

Changeling Press

LIZZIE LYNN LEE



savannah's
ménage



RAGONKIN

Dragon Kin: Savannah's Ménage
Lizzie Lynn Lee

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Dragon Kin: Savannah's Ménage

Lizzie Lynn Lee

Tired of the usual dating scene, Savannah Lisander, part-human, part-dragon, is skeptical that she'll ever find her *souler*. Then she meets a set of triplets who blow her mind and her heart.

She's dated a fireman like Eli Cattaneo before, fiery in bed with a gentle soul; no biggie, she can easily handle his type. Or a high-roller investment banker like Zach, who knows every sexy trick known to mankind to make a woman swoon in ecstasy. Or even a Dominant who doesn't take no for answer, like Diego, owner of a sex club in Soho. But to have the three at the same time? Savannah fears she's bitten off more than even she can chew.

The three panther shifters from New York are ready for a weekend trekking around shifter-friendly Utopia Bay, but when they meet Savannah, they're more interested in playing with her than in playing Tarzan.

Managing a foursome has never been this tricky. Or so wickedly fun.

Dedication

For Selena Illyria and Celia Kyle, the original Amoketeers. Love ya. Mwah!

Chapter One

Panther shifters and Italian. Savannah Lisander couldn't think of anything more dangerous than a combination of the two. She saw three of them unloading their luggage from their boat. They were triplets to be exact. At six feet five, they were fine male specimens, perfectly well built bodies, broad chests, tanned complexions, raven hair and ruggedly handsome faces, the brothers were every woman's dirty fantasy. Any one of them would make a perfect *souler*. On his own. But there were three of them. She smelled trouble already. Big time.

A cool breeze surged past her, teasing her long hair that she'd tied into a ponytail. The weather was a perfect seventy degrees, though feeling a little bit cool as she climbed down from her Hummer and out to the deck. Only the one boat carrying the triplets from St. Croix was docked today in Utopia Bay's marina.

She caught the gaze of one of them and immediately felt the air thin around her. Her heartbeat started to accelerate and her pussy clenched. The man fixed his stare on her. Hypnotic. Possessive. Predator eyes. A true hunter. He possessed a pair of hazel eyes that burned like molten bronze. His silky black hair draped over his shoulders, and his intricate tribal tattoo peeked under his short-sleeved tee. A wicked smile curled at the corners of his lips when Savannah approached him.

She cleared her throat. "Are you guys the Cattaneos?"

"That would be correct, pretty lady," he answered. His voice was seductively throaty, a signature macho male voice that you heard on commercials. "And you are?"

"Savannah Lisander. I'll be your guide on your hike tomorrow. Welcome to Utopia Bay." She stuck out her hand and he shook it with delight.

He didn't release her hand. His eyes fixed on her, feasting from her head to her toes as if he couldn't decide what he would do with her first. It didn't take a genius to

figure it out; Savannah knew he was imagining dirty things about her. She tried to pull her hand away politely, but he wouldn't let her go. His grip was firm.

"My name's Diego. It's very nice to meet you, Savvie. May I call you Savvie?" He looked over his shoulder and called his brothers. "Eli. Zach. Come meet our guide."

One of the other triplets looked at her and dropped what he was doing, a naughty grin plastered across his face. His eyes were glued on her as he stalked to where she was standing. Like Diego, he also had a pair of luminous hazel eyes that could freeze the air around her. But he wasn't a hunter type. Beneath his lush lashes, his eyes told her he was a seducer. Savannah knew his type all too well. She had dated a few of his type in the past. "Well, well." He dusted the dirt off his hands before seizing Savannah's from Diego and shaking it. "This is our guide?" he asked his brother, without tearing his gaze from her.

Diego winked. "The sweet Savannah Lisander. Savvie, this is my brother Zachary."

"Perfect," Zach declared. "I can already tell we're going to have an interesting weekend. Are you married?"

"Excuse me?"

"Engaged?"

"I don't see if that is any of your --"

"Boyfriend?"

"Zach!" Diego chastised his brother. "Be nice." He turned to her. "Girlfriend?"

Savannah yanked her hand from Zach's grip. "Yes. And she's three months pregnant with our baby."

The grin on Zach's face vanished in an instant. Savannah wanted to laugh but she was able to keep her face straight. Diego didn't believe her. He looked straight into her eyes as if he could tell she was fibbing.

The other triplet came by. He was dressed in a white tee with dark chinos and steel-toed boots. His hair was cropped close and his skin was slightly more tanned than his brothers. The muscle bulging under his tee showed that he took care of himself well.

He might be into body building too. "Hello." He nodded at her. "I'm Elijah. It's a pleasure to meet you, Ms. Lisander. I believe we've talked on the phone before? When I made the reservation?"

Savannah remembered. "I believe we have." Eli was polite and cultured, just as she recalled on the phone. Back then, she suspected he was a geek, considering he and his brothers were from New York and the majority of her clients were some bored yuppies. She didn't expect the Cattaneos would be so... yummy. She craned her neck, looking at their luggage that was piled on the marina's deck. "Is that all your bags?"

"I have a couple more items in the boat," Eli replied. "I haven't finished unloading."

"We have plenty of time, don't worry." Savannah peeked at her watch. "We'll hike out tomorrow morning at six sharp. As soon as you load your luggage into my car, I'll drive you guys to your motel. And perhaps..." she turned to Eli, "you could come with me to my office to finish up the registration? I need you to sign some papers."

"I'll do that," Zach answered eagerly. Eli shot him a look. "He didn't want me to pay for the trip," Zach whispered. "Is that your Hummer?"

"Yes."

"Wonderful."

After Savannah dropped Diego and Eli at the Cherry Creek Motel, she drove Zach to her office, about two miles from the marina, to wrap up their paperwork. Zach watched her while she was driving. "Yes?" she finally asked.

"Do you really have a pregnant girlfriend?" Zach was curious.

"What do you think?"

"I don't think you swing that way. You love cock. I can tell."

Her cheeks burned from his brazen statement. She chose not to answer. Her guts were right. The Cattaneos were trouble. Especially Zach.

"How long have you been a guide here?" He finally tore his eyes from her, scanning the road.

"About three years."

"Before that?"

"I was from Chicago."

"Why did you move?"

"Too cold for my liking." Savannah entered her parking lot and turned off the car. "We just need to sign some waivers and take down your payment. I know you're tired from your trip so I'll be brief."

"Oh, I'm not tired."

"Really," she retorted flatly. Somehow, she wasn't surprised.

Zach gave her a look as if he were a cat that had been given a bowl of cream. His smile was crooked. Savannah had to admit he had sensual lips for a man. Too sensual, in fact. She wondered how many women had fallen into his seduction. Plus, everything about Zach screamed money, from the designer shirt he wore to his gold Rolex watch. He had said earlier that he was an investment banker, working for one of the biggest economic entities in the world. Great. She sighed. One of her clients was a millionaire Casanova. She was experiencing déjà vu already.

Zach studied her desk and office after he paid the registration fee. "I don't see any photos of your girlfriend." Savannah rolled her eyes. He was relentless. "So?" he peppered her.

"So, what?"

"I think you're lying."

"So?" She shrugged in a nonchalant manner.

His eyes brightened, looking triumphant. "I knew it."

"I think we're all set. I'll drive you back to your motel."

"Are you hungry?"

"No."

"Too bad. I want to take you out to dinner."

"I'm busy."

"Maybe a drink or two? I won't bite. I promise."

"When was the last time you got laid, Zach?"

He flinched, looking surprised from her straight shot. "Why do you ask?"

"I'll let you borrow my lotion if you need to relieve yourself." Savannah rummaged in her top drawer and fished out a bottle of Nivea.

The look on his face was priceless. "Very funny, Savvie. Can't blame a guy who tries to put a move on a pretty woman, can you?"

"Well." Savannah put the lotion bottle on her desk. "I'm currently not interested in romantic interludes." It was a half-truth. In reality, she was just burned out from the dating scene. After she'd found out her ex-fiancé, the man she thought would be her *souler*, was cheating on her, she moved from Chicago to lay low for a while in Utopia Bay. She'd rebounded fast, but it quickly became passé. Most nice guys were either taken or gay, leaving her with players, jerks and Mr. No-Personality. She was tired of all of them.

Zach looked intrigued. "How come?"

"Men are all assholes."

"You haven't met the right man."

"And you're the right man?"

His smile widened. "You'll never know until you open your heart, darling. Love is a wonderful thing."

"Right." Savannah brushed past him. Her breath stalled in her throat when Zach snagged her waist and pulled her into his arms. "Hey!"

He lowered his head until their lips were only a hairsbreadth away. "I can make you come in under five minutes."

"What? This is not appropri --" She blinked, turning curious. "No way."

His voice lowered an octave. She could almost hear his panther growling behind the sweet rasp of his whisper. "Oh yeah. Yes, way."

She froze for a second. Her mind was scrambled from the effect of his voice. Wanton aches stirred again from the depths of her sex. Her heart pounded harder when he brushed his lips over hers. He seemed to want to kiss her, but not just yet. He only teased, examining her reaction. She forced herself to tear her eyes from his, thinking

how crazy this was. She didn't know him, but at this very moment, she wanted to rip off his clothes and mount him on the table right here and now. Crazy thoughts. Part of it was because she had become lonely in the past few months and her best friend was a plug-in vibrator, and somehow, she craved a man's touch. Badly.

Zach smelled the curve of her throat. His hot breath seared her very skin and flamed her lust ablaze. He brushed his lips on her fevered skin, stopping to lick the shell of her ear. Savannah shivered. "I dare you," he challenged.

"You're crazy," Savannah mumbled. She tried to push Zach away, but he tightened his embrace instead, locking her in a secure grip.

"Come on, babe. We aren't teenagers anymore. There's no need for us playing games. I can see your need as clear as day. When was the last time you got laid, Savvie?"

Savannah sniffed. "Last night, thank you very much."

"By a real man. Your vibrators don't count."

She rolled her eyes. *How does he know?*

"Scared?"

"This is ridiculous. Let me go."

"Five minutes. That's all I ask."

Her mouth opened and closed. The temptation was too powerful to resist. "Zach..."

He purred like a horny kitten as he brushed his lips over hers. "I want you, Savvie," he mouthed without a sound. She understood him just fine. Her first instinct when their lips touched was to nibble him back. Zach reciprocated it with a small, tentative nibble. Sparks of electric lust surged through her every vein. She moaned and parted her lips. Her common sense told her to stop, but her love-starved impulse compelled Savannah to sweep her tongue across his tempting lips. Zach took it as an invitation. With a half lunge, he crushed his mouth on hers and kissed her with sheer savagery as if he were a carnally deprived man.

Then she was lost in a surge of ecstasy and amazement. Zach was an ardent kisser, and by all means, he knew how to kiss. Her breath went ragged as his tongue stroked deep into the cavern of her mouth, his lips mashing hers, and he knew just how to stop to give her a chance to breathe before he dragged her deeper into alluring pleasure. Her mind muddled, semi-delirious. She was drunk from his kisses. Only a part of her was aware when Zach loosened her belt and yanked her capris down to her ankles.

Savannah broke the kiss. Alarmed. "Wait..."

Zach plastered his mouth on hers again, silencing her protest. He drowned her in deep, mind-bending kisses so the only thing she could think of was how to soothe the ache between her thighs. Every nerve in her system shrieked with need, a need so atavistically greedy, it overrode her logic when he ripped her panties down. He stopped kissing her and cleared the desk with one arm. Papers, staples, pens, and office paraphernalia rained down on the floor. With an inhuman growl, Zach seized her hips and lifted her onto the table. He spread her legs wide before she could fully comprehend what was going on.

"Jesus, Savvie. You're a goddess," he remarked about her dripping pussy.

Savannah threw her head back and let out a piercing scream when he dove into her cunt and kissed her sex the way he had kissed her mouth. She grabbed his hair and clawed his scalp as he lanced his tongue into her opening, tasting the inside of her pussy, feasting on her cream. She was torn between pushing him away or pulling him closer to lick her deeper. But the pleasure was so unbearable. "Oh God," she groaned, her chest heaving when Zach licked her wet seam and sucked her clit with semi brutality. She came in an instant. Hard and long. Her head hit the keyboard as a tide of rapture swept through her. She convulsed in pure pleasure. Her world darkened for a second.

Zach kept eating her while she drowned in ecstasy. She couldn't take his assault any longer and yanked his hair to halt him. "Please. Stop. Too much," Savannah mewled. "Oh, God." Zach growled on her pussy, lifting his head. His eyes shone lamp-

like and his pupils had shrunk into a signature feline slit. He licked his lips as if he were a cat that couldn't get enough of her cream.

"How was it? Good?" he purred.

She released a long breath, panting. This man was incredible. No one had ever made her come so violently before just by kissing her and eating her pussy. He wasn't kidding when he told her he could make her come in under five minutes. A freak wave of lust hit her, so feral that all fibers of her being screamed with need and took over her instinct.

All of a sudden she was overwhelmed with curiosity. What would it be like to fuck him properly, to have his cock shoved inside her, filling her full, fucking her as if there were no tomorrow? She sat up, grabbed his hair, and crushed her mouth on his. He tasted spicy, laced with her own feminine perfume. She had promised herself no more cheap thrills after the Chicago fiasco, but Zach was impossible to resist. You would have to be a saint to be able to reject him.

Zach kissed her back with the same ferocity, half-growls and half-formed words erupting between the kisses, cadenced with the hard breath of their desire. A delighted purr curled out from his throat when Savannah groped the buckle of his belt to undress him. He shoved her hands away and did the job for her. His jeans fell down to his ankles. His briefs followed. His cock sprang free. Savannah tore her mouth off his, taking a good look at his granite-hard erection.

"Oh shit." She couldn't believe her eyes. Zach would put any porn star to shame. She wondered how many women he had killed with a cock that size.

"Touch me," he urged, wrapping her hands around his throbbing shaft and forcing her to give him a squeeze. "See, he likes you."

Savannah snorted. *Men*. But she did squeeze him until his hard erection quivered in her hands. He felt hot, his heat emanating from his every pore. Zach lowered his head and brushed his lips over hers. His breath was heavy, full of lust.

"Tell me you want me, Savvie." His voice turned into a low rumble, almost a cat purr. His eyes narrowed, his pupils still in their feline slit. "How long have you been

deprived of pleasure? It's a sin for a luscious creature like you to be alone. I can give you anything you want, Savvie. You need me."

Her blood boiled. Unadulterated lust surged through her, burning her from the inside out. She gulped. Zach's hand cupped her pussy, and the other found her clit. He pinched and rolled it in such a way her every nerve ending jolted, as frisky as live naked wires. She needed to get her fix soon. With a heavy breath, she surrendered to the temptation. "Fuck me."

* * *

His cock was so hard, hard to the point it almost hurt. His heart hammered in his throat. His panther wanted to crawl outside his skin. He had never wanted a woman as much as he wanted her right now. Sweet Savvie, a chocolate-skinned goddess with sultry temptress eyes and a curvaceous figure, had spellbound him. He was nearly feral with lust the moment he laid eyes on her. He prided himself for being a calculated, reserved person, but this time he let his testicles do all the thinking. And he didn't care. Not one bit.

Zach grabbed her waist and pulled her closer until their pubic bones ground together. His cock pressed against her stomach, throbbing. He licked her lips, breathing out endearments as he positioned his cockhead at her entrance. His cock twitched when it grazed her drenching cunt. With a growl, he pushed in one slow thrust, plowing her until he hit her cervix. She whimpered, tightening her muscles around his hard shaft. He groaned. The sensation was unbelievable. She felt hot and wet and tight; it was heaven. His mind was wiped blank for a second. Zach sighed. "God, Savvie. I love the way you feel. Fucking good."

She murmured incoherently. Her cunt spasmed around his shaft.

Zach pulled out in one agonizing slow pull, relishing the way she clutched his shaft, and thrust back in the same way, savoring the penetration. She clasped him so intimately, he couldn't remember the last time he had fucked any woman this good. He thrust again, slowly. Savannah made urgent murmurs. "Faster."

He didn't want to. He wanted to make it last. He wanted to savor how good she was. But the dragon princess was an impatient one.

"Fuck me hard, Zach. Fast!"

Zach slammed into her with desperation. He thrust, almost feral, until he was balls-deep. His cock was swimming in a delta of cream. He clawed her waist and rained slam upon slam of battering fucks onto her.

"God, yes," Savannah breathed out. "Harder. Please."

She was driving him mad. The plea. The urge. The way she felt. He thrust and pulled and lunged, branding her with his own lust. Pure heat surged through his system, addicting like liquid cocaine, burning him. He crushed his mouth on hers, silencing her squeals as he gave her what she wanted. He had barely moved a dozen strokes when she tore her mouth off him, crying. She climaxed hard. Her body shook as she dug her nails into his exposed skin.

Zach groaned. Her pussy gripped him impossibly tight. He had to stop while she was trapped in oblivion. She sobbed as she convulsed in orgasm. He waited a couple more seconds before he plowed her again, finishing what they had started.

"Zach!" she cried. "Give me a few minutes."

"Don't think so, Savvie." He slammed into her so hard he knocked the breath out of her. "This is what you want." Slammed. Pulled. "You love hard fucking." Slammed. Pulled. Slammed. "Rough fucking." Slammed. Pulled. "Animalistic kind of fuck." He slammed her with a vicious torrent of fucks. She panted. His breath labored hard. Sweat beaded his temples as his cock ravaged her creamy cunt.

"God," she gasped.

"Do you like it?" He thrust and yanked.

"Yes."

"Harder?"

She mumbled, looking unsure. Zach fucked her harder anyway. She let out a series of kittenish cries. Zach found her very sexy. His inhibition dissolved. Gripping her waist and one hand fisting her hair, Zach drew closer as he battered her with such

hard slams that he knew she would have bruises later. But she didn't mind. Her body tensed. All her muscles seemed to be coiled like a tight spring. "Oh, God, Zach!"

His balls swelled. His shaft was harder than stone. The pleasure was building; he needed to come. He slammed her with short bunny fucks that took her breath away. He couldn't hold it any longer. Zach slammed into her once, then twice before he surrendered. Savannah climaxed. She screamed and bit his shoulder to muffle the noise. Sharp pain blossomed in his right shoulder. But he didn't care. He jerked and spurted. Fireworks exploded before his eyes and he was upswept by a pleasure so powerful, he couldn't remember his own name for a second. He felt his soul drain with the climax.

He stopped spurting after twelve or thirteen spasms. He groaned as he fisted her hair. He was winded. He hadn't had an orgasm this intense for a long time. Savannah was still sobbing as her pussy milked his cock to his last drop. When she finally stopped, his cock felt so spent that even a tiny movement sent a shiver of pain through his spine. "Wait," he whispered. "Wait a minute, babe." He laughed. "Give me a few minutes."

Savannah seemed to understand. She found his lips and kissed him with untainted passion. He kissed her back. Slow. Unhurried. He loved the feeling of being inside her while they touched, loving each other tenderly.

She looked so flushed when they uncoupled. His semen trickled down her thighs. He zipped up his pants and grabbed tissues, helping her clean up. "That was... unbelievable. I've never acted this impulsive before," she confided to him.

"Is that bad?"

Her eyes gazed straight at him as she scooted down from the table and pulled up her panties. She looked unsure. Confused. His heart sank as she spoke. "I think this was a mistake."

"A mistake?" he echoed.

"I shouldn't... We shouldn't." She shook her head. "You're my client and this is..."

"I was hoping we could be something more."

She let out a weak laugh. "It won't work, Zach. I'm not looking for a romantic interlude right now."

A jolt of irritation rose up his throat. "So, you're saying what we just did was --"

She blinked. "I'm sorry. Look, can we just drop this whole thing?"

"Drop it?" Zach's irritation turned into anger. He had never been shunned before. No woman had ever turned him out. "I don't think so."

Savannah sighed and started cleaning up the mess they had made. She bent down, picking up papers and pens that she'd scattered all over the floor when they made love.

Zach touched her shoulder. "Savvie, did I do something wrong?"

"No. You did nothing wrong. It's just me."

"Don't you dare use the 'it's not you, it's me' routine."

"I'm sorry, Zach. It's just --" She averted her gaze.

"Yes?"

"This is too soon." She took another look at the mess she'd made and sighed. "I don't feel like doing this right now. I'll clean this up later. How about I drive you to your motel?" Savannah snatched her purse and keys from the table.

"Good. Then I can take you out for dinner and discuss what's bothering you."

She cringed. "You're relentless."

"That's because I like you too much, darling."

Chapter Two

The sun was barely peeking through the thick canopy of the trees when they began their trek. Savannah took them up a small trail through the dense jungle of Utopia Bay. Diego took pictures of the wildlife every now and then. Eli tuned in to nature, while Zach simply brooded. She could feel his gaze burning her back as she led them deeper into the jungle.

After a few hours hiking, the weather was a few degrees hotter than yesterday, but the humidity had shot through the roof, making her shirt stick to her back. The triplets were also bathed in sweat. Savannah could smell their musky scent underneath the deodorant and cologne they wore. Something feral. Pure lust. Irresistible. An invitation to a mating game.

Savannah pushed her thoughts to something else. But dirty thoughts kept loitering in her mind. Especially when they started to shed their shirts because of the high humidity. God. Savannah bit her lower lip. Zach was delicious without his shirt. Diego was breathtaking. And Eli simply made her eyes hurt. He was a candy apple guy, a sweetheart with a body like a Greek god. The ache in her pussy stirred. She had never been this wanton before, but there was something about the Cattaneos that drew her to them like a moth to flame. They made her blood boil.

She paused to take a swig from her water bottle. "You guys need a rest?"

"Do you?" Diego asked back.

"I'm good, but I don't know about you." Her clients were usually city folks who weren't accustomed to playing Tarzan in the sub-tropical jungle. The combination of the steep hike and heat usually tired them easily.

"We're fine, Savvie." Zach plucked the water bottle from her hand and took a sip from it. His eyes were glued on hers as he drank her water. Zach had been brooding

since last night. She wanted him to slow down, but Zach was one of those guys with a possessive streak. From her experience, mixing business and pleasure was a recipe for disaster, which she already had started with the little nookie they had.

"Sweet Savvie," Diego chimed in and casually wrapped an arm around her shoulders. He cocked his head to the side, whispering into her ear, "Do you want to know what Zach's nickname is?" He watched her with an all-knowing look. He seemed to know what had happened between her and Zach.

Savannah raised an eyebrow. "Do I really want to know?"

"You bet." A naughty twinkle gleamed in Diego's eyes. His sensual lips curved upward into an equally wicked smile. "It's Fast-Z," he whispered.

Savannah was intrigued. "How --"

"Buzz off." Zach snatched Diego's arm and yanked his hand off her. "Don't mind him."

Diego's buttery laugh exploded. Zach gave Diego a kind of look that unmistakably read as sibling rivalry. Uh-oh. Not a good sign. She cleared her throat. "Gentlemen, if we don't make too many stops, we should be able to make it to Blue Cove before lunchtime."

Eli perked up. "That's wonderful. I've wanted to see Blue Cove for a long time. I heard it's beautiful."

"It is," Savannah agreed. "You should see the waterfall. Simply gorgeous."

"As gorgeous as you are?" Eli remarked in an innocent tone. He flushed when Zach and Diego cast him dark looks. "What?" He shrugged, looking defiant. Being the youngest of the three, even though only by minutes, he seemed to get bullied a lot from his brothers. "She is."

Savannah felt awkward. The tension of their rivalry raised a notch. She had never been in a situation where three delicious hunks expressed their interest to her so candidly at the same time. There had been some moments in her life when she'd thought she couldn't get a decent guy, let alone her *souler*. This was unexpected.

Perhaps a bit much. "You're such a sweetheart, Eli." She brushed past him and continued the trek.

Now she felt three pairs of eyes burning her back when she climbed over a fallen tree trunk that blocked their path. As they climbed up a steep hill, Savannah tried to melt the tension by making small talk, but the mood had changed. She could feel something pass back and forth among the brothers, something telepathic that she wasn't privileged to know about. She was dying to know what they were discussing behind her back.

After four hours hiking, they finally arrived at Blue Cove, one of the best kept secrets in Utopia Bay. Savannah released a relieved breath as she dropped her backpack to the ground, nursing her stiff shoulders. "Here we go, gentlemen. Blue Cove."

Eli whistled as he walked to the mouth of the cave. "Now I know why it's called Blue Cove."

* * *

The water felt cool on her overheated flesh. Savannah closed her eyes as she took a deep breath and immersed herself in the spring. One thing she looked forward to after a long day trekking was taking a dip in the Blue Cove. The triplets wanted to explore the cove and Savannah used the opportunity to refresh herself. After lunch, they were going to head to Hell Pass where they were going to camp for the night, and Savannah wouldn't have a chance to indulge herself swimming.

A minute later, she swam back to the surface and inhaled a deep breath. The muggy air filled her lungs. She wiped the water from her face and frowned. Diego was sitting on the edge of the spring, untying his boots. "Hey!" she called out. "I'm naked."

"So?"

"A little privacy would be nice."

"Why? My brother got to see you naked."

Savannah pouted. "He told you that?"

"He doesn't need to. I can smell him on you." Diego shed his jeans and boots, then jumped into the spring. Water splashed everywhere.

"I'm out of here." Savannah waded toward the embankment, but Diego snatched her waist and pulled her against his naked bulk. "Diego!"

"Yes, Savvie?"

She rolled her eyes. "Let me go."

"On one condition."

"And that would be..."

Diego brushed his lips on the shell of her ear. A shiver of lust tickled the base of her spine. "You fucked my brother, then you hung him out to dry. I want to know why."

"It was a heat of the moment thing. It should never have happened."

He made a curious purr. She couldn't see his face, but somehow she just knew Diego was smiling broadly.

"What's wrong with Zach?"

"Nothing's wrong with him. I wasn't ready to take what he has to offer."

"What's he offering you?"

"Is this going to be an interview? Go to Oprah. I want to get dressed." Savannah writhed, pushing away his arm. With one swift move, Diego turned her around to face him and wrapped her waist in a tight embrace. Savannah cursed as he tightened his arms, offering her no escape. Her naked body pressed against his, skin to skin. His thundering heartbeat drummed, matching hers. His erection felt hot on her belly. He was as aroused as she was. *This is not good*, she lamented.

"So," Diego whispered in his husky voice, "what did he offer you?"

"You're just as relentless as Zach."

"Even more. I'm a Dom. I don't take no for an answer. What did my brother offer you?"

She sighed. "A more formal relationship."

A delighted sound escaped his throat. "That's Fast-Z, all right."

"Happy now? Let me go."

"I'm not finished."

"Really. Why am I not surprised?"

"You haven't heard what I have to offer."

"I'm not interested."

"Your body says otherwise. You're in heat."

"I'm a fire dragon. I'm always in heat. But I manage."

He laughed. "My kind of woman. Fiery. Curvy. Always in heat." He leaned down and gave her a long lick from her collarbone up to the back of her ear. Savannah yelped. His tongue felt rough like a cat's tongue as it grated against her naked skin, sending thousands of wanton sparks spiraling into the depths of her pussy. She instinctively gripped his lower arms, and for a second she swore that his skin was covered in fur, sleek and smooth. Then it was gone. He had shifted momentarily.

Savannah moaned. His treacherous tongue traced the contour of her ear before he licked the side of her jaw. Her heart drummed wildly when he brushed his lips over hers. "Diego..."

He kissed her hard, muffling her objection. His tongue pried her mouth open, stroking deep into the cavern of her mouth. One of his hands slipped up, fisting her hair as he deepened his kiss. Savannah couldn't breathe. He was possessive. A damn good kisser at that, too. Her pussy clenched and drops of sexual moisture seeped through her pussy lips. Her nipples hardened as they grazed against his slick skin. She moaned and tore her mouth off him, gasping for air. "God!"

Diego covered her with his hawk-like stare. Savannah swallowed hard. Under the midday sun, he looked like one of Michelangelo's masterpieces carved in human flesh. His dark hair plastered his wet body, trailing water to his broad chest. His dark stubble made him look even sexier. And his almost-smiling lips always got to her, masking his cynical nature with amusement. Diego Cattaneo was an enigma, a walking, talking mystery that was a true delight when you were able to figure him out. "I can't do this..."

"Why not?"

"I had sex with your brother. I can't fuck you. This is not right."

"Have you heard about ménages? We don't mind sharing. We all are picky when it comes to women and a special lady is rare nowadays."

Savannah felt scandalized. She thought she was pretty kinky in the sex department, but the idea of a threesome, or a foursome was just... "Nuts," she exclaimed.

Diego let out a seductive laugh so rich that his deep, reverberating mirth made her spine tingle with lust. "And speaking of nuts," he whispered, slipping one hand on her thigh, pulling her legs wider, "mine have been nearly bursting since I saw you in the marina."

She felt the tip of his cock graze the hood of her clitoris, and a heartbeat later, he was inside of her. Her scream ripped out from her throat when he speared her cunt open with his thick shaft. She remembered how Zach had filled her full and Diego was no different. He grunted, slamming balls-deep until he hit her cervix.

Savannah gasped for air. The brutal penetration had knocked the air out of her lungs. Her pussy clenched against his rock-hard cock, protesting the initial intrusion. She took several deep breaths, trying to adjust from the onslaught. Unbearable pleasure seized her once she became accustomed to his size. She creamed as his cock throbbed in her depths. Diego was shuddering also, marveling at the sensation.

"Damn it, Savvie," he hissed through his teeth, eyes blazing. "So fucking good."

She still was unsure this was the right thing to do. "D-Diego!"

"Yes, babe?"

"I can't..."

He ground his erection deeply into her pussy, accompanied by a low growl that was too feral to be human. The animal part of him objected. "Can't what?" he gritted out. "Can't fuck me? Too late for that, don't you think? Besides, you want me. You want all of us. You thought it when you first saw us."

Crazy as it sounded, she couldn't deny the truth behind his words. She had thought how any one of them would be a perfect *souler* the first time she had seen them in the marina. On the other hand, want and reality were two different things. "But..."

Diego grunted and hammered his cock in short, vicious thrusts. Her cunt was on fire. Her body was burning in brimstone. Oblivion swept her mind from the wicked stream of pleasure. Savannah struggled with her words as part of her warned what she was doing still didn't seem right, but Diego ambushed her with a greedy kind of kiss, mastering her into total surrender. He held her tightly as he fucked her with precision that only a sexpert could master.

Savannah panted for breath as morsels of pleasure exploded within her depths from the way he claimed her. Her pussy contracted in desperation. Pleasure built with every stroke that he slammed into her cunt. He ground and pulled and lunged, branding her with a pure lust until the last strand of her sanity ripped away from her mind. Her body tensed. Her heart hammered in her throat. Without mercy, a violent orgasm swept her. She bit his shoulder so no one would hear her scream. A salty, coppery taste flooded her mouth as her pussy gripped his hard shaft, milking him in cadence with the rhythm of her climax.

Diego's shoulder bled from her bite, but he didn't seem to care. His body shuddered, eyes fixed on hers as she rode the wave of ecstasy.

She trembled from head to toe until the last tide of her climax faded. Savannah collapsed on his chest, holding onto him as she tried to gather herself. Diego slipped out of her, still hard. She flinched. Her pussy felt tender from her explosive orgasm. He swept her off her feet. The water rippled as he carried her to a nearby rock. He snatched both her hands and arranged her in the position he wanted. Her heart drummed wildly again. God, he hadn't finished. She should have known, considering who he was. The wicked Dom had another plan for her. "Diego..."

"Shh." He nuzzled her ear and pressed his body against her naked back. His erection rested between the swell of her ass. Savannah shivered when he whispered, "I want to get to know you *very* intimately..."

* * *

The mocha-skinned goddess trembled in his embrace. Her lips parted, wet, so tempting to be kissed. Her liquid dark eyes widened when he told her he wanted to

explore her thoroughly. Deep inside, she knew what he wanted to do to her. She wasn't a virgin to the forbidden delights. She let out a small whimper when he slipped both hands on her firm ass and parted her cheeks. He trailed his fingers down the crevice to find her anus. Her body stiffened when he pushed his finger into her asshole, burying it until he was knuckle deep.

"Fuck," she gasped.

"Exactly what I had in mind, darling." Diego mashed her lips with his as he fingered her in and out, slowly first, then he picked up his speed, stroking her the way he'd fucked her with his cock minutes before. She gave out a shivering moan, laced with secret pleasure. Inspired by her reaction, he groped her pussy, parted her lips and speared a finger into her wet heat. She twitched but didn't object. Small flutters of pleasure seemed to ripple throughout her body from his ministrations, judging from the way she trembled. He loved to see her reaction. He adored a woman who wasn't ashamed to pursue her own pleasure.

Diego slipped a second finger into her anus, stretching her open in a scissoring motion. He wanted to claim her in a way that his brother hadn't. He wanted to brand her as his, in a place that nothing could wash away his conquest over her very flesh. It sounded silly, but his dominant impulse had been nagging in the back of his mind since he saw her. She wasn't the type of submissive woman he was usually attracted to. She was a bold, independent woman who exuded a raw sexual allure he couldn't resist. He wanted to bring her back to his club in Soho and introduce her to many forbidden and perverse pleasures, making her his forever. But then Zach beat him to it.

It had irritated him at first. They had never fought over a girl, not even when they were teenagers and hyped up on testosterone. If they happened to like the same girl, he would back off if one of his brothers was able to court her first. But Savannah was different. The attraction felt like an obsession. He wondered if what they said about a draconian was true. Once they found their *souler*, it was impossible to deny their mating call. And in this case, Diego was fully aware the temptress was calling for the three of them. Even though she didn't realize it.

Then he'd had a talk with Zach and Eli while they trekked. They argued, exchanged nasty curses, but in the end, they had agreed on one thing: if Savannah wanted them, they would answer her mating call. They didn't mind sharing. The concept of ménage was new for them, but they were willing to try. After all, she was one very special woman. They would surrender to the call and sort out everything later.

Diego broke the kiss and withdrew his hands from her ass and pussy. She panted for air, her heavy breasts heaving. He stroked his cock and pressed his tip to her anus. She stiffened in an instant. "I..."

He grunted. "Don't tell me you've never been fucked in there."

"Yes, but..."

"Good enough for me." He tugged her waist up and lifted her slightly above the water. Trails of delicious shivers blazed up her spine when his cockhead grazed along her crevice. He parted her cheeks again and spat on her anus. He also lubricated himself with his saliva and Savannah's own cream. Then, he plunged in. She tried to halt her scream, but was unsuccessful. She didn't have his shoulder to bite on this time. Her noise ripped through the quiet jungle as he thrust deep inside her. Fuck, he sighed in amazement. She was tight, too damn tight so his shaft was gripped by endless rings of muscles. She felt so fucking good it should be a sin. "Take a deep breath, babe," he urged, "slowly. Yeah, just like that. Do you know how good you feel? I might flash at once, but I want to make this last..."

"Damn," she whispered.

Diego pulled out to his cockhead and slammed back in one agonizingly slow stroke. He loved the way her sphincter's muscle choked his shaft, jolting his nerve endings in one unforgiving surge of pleasure. To top it off, fucking in the water rocked. The buoyancy made both their bodies almost weightless, and the wetness made their sex slick. Her wet cunt and asshole were heavenly. "When we're in New York, Savvie, in my dungeon, I'll show you many of my sexy tricks. I know how to make you come a dozen ways."

She hissed through her teeth. "What makes you think I would want to come to your dungeon?"

He cursed. "Because, darling." He slammed in with sheer brutality. She mewled. "Once I've fucked you, you're mine, ours, forever."

She shook her head. "That's what you think."

"That's exactly what I think," he growled, seizing her hair and showering her with a series of hard thrusts. Her defiance served to fuel his flame and he couldn't resist showing her who was the boss, the new master of her body. "Do you think this is only a casual fuck? You called us, Savvie. You've been looking for your *souler*."

"But not two of you..."

"Make it three. You've called Eli too."

"No, I didn't."

"Yes, you did. We read you very clearly at the marina."

"I didn't mean to. This wasn't..."

Diego grunted and battered her with short thrusts that seemed to make her forget what she was going to say. She moaned again in her sexy, whimpering voice that caused the animal part of him to go wild, and he couldn't hold the urge any longer. He ground and pounded her like a crazed man. A furious need overcame him as his balls drew tight. An ecstatic thrill zapped him in a blinding force. He surrendered, letting go completely.

He growled as he spurted his seed into her asshole. His beastly voice ripped the open air. His cock spasmed a dozen times. The climax was so powerful he thought his soul drained away with his cum. He held her tightly as he waited for the last ebb of ecstasy to fade away. He was dimly aware that Savannah was climaxing too. Her sphincter clenched him like a vise, milking him to his last drop.

She sobbed in a breathless cry when he withdrew from her. Diego turned her around and kissed her. Her lips, chin, the side of her jaw, her neck, and her breasts, until she couldn't hold up her own weight any longer and she collapsed on his chest. "I must be crazy to have agreed to this."

Diego kissed the top of her head. "On the contrary, babe, this is the sanest decision you'll ever make in your life."

Chapter Three

Her knees were weak when she got out of the spring and dressed. Her nipples tingled, her cunt and anus throbbed, and her face felt flushed -- she was sure everybody could see she'd just gotten laid. Diego, on the other hand, looked reserved and graceful, as if nothing had happened. He swept over her with his usual predator gaze as he slipped into his cutoffs and boots. He didn't put his shirt on, as if he wanted to advertise the bite mark on his shoulder. The shallow wound had coagulated, leaving two sets of teeth marks as a testament to their wild nooner.

"Come." He helped her stand. "Maybe you need a short nap after this. We can prep lunch while you rest."

"Short nap?" Savannah snorted. "I need a twelve-hour sleep, at least."

"Don't be so modest. You're the fittest woman I've ever met." Diego pecked a kiss on her lips. "With a body to die for."

"I keep forgetting you're a smooth talker."

"One of my many talents." Diego threw her his signature almost-smile look. "Are you sore?"

"Guess."

He laughed. "Too bad we're in the middle of nowhere. If we were in my domain I'd --"

"As in your dungeon?"

Diego raised an eyebrow as a yes. "I have plenty of remedies for your problem, sweet Savvie."

"Whips included?"

The almost-smile look plastered his face again. Savannah resisted the urge to nip his lips with her teeth. She loved and hated him each time he did that. The Dom was a

true enigma. "I can love you hard and I can love you softly. I can give you everything you'll ever need. And all you need to do is to consider my offer."

Savannah gulped hard. She couldn't help being excited from his words. But the idea of a ménage was too radical. She couldn't do it. Not in a million. Binding three men as her *soulers* was too... slutty to her mind. What would people say? Or as a matter of fact, her family.

When they returned to Blue Cove, she saw Zach and Eli were preparing lunch. They had packed cold sandwiches and dried fruits. And they had company too. Her business partner, Owen Donahue, had come with his clients, two gruff-looking guys in camouflage fatigues. She and Owen got some weirdoes who thought they were Rambo once in a while, thinking that trekking through Utopia Bay would give them the same thrill as if they were in a war in 'Nam.

"Yo, Sav. What's grooving?" Owen greeted her with a huge grin. He was a short, lean guy wrapped in LL Bean, a few years younger than her. Owen was a great trekker and pretty shrewd in managing their joint venture. Only sometimes he was too curious about Savannah's personal business. He was one nosy kid. His glance darted to Diego's love bite and to her, his know-it-all smile blossoming. Savannah resisted an urge to give him a nice smack so he would stop his nosing.

"SSDD," Savannah answered. "Same Shit, Different Day."

"Really?" Owen was still curious.

"Really." Savannah glared at him.

He looked at Diego and his smile vanished. The Dom gave the kid his silencing look. Owen turned to her, scratching his head. He made a tiny gesture with his scrawny hand. "This is Mr. Ram and Mr. Jeremy. We were about to hike to Hell Pass when we saw your party here."

Savannah nodded at them. Ram looked like he was in his mid-forties, with a physique as if he often hurt people with his muscles. For Jeremy, the one thing that crossed her mind was that the man was a gun maniac. The killing paraphernalia stowed in his multiple fatigues pockets could decimate a small platoon. She didn't like them

one bit. She found something about them that just wasn't right. "How are you doing?" She tried to be polite. After all, they were all paying customers.

"Good," Ram answered in an uninterested tone. Jeremy only shrugged. He was a man with few or no words.

"You mind if we join your party? We're about to have lunch too," Owen asked.

"Sure." Her eyes caught Zach and Diego. The brothers weren't happy about the arrangement. She cleared her throat. "Owen is heading to a different route," she explained. "He'll head to Marimba after Hell Pass, while we climb the Widow's Peak."

Still. The triplets weren't happy.

After lunch, they cleaned up their mess and packed their bags. The hike to Hell Pass would only take them about three hours. The weather had changed and it got dark sooner than usual. When they arrived at Hell Pass, it felt like nighttime already.

Her company had built a few cabins in Hell Pass. Nothing fancy, only basic rooms to sleep in for the night and a couple of outhouses. After she arranged the Cattaneos' sleeping accommodations, Savannah stowed her gear in her own cabin and set out to gather firewood. As part of the itinerary of their trekking trip, she provided a bonfire experience during dinner. The air was so muggy, she knew it would rain soon. Still, she needed to get away from the brothers for a while to reflect on what had happened. She couldn't think straight with them around. Diego with his penetrating stare. Zach with his jealousy. And Eli with his curiosity. She sighed. What had she gotten herself into this time? Her guts were right. The Cattaneos were trouble and she had waltzed right into their seductions. Panther shifters and Italian. Big trouble.

"Savvie."

She stopped and saw Eli behind her. *Oh, no.*

"Need help with the firewood?"

"I'm good. Don't worry about it."

"It's almost dark. It's not safe to be around alone in the dark, you know?"

"I know this area. You should rest. It's been a long day. We've got plenty of ground to cover tomorrow."

"I'm not tired. I'm used to physical activity like this. I'm a fireman, remember?"

"Right. How could I forget? Those big muscles."

Eli grinned almost childishly. But his voice was firm when he grabbed her by the arm. "We need to talk, by the way. Just the two of us."

Savannah could have guessed where this was going and she didn't have solid ground to object. "Very well."

"Good." Eli sounded happy. He placed his hand on the small of her back and steered her away from the cabins.

"So," Savannah broke the ice when they finally stopped walking, "what would you like to talk about?"

Eli didn't answer right away. He looked like a boy who had worked up his courage to ask a girl as his prom date. "I'm not like my brothers, good with words. But I think you already know what I want to discuss with you."

Right on target, Savannah thought. "Look, Eli..."

He caressed her features with the tips of his calloused fingers. His gentle eyes fixed on hers. "Sweet Savvie..." he whispered. He lowered his head and kissed her on the lips.

Savannah froze. Electric lust sparked the moment their lips touched. He wasn't like Zach, an ardent kisser who could wipe a woman's mind blank with a simple kiss, or a possessive kisser like Diego, who could flame a woman's lust with a flick of his tongue. Eli was different. His kiss was tentative. Full of exploration. And shy. But she found him very sweet. Before long, Savannah allowed herself to be dragged into a wave of passion as the kiss continued.

He hugged her as they kissed. His hand anchored the back of her head as he deepened his kiss. Savannah wanted to melt. Their tongues dueled amidst their breathless gasps and symphony of their lust. Her knees weakened when Eli parted his lips. "Well?" he whispered.

Savannah was drunk from his kiss. "Well, what?"

"I want you, Savvie."

"I... I don't know."

He purred like a contented cat. "Let me convince you again then..."

* * *

Eli could smell his kin on her, the scent of his brothers' conquests over the sultry temptress -- the woman who he wanted more than anything else in the world. He couldn't care less. The impulse of possessing her was almost primal. "Strip," he ordered Savannah. Her big black eyes widened, looking surprised when he demanded her so. "If you don't, you'll be walking back to your cabin naked. Your choice."

"I'm surprised to see this side of you."

"I'm mostly nice. But I'm in heat. I guess that explains everything, doesn't it?"

She let out a faint laugh. "Do you beg?"

"Do you want me to beg?"

"Mmm." Her eyes flashed naughtily, considering. "Because you're such a sweet guy, you don't need to."

"My goddess."

Savannah shed her clothes without a fuss, piling her shirt, jeans and everything else into a heap by his feet. He stripped too. His cock was throbbing to the point it hurt. The last dozen hours had been torture for him as well. Each time he looked at her, horny and frustrated as he was, he wanted to grab her and fuck her without a care in the world. Thank God, he finally could have privacy with her. And Eli intended it to be a long night.

Eli grabbed her waist and pushed her flat on her back. She cursed, a good kind of curse, as they both tumbled onto the jungle floor. Savannah plastered her mouth on his, her back arching, begging to be fucked. Eli crushed her lips with another kiss, grinding his cock on her burning pussy.

She broke the kiss and groaned. "Show me what you've got. Fuck me." She grabbed his cock and positioned his tip on her drenching heat.

Eli snatched both her wrists and lifted them above her head. "I'm the one who's in charge, darling."

"No shit."

"Didn't I tell you, I'm in heat?" Eli thrust into her, filling her full. Savannah threw her head backward, moaning in kittenish mewls, sending the blood rushing through his head. She sounded so damn sexy when she did that. He fucked her slowly, savoring the way her cunt sucked his shaft, that tight wet pussy that would make any grown man cry. She cried out, mumbling unintelligible words as she enjoyed the ride. "God," she sobbed. "Harder."

"Greedy, aren't you?"

"Pretty please?"

"I'll fuck you nice and slow, babe. We have all night to ourselves." Eli pulled out and grabbed her leg, arranging her into a position he wanted. She looked bewildered for a second, and then she submitted. He wanted to fill her from behind. He pushed the small of her back so her ass was proffered to him.

Eli plunged two fingers into her wet pussy. Savannah sighed in relief. He stroked in and out, while playing with her clit. He lowered his head and gave her swollen folds a cursory lick. She groaned, her voice muffled by the side of her arm. Her pussy quivered as he fingered her deeply. Eli lashed his tongue upward and made small circles along her vulva, stopping just before her puckered hole. Through a filtered dusk light, her pretty rosy bud looked so tempting. He licked her perineum as he fingered faster. Savannah gasped and moaned, her body shaking with the tremors. She stiffened and her sexy moans curled out of her throat. He knew she was about to climax. He stopped to prevent her from coming. He withdrew his fingers. She dripped liquid lust.

"Oh, come on!"

"Shh. Stay still, babe, and be quiet."

She writhed but Eli restrained her, keeping her in the position he wanted. He parted her ass cheeks and rimmed her perineum with his tongue. His cock throbbed in protest, wanting release. His heart pounded. She cursed him again as he thrust his tongue into her anus. She clawed the jungle floor, calling on all the gods and saints ever known to mankind because of his ministrations. He could tell that she loved it.

He tongue-fucked her until, all of a sudden, she cried out and came. Her body shook violently, her hips bucked, and her pussy clenched. He hadn't wanted her to come yet. Her climax took him by surprise. He pulled his head away and watched her pretty pussy clench, desperate for something to milk. Eli regretted his shaft wasn't where it was supposed to be. But that was fine. He would make her come and come again. He thrust a finger into her anus.

"Eli!" she yelled. "I --"

"I know you like this." He fingered her the way he had fingered her pussy before. She squirmed. When she peeked at him through her tangled mass of raven hair, he saw her eyes blazing. "Tell me this isn't good?" With his other hand, he pinched her clit and fingered her pussy again. She ranted a series of mumbles as he marveled at the realization that he could feel his fingers in her ass and pussy, separated only by a thin membrane. He wondered if she could feel it the way he felt it. And as the grand finale, he leaned down and leveled his face to her proffered sex. His mouth found her clit and sucked it until she bawled from the top of her lungs.

Savannah thrashed, but Eli kept his fingers steady. He paused to give her sex lips a nip or two before ravishing her with his mouth. She bucked, panting with cries that made his cock hard to the point it hurt. She came again. Violently. She trembled from head to toes. Her cream dripped. He let go of her clit and feasted on the precious cream. She wrenched free from him, convulsing as if the multiple orgasms were too much for her.

Eli let the tide of pleasure pass before he grabbed her legs and positioned her in the manner he wanted. He slammed in. Savannah whimpered. She welcomed him. He seized her hips and fucked her in short thrusts. His balls slammed her ass and her pussy made a wet, slurping noise as he pounded her viciously. He ground and thrust and plunged until she sobbed again. "Fuck me, yes. Harder!"

God, Eli was amazed with her greed. He loved the way she pleaded with him, with her raw throaty voice that sent tingles to every fiber of his being. He bucked and picked up his speed, ramming her in short, battering fucks.

"Harder!"

Eli slammed into her so hard he was sure he was bruising her. She didn't seem to care. His roughness seemed to fuel her lust. He rutted her like an animal and he wouldn't stop until he drained his seed into her. Sweat bathed his body. His heart wanted to crawl to his throat. He fucked her harder until he could no longer contain the pressure. He erupted. It was rapture. Everything else in the world stopped on that moment. He soared free and his cock spasmed more than a dozen times. He was lost and collapsed onto her. And when he came back to reality, Savannah was under him while her pussy was milking his shaft. She had climaxed shortly after him. Her body quaked. Her pussy clasped around his shaft. He loved the sensation and he could never get enough of her. She was addictive.

When he was able to gather his coherent thoughts into one, he shifted off her and collapsed. Their lovemaking was dynamite. God, it was too intense; he felt like he was dying. No wonder the French called an orgasm "a little death."

Eli pulled her into his arms. Their bodies were dirty from the forest floor, but he didn't care. The sultry temptress collapsed on his chest, her face looking in awe. "You must know something." Savannah looked up. "I'm not usually this easy."

"Who said you're easy?"

"I fucked three guys in less than twenty-four hours. You saying that ain't easy?"

"I call that a mating call."

"Nuts."

"Savvie, my brothers and I discussed this. We've agreed to share." She went quiet for a long time so Eli felt compelled to call her back to Earth. "Babe..."

She sighed. "I need time. To think. This is all too soon for me."

Eli purred. He petted her lush hair. "Take your time, babe. We won't be going anywhere."

Chapter Four

Savannah took a cold shower after her rendezvous with Eli then holed herself up in her cabin. Outside, hail and a thunderstorm ravaged the Pass. No bonfire tonight, only a silent dinner in everyone's designated cabin. She was thankful for the cruddy weather. She needed some serious "me time" and the rain gave her an excuse to be alone.

She was almost asleep when she heard creaking in front of her door. What now? She couldn't help but feel annoyed. Who would want to bug her at this hour other than the triplets? She climbed down from the bunk and dragged herself to the door. She yanked it open. "Look, I'm not..." Her words died out in an instant. Her guests weren't the Cattaneos. They were Owen's clients: Ram and Jeremy. "What do you --"

Ram silenced her by pressing a white cloth onto her mouth. It smelled awful. She felt dizzy and sleepy. The last thought that flashed in her mind was *chloroform*.

* * *

Savannah woke up because of two things: she wanted to puke and her face was hurting. Somebody was carrying her upside down through the jungle and her face was hitting the back of whoever was carrying her like a sack of potatoes. It was Ram, judging from the bulk of his posture. Ram was the muscles. Jeremy was the brain. "Hey!" she yelled. "Bastard. What do you want from me?"

Ram swore. "We need more drugs."

"What? I don't think so." Savannah writhed. She could shift into her true nature. She would freak these assholes out, but she didn't want to do it just yet. She needed to know why they had kidnapped her in the first place. Ram pulled her from his shoulder and tossed her to the ground. Savannah cursed. Her ass landed on a wood stump. It fucking hurt. "Why did you do this to me? What do you want?"

"Nothing personal, Miss Lisander. It's only a matter of business," Jeremy told her, finally opening his mouth.

Damn. The guy talked like James Bond. In a British accent. "What kind of business?"

"Mr. Brahms wants you back."

"Alex?" She couldn't help but feel curious. Alexander Brahms was her ex-fiancé from Chicago. She had broken the engagement after she found him bench-pressing his secretary. Alex was a millionaire Casanova with a bad temper. He wouldn't let her go that easily, and Savannah had spent several months dealing with restraining orders and all that shit. That was why she'd moved to Utopia Bay to get away from it all. "Why? He can get any woman he wants. Why me? Why now?"

"Mr. Brahms told us you're very special."

"Special?" Savannah frowned. She was convinced that her ex had gone completely gaga. She wasn't special. She was just a... "Oh." She understood all of a sudden. She had never told Alex she was a shifter. Her ex had an obsession with collecting rare artifacts about dragons. She was afraid if she told him she was a dragon shifter, he would treat her like his plaything. But how had he found out? Savannah didn't want to stick around any longer. She wanted to get away from these weirdoes right away. "I'm out of here," she told Jeremy cheerily. She concentrated on shifting.

Savannah called the magic that she rarely invoked and let go, shifting into her true nature. Her body transformed into a dragon, and quite the mean one too, a fire dragon that could burn her kidnappers' asses if she really wanted to. Ram looked at her with fear in his eyes as she unfurled her thirty-foot wingspan. She leapt into the air to escape, but Jeremy swiftly shot her with a funny-looking gun. A blinding pain seared through her thick scales before she fell back to the ground. Her body shifted into her human form without her even realizing.

"Mr. Brahms also said to give you this drug to keep you from fleeing. Have a nice dream."

A half curse barely slipped from her mouth when the darkness claimed her world one more time.

* * *

Diego felt uneasy. He didn't know why but he was being gripped with an urge to see Savannah. It nagged him so badly he had to jump from his bunk. He quickly strode from his room. Zach heard him bang his door and poked his head from the crack of his door. "What's wrong?"

"I don't know. Got to see her."

Zach opened his door wide. "Why?"

"I don't know. Something doesn't feel right."

Owen and Eli heard the commotion from the common room. They had been playing checkers since after dinnertime. Eli caught Zach's eyes and looked alarmed.

Weren't you supposed to talk to her earlier? Diego asked him in mind-speak.

Yes, but she went to bed an hour ago. She was tired.

Diego yanked open the front door and walked into the rain. Savannah's cabin was located at the end of the clearing. The window looked dark so she must have gone to sleep by now. He knew he was going to disturb her rest, but he needed to check on her.

His heart skipped a beat, blood pulsing when he saw the front door of her cabin was ajar. He broke into a run and crashed into her cabin. He lit the light and found Savannah wasn't in her cabin. Nothing was disturbed, but Diego knew something was wrong.

Zach skidded behind him, cursed, and bolted out again. His brother had read his mind. Diego ran to the other guests' cabin. When there were only seven of them in this godforsaken place and three were nowhere to be seen, he wanted to know where the three went. Jealousy was the first thing that plagued his mind. Then fear.

The other guests' cabin was also empty. Zach swore as he kicked the cabin's door. "Where did they go?" he yelled at Owen since he was their guide.

Owen was rooted to where he stood. The kid looked confused. "I-I don't know. Mr. Ram and Mr. Jeremy said they wanted to sleep early."

"Well, they aren't here and our girl is nowhere to be seen. Is it too much to ask if your clients have something to do with her not being around?"

"Our girl?" Owen sounded surprised with the way Zach claimed his business partner as their girl, but not at the fact that she was missing.

Eli seized his flannel collar and lifted him off the ground. That got Owen's attention. "Who are your clients?"

"Mr. Ram and Mr. Jeremy?" Owen squeaked. "They... they were businessmen from Chicago, they said."

"Businessmen?" Eli spat. "Do you believe them?"

"I-I don't know. Mr. Jeremy is a gun dealer."

Eli made a disgusted sound and released Owen's collar. The younger man staggered onto the ground.

"Let's find her," Diego decided. He shifted into his animal form and sniffed Savannah's scent. He could track her better in his panther form. Zach followed suit. He let out a roar that made Owen jump to his feet.

"Guys!" he squeaked again. "Where are you going?"

"Call the cops, you idiot," Eli snarled at him. "You got one of those satellite phones, haven't you?"

Owen ran to his cabin while Eli shifted into his panther form. Diego got a directional fix on Savannah's scent. It commingled with the other guests' scent, laced with something offensive. Like drugs. His blood boiled. He growled and flashed in the direction where Ram and Jeremy had taken their precious mate.

Zach and Eli followed him as he tracked her scent. They had to go a couple of miles before Savannah's scent became stronger. As he crouched behind the underbrush, Diego saw movement ahead of them. An old Sikorsky chopper landed in the clearing. Two dark figures dragged a motionless form into the chopper hatch.

Savannah! Without being told, his brothers charged in, letting loose their primal roars that could shake the most vicious predators in the jungle.

Diego went to save her. He bolted into the clearing, leaving a trail of dust behind. Savannah's kidnappers jerked in alarm, surprised to see them there. The man named Jeremy grabbed his holster and whipped out his gun. He fired twice, but missed. Zach lunged at him and knocked the bastard off the ground. His razor-sharp claws pawed him across the chest, sending Jeremy shrieking in pain.

Eli jumped in front of Ram and swished his tail, trapping the man between him and the bulk of the chopper. Ram staggered and his eyes looked wild.

Leave him, Diego ordered his brother, he's mine. You take care of the pilot and then get Savvie.

Eli let out an angry roar before doing what he was asked. Diego shifted into his human form.

Ram's eyes almost jumped out of his sockets. "You!"

"Why did you kidnap her?"

"It's none of your business."

"Savannah is our mate. It is our business."

Ram narrowed his eyes before his hand fell on his hips. He yanked a combat knife from its sheath and pounced at Diego, who ducked with ease and grabbed his throat. Ram was an experienced muscleman, but he wasn't a half-beast man. His reflexes and strength weren't as fast or as strong as shifters'.

Diego slammed a fist into his face. "Why..." *Slam.* "Did you..." *Slam.* "Kidnap..." *Slam.* "Our mate?"

Ram's head flew backward as his footing gave way. He slumped to the cold wet ground with a dull thud. His face was mushed from Diego's fists. Eyes red. Nose broken. Lips swollen. He whimpered when Diego grabbed his collar to beat him again. "Please... stop. We only did what he told us to do."

"Who?" Diego barked in impatience.

"Mr. Brahms."

"Who the fuck is Brahms?"

Ram made a gurgling sound in his throat. He was in a lot of pain. "Ms. Lisander's former fiancé." He wheezed. "Mr. Brahms is obsessed with dragons. He didn't know she was one until after she left him."

Diego halted his fist, snorting in disgust. He stood up and planted one foot on Ram's head to keep him immobile. A few feet next to them, Zach toyed with Jeremy. Each time the human made an attempt to run, Zach knocked him off the ground and clawed at him with sheer delight. Zach looked beyond pissed that some fools had dared to lay a hand on their mate. He enjoyed the revenge.

"That's enough," Diego barked at Zach. "We've got work to do."

Zach snarled at Jeremy and swung his paw hard enough to knock Jeremy unconscious. Eli had shifted into his human form while Diego was taking care of Ram. His youngest brother cradled Savannah in his arms. "I think she's fine," he told him. "But she was shot with a tranquilizer."

Fuck. Diego glanced at the Sikorsky. "There's a radio in the chopper. We can call for help."

Chapter Five

Savannah could hear the downpour batting against the tiled roof of her bungalow when the detective wrapped up his interview. Detective Masterson was the cop who had been assigned her case when the authorities were informed she'd been kidnapped. Masterson had showed up in the hospital and escorted her home, making sure she was all right once the doctor discharged her, declaring she was fine. Savannah had only suffered a few scratches and felt groggy, the leftover effect from the drugging.

"What's going to happen to them?" Savannah asked Masterson as she showed him to the door.

The detective's face cringed to see the weather outside. He didn't have a raincoat to keep him dry from the heavy rain. Zach found an umbrella in the front closet and gave it to Masterson. "Thank you," he told Zach and nodded at her. "I'll return this tomorrow. About your kidnappers, we're holding them for kidnapping and assault charges for now. But I have a feeling that the DA will want to press more charges against your ex-fiancé tomorrow. I spoke to Owen and he was deeply disturbed by this incident. Don't worry, Miss Lisander, we will conduct a thorough investigation in this matter. Alexander Brahms will be prosecuted. Or I'll personally drag his ass from Chicago to here."

A heavy burden lifted from her chest. "Thank you so much, Detective."

"Take care of yourself. Have a rest, you certainly need it." He nodded to the triplets. "Goodnight, gentlemen." He stepped out into the rain with his borrowed umbrella.

Savannah closed the door, wanting to collapse to the floor. What a weekend it had been. She had moved from Chicago to live a nice quiet life after the fiasco, yet trouble still followed her here. Damn Brahms. She had always thought he was the one,

even though he possessed a few qualities she was never fond of. She never thought he was capable of doing something this devious.

"Come, babe, you need to relax." Diego took her hand and ushered her to the living room. She sank onto the couch, feeling utterly exhausted. Not physically as she had the last several hours sleeping in her hospital bed, but she was emotionally drained. Why would Alex do something like this? She could never understand her ex-fiancé. Zach sat next to her and Eli watched her from where he was standing. Another uneasiness seized her. They still had unfinished business.

"Thank you," she told the brothers, a tinge of heat warming her cheeks, "for helping me. I don't know what would have happened if you hadn't."

Diego curled an arm around her shoulder and pulled her into his welcoming embrace. He planted a kiss on her temple. "What would have happened is you'd have become Brahms' sick sexual object."

Savannah chuckled. "And this is coming from a Dom who whips people for a living."

"There's a difference between consensual sex and pure slavery." He slid both hands on her shoulders and kneaded her flesh. His touch felt so good on her weary body. Slowly, she unwound as the tension melted away. The man had magic fingers. "I believe we have something to discuss and clarify."

"Can we discuss this tomorrow? I'm beat. I want to slip into my pajamas and curl under my blanket for the night."

"I don't think so. We need to clear out our business right now," Zach replied, slipping his hand on her thigh, caressing her. Sparks of heat spiraled down where their skin made contact.

"Agreed," Eli piped in. He sat on the coffee table and lifted her foot, taking her shoe off.

Her eyes flew wide. "What are you doing?" she couldn't help asking, even though their intentions were quite obvious.

Eli took off her other shoe, winking. "Getting you naked."

"I'm on that." Zach unbuttoned her shirt. As if he was performing a magic trick, Savannah lost her top before she could open her mouth to protest.

"Hey!" Diego silenced her objections with a greedy kiss. His lips mashed hers, his tongue stroking deeply into the roof of her mouth, sweeping over her palate, kissing and possessing her until her mind was muddled by the newly kindled lust. She was only dimly aware when Eli yanked her pants down and Zach performed his magic trick again, making her panties disappear.

She tore her mouth off Diego's. "I don't think this is a good id --" Hands pushed her legs apart and Eli's mouth was on her pussy before she could finish her sentence. Savannah cursed, heaving. She instinctively grabbed Eli's hair to push him away, but Eli growled and pushed his tongue deep inside her.

A jolt of unadulterated pleasure seized her, freezing her being for a moment. "Oh," she gasped. From their encounter in the forest, she should have remembered Eli was so good with his mouth. The way he worshipped her almost brought her into an instant climax. His tongue swirled around her passage before it flicked up across her seam and found her clit. His mouth enclosed her engorged bud and sucked it as if his life was depending on it. Thrums of paralyzing ecstasy zapped her spine, wiping her mind blank, making her forget about everything else in the world but surrendering to the dizzying pleasure.

She lay semi-dazed in Diego's arms when Eli finished his ambush with a little nip on both her pussy lips. She gushed cream when he petted her sex as if she was his favorite kitty-cat.

Eli purred in delight. "You were saying?" he teased her. His eyes twinkled mischievously.

"Not a good idea," she breathed out.

"You think so?" Diego asked, his hand tightening around the swell of her cotton bra.

"The three of you?" Savannah shook her head. "I'm not that adventurous. I don't think I can handle the --"

"Really?" Zach interjected. His hands worked magic again. This time he made her bra disappear. "You can't say you can't when you haven't tried it yet."

Diego squeezed her naked breast, pinching her nipple. She flinched when he rolled it between his thumb and forefinger. The pleasure was exquisite. She writhed and snatched his hand to stop him. "I can't fuck you again..."

"Because?" Diego echoed.

Savannah drew a sharp breath. "It would bind us forever."

Diego frowned. "I don't see that as a bad thing."

"Didn't I say forever?"

"We aren't deaf."

"You're all insatiable." She spluttered out her concern. "One of these days, you're all going to kill me."

"And this comes from a sex goddess?" Zach laughed. "How silly you are, Savvie."

He kissed the side of her jaw, then licked her shoulder blade. His hot mouth was on her nipple a moment later, making her heart want to jump from her rib cage. She threw her head back, moaning. Eli stopped petting her pussy and slipped two fingers inside her. His thumb brushed her clit, circling it as he fingered her cunt in and out in a rapid motion. She squeezed her thighs shut as a reflex but strong hands parted her legs again. She writhed, eyes catching Diego's. "I don't..."

"Yes," Diego told her firmly. "You want this."

"It's crazy."

"It's fate, darling. Accept us."

Savannah swallowed hard, trying to weigh her options. It was hard to think when you had a man's mouth on your breast and another man's hand stroking your pussy. She wanted this as much as they did. She wanted them all. Her mates. *Her soulers.*

What would her cousins say when they found out she'd bound triplets as her mates? Brenton would fit right in with Diego as they each owned an adult club.

The hell. Savannah fisted Zach's hair and yanked his head away from her breast.

He groaned from the rough treatment. She'd accidentally yanked out a few strands of his hair. "Shit!"

Savannah snarled. "Show me what you got, Fast-Z."

"You asked for this," Zach snarled back.

"I think I can take everything you can dish out," she purred and cast the triplets a defiant look. Eli smiled and stopped masturbating her. She raised one leg and touched the inside of his jeans-clad thigh with her toes, dragging them up to Eli's crotch. The bulge beneath his jeans was impressive. "You too, babe."

Eli grinned. "I love challenges." He rose and unbuckled his belt, undressing. Zach followed suit.

Diego laughed and squeezed her breasts. He unzipped his pants and freed his cock with one hand. He was the commando type of guy. His cock bobbed free in an instant. "All yours, goddess. Forever."

Savannah licked her lips and stroked him hard. He moaned happily. His moan turned into a series of happy curses when she lowered her head and licked his leaking tip. His cock twitched as she plunged her mouth down on him, taking him deeply. Salty ocean flavor flooded her palate as she worked in his length, swallowing him to his base. "Oh shit," Diego hissed in disbelief. It wasn't an easy thing to do considering his size and girth, but Savannah prided herself on a few of her girly skills. Now that the three had agreed to become her mates, she thought it was okay to brag about her talents. Diego's body shuddered when she arranged her breathing, clasped his throbbing shaft with her throat, and withdrew with a powerful suck.

Diego cursed again as she released him with a loud pop. She saw him pant, his skin flushing from head to toe. He was genuinely amazed with her skill. *Guess who is the Dominant now*, she thought in triumph. "Didn't I say I can take anything you can dish out?"

"No kidding." Diego laughed. "You never fail to surprise me."

"Nice," Zach declared. "Now try me, babe."

Savannah turned around and was welcomed by Zach's erect cock. She felt ravenous all of a sudden. Hungry for him. Them. She sucked Zach while grabbing and stroking Eli's cock. Zach's breath labored while Eli started to flush like his brother. She shifted her attention to Eli, fucking him with her mouth, as greedily as he ate her cunt earlier.

"Oh, babe," Eli rasped. His face contorted in sweet agony. He cupped the side of her face as she sucked him like a half-crazed nymphomaniac. A mournful groan escaped from his throat. Just as she was about to take him whole, Eli stiffened and halted her. "I'm going to flash if you keep doing that. I don't want to come this fast." He eased his cock from her mouth. "I need a minute's break."

His idea of a break was to plant his mouth on her pussy again. Savannah babbled between mouthfuls of Zach's cock. New heat seared her body as Eli's treacherous mouth and tongue licked her seeping cream, tickling her opening.

She heard Diego's voice behind her, ordering his brother to keep the pace. A pair of strong hands gripped her hips, lifting her from the sitting position onto all fours, her ass thrusting up in the air as if she were a delicate virgin offering to the perverted deities. Eli said something to Diego, more like a bark, that they needed a more comfortable place.

Savannah barely comprehended what was happening when Zach told her to stop and his cock was pulled out of her mouth. Eli swept her into his arms and lifted her off the couch. She was airborne a second later, the ceiling of her bungalow spinning. He carried her into her bedroom.

Zach and Diego followed. Zach closed the door while Diego shed the rest of his clothes. Eli deposited her on her bed. "On all fours," he commanded. His voice was firm and full of authority, unlike the shy Eli she knew.

Savannah obeyed. She pressed her cheek against the coverlet while raising her ass upward to him, ready for the taking. Eli sucked a sharp inhalation from the sight in appreciation. Her heart swelled in pride and lust.

Zach murmured his agreement. He lowered his head and licked her wet opening. Savannah jumped from the new wanton fire caused by his ministrations. She had forgotten how talented Zach was with his oral skill. She trembled as he lashed the tip of his tongue along her pussy lips. He grunted before lancing his tongue into her opening, digging for her cream. Savannah muffled her shout on the coverlet as Zach tasted the inside of her pussy.

She closed her eyes as the ecstasy swept her to a new height. Just when she was about to climax, Zach withdrew. "All yours," he told his brother. She didn't know which one.

Savannah cursed from being denied an orgasm. But her dismay wasn't long-lived. A hard cock speared her open. Savannah had to shout. She felt like she was being stretched out as Eli's thick cock plowed into her to the hilt. He rammed her balls-deep, his cock quivering in her depths. Eli stopped as if he was also marveling at the sensation of their flesh becoming one. "So hot," he rasped out. "I've never..."

"I know," Diego affirmed.

Eli thrust and pulled back. Her cunt made a wet sucking sound each time he withdrew. "Heaven."

"Faster," Diego ordered. "Make her come. I need her really wet before I fuck her ass."

Eli slammed in and out rapidly, filling her with a crazed explosion of fucks. Savannah clawed the coverlet. Her heart pumped fast. Blood rushed to her head. The pleasure built fast like a steam engine waiting to erupt. Eli had barely fucked her more than two dozen strokes when a freak wave of ecstasy slammed over her without mercy.

"Fuck!" Eli shouted as her cunt gripped his shaft tightly. He let out a nervous laugh. "Relax, babe. God."

Savannah surrendered to the ultimate pleasure. Her ears rang. The air around her thinned. Red and white fireworks danced before her eyes. She gasped. Clawed. Yowled. She convulsed until she regained control one more time. She was ready to collapse, but she knew it was far from being over.

She collapsed anyway. Eli's cock slipped out of her cunt. "I don't think so, Savvie." She heard Diego's laugh.

Savannah mourned. "I know you all are going to kill me," she muttered.

Zach climbed into the bed, stroking his hard erection. "Ride me, goddess. I'm dying to fuck your pussy." He grabbed her waist and with one effortless sweep, he lifted her onto his stomach when she didn't do what he wanted fast enough.

Savannah braced her palms against Zach's broad chest as he positioned his fat cockhead at her cunt. Her long legs were spread against each side of his hips. Zach pulled her hips down, thrusting his cock into her opening. She mewled, pleasure and pain comingled into one. Her cunt contracted, protesting his intrusion. The climax was barely gone and she wasn't ready to accept Zach yet. He sensed it somehow.

"Don't worry, babe," he whispered. "I'll make you feel good in no time." He fucked her in shallow thrusts until she became relaxed and new pleasure exploded within her. "Get you nice and wet," he added. "My brother wants to fuck that gorgeous tight little ass of yours."

"Damn right." Diego moved behind her and spread her ass cheeks apart. His thumb caressed her puckered anus.

Savannah shivered, thinking how outrageous this ménage was. One of the craziest things she had ever done in her life. Yet, at the same time, the sanest decision, as Diego had said. She bit her lower lip as she felt Diego collect her juice from her pussy. She looked over her shoulder and saw him lathering his cock with it. She drew in a lungful of air when he pressed his cockhead on her anus. She turned back to Zach; he was watching her reaction the whole time. His eyes shone; his lips curled tight into a restrained cringe.

"So good, Savvie," he said. "So fucking good." He stopped fucking her when Diego thrust in.

"Oh!" Savannah shouted. Her sphincter resisted at first, but Diego was determined to fuck her there. The ring of her forbidden channel yielded. She forgot to breathe for seconds. Diego eased and pushed, inch by inch until he was able to bury his

cock deeply into her ass. The pressure felt incredible. Wicked. Tawdry. And sinfully good at the same time. She had never felt so stuffed like this in her life, being filled in her ass and pussy at the same time. Savannah let out a whimpering pleasure. Why was it that something forbidden always felt so good? Especially when her two mates started to move. Diego pulled. Zach pushed. Diego thrust. Zach tugged. She wondered if the two could feel each other as their shafts were only separated by a thin membrane.

Savannah gushed more cream as Zach and Diego picked up their speed. She could feel her pleasure gathering, slowly building into the final rapture. Something was still missing. She licked her lips and turned in Eli's direction. He was pumping his cock while watching his brothers fuck the life out of her. "Fuck me," she pleaded. "Fuck my mouth."

Eli stopped what he was doing and stood beside the bed. He held her face while proffering his jutting erection to her mouth. Savannah engulfed him in one smooth motion. His cock quivered in her mouth, hot and unspent. He tasted salty from his pre-cum. She found him very appetizing.

"God, Savvie." Eli hissed, thrusting his erection until his tip touched the back of her mouth. "You're so fucking good."

She would answer him if she weren't chock-full of cock. She wanted him to fuck her faster, wanted to tell Diego and Zach to do the same. Savannah tightened her cunt walls and her sphincter, hoping they would pick up the sign. Both Zach and Diego cursed, understanding her just fine. They were thrusting and pounding until the only thing she felt was the fire of pure lust.

The ecstasy spiraled upward, higher and higher. Savannah's body tensed. She reared and slammed to meet their incessant thrusts. The pleasure thickened by the second. The urge to come was overwhelming. Savannah felt her sanity was dangling from a spider's silk thread. Zach let out a harsh cry. Diego grunted the same song as he pistoned into her asshole hard enough to bruise her for days. But they were both beyond care. So was Savannah.

Then it crashed upon her. A fierce climax swept over and gripped her like a jealous mistress, a force so violent that Savannah thought she was dying for the moment. Her body contorted in enraged bliss. She would have screamed if she could.

Savannah floated away. The world around her faded for long seconds.

When she drifted back into reality, she found her mouth was filled with Eli's cum. She drained him greedily, lapping him to the last drop. Zach hammered two more thrusts and spurted into her cunt. Diego stilled and shuddered, emptying his seed into her asshole.

She didn't remember when the whole thing truly ended. Caught in the mating throes and an explosive orgasm, she collapsed when the last tide of wicked ecstasy finally ebbed away. Muzzily, she opened up her eyes and found the four of them tangled limb to limb in her queen-sized bed that was inadequate to accommodate all of them. The air around them was filled with magic, brilliant mist and dust. The rite of claiming was complete.

Diego was sitting with one leg half dangling from the edge of the bed. He caressed her backside. His dark hair curtained his broad shoulders. "I can't wait to bring you to my dungeon," he told her in a solemn tone. "I want to show you many of my nifty tricks."

"And to my office. I always find office sex is incredibly sexy," Zach added.

Eli grinned, his shy smile returned. "For you, babe, I'd take you for a walk in Central Park. We can make out under the moonlight."

Fucking romantic. Savannah let out a weak laugh. Panther shifters and Italian. Her *soulers*. She knew exactly what she had got herself into. And she absolutely loved it.

Lizzie Lynn Lee

I write. I doodle. I play guitar. Not necessarily in that order. I'm an incurable chatterbox, heavy metal aficionado, bookworm and a night owl, since most of my stories are done in the wee hours of the morning because of my caffeine-induced insomnia. I'm a big *South Park* fan, and I'm fluent in Cartman speak and I'm working on mastering my Kennynese. Cookies and donuts are my main diet and I currently owe a fortune to the swear jar. Visit my site: www.ilizzie.com to see my complete titles, read exclusive excerpts and hot erotic shorts, or watch the trailers of my books. Friend me, too, on Facebook, MySpace or Twitter. I won't bite, I promise.

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