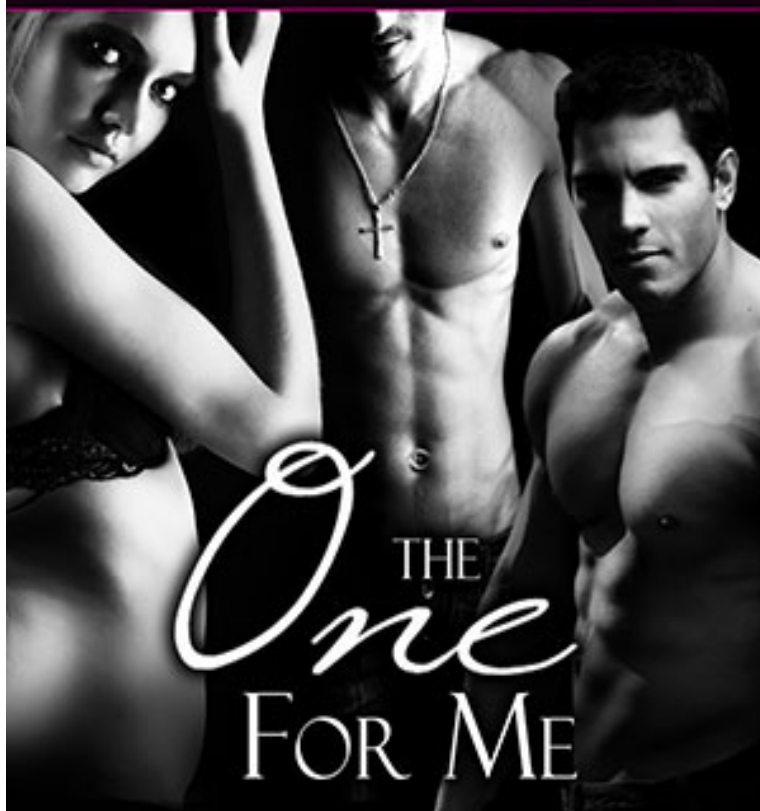


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# WICKED

Belladonna Bordeaux



*The One For Me*

*By*

*Belladonna Bordeaux*

## **The One For Me by Belladonna Bordeaux**

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### **The One For Me**

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*It's now or never.*

Victoria James crept her way closer to the French doors. All around her, the dining room was buzzing with quiet conversations. The gathering was supposedly a celebration of somebody's promotion.

She smiled at a few of the party-goers then quickly bowed her head. A fresh blush heated her cheeks, and her inner thighs tingled with expectation. Cameron wanted to play, and she'd accommodate him—in spades.

With a quick glance over her shoulder, she checked to make sure nobody was following her before she slipped outside. It was a gorgeous night for seduction. Walking across the patio, she stared at the stars twinkling against the inky backdrop. The faint smell of early budding lavender hung in the air, and a soft, whispering breeze blew across her skin.

She imagined it was Cameron McPherson's hands on her. Stroking her. Drawing out her inner vixen. Cameron brought out the naughty side of her she'd discovered in college and then shrugged away because it wasn't prim or proper for a teacher to indulge in sexual fantasies.

Back then she was the starry-eyed teacher who thought she could move mountains by educating young minds. *Yeah. Right. That's a crock of shit.*

Overworked, underpaid, she dealt with kids whose greatest aspiration was to cause as much trouble as possible. Minute by minute, she rolled with the waves of rising gang violence infiltrating her classroom. She already had a short list of her students who would be in

adult prison before graduation or dead.

It was at the beginning of the present school year when the school board brought in Cameron. She'd met all kinds of principals in her five years at Kermit P. Roscoe High School. Most were old, hard-nosed men who believed in cracking down on the violence by sitting in their office and letting the assistant principal dole out the punishments. Those crotchety old coots were also so close to retirement they could taste it.

Then Cameron entered the picture. The new principal took a hands-on approach. Cameron McPherson stalked the halls, caught skippers by the droves, broke up fights almost as easily, and had most of the student population planning his death while the others were trying not to get caught in the crossfire.

It was during an altercation between two rival gangs that she'd come face to face with the man. Instead of being trapped in her classroom when the lockdown was announced, she'd been in the main office. She couldn't say that first meeting was anything other than harrowing. There wasn't time for pleasantries. Nope. He told her to get behind his desk and stay put.

How he'd taken down the three handgun-toting gang members was still a matter of speculation. That he had brought a sense of safety to Roscoe, and especially to her, made all the difference in the world. The school seemed to find its footing and was even seeing the number of gang-related incidents drop.

"Boo."

Startled, Victoria jumped. "Cameron, you scared ten years off my life."

"Did I now?" He laid a hand on the small of her back and led her into the garden. "You look gorgeous tonight. But that's nothing unusual. I've caught myself staring at you a few times in the past month." She gulped against the knot of lust growing in her throat when he inspected her from the top of her head to the tips of her shoes. "Thanks for agreeing to be my date for the night."

*Like I'd turn you down.* Her brain focused on the first part of his statement. *Gorgeous? Me? "Really?"* A shiver raced the length of her spine

when he stared at her with his intense green eyes. It was the same gaze she dreamed of every night. "You know this isn't a good idea. If the school board found out, they'd have both our jobs and your reputation would be in tatters." Even as she said it, the mental picture of their last clandestine meeting popped into her head. His tongue had done amazing things to her body. Her core started to throb when she recalled him fucking her doggie style. His big cock had filled her completely. The orgasm she'd experienced left her shaking for more and had her wet every time she caught a glimpse of him or a whiff of his cologne. "You know reputation is everything in this profession."

"Let me worry about my reputation." He motioned for her to sit beside him on one of the stone benches surrounding an ornate fountain. "Tonight is all about you."

"Cameron, we shouldn't. What if somebody sees us?" She peeked over her shoulder to see the lights glaring in the dining room. Through the sheers, she watched shadows move back and forth. "What about Duncan?" Half in love with the hunky principal, Victoria licked her suddenly dry lips when she considered Duncan MacGreggor. He was Cameron's best friend and the one guy who she'd love to fuck just once. There was something about the enigmatic philanthropist that turned her on and had her imagining him screwing her hard.

*I'm out of my mind.*

Duncan MacGreggor was a lot like Cameron in both size and demeanor. Athletic, they had faces to die for and similar green eyes. The exception was Duncan's hair wasn't pitch black but a softer shade of charcoal. He was also a few inches taller. Still, they could have been close cousins if she didn't know better.

*You and your stupid fantasies. Stop it. Stop it right now.*

"What about him? He won't mind if we step outside for a few minutes. Hell, if you're a good girl, he might even join us."

"Cameron!" Mortified, she wondered if she was that transparent. The throb in her core turned to a damnable pound. She slapped him on his shoulder. Noting the smile playing at the corner of his lips, she went to scoot away. He caught her wrist and held her to him. "You are

incorrigible." Her reprimand lacked all force. *Calm down. He was teasing you.*

"About time you noticed, Ms. James. What I want to know is what you're hiding from me."

She would have given him what for if he hadn't wrapped his arm around her or his hand hadn't traced a line down her cheek. Tipping her face up to his, she met him halfway. His lips moved slowly over hers, drawing the vixen to the surface. Tangling her fingers in his hair, she surrendered on a gasp. Their tongues met and dueled. Her nipples tightened to hard buds.

A low moan escaped her lips as he molded her body to his. Damn, it took every ounce of her personal discipline not to climb all over him. She ripped her mouth away. "Cameron, it's just not safe for you."

"I'm fine," he vowed. "And so are you." He brushed his thumb over her kiss-swollen lips. "Tell me your biggest fantasy. Let me fulfill it tonight."

"I can't." *Hell no. Insanity.* It would be nothing short of insanity to admit her sexual fantasy to him. "You'll laugh at me." The excuse had gotten her out of more tight fixes than any other. "I'm pathetic."

"Try me. I'm a fairly open-minded guy."

Through narrowed eyes, she took in the chiseled planes of his face. He wasn't laughing at her now, she decided. On the contrary, he was staring at her with what could only be called an intensity that raised goose bumps on her arms. "You'll think it's silly."

"Probably not. Come on, give."

"I like a little fight with my sex."

"Rough sex. Play fighting and capture?"

"Yeah, I guess you could call it all of the above." She felt a fresh blush roll up her cheeks. *You've embarrassed yourself this much. What can you lose?* "A boyfriend I had in college liked to dominate me, but I got hot when it was more a battle of two wills. He sorta got pissed because I don't fight fair." Which was why they'd broken up. She didn't mind if he'd won fair and square, but he hated it if she was underhanded and got away. The fact was he only wanted to be around her when he wanted a good fuck,

but she was supposed to grovel for a little attention.

"Oho. I see. So you want to fight for domination." He leveled his forearms on his thighs. He took his good sweet time staring at the ground too. "I can see why most guys wouldn't go for rough sex with you. You're about a hundred pounds soaking wet and a good foot shorter than many."

"It's not about size or strength. It's about catching me. You know..." Obviously he didn't. And she came to the conclusion it was a stupid aspect of her inner vixen. "I like the chase and capture. The play fighting." Just thinking about swatting Cameron in the shoulder and kicking her way free of his grasp made her gasp. Picturing him tearing her clothes off her body and kissing her hard while she struggled beneath him was a huge turn-on. "You know?"

"I know how the game is played, Tori."

"Never mind. Tell me what your biggest fantasy is." She changed the subject. She held her palms to her flaming cheeks in an attempt to hide her blush.

"Sex outside with you," he admitted solemnly. "I can see you lying on the grass, naked, panting and begging for me to fuck you. That's my biggest fantasy at the moment."

"Got another?" Just thinking about sex in the garden with Cameron had her squirming. *Just shut up and go with the flow.* "I'm game for just about anything." *Well, as long as it doesn't involve doing it in your office with the closed circuit security cameras running, I'm okay with it.*

"You have to the count of ten to get moving. The maze is that way." He pointed to the long boxwood hedge about ten yards from where they sat. "The entrance is on that side."

She followed the direction of his index finger as he shifted it to the left. Snapping her gaze back to his, she gulped hard. Her body thrummed with lust. "You're serious."

"Ten...nine...eight.... You better move if you want me to play along. We can easily achieve my fantasy right here."

On a squeal, she kicked off her shoes and raced for the line of hedges and the dark break she recognized as the entrance to the maze. Her heart pounded as she took the logical path through the twists and



turns. She bore to the right every time. If she found herself at a dead end, she went back to the turnoff and raced in the same direction.

Beneath the low glow of torches, she ran through the maze. Shadows crept up but disappeared. A sensation of being watched kept creeping in on her. She rejected the notion someone kept popping up in front of her then disappearing to the flickering glow of the torches.

That was until she rounded a corner. Firm hands came out of nowhere.

"Let go of me," she cried. Her chest heaved with every breath she took. With all her might, she tugged against the hand gripping her wrist. *You think you know how this game is played, Cameron McPherson? Ha.* "Okay, you win." Bowing her head to hide her smile, she bit her lip to keep from laughing. She quickly formed her strategy for escape.

"That was too easy."

"I told you, if you catch me. You did. So it's over." *Play the game. Don't let on.* She peeked up at him.

If his expression was any indication, he wasn't buying her statement. "Then, I'll take my prize. Get on your knees."

No sooner had she knelt in front of him than he began to unbuckle his belt. She took off like a shot. His chuckle followed her.

The pulse in her core grew. Wending her way through the hedges, she slowed to a walk. Her ears were attuned to any sound behind her. She heard nothing but her rasping gasps. *Where the hell are you?*

"Hello, Victoria."

She took a step back and bumped into the firm chest of another man. "Duncan." Her heart came to a dead stop. "I...we...I think I'm lost." Quelling the urge to kick herself, she bowed her head.

"Are you? I think there is more going on in the garden than meets the eye. Care to let me in on the secret?"

*When pigs fly.* "Have you seen Cameron?" She tried to keep her voice from shaking but failed miserably.

"He's waiting for us at the center of the maze."

"Oh," she said because it was the only thing she could think of to say. Her body was in overdrive. Every inch of her tingled for a man's

touch. She looked left then right. "Which way?"

"Allow me," Duncan said. "If you would."

Barely able to make out the twists and turns from the low lighting and the full moon, Victoria followed his directions until she arrived at the center of the maze. "You didn't catch me," she told Cameron.

"No, but that wasn't the fantasy we were playing out, was it, Tori? One go with Duncan. Do you want me to watch or would you prefer I was an active participant?"

"How the hell did you know?" *Shut up.* She jerked away from Duncan. It was one thing to fantasize about a ménage; it was a whole other thing to go through with it. Cameron was beside her before she knew what had happened. He grabbed both of her wrists in his hand.

"You said you didn't fight fair. Did you think I would?"

"This is overkill." And oh so exciting. Her body was going haywire. Her pussy was wet and ready for a good fucking.

"We'll see." He sent her a wink of encouragement. "I can smell your excitement."

"That's impossible. I'm not excited at all." Oh yes, she was. "Let go of me."

He dodged her kicks. "Duncan, do you have the surprise I planned for my mate?"

"It's right here, Cameron," Duncan said in his thick brogue. She watched him stride past what she could only describe as an altar to a picnic basket. "You'll enjoy this, Victoria. I promise."

She wasn't so sure she could live with herself though. "Cameron, maybe we should talk." *We should definitely talk.* Tough, she thought. She wanted this. Her real problem was being blindsided by the two of them.

"Relax, Victoria. We're not going to hurt you," Cameron assured her. "I promise you. Everything is going to be fine, and you'll enjoy every minute of it."

Blowing out a breath, she nodded. *What do I have to lose? Only my job.* She wished she was that worried about her job at Roscoe. Yeah, the school was on the upswing, but she'd already started shopping her resume around because she'd had enough of the kids. The only thing that

had kept her there as long as she'd stayed since the school year began was Cameron. "I'll have to trust you."

"You already do." He walked her across the lawn to where Duncan had spread out the blanket. She felt a small smile itch her lips when he relaxed his grip. *You only live once, and this is my game of choice.* Allowing him to ease her down on the soft blanket, she bit her lip to keep from smiling. She gauged the distance to the two breaks in the hedge then took note of where Duncan stood. Cameron had positioned himself behind her, but she wasn't worried about him. She was a master of escape, or so her ex-boyfriend told her.

"Don't think about it."

"About what?" she asked with feigned innocence. Her gaze snapped to the exit she'd chosen. It would take her away from Duncan, and if she worked this right, she'd completely surprise Cameron. Before he knew what was up, she'd be halfway out of the maze.

*Or helplessly lost.*

Well, if the latter occurred, she'd cry defeat once they found her and give in with grace.

Still, it would be fun to try.

"Uh-uh," Cameron said, his voice a silky whisper. "You don't want to do that."

A giggle bubbled up in her throat but she managed to swallow it. Her fingers curled into tight fists.

"A bit of a wild one you got there, Cameron," Duncan stated. His accent was thick and rolling like the mists over the moors. "You'll have your hands full taming her spirit. Of that, I donnae doubt."

Cameron's rich laugh wrapped around Tori. "Neither do I, my friend."

Listening to the banter, Victoria shifted her body farther away from Cameron. She turned her head toward the break in the hedges and steered her gaze to the men. *Now or never.*

Taking a deep breath, she scooted away. Her nipples turned to tight buds when Cameron leveled his blazing emerald stare on her. "Do I get to the count of ten again?" she flubbed, trying to buy herself a few

seconds to reformulate her escape.

"You get to take your clothes off."

"Catch me first." She hadn't even made it off the blanket when an iron grip caught her ankle. Squealing with laughter, she let him drag her back. Her skirt hiked up around her hips as she slid along the soft tartan plaid. Tears of mirth ran down her cheeks as another set of hands held her arms over her head. Soon the giggles stopped.

A low moan passed over her lips when Cameron tugged her panties off. Duncan was busily pulling her shirt over her bra-clad breasts. Her breath rushed from her lungs when Cameron's fingers caressed a hot path up her inner thigh to her slick folds. "Oh God," she muttered.

"Relax, Tori. Just live in this moment." Cameron teased her clit with soft brushes of his fingers across her sensitive nub.

Her thigh muscles twitched with anticipation. "Please." Liquid heat clung to her pussy. Through the veil of her lashes she turned her gaze to Cameron. For a split second, she thought she witnessed the impossible. His face changed into that of a big hairy wolfhound, a dog with black-tinged hair. His fingers worked over her clit harder. Taking another quick look at him, she smiled. *A trick of the light.* She felt her pulse go crazy. Every thought except getting off flew to the four winds. Shaking her head, she bucked against his hand, needing his fingers inside her. "Give it to me."

"Patience, Tori," Cameron teased her. He pushed her legs apart as Duncan undid the front clasp of her bra. A devilish twinkle entered his gaze. "You're going to like this."

Closing her eyes, she squirmed on the blanket. *Damn it all. Give it to me—now.* The feel of a silky chord being wrapped around her wrists snapped her eyelids open. *Bondage?* Struggling against Duncan's hands, she kicked out at Cameron when he held her in place with his firm grip. Her passion went from blistering hot to raging inferno in the blink of an eye.

"Just relax," Duncan said. She watched him rise to his impressive height and move toward the bench. She continued to work her wrists against the rope. The minute Cameron moved his hand off her hip, she

flipped over and tried to stand up.

"We won't hurt you, Tori. I promise," Cameron assured her. Catching her around her waist, he pulled her back. He inserted a finger in her core. His thumb found her clit and began stroking the sensitive nub. A chuckle from her lover told her he liked this game.

She squealed when he added another finger and thrust faster, harder until her orgasm was right there. *Just a little more.* The pressure in her belly drew tighter until she thought she might implode. "Please, Cameron."

A firm smack hit her butt cheek. The sting heating her ass only added to the passionate haze engulfing her.

"Not yet," he told her.

"Don't stop," she wailed when he removed his fingers. She reached down between her thighs, the tasseled ends of the cord drifted softly over her skin. *So close.* The tip of her middle finger found her clit. Moistening her fingers with her own juices, she half expected him to stop her.

"Show me how you want me to fuck you, Tori. Do you want long slow strokes or a rough ride?"

She heard the distinct buzz of a vibrator and gasped. "I want it hard."

"Show me." Cameron ran the tip of the toy up and down her slit. Tiny tremors shook down her pussy with each flick of the vibrator. "Here." His voice turned to a low growl as he forced her to take the fake cock from him. "Duncan and I want to watch you climax."

Doing as she was told, Tori closed her eyes as she slid the vibrator into her channel. The knot of the chord hit her clit with each deep plunge. "Oh...God." She panted. Faster and faster she dipped the tool into herself until she was mindless to the two men staring at her.

"Look at me," Cameron demanded.

Forcing her eyes open, she met his steady stare. For the second time, she swore a shimmering image passed across his countenance. Blinking several times, her breath hitched in her chest. The lust consumed her. A warm breeze brushed over her heated skin. She arched her back on the first twinges of her climax. She pumped the fake cock harder, wishing

it was Cameron's. "Yes!" she screamed. Deep driving contractions rifled through her. Her thighs clamped tight to keep the humming toy in its home. *Holy hell.*

Spent, she relaxed her legs and pulled the vibrator from her channel. "Whew," she muttered, her chest still heaving. "That was great." Fighting for control of her heart rate, she took a deep cleansing breath then exhaled slowly. "Really great."

"Just wait. It gets better," Cameron said.

It was a little unnerving that she was nearly naked and the men remained fully clothed, but it was also a turn-on. She noticed their erections tightening their pants. "Can I help you with those?" she asked, pointing to their crotches.

"Of course you can, my lady," Cameron responded. "Duncan, are you game?"

"I've been hot for her since you approached me," Duncan said on a chuckle. "Where should we begin, half-caste?"

\* \* \* \* \*

*Half-caste!* He knew what Duncan was trying to do by using the slur. His leader and friend was guiding him through the mating and, at the same time, reminding him he had a lot of explaining to do once Victoria belonged to him.

Cameron stared at the ruler of his paranormal sect—the Cu Sith. Duncan didn't bother to acknowledge him. Instead he worked the knot from his tie.

The MacGreggor, as he was more often called, was one of the few Scottish harbingers of death left. Duncan was considered an oddity even amongst the New Pack. He was a full-blooded paranormal amongst the half-blooded, or half-caste, members of the group who had banded together. There was strength in numbers, and with a new war brewing between the full-bloods and his kind, they needed all the members they could get.

"Turn over on your hands and knees, Tori. I want to fuck you from

behind while you suck Duncan off."

"Don't forget, she has to see your true self three times to complete the mating," Duncan whispered before striding for the picnic basket. "Cameron, that means she must see your face."

"I'm aware, Duncan," Cameron stated crisply. The change in plans rose from his two paranormal sides. He'd been born out of the oddest relationship in the chronicles of paranormal history. His father was the elusive, solitary creature, the Ghillie Dhub. His mother, on the other hand, was a Cu Sith. The dark demon and a dog was what he'd heard in his youth when other young paranormals crossed his path. They teased him with slights like mutt and mongrel. Hurtful insults he couldn't escape. "I know what I'm doing."

Duncan nodded.

Jealous by nature, territorial to a fault, not known as the sharing type, Cameron had decided to fulfill Tori's fantasy before he took her to his bed and completed the mating. Quelling the urge to howl, he stripped out of his suit jacket. "On your hands and knees," he reminded his mate when she continued to frown at him. "Tori, don't make me force you."

Reading her thoughts, he bit back on his smile when she again considered the distance to the exit. She was a sly one. Unfortunately, she was out of her league. There was no way in hell she could outrun him on earth or in the Astral Plane.

He motioned with a tilt of his head for Duncan to proceed. Unlike his perpetually horny friend, he took his time while undressing. The sight of Duncan trapping her hands and raising her up on her knees to take his shaft in her mouth brought on a slew of contrasting emotions to Cameron. He wanted to kill his friend.

Damn, he was hot for her. His cock ached to sink into her pussy while the Cu Sith part of him wanted nothing short of carnal sex. Primal. "Untie her," he ordered Duncan.

Desire rolled through his veins like lava. He nearly shredded the rest of his clothes from his body. She was his perfect mate. She was petite, and her shoulder-length blonde hair made his fingers itch to grab hold of it and steer her lips to his. "Fuck me." The words whispered from between

his parted lips.

He stroked her back while wrapping his free hand around the base of his cock. "Do you want me?"

She was gasping for air when she lifted her head and gave out a hushed "yes". *Good, because I can't wait.* Positioning himself once Duncan had dropped to his knees, he slid the tip of his cock up and down her slit. Slowly, he sank his length into her channel. "Damn, you are so hot." Her feminine walls hugged his cock, and she began pumping Duncan with her hand on his first tentative thrust.

"Give it to me. I want it all, Cameron," she told him.

Duncan's thoughts infiltrated Cameron's mind. *She's not even interested in me. You are who she wants. Finish the mating.*

"I told you to suck him off," Cameron demanded. His blood boiled with anger and jealousy when she finally complied. He lowered his gaze to his cock buried deep in her pussy. "You want it hard, do you?" Picking up the pace, he began to hammer her until she was crying with ecstasy. Her mouth pumped his friend's cock as he fought off the gush of cum creeping up his penis. "Come for me, Tori."

Her head jerked away, but her hand took up jerking him off.

"I said, come for me."

She did on a shout of his name.

Duncan shot his seed across her back, but Cameron forced his discipline to the fore. "Tell me what you want."

"You!" she screamed.

He came like a shot out of cannon. A long, lonesome howl erupted from his chest. "You have me," he told her haltingly.

Both Duncan and he snapped their faces toward the entrance of the maze. "Who?" Duncan asked.

Cameron sensed the intruder too. He sniffed the air. *Vampire.* "Protect her. I'll be right back." Shifting into the Ghillie Dhub, he teleported to the maze's dead end. He watched the quartet of vamps trying to sense their way to Tori. "Looking for something?"

"Food," they commented in unison.

"I'll show you where the mortal is," he responded, his personae



and voice child-like in this form. "She's not far." His chuckle ruffled the branches of the boxwood hedge. "Follow me." He headed toward the forest skirting the mansion. "She was out there doing wrong-side business."

\* \* \* \* \*

"What the hell is going on?"

"Cameron's leading the vampires away from us," Duncan told her quietly.

"Vampires?" *Okay, Alice, welcome to the fucked-up version of Wonderland.* "You're all crazy." Gathering the blanket around her naked form, she reached for Cameron's shirt lying on the ground. She turned her back to Duncan and shoved her arms into the sleeves. "This is nuts."

"Tori, shh. Vamps, at least the common variety, aren't the smartest paranormals on two legs, but they have a keen sense of hearing so keep it down."

"I'm...." The rest of her question, along with her surprised scream, was trapped behind a large hand. Peeking up, she saw Cameron staring at the hedge. The warmth radiating off his body soothed her a little.

"You've run out of time, Cameron," Duncan said as he collected his clothes. "It's better to get it over with."

"Get what over with?" Tori mumbled. His palm muffled her words.

"Let's go." He lifted Tori in his arms. "We'll stay here tonight. It's too risky to move the maze to the astral plane."

"With the war heating up and the mortals now getting involved, I might ask you to move the mansion—again—to the astral plane."

"No problem," Cameron responded.

Suddenly picked up in his arms, she felt a warm whoosh of air fly over her. The next thing she knew she was in a thoroughly masculine bedroom complete with a massive bed. "Oh my." She could fit her entire apartment in the room.

"Easy. The first time you teleport is always the most disorienting."

She believed him. Swallowing against the bile rising in her throat, she felt as if the world had tilted on its side. "Want to tell me what's going on?"

"First, I'd rather complete our mating. Then we can talk."

"I want an explanation and I want it now." Woozy, she caught herself on the bedpost. Strong, masculine hands held her steady. "What are you?" One snippet of Duncan's sentence struck her hard—with the mortals getting involved. *Those are stupid rumors. There's no proof there are things that go bump in the night.*

"Want a nice hot bath?"

"No, I want an answer." She would have stomped her foot if she had the energy. "Tell me."

"We've met before, a long time ago when you went camping with your family."

"You mean the vacations from hell?" *Paranormals exist? This is insane.*

His chuckle did nothing to assuage her rioting emotions. "I led you out of the woods the time you got separated from your parents. That's my father's gift to me and my real job. The Ghillie Dhub's duty is to lead little children home."

"I think I'd have preferred the closest motel," she sighed. She recalled the day but only because her parents had told her the harrowing tale over and over. "I was very little then. Maybe four at most."

"You remember the voice that led you to the search party?"

"Not really. Like I said, I was really young. Mom said years later that the doctors thought I was delusional because I talked about a boy, but she chalked it up to my imagination." Racking her brain, she caught a tiny memory of being alone in the woods. "I think I went around in circles for most of the time."

"You did. When I found you, I thought you were an angel who had fallen from heaven."

"I should thank you." *First, I'd have to believe you.* Since she'd seen the news clippings she knew she'd once wandered off during a family camping trip. The headlines called it a miracle. "I'm sorry, I just don't

remember."

"Come here."

"You aren't going to whoosh me somewhere, are you?"

"I think we'll walk to the bathroom." He sent her a wink. "A hot bath it is."

"I should probably go home."

"So you can decide if I'm crazy or not?"

A horrified giggle wafted from her. "Are you?"

"I'm unusual. For right now, let's leave it at that."

"Okay." She tried to think of one really good reason to not go for another round with Cameron. Truthfully, she didn't have an argument not to. For a fact, he wasn't crazy. And she had seen him disappear from the maze's center. It was just so much to take in all at once. "Bath or shower?"

"Hmm." He clasped her waist and pulled her against his frame. The man was ripped in all the right places. Her fingers trailed over the roped muscles in his neck and across his shoulders. "You decide."

"I say we take a shower."

"As you wish, my lady." He walked her toward the bathroom. "Besides, you have Duncan's scent all over you."

"What?" She laughed. Truthfully, she thought she smelled like herself. With a quick glance, she took in her surroundings. *What is it with guys and dark decor?* The room was tomb-like because of the smoke-grey wall color and the black-as-sin towels. It held a massive whirlpool bath on one side of the room butting up to a separate shower enclosure. On the other was a dual-sink vanity with a single wall-length mirror. She imagined viewing the hideous visage of the black-tinted dog in the glass. A spurt of fear hit her, but she pushed it away. "You have to admit this is insane. I mean, I don't even know what you are."

"I am your mate. That's all you need to know." He stopped her in the doorway to the bath. She stared up at him, and her heart melted. The light in his green eyes mesmerized her. "Victoria, if you are ever in danger, I will always save you. If you are lost, I will always find you."

She suspected there was more to his pledge but didn't press him.

Her brain was already on overload. "Shower?"

"Sure," he answered with a smile. He cupped her head in his huge hands. "I will always want you."

Her response was cut off by his kiss. The deep, soul-searing liplock left her shaking with lust. His tongue drove between her lips and dueled with her own. Her fingers tangled in his hair, holding him to her. Breathless, she matched his passion. Mindless to everything except him, she let him lead her to the glass-fronted shower enclosure. The click of the door opening brought her back to reality. The sound of spray jets pulsing to life echoed through her. Steam filled her field of vision and clung like early morning dew to her skin.

"Look at me," he demanded.

The ache low in her belly thrummed harder as she drew her eyes across his muscular chest shrouded by the swirling plumes of steam. A trail of dark hair journeyed down the ridged muscles of his stomach and guided her to his erection. She reached for him.

"Not yet," he growled. "I'll not complete the mating while you smell like another man."

Stepping beneath the jets, she leaned her head back to wet her hair. A small smile spread across her lips when he remained rooted at the door. "Aren't you going to wash my back for me?"

"I'm enjoying the view." He joined her. "You're so beautiful." Picking up the mesh puff from the corner, he grabbed the bar of soap from the built-in tray.

She couldn't take her eyes off him as he lathered the puff. *Good God.* Desire uncoiled in her body. From the first touch of his hands on her body, soap-slick and gentle, she was lost to the spell he wove around her. She wanted him. Hell no. She needed him. "Please." The puff fell from his hands to land with a soft sploosh on the shower floor.

"Soon," he promised. Gently caressing her body with the soapy suds, he paid special attention to her back. His strokes were slow, methodical, and raised her passion to new heights. Weighing her breasts, he flicked his thumbs across her nipples. He massaged them, pinching the sensitive skin between his fingers.

She arched her back when he adjusted the jets to rinse the suds from her tits. His hand trailed down her flat belly to stop just above her pussy.

"I have to have you. Completely. Absolutely." He drove a finger deep into her channel. His thumb found her clit.

"Oh God," she whispered. Her legs threatened to buckle. Clutching his shoulders, she let out a long, low moan when he slid his middle finger out of her pussy and rubbed it across her dark hole. "Yes."

She winced against the stab of pain that shot through her when he inserted his finger into her ass. The twinges soon fell off only to be replaced with wanton desire. "Fuck me."

He wrapped his arms around her torso and lifted her. "Is this what you want?" His cockhead teased her slick folds. "Or is this what you are after?"

"Ah," she cried when he entered her in a single smooth stroke. "Yes. Yes. Yes." She clenched his shoulders, and her legs circled his hips. Her screams of ecstasy combined with his low growls. Her feminine walls stretched to accommodate the full length of him. Each measured stroke brought her closer to her climax. "Harder."

He pounded into her. Every stroke brought her clit down on the base of his cock. "I'm going to come."

"Now, Tori. Give yourself up to me now."

"I love you." The words broke from her throat before she had a chance to call them back.

He threw his head back and howled.

She gritted her teeth and tucked her head into the crook of his neck as her body came undone. Contractions raced down her feminine walls, milking his cock. Another primal howl ricocheted around the shower enclosure. He drove deep one last time. Warm wetness filled her.

She sucked in a sharp gasp as he eased her off his shaft. "You get better and better."

He chuckled at her. "Tori, I will always find you if you are lost. I will always protect you if you are in danger. Most importantly, I will fight any man, be he mortal or paranormal, should he try to harm you or one of

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our children.”

Panting against her raging heartbeat and her pulse that threatened to blast her eardrums open, she hugged him. “Ditto.”

“I love you.”

She shook her head. “Why?”

“Because,” he tipped her face up to his, “you are the one for me.”

Searching his face, she watched the brief image of the black-hued wolfhound pass over his features. A brief bolt of gold illuminated his irises then it was gone. In his arms, having heard his pledge, she felt her lips twitch into a smile. “And you are the one for me.”

The End

### **Author Bio**

In Belladonna’s formative years, her mother told her, “an imagination is a terrible thing to waste.” That’s what happens when your mother is also an author. In adulthood, life took her in a different direction. She became a professional portrait photographer.

Her mother never gave up on her imaginative daughter and finally convinced her to try to write a story. Drawing inspiration from the candid moments that occur in her daytime job, she believes every human being has a story to tell. She writes paranormal, multi-cultural contemporary romance with emphasis on real life cultural divides, historical, fanta-historical and might even move into the genre of science fiction. First, she’ll have to photograph a real live alien.

When not working on her next story she’s out with friends or kills time with her family, but her camera is never far from her side and the next story never far from her thoughts.

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