



# **Tartan Twins**

## **Selena Illyria**

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**Editor: Vicki S. Burklund**  
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**Part werewolf, part incubus, and determined to get their mate, Robin.**

**Lochlan and Rorick Montgomery have finally found the woman they want to be with. Now all they have to do is convince her she's the one for them.**

**After a night of hot sex, Robin runs from the two men she loves and who can break her heart. She tries to hide with Iain and Katherine, but she can't ignore her feelings and desires for the twins.**

**Robin, Lochlan and Rorick are on a collision course with passionate results.**

## **Dedication**

**For Robin, thank you. Dawn, they have your last name. LOL**

## Chapter One

*Stupid, moronic assholes*, Robin thought as she drove through the woods. A half moon peeked through the trees, illuminating the way to Montgomery Manor. Shoulders hunched, she tried to ignore Lochlan and Rorick talking about their latest escapades at Conall's wedding. Three times! Three freaking times she had caught them in the act. Now here she was, at two in the morning, driving them back from the wedding. She was tired. Her feet hurt from wearing heels most of the day, and her head wanted to fall off from the elaborate hairdo that Agatha had insisted she get for the wedding.

Bobby pins were digging into her scalp, giving her a headache. She resisted the urge to take a few out and pelt the boys with them. Instead she tried to think of everything except sex, but it was difficult.

*"Mon Dieu, she was so tight. Gods, her ass was perfect,"* Lochlan purred.

*"Her pussy was just as good,"* Rorick replied.

*Stop it. Stop it. Stop telling me these things. Stop using French. For Christ's sake you've lived in Scotland for most of your life. Just stop, please,* Robin pleaded silently. Every word was like a pinprick of pain to her heart. They continued to talk, going into great detail. Robin squirmed, wishing she could shut her eyes and cover her ears, but she was the one driving. *Finally!* She pulled up to the front of the house. She resisted the urge to shove open the door, shout Hallelujah, haul the boys out of the backseat and drive off. Instead she pushed open the door and jumped down to the gravel-covered driveway. Her flip-flops made a combination of soft slapping and crunching sounds as she walked toward the front door.

She heard car doors open and two sets of feet hit the gravel driveway. She refused to look back. She knew exactly what both men were wearing. Identical white dress shirts, green and blue kilts, sporrans, white socks and dress shoes. Their shirts

were misbuttoned with the top three buttons undone and showing off a sliver of tanned skin. She knew that their long, light, ash blond hair hung loose to the middle of their backs, slightly tousled from all the sex they'd had that evening.

She resisted the urge to clench her thighs together and waddle to the door. Her sex ached, needing to be filled. She vowed to go home and use her vibrator. A poor substitute for her fantasies but she needed relief. Working for them and hearing about their sexual adventures was driving her crazy. She could have dealt with her attraction for them if they had just kept their sex lives to themselves. Every time she heard about one of their encounters, a part of her died. Another part of her wished that she was the woman experiencing all that pleasure.

They weren't shy about their sex lives. The twins were more than willing to talk about their love of sharing women and all the ways they loved to pleasure women. It drove Robin mad. There were times she wished she had never answered their advertisement for an assistant. She wasn't just an assistant. She was the person they asked to do anything they didn't want to do. If they needed to break up with someone, it was she who made the call. Sending out flowers? Robin told the florist what to put on the card. Getting coffee and picking up dry cleaning she could handle, but their personal lives were driving her to the breaking point.

She was tired of her crush on the boys, weary of listening to them talk about their flavor of the week, and worn out from the heartache it caused her. She was tired of having to deal with phone calls from enamored women who would eventually become angry and show up at the office demanding to see either Lochlan or Rorick or both. She didn't want to have to keep facing that. And now, according to them, after tonight she would have to deal with not one or two but four more women come Monday.

After unlocking the door, she walked into the entryway and punched in the security code to the alarm before heading out to see if they needed help getting into the house. As she walked back to the car her flip-flop slid off, and she stepped on a sharp piece of stone that pierced her foot. She cried out softly as tears formed in her eyes.

"Robin? Are you okay?" Lochlan called out from the other side of the car.

She took a deep breath. "Yeah, fine." She swore silently. Her voice sounded high and tight. They would know something was wrong.

The crunch of gravel heading in her direction let her know Rorick was approaching. "Robi? What's wrong? Why are you bent over like that?"

Robin resisted the urge to lash out. She hated when they called her Robi. It made her feel like she was three. It also reminded her that they didn't see her as a woman, just a little sister slash assistant who needed to be taken care of. She gritted her teeth and straightened up, trying to ignore the throbbing in her foot. After taking a deep breath, she plastered a smile on her face, giving the appearance of calm. Just like she always did.

Rorick stepped in front of her. His gaze roamed over her face and body, causing little fires to break out in the wake of his scrutiny. It became difficult to breathe. Her heart rate started to speed up. Her skin became tight, and her nipples turned into hardened peaks. Her pussy tingled with awareness. She shifted from one foot to the other and winced. Her slow-building arousal dissipated as her foot throbbed painfully. Turning away, eyes downcast, Robin searched for her flip-flop. Finding it, she proceeded to limp toward it.

"What happened? Why are you limping?" Rorick asked, followed by a deep inhale. She knew he would smell the blood. "Why do I smell your blood?"

Robin ignored the question and carefully slipped her foot into the sandal.

"It's nothing." Turning, she faced him with her head up. She prayed her eyes weren't glassy from the unshed tears.

"Don't lie to me." Rorick's voice had become a low growl that reverberated through her body, shivering up her spine. Arousal flared to life. She groaned and looked away. *I can't do this right now. I don't want to deal with them right now.*

"I said it's nothing," she spat out. "Drop it."

She marched past him, ignoring the way her foot ached. She could feel the warm slickness of the blood covering the insole of her flip-flop. She came to a halt when Rorick reached out and took hold of her arm. She turned to look at him. Heat spread



from her arm to her chest. She glared at him, ignoring the way her body responded to his touch. "What?"

"I told you, don't lie to me. You've hurt yourself." He brought his head down until their faces were mere inches apart. His warm, moist breath caressed her face. She could smell the whisky he'd drunk earlier. Her nipples tightened, pressing against the thin fabric of her tank top. Their eyes clashed. She knew she shouldn't look into his eyes. Knew that to stare into those pale blue eyes was a challenge to the wolf inside, a challenge he wouldn't back down from. She couldn't help it. She glared at him, allowing him to see how angry she was. Anger was good. Indignation kept her from feeling other things, emotions she didn't want him to see. Feelings that were private.

She saw his eyes shift, from ice blue to amber with gold flecks and back to blue. Robin shivered. His beast was close, too close to the surface. Just a few more days and it would be free. She looked away first, hating herself for backing down.

"I cut my foot, no big deal," Robin muttered.

"It is a big deal," Lochlan said, coming up behind her. She swore. Now she was sandwiched between them. She could picture the way the three of them looked at the moment. Two gorgeous sex gods in kilts with her looking frumpy and plain. She ruined the picture of perfection. Holding back a sob, she looked down at the ground. She needed to get away. Far away.

"Let me go," Robin said quietly. She knew they heard her and yet Rorick kept his grip. It wasn't painful but his touch was searing her skin. It reminded her of what they had done at the wedding. Their hands had caressed other women, their bodies taking those women to the heights of pleasure she could only imagine.

"You're hurting me," she said. She wasn't lying. Rorick was hurting her, just not physically.

"You know I'm not gripping you that hard. Stop lying to me," Rorick growled. She looked up, shocked by how angry he sounded. He glared down at her. She took a step back only to hit a wall of hard, hot flesh covered in silk. Lochlan reached out and placed his hands on her shoulders.

"Steady there, lass. It's okay. Rorick, let her go." Lochlan's voice was silk-covered steel. She trembled at his tone. Such command. One would never think someone as carefree as Lochlan was would be capable of sounding so commanding.

Rorick didn't oblige his brother. Instead he increased his grip on her arm and looked over her head. "She's hurt. She needs attention."

"And she'll get it if you'd just let go of her." Lochlan's hands began to move, rubbing her shoulders before moving down over her biceps and then back up. Her nipples were painful with need as her pussy became heavy and slick.

"You let go of her." Rorick glowered at his twin. Something was going on. Robin tried to pull her arm out of Rorick's grip only to have him tighten his hold again and look down at her. His face was hard and uncompromising. "Stay," he ordered.

Robin glared up at him and took a step forward, invading his personal space. Her breasts were a breath away from his body. "I'm not a dog, and you will watch your tone with me."

He glared down at her. "You will do as you're told. You're hurt. You need attention."

"Not from you. I can see to myself," Robin declared.

"Like hell you will. You will not be leaving here tonight with an injured foot. You will stay here, and let us attend to you," Rorick ordered gruffly.

"Bullshit. I can take care of myself, thank you very much, so take your alpha attitude and shove it up your ass. I do as I like, when I like, and you damn well don't get a say in whether I drive home or not. Now let go," she gritted out. Her body was flushed with heat. Arousal and anger churned inside of her. She wasn't sure if she wanted to kiss him or slap him. Lochlan's hands moved faster. His touch was trying to soothe her. Instead it only stoked the fire inside of her.

"Stop touching me. You're not helping," Robin immediately regretted the words. Lochlan's hands dropped away. She mourned the loss of his touch. Rorick, on the other hand, refused to let go of her arm. He yanked her forward until she crashed into him.

"Don't lash out at him just because you're angry with me," he purred. She trembled at the sound. She knew he was turning up the charm. Rorick was getting ready to bend her to his will. She had seen it so many times in the past Robin had thought it was getting old. That is, until he used it on her.

For a brief second she felt herself melting. Moisture trickled down her thigh as a reminder of her attraction to both men. Instead of giving in and allowing him to turn up the heat, she deflected his attempt with annoyance. "Don't even try that butter wouldn't melt in my mouth tone with me. It's not working. Now get your paws off me, and let me leave."

"No, you need us." His voice was a low, husky sound. She shook her head trying not to get pulled in.

"I don't need you. What I need is to get home." She tried yet again to yank her arm free. It wouldn't budge.

"Damn it. Let go." She placed her hand on his chest. Using it as leverage she tried once again to pull her arm free to no avail. Rorick just took hold of her wrist and held it in his other hand. He then proceeded to bring her hands behind her back. She was now trapped fully in his embrace. She looked up at him in a panic. Her heart pounded wildly in her chest.

"Rorick, please just let me go," she begged softly.

"No, we will not let you go. We will attend to your injury, and then you will stay here," Rorick declared.

She shook her head. Robin didn't want to stay. She wanted to be home, alone. Her skin felt so tight. Her breasts were full and heavy, just begging for his touch. Her clit throbbed, demanding attention.

"Lochlan, help me with our new houseguest."

She cried out when she felt Lochlan take hold of her wrists just as Rorick let go. The exchange was so fast she almost couldn't believe it.

"I'll go ahead and prepare a bath for her and get the medical kit. Carry her up to the bedroom in between your room and mine."

Lochlan let go of her wrists and dropped down. He had her up in his arms in the time it took to blink. "Don't worry, love, we'll take care of you," Lochlan assured her.

She swallowed. That's what she was afraid of. He carried her into the house, and she resisted the urge to snuggle against him. It was bad enough that she couldn't move. Robin was too afraid of what would happen if she did. Lochlan strode through the foyer and up the grand staircase. She didn't bother looking around. Robin knew what every inch of the mansion looked like. Instead she concentrated on getting her foot taken care of and then sneaking out once the boys were asleep.

"Don't even think about sneaking out. If you do, we'll track you down and drag you back," Lochlan warned.

She wasn't surprised he knew what she was thinking. Between the twins, Lochlan was the most observant. Rorick was the one you had to worry about.

"Don't make excuses. He was an ass," Robin stated simply.

"He's an ass that cares," Lochlan replied.

She snorted. "If he cares so damn much, why doesn't he shut his mouth?" she muttered.

"What do you mean, shut his mouth?" Lochlan asked.

Robin wanted to find the nearest wall and slam her head up against it. She hadn't meant to say it out loud. Now she had stepped in it. "Only that sometimes he needs to think instead of speak." She prayed that he wouldn't say anything else. Her hopes were dashed when he opened his mouth.

"You know he can be a bit irrational at times. Besides, he cares about you and doesn't want you driving out there with a hurt foot. What if something happened? We wouldn't be able to forgive ourselves."

She closed her eyes at the soft tone of his voice. Robin wished they wouldn't care. Hell, she wished she didn't care. All she wanted was to treat them as her bosses and not see them as the men she was in love with. Where the twins were concerned, she wished she wasn't so damn pliable. Her thoughts turned to the last few months. It seemed at least twice a week the three of them were arguing. *I'm getting tired of being around them*

*and dealing with their problems with women.* Her shoulders sagged. She closed her eyes, trying to stave off how tired she felt. As much as she loved working for them and spending time with them, it was draining. Other times it was just painful.

For the last few months Robin had actually considered looking for a new job, but leaving the twins meant moving out of the building she was living in. The twins owned it, and since she worked for them, she paid no rent or utilities. They took care of everything except her expenses. If she quit she would need to move fast. There would be no taking her time moving out. Robin wouldn't let the arguments, reasons for staying and regrets pile up in her head. Tilting her head back she let out a sigh. The day would come when she would have to leave. And that day was fast approaching, she just knew it.

"What's wrong, little bird?" Lochlan asked. She looked at him and shook her head.

"Nothing is wrong," Robin responded, pushing away the heaviness of her heart.

"And yet you sigh as if something is weighing on your mind."

"Just thinking of good-byes, that's all," she said as nonchalantly as she could.

"You're not leaving us, are you?"

Robin smiled softly at the worry in Lochlan's voice. He stopped moving and looked down at her. His eyes crinkled as they narrowed to a thin dark blue gaze. Concern was clearly written on his face. She wanted to give him some peace of mind and yet hesitated. It would do no good to lie to him. "Thinking about it." Robin looked away, not wanting to see his reaction.

"Why? Have we done something wrong?" Panic edged his tone.

"It has nothing to do with you," she lied, turning her gaze to the spaces in the wrought-iron banister. Robin studied the elaborate curling pattern. She memorized the floral and leaf shapes, all in avoidance of voicing her feelings out loud to him. Her thoughts turned to the mansion and all of her favorite rooms that she would probably never see again.

Her musings were interrupted by Lochlan's voice. "Robin, why are you leaving us?"

"It's time."

"Why?" he queried.

She looked up at him and her breath caught. The pain was clear in his eyes and it made her heart hurt. Robin had never considered her leaving as a cause for pain for either of the twins. They had treated her mostly as their assistant. Sometimes she was their expert on women and, lastly, their friend. She began to wonder if she meant more to them than they were letting on. Pushing away those thoughts, she reached up and did something she had always wanted to do. Robin caressed his cheek. He surprised her by closing his eyes and turning into her touch.

"Sometimes in life you just have to move on." Her voice was soft. Robin expected to feel sadness but at the moment all she felt was a weight on her heart. She was tired.

"I don't know what to say." Lochlan rubbed his cheek against her hand before turning his face and kissing her palm. The simple touch sent an electric shock up her arm, causing her to gasp. She knew she had to get down or she would do more than just caress his cheek. Thankfully they were interrupted by the arrival of Rorick at the top of the stairs.

"Water will get cold if you continue standing there. Get a move on," he barked out. Robin's hand dropped away, and she turned her head and looked at the banister, the moment broken.

## Chapter Two

"Why do you have to be such an arse? Just because you're horny doesn't mean you have to take it out on Robin," Lochlan said after settling Robin in the guest room. Rorick paced, running a hand through his hair before turning to face his twin.

"I'm on edge. The full moon --" Rorick started.

Lochlan rolled his eyes and interrupted him. "Yes, yes, almost here. That doesn't excuse your behavior."

"I know, but --" Rorick sighed before continuing. "We've held this off for so long. I can't take it anymore. I just can't go on fucking every willing woman when the one we want, the one we need, is right here."

Rorick walked over to his bed and sank down slowly. He hung his head. His long, blond hair fell around his features, obscuring the look of frustration on his face.

"She needs time. She's skittish enough around us as it is. If we just pounce she'll run away," Lochlan reasoned.

"And if we don't do anything, she'll run away. I heard what you two were talking about on the stairs. She wants to leave us," Rorick pointed out.

"Not now," Lochlan replied.

"Yes, now, or at least in the near future. She's tired of us, tired of hearing us talk about our conquests and asking for advice on women. I can see that clear as day. We need to make a move, bind her to us," Rorick declared.

"What do you suggest? We seduce her and keep her locked up here as our mate? No, Rorick that's not right. She needs freedom. We can't force her into this. She may be our mate, but if she stays with us, it has to be of her own free will," Lochlan replied.

"We don't have time for seduction," Rorick huffed, bringing his head up.

"You feel it too, don't you? I had hoped we could just ignore it and move on, but I see we can't. You won't let us," Lochlan accused.

Rorick was off the bed and in his brother's face in a flash. "Don't blame me for all of this. Blame the pack. Blame genetics. It's not our fault we are what we are."

Lochlan looked sadly at his twin. "I know, but we can't just... she's just too fine for us. She doesn't deserve mutts like us. She needs better."

"And she's our mate. Period. End of story. We need to claim her now," Rorick declared. His face softened as he sank down to his knees in front of his twin. "I'm sorry, Loch, but that's the way it has to be. The binding is riding us hard. It has been ever since we met her. We can't continue to ignore *l'appel du loup*. We are the last of our pack, and she is our mate. If it hadn't been for..." Rorick's voice trailed off and Lochlan nodded.

"If it hadn't been for Altair and his kindness, we wouldn't have a home," Lochlan finished.

Rorick nodded solemnly. "We owe so much to Altair and the O'Keefe clan. We needn't burden them with this. It's our problem."

"They'll need to know. They've never asked questions as to why our pack died out, and I think it's time for them to understand our unique position," Lochlan stated.

Rorick shook his head. "Not yet."

"The pack summit is coming up soon. They'll hear whispers of our *sang sale*. Please, brother, it's time," Lochlan insisted.

Rorick sighed. His shoulders sagged in defeat. "Fine. We'll tell them. But not now. We have our little bird to take care of first."

Lochlan grinned. "Yes, she's not immune to us. We know that much. Let's start slow and see where it goes, yes?"

"Yes." Rorick smirked. "We'll get our little bird yet."

\* \* \*

Robin tilted her head back against the rim of the large bathtub. "Orgy size," she murmured to herself. "This is definitely orgy size." She gazed around the bathroom.



This room had actually caught her off guard. She'd thought she knew every room in the house, but this one had been redone. It looked so feminine, in a primarily male household. The walls were ivory with baby blue trim. The furniture was golden wood with overstuffed chairs and padded benches, a dressing table and full-length mirror. Frosted glass sconces on the walls, a crystal chandelier bolted to the ceiling and lamps with curling bronze bases provided the light sources.

She would have loved the room if she didn't feel she would break something in it at any given time. She couldn't help but wonder who this room was meant for. She sighed. "Not for me, that's for sure."

She quickly cleaned up, paying special attention to the wound on her foot. Thankfully it wasn't bleeding or throbbing in pain anymore. Once she stepped out of the tub and dried off, Robin dressed in the robe she had been given. Lochlan had insisted on cleaning her clothes for some reason, and she was too tired to fight.

Exhaustion crashed through her system. Her eyelids felt heavy, and the bed was calling to her. Its mattress was piled high with pillows and a large, fluffy, blue down comforter. She wanted to crawl onto the mattress and lose herself in the cloud of blue and white. Limping slowly into the bedroom, she was careful not to put her full weight on her foot in case the pain came back.

She looked up and found the twins standing at the foot of the bed. Both of them were shirtless. Her breath caught, and her body began to hum with anticipation. Rorick held a tray of food, and Lochlan had the first-aid kit. When they turned their attention to her, her face flushed with heat. Robin could only imagine what she looked like. Her hair was frizzy from the bathroom, and her makeup had been scrubbed off. In her mind she looked like a mess, and yet when her eyes met Rorick's, she saw heat blazing in the blue depths. His gaze raked her body, making her feel naked.

A glance at Lochlan showed her he was giving her the same look. Deciding she was imagining things, Robin turned and walked to the bed, climbing up on the high mattress. Neither twin helped her, much to her relief and annoyance. They had been very insistent on making sure she got medical attention, but now all they did was stand

there and stare at her. *Am I really that unattractive?* she wondered. She was about to ask for the kit when Lochlan moved next to the bed. He sank down to one knee. "Give me your foot. I'll tend to it," he said softly.

She didn't move. Robin just stared at him. Something was going on. She just didn't know what. Narrowing her eyes she lifted her foot. "What's going on with you two?"

"We're attending to you," Lochlan said simply.

She snorted. "Pull the other one. You want something, don't you? What is it? Do you want me to break it off with one of the women you met at the wedding? Send flowers to someone? Or is this something else, something bigger?"

She flinched when she felt Lochlan's touch. An electrical shock ran up her leg. Heat flowed from where his hand gripped her heel gently. She hissed when she felt a cold liquid being spread over the wound.

"This is going to sting," Lochlan warned.

Robin rolled her eyes. "Now you tell me."

Lochlan chuckled. "Sorry."

The sting faded. She then felt something warm and thick being spread over the wound.

"There, all done. The dressing should dry in a few seconds. Now, lie back and relax," Lochlan advised.

She looked over at Rorick and felt a shiver run up her spine. He had yet to take his eyes off of her. "What? You still haven't told me what you want me to do."

Rorick walked toward the bed as Robin began to scramble back, mindful of the still wet liquid bandage. "You are our mate. We want to fuck you and bind you to us," He declared.

Robin raised an eyebrow and looked Rorick over. "Just how drunk are you?"

"What Rorick meant to say was that we just want you to get better," Lochlan corrected.

Robin turned her attention to Lochlan. She watched him sit down on the edge of the bed. He avoided her gaze. "No, he said words like mate, fuck and bind. He must still be drunk." Lochlan sighed and then looked up at her. It was a heavy sound weighted with so much emotion. Robin became wary. "What's going on?"

Rorick reached out and touched her shoulder. "We're in love with you. We recognize you as our mate, and we want to claim you."

"Exactly what did they put in that whiskey?" Robin asked.

"Robin, you know we're werewolves. We've never hidden that from you, but there is more to the story." Lochlan moved closer.

Robin looked up at Rorick. His stare seared her with its intensity. She shifted uneasily. "What's going on?" She was proud of herself for managing to keep her voice steady despite how jittery she felt.

"A long time ago, our blood line became tainted, so to speak. Well, tainted in the eyes of the other packs. Our great-great-grandfather bedded down with a succubus. She gave birth to a child, a combination of an incubus and werewolf. As the generations have passed, a remnant of that incident is carried within every member of the Montgomery clan. We're not only as strong as a werewolf but we have the appetites of an incubus. We feed off of sex as well as food. We can drink blood. We don't do it often, since we don't need to satisfy that hunger."

Robin blinked. She tried to digest what was being said to her, but it wasn't sinking in.

"From the moment we saw you, we knew you were the one for us. The werewolf instinct to find our mate kicked in, and our incubus hungers went into overdrive. I know this is hard to believe, however you are our mate. You belong to both of us. We've tried to keep our distance, but the instinct to bind is too great. We can't ignore it. We need you."

The look in Lochlan's eyes and the resoluteness of his statement made her want to believe him. It also scared her. She put together everything he said and saw the sense of it all. *It would explain their lustiness*, she thought to herself. Then she shook her head.

*That doesn't excuse their behavior toward those women after they were done with them. I was left to deal with the fallout.*

She couldn't believe she was feeling sorry for all the women they had cast aside. A thought occurred to her, one she couldn't ignore. *If they found that they were wrong about me, what then?*

She shook her head. "This can't be happening. This is impossible. You don't want me. It's just full moon arousal. That's all. Once you've shifted and had your night of roaming the woods you'll come back to your senses. You're both drunk. You're just talking nonsense."

"Stop that. Stop denying what we're saying. We're not drunk. We're very clearheaded and we know what we're saying. You are ours," Rorick declared. The sound was so wolf-like that it scared her. Rorick's eyes shifted, and Robin scooted back as far as she could before hitting a mound of pillows. Rorick climbed onto the bed and for the first time she noticed that he was wearing nothing but boxers. She couldn't understand why she hadn't seen it before. Robin chalked up her lack of attention to her exhaustion. She watched as Rorick crawled up the bed. The muscles of his back rippled under tanned skin.

Swallowing, she looked over at Lochlan to find his eyes closed. When he opened them she saw a flash of amber flecked with gold and then it turned back to blue. His face had hardened. His body was tense as if he was holding himself back.

"Please, Robin, you're the only one that can stop the hunger. Stop the pain. It is so hard being without you. We need you to complete us. Stop the thirst. You're the only one who can," Rorick urged her. Lochlan reached out and grabbed her wrist as Rorick climbed up her body.

"You smell so good. Your scent is driving me crazy. I bet you taste just as good as you smell." Rorick's voice was so gruff and deep his words were almost unintelligible. Her body responded. It pulsed and throbbed with need. Fresh cream slipped between her thighs. She clenched her thighs, trying to stave off the ache.

"Even now you're aroused for us, despite your disbelief. You can't fight us, sweetheart." Rorick reached out. He took hold of her ankle and pulled her down. She slid toward him. The robe rode up to show off the bare expanse of her mocha skin. He stopped and sat up on his heels. His gaze roamed up her legs.

Robin was frozen with shock at the turn the evening had taken.

"So perfect, better than my imagination. What do you think, Loch?"

Robin looked over at Lochlan and her eyes widened at what she saw. One hand was inside the pajama bottoms he wore. She could clearly see the outline of his hand moving up and down underneath the silk. She swallowed. Another burst of heat washed over her as more of her juices slipped out.

"Much better than my imagination. I can't help but wonder if her pussy will be just as beautiful as her legs," Lochlan replied. His voice was as rough as his brother's.

She opened her mouth to protest when she felt Rorick take hold of both her ankles and yank her legs apart. "I suppose we'll be finding out. You can't deny your lust for us, darling. I smell that sweet cream. I can practically taste it."

"I want to taste her nipples. I'll bet they'll be just as sweet. I want to watch her squirm as I tug one into my mouth. Fuck, brother, I'm so close to coming. I want to take her now. I want to fuck her so badly."

Robin stared at Lochlan. The personality change was so swift it left her speechless. Her eyes dropped down to the crotch of his pants. His hand was moving faster and faster. She gulped. She wanted to see his cock, and watch him pump the thick shaft until he came. She wanted to taste him, lap up every drop of his come. She squirmed and tried to clear her mind. But she was trapped in a fog of arousal so thick it was just as hard to think as it was to breathe.

"Please, Lochlan, stop this," Robin requested weakly. She jumped when she felt the light brush of Rorick's lips on her ankle. Looking down her body, she saw Rorick's ash blond hair fall over his head as he moved upward. His lips skimmed her skin, teasing her.

*This isn't happening*, she told herself. *This isn't happening*. She closed her eyes, squeezing them tight. When she opened them, she found not only Rorick kissing his way up her leg, but Lochlan had joined him. Pushing up the robe with one hand, Lochlan moved upward. She tried to move away but she didn't have enough room. The pillows were bunched up in back of her. She was trapped. "Please, stop this. You can't possibly want me. It's just the effects of the upcoming full moon and alcohol."

Lochlan raised his head. "You refuse to believe our words. Now we'll show you the truth."

He turned her leg to the side and scraped his teeth along the back of her knee. She gasped at the warmth that spread from that single act. She had never realized the backs of her knees could be so sensitive. Rorick ran his tongue along the inside of one of her thighs. He paused just before her pussy and inhaled deeply. "Mmmm, I can't wait to taste you, love."

She whimpered. The situation was spinning out of control, and she was slowly sinking, drowning in what they were doing. Rorick changed positions and was now sitting on his heels. Reaching out, he untied the belt of her robe. Pulling back the sides, he exposed her naked body to his heated gaze.

She finally snapped out of her daze long enough to grab the lapels of the robe and try to pull them closed. Only things didn't happen the way she wanted them to. She was pulling one way and Rorick was pulling the other. The thick terrycloth robe ripped, the sound cutting through the air, making her wince. Looking down she saw jagged pieces of cloth and long white threads hanging down. Horrified, her eyes rose to meet his.

She opened her mouth to express her dismay but he growled, "You will not be wearing a stitch of clothing when we fuck you. We want to see every inch of your delectable body. *Every inch*. Lochlan, get behind her. Make sure she doesn't try to cover herself up."

Lochlan stopped kissing his way up her leg to move off the bed. Her focus was solely on Rorick. Her gaze didn't waver when she felt the pillows shift and Lochlan's

hot body press against hers. His silk-covered erection rubbed against the cleft of her ass. He rocked his hips forward, sliding the thick, hot flesh against her. She found herself moving back, wanting to feel more of him.

"Wrap your arms around Loch's neck," Rorick ordered. His face was hard with unyielding passion blazing in his eyes. Every so often the color would change, letting her know his wolf was watching. She had always known Rorick was an alpha, but never had she been subjected to this side of him. It was both shocking and titillating. She was so focused on Rorick she almost forgot about Lochlan until he took hold of her hands and pulled them up.

"Wrap your arms around my neck, love." His breath caressed the delicate shell of her ear, causing her to shiver. She did as he said, unable to find any reason not to. The position caused her chest to thrust upward. It was almost as if she were offering her breasts to Rorick, who was now between her legs.

"Lochlan, if you could see what I see..." Rorick murmured. His eyes were focused on the lips of her pussy. He licked his lips. The hunger in his eyes shocked her.

"I plan on seeing that beautiful pussy later. For now, I want to get my hands on her ass. Hurry up, Roar. I need to feel my cock inside of her," Lochlan urged. He lowered his head and nipped the side of her neck. She trembled. The sting of that little love bite increased her arousal tenfold. Her back bowed and she cried out as her cunt contracted. Her juices slipped down to her ass.

The air was heavy with a combination of musk and pine. *What is that?* she wondered. The scent was intoxicating. Her body began to pulse. Her stomach tightened and a sliver of fire rushed up her spine, causing her to arch even further. Then it was all over. The feeling vanished leaving her shaky and weak. "Rorick? Lochlan? What is going on?"

Her voice was unrecognizable, all husky and breathless.

## Chapter Three

“Just winding you up, love. We’re getting you ready for us.” Lochlan’s voice was deeper with an edge of roughness that seemed to run along her skin. She cried out again as something rough ran over her nipples, circling the sensitive buds. Sparks of electricity shot straight to her clit.

“Look how responsive our little bird is to the *voix de seduction*.” Lochlan chuckled. The sound slipped over her skin like hot oil sliding over her stomach to coat the lips of her sex.

“What are you doing to me?” Robin demanded, panting. Rorick chuckled. Her eyes focused on his straight white teeth with the now-elongated canines.

“We’re doing what we’ve fantasized about since we met you. Tempting you. Teasing you. Slowly driving you mad before we take you and watch you break apart. You will be screaming as you do,” he assured her as he bent his head down and took a nipple between his teeth, sucking the nubbin into his mouth. She cried out as bolts of fire rushed through her. One fang scraped the tip of her nipple and her pussy contracted. More cream seeped out and coated her thighs.

Lochlan wasn’t one to be left out. His lips caressed her neck before he dragged his own fangs down her jugular. He nipped her. It wasn’t enough to break the skin, but enough to send shards of fire ricocheting around inside of her. She was burning up, engulfed in flames. Robin could feel Lochlan rocking his hips against her. His fabric-covered cock now slid between the cheeks of her ass. She wanted more, so much more. She wanted him inside of her. She pushed her hips back, silently asking for what she couldn’t say aloud.

Rorick released her nipple with a soft pop. “Say it, love. Tell Loch what you want. Tell him you want him to fuck your ass. Tell him you want it fast and hard. You



want him to pound you while he spansks you for withholding your sweet ass from him for so long. Say it."

"Please," she pleaded, squirming. Her body was engulfed in heat. Her pussy ached with need.

Lochlan laughed; it was a dark sound that promised pain and pleasure. "You heard Roar. Tell me what you want." Lochlan thrust his hips forward and she moaned. Meanwhile, Rorick kissed his way to the other nipple. He bit the nub gently before laving the sting with his tongue. She cried out. Flashes of pleasure burst inside of her. She was no longer sure what to say or do. Her body was begging for more of what they were doing to her.

"Rorick, please," she begged.

"Please what? Suck these beautiful nipples? Or perhaps lower? Do you want my mouth on your clit? Do you want me to eat you? Maybe use my tongue to fuck you?" Rorick asked. He blew on her nipple, sending shards of heat straight to her clit.

"All of it. I want it all," Robin declared.

"And you'll have it all. We're going to fuck you until you can't walk, much less think. Until your voice is lost from all the screaming you're going to do tonight," Lochlan whispered in her ear. Her orgasm coiled tighter within her, writhing and spiraling upward. Robin was losing her mind. Every word, every thrust of Lochlan's hips was pushing her closer and closer to coming, and neither of them had entered her yet.

Rorick kissed his way down her abdomen, and over her stomach. He ran his tongue over her hairless mound before tracing the sides of her pussy lips with just the tip of his tongue. Robin squirmed forward, trying to get closer to his mouth. She pushed her hips toward him only to have Lochlan pull them back. He bit down on her shoulder just as Rorick parted her nether lips and flicked her clit. The pain and pleasure collided and she screamed as an orgasm overwhelmed her.

They didn't stop there. Rorick sucked her clit into his mouth while Lochlan reached around to cup her breasts. He took her nipples in his hands and pinched them.

Then he rolled the tightened buds. The tip of Rorick's fang gently scraped over the head of her clit. She would have bucked off the bed had Rorick not taken hold of her hips and held her to the mattress. He released her clit and continued to explore her pussy. He ran his tongue over the petals of her labia. He rimmed her entrance, slipping inside of her aching cunt before retreating.

Robin let out a shriek of frustration as her pussy clenched on nothing. "Rorick, fuck me," she demanded.

"With what, love? My tongue or cock?" His voice was a silken caress along her sweat-slickened skin. The sound slipped between her legs, sliding inside of her sopping channel, caressing the walls of her vagina. Ripples of pleasure rolled over her. She moaned, tilting her head back. Lochlan took that moment to run his tongue along the column of her neck before his fangs pierced the skin. Her body bucked and she cried out just as Rorick's tongue entered her, thrusting as deep as he could. Her inner walls clamped around the invading muscle. Rorick's hand slipped over her hip. He spread his palm over her mound, pressing down as his thumb delved between the lips of her sex to find her clit. Finding the sensitive bundle of nerves, he pushed down as he used his tongue to fuck her.

Lochlan continued to knead her breasts, pinching and rolling her nipples. Sensations overwhelmed her. She was lost in a sea of need. Her body was one throbbing pulse point. Her arms had remained around Lochlan's neck. Her hands slipped down now. Her fingernails scratched the hot, sweat-soaked flesh of his neck. His hips continued to thrust. His cock seemed impossibly thicker than before. She rocked her hips back and forth between them. Robin caressed Lochlan's cock with her ass while fucking herself on Rorick's tongue. It wasn't enough. Nothing was enough. She wanted both of them inside of her at the same time.

"Stop!" she cried out. All activity ceased. Lochlan pulled his lips away from her neck. He lapped at the wound before placing a kiss over the area. Rorick remained where he was.

"I need you both inside of me. Lochlan, I want you to fuck my ass. Rorick, please fuck my pussy. Please, just fuck me," Robin begged. Rorick pulled away from her slit but kept his thumb on her clit and rose to sit on his heels. Lochlan placed a kiss on the crook of her neck.

"I'm going to lie back. You will be on top and Lochlan will take you from behind. Loch, get the condoms." Rorick released Robin's clit. Heat flooded her groin, causing her to moan.

"You'll be doing more than that soon, love," Rorick assured her as he positioned himself on his back. He spread his legs wide. On shaky limbs, she got on all fours and climbed on top of him. She paused to stare down at his cock. His shaft was thick, the veins standing out clearly against the rod, flushed red. The crest was a dark red. The slit was already leaking pearlescent drops of pre-come.

She straddled him. Reaching down she took hold of his cock and gave him a stroke, from root to tip. She smeared the evidence of his desire with her thumb before bringing the digit to her lips and slipping it into her mouth to taste. He groaned and she smiled. For the first time she felt powerful and sexy. She closed her eyes and the salty taste of his come made her moan.

Opening her eyes, she looked down at him. The way he looked at her mouth made her want to take his cock in her mouth and watch him as she drove him over the edge. He seemed to read her mind. "Later. Later you'll suck me off while Lochlan fucks your pussy."

Her core contracted and cream slipped down her thighs.

"Oh, yes, we will," she purred. She looked over her shoulder to find that Lochlan was now naked. He returned to them with a long strip of condom packets. He grinned at her and more of her juices slipped down her thigh. He ripped off two silver-foiled packets and tossed one to Rorick, who caught it one-handed. Rorick ripped open the wrapper and quickly sheathed himself. Lochlan followed suit.

Finally the moment had come. Anticipation sang through Robin's veins. She positioned herself over Rorick's cock. Taking hold of him, she balanced with one hand

on his chest and slowly lowered herself onto his thick length. She felt him slide into her, stretching her wide, awakening nerves and sending tingles of arousal through her. Robin had never had a lover this size before. She closed her eyes, but a growl from Rorick caused her to open them and look at him.

"Watch me as I sink into you. Watch as your pussy swallows me," he ordered. Moving forward she bent her head and looked down at where they were joined. She felt every throb of his shaft.

She heard a bottle open and felt Lochlan behind her. She looked over her shoulder at him. He gave her a slow sexy grin. "Have you ever had your ass fucked, *mon oiseau doux*?"

Robin nodded. "Twice."

Lochlan gave her another one of his sexy grins before responding. "Not like this you haven't. Rorick, hold her hips."

Rorick reached up and gripped her hips in a gentle but firm hold. Lochlan parted the cheeks of her ass and rimmed her back opening with his finger. He teased her anus with slow circles before pressing the digit inside the tight channel. She let out a breath and relaxed. One of Rorick's hands ran up her side and cupped her breast. "Relax, sweet Robin. You'll feel pleasure like nothing else."

Part of her feared this statement. As much as she enjoyed what was happening, she couldn't help but wonder what would happen after they were done. All thoughts flew from her mind when she felt Lochlan's finger retreat, and he inserted two this time. He slowly began to finger fuck her. Rorick gripped her hip and began to move. He withdrew slightly and thrust upward. Another orgasm built slowly. The fire was stoked with each stroke of Rorick's cock and Lochlan's fingers. Soon she felt more fingers in her ass, stretching her.

The pleasure was incredible. Having them fuck her at the same time was a decadent feeling she would never forget. She could only imagine what it would be like to have Lochlan inside of her as well. Lochlan withdrew his fingers, and she felt the head of his cock at her back entrance.

"You are ready for me, yes?" Lochlan asked in a husky whisper.

"Yes." She waited for the pain and pressure. He thrust into her slowly, stretching her back channel. The pain caused her to gasp. Rorick didn't stop pounding into her. He pinched her nipple, causing her to cry out. Heat washed over her body. Pain and pleasure once again clashed within her. Lochlan slipped yet another inch inside of her and Rorick tweaked her other nipple. The constant clash distracted her from the dull ache she felt.

"There, pretty Robin. I'm inside of you. All of me," Lochlan whispered near her ear. He cupped her free breast and began to massage the full globe. His other hand held her hip. The twins began to move in concert. They pushed and retreated at the same time. They pinched and kneaded her breasts in unison. Lochlan's lips moved over her neck, scraping his fangs over her neck and then across her shoulder before sinking into the muscle.

An orgasm came out of nowhere. She screamed as she came. They moved faster. The twins pounded into her harder. Rorick's hand moved down from her breast and covered her mound. He slipped his thumb between her pussy lips and found her clit. Rorick circled the hardened bud before pinching it. She came yet again, one orgasm crashing into another.

"That's it, Robin, soar. Fly. Yes, come for us," Rorick urged. Her body quivered. Her muscles jumped. Sweat slid down her skin and pleasure rushed over her body. Another orgasm began to build. It coiled tighter within her stomach. She felt a spark of pain at her breast. Robin found Rorick feeding from her at her breast. Each tug from his lips echoed to her clit. Energy swirled in the air.

She felt claws digging into her hips. She watched as Rorick's ears became pointed. His neck, arms and chest became dusted with golden fur. She could feel that same softness against her back. *They're shifting and it isn't even the full moon!* Fear caused her to struggle as she tried to break free. They only held her tighter between them. Lochlan pulled his lips away from her shoulder. "Relax, sweet bird, relax. We won't hurt you."

Lochlan withdrew and slammed into her, causing her to cry out. Rorick released her breast and lay back down. His whole torso was covered lightly in fur. "Ride me as he fucks you. Come with us."

Rorick's eyes had shifted to dark amber with golden flecks. They seemed to glow softly. A soothing rush of energy entered the air and she felt a sense of calm come over her. Rorick began to work her clit.

"Ride me," Rorick ordered. The single command caused her to grip her thighs tighter around his thighs. She squeezed his cock as she rode him. Robin rocked back and forth, meeting each of Lochlan's thrusts with one of her own. Pleasure built inside of her while Rorick's finger moved faster and faster. Lochlan pinched and rolled her nipple.

"Come for us again, Robin," Rorick growled. Fire burst over her. The heat spread out through her body as she came again. Her vaginal walls quivered around his cock and her legs shook. They didn't stop fucking her. She felt them both pulse. Their cocks expanded within her before they both came, howling long and loud.

When it was all over, she collapsed atop Rorick and Lochlan pulled out of her. Panting for breath, Robin looked up to find dark blue eyes sparkling back at her.

"Welcome home, *notre compagnon du coeur*," Rorick murmured as he kissed her forehead. Lochlan echoed the sentiment as he lifted her up off of Rorick and placed her between them under the covers. That night they made love over and over again. By morning her body ached and she was covered in love bites.

\* \* \*

In the glaring light of the mid-morning sunshine, doubts and shame assaulted Robin's conscience. She fled the mansion. Robin packed up as much of her things as possible and fled the apartment. She spent the next few months moving from hotel to inn to motel all over the Highlands trying to escape the twins.

They always found her but stopped all pursuit when she contacted Iain O'Keefe and asked for sanctuary. Iain took her in, warning the twins to keep their distance until she was ready to face them. Still, three months later, she blamed that night on the twins

being drunk and desperate due to the closeness of the full moon. Nothing Katherine said helped assuage the doubts that ran through her mind.

## Chapter Four

### Three Months Later...

Rorick threw down the newspaper and looked over at his twin. Lochlan looked up from the computer monitor and nodded his head. "I miss her too."

"I can't believe that Iain would deny us access to her." Rorick pushed back his chair and stood up. He strode to the window and looked out over the wide expanse of lawn below.

"Iain isn't denying us anything. She has requested numerous times that we leave her alone. It's our fault she ran away. If we had just pursued her in the beginning, then none of this would be happening," Lochlan pointed out.

Rorick frowned. He hated that his brother was right. Lochlan had all but said *I told you so*. It had been Rorick's idea to allow her to get used to them and see for herself their sexual appetites. Now they were paying for his rare caution. "I know, I know. I was just afraid if we went after her in the beginning, maybe she would just leave for good."

"Or maybe she would have felt more at ease and wouldn't have needed to run away. I still can't believe she drove off after all the sex we had. If *trisaïeule* could see us now." Rorick glanced over to see Lochlan shake his head. He knew what Lochlan was thinking. If their succubus great-great-grandmother could see them she would be both angry and amused.

"We can't just leave her alone. Robin is our heart-mate. She is the only one that can ease the sexual burning we feel." Rorick hissed as he felt fire flare up in his chest. He looked over at Lochlan and knew he felt the same way. Rorick's cock throbbed to life and the need to mate overwhelmed him. If he could, he'd go out and find a willing



woman to ease the burn. But he didn't want any random woman. He wanted Robin. He groaned as his mind produced an image of her the last time he'd seen her.

She'd worn jeans and a fitted T-shirt and low-heeled boots. She'd been in the lobby of a quaint bed and breakfast on the Scottish coast. It had been close enough to the beach to hear the ocean but far enough away from the noise of vacationers. Her hair had been up in a messy ponytail. Her face was devoid of makeup. She looked perfect.

The moment was ruined when she'd turned and spotted them. They'd raced after her only to have her run to her room and slam the door in their faces. She demanded that they go away. Then she'd called Iain. Rorick growled. On any given day he liked Iain, but the fact that his soon-to-be pack leader had taken Robin in instead of turning her over to them infuriated Rorick.

To make matters worse, Katherine, Iain's mate, had given them an ultimatum. Either they stay away or they would be exiled from the pack. He could appreciate that Katherine was protecting her new friend but she knew nothing of pack business. He would have told her so if Lochlan hadn't dragged him away. Rorick had kept his cool because he didn't want to deal with Iain's wrath for upsetting his mate. Now they could only go to Castle O'Keefe when Robin wasn't there, and it had to be pack business.

Glancing over at the empty desk that sat in the middle of the office, he felt a shaft of pain. He missed Robin. Even if they hadn't had sex, all that mattered was that she was in their life. Now she was hiding from them out of fear and shame. Rorick wanted to see the sadness and weariness in her large, almond-shaped, brown eyes disappear and see them sparkle again with happiness or mischief. He wanted to run his hands through her thick curly hair to soothe her. He just wanted her. Sighing, Rorick walked back to his desk. He couldn't work. He couldn't focus. Not when Robin wasn't there.

"Don't go up to the castle. She's there right now," Lochlan warned him.

"I'm just going to wander for a bit," Rorick murmured. He stopped by his desk and grabbed his jacket before leaving the office. He knew Lochlan was worried about him. Lochlan wouldn't say it. Lochlan knew that Rorick would just brush it off, and ask that he stop mollycoddling him. Rorick hated that he was taking out his aggression on

his twin. Everything was a mess. In a matter of a few months the summit would be upon them.

Every pack in the area would be meeting to discuss new rules, codes of conduct and news. Everyone was on edge due to a new pack. They had transported themselves from America to Scotland. There was no information about them except their leader was a woman. A female alpha would be hell to deal with. In the past, female alphas tended to be less flexible and more demanding in how they felt things should be run. They rarely listened and threw orders around like bullets.

Rorick could understand why some female alphas did that. They wanted to prove that they were as tough if not tougher than the men, and that they were capable of ruling their pack. Rorick saw no need to do this, but what did he know? He was a male werewolf who was not a pack leader, and had incubus blood running through his veins.

He was a mongrel as far as the other packs were concerned. If the O'Keefe pack didn't make it a policy to take in exiles, Rorick and Lochlan would undoubtedly have been killed long ago. In his great-great-grandmother's day, the Montgomery pack had been feared because of their sexual power. Now they were looked upon as transplants from France with dirty blood.

The O'Keefes had welcomed them, made them family, and Rorick didn't want to risk that. Now Robin was staying with them, and he missed her terribly. She was his and Lochlan's mate. He would do whatever it took to get her back, but he didn't want to be exiled.

Sighing, he walked along the street, not watching where he was going. He found himself wandering into a small café. The smell of coffee and baked bread filled his nose. His stomach grumbled, reminding him that he hadn't eaten breakfast or lunch.

He walked up to the counter and put in an order for a coffee and a chocolate croissant.

"Rorick? What brings you out of the office? Let me guess. Robin?"

Rorick turned to the voice and found himself face to face with Katherine, Iain's mate. She was wearing a fitted black jacket edged in white piping, black silk blouse and black pencil skirt also edged in white piping, and looked as though she'd just come from a meeting.

"I'm just wandering," Rorick responded. He was about to ask after Robin, when he felt his chest burn. His cock hardened and pressed against the fly of his slacks. He sniffed the air. Robin's scent floated toward him above the aroma of coffee and fresh baked goods. He turned his head and spotted a mop of curly hair, pulled back into a messy bun. Spirals framed her face, wire frame glasses perched on her straight nose, and her lips were painted in a seductive deep red gloss. She looked like a sexy librarian.

"Fuck," Rorick groaned as images of Robin pinned against a bookshelf filled his head. While Rorick feasted on her pussy, Lochlan would be above, tasting her lips. A sharp pinch brought him out of his fantasy.

"What?" he demanded, absently rubbing his crotch.

"A, that is inappropriate and b, Robin is in a meeting, so don't go over there," Katherine pointed out.

"In a... meeting? What?" Rorick glanced back to find her sitting at a small table talking to two men, werewolves. As far as Rorick was concerned, the wolves were far too close to her. Rorick was about to go over and move them back when he felt a hand on his wrist. He looked down and then up. Katherine shook her head.

"No. Don't go over there. It will scare the shit out of her. She's nervous enough as it is. Go back to the office and I'll explain. Please," Katherine pleaded.

Rorick glanced back at Robin and then sighed. He didn't want her running off again, and if she was in a meeting, he didn't want to ruin it. His wolf was champing at the bit to be let loose and get his mate. Rorick told it to calm down, paid for his coffee and croissant and rushed out of the café like the hounds of hell were on his heels.

\* \* \*

Lochlan watched his twin dash into the room; an ash blond eyebrow rose in question.

"Robin is here. She's at a café down the street. Katherine says she's in a meeting of some sort. She'll be here to explain shortly," Rorick's words rushed out.

Lochlan rubbed his chest absently. He'd felt her arrive in town and knew she was close by. Despite the demands of his wolf and the blood rushing through his veins, he refused to go to her. Robin needed time. Lochlan knew that, but Rorick was impetuous and rushed into things. That's why Lochlan hadn't said anything. Lochlan was thankful his twin hadn't tried to drag her back with him. "When is Katherine coming here?"

"She didn't say. Damn, I forgot to get you something. I'll just order take out," Rorick said before picking up the phone and ordering some Chinese food. Katherine and the take out arrived at the same time. Lochlan met Katherine at the entrance of the office.

"How is she?" Lochlan asked, trying not to sound too eager.

"Keen for news, aren't you?" She laughed. "She's fine. Adjusting quite well, in fact. She'll want to get the rest of her things from the apartment to put into storage."

Pain lanced his heart but Lochlan tried not to show it.

"Look, you know it and I know it. Hell, even Rorick knows it. She needs time and space. Chasing her all over the whole of Scotland got you nowhere. Now you need to try something new, like leaving her alone. It's for the best. Well, for her best anyway," Katherine pointed out.

"I know but we need her. She's our mate," Lochlan stated.

Katherine stopped on the stairs and looked Lochlan over. Her eyes seemed to bore into his soul. "It's more than that, isn't it?"

Lochlan shifted uncomfortably. They were interrupted by Rorick, who called down the stairs for the food.

"We will discuss this among other things. I don't want to be blindsided, understand? I'm on your side but I'm also on hers. How am I supposed to fight for you, when you give me no reason to?" Katherine asked before turning and walking up the

stairs. "Keep your pants on, Roar, I've got your food. You damn well better share with me."

Lochlan chuckled. Katherine was just as tough as any werewolf female. He wished Iain would stop being so protective of her. She could handle herself.

Lochlan walked up the stairs and Katherine made a beeline for the window while the food was being spread out. She sighed before murmuring, "I never get tired of seeing a Scottish sunset."

Walking away from the floor-length pane of glass to a visitor's chair, she sank down and crossed her legs. Lochlan couldn't help but admire Katherine. Over the last few months she'd stood toe to toe with his obstinate pack members, and not once had she backed down unless dragged away. Looking at her, one could see her spine was made of steel and, if she could, she'd have your balls for breakfast. Sitting in the visitor's chair she looked so dainty and feminine. *Such a contrast.*

He supposed it was because of her small stature. She was just like Robin. Both women were petite, American, and strong-willed. While Robin had quiet strength, Katherine wore hers on her sleeve. Robin would oppose you quietly. Katherine was in your face and then some. Neither woman used their looks to get ahead. In fact, they didn't seem aware of how beautiful they were. They both used intelligence, patience and understanding as assets. Both had come to a foreign country and adapted just like his and Rorick's great-great-grandmother. He was drawn from his thoughts by Rorick shoving a plate of food in his hand.

"Come on, sit down and eat," his brother urged.

Lochlan nodded, walked over to his desk and sat down. Silence fell between all of them as they ate.

"I'm surprised you both aren't demanding information," Katherine mused aloud.

"We're showing patience," Rorick responded.

Katherine laughed. "Well, good for you. Now, on to Robin. I've promoted her. She's Iain's assistant. She is helping me organize for the summit. If all goes well, we

should have a nice position for her in the company. I know you both would love to have her back here, but that isn't a good idea. She's scared. She's unsure of herself, and she doubts what happened between you three," Katherine said.

"How can she --" Rorick started.

"You were drunk, yes?" Katherine asked.

Rorick and Lochlan looked away, knowing where the conversation was going.

"I have my answer. If you had been sober, I think she wouldn't have a leg to stand on. As the situation is, she's not sure if what you said and felt was really you or the alcohol talking. As for you chasing her all over the place, she thinks the only reason for that is you want her to come back and work for you. I know you feel differently, but she's letting insecurity do the talking for her. She told me everything, but I want to hear it from you before I tell Iain. Is it true? Are you part incubus?" Katherine asked.

Rorick and Lochlan nodded, not sure what to say. Lochlan waited for Katherine to look disgusted or make some sort of excuse to leave. Incubi and succubi were notorious for their uncontrollable sexual appetites and unstable powers. Instead Katherine sat there, eating her plate of chicken fried rice. After five minutes passed and she had finished her fried rice, she finally spoke. "You do know your food is getting cold right?"

Rorick and Lochlan scrambled to finish what was on their plates. Katherine continued to talk. "Do the other packs know?"

"There have been whispers," Lochlan responded.

"Hmm... well, we'll make do with what we have. I think there may also be another reason why she's unsure: incubi and succubi and their appetites. The question is always, do they want me or am I just a snack between meals? I know you guys care for her a great deal, but you better come up with something more than just 'We miss you' or whatever. You need to tread carefully." Katherine paused before continuing.

"She needs to know that what happened was real. That what you say and mean aren't two different things. That you do want her and not as some stand-in. Trust me, when it comes to love, things can get muddled, and what you meant to say isn't the

way the other person hears it. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm going back to the hotel. I have to talk to Robin, call Iain and then fall into bed. You two have a great night. Thanks for dinner." Katherine stood up, placed her plate near the take out bag and left.

Lochlan looked over at his brother. He could see the wheels in Rorick's head turning. They both had a lot to think about and a great deal to plan. After cleaning up, Rorick and Lochlan headed for home. As they pulled up in the driveway they saw a familiar Jeep parked at the entrance. Kameron stood at the front door, a set of bags at his feet. Rorick groaned. "Looks like we have a houseguest."

Lochlan could only shake his head. "I wanted to think about our next move with Robin. Kam's not going to let us do anything. Wonder how long he'll be staying."

"Let's just hope it's a short visit. Shit, we have to meet Iain tomorrow." Rorick groaned.

"Yeah, we'll have to get an early start. Hopefully this won't be too much drama," Lochlan said. They pulled up beside Kameron's Jeep and got out. No sooner did they arrive at the door then Kameron opened his mouth.

"Need to crash here for a while. The roof on my cabin is leaking. You guys don't mind, right?"

Rorick hesitated, so Lochlan stepped in even though he didn't want to say the words. "No, of course not. Stay as long as you want."

"Thanks, guys. I know it's short notice. Can't stay with Iain. Katharine and Robin are there. That and full moon is close. I promise I won't stay long."

Lochlan nodded and Rorick opened the door, shooting his brother a look as Kameron stepped inside ahead of them. "Let's hope it's only a month, otherwise I'll have to kill him. I want Robin to be able to come here and not feel like she's in hostile territory."

"I agree. We'll just ask that Kameron behave," Lochlan murmured.

Rorick snorted. "That's like asking a rhino to water ski. Not going to happen."

Lochlan held back a snort of laughter and prayed that Kameron would be on his best behavior. If Robin returned to them, no one would be treating her like she was

unwelcome in their home. Looking out as the gloaming set in, Lochlan sighed. He inhaled deeply and closed his eyes, wishing Robin were with them to see the sight of night setting in. He turned and closed and locked the door. As he walked down the hall he heard Kameron and Rorick talking. The subject was humans among werewolves. Lochlan rolled his eyes. It was going to be a long night. He smiled. At least he had his dreams to look forward to.

\* \* \*

"I can't take it!" Rorick burst into Lochlan's room, annoyance clearly written on his face. He began to pace.

Lochlan turned to his brother, eyebrow raised. "You know, I could have been in here watching internet porn," he said, trying to lighten the mood.

"One, you would have locked the door, and two, you hate porn and prefer the real thing. Kameron is driving me crazy. He keeps going on and on about the new librarian and how she's denying him some books," Rorick grumped.

"Kameron can read?" Lochlan tried again to lighten the mood but Rorick didn't take the bait.

"Yes, he can read. You know just because he's more of an athlete instead of an academic doesn't mean he isn't smart. Anyway, he thinks it's some sort of conspiracy cooked up by the woman to deny him his right to read," Rorick said, laughing.

"There's got to be something more to this book thing. Have you asked him about it?" Lochlan asked. Kameron had been gone since the wedding. No one knew where he'd gone or for what reasons.

"No, and honestly, I'm too tired to ask. I need to escape for a while." Rorick finally stopped moving long enough to look at Lochlan.

"Keys are in the bowl near the door. Car's parked in the drive. Please fill up the tank before you come back. If you're going to run, remember to take your clothes off if you shift." Lochlan turned back to his computer.

"No. I'm talking about using dream visitation to escape," Rorick said. Lochlan looked up at his brother and saw his eyes sparkling with mischief.



## Chapter Five

Robin snuggled underneath the thick goose down comforter and sighed. The bed was light as air and the pillows were like clouds. She'd had a long day and so many meetings. She just wanted to drift away to dreamland. Her mind refused to let her sleep, though. It was working overtime. Her thoughts turned to her new job. After the first meeting, Katherine had left her alone to handle everything. Katherine was giving her more and more responsibility as the days went by. There was even talk of a promotion of some sort.

She resisted the urge to squeal with excitement. Her life was taking a heady turn upward. The only downside was how much she missed Rorick and Lochlan. She wished that she could share her thoughts with them. In the past they used to be able to talk about everything. Now there was a wall she'd erected to keep from getting hurt. Squeezing her eyes shut, she tried to banish her doubts and insecurity.

She no longer regretted what happened. That night had been everything she could have asked for and then some. But come morning, in the harsh light of day, she realized that the only reason they had wanted her was because they were drunk and needed release. She had just been the convenient woman nearby. Once she had gotten the space she needed, thanks to Iain and Katherine, and had gathered her thoughts, Robin couldn't keep feeling shame. She had enjoyed every second of it and would do it again if ever given the chance. If they really wanted her.

She sighed and opened her eyes. Staring at the exposed wooden beams of the ceiling, her mind replayed all her favorite moments of that night. Her pussy tingled as her stomach tightened and her breasts became full and heavy. Her nipples turned into diamond hard tips. Sleep was now the last thing on her mind. Her hand slid over her

stomach, pulled up her pajama top and slipped underneath the waistband of her pajama bottoms and into her panties.

Robin closed her eyes. Her fingers slipped between the already damp lips of her pussy. She found her clit and began to circle the head slowly. Letting her mind soar, Robin fell deep into a fantasy where Rorick and Lochlan were sober and wanted her. Two sets of blue eyes looked over her naked body, taking in her generous breasts and full hips. She would never have an hourglass figure but they didn't care. They loved every inch of what they saw.

Her finger moved faster and faster. Her orgasm built, spiraling higher. She could feel the light kisses of their lips along her skin. Both Rorick and Lochlan would suck a nipple into their mouths and scrape the tightened tips lightly with their fangs. She pinched her nipple to mimic the sweet pain. Her cunt clenched and moisture gushed from her entrance.

Rorick's mouth moved from her nipple. He dusted kisses over her rounded stomach and traced his tongue along the juncture of her hip. He spread her legs wide. She could practically feel him there. His warm, moist breath caressed her damp flesh. Her pussy tingled with awareness. Her clit throbbed with need.

She wanted his mouth on her, exploring her, loving her. She moaned. Her hips rose off the mattress. Her finger moved faster, rubbing the nubbin harder. Her release was on the horizon. She could feel it. Lochlan's mouth moved upward. His fangs traced her jugular vein. He flicked the pulse point with the tip of his tongue. Her heartbeat doubled. She knew what he wanted to do and she wanted him to do it. She hungered to feel the pain and pleasure of his blood-kiss. She desired to feel the way each pull of his lips sent a jolt of electricity straight to her clit.

As she pinched her clit, her cunt spasmed and she cried out. Her legs began to shake and her pussy quivered as fire rushed over her body. Her back arched. Tremors continued to run through her. As her body sank back to the bed, she tried to catch her breath. Groaning, she opened her eyes. Arousal still sang through her. Robin wanted the real thing, not a fantasy.

\* \* \*

Lochlan closed his eyes and concentrated. It was one of the powers of the incubi to invade the dreams of their chosen. Exhaling, he felt the energy build. He heard Rorick across from him chanting in the old language, long dead to the world. Lochlan felt a tug on his body. His eyes opened and he found himself looking down on the scene. He was sitting on the floor across from Rorick. A tall white candle burned between them.

“Ready, brother?” Rorick asked, next to him. His voice sounded hollow, echoing off into space. They focused on Robin and locked in on her location. Since they had bitten her, they had marked her as theirs. They could find her anywhere. With just another thought they brought themselves to her location.

They found themselves in a bedroom. A massive wooden queen-size bed stood against a far wall. Robin’s skin shone with sweat. They could smell the scent of sex in the air. Both men groaned with need. Their inner wolves began to howl. The twins’ canines descended.

They could taste her, could feel her body against and between them. They both felt the way her pussy and ass clenched around them. Without hesitation, they flew down. Their energy hit her body in a shower of sparks that caused her back to arch and her mouth to fall open in a silent cry of pleasure. Once inside her mind they focused on creating a world of pleasure for her while in a dream state.

\* \* \*

Robin opened her eyes. One minute there was blackness and then she had felt a burst of pleasure. Now she found herself in a white world. The floor was covered in white pillows of various sizes. White candles sat on golden stands. Their flames swayed in the slightest breeze. She wandered through the room. Robin saw swings, feathers, whips, handcuffs, sex toys and silk scarves mounted on shelves throughout the room. Passing through gauzy, diaphanous white curtains, she came to a bed.

Lochlan and Rorick stood on either side of the mattress. They each held a silken scarf in their hands. She swallowed as her heart rate increased. Her pussy became

heavy. Her sex pulsed with need. She walked to the bed with trepidation. When she saw the desire blazing in their eyes, she became more confident. With each step an article of clothing fell away until she stood nude at the foot of the bed.

"Hello, *ma chérie*, welcome to our world," Rorick greeted her as he strode forward. His long blond hair swung from side to side. He stopped in front of her and reached out, caressing her cheek.

"We've missed you." Lochlan's fingertips trailed down her arm. Fire broke out over her skin just from their touch.

"I've missed you too," she murmured softly. Rorick's face softened at her words. His features became more relaxed. His eyes sparkled with mischief.

"Do you trust us? We won't hurt you. We promise." Lochlan's eyes were guarded as if afraid of her answer. She felt a pang of sadness. Lochlan was usually so open with her. For a second it made her realize the power she had. Though a dream, it felt so real.

"I trust you," she responded.

"Good. Then you will wear this blindfold and allow us to tie you to the bed. We're going to pleasure you until you can't take it anymore." Rorick held up a silk scarf and Lochlan did the same. Anticipation shivered up and down her spine. Her stomach tightened as Lochlan moved behind her. She felt the brush of silk on her neck and then the side of her face before the piece of white cloth was brought up to her line of vision.

"Relax," Lochlan whispered against her ear. She trembled at the warm, moist breath caressing her ear. She allowed the tension to drain out of her body. Closing her eyes, she waited for Lochlan to tie the blindfold on her. She felt the silk press against her skin and lips, trailing over her shoulder.

"So beautiful, you're just *magnifique*," Lochlan whispered in his soft brogue. The French only heightened her arousal.

"She is. I can't wait to reacquaint myself with her body," Rorick murmured.

"Why do you keep doing that?" Robin asked.

"Why what? Why do we want to fuck you senseless? Because it's more than a want, it's also a need," Rorick responded.

"No," she laughed. "Why do you throw in French? I never asked you that. You were born in Scotland but you keep throwing around French words and phrases."

"Ah, that. Blame it on our childhood. Our great-great-grandmother insisted that we speak to her only in French. She was originally from France. We sometimes became confused and began using French words instead of English and vice versa. Now, it's just a part of who we are. We also tend to use it a lot when we are aroused," Rorick answered from behind her. She felt lips trail over her arms and another set kissing her abdomen. She guessed the brothers had switched places.

"Enough talking. Now we will make love to you," Lochlan growled softly. She squealed when she was lifted off of her feet and into someone's arms. Reaching out, she wrapped her arms around his neck.

"Relax, *ma chérie*, I've got you," Rorick reassured her. She allowed the tension to drain from her body before she felt them start to move. He lowered her and she felt as if she were being placed on a cloud.

"Lie back and relax. Lochlan and I will take care of everything." Rorick took hold of one wrist and raised it over her head. Her other arm lifted and she knew that Lochlan was on the other side of the bed. She put her head down on a pile of pillows. Robin expelled a breath and waited for them to start. She didn't have to wait long. She felt something soft slowly brush down her arm, over the swells of her breasts, over her stomach and down her legs. She then felt two tongues, one on each leg, following the trail they had made.

She squirmed, trying to move. Robin longed to bring down her arms. She wanted to remove her blindfold and watch what they were doing to her.

"Mmmm, almost as tasty as our little bird but not quite. Perhaps we should taste her to compare," Rorick suggested.

"You taste that delectable mouth and I shall eat her pussy," Lochlan replied gruffly.

"Deal, Lochlan." Rorick's scent surrounded her. She felt his breath waft over her face.

"You are so beautiful, Robin. I wish you could see yourself through our eyes," Rorick whispered.

"Just kiss me, Roar," Robin ordered.

Rorick chuckled above her. "Our little Robin has developed claws."

Robin moaned when she felt Lochlan lick the inside of her thigh. Small fires broke out over her skin as Rorick placed kisses along her jaw. She wanted him to kiss her. She needed to feel his lips against hers. Robin gasped when Lochlan gently nipped her inner thigh. A burst of unexpected pleasure caused her to quiver. Lochlan did it again. Her pussy gushed more cream as the base of her spine tingled.

"Lochlan!" she cried out.

"She likes that. Perhaps she'll like this?" Rorick's lips blazed a trail from her jaw down her neck. Small nips caused her to squirm. The twins moved over her body placing small nips in their wake. Bursts of pleasure, like fireworks, exploded with each bite. Writhing, Robin tugged at her restraints. She wanted to whip off the mask and watch them mark her. Her hands itched to feel the silken caress of their hair under her palms.

She cried out when she felt the scrape of fangs against her nipple. Her back arched and heat shot straight to her clit. The tip of a fang brushed over the head of the aching bundle of nerves and her hips shot off the mattress. A finger was slipped into her sopping core. The digit began to run along the walls of her slick channel. The callused tip of the finger ran over that secret spot that made her see stars. The digit retreated only to be thrust inward again.

"More," she begged. Her mind was slowly unraveling. Her body was now a resounding point of need. More bites, more kisses, more fingers. She needed more of what they were doing to her.

"More what, *ma chérie*?" Rorick's voice rumbled from the area of her chest.

"I need more of everything," she panted.

"That tells us nothing. Perhaps this?" A second finger joined the first in her aching channel. Both digits retreated and then thrust forward lazily. She squeezed her vaginal muscles, trying to hold his digits inside of her, but he withdrew them. A cry of frustration was cut off when she felt Rorick take her nipple between his teeth and suck the aching tip into his mouth. A sharp tug of his lips went straight to her clit.

"Rorick!" she cried out.

"He's not the only one here," Lochlan reminded her before he nipped her clit and then sucked it into his mouth. Lochlan's fingers continued to move at a leisurely pace in her cunt, fucking her slowly.

"Please, I need more," Robin begged.

She heard a soft pop and Rorick's voice. "You keep saying more, *ma chérie*. What does that mean?"

"I want you to fuck me," Robin demanded.

"Who is to fuck that sweet pussy of yours?" Rorick asked, as his tongue lazily circled her taut nipple. Lochlan bit her clit lightly as his fingers increased their pace.

"Why can't you both fuck me?" Robin asked.

"Ah, little bird, one at a time, this time." Rorick chuckled before taking her nipple back into his mouth.

She couldn't think. Their mouths and Lochlan's fingers were driving her mad. Lochlan withdrew his fingers from her cunt and released her clit. She felt the bed shift and a hand grab her hips. She then felt the pressure of a cock at her entrance.

"So hot," Lochlan groaned. "So sweet. How I've missed your pussy."

"Lochlan," she moaned. "Fuck me hard. I want it hard and fast."

He thrust forward. She cried out as he stretched her to the limit. He withdrew and slammed into her again. He fucked her hard, hitting her cervix with each thrust. Rorick began to trail kisses upward as he took her nipple between two of his fingers and pinched the hardened peak. Her back arched as her mouth fell open on a silent cry.

Fingers pressed her clit down as Lochlan began to slow his thrusts.

"What are you doing?" Robin demanded.

"Tell us who you belong to," Lochlan demanded. He stopped moving.

"Now?" Robin asked incredulously. She wanted him to keep fucking her.

"Yes, now. We need to know," Lochlan answered.

Rorick released her nipple. He ran his fangs over her throat.

"We want you to acknowledge that you are our mate," Rorick murmured against her neck. Robin shivered as she felt him press his fangs into her skin. Not breaking the flesh. She wanted to feel the sweet pain and pleasure of his bite, knowing it would push her over the edge.

Lochlan withdrew and slammed into her. Moaning, Robin arched her hips upward to him. She offered him deeper penetration. Raising her legs, she wrapped them around his waist. Tightening her hold on him, she pulled him closer. She squeezed her muscles around his cock and heard him groan.

"If I say it, will you tell me that you belong to me?" She didn't know why she was asking the question. It just fell from her lips and she couldn't take it back. She didn't even know where it had come from.

She squeezed her vaginal muscles again. "Say it."

"We belong to you and only you," Lochlan moaned.

Robin couldn't hold back her smile before she cried out. Rorick's fangs pierced her skin. A sizzling heat started at her neck and worked its way down. She felt his tongue run over the wound.

"Tell us who you belong to," Rorick growled. He nipped her again and again, moving down her neck. Pinpricks of fire danced just under her skin. She squirmed and writhed. Robin tried to pull her hands from her bonds. Lochlan pulled back only to thrust into her hard, causing her to cry out.

Lochlan stilled again and she let out a frustrated cry. "Fuck me!" Robin demanded.

"Tell us who you belong to." Rorick sucked her nipple into his mouth and scraped the tip with his fang. Lochlan continued to hold still. Frustration caused her to give in.



"You, I belong to the both of you. Now fuck me," she cried out.

Lochlan withdrew and began to pound into her. She clenched her vaginal muscles around him. Meanwhile, Rorick transferred his attentions to her other breast. The slightest touch of his hair against her abandoned nipple caused sparks of heat to explode inside of her.

She was being pushed over the edge. Her orgasm curled tighter and tighter within her. The finger on her clit lifted. Heat spread outward just as Rorick bit down on her breast. She came, screaming. Heat washed over her body. Her legs trembled as her body shook. Lochlan continued to fuck her as Rorick released her breast. His lips came down to hers. His tongue thrust into her mouth. The sweet metallic taste of blood flooded her mouth. She tried to draw her head away but Rorick held her head still and withdrew his tongue. His lips moved passionately over hers, his fangs scraping her bottom lip. He tugged the plump flesh into his mouth.

Lochlan's cock twitched and then she felt warm liquid coat the walls of her pussy. Rorick bit her bottom lip and an aftershock rippled through her. Her cunt spasmed and her legs shook slightly. Lochlan continued to pump his hips, thrusting every drop of his seed into her. When it was all over, he covered her body with his and kissed the side of her neck, before laying his head down on her shoulder.

Rorick released her lips. She felt the silk being pulled away from her face. Opening her eyes she blinked against the brightness of the room.

"I'll give you a rest before my turn." Rorick kissed her forehead before releasing first one arm and then the other.

"We love you, Robin," Lochlan murmured.

Tears trickled down her cheeks. "I love you too," she whispered. The dream became a gauzy cloud as the twins and the room faded around her. Robin awoke covered in sweat. Her juices were cooling between her thighs. Her body ached as if she had been bitten all over. Her pussy throbbed and her lip hurt.

Scrambling out of bed she made her way to the bathroom. Robin ignored the way her legs felt like jelly. Flipping on the light, she winced and squinted until she got

used to the brightness. Once she was sure she could see, she peered at her reflection and swore. Her neck looked like it had been attacked by larger than life mosquitoes. Her bottom lip was swollen. Lifting her shirt she looked down. Her nipples were swollen, and there were puncture marks on her left breast.

"I'm going to kill them!" She didn't bother getting dressed properly. She pulled up her pants and made sure her shirt was properly buttoned. Slipping on some shoes, she grabbed the car keys and scribbled a quick note to Katherine about where she was going and what she intended to do.

She didn't care that it was the dead of night or that she looked like a crazed woman or that she was going to face the very people she had run from. Robin had asked them to leave her alone, and they had used their incubi powers to invade her dreams and fuck her there. She refused to take it.

"I can't believe them," she muttered, hunched over the wheel. "Can't understand the phrase 'leave me alone,' can they? Oh no, they have to pull some stupid incubus bullshit on me. I'm going to give them a piece of my mind and then stick my foot up their asses. Argh."

She slammed her palm on the wheel, causing it to shake. "The things I said. I actually told them I loved them. Stupid, stupid, stupid. It was all real, the sex and my confession. How dare they?"

It was four-thirty in the morning by the time she reached them. Pulling into the driveway, she turned off the car and hopped out. Not bothering to lock it, Robin marched up to the door. She rang the bell, keeping her hand on the button.

When the door swung open, an angry looking Kameron stood before her, red hair standing up in all directions. He rubbed his eyes and squinted at her. "What the bloody hell do you want?" he demanded.

She ignored him and pushed past him. "Not here to see you, although you should really put on some clothes. It's cold."

Marching up the stairs, she searched for them, opening all closed doors as Kameron yelled after her to leave.

“Not leaving until I see those assholes,” she called out over her shoulder.

She finally found them in the library. They were sitting on the floor, shirtless but in pajama bottoms. A tall white candle blazed between them. They looked up at the same time, and Robin slammed the door in Kameron’s face. “What the fuck is going on?”

## Chapter Six

Lochlan watched Robin pace. He glanced over at Rorick who looked just as worried as he felt. Robin's agitation could be felt. It was swirling in the air like a storm cloud. His wolf was whimpering, wanting to hide from its angry mate.

"You invaded my dreams and you did something. I have bites all over my neck. I feel like I've just had sex. I can't believe you would do that to me. Why? Is it because I asked you to leave me alone? That I rejected you?" She whirled around and looked at them, pain and anger in her eyes.

"We just wanted to see you," Rorick started tentatively. It was the wrong answer.

"You could have just come to the castle," Robin pointed out.

"Iain has forbidden us to be there if you were there. We needed to be with you," Rorick stated.

"Well, isn't that a shame, because any chance you had, you just blew it. I asked you to leave me alone, and this is what you do? You use your incubus mojo on me?" Robin crossed her arms over her chest.

"We were desperate," Lochlan finally interjected. "At first we weren't going to do it, but Kameron is here. He's wearing on our nerves. We needed a refuge. We needed our touchstone. That's you. I know it was wrong. Maybe we went too far. The constant burning need for you combined with Kameron's visit caused us to do something stupid. Yes, we did use our incubi power. As I said, we were desperate."

"Why do you keep humiliating me?" Tears sparkled in her eyes. "I told you I loved you. I thought it was a dream."

She sank down on a footstool. Neither brother made a move toward her. They didn't want her to bolt if they did try and comfort her. Lochlan's heart ached. He

wanted to soothe and reassure her. Robin's confession was a cherished and honored one, even if it was in a dream.

"We meant every word we said in the dream. We do love you. We love you so much it hurts. I promise you. We never meant to hurt or humiliate you. We love you and ache to be with you. We've missed you, if that's any explanation for our actions. Please, Robin, please believe us when I say we do love you with all our heart and soul. You are our mate, *la compagne de nos coeurs*," Lochlan insisted.

"I don't know what's real anymore." She looked up at them. "How can I? You say you love me and yet can't even leave me alone when I ask you to. Besides that, look at me, how can you love a chubby, short, plain Jane from Nowheresville, U.S.A?"

Rorick growled. The wolf peeked out, making its displeasure known. Lochlan's own wolf wanted to contradict her words. Lochlan kept a tight hold on it and answered for himself and his twin. "Don't do that. Don't put yourself down like that. You are the most beautiful, giving, strong, intelligent, wonderful woman we have ever known. You are so patient and understanding, sympathetic and sweet." He paused briefly before continuing.

"How could we not love you? And if you reply with some inane remark about your looks, I swear I will take you over my knee and spank that beautiful ass of yours. We love every curve of you. And you are not a plain Jane. You are so beautiful. I wish you could see that. Beauty isn't just looks, *ma chérie*. Beauty is in the way you smile and laugh. How your face lights up when something pleases you. The way your eyes light up when you learn something new. It's in every nuance and subtlety that is you," Lochlan said.

Robin looked at him in awe before turning away. "I'm not sexy like some of the other women you've had."

Both Lochlan and Rorick shot to their feet. They strode toward her. Once in front of the footstool, they both in unison shoved down their pajama bottoms.

"Is that proof enough for you?" Rorick demanded. "I'm so turned on by you I ache. I want to fuck you so badly, it hurts. Every other thought in my head is on how many ways I can get you naked and be inside of you again."

"That's just the hunger talking," Robin tried to argue.

"No, it's us. I know it's hard to believe, but we do love you. We do want you. You mean so much to us. There are no words or actions that we can think of that could convey our feelings or needs properly to you. All I can say is we will keep telling you we love and want you regardless of what you say or do. It's how we feel," Lochlan said softly. He sank down to his knees and Rorick did the same.

A single tear slipped down her cheek. Lochlan took a chance. He reached up and wiped it away.

"Can you fuck other women? You say I am your mate and your *compagne... de... Coeur... compagne de coeur*. Can you be with other women? You are part incubus. How can one woman satisfy two men?"

She looked unsure. Lochlan felt a ray of hope burst through him. *Perhaps we are getting through to her.* "Yes, we can be with other women, but we choose not to. It would be disrespectful to you if we went out and satisfied our hungers with other women. We have marked you as our mate. We would not do that to you and sully our relationship with you. You are more than enough woman to satisfy us," Rorick replied.

Before she could find some other excuse Lochlan spoke up. "Close your eyes and answer my questions honestly."

Robin's eyes drifted closed.

"Do you trust us? Answer with the first thing that comes to mind. Do not pause to think," Lochlan said.

"Yes," she affirmed.

"Do you love us?" Lochlan asked.

"Yes," she replied.

"Do you want to be with us?" Rorick queried.

"Yes," she answered.

"Then let go, take a risk and fall. We will catch you, I promise," Rorick said.

"I'm scared," she admitted.

Her words tugged on Lochlan's heart, making him smile. "Believe me, sweetheart, we're just as scared as you are."

She opened her eyes. "What are you scared of?"

Rorick answered, "Hurting you. Not being good enough for you. We're not pure-blooded werewolves. To some that would mean we are mongrels."

Robin gasped. The look of shock changed to anger. "You are not mongrels."

Lochlan smiled and Rorick continued, "Thank you, *ma chérie*. You have no idea what that means coming from you. But some do not share that sentiment. We're also scared of you leaving us like you did."

"I needed space," Robin stated.

"We know, but for us, it was hard to stay away from you. We worried about you and we feared for ourselves. That night when we made love, we bound you to us. We didn't realized how strongly we would react to you leaving. Those first few days were painful. It felt terrible to be away from you. Once you were with Iain and Katherine the pain did ease and sanity came back, knowing you were safe, but for those times when you were moving from place to place, we worried a lot and the pain was immense," Lochlan said.

"Why?" she asked.

"Why were we in pain and fear for ourselves? Well, you are our mate, a mate that is bound to us by blood and sex, the two things that are sacred and needed to bind a mate to the incubus. When the bond is new, it's hard for the bound incubi to stabilize if their mate is away from them. The bond needs to grow and strengthen. Otherwise we just feel as if you're always in danger. Having someone just as strong or stronger than us come along and protect you can ease the ache, but not by much. The pain came from not knowing if you were safe," Rorick stated.

Robin opened her mouth and Lochlan could see an apology coming. "Don't say it. You didn't know. All we wanted to do was bind you to us. We didn't consider the

consequences. Now we're a bit better. We know you're happy in your new life. We just want to be a part of it."

Robin was quiet. It was clear that she was considering what Lochlan was saying. Rorick surprised everyone with his words. "If you need time, take it. We'll be here when you need us."

He looked so raw and vulnerable, so exposed. Lochlan's heart ached for his twin. He knew how hard it was for Rorick to push down his alpha tendencies. Robin sat on the footstool silently. The minutes ticked by slowly for Lochlan. It was torture. He knew his twin felt the same way.

Robin finally spoke. "Can we go to bed? I'm exhausted. I'll call Katherine when I get up."

She rose and walked past both of them. They followed her out of the room and into Lochlan's. Robin took off her shoes and got up onto the bed. She crawled to the head, pulled down the covers and got under them.

"You going to join me or what?" Her eyebrow rose in question, waiting. The twins didn't need to be asked twice. They shed their pants and crawled into bed with her. She snuggled down between them and soon went to sleep. It didn't take long for the twins to follow. When morning came, Rorick awoke to find Lochlan gone. He had left a note on Rorick's side of the bed.

*Gone into the office. Will take on your load. Have fun with Robin. Wink.*

Rorick chuckled and gazed down at Robin. Reaching out, he brushed back strands of curly hair that had fallen into her face. Pulling her closer, he fell back to sleep.



## Chapter Seven

Robin awoke feeling as if she were lying in the sun. She heard the intake and exhale of breath near her ear. Raising her head, she looked up at a sleeping Rorick. Smiling she snuggled against him. She knew that Lochlan wasn't with them in bed. She didn't feel his presence behind her. Robin felt a sense of calm come over her that hadn't been there in months. Last night had been a good start for the three of them. She wanted to continue their progress.

A thought occurred to her. They were now three in a relationship. How did that work? She knew the twins liked to share women as well as have them individually. How would they determine when to share and when to have alone time with her? She sighed. Everything with them was now so new. They would have to talk once Lochlan got home.

She knew she wanted to be with them and trusted that they wanted to be with her. For now she would content herself in trusting her gut and accepting that they loved and wanted her and only her. She lay awake just letting her thoughts drift. Robin lifted her head and looked over Rorick's body. She could see it was almost eleven in the morning. She wanted to get up and get something to eat. She was pretty sure that Kameron was at work and so was Lochlan. Carefully she slipped out of bed and padded toward the bathroom. She left the door open just a crack in case Rorick woke up and panicked.

She soon found herself with company as Rorick joined her in the shower.

"Morning, *ma chérie*." He wrapped his arms around her waist and pulled her to him. She felt his erection press against her ass and sighed.

"Morning," she replied softly, feeling shy, not sure what to do. He nuzzled her neck, and she felt the scrape of fangs along her jugular. A shiver raced down her spine as her pussy tingled.

"How are you feeling?" His voice was deep, edged with roughness. The sound was like liquid fire pouring over her skin, slowly. The heat slid down her spine. Her cunt clenched, her clit throbbed with need. His hand slid down, cupping her mound. His fingers delved between the lips of her pussy. He found her clit and pinched it. She gasped. Her cunt contracted.

"Rorick," she moaned.

"Do you need me, sweetheart? Do you need me inside of you?" Rorick asked.

"Yes."

"Tell me you need me," he demanded.

"I need you, Rorick. Please, I want you inside of me," she moaned, arching her back as one of his hands cupped her breast. He massaged the mound gently, pinching and rolling her nipple. He ground his erection against her ass. She pushed her hips back, rubbing herself against him.

"Turn around," he ordered. Fire washed through her body. Her core clenched on nothing at the sound of his voice. She turned around to face him.

"Back against the wall," he ordered.

She moved backward. Her eyes never left his face. She continued to move until her back hit cool, smooth tile. Rorick approached her. A predatory look gleamed in his eyes.

"You are just so beautiful. I can't believe you're ours." The awe in his voice moved her. His gaze raked her body and she felt beautiful. She had always been aware she was neither as tall as their other women nor as thin. Standing before him, her doubts slipped away. Feeling bold, she reached up and cupped her breasts, kneading the plump flesh, tugging and rolling her nipples. In response, Rorick ran his fingertips down the middle of his chest. Tracing the digits over the ridges of his abdomen and

through the thick nest of ash blond hair, he took himself by the base of his cock. He wrapped his hand around the thick shaft, pumping himself slowly.

Watching him jerk himself off only increased her arousal. Musk and pine perfumed the air. The scent surrounded her and rushed into her. Her veins were on fire. Her cunt spasmed in response. Liquid heat slid down her thighs. Her hands moved faster, tugging and rolling her nipples.

"Touch yourself. I want to watch you bring yourself so close to the edge," Rorick murmured huskily.

The sound of his voice cascaded over her. It felt like a rough cloth was running over her skin. Her hand moved of its own accord, sliding down her abdomen, over her mound, and slipping between her legs. She ran her fingers over the thick lips of her sex, hissing at the way the touch only served to inflame her arousal. Spreading her legs she leaned against the wall. Her eyes focused on his hand wrapped around his cock. She found her clit. Her finger began to move in time with his hand.

Their arousal rose as they watched each other masturbate.

"Enough," Rorick growled as he released his cock. Her hand didn't stop. She watched him approach. Her finger continued to rub her clit. Placing his hands on either side of her body, he leaned forward. His heat and scent pressed in on her. Moaning, she pressed down on her clit before increasing the pace of her finger.

"Very naughty, Robin. We'll have to work on you following orders once Lochlan gets home. Now stop touching yourself and allow me to fuck you," Rorick growled.

Robin groaned. She was so close. Her finger continued to move. Rorick reached down and grabbed her wrist in a loose hold. He brought her arm up and pinned it above her head. He leaned his face closer. His tongue flicked out, tasting her cream on her fingertip. The light sandpaper roughness over the sensitive pad traveled down her arm in a wave of heat straight to her groin where more of her juices slipped down her thighs.

Small fires broke out over her skin as his lips moved down from her finger, to her palm and over her arm. His tongue flicked out over the juncture of her elbow. The

simple touch incited a rush of heat. Continuing the path of fire, his kisses turned to nips. His mouth moved upward until his face was in front of hers. His breath caressed her face. His head lowered and he brushed his lips over hers, once, twice, three times before taking a gentle kiss.

His hand released her wrist and came down to grip her hip. He placed his free hand on her other hip and, with a show of preternatural strength, lifted her up. She automatically wrapped her arms and legs around him, grinding her pussy against his hard length. He pressed her against the wall. The kiss increased in fervor. His mouth moved over hers, teeth clashing, fangs nipping, scraping, tugging her bottom lip into his mouth, sucking hard. He released one hip, balancing her with one hand, and positioned himself at her entrance.

She pulled her head away. "Wait."

"What, sweetheart?" Rorick asked, panting.

"Condom," Robin said.

Rorick grinned. A mischievous look came over his face that made her worry. He released his cock and reached out. She heard the sound of tiles moving and looked over. A tile had been slid back to reveal a small alcove; several small silver packets were stacked neatly in the compartment. He grabbed one and pressed the tile above the nook. The tile slid back into place and Robin looked at Rorick in surprise.

"One of many surprises. Now, put the condom on me, love." He handed her the packet, and she ripped it open and discarded the envelope. With his help she rolled the sheath over his cock, and slipped her arms back around his neck.

"Fuck me," she ordered.

He gave her a wicked smile, positioned himself at her entrance again and thrust into her. He withdrew slowly before slamming back into her. Her nails dug into his back. Pleasure washed over her as he began to pound into her. Her orgasm spiraled higher. Feeling safe that he had a strong hold on her, she slid a hand down between them until her fingers slipped between the lips of her sex.

She found her clit and began to rub the engorged nub while she squeezed her muscles around his cock. A growl passed his lips and she looked up to see his eyes shift before returning to normal. She clenched her vaginal walls again, while stroking her clit faster. He fucked her harder, hitting her cervix, causing sparks of pain and pleasure to mingle. Her orgasm coiled tighter and tighter. She was almost there.

"So close, Roar, fuck me harder," she urged. She tilted her head back. Her eyes drifted half closed as she let the pleasure take her. Rorick's lips brushed against hers gently before taking her mouth in a hungry kiss. His grip on her hips increased. His nails dug into her plump flesh. Her breasts jiggled with each thrust. His lips trailed down until he got to her shoulder. He pulled back and bit down. She cried out as pleasure overwhelmed her. Her pussy quivered around his cock and clamped down. She shook as her finger kept moving over her clit. She felt the tug of his lips. Her body continued to spasm as aftershocks flowed through her. His hips continued to piston, until his cock twitched and he came. His howl reverberated around the room, bouncing off of the walls.

When it was all done, with her legs still wrapped around his waist, he slowly lowered them down to the floor of the tub. Panting, he looked at her. Water fell on them. Blinking through the spray, he smiled. "I'll let you rest for now, then round two," Rorick chuckled.

"I'll hold you to that," Robin replied, smiling.

After catching their breath, they cleaned up and fell into bed. At noon Robin called Katherine, who understood completely, but asked that she get back to work the next day.

At dinner time the trio was left alone. Kameron had gone off with an excuse that he had already eaten. Sitting around the dinner table, Rorick, Lochlan and Robin shared a meal and spoke about the day Lochlan had at the office. When dessert arrived, Robin couldn't hold back any longer.

"I've made up my mind," she said softly, knowing that they had heard her.

Rorick's and Lochlan's heads came up. Their eyes focused on her. Their heads tilted to the side, mirror images of each other.

"Yes, Robin?" Lochlan asked quietly.

"I want to be with you, but it will take some time for me to reconcile our relationship. I love you both. I always have," she stated softly.

Rorick opened his mouth to interject something, but Robin shook her head. His mouth closed as Robin continued. "It will take some time for me to get used to being with both of you, learning the ground rules and other little things, but I do want a relationship with you both. However, I will not be moving back into the apartment or here. I will stay with Iain and Katherine until I can find my own place, and don't you dare try and help me.

"I will keep my job, working with Katherine and Iain. I will not be going back to work for you, end of discussion. These last few weeks working with Katherine and Iain have been wonderful. It has helped me discover a whole new side of myself and given me confidence. I need that. I need to be independent. I was terrified when I answered your advertisement. I had never done anything like that. Moving from city to city or state to state is one thing, moving to another country is completely different.

"Now I'm here, and I see I've never pushed myself to see what I'm capable of on my own. I stayed in the safety net you offered me with a rent-free, practically bill-free apartment. You took care of everything. Now I can do that and then some. I love the work I'm doing. Not that working for you wasn't fun, but the added stress of dealing with those women was too much. I just couldn't take it. I know that you're with me now and I'm your mate, but that still won't stop them from coming around. I don't want to deal with that and it's time you two accept the bed you both have made.

"You treated those women horribly. It wasn't fair to me, or them, to put me in that position of being your buffer, or using them because you weren't confident enough to tell me the truth."

Rorick and Lochlan both looked away, guilt clearly written on their faces.

"That was one of the main reasons I was going to leave in the first place. I didn't want to deal with them. It was too painful for me. I understand that you are incubi, and I have heard about the lusty appetites, so you can understand why I didn't believe you before. And it didn't help that you both were drunk. Don't tell me you weren't because I know you both. Remember," she warned. "I've seen far worse with you two and alcohol when you're three sheets to the wind and beyond shitfaced. Anyway, what I'm trying to say is I want to build this relationship up, slowly. Can we do that? Can you both move slowly?"

Emotions played across their faces. Their thoughts were clearly written for her to see, and she knew they were struggling. They looked at each other and silently communicated in their special twin bond. They had found their mate, and now she was asking them to put the brakes on and go slowly. Despite Lochlan's easygoing disposition he could, at times, be just as bad as his brother. Finally the twins looked at her. A decision clearly had been made.

"We'll go slowly and we understand your need for independence despite our urges to keep you locked up here with us safe. We respect your needs and wants. We ask only that at least three times a week you stay with us here," Lochlan stated.

Robin smiled. "I can do that. What about Kameron?"

Rorick shrugged. "He'll only be with us for a few more weeks until his roof is done. There is nothing to worry about. If there's a problem, we can send him to the guest house where he'll have more room and not be traumatized by what we plan on doing to you on the nights you're with us."

"And what, pray tell, are you planning on doing to me?" Robin gave them a saucy smile that told them she knew exactly what they wanted to do to her. Without a word, she pushed back her chair and ran.

"Catch me if you can," she called over her shoulder as she ran out of the room. Dessert was forgotten as Lochlan and Rorick rushed after their mate. Once they caught her, they proceeded to drive her mad with passion all through the night.

## **Selena Illyria**

I/R Author Selena Illyria was born with an overactive imagination. She loves to write stories featuring futuristic cities that can only be imagined, visit island kingdoms of vampires/dragons, giggle with mischievous pixies, peek in on faeries looking for their mates, check up on the naughty staff of an exclusive academy, and sigh over how in love a powerful business exec is with his wife. She can't wait to write stories with her talented, creative and wonderful CPs, Celia Kyle and Shara Cooper.

When she's not writing, she loves to read books of many different genres. She also loves to watch some of her favorite movies (too many to be named) and television shows. She also loves to listen to some of her favorite musical artists. All of these things help inspire her to write.

If you'd like to know more about her, you can visit her website, blog, My Space page, and The Pink Chair Diaries. You can email her at [selenaillyria826@gmail.com](mailto:selenaillyria826@gmail.com).