

ELLORA'S CAVE TWILIGHT



JAGUAR  
*Hunger*  
REGINA CARLYSLE

## **Jaguar Hunger**

*Regina Carlisle*

Noah Littlehawk and Aaron O'Malley have searched long years for the mate they will share, a jaguar female to fulfill their lives and ease their loneliness. What begins as a job soon becomes much more when they meet Violet. Her quiet intensity calls to them. Her body makes them yearn to claim her with the savage hunger of their species.

Death comes for Violet Carson like a speeding train. She knows the shift from woman to beast will rip her apart without the help of jaguar mates. As heat and lust overwhelm her, two men step from the shadows to claim her body and soothe the fire that consumes her. But a human predator waits and he won't rest until he possesses her, body and soul.

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Jaguar Hunger

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# ***JAGUAR HUNGER***

**Regina Carlisle**

## Chapter One

"Let's see what Senor Diablo has hired us to watch," Noah Littlehawk murmured as he leaned forward in his chair. "Or better yet *who*." He flipped a series of switches on the intricate panel on the table in front of him. Eyeing the row of small monitors stretched out before him, he saw that each room in the multimillion dollar lodge next door was empty. For the moment.

Aaron O'Malley set down two mugs of coffee and took a seat next to him. His green eyes narrowed on the monitors too but he didn't speak as he leaned back and crossed his arms over his chest. As partners in Jaguar Investigations, they knew each other well and though they'd both needed the break provided by the beautiful, wild scenery of northern New Mexico, Noah knew there was something about this job that wasn't sitting right. Finally, Aaron grunted. "I don't trust the son of a bitch."

"Me either. The man is a devious bastard. Gossip in the San Antonio business community says Angel Ramirez has earned the name Devil. Still, his money spends as well as anyone else's. He hired us to keep an eye on his mistress for a week and that's what we're gonna do."

"Wonder why he didn't get some of his own men to do his dirty work?" Aaron straightened and reached for his coffee and took a sip. "He has an entire army out there on his hacienda."

Noah shrugged. "Who the hell knows? Guys like him buy trust but we know that's no real kind of loyalty. Maybe he's afraid one of his men will blab to his wife that he's fucking some nymphet. You know Satan's Strumpet."

Aaron snorted and reached for a manila file folder. He opened it up and both men studied the beautiful brunette in the glossy eight by ten. Noah went still as he took in

the delicate, classical features, the wealth of pretty coffee-colored hair, and serious blue eyes.

"Looks can be deceiving," he said, despite the fact that one glance had him going as hard as a stone. Damn, she was a looker. Everything about her soft appearance was appealing on some elemental level but from what he knew of her, she was the mistress of a married man who quite possibly had earned his fortune in the drug trade. Angel had a wife, kids. Hell, he was a grandfather who had a sweet young thing on the side. "Shit, who am I to make moral judgments?"

"Definitely not either of us," Aaron said as he snapped the folder shut and pushed it aside. "Let's stick to the job, get it done, and then get the hell out of here."

Noah cut his friend a glance. "Feeling restless, my brother?" He addressed him in the way of their kind, in the way of the Panthera Onca. The Jaguar race. Jaguars were huge cats, only smaller than lions and tigers and at one time they populated Mexico, Texas and Arizona yet since the early nineteen hundreds they been hunted almost to extinction. Most of their breed of shifter had been hunted as well, leaving them only a handful, hidden here and there among fully human populations.

He and Aaron had known each other for hundreds of years. They traveled together, fucked human women together, and together they hunted for the one female who would complete their circle of family. Unmated jaguar females, hell, any kind of jaguar female was damn near impossible to find. They were practically extinct. Lately, he and Aaron spent most of their time just trying to fit in among the humans in the sprawling central Texas city they now called home, hoping against hope they might be two lucky males who would actually find their mate.

A seemingly impossible task.

Aaron went to his feet and paced the floor of the homey rental cabin that was nestled a short distance from where their prey would reside for her mountain vacation. He sent his fingers through his rumpled blond hair. "Yeah, I reckon." He paused and gave Noah a look filled with frustration. "For days I've had a feeling. Don't know if it's

good or bad. Ever just know that something important is about to fall right on your head? Crash over you like an avalanche?"

"Considering the mountains around us, let's keep avalanches out of this, okay?"

Aaron snorted. "Yeah, right. Good idea."

Noah turned his attention back to the monitors they'd installed in Angel Ramirez's mountain vacation house days ago. He might have tried to lighten the mood but he knew just what his friend meant. For days he'd been plagued by this weird feeling that something was coming. Who the hell knew? He'd stopped being surprised by things a long time ago.

But something was in the air and he wanted to breathe it in, drag it deep into his lungs. He felt alive. That was it. He felt alive for the first time in many years. A sense of anticipation caused his blood to whip through his veins like a drug. Intoxicating. Damn, he almost felt drunk with it. Shaking his head, knowing he had to shake this mood and get the current job done, he thought of the tiny, undetectable cameras and microphones he and his partner had installed in every room of the place next door. Miz Violet Carson wasn't expecting a spy-fest and wouldn't be clued into a damn thing. They'd watch her, follow her, find out if she was meeting a lover then hightail it back to Texas. Maybe then he'd figure out what was eating at both him and his partner.

"Fuck it, brother," he said as he went to his feet and stretched tired muscles. "Let's grab a beer and get out of here. I'm going stir-crazy."

"Good idea." Aaron walked over to the fridge and grabbed a couple of bottles of beer. He set them on a rough-hewn coffee table and shrugged into a heavy shearling coat. Noah followed suit and pretty soon the two of them were walking through the wooded surroundings. Deer that roamed freely in the area lifted their heads and froze when he and Aaron stepped through the front door of the cabin. Quickly, as if sensing a predator, the deer dashed down the hill and soon disappeared.

"There goes dinner," Aaron said dryly.

Noah laughed.

The Texas Hill country was a damn near perfect place. Lush, green, a feast for the eyes, but Noah had to appreciate the pristine beauty of these mountains. Around these parts, golden leafed aspen stretched majestically skyward, mingling with pinon pine and other dense foliage as far as the eye could see. In the distance, snow-topped mountains rose up as if standing guard over the nature around them. Beneath their feet, dry leaves, russet and red, crunched underfoot as they milled around aimlessly.

Noah took a pull from his beer and stared off down the winding road that would bring their prey to them. They'd wandered close to the huge structure they'd strolled through just a few days ago. The cedar and glass house was more than a house. Damn thing was a mansion as far as he was concerned.

"Hell of a vacation spot," he said stopping to lean against the thick trunk of an ancient fir.

"I could live here." Aaron stuffed his empty bottle in his coat pocket and picked up a pine cone from the ground. Tossing it and catching it repeatedly, he finally snatched it up and looked at him. "Wish we weren't working. I wouldn't mind prowling around the area a little bit."

"Maybe in another week or —"

They both went still at the sound of tires crunching on gravel as a vehicle rounded a corner and pulled into the horseshoe drive in front of Angel Ramirez's mountain home. Behind the wheel of the chocolate-brown SUV was a certain pretty brunette. They were standing fairly nearby in an area just between the big cabin and the much smaller one so they both got a good look at her as she braked to a stop.

"Her pictures don't do her justice," Aaron murmured under his breath. "Perfect."

Noah went still as she stepped out of the vehicle and stretched a bit. From where they stood they heard her sigh. Being a Supernatural had its handy moments for sure. The sound wrapped around him like a soft wind and his skin prickled. What the hell?

"You feel that, Noah?"

"Yeah. Just remember she's a job not a quick fuck."



"Who's talking about quick?"

She walked around to the back of the vehicle and pulled out two suitcases. After struggling with them for a minute, she hoisted them to the ground as a quick breeze caught her dark hair and whipped the shiny stuff around her oval face. She glanced up with a startled look but both he and Aaron grinned and gave her a friendly wave.

Separating himself from Aaron, he loped up as she picked up a couple of brown paper grocery store sacks. "Here, let me help you with that." He caught a whiff of her faint perfume and tried to ignore it. He plastered on his friendliest smile and watched her shoulders relax slightly.

"I've got it. Really. But thanks." Violet Carson had a voice like hot buttered sin. Husky and slow with a slight Southern lilt. He plucked one of the sacks from her overburdened arms.

"Noah Littlehawk."

"Violet Carson. Wow. What a cool name."

His smile widened and this time it was completely genuine. "My Cherokee ancestors seemed to think so." He glanced over as Aaron sauntered up wearing his warmest, most open expression. "This is my buddy, Aaron O'Malley. We're here for the week. Thought we'd go up to the mountain and get a little skiing in. Maybe do some trout fishing."

"Sounds fun. Real guy stuff."

"Aaron this is Violet Carson."

Aaron stuck out his hand, playing the part of a hapless everyman then laughed at the sight of her arms full of grocery sacks. "Here, let me get these for you," he said as he bent to grab her suitcases, one in each hand. "Might have some trouble getting these up all those stairs."

"Thanks," she said, smiling. Her expression was warm and open. She was not a bit as he'd expected considering she was the mistress of Angel Ramirez who, from all

accounts was as cold as fucking ice. One would imagine he'd go for the cool, man-eater type. Well, he'd been wrong before. Maybe he was wrong now. "Where are you guys from?"

"Texas," Aaron said as he made his way up the wide cedar and brick stairs leading to the front portico.

"Really? Now isn't that funny. I'm from Texas, too. San Antonio."

"No shit!" Noah followed her, his gaze on the gentle curves of her ass as he climbed the steps behind her. "We're from the Hill Country, too. Some coincidence huh?"

"It sure is," she said, stopping at the front door where she set down her grocery bag and gave him a wide-eyed look from those sweet baby blues. "What do ya'll do?"

"We both work for an advertising firm."

"Hm. Well, thanks for this." She smiled a little, caution setting in. After all she didn't know them and shouldn't invite two strangers into her place, no matter *where* they came from. Smart. She dug for her keys in the oversized black leather bag she carried on her shoulder. "It would have taken me several trips. Hope you have fun while you're here."

"We plan to," he said, giving her space by stepping away. "You too."

With that, he and Aaron left her and headed back to the small cabin to begin their surveillance.

\* \* \* \* \*

After she unpacked and put away the groceries she'd picked up in the village earlier, Violet took in the space around her. Wow, the place was gorgeous with cedar-planked vaulted ceilings and matching hardwood floors that shone brightly enough her reflection shone back at her. She wasn't quite sure how the decorator managed rustic and elegant all at once, but she'd done it. Most likely Mrs. Ramirez had had a hand in all of it. She was a classy woman and her taste was impeccable. The hacienda where she currently lived and worked was a lot like this place, perfect in every way. Rugs in

muted colors of rust, beige and teal were settled beneath comfy-looking buttery-soft leather couch groupings. Tonight she would flop on one of those lovely ivory leather couches after she'd built a fire in the fireplace and try to forget the crisis that was coming to her at bullet speed.

Sighing, she walked through the living space into the open dining area. Above the roughly hewn walnut table hung a massive deer-antler chandelier. But it was the glass wall and the scenery behind it that captured her attention. Violet walked to the glass and looked at the wilderness stretched out before her.

The perfect place for a woman who needed to be alone.

Stress had been her constant companion for months. Actually, longer than that. It had begun for her within a few weeks of working for Angel Ramirez. The man was a total lech. Violet shivered and sent her hands over her arms to ward off the sudden chill that swept her. She should never have hired on to manage his huge domestic staff. Yes, she loved working and living in such a beautiful place and, lord knew, she'd desperately needed a job at the time but continually warding off his advances was more than a little tiresome.

And she certainly didn't need to be anywhere near him or his army of bodyguards while fighting off what was about to descend on her.

With a sigh, she returned to the kitchen, which sat just off the dining area. She set her purse on the counter and immediately dug through it to find her cell phone. She opened it to see there was no signal. Damn.

Returning to the living room, she found the land-based phone and carried it with her to one of the couches. After kicking off her shoes, she curled up, tucking her feet up for the first time in twelve hours and dialed a familiar number.

"Hey, Suzanne! I'm here. Just thought you'd want to know."

"I was starting to worry," Suze said on the other end. "How was the drive?"

"Long, long and hard. I got here about an hour ago, stopped and picked up some food. Now I'm unpacked and watching the sun set over the mountains. It's so beautiful here."

"Hey, you need some 'beautiful' after what you've been going through. The way I see it, you are miles and miles from trouble and I'm just glad you managed to get away for awhile. I'm still sorry I couldn't get a break to come with you."

Violet was personally thrilled that Suzanne wasn't with her. It wouldn't be possible with what was about to happen and Suzanne had no idea just what she was.

"Do you have any neighbors out there in the wilderness?"

Oh boy, did she ever.

Violet laughed. "Um, yeah, you might say that. Two of the hottest guys I think I've ever seen helped me drag my stuff up the front steps when I got here."

"Do tell." Suzanne paused for a second. "Are they, like, together?"

Laughing again, she thought of the two huge males. "Nope, they practically ooze testosterone. They are simply two friends vacationing together. I started to ask them in but then, I thought better of it. Basically though I think they are harmless."

Now, that was a lie if she'd ever told one. There was nothing remotely safe about men who looked like these two. They were big, strong, and muscular in all the right places. A shiver that had nothing to do with the cool clime swept her body.

Violet blinked, gripping the phone until her knuckles went white. The image of these men, stripped naked and hard with lust, swept through her mind sending a wave of heat straight to her pussy. She couldn't think this way. The idea of using them to help her with what was to come was more tempting than she was ready to admit but she couldn't risk it. She couldn't.

Before Suzanne could pick up on the tension that zipped through her system, she said her goodbyes and disconnected. By this time darkness had settled, so she flipped on a few dim lights, started a fire in the fireplace and went about the task of fixing

dinner. Cooking always seemed to settle her so she fixed filling for the lasagna she planned and set out her cheeses and a big pot. When the entire house smelled of delicious Italian spices, she slid the pan into the oven and went upstairs.

The house was designed with all bedrooms on the top level overlooking the massive living area and naturally she chose the master bedroom for her use during her stay. Dominated by a four-poster king-sized bed and another bank of windows, it was utterly breathtaking. While dinner baked downstairs, she walked to a door leading to a large balcony and slid it open. Sucking huge gulps of air, feeling the chill of the air invigorate her, she gripped the railing and absorbed it all. It was important now that she take every moment of quiet and peace and drink it in. Who knew? It could only help her later when things began to go to hell quickly.

A flash of heat whipped through her, followed immediately by despair.

She had a few days, maybe longer.

A feeling of being watched suddenly caught her and she looked around herself, then scanned the area below her balcony. In the distance she saw Noah, the beautiful man who she'd met earlier. He stood in the backyard of his cabin appearing oblivious but she wasn't a fool. He knew she was there. She'd seen plenty of men in her life and had a few but he and his friend, Aaron could have stepped straight off the cover of a men's magazine. No, that wasn't right. They were too rugged for anything like that.

Watching Noah standing there in profile, she admired the silky black hair that hung straight as a board to his shoulders then sent her gaze over the thickly curved chest beneath the long-sleeved thermal shirt he wore. Standing at roughly six foot five, he carried the aristocratic facial features of his ancestors. Noah's cheekbones were as sharp as a blade. His nose was straight and proud, his eyes dark, a melting chocolate that were tinged with an underlying hunger. His mouth was beautifully sculpted and fashioned by the gods for long, lingering kisses that could take a woman to heaven and back.

Finally, he looked up and she was stunned by the expression of arrested beauty on his face. His smiled, his teeth white and strong, and her heartbeat kicked up a notch. Before she could think about it, she hollered down at him.

"Hey, neighbor. Enjoying the evening?"

"Yeah, doing a little star-gazing. You?"

"The same. I love it out here," she said. Some impulsive imp prodded her relentlessly and impulsiveness carried her over the top. "Have ya'll had dinner?"

He shook his head. "No, are you inviting us?"

"Depends. Do you guys like lasagna?"

"Hell yeah. Who doesn't?"

"Then it's a date." Oops. Had she really said that? No, this wasn't any kind of date. It was just a nice little *thank-you*. Nothing more.

"When do you want us?"

Boy was *that* ever a question. Two men, each delectable, each sexy beyond belief, and hers for the evening. What a thought! "How about an hour?"

When he agreed, she stepped back inside, sliding the door closed behind her. What the hell had she done? Playing with fire had never been her style, especially this close to D-Day. No time to consider her blunder now. Before she could think this thing to death, she began to strip out of her clothes. A decadent long shower might help her put things into perspective.

## Chapter Two

He was an ass.

While Noah tromped around outside, Aaron sat in front of the bank of monitors, his eyes glued to the scene unfolding in the master bedroom. Disgust for himself grew apace with lust, when Violet stripped off her sweater and tossed it on the bed. Her breasts were bigger than he'd thought when he'd met her earlier. Oh hell yes. Pale, soft mounds of flesh peeked over the top of her black lace bra and his mouth instantly went dry. His cock twitched behind the fly of his jeans. It had been a long time since he and Noah had shared a woman and visions of some hot ménage action seared his brain as she casually reached for the snap and zipper of her jeans and pushed them down hips that were curvy and just damn near perfect. A tiny scrap of black hid her pussy. Aaron wanted to snag that bit of silk with his teeth and pull it slowly down her body and then nibble his way up the long length of her legs until he could draw her scent into his lungs.

She kicked her jeans away and strolled to the dresser. Picking up a brush, she applied it to her shiny dark hair. In what was, to him, a purely feminine moment, she threaded her fingers through it, gathered it up and turned her head from side to side as she checked out the effect in the mirror. He didn't realize he was smiling until she reached behind her and unsnapped her bra. Turning, fully facing the camera that had been installed near the bed, she tossed it to the multicolored spread and he got his first look at her nipples. Any trace of fleeting humor disappeared.

Her nipples were pale pink, delicate. Delicious.

"What the fuck?"

Aaron jerked when Noah made a sound behind him. "Yeah, just say it, I'm a prick."

"You're a prick but then I must be too. Damn."

The two of them fell silent as she slid out of her panties leaving her completely naked. Aaron's eyes zeroed in on her pussy but then she turned her back and slid open the closet door. The view from this vantage point was equally stunning. No wonder Angel Ramirez was obsessed with the woman. If she belonged to him, he would be obsessed too.

"I can't watch anymore. Damn it, I don't feel right about this," he said and he turned away from the monitor and gave Noah a steady look. "I didn't sign on to be a damn peeping tom. I hate this shit."

Noah nodded. "We have a job to do but this is crossing the line. She's nice. I came up here expecting some kind of money-grubbing ice queen who was playing the old fool and planning to meet a lover. I mean, Ramirez is old enough to be her father and she's a really young woman. But she is nothing at all like the cliché I believed her to be. I'm too smart to make these kinds of assumptions."

"Then we're agreed on this. No watching her every movement. We'll listen. The phone is bugged. That has to be enough. If she meets a lover tonight though, all bets are off. We're obligated to run tape."

Noah flopped into a nearby chair and leaned forward, resting his forearms on his knees. "I know for a fact she's not meeting a lover tonight, brother, since we've been invited to dinner. She was out on the back deck while I was outside. You up for some Italian food?"

Aaron looked ruefully down at his crotch where his hard-on was evident. "Up for just about anything at the moment."

Noah laughed. "Yeah, I know what you mean." Noah paused and looked behind his shoulder at the monitor. "Safe to look now."

Turning, he saw that she'd donned a thick, belted robe and was heading into the bathroom. He blew out a breath.

He and Noah took turns showering for their dinner with Violet. Their cabin was rustic compared to the Ramirez house next door. Aaron stood naked in front of the



mirror with his razor gripped in one hand. The restlessness that haunted him earlier was still with him. It was almost as if the very air he breathed was fraught with expectation. Maybe the years of waiting were wearing on him. He knew Noah felt it too.

As young jaguar shifters, Noah only slightly older than him, they'd been the best of friends. Jags were solitary creatures. In the animal world, a male jag had a number of females to serve his needs and they were jealously protected. From tales he'd heard, that's the way it had been once for their people but times were different now and they'd had to adjust to reality in order to survive. Now, due to the rarity of Jaguar females, males doubled up with one female to ensure the continuation of their species. A single jaguar male would never take one female to himself. It was the height of selfishness to do so. Years ago, Noah and Aaron had made the decision that, should they ever be lucky enough to cross paths with a female jag, she would belong to them both.

Later, he and Noah were almost ready to walk out the door when they heard a phone ring from one of the monitors. By agreement, there was no more watching Violet at private, intimate moments. The coast was clear now however, and when they'd last looked they saw her puttering around in the kitchen. Pausing mid-stride he and Noah went over to flip a switch on the phone line just as she picked up.

"Hello."

"And how are you enjoying the mountain view, my dear."

Angel Ramirez.

Aaron looked at Noah as they listened.

"Oh. Mr. Ramirez. Hello." Surprise rang in her voice. Odd that a mistress would be shocked when her lover called. "What a surprise. How are you? How is the family?"

"I did not call to discuss my family. I miss you already."

Aaron studied her face as she talked with her supposed lover-employer. Frustration was evident in her expression.

"Um, you shouldn't say that, sir. I've told you before that I am not looking for a relationship and if I were, it certainly wouldn't be with my boss. Forgive me for saying this, because believe me I need my job, but you have a very nice wife. She loves you. This is wrong on so many levels."

"Nothing is wrong about the way I feel, *querida*. I want you in my bed and will do anything to get you there. Tell me. Are you with a man there in the mountains?"

Jealousy and an oily, smarmy kind of tone insinuated itself into his voice.

"This conversation is completely out of line, Mr. Ramirez. It was nice of you to offer me your place for my vacation but if you keep putting me through this I will resign."

"That sounds like a threat, Violet. I'm not a man who likes threats. You will not quit. I will see to that. Just tell me what you want. Money? Property? Jewels? Name your price."

A silence fell. Aaron and Noah exchanged a long look and Aaron knew from his friend's expression that their rage was shared. This wasn't at all what they'd signed on for but damn, if this man didn't sound as dangerous as hell. That Ramirez was obsessed by Violet was completely clear. He was the sort of man who believed his power entitled him to anything and men like him didn't stop until they'd won.

"Please don't do this," she whispered. "I just can't handle it right now." When she abruptly disconnected, the two eavesdroppers looked at each other.

"This is not at all what I expected," Noah said, disgust evident on his face.

"Me, either. Ramirez is a dangerous man and pretty Miss Violet is smack dab in his crosshairs. I suggest we continue to keep tabs but for now, I'm ready for some dinner. How about you? I believe Violet could use a little distraction right about now."

\* \* \* \* \*

Violet sat curled up on the couch as Aaron tossed another pinon log onto the sizzling heap in the fireplace. He took a poker and jabbed until tiny sparks showered up with a pop of sound. He turned and grinned.

"It's a guy thing."

She laughed. She'd done a lot of that tonight. At first glance it had been their rugged good looks that had captured her imagination but over the course of the evening, all the way through dinner and now as they settled in with coffee, she realized how relaxed she was with these guys. Aaron was the polar opposite of Noah in appearance. Easily as tall as the Native American hottie, he was equally buff and well built. His shoulders were broad and strong, his chest beneath the long-sleeved tee shirt was mounded and mouthwatering. But there, the similarities ended. Aaron's eyes were a deep mossy green, heavily lashed and sparkled with wit and intelligence. He wore his blond hair short. It was straight and slightly long and messy on top. The thick, straight strands had a tendency to fall across his forehead fostering a habit of his to constantly rake them back with his fingers. His jaw was strong and squared, his mouth wide and mobile and quick to smile.

Noah sat on the opposite end of the couch she occupied, lounging back like a great jungle cat, his mug held atop his abs. Light caught and held in his inky black hair. It just brushed the shoulders of a wine colored cord shirt. "Great dinner, Violet. You're a good cook."

"Most of the time," she said as Aaron sat on the floor close enough for her to touch. He reached for his cup and leaned back against the couch. "I've had my share of kitchen disasters for sure. Thanks for bringing chocolate."

They'd arrived at the door tonight and presented her with a white box stamped with the logo of a local bakery. She was delighted by their thoughtfulness, which no doubt had caused them to be an eensy bit late. All was forgiven when she opened the box to see the tiny, beautifully decorated chocolate cakes. Drizzled heavily with light and dark chocolate, they featured tiny white chocolate snowflakes on top.

Noah looked over, giving her a slow, naughty smile. "Someone told me once that ladies like chocolate."

"Someone huh? Well someone told you right. Um...they were yummy. I should never have eaten two after all that pasta."

Aaron leaned his head back, grinned and she had the insane urge to send her fingers through his rumpled hair. "You can work it off later."

She blinked.

He laughed. "I was talking about the cool exercise room you have here. Get your mind out of the gutter, woman."

"Or keep it in the gutter," Noah said, giving her a slow wink. "Works for us."

Her face heated but she reached over and lightly punched his rock-hard arm. "Bad boy."

He laughed. "I can be."

"Hey, I can be bad, too," Aaron said, getting into the spirit of the game.

"Yeah, I'll bet." She gave in to temptation and reached out to rumple his already rumpled hair. She needed to change the subject and change it fast. Just the thought of having these two guys attending her every need in bed was dangerous to her libido. Before long that very same libido would rule her every moment and she planned to deal with it alone as despised as the idea was to her. "So tell me about the advertising world."

Noah grunted. "Not much to tell. I'd rather hear about you."

"Me? I'm boring."

"I doubt that very much, darlin'," Aaron said, his expression suddenly serious.

Violet sighed. "I work for Angel Ramirez on his hacienda just outside of San Antonio."

Noah shifted to more fully face her and Aaron did the same, turning to settle both feet on the floor with his knees raised. He leaned forward and settled his forearms on them. "From what I hear, he's a dangerous man. They don't call him Satan for nothing."

She shook her head. "I don't know about that. He's my boss. That's all."

"What do you do for him?" Noah asked.

"I head up his domestic staff. It's a big job and Mr. and Mrs. Ramirez entertain a lot. I'm in charge of hiring housekeepers, cooks and groundskeepers. All together, I manage close to sixty people. When they have some kind of party, I plan the menu, decorations, that sort of thing."

"Is it tough working for him?" This from Aaron. "I've heard he's a bastard."

She went still. "Yeah, kind of. He's pretty tough. A stern man." Talk about the understatement of the century. She thought of his dark, nearly black eyes beneath equally black brows, the shock of silver hair, and tried not to shiver. Ramirez was, no doubt, a handsome man and probably had women throwing themselves at him for the whole of his life but there was such a sharp edge to him. There was something about him that, quite frankly, terrified her. Combine his harsh good looks with the aura of power and the size of his bank account and he wouldn't lack for female playthings despite his marital status. It was still a mystery why he'd zeroed in on her with such determination. "I don't know how much longer I'll continue there. I just know that at the time I applied for the position, I was desperate for work. Jobs are hard to find, even in Texas."

Wanting to change the subject, she got to her feet and went to a rough-hewn entertainment center that sat across the room. She began to look through the music selection available. There was everything from country to jazz to rock but none of that was important. After Ramirez's call earlier, she was shaken and wanted to think about something else. She jumped at a touch on her shoulder and turned to see Noah watching her steadily.

"Let me."

"Okay."

Needing to fight the sudden chill that permeated her bones, she went to the fireplace but turned with a smile as soft blues filled the room. Billie Holiday crooned a sultry song about her *lover man* as Noah swept her into his arms.

"Dance?"

"Do I have a choice?"

He laughed and pulled her in close to his body. He rested his chin on the top of her head and tightened his hold. Her breasts settled against his ribs. He was just so tall. It didn't matter though. The press of his body against her breasts sent instant heat zipping straight to her core. As if he knew of his effect on her, Noah's hand swept her back until she shivered again, but this time not from cold. Heat whipped through her system, just a precursor to what was coming.

The legacy of her ancestors would tear her apart since she would be alone and without means of seeing it to a satisfactory conclusion.

Her death was imminent and she knew it.

She sighed then drew in another low breath that brought with it the scent of the man who held her in his arms. Thoughts of Ramirez and his phone call disappeared from her mind. None of it mattered anymore. Nothing mattered but this moment.

"You are shivering."

"I'm all right," she whispered. Another hand settled on her shoulder.

"My turn?"

Before she could speak, Noah stepped back and Aaron moved in to wrap his strong arms around her. A feeling of comfort that she hadn't experienced in almost forever sank its hooks deep in her heart. Both men, funny, handsome, intelligent, warmed her to her toes and made her wish things were different.

Emotion swamped her and without thinking, she gripped Aaron's sides with her fingers. If circumstances were different she would be trying to decide which of these guys she liked best. She might be thinking about romantic dinners and mussed sheets, sweat and passion. But no. It wasn't possible. She could have neither of them anywhere near her. What was about to happen to her body wasn't anything she wanted to share with a couple of regular guys. They'd freak out.

Aaron pulled back to look at her and she blinked rapidly to chase away the emotion that rode her hard. She mustered a smile. "You both are such good dancers. Seems forever since I've done this."

Noah walked up and settled his hand on her back just above Aaron's. "Hey, are you all right?"

She laughed a little. "Yeah, I think I'm just tired. It's been a long day. I hit the road at five a.m. and barely stopped until I got here."

"Maybe we'd better leave. Let you get some rest." Aaron drew one finger down her cheek stopping just at the corner of her mouth. "How about we pick you up tomorrow and head into the village?"

Noah bent his head and pressed his lips to her temple. "Last I heard, women like to shop. Say yes."

"Yes." She looked at both of them and realized spending more time with them was decidedly dangerous but she couldn't resist. "Tomorrow then."

Violet walked them both to the door, her arms looped through theirs. What were the odds that strangers could become friends so quickly? In her experience, those occasions were rare. They stood together, light and dark, framed in her doorway and impulsively she went up on tiptoe and kissed Aaron's mouth. It was a fleeting but instantly devastating touch. She did the same with Noah. His lips were delicious and she lingered even longer. His arm went around her and he angled his head to linger before she reluctantly broke the connection.

Unable to resist one more touch, she reached up and cupped their faces. "Thank you for coming tonight. Until tomorrow."

## **Chapter Three**

Over the next few days, Violet learned several things about herself. She couldn't ski worth a damn, she loved snowmobiles and nothing smelled quite as good as quality leather. Her brand new red bag was proof of that. The day she and the guys had gone shopping had been one of the most fun days of her life. Her existence had been solitary after the death of her family as a young teen. A series of foster homes and moving from one lonely town to the next had filled her life leaving her little time or inclination to get close to others. Aside from Suzanne, she hadn't been one to form long, lasting friendships. The uncertainties in her life just made it easier to stay quiet and relatively hidden from others. Perhaps that was why the job with Ramirez was such a temptation. Living in the country, in a protected environment had been immensely appealing until her employer had begun to stalk her.

Yes, she had no other word for it.

Every time she looked up from one task or another, he was there, sending hungry eyes over her body, peering at her face as if she were an exotic specimen at the zoo.

If he only knew.

He had called her daily and with every moment that passed, Violet began to believe that quitting her job was her only option. Of course, there was always the chance she wouldn't survive the rest of the week.

Violet didn't want to think about it now. She'd just had a nice dinner with Noah and Aaron in the village. A great Mexican restaurant that featured food so authentic, it practically sat up and shouted Olé! They danced to Tejano music and drank margaritas until she was dizzy from both the tequila and the attention of her two companions.

Now she was tucked in, nice and tight, in her lovely vacation house. After showering and donning her pink, rosebud-patterned thermal pajamas, she grabbed a



blanket and headed out to the patio to enjoy what was left of the night. Stars were splattered across the sky with the distant mountains teasing them, just at the edge of their astral boundary. She drew in a deep breath of the fresh air just as a wave of unbelievable heat swept through her body.

*No!*

*Not yet.*

She wasn't ready to die!

Immediate moisture rained from her pussy, drenching her panties and the thermal pajama bottoms. A ball wound tightly in her belly as a wild cry broke from her throat to echo through the valley below. A cough, husky and rough, soon followed it as she let the blanket fall around her feet. Her beast rolled through her insides, all fur, sinew, and bone threatening to rip her apart.

But it was nothing compared to the awful lust that battered her.

Staggering back on wobbly legs, she managed to step into the master bedroom. Sensation swept wicked fingers over every inch of her flesh and before she could think like a rational woman, she was tearing her clothing from her body. In her haste to make it to the bed, she tripped over her pajamas and fell face first on the floor. Panic set in and with a low sob, she managed to grab fistfuls of the bedspread and pull herself up until she was finally on the bed. Her pussy throbbed in a pagan tempo and she moved her fingers over her pulsing flesh, sliding them over the drenched petals. A low keening moan ripped from her throat as her back arched off the mattress.

*"Gods! Help me. Help me."*

Unable to grasp the intensity of the raging lust that poured through her system, sweating despite the coolness of the room she buried her fingers in her pussy and masturbated. Getting off was the only thought burning through her mind. In a better world she would've met her mates, creatures who were like her and she would be brought into her true self with no harm. Too late for that. Too late.

Another wild cry filled the room and she knew estrous was fully upon her. She was a jaguar female in heat. Her emotions raged as her body twisted in an agony of sensation that blasted her internally. It was so unfair. It was. With no one of her species to see her through this, her animal would never be born. Her beast would only die ripping Violet's human body apart in the process. A violent end to a woman who'd loved peace and harmed no one.

Tears poured from her eyes as she writhed. Finally her fingers broke the dam of passion and she came with a whimper. Gathering herself for just a few moments, she stood on shaky legs and staggered to the closet for the items she'd brought from home.

The colorful box she held was vital to her. Clutching it tightly she managed to place it on a nightstand just as another wave hit her, nearly doubling her over. She sat on the bed. Need, an awful wicked thing, snatched her breath just as the door to the bedroom crashed open.

Noah and Aaron rushed into the room, filling it up with their presence. Aaron stared wide-eyed but Noah was more stoic as he stood before her with dawning realization on his face.

"Let us help," he said, his eyes taking in her nudity as she sat trembling on the edge of the bed.

Aaron stalked up and went to his knees, taking her hand. His nostrils flared and hunger swept into his eyes. "We heard you scream, honey. Noah's right. Let us help."

Violet gripped his hand and moved her gaze from Aaron to Noah. Tears poured like lava down her cheeks. "You can't help me," she choked. "I'm going to die and you have to leave."

"Never." Noah reached for the snap and zipper on his jeans. He wore no shirt and she vaguely wondered why these men were bare-chested. It was cold outside. Not cold here though. No way. It was hot, so hot. Noah kicked out of his jeans and Aaron did the same. She was woozy and could barely take it all in. Her pussy began to ache again, a

low throbbing pulse. The insides of her thighs were damp almost to her knees. "Please go. You can't see what I'm going to become and what will happen to me."

"Trust us," Noah said. He opened his mouth to say more but then hearing became an impossibility for her. Her pulse pounded in her ears as she fell back on the bed.

A warm mouth settled on her nipple, sucking strongly. Violet cried out and fisted her hand in Noah's thick black hair. The sucking action zipped straight to her pussy and then Aaron was at the other nipple, his teeth gently scraping, pulling and teasing. Two different hands stroked her thighs collecting her damp heat on the tips of their fingers and then, blessed gods, strong fingers stroked in and out of her pussy. Other fingers, Aaron's she thought, found her clit, squeezing and releasing. Noah released her nipple and kissed her long and hard, his tongue sweeping the warm recesses, tasting her as she'd never been tasted before.

"You are ours," he breathed against her lips.

"No! You don't understand."

"Yes, darlin', I do. We do."

And then she couldn't speak at all because Aaron was eating her out with hungry flicks of his tongue, sucking and pulling her tender swollen clit. A low mewling sound broke from her mouth to burst across Noah's lips. The heavy jaguar cough followed, so alien to her ears. She'd heard the sound from her two fathers and from her mom when she'd been little but then, never again. Tears filled her eyes and fell, dampening her face. Noah's lips moved over them, absorbing them on his tongue.

"Come," he whispered.

Aaron did something wicked with his hungry mouth and she flew apart with a cry. And then he was there, kissing her lips as Noah sucked gently at her breast. His hand was between her thighs, lightly stroking the swollen petals of her drenched pussy.

Panting, she looked at them as they stared back at her. Possession was stamped on their handsome faces, one light, one dark. "I don't understand."

"Panthera Onca," Aaron said.

"My gods! Panthera Onca." She breathed the words she hadn't heard spoken since she was a young girl who'd just lost her entire family.

Noah climbed from the bed and stood looking down at her. "Can you stand, Violet?"

She struggled up on her elbows, noting that Aaron also moved and was planted next to Noah. "I-I think so."

Together the men grabbed her hands and helped her until she stood naked in front of them. The world was suddenly a madly racing thing with her caught in the vortex. But despite the craziness around her only an idiot would fail to note the incredible, powerful beauty of the two men who stood so seriously before her. Aaron and then Noah went to their knees. She sucked in a breath, then released it slowly as she waited for the words of the binding ritual. These two strong jaguars were claiming her.

Aaron took her hand and stared into her eyes. "I claim you, Violet."

Noah repeated the vow, grabbing her other hand. "I claim you, Violet."

Their free hands clasped together forming one male fist. "We claim you together," they chanted in strong male voices.

She looked at them both, these men she'd befriended, these men who drew her sexually in equal measure. She knew the words and had memorized them but never thought to speak them.

"We are one," she whispered, tears falling freely from her eyes.

Emotion swamped her along with another wave of heat. Violet closed her eyes and made a frantic whimpering sound. Noah lifted her and settled her in the center of the bed. She knew it was him from his scent. Why had she not recognized the underlying Jaguar musk before? Foolish. She should've known. "I've got you," he said as he pressed open-mouthed kisses on her throat.

"What the hell?"

She turned her head and focused on Aaron who held her cherished box. Now she felt foolish for buying it. There had been no need. Aaron dumped the contents on the table and sex toys tumbled across its surface.

"Party Fun Pack. Holy shit. You were prepared."

"Prepared for anything. I wasn't sure what I might need so I, um, bought a sample box of everything."

Aaron held up a vibrator and flipped the switch. A soft *whir* filled the room. Above her Noah smiled and pressed a kiss to her forehead. "You even inserted batteries."

She felt her face burn. "I thought I might need help while this *thing* is happening."

"Estrous is natural, honey," Noah said, running the tip of his finger around one stiff nipple. Pleasure, hot and wild, swept clear to her belly at his touch. Heat nudged the perimeter of her center, moving in to carry her under.

"But not when you are by yourself. I fully expected to try to survive this alone and it's just not possible. That's why there are so few female jags. Few of us survive estrous and the change into our beast alone, you know that. If the change doesn't kill us, it's always possible that hunters will do the job."

"No need to worry about that now. We are here for you."

Aaron spoke from beside the bed. "Now I think we might need this." Aaron held up a small plug and a bottle of lube.

Noah sat up at her side and she instantly missed the heat of his sturdy chest pressed to hers. He looked down at her, his melted chocolate gaze tinged with fire. "Come up on your knees for me, sweetheart. Let us get you ready to accept us."

Obediently, she rolled to her belly and with gentle prodding from Noah she went to her hands and knees. Aaron moved behind her. She felt his hands on her butt, kneading and stroking her flesh. Prickles swept her skin as he parted her legs a little bit more. He looked at her, taking his time and fresh moisture saturated her.

"You are so beautiful here. Pink and dripping with cream."

Noah swept his broad hands over her naked back then reached beneath her to tease her nipples. They were as hard as diamonds and aching for a firmer touch. Then from behind her, Aaron's fingers stroked her from pussy to anus where he circled slowly.

How quickly she was becoming accustomed to these two men touching her.

Noah moved to the head of the bed. "Suck your mate. Taste, me, Violet."

His cock was huge, long and thick, rising up from his groin. His heavy balls were drawn up tightly against his body. He and Aaron had touched her, pleased her, and helped to put out, if only temporarily, the fire that had raged through her body. More than anything, she wanted to give as well. She wanted to taste and devour. A tiny drop of fluid appeared at the slit on the head of his erection. She sent her tongue over the silky flesh and captured it before taking the tasting deeper. Sucking lightly, loving the low, rough sound Noah made, she went still as she felt something cool and wet being applied to her anus in soothing motions.

"There will be a little push," Aaron said from behind her. He parted the cheeks of her butt an increment more and slowly slid the plug inside. "How does it feel?"

She released the tip of Noah's cock from her mouth and whispered against it. "Full. I feel so full but it's not enough. It's not."

"I'm going to fix that. We need to take the edge off again, darlin'. I'm going to fuck you while you suck Noah off."

Their kind needed no condoms, no protection against disease so it was bare skin against bare skin as Aaron gently held her ass and slipped his cock inside her hot pussy. Deep, deeper, he went as he groaned low and seated himself to the hilt. Violet lowered her mouth over Noah's erection, trailing her tongue down the stalk, licking his tightly drawn balls then coming back up to take him fully into her mouth. Sucking gently at first, she moaned around his cock as Aaron began a steady thrust that felt delicious. The combination of the plug in her ass, the cock in her pussy and Noah's thick length in her mouth caught her up in a frenzy of passion. Backing against Aaron, practically begging for him to take her deeper, harder, she squeezed his cock, milked it as she sucked Noah.

Fire swept her, passion consumed her until there was only the three of them, lusty combatants in whatever game they wanted to play. Noah stiffened and sent his fingers through her hair to hold her close. Sucking him in tandem with Aaron's strong plunge and withdrawal she came with a flurry of sensation that sent pleasure racing through her body at the speed of light. Noah stiffened beneath her and with a groan shot a hot stream of semen into her mouth. Aaron went still too then gathered himself for one final push that sent him over the edge as well.

With a sigh, Violent sank down on her belly, her head resting between Noah's dark thighs. Aaron lay like a limp warm blanket over her back. It was heaven. She teasingly licked Noah's still pulsing cock. "I think I'm going to like this mating business. I feel better already."

## Chapter Four

Violet knew the respite wouldn't last long and so did Noah and Aaron. Noah located a stash of candles and they were currently flickering all around the giant hot tub that sat in an elevated alcove in the master bathroom. "Ramirez certainly doesn't spare any expense, does he?" she mused.

Aaron sat on one side of her in the bubbling warm water and Noah occupied the other. Completely blanketed in heat, she sighed. "Never mind. I don't want to talk about the man. I can't stand him."

An unnatural silence fell between her mates. "Do you plan to continue working for him after this vacation is over?" Noah asked with quiet intensity. Drops of water sparkled from his thick black lashes.

"I haven't really thought about it until now but I think, deep inside, I knew I couldn't continue there. I actually believed that after this week, it wouldn't be an issue because I didn't expect to survive estrous."

"And now?" Aaron pressed. He had a serious thing for her belly because his hand continually wandered there to stroke and play.

She shook her head. "I've only known you guys for a few days and then *bam*, instant connection."

Noah leaned forward and kissed her long and slow. When he pulled away, his gaze settled on her lips. "A permanent, never-ending connection."

"Yeah." Her life had changed in the blink of an eye but she was oddly okay with it. The alternative was death. She was lucky though. These were men she could love, could live and laugh with. They would be heating the sheets up together for hundreds of years and make their mark on the world. A family in every sense of the word. "I think I



like the idea of that. Still, there's so much about you both that I don't know. How long have you been together?"

Aaron laughed and moved closer. He settled his lips against her throat as Noah found a nipple to tease with eager fingers. "Forever. Since we were cubs so to speak. We made a pact long ago that we would hunt for a mate together because, well, that's the way it's done in our world. You know that."

"We'd almost given up," Noah added. "All these years we've shared space and worked together thinking that if we completely understood each other, it would be easier on our mate should we be lucky enough to find her."

Violet pointed from one to the other. "Are you two, um—"

"No," Aaron said, grinning. "Although other male jags are lovers, we aren't. We're just not geared that way. The way we figure it, we just have more love to lavish on our woman."

Love.

The word, spoken teasingly, made her heart tighten in her chest. Already she was irresistibly drawn to these men but how did they feel about her? Could they, would they, ever come to love her? She prayed to the gods for it to happen.

"Tell us about you. Do you have family?" Noah squeezed a drop of soap on a scrunchy sponge and applied it gently to her chest and breasts.

"I did." She sighed and leaned her head back against the rim of the round tub. "I loved my fathers and my mom and they loved me. We were so happy together. They were killed by hunters when I was fifteen."

"I'm sorry," Aaron said.

"Me, too. It's tough to lose your family so young." Noah dipped the sponge below the surface of the water and squeezed it out over her breasts to rinse away the soap. "Time to wash your hair. Take a breath."

The guys slid her into the water and back up again then took turns washing, rinsing and conditioning her hair. She'd almost forgotten about the estrous that held her in its grip until her belly clenched and heat rolled through her pussy making it tighten and pulse. A low sound broke free, this one wild with an undercurrent of savage need. She reached out and gripped their cocks in her fist, bringing her hand up then down as she fought the wave that threatened to take her under.

Aaron and Noah exchanged glances before latching onto her tender nipples. Sucking gently they sent their fingers deep into her clenching pussy but it wasn't enough. Noah licked over her nipple, taking tender bites before lifting her to his lap and sliding her down his long cock. Violet cried out at the absolute perfection of him. He sucked one breast then the other as he pumped high and hard into her. Aaron positioned himself behind her and took her breasts in his hands. They were big and warm, touching her. He cupped her breasts leaving the nipples exposed. "Suck them, Noah."

Noah latched on hungrily as Aaron settled his teeth along the top of her shoulder and then the tender dip at her neck. Violet rode Noah's thick cock. Lifting her arms high she brought them back to hold Aaron's head as he drew her flesh between his teeth. Water sloshed and slapped the walls of the tub but nothing mattered, just pleasure. Relief. The raging heat burned through her until finally she broke apart like a china cup smashed to powder. Female jags caught in the throes of estrous were vocal and Violet found she was no different from her sisters. Her cry was loud and raw, tinged with the underlying sound of the jaguar. Fur brushed her insides as her beast made her presence known, fighting to be free.

Still impaled on Noah's body, she felt both his and Aaron's arms around her. "My beast is trying to come. What do I do?"

"Nothing," Aaron whispered. "We'll be with you and we'll help you. That's all you need to know. We won't let anything happen to you."

"Do you want to see us, Violet?" Noah breathed against the top of her head.

“Yes. Please. I’m dying to see you.”

The men disentangled themselves from her and stepped dripping from the tub. *My gods, they are gorgeous, ripped with muscle and brimming with life.* She wanted to drag her lips over every inch of their bodies, go back and then start all over again. But it was more than their looks for her. Their tenderness made her feel special, cherished and yes, loved.

They dried quickly then helped her from the tub, each taking their time tending to her. She realized abruptly that she was precious to them. Female jags were so rare and they’d waited all these many years hoping to find their mate. She would be the most central figure in their lives and one day would be the mother of future generations of jaguar shifters. It was a role she was more than willing to fulfill.

Each of her hands was taken as they led her back into the bedroom. Feeling a little weak from an overload of sex, she sat on the edge of the bed. Anticipation strummed through her veins as she marveled at them both. They were truly magnificent. And hers.

Shivering a little, feeling estrous hum low in her belly, calm for now but seeming to wait as if stalking her into accepting her change. Energy filled the air and she drank it in, absorbed it into her pores. Aaron made a rough, coughing sound and stretched out his arms, his head went back. His chiseled features began to morph slowly, beast replacing human and before she could blink, he prowled the room as a jaguar that would weigh in somewhere around two hundred pounds. His coat was golden, sprinkled with black rosettes, some large and many smaller. His underbelly and throat were white.

Violet went to her knees on the floor and reached out to him as he stalked to her slowly. His eyes were a dark, mossy green.

“Beautiful,” she whispered as he nuzzled her throat with his big head. She sank her fingers into his fur. “Aaron.”

She hadn't seen another jag shifter since she was a girl and the sight moved her to tears. These were her people, her men. Violet looked at Noah who watched her solemnly for a moment before he, too, began to shift and change. She sucked in a breath at the sight of him. Noah Littlehawk was a rare Melanistic jag, slightly larger than Aaron. Some might call him a black panther but that wasn't the case. Beneath the black, bits of gold peeked from below the heavy fur. He had rosettes, too, but they were almost like a camouflage. His fur was thick with underlying color. Truly spectacular. He jerked his head and coughed before padding to her.

Violet didn't realize she cried until Noah moved his muzzle against her cheeks. She wrapped her arms around both huge beasts. "Thank you for showing me. I hope I'm at least half as perfect as you guys are."

Then as suddenly as they'd transformed they shed their beasts and were kneeling next to her, holding her. Noah sent his hand down her torso from breastbone to belly while Aaron turned her head to give her a lingering kiss. His tongue swept deep, drinking her breath, tasting her. His cock rose up, high and hard between them. Needing to touch him, she took his length in her fist and worked him gently as Noah slid his fingers down and up her slit. Heat pooled low, drenching his fingers with her cream. She reached for his cock, too, loving the silky, hard length of him.

"Let's go to bed," he said. "You should rest for awhile before estrous hits again."

"It will grow continually stronger," Aaron added as he stood and reached out a hand to help her up. "It has already been a hell of a long night and you aren't done. Not nearly."

\* \* \* \* \*

Noah lay curled spoon fashion against Violet's back, his thighs tucked behind her legs. Her firm little ass was snuggled against his hard-on.

Sleep?

Mentally he snorted. Not fucking likely.

He knew the worst for her was yet to come. Naturally, he'd never seen a female of their kind in the throes of estrous but he'd heard the stories males passed down from generation to generation. That he was here, now, with her was a miracle to him. He and Aaron had almost given up hope. His best friend, his shifter brother, lay on the other side of their mate, facing her. His cheek rested against Violet's dark hair that was spread across the pillow. His hand cupped one sweet breast. Though Aaron's eyes were closed, he sensed his friend was as restless as he and wasn't sleeping.

Noah lightly trailed his hand over the dip of Violet's waist, then lower to gently play with one ass cheek. He recalled the plug Aaron had inserted earlier and tenderly lifted her leg to lay over one of Aaron's. Aaron's eyes opened.

"What are you doing?" he whispered.

"Removing the plug. She should be stretched enough to take us. It won't be long now. Feel that body heat coming from her?"

Aaron nodded and absently caressed Violet's breast again, running the tip of his finger over a nipple that was tightly puckered. "Yeah. Poor little sweetheart."

Noah fastened his eyes on Violet's face, noting the faint beads of sweat that popped from her forehead and dotted her upper lip. Carefully, he stretched his fingers between the globes of her ass and located the plug. Giving it a little pull, it came free and Violet moaned a little. He tossed it aside and gently rubbed her ass.

"Please," she whispered. Her eyes opened slowly then widened suddenly and it was clear to both of them the storm was coming. Her nostrils flared as she writhed between them. Heat blasted through her body transferring to both men. "Help me. Touch me. Oh gods!"

Immediately, Noah plunged his fingers deep in her pussy. Her nostrils flared as she gasped for breath and backed against his encroaching fingers. The flesh of her pussy, soft as melted butter, creamy and hot tempted him more than anything he'd ever known. He felt Aaron's fingers stroking her clit as he sent his touch slowly in and out of her weeping body.

"Shhh," he crooned. "It'll be so good, honey. Just go with it."

"We're here," Aaron whispered against her nipple before sucking it deep into his mouth. Watching his friend suck her breasts was so fucking erotic, Noah's cock began to throb against Violet's ass.

Waves crashed over Violet and he swore he felt each one as if it were happening to him, too. The emotional bonding was moving apace with their physical joining. Suddenly her body seized around his drenched fingers but then she gathered again for another round.

"Let me turn you over, honey."

Noah gave Aaron a look as he drew Violet to her hands and knees. Aaron stuffed pillows beneath her belly and took a spot at the head of the bed while Noah moved behind her.

"Suck my cock, darlin'," Aaron said as he kneeled in front of her. Immediately Violet took him deep.

Lust threatened to burn a hole in Noah's belly. The desire to taste her rode him hard. He bent to spread kisses over her ass, to stroke his tongue over her melting pussy. Damn, she was hot. Sweet and hot. An instant flash of intuition told him he would never get tired of this woman. He sent his tongue over her cunt, eating her out as she got Aaron off. His gums tingled and ached.

It was almost time.

Noah lifted his head, his nostrils flared as he looked at Aaron over the long expanse of Violet's back. "Don't come yet, Aaron. It's going to happen and we need to be ready."

"I know."

Violet made a muffled sound, whimpering, like an animal in distress. Well, hell yeah. She was. She screamed around the flesh of Aaron's cock, then released him to throw her head back. Another cry broke the night.

"Now, Aaron," he said, his voice sounding harsh to his own ears. He yanked at the pillows that were stacked beneath her belly so Aaron could slide down beneath her.

"I want you, I want you, I want you." Her voice rang out in the darkness sending a chill over Noah's body. "Now. Oh please."

He wouldn't listen to her beg for release. No more.

When Aaron was finally belly to belly with Violet, Noah gave him a look. "Lube."

Wordlessly, Aaron reached out to the nightstand and handed the lube to him. Noah liberally applied it to his cock and his fingers. When Violet screeched again, obviously in the throes of the painful conversion, he nodded at Aaron.

"Fuck me, sweetheart," Aaron said as her lowered Violet's pussy over his cock. She sank down on him, impaling herself, taking him deeply and both sighed. Noah placed his hand between her shoulder blades, pushing gently down until she was breast to breast with Aaron. They had to take her together in order to see her through this physical crises so he worked quickly, lubing her hole, running his fingers around her as his other hand caressed her butt. Then he slowly slid his finger, just to the first bend, into her anus. Violet and Aaron went still.

"Do it!" Violet's voice was tinged with desperation.

Gritting his teeth, he slid his finger deep, stilled, then withdrew it slowly. Gods she was small despite the plug they'd inserted to stretch her. "So goddamned tight but we're getting there. Hang on now." He inserted another finger then scissored them to stretch her more. Violet began to pant.

"Now, now, now. Please. Oh yes." Her voice was strident. Demanding. A jag who needed her mates.

Withdrawing his fingers, he placed the well-lubed head of his throbbing cock at the entrance to her anus and pushed in slowly. If she felt any pain, she didn't show it. Her breath caught and held.

Noah slid deep, then deeper until she closed around him like a tight fist. "Fuck!" His gums tingled, ached. His growl of pleasure ripped the air and his fangs sprang free. He snapped them viciously.

"Now," Aaron said with an answering animalistic sound. His fangs were feral, his pupils dilated. "Fuck us, Violet."

"Yes!" Noah moved slowly at first while below him Aaron did the same. Violet's trembling body was pinned between them and he knew she could do nothing but hang on for the desperate sex that was to come.

He and Aaron soon set up a rhythm of motion that had cries breaking from Violet's lips like a wild, sexy song. His pace into her body increased and Aaron caught the tempo, as both slid in and out of her passages, filling her completely. Noah's balls drew up hard and tight against his body, the need to bite filling him up, paralyzing him with need.

Heat rolled then blasted through Violet's body like a flash fire. He knew because he *felt* it. Below him, Aaron growled and flashed fang.

Violet's rough, frantic cry reached them both. When her head snapped back, he saw the pearly incisors that sprang from her gums and then everything coalesced as he sank his teeth into Violet's shoulder. Aaron claimed the other as her fingers began to claw and stretch. As if orchestrated by some earthly force, they came together. Noah spurted deep. Aaron gritted his teeth and went still, passion infusing his face.

Violet screamed then went limp between them.

With the crises upon her and wasting no time, Noah pulled free from her body and gently settled her on her back on the bed. Energy, raw and pulsing, filled the room. The men stroked her body as golden fur formed, complete with thick black rosettes. Before their eyes she shifted and claimed her beast, the great cat stretching its limbs, snapping lethal sharp teeth. She blinked at them through blue eyes.

She was the most beautiful thing Noah had ever seen. His heart tightened in his chest and tears shot across the surface of his eyes.



Releasing her to stand by the bed, the men shifted too, joining her in the celebration of the birth of her beast.

\* \* \* \* \*

Exhilaration filled her up as she returned in jag form to the mountain retreat. Running and playing in cat form with her mates was an unreal experience and this first time, breathing the crisp air, feeling the crunch of leaves beneath the pads of her paws was, in a word, unforgettable. Wide stairs extended from the second story balcony to the ground. They'd left the doors open for when they returned, so she loped up the cedar steps. Noah's jaguar playfully nipped her flank so she gave as good as she got and flashed fang, growling with a low cough of sound. Aaron raced up past her on the steps from her other side and paused to walk a slow circle at the open doorway.

*"You're beautiful,"* Aaron said, this voice echoing through her mind.

*"I can't believe the connection is so strong and you guys are so firmly planted in my mind."* She entered the warmth of the bedroom and looked at it through feline eyes. A shiver raced over her skin, just beneath the fur, when she took in the rumpled bed and recalled what they'd done there, the ways they'd touched her and would touch her again. *"Mom explained it would be this way but I guess I just didn't grasp the intimacy of it."*

Noah stalked to her, circled once then paused at her neck to rub his muzzle there. Heat raced through her body.

*"Believe it, Violet. We'll always be with you, in your heart and your mind."*

Laughter bubbled up in her mind. *"Be careful what you wish for, Noah. I'm not always as perfectly nice as I might seem. I have my moments of bitchiness."*

Aaron's teasing voice rolled through her mind. *"You? Never!"* He followed the bit of foolishness by rubbing his big body along her other side. Once again, she realized how incredibly lucky she was that they had found each other. Facing estrous alone was terribly dangerous for females of her kind. The odds of survival were slim.

Noah's laughter softly sounded in her thoughts. *"Ah, but you will have plenty of privacy. In human form, you can be as secretive as you want. We won't be able hear each other then but I promise, we'll treat you like the goddess you are and hopefully moments of complaint will be few. We will teach you to shield your thoughts as well. It's easy."*

*"Good. I don't like the idea of you guys being in my head 24/7,"* she teased. But then a thought occurred to her. *"How do I shift back?"*

Male laughter swept through her mind. *"Easy,"* Aaron said. *"Picture your human self. Form a picture and you're there."*

She could do this. Feeling adventurous and free, she moved away from her mates, some distance from the bed and crouched low. Gathering her courage, she raced toward the big bed and leaped through the air grabbing hold of the image of plain old Violet as a human woman. The challenge she'd given herself worked as, with a flash and pop of sound, she transformed into her woman's body and fell in a sprawl in the center of the bed.

Consumed with laughter, giggles burst free and then her men were upon her. Noah buried his face against her throat to kiss and nip while Aaron showered licks and kisses to her belly. Violet threaded her fingers through their hair to hold them against her. *"Ah, guys, I feel so free, so good. I did it."*

Noah came up over her, his teeth flashing white in the darkness before pre-dawn. *"Never doubted it for a minute."*

*"I think I have a belly fetish,"* Aaron announced as he gently settled his teeth over the soft bump of her tummy.

Again Violet laughed, smiling up at Noah and then his smile faded as he kissed her, a kiss of possession and heat. His tongue swept her mouth and drank the slow breath she exhaled. The slow tasting caused her blood heat like lava in her veins. Aaron made a low sound as his fingers found the melting flesh of her pussy. He drew his thumb down her slit, gathering her cream, before pausing to flick her clit, then circle it applying a light pressure that made her back arch against the mattress.

Noah broke the kiss but lingered to give sexy attention to her cheeks, her chin, her throat, before moving lower to latch onto one pulsing, hardened nipple. A raw sound rushed from her throat as he sucked the flesh with strong pulls. He grabbed the other nipple giving it a tender tug while Aaron parted her legs wider. She felt him move between them and knew he was looking at her. His fingers stroked her, parted her labia. The cool air in the room touched her hot pussy making her ache for a firmer possession.

"Lick my pussy, Aaron," she whispered, shocked at the raw sound of her voice. "I need you there. I love that."

There was something so fine about instant gratification.

His mouth settled hotly over her flesh as Noah sucked her nipple harder with pulsing pulls and tugs. Aaron stiffened his tongue, prodding her opening, pushing deep before sliding up to circle her aching clit. His fingers gripped her thighs as she moved against his mouth.

Noah released her nipple to glance down at Aaron. "Make her come."

"Yeah," Aaron breathed against her pussy, his words hot and welcoming. Moisture rained like fire from her cunt.

While Noah bent to her other breast, she gasped as Aaron ate her out. His hungry mouth gently devouring, sucking hard then softly, alternating until sensation battered her from every direction. Her belly tightened as Noah's hand swept over her ribs before finally coming to a rest over her pubic bone. He pressed her there with his broad palm and pleasure began to coil through her middle, tighter and tighter. When Aaron thrust two fingers deep into her channel she flew apart with a loud cry.

"I love to watch you come," Noah whispered against her breast as Aaron gentled her with his mouth.

Speechless with pleasure, she didn't protest when Noah drew her up until she was sitting. Aaron kneeled between her thighs, giving her a naughty, sexy grin. Unable to resist, she smiled, too, as Noah stacked pillows against the headboard. He settled

himself behind her then bent his head to the side of her neck. "Ready for more?" he whispered.

"Oh yeah. Gimme."

Aaron laughed, grabbed her ankles and gave her a quick tug that made her squeal. Then, he and Noah flipped her to her belly and Aaron brought her hips up until she was on her hands and knees. Noah's cock rose up before her, hard and full. She ached to taste him so she settled her hands on his muscular thighs and bent to lick at the head of his erection. Swirling her tongue over the silky flesh, she heard his low groan and took him in her mouth.

Though she couldn't see Aaron, she felt his hands and mouth on her body. His fingers stroked the backs of her thighs and then her butt before he settled his mouth at the base of her spine. His tongue swept her flesh in a leisurely tasting as she gripped the base of Noah's cock and squeezed gently. Wanting to give to each of them, she pushed back against Aaron encouraging him to fuck her while she drew her tongue over the thick stalk of Noah's erection. She drew on his flesh but then gasped in a breath at the feel of Aaron dragging the head of his cock through the pulsing layers of her pussy.

"Suck me," Noah said with a low groan. "Gods, I love your mouth."

She'd felt Aaron and Noah's pride and possession in her but she felt it for them too. It soared through her like a song as she teased his heavy balls with her tongue then lowered her mouth over his thick cock in slow, torturous increments. Then Aaron sent his steely hard erection deep into her pussy.

The three of them paused, went still, in the intimacy of the moment.

Pleasure raced with wicked intent over her skin as she backed up against Aaron, seeking more. She lifted her head and breathed against Noah's cock. "Fast, Aaron, fast and hard. I want everything. From both of you."

"Hell yeah," Aaron said as he thrust, hard and deep.

Once again she opened her mouth over Noah's cock and sucked him. His fingers sank into her hair to gently guide her as Aaron rotated against her ass, sending his

strength and power into her center. Violet widened her knees to open herself more fully to each thrust, milking him, tightening on each withdrawal as if she could keep him deep this way forever.

Pleasure whipped through her system as they set up a mutual rhythm of give and take and she wondered if things would always be this way between them. Emotion sank tender hooks into her heart as shivers of ecstatic pleasure shook her to her bones. Her pussy tightened like a fist around Aaron's cock as she sucked harder at Noah. Both men lost control, caught in the moment. Aaron's grip on her ass sent both pleasure and pain racing through her as Noah's fingers tightened in her hair.

Pleasure leaped and dived as her body seized and she flew apart. Colors danced before her eyes mingled with the soft gray dawn that finally streaked into the room. Noah cried out as he came hard and long. She drank him down, wanting every last bit of him. Aaron went still then thrust deep once more into her pulsing flesh as he came. His rough sound mingled with Noah's and she joined them as each flew apart and was reborn again.

## Chapter Five

"Mm. I feel so *good*," Violet said the next afternoon. She sat curled on the big sectional couch with her stocking feet pulled up under her body. Her arms went up over her head as she stretched.

Aaron sat a mug of hot chocolate on the coffee table and she flashed him a grin as she reached for it. His heart tightened then expanded.

She was his.

His and Noah's.

Last night, they'd taken their mate out for her first run as a jaguar. Indulgently, they watched her run and play careful to follow her closely. She was beautiful in every way, smaller than the males, more lithe but equally deadly. After a few hours, the sun began to shift higher over the mountains so with gentle nudges and nips, they ushered her back inside and returned to their human bodies.

The sex they'd shared had been fucking incredible. After a long shower, where the two males cleaned their mate paying careful attention to every nook and cranny, they'd cuddled together in the big bed sleeping at least half the day away. By the time they got up, a snow was falling in fat, fluffy chunks to cover the ground.

Noah had just gone next door to grab a change of clothes for both of them so this was the first time they'd had a chance to talk alone. Violet took a sip of her drink and smiled at him over the rim. "So, um, how did I do?"

When he paused, he knew he'd waited too long to answer. Color flagged her high cheekbones. He laughed and leaned close. He took the mug from her hands and cupped her face. "Do you mean with the change?"

"Um, yeah."

He settled his lips on her mouth, tasting chocolate and acceptance in her kiss. "You did perfectly, honey. Don't ever doubt it."

"You sure?"

"Hell yeah." He brushed her lips again. "Noah and I have never been through anything like that before either. It was great in every way. Virgin territory for us."

Her hands settled on his bare shoulders. He and Noah had rushed to her place so fast that they'd barely had time to shrug into jeans. She surprised him by laughing.

"Virgin? You guys didn't behave like any virgins I've ever seen." She followed the teasing statement by putting her mouth on one side of his chest to tease him with open-mouthed kisses. Breath rushed from his body when he felt the edge of her teeth, the sweep of her tongue. "I loved what you guys did to me. Granted there were parts I don't remember because I was kind of out of it."

Threading his fingers through her hair, urging her on, he smiled. "That's okay. You're allowed to go a little crazy sometimes."

"Hm, really?" She transferred her attention to his ribs as her fingers got busy rushing over the flesh of his sides. Damn if he wasn't hard again. He was liable to never survive this woman. "I loved the way you touched me, you and Noah."

He sucked in a breath as her fingers played along his zipper, playfully outlining his cock through his jeans. "Know each other pretty well. We've been together a long time."

Violet looked up suddenly and her eyes narrowed a bit. "You've done a lot of things together, haven't you?"

Was she jealous?

"Nothing like we've done with you."

She shook her head. "I'm sorry. I sound like an insecure child."

"Not a damn thing immature about you, darlin'." He kissed her hard, feeling savage, possessive. When she relaxed again, he reached beneath her sweater, finding

her soft, warm belly then sighed into her mouth when he captured her breast in his hand.

"Looks like I got here just in time." Noah's voice broke through their sudden passion and Violet went still. He shut the front door and tossed a small pile of clothing onto the nearest chair. "I leave you two alone for fifteen minutes and look what happens."

He shrugged out of his coat and boots and stalked slowly toward them unbuttoning his shirt as he came. His smile flashed white against his dark skin. "Got room for one more?"

Aaron felt Violet relax, saw her smile as she stood and went into Noah's arms. "Always," she whispered.

With a low growl, Noah fisted his hands in the hem of her sweater and pulled it over her head. Noah now knew what he'd only just learned. Violet wasn't wearing a bra. Aaron's mouth went dry at the sight of Noah kissing their mate with such violent possession. Noah's hands so dark against Violet's pale flesh had Aaron's cock growing even harder. He was dying to touch her too. After all these years, they'd finally found her. Abruptly, he stood, stripped off his jeans and went to join them. When he approached Violet's back, he pressed his chest against it. His cock was plastered against her butt with only her soft gray sweats separating flesh from flesh. Grunting he reached for the waistband of the pants only to find Noah's hands there too. The men smiled at each other and together gave the garment a little push until she stood between them wearing her white panties and a pair of slouchy socks.

"You are the cutest damn thing I've ever seen," he laughed.

"Yeah, this is a really good look for you, honey," Noah teased. Violet's laughter rang out but then he wrapped her arms around her belly, gods, he loved her belly, as Noah bent to draw a hard, pink nipple into his mouth.

Laughter dissolved into soft moans and gasping breaths as they played together.



"Spread your legs," he whispered. "Yeah, like that." Aaron slipped his hand between her legs into her panties to find her pussy drenched and ready for them. As he played with her delicate flesh, he felt Noah's fingers too. Noah pinched her clit and circled it as Aaron buried two fingers deep in her channel.

"Feels so good," Violet gasped out.

Needing more of her, Aaron pushed the panties down until they pooled around her ankles. He bent to lift one foot and then the other. Giving Noah a look, he tossed the tiny scrap of wet silk aside then scooped Violet up in his arms.

She didn't question him, just looped her arms around his neck as he moved with her to the couch. When he sat with her, she curled up on his lap and kissed him.

"Let's try this," he said against her lips. A look of confusion clouded her expression then he turned her on his lap to face Noah who stood in the middle of the floor stripping off his jeans. Gently, he took her legs and placed them outside his thighs in a position that opened her wide. "Up. That's it. Slide down on my cock this way."

Violet obeyed, moving up just enough that she could sink down on his throbbing dick. Shit! The woman was made just for them. Perfect. She was as tight as a damn fist, her petals dewy. He pumped into her once, twice, then wrapped his arms around her and drew her tightly against him, his chest to her back. Aaron saw Noah watching them. Stoic bastard barely moved, his gaze zeroed in on Violet's pretty pink pussy. His thick cock rose up from his groin, hard and ready.

Aaron took pity on him and snagged Violet's ankles with his feet and spread her open for Noah. "Come and get her. Eat her pussy while I fuck her."

The side of Noah's mouth kicked up in a little smile. He moved closer and got to his knees. His nostrils flared the moment he caught her scent. Aaron thrust deep into her cunt again as Noah spread her labia and trailed his fingers through her cream. Violet's head fell back on Aaron's chest when, with a low sound, Noah buried his lips in her pussy and began to lick and suck her flesh.

Joining them completely, Violet reached back for him with one hand and buried the other in Noah's inky black hair. So as Noah ate her, he fucked her setting up a rhythm that had Violet crying out and coming wildly.

Aaron went completely still as she rode out the frantic climax but he didn't let himself come. He lifted her off his erection and Noah gathered her up and carried her to the thick rug in front of the crackling fireplace.

"Yes, sweetie," he said as Aaron approached them. "Up on your knees. That's it."

Noah was such a badass, Aaron mused. Always had been but with Violet, he was everything that was caring and gentle.

Aaron got into position behind Violet and Noah placed his huge cock near her rosy, swollen lips. She swallowed the head and Aaron saw Noah's eyes close as lust crawled over his dark features. Violet worked him with her mouth and helplessly he studied every detail of the event. Finally, unable to stand another minute not buried deep in her pussy, he held one cheek of her ass with one hand and gripped his cock with the other. Slowly, savoring every minute, he dragged his cock over the soft, dripping folds, teased her clit with the swollen head. Over and over he teased until she was pushing back against him for a firmer touch. Her mouth was filled with Noah's cock and she made a humming sound around it which, in turn, had Noah thrusting deeper.

Sometimes timing was everything. Aaron finally relented and thrust deep, high and hard inside her. He filled his hands with her butt and pounded his erection through her tight pussy. Vaginal walls squeezed mercilessly. Aaron's balls tightened as she milked his cock. Pleasure raced wicked fingers over his scalp and down his spine as he rode her hard, reaching around to tease her clit until she was wild beneath him.

Noah went still suddenly then groaned when he came, so Aaron let go too. He blasted his cum deep in Violet's body, roaring his release, while below him Violet trembled and shuddered as completion claimed her. When finally he withdrew, he and Noah spread Violet out on the rug as the fire snapped and crackled. One man curled up on each side of her until they lay together, a tangle of arms and legs.

Contentment stole over him. It felt like a homecoming.

\* \* \* \* \*

"So what did you do when your parents died, sweetheart?" Aaron asked the question as they lay together, the three of them, late that night.

Noah shifted closer and settled his hand on her thigh. Aaron, naturally, was stroking her belly. "Yeah," Noah prodded. "It had to be hard."

"It was." She sighed and rested a hand on each of theirs. She didn't often think of those years but they'd played a part in the woman she was now. "You know how solitary our kind is. It's our nature but after my parents were gone, I just wandered around. Got a fake ID because I looked much older than my age and no one ever questioned it. Took odd jobs to survive."

"Tough." Aaron kissed her forehead. "And lonely."

She smiled. "Yeah, it was. I'm so glad you guys had each other." She shrugged. "For my whole life it's been as if I had an empty hole in my heart. I knew there were others out there who were like me but didn't have a clue as to how to find them."

"You've found us now," Noah said. "That's something."

"It is." Violet's heart sped up as she realized the power of fate. She could have died out here alone in the wilderness but Fate had decreed otherwise. Her life had been one unending year of loneliness after another and it still amazed her that her world had changed in the blink of an eye. "I'll warn you guys, I'm not an educated woman. There was no money for that. For more years than I can remember, I've cleaned houses, cooked fast food, stuff like that. After awhile I gained some maturity and polish and hired on with catering companies. Fortunately for me, I was a quick study. I learned how to comport myself, how to dress, everything."

"How did you land your current job?" Noah asked the question with a slight edge to his voice. It was readily apparent her men didn't think much of Angel Ramirez but then, neither did she.

"I'd been promoted to assistant at the catering company where I worked. I met Mr. Ramirez at a black tie affair in downtown San Antonio and we struck up a conversation and he gave me his card telling me he was looking for someone." She recalled that first meeting with him and shuddered. Immediately Aaron and Noah, sensitive to her every need, moved closer. "I had to admit that I was a little overwhelmed that such a powerful, wealthy man bothered with me at all. I was flattered. A few days later, I drove out to his place. It's amazing really but there was something about him that freaked me out a little. I should never have taken the job but I'd lived from hand-to-mouth for so long I was taken in by his offer. Greedy. That's what I was."

"If you don't like working for him, you should quit," Aaron said.

"I plan to. If he'll *let* me. The man is a hardass all the way. Not the kind to take no for an answer."

"Oh he'll let you, darlin'. Trust us on that," Noah said in a dangerous tone. "We'll see to it."

The guys went quiet and still. Aaron opened his mouth to speak but she wanted to end this talk of Angel Ramirez. True, she had mates now but she wasn't about to let them handle her problems. She'd been living life on her terms for a long time now and being able to handle her own issues was important to her. "Tell me about your house, guys."

Noah smiled. "You mean *our* house. We want you to move in with us as soon as possible, darlin'. It's a relic. Huge."

"Yep. Built around the turn of the century. A big assed limestone, two-story deal," Aaron said.

"Sounds wonderful."

"We like it. Noah and I have been working on it over the years, modernizing it and making it livable for a mate, if we were ever lucky enough to find her."

Her heart squeezed tightly in her chest. "I know I'll love it."

Noah took a deep breath. "Hope so. Just so you know, you are welcome to change anything about it that you want. It will be yours too. Don't think you'll quibble about the bathrooms though. They are big enough to land a plane in." He and Aaron laughed as if they shared a private joke. "Um, you'll see that we are men who like our creature comforts, pardon the pun. When we bought the place there was an outhouse."

Violet wrinkled her nose. "Ew. Glad ya'll fixed that."

Aaron rolled his eyes. "Yeah, no kiddin'. Modern conveniences all the way for us."

"Hey, that's what happens when you live as long as we have," Noah said, smiling. "Everything is constantly evolving, changing. You have to change with them."

The topic made her wonder about something. Frowning a bit, she looked at each of them. "You've been in central Texas for a long time haven't you?"

They both answered in the affirmative.

"Um. In all this time, I know you've never met another female jag shifter but what about males? Do you suppose there are more in our area?"

Noah hummed low in his throat. "We suspect there are but hell, San Antonio is a big place. Back in the eighteen hundreds there were a few but they moved on to other places. San Antonio was pretty small back then so we would've known. Now it's not so easy to find out these things. We're always keeping our nose to the air but so far no luck."

"It would be nice to meet some others," she sighed.

Aaron grinned and leaned over her to kiss her mouth and her heart rolled over. "Who needs anyone else when we have each other?"

\* \* \* \* \*

The next morning, Noah and Aaron headed out to do some skiing. Violet sent them off with kisses and told them to have a good time but she'd pass on this little day trip. Hitting the slopes and spending the day soaked, cold, and flat on her ass wasn't her

idea of fun. They seemed a little disappointed but smiled when she informed them she needed some “girl time”.

And she did.

She stood at the front window and watched them drive off in a big, black truck, snow crunching beneath the tires, and thought of having a few hours just to herself. Being with them over the past few days had sent her body into sexual and emotional overload and she had important things to think about. She’d always been a woman who appreciated her solitude and she suspected Aaron and Noah would learn that about her over the many years to come.

Violet cleaned up the breakfast dishes then changed from her jammies into some sweats and an old tee shirt and headed to the exercise room for a workout. Yeah, she’d been pretty active, now *there* was a word, over the last few days but she needed a workout of another kind, especially if she wanted to keep up with her men in the bedroom. As she climbed on the stair-stepper working up a healthy sweat, she smiled.

Afterward, she took a long hot bath taking special care of all the little feminine details she’d not thought much about over the years. As she soaked in the tub she considered all the changes that had come into her life, a complete novelty considering everything that she had believed would happen to her. And none of this excitement and expectation would be happening if not for Noah and Aaron. They’d given her life back to her wrapped in two very sexy bows.

Restlessness set in by late afternoon. Any other time, she would be completely comfortable being alone but things were charging forward faster than a speeding bullet and she was surprised to find loneliness setting in. Needing something to do, she stepped out onto the front porch and lifted her face to the fat snowflakes that continued to fall. Violet dragged in a deep breath of fresh mountain air then glanced next door. She remembered Noah heading next door for clothes and then smiled, recalling what had happened after that.

Pulling her coat around her, she walked across the small stretch of ground that separated the big house from the much smaller cabin Noah and Aaron had rented. She approached the front door and thought about how little time it would take her to pack the rest of their things up and haul them back. Let's face it. They wouldn't be staying there anymore.

She reached out and tried the door. Locked. Yeah, that figured. Violet started to turn away but then had a thought. Lots of country folks kept keys hidden here and there. The owners of the cabin might be the same. Her gaze fell to a small clay pot and, on a hunch, lifted it up and sure as shootin', there sat an old key.

Grinning over her victory, she picked it up and used it to open the front door. The place smelled of them. Clean, fresh and masculine. Late afternoon sunlight streamed into the room and she looked around, acclimating herself to the small cabin. Violet walked through the living area, quickly figuring where the bedrooms were but then she went still.

On the far side of the room sat a long table that was filled with gadgets and switches. A long line of monitors stretched out above it.

Electronic equipment?

What the hell was this?

Walking over, she flipped some switches and watched the monitors blink to life. Sitting down at one of the two chairs that set before this mess of stuff, she squinted at the screen, at first confused, then filled with fury. Every screen showed a room of her house next door. She scanned the empty kitchen and the living room where she'd had wild monkey sex with the guys just the day before. Her face burned when she saw the shot of the bedroom where she'd dressed and undressed during the time before she'd gotten to know them and love them.

A feeling of violation whipped through her system and she saw red. Hurt and humiliation pulsed through her body in a pagan tempo.

Fuckers!

How dare they?

How could they profess to care, say she belonged to them and then do such a horrible, unspeakable thing?

Fury riding her hard, she left the cabin, slamming the door behind her and before long she was throwing clothing into her suitcases. She was getting away from these two before she did something really stupid and smacked both of them right in their noses!



## Chapter Six

Noah pushed the cart through the grocery store aisles, pausing when Aaron opened a freezer to pull out a small container. He held it up for Noah's inspection. "Women like chocolate, right?"

"Do chickens lay eggs? Hell yeah, they like it. What kind is that?"

He watched Aaron read the pint-sized tub. "Chocolate chocolate chip."

"Put it in."

Aaron tossed it into the basket as they continued buying this and that. They actually did ski for a little while but on the way home decided that if they were going to eat for the rest of the week, they needed to pick up a few things. Over the past few days, they'd devoured most of the stuff Violet had supplied.

So here they were at the grocery store. Noah smiled as Aaron tossed bags of cheesy puffs and chips in the basket. "Damn, man! You and your junk food."

Aaron swiveled his head around and glanced at his butt with a scowl. "Are you saying my ass looks big?" Grinning, Aaron sauntered ahead of him, continuing to toss things into the shopping cart. "Maybe we should cook some steaks."

"Ah, let's take her out, brother. Can't keep her tied to the bed, you know."

"Damn, I was hoping we could. Let's buy some rope."

"Smart ass!" Noah grabbed a bag of marshmallows that Aaron insisted Violet would want and threw them at his head. Naturally, his friend laughed, caught it, and tossed it back in the basket. "Think she'll be happy with us?" Of the two of them, he tended more toward introspection.

Aaron turned, suddenly serious. "You think too much, Noah. It's okay for us to be happy."

“Is it? After what we did to her?”

When Aaron didn’t answer him, he knew they’d save this conversation for later. The fact that Violet didn’t know they’d been hired to spy on her was eating at him like a cancer and he couldn’t shake the feeling they should have spoken up much, much sooner. It wasn’t well done of them. He couldn’t think of anything worse than finding their mate only to lose her once she learned they were both lying sacks of shit.

After they left the store and stowed the groceries, they stopped for coffee at a little café in the village and Aaron, who was the more lighthearted of the two of them turned deadly serious. “I started to tell her when she talked about hiring on with Ramirez. It would have been the perfect time but I couldn’t do it.”

“We should’ve forced the issue.”

“Why? She was happy. She was excited about the future. Won’t it be better to sit her down, hang our heads and confess that we were initially hired to spy on her by that bastard she works for?”

Noah doctored his coffee with cream and gave it a stir as he watched tourists stroll the sidewalks just outside the window of the café. “I know one thing, I sure as hell would be pissed if I found someone was watching my every move.” He took a careful sip of his steaming coffee. “She doesn’t deserve any of this. Angel Ramirez is a warty ass for hiring someone to watch her. He used us to stalk her. She’s not sexually involved with the old goat and never would have been.”

Aaron propped his forearms on the table and leaned forward. “We used bad judgment in taking the job, Noah. We did. I freely admit it but damn it, I’m not going to say I’m sorry. If we hadn’t taken the job from that rat bastard, we would never have met our mate and I refuse to apologize.”

Sighing deeply, Noah scrubbed his hands over his face. “Fuck! I hate this. We have to tell her. Tonight.”

It wasn't until they were headed to their truck, night having fallen to shroud the quaint streets in shades of midnight blue, that he spotted the jewelry store. "Hey, wait up, Aaron."

Aaron turned with a lift of his brow then smiled. "Wanna shop?"

"Yeah, I think so. Why not? You don't think she'll think we're trying to buy her forgiveness, do you?"

"We're not. Quit analyzing everything to death, Noah. Listen to your heart."

Noah knew he was right. Still, after living for so many years, seeing so much death and destruction, dealing with loneliness on a daily basis, it was damn hard to trust something as fragile as human nature. Of course, Violet wasn't human but still he worried. She had those same emotions and feelings and he knew that things like love were often delicate.

Once they were inside the store, nerves set up camp in his belly. He felt like the proverbial bull in the china closet around this kind of stuff. Girly stuff. A couple of snow bunnies stood off in the distance admiring dangly earrings and preening in front of a small mirror on the counter, but then they stopped to give him and Aaron the eye. Avaricious gazes went down and back up their bodies. Noah turned his back and began studying bracelets in a glass case. Other women didn't do it for him anymore. Just Violet. She held his heart.

Aaron moved up next to him to peer intently into the case. "Not a twinge."

"Nope. Not a twinge. Never again," he agreed. "Not looking for a bracelet."

"Uh-uh. I'm thinking a ring."

A middle aged woman with a friendly smile approached them. "May I help you with something?"

Noah cleared his throat. "Um, yeah. We'd like to look at some rings."

She smiled brilliantly. "Engagement rings?"

He nodded and then before he knew it they were looking down into a case full of sparklies. The clerk walked off to help another customer with a promise to be right back so the two of them studied the display of beautiful rings. Honestly, he would be proud to buy any one of them for Violet. It wasn't every day a couple of two-hundred-year-old jaguars made a commitment of this magnitude.

"I like that one." Aaron pointed a ring that sat apart from the others. Three strands of platinum entwined together held a stunning white diamond the size of a dime.

Noah knew the second he saw it that it was perfect. When the clerk came back, smiling he pointed to the ring. "Could I see that one?"

"Of course. It's stunning isn't it?" She placed the ring on the counter and Aaron picked it up. Together they studied it. "Any woman would love a ring like this. Five carats encircled with baguettes and set in platinum. Lovely."

"It is," Aaron said.

"Do you think she'll like it?"

Aaron turned to him with a smile. "It's kind of like the chocolate, Noah. How can she resist?"

\* \* \* \* \*

Violet lugged her suitcases down the stairs. It was done now. Out of breath from the frantic packing, she flopped on the couch for a second and stared into what was left of the fire she'd started hours ago, hours before her world had fallen apart. How could they have betrayed her? Noah and Aaron? Why were they spying on her every move and then, after all that had happened between them, not tell her why they would do such a thing?

Tears poured down her cheeks as memories of all they'd done together played through her mind like an old movie and she wondered in this wild moment of self-pity what she had done to deserve such betrayal. It wasn't fair. She'd fallen in love with them and though she hadn't spoken the words, they had to know how she felt about

them both. Not only had they saved her life but they'd mated with her, sealing an emotional bond that could never be broken. She might be connected with them on some cosmic level but she sure as hell wouldn't stay with men who lied to her.

Looking around the house, she replayed every look, every kiss, every touch and along with that faced how it had felt to be utterly alone in the world. She'd thought her dreams had all come somehow impossibly true. What a dummy! A violent trembling set up in her hands, her lips quivered as she gasped for breath. She didn't want to cry but it was too late now. It was as if someone had died and she was left alone. Again. Curling up on the couch, numb from pain, she sobbed her sorrow, giving in to raw emotion. She could be strong later but not now.

Finally Violet stood and shrugged into her shoes. She reached down to lift her suitcases but then she went still. Footsteps sounded on the front steps. She'd wanted to be gone before Noah and Aaron returned but it looked like her pity party had stretched out a little too long. She straightened, prepared to face them down, but then frowned when the doorbell rang. They had a key. They didn't need to wring the doorbell.

She went to the door and opened it, then gasped in shock.

*"Hola, querida. This is a surprise, is it not?"*

*"Mr. Ramirez! What are you doing here?"*

She didn't want to let him in but there was no choice. She'd paused in the doorway just long enough for him to enter the place as if he owned it. And of course, he did. Angel Ramirez wore a designer wool coat and scarf that would have cost her three months' salary had she purchased such a thing for Noah or Aaron. He wore wealth well. Handsome and cultured, he had almost everything going for him. Too bad he was such a smarmy shithead.

He turned to her and smiled, unwinding the scarf from around his neck. "I believe you know very well why I am here."

"Look, I've told you repeatedly that I have no interest in becoming involved with you. I'll have to ask you to leave."

Ramirez laughed and opened his arms expansively. "But why? I've only just arrived in *my* home. The home I graciously loaned you for your vacation." He unbuttoned his coat but instead of removing it stalked toward her. His hand went up to cup her cheek but she knocked it away.

"Don't touch me! This isn't fair."

His eyes narrowed and it was quite obvious he wasn't partial to the word *no*. "Ah, but often life is not fair. You work for me and if you plan to stay in my employ and earn a very fine wage indeed, then I suggest you be a bit nicer."

"Get. Out," she gritted, her teeth clenched. Violet drew in a breath and smelled fear. Her own. She was a fully formed female jaguar and she was scared spitless of this creep. His black eyes glittered with malice and sexual hunger. And jaguar shifters were predators? This guy was the real predator believing that his wealth and position entitled him to take what he wanted. "Find yourself another hired hand, Ramirez. I quit. Now if you'll excuse me."

Her heart was pounding so hard she thought it might explode from her chest but she managed to appear calm as she reached down for her luggage. Getting out of here fast was uppermost in her mind. But she didn't get far. Ramirez settled his hand on her shoulder and stared at her. "Do not play these games with me, *chica*. I don't accept your resignation. At least not until I get what I want."

Violet mustered a smile. "Then perhaps I will tender my resignation to your *wife*."

"How dare you threaten me, you little bitch." His hand tightened on her shoulder as he whipped the scarf from his neck. "You were practically on the streets when I met you. I took pity on you and hired you to work for me."

Before she could do more than blink he had her backed against the wall. The scarf, now wrapped around his fists, was pressed to her throat, holding her in place. Violet opened her mouth to scream but he leaned in. "Shh, *chica*. Not a sound from you. *Si*?"

She wasn't about to go down without a fight. The man didn't know who he was messing with and he was alone. His army of goons was nowhere in sight. Already she

knew that with the birth of the beast, she was stronger than most human men but she'd never had the need to test that theory until now. With a savage growl, she stomped on his foot and when he was just a bit off balance she kicked his leg as hard as she could.

But then nothing more was needed because Noah and Aaron burst through the door. Noah grabbed him by the scruff of the neck and tossed him as if he were a rag doll. Angel Ramirez flew across the room hitting the wall with a loud crash. Aaron was immediately on the man. He drew back his fist and smashed it into Ramirez's jaw.

"Are you all right?" Noah gripped her arms, staring down with eyes gone feral.

"Y-yes. You guys got here in time."

Then Aaron was there, too, wrapping his arm around her. "Sweetheart, I swear, if that bastard hurt you, I'll —"

"No. No. It's okay. I'm okay."

There was a sound from across the room as Angel Ramirez got to his feet. "Do you know who these men are?"

Why did he have to remind her about this now?

She didn't want to face it so soon. Her nerves were shot.

"Yes, I believe I do," she said quietly. Beside her Noah and Aaron went still.

"We can explain," Noah said with certainty.

"And yes, we should have told you sooner." Aaron looked from her to Ramirez. "Go ahead. Tell her how you paid Jaguar Investigations to monitor the movements of your mistress."

Violet reeled. "What? His mistress? And you two believed that?"

"It was a job, Violet, our job. It's our business. We're private investigators." Emotion moved through Noah's dark eyes.

Ramirez staggered forward and pointed his finger at the three of them. "I paid you to do a job and you failed. You obviously watched her and wanted her and chose to move in on her. I demand my money back."

Aaron laughed but there was no humor in the sound as he advanced on Ramirez. The older man was big but nothing compared to either Aaron or Noah. Aaron leaned in close. "Oh, we still have the check, you stalking bastard, but I think we'll just return it to your wife with an explanation of its purpose."

"You wouldn't dare. I could ruin you."

Noah's arm was around her and he gave her a little squeeze before walking away to join Aaron. "I have a better idea. What do you say we give our check to the San Antonio shelter for domestic violence? We'll even make the donation in your name. Don't worry about *ruining* us. Ain't gonna happen. We're not afraid of you. We've faced down more powerful men than you in our lifetimes and we'll face down plenty more before we're done. Now I suggest you get your ass out of here before we take you down, big man."

Angel Ramirez gathered himself and ran his hands over the front of his designer coat before lifting his head to glare at the three of them. "Two men, Violet? I thought better of you."

She lifted her head no longer intimidated by him. "Frankly, I couldn't care less what you think. None of your business, is it?"

At her side, Noah made a rough sound in his throat. Both guys were teetering on the edge of tearing Ramirez apart. The man had no idea who he was messing with but then, his eyes widened. He must have seen something in the bigger men's faces because he drew himself up and stomped to the door.

They head his footsteps on the stairs outside then a loud thump followed by a string of curses.

"Stairs." Aaron said, a slight smile curving his mouth. Then a car engine revved up and soon drove away.

Both men turned to her. Aaron glanced down at the suitcases on the floor. "Going somewhere?"

Noah reached out and gripped her shoulders in his hands. "Let us explain."



Fresh fury whipped through her as she brushed his hands away and stepped back. She was so mad that tears burned across the surface of her eyes. She didn't bother brushing them away. "Talk fast because the way I'm feeling now, I'll be right behind Ramirez and heading back to San Antonio."

"Sit with us," Aaron said gruffly.

She wasn't completely irrational. Violet walked over to the couch and sat down. "I was at the cabin late this afternoon." Both men went still, looking at her with grim expressions. "I saw the monitors and all that electronic stuff. How long did you watch me? How many times did you see me undress?"

"Just once," Noah said solemnly.

Aaron moved to her side and sat next to her. He tried to take her hand but she wouldn't allow it. "We felt like assholes watching you like that but, damn woman, you were so beautiful, so perfect, I thought my eyeballs were gonna explode."

Violet rolled her eyes. "Now there's a visual."

Noah joined them but didn't sit. He got to his knees and set his hands over hers. "Ramirez hired us to watch his mistress. He wanted us to tell him if you were meeting a lover. Like idiots we believed him." He shrugged. "And why not? This is what we do. We aren't in advertising."

She laughed but the sound was bitter. "No kidding. I think I've got that one all figured out."

Noah huffed a frustrated breath but then Aaron spoke up. "Watching you undress was an accident. It wasn't something we should have done and we're sorry. It was an awful mistake on our parts. We knew when Ramirez called you that first day that you were not his mistress and he'd lied to us. The phone line was bugged and we listened in. You made it very clear there was absolutely nothing between you. We figured he was stalking you, keeping tabs so we just quit watching."

"It wasn't right, Violet," Noah added. "Will you forgive us?"

Emotion stole her breath. Confusion warred with anger and she wanted so badly to believe them. They were her mates. Her body responded to them in a way that was simply a miracle to her. They are absolute perfect, at least to her. "Why didn't you tell me sooner? After everything that happened between us why couldn't you tell me?"

Noah reached up and brushed at the tears on her face with the edge of his thumb. "We're sorry about that. Another mistake on our parts."

Aaron wrapped his arm around her, letting his hand play along her side. Even now, the simplest touch had her panties going wet. A shiver of desire swept her. "You were so happy, honey. We didn't want to ruin anything. We planned to confess our sins tonight."

"Can you ever forgive us, darlin'?" Noah took her hands and pressed his forehead to them lightly. He kissed them then looked up at her.

Overcome with emotion, swamped with the way these men tugged at her heart, she sniffed. Reaching out, Violet cupped Noah's face and leaned her head against Aaron's sturdy shoulder. "Maybe. Let me think about it."

Aaron released her and stood to look down at her. "Can we think about it upstairs, sweetheart? I'd rather do my groveling up there."

Why did the man make her want to smile?

He reached down his hand as Noah stood and did the same. "Please come up with us, Violet. We have some apologizing to do."

Just thinking about what they might have planned for her, made her shiver with expectation. She shouldn't forgive them so quickly. She should make them beg but in the end, she knew she wouldn't. They'd made a mistake. A big one. That didn't mean she wouldn't make a few of her own in the years that spread out before them. She tended to be impatient. She had a slow burning but sometimes explosive temper. She tended to isolate herself from others. No, she wasn't perfect. Not by a long shot.

Sighing, she reached up and allowed the guys to haul her off the couch. She gave them each a slow up and down look. "Follow me."

Silently they trailed her up the stairs and into the master bedroom. She turned and arched a brow. "I'm ready for groveling now. Who will undress me?"

A sexy grin tilted Noah's mouth as he approached her. "Both of us."

Aaron moved quickly to remove her shoes while Noah reached for the bottom of her sweater. He tossed it aside and with a sexy grin kissed her quickly but with devastating effect. He trailed one finger over the soft mounds of her breasts that peeked over the top of her bra then moved behind her to unsnap it. Aaron kissed her then, reaching for the fastening of her jeans. Pushing them over her hips and down her legs, he sent his fingers into the front of her panties as Noah filled his hands with her bare breasts.

"Did I tell you that you could touch me?" she whispered as dark delight swept over her flesh. Heat pooled in her pussy, rolled through her belly, and made her knees more than a little weak.

"Tell us," Aaron said. "Tell us to touch you."

"Mm. Yes. Do it." Eager for their hands, their mouths, she kicked her jeans away and sighed when Aaron removed her drenched panties. Cool air met the heat of her pussy.

"Spread your legs, honey. Wider. Yeah, perfect."

"I love your nipples," Noah said and he plucked and pulled the tender flesh.

Aaron drew his fingers over her slit, gathering moisture. Violet's clit throbbed in time with her rapidly accelerated heartbeat. As if he knew, he circled the swollen bud then tenderly squeezed her there bringing another wave of heat with his touch.

"Undress for me. I want to watch you," she gasped. "Move in front of me, Noah. You look like sin to me."

Noah pressed his lips to the tender bend between her neck and shoulder and drew on it with a light sucking pressure before moving to stand beside Aaron. Both men shrugged out of their shirts and flung them aside. Violet held her breath as they

removed their boots and went to work on their jeans. When both were naked, fully displayed for her, she licked her lips. The men had luscious, scrumptious hard, thick cocks. Hungry for a touch, a taste, Violet went to stand before them. She fisted her hands around them, looking from Noah to Aaron and back again. "These are mine. They belong to me."

"Yes," Aaron managed.

"Yours," Noah said his eyes fluttering closed then opening again to spear her with a look that was raw with lust.

Violet glanced down at her hands, so pale against their heavy erections. Moving her fists slowly up and down simultaneously was as erotic as hell. Noah and Aaron both went still then with a burst thrust up through her grip, seeking more. Pearly fluid dotted at the slit of Noah's cock and Violet couldn't resist bending to lick it clean. Aaron's head received the same attention and then she cupped their balls. They were tight and full. Enticing.

"Enough." Noah gritted the word through clenched teeth. He swept her up and carried her to the bed as Aaron drew the heavy spread to the foot of the bed and out of the way.

Violet was through playing games. Lust heated her core, blasting through her body like a furnace. Together, the men arranged her to their satisfaction in the center of the bed. Her legs were splayed wide until she was sprawled open. They looked their fill, stroking her breasts and between her legs. Their hands were everywhere and finally, she just lost track of who was touching her where. It didn't matter. It just didn't.

Finally, they latched onto her breasts. They sucked her, nipped, licked and teased until she writhed upon the bed. Her fingers sank into their hair to hold them close. Two hands, one Noah's and one Aaron's swept over her thighs, slid through the dampness near her pussy until at last they sent their fingers into her pussy. How many? She didn't know nor did she care. Passion ripped through her channel, her belly rolled with hunger. Her clit was captured and pinched lightly.

Violet cried out as she flew apart in a frantic rush.

Noah bent over her to drink the sounds she made then looked down at her, his breathing heavy, his gaze hot. "We're in charge now, woman."

Dear Gods!

Noah moved until his head was near the foot of the bed. He lay flat on his back. Limp with spent passion, she didn't protest when Aaron lifted her up moved her atop Noah with her pussy hovering directly over his mouth. Aaron placed his hand between her shoulder blades and pushed her down until she lay with her mouth near Noah's cock. "Suck his cock. I'm going to fuck you while you do it," he said. Aaron's voice was low and rough.

Violet fisted her hand around the base of Noah's thick stalk, fingered his balls, and settled her mouth over the silky head. Noah's breath moved hot over her dripping pussy as he groaned. His mouth settled over the petals of her cunt as two fingers, then three, slid into her channel. Then it was her turn to groan. Helplessly turned-on she took Noah fully into her mouth as she backed up against the encroaching fingers. Noah sucked her clit, lapped at her, tenderly nipped her flesh.

Pleasure raced through her body, her limbs as she moved her pussy against Noah's hungry lips and tongue.

When the head of Aaron's erection brushed her opening she went still and then her breath released on a sigh as he slid his cock deep. Sensation crashed over her like quickly breaking waves as they fucked and sucked her. The frantic pace swept her, carried her under. Avidly sucking Noah's cock, she felt the crisis roll heavily through her veins. Her heart threatened to pound from her chest as she struggled to draw breath.

Too much.

Too much.

Not enough.

And then she fell, screaming her pleasure around Noah's pulsing cock as he spurted and came. Behind her, Aaron roared his release, thrusting hard and deep and Violet came again. Noah sucked her as pleasure tightened in ever widening circles only to coalesce into a ball that blew apart at lightning speed.

Later she stood as limp as a noodle in the fancy shower in the master bathroom. Strong arms, Aaron's, went around her to hold her steady. He stood behind her while Noah soaped his hands and slowly sent them on a teasing quest over her body. The whole of her life spread out before her and she knew in a startling flash of insight that they would always care for her this way. His hands were gentle with her as he washed her and from behind her Aaron chased the bubbles Noah left with his hands.

"Spread your legs, darlin'," Noah whispered. With infinite tenderness he swept his soapy fingers over her pussy.

Aaron took the bottle of fragrant liquid soap from a shelf and lathered his hands too. He kissed her shoulder and her upper back before washing her back, her butt, between her thighs and the shadowy crevice between her ass cheeks. His soapy finger found and then circled her tight rosette and gently he slid the tip inside, just a bit.

She moaned low. The guys exchanged glances and before she knew it, she was dried and hustled back to the bed. With the three of them squeaky clean, they snuggled together and settled in for more of what they'd done before.

Finally Noah sat up. "I'll be right back." He shot Aaron a look that told her they had a secret.

"Don't leave," she whispered. Aaron tugged her closer and placed his lips on her temple as Noah bent to kiss her lips.

"Be right back."

Within moments, he returned to the bedroom. Aaron sat up and she instantly missed the warmth of his big body. But she held her tongue as he stacked pillows against the headboard and settled her back against them. Each man, her mates, took a side and Noah opened his hand to present a black velvet jeweler's box.

"I know this is a very human thing to do," he began.

Aaron cleared his throat. "But we wanted to make this official, well, more...hell, I don't know."

"Sh," she whispered, touched beyond anything. Her heart pumped hard as she took the box from Noah's hand and opened it. Gasping, she removed it from the bed of velvet and stared at the lovely thing. Immediately she caught the meaning behind the three strands of entwined platinum. The diamond sparkled as fresh and new as the snow that fell outside their bedroom window.

"I don't know what to say."

"Do you like it?" Intensity burned in Noah's dark eyes.

"Oh yes," she breathed. "It's perfect."

Noah took the ring from her finger while Aaron took her hand. She looked at them both, her eyes filling helplessly with tears as emotion blasted through her heart. Noah slipped the ring on her finger. "We love you."

"Yes, we do." Aaron said. "You don't have to say the words now."

"No pressure," Noah assured her.

Her tears fell in a steady stream down her cheeks. Her heart tightened, squeezed. She sat up straighter and reached out to gather them both close. Rubbing her cheek against Aaron's and then Noah's, she drew back and looked at them, saw the love shining in their beautiful eyes and knew she was a goner.

"I can say the words and mean them. I love you, both of you. Forever. Now take me home. I'm ready to start this adventure if you are."

## About the Author

Regina Carlisle is an award-winning, multi-published author. She likes writing that is hot, edgy and often humorous, and puts this trademark stamp on all her stories. Regina lives in west Texas with her husband of 25 years and counting, and is a doting, fawning, over-indulgent mother to her two kids. When she's not penning steamy erotic tales or hot contemporary stories, she's indulging in long chats with friends who help her stay sane and keep her laughing.

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

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