

ELLORA'S CAVE

EXOTIKA

Day:
L.A. Day:
GRΣΣK ΤΣΜΡΤΑΤΦΘΗ

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Greek Temptation

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GREEK TEMPTATION

L.A. Day

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Chapter One

The paintbrush dropped from Samantha Bastille's hand. It was finished. Maybe now she could sleep at night. The image had haunted her dreams for the past three months. Every night, dreams transported her to the ruin. She peered closely at her work. Every detail was there. Atop a hill of green sat the crumbling remains of a guard tower surrounded by castle ruins that amounted to little more than earthworks.

By night, her mind roamed the grounds. The artist inside noted every arched entryway and each pile of rubble. Art had always been her obsession, but not to this extent.

Her hand trembled. She wanted to touch the ruin. She longed to feel the coolness of the stone beneath her fingers but she couldn't. They didn't exist. What remained of this castle existed only in her mind.

With almost physical pain, she pivoted on her heel. She had to prepare for the showing at the gallery. She would display *In Ruins*. Without question, it was her best work to date, but she wouldn't sell it at any price.

* * * * *

"Why so nervous? It's not your first showing."

Samantha turned and plastered on a grin for Allie, the gallery owner and her friend. "Just preshow jitters, I guess."

"If you'd offer up *In Ruins* for purchase, you'd have nothing to worry about. I know it would bring in more than enough to keep you in paints and chocolate."

Samantha arched a brow. "My chocolate habit is pretty expensive."

"If you'd find a man, you wouldn't need so much chocolate...or batteries," Allie suggested.

"Bitch." Samantha smirked.

"I'm just saying there's no real substitute for a man, at least, not for his cock." Allie waved her hand. "The rest of him, well, I could do without."

Allie was closemouthed about her past but she often made derogatory comments about men. Samantha suspected she nursed a broken heart but she knew better than to ask. Grinning, Samantha shook her head. At least bantering with Allie had eased her nerves. "You're bad."

"You don't know the half of it, but in five minutes the doors open. I can't do justice to my sordid past in such short time."

Samantha covered her ears with both hands. "Please don't tell. I haven't had sex in over a year. I probably couldn't handle it."

"That's an interesting revelation, my dear," a male voice said from the doorway.

Samantha shrieked as Allie chuckled. "Orrin, how did you get in here?"

"Doris opened the door for me since I'm your favorite customer." He winked at Allie.

Crossing the room, Allie kissed Orrin on the cheek. "Samantha, remind me to fire her."

"I might do it for you," Samantha muttered as she turned a bright shade of red. Her nerves returned in full force as she flashed her fiery gaze at Orrin. She wasn't mad at him. He was a huge supporter of her work and after all, he was almost old enough to be her father.

"No reason to fret. It's not a sin to go without, but a young, beautiful girl should have at least one man in her life."

"Is that an offer?" Samantha batted her eyes in an exaggerated fashion. She knew she was in no danger from Orrin. She often thought he had a thing for Allie.

Locking their fingers together, he pulled her farther into the showroom. Patting the back of her hand, he said, "Twenty years ago, I might have taken you up on that. Now, show me this masterpiece Allie spoke of so highly."

Leading Orrin across the room, she stopped in front of her most prized work. "Ta-da." Samantha waved her arm in front of her painting.

Orrin tilted his head to the side as he studied the work. Raising one hand, he stroked his short goatee, and for the first time, she noticed he had a touch of silver in his hair. "You captured it perfectly," Orrin announced as he kissed his fingertips in salute to her.

"Thank you." Samantha didn't attempt to hide her wide smile but she did control the urge to jump up and down. She knew it was excellent work, but to have renowned art critic Orrin praise it, brought her unsurpassed joy. It was the most excitement she'd had in a long time.

"When did you visit Diotrephes Isle?"

"What?" Samantha blinked.

Orrin turned toward her. "Don't tell me you accomplished such perfection from a photograph."

"A photograph?"

"Of the ruin," he replied.

Samantha shook her head. "You must be mistaken. I've never seen the ruin. It's a product of my imagination."

His eyes narrowed as he studied her. "It's an exact duplicate of the ruin on Diotrephes. If you did this from your imagination, you must have a telepathic link with the ruin or someone close to them. You must come and see."

"I don't know. Where is Diotrephes Isle?"

"It is a private island in the Greek Isles." Orrin nodded his head. "You will come. You must. In fact, I insist."

"Greece!" Samantha's eyes widened. "I always wanted to visit there but..." Unease traveled up Samantha's spine. Her mother had been born in Greece and she'd always wanted to visit but her father had been against the idea. "I don't think..."

Orrin's voice lowered to just above a whisper. "Do you dream of this place? Does it haunt you?"

Samantha hesitated. "Yes," her reply was a breathy whisper.

Orrin smiled. "The dark clouds, they speak of the storm brewing. The rainbow ends where you will find your heart's desire."

"It's just a painting of ruins with a rainbow."

Orrin huffed, "We will see. If it is in your blood there is no stopping it."

* * * * *

Samantha couldn't believe she'd agreed to this, but how could she not? She hadn't had a peaceful night of sleep in months. She'd thought, when the painting was finished, it would end. It had gotten worse. Now when she dreamed of the castle, there were men and wolves chasing her. Fear and desire filled her as she ran but she always awoke before they caught her.

"Can I get you anything?" Samantha jumped as the flight attendant spoke.

She shook her head. "I'm fine." Crumpling up the chocolate wrappers, she handed them to the attendant, along with an empty Mountain Dew can. She really needed to break that habit.

"We'll be landing soon."

"Thank you." She fastened her seat belt. She certainly couldn't complain about the flight. Orrin had told her he'd take care of the arrangements, but she hadn't expected a private plane.

"Are you ready for an adventure?" Orrin returned to his plush seat across from her. "Our accommodations are being prepared for our arrival."

Samantha grinned nervously. Her body literally hummed with excitement. "I can't wait to land. My mother told me so many stories of her homeland."

"You were never tempted to visit before now?"

"Tempted? I was tempted but my father didn't think it was a good idea."

Orrin's bushy brows shot upward. "Did he give you a reason?"

Samantha shrugged. "He didn't say a lot but I think he was afraid of losing me. I was all he had...all he had left of my mother." Now that he was gone, she was alone.

"Yes!" Orrin nodded. "He thought Greece, the country and the men would steal you away."

She giggled and shrugged. "If they're all as charming as you." Samantha glanced out the window as she felt the plane begin to descend. They were still over water but she could see a shoreline. "What's that?" She pointed.

"Ah, the tip of Italy. Another beautiful country."

"Where are we landing? In Athens?"

He shook his head. "No. We're landing on Kos, an island near Diotrephe."

"Kos! Oh my god! Will we see the Asklepieion ruins or the Temple of Hippocrates? I studied them in school."

Orrin chuckled. "From a distance but we will go back to sightsee."

"I'm not sure how long I can stay." She nibbled on her lower lip.

"You're an artist. There's no need to rush back to the states. Think of the inspiration you'll find here."

Her budget would only last so long and she couldn't impose on Orrin. "You never said the name of the hotel. Is it on Kos?" It was such a hurried trip that she'd left the arrangements to Orrin. She should really feel guilty for taking advantage of him. But her showing had just ended when he'd whisked her away.

"We are guests in a private villa on Diotrephe."

"A private villa? I don't want to put anyone out."

"You will not. Do not worry." Orrin patted her hand. "You will be welcomed with open arms." A slow grin spread across Orrin's face. "This is your homeland." He gestured at the window. "Look."

"Oh my god!" Her heart beat triple time. "It's beautiful. The water—it's turquoise."

"The Aegean Sea."

Islands dotted the crystal clear turquoise water. Some appeared flat, some mountainous and all were lush with vegetation and rimmed with beaches. "Paradise."

* * * * *

Waves from a passing boat rocked their craft but Samantha barely noticed. Her breath burned in her chest as they approached the rocky shoreline. Atop the hill sat the Diotrephe's ruin. It was breathtaking, and it was the ruin of her dreams. Her heart thumped. "It can't be."

Orrin cocked a brow. "Did I not tell you?"

"But how?" Samantha shook her head. "I don't understand."

"You will see."

"I don't remember studying this ruin while I was in school. I must have seen it on television or in a book." It was the only answer that made sense. Unless her mother had shown her pictures when she was young.

"I doubt that. The Diotrephe's ruin is privately owned and Lykaios abhors publicity."

"Lykaios?"

"Lykaios Diotrephe's owns the island. He has invited us to stay at his villa."

"Oh." As they neared the shore, Samantha drew her gaze from the ruin. "All those trees—what are they?" In her dreams, she had a vague impression of orchards.

"To the right are olive trees. Over there, the smaller trees are fig trees." Orrin pointed off to the left. "Agriculture is paramount to the Greek economy." Turning to the

boatman, Orrin spoke in rapid-fire Greek. "I told him to drop us near the ruin and take our luggage to the dock by the villa."

"Wonderful! I need to see the ruin up close. I can't believe it. I just can't." She couldn't pull her gaze away from the mass of crumbling stone.

"Are you okay, Samantha? You seem a bit...wired." Orrin raised a brow as he studied her.

She nervously wrung her hands. "I'm fine. Too much chocolate and Dew."

The boat stopped in the shallow water, close to the shore and the boatman jumped out, pulling the boat the rest of the way. "Are you sure Mr. Diotrephe doesn't mind my coming?"

"I am positive. As a matter of fact, he is greatly looking forward to it."

Orrin spoke to the boatman but Samantha didn't understand much of what they said except for the name Lykaios. The boatman's dark, gleaming gaze traveled over her as he reached for her hand to help her from the boat.

"*Yassou*." The boatman bowed in her direction.

That she did understand. "*Yassou*." She told him goodbye.

"And you said you couldn't speak Greek."

Samantha smirked. "I remember a few words. *Ohee*, or no, I heard often. I don't think that qualifies as speaking Greek." She was glad she'd brought her tennis shoes. They might not match her yellow sundress, but they certainly made walking on the rocky terrain easier. Orrin said the private villa was on the other side of the island but she couldn't wait to see the ruin.

"It is not a race," Orrin called to her, but she couldn't slow down. She had to see the ruin, now. Something inside her demanded that she get there as quickly as possible. The sunhat that Orrin had insisted she wear flew off but she didn't stop to retrieve it.

Her heart pounded. The closer she got, the harder her blood pumped, but she didn't think it was from exertion.

"Oh my god. It's just like my dreams. This archway is just as I pictured it. And around here..." Samantha stopped and sucked in a shaky breath. It couldn't be. It was her dreams come to life. She could walk this place in her sleep. Her hand shook as she reached out. How could she have known so many details from seeing this place in a magazine or on television?

The stone wall was cool, rough and covered with a fine layer of moss. "Orrin," she cried. "I can touch it."

"Yes, my sweet. You can," an accented voice replied.

Samantha spun at the sound of a strange voice. A man stood not three feet from her. "I-I," she stuttered as she stumbled backward.

"I am Lykaios Diotrephe." The tall, dark-haired man bowed slightly.

Samantha's thoughts scattered. Lord, he was a hottie. An olive complexion, perfect features. Although his nose was a little hawkish, no one would complain. He smiled, flashing dimples, and she melted. "I...uh, I..." She couldn't manage to remember her name.

"This is Samantha Bastille, the brilliant artist I told you about." Orrin spoke as he approached. Holding out her hat, he said, "Put this on."

"It is an honor, Ms. Bastille." Lykaios' rich voice sent a jolt of lust down her spine. "And you must wear a hat. Our sun is too hot for one so fair."

"Call me Samantha or Sam, please." She set the hat back on her windswept, unruly hair. She had never wished harder for straight, manageable hair.

"Sam is much too boyish for a woman of your beauty. Samantha, you may call me Lyk." Shivering, she stared into his dark eyes. Awareness shone brightly in the depths and a warm glow entranced her. If he was an example of Greek men, she knew why her father hadn't allowed her to come here when she was younger. She would have never left.

"Thank you." She blinked, breaking the spell. "This place..." She looked around, taking a deep breath. "It's remarkable." The ruin had an auspicious beauty that called to her, made her feel as if she were home.

"Now I must thank you." Lyk inclined his head and his black hair gleamed under the midday sun. "I understand you painted a remarkable rendition."

"I can't explain..."

"There is no need of an explanation. Come. Let me show you the ruin." His warm hand enclosed hers and a spark of heat ignited in her gut.

Samantha's breath expelled heavily and her eyes rolled backward. Strong arms lifted her as her legs collapsed. Her eyelids fluttered and all she could see was Lykaios. Concern crinkled the corners of his eyes.

"Relax," he cooed. "The excitement is too much for you. I'll take you to the villa."

Held in his arms, she felt his warmth permeating her flesh. She couldn't protest. She didn't want to protest. He jostled her in his arms as he neared a Jeep parked nearby. The sudden movement caused the peaked tips of her sensitized breasts to graze his chest and a low moan escaped her lips. She hadn't worn a bra, and only two thin layers of cloth separated their flesh. Her hand fluttered nervously against the silk of his shirt. A few buttons were undone and she longed to press her face against his warm, musky flesh. A fine pelt of chest hair covered his olive skin. Shifting her hand, she felt the crinkle of hair over firm muscle. She sighed. She had never been so aroused.

His arms stilled, holding her tightly against him. Embarrassed heat flooded her cheeks as their gazes locked. Dark eyes burned into hers and he shifted her in his arms.

"Lyk," she gasped as she read the want in his eyes.

A low growl burst from his lips and his head began to lower. Anticipation hummed in her veins as she lifted her head to meet his lips.

"Lykaios." Orrin called his name, breaking the spell before their lips could touch.

Lykaios raised his head. Orrin stood next to the Jeep and he could read the censure in the older man's gaze. He inclined his head in acknowledgement. He could wait, but not very long. Holding her delicate body in his arms had aroused him fiercely. The touch of her flesh, the scent of her arousal, were powerful aphrodisiacs. It was all he could do not to spread her across the hood of his Jeep and feast between her thighs.

Settling Samantha in the passenger seat, he brushed her long, curly hair from her eyes. Burnished red strands, the color of the setting sun, slipped through his fingers. With her coloring, he was positive the shade of her hair was natural. "We will be at the villa shortly," he barked.

At his words, she flinched and he regretted his harsh tone. Impatience, not anger, had set the tone. Expelling a deep breath, he cupped her face in his hand. Her skin was like porcelain and he longed to stroke every inch of it. "You will feel better after you rest." Grass-green eyes shimmered. "*Nerroh?*" He held up a bottle of water.

"Water?"

"*Ne.*" He nodded and handed her the bottle.

"*Efhari-sto.*" She thanked him.

"*Mi la te elliniko?*" He wondered how well she spoke the language.

Her brows furrowed as she shook her head. "I'm sorry. I don't understand."

"No worry. I speak English." He smiled and color rose in her cheeks. Nodding, she looked away as she took a sip of the water. He allowed his finger to trail the softness of her cheek. Smooth, pale skin and long red curls, just as in his dreams. It was a struggle to drop his hand. The *Herangetta* was tomorrow night and his blood burned to possess her.

From the moment Orrin had told him that he'd found her, he'd been in a heightened state of arousal. He'd wanted to travel to the states to meet her but as alpha he had a responsibility to his pack. With the *Herangetta* approaching, he couldn't leave. The young males became restless as the joining time approached and he had to keep a

tight rein on them. Their existence depended on secrecy. He couldn't have the young wolves running wild.

However, now that she was on lycan soil. He could dedicate himself to her. Only this beautiful, delicate woman could make him complete.

"Lykaios, we need to get her out of the heat," Orrin reminded him. Nodding, he climbed behind the wheel and threw the Jeep into gear.

Gravel shot from beneath the tires as he sped toward the villa. He needed to get her settled in her rooms. She would grow weaker as the feral need to mate grew within her.

Lifting her hand, Samantha wiped her brow. "I don't know what's wrong with me. It must be jet lag...or possibly this heat." She tugged at the gathered waistline of her dress.

"Don't worry. You will have a siesta and soon you will feel much better. That is a promise." Soon he would possess her and take her as his mate. Then she would know her heritage and the true power of the lycan.

Chapter Two

On wobbly legs, Samantha stepped from the shower. Having showered and eaten some olives and cheese, she felt much better. Wrapping the large bath towel around her, she entered the attached bedroom. Her luggage sat beside the bed.

Opening the carryall, she shook out her blue and white sundress. She couldn't wait to get dressed and go exploring. What she'd seen of the island and villa was breathtaking. A terrace ringed most of the sprawling stone villa that sat up just high enough to give a panoramic view of the island and the sea. Closing her eyes, she thought of what she'd paint first. Her lip curled up. She'd paint Lykaios, lounging on a hammock under the shade of olive trees with the sea in the background. A girlish giggle escaped her lips. She couldn't believe he was so generous as to open his home to her. She knew she'd feel fine once she adjusted to the heat. Dropping the towel, she dug clean panties out of the bag. A gasp from behind her drew her gaze.

Lykaios stood at the open terrace door. His heated gaze raked her body and her knees weakened. Trembling, she stood naked in front of him without attempting to cover herself.

Words she didn't understand tumbled from his lips as he strode toward her.

"Lyk," she protested weakly.

One hand wrapped in her hair as the other guided her up against his hard frame. Gently, he tugged her head back and his mouth lowered. She sucked in a startled breath of anticipation.

"I must have a taste of you." His breath was warm and fresh as he hesitated with just an inch between their lips.

Excitement raced through her. She wanted his kiss. She wanted him. "Yes," she gasped.

Smooth, yet firm, lips covered hers. The kiss was gentle, coaxing. When the velvet tip of his tongue licked the seal of her lips, they parted of their own accord. She moaned into his mouth as his tongue slipped between her lips. He tasted of coffee and a unique flavor all his own. Groaning, she opened her mouth wider, accepting all he had to offer. He licked, suckled, and nipped at her mouth.

She shivered as his kisses grew hungrier and she matched the thrust of his tongue with her own. Lord, this man could kiss.

His firm hand closed around her breast, kneading the globe as his thumb and finger rolled the aching tip. Need shot straight to her pussy.

Lifting her breast, he lowered his mouth. Sharp teeth nibbled the tip before his tongue flattened against the peak. Whimpering, she shifted against him and his thigh slid between her legs. Her hands grasped his shoulders as she rose to her toes then slid back down his hot, hard thigh. Tugging the leg of his khaki shorts out of the way, he guided her up and down his leg. Firm muscles abraded her sensitive folds and her body screamed for fulfillment. Arching silently, she begged for more.

She had no idea what came over her or why she never thought of resisting. Instead, as he lowered her to the bed, she parted her thighs, welcoming his touch.

Placing her hips on the edge of the bed, he lifted her legs over his shoulders. Dark eyes flashed with fierce heat as he licked his lips. "So creamy and sweet. You smell delicious. I must have a taste."

Samantha whimpered in anticipation. No one had ever looked at her quite that way.

His tongue trailed across one of her tender folds and her hands grasped at the comforter beneath her. "Oh my god."

Her hips bucked as his mouth grew bolder. His tongue lapped her from anus to just below her clit. Samantha rocked her hips restlessly.

"*Kalos*. So good," Lyk rasped in a husky voice. Parting her slit, his tongue dipped into her pussy as his thumb circled her clit.

She gulped, tangled her hands in his hair and writhed on his tongue. His thumb continued to circle her clit as he licked her pussy.

"Please!" she cried.

Lyk let loose a vibrating growl against her flesh and her pussy pulsed in rhythmic release. Squeezing her eyes shut, her body contorted in bliss. He continued to lap as cream poured from her cunt.

Gasping for breath, she lay spent but embarrassment heated her flesh as she remembered her behavior. Scooting her up in the bed, he lay next to her. His breath came raggedly. He was still fully dressed, while she lay nude at his side. She couldn't meet his gaze. "I don't know what to say."

A finger under her chin lifted her gaze to meet his. Lyk's dark eyes gleamed. "You do not have to say anything."

"I'm not usually... I don't spread my legs for just anyone." She wasn't sure why she felt the need to explain. He was a virtual stranger. After a few days, she'd leave and never see him again. That thought caused a stab of pain in her chest.

"I'm not just anyone, am I?" He rolled to his side and his gaze pinned her to the spot.

"I... No." She shook her head. He was special. She would always remember him.

"You don't understand yet." His thumb trailed across her lower lip.

She understood that he was stunning, fantastic and more man than she'd ever had. Nervously, she licked her lips. "I feel different with you," she confessed then bit her lips for being so stupid. They'd just met. He didn't want to hear confessions. He just wanted a body in his bed for a few days.

A wide smile spread across his face. Dimples on a face so perfect should be illegal. "You should, for I am your mate."

Samantha blinked. *His mate!* She wasn't sure what that meant here in Greece. Was mate a friend or a lover? Oh lord. Was this his way of saying they were friends with

benefits? Her flush deepened. Why hadn't she kept her mouth shut? She shouldn't have confessed that he made her feel different. "Oh that's..." She cleared her throat. "Yes, we're uh, friends." Her smile wavered.

"Friends?" His dark brows furrowed as his hand slid up her thigh. Thick fingers burrowed between her legs. "Do all of your friends make you this wet?"

She swallowed deeply. Two fingers penetrated her pussy and she cried out at the pleasure-filled sensation.

"Does that feel good?"

"Yes!" Oh god! It felt wonderful.

His fingers pushed deep and retreated, deep and retreated. "Come for me. Come for my fingers as you will soon come for my cock." It was a command. His tone left no doubt. Instead of arousing anger, it aroused lust. She found herself more than eager to submit to this type of demand. Arching her back, she reveled in the plunge of his fingers.

"Lyk." His thumb pressed on her clit and she couldn't stop the vibrations that erupted inside her. Staring into his dark eyes, her hips bucked up to meet his fingers as she shot over the edge.

Sated, she closed her eyes as her breathing slowly returned to normal, or what passed for normal, when he was near.

"You are my mate. Tomorrow is the *Herangetta*. We will join as one and together we will rule this pack and provide the next leader."

Within the fog of lust, his words made little sense. "What?"

"It is destiny. Yours and mine. You are the mate of my soul. Our son will rule when I no longer can."

Destiny? Mate? Rule the pack? The way he spoke was so confusing. "Are you saying you want me as your wife?"

"My wife, my mate—it is the same here on Diotrephes. Tomorrow we will join."

She'd heard Greek men were very dominant but she assumed she retained some rights. "I don't remember saying yes." Without a doubt, he was an awesome lover...but marriage. It was a bit too soon to commit.

"You have no choice. You mate with me or you die."

Samantha's hot blood ran suddenly cold. Heartbeats ticked away as panic stole her breath. She opened her mouth and a nervous laugh broke loose. She should have known he was too good to be real. Gorgeous, built and a murderer.

He cupped her cheek. "Do not look at me like that. I will not harm you."

"You just threatened to kill me," Samantha squealed.

"It was not a threat. I won't let you die. I will mate you at the *Herangetta* and together we will live."

Okay, maybe he wasn't a murderer. He was psycho. She was going to kill Orrin for bringing her here. "Lyk, I'm very flattered but..."

"Your mother was from Diotrephe, did she not tell you about us?"

"No. She spoke of Greece and how beautiful it was but she died when I was young."

Sitting up, he ran his fingers through his hair. "I am not explaining this well. Lying next to you, I am distracted by your scent, your taste..." His gaze roamed her boldly. "I cannot think straight with so much beauty at my side. Dress and I will take you to Orrin. He will help me explain."

She nodded. "That's an excellent idea." She'd do anything to get out of this room. Rolling to his feet, he held out her sundress. Wrinkled but wearable. She wasn't going to complain. The elasticized top was snug across her chest and the material chafed her sensitized nipples but it couldn't be helped. Smoothing the dress across her hips, she reached for her panties but he snatched them away.

"There will be no need of these."

"I won't walk around half naked."

"Then, you will walk around fully naked." His eyes narrowed and she decided against arguing further.

Snapping her lips closed she glared at him.

"It is good that you learn to listen to your alpha." Nodding, Lyk turned toward the door.

"Alpha my ass," she muttered beneath her breath.

"You should know, my hearing is excellent." Opening the door, he blocked her path with his arm. "Soon you will understand that I am your alpha." With his arm across her chest, he moved to press against her backside. He shifted his arousal against her ass and whispered, "Even the alpha of your ass." Removing his arm, he swatted her bottom as she stepped away from him.

* * * * *

Entering the library in front of Lyk, Samantha sighed in relief. Orrin! She hesitated calling his name. He appeared to be in deep discussion with another man and she didn't want to interrupt. Just knowing that Orrin was here made her feel safe. As if they sensed her presence, the two men turned to face her. Saluting her with his glass of ouzo, Orrin smiled while the other man raked her with his hungry gaze.

"Samantha, you are feeling better. I am glad to see it." Orrin waved his hand. "Come closer and let me introduce you."

Self-consciously crossing her arms over her chest, Samantha approached Orrin, but the other man drew her gaze. He was as tall as Lyk, with dark skin and hair, but his was long and held back in a ponytail. He was obviously younger than Lykaeos. His features weren't as masculine but he was still breathtakingly beautiful.

"Arcas Sokratous," Orrin waved his hand in her direction, "meet Samantha Bastille."

She extended her hand and Arcas grasped her fingers as he bent forward to kiss the back of her hand. His touch was like a jolt of lightning. "My pleasure," Arcas said in a deeply accented voice as he bent over her hand.

She could have sworn she heard him growl but she smiled anyway, until a wave of heat rocked her. Lightheaded, she swayed backward.

From behind, Lyk's arms wrapped around her and pulled her away from Arcas. "Her mother told her nothing. She has no idea who we are," he announced.

"I told you she knew nothing about her destiny."

Samantha's head spun. Certainly, Orrin couldn't believe all this nonsense. "Orrin, Lykaeos has some strange ideas."

Orrin grinned. "He thinks he is the alpha of a pack of lycan. I know."

Samantha sagged in Lyk's arms. It was worse than she thought. A half snicker, half laugh left her lips. "He hadn't told me he had delusions of being a werewolf." Leave it to her to find an awesome lover who was a candidate for the loony bin. "Don't you think you should have mentioned this before you brought me here?"

"Would you have come?"

Samantha shook her head. "No." No way in hell, to be precise.

"That is why I said nothing. I had no wish to kidnap you."

"Orrin!"

"I do not control destiny, I only help it along. You had the dreams." Orrin smiled slowly. "And the desire. You were born to be the alpha female of the Diotrephes wolf pack."

"Mmm." Lyk sniffed her neck and pressed his erect cock against her backside.

She struggled in his arms and he released her. Putting a couple steps between them, she faced Arcas. "And you. Do you believe all this nonsense too?"

"Do I believe Lyk is the alpha of the pack?" Arcas moved closer to stand at Lykaeos' side and the beauty of both men struck Samantha. She'd always heard Greek men were

devastatingly handsome. These two certainly were. Greek temptation, that's what they were. "I do." Arcas nodded his dark head. "I also believe you are meant to be here."

His hungry gaze held her in place and she stood frozen as he approached. "I can smell your heat, your lust. I know you're ready for mating." He ran the back of his hand down her arm and his fingertips grazed the side of her breast.

Taking a step backward, Samantha collapsed in a winged-back chair. "You're all crazy." Covering her face with both hands, Samantha rubbed her forehead. What in the world was going on? Was this some type of hoax?

"Let us ease your suffering." Lyk's hands settled on her shoulders, massaging her tense muscles, and against her will she felt her tension melt. Crazy he might be, but his hands aroused her the way no other's ever had.

Closing her eyes, she surrendered to his touch. A deep sigh escaped her lips as she relaxed, until firm hands slid up her calves to settle on her knees. "What are you doing?" Her eyes flew open to find Arcas kneeling in front of her.

"I will ease your suffering." His lyrical voice called to something deep within her and a shudder rocked her as she looked into his dark eyes. The desire in his eyes matched her own and her pulse leapt in reaction. Still, it didn't seem right. She'd just allowed Lyk to satisfy her and now he stood behind her while Arcas prepared to do the same.

A slow grin curled the corner of Arcas' mouth as his thumbs rubbed the inside of her knees and slowly pressed outward. "Let me taste you, pleasure you."

Wildly, Samantha's gaze darted about. Gulping as she realized Orrin was nowhere around.

"Open your thighs for him," Lyk commanded.

Samantha trembled. Her gaze ran over Arcas' gorgeous face. Part of her wanted to comply but she held back. Did they think she couldn't resist their dark, lusty appeal? She wasn't a whore to be passed around. She opened her mouth to protest but only a whimper escaped when Lyk's hands slid down to cup her breasts.

Kneeling at her side, Lyk spoke. "Let us show you how much you mean to us."

"But I..." She met Lyk's lust-filled gaze. "You said I was your mate." If he believed that, surely he wouldn't allow another man such liberties. She needed Lyk to tell Arcas to stop because she feared she could not.

"You are." His hands tugged the elastic top of her sundress down, revealing her peaked nipples. "You are my woman and Arcas is my second." Lyk tweaked her already distended nipples.

A gasp escaped Arcas' lips but she was focused on deciphering Lyk's words. Second? What was a second? She wanted to ask questions but her wits scattered as lust coiled in her stomach, shooting waves of sensation outward. "Oh my god." Her legs trembled as Arcas ran his hands under her dress, massaging her thighs.

"Open your thighs and let him taste your cream." Lyk rolled her nipple between thumb and finger building the pressure inside her to a level she could barely stand.

Tugging her hips to the edge of the seat, Arcas parted her legs. "Let me please you." His breath was warm on her inner thighs. "Relax and enjoy. I'll never hurt you." Samantha's hips bucked at the first touch of his tongue. Her pussy lips were wet, swollen and sensitive. The lightest touch had her on the verge of a climax.

Reaching out, Lyk stroked the back of Arcas' head. Lyk turned his gaze from Arcas to her. "We are your mates. Let him pleasure you."

Glancing back at Arcas, she met his blazing hot gaze and his tongue plunged between her folds. Her thighs trembled around his head. "Help me," she pleaded.

Lyk grinned as his head lowered and his tongue joined Arcas' between her thighs.

"Oh my god." This had to be the sexiest thing she'd ever seen. Her back arched as the two tongues lapped her clit and folds. Sharp teeth grazed her clit and her body contorted in pleased pain. This dual, carnal kiss was a shock to her system. She couldn't think. She couldn't breathe. Grabbing the chair with both hands she held on as her body arched in ecstasy. Shuddering under the two thrusting tongues, her body erupted as darkness swallowed her.

Laying her gently back in the chair, Lyk met Arcas' gaze. "She is weakening."

"She will become strong after the *Herangetta*," Arcas replied.

Lyk brushed her hair back out of her face. "I only wish there was more time before the joining. I don't want to scare her."

Arcas shook his head. "It is a shame we didn't find her sooner. She should have never been taken from this soil."

"We cannot change the past. We can only do our best to help her adjust and accept her destiny."

Trailing a finger across her swollen, wet folds, Arcas replied, "Her desire will work in our favor."

Lyk grinned. "She is passionate. We couldn't ask for more."

"The *Herangetta* cannot come soon enough for me."

Lykaeos nodded. "Let's put her to bed. She needs her rest." Lifting her in his arms, he carried her from the room. His arms tightened as she snuggled up to his chest. Following Arcas, he waited while the other male turned down her bed.

"Are you going to join her?" Arcas asked uncertainly.

"No. The temptation would be too great."

Arcas nodded. "The pull of the *Herangetta*."

"It is not just the *Herangetta*. She is my mate." Releasing the tie in Arcas' hair, he combed his fingers through the silken threads. "As are you. Tomorrow, I will claim you both for all to see." Most knew that Arcas was his choice as second, as his male mate, but it would not be official until the joining ceremony. Now that they'd found their female mate they would unite as one.

Turning his head, Arcas kissed his palm. "It will be my pleasure to submit to my alpha." Yearning gleamed in his black eyes.

Lyk tightened his hand in the silky strands of hair and tugged Arcas close. He nuzzled the other male's neck, scenting the musk of arousal. "Is it your pleasure to submit to me now?"

A low growl rumbled in Arcas' chest as he nodded his head.

Wrapping his hand in Arcas' hair, he tugged the male's lips under his. It wasn't a gentle kiss. He was aroused, hungry. Parting Arcas' lips, he tasted Samantha's cream and licked at his mouth. Teasing Arcas' tongue, he coaxed it into his mouth and sucked the rigid flesh. Breaking their lips apart, he demanded, "Come then to my room. We do not want to awaken her."

Arcas' troubled gaze met his. "What if Samantha does not accept us?"

Lyk knew Arcas feared Samantha would not accept the relationship between them. He questioned her acceptance of his relationship with Arcas. He sighed deeply, for he did not have all the answers. "Samantha has much to adjust to but she is lycan. She will embrace the lifestyle eventually."

Arcas' hand slid into his and squeezed.

Squeezing back, he reassured Arcas. "You are my mate. Samantha will not change that. There is room for you both in my heart."

Looking at Samantha, Arcas nodded. "Just as there is room for you both in mine."

* * * * *

Pulling his shirt over his head, Lyk smiled at his eager lover. He'd already stripped Arcas and stretched him out on the bed. The *Herangetta* had his always-active libido working double time. His gaze traveled over Arcas' perfect form, missing not a detail. His sun-kissed flesh was unmarred as only a young male's could be. Arcas' was twenty-four—five years younger than Lyk. But it was normal for the alpha to be older. He had watched from a distance as Arcas matured. He had waited as long as he could before taking him to his bed.

"Are you going to finish undressing and join me?"

"I was remembering six months ago, when I took your virgin ass."

Arcas' eyes widened and he gulped. The memory made him squirm in anticipation.

Unfastening his shorts, Lyk let them fall and he saw Arcas' gaze fasten on his cock. "That first time you looked at my cock with fear."

"You're large and I'd never been with a man."

"Not much larger than you." Sitting on the side of the bed, he wrapped his hand around Arcas' cock. His thumb smoothed the pre-cum across the flared head.

Arcas' breath hissed out as he rocked his hips. "But you were the one doing the penetrating."

"True." Lyk smiled smugly. "But you didn't complain for long."

"No." Arcas shook his head. "I had no idea how good it would feel to have you inside me."

"Tomorrow, we will join with Samantha."

"I know." Arcas nodded.

"But you will still be mine. I will never tire of you."

Arcas whimpered as Lyk stroked his cock in a firm slow rhythm.

"Samantha enjoyed your skilled mouth." Shifting to his side, Lyk commanded, "Let me feel your mouth on my cock." Turning his head, Arcas licked the vein that ran the length of his shaft. "Take me in your mouth. Suck me."

Still stroking Arcas' cock, he thrust into the warm, wet haven of his mouth. Watching Arcas swallow his cock had Lyk on the verge of climax, so he pulled back. He wasn't ready to come. He wanted to come deep inside Arcas' ass.

Releasing his cock, he slapped Arcas on the thigh. "Roll over."

Rolling to his stomach, Arcas spread his thighs. "Fuck me, Lykaeos."

Lyk skimmed his hands over the smooth, rounded cheeks. Arcas had a great ass. He would never get enough of it. Lyk's cock throbbed painfully as he parted Arcas' cheeks. Arcas thrust back against him and the pucker of his ass begged for Lyk's cock.

Grabbing the lube from the nightstand, Lyk coated his shaft. "Get on your knees and arch your back.

Arcas complied. Lyk enjoyed the visual as Arcas leaned forward and tipped his ass up, begging for his cock. "Arcas..." Lyk sighed his name as he lubed the puckered hole. Rimming the hole, he eased his finger inside Arcas' anus. Tight muscles clamped on his fingers.

"Don't torture me," Arcas pleaded.

Adding another finger, Lyk prepared him for his possession. "You are so hot."

"I'm burning up, waiting for you to fuck me."

Smiling, Lyk removed his fingers and cupped Arcas' ass cheeks, spreading him further. He was open and vulnerable. "Just looking at you makes me want to come."

"Fuck me, Lyk."

He chuckled. "You want my cock?" Lyk pressed forward, breaching Arcas' ass. "You feel so good." His hot, tight hole gripped him like a glove and Lyk growled in feral bliss.

Arcas arched and thrust against him. "Harder!" Arcas' voice was rough with passion.

Leaning forward, Lyk wrapped his hand in Arcas' long hair and tilted his head back. He ran his tongue along his neck and jaw. His scent and taste enthralled Lyk. Reaching his ear, Lyk said, "You like my cock in your ass, don't you."

Arcas nodded. His face was flushed and a low moan escaped his lips as Lyk pushed deeper.

"Did you enjoy licking Samantha's cunt?"

Arcas' dark eyes opened, meeting his gaze. "Yes."

Pushing forward, Lyk met his lips in a powerful, demanding kiss. He took Arcas' mouth the way he took his ass. His tongue thrust with deep, hard possession until he was forced to break free in order to breathe.

Lyk breathed in a slow pant. "Samantha changes nothing between us. You are still mine."

Releasing Arcas' hair, he leaned back and grasped his hips. "You want it hard?"

Arcas nodded. "Please."

Using his knees, he spread Arcas' legs wider, making him more vulnerable. Lyk thrust deep and hard. His balls tightened as his body prepared to erupt. "Fuck! I'm not going to last long."

Reaching around, he grasped Arcas' cock and pumped the thick length in a fisted hand.

"Lykaios," Arcas called out as he rocked his hips.

"Come for me," Lyk demanded.

"Yes."

He felt Arcas tense as he neared climax and he tightened his grip, milking the other male's cock. Fierce heat washed over Lyk and he pistoned his hips, giving Arcas all he had. Lyk's beast rose up but he held it at bay. "Mine," he shouted as his cum spurted deep within Arcas.

Wrapping his arms around him, Lyk collapsed to the side, unmindful of the mess Arcas' release had made on the bed. Holding Arcas to his chest, he could feel his heart race. "I love you, Arcas."

Twisting around, Arcas faced him. His overbright eyes gleamed. "Lykaios!"

Staring into Arcas' eyes, Lyk felt guilty for not telling him sooner. They had been together for months. Lyk had promised to take him as mate, yet this was the first time those words had passed his lips. "It is true. You are deep in my heart."

"I have always loved you," Arcas replied.

Pulling Arcas close, he met his lips with a kiss filled with love and acceptance.

* * * * *

Gasping for breath, Samantha sat up in the bed. Her eyes darted around. It wasn't a dream. She was in the room Lykaios had assigned her. She touched her clammy brow. It had to be a delusion. That was what had happened. She was ill and delusional.

She chuckled under her breath. Orrin would laugh when she told him. Werewolves and mating rituals! Well, she did have a fertile imagination and the extremely hot Mr. Diotrepes had probably inspired many fantasies.

She stood up and her knees almost buckled under her weight. A shower would make her feel much better. Once in the bathroom, she stripped and turned on the shower. When she looked in the mirror, she saw the marks. Hickeys dotted her throat and chest. Her hand trembled as she touched the bruised flesh. Her mind flashed to images of Lyk bent over her, touching her and kissing her. She shook her head as she remembered Arcas feasting between her thighs. Her clit throbbed painfully.

"Oh my god, it's all true," she whispered to her image. "I had sex with them." *What was I thinking?* A nagging voice in the back of her mind reminded her of the satisfaction she'd received.

"No!" she said aloud. "I can't do this." Chewing her bottom lip, she considered her predicament. It was dark out. She wasn't sure of the time but she would sneak away under the cover of darkness. She stepped into the shower and the spray burned her sensitive nipples. What was wrong with her?

Her pussy and nipples were achy and swollen. They had been since she'd first seen Lykaios. After rinsing her body, she lightly patted her skin dry.

Ruffling through her suitcase, she cursed herself for not bringing a pair of jeans. At least, she had her tennis shoes. Pulling out one of the many sundresses she'd packed, she tugged it over her head and secured her hair in a ponytail.

Her door squeaked as she opened it. Staying close to the wall, she hurried down the dark hallway. At the bottom of the stairs, double-wide patio doors stood open and she ran out into the moonlight.

Dressed in a sundress and tennis shoes, she carried her handbag with all her essentials. Stopping in the yard, she looked around. She was on an island. Where would she go?

A long, low howl sounded close by and a shiver shook her frame. She ran. She didn't know where she was going, but she ran. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw a big dog running through the olive trees.

Her mouth went dry. She didn't know where to go. Like a beacon, the ruin stood on top of the hill and she set off toward them on shaky legs.

Samantha prided herself on staying in good shape but her legs wobbled before she reached the ruin. It was the illness making her weak.

Slowing to a walk, she saw the big dark-colored dog loping just inside the tree line. She didn't know if it was a pet, but something about it made her feel safe.

Reaching the edge of the ruin, she sat down on a grassy spot. She just needed to catch her breath.

* * * * *

"Samantha."

"Hmm." She rubbed her face.

"Wake up," Lykaeos said, shaking her arm.

"What?" Startled, she looked around. She'd fallen asleep near the ruin.

"Why did you come out here?"

She didn't answer. She didn't feel as if she were in danger but she saw no reason to needlessly provoke him.

"Were you running away?"

"I want to go home." Samantha stood, brushing off her dress.

"You are home."

She stumbled on the loose rock at the edge of the ruin. "No I'm not. This isn't my home."

"After tonight—"

Samantha held up her hand as if to ward off his words. "No. I don't want to hear it. I want to go home." She scurried around small pieces of the ruin, trying to keep distance between them.

Lyk stalked closer and she backed up against a partial wall. "You should not have come out here alone."

"I wasn't alone. Th-there was a dog," she stuttered.

"Was there?"

"I didn't imagine it." She'd seen it several times. Her last memory before she had dozed was of the dog lying down several feet away.

"I did not say that you did."

"It was protecting me."

"It was a wolf protecting its mate."

"No. I don't want to hear this. You're not a wolf. You're not my mate." He took a step closer and she tightened her hand into a fist and slugged him hard in the chest. "Damn it!" She shook her hand. It was like hitting a wall and it had no effect on him.

"You say you don't want me and that I'm not your mate. These say differently." His thumbs circled the swollen tips of her breasts through the thinness of her sundress.

"Lykaaios!"

"You are my mate. In your heart, you know this. In your dreams, you belong to me." He thumped his chest with one hand.

Trapped against the stone wall, she had nowhere to go as he moved closer. The heaviness of his erection pressed against her stomach. "I belong to no one."

"*Agapi mou*, you are mine. Decide. Either we go through with the ceremony or I take you now."

"You'll force me?"

Leaning into her, he ground his erection against her stomach. "It will not be force. I can smell your arousal, your heat. You are wet for me. Either I take you as my bride or my bitch – the choice is yours."

"You're insane." Her heart fluttered in panic but her body trembled with surrender.

"Am I?" With one hand, he gathered the hem of her dress.

"No." She tried to break free.

"Yes! We will settle this now." His massive forearm held her in place as his other hand slipped between her panties and skin. Her very wet panties and skin. His light touch inflamed her already sensitive flesh. She tried to rise up on her toes, away from his fingers.

"Oh my god." The cry left her lips as his finger brushed against her engorged clit.

"Do you try to deny me now?" Two fingers slipped between her folds. "Do you deny you want me? Do you deny you need me?"

Her thighs trembled and she shook her head. "Please."

Withdrawing his fingers, he held them up for her to see. Cream glistened on the tips. His tongue darted out, licking the digits. "*Gleeko*. So sweet, you taste delicious."

"Lykaaios, I need time," she pleaded.

"There is no more time. Tonight is the *Herangetta*, the mating time. Tonight, you must join with me, become my mate or I will make you my bitch. I will not let you die."

"This is ridiculous. I will not die if we do not mate. You might think you're to die for but..." Lifting a hand to her face, she staggered slightly as her head swam dizzily.

Grabbing her by the arm, he led her to a grassy knoll. "You need me. You grow weaker by the minute."

"I'm sick."

"And I have the cure." Tugging her to the ground, he pulled her over his lap.

"Lyk! Sex isn't a cure-all."

"It's the cure for what ails you. I can ease the suffering. It is the nearness of the *Herangetta* that causes your distress. Your body aches for my cock." His fingers delved into her wet heat. "You smell so good." He lifted his fingers to his lips. "*Gleeko*."

Samantha squirmed on his lap. Damn, she wanted him. Ripping her panties apart, his thick fingers speared her cunt and she cried out. "Please."

"I will prepare you for tonight, for my cock."

Scissoring fingers worked their way in and out of her pussy but it wasn't enough. She wanted – needed – more. "Take me Lyk. Take me, please."

"Not yet. Tonight, I will mount your pussy for the first time during the *Herangetta*. I will honor you by waiting."

Her back arched as she pressed against his hand. His fingers worked deeper, faster. Need built within her as he played her body until, in a pulsing gush, she climaxed. Her tension ebbed as she spiraled back to earth.

His fingers slowed to a soft pet. "So beautiful and ripe. I can't wait to feel your tight pussy clamped around my cock as I ride you to ecstasy."

Samantha whimpered.

His fingers trailed her slit from clit to anus and she shivered. "Your pussy is ready for my possession."

A cream-coated finger rimmed her anal opening.

"Lykaios." The slight touch jolted her.

"Relax." The tip of one finger penetrated the virgin hole and she gasped in pleased surprise at the sensation.

"Has anyone had this? Have you let another man fuck your ass?"

"N-no," she stuttered and wiggled her ass against the pressure. She hadn't realized that anal penetration would feel so good.

"You will let me have it." His thick finger worked deeper into the tight hole and her toes curled. "You will offer me total submission and I will mount your ass."

She shook her head. "No...no." A second finger entered her hole. "Oh my god." Her body contorted in pleasure-pain.

"You will scream in ecstasy as I fuck your virgin ass."

"You can't..."

"But I can." Tugging her elasticized top down, he latched on to a nipple and sucked as his fingers worked their magic.

"Lykaios," she panted and his mouth trailed warm kisses up her neck. His face hovered just above her lips and their eyes met.

"You are mine. *S'agapo*. Come for me. Come with my fingers buried in your ass."

Reaching up, she met his lips with her own as she surrendered to his overwhelming possession.

Wrenching their lips apart, Lyk gasped, "I can wait no longer to have part of you." Rolling to the side, he unfastened his khakis. Samantha's eyes widened as she watched. She'd felt him intimately pressed against her but she'd yet to see him fully unclothed.

With one hand, he yanked his shorts down, revealing his prominent erection. A fleshy knob capped a shaft that was too thick and too long for comfort. She swallowed audibly. "Lyk?"

Seeing her startled gaze, Lyk grinned with pride. "Do not worry, my sweet. I will be gentle."

"How can you be gentle with *that*?"

Rolling on top of her, he groaned as the silky skin of her stomach cradled his cock. "The *Herangetta* is so near and you are in heat. Your body is ready for my possession. If I take you now, tonight will be much easier."

"Tonight?"

"At the *Herangetta*. I will claim you, as will Arcas."

"What?" she gasped as his words caused a jolt of sensation to run the length of her spine.

Instead of answering, he dipped his head and took her mouth under his. Her full lips were soft and delicious but he thrust his tongue past them, seeking the even tastier treat of her mouth. Shifting against her sent waves of heat through his body. He couldn't wait to possess her fully. Rolling to the side, he cupped her ass and lifted her to rock against his erection. If he didn't get inside her soon he would come on her smooth, silky stomach.

Yanking his mouth free, he rolled her onto her stomach. Parting her legs, he knelt between them. Massaging the full globes of her ass, he parted her cheeks, seeing the puckered hole he would soon possess.

"Oh my god! You're going to take me that way."

He added more of her cream to the hole that he had already prepared. "I told you I would mount your pussy for the first time at the *Herangetta*. Now I will take your ass."

"Lyk, I've never..."

"You are in heat. Your body has prepared for the *Herangetta*. It will be fine." Coating his cock with cream from her dripping pussy, he pressed down. His cock head entered her tight hole and she stiffened.

"Lyk," she called out anxiously.

"Relax." He stroked her back, massaging the tense muscles. He didn't want to hurt her but seeing his cock spreading open her ass, fired his lust so high he struggled to contain it. "Breathe out," he commanded as he surged deeper into her tight, wet heat.

"Fuck!" Her breath whooshed from her body.

A growl rose up in his chest and he slowly pushed forward. She was so tight he wanted to come, but he wanted to break open her virgin passage even more. Shivering, she arched her back as her muscles relaxed and he slid deeper into her ass. "Yes!"

"Lyk! My god." She trembled. "It feels..." She pushed back against him and he rooted himself in her ass. "I'm full, so full." Samantha squeezed her ass muscles and he thought he might die.

Leaning forward, he licked a path up her spine. "You are mine." Pulling back, he surged forward. "My woman, my mate, tonight I will claim you." Arching her back, she offered up her ass and he thrust deep, hard within her.

"Please! Now please." He felt her pulse around him and he knew she was on the verge of a climax.

Reaching around, Lyk strummed her clit. The bud protruded from between her folds and he rolled it between his fingers.

She tensed all over as her body began to tremble. "Never like this...never like this," she cried.

Squeezing her clit, he felt her insides ripple. "Mine," he murmured, riding her hard and deep, over the edge.

"Yes!" She bucked against him and he exploded in her heated depths.

Chapter Three

It was craziness. It was all craziness. The dreams, the picture, this place, Lykaios and Arcas were all insane. Possibly, she was too. They told her a story of lycans—werewolves—and expected her to accept it. How could they expect her to believe that she had lycan blood? And if that weren't enough, they wanted her to believe that, if she didn't take Lykaios as her mate before midnight, she would die. However, the really crazy thing was she wanted to believe them.

A shudder of desire rolled through her. She gasped to breathe. Lord, there was something wrong. They must have drugged her. What else could it be?

In the distance, she heard Lykaios speak and her clit pulsed with urgent need. A low moan escaped her parted lips. How could his voice tie her body in knots? No matter what he did to her, she wanted more. It didn't matter that he thought he was a wolf, all she wanted to do was part her thighs for him. She wanted him and Arcas even after hearing about the ritual. The *Herangetta*, the mating ritual they said would bind her to Lykaios and Arcas forever. Samantha shivered as thoughts of submitting filled her.

The whole thing seemed surreal. Some of their explanations were foggy in her lust-filled mind. However, the way she felt when they touched her wasn't foggy. She had always enjoyed sex but she'd never felt such longing or cried from the pure bliss of possession. She'd never before come just from having her nipple sucked either.

Cupping her sensitive breasts, she remembered Arcas bringing her lunch and hand feeding her between kisses. When he'd sensed her need was too great he'd eased her top down and paid homage to both of her breasts. His suckling had ignited wicked sensations that finally erupted in a powerful climax.

Pressing the back of one hand to her forehead, she wondered if she had a fever. "I must be delusional for surely I'm living out a fantasy."

A door opened and closed and footsteps neared her room. Her heart raced in excitement. They were coming for her.

The door to her room opened and Lykaios entered. "It is time." Concern marred his handsome face. "I will be with you through it all and soon you will feel revived."

Her legs trembled so badly she could barely stand. She was weak as a kitten. She didn't know how or why but she knew if she didn't mate with Lyk and Arcas she would die. If she didn't die from this illness, she feared she would die from a broken heart. "I am ready."

"You agree to be my mate?"

"Yes." Her voice trembled.

"Do you understand what will happen?"

She nodded. The explanation of the ritual was blurry but a few key points were burned into her mind. While she couldn't say that she understood it, she knew what to expect. Lykaios would take her in front of his pack and then Arcas would join them. She trembled, thinking about the fact that after Arcas took her, Lykaios would claim Arcas. She wasn't sure if it should excite her but it did. She was open-minded. Many of her friends had alternative relationships and made them work.

"Remember, I will not leave your side." Lifting her, he carried her to the Jeep.

The ride was bumpy and before she knew it, they were at the ruin. Firelight lit the site. Eerie flames flickered across the rubble. "Lyk," she cried out in momentary panic. It seemed pagan and for a moment, she let fear grip her.

"You're fine. I am here."

He helped her from the Jeep and she leaned against the quarter panel. His warm hands ran up her arms and lightly massaged her shoulders. He toyed with the straps to her dress.

"Do I have to be naked?" she whispered.

"It is the way." He swept the straps off her shoulders and the dress fluttered over her hips, pooling at her feet. "You are beautiful. There is no shame in it."

Yanking his shirt over his head ruffled his hair, giving him a boyish appeal. Her eyes swept lower. It was the only boyish thing about him. A dark pelt of hair covered firm muscles and led down toward his unbuttoned shorts. Her mouth watered. Kicking off his loafers, he lowered his zipper and the material tented under pressure from his erection. He shoved the shorts down his long legs.

Samantha blinked. Her mouthed gaped open. He appeared even larger than she remembered. "Lyk."

"Shh, it will be fine. During the *Herangetta*, males are at their most potent but you are in heat. You are wet and ready for me."

"But..."

"I promise not to hurt you. You are so ready to be mounted that your cream is streaming down your thighs."

The steady thump of a drum vibrated the loose rubble on the ground.

"The ceremony begins. It is time."

A lump of terror and anticipation formed in her throat. She couldn't breathe. Strong arms lifted her and he didn't flinch as he walked barefoot over the rocky terrain. As he walked, the drums grew louder. She knew where they were headed. She could picture the inner circle of the ruin in her mind. Half-crumbled walls enclosed a platform and in front of it was a large open field.

As they rounded a half-crumbled wall, a feral roar went up and Samantha closed her eyes. She took a deep breath. She could do this.

"Open your eyes and look upon your pack. They are here to celebrate our joining. Although, the *Herangetta* takes place each year, it is a rare event to celebrate the joining of alpha mates."

Opening her eyes, she met Lyk's hungry gaze. Nodding, she turned her gaze and looked upon his pack. A large group of people gathered around a bonfire. They were all adults and all naked. Orrin stood at the front of the pack. He was naked and aroused. Her eyes darted away. She couldn't think about that. Another male stepped forward and caught her gaze. Tall and heavily muscled, he had a long, thick cock. His eyes rose to meet Arcas' burning gaze. His prominent erection made her squirm. She knew that soon she would take him inside her body. She'd been told what to expect, and as unrealistic as it seemed, she knew she was to submit to Arcas tonight too. The worst part was, she longed to do so.

Lyk lowered her to stand at his side and another cheer went up. She had to control the urge to cover her nakedness. Lykaios moved behind her, circling her waist with his arms. His hot, hard cock prodded her lower back.

"I present to you Samantha, my mate and your alpha female."

The pack of people threw back their heads and howled. Unbelievably, before her eyes, several males began the shift and terror stole her breath. As she watched, Orrin's jaw extended and his frame hunched over. Hairs sprouted from his back.

"Oh my god." She stumbled backward in disbelief. They had told her but she hadn't believed them.

Large hands engulfed her breasts, squeezing the tender flesh. Rolling the tip of one breast between his thumb and finger, Lyk nibbled her neck. "Relax. Show no fear. You are safe."

"But..." She whimpered as he turned her in his arms and his dark head lowered. He sucked her nipple deep into his mouth. Nibbling, he pulled on the tip until she cried out. Desire so fierce it caused physical pain lanced through her body. "Help me." She gasped for air as sensations traveled from breast to clit.

"My mate. Your body calls to mine. Your sweet juices flow for me." Thick fingers parted her folds, sliding easily along her labia. "You are ready for me."

Samantha whimpered and closed her eyes. So far, he seemed unaffected by the change that had come over some of his pack. He'd promised he'd remain in human form while they celebrated the *Herangetta*. At the time, she hadn't completely believed him, so it hadn't concerned her. Now she wondered if he'd shift while possessing her. The thought was terrifying yet somehow her arousal never dimmed.

"Lyk, you promise not to change..." She glanced over her shoulder at the pack. "You won't shift."

"Never fear me in any form. I'll never hurt you, but for tonight, Arcas and I will remain in human form."

"Okay." She nodded.

"I will not mark you tonight but soon you'll wear my bite." He licked her from neck to shoulder.

"Bite?"

"Shh, just a nibble to mark you as mine. It's part of the claiming, it can wait but I can wait no longer." "I need to claim you, but first I must have another taste of you." Lifting her, he laid her on a spread blanket. Leaning over her, he licked his way past her bellybutton. "Part your legs for me. Welcome me between them."

Her thighs trembled and with a will of their own, they spread. His long tongue lapped and her hips bucked. A firm thumb pressed her clit as his tongue laved her heated labia. His lips suckled her folds, his tongue flicked at her clit and a finger inserted into her aching channel. Arching her back beneath his intense possession, she silently begged for more.

"Tell me you are ready."

"Please..." She nodded. "I am ready."

With a feral growl, his canines extended. He would take her now. Rising up, he shifted forward and pressed his cock against her dripping passage.

She was drenched but tight. Slowly, he eased into her wet pussy. Inch by inch, he filled her. She wasn't a virgin, but she was tight. She was too tight to take quickly. "So good," he moaned as he saw the swollen, cream drenched folds part for his possession.

"Yes...oh yes," she gasped as she ran her greedy hands across his chest tugging at the pelt of hair.

"Are you ready for more?"

Biting her lip, she nodded.

Wrapping her legs around him, she linked her feet as her hands grasped his shoulders. His hand dipped between their bodies. Between thumb and finger, he rolled her clit. When her mouth opened to pant for breath, he surged forward, filling her deeply.

Her legs quaked and her inner muscles contracted around him. "You're taking me," he murmured as he tilted her hips and deepened his possession.

"Oh my god. It feels so good," she cried.

"Perfect," he agreed. Panting in slow even breaths, he struggled to control the beast within. The sight of his cock filling her was almost too much. Leaning forward, he latched onto an erect nipple, sucking fiercely as he gave her body a moment to adjust to his penetration.

Her hand cupped his head, holding him to her breast as her hips began to rock against his.

He growled low in his throat—obviously, she was ready. Arching his back, he bucked his hips and felt her tight insides pulse around his length.

"Faster. Harder," she begged as her nails gouged his flesh.

He lifted his head. "Easy. I don't want to hurt you." He wanted to ride her hard and fast but he wouldn't harm her.

"Please. You won't hurt me."

He stared into the blue eyes that begged for more. She was so hot and wet. His muscles trembled as he tried to hold back.

"Now," she cried.

"Tell me if I hurt you." He didn't wait for a response as he grasped her hips and surged forward. Tight inner muscles rippled around him and he fought for control.

"Yes," she called out.

Repeatedly, he thrust deep and hard until her pussy spasmed, milking his cock.

"Mine." His hips bucked as he filled her with his cum, with the seed that would bind them forever. Sweat dripped from his body as he lowered his forehead to hers. "My mate. *S'agapo*. I love you."

Her heart expanded as a surge of energy flooded her body. He loved her! This crazy lycan man loved her. She threw back her head and a low howl erupted from her lips.

"Samantha," Lyk cried out. "You're mine. My lycan mate."

As he filled her, possessed her and drove her over the edge she had forgotten about the crowd of people. She forgot about their differences. They'd become one. One man and one woman united. As she surrendered body and soul to her lover, acceptance settled over her.

"I am lycan." Her tongue brushed against the sharp edge of her protruding fangs.

"You are lycan."

"The ceremony?"

"It will continue well into the night."

"Orrin said that you had to claim me in front of your pack and that I had to accept you. We've done that. I've done that."

"Yes, but you must accept Arcas as my second."

"Does it have to be in front of everyone?"

His hand cupped her bottom. "You must offer us total submission."

"You mean..."

"Together we will take you and seal our union." His dimples flashed as a feral grin split his face. The only apparent change in him was the elongating of his incisors.

A shiver of need rode her spine. "Now I am positive this ceremony was invented by a man."

Lyk grinned. "It is our task to make you enjoy it."

Somehow, she doubted it would be a difficult task. Samantha had only experienced anal sex with Lyk. In fact, Lyk was the only man to penetrate her there in any way. However, she knew Arcas would take her anally. She'd been told that Lyk, as alpha, would demand the right to father her first child.

"Trust me."

"I do."

"I have prepared you so relax and accept Arcas as you accepted me."

She nodded.

"We will take our time. Now roll over onto your knees and show everyone that you are willing to submit to your alpha and his second."

"Doggie style?"

"Lycan style."

Turning, Samantha sat up. Good lord! Wrapped in her own paradise she'd been oblivious to the apparent orgy taking place around them.

"Lykaios." Samantha was far from prudish. In fact, she considered herself liberated. However this went beyond her imaginings. Lycans of various shapes, sizes and forms came together in pairs, threesomes and groups.

"They celebrate the *Herangetta* and your arrival within the pack."

"We aren't going to..."

"Join them?" Lyk chuckled deeply. "No. I am too selfish."

"Oh."

"I will share you only with Arcas." Leaning over her, he pressed his face to the side of hers. "Does it excite you to watch them mate? Maria is taking three males. Do you wish it were you on your knees taking all three cocks?"

Samantha swallowed deeply as she focused on the foursome he spoke of. Cocks filled all of her orifices. Slick with bodily fluids, they pumped furiously within the woman and her body spasmed and contorted with each thrust. They were all big men and Samantha couldn't imagine taking them. "No. I think two will be enough."

"Later, Arcas and I will take you like that. I'll take your pussy while he rides your ass.

She shivered.

"You'll writhe in ecstasy between us."

"Lyk."

"You'll love it and beg for more but we'll never share you with anyone else."

Reaching up, she stroked his cheek. "I'm too selfish too. I don't want to share."

Growling low in his throat, Lyk shifted his cock against her backside. "That is good, because you belong to us. We are your only mates." As he said that Arcas appeared at their side.

"Are you ready for me?" Arcas asked as he knelt and cupped her breast. His dark eyes gleamed as he squeezed her nipple until she moaned.

Gasping, Samantha looked from his fully erect cock to his midnight eyes. In some circles, what she was about to do might be wrong but here it was not only accepted, it was celebrated. Samantha nodded. "Yes. I'm ready for you." Arcas leaned over and touched his lips to hers. Opening her lips, she enticed his tongue then suckled the turgid flesh. Groaning, Arcas' hands began to roam her body. He cupped a breast as his other hand slid down her back and over her ass. His thick finger probed her wet pussy, spreading her cream up to her anus.

"On your knees," Lyk commanded and slapped her lightly on the bottom.

They broke apart and she kneeled on the blanket. Samantha looked over her shoulder at them, eyes wide, anxious. They spoke to each other in Greek so she wasn't sure what to expect.

Arcas moved to kneel in front of her. His large, erect cock bobbed close to her mouth. Looking up she met his heated gaze. "Open your mouth." His voice wasn't as commanding as Lykaios' but still she complied.

His hand cupped the back of her head as his cock brushed her lips.

"Taste me before I claim you." His thick length slid between her lips, filling her mouth with his unique flavor. His hips rocked forward as she swallowed around his girth taking him deeper.

"Samantha," he gasped. His hand tightened on her head.

"Enough," Lyk commanded, kneeling next to them. He fought the beast within as he watched Arcas touch Samantha. He loved them both and it was their right to join but a selfish part of him wanted them for himself alone. Shaking off his jealousy, he said, "Arcas will take you from behind." Lyk moved in front of her as Arcas took his place behind her.

Samantha nodded. "Okay." She exhaled a shaky breath but she was brave.

Stroking her cheek, he combed his fingers through her hair. He felt her tense as Arcas lubed her ass. "Relax for him."

Raising his head, Lykaios saw the glazed look of lust on Arcas' face as he pressed forward, breaching Samantha's ass.

"Oh my." She trembled as her eyes opened wide.

"Does his cock feel good in your ass?"

Moaning, she nodded and he turned his gaze to Arcas.

He knew just what the other male was feeling as he sank into her tight ass. Reaching out he cupped the other male's cheek and Arcas nuzzled his hand. "Claim our woman as I will soon claim you."

Arcas growled as his dark eyes filled with submission. Lykaios knew, as much as Arcas enjoyed Samantha, he also enjoyed submitting to him.

Lykaios felt Samantha tremble as Arcas sank deep within her and he rode his thumb over her lower lip. She was so beautiful. Both his mates were beautiful and it brought him great joy just to watch them together. Parting her lips, she licked his thumb, her teeth nipping at the tip and desire lanced through him. Inserting his thumb into her mouth, his need rose and coiled tight as she suckled him.

"You are our mate." Shifting his hips, he pressed his cock to her lips and she opened her mouth wider, accepting his penetration. His spine tingled in want of the change as she lapped at the head of his cock. Clenching his jaw, he fought back his beast and sank deeper into her hot, moist mouth.

Samantha sucked fiercely and Lyk's balls tightened. Her back arched as they both pumped their hips feeding her their cocks in deep even strokes. Meeting Arcas' gaze, he knew he was near eruption as sweat glistened on his golden body. "Make her come," Lyk demanded. "Make her come for us."

Arcas tilted her hips as one hand reached beneath her. Samantha startled and moaned around his cock and he knew Arcas strummed her clit, to ensure her satisfaction. Tensing, she bucked her hips and clamped down on him. "Samantha..." Lyk filled her mouth and throat with his cum. Through the haze of lust, Lyk heard Arcas' cry of release.

In the middle of a Greek sandwich, Samantha panted for breath as Lyk cuddled her to his chest. She had experienced enormous pleasure from each man but together, the release they gave her was sublime. Loving both of them had been natural and now she couldn't wait to try out other possibilities, but first she wanted to see them together.

"The ritual is almost complete," Lykaios said.

Samantha nodded and pressed kisses to his hair-covered chest. Finding his nipple, she bit sharply then raised her head. "You have to claim Arcas." She felt Arcas tense against her backside and wondered if he was nervous.

Lyk grinned but his eyes darkened with passion as he looked at Arcas. "Yes."

"Yes." She nodded. "Have you...before, I mean."

Reaching past her, she saw him stroke Arcas' cheek. "We have been together for a while but I have not claimed him publicly."

"Oh." A thrill went through her.

"Are you going to enjoy watching him claim me?" Arcas asked at her ear.

"Yes," she answered quickly. "I never knew watching two men would arouse me."

"We want you to enjoy it." He looked at Lyk. "Don't we?"

Lykaeos nodded. "I want you to watch and enjoy. I want you to see Arcas as not only your mate but mine too." His fierce gaze watched them both intently.

She understood his need of Arcas. They were lovers. They had been long before they met her. "I understand. You two have known each other longer..."

"That does not mean we love you less."

"Never think that." Arcas touched her trembling lips. "You make us complete."

Tears stung her eyes but she blinked them back. "I think... I'm very attracted to you both. I think in time, it will be much more. Everything has happened so fast but I can't deny I have powerful feelings for both of you."

Lyk chuckled. "Soon, you will feel the bond as we do."

Rolling to her back, she wrapped an arm around each of their necks and hugged them. It felt right. Turning to the right, she kissed Arcas' neck. He was younger than Lyk, sweeter, but it didn't dim her desire for him. She would enjoy getting to know him better. Turning the other way, she met Lyk's dark gaze. He was older, dominant and forceful, as would be expected of an alpha. She reveled in his touch and she doubted that she could ever tire of him. Leaning closer, she brushed his lips with hers. "Make love to Arcas. Join us as one."

Growling, Lyk deepened their kiss and her stomach fluttered. Lust coiled in her gut. She wanted him—them—again but first she wanted to watch them together.

Breaking their kiss, she smiled as she tugged the two males closer together. Neither resisted her but still she was amazed to feel the power in her arms. Scooting away from them, she stretched, feeling the strength of her muscles. Later, she would have time to explore her discovery but now... Her gaze roved from one hard-bodied male to the other. Now her heart pumped rapidly as she waited to see Lykaeos claim Arcas.

Kneeling face-to-face, Arcas was a little shorter and a tad bulkier than Lyk. Her eyes lowered, finding two long, thick erections. A shiver shook her as she wondered how he'd take him. Would he take his mouth or his ass? Maybe both! Damn! She couldn't stop wiggling in anticipation.

Lykaeos stared into Arcas' eyes. Reaching up slowly, he removed the tie from his hair. A curtain of lush black hair fell around Arcas' shoulders. Samantha gasped. She could understand why Lyk was attracted to him. He had the body of a man but the face of an angel.

Stroking Arcas' silky hair, Lyk moved closer. Love, acceptance, desire shone brightly in the other male's gaze and Lyk fed on it. Kneeling chest to chest, their arousals were pinned between their bodies. He pressed his lips to Arcas' temple and whispered near his ear. "For all to see, I claim you as mine."

Arcas' cock thumped against his abs and Lyk cupped the back of his head and lowered his mouth. A howl went up as their lips met and he knew his pack celebrated the claiming.

"I am yours," Arcas agreed.

"Then, submit to me," Lyk demanded as the other male dropped to all fours. From close by, he heard Samantha gasp as Arcas took him in his mouth. Wrapping a hand in Arcas' hair, he thrust forward and Arcas swallowed his cock. Arcas was his in every way and he wanted everyone to know it. Looking to the side, he saw Samantha lying on the blanket, legs spread, her fingers buried in her creamy cunt. It pleased him to see pleasure and acceptance in her eyes.

Their eyes locked as she said, "Arcas has a skilled mouth."

Hearing her compliment, Arcas suckled hard and Lyk groaned. "He does." Tugging Arcas' hair, he pulled free of his lips. Meeting Arcas' gaze, he thumbbed his swollen bottom lip. "Your mouth is perfect but now I want to claim your ass."

Nodding, Arcas spun around and presented his ass. His golden body was perfect and Lykaeos couldn't wait to claim him. Trailing Arcas' crack, he rimmed his puckered hole with his tongue. Arcas trembled and he knew he was hungry for possession.

Raising his head, he looked for the lube and Samantha tossed it to him. Delight filled him to see such enjoyment on her face. Lubing a finger, he brought it to Arcas' anus. Slowly, he worked the tight sphincter muscle.

"Lyk." Arcas gasped and he knew he was ready to be fucked.

"Are you ready for me to claim you?"

"Please." Arcas nodded.

Lyk's beast roared to the surface, his canines extended and he impaled Arcas on his cock. Growling ferally, he proceeded with a slow, agonizing push to claim the tight, hot hole.

"Mine for all to see," Lyk shouted.

"Always," Arcas agreed.

Using his knees, he spread Arcas' legs further apart as he pressed down on his back and buried himself deeper. "It's so hot fucking you. Fucking you and watching our mate finger her cunt."

"Fuck," the word tumbled from Arcas' mouth as he turned his head to look at Samantha.

"She gets off on watching me fuck your mouth and your ass." Wrapping his arms around him, he grasped Arcas' cock and pumped the erect flesh with a loose-fisted grip. "Watch Samantha while you come for me. Let her see your pleasure as I fill your ass."

Bucking his hips, Lykaeos rode Arcas as he stroked his cock. "Yes." Arcas thrust back against him as he erupted in Lyk's hand.

“Mine.” Lykaios roared as his beast began to emerge and he sank his teeth into the tender flesh between Arcas’ neck and shoulder. A low moan of complete surrender rolled from Arcas’ lips. “Yes,” he called out as his inner muscles spasmed, milking Lyk’s cum from his shaft.

Releasing Arcas’ shoulder, Lyk shouted, “My mate,” and his cum filled Arcas’ ass. Meeting Samantha’s gaze he licked the small wound he’d made. He was pleased to see no fear in her eyes for soon he would mark her.

“Mine,” Lyk yelled before he threw back his head and howled. The howl went up and his pack joined in.

Beneath him, Arcas shuddered and arched as his body as he began to shift. Finally, he too threw back his head and howled.

Next to them, Samantha rolled to a crouching position as her body contorted. Throwing back her head, her jaw extended and she howled with the pack. It was the call to mate.

About the Author

L.A. Day exists only in the mind of Laura. An avid reader since early childhood, she began writing romance in her teens. Now, 20+ years later she's progressed to erotic romance. Supported by her husband of many years, she spends most of her time in front of a computer weaving tales of love and lust.

Multi-published in erotic romance, her stories have been tagged imaginative, steamy, and even one of the most erotic stories ever read. Her favorite genre is erotic romance with a paranormal or sci-fi twist. She feels that if you're going to create an alpha male character, why not make him bigger, stronger, more well endowed than any human man could ever be? It is fantasy after all.

Remember, alpha males are only a "Day" away.

L.A. Day likes to hear from her fans, so email her and let her know what you think.

The author welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at www.ellorascave.com.

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