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## Chapter One

Finn York sat in a dark corner at Wulf's Den and watched the people around him. He quickly downed the shot of whiskey he held in his hand, disgusted with the number of werewolves he could pick out in the crowd. He slammed down the empty shot glass and reached for the full bottle of beer that sat on the table in front of him. He didn't know why he couldn't stop himself from coming to Wulf's Den when he disliked being around the employees and patrons, who mostly were werewolves. They stood out in the crowd with their cover model good looks, well shaped bodies and over average height. At one time he'd loved coming to Wulf's Den with his twin brother, Eli, in the hopes of picking up one of the gorgeous women. Now that he truly knew what they were all that had changed. He now found himself drawn to Wulf's Den at least three nights a week to watch werewolves—his new sick obsession.

At least Eli had stayed home tonight instead of following him to Wulf's Den. Finn knew his twin worried about him, but Eli's show of concern grated on his nerves. As did the concern his older brother, Keegan, and his younger brother, Hayes, showed when around him. But Billie's displays of concern bothered him the most. As the baby of the family, and the only girl out of four siblings, he and his brothers had always watched out for her. Now that Billie had taken an over fifteen-hundred-year-old werewolf for her mate, and had been turned into a werewolf herself, she no longer needed her brothers to protect her. With Billie able to look after herself, she and the rest of his family focused their caring attention on him because of what had happened to him three months before. If they ever found out about the changes that had taken place inside him after that fateful day, Finn knew they would be more than just a little concerned about his behavior.

Finn gritted his teeth as a fresh wave of mingled scents washed over him. They battered his senses and gave him a wealth of information about the people who sat close to his table. He hated it. He hadn't asked for this 'gift', or the gift of sight he now possessed. Being injected with Billie's werewolf mate's blood had wrought these changes in him. Royce's blood had had a permanent effect on him.

He took a long swig from his beer when he spotted Beowulf and Roxie over at the bar. Beowulf owned Wulf's Den and was the leader of his pack. Finn tried to avoid Beowulf as much as he could, mostly because Roxie never seemed to be too far from her mate. She, Finn wanted to avoid at all costs. Descended from Royce, and the first mortal to be turned into a werewolf, Roxie had been the one responsible for turning Billie. He couldn't look her in the face knowing what she had done to his sister. It was the same spell Roxie had used on his sister that a rival male werewolf had tried to use on him three months before. Gren, thinking Royce's blood had been the key to turning Roxie into a werewolf, had taken him and Royce captive so he could try to turn Finn. The spell hadn't worked the way Gren had intended, but Royce's blood had left its mark on Finn anyway.

With another long pull on his beer, Finn caught the eye of the nearest waitress. He intended to sit here until he got shit-faced drunk. Only then he'd go home, fall into his bed and not have to worry about the visions that invariably invaded his dreams.

\* \* \* \*

Jocelyn kept half an eye on the mortal who sat alone in the dark corner of the room while she brought drinks to other tables. She had noticed him the very first time he'd come to Wulf's Den with his identical twin brother. He'd been a lot more carefree and happier then. Now, he appeared to be a different man entirely. No longer did he flash appreciative looks at the women as they walked by, nor did he laugh and joke with his brother when they came to the nightclub together. Something had happened three months ago to change him, and not for the better. More and more, Jocelyn caught sight of him giving the werewolves inside the club looks of disgust, as though their mere presence angered him. If that was the case, she couldn't understand why he continued to come to Wulf's Den week after week.

As she delivered drinks to a table close to the mortal's, Jocelyn glanced over at him. Her heart beat a little faster when his grey-blue eyes caught hers and he waved her over to his table. She gave him a nod as she served the last drink on her tray.

Unable to stop herself, Jocelyn settled her hungry gaze on the mortal. She wanted him. Before the changes in him, she'd been working up her nerve to go over and talk to him, to test the waters, but with the hatred of her kind that he seemingly felt, she'd decided to keep her distance. It hadn't stopped her body's reaction whenever he came to the nightclub though. Just one sight of him and she became aroused. Even now her nipples tightened into buds beneath her blouse, and her pussy ached to be filled as she drew nearer to him.

At his table, she smiled down at him thankful he wasn't a werewolf. A male of her kind would easily smell the scent of her arousal. "What can I get you?"

He spoke through gritted teeth. "Give me another shot of whiskey and a beer." His nostrils flared as he drew in deep breaths of air.

Jocelyn's brows came together in confusion as she watched him inhale her scent. His hands fisted on the table in front of him while his hot gaze raked the length of her body and back up to her face. The muscle in his jaw jumped as he made a quiet animalist growl of need. Her pussy clenched at the sound. If she didn't know better, he showed all the signs of a male werewolf who had just found his mate. Jocelyn pulled his scent into her lungs. He smelled mortal, but she also detected something else—he had the underlying scent of a werewolf. It was minute compared to the mortal scent, but she picked it up nonetheless. And he was aroused. The musky male scent of arousal washed over her, growing stronger the longer she stood in front of him.

Unsure of what to make of his scent, Jocelyn nodded. "I'll be back in a few minutes with your drinks."

She felt his eyes follow her as she turned and headed over to the bar. Jocelyn placed her drink order then turned to find Beowulf and Roxie giving her curious looks. She stared back at them. Beowulf stood with his arm around Roxie's shoulder while she sat on one of the barstools. Rarely did you see one without the other. To her, Jocelyn found Beowulf a little more protective of his mate than males usually were, for which she couldn't blame him. Roxie was special. The Celtic-like markings around her left wrist marked her as the one foretold in an ancient prophecy to rule over all the werewolf packs.

When Beowulf and Roxie continued to stare at her, Jocelyn cocked a brow in their direction. "What?"

Roxie gave her a knowing smile before she looked over at the mortal's table and then back at her. "You like Finn, don't you?" When Jocelyn gave her a confused look, Roxie

added, "The mortal whose table you came from. His name is Finn. I can tell you like him."

Jocelyn turned back to put the opened bottle of beer and shot glass of whiskey on her tray. She felt her cheeks grow warm knowing exactly how Roxie knew she found Finn attractive. "Maybe I do."

Roxie chuckled. "I'd say it's much more than a maybe. I think you're just what Finn needs."

"Rox," Beowulf warned. "I *don't* think it would be a good idea to play matchmaker where Finn is concerned."

"I think it would be a perfect way to get Finn out of his snit."

"I would hardly call Finn's behavior a snit. It's a little stronger than that, and I don't think his attitude is going to change that easily."

Roxie rolled her eyes. "Never mind Beowulf, Jocelyn. That's just a matter of his opinion. I'm only going to say one last thing and then you can make your own decision."

Beowulf gasped in feigned shock. "Only one? When did you learn such restraint?" He then grunted when Roxie's elbow jabbed him in the ribs.

"Like I said before I got rudely interrupted," Roxie said to Jocelyn. "I'll say one last thing. Finn learned about our kind in a way no mortal should. It has given us a bad name in his eyes. If you showed him all werewolves aren't as evil as he thinks, you may be able to get him to see us in a better light. It would do him and his family a favor. Just something to think about."

Jocelyn nodded. Roxie had explained some of the reasons why Finn had changed, though she didn't go into much detail. Now that she thought about it, his behavior had changed around the same time the pack had learned Gren, Beowulf's one time nemesis, had been killed. Could Finn have been involved with what had gone down with Gren? She picked up her tray of drinks off the bar. "I'll think about it. I better give Finn his drinks. I can feel him staring daggers into my back."

Roxie smiled. "Oh, I wouldn't describe that look quite in that way. I would say it's very much the opposite."

Lifting her gaze in Finn's direction, Jocelyn sucked in a sharp breath. He gazed at her hungrily, his gaze so hot she was surprised she hadn't melted into puddle of goo on the floor. When he realized she'd caught him staring at her, the hunger left his face to be replaced with the oh so familiar look of disgust.

With a sigh, Jocelyn carried the tray of drinks over to his table. She placed each one in front of him and then collected up the empty beer bottle and shot glass that also sat on the table. "Can I get you anything else?" She let her gaze touch on his longish straight black hair, high cheek bones and sculpted lips. Finn made the same animalistic growl as he had made earlier when her gaze locked onto his mouth and her tongue came out to lick her suddenly dry lips.

"No. Just keep the drinks coming," he said with a growl.

Jocelyn forced herself to walk away. She would make sure she didn't stray too far from him. She had a feeling that by the end of the night he would be lucky if he could stand on his own two feet.

\* \* \* \*

Finn slowly pushed back his chair as the room spun around him. He'd reached the

stage of shit-faced drunk and then some. He blamed it on *her*. Every time she brought him drinks, her scent slammed into him causing his cock to harden with need. He couldn't stop himself from drawing the scent of her arousal deep inside him until he knew the smell of her would be forever engraved in his brain. Even now, so drunk he had doubts that he could manage to walk outside to catch a cab let alone walk out of Wulf's Den, he sported a raging hard-on. He fought the urge to adjust himself inside his jeans that now felt too tight in the crotch.

With his hands flat on the table, Finn tried to lever himself up. He leaned on the table for a few seconds as the room seemed to spin faster. Once he felt the room spin at a slower pace, he forced himself to stand up straight. So far so good. Now he had to manage the task of walking across the room to the entrance. Right now, it seemed almost too great of a distance for him to manage. Determined to walk out of the nightclub without falling on his face, Finn took an unsteady step away from the table.

He took his time as he walked across the almost deserted Wulf's Den. The nightclub's doors had closed for the night a few minutes before. About halfway to the door Finn started to run into trouble. The alcohol he had consumed started to rush to his head. He stumbled as he started to list to one side. Before he completely lost his balance, an arm came around his waist and his arm settled around a feminine set of shoulders. When he looked down and saw who helped to keep him upright, Finn bit back a groan.

Finn's gaze collided with his waitress' incredible light green eyes as she stared back up at him. Unable to stop himself, he let his gaze touch on her long, straight auburn hair before he moved down her slim body. She had all the right curves in all the right places that seemed to be a perfect fit against his side. Like all her kind, she was taller than most mortal women. At six foot three, he towered over a lot of women, but not this one. She had to be at least six foot tall.

He tried to take his arm back, but she held onto him tenaciously. "I'm can walk on my own." His voice sounded slurred even to him.

She gave him a snort of disbelief as she started to walk them toward the entrance. "I doubt that. I'm Jocelyn Swen, in case you're interested."

Finn felt the side of Jocelyn's breast brush up against his side with each step they took. His stiff cock throbbed inside his jeans. It didn't care she was a werewolf. It just wanted to be buried to the hilt inside her wet pussy. He gritted his teeth against the intense arousal that made his blood surge through his veins with need. "Since you won't let me go, and I'm in no condition to fight you, you can just put me in a taxi."

"I don't think so. I'll drive you home. You would probably pass out in the taxi and then where would you be?"

Much to his disgust, when they reached the door Jocelyn easily managed to hold him against her side with one arm as she used her other hand to push open the door to the nightclub. Even though he weighed more than she did, and he had a lot of muscle on his body that made him quite heavy, she had no problem maneuvering him about. Being a werewolf, she probably could wipe the floor with him if she wanted to.

It didn't take Jocelyn long to get them to the parking lot at the back of Wulf's Den. She walked him over to the black Ferrari that sat parked at the very back of the lot. *Did all werewolves drive expensive cars?* Finn didn't have much more time to dwell on that particular question once Jocelyn got him to lean with his back against the car while she fished her car keys out of her purse. Without her support, he felt his legs slowly give out

on him and he started to slip down the car. Jocelyn caught him around the waist with both of her arms so he leaned against her body before he could hit the ground.

The feel of her breasts pressed against his chest as she held him close became too much for him. The need to taste her mouth overrode everything else he felt. The same animalistic growl he hadn't been able to control back in the nightclub rose up inside him as he threaded his fingers through her hair. Finn held her in place as he took her mouth in a hard kiss. As he moved his lips across hers, he pushed his tongue inside her mouth. His tongue twined with hers. The taste of her had him pushing his erection against her lower stomach. She tasted sweeter than the headiest wine. He couldn't get enough of her. When she whimpered with need, he brought his hands down to her ass and hauled her closer as he ground his cock against her.

Lost in a haze of sexual arousal, Finn lifted a hand to the buttons of Jocelyn's blouse. He tried to work a button free so he could slip a hand inside to cup her breast, but she jerked away from him, breaking the contact of their lips. Finn noticed her lips were puffy from his kisses as he stared down at her. The need to pull her into the car, lift her tight skirt and bury his aching cock inside her beat at him. He almost couldn't ignore it. Before he could try and take her lips once again, Jocelyn unlocked the passenger side door and held it open for him.

She shook her head when he would have pulled her to him again. "No, Finn. First of all I'm not going to have sex with you in a car in a parking lot. I'm not that desperate. And secondly, I'm not sure this is something you really want to do. You're not able to think straight at the moment. I have no intentions of sleeping with you and then having you regret what you did the next morning. Now into the car with you."

Finn felt the world start to spin faster again. He had no idea how Jocelyn knew his name. He knew he hadn't told her, but at the moment he didn't much care how she found it out. She shoved him inside the car and put the seat belt on him before she shut the door. He watched two Jocelyns walk around the front of the car and get in the driver's side. Finn's eyes grew heavy as he settled into the corner of the seat. He gave up the battle to stay awake as Jocelyn started the car.

## Chapter Two

Finn cracked an eye open, but quickly shut it with a groan against the pain in his head. It felt as if someone drove a spike through it. He threw an arm over his eyes. Another couple hours of sleep and he would be able to face the world. After that, he would take a hot shower and find something to take for his killer headache.

On the verge of going back to sleep, Finn felt the bed move as someone shifted next to him. He lowered his arm and turned to look at the woman who lay beside him. Her scent, one he would never forget, swirled around him. Jocelyn. Finn stiffened as it dawned on him that the bed he slept in wasn't his own, nor did he recognize the bedroom. How the hell had he ended up here?

The sheets rustled as the woman next to him rolled over onto her side so she faced him. He plastered a scowl on his face as she looked at him while a small smile played across her lips. "How's the head?"

"Fine. What am I doing here?"

"Liar. I heard you groan a minute ago. As for you being in my bed, you really didn't leave me much choice. You passed out in my car before you told me where you live. So I brought you back to my place. After I put you to bed, I searched your jeans for your wallet, but I only found the cash you had in your pocket and nothing else."

Finn quickly lifted the sheets to find he didn't have a stitch of clothing on. He also noticed his cock had taken an interest in the woman next to him. It lengthened and grew hard with each breath of her scent he breathed in. He let the sheet drop back over him. "Why am I naked?"

Jocelyn chuckled. "Well, I thought only to take your shirt and jeans off so you could sleep more comfortably. What a surprise I got when I found out you go commando under your jeans. By that time I'd already gotten an eyeful, so I took your jeans off anyway."

Finn felt his cock jerk at the thought of Jocelyn stripping him naked while he slept. "So it didn't bother you to sleep beside a naked man you barely know?"

"No, not really. You weren't exactly in any condition to ravish me or anything. Plus I don't make it a practice to sleep with men who won't remember we actually had sex. But now that you're sober, I wouldn't mind starting where we left off last night."

The kiss they had shared in the parking lot came back in a rush. Finn remembered the feel of her in his arms as he tasted her mouth. His heart beat faster as it sent more blood to his already engorged dick. He reminded himself that Jocelyn was a werewolf. That he had made a pact with himself that he wouldn't ever sleep with one. That he disliked them all for what had happened to him. It didn't work. Instead, erotic images of Jocelyn under him as he rode her until they both couldn't move filled his head.

He moved to the very edge of the bed away from Jocelyn. "I think not. I have to leave now."

Jocelyn shook her head. "For someone who supposedly dislikes werewolves so much you sure aren't acting like it. If anything, that erection there tells me you would be more than happy to kiss me and then some."

Finn glanced down his body and saw his cock had tented the sheet over him. "I can take care of that on my own."



Moving faster than any mortal could, Jocelyn jumped on top of him and straddled his hips with her legs as she let her body hover over him. She took each of his wrists and pressed them down on the mattress on either side of his head. Luckily for him, she wore baby blue boxer style pajama shorts and a matching t-shirt. "Why take care of that little problem by yourself while I would be more than happy to do it for you. I know we both would enjoy that more."

With a groan, Finn tried to lift his hands, but Jocelyn easily kept them pinned to the bed. "Oh, god, you would have to be like Billie when it comes to men."

"Who is Billie?" Jocelyn dragged her tongue across his lips.

It took a few seconds for Finn to work out what she'd asked him. "Billie is my sister."

Jocelyn kissed a path along his jaw to his ear. "And what does your sister do to men?"

"She has always felt that if a woman really wants a man, she shouldn't have to wait for him to make the first move." With Jocelyn's scent filling his head, Finn decidedly found it harder to concentrate. His cock throbbed painfully beneath the sheet.

"I see. I think I'd like to meet your sister. It sounds as if she and I would get along. She's a girl after my own heart."

"Why? Because you jump unsuspecting men as well?"

"I'm all for that. I just have never tried it before. I guess you could say I'm a bit on the shy side."

Finn couldn't stop the small animalistic growl that slipped past his lips as Jocelyn gently bit his earlobe. "I find that hard to believe."

"It's true. You're the first man I've ever jumped without him having jumped me first."

He could no longer think straight. He hadn't ever found himself this attracted to a woman before. Arousal burned through his body as it destroyed his defenses. The disgust he usually felt toward a female werewolf that showed interest in him didn't happen with Jocelyn. He found her scent addicting, and brought something he didn't recognize in himself to the surface. Something that wanted to take her, claim her as his mate.

He didn't want to face the feelings that rose up inside him, but when Jocelyn bent to take his lips in a languid kiss, and the tips of her breasts through her shirt brushed against his chest, Finn knew he was lost. With a moan, he pushed his tongue inside her mouth. This time when he tried to free his hands he didn't do it to push Jocelyn away. The need to touch her made him growl low in his throat. As if she understood what that growl meant, she released his hands and lowered her hips until her pussy made contact with his cock. The feel of her moist heat through her boxer shorts had him wrapping his arms around her waist as he rolled her onto her back.

Finn settled between her legs as he took over the kiss. He sucked her tongue into his mouth. Jocelyn whimpered as her hands gripped his shoulders. Lifting the hem of her shirt, he dragged it over her head. Cupping one of her breasts in his hand, he tugged at the taut nipple as he left her mouth and kissed a path down her neck to her chest. He flicked Jocelyn's nipple with the tip of his tongue before he sucked it deep inside his mouth. As he sucked at her breast, he took hold of the waistband of her boxer shorts and pulled them down past her hips. Jocelyn kicked them the rest of the way off.

Now pressed skin to skin, Finn fought the urge to bury his cock inside her. The smell

of her arousal made him crave the taste of her pussy. Releasing her nipple, he moved down her body. Once he lay with his shoulders between her spread thighs, he dragged his tongue along the swollen folds of her pussy. The smell and taste of her caused another growl to emerge from his throat.

Jocelyn's hips rose up off the mattress as he spread her folds and dipped his tongue inside her core. He continued to lap at her sex until he made her moan with need. Slowly, he pushed a finger inside her pussy. Her inner walls clamped down on it as he moved it in and out of her body. As he slipped a second finger inside her with the first, Finn swirled his tongue around her clit. Jocelyn threaded her fingers through his hair and held him to her as he sucked on the small nubbin of flesh. Her hips jerked as she rode his fingers. When her inner walls started to spasm around his fingers, he sucked harder on her clit. Jocelyn moaned while she climaxed against his mouth.

Finn rose up between her legs. He rested his weight on his elbows as the head of his cock pushed against the wet heat of Jocelyn's pussy. He was about to push himself home when the images slammed into his head. Finn gasped as they flashed before his eyes. If from a distance, he heard Jocelyn ask what was wrong, but he couldn't answer her. By the time the images faded away his body had broken out in a cold sweat and he'd lost his erection.

Breathing heavily, he threw himself away from Jocelyn and moved to sit on the edge of the bed as he tried to sort through what he'd just seen. The feel of Jocelyn's hand on his back caused him to flinch away. He had to get away from her. Through the disjointed images that had played inside his head, there had been one image that he'd seen with great clarity—Jocelyn lying dead in a pool of her own blood. From that image he'd sensed that he had been the cause of her death. His gift of sight, a legacy from his mother that had driven her mad, had been awakened inside him after he'd been injected with Royce's blood. He hated the sight more than he hated the other side effects.

Jocelyn came to kneel on the bed behind him. "Are you all right?"

Finn quickly stood up. Seeing his clothes neatly folded on the end of Jocelyn's dresser, he made his way over to it and started to get dressed. "I have to get out of here." He kept his back to Jocelyn so she couldn't see how deeply he'd been affected by what he'd seen.

"I'll give you my cell phone number before you go."

"No."

He heard Jocelyn come to stand behind him. "What do you mean no? I want to see you again."

Now dressed, Finn turned to face Jocelyn. He had to fist his hands at his sides to prevent himself from pulling her into his arms. She stood gloriously naked in front of him with her lips still swollen from his kisses. "I don't want to see you again. I'm going to go call myself a taxi."

Finn walked around her and out the bedroom door. He took the stairs down to the main level of the house two at a time. Before he could find the phone, Jocelyn came down the stairs. She'd pulled on a bathrobe, thank goodness. He didn't know how much longer he would have been able to hold onto his control with her naked in front of him. "Where's the phone?"

"You don't need to call for a taxi. I can drive you home."

"I don't think that would be a good idea."

“I think we need to talk about this, Finn.”

“There isn’t anything to discuss.”

Jocelyn crossed her arms over her chest. “I beg to differ. The way you acted last night, and the way you acted up in my bedroom, are definite signs.”

“Definite signs of what?”

“You’re showing the signs a male werewolf displays when he’s found his mate.”

Finn stiffened. “Get this straight, Jocelyn, I’m not a werewolf.” His upper lip curled in disgust when he said the word werewolf.

“I know you aren’t, but your scent confuses me. You smell mortal, but there is an underlying scent that says you could be werewolf as well.”

“And because of the way I smell and have acted you think I want to claim you as my mate?”

“Yes.”

“I hate to break it to you, babe, but I’m not looking for a mate, and especially not one that is a werewolf. I know what happens when werewolves mate. The real need to be with each other, how the souls of the mates reach out for each other and join. I don’t want anyone to have that kind of hold over me.”

Jocelyn’s brows snapped together as she frowned at him. “You may not be looking, Finn, but it has already started. I at least can feel the closeness forming between us, the hunger for each other. It isn’t as if you’ll have much say in the matter either. A male’s mating urge starts to ride him, and hard, when he finds the female meant for him. You’ll be drawn to me, unable to keep yourself away. Until we make love you’re going to be a bomb waiting to go off. Your dreams will be filled with all the ways you will want to take me, which will push the mating urge even higher. Whether you want this to happen or not, it will.”

Through gritted teeth, Finn said, “I’m not a goddamn werewolf so stop comparing me to one. Now where the hell is your phone?”

She gave him a sad look. “Keep telling yourself that, Finn. Just keep telling yourself that and maybe you’ll start to believe it. The phone is in the kitchen down the hall.”

Finn forced his feet to move as he walked past Jocelyn and headed for the kitchen. Once he got away from her, he would okay. The arousal that boiled in his blood would dissipate as soon as he couldn’t see Jocelyn, or smell her alluring scent. He’d be back to normal and he wouldn’t think of her again.

\* \* \* \*

Jocelyn stood in the open doorway as she watched Finn climb into the back of the taxi and slam the door shut. He didn’t even look back when the taxi pulled out of the driveway and drove away. She shook her head as she stepped back and shut the front door. The man would find out the hard way.

Contrary to what he told himself, Finn wouldn’t be able to ignore what his body demanded. Yes, he was mortal, but he still showed all the signs of wanting to claim her as his mate. If the growls he’d made hadn’t been enough, the way he’d kissed her and touched her body despite his dislike of werewolves gave him away. There had only been one missing piece—his eyes had not glowed.

As for her, the first time his lips had touched hers in Wulf’s Den’s parking lot, she had wanted him. Even though Finn had made her come, Jocelyn’s body still throbbed

with arousal. She wanted to have Finn's muscular body wrapped around hers as he took her. While he'd slept last night she'd been able to look over every inch of him. Finn might not be as tall as a male werewolf, but he had the build of one. His body rippled with muscle, which meant he had to spend hours at a gym to get it that way. She'd also been pleased to see Finn could be described as large when it came to all aspects of his body. Even drunk and passed out his cock had stayed hard and thick.

Jocelyn bit back a groan as she thought of how close she'd come to having that big cock of his inside her. She had no idea what had happened up in her bedroom. One minute she'd felt tip of his cock press against the opening of her body and the next he'd been gone. Whatever had happened had been enough to make Finn run away from her. She would let him go for now, but she wouldn't let him walk out of her life. She would be damned if she let the one man meant for her go free without a fight.

### Chapter Three

Finn arrived home to an empty apartment, which pleased him. He hadn't wanted to look at his twin and find Eli staring at him with pity in his eyes. Bad enough he got that look from the rest of his family, but to have his identical twin look at him like that bothered him the most. Eli and he were close. So close in fact that they even had moved out of their father's house together to share an apartment. They liked the same things, enjoyed the same pursuits. They were like two peas in a pod, but no longer. Finn couldn't bring himself to tell Eli about the changes in him, and that caused tension between them. Before his changes they had almost been inseparable. Now Finn kept mostly to himself.

After a quick shower, he dressed in a pair of grey fleece pants and a black t-shirt that had York Fitness printed across the chest in white letters. York Fitness was his family's gym, and where he worked as a personal trainer along with his three brothers and his sister. He grabbed a piece of toast before he left to go to the gym. If he hadn't already had clients booked for training sessions today, Finn would have stayed home. He didn't feel like himself, and the vision he'd had unsettled him more than he would have liked. Hopefully after he finished up with his last client he would have a chance to work out himself. Maybe if he slugged the weights around long enough he could make himself numb to the emotions that battered at him.

It didn't take Finn long to drive to the gym and park his red Mustang at the back of the building. Pocketing his car keys, he made his way to the entrance doors. He managed to almost make it past the gym floor before his sister, Billie, came to confront him. Just what Finn did not need this morning. "What do you want, Billie? I just got here and I have a training session with a client in about fifteen minutes."

Billie gave him a crooked smile. "So? What's her name and what is she like?"

Finn glared down at Billie. He didn't like the glint he saw in her grey-blue eyes, so very much a match for his own. All the York siblings had ended up with their father's eyes and black hair. "She who?"

"You know who I mean." Billie took a quick look around before she said, "The female werewolf whose place you slept over at last night after you passed out."

"Damn it, Billie. Can't you keep your nose out of where it doesn't belong?" His sister had the ability to find anyone she came in contact with. Even if she only met the person for a few seconds and didn't know their name, she could find them. "I thought you only pulled that crap on Hayes."

Billie blocked his path when he tried to step around her. "You're not getting off that easily. You know Hayes smartened his act up after Janice gave birth. Since little Tiffany's arrival he hasn't gone to a bar to get stinking drunk. Wish I could say the same about you, Finn. So until you do, get used to me 'looking' for you. Eli got worried last night when you didn't come home so he called and asked me to 'see' where you were. Imagine my surprise when I 'found' you passed out in a female werewolf's bed."

"It didn't mean anything. I drank more than I should have at Wulf's Den last night. She works there as a waitress. She saw the condition I was in and took me back to her place to sleep it off. Nothing else happened."

Billie reached out and put her hand on his arm. Finn jerked his arm out of her reach.

Since she'd been turned into a werewolf, he couldn't stand Billie touching him. She slowly let her hand fall back down at her side and looked up at him with hurt in her eyes. "I thought you being there meant you had a change of heart about what I've become. I guess I thought wrong."

"Let it be, Billie." Finn stepped around Billie, but she called his name before he got very far. He turned back around to look at her. "What?"

"I just wanted to say you look like shit more than you usually do. Are you sure you're okay?"

"Gee, thanks. I'm fine." He couldn't stop the low rumbling growl that left his throat when he said the last part. Finn watched Billie's eyes narrow at the sound. Before she could say anything more, he spun back around and headed for his desk. He counted himself lucky Billie didn't follow him and start giving him the third degree over that one.

Finn's first two training sessions went well. By the time the third one had almost finished up, he started to get distracted. Thoughts of Jocelyn seemed to take over his head. And they weren't just thoughts of her as a person. No, they were more erotic than anything else. The more he thought of what she had smelled and tasted like, the more aroused and tighter his body became. Finally, he had to cut the training session short and hide himself away in the men's change room to get his wayward body back under control. He couldn't exactly hide the raging hard-on he had going on in his fleece pants. Nor the fact that he'd gone commando. His father would have had a shit fit if he'd seen him on the gym floor with his cock tenting the front of his pants. In the end when no one else was around, he stripped and took an ice cold shower. The cold water did the trick, but Finn had a feeling the effect wouldn't last long.

When he left the change room to go work out, Finn's steps faltered when he noticed Royce stood just inside the gym floor talking with Billie. He swore under his breath when his brother-in-law's head swung in his direction and he gave him an assessing look. It didn't take much guessing on Finn's part to come to the conclusion that Billie must have told Royce about their conversation earlier that day.

Finn ignored both Billie and Royce as he walked by them and headed for the leg press machine in the back corner. He turned on his MP3 player and loaded up four forty-five pound weights on either side of the machine. He sat down in the chair and placed his feet on the machine. While he did his first set, Finn watched out of the corner of his eye as Royce came to stand beside the leg press machine. Once he finished his reps, he got up and put another forty-five pound weight on each side. He pointedly ignored Royce's presence.

Royce took him by the arm and stopped Finn before he could sit back down. "You can ignore me all you want, Finn, but I'm not going away."

Finn hated that he had to look up at his sister's mate. Royce stood three inches taller at six foot six. "Let go of me." Finn jerked his arm out of Royce's grasp. "I'm trying to work out here. Either leave me alone or hurry up and say what you want to say."

Royce's hazel eyes searched his face as he took a step closer and sniffed the air around Finn. His brows drew together when he stepped back again. "Is there something you should tell Billie and me?"

"Besides the fact that I hate that you both are werewolves? No."

"I would watch what you say about Billie around me, Finn. You may be her brother, but that won't stop me from pounding you to the ground if you continue to insult her."

“Back off, wolf,” Finn said with a snarl. “Don’t threaten me.” He growled low in his throat at the other man.

Royce quickly grabbed Finn by the back of the neck and forced him to walk with him. Unable to break his hold, Finn growled at him once again. “I suggest you calm down before you make a scene.”

As Royce forced him to walk up the stairs to the aerobics room on the upper level, Finn snapped, “You would be the one who made the scene, not me.”

When they reached the aerobics room, Royce shoved him inside. Finn turned around to see Billie had also joined them. She closed the door behind her. Royce grabbed Finn by both his arms and pushed him up against the wall. His nostrils flared as he took a deep breath in. “I think your bad attitude has gone on long enough, Finn. We’re going to have it out here and now. And from the way your scent smells, it’s not a moment too soon. Now talk.”

Billie came to stand next to Royce. “We’re all worried about you.”

Finn clenched his jaw against another growl that started to build in his throat. *Where had this newfound ability to growl come from?* “I told you before to leave it be, Billie. I’m fine.”

“Bullshit,” Royce shot back. “I think you’ve been hiding something from us. And for some reason today I can pick up the smell of a werewolf in your scent.”

“I’m not a fucking werewolf,” Finn growled. “It doesn’t matter what I smell like.”

Royce let his gaze settle on Finn’s face. “I’m not the first person, or should I say werewolf, to tell you that you have the scent of a werewolf, am I? The female you spent the night with last night told you, didn’t she? Maybe I should go pay her a little visit. Billie can find her.”

Finn’s full throated growl filled the room as he snarled at Royce. “You won’t go near Jocelyn, wolf, if you know what’s good for you.” Just the thought of Royce going anywhere near Jocelyn made him want to take the other man down.

“Holy shit. The mating urge has its claws in you.”

Billie turned to look at Royce. “What? Male mortals do not get werewolf mating urges.”

“No, but I have a feeling Finn here isn’t exactly a hundred percent mortal anymore. Are you, Finn? That spell may not have worked, but my blood did something to you. Jocelyn is your mate, and for some reason, you have the mating urge riding you until you claim her as such.”

“Is what he said the truth, Finn?” The three occupants in the room turned to look at Eli who stood in the now open doorway. He shut the door and crossed the room to where they stood. “I’ve known something has been wrong for the last couple of months. And I know it doesn’t entirely have to do with you having been taken captive by that crazy werewolf Billie took down either. Tell us what’s wrong. You and I used to be a team. Now you push me away every chance you get.”

Finn tried to move away from his twin, but Royce kept him pinned to the wall. Eli was the one person he couldn’t lie to. He had avoided Eli so a situation like this wouldn’t happen. As he let his gaze rest on Eli’s face, an exact match of his own, Finn decided he wouldn’t tell him all of it. The family didn’t need to know about his visions. “You really want to know? Fine. Royce is right. The spell didn’t work, but his blood marked me, changed me. I now can smell three times better than I did before. Everything now has a

scent, and I can read it. I can't walk down the street without inhaling someone's scent. It's as if I can smell whatever they're feeling. Their pain, if they're aroused, whatever."

"And the ability to growl?" Royce asked. "Did that start at the same time?"

"No. That didn't start until last night when I met Jocelyn. Not until I got my first sniff of her scent."

Royce released Finn. "You may not like it, Finn, but you are going through what every male werewolf does when they first meet their mates."

"Jocelyn is not my mate and I have no intentions of seeing her again."

"That may be what you want, but you will go to her eventually. There is no way to deny the mating urge. I learned that with Billie."

Billie snorted. "You were a stubborn ass. It's a good thing I'm a take charge sort of woman. I wonder if we should take Finn to see Roxie."

"No!" Finn snapped.

"Why not?" Billie scowled at him. "You're stuck in the middle here, Finn. You're not quite werewolf, but you're also not fully a mortal either. It's not as bad as you think it is to be a werewolf."

"*Really* now?" Finn asked in a sarcastic tone. "Look what it did for you, Billie. It turned you into an animal capable of taking a man's life. Can you honestly tell me you enjoyed going wolf so you could snap Gren's neck with your jaws?"

Billie moved so fast Finn had no time to defend himself. She grabbed him by the arm and flipped him onto his back on the floor. She knelt on his chest while she held his arms down on the carpet. Her eyes glowed as she looked down at him and snapped her teeth at him. "You know I only did what had to be done to keep you and Royce safe. Gren would have come after you both again if we allowed him to walk away. So don't judge me."

Royce pulled Billie off of him. "Settle down, love." He pulled her up against his side before he turned to Finn who had pulled himself up off the floor. "I'm not going to warn you again. Next time you hurt Billie like that I'm going to show you how much stronger a werewolf is compared to a mortal."

Finn turned away and headed for the door. It wasn't because of Royce's threat that made him walk away without another word. It was the look of disappointment Eli gave him. It hurt him more than Royce ever could with his fists.

\* \* \* \*

When the hours ticked by and Finn didn't make an appearance at Wulf's Den, Jocelyn finally had to face the fact he wouldn't be coming to see her after all. She had hoped by night time he would have been more than happy to see her again, that the mating urge she knew had to be riding him would have forced him to seek her out. She'd guessed wrong on that one it would seem. Either she'd mistakenly read the signs, or Finn had more willpower than she thought he had.

Disappointed, Jocelyn tried to stay focused on her job rather than worrying about Finn, which turned out to be hard to do. She'd done nothing but think about him all day. She wanted to be with him, to touch him, have him hold her, to have hot, sweaty, mind-blowing sex with him. Never before had she become so obsessed with a man, or wanted one as badly as she wanted Finn. She just chalked that up as another sure sign that he was her mate.



After Wulf's Den closed down for the night, Beowulf came over to talk to her while she collected up empty glasses from one of the tables. "Can you stick around for a little while longer, Jocelyn?"

She nodded. "Yes. What do you need me to do?"

Beowulf smiled at her. "It's not extra work I have for you. I just need to talk to you. When you're finished here come up to my office. I promise I won't take much of your time."

Jocelyn watched Beowulf walk away. *Why had he singled her out to talk to?* It hadn't been a year since she first started working at Wulf's Den. She didn't think Beowulf wanted to let her go. She'd never heard of him letting go any of his employees. She had wanted to work at the nightclub for over a year, but had to wait for the opportunity to apply for the job when one of the other waitresses left when she became pregnant.

Curious as to what Beowulf wanted to talk to her about, Jocelyn quickly finished clearing the table and took the dirty glasses over to the bar. She then headed up the stairs to his office. At the door, she took a deep breath before she knocked on it. Beowulf opened the door and motioned her inside. Much to Jocelyn's surprise, Roxie and two others were there as well. She recognized Royce, but the woman who sat next to him she didn't know. The woman's features seemed familiar to her, though.

Beowulf motioned for Jocelyn to sit in the chair in front of his desk that had been turned to face the others who sat on the only couch in the office. "Have a seat, Jocelyn. I'm sure you know Royce, and sitting next to him is his mate, Billie."

"Billie?" Jocelyn studied Royce's mate. Now she knew why she seemed so familiar to her. The black hair and grey-blue eyes reminded Jocelyn of Finn. And hadn't he told her he had a sister named Billie? But this Billie couldn't be his sister. The woman sitting next to Royce was pure werewolf. "Your name is Billie?"

"Yes." Billie smiled at her. "I can see my name rings a bell with you. I guess Finn must have mentioned me to you when he slept over at your place."

Jocelyn gave Billie a confused look. "I don't understand. If you're Finn's sister, how come you're a full blooded werewolf and he is mortal?"

Roxie spoke up before Billie could answer. "I think it best I answer that particular question. You can't tell anyone what I'm about to tell you. You understand?" She waited until Jocelyn nodded before she continued to speak. "You know I used to be mortal."

"Yes, of course. Everyone knows you are the one foretold who would come and rule over all the packs. And that a spell turned you from a mortal into a werewolf. The spell is said to have been made just for you."

"That last part you said," Roxie said with a smile, "isn't really correct. It's what we want the main population of werewolves to believe. You see, the spell didn't just work on me. It has turned two others as well."

"You mean anyone can use the spell to turn a mortal into a werewolf?" Jocelyn couldn't keep the shock she felt out of her voice.

"Not exactly. The spell only works when I use it. I guess I'm special enough to make it work."

Royce laughed. "I'll say you're special, Roxie, in more ways than one."

Roxie turned to Royce and wagged a finger at him. "I'd watch it, Grandpa. You may be my grandfather, but that won't stop me from getting Billie to kick your ass. And you

know she can do it too.” When Royce held up his hands in surrender, Roxie continued. “Anyway, when Royce claimed Billie as his mate, Billie decided to become a werewolf.”

“And Finn? Did you try the spell on him? His scent has the underlying scent of a werewolf.”

Roxie’s face grew serious. “Finn is the reason why I got Beowulf to ask you up here, Jocelyn. We know you’re his mate, and that he hasn’t claimed you as his yet. That being the case, Billie and I both decided it would be best if we let you know what’s going on with Finn. I think it would be best if I let Billie explain the rest since Finn is her brother.”

Jocelyn turned to look at Billie. “So you know I’m Finn’s mate? Did he tell you about me?”

Billie gave her a half smile. “Yes, I know. Kind of hard not to notice the way he has been acting since he spent the night at your place. Let’s just say he has been hell on wheels all day today.”

“Do tell.” Jocelyn couldn’t stop the smile of pleasure that formed on her lips. It did her heart good to hear Finn hadn’t been unaffected while not with her.

Billie laughed. “I can see you’re pleased by that. Good. That means you aren’t prepared to let Finn go.”

“I told him that much when he walked out of my house.”

“I think my brother’s bachelor days are numbered. That being the case, you need to understand what happened three months ago. It will help you when it comes to dealing with Finn.” Billie sighed. “To make a long story short, Gren took Royce and Finn captive. He thought Royce’s blood was the key to make the spell work and he decided to use Finn as his guinea pig. The spell didn’t work in the end, but since that day Finn has withdrawn into himself, and has taken a dislike to anyone who is a werewolf. Even me.”

Jocelyn could easily see the hurt Billie felt in her eyes. “Given what happened I can understand where he’s coming from. I’m sure he just needs time to get over it.”

“That is what we thought as well, but it is much more than his having been captured by Gren. Royce’s blood has somehow altered Finn. He can now smell scents like a werewolf, and as you said, his own scent has the smell of a werewolf to it now. Since he met you, his behavior is more of a male werewolf’s than a mortal’s. He feels the mating urge, even though he fights it. If you want Finn as your mate, Jocelyn, you’re going to have to be the one to hunt him down and claim him as your own.”

Jocelyn smiled. “That won’t be a problem. Just give me an address where to find him and he’s as good as mine.”

## Chapter Four

The next day, Jocelyn prepared herself to go on her manhunt. She showered, put on her favorite jeans that fit tight in the right places and a nice blouse. She decided not to wear any perfume. Masking her scent wouldn't do her any favors when it came to getting Finn as her own. Jocelyn counted on her scent being one weapon Finn would be unable to fight against.

Thanks to Billie, Jocelyn now had a list of ways to contact or find Finn. She had his cell phone and home number along with the phone number to their family's gym where she now knew Finn worked. Billie had also given her Finn's home address where he lived with his twin, and the address to the gym. Jocelyn checked the time before she left her house. According to Billie, Finn would be at the gym at this time of day. Her first plan of action was to corner him at the gym where he couldn't make much of a scene.

The closer she got to the gym, the faster her heart beat with excitement. Just the thought of seeing Finn again made her body go up in flames. After she parked her car, Jocelyn went inside the gym. She stopped just inside the lobby and took a deep breath in. It didn't take her long to filter out Finn's scent from the others. It smelled fresh and strong, which meant he definitely could be found somewhere in the gym. With a smile on her face she headed for the front reception desk.

Just as she reached the desk, Finn's twin brother, Eli, intercepted her. Even though Finn and Eli were identical, Jocelyn could easily tell them apart. Each man's scent had subtle differences, one being Eli didn't have the scent of a werewolf as Finn did.

Eli held his hand out to her. "You must be Jocelyn."

"Yes, I am."

"Billie told me to keep an eye out for you."

"Did she now?" Jocelyn placed her hand in his.

"She did." Eli didn't shake her hand as expected. He pulled her closer to him and said in a conspiratorial tone of voice, "She also said for me to play things up a bit with you as well. Billie thinks if I were to act as if I'm interested in you Finn won't be able to stop himself from making sure I keep my hands to myself." He leaned in even closer. "You see I've made a name for myself as being a bit of a lady's man. So did Finn until recently."

Playing along, Jocelyn put her other hand on Eli's chest. "Really? I never would have guessed that. It isn't as if I've watched the pair of you hit on anything in a skirt at Wulf's Den."

Eli chuckled. "I guess it's a good thing I never tried to pick you up. If you had accepted my offer it would make things a trifle uncomfortable now."

"Never would have happened. Sorry, I only had eyes for Finn."

"Even then, huh? Finn's a lucky bastard."

Jocelyn looked over Eli's shoulder. "Well, Billie's plan seems to have worked. Don't look now, but Finn is headed this way. Let's see how far I can push him before he cracks."

She threaded her fingers through the back of Eli's hair and lifted her face to his as she slowly moved in to close the distance between them. With a growl, Finn roughly

shoved them apart. He curled his upper lip in a snarl at his twin before he clamped his hand around her wrist and dragged her away. Jocelyn had to bite back a smile of triumph as Finn pulled her through the gym and shoved her inside one of the offices. He slammed the door behind them and locked it.

“What the hell do you think you were about back there with Eli?” Finn stalked across the room until he stood in front of her.

“Nice to see you again as well, Finn.” Her pussy clenched as Finn’s hot gaze raked her from head to toe and back up again. His wide chest rose and fell rapidly as he drew in great draughts of air one after another. “Why do you care if I talked to Eli? It’s not as if you want me for yourself. Eli is your identical twin, so why wouldn’t I find myself attracted to him too?”

“So you would settle for the other twin?” Finn asked as he took her by the upper arms and forced her to walk backwards until her back hit the closed door. “Then why when Eli touched you I couldn’t smell your arousal, but now that I touch you your arousal is so strong I feel as if it’s drugging me.”

Jocelyn shivered at his words. The ache between her legs intensified as wetness leaked into her panties. Her nipples pebbled beneath her blouse. Billie’s plan had worked like a charm. The heat that came off Finn’s body hit her in waves. The scent of his arousal mixed with hers. Her body clamored for his. She was so turned on she had to fight the urge to demand Finn take her right now, against the door, regardless of who could hear what they would be doing. But Jocelyn wouldn’t do that. She couldn’t let him. Even though her body screamed for her to touch him, take his lips that hovered so very near hers in a demanding kiss, she clamped down on her desire. She had to push Finn to his very limits, to make him so hot for her he wouldn’t be able to resist her.

She licked her lips. Finn’s gaze latched onto her mouth. “I never said I still didn’t want you. I prefer you over Eli, but if you won’t accept me for what I am, I’ll gladly take Eli to my bed instead.”

“I don’t want you anywhere near my twin, or any other man for that matter.” Finn took a step closer so their bodies came in contact.

Jocelyn groaned to herself. This would torture not just Finn but herself also. She felt his hard length as it brushed up against her stomach. “You can’t have it both ways, Finn. Either you claim me as your mate or I *will* go to other men.”

Finn growled as he pushed himself away from her. “I can’t. I’m not the one for you.”

“Then prove it. If you aren’t meant for me you’ll be able to resist the offer I’m about to make. I have the night off tonight. I’m going to sit at home and wait for you. If you show up, that means you’ll have me as your mate and there will be no going back for you. If you don’t show up, I’ll take that to mean I’m free to find another man to take your place in my bed. The decision is yours to make.”

He stood a little away from her as he held himself so stiffly the muscles in his arms bulged. She wanted nothing more than to rip the t-shirt off his upper body and run her tongue across all that bared flesh. But instead, Jocelyn unlocked the door and left him to think over what she had said to him. She hoped to god he came to her tonight and put them both out of their misery.

\* \* \* \*

Finn was in absolute hell. He felt as if he were in a perpetual state of arousal. It got

so bad he'd had to leave the gym early. He couldn't think straight. And his mind played tricks on him. Images of Eli and Jocelyn in bed together, their naked bodies straining as they made love, played over and over inside his head until he thought he would go crazy. He still couldn't stop picturing them together. Finn paced his apartment as he fought not to leave and go to Jocelyn's place, but his body slowly started to wear down his willpower as it demanded he go to her. He couldn't eat, and he sure as hell couldn't sleep. He knew as soon as he closed his eyes the erotic dreams of Jocelyn he'd had last night would start up again. His aching cock couldn't take too many more of those.

Each time he paced the floor he came closer to the apartment door. For the thousandth time Finn reminded himself Jocelyn was a werewolf, that he shouldn't be attracted to one of her kind. He also reminded himself about the vision he'd had of her lying dead in a pool of her own blood. He didn't want to be responsible for her death. The rein he held over himself slipped once again as he thought of how good Jocelyn had looked and smelled when she had come to the gym earlier that day.

He had cornered Eli after Jocelyn had left and told his twin under no uncertain terms was he to touch Jocelyn again. Eli had been quick to explain he'd done that for Finn's benefit, and that it had been all Billie's idea. That didn't surprise Finn at all. It also explained how Jocelyn had known where to find him. His baby sister had probably given Jocelyn phone numbers as well as addresses where to find him.

Finn paced the length of the apartment twice more before his resolve to stay away from Jocelyn disappeared in a puff of smoke. Snatching up his car keys on the way out of the apartment, he made his way down to the parking garage. His Mustang roared to life as he quickly started it and headed out to the street.

The drive to Jocelyn's house seemed to take forever, and it didn't help that he hit just about every red light. By the time he pulled into her driveway, Finn's control had reached breaking point. He slammed his car door shut and wasted no time knocking on her front door. When Jocelyn opened the door, he wrapped his arms around her waist and claimed her lips in a fiery kiss.

As he walked her back inside the house, Finn kicked the door shut behind them. His lips slanted over hers as he pushed his tongue inside her mouth. He growl/groaned against her lips when Jocelyn wrapped her tongue around his and then sucked on it. The smell of her arousal made him so hard it was almost a physical pain. He desperately needed to be inside her, but he didn't want their first time together to be on the hard floor.

He backed her toward the stairs that led to the upper level. Jocelyn broke their kiss only long enough to say, "Not the bedroom. I want you. Now."

Finn lifted his head. "I won't take you on the floor."

Jocelyn nipped at his chin. "Then the couch in the living room. It's closer."

The couch sounded perfect to Finn. Somehow he managed to get them both into the living room. He kicked off his running shoes before he lowered Jocelyn onto the large black leather couch. Settling on top of her, Finn shoved his hand up her shirt and cupped her breast. He rubbed his thumb across her bra-covered taut nipple as he kissed a path down the side of her neck. Jocelyn yanked on the bottom of his t-shirt and pulled it over his head. She then shoved him off her so they both lay on their sides and faced each other. Finn made quick work of removing her shirt and bra. He cupped her ass and held her to him as he ground his erection against the crotch of the velour pants she wore. Her pebbled nipples brushed against his chest as she nipped her way along his jaw and down

the side of his throat. He stiffened and moaned with anticipation when she dragged her teeth across where his shoulder and neck met. The feel of her teeth against his skin made his cock jerk inside his jeans.

Jocelyn's hand dropped to the button on his jeans as she shifted lower on the couch. She ran her tongue across his chest while she worked the button free and then pulled down his zipper. His hips bucked as she reached inside his jeans and wrapped her hand around his straining erection. She squeezed him tightly as she pumped her hand up and down his hard shaft. The feel of her hand as it worked him while she inched her way lower down on his body caused Finn to growl deep in his chest.

As her lips and tongue made a wet trail down his abs, he sucked in a breath. The air left his lungs with a moan when Jocelyn gripped his cock tightly and swirled her tongue around the head. She licked him from base to tip before she opened her mouth and took as much as she could of his length inside. Finn had to stop himself from coming as Jocelyn sucked on his cock. It felt almost too good to have her pleasure him this way, but he didn't want to come in her mouth. He wanted to be buried to the hilt in her wet pussy when he did that.

He soon pulled away and brought her back up so he could claim her lips once more. With one hand, he undid the drawstring in her pants. No longer able to be patient, Finn pushed both her pants and panties down her legs. He dipped his hand between Jocelyn's legs and growled in satisfaction when his fingers came away coated with her juices. Finn quickly worked his jeans off. Once he was free of them, he placed her leg over his hip and sheathed his cock inside her with one hard thrust.

Jocelyn's strong inner muscles gripped his shaft as he withdrew then surged back inside her. Finn looked down at their bodies and watched her pussy take the full length of his cock as he pumped his hips between her spread thighs. Still on his side, he rode her slowly as she moaned. Finn knew he wouldn't last long. His climax started to build inside him.

Finn pushed Jocelyn onto her back. He pumped his hips faster as he angled his hard shaft so it rubbed her against her clit with each thrust as she wrapped her legs around his waist. She moaned and lifted her hips, matching his strokes. As her core started to spasm with the first flutter of her climax, Finn rode Jocelyn harder until he pushed her over the edge to release. Her inner walls clenched his cock in a tight fist. Finn felt his own release build closer to the point of no return. He slammed into her then gasped as a part of her reached out for him. Unable to stop himself, that part of him caught and wrapped itself around that part of Jocelyn. They both moaned as the two halves joined and became whole. Jocelyn arched up and bit Finn where his shoulder and neck met, sinking her teeth deep enough to break the skin. The effect was enough to send Finn into the most intense orgasm he'd ever felt. His cock pulsed deep inside her pussy as he filled her with his cum.

With his weight resting on his elbows, Finn gently kissed Jocelyn. He knew what just happened between them. He'd heard Billie describe it to Eli once. Jocelyn and he were now mates. Their souls had joined, become one. They both wouldn't be able to stand being separated from each other for very long. What had he done?

Jocelyn reached up and brushed his hair off his sweaty brow. "No regrets, Finn. There's no going back. We're mates now. You belong to me as much as I belong to you."

"The question is will you come to regret tying yourself to a mortal? You barely know

me, Jocelyn. I have a real aversion to werewolves, except when it comes to you it would seem. I don't want you to end up hurt because of me."

"I don't care that you're mortal, Finn. All that matters to me is you're mine. We can work out the rest as we go along."

Much to Finn's pleasure, he started to harden once again inside Jocelyn. Not with any other woman had he recovered after an orgasm so quickly. "I want you again, Jocelyn. This mating urge, or whatever the hell it is, still rides me. I feel as if another part of me wants to stake its claim on you as well." Finn had a hard time even describing what he felt to himself. It was as if a wilder, animalistic part of him had risen up to join him. It wanted to take Jocelyn as its mate as well, but in a dominating way.

Jocelyn wiggled out from under him. Finn watched as she got down on the floor on her hands and knees so her bottom faced him. She turned her head to look at him. Her eyes glowed as she gazed at him. "I *know* what you want, Finn. You may not be a werewolf, but there *is* a wolf somewhere inside you. The wolf wants me as his mate as well. Come. Take me as a male werewolf would."

Finn didn't hesitate to slip off the couch to the floor. The sight of Jocelyn's wet pussy as she lifted her bottom in offering made his cock harden even more. He moved behind her and settled to his knees. With a hand on either side of her hips, he rubbed the head of his cock back and forth against her pussy. Jocelyn moaned as she backed against him as she tried to impale herself on his hard shaft. Finn stilled her movements. He continued to tease them both until she whimpered with need. Tightening his grip on her hips, Finn placed the head of his cock at her core. He flexed his hips so only the tip of him entered her. As Jocelyn's inner muscles clamped down on the head, Finn surged forward until he'd buried himself to the hilt.

He gritted his teeth against the intense wave of pleasure that washed over him. In this position, Jocelyn took more of him. When he pulled back only to slam back into her, he felt the head of his cock hit her womb. This time he couldn't take things slowly. With a very wolf-like growl, he slammed into her over and over again. He kept his hands on her hips and didn't allow her to move. He held her still for his invasion. From the moans Jocelyn made, he knew she wouldn't complain later about the way he took her now.

The sound of his groans filled the room as Finn quickened his pace. Wanting Jocelyn to come before he did, he reached around her body until he found her clit. As he rammed into her, he stroked it. Her pussy clenched around his cock. Then Jocelyn moaned as her core flexed around his shaft while she climaxed. Finn slammed into her harder, faster, until he started to climax as well. He rammed into her one final time and threw back his head on what sounded pretty damn close to a wolf's howl while he spilled deep inside her.

Finn leaned forward and kissed the back of Jocelyn's neck as he wrapped his arms around her waist. She was now his. He only hoped his taking her as his mate hadn't signed her death warrant.

## Chapter Five

Jocelyn watched Finn sleep. They'd moved upstairs to her bedroom now that the desperate need to have each other had eased a bit. It wouldn't totally go away. All it would take to set it off again would be for them to be apart, especially if it happened to be a long length of time. As mates, they would crave the touch of each other, and when they were apart, the need would have their minds playing tricks on them. They would miss each other as if they had been separated for weeks rather than hours. It would only intensify as time went on, and could become quite unpleasant. Not that Jocelyn had first hand experience since she'd never had a mate before Finn.

Using the tip of her finger, Jocelyn ran it across the stubble on Finn's cheek. His eyes fluttered open. He captured her finger and kissed the tip of it. "If you want to make love again, you're going to have to give me a little more time to get my strength back. Unlike the males of your kind I can't keep an erection for hours at a time after I've had an orgasm."

She chuckled. "You know about that ability they have, huh?"

Finn snorted. "Not like I asked or anything. Let's just say Billie can be very frank when the moment takes her."

"I got the impression when I met her Billie speaks her mind."

"So I was right. Billie helped you find me."

"Among other things, yes."

Finn's drew together. "What does that mean?"

"She and Roxie explained what happened to you three months ago. About what happened when Gren took you and Royce captive."

When Finn tried to sit up in bed, Jocelyn pushed him back down. It had its advantages being stronger than him. "Relax, Finn. They both felt it would help me to understand where you were coming from. I can understand why you don't like my kind very much. I'd probably feel the same way."

"Did Roxie explain about the spell as well?"

"Yes. That Gren's attempt to use it on you failed, and that Royce's blood ended up having an effect on you."

"Did Billie also tell you that she wants Roxie to try the spell on me again?" When Jocelyn didn't say anything, Finn cursed under his breath. "I won't, Jocelyn. I can't. Not for you, not for Billie."

Jocelyn sighed. "I would never force you to do it, Finn. Even though it will kill me to have to watch you grow old and then leave me, I wouldn't make you do anything you didn't want to do."

Finn placed her hand on his chest over his heart. "How old are you, Jocelyn?"

"Are you *sure* you really want to know?"

"Yes."

"I'm five hundred years old."

"Which means you could live for another two and a half thousand years," Finn said in a flat voice.

"Yes." Jocelyn didn't know how she would be able to live if Finn chose to stay a



mortal and she would have to watch him die while she had many years ahead of her. But it would be his decision to make. He already had a hard enough time dealing with the whole idea that werewolves did exist, and that they weren't a thing of legends only.

"How old are you?"

"I'm thirty-three. Makes me a baby compared to you."

Jocelyn smiled and snuggled closer to Finn. "I don't know about that. I can say from first-hand experience that you can in no way be described as a baby. You're most definitely a man in every way."

Finn gave her a half smile. "Give me a couple of hours and I'll show you again how much of a man I am. Right now I feel as if I could sleep for a year. I haven't been able to sleep the last few nights. Thanks to you, I might add."

"I'll make it up to you. Right now, I suggest you go to sleep, my mate. I'm starting to get hungry for you again." Jocelyn softly growled in his ear.

"And you think I'll be able to sleep now after you told me that?" Finn rolled her onto her back and came down on top of her. "It would seem I have enough energy for one more time before I sleep."

Jocelyn lifted her hips to meet Finn as he slowly entered her. As he made love to her, she held him tight. If she would only get a mortal's lifetime with him, she would make every minute of it count. She would need the memories to last her the long, lonely years she would have after he left her.

\* \* \* \*

The next morning, Jocelyn made a big breakfast for Finn and herself. She made an omelet for each of them, home fried potatoes and bacon. It pleased her to see how much food Finn could eat. Males of her kind usually ate a lot of food, which they needed given how tall and muscular they were. Finn would have no problems keeping up with any of them.

Jocelyn smiled as Finn cleaned his plate and looked over at the stove. "Would you like some more? There's more home fries and bacon. If you want, I can make you another omelet."

Finn shook his head as he swallowed a mouthful of food. "Home fries and bacon are fine."

She took his plate and went over to the stove to get the food. After she put the plate back in front of him and sat down, she said, "I'm glad to see you're enjoying the food."

"You're a good cook, Jocelyn."

"Thanks. I enjoy cooking. I learned how to cook from the chefs my uncle has hired over the years."

"Your uncle didn't mind you going over to his house to bug his hired chef?"

"Actually, my uncle raised me after my parents died."

"I guess I put my foot in my mouth with that comment. I'm sorry to hear you lost your parents."

Jocelyn waved Finn's apology away with a flick of her hand. "It's okay. I was young when I lost my parents, so it isn't as if I just lost them. I've had years to accept that they are gone." Even though she'd gotten over the pain of losing her parents, she didn't like to remember how they had died. "What about you, Finn? Are both your parents alive?"

"Yes. My Dad runs the gym. I think he still works out more than I do."

“And your Mom? Does she work at the gym too?”

Finn’s face went blank. “No, she doesn’t. She hasn’t lived with us since Billie was a baby.”

“Did you see her much after your parents divorced?”

“They aren’t divorced.” Finn locked his gaze with hers. “My Mom lives in a special needs home for people who have mental conditions. She tried to kill Billie when she was a small baby because of the visions she had.”

Jocelyn had the feeling Finn watched her to judge how she would react to what he’d told her about his mother. By how guarded his expression had become, she got the distinct impression what she said next would have an effect on Finn. “What did she see?”

“She saw Billie would turn into a wolf and kill. My mother had visions before, but this one drove her over the edge.”

Jocelyn sucked in a breath, but she thought it best not to comment on what Finn’s mother had seen in her vision. “Did she pass on her ability to have visions to any of you?”

Finn stiffened then looked down at his plate. “No. She didn’t pass on her ability to have visions to any of her children.”

“So none of you inherited any kind of ability from her?” Jocelyn couldn’t shake the feeling Finn had just lied to her. Why else would he seem so touchy about the subject?

“If you count Billie’s ability to find anyone she comes in contact with, anywhere, anytime, then I would say yes.”

“I’m sure she finds that a handy ability.”

“Too much if you ask me.” Finn looked over at the clock on the wall. “I have a training session scheduled in an hour. I should swing home first before I go to the gym.”

Jocelyn knew Finn was trying to put some distance between them again. She guessed she must have touched on a sore spot when she brought up the subject of his mother. “I’ll come to the gym later to be with you.”

“That’s not necessary.” Finn stood up and came around the table to give her a quick kiss. “I have training sessions booked for most of the day. I won’t have much time to spend with you. I’ll come back when I’m finished and take you out to dinner.”

After Jocelyn heard the front door close behind Finn, she got up and started to clear up the breakfast dishes. She shook her head. If Finn thought he could stay away from her that long and not feel the separation, he would be in for a big surprise.

\* \* \* \*

Since he really didn’t have that much time before he had his first client of the day, Finn decided to drive straight to the gym instead of returning to his apartment to change. At the gym he had a spare set of clean clothes in his locker. He would shower there and change.

When he arrived at the gym, Finn headed straight for the men’s change room. He put the clothes he wore in the bottom of his locker and then made his way over to the showers. While he washed his hair, he found his thoughts strayed to Jocelyn. He’d only left her place fifteen minutes ago, but he already missed her a little. Even though he knew it was part of being mated to a werewolf, he told himself to get a grip. He could stand not having Jocelyn with him. They both worked at different times. He didn’t expect her to come to the gym with him every day when she had to work at night at Wulf’s Den, even

though he would go to the nightclub with her. He didn't like the idea of her around other men, especially other single male werewolves.

Finn rinsed his hair and opened his eyes to see Eli at the edge of the tiled shower area. His twin stood with his arms crossed as he watched him. "Are you getting your jollies watching me shower?"

Eli snorted. "Not really, no. I saw you duck in here pretty quick. I thought I'd come and see how your night went last night."

"Good enough." Finn grabbed his bar of soap and started to wash his body.

"When you didn't come home last night I figured you must have gone to be with Jocelyn. So do I have a new sister-in-law?"

Finn stood under the water and rinsed off. He turned off the shower and grabbed his towel. As he dried off, he said, "If you mean did I claim her as my mate, then I guess you do."

Eli shook his head and smiled. "Well, damn. Now I'm the only one not married. And here I thought the pair of us would never settle down."

"It isn't as if I planned on this, Eli." Finn jerked the towel around his hips and brushed past his twin as he went to his locker. Eli followed him.

"No, I guess you didn't. I don't have a client for the next couple of hours. Do you want me to keep Jocelyn entertained while you work with yours?"

Finn barely managed to keep the growl he felt build in his chest from coming out. "That won't be necessary. I told Jocelyn I'd see her later."

With incredulity in his voice, Eli asked, "So she isn't coming to the gym?"

"That's right." Finn pulled his shirt over his head before he gave his twin a curious stare. "Why do you find that hard to believe?"

"You've heard Billie talk about what it's like to be mated to a werewolf. You know it drives her and Royce crazy to be apart from one another. Why do you think Royce is here whenever Billie is? I think you're asking for problems, brother of mine."

Finn slammed his locker door shut and put on his lock. "I'll be fine," he snapped. "It's not as if I won't see her later."

Eli snickered. "Keep telling yourself that. I think you already have started to feel the separation if you ask me. What has it been, a half hour since you left Jocelyn? And already you're in a mood."

"I didn't ask you. I can handle it."

"Maybe you can, but what about Jocelyn? Remember this goes *both* ways. She'll be just as affected as you. At least think about what Jocelyn will be going through before you test your limits too far."

"Your concern has been duly noted. Now if you'll excuse me, I have a client to get ready for." Finn started to head out of the change room.

Eli called out to him before he got to the door. "Just to let you know, most of my day is pretty empty. If you end up having to leave early, I can take on the rest of your clients for today."

With a shake of his head, Finn walked out of the change room. He wasn't that pathetic. He could handle the separation just fine.

\* \* \* \*

Jocelyn tried to keep herself busy while Finn worked at the gym. She decided she

would bake something sweet for her mate. At first, she decided she would only make brownies, but they didn't take too long to mix together and put in the oven to bake. Already she found her thoughts drawn to Finn. She had to remind herself more than once that nothing bad had happened to him and that he would be coming back to her. When the urge to call him on his cell phone took her, Jocelyn knew she would be in trouble if she didn't find something else to distract her wayward thoughts. That's when she made the decision to continue to bake.

While the brownies were in the oven, Jocelyn started to make pastry for an apple pie. Once she had that assembled and in the oven with the brownies, she moved on to making cookies. By this time her kitchen had filled with the delicious scent of baked goods, and she had managed to make it through two hours without Finn. Her thoughts constantly wandered as the need to go and be with him ate at her, but she did her best to stay focused as much as she could.

With the cookies on a rack to cool, Jocelyn seriously considered baking a cake from scratch. But then she took a look at all the dessert things she'd already made and thought better of it. She really didn't know if Finn even liked to eat sweets, and she'd already made more than one man would want to eat. She would help him eat it, but still, there was more than enough for two people. The four dozen cookies she'd made put things over the top.

Now that she didn't have anything else to distract herself with, Jocelyn felt as if she could climb the walls. Her need to be with Finn rose to an almost unbearable level. She paced the length of the kitchen, ready to curse Finn for making her go through this. It was all his fault. He had to have known this would happen to the both of them when he left. His sister had taken a werewolf for a mate. Jocelyn felt sure Billie would have told her family what the separation would do to her and Royce.

The telephone started to ring. Jocelyn rushed over to it and looked at the call display. She frowned when she saw it wasn't Finn who called. From the number, she knew her uncle would be on the other end of the phone if she answered it. Not exactly in the mood to make chit chat, Jocelyn let her answering machine take the call. Her uncle called at least four times a week just to check up on her, or at least that is what he told her. Jocelyn had a feeling he did it for other reasons besides that. Her uncle hadn't been at all thrilled when she'd gotten the job at Wulf's Den and then announced she would be moving out of his house. Her Uncle Grant, at nine hundred years old, still held onto the antiquated belief that women needed to live with a male member of their family until they married, or in their kind's case, found her mate. He'd also pushed her in the face of every eligible single male werewolf that he thought came from a good bloodline. At one time her uncle had aspirations of her being mated to Beowulf, since he was the leader of their pack. Luckily for Jocelyn, Roxie's arrival in Beowulf's life had put an end to that. Jocelyn had started to feel smothered in her uncle's house, which prompted her to get a job and a house of her own.

After the phone stopped ringing, Jocelyn looked at the clock. She would give Finn a half hour more. If he didn't have his ass back at her place by then, she would go to him. She hoped he suffered as much as she did.

## Chapter Six

He was a pathetic mess. Finn glanced at the clock that hung on the wall in the main gym. He only had five more minutes to go with the client he now worked with. He could make it. Five minutes passed quickly, at least it did when he didn't feel as if he'd lost his mind.

Two hours had gone by since he'd arrived at the gym. Finn found his ability to concentrate had reached an all time low. One thought filled his mind—getting back to Jocelyn and having sex. Sex with her in her bed, on the kitchen table, the big leather couch in the living room, even up against a wall. He could barely manage to keep the perpetual hard-on he sported hidden. The clipboard he carried around while training clients helped to keep his condition out of sight. He spent more time with it held in front of his crotch than he did writing anything down on it.

When he finished up with his client, Finn had to admit defeat. He couldn't stay at the gym any longer. He had to get back to Jocelyn. Finn had thought he could control the need to be with her, but he'd only fooled himself. Now he knew why Royce would make the choice to hang around the gym while Billie worked when he didn't have to. The longing and the other emotions that raged inside him showed him how connected he'd become to Jocelyn. Only one night with her and he couldn't function without her nearby.

After Finn booked the client's next appointment, he went in search of Eli. He knew his twin would tell him so, but right now he didn't much care. Eli sat on the edge of Billie's desk as he spoke to Billie and Royce. His twin took one look at his face and stood up. "I guess my day got busier. When is your next client expected?"

"In fifteen minutes." Finn saw Billie and Royce watched him closely as he spoke to Eli.

"Okay. I'll go now and look over what workout routine you have been using."

After Eli left, Finn would have left as well, but Billie stopped him. "Finn, wait. You look rather ... uncomfortable."

He clenched his fists at his sides at the unwanted delay. "Just say what you have on your mind, Billie, so I can get the hell out of here."

Billie smiled. "Congratulations on your mating, Finn. It's about damn time. You know you'll have to bring Jocelyn around to meet the rest of the family. Dad in particular will want to meet his new daughter-in-law."

"I plan to do that soon."

"Good. Now you can go. Finn, just make sure you both make it inside the house before you start banging your mate."

Royce shook his head. "You do have a way with words, Billie. Take pity on your poor brother and let him leave to be with his mate."

Billie stepped closer to Royce and drew lazy circles on his chest while she gave him a heated look. "I only thought to give him fair warning. I know more than once we've almost never made it past the front door before the urge to bang me overtook you."

Any other time Finn would have been disgusted to hear anything about his baby sister's sex life, but right now it just reminded him of how badly he needed to have Jocelyn under him. "I'm out of here. Tell Dad where I went." He didn't wait around to

hear Billie's response.

\* \* \* \*

At the sound of a car pulling into her driveway, Jocelyn rushed over to the front door and looked out the small side window. Her heart started to beat faster when she saw Finn get out of his Mustang and slam the door shut. She pulled the door open for him as soon as his feet hit her front porch.

With stark lust blazing in his grey-blue eyes, Finn swept her up in his arms and kicked the front door closed. Jocelyn knew they wouldn't make it to her bedroom again when he took her lips in a hard kiss.

Once he kissed her sufficiently enough to make her legs go weak, Finn lifted his head and sniffed the air. "Something smells really good. It smells almost as good as the scent of your arousal."

It took Jocelyn a couple of seconds to get her brain to function enough to respond back after that comment. "I did some baking when you were gone. I think I may have overdone it, though."

Finn kept his arms around her and walked her backwards toward the kitchen as he nibbled on the side of her neck. "Let's see what you baked."

Inside the kitchen, Finn moved away from her neck and took in all the baked goods she had placed on one end of the kitchen table. He then gazed down at her. "I think I know why you did all this. I'm sorry, Jocelyn. I really didn't think it would get this bad. But I'll make it up to you."

She shuddered as he bent his head and dragged his tongue down the side of her neck. "You better. And you better not be that stubborn again. We could have avoided this if you just let me go to the gym with you."

He shoved his hands up her shirt and cupped her breasts while he nibbled at the corner of her mouth. "I learned my lesson."

Jocelyn opened her mouth to allow Finn entrance when he took her lips in a full kiss. Their tongues twined together as he pinched her taut nipples through her bra. Her body went into overdrive. The need to have Finn deep inside her body made her moan against his mouth. Her pussy started to ache in reaction to having his fully engorged cock nestled against her stomach. She would never get enough of Finn.

Letting go of her breasts, Finn pushed her shirt up. He dipped his tongue between her breasts before he pulled her shirt over her head. The bra came off seconds later. As he trailed kisses across her collar bones, he worked her jeans down her legs and off. Finn picked her up and sat her on the edge of the table on the opposite end of the baked goods. He came to stand between her spread legs. His tongue swirled around one of her nipples before he sucked it deep into his mouth. Jocelyn leaned back on her hands as he suckled at her breast.

Finn lavished the same attention to her other breast before he made his way lower down on her body. His wicked tongue tasted every inch of her skin as he continued his downward travel. When he reached the top of her panties, Jocelyn thought he would remove them. She prayed he would remove them. Instead, Finn sank to his knees on the floor, and with a hand on each of her thighs, he spread her legs further apart. He put his head between her legs and dragged his tongue along her pussy through the lace of her panties. Jocelyn moaned as he continued to lap at her, teasing her. The thin barrier of her

panties was enough to keep her from really feeling him tonguing her. Finn didn't stop until her panties were soaked from her juices and from the wetness of his tongue.

When he pulled away and once again stood between her legs, Jocelyn groaned. Finn leaned over her and reached for the pan of brownies she'd made. He placed the pan next to her. "I bet these will taste even better if I eat them off your delectable body."

Before Jocelyn could say anything, Finn grabbed a handful of the brownie and rubbed it across her chest. She gasped as his tongue came out and licked the sweet confection off her skin. Once he ate it all, he scooped up another handful, smeared it between her breasts and down her stomach. He meticulously licked her clean until once again he'd reached the top of her panties. With his clean hand, he hooked the waistband of her panties with a finger and dragged them down her legs.

Finn looked at her pussy and then at his brownie-covered hand. He brought his hand up to his mouth and started to lick it clean. Jocelyn couldn't believe how hot it made her to watch him use his tongue to lick each finger, then the palm of his hand. By the time he finished she panted with need.

She locked gazes with him as he slowly sank to his knees once again. He gave his hand one last lick. "You taste sweet enough on your own."

Jocelyn moaned as Finn licked her pussy from bottom to top. His tongue swirled around her clit before he flicked it with the tip of his tongue. Her hips rocked against his mouth as he sucked on her clit before he spread her nether lips and jabbed his stiffened tongue into her core. When Finn replaced his tongue with two of his fingers, Jocelyn matched his strokes as he moved them in and out of her slick opening. She whimpered and gasped as she rode his fingers. He latched onto her clit and sucked it, pushing her ever closer to her release.

Then she was there. Her head fell back as she moaned loudly. Wave after wave of pleasure surged through her. After the last spasm eased, Jocelyn lifted her head and watched Finn get up on his feet. His hand quickly worked the button and zipper on his jeans. He pushed them down just past his ass. Jocelyn felt her core clench at the sight of his thick, hard cock standing out from his body. A bead of pre-cum sat on the very tip.

Finn lifted one of her hands and led it to his cock. He wrapped her fingers around it. "Put me where you want me, Jocelyn."

She pumped her hand up and down his shaft a couple of times before she moved closer to the edge of the table. In this position, she put her legs around Finn's waist then slowly led his cock to her pussy. Without letting go of his shaft, she brushed the head of it against her core then rubbed it against her clit. Finn grabbed her bottom and dug his fingers into the soft globes of flesh while she continued to stimulate herself with his cock. When they both couldn't take any more, Jocelyn brought the head of his shaft to her slick opening and pushed down on it. With a jerk of his hips, he pushed himself home.

The pace Finn set was hard and fast. Jocelyn held onto his shoulders as he surged into her. She squeezed down on his shaft as he impaled her over and over again. Taking hold of the collar of his t-shirt, she pulled it away from his neck. Her tongue came out and licked the bite mark she'd made earlier. Finn shuddered as she dragged her teeth over it. She couldn't ignore the instinct to mark him as her own. With a low growl, she bit him on the same spot where his shoulder and neck met. She felt his cock harden even more inside her.

Finn growled/groaned. His hips pumped faster as she held onto him with her teeth.

The sounds he made as he rammed into her made another climax inch closer. Releasing his neck, she arched her back. Finn bent his head and sucked a nipple into his mouth while he rode her harder. That was enough to send her flying over the edge. Her strong inner walls gripped his cock as her orgasm tore through her. As her body milked his shaft, he slammed into her once, twice before he groaned loudly. Jocelyn felt the hot spurts of his cum fill her as he came.

Panting, Jocelyn rested her forehead on Finn's shoulder. When she could breathe at a normal pace once again, she lifted her head and lightly brushed her lips against his. "I don't think I'm going to be able to bake brownies without thinking about what you did with them."

Finn chuckled. "I was right though. They tasted a lot better licked off your skin."

Jocelyn groaned. "You're killing me here."

"But in a good way." Finn reached up and touched the bite mark she left on his neck. "You bit me again."

She pulled his hand away and dragged her tongue across it. Finn shuddered against her. "That means you're mine. If another single female werewolf sees that mark, she'll know you're off limits. It's also a turn-on for a male werewolf to be bitten."

"Well, it would seem it's one of mine too. You can sink your teeth into me anytime you want." His softening cock jerked inside her. "Actually it makes me horny just thinking about it."

"I'll have to bite you more often then."

"And since it is a mark to keep other female werewolves away from me, I guess I'd better wear a shirt that will show it off when I go to Wulf's Den with you tonight. The only werewolf I want lusting after me is you."

Jocelyn wrapped her arms around the back of Finn's neck. "So you are going to come to work with me tonight?"

"I told you before that I learned my lesson. I'm not going through that again tonight. I'm going with you to Wulf's Den tonight, and every night you have to work." Finn picked her up in arms. Jocelyn kept her legs around his waist and locked her ankles at his back. Before he carried her out of the kitchen he picked up the pan of the remaining brownies. "I think there will be enough time."

She gave him a questioning look. "Enough time for what?"

He headed for the stairs. "I think there'll be enough time to enjoy more of your brownies before you have to get ready for work."

Jocelyn groaned. "I think you're right. Besides, I haven't had a chance to taste them yet either. I wonder if they'll taste just as good licked off your body as well." She held tighter onto Finn as he started to take the stairs two at a time.

\* \* \* \*

Much later, after they had consumed half a pan of brownies off each other's bodies, Jocelyn suggested they take a shower together. Of course that ended up in another bout of lovemaking. After that, she got dressed in a black skirt, one of her longer ones that Finn picked out for her to wear, and a dark pink silk blouse, which didn't have a very low neckline. Then they left to go to Finn's apartment so he could get dressed for the night.

Eli had already made it back to the apartment before they arrived. He'd been sitting on the couch in the living room while he watched television, but when they walked



through the apartment door he got up to greet them. He gave Jocelyn a hug and kissed her cheek. "Welcome to the York family, Jocelyn. Though I have to say you've left me in an awkward position."

"How so?"

"Now that you have become Finn's mate, I'm now the only York sibling who is single. I have a feeling Billie will do her best to match me up."

Finn pulled Jocelyn closer to his side. "It's not as bad as we thought it would be. I like the idea of being a one-woman man now."

Eli made an over exaggerated cringe. "Still not for me." He quickly changed the subject. "So when can I expect you to move out, Finn?"

Jocelyn tried to glance casually over at Finn to see what his reaction had been to his twin's question. His brows drew together as if he didn't understand what he had been asked. Then slowly, he looked at her before he answered.

"I'm not sure. I haven't thought that far ahead," Finn mumbled.

"Oops. I thought now that you two were mated that you would..." Eli let his words fall away when Finn scowled at him.

She quickly jumped into the conversation. "That's okay, Eli. Things have happened so fast we haven't had a chance to discuss our living arrangements yet." Jocelyn made a show of looking at the clock. "I suggest you hurry up and change, Finn. I have to be at the nightclub before it opens."

Finn nodded then left to go to his bedroom. Eli gave her a sheepish look. "I'm sorry, Jocelyn. I didn't think that one out."

"It's all right, really."

Eli placed a hand on her chin and made her look at him when she looked in the direction Finn had gone. "If it's any consequence, it doesn't have anything to do with you being Finn's mate that has him acting a bit reluctant. It's a twin thing. We've never lived apart, ever. Back at my Dad's place we always shared a room, and when we decided to move out, we got this apartment together. The only reason why it isn't bothering me as much as him is I thought about his having to move out first. I've had a little time to come to grips with it. Not that it won't seem strange not to have him around all the time."

Jocelyn smiled and kissed Eli's cheek. "I'm not stealing Finn from you. You're welcome to come to my house any time you like. Plus you'll still see him every day at the gym."

"That's true." Right then Finn came out of his bedroom dressed in charcoal dress slacks and a black dress shirt. He headed over to them. He then said to Finn, "You two have a good night. I guess I'll see you tomorrow morning at the gym."

Finn clapped Eli on the shoulder. "You could always come to Wulf's Den with us."

"No. Maybe some other time."

Jocelyn took the hand Finn offered her as they left the apartment. She made a mental note to herself. Billie wouldn't be the only one trying to match Eli up. Maybe the two of them together could find a nice female werewolf for him to take as his mate.

## Chapter Seven

When Jocelyn and Finn arrived at Wulf's Den, Roxie greeted Jocelyn with a hug. Finn reluctantly let her kiss his cheek. "I hear congratulations are in order. I couldn't be happier for the both of you."

"Thanks," Jocelyn said for the both of them.

Roxie moved to stand between Jocelyn and Finn and looped an arm through each of theirs. She then started to walk toward the bar where Beowulf waited. "To celebrate, a good bottle of champagne is in order." She then said in a mock whisper, "I finagled Beowulf into opening one of his expensive bottles."

As they reached the bar, Beowulf who stood behind it, started to fill the four champagne glasses he had set out in front of him. "I heard that, Rox. And just so the two of you know, she didn't finagle so much as order me to open it."

"Because you knew if you didn't I wouldn't be happy. And if I'm not happy I'm capable of doing something to you that you don't like." Roxie barked like a dog twice.

Beowulf handed the now full glasses to each of them. "Now, Roxie, you know if you used that ability of yours to keep me locked in my werewolf form you'd have a very lonely night. If you know what I mean."

Roxie made no further comment and held up her glass and said, "To Jocelyn and Finn."

They all clinked glasses together in a toast then downed their champagne, except for Finn who sipped at his. Being werewolves, Roxie, Beowulf and her could drink three times the amount of alcohol Finn could without feeling its effect. At least this night Jocelyn wouldn't have to drag Finn out of Wulf's Den drunk.

A short time later the doors opened for the night. Jocelyn suggested Finn sit at the bar while she waited tables, but he declined. Instead, he went and sat at one of the tables at the very back of the room. Even though he seemed more comfortable around her, and hadn't acted too distant to Roxie and Beowulf, Jocelyn had a feeling Finn still didn't much like being around others of her kind. She didn't argue with him when he went to sit down at the table with a beer in his hand.

In between waiting on tables, she spent as much time as she could with Finn. They talked about inconsequential things mostly. To help him adjust to the fact that he would now be considered part of her pack since he was her mate, Jocelyn pointed out others of her pack to him. When a pack member came by, she introduced them to Finn. She knew it made him uncomfortable, but it didn't stop her from doing it.

Halfway through the night, Jocelyn heard an all too familiar voice say her name as she chatted with Finn. She plastered a smile on her face before she turned around to face her Uncle Grant. Her eyes flicked briefly over to her cousin, Ben, who stood next to his father.

"What a nice surprise, Uncle Grant, to come and see me at work," Jocelyn watched her uncle's gaze look over her shoulder at Finn. "And I see you brought Ben with you as well."

Grant dragged his gaze away from Finn and gave her a smile before he kissed both her cheeks. "When you didn't answer your phone when I called earlier today, and then

didn't return my message, I thought I'd come by to see if everything was all right. Ben decided he wanted to tag along."

"As you can see I'm fine. I saw you had called, but I got a little sidetracked and forgot to call you back before I came into work."

"What could have been that important that you didn't call me back? As the head of our family it's my responsibility to watch over you. I can't do that very well if you don't return my phone calls."

Jocelyn bit the inside of her cheek to stop herself from telling her uncle that she was perfectly capable of looking after herself. She hated when he talked to her like this. It felt so demeaning to her. Once she figured she had herself back under control, she opened her mouth to respond, but didn't get the chance. Finn stood up from the table and came around to stand at her side. He put his arm around her shoulders and pulled her against his side. Grant's eyes narrowed at the proprietary way Finn held onto her.

Finn stuck out his hand to shake her uncle's. "You can put the blame for Jocelyn not calling you back on me."

Her uncle reluctantly shook Finn's hand. "And you would be?" Grant's upper lip lifted infinitesimally in a sneer as he looked down his aquiline nose at Finn.

"Finn York."

"I see." Grant leveled his gaze on Jocelyn. "You didn't tell me you met ... somebody new, my dear."

Jocelyn took a deep breath in. She hadn't planned on telling her uncle about Finn in quite this way, but no time like the present. "Finn is more than just an acquaintance, Uncle Grant. Finn is my mate."

Her uncle's face grew hard. "When did this happen?"

"Last night."

"So you allowed this mortal to claim you as his mate without my permission?"

Her uncle said the word mortal as someone would a dirty word. Jocelyn didn't like that one bit. "I'm an adult now, Uncle Grant. I don't need your permission to take a mate. It isn't as if we had much control over the matter. What's done is done. Why don't you sit down and have a drink while you and Ben are here? I'll be happy to get you whatever you want, on me."

Grant sent an icy glare in Finn's direction before he leveled a stern gaze onto her. "We'll take the drink, but we'll go sit at another table."

Jocelyn felt like giving her uncle a smack as he turned his back on them and sat at a table a good distance away from the one Finn had chosen. Her cousin gave her a look of disgust before he joined his father. Both of them needed a good smack, preferable to the backs of their heads.

She turned to look at Finn. "I'm sorry about that. I had no idea my uncle and cousin would show up here. And I didn't expect that kind of reaction from them when they learned you were my mate."

"Don't worry about it, Jocelyn. Let's just say the feeling is mutual. I hope you don't expect me to play buddy buddy with them, because it isn't going to happen."

"No, I don't. I have a hard time dealing with them myself. My uncle in particular has outdated ideas. He thinks females are weak and must be told what to do." She gave Finn a quick kiss on the lips, done mostly for her uncle and cousin's benefit. "I'll go get them their drinks then I'll be back."

Finn pulled her to him before she could walk away and kissed her thoroughly. "If you're going to yank their chains, Jocelyn, at least do it right."

Jocelyn shook her head and laughed. "You're worse than I am."

She then headed for the bar. On the way, she glanced over at her uncle's table. His eyes practically shot daggers in Finn's direction. Finn had definitely succeeded in yanking Grant's chain.

\* \* \* \*

Grant watched his niece and the mortal she had allowed to claim her as his mate. The thought of a mortal being part of his family repulsed him. Mortals were beneath werewolves. That Jocelyn would lower herself to actually bind herself to one made him more than a bit angry. God forbid if they produced a child. The pure bloodlines of his family didn't need the taint of a mortal added to it.

His son growled quietly enough not to be overheard. "Look at them, Father. They can't keep their hands off each other. It's disgusting. How could have Jocelyn done that?"

"I've asked myself that very question, Ben. Obviously I have been too lax in my vigilance over her. I should never have allowed her to take this job, or move to her own place. If she were still living under my roof this never would have happened."

Grant waved away the waitress who came to their table to see if they wanted another drink. He didn't miss the appreciative look she sent his way before she walked away. At nine hundred years old, he was in his prime. His dark hair, dark eyes and good looks garnered him a lot of attention from women, werewolf and mortal alike. Not that he'd ever dirty himself by taking a mortal to bed. When he and his son, who took after him in looks, went out together women took notice of them both.

Ben took a sip of his wine. "Then what are you going to do about it?"

"I think a talk with Jocelyn is in order, one that won't include the mortal and will take place at our home. It's time Jocelyn learned her place."

\* \* \* \*

Finn let himself relax when Jocelyn's uncle and cousin finally got up and left Wulf's Den. The pair of them had done nothing but shoot disgusted glances his way. Now Finn knew what it must have felt like for the other werewolves at the nightclub when he used to look at them with the same expression. Being on the receiving end had been a bit of an eye opener for him. He just hoped he hadn't come across as high and mighty as Jocelyn's uncle and cousin had.

He watched Jocelyn serve one of her tables their drinks. She laughed at something one of the women said. With the music blaring out of the nightclub's sound system he couldn't hear what they said, and he didn't much care. He only cared about Jocelyn. Even the werewolves that sat around him didn't bother him as much as it had before he'd taken Jocelyn as his mate. And the memory of what had taken place three months before didn't seem to bother him to the extreme as it had in the past. He now understood why Billie had done what she'd done. If he had been in her place and Gren had had Jocelyn as his captive, Finn probably would have put the werewolf down to make sure he never touched her again too.

The thought of having Jocelyn taken from him almost made him feel physically ill.

Bound together as they were, he couldn't imagine being able to go on if anything happened to her. With those thoughts, what he had seen in his vision that had showed Jocelyn dead came to the forefront of his mind. He hadn't seen what had caused her death, just that he had somehow been responsible for it. At that moment, Jocelyn looked over at him. Her brows drew together as she looked at him with an expression of worry. Obviously she'd seen the anxiety on his face that he felt every time he thought of that vision. He pushed those thoughts away and gave her a smile. She walked away from the table and headed over to where he sat.

"Is everything okay, Finn? I see my uncle and cousin left. Did they say anything to you before they left?"

He wrapped his arm around her waist and pulled her so she stood next to his chair. Finn looked up at her and shook his head. "Everything is fine. And no, they didn't say anything to me." He flashed a sexy grin. "How about you go talk to Beowulf and see if he'll let you off a bit early? All I can think about it getting you back to your place and into bed."

Jocelyn smiled back at him. "I think that can be arranged since we're newly mated. I'll be right back."

Finn watched Jocelyn make her way over to the bar which Beowulf stood behind serving drinks. She leaned over the bar to speak to him. Beowulf looked around her and over at him. Finn nodded his head in acknowledgement. He saw Beowulf chuckle and nod his head yes. Jocelyn returned a short while later with her purse.

Since he'd had more than a couple of drinks, Finn let Jocelyn drive his Mustang back to her place. As soon as they got inside the house, Finn pulled her to him and his lips came down to devour her mouth. This time they managed to make it to her bedroom before their clothes came off.

\* \* \* \*

Jocelyn snuggled sleepily against Finn's side. By his even breaths, she knew he'd fallen asleep. It wasn't any wonder. Their lovemaking had been pretty intense. It had been as if Finn couldn't get enough of her. Not that she complained or anything. So what if she couldn't walk the next morning? It would be well worth it considering how she'd ended up in that condition in the first place.

She just started to drift off to sleep when Finn started to twitch in his sleep. When he called out her name in an agonized voice and started to thrash about, Jocelyn propped herself up on her elbow and shook his shoulder. "Finn, wake up." When he continued to dream, she shook him harder. "Wake up, Finn. It's only a bad dream."

He came awake with a start. His chest rapidly rose and fell as he looked up at her. Whatever he had dreamed about couldn't have been pleasant. His eyes were dilated and a thin film of sweat dampened his forehead. She gently brushed it away. "Okay now?"

His reaction made Jocelyn gasp in surprise. Finn pushed her back onto the bed as he rolled on top of her. The feel of his hardening cock as the head probed her still wet pussy made her gasp again for a different reason. She caressed his cheek as he slid the full length of his shaft inside her and lay still. His body shook as he looked down at her with fear in his eyes.

"Don't ever leave me, Jocelyn." Finn's voice shook with emotion. "You're so much a part of me now. I don't want to ever lose you. I love you."

Jocelyn cupped his stubble roughened cheek in her hand. "I'm not going anywhere, Finn. I love you too. We never would have been able to become mates if we hadn't fallen in love at first sight. It's the way it works."

With a low growl, Finn started to move inside her as he took her lips in a fierce kiss. He set his pace slow, pulling back until his cock almost left her body only to ram back into her. Jocelyn moaned against his mouth. The sound caused Finn to ram into her harder. Then, as if a dam broke, he threaded his fingers through her hair as his mouth became more demanding. Jocelyn lifted her hips off the mattress to meet each of his strokes. He rode her faster, harder, until she felt her pussy start to clutch at his hard shaft. A keening moan left her lips as her inner muscles contracted around his cock as she came. Finn lifted his upper body onto his hands. The muscles in his chest bunched as he pumped his hips faster. When he reached his peak, he threw back his head on a loud groan. His cock pulsed as he filled her with his cum.

Finn collapsed on top of her and wrapped his arms around her. Keeping their bodies joined, he rolled them to their sides. He positioned her leg over his hip then pulled the covers over them both. When he finished, he tucked her head under his chin and held her against his chest.

Jocelyn stroked Finn's back. He clung to her, almost as if he were afraid to let her go, that she would leave him if he relaxed his hold. Even after he drifted off to sleep, he still held her tightly to him. She continued to stroke his back until she too fell into a deep sleep.

## Chapter Eight

The next morning, Finn was subdued, lost in his thoughts. Not that he ignored Jocelyn. He may not have been too talkative, but he made sure he touched her in some way. And his eyes seemed to follow her wherever she went.

After she dished up breakfast and went to sit at the kitchen table next to Finn, Jocelyn asked, "So what are your plans for the day?"

Finn inched his chair closer to hers so their thighs touched before he answered her. "I have to go to the gym. I have a few training sessions to do today."

Jocelyn nodded. "Okay. How about I meet you at the gym then?"

"You don't want to leave when I do?"

"I have to make a quick trip to the grocery store. You're eating me out of house and home." Seeing Finn's look of concern, Jocelyn added, "It won't take me long. I promise I'll be at the gym to be with you before the separation gets to be too much."

"Why don't you wait to do the shopping until I'm finished work then we both can go together?"

"No. You can go to the gym on your own. I want to cook you a nice meal tonight, and I want it to be a surprise. So, no, you aren't coming with me."

"Don't you have to work at Wulf's Den tonight?"

Jocelyn smiled at Finn. "Nope. Beowulf told me I could have the night off to spend with you when I asked if I could leave early last night."

Finn seemed to perk up a bit at that. "That gives me something to look forward to then. Fine. Go do the shopping by yourself. Just don't take any longer than you have to. I don't want to go through Jocelyn withdrawal like I did yesterday."

"Hmm, I like that sound of that. Jocelyn withdrawal. I never thought to have a man addicted to me before."

He leaned toward her, buried his nose into the side of her neck and took a deep breath in. Jocelyn shuddered in response. "Babe, you're one addiction I don't ever want to break." Finn then sat up straight. "Hurry up and eat. The faster you do the shopping the faster you can meet me at the gym."

Jocelyn picked up the slice of toast on her plate and took a big bite. As she watched Finn eat his breakfast she thought of the fear that had lurked in his eyes after he'd had the bad dream. Did his not wanting to be away from her for very long have to do with their being mated, or did it stem more from whatever he had dreamed about? She didn't know, but if Finn wanted her close, she didn't have a problem with it.

\* \* \* \*

Once they had finished eating, Finn left for the gym. Jocelyn watched his Mustang pull out of the driveway before she went up stairs to her room to get her purse. On the way back down, she was surprised to hear the front door open. Thinking Finn had come back for some reason, she hurried down to the main floor. She stopped short on the bottom step when she saw her Uncle Grant standing in her front hall.

"Uncle Grant? What are you doing here?"

“I don’t think I need a reason to come visit my niece.”

“I was just headed out. I have to run to the grocery store.”

“That can wait. I have something that I need to discuss with you. I need you to come back with me to the house.”

“Can’t it wait?”

Grant shook his head as he moved to stand in front of her. “I’m afraid not.”

“At the very least, can’t you talk to me here about it instead of me having to go to the house with you?” Jocelyn felt a small skitter of unease run down her back when Grant took her by the upper arm and pulled her off the step.

“No, Jocelyn, I can’t.”

He tightened his grip on her arm as he started to pull her out of the house. Jocelyn tried to wrench her arm free, but her uncle refused to let go. Once they were outside, she dug in her heels. Grant easily dragged her behind him to his Mercedes-Benz sedan that sat parked in her driveway. When he yanked open the back door and shoved her into the arms of her cousin who sat there, Jocelyn started to feel real fear.

The Mercedes’ locks clicked into place after her uncle got into the driver’s side. Jocelyn elbowed Ben in the ribs as she tried to get out of his arms that he had wrapped around her. He only shook his head at her and tightened his hold.

In a panicked voice, Jocelyn asked, “Uncle Grant, why are you doing this? You can’t just abduct me out of my own home.”

Her uncle didn’t answer until he’d backed out of her driveway and started down her street. “Oh, but I can, Jocelyn. As the head of our family I can do whatever I deem necessary to safeguard you.”

“I’m not in any danger.”

“No, but it is obvious to me you are incapable of making the right decisions in your life.”

“What?” Jocelyn shouted. “I don’t understand.”

“Really? Then let me spell it out for you. You let a mortal claim you as a mate. It’s bad enough you let one touch you, but to allow one of them inside your body is more than I can tolerate.”

“You can’t tell me who I can take as my mate. Finn is my mate. The bond has been forged. Even you can’t break that.”

“Maybe not, but that doesn’t mean I’ll allow you to live with a mortal as your mate. Until you have come to your senses, I’ll keep you away from him.”

Knowing there wasn’t anything she could do while trapped in her uncle’s car, Jocelyn turned her head and looked out the window. She had no idea her uncle’s hatred of mortals ran so deep. She’d known he thought they were beneath werewolves, but she had never guessed he would do something this extreme because of his hatred toward them. She couldn’t understand why he disliked mortals so much. In the case of Finn not liking werewolves, he’d had a legitimate reason. Not so with her uncle. As far as she knew he went out of his way to make sure he didn’t have to deal with mortals.

When the privacy gates out in the front of her uncle’s house loomed ahead, Jocelyn thought maybe she would have a chance to get away once they took her out of the car. But Ben soon disabused her of that notion. He whispered in her ear, “Try to run from me, Jocelyn, and I’ll make you wish you didn’t. There is more than one way to put a woman in her place.”



Her uncle parked the car inside the large three car garage. Once the garage door closed behind them, he got out and opened the back driver's side door. He reached in and took hold of her arm. Ben shifted his grip so he could hold her by her other arm. They managed to get her out of the car, then with her between them, her uncle and cousin walked her into the house.

Jocelyn had thought her uncle intended to lock her up in her old bedroom upstairs, but she soon realized he had something else in mind when the two men forced her down the basement steps. The basement was as lavishly decorated as the rest of the house. Her uncle wanted nothing but the best around him. Jocelyn looked around the large open space. The only door that had a lock on it down here was the bathroom, and even then the door locked on the inside. Where did her uncle intend to put her?

She soon found out the answer when he led her to the wall at the back of the room. He pressed a spot on the wainscoting and a section of the wall swung open to reveal a small room. Jocelyn had lived in her uncle's home for years and had no idea this even existed. Grant flipped on the light switch inside the room. Jocelyn took in the only items the room held—a single bed and the television that sat on a small table across from it. They threw her onto the bed.

With his arms crossed over his chest, her uncle glared down at her. "This will be your new home until you decide to give up the mortal. And just so you don't waste your breath, the room is soundproofed."

Jocelyn tried not to really panic as she continued to look about her. "What is this room?"

Her uncle chuckled. There was no humor in the sound. "It's the room females are kept when they don't do as they have been told to. Your aunt forced me to build this room for her. Like you, she didn't accept my authority over her."

Jocelyn gasped in shock. "She was your mate. How could you do that to the woman you joined your soul with?"

Grant snorted. "I never joined my soul with hers. I chose her, but not because my body demanded I claim her. I chose her because of her bloodline." Her uncle snatched her purse off her arm before Jocelyn could stop him. "I'll take this." He reached inside it and pulled out her cell phone. "Not that you would get a signal in here. It's always better to be safe than sorry." He dropped it back into her purse and turned to walk out of the room with Ben in tow.

Beyond stunned, Jocelyn silently watched the wall close shut behind them. It now made sense why her aunt had killed herself twenty years before. Her aunt had come home from one of her supposed week long trips to the spa and then had taken a lethal dose of prescription pills. It didn't take much thought on Jocelyn's part to come to the conclusion that her aunt had been a prisoner in her own home for years. No wonder the poor woman had taken the one way out her uncle wouldn't have any control over.

Jocelyn pulled her legs up onto the bed and rested her chin on her knees. With no way to call for help, Finn wouldn't know what happened to her. He would go crazy with worry. Already feeling the separation, Jocelyn sat on the bed to wait to see what her uncle would do to her next.

\* \* \* \*

Where the hell was Jocelyn? It had been over an hour since he left her back at her

place. Finn thought for sure by now she would have made it to the gym. How many groceries did she have to buy?

Every five minutes his eyes drifted over to the clock while he put his client through his workout routine. The separation from Jocelyn slowly started to get to him. He'd tried calling her on her cell phone, but she didn't pick up. That worried Finn just a little bit, and made him wonder if something could be wrong. It didn't mean anything really that Jocelyn didn't answer. It could be her cell phone lost its signal while she was in the store, or she just didn't hear it ring. But that last one he couldn't see happening. Werewolves could hear a pin drop almost a block away.

After he finished up with his client, Finn left the gym floor and went to his desk. He sat down behind it and once again dialed Jocelyn's cell phone number. It rang and rang. Just when he thought it would go to her voice mail again, someone picked it up. Finn's brows drew together when he didn't hear Jocelyn's voice say hello right away. "Jocelyn, are you there?"

Another couple of seconds went by before he heard a deep male voice answer him. "No, it isn't Jocelyn, Finn."

Finn stiffened. He knew that voice. It was Jocelyn's uncle. "Where's Jocelyn?"

"She's in a safe place where you won't be able to reach her."

A growl emerged from Finn's throat before he could hold it back. "What have you done with her?"

"Well, well, what do you know? The mortal can mimic one of his betters. Is that how you attracted my niece to you? Did you pretend to be a werewolf? How crass is that?"

"Where is Jocelyn?" Finn demanded.

Grant sighed deeply over the phone. "I see you aren't going to listen to reason, so I'll just come out with it. I've taken Jocelyn away from you, mortal. I won't allow my niece to mate and then breed with one of your kind. Mortals are weak and far below any werewolf. Even a male werewolf who goes lone wolf is better than a mortal. I intend to teach Jocelyn the mistake she has made when she took you as her mate. Once she accepts that, I'll find a proper mate for her."

Finn growled again before he shouted, "You have no right to keep us apart. Either you let her go or else."

Grant laughed at him. "Or else what?"

"I'll hunt you down and make you sorry you ever came between Jocelyn and me."

"Don't threaten me, mortal," Grant snapped. "Fine. We'll do this by werewolf law. I challenge you to an Alpha fight. We'll see who has the right to Jocelyn then. Meet me tonight at midnight at Muir Woods. Don't be late, mortal. I'm really going to enjoy showing Jocelyn just how weak your kind is."

Finn slammed down the phone when Grant hung up on him. He fought back the full throated growl that threatened to break free. He looked up to find his entire family—Billie and Royce, his twin, his other two brothers Keegan and Hayes, along with their father—standing in front of his desk, looking at him with concern.

"Is everything okay, Finn?" Billie asked him.

He shook his head. "It's Jocelyn." About to explain further, a vision slammed into him. He gasped as the images flashed inside his head. He put his hands on his head and groaned while his brain tried to process what he saw. This vision was almost the same as the first one he had of Jocelyn, but this new one gave more details. The images showed

exactly what would be the cause of Jocelyn's death. As the vision faded away, Finn knew exactly what he had to do to save her from death.

Able to once again function, Finn looked back up at his family. Their expressions ranged from shock to concern. He grimaced when Billie came around his desk and went to stand next to his chair. She turned him to face her, then leaned down and put her hands on each of the armrests. "What just happened to you, Finn?"

Before he could answer, his father spoke. "He had a vision. I watched your mother go through many of them. I recognize the signs when one hits."

Billie leaned closer to him. "Is this what you have been hiding from us? That you now have visions?"

Finn glanced over at Royce before he answered Billie. "Yes. Royce's blood did more than give me a great sense of smell and the ability to growl like a werewolf. It also gave me the ability to have visions." He took hold of Billie's arms and gently pushed her away so he could stand up. Finn turned to face Royce. "I want you to call Roxie and tell her get over here, now. And tell her to bring whatever she needs to do the spell."

"Are you sure, Finn?" Royce asked as he pulled his cell phone out of his pants' pocket.

"Yes. Jocelyn's uncle has just challenged me to an Alpha fight for her. In my vision I saw what would happen if I'm not a werewolf when I meet him at Muir Woods tonight. If I don't it, it will be the death of both Jocelyn and me. His uncle will kill me and Jocelyn will take her own life after I'm gone."

Royce gave him a curt nod even as he dialed his cell phone. "I'll tell Roxie to hurry."

After Royce moved off to make his call, Billie squeezed his hand. "Don't worry, Finn, you won't have to face this alone. It's not that bad being a werewolf. As for that fight you'll have to face, you'll have Beowulf, Roxie, Royce and I to back you up. We'll get Jocelyn back for you."

For the first time in three months, Finn pulled Billie into his arms and held her close.

\* \* \* \*

Roxie and Beowulf arrived at the gym a half hour later. Roxie carried a brown paper bag with her. They all piled into the upstairs aerobics room. Keegan, who entered the room last, locked the door securely behind him. With his brothers, father, Billie, Royce and Beowulf standing close by, Roxie got Finn to sit on the floor. She went down on her knees beside him, pulled two alcohol wipe packages and a brand new syringe out of the paper bag she'd brought with her. Knowing what had to be done with the needle, Finn turned his head so she could have better access to his neck.

Roxie tsked and turned his head back so he faced her. "It doesn't have to be done that way, Finn. Gren only chose the neck to make sure it hurt more. Your arm will do just fine."

He gave a nod of his head and stuck out his right arm so the inside of his elbow faced up. "Good to know. I didn't look forward to a needle being jammed into my neck again."

"I suppose you didn't," Roxie said with a laugh. "Though I must warn you, if this does work, it's still going to hurt like hell. So no screaming."

Finn gave her a crooked smile. "Can I still swear?"

She nodded and smiled back at him. "Swearing is permitted. Whatever gets you through this, go for it."

He watched Roxie pick up one of the alcohol wipe packages and rip it open. She ran the wipe along the inside of her elbow then took the plastic cover off the end of the syringe before she stuck the needle into her arm. The syringe filled with blood as she pulled back on the plunger. Once the syringe was filled completely, she passed it to Beowulf to hold while she ran an alcohol wipe along the inside of his arm. Finn took a deep breath to prepare himself for what came next. Roxie took the syringe from Beowulf, jabbed it into Finn's arm and pushed the plunger home. She then recited the spell.

*The magic of the wolf's blood is now in thee.*

*A wolf you become to run wild and free.*

*Where once there were two, now only one we see.*

Finn noticed the difference immediately from when Gren had tried the spell on him. The words of the spell resonated deep inside him as Roxie spoke them. Where Roxie had injected him with her blood, the pinprick mark started to burn. Like quicksilver, the burning sensation whipped through his body as if it burned him from the inside out. That's when he began to swear.

"Holy shit. Mother fucker, this hurts. Fuck. Fuck." His hands fisted in his lap.

He panted while he wondered how much more he could take. Then by slow degrees the burning sensation started to fade away. Finn slowly uncurled his hands and stood up. He saw everyone looked at him with expectant expressions on their faces.

Billie moved to stand next to Roxie. "Well, from the swearing you did, I would assume the spell worked. Do you feel any different, Finn?"

Finn took stock of himself. He did feel different. He felt stronger, his senses now more acute. He could hear the sounds coming from the main gym floor below as if he stood in that room instead of being on the floor above. His eyesight seemed better. The sense of smell stayed the same, since he'd already had that increased before. He nodded his head. "Yes. I feel ... stronger."

Billie smiled. "I told you you'd like it. Now let's see if you can go wolf. Look deep inside you to find the new spark of magic you have. Tap into it and picture yourself as a wolf."

The others stepped back to give him room. Finn did as Billie said. Sure enough, he soon found what could only be described as a spark of magic. When he lightly touched it power surged through him. Taking a firm hold of it, he pictured himself as a wolf. It happened very quickly. One minute he stood as a man and the next a wolf. Finn caught his reflection in one of the mirrors on the wall. A black male wolf stared back at him. A sense of wild freedom like he'd never felt before washed over him. He bunched his back legs under him and ran around the room wishing it was outside that he ran.

Billie grabbed him by the scruff of his neck once he made a full circuit of the room. "Okay, hot shot, enough of that. There will be plenty of time to run later. Now let's see if you can shift back to human form just as easily. And Finn, don't forget to picture yourself with clothes on. I know I don't need to see your bare ass, among other things."

Finn reached for the spark of magic once again and pictured himself in human form. In seconds he stood before Billie and Roxie clothed, looking like himself once again.

Roxie humphed at him. "Show off. Do you know how many times it took me before I could manage the change with clothes? Billie was able to do it the first try as you did. Are you sure there aren't any werewolves in your family tree?"

"Not until Billie and Finn," his father said with a chuckle.

Roxie rolled her eyes. "Figures." She then grew serious. "I'm sure Billie already told you, Beowulf, Royce, Billie and I will come to Muir Woods with you tonight, Finn." She glanced over at his brothers and father. "Sorry, no mortals. Beowulf doesn't know Jocelyn's uncle very well, so I don't trust him."

"What exactly is an Alpha fight?" Finn asked.

Beowulf was the one to answer him. "It's more like a test of strength really. It isn't supposed to be to the death. It's usually a challenge that takes place between two males over a female. Be it between two males that want her for their mates, or in this case, a head of a family who doesn't agree with the female's choice of mate. Whoever can bring his opponent down first with his jaws around the back of his neck wins is proven to be the better Alpha male. The loser must then give up his pursuit of the female. If you beat Jocelyn's uncle, he can't keep her away from you. It's law."

"And if he thinks to break that law," Roxie chimed in, "I'll be there to set him straight."

Finn nodded. He knew he would defeat Jocelyn's uncle. He didn't have any choice.

## Chapter Nine

Jocelyn sat up on the bed when the wall swung open. She'd been lying on the bed while she stared at the ceiling. She had no idea what time it was. Hours had gone by, she knew that much. Being so long separated from Finn had her tied up in knots. If she didn't get to be with him soon, she didn't know what she would do. This felt close to being tortured.

Her uncle stepped into the room and shook his head when he looked at her. "Pining after your mortal I see. Well get used to it, because after tonight you'll never see him again."

"What do you mean?"

"I challenged him to an Alpha fight tonight. He accepted. Now you will see what you tied yourself to. Get up."

Jocelyn slipped her shoes back on and stood up. Her uncle grabbed her by the arm and led her out of the basement to the garage. This time her cousin sat behind the steering wheel of her uncle's car. Her uncle sat with Jocelyn in the backseat. As they drove to Muir Woods, Jocelyn sat in silence with her mind in turmoil. No way could Finn ever defeat her uncle. He might have had a chance if they were both mortal, but his not being a werewolf definitely gave her uncle a big advantage. She knew Alpha fights weren't supposed to end with the death of the loser, but she couldn't shake the feeling her uncle would not only beat Finn, he would also take his life. As long as Finn remained alive, Jocelyn would do anything she could to be with him. Her uncle had to know that.

When they arrived at the darkened woods, Jocelyn allowed her uncle and cousin to lead her to the clearing in Muir Woods where all werewolf challenges took place. As they stepped past the tree line, she hoped Finn would be smart enough to tell Billie, and that she and Royce would come with Finn.

\* \* \* \*

Finn sped down the highway as he followed Beowulf's car to Muir Woods. Billie and Royce sat in the back seat of his car. Both of them gave him tips on how best to fight in wolf form during the trip. The one thing they both stressed—he had to let his wolf, the savage part of his nature, have free rein. If he allowed himself to think like a human he would lose.

When they arrived at the Woods, Billie directed him to park his car in a lot that was a distance away from the main entrance. Beowulf and Roxie continued on without them. Finn turned off his car and turned to look at Billie. "Now why did you want me to park here?"

Billie gave him a knowing smile. "It's to give you and Jocelyn a bit of privacy after you get her back."

"Why would we need that?"

Billie rolled her eyes. "Why the hell do you think? You've been separated from Jocelyn too long. Your blood will be up, along with other parts of you, after the fight is over. You'll be feeling a bit desperate, if you catch my drift."

Finn shook his head and looked over at Royce. "Does she always have sex on the brain?"

Royce chuckled. "I'm afraid so. Not that I'm complaining."

He held up his hand. "I don't want to hear any more. Let's just go and meet up with Beowulf and Roxie."

They got out of the car and all three of them went wolf. Finn ran beside Billie while Royce ran on her other side. The two black wolves and the golden brown wolf streaked along the road until they reached the main parking lot where Beowulf and Roxie waited. They too went wolf as the others approached, adding another black male wolf and a female whose golden brown fur was a shade lighter than the other brown wolf's fur. The five wolves plunged into the trees and made their way to the clearing.

Finn burst into the clearing first. He stood just past the tree line and snarled at Jocelyn's uncle and cousin who stood with Jocelyn between them. Grant stepped forward when the other wolves arrived. His gaze swept the small group.

"Where is the mortal? If he isn't here he forfeits."

Finn moved away from the others until he stood in front of Grant. He growled low in his throat. Jocelyn's uncle gazed down at him and shook his head. "Do you think I'm a fool? This male is a werewolf. He can't be Finn."

Jocelyn tried to break free from her cousin as she called out to him. "Finn? Is that really you?"

Grant's brows lowered. "That is impossible. A mortal can't be turned into a werewolf."

Finn took a step back then willed the change onto himself. Grant's face grew thunderous as he watched Finn shift. "It is possible," Finn growled back. "Now let's get this over with."

Both he and Grant shifted to wolf form as they launched themselves at each other. Their snarls and growls filled the clearing as they fought. Knowing what he would lose if Grant defeated him, Finn let his wolf loose. He ignored the pain of the bites and scratches Grant inflicted on him. But in the end, Finn turned out to be the stronger of the two. He fought Grant down until he was able to take the back of Grant's neck in his powerful jaws. Jocelyn's uncle lay still and whimpered in defeat.

Finn released him and stalked over to Jocelyn's cousin who still held her. He curled his upper lip back at Ben and snarled. Ben quickly let Jocelyn go. Finn shifted back to human form and gathered her up in his arms. Before he could kiss her, he heard a menacing snarl behind him. Finn spun around. He held Jocelyn close as he confronted her uncle who stood behind him.

Grant shifted back to human form. "This isn't over. I can't allow Jocelyn to go with you."

"Finn won fair and square. Jocelyn is his." Roxie, in her half wolf/half human form, grabbed Grant by his shoulder and turned him to face her. She lifted him until his feet left the ground, then gave him a shake. "Back off," she said in her raspy voice. "We all witnessed your defeat to Finn. Finn is the better Alpha. Accept your loss." She pulled him closer until they were nose to nose. "And it won't just be me you'll have to deal with if you try to interfere with Finn and Jocelyn's lives again. You see the black female wolf over there? That's Billie, Finn's sister. She's the one who took out Gren, not Beowulf as the rumor says. So if you don't want her gunning for you, I'd accept things as they are."

Grant fell to the ground when Roxie opened her hand and let him drop. She then turned to Finn and Jocelyn. "You two get out of here. We can clean up the rest of this mess."

Finn took Jocelyn's hand and pulled her out of the clearing. He now knew why Billie suggested he park so far away. The need to have her, to hear her cry out as he took her, just about overpowered him. Once they reached the main path, they both went wolf. Finn ran beside Jocelyn as he herded her toward the parking lot. He brushed up against her auburn-colored fur side as they ran.

In no time they reached his car. Finn shifted to human form then took Jocelyn in his arms as she shifted as well. He savagely took her mouth as he opened the passenger side door and flipped the seat forward. Somehow he managed to get them both onto the back seat and shut the car door behind them. Jocelyn moaned and sucked his tongue into her mouth as her hands tore at the front of his fleece pants. Finn tore open her jeans. With quick movements he pulled them down her legs. He shoved his hand between her legs and groaned. She was wet and ready for him.

Moving to kiss the side of her neck, Finn held Jocelyn around the waist as he shifted on the seat. He sat up and pulled her so she straddled his lap. Jocelyn's hands came down on the top of his shoulders for support. Finn wrapped his hand around the base of his throbbing cock and held it as Jocelyn took the head into her pussy and pushed down. He let go of his shaft as Jocelyn took him deep. She rose up on her knees then lowered herself on him again. As she rode him, Finn cupped her breasts through her shirt and bit down on a taut nipple. Jocelyn let her head fall back and moaned.

The feel of Jocelyn's inner muscles gripping him almost made him come. With gritted teeth he fought to hold back until she had reached her peak. He brought one hand between them and rubbed her clit as she bounced up and down on his cock. That had been all Jocelyn needed to push her over the edge. Her fingers dug into his shoulders as she cried out in pleasure. Her pussy gripped his hard shaft in a tight fist. Finn rammed up into her once then found his own release.

The sound of their heavy breathing filled the car. Finn cupped the back of Jocelyn's neck and gently kissed her. "Are you okay?"

Jocelyn smiled against his lips. "Never better. How about you? You let Roxie use the spell on you."

"I had to. If I hadn't I would have lost you forever."

"How do you know that?"

"I have visions, Jocelyn. Just like my mother. That first morning at your place, I had one about you. I saw you dead lying in a pool of your own blood. I didn't know how you died, only that I was somehow responsible for it. It wasn't until your uncle took you that I saw everything. Your uncle would have killed me, and you would have taken your own life afterwards. As a werewolf, I knew I could stop it."

Jocelyn kissed his forehead. "I probably wouldn't have been able to go on without you. Especially if I had to endure being under my uncle's control. But I'm glad you got Roxie to use the spell. Now I don't ever have to lose you. And now that you are a werewolf, it does have some added benefits I see." Jocelyn squeezed her inner muscles around his still hard cock.

Finn chuckled. "It would seem so. Shall we see if we can fog all the windows up in my car like a couple of horny teenagers?"



Jocelyn smiled. “Most definitely.”

As Jocelyn started to move on him once again, Finn threw back his head and howled.

## **The End**

### **About the Author:**

Marisa Chenery was always a lover of books, but after reading her first historical romance novel she found herself hooked. Having inherited a love for the written word, she soon started writing her own novels.

After trying her hand at writing historicals, she now also writes paranormals.

Marisa lives in Ontario, Canada with her husband and four children. Check out Marisa’s website at [www.marisachenery.com](http://www.marisachenery.com). She would love to hear from you, so drop her an email while you’re there.

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