



# DESIGNED SEDUCTION

Bonnie Rose Leigh

Business is booming for architect and building contractor and vampire, Dane Anders, and his partner, black panther, Kyle Morgan. When they run into Alexsia Kolinkar at the local diner, little did they know the impact she'd have on their lives...or their hearts.

When Alexsia Kolinkar, a Fae royal princess, sent in her application for sanctuary, she hoped only to secure a home in Mystic Ridge. A woman on the run, it was the perfect place to start a new life—away from an obsessive suitor and her disappointed family. Little did she know, her move to Mystic Ridge was only the beginning.

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DESIGNED SEDUCTION  
MYSTIC RIDGE BOOK ONE

BY

BONNIE ROSE LEIGH

## DEDICATION

*This book gave me quite a bit of trouble in the beginning. In fact, I had to rewrite this one almost entirely over, with a different plot because it just didn't feel right to me. Why?*

*Because I was forcing the characters to do something they didn't want, to be someone they weren't. So, this book is for those of you who refuse to sit back and be who others want you to be. This is for all of you who know who you are and to those who don't. May you be happy in who and what you are and if you're not, find the courage to make the changes that will allow you to be who you truly are inside.*

*And of course, this is for my mate, Chris. As always, without your support, this story wouldn't have been told. And thanks for washing all those dishes I neglected to get this story written.*

# PROLOGUE

*June 15th, 2018*

Alexsia Kolinkar watched the breaking news announcement with unease. She'd been hiding amongst the humans, being careful not to use her powers for even the most mundane of things, for the last two weeks. With the humans in the dark about the supernatural beings they shared their world with, typically assuming they were the only intelligent life form on Earth, she'd hoped to live out her unnaturally long life amongst them. Now that the Supernaturals had announced their presence to the humans, it would be even harder to conceal who and what she was, a powerful Fae princess in hiding. She shivered as she once again thought back to why she was in hiding. Just thinking about what awaited her back home made her break out in a cold sweat. Never. Never would she return home to marry Ezekiel Doña, the Dark Fae leader her parents had practically sold her to in exchange for more power.

When muted shouts erupted from her black

and white television, Alexsia jerked her head up. She gasped as a man with a shotgun parted the crowd of reporters and shot a woman leaving the courthouse behind her. Blood sprayed everywhere and despite the fact the television didn't broadcast in color, she knew exactly how red the human's blood was. She'd seen a similar murder in the palace when she'd run from the Dark Fae.

Swallowing down the bile threatening to choke her, she watched as a man in his early to mid-thirties started yelling for help as he cradled the woman in his arms. He didn't seem to care if the shooter gunned him down as well—all his focus remained on the woman. It took only seconds for the crowd of reporters and armed police officers to subdue the shooter. In that time, it became obvious that the woman had already passed, given the devastation on the male's face.

Focused on the television, Alexsia almost missed the soft footfalls on the other side of her bedroom door. Someone was in her apartment. Swallowing down the bile, she scanned her bedroom, looking for an avenue of escape. She had two choices. Go out the bedroom window or use her power to teleport directly to the cheap car she'd bought when she first arrived from her own dimension.

When the doorknob started to turn, Alexsia made her decision. Escaping was more important

than concealing her identity. Closing her eyes, the last Royal Princess of Vianna—the Vanishing Isle of the Fae—teleported directly into her vehicle. Seconds later, with all of her meager belongings packed in the trunk, she was on her way out of town. As she pulled away from the hotel that had been her home since her arrival, she glanced in the rearview mirror in time to see two men running through the parking lot.

Knowing they would be hot on her trail, she waited until a dark blue sedan pulled out of the lot, its tires squealing as they tried to catch up. Once again focusing her powers, she concentrated on the tires of the car chasing her and whispered a spell beneath her breath, giving her trackers four flat tires simultaneously. When the chasing car lost control, running into a guardrail, Alessia smiled. She may not be on Vianna anymore, but her power didn't seem affected by the distance between her new home and her old.

As she sped down the highway, she couldn't help but wonder how the trackers had found her so quickly. She shook her head, concentrating on the road in front of her. However they'd found her, she'd have to work even harder to look human now that the other Supernaturals had announced their presence in the human world, and do so while making sure to stay ahead of the trackers her family and Ezekiel had sent to search



for her.

It wouldn't be easy, but she refused to go home where *he* waited to use her power for evil, even if that meant running for the rest of her unnaturally long life.

## CHAPTER ONE

*Two years later...*

With sweaty hands gripping the steering wheel of the rusty Toyota Sentra she'd purchased to throw off her trackers yet again, Alessia Kolinkar looked in the rear view mirror, searching for the men that had been chasing her for the last two years. When she'd left her family to live amongst the humans to avoid an arranged marriage, she had no idea the trouble that would follow her or the danger others would be in if they grew too close to her. Grimacing, Alessia once again glanced in her rear view mirror. Still no one lurked behind her, yet she couldn't shake the feeling trouble was right on her heels.

She drove another thirty miles before finally spotting the sign she'd been looking for. As soon as she passed the *Welcome to Mystic Ridge* sign, her shoulders sagged in relief. She may be Fae with powers of her own, but using her magick would

announce to all and sundry just who she was and then hiding amongst normals—humans without any paranormal abilities—would have been impossible. But here in Mystic Ridge, she wouldn't stand out.

Glancing at the passenger seat, she let her gaze roam over the postcard invitation she'd received from Jack Harley, the owner of the sanctuary she'd now call home—hopefully. Having passed the background check, all she needed to do now was survive the interview with the man himself.

As another wave of unease washed over her, she tightened her grip on the steering wheel until her knuckles were white with tension. She drove very slowly through the center of town, wincing when her brakes squealed as she came to a stop at the only traffic light she could see. Two years ago, she'd been forced to run from everything she'd ever known, forced to live as a human in order to remain alive and free. Keep Humanity Pure—the KHP for short—and the Fae she'd refused to marry had searched for her ever since.

Shaking off her thoughts, Alexsia scanned the shops that lined both sides of the street, looking for the address printed on her invitation. Expecting the address to point toward a huge mansion or the town hall—something official looking for the owner of a whole town—she stopped, flabbergasted, in front of a small diner,

Mystic Munchies. Just looking at the diner's name made her chuckle despite the seriousness of what still lay ahead of her before she could officially call Mystic Ridge home.

Taking a deep breath to settle her nerves, Alexsia grabbed the car door handle and stepped out into balmy air. Immediately the June heat slammed into her. She could feel the sweat trickle down between her breasts. Until she knew it was safe to do so, she couldn't use her powers to vanish the perspiration away. Sighing, she put those thoughts to the back of her mind. It was time—she had just a few minutes remaining before her scheduled appointment.

After taking one last look around her, she headed straight for the diner. There was no sense standing out here, stalling just because she feared what would happen during her interview. She remembered how Mr. Harley had reacted to his wife's loss two years ago, remembered that startling moment when the world seemed to go crazy. She hoped that she could settle here, could help make a difference to others seeking sanctuary while she, too, hid here in plain sight, even as she prayed that those searching for her would give up.

After two years, you'd think her family would take no for an answer and call off their hounds. As far as the KHP, it would more than likely take something pretty drastic to stop them from going

after her, so she had little hope of avoiding a confrontation with them at some point. Hopefully, when it happened, she'd have enough control over her powers that she could not only survive it unscathed but protect those around her from getting injured as well.

Straightening her shoulders and taking one last deep breath, Alexsia opened the doors to the Mystic Munchies diner, doing her best not to snicker at the name. It wouldn't do to offend the owner of said diner, especially not while trying to plead for sanctuary.

As soon as she entered the room all conversation seemed to stop as everyone turned to look at her. The trickling beads of sweat between her breasts met the cool diner air, sending a welcome chill across her skin, thereby snapping her out of her wandering thoughts. She approached the hostess stand, desperate now to meet with Mr. Harley. She hated being the center of attention and everyone in the diner still stared at her as though she were a specimen under a microscope.

"Good afternoon, miss. Table for one?" the perky teenager manning the hostess station asked, her youthful innocence all but making her aura glow with brilliant white light. She practically vibrated with happiness, filling Alexsia with warmth in return.

Shaking her head, Alessia smiled at the girl radiating such purity and joy, quickly glancing at her nametag so she could address her specifically rather than just treat her as an anonymous employee as others were wont to do these days. "Uh, no, Misti, but thanks. I have an appointment with Mr. Harley, actually." Alessia glanced at her watch and winced. She'd wasted more time than she thought getting here. She'd planned on having more time to prepare for the meeting than the few that remained. "In five minutes. Is he here yet and available to meet me?"

"Oh, you must be Ms. Kolinkar. I'm to bring you right back to his office as soon as you arrived. Just follow me," she instructed, a warm and vivacious smile lighting up her whole face.

If Alessia could bottle up the girl's enthusiasm and joy to sell to anyone in a perpetual bad mood, she'd be a billionaire. With one last quick glance around the diner, she followed behind Misti, mentally crossing her fingers that all would go well in the interview.

\* \* \* \*

Kyle Morgan watched as the newest applicant for sanctuary in Mystic Ridge followed his youngest cousin to Jack's office in the back, his gaze never leaving her luscious ass as he watched the sexy-as-

hell sway of her hips and bottom. Nibbling on his bottom lip, it took all of his strength to remain sitting where he was and not follow her into the kitchen and claim her as his. As a black panther shifter in his prime, Kyle's beast had demanded he take her, mark her, fuck her and impregnate her, from the moment she walked into the diner.

Clutching the Formica tabletop, he forcefully kept his ass firmly planted on the pleather booth while promising his beast that if he could be patient he'd do his best to lay claim to the woman he'd waited his entire life for. He may look his mid-twenties, but thanks to his shifter genes, he was actually well over two hundred years old. He'd waited for his mate almost as long as his business partner, Dane Anders, a vampire who'd told him continually that he'd soon meet his mate. He hadn't believed his friend, but how could he now doubt him? And if that was true, then what would he do about Dane's other prediction, that she would be mate to them both? While he waited for Dane to arrive for their normal morning meeting, Kyle watched the swinging kitchen doors, praying that the interview with Jack would go well. He couldn't woo his mate if she were nowhere near, not that he'd really let that stop him.

Glancing at the clock just above the kitchen doors, Kyle was surprised that fifteen minutes had

already passed. What in the hell was wrong with him? He needed to get his shit together if he was going to have a hope in hell of winning his mate. And where was Dane? He should have been here ten minutes ago. No sooner had the thought crossed his mind than he felt the familiar warmth of his friend wafting across his mind.

*Sorry I'm late. I'm here now. Got tied up at the building site.*

Tearing his gaze away from the doors where his mate disappeared, Kyle watched as Dane stepped inside the diner. His breath caught as it always did when his best friend and business partner met his gaze. Before meeting Dane, he'd never considered the attractiveness of another man, never felt his heart race and his palms sweat as he looked into another man's eyes. The last month in fact, every time he met Dane's gaze, his cock seemed to have a mind of its own, filling with blood so that he perpetually ached with a hard-on from hell. He just didn't know what to do about that fact. Dane was his best friend. How did he tell him that for the last month he kept imagining him naked, splayed across his bed? How could he be attracted to Dane and still know without a doubt that the woman currently meeting Jack Harley belonged with him eternally, his forever mate? It just didn't make sense.

Frustrated, Kyle ran his hand through his hair,



what hair he had anyway. He kept it short, especially in the summer when he spent so many days in the hot sun. Unlike Dane's sexy hair as Kyle called it. Dark brown wavy hair that hung to Dane's collar, it always looked as though he'd just rolled out of someone's bed after a night of debauchery. And why were his thoughts again on sex and Dane when his mate was actually in the same building after decades of searching for her before settling here in Mystic Ridge?

At three inches over six feet, with arms and legs thick with muscle, brilliant green eyes as clear as the finest emeralds, it always surprised Kyle how such a predator could seemingly glide into a room, his natural grace hiding the ultimate killer—if he chose to go that route—in plain sight. Just looking at Dane approaching him in full daylight, you'd never guess he were a three-hundred-fifty-year-old vampire in his prime. As he watched Dane come closer, again his cock twitched against his fly, already thick and hard from the moment *she* walked in. *What in the hell am I going to do?*

\* \* \* \*

He'd known upon waking up that today was the day. The day he'd finally be able to claim his mates. Vampires as a rule had only one mate,

though they could be either male or female. But those in Dane's clan, the Anders Coven, were known far and wide to take one of each, a male and female to balance out their powers, completing them heart and soul.

Over the last month, he'd watched Kyle struggle with his growing attraction, watched him try to hide the erection he sported every time they were in the same room together. Perhaps he should have explained to Kyle just what was happening, but not knowing when their other mate would arrive would have given Kyle too much hope. Rather than make him wait day after day for her arrival, he'd kept the information about just why his body kept reacting the way it was to himself. In hindsight, he probably should have told Kyle right way, thereby preventing the dilemma Kyle currently worried over.

By the time he reached his booth where his mate waited, Kyle's knuckles were white as he forced himself to remain seated. Yes, he probably should have warned Kyle this day was coming. Oh well, he'd have to just come clean now and ease his best friend's mind. Just as he was about to speak, she walked into the room and everything stopped. Nothing else existed beyond them. He could feel them, feel the connection between them. His powers swelled inside his body, seeking balance, seeking fulfillment. He held his breath as

she stood there, shaking Jack's hand, as he welcomed her to Mystic Ridge.

She was gorgeous. Blonde hair, almost white cascaded wildly just passed her shoulders in loose and flowing waves. Jeans molded her perfect body, a second skin that lovingly outlined the lush curves of her ass. She wore a baby blue tank top that left an inch of bare skin just above the waistband of her jeans. He wanted to get on his knees and lick that expanse of exposed skin. He couldn't see her eyes from here because she currently faced away from them, but he had no problem whatsoever seeing the full curves of her amazing breasts. He had big hands and could already imagine them filling them perfectly. He wondered if her nipples were pale pink or maybe even a light tan. He couldn't wait to find out. A nearly inaudible growl rumbled behind him just as Kyle mentally shouted.

*Mine.*

Shaking his head, Dane finally informed him, *Ours. She's ours. We need to talk.*

## CHAPTER TWO

As she followed Misti to the diner's office, Alexsia took a couple calming breaths. Although desperate for sanctuary, she wanted to leave Mr. Harley with a good impression. She hadn't always been on the run, hiding, a victim of others and circumstance. At one time, she'd been strong, independent, a role model to the younger female generation in her homeland. She wanted to be that woman again, here in Mystic Ridge. Swallowing past the lump in her throat, she mentally crossed her fingers. After a quick knock on the office doors and a curt, "Enter," Misti left her on her own. Gripping the doorknob, Alexsia gathered all her courage and hope in one moment and opened the door, meeting the gaze of one of the most powerful men in the entire world.

"You must be Alexsia. Come on in and have a seat."

She could feel the compassion for others coming off Mr. Harley in waves. That and sorrow.

She couldn't imagine losing a mate, especially so unexpectedly and through such violent means. To build this town in her honor, using his vast wealth and resources to help others when he could have instead focused on revenge for her death, showed the true heart of the man in front of her. Knowing she'd been still and silent too long, she gave herself a mental slap and sat down in the chair he indicated, right in front of his desk.

"Thank you for seeing me. It's such an honor to even be considered for residency here in Mystic Ridge, Mr. Harley. I just wanted to say that up front no matter how this interview goes." The whole time she spoke, she could barely keep from fidgeting. This meeting was so important. If she weren't granted sanctuary, she'd be on the run her entire immortal life, of that she had no doubt. When she reached across the desk and shook the hand Mr. Harley held out to her, she could feel his compassion and understanding, his desire to keep all those with supernatural abilities and psychic talents safe as he couldn't do for his wife.

Relaxing back into her chair, she waited for the questions, determined to lay out everything as truthfully as possible though there were questions she had no answers for, like why exactly she was given to the odious Dark Fae to begin with.

"Please call me Jack. We don't stand on formalities here. Tell me, why are you seeking

sanctuary here, besides the obvious, the KHP?"

Alexsia nodded, swallowed past the huge lump in her throat trying to prevent her from speaking. She couldn't let her fear overpower her. "Okay, Jack. Two years ago my family approached me, informing me that I would be marrying Ezekiel Doña, the worst sort of being, a Dark Fae, one wanted for crimes against our own people. Rather than embrace our mother goddess, a Dark Fae worships the dark side of our powers—using blood of living victims to perform his spells, sacrificing them to power his magick."

"Why do you think your parents did this?"

Alexsia shrugged. "I'm not really sure. He must be holding something over their heads, or at least I hope so."

"What does he have to gain by marrying you? That might be the better question," Jack wondered, his hands steepled and pressed against his lower lip. When he sat back and propped his legs on his desk, balancing his chair on two legs, his eyes seemed to go hazy as if thinking about all the different reasons and possibilities.

Shuddering at the possibilities, Alexsia told him the most logical reason for garnering Doña's attention. "If he can gain control of me before my twenty-fifth birthday when my full powers reach maturity, he would potentially have a very powerful weapon at his command."

\* \* \* \*

Jack Harley watched the Fae princess, her nervousness obvious despite her outward calm. Over the last two years, he'd seen all manner of creatures seeking sanctuary, from shifters of all kinds, to vampires, leprechauns, mermaids and now his very first fairy princess. His wife would have loved to meet this one, always believing the Fae existed despite the lack of documentation or sightings. As usual, thoughts of his wife left a hollow pang in his heart. Every day he missed her. Isabella had been the light half of his soul. Some days, like today when another sought his help, he could swear that he felt her, lending her strength and encouragement so he could offer whatever they needed.

Jack shook his head out of his reverie. It took but a minute for his hackles to raise, a sure sign that soon trouble would arrive. It didn't take a genius to realize that not only would the KHP try to infiltrate the town, but so would apparently the Dark Fae and his minions. The question was, why her? Why did he want Alexsia Kolinkar specifically? What exactly was her full potential when the rest of her powers were free? All questions he needed answers for if he were going to keep Alexsia and the rest of Mystic Ridge's

citizens safe. “What powers are we talking about here and how are they unlocked, so to speak?” he asked, knowing that he’d definitely need those answers.

Alexsia looked away, her gaze darting from object to object rather than focusing on Jack’s gaze. He knew he could be intimidating, but he’d never harm an innocent, no matter how angry he appeared. Jack braced himself, knowing that whatever had her so nervous would more than likely scare the bejesus out of him. Girding himself, he awaited Alexsia’s answer.

“Among my kind, there were originally three ruling families, each of which could manifest amazing powers in times of great need. Over time, as our kind retreated to the Isle of Vianna, away from the wars and violence so typical of their interactions with humans at the time, our powers seemed to lessen. Every few generations though, one would be born with the power of all three lines. It was prophesized that my family would be the next Guardian of the Light—as the powerful Fae was called—that *I* would be the next Guardian, the one who would carry all the powers of all the families in my blood.”

“So if he were somehow to take control of you, once your powers manifest he could potentially be the most powerful being in your world, one who doesn’t embrace the light, so to speak.”



"Exactly," Alessia murmured, her shoulders sagging just a bit, seemingly relieved that he understood. "If he were to force a mating between us, bonding us, then he could do just about anything, on either side of the veil," she added.

Jack rubbed the bridge of his nose as he contemplated all he'd been told. "There's obviously no question that you remain here and be granted sanctuary. I'll get back to you about how we might go about solving your problem so that you won't always be looking over your shoulder. In the meantime, let's go over what being a resident of Mystic Ridge entitles you to."

When the Fae princess smiled with sparkling tears gathered in the corners of her grey eyes and her shoulders relaxed as though the weight of the world had been lifted from them, Jack knew he'd made the right decision, no matter what trouble might follow her.

After informing her about the free housing she was entitled to the first year of her residency, and the terms of the business loan she could receive if she needed one, Jack stood and shook Alessia's hand. "Welcome to Mystic Ridge, Alessia. If there is anything you need, don't hesitate to contact me. If you see anyone suspicious, sense this Dark Fae or his minions, or even one of your own family members, you must report it to either me or the sheriff immediately. We can't take the safety of the

rest of Mystic Ridge's residents for granted. Even a family member that seemingly supports you can be manipulated by forces greater than them."

"Of course. I'll make sure to let you know if I sense anything, even if it has nothing to do with me. I want Mystic Ridge to be my home, and I'll do what I can to help keep this town safe from outsiders who would harm us if given the chance. If I'm going to have all these powers, I'd like to be able to use them effectively to help others—if I can."

After escorting Alexsia through the kitchen and back into the main part of the diner, he once again shook her hand. "Welcome to Mystic Ridge." Pulling out a set of keys from his pocket, he grabbed an order pad off the hostess table and scribbled the address to her new home. "This is where you'll be staying until you find a more permanent place of your own. If you want to take me up on the home or business loan, let me know and we'll go over terms at that time. Now, it's after two. Why don't you take a seat and Diane will take your order. You have to be starving with all the driving you've been doing."

"Really, I'm not all that hungry," she protested even as she followed him to one of the empty booths toward the back of the dining area.

If his wife Isabella still lived she'd be clucking her tongue at Alexsia. Even though she was

without a doubt beautiful, there were obvious purple bags under her eyes, showing just how little sleep she'd been getting, and her jeans, meant to be skin tight as fashion dictates these days, gapped in the back, showing she'd lost weight as well. The least he could do was make sure she'd gotten something to eat today before sending her on her way to move into her new home.

"Thank you so much, Jack."

Jack nodded, then turned to find his waitress. Out of the corner of his eye, he noticed that both Kyle Morgan and Dane Anders seemed completely focused on Mystic Ridge's newest resident. A big cat and a vampire, two of the deadliest predators in the supernatural world and who were fully capable of protecting one Fae princess if it came down to it. Perhaps he'd have a word with them to see if they'd help guard the princess until she came into her powers and could protect herself. What's the worst they could do, say no? But from the intense focus, he doubted either would object to playing bodyguard. He just hoped it wouldn't interfere with their friendship or their business. Their company was responsible for building all of the new construction for Mystic Ridge.

After nodding at Dane and Kyle, he headed toward his office. He'd give them five minutes before they headed toward her table. Once back in

his office, he woke up the monitor on his desk and watched as two of the town's most eligible bachelors approached the unsuspecting woman. Knowing that she wouldn't be alone, he turned off his monitor and got back to work sorting through the invoices that kept Mystic Ridge running. One day soon, very soon, he needed to hire an accountant because the more people that were granted sanctuary, the more time he spent doing nothing but paying bills. Yes, he would definitely look into hiring a competent accountant to save him from the mountain of invoices flooding his desk every day.

## CHAPTER THREE

Dane Anders could barely contain the joy filling him to overflowing. He'd waited hundreds of years for this moment—the moment both of his mates came into being and found themselves in the same room together. Now to orchestrate a meeting between them all. In the meantime, he really needed to explain things to Kyle before guilt had him turning away from both the woman and Dane. That he couldn't have, not after waiting so long. He may not know the woman yet, but he did know Kyle, knew how desperate he was to connect to someone as their mate.

Somehow he had to tell Kyle why he was suddenly responding to a male sexually without causing more confusion. Looking back, he really should have told him all this sooner, when he first started showing signs of the imminent bonding, but he'd been too much of a coward, not wanting to lose the relationship he already had with Kyle by adding a sexual relationship to the mix. Now,

they wouldn't have a choice. They'd both be clamoring for the mating until they could no longer hold back, even coming together violently if they waited too long.

Shoving aside his fears, he reached for the telepathic link he shared with Kyle even as he continued to watch for their third mate. *There is a reason your body is reacting to mine, a reason that in the last month you've started having sexual thoughts and feelings toward me.*

Kyle's attention was immediately caught, forcing his gaze away from the door leading to the kitchen for one short second before returning.

Mentally clearing his throat but keeping his attention on the kitchen, Kyle asked, *How did you know and why are you telling me now?*

*A vampire mating can happen in two ways. He or she can either mate with one person, male or female, or in some rare cases, they can form a triadic bond. As soon as I met you, I knew that you would be my mate, but the bond was unfinished, not snapping fully into place. We could still communicate as mates do, telepathically, but the sexual attraction was absent for the most part. The closer the third member of the bond gets to the other two, the more the sexual feelings between them will appear. When she arrived into town today, the sexual feelings began to manifest exponentially. Soon, it will be all we can do to stay clothed in public until the bond is established.*

Kyle closed his eyes, pinched the bridge of his

nose, something he'd do when in deep thought more often than not. *So you're telling me that even though I've always been straight, the relationship that we'll have will not center around her, but around all of us, sexually that is?*

*That's exactly what I'm saying. I should have given you this information when you first showed signs of the bond developing last month, but I was a coward. I didn't want you bolting before she even arrived. We don't have to jump into a sexual relationship together immediately. Hopefully, mating with her will help alleviate some of the need until we're all comfortable moving into that type of relationship. You aren't the only person who's never had a sexual relationship with a man and I'm over three hundred years young.*

Dane watched as Kyle seemed to sink deeper into his own thoughts. Had he scared his best friend, his mate, away? Should he have had more faith and told Kyle sooner so he'd have time to prepare? Dane just didn't know. He hated second-guessing himself. Before he could ask Kyle what he was thinking about, the doors to the kitchen swung open and the third member of their triad walked into the dining area. Jack guided her over toward a booth, the palm of his hand settled on her lower back. Both he and Kyle reacted, growling low in their throat at witnessing another male touching what belonged solely to them. Even not knowing her name, his primitive reactions to an unmated male touching his mate made his

every instinct snap and snarl.

Despite not knowing what to do about a sexual relationship between him and Kyle, they were in complete agreement about what to do right now – get up and make sure no one approached their mate again, not without one of them remaining at her side. Until the bond fully formed, neither one of them would feel comfortable leaving her alone. *You do realize that if a male or female touches me, you're going to have the same reaction, Kyle, don't you? I don't want to keep anything else from you, no matter how uncomfortable it might make us to talk about it.*

Kyle sighed and nodded. *I understand, but that doesn't mean I'm ready to jump into bed with you, even knowing this. Let's just take it a step at a time and work toward claiming our other mate. We'll figure out our relationship after.*

*Good idea. Let's go before someone else asks to sit with her and we feel compelled to tear them limb from limb.*

When another male made to leave the counter after furtively watching their female, they both growled again, loud enough that every shifter in the room could hear it. *Let's go introduce ourselves before we have to kill someone this morning.*

Unwilling to scare their new mate off before they were even introduced, they approached her at human speed, making plenty of noise to announce their approach. By the time they



rounded her booth and faced her, they knew they wouldn't have to pretend human around her. She was no more human than they were though what she was had Dane baffled. He didn't smell animal in her blood, and it wasn't human either.

*I sense magick all around her, Dane. Could she be Fae?*

*It's possible. I guess we'll find out soon enough.*

Taking the lead, Dane cleared his throat to get her attention. It took but a second for her to focus on first him and then Kyle. Her nostrils flared and her hands tightened into fists on the tabletop. Did she feel the connection, too, he wondered. "Do you mind if we join you?"

For a split second he thought she would say no, but before he could completely panic, she gave them both a shy smile and waved toward the other side of her booth. "Sure, go ahead."

Not sure exactly how to start a conversation with this beautiful stranger, he watched as she looked through the menu. "If you're hungry and don't mind eating meat, I suggest the pot roast. It's melt in your mouth delicious."

"Really? Oh, I'm Alexsia by the way."

He'd wondered what her eye color was, but could easily see it now. Her eyes were the most gorgeous shade of heather grey. Kyle leaned forward and held out his hand. "I'm Kyle Morgan and this is Dane Anders. We own Anders &

Morgan Designs here in town."

When she made to shake Kyle's hand, he slowly brought it up to his lips, placing a sweet but chaste kiss on her knuckles. A gorgeous blush worked its way from the tips of her ears, just now visible beneath her hair, all the way down and beneath her shirt. Very slowly she took her hand back. What he wouldn't give to have touched her with *his* lips. Soon enough he told himself. *Soon enough.*

"What is it you design?" she asked, looking between the both of them.

"Housing, commercial buildings. We're the builder and architect for the town," Dane admitted.

She let out a tiny chuckle. "And which of you does which?"

Kyle shook his head. *We are not acting very smooth. You'd think we'd never seduced a woman before.*

*It's never been this important before, Kyle.* "I'm the architect," Dane admitted. "With being a vampire, I can only go outside during the day for a limited amount of hours so it's safer for me to work inside the majority of the time."

Turning her head, she met Kyle's gaze. "So you would be the builder then, turning his plans into reality?"

"Exactly," they both said simultaneously.

Alexsia nibbled on her bottom lip, then looked

from Dane to Kyle and back again. Dane could practically see the gears shift in her mind as she thought about her next question. "Go ahead. You can ask us anything."

After clearing her throat, she looked at Kyle, a slight blush once again spreading across her face. "If he's a vampire, then what are you and, um, are you two together, as in *together* together? Or is that an impolite set of questions to ask? Even after living on this side of the veil for two years I'm still unsure what's appropriate to ask others."

Dane chuckled. *At least she's not afraid to tell us what's on her mind. I'll leave you to answer that one,* he murmured to Kyle across their telepathic bond.

*Thanks a lot.* "Well that's something we'd like to tell you about in private actually. As far as the other question, I'm a black panther shifter. Once you eat, we'll be more than happy to show you where you'll be staying, if you trust us alone with you that is. You wouldn't be here if you weren't running from something so we'd understand if you were wary of being alone with either or both of us."

Dane nodded. "Absolutely. We'd love to spend time with you, get to know you and you us, but until you're comfortable being alone with us, we'd understand if you feel the need for space or to take extra precautions."

\* \* \* \*

Alexsia had felt the burning stares in her back long before the men approached her. Rather than frighten her as those following her did, their attention felt warm, caring and definitely sexual. Every nerve ending in her body felt alive for the first time in her life. She felt connected to these men as though an invisible rope anchored the three of them together. She didn't know what to make of it. And when they offered to show her to her new apartment and explain their relationship, everything in her wanted to jump on their offer. For some reason, she trusted these men despite not knowing them. It helped that everyone living in Mystic Ridge had to pass a very detailed background check and go through the interview process. If Jack trusted them to build all the houses and businesses in town, she should be fine being alone with them.

Looking from one to the other, she smiled. "I'd really like that," she admitted. When their faces lit up with obvious joy, she knew she'd made the right decision. As they each ordered their meals, they talked about nothing important, just enjoying spending the time together. She couldn't help but stare at the pair though. Each man was good looking in their own right, but together, man they were hot. Both had dark brown hair but where

Dane's was longish and wavy, Kyle's was cropped extremely short. Kyle had amber eyes whereas Dane's were bright green. Both men were built more muscular rather than lean. She could envision herself running her fingers over their muscles, exploring their bodies for hour after hour, learning them and memorizing them by touch. But if they were together that might not happen.

After a while, someone's clearing throat brought her back to the present. She was terrified and yet exhilarated at what they would tell her. What would she do exactly if all they wanted was friendship, if they were indeed together as a couple? She wouldn't know either way unless she actually took them up on their offer and asked them. Decision made, she smiled as a sense of peace and comfort washed over her. When their thoughts remained warm and comforting, she nervously licked her lips. "I'd like that. Perhaps after you show me where I'll be staying, we could spend some time together?"

When she met their gazes, she swore she saw hunger blazing out of control in their eyes, but between one blink and the next, it was gone. *It must have been my imagination.*

## CHAPTER FOUR

As they finished up their meals, Kyle kept his eyes on Alessia. The question hadn't been brought up yet, but would have to be addressed. If she were here in Mystic Ridge then she was on the run from something or someone. His mate's life was in danger and he wouldn't be able to breathe fully until he'd made the world safe for her. After spending the last hour since Dane's mating bombshell, he came to terms with one thing at least. If ever Alessia was again in danger, there would be two of them to protect her, two mates to shelter her and comfort her. Two had to be better than one in those instances.

But thinking about the rest of what Dane had told him, he just didn't know how to react to the news. Sure, Dane was his best friend, had been that way for nearly one hundred years. But until the last month, he'd never looked at him in any sexual way. Then all of a sudden, he's popping wood around the man, assuming it's something

wrong with him physically and the whole time it's his mind's way of preparing him for the upcoming bond. So sue him for needing a bit of space to cope with everything he'd just learned. Hell, he know he'd upset Alexsia and Dane but he just didn't know what to do or think.

Half an hour later, he and Dane were following her rundown Toyota to the residential side of town and toward the apartment complex all the new residents first stay in while they wait for a house of their own to be built, or move into an apartment on a permanent basis. Rather than take three separate vehicles, Dane hitched a ride with him. As he glared at Alexsia's car, it didn't take mind reading abilities to see just how worried he was about the state and safety of her vehicle. This having someone else to worry about wasn't easy.

"Maybe we can make it look like it won't start and bribe the mechanic in town to say it's a lost cause. Then we can get her a better vehicle," Kyle suggested.

"It might work. It would be just our luck though for her to be a mechanic and able to fix the vehicle herself."

"Well, we'll just have to make it look like joyriders stole it and make it permanently disappear. She can't go around driving that thing. It's so old it probably doesn't even have an airbag in it. There are so many rust holes along the body

of the framework, there's no way it could hold heat in the winter."

"I'm not arguing with you. I, too, think she needs to get rid of the thing," Dane agreed. "It might be better for us in the long run to buy her another as a gift for some sort of major holiday and convince her to scrap it herself. Most women hate when guys make decisions for them, especially when it's the right decision. They're perverse that way."

Kyle chuckled. He just couldn't help himself. Here they were making decisions about what vehicle she drove and they hadn't even told her what she was to them—their one chance at being complete. As they pulled into the apartment complex, Kyle couldn't help but wonder what tonight would bring. At the end of the night, would she accept that they are meant to form a bond or would she scoff at them? More nervous than he could ever remember being before, he shut the engine off of his truck and took a deep breath before he and Dane met their destiny at the front door of the apartment complex.

\* \* \* \*

It didn't surprise Dane that he and Kyle didn't talk about the elephant in the room, or in the pickup truck in this case. It probably wouldn't be



discussed at all, just acted upon and maybe that would be for the best. Why worry and fret over something, making it more difficult to act upon in the end? Soon, the draw between him and Kyle would be too much, erupting in passion, more than likely while making love to Alexsia. Perhaps that would be the best way for it to happen at first.

He wasn't any more comfortable with this situation than Kyle was. Just because his ancestors tended to have two mates, there was no guarantee that he would as well. He and Kyle had been friends for almost eleven decades, with absolutely no signs of physical attraction between them, setting Dane's mind at ease. When he started noticing the fit of Kyle's clothes and how the emphasized his musculature, he started to worry. It wasn't until he had his first wet dream featuring his best friend that he knew things were about to change. He should have come clean sooner, but he wasn't sure how long it would take before their third would arrive. Well, now she's here and they wouldn't be able to avoid a physical relationship for long and as they led the way to Alexsia's apartment, he couldn't help but wonder how long before they could convince her to move into a place with them.

Kyle chuckled lightly next to him. *You're projecting, man. I think it will take a little longer than an hour of knowing us to agree to move into a home*

*with us. I think our main priorities at the moment must be getting to know her and finding out why she had to run to Mystic Ridge to begin with. The Fae don't often leave their home and for her to do so at her age, something major must be after her.*

Dane nodded, knowing Kyle spoke truly. Their mate's safety was definitely a priority. That and convincing her she's their mate at all. *Do you happen to know if the Fae mate, Kyle?*

Kyle shook his head minutely. *I have no idea whether they do or not. Until today, I wasn't sure if the Fae were just a myth.*

Moments later, the three of them stopped in front of Apartment 3F, Alexsia's temporary and fully furnished home. Dane watched as she nervously fiddled with the key. He could hear her heart racing, smell the mouthwatering scent of her blood as it sped through her body in response to her nervousness. He leaned closer just as the door swung open and swore that he could taste her arousal on the air mixing with her natural cinnamon and brown sugar scent. Surprised, he leaned back and reached for Kyle's mind even as they followed Alexsia into her new home. *Did you scent her arousal on the air or is that just wishful thinking on my part?*

*Oh yeah, I can smell her slick pussy from here. Perhaps on some fundamental level she knows she belongs to us even if the Fae don't mate for life. Perhaps that is why she has trusted us so easily thus far.*

Giving Kyle just a slight nod to acknowledge his thoughts, Dane scanned the apartment, looking for anything out of the ordinary. Kyle did the same but physically searched the apartment as opposed to mentally scanning it for intruders as he had done.

It didn't take long for Alexsia to look around her apartment. A small two bedroom, it had a spare room converted into an office and one fairly decent sized bedroom. Dane pursed his lips as he looked at the bed. No way would all three of them fit on the full-sized bed in there right now. Even a Queen sized mattress would be a tight fit for all three of them but there wasn't room for a king sized bed in the room so a Queen would have to do. They'd have to see about replacing that as soon as possible even if they have to use the excuse that she wouldn't want to sleep in a bed that someone else has already used when there are so many germs and viruses out there.

Dane almost chuckled when Kyle also commented on the sleeping arrangements. *That bed has to go pronto. There's not enough room on there for one of us to sleep with her, never mind two and no way can we be as energetic as we'll want on a bedframe that looks like it could snap in half with a good breeze.*

He couldn't agree more. Satisfied finally that no one was hiding in the closet, Dane and Kyle headed back toward the living room, which was

decorated in browns and tans. Not very imaginative, but then again this apartment was to be used as a stepping stone into something better once Alessia got her feet on the ground.

Unsure where to sit in the living room, Dane and Kyle tried to take their cues from Alessia, but she wasn't much help, sitting in the corner of the couch, leaving two couch cushions, a loveseat and a recliner available. Shrugging, Dane sat himself in the far corner opposite Alessia on the brown microfiber couch. Kyle, like the feline he is, curled up on the floor right in front of the sofa, his head resting on the palm of his hand as he watched the woman he couldn't wait to claim.

When the silence seemed to stretch unbearably long, Dane cleared his throat and began speaking. "As you know already, I'm a vampire. Most vampires take one mate, one being who calls to their soul and completes them. Their mate isn't always the opposite sex. There is one family though who tends to form rare triadic mate bonds. I'm a member of that ancestral line. Not every member of the line forms this type of mating, but a good majority does. I'm over three hundred and fifty years old and in all that time I haven't found a mate, never mind two, though I've had a couple of close friendships along the way that were as close as a bond as I thought I'd get. That changed about a month ago."

Dane paused to catch his breath and Kyle tried to get into a more comfortable position without making it obvious that he sported yet another hard-on.

“What changed last month? Did you find your mate?” she asked, looking between where Dane was tucked into the corner of her couch, within touching distance, and where Kyle laid sprawled on the floor.

“About a month ago, I noticed that I started looking at my best friend differently. We’ve been as close as brothers for over a hundred years. If we were mates, it would have been obvious from the first moment we met, so the fact that I started having erotic thoughts about Kyle made me pause. About that same time, I noticed that Kyle too started showing signs of mating and yet not. Neither of us felt the emotional bond, just a physical attraction. That is until today, when you walked into the diner.”

“Me,” she squeaked, sitting up straighter in her corner of the couch. She started twisting her hands, looking from Dane to Kyle and back again.

From his spot on the floor, Kyle chuckled. “Yeah, you,” he agreed. “You have no idea how uncomfortable I’ve felt for the last month, having these erotic thoughts about my closest friend, a man I’ve considered my brother from the first day we’d met. I’ve never been interested sexually in a

man, and to all of a sudden start having erotic dreams of my best friend, well it has been a long month, let me tell you."

"So what does it mean?" she whispered.

"It means that the three of us are mates. Not just that we're your mates, but that we are all mates to each other. In other words, eventually the three of us will desire each other despite our past sexual preferences."

Dane waited while he let the information he'd just given process. He had no idea what type of sexual morals and ideologies the Fae practiced. Men having sex with other males could be absolutely taboo for her people or could be typical. Neither he nor Kyle knew enough about them to even make an educated guess. When the silence stretched on and she still didn't speak, he started to worry. Perhaps if he asked questions about her people it would help her process. "Do your people take mates, Alessia?"

"In the beginning our people did, but a couple generations after leaving human earth and relocating to the Vanishing Isle, the practice fell to the wayside. No one knows why really though. I tend to think it was because of politics more than anything. Without humanity to guide and interact with the Fae, we as a people lost interest in many things, the arts, charity, even love. Marriages were drafted to form alliances between families;

marriages were often arranged without the child's consent."

"Is this still done today?" Kyle asked, having noticed that a pained expression had crossed their mate's face as she spoke of arranged marriages.

"Not as much as it used to happen. The Fae are starting to marry for love now when, for the longest time, those who did so were scoffed at and considered weak. I was one of those that wanted a marriage filled with love and passion, not greed for power and coin. I thought my parents understood that, but I've since come to learn that they were just humoring me, having already sold me off to one of the most evil Fae of our kind. Desperate for the power locked inside me, the power that will release upon my mating or my twenty-fifth birthday, whichever comes first. When they wouldn't accept my refusal of the marriage, I was held prisoner in my own home. With the help of my nanny, I escaped my childhood home and made my way here, to Earth. Within days of my arrival, several of Ezekiel Doña's men found my new home. Within weeks, not only were the Dark Fae's men looking for me, but someone had tipped off the KHP. I've been running ever since. The offer for sanctuary here in Mystic Ridge could not have come at a better time. I'm that desperate. I will not allow my power to be used for evil. I'm the Guardian of the Light for this

generation and I will not allow my family or anyone else to use my power to harm others."

Unable to stay away from his mate while hurting, Dane scooted over to Alessia's corner of the couch. Wiping the tears from her cheeks with a gentle swipe, he gently pulled her in his arms. From his position on the floor, Kyle ran his hands up and down her legs, offering what comfort he could. They held each other this way for what seemed like hours, but could have been a few minutes. None of them paid attention. Finally her tears started to slow and she let out a heartfelt sigh as she cuddled against Dane's chest. Within minutes, she'd fallen into a deep slumber.

*That explains why she's here.*

*True, Kyle. Now we have to come up with a plan to keep her safe. I'm glad we told her of the mating before she told her tale or she might think that we only want her because of this power she carries.*

Kyle stood and began pacing the small living room from one end to the other. His hands were fisted at his sides, clenching and unclenching. Dane didn't need to use his vampire powers to see that Kyle was murderously angry right now. *I don't want to invade your thoughts. What are you thinking, Kyle?*

*I'm thinking that we need to go hunting, but if we're patient, the prey will come to us instead. They need our mate, are desperate to control her before her next birthday passes. The fact that we're her mates will not*



*even occur to them. So even if her power is released during our mating, they'll try to kill us, then gain control over her while she's grieving our loss. We can't let that happen.*

Dane nodded, pulled Alexsia closer to his chest. Closing his eyes, he laid his cheek against the top of her head, desperate to keep his love safe. After pressing a light kiss to the top of her head, he met Kyle's gaze. *We won't let that happen. No one and nothing will come between the three of us, but that means we're going to have to complete the bonding celebration much sooner than I'd planned. I wanted to have the time to woo our mate, for her to get to know us, get comfortable with us before. We must determine when her birthday is so we can prepare beforehand. You know they'll attack no later than the eve of her birth, hoping to have her in custody when the clock strikes midnight and her powers reach their full maturity.*

*You're right of course, Dane. That's exactly what they'll do. Somehow we have to convince our mate that we must release her powers as soon as possible. I, too, wanted to claim Alexsia because it was her wish, her desire to take us as her mates. I want her to choose us because she loves us not because she has no choice in order to stay free. Forcing the mating early because of this Dark Fae makes me want to track him down and rip his head from his shoulders with my bare hands.* Again Kyle fisted his hands, his entire body quaking in rage. Blowing out a deep breath, Kyle made his way to the couch, sat himself next to

Dane, close enough that their arms and thighs pressed together. Reaching out he, ran his hand through the wavy, blonde tresses hanging over Dane's arm where he had her cuddled against his chest. Frustrated and angry, Kyle sighed, laid his head against the couch in despair. He closed his eyes, trying to calm himself while continuing to run his fingers through Alexsia's hair.

Unable to bear his mate's unhappiness, Dane slowly turned and softly pressed his lips against Kyle's, offering whatever small comfort he could. It had come so naturally, he hadn't even realized that he kissed another man until Kyle softly gasped. He quickly pulled away, careful not to jostle Alexsia who still slept soundly against Dane's chest. Before he could return to the corner of his couch, Kyle reached out, placing his palm around the back of Dane's head and gently pulled him forward.

Dane could see the curiosity mingled with Kyle's need. They both needed to feel close to each other, especially now when their other mate had danger circling her, just looking for the right opportunity to attack. With furrowed brows and a look of deep concentration, Kyle pressed his lips against Dane's in a kiss so gentle it could be barely felt. Kyle moved in again, this time taking Dane's bottom lip gently in his teeth, tugging and nibbling before soothing the tiny ache with the

swipe of his tongue.

Dane moaned, seduced by the fairly chaste kiss simply because Kyle initiated it. What started out a gentle exploration of something new and powerful soon became a match for dominance, with lips and tongues dueling with each other in an attempt to get as close as possible. Still holding Dane still, Kyle took control, sinking his tongue deep into his mate's mouth, licking and stroking, exploring every hidden corner of Dane's mouth. When he flicked his tongue over the point of Dane's fangs, a deep shudder and groan vibrated through the vampire's body, startling Alexsia awake. Instead of jumping away, Kyle slowed the kiss down, gentling it, showing Dane that he didn't regret the kiss, far from it. *We'll have to do that again soon, Dane. Our first time should include all three of us.*

## CHAPTER FIVE

Seemingly stunned, Dane nodded. *You're right.* Another small tremor raced down Dane's spine. *I can't wait to do that again.*

"That was totally hot," murmured Alessia, her voice still thick with sleep. "Are you sure you guys haven't been lovers, because that didn't look like a first kiss to me," she whispered. A bright red blush spread across her cheeks.

Kyle chuckled as he watched the flush spread across his mate's face. "That was our first kiss actually. I just wanted to comfort Dane and it kind of ignited..."

Lifting her hand, she placed it gently across Dane's cheek. "Are you okay?" she asked, the concern she felt for him obvious in her voice. It dripped sincerity and honest curiosity.

"I will be. If we lost you, neither of us would ever be complete and we haven't even formed our bond completely. Just the thought of something happening to you, of someone trying to take you

from us, the thought is unbearable to us both, Alexsia. And then to realize that because of your past you probably won't trust us to bond with us, it hurt to think it," Dane admitted.

Kyle watched as Alexsia's eyes widened, just now realizing that he'd been comforting Dane because of the thought of losing her.

"How much worse will it be once we do bond?" Dane shuddered, closed his eyes and pressed his cheek again Alexsia's palm.

Needing to feel her touch as well, Kyle scooted closer to the pair, pressing his chest against Alexsia's back and wrapping his arms around both his mates the best he could. "That's so much better," he murmured, dropping a kiss atop Alexsia's hair before closing his eyes and inhaling the combined scents of both of his mates.

\* \* \* \*

Alexsia woke sandwiched between the men fate had chosen for her, feeling as though a huge weight had been lifted off her. When she spoke of her desire to marry for love rather than power, she'd known even then that there was a very real connection between her and the two men. Why else would she have allowed them to follow her to her new apartment if she didn't trust them completely despite knowing them for such a short

period of time?

As soon as she'd left Jack's office and entered the dining room of Mystic Munchies she could feel the connection to the two men, could feel their pull as though steel cables connected their souls together despite not one word passing between them. She hadn't even met their gazes across a crowded room as stories portrayed. All she knew was that as she sat at the table and waited for them to join her, her life would never be the same. She'd never be alone again and no one would dare get away with harming her. Though she hadn't come into her full powers, she knew enough about the men to know they'd protect her with their lives, be faithful and loyal to her until the end of time and eventually love her as no other ever could. So when they asked to speak to her privately, she gave the only answer she could—yes.

As she heard about the different types of vampire mating, it took but a second to figure out all the ramifications of what a relationship between the two men would entail, her heart skipped a beat before picking up its pace. If they thought it would be a turn-off to see the two men showing their love for one another in front of her, they'd surely be disappointed then. Love for another should be praised not shunned just because society says that it's wrong for two men to

love another romantically. Listening to Dane speak of what a mating between them would entail gave her the courage to tell them exactly why she'd run. She knew to the depths of her soul that they'd understand why she'd run. And when Dane lifted her onto his lap and offered her the comfort she needed, she succumbed without a protest. It felt just so right to be there, to be surrounded by Dane.

She couldn't wait until she could experience the same with Kyle. That had been her last thought before drifting off to sleep in Dane's arms. She couldn't remember the last time she'd felt safe enough to sleep without a weapon nearby. And when she woke to find that they'd moved to the bedroom and that both of her men had wrapped themselves around her to keep her safe in sleep, her mind relaxed the last barrier separating her from experiencing the mate bond fully.

Alexsia gasped as almost immediately the bond between the three of them became visible in their auras. She could see the tether made up of several shades of pink, and a thick rope of gold, denoting passion, arousal and true and eternal love. The bonds between them were already solid and once they consummated the mating, the bond forged between the three of them would become unbreakable even after they passed to the next life.

Closing her eyes, Alexsia breathed a sigh of

contentment. Spooned around her back, she lifted Kyle's hand to her face and inhaled his unique scent of peppermint, musk and rain showers. Wrapped around her torso, she nuzzled against Dane's chest luxuriating in the vanilla and ylang ylang wafting from his skin. After lacing her fingers with Kyle's as he held her back pressed to his chest and placing a tiny kiss to Dane's chest where his heart used to beat, Alexsia relaxed back into her mates' embrace and allowed herself to drift back to sleep.

When she woke next, the room had grown dark and she knew without having to open her eyes that her bed was empty. She grunted in disappointment, having looked forward to waking up with them by her side. Giving up on going back to sleep now that she was alone in her bed, she whispered a small spell creating a floating ball of light to illuminate her way. As she made her way across the bedroom, she realized that she wasn't alone after all. She could hear the sound of some sort of game playing on the television in the living room. *Perhaps my mates hadn't left after all.* Making a quick pit stop in the bathroom to wash her face and run her fingers through her hair, she took a deep breath and left the bedroom in search of her men. Her men...she liked the sound of that. With a small smile gracing her lips, she left the



bedroom, trailing behind the ball of light.

As she thought, a baseball game was playing softly on the television and her two guys were entranced with the game. Her coffee table had three pizzas and a couple beer bottles covering it. It looked like they made themselves right at home as she slept. Good. She liked that they were comfortable enough to eat here even if she slept through most of their visit. It seemed intimate somehow, like they truly belonged here with her.

Just watching them like this filled her overflowing with warmth. She knew that real dangers existed outside her apartment and that soon enough she'd have to plan on fighting the Dark Fae. Once he learned of her mating—it will be impossible to hide the release of her powers—he'll come running doing his damndest to manipulate into handing her powers over to him involuntarily, leading them away from the fight.

But for tonight, tonight, she was going to enjoy herself and see where things led. Sure she hardly knew the men at all, not the little things, but the big things, she knew all she needed to know that they'd always, no matter what, be loyal to her, that they'd love her, cherish her, and support her, lending a comforting hand when needed and love her passionately for eternity. She could read all that and more in their auras, the psychic manifestation of their true self, their souls.

Before she was ready—she was so enjoying watching her men without their knowledge—they sensed her leaning against the doorjamb and turned to greet her. Both men smiled as though just seeing her standing there made their night complete. Complete. Yes that's what she woke up feeling for the first time in her life, whole and complete in a way she never could have explained before not having realized just what she'd been missing.

Kyle was the first one to reach her. "You're up. It's so good to see you," he whispered. As if they'd been together their whole lives, he leaned forward and gently cradled Alexsia's face, caressing her cheeks with his thumbs. Ever so slowly, he closed the instance between them, until barely an inch separated their bodies.

Butterflies took flight in her tummy as he finally, finally closed the gap, caressing and suckling her bottom lip between his before soothing it with a slow swipe of his tongue. She hummed in contentment and when she thought the kiss couldn't get better, he took it deeper, begging entrance into her mouth and receiving it.

She stroked her tongue with his, exploring this untapped passion between them. Her heart raced faster and faster as the kiss went on and on. Tongues and teeth and moans and grunts and sucking and nipping and panting and groaning

until finally the kiss began to wind down so they could breathe. Another caress, another slow swirling of tongues and they broke apart.

Before she could really catch her breath, Dane circled her, pulling her back flat against his chest, bent down and slowly ran his tongue down the length of her neck. She knew that he'd not harm her, so she gave him better access, tilting her head to the side so that he could explore to his heart's content. With his arms wrapped around her, it took but a moment for him to slide his hands beneath her shirt, place his palms across her breasts. Alessia moaned as his thumb and forefinger pinched her nipples, plucking and pulling them into hard peaks. Unable to think, to stand, she leaned back, letting him hold her weight as he played her body like a finely tuned instrument. He had her signing out with her pleas, begging for more, for something...anything more.

Plucking and pulling on her nipples, he bent down and once again started nibbling on her neck, placing tiny nips and soothing swirls of his tongue up and down, before groaning himself. Twirling her around at vampire speed, he moaned as his lips met hers for the first time in a real kiss. He didn't start slow and work his way up, he attacked her mouth, ravaged and pillaged it. Taking no prisoner as he dueled with her tongue for seconds, minutes, hours, she had no idea how much time

passed only that when she finally came up for air, none of them were the same, not her men and not her.

## CHAPTER SIX

Gasping for air, Alessia rested her head against Dane's chest as Kyle moved behind her, sheltering her between them. Over her head, Kyle smiled at Dane. Tonight had gone much better than they could have possibly hoped. The sexual intensity between he and Dane, his best friend—now mate—didn't feel weird at all. It just was, just as the sexual chemistry between he and Alessia just was and he was surprisingly okay with that.

As Dane continued to pluck and pull at her nipples, Kyle started to pull up her tank top, sliding it up her body until her face was covered, leaving him with a view that made him whimper. Her breasts were large and lush, with pale pink cotton candy nipples that were just begging to be sucked and loved on for hours. Knowing he had all night to explore her body, he whipped the shirt off her head and tossed it to the floor.

A low, rumbling purr rumbled from Kyle's chest as he looked upon his mate. In a plain white

cotton bra, her breasts were lush, overflowing the cups of her bra. It was so innocently erotic that his cock thickened, becoming fully erect within seconds. He hadn't even unclasped the bra yet and already he wanted to jump her bones, fuck her senseless before marking her and mating her.

As he leaned forward, dropping tiny kisses down her neck, along her collar bone and between her breasts, Dane reached around to Alessia's stomach and unbuttoned and unzipped her jeans, pushing them past her hips, before allowing them to drop and pool at her feet. Desperate now to see his mate completely unclothed, Kyle unclasped the hook between her breasts, then peeled back the bra cups, allowing her lush curves to fill his hand. Feathering his thumbs across her nipples, the slight touch had the peaks pebbled into hard little nubs.

Not to be outdone, Dane knelt on the ground, trailed his fingers up and down her thighs and calves, just touching her before slowly straightening up and catching the edge of her panties with his fingers. Taking a deep breath, he exhaled as he pulled her white cotton panties down her legs. "Step out," Dane murmured.

Wanting to make love to his mate leisurely and in comfort, Kyle bent down and scooped Alessia into his arms. "Let's move this to the bedroom, Dane."

Nodding, Dane stepped forward, walked around Kyle to open the bedroom door for the threesome. After settling Alexsia on the bed, Kyle glanced up at his mate and smiled at her, allowing her to see some of the joy having her in his life brought him.

Sliding out of his clothes, Kyle kept his eyes on Alexsia. From his peripheral vision, he noticed Dane stripping beside him. Though he'd seen Dane naked before, it was before he'd known they would be mates. Knowing that at some point, he would have sex with Dane made him more nervous than when he'd lost his virginity the first time to Betty Jo Douglas back in the tenth grade.

Christ he needed her, them, needed to seal the bond being forged between the three of them. Kyle needed to be close to both of them. His panther paced inside him, anxious and watchful. He hoped that completing the mating bond would settle his cat.

"Lay back against the pillows, in the center of the bed," Dane directed. Dropping the last of his clothes on the floor, he joined her on the right side of the bed. How do you want to do this, Dane?

Dane smiled slyly and gave a quick nod. "She's Fae, not human. I say we give her the whole experience."

Kyle agreed. Plus he figured it would be the easiest way to start accepting the relationship he'll

be sharing with Dane. He met Dane's gaze over Alessia's head. *It's the first step for me. Maybe feeling you at the same time as we take Alessia it will help us to adjust. Neither one of us has intimate knowledge of taking a male.*

*You know what I want, Dane.*

*Fine, I'm so thankful to have such a caring mate, it won't be a hardship to be the first one to come inside her pussy, marking her as my mate.*

Alessia sighed, looked from Dane to Kyle and back again. "Are you two talking to each other and forgetting that I'm right here in the room...naked? And on top of that, you're actually ignoring me in favor of talking to each other. There's something wrong with this picture."

As Dane pressed tiny kisses along the length of her neck, swirling his tongue over her pulse point, Kyle took a nipple in his mouth, drawing on it as his hands continued to trail down between her breasts, down her abdomen, before finally stopping to cup her mound.

*Now. I can't wait any longer, Dane.*

Nodding, Dane shifted to lie on his back. "Alessia, love, straddle me."

Alessia leaned over, brushed a quick kiss on his cheek, before following Dane's directions. Kyle wanted to tell her to move faster, that he needed her ten minutes ago, but he couldn't do that, couldn't rush her. He knew she was a virgin, an



innocent and she would take extra care to get ready. They were initiating their mate in lovemaking by breaking one of society's taboos, a ménage relationship. Polyamorous relationships were not only illegal but most people look down on the woman while congratulating the men on having such a free spirit for a companion, one willing to stretch sexual boundaries. Smoothing his hand over Alexsia's ass, he gripped her by the hips and helped lift her into position. "Mount Dane, Alexsia. Put his cock inside you," he demanded.

Her breath hitched and her heart rate sped up as she gripped Dane's cock in her hand, and guided it to her slit. Slowly, ever so slowly, she rocked back and forth, sinking down his thick length, wincing when they pierced her maidenhead. Kneeling between Dane's spread legs, Kyle moved in behind Alexsia. Taking his hands, he wrapped them around her torso, gripping her breasts in his hands. She gasped when he brushed her nipples with his knuckles, making them pebble hard in an instant.

Kyle watched as Alexsia's arousal perfumed the air. Her moans and quiet sighs heightened everyone's awareness of each other. As Dane reached up and pinched her nipples between his fingers, Kyle traced a long line down her spine, sending shivers skirting down her back. Desperate

to feel her clasped around his cock, strangling out his release, Kyle reached for the lube Dane had palmed from his pants pocket and tossed on the foot of the bed as he stripped. He doubted she even saw the lube, as her gaze was locked on her mates' cocks.

When she would have started riding Dane, Kyle gripped her ass and held her still. "No. Don't move until I tell you to. I have to make sure to ready your body for tonight."

Alexsia nodded and her eyes widened, whether in shock or surprise Kyle had no idea.

"Lie down on him, Alexsia, and don't move. If I see you fucking yourself on Dane's cock, I'm going to punish you later," Kyle promised.

Kyle watched intently, all his focus on reading Alexsia's body. As she stretched atop Dane, she began to grind against him, earning a sharp slap to her ass. "Remember. Be still until I say otherwise."

He spanked her again when she whimpered, lifting her ass in the air as if demanding the small punishment. Her small cry of pained pleasure had his cock harder than titanium rods. God, he couldn't wait to fuck her, to make her his...

Dane's hands moved over her reddened ass cheeks, caressing them as he prepared to spread them so Kyle could tunnel into her back entrance, making them a triadic relationship in fact not just name.

Kyle could feel a slight tremor beneath his hands. Even though they hadn't completed the bond yet, he could feel both her fear of the unknown and her anticipation. Her hunger, the clawing need to join with them ate at her, just as badly as it did them. At least they weren't in it alone. She, too, hungered, desired, would beg for a single touch.

Her heart raced and blood pounded through her body, as Dane's hands once again moved over her ass, this time spreading her cheeks for Kyle's attention.

"You want this, don't you, Alexsia?" Dane asked, running a hand through her long tresses.

"Yes."

"You know we'll take care of you, we'll make it good for you? You do trust us to make this good for you, right?"

She pressed a kiss against his chest, then turned her head and smiled up at Kyle. "Of course. I trust you not to hurt me, not intentionally anyway."

Kyle's well-lubed fingers circled and dipped into Alexsia's back entrance, slowly spreading the lubricant to ease his way. Alexsia whimpered, lifted her ass toward his fingers. Taking that as a signal for more, he pressed his whole finger deep inside her bottom, slowly sliding it in and out as he started stretching her for his eventual claiming. Soon he could scissor two and then three fingers

in her bottom and she'd rear back to meet them, moans of her arousal filling the room as she fucked herself on his fingers.

It took all of his control to position himself behind her. Pressing her shoulders down against Dane's chest, Kyle lodged the head of his cock at Alexsia's pretty pink back entrance. It took every bit of control he had to position himself between her legs without burying himself in her wet pussy. "I want you to put your hands on Dane's shoulders, now and keep still," Kyle directed.

He re-opened the lubricant, squeezing a bit more on his fingers and his cock before reminding her, "Don't tense up and don't fight me. Push out as I enter you. Okay?" When she nodded in agreement, he took a deep breath.

He guided himself to her tight little entrance, watching her face as he slowly worked himself in. As gently as he could, fully aware anal sex was new to his mate, he squeezed just a bit more lube on the head of his cock and her back entrance as he made his way past the first tight ring of muscles. He didn't want to take the chance he'd hurt her. He didn't know how much a Fae woman could take and his cock was bigger than that of a human male. Add that to the fact that Dane already filled her pussy, he knew it would be an extremely tight fit.

With a groan, Dane continued to lay still

holding Alessia's bottom open as Kyle worked himself in. He could feel Dane through the thin barrier separating them and rather than be unnerved at the feeling, his heart rate kicked up and shivers raced down his spine as a new level of arousal swamped over him.

Ever so slowly, Kyle rocked back and forth, each thrust bringing him deeper and deeper inside his mate. When he finally sank completely inside Alessia, he sighed in relief. Before he could begin to move, Alessia shivered. As she did, a pulse of golden light seemed to emanate from her skin. Heat and a flash of arousal whispered through his mind. Within moments he could also feel Alessia and then Dane as well—feel everything they were feeling, experiencing. Alessia moaned, shivered, then moved her hips, forcing Kyle and Dane to move inside her. As they did another pulse of golden light pulsed between and over them, this one bigger than the first, sending yet another round of arousal, heat and hunger washing through them.

Unable to stay still, Kyle leaned down and whispered into Alessia's ear, knowing full well that Dane would also be able to hear her with his preternatural vampire hearing, "Are you ready, baby?"

He watched as she licked her lips, then nodded, her head now resting against Dane's chest as

shivers raced through her. Goosebumps pebbled against her skin as the shivers of arousal increased. He couldn't imagine how devastating to their senses their lovemaking would be when already he could barely keep himself from fucking her long and hard before they'd even started. Shaking his head, Kyle put the thoughts to the back of his mind, determined to make their first joining one all three of them would remember.

"For fuck's sake Kyle, move. I'm holding on by a freaking thread here," Dane groaned out, his voice thick with hunger. Kyle didn't miss the flash of red in Dane's eyes, proof of his very real need to complete the bonding, to mark his mate's and feed the hunger building inside him.

Kyle moved, slowly at first, rocking in and out of her bottom with care, until she relaxed just a bit between them. *Stoke in as I stroke out, Dane.*

Dane gave a slight nod as Kyle pulled out, until just the head of his cock was lodged inside her. As he thrust back in, Dane slowly withdrew, his hands clenching Alexsia's waist.

In. Out...Out. In...Over and over, he and Dane synchronized their movements as they made love to their mate, as they bonded with her...and to each other.

Overwhelmed with emotion, Kyle did his best to be gentle, but it was so difficult to keep the rhythm going with Dane when he could feel

everything his other two mates experienced...the brush of Dane's pelvis against Alexsia's clit, the fire building at the base of Dane's spine as he got closer and closer to coming, the pleasure pain of Kyle's thrusts forging in and out of Alexsia's ass. The feel of Dane's cock rubbing his with only the thinnest of barriers separating them. The exquisite pleasure of Alexsia's pussy clamping down and refusing to release Dane's shaft. The sense of completeness, of happiness and contentment surging through all three of them. Then ultimately, the feeling of warm seed flooding Alexsia's body as she tightened down on both their cocks, absolute bliss filling all of them as their bond began to form.

Kyle's head tingled and his heart sped up, roaring. His soul, for once he didn't feel like something was missing, that there was a spot of himself that suddenly felt full when he'd never noticed it had two pieces missing to make him complete. Above and beyond his own feeling of joy and contentment, he could feel his other mates' as well. He wanted to collapse on the bed, but he needed to take care of her. Hell, he *wanted* to take care of her. But first, there was one more thing he needed to do, they needed to do.

Without having to say a word or to nod that it was time, Dane and Kyle both leaned into Alexsia's neck, nuzzled the junction where neck

and shoulder met, and bit down, sinking their teeth in her flesh to mark her, to seal their bond with her. Once that was done, Alexsia laid her hands on her mates' chests atop their hearts, twisting with their cocks still inside her so she could reach them both simultaneously.

Closing her eyes, she whispered in a language Kyle couldn't understand—not yet anyway. Her hands glowed golden then a tingling and a flash of pain zapped him. When she removed her hands, he looked down then gasped. Tattooed into his flesh was a shield with two triangular sections. One side of Kyle's tattoo had a bloody fang and the other a Fae warrior women in a silver shield. Kyle leaned around Alexsia and looked at Dane's chest. He too had a shield but where Kyle's had a bloody fang, Dane's had a crouching black panther preparing to pounce.

With all the marks in place, their mating bond snapped in place, connecting them together forever...mind, heart, body and soul. One being, one soul forever bonded together, whole and complete.

With reluctance, Kyle pulled out of Alexsia's body, desperately wanting to stay right where he was, but with the new bond, he could feel her tiredness and the ache building between her thighs and bottom. Once up and out of bed, he lifted her right off Dane's cock and headed into



the shower with her, Dane trailing behind him.

All three crammed into the shower, their touches lingering, not so much passionate as just needing to stay connected now that they weren't physically joined, to rejoice in the absolute serenity and happiness filling them now that their bond connected them so completely.

Afterward the three of them crawled back into bed, no words were exchanged as Kyle pulled her against him, his chest to her back, his hand holding one of her breasts. On Alexsia's other side, Dane wrapped his arm around both Alexsia's and Kyle's waists, his leg tucked between her thighs, and his other hand buried in her hair as he lay on his side facing them both. They tumbled into sleep almost immediately, joy and satiation zipping through their bond even as they drifted off.

## CHAPTER SEVEN

Dane felt wrecked. As a three-hundred-and-fifty-year-old-plus-some vampire, he'd had his share of sex throughout the centuries, but never had he experienced with any of his partners what he just shared with his mates. He closed his eyes, and basked in his own happiness thinking about the night he'd just experienced with his mates. *Thanks to all that's holy that Kyle had to leave at O'dark thirty to fix a serious problem on one of the building sites in town and wasn't around to witness my emotional breakdown from the bonding.* Whether that was because the mating unleashed her powers there at the end, or because as a triadic bonded vampire mating results in forging a deeper, more intense connection between them—a true, soul-deep mating bond—as Kyle once commented.

After unleashing Alexsia's powers last night, it would be all over the news just what happened and once they pinpointed the city, it wouldn't take

them long to find her—they knew her scent after all. If the past is any indication, they'll quickly find her once they have the right city even if there are millions of people proactively living on top of one another. No matter where she went, what she got rid of, how she changed her appearance or how many people she had to bribe along the way, they always found her. This time though, she wasn't alone. She had two of the strongest warriors of their species anchoring her, if he did say so himself. Now she could use her powers more effectively than in the past. Ezekiel Doña, so eager to please the new boss, had absolutely no idea just how often she practiced using her powers or how many spells she could recall from watching the previous Guardian of the Light work. She was not nearly as untrained as the Dark Fae thought her and Dane couldn't help but be thankful she had that advantage.

If Dane knew one thing above others, Doña wouldn't give up now that Alexsia's powers were free. Instead, he'd try to have her commit an act so heinous she'd end up just as dark as he and take the crown that way. His mate had the power to eliminate her people's greatest enemy. But once that was done, would she have room in her lives for him and Kyle? Would she leave them once she didn't need them anymore? Leave Mystic Ridge and return back to the Isle of Vianna where her

people lived?

His worries tumbled through his mind, one after another. Would imprisoning Doña be the better route?

As his thoughts turned darker, more despondent, Alexsia took matters into her own hands, literally. Leaning over him, her head resting on one hand, she wrapped her other around Dane's shaft, then squeezed his length to get his attention. He winced once before she let go and climbed atop his chest to stare deep into his eyes. *Enough, Dane. We're bonded. My life is here in Mystic Ridge with you and Kyle. Always. Yes, we don't know each others' many likes and dislikes, but our souls are one. I've never fit in among my people. Never. I'm not a self-absorbed being like most of my kind. I care for those less fortunate than me. I love you. I love Kyle. I'm not going anywhere. Doña's tearing down your self-confidence and you're letting him. Fight for those that can't...Hell, fight for us, dammit!*

Dane nodded, frantic now to stop the tears trickling down her cheeks. "Hey, hey, please don't cry love," he whispered, frantic. "You're right. Enough of the pity party, here. We have some major ass to kick."

"Not quite yet though, I don't think, Mr. Anders. With Kyle off to fix whatever had him leaving the warm bed at six in the morning, well that leaves us to entertain ourselves. Whatever

shall we do?" she asked, her voice oozing sex and need.

Holding her tight to his chest, he rolled them over, until he loomed over her, instead. As soon as her back touched the mattress, his lips met hers, tongues met, dueled in a frenzy of desperate need. *You taste so good, Alexsia, baby.*

He could feel her eagerness through the bond they shared, feel her desire on top of his own and it only added fuel to the already blazing fire raging between them. Fisting his hands in her long, blonde tresses, he held her to him so he could continue to devour her mouth. Lips and tongue mated, ravished. Hunger, desperate and out of control, whipped through him, urging him to take her now, to create a bond just between them. Instinct demanded it and he couldn't refuse even if he wanted to.

With his arms wrapped around her, he scraped her back with his blunted nails. She arched into him, shivering and moaning in response. Twisting her naked and flushed body closer, he could feel her desperation to mate with him. Every instinct he had told him he needed to make her his as well as theirs. He needed to come inside her, he needed to mark her with his bite, to wrap his essence around her and inside her and he needed those things immediately. No way could he deny his instincts, nor could he deny his mate of the loving

she craved so badly.

"Dane, I need..."

"I know exactly what you need, love. The same thing I need."

As his chest hair scraped against her hard nipples, she shivered in response. "Please," she moaned. "Fuck me, dammit, Dane. I need you."

"Not yet, love. I need to taste you first, then I'll love you until you can't see straight," he promised.

Kneeling between her spread thighs, he reached forward and cupped one breast, his thumb rasping against her engorged nipple once, twice, three times. Ever so slowly, he lowered his head, licked at her lips as he silently demanded entrance, drawing her tongue into a duel with his before suckling it. Groans and grunts echoed around the bedroom as the room started to lighten with the rising sun. She arched closer, wrapped her legs around his hips, trapping his cock, hard and thick, between their bodies.

*You taste so good, love,* he whispered through her mind as he continued to kiss her. Soon he'd have to break for air but in the meantime he loved being able to talk to her while his mouth was otherwise occupied. *You taste like the finest and rarest of delicacies, and absolutely delicious.*

"So, go ahead and taste more," she gasped out as she finally took control of ending the kiss.

When he felt her little hands in his hair and felt her push, he quickly put two and two together. Dane smirked as he let his lips press tiny barely there kisses across her collarbone then down between her breasts before circling her navel with the tip of his tongue. Around and around, first slow then fast then slow again.

"Don't tease me," she begged, twisting her head this way and that atop her pillow. "Taste me, Dane. I can't stand it much longer. I'm burning alive here."

"I plan on making a feast of you. Never fear, love," he bit out. "I'm starving for the cream I can see glistening between your thighs. I'm going to bury my mouth between your folds and eat my fill of you," he vowed.

Moving his hand to her abdomen, he held her still as he nibbled his way down to her parted thighs. When he slid his fingers through her sopping slit, she screamed out his name. When he lifted his cream-covered fingers to his mouth to lick off the evidence of her arousal, her eyes widened in apparent surprise. Lowering his head he stared into her eyes, letting her see all the passion and need he felt toward her before whispering, "You taste absolutely wonderful, Alexsia, love. I swear I've never tasted anything so good, love."

Licking his bottom lip before trapping it

between his teeth, he let his gaze travel over her lush body, from her messy sex hair all the way past her glorious full breasts, along her gorgeous toned legs all the way down to her dainty feet with their pastel pink painted toenails and all the way back up until he met her passion-glazed stare. Her lips were swollen from their kisses and a rosy flush covered her from her face all the way down her chest to her hips.

Edging lower down her body, he lapped at her nipples, pressed chaste kisses across her tummy, then blew warm air across her mound. Her hips jerked beneath his hands and tiny little bumps spread down her thighs. He chuckled, low and husky. "I'm going to eat all that delicate cream your body is gushing, love."

"Oh, God," she whimpered. Her gaze locked with his as he hovered over her mound. "I ache, Dane. Make it stop, please," she begged.

Dane watched as she licked her lips and spread her legs wider in invitation. He growled, unable to help himself as he looked into her glittering, heavy-lidded gaze.

She shivered and moaned, and through their bond he could feel how urgently she needed to come.

"What do you want Alessia? Say the words, love."

Lifting her head, she looked directly into his



eyes. "Eat me, Dane. Lick my pussy, please!" she begged. Her head fell back as another shudder wracked her body.

He couldn't make her wait any longer, not as desperate as she now was to reach her release. He wasn't faring much better. Bending down, he pressed a chaste kiss to her clit before swirling his tongue around the hard little nub then through her sopping wet slit. He licked her from top to bottom and back up again, devouring the cream that kept dripping from her body.

She began to squirm and fidget—unable to stay still under his tender assault, so he gripped her thighs harder, holding her legs apart to keep them from clenching around his head. Alexsia gasped for breath as his tongue swirled over the rosebud of her ass. Hmm, he couldn't wait to go back there. Kyle had had the pleasure of being the first one to take her ass, so he couldn't wait to experience it next. Later. First, he wanted to make Alexsia come and lap up her juices.

Dipping his tongue in the entrance of her channel, he swirled it around and around, gathering more and more of her cream. Growls of pleasure rumbled from his chest as he savored his mate's taste.

Dane could feel his own need building. Pre-cum dribbled from the head of his cock and onto the bedding. If he didn't want to come on the

sheets, he needed to push his mate over the edge and fast. He swirled his tongue over and around her clit making the small bud throb and pulse as if begging for more attention.

Through the bond, Alexsia began to beg and plead. *Please. Please. Help me, I need...*

*I know just what you need.* As gently as possible, he suckled the small bud between his lips, milking it with the small pressure.

*Oh yes. That's it. Suck it, Dane,* she demanded, her voice just as frantic in his mind as it would be if she'd spoken aloud. It shocked him when she kept going, proving that it was the quiet girls you have to watch cause they'd be the ones to surprise you more often than not. "Yes, just like that. Milk that clit, mate. Suck it harder. Nip it a little," her demands continued.

He could feel the pleasure mounting inside her, inside them both. He watched her body, looking for the signs telling him her climax was imminent. Her heart beat hard and fast. Her muscles flexed, locked. And when his tongue once again swirled over her throbbing clit, her hips jackknifed off the bed completely. Sweat broke out across her skin and her hands fisted in the sheets beneath her. "Please! Oh please make me come," she begged.

How could he refuse her? Sliding one finger past the soft folds of her mound, he suckled her clit faster while filling her pussy with his finger.

In. Out. In. Out. He added a second finger, scissored them. In. Out. In. Out. He suckled faster, harder, curved his fingers as he stroked them through her channel, over her G-spot. Suck. Stroke. Suck. Stroke. Suck.

Alexsia screamed, arched her back and tossed her head from side to side as she yelled out her release. Her hips bucked. Her hands fisted in her sheets. On the bedside table, the light bulb in the lamp shattered. The alarm clock radio started playing music. The overhead light blinked on and off. "Alexsia, love, your powers are going haywire."

"Huh?" she mumbled, her forearm covering her face.

"Your magick is out of control, love. Pull it back inside you," he suggested.

Within moments, the room quieted. The lights stopped turning on and off and even the broken bulb repaired itself. Before she could apologize, his mouth was there, devouring her release, his tongue forging through her channel to gather all of her cream. She tasted so fucking fantastic, better than anyone else ever. Because she was his mate, he wondered. Or maybe because she was Fae? He really had no idea, only that he was so thankful he'd never have to give this up, her up. She was his mate, would be his mate always. Forever. Some days being immortal was amazing.

Lapping up the last of her juices, Dane moaned in sublime joy. When he'd eaten the last of her juices, he crawled over her body, looked into her eyes. "I'm going to fuck you now, my mate," he growled. The thick head of his cock nudged her entrance. "I'm going to fuck you until you can't scream any more, until your voice is spent and your body so sated you can't move."

With one hard thrust, he buried his thick, steel-hard erection to the hilt, his balls pressing against her ass. As he vowed, she screamed. He grimaced, the pleasure transcendent as her body clenched down on his cock, holding him inside her, a prisoner to their lust.

Dane fought for control, fought for breath. She surrounded him so securely and the warmth...the wet heat almost overwhelmed his control completely. He shivered and moaned at just how good it felt to be inside her, at how difficult it was not to come when her muscles gripped him in her fiery, velvet fist so tightly. He groaned again.

Control. He needed to keep control, listen to his brain not his cock or he'd come way too soon and their alone time together would be over much too quickly. Lust beat at him, demanding he ride her hard and fast. Beneath him, Alexsia wreathed, her hips bucked against him repeatedly, trying to force him into riding her deeper, harder, faster than he planned.

As she ground herself against him, Dane shook his head. He needed to take control. Gritting his teeth, he eased back, slowly withdrawing from her clasp channel. She shook her head. "No, I need..."

*I know what you need, my mate. I'll take care of you,* he promised.

As the thick length of his cock forged deep, stretching her, she moaned in pleasure. "Yes, just like that."

"You feel so good," Dane murmured. The tight clasp of her vaginal muscles had him gritting his teeth every time he began to withdraw from her depths. *You're so tight and wet around me, Alexsia. The wet heat...unh, there are no words.*

He nibbled along the length of her neck, nuzzled her where shoulder and neck met. He could feel her pulse speed up against his lips, beckoning him to taste her, to mark her as his mate, his companion. His tongue stroked over her pulse point. Soon he'd taste her blood. Soon.

## CHAPTER EIGHT

Dane's lips slid up her neck. He licked the small area just beneath her ear, making her shiver. He thrust harder, deeper, her tight sheath strangling his cock. The extreme pleasure was akin to torture. Gritting his teeth, he buried his head in her hair while holding her in place with his hands tangled in her hair.

His thrusts went deeper, his hips stroking harder. He couldn't control himself anymore. Her moans and sighs were constant, encouraging him to go even faster, harder than he'd planned. He slammed into her and still couldn't get deep enough. He needed more.

Without warning, he pulled out of her slick channel and rolled her over onto her belly. "Get on your hands and knees, Alexsia, love. Ass up and shoulders down."

When she didn't move quickly enough for his liking, he lifted her hips up himself, sliding a pillow under her hips to get her in the correct

angle to allow for the deepest penetration. Moving behind her, Dane allowed his vampiric instincts to take over. With one hand palming the back of Alexsia's head and the other gripping her hip, Dane spread her thighs even wider, then placed the head of his cock at her entrance. Dane placed a chaste kiss to the base of her spine then slammed his hips forward, driving his cock deep inside her, his balls slapping her ass as he came to rest against her.

With his whole body covering hers, dominating her, Dane leaned forward, nuzzling her neck again. Unable to resist his nature any longer, he bit down where Alexsia's neck and shoulder met, sinking his teeth deep enough to leave his mark.

Her warm blood flooded his mouth, sending bolts after bolt of pleasure zipping through his body. Every nerve ending in his body sizzled with heat, with need. He took only another mouthful before withdrawing his fangs and stroking the wound with his tongue to seal it shut. Once the bite mark healed, he swirled his tongue over the wound, taking pleasure in just knowing that she now wore his mark. It may be chauvinistic and domineering of him but he liked knowing she wore a brand of ownership. Others would keep their distance and he'd always have a visual reminder that she really was his when for hundreds of years he'd thought he'd never be

granted a mate of his own.

As he continued to power inside her, fucking her with abandon rather than the slow lovemaking he'd hoped for, throaty rumbling growls joined the keening moans of his mate. In and out he surged, fighting her body's demand to stay inside her. She cried out. Wrapped her legs around his waist as she arched her back, lifted her hips to his. Her channel clamped down on his cock, milking it even as she screamed out her own release. He couldn't fight the clenching burn, didn't want to.

His whole body throbbed, tingled. He groaned out his release as long ropes of come flooded his mate. As he crouched over his mate, nuzzled her bite mark, he sighed, completely sated. Wrapping his arms around her, he laid her on her side, then spooned behind her, holding her back to his chest.

Minutes later, Alexsia shuddered. Without letting her go, Dane reached down and pulled the top sheet and bed spread over them, making sure she was tucked completely within his embrace. When her breaths slowed and her muscles suddenly relaxed into his hold, he knew Alexsia slept, exhaustion making it impossible to stay awake.

Running his hands gently through her tresses, Dane pressed a small kiss to her temple and just breathed her in. The scent of their lovemaking, the



combination of both their essences, made his dead heart clench. If his heart beat it would be racing right now, that he knew. "Mine," he muttered, his nose burrowing into her hair. Inhaling their combined scent again, he smiled and threw his head back against the pillows even as he pulled his mate tighter against him. He'd never forget this moment, he vowed, his eyes closing as sleep overtook him. *Never.*

\* \* \* \*

Alexsia sat on the end of the couch, her legs the consistency of jelly. She had no idea how Jack had the stamina to pace her tiny living room, never mind have the energy to rant about the Dark Fae's ability to seep past the shields blocking everyone's minds so much so that he can influence what they do or think.

"Yes, this morning. Some of the mothers were saying that their children had bad dreams last night and you can hear the kids in the neighborhood. They're never like this, inconsolable and afraid. If nothing else Ezekiel Doña should die simply for tormenting those poor children."

When Dane just grunted in response, she went back to watching him pace. *Is there any particular reason why you're pacing back and forth again?*

*I'm trying to figure out why I feel so unstable. It's almost as though my emotions are swinging wildly out of control, or someone else's emotions are influencing mine. At that, Dane's eyes widened.*

*"It's Kyle. Something has happened to Kyle. He can't reach our minds because the bond is still so new so he's sending emotions, warnings. You haven't fully bonded emotionally with him yet as you did me and he's still new at communicating."* Alexsia closed her eyes and searched her mind looking for the tether connecting her to Kyle's mind. It took but moments to reach the door closing his mind off from hers.

Taking a deep breath for courage, she mentally braced herself for what she'd see. Alexsia gasped. Kyle was tied down to some sort of chair using metal chains. He was too weak to escape his bindings. As she tried to figure out where she was she gripped Dane's hand and showed him the images and thoughts she'd received from Kyle.

*Why is he so weak?* Alexsia asked, terrified that she could lose her mate before they could share even a small portion of their lives together.

*It looks like he's wrapped in silver chains. It literally drains the strength from him. All shifters are susceptible to this.*

*We need to find him quickly, but I can't figure out what that building is. It looks like they're all human though, obviously the KHP. No one else would resort to this. Is it a trap to draw me out, to force me to*

*surrender?*

*You need to try to find more information so we can't get him out. I'm relaying the info to Jack.*

Once again, she linked through Kyle's vision to see what he did, searching the building where he was being held captive again. "It's so dark in the building that it's almost impossible to see anything. All I can make out is machinery. Perhaps an abandoned machine shop or one that's for sale. Yet I'm sensing there's something more going on around me because everything is so hazy. This is so frustrating not knowing what's going on."

Alexsia ran a hand through her already messy hair, agitated that she'd been forced to sit by while others actively search for her mate. "Holy crap Batman, someone is running at Kyle through the dark carrying something. Oh, it's lock cutters. He's freeing him from the silver chains. He took off something and wrapped it around his hands to remove the chains, then picked Kyle up and carried him out into the night in a fireman's hold. Everything goes black at that point. Kyle must have passed out."

Beside her Dane seemed to take a deep breath of his own. Sometimes she forgot that before they were mates they were also close friends. Kyle's kidnapping must have terrified him as much if not more than it did her. Reaching over she wrapped

her arm around Dane's waist, and leaned her head against his arm. "It looks like he'll be fine. I'm positive we'll get a call very soon telling us where to get our guy. I just wish I knew who his rescuer was so that we could thank him."

Dane surreptitiously wiped his eyes and sat a little straighter. "That's true. I wonder how he knew where to look for Kyle to begin with."

Before their minds could go down even more unpleasant routes, a brief knock at the door had both of them jumping up and racing toward the door. "Who is it?" Dane called out, not taking the chance even now that Kyle's kidnappers could be trying again, this time going after them instead.

"It's the Sheriff, Brett Daniels. I have Kyle Morgan here."

Waving Alexsia back, Dane kept the chains on the door as he opened it up enough to see out. Sure enough, Kyle leaned weakly against the side of a huge bruiser of a man covered in soot and grime. Both men looked like they could use a hot coffee and a bath and not necessarily in that order. Unlocking the chain as fast as possible, Dane jerked the door open and pulled Kyle into his arms, lifting him like he weighed but a feather as he carried him against his chest into the living room and setting him down to lie on the couch. Alexsia scurried to the linen closet and found a blanket to cover him with. Within seconds, they

had Kyle setup on the couch and all awaited an explanation as to what exactly happened and how they managed to capture Kyle.

"Sheriff, how exactly did you know where to look for Kyle?" Alexsia asked, thankful he had found him, but curious as well.

Leaning against the breakfast bar that separated the kitchen from the living room, Sheriff Daniels ran a hand through his tousled grime covered hair. "I knew that Kyle had been taken thanks to a call from Jack. While you spoke to Dane, he carried on his call to Jack through the speakerphone. Jack had me on three-way-calling so I heard everything you were saying. When you said machinery I knew exactly where you were talking about because that was one of the places I had in mind to search to begin with, so, I headed there straight away. I was only about a minute out from there when I realized that's where he had to be. When I pulled up, smoke was curling through the broken windows. You'd said he was chained with silver, so I knew we had to cut through some chains so I took some bolt cutters with me inside the building.

Dane nodded, then looked to Kyle who appeared to have been through hell and back again. "So, how did they get you to begin with?"

Kyle blushed and cleared his throat. "It's so stupid. I got a call that our building site had been

vandalized. I'd been assured at the time that it was mostly tagging—spraying graffiti on buildings and overpasses—a couple delinquents that needed a good scare put into them. I'd decided to call the sheriff and let him deal with it. I saw a police car pull up, so I went to stand next to it. I didn't even realize it wasn't the Sheriff's car until he opened the door and the scent was all wrong. By then, I'd been tasered and the rest as they say is history."

Letting out an embarrassed sigh, Kyle continued his explanation. "When Brett realized that one of his own had led the attack against one the town's citizens, he grew enraged. Apparently his deputy assumed I wouldn't live through the kidnapping and thought he'd be able to get away with the *perfect crime* and earn the money he'd been promised. You know everything else."

Both Dane and Alexsia could tell that all this talking was draining what little energy Kyle had left. After asking if there was anything else they needed, the Sheriff took his leave to search for his deputy. They expected to hear of an arrest soon but in the meantime, they'd be staying inside. With both the KHP after them, as well as Alexsia's *family* and the deputy that already tried to kill Kyle once, they were all on edge and wouldn't begin to calm until at least the Deputy was behind bars where he couldn't hurt anyone else.

After seeing the Sheriff out, Dane helped Kyle

into the shower so he could wash away the smoke and grime of his ordeal. Minutes later, the three of them headed toward the bedroom, desperately needing to connect. With Kyle lying in the middle, Dane and Alexsia wrapped themselves around their mate. "If anything had happened to you," Alexsia whispered, "I'm not sure what would have happened to us. We couldn't have survived your loss, Kyle." Laying her head above his heart, she drifted off to the sound of its reassuring beat.

## CHAPTER NINE

Kyle woke gasping for air. Nightmare images still raced across his mind. He'd sugarcoated what had happened during his kidnapping, downplaying the events because he knew that if the full truth got out about what he suffered, his mates would be just as traumatized as he and he didn't want that for them. Perhaps he should have told them that the deputy wasn't alone in the machine shop, but what good would that do? The Dark Fae, Doña, had left hours before Kyle had been left for dead, so was long gone by now. He wouldn't want to be anywhere near the place when Kyle's body was found because then his mates would know who had attacked him and they'd be prepared for him. Kyle knew that nothing good could come out of his mates both knowing the vile thoughts and threats that the Dark Fae had announced during his captivity. He'd have nightmares for who knows how long, they didn't need to suffer them, too.



Soon enough, listening to the sounds of his sleeping mates, calmed him enough that he could drift back off to sleep, this time sleeping peacefully, his dreams unmarred by nightmare images of blood, death, and grey choking smoke.

When he woke next it was to amazing sensations. Two mouths and four hands were exploring his body, caressing his arms, his legs, his cock. Warm mouths suckled on both of his nipples. A low, keening moan echoed across the bedroom as pleasure swamped him from all sides.

\* \* \* \*

Alexsia's heart felt like it could burst any minute, filled as it was with so much love for her mates. These two men were nothing like Doña, nothing like anyone else she'd ever met. They would never hurt her, so she reached for all the love life now offered her.

Alexsia met Dane's gaze, reaching through their bond to speak to him. *Kyle's turn for some attention? Him in the middle of the sandwich this time?*

She could feel Dane's happiness at that idea. He'd waited forever for her to show up so that he could complete the bonding with Kyle and she couldn't deny him his need to claim Kyle as his. Besides, she had no doubt the loving would be hot and she wanted to see it for herself.

Both men reacted to her unspoken desires as if they'd been bonded mates forever and that it wasn't unusual to know what the others were thinking and feeling, what they needed and hungered for. Kyle kissed down the column of her neck as Dane took her mouth in a lustful open-mouth kiss that was all dueling tongues and nipping teeth. The feelings these two men stirred in her were like nothing she had ever thought possible.

Kyle's hands came to rest on her breasts, his thumbs feathering over her stiff nipples, silently asking permission to continue. Alexsia covered his hand and moaned out, *Yesss...* Dane got into the act, while still devouring her mouth and started lightly caressing her skin, from her collarbone down to her pussy, barely grazed her hard clit then worked his way back up.

"It's okay, baby." He ran his hand down her torso, *I want to touch you right now*, he whispered into her mind as he filled his hands with her bountiful and lush breasts.

Kyle turned Alexsia onto her back while Dane turned on the small bedside lamp. *But I'm not going to turn down fucking Kyle either*, Dane added, still speaking to Alexsia in his mind while simultaneously blocking Kyle from knowing what was about to happen. *I've waited what feels like years to make him mine even if it had only been a couple*

*weeks of knowing he was meant to be mine – ours.*

Kyle ran his tongue down Alexsia's neck, nipping her where he marked her then soothed it with his tongue, swirling it around and around until she gasped, her body quivering in need. "Please tell me if I hurt you or if you are uncomfortable with anything we do, okay?" Kyle looked into her eyes once more. When he saw the tears pooling in her eyes he started to get worried that he had already hurt her. He stopped and held her face in his hands. "Alexsia, you'll be honest with us, won't you?"

Alexsia nodded her head as Dane gently wiped her tears from her cheeks. "Of course, Kyle. I'm not crying because of fear or anything. I'm crying because of the love and acceptance and all the other emotions I'm experiencing right now through our bond. It's almost overwhelming knowing how much there is between us when we've only just met. I feel complete now and it makes me realize that if I hadn't come here I'd never have met you and Dane. I'd never had met my mates and that's heartbreaking after knowing you two as I do now." Alexsia tried to think of a way to make them both understand the roller coaster of emotions she was going through then realized she didn't need to because connected to her as they were, they already knew.

When Kyle moved down her chest, pressing

butterfly kisses against her skin, her nipples pebbled and she knew that nothing these two men did to her would feel wrong. Not ever. She would never feel like a whore when it came to making love with Dane and Kyle despite what others outside Mystic Ridge might think of their relationship and the fact they were in a committed threesome, despite its legality or moral implications. "I want to learn everything you and Dane can teach me about my own body's desires and needs as well as what I can do for you both, what you need *and* what you desire. I want you both to feel just as good as I do when you make love to me."

A groan sounded from the other side of Alexsia as Dane took her mouth in a blistering kiss. "God, you amaze me, sweetheart. To trust me and Kyle to the extent you do after everything you've been through is a testament of your courage."

Dane lowered his hand and began stroking her torso in tandem with the caresses Kyle was already bestowing on her. Their hands traveled up and down, their barely there touch making all of her nerve endings stand up and sing out in absolute bliss.

Alexsia arched into their hands, trying to get closer to the heat in their palms, their fingertips, desperate already for more.

As Kyle lowered his lips to the raspberry-

tipped nipple of her left breast, Dane began wandering down her torso to her mound, petting it with the tips of his fingers. Alexsia moaned and restlessly squirmed beneath their touch on the bed. Dane hesitantly probed her netherlips with a soft but sure touch. *I can see your arousal glistening on your thighs, your mound. You have no idea how much that excites me.*

Alexsia raised her eyebrow. *Of course I know, I can feel it remember?*

Dane shook his head and chuckled as Kyle reached down and subtly spread her legs farther apart. Kyle continued the assault on her breast with teasing nips and licks as his fingers worked in tandem with Dane's, fucking her ever so slowly. Her back arched in response, wanting—no, needing—them to touch her harder, deeper.

Swirling his fingers through her wet slit, Dane teasingly flicked his wet fingertips over her swollen clit. With every touch to the hard nub, sizzling zaps of pleasure pain raced through her body. If she didn't know, better she'd have thought that her clit and nipples were connected, because as he feathered his thumb over her clit once more, her nipples drew up into tight peaks.

As Dane continued to play with her pleasure button, Kyle kept thrusting in and out of her, the pair stroking her arousal higher and higher.

Dane left Alexsia's mouth to move down to the

hard nub demanding his attention, sending ragged shards of pleasure blasting through her already aroused body, through their mating bond, making all of them groan in response. Soon, all three were panting, their hunger so extreme she knew it would be only moments before she'd find her own release.

"Oh Fuck, *Oh God, OH FUCK!*" she screamed as her orgasm took her over the edge of the abyss. Her breathing slowly returned to normal though her heart continued to race. When she looked down the length of her body, two pairs of eyes—one set amber, the other bright green—looked up at her in smug satisfaction. "Wow, can we do that again?" she asked, trying for innocent surprise and knowing she failed miserably.

Dane and Kyle looked at each other and started laughing. Kyle withdrew his fingers from inside Alexsia, placed a tiny kiss to the top of her pussy then slowly brought his fingers to his mouth to taste her feminine cream. "Mmm, fucking delicious. I love the way you taste, mate."

Dane lifted his eyebrows in challenge then went straight to the source, piercing her slit with his tongue. Alexsia's sensitized body registered the new invasion in another mind-blowing climax just a few moments later. At this rate, she wouldn't be able to make it passed the foreplay before she'd slip into a sated sleep.

Alexsia watched, amused and slightly shocked when Kyle reached down to Dane and grabbed him by the hair, pulling him up and across to his side of the bed. "Come here, mate." Kyle ate at Dane's mouth, thrusting his tongue into the moist depths as if he was dying of thirst, surprising both her and Dane as Kyle had been the most resistant at first to the sexual attraction he felt for Dane. Kyle's hands slid down Dane's body to his thick erection, wrapping his hand around it. As he stroked Dane letting a small bead of pre-cum spill from the tip, Dane broke the kiss to nip and lick Kyle's nipples. Kyle rubbed against Dane's erection unable to remain still. Alexsia could feel Kyle's building hunger...Kyle's and Dane's. "I need you in me, Dane," he purred.

The three of them curled into each other and began petting and kissing. Dane's hand traveled down the long line of Kyle's muscled back to his butt. Smoothing his hand around the tight twin globes, he slowly began probing his back entrance.

Kyle moaned around Alexsia's breast and started to push back into Dane's hand. "So good, so good."

Dane reached immediately to the bedside table and retrieved the bottle of lube. Kissing Kyle, Dane squirted a generous amount of lube on his fingers and reached down to find Kyle's puckered back hole.

"So much better than good," she agreed.

Kyle ran his hand down Alexsia's abdomen, down her thighs and back up again. She arched into his touch unable not to with the mate bond enhancing the ghostly touch whispering over her skin, as the sensations surged from her to Kyle to Dane and back again, doubling and tripling the feelings as it passed from one mate to the other, on and on. Pleasure overwhelmed her almost to the point of pain. He spread her legs further apart, sliding into position between her thighs.

Dane had continued to prepare Kyle as he readied Alexsia. As soon as Kyle knelt between her thighs, Dane moved in behind Kyle. "Are you ready?" Dane murmured.

Instead of answering, Kyle positioned his cock at Alexsia's gate, then asked, "Are you ready for me, baby?"

"Yes. Now, Kyle. Please now!" Alexsia wound her hands in Kyle's hair and held on.

Lacing his fingers with hers, he licked his lips, then answered Dane. "We're both ready."

Kyle drove his cock deep into Alexsia's already clenching channel as Dane nudged him from behind. "Ahh, God. So, so good. Unh," she moaned. She felt so full as he surged deep inside her. She wasn't sure but he felt much larger than she remembered or it could just be that her pussy was swollen from all the lovemaking that she



wasn't used to having. Every time he tried to pull out, her muscles clenched down on his cock, trying to milk him of his seed. The pleasure was so intense, more so because of the mating bond, she knew. How were they to survive this kind of desire, this intense hunger? How would they not die of heart strain when the sensations exponentially increased as it flowed from mate to mate to mate through their soul bond?

The room filled with moans, and pleas, hoarse shouts and lust-filled groans. Alexsia clenched the walls of her channel around Kyle's shaft making him moan. She smiled, pleased she could make her man hunger for her.

Dane rimmed Kyle's hole with his lubed fingers and then pushed one, then two inside Kyle, making sure he was still somewhat stretched out. He'd rather hurt himself than Kyle, which could so easily happen if Dane let himself lose control. Using a scissor action with his fingers, he quickly prepared him for the invasion of Dane's thick cock.

Alexsia listened closely, and waited for a signal from Dane. She could feel him so easily right now; hear his thoughts and worries perfectly clear. Dane worried that he'd come before he could even get inside Kyle. Kyle must have also picked up Dane's need, because he spread his legs farther apart and turned his head, meeting Dane's gaze.

After licking his lips, Kyle swallowed then begged, "Now...Please take me now."

Dane lined up his well-lubed cock with Kyle's puckered hole and slowly eased his way in. In and out. In and out. Until finally sank to the hilt inside his mate's ass.

All three of them moaned a sigh of relief. Dane couldn't go slowly even though Kyle deserved it, deserved gentle his first time with a male. Taking a deep breath, he pulled out slowly only to slam their bodies together, forcing Kyle to forged his way into her none too gently. Rather than hurt like Alexsia thought, it set off a wave of desperate desire and lust so fierce she almost came on Kyle's first stroke.

Kyle clenched the black, cotton bed sheets in his fists as he thrust in Alexsia and Dane forged into him. He threw his head back, his tawny skin soaked with sweat as Dane dominated the pair of them, directing Kyle's thrusts with his own. Every time Dane entered Kyle, he thrust into Alexsia, and every time he withdrew so did Kyle. On top of all that, again they could feel each other's every tactile experience as well as feel all the love and lust, hunger and need, joy and arousal they each felt for their mates. It made the lovemaking experience so much more than it would for those who couldn't bond on a soul-deep level like they had. Alexsia felt sorry for humans, because they'll

never feel the kind of connection with another as those with supernatural abilities who instinctively knew their mate and could join with them on such an intimate level. Thrust after thrust, there was no stopping Dane. "Oh, fuck...I'm gonna..."

"Me, too, am gonna blow soon...Unh," Kyle admitted on a groan, his voice thicker, rougher than she usually heard.

"Me three," Alexsia grunted as sweat dripped off his forehead and onto her chest, covering her with his scent in yet another way. She wasn't sure if she was happy about that or not. Still, after today, no one would be able to doubt the bond between them. They couldn't be any more mated if they tried and Alexsia couldn't help but smile at that. Never in her imagination when she decided to come here to Mystic Ridge did she believe she would find love like she had—not only one mate, but two. A girl couldn't get any luckier. She loved them so much. She knew they knew it because of the bond but she'd yet to work up the courage to say the words. If she did, she feared she'd somehow jinx them. It was irrational but she didn't want to lose them, not to the KHP or her nemesis Doña and her family.

For a long moment Alexsia savored the off the charts lovemaking, savored the closeness. Her gaze met Dane's in a silent communication that had taken on a deeper meaning with Kyle held

between them. Together, they would always find comfort in each other and with him. She couldn't help but smile at that thought. Yes, they'd always find comfort and love, passion and hunger and so much more, together. Life couldn't get any better than that.

"Ahhh...ugh..." Kyle groaned, his body jetting his seed deep into Alexsia, triggering her to climax as his pleasure enhanced her own, which in turned made Dane follow behind them, his own cock shooting his release into Kyle. They seemed to come forever, one release triggering another and another until it was a seemingly endless loop of bliss like they'd never experienced before, not even the first time they'd come together. Perhaps they needed to continue changing their partners within their threesome, switching things up amongst themselves. It couldn't hurt and might in fact strengthen the soul bond between them by making love to each other in varied ways. She could only hope that their sex life continued to be this pleasurable, though if it did she knew that she'd have to force herself to leave their bed in the morning – she could see that already.

Kyle chuckled against her breast where he collapsed after the multiple climaxes that destroyed them. "Staying in bed forever sounds good to me. You can use your Fae abilities to conjure up food right here in bed and deliver pints

of blood blank product—or a human or three that Dane could sip at—and we’ll never have to leave it.”

The bed shook as Dane laughed. He still lay against Kyle’s back, he also too sated to move just yet. She couldn’t believe the level of knowing she now had. She just knew what the others thought, felt at any given moment, making their bond together that much stronger, that much more stable than ever. Alexsia drifted off before either Kyle or Dane disengaged, smiling with supreme satisfaction.

## CHAPTER TEN

Even though heavy shadows filled the room, her eyesight began to adjust to the dimness. Apparently night had fallen since their earlier sexual escapade. Only Kyle lay next to her now. Before she could ask, Kyle's lips curved into sexy smile and his right hand casually stroked his shaft, up, down, up, down, enticing her with every touch of his hand and the hunger evident in his smoldering amber eyes. "Are you going to do something with the rock-hard cock I'm wielding or are you just going to eat me with your eyes instead?"

Alexsia bit on her bottom lip to keep herself from whimpering. Even though she'd been thoroughly sated with her mates' lovemaking just hours ago, already her body began to hum with need just by watching Kyle. She licked her lips in anticipation; knowing full well she wouldn't be leaving this bed until Kyle wanted her to—and she didn't have *any* complaints about that. Just

thinking about making love to Kyle made her shiver. How would he take her, she wondered. Fast and furious fucking, or slow and sensual lovemaking? Doggy style? Missionary? Spooning? She had no idea but she really couldn't wait to find out.

Already she could feel her cream on her inner thighs, proof of her desperate need to have Kyle between her thighs. Her clit throbbed in sync with her heartbeat, begging to be licked and suckled. Alexsia moaned with need, so desperate she was plucking and pulling on her nipples without realizing it until Kyle pulled her hands away.

"That's for me to do, love. Let me see to your needs, baby," he murmured. Sliding his hands down to her forearms, he continued to hold her body captive. With his forehead pressed to hers, she could clearly see his struggle to go slow, to make this more than just a quick fuck. In a strangled voice he warned, "I don't think I'm going to be able to stop myself from loving you. If you're too sore tell me now."

She licked her lips, a nervous habit she'd yet to kick. His eyes widened in response. "What's your decision, Alexsia? Stay or go, the choice is yours, but make it now before I take the choice from you. It's hard to hold the panther back when it wants its mate."

"Love me, Kyle, and don't stop until we're too

weak to move.”

\* \* \* \*

Kyle’s nostrils flared, his eyes widened in surprise. Sweat trickled down his spine while goose bumps pebbled down his arms and legs. He shivered—not from the cold but from exhilaration. He felt his cock pulse as blood poured into it with every beat of his heart. Even his knees felt weak. He swallowed past the lump in his throat. “What?”

“I’m desperate, so hungry and needy and from the looks of things,” her hand reached out to stroke the length of his painful erection, “you feel the same.”

His whole body shuddered beneath her touch. Her hand gave him more pleasure than he ever remembered finding. Even more pleasure than he’d found clasped within the silken wet sheaths of the women he’d bedded in the past.

Kyle looked over at her and tried to fight the burning in his gut that urged him to fall on her like some beast—like *his* beast craved. It didn’t help his waning control to see her pebbled nipples or hear her moaning in need as she caressed his throbbing cock.

Unable to stay away from her luscious body another moment, Kyle made his way down her body, licking and nibbling his way south, his lips



and tongue mere inches from her pussy. After wrapping his hands around her ankles, he slowly pushed her legs further apart before settling himself between her thighs as he made ready to feast.

Immediately, Alexsia's hands gripped his head, holding him right where he was—not that he had any intention of leaving his spot until he at least tasted his mate's desire on his tongue. Leaning closer, he gave her slit a long, slow lick between her folds with the rasp of his tongue. Her body arched up, shivered as he gently slid his thumb over the hard little nub while he continued to taste her feminine cream.

Kyle chuckled when her thighs pressed against his temples, locking him to her. Ignoring the slight discomfort, he continued to lick and suckle the small nub, knowing that when she came next it would be even more powerful than the first time they made love, binding their souls together.

"Please, Kyle. Make me come. I can't stand it anymore."

When he knew she was but moments from coming, Kyle lifted his mouth from her pussy and looked into her passion-glazed eyes. "Do you need me, Alexsia or do you need an orgasm, baby?"

"You," she croaked, her voice crackling as she squirmed and panted. "Please," she begged. "I need you *and* an orgasm. Please!"

He grinned. "Ah, now the truth is out. You don't want me for my rapier wit, sense of humor, and true companionship. No, you only want me for the orgasms I can give you."

A flame red blush spread across Alexia's entire body. Scrunching up her nose, she shook her head. "You know that's not true. Sure you're a great bed partner, but you're so much more. You're my mate but yeah the orgasms are fantastic, too," she admitted. "Besides," she added, "I have toys that can give me an orgasm if that's all I want."

Kyle shook his head and chuckled softly. "I'll have to watch you play with your toys one day. It's a sight I suddenly can't wait to see." He didn't think his cock could get any harder but one mention of Alexia masturbating, experimenting with toys, and his dick proved it could indeed get harder and thicker than he imagined possible.

Again, Kyle lowered his head, pressed his nose against her woman's mound just to breathe in her essence. "You smell so fucking good, baby." Unable to stop himself, he thrust his tongue through her wet pussy, swirling around her hard little clit before once again sinking between her slit to lap at her clit. "But your taste is absolute perfection."

Gently, knowing she must still be sore from their earlier lovemaking, Kyle eased one finger into her pussy, massaging the walls of her

clasping channel while he searched for her g-spot. When her hips jerked and her back arched off the bed, he knew he'd found it. To keep her from bucking him off, Kyle splayed his other hand over her pelvic bone.

Adding a second finger, he continued to stretch Alexsia's channel. He didn't want to hurt her so he'd do whatever he could do minimize the discomfort and maximize her enjoyment.

"Yes, Kyle, yes!" she gasped as he thrust yet another finger into her. Her head thrashed on the pillow. "Please," she begged. "I'll die if you give me relief and soon."

Kyle knew she was moments from coming. He could see it in her expressions, the tremor in her thighs as she reached for her climax, in the light sheen of sweat beading atop her skin as she strained and fought for release. Just as her channel tightened around his fingers, he stopped stroking her g-spot and pulled his fingers away. Alexsia groaned then lifted her head to look down at Kyle where he still crouched between her thighs. "What? Why di—"

"Sssh, Alexsia. I'm not leaving you." He gave a pained chuckle. No way could he leave the bed until he made love to his beautiful mate. He was just as desperate if not more so than Alexsia. "I just want to be inside you when you come. I can only imagine how tight and warm you're going to

be surrounding my cock. You're so wet and ready, I'm not sure how long I'm going to last once I get inside you."

"Well, stop talking and fuck me already, dammit," she growled. "I hurt, Kyle. Make the ache go away. Please." She didn't need to beg. If he didn't fuck her soon he'd need to go to the hospital for a terminal case of blue balls. He wanted to ride her until she begged for mercy.

Kneeling between her spread thighs, Kyle kissed Alexsia, ravishing her mouth as he would her body. As he sank into the passion-laden kiss, he lifted Alexsia's bottom, pulled her closer and forged into her tight pussy in one long, steady stroke.

After wrapping her legs around Kyle's waist, she raised her hips, meeting him thrust for thrust. He chuckled, his mouth blowing warm air across her pebbled nipple. "Patience, Alexsia. I plan to go slow. Very slow. In fact, I plan to tease you until you scream and beg me to make you come."

Centimeter by centimeter, he pulled out of her clenching sheath only to ever so slowly sink back in until the head of his cock bumped into her cervix. Every time he sank into her depths, she tightened her legs around his waist and arched her back up in need. He loved watching the expressions that chased across her face as he made love to her, loved all the little noises she made and

even loved the scratches she put on his skin when he didn't move fast enough for her liking. But tonight, he wouldn't be rushed. This was the first time he got to make love to Alexsia alone and he wanted to savor it.

Her thighs started to tremble. Her head thrashed from side to side on her pillow. Her fists clenched in the bed linens. He knew before long she would scream out her need. He couldn't wait to make love to her. Hard or easy, fast or slow, fucking or loving—it didn't matter. He just wanted to savor being inside his mate.

"I don't want slow, dammit! I want hard and fast. Give it to me. Now!" she demanded.

He threw his head back and laughed. "As you wish, baby. As you wish." He moved slightly, pressing the rigid flesh of his shaft against her gate before forging through her channel in one deep, hard thrust. Groaning, Kyle bit his lip, gasped "Hold on," then pulled out before slamming his hips forward, thrusting inside his mate with wild abandon. He couldn't believe how fucking fantastic she felt wrapped around his cock. He'd never before felt this much pleasure, not with any of his past lovers. Whether it because this time he was making love to his mate or if it was something to do with how tight she was, he didn't know, though he had a feeling making love to his mates would outshine all other forms of intimacy. "Ahh,

God, you feel so fucking good baby, wrapped around my cock the way you are. Ugh, so fucking good."

Alexsia bit her lip, before going boneless beneath him, letting his cock settle even deeper until she took his whole length in her clenching channel. No sooner did he enter her than he started to pull out, then in. Out. In. Out. In. until all that he could do was throw his head back and enjoy the experience as he loved his mate solo for the first time, making their intimacy so much more important to him.

Her muscles clench around his shaft every time he started to pull out, apparently reluctant to let him go. Over and over, he drove into her, fast and hard only to back off and slow when she would get close to coming. Alexsia wrapper her legs around Kyle's waist, grabbing his shoulders as her hips rose, meeting and matching him thrust for thrust. The harsh grunts and sounds of skin slapping skin, of creaking mattress and headboard pounding against the wall echoed around the otherwise silent room.

Kyle lifted her legs to his shoulders and gripped her bottom, changing his angle of penetration just slightly. Drops of sweat dripped onto Alexsia's stomach as he continued to pound into her ruthlessly, striving for release for the both of them.

When she thought she could take no more, he convinced her she could. Reaching between their bodies, he pressed his thumb to her clit, rotating it against her hard, little nub. Her body spasmed in reaction, tightening the muscles surrounding his cock. He groaned in absolute pleasure. Her muscles clamped on his length.

He groaned, then grit his teeth. "Have mercy woman, please," he begged. His hips jackknifed into her, faster, harder and deeper than before as he strove to find his own release. His cock grew impossibly wider, harder as more blood rushed to it. Kyle flexed his shaft as he finally reached climax. Claspng against his cock, milking him of his own release. He gasped as more pleasure than he'd ever experienced, more than he could have imagined raced through him. His hot seed flooded her already sopping channel, mixing with her own fluids, making them one in that instance. She quivered beneath him before collapsing against her mattress. Spent.

He knew exactly how she felt as he moved just slightly to the left and collapsed next to her, feeling too mellow and sated to move. Even to clean up.

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

Alexsia woke up feeling powerful, more so than ever before. Something about last night's lovemaking had opened up the rest of the barriers blocking her from her power. This time at least there were no earthquakes, no outward sign of the change in her abilities, not that she needed it to understand the difference. Until Kyle and Dane had passed that final barrier and became mates in truth, a part of her power had been blocked off, but now that they're truly mated with each other and to her, she felt truly complete and sure of herself.

And having complete use of her powers meant that she also knew that her precognitive abilities had begun to work because she knew that today, the confrontation between herself and the Dark Fae would take place. The only question in her mind though was whether to tell her mates about it first. In the end, she decided that they should know. Out of all of them, Kyle was harmed by the



Dark Fae the most and had a right to face the man who had him kidnapped.

As she watched her men sleep, a smile spread across her face as she remembered in detail the lovemaking from the night before. Perhaps they should have let Kyle heal longer, but they all needed to reaffirm their bond. Having Kyle missing for those hours, feeling the loss of him so close, shook all of them up and no one was willing to wait any longer to reaffirm the mate bond, to endure that it remained intact. She shuddered just thinking what would have happened to her and Dane had they lost Kyle to the Dark Fae and his minions. It didn't even bare thinking on.

Knowing that the confrontation they'd been waiting on was fast approaching, Alessia rose and showered. She'd wake her men up once she'd dressed. She'd let them get what sleep they could before waking them.

Within minutes, hot water began easing the aching muscles from the night before. A small smile tilted up the corner of her lips as she remembered the whispered words of love said aloud under cover of darkness last night. Why was it always so much easier to admit things while lying in the dark? It's not like they all didn't have supernatural vision. They could see just as easily at night as they could during day and yet despite that there were certain things they each

had difficulty saying in the light of day. Alessia chuckled. She'd bet a shrink would have a field day with them.

Just as she began rinsing the soap out of her hair, two sets of arms wrapped around her, filling the shower stall nearly beyond capacity. While one set of hands rinsed the shampoo from her hair, another set ghosted over her skin, massaging away the aches from last night's excesses. Opening her eyes, she got lost in Dane's hungry emerald gaze. She so wanted to give in to his need, especially when she could see just how badly he wanted her. His erection was long and thick and already dribbling pre-cum. She so wanted to taste that this morning but there just wasn't time.

She could feel Kyle's cock pressing against her ass, hard and needy as he rubbed against her in slow, sensuous movements. Dropping her head back, Alessia groaned. Before she could protest, Kyle began nibbling on her neck while Dane suckled and nibbled on one nipple while pinching and pulling on the other. If she didn't stop them soon, she wouldn't stop them at all. Groaning, she shook her head. "We can't. There isn't time," she whined.

At once, hands and mouths stopped what they were doing. Straightening up, she sighed. "I've fully come into all my powers. I see Doña arriving before noon today. We meet at the park. He

*surprises* us there while we're having a picnic."

Dane shook his head. "And he falls for that? Does he think so little of our intelligence that after Kyle's kidnapping that we're just going to forget about the danger?"

Behind her, Kyle placed his hands on Alexsia's hip and rested his chin on the top of her head. "More than likely he's so full of himself he doesn't pay attention to the lives of those below him—and he considers everyone below him. He'll more than likely think it's perfectly normal to go on a picnic because we're nothing but stupid sheep to him."

Alexsia nodded. "Exactly. He'll greatly underestimate us—underestimate our bond. Our Triadic union will make me the strongest Guardian of the Light in thousands of years and he's going to realize too late just what he'd stepped into by kidnapping Kyle because in the end it just made us stronger."

Kyle gave her hips a squeeze, then let go. "Well, let's go on a picnic then."

Dane nodded. "Yes, let's. I can't wait to meet this asshole myself."

In the end, it took less than fifteen minutes to shower and dress before heading out to purchase the props for their *picnic*. By the time they set up in the picnic area of the park, only a few minutes remained before Doña's attack was scheduled to begin.

As if thoughts of the fiend were a siren call, Doña arrived with no warning. One moment the three lovers were sitting at the picnic table pretending to have a good time, and the next, the Dark Fae stood facing them, rage and hatred emanating from him in malevolent waves. A lesser supernatural, or a human, would be cowering at the evil one's feet, but Dane, Kyle and Alessia instead stood, and joined hands, facing their enemy without a trace of fear evident, inside or out.

"Are you ready to lose your lovers today, Alessia?" the demon asked.

Alessia snorted. Did he really think that she'd fall apart if he threatened her mates? Not gonna happen. She had more strength than the Dark Fae could even imagine. And with her mates feeding the bond both their love for her and belief in her, she had more power at her disposal than he could conceive of if she needed it. Not that she thought it would come to that, but she'd do well to remember that pride was a virtue that could cost her more than she could afford to lose. Getting too confident could be disastrous because he certainly wouldn't be fighting fair, and more than likely he wouldn't attack her alone.

Lacing her fingers through Dane's right hand and Kyle's left, Alessia let a little power loose, just enough to form a diamond hard shield around her

mates. She wouldn't allow them to be injured because of her past and her treacherous family. Once she had that accomplished she waited.

It didn't take long before she could feel the wind stir the air in their diamond cocoon. From our position, they could see the trees bend and sway, see birds taking to the air in an effort to escape the gale force winds. Park trashcans were tossed in the air and flying away as though they weighed nothing more than a feather and still the wind didn't affect them. As the wind continued to rage, Alexsia reached for the Dark Fae's mind. What she found there terrified her more than anything he could have said directly to her. The plans he had for my power—because the shell that held the power meant nothing to him—would make Karla Holmoka, a notorious rapist, torturer and killer of children, look like a saint in comparison.

Doña was a bigot of the worst kind. He didn't only hate humans, he hated every species of intelligent life on the planet other than Fae and the only Fae he didn't hate were the ones who didn't question him, who followed behind him blindly. If they developed an opinion they, too, were dealt with permanently. Everything he'd wanted was riding on obtaining her power. First, he'd destroy Kyle and Dane so Alexsia had no reason to fight him, followed by everyone in the town of Mystic

Ridge. He'd use the power to make it look like a nuclear bomb detonated in the town, wiping it and everyone in it from existence. Then he'd target every supernatural in the world using the KHP to destroy anyone who would have a chance, even the tiniest chance, to eliminate the Dark Fae. Eventually, he'd take control of every major government head in the world, subjugating humanity.

Seeing the world as Doña envisioned had Alexsia so disgusted and enraged that she almost lost control of her power, letting her negative emotions rule. Doing that would make her just as evil as her nemesis. Instead, she shoved the anger away, thought of all the victims of the Dark Fae that had already fallen in his attempt to rule the world. She would not be cruel and draw out his death, instead she would focus on protecting the innocent, guarding the light. As her people's guardian, she envisioned a sword of fire and while the Dark Fae used his powers to create windstorms in an attempt to knock her down and out, she took the sword of justice and used it to mentally chop off his head. One second he stood tall as he tried to destroy Alexsia's mates and the next his head had fallen to the ground, his next cauterized by the fire. It was a more merciful death than he deserved.

At once the wind stopped. The normal sounds

of nature began to seep in. And Ezekiel Doña's body disintegrated into ash right before their eyes. Taking her first deep breath in ages, Alexsia lowered the shield she'd wrapped around her mates and scanned the area, just to make sure they were truly alone. For now. She didn't forget that her parents were still out there somewhere, and the KHP. But for now, she could feel Dane's hunger beating at her and Kyle's fatigue.

Turning to her mates, she wrapped her arms around both their waists and envisioned her apartment. A second later, they were ensconced in the living room safe and sound. No one spoke. They just continued to hold one another until their physical needs forced them to separate.

Alexsia cocked one eyebrow and turned to Dane. "What do you eat anyway?"

Dane looked at his feet, then the wall, then the ceiling, anywhere but at his mates. Finally, Kyle couldn't hold in his chuckle. "Dane gets nauseated at the smell of blood so for years he's been adding fruit punch to it and drinking it that way. He's able to purchase animal blood from the butcher in town so he doesn't have to hunt it."

Alexsia tried her hardest not to laugh but after the day, the week they'd had she needed the laughter just as much as everyone else. "Jeez, a vampire that can't stand the smell of blood. Go home and get something to eat. You shouldn't be

starving yourself, baby. And how can you drink something other than blood anyway?"

"That's just a myth that we've spread about to confuse humans. I can't eat food, but a tiny amount of juice or wine is fine, he Dane admitted. He shook his head at her surprise, then took Alexsia's hand in his as Kyle took the other. Slowly, the led her to the couch. Looking from one to the other, she wasn't sure why they suddenly looked so serious. After what seemed forever, Kyle cleared his throat. "Although we haven't known you very long, sometimes all it takes is a second before you know that the person you're looking at is the one."

Dane squeezed her other hand. "It took but a second for both of us to know you were ours. Through the bonding we've claimed you as thoroughly as you claimed us."

Reaching out, Kyle lightly ran his hand through Alexsia's hair before softly cupping her cheek. "Come live with us, be a part of us. Join our lives, our business, our home. Be ours, love..."

"Marry us, baby," pleaded Dane. "Fly with us to Vegas where ménage marriages are legal and become ours legally. Please?"

Tears trickled out of the corner of Alexsia's eyes. So overcome with love and need, she couldn't begin to speak so instead she nodded. How could she not marry the men who completed



her? How could she deny the men who had so much faith in her abilities that they leashed their dominant beasts to allow her to do what she needed to do as her people's guardian? "Of course I will. How could you doubt it," she asked before climbing into Dane's lap and pulling Kyle into a hug so that she was surrounded by her new family.

## ÉPILOGUE

Brett Daniels stretched along the tree branch, making himself comfortable. There was a showdown coming, he could feel it. Knowing the Dark Fae would be coming after her, no way would Alexsia go on a picnic, especially when her mate had just been kidnapped. They'd be reaffirming life, a basic human and supernatural instinct when a loved one is endangered. Instead, they're at the park having a picnic. Naw. There's definitely a showdown about to happen.

As he suspected, within minutes of the triad's arrival, the Dark Fae they worried over made his appearance. The fight—if you could call it that—took but minutes. As a guardian to her people, how Doña thought he'd defeat her, well it boggled Brett's mind. *Probably underestimated her because she is female.*

Brett ran his finger down the long scar on his arm. He'd learned that lesson long ago. Never underestimate a female, especially when she's in a

temper.

Once the showdown was over and Alexsia and her mates *poofed* away—he really did like that superpower, so no wonder she didn’t do it in front of witnesses—he climbed down from his perch and headed back to his office. He’d received a new batch of sanctuary requests and there was one he couldn’t wait to approve. Again, he ran his finger down the length of his scar, a small smile on his face. Soon, he’d have his female back in his sights and this time he wasn’t letting her go.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

A little about me...I'm a wife, a daughter, a housekeeper, a personal shopper, a cook, a peace negotiator, an accountant, and in my spare time an Erotic Romance Author. Heck, I'm a woman who wears many hats, just as most women with a family to care for do. I'm a lover of books...books of all types. I'd like to say I've been writing since I could hold a pencil, but that wouldn't be true. I didn't start seriously writing until my DH encouraged me to when my weekly spending habit on books became obscene. He thought—wise man that he is—writing might not only rescue his wallet but keep me occupied and out of trouble. He was right.

In the winter of 2002, I sat down and began my first book, *The Protector's Destiny*. I finished it Spring of 2005 and it was first contracted with a now defunct publisher in the summer of 2006, though it wasn't the first book published. That honor belongs to *Taliff's Cure*, which I wrote in its entirety in the fall of 2006. EXtasy Books published this, my very first published work, in February of 2007.

Since that first project, *The Protector's Destiny*, I haven't slowed down. I don't see myself ever quitting this career, though I admit, my husband will probably tell you I still spend entirely too much time and money reading my favorite authors.

I'm also at MySpace and have my own Yahoo Group, so stop on by and visit! So please, pull up a chair and enjoy your trip through my virtual home.

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