

ELLORA'S CAVE EXOTIKA

RENA MARKS

SHARED by
Wolves

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



www.ellorascave.com

Shared by Wolves

ISBN 9781419917202

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Edited by Helen Woodall.

Cover art by Syneca.

Electronic book Publication February 2009

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SHARED BY WOLVES

Rena Marks

Dedication

For the one who wondered if I could write racier.

Special thanks to my editor, Helen Woodall, on this one.

Trademarks Acknowledgement

The author acknowledges the trademarked status and trademark owners of the following wordmarks mentioned in this work of fiction:

Rolodex: Insilco Corporation

Tiffany: Tiffany & Company

Chapter One

Ellis Rae Morgan was getting married. She should have been excited but she wasn't. She should have been happy but she wasn't.

If anything, she was numb enough to not feel. Didn't allow herself to feel, because she knew she was just trading one hell in for another.

At least it would be a different hell from the one she was serving time in now. A change of pace and scenery.

She swirled the expensive champagne in her glass, lost in her thoughts. The cut crystal glass was elegant and pricy, nothing but the best for her father. She downed it in one swallow and flagged a server for another.

"Number three? Would you like me to just hang out?" the server asked sarcastically. He'd be fired in an instant should her father hear.

Yet the impudence tore a smile from Ellis. "How about if you stop serving pansy amounts and fill the damned glasses? Better yet, bring me the bottle."

"Ellis Rae Morgan, that's hardly the proper way to behave. Why, you were not raised to be common folk. Perhaps fraternizing with the servants needs to stop." Jonathan mimicked her father's voice perfectly.

It wiped the smile from Ellie's face. "Oh Jonathan. What will I do without you?"

He was suddenly just as serious. "I'm going with you. I'll resign. And I'll take up residence in Boulder with you."

"I thought you hated Boulder."

"Of course I hate it," he said cheerfully. "It's why I left. But it's time for me to return anyway. I have—family still there. Maybe your new husband can be persuaded to hire me."

"My father will hardly give you a reference."

"Ellie, stand up for yourself. Put your foot down. If you can allow yourself to be sold into a marriage with a man twice your age just because he fancies a trophy wife, you can insist on bringing along your own staff from home."

"Ellis Morgan, my darling, splendid party! And where is your handsome groom-to-be?"

Jonathan discreetly faded into the background as Ellie allowed herself to be air-kissed by a matronly society queen. She tried hard not to wrinkle her nose at the strong alcohol smell emanating from the woman's pores.

"With Father, I'm afraid. Men and their business deals. They've retired to his office."

"Well, my dear, that will certainly need to stop when you're married. As lovely as you are, I can't imagine he'll have anything else on his mind."

"Stop? Whatever for? It's business, as I said earlier. And I do have a shopping habit he'll need to support," she returned dryly, knowing the statement was expected of her.

"Well said, my dear. I do believe you know what you're doing. After all, you are certainly marrying into enough money."

The busybody moved on and Ellie allowed herself a small grimace. She certainly did know what she was doing. She was getting herself out of her father's house, where he was willing to sell her to the highest bidder. On the flip side, she got to choose those bidders and she had chosen Brian Reed. The lesser of the current two evils, Brian needed a wife to quell the rumors spread by an ex. Ugly rumors that suggested he'd never touched his previous wife but kept a secret lover instead. That in itself wasn't all of the scandal. The scandal was the hint of passion with the same sex. Added to this were rumors of bedroom perversion, spoken in scandalous society breath.

Ellie believed it. Oh, not the exaggeration of bedroom perversion but she did believe Brian was hiding a male lover from the public. He was pompous, wanting her merely for her looks and proper upbringing. She complemented his own pampered

good looks and she knew there wasn't any passion in his eyes when he remembered to look upon her.

In fact, she hated to walk into a room when he was present. It wasn't so bad in the beginning, before she had time to notice the vanity. Lately she had become more aware of it, and irritation festered with each passing minute. His eyes took note of every light and shadow available and he positioned himself to be seen in the most flattering pose. He generally couldn't resist speaking to her with a pretentious air and heaven forbid if a mirror or window was present. He would forget to look at her while he spoke and watched his own reflection instead.

It wouldn't be long now. Their engagement had been announced months ago, the wedding preparations had been finalized. Next weekend would be the actual ceremony. Ellie sighed and looked around for Jonathan to continue their conversation.

But he was nowhere about.

* * * * *

One week later, the marriage was over and done with. Ellie and her own staff flew to her new home on Brian's private plane. Boulder. Where Jonathan had grown up and now was back, for she had taken his advice and insisted on bringing her own people

Brian showed her directly to her suite, where she could "freshen up". His words. Obviously, she looked a fright.

"This will be your suite, my dear. My rooms are down the hallway. Ah, I thought I might point out a somewhat delicate matter. You and I don't know each other very well and of course you won't expect a consummation of the marriage right away. I don't have a very strong appetite in these matters..."

"I'm so glad," Ellie cut in. "I don't either. It's so—common, isn't it? The sharing of rooms? I'm so glad you had the wisdom to give us separate suites."

Brian gave her a cunning smile. Ellie pretended not to notice, just as she pretended to not know that Brian would have friends visiting his suite.

"Anyway, Ellis, I'm sorry for the lack of honeymoon. I simply could not get away for any length of time but I hope you'll be fine with a simple reception party to introduce you to my neighbors and business associates."

"I understand perfectly. And I'm fine with your decision." She pretended to not know that her "reception party" was actually a business gathering for him.

"Ahh, my dear. I do think you'll make the perfect wife," he murmured.

I'll bet, Ellie thought as she smiled innocently.

Brian leaned over to kiss her cheek politely. "The dinner party will be in about an hour. I'll see you downstairs?"

She nodded, a little too eager to get rid of him. Brian walked to the door but looked back. "Oh and Ellis? The green cocktail dress?"

Once again, Ellie nodded. Pompous bastard. Color-coordinating their outfits.

She dressed in a mere half hour's time and made her way downstairs hoping to catch up to Jonathan. Unfortunately, her friend was nowhere to be found.

Duggan Baddeaux stared at his wristwatch in boredom. It was too early to break away, not if one didn't want to call attention to the fact that he was antisocial with the humans.

His heart began to race. His skin tingled, charged and alive. Glancing up the staircase, he watched as a red-haired, green-eyed woman descended the stairs. She wore a stunning green velvet cocktail dress, the brilliant emerald matching the shade of her eyes.

He knew her immediately. It was right there, laid out in the open. She was meant to be his.

Damned if Jonathan hadn't been right. He felt it in his gut and wondered how heartily the fates were laughing. He, the big, bad alpha wolf, matched with a delicately frail human mate.

She descended the stairs warily, her emotions high but only he could tell. He thought about following her, waiting for a chance to speak to her, to introduce himself. Although he was sure she would recognize him just as his hungry soul recognized hers.

His eyes never broke contact as she made her way down the stairs and began to walk toward him.

Ellie walked down the flight of steps to find her new husband in the midst of a crowd of men.

"Ahh, here is my lovely new wife," Brian proclaimed, taking her elbow. "Ellis, my dear, I'd like you to meet my business associates. This is Bill Arnweister and Oscar Sargent. And this is Duggan Baddeaux, a neighbor of ours. Gentlemen, my wife. Ellis Rae Morgan-Reed."

Ellie shook each hand in the introduced order. When she got to the last man, he surprised her by bending at the waist and kissing her fingers instead.

An incredible sensation began where his lips met her skin. Heat flooded her body, flames melting the juncture of her thighs.

Her passage moistened.

The man raised his head and instant horror filled Ellie at the knowledge in his eyes. He knew exactly what she was feeling.

Who was he?

And yet another realization hit Ellie. This man was familiar to her. There was something about those eyes. Incredibly green in a tanned, ruggedly masculine face, he was the epitome of male. In fact, he looked a lot like Jonathan.

"Do I know you from somewhere?" she asked, puzzled.

Her new husband laughed. "How could you possibly?" he asked in a condescending tone. "You arrived today, pet. This is Duggan Baddeaux, his property directly borders ours."

"Pleased to meet you," Ellie murmured and hoped her cheeks didn't look as hot as they felt.

Green eyes gazed into hers. "The pleasure is all mine."

The party was dragging on. Ellie had mingled and socialized with complete, utter strangers and was secretly hoping it would just wind down. She was exhausted from the day's events, after all, she had attended a wedding ceremony.

Her own disaster.

She didn't know what was wrong with her. She was acting like a teenager with a crush. She was drawn to the only tanned man in the house. He made other men appear pasty white in comparison. Although to be fair, it wasn't just the tan. His shoulders were broad and he was tall, the combination was stunning. But she was a married woman and needed to stop discreetly trying to catch a glimpse of Duggan Baddeaux.

But a man like that looked like he could satisfy a woman. Make her purr. She nearly grimaced when she thought of her own husband, one of the pasty pale.

There was something about their neighbor, some connection she felt. He was extremely handsome in his own way but not in the manner she was accustomed to. He was rugged and hard, had probably never waxed or exfoliated a day in his life. She doubted he'd ever even had a manicure.

And the thought of those long, ruggedly masculine fingers curled into her slick passage made her want to sigh in delight.

She wouldn't have even thought twice of him back home. She would have thought he was uncouth, barbaric. The now familiar knot of desire coiled in her belly. Who was she kidding? She would have been just as magnetized at home as she was here.

She sighed and slowly raised her glass up to her lips for a small sip. She could definitely understand why all the society queens smelled like alcohol. She was on the way herself.

"And why would a new bride linger by herself in a corner?"

She knew who was speaking by the tingle of nerves that shot through her.

"Is there a better place, Mr. Baddeaux?" she asked, without turning to see him.

She was not aware that she had sensed him. Just as she was unaware that he was pleased she could.

"Naturally, Ms. Reed."

"Call me Ellie."

"Ellie. Your husband prefers Ellis. I'm Duggan."

"I'm afraid I'm not yet used to Ms. Reed and I prefer *Ellie*."

"How long have you been married?" Duggan asked.

Ellie glanced at her diamond watch. "Five hours."

She had the satisfaction of watching his jaw drop. "Five hours? And you're already left unprotected?"

Strange choice of words. "My husband is a busy man."

Now that she could see more clearly, there was only a vague resemblance to Jonathan. Same dark hair and both had green eyes but Duggan Baddeaux had eyes that were the exact same sparkling emerald as her own. Between them, the eye color was the only thing that matched, whereas she was a redhead, his hair was dark. Jonathan's eyes were a deep, murky green, not bright like theirs.

"Ms. Reed? Ellie? You're staring."

Ellie snapped back to awareness. "Oh how rude. I'm so sorry. But your eyes, they're the same color as mine. It's so unusual, I've never seen anyone else with this shade of green."

"I'd call yours emerald," he said, his voice husky, the very eyes that she gazed into looking deeply into hers.

Ellie smiled, a bit sadly. It was just her luck. She finally met a man she was uncontrollably attracted to *after* she'd been married for five hours.

"As I'd call yours." Her laughter was forcibly light, tinkling across the room. Ready to change this conversation into a casual play of words. Banter that meant nothing.

"I brought you another glass of wine." He held out a glass for her.

"And here I'm not even finished with my first."

"No matter. Here, trade me."

Duggan took her glass of wine and handed her the full one instead. He then very carefully turned the glass to the area where she had been sipping from and, placing his lips on the same spot, downed the rest.

"Now you're finished."

Ellie watched mesmerized as his tongue traced over his lip, catching any last drop. He handed the empty glass to a passing server.

"That was very naughty," she whispered at him.

He smiled wickedly. "I can be naughtier."

"I don't think that's a good idea. I have a feeling I can be just as naughty."

"Then we're two peas in a pod. Where have you been all my life?"

"Unfortunately, we met a little late. Six hours too late."

"Certain events can be manipulated. One doesn't have to live with a bad decision."

"I haven't had a chance to decide if it's a bad decision or not. I'm only five hours in."

Duggan leaned in. "Of course it's a bad decision. How well do you know your husband, Ms. Reed?"

"I don't."

Duggan raised his eyebrows questioningly.

"I don't know him. At all," she continued.

"More the reason to leave then. For all you know, he may be a pervert. Sadistic, even."

The tone of his voice suggested he knew what he was talking about. He reached out and touched her discreetly, just a hand on her elbow. Skin on skin. Electric fire rose at the contact and liquid heat poured into her gut.

Ellie gasped and met his eyes. It was unnatural but thrilling at the same time.

"You feel it? The spark? The zing? That we're meant to be together?"

"I don't know if that's what I feel."

His eyebrows rose at her statement.

"There's definitely something there though," she conceded.

"Let's explore it. Meet with me, be with me."

"I can't. I'm married."

"We won't do anything you're not comfortable with. Let's just talk and visit. See what we have in common. That's all."

She was starting to sway. Temptation was so sweet. Was this how people became cheaters? Was it the thrill alone?

There was no one around. Duggan leaned in, just a little closer. For the kill.

"Meet me later, Ellie? Please?"

She watched his lips as he whispered. The gleam of his white teeth beyond those full lips. He'd be a sensual kisser.

She knew she shouldn't. He was trouble. He was irresistible. "Where?"

"Retire early. I'll be in your suite waiting for you."

She nodded, slowly, not believing that she was committing to this. Then she turned and walked away.

She sought out Brian an hour after that. When she felt it was safe. "You don't mind if I slip away, do you? I'm exhausted from all the traveling."

"Of course not, my dear. I doubt that anyone will notice." He'd had a little too much to drink. The sarcastic tone in his voice startled her, this was a side to him she

hadn't seen yet. She inclined her head regally and allowed his perfunctory kiss on her cheek.

Brian obviously noticed his attitude and tried to be more conciliatory. "I'll make your excuses if anyone asks."

She nodded and turned to leave. As she made her way down the hallway to her room, she wondered at the snide tone of voice Brian had. She opened the door to her suite to darkness. She turned on one small lamp by the door.

It illuminated Duggan sitting in a chair across from her.

"Good thing it was me," she said, her voice shaking. The excitement of sinful ecstasy.

"I knew it was you, Ellie." His voice was deep, measured.

She didn't ask how. He rose and glided across the room, stopping inches away from her. He reached out with one hand, caressing her cheek. "You should be mine, Ellie."

Feeling brave, Ellie turned her head to kiss his palm. It felt so natural, as if she'd done it before.

He placed his hand on the back of her neck and pulled her to him. "One kiss, Ellie. Please. Just one?" he whispered.

She could agree to that. Just one kiss.

She should have known better.

His lips met hers and they both paused at the sensation. It was better than expected. They fit perfectly. They opened their mouths at the same time and tongues met. Greedy now, they ground their lips together, gasping for breath, neither one willing to break the one kiss they were allowed. Ellie wrapped her arms around his neck, locking him to her. His hands pulled her by the waist closer to him, so close they were nearly one. Those same hands wandered, caressing the soft skin of her back and smoothing the feel of the velvet over her shapely bottom.

Pulled her into the bulge in the front of him. Pressing it against the swollen nub at the triangle between her thighs.

How would that bulge feel naked against her? Her flesh would be slick with moisture, coating it.

Finally, finally, Ellie was the one to pull away in desperation. Concern that she might go further and worry that she shouldn't.

"Duggan, stop. I just got married today," she gasped.

He stopped but left his hands at her waist, trying in vain to control his breathing. "I'm not going to apologize for what should have been mine, Ellie."

"You have to stop talking like that. Who's to say we should have been together?"

"Feel it, Ellie. Feel." Duggan brought her hand up to his chest, to feel the racing of his heart. It thundered beneath her hand.

"All right. I admit there's something more going on than I can explain."

"You're not ready to hear what's going on, Ellie. Just trust me when I say you and I were meant to be together. No one else can do this to me. No one else can do this to you. Not like this."

His hand still held hers over his heart. Ellie felt the warm, muscled chest and wanted nothing more than to lift his shirt and feel the bare skin.

"Ellie, give us a chance. Tell Reed you're having second thoughts. Or better yet, don't tell him anything. He's dangerous. Come with me. Live with me. Annul your marriage or divorce him and give us a chance."

"Oh God, Duggan, it's too much to think about. I get married, find out it's a big mistake, meet a stranger who asks me to come live with him. There's just too much going on."

Duggan knew it wouldn't do to become exasperated. He was used to issuing commands and having them followed, not having someone weigh the pros and cons.

People just accepted his word. She was worried about being strangers? Maybe it wasn't her fault. Perhaps humans couldn't sense a mate. He was about to try another tactic but they heard a door slam down the hall. Drunken footsteps, a stumble and a curse and then another loud slam.

Brian was nearby. And she was in danger.

His instructions were rushed, hoping she would understand the urgency. "Meet me in town tomorrow. Two o'clock. We'll get coffee. Just two neighbors running into each other. We'll be in a public place. You won't have to worry about me losing control. I won't touch you or kiss you."

"I don't know. It doesn't sound like a very good idea."

He buried his face at her neck, letting her feel the warmth of his breath on her skin. Hoping this wouldn't be the last time he held her close. "Please, Ellie. I need to see you again."

He knew she agreed because she had the same burning desire. "All right. I'll meet you tomorrow."

"Promise?"

She smiled. "I promise."

Chapter Two

After Duggan left, Ellie prepared for bed. Loud music thumped down the hall, like a car full of teenagers with the bass turned up too high. Muttering to herself about the downfalls of a drunken husband, she walked down the hallway to his suite and opened the door without bothering to knock.

All three people froze.

Her husband wore leather, a getup made of black straps showing more white skin than it covered.

His lover...had not been naked. He was dressed in a larger version of the same green cocktail dress that Ellie had worn earlier that evening.

Ellie's jaw dropped or she would have been the first to speak. Instead, she turned and ran back to her own suite.

Once there, she climbed into bed, shivering in shock. She huddled under the thick bedcover and tried to recall what she'd just seen.

Brian had been naked in his suite with another man. And Brian had been – beating him. Whipping him, the back of the dress unzipped to expose smooth skin, reddened with the kiss of the whip. The other man didn't seem as though he was protesting. She still had the image burned into her brain. He was moaning, but with a smile.

And he had been wearing a gruesome shade of red lipstick.

Ellie woke late the next morning. She yawned and stretched and for a brief second, wondered why she was in bed with all her clothes on. She didn't remember the events of the night before, then the memories rushed at her, instantly flooding her head. She pressed fingers to her temples. What would happen now? Should she pretend that nothing happened? Would Brian pretend? Would he confront her? She lay in bed for a long time, the thoughts swirling about.

Finally she rose, showered and dressed for the day. When she was ready to head downstairs, it was already close to noon. Only one more hour to kill and then she could head out to meet Duggan. He wouldn't believe this, she thought. Or maybe he would.

Silently she slipped out of her bedroom door, turned the corner and ran into a familiar face. "Jonathan! Where have you been?"

"Um, visiting my family. Remember, they live here?"

"I was worried. I haven't seen you since we landed."

"I'm sorry but...Ellie, my family – they don't know I work here. They, uh, have a lot of pride. A lot of money. You know how it is. Can you imagine if your dad didn't talk to you in a couple of years only to find out you worked as a server when you have a trust fund sitting untouched?"

"You have untouched money? Why do you work, Jonathan?"

"At first it was just a new experience. When the novelty wore off, I'd met you. I didn't want to leave you there alone. You'd have let them walk all over you."

She nodded. "Probably. In any case, I was lucky to have you for so long."

"Where are you sneaking off to anyway?"

"I was just heading to town. That's all." She smiled at him, not yet wanting to share Duggan with him. Or the scandal with Brian.

Not that she didn't trust Jonathan, she did. He was her friend. Actually, he was her best friend. Her only friend. But the Duggan secret was so new, it still sent tendrils of delight coursing through her midsection. She didn't want the newness to wear off and she didn't want anyone to warn her about how carelessly she was acting.

"Have fun," he said. "I'll visit you tonight."

"Okay. Damn, I forgot my purse. Tonight," she called out as she headed back to her room.

Once inside the sitting room of her suite, she glanced around for her purse. It had been on the table nearest the door but it wasn't there now. Maybe she'd left it in the

bedroom. She started to go there but paused when she saw Brian standing in the doorway of her bedroom.

"Looking for this?" he asked, tossing her purse into the air.

"Yes."

"Too bad." He threw it across the room to shatter the lamp at the entrance to her suite. The purse opened midair, the contents spilling across the room. Glass from the lamp shattered, tinkling harshly over the floor.

The sudden violence frightened Ellie. She looked once at Brian, then turned and ran across the room for the door. He lunged for her feet, tripping her. Ellie hit the floor hard, landing on her stomach, the air shoved from her lungs with a loud "oomph".

"Were you thinking of telling someone what you saw, Ellis?" he snarled, flipping her over and straddling her belly.

"Of course not, Brian, I don't even know what I saw."

Her mind was whirling. Duggan was right. He said Brian was dangerous and he had been right.

"You saw nothing, Ellie. Do you hear me? Nothing."

"I-I know, Brian. Nothing."

"Don't patronize me, bitch!" He slapped her across the face.

The burn radiated from her cheek as she stared at him in horror. Shock held Ellie still. No matter what the relationship with her father, he had never physically harmed her.

Brian slapped her again, enjoying himself immensely, and then smiled.

"That's so much more fun than slapping Mikey. That's his name, you know. Michael Groveston. He likes being slapped. Do you, my dear?"

"No."

"Too bad. 'Cause I enjoy slapping you." Brian slapped her again and again, until her cheek was on fire and felt swollen. The pain had multiplied from her lip to her eye.

"You've been a bad girl, Ellie. Mikey's going to enjoy slapping you even more than I did. And then, when he's slapped you down and you know how to behave once again, I'm going to take what I paid for. A virgin."

Brian hauled Ellie up by her hair. He threw her across a table decorated with a Tiffany vase, where it shattered as it hit the ground.

"Stay in your room today, Ellie. Or we'll be visiting you tonight. Piss me off and it'll be tonight and it'll be rough. Make me happy and we can go on as we are. Got it?"

Ellie nodded, her eyes huge and still round with shock.

Brian left the room and Ellie took his words to heart, staying right on the floor where she'd landed. Devastated, alone and...afraid.

* * * * *

Jonathan's body was tight with apprehension. His skin was beginning to crawl. He needed something, needed to accept the change. A monthly change. He rotated his neck from side to side, feeling the pop as he did so.

As Duggan walked into the room, tension thickened the air. Normally it did when wolves gathered. Their energies fed from each other.

"What is it?" Jonathan asked.

"She stood me up," Duggan answered, his voice a deep growl. He was so close to his change and on the verge of violence.

"What do you mean, she stood you up?"

"I mean she never showed up. She promised she would but I never saw her."

Jonathan narrowed his eyes. "Duggan, I just saw her this morning. She was heading to town, she said. She'd forgotten her purse and went back to her bedroom to get it. I left her then."

Both brothers looked at each other.

"Something's up," Duggan snarled. "Stay here. I'm taking your change. I want you available in human form for her."

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm getting her."

* * * * *

Ellie waited until her suite was dark before she left her fetal curl on the floor. Then, only then, did she crawl up and move slowly to the bed. Her entire body ached, whether from tension or the cramped position on the floor, she wasn't sure. Blood was caked on her from the glass scattered on the floor.

What a waste of a Tiffany.

She sat on her bed, wondering what to do next, when the door opened. She held her breath, preparing for the worst.

Sure enough, Brian entered. Slowly he walked to her, stopping near enough that she could smell his rank breath. He stank of foul alcohol and garlic from whatever he'd eaten at lunch.

He slowly unbuckled and dropped his pants to his ankles. On a normal day, she would have found it incongruous that he was so thin his pants would fall off. Then she realized he wore no underwear and a hideous scene was before her.

A bushel of long dark hair. A thin, white cock, reminding her of a rather large earthworm, snaking out from the coarse hair of his black bush.

He fondled himself before her, his cock filling with blood and slowly rising nearly to her face. She smelled a new odor, an unfamiliar male odor, the combination of sweat and musk.

"Mikey can't make it tonight. I'm hot and bothered but then realized I have a prize I paid for right down the hall."

Ellie got her balls back. She would *not* be raped. She leapt from the bed and ran from the room before Brian could chase her, his pants still tangled about his ankles.

She ran outside the back way. She had no idea where she was going, she was only thinking for the moment. Through the massive gardens and into the woods, instinctively she ran. Branches and leaves twisted about her as she raced through them, adding scratches to the bruises on her face. She heard Brian's pounding footsteps behind her as he frantically tried to catch her. Her heart beat wildly in her chest, threatening to explode as her lungs struggled to pull the cold night air into them.

Could she hide? There was a patch of trees ahead. The night wasn't as black as it should have been, the moon was full and lit the entire sky. Still, she ran for the patch. Hiding was the best option she had.

And then there was nothing. Silence. No longer the heavy footsteps thundering behind her. Faintly, very faintly, she heard a masculine voice shouting behind her in the distance. No, two voices. Fear still rolled through her body, yet she tiptoed back to where the voices were.

Duggan was never aware when Ellie returned after he'd caught Reed. He cursed himself for it later, to have her witness it was not the best plan of action but right now he was concentrating solely on the gun in Reed's hand.

"Put it down, Brian. You don't want to start something you can't finish."

"What for, Baddeaux? So you can have my wife? I saw how you watched her the other night. But you can't have her, she's mine. I bought her. To do with as I please."

"Drop the gun or I'll drop you."

"Try it." Brian made good on his promise. The shot rang out, hitting Duggan in the thigh. The pain should have made him wince but his eyes never left Brian's as he allowed himself to sink to all fours. The change was inevitable now, he had to heal the fatally bleeding wound. His conversion was harsh because it was so fast, the bones breaking, hair sprouting where skin had once been. He didn't change fully into a wolf but remained between both worlds. A monster, both human and at the same time, animal. A merging of nightmares.

It howled, the sound echoing through the night.

The creature leapt at Brian, ripping out his throat on a gurgled, bloody scream that should have been inhuman, yet it came from a human's mouth. Silence reigned, broken when the wolf-creature let out a triumphant howl as Ellie watched in horrified disbelief. Suddenly, the wolf caught a whiff of the air and turned to her. They stared at each other warily.

If possible, regret seemed to come from the monster's eyes.

"Ellie," the mutated voice rasped. "M-mate..."

The full moon illuminated Ellie completely. Shock flooded her body, freezing her limbs. Her dilated green eyes met the matching green of the monster. Although her consciousness refused to believe it, there was only one other with eyes so like her own. Recognition lit Ellie's eyes and before the creature could advance to her, she collapsed into a dead faint.

* * * * *

Ever-so slowly, the insane world stopped spinning. Ellie's wrists were tied together gently, the end of the rope wrapped up to the magnificent headboard of the enormous bed.

"Are you okay?" a familiar voice asked. A tender hand stroked the hair from her face.

"Jonathan? What happened?" she asked, hoping against all reason that she'd imagined the whole thing. Yet her wrists tied together hinted otherwise.

"Ellie, I'm sorry. But you're better off this way, you know."

"Which way, Jonathan? What's going on?"

"He means with me, Ellie. You're better off as my mate than Reed's wife," Duggan's voice was harsh, coming from the far side of the room where he was hidden in the shadows. And still inhumanly deep.

Mate? Oh Lord, it can't be true. Did she really watch Duggan change into a monster before her eyes and attack Brian? Was Brian dead?

"I don't want to be your *mate*. Untie me. I want to go home." She lashed out angrily, panicked fear making her brave.

"I can't let you, Ellie," the distorted voice repeated from the corner.

She turned to Jonathan, refusing to glance back there. "Jonathan, get me out of here."

"Oh Ellie. I can't. You see, Duggan's my brother. My older brother. He's the alpha."

Ellie felt her stomach heave. "You mean, you're also a-a..."

"I'm a werewolf, Ellie."

She flinched from his stroking fingers and Jonathan let his hand drop. Hurt filled his eyes at her rejection. "I'm sorry, Ellie. You'll get used to it, I promise."

She didn't answer and felt Jonathan's weight leave the bed. She clenched her eyes tightly, opening them only when she heard the dim light click off, followed by the sound of the door closing

She hadn't counted on the monster Duggan still being there. He advanced slowly, a predator stalking his prey. Ellie was never more aware of being helplessly tied to the bed.

Suddenly, she was relieved it was pitch black. Would Duggan still be in his monster form? Is that why his voice was harsher and deeper? She knew the answer when he reached out and traced a line down the front of her body, from her neckline to her pubic bone. His fingernail was sharp, like a knife or a claw. Inhuman. She shivered involuntarily at the thought of what he might look like.

"You weren't very nice to Jonathan," his voice rasped slowly.

And Ellie *knew* he definitely was still a monster.

"He's been your friend for a very long time," he continued.

She held still, her heart racing in fear beneath those long fingers, her breath nearly choking her as it fought its way from her throat.

"Are you frightened of me? Or disappointed in Jonathan?" his husky voice whispered.

"Both," she answered back, cautiously. Afraid to provoke him.

"It's a different way of life, one that you'll get used to. I'm sending him back in to you, you'll have a brief break from my presence. But don't get too excited, Ellie. You are mine and I take what's mine."

She jumped when she felt a large hand on the inner part of her thigh. It felt...odd, emanating heat. The movement caused her clothing to separate down the split. The one stroke of his fingernail had sliced her clothing clean through. She was naked and exposed to his view.

She felt his tongue lick her body. Warm, wet and oddly reassuring, even though it came from a monster's mouth. He licked a direct line slowly down her middle, from the neckline straight down, between her breasts, all the way to where the thatch of red curls began. Directly where his fingernail had sliced her clothing moments before.

The air in the room thickened. Duggan was now breathing as harshly as she was. Her heart thundered. Astonished, she recognized his arousal. Adrenaline surged through her body, making her arms and legs tingle. Ready to fight.

Or get aroused herself.

But suddenly, he was gone.

It was just a few minutes before Jonathan entered. He approached the bed silently, carrying a candle for dim light. He set it on the table and untied her bound wrists as though he never noticed her nakedness. She grabbed the two halves of her clothing and pulled them together with shaking hands but knew that Jonathan saw everything.

"It's okay. He just marked you, Ellie. With his saliva. We can all smell his scent on you, no one will tangle with Duggan. You're safe until it wears off. By that time, he'll have marked you more. He's protecting you."

"Protecting me? By tying me up? Killing my husband? Scaring me half to death?"

"Ellie, he doesn't understand how you are. Werewolf females are ferocious, dangerous. A dog-eat-dog world. Humans are fragile, weak in comparison. You're more fragile than most. He doesn't have a clue. Here, let me help you."

Jonathan held out a silky nightgown that she'd never seen before. Her arms were stiff and sore from being in one position for so long. Jonathan calmly pushed the tattered clothing from her body and slipped the gown over her head.

When she was dressed, he resumed his talking. The curtains were drawn tightly but Ellie knew it was a full moon out. Why was he still human? "If you're a werewolf also, why aren't you changed?"

"Duggan is absorbing my change for me. He's the alpha and very powerful. He thought you'd need a friend right now. It's why he's unable to completely change back to his human form and why I'm able to remain in mine. See, Ellie? He's not so bad once you understand him."

She would never understand him. Never. "Am I a prisoner here, Jonathan?"

"The world thinks you're dead too. It's best if you keep it that way. Please don't try to run, Ellie. There's nowhere to go and if you make it off the property, another pack may steal you to get at Duggan."

"So the protective lick wasn't as protective as previously declared?"

Jonathan sighed. "It protects you from those in alignment with Duggan. It shows you're his property, his submissive. We're all his submissives, he's our alpha. Our leader. But werewolves are a violent breed. There will always be someone who tries to take Duggan out. Those with a death wish may take his property if it's left wandering around."

"What difference would it make to me if I'm here or there?" she asked bitterly. "I'd be a prisoner in any house."

"Don't be foolish," he chided. "You don't understand Duggan's mercy. Any other alpha would have raped you by now. Especially in his pelt, it's ingrained with us. We can't help it. Yet Duggan has refrained and merely marked you for protection. He's taken the change for me so you can have a friendly face nearby. You're just seeing the harsh side of him but you have no idea, Ellie. No idea of what other wolves may be capable of."

His no-nonsense words put the chill back into her. She stared unwaveringly, her green eyes huge in her pale face.

Jonathan hugged her to him suddenly and Ellie clung. She squeezed him tightly, werewolf or not, it was still Jonathan. And she needed him, craved his touch.

Of course, she might have felt differently if he was in fur.

Jonathan pulled away. "Come on, let's go find some dinner. Duggan and everyone in their change will be out hunting. Let's raid the kitchen."

Downstairs in the kitchen, they made sandwiches side by side. An unspoken truce between them. Jonathan casually asked her what her plans were for tomorrow.

"Am I allowed to come and go then?"

"You can't leave the house, Ellie. You can do anything you want inside. Duggan has a theater downstairs. And when you prove you won't run, he'll probably let you outside where we can swim."

"So what am I, Jonathan? A pampered prisoner? Sex slave? Will he rape me tomorrow?"

Jonathan looked shocked. "Rape? You never need to fear rape in this house, Ellie. Never. No, you'll be a very pampered prisoner until you begin to see how much you'll love it here. When you realize how much better your life is, you'll come and go as you please."

They finished eating in silence and Jonathan walked her back up to her room.

"Sleep tight, Ellie. I'll be here tomorrow. You'll get used to living here, I promise."

She smiled weakly. She had no choice. She entered the same room she had woken in and worked for a while unknitting the rope from the headboard. Finishing, she dropped it into the trash. She turned down the bed, noting the expensive fabrics. The bed was luxurious. She yawned. She would tuck in for the night but first, she very carefully locked the bedroom door. Climbing into the huge bed, she closed her eyes and wondered if she'd be able to sleep. It was her last thought.

She was in a deep, thick sleep that was awakened by a warm, hard body pressing against her. She froze and so did the muscular body wrapped around her.

"What's this?" Duggan growled.

Before she could say anything, he ripped the gown from her body.

"We sleep skin to skin, Ellie. The gown is for you to wear during the day. You'll get real clothes when I can trust you."

She never answered. She felt a tightly muscled arm pulling her back to him, spooning her. She held very still, aware of where her buttocks were pressed. His arm was directly underneath her breasts, he could reach up and cup one in his hands. But soon Duggan was asleep, slow steady breaths, while she nervously lay awake for a long time.

The room was bright with the morning light but still she came awake slowly. To a mirror set of green eyes, watching her every move. Duggan was human again and facing her in the bed. Her eyes flew to the door, checking the lock. It was still engaged.

She glanced down at their naked, entwined bodies and yelped. She grabbed for the silk sheet, pulling it up over her breasts.

Duggan chuckled. "It's a little late for modesty. Do you want another nightgown?"

"Yes, please."

“Very good, Ellie mine. You can have it, if I can have something from you.”

She watched him warily. “What do you want?”

He chuckled again. “A kiss. Just one little kiss. Like before.”

She glanced at him. His cheeks and chin were dark with unshaven stubble, his lips curved sensually. Those green eyes, so like her own, sparkled in the morning light. He was beautiful in this form. Absolutely as beautiful as she remembered from their previous encounter. Could she forget for just a moment that he was also a monster?

Ellie closed her eyes and pressed a quick peck to his lips. She yanked back and watched him expectantly.

“You got away with that one, certainly. But should we bargain again, you make it a real kiss. Slip me some tongue. Or it’s no deal. You’ll walk the house naked.”

Duggan slipped out of bed and picked up another nightgown draped over the side of a chair. It was different, a pale silky green. He was unconcerned with his own nakedness but then he had nothing to be concerned about.

His muscles were all well-defined, his chest tapered into the V of his waist. A crisp spiral of dark hair twisted erotically down his abdomen and, farther below, joined the nest of dark curls at his groin. His erection jutted proudly, thick and wide. The bulbous head of his cock was deeply colored. Veins ran along the thick length and Ellie wondered what it would be like to trace the maze of veins.

It was so unlike the image she carried of Brian. She carefully schooled her features as Duggan approached with the gown. She snapped her gaze up to his face, refusing to look down when he approached. She slid her gown over her head and he chuckled some more at her shyness. “I’m showering. Do you want to join me?”

“No.”

“Suit yourself.”

He left the room and entered the adjoining bathroom. Ellie jumped out of bed and went to the bedroom door. She hadn't imagined it, it *was* still locked. How had he entered?

She was sitting in a chair by the window when he finished with his shower. He approached her stealthily, reaching out for a lock of hair. He twisted the waves around his finger and brought it to his mouth, inhaling her scent.

Dammit, Ellie thought. I should shower. Less for him to sniff.

"Are you leaving the bedroom today?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Do you want me to send Jonathan?"

She resisted the urge to turn and look at him. "Yes."

"Yes what, Ellie?" he snarled, his demeanor changed in an instant.

She inhaled deeply and then whispered. "Yes, please, Duggan."

Her submissiveness calmed him instantly. He dropped her lock of hair and left.

Ellie slowly released the breath of air she'd been holding. She practically ran to the shower, fear clenching her stomach.

Showering as fast as she could, she dried off with a thick cotton towel that was placed next to Duggan's wet one. She slipped the same pale green silk nightgown over her head. She had no underwear but then the gown was designed to be worn without anyway. Thin spaghetti straps held it up and the back dipped so low that normal panties would probably show at the point way below her waist. She paled at the thought of wearing this throughout the house and then thought of the alternative he'd threatened.

Nakedness.

There were two toothbrushes together in a holder. She picked the dry one and brushed her teeth quickly. She headed back into the bedroom where Jonathan was lying across the foot of the bed.

"Hungry?" he asked.

"Sure." Her voice was standoffish, wary still.

"Let's go."

She took note that the door was now unlocked as they walked through, Jonathan's hand on the small of her back where smooth skin was bared. Her hair was damp and drying naturally in long ringlets. Ellie knew it would be curlier than normal since she normally blow dried it into waves.

There was an older gentleman present in the kitchen. "Hello, my dear. You are absolutely beautiful."

Ellie raised an eyebrow haughtily. "It seems to be why men keep buying or stealing me."

Patrick Browning laughed as though he found her funny. "I didn't mean your physical beauty. Although it is quite stunning. I meant inside." His gaze took her looks in again.

Flaming dark red hair, curling gently down her back to the tiny waist bared by the silk of a gown. Pale, moonlight skin, not a mark on it, except for the darkness of the bruising on one cheek. Her body was splendid in the pale green silk of her nightgown. Her breasts were firm, the nipples jutting proudly. She stood tall, posture perfect. Large, emerald green eyes, the perfect match to Duggan's. Obviously his mate, although she was as human as they came.

He stopped staring and smiled at her. "I'm Patrick. I'm a member of the wolf pack and although you haven't been formally introduced, I'm assuming you're our new Wolf Queen."

"I'm not a werewolf."

Jonathan laughed. "He means you're Duggan's mate, Ellie. Duggan's our Alpha King, so you're our Wolf Queen. Just say, pleased to meet you, Patrick."

"Pleased to meet you, Patrick," she parroted with a tiny smirk.

Patrick laughed also. He liked the spunk of the human, especially since Duggan had no idea how terrified she must be. The king didn't willingly go around humans. "The pleasure's mine."

Hours later when Duggan returned home, Ellie kept her eyes downcast while Jonathan greeted his brother. She stood a few feet away as though she could slip away while they were distracted.

"How was the gathering?" Duggan's voice was gruff, almost brooding. She refused to look up to see the expression on his face, for she somehow knew he watched her.

"It was fine," Jonathan replied. "Eric Bestead healed from the ankle he broke during his first change and Sarah Mistral delivered a boy."

"The baby was healthy?"

"Yes. We were lucky."

"It's hard for werewolves to conceive," Jonathan turned to include Ellie in the conversation. "And when they do, they miscarry frequently, usually by the change."

Ellis stayed silent. She had been hoping to blend into the woodwork but Jonathan had ruined that.

"You're out of the bedroom, Ellie," Duggan said.

"Yes."

"Come here."

Her glance flew upward. "Why?"

"Because I want to see my mate."

Chapter Three

Jeezus.

"I see you from here."

"But I want to see you closer to me," he insisted.

Ellis looked over at Jonathan. He smiled easily at her and left the room. She looked longingly at the door he'd just walked through, wondering if she could make a run for it.

"Don't even try it."

She turned back to Duggan and took a small step toward him.

"A little closer please." He was very calm, almost taunting.

"I don't want to."

"But, Ellie mine, I want you to."

Before she'd even noticed, he was there before her. His hand touched her sore cheek and she stood stock-still.

"Are you tender?"

"Not really." For if she admitted it, would it give him fuel to hurt her?

"Your skin is discolored."

"It'll heal." She was still blasé, hoping he'd drop it.

His hand left her cheek and wrapped itself around the back of her neck, pulling her softly into him. Ellie placed her hands on his chest.

Duggan pressed the barest of kisses to Ellie's cheek. Lightly, like the gentle wings of a butterfly.

"That wasn't so bad, was it?" he asked.

"No," she answered. But still, her heart raced with something she couldn't understand.

"I need you to greet me every day, Ellie. No hiding and hoping I won't notice you. I will always notice where you are."

"Can I go now?"

"Where are you going?"

Damned if she knew. But she wanted to get away, away from the warmth emanating from his body, the scent enveloping his skin, the confusing tingle she felt when he was near her.

"A bath. I thought I'd take a bath." Spur-of-the-moment decision but it sounded good now.

"Okay. You can hide out for tonight, Ellie. I'll bring your dinner up to our room later."

She practically flew up the stairs.

Duggan watched her leave and then headed for the dining room.

It was just him and Jonathan for dinner. Not a usual occurrence but Duggan wanted the least number of people possible over until Ellie got used to her new life.

He sat across from Jonathan and reached for a plate.

"How'd it go with Ellie?" Jonathan asked.

"Not well. She was terrified the entire time I tried to calm her. I could hear her heart pound and smell her fear."

"Well, you are a scary guy."

"What do you mean?"

"You're the big bad wolf. You're not exactly tender with a frail little human, Duggan. I've been with Ellie for five years. She's been groomed for a socialite existence

but she's been alone her entire life. The socialite persona is an act, a sophisticated role she plays, nothing else."

"I don't know how to be kind. I don't have much to do around humans. You're her friend, you make her fit in."

"See, that's exactly it. You can't make her fit in. You have to be patient while she does it on her own."

"Patience?" Duggan slammed a fist on the table. Dinnerware clanked, on the verge of shattering.

Jonathan took a bite of his dinner. "God, you would have just given her a heart attack right now. No sudden movement around her, no loud sounds, no breaking anything. Just love her. Tell her you love her a lot."

"She's my mate. She knows I love her. Especially since I haven't forced my attentions on her. I'm suffering for her."

Jonathan grinned. "No woman's going to see *that* kind of suffering as love. You have to tell her. Frequently. Trust me."

Duggan finished eating in silence and looked at his watch. "She's been up there over a half hour. I'm taking her dinner upstairs."

He rose from the table and Jonathan placed his hand on Duggan's arm.

"Give her a little more time. A week maybe. A week before you share her bed. Just keep loving her until then. Remember, calm, patient, loving."

Duggan wrenched his arm from Jonathan. "I got it," he growled.

Jonathan fought the urge to laugh. For Ellie's sake it wasn't funny.

Duggan went to the kitchen and found Patrick's mate, Sophie. "I need food for Ellie," he said with a scowl.

Sophie raised an eyebrow at his grumbling while she prepared the tray.

That was what he was talking about. Werewolves didn't tremble around him. Why did his own mate? Perplexed, Duggan carried the tray upstairs to the bedroom.

Ellie was still in the tub trying to relax but not succeeding. The last thing that Duggan had said riled her up. He'd said he'd bring dinner up to *our room*. She'd assumed she'd have her own room. Sure he'd stayed in it last night but she'd still assumed it was hers. Before she got into the bath, she'd looked through the dressers. Through the closets. Sure enough, it was his room too.

She heard the bedroom door open and sank farther into the bubbles before Duggan reached the bathroom. He walked in, strode over to the tub and pulled the plug, draining the water around her.

Ellie sat up, her modesty forgotten with the shock of his overbearing handling. "What are you doing?"

Duggan reached for a towel, trying to ignore the pink-tipped breasts that gleamed wetly and rubbed gently along the bubbles. He fought for control as his cock tried to rise and he beat the urge down. It was going to be a very frustrating week.

"I'm getting you out. You need to have dinner."

"I can get myself out. I got myself in."

"Don't push me, Ellie. Just stand." There was something in his tone that hinted that he'd reached the edge of his patience.

Ellie stood.

Duggan blew out his breath. She was curvy and proud and was the most beautiful thing he'd ever seen. Her curly red hair was piled on top of her head and her skin was the color of cream. Her breasts were full and pink-tipped, delicate and dainty. Pouty little nipples that would poke upward whenever they pleased. She was thin, yet rounded in the places a man wants curves. One small movement and he could reach over and taste the collarbone that beckoned to him.

A waist that he could wrap his hands around. More coppery curls down below, wet now, dripping with bubbles. Long, lean legs with the right amount of muscle. What he would give to smell her arousal right now.

But that was definitely a scent that was missing as she stood there, courageous and naked before him. He wrapped her gently with the towel and lifted her wet body from the tub.

"I'm getting you all wet," she said softly.

A tug pulled at his heart as he realized that soft voice was her way of not setting off his anger. Did he terrify her that much?

"No matter." His black turtleneck sweater looked darker where it was wet but the moisture would serve to cool his heightened temperature.

He laid her on the bed and gently opened the towel. Taking the edge, he began to dry her body. He took his time, patting even after she was dry. He wanted to learn every detail of her body and this was his chance. He studied the feminine, pink-tipped toes. Hot pink polish, a color that set his blood racing. Slender calves, a beauty mark on the inside of her thigh.

Her heart raced when he dried her torso area with her stiff nipples but calmed again when he took his time and did nothing else but dry her breasts "Turn over onto your front"

Ellie did as she was told, not even arguing this time. He picked up a bottle of lotion he'd bought, the one the saleslady swore a woman would like. He rubbed the lotion between his big hands and then began smoothing it onto her back first, then roaming further down her buttocks. He rubbed it in slowly, tenderly, because it was an excuse to touch her. Right now he'd take any excuse he could.

"Turn over."

Ellie's breath caught when he rubbed lotion into the front of her, from torso to legs. Still, he made no effort to touch her unnecessarily and eventually she relaxed. His rubbing was comforting and she was actually enjoying it. She had to keep reminding herself that he was a monster. Because right now, she couldn't remember what that looked like. And a longing had started.

A feeling that wasn't scary at all when he massaged the cream into her breasts. He cupped each one, wrapping his long slippery hands around them and sliding the lotion around, ending at the nipple. Then the pad of his thumb capped off each stiff nub.

She almost wished he'd spend more time there.

She almost wished she was brave enough to ask for it.

He left the bed and returned with a nightgown for her. A fresh one, in a royal blue. It would look good with her red hair but then he seemed to know what would look good on her.

He bunched the nightgown up around the neckline and slowly settled it over her head. He eased it over her shoulders and then watched as the silk slid over her now glistening skin.

"There's nothing on earth like silk," she whispered.

"There's nothing on earth like *you* in silk," he retorted. "I'm going back downstairs to make a few phone calls. Are you coming?"

"No." The uneasy truce was over too soon.

Frustration tinged his voice again. He shouldn't have given her a choice. "Okay. For tonight, you can hide out. But you remember the rules? You'll greet me tomorrow night. And you'll go where I go tomorrow night."

She didn't reply, so he left the room.

He could finish work faster if he had help, so he dragged Jonathan out to the office. Together they made the necessary phone calls. It took half as much time and they were finished by eleven. Which was good, since he was leaving the house at seven in the

morning. He wanted to be home at a reasonable time to spend some of the evening getting his mate used to him. He could do this.

He entered their bedroom to see her still lying across the bed, her arm sprawled over her eyes, fast asleep. Exhausted.

She was a lustful pool of temptation. He'd seen her entire body naked and fought to keep his erection down. Now though, he could enjoy.

She would never know.

He eased the gown up over her legs. It slid against the sleek texture of her thighs and he inched it higher and higher. Soon her fiery curls were exposed and Duggan stared for long minutes.

She was beautiful there. As delicate as the rest of her. Pink flower petals that would open for him. He licked his lips, imagining her taste. How her lips would look flushed and swollen. Imagining her losing control and thrusting her pussy against his mouth for more pleasure.

He brought the silk higher, up over her waist, up over her breasts. The shiny material of her gown pooled over her luxurious skin, framing her luscious mounds.

Lord, how he wanted to take a nipple between his lips. Savor it, hold it between his teeth, tugging gently until she moaned for more. He whipped the gown over her head and left her on the bed while he quickly stripped himself bare. He should take a cold shower but he could infuse more of his scent onto her skin by holding her like this.

He lifted her and laid her beneath the sheets. Still she slept. He crawled in next to her and pulled her close, pressing her against his hot skin. He resisted the urge to explore the womanly softness between her thighs while she slept. He fought the need to feel himself and relieve the pressure.

Unless...that was another method of scenting her that she need never know about. He wrapped his hand around the ache in his cock and stroked. The purple head bobbed against her smooth buttocks with the movement.

Her ass was luscious, an upside-down heart. If he didn't think he'd wake her, he'd slide his swollen erection between the hot warmth of her cheeks. But he'd have to make do with jacking off against her.

And imagine sliding his fingers through the lips of her pussy, exploring her body so intimately.

It was just a few minutes and he bit back his groan as his climax hit. Hot cum spurted gratefully from the tip of his cock onto her lower back, right above her sexy ass. He squeezed his sensitive member until it finished.

Then he smeared his juice into her back and buttocks. He pulled her close and pressed his quivering cock against her.

* * * * *

Duggan was gone when Ellie awoke. She sat in bed and noticed her naked state as the sheet slid down her body.

She decided not to shower. She'd taken an hour-long bath last night and told herself that she didn't want to wash off all the expensive lotion Duggan rubbed into her skin. Truth was, she didn't want to wash Duggan from her skin. It warmed her to think of how tenderly he'd dried her and the care he'd taken of her afterwards. She just wasn't ready to admit it. Not yet. Hell, maybe not ever.

She went down to the kitchen where Patrick had just poured a cup of coffee.

"Like a cup?" he asked.

"Sure." She smiled. "Where's Jonathan?"

"Still sleeping. You're up early."

"Hmm. Well, if I'm awake, no reason he should get to sleep in. I'll go wake him up."

"You want me to start breakfast?"

"Okay."

Patrick smiled at the new scent of his alpha on her.

She wandered upstairs with her cup of steaming coffee in her hands and opened the door to the bedroom she knew was Jonathan's. She strode to the curtains and parted them, letting the early morning sun burst in.

It illuminated the sleepy man in the middle of the huge bed.

"Lord, woman. Ever hear of a gentle rub on the back to wake someone up?"

Ellie sat in a chair across from him. "Sorry." She grinned. "Brought you coffee."

"You're drinking it," he accused with a smile.

"It's good," she defended herself.

He stretched lazily. Stubble adorned his square jaw. He was as sexy as hell but yet he wasn't Duggan. There was something about Duggan, even though he was scary. Something she couldn't put her finger on.

"Gonna bring that coffee or what?"

"Will it help you get up and showered faster?"

"Yes, Bossy Ellie, it'll do the trick."

She brought him the cup and he took a deep drink.

"Ahh, that's heaven."

"What's on the agenda for today?" she asked, going over to the window and looking out.

"You and I need to have wolf lessons. I need to teach you about our behaviors and tell you about the people we look after."

"When?"

"After I get up and showered."

"Well, do so already."

"You just want to see me naked. You know wolves sleep nude."

"Oh hell. Come get me when you're done. I'll be eating both our breakfasts," she threatened with a smile.

Jonathan showered in record time and was downstairs in fifteen minutes. Ellie was indeed eating as promised. She waited as he ate the majority of his breakfast and then began firing questions.

"What's up with Duggan? Why is he so standoffish?"

"He has a lot of responsibility. He doesn't get to be a fun-loving guy."

"And you are."

"Yeah. And I owe it to my brother, Ellie. He's never forced me to mate, he's given me so much. I know he doesn't want children and with me not bothering to mate, we both know what that means."

"What does it mean?" Ellie asked.

"Usually a wolf king status is passed from father to the most alpha son. Duggan doesn't have sons and I won't have any. That means someday when he's no longer strong enough to rule, instead of handing his title away, he'll be fought for it. To the death."

"You have to be kidding me! Why hasn't he had sons?"

"He's never found anyone he wanted babies with. Maybe that'll change but if he hasn't approached you with the conversation, I'm thinking he's still resigned to no children. It's not easy, carrying cubs and watching your mate go through it."

"Jonathan, I'm not used to this. You and Duggan act as though I'm married to him, like I should share everything with him. I don't feel that way. In fact, I'm more comfortable with *you* being a wolf than I am Duggan being one."

"That's only because you're more comfortable with me. We've been friends for five years. You'll become the same way with Duggan."

"I don't know. I did, at first, you know. When I first met him, I thought this is the one. And then after, after that night, I don't know, Jonathan. I just don't know."

"Ellie, this is what I'm going to do for you. I'm going to leave you alone today to think. Think about that first day you met Duggan, the day when you were willing to meet with him even though he was a stranger. Forget about everything else. Forget about wolves and the ass you had married. Just think about those feelings."

She nodded. "I can try that."

"Okay. Just stay in the house, I'll be around if you need me. I might go downstairs for a movie or if I go outside, I'll let Patrick and Sophie know."

He stood and left, leaving Ellie alone. She wandered through the house, exploring. Finding a large closet on the upper floor, she opened it to find a set of stairs.

She loved exploration, always had. She never thought twice about whether she should climb the stairs, she just did.

There was a door at the top and it was unlocked. An attic, a dusty old attic. Perfect.

Perfect for Halloween, maybe. Cobwebs filled the attic and an old antique mirror had so much grime she couldn't even see her reflection.

Like most attics, it was filled with old stuff. Most intriguing was an antique writing desk. She sat at the desk and opened the top drawer.

A journal.

Written by a young Duggan, it clearly expressed his emotions. Above all, he wanted to protect Jonathan. He was afraid his little brother was a sitting duck for any alpha wolf who wanted a chance to rule. The wolf would take out his little brother, eliminating the possibility of Jonathan ruling should harm come to Duggan.

And harm was coming, for Duggan had discovered the plans.

It was why Duggan allowed Jonathan to leave Boulder and live among humans. While he was gone, Duggan eliminated the problem wolves.

Jonathan never knew he was being threatened. Duggan never shared it with him, wanting his baby brother to be safe and knowing Jonathan would insist on staying to help.

Ellie felt her heart swell. This was exactly the reminder she needed.

Chapter Four

Duggan walked into the house, closing the door behind him. He inhaled deeply and he smelled her. His Ellie.

He turned slowly. She leaned against the doorway. He watched as she walked toward him, a vision slinking in silk.

He would forever have this image of her etched into his memory.

"Hello, Duggan."

He didn't answer her but watched as she stopped before him. Then he couldn't help himself and reached out to take her hand, tugging her just a little bit closer toward him.

"A kiss, please, Ellie." His voice was deeper than usual, husky with need.

She rose to her tiptoes and pressed a dutiful kiss to his lips. He stood still as something flickered across Ellie's eyes. And then she surprised him. She raised herself again and pressed another kiss to his gently parted lips. She even flicked her tongue out, meeting his. A woman satisfying her curiosity.

He should have let her do whatever she was curious about. But he groaned and the sound scared her.

It must have sounded more like a growl to Ellie. And the growl reminded her of her fears. She pulled away quickly and took a step back from him, eyes large in her face like a skittish fawn.

And now Duggan remembered patience. Now, after the moment was ended.

"Thanks for meeting me, Ellie. Is dinner ready yet? I'm a little early." He kept his voice calm and soft, like soothing a colt.

"I don't think so," she whispered. "You're early. Jonathan's not even around. He's outside somewhere."

"Probably taking a break from greeting me himself."

Duggan made a self-deprecating joke? Did she hear correctly? Her own dry humor rose to the surface. "Probably. If you have him greet you the same way."

Duggan looked at her in shock before he laughed.

Ellie had never heard Duggan laugh. She laughed along with him and then Jonathan was there, his eyes sparkling.

"Did I miss something interesting? Are you finished working? Why are you home so early?"

"Yes. Yes. To spend time with Ellie." Duggan looked into her eyes as he spoke and she blushed, glancing down.

"Okay then. I'll check and see how dinner's moving along," Jonathan said.

"No rush. I'll grab a shower and change."

He held out his hand for Ellie to take, holding his breath. He didn't know what he'd do if she refused it.

She didn't. She took his hand and walked with him up the stairs. Silently they made their way to their suite, fingers entwined. Once there, he led her to the vanity chair in the bathroom to sit.

He undressed before her, casually, as though nudity meant nothing to him. While he showered, she could watch through the glass shower door. He soaped himself slowly, methodically. Her own personal striptease, not enough to taunt her, just enough to make her wonder if he did it on purpose.

His body was incredible, muscular and taut. His thighs were hugely muscled and as he turned sideways, one of those thighs blocked her view of more private things.

The beautiful sculpture she wanted to study. The veins she wanted to trace. It was so hard to believe that she'd glimpsed Brian's and it was horrifyingly ugly. Duggan could wipe the ugliness away in a minute.

After the shower, with his hair still wet, he came to her. Her stomach quivered as she watched him approach.

But he just did what he normally did. He tasted her. He licked along her collarbone, leaving his scent. He nibbled at her lips. Her ear.

Lower, just once. He lowered a strap off one shoulder and sucked at a breast.

And she enjoyed it. She tried not to let him know, because the thought horrified her. But she did. To the point she wanted more.

It was the same the next day when dinner was over. She was helping Patrick in the hallway, holding light bulbs for him to replace, when Duggan approached.

"I've been looking for you, Ellie mine," he said softly.

"What did you need?"

"Just your attention."

"My attention? You have it now."

"Then come with me."

Ellie looked up at Patrick, who smiled indulgently and waved her away. She put down the bulbs and placed her smaller hand in Duggan's. He walked her to the other side of the house.

He opened a door to a large room where soft music played. The lighting was dim. It was a ballroom.

"It's beautiful."

"I'm glad you like it. Dance?"

He held his hand out to her and Ellie took it. They danced slowly and then it was faster. Soon they were swing dancing and she giggled between twirls. Until they collapsed, exhausted.

"I need to get in shape," Duggan complained, staring at the ceiling from his position on the floor.

"If you were any more in shape, you wouldn't have enough skin to cover all those muscles."

One eyebrow raised. "Ellie, you've noticed my muscles?"

"How could I miss them?" she giggled. "Why, they're obscene. Give me a fat old bald guy any day."

"I thought you'd prefer a pampered pansy with dyed hair and shiny nails."

"Had that. Remember?"

"Ahh but did you prefer him?" he asked, still teasing.

Ellie grew serious. "No, I can't say that I did."

Duggan sucked his breath in. Patience, remember the patience, he reminded.

Ellie yawned.

"Let's go to bed. You're tired."

"Okay."

He surprised her by lifting her and carrying her across the house.

"You don't need to carry me."

"Shh. Let me show you these muscles aren't just for looks."

They arrived at their bedroom and Duggan set her on the bed where he removed her gown for her. It no longer embarrassed Ellie—she was used to him gazing at her naked body. In fact, she liked the look in his eyes when he wanted her so immensely. Then she watched as he stripped his own clothing off. And this time she didn't look away when she saw the hardness of his cock.

She knew he wanted her.

She crawled into bed, not minding when he cuddled her closely. Didn't even mind when he licked the side of her neck. Still didn't mind when he sucked at the same lick, giving her a hickey. More than that, she knew he'd marked her.

Prepared her.

She fell asleep, content with strong arms around her.

Duggan stayed home the next day and together with Jonathan sat on the huge front porch. He and Jonathan were deep in conversation and Ellie was quiet as she pondered her situation now. It no longer seemed so bad.

She watched Duggan, aware that she could do worse. So he changed once a month. So did she, technically. He was handsome, stunningly so. And he was strong. Protective. Okay, maybe a little too much. Bordering on obsessive.

But she wanted him. She couldn't help herself, she did. Niggling fear still tugged at her reasoning. If she accepted him, what would happen? What would happen during that time of the month when he changed? Would he want to have her like that? As a monster?

The thought turned her stomach. Oh Lord, it was too much to think about.

Then, the week that Ellie never knew she had was over. She was aware that something was up. Duggan was acting strangely. He was more tense than usual and much more possessive. He refused to let her out of his sight.

That night she went up to their room to get a little distance. He followed. She went into the bathroom, where he tried to follow.

"Duggan, I'm going to the bathroom." Exasperated, she closed the door on him, locking it.

Finishing up, she opened the door to find him still there. She pushed around him and went to brush her hair, sitting at the vanity with her back to him. He came up behind her, watching her in the mirror.

"I imagine you're going to brush my hair for me?"

"Would you like me to?"

"No. I can do it. Why are you being so overprotective today? We were getting along fine. I was starting to like you."

"Starting to like me? You love me, Ellie. And I love you."

"We really don't know each other well enough."

"Are you lying, Ellie mine? Because I know what I feel and I can't believe you don't know what you feel. I love you, I want you and I need you. Tonight," he whispered, leaning in toward her ear.

It dawned on her then. She leapt off the vanity chair, putting distance between them.

"Duggan, we've been living together for a week. Only a week."

"So it's time." He growled.

"Humans need more time than a week," she said, taking a step backward.

He stepped forward. "Wolves don't. They consummate immediately. I gave you a week. A week that hurt, that ripped into my soul every day it dragged on."

"I don't want to sleep with you, Duggan," she gasped, keeping the bed between them as he stalked her. Sometimes she was ready but when faced with the reality...

"I've been patient, Ellie. Do you know what I've risked? If other wolves know the patience I've shown you, I'd be in daily fights for my title."

"The wolves can smell you on me. You lick me always."

"That is but one bodily fluid they are scenting, Ellis. Why do you think I keep you hidden in the house? It's time they smelled more than that. Our scents need to morph into each other, as one."

"I thought you kept me trapped so I wouldn't run."

Duggan's head snapped up. His green eyes glittered as he snarled, "Don't you ever, ever think of running. I'd kill you before you got the chance."

He circled the bed toward her and Ellie circled opposite him.

"Duggan, you're scaring me. Please, please don't do this."

He stopped his stalking and clenched his eyes shut as he tried to control himself. "What is it that frightens you, Ellie? What do you fear? The act itself?"

Ellie glanced down at the bulge in his jeans. "Yes."

"Are you a virgin, Ellie?"

"Yes."

"Shit," he exploded. "How the hell can a married woman be a virgin?"

Ellie didn't answer, knowing he didn't really expect one. She'd only been married for one day, after all.

Duggan took a deep breath. "Would you like my brother to take your virginity instead, Ellie?" he growled.

"Jonathan?"

"Of course, Jonathan," he snapped, the anger making his voice curt. "Do you know another brother of mine?"

"I don't feel that way about Jonathan."

"Apparently you don't feel that way about me either. But it doesn't matter, because one day you will be mine. I'm merely offering you a chance to be broken in more gently."

Could she sleep with Jonathan? Her friend for years? He was certainly attractive enough. How would they act afterwards? Apparently she was thinking about it too long, for Duggan had approached her round the bed before she realized it.

Ellie yelped and he threw her onto the bed, ripping yet another gown from her body. She lay naked before him, lying still, not wanting to rile him further. He ripped off his own clothes and then he was on top of her, his hard cock pressing into her soft flesh as he ground his pelvis into hers. His eyes glittered wildly and his mouth plundered hers. His tongue swept her mouth and then trailed down her jaw to her ear.

Ellie shivered despite herself. His hand squeezed her breast. She tried to push him away but his hands slapped hers effortlessly away.

"Jonathan said I never need to fear rape in this house," she whispered, afraid to anger him more.

"I will not rape you, Ellie," he ground out between clenched teeth.

He captured a nipple in his mouth, biting gently. He groaned. "Fantasy is nothing like the reality."

Fire took over Ellie's fear, sending flames to lick between her thighs. The same thighs that he parted to accommodate the width of his body pressed against her groin.

"But I have no control left to be gentle," he muttered, still biting and sucking his way down her body. He stopped at the tender flesh where he most wanted to be and flung both of her legs over his shoulders. His hands cupped her buttocks, bringing her up directly to his face.

Ellie felt a momentary embarrassment, splayed open to his view. Duggan gazed at the tender flesh before him. She was delicate, all white skin with pink folds. Dainty, like an exotic orchid. He dipped a finger into her warmth.

"You're tight. Not very wet. No matter. Have you ever had your pussy sucked?"

Ellie was aware of instant heat when his mouth descended. Her entire nether region was afire. Duggan kept his whole mouth covering her and snaked his tongue out to flick over her clit. He was relentless, his tongue flicking harshly back and forth over the sensitive organ as if he commanded it to swell. He then sucked at it, the sensations making Ellie arch her back and press her pussy firmly against his teeth. He left her clit to dip his tongue deep into her entrance, snaking in and out, over and over.

Wetness flowed. Over, in and around her. Her breath came in quivering gasps. She was close, so close to something unknown, that she almost forgot she was afraid. Afraid of something. All she knew right now was she ached for the massive cock that was grinding into the bed at this moment. Although she had no idea what she'd do with it once she got it.

Duggan lifted his face long enough to growl. "Wrap your thighs around my face. I'm going to make you come. You're wet enough now."

His mouth glistened with her juices. It was too erotic to spark her usual embarrassment and she wrapped her pale, slender thighs around him.

“Tighter, Ellie. Lock me to your sweet pussy if you want to come in my mouth.”

She could feel his breath on her swollen flesh as he spoke. He refused to dip his mouth back down to her though, until she squeezed her thighs around his head, forcing his mouth to slam against her cunt. He opened his mouth, locking his heat back onto her mound, and sucked fiercely. He rhythmically sucked then released until the cream flowed from her body and a spiral began deep inside. He caught the tail end of that spiral and sucked it from her, exploding it into a million fragments and causing her to scream into the night as her body bucked and clenched against his face. Stars burst before her eyes and she closed them as her heart threatened to explode from her chest.

Her breathing began to slow as her quivering body finally began to calm. She opened her eyes to find Duggan stretched back up along her body, staring.

He ground his mouth to hers, still rough, letting her taste herself on him.

“I’ll give you two days to think about my offer.”

And then he was gone. His offer? He still thought she might rather have Jonathan take her virginity? Hell, he could have taken it now. She would have begged for it right before her climax. When her passage was so slippery and swollen and she just wanted to be filled to capacity.

When she was able, Ellie crawled across the bed to take a shower. Her hand dipped into something wet and sticky in the silk sheets and she colored as she realized it was where Duggan had been grinding his groin.

It was his seed.

Ellie quickly changed the silk sheets before she showered. She firmly smashed them down into the laundry chute before taking a hot shower where her body still quivered and throbbed.

But felt so good.

She entered the bedroom again, relieved to find Duggan had still not returned. She slipped into the freshly made bed to sleep, knowing he’d be back to spoon with her.

* * * * *

She was surprised when, come morning, she awoke alone. For the first time since her capture, Duggan had left her by herself. She quelled the momentary feeling of dismay. What the hell was wrong with her? She wanted to be left alone, right? Why would it bother her?

A soft knock interrupted her thoughts and before she could call out, Jonathan poked his head in. Finding her awake, he approached the bed and climbed in.

"I'm naked here," she snapped.

"I'm perfectly aware of it. Just as I can smell a new scent from your body. Not yet that of Duggan's seed mingling deep within you but a scent of female satisfaction. So much sweeter than plain female arousal." Jonathan's voice had thickened. Arousal hit his own body from the smell.

"You're creeping me out. I take it Duggan has shared his 'offer' with you too?"

"Yup." Jonathan's voice became serious. "You don't understand the strength it takes, Ellie. Werewolves are possessive. They never, ever share. Another wolf would kill me just for speaking to you without him present. And here Duggan has allowed me to be alone with you, to be friends with you, to lie in a bed with you naked."

"He wants you to take my virginity."

"That's the plan. He made you the offer, now he's aroused you so that it makes it easier for me to seduce you. When your virginity is gone, you'll be only his again."

"How do you feel about it?"

"I obey my alpha, Ellie. I love you to death but if Duggan wants something done, I follow his wishes."

"You'd seduce me for Duggan? Despite our friendship?"

"I would impregnate you if Duggan wished."

Jonathan slowly inched the sheet down to her waist, exposing her breasts. Surprisingly, she let him. He trailed his finger over the plump roundness. He allowed

his finger to snake across to her nipple, where he used a thumb to press it gently inward. Electricity sparked at the contact and Ellie felt the now familiar pool of desire moisten the walls of her pussy again.

Jonathan watched her eyes while he seduced her, lowering the sheet yet farther to expose more for his viewing pleasure. He tore his eyes away to gaze at the triangle between her thighs. After he looked his fill, he let his fingers trail down to the reddish curls that masked her femininity.

His finger parted through the curls, tracing a path between her trembling nether lips.

Ellie took a deep breath and closed her eyes. Her breath quivered in her lungs as he dipped into her pussy juices, bringing his fingers up to his mouth and sucking them clean right in front of her.

Ahh, Ellie thought, like his brother, Jonathan certainly does know about seduction.

He trailed his saliva-soaked fingers up the middle of her body again to tweak a nipple, then back down toward her cunt. She looked directly into his eyes and deliberately spread her thighs wide, offering herself up for his pleasure. She watched his green eyes darken as he realized her acquiescence.

The door opened. Both turned their lust-filled gazes to the doorway to see Duggan standing there. And then he was gone, just like that.

And just like that, Ellie came to her senses. "Jonathan, wait."

"For what, Ellie?" he whispered, his voice husky. "It's what Duggan wants."

She placed her hand on his, stopping his finger where it was slowly massaging her tight clitoris.

"It really should be Duggan who takes my virginity." Her voice was final.

Jonathan's face broke into a smile. "You're letting him have it?"

She nodded. "As you've said to me repeatedly, I must get used to my new life. While he still scares me, I've come to accept that he wants me for his mate."

"Dammit. You couldn't have decided fifteen minutes ago?"

He glanced ruefully at his painfully tight jeans, the unmistakable bulge ready to burst his snaps.

"Duggan will have my virginity. But I can help you relieve some of that pressure..." she whispered seductively, letting her own fingers trail enticingly over his bulge.

It was rock-hard and ripe beneath her fingers. She felt his warmth through the fabric of the jeans and a moan escaped his throat at her touch. She hurriedly unsnapped his jeans to free him and Jonathan whipped them from his legs. She yanked his shirt over his head, wanting to touch his chest. He was well-defined, muscular, so much like his brother.

So familiar to her. "Jonathan, show me how to, you know. Go down on a guy."

"You want to know for Duggan?" he asked, looking into her eyes.

She nodded.

"Try your instincts. I'll say yes, no, more, or what's next."

She straddled his body, covering his cock between her warm thighs. She angled her breast toward his mouth, watching while he took the tip between his lips.

She pulled it from his mouth and trailed her own mouth over his body. She licked at a small, firm nipple. She licked a path down the spiral of masculine hair that pointed toward his jutting cock.

"That's it, Ellie." His voice was husky.

She reached his cock and swiped her tongue across the tip, tasting him. His taste exploded in her mouth and she took the entire head into her warm wetness, wanting more, wanting it all. She was surprised, for not feeling *that way* about Jonathan had certainly changed.

"God yes. That's it."

She sucked at the head of his penis, wetting it thoroughly. She then trailed her tongue over the shaft, tracing the veins she saw.

"Oh Ellie," Jonathan moaned as he thrust with his hips. "Take the whole thing into your mouth."

She opened wide, letting his whole cock in. He thrust very gently, very slowly with his hips.

"Relax, Ellie," he crooned. "Relax your throat. I'm going deeper."

She took a breath and inhaled deeply, forcing herself to loosen up.

"That's it, exactly," Jonathan murmured, his voice deep. "God, Ellie, you feel so good." His hand bunched in her hair, smoothing it away from her face so he could watch his erection slide in and out.

His words alone made her pussy cream. She clenched her thighs together tightly, aware that she could climax from the squeezing pressure of her thighs alone.

"Ellie, you'll have to stop," he bit out harshly. "I'm very close and I'm not allowed to come in you. Anywhere."

She let his cock pop out of her mouth and gave the tip another lick with her tongue. He shuddered.

"I mean it. Duggan will have our heads if we come in each other. It will mingle our scents and drive him insane. He'd be forced to kill both of us, if the other wolves smell our mingled scents. There's no such thing as affairs in the werewolf community. Noses are too sensitive."

Ellie raised herself back up to the pillow opposite Jonathan's. They glanced at each other, smiling ruefully. Jonathan grabbed her hand and took it down to her pussy. He showed her how to pull and rub her own clit, until she took up the massage herself.

"That's it," he crooned. "Spread your pussy so I can see the pink inside. Let me watch. Insert your fingers and thrust your hips, like I'm slowly fucking you."

He lowered his own hand to his hard cock, pumping it furiously. She watched his eyes glaze over and he grabbed his discarded shirt to catch his seed so it wouldn't spurt anywhere near her.

She was manipulating her own clit just as furiously, so eager to come hard. She spread her pussy for Jonathan's view with two fingers and used her other hand to elongate the sensitive organ.

"Can you feel yourself starting to come, Ellie?"

"Mmmm," she murmured. Her entire body was beginning to hum.

"Come for me. Let me watch."

That did it. Her body burst apart and her hips bucked wildly. Her fingers frantically swirled over her clit as she came, moaning. Gushing her juice all over slender thighs.

"Oh God, that was wonderful," she panted. "It's your turn."

His eyes glittered, a murky green so much darker than Duggan's. "When he comes in your mouth, Ellie, swallow the spurts. Swallow and swallow." She watched as his hand made his cock start to come. The purple engorged head of his cock swelled, the tiny hole at the very tip opened and she watched seed erupt before he covered it with the shirt and pumped more furiously than before. He moaned through his release, still touching himself. "After he comes, clean his cock with your tongue. Suck his balls and he'll swell again, swell for more fucking. Lick the little hole clean." His voice deepened as he gripped his cock. He loosened the shirt to show her. There was a spill of seed glistening in his shirt but it was his cock she stared at. Its head had swollen to nearly twice its size, looking purple and bulbous compared to the rest of it.

She wondered how that would feel deep inside her body where it ached.

"We're werewolf, Ellie. We swell and lock into you to come for several more minutes. More seed will flood your body, to impregnate you. I can't touch myself now or I'll come again for several more minutes. Duggan probably won't want to impregnate you right away either, so he may pull out before he swells."

"Show me," she demanded.

He grasped his cock firmly once again, stroking the silky skin expertly, and she watched until his eyes rolled back into his head. His cock erupted immediately, huge wads of cum erupting from the tip like a furious volcano. It caught the shirt, soaking it.

She fucked herself with her own fingers, thrusting her hips back and forth onto her hand. He was right. The continuation of his orgasm lasted several minutes while Jonathan moaned and quivered uncontrollably. She watched, fascinated, until his body finally quieted. Until her moans echoed his as another flood of honey coated her fingers when the orgasm rushed through her.

"That's amazing," she panted softly.

"You have no idea," he grinned. "Shower with me?"

She smiled back, glad that the friendship was so easily regained. She watched when he wiped off his cock with the shirt in his left hand and held out his right hand to her. He helped her from the bed and shoved his shirt into the laundry chute as they passed it.

After adjusting the water temperature in Duggan's huge shower, Jonathan helped her in so they could share the shower spray. He soaped her gently, his fingers passing efficiently between her legs as he soaped clean every trace of her fluids. He washed her entire body for her, massaging her shoulders for a couple of minutes while he cleaned her back.

He even dipped his soaped fingers and washed the crack of her ass. Surprisingly, she didn't mind. She was boneless, floating in the relaxed state of the afterglow. He switched off the shower long enough to enclose her in Duggan's towel. It was slightly damp and she shivered.

"I know it's a little cold. But we need to rub Duggan's scent back onto you, so it won't make him crazy with jealousy. I'd like to keep my cock, even though he gave his permission. Go sit at the vanity and wait for me."

She wandered to the golden chair where she sat with the towel wrapped around her for several minutes, watching him shower, rubbing soap into every spot of his body. She waited until the water was turned off and he began toweling before she left the bathroom, tossing her towel into the chute and opening Duggan's dresser for another of her nightgowns. This one was black, harsh against her skin but stunning and dramatic.

Jonathan walked out of the shower and put his jeans back on, leaving his chest bare. He sniffed her.

"Good. I smell him on you again. But don't be surprised if he licks you to add fresh scent to you. He's probably feeling insecure after watching us together. Though he'd never admit it. You can wait here or go find Duggan. I need to get another shirt."

She nodded and left the room to find Duggan. He was downstairs on the front porch, drinking a cup of coffee.

She felt her heart clench. He looked so lonely standing there, waiting for her and Jonathan to have sex.

She never stopped to think. She walked directly behind him and wrapped her arms around his waist, pressing her cheek to his back. She felt him inhale sharply, then relax and clasp her hand under his. He set the coffee on the railing and pulled her to the front of him. They stood like that for long moments, her petite body wrapped in his strong arms. He lowered his mouth, kissing the top of her head. She pressed her face into his chest, afraid to look at him.

She became vaguely aware of another presence. A set of boots, thumping up the steps.

Duggan's arms tightened around her as he lifted his head to greet the visitor.

"Make yourself comfortable in the study. I'll be right there."

"Yes sir," the male voice responded. She heard the footsteps walk away.

Duggan grabbed a fistful of hair and tugged, pulling her head back to gaze into her eyes. "I'll be busy all day today. Tonight?"

She knew what he was asking. Was she ready to take his cock? She nodded. Definitely tonight. He ground his mouth down to hers before breaking away and dropping to the bench on the porch. Sitting in front of her, he slipped one strap from her shoulder, baring a breast to his view. He sucked the pink tip sweetly, eliciting a moan from her lips.

He stood back up, slipping the gown in place again.

"Tomorrow I'll take you shopping for clothes." The arrogance was back in his voice.

Ellis stood on her tiptoes and pressed a gentle kiss to his lips. He kissed her forehead before stepping inside. She turned to face the morning sun, feeling it warm against her face, the exposed top of her chest. Seeing Duggan's coffee that he'd left, she picked it up and sipped. Jonathan had been right, he'd marked her with his scent again.

She drank half the coffee before returning inside to refill the cup. When it was steaming, she knocked on the door to the study.

"Enter."

She brought Dugan his coffee. He smiled gratefully, holding her still with an arm around her waist while he tasted it. He was proud of her, she realized. Proud that she was his and he was showing her off to the other werewolf in the room.

He'd noted that she drank half, she thought wryly as his eyes lit with the sudden knowledge. Must have been that sense of smell.

"It's perfect," he told her, his voice suddenly husky.

She was aware of his werewolf watching. So she bent and pressed a kiss to Duggan's lips.

"I'm borrowing your t-shirt and shorts. Jonathan's taking me to the gardens today."

His gaze was suddenly sharp. "Be careful. Don't get close to the edges of the property."

She raised her eyebrows. "I'm with Jonathan. He'll know where the boundaries are."

He relaxed slightly. She took his face in her hands and kissed him again.

“We’ll be back before you’re done working.” She nodded to the werewolf and left.

Chapter Five

Duggan found it hard to concentrate when she left. He trusted his brother implicitly but knowing that Ellis could relax with Jonathan where she couldn't with him hurt. Still, she was his now.

He felt his cock swell at the thought of possessing her and forced himself to concentrate on work.

It was much later when Jonathan and Ellie slipped into the house to find the place packed with men. The crowd parted to allow Duggan to step forward.

"So much for slipping in discreetly," Jonathan muttered.

Duggan stepped directly in front of Ellis and rubbed dirt from her cheek with a thumb.

"You're late," he growled at his brother.

Jonathan threw up his arms. "She's your mate! You can't expect me to baby-sit and control her at the same time. I took her to see the gardens, she insisted on gardening herself. Then she insisted on my help. Now you have tomato plants, by the way."

Ellie wrapped her arms around Duggan's waist. "I'm sorry, Duggan. I know I said I'd be back before you finished work. I just got distracted."

"Don't do it again," he commanded, tilting her head back to plunder her mouth relentlessly.

"Ahem," Jonathan interrupted. "I'm going to shower now."

Duggan lifted his lips from hers. "Take her upstairs with you. Dinner's in an hour. Be back on time."

Ellie stayed staring at Duggan, wondering why he was so distant, as if he was upset with her. It was so unreasonable. She barely felt Jonathan tugging her arm as he pulled her away. They made their way quickly up the stairs.

“Hurry and shower,” Jonathan said. “Don’t be late.”

“Why is he upset?”

“I don’t know. Unless it has to do with all the werewolves in the room, which means we’ll have company for dinner. Just don’t rile him, remember to be submissive.”

She showered quickly, even washing her hair. She outlined her eyes in black and added a touch of gloss, then touched her lashes with some mascara. Those were all the cosmetics in the bathroom and she was amazed that Duggan thought to buy her that much.

She entered the bedroom to put on another nightgown and saw one spread out on the bed. Duggan must have picked it. It was floor length, a shimmering gold satin. Not too low cut, she could get away with it as being a dinner dress. Although by now all the wolves must know she only dressed in nightgowns. Barefoot. And missing her underwear. She sighed as Jonathan knocked on the door.

She flung it open and he offered his arm. He was dressed to the nines while she wore yet another nightgown.

“You’re beautiful,” he said, touching her cheek. He stared into her eyes in amazement before he smiled. He took her arm and they made their way down to dinner.

Once they entered the dining room, he brought her directly to the head of the table. Duggan rose and took her hand from Jonathan, who seated himself at Duggan’s left. Duggan bent to kiss her cheek but Ellie turned and kissed his lips instead. His eyes glittered green and she knew she’d pleased him. He turned her to face everyone at the dinner table and said simply, “My mate. Ellie Rae Baddeaux.” He’d dropped her previous last names and added his own.

The wolves stared. To Ellie, they looked hungrily at her. Hopefully dinner would begin soon.

And then Duggan said, "To be your queen at the next wolf gathering."

The wolves clapped loudly. Feeling odd, she let herself be seated at Duggan's right.

A plate of steak was set before her. Jonathan leaned across the table. "Little humans can't eat as much as wolves. Pass me half your steak, Ellie Rae."

She rolled her eyes at him but cut the huge steak in half. She speared it with her fork and held it up to him. He slid his plate beneath it but before she dropped it, she said, "Promise me half your dessert first."

"Depends on what it is."

She brought the steak back over to her own plate.

"Okay, okay. I promise half of whatever it is."

She carried the steak back over to his plate and dropped it. Duggan sighed.

"Protocol demands that I seat my mate at my right and my next of kin to my left. Something tells me I made a mistake."

"No mistake made," Jonathan said cheerfully. "Ellie would probably be much more obnoxious if you sat us together."

Conversation was bland during the meal and true to his word, Jonathan gave her half of his chocolate cheesecake. Ellie didn't really want it but couldn't give in after she'd bargained for it. After dinner they retired to the living area, where Ellie's eyes began to droop at the boring male conversation over people and situations she didn't know.

"Jonathan, take over." Ellis felt herself being pulled to her feet and then lifted to a strong male chest as Duggan carried her from the room. Jonathan moved to Duggan's seat but she was aware of all the wolves' eyes following as Duggan held her in his arms.

Ellie waited until they left the room to protest. "Duggan, you can't just leave your guests."

"Ellie, Ellie, you were doing so well."

"Well, you can't. They'll wonder why we left."

"They know why we left. They smell my arousal. Fact of life."

"I guess the only thing worse than that would be smelling mine."

Duggan deposited her onto the bed. He gathered her gown in his strong hands but Ellie yelped and bounced away.

"Not another nightgown ripped! I'll take it off."

"I like ripping gowns from your body. That's why you have dozens."

"But I like them. You're ruining them. I might want to wear the same one twice."

Duggan reached for her as she hurriedly flung her gown off and across the room where it was safe.

She stood before him naked, back straight, pink-tipped breasts jutting proudly. He clasped his hands around her waist, fingertips digging uncontrollably into soft skin as he pulled her to him. Ellie tilted her head upward, Duggan dipped his and bit softly at the skin of her neck.

She shivered. And then she let her own hands wander. They ran across his chest, slid down his taut abs and then farther.

"Take your clothes off too," she whispered.

He was naked in record time. Now while her hands wandered, she received the visual treat along with it.

"You have to be the most beautiful man I've ever seen, Duggan."

"I'm glad you think so. But men aren't beautiful."

She smiled. "You are."

She reached down between them and cupped his heavy balls in her hand. He hissed and his enormous cock twitched, aching for her touch also.

"It's huge."

"Just a little. It'll fit, I promise."

"You're sure?"

He smiled. "I've done this before. Lots."

He pulled her gently to him again and pressed her up along his naked body. His cock was pressing into the softness of her belly. He groaned, closing his eyes when she stroked the silky soft skin stretched taut.

"Did you like when I tasted you for the first time?" he asked, his voice deep.

"It was wonderful. Magnificent. I liked it a lot." She grinned.

"I liked it too. You taste incredible and I love the way you moan and quiver beneath my tongue."

"You're making me all wet and creamy inside."

"That's exactly what I want. I want you wet and warm around my cock."

"Oh God. There's something I want."

Duggan inserted his finger into her pussy and was stretching her gently, dipping in and out. He kissed her and spoke against her lips as he said, "What do you want, baby?"

"I want you in me. I'm ready, I'm ready now." She was squirming away from his finger, desperate.

He chuckled. "You're definitely creaming. Okay. I'll give it to you."

He removed his hand from between her legs and trailed his slick finger up between her breasts. He skimmed it lightly over her neck and slowly, so slowly brought it up to trace along her jaw line.

Ellie looked him in the eyes and turned her head to accept his finger. She sucked, her mouth hot and wet, the pulling sensation on his finger yanking on a connection that went straight to his cock.

The erotic sight of Ellie sucking on the finger he just had in her pussy nearly made him come.

"Oh God, Ellie. Stop. I have to have you, love."

He pressed her back to the bed and spread her thighs. He took his hard cock in his hand and rubbed it against her wet slit to moisten it.

She felt the head of his cock at the entrance to her body, rubbing erotically against the slick juice gathered in her cunt. Without warning, he plunged into her.

Fiery pain exploded around her.

"Shit!" Duggan cursed. "What the hell? I thought Jonathan..."

Ellie was gritting her teeth against the pain. "You told me I had two days to think about your offer."

"But he was in here this morning. I saw the two of you."

"But not that. I refused."

"Why?" he ground out.

Ellie took a deep breath, the pain subsiding just a little. Yet she was still on fire deep inside.

"Because you're right, Duggan. I'm your mate and if I were to let Jonathan take my virginity, it's something you can never have. It should be yours."

He stared deeply into her eyes. "I would never have made an offer I couldn't live with, Ellie. And Jonathan has taken countless cherries. I didn't want you to have any pain."

"Well, now I see why."

Duggan pulled his body from hers, very slowly. Even at that, Ellie hissed in pain.

"Ssh, my love," he said, kissing her forehead. "I'm going to get a warm cloth to clean you."

Ellie saw why when he left the bed. His cock was still stiff, jutting outward. Smeared in her blood.

He returned from the restroom with his cock cleaned and with a warm cloth. He pulled back the covers and placed the washrag over her aching body. The warmth felt

good but the pain was still underneath, a reminder not to feel aroused enough for sex any time soon.

"Bend your knees," Duggan commanded. She did just that and he wiped her inner thighs. "Still hurt?"

"A little." Mostly, she was terrified that he'd still want to finish and she just didn't want that huge thing inside her again. At least not until the soreness dissipated. Definitely, Jonathan's was thinner than Duggan's. Although they both had bulbous purple heads, something she didn't notice in the brief moments when she'd seen Brian's cock. Did all men have bigger heads to their cocks or was it a werewolf thing?

Duggan rose and went back to the bathroom. She heard water running and then he was back, lifting her from the bed.

He carried her into the bathroom, sinking her into the hot, bubbly water. He'd turned the jets on and they swirled and comforted her sore, swollen flesh.

"Here, pin your hair up." He handed her a cloth-covered band and she wound her hair into a ponytail, securing the tail into the band so it wouldn't swing.

"Sorry about your, um, wedding night, Duggan."

"I'm not the one in pain, Ellie."

"No. But you didn't finish. I'm sorry."

"There'll be other nights. Enjoyable nights, where you'll no longer need to worry about pain."

Chapter Six

She awoke to the familiar sight of Duggan watching her. Smiling sleepily, she cradled her hand against his rugged cheek.

“Morning, Duggan.”

“Morning, Ellie mine. What would you like to do today?”

Surprise widened her eyes. “Don’t you work?”

“I’m playing hooky. Well, I actually didn’t play hooky, I sent a grumbling Jonathan in my place.”

The thought sent giggles erupting from Ellie’s throat. “Let’s go somewhere. Get out of the house.”

“How about a picnic? I can take you to a pond where Jonathan and I used to skinny-dip.”

She’d meant leave the property of course but a picnic sounded like fun too. She nodded.

“But I can’t wear another silk nightgown.”

“Why not?” he inquired arrogantly.

“Because, Macho Man, you just can’t wear a silk nightgown on a picnic.”

“You’d prefer to go naked?”

Ellie sighed and swung long legs over the side of the bed. “Never mind.”

She padded to the shower, seemingly unconcerned with her nakedness. She’d come a long way.

She showered quickly and blow dried her hair with the towel tucked beneath her arms. She turned to leave the bathroom since Duggan still needed it, when she noticed the outfit hanging on the back of the bathroom door. Denim overalls—shorts, actually

and even cute little panties. She opened the door to see Duggan on the other side, leaning up against the wall. She smiled at him, unable to contain her glee.

"You like it?"

"I love it."

"Come get dressed while I shower then."

She dressed quickly, admiring her outfit in the mirror. She even forgot to watch Duggan shower, a favorite pastime.

"What are we taking for lunch?"

"Whatever we can find."

They headed downstairs and opened the fridge to find a picnic basket already packed.

Ellie whirled around in Duggan's arms. "You planned this," she accused.

He smiled slightly at her. "Did I?"

She flung her arms around his neck, pressing her face to his throat. "Yes, you did."

Later they were lying naked in the sun, lazily letting the warm sunshine dry their skin.

"Careful," Duggan warned. "You don't want to burn that pale skin."

"I know. I should get dressed but I'm lazy. This has been a perfect day."

"Perfect?"

"Absolutely perfect."

"You've forgiven me for stealing you from Reed?"

"He was a creep. Besides, being with you has its benefits."

"Like?"

"Like this..." Ellie let her fingertips swirl on Duggan's abdomen. He sucked his breath in and she lowered her fingers to the nest of masculine hairs below. His cock began to rise, seeking the warmth of her hand.

"Ellie, you're sore. I was too rough last night."

"Yes, I'm sore. You are not. Let me pleasure you, Duggan. Let me show you what I've learned from my sex teacher."

"What exactly did my brother teach you?" Duggan growled, his playful demeanor vanishing.

"He taught me how to please you, mate."

She lowered her lips to kiss his abdomen. God, she loved the soft skin there. There was not an ounce of fat anywhere on his perfectly honed body. She nibbled for a moment on the tender skin of his belly before raising herself on her elbows to look at the proud cock.

Duggan had raised himself on his elbows too. He was watching her with hooded eyes.

"You're beautiful, Duggan. So hard everywhere," She traced a vein on his cock with her finger. "You're beautiful here too. I'm going to suck it before long. I'm going to suck you dry and let you come down my throat."

Duggan clenched his teeth as he fought for control at her erotic suggestions. He hissed through those clenched teeth when her lips closed over the head of his cock. The head grew, growing to full size within the warmth of his mate's mouth.

"Mmm. You taste so good. I love this. I can't get enough of you, Duggan." She stopped talking and let her mouth take more of his cock in. Up and down she moved her head, until at last she let it slide from her mouth.

Duggan protested at the sudden chill.

"Sssh, I just want to taste your balls now. I'll go back."

He watched as her petite tongue flicked out and pressed gently against his ball sac. She took an entire testicle into the warmth of her mouth, loving it gently. He moaned. Who'd have guessed that would be as erotic as his cock in her mouth?

She laved his balls until she moved back up to his cock. "Now, my mate, now I'm going to make you come hard." She clamped onto his ready-to-burst cock, the sensation of the sweet mouth almost making him explode. Her tongue swirled around and around his cock, especially the tiny hole, where she hoped for a tiny drop of pre-cum to taste. He clenched every muscle in his body tightly, fighting the inevitable explosion. Ellie relaxed her throat and let his cock thrust as deeply as she could. She released it to say one last thing.

"Fuck me, Duggan. Fuck my mouth."

She lowered her mouth back to his cock and his hips thrust up of their own accord, frantically doing just as she'd suggested.

He was close, so very close. All he had to do was relax and let it come. But Ellie had one last surprise in store for him. He had clenched his buttocks, thrusting into her face. On the down stroke, he relaxed them and that was when his sweet little Ellie inserted the tip of her finger into his ass.

She fingered the rim of his anus, stretching the tight little bud. Duggan lost all control, stars exploding as he shouted into the air. He felt his sudden burst of cum explode from the bulbous head of his cock, shooting directly down Ellie's throat. She swallowed greedily, milking his cock for more.

She was so sexy.

Duggan groaned, allowing himself a couple more spurts, before grabbing a handful of red hair and pulling her mouth from his cock.

"Stop, Ellie. Before I swell."

He hoped Jonathan had explained the werewolf swell to her. While blowjobs were fantastic, a werewolf could never have the second orgasm with one without strangling the generous giver when they swelled.

"You come harder and longer when you're allowed to swell, right?"

“Yes. It’s for reproduction, we come deeper. We draw the most ripe seed from deep within our testicles.”

Ellie pushed her breasts together around his cock in a creamy hug. The bulbous head of his already sensitive cock reddened against the perfect whiteness of her skin.

“Now allow yourself to swell, Duggan. Expand your cock and shoot the spurts for my lips.” She lowered her face to the cock squeezed between the full, white globes of her breasts.

He couldn’t help himself. His cock was too sensitive where it was buried between the soft, silky skin of her breasts. He could feel the warm air as she blew from her lips onto the head and it was too much. It swelled, triggering the deep orgasms from the tips of his toes and the tips of his fingers upwards to expel from the tiny hole of his penis. Ellie rubbed her breasts up and down the silky flesh of his cock, mimicking the warm sheath she couldn’t give him and pursed her lips, her tongue swiping out to taste the hole opening up in his cock.

When he came, it shot relentlessly, shooting her breasts, her throat, coating her with creamy, hot cum. He groaned and shot for several minutes, the best orgasm of his life.

His body finally quieted and he became aware of Ellie lying across his legs, her head on his abdomen. She raised her head and he saw the glistening seed smear on her chest.

“You can come a lot more than Jonathan.”

“He taught you this? I wonder what other lessons he’s got. Remind me to give him a raise.”

Ellie rose and entered the pond again. “Come on, Macho Man. Come rinse off. I don’t want everyone in the house sniffing the best blowjob of your life.”

Duggan smiled as he rose. Poor Ellie. Obviously Jonathan neglected to mention during his lessons that only time would wear down the scent of bodily fluids. She could scrub all day and would still smell of his seed merged with her saliva.

They shared a shower to wash off the pond water when they returned home. Duggan soaped her tenderly, much like Jonathan had done, and soothed the folds of her pussy as he did so. She was swollen and didn't know if it was from desire or still from the pain of the previous night. In either case, Ellie watched as Duggan soaped her clitoris, over and over swiping his finger over the little organ, and then repeated the entire process with oil over her body, including the now slick folds of her cunt before shutting down the water and wrapping her into a thick towel.

She put on another silk nightgown and shoved her clothing down the laundry chute. She wouldn't say anything to Duggan of course but she actually didn't mind being in a revealing silk nightgown, barefoot, knowing she had no underwear on. The tender, full lips of her pussy rubbed against each other erotically as she walked, making her nipples tingle in response.

And she knew everyone was aware of it.

She took her time getting dressed and then wandered out to the front porch where Duggan sat on the loveseat. She sprawled out next to him and he cradled her upper body in his arms. He rocked the loveseat gently, holding his mate. Ellie looked down at her toes. The bright pink polish was beginning to chip on the edges.

"Next time you go out, will you pick me up nail polish? Any color is fine." She smiled, knowing Duggan would bring her home dozens of bottles of varied colors.

"Anything else you need?" he whispered huskily, his tongue swirling against the tip of her earlobe.

"Mmm. I don't think so."

"You sure?" he whispered suggestively, still smelling her arousal from his manipulations in the shower. She wasn't sure but it was too late now for in the distance she heard the hum of an engine.

A car pulled up the front driveway, the car door slamming, then footsteps approached the porch.

Jonathan stretched, extending his long muscular arms over his head. He wore dress slacks and a dress shirt, the long sleeves rolled up to show muscular forearms. He'd already undone a couple of buttons at the throat, exposing warm skin beneath. Ellie's already heightened senses reeled as she took in the sight

"I'm not used to this working crap. You can't give me cushy jobs like baby-sitting Ellie and then toss me out into the real world. It's not fair, Duggan," he teased.

"Not fair? You have benefits that no other wolf will ever have, little brother. A trust fund whether you work or not, cushy little baby-sitting jobs, freedom to leave the pack for five years, not to mention your recent job giving lessons to my mate."

Ellie raised a slender leg, teasing Jonathan. The silk of the nightgown slid easily down, showing a tantalizing glimpse of slim thigh. She parted her legs briefly, exposing red curls before closing them to his view again.

"Yeah, thanks for that," she said throatily.

Jonathan straightened, his sudden arousal making him sniff the air. "Hey, wait a minute. I've been working like a dog all day and what have you two been doing? I smell what you two have been doing. That's not fair."

"Life's not fair," Duggan growled. "Get a girlfriend."

Duggan watched Jonathan's face while he reached for the hem of Ellie's nightgown, inching it slowly up to her waist where she was bare underneath. Her private areas were in plain view for his brother's enjoyment. He dipped his finger through the red curls, using his middle finger to swirl around her clitoris. He watched the hunger grow on Jonathan's face as Ellie's arousal filled the air.

"Ellie needs time to heal. There's a certain couple who didn't follow my instructions and break her virginity gently. I was too rough and now she's tender. She'll need constant clitoral stimulation to trigger her juices, which will in turn coat the irritated walls of her pussy."

Jonathan's gaze at her nether lips burned a hole through Ellie. She extended one slim leg over the back of the loveseat, allowing Duggan better access and giving

Jonathan a better view. He dipped his massaging finger in Ellie's juice, smearing it back up and over her clitoris. The bud was distending nicely, coming out of its hood and now glistening with the smear of her juices. Her pussy was plump and meaty, the lips darkened with her arousal.

"Who was a bad little wolf, Jonathan?" Duggan purred.

Jonathan swallowed. "Sorry, Duggan. But it was Ellie's choice."

"And she made a good choice. It was not your choice, however. I instructed you to take her virginity gently. Because you didn't, I caused her pain. You need to be punished."

Ellie was about to protest at the unfairness when Duggan continued. "My finger tires. Come take its place with your tongue, Jonathan."

Shit, there would be no protesting now. Jonathan could just take his punishment like a good boy.

Jonathan was on his knees before Ellie could blink. She spread her legs wide and he took a long swipe with his tongue before he dipped into her sheath.

She threw her head back and moaned. The feeling of a wet mouth worshipping her moist, tender flesh was incredible, especially with the knowledge that Duggan watched. Duggan lifted Ellie up higher onto his chest, bringing her pussy to the edge of the loveseat where Jonathan could have better access. Jonathan licked another long swipe from her anus to her clit. Ellie inhaled sharply. Her juices flowed, coating the walls of her vagina just as Duggan said they would.

Jonathan attacked her pussy. He nibbled and he ate and then he brought his tongue down to her tight little ass, tonguing around the rim. Ellie arched her back, thrusting her hard little nipples into the air. Duggan slipped his hand underneath the silk of her gown to massage one as she moaned, her gasps growing louder and louder.

"That's good, Ellie mine. I want you to come good and hard. Let Jonathan bring you with his mouth."

Jonathan spread her pussy lips with his fingers and nibbled at her raw, swollen clit. She exploded into his mouth, creamy cum coating his chin and making his lips glisten. She started to scream and threw her head back as Duggan covered her mouth with his while he gripped her nipple firmly. Her orgasm rolled through her, making her breasts quiver. Duggan plunged his tongue into her mouth, simulating a cock entering her body, over and over, until her orgasm was complete.

She looked back to see Jonathan's head lying on her thigh, mouth still glistening with her cream. She grinned weakly.

"Thanks, Jonathan."

"My pleasure, Ellie. I'm heading to the shower to jack off."

He pressed a kiss onto her still-sensitive mound and rose, his hand already rubbing the bulge at his crotch.

Duggan smoothed her gown back down over her naked body while she still quivered with aftershocks. She wrapped her arms around his neck.

"What happened to werewolves being so possessive?"

"I'd kill anyone else. I never thought I'd enjoy the dominance of watching but I do. But you'll have to stay hidden for weeks now. Both of you. Jonathan's scent mingles with yours."

"You can just fuck me lots to cover it up."

"Interesting suggestion, my love. Unfortunately, you need a couple days to heal."

Ellie lay in his arms a couple more minutes before the sound of another car approached. Duggan pressed a kiss to her temple.

"Go now, love. Take a shower, tell Jonathan to stay upstairs until I say."

Ellie stood on weak legs and headed upstairs. She headed to Jonathan's bathroom first, opening the door without knocking. Jonathan was standing under the hot steam, true to his word, his cock in his hand.

"Jonathan," she called out.

He opened the shower door and looked at her, still massaging his cock.

"Someone's visiting. Duggan says for us to stay out of sight until he gets us."

Jonathan nodded and dropped his eyes to her breasts, one hand around the thickness of his cock, the other hand cupping his balls.

"Need help?" Ellie asked, dropping the straps from her shoulders and letting her gown slide to the floor to pool at her feet.

She raised her leg, placing it on the toilet, and cupped her breasts in her hands.

"Oh fuck. That's good, Ellie. Let me see you put your fingers in your pussy."

She played with her clit gently, not enough to get too aroused, just enough for a show for Jonathan. She brought her fingers to her mouth and sucked.

"Shit." Jonathan closed his eyes as cum squirted against the tiles of the shower. Four or five shots and it stopped. Jonathan placed both palms on the cool tiles, his forehead resting between them.

"Jonathan," Ellie whispered. "Turn around and switch the water hotter."

He looked at her with dazed eyes but turned up the stream of the spray.

"Take the shower head off the wall. Spray your cock with the hot water."

He sprayed the water over his already sensitized cock.

"Imagine that's my mouth, sliding hotly over your cock. You're going to have that deep, bone-jarring orgasm from your balls up, Jonathan," she purred, her fingers swirling through her pussy.

His hips began to buck uncontrollably. His cock swelled even more, looking as though it might burst. More cum erupted from the tip of his bulbous, swollen head, hitting the walls of the shower.

Jonathan came for several minutes, the images of Ellie playing with herself burned in his memory. When he was finally finished, he opened his eyes to find her gone, the shower door shut again.

Duggan finished in the study, sent the werewolf on his way and came up the stairs to find Ellie fast asleep. Naked. He stripped quickly and joined her. She slept innocently, her slender little hand wrapped around his hard, tight cock.

All too soon it was morning and Ellie still slept. Duggan went to work without waking her but it was an unproductive day.

He couldn't concentrate.

He thought about her all day and his cock would rise. He thought about the taste of her nipples in his mouth, the taste of her pussy on his lips and the way she panted when he snaked his tongue into her sheath.

He thought about how she felt when he'd pushed his cock all the way in, incredibly tight and silky. Wet, her juice slathered around his cock. He thought about the expression on her face when she climaxed under Jonathan's tongue.

"Mr. Baddeaux?"

"I'm sorry. My mind isn't with me today."

"Just as well. It's quitting time anyway. We can continue this later."

His secretary rose and left the conference room. Duggan waited for his erection to soften so he could walk and then rose also.

He was looking forward to seeing her. He was hoping she was healed, although technically it had only been one day. He'd ask her, he decided. As soon as he saw her, waiting to greet him. He didn't even care if Jonathan was present, he'd beg her in front of him and if it was all right, they'd go right upstairs.

Duggan entered the house, surprised that Ellie wasn't there to greet him. Instead, Jonathan was.

"Where's Ellie?" He growled, ignoring Jonathan's knowing grin.

"Upstairs."

Dammit, why wasn't she waiting for him to arrive home? She had been doing it up until now. What had changed? What was different? Didn't she know how much he needed her?

He rushed up the stairs, taking two at a time, his anger a slow burn.

He wrenched open the bedroom door. Ellie, his Ellie, was sitting in the chair directly facing him, pleasuring herself. Her legs were flung over the arms of the chair and she was splayed open for his view.

"Welcome home, Duggan."

He kept his eyes on hers as he loosened his tie. He pulled it from his neck and began unbuttoning his shirt. His pants followed and soon he was kneeling before her.

"How healed are you?"

"Pretty healed." She took her finger from her body and traced his lip with it. He opened his mouth, sucking it in.

"Come join me on the bed, Ellie."

"Stand first. I want to get you ready quickly. Because dinner's ready and I'm ready."

"Hell, I'm ready too."

"Um-hmm. But I want a taste. Just a little taste of you."

So he rose. He rose and he gave her what she wanted. He looked down as she pleased his body, sucking at the core heat of him. Her legs were still flung over the chair and she still played with her clitoris. Soon she was sucking harder and taking his cock deeper and deeper down her throat. She was dangerously close to forcing his orgasm and he could tell by the speed of her fingers massaging her pussy that she was close too.

He pulled his cock from between her lips reluctantly. She gave a disappointed sound and he pulled her to her feet. He deposited her on the edge of the bed and placed a pillow under her hips. And then he slid right in.

Ellie felt his huge cock as it entered. It was thick and hard, touching parts of her that had never been felt before. It filled her completely, made her whole. He was wet from her saliva and then he took her legs and lifted them up, holding them up with his arms.

He fit perfectly.

He'd left the bedroom door open and she felt a slight thrill at the thought of Jonathan possibly walking by and seeing. The idea of someone watching was really turning her on right now.

Duggan was thrusting forcefully, reaching deep into her body. She could feel him rubbing inside and she was already close to her climax from her earlier ministrations.

Then she came. She thrust upward to accept more of his thick heavy cock and the orgasm started wreaking havoc through her body. Quivering started somewhere deep in her body, somewhere where his cock connected. The quivering spread and spread and she began to moan.

"Oh, oh, ahh, baby."

Duggan covered her mouth with his, swallowing her moans. He thrust his tongue into her mouth, mimicking the thrusting of his cock. When her body finished its inner spasms, he came. He spurted and spurted and when it slowed, he pulled out before he could swell. He lowered her legs and pulled her on top of him so they could rest while they caught their breath.

His hands possessively roamed her back, caressing the sweet ass that was his as their breathing returned to normal.

"Dinner's ready, I'm sure," she said, kissing his nose.

"And I'm suddenly starving. We have two minutes to shower and get downstairs. I don't want to tease Jonathan unnecessarily with the scent of lovemaking."

They were in the shower, had just switched off the water and were toweling when Ellie looked serious. "You don't mind Jonathan?"

"Surprisingly, no. With boundaries. I just don't know what they are yet."

"I think the boundaries are you have to be in control, Duggan."

"That would make sense because," he pulled her to him, "you don't get to share this sweet pussy, ever. I can, though."

She kissed him. "It's yours."

Chapter Seven

Ellie entered the sitting room where Duggan and Jonathan already were seated. The air was thick with tension and a musky scent rose from the air to tickle her senses. A strange new outdoorsy smell that she smelled only once before.

Both heads swiveled to watch as she walked through the doorway, hunger on their faces. Ellie knew instinctively what was going on.

"You're both going to change."

"Yes," Duggan growled, his voice deep. "Stay inside. We won't go far. We'll be back before morning."

She didn't want to see them in their changed forms. She still remembered the monstrous night that Duggan killed Brian—his image was hideous, his voice distorted. And, oh God, what if he came into the bedroom and wanted to fuck? She could smell a musky scent in the air, both looked at her hungrily. Is that what they wanted while in that form?

She paced her room as her thoughts whirled in her head. Duggan was her mate and if he wanted her in that form, he'd take her. She couldn't enjoy it, she just couldn't. *Unless*, she closed her eyes thoughtfully, *maybe if she relived that scene*. Maybe he wasn't as monstrous as she remembered. He had been in a clearing of trees. It wasn't far away, for she couldn't have run too far that fateful night.

Ellie left her bedroom before she could change her mind. She grabbed a coat from the hall closet and wrapped it around herself. She was in a nightgown but with his coat she should be fine. She'd put on a pair of rubber boots in the closet, all she could find.

It wasn't too cold outside but there was a bite to the night air. Fall was arriving, bringing a chill. Ellie knew it would get colder still. But she just wanted to see the clearing. Then she could return.

She finally arrived at the area she remembered and looked about in surprise. It looked exactly the same, sort of undisturbed and innocent. What had she expected? Blood? Body parts? Police tape? She traced her steps, remembering where she stood, watching where Brian and Duggan had been. She was lost in her thoughts, trying to recall exactly how Duggan had looked when he changed. Somehow she couldn't seem to relive the exact memory.

Ellie heard a rustling. She whipped her head about, panic starting. And then she saw him. A werewolf.

It was Jonathan. He was bigger than normal, like Duggan. Heavy muscles covered in soft fur, a charcoal gray color. Just as she had recognized Duggan, she saw Jonathan's unmistakable eyes.

"What are you doing out here, Ellie?" His voice was strange. Deeper. It also seemed harder for him to form words.

"Um, just out for a stroll? How upset are you? Can we keep this from Duggan?"

"You are supposed to be inside," Jonathan growled. "It's not safe out here. Duggan and I are not the only two wolves in our pelts. And we're horny like this. I'm fighting the urge not to jump you myself."

Ellie finally felt a sense of fear. "But if you get Duggan, he'll want to fuck me too, right?"

Jonathan nodded. "So? It's his right, you disobeyed."

She could see there was no reasoning with a werewolf.

"You stay here, Ellie." He growled. And then he was gone, gone in a flash, an inhuman flash. She knew he went to get her mate.

She thought about running. Heading back to the house before Duggan arrived. Damn Jonathan, the traitor. He didn't understand, seemed to think just like Duggan. That she was property, to do with as either pleased. It was only a thought though because soon, so soon, there was Duggan. Just around the bend of a tree. She knew him

instantly. She'd seen him like this once before, although he didn't seem as horrifying now. Perhaps because he was still largely human.

"Why are you out, Ellie?"

She hung her head and decided to be honest. "I was frightened."

"Of me?"

"Yes. I thought if I came to the same place and remembered what it was like, maybe I could beat it before you came to our room later."

"I wasn't going to come to you like this yet."

"You weren't going to fuck me tonight?"

"Not like this but..."

"But what?"

"I don't have any control, Ellie."

"What do you mean?"

"I do. I do want to love you. Like this, in the change."

It was Duggan and for once he wasn't making demands. "Okay."

Her answer was simple, just one word. Dugan blinked, unable to believe he'd heard correctly.

Lightning flashed across the sky as Ellie slipped toward him. There was no longer any fear for her. It was Duggan, her mate. A mate who could pleasure her always. Duggan reached for her at the same time, his strange mouth reaching for hers.

His strong arms clasped her to his chest, mashing her breasts against him. He growled as he allowed himself to lick down the side of her neck.

His body was larger than normal and covered in warm fur. She could still feel the muscles underneath, it was still Duggan. She could look into his eyes and see the bright emerald that stared back at her.

Heat emanated from his body like this. She extended one finger down the front of him. It trailed over the muscular chest and down his belly. The soft fur that covered him

was silken to her fingertips. She could feel the warmth coming from his skin underneath the fur. A personal furnace in the cold.

She reached down between his legs and felt the hardness there too. She'd never had a slightly furry penis between her legs and the thought of the friction of it sliding inside her made her pussy clench. She clenched it momentarily and as she released she felt moisture gathering deep inside.

"How do you want it?" she whispered.

"I want to do it like the wolves," his distorted voice told her.

"So you want my ass up in the air?" she asked, pointblank.

He closed his eyes at the image. "Yes, oh yes. I want it up and exposed. I want to run my tongue down it. My tongue is longer like this."

She cupped his testicles in her hand. "Your balls are bigger too. Heavier." She tested the weight in her hand.

"I come even more, harder, than before. That's why we howl during sex. It's so hard, it's almost pain. A painful, burning release from your balls up and out of your cock."

"Show me," she whispered still. Slowly she removed her coat and dropped the straps holding up her gown.

She turned over for him, on her hands and knees. Her ass pointed directly to him. He reached out with his large hand and parted her thighs wide, wider still. He laid one heavy, clawed hand over the smooth skin of her cheeks, massaging them, squeezing them together and then spreading her cheeks apart. He brought his groin directly to her ass, pressing against her. She was right, the friction of the soft fur felt wonderful against her silky skin. And the heat from his groin rubbed against the core of her.

Duggan pressed his hard, sleek body to hers and reached around to cup her heavy breasts. She gasped at the sensation as he squeezed the globes. His long nails scraped

ever-so lightly at the sensitive white flesh, reminding her of when he'd sliced her clothing in two.

She arched her back, pressing her ass even farther to him. He backed away from her and she felt a momentary rush of cool air against her heated skin before his fur was replaced. With a long, wet tongue.

Duggan slid his tongue down her crack, from deep inside her cunt to the top of her ass.

"Aaah. Do it again," she demanded, her back arching like a cat.

He licked again and again and again. He took his large hands and spread her ass wide, then plunged that tongue inside the tight little hole. He had to work his tongue in and the pleasure of Ellie's response made him want to just plunge in and out of her like the half animal he was.

"Ohmigod!" she screamed, her head rearing up. "No more, I can't take any more. Just fuck me. Please, Duggan." She'd never had a tongue in her ass and felt her climax looming close, very close.

Duggan pushed her back down at the shoulders. Her cheek rested against the ground as he spread her pussy and inched his thick cock inside. Inch by slow inch, she continually clenched and released her pussy, eager to swallow him in faster, deeper. Her flowing juices coated his cock, making it slick.

When he was finally in all the way, only then did he begin the actual fuck. He plunged in and out of her body, riding her hard, making her moan.

Her ass wiggled farther out, pushing against his cock. She couldn't keep still. She felt when his hot, creamy cum began to spurt, hitting the inside walls of her cunt. The added heat deep inside forced her to erupt relentlessly. She came hard. She came so hard, she was scarcely aware of the rest of his orgasm. She was vaguely aware that he hadn't pulled out and truth be known, she didn't want him to. She felt the swell of his head, filling her already sensitive, thickened walls of her cunt. She screamed as new waves of pleasure broke through her body again and again. She collapsed on the cold

ground and listened to his howl of completion as it rent the cold night air, alerting all who may be listening to what was happening.

He collapsed on top of her, covering her naked, chilled body with his warmer one. There was still the thickness between her thighs and he lay on her for several minutes until it began to loosen. When he finally pulled out, a rush of seed trickled out of her body, flowing down her legs and wetting the ground underneath her. Duggan grabbed her clothes, dressing her quickly.

"It's cold out. I can't change back completely for a while. Get inside and take a hot shower. I'll return when I can."

By the time Ellie reached the house, her teeth were chattering uncontrollably. Her fingers were blue, the once warm semen felt like frozen crystals against her thighs. She took a hot shower but couldn't seem to warm up.

All she wanted was bed, just bed. She crawled in, naked and freezing, her hair wet and cold. She had no energy left to dry it.

Ellie woke up alone early the next morning. Sick. Her stomach heaving violently. She stumbled to the bathroom, vomiting anything in her stomach that was willing to come out. She flushed the toilet and sat next to it, her forehead pressed against the cool marble wall. From being so cold last night, today she was burning hot. A thin sheen of glistening sweat coated her skin.

The bathroom door opened and Jonathan looked at her. Ellie stared back, defiance in her eyes. She was pale, her skin nearly translucent. Her hair seemed too stark, the fiery red against that white skin, and her eyes seem bruised with shadows.

"I'm getting Duggan."

Ellie never answered. She just turned her face back to the cool tiles. She simply didn't care. He could get Duggan or not. He could leave her alone to die in peace or not. He could go to hell or not.

Soon Duggan towered over her. He never said a word, he merely picked her up and carried her back to bed. Ellie was asleep before her head hit the pillow.

She thrashed while she slept. She was hot, so hot and the sheets were stifling. She flung them from her body, only to have someone replace them. She was wet and sticky. But someone, some blessed person was wiping her, soothing her brow with a cool cloth.

She dreamed of wolves and monsters.

Jonathan walked into the bedroom with a bowl of ice-chips.

"How's she doing?"

"The same. She's feverish and she's angry, muttering about the 'goddamned wolves'. It's either you or me and I'm guessing she's pissed at me."

"Taking her in the change?"

He nodded. "I knew she was still scared but she was aroused and that one little yes was enough to make me pounce on her."

"It's Ellie. She won't be mad, she'll realize she gave you the go-ahead."

"Well, she is mad."

"Maybe it's just the fever?"

"I don't know. You're the one who was around humans for five years. When will she wake up and get back to normal?"

Jonathan threw his hands up. "You sent me to live with them. Not become a doctor."

"I'll tell you what. When she finally wakes up, she gets anything she wants. From either of us. We'll treat her like gold."

And Jonathan finally understood what Duggan was so worried about.

"She will wake up, Duggan. She'll be fine. Humans get sick all the time."

At last she woke up. It was forever and a day to Duggan. Forever of forcing water and broth between her lips. Sponge-bathing her flushed body as she fought him, half delirious with fever. Her eyes watched him now, somehow accusing.

"How are you feeling?" he asked.

"Better." Her voice was raspy. He brought the glass of water to her and held it to her lips. She sipped and he set the glass back down on the nightstand.

"I'm sorry. I shouldn't have kept you out in the cold."

"I wasn't protesting at the end."

"You protested at the beginning. I should have listened. I was in my pelt, you were bare."

"I was fine. You're making yourself feel guilty over nothing."

"It's not nothing. I don't know how to treat you. I'm not used to humans. Jonathan is, he's been around you for years. Maybe..."

Ellie held her fingers up to his lips, silencing him. "Don't say it. Jonathan and I have a special friendship. Made more special by you." She grinned weakly. "But I love you. Always you, Duggan."

"After all I've done to you, Ellie?"

"I'm not a fool, Duggan. I will be milking this for all it's worth." Her eyes fluttered heavily.

"You're tired. Sleep, my love. I'll be here when you wake." His voice was the last thing she heard as she fell asleep.

When she woke next, it was to see Duggan lying next to her, whispering to someone else in the room.

It was Jonathan, the lying traitorous sneak. For some reason she was irrationally irritated with him. Then she remembered. He had fetched Duggan against her wishes that night.

"Ellie. There's someone here to see you."

"Don't let it be Jonathan, Duggan. I've seen enough of him. I'm sick of being babysat and him reporting everything back to you."

Jonathan approached the bed on the other side of her. "Come on, Ellie. Don't be mad."

"Go to hell."

Jonathan trailed a finger down her arm, she smacked his hand away.

"I just wanted you safe, Ellie. I wanted to keep you safe. That's all."

"I'm not a paper doll." She glared at the two of them. "I may not have the strength of a werewolf but I need some freedom."

"I know," Duggan said calmly. He was obviously the more intelligent of the two brothers. She glared at both of them testily.

"And I'll spend time with Jonathan if I wish. Not because you command it."

"I know." Duggan kissed her fingers, one by one.

"You didn't mind spending time with me, Ellie," Jonathan reminded her.

"That's not the point. The point is, I spend time with you if I wish, not because your alpha commanded it."

"Sure." They agreed too easily.

"I mean it."

"Yup. I agree. You're not a paper doll, you're a strong, intelligent human. I get it. As soon as you admit I'm the master. You too, Duggan. Who teaches the best blowjobs this side of the mountains? Hmmm. Only Duggan can answer this one correctly. Come on, Ellie. Who's the master?"

"Bater."

"That is so immature, Ellie."

"I'll concede, Jonathan. You are the best blowjob teacher this side of the mountains. I appreciate you giving Ellie her lessons," Duggan said with a smile.

She rolled her eyes at them. "I'm simply an apt pupil."

When Ellie awoke next, it was to find Duggan running her a bath. He carried her in and slid her already naked body into the water. He washed her gently, as if she were a porcelain doll that might break. He dried her just as slowly and then lotioned her body.

And then he spoon-fed her some soup. Ellie loved every minute of the pampering.

But the next day, Duggan had to work. He simply could not take off any longer. The sun had risen and Ellie was lying there, thinking about getting up. Instead, her bedroom door opened.

Jonathan entered with a tray of toast and juice.

Ellie sat up in bed, the sheet tucked underneath her arms.

Jonathan fed her the same way Duggan had yesterday, as if she was helpless.

"Why are you feeding me? I can reach my own toast."

"Strict instruction from your mate. I must feed you today, bathe you, dress you, take you downstairs, read to you if you wish it and when you get tired, carry you back upstairs for your nap."

"Jonathan, I'm not an invalid."

"Take it up with Duggan, Ellie. I'm just following instructions."

She pushed the plate of toast away and Jonathan set the tray cheerfully on the nightstand.

"Ready for your bath?"

He rose and started the water. And then he was back, lifting her from the bed.

"I really can bathe myself. Promise."

"No, no. You're sick. Just relax. Let me take care of you."

Ellie relaxed and let him. It wasn't as if he hadn't seen her naked. And hell, she was getting spoiled with all this pampering.

And then she got an idea while Jonathan was washing her so impersonally. She hung one leg out of the tub and raised her hips above the water so he could wash her.

She saw his throat as he gulped, the movement moving his Adam's apple up and down.

He soaped her slowly, spreading her lips delicately and washing her labia.

Then he pulled the plug and grabbed the towel, his movements rough and jerky. That didn't exactly work out as planned.

He dressed her and carried her downstairs to sit in the library. He'd forgotten to lotion her as Duggan always did but Ellie was willing not to mention it. Yet.

"Would you like me to read to you?"

"Sure."

"What would you like?" He waved his hand at the huge expanse of books and Ellie glanced at the section marked as erotic. There was no romance, being typical guys, but she was grateful for the erotica.

"This will do."

There was panic on Jonathan's face but true to his word, he read. He didn't skim over the parts that should have made him blush either. Ellie was impressed, no doubt about it.

He read until his voice grew raspy and the bulge grew inside his pants. Ellie took pity on him. Sort of.

"I'm tired now, Jonathan."

He snapped the book shut gratefully and returned to her. He lifted her from the chair and headed back upstairs.

Ellie cuddled against his warmth and when she spoke it was to blow her hot, sweet breath against his neck.

"You forgot to lotion me. Humans get very dry."

She noticed his footsteps falter and smiled against his throat. She yawned, shifting delicately. It pressed her breasts against him.

Her nipples were hard as pebbles.

"Will you lotion me, Jonathan?"

"Yes." His one word reply sounded strangled.

Ellie got back on her bed and stretched out on her stomach for Jonathan to lotion her body. She stripped off her nightgown herself and spread her legs, eager to spur him on.

She felt his hands, gentle and soothing as they creamed her body. *This is fun*, Ellie thought. *I like being a seductress. In fact, it is probably the most fun I've ever had.*

Unfortunately, Ellie's sickness took more of a toll than she'd thought. Because that was the last thing she'd remembered.

Jonathan was aware when Ellie's breathing grew deep and even. He continued his massage, gentle now. He turned her over onto her back, gently so as not to wake her. She didn't wake and he smiled. She was exhausted.

Duggan arrived home. He stood at the bedroom doorway for a moment and then entered the room.

Jonathan was sitting between Ellie's legs, lotioning a slender thigh. Every now and then, he'd gently spread them apart for glimpses of her cunt.

Duggan enjoyed the view also. "How is she?" he whispered.

"She's as horny as hell," Jonathan said with a smile. "She had me read erotic novels to her and then gently reminded me that she must be lotioned daily or her poor, dry, human skin will flake off. She'll jump you tonight."

"No, she'll sleep tonight. She's sick. She needs all her strength."

Duggan continued to watch his brother's hands lotion Ellie's body. After her thighs, Jonathan moved up to her arms before getting her torso.

His hands lingered, slow and gentle over her breasts. Her nipples hardened in her sleep. He slowly spread lotion down her rib cage.

Duggan was getting hard. Who would have thought watching his mate be worshipped would be such a turn-on? It was like the other day, on the front porch.

Jonathan had moved to her hips. The lotion was nearly gone from his hands now.

"That's it then."

"Not quite. See if she's wet."

Jonathan spread her labia and dipped his finger inside. She was slick in her sleep. He took some wetness and spread it up over her slit, ending with swirling some around her clitoris.

“Redheads are beautiful, aren’t they?” he asked Duggan.

“I think only she is.”

Both men watched her delicate little clit as it glistened, swelling with the juice Jonathan just spread on her. It was pink deep inside, creamy white everywhere else.

“Do I finish her? I want to suck her so badly.”

“No, we’ll let her sleep. She needs to regain her strength. However, I’ll be going to the shower to jack off,” Duggan said as he headed to the bathroom.

Jonathan smiled. “I’ll meet you downstairs for dinner after I shower too.”

Duggan laughed and then quickly stripped and got into the hot spray.

Jonathan looked at the sleeping Ellie and his murky green eyes deepened. He wanted to lick that tiny little pearl that glistened before him. He wanted to pull on it tenderly with his lips, suck it until she begged for release.

He rose and headed to his own shower before he gave in to his desires. But he took his heavy cock in his hand on the way down the hallway, because he just couldn’t wait.

Chapter Eight

It was three days later when Ellie pushed her bowl away from her.

"Honestly, Duggan. I'm stuffed. I've gained all my weight back and then some. I'm perfectly healthy."

"Maybe one more bite, sweetheart."

"Duggan!"

"Just try for me, Ellie mine."

"I'll never have children. Pregnancy would be nine months of pure hell."

"That's something we should probably talk about, Ellie. It's not something you have to worry about. I'll never impregnate you and I hope it didn't take from a few days ago in my pelt."

"You don't want children?"

"No. I'm fine with just you and me."

"I would like babies. I'd given up, thinking I was resigned to a fate with older men."

Duggan sighed. "You'll get used to it again, Ellie. Having babies is hard. I don't want to compromise you in any way."

"I'll always want them. Because they're yours. I love you, Duggan. Don't be afraid. Besides, you'll need someone to take over one day."

"Is that what this is about? Ellie, we have a long time to worry about that. I won't lose my strength until my eighties, at least."

"And I don't want to lose you even then, much less watch, Duggan."

He kissed her. "Don't worry about it. I can't risk losing you now. I'll be worried sick until you bleed again."

Duggan arrived home to find Ellie waiting for him on the front porch, in his favorite green nightgown.

"What are you doing outside? It's getting colder out."

"Time to swap the silk for the flannels?"

"Flannels? There's no such thing for you."

He stepped in closer to swing her in his arms. And then he smelled it. The aroma of blood. He looked relieved, so Ellie kissed him lightly.

There were just the three of them for dinner, Ellie, Duggan and Jonathan.

"Ellie, I need to talk to you about our next gathering. I need you to be there, love. Although you're my mate, which to my people is the same as wife, you need to attend and see how we function. Meet the other wolves, the wives. They're curious about you."

"All right. You and Jonathan will be there?"

"Yes, we won't leave you by yourself. One of us will be with you at all times."

"Okay," she nodded. "The other humans will be there too?"

There was silence as Duggan chewed his food slowly and Jonathan looked down at his plate. The silence droned on.

"Duggan?"

"Well, small problem there."

"What problem?" she asked, wary now.

"You're actually the only human, Ellie."

"What?"

"There's no other humans right now. Our pack doesn't have any humans involved. You're it."

"How in the world did I get to be your mate?"

"Just lucky, I guess. I would never have found you if Jonathan hadn't discovered you."

"Jonathan discovered I'm your mate *how*?"

Duggan looked at Jonathan for the response.

"We had a connection, you and I, Ellie. But your eyes don't match mine, so I knew you belonged to someone close to me. It had to have been Duggan but we weren't sure until the two of you met," Jonathan told her.

"And I was sure the first time I saw you," Duggan said, rubbing her lower lip with his thumb.

"What about Jonathan's mate?" she asked.

"I'm not looking for a mate, Ellie. There's a ninety-nine percent chance that my mate will be werewolf. That means I'll have to fight for her, which, I don't know if you've noticed but I'm not the alpha type. And even if she doesn't need to be fought for, life with a female werewolf is extremely violent. Females get violent during sex, it's their nature. Which is why I went and lived with humans for five years."

"You gave up a lot to come back with me."

"No, I knew my freedom came with a time limitation. I'm still werewolf, my place is with my people."

"You don't fit in."

"No, I don't fit in," he said, looking down at his plate. There was sadness in his voice and Ellie looked quickly at Duggan. There was concern in Duggan's eyes and Ellie remembered the journal. She knew that Duggan had given him five years' freedom with the excuse to look for his mate but secretly hoped that Jonathan would find his own among the humans.

Ellie rose and seated herself in Jonathan's lap. She hugged his head to her breast and kissed the top of his dark hair. Jonathan held her tightly.

Neither spoke for a long time. Duggan rose and went to get the coffeepot. By the time he returned, they were still sitting there, unmoving.

"Hey, you're not gonna cry on me, are you?" Ellie asked teasingly.

"Nope. I'm just not moving 'cause I got my face in your breasts."

"You are such a perv," Ellie said, which made Jonathan raise his face from her breasts, his face in a wide grin. She kissed him and then made her way to her own seat.

"So when is this wolf gathering?" she asked Duggan.

"Well, the surprises just keep coming and coming," Jonathan said with a grin.

Ellie sighed. "Oh no, Duggan. Is it tonight?"

He nodded. "I didn't want you to fret and worry about it, so I waited until after dinner to tell you. We leave in half an hour."

Ellie rose.

"Where are you going?" Duggan asked.

"I only have half an hour. I have to go pick out my nightgown." She barely heard Jonathan's bark of laughter as she walked from the room.

Later, after they finally arrived at the gathering, she'd been introduced to countless people. Most had been friendly but a few were wary.

One was a downright bitch. Her hair was a deep, dark brown, nearly black. The color matched her eyes. She looked at Ellie intently and then turned the smoldering gaze to Duggan, watching him possessively. Ellie raised an eyebrow at her and the woman smiled. A smirk.

"This is Stephanie Henders, Ellie. Her family has a ranch farther north."

That piece of information was the entire introduction Duggan gave her. Stephanie stared at her and wrapped her hand around Duggan's forearm.

"Welcome to the pack, Ellie," she said insincerely. "Oh but you're human. Maybe I should say *family*."

As far as words went, they were harmless. But Ellie knew better. She heard the tone for what it was. She didn't comment and Duggan steered her away to meet others.

Duggan kept an arm around her waist while Jonathan mingled, catching up with his old friends. She leaned on her mate's strength, smelling his warm skin as she turned her face to his shoulder. But too soon, Duggan had to speak. There was eager clapping, encouraging him to head up to the podium.

She looked around suddenly and Jonathan was at her side. She smiled, grateful that he'd remembered not to leave her alone, and felt the panic subside.

When Duggan finished his speech, one of the older wolves engaged him in a conversation, slowing his progress back to her. So Jonathan stayed with her, teasing her about her black silk nightgown.

"So, is silk all you own, Ellie?"

"Yup."

"It'll get cold soon." A feminine voice interjected, the cold already in her voice.

It was the bitch. Stephanie.

Ellie shrugged one pale shoulder carelessly. "Duggan'll keep me warm."

Fire burned bright in Stephanie Henders' eyes. "I know how warm Duggan can keep a female," she snapped.

There was silence at the outright rudeness. She had kept her antagonism in check while Duggan had been present but now ignored Jonathan's presence. As if he deserved no respect, for he was just the little brother of the alpha.

"You have no business here, Stephanie. Leave now," Jonathan said.

She raised an eyebrow at him. "For what reason?"

"Trying to get a rise out of Ellie. For implying that you've slept with Duggan."

"I didn't imply it. I outright said it."

The air shimmered slightly before it grew dense and thick. Ellie struggled to breathe and realized that Jonathan was on the verge of changing. She placed an arm on his biceps, which were already bulging with power.

"It's all right, Jonathan. It's in the past. It doesn't bother me. She's nothing."

"Are you challenging me?" Stephanie snarled to Ellie, her teeth showing.

"I challenge you, bitch," Jonathan growled and struck out.

His arm extended, striking her in the face so quickly that Ellie barely got a glimpse of his extended claws over his fur-covered hand. Stephanie was hurled backward across the room, crashing onto the wall more than twenty feet away.

Duggan tore through the crowd to pick up Stephanie by her neck. Her feet dangled from the ground. His words were formal. "You have been challenged by my brother. Do you accept?"

Blood dripped from her cheek but Stephanie still glared at Jonathan and Ellie before her eyes slid away from Duggan's stare.

"No, I do not."

There was murmuring among the other wolves.

"Then you acknowledge Jonathan Baddeaux as alpha to you and your family." He looked around the room but none of her family stepped forward. He'd made it a statement, not a question but Stephanie answered anyway.

"I acknowledge."

Duggan dropped her suddenly and she landed on her feet, staggering backward, and almost fell. Duggan never touched her again.

The meeting finished as though nothing had occurred. Stephanie stayed for the rest of the meeting, although she kept to the shadows and didn't interact with anyone else at the gathering. She never even bothered to wipe the blood that dripped from her cheek where Jonathan clawed her.

The oddest thing was that Stephanie was also not acknowledged by any other person present. They walked past her as if she didn't exist. No one spoke to her and she spoke to no one.

When the meeting was over, Duggan announced again. "My pack, we'll now go change and hunt. Because my mate is human, she'll be guarded at all times by me or my brother —"

"I'll stay with her tonight," Jonathan called out.

"Okay," Duggan acknowledged. "Then after you take Ellie home, the rest of us will change and hunt."

Duggan made his way to her, kissing her soundly before his wolves. "Are you okay?"

"Yes. But I'm definitely ready for home."

"I'll be home in the morning."

She nodded.

Jonathan took her home and Ellie crawled into bed exhausted. But before long, Jonathan joined her, freshly showered with wet hair. He crawled into bed with her.

"So what was that about? I thought you didn't like being alpha?" she asked.

"I don't. If I didn't challenge her, she would have forced you into a challenge. There's no way you could have survived." He rose onto one elbow, looking at her directly. "I never said I couldn't be alpha. I don't like to be. Duggan is my brother, there's no doubt I could take care of myself in a fight. I just don't enjoy it. Sometimes, the stupid wolves like Stephanie have to be reminded that I have the strength of my family line within me."

"Who is she, Jonathan? An ex-girlfriend of Duggan's?"

"Not even a girlfriend. She was a fuck, just a fuck. For a long time when Duggan never thought he'd find his mate. She'll be jealous of you because Stephanie wants power. She considers your queen position her own."

So it was true. Duggan used to fuck Stephanie. Ellie's mind swirled with this knowledge.

"And the challenge? Does it mean you don't have to fight anymore because she backed down?"

"Yes. But it's more than her backing down, Ellie. She's been humiliated, dominated. Properly chastened. By admitting I'm alpha, I'm allowed to fuck her at will, marking her with my scent. It puts an end to her night life. That was her version of dominance in our pack. Complete freedom because she had not mated. Any other werewolf in a bar will smell me and not touch her. And females are not allowed to be with humans, because of their violent tendencies during climax."

"Then why would she back down so quickly? Why not fight?"

"Because I scarred her. She'll bear permanent scars across her face from one swipe of my hand. And I did it without a change. It shows my strength, that I could extend a claw without a complete change. If she had fought me, there'd be no chance for her survival. That's the mistake wolves make, thinking they can dominate when someone is not willing to fight. They forget about the strength in a line. They think because I don't have the same violent tendencies that Duggan doesn't love me enough to share the family power."

"They think that Duggan doesn't love you?"

He nodded, smiling. Secure in his brother's love. "I'm Duggan's baby brother. I'll admit it, he spoiled me. He'd die to protect me. Look at what he's given me. Freedom, power. And now his own mate. He knows I'll never mate. Basically, he's sharing his own mate with me. I've been allowed to touch you like no other will ever do. I've been allowed to enjoy you too, Ellie."

"I never thought I'd be comfortable with you that way, Jonathan."

"I know. For five years you thought I was your friend, never guessing at how I lusted. But I knew you were for Duggan. I knew you were his mate. Every time I looked into your eyes and saw his own reflected back at me. We need permission to touch each

other. Although I can't see Duggan denying it without a good reason. I have permission tonight, Ellie," he whispered.

"You asked Duggan already?"

He nodded. "While you were changing before the gathering, earlier. Duggan asked if I wanted to hunt tonight. I did, I haven't changed in a month. But Duggan thought it best if he changed and I stayed with you. Because if he changes, he'll want to fuck you. In his pelt, like he did the other night."

"I don't mind. I'm over that fear."

"Yeah? But in his pelt, he has animalistic urges. He wants to fuck past the swell, like the other night. And we swell to expose our ripest seed, Ellie. Seed to impregnate. He doesn't have the control to pull out without impregnating you and you know he wants you all to himself. So for tonight, I can be your substitute satisfaction. If you'll let me."

"What about the other wolves scenting us?"

"We won't need to see them for a while now. The scent will wear down by then. And anything else will just be excused as living in the same house. Faint scents are usually innocent, such as me jacking off and you doing my laundry. It's constant, strong smells that signify affairs. Like the first week after I make love to you."

He brushed her hair back from her shoulder and she turned her head to kiss his hand.

Ellie stared at the earnestness in his murky green eyes.

"So what do you say, Ellie?"

She smiled. "Hell, yes. I'd love to fuck you."

Jonathan lifted her nightgown up and over her head. He yanked his clothing off quickly too. He buried his face between her legs, inhaling deeply.

"Mmm, I love redheads. So erotic, the hint of soft, red hair covering the tender, pink skin. The delicate blush of your clit. You smell so good, Ellie." He buried his nose in the red curls and blew warm air over her mound.

"Ohh Jonathan. That feels good."

"It's just a start. We can do real, actual fucking tonight. As long as I don't swell. Do you want a sixty-nine, Ellie?"

"A what?"

"A body position. You on top of me, your pussy in my face, my cock in your mouth. We can pleasure each other simultaneously."

Ellie never answered. She just jumped up so quickly, her heavy breasts bobbed. She straddled his face and lowered her body to his mouth. She felt his mouth close on her before she took his cock into her mouth.

"Oh God, Ellie, you're good. You're so good at it, so eager," he moaned, his breath hot on her pussy. She tongued his cock, tracing the veins along the way.

"It's because you taste good, Jonathan. Sweet and spicy and salty, all together."

She tongued his cock and then she sucked the whole thing into her mouth. When it was sufficiently wet, she kissed alongside its length. He was gasping, trying his hardest to nibble on the lips of her pussy, but the taste of her and the thought of her lips on his cock were driving him insane.

"Mmm, Jonathan, I'm getting close. Keep your tongue off my clit and thrust your tongue in me."

His cock jumped and she swallowed it whole again.

He released her plump nether lips, giving her entrance one last wriggle with his tongue before speaking.

"Stop. Now. I'm close too. No more talking and for heaven's sake, get your mouth off my cock before I come."

Ellie rose off him, smiling. She collapsed on the pillow next to him, both facing upward.

"Now what?" she asked.

"Now I'm going to fuck you, Ellie. It'll be gentle and sweet."

Gentle and sweet wasn't something she got with Duggan. It was hard and fast and long with him and she loved every minute of it.

"Turn over, Ellie. All fours."

Ellie turned over onto all fours and Jonathan spread her legs.

"Hold strong, Ellie."

His body collapsed gently on hers, wrapping itself around her. His cock pushed down against her body, the head rubbing erotically against her clit. He used both hands to reach for her breasts, mashing them together and fingering her nipples, while he jerked his cock slowly, erotically against her clit.

He pulled back and inserted a finger deep into her pussy, gathering slick, glistening juice and smearing it up all over her ass. He inserted the wet finger into the tight little rim of her ass and she tensed.

"Relax, Ellie. My finger is slick. Let it slide in."

She relaxed and his finger did slide. It felt incredible, tight and naughty.

"Good. How does it feel?"

"Mmm. Indescribable. Hot, tight, slick."

"I'm getting more juice," he whispered, pulling out his finger. He reached for his cock, dipping it and wetting the head. Then he placed the head of his cock and pushed it slightly into her ass.

"Jonathan, what are you doing?"

"Relax, Ellie. It's going to feel good, so good, baby," he crooned. He pulled out and pushed in again, just slightly, just stretching her tight little rosebud. He was right, it felt incredible to be gently, erotically stretched. He did it for a while until Ellie was the one to moan.

"Deeper, Jonathan. More. I want more of your cock up my ass."

"God, Ellie. You're not allowed to talk. I need to have control here and you make me lose it." He massaged her ass as he spoke and then gripped her cheeks with his

hands and plunged in slowly, so slowly. Bit by bit, tiny amounts at a time, all while Ellie wriggled and writhed, trying to get him to go faster.

He was in now, buried deep within her body.

"This is what Duggan gave me permission for, Ellie. It's still a dominance thing. He'd told me to take your virginity. Now I have. I've taken your ass virginity. Do you like it?" he hissed.

"I'd like it more if you fucked my ass, Jonathan."

He laughed. "Okay, Ellie. You want to be fucked? I'm going to come in your sweet, tight little ass." As he spoke he reached his finger between her legs and felt to see how swollen her clit was.

Ellie gasped at the feeling of her swollen clit being manipulated at the same time she had her ass filled with cock.

"Oh there's more, sweetheart." He dipped his finger into her pussy next and Ellie froze at the feeling of two things deep in her simultaneously.

Jonathan knew what he was doing. He rubbed his finger at her G-spot, making her arch her back, trying to get him to thrust his cock.

He gave it to her. He began to ride her ass, still managing to rub deep inside.

"Oh God, Jonathan. Oh God, oh God. It's so good, so good. Keep going, please."

"Please what, Ellie?"

"Please fuck me. Please keep fucking me."

"Fuck you up the ass, Ellie?"

"Yes, Jonathan, yes. Fuck my ass. Fuck me anywhere you want. Harder, please, faster. No more gentle, sweet rides. More, I need more."

Jonathan couldn't help himself. His cock had a mind of its own and it began thrusting uncontrollably.

He'd decided he would come first, knowing the temperature of his semen shooting up her ass would trigger her own climax. But he didn't count on Ellie clenching her

tight little ass and cunt together and jerking her body hard to squeeze the orgasm from him.

“Aaah. Oh yes,” she called out as her body spasmed around his.

“Ohhh,” he groaned, pulling his cock slightly down her passage, where it exploded and shot spurts of semen up her ass. He felt his hot cum fill her ass, touching and coating the tip of his cock head. It was warm, erotic, slick, like massage oil being rubbed directly on his sensitive cock.

He pulled out of her ass before he could think more about it and swell within her passage and they collapsed onto their sides on the bed, his cock stretched up along the seam of her ass. The globes of her ass gripped him and kept his cock warm. He buried his face in the fragrant side of her neck and they both gasped for breath. He held her tight, her sweaty body pulled closely against him.

Their breathing slowly relaxed, returning to normal. Still, though, her pussy felt swollen, as only a great orgasm can do. Making her want more and more.

“Let’s go clean off,” he whispered in her ear. “I’m exhausted and I could crash like this.”

He rose and pulled her up with him. They went into the bathroom together and he sat her gently on the toilet, without embarrassment. She sat there naked and let his seed trickle from her body. She watched him turn on the sink and wash the cum and slick juice from his cock and abdomen. He towed off his cock with a dry washcloth, then wet it and soaped it for her.

“Stand up. Put a leg on the edge of the tub.”

He washed her body slowly and gently.

“I can wash myself you know. You and your brother always seem to think I’m helpless.”

“I know. It’s a human misconception but we’re werewolves. We’re used to taking care of our females.”

He dried her off and they walked back to bed. Jonathan tucked her in, kissing her cheek.

"I'm going to bed. It'll be morning before Duggan returns. You want me to sleep with you 'til then?"

"Yes."

He crawled in, taking her side of the bed and putting her in the center of the bed. They slept with their naked bodies entwined.

Duggan entered the darkened bedroom before dawn. Jonathan was on his side and Ellie was wrapped behind him, her arms holding him close to her.

Duggan slid into bed naked. Jonathan woke.

"Still dark out?" he asked.

"For maybe an hour," Duggan whispered. "All the wolves have gone home. You're safe to change and hunt, if you'd like."

"I think I will," he said, stretching. He got out of bed gently, removing Ellie's arms from him. He kissed her forehead and left.

She turned from the sudden bare spot in the bed. Turned right into Duggan's arms.

"Duggan?"

He inhaled. "Yes, love. I smell satisfied female."

"Mmm. Very satisfied. Thank you."

"My pleasure, Ellie mine."

He cuddled her and fell asleep. It was morning when Ellie woke. Duggan was still exhausted and she went downstairs by herself, letting him sleep.

He slept the day away. He awoke and showered quickly, wondering where his mate was. He sniffed the air, knowing it creeped her out, as she put it but she wasn't here right now to see him.

Ellie was downstairs. He came down the stairs and she turned a corner. She grabbed his belt loops, pulling him to her.

"There you are, sleepyhead."

"I was hunting all night while you slept, woman."

"Well, I'm glad you're awake finally. I missed you."

He felt pleasure arise within him as she hugged him tightly.

"Hey, you can't be that lonely. I left you Jonathan."

"I know. And I love Jonathan but I still miss you. I still want you."

Duggan steered her over to the couch.

"You should have woken me up," he chided.

"You needed your sleep."

She had her head curled into his shoulder, seeming content.

"What else is up, love?" he asked.

She stiffened but stayed silent.

"Come on, Ellie mine. Out with it."

"I still want a baby. I want a sweet little boy with dark hair and green eyes."

He continued to stroke her back, never missing a beat.

"I love you, Ellie. I'd give you anything, anything you'd ask for. But not this. I can't risk losing you."

She raised her head. "You show me how much you love me in lots of different ways, don't you? You keep me so satisfied, even when you can't be here you have Jonathan satisfy me, so that I'm never wanting for anything. All this and your love too."

He kissed her lips.

"And yet I still want. Human nature? Never to be satisfied?"

"No, my love. It's not your nature. I'm just not taking care of you right. I'm not keeping you satisfied."

"Duggan," she looked appalled. "How can you honestly think that? You've given me so much. Forget I said anything. It was just a passing thought anyway. Really."

She kissed him, trying desperately to make him forget. But he couldn't. He felt as though he'd failed her.

Chapter Nine

It was a couple of weeks later when Ellie walked by the study and saw Duggan and Jonathan inside. She joined them in time to catch the tail end of the conversation.

"You know what you have to do, Jonathan."

"Yeah. I'll head there tonight."

"Where are you going?" Ellie asked.

"To the bar where Stephanie hangs. I need to do the dirty deed, for dominance."

"Because you challenged her?"

"Yes, I can't leave it half-assed. I have to assert it or my next challenge won't be denied."

"I'm sorry."

"Better me than you, Ellie." His voice was cheerful. "Although you can come watch."

"Watch you have sex with her?" Ellie sounded horrified.

"Not a bad idea," Duggan interjected.

"What?"

"By fucking her and having Ellie present, it asserts Ellie as family dominant over Stephanie."

"I don't want to watch a rape."

"Ellie! How could you think I'd rape someone? While she doesn't want me, she'll take the act. Her hormones will get away from her. Werewolf females always do. And she'll be more humiliated for succumbing. Especially with you there to witness it."

“Or hell, Ellie can call a pack meeting. I can assert it over her then, with everyone watching. And everyone will understand Ellie’s dominance in calling it,” Jonathan continued.

Duggan nodded. “It’ll work. Ellie, you need to write up invitations, say next weekend. Tell each person it’s mandatory.”

Ellie was silent as she pondered the voyeurism. It was actually kind of kinkily sexy.

Ellie sat at Duggan’s desk and wrote the invitations, using his Rolodex, while they sorted out the rest of the plans.

“Maybe I can drive her away, to voluntarily give up membership in the pack,” Jonathan said.

Duggan nodded. “If her life is miserable enough. She can’t have sex with other wolves, she can’t have humans—you know, I think you should make her come the first few times as a tease and after that, just find your release. She’ll be frustrated eventually, that’ll help her decision.”

“Um, why don’t you guys just ask her to leave?” Ellie asked.

Both handsome faces looked at her. “Because she’s female, love. We take care of our females. They have to make the decision to leave.”

“Unfortunately, I just thought of one bad outcome to all this,” Duggan said.

Jonathan and Ellie looked at him, waiting expectantly for his continuation.

“You two can’t have each other anymore. At least not until the meeting.”

“Well, that should certainly leave me horny enough to fuck Stephanie. I’ve never had a colder bitch. The idea makes my cock hang limp.”

Ellie grinned. “I’ve got the invitations finished.”

“Great. I’ll take them down to the post office. Some air will do me good,” Jonathan muttered.

Ellie turned the chair to face Duggan. She slowly slid her gown up her legs, inch by inch. And watched the lust sweep through his eyes.

The gown was higher than mid-thigh when she opened her legs slightly. Enough to show she was bare beneath the nightgown.

And smooth-shaven.

"Well," he rasped. "That's new."

"Mmm-hmm."

"I like red curls."

"Mmm-hmm. I like that wolves take care of their females."

She stood and let the gown drop back over her legs. But then dropped the straps over her shoulders so the gown only covered her from the waist down.

Her breasts were perky and full. The nipples erect. She cupped one, her eyes never breaking contact with his. She fingered the pointy little bud for his benefit and watched as he licked his lips.

Then she turned and walked away.

She was halfway up the stairs when he followed. She was sauntering slowly, hips swaying.

Then she let the gown fall from her hips and pool in a swish of silk on the step. She could hear his inhalation of breath behind her and knew his eyes were glued to the curves of her ass.

He was far enough behind her to watch her walk. Every sway, every motion of her rounded hips.

And she still hadn't fully shown him her new look.

He paused to pick up her nightgown. The silk was cool to his fingers and he brought it up to his face. It smelled of her. His mate. Sweet and fresh and floral.

Sometimes when she spread her thighs, she smelled of rain.

She'd escaped while he stood there sniffing her gown. He followed eagerly now and burst into the bedroom to see her splayed on the bed, legs parted the tiniest bit.

Then she bent one leg as she lay on her side.

He could see everything without the red triangle. She was swollen with arousal. He smelled her lust from the doorway.

She used her fingers to trace her slit lightly. And then she spread her outer lips to show her protruding clitoris.

"Yes, mate," he hissed. "Wet it for me, love."

She reached for the slippery juice that gathered between her lips. She spread it up and over her tiny bud. He heard the slow release of breath she gave as she exhaled.

"It feels good, baby. Slippery and soft. Please use your tongue on me."

He walked to the bed and knelt on it. Then he flipped her onto her back and cupped her buttocks with his palms. He lifted her body to his mouth.

Fresh, spread-open pussy.

A feast for his senses. He covered her smooth mound with his mouth and she squirmed beneath his tongue. He pressed it to her clitoris and speared it, over and over.

"Duggan, oh Duggan..." she chanted.

He inserted his tongue deep into her passage.

"God, I love you."

He smiled against her sex. "I've got you exactly where I want you, Ellie mine."

He traced the triangle where her curls used to be, licking lightly. He ran his tongue over the tender skin and then inserted a finger into the warmth of her sheath.

She gasped and raised her hips higher. He plunged his finger in and out, stroking her G-spot and making her buck her hips wildly.

He rose onto his knees and unbuckled his belt. Unsnapping his jeans, he pushed them down far enough that his hard cock escaped. Eagerly, he stroked his stiff erection with one hand while he pushed his jeans off with the other.

One frantic move and he was inside her, balls slapping against her wet flesh, erotic sucking noises coming from the skin on skin contact. Over and over he pounded, until their hearts raced and their breaths came in pants.

Then he pulled away. She protested and he covered her mound with his mouth again, tonguing her slit and feeling the hard bud of her aroused clitoris with his tongue.

He massaged the distended button, swirling around it and pushing it back and forth. She clamped her thighs around his head and her entire body exploded in his mouth, her pussy gasping and quivering in his hot warmth.

"Again!" she demanded and crawled up, pushing him onto his back. His erection stood unwavering, hard as concrete as it pointed upward. She impaled herself and he felt the slick, puffy labia slowly part to allow room for his aching cock. She was like warm velvet, sucking him in. He held his breath as she started to move, rocking her hips back and forth. Then her slender fingers traced down her body to her swollen pussy where she rubbed her own clit in time to her thrusts.

He watched her masturbate herself on his cock, watched the lust as it swam across her face. Knew by her movements when she was close again.

But he held his breath and his racing heart in check. He was so close to orgasm, if he even thought about it a rolling boil would burst up from his balls.

And then she hissed, grinding herself on his body. He felt her clench around his sensitive flesh as she bucked violently.

He flipped her onto her back where she swung her legs over his shoulders. He fucked his Ellie, pounding himself deep inside where he released his lava throughout her body.

It took quite a while to recover. He'd let her legs down and pulled out but still rested on his forearms with his cock lying gratefully on her soft belly. Her hands caressed his damp back while they caught their breaths.

"That was so good," she said as he kissed her gently.

"It's always good between you and me," he retorted.

He rose and grabbed a towel from the bathroom, wiping off quickly. He handed it to her and she rubbed at the inside of her thighs. "Are you going to shower before dinner?"

"No. It's only us and Jonathan."

"Kinda cruel."

He raised an eyebrow. "I share. More so than anyone else."

"Not right now, you're not."

She slid her usual silk over her body, this one an off-white color. It was just a shade different from her skin and she looked almost nude.

"Maybe if he's good he can watch us again tomorrow tonight? I can't get enough of you," Duggan said.

"He can watch."

"Would you like that, love?"

She nodded. It was exciting. "I've been wondering a lot about voyeurism lately."

"Then I'll see about setting it up. It should make him horny enough to do Stephanie tomorrow. In fact, that's what we'll do."

Ellie could hardly function the next day with their big plans looming. She was wet and swollen the entire time and even had to go to the bathroom just to wipe the slickness that gathered.

Finally, Jonathan was due to come home, so she showered and picked out a gown in dark brown that enhanced her eyes. She lotioned her own skin and then glanced at the clock. She was still a little early.

But it was okay, because suddenly Duggan was there, looking all warm and hard and sultry. He unbuttoned his shirt, slowly.

Ellie laid herself on the bed, pillows underneath, so she could watch. He dropped his pants, easing them over his hips and exposing that tempting trail of hair. His

erection burst out and he lowered his pants over muscular thighs and finally stood there naked.

She was on her back in her brown silk gown. Duggan crawled on top of her and suckled her nipple through the silk.

She moaned and squirmed, spreading her legs on either side of him and adjusting her hips so that she could rub her sensitive cunt against his body.

"What is it you need, love?"

"You, Duggan. I need you."

He wasn't going to let her get away with that easy answer.

"And how do you need it?"

"What do you mean?"

"How would you like your satisfaction today? I can fuck you slowly, like you have it with Jonathan. Or hard and fast, or both. I can take your ass, or we can enjoy it with you riding me. Or I can pleasure you with my tongue." He kissed her for effect, using that talented tongue. "Imagine my tongue between your other lips, Ellie. I'd taste you first and then run my tongue inside those inner petals. I'd massage your tiny little clit with it and then I'd plunge it into you, fucking you sweetly."

Ellie shuddered.

"So which is it, love? Which way do you want it first?"

"Ohmigod, Duggan. Your tongue."

"Finish it, Ellie. Where do you want my tongue? Like this?"

He licked her bottom lip for effect.

"I want your tongue lower."

"Tell me where." He demanded.

"My – pussy. I want it in my pussy."

"My pleasure, love."

He crawled between her legs and spread her thighs. He licked her entire pussy, making her wet and juicy. And then he was teasing her clit and she forgot that Jonathan was going to come by until she looked up and saw him in the doorway.

Duggan turned his face to the door, his lips were shiny with Ellie's arousal and Jonathan inhaled deeply, catching her scent.

"You guys are torturing me, right?"

"Helping put you in a mood to do anyone tonight."

"Just watching puts me in a mood to do *anything* tonight."

Duggan smiled at his brother and rolled to his back, pulled Ellie on top of him. She faced Jonathan in the doorway and inserted Duggan's cock deep into her clenching sheath.

"Ellie, take off your gown so I can see you better," Jonathan muttered hoarsely.

She whipped the gown over her head and he could finally see. Everything.

He could see the cock as it was entering her slick entrance, just as he could see her tiny clit since her legs were spread and pulling her pussy lips open. And she was smooth.

He massaged his bulge through his jeans. No, he wouldn't release it and come but it sure felt good to be touched.

Ellie was riding faster now and Duggan reached up to grab and lift her heavy breasts. His thumbs flicked against those delicate pink nipples and Jonathan wanted one in his mouth. Badly.

Jonathan watched the whole thing. He watched when Duggan and Ellie both found their release, Ellie collapsing on Duggan as he stroked her back.

Chapter Ten

Two days later Jonathan walked back to his room to get ready for the gathering. It was so hard not to relieve himself but he needed to be tightly strung.

Finally, the guests began arriving. Everyone was comfortable and had been there for twenty minutes or so, yet Ellie and Duggan still visited.

The werewolves mingled also, curiously watching Ellie and wondering why she'd called them. It was within her right as their queen. Still, she said nothing of it until Duggan brought her to the podium where she at last spoke.

"Thank you all for coming. As everyone witnessed last meeting, there was one here who thought to trick me into a challenge. Therefore, I have brought you here tonight to witness a domination."

Voices murmured and faces began to look around the room. They found what they were looking for—Stephanie stood by herself, even her family keeping their distance from her.

"Stephanie Henders, come forward."

Two men grabbed her arms and pulled her forcibly across the room to where Ellie stood.

Ellie held out two pairs of silver shackles. The two men, wearing gloves, shackled her wrists and ankles. They anchored her wrists to a column in the center of the room, directly where Ellie stood.

There was heated whispering around the room. Still, Stephanie stood silent.

"Stephanie, you have been dominated by my brother-in-law, Jonathan Baddeaux, correct?"

"Yes," she spat, her staring gaze locked on Ellie.

“And yet you do not show the proper respect for me in my own home. Therefore, you will be dominated as I and the entire pack watch. And each time you speak to me in that manner, you will be dominated again and again, whenever and wherever we may be. What is your choice?”

Stephanie glared at her, unwilling to believe a stupid, squeamish human would go through with a dominance.

Ellie sighed and called out, “Jonathan.”

Jonathan approached, naked and in his werewolf form. The other wolves gasped at how fast his change was when there was no full moon present.

Jonathan stood before Ellie and bowed his head. She bent to kiss his cheek and he in turn licked hers. It looked ritualistic but Ellie knew that Duggan had primed him for this. His scent would be on her now and none of the wolves would think it suspicious.

“Have fun,” Ellie said coldly to the shackled bitch.

Jonathan turned and faced Stephanie. He was his usual slow, methodical self, touching her body, rubbing her breasts. When at last he removed her clothing, slicing it from her skin much as Duggan had to Ellie’s, she was not protesting but biting her lip in anticipation.

At last, Stephanie was naked. She was beautiful, even with the scars slashed across her cheek. And Ellie realized how beautiful Jonathan’s wolf form was, all sleek muscles and jutting cock aimed for the dark pussy before him. Even a human such as she could smell the lust coming from it. Rich and heady, like a musky flower opening.

His form slowly changed to become partially human. Only Ellie knew it was similar to losing an erection. He entered on one thrust, as if he wanted it over with before he could change his mind. Stephanie grunted and lifted her hips and Jonathan’s movements were fast, furious.

He slammed in and out of her body, animalistic urges taking over. Over and over they moved, her breasts jiggling with the constant motion.

Together they howled, climaxing. But Jonathan pulled out before his swell, a final insult.

He gripped his own cock. Stroking it quickly, it grew to twice its size before jerking semen all over the front of her as he howled again. Ellie leaned near her.

"Stephanie, have you had enough?"

"Yes, I came," she said politely. Her faced burned bright, whether from fury or embarrassment, Ellie couldn't tell.

The wolves clapped. Stephanie was unshackled and led from the room.

When the last guest had left, Ellie and Duggan were picking up. Jonathan came down the stairs, hair wet from his shower. He plopped down on the sofa, watching the two of them.

"So was it good for you?" Duggan teased.

"She sucks. I don't know how you were with her for so long." Jonathan snaked his legs out, catching Ellie with his. She sat heavily in his lap. "She's definitely not our Ellie."

Ellie ruffled his hair and pulled herself up. "Aww. You're just proud of me 'cause I passed all your lessons."

"Damn straight. Grade A student. Best I ever had."

She grinned at him and carried a tray of glasses to the kitchen.

"You think Stephanie's learned?" Duggan asked him.

"I don't know. I definitely think she needs to be watched. I just wish I wasn't the one who has to fuck her."

Duggan smiled. "Better you than me, little brother."

Two nights later, another visit needed to be paid to Stephanie. There were reports of her hanging out at local werewolf bars. Duggan and Jonathan decided she was entirely too cocky.

Ellie was okay with the visit, especially when Duggan surprised her with a new outfit to go out in. That made two in her closet.

It was a darling little miniskirt and top, with a lacy red bra. And crotchless, red lace matching panties.

They drove to the nightclub, Ellie riding in the front of the truck between the two guys.

Stephanie saw the trio immediately. She had been leaning over the pool table, facing the door. Her breasts bulged from the low-cut neckline of her blouse and her jeans were so low they showed hip bones. In fact, they almost showed the dark hair that was a mere inch from the snap. She straightened and took a gulp from her beer bottle.

The werewolf playing pool with her was drunk. He staggered around the table, slapping her possessively on the ass.

Jonathan stopped at the table. And the club grew silent as everyone strained to listen.

"You're a little familiar with my submissive."

The drunken werewolf raised his hands. "Hey, man, I knew she was dominated. But she's been coming on to me all night. I thought maybe she'd been released since you last marked her."

"You wish," Stephanie snapped. "I was just having a little fun with you. Obviously your alcohol-addled brain miscalculated the situation."

"Not one word, Stephanie." Jonathan's voice was calm. "Shut your trap or I'll shut it for you."

She knew enough to stay quiet. Jonathan turned to the drunken werewolf.

"You have a good point, my friend. It is possible that you assumed she'd been released. Especially with her behavior. Therefore, I am going to let you live." This last point was added on a whisper.

The werewolf's eyes widened and his face paled.

"Oh and you won't see her for quite a few weeks. She won't be walking anytime soon."

"Stu!" Duggan yelled out to the bartender. The man walked out from the back of the bar. "Can we use a room?"

"Of course, Duggan. Jonathan." Stu nodded and turned to Ellie.

"I'm Ellie."

Stu smiled. "Duggan's mate."

"Yes."

He handed Duggan a key and said, "The left rear."

Jonathan grabbed Stephanie by her hair and brought her up to his face. "You'll pay for this, bitch."

Stephanie was silent and Ellie wondered if she regretted her spiteful behavior. And then Duggan was leading her upstairs while Jonathan pulled Stephanie along by the arm.

They unlocked and entered the small room. Jonathan threw Stephanie to the bed and reached into a drawer, pulling out a set of handcuffs that were obviously kept there.

Duggan sat down in a chair next to the bed, pulling Ellie onto his lap to watch. Jonathan handcuffed Stephanie to the bed.

It had no headboard, just four posts, one rising from each corner.

When she was secured, Jonathan ripped off her clothing and then handcuffed each ankle spread-eagled to the bottom bed posts. Ellie had a perfect crotch shot and was surprised to see glistening wetness between the spread lips of her cunt. Stephanie was turned on by fear.

"You'll leave here naked, Stephanie." He growled at her. "For pushing your luck, I'm going to fuck you until I come. Once you learn to be my submissive and only then, will I allow you to reach climaxes again. If I smell that you've pleased yourself after

tonight, I'll lock you spread-eagled in my house for a month, unable to touch yourself. Understand?"

She nodded. Shock was on her face but yet she continued to look at Ellie with hatred.

Duggan tightened his arms protectively around his mate as he glared. It would take awhile to teach Stephanie.

Jonathan stripped methodically, exposing each muscular limb one by one. He looked back over his shoulder at Duggan.

"What does she like?"

"A little pain. Spanking, light pinching, just rough treatment."

"Great."

Ellie heard the derision in Jonathan's voice. She almost smiled, this had to be such torture for him.

It took a long time. Jonathan was a little rough with her, taking his time. He slapped her with his open palm, short little stinging slaps just to tease at a little pain.

Stephanie was barely containing herself. She was moaning and pushing her cunt up to the air. Her body was covered in a light sheen of sweat.

There was one small problem. Jonathan wasn't hard and she was excited, about to come.

He looked at Duggan helplessly and Duggan motioned his head to the bathroom. Jonathan went to it and Duggan followed him in, closing the door.

And Ellie was left alone with the handcuffed Stephanie.

"You think you're so high and mighty," Stephanie whispered at Ellie, "sitting over there like a little queen."

Ellie leaned over Stephanie's hate-filled eyes. "Why?" she asked. "Why torture yourself, your family, everyone in the pack? Why not just leave and go somewhere else?"

"Because this is my pack. I was born here. Why should I leave? Why shouldn't you?"

"Because I'm your queen. A fact you tend to forget. And I get satisfaction, unlike you."

Jonathan and Duggan returned from the bathroom. Duggan brought the chair that he and Ellie had been sitting in to the front of the bed, directly behind Stephanie's head. She wouldn't be able to see them while they were in it.

"Come sit with me, my love."

Ellie rose from the bed and sat demurely on Duggan's lap. He spread her legs, pulling them apart and hooking them outside his own. It hiked her short skirt up and she knew what they intended. She exposed her pussy for Jonathan's enjoyment, knowing they'd planned it. And sure enough, Jonathan's cock began to stir.

He grabbed the little wooden paddle and began to deliver sharp stinging little slaps to Stephanie. She began moaning again and Ellie pushed her own breasts up and out of her bra.

Jonathan stiffened more. Ellie began to finger her nipples, causing them to thrust forward, as if seeking a warm mouth.

And Jonathan thrust his cock into the open pussy before him, fucking it slowly and sweetly while staring at Ellie.

Slow and sweet didn't do much for Stephanie. And that was exactly the point. It was Ellie he had in his head while he orgasmed into Stephanie. He pulled from her body, still with semen squirting, and shot more cum into the thatch of thick dark hair covering her pussy. And then, with his cock sensitive and ready to swell, he looked up at Ellie.

She spread her pussy lips and slipped a finger inside. He stroked his cock, making it swell to twice its size. And then he came again, his eyes closed, his body bucking and releasing more cum over Stephanie's entire body and face.

She lay there, her eyes flashing, her body quivering with an unsatisfied hum, and sensed when Ellie rose above her head. Stephanie went still, knowing there was more unsatisfied humiliation coming.

Ellie wanted more. She'd straightened her clothes but reached over Stephanie's quivering body and spread Jonathan's cum, rubbing it into Stephanie's arms and legs before it dried and grew sticky. No one could say anything about her smelling like Jonathan for the next week.

Jonathan took over the task for Ellie, allowing her to sit while he massaged the cum into the smooth skin before him. He smeared it into Stephanie's face and then moved down to her breasts. He rubbed it roughly there, teasing Stephanie because everyone could tell by the deepened breathing that she enjoyed it.

He pinched her nipples and the pussy before him spread and opened, wanting similar pleasure there.

"You want me to finish you off?"

It took several moments for the answer.

"Yes."

"Unfortunately, your alpha said you'd remain unsatisfied, including by your own hand, until I decide otherwise."

He rose off the bed, wiping his sticky hands on the spread. "Are we ready?"

"Wait," Duggan said slowly. "We don't want her so horny that she'll be able to bring herself just by clenching her legs. I think it's more satisfying to come knowing only your alpha can trigger your orgasm while the woman you're so jealous of watches."

Jonathan never paused. He reached down and furiously manipulated the clit that was bared before them. It was just a few seconds before Stephanie quivered and shook, a hoarse, "Oh, oh, oooh," signaling her release.

Jonathan put his clothes back on and grabbed the key.

"Are you leaving me here?" Stephanie panted while they made their way to the door.

"Yup."

The door slammed behind them. When they reached the foot of the stairs, the bar got quiet once again. Jonathan tossed the keys to Stu.

"Leave her bound for a couple of hours and then she can be unlocked. She'll leave naked. Oh and call me should she return another night."

Stu nodded and the bar slowly returned to normal, murmured conversations starting again.

In the truck, Ellie reached for Jonathan's hand. "Well, that was fun."

"Ugh. To think I gotta do that again."

"You almost didn't do it tonight," Duggan reminded him, laughter in his voice.

"Yeah, it took peeking at Ellie's pussy to turn me on."

"Tomorrow you'll have to remember to close your eyes and pretend it's Ellie."

"Easier said than done. I still have that sense of smell, you know. And I have to turn Stephanie on, to leave her frustrated. I can't do that by pretending I'm slapping my Ellie around."

He curled his fingers around hers and they drove home in silence.

Jonathan visited Stephanie at her home the next night and every night for a week. At home, he was very crabby. And finally, he was in a happier mood the week after, although Ellie didn't know why.

She walked into the sitting room, where she could look out the window to see when Duggan arrived. Jonathan waltzed in and took her into his arms.

"What's up with you?" Ellie asked, her arms wrapped around him.

He hugged her back. "How long do you bleed, Ellie?"

Patrick entered the room, carrying the last of his equipment to head home, and overheard the strange conversation.

Ellie cocked her head at Jonathan. "Did I hear you correctly? How long do I *bleed*?"

He grinned sheepishly, knowing Patrick listened. "Yeah, I seem to have an excuse for a respite from Stephanie."

Ellie looked at Patrick, who laughed heartily. Casually, she moved from Jonathan's arms.

"Oh Jonathan I only bleed for three days." She watched his face fall. "But most women bleed for five. And there's a few that bleed for seven. Maybe Stephanie will be like that."

Patrick nodded, wanting to be helpful. "My Sophie was one of those. Bled seven days straight."

Sophie walked into the room, purse in hand. "Patrick! What are you saying? Are you discussing my... period?"

Patrick stared aghast at his wife, then hung his head sheepishly. "Jonathan started it."

Ellie nodded her head sympathetically. "He did. He really did."

Sophie didn't look convinced and took her husband by the hand. "Dinner's in the oven," she said to Ellie while walking Patrick to the front door.

Duggan arrived just as they headed out. "Leaving?" he asked and Ellie strode to the doorway, wrapping her arms around him.

Sophie watched with a smile on her face as their hard, usually cold Alpha King kissed his mate eagerly. She nodded.

In the car with Patrick, she said, "Humans are different, aren't they?"

"What do you mean, my darling?"

"I thought at first, and I would never say this to anyone but you, but I thought she would stray toward Jonathan because of that unusual friendship they have. In which he

pretended to be a human for years. And surely you've noticed that sometimes she smells of him? Yet Duggan is never upset."

"She helps you out by changing bedsheets and straightening up their rooms. Doing laundry."

"I know that. I'm certainly not suggesting otherwise. And I suspect that humans tend to have smells permeate them more than wolves. I wonder if we should tell her that by helping me she scents herself often?"

"I don't think it would matter to her. She is human and doesn't understand the smells like we do. I think we should just get used to humans, is all. After all, we're the only ones that'd notice that much."

"And Duggan is never upset by his mate smelling like his brother."

"It's obvious how much in love they are. Did you see her greet him? He was so smitten, he hardly noticed us leave. I'll bet they're in the bedroom right now, leaving Jonathan alone to the dinner."

Sophie smiled at the picture. "Now why were you explaining about my period, husband?"

"Jonathan was asking Ellie how long she bled. I guess Stephanie's monthly arrived and he was eager to know how much of a vacation he had."

Sophie laughed heartily, tears streaming from her eyes. "Oh that Jonathan, I do love that boy. Always have."

Patrick's eyes narrowed. "Stephanie is a problem. She's always been."

"They seem to be working it out."

"I just don't trust her. Never have."

* * * * *

Duggan and Ellie were indeed upstairs. Duggan was horny, had been all day. He was thrusting his magnificent cock into his mate's warm slick cunt.

"Ellie, are you close? I can slow down."

"You don't need to wait for me, my love. I can get it again later, with you again or with my own hand. Or with Jonathan."

His thrusting slowed. "It's my job to please you."

"You do," she trailed her fingers over his sweat dampened brow. "But I have two of you. Do you really think I'm not pleased?"

He smiled at her and began thrusting again, hard and fierce. "Jonathan's got a week off from Stephanie? Will you please reward him tonight?"

"Sure."

"You know what really turned me on?"

"What?"

"Watching you rub Jonathan's cum into Stephanie's body. Too bad it was hers though."

Ellie smiled. "Turned you on, did it? Think you might like to watch that again?"

"Umm, yes. For some unknown reason, it turns me on to see you please my brother. To watch when his fingers are buried in your pussy, or better yet, his head buried between your legs. I want to see your head thrown back in ecstasy as he pleasures you with his tongue."

He was breathing hard and his talk was making her breathe just as hard. Ellie had a mental picture of Jonathan licking and sucking at her pussy and before she knew it, she was as close to climax as Duggan. Her pussy clenched around the hard, thick length of Duggan's cock and she felt it pulsate within her walls when he came.

"Aaah, Ellie. You're so good, my love," he moaned as he came.

And then he withdrew, always careful not to impregnate her.

A fast shower later and they headed down to dinner. Entering the dining room, Jonathan was already preparing his plate.

"Wondered where you two were..." Jonathan stopped speaking, as he smelled their lust in the air. "Ahh, shit. I do gotta find a girlfriend. You two smell of each other and me? I smell of... Hell, of Stephanie."

Ellie sat on Duggan's lap and they shared from one plate. Jonathan scowled.

"Aww, what's wrong, Jonathan?"

"Just hurry up and eat. I might have to go out tonight. Maybe find someone else to drown out her scent."

Ellie moved across the table to where he sat. "Mmm. What do you have on your plate?" She reached for a grape, sitting on his lap now as she had Duggan's.

She felt his uncontrollable bulge as it pressed into her buttocks. Jonathan sat still, hardly believing his luck. Ellie sucked on a sweet grape and then turned toward Jonathan, squirming and pressing in his lap. Her movements lowered one strap on her shoulder and exposed a plump breast to his view.

Jonathan raised a hot penetrating stare to his brother. Duggan stared back, a slight curve to his lips. He nodded slightly and it was all Jonathan needed. He growled and took the bared breast in his mouth.

Ellie threw her head back as he sucked.

"Enough to distract you from Stephanie, Jonathan?" she moaned.

"Oh yes. You're more than enough."

"Have we told you how much we appreciate you putting her in her place, little brother?" Duggan asked.

"I know you appreciate it."

"Which is why Ellie's going to kiss it and make it better for you."

Jonathan stood, bringing Ellie with him. Her legs were wrapped around his waist when he laid her gently on the wooden table after pushing several dishes aside with his arm.

She hiked her gown up around her waist. Jonathan stared at her tender pussy, shaven smooth and swollen with desire. He wanted to eat it.

What better place than the dinner table?

"I'm already wet, sugar. You don't need to worry about pleasing me. I've got two of you. Just take care of your needs." That was an understatement. She was constantly wet, constantly swollen, constantly aroused.

She raised her legs up to his shoulders and his cock found its own way to her hot, wet sheath. He thrust in with one fell swoop, savoring the moment. And then he pushed again and again.

"Ellie, oh Ellie. You feel so good, you smell so good."

She brushed back a lock of hair that had fallen on his forehead. "Take my scent and saturate yourself with it. Forget about having to fuck Stephanie and just fuck me, Jonathan. However you want it."

"Whenever you want it, Jonathan. As long as it's not too close to gatherings with other wolves," Duggan added.

Jonathan looked up at Duggan, aware of what his brother was giving him. Freedom to have Ellie whenever. He stuck his thumb in his mouth, wetting it. And then he lowered it to Ellie's clit and, watching Duggan, slowly manipulated his wife's hard nub.

She sucked in her breath. She arched her back and thrust her tiny pink nipples into the air.

Jonathan thrust again, slowly, inch by inch, as he rubbed her hardened organ. He gave her the other rhythm he knew she enjoyed, the slow, deep rhythm that stroked against her G-spot.

She was getting restless, her cunt clenching, trying to swallow and release his cock, trying to force him to thrust faster.

So he brought his thumb and forefinger up to his mouth, wetting them again. And then brought them back to her clitoris, elongating it and pinching gently.

Ellie exploded around his cock.

He grabbed her hips and began rocking her furiously toward his body. He slammed into her cunt again and again, sensitive testicles slapping against her ass, and then shouted as he found his own release.

“Oh God yes.”

He collapsed forward at the waist, onto her body. His face was pressed against her breasts and he kissed them, slowly, gratefully.

Ellie opened her eyes and sought out Duggan. He was watching her intently. She held out one hand, interlinking her fingers with his. And with her other hand, she stroked Jonathan’s hair as he kissed her breasts.

His breathing finally slowed and his heart rate returned to normal. He lifted his head from Ellie and grinned in that mischievous, Jonathan way.

Ellie beat him to the punch. “You smell better now.”

“Yeah, I do.”

He pulled out slowly and lowered her gown for her.

“I guess you two will go shower? I don’t want to smell you all night,” Duggan said, smiling. “And I need to head to the office to finish some stuff that I was too distracted for today so I’ll be gone for a while.”

Ellie smiled at him, remembering why he was distracted. He kissed her lips gently.

Chapter Eleven

Ellie turned off the water and reached for a towel. Jonathan was sitting at the vanity, his hair wet, moodily watching her.

"Hi," she said curiously as she toweled off.

He didn't answer, just watched her with brooding eyes. She hung her towel up and stepped out. She stood before him, nude, wondering why he wasn't speaking.

She straddled his lap and wrapped her arms around his neck. She whispered into his ear. "What is it, Jonathan?"

He held the soft, naked body against him. "I love you, Ellie."

There was a pause. She pulled his face close to hers and whispered, "I love you too. You know I do."

She kissed his lips and her small pink tongue darted out to taste him. He opened his mouth to receive her and their tongues entwined.

She pulled away and licked the shell of his ear. She sucked gently at his earlobe and trailed down his neck.

Jonathan shuddered. "How can I want you again so quickly?"

"You heard what Duggan said. Whenever you want it. Do you want it again, Jonathan?" Her voice continued on a whisper, "Now?"

"I want it. I want you."

"Let's go to your bedroom."

Ellie stood and Jonathan picked her up, his arms under her legs.

"What is it with you and Duggan that you both feel the need to carry me?"

"Just showing off." He grinned.

They were walking down the hall to his room. Ellie was giggling into his ear, erotic suggestions of what she wanted to do with him.

He entered his bedroom and lowered her to the bed. He pressed himself to her, his hard muscled body to her softness.

"What else did you want to do, Ellie?"

"I'd like your cock in my mouth. I want you to come in my mouth."

"Mmm. But I want to do something too."

"What?"

He rolled, bringing her along with him, and settled her on top of his body. He reached around her and massaged her buttocks, squeezing and separating them.

"I want you to sit on my face. I want you to lower your pussy to my mouth."

She sat up and straddled him. He helped her scoot up to his face, her knees on either side of his head. She lowered herself eagerly to his waiting mouth and he opened wide for her.

Instant heat flooded her. She rose on her knees, lifting her pussy from his mouth for a brief respite and then lowered again. He lifted his hands and separated her plump nether lips, exposing her inner petals to his view. He darted his tongue out to touch the incredible softness.

She gasped. He brought his mouth up to her clit and sucked it gently, elongating the organ. Her arousal filled and scented the air. Jonathan's movements became rougher, more frenzied.

She lifted herself from his mouth again.

"Stop that. Come back here."

"Nuh-uh. Too close to the edge."

"Then come in my mouth, Ellie."

"And then?"

"Then I'll come. Or I can bring you again. Whatever you want."

"I want to swallow. I want it down my throat."

"Okay. Now let me have your delicious pussy."

She lowered onto his waiting mouth and he plunged a finger into her while his tongue flicked rhythmically against her clitoris. He was relentless, forcing her orgasm up and over the edge.

"Oooh, ooh, Jonathan," she moaned through her climax.

He could feel her sheath clenching around his finger, the slick juice coating it. He smiled in satisfaction when she climbed off him.

"Come stand on the edge of the bed," she demanded.

As soon as he did, she sucked him eagerly into her mouth. She relaxed her throat, as he'd taught her and let him thrust his hips to his own rhythm, slowly fucking her mouth.

Her mouth was so warm, so tight. She'd purse her lips, those sexy, pouty lips and they would tighten around his cock. Then that mass of red hair would drape over him like silk. He was close, so close, his hips thrusting harder and harder as he reached for the end.

He ejaculated, cum spurting from the tip of his cock. She swallowed before he pulled out of her warm mouth and sat on the bed beside her. He pulled her to him and held her close.

"That was wonderful," he murmured. "You're wonderful."

"I love you, Jonathan."

"I love you."

"I'm going to leave you. Duggan should be looking for me soon."

"Sleep well. I'll see you tomorrow."

She walked back to her room, relaxed and satisfied. She stepped into her shower again to wash off quickly. She smiled. Jonathan had better not be waiting on the other side of the shower door again. She was sick of washing.

Duggan walked in when Ellie was drying off. She climbed into bed.

"You're just showering now?"

She smiled wryly. "Again."

He raised an eyebrow. "You must be dry. What have you had, four showers today?"

He grabbed the bottle of lotion and took her foot in his hands. He massaged the lotion in and she sighed.

"That's heaven, Duggan."

He was silent as he rubbed up her calves, then her thighs. She turned over and he did her buttocks, then her back.

"Thank you, Ellie."

"For what?"

"For loving Jonathan. Not many women would consent to living in a house with two brothers. Especially in our community."

Ellie turned over and he rubbed the lotion into her torso. She watched his face as he rubbed. "You love your brother."

"More than my life."

"I do too," she covered his hand with hers. "Why would you thank me? I should be thanking you. Both of you. No woman has ever been so taken care of."

"How do you know I'm not taking care of you because I'm guilty for forcing you into my life?"

"Oh Duggan, I'm so over that," she said. "Like I want a man who'll beat me while he has a male lover? I'm living the life of luxury here. Men to bathe me, men who'll massage me, men who love me."

She caressed his shadowed jaw. It was rough beneath her fingertips.

"I love you, Duggan. I'll always love you."

He pulled her to him, burying his face in her neck. "I love you too, Ellis Rae Baddeaux."

"Good. Then let's sleep, because I'm wiped out."

He laughed. "Come on then, my love. Let me hold you."

* * * * *

Yet while Jonathan was occupied and Duggan worked, Ellie was bored. She'd wandered outside to pull weeds in the garden when Duggan arrived home unexpectedly.

"What the hell are you doing out here?"

"Pulling weeds." She stood, one hand rubbing at her back.

"That's why we have a gardener."

"Are you objecting to me working in the garden?"

"You know it's not safe for you outside."

"You expect me to sit in front of the window and wait for you all day?"

Duggan's cheeks burned with the rage he was engulfed in. "If I say so."

"Oh please, mate. Do you know how bored I am without you and Jonathan? I need something to do."

"Not menial labor. I know you also help Sophie out with the housework and I'm not complaining because we need the merging of scents but I don't want my wife worn out."

"Worn out? Did you not just hear me say I'm bored?"

He flipped her over his shoulder, caveman style. She banged his back with clenched fists. "Don't manhandle me!"

He walked her into the house and up the stairs. He deposited her on the foot of their bed and turned from her to head to the shower. "Stay inside," he growled.

Ellie jumped up from the bed.

She would do whatever she damn well pleased. Duggan be damned. She was sick of following orders and she wasn't that person anymore. She left the house anyway. She headed out the back door and walked out to the gardens. She walked and walked, burning her energy and her anger. Until it got dark and the air cooled and she realized how long she'd been gone.

At least an hour.

And then, only then, she decided to head back to the house. The air stilled around her. It was too silent. There were no insects chirping, no sounds at all. For the first time, Ellie felt a sense of fear. Maybe Duggan had been right. Maybe she'd been hasty. She began to walk quickly back to the house but hearing the leaves rustle behind her made her run. She ran inside, leaning on the front door. The house was quiet inside and dark.

"I thought I told you to stay inside." Duggan's voice was cold, startling her.

"I didn't."

"Don't ever, ever, disobey me again." He reached out for her arm, yanking her to him.

She tried to pull away but it caused his fingers to dig deeper until she cried out.

"Little fool. Do you know how you could have been injured if someone had been out there?"

"I know. I'm sorry."

"Will you be sorry when you're dead? Or are you trying for human attention? I already told you I loved you, Ellis. What more do you want? You'd like the humans to see you, to rescue you, to jail me? Is that what your angle is?"

"No, Duggan. Never. I wasn't thinking about all that. I was just angry and needed time..." Her voice was drowned out as he clamped his mouth down on hers. And that was when she realized his violence bordered on fear.

His kiss was full of anger. It gentled when he tasted the salt of a tear.

"Ellie, my love, don't cry."

"I never wanted humans to see me. I just need something to do. I'm around wolves always. I haven't seen my own species since the night I came here."

"I know, my love. Shh, I spoke in anger."

"I love you, Duggan. I want to stay with you always."

"And I love you, Ellie. You know I do." He gathered his frail human mate into his arms, where he could protect her from the world. Because so far he hadn't been doing such a good job.

* * * * *

She was scarcely aware of him kissing her goodbye the next morning while she slept. She awoke alone and faced another dreary day. This time completely inside.

Duggan would return before dinner tonight but that was a long time away. She wondered where Jonathan was. With her luck, he was probably outside while she was stuck indoors.

She took her time showering and dressing. Then she wandered the house, looking for something to do. Finally, she stood in front of the window, looking longingly at the front porch. There was a note stuck on the post, where she could see it from the window.

The note read: *Meet me at the pond. J*

Ellie knew it was from Jonathan but it confused her. Didn't she just get into trouble for leaving the house? Yet if he wanted her to meet him there, it could only mean one thing. A surprise. Maybe with both him and Duggan.

Her guys would surprise her. Elation hit her. They understood finally. A tiny bit of dampness hit with a tingle and she could actually feel her clitoris start to swell. She wanted to explore things with the guys.

Together.

She rushed to get to the pond. To her amazement, the surprise was there was no Jonathan. Or Duggan. Instead, Stephanie was there with a man who appeared to be

mentally challenged. He was huge, at least six and a half feet tall, and heavy — his beefy hands looked as large as her entire head.

Would Stephanie really have the nerve to challenge her as queen? She found it hard to believe.

"I suppose you got me out to the pond?" Ellie asked.

"Yup, sweetie pie. I did."

"Why?"

"To kidnap you. And Jonathan, of course. Soon as he gets here."

"Kidnap Jonathan? He gave you those scars across your cheek, right?"

"Right." Her voice was calm, cheerful. Eerily so.

"So while he's your dominant, the two of you together plan to jump him?"

"It'll just take me. My brother Alexander is along for the ride."

Alexander looked up slowly as his name was said. He held out his hand to Ellie.
"Pleased to meet you. My name is Al-ex-ander."

Ellie looked at his extended hand. Surely he didn't expect her to shake his hand.

Stephanie cut in. "Take a huge whiff of her, Alexander. Does she smell good?"

He literally sniffed her. "Mmm. I like it. She smells girly and spicy."

"Spicy?" Stephanie smelled Ellie herself. "Spicy. Arousal. Now why would meeting Jonathan strike up that note?" she asked, wonderment in her voice. "Could it be that you're having an affair with Jonathan when you have the Alpha King Duggan Baddeaux?"

Ellie wisely said nothing.

"Well, well. I might have enacted my plan too soon. I could have waited to see the outcome. Oh well. Nothing much I can do with this information now." She turned and spoke to her brother. "So you like the way she smells, Alexander?"

"Yeah. I like spicy." His nostrils were beginning to flare.

"I know. Remember the girl who smelled spicy to you? The one who Dad buried? Remember how much fun you had with her 'til Dad buried her? Well, not now but later...later you get to have fun with Ellie here too."

Ellie felt the blood drain from her face. Stephanie noticed and laughed.

"So anyway, Ellie Baddeaux, meet my twin. Best to introduce you now since you'll be knowing him pretty intimately later anyway. In a minute Jonathan will show up, we're going to subdue him and take you both somewhere. Can I trust you to walk, or are we going to have to knock you out also?"

"I can walk. How do you think the two of you are going to knock out Jonathan?"

"He'll have a little surprise waiting for him." She leaned in to whisper, "I have Alexander's strength mingled with mine. Alexander doesn't have any right now but he's more than a match for you, right? Anyway, hold out your wrists. I'm going to chain them, then you can sit on the ground and wait for your lover. I'll leave you extra chain, in case you decide to strangle yourself to avoid the rape by my brother. And by the way, Ellie. If you warn Jonathan, I'll decapitate him rather than tying him up harmlessly. Are we clear?"

Ellie nodded. She knew she couldn't warn Jonathan, not if it risked his death.

She held out her wrists and Stephanie instructed Alexander to shackle her. The shackles were silver, with a piece of silver chain looping them together.

"Ow, Steffie. It hurts."

"I know, Alexander," she said impatiently. "But just for a minute. The faster you put them on her, the faster you can stop touching them."

And so Ellie sat. She sat, facing the pond, her shackled wrists hidden in her lap.

Jonathan was furious with Ellie. He saw her sitting with her back to him as if she didn't have a care in the world. What was she thinking, writing him a note that said to meet her at the pond? It was so unlike her, especially after Duggan was so angry when

she'd left the house yesterday. At the same time, he felt a small thrill, because he knew why Ellie singled him out. He squashed it, knowing they couldn't be careless out in the open. He'd drag her back to the house.

He reached her and put his hand on the silky soft skin of her shoulder exposed by the gown.

"Ellie. What were you thinking?" he snapped.

She turned slowly toward him, her cheeks tear-stained and holding up shackled wrists. And then Jonathan felt a prick in his back and he knew what it was. A blow dart.

He held out one hand, wiping a tear from her cheek. He wanted to say he was sorry, sorry for not protecting her. But he couldn't. He wanted to say it would be all right but he couldn't. He fell forward, face first, in her lap.

"That was beautiful! Just beautiful. Just like a movie. Broke my heart, I swear. Those human tears were a nice touch. Something a werewolf would never do. Alexander, shackle him."

Alexander shackled Jonathan's wrists and ankles, moaning the whole time. Then he started to wrap a silver chain around Jonathan's body.

"Not yet," Stephanie snapped. "I have to carry him, fool. We'll wrap him when we get there."

Amazingly, Stephanie lifted him easily, throwing him over her shoulder like she had super strength. Alexander did the same to Ellie, although it wasn't as impressive, and they carried them to a parked vehicle. Stephanie loaded Jonathan first and Alexander mimicked her, spilling Ellie on top of him. Stephanie laughed and then slammed the trunk.

Ellie tried to wake Jonathan to no avail. He was out cold, though whether it was the chains or the drugs, she didn't know.

Finally the vehicle lurched and then rolled to a stop. The trunk was opened and Ellie was lifted first. Alexander took her into a darkened cave where she was dropped on the rocks jutting from the ground, hitting her head and slipping into unconsciousness.

Stephanie dropped Jonathan onto a ledge made of rock, like a small bunk bed.

"Come bind him up now," she snapped at Alexander. She watched until it was done, just to make sure it was done properly. Alexander may be her brother but sometimes if he was distracted she had to watch the order being followed. Ellie was unconscious on the ground, so she didn't bother to tie her up, she just shackled her wrists and ankles. There wasn't much the frail human could do anyway.

"Okay, Alexander. Lock this cage door and wait on the other side for me to return, got it?"

He nodded dimly, making his way to the makeshift door that fit tightly in the opening of the cave. Stephanie sighed and strode quickly away. Even if her imbecile brother wasn't smart enough to lock it, they'd still be trapped when the water rose.

She was eager for the next portion of her mission.

She arrived at the alpha's house and let herself right in the front door. Duggan jumped up from his sofa in the study

"What the hell do you want, Stephanie? Why are you waltzing into my house uninvited?"

"Am I uninvited, Duggan?" She draped her hand over his muscular shoulder.

He slapped it away. "Yes, you are. What games are you playing?" he asked.

"Just as well. Since your brother fucks me now. I have to say, I much preferred you."

Duggan's eyes narrowed. "Where is Jonathan? And where is my mate?"

"I have them both," she said calmly.

"Why?"

"Really, you have to ask? Because your little brother dominated and humiliated me. And your mate took what belongs to me. She took you and all that your position entails."

"I never belonged to you. And you never had a position in my household. You were just a fuck, Stephanie. Nothing more. Don't make it worse on yourself. Tell me where they are."

"I don't think so. I will let you have a choice, since you let me have a choice at accepting Jonathan's challenge. Your choice is to choose whose life you prefer. Ellie or Jonathan."

"You can't be serious. Are you insane? I will hunt you down and wipe every blood relation of yours off the face of the earth if you don't tell me where they are right now."

"You get to choose, Duggan," Stephanie said coldly. "Ellie or Jonathan. You can only save one, so make your choice."

"How do I know you're letting me have a real choice? How do I know you won't kill them both?"

"You don't. I guess you'll just have to trust me. But do it quickly, because I can give you the location of one. While you rescue that one, the other will die."

"How do you think you'll get away with this? I'm going to hunt you down and shatter every bone in your neck without blinking."

"Ahh, ahh, ahh. You wouldn't want to choose your little mate's life, only to find her impregnated by another wolf, would you? I understand humans are pretty fertile. Would it drive you insane for nine months? To smell another on her, one not of your blood? What would happen to your relationship if she struggled through labor, loving her little half-human runt, and then you lost control and ate it one full moon?" She grinned evilly at the thought and Duggan felt nauseous at her obvious insanity. "Better yet, what would happen if you chose to save her and I had your own brother impregnate her? He'd be dead and you'd be forced to live with his offspring, combined with the genes of your mate. The possibilities are endless, aren't they? What if she

suffered through labor and bled to death after the birth? You'd be forced to raise someone else's brat. You could never turn away an innocent child with Ellie's genes."

"You're sick." It was all he could think of to say. He was trying to stall for time, trying to let her ramble while his mind frantically searched for a way out. He'd have to choose Ellie of course and Stephanie knew it. Ellie was human, frail and at least Jonathan had wolf strength. If he were unable to change, he'd have male human strength at the very least.

Yet Duggan was torn. The baby brother he'd loved and protected all his life or the other half of his soul?

Ellie woke to the sounds of silence. It was so quiet that she thought something was wrong with her hearing at first. The air around her could best be described as a vacuum, sucking her senses from her.

She immediately remembered what was wrong. Stephanie and her halfwit brother, tossing her and a drugged Jonathan into a cave after locking Jonathan in silver chains.

Ellie had no idea that Stephanie had a mentally challenged twin. She wouldn't be able to reason with him, he wasn't fully aware of what he was doing. He'd been trained to simply follow instructions and in this case was following his sister's.

She looked at her surroundings. She was at one end of the cave with silver shackles and quite a length of chain around her wrists. So she could strangle herself to avoid her rape, Stephanie had told her. Jonathan was on a small ledge of rock, almost like a single-person bunk bed. He was wrapped heavily in silver chains and still unconscious.

It wasn't necessary to use silver on her. A simple chain would hold her just as well. But since silver was what werewolves used to subdue other wolves, perhaps that could work to her advantage?

The cave was slowly filling with water. It was freezing cold and Ellie realized why Jonathan was on the ledge and she was on the ground. She also knew why Stephanie

suggested strangling herself before her brother raped her. Stephanie was keeping Jonathan alive while trying to get rid of her.

Sitting on the floor of the cave, she waited until the water nearly reached her waist. Panic was rising with the cold and she fought the urge to climb on top of Jonathan to avoid the rest of the bitter freeze. Ellie took a deep breath. If she wanted to save herself and Jonathan, it was up to her because calling out wasn't waking him.

She positioned herself under Jonathan's ledge of rock. She sat there and she spread her legs on either side of her.

"Alexander," she yelled.

He ambled over to the front of the cage, where a heavy makeshift barred door had been wedged into the rock. He wore thigh-high rubber wading boots. How deep would the water rise?

He looked at her curiously.

"Alexander, Stephanie said you were supposed to make a baby in me."

Ellie let her shackled hands wander suggestively over her body. Alexander looked at her in disgust. "I only like doing that when women scream and try to fight me off."

Ellie's hands froze. She was going about this the wrong way. Alexander started to lumber back, his heavy feet treading through the water.

"Wait! Wait. Didn't Stephanie tell you? I'm human. I scream. And fight, lots."

He paused. "Humans don't fight like werewolves."

"But you get in trouble doing this with werewolves, don't you? It isn't safe. But here's a human right here and no one will ever know."

His slow brain fought to work out her reasoning. And then he gave up and just reacted. Exactly the way she hoped for.

He unlocked the heavy door and had to push it against the rising water in the room. He waded over to her and kneeled, never noticing he'd left the door open.

He grabbed her thighs, jerking them apart and pulling toward him simultaneously. Ellie brought her chained arms up and over his head, wrapping her arms around his back.

He looked at her slowly. Trying to make sense of what her chained embrace meant.

But now that he was in her embrace, what little werewolf strength he hadn't given to Stephanie was weakened to a human status that he didn't even realize. Although he was still big and bulky and at least a hundred pounds heavier than her.

So she lifted one arm a little higher, grabbed a chain that was wrapped around Jonathan and slammed herself against his bunk at the same time she jerked him.

His unconscious body rolled off the ledge and directly onto Alexander. Ellie had a split second to shift or she'd be crushed under both of them.

Alexander struggled but the shock of Jonathan rolling onto him and pushing his head under water stunned him. He sank as he struggled and then realized that his strength was gone, sapped by the silver around his shoulders.

Jonathan woke up when his face hit the icy cold water. He raised his head, gasping, and saw Ellie take a deep breath before her head went under.

He was on top of someone and he fought instinctively, although he was weakened. His drugged brain slowly cleared and he became aware of Ellie trying desperately to keep Alexander's head submerged.

Alexander stopped struggling. Ellie pulled her head from the water, gasping for air.

Jonathan arched his back, trying to hold his own head up out of the rising water.

"Jonathan! I have to get my arms out from around him. Then I'll get your chains off you."

She wiggled and Jonathan rolled off Alexander's body. Her arms lifted from around his shoulders easily but Jonathan slipped into the water.

And then his head was being lifted from it.

"Oh no you don't. I didn't go through all that to have you go under that easily." She lifted a round of chains over his head and the rest were loosened enough that he could stand while the chains sank to his feet. Although the ends of the chains were still shackled at his wrists and ankles, at least he didn't have the entire silver binding over and throughout his body.

"Now what?" He growled. "I can't change and I'm too weak to break silver shackles off us. You're too weak to break metal of any kind."

She smiled, although it was a bit grimly. "We weaklings use our brains, Wolf Man."

She fumbled with Alexander, trying to get her frozen stiff fingers into his wet pockets until she produced a key.

Jonathan watched in stunned silence. "Ohmigod, Ellie. A key? I could kiss you."

She puckered her blue lips and he touched his to hers. Then she unlocked the shackles at his wrists.

"Sit on the ledge and let the strength return to your arms. Put your feet up and I'll unshackle your ankles."

He was amazed at how far Ellie had come from when he'd met her. She worked relentlessly, her cheeks pink from the icy water and her cold little nipples jutted out from the cold wet silk of her nightgown. He was so relieved that she was going to be all right that he thought about taking it into his mouth to warm it up. Unfortunately, he wasn't sure his mouth was all that much warmer than her nipple.

"We need to get you some clothes," he said in a husky voice.

She grinned at the sudden deepness in his tone and he swore her nipples puckered more.

When he was unshackled, she sat on his lap and worked the key into the shackles at her own ankles. Jonathan wrapped his cold arms around her, trying to give her a little bit of warmth as her blue fingers fumbled. His werewolf temperature was rising, heating them both slowly.

"Is the water sinking farther down?"

"It's definitely not rising any higher," she answered as the lock clinked in the ankle shackles. She kicked them off and squirmed in his lap, bringing her wrists to him for unlocking. "Sorry you have to touch the silver again. I guess that'll delay your change, huh?"

"I won't be changing," he said as he winced and took the key.

"Why not? She'll be back for you soon. And she'll see that we've escaped. We can catch her."

"I can't change, Ellie. You know how primitive we get in that form. If I change, all that will be on my brain is bending you over."

"So? Do it quickly, get it over with and then we can get her."

"I can't ever have you like that. I would lock in past the swell. Remember?"

"Okay. Then what now?"

"We have two choices. We wait for her or we just get you to safety. I'm thinking Duggan would prefer the latter."

"She'll get away."

"We don't know that she's coming back anyway."

"She is."

"How do you know?"

"She was going to have Alexander rape and impregnate me. And she tried to talk me into killing myself to prevent it. That means she knows Duggan was going to pick me to save and she wanted him to find me dead. So she's planning to come back for you to move you before he arrives."

"But I'd be harder to move than you. I'm a full-grown heavy wolf."

"No. You were weak as a kitten with the silver."

"Dead weight," he countered. "Still hard to move."

She thought about it. "She has Alexander's strength. And she was keeping you alive. That's why she had you put on the ledge where you wouldn't drown."

"Either way," Jonathan said, standing with her still on his lap, "I'm getting you out of here. You can ride like this, with your legs wrapped around my waist," he pushed the front of her gown up, touching her slit as he did so, "or I can flip you over my shoulder if you struggle. Much more uncomfortable but I'll get your sweet ass near my face."

"I hate when you get all macho. I have that with Duggan."

Jonathan just smiled as he strode from the cave, cupping her buttocks and holding her tightly against him.

* * * * *

"So what's the choice, Alpha? Brother you've known all your life, or weak human girl you've just met?"

"My mate, Stephanie. She's my mate."

"Is that who you will save then?"

"That's the choice you seem to want me to make. Why is that?"

"Because she thinks I've been raped and killed." Both heads swiveled toward Ellie's muffled voice as Jonathan strode into the room, blocking the entrance.

Duggan was standing near the window. Stephanie was trapped between them all.

Jonathan stood blocking the entrance and looked at Duggan. "It's all right, Duggan. I've got her. She's safe, just cold."

His hands rubbed up and down her back as he spoke and then he let them wander suggestively over her buttocks. He met Stephanie's shocked gaze and he let his touch become even softer, loving.

Ellie mewled in his arms and kissed the side of his neck.

Jonathan turned his head toward her and gave her a passionate kiss. "Go to your mate, Ellie. I need to take care of my own submissive."

Ellie slid down the length of his body and walked toward Duggan, who enfolded her cold body in his strong, warm arms. He grabbed a handful of long red hair and tugged, gently bringing her face up. He kissed her just as passionately as Jonathan had.

"Did you really think Duggan would choose between us?" Jonathan asked a dumbfounded Stephanie.

He let Duggan finish kissing Ellie before he spoke again. This time to his brother. "You know I can't force myself to fuck her anymore."

"I know."

"I'm going to take her outside and rip her spine out of her ass."

Ellie shivered. Then she realized that Stephanie wouldn't be allowed to live now that she'd been told about the three of them.

Jonathan looked at her and then let his change come. In just a couple of minutes, it was done. He grabbed Stephanie's arm, yanking her from the room. She opened her mouth once, just once, and closed it at the look from Jonathan.

"Not one word to scare Ellie. Not a scream, not any pleas. Or I'll rip your tongue out right here."

Duggan didn't wait for the result. He lifted a weak-kneed Ellie and carried her from the room.

Ellie awoke early the next morning. She showered quickly, heading downstairs to find Duggan.

Both he and Jonathan were in the study. She kissed Jonathan quickly, for he was closer but then curled on Duggan's lap, kissing him more thoroughly.

"Is she gone?" Ellie whispered.

"Yes," Duggan answered.

There was silence for a minute. Ellie wasn't sure how she felt. There was so much violence that they took for granted. Yet, on the upside, there was so much loving and good sex that she got whenever she wanted.

"How'd she get so strong?"

"She and Alexander were twins. No one even knew much about Alexander. He was never brought out in the community. His parents were ashamed of his mental deficiency, so he was raised to follow instructions, to be a work horse. The first time Jonathan dominated her, she realized how much strength he had that was hidden. She thought about a way to steal Alexander's strength."

Jonathan spoke next. "I think it was a fluke. I think his diminished brain capacity gave him different abilities, like an autistic child makes up for being different with other enhanced abilities. Alexander was able to give Stephanie his strength, much like an Alpha King can share his own."

"The whole thing makes me sick. I wish I could put it all behind me," she interjected.

"Ellie, my love. Let Jonathan and me help you forget for just a little while."

"Now?"

"Now."

"I'm not really in the mood."

"You don't have to be. Really. Just let the two of us worship your body."

He pulled her to her feet and slipped the silk from her shoulders. It pooled at her waist, baring lovely breasts to him. Her back was toward Jonathan and she felt him rise and approach her from behind.

His arms wrapped around her, cupping her breasts gently. He lifted one, offering it to Duggan's mouth.

Duggan didn't need any encouragement. He took the breast and loved her nipple with his tongue as his brother held it.

Ellie felt a shudder run through her body, ending in the heat between her thighs. So much for not being in the mood.

They led her to the wide sofa, where she sat bare-breasted. And then she had two dark-haired heads at her breasts, sucking simultaneously.

The delicious feelings sparked in her breasts made her breathing heavy, her heart race. They sucked for long moments and then she tugged the silk from the rest of her body. It clung stubbornly, damp between her thighs.

Duggan pushed her back onto the sofa and lifted one leg over the back. He latched onto her wet pussy and ate her as Jonathan continued sucking her nipples. Both suckings continued, growing fiercer and fiercer, until Ellie came, wave after wave of pleasure coursing through her body.

Still, they weren't finished. When she'd come and her body was still sensitive and swollen, Jonathan slid his jutting cock into her hot pussy. It was heavenly, as he stroked her tender G-spot with the bulbous head on his heavy erection. He gripped her hips, pulling her in to him and releasing, giving a little jerk that rubbed and dipped into her spot.

Duggan kissed her, his tongue dipping in and around her mouth. He reached down with his hand and pulled her pussy lips away from her body, exposing her clit to the air. She started to stiffen and began to thrust her hips.

Jonathan pulled out. She looked at him questioningly and Duggan sat on the sofa. Jonathan positioned her to straddle Duggan's thicker, heavier cock and she slowly took that one into her pussy. It would fill her up.

When it was inserted fully, Duggan scooted farther down onto the sofa, forcing Ellie to lean forward, her ass in the air.

And then slowly, tenderly, Jonathan brought his slick cock to her ass. He inched his way in as she gasped and looked into Duggan's knowing eyes, her own matching eyes heavy with lust.

They were both in her together and it was incredible. "If anyone moves, I'll shatter. I'll come, I can't help myself," she whispered erotically.

Jonathan pulled away slowly, so slowly. And then, as he reinserted his cock, Duggan pulled his out just as slowly. Soon they were rocking, a slow steady rhythm.

A rhythm that was too much for her body. She came, as she warned them she would. She came violently, clenching her ass and her pussy around their tight cocks. Squeezing and milking them alternately and forcing them to come deep inside her too, twin floods of hot cum soaking her body.

She screamed, the feminine sound of pleasure erotic to the ears of the two men fucking her. Duggan growled and Jonathan grunted his own release.

They were still for just a minute, a quiet recovery time, while Jonathan slid from her ever so gently.

Duggan looked into her eyes and began thrusting his hips, making his cock swell. It filled her tender cavity and touching parts of her deep inside, filling her to capacity.

Jonathan sat back on the couch, bringing Ellie with him, an arm pressed just under her breasts. Duggan came forward also and fucked her hard and deep. He came again, flooding her with hot cum, the heat alone triggering another explosion inside her. His cock was locked inside her, exploding more and more, great gusts of molten lava consuming her as his body shuddered helplessly.

"I'd prefer a little girl with red hair, my love."

Jonathan nuzzled the side of her neck, kissing tenderly, while Duggan impregnated his mate.

About the Author

During my daytime job, I explore people of all types. At night, I love to read.

Why did I start writing? My favorite authors were all between books and I twiddled my thumbs until deciding, "Hey, I can do this for someone else out there who's waiting for a new release too!" My favorite authors in no particular order include: Kim Harrison, Laurell K Hamilton, Jim Butcher, Charlaine Harris and Kelley Armstrong. So obviously, I cling to urban fantasy type work with one difference—I'm a romance author at heart. I must have my happy ending with Prince Charming. And no, it doesn't matter if he has fangs. Or fur. As long as he's naked, we'll be just fine! Therefore, Ellora's Cave seems a perfect fit for my work.

Join me for a few hours and get lost in my worlds! For now at night, I love to write!

Rena welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at www.ellorascave.com.

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