

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

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INTO THE
Mist
LACEY THORN

Into the Mist

Lacey Thorn

Stand-alone sequel to White Valley.

In the aftermath of her best friend's death, Nikki was looking for a reason for life when she took a long drive through the state park. A song in the air led her through the mist and into a valley to delight the senses. All of them...

Gunnar and Geran didn't expect to find the naked beauty swimming in the bridal pool but they couldn't leave her to face the effects of the water all alone. So they claimed her as their mate and took their pleasure in helping her reach hers. Again and again and again...until every inch of her knew their touch.

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



www.ellorascave.com

Into the Mist

ISBN 9781419925115

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Edited by Helen Woodall

Cover art by Syneca

Electronic book publication December 2009

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INTO THE MIST

Lacey Thorn

This book is dedicated to the following people:

To my fans. Thanks for reading my work and then taking the time to write me! I love hearing from you!

To my friends, the family we chose. You are my smile when I'm down, my laughter through the tears, and my sanity in an often insane world. I love you guys!

Prologue

The old grey wolf settled along the bank of the pool and closed his eyes. It was as if he was waiting for something and would not leave until he had it. He sat for an hour before the rustling of the trees gave way to the ethereal beauty of a tiny woman. She was dressed in a sparkly dress of blue that played well against the deep blue of her eyes and the black curls that hung to her feet. She approached the wolf and, reaching her hand out, softly stroked his fur.

“You may show yourself, Lynx,” she murmured and stood back as wolf transformed into man.

When he stood before her, she once again felt a pang of regret for what could never be between them. No matter how much time passed she still felt a burning desire to lie with the man she longed for, the only man she would ever love. But theirs was a forbidden joining, no wolf could ever be mated with one of her kind. It would lead to the death of them both. Yet fate had made them lovers in their hearts and souls and so no other had ever come between them.

“I’ve missed you, Serena. You grow more beautiful every year.” His words were like a stroke along her skin. She marveled at the beauty of the man before her. His body was as big and strong as ever, as healthy as it had been in their youth. She loved the way that his muscles rippled as he moved, as much an animal even in his human skin. His cock jutted heavy and full from the thatch of hair that surrounded it. She licked her lips, only realizing what she had done when his groan pulled her attention back up to his face. “One day, my queen,” he promised. “One day I will take you away from here and there will be none to stand in our way.”

“Wishes and dreams,” she whispered but in her heart she prayed for the same thing.

“You called the woman for my brother’s sons.” It was more a statement than a question but she nodded anyway. “How did you get her to come? How did you know that she would listen to you?”

“I hoped. I did not know for sure, Lynx. I only hoped that she might be one of those capable of passing through and entering the Valley.” She had sung for days, a song of entreaty and longing. It was her way of trying to help save the were of the valley. “Your women grow fewer in number with every new year. I shudder to think of the Valley with no more of your people in it. We need you.”

“Do you need me, Serena?” His fingers whispered through her hair and it took everything she had not to give in to the forbidden touch. She longed to curl into his arms and give life to the need that was like an extension of them both.

“Don’t,” she whispered. “You know that we can’t.”

“Can’t or won’t?” he snapped and she felt the first tear slide from her eye down her cheek. “Damn it.” He reached out to wipe it away before cupping her jaw and forcing her to look up at him. “I’m sorry, my love. I know how much your family means to you.”

If only he did know why she couldn’t be with him, why she must deny them both the ecstasy that she was sure they would find in each other’s arms. She could never have what she desired most in life so she did everything that she could to see that his family was happy. It was her magic that mixed with the water of the bridal pool. Her magic that kept the Valley hidden from those who might seek to destroy or harm it. Her magic that would continue to call forward mates for the groups of weres who still waited for the woman they would take and bond with.

But her magic came at a high price. The one thing that she could never do was spend even one moment with the man she loved, the man she craved with all her heart and soul. For in one moment of jealousy, the man she was betrothed to had cursed them all to a solitary existence. His intention had been to bind her to him but instead he had bound her magic and with it the fate of the Valley. For if she followed her heart and

consummated the love she shared with Lynx, she would lose everything else. Her choice. Either the man she loved or the life of everything and everyone in the Valley.

There were days that she hated the White Valley, days when she was engulfed with anger so deep that it was hard to breathe. But those days were few and far between and the Valley had a way of thanking her for her gift. Her betrothed had long since died, cold and alone. He had hoped that she would come to him when she was denied Lynx but that she could never do. She would rather spend her life alone than with any man other than the one she had loved since her youth. There would never be another for her.

“Perhaps a woman will appear for you,” she murmured though it hurt even to think about him with another. He could easily have mated with the same woman as his brother but had declined, instead allowing his brother to have what no other of his kind had, a woman who was his and his alone, a woman who, without a second mate, would never find her wolf. It was something they all struggled with, but as yet his brother refused to take another as his second.

“There will never be anyone else for me,” he vowed again, the same as he always did. “You or no one, Serena. I will settle for no other than the woman of my heart.”

She turned away and glided back toward the trees where she had entered. “More will come. I don’t know how many or when but they will come. I will continue to sing and lead them to the sacred waters that will ready them for the claiming. It is all that I can give to you, Lynx. It is everything that I can give.”

“For now, it is what I will gladly accept.” He followed after her, reached out and ran his fingers through the back of her hair. “But someday we will find a way to be together. We won’t be denied forever. Someday, my love, you will know the feel of my skin on yours.” She felt the whisper of his breath beside her face and wanted so badly to lean against him, to revel in his strength if only for a moment. “One day we will be as one. One day you will be the one who comes.”

She felt the rustle in the air behind her and knew before she glanced back that he was once more a wolf. She turned just in time to see him run between the trees and

disappear toward the heart of White Valley where they were lived. How she wished that she could go to him. But it was never to be. With a weary sigh she turned back the way she had been headed and with a shrug released her fairy wings and took to the sky. She had more singing to do, more enchantments to weave before the night was through. The entire Valley was counting on her.

Chapter One

It hurt to breathe. It hurt to feel. It hurt. It just hurt. All she wanted to do was curl into a ball and never wake up. Michael was gone and it was as if he had taken her with him. They were to have been married in a few more months and for a woman like Nikki, who had never had a family, marrying Michael had been a dream come true. Not for the normal reasons of love and hope. Theirs wasn't a love match but a bond built of deep and unwavering friendship.

Michael was from old money and with that came a lot of pressure. So he couldn't openly live the life he wanted, couldn't marry the man he loved. But she loved them both and had been willing to fill the role of adoring wife in public while they enjoyed their love in private. Not a girlhood dream but one that she had been content with. Michael was her best friend and she would have gladly done anything for him.

Wasn't he the one who had found her at the age of fourteen living on the street after running away from her latest foster home? She'd been contemplating selling her body for money but had lost her courage at the last minute. The guy hadn't been so understanding though and lucky for her that was when Michael had come along. He'd been twenty-nine at the time. Her savior. Her big brother. And she had loved him from the start. He'd found her a home and kept tabs on her. He'd visited often and made her feel like family. Life finally had meaning.

She hadn't known about his family wealth or his desire for the same sex until she was twenty-one and had gone to visit him from college. It was an impulse that found her stumbling in on him with another man. He'd been embarrassed at first but she had introduced herself to his lover and been accepting. It was the first time anyone had discovered his secret. And from that moment on their bond had been even greater. So

much so that when he proposed a marriage in name only on her twenty-second birthday, she had gladly accepted.

Nikki loved him and felt that she owed him everything. Who knew where she would be if he hadn't saved her that day. She certainly wouldn't still be a virgin. But fate had stepped in and brought her an angel named Michael. They'd become engaged and he'd introduced her to his family. They'd accepted her not because they liked her but because she was the first woman that Michael had ever brought home. And Nikki had discovered just how wealthy his family was.

But the wedding wasn't to be. Fate had stepped in again and this time dealt her a killing blow. Michael had been discovered during an intimate encounter with his current lover by his mother. His mother had been horrified and ashamed of her son and told him that. She'd told him that she had no son, that his father had no son. And she'd walked out and left him alone, his lover having left when they were first discovered. And the instant she had left Michael had taken a gun and killed himself.

Her Michael. Gone. And for what? The bigoted opinion of a woman who had no concept of the man Michael had been. And with his loss Nikki was alone again. But the loneliness was so much greater this time around for having lost someone like Michael. She'd packed a backpack and left, just left it all behind.

And now here she was alone again, stranded on a road in some national park. Woods surrounded her and dusk was starting to settle in. She cursed herself for not paying attention to the gas gauge. But another glance showed it still on the "E". Now she had to decide what to do. Did she stay in the car and hope someone came along or get out and walk? Of course she'd chosen this very road for its lack of cars and she hadn't passed one in hours. But on the other hand she had no idea where she was, what direction to go in and what type of animals awaited her if she left the vehicle.

She laughed thinking of how Michael would have gotten a kick out of this, after he'd come to save her. But the laugh turned into a choked sob and the pain of losing him was like a fresh knife to her heart. She lowered her head onto her arms where they

were braced over the steering wheel and took deep breaths to try to get control of herself. And in the silence she heard the most beautiful voice singing. She didn't know the words, couldn't understand the language, but it called to her just the same.

She opened the door and stepped out grabbing her backpack without thought. All she knew was that she had to find the voice, for in it she would find safety and peace. She was overcome with a sense of urgency as if she were needed, actually needed. She left the car behind and stepped off the road and into the woods no longer concerned with the fear of what animals might be around.

She walked for only a few miles before she stepped through what seemed like a sheer veil of mist and into a beautiful valley. The colors were so brilliant that every blade of grass, every leaf, every petal of the lush flowers took on a clarity she had never seen before. She heard the sound of water and followed it until she reached a cool brook filled with the bluest water she had ever seen. Slowly she walked along its banks somehow knowing that what she was searching for lay at its end.

And what was there took her breath away. An oasis complete with waterfall. She could feel the moisture in the air and knew that she had to undress and enter the water. Here was where she would find peace at last. Here was her destiny. The song continued like a velvet touch along her skin. Michael was still gone but suddenly she didn't feel so alone. She dropped her backpack to the ground and began to slowly remove her clothing. More than anything she wanted to feel the water washing over her skin.

Gunnar eyed his twin brother Geran and wondered why the hell Lynx had sent them on a wild goose chase way out by the bridal pools. There was no intruder that he could see and he was getting hot and sweaty. He wanted a cool drink and a cool dip and if he could find one, a cool woman, and he wouldn't mind sharing any of them with his brother. It was their destiny anyway.

All the males of his line shared their mates with another. He only knew of one couple who kept to a duo and that was because Lynx wouldn't settle with his brother

and his brother's wife. There were many stories as to why Lynx continued to walk alone but no one really knew for sure. And Lynx didn't speak about it, which only added to the stories that were told. But little seemed to bother Lynx and Gunnar had too much respect for the older man to ever ask him to his face.

Suddenly a splash sounded nearby and without hesitation he and Geran took off toward it. What met their eyes was a true sight of beauty. A woman more beautiful than he'd ever seen swam in the waters of the bridal pool. Alone.

Is there a ceremony scheduled? Gunnar spoke to his brother with his mind, something they had been able to do since they were kids. It was the way of their were-people. Once you went through the form change and embraced your wolf you were able to speak with your mind. Usually only with the person going through the change with you, your twin, but there were some cases where special wolves had been able to hear the thoughts of all. Gunnar was glad he didn't have that. He could only hear himself and Geran. And eventually, when they mated, he should be able to hear the thoughts of his mate and communicate with her that way, as would Geran.

There was nothing planned, Geran assured him and then inhaled deeply through his nose. She has no scent upon her. She is not claimed.

Then why is she here? And why is she in the bridal pool? Gunnar asked. No woman should ever go into the bridal pool unless it was her time to mate. The pools waters were made to prepare a woman for her first mating with her werewolf mates. The waters increased a woman's desire, made her hungry for the mating. He had no idea how the waters worked but watching the woman frolicking in the water below, he was very glad that they did.

Should we? he asked Geran.

It would be a shame to leave her in need once the waters' pheromones kick in, Geran replied and a smile tilted the corners of his mouth. Besides who are we to turn away from such a gift?

Yes, who were they indeed. Gunnar couldn't help but wonder if this was the reason why Lynx had sent them to check it out. He had heard that the Cordova brothers had mated a woman they had found in the pools but none had seen the trio yet. And Lynx had hushed the gossip immediately. Still, he glanced at the woman who was even now touching her breasts where they bobbed above the water and it made him wonder.

"Let's go," he spoke aloud making sure to keep his voice soft enough that it wouldn't carry to the woman.

"Yes," Geran replied and as one they moved back from the ledge to the path that would lead them to the waters and the woman who they hoped would become their future.

Geran couldn't get the vision of the woman out of his mind. Even from a distance he could tell that she was small. When she had floated for a few moments along the top of the water he had judged her to be about five foot one, maybe two, but no taller than that. She would easily be dwarfed by his and Gunnar's six-foot-two-inch frames. And she had appeared tiny everywhere. His wolf senses had drunk her in as his eyes devoured her. She had small hands and feet and her breasts would be barely a handful but so firm under his touch. He kept his eyes trained to her as he traveled the path that would lead him to her. And she was only more beautiful with each step.

Her features were almost elvin and he worried for a moment knowing that it was forbidden for the were to mate with one of elvin descent. But her ears were not pointed and watching her frolic he saw no wings. She was just a dainty woman and he let out a grateful breath and a prayer of thanks for her presence. He could feel his cock swelling with desire for her and he hoped that she would feel the same desire. The water would prepare her but it would not cloud her judgment. She would still have to choose for herself whether she wanted to mate with them or not, she would have to say the words of her own free will.

He stood on the edge of the water with Gunnar, both as yet unnoticed by her. Her short cap of curls was dark in the water but he had a feeling that they would dry into a honey color. Finally she looked up and noticed them. And Geran was swept into the most beautiful eyes he'd ever seen. The color was so dark a blue that it was almost purple. Gorgeous. And sad. Before the day was over he hoped to replace that look of sadness with one of passion and wonder and maybe, if the goddess was smiling, someday with love.

Nikki looked up from the waters and noticed the two men just approaching where she swam and played. Her heartbeat picked up but it wasn't with fear. It was with pure appreciation and if she were honest, lust. They were gorgeous, sheer perfection. Both stood shoulder to shoulder and she would judge them as at least a foot taller than her five-foot-two-inch frame. Their hair was about the same length as her honey-brown curls, just reaching their shoulders. Their lush locks were thick and only slightly darker than her own color and she wanted desperately to run her fingers through them.

Her eyes connected with one of them and it seemed as if an electric current passed between them sending a sizzle straight to her pussy making it clench and flood with need. Never had she felt this way before. Never had she wanted a man or sex with the longing she experienced now. And she wanted it with both of them. And the way they were both looking at her there was no doubting that they felt the same.

She let her gaze wander from the hazel gaze she had been trapped in. Both men wore only low-slung pants that appeared to be a soft brown leather. And there was no missing the bulges both men were proudly displaying. They were hard and ready. And she was more than eager to have sex. Desire coursed through her filling her body with a fiery need. But thankfully sanity still prevailed to a certain extent.

"Who are you?" Nikki asked.

And the one she'd been focused on first just smiled and squatted down so that their gazes were more level. "Shouldn't we be asking that of you?" he parried back. "I've not seen you before in White Valley."

"White Valley?" she asked.

"That is where you are, little one," was the reply. "Were you unaware of where you are?"

"I..." Honestly she didn't know what to say. She couldn't really remember how she had arrived here, just the overwhelming desire to be here. Need rippled through her and she feared she might orgasm in the water just looking at them. Never had her body felt such need, such desire. "I'm Nikki," she decided to say instead hoping he would take the olive branch and share their names with her.

"Nikki?" he questioned with a curious look on his face. "Such a hard name for such a beautiful woman."

She laughed and it felt amazingly good. "My full name is Nicolette."

"Ahhh...that is much better." He nodded his head. "My name is Geran Mondella and this is my brother Gunnar."

"Very nice to meet you," she said and almost laughed at the absurdity of this whole thing. Here she was stark naked in a pool of water with two men, strangers, watching her. It should be all wrong. It should be as scary as hell. And yet somehow, it felt like fate. It was as if this was why she had remained a virgin. That this was the reason Michael was put into her life to save her. She was meant for them. But how did that make any sense at all?

"And you as well," the other one, Gunnar, murmured. "You do realize that you are frolicking in the bridal pool, do you not?"

"The bridal pool?" she sputtered. What the hell did that mean?

"You are aroused are you not?" he asked inhaling deeply as if he could smell her even through the water. She felt her skin flush with both embarrassment and lust. There

was just something so erotic about the way his nostrils flared and his eyes darkened. He wanted her.

She nodded. Her mouth wouldn't work to allow even a tiny yes to escape.

His smile was positively wicked reminding her of a predator presented with a tasty treat. But it only spiked her lust higher and she could feel her pussy clenching in need.

"You are promised to someone?" It was Geran who demanded her attention now.

"Promised? You mean like engaged or something?" she asked, and when they both nodded she shook her head vigorously. She wanted to make sure that they knew she had no one in her life, nothing to keep her from being with them. "I am unclaimed." She had no idea where those words came from. Unclaimed? She wasn't a possession. But that was what popped into her head and escaped from her mouth.

"Ahhh. Then do you realize that you are breaking the law here in White Valley? That you can be punished?" Geran stated with the same feral smile as his brother had displayed earlier.

"Punished?" she squeaked out. "But I didn't mean to break any laws. I'm not from here."

"I'm afraid that won't save you," Gunnar said and shook his head. "There is only one thing that will keep you from being punished."

"What is that?" she asked.

"You will have to agree to mate with someone here in the valley," Geran stated matter-of-factly.

"Mate? With someone from here?" That sounded like something permanent. She had nothing waiting for her, no one left who would really miss her. But she wasn't sure she wanted to stay in a place she knew absolutely nothing about. And damn it she didn't want to choose one of the men in front of her. She wanted both of them, which should terrify her but strangely didn't.

"Well, actually in our culture it is just a little different," Gunnar said.

“Different how?” she queried. It was getting hard to carry on this absurd conversation. She was hot, so hot. Her nipples were hard nubs as was her clit and she was desperate for a deep penetration in her pussy. Way too desperate for a virgin to feel.

“In White Valley a woman mates with two men.” Gunnar’s hand indicated both him and his brother. “A triad is formed, an unbreakable bond that lasts a lifetime.” He couldn’t tell her the ins and outs of mating a werewolf until she had made the initial bond.

“So no divorce for you guys, huh?” she laughed but their eyes burned hotter and this time it was with anger, though thankfully not directed at her.

It was Geran who answered. “We do not take our women for granted here. They are to be loved and treasured above all else. There is no greater honor that a man can gain than the love of his mate. And no man here would be foolish enough to throw such a gift away.”

Wow. They were very serious about this. “So you mate only once? For life?”

“Yes, that is how it is for us, little one,” Gunnar informed her. “And it is the same for the woman. Once she commits herself to her mates there is no going back.” Of course there were reasons for that. Reasons he couldn’t share with her just yet. Like how the mixing of fluids would change her DNA forming a bond between the three of them that only death could break.

She shuddered in the water and her breathing picked up.

“No matter your choice you must remove yourself from the water soon,” Geran informed her. “The desire you feel will only grow more intense the longer you stay in bridal waters.”

“Why?” she whispered.

“Because the waters are made to prepare a woman for her first mating. There are pheromones that will increase your desire to help you receive your mates into your body.” Geran inched closer and held his hand out to her and yet she held still where she

was. "Are you not already so wet with desire? Your pretty pussy flushed and lush with the proof of your desire?"

She caught her breath as he inhaled again and his nostrils flared. That carnal smile appeared again and she glanced between him and Gunnar. So why not choose them and have the sex her body was screaming for? She wasn't stuck here unless she wanted to be no matter what they said. She was a modern independent woman and when she wanted to leave she would do just that.

Taking a deep breath she held her hand out to him and when he grasped her palm to palm a jolt fired all the way down to her toes using both of her nipples and her clit as exit points as well. No matter what tomorrow held this was right. For some reason this moment was her destiny. These two men and what was going to happen between them in the next few hours.

"So what do I have to do to not break the law?" she asked as their gazes licked over her aroused body.

"You must say the words that allow us to ease the ache you feel," Geran said. He made no move to touch her, only keeping her palm tight to his. And Gunnar seemed to be holding himself perfectly still. They were waiting as if they were going to pounce on her the moment the right words left her mouth.

"And what are those words?" she asked breathlessly.

"You must freely choose Geran and me as your mates," Gunnar informed her.

"I do," she said, only caring that they did something soon to relieve the ache burning in her body. Those waters really did their job perfectly.

Geran shook his head. "No you must say the words with our names. Geran and Gunnar Mondella."

"Okay," she said and then the right words came to her. "I choose Geran and Gunnar Mondella as my mates."

A hard tug and her naked form was against Geran's chest with Gunnar moving in behind her so that she was caged between the two men.

"Now we make you ours," Geran murmured and Gunnar bit down on her neck from behind. She cried out at the feel of his teeth sinking into her skin. It was sharp and painful like the vicious bite of a dog. And then she felt as if she were floating on a cloud and knew that if Geran wasn't holding her she would be in a puddle at their feet. What the hell had she got herself into?

Chapter Two

“You bit me,” she said as she glanced back over her shoulder at Gunnar. “Why on earth did you bite me?”

“You accepted us as your mates,” Gunnar stated. “So I initiated my claim by marking you as mine. My saliva will help you to relax, will help to ease you through the mating.”

She could feel that, could feel the rush of whatever drug he'd given her as it moved through her body. She was very relaxed and yet even more hungry for the sex her body desired. But she'd never heard of a woman needing a drug to relax her for sex, even if it was her first time. At least not when she was a willing participant, and she was more than willing.

“You didn't need to drug me,” she whispered. “I want you both.”

“And you shall have us both,” Geran assured her lifting her chin up and catching her eyes. He dipped his mouth and possessed her with his kiss. There was no other word for what he did and yet even it didn't convey how she felt. His kiss was hot and consuming and left her gasping for air that she couldn't seem to pull into her lungs.

“It is a natural relaxant that passes from our saliva into your bloodstream. It is what begins the process,” Gunnar said as he moved his hands around her to take her breasts in his palms, cradling and squeezing them. His fingers plucked at her nipples arousing them into harder points.

“What process?” she moaned. Somehow she had managed to place Geran's thigh between her legs and she was rubbing herself wantonly against it.

“The mating process,” Gunnar murmured as he licked over the spot he had bitten. “From this moment on you belong to us.”

Geran caught her in another kiss before she could counter that bold declaration. She might have sex with them. But she belonged to no one.

“Just as we belong to you,” Geran stated as he slowly pulled from her lips.

“Yes,” she said. It was too much. The sexual tension was like an electric current in her body. She couldn’t fight it any longer, didn’t want to. “Just take me. Make love to me. Now.”

Gunnar pulled her snug against his chest instead wrapping his arms around her waist and trapping her arms at her sides.

“Let’s just take the edge off first,” Geran said with a wicked smile as he lowered to his knees in front of her. He brushed his lips over her skin starting just under where his brother’s arms were. Low across her abdomen, over to her hipbones and then down until his nose was poised over the glistening curls the led to the slick folds of her pussy.

He inhaled deeply his nostrils doing that flare again that she found so damn sexy. And then with no more foreplay he was there, using two fingers to spread her lips wide while he played his tongue over her clit. She screamed and bucked against the hands that held her so tightly and came hard. It crashed over her with such force that she felt shattered, blown into pieces. Stars in a kaleidoscope of colors exploded before her eyes and she could feel her body flying.

But Gunnar placed gentle kisses across her neck and soft nibbles along her earlobes. And though Geran remained on his knees before her he now only placed soft kisses along the tops of her thighs and mound. And slowly she came back into her body. No less aroused for the orgasm that had so recently ripped through her. But as her heart rate finally slowed a bit she wondered if he had managed to take the edge off at all or only build it higher.

“Please,” she begged. “Make it stop.”

Gunnar lowered her down his body and into Geran’s arms before moving from behind her. She slipped easily into Geran’s arms and gently he lowered her naked body to the carpet of grass at their feet. His hands were everywhere touching and caressing

her keeping her body in an inferno of desire. Her eyes were at half-mast but there was no missing every inch of Gunnar's body as he undressed above her.

He wore only the brown leather pants and as they skimmed over his thighs her mouth grew dry. His cock was the thickest she had ever seen. She would swear it was as thick as her wrist. And she had to gulp as she thought of it taking her, plunging deep inside her pussy.

"You can take it," Geran said as he followed her suddenly wide-eyed gaze to his now naked brother. "The waters. His saliva. You are prepared for mating."

She could feel her empty sex clenching on nothing but air and knew that he was right. She was ready, more than ready.

"Now," she screamed, tired of waiting, tired of begging. "Fuck me now, damn you."

Geran was pushed out of the way as Gunnar took position between her wide-spread thighs. No longer content to be docile she lifted her legs to clench them tight around his hips. Her hands came up to clasp his shoulders and with a sharp cry she did what felt natural. She lifted her head until she could reach his pectoral muscle and locked her teeth in his flesh.

But the bite of her teeth seemed to be the catalyst she was looking for. With a fierce cry he guided his thick cock to her wet pussy and rammed deep. She bucked and cried as he filled her pussy stretching tissue that had never before known the burn of penetration.

"Yes," she hissed out between her clenched teeth as he began to move within her. She dug her nails into his shoulders, locked her feet together at the small of his back. She was on fire. God, she wanted him deeper, harder, wanted his thrusts faster. She was burning for him.

"So hot, so fucking tight," Gunnar moaned. "I won't last much longer."

"Then fuck me," Nikki cried, using his body as the leverage she needed to slam up into him. The motion forced his cock deeper and they both groaned at the pleasure that

passed between them. And finally, finally, the remains of his control snapped and he was taking her hard and fast, his cock rammed just the way she wanted it to and she could feel her orgasm welling up ready to burst through her again. He thrust deep and she clenched her pussy tightly around him, using her arms and legs to lift her high enough to keep him buried deep.

He cried out and she could feel his cock swelling inside her as he came. And at the first blast of hot cum that filled her she joined him. Her teeth locked into the same spot again and with a sound like a wolf's howl his did too.

She wasn't sure how much time passed before she could breathe again. With a gentle roll Gunnar turned them so that she reclined on top of him.

"Ready for round two?" he asked with a wicked smile and a glance over her shoulder.

She glanced back as well and took in the erotic sight of Geran fully aroused behind her. She got to her knees intending to move from Gunnar so that she could be with Geran. But she only made it to her knees before Geran dropped behind her and placed his hands on her hips to hold her in place. She was astride Gunnar whose legs were held together making room for his brother to straddle behind her.

"Don't move," Geran spoke behind her. "I want you just like this." She was facing forward so she didn't see the slight shift in features as he fought the spirit inside him that wanted to stake claim as well. But Gunnar did. He saw Geran fight his wolf as the animal struggled to come forth, watched as he fought and won. He knew how hard the battle was as he had just fought the same struggle himself.

"Mine," Geran spoke gutturally through a jaw that wanted to elongate. And with a howl he lowered his head and bit her on the opposite side that his brother had. Her blood slid across his lips as his saliva blended into her flesh and flooded into her blood. His cock was poised and ready already probing at her wet cunt. With his claiming the

bond would be formed, unbreakable. And they would be as one. With a howl, he thrust deep. And found heaven.

There was no doubt in his mind that this was indeed what heaven must be like. She was slick and wet and yet tighter than his fist had ever been. Each thrust was like a vise squeezing his cock trying to hold it in place deep within her. He couldn't get enough of her. He wanted faster, harder, deeper and yet at the same time he wanted to slow down and prolong this ecstasy for as long as he possibly could. So it was a mixture of all. Slow and then fast until he could control himself enough to slow down again.

Until she squeezed. Her inner muscles tightened around his cock and milked him like a fist. With a howl of pleasure he thrust as far in as he could go lifting her knees from the ground. And she didn't yell or flounder. She braced her arms beside his brother's shoulders and lifted her legs back and up to clench her knees beside his hips. He moved his hands higher on her hips to try to help brace her and she arched her back pressing her hips that few inches closer. And he lost the tiny bit of control he had managed to hold on to. She squeezed again and his cock fired inside her like a loaded gun. He cum shot up from his balls and exploded from his cock head filling her with spurt after spurt and truly making her theirs.

Her body was already softening with the releases and the hormones now flowing through her from both his and his brother's saliva and semen. She would rest now and when she awoke the process would already be in place. The one that would help her find her own inner wolf. There was no going back now. They were bonded.

She is tired, Geran said.

Hmmm...very tired, Nikki agreed and the brothers wanted to laugh. Already they were bonded enough for her to hear them in her mind. It was another gift given them in the bond they now shared.

Rest my love, he assured her. Rest and know that we will be here when you awake.

You will not leave me? The catch in her voice tugged at his heart and he wondered what secrets she held that she would worry so.

Never again shall you walk alone, Gunnar swore to her and his eyes were dark with emotion as he looked up at Geran.

We are together now, Geran added. And nothing can change that. Nothing.

“What has she been through that she is afraid that we will leave her?” queried Geran.

“I have no understanding of how anyone could leave one such as our Nicolette alone,” replied Gunnar.

Geran eased back and up before grabbing his pants and pulling them back on. It made his heart swell with emotion to see their mate curled so trustingly against Gunnar’s chest. Sleep was an unguarded time when true emotion would show. And it said a lot that their Nicolette curled into him and not away from him. But they must move her out of the elements and into a safer place where they could watch and protect her as the changes began in her body.

Geran eased back down to the soft blanket of grass and gently moved her into his arms. Gunnar seemed reluctant to let her go but they both knew what they needed to do.

“One of the cabins lies just east of here, maybe a mile,” Gunnar stated as he pulled his pants on. “That would be the easiest to reach.”

“Yes,” Geran said and stood easily holding a sleeping Nicolette to his chest. “Grab her things and let’s head out.”

Gunnar turned and saw her clothes and a pack and retrieved them before stepping to his brother and heading toward the cabin.

“There will be many questions when she awakens,” Geran stated. “The desire will be there but with the joining of our blood and semen inside her it will not be as desperate a need.”

“The process already begins within her,” Gunnar said. “Even now her body changes so that her inner animal can be found and freed. There is no going back from this point. Only forward.”

“I know that,” Geran nodded. “I only hope that she realizes it and accepts it and us.”

“She will,” Gunnar stated with confidence but Geran could see the fear in his brother’s eyes.

Nicolette wasn’t from the valley and thus couldn’t possibly completely understand what was happening to her and them. From the moment she had said the words claiming them as mates she had sealed her fate as far as valley law was concerned. And with their bite and physical consummation the process had begun. Soon she would transform for the first time into a wolf. And if she was strong enough to survive that first change, an entire new life would be opened up for her. A life that included two men who would watch over and protect her every moment. Two men who would die for her. Two men who were willing to show her just how amazing love could be.

For now they could only wait and see. And pray to the goddess that her gift was the blessing that they had been praying for.

Chapter Three

Nikki woke with a delicious full body stretch. She felt snug and warm and though her body had a few aches they weren't all that uncomfortable. She felt the grin tug at her lips. She'd had sex with not one but two guys and it had been the most incredible event of her life. Hell, she wanted to do it again. She giggled at the thought of what a wanton she seemed to have turned into after her first sexual encounter.

"What thoughts bring such delicious laughter to your lips?"

The voice was a low purr and it was then that she realized that she wasn't alone in the bed. Her eyes popped open to encounter Gunnar lying with her. But when she had fallen asleep they'd been outside. How the hell had they got here?

"We carried you," Gunnar said as if he could read her mind.

"I can," he stated again and she glared at him making him laugh and reach a finger out to smooth her brow. "Such a look should never grace your face my love."

"What do you mean you can?" she queried refusing to be distracted despite the way her body responded to his touch.

The bond has started between us and many changes will occur over the next twenty-four hours. One of which is that we should all be able to speak with one another with no need for spoken words.

She'd been watching him and his lips had never moved beyond the smile that he wore. And yet she had just heard every word that he said.

As I can hear your thoughts, he told her and that did not make her feel easy.

"All of them?" she queried not liking the idea that he and Geran would be able to know every thought she had.

He laughed. For now. As you strengthen in the bond you will learn how to keep some things private while allowing us to see others.

“Where are we? Where is Geran?” she asked needing to focus on something else for a moment while she tried to process this new revelation.

“We do not need to speak to be heard anymore,” he told her again.

“Humor me for now,” she replied. “I like to hear your voice,” she answered honestly. There was a slight accent to his words as well as to his brother’s. But it wasn’t one she had ever heard before.

“As I enjoy the soft melody of yours,” he said and she blushed which she found almost hysterical considering the things she’d done with him earlier. “We are in one of the cabins that are kept solely for the use of triads during the mating ritual.”

“What exactly does this mating ritual consist of?” she asked wanting to understand what they thought was going to happen. She was so confused. So many emotions and feelings were going through her body and quite frankly she didn’t know if any of them stemmed from the drugs in the water or in their bites.

Just the thought of those bites had her glancing down at her shoulders and taking in the marks that stood out against her fair skin. They were not tender or sore or inflamed in any way. They honestly did look like dog bites. She glanced back up at Gunnar and really looked closely at him. There was something that she couldn’t put her finger on. Not physically. Physically he was perfection. But it was as if there was more to him than what appeared on the outside.

As she watched he stepped from the bed unashamedly naked and her mouth watered all over again at the sight of his body. Would she ever get enough of him or his brother? And what the hell had sex with them turned her into? From virgin to slut in one encounter. It was enough to make her giggle again.

“You are no slut,” Gunnar said reading her mind again. He leaned down bracing his hands on the bed so that he was close to her face. “There is no shame in loving with your mates.”

Nikki took a deep breath and tried not to lose her temper. "I understand that being able to read my thoughts is part of whatever is going on with us. But I find it extremely rude right now and I'm going to ask nicely that you either try not to or at least refrain from commenting on every little thought that goes through my head. I'm not going to censor what should be private for me."

Gunnar took a deep breath and closed his eyes for a minute. She could see him struggling with what she asked of him. And honestly it made her like him all the more.

His eyes opened and he gave a sharp nod. "I will do my best, but it is a difficult request so understand that I might not be able to control what is instinct for me."

"Agreed," she said and without thought leaned in to give him a kiss on the lips. It was meant to be light and playful but his response was consuming. His tongue tasted her bottom lip before pressing inside her mouth and exploring with slow sensuality. It seemed to last forever and yet not nearly long enough. She was gasping for air when he slowly pulled back and she knew without words that he was reading her thoughts of how wonderful a kisser he was. To his credit he merely smiled and preened but offered no comment.

"If you ever want to see the cabin, use the facilities, then you had best leave this bed quickly," he said as he slowly moved back to stand. His cock jutted hard and thick from his body and her mouth watered as her cunt flooded with moisture. "If you keep looking at me like that it will be hours before you are offered a chance to leave this bed again."

She gulped as her eyes moved to his face. She could see the flush of sexual arousal under his skin, the way he held himself back. And it made her appreciate him all the more. There was honor in him, more so than in most men she had encountered in her lifetime. Save Michael. And with that thought she was reminded of how she had ended up here in the first place. The death of her best friend.

His hand smoothed down her cheek and wiped away a tear she hadn't even realized she'd shed. "I see your pain and understand the loss of a friend such as the one

you mourn. Let me show you where the facilities are and I will give you a moment alone.”

“Thank you,” she whispered as she stepped from the bed. She was naked but it didn’t seem to matter when he was as well. He took her hand and led her across the room to another door. She would have to pay closer attention to her surroundings when she came back out. But for now she just wanted that moment alone to process everything that had happened.

“I will leave you here,” he bent and touched his lips softly to hers again. “I will be just outside the door if you need me. You have only to think it and I will be here.”

“Thank you,” she said again.

“Your pleasure is all I desire,” he said and she knew he wasn’t just speaking of her sexual pleasure.

She shut the door and leaned against it for a moment taking a deep breath. Her life would never be the same again. She didn’t know exactly what was going on yet, but she could feel something changing inside her. It was as if her conscience was taking an actual shape and growing inside her. She had so many questions, so many things she wanted to know and understand. But first she needed to get herself under control. He could read her thoughts and for a woman who had never censored what was inside her head that would be a hard thing to control.

She had felt the pull to come here, to cross through the mist, and that had led her to the path she was on right now. That one decision, leading to these two men and a mating ritual that she still didn’t understand completely. She was smart enough to realize that they took it very seriously, that this seemed to be a forever type of thing for them. And honestly it wasn’t as if she had anything left to go back to. Not anymore. It amazed her that she was even considering staying here with them, but it just felt right, like it was meant to be.

There was more going on here than she knew, more than they had shared with her so far. She needed to sit them down and talk with them, really find out where she was

and what the rules were for what she suddenly found herself in with them. Gunnar and Geran were amazing. Fit, gorgeous, and claiming to belong to her and only her. How was that even possible? They said it was their way to mate only one woman between them. But what type of society was okay with that? And what was up with the bites? She had way too many questions going through her head.

She quickly used the facilities and went to the water basin to splash her face. Grabbing a cloth she washed herself as best she could. There was some type of shower-like enclosure but she wasn't sure how to use it. Besides now that she had her head cleared a bit, she was eager to go get some answers to her questions. And that was just what she planned to do until she opened the door. Every thought, every question left her head to be replaced by pure lust.

Gunnar sat across the room on the edge of the bed gripping his cock in one hand. The way he sat with his legs sprawled, his torso reclined back a bit on one elbow, the lust that lit his eyes as he watched her. His palm caressed the length of his cock, up and down, his thumb skimming over the head and the drop of pre-cum that glistened there. She licked her lips at the thought of taking that inside her mouth, of tasting him and reveled in the sound of his groan. He wanted her. And it was a powerful revelation.

She saw his eyes flare with the reading of her thought and almost laughed as she watched him fight not to comment on it.

"You can say something if you like," she whispered as she moved across the room to him.

"I will always want you," he stated and she saw no doubt in his eyes. He meant it.

"What makes you so sure of that?" she queried. "What if I get fat, or grow wrinkled with age?"

"You are my woman, my mate," he vowed. "To me you will always appear as you do today. My heart will know you and my body will crave you."

"Is that the way it is with your people too?" she asked as she stopped between his legs just inches from that mouthwatering cock.

“Yes,” he hissed and she knew he was reading her mind again.

“Would you like me to?” she asked with a grin. “I’ve never sucked a cock before.”

“I would be honored to feel your mouth on my flesh,” he stated.

“Ummm...” she moaned as she bent over bracing her hands beside his hips on the bed. Just her mouth hovered over his cock. She could smell the rich musk of his lust, of his desire and it made her mouth water.

She leaned close and ran her tongue over the pearly drop that graced the crown. He tasted salty, hot, like an explosion of flavors she’d never known before. There was nothing to compare him to, nothing that came to mind. He was unique and addictive. She wanted more.

She sucked the crown into her mouth running her tongue all over and around dipping into the notch just under the head. He seemed to like that so she stayed there for just a moment caressing the space with her tongue. Her lips tightened and she sucked on him enjoying the way his flesh seemed to jump against her tongue. More fluid filled her mouth and she swallowed it greedily. It seemed to make her hotter for him. She could feel her pussy creaming as it clenched on nothing.

“Now this is a sight to come in to.” She heard the voice behind her and knew that Geran was back from wherever he had been. “You have to be the most beautiful woman in the world.”

She wanted to say something, wanted to greet him but her mouth was full of Gunnar’s delicious cock and she was reluctant to let it go.

“Just keep sucking baby,” Gunnar groaned. “Remember we have no need for words between us. Geran can read your thoughts as well.”

Fuck! She had forgotten that.

“Oh I plan to fuck that tight little cunt,” Geran said his voice right behind her now. She felt him drop to his knees behind her, felt his hands as they slid up the back of her thighs pressing her to stand with her feet just a little further apart. “Just as soon as I

taste that sweet cream coating those plump lips.” His tongue ran over her folds and she shuddered even as she continued to lick and suck on Gunnar. “I could eat you forever,” Geran muttered and went to work doing just that.

All thought left so that she no longer had to worry about what they heard in her head. It was as filled with moans as the room would be if her mouth wasn't so full. She was a body of pure sensation. The pleasure she was giving as well as what she was receiving. Gunnar held his hand to the back of her head, his fingers running through the short curls, caressing her more than holding her in place. There would be no need for that anyway. She was enjoying exploring him, getting to know what he liked and disliked. She had timidly moved one hand to his shaft and he had placed it under his showing her how to stroke up and down just as he wanted. When and where to squeeze and how to work her mouth in tandem with their joined hands.

Geran had a finger deep inside her pussy pumping in and out while his tongue and lips paid attention to the swollen bud of her clit. She was melting. She would be a puddle on the floor soon. He was so good with his mouth but she was dying to feel his cock entering her, the slow burn of his possession as he took her.

He groaned behind her and with one final kiss he stood and placed one hand on the small of her back. Perhaps it wouldn't be so bad for them to be able to read her thoughts, at least not all of the time. Not when it got her what she wanted sexually from them, not when they satisfied her needs so quickly and easily.

“Always,” Geran vowed as she felt him tuck his cock against her entrance and press inside. She understood very well what he meant. He was telling her that he, no they, would always take care of her needs. And without a doubt she believed them.

“Your pleasure will always be our pleasure,” Gunnar said in a voice that showed just how hard he was fighting to allow her the time to explore him.

She pushed back against Geran and felt him shudder just before he gripped her hips tightly and plunged deep.

“Fuck,” Gunnar muttered as it pushed her mouth further onto his cock. She hadn’t been braced for that plunge and so her mouth had ridden the movement taking more of Gunnar’s length inside her mouth.

“I intend to,” Geran replied and Nikki wanted to laugh. Sex with these two would never be predictable or boring.

Geran held her hips to him and shafted her with deep, hard thrusts that had her rocking on Gunnar. She went with it sucking him hard and deep, using her whole mouth on his cock. The harder Geran fucked her the harder she sucked Gunnar’s cock. So in a sense it was up to Geran to bring them all to pleasure. And he seemed more than up to the task. Hard and fast then slowing down to soft shallow thrusts, he kept them all on the edge for what felt like hours but had to be only moments.

Now! she screamed in her mind knowing that they would both hear her.

Soon, was the promise that filled her head with Geran’s voice.

Gunnar was too busy moaning and guiding her to say much of anything she suspected and it made her feel pretty great about her first blowjob.

His hand clenched in her hair and she moaned around his shaft before taking it as far into her mouth as possible. It was at the back of her throat and she was struggling to control her gag reflex. She could feel his excitement, feel his desire for her to take him all the way and she was determined to try. Breathing deeply through her nose she swallowed around the crown and held him there for just a brief moment before letting his flesh slide free of the contracting muscles of her throat. She gagged a little bit, he was big and she couldn’t help it. But for just a moment she had held him.

Geran groaned behind her and pumped hard and fast driving her quickly back to the brink. He didn’t stop this time but rode her right to the edge and shoved her over. She cried out as her orgasm crashed over her, her body a tingling mass from head to toe. Gunnar’s fingers tightened in her hair just seconds before she felt the hot wash of his semen inside her mouth. She groaned as she tried to swallow every drop. Geran thrust so deep that he lifted her up onto her toes as he filled her pussy with his cum.

She pulled her mouth free of Gunnar's cock and released a moan that was almost like a wolf's howl. Then following instinct she leaned down and bit Gunnar on his lower belly just above the curls that crowned his sex. Both men jumped and Gunnar's fingers tightened this time holding her against his flesh as she bit him. It should have scared her, the desire to mark his flesh as he had hers. But it was instinctual, as if some part of her was awakening and laying a claim on the man before her. She had no doubt that she would soon do the same to Geran.

She let them move her back up the bed so that they were a tangled mass of limbs as they all fought to slow their breathing. And as soon as they did she planned to get the answers she needed. Just as soon as she could get enough air in her lungs and enough feeling back into her body to move, let alone form a complete sentence.

Chapter Four

“So you have questions,” Gunnar said when they were all able to breathe again.

“Many,” she said though she wasn’t sure it was a good idea to ask them while they were all still naked in the bed.

“You will just have to do so,” Geran said as he tugged her closer toward his side. “I quite like you naked in bed with me.”

“Well, I don’t plan to stay this way permanently,” she informed him with a snort of laughter.

“More the pity,” Gunnar interjected as he ran a finger over her nipple.

“Enough,” she said with a laugh tugging the cover up and securing it under her arms. “I really do think we need to talk. There are things you need to share with me. Things that perhaps I should have known before all this.”

“It is too late to change anything now,” Geran said with hardness to his voice. She thought it was perhaps fear that made him sound so gruff.

“I’m not saying that I don’t want this, you, both of you,” she told him. “I am just saying that it is time you told me what is happening. I feel different, as if there is something inside me struggling to break free.” She shook her head. “I know that I sound crazy but I just can’t shake it.”

“It is normal,” Geran said.

“How?” she asked when he didn’t continue. “How is that normal?”

It was Gunnar who answered her. “There is much you should know. Your life will never be the same after what we just shared.”

“The sex?” she asked.

“It was more than mere sex,” Geran grunted. “It was a completion of the mating we started in the glen. And now that we have all found our pleasure together, as one, the mating is complete and changes will begin.”

“What kind of changes?” she asked.

“When we found you in the glen, in the bridal pool, you said the words that allowed us to claim you,” Gunnar said and she nodded when he looked at her. “How did you know what to say?”

“They just came to me,” she whispered. “They appeared in my head and I said them.”

Gunnar nodded as if something was clicking for him. “I believe that you were meant to come here, that you were meant for us.” He looked to his brother and waited for his brother to see what he saw.

“We were sent to find you,” Geran said as he nodded. “Lynx, one of the patriarchs of our valley sent us to find you.”

“To claim you,” Gunnar added.

“Tell me what you are?” she whispered. She’d read enough that she had an idea, what with the biting, the growling, and the wilderness that seemed to abound here. But then that was just a figment of imagination, a writer’s folly. Right?

“No,” Geran said and the hardness was back in his voice. “We are as you believe.”

“You are werewolves?” she asked rolling the thought around in her head.

“Yes,” Gunnar agreed. “White Valley is the only place left for our kind. Few can still survive outside the safety we are afforded here.”

“What do you mean?” she asked.

“Once we lived among you,” Geran said, picking the story up. “Every male was born with the ability to change into his inner animal when he hit puberty. It was a rite of passage for males.”

“And females?” she queried.

“Females had their rite of passage when they were old enough to mate,” Gunnar said. “Just as it is now.”

“Mating brings on the change in women?” That would explain the changes that she could feel, the presence of more than just her inside her body.

“Yes,” Geran said. “It has always been this way. Since the beginning. But as man learned and grew through technology he left the old ways behind. He denied the animal within and repressed it.”

“So the few of our kind who remained joined with the elves who survived and the valley was created,” Gunnar said.

“Elves?” she was startled at that revelation but interrupted before they could go on. “We’ll get to that later. So you are just like me, only more primitive than technological?”

“That is one way to say it,” Gunnar conceded.

“If it is primitive to be all of yourself and not deny who and what you are,” Geran thundered. “If it is primitive to believe in honor, trust and loyalty.” He turned her to him and cradled her face in his. “If it is primitive to mate one woman, to love and cherish her for all of your life. To treasure her above any possession that money can buy. To know that there is nothing better or lovelier than her no matter the hands of time. Then I am primitive.”

She had to catch her breath. She could feel the tears in her eyes at the passion in his voice. She could see forever in his eyes and fear was no longer a part of her world. Not as long as he and Gunnar were a part of it.

She cupped his face in return and leaned in to kiss him softly on the lips. “I have made my choice, Geran,” she whispered. “I made it when I said the words that allowed you to claim me though perhaps I didn’t realize it then. The truth is I have never known what I have found with you, ever. In my entire life I had one person whom I could count on, one person who loved me. And he died, he took his own life because of the prejudice shown him by those who should have loved him most. I have no reason to want to leave and every reason to want to stay and see what we can have.”

She could see the tension ease from his shoulders at her words. "So tell me what I need to know. Please."

"It has been the same since we arrived in the valley. Our boys go through the change for the first time around the time of puberty. Some as young as eleven or twelve some not until they hit fourteen. There is a change in the hormones at that age that allows the change to occur for the first time. It is a hormone that our women do not make on their own and thus the change doesn't occur for them until mating when the hormone is introduced to their system through our semen and saliva, and sometimes our blood." It was Geran who took up the story leaving nothing out.

"How difficult is it the first time?" she asked.

"Some die," Gunnar said. "It is not an easy thing to allow another spirit to coexist within. Some fight and do not survive. But most embrace the change and within days are changing back and forth at will."

"And for the women? How is it the first time for them?" She needed to know that more than anything else right now.

"It can be hard," Geran said. "You are shifting into wolf form for the first time once the body has already reached adulthood. There is little room left for growth and change. But most still survive. Few die. It is as if the goddess watches over them most knowing that the female is the lifeblood of her people. Something technology has prevented modern man from seeing."

"How is it you know of what exists outside the valley?" she wanted to know.

"We have watchers who see that our boundaries aren't crossed, that we are left in peace," Gunnar stated.

"And yet I made it through," she whispered.

"But then we've already decided that you were meant to," Geran added.

“So who controls the vale, mist, or whatever you want to call the boundary between the outside and the valley? And how does that person decide who can come through?” Nikki asked.

“The elvin princess controls that,” Geran said.

“Her name is Serena,” Gunnar continued. “She is the mother of the entire valley, the one who carries the fate of everyone in her hands.”

“That can’t be an easy task,” Nikki stated.

“It is her destiny,” Geran stated with a shrug of his shoulders. “It is her fate to watch over us all.”

“And what of her happiness?” Nikki asked. “Does she have mates? Children?”

“The elvin and the were are not allowed to mate with one another. It is a mixing of classes that has never been allowed,” Geran said.

“Why not?” Nikki wanted to know. “And that doesn’t answer my question.”

“Little is truly known of Serena,” Gunnar told her. “She is an idol to most, feared and revered alike. Many legends surround her but to be honest I don’t know what is truth and what is lie.”

She took this in. Somehow she felt a link with this Serena, perhaps because this was the woman who had brought her here. She would make it a point to try to find her, if for nothing else than to give her thanks.

“So how soon will the change occur?” she asked.

“Within the next twenty-four hours,” Gunnar replied.

“We will be with you every step of the way,” Geran swore. “We will not leave you and when the change occurs we will change with you and run as one.”

“Will it hurt?” She really wanted to know the answer to that one.

“Not hurt so much as it will be really uncomfortable as your muscles and bones shift and reform,” Geran promised. But it sounded painful to her. She couldn’t help the tremor that raced down her spine.

“We will be here,” Gunnar drew her attention to him. “We will not leave you.”

“Promise?” she asked. She was afraid and since they could read her thoughts anyway there was really no way to hide it from them.

“We are mated and only death can separate us now,” Geran swore. “You are strong and a part of us.”

She nodded. She had driven into this a broken woman with no place to go and no one who would care anyway. Now she was a mated woman with two men who would gladly die for her. It was a lot for any woman to take in. Add to that the simple fact that she now had a wolf inside her that would soon merge with her. Many would think her crazy and be quick to lock her away throwing away the key. See where technology had gotten them? She laughed out loud.

“How do such wild thoughts bring laughter to your lips?” Geran demanded to know. “And I will kill anyone who ever tries to lock you up in such a room!”

She laughed again. So they could see pictures in her head as well. Good to know. She pictured his cock and her using her mouth on it to bring him to pleasure while Gunnar took her pussy with his cock. Both men groaned bringing laughter bubbling from her lips again. That was what they got for looking where they shouldn't. But then once again she found herself on her back with two aroused males looming over her. This was definitely something she could get used to.

Gunnar took her lips, kissing her deeply, taking the time to explore her mouth with his. Geran gave her an intimate kiss as well, on her pussy. His fingers separated the folds and opened her to his tongue and teeth, to the smooth feel of his lips moving over her flesh. It was an eroticism she would never get used to. Two men so involved in nothing but her pleasure.

Geran took her higher. His lips wrapped around her clit and sucked softly while his tongue flicked over and around the pebble. One hand slid lower and a long finger plunged inside her pussy making her arch and cry out into Gunnar's kiss. She thought

once more of Gunnar in her mouth, her lips wrapped around him sucking and licking at his engorged cock.

“Such generosity would truly give you pleasure?” he asked as he pulled slowly away from her mouth.

“Yes,” she cried out as Geran speared his tongue in and out of her pussy while his thumb worked circles over her clit. He was soft in his touch, too soft to bring her to the release she could feel building inside her.

Gunnar rose up onto his knees beside her, his cock bobbing so close that she could smell the musk of him. It made her mouth water. Before she could turn her mouth toward him Geran pulled from her and swiftly flipped her to her stomach.

“Hands and knees,” Geran said as he ran his hands over her buttocks and the back of her thighs.

She was more than happy to oblige. She wanted this every day for the rest of her life.

“Every day,” Gunnar swore as he moved in front of her, his cock right by her mouth.

She opened wide and let her tongue skim over the rounded head tasting the bead of flavor that filled the slit. He was so good, so sensitive to her touch. She loved the way his nostrils flared, the way his head tilted down to view her actions better. He didn’t use his hands to grip her and force her to take his inches. Instead he remained still letting her explore him and finding pleasure in all she did.

Geran moved behind her and she could feel the length of his cock against her buttocks as he moved between her spread knees pushing them just a bit wider. His hand caressed her lower back and softly he nudged her asking her quietly to tilt her hips just a bit more for him. He must have liked how she complied as a soft groan left his lips just moments before she felt the nudge of his cock at her pussy.

She took Gunnar deep into her mouth letting the head hit the back of her throat just as Geran thrust within her pussy. She could imagine no pleasure greater than this, what

she was experiencing with her two mates. The thrust and retreat. The pleasure that was given and received. It was something that many dreamed of but she doubted everyone experienced. How had she been so lucky? How had she been the one called for these two perfect men?

A hard thrust and swivel of Geran's hips and her thoughts scattered so that all she could do was feel. She was so close to orgasm, to exploding in a blinding light of pure carnal pleasure.

Her lips worked over Gunnar's flesh, sucking and nipping and licking. She took him deep then slowly released him letting her mouth touch over every inch as she did. Then she would take him fast swirling her mouth around him as she let him slip free. Her lips would wrap around just the head again and she would suck greedily at him. His cock was so damn delicious that she would never get enough of him, of them.

He slid free once more but he moved back before she could take him again.

"I want to try something with you," he whispered and the vision filled her head of the three of them together one taking her pussy while the other filled her ass.

"Yes," she whispered and felt Geran pull from inside her.

Gunnar moved so that he lay beside her on the big bed. "Come to me," he said and motioned with his hand for her to crawl over him so that she straddled his hips.

She followed his guidance and soon had his cock poised below her pussy. Slowly she eased down his length. They both groaned with pleasure. But when she would have risen again he held her tight to him. "Patience," he whispered in her ear before nipping the lobe and licking over it. "Let Geran enter."

She felt him behind her, felt his hands cupping her rear before moving to spread her ass cheeks wide. There was a cool sensation as he worked some type of lubricant against her anus before pushing his fingers inside and coating her there as well. She moaned at the sensation of his fingers and wondered if she would be able to handle it when he replaced them with his much bigger cock.

"You will find the ultimate in pleasure," Geran assured her and Gunnar smiled.

Geran's hands moved to hold her wide again and she felt the head of his cock against her anus. "So beautiful," he moaned as he pushed into her. She felt the resistance, felt the burn and then the tug as he pushed through that first ring of muscle. Back and forth he worked until she felt his entire length fill her, the brush of his balls against the bottom of her ass cheeks.

With Gunnar buried in her pussy it was a feeling of almost being too full, of having too much inside her. The sensations rushing through her were overwhelming. It was hard to focus on any one thing. She could feel the tension in both men as they held impossibly still. She couldn't take it. They had to move now. She had to find relief from the pressure.

Instead they slowly turned to the side so that all three of them were on their sides with her facing Gunnar. The shift and movement made her cry out as first one then the other moved deeper within her. She was going to burst apart.

And then they began loving her in earnest. Slowly at first Geran began. He slid his hips back returning his cock to the entrance and holding steady for just a heartbeat before sliding forward again. Gunnar countered his brother's movements pulling back as Geran filled her once more. It sent her mind reeling as her body experienced the overwhelming pleasure of double penetration.

Back and forth they moved until she was clawing at them like a madwoman, begging them to let her come. Finally they surged faster and her body grew taut as a drawn-back bow. She could feel the rush of pleasure, feel the build of something she didn't know if she would survive. And when it broke she screamed, her fingers buried in Gunnar's hair and she bit down on the muscle just above his nipple.

They rode her harder now and it only pushed her higher into the pleasure. She released Gunnar's flesh with another scream as she felt Geran explode into her ass. His teeth gripped her in the spot she now thought of as his and he held tight to her as his seed filled her.

Gunnar was last. It took him three more strokes to join them. She felt the heat of his cum as it shot from his cock to fill her pussy. She arched her head back into Geran and Gunnar found his spot on the opposite side of her neck and let his teeth find purchase. Her orgasm shot higher and it was literally as if she left her body and floated somewhere high above them all.

They lay still, a tangled mass of arms and legs and slowly she felt her body around her once more. Hands smoothed over her flesh, cocks eased free of her and once more she rested between her two men sated and sleepy. She thought of Michael and knew that he would be so delighted in the happiness that she had found. She had lost her friend and she would miss him always. Yet she knew it was that loss that had led her on this journey to Gunnar and Geran. Life took and it gave.

As she drifted into a contented sleep wrapped in her lovers', no her mates', arms she knew that she would never be the same. She couldn't help the smile that bloomed on her face. She had to be the happiest woman in the world.

* * * * *

Long hours later as dawn broke on a new day three wolves ran through the valley seeming to enjoy all the beauty that nature presented around them. The two big wolves dwarfed the smaller one, seeming to watch over and protect her. But it was easy to see that they were the ones following.

The old wolf watched from the trees happy that yet another pair had found a mate. It was what they needed to ensure the continuance of their people, of their valley. It was what he wanted for all of his people. What he must deny himself. With a deep breath he turned back to the village to let them know that another mated couple would be returning soon. The village would throw a celebration and the newly mated woman would be happily accepted by all.

He glanced to the tops of the trees where he knew Serena watched as well. He could feel her any time they were close together. She was the mate of his heart and someday he swore she would be the mate of his body as well.

Serena watched Lynx shift and run back toward the village he called home. Another mate had been found and Lynx had managed to send just the right pair to claim her. They worked well together but then they always had. He understood her as no one ever had. He was her heart and her soul. She would love him until the day she drew her last breath.

She let out a deep sigh releasing her wings and flying out of the treetops. But there was much to do before that day came. She had a valley to protect, a valley to replenish, a valley instead of a mate. It was the life she'd been given. The only life she'd ever know.

About the Author

Lacey Thorn spends her days in small-town Indiana, the proud mother of three. When she is not busy with one of them, she can be found typing away on her computer keyboard or burying her nose in a good book. Like every woman, she knows just how chaotic life can be and how appealing that great escape can look. So toss aside the stress and tension of the never-ending to-do list. For now, sit back, relax and enjoy the ride with Lacey as she helps you to unlace and unleash the woman inside.

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

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