, it would be difficult to eliminate either. But the bigger questions remained. Why had they chosen Willow as the first sacrifice victim? What did they need the demon for and when would the demon carry out the reason for his summoning? If they could just find that ancient spell book that Willow remembered them chanting from, perhaps they'd get some of those answers.

Until then, they'd stay vigilant. In the meantime, they had a new mate to punish, to love, to fill their home and hearts with joy, and hopefully, soon, she'd be carrying their pups, filling their house with the pitter pat of little feet.

* * * *

They didn't speak during the short drive home and that only made the nervous butterflies in her stomach that much worse. She knew intellectually that her men would never hurt her, but the fear of the unknown still weighed heavily on her mind.

Without words, they pulled the truck into the three-car garage, parking it next to Derek's Audi and her Miata. She'd ask them about her car later. Right now, she was too anxious to talk to them about anything important.

Derek left the truck, pulling Willow behind him. She didn't protest when they headed straight up the stairs and to the bedroom, Quinn on their heels. She did act without discussing it with them ahead of time and that was the only reason she wasn't doing anything to protest their intentions. She'd ignore the part of herself that was looking forward to what was about to happen. Alpha females didn't look forward to spankings. If she told herself that often enough, she might start to believe it.

Derek led her to the foot of the bed, then stepped away, slowly unbuttoning his shirt as he looked at her. Behind him, Quinn toed off his shoes and stripped out of his T-shirt.

Quinn looked up, met her gaze with a fierce

one of his own. "Strip, Willow. The sooner you get your punishment over with, the sooner we can make love to you."

Willow hesitated, licked her lip as she played with the tails of her flannel shirt. "It's not going to hurt, is it?" She hated how her voice quivered, sounding unsure.

Rather than answer, Derek stepped forward and slowly began unbuttoning her top. She shivered, nervous, excited, anxious. She didn't know what to feel, what to think or expect. This was totally new to her.

When Derek had her shirt unbuttoned and opened it, he growled. She'd not bothered with her bra when she'd redressed, instead shoving it in her pants pocket before leaving the truck.

Her nipples were hard, desperate for attention. She clamped her legs together, knowing they could smell her arousal, yet unable to prevent the cream from sliding down her thighs. The fact that her mates felt like punishing her because she put herself in danger turned her on more than frightened her. Her clit pulsed and throbbed, keeping time with her racing heart. When both men lifted their heads and inhaled, she couldn't help but relax at their smug smiles. They couldn't be too mad if they were smiling.

"I wouldn't be too sure of that, baby," Derek quipped. "You put yourself in unnecessary

danger.”

“I had to do something.” She knew they didn’t object to her need to help, just the way she’d gone about it. But she had, at least, to offer a token protest. She wasn’t about to admit to looking forward to her spanking, not until she was sure she’d like it.

Quinn shook his head. “Take your pants off, then lean over the bed, legs apart, ass facing us.”

Willow bit her bottom lip, then went to work on her jeans. Within seconds, they lay in a puddle at her feet. Anxious now that the spanking was about to commence, Willow turned around and got into position, gripping the footboard. She had a feeling she had better have something to hold on to. Not that she expected them to actually hurt her. She was a werewolf after all.

She heard shuffling behind her and before she could question the silence or worry about what would happen next, a hand came down in a series of stinging smacks. Cream gushed from her pussy. A low moan of need erupted from her throat. She wasn’t even aware she’d lifted her ass for more until Quinn’s voice whispered through her mind, praising her for taking her punishment so well.

I see you like that. We’ll have to come up with more reasons to punish you in the future I think.

“Now get on the bed, baby. It’s time for your mates to love you. By the Goddess baby,” Derek

murmured. "If anything had happened to you tonight because you went ahead with your crazy scheme before we could plan properly, I would have lost it. I can't live without you, Willow. Neither of us can. Now, lie on your back and spread your legs for us."

She obeyed. How could she not when she knew just how upset her mates truly were. She knew if something had happened to them, she'd be lost as well. Next time, she'd ask her mates before doing anything that could lead to danger.

After crawling into the center of the bed and moving into the position Derek ordered, she watched as her men finished undressing. Arousal, hers, theirs, thickened the air. Quinn fisted his cock, his hand circling his shaft as Derek walked to the nightstand.

She needed to be touched, but she didn't want to do anything that might earn her another punishment. Not because she didn't enjoy it, but because she wanted to feel them both inside her, making love to her, surrounding her with their love and protection.

While Derek rummaged in the drawer, Quinn joined Willow on the bed. "I love you, mate. Promise me you'll never act without discussing it with us first, again. My heart can't take it."

Willow nodded as Quinn thrust into her, making her cry out as his cock lodged in her slick

pussy. He felt so huge, stretching her impossibly wide. He rolled to his back, taking her with him, his hands going to her bottom, spreading them for his cousin's possession.

Her heart raced, thumping widely when she felt the cold gel-covered fingers pressed against her ass. She tried to relax, tried to breathe out as first one finger then two begin stretching her rosette wider and wider. She knew it would go easier if she didn't tense up, but her mates were not small men and having two cocks up her at the same time had her a bit worried.

"That's why we used the toy love. You can take me, now relax and press out." As Derek slowly forged through her bottom, Quinn gripped her hips and slowly started to withdraw from her pussy. Nerve endings she didn't know she had flared in her ass and pussy simultaneously. Need surged. Passion blazed. Pain and pleasure blended until she lost herself. As one thrust forward, the other withdrew, over and over driving in and out of her until she didn't know what to do except let her mates guide the way.

When her cunt clenched down on their cocks, she screamed. Her entire body quivered, from the tips of her toes to the roots of her hair. Pulse after pulse of bliss battered her body as her mates filled her with their rope after rope of cum. Exhausted, sated, Willow slumped against Quinn's chest,

kissing the mark she'd placed there the night before. She groaned when they rolled her on their side.

When Derek eased out of her bottom, she didn't have the energy to protest. And when Quinn slipped from her pussy, she was already halfway asleep. Moments later, Quinn and Derek returned and quickly bathed her ass and pussy before placing a kiss along her spine. "Go to sleep, love. We'll talk in the morning. Hopefully by then, Derek and I will know more about the remaining cultists and can plan our next move."

Encouraged, Willow let out a sleepy sigh and snuggled into the comforter. Tomorrow would take care of itself. Just knowing that her mates would be by her side no matter what meant everything to her. She had to tell them how she felt before she fell asleep—they deserved to know her heart belonged to them. *I love you guys. Even when you're spanking me, I love you.*

ÉPILOGUE

Sera Serveti watched the crowd gathered around the police station, watched her boss and her two mates follow the Sherriff inside. She'd thought moving to Serenity would be safer than living on the run with no pack to watch her back. Hearing news that cultists sworn to the Demon Lord Leonard were killed and captured less than three miles from her home did not please her.

She had enough problems of her own. What was she supposed to do now? The pub she worked at was closed temporarily and the only other place in town she could work and make cash tips was the diner. She needed money, especially if she was going to have to run again.

With demons running loose, and an unknown number of cultists still free, the town would have no choice but to call in hunters, vampires, even witches. She couldn't take the chance that the wrong person would recognize her and report her location in hopes of receiving the reward for

information about her whereabouts.

She hated leaving here, hated knowing that she'd once again be without a home. But what choice did she have? She couldn't go back. She'd never go back. They'd have to kill her first.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Bonnie Rose Leigh has been enthralled with the written word since childhood. When she ran out of things to read, she created her own stories. Now, she is a multi-published author and lives in a small town in Upstate, New York. She spends most of her time on the computer either writing or visiting with friends. When not busy on the computer, her free time is consumed with reading. It doesn't matter what genre the book is either, though she is partial to romance novels. Her favorite after-hours hobby is sprawling in a chair with a book clutched in her hands and a cup of cocoa sitting nearby.

Bonnie would love to hear from each and every one of you. Make sure you subscribe to her monthly newsletter or check out her blog as it will be updated regularly with release dates, excerpts and online appearances. And, as always, feel free to drop her email if you have any questions, concerns or just want to chat, and she'll get back to you as soon as she can.

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