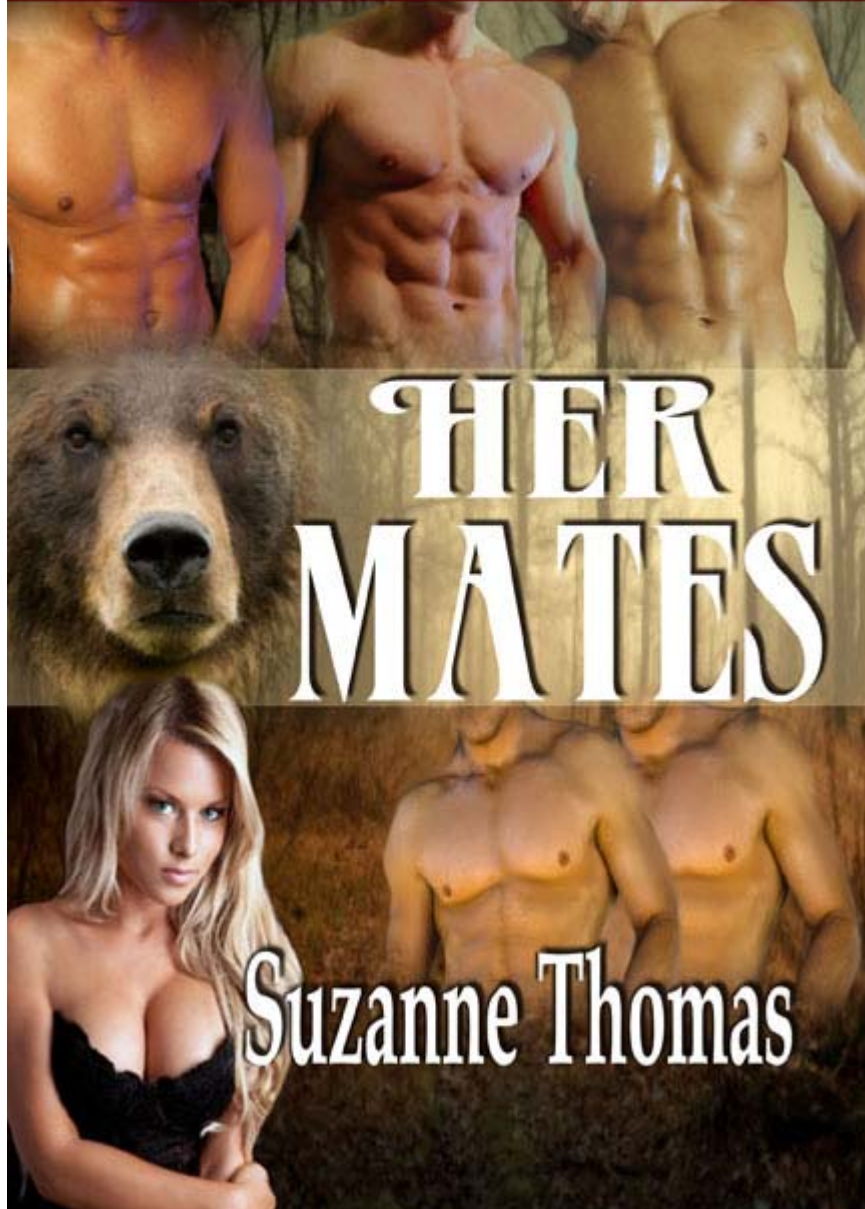


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HER MATES

Suzanne Thomas

MENAGE AMOUR



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DEDICATION

To my mom for telling me to follow my dream.

HER MATES

SUZANNE THOMAS

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Chapter 1

The slow procession of wagons finally stopped just at the edge of the little town called Dolton, Colorado, as the sign proclaimed in painstakingly chiseled wording. Where they stopped, the entrance—or exit if one were coming from the opposite direction—was within walking distance. They normally didn't stop so close to a town, so the convenience was appreciated by the weary travelers. The different families set about making a temporary camp as women and men milled about in apathy and exhaustion. Haggard faces and skeletal frames depicted a hard crossing. Children did not run around screaming and playing like normal, but followed their elders around in a sort of comatose state.

Some of the men wandered into town but most didn't have the energy and stayed with the women to set up. The wagon master walked up and down the train to talk to people, making sure everything was handled. No one noticed the small woman sneak into town along the backside of the wagons. The alley between two buildings was right next to the end wagon and very easy to miss if someone wanted not to be seen.

Alice furtively glanced over her shoulder to make sure no one saw her. This would be the eighth town that she had tried and not a single honorable position was available in any of the previous seven towns. She thought she was ill-fated. The merchants she asked had suggested

a couple of occupations that she had no interest in, and if that was the case, all she had to do was say yes to the wagon master's suggestion, which was why she was trying so hard to find work anywhere away from him and the men on the train.

She plastered herself against the side of the building, feeling the wooden slats dig into her spine as she watched one of the men in question go through the saloon doors. She definitely didn't want to go in that direction. Peeking around the corner, she slipped into the group of people walking by to get her wits together. She would try the mercantile first. She would go in, be confident, and tell the owner that she was experienced and reliable. She would list all her good qualities. She had done this many times, so it would be easy, she thought to herself.

The entire way there, she tried to build her confidence. The problem was she was nervous and afraid because the alternative was horrible. She missed her father desperately. Being alone was not something she had ever envisioned. She thought by now she and her father would be set up in one of these towns and their own shingle put out doing business. To lose him so suddenly had been a shock that lasted hundreds of miles. She had existed in a haze of sorrow. Thankfully, the conversation she had overheard had snapped her out of her mourning.

She still couldn't believe the audacity Mr. Taylor had in offering her to the other men. He made it sound like she would be thankful for their protection. Oh, he would be expecting her to accommodate him as well, but she would be able to choose among the others.

Some proposition, she thought in a huff. She'll accommodate him, all right, with her foot on his butt.

The jingle of the door announced her entrance. She smiled at the man behind the counter and ambled on down the aisles. She was a little dismayed at the store's smallness, not enough work for one person, let alone two. She looked at the merchandise on sale, seeing the variety. She saw many tools for mining and trapping. The jingle

from the door singled new arrivals, so she changed her direction and went to the back wall. The different candy jars pulled her toward them. She saw peppermint sticks and lemon drops as well as her favorite, honey drops. She picked up the lid to inhale the sweet smell.

“May I help you, miss?” asked the man who was behind the counter, startling her. She jumped a little before gently replacing the lid, not wanting to break the darn thing before asking for a job.

“Yes, sir, I was wondering if you had a position of employment open. I am experienced in clerking, and I am hard worker,” she said softly.

The man shook his head. “I am sorry, miss, but my wife and I run this store, and we don’t need any help. If you had come at the beginning of summer, I might have hired you temporarily.”

“Do you happen to know of anyone in town hiring right now?” she asked.

“I think Harry’s had a sign up a couple of days ago, but I haven’t been down there to see if it was still there. Harry’s is the cookhouse about ten buildings on your right. Walk out of here and turn left,” he said as he was called away by a customer.

She walked out and followed the directions. She made sure that none of the train’s passengers saw her as she walked along the boardwalk. She saw a dog hiding under the walkway in front of her. She could hear the growl from where she was. Well that would top her day, she thought as she envisioned the bite those teeth could inflict. She slowed down, let the men behind her go first, and followed quickly. She heard a yelp in front of her, along with a curse that was muffled. A man turned a reddened face to her and apologized. She smiled demurely and lifted her skirt to sidestep him.

She muffled a giggle so the gentleman wouldn’t hear. The nice thing to do would have been to thank him for taking the bite. Her father would have laughed with her, she thought sadly. He would have probably done the same thing. She stifled another giggle. She missed him.

The only sign she saw was a small plaque that said Harry's. No help sign, she thought in despair. Oh well, she should try anyway. She paused to straighten her dress before stepping through the doors.

Harry turned out to be a rotund little man in the filthiest apron she ever had the misfortune to see. His personality, she found, was just as vile. If one more of these Neanderthals suggested she try the local brothel, she was going to be spending time at the local jail because she was going to kill him.

Chapter 2

The bustle of the small town flowed around him as he stood breathing deeply. His senses filled with an overwhelming musk. His whole body absorbed the elusive scent, eliminating everything else. He didn't smell the dung and filth of the streets that usually permeated the air. He centered his focus on finding the direction of the smell. He let it flood his nostrils as he followed it.

Mate.

When he entered the general store, he clenched his fists as his cock hardened. He knew she had been here recently. The whole store permeated with her intoxicating scent, telling him she had spent some time here. The small store had merchandise packed on top of merchandise. He went up and down the aisles as he tried to follow her progress. The strongest scent, he found by the candy section while it lingered over the jars. He smiled as he took in the seductive aroma near the honey drops. He scooped up the jar, took it the counter, and purchased the entire contents. He had the clerk package it and leave it there so he could pick it up later.

He stepped out onto the boardwalk and trailed his mate to the next stop. He paused briefly from his pursuit, held back by a furious growl. He looked down as a dog came out from under the lip of the walkway and went to bite him. He felt himself growl low in his throat, causing the dog to stop and cower. The ragged mongrel took one sniff of the man, turned tail, and ran yelping. He didn't miss a step as he went on.

His mate's scent mixed with the smell of food as he stopped before entering the door. He went into the chow hall and watched the

hustle of the workers and the men eating at different tables. Only a few women sat with the men, and, as he crossed the floor, none of them possessed that aroma he looked for.

“Steak and eggs or hasher and eggs?” asked the little man in a dirty apron.

“I’m looking for the woman who was here a couple of minutes ago. Did you see where she happened to go?”

“The only woman that could be was here looking for a job. I sent her away, as I have all the help I need. I suggested, with her looks, that she should go over to the whorehouse and she would be hired in a second.” The little man looked up and choked on his laughter. He visibly trembled and took several steps back before pointing in a direction.

Brand felt the rage that consumed him, and it almost made him shift right then and there. Only years of control helped him overcome the urge. He slammed the door with enough force to shake the entire building.

He walked along the edge of the boardwalk as he tried to get himself under control. He almost missed the exchange of words that made him freeze.

“Did you see that little morsel asking for a job over at Harry’s? I wouldn’t mind offering her a job.” The man gave a dirty laugh to his friend. “I just saw her go into the Landmark hotel, and I’m going over there to see if I can do a little persuading.”

When Brand heard that, he changed directions and headed to the closest hotel. His ground-eating gait quickly had him walking into the lobby. He stopped short as her fragrance flooded his senses, causing his cock to swell in excitement. The low growl, barely audible, made the man standing next to him sidle away as quickly as possible.

“I can work in any part of the hotel, sir,” she said to the man shaking his head sadly.

She apparently had been talking to him awhile, as the number of customers lined up behind her fidgeted. The man placed his attention

on the next person in line, clearly stating that he was done with the conversation.

She turned dejectedly from the counter. He could see tears shining in her eyes as she hurried out the door. She passed right by him, overflowing his senses with her essence. He took a deep breath to fill his nostrils with her. He turned and followed.

She stopped a little ways away and leaned against the building. She lifted a hand to wipe angrily at the tears flowing freely down her cheeks. He turned as rapid footsteps came up behind him. Seeing the man who had made the comment about offering her a position, he reached out and grabbed him and pulled him up by his shirtfront. He growled low in his throat right in front of the man's face.

"Touch her and you are dead," he rumbled out in a low voice so as to not disturb his mate.

The man gasped and paled as he took in the size and obvious strength of the giant who held him. He gave the woman a look of remorse and nodded his head in agreement. He was roughly deposited back on his feet to scurry away as fast as he had come.

The woman in question didn't even notice as she continued down the boardwalk. She also didn't notice the number of times that he had to fend off would-be assailants who took her for prey.

He finally had enough and walked to intercept her next entry to an establishment.

"Excuse me, miss. My name is Brand Dupries, and I couldn't help but overhear that you were looking for a job. I happen to be in town to find a housekeeper for my ranch. My brothers and I are in dire straits, as our last housekeeper married and left," he lied without care.

The tension mounted as he waited for her answer. Her hands visibly shook, and the blush on her beautiful cheeks stood out on her pale face. Her hair, the color of a wheat field, hugged her head in a wraparound braid. Her ample breasts moved with every breath she took, and it required all his strength not to stare. Her small waist accentuated full hips. His palms itched to hold her plump ass in them.

She was unbelievably beautiful, and she belonged to him and his brothers. He understood that if she didn't agree to willingly go with him that he would take that decision away from her with little to no qualms.

* * * *

She kept glancing up at him through her long, thick lashes. His dusty trail-worn clothes were well made, though very dirty. He looked like any other mountain man who flooded the towns she had been in recently. She had many propositions from these mountain men to go with them to their home for about every job imaginable. She was down to her last dollar, and something about this man instilled trust. She didn't understand the reasoning. He even smelled good, for goodness sakes, which was odd.

"Hello Mr. Dupries my name is Alice Purcell. What would my job be?" she asked in a small voice. The relief that she felt almost made her giddy. She listened to his list of duties and nodded her head every now and then. She really didn't care what the duties were, as long as they got her away from the wagon train.

"I have a few things to pick up at the mercantile, and then I was heading out. Do you have much baggage to take?" he asked as he gently took her arm and headed in that direction.

"I have one bag that the wagon train leader is holding for me," she said as she struggled to keep up with his stride. He must have noticed, as he slowed down and sent a look of apology down to her.

She found herself right back where she started. This time, she entered the store with a lighter heart. She followed Brand around, helping him choose the additional supplies he needed. She picked out items that he wanted and set them on the counter. With the last item placed on the counter, Brand paid the clerk and they carried the purchases out to the packhorse, hooked up beside the store.

She helped him secure everything, all the while taking little peeks at him from under her lashes. He was so large. By far the biggest man she had ever met. He moved with such smoothness, grace even, for such a huge man. She could spend hours just watching him walk. God, what is wrong with me? She asked herself, trying to control the fluttering in her stomach.

She had so many questions for him but wanted to put as many miles between her and the wagon train as possible, so she stopped herself before asking.

This was so unlike her, she thought. *Why am I, all of a sudden, so trusting? This is not me.*

Even though he had been nice and courteous and he'd given her a way out of there, away from an inconceivable fate, she questioned her sanity.

His very touch seemed to lighten her heart. With every breath she took, his smell made her more relaxed than she had been in months.

She felt safe.

The clerk walked out to them and handed Brand a small package that he placed in his coat pocket. When the clerk turned to her to wish her luck, she smiled and thanked him.

Brand walked over to his horse and, before she could ask, lifted her up onto its rump. She gave a small gasp as he quickly mounted in front of her. The horse was a huge, beautiful buckskin that didn't even fidget with the added weight. She had never seen such a large horse. Though given the giant who owned him, she could see the need for such a big animal. He fastened the lead rope to his pommel and headed over to the wagon train.

All activity stopped as they rode up. Several of the men sent glares their way. The train leader hurried up to them, clearly agitated.

"Get off that horse, you stupid girl," the leader barked out. "You know you don't have to do this. There have been a couple of good offers for you. You can even choose between them."

* * * *

Brand felt her tighten her hands around his waist and tremble. His protective instincts came to full force as he took in several of the lecherous expressions on the surrounding men. He guessed the offers were not to her liking.

He smoothly dismounted and placed a restraining hand on Alice's thigh to keep her mounted. His towering height and ominous expression caused several of the men to rethink their position and beat a hasty retreat. The leader was either overconfident or just plain stupid as he tried to maneuver around him to reach for his mate. His progress suddenly halted as Brand smoothly stepped into his path.

Brand let the monster, which was always near the surface, bleed into his eyes when the man finally looked up at him. He smiled slowly when the man backed up and noticeably swallowed.

The leader said, after finding his voice, "The girl is under my protection ever since her father was killed in a wagon accident. I have made it so she has a protector."

Brand looked at each man and finally settled his heavy gaze again on the man in front of him. "I will make myself very clear. The girl is now under my protection. If any man wants to object, they can, of course, do so, but I would highly recommend against it."

"Alice," someone said in a small voice from between the wagons. The voice belonged to an old woman who had gone unnoticed in the tension-filled atmosphere. She made her way over to the horse, totally ignoring the towering giant in front of her.

"Is this what you want, Alice?" she asked.

"Yes, Mrs. Willis, this is totally my decision, and thank-you again for all your kindness when my father died. I don't know what I would have done without you.

"I need my bag, Mr. Taylor," Alice said to the leader.

He huffed off to retrieve it and all but threw the bag at Brand. Brand caught it without flinching and secured it to the packhorse.

Mrs. Willis grabbed his arm and halted his remounting. He looked down into brown eyes filled with determination. “Take care of the girl, sir, or you will be sorry.”

That this came from a woman barely reaching his belt would have been hilarious if not for the tingle that traveled from her hands to his arm. He saw her eyes widen when his beast answered back in a surge of power. She smiled up at him and squeezed his arm.

“You and your brothers will be wonderful mates to my girl,” she whispered, to his astonishment.

Chapter 3

He quickly mounted and headed out of town as rapidly as he could. He was spooked by the old woman but understood that there were certain powers out there that sometimes mystified even him. He felt Alice rest her head against his back in exhaustion. He smiled in relief as the town fell farther behind him. He could taste her scent on his tongue.

He needed to get to the homestead as soon as possible. The longer they were together, the faster the mating heat would come upon her. The trigger was ingrained so when a male found his mate, she would be unable to resist the mounting. Alice being human didn't change that. When he and his brothers bit her in the heat cycle, she would change. A she-bear's viciousness wasn't just in the protection of her cubs but also to protect herself against unmated males. When true mates came together, the heat enabled the chosen males to safely bind her to them. He estimated he had about twelve hours before the thrall would start. With the extra load and his passenger, that was going to cut it close.

He put his horse into a trot to quicken the journey. He reached behind him to secure her hands around his waist as she mumbled. He felt her hardened nipples dig into his back. He softly placed his hand on the naked part of her leg that was exposed when her skirt rose when she straddled the horse. He stroked her in wonder. He moved his hand away from temptation, not wanting to wake her up.

Whenever he felt the horse begin to tire, he stopped and made Alice walk around to get the kinks out of her legs. She asked questions about his home, which he answered as he watched her.

“The ranch is about a thousand acres of prime grazing land. We breed cattle and horses. I have four other brothers who share the responsibilities. The oldest is Seth. Then there is me, followed by the twins, Jean-Paul and Jason. Then the baby is Francis. We have a sister, Beth, who moved north with her new family,” he rattled on at one stop to distract her. He fed her and, when she was done, helped her clean the plates.

He watched her busy herself at his horse, trying to hide the clutching of her stomach. He could see the little convulsions her body unintentionally produced. His beast almost showed himself when her hips started undulating softly. He turned away and clamped down on his rising arousal with rigid determination. He knew what was happening to her and tried to keep his excitement down. He pretended to ignore her when she looked his way. Only when she seemed calmer did he approach her to restart the journey.

The trees became steadily denser as they climbed deeper into the mountains. He tried to concentrate on his surroundings, vigilant for any danger. His mate made it difficult with her every movement.

He finally had to stop the horse due to her continuous shivering. He lifted her down and rubbed her calves and thighs as she protested. She moaned softly as he dug into her soft thighs, kneading the muscles to lessen the ache. He kept at it even when she tried to push his hands away. Her cheeks blossomed with color in obvious embarrassment. He used his thumbs to dig into her muscles, working the digit back and forth to loosen the tension. Only when she started to relax did he stop molding the muscles. He helped her stand and guided her over to the trees.

“You’re not used to riding, and it can be painful to walk around after dismounting. I want you to anyway because it will loosen your legs up. We are almost there, about another two to three hours.” He

continued speaking as she walked around in a circle, clutching her stomach and shaking out her legs as he demanded her to do.

Before mounting again, he took the package from his pocket, opened it, and handed her a honey drop. She gave a happy cry as she popped the morsel into her mouth and moaned. The sound caused his erection to intensify as he watched her eyes close and her mouth suck the sweet. He tortured himself as he handed her another just to watch her reaction. She licked her lips, catching the little bits he could see glistening there. He couldn't wait to taste her.

She thanked him, hugging his arm to her chest. She turned with haste to busy herself in the preparation of mounting the horse.

He closed his eyes as the scent of her arousal perfumed the air. She probably didn't realize that she moved her hips slowly again. The mating heat was starting. He picked her up and placed her on the horse, making her gasp. He knew the friction of the saddle was causing her discomfort. She plucked at her skirt and glanced at him through her lashes. He tightened the straps and went to check the pack before coming over to mount.

"What is the horse's name?" she asked as she unconsciously rubbed her breasts with her arm.

"Buck," he answered and smiled as she gave a trilling laugh that traveled right to his cock. He quickly mounted to hide his erection.

"Hold on tight. I'm going to run him for a while," was all the warning he gave her before he touched his heels to the withers. He started in a controlled gallop that the packhorse could keep. He felt her grab on tightly. He heard her moan and sob as she ground herself against the horse's rump.

The familiar terrain flashed by as he tried to control his urges. The smell was overpowering. His cock stood straight up and throbbed. She rubbed her breasts against his back, causing him to groan.

* * * *

When the horse stepped sideways, she clutched his back tighter. She couldn't believe the position she was in at this moment. The man had been nothing but kind to her. She almost sobbed at the sudden clenching that happened between her thighs. Every time she touched and smelled Brand, her nipples hardened and the place between her legs pulsed and clenched. The horse sidestepped again, and without thought, she pressed closer to his back.

A sudden curse filled the air, and Brand abruptly turned in the saddle, grasped her, and pulled her to sit sideways on his lap. She gasped and cried out as she suddenly found herself flattened against his front. He grabbed a handful of her hair and captured her cries in his mouth as he consumed her lips. She fought to get closer as sensations never before felt coursed throughout her body. He ignored her struggles as he maneuvered her to straddle his front. He lifted her skirt and swiftly ripped her undergarments out of the way. She squirmed and held him as she felt him between her legs. Her wet center soaked his fingers as he manipulated her little bud in a fast, furious rhythm. She moaned loudly as she felt him insert a finger deep into her body. He kissed her deeply, pulling in her tongue to suck and bite it. She lifted her arm to hold his head as she rode his fingers. From deep in her chest, she felt herself growl. Biting at his lips, she demanded he go faster with frantic movement of her hips. She shattered all of a sudden from an intense shower of sensations coursing through her body that left her suddenly limp.

He used her docility to dismount with her in his arms. He quickly laid her down and lifted her skirt. Before she could sit up, he had his mouth at the junction of her thighs and began to devour her. She opened her eyes wide and cried out as his lips and tongue plundered her depths. His head buried under her skirts, so she couldn't see him, but, oh, could she feel him. He held her bottom cheeks in his huge palms as his shoulders held her legs open and wide for him. She screamed and fell back on the ground as another wave crashed over

her. She lifted her hips into his ravishing mouth, trying to get closer. He was relentless as he sucked all the cream her body produced.

She lay there, with liquid for muscles, when he came out from the depth of her skirt. She didn't try to stop him when, piece by piece, her clothes came off her body. He undid her braid and pulled all the pins out, combing his fingers through the tresses.

Her entire body felt like at any moment it was going to splinter into a thousand pieces. Her mind was chaotic, flashing from one thought to the next.

She could only look on as he then took his clothes off. Oh god, he was huge everywhere, causing a sudden gush of wetness to rush out of her pussy. His thick bronzed shoulders and wide, hairy chest slowly tapered down to muscular hips and tree-trunk legs. She started to pant a little as she beheld his cock, seeing that it stood straight up to his stomach. It was so large and thick. Her internal muscles somehow recognized it as a friendly weapon when they clenched and rippled in ecstasy. She should have been frightened but could only wait in anticipation for his next touch. He didn't keep her waiting as he placed himself between her splayed thighs and rested his cock at the junction of her legs. His swollen cock, which she could feel against her sensitive folds, pulsed between her legs. He leveled himself up onto his arms and stared down into her slumberous eyes. Her breasts, flush against his hairy chest, tingled and sent little shockwaves deep inside her.

He leaned down and slowly captured her lips and used his tongue to caress hers. She gently began to suckle his tongue, tasting her essence. He deepened the kiss and became aggressive at her surrender. He molded her plush breast in his hand and took the nipple between his fingers to twist and pull it. She lifted her whole body at each sensation. He broke away from the kiss to take the morsel into his mouth to nibble and suck on. She grasped his hair and pulled him closer as she ground her mound against his cock.

His penetration into the virgin territory unleashed her heat.

She became a wild thing, screaming and bucking as she shattered repeatedly. She raked nails down his chest and back as she fucked him. He cursed, pulled out, and flipped her to come at her from behind. Her hair flared around her body, creating a temporary hidden shelter. He grabbed a handful as he pounded into her unrestrained. She encouraged him in a raging voice as she pushed her backside against him. He continued to pound into her as her internal muscles milked his cock. She tried to get at him with her nails. He quickly secured her hands behind her back. He reached under her to manipulate her bud in a hard caress that sent her spiraling out of control. She bucked and screamed as the orgasm broke over her continually. This time she fainted.

* * * *

He groaned and pulled his still hard cock out, shaking from the pressure. He wanted her insensible until he reached home.

He had to hold out as long as possible.

He adjusted himself and tied up his dangerous mate. He placed her, stomach down, in front of him and picked up the pace to get home.

Chapter 4

Seth sat with his chair tilted and his legs propped up on the table. He looked at the three queens in his hands and reached over to raise the pot when he caught a faint whiff of something delicate. His legs dropped down and the momentum of the chair brought him to his feet. His brothers looked up from their own cards in question.

“Do you smell that?” Seth clipped out.

The others took a moment to sniff the air, coming to their feet as the elusive smell reached them.

Mate.

That was the smell. They looked at each other as they, as one, rushed to the door. They stumbled onto the porch, taking in the sight of their brother riding fast toward them. The naked woman in his arms was tied, squirming and moaning, as tremors raked her body.

Seth filled his nostrils with the heady scent of his mate’s arousal. His cock lengthened and hardened as he took in her struggling form. She was out of control as she tried to grind her body into the man holding her.

“Shit, how long has she been in heat!” demanded Seth to Brand.

“About three hours now,” came the strained reply as he handed down his moaning captive. “I couldn’t control my reaction to her when her heat came on to her on the back of my horse. I released into her about an hour ago when she wouldn’t stop screaming. Since then she has been frantic.”

Seth grabbed the woman and carried her into the interior of the cabin. Her lush beauty was a sight to behold. The blonde hair flowed

down her back and clung to her legs. Her teeth, grabbing her lips, bruised her moist mouth. She undulated her hips, trying to get relief.

There was only one relief and that was a cock, or in this case, several cocks. This was their mate, the one they had been waiting for all their lives. The searching was over, and she was within their grasp. She would complete them. The agony of being unfulfilled fell away, and relief and lust were paramount.

Seth wasted no time in divesting his clothes as he watched her writhe on the bed. He joined her, turned her to her knees, and undid her binds. He covered her body with his and buried his cock deep inside. She screamed as her orgasms repeatedly clutched his cock, making his balls tighten. He thrust in and out as his brothers watched, waiting their turn. He held her hips as he pumped his cock deep into her pulsating core. He stroked her buttocks and reached under her to fondle one of her hanging breasts.

Her reaction was instantaneous as she reared up in his arms, screaming another release. She aggressively pushed back on to his cock, demanding him to pound harder. He obliged her want with a savage snarl, grasping her hair and pulling her up to kneel before him, giving him a better angle to fuck her. She answered his snarl with one of her own as she raked her fingernails down his arm, leaving a bloody trail. She became a wild thing in his arms as she tried to find release.

He knew that kind of release wouldn't come until she was bitten, and they couldn't bite her until they all mated with her, sealing her fate to them by giving her all their essences.

His release triggered another orgasm for her. She collapsed onto the bed still moaning and gasping. She pulled the covers to her and gathered them, placed them between her legs, and rode them. The sight was breathtaking.

* * * *

Jean-Paul took advantage of the other brothers' momentary distraction to join their woman on the bed. He heard them curse as he chuckled and maneuvered her back to her knees. His hands stroked along her smooth porcelain-white skin, tracing the crevasse of her beautiful ass. His finger lightly brushed over the little rosette before following the direct line to her weeping center. He placed his hand on the back of her neck, forcing her down to rest her head on the bed. He moved between her legs, pushing them farther apart. His free hand grasped his straining cock and aligned it with heaven. He plunged his cock into her grasping pussy with a bellow. He thrust into her, and the sounds of slapping flesh filled the cabin. He growled low in his throat as he felt the familiar tingle at the base of his spine making him ram into her harder, which she appreciated by her screams of rapture. His ejaculation caused her to writhe frantically as he coated her interior. Then an abundant amount of fluid gushed out of her center. She rolled over when he released her. She pumped her hips up and down as the fluid gushed. Her heat was in full force. She flung her hands up and grasped the bed railing as she flexed her hips up and down.

Jason moved up onto the bed, crawling between her legs and angled his cock to plunge down. To take her from the front took a lot of guts, Jean-Paul thought. When in heat, a she-bear was dangerous and unpredictable. She could become savage in her mating.

She cried out as Jason plunged into her depths, locking his arms around her and forcing her body to plaster itself to him. He lifted her legs and held them bent high, locking her in place. He grasped her wrists in one hand as his other hand held her hair in his fist to protect himself from her mouth. She fought with all her might, but was unable to dislodge him as he fucked her aggressively. He plundered her as she struggled. They both shouted at the same time.

He quickly rolled away as she came to her knees to snarl at them all. They surrounded her as she panted and moaned. Francis was the last brother who had to mate with her, but every time he came close, she would swipe at him with her nails, snarling.

“We are going to have to help him out,” Jean-Paul said. Jean-Paul, with Jason’s help, tackled their mate. Her hands were tied to the headboard, her feet splayed and secured to the bottom of the bed with the discarded shirts.

Jean-Paul placed several pillows under her stomach to raise her up. He got off the bed but not before he smacked their mate’s delectable ass, causing her to scream in rage. He soothed it softly with a firm caress to let her know she could rage all she wanted.

When he got off the bed, he hit Francis on the head and told him to get to it. He could see the boy was nervous, this being his first time. In a way he was luckiest of them all, having never experienced the unfulfilled relief of casual sex. Only the sex with one’s true mate would ever relieve the ache.

* * * *

Francis crawled between her legs and petted her plump bottom. He glanced over his shoulder as his brother’s encouraged him. He placed his cock at her entrance and slowly pushed in. He could hear her groan and felt her clench him tightly. He flexed his butt and glided in and out. She started whimpering. He felt a sharp sting on his ass as Brand slapped him and barked at him. He quickened his pace, much to his mate’s relief if her cries were any indication. He reached up and fondled both breasts while still maintaining his thrusting. Having her not be able to fight him had him take advantage and pet his mate everywhere. He understood the second sting to his back and quickened his pace. He didn’t last too much longer when she suddenly bucked and screamed as he felt her tremors convulsing her.

He placed his hands on her ass as his spent cock slipped out. He caressed her in wonder. He had never seen a more beautiful woman in his life and couldn’t believe that she was his. Well, theirs, but that was okay. He couldn’t wait to hold her.

“We need to mark her to relieve her of the heat,” Seth said as he climbed up on the bed. The twins followed suit, as well as Brand.

Francis stayed where he was as he listened to Seth’s instructions. He couldn’t keep from stroking her ass, her back, her legs, and everywhere his hands could reach. She pushed into his palm, much like a cat, wanting him to keep stroking her. The lamp’s light caused her skin to be luminous, glowing, shining.

Her body froze as another heat wave struck. He looked on as her back arched, her legs opened wider, and her hips bucked. She pumped up and down. He had never seen anything so wonderful. Only when Seth started to give instructions, did he take his eyes off his mate.

“Okay, we need to bite her all at the same time, so pick your spot, and remember that once you make your mark, we need to leave her immediately as the change will happen fast.”

He saw that Seth nuzzled her right shoulder, and Brand took the left. Jean-Paul and Jason each took the opposite sides of her breasts.

He looked down at his hand as it stroked her butt cheeks and looked up to make sure that was okay before placing his mouth on one glowing butt cheek.

As one, at Seth’s signal, they all bit her deep, then jumped off as quickly as possible as she started to convulse.

Her skin started to sprout hair as her bones elongated and filled out. She writhed in agony as her body transformed for the first time. Her face widened as her canines grew, becoming sharp and long. She broke her bounds easily as her new body elongated, making bones pop and skin stretch. The bed had been made for this and easily withstood the eight-hundred-pound she-bear who gloriously stood before them. Her light-colored hair looked soft and shone brightly.

* * * *

Brand ran to the door and opened it to give her an exit. He could see the others changing. He moved to the side and started his own

transformation. She roared at them as she lumbered out into the forest. The brothers followed her at a distance as she found her legs. They knew she would tire soon. The need to mate still pulsed in them, and they made their presence known to her. She recognized them, but was unwilling to be easy. She was a pissed off she-bear who had been in heat too long.

He and his brother's pursued her until she stopped and swung around roaring out in anger. Her glistening teeth snarled at them in rage. She moved her head back and forth, swaying her body from one foot to the other. He signaled his brothers to surround her.

Brand watched as she tracked each of them with her eyes, following their every movement. He smiled inside when he saw Francis, the littlest of them, try to mount her first. She quickly turned and swiped at him with one of her paws, making him duck out of the way.

This was the opening he waited for and moved in to mount her. He bit deep into her shoulder, holding more skin than meat, and connected with her. Her roars didn't stop her from pushing back. She swatted at Jason when he got a little too close to her front, but all the while he could feel her pleasure as her pussy spasms sent him over the edge.

He jumped out of the way when he let go and watched as Jean-Paul take advantage and fucked their mate. The cycle went on for hours as each of them assuaged their mate's great appetite.

This was one of the reasons that there was one she-bear and several males. The she-bears demanded relief that no one bear could assuage. The other reason was population control. This heat would most likely produce a cub, as each subsequent heat would. Natural-born females, like their sister, Beth, were very rare because something in their lineage suppressed the female sex. Most of the time a female, with the right *sang de l'ours* or blood of the bear was found among the human population. These women were in fact descendants of the great bear clans of old, having splintered and migrated to the four

corners of the world. Each she-bear is drawn to their mates. Though some, unluckily, never make the connection, the joining. Thank God that didn't happen to them.

By limiting the number of females, they controlled their own numbers. It made for some frustrated males, but once they found their true mate, life was definitely worth living, Brand thought, as he finally allowed himself to rest, curled up alongside his exhausted mate.

The sun fell as the group slept in a pile. Brand was the first to shift back. He stood and watched as their mate shifted back naturally. The others quickly followed. They all stood in a circle around their mate.

"Her name is Alice," Brand said as he knelt and picked her up. He cuddled her in his arms as he made his way back to the cabin. The others stroked every part they could touch. The voluptuous beauty slept the whole way home.

He laid her in the center of the bed. Seth used a wet rag to clean her up as the essence of their unions still seeped out of her. The twins replaced the covers and sat on the bed as they waited for the two older brothers to claim their territory.

Brand understood the problem. He motioned to Seth, who nodded, and lay across the top to cuddle their mate. This left her sides open for the twins to cuddle against her breasts. Francis crawled between her legs, laid his head at her junction, and cupped her butt to cuddle his mark.

Brand looked at Francis and couldn't wait to see how their mate would wake up to that position. He shook his head and grinned in anticipation.

Chapter 5

The sounds of birds and the thin rays of the sun shining in her eyes woke her up. She lay very still as she felt several bodies against her. Her mind kept having little flashbacks of the day before. Her whole body flushed red as she remembered her aggression and demands. Unseen hands tightened on her butt cheeks, and as she looked down, a man nuzzled the hair at the apex of her thighs. She froze as he started to kiss and taste her with his eyes closed. When he took the little bud into his mouth, she bit her lip until it bled. He sucked and lapped at her, forcing her body to produce its aromatic cream that seemed to trigger something in the other men. She slowly turned her head to stare into the eyes of a stranger. His piercing brown eyes mesmerized her.

He leaned down and captured her mouth in an intense kiss. He lapped at the blood and sucked in her tongue, stroking it and the inside of her mouth. She felt mouths suckle each breast and teeth nibble on her neck. The man between her legs started fucking his tongue deep into her channel. He lifted her butt off the bed easily, which had her legs falling open to give him better access.

She felt her hands being pinned as her body was kissed and caressed everywhere. She broke away from the kiss to cry out as a sparkling shower of delight washed over her. Her mouth was seized again, but from the opposite side, and she looked into the eyes of Brand as he plundered her lips. She felt the bed shift and air touch her moist interior before a mouth was back. She could tell it was different because it was much more aggressive. This man used his teeth and bit

gently at her. She bucked and surged, as a kaleidoscope of sensations exploded inside. She felt him crawl up her body and rest his weight on her. Her breasts were hypersensitive, and the friction of them against his chest made her cry out behind Brand's lips.

Brand released her and moved away as the man who first kissed her suddenly plunged his cock deep into her. She moaned as she was gathered up into his arms. He rocked them both in a gentle rhythm that tightened her muscles internally. He rolled suddenly, startling her, for she found herself staring down at the man.

"My name is Seth," he said to her as he moved his hips up and down. She glanced around in bewilderment as she took in the four other naked men in the room. The pulses starting between her legs forced her to move. She leaned down and placed both palms on his chest as she undulated her hips.

"Hi," she whispered in embarrassment. She could not stop. Something inside made her move faster and faster. Her breasts bounced at her each move, making a couple of the men moan. She glanced at them sideways through her lashes. They were all giants and very handsome. Their cocks were huge. She trembled and didn't understand the hunger that they instilled.

She was forced to sit up, still moving her hips, when the man below her pushed her to lean back on raised thighs. She closed her eyes as she felt two mouths start to suck her breasts. When she opened her eyes, she thought she was seeing double.

"My name is Jean-Paul," said the one on the left.

"My name is Jason," said the one on the right.

"Hi," she said in a little sob as they went back to what they were doing. "Am I dreaming?" she asked the man under her.

"No," was the only reply before he placed a hand on her bud and tweaked it. She came screaming as waves of intense pleasure crashed upon her. She felt the twin mouths suck harder, lavishing her tender nipples with rough tongues. Each of the twins held one of her hands behind her back, forcing her breasts to thrust forward. Seth held her

hips, making them go up and down faster and faster. She came apart in their arms, fainting from the backlash of emotions that had assaulted her body.

They laid her down and watched her come out of her faint. Her little pants of breath bounced her breasts to their obvious enjoyment. With legs slightly bent, her thighs spread, showing them all her swollen bud drenched in her and their juices. She lifted her arms slowly to drape over her eyes in an attempt to hide.

Brand knelt on the bed, making her tense as the mattress dipped. He crawled to her side, stroked her stomach, and raked his fingers through her little curls. She peeked at him through her eyelashes when she moved her hands up to touch the headboard. She watched as he stroked her body everywhere. Her body was detached from her mind. She couldn't stop it from responding to these men.

The turmoil broiling inside her was devastating. She felt the animal that she had become swipe at her mind as she tried to discourage the men. It was as if she was two beings and the person who was Alice had no control. The pleasure she felt as these men took her was something her other self demanded as her right. The animal was in control, and these men were hers. She would not take any disobedience from Alice. The animal had no need to explain herself. It was up to Alice to figure a balance and live with it. Alice recognized that as the animal luxuriated in the touch of her mates.

"What's happening to me?" she whispered to Brand as her body bowed to give him access. She felt the bed dip again as the youngest came to her on his knees. She felt herself growl in approval as he nuzzled her stomach.

"My name is Francis," said the youngest as he kissed his way up her chest. Brand had stayed silent as he watched her reactions.

When Francis reached her lips, the animal inside wanted more than a kiss. She looked at Brand briefly before focusing her attention on Francis. Her growling became audible in the silence of the room. She opened her legs wider in demand. Alice watched from a distance

as she reached up and dug into his solid pecs to push him onto his back. She followed and impaled herself on his straining cock. Her hands were yanked up from the bloody gashes that were left on her young mate. It didn't seem to faze him as his hips moved up and down, forcing his cock in and out of her, each thrust more vigorous than the last. Brand gripped her hands as she tried to fight them free. He smacked her ass hard several times in punishment, sending her over the edge as each slap caused sensations to spiral to her center.

She snarled at him and at the same time demanded more as she forced her hips to go faster and faster. The cry beneath was followed by a drenching of fluids that triggered another release. She found herself on all fours as another cock pounded into her. He continued to slap her ass, harder and harder, making it pulse and burn. The next orgasm wrenched from her a high-pitched scream of ecstasy.

She collapsed beneath a couple hundred pounds of male, and her animal loved it. Alice felt the comfort of the human blanket and didn't want to move. He slipped his spent cock out and just lay there covering her. He stroked along her side before settling on an exposed breast that overflowed his hand. He caressed and played with a turgid nipple, all the while gently nuzzling her neck, making deep, contented growling sounds. He gathered her in his arms and rolled her to drape over him, displaying all her beauty to the eyes of his brothers. Her blonde locks flowed around her shoulders, setting off her passion reddened breasts that moved with every breath she took. Her legs fell open to expose her welcoming center, swollen and drenched with her passion. Her head moved from side to side as several hands started to pet her in reverence.

One of them lifted and impaled her on a cock as another man's hands came from behind to fondle her breasts, making her gasp and moan as again the burning inferno of lust ignited her body, demanding it to seek a release from the tremendous pressure that steadily began to build. Her lips clung to the man's as he thrust his hips rapidly, plunging his engorged cock into her sensitive pussy. She

tried to force him to pound harder, but was frustrated by the control he had over her.

When the friction became unbearable, she started to quiver and shake as the culmination of sensations cascaded over her responsive inner folds. She came screaming and the overwhelming release rushing through her body tumbled her into oblivion.

Chapter 6

The next time she woke, nobody was around. She slowly got up as muscles never before used protested. She distantly felt the animal sleep. Her eyes explored the room. The bed she just left was beyond huge. She had never seen such a large bed. Thinking of all the men who had been on it, she could see the need. The wall opposite had six large chests of drawers, and all but one had articles on top. She looked around for her clothes and couldn't see any as she made her way to one of the chests to rummage through it. She located a very large shirt that would at least cover her top and most of her legs. When she put it on, she gave a little laugh as the sleeves went past her hands. With some adjustments, she made it fit a little better.

She left the bedroom, making sure that no one was past the door first. She explored the kitchen and the living area and marveled at the sheer size of the place. The big chairs clustered around the fireplace looked inviting. She wandered around a little more until hunger overtook her. She looked into the different containers until she found the remainder of breakfast under a covered cloth. Sitting at the table, she nibbled on biscuits and ham slices. Spreading liberal amounts of honey on the biscuits satisfied her sweet tooth. She happily licked and ate her meal.

She froze with biscuit halfway to her mouth when a low moan came from the doorway. She turned slowly and trembled at the open lust she could see on all their faces. Placing the biscuit back on the plate, she looked at their tented pants, revealing that they were all highly aroused.

They walked slowly toward her, every step making her heart pound in trepidation or excitement, she couldn't decide. They took a seat at the table and watched as she wiped her hands on the cloth that had covered the plate. They all tracked every movement of her hands, however small. She tried to keep her trembling from being seen, by clasping them in her lap. She looked at each covertly before settling her gaze on Brand.

"I thought I was being hired to be your housekeeper," she stated to him, trying to ignore the other men.

"Baby, I lied. The minute I smelled you, I knew you were our mate. I imagine your whole life you felt a little different from everyone. You were destined to be ours, Alice. I knew the minute I met you. I would have done anything to get you here, even lie about a job," Brand said.

"I feel an animal buried deep inside that is more in control than I. She is sleeping now, but when she is awake, everything that I do with you is her controlling me. I would never do the things she is making me do," Alice whispered in despair.

Seth spoke from beside her. "You feel that way because you are separating her from you in your mind. She is you. She can't do anything that you don't want to happen. You are our mate. She is you."

Alice shook her head in denial.

"So you say she is sleeping right now?" Brand questioned as he came up behind her. He gathered her up into his arms and placed her sitting on the table facing him. He sat down in her seat and placed his hands on her exposed thighs.

She whimpered as she felt her desire unfurl. She wanted the animal to wake up to once again overtake her, but she slumbered on. Brand unbuttoned the shirt slowly, giving her every option to stop him. He reached around her and pulled her forward to place her right at the edge of the table.

“Is she still sleeping, sweetheart?” he whispered as he placed his hands on the inside of her thighs. He spread her wide.

“Yes,” came the dejected reply.

“So this is you letting me do this, Alice. I see your desire pulsating, sweetheart. I want you to spread your pussy for my mouth. Yes, use your hands. That’s a girl. Wider.” Brand lowered his mouth, keeping her gaze locked on his eyes. He nibbled and sucked on her bud and lapped up her gushing cream.

She whimpered and cried out as her inner walls clenched his tongue suddenly. The animal slept on.

“What does this mean? Am I a whore? I want every one of you, and I don’t even know any of you.” She sobbed as she let him continue to feast.

“You are our mate,” said Francis simply.

“What Francis means is you were meant for us and no one else. Your body recognizes us. We each have a beast that is a part of us. You will begin to recognize each of us in our were-form as your animal will want to mate with each of us often. A she-bear has a voracious appetite for her mates. You are the she-bear, Alice, so you will want us all the time,” Seth said to her as she held his brother’s head to her pussy. He reached over and lowered the shirt until it pooled at her elbows. He cupped her breast in his hand and played with her nipple as she watched. She leaned into him, still holding Brand’s head to her center.

“You are safer here than you could ever be. Let us love you,” Jean-Paul said as he tunneled his fingers through her tumbling hair, angling her mouth for a gentle kiss.

She felt hands stroke and pet her as the mouth between her legs continued to pleasure her. She followed the pressure of hidden hands and allowed herself to be laid back onto the table. She relaxed as her legs were lifted and held by two caressing hands. She felt mouths everywhere on her body. Her stomach was nibbled as well as both

breasts. She surrendered herself to their seduction. They devoured her.

She felt a warm substance dribble all over her. When a finger replaced the mouth at her lips, she tasted honey and moaned. The hungry mouths returned with an intensity that assaulted her senses. The lips were back to her mouth, this time coated with honey. She moaned, lifting her hands to hold his head to her mouth. She felt the honey being drizzled between her legs and cried out as she was eaten.

She went willingly to each of them as they taught her what pleased them and learned what pleased her. She felt energized after each encounter and continued to go from one to the other until at last she felt satiated.

Chapter 7

A warm bath was prepared, and the twins won the right to oversee. They soaped her and made sure all the honey came off. They washed her hair, massaging her scalp, causing her to moan in pleasure. They left no part untouched. She watched through half-mast lids as Jason used a soapy finger to clean between her legs. She lifted her hips slightly to give him better access, making him smile mischievously. Jean-Paul used her lifted hips to wash between her bottom cheeks. She turned her head and stared into his eyes as he inserted a single digit into her back entrance. He leaned down and started to nibble on her neck as the two fingers warred with each other inside her. The small explosion she felt washed over her gently.

She closed her eyes and sighed. She let them do whatever they wanted as she relaxed in the warm, sudsy water. Their hands massaged and stroked her. She made a small protest as she was lifted to stand. Warm water poured over her entire body. She tilted her head back and rinsed off all the soap. Enveloping her in a large sheet, they gently patted her dry before carrying her over to the fireplace and then deposited her on a warm lap. Hands combed and dried her hair until it flowed around her. The seeping warmth lulled her into sleep.

* * * *

Totally naked, she was cuddled on Seth's lap in one of the huge chairs. Her thick honey-blond hair flowed down the side of the chair. His hands stroked her as she slept.

“She is beyond anything I imagined,” Seth said to his brothers. “We are going to have to let her get to know us.

“Even though she seems to have adjusted to her body’s demands, the dads told us what we need to keep an eye on. God, she is a little hellion in bed. We are all going to be bloody if we are not careful,” Seth said with a smile, not caring one bit.

“She’s beautiful,” Francis said as he sat at her feet to lay his head on her thigh.

“Her separating the she-bear from herself was an act to blame her passion on something else. We are going to have to reinforce that they are one in the same, and she is going to have to get comfortable with her animal. You do realize that she is probably pregnant with our child.” Brand shocked them with that.

“Shit, I forgot about that,” Jean-Paul and Jason said at the same time. They had a habit of doing that often.

“Pregnant? What?” Francis asked in bewilderment.

“Every time a she-bear goes into a heat cycle of estrus, she is able to get pregnant. She will only go into heat every three years, remember. That is why each of us is three years apart,” Seth said.

“So I am going to have a baby?” Alice asked in a whisper.

All the men met the blue eyes of their mate. She didn’t look mad. She looked perplexed.

“We can’t be certain, honey, but from what I know, you probably are. Our species gives birth to babies in seven months. We will know in one to two months if you are. If not, you won’t be able to get pregnant for another three years,” said Seth honestly as he went into further details of their species and the changes she could expect to happen to her body.

* * * *

She stared at them all in a combination of fear and bewilderment. She wasn’t ready for a baby, that was for sure. She had just met these

men and already did things with them that she had tried so hard to avoid. That it all felt right was the most frightening aspect of it all. They all were so handsome, and their focus was solidly on her. That she was lying in this man's lap and felt different hands stroke her was overwhelmingly wonderful. They said she was their mate. She felt their pull and the fiery attraction that all of them stirred. When they were deep inside of her, she did not want them to ever leave. In their arms, it was like coming home. She was so confused.

"Baby, you need to get to know us. We understand that this is hard to handle. We will do everything in our power to make you feel loved," Brand whispered to her as he came to kneel right before her. He combed his fingers through her hair as it hung down the side of the chair. He brushed her full lips, which slightly trembled.

Seth's hand continued to stroke her, but it no longer soothed as it trailed a path to plump a breast and lift its weight. She let her head fall back as the pleasure slowly unfurled. Brand replaced his fingers at her lips with a gentle kiss.

"Why, if I am no longer in heat, as you put it, does my body still desire you with the same intensity?" she asked as she stretched under their combined stroking.

Brand placed kisses along her cheek as he answered. "You are always going to want us, whether you are in your heat or not, because that is the nature of our species. A male that is unattached is very unsettled and can become aggressive. When we find our mate, that focuses us on satisfying her and controlling that part of our nature. That is why you are always going to demand your mates to satisfy you in every way imaginable." He finished with a hungry kiss that had her moaning.

Placed suddenly on her feet as the men each got to theirs, she looked up. They all towered over her, but, for some odd reason, she felt like the one in power. All these strong, virile men focused on her. She felt her body sway as small explosions ignited between her legs.

They crowded around her, and each sniffed her as the smell of her arousal floated upon the air. She smelled herself as the growing growling of the men seemed to vibrate through her. She wasn't scared. It was if she called them to her. She walked slowly, with no hindrance, to the bedroom. The beast that was a part of her was awake and hungry. Alice felt her approve of her acceptance. If she were to agree with the men and their take on the beast and her being the same person, then her approval was really Alice's acceptance of them as mates. All she could think about was that she didn't want to deny them anything.

The door closed behind the last man through it. They watched as she climbed onto the bed. When she got to the center, she looked over her shoulder and spread her legs, showing them her weeping pussy. That was a signal. Each of them tried to get his clothes off as fast as possible. She giggled when a couple of them fell over in their pants because they had forgotten to take their boots off. Her laughter turned to a deep moan as Jason won the prize of being the first to mount her. Through the entire night, she felt each of the men's determination to satisfy her every need and demand. She and her beast were as one, as together they accepted every worshiping caress, her mates bestowed upon her.

Chapter 8

The trek into the mountains was exhilarating. The boys had decided to have her shift and get comfortable with her animal. The transformation this time was much less painful because she didn't fight it. She felt powerful in her animal form. The boys all respected her and deferred to her as they made their way up.

The crisp mountain air ruffled her fur but didn't cause her any discomfort. She luxuriated in the total, irresistible sense of power that filled her body. Trees thickened as they climbed higher and higher toward some unknown destination. Deer grazed here and there, curious about the bears, but having no fear, they didn't run. The smell of moist earth permeated the air with a mixture of evergreen and pine. With her sensitive hearing and sense of smell she could detect the most infinitesimal sound or order and was constantly looking and sniffing everywhere and everything.

They had been traveling for a couple of hours before the boys came to a stop. The little clearing where she found herself was an oasis of beauty. The sound that had been growing stronger and stronger turned out to be a waterfall. It fell into a series of pools, then traveled down a wide creek, and disappeared around a bend. The water in the pools swirled with turbulence before traveling to the next in a steady downward drift. One of the twins, she could actually tell it was Jason, suddenly dived into one of the pools before lumbering out with a huge trout in his mouth. He brought it over to her and laid it on the ground right in front of her.

Oh no. I am not eating a fish raw. Oh, God. She felt her saliva start to pool in her mouth as she tried not to throw up.

She glanced up into the big brown eyes of her mate as he waited for her take his offering. She swallowed visibly and reached down with her teeth to grasp it gently between her massive jaws. The fish still wiggled a little, causing her stomach to summersault. She turned with it in her mouth and stared into the eyes of Seth as he sat there with a mischievous expression on his face. She narrowed her eyes as she took in the obvious hilarity of her mates. If bears could outright laugh, she knew that they would have been rolling on the ground.

She dropped the fish in disgust as she walked away. She went over to the ground that seemed covered in pine needles. She hunkered down and curled herself into a ball to close her eyes for a few minutes. She felt her mates cuddle around her and cocoon her in their warmth.

It only seemed like a few minutes when she opened her eyes, but she could tell by the position of the sun that a couple of hours had passed. She at first didn't understand what had awakened her. She glanced around at the sleeping, naked men and realized that all of them had changed back into human form. She lifted her head and looked across the clearing and stared into the eyes of a huge cat. Its tawny coat shone in the sunlight. The malevolent eyes of the fierce predator looked into hers and deep inside, her own predator awoke and found a rage that intensified as she perceived this threat. She didn't even feel herself changing as she gave a roar of rage when the cat suddenly launched itself toward her and her mates. She had one thought and that was to protect them. She met the cat halfway and, using her teeth and claws, proceeded to fight. The cat was soon overpowered by the added presence of the other bears. It turned and ran with several gashes along its sides.

The rage was still with her as her mates circled her to make sure she was okay. She growled at their persistence when they started to poke her side at the large scratch that could be seen. She swiped at the

offending bear, getting a ferocious growl in return. They started to herd her back down the mountain. She understood that they wanted to get her home as quickly as possible. The two-hour trek was whittled down to an hour without the constant stopping to inspect everything.

She gave a sigh of relief as the cabin came into view. She saw out of the corner of her eye Brand switch back and turn to her in expectation. She let her body change, feeling every ache and pain making her groan in agony. Seth, who switched right behind her, caught her as she started to crumble. He swiftly carried her up the steps and into the bath area.

Francis poured buckets of cool water into the tub. She shivered as her body touched the chilled water. Seth started to rinse her wounds, which appeared to be closing even as she watched.

“We heal very fast. I can’t believe you would risk yourself that way,” Seth said as he continued to clean her. He lifted her for Jean-Paul to pat dry.

“There was no time think, Seth. That cat was almost on me before I realized I was changed and attacking it. Believe me, I am not a very brave person to attack a mountain cat with teeth bigger than my fingers,” she said as she shivered not just from being damp. She couldn’t stop repeating the scene in her mind and the thought of losing any of these men who had grown very precious to her.

She let them lead her to the bedroom and lay her down. She caught the hand of Seth as he went to leave. She pulled him down toward her and placed a lingering kiss on his lips. She stroked his face and let him see her love in her eyes. She didn’t have the words as of yet, but the feelings that had been pounding in her heart must have been something close to love.

She enfolded him in her arms and wrapped her legs tightly around his body. She started raining passionate kisses all over his face, nipping gently, then harder as he stroked her back, encouraging him to go faster. Different hands started petting her legs and bottom when Seth suddenly rolled, putting her on top of him. Seth entered her

slowly, causing her to groan in frustration. She wanted him to hurry and used her teeth on his neck to let her wants be known. He grasped a handful of her hair and pulled her teeth away from his neck, taking charge of their lovemaking.

She felt hands come from behind and lift her up to sit. She started to move a little frantically, but the hands on her hips halted her twitching. She moaned and growled as they tried to direct her movements. They tied her hands securely behind her back when she tried to show them her aggressive side.

Seth set a leisurely pace that she had no choice but to follow. The steady buildup of desire came as a little shock when the first explosion cascaded through her followed by several more. She squirmed with her hands secured, giving her no choice but to let them position her as they wanted. She felt her body lifted from behind and placed on her knees with her head pillowed on the soft covers of the bed. She screamed in ecstasy as one of her mates thrust to the hilt in an aggressive move. The savage drive of the thick cock propelled her along the bed in a steady push. Hands came from the front to hold her and reach under to fondle her breasts. The dual sensations made her next orgasm convulse her entire body.

Her whole body collapsed as tingling aftershocks streaked through her body. She rumbled softly as hands began to caress her back, lingering on her bottom. With her hands still tied behind her, she had no leverage to get up from her prone position. When fingers gently stroked between her butt cheeks, she started to arch her back in trepidation of the new sensations spiraling inside. The fingers turned into hands that opened her to a moistened cock penetrating the little blossom. She moaned deep in her throat and began to squirm as the bulbous head of the cock penetrated the tight ring of muscle. She gave a gasp as the head popped through and started to inch its way in. She felt the slight prickle of hair when he was nestled completely against her bottom. She felt her hands being untied, but still held secure by her embedded lover. He slowly wrapped his arms around her while

still holding her hands and rolled smoothly until she was spread over him, draping her legs on both sides of his and spreading them.

She opened her eyes to stare at her four lovers as they gazed down at her opened body. She watched as Jason crawled between her legs and realized that Jean-Paul was the lover who was already deep inside her. Jean-Paul pulled her arms until they were stretched high over her head, making her breasts arch slightly and tighten. Other hands gripped hers and tied them with a soft cloth to the bed railing. She tried to free them to no avail. Jean-Paul's hands came up and played with her breasts, pulling and pinching her sensitive nipples. She felt Jason stroke her little button as he started to insert his cock into her quivering opening. She whimpered as each inch forged its way inside, making her feel at any minute she would explode. She started to thrash as the sense of fulfillment became tremendous. The twin cocks encountered each other through the thin membrane that separated the two areas from one another. She felt hands grasp her ankles to hold them still as the twins plundered into the dark territory of the forbidden. Impressions of light flittered across her closed eyelids as the sensitive tissue began to vibrate in tandem of each thrust of opposing cocks. The climax wouldn't stop as they kept up a steady rhythm. She began convulsing and screaming in ecstasy, totally held immobile from top to bottom, as dual roars erupted from both sides of her. The flooding of her passages signaled their release and ended her consciousness as she fainted from too much pleasure.

* * * *

The twins disengaged themselves from their mate with the help of the others. They grinned up at the other brothers. Brand chuckled at their smug expressions.

"Well I guess it takes two of you to get it right," teased Francis, laughing as he dodged a thrown pillow.

Brand shook his head at their antics, all the while arranging their mate to cuddle against him. Francis finally came over after apologizing to help the twins clean their mate. When they were satisfied, Francis took his favorite position and nestled his head between her legs, cupping her bottom cheeks.

“We almost lost her today,” murmured Brand while he stroked her stomach and breasts in a steady rhythm.

“I didn’t even know what was happening until she roared,” Seth said in despair. “All I could do at first was watch as that cat swiped a claw at her and our little mate charging in to try to bite. I have never felt as powerless as I was in that moment.”

“She was so fierce, almost as if she had no thought in the world but to protect us. She has come to love us, I think,” Brand said in wonder.

Chapter 9

She woke up feeling every ache and pain throughout her body. The ache between her legs and at her back entrance were overshadowed by the intense feeling of being mauled by a full-grown mountain lion. The trembles wouldn't stop as she continued to relive the previous day's events. Following the initial rush of adrenaline, the ramifications of her actions truly sank in. Fear and terror fought a battle in her heart and mind at the knowledge that she was, in fact, an animal. The rage that was the focal point of the attack came from a part of her that until that day had lain dormant. She knew instinctually that any threat that came to her or her new family would meet with deadly force. She would not hesitate to kill either man or beast.

A slight noise brought her attention to the window where some of the men had stopped to talk. She understood their rage as they, too, went over yesterday. Their solution, of course, was ludicrous. No way in hell would she stay there, in and around the cabin, a prisoner.

She stormed outside to confront the miscreants. She had no thought of her nudity. They had seen her in all her glory.

"What do you think you're doing?" yelled Seth from the barn.

She felt something shift inside her when Seth grabbed her arm. She used his forward motion to send him soaring over her head. Her internal battle raged on as she watched Seth come slowly to his feet. She felt herself on a precipice, and at any moment she would plunge down into an abyss.

The low growls coming out of her mouth made the men step away slowly. She swayed from side to side, clenching her hands together,

making them white. She kept darting her eyes from one to the other in a constant circle.

“Honey, calm down and breathe,” whispered Jean-Paul. “We will discuss this calmly and rationally. You can’t change, because you could do some damage to yourself.”

“Shh, love. Breathe, baby, breathe. Thatta girl. Breathe in and out.” Jason used the same hypnotic voice as his brother as they called to their mate. They each slowly advanced with arms opened and inviting.

They enfolded her in their embrace as she kept taking shuddering breaths. They stroked and petted her as she slowly calmed down.

She gently extracted herself from their embrace and faced all her mates. “I will not be a prisoner here. I will leave first,” she said firmly.

“Honey, you would never be a prisoner. We just want you to be safe. You are our everything, and the thought of losing you is unbearable,” said Brand as he held out his hand for her.

She placed her hand into his and allowed herself to be pulled toward him. Her naked flesh snuggled up against his rough shirt and pants. He stroked her back, following her spine until he rested his palm on her bottom.

She let the men surround her and felt their warmth enveloping her. She sighed as the last of her rage diffused into their combined love. Shuddering from the lingering pain and the underlying fear of never having any freedom, she let them support her weight. The gentle breeze fluttered across her body, causing little bumps to rise on her skin. The men used different parts of their bodies to warm her up.

A pair of hands reached around from behind and fondled her bared breasts. The familiar tingle of arousal slowly snaked up her spine to center in the middle of her womb. She leaned back into the caress and groaned in ecstasy.

* * * *

Seth heard her groan and quickly put a halt to further lovemaking. “You need a bath and to rest some more,” he said as he extracted her from everyone and lifted her into his arms to carry inside.

Upon entering the bedroom, he yelled over his shoulder for someone to start the bathwater. He distantly heard one of the twins yell that they would.

He laid his squirming mate on the bed and took stock of all her bruises and cuts. His hand shook a little as he traced a large, jagged gash that had healed from the transformation. Her arousal perfumed the air, triggering his and his other brothers’. He shook his head at them when they tried to step forward. He understood her driving need to fulfill her ache. She spread her legs and placed each foot on the edge of the bed and lifted her whole lower half up in the air. They could all see her pulsating center as it called to them.

“Is the water ready?” Seth yelled and received a negative reply. He dropped to his knees between her legs with a growl and with the palms of his hands brought her core to his waiting mouth. He could hear the others growl their desire as he feasted on her flesh.

He felt her walls clench as he thrust his tongue in and out with vigorous strokes, while little mewling sounds erupted from her mouth. She tried to sit up, but he held her down with a hand on her stomach. He felt her squirm and thrash but kept a steady pressure on her to stop her from moving. He used his shoulders to wedge her legs wider, and used his free hand to drive three fingers deep inside her throbbing channel. Her rich cream filled his mouth as she convulsed, clamping down on his fingers. He rode her orgasm to its limits, making her scream and cry as her inner walls tried to suck his fingers in deeper. With a last shudder, she stilled and her body relaxed. He dropped her legs gently, letting them rest on the floor.

Seth stood up and looked down on his satiated mate. He looked up as the twins came into the bedroom. He motioned them over and reached down to lift her into his arms. He transferred her to Jason’s

arms and let them take her away. He sat down on the edge of the bed and tried to get control of his raging hard-on. The picture of her spread out for his pleasure was engrained behind his eyelids. He could still taste the sweet nectar of her releases. She had become the center of not only his life but all their lives. He spoke to his remaining brothers in a subdued voice.

“We are going to have to be very careful on how we deal with our mate. She at no time has to perceive that we are imprisoning her. She is a very strong and capable woman, and we are going to have to let her make her own decisions.”

Brand looked to Francis, and they both nodded, each with his own thoughts.

Chapter 10

That night, as they were all lying down for the night, each in their favorite position, she contemplated her position here. How this relationship was going to work was a mystery to her. Even as she felt Francis nuzzle her between her legs and fondle her bottom, her uncertainty grew. She knew from her deepest heart that these men were her soul mates. The idea of them living like this forever really did put questions in her mind. She craved their touch to an obsessive level that left her gasping for sanity. Was she insane? Was her body no longer under her control? The boys had dissuaded her from thinking that the beast was in full control, but sometimes she felt outside herself. It was like looking down from above and seeing a group of strangers, ravishing an exact replica of her. The funny thing was, she wanted to be down there enjoying the men's passion. She wanted to be the one being ravished. Her mind fought to get control of the situation.

The tiny lick on her little nub focused her attentions back to Francis. She opened her legs wider in demand as he proceeded to nuzzle her with his face. She made sure the other men were asleep as she reached down to stroke his head. She bit her lip from trying not to moan aloud, all the while trying to hold her hips still. The sucking sounds seemed overly loud to her ears. She flexed her hand in his hair, pulling him closer, demanding more aggression from him. He devoured her with a rawness that he had never displayed before. His growls were low and vibrated her sensitive folds, making them quiver

and pulse. She couldn't stop the small twitches that eventually woke her other men.

"Francis, what in the hell do you think you're doing?" demanded Seth as he sat up and watched.

"Loving my mate," Francis said when he came up for air. "This is what she wants, and I am happy to oblige."

Alice moved her hips in demand, wanting her lover to continue. She caught Seth's reaching hand and pulled it to her puckered nipple. The slight touch caused her to arch into his hand and strain toward him.

"Please, please," she said as she felt the bed shift when her other mates awoke from the noise.

Seth gave a sigh of acceptance as he gave in to her pleas. He lifted her up to her knees, placing her in the middle of the brothers. She quivered as several hands stroked every part of her body. Seth nibbled and plucked her straining breasts, twisting and pulling, making her cry out. She felt her body being lifted slightly and set down on an engorged cock as hands came around from behind to settle on her stomach, holding her in place. As the thick cock pumped up, she began to moan and lifted her arms to grasp the head of her mate who had impaled her. She didn't know who was inside of her, and she didn't care. Her only thought was the pleasure that they all gave her.

She let Seth take her hands, releasing the hair she had clutched. She felt the cock shift to a new angle and arched her back when Seth placed her hands on the bed. Seth grasped her chin and brought her head up.

She glanced up at him in bewilderment through the curtain of her hair as each thrust of the man behind her made her lips touch his swollen cock. He placed a finger in her mouth to open it and inserted his cock.

"Come on, baby, suck it. That's a girl. Use your tongue and lick along the ridge," Seth instructed her for her first time sucking a cock.

When the salty taste of his essence hit her tongue, everything stopped. A new energy started deep within her body. The effervescent feel of him in her mouth created a craving that startled her. His voice had no meaning. She centered her attention on the heady feeling of euphoria when more liquid escaped into the back of her throat. Her tongue traced each ridge, moving up and down, stroking the velvet skin covering his cock. She ignored the hands pulling her hair. She felt the cock start to expand deep in her throat and swallowed. The turbulent reaction resounded deep in her core. She came to awareness, hearing Seth cry out.

Brand shouted as his release flooded her interior, triggering an escalating sensation that quivered her entire inner self. The loss of his cock made her moan in dismay, which turned to a groan of ecstasy as another replaced the empty void. From both ends of her body, the feeling of being loved, the consciousness that this was where she wanted to be intensified. She started to suck rapidly on the cock in her mouth as the burning in her belly deepened again with each slap of the man's body behind her. Her orgasm, when it came, collided with Seth's as his essence overflowed her mouth.

The brother shifted and another was replaced at each end and began to bring her back up again. She looked up into Francis's eyes, holding his gaze as she slowly engulfed his glistening cock. She felt the rapid beating of his heart in every stroke. She knew that just like herself, this was a completely new experience for him. She wanted this to be just as fantastic for him as it was for her. With Jean-Paul pounding into her from behind, she quickly reached her peak and moaned around the iron-hard cock expanding in her mouth. Rapidly swallowing all that Francis could produce, she shivered as her own climax ballooned and exploded in a shifting pattern of colorful energy.

Both men collapsed onto the bed, leaving her heaving in the middle, still on her hands and knees. She leaned up and observed all her lovers who surrounded her. She crawled slowly to Jason and started kissing her way up his body. He stroked her as she made her

way up, letting her take the initiative. When she pushed him to lie back, he went eagerly and helped her mount his straining cock. She placed her hands on his shoulders and rode him hard, bringing her arousal back into full force. She couldn't get enough.

She spent the entire night in the middle of her men, letting them pleasure her. Time had no meaning when, with each lover, her passion and needs intensified. Only when the final climax moved through her body did she collapse among them. She drowsily observed their exhausted bodies and smiled. She snuggled down and felt strong arms come from behind, to enfold her in warmth, before sleep finally took her.

* * * *

She woke to birds and sunlight, making continued sleep impossible. She stretched and luxuriated in the feeling of being well loved. She was alone again and was anxious to see her men. She sat up and ran fingers through her tangled hair, trying to put some semblance of order back into it. When her stomach rumbled, she snatched one of the oversized shirts that belonged to one of the boys and sought out sustenance. She walked barefooted through the living room and into the kitchen. She smiled when she saw the covered plate and the jar of honey sitting next to it.

Feeling contented as she finished the last crumbs, she went in search of her men. Only bothering to slip on her shoes, she went out onto the porch and observed the twins as they worked side by side in perfect accord. Sort of like when they made love to her together, she remembered with a familiar tingle that hardened her nipples. She sat on one of the seats and just watched.

Brand and Seth came riding in and saw her sitting. They changed direction and came to a stop and looked down at her.

"How are you feeling, honey?" Seth asked.

“I feel wonderful,” she said as she stood and leaned a hip up on the railing, exposing one leg and a portion of her small curls that came into view when the shirt hitched up. She arched a little, teasing her mates when she noticed the fire in their eyes.

“Honey, there is a saying that you shouldn’t play with wild animals,” Brand growled deep in his throat.

She laughed and startled them both when she said, “I love you.”

They were off the horse within seconds, and Seth, having won the race, grasped her around her waist and lifted her in joy as she continued to laugh down at him. The other brothers must of heard the commotion and came at a jog to be met with the same avowal of love from her. They all converged on her and hugged and kissed her breathless with their own declarations.

THE END

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Most of my life has been spent around animals, which is why I probably work in a veterinary office. Next to animals, my main passion is reading. I read tons and tons of books. I have so many favorite authors that there isn't enough room on this page to list them. I have always written stories, but something about them didn't ring true with me. When I read my first erotic book, on my Kindle, I was hooked. This was what I wanted to write.

I hope you enjoyed this story and continue with me on my journey of excitement and adventure. Not to mention hot, steamy, passionate sex. Oh La La.



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