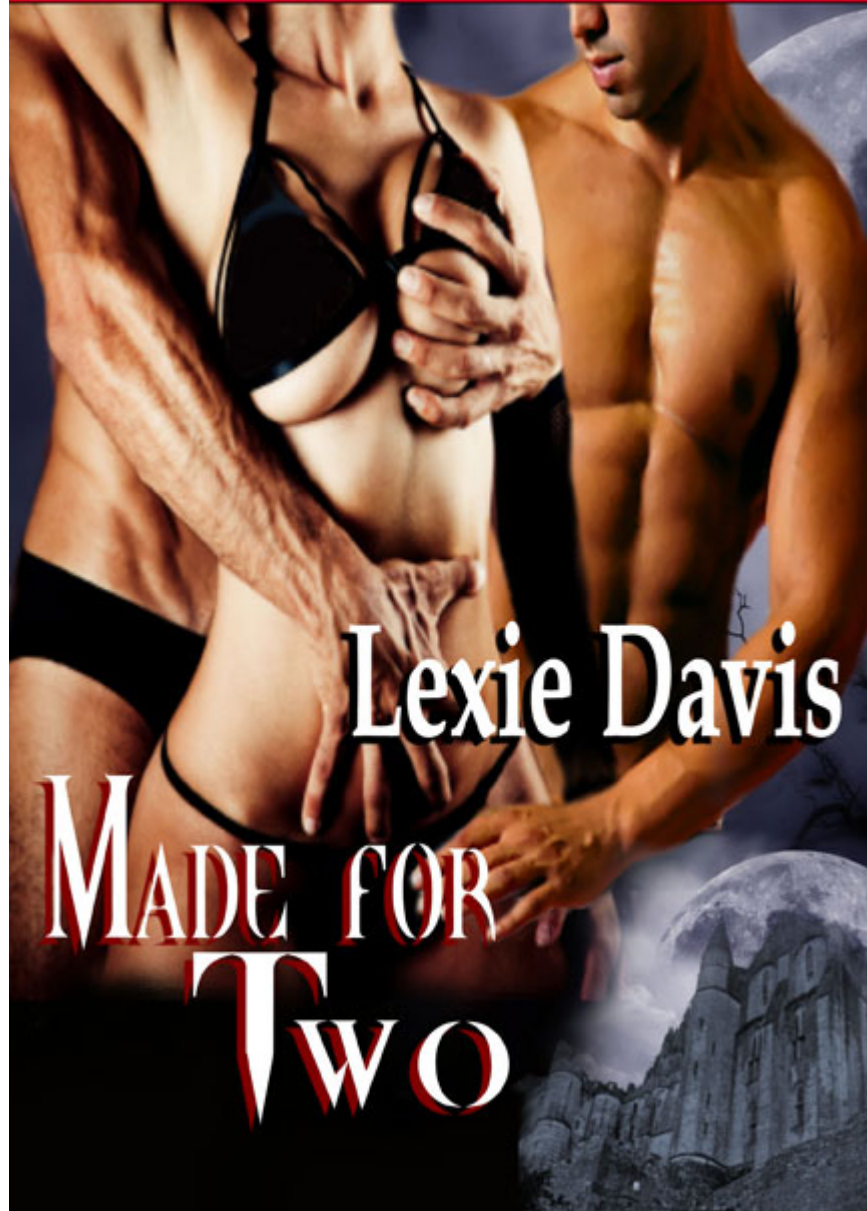


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*Ménage Àmour*



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# MADE FOR TWO

**Lexie Davis**

**MENAGE AMOUR**



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# DEDICATION

This one is for my editor, Wendy Jo. Thank you for all your editing expertise and helping me make my stories shine.

# MADE FOR TWO

LEXIE DAVIS

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## Chapter One

Thunder rumbled outside, threatening to shutdown the annual Halloween events. No trick-or-treating. No playing dress up. No fucking unsuspecting humans until the sun came up. Kingston sighed and looked at the clock. This was their one night for a party. The one night they could truly be themselves in the mortal realm. 7:45. The LCD numbers blinked at him, red and bold. At eight, they were good to go.

Kingston let out an even heavier sigh than the one before. Anticipation filled him. He felt good. Despite the approaching storm, he knew they would find a partner who would last a whole night. And he wanted that. Needed it, really. Halloween gave them one night to literally fuck some human female's brains out.

*But who?*

"I can hear the gears churnin'." The sound of the centuries-old lighter clicked in the silence of the room, echoing off the walls. Jagger lit up a cigar and took a puff. "What's on your mind?"

"The woman." Human. Delicious. His mouth watered as he thought about taking the first taste. They fed regularly off unsuspecting humans, but on Halloween they shared. Apart, they made women scream with pleasure, but together, they made them ache for more.

"She'll be something tonight," Kingston continued. "I can feel it."

“They’re always something.” Jagger puffed on his cigar, the smoke rising in the darkness and disappearing within the room. “Especially when they tilt their head to the side and give us their vein.”

Kingston ran his tongue over his teeth and felt the faint prick of his fangs. “You have the invitation, right? We can’t get into the party without the invitation.”

Jagger tapped his cigar in a nearby ashtray. “Don’t worry about the little details. There will be plenty of pussy at this party. You’ll get your fair share.”

He didn’t want multiple partners tonight. He wanted one. One perfect lover who would satisfy all his needs. She existed, he knew. A hunch told him that she’d be at the party. He just had to find her.

When the clock blinked eight-oh-five, and Kingston stood. “Let’s go.”

\* \* \* \*

Natalie stood in front of the mirror dressed in a sexy vampiress costume. It was uncomfortable and completely unrealistic for her kind, but made her look like a goddess—if she did say so herself. Under the black vest, a burgundy lace bodice that accented her cleavage matched the burgundy skirt. She dabbed on dark red lipstick and lined her lips with black liner, then blended both well so that she looked like the lady in the picture on the bag the outfit had come in. Did humans really think real vampires wore this?

She dabbed her eyes with a silvery gray shadow and lined them with black eyeliner. The collar seemed a bit much for an off-the-shoulder design, but she lived with it. Unlike the portrayals in the book *Dracula*, real vampires didn’t do most of the stuff Bram Stoker’s characters did. She laughed, almost to the point of tears, at the ideas of garlic keeping them away and coffins for beds.

Nevertheless, it was fiction, but the author obviously had never met a true member of her kind.

And they did roam around. They moved about the mortal world like they owned it.

Natalie took a deep breath. She didn't fit in this world like the other members of her kind. It was a lonely gig, though she found the humans extremely entertaining when she decided to be around them. Others liked to associate with them as if they *belonged*. She, on the other hand, was simply a vampire with needs, and the sex humans gave her didn't fulfill all those needs.

It didn't matter though. She had asked to come here, right? She had asked to visit this world. She thought she'd have the time of her life. And for the most part, that had happened within the first month of her arrival. She lived through example, watching the humans closely and mimicking their actions. So what went wrong?

She pulled her hair back with a diamond barrette. Her creamy skin held no imperfections. Men seemed to drool when she walked by. It took some getting used to. The staring. The catcalls. The touching. She was beautiful. Everyone told her so.

It was custom to bond with a vampire the first time you had sex with him. An old law that really should be disregarded, but the clan members refused to outlaw it. Bigger problems took up their time and something like bonding mates fell to the bottom of their priorities list. So she and her kind were stuck with that particular law which only forced the unmated vampires to seek out the comforts of humans. She frowned. Humans never satisfied completely. Not only in the bedroom, but in feedings as well. Their blood tasted too coppery, and she found herself needing to feed more frequently.

Natalie stared at herself in the mirror. Her parents had told her not to come to the mortal realm. She should have listened. With a sigh, she realized she should have listened about a lot of other things.

"It's a party," she told her reflection. "Enjoy yourself."



Her stomach rumbled, and she put a hand over it to muffle the noise. She could push her problems to the backburner for tonight. She needed to get out and have some fun. Sadly, in this world, she wasn't entirely sure what fun really was.

\* \* \* \*

Kingston fidgeted worse tonight, Jagger noticed, as they entered the large chateau. His friend hadn't been in the mortal realm too long, and Jagger saw it taking a toll on him. In a way, the human world felt like a prison to their kind. They couldn't say or do anything without being questioned or ridiculed. Not that either bothered him. He didn't care to stop a female in the streets and take her vein for all the world to see. But the humans would freak. They seemed to like the officials, and he knew that if he stepped out of line, a real prison called his name. His kind had warned him time and again before he ever stepped foot in the human's world.

And he didn't dare test his limits. After seeing what could happen to his friends, he didn't try to push the humans' buttons. He didn't fear them, but he didn't want their knowledge of his kind used as a weapon. Once the humans found out about the real vampires, all hell would break loose.

"Relax," Jagger mumbled. "You look like a mountain lion ready to pounce on its prey."

He stuffed his hands in his pockets. "It's been a long time."

"I know. But acting like a horny teenager will only scare them off." He motioned to the open bar. "Go have a drink to calm your nerves. I'll be in the parlor sharing a smoke with the host."

He left his friend at the bar and entered a large, eloquently designed parlor off to the right of the main room. The guests dressed in an assortment of costumes, some comedic, some extremely sexy. Human men had a thing for bunnies—something he didn't quite understand—and gazed longingly at the women walking around with

rabbit ears on their head and cotton tails attached to their ass. Of course, their skin-tight costume lifted their breasts high, giving a teasing amount of cleavage to anyone that cared to look.

Jagger's mouth watered as he glanced around the room. He felt the need rising within him. A woman, holding a glass of wine, stood off to the side studying those around her. His cock hardened within his pants when their eyes locked. She smiled. He didn't believe for one second she was as innocent as she appeared. She chose to do her makeup in dark tones, and the outfit fit her nicely.

She probably expected him to chat with her. Tell her how pretty she looked, as if she didn't already know. Humans liked that. They liked compliments, and they liked to have simple things dragged out. His kind was different. Sex always came before the chat. It didn't matter if either party knew the hopes and dreams of the other. It didn't matter if each knew the other's family or even the other's name. All that mattered was the compatibility, and she would definitely be compatible with both, he and Kingston.

She sipped from her glass. He could imagine the white wine coating her tongue tasting sweet and delicious. Just like she would. The fabric of her dress hid most of her body, so he couldn't get a good look at what she really had to offer. But he wanted her. That didn't change within the five minutes he'd stared, taking in every inch of her. He'd bet she would have said that she wanted him, too.

Kingston came up and clapped Jagger's shoulder. "Hey, this place is awesome. There's this girl over by the bar. She's into some pretty freaky stuff. Do you think she's the one?"

Jagger didn't bother to look at his friend as the beauty across the room left. "No. I've already found the one."

"Really? Where is she?" Jagger glanced over in time to see Kingston's gaze focus on the women dressed as bunnies.

"She's dressed like a vampiress and went into the next room." He smiled.

"She's not real, is she?"

Jagger frowned at him. "This is a human party. Lucas never invites female vampires."

A vampire himself, Lucas only allowed female humans at his house on Halloween and invited a few of his vampire friends to entertain them. The fact that she chose a vampiress costume was pure coincidence. Just another human wannabe.

"Well, if you're so sure, what are we waiting for?"

Jagger grabbed his arm. "Not yet. What have I told you about females, Kingston? You can't pounce."

Kingston gave him a childlike pout. "I'm about to burst in my pants here."

"All the more reason for you to leave the female alone." Jagger sighed. He and Kingston were the same in age, but Jagger had lived longer in the human world. His friend sometimes forgot the rules and intended to do as he pleased more often than not.

"Fine. I'll be at the bar."

Jagger watched him go. He had to plan his approach. What would he say? What would she do? Would she agree to their arrangement? Kingston acted like a horny teenager in this realm. Would that put her off? What if she only wanted to be with one, and not two men?

He smiled to himself at that last thought. No mortal female turned down the opportunity to have two cocks at the same time. He'd never witnessed it anyway. He didn't think it possible. He just had to reel her in and pray Kingston didn't scare her off.

\* \* \* \*

Natalie requested another glass of white wine, her throat suddenly dry. Lucas didn't tell her sexy men would be at this party. She honestly didn't think men like the guy standing across the parlor existed. She tapped her fingernails against the counter while the bartender went about, collecting and filling orders.

"This party's sweet, isn't it?"

She glanced over her shoulder as a man took the stool next to her. “I suppose. Though, I don’t really think you can taste a party.”

He glanced over at her. “Uh, no. That’s not what I meant.”

She gave him a small smile. “I know.”

His deep blue gaze settled on her, and her body heated. He had spiked his short, blond hair with gel. He wore a costume, though she wasn’t quite sure what he was. The shirt revealed a teasing glimpse of muscular chest, one she found herself wanting to taste. He glanced at her cleavage, and she felt her nipples harden against the flimsy fabric of her costume. She had foregone the bra simply because she hated the damn things. Could he see her nipples?

“Where’s your fangs?”

His question dragged her out of her daze. “Huh?”

“You’re a vampire, right? A vampire has fangs.” He reached out and brushed his finger against her cheek. “I just wondered where yours were.”

“My purse,” she said. “I left them in my car.” *The fake ones at least. The real ones are in my mouth ready to pierce your vein.*

His lips tilted. “Does that mean you won’t be giving out love bites tonight?”

His finger traced a path from her cheek to her neck and stopped when he got to her vein. She sucked in a breath. “No. No love bites tonight.”

His finger continued, working its way down to the swells of her cleavage. “I guess I’ll have to settle for a kiss then.” Before she could protest, he leaned in and pressed his lips to her neck. “Just. One. Little. Kiss.”

He punctuated each word with a press of his lips against her neck, until he said *kiss*. His lips pulled at her skin, nipped gently, just enough to make her wild with need. She gripped the counter for balance. His tongue darted out to sample her skin, and she closed her eyes. If it weren’t for him holding her up, she would have fallen on her ass in the middle of the floor.

He withdrew gently and met her eyes. The room didn't have the best lighting, but she couldn't miss the desire shining back at her. His hand moved up slightly to rest just beneath her breast. She wanted him to move a few inches north, to rub her nipples and relieve the delicious ache he'd place there. For a moment, she pictured him sucking her, his tantalizing mouth giving her more pleasure than she could handle.

"You have pretty eyes." His Adam's apple bobbed as he swallowed. "Violet is an unusual color."

Her panties were moist and uncomfortable. She wanted to take his hand and shove it between her thighs to relieve the ache. How could one kiss—not even on the mouth—make her body turn to mush? Especially from a human.

"Most people say they're weird." A girl had even called her a freak one time when she stopped to use a department store bathroom.

"Not weird." He shook his head. "Unique. You've definitely got bedroom eyes."

She hadn't even realized her hand rested against his chest. Once quick glance revealed he was hard. She let her hand glide down his torso, stopping briefly at his waist before she gained enough courage to continue. The backs of her fingers brushed his erection, and she couldn't miss the hiss of air he sucked between his teeth. She wanted him. Her hand tentatively cupped his hard cock through his pants. Would he let her have him?

He didn't speak to her with words. He cupped her face and brought her lips against his. It started as a simple caress of his lips against hers. Then he opened his mouth and kissed her. He tasted like the whiskey in the glass before him, smelled like spicy aftershave. Together, it was intoxicating.

The kiss ended too fast and the man pulled her hand away from his crotch. She'd forgotten they were still at the bar, and anyone who wanted to watch their little show could have seen everything. She felt

her cheeks heat at the thought, though a glance around revealed no one appeared to notice them.

“We shouldn’t be doing this here,” he said.

She nodded. Her refilled glass of wine sat before her, and she was thankful to have something wet her throat. He flicked her hard nipple with his thumb and drew her attention back to him as she gasped.

“I want to propose something to you.”

She batted her eyes. “I’m not going to marry you.”

His eyes darkened. “I want you to come home with me...and my friend.”

She sipped her wine. His hand still lingered beneath her breast. She wanted his thumb to brush against her nipples again. A delicious shiver ran down her spine heading straight to her pussy. Her panties were soaked and grew even wetter with him simply standing there, proposing an idea to share her with his friend.

“Does that mean what I think it means?”

“What? That you’d have two cocks in you at all times? That you’d scream your throat raw as we make you come over and over?” He did a simple swipe with his thumb, and she jerked, nearly falling off the stool. A deep rumble left his chest as his arm came around to catch her. She could smell his scent, a mixture of aftershave and man. She closed her eyes and breathed him in. *The answer is hell yes.*

She swallowed, her throat suddenly going dry again. Maybe this was what *more* meant. Not one human, but two. It was a crazy idea. Completely irrational. He leaned forward and pressed a kiss to the corner of her mouth. He felt good against her, warm and strong. If his friend appeared half as sexy as him, she’d be in deep trouble.

“Say yes.” He nibbled her lip. “I promise you won’t regret it.”

Her hands went to his sides. “Yes.”

He nearly pulled her off the stool and dragged her to the front door. He told her to wait while he found his friend, which she did, giving her time to cool down. Her hunger spiked when she thought about taking him, fucking him like she wanted to. She closed her eyes

and tried to remain in control of her desire. She didn't need her weird violet eyes turning red in the middle of a human party. She could still taste him on her tongue, could still smell his scent on her. She blew out a cleansing breath.

She'd get her taste when he passed out next to her. That was the way it worked. Humans never came to during feedings, and it made her escape much easier. Her tongue traced her teeth. Her fangs descended a bit, enough to make her self-conscious of her smile. Would she even make it to his house before the beast inside her raged?

The man came back, his body blocking her view of his friend. "Hey, beautiful. I don't think we've exchanged names. I'm Kingston. This is my friend, Jagger."

He stepped to the side and she gasped. The man he called his friend was the first man she spotted across the parlor room.

## Chapter Two

Jagger unlocked the door to the house while Kingston and their female followed. The night had gone better than planned so far, and was about to shoot off the Richter scale. They just had to get their clothes off first.

Kingston tugged her against his body and kissed her. Her dress had so much fabric, he didn't even know how to go about taking the damn thing off. He didn't mind sharing women with his best friend. Jagger gave them everything he couldn't. Tender loving. The right words. The romance. Kingston never mastered that. He liked to stick to fucking. Hard and fast, sweet and slow. Any way, every way.

"If you don't get this fucking dress off, I'm going to rip it to shreds." Kingston shifted back slightly.

She stumbled back, and Jagger caught her in his arms. Her chest rose and fell rapidly with each breath. Her hair had fallen from the barrette. The deep red lipstick was smudged all over her well-kissed mouth. She looked completely fuckable.

"Let's slow things down just a little bit." Jagger righted her and gave Kingston a look that clearly stated, "Back off." He smiled at the woman. "Can I get you something to drink?"

Kingston swallowed. He didn't want to entertain her with drinks. He wanted to shove his cock deep inside her, drive them both to pleasure.

"Yes, please. Whatever you have would be nice." She licked her lips and he nearly groaned. "I'm Natalie, by the way."

Jagger went to get the drinks. The house felt too fucking hot for his tastes and some of his clothing had to go. The damn pirate suit



was ridiculous anyway, and people questioned him without the ridiculous looking hat. He should have known better than to give Jagger the only vampire costume in the shop.

He pulled the shirt out of his pants and over his head before tossing it to the chair by the doorway. Natalie's gaze raking over him was hot as a lover's caress as she took in every inch from head to toe. His cock swelled impossibly large beneath his flimsy pants.

"How do you wear that dress with all that damn fabric?"

She smiled. "Easy."

He reached for her hand and sat it against his crotch. "I hope it's just as easy to take off."

Jagger returned with the drinks. He handed her a glass of wine, much like what she drank earlier, and gave Kingston a cold beer. Each took a drink of their beverage. The room was hot as hell and Kingston couldn't wait any longer to see Natalie naked.

"I trust Kingston explained our situation to you back at the party?" Jagger asked. He always had to chat, whether it be about her needs or their current circumstances. Women found it comforting. Kingston found it annoying.

She nodded, sipping her wine. What more needed to be said? A long abstinence and one kiss had him ready to burst. He glanced down at his too-tight britches and saw a wet spot mark his crotch. He needed to be inside her now.

"And you're okay with that? With taking two men inside you at once?" Jagger always had another question.

She nodded again. "Why wouldn't I be?"

Kingston knew what his friend thought. She had no clue that they were vampires. She had no clue that they intended to feed from her while giving her the most exquisite pleasure on the face of the earth. They'd probably carry her back to her car, where they'd leave her. After a few days, the bruising at her neck would subside. She would be tired but not remember a thing. And they liked it that way. They

liked the humans not remembering because no one needed to know their secret.

“She’s fine, Jagger.” Kingston took her glass and sat it on the table beside the couch. “How do you get this dress off?”

Natalie licked her lower lip, which teased him even more. Her hands went to the skirt and tugged it upward until she raised her arms and pulled it over her head. Beneath she wore simple scarlet lace panties, a bolder, brighter shade of red than her dress. Her breasts were high and firm, large enough to fill his hands. He’d touched them briefly at the party, unable to miss the bolts of pleasure she felt when his thumbs brushed over the sensitive peaks. He wanted to taste them now, bare flesh to his wet tongue.

He closed the distance between them and gently urged her to the oversized coffee table. She lay back like an offering to them, the greatest gift the gods could have ever given. He shucked his pants and came to her, his dick inches away from her lips.

“Suck me, baby.” She turned her head and closed her eyes, her lips parting as he moved forward.

The first touch of her tongue nearly made him shoot, but he didn’t. He forced himself to draw it out as long as he could. Jagger knelt on the floor, between her legs. Kingston barely registered him taking off her panties and putting his mouth to her pussy. Natalie moaned around his cock, which sent ripples of pleasure straight to his balls. Closing his eyes, Kingston took a deep breath.

Bloodlust rose within him. He knew that when he came, his pupils turned red, a dead giveaway that something wasn’t human about him. They hadn’t even started, and he wasn’t about to scare her off with that just yet.

“Oh, fuck, that’s good.” He pumped his hips. She cupped his ass, a finger slipping down his crack. She moaned again and pressed against his anus. He lost it. “I’m coming. Shit. Fuck. Damn.”

Stars flashed behind his closed eyelids, and he shuddered with the release. He fisted his hands in her hair, holding her to him while he

pumped his hips. She drank every last drop of come he gave her and softly sucked him until he withdrew from her lips.

He sat back counting to ten before he opened his eyes. Assuming faint traces of red still lingered, he couldn't look directly at her. He took several deep breaths, his stomach clenching with the need of blood.

He glanced at her and leaned close as she closed her own eyes. Jagger had her legs draped over his shoulders while he ate her, pumping two fingers inside her pussy. He could hear how wet she was, the sounds filling the silence. Kingston reached out to cup her breast and squeezed lightly before bending down to take a nipple in his mouth.

"Does that feel good, baby?" Kingston asked, kneeling to briefly kiss her lips. "Do you like the way he eats your pussy?"

She moaned, and he kissed her again. He wanted to be inside her. He wanted to fuck her properly. She tensed as she arched off the table. Jagger had her close, and Kingston wanted to watch while he made her come.

"Let it go, baby," he whispered. "Let me watch you come."

She cried out, angling her head to the side to expose the column of her throat. Kingston took a deep breath, forced himself to stay in control. The night was young. They'd barely begun. If he took her vein now, the party would be over.

Jagger pulled away, looking as if he couldn't quite believe it either. Her cream covered his lips, and with a slow, leisurely lick of his tongue, he wiped them clean. "I think we should take this to the bedroom, don't you?"

Kingston could only nod.

\* \* \* \*

Natalie let them carry her—or better yet, she let Jagger carry her to the king-size bed and laid her in the middle. She didn't want to

move. Every muscle was relaxed to the point she felt her limbs were practically like spaghetti. He lay down beside her and kissed her lips, letting her sample herself mingled with his own manly flavor. Where have these guys been all along? She'd lived in the mortal realm for nearly six months—human time—and hadn't had a decent night of sex the entire time. No guy ever tongued her like Jagger. No guy ever filled her mouth and made her crave to taste his come like Kingston. What would it be like when they were inside her together? Could she handle it?

*Be careful what you wish for.*

She opened her eyes when he dragged his lips away and moaned as his fingers pinched her nipples. He leaned down to suck one between his lips and nipped slightly until the peak became a stiff point. Absently, she combed her fingers through his hair and held him closer.

Kingston reappeared with a bottle of wine and set it on the nightstand. He bent over his friend and kissed her lips before climbing on beside her to take her other nipple into his mouth. A hand drifted between her legs, found her sensitive clit, and rolled it. She cried out, her pussy clutching nothing, begging to be filled.

Both men moved away. Kingston lay on his back against the mattress, arms to his sides. Jagger pushed up onto his hands, his deep green eyes pinning her in place. He was the only one still clothed, though he'd lost his shirt somewhere along the way.

"Straddle Kingston, sweetheart," Jagger commanded softly.

She didn't hurry, taking pleasure in her position while Jagger undressed. She watched his hands go to his zipper, slide it down, and reveal his hard cock. He was slightly bigger in girth than Kingston, but both would undoubtedly pleasure her well. Her mouth watered to taste him. She wondered if he'd let her. If he'd give her his come like Kingston had done.

She reached out and wrapped her fingers around him. No questions had to be asked. After all, they agreed to take what they

could get, mutually satisfying each other in the process. That was the point to their agreement, anyway, right? Two human men against the superior stamina of a female vampire. A few more orgasms and they'd be sleeping like babies. She wasn't sure which one's vein she wanted to taste first.

"I'd rather taste you while he fucks me." She gave Kingston a small smile. Naivety, she learned worked well with the humans. The males liked to think they were smarter, stronger, well equipped, and able to do the job right. She pitied them because none of them did the job right. At least not according to her standards.

But for some reason, she didn't care about that now. She wanted their two cocks filling her until neither could move. She only had to remain in control of the bloodlust rising to the surface before they fell asleep.

Natalie licked her lips and tilted forward surrounding the tip of his cock with her mouth. Oh, yes. She'd never get tired of this. Her jaw could ache, her muscles could fatigue, but she'd still want and crave more.

Fingers slipped between her folds. She knew she was wet. Even at the party, she'd been drenched. Kingston's kiss had accelerated her lust, and she had wanted more. She wished she'd taken him there, perhaps in a dark room with no one around. Or maybe against the wall in a side room where they could have been found at any second. Her mind filled with ideas of exciting possibilities for them to try.

Jagger groaned as she licked the length of his dick and stopped at the base to lap at his balls. Kingston withdrew and positioned her so that she lay on her back against the mattress. Jagger's cock lingered along her lips before she reached out to take him in her hand and guide him between her lips.

"Look at that, Jagger." Kingston pinched her nipples. "Pebble hard and the prettiest shade of pink."

Kingston took one into his mouth, and Natalie moaned around Jagger's cock. Humans, before these two men, had never made her

body sing like this before. But with their one touch, her pussy melted. Kingston, the bigger of the two, pressed against her, pushing her legs wider to expose her pussy. She lifted her hips slightly and rubbed against him while Jagger continued rocking his hips, sliding his cock between her lips.

Taking two men at the same time ignited her desire. If she didn't watch, the bloodlust would rear its ugly head, and then where would she be? She tried to tamp it down. It wouldn't last long once he filled her—if he filled her—but maybe, he'd fall asleep. She needed him to fall asleep before she bit him.

"She liked whatever you just did." Jagger reached for one of her breasts and squeezed. "God, her mouth is heaven."

Kingston crawled down her body and opened her with two fingers. "No. *This* is heaven."

His tongue touched her and she whimpered. She brushed her hand along Jagger's thigh while opening her legs wider for Kingston. Trying to focus on something other than the need rising within her, she closed her eyes as Jagger thrust. She prayed her fangs didn't elongate. It'd be pretty embarrassing to explain considering the circumstances.

She pulled away from Jagger. "Wait." Her thighs closed around Kingston's head, but they didn't prevent him from continuing to drive her crazy. "I changed my mind. I want you both to take me at the same time."

She stroked the cock beside her and ran her tongue along her teeth. She'd jerked away just in time. Her fangs pricked her tongue and the warm taste of blood filled her mouth. She nearly groaned aloud when she swallowed.

"Straddle me," Kingston said before lifting her and settling her on top of him. She barely had time to register Jagger moving to the nightstand and grabbing a bottle of lube. Kingston kissed her neck, sucking the skin over her vein. She whimpered.

Her pussy grew wetter, the need to be filled greater. Kingston groaned when she rubbed against him, hopefully getting her message across. “Please.”

Jagger moved behind her as Kingston lifted her up enough to position his dick for entry. The bottle top of the lube click opened, and a cool swipe of gel pressed against her anus. She sucked in a breath as Kingston thrust forward, two exquisite sensations overtaking her at the same time. She rested her forehead against Kingston’s shoulder and felt her fangs protrude completely. She shouldn’t have let it get this far. Her eyes were red, she knew, and it’d be tough not to look into Kingston’s pretty blues.

“Hold still.” Jagger pressed a thick finger inside her bottom hole, and Natalie found herself hissing. He moved slowly at first, working her so she stretched around his second, then third fingers. Her fangs nipped her lower lip, and a droplet of blood spilled out onto Kingston’s chest.

His lips pressed against her cheek as he whispered, “You okay?”

She nodded. Jagger withdrew and a few seconds passed before his cock pressed against her. Feeling the mixture of cool gel with the hot male flesh, she sucked in a breath. That alone was enough to coax her closer to the dangerous edge. She gripped Kingston’s arms and tried to calm down.

“God, she’s tight,” Kingston muttered. “Would you hurry up?”

She leaned over him with him stroking her hair while Jagger inched his way deep inside her ass. She cried out when he seated himself fully. As good as it felt, she wouldn’t be able to come until she took Kingston’s vein. She ached, quivered. She clenched her teeth to the point her gums hurt. Blood filled her mouth—hers—and only drove up her need to have theirs.

Kingston tilted his head to the side, revealing the expanse of his neck. She stared, desire and need flowing through her. She had to have it. Explanations could come later. She bent forward and pressed her lips against his skin before opening her mouth and biting him.

## Chapter Three

Jagger couldn't believe the sight before him. Natalie laid between them with both of their cocks buried inside her. She tightened around him and came, massaging his shaft with her body. He closed his eyes feeling his own need rise within him and shot his load.

"Ahh," Kingston half moaned, half groaned. "Fuck."

Jagger withdrew from Natalie's warm body and stared at the two. Kingston lay completely still while Natalie kissed his neck. "That was fucking good."

Natalie tore away from Kingston and nearly fell off the bed as she tried to scramble away from them. Jagger frowned, spotting the blood around her mouth, and a glance toward Kingston proved his worst nightmare had come true.

They'd just fucked a vampire.

Jagger moved to the edge. "Natalie, what's going on?"

Tears filled her eyes. "Look, he's not hurt. His neck will bruise, but he's not going to die."

The panicked look in her eyes made him reach out to her. She had no clue. "Natalie, come here."

She didn't hear him as she escaped down the hallway, undoubtedly trying to leave them as fast as she could. He followed, coming up behind her and clutching her arms. "Natalie, you need to calm down."

He walked her to the couch and forced her to sit. He reached for a tissue and handed it to her to wipe her mouth. She stared at him with a wild look in her eyes.



“Look.” He sighed. “We have a lot to talk about. Mainly the fact that neither Kingston nor I knew you were a vampire.”

“You know about vampires?”

“I—we are vampires.”

He watched her eyes widen. “No.”

“Yeah.”

What a complete and utter fuckup.

\* \* \* \*

Kingston came to when Jagger threw a glass of ice-cold water in his face. He wiped his eyes and stared at his friend. “What the fuck?”

“Get your sorry ass out of bed and help me figure out how to get us out of this.”

Kingston blinked. “What are you talking about?”

“The girl. She was a vampire. We fucked a vampire and by covenant laws, we’re mated.”

Kingston wiped a hand over his face and sat up. “You sure the same rules apply when three’s involved?”

Jagger stopped and turned to face him. “Maybe not. I’ll ask Lucas when I make the call.”

“Oh, don’t drag him into this.” Kingston reached for a pillow and lay down on his stomach. Sex and feedings always made him sleepy.

“I *will* drag him into this. It was his party—his *human* party. Not some vampire ball. Besides, he’s got strings he can pull. His father’s on the council.”

“Yeah. So?”

“So, maybe he can pull a lot of strings to correct this fuckup.” Jagger rubbed his forehead.

“What makes you think that we’re mated? How will the elders even know? They weren’t here when we fucked her.” Kingston waited, and when Jagger didn’t answer, he opened one eye. “Don’t

get your panties in a wad, Jag. No need to worry unless something happens for us to worry about.”

Jagger frowned at his friend. “I’m not wearing panties.”

Kingston chuckled. “Where’s the girl?”

“Living room.” Jagger propped his hands on his hips. “She’s just as confused about this as we are.”

\* \* \* \*

*Oh god, oh god, oh god.* Natalie lay back on the sofa and covered her face with her hands. They were supposed to be human. Lucas never told her that he invited male vampires to his party. Why on earth had she gone? She opened her eyes and met Jagger’s. Even from across the room, she responded to his gaze. She remembered what it felt like to have his mouth on her, his hands touching her while his cock pumped in and out of her ass. That should have been the first indicator something wasn’t normal about these two. No human male ever made her feel that way. Then there was the way Kingston tasted. She groaned at the memory. Not only had his cock filled her mouth perfectly, his blood had filled her stomach completely. Human blood tasted coppery. Vampire blood tasted like expensive wine. Another indicator that her all-too-slow brain hadn’t comprehended. She rubbed her aching temples. But he tasted so damn good.

“Are you okay?” Jagger asked, jerking her back into reality.

She had to get away from here. And if need be, she’d kill her brother for doing this to her. She didn’t know anything about them. He should have looked out for her, to protect her from things like this. Instead, he led her right into the arms of a vampire—or two as it may be—and she had fucked them.

Whatever happened with the elders, she’d deal with it. Surely they made exceptions for wild, drunken nights. She hadn’t exactly been drunk, but they didn’t need to know that. *The elders know everything.* She sighed. She’d have to explain to them that she didn’t want to be

tied down. Freedom was the whole reason she came to the mortal realm to begin with, and two vampires who fucked her weren't going to change that.

*What will Father say?*

"No, I'm not okay."

Jagger kept his distance. "How did you get an invitation to that party? Lucas only invites human women, which is why we're confused."

"Lucas is my nitwitted brother. He's obviously hell-bent on ruining my life." She stood to find her dress, which lay next to the door.

"Lucas is your brother?"

"Yeah. I'm disowning him though."

"Your father's an elder, right? All you have to do is talk with him and everything."

"Look, I wish it was that easy, but it's not. If you are a true vampire like you say you are, you understand that the elders aren't willing to bend rules for anyone. Being related to an elder doesn't get me any closer to having this thing turned around than if you and Kingston went before them yourselves."

"Yeah, but you're going to try, right?"

She tied her hair back and met his eyes. "I'll think about it."

Kingston came down the hall buck naked and smiled at her. "Hey, beautiful. Where are you going?"

The same reaction she had when Jagger entered the room hit her again, nearly knocking her to her knees. *It's just because you took his blood. It's not like you're in love with them or anything. Shit.*

"I'm going home."

"Stay." Kingston crossed the room and drew her into his arms. He bent and took her mouth hard with his own. She gripped his upper arms to keep from falling, then to pull him closer. "You belong here with us now."

She met his eyes. It was now or never if she wanted to leave. The bond started to form. She could feel it within her, moving through her. The longer she stayed, the worse it'd get until they had a fully mated union. A bond for life.

"That old law means nothing to me." She withdrew and moved closer to the door. "Thanks for the fun time, but I really need to go."

She opened the door and ran out.

## Chapter Four

Inside his study, Lucas sat with a glass of whiskey in his hand. Natalie saw red. Just by meeting his eyes, she knew he had planned what had happened to her the previous night. He planned everything, the slimy bastard.

“You.” She lifted the bulky skirt and crossed the room.

“Yes, my dear sister?” He lifted his glass to his lips, and Natalie knocked it away. The contents spilled onto the expensive carpet, the glass shattering as it hit the hard surface of the ground.

“How dare you screw with my life like that.” Her temper rose to the point she almost felt steam come from her ears. “I left home because our parents wanted me to settle down and find a mate. I wanted the fucking freedom you have, which is the only reason I came to the mortal realm. And now you managed to fuck it all up and get me mated anyway. Why? Why the hell did you screw with my life like you had every right to?”

When he didn’t answer, she screamed the question again. “*Why?*”

Lucas’s attendants came rushing into the room, and he held up a hand. They backed off.

“I didn’t screw up your life, and if you’re mated, it’s only because of you.”

“But those men were vampires. You told me to come, to have a good time. You told me to mingle with some humans, that the only people invited were humans. Why didn’t you tell me you invited vampires, too?”

“How could you not know the difference?” The arrogant bastard sat in his chair like the king of his land. “I didn’t tell you to go fuck

them. You made that choice yourself. I really don't understand why you're so upset with me."

"Fix it." Tears of anger filled her eyes. "You have to fix it."

"I don't have to do anything." He finally stood, towering over her.

"Yes, you do. Father won't listen to me. You have to tell him about the mistake, that it was wrong to do and that it'll never happen again. You have to get the mated union annulled."

"Why would I do that?" He arched an eyebrow, his lips slightly tilting into a smile.

"You're my brother." It was the best answer she could come up with, the only one she felt he needed.

"Not good enough. Our father has wanted you mated off to a nice young vampire since the day you turned eighteen. I'm not going before him, risking a beating, simply because I'm your brother. It's not my problem."

He moved past her to the wet bar and poured himself another glass. If she knew her brother like she thought she did, her parents already knew about her mistake. They probably planned a celebration as she stood here begging her brother to have it annulled. He was right about her father wanting her mated. She couldn't count how many times he'd sent possible suitors to her apartment in hope of something more coming of it.

"Vampires are sexual beings." Lucas lifted his glass to his lips and downed the drink. "It would happen eventually."

That was the end of their conversation, and Natalie left her brother's house without another word said. She needed time to think. She had five hours of daylight left, and needed to do something to take her mind off the situation.

But what would she do?

She sat out front, trying her damndest not to get emotional. Maybe if she talked with her mother, told her what her brother did, maybe she'd understand. Her father wouldn't, but maybe her mother could convince him to fix her mistake.

She ran her fingers through her hair, closing her eyes. She couldn't stop thinking about the way their bodies felt surrounding her, the way they felt inside her. Their cocks had filled her at the same time, giving her pleasure like nothing before. Then there was the way Kingston's blood tasted in her mouth, the way it filled every sense hotter and faster than an addictive drug.

*What the fuck am I going to do?*

"I take it things didn't go well with your brother?" Jagger came up beside her and plopped down on the ground.

"My brother is a dick."

With the chill of the night, his arm came around her, tucking her against his side. "What did he say?"

"Nothing." She lifted her head and met his eyes. "I think my parents' know about our little union."

"Isn't that the elder's responsibility?" He brushed a strand of hair from her cheek. "To know all and see all."

"My brother told them." She moved away from Jagger. "Where's Kingston?"

"Sleeping." Jagger folded his hands before him. "He's still in the state of euphoria."

"What are you doing here then?"

"I came to talk with Lucas." Jagger rubbed her arm. "What are you doing outside?"

"I always sit outside when I'm mad at my brother."

He stood and held out his hand for her. She took it. After smoothing the skirt of her costume, she led Jagger inside the grand mansion her brother had made his home.

Jagger glanced around. "Do you live here?"

"Yeah." She sighed. "Come this way. Lucas is being a royal ass in the study."

\* \* \* \*

Jagger stepped into Lucas's study, following Natalie as she barged in. Like everything else, the place was full of elegance. Only the best stuff money could buy filled the room from the furniture to the books filling the bookshelves along the walls. He'd bet good money that all of the literature demonstrated his obsessive collection with first edition copies, each signed by its author.

"Little sister." Lucas lifted the glass to his lips unfazed and sipped the contents. "Whatever brings you back to my lair?"

"Can the crap." Natalie propped her hands on her hips. Jagger held back a smile as he watched her temper shine. "You did this to us. It's your fault. Fix it."

"We've already been through this. I did not force you to sleep with Jagger and Kingston. Simply because I had a party that introduced you to them does not mean I am responsible for your actions."

Natalie threw her hands up. "You are too responsible. You didn't tell me that vampires would be there."

"I'm a vampire. Why would you assume I wouldn't associate with my own kind?"

Jagger stepped forward, laid his hands on Natalie's shoulders, and rubbed gently. "Is there anything you can do have this bond erased?"

"It would have to be worth my while."

"Name your price."

Lucas finger tip circled the glass he held. "You have nothing I want."

"It's hopeless, Jagger. Lucas set us up, and he's enjoying watching me beg him for his help." Natalie stormed out of the room, leaving Jagger behind.

"Is it true?" Jagger folded his arms over his chest. "Did you set her up?"

"My father is a powerful man. He wanted Natalie married, and I needed his help with a little bind I got tangled in. He wiped away my



problems, and I helped him with his.” He shrugged. “I didn’t expect her to pick you both though.”

“And us? What about Kingston and me? You screwed with our lives as well.”

Lucas sipped from his drink. “I know Natalie can be a pain, but she, I’m sure, will make you both very happy.”

“And I’m sure that when brought before the board, you could be reprimanded for your deceit.”

Lucas smiled. “Father took care of that.”

“And if he didn’t? His deceit could cost him his spot as an elder.”

“You’d never get away with that, so don’t bother threatening me.”

“Is that what you really believe? Okay. We’ll see.” Jagger stepped away, turning to leave.

“Wait.” Lucas stood. “What do you want?”

“It wiped away.”

“Not possible.” Jagger shrugged and turned again. “But maybe I could find another mate for her? A suitable one who would let you two off the hook. What about that?”

Jagger met Lucas’s eyes. “I’m listening.”

“My father didn’t say who it had to be as long as she mated with a vampire. Perhaps I can hold them off for a week and find another suitor for her. He’ll seduce her, and once they do the deed, then you’ll be off the hook and my father never has to know about the original arrangement.”

Jagger thought about it. “How do the elders know when vampires have mated?”

“Word of mouth.” Lucas leaned over the desk. “What do you say?”

“If it’ll work, I’m in.”

“Oh, it’ll work.”

\* \* \* \*

Natalie changed into a comfortable jogging suit and pulled out a suitcase. She wasn't about to stay beneath her brother's roof if he wouldn't correct what he did. And Jagger and Kingston's house wasn't an option either. The more they stayed around, the more she bonded. Once a vampire fully bonded with its mate, there was no going back. She couldn't see them again. She couldn't be with them again.

She packed her things and heaved the suitcase to the door. She'd go to the hotel down the block until she figured out what exactly she should do about the situation. She had no intentions of staying mated to them, and there had to be a way to get out of it. Unfortunately, it would take some time to figure it out.

She opened the door and met Jagger. "What are you doing up here?"

"I came to help you pack, but I see you don't need my help." He glanced at her bags. "Your brother suggested that you move in with Kingston and me."

"My brother can go to hell." She pushed past him and lugged the suitcase toward the stairs.

"Do we really disgust you that much?" He walked toward her. "Was sex with us really that bad?"

"Sex is *so* not happening again." She descended the steps with the bag thumping along as she dragged it.

"But it was good. So good you couldn't hold back your urge to feed. Why fight your urges now? Why not let us take care of you until we can figure out what to do about our situation?"

"I don't need anyone to take care of me." She turned the corner on the staircase and lugged her bag down the last few steps. She met Lucas at the bottom. "I'm going to the hotel, not that you'd care."

Lucas arched an eyebrow. "Why wouldn't I care?"

"Because you're vindictive." She brushed her hair from her face. "I can't even look at you without getting mad."

The smug look on his face didn't help. He was probably half amused that she wanted to move out. Probably amused that she'd denied Jagger and Kingston the pleasure of sharing her bed, sharing her. She rolled her eyes and gripped the handles of her suitcase. None of it mattered. She'd figure a way out of it.

"Little sister, you do have quite the dramatic outbursts. Perhaps you should be in Hollywood instead of here?"

"Bite me."

Jagger moved forward to help her with the bag. "I still think it's best for you to move in with Kingston and me."

She diverted her attention to him. "I thought you were against this union?"

"Well, I don't see any way to annul it in the foreseeable future. We might as well get along while we're stuck together." He gave her a small smile.

She huffed in frustration. What should she do? He reached for the bag's handles. She closed her eyes briefly, inhaling his scent. Memories of the previous night filled her mind, weakening her defenses. How could she possibly want him again? Logical reasoning said he was completely wrong for her. She knew nothing about him. He was a vampire for crying out loud. The only vampires she'd ever lived with were those of her family. Never had she ever even thought about committing herself to a vampire. And now she's committed to two.

"I can make it on my own, thank you." She jerked the straps of the bag. "I'm staying at the hotel."

Without another word, she left the house, hauling her luggage behind.

## Chapter Five

“Where’s Natalie?” Kingston asked once Jagger entered their house.

“At the hotel.”

“Why on earth did you leave her there?”

Jagger shrugged. “It’s where she wanted to stay.”

Kingston shook his head. “I may be new to the human scene, but I’m a pro with the vampires. She’s going to need us, and she needs to move in here with us.”

Jagger plopped down in his recliner. “Go tell her that. She’s pissed off at me.”

Kingston narrowed his eyes, his hands propped on his hips. “What did you do?”

Jagger rubbed his chin. “I bargained with the devil.”

“Huh?”

“Lucas said he’d get everything annulled for us, as soon as he finds a suitable mate for Natalie.”

Kingston stared at him. Surely Jagger wasn’t implying what Kingston thought his friend implied. “She’s ours. What’s so wrong with that?”

“She’s not ours. Lucas deceived us into thinking the only thing that could come from this was a one-night stand. You and I both know neither one of us wants to be mated. She doesn’t want to be mated. So it really is the best. Lucas is calling perspective suitors as we speak.”

“Only to clear us. What about Natalie?”

Jagger stayed quiet.

“You’re going to sit back and let him force another guy onto her just to save yourself?” Kingston clenched his jaw. “I can’t believe I’m hearing this.”

Jagger was his best friend. Kingston had known him for a while, and taught him the ways of the mortal world when he’d first come. Now, standing before him, he didn’t know the man he thought was his friend. *How could someone do that to another person—all for his glory and no one else?*

“Well, problem solved,” Kingston said, crossing the room to grab his jacket. “I’ll stay mated to her, let you off the hook. Everyone will be so fucking happy.”

“You don’t want to be tied down. You know that.”

“Yeah, and I also don’t want some grimy stranger pawing her either. I’ll take the lesser of two evils. She’s mine.” He opened the door and slammed it behind him.

The hotel was only a few blocks away. She may not want to be mated to him, but he knew they could make it work. He had fallen for her the moment she first spoke to him at the bar. How could Jagger not want her as much as Kingston did?

He opened the door of the hotel and went to the front desk. After asking for her room number and getting shot down twice, Kingston finally gave up and waited for the man to get distracted before he slipped behind the counter and typed her name into the system.

*Room 1233.*

He smiled and headed toward the elevators.

For a hotel, the place looked small. The narrow hallways barely big enough for two people to walk side by side, and it seemed door after door marked the walls. He could only imagine how small the rooms were.

He passed each door, counting in his head until he approached the number twelve thirty-three. He stopped, knocked, and listened for footsteps. He waited for her to unlock the door and open it far enough to peek at him.

“What do you want?”

He placed a hand against the wall next to the door and gave her a charming smile. “You’re supposed to ask who it is before you answer the door.”

“I knew who it was. It was only a matter of time before you came up here to beg me to come live with you.” She shook her head. “Not happening.”

“I wasn’t going to ask you that.” He paused long enough for a couple walking down the hall to pass him, then spoke again. “Can I come in?”

“I don’t want you to.”

He took a deep breath, reevaluating his approach. “Okay. What do you want to do?”

“I want to get some sleep. Sunup is in a few hours.”

“What do you say to some company while you sleep?”

“I’m not having sex with you.”

That made him grin. “I didn’t propose it, but...I wouldn’t turn you down if you did.”

She rolled her eyes. “I don’t want company. I want to be left alone.”

“Come on, Nat. Let me in. I’m not the bad guy in this scenario. You’re mad at your brother. I’m mad at Jagger. The least we can do is be mad at them together.”

He saw her defenses caving. He wanted to hold her and reassure her everything would be all right. Whatever Lucas and Jagger cooked up wasn’t worth losing her over. He wanted her. Crazy as the notion seemed, he wanted her in his life.

“Fine.” She closed the door and slid the chain free. “Let’s get a one thing straight, though. I’m only doing this because I know you won’t leave me alone long enough to rest, and I’m too tired to argue.”

He came to her. “Deal.”

He wrapped his arms around her and moved them enough to shut the door, locking it securely. She was vulnerable, he determined, as he

breathed in her scent. Maybe even a little bit scared. He lifted her and carried her to the bed.

“I’m not a princess. I can walk myself, you know.”

He smiled and leaned in to kiss her lips. “I know that. You look like you’re ready to fall over.”

He unzipped her jacket and pushed it from her shoulders. She watched with heavy-lidded eyes as he went for the hem of her shirt and tugged it off as well. She wore no bra. He held back a groan as his dick hardened. He wanted her like his next breath.

“Get that look off your face.” She lay back and tugged the rest of her clothing off. “I’m not having sex with you.”

Kingston swallowed, staring at her bare pussy as she situated herself in bed. She tugged the blankets back and shifted onto the left side of the bed, tucking them around her. Glancing up at him, she asked, “What are you waiting for?”

He didn’t respond with words. He tugged his shirt off and worked on the buckle of his jeans next. His hard-on springing free from its confinements gained her attention. *Yeah, you’re not interested are you, babe?*

He tossed his clothing aside and waited for her gaze to meet his own. “See something you like?”

“I see a lot I like.” She settled against the pillows. “Doesn’t mean anything, though. I’m not having sex with you again.”

He crawled between the sheets. “We’ll see about that.”

\* \* \* \*

Natalie woke from the most wonderful dream. She smiled coming awake slowly as soft kisses pressed against her neck. A calloused hand squeezed her breast. Her nipples hardened with the touch. She didn’t want to open her eyes. The pleasure felt too good.

Lips pressed against her shoulder as a hand crept lower. Fingertips caressed her side before delving between her legs to find creamy

folds. She moaned and rolled to her stomach to allow the inquisitive fingers to do more exploring.

They stopped moving.

Her eyes popped open, and she took in the bland hotel room. She groaned and, rubbing her eyes, turned her head. Kingston smiled at her.

“Why’d you stop?”

“Stop what?”

She glanced at his hands. They rested on top of the covers. *It really was a freaking dream.* “Nothing.”

She pushed up from the mattress and sat, pulling her legs to her chest. What in the world was she going to do?

“It’s still daylight so we can’t do much for a couple of hours.”

“I’m not having sex with you.” It came out more as a habit than an actual statement she believed.

“You keep saying that.”

She brushed her hair from her face. “Why are you here?”

“I told you. I’m mad at Jagger. You’re mad at Lucas. We might as well be mad together.”

She felt on fire. A dream may have started it, but Kingston lying beside her, smelling delicious and looking just as sexy hitched her desires up a notch. She wanted him to the point that she wasn’t sure she could say no if he made an advance. *The bonding phase has commenced.*

“What are we going to do?”

“I don’t know. You took sex off the table, so there isn’t much we can do—at least nothing half as exciting.”

“That’s not what I’m talking about.”

He sighed and sat up, forgetting about the sheet. She took in his smooth tan back, which completely contrasted to her porcelain skin. He leaned forward and dropped his face into his hands, groaning.

“I know.”



“Are you not mad? Because I’m furious and you seem completely calm.”

“No point in both of us being mad at the same thing.” He rubbed his eyebrow.

“Why are you mad at Jagger?”

“He and your brother cooked up a plan to try to find a different mate for you. We’d be free and clear from the bond, and you’d be stuck with some other loser.”

She cocked her head to the side. “What?”

“That’s what Jagger said. I didn’t approve, so I left.”

Just when she thought Lucas couldn’t get any worse. “Why don’t you approve? I thought you wanted to be free from the bond?”

“Not at the expense of you.” He tossed the covers aside and stood.

His firm buttocks fit her hands perfectly. She wondered what it would feel like to grip his ass while he thrust into her. Her gaze slid down to his legs. She wanted him to take her. Hard. Fast. Sweet. Slow. Any way he liked. She wanted to be completely filled with him.

“Why not at the expense of me? You barely even know me. Why should you care?”

“Because I want to care.” He turned, completely naked and half-hard. “I even told Jagger to tell Lucas that finding another mate wouldn’t be necessary. That I’ll be your mate and Jagger would be free and clear.”

Her gaze drifted to his crotch and back up to his face. “I’ve never met someone like you.”

“Yeah, well, I don’t exactly like being defined by some mold that every other vampire tries to fit into.”

She didn’t know what to say to that. “I had a dream about you.”

“Really?” He propped his hands on his hips. “What did you dream?”

“I was half asleep and you kissed my neck.” She closed her eyes recalling the earlier events. “One hand cupped my breast while the other slipped between my legs.”

The familiar ache increased, and Natalie opened her eyes. She wanted him to touch her. She wanted to feel the pleasure that he could give her. All the other stuff could wait. She needed him right now.

“What happened next?”

“I rolled to my stomach and spread my legs to give you more room.” She bit her lip. “Then you stopped.”

“Why did I stop?”

She shrugged. “I woke up.”

“Well, it’s not like me to leave a beautiful woman on the edge of orgasm and not follow through to make her come.” He knelt on the mattress beside her. “I could resolve that issue right now.”

“You could?”

He moved toward her until his lips poised inches from hers. “Perhaps I’ll start with a kiss to soften you up a bit. Maybe I’ll nibble on your lower lip.” His gaze went to her lips and nervously, her tongue darted out to wet them. “Your mouth is a sweet, decadent pleasure. I want to savor it.”

He propped himself up on his side and reached out to brush the side of her arm with the back of his finger. A delicious shiver ran up her spine.

“What next?” she asked. “You’re not supposed to leave me hanging.”

He smiled. “Baby, I’ll take care of you. Tell me what you need.”

She cupped his cheek with one hand and kissed him. No words needed. Kingston’s arm came around her body as he gently laid her back against the mattress. He covered her while his tongue delved between her lips, tangling with her own. God, he tasted so good. Memories of the previous night drifted through her mind.

Kingston pulled back. “In your dream”—he moved enough to push the top sheet out of the way—“you said you were on your stomach”—cool air hit her skin—“legs spread”—feeling her nipples harden, she sucked in a breath.—“to give me room to touch you freely.” Kingston smiled.

She nodded.

“Do you want me to take you from behind?” He cupped her breast.

It didn’t matter to her. Forward, backward, upside downward. She didn’t care. She wanted him inside her, filling her with that wonderful cock.

A knock sounded at the door before she could answer.

“Who the fuck could that be at this hour?” Kingston stood and crossed the room to answer the door, completely in the buff. A few seconds later, Natalie heard, “What do you want?”

Natalie pulled the top sheet over her right before Jagger entered the room. He met her eyes. “We need to talk.”

She groaned. “I’m done talking to you. Kingston said you turned against me and plotted with my brother to make me be the one to pay while you got off scot free.”

“No.” He came to her side of the bed and sat down, forcing her to remain where she laid. “The deal with your brother was a mistake.”

“You think?”

“Let me talk.”

Natalie grabbed Kingston’s pillow. “Do I have another choice?”

“I was wrong. Time spent away from you and what Kingston said made me realize that. I think the bond has already formed because I can’t stop thinking about you. I can’t stop desiring you.”

“Tough.”

“Natalie, no other man will ever satisfy you. No other woman will ever satisfy us.”

“Why should I care about you? From what Kingston said, you didn’t care too much about my well-being. It seemed like you wanted ready to write me off like I meant nothing to you and now you expect me to forget and forgive? Hell no. Rot in hell with my brother for all I care.”

Jagger moved closer. “You mean more to me than I realized. It’s all new to me, too. I thought I knew how to deal with this, but I was wrong. I admit it. I’m apologizing for everything. I’m sorry, Natalie.”

She glanced over at Kingston, who stood in the buff. “Do you believe him?”

“Jagger doesn’t apologize unless he means it.” He shrugged one shoulder. “I think he’s sincere.”

“I am.” Jagger stood. “Hell, I walked in the sunlight to come here. My ass nearly fried.”

She stared at him. Something about his eyes gave everything away. He wasn’t lying. She believed his remorse. But she wasn’t so easy to forgive just yet.

“Fine. You’re sorry. I accept that.”

Kingston sat on the side of the bed, and she tossed his pillow to the side. Her need rose as she continued to stare between the two men. She wanted Jagger. But she wouldn’t let him have her. She would punish him for betraying. He needed to watch what he couldn’t have yet.

She pushed the sheet aside, came up behind Kingston, and wrapped her arms around his neck.

“I want you to take me.” She nibbled his earlobe. She slid her hands down his smooth chest, brushing over his nipples and back up. She stopped briefly to pinch one until it hardened.

“Get on your hands and knees.”

She moved into position and saw Jagger shift, his hands going to his fly. “No. You’re going to watch him take me. You’re going to watch what you wanted to give up.” She met his eyes. “In doing so, you’re going to regret ever thinking about making a deal with my brother. Then you’re going to beg me to take you back.”

Jagger paused. Natalie watched as he debated, staring at her naked body in position. Kingston shifted on the mattress beside her and reached out to brush his fingers against the curve of her ass.

“Sit down, Jagger.” She could hear the humor in Kingston’s voice.  
“Watch me make her scream.”

## Chapter Six

Jagger had never wanted someone so bad in his life. What the hell had he done? Lucas used people. He manipulated them for what he could get out of them and didn't give a shit about the consequences. Jagger saw that now. He'd spent some time at Lucas's house after Kingston left and overheard the other vampire talk about how he had no plans of fixing Natalie up. He wanted to mate his sister with two vampires, and he chose Jagger and Kingston. Lucas talked to his father when he spoke about it. The elders knew. It was a done deal and something they couldn't rectify. She was their mate, and he felt the bond pulling at him.

His dick pressed against the tight confinements of his pants. She had every right to torture him, but she gave no inclination as to whether she'd take him back. He'd been stupid. He realized that now. She knew he'd do anything to get her back, and consequently, he sat by taking her punishment and torture.

"Look at her ass, Jagger. Perfection." Kingston gripped the part in question and squeezed. "Honey, I think I'm improvising on your dream. I want to fuck this tight little hole right here."

Jagger watched his friend finger her ass and slip a digit inside. His mind roamed to the night before when he buried his cock inside her ass. He knew how amazing it felt to impel his cock past that ring of muscle into the hot warmth of her ass. He groaned aloud thinking about it.

"I think I'm making Jagger jealous." Kingston parted her cheeks wider.

Kingston gave Natalie one long swipe of his tongue while Jagger watched his friend's every move. A soft little moan came from Natalie's lips, and Jagger wished he participated instead of sitting by and observing. He wanted to touch her. He wanted to taste her. He wanted to fuck her until they couldn't move.

Jagger shifted in his seat. His couldn't take it anymore. His pants were damn tight, and his cock needed some attention...even if it was just his hand.

"Don't, Jagger. Just watch." Natalie met and held his eyes with her own. "Watch him fuck me like you want to fuck me."

Kingston moved and lightly bit her ass cheek while his fingers pumped inside her. Jagger shifted uncomfortably in his seat while Kingston continued to draw out the show.

Natalie's head dropped forward. Kingston kissed the curve of her spine, then resituated his body to align with hers. He spit in his hand and smeared it over his cock before thrusting against her tight ass.

Kingston reached for her arms, yanked them behind her back, and held her as he thrust in. Nothing easy about the way he took her. He forced her legs farther apart with his thighs and pumped inside her with long, steady strokes that surely pleased. Jagger couldn't take his eyes off their point of contact.

"She's tight, Jagger. How the hell did you last worth a damn last night? I'm about to shoot my load right now."

Jagger swallowed. Natalie turned her head to she could see him. Her torture worked. He couldn't think straight. His mind focused on her surrounding him, squeezing him. He was fucking losing his mind the longer she made him wait. And Kingston enjoyed it. He liked watching Jagger sit on the side wishing he could touch and fuck Natalie the way Kingston did.

She closed her eyes, her mouth opening slightly. The bed rocked with Kingston's movements, the headboard lightly bumping against the wall behind it.

"Are you comfortable, Jagger?" Kingston asked, midstroke.

“My dick is aching.” He rubbed his jaw. Sweat coated his upper lip and dotted his temples. When did the room become so damn hot? “Your point has been made. When are you going to relieve me?”

Natalie moaned. “Who said I would relieve you? Maybe I’ll make you jack off instead?”

Jagger shifted again. His cock was ready to combust. He inhaled, praying that it would be over soon. Praying that she’d let him fuck her.

“Oh, God.” Natalie writhed, breaking free from Kingston’s hold.

Kingston closed his eyes and pumped inside her harder. “Oh, fuck. Oh, fuck. Oh, fuck.”

“Touch me, Kingston.”

Jagger watched him reach around her body and finger her clit. “I’m coming. Fuck, I’m—”

Kingston’s long groan cut off his sentence. The finale was hot, definitely, but Jagger still had a raging hard-on that wanted inside Natalie’s sweet little pussy.

“Is my torture over?” he asked.

Kingston collapsed next to her on the bed. He chuckled softly as Natalie rolled to her back and stared at Jagger.

“I’m sorry.” He stood and came toward her. “Let me prove it.”

“By giving you what you want?”

“By giving *you* what *you* need.”

“And you’re so sure you have what I need?”

He licked his lips. “I need you. That’s all I’m sure of.”

She reached out her hand and tugged him toward her. She watched him, soft and warm beneath his body. Sweat dotted her upper lip as a smile played at her mouth. He closed his eyes and kissed her. The sharp prick of her fangs scraped his tongue and Jagger drew back, meeting her eyes.

“Do you need to feed?”

“No. I’m okay.” Her hands slipped beneath his shirt. “You are way overdressed for this occasion.”



“Am I what you want?”

“Yes.” She pushed his shirt up and he pulled it over his head.

Kingston propped himself up on his side, cupping one of Natalie’s breasts in his hand. Jagger hurried to shed his clothing, yanking his pants as far as his knees before Natalie’s hand wrapped around him.

He jerked. “Oh, fuck.”

She giggled and started a slow stroke. Jagger shoved his jeans to his ankles and quickly jerked them off. He had a hair trigger, and she brought him closer and closer with every second that passed.

He grabbed her hand and brought it to his mouth. He kissed each of her fingertips before sucking them into his mouth, one by one. She was beautiful, a look of desire filling her eyes as she stared up at him. Kingston’s hand wandered down her body, caressing and arousing.

Jagger was right when he realized the bond had already formed. He didn’t know for sure, but he pretty much determined it couldn’t be broken. A vampire’s body grew accustomed to that of its mate. He’d never experienced a lover like her before and in the hours apart had grown to crave her touch. He’d been wrong to think Lucas could wipe it away. They couldn’t swipe the slate clean again.

He pushed her legs apart and fingered her clit. The juices of her pussy coated each digit as he explored her body. She lifted her hips, moving slightly against his touch, needing more. He’d give it to her. He’d give her anything she damn well asked for.

“Jagger,” she moaned. “Now.”

He kissed the inside of her thigh while Kingston kissed her lips. His arms wrapped around her legs and pulled her closer to him as he leaned down and swiped his tongue against her clit.

Natalie’s fingers clenched his hair, guiding his mouth to where she wanted it. Her hips rocked against him when his tongue darted inside her pussy.

Kingston grabbed her hand and shoved it between her legs. “Hold yourself open for him.”

The position exposed her clit, and Jagger took advantage, swirling his tongue around the stiff bud. Natalie came undone. She shook with pleasure. Jagger glanced up to see Kingston's lips latched onto one of her breasts while his fingers rolled her other nipple.

Jagger moved up and positioned himself at her entrance. With one swift thrust, he filled her. Each pump inside her scorching heat drove his desire, his need higher. Jagger closed his eyes and marveled at the feel of being surrounded by Natalie, his sweet Natalie. He felt his fangs elongate, knew his irises had turned red.

He lifted her hips higher and fucked her harder. She cried out with the new angle, each thrust bumping his cock against that secret place inside. Kingston squeezed her breasts as she clutched the sheets beside her. The sight was too much for one man to take.

Jagger exploded inside her, burst after burst of hot come pouring out of him as her tight channel squeezed tighter around him. Jagger bent over her, still pumping his hips. He needed to feed.

Natalie met his eyes for a brief moment, then tilted her head to the side, exposing her neck. While she kissed Kingston, Jagger sank his fangs into her, taking what he needed. What she gave freely to him.

When he moved away, he met her eyes and lightly kissed her lips, the tip of her nose. "You're ours, Natalie. Ours."

He said it, and he meant it. She was theirs and even though Lucas tricked them into forming a bond with her, he couldn't regret it. Not now.

\* \* \* \*

Kingston and Jagger lay on the large bed on their backs with Natalie between them, sleeping.

"I would have made you suffer a lot longer than you did. Possibly even torture you for even thinking about screwing me over."

"Thank god you're not her." Jagger rubbed his eyes.

Kingston felt a bubble of jealousy rise. He wanted Natalie to himself. After what Jagger had done, Kingston deserved that much. His friend didn't deserve to be forgiven.

"So where are you planning on going from here?"

Jagger sighed. "Lucas planned a formal dinner tonight with their family. Looks like we're going to meet the in-laws."

Kingston sat up. "What do you mean? How could you possibly consider having dinner with their family after what that conniving leech cooked up?"

"It's Natalie's family, Kingston."

"I don't give a damn if it's the fucking pope. He betrayed her. From what you said, her family betrayed her as well. Why on earth would we have anything to do with them?"

Jagger closed his eyes. "Because they mean something to Natalie. Because I'm sure she hasn't been in the vampire realm for a while and would probably like to go home to see her family and friends. We're her mates. We're supposed to be supportive of her, and if that means dining with her family after what they did, then so be it."

"What if she doesn't want to go?"

Jagger brushed his finger along her arm. "Then we'll stay at home making love with her until the sun comes up."

Kingston didn't like his friend's attitude. He didn't like that his carefree nature concerning Natalie, when all Kingston only wanted to protect her from the evils of the world. Jagger may have gained their woman's trust and forgiveness, but he had yet to gain Kingston's. He wasn't sure he ever would.

"What's wrong with you, Kingston?" Jagger met his eyes. "You're getting riled up over nothing."

Kingston shook his head. "I don't think you really mean what you say."

"Because I agreed to have dinner with her family?"

"Because of your conniving ways with Lucas." Kingston stood and glanced around for his clothing.

“I’ve already apologized for that, and Natalie forgave me.”

“You apologized to her so you could fuck her. I don’t really think you meant it.”

Jagger moved from the bed and began grabbing his clothing from the floor. “You’re jealous.”

“So what if I am.”

Both men stared at each other, hands on their hips. Jagger’s chest was still sweaty from his earlier fucking with Natalie. Kingston licked his lips and narrowed his eyes.

“You can’t be serious.”

Kingston’s heart raced. In his mind, he pictured Jagger pumping into Natalie. He pictured the expression on his face as Jagger took his pleasure. Kingston’s cock hardened at the thought of giving him that same pleasure.

“Why are you jealous? She wants you, too.”

Kingston tried to sort through his feelings. He was envious until he thought about Natalie forgiving Jagger. He wanted Jagger to ask for his forgiveness.

“That’s not why I’m jealous.” Kingston moved toward him. “You didn’t ask for my forgiveness, yet you hop into bed with me like it’s not that big of a deal.”

They stood face to face. “Why should I ask for your forgiveness?”

“Because you behaved like an ass to me last night.”

“So you’re jealous that I asked for her forgiveness and not yours. Doesn’t that sound a little lame?”

Kingston didn’t care how it sounded. His body urged him closer to Jagger. He stared at his lips, wondered what they’d feel like against his own. He’d never in his life kissed another man before. He never wanted to until now.

“You asked.”

Jagger licked his lips. “Fine. I’m so sorry I acted like an ass yesterday. Please forgive me.”

Kingston cupped the back of his head and kissed his lips. Jagger opened his mouth in surprise, and Kingston took advantage. He slipped his tongue inside the other man's mouth. Kissing Jagger wasn't anything like kissing Natalie. Warm lips, sweet tongue, and the softest skin he'd ever touched didn't greet him. Stubble scraped his face. Jagger's tongue was hot and delicious, but in a completely different way. It boggled his mind, and he loved it.

Jagger allowed him to kiss him without kissing him back and Kingston started to feel like a fool. He moved back slightly, to read Jagger's expression.

Then Jagger kissed him back.

The faintest movement of his lips against Kingston's made Kingston's body react. He backed Jagger to the small couch in front of the room's window, laid the man down, and crawled on top of him. He didn't know what the hell had provoked the urge to kiss his friend, but he couldn't stop. Didn't want to.

Jagger reached inside Kingston's pants and, gripping his ass, tugged him forward until their cocks touched. Kingston wanted this man. Needed him like his next breath.

Kingston tore his mouth away and stared into Jagger's eyes. Not one clear thought ran through his mind. Kingston slipped his hand into Jagger's shorts and gripped the other man's cock. Just the feel of it in his hand made Kingston groan.

His hunger spiked, the surge so strong that he closed his eyes while his fangs elongated. Kingston pumped Jagger's cock, squeezing a drop of come from the tip. Jagger hissed with pleasure and propped himself up to watch.

He wondered what it would be like to have Jagger's tight ass surrounding his cock. But the thought of Natalie, how much they cared for her kept him from proceeding. Needing some space, Kingston extracted himself from Jagger and crossed the small room.

"What's wrong?"

“I don’t know.” Kingston ran his fingers through his hair. The room smelled like sex. He closed his eyes and breathed in the scent.

Jagger moved from the sofa and sank to his knees before Kingston. He watched as Jagger tugged his boxers down and tossed them to the side.

“I want to do this.” Jagger gripped Kingston’s cock in one hand and stroked his balls with the other. “Let me do this.”

Kingston nodded, and Jagger licked the drop of precome from the tiny slit at the tip. Kingston dropped head back. Jagger’s tongue danced around the plump head of Kingston’s dick, teasing and driving Kingston’s desire even higher. He hadn’t fed in over a week, and his need became evident. He wanted Jagger to finish him off, and then he wanted to drink his blood.

Jagger swallowed his cock, until the head bumped the back of his throat, and sucked hard. Kingston fisted Jagger’s short strands and pumped his hips. His fangs pricked his lips, and the sweet taste of blood spilled onto his tongue.

*It’s the bond. It has to be the bond.* He and Jagger had never had a sexual relationship with one another, even though they did share partners. They always had a woman between them, what he called a chicky buffer.

Kingston pushed at Jagger’s shoulders. “I need to be inside you.”

“You’re hungry. I can see it.” Jagger brushed his fingers along Kingston’s thigh. “Take what you need from me.”

Kingston fell to his knees and turned Jagger around. He bent forward so that he knelt on his hands and knees, rubbing his ass against Kingston’s cock. Kingston leaned over and smoothed his hands down Jagger’s chest. The man’s body was hard in all the right places, and Kingston need teetered on edge.

Slow was not an option.

“I don’t have any lube.”

Before Jagger could answer, a bottle of lotion landed next to Kingston's knee. Natalie stood at the end of the bed, hands on her hips. He and Jagger shared a look.

"Must you start without me?"

Jagger waved her over. Kingston watched as Jagger dragged her beneath him and shifted her legs apart so he could fit between. Their mouths locked in a deep kiss.

Kingston picked up the bottle of lotion and squeezed a generous amount onto his fingers. His dick felt so hard, and his balls ached for release. Maybe he should have settled for a blow job. Anything to take the edge off. *Damn.*

He slipped his slick fingers against Jagger's tight hole and heard his friend's sharp intake of breath. Kingston pressed two fingers inside.

"Do you like his fingers inside you?" Natalie asked.

Jagger groaned. Kingston pumped two fingers inside his tight hole, scissoring and stretching until Jagger could take a third. *Damn* it would be hard to stay in control—both of his desire and his hunger—once his cock fit inside.

Natalie whispered in Jagger's ear, though Kingston could hear every word. "Do you want his big cock, baby? Do you want to feel how good it can be to have something hot and hard inside you, driving you wild with pleasure?"

"Ah, fuck." Jagger dropped his head to her chest.

"Put him inside you, Nat," Kingston instructed, his voice rough as sandpaper. "Let him fuck you while I fuck him."

Kingston withdrew his fingers while Natalie gripped Jagger's cock in her hand and directed him to her entrance. Kingston reached for the lotion bottle, upended it to squirt a generous amount on his cock. He watched Jagger's cheeks clench as he thrust inside Natalie, a hot sight that made his desire grow more intense.

Kingston's hand rested at base of Jagger's spine as he pulled his ass cheeks apart. Jagger told him he had never been penetrated by a

cock before. He stilled, waiting, anticipating. Kingston gripped his cock and pressed against his lover. Tightening the muscles of his thighs, he surged forward.

“Oh, fuck, yeah.” Jagger dropped his head down, accepting every single inch of Kingston’s thick cock

“He feels bigger inside me, Kingston,” Natalie chimed in. “Fuck him hard.”

Kingston planned to. He withdrew, sucking in a breath as the tight vise of Jagger’s ass squeezed around him. He closed his eyes, breathing deeply.

Then he preceded to fuck him—both of them—senseless.

Natalie brought her thighs to her chest while Jagger thrust in rhythm with Kingston. They had completely bonded. He felt it bone deep. The emotions, the protectiveness, the jealousy. They were unified, all three together as one.

The thought sent his release surging through him. Lightning flashed behind his closed eyes, and a grunt of pleasure came from his lips. His fangs elongated, and within seconds, Kingston sank them into the side of Jagger’s neck and enjoyed the pleasure of drinking his blood.

\* \* \* \*

Natalie had never felt an orgasm so intense. Her mind swam as Jagger’s warm blood dripped onto her stomach. Kingston drank from him, each pull of his lips sucking matched the timing of the jets spewing from Jagger’s cock. The action alone triggered her own need to come, faster than anything she’d ever tried before.

They were officially one.

Sometime later, she opened her eyes and watched as Kingston cleaned Jagger up. He wiped his body with a wet cloth, leaving it shiny with moisture. Afterward, he ushered him to the large bed and laid him down, coming for her next.



“I’m sorry I made a mess.” He wiped the blood spots from her skin and slipped the warm cloth between her legs.

“Mmm.” She rotated her hips slightly.

“You’re beautiful.” Kingston met her eyes, the cloth still caressing her sensitive folds. “I’m glad you’ve decided to stay with us.”

She smiled. “You know we’re going to have to have dinner with my parents, right? They might even call in yours and Jagger’s for one grand shindig.”

“I know.” He tossed the cloth to the side and replaced it with his fingers. He leaned forward and kissed her belly while he stroked her clit. “I’m looking forward to it.”

## Epilogue

“So,” Valteri, Natalie and Lucas’s father, started, “how did you convince my little girl to settle with the two of you?”

Staring at her plate, Natalie licked her lips as she forked the risotto. Lucas held a smirk on his face. She knew her brother informed her father about everything regarding Lucas’s arrangement. He may have even helped Lucas plan the con. Her family wanted her mated off. She touched her hand to her stomach. And they probably wanted grandbabies as well. She wanted to be mad, but simply couldn’t. She never considered it possible, but she had bonded with Kingston and Jagger over the short time they knew each other.

Jagger’s hand rested on her thigh, dangerously close to her pussy. She’d opted not to wear panties—her men’s request—and the short skirt she sported did well to cover the essentials. Jagger took advantage, his motions hidden beneath the table.

“If I may, I can answer this one.” Kingston wiped his mouth with the lavish cloth napkin her mother saved only for special-company dinners. He reached for her hand and stared into her eyes. “It all started with just one kiss...”

# THE END

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## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Lexie's love for writing began when she wrote her first play in fourth grade. With a big imagination and love for creating worlds, she wrote several more scripts that have placed first in contests. She loves to read but didn't pick up a romance novel until high school and fell in love with the genre. Now she writes steamy stories with heartfelt characters, letting her imagination take her wherever it may go.

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