



*Cuffed and
Dangerous*
Bronwyn Green

Cuffed and Dangerous

A Handcuffs and Lace Story

By Bronwyn Green

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Cuffed and Dangerous

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This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and occurrences are a product of the author's imagination. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, places or occurrences, is purely coincidental.

To Kel for your undying support and superhuman ability to tolerate my whining.

To Kris for your awesome whip wielding and beta-ing skills.

To Jen for always being willing to point out my dumb.

To Tiffany for being you and also for being patient.

I love you all!

Table of Contents

<i>Chapter One</i>	6
<i>Chapter Two</i>	21
<i>Chapter Three</i>	38

Chapter One

She might be fooling some of the regulars at the Jack Pine tavern, but she sure as shit wasn't fooling him. Gideon Wells eyed the blonde as she nursed her drink like a broken heart. Her depressed demeanor was Oscar-worthy, but this girl was hunting. He'd bet his right ball her prey would walk through the door any minute.

He leaned back in his chair and observed her reflection in the mirror behind the bar. Short, honey-blond hair framed her face, stopping just past her chin. She had pale, almost translucent skin that reminded him of an angel's or a vampire's—but he knew she was neither. His gaze rose to her full lips. God damn if she didn't have a mouth made for sin. His cock stirred behind the fly of his jeans, and he shifted uncomfortably in his seat.

He watched her scan the room in the mirror, stopping when she met his gaze. Huge eyes the color of melted dark-chocolate glared at him, and he couldn't help but smile. She was a bounty hunter. He'd never seen her, but he'd heard plenty about her over the last three years. While most members of the shifter community might not be best buddies, they kept each other apprised of shared dangers—like bounty hunters with hard-ons for feline shape shifters.

Her short, snug skirt rode up her legs, giving him a tantalizing glimpse of her thighs. It was impossible not to imagine how the creamy flesh would taste as he lapped at her. As if she knew his thoughts, her frown deepened and she looked away. He took that opportunity to continue his perusal of her gentle curves, following the delicately muscled line of her leg downward. Her feet were encased in impossibly high heels and thin bands of leather wrapped around her ankles. The sharp contrast of the black leather against her porcelain skin hardened his cock further as he imagined her bound to his bed, wide leather cuffs securing her hands and ankles, her body open and weeping for him.

Her foot tapped in an agitated rhythm against the metal rung of the bar stool and he dragged his attention upward. Her full lips were pursed in annoyance as she stared at him.

Raising his bottle, he saluted her, barely stifling a laugh when she flipped him off.

The door of the bar swung open and her eyes darted almost imperceptibly toward the doorway. He followed her gaze and nearly groaned aloud as he saw his best friend zero in on the woman at the bar. This wouldn't end well.

With an easy grin, Jude Caulfield approached the blonde and leaned on the bar while he ordered a beer. His smile faded as he crossed the room and sank into an empty chair next to Gideon. After a nearly draining the bottle, he set it on the table and sighed.

"The Montgomery build is on hold and I'm laid off indefinitely, the bar's out of Killian's Red, and I just got shot down by the hottest woman I've seen in months."

Gideon grinned. "So you're writing country songs now?"

"Fuck you." Jude nodded toward the bar. "Who is she?"

"If I'm not mistaken, that's Wrenn Saunders."

"The bounty hunter?"

Before Gideon could respond, a triangle of dull light slid across the floor as the door opened, and Spencer Dane entered. Besides being a werelion and an all around dick, he was also the head of the local lion pride. While Spencer might masquerade as a reputable businessman, he was nothing more than a drug dealer using his import company as a front and the members of his pride to distribute his product. The tiny hairs stood up on the back of Gideon's neck and the need to shift burned through his veins. It was more than cats not playing nicely with those outside their own genus. He hated this guy.

"Easy there," Jude murmured. "The last thing I need today is for you to go panther on him. I can't afford to bail your ass out of jail."

Nodding, Gideon took another swig of beer, attempting to swallow his dislike with the cool liquid and watched as the creep made his way toward the blonde at the bar. His beast rose in his chest at the sight of Spencer's hand stroking her forearm, his meaty paws caressing her bare skin.

Gideon's fingers clenched around his bottle as she leaned toward Spencer, giving him a clear view of her ample cleavage. Forcing his grip to relax, he drained the last of his beer. What did it matter that she was flirting with a lowlife like Spencer? Gideon would love to think that she was in the Jack Pine to haul the bastard in, but so far, the other man had managed to keep his illegal dealings unproven, letting his pride members take the fall for him.

The bounty hunter swiveled on her stool. Buttons near to popping, her tight blouse left very little to the imagination, including the hint of black lace that cupped the full mounds of her breasts.

“Holy Mother of God,” Jude breathed.

“Yeah.” It was the only word he could choke out.

Equally enamored, Spencer laid his hand on her bare thigh as she giggled, peering at him through her lashes. In a move so fast, it must have taken years of practice, she pulled a pair of handcuffs from her waistband and snapped one of the bracelets around his wrist.

Spencer stared at his hand, dumfounded. “What the fuck?”

Hopping off the bar stool, she dragged his hand behind his back as she shoved his torso toward the bar top and wrestled the cuff around his other wrist.

“You’re under arrest, asshole,” she said.

“I think I’m in love,” Jude breathed.

Spencer pushed himself back to an upright position. Straining his muscles, he fought against the restraints. “You’ve got nothing on me, bitch.”

She grabbed the cuffs and pulled them upward, twisting his arms in his sockets. “Don’t bother—they’re silver. And actually, I do. There’s a bench warrant from a judge in Detroit for your arrest. You’re more than two years behind on child support.”

“That’s bullshit.”

“That’s life.”

“Look, I can triple whatever your bounty is. Just unlock the cuffs and the money’s yours.”

With her free hand, she removed a colt from her purse and pressed the muzzle into his back. “I’ve got a full cylinder. The rounds aren’t silver, so you’ll heal, but I can make sure it hurts like hell before you do.”

“Yep,” Jude nodded. “Definitely in love.”

“Whore,” Spencer growled.

“Helplessness is a bitch, huh?” Keeping a tight grip on the chain connecting the cuffs and the gun pressed against his spine, she shoved him toward the door.

Wrenn knew they were being followed into the parking lot. In fact, she’d expected it. A

guy as self-important as Spencer Dane always traveled with backup. In this instance, the backup was made up of lions from his pride. In the animal kingdom, prides were comprised of females, but Spencer's kingdom required a few burlier bodyguards.

Reaching her SUV, she stopped abruptly and spun around, pressing the nose of her gun into her bounty's neck. She met the gazes of the four men and one woman who'd followed them from the bar.

The woman stepped forward, a lanky redhead whose nails were already thickening and lengthening into claws. "Do you really think you can take all of us?"

Wrenn trailed the barrel up the side of Spencer's face to rest at his temple before meeting the woman's gaze. "No. But I know I can get off at least three shots before you touch me. The slugs might not be silver, but scrambled brain is still scrambled brain. It's possible he could survive a head wound, but that doesn't mean he'd survive with his mind intact. You sure you wanna take that chance?"

The woman paused, her eyes darting to Spencer's.

Wrenn watched them all, adrenaline slamming through her veins. The door to the bar opened, but she didn't spare a glance for the newcomers. Spencer was waiting for his chance, and she refused to give it to him. He was guilty of a hell of a lot more than being a deadbeat dad, but she'd take him off the street using whatever means she could.

"Back off."

The deep voice came from the direction of the open door. Feigning a calm she didn't feel, she forced herself not to respond. She has no idea if he was addressing her or the other shifters. She'd bet just about anything it was the guy who'd been staring at her in the bar. Huge and heavily muscled, he was beyond gorgeous. With mocha colored skin and tons of thin dreads hanging to the middle of his back, he was the epitome of breathtaking masculinity. He was also a shifter, and she had no business being attracted to him. But it had been nearly impossible to ignore the desire that heated her blood at the hungry look in his eyes as he'd stared at her.

"This doesn't concern you, Gideon, so why don't you stay the hell out of it?" snapped one of the males she currently held at bay.

"I don't think so."

The husky voice of different man drifted to her. If she had to guess, it was Gideon's friend, the one who'd tried to hit on her before Spencer had made his appearance. With short,

spiky brown hair and soulful green eyes, he was just as attractive as his friend. His mouth was perfectly sculpted, and as he'd talked to her, it had been all she could do not to lean into him and sink her teeth into his full lower lip. Another damn shifter. What the hell was the matter with her?

"No one asked you, Jude," snarled the redhead.

"Yeah, I know. But that's the kind of guy I am—always willing to offer up an opinion."

The smile in his voice tugged at the corners of Wrenn's lips.

"Now, why don't you all take off and let the lady do her job?" Jude continued.

"Why don't you go fuck yourself?" the woman retorted.

Several of the werelions advanced, but before Wrenn could react, Gideon and Jude leapt between her and the other shifters, blocking their way. Claws extended, but not fully shifted, they engaged the lions. The scene before her erupted in a flurry of growls and flying bodies as they attacked one another.

From the corner of her eye, Wrenn saw the other woman advance. Turning slightly to face her, Wrenn cocked the gun. "Do it. I'm more than happy to pull the trigger."

The redhead stopped in her tracks, her lovely face twisted in a vicious snarl. The commotion around them ceased as suddenly as it started with three of the four men lying on the ground unconscious and the fourth groaning in a heap. Both Gideon and Jude panted heavily, and Jude wiped a trickle of blood from the corner of his mouth while Gideon pulled his ruined shirt away from the bloody claw marks that marred his stomach.

"I can't believe you'd turn against your own kind, Gideon," the female werelion bit out. "For a pathetic human."

Gideon's eyes hardened, glinting in the streetlights like chips of amber. "You've never been my kind."

Though it wasn't directed at her, the bitterness in his voice sent a cold chill through Wrenn.

Ignoring the shifter drama going on around her, she opened the back door and shoved Spencer into the vehicle.

"You're making a mistake," he warned.

"Trust me—it's not the first time. I'm sure it won't be the last." As soon as he was seated, she attached his handcuffs to a short length of silver chain that had been mounted to the

floor of the SUV and fitted the silver cuffs around his ankles.

“Don’t you think this is a bit excessive?” he asked coldly.

“You’re not only a criminal, you’re a shifter, so, no. I don’t think this is at all excessive.”

Slamming the door, she noticed that the rest of the werelions had taken off.

Jude stepped closer and nodded toward the SUV. “You gonna be okay with him? We can give you a hand you if you need it.”

“I don’t,” she snapped. She pressed her lips together and tried to gather her thoughts.

“Look, I appreciate the offer, as well as your help earlier, but this isn’t my first collar. I can get him to where he needs to be.” Refusing to discuss it further, she got in the car and pulled out of the parking lot.

Guilt niggled at her for the five-hour drive from Petoskey to Detroit. Gideon and Jude were clearly just trying to be helpful, but ultimately, they were shifters. That sobering thought was enough to push away any residual remorse. She knew better than to get close to them. She might be stupid enough to be attracted to them, but she wasn’t idiot enough to act on it.

At least, that’s what she’d told herself as she sped past the thick forests and rolling farms that lined the highway that led back to Petoskey. Wrenn pushed harder on the accelerator, urging the vehicle a little faster. The drive from the Wayne County Jail had given her entirely too much time to think, but she still couldn’t quite believe she was on her way back to the same lakeshore town she’d left yesterday. After a sleepless night, remembering Jude and Gideon covered in blood, watching her drive away, she knew what she had to do. Part of the bounty was theirs. Hell, they’d prevented her from having to make good on her empty threat to shoot Spencer. They’d also gotten hurt in the process. Granted, they both would have completely healed by now, but she’d walked away without a scratch. Definitely not the usual scenario when bringing in a shifter.

There was no way around it—part of the money was theirs. She’d give them their share and get the hell away from them, ignoring that little voice that kept whispering through her mind. The little voice that insisted that she wanted to give them both a hell of a lot more than money. She couldn’t understand how she could be attracted to either one of them—let alone both of them. But there was no denying the way her nipples pebbled at the thought of them, or the arousal that dampened her panties. She’d finally snapped. It was the only thing that would explain how she could possibly desire the same type of creatures that had killed her entire

family. Crazy or not, she'd give them the payment they were due, and that would be the last she'd ever see of them.

She pulled off the highway onto little more than a dirt two track that led to the Lake Michigan shoreline. According to the research she'd done on the men, Gideon ran a charter boat that sailed tourists around the big lake and Jude was a contractor specializing in stonework, and apparently, he stayed with Gideon when he wasn't working on a job site. Neither man had a criminal record—well, Jude did have a sealed juvenile record. Having met the man, she'd guess that it involved mooning someone out a car window when he was a teenager. Both men were cats—Gideon, a panther and Jude, a cougar. From what she'd seen, both animals seemed to fit them well. Gideon was long and sleek, mysterious. And Jude—Jude was a little smaller than his friend, muscular, in a tightly compacted sort of way, and tightly wound if his behavior was anything to judge by.

She wasn't crazy about going out to their house alone, but after what had transpired at the bar, she wasn't about to risk another confrontation with a pride of angry werelions. Particularly since the judge refused to release Spencer on bail. The cops had only been too happy to take him into custody. She guessed that had more to do with him being a shifter than a neglectful father. She'd bet just about anything that those particular cops were in favor of the proposed law that would force all shape shifters into internment camps. What had started out as a fringe movement was gaining popularity, particularly with certain political parties. No matter what had occurred in her past, she couldn't condone a law that would cage people like animals.

Pushing aside the press of the past and the threats of the future, she focused on navigating her vehicle through wind-whipped branches. Autumn air heavy with the scent of rain blew into the cab from her open window. Braking, she came to stop overlooking sandy dunes and choppy, gray water. Low, black clouds raced toward the shoreline. Hopefully, both Gideon and Jude would be here so she could deliver their share and take off before the rain started. From the way the lightning flashed over the heavily churning waves, this area was going to be in for a hell of a downpour. She needed to get in and out as soon as possible. Storms blowing in off the big lake were always brutal this time of year. The last thing she needed was to be stuck in the middle of it.

Exiting the car, she tucked her gun in the waistband at the small of her back and walked cautiously to the steps leading to the wraparound porch surrounding the huge log cabin. A

clanging wind chime buffeted by the gusting wind echoed her jangling nerves as she climbed the stairs and rapped on the front door. The door swung open and a huge shadow fell across her, chilling her more than the damp air blowing in off the lake. Haloed by the light behind him, Gideon stared at her through the screen.

“Look, I’m sorry to bother you, I just need a minute, then I’ll be out of your hair.”

“You’re no bother, Ms. Saunders.”

Evidently, she hadn’t been the only one doing research.

He held open the screen door and gestured for her to enter. When she hesitated, he grinned. “I won’t bite.”

Jude peered around Gideon. “He might not...but I will.” A wicked grin curved Jude’s lips as she warily entered the kitchen.

Awareness riffled through her body as his gaze lingered on her lips.

“Are you on another hunt?” Gideon asked, pulling her focus away from his friend.

She shook her head. “Actually, I just wanted to thank you both for your help yesterday and give you each your share.”

Jude’s brow furrowed in apparent confusion. “Come again?”

Oh, if only.

Pulling two envelopes from her purse, she offered one to each man. “Your share. As much as it pisses me off to admit it, I wouldn’t have been able to bring him in without your help. A cut of the bounty is yours.

“No way.” They spoke at the same time, refusing to take the envelopes from her.

She sighed and tossed them on the table. Turning to leave, she found her way blocked by Gideon.

“Move.”

“The bounty’s yours, Wrenn.”

The sound of her name wrapped in the dark velvet of his voice sent chills down her spine.

“We did what anyone else would have done,” Jude added.

She snorted. “Right. Shifters always turn on each other to help a bounty hunter.”

Wrong thing to say.

Anger hardened both men’s faces, but Gideon spoke first. “We helped because you were outnumbered and some of those *people* don’t care who they hurt.”

The insinuation was clear. He didn't appreciate her implying they were all animals. She didn't blame him. Shame prodded her. Shifters had killed her family, but shifters had also saved her life when she'd been left to die.

"Besides," Jude added as he returned the envelopes to her open purse. "Spencer's a douche bag and deserves to sit in jail for as long as possible."

A laugh escaped her before she could choke it back. The tension of a few moments earlier seemed to dissipate slightly—until she met Gideon's heated gaze. The interest that had been evident in the bar remained and had become far more concentrated. Her breath caught in her chest and she tried desperately to swallow past the sudden lump in her throat. The attraction she'd felt since first seeing these two was back in full force. Her nipples beaded, chafing against the lace of her bra and the slow burn of desire rolled through her body like the thunder outside. Being alone with them was a bad idea. She should have arranged to meet them somewhere else. Somewhere public.

A crack of thunder ripped through the night, the sound so sharp and intense, she startled, barely able to stifle the small shriek that threatened. The electricity in the air whirled around her like an eddy.

Hands settled onto her shoulders from behind. "Easy," Jude murmured.

The sensation of his touch on her body—even contact as innocent as this—sent need tumbling through her. What the hell was the matter with her? She couldn't remember the last time she had any interest in one man—let alone two. The energy from the storm and the intensity of their attention combined to set her nerves on edge.

The wind blew harder, slamming the wind chime against the side of the house and winding her tension higher. The beginnings of a panic attack bubbled its way to the murky surface of her mind.

"I have to go," she choked out, trying to push past Gideon, but he continued to block her path.

Thunder echoed off the water, practically shaking the house, and flashes of lightning strobed through the room, throwing everything into sharp relief. The storm was just about on top of them. She needed to get out there before she freaked out.

Placing her hands in the center of his chest, she shoved hard.

Instead of moving, he wrapped huge, warm hands around her wrists. "It's not safe for you

to leave right now.”

“I’ll be fine.” She tried to tug her hands free. The last thing she needed was to have a meltdown in front of these two. “The SUV is huge. It’s not like it’ll get blown around on the highway.”

“I’m not worried about that. It’s the falling trees and power lines that concern me.”

“Trust me,” Jude said. “These autumn storms are nothing to fuck around with. At least stay until it lets up a little. I’ll get you a beer,” he added brightly.

As soon as his hands left her shoulders, another clap of thunder rattled the windows and the power flickered. Icy dread slid down her spine. The power couldn’t go out. She couldn’t possibly be unlucky enough to get trapped in a house with two shape shifters. In the dark.

Closing her eyes, she tried to slow her breathing, willing away the sheer terror that threatened.

“Wrenn?” Gideon asked. “Are you okay?”

She nodded tightly, keeping her eyes closed.

Lightning flashed violently, discernible even through her closed eyelids. Wind whipped through the open screen, spattering her with cold raindrops. Forcing her eyes open, she looked at both men. “I really need to get out of here.”

“I don’t think so,” Jude said. “You look like you’re about to hyperventilate. Is it the storm?”

She shook her head as the power flickered and died, plunging them into darkness. The panic she’d managed to hold at bay was back with a vengeance and she thrashed against Gideon, plowing her elbow into his midsection. “Let *go* of me.”

Breaking free, she darted onto the porch and down the steps into the deluge. Gumball size chunks of ice mixed with the rain, pelting her head and stinging her skin. The hailstones fell harder, covering the ground at her feet and slamming into her SUV. The dull thud of footsteps followed her into the storm, but she ignored them and headed to her vehicle. She shoved her hand in her purse and fished around for her keys. Why hadn’t she kept hold of them?

A firm hand locked around her wrist.

Looking up, she met the earthy green of Jude’s eyes as water sluiced over his face and bits of ice stuck in his hair. “C’mon,” he said as he pulled her back toward the house.

When she resisted, he picked her up and tossed her over his shoulder. Slipping and

sliding, he headed toward the house, resting his hand lightly on her ass as he carried her. Somehow, she doubted the placement was an accident.

Once they'd reached the relative shelter of the porch, he lowered her to the planked floor. She didn't miss his erection as she slid down the front of his body. The caustic remark she was about to make died in her mouth as she encountered the compassion emanating from his gaze.

"Do you want me to start the generator?" Jude asked the other man, not taking his eyes off her.

Hope bloomed at his question. She could handle being stuck there with both of them if they at least had power.

Gideon shook his head. "Out of gas."

The optimism she'd felt dropped like a stone.

"If the dark freaks you out, we can light some candles. I can build a fire."

She opened her mouth, but nothing came out.

"Or," Gideon added as he wrapped a blanket around her shoulders, "if it feels less claustrophobic, we can stay out here for a while."

Shivering, she nodded, her sopping clothes clinging coldly to her skin.

Jude gently brushed her hair from her eyes. "Have you always been afraid of the dark?" he asked gently.

Not until she was ten and lay torn and bleeding in dark room with the dead bodies of her parents and brother. The storm that had blown through while she'd waited to die had made it worse. Every flash of lightning had illuminated their lifeless eyes. She shook her head, not trusting herself to speak. Hell, she was shaking so hard, she wasn't sure she could speak.

Jude studied her face for a long moment then turned away. "I'll be right back," he said as he stripped off his sodden shirt and let it fall wetly to the floor.

"You wanna talk?" Gideon asked as Jude disappeared into the dark house.

Still trembling, she met his pointed gaze and shook her head. The urge to trace the line of his lips or run her fingers across his closely trimmed beard was nearly overwhelming. Instead, she clutched the blanket tighter, hoping the urge would go away. She knew what was happening. Her mind was looking for a way to distract itself from the fear and horrific memories, and sex was the best distraction there was. Of course, she wasn't about to get naked with a guy she didn't even know—either of them. But, God, it would be nice to have something to chase away these

memories for a while.

“It might help,” he offered.

What would help more would be if he kissed her until she forgot everything but the sensation of his mouth on hers.

“It’s nice to think so,” she managed between chattering teeth.

“You’re going to freeze to death if you stay in those wet clothes,” Gideon chided.

“I’ve been cold before. I’ll live.”

“You’ve got to be the most stubborn woman I’ve ever met,” he said as he pulled her backward against his chest. She stiffened as she came into contact with the hard, warm man behind her. “Look, if you’re not going to come inside and sit by the fire, then you can at least accept some body heat.”

The muscular planes of his body radiated warmth through the blanket and her shivering slowed somewhat as she relaxed against him, resting her head against his broad chest. She wondered what he’d do if she turned around and drew his head down to hers.

In the flashing lightning, she saw Jude heading toward them, a glass in his hands. Stopping in front of her, he held the glass to her lips. “Drink.”

“What is it?”

“Rum. Just have a little. It’ll get the blood flowing again.”

With Gideon pressed against the length of her and Jude standing before her shirtless, his sculpted chest kissably damp from the storm, she was feeling slightly warmer already. More than anything, she wanted to lean forward and taste the rain directly from his skin. Of course, she also wanted to arch and rub against Gideon like a cat in heat, but she managed to resist both temptations. Barely.

When Jude pushed the glass against her lips again, she took a couple swallows. It burned going down and she grimaced. Straight alcohol wasn’t typically her drink of choice, but beggars couldn’t be choosers. Maybe if she drank enough, she could blame her inevitable capitulation on the rum. Or maybe she should just do the smart thing and move away from both of them.

Instead, she stayed where she was, her heart pounding wildly and nervous excitement leaping through her veins.

Jude watched as Wrenn pulled away from the glass. A shimmering drop of rum trembled

on her full lower lip and he was lost.

“You...ah...missed a spot,” he murmured as he lowered his head, blindly setting the tumbler on the porch rail. He stroked his tongue along her tender flesh, catching the drop of alcohol before tasting her lips fully. He caught her surprised gasp in his mouth as her lips parted beneath his.

Her hands rose between them as if to push him away, but her fingers curled into loose fists, resting uselessly on his chest. Slipping his tongue into the warmth of her mouth, he tasted the rum and the spicy sweetness that had nothing to do with the booze. He groaned as she responded to his kiss, tentatively at first, then more aggressively, sinking her teeth into his lower lip. Finally, he lifted his head and stared into her heavy-lidded eyes.

“I’ve wanted to do that since I saw you sitting at the bar yesterday. To be honest, I want to do it again right now.”

“Oh,” she managed.

He stepped closer, pinning her between his body and Gideon’s, smiling at her sharp gasp as his erection came into contact with her body. Her arousal drifted to him, a soft musk mixing with the scent of rain-wet earth.

Gideon stroked her neck and she trembled beneath his touch. She inhaled deeply, her breath choppy as her eyes fluttered closed. Slipping his other arm around her, Gideon splayed his hand over her belly, nuzzling her neck as he continued to caress her. She jumped at his touch, but her nipples hardened into telltale peaks. Peaks that Jude wanted to taste.

“So this is your backup plan for keeping me warm?” she asked, eyes still closed. “Booze and groping?”

“Well...you didn’t listen when we asked you to stay inside out of the rain,” Gideon murmured against her ear.

“Besides,” Jude added. “It’s working, isn’t it?”

Gideon removed the blanket separating him from Wrenn and tossed it on the porch swing before pressing up against her backside.

Jude knew the moment she felt the other man’s hard-on. Her eyes flew open and she squirmed between them, grinding against them both.

Jude wanted her mouth again. He slipped his hand into her hair and sifted his fingers through the wet strands, angling her head. The rain pounded so loudly around them, he barely

heard her gasp as Gideon slipped his hand beneath her shirt to stroke the supple skin of her stomach. Her lips parted as she tried to speak, but he didn't give her the chance. Claiming her mouth, he took his time, gently caressing, thoroughly exploring. She sighed against his lips, her warm, sweet breath mingling with his.

His fingers collided with Gideon's as he slipped a hand under her wet shirt. A moment's jealousy flared at the thought of his best friend touching her. It wasn't as though they'd never shared a woman before. But none of those women had been Wrenn.

Opening his eyes, he met Gideon's gaze. He knew without a word that his friend was feeling the same way, but just as suddenly, the moment passed. They could give her something she'd never before experienced. At least, he assumed she'd never had two men at once. His assumption was confirmed by the way she stiffened as Gideon laid open-mouthed kisses along the side of her neck. He paused, waiting to see if she'd fight her desire and push from their arms, but the tension slowly faded leaving only the increased scent of her arousal.

"I have to taste you," Jude murmured against her lips.

Pulling her shirt upward, he tugged it over her head while Gideon pulled the fabric down her arms and tossed it over the back of the swing. The lightning illuminated her pale skin, and her bra molded wetly to her breasts. Settling his hands at her hips, he dragged his palms upward over the slight indentation of her waist to hover under her full breasts. Her nipples protruded sharply, puckering the lace around them as he bent to draw one of the tight buds into his mouth.

More blood surged into his cock at the sound of her strangled cry. He sucked hard on the engorged flesh, loving the way she squirmed between them and the way the lace rasped against his tongue. Gideon caressed her other breast before slipping his hand inside the fabric to pluck at her nipple. Impatient as ever, he shoved Jude's head away before tugging both cups down and exposing her trembling breasts.

"So beautiful," Gideon breathed.

Jude couldn't agree more as he watched her dark pink nipples crinkle more tightly in the chilly air. He sank to his knees before her as Gideon cupped both breasts as if offering them to him. Jude drifted between her nipples, licking, sucking, biting while she writhed, grinding her ass against Gideon's cock as he gently turned her head to the side and captured her lips.

Watching the other man explore her mouth while he tormented her breasts had him hard enough to hammer railroad spikes. He couldn't wait until they were both inside her sweet body.

Jude trailed kisses over her chilled flesh as he moved downward toward the waistband of her jeans. Heady warmth radiated from her cunt as he dragged his face back and forth across her belly.

“I need more,” he practically growled against her skin.

Gideon broke the kiss. “Let me help.” Pulling the gun from the waistband of her pants, he handed it to Jude who tucked it into her purse. Gideon slid his hands down her chest, over the quivering muscles in her stomach to hover over the button at her waist.

Wrenn’s breath caught as he slid the button through the hole and slowly lowered the zipper, the sound lost in the raging storm. He traced the top edge of her panties with his fingertips as Jude eased the snug denim down past her hips and over her thighs. Leaning closer, Jude inhaled her honeyed scent as she slumped against Gideon, her eyes closed.

“Bad kitties,” she breathed, the hint of a smile curving her full lips.

Both men chuckled and Gideon brushed his lips across her ear. “Do you know what bad kitties do with little birds like you?” he asked as he met Jude’s gaze, his eyes almost feral.

Jude fisted his hands in her underwear and yanked hard, rending the fabric and exposing her to their rising hunger. “We eat them.”

Chapter Two

“Oh *God*,” Wrenn groaned as Jude’s heated breath puffed over her aching flesh. Legs shaking so badly she could barely stand, she anchored herself by stretching her arms behind her and wrapping them around Gideon’s neck, resting her back against his chest.

Spreading her lower lips with his thumbs, Jude dragged his tongue through her slick folds, carefully avoiding her clit as if he knew how desperately close she was to the edge. She canted her hips forward, trying to get more contact with his mouth. Instead of letting her move, he pushed her backward, holding her captive using his hands and the other man’s groin.

Gideon thrust his denim-clad cock against her bare ass as he stroked his hands over her body, trailing his long fingers over her belly, her hips, her breasts. In the pulsing lightning, she could make out Jude’s face between her legs and Gideon’s hands on her body. She loved the contrast of his beautiful, darkness against her own pale skin. It was almost enough to make her wish for the lightning strikes to increase so she could see them more clearly.

Gideon leaned forward and dragged his lips over her shoulder, his long dreads draping around her, skimming over her skin as he held her tighter. He trailed kisses across the back of her neck, his neatly trimmed beard sensuously scraping her skin. Making his way to her opposite shoulder, he stiffened, and she knew the exact moment he discovered the scars that marred her flesh—the scars from the wounds that nearly claimed her life sixteen years earlier.

He followed the path of the ruined skin with his fingertips, down her back, under her arm and along the side of her breast. Sensing the unspoken tension, Jude lifted his head and stared at her from where he knelt at her feet. Gideon moved lower, tracking the damage over the swell of her hip, but she laid her hand on top of his and shook her head. She couldn’t go there with these two—not now. Not ever.

“Don’t,” she whispered. “Just...don’t.”

“Wrenn?” Concern edged Jude’s voice.

Ignoring the question in his voice, she attempted to pull away from them, but Gideon locked his hands around her upper arms and held her motionless.

“Running away?” he murmured against her ear. He turned her in his arms and dragged her against his body. “You don’t have to tell us unless you want to, but like I said before...it might help.”

“Just make me forget.”

“We can do that,” Jude promised as he pulled off her shoes and dragged her jeans with them.

Gideon anchored his fingers in her hair at her nape and tugged her head back, exposing the line of her throat. Shudders slammed through her body as he set his lips and teeth to her vulnerable flesh, wringing needy cries from her as he tasted her. Tracing her jaw line with his lips, he nipped his way to her mouth before demanding entry.

Unable, or maybe just unwilling to deny him, she opened for him as he delved inside. He tasted of coffee with caramel and cream. A bubble of laughter threatened at the thought of this huge imposing guy drinking heavily sweetened coffee, but he seduced it away when he cupped her breast, rolling her nipple. Her amusement became a groan and she tugged at his t-shirt, wanting to feel his bare skin against hers.

He released his hold on her hair and yanked the shirt over his head while she fumbled with his belt, the buckle smacking her knuckles as she freed the leather from the metal pin. Gideon toed off his boots and kicked off his pants while Jude did the same.

As soon as he was finished, Jude spun her to face him and dragged her against the hot, hard flesh of his naked body. Capturing her lips, he thrust his tongue into her mouth, a promise of things to come. Her pussy clenched emptily, and she wished one of them, hell, both of them would fill her.

Gideon’s hands skimmed across her back and over her scars as he pulled her backward. She startled at his touch, until his lips coasted over her ear. “Don’t think about it. Focus on what we’re about to do to you...how good we’re going to make you feel.”

Jude stepped closer, his lips hovering above her other ear. “Think about how hard we’re going to make you come...how loud you’re going to scream for us.”

Wrenn tried to swallow, her mouth suddenly dry.

Gideon sat down on the porch swing, pulling her to sit on his lap. His rock hard cock

seared her with his heat as it nestled between her ass cheeks. Slipping his palms beneath her thighs, he lifted them to drape over his own, the rough hair abrading her skin. Spreading his legs, he opened her further to Jude's predatory gaze. Her stomach flipped over at the need glittering in his eyes. Lowering himself to his knees, Jude kissed the insides of her thighs, his stubbled cheeks and chin scraping at the tender flesh as he inched closer to his goal.

"I didn't get nearly enough last time," he said, hovering above her weeping pussy. Holding her gaze though the broken lightning, he dragged a thick, blunt finger along her cleft. Her hips arched forward, but Gideon held her down, keeping her pressed to the cock weeping at the small of her back.

Painting her taut nipple with her juices, Jude leaned forward and drew on her wet peak. "You taste so good," he muttered huskily against the swell of her breast. Dipping his finger deeper into her body, he repeated the motion with her other nipple as she clasped his head and held it to her, greedy for the sensation of his scalding mouth on her throbbing flesh.

"Touch yourself," he demanded as he pulled back, his eyes glinting in the sporadic light. "I want to see your hands on this pretty pussy."

"Show him," Gideon urged her before sinking his teeth into her earlobe.

Aware of both men's eyes on her, she slowly slid her fingers downward, parting the short curls covering her pussy as she unerringly found her center.

"Deeper," Jude urged. "Show us how you're going to take our cocks."

Closing her eyes, she thrust her fingers in and out of her pussy, feeling her juices coat her inner thighs.

"You're so fucking wet," Gideon breathed, grabbing her hand and pulling it to his mouth. Without warning, he closed his lips around her slick fingers and hungrily sucked her essence from them. Arousal tightened her abdomen with each pull of his mouth, but she was left wanting.

With her free hand, she reached forward and pulled Jude's head toward her aching sex. "Please, Jude," she whispered.

"I promise, I won't stop until you're pleased," he growled, his voice harsh with desire. "And maybe not even then." Lowering his head, he swiped his tongue through her seeping cream. He spread her lips wide before pressing the flat of his tongue to her sensitized flesh, groaning as she lifted her hips into his touch.

His hair was too short to grab hold of, but she laced her fingers across the back of his

skull and held him where she wanted him. “Don’t you dare stop,” she demanded.

In lieu of an answer, he licked faster as he teased her opening with the tip of his finger. She wanted it inside her so badly. His finger, his cock, anything would do at this point. She just needed to be filled.

“Quit teasing and fuck me already.”

“You’re not anywhere near ready for that,” Gideon said as he cupped her breasts and pinched her nipples, pulling and twisting the distended tips.

“I am,” she panted. “I swear, I am.”

Jude’s tongue dipped down—tracing, tasting, tormenting her flesh. “You taste so damn good.”

She bit her lip in an attempt to hold back the needy cries, but it didn’t work. The breathy sobs escaped and merged with the storm as he slowly slid a finger inside her greedy body. Adding a second one, he worked them in and out of her as Gideon whispered in her ear about how much Jude loved going down on her.

Lapping upward, Jude trailed circles around her clit, never touching it. She tried to thrust her hips and force the contact, but Gideon held her down, his fingertips biting into her hips. She’d never imagined being restrained could be so exciting, but the more firmly he held her, the higher her arousal climbed.

“You like it,” he breathed hotly against her ear. “You like it when I hold you down.” He kissed the side of her neck. “Your nipples are so hard...begging for my touch.” He trailed his lips along her spine, sending fierce shivers of desire through her body as he pulled her more tightly against his cock. “God, you feel good,” he groaned as he thrust helplessly against her.

At least she wasn’t the only affected by this compelling want. Scooting forward slightly, she freed a hand from Jude’s, reached behind her and wrapped her fingers around the width of Gideon’s cock. Sliding her fist up his thick, satiny shaft, she squeezed firmly, satisfaction spreading through her at the catch in his breathing.

“I need to be inside you,” he murmured, his lips brushing the sensitive skin of her spine. “I need to feel your sweet cunt gripping me.”

Anticipation tumbled through her stomach as her pussy clamped involuntarily around Jude’s fingers. He lifted his face from between her legs and grinned. “She likes it when you talk dirty to her, too.” Without warning, he drew her neglected clit between his lips, sucking sharply

at it. Plunging his fingers deeper, he added a third and stroked the inner walls of her channel while she trembled, her release threatening.

Gideon must have sensed her impending orgasm. He wrapped a thick arm around her waist, pinioning her to him, and lifted his other hand to pluck harder at her nipples. Her head dropped back against his shoulder, while Jude's fingers drove into her body as he grazed the swollen flesh of her clit with his teeth and sent her screaming over the edge. Her internal muscles clenched and unclenched around his fingers as he sucked harder on her clit, his groans vibrating against her responsive flesh. Spasms rolled through her body, jarring as the storm around them. Panting, she finally slumped against Gideon's chest.

Jude pressed gentle kisses to her trembling stomach as he stared up at her, his green eyes full of thoughts she couldn't begin to guess at. As it was, she could barely remember her own name. The orgasm had taken off the edge of her arousal, but more than anything, she was dying to feel one of them inside her.

"Stand up," Wrenn ordered, her voice husky from screaming. Jude rose, and she got her first good look at his cock. Thick and long, it curved upward toward his tightly muscled stomach. Releasing her grip on Gideon, she reached out and wrapped her fingers around Jude's shaft, tracing the veins and ridges with her fingertips as she drew him closer.

He watched her through hooded eyes as she ran her thumb across the tip, smearing the drops of pre-cum that had formed. The raw hunger in his gaze was overwhelming. Leaning forward, she guided his arousal to her mouth and tentatively licked her way around the swollen head. He lifted his hands toward her head but apparently thought better of it, forcing his clenched fists to his sides.

She swirled her tongue around the wide head, watching his jaw tighten while he sucked air through his clamped teeth. Teasing him, she drew the head into her mouth and flicked her tongue over the spongy flesh before surging forward and taking him as deeply as she could. His back arched and he drove his fingers through her hair, a strangled cry of pleasure trapped in his throat.

"Christ, Wrenn," he groaned as he pushed his hips forward. Holding the base of his cock with one hand, she dragged her short nails up the inside of his thigh to cup his balls and tug on them gently.

Gideon slipped his hand between her legs to stroke her exposed cunt while she worked

the throbbing length of Jude's cock between her lips. His whispered pleas took on a desperate tone and his rhythmic lunges picked up speed.

"Your lips look so beautiful stretched around his cock," Gideon whispered while Jude tightened his fists in her hair. "The only thing prettier would be your mouth wrapped around mine."

His coarse words washed over her and she couldn't help but imagine sucking his cock, too. A fresh rush of cream dampened his hand as he caressed her swollen flesh. Sliding her hand over Jude's shaft in time with her bobbing head, she braced her other hand on his hip, her thumb stroking the delineated curve. The speed and depth of his thrusts increased, but she took it all. She wanted to give him the same pleasure he'd given her.

Staring up at him, she watched as he sank his teeth into his full lower lip as he gently brushed her hair from her eyes. "So beautiful," he whispered. "You're so damn..."

His eyes closed and the rest of his sentence came out as a guttural moan as she pressed the sensitive spot under the crown. He was almost there. She could feel it.

He tried to disengage, but she wouldn't release him. "Wrenn," he warned. "I'm too close...I'm gonna..."

She tightened her grip around his cock, hoping he'd figure out she wasn't letting him go.

He opened his eyes and stared at her, his breathing harsh. His cock jerked in her mouth and she took him deeper. Fingers tangled in her hair, his head dropped back, his lips parted as he spilled into her mouth and down her throat. Swallowing around his cock, she took every shuddering spurt. Only when he was fully spent did she let him slip from her lips.

Jude gazed down at her with an expression that looked a little like awe. Keeping his grip on her hair, he pushed her against Gideon's chest and kissed her, their combined tastes mingling in her mouth. She couldn't believe she was actually pinned between two naked men and loving every minute of it. What was wrong with her?

Gideon lured the question away by trailing hot, open-mouthed kisses up her spine and over her shoulder. When he reached her ear, he bit the lobe, before soothing the sting with his tongue. "I'm getting jealous," he said, only half teasing.

Momentarily releasing Jude, she peered at Gideon over her shoulder. "So do something about it."

He didn't waste any time answering the challenge. Scooting forward, he sat on the edge

of the swing and held out his hand. Jude slapped a condom in it. She froze, galvanized by the sound of tearing foil. In record time, he'd sheathed himself and lifted her until she hovered helplessly, wetly over the head of his cock. Heat seared her as his shaft lodged thickly against her opening. His fingers tightened and he hauled her down on top of him.

She cried out at the sharp, satisfying twinge of pain as she adjusted to the girth separating her tender tissues. She couldn't remember the last time she'd had sex, and it certainly wasn't with someone built like Gideon. She was sure that no man had ever felt better.

He dropped his forehead to her back and took deep, slow breaths, his entire body taut, trembling with the effort of holding still. "You're so fucking tight." He stroked the swell of her hip. "I'm not going to be able to hold back for much longer."

"No one said you had to," she rasped as her internal muscles rippled around him. She wanted him pounding as hard and fast as he could—hard enough to batter down all the fears and memories.

Bracing her hands on his knees, she lifted herself upward, her body grasping his thick cock like it never wanted to let go. Gideon gripped her hips and tugged her back down, meeting his upward thrust. He guided her up and down his hard length, powering in and out of her body. Jude dropped to his knees between their spread legs and caressed her breasts. Brushing his thumbs across her distended nipples, he teased her before leaning forward and drawing them between his lips.

The sensations were overwhelming. One man surging inside her and another sucking at her breasts—even if she'd wanted to hold back, it would have been impossible. She contracted around Gideon's cock as release pounded over her like the storm tossed waves on the shore. Shuddering violently, she held onto Jude's shoulders for support as the other man plowed upward, demanding that she take more with every frenzied lunge. More than willing to accept everything he offered, she met him thrust for thrust.

Jude continued sucking her nipples, pulling them firmly into his mouth. The unmistakable swell of release began to build again. Her body tightened and her cries meshed with the rumbling thunder. These men would likely be the death of her, but there were far worse ways for bounty hunters to die. She almost laughed at the insanity of it, still not quite able to believe she was having sex with two men. Two near strangers. Two *shifters*. When had she stopped thinking of them as shifters—something to be hunted—and started thinking of them as

people? As soon as the thought appeared, it vanished, lured away by a pounding cock and clever lips.

As Jude lapped at her, the head of his semi-hard penis bumped against her clit. The stimulation against her over sensitized flesh was overwhelming. With a wicked smile, he grasped his cock and dragged the head over her aching, swollen flesh.

“You’re so beautiful,” he breathed. “So tight around his cock.” Using a blunt fingertip, he traced where she and Gideon were joined. She trembled slightly at the faint caress, drawing a strangled groan from the man inside her.

Lowering his head, Jude dragged the flat of his tongue over her exposed flesh of her parted folds.

“More,” she whispered. “*More.*”

Gripping her thighs, he complied, his tongue dancing across her folds and around her clit. A fresh rush of moisture seeped from her body at the intensity of the pleasure. She’d never imagined anything could feel as good as one man buried inside her and another licking and sucking her pussy.

Gideon pounded harder, plunged deeper and penetrated her more fully than she’d thought possible while Jude continued to lap at her aching flesh, pushing her past any semblance of control. Screaming mindlessly, she convulsed around Gideon’s cock. She came more forcefully this time digging her fingers into Jude’s neck and head, holding him to her spasming cunt.

Suddenly, Gideon stiffened, biting down on the side of her neck, his fingers digging mercilessly into her hips. His cock jerked hard inside her as he came, filling the condom with shuddering gushes. Bonelessly, she sank back against his chest while Jude slumped onto her lap, wrapping his arms around her waist. The sound of their ragged breathing was barely audible above the storm.

* * * *

Gideon lifted a sleeping Wrenn in his arms and carried her inside, laying her in the center of his bed while Jude gathered their wet clothes and draped them in front of the fireplace to dry. They’d sat for so long on the swing, she’d fallen asleep. He looked at the woman snoring softly, able to make out every detail, thanks to his preternatural vision, including the fingertip shaped bruises on her hips. He sighed. Had the power stayed on and the storm held off for a few more minutes, he had no doubt that she’d be long gone by now and he never would have had the single

most amazing sexual experience of his life. Knowing how much she hated shape shifters, he was still surprised that she'd responded like she had. But fear was a powerful aphrodisiac.

Guilt prodded its way into his consciousness. Judging from the scarring over her torso, she had plenty of reasons to hate shifters. Despite the near darkness, he could make out the brutal wounds. They looked to be decades old, and judging from their severity, she was lucky to be alive. His guilt increased as he remembered the way they'd pinned her between them. Had they pushed her to hard?

He didn't doubt her attraction to them. He'd scented her arousal in the parking lot of the Jack Pine, and it had only increased when she'd set foot in his house. But still, had they taken advantage of her? Sure, the sex was phenomenal, but he actually liked this woman. A lot. He knew Jude well enough to know that he did too. They'd certainly shared women in the past—women they'd liked, but none of them affected him like Wrenn had. There was something about the way she cloaked her vulnerability with a hard ass attitude that made him want to hold her close and promise nothing bad would ever happen to her again. Of course, he'd be willing to bet she'd try to beat him senseless if he tried—or at least threaten to cuff him. Of course, he wouldn't let that happen. He'd much rather see her bound and at his mercy.

Candlelight danced off the ceiling as Jude, still nude, carried two flickering candles into the room and set them on the bookshelf and dresser. He nodded toward Wrenn. "I figured she might freak out a little less if she can see where she is and who she's with when she wakes up later."

Gideon nodded as he climbed into bed. "Good idea."

"Yeah. I'm full of them." Jude grinned as he slipped beneath the covers on the other side of Wrenn.

She stirred slightly in her sleep, but settled as each man secured an arm about her waist.

Jude carefully traced the claw marks that extended over her shoulder. "I'd like to get my hands on whoever did this."

Gideon nodded grimly. So would he, but he doubted if Wrenn would ever let them in enough to help.

* * * *

Wrenn woke abruptly, panic clogging her throat. She was naked and being held down and nothing felt familiar. Lying as still as humanly possible, she cracked open an eyelid, hoping to

discern her whereabouts so she could figure how best to get the hell out of wherever she was.

Rain beat steadily against the window and candles cast a warm glow around the dim room. Looking out of the corner of her eye, she recognized Gideon, and the events of the previous night raced back with a dizzying, mortifying rush. Without looking, she knew Jude was on the other side.

She'd had another overblown panic attack, but instead of rocking back and forth in a corner, she'd fucked two men. *Way to handle your freak-out, Wrenn.* As consciousness took greater hold of her mind, she noticed every delicious ache, every satisfied bone in her body. Despite the embarrassment of having had a meltdown in front of near strangers, and then having fucked said near strangers, she felt pretty good.

She glanced at the dark windows of the house and the storm that still raged over the endless lake. Yeah, a threesome was better than being trapped with her memories any day of the week.

"You okay?" Jude mumbled sleepily next to her.

His voice startled her and her breath caught in her throat.

"Yeah," she whispered. "A little weirded out," she admitted. "But okay."

Gideon propped up on his elbow and looked at her, gently brushing her hair from her eyes. A frown marred his beautiful face. "Is it the shifter thing?"

"What?" she asked.

"I mean, you have an aversion to shape shifters—especially felines," he said gently as he traced the scars that disfigured the skin on her shoulder.

"And with good reason," Jude added. "We were a afraid you'd wake up and—"

"Completely flip out because I had sex with a couple of cats?" she supplied.

Jude's grin flashed in the low light and her lips twitched in response.

"To be honest, I'm more freaked out because I just had sex with two guys. I, ah... I've never done that before."

Gideon pressed a gentle kiss to her scarred shoulder. "We'd gathered that."

"Not that we minded," Jude was quick to add.

"God no," Gideon breathed. "You were amazing."

Their praise warmed her and she found herself relaxing slightly.

"Who did this to you," Jude asked, caressing the marks on the side of her breast.

The comfortable feeling vanished.

She shrugged, reminded of why she preferred one-night stands. Get in, get out and never stay long enough to answer uncomfortable questions. “Doesn’t matter.”

“It does to me,” Gideon said.

At the same time, Jude spoke, “The hell it doesn’t.”

“Look, it happened a long time ago. I was a kid. I honestly have no clue who did it, and I sure as hell don’t want to talk about it.”

Both men moved. Gideon placed gentle kisses over her ruined shoulder before urging her to turn onto her stomach. With mild trepidation, she rolled over, shivering as both men trailed soft kisses over every claw mark, every bit of scarred skin. It was as if they tried to heal the ancient wounds. While she knew nothing they could do would change her appearance, something in her chest loosened with every tender touch. For the first time in years, she found herself blinking back tears. The last thing she needed was to breakdown and cry in front of these guys.

Instead of focusing on their compassion, she turned her attention to the heated caress of their lips, the prickly scrape of their whiskers, the sudden tension in the room that had become more about arousal and less about comfort. Gideon pressed kisses over the swell of her ass, to swipe his tongue along the crease where thigh met cheek.

“I don’t recall having any scars there,” she said, shaking off the earlier melancholy.

He chuckled, the sound vibrating against her skin. “I like to be thorough.” Without warning, he flipped her onto her back, startling a squeal from her. Lifting her leg over his head, he settled himself between her legs, his dreads tickling her sensitive skin. He nuzzled her inner thighs as he inched closer to her aching sex.

“So, is this some kind of a competition? If one of you gets something the other one needs to try it too?”

Gideon laughed before spreading her wide with his thumbs and dragging his tongue through along her puffy folds. “It’s not a competition. I just like licking pussy as much as he does.”

He held her gaze from where he hovered above her cunt as his words tumbled darkly through her, causing her tummy to flutter with excitement.

She couldn’t believe she was considering another round with these two. Instead of crawling out of bed and searching for her clothes, she drove her hands into his hair and urged

him toward her. "Show me."

His eyes flashed amber in the low light, and he slowly lowered his head. Burying his face in her pussy, he didn't waste any time zeroing in on her clit. Her hands fell away from his head as she arched toward him. Nipping and sucking, he drew it into his mouth, flicking his tongue across the distended nub as she twisted her hands in the soft cotton sheets.

Jude rolled closer and sucked her nipple into his mouth while he rolled the other one between his thumb and forefinger. They hardened instantly into near painful knots, but she didn't want him to stop what he was doing. It was freeing not to worry about anything except what felt good. And God, these two definitely made her feel good.

Keeping one hand in Gideon's hair, she wrapped her other arm behind Jude's shoulders and pressed his head more firmly to her breast. A taut line of sensation between her pussy and her breasts pulled tighter as they pushed her harder. The line tangled in her middle, becoming a twisted knot of craving. Thrusting her hips off the bed, she met each decadent swipe of Gideon's tongue as he shoved her closer to the edge. Without warning, he slid several fingers inside her and began pumping them in and out of her grasping channel.

Jude released his grip on her nipple to slide his splayed hand over her chest and belly to rest on her abdomen. Lifting his head from her breast, he stared into her face, his green eyes glinting with desire. "I can feel him moving inside you."

Her pussy clenched needily around Gideon's thrusting fingers and a whimper escaped her lips.

"I want to feel him fucking you," Jude breathed. Then we're both going to fill you. Would you like that?"

She could barely think. "Is that a trick question?"

Gideon lifted his head, his lips glossy with her juices. "Do you want us both at once, Wrenn?"

Wide-eyed and hovering over the edge of sexual bliss, she discovered she couldn't do anything but nod.

Jude reached into the nightstand drawer beside the bed, withdrew two condoms, and tossed one to Gideon. In record time, both men were sheathed.

Gideon prowled up the length of her body, his hair falling around her head in a night-dark curtain. Jude resumed his position at her side, his hand splayed over her abdomen while Gideon

hovered outside her eager body.

Feeling hot and liquid inside, she lifted her hips in invitation. “Please,” she whispered. “I want you inside me.”

On a groan, Gideon plowed forward, filling her completely.

Jude pressed down on her belly. “I can feel him inside you. I can feel your muscles trembling, grasping him as he slides through your cream.” He stroked her stomach, extending his fingers to graze her mound as the other man fucked her hard. The sensation of both men focusing on her pussy was thrilling, carnal. “You’re so desperate to come,” Jude murmured.

She nodded, hoping he’d get the hint and touch her clit. One little stroke was all she needed.

Jude shook his head, mischief in his eyes. “Not yet, little bird. Not until I get a chance to bury myself in your sweet pussy.”

She groaned in annoyance as Gideon pulled out and Jude took his place. He settled himself over her body, the warmth of his body seeping into her skin. Slowly, he dragged the head of his cock through her slick folds, brushing it across her clit until she was ready to scream with frustration.

Desperate to end the teasing, she reached down and grabbed his ass, trying to pull him forward. Before she could get any leverage, Gideon captured her wrists and easily pinned her arms above her head.

“Naughty,” he admonished as he stroked the tender flesh on the insides of her arms.

She struggled helplessly in his grasp. Ignoring her thrashing, he bent over her to draw the tight buds of her nipples into the scalding heat of his mouth. Her breath left her body on a harsh cry as Jude lunged forward and seated himself to the hilt. Lowering his head, he laved one nipple while Gideon scraped his teeth across the other one.

She hadn’t thought anything could be hotter than what she’d experienced outside, but she’d been so wrong. There was something liberating about being forced to accept pleasure—to take what she was given.

“Next time, I’m getting out the handcuffs,” Gideon promised darkly.

She closed her eyes, unable to contain the whimper that escaped at the thought of them chaining her up. She couldn’t get the image of her restrained and at their mercy out of her head. Her pussy convulsed around Jude while both men continued to suck her nipples.

“Please, Jude,” she pleaded, trying to lift her hips. “Fuck me.”

Staring into her eyes, he’d apparently decided to take pity on her. He withdrew almost completely before slamming home again. Hooking his hands beneath her shoulders, he drove into her willing body. Every stroke ground their pubic bones together and she knew it wouldn’t take much more before he pushed her over into the release that drifted just out of reach.

Suddenly, Gideon released his grip on her wrists and her entire world tilted as Jude flipped her over so she straddled him, his cock still lodged deeply inside her. She lay sprawled across his chest, draping over him like a blanket. Bracing her hands on his broad chest, she pushed herself into an upright position and carefully worked his thick length in and out of her body.

“You’re so fucking hot,” Jude breathed.

Before she could think of a coherent response, she felt Gideon moving around behind her. Icy nervousness trickled down her spine. When he’d asked if she wanted to take both of them at once, she’d assumed he’d wanted her to go down on him. He placed a large warm hand in the center of her back and gently urged her chest to chest with Jude.

Jude lifted his hands and tenderly stroked her back, soothing her with his touch. “It’ll be okay. I promise. We’re going to make you feel so good.”

Gideon stroked his finger along the crease of her ass. “Have you ever taken a man here?”

She shook her head, not confident she could speak.

“Trust us,” he said as he brushed his thumb across her puckered opening. A needy shudder worked through her body as he repeated the motion, this time with something cool and slick covering his thumb. Gently, but firmly, he pushed past the tight ring of muscles. After letting her become accustomed to the sensation, he replaced his thumb with a finger, lightly working it in and out of her ass. After a few moments, he added a second finger and proceeded to stretch her.

The sensation pinched and burned slightly as he scissored his fingers inside her, but the pain gave way to pleasure as he stroked slowly back and forth. She moved in tandem with him, sliding up the length of Jude’s cock, then back down, meeting the thrust of Gideon’s fingers. Jude groaned and wrapped his arms around her, pulling her more tightly against him.

“You feel so good,” he whispered brokenly as he stared into her eyes.

Gideon pressed his hand to the small of her back to still her movement. Her stomach

clenched nervously as she peered at him over her shoulder. He slicked his cock with lube, then set it against her untried passage. Her body tensed as if to repel the invasion, but he soothed her with words and touch. She bit her lip at the sharp burst of pain as he slowly breached the tight ring of muscles.

Stroking her back, Jude held her gaze. “Breathe,” he urged her. “Breathe us in.”

She took a halting breath as Gideon pressed forward, seating himself all the way inside her. Almost unbearably full, she gasped. The sting of Gideon filling her ass and Jude buried balls-deep in her pussy was almost too much.

Stretched and filled, she writhed between them until Gideon stopped her with his hands on her hips. “Let us.”

Gideon pulled back while Jude pushed forward, taking turns filling her body—lunging forward and retreating, moving together to create a breathless friction she could barely tolerate. She wanted to escape, and at the same time, she wanted more. More Gideon. More Jude. *More.*

Their cocks slid together inside her in direct opposition to one another as they drove home, over and over. The speed increased with every thrust. What had begun as a meticulous pace had devolved into a fierce, ravenous fucking. Her clit ground against Jude’s pelvis as the men pounded into her with raw urgency, their balls slapping wetly against her.

Hunger throbbed in her womb, sending tendrils of need outward through her body. She knew her climax was close, but she didn’t want to spend until they did. She wanted to see Jude’s face when he came, wanted to feel Gideon’s final thrust as he emptied himself into her ass. Knowing this had to be their last time together, she wanted to be aware of every nuance of each man losing control.

She squeezed their cocks, begging for more while their gasping breath and muttered curses ratcheted her desire higher.

Jude slid his hands along her torso and over her hips to grab her ass cheeks, pulling them apart, revealing her to Gideon’s gaze. She’d never felt so exposed in her life. And she loved it. Loved that he caught his breath while he stared at her. Loved that he caressed the crease of her ass with his fingertip. Loved that he stroked the tender flesh where they were joined. She wasn’t going to last much longer.

“I wish you could see her, Jude. Stretching around us. Taking us both so deep.”

Gideon’s voice wrapped her in its dark velvet caress, his words tight with need.

“You should see her face,” Jude countered. “Cheeks flushed, lips parted, and eyes so dark I could lose myself forever.”

“Look at me, Wrenn,” the other man commanded.

She peered at him over her shoulder.

Gideon caught her in his gaze. “You belong with us.”

A sense of peace descended only to be chased away by fear. She didn’t belong with two men. Two shifters. Fucking them was one thing, but anything more was unthinkable. Closing her eyes, she broke the contact and focused instead on the physical. On the twin cocks plowing into her. The orgasm that receded when Gideon spoke inched back, claiming her senses again.

Jude began to shake as he fucked her, shafting her harder and faster. Opening her eyes, she stared at him. Her internal muscles gripped him, rippling around his cock while her ass did the same to the other man. Gideon lost control first, grinding into her as she wrung his release from his body. His last shuddering thrust sent her over the edge as her cunt spasmed violently around Jude. Forcing her eyes to stay open, she watched as his lids fluttered shut and his teeth sank into his lower lip as he strained into her. The sight of his passion-flushed face would be burned into her memory forever, as would the sound of Gideon calling her name as he broke.

Her blood thundered through her veins as they slumped together like a pile of exhausted kittens, all trying to catch their breath. The remains of her release trembled through her body as both men pulled free and tugged her into their arms after disposing of their condoms. As she slowly came back to herself, she was aware of both men stroking her skin and murmuring sleepily.

As good as it felt to be cradled in their arms, she needed to stay awake to make her escape. She trusted them both enough to know that they wouldn’t hold her here against her will, but she also knew that it wouldn’t take much to convince her to stay. It was more than the breathtaking sex. It was a sense of belonging she hadn’t felt since before her family had died.

“Do you like waffles,” Jude asked between yawns as he nuzzled her neck.

Her heart stumbled at his sweet offer. “Yeah.”

“Good. I’ll make you breakfast in bed tomorrow.”

“Just be sure to clean up your damn mess,” Gideon chided good-naturedly.

Gently, she pressed a kiss to his mouth. It would likely be the only goodbye she’d be able to give him. Turning to Jude, she kissed him too. “Hey, what’s a girl got to do to use the

bathroom around here?"

Gideon sat up and swung his legs over the side of the bed, but she gently pushed him back against the pillows.

"Just point me in the right direction and keep my spot warm."

A tender smile curved his lips while she tried to ignore the regret that filled her.

He pointed toward the door. "It's right around the corner to the left."

She climbed out of bed, missing their warmth already. "Mind if I take a quick shower?"

He shook his head and drew the sheet up to his waist. "Towels are in the cupboard under the sink." He patted the bed between him and a sleeping Jude. "Hurry back."

She smiled even though it hurt. "I will"

Chapter Three

Wrenn drove as fast as she dared down the two track. It was little more than a path that was now littered with fallen branches. Leaving the picturesque cottage behind, she also left the only two men who'd ever made her want more than one night. She shifted uncomfortably in her stiff, partially dry clothes, checking her purse for her gun. After she'd taken a nearly forty-five minute shower, it had been easy enough to sneak out. Both men had been deeply asleep, and she managed to resist the urge to kiss them one last time.

She'd found her clothes drying by the fireplace, with her purse sitting on a nearby chair. She'd left the envelopes with their share of the bounty laying in the middle of the kitchen table, having paused for several long moments while she'd contemplated writing a note. But what would she have said? *Thanks for the great time? It was nice meeting you?* Better to just cut her losses and leave.

Unfortunately, doing what was best made her heart ache unexpectedly. It was ridiculous. She'd only met them yesterday. But ridiculous or not, she couldn't deny the sense of loss that increased with every mile she put between them.

Her phone beeped, alerting her to a waiting voicemail. Pulling the phone from its pocket, she entered her pin number and listened to the message. A job in southeast Ohio. Nothing like a little insurance fraud arrest to clear the mind. If she drove without stopping, she should reach home, have time to pack and pick up the paperwork from the bail bondsman by noon. Then it was off to Ohio and the continuation of her regularly scheduled life.

* * * *

Jude woke to the unsettling feeling that something was very wrong. He was naked and in Gideon's bed with no woman in sight. No woman in sight... *Wrenn*. He knew without climbing out of bed that she was long gone, but he couldn't stop himself from looking anyway. Kicking Gideon awake, he left the room and looked around. The rum bottle sat on the table next to the

envelopes she'd left for them to find. He couldn't shake the feeling that they'd been paid for their services. He was sure Wrenn hadn't intended for them to think that, but the thought was there just the same.

Gideon followed him into the room and picked up the envelopes, then tossed them down in disgust. "Fuckin' A," he muttered. "I knew we should've cuffed her."

"Yeah." Jude walked on to the porch, ignoring the chilly morning air. "I'm going to see if I can pick up her scent."

The other man followed him outside, mindless of his nudity. "Watch out for hunters. It's bow hunting season."

"Since when do big cats look like deer?"

Gideon looked at him, brow raised. "Since beer's what's for breakfast at deer camp."

"Awesome." Stretching his limbs, he turned his focus inward and called to the animal part of his consciousness. Like a tether had been snapped, his beast leaped forward as his bones contracted and muscle reformed itself, shifting him closer to the ground and elongating his spine. The pain was incidental in the face of freedom. Claws burst forth, splitting the skin as human hands and feet shrank to heavily padded paws. Fur sprouted and his sense of sight sharpened as his awareness of smells increased. Wet earth, sharp pine and the light honeyed fragrance of Wrenn nearly hidden by the thick scent of vehicle exhaust.

In the distance, a potential breakfast of woodchuck waddled across the driveway, but he dismissed it. He'd wanted waffles. With Wrenn.

Nose to the ground and mouth opened slightly, he breathed in the lingering scent of the woman he wanted more than anything. Gideon transformed and searched at Jude's side for any trace of Wrenn. He had the sinking feeling that she wouldn't be found until she was ready, but by shifting, they could at least figure out roughly how long she'd been gone.

They followed her trail until they reached the main road. They could tell she'd been gone for at least five hours and that she'd headed south, but any information beyond that was impossible. The vehicles that had traveled the road since then had dissipated any residual scent markers. The twang of a compound bowstring sounded across the highway and an arrow whizzed by Jude's head, embedding into the tree behind him. This day just kept getting better and better. Staying low in the underbrush, he and Gideon made their way back to the house.

Shifting back into his human form had never been quite so painful. It might have been

because he couldn't shake the feeling that he'd just lost the best thing that had ever wandered into his life. Hands clenched at his sides, he couldn't remember the last time his skin felt so tight. Agitated and uncomfortable, it was as if he was wearing the wrong body. He wanted nothing more than go after her and find out why she'd left. Had they frightened her? Was she simply not interested? The memory of her throaty cries still echoed in his ears. No. She was interested, at least she had been.

He glanced at Gideon who stared out over the water. "Now what?"

The other man sighed. "I know what you're thinking, and I want to go after her just as much as you do, but we can't. Not yet. You saw her scars."

They'd seen the physical ones, but she'd kept the rest tightly locked away. Jude suspected that her panic attack had everything to do with being mauled, and he knew her well enough to know she kept the emotional scars as carefully hidden as possible.

"Yeah," he finally said. "And having sex with two shifters after suffering that kind of trauma has got to be a huge mind fuck."

Gideon shoved his hair out of his face. "Let's give her a little time before we go banging down her door."

"I hate waiting," Jude muttered. "And how do you suggest we find said door when it's time?" Jude asked.

A wry smile curved Gideon's mouth. "The internet is a many splendored thing."

Jude reached inside the door and flipped the light switch on and off. The power was still out. "I'll head into town and pick up some gas for the generator."

Gideon nodded. "All right, I'll clear the fallen branches while you're gone."

Twenty minutes later, Jude had filled the empty gas cans, grabbed a cold coke, and waited at the counter of the gas station to pay. The clerk seemed oblivious to his presence, his eyes glued on the TV screen up in the corner.

Jude's blood turned to ice as a snapshot of Spencer Dane flashed onto the screen followed by a live shot of an institutional-looking building where at least twelve cop cars and two ambulances were parked outside, lights flashing. The camera panned to a shot of a news anchor reporting live at the scene.

"Hey, turn that up, will you?" Jude asked the guy behind the counter.

The clerk lifted a remote and upped the volume.

“This is Susan Granderson on the scene at the Wayne County Jail in Detroit, Michigan where suspect and werelion, Spencer Dane, shifted into his animal form and mauled three guards to death before escaping from the compound. The escape happened during a routine prisoner transfer while attempting to relocate Dane to a shifter-secure facility. Police ask that you stay inside with your doors and windows locked. They have also asked that you do not approach the suspect. Spencer Dane is considered very dangerous. In his lion form, he has a full, brown-tipped mane, golden fur and a large, curved scar that runs along his left hind flank. If you have any information on the whereabouts of the fugitive, please call the authorities immediately.”

“Fuck me swinging,” Jude breathed.

The clerk turned and looked at him. “I’ll tell you what—they damn shifters ought to be rounded up and shot. Forget locking ‘em up. Just shoot the bastards.”

Jude suppressed a growl. Shifters were born the same as anyone else. With the right recessive gene combination, any woman could give birth to a shifter. Glaring at the clerk, he tossed a twenty on the counter before flipping open his cell phone and heading toward the door.

“What about your change?” the guy called after him.

Not bothering to answer, Jude punched in Gideon’s number. “It’s time to bang down her door,” he said when his friend answered.

“What are you talking about?”

“Just saw the news, Spencer escaped from some jail in Detroit and killed three people doing it.”

“We’ve got to find Wrenn. Spencer’s a sociopath and he’s going to be furious that she captured him in the first place.”

“Exactly my thought,” Jude said starting up his truck. “Since he’s already killed three people, he’s got nothing left to lose.” He pulled onto the highway and punched the accelerator. “How long do you think it’ll take to track down her contact information?”

“Shouldn’t take too long once we get the power restored. She’s licensed, so she should be in a database somewhere. People have to know how to reach her to give her jobs.”

“Okay. I’ll be there as soon as I can.

* * * *

Nearing her destination, Wrenn changed lanes, unable to keep her thoughts off Gideon

and Jude. She could still feel their touch on her skin and the warmth of their breath against her lips. The sensation of them sliding in and out of her body was imprinted on her nerve endings forever. She'd been so distracted by thoughts of them, she'd almost missed her quarry entering the strip club. If an actual dancer had gotten to him before she had, she would have been screwed. But luckily, the perv's ex-wife had been more than forthcoming when Wrenn had approached her about the best method of getting his attention. Which was why Wrenn was currently dressed in a ridiculous Catholic schoolgirl uniform. Blue and white plaid miniskirt, white blouse tied at the midriff, pigtails in her hair, and she was a pervert's dream come true. She'd strolled into the strip club like she worked there and immediately started chatting him up. Easiest collar ever.

Glancing down at her cleavage practically spilling from the pushup bra she wore, she couldn't help but wonder what the guys would think of her clothes. Not that she'd ever find out. She refused to ever put this ridiculous excuse for an outfit on again. More importantly, she was never going to see Gideon or Jude again. And she certainly wasn't going to see them together. She'd already proven what a bad idea that was. She might be able to resist them individually, but together it would be impossible. It was best to simply never cross paths with them, period. If that was for the best, why did she suddenly feel like crying?

"You're still the prettiest cop I ever saw," her paycheck said from where he was cuffed in the backseat.

"I told you before, I'm not a cop."

"Close enough. Since I'm going to jail for who knows how long, can I ask for a favor before we get there?"

"What's that?" she asked pulling onto the exit ramp.

"Will you blow me?"

She looked at the guy in the rearview mirror. He was completely serious. "No, but I'll shoot you in the balls if you speak to me again."

"But—"

She lifted her gun from the seat next to her, holding it up so he could see, and he fell blissfully silent.

Her phone vibrated again. The damn thing had been going off all day, but she hadn't wanted to miss her quarry, so she'd let everything go to voice mail.

She glanced at her cell phone's screen. She didn't recognize the number, which meant it was likely another job. Hopefully whatever it was would take her mind off Gideon and Jude.

She pushed the talk button and held it to her ear. "Saunders."

"Wrenn, thank God. I need to talk to you."

Her stomach dropped abruptly and she clutched the phone tighter with her suddenly clammy hand. *Gideon*. She'd recognize that midnight velvet voice anywhere.

"Wrenn? Are you there? Are you okay?"

"I—I'm sorry," she stammered. "You've got the wrong number." Ending the call, she tried to calm her wildly beating heart as she pulled into the parking lot of the Jackson State Prison and followed the big circle drive to the prisoner intake area.

The phone vibrated again almost immediately. A different number this time, but the same area code. It had to be Jude. She waited for the call to go to voicemail before checking out her call log. Twenty-seven calls from the same two numbers. She tried to ignore the thrill of delight that ran through her at the realization that they'd been trying to reach her. It probably hadn't been terribly difficult to track her down. After all, she was listed on more than one website as being available for jobs, and how many Michigan bounty hunters were named Wrenn?

Trying to push all thoughts of Gideon and Jude out of her head, she parked the car and unlatched the chain that secured the prisoner to the floor.

"It's time for us to part ways, big guy." Keeping a hold of his cuffed wrists, she guided him through the double sliding doors into the intake room. Handing his paperwork over to the bail agent and deputy who'd been waiting for them, she ignored their curious glances at her outfit. After signing off and receiving her pay, she headed back to her car and her vibrating phone.

"What?" she said in lieu of an answer.

"Please don't hang up." It was Jude this time.

The anguish in his voice gouged out pieces of her heart. She couldn't possibly feel this way. Not after such a short time. She needed more sleep—that was it. More sleep and maybe a vacation.

"Why?" she forced herself to ask.

"We need to talk...about a lot of things, but those have to wait. Right now, you need to get someplace safe and tell us where to meet you."

“What are you talking about?”

“Spencer Dane, the shifter you brought in the other day?”

As if she could forget him. He’d railed at her and threatened her repeatedly on the five-hour drive from Petoskey to Detroit.

“He escaped during a prisoner transfer and killed three guards while doing it,” Jude said.

Wrenn’s stomach tightened as everything she’d eaten earlier tried to make its way back up. Spencer was a narcissistic asshole and would be looking to punish anyone he considered responsible for his humiliation. That meant Gideon and Jude were in danger, too. Fear tightened her hand on the steering wheel. “You guys need to lay low for a while.”

“You’re the one we’re worried about. We can take care of ourselves.”

She thought she heard Gideon sigh heavily on Jude’s end as her fear was quickly replaced by anger.

“I can take care of myself, too, cat boy.”

“Look, I’m sorry,” Jude said. “That didn’t come out right. Just let us know where you are so we can meet up and figure out what to do.”

“There’s nothing to figure out. If I see him, I’ll bring his ass in. If I don’t, I’ll leave it to the cops. Besides,” she said with hope she didn’t feel, “he’s probably halfway to Mexico by now.”

“No way. Not Spencer. Trust me, Wrenn. He wants blood. Yours.” His voice caught on the last word and she couldn’t ignore the answering tug of need she felt deep in her stomach.

It had been so hard to walk away from them this morning. The farther she’d gotten, the more it had hurt. “If he—” She swallowed hard to control her suddenly shaky voice. “If he wants mine, you can bet he wants yours, too.”

There was a muffled sound as if someone had covered up the microphone area of the phone, and then Jude came back on the line. “Gideon wants to talk to you.”

Of course he did.

“Wrenn, just let us know where you are, and we’ll face him together.”

She sighed. She wanted nothing more than to go to them and lose herself in their warmth and strength—at least for a little while. But that would be stupid. She hadn’t relied on anyone since she was a child, she certainly wasn’t going to start now.

Her call waiting beeped insistently in her ear. Saved by technology.

“Hang on, I’ve got another call.” She checked the screen. It was one of the bail bond offices near her home in Lansing. Clicking over, she answered. “Saunders.”

“Oh good. I was hoping you’d answer.”

Wrenn’s heart lurched in her chest at the sound of Spencer’s voice, but she forced herself not to react. “What do you want?”

“I want was everyone wants—unlimited wealth, world peace, and the freedom to do whatever I fucking want,” he snarled.

“Sorry. Can’t help you with any of those.”

“Then in that case, I want you to get your ass over to *24/7 Bail Bonds* before I decide to take my frustration out on... What’s your name, sweetheart?”

All Wrenn could hear was a frightened whimper on the other end.

“Emma,” he said. “If I see the merest hint of police involvement, Emma here, is dead. I’ll disembowel her immediately. Her belly is so nice and soft...it wouldn’t take much more than extending my claws into her pretty, pink flesh.”

Emma’s terrified cry tore at Wrenn.

“I’ve got sentries all around the building, so you’d better hope this isn’t a regularly patrolled area,” he snapped. “Be here in an hour.”

“I’m at least two hours away.”

“Then I guess you’d better drive faster.” He hung up, leaving Wrenn with the dial tone screeching in her ear. She’d kill him if he harmed Emma.

Looking around for cops, she raced toward Lansing before she remembered Gideon was on the other line. She took a deep breath and clicked over. “Sorry, had to take a work call.”

“Where are you?” he asked.

“I’m headed to another job.” It wasn’t technically a lie. She needed to finish the job she’d started when she’d taken Spencer into custody in the first place. This time, he wouldn’t live to see the inside of another jail cell.

“Tell us where and we’ll meet you.”

God, it was so tempting. Being with them had felt like belonging. But belonging inevitably went wrong. She was better off on her own. Like always.

“Can’t take civilians on a collar.”

“Wrenn—”

“Sorry. I’ve gotta go. It’s time sensitive.” Disconnecting the call, she set the phone to silent, putting it in the cup holder so she could see if Spencer called back.

Almost immediately, the screen lit up with Jude’s number. It was going to be so hard not to answer. Despite the arguing, the sound of their voices had soothed her. If things were different... She couldn’t even let herself go down that road. Even if things *were* different, how could she ever choose between them? The truth was she couldn’t. And she couldn’t imagine two alpha males like Gideon and Jude willingly sharing the same woman for more than a night or so. It was best not to even entertain those thoughts.

* * * *

“She’s not answering.” Frustrated and angry, Gideon tossed Jude’s phone in the console between them as he increased the zoom on the map he was reading. Like most newer phones, Wrenn’s was equipped with a GPS device. Once he’d had the phone number, it hadn’t taken much to locate her.

Jude stole a quick glance at the laptop screen. “Can you tell where she is?”

“She just merged from interstate seventy-five to interstate six-ninety-six west. And she’s picking up speed.”

“Do you think she’s headed toward Lansing?” Jude mused.

Gideon shrugged. “Her voice seemed tighter, like something’s wrong.”

“If that’s the case, why wouldn’t she just tell us? Let us help?”

“Does she seem like someone who accepts help easily?”

They drove in silence, each lost in their own thoughts. Gideon kept his gaze fixed on the computer screen as Jude sped south toward the state capital. As long as they could avoid getting pulled over for speeding, they should reach the city at nearly the same time. Provided that was actually where she was headed.

“She merged onto interstate ninety-six, still heading west.” He continued to watch the red arrow that represented Wrenn’s vehicle. “If we keep traveling at the same speed, we should be able intercept her in about thirty to forty-five minutes.

Jude nodded grimly and pushed harder on the accelerator.

Gideon’s stomach knotted with fear as they drew closer. They couldn’t lose her—not now that they’d found her. He understood the instant attraction he’d felt toward her, but the nearly instantaneous connection was something else. He wanted to take care of her, keep her

safe, keep her happy. He'd never felt that way about any woman before. It was insane to think that he'd feel that way about her so quickly, but he did. He wouldn't go so far as to call it love, but he didn't doubt it could head in that direction. If she'd let it.

* * * *

Wrenn pulled into the lot of a business down the street from the bail bonds building. The office looked unnaturally dark as if the power had been cut. It was actually a good tactic for shifters. Their night vision was far superior to a human's. Her hands grew clammy at the thought of walking into a pitch-dark structure where who knew how many werelions waited. She fumbled with her gun, removing the regular lead slugs and reloading silver bullets into the chamber. She doubted Spencer would let her keep the gun for very long, but if she had a chance to take a shot, she was sure as hell gonna do it.

She tucked a short silver knife into both of her knee socks, glad she still wore the stupid schoolgirl outfit—complete with saddle shoes. She'd planned on slinky heels, but the perv's wife had insisted he'd be far more interested in the flats. Lucky for her, the rubber-soles would work to her benefit when she confronted the werelions. She couldn't imagine trying to fight them in heels.

Tucking her phone into her cleavage, she checked her appearance in the rearview mirror. She had as many weapons as she could conceal and nine-one-one was programmed to dial at the press of a button. She was as ready as she was going to get. She had no delusions that she could take them all, but if she could give Emma a fighting chance at escape and possibly put a bullet in Spencer's head, she'd take what she could get.

Pulling onto the road, she drove a quarter of a mile to the bail bonds office and pulled into their lot, parking as close to the streetlight as she could. She left her keys in the ignition in case Emma was able to make it out and was coherent enough to drive. Heart in her throat, she grabbed her gun and flashlight and crept toward the side door. Any attempts at stealth were likely useless since he supposedly had lookouts stationed around the building, but old habits were hard to break.

Inching her way inside, she held her breath while the cloying darkness closed in around her. Purposely, she slowed her breathing, trying to be as quiet as possible, but with their preternatural senses, it was likely a wasted effort. She hovered outside the office manager's door, where Emma would have been working, but she heard nothing except the sound of her own

terrified heartbeat. Her only comfort came from knowing Jude and Gideon were nowhere near Spencer and his psychotic rage.

She moved deeper into the building, toward the front reception area.

“Right on time. Well done, Ms. Saunders. You may as well put down your weapon and turn on your flashlight since we clearly have you at a disadvantage.”

Not taking her eyes from the direction from which the voice came, she squatted slightly and tossed the gun to the right, behind the kitchen area. “Emma,” she called, “are you okay?”

A muffled sob answered her. Turning on her flashlight, she shined it through the reception area to see Emma, duct tape covering her mouth, bound to a chair with computer cable and blood soaking through her pink blouse.

Holding Wrenn’s gaze, Spencer leaned down to lick rivulets of blood off the other woman’s neck. “I just love fresh meat.”

“Let her go,” Wrenn demanded. “I’m here. You got what you wanted.”

The shifter took several steps toward her. “Not quite.”

At the far reaches of the flashlight’s illumination, she saw several figures pacing. Suddenly, one stopped and scented the air. “House cats,” snarled a woman’s voice in the near darkness.

Spencer lifted his head to sniff and Wrenn lunged for him, pulling a blade from her sock as two huge shapes raced past her, crouched low to the floor. Emma screamed beneath the tape and kicked at the floor, propelling the wheeled chair away from the werelion. He reached out to grab his hostage, but he was too late. Wrenn drove for his feet and drew her blade across the back of his right knee. With a howl of pain, his leg buckled as his claws extended, and he swiped at her face as he fell to the floor. He managed to graze her neck, shredding the front of her blouse and knocking the phone to the floor.

Growls and shrieks filled the room as the shifters fought like feral beasts. Fear nearly immobilized her as Spencer began to shift before her eyes. If he changed into his animal form, he’d be healed and she’d be dead. Holding her knife so tightly her hand shook, she forced herself closer to the transforming man and plunged the blade into his neck. Hot blood sprayed across her flesh as she pulled the blade free from his body. Gripping his hair and yanking his head forward, she exposed the back of his neck and destroyed his spinal cord. Trapped between forms, he slumped to the carpet, dead.

Numbly, she reached for her phone and called the police as a huge black panther and an equally huge cougar with bloodied muzzles padded toward her. The cats laid down on either side of Wrenn while Emma quietly freaked out in the corner. Tentatively, Wrenn stroked their big, warm heads as they placed them in her lap, both purring loudly.

* * * *

After the police had taken their statements, and they'd seen Emma safely home to her husband, Wrenn had the guys follow her back to her apartment. She'd told them she wanted them to be able to clean up before heading home, but the truth was, she wasn't ready to say goodbye to them. In fact, tears stung her eyes at the thought of never seeing them again. Maybe she was just overtired. Or maybe she was becoming far too attached to them than was healthy.

Wrenn stood in her shower under the hot spray of water, watching as Spencer's blood mixed with the water and swirled down the drain. The hot water and soap stung her neck where his claws had caught her. It wasn't a serious wound, but it wouldn't be going away overnight—not like Gideon and Jude's. As fast as some shifters healed, they might be fine by the time she got out of the bathroom. Unlike her heart which hurt far more than her neck.

Sighing, she rinsed the conditioner from her hair and stepped out of the rapidly cooling water to dry off. She wound a towel around herself and went into the kitchen where the guys were waiting with towels slung around their waists. Her breath caught in her throat as they all stared at each other. The rhythmic swish of the guys' clothes in the washing machine was the only sound in the tiny apartment. An awkward silence blanketed the room as if they all wanted to speak and had no idea where to begin.

“So, ah...” Jude broke the silence. “What was up with the naughty schoolgirl outfit?”

Her lips quirked and a bubble of laughter escaped. It figured he'd start there.

“Not that I'm complaining.” He grinned.

“Me either,” Gideon added, laughing.

She shrugged. “I had to bring in a bail jumper from a strip club and apparently, schoolgirls are his thing.

Stepping closer, Gideon cupped her chin and tilted her head to the side, inspecting her neck. His smile faded. “I'm sorry we couldn't get to you sooner.”

“I wasn't expecting you at all.”

“You could have asked for help,” Jude pointed out, a frown marring his features.

“I don’t...” She didn’t know how to finish the thought.

Gideon threaded his fingers through her hair and urged her to meet his gaze. “We get that you don’t get close to people or ask for help, but we’re here, and we’re not going anywhere.”

Jude moved behind her and settled his big, warm hands on her shoulders. “We want you, Wrenn. Not just in our beds, but in our lives.”

Nervous excitement somersaulted through her stomach, but she tried to quell it. “You don’t even know me—except for the fact that apparently, I’m a big ol’ slut since all I can think about is fucking the two of you.”

“Again, not complaining,” Jude said.

Gideon frowned. “Loving two men doesn’t make you a slut, Wrenn.”

Fear, stronger than she’d felt in the office with Spencer, shook her. “Whoa there. Who said anything about love? It’s way too soon to be talking about stuff like that.”

“It is,” he agreed, “but given the chance, I believe we’ll find our way there.”

“And you’re wrong, little bird,” Jude added. “We know plenty about you—aside from your great taste in men.”

She snorted, unable to hide her amusement.

“We know that you’re one of the strongest people we’ve ever met. No one survives what you did without strength. You’re also too brave for your own good, funny, smart, beautiful.” He dropped a tender kiss on the curve where shoulder met neck. “No, we don’t know everything about you. But we want to learn.”

She wanted to learn more about them too, even though she’d already discovered the most important things, and being shifters wasn’t on the list. That didn’t matter at all. These men were everything she could ever hope to find in a potential mate...or mates.

“Will you give us that chance?” Gideon asked, his amber eyes bright as he searched hers.

Slowly, she nodded as she realized that, more than anything, she wanted what they offered. Love and a place to belong. And more importantly, she discovered that she wanted to give them the same things in return. The knowledge made her slightly giddy.

Rising up on her toes, she pressed her lips to Gideon’s. He immediately deepened the contact, sweeping into her mouth with a soul-stealing kiss. She melted against him as Jude pressed open-mouthed kisses to her back, dragging his lips along her spine and inching her towel

down as he went. Gripping her hips, he turned her to face him as he tugged her against his now bare body, his hard cock pressing insistently into her belly. Her insides turned to liquid as his callused hand slid over the curve of her waist to cup her aching breast.

“Let us love you,” Gideon murmured in her ear.

The hot, silky skin of his erection pressed against her ass, startling a groan from her. “Bedroom,” she managed.

Laughing and stumbling, they made their way down the hallway and into her lilac-colored room. She flopped down on her bed.

Jude stared in surprise at delicate violets dotting her comforter. “I guess I was expecting more handcuffs and leather and less Martha Stewart.”

“Hey, badasses like pretty things, too. Besides, the handcuffs are on the dresser with the rest of my gear.”

Jude followed her onto the bed. Her pulse jumped as the mattress sank underneath his weight. It raced nearly out of control when she saw the cuffs in Gideon’s hands. She licked her suddenly dry lips, watching as he drew nearer.

“The first time I saw you, I imagined you cuffed to my bed, spread and at my mercy.” His husky voice raked over her nerve endings. She tried to swallow, but she couldn’t. His lips curved upward in a small smile. “I know you don’t trust us enough to try that now, but someday, I hope you will.”

Feeling Jude’s gaze on her, she drew in a shuddering breath as Gideon turned to put them away. Until he’d asked for her trust, she didn’t realize that she had it to give.

Extending her arms toward him, she placed her wrists together, offering herself. “I trust you,” she whispered.

When he didn’t move, she laid back and gripped the spindles of her headboard, and looked at each man. “Cuff me or don’t, but I’m not moving.”

Raw lust tightened Gideon’s jaw and Jude’s eyes darkened with desire. Cuffs in hand, Gideon straddled her, his cock brushing against his stomach. His muscular thighs warmly bracketed her torso as she offered herself in supplication.

It took every ounce of will not to let go of the headboard and wrap her hands around his thick length.

He dragged the cool metal over her peaked nipples, tightening them further. “Are you

sure?”

She nodded. If it excited him this much, she was sure to enjoy it. She shifted, her pussy slick with desire for them.

“I want to hear you say it,” he practically growled.

“Tie me up and fuck me.”

Jude groaned, dragging his fingers through her gathering cream as Gideon prowled up the length of her body and fastened one of the bracelets around her wrist before threading the other around the spindle. The panic she’d expected to feel was curiously absent. Instead, there was trust and affection, but most of all, there was desperate need. It clawed through her body as Jude drew an aching nipple into his mouth. Gideon settled on the other side and mimicked the other man’s action.

Restrained, she could do nothing but accept.

“This is only the beginning,” Jude released her long enough to murmur. She knew from the intensity in his gaze, he was talking about more than sex.

She trembled as their fingers danced over her parted folds. “Good, because I don’t want to give up either of you. Ever.”

“We’re yours,” Gideon whispered. “And you’re ours.”

Nodding, she closed her eyes and gave herself over to her cats.

About the Author

Bronwyn lives in Michigan with her wonderful husband, two amazing sons and six somewhat-psychotic cats. When not tormenting her characters, she can usually be found helping with reading and writing projects in her sons' classrooms as well as providing childcare and tutoring for several daycare children. Besides writing, she also enjoys reading, knitting, sewing, cross-stitching, pottery, drawing—basically anything that helps her avoid cleaning and cooking.

Bronwyn loves to talk to her readers and can be found at www.bronwyngreen.com.

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***Handcuffs and Lies* by Bronwyn Green**

Sometimes promises to friends are the hardest to keep. Undercover police officer, Michael Tanner, promised his dying partner that he'd take care of the man's little sister. Trouble is, after her brother's death, Doctor Tori Spinelli wants nothing to do with Michael—or any other cop for that matter.

Tori has always fought against overprotective men and deception. Forced into protective custody with Michael, she's now faced with both in the same package. Despite their differences, Tori falls in love with him, but how can she trust a man who lies for a living?

***What the Cuff?* By Celia Kyle**

God really should have reconsidered making werewolves. That, or Lyssa needed to get better taste in men and stay away from those with wandering eyes—and other things. Drunk as a wolf, she stumbles to her best friend's house to sleep off her whiskey induced haze and wakes to...*cuffs*?

Caleb sees his chance and takes it. His buddies on the force ribbed him but good for buying silver plated cuffs. But with a werewolf in his bed, the woman he's yearned for since they were teens, he wasn't taking any chances. Lyssa was his. She just didn't know it yet.

***Ticket Me More* by Tia Fanning**

Hailed by the bridal flower world as an artistic genius, Meli works long nights making bouquets for women lucky enough to find love, while she herself lives a life of solitude. She yearns to

share her heart and body with someone other than Bob, her *Battery Operated Boyfriend*, but acute shyness keeps her from engaging the “living” world.

However, Meli’s quiet and predictable existence takes an unexpected turn when she is pulled over and ticketed by the most gorgeous cop she has ever encountered—Officer Michael Johnson. Though he doesn’t seem to notice her as anything more than a traffic violation, Meli makes plans to overcome her timid nature and seize the police officer’s attention...using any speed necessary.

***Search Me Baby, One More Time* by Melinda Barron**

Wren Thornberry’s life isn’t going according to plan. She let her father talk her out of marrying Bryan Stockard, the man she loves, and moved halfway around the world. Now she’s back home in Texas, babysitting her grandmother while grandma and her boy-toy work through their list of sexual exploits, making themselves the talk of the town.

But what Wren doesn’t know is that things in her hometown are about to heat up even more, and it will have nothing to do with her grandmother. It seems that Bryan Stockard is still around, he wants to get back into Wren’s life—by any means necessary, and now he has just the tools to do it: a police uniform, handcuffs, and the authority to make Wren *assume the position*.

***Cuff Me Lacy* by Demi Alex**

Three months is way too long to wait for some simple, low-down, straight forward sex. It’s not like Officer Chrissie Hansen is asking for prince charming to offer her the love of a lifetime. All she wants is a good orgasm that she doesn’t have to work for alone.

At least with “The Bull” she knows what to expect. But when Patrick MacClick returns to her life and tempts her with new options, she discovers that lace can imprison a heart better than handcuffs can.

***Going Commando* by Catherine Chernow**

Bounty hunter Shyra Lawrence listens to her favorite radio station one morning where the DJ’s are discussing “going commando” —*a.k.a.* wearing no undies. Captivated by their conversation, she decides to shed her panties in favor of the freedom that wearing no underwear brings.

Enthusiastic, Shyra sends an email to her best friend, Donna, detailing the delights of panty-freedom, but unbeknownst to Shyra, she's hit the send key...to the wrong email addy!

When Derek Grayson opens his emails that morning, he discovers that his #1 employee and top bounty hunter has sent him an erotic, enticing message about going commando. Derek has always been polite, professional, and so damned attracted to Shyra that it's almost painful. Working day in and day out with voluptuous woman has sent Derek's hormones into overdrive on more than one occasion.

Now, Shyra's shed her panties and Derek's got all he can do to contain his lust when she announces that she's... **GOING COMMANDO.**

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***Scorcher* by Celia Kyle**

Phoebe's a salamander with a problem. Fire is her element, her very best friend, and the core of her nature. But she can't control it worth a darn. One decent temper tantrum and *poof!* Fire galore. Good thing she lives in the desert with nary a tree in sight. Well, there are a few bushes and such. And her house. And a few cacti...sorta. At least until she'd gotten mad over getting stuck by one of the darned things...

Brant lives by fire and dies by fire. Literally. As Fire Chief, it's his job to stamp out fires in Winthrop, making sure residents of the small town in the back woods of Arizona don't have to worry about fire taking their businesses and homes. As a phoenix, he has the ability to sense fires the moment they start. It's a handy talent that keeps the residents safe. Except for his girlfriend, who seems to be able to blow up just about everything, including the stove.

***Red: A Seduction Tale* by Maddie James**

Garnet Boudreaux is going home. Not back to her nice little apartment in New York City, but to her childhood home in the bayou. She doesn't want to go, and isn't certain what will be waiting for her when she arrives. But standing there in the voodoo shop on Bourbon Street, in the middle of one helluva party, she's told by Madame Madeleine Dupuis that she has no choice. She presses two pouches into Garnet's hands, wraps a red cape around her, and tells her she must go—and go now—to see to her grandmother.

Max LeBlanc spies the lovely redhead across the street and knows in a heartbeat that she is the one. A rougarou always knows when he's met his mate. Some may call him a lycanthrope, a werewolf if you will, but in Cajun bayou lands, he's known simply as *The Rougarou*. He'd waited several hundred years for this moment, and for her. There is nothing left for him to do but mark her and claim her as his mate. Soon.

***Oriana and the Three Werebears* by Tia Fanning**

Oriana Ricci has taken over the family business—flying cargo and rich tourists around Alaska’s barely inhabited Kodiak Archipelago. When her plane malfunctions and she’s forced to make an emergency landing, she finds herself stranded in the middle of a National Wildlife Refuge. With no civilization for miles and no hope of rescue, she thinks all is lost...

Until she stumbles upon the entrance to an underground bunker.

Jack, Jordan, and Jonathan McMathan own and operate a secret intelligence firm contracted by the US Government. Hidden away in an old Cold War spy station located the middle of the Kodiak National Wildlife Refuge, the brothers are not only able to do their top secret jobs safely without fear of discovery, but are better to protect their other, more personal secret: they have the ability to shift into Kodiak bears.

Like a fairy tale gone bad, the brothers return home to find their lunch tasted—or eaten, their computer chairs adjusted—or broken, and a beautiful blonde sleeping in one of their beds. This situation poses a big problem for the brothers...

Their location is now compromised. But more importantly, what are they to do with the lady?

***Extinction* by Carol Lynne**

Professor of Environmental Science/Wildlife studies at UNLV, Jack McBain has spent his adult life trying to track a legend overheard during his youth. Born and raised in the Canadian Province of Newfoundland, Jack remembers his grandparents telling stories of a race of people eradicated by European settlers in 1829. According to the legend, the Beothuk people didn’t die out as first thought, but were transformed into wolf shifters.

When Newfoundland wolves began to appear in great numbers, the European settlers began killing them under the guise of population control. In 1910, the last of the Newfoundland wolves was shot, making them one of the few extinct species of wolves in the world.

Following spotty leads, Jack begins to track what he believes are Beothuk/Newfoundland shifter wolves. His search leads him to the Lake Mead National Recreational Area outside of Las Vegas. There, on Spirit Mountain, he finally comes face to face with not only the shifter he’s been looking for, but the man of his dreams he didn’t know he needed.

Are you hot for teacher?

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***Two Plus One* by Brynn Paulin**

College math teacher, Briony Swift, lives life on the straight and narrow. After all, one plus one always equals two. But when two of her adult male students visit her office one afternoon, she soon discovers that one plus two might be a new and better equation to explore...

***Body of Art* by Bronwyn Green**

Art professor Seth Granger has two problems—an absentee life drawing models and a case of unrequited lust. Luckily, his troubles have the same answer—his colleague, Dr. Callie Sullivan.

The trick will be getting her out of her clothes and into his studio...and hopefully into his bed. However, she's intent on keeping her mind on her art and ignoring him. Now he just needs to convince her she should be his body of art.

***Sense and Sensuality* by Cara Hart**

Eleanor McLaren leads a subdued life. She hates parties, avoids social interactions, and she cannot talk to men. But within the shell of her timidity lies the heart of a siren. Afraid of her own boldness, she hides her desires. Especially from the man who stars in her dreams of passionate encounters and works in her department.

Eddie Harrington has never lacked for partners in his pleasure games. But for some reason, Eleanor is the one woman he can't get out of his head. She is definitely not the type he usually pursues. Then he sees her at a bar, looking like his wildest fantasy. And one night with her is not

going to be enough. The man who never commits just might have met his match-until a mistake from his past forces her to choose between trusting him or walking away.

***Sex Ed* by Mia Watts**

Mina Lasky has a pesky crush on Biology professor, Derek Link. They've worked in tandem in the same University facility long enough that even the sound of his voice makes her hot. It's time to put the fantasy to an end. Mina signs up to be his guinea pig in a female sexuality lab for those on the doctorate track. She hopes to work Derek out of her system while enjoying some much needed sexual stimulation.

Dr. Derek Link has been itching to get his hands on the quiet, sexy Chemistry professor. He can't believe his luck when she signs up to be his lab. But one night isn't enough and Mina won't admit they can have something a lot more long term.

And when one of the students recognizes Mina, her heart isn't the only thing on the line. With her career in the hands of a blackmailer, and her heart begging to trust Derek, she's beginning to think the lab was a very bad idea.

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