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*Ménage Everlasting*

# IT BEGINS with a ROGUE'S BITE

JESSICA  
FROST

*Haven for the Lustfully Damned*



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**Jessica Frost**

**MENAGE EVERLASTING**



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## Prologue

Tension at an all time high, Shane and Thomas raced through the empty corridor. The sound of their speedy footsteps echoed through the marbled hallway with pounding fury as they approached the unwelcoming and overwhelming double doors. Behind those doors, the twelve most important and influential Voyeurs of their society sat discussing their dire situation. All knew when those doors remained closed, no one should interrupt, unless it involved life or death. Unfortunately, the twins bore such news.

Thomas glanced at his brother as they approached. From the concern in Shane's eyes, he was obviously in as much distress as Thomas. He wondered if his brother's heart hammered with as much ferocity as his own. It made breathing difficult.

How he wished that godforsaken vision had never come to them an hour ago. But it had, and now they needed to warn the high-ranking Voyeurs in that room about it before it was too late.

Shane arrived at the doors first. Taking a deep breath, he glanced at Thomas with an expression that said, *Here goes nothing*, and knocked on the black door. The sound of heavy breathing resonated in

Thomas's ears as they stood there motionless, waiting. His Adam's apple throbbed with his every heartbeat, thus blocking his throat and making his saliva form a ball near his vocal chords. Swallowing, he uselessly tried to loosen the blockage.

How much time elapsed before the doors opened, Thomas couldn't tell. Perhaps it was only a few seconds, but it felt like an eternity.

When the pale face of the Council's secretary peeked out, Thomas was finally able to swallow the cumbersome, hard ball of tension and saliva that had formed in his throat. She glanced first at Thomas and then at Shane, perplexity in her eyes.

"Why do you interrupt the Voyeur Council's important meeting?" she uttered with a sneer.

Shane coughed twice. Had a lump formed in his throat too? Thomas wondered.

Shane said, "We're sorry for the interruption, but it's really important we speak to the Council."

"Can't it wait until their meeting has adjourned?" Her sneer tightened.

"Unfortunately, it can't. We need to speak to them now," Shane said.

She glanced back inside and then huffed. "Very well, come in." Opening the wide door completely, she welcomed them in.

Thomas focused on their surroundings. He and Shane hadn't stepped foot in this room in years but much hadn't changed. How odd that he could remember every detail of the oppressive, gloomy room. Its furniture, dark and massive, added to its gloom as did the faded brown carpet covering the floor wall to wall. Thomas found it hard to breathe in there, even though the room was hardly stifling.

The last time they'd stood in this room before the Council, almost ten years ago, they were being inaugurated into the order of Voyeurs, the clairvoyant werewolf society sworn to protect humans. And here they stood once more, only this time they were here for a totally

different reason. They were here for the horrible vision they witnessed before.

They hadn't had a vivid vision like this one in many years. It frightened Thomas, as did their first vision of the earthquake that totaled the Council's quarters a decade ago. In that vision, though, accuracy forged the sequence and many lives were saved because of it. The Council honored them by making them Voyeurs in their order, just like their father before them. How honored their parents were that day they got inaugurated.

But the visions never intensified or continued for them. Oh, they had the occasional insight on minor future occurrences, but none of major detail or importance.

Until today when they'd both sat in their office working on some blueprints for a future construction project. A vision had come to them, a vision more vivid and more haunting than the one of the earthquake.

At the time, Thomas didn't know Shane witnessed the same vision, and what Thomas witnessed possessed him. He couldn't tear his eyes or attention away. The real world vanished. It was as if a vortex opened up and whisked him into its core, spiraling his body off to a faraway place full of evergreen trees, a barren road, and eminent danger.

When Shane spoke to Thomas about the experience right after it ended, they both realized they had the same vision and the human female they had seen was in peril. They needed to warn the Council to save her.

Now, just an hour later, here they stood before the Council members who stared at them, some with curiosity and others with annoyance. Thomas leaned on one foot and then the other. His nerves rattled. He wished he could get the hell out of there quickly.

Thorak, the eldest of the Council members, placed his papers back on the table, took his spectacles off, and stared keenly at them.



"Why have you come? I hope all is well with your family?" He glanced first at Thomas, then at Shane.

Shane stepped forward, bowing in respect. "Yes, they're all fine. We're sorry for interrupting the Council's meeting, but what my brother and I have to say is important, and it can't wait."

Thorak glanced at his peers, then placed his glasses back on the tip of his nose, looking up at them. "There's no doubt in my mind you feel it is. Well, go on, tell us."

Shane looked at Thomas as he continued. "My brother and I had a vision just an hour ago. It wasn't completely clear, but we believe it was a Rogue's attack on a human."

Thorak's eyes darkened, and he stood to pace the circumference of the table in silence, his deep, panting breath a telltale sign his ancient age finally crept up on him.

Sinor followed his progress with her gaze. Visibly fidgeting, she commented, "It is just as we feared. The Rogues will claim another human victim. Their rivalry against the humans is rising."

"The boy didn't say he saw the Rogue killing the human. Isn't that right, Shane?" Thorak came to stand still behind Sinor's chair, gazing forward.

"No, sire, we only envisioned the beginning of the attack." Shane shook his head.

"Then it is not too late to stop the attack before it even happens?"

"No, sire, it isn't. That's why we came here the moment the vision ended, to warn you, so you can send scouts out to save her," Shane replied

Thorak rubbed his chin in apparent thought for a few moments. "Hmm, a female, you say? In your vision, did you see the place where it will take place?"

"Yes, sire. We envisioned a barren road and a dark forest with evergreens growing in a circular pattern. Unfortunately, we don't know where it is exactly." Shane shook his head.

He exhaled loudly “If you were to come upon the exact area, you would recognize it, though?”

“Yes, sire, we would,” Thomas replied.

Thorak returned to his seat, slowly leaning back and finally flopping onto his chair when his knees obviously couldn’t bend any farther, a clear sign arthritis ailed the ancient Voyeur, as well.

“Then it’s settled. You and Shane will leave immediately in search of the female whose life is in danger.”

“But, sire, we’ve never hunted a Rogue before.” Thomas frowned, taken aback at the ancient Voyeur’s order.

Sinor interrupted, lifting her hand in the air, pointing to the east. “Thorak, they are just boys. They have never gone on a deadly mission alone before. Make one of the more experienced Voyeur scouts join them in their quest.” Thorak firmly shook his head. “You very well know we can’t spare the manpower. All our scouts are out now trying to find the Rogues’ hideout.” He gazed at them while continuing, “Besides, Sinor, the boys, as you call them, are twenty-nine years old. Hardly boys in the real world, but men.”

“Men in the eyes of humans, yes, but in the eyes of werewolves, they are still boys,” Sinor countered.

“Just the same. They will be fine alone. And hopefully, they’ll be able to save the girl in time.” Thorak stared at them, then waved his hand. “Go now. Time is of the essence.”

As usual, Shane was the first to react. He bowed, replying, “Of course, sire. We’ll do our best.” Then he retreated in a sure gait.

Thomas followed, but hardly feeling as self-assured as Shane always acted.

When the doors closed behind them on their exit, Thomas nudged Shane’s arm. “Why the hell did you say we’d do it?”

Shane frowned. “In case you didn’t realize it, it wasn’t a request but an order from Thorak.”

“Yeah, but you could have argued.”

“Argued with the closest thing the Voyeurs have to royalty? Do you know how old Thorak is? At least five hundred years old.”

“I know. But it doesn’t mean you couldn’t try.”

“It’s no use. You heard him. All the scouts are out hunting for the Rogues.” He started for the front exit. “So, brother, let’s go and try to save this damsel in distress.”

Thomas hated it when his twin was right, which happened often, but he had to admit he had a point. Thorak, the oldest and wisest Voyer, ordered them to go find her. What he said was law.

As he picked up his pace and followed his fleeing brother, he thought of the human female of his vision. She was gorgeous, drop-dead gorgeous. Her long blonde, flowing hair dancing in the wind as she ran bewitched him, so much so that he longed to plunge into the vision once more to follow her lead and touch her heavenly hair.

The darkness had acted as camouflage in his clairvoyance, so he couldn’t make out many details, but had made out her voluptuous silhouette and her enticing cleavage. With every hurried step she took, her delightful bosom bobbed up and down, teasing him continually with the question of what it would feel like to touch and lick her breasts.

His cock hardened with the memory of her wayward movements and spurred him to quicken his steps more. Soon, saving the damsel in distress became all that more urgent as did seeing her in person. Could she be as beautiful and enchanting as he envisioned? God, he certainly hoped so.

## Chapter One

Cheryl Brete was being followed. That's what kept chanting in her mind as she looked in her rearview mirror for the umpteenth time. Could she be that paranoid? Who would be following her on this dirt road in nowhere land?

She wasn't famous, a virtual unknown, really. Not a movie star, musician, or in the public eye whatsoever. No, she lived a mundane life as a secretary in a legal firm. An insignificant spot on the popularity totem pole was her status in life.

So why on earth would someone be interested in tailing her on this godforsaken road? The reason was simple. It was all in her head because no one really followed her. That black pickup truck trailing behind her on the road followed for the simple reason that it headed in the same direction, probably delivering a shipment of sorts. No sick, perverted stalker sat behind the wheel following her, waiting for a chance to run her off the road.

Her imagination wandered. After spending so many hours behind the wheel in the pouring rain and taking the wrong exit half an hour ago, her mind had lead her to the dark side.

Thank God for GPS. Now that she had turned hers on, she knew the dirt road would merge with Glenn Highway in a little bit, and she'd be back on track, heading to her friend Carmen's housewarming party in Anchorage, Alaska.

Butterflies fluttered in her stomach as she thought of who she might meet there. Martha, her best friend, finally convinced her to go to Carmen's party tonight. Yesterday, the moment she mentioned

many single hunks would be there, Cheryl's ears perked. How could she refuse to go knowing that?

She thought back to the last party of Carmen's she had attended. It was a New Year's Eve party seven months ago, and she remembered meeting a cute guy named Stuart there. He couldn't take his eyes off of her. They had talked for hours, and he just mesmerized her with his charm, good looks, wit, and funny jokes. When he asked for her number at the end of the evening, she told him she already had a boyfriend and couldn't go out with him or see him again. Her heart felt heavy because she really liked Stuart.

But her so-called boyfriend was Gary Reynolds and calling him that didn't quite fit the description of their situation. They had been in and out of a relationship for three years now. He had a tendency to let his eyes, and hands, wander whenever a pretty girl came along. When she caught him in bed with the new female singer of his band a week after Martha's party, she finally broke it off for good, swearing never to see him again.

He came begging for her to take him back after the singer dumped him a couple of weeks later, just like he always did, but she had finally set her mind, steeled her heart, and called the cops on him when he refused to leave.

He vowed he'd get his revenge on her for calling the cops. His words frightened her, but thank God they were empty threats, and she never saw him again.

It took her many months to mend her heart. In fact, she still wasn't completely healed. The wound ran deep, and she knew it might never heal fully.

But now she was ready to move on with her life and take slow steps forward.

Unfortunately, she had heard from Martha that Stuart had gotten engaged, but hopefully, she'd meet another hunk just like him there and he'd ask her out. This time, she'd say yes. Maybe something

would come of it, maybe nothing might, but a promising chance simmered in her heart.

She glanced down at her outfit. How much time had she spent in front of the mirror this evening trying to decide on what to wear? She lost count on the number of outfits or dresses she tried on, perhaps twenty, until she finally decided on this black dress. From the angle at which she viewed her bosom, the low-cut, wraparound dress barely covered her lace push-up bra. She had to admit she looked good from this position. The bra did wonders in making her breasts look fuller, higher, and the way the tight dress clung to her body snugly accentuated her curves. Hopefully, it would have the perfect effect on a hunk at the party.

Hopefully, he'd take notice and like what he saw. If she played her cards right, maybe she could convince him to leave early and join her for a coffee at his place. Her panties got wet with anticipation as wicked thoughts formed in her sex-deprived mind, wicked thoughts of a tall, muscular imaginary man with raven hair and green eyes sitting next to her on a sofa.

It would start out with coffee, but then things would lead to so much more. Kissing his sexy lips would be amazing. She licked her own, imagining every delectable inch of his godly sculpted face, his full lips, strong chin and nose, his deep green eyes. Then her mind wandered to his chest, his wide shoulders, toned abs, and muscular biceps and pecs.

God, if she could just rub his chest, feel his heartbeat and body heat and kiss his warm, luscious lips, then maybe she'd be okay. Her body had been without the ministrations of a man for more than seven months, and her urges were taking their toll on her.

Ordinarily, inviting herself over to a stranger's home for "coffee" was something she never considered, but according to Carmen and Martha, all the hunks who would be at the party were Carmen's very good friends who she'd known and trusted for years. So they

wouldn't exactly be complete strangers. Therefore, she wouldn't be picking up a psychopath or serial killer, but a nice guy.

Tonight of all nights, where she felt the loneliest, she needed the touch and comfort of a man, someone to show her she still was attractive and sexy and she did deserve more than what she had been given in terms of love from the opposite sex during her life.

Growing up in a broken home where her alcoholic father went out to the bar one evening and never came back when she was eight had left a scar in her heart that never went away and got worse when she met Gary. She fell in love with him instantly and only saw what a horrible monster he was when it was too late.

He had stolen her heart, and she couldn't get it back. She'd needed to be with him, love him, save him from his destructive self. In her mind, because she had suffered so much as a child, she felt she was the only one who could save Gary. But, God, had she been wrong. Dead wrong.

Gary didn't lean on her for love and healing kindness. No, he clung to her like a leech that sucked all the blood and good energy out of her. He would have killed her with his mental and sometimes physical abuse if her mind hadn't snapped back to reality seven months ago. She realized he really didn't love her, and if she stayed with him any longer, he'd destroy her and turn her heart and soul into burned charcoal that could never be mended again.

Yes, tonight she yearned to feel like a vibrant female, feel desirable once more, so she could finally convince herself she was still alive and that hope hadn't abandoned her yet.

Taking a sigh to calm her pained heart, she glanced in the rearview mirror. Of course, the black pickup truck still followed her. It's not like there was another road it could have gone on or anywhere it could have stopped on the way. Barrenness surrounded the area for miles in all directions. There was nothing and no one around, except for her, her navy-blue Malibu, the black pickup truck behind her, and its mysterious driver.

Squinting, she tried to focus through her rearview mirror on the inside of the vehicle behind her. The pouring rain made it hard to see anything other than the silhouette of a man behind the wheel.

As she stared, flashes of lightning darted across the sky, lighting the area around them, and that's when she got a better look inside the truck. She still couldn't see his face, but she could make out he lifted his arm in the air and seemed to wave at her briefly. Then darkness returned with the lightning's end.

No, it couldn't be. Her eyes had teased her. Why in God's name would he be waving at her? How could he tell she looked at him? He was three car lengths behind her. He couldn't possibly have known she was looking at him. Even if he did, why did he wave at her? She didn't know anyone who owned a pickup truck.

A foreboding feeling crept up on her that she couldn't shrug off. Her paranoia returned, and with it, her heart pounded faster. When the car started to go down a steep incline in the road ahead, her heart seemed to jump into her throat, and her breathing became labored.

The hammering rain hitting the roof made a drumming noise resonate inside the car, which made the sound of her fast heartbeat less prominent. She glanced to her side mirror and took a calming breath. When she brought her attention back to the road ahead, it was too late. Something on the road, something long, shiny, and metallic vanished under the car as she rode over it. She didn't even have time to slow down, let alone stop.

A loud bang echoed inside, and the car shuddered. She lost control of the vehicle. It swerved to the left. Her reflexes kicked in too late. She tried to control the wheel, but stopping a charging rhino would have been easier. The car hit the opposite ditch at a fast speed, and she slammed forward. The air bag deployed in time to cushion her hit.

For a second, she became disoriented as the white bag engulfed her face. Then it deflated with a cloud of white powder dissipating in the air. Lifting her head, pain shot through her neck and head. Disorientation overwhelmed her as her surroundings spun slowly



around for a few seconds. When she blinked, everything finally stopped, and her senses began to register what happened to her. She turned off the engine.

With the difficulty she had in controlling the wheel, she guessed her front right tire had busted. Could the cause have been whatever the metallic thing was she had just ridden over? What in heaven's name was it doing in the middle of the road, anyway? Maybe it was something a truck transported that had fallen off without the driver seeing it.

Whatever the reason, there was no use wondering why the blasted thing had been there. Knowing didn't change what happened or solve her dilemma now.

Taking off her seatbelt, she massaged her stiff neck, trying to rub out the soreness. She turned her neck and body slowly to the right in search of her black purse. It no longer rested on the back seat, and she had to lean behind and twist around completely to look for it. She found it lying on the bottom left-hand side of the car, leaning against the passenger chair. She grimaced as she stretched to retrieve it while her neck and shoulders stiffened.

Grabbing it, she turned around and slumped back into her seat. She let out a sigh of relief, but the pain hadn't lessened. Unzipping her purse, she rummaged through it for her cell phone. When she found it, she opened it to place an emergency 911 call. Unfortunately, it had no signal. Of course, it wouldn't. Why would she get a signal in nowhere land?

"Great. Fucking great." She tossed her purse and useless cell phone onto the passenger seat and opened her door. The rain hadn't relented and beat on her, making her shiver as she closed her door to check things out.

Her headlights were still on, defining and illuminating the damage. She had surmised correctly. The right front tire had busted and all that remained was part of the torn, frayed rubber. The front bumper came partially off because of how hard she hit the ditch. Even

if she were able to change the tire, which she had never even attempted in her life, the damage to the bumper would make driving impossible.

Wiping the water from her eyes as she looked at the front of the car, her heart sank in despair. What would she do now? There was no one for miles around, and the pickup that had been behind her had disappeared. The son of a bitch hadn't even stopped to see if she was all right.

She opened her door and slid back behind the wheel, closing the door behind her, shivering. She hadn't even brought a coat or shawl with her tonight, thinking that she'd be inside the whole time. Damn, it was cold. She rubbed her arms, trying to warm up as the cold rain soaked into her clothes even more, and she stared out in front of the car. The rain hit the windshield as rays of light from the headlights danced in the empty, haunting darkness.

Now what would happen next? Would anyone be coming by here later tonight? She doubted it, but she couldn't exactly go walking in the rain looking for someone. The only thing to do was stay in the car and wait until the battery died. She was too scared to start the engine again. Who knew the extent of the engine's damage and if fuel had leaked. The car could explode. She wasn't exactly an expert on cars. She barely knew how to check the oil.

*God, can this night get any worse?* Stress finally engulfed her, and the only way to release it was through tears. She cried while continuing to shiver and worry. Bleakness hovered over her head like a vulture waiting for its wounded prey to die so it could eat it.

She looked once more outside while wiping her eyes when she saw it. A light from far up ahead on the road seemed to be getting bigger, brighter. Could it be? Yes, yes, someone came up in reverse on the one-way road.

Hope returned, and she swung her door open, jumping out of the car. She barely closed her door before running up onto the road again,

heading for the approaching lights. Waving her hands over her head, she screamed, "Over here! I'm over here! Help!"

She knew her savior was too far away to hear her cries, but they empowered her as she progressed toward the car. Within a few moments, the vehicle came close enough for her to realize it was the black pickup truck. The son of bitch had come back. Thank the Lord for sons of bitches, she thought. At least this one had a heart to come back and help her.

When it was about forty feet away, the truck stopped, and the door opened. Why in God's name did he stop so far away? Wiping the cumbersome rain from her eyes, she tried to focus on him. The man looked tall and slim. He closed his door and began to walk toward her. His face remained obscured in the darkness.

She shouted out, hoping he could hear her that far away. "Thank you for coming back. I don't know what I would have done if you hadn't!"

The dark silhouette of a man continued to walk toward her in silence. He seemed to contort his neck sideways, and she swore she heard cracking sounds as if his bones began to break. Then he gurgled, and his voice turned into a deep growl.

What the hell? She couldn't believe what she saw or heard. Before her eyes, the man's body transformed from a tall, thin man, to some type of husky, deformed beast.

As her life suddenly played before her, panic struck her with a shocking blow, and her instincts screamed in her mind, "Run!"

It didn't take her body long to react to the warning, and she spun on her high heels, darting into the woods to her right. She needed to escape him, or it. Whoever, or whatever, it was obviously didn't come back to help her. No, he, or it, came back to do something bad, really bad.

## Chapter Two

Helplessness sank into Thomas's bones as the pouring rain outside drummed on the car's roof and the radio played "Bad Company." He and Shane had been on the road forever it seemed. So many hours had passed since they left on their search. What if by now the Rogue werewolf found the woman and it was too late? God help them.

Shane rubbed his eyes and yawned aloud, bringing Thomas out of his despair. "Maybe we should head back. Maybe this isn't the right road."

He shook his head. "We've turned back four times already. Let's continue on for a bit longer and see for sure."

"Yeah, okay." He leaned forward and lowered the music.

"Why did you do that for?" Frowning, Thomas briefly glanced at him before turning his attention back on the road ahead.

"I wanted to talk."

"About what?"

"The vision."

Thomas sighed, recalling it. A chill of dread crawled up his back, and he involuntarily shivered. Hoping his brother didn't see his movements, he asked, "What about it?"

"We never discussed it further."

"So what do you want to discuss about it?"

"Tell me again what you saw, Thomas. I want to make sure our visions were identical. Maybe yours could have been slightly different from mine, and there's a clue we are overlooking."

"All right." He paused to think, then began to recite his vision.

Once he was finished, Shane asked, "But did you see any details about the Rogue werewolf? Did you recognize him?"

"Nope. I couldn't get a good look at him for some reason, though I was able to see her pretty good." He knew a smile lightened his features, but he didn't care. The beautiful woman was the only thing from his vision worth remembering. She was simply stunning.

"Me too." Shane sighed, and Thomas swore it meant much more than a simple acknowledgement to his brother. "Why do you think we couldn't see him but we could see her so well?" Shane continued.

"I don't know." He shrugged.

"Don't you find it weird we haven't had any real significant vision in years, and then all of a sudden, we have one now?"

"Why is it weird?"

Shane remained silent for a few moments and shook his head. "Never mind. I'm probably wrong."

Thomas slapped his brother's upper arm in irritation. "Don't start that with me again, Shane. Spill it." He hated it when Shane did this to him, piquing his curiosity and just shrugging it off like it wasn't important.

"Okay, okay." He rubbed his arm. "Ouch, that hurt."

"Sorry." Thomas briefly looked at him in guilt. Stress had obviously influenced his actions just now.

Taking a deep breath, Shane said, "I find it weird we had a detailed vision after almost a decade. I think we had it specifically for a reason."

"A reason?"

"Yup, I think we had it because we were meant to save her." He gulped.

"Why us? What makes us so important? We've never saved anyone."

"Yes, we did. We saved the Council from the earthquake years back. Fate now decided we should save her."

"Why should we be the ones?"

Shane huffed in frustration. “How the hell should I know? But I think Thorak knew that we, and only we, could go after her. That excuse about no Voyeur scouts being available to help us was pure bullshit. If he wanted, he could have called one back to help us out.”

Shane remained quiet for a few moments, but his mind obviously churned with ideas because Thomas heard him tapping his fingers on the passenger side window. He only did something like that when he did heavy thinking.

“Maybe,” Shane blurted, then paused. “What if Thorak saw it, too? What if he knew about our vision and wants only us to save her because it’s our destiny? You know how powerful his visionary powers are. He is the most powerful Voyeur in the society.”

“That makes sense he could have seen it, too.”

Shane stared out the side window and scratched his head before turning to look at him again. “But why would we be destined to save her? Is she an important human who is going to change our world? Change the human world?”

“Damn if I know. All I know is she’s beautiful,” Thomas admitted his thoughts aloud.

Shane nodded. “Yeah, she’s beautiful.”

“Too bad she’s human.”

“Why do you say that?” Shane asked.

“If she were an immortal...” He trailed off as he imagined being up close to her, touching that soft alabaster skin of hers, gazing into her deep blue eyes. Her voluptuous body from his vision tempted him, and the crotch of his pants tightened around him as his cock expanded along with his imagination.

Shane sat up straight, frowning. “Yeah, if she were a werewolf, then things could get complicated. We haven’t exactly had good luck with the lycanthrope opposite sex. They have torn out our hearts, eaten them, and then dumped us in the past.”

“No, that happened to you, bro. Not me. But yeah, I haven’t had much luck in the love department either.” Thomas nudged him.

“What, our unsuccessful love lives got you down, Shane? Don’t tell me you’ve sworn off of women, have you?”

“No, I have needs, big sexual needs as every other male werewolf has,” Shane confessed.

“You wouldn’t want risking transforming into the uncontrollable beast on the next full moon.” Thomas smiled.

By mating on a full moon werewolves could easily resist the primal need of transformation and the hunger to feast on flesh that came with it. The uncontrollable beast that each werewolf kept hidden deep within them was an eternal, damning curse they all had to bear in life.

Shane continued. “Exactly. But that doesn’t mean I’m looking to fall in love again. And definitely not with a human. That’s just like adding fuel to the fire. All you get is burned, Thomas. Trust me.” Shane shook his head.

“Not always. Just because you got burned in the past doesn’t mean it’s always the case.” Thomas’s hopeful mind wandered. “But her being human complicates things. If she was transformed...”

His own wishful thinking puzzled Thomas. Where did these forbidden thoughts come from? They certainly didn’t slip by his twin.

“Whoa, Thomas. What stupid ideas are coming up in your head? Voyeur werewolves protect humans, remember. We don’t turn humans. No matter how freakin’ drop-dead gorgeous the damsel in distress is.”

Thomas shrugged off the taboo idea. “I was just thinking hypothetically.”

“Good. Good. Glad to hear it. Boy, you worried me there for a second.” Shane sighed obviously in relief.

Thomas stared out at the road ahead. The rain hadn’t let up in hours. Visibility was poor. They could barely make out what was ten feet ahead of them. How the hell could they find her before the Rogue did? Odds couldn’t have been stacked higher against them. Yet, the

odds suddenly didn't discourage Thomas like they had moments earlier.

On the contrary, they spurred him on. No matter how bleak or dire their situation, he needed to get to the woman of his vision before anything happened to her. Beauty such as hers could not die. Never.

He'd do everything in his power to see she lived, even if it meant that he'd have to transform her to do it. Damn the Voyeurs' rules.

Something deep in his psyche, and if he looked even closer he'd say something deep in his soul, urged him on. He'd move mountains to save her if he had to. Why in heaven's name did he want to? He didn't know. Maybe it had to do with destiny as Shane had theorized before. Maybe destiny pulled the strings. It made sense why he was so obsessed with finding her.

Speeding up, he squinted, focusing on the road. She was somewhere up ahead. He could sense her.



## **Chapter Three**

Something told Shane that soon they'd be treading in deep waters, and God help them, he knew Thomas would sink fast.

The loud warning he gave his brother moments earlier still rang in his ears now. A human female was nothing but trouble. Actually, any female fit that description. He'd learned that lesson the hard way a few years ago.

Sure, Thomas had had his share of heartache, but Shane was the one who experienced it in a more severe degree. At one time, he had been deeply and madly in love and had actually gotten married. He'd been married for three years when Marian, his wife, got pregnant and told him about the baby.

He couldn't have been happier to hear the news until she told him that the baby wasn't his and that she and the baby's father had been secretly seeing each other for over a year. They had fallen in love, and now, getting pregnant was a sign that they were meant to be together and that she didn't love Shane anymore.

He tried to reason with her through blinding tears, it was the first and only time he ever cried, that she shouldn't throw their marriage away. He still loved her and could make her fall in love with him again, but she didn't listen. Her suitcases had been waiting at the door for her speedy departure. She didn't even give him a second glance before stepping through those doors, never to be seen again.

His broken heart never healed. Yes, he went on with his life, but he formed a shield high enough to protect his heart and soul from getting broken once again. He had sex with many passing females. After all, he was a werewolf whose sexual urges became primal

whenever the full moon came upon him, but he never opened up his heart. No, he'd keep it shielded forever from love if he could.

But today when he saw *her* in his vision, something stirred in him. A sexual call, of course, though it was laced with something that rattled him. His comfort zone shifted through that vision, and he didn't like it one bit.

His sixth sense had been warning him for hours now that there was a reason he and Thomas had a vision about it. He prayed it was only to save her. Nothing else. There couldn't be more. No, he'd never let her slip past his defenses, no matter how breathtaking she was. But he also knew that in the scheme of life, if fate pulled the strings, then he could do little more than be its puppet. Taking a breath, he tried to tear his mind away from the profoundness of his thoughts and focused on the road ahead.

The miserable view around them and the rain hammering on the roof of the car and windshield reminded him of a scene in a Hitchcock movie. All they needed was a psychopath to add suspense and mystery to the mix.

Wait a minute. They did have one, the Rogue werewolf. Well, there they had it, the perfect murder mystery playing before their eyes, and like it or not, they were the movie's heroes.

He certainly didn't feel like a hero, more like a bumbling idiot searching for a needle in a mile-high hay stack. Wallowing in his uncertainty weighed on his shoulders.

Thomas broke the brief silence then. "Have you ever wondered why Rogue werewolves have been on the rise lately, Shane?"

"Huh, what?" Shane's mind stalled.

Thomas looked serious as he stared ahead. "I've been thinking. Before, we rarely heard of Rogue attacks on humans. Now, in the past months, they've been on the increase. It seems like their attention shifted from attacking the Voyeurs to attacking humans. Why?"

Thomas sighed and added, "And why did the Voyeurs decide to name werewolves who attacked other Voyeurs or humans Rogues to begin with?"

"How should I know?" Shane asked. "That's something you should ask the Council, not me. Even though we were accepted into the Voyer society years ago, we can hardly call ourselves Voyeurs. Other than the occasional vision, we're really only architects."

Confusion enshrouded his mind until an idea seeped into his brain. Taking a deep breath to spur his voice on, he said, "Their actions before were random acts of violence, but now they seem more centered, focused. It's as if all the Rogues are uniting and are heading for something."

"Something? What, like a revolution?"

"Maybe."

Thomas snapped his fingers on his right hand before returning to rest it on the wheel. "That's it. Yeah, it makes sense. Why else would the Council have been having a meeting now? Even Sinor said the rivalry of the Rogue werewolf attacks on humans is on the rise."

"Great fucking shit. So you're telling me we've just stuck ourselves in some type of war?" Shane threw his hands in the air as his mood shifted lower.

Before Thomas could respond, Shane saw dim lights to the far left-hand side of the windshield. As the car progressed, the lights became brighter and clearer. Realizing a vehicle had driven into the ditch, he placed his hand on his brother's shoulder and pointed with his index finger. "Hey, look over there."

Thomas followed his gesture. "Holy shit!" He swerved their car to the right side of the road. When the car came to a full stop, he placed it in park and they stared at the navy-blue vehicle while the radio played Blue Oyster Cult's "Don't Fear the Reaper."

A chill crawled up Shane's spine. Could it be an omen?

Shane cursed as he stepped out first. The pouring rain beat on him the moment he slid out. His windbreaker blocked the dampness from

seeping in, but the coldness of the weather sunk into his bones. That chill going up his spine turned ten times colder, and he shuddered while whipping his head side to side to ward off the iciness.

He strode over to the car, glancing inside. It lay empty, except for a purse on the front passenger side. "Seems like she left in a hurry."

Thomas moved away a few feet and gazed at the entire car. "Does it look like the car of your vision?"

Shane didn't need to stand back to answer that. "Yeah, exactly." He looked farther ahead up the road and with his keen werewolf vision saw the truck parked to the side. "That's the same, too."

He opened the unlocked driver's door, and the whiff of an enticing, sweet scent seeped into his nostrils. He closed his eyes for a few seconds, savoring her scent. His manly urges surged as he imagined her beautiful body sitting in the seat where he hovered now. It intoxicated him, and he almost forgot how urgent their situation had turned.

Opening his eyes again, reality hit him hard and fast. He moved away quickly, headed to the front of the car, and placed his hand on the hood. It still radiated heat from the engine. Whatever happened wasn't that long ago.

While he did this, Thomas dipped his head into the car, obviously inhaling her scent, too. If they needed to track her, knowing her scent would lead the way.

A few moments later, he walked up to him and took a deep inhalation of the chilly air around them and asked, "You smell her?"

Shane shook his head. "No. The car's hood is still warm, though. So we may not be too late."

"Yeah, but where do we head?" Thomas looked around.

"I don't know." He scratched his head. The forest in front of them looked densely uniform. Nothing different, no recognizable landmark that would tell him this was the route she took.

His heart pounded in his chest with panic as his breathing became shallow and quick. Time still raced forward, and his mind jittered

ideas from one side of his head to the other as he tried to find the best answer of what to do next. Thankfully, the right solution came straight and quickly.

“Let’s check out the Rogue’s truck. His scent will be stronger and maybe we’ll have an easier time picking it up.” Shane darted to the truck as Thomas tailed him to their destination.

Just like the female’s car door, this one was unlocked. He opened it and inhaled deeply. A few seconds later, he moved aside to let Thomas register the smell at the same time. He cringed when the foul smell hit him full force. Normally, a male werewolf’s scent was musky. It smelled animalistic, similar to the scent of a wolf. But the scent of a werewolf high on adrenaline who was ready to attack and kill smelled of acid.

Its strength was so potent it seared the hairs in Shane’s nose for the briefest of moments. He lifted his head as he stood straight outside the truck and sniffed. He traced it in the moist, cold air. *Yes, no doubt about which way the Rogue werewolf went.*

“This way. Have you picked up his scent yet?” he shouted while darting into the woods.

Transmitting a signal from his brain to his body, instinctively he changed. Being born a werewolf allowed him to transform into the controlled beast much more easily and quicker than a turned werewolf could. His limbs extended, widened, toughened, while the hairs on his skin got thicker, longer, and denser. His jaw slid forward, widening and strengthening, and his teeth lengthened into those of a big canine’s.

The Rogue’s scent intensified as his nose altered into that of a wolf’s. Within seconds, he had completely transformed into the beast, sprinting forward with his brother not that far behind. Shane’s sharpened senses turned the opaque scenery bright and clear. Yes, yes, he could finally make out her sweet scent now, too. She was still alive, thank God. But for how long, who knew?

They needed to get to her fast before the Rogue could kill her. An overwhelming sense of wanting to protect her came over him, and it frightened him. Why did he feel like this? He hadn't even seen her or talked to her. She was a complete stranger.

Obviously, the vision had connected them in some way, but why did it connect them? Something told him he wouldn't find out the reason for it until fate decided to open that door for them. Could they wait that long?

Yeah, fate had drawn him and Thomas into this battle to save the female, and he knew there was little he could do to change its plans. He needed to focus on the here and now.

He howled loudly to warn the Rogue werewolf that he had company of *his* kind not far behind his tail and that soon they'd meet in combat. Once the battle ended, one of them would be dead.

## **Chapter Four**

Even though she had kicked off her shoes minutes ago, her feet didn't move fast enough. No matter how hard she pushed herself, she couldn't lose the monster. The heavy rains had made the ground under her feet muddy and slippery.

Her chest hurt from her heavy breathing. Branches from the trees in her way scratched and scraped her arms, face, and legs as she ran frantically.

As much as her body reacted in panic, her mind wasn't that far behind. It continued to replay scenes of her life before her. Didn't that happen to people right before they died? Was she on the brink of death?

All she could do was let the movie play in her head while her body reacted in defense to escape her stalking beast. Images of her childhood scrolled at the back of her eyes. Yes, there was Mother standing behind her while she blew her eight candles on her birthday party cake. She was there at her graduation, cheering her on while she accepted her diploma.

The scene changed to college and her first love, Eric. They thought their love would last forever. A second later, it jumped to her living in her first apartment with Martha and then on to meeting Gary.

Weren't only the good memories supposed to come to her and the bad ones forgotten at this time? Even that couldn't go right for her tonight.

What on earth was happening to her now? Why the hell did a beast chase her? Her eyes must have been playing tricks on her. With the heavy rain and meager lighting, she must have imagined the man

turned into a beast. She was about to turn around to see if he followed her when she heard a growl. Oh, my God. Was that the beast or a wolf? Were their wolves in this forest?

Heaven help her, but she didn't know which way to turn. When the growl became louder, she realized that it was coming from behind. She turned her head to look over her shoulder and saw the beast about twenty yards away. No, her eyes hadn't been playing tricks on her on the road. The man had transformed into the beast that chased her now. From the animal sounds he made, she knew he had gotten much closer than a few moments ago.

All she could do was run as fast as she could and hope she would find somewhere to hide. She stared up ahead and, with the aid of the moonlight's illumination, thought she could see a clearing. Maybe a cabin lay there.

Just as she pushed her fatigued body to run faster, she heard a wolf's howl. It sounded farther away, and she realized she was in greater danger than she originally thought.

The wolf beast behind her wasn't alone. Wolves hunted in packs, didn't they? Soon other wolves would join it in its chase. She didn't have an ounce of a chance of escaping now unless God decided to bless her with a miracle. All the good and kind deeds she had performed throughout her life must mean something. Didn't she deserve a miracle once in her life? Like right now?

As she passed the last of the evergreens, she came upon the clearing she had seen from afar. Unfortunately, no cabin in sight. Damn!

She ran across the clearing and jumped into the other side of the woods again. Just as she re-entered the forest on that side, clouds covered the moon's light and she could barely see anything in front of her. Good, if she couldn't see much, then the beast couldn't either. She could find someplace to hide here before the cloud covering the moon moved away.



But as she ran forward, her left foot hit a patch of muddy ground. She lost her balance, and her ankle twisted into a painful position. She heard a cracking sound and searing pain traveled through her foot and leg. Crying out loud, she fell forward, her head hitting the soft muddy ground.

She pushed herself up and tried to stand, but the moment she put her foot on the ground, sharp, agonizing pain shot up her foot and leg. She fell on her butt as she heard the beast's steps getting closer. She turned to see red, evil eyes appear and the huge deformed body of a creature she couldn't have even imagined before. It made the werewolf in the new *The Wolfman* movie look like a pup.

It jumped into the air, opening its jaws wide, its sharp fangs extending ready to sink into her. He landed behind her, and his jaw clamped on to her shoulder. Pain and heat burned where he bit her. Before she could register anything else beyond the unbearable pain, she heard a loud growl, and two dark shadows jumped on the beast.

He rolled away from her, and when the moon's rays of light once again beamed down around her, she could see the two shadows were actually beasts, too. The stalking creature got up, growling as it attacked one of them.

She started to shake, and heat traveled throughout her body like acid, burning muscle and blood cells as it progressed. The woods around her spun, and the growls in the background turned to yelps until silence came upon her once again.

She closed her eyes when the pain became unbearable and weakness enshrouded her. Suddenly, strong arms picked her up and carried her.

She heard a male voice say, "He bit her badly. She's lost a lot of blood."

Another man responded, "Then we didn't save her. We failed."

"No, we didn't. She's still alive. We can take her to The Haven. Maybe they can save her there."

With what little strength she could muster, she forced her eyes open to stare at the man carrying her. Even though the dim moonlight didn't reflect much light on his face, she did make out the most beautiful deep green eyes.

He gazed down and said in a sympathetic voice, "Don't worry, miss, you'll be all right."

"Yeah, we're taking you now to a place where they'll help you," the other voice said.

Her eyes teased her. She saw the same gorgeous male face near her morph into two. Coldness replaced the heat and pain that moments ago had overwhelmed her and a peace came with it. She was at Death's door and she'd be delivered there by the hands of the beautiful multiplying angel holding her body.

Her heavy eyelids closed, and darkness enveloped her mind as she accepted her end and waited for a new beginning.

## **Chapter Five**

It took all Shane's willpower not to slug his brother while he paced back and forth in the narrow doctor's office where they waited.

"Will you just sit down? You're driving me crazy."

"I can't help it. Why is it taking them so long?" Thomas sat at his command and began to swirl his thumbs around while shaking his leg, fidgeting.

"I don't know. We brought her in as fast as we could."

"Maybe we weren't fast enough. She was so pale and she lost so much blood." Thomas frowned while combing his fingers through his hair.

Shane couldn't give up hope right now no matter how dreary things appeared. Even though she'd been really weak, barely breathing, and so cold when they got her to The Haven, he had heard the doctors here could perform miracles and bring humans on the verge of death back to life.

Of course, they couldn't bring them back to their normal human lives, because once a human was bitten by a werewolf, there was no turning back. But they did survive and lived healthy, happy werewolf lives after that.

He closed his hands together on his lap so as not to alert his brother what he intended to do and began to say a silent prayer. They needed all the help they could get and if praying to God, something he rarely did, could help in any way, then what did he have to lose?

Just as he ended his prayer and Thomas stood up to pace once more—he obviously had become stir crazy in his seat—the door to

Dr. Whitmore's office opened. An elderly woman walked in with a file in hand and a long face.

Shane's stomach lurched with fear. This didn't look good. He had most probably wasted his time in prayer to a God who seemed never to be paying attention to his words. He may not have communicated often, but the few times he did, God never listened. Why would this time be any different?

Thomas beat Shane to the punch with his question. "How is she, Dr. Whitmore?"

The moment the doctor heard the words, her long face turned to one of hope. She took a deep inhale while walking behind her desk to sit. An encouraging smile spread over her lips and eyes when she brought her hands together to rest on the desk and gazed first at Thomas, then at Shane.

"She's stable now. I won't lie to you. We almost lost her when she flatlined, but then her heartbeat came back regular and strong. Right now, we are giving her werewolf's blood to help her heal and prepare for the transition."

"So she'll be all right?" A warm breeze of relief swept over Shane.

"Yes, she will. The transition won't be easy as it isn't easy for any human to become a werewolf, but her life is out of danger now."

"That's wonderful to hear. I guess my brother and I will get back now. Thank you for all you've done and will do." Shane stood up and extended his hand to the doctor, smiling.

The doctor didn't shake his hand. Instead, she lowered her gaze to her file. "I'm afraid you both can't leave yet. We haven't filed a report on the attack. Because you are Voyeurs and this should be held in the upmost secrecy, I'll be filing the report alone. Have a seat. This will take some time." She pointed to his chair.

"All right." Frowning, Shane did as she asked.

With her pen in hand, she began, "So let's start from the beginning, shall we?"

Shane looked at Thomas. The look he gave his brother said, "Let's hope she believes us and doesn't think we're crazy." Only another Voyeur could possibly understand what took place in a vision, and she, not being a Voyeur, couldn't possibly comprehend it since she had never had a vision herself.

He coughed and began to retell their experience.

Once he finished, he stared at her.

"So the Rogue escaped. Would you be able to identify him?" She squinted, staring at Shane.

Shane shook his head. "No, I didn't get a good look at his face." He turned to Thomas. "How about you?"

"Neither did I."

"That's too bad. That means he's free to kill again once he heals." Her lips tightened until they formed a thin line across her face.

"Yeah, I guess he will." Shane nodded as a cord knotted tighter around his stomach.

She tapped her pen on the paper as she stared at the right corner of her desk.

Impatient, Shane tapped his foot. They needed to get back to the Council and let them know what happened. Thorak would surely be waiting for their detailed report.

"That's all we can tell you, Dr. Whitmore. We need to get back now," he stated.

"Umm, don't go." His words seemed to break her from the spell she had fallen under. "I need to discuss something else with you both. Normally, I wouldn't suggest such a thing, but in the past couple of months, Rogue attacks have been on the rise. And we have had so many cases like this one to deal with on a continual basis. We cannot keep up and are short-staffed. So what I suggest now may seem unethical, but I assure you I wouldn't ask it if we really didn't need the help."

"What exactly is it you want to ask us, Doctor?" Shane didn't like the sound of where she headed.

“I would like you both to stay a few days to help the female through the transition,” she stated.

He almost toppled over at her suggestion. His reply for the both of them was quick and blunt. “We wouldn’t know what to do. We could cause her harm instead of help her with the change.”

She smiled. “We’ll be there to guide you and monitor her always. So there is no danger of that happening. But we need someone to be with her constantly to monitor her changes, answer her questions, because there will be many, and also give her support.”

Before Shane could respond, she continued. “And by constantly being in contact with the female for the next few days, perhaps you would get another vision of the Rogue werewolf. If there’s a possibility of increasing your chances of having a vision of him and being able to catch him before he can kill another human, wouldn’t that be worth a few days of your time?”

Shane refused to reason. He shook his head. “We need to get back to speak to the Council about our findings.”

She waved her hand in the air. “No need to worry about that. I’m under direct orders to report all Rogue attacks on humans to the Council. I will let them know what you told me and the female’s condition. I’ll also let them know that you will be helping us in the hope of having another vision to identify the Rogue.”

Shane still didn’t like her idea. Being that close to the female during the transition would be torture. He had heard stories of how painful it could be for them. It would hurt him deeply to see her physically endure such pain.

But he had also heard just how excitable humans got in the transition. Becoming a werewolf meant that their sexual urges would heighten in intensity. A natural-born werewolf became adapted to the urges because they developed gradually as he, or she, grew up. But a human was sprung into the heightened arousal stage almost instantly and had a hard time restraining his or her desires.

Having the female demand sexual release over and over from them in the transition would be something interesting to experience. His sexual urges were stirred simply by remembering how she looked in his vision. Her beauty enchanted him to no bounds and the delectable body he imagined made him quiver with want. He'd be more than inclined to satisfy her heightened need for sexual release for as many times as she demanded it of him.

Looking over at his brother now and seeing a smile spread over his face, he knew his brother thought the same thing. God, his cock stiffened in his pants at the thought of what she could demand of them both. He imagined her naked, her plump breasts swollen with excitement, her dark nipples taut, waiting for him to suckle, and her wet, hungry pussy throbbing for his stiff cock to satisfy its yearning need for impalement.

Yes, satisfying her sexual desires would be the ultimate high for him and no doubt for Thomas as well.

But it's what happened after her libido was satisfied that worried him. Already, something had obviously begun to stir in his brother. These feelings started with the vision and hadn't gone away, even now when she wasn't in the room with them.

He knew they wouldn't go away but could only intensify if they had intercourse. Having to leave her after that and returning to the Council and the Voyeurs would break Thomas's heart. Although his heart wasn't as fragile as Thomas's, Shane feared he too would be affected. The vision and fate had seen to that.

Taking a deep breath, he responded, "I'm sorry, Dr. Whitmore, but we can't help you." He got up and Thomas quietly followed his lead to the exit.

Before they got two paces to the door, she answered, "I'm sorry for the confusion. I didn't make myself clear enough. It wasn't a suggestion I made, but an order. You see, I am part of the Council and—"

Shane interrupted, saying, "You're a Voyeur and a Council member? We've never seen you before."

"Not all Voyeurs or Council members live on the compound." She huffed. "Anyway, I am demanding you stay here with the female and help her through the transition. Like I said before, we are short-staffed and can't possibly attend to her every need. And if it gives us a chance that you have another vision and can identify the Rogue, then we must try it."

She got up and headed for the door. "Please sit. Have a coffee and Danish." She pointed to the coffeemaker in the corner of her office. "I'll have Dr. Jonas come to fill you in on what happens next. She's the physician attending our female patient."

Turning the doorknob, she added, "And I'll report to the Council what has happened and my decision to have you stay here with us for a few days." After opening the door, she smiled. "I'll be seeing you at the end of the week, gentlemen." Then she closed the door behind her.

Shane glanced over at Thomas who looked just as stunned as he felt. Boy, he certainly hadn't seen that coming.

Thomas shrugged. "So what do we do now?"

"Exactly what she said." Shane got up and headed for the coffeemaker. "Relax, drink, eat, and wait."

He took a paper cup and filled it up with the hot coffee. Steam escaped the rim of the cup. The pleasant aroma traveled to his nose, and his stomach growled. They had been so preoccupied with finding the female that they hadn't thought of eating. Now his stomach growled loudly at having to stay empty for so many hours.

When Thomas got up and came to the table, Shane gave him a piping-hot cup of coffee.

"If I were you, I'd take more than one pastry and plenty of coffee, because soon we'll need all the strength we can get." A smile spread over Shane's lips as Thomas glared at him.



Sex on demand by a werewolf-to-be in heat surely took a lot of energy. Now that the decision had been made for them, and they couldn't change it, they had to go with it.

Shane's cock rose higher in anticipation as he took a gulp of the scalding beverage and then a bite of the scrumptious pastry. *Mmm, that's good.* It was probably the best thing he had ever tasted. He walked back to his chair and slumped into his seat, savoring every bite while he exhaled a sigh in satisfaction.

He wondered if his expelled sigh was for his delicious pastry or the sex they'd soon have to participate in. Maybe it was for both. He quietly chuckled at the realization.

## Chapter Six

Heat radiated from deep inside her now that the blood transfusion ended. For some reason, Cheryl's body felt foreign to her. Her veins literally throbbed with every heartbeat. She observed it by the veins on her inside wrists. It was so bizarre.

Her stomach spasmed continually, making her feel like she traveled on a rollercoaster at a high speed. What type of cursed psychedelic trip had she embarked upon? Hopefully, it would end soon because she'd surely go mad if it didn't.

Turning to her right side, she tried to relax on the hospital bed. The hard mattress made her uncomfortable, and her heavy arms bothered her. She folded them hoping to stop the surging in her limbs. It helped a bit but not much. *God, please let it go away.*

Just when that wishful thought entered her mind, the door opened and Dr. Jonas walked in with two tall men, following closely behind her.

"Hi, Miss Brete, how are you feeling now? Stronger?" The doctor smiled in greeting.

"Yes, but it's like my veins are on fire, Doctor. I feel really strange," she confessed, turning to rest on her back and stare at the approaching doctor. She couldn't draw her attention away from the mysterious men. They followed the doctor, heading toward the foot of the bed.

She got a better look at them as they got closer. Oh my, but they were twins, magnificent looking twins at that, who stared at her in silence as she gazed back at them in bewilderment. They looked vaguely familiar, but she couldn't place where she had seen them

before. Their raven-black hair shone in the fluorescent light and their piercing green eyes just took her breath away. Their strong jaws appeared set in worry. Even though their mouths were closed, she could see they clenched and ground their teeth. Why did they have such serious faces? Did it have to do with her condition?

Her condition. What was her condition? She had awoken a couple of hours ago with a splitting headache and found herself plugged up to several machines, one of which spun red liquid continuously around before it passed through a thin, clear plastic tube with a needle that was inserted into the inside fold of her arm. Bubbles, along with the peculiar liquid, flowed slowly into her. Weren't air bubbles deadly?

She panicked when her mind registered that air bubbles were getting into her bloodstream, and she tried to pull the needle out with what little strength she had left in her.

She hadn't seen the doctor standing beside the machine. She stopped Cheryl's movement and told her not to worry because the air bubbles weren't harmful to her, and that this type of blood needed to be shaken while it transfused. She hesitated, but the doctor didn't let go of her hand, obviously fearing she might try to remove it again.

So she remained still for five more minutes, just staring at the bubbling blood flow into her. She was okay, and from the half empty bag, it appeared the transfusion had been going on for quite some time before she awoke. So then the doctor was right. The air bubbles didn't kill her.

Once she regained enough strength to talk, she asked the doctor what happened to her. For the life of her, she couldn't remember anything since driving on an isolated road heading for the party.

Dr. Jonas frowned, saying she didn't know but that the men who brought her in said they found her in the woods wounded and bleeding to death. They had saved her life.

Then the doctor checked her vitals and said she was doing fine. She should just rest while the transfusion continued. She needed to

visit other patients before coming back and would have a nurse come in to monitor the rest of the transfusion. She left after that.

Two hours had passed, and now, she was back as promised. She walked up to Cheryl, unhooked the blood pressure monitor cuff hanging beside her on the wall, and wrapped it around her arm.

“The fiery feeling in your veins is perfectly natural. It’s because of the transfusion. Your body is reacting with the higher levels of electrolytes administered through the transfusion. Once your brain registers the change, it’ll adapt and the sensation will go away. It takes about an hour or so.” She placed the earpiece of the stethoscope on her ears and the diaphragm piece under the cuff on the inside fold of her arm.

“I’m going to check your blood pressure first and then listen to your heart and lungs. Just relax. It won’t take long.”

Cheryl took a relaxing breath and made her arm go limp as the doctor tightened the cuff. Her arm began to tingle, and it freaked her out. She jerked her arm.

“Just relax, please. Whatever you’re feeling is normal and not dangerous.” With a serious expression, the doctor looked into her eyes.

She nodded and gazed over the doctor’s head in the hope of distracting herself from the strange feeling going up and down her arm. She noted the two men continued to stare fixedly at her. When they saw her staring back at them, one cracked a small smile while the other turned his attention to the wall next to him.

*Hmm, how strange.*

A few seconds later, the doctor removed the cuff and placed the stethoscope on Cheryl’s chest over the thin hospital robe. “Take a deep breath, please.”

And she did. She asked Cheryl to take several more deep breaths. Once that ended, Dr. Jonas put the stethoscope around her neck and measured her temperature.

"Good," she said with a reassuring smile. "I'll be coming back in a few hours to check on you again, Miss Brete." The doctor walked over to the foot of her bed and retrieved the chart. It seemed to Cheryl Dr. Jonas was marking her readings on it.

"Excuse me, Doctor, but when will I be able to leave?" She sat up straight in the bed and dizziness made images in her head spin for a few seconds.

"If you continue to respond to the treatment this well, you will be able to leave in about a week." The doctor turned to give her one final reassuring smile.

"A week? That long?" Cheryl remarked, flabbergasted at her response.

"Unfortunately, the treatment takes a week, so you will need to stay here for that long." The doctor pivoted to head back to the door. Meanwhile, the men just stood motionless at the end of her bed, not moving or saying anything, just staring at her. She found it extremely weird and uncomfortable. What were they doing here? Who were they?

Oddly enough, the doctor seemed to answer her question right before she exited. "Oh, I almost forgot," Dr. Jonas said, stopping in her tracks and walking back to where the men stood. "These are Shane and Thomas Bicks. They are nurse's aides and will be taking care of you for the next week."

"Hi," Shane, the less shy brother, said with a wide, bright smile while bowing his head cordially. The more timid one, Thomas, just smiled and diverted his gaze to the foot of her bed.

They sure didn't act like nurse's aides she thought.

She nodded with a forced smile. "Hello."

"I must be going." The doctor checked her watch and darted for the door. "I'll see you in a few hours, Miss Brete. In the meantime, Thomas and Shane will give you a sponge bath. It'll help bring down your temperature and will ease the feeling of heat traveling through your body." Then she closed the door behind her.

Upon hearing those words, it seemed like a bulldozer had just ploughed through the room, stunning her. Had she heard correctly? A sponge bath? By these two gorgeous strangers? No, she'd misunderstood.

Yet, Dr. Jonas had said they were her appointed nurse's aides, and nurse's aides did give patients sponge baths. Good Lord, this was awkward. Why couldn't they be two females?

When she looked up to say she didn't need a sponge bath, she almost fell off the bed in shock. Just when she thought things couldn't get any more bizarre, they did.

Heaven's mercy, Thomas looked paler than her hospital bed sheets. He even seemed to stagger on his feet. The other twin, Shane, acted completely opposite. He had the darnedest, most devilish smile she had ever seen.

Damn, her words of refusal just slipped from her mind, and she simply gazed at them, gulping air in silence. What did she do now?

One thing was for sure, things would heat up soon either way. Her body went from feeling hot to aroused under Shane's stare. She just hoped she didn't melt. His bewitching green eyes could cast a spell on her easily enough if she let them.

## **Chapter Seven**

Now that the rules had been set, all Shane needed to do was go with the flow. The sexual tension brewing in the room right about now had just sent his werewolf hormones on overdrive.

Dr. Jonas had informed Shane and Thomas before she brought them up to her room that the female, Cheryl, would probably still be experiencing a fiery sensation in her limbs, but soon it would travel to her reproductive system and genitals. Her sexual libido would gradually rise and take over her body. Giving her an ice cold sponge bath would ease the transfer of heat and put less stress on her.

Yes, okay, it would put less stress on her, but what about him and Thomas? Having such a beautiful, vulnerable woman naked before them while they bathed every delectable, sexy inch of her body with a small, thin sponge, without being able to kiss her or touch her in any other way but in a cleansing rub, would drive them crazy.

Did the doctor think them gods able to control their bodies and minds with a flick of their hands? They were vibrant, virile werewolf men in the prime of their sexual lives. Something like this would take them over the edge.

Shane thought the doctor must have seen the shocked look on their faces and realized how much she was asking of them because she explained with emphasis that he and Thomas should *not* make the first sexual move on the female. That could cause an imbalance of sex pheromones to form in her bloodstream, thus causing the potassium levels in her body to drop significantly, and she could suffer a heart attack.

Her body wasn't yet fully a werewolf's body and was still human. Not until the full moon passed would she be fully transformed into a werewolf. So they just needed to ease her into a situation where she felt comfortable and sexually aroused, and when the time was right, she would make the first move.

Then he and Thomas could follow her lead and let nature take its course and satisfy each and every sexual demand she'd make. They were pawns in this evolution, and they should never forget it.

After hearing the gravity of the situation and that any sexual advances they made could endanger her, Shane decided he'd keep a tight chain around his manly urges for as long as it took. It would be a tough battle, but protecting Cheryl was all that mattered to him. Fate had bonded all of them through that vision somehow, and he'd do anything to protect her now.

Thomas had had the same resolve when they discussed it before coming up here, but now as he observed his brother, his resolve seemed to be sinking in quicksand. Fear and worry showed on his face, and that wasn't good.

Shane turned to Cheryl, who seemed to be panting, lost in thought.

"We'll be right back, Miss Brete. Just sit back and rest for now, please," he said, putting his open palm on his brother's back. He guided Thomas outside the room and shut the door quickly.

"What the hell is wrong with you, Thomas?" His brother looked whiter than a ghost.

"I don't know if I can do it, Shane. My body is screaming right now." Thomas gulped aloud.

He shook his head. "What happened? You were okay before."

Thomas leaned on the wall behind him, exhaling a long breath as if trying to expel the tension brewing inside him. "That's before Dr. Jonas put the stethoscope to Cheryl's chest. Her hospital gown absorbed her sweat and made the material see through. Seeing her dark nipples made my body react."



Shane knew exactly what his brother talked about, for he had seen the material dampen and cling to her plump breasts. He couldn't help lick his lips at the delightful view. Thank God, Cheryl hadn't seen them gawking.

"If I reacted just at the outline of her breasts and nipples, what will I do when she's completely naked and I'm actually touching her body? I don't know if I'll be able to control my urges."

Panic swept over Shane at the thought either one of them could lose control. Right at this moment, though, he seemed to be the stronger of the two and needed to be Thomas's voice of reason.

"You have no choice. You heard what Dr. Jonas said. We can't make any sexual advances on her. We could put her life in danger if we do. When her body is ready, she'll make the first move."

"I know, I know!" Thomas stared at the ceiling lights with a look of despair pasted on his face.

Shane had never seen his brother in such a state. He obviously felt as strongly emotionally and physically toward Cheryl as he did. There had to be something he could do. Then it hit him. The sponge bath wouldn't take more than ten minutes. Surely if Thomas masturbated beforehand, then he'd be able to resist making any advances.

"Thomas, go jack off, and I'll get everything ready. I'll wait until you come back to start since I need your help, and I want you there to stop me if I lose control." He put his hand on his brother's shoulder in reassurance.

"Are you serious?" Thomas stared at him in disbelief.

"Yeah, I'm dead serious." His voice rose with tension, and he couldn't help himself. "Go do it now. It's the only way you'll be able to control yourself."

Thomas stared at Shane's trousers, and Shane knew exactly what his brother would say next. "What about you? How do you know you'll be able to resist?"

Shane didn't know for sure he could, but if he kept repeating what the doctor told him, then he shouldn't have any problems.

“I have no choice. Since I told her we’d be right back, someone has to go back in there. I don’t want her to worry that something is wrong.”

He walked past his brother and entered her room once again. Mmm, her sweet scent hit his nose the moment he closed the door. Oh yeah, it intoxicated him. Her eyes were wide open. She looked like a deer staring frightfully into the bright headlights of an oncoming car.

Good Lord, had she overheard their conversation outside? The thought that maybe her sense of hearing had started to change, become more acute, crossed his mind. If it had changed, then she definitely could have heard them talking. Great. That’d make her freak out. Now what?

She didn’t move, didn’t talk. He placed his hands in his lab coat pockets and just played the fool.

“Thomas needed to get something, so we’ll give you the bath as soon as he gets back. In the meantime, I’ll go get things ready.”

She nodded, visibly gulping. “Okay.” But her expression remained the same.

He diverted his gaze to the floor, like a guilty person who tried to hide something always did, and headed for the bathroom. He closed the door behind him and almost fell to the floor.

*Crap! Crap! Crap!*

Taking a deep breath, he raked his fingers through his hair and stared at his reflection in the mirror. He looked just as pale as Thomas. Splashing cold water on his face, he tried to relax. The rational side of his brain attempted to process the situation. If she had heard what they said, she wouldn’t have expressed such a frightened look. Instead, she’d be appalled at their audacity and probably would have cursed at him or thrown something at him the moment he opened the door.

No, that look meant something else. But what? Perhaps she had begun to feel other side effects, and they frightened her. Dr. Jonas had told them about some of the side effects, the hormonal and sexual

ones that pertained to them, but he believed that perhaps many more emotional and mental changes she didn't mention.

He checked his watch. Thomas must surely be almost done now. Once his brother set his mind on something, it didn't take him long to do it.

In their teen years, when their werewolf hormones oscillated with puberty, they'd needed to relieve their pent-up sexual desires regularly. Thomas always came out of the washroom first, having reached his climax and wearing a satisfied smile. This time shouldn't be any different.

Shane looked around the washroom and checked under the sink. There he found a stainless steel basin and packaged individual bars of soap. He placed them on the counter beside the sink and turned to the cupboard on the left-hand wall. He didn't see any sponges, but he did see white towels and washcloths. He took two of each. The material felt rough. They obviously didn't believe in fabric softener at The Haven. Either that or perhaps the rough texture of the material was therapeutic. From what he had been told, the latter possibility didn't surprise him.

*Done. What next?*

*Time to go out and face her, that's what.* Taking a reassuring inhale, he stood and opened the door.

There she lay on the bed, her silky, blonde hair spread out on the pillow. Her big, enchanting eyes stared at every movement he made as he advanced toward her. She couldn't have been more beautiful. He smiled as he placed the items for the sponge bath on the sliding table beside her.

As luck would have it, the door opened and Thomas came in. He smiled at them and said in a confident tone, "Sorry for the delay. It took some time, but the job is all done now."

Cheryl didn't say anything. Shane pushed the table to the foot of the bed and stared at her.

“Miss Brete, we’re going to lift you and wash your back first. No need for you to move. You need to rest and regain your strength.”

She nodded, slightly out of breath. Hmm, she had been lightly panting before, too. He found that peculiar. Her cheeks were flushed, so he guessed it was caused by the heat traveling through her limbs.

Thomas walked behind her, slid his hands under her body, and lifted her. She started to lift herself, and he said, “No, Miss Brete, just relax.”

Once she was in a seated position, Shane untied the knots in her hospital robe and pushed the left side of it down her shoulder. Her soft alabaster skin pleased his eyes. It reminded him of Salvador Dali’s painting *My Wife, Naked, Looking At Her Own Body*, where his wife is sitting on the bed and only her bare back, part of her hips, and right breast are exposed. Her face is never seen. The only difference was Cheryl was a blonde beauty, not a brunette.

When he pulled the right side of the gown down her shoulder, he saw a huge bandage covering where the Rogue werewolf had bitten her. His heart pained him to think how she suffered through that experience.

Taking the rough washcloth, he dipped it in the ice cold water. Dr. Jonas had instructed them to use only frigid water, not hot or warm. She pulled her torso forward as the cold cloth touched her skin.

“Sorry. But the treatment is to use cold water,” he apologized.

“Okay.” She sighed.

He lathered the cloth and lightly rubbed it over her supple skin while Thomas made sure no water leaked onto her gown or the bed. If she could see their actions, she’d think them two bumbling idiots and not trained nurse’s aides, Shane thought.

Thomas dried her back as Shane stared. Goosebumps formed on her skin at his touch. Her panting seemed to calm down. She closed her eyes and remained motionless. It appeared the bath soothed her. Good.

Once finished, Shane said, "We'll do the rest of your body." He had to gulp to tame his anticipation. He worried his thoughts showed in his expression.

Opening her eyes to half slits, she eased herself down onto the bed with Shane's support. Staring into her beautiful eyes, he slowly pulled the gown down her torso. He didn't dare look at her body right away. The look in her eyes showed a mix of calmness and sultriness. Even without gazing at her body, his cock rose to full erection just by what he saw in her eyes. Thank God the lab coat was big so as to conceal his heated excitement.

Thomas handed Shane the washcloth once the gown was lowered to her midsection. Shane glanced up, noticing his brother looked a hell of a lot more in control than Shane felt. Perspiration seeped through the pores on his forehead as he took the cloth and proceeded to rub her shoulders and arms.

Her breast now in plain view, he focused on them while his hand washed her upper limbs. Perfection, even more voluptuous than he imagined. Her areoles had begun to darken. The nipples, taut and perky, pointed up in arousal at his ministrations.

With a shaky hand, he brought the cloth to her left breast. He heard her breathing stop, but he didn't look up at her. He could sense though that she stared at his face.

Trying his best not to show any of his rampant desires flowing through his body right now, he delicately rubbed the cloth around and under her breast. First, he circled the exterior of the breast, making his movements shorter and shorter until he circled only the erect nipple. Her areolas shrunk tightly, and a barely audible sigh escaped her lips.

That sigh intrigued him. It didn't sound like a sigh of relief or discomfort. It sounded like pleasure. He continued rubbing her nipples and breasts in a circular motion, and he brought his gaze back up to behold her eyes.

No longer staring into his eyes, she fixed her gaze on her breasts. He saw it. Desire shone bright in her face, and she bit her lower lip.

Yes, yes, she definitely enjoyed his movements. He added a little more pressure, bringing the washcloth over the tip of one nipple, rubbing the cloth over it in a rough and gentle up-and-down movement. Her nipple flicked up tighter and higher with each stroke.

He noted her right leg, the one without an ankle cast, spread instinctively out. His hard-on got so stiff, it began to hurt. It demanded some attention, and soon, or it threatened to burst out of his confining trousers. Now, that would be a spectacle to see. What would her reaction be?

## Chapter Eight

More! She wanted more. Oh, so much more. Wetness seeped out of her cunt, warming the inside of her legs. God, the rough cloth Shane rubbed against the tip of her nipple drove her to the brink of madness.

What was wrong with her? She went from utter panic the moment the doctor informed her Shane and Thomas would be giving her a sponge bath to practically pure ecstasy. Where did these wanton emotions spawn from?

She slowly felt her untamed sexual instincts rise when the twins left the room for a few minutes. Her mind couldn't stop imagining them rubbing her body. The heat in her limbs spread to her whole body, and her heartbeat increased with each second that passed, making shortness of breath follow. She began to freak out. Her body appeared to have stopped listening to her brain and took on a life of its own. Possessed, she quivered.

She endured pure torture as the heat intensified in her while she waited for Shane, who had come back in and gone to the washroom to prepare everything for the bath. She yearned to tear off her clothes and dunk her scorching body in ice coldness.

And when he and Thomas came back into the room and Shane touched her back with the frigid cloth, the pain slowly diminished. Bit by bit, with each ice-cold swipe of the cloth, the raging inferno lessened until the surging fire in her limbs disappeared completely. *Ah, relief.*

Heat still radiated from her breasts and pussy, but compared to the fire before, it was tolerable and somewhat pleasurable. She closed her

eyes and just absorbed each stroke and gentle movement the twins made on her back and shoulders.

When Shane helped her to lie down, she silently cheered. Her body wanted it. It needed to feel the icy coldness on her front, on her breasts and stomach, on her legs and her cunt. Yes, everywhere that heat still radiated inside her organs. Her sex organs specifically.

And as soon as the cold cloth touched her heated breasts, she stopped breathing for a moment. Her mind centered on each and every marvelous sensation bombarding her breasts.

Yearning to see his hands moving, she gazed down at her chest. Mmm, yes, observing his rubbing caresses acted as a further aphrodisiac, and that was when a sigh escaped her lips.

She should have been ashamed at her wayward behavior, but she wasn't. Just the same, she bit her lip hoping to stop any further naughty sighs from escaping her lips. That's when she sensed Shane looked at her. His intense stare made her almost lose control entirely and pull him down to her for a kiss. Maybe even a bite. A bite of his full, sexy lips.

When he flicked her nipple with the rough cloth, she almost came. Oh, my God, but the gentle, teasing scrape of the cloth on the very tip of her nipple just sent her to overdrive and her clit and lips throbbed while wetness seeped out of her.

By now her heart pounded in her ears with excitement, and she barely heard Thomas say that he'd wash her legs. She knew he'd probably see her arousal, but it enticed her more. Knowing those mesmerizing green eyes of these virile, sexy men stared at her made her yearn for them sexually all the more.

While Shane continued to flick and tease each excited nipple, Thomas brought another ice-cold cloth to her right foot. He slowly and gently slid it up her leg until he reached her apex and lightly touched her lips with the cloth, making her shiver. Then he quickly switched to her other leg, doing exactly the same thing there. She



opened her legs wider, hoping he would rub her more and longer on her wet, swollen lips and throbbing clit.

And he did. He opened the cloth and placed it spread out on her pussy. The coldness made her moan. Oh my, but it did feel fucking good. If only he could dip his finger in the ice water, rub her clit and then slide it into her passage. God, she almost climaxed but a knock at the door brought her out of it.

Shane and Thomas quickly covered her with her gown right before the door opened and a nurse stuck her head in. She looked at Cheryl, then at the twins. A smile spread on her face and heat shot to Cheryl's cheeks. She must surely be blushing in embarrassment right now.

The nurse said, "Dr. Jonas asked me to tell you that Miss Brete should rest now. She needs to sleep. Are you almost finished with the sponge bath?"

Thomas nodded. "Yes, we just need to dry her."

The nurse walked in. "I'll do it. Dr. Jonas would like to speak to you both. There's an orderly waiting outside to tell you where to go."

Cheryl's mind screamed, *No!* She wanted them to stay, to continue bathing her and touching her. God, she wanted them to make love to her over and over again. Her body demanded release.

She looked up at Shane and saw disappointment in his face. Thomas sported the same expression. They both nodded and walked to the door without giving her a second glance. Why didn't they argue? She wasn't tired, but what could she say? Her doctor knew best.

As the door closed behind them, Cheryl's heart sank. The nurse picked up the towel Shane had placed on the table and commenced to quickly dry her body. Within a minute, Cheryl was completely dry and in a new hospital gown, but her hormones still raged for sex.

The nurse took a pill bottle out of her pocket and took out one capsule. She picked up the pitcher of water on the nightstand next to Cheryl's table and poured a glass, handing it to her with a supportive smile, as if she knew exactly what Cheryl felt right at that moment.

“Here, take this. It will make you sleep. The urges you have right now will diminish soon and you’ll be able to rest.”

Yep, she probably did know.

“Thank you.” Cheryl took the medication and plopped it into her mouth and then swished it down with a gulp of cold water. The cool liquid quenched her dry mouth and soothed her throat.

The nurse fluffed up her pillow. It seemed to make her more comfortable. She dimmed the overhead light on her bed and turned off the fluorescent lights.

“Someone will come back later when you wake up.” She left Cheryl alone with her thoughts.

Cheryl gazed at the dark ceiling, absorbing every throb her clit and pussy made. Her erect nipples hurt in the dry gown as they rubbed against the soft material. She needed coldness and roughness touching, rubbing her skin.

What was wrong with her? For heaven’s sake, she had been in some type of serious accident. Serious enough that she needed a blood transfusion. Wanting to have sex with not one but both of the twins should not be possible. She should be weak and in pain.

Instead, she’d never felt stronger or hornier. The type of horny she experienced right now felt like it could never be satiated. She could climax again and again, but it would never go away.

The feeling frightened her to death. How could she sleep now? Maybe the nurse was wrong. The sedative wouldn’t work...

Just as her thoughts tried to focus on her fears, the medication surprisingly did begin to take effect.

Sleepiness slipped through her defenses, making her body gradually numb to its sexual hunger, and she closed her eyes, inching every second closer to unconsciousness.

Yes, Dr. Jonas had been right. Sleep was exactly what she needed. It would finally end her sexual hunger.

## Chapter Nine

Thomas didn't want to leave. He needed to stay with her, hold her, caress her. The moment he saw her delectable breasts and wet, excited cunt, he couldn't draw away. She was pure perfection.

Even now as he followed the orderly's instructions and walked over to the room adjacent to Cheryl's where the doctor waited, he couldn't get his cock to settle down. It wanted to spring to freedom and make love to Cheryl. Her vulnerability acted like a potent aphrodisiac. Even though he had masturbated not that long ago, his sexual urges had come back full throttle. Her sensuality intoxicated him. Looking at his brother, Shane obviously felt the same way.

The doctor had perfect timing, that's for sure. What on earth did she have to tell them now? Were they doing something wrong? No, they'd done exactly as she asked. Dr. Jonas had instructed them that they should bathe her with ice-cold water and massage her sexual organs with the frigid water to ward off the heat and make it bearable for her. She had warned them that they shouldn't make the first sexual move, but wait for her to do it. They did all that, exactly as told. If she hadn't sent the nurse in to interrupt them a few minutes ago, Cheryl would have made the first move. Her body language spoke volumes of her rising desire, and release would surely be her next step.

Thomas guessed they'd soon find out what exactly the good doctor wanted as he opened the door and saw her standing there writing something on a chart.

Once they went in and closed the door behind them, Dr. Jonas smiled. "I'm sorry for interrupting your session with Miss Brete, but her latest blood work came in and her counts aren't exactly where I

want them to be. If she were to have initiated sexual intercourse now, it could have been detrimental.

“That’s why I sent in a nurse to give her a sedative to sleep. She needs a little more time for her counts to stabilize before she can have sexual intercourse with you both.

“In the meantime, these will be your quarters while you’re here.” She motioned with her hand to the beds and the one-way mirror. “As you can see from the mirror, that is Miss Brete’s room. You can survey her at all times and go to her when needed. Of course, you can see her, but she can’t see you.” She pointed to a monitor with an antenna on the table between the beds. “When this is turned on, you’ll be able to hear what is happening in her room, too.”

Wrapping her arms around the chart, she asked, “Do you have any questions before I leave?”

“What happens when she wakes up from her sleep, Doctor?” Shane asked.

“Simple. You go to her and follow her lead. If she would like to eat, ask an orderly to bring some food up. If she’d like another sponge bath, then give her one.”

“What if she wants to have sex? Do we comply, or will her blood count not be stable yet?”

The doctor looked at Cheryl through the mirror. “The sedative I prescribed is strong, so she should be sleeping for at least eight hours. That’s plenty of time for her counts to come up. And if, when she awakens, she demands sexual release, then by all means comply with all her wishes. Her body will be more than ready for it by then.

“Are there any other questions?” She stared at Thomas.

Thomas said nothing, only shook his head no.

“Good, then I’ll see you later today. Have a nice day.” She opened the door and exited quickly.

Thomas slumped onto the bed closest to the wall. The room wasn’t exactly luxurious, but the bed was comfortable. He wouldn’t have problems sleeping right now, that’s for sure. After the stressful

day and a half he and Shane had gone through, his body cried out for rest.

Glancing up at Shane, though, he wouldn't say his brother looked exhausted. In fact, he turned on the monitor and began pacing the room, glancing continually at Cheryl through the mirror. Knowing the telltale signs, he knew his brother worried.

"Okay, shoot. What's wrong?"

Shane frowned. "All of this."

"All of what?"

"This situation. First, I don't like the fact that the Rogue werewolf got away. Once his wounds heal, will he come after her again?" Then he pointed with his chin at the mirror. "And why was he after her to begin with?"

Thomas shrugged. "Don't know. Maybe he targeted her because of who she is. Or maybe it was just a random attack."

"If it was a random attack like the others, then why are there so many lately? You heard Dr. Whitmore. She said the Rogue attacks are on the rise and The Haven is having problems keeping up with all the patients coming here. Don't you find that weird?"

"Yeah. We already know the Council is worried too. But what can we do?"

Shane walked over to the bed and sat down to face Thomas. "Nothing for now." He took off his shoes and lay back on the pillow, staring at the ceiling.

Thomas did the same, except he faced his brother rather than the ceiling. "What happens after the transition ends?"

"Cheryl will be a werewolf, free to go live her new life. And we go back to being Voyeurs and architects, I guess," Shane said as he closed his eyes.

Thomas turned to face the wall and whispered to himself, "That's what I thought."

His heart sank, thinking that in less than a week they'd be going their separate ways. It was ludicrous for him to feel such a deep

attachment to her already. They'd barely spoken in the past hour, but for some reason, he sensed the bond that had been created through the vision had gotten stronger, and he longed to know her better.

Somehow deep in his heart, he felt there was another reason why he and Shane had a vision about her, other than just saving her life.

Maybe, just maybe, she was their soul mate, the one he and his brother had been searching for all their lives, the one who would make them complete in every sense.

He closed his eyes, imagining her beautiful face and her voluptuous, intoxicatingly sexy body. Evening would come soon. Then they'd go to her and help her in each and every way she needed and demanded. Maybe when they spent more time with her, he'd see for sure if what his heart told him was true, that they all belonged together forever.

## **Chapter Ten**

Music blasted through the door as Cheryl got closer. The outside wall even seemed to vibrate from the sound. Yeah, it was a wild party, no doubt. Thank God she got here safely. After taking the wrong turn an hour ago, she'd gotten lost. But now she was here at last.

With one more glance at her sexy black dress, she pushed up her boobs in her underwire bra so that her breasts sat just right, then rang the doorbell. The sound of the bell was barely audible thanks to the loud music ricocheting out to her. Within moments, someone came to the door.

Carmen greeted her with a wide smile. "Hi, Cheryl, glad you could make it."

"Hi. This is for you." Cheryl handed her the bottle of red wine she'd brought.

"Thanks, but didn't Martha tell you not to bring anything?"

"Oh, it was a bottle I had laying around and thought maybe you might enjoy it." She lied. She didn't have it "laying" around her apartment. She rushed to the liquor store after work to buy it right before getting ready for the party. Going to anyone's house, even a friend like Carmen, empty-handed was gauche in her books.

Her mother had taught her that one should never go to someone's place uninvited or without a gift. That hammered lesson stuck with her until now, and today, she wasn't about to change it. She loathed freeloading.

Carmen moved aside to welcome her. "Come on in. Martha's already here," she glanced around the packed room, "somewhere in the living room."

"Thanks."

Cheryl lost her breath as she stepped into the confining room, where everyone stood like sardines in a tin can. The heat level on high sure made breathing hard. How could the guests stand it?

The women there, none of whom Cheryl knew, wore the skimpiest outfits. Cheryl had thought her dress a bit risqué when she chose it for the party, but compared to what some of the women were wearing, her outfit looked fit for a saint.

She headed for the other side of the room, searching for Martha, but unfortunately, she needed to cross the crowded dance area. Not an easy feat because the couples moved provocatively as the sexy music urged them on. It took her some time, but she got over to the other end. No Martha in sight. Nor any other soul she knew. Great.

Drinks on the table at the corner caught her attention, and she walked over to get a glass of red wine. As she brought the glass to her mouth, the liquid began to bubble. She dropped it to the ground, startled. She gazed around in embarrassment, fearing all eyes were on her, but the loud accident went unobserved to her delight. Or so she thought until a hand came to rest on hers when she bent to retrieve the shattered pieces of the glass. She jumped. Electrical heat instantly traveled from the contact straight to her cunt. Her legs weakened for a moment.

A deep, kind voice said, "Don't. I'll clean that up."

She turned to see the most beautiful green eyes staring down at her. The handsome man looked familiar, but she couldn't place his face.

"Do I know you?"

His smile widened, and his white teeth sparkled. My, she lost her breath for a moment just staring into his alluring face.

"No, I'm Shane."



He gently pulled her up, then gestured with his hand to his left side where another man stood. "This is Thomas."

My God, he had a twin. Could it be this gorgeous man had a twin just as handsome?

"Hi...ah?" Thomas extended his hand to shake hers, which now quivered from excitement.

Words slipped her mind as she melted, gazing into his eyes.

"I'm sorry, what's your name?" he asked.

Gulping to lubricate her dry throat, she forced her vocal cords to respond. "Cheryl. I'm Cheryl Brete."

Thomas grabbed her hand and brought it to his lips while his enchanting green eyes never left hers. "Well, Cheryl, it's a pleasure to meet you."

Once Thomas let go of her hand, which now tingled, Shane took it and brought it to his lips, mimicking his twin's actions seconds ago.

"The same for me, Cheryl."

Her legs shook with her giddiness. She tried to smile back. Her face cracked into a grin, but her jaw muscles didn't seem to respond well, and she feared they stretched to extremes, making her face contort into Batman's Joker.

A whispered, "It's nice to meet you, too," barely escaped her lips.

Shane crouched down and began picking up the shattered glass. Feeling guilty for her accidental mess, she started to bend when Thomas grabbed her upper arm.

"No, don't. Shane can handle it." He gazed around the loud, crowded room. "How about we go somewhere that isn't so crazy loud?"

She nodded. Getting out of the chaotic party felt right. She could always come back in a little bit to find Martha or Carmen.

"Sure."

"Great." Smiling, he tucked her arm under his. "Shane will meet us on the terrace when he's done here." He guided her out of the room through a long corridor into a bedroom with an open terrace. The

white lace curtains blew inward as the wind from the open patio door pushed them. As they neared the door, the cold breeze cooled her body. Goose bumps formed on her arms and legs. Mmm, it felt so good.

Thomas stepped onto the terrace and offered his hand, which she took with no hesitation. The bright moon shone on them, and Cheryl swore his eyes sparkled red for a brief second.

He smiled and said, "Look at the view from here. It's quite breathtaking."

She did as he asked, looking around. A dark forest full of evergreens surrounded the terrace. It looked familiar, and her heart beat faster as an unknown anxiety mounted deep inside her.

Thomas must have sensed her stress, for he came closer behind her and placed his hands on her shoulders.

"Don't worry, Cheryl. I'll get rid of all the tension." No sooner had his words registered in her mind than he began to rub her shoulders in a soothing manner.

Surprisingly, she didn't pull away. Instead, she leaned on his strong chest, absorbing his calming, comforting movements. The tightness that had restricted her neck and shoulders slowly loosened. Oh, it felt marvelous. His magical hands and fingers could cure anything. She sighed in relief and rising pleasure.

He brought his lips to her ear. His heated breath on her neck made goose bumps of pleasure form on her neck and back. "You're enjoying this, Cheryl?"

She closed her eyes and only nodded.

"You're so beautiful," he whispered, then lowered his head more until his lips touched the nape of her neck. They felt like ice. She lost her breath for a second until her body absorbed the coldness and relaxed.

"I see Thomas didn't waste any time." Shane's voice broke the brief silence. He stepped onto the terrace.

Her eyes remained closed because she feared if she opened them, then the heavenly sensations traveling through her aroused body would dissipate. She couldn't have that, could she?

Thomas slid his massaging hands from her shoulders down to her back, inching his fingers down the center while he briefly lifted his head to respond to his brother.

"I was getting her ready for you, dear brother."

She heard the words. She should have been mortified at what was happening. For God's sake, they were complete strangers. But she wasn't. No, to the contrary, she anticipated Shane's participation in this activity. Somehow, her body needed them to touch her, kiss her. If they stopped now, she felt like she'd die. Her body ached for sexual release by them and only them.

The moment Thomas's explorative hands reached her bottom, he caressed her ass cheeks through her tight dress. Her nether lips and clit quivered with ecstasy, and her panties dampened with arousing moisture seeping from her pussy.

Even though her eyes remained closed, she could sense Shane's hungry stare follow the curves of her body, of her breasts, and her hips. It aroused her further.

When Thomas brought his hand to her front, lifting her dress and sliding his index finger under her drenched undies, he rubbed her clit in a circular motion while he nibbled her ear. A brief climax came upon her within minutes. Her body quivered as her heart beat in sync with her throbbing cunt and Thomas's rhythmic rubs.

Her legs weakened for a few seconds as the climax traveled down her limbs. Just as quickly as it stopped and Thomas slipped his finger out of her panties, letting her dress drop back into place, she regained her strength.

She opened her eyes wide, and her breath lodged in her throat when ice-cold hands came to rest on her neck and chest. Shivers of arousal traveled through her entire body on realizing those sinful

hands belonged to Shane. His grin widened as his deep green eyes sparkled, then he stared at her lips, licking his.

“Your lips look delectable.” He slowly moved his closer to hers, his eyes fixed on her mouth until they made contact. His cold lips molded perfectly with hers and his forward tongue caressed her lips, pushing them wider apart to enter her mouth to continue its curious exploration.

When it darted and danced with her tongue, she almost lost herself. It was as if it cast a spell on her. A spell of submission. Yes, yes, he could do anything to her now and she’d let him.

As if reading her mind, his hands came to the front of her dress, and he gently touched the top of her mounds exposed to the cool outside wind. Shivers of delight shot through her, and her nipples tightened and swelled as her bra become more restrictive. Slipping his finger and thumb into the garment and her lace bra, he touched her hardened nipple, tweaking and rolling it, and she sighed as tremors flowed through her.

Using that audacious finger and thumb, he tugged the elastic garment and bra lower until her left breast lay exposed to the cool wind. More goose bumps formed on her breast when it absorbed the chilled air.

He moved away from her lips and stared at her exposure. Lifting a brow in admiration, he uttered, “Perfection in all its glory.” Then he brought his icy lips to her neck and inched them downward until they surrounded her nipple.

“Ahhh,” escaped her, and she arched her back so her nipple could feel more of the intense coldness. He suckled it at first, then licked it with his rough tongue, circling it over and over again, until he returned to suckling, pulling, teasing, and gently biting it. *Oh*. She shivered, and her legs widened. Her cunt definitely wanted as much attention.

Her body’s actions didn’t go unnoticed by Shane. He obviously understood exactly what else she needed and lifted her dress up inch

by agonizing inch, caressing her exposed legs and abdomen with his frigid hands.

When he had raised the garment up over her head, he let it drop to the ground. Sighing in apparent pleasure, he got on bended knees and slid her panties down and off her legs.

Cool air hit her exposed pussy when he pushed her legs wider apart. He brought his tongue to her clit and swollen lips.

Wetness leaked out of her from his ministrations as she moaned. He slipped his tongue into her cunt and brought it back out to rub her clit back and forth. Her legs buckled, and Thomas quickly brought his arms around her from behind to grab her. "I've got you, baby. And I'll never let you go."

Hearing those words soothed her, and she didn't doubt them for a second. Thomas and Shane would always be there for her. Deep in her soul, she just knew it.

But just as her certainty solidified, she heard a wolf howl. She shivered in fright. Suddenly, Thomas and Shane disappeared. All that remained was the cool wind that turned into a scorching one. It whipped around her violently, and the terrace disappeared altogether.

Now in the woods, in the darkness, the obscured moonlight barely made her surroundings visible. The howling returned and with it came rustling. Screaming, she began to run, but her legs didn't want to obey her wish.

She'd just taken a few steps forward when the ground under her turned to mud, which acted like quicksand. Her body slowly sank into the viscous mixture, keeping her from escaping.

By this time, the creature that howled earlier inched closer. She could sense its eyes on her. No doubt it was ready to attack. She turned her head to the sound but saw nothing, only darkness. Her heart achingly hammered in her chest in fear.

Where was it? It hadn't gone away because she still heard its breathing. It sounded like a bull's panting breath right before it charged the matador. Dear God, she tried to pull her legs through the

condensed sediment encasing her lower body, but she couldn't move, only sank deeper into it. Barely able to expand her lungs to breathe, she remained motionless, her eyes wide searching for any sign of whatever lurked near her.

Then a deep, animalistic voice growled behind her. "Did you think you could escape me, Cheryl? Leave me? Those men can't protect you from me. I've found you, and you can't escape again."

She turned to gaze at red, haunting eyes. They seemed to float in the air, getting closer to her. Gradually, a silhouette of a face began to form around those possessed eyes. Its body followed.

Fur, claws, turned-up ears, and a snout became defined. Good heavens, it was a beast. When its jaws opened, its sharp, deadly fangs projected outward just as it pounced on her.

Closing her eyes, she turned her head back, screaming uncontrollably, "*No!*"

## **Chapter Eleven**

Shane had finally fallen asleep when a female's voice cried, "*No!*"

Disoriented, he jumped out of the bed thinking it was his bed at home and smacked into the wall beside him. Stars fluttered behind his eyes as he tried to focus on where he was. Damn! He forgot they were in The Haven.

Looking over at his brother, he saw Thomas slowly get up.

Another cry brought Shane to full consciousness. Glancing through the mirror, he focused. Cheryl thrashed on the bed, crying, screaming in fright. Barefoot, he bolted for the door with Thomas not far behind him.

Within a few seconds, he made it into her room and to her bed. Sitting down beside her, he gently grabbed hold of her arms and shook her.

"Miss Brete, it's a dream. Wake up."

But she continued to cry and thrash.

Bringing himself closer to her ear, he said, "It's only a dream. It's not real."

"Shane?" Her eyelids flickered, and she looked up at him in grogginess.

"That's right. You okay?" He nodded.

"What?" She sat up and frowned.

Thomas sat on the other side of the bed and took her hand. "You were having a nightmare."

Fear returned in her eyes, and she leaned into Shane's chest, crying. "He wants to kill me."

Shane's heart sank seeing her in tears and fear. He hugged her and caressed her hair, whispering in her ear, "Shh, no. No one's going to hurt you."

God, her body fragrance was changing. He closed his eyes, inhaling it, taming his urge to kiss her neck and nibble her ear.

Her sobbing continued and with every rise of her chest, her breasts pushed against his chest. There was nothing more bewitching than a crying damsel who sought comfort in a man's arms.

Thomas rubbed her back and said in a soothing voice, "We'll never let anyone hurt you."

Shane gave him a stern look that seemed to say, *Why the hell did you say that?*

They were supposed to be pretending to be nurse's aides. Nurse's aides didn't go around saying stuff like that. Thankfully, Cheryl didn't pick up the oddity of his statement. She probably didn't hear it with her sniffing and crying.

Shane rocked her gently back and forth. It seemed to ease her, and within a minute, she had calmed down enough to sit up and wipe the tears from her eyes.

"I'm sorry. You must think me crazy."

Shane smiled as he brought his hand to caress her soft alabaster cheek. "No. After what you've been through, it's perfectly understandable."

Her eyes widened. "I thought no one knew what happened to me. The doctor said someone found me hurt in the woods and brought me here."

He shifted his eyes at his blunder. Thinking quickly on his toes, he replied, "Ah, I'm talking about the physical ordeal. The blood loss, the wound. It took a toll on your body and, in turn, your mind."

She nodded in apparent understanding. Phew, that was a close one. She couldn't find out they were the ones who found her. She might remember they turned into werewolves. The doctor had warned them that Cheryl had blocked the attack and what happened after that



from her memories. They shouldn't remind her of what happened, but wait until the memories came to her all on their own. Once she was emotionally ready, she would remember.

Thomas took the pitcher on the nightstand and poured her a glass of water. "Here, drink this. It'll help."

"Thank you." She forced a smile as her eyes met his and took the glass, swallowing a couple of gulps. Then she lay back on the bed and yawned as her eyes appeared heavy with fatigue.

Shane checked the clock on the wall. It had been only a couple of hours since the nurse gave her the sedative. The horrible nightmare had bolted her temporarily out of slumber, but the effects of the drug still remained in her body. She needed to rest.

He got up to head on out. "Go back to sleep. We'll come back when you wake up later."

Fear etched her features as she bolted up in bed and grabbed his arm. "No, please don't leave. I don't want to be alone. That dream felt so real."

"Sure, okay. We'll do whatever you want, Miss Brete." He sat back down and tapped the top of her hand gently.

"Please call me Cheryl." She lay back again, smiling.

"Okay, Cheryl." He stared at Thomas who gave him a look. Knowing his twin like the back of his hand, he knew what he would ask next.

Acting as nurse's aides was only part of their assignment. They were also charged with identifying the Rogue who'd attacked her. Her nightmare had obviously been about her ordeal.

Thomas asked, "Would you like to talk about the nightmare? It might make you feel better."

She nodded while she sat up once more. "All right. It started out that I was invited to a party and was looking for my best friend there when I found you two instead."

Thomas pushed a button to lift the head of the bed, probably so she could rest since she looked uncomfortable and fatigued.

With perplexity in his eyes, Thomas gazed up at Shane when she wasn't looking then asked, "Us? What were we doing in your dream?"

She turned her gaze away and blushed. "Oh. Ah...you were guests there like me. We were talking on the terrace when the dream changed, and I ended up being in the forest. I sank into the earth. I guess it was quicksand I stepped into, and then I heard noises, animal noises, from behind me." Her eyes turned frightened, and she brought her hand up to her mouth, biting her nail in apparent nervousness.

Between bites, she continued. "It was so scary. I couldn't see it but could hear it. Then red eyes appeared and soon the rest of its body. It was a beast, some kind of creature."

Shane frowned. "Creature? What did it look like?"

She shook her head as if to ward off its image from her mind. "It looked like a tall ape. No, more like a wolf. Only it stood on its hind legs. Its fangs were huge. It pounced on me." She brought her hands to cover her face. "It was horrible!"

Shane pulled her hands away from her face. She stared at him with tear-filled eyes while she sniffled. Bringing his hand to her warm cheek, he caressed it, trying to console her.

"Shh, don't cry. It's over. It was only a dream, and he can't hurt you."

She tilted her head so as to lean into his palm as if absorbing the inner strength he offered her. Thomas, who stood next to her bed now, began to caress her hair, which seemed to soothe her even more.

They needed to change the subject. The nightmare had to be forgotten. *No clues there that can help us.* "Let's talk about cheery stuff. Why don't you tell us about yourself?"

She looked at him, then at Thomas, smiling slightly. "There's not much to tell."

Shane laughed. "There's always something to tell. What is it you do?"

"I'm a secretary in a law firm."

Hmm, maybe that was a clue as to why the Rogue chose her.  
“Wow, cool. What type of practice? Criminal law?”

She choked a laugh. “I wish. Hardly. Just plain divorce lawyers.”

Dead end there.

“What about your social life?” Did he dare ask such a question now? Hell yes, he did. Curiosity got the better of him.

A serious look came over her as she looked downward at her folded hands. “That’s complicated.”

*Complicated.* How he hated the sound of that.

“Complicated how?” Thomas asked while caressing her hair.

“Well, I was in a long-term relationship with someone for over three years until it ended in January. At first, things were good. Really good and I fell deeply and madly in love with him. Unfortunately, he really didn’t show me the real him in the beginning. His true character began to show months later.

“By then though, I was too deep in it emotionally to break free. I found out he had a drug problem, which slowly became his obsession. And he turned out to be a womanizer, chasing any groupie who followed his band. He was a drummer of a rock band.”

She sighed as her eyebrows furrowed in thought. “He certainly wasn’t the man I thought he was. He changed into someone I didn’t recognize anymore.”

Shane stared at the wall when thoughts of his past haunted him. “Yeah, I never understood why some people can change so much in so little time.”

“Sounds like you know where I’m coming from,” she said, tilting her head to gaze at him with concern.

“In a way, I guess we all do.” Shane looked at her, then at his brother who stared at him, nodding.

Thomas had been there for him when his wife Marian left. He was his lifesaver in a way. If it weren’t for his twin’s support, he wondered what would have become of him. Thanks to Thomas, who

pushed him to get on with his life, they finally decided to pursue their dream of opening their own architectural company.

Shane dove into the project full force and soon the company began to prosper. Even though they remained part of the Voyeurs' society, their clients were humans from across Alaska. It took some time, but he let go of the past and got his life back on track.

Gazing into her eyes once again, he said, "What did you do after that, Cheryl?"

She took a deep breath. "I still stayed with him because I loved him. Oh, I'd break things off when his mental abuse got too much, but he'd come back acting like the sweet, vulnerable man I first fell in love with, and he'd beg me to take him back because he was lost without me. He loved me."

She frowned. "And the sucker that I was, seeing the man I fell in love with surface weakened my defenses, and I'd take him back. He'd be good for a few months, and then he'd go back to that dark person I didn't recognize."

"At the end of our relationship, his mind changed completely because of overuse of drugs, and he began to have drastic mood swings. At first, he showed his anger through verbal abuse, but at the end after I had left him for the umpteenth time, he put a knife to my neck and threatened to kill me if I left him again."

She turned her head to a more comfortable position and her voice began to slur. "I had to call the cops to kick him out of my apartment because he wouldn't leave..."

By now, she was fast asleep.

"Don't worry, Cheryl. He can't hurt you here. He'll never hurt you ever again, I promise," Thomas whispered while continuing to caress her head.

The look in his brother's eyes told Shane that his heart went out to her as did Shane's. All that she had been through. Hell, what he went through with Marian seemed like a walk in park compared to what she had gone through.

From her words and expression, it still pained her and the vulnerability she showed was intense.

He caressed her hand one last time before getting up to follow Thomas to the door. His mind wandered to what Dr. Jonas had said. They needed to be there for her when her werewolf sexual urges rose.

Now, after hearing all Cheryl had been through and knowing how her heart still hurt, he didn't think he could go through with it. It would be like toying with her mind. No, she'd had enough of that.

What Cheryl needed now was someone to help her forget about the past, just like Thomas helped him. She needed someone to comfort her emotionally and show her just how special and beautiful she really was and that she deserved so much more than the monster of a boyfriend she'd had.

## Chapter Twelve

They had an unexpected guest. The moment they stepped through the door, they found Dr. Jonas in there observing Cheryl through the mirror and taking notes on her blasted chart. When did she get there? They hadn't been with Cheryl for more than twenty minutes. Didn't the good doctor say she'd be coming to see them much later?

A funny feeling crawled up Thomas's spine that it wasn't a coincidence the doctor was there. The idea that maybe they had a hidden camera in Cheryl's room and spied on hers and their every move without them knowing about it settled in the center of his mind, and he contemplated asking Dr. Jonas if his hunch were right.

But after further thought, he figured he'd leave that for a later time. He didn't want to open a can of worms and show their lack of trust in her or The Haven. Not that there was any lack of trust really, not yet at least.

Closing the door behind him, Shane said, "Hi, Dr. Jonas. Why are you back so early and how did you know Cheryl woke up?"

So much for waiting for a later time to ask the question. Shane never could maintain patience. Now that the questions lay on the table, Thomas stood, curious, waiting for her reply.

She smiled and apparently having finished what she needed to write, put her pen in the breast pocket of her lab coat. "That's a good question." She paused, then continued. "Instead of using standard wired heart monitors, we use wireless monitors that are put around the patient's wrist. It continually takes an EKG. When her heart rate increased to high numbers, I came up to check on her fearing the

electrolytes in her body had become imbalanced again and may have gone to dangerous levels, which would have affected her heart.

"But when I peeked through the door window, I saw she was awake and all right and that you both were with her."

Marvel spread over Shane's face. "Hmm, a wrist monitor."

She nodded. "Yes, only it doesn't monitor the wrist's pulse, but sends a signal to monitor the heart, like an electrocardiogram would."

Who cared about the wrist monitor? Thomas needed more important questions answered.

"Why did she wake up, Doctor? Didn't you say the sedative you gave her was strong and she'd be out for at least eight hours?"

"Yes, I did say that." She stared blankly at him.

"Well, then why did she wake up?" Thomas hated it when people didn't answer the question right and just toyed with time and his patience.

Dr. Jonas gazed at her patient through the mirror while replying, "She's beginning to remember. Her shock and fear pulled her out of sleep temporarily."

He squinted. "You heard our conversation?"

"Yes, I did. You left the monitor on." She pointed with her chin toward the monitor on the table.

Thomas didn't like the fact the doctor heard their discussion. He was sure what Cheryl told him and his brother in confidence wasn't something she wanted the doctor hearing. To her, Cheryl was a patient like any other. Her patient's suffering probably slid off her toughened exterior.

He understood doctors needed to keep a distance, be detached from their patients for professional reasons, and the fact she heard such bone-deep personal confessions of Cheryl's bothered Thomas. The doctor then continued, "I believe it's a good sign her memories of what happened to her are slowly surfacing in her subconscious." Avoiding further eye contact with Thomas, she tapped her finger against the chart she held in her hand.

Shane frowned. "Why, Doctor?"

"Because that means she'll soon be ready to face all her memories of the attack in her conscious state. Then she can accept she was bitten by a werewolf and that there is no turning back now. She must accept her fate so the process of the transition will be easier on her."

She glanced at Cheryl again through the one-way mirror. "The fact that she confided in you about her other traumatic experience with such ease is an extremely good sign."

"Now how could her painful experience and confession be a good sign?" The doctor's assessment of her patient began to bother Thomas.

She squinted, obviously sensing his hostile tone. "The ease with which she confided it to you both, with no hesitation, shows she trusts you implicitly."

She gazed out the window at the descending sun. "When the full moon rises this evening and she awakens, she'll turn to you with no delay. That's when she'll need you the most."

Before Thomas could ask her to clarify her statement, she continued. "She'll awaken sexually hungry, full of lust. And the ones she'll turn to right away to release her wanton urges on will be you two. There'll be no hesitation, only the insatiable need for a desperate release."



## **Chapter Thirteen**

What? She couldn't be serious? The shock whipped Shane right in the face.

He didn't believe what the doctor just said. After she heard Cheryl's confession, that her emotional scars obviously hadn't healed but were ripe and painful, how could she expect them to have sex with her?

"What? No way," he blurted in rage.

"I don't understand?" She frowned. "Doctor Whitmore informed me that you'd assist the patient in any way possible. I assumed you had also agreed to be her partners when she was ready for sexual release."

"Yes, we agreed," Thomas replied with a stern expression.

Holy shit! Who was this person standing beside him? Certainly not his brother. Was he the only one who'd actually heard the pain in Cheryl's voice?

"Thomas, that was before. How can you still want to participate in this after what you heard her say?" Shane questioned.

Thomas frowned. "I heard her, Shane. And it pained me to see her hurting."

"So then why do you still want to be a part of this," sneering, he briefly glanced at the doctor while continuing, "this experiment?"

Before Thomas could reply, the doctor answered in a raised voice. "This is not an experiment, Mr. Bicks. The end results are always the same. If the patient doesn't have sexual release during a full moon numerous times until her sexual desires subside, she will turn into a

werewolf and will want to feast on human flesh. And once that happens, eating humans will become an addiction.”

“The patient has a name, Dr. Jonas,” Thomas stated.

“Very well. If Cheryl Brete doesn’t have sexual release until her urges subside, she will transform into the beast and will kill to sate her animalistic hunger.” The doctor huffed.

“We have no choice, Shane,” Thomas added.

“She is still hurting from a painful experience in her past, Thomas. If we have sex with her—and believe me there’s nothing I want more—it’ll hurt her. When she is in that lustful state, where she has no control over her thoughts and emotions, she won’t know what she’s doing. After it’s over and she realizes what happened, she’ll regret it.”

“And if we don’t, she’ll turn and will kill. I think she’d regret that more, no?”

The doctor piped into their argument, “Your assumption is wrong, Mr. Bicks. She won’t be inebriated as with the effects of alcohol. She will have complete rein over her emotions and thoughts.”

“Yeah, but she won’t have control over her body. And, in my eyes, it’s the same thing as if she’s drunk.”

“You are free to believe what you wish, Mr. Bicks. But your opinion doesn’t change her situation. If you weigh the pros and cons, sexual release is the best solution.”

Shane paced, thinking. The doctor’s words had him clutching at straws. “You say it’s the best solution, but there must be another one, other than allowing her to transform and kill.”

Dr. Jonas stated. “Well, we could sedate her heavily until the full moon passes and the sexual urge subsides. But it won’t solve the problem. It may worsen it.”

“How so?” Thomas asked, sitting on the edge of his bed.

“In patients who chose not to mate but be sedated on their first full moon, their urge to transform into the beast did subside, but only temporarily. For some, the urge become more uncontrollable with

each full moon until the strongest sedatives had no effect anymore. They turned into the beast and were unable to transform back.”

She walked to the mirror, staring at her dim reflection in the glass. Turning to face them, she continued. “Out of two hundred patients who decided to follow this treatment, thirty turned into the beast, never to transform to their human states again.”

Shane mumbled, “Thirty out of two hundred.”

She sighed. “Yes. With such a high ratio, we decided not to give the patients the option unless...”

His heart skipped a beat with hope. “Unless what, Doctor?” he urged her.

“Unless they showed characteristics of non-aggressive, passive behavior and physically, the stress of intense and repetitive sexual release would put too much of a strain on their bodies.”

She took a deep breath and pointed her pen in the air. “In Miss Brete’s case, that is not the situation.”

“She doesn’t display aggressive behavior, but passive,” Shane argued.

“Yes, but that doesn’t guarantee she won’t turn.”

Suddenly, her beeper buzzed. “Excuse me.” She checked it and walked to the door. “This is an emergency, and I must go. As for Miss Brete, I am her physician, and in our werewolf haven, I have the final word. The risk is too high to contain her urges with sedatives, especially considering she awoke just now after being heavily sedated. If you and your brother don’t want to be her sexual partners when the time comes, then we’ll find other males who will. At least two males are needed, otherwise it won’t be effective.

“You have a few more hours to make your decision.” She closed the door behind her without even waiting for their response.

Shane looked at his brother, and for the first time in his life, he was at a loss for words.

## Chapter Fourteen

Silence enshrouded Thomas while his mind screamed for guidance. He sat at the table next to the one-way mirror in his room staring at Cheryl sleep while he finished swallowing the last morsel of his turkey sandwich.

He and Shane had gone down to the cafeteria to get something to eat half an hour ago. His brother didn't talk much when they were down there, but he could see the tension in Shane's clenched jaw as he ground his teeth. Whenever his brother was that wound up, Thomas knew to give him space and let him cool off. That's why he left him there and came up to eat his sandwich and salad alone.

He was happy he did, because he needed peace to think things over. They'd have to make their decisions soon. He had already made up his mind that he would mate with Cheryl in her time of sexual need. But he wasn't so sure about Shane.

Knowing what his brother had gone through in the past, he could understand why hearing Cheryl's confession would affect him more. But Thomas didn't see how what she experienced in her past had to do with her current condition. Having sex to sate her sexual desires and tame the beast within would not traumatize her. It was a natural part of the transition's process. Going against it would cause her more harm.

Thomas wasn't sure he'd want to be a part of the process if a complete stranger got involved, but he couldn't back down, either. The vision had connected him to Cheryl, and no matter what, he couldn't break that tie, at least not yet.

In his body, mind, and even soul, he knew he had been destined to be her lover in her time of sexual release. So was Shane. Now how the hell could he convince his brother of that? Once Shane set his mind on something, he rarely changed it.

He stood up when Cheryl turned in the bed, opened her eyes, and closed them a split second later. It looked like she'd be waking up soon. The doctor would be back for their answer. Damn, where was his brother?

\* \* \* \*

Shane followed her back to her station, waiting and plotting. He regretted it had to come to this, but after rolling over the situation in his mind, he knew it was the only option.

Once he saw the nurse alone at the counter writing something down, he walked up to her with a wide smile plastered on his face.

"Hi. I'm sorry to bother you, but can you tell me how to get to the B Wing. I seem to have gotten lost."

She raised her gaze and smiled when she saw his face. "Oh, Mr. Bicks."

He played coy. "Do I know—Oh, yes, you're the nurse who came into Miss Brete's room to give her a sedative earlier."

"Yes, I did." She nodded.

"Yes, you interrupted the sponge bath." His grin widened.

Blushing, she stared at the ground. "I'm sorry about that, but I had my orders from Dr. Jonas."

He rested his hand on the counter and leaned in closer while he worked his charm. "That's all right. I was happy you interrupted."

Her eyes brightened as she stared at him. "You were?"

"Oh, yeah. That was a bit too freaky for my tastes if you get my drift."

Disappointment and then confusion spread over her features. "Why?"

“Well, the whole sexual release process, I mean. I know the patient needs partners to participate in sexual intercourse, but frankly, I find it too bizarre.” He leaned in even closer and whispered in her ear. “I’m glad you came in when you did.”

“Why?” She giggled.

“Well, for one thing you stopped things from going any further, and I got to meet you.” He extended his hand. “Your name is...?”

She accepted his extended hand. “Sarah Hunt.”

He held her hand and turned it so he could kiss the outside of it while staring into her dark eyes. “It’s nice to meet you, Sarah. I’m Shane.”

She continued to giggle. “Hi, Shane. It’s nice to meet you, too.”

“So tell me, Sarah, do you have any plans for Saturday evening, that’s if you are unattached?” While turning to lean on the counter, he inched his body closer to hers so their shoulders touched.

“Oh, no.” She shook her head nervously.

He couldn’t help smiling at her awkwardness. “No, you’re not attached, or no you don’t have plans Saturday evening?”

She blushed. “I mean, no, I have no plans, and I’m single.”

“Oh, that’s great.”

“But I thought you and your brother would be here for the next week taking care of Miss Brete?”

“Thomas will, but I won’t. I’ll be going soon. Like I said, that’s too weird for me. I like my women already converted.” His right eyebrow lifted in seduction.

Obviously believing his lie, she smiled.

“So, Sarah, that sedative you gave Miss Brete was powerful stuff. I never saw anything work so fast and so long. What was that?”

Her eyes shifted briefly as if she were trying to remember something. “That was Phrenes. Yes, it’s the strongest sedative we have in The Haven.”

“I never heard of it.” He tapped his chin with his forefinger in thought.

“That’s because it isn’t on the market. It’s used only at The Haven and under controlled conditions. It used to be more widely administered years ago when patients had a choice of being sedated on the full moon or having sexual release.”

His brow lifted in curiosity. “Really. One dose was enough for that?”

She laughed. “Oh, no, hardly. The sexual urges can last sometimes for more than a day after the full moon in patients, and the drug is effective for only eight hours. So we’d give the patient a dose every eight hours.”

“Interesting.” He tilted his head and looked at his watch. “Oh, I have to get back to my brother. I’m sure he’s wondering where I am.”

He’d started to turn on his heel when she said, “Wait a minute.” Then she scribbled something down on a sticky pad on the counter and handed him the paper. “Here you go.”

He took it in confusion, then realized she had jotted down her number. “Thanks. I’ll call you. Bye.”

She smiled. “I’ll be waiting.”

He’d turned and started walking when she added, “You’re going the wrong way.”

Frowning, he glanced over his shoulder at her. “I’m sorry?”

She pointed to her right. “Before, you asked me where the B Wing is. It’s that way.”

“Ah, thanks.” He half-laughed, then walked in the direction she pointed until he got to the corner of the corridor and turned. He waited behind the corner until she left the nurse’s desk and the coast would be clear for him to enter the room next to the station.

Once he got what he looked for, he could put the next part of his plan in motion. God, he hoped nothing would go wrong.

## Chapter Fifteen

Panting, Shane took a deep breath when he got to the door. He had run for several minutes to get here as quickly as possible. He waited until his heart stopped pounding to open the door.

Thomas sat at the table, staring into Cheryl's room. The moment he saw Shane, he cursed. "Where the hell have you been?"

"Walking, thinking." Shane closed the door behind him.

"Well, thank God you came back in time. Dr. Jonas is on her way up here and wants to know wha—" Before Thomas could finish his sentence, there came a knock at the door.

Shane turned to open it. Dr. Jonas stood there with a serious expression.

He pushed the door open and extended his arm. "Come in, Doctor."

She seemed tense and in a hurry. She glanced first at Shane, then at Thomas.

"So have you come to a decision, gentlemen?" she asked.

"I have. I'll be her sexual partner for as long as she needs me," Thomas said, and frowning, glanced at his brother. "What about you?"

Shane looked at his brother, then at the doctor. He waited a minute to answer. He couldn't exactly show them he had already made up his mind so easily.

Then he said, "Me too. I don't like this whole situation, but like you said, Doctor, it's the best way."

Thomas smiled. "I'm glad you finally agreed."



“Good.” The doctor nodded and took out a key from her pocket. “This is for the cabinet in her room. There, you’ll find everything you’ll need to help her.”

She scribbled something on her chart and checked her watch. “I have to see another patient. If you need anything, just push the button in Miss Brete’s room beside her bed and a nurse will come to assist you.”

Thomas touched her shoulder before she could move forward. “What do we do now?”

She lifted her brow as she gazed at him as if she found his question ridiculous. “You wait, Mr. Bicks. Wait until she wakes up.”

He gave her a sarcastic look. “I know that. I mean what do we do when she wakes up?”

“She most probably will awaken in heat. Wait until she makes the first move and just follow her every request.”

“Do we take it slow, gentle?” Thomas asked.

She smirked as she stepped to the door and opened it. “Once she is ready to mate, there won’t be anything gentle about it, Mr. Bicks. The sexual urges she’ll experience will be insatiable. And you’ll need to satisfy her every desire. By the time the wanton urges subside in her, you and your brother will feel like you’re on the brink of death.”

Then she took a couple of steps forward and said, “Good luck, gentlemen,” and closed the door behind her before Shane could add the sarcastic question of if she’d be watching.

## Chapter Sixteen

When she turned to her side, her breasts felt like engorged melons that would burst when squeezed. That certainly bolted her out of sleep. She sat up, touching them. The heat on contact made her jump. What was happening to her?

She undid the tie of her hospital gown, letting the material drop to her waist so she could better examine her chest.

Holy shit!

Her B-cup mounds had transformed into C cups, and her pale nipples were now dark and erect. Flabbergasted, she stared at them, not believing her eyes. Did she really wake up? Or was she still dreaming?

Before she could ponder these questions further, the door opened. Shane and Thomas walked in, closing the door behind them. Their eyes focused on her breasts, and they just stared, transfixed.

Their intense gazes brought more heat to her chest, and she swore her nipples rose and perked up with further arousal. She instantly pulled up her gown in embarrassment, which apparently brought them out of their stupor.

“How do you feel?” Thomas asked.

“I feel like I just slept for a thousand years.” She wanted to add, *And that my original body has been repossessed and I’ve been given a sex machine model instead.* But, of course, she didn’t.

“Well, sleep is good. I’m sure you feel stronger and more relaxed now that your body rested,” Shane commented.

Yes, to stronger, but hell no to the more relaxed part. Her body raged with desire, heat, and deep-set energy. She felt like it would all spill out of her and she'd turn into Miss Hyde.

She just nodded. No need to let the boys know that if she were given the chance, she'd tear off their clothes here and now and have her way with them over and over again. Her panties dampened with her thoughts.

"Would you like something to eat?" Shane asked.

"No, I'm not hungry." She couldn't eat. Her body screamed only one thing to her mind. *Sexual release.*

"How about another sponge bath?" Thomas asked with a sly smile and lifted eyebrow.

Shane looked at his brother and frowned when Thomas gazed back at him.

"Yes, I'd like that," she blurted out, and hoped it didn't sound too desperate or anxious. Damn, his teasing expression when he proposed the bath made her pussy tremble with excitement.

"I'll go get the water and everything now." Thomas walked over to the washroom.

"I'll help him." Shane followed him and closed the door behind him.

Their voices travelled through the shut door. She couldn't make out what they said, but it sounded like they might be arguing.

She let her gown fall to her waist again and cupped the bottom of her plump breasts, juggling them while she observed them. Oh my. A shiver of ecstasy shot straight to her clit, making it vibrate.

*Come on, boys, will you come out already?*

She widened her legs instinctively and moved her pelvis up and down. Her panties rubbed against her clit, and she moaned. She couldn't take any more of this. If they didn't come out soon with the ice-cold water, at the rate her body was reacting, she'd climax any second on her own.

\* \* \* \*

“Why the hell did you ask her if she’d want a sponge bath?” Shane asked while furrowing his brow and resting his hands on his hips sternly.

“Because I figured it would ease her discomfort,” Thomas replied.

“Bullshit. You want her excited so she’ll make the first sexual move faster.”

“And what if I do? That’s what we’re here for, aren’t we? To have sex with her whenever and however she wishes?” The image of a naked Cheryl, panting and moaning while he fucked her came to mind. His cock jolted with his anticipation.

Shane frowned. “No, we aren’t.”

Thomas knew that look. Crap! His brother was up to something. “What the hell does that mean, Shane?”

Shane took out a bottle of pills from his lab coat pocket. “We’re going to give her one of these instead.”

Thomas squinted. “What are those?”

“The same medication they gave her before to make her sleep. They are super strong sedatives.”

“How did you get them?”

“Long and complicated story.” Shane looked at him with a blank expression.

“Dr. Jonas didn’t approve of that treatment, remember?” Thomas added.

“That’s just bureaucracy talking. She knew damn well this would work on Cheryl, but she doesn’t want to risk it in case it doesn’t. She’s just covering her ass. To hell with what’s best for the patient.” Shane waved his hand in the air to reiterate his last statement.

Thomas almost screamed and then lowered his voice. “Oh, you suddenly became an expert and know what’s best for Cheryl?” Hopefully, he couldn’t be heard in the other room.

Taking a deep breath to calm his nerves, he continued. "I agree with you that this is all bureaucratic bullshit, and to Dr. Jonas, Cheryl is just another patient. But Shane, you're no doctor. What happens if she wakes up and the hunger is in her to change? What then, huh?"

"I don't think she'll wake up, and if she does, we'll call the doctor." Shane gazed at the wall as if thinking.

"What if it's too late by the time she comes up? We have no idea how fast she'll transform."

Shane just stared at him in silence.

"Well?" Thomas pushed him.

He shook his head vigorously. "Okay, okay, you have a point. I didn't think of that."

Thomas had to sink his knife of reason deeper. "Of course, you didn't. Crap, we're dealing with something way beyond our understanding, Shane. It's a force of nature, and going against it with ignorance will only cause a catastrophe."

Shane huffed. "Okay, so then what do you suggest?"

Thomas wanted to say, *Have sex with her until the urge goes away*, but he knew Shane wouldn't agree to that so easily. So he searched for another idea.

A few minutes later, he replied, "How about we tell her what happened to her, now, before her sexual urges overwhelm her and she won't be thinking straight? We'll tell her everything, what she is experiencing now, and what will happen if she doesn't have sex. We'll then let her decide what she wants to do next."

Shane's eyes widened, and he remained quiet for three seconds then smiled. "Damn, I never thought of that."

Thomas laughed. "You're losing your touch."

"Blame it on this whole warped situation. My sexual urges to make love to her and my instincts to protect her are playing tug of war, and I feel like I'll explode soon," Shane stated.

He added, “Won’t we be going against your precious doctor’s orders, though? Didn’t she say it’s best to let the patient remember the traumatic experience on her own?”

Shane’s sarcasm irked Thomas. “To hell with Dr. Jonas. This whole place is fucked up. The facts they have one-way mirrors to spy on the patients and that they forced us to be Cheryl’s nurse’s aides are red flags they don’t give a shit’s ass about their patients. They are guinea pigs to them.”

Shane laughed. “Finally, we see eye to eye on this one.”

Thomas nodded. “That we do.”

“So, you going to tell her, or shall I?” Shane gazed at the door.

“Why don’t you start and I’ll help you along the way?” Thomas tapped him on the shoulder as Shane opened the door.

Taking a deep breath, Shane added, “Here we go,” and stepped into her room.

A whiff of her excited scent hit Thomas as he moved forward. A gorgeous werewolf-to-be lay in heat on the bed up ahead. His cock rose in anticipation.

But first came the hard part, probably the hardest thing he and Shane had ever had to do. What they were about to tell her would certainly turn her world upside-down.

He prayed he and Shane wouldn’t fuck it up.

## **Chapter Seventeen**

No, no. It was all too much to take in. “What are you saying?” she asked Shane while shaking her head, hyperventilating. She tried to make sense of their ludicrous words.

He put his hand gently on her shoulder. “Calm down.”

She spoke loud and abrasively. “Calm down! After all you’ve told me, how can I?”

Thomas said sitting at the foot of her bed. “We know it sounds crazy, Cheryl, but if you think back to last night, you’ll remember what happened and know we’re saying the truth.”

Fear enveloped her very soul. Deep inside, she knew that what Thomas asked would be opening a portal to something she could not cope with or close the door on again. Yet, she knew she had no choice, because if what the twins said was true, then soon she’d transform into a werewolf unless they did something to stop it or at least delay it.

It didn’t take much effort to uncover her memories of the night before. When she closed her eyes, the image of a beast lay at the back of her mind. As soon as its eyes turned red, the occurrences of the entire night came flooding back.

She put her hands over her mouth as tears began to flow. Turning to observe her shoulder, she brought her hand up, touching the gauze. He had bitten her there, his venom traveling into her, poisoning her blood and body, trapping her in damnation forever.

Shane caressed her hair while Thomas took her hand. Their comforting actions soothed her as she closed her eyes. That’s when two pairs of beautiful green eyes appeared in her mind, eyes she had

seen the night before in the woods and eyes she saw tonight in this room.

She let her mouth fall open in awe. "You two were the ones who saved me last night!" she said, her voice cracking.

Thomas nodded. "Yes, we did."

She gazed first at him after at Shane in disbelief. "Then you're werewolves, too?"

"Yeah, we were born werewolves," Shane replied.

"What will happen to me happens to you, too?"

"Yes, but because we were born werewolves, we have better control over the beast within us than you will. But to get that control, we need to mate or the urge to transform will be strong."

"Then you'll kill?" Fear at the thought made her stomach gurgle with her nervousness.

"Yes. We have to have sexual release often during the month or at least often on the night of a full moon, before the moon is at its peak, otherwise we will turn into a crazed werewolf that kills."

She gulped. "And have you made love regularly this month to control the beast within you?"

Shane glanced at his brother as he replied, "Yes, we've had *sex* regularly."

His tone when he said "sex" bothered her, like it was something meaningless. Her emotions welled in her and began to rise, spilling out in her words. "What, it's an everyday orgy for you people?"

Shane frowned. "We people? Whether you like it or not, Cheryl, soon you'll be one of us

"Well, if I have to participate in orgies every day of my life, then forget it. I'd rather end things now."

Worry overshadowed his features and Thomas's as well.

Shane replied, "Please don't say that, Cheryl. Never say something like that again."

"It's not what you think, Cheryl." Thomas leaned in closer. "We're not like that."



Her brows furrowed. "So you have only one lover?"

He diverted his gaze. "No."

She lifted her chin toward Shane. "How about you?"

"Neither do I." Shane's lips became a thin, tight line.

"I feel like I stepped into *The Twilight Zone*. I don't understand it, nor do I want to." She combed her fingers through her hair, pulling it away from her face. "I don't know if I'll be able to do what you do for the rest of my life. I don't know if I have the strength to steel my emotions like you do and have sex with anyone for the sake of curbing the beast in me."

"You don't have to." Thomas said, taking her hand again. Her hand tingled with excitement at the contact.

"You can be with only us." He gazed at his brother before continuing. "The day before we found you, we had a vision that a Rogue werewolf would attack you. That's how we came to be in the area to save you. We had been looking for you for quite some time."

"Werewolves are psychic, too?"

"No, only certain werewolves are, those named the Voyeurs. They also protect humankind. We are Voyeurs."

"I don't understand how this has anything to do with my situation." She shook her head.

"Please let me finish. I believe that Shane and I had that vision because it was our destiny to find and save you. I think we were meant to be together."

"Why?" she asked, biting her nail, trying to curb her desire to jump on him. God, the wanton urges in her were becoming more intense with every second that passed. Thomas's green eyes filled with longing and his full sexy lips drew her in to kiss him, but she restrained herself.

"Because I felt a connection with you in the vision, Cheryl, as I do now, and I'm not only talking sexual connection, but something much deeper, more real, and everlasting." He pointed at Shane but didn't

look at him while he added, “And I know Shane feels the same way, only he is too stubborn to admit it.”

Shane argued back with, “Don’t start answering for me, Thomas.”

Thomas stood up to face him. “You’re going to deny you don’t feel a strong, unbreakable bond with Cheryl. Your actions these past two days speak louder than your words, Shane.”

“I’m not denying it. But I can speak for myself.” He paused as if he pondered what words to utter. “Cheryl, you are the most beautiful and desirable woman I’ve ever seen. The moment I saw you in the vision, I felt the powerful connection to you and knew we were destined to be together.

He took a deep breath. “Believe me, I tried to push my deep feelings for you and my sexual desires to touch you and make love to you to the back of my mind, but they are too real, and I know they’ll never go away. Fate has brought us together, and, as Thomas said, it’s because we are meant to be together forever. ”

His words moved her to no end. She didn’t know if it was her raging werewolf hormones or fate, like he said, but she did feel drawn to them like a moth to a glowing fire. But a moth got disoriented by the moving light, and when it began to spiral toward the flame, it soon got drawn into it and died. Would that be her fate? She barely survived her scarring experience with Gary. She wasn’t strong enough to go through something like that again.

She put her hand before her lips, tapping them, then pointed to the pill bottle Shane had placed on the bedside table. “What about these?”

“Dr. Jonas said the pills don’t always work and you may awaken with the urge to transform anyway,” Shane replied sitting on the bed beside her. Bringing his palm to her cheek, he caressed it while he stared deep into her eyes. “Don’t be afraid, Cheryl. I was afraid, too. Just like you, I had been hurt in the past and swore never to open up my heart again. But now I see I was wrong.”

He leaned in, kissing her gently on the lips. Heat and electricity shot from his mouth straight into hers traveling down to her breasts,

abdomen, and pelvis, bringing with it arousal. Her panties dampened, and her cunt trembled with want.

She wrapped her arms around him, reciprocating his kiss, sliding her tongue into his mouth to dance and tease his. She moaned in pleasure while he brought his arms around her waist, pulling her closer to his strong, muscular chest.

Yes, yes, this felt right, and even though a small part of her screamed to stop it, to get away from the flame burning before her, she couldn't. Impossible. The feelings building inside her, both sexual and emotional, were too powerful to pull away from.

When this night was over and the full moon gone, she might get trapped in the flame, burning in the depths of hell, but it would all be worth it. Just so she could feel alive and desirable again in the arms of two bewitching werewolves.

## Chapter Eighteen

What the heck was he doing? He was supposed to let her make up her own mind. By kissing her? Embracing her? That certainly didn't influence her. No. But he couldn't stop himself. He wanted her more than he ever wanted anything in this life. When she hinted she'd prefer to end things than go on living as a werewolf, his heart broke.

The thought of losing her after only just finding her was too much for him to bear. He finally admitted to himself, and to Thomas and Cheryl, what he had been fighting against all this time. Yes, it was time to tear down the shield he'd covered his heart with and start living and loving again.

And once he did that, all he wanted to do was kiss her luscious, pouty red lips and hold her in his arms. Her scent intoxicated him more than he could ever have imagined when he was just an inch away from her mouth. His acute sense of hearing told him her powerful heart beat in excitement and hunger.

Knowing the doctor monitored Cheryl's heart remotely, he wondered what she'd be thinking right now. Did she assume they had begun to have sex?

It bothered him that they were seen as guinea pigs, especially Cheryl. She was the victim in all this and had been through so much. She didn't deserve to be spied on. She needed to be told the truth right from the start.

He guessed the real reason they kept her in the dark was that they monitored her behavior and took notes. After all, if she knew they observed her constantly, she'd be hesitant and not act naturally.

Then all their results wouldn't be accurate or correct and they wouldn't be able to treat her condition effectively. Still, keeping the truth from her was wrong any way he saw it.

He cast the negative thoughts out of his mind when her heated breath caressed his face and neck, making goose bumps form on his skin. He moved forward until they made contact. Her lips scorched his, and his desire to make love to her consumed him. He wondered if her nipples and pussy would be burning infernos, too. Probably yes. *Mercy.*

When she wrapped her arms around his neck, slipped her tongue past his lips and probed and caressed his mouth, he almost lost it. Damn, he wanted to rip her hospital gown off and massage, pinch, lick, and suckle her delectable breasts. They had swelled in the time she slept. The glimpse he got of them when he and Thomas came in earlier had him drooling. Now his cock rose with the memory. *Mmm.*

Things were getting out of hand. He had to stop now and let Cheryl think things through without her raging hormones influencing her behavior and her mind. Taking a deep breath, he gently pushed her away.

At first, she refused, holding her arms tightly around his neck and her lips seemed like suction cups on his mouth, refusing to let go. A second later, she moved back, panting and flushed.

He apologized as he stood up. "I'm sorry, Cheryl. I shouldn't have done that." She didn't speak, only touched her lips and stared at him with big, curious eyes. He moved farther away, hoping it helped tame her hunger.

When she lay back on the bed and glared at the ceiling's fluorescent lights, she sighed. "I'm scared and don't know what to think or do anymore. Why did this happen to me?"

Thomas said, taking her hand, "We're sorry we couldn't save you before the Rogue werewolf bit you, Cheryl. Believe me, we tried to find you as fast as we could, but unfortunately our vision didn't tell us exactly where you were."

“We can’t change the past, but we are here for you now. In whatever decision you make. We’ll help you get through tonight.” He stared deep into her eyes. “And we want to be by your side from here on out if you’ll let us.”

Shane reiterated his brother’s words. “Yes, Cheryl, we’ll always be here for you. Draw on our strength and lean on us for whatever you want and for however long.”

She turned her head and observed him. Her beautiful blue eyes seemed to see through him straight to his soul. It warmed him.

“So the doctor didn’t recommend using a sedative as my treatment?” she asked Shane.

“No, but it doesn’t mean it won’t work.” He glanced at Thomas to add, “We believe it’s bureaucratic bullshit more than anything else. They are taking the easy and sure way.”

He came closer to her. “There’s nothing Thomas or I want more than to make love to you right now, over and over again, but it isn’t our decision. It’s up to you what you want to do, Cheryl.”

She smiled and said, “I must be crazy for saying this, but seeing your kindness and unselfishness is helping me decide.”

She remained silent for a minute, and Shane’s palms perspired. His heartbeat drummed in his ears as he anxiously waited for her to make up her mind.

She sat back up in bed. “I don’t want to use medication. I’ll have to take it for the rest of my life. I’ve seen firsthand what drugs can do to someone. No, I don’t want to become dependent on them.” She glanced first at Thomas and then at Shane. “So I’ll take the second option. I’ll have sex with you both.” Her voice cracked when she said “sex.”

Shane wanted to jump for joy and pick her up into his arms to kiss her, but refrained. They needed to take things slowly, let her decide what to do and when.

But first he and Thomas needed to do something. The walls had ears and eyes. It was time to blind and deafen The Haven spies.

\* \* \* \*

She thought she had made the right choice. But instead of the twins coming to her with hugs and kisses, Shane turned to his brother, whispering in his ear. Thomas smiled and nodded while getting up to head for the door.

*Such peculiar behavior.* She began to wonder if she had made a mistake, especially when Shane took the sheet off her bed and covered the mirror on the wall. Had he gone mad?

She frowned. "What the hell are you doing?"

He didn't speak and just put his index finger to his lips, whispering, "Shh."

Thomas exited and silence blanketed the room while Cheryl tried to make sense of their crazy behavior.

Shane smiled without saying a word and sat on the edge of her bed. He lifted his finger to gesture "one minute" and caressed her hand, bringing it to his mouth while he stared at her with intense eyes. His warm, soft lips made her giddy. The way he stared first at her eyes, then traveled down to her lips, heading lower, seeming to take in every inch of her figure, got her excited. Maybe she hadn't made the wrong decision after all.

Thomas came back in a minute later with what looked like a radio. He placed it on the table next to the door and wrote something on a piece of paper resting on the table. Picking up medical tape, he stuck the note on the outside of the door and then locked it.

He motioned to Shane, and when Shane walked over to him, he stated, "If they are dead set on coming in here, the lock won't stop them. They'll use their key to get in." He gestured with his hand, "Help me with this."

They pushed a very heavy looking bureau that rested in the corner of the room up right against the door.

After that, he taped another paper over the viewing window on the inside of the door.

Thomas turned to face her, grinning. "Now they won't see or hear what we're doing."

She shook her head. "What are you talking about?"

Shane pointed to the covered mirror. "You see that. That isn't just a mirror. On the other side of that mirror is a viewing window and a room. They asked us to stay there to check on you. And I think when we aren't in the room, they go in to secretly check on you."

Thomas touched the device on the table. "And this was a monitor. So whatever sounds are made in here will be picked up in the room. But now they won't be able to know anything."

"I can't believe it. Why do they do it?"

Shane shrugged. "Don't know, probably because it's the easiest way to monitor the patient with the least amount of effort. I don't think anyone ever contested it before us and that's why they never changed their protocol."

He took her hand. "But Thomas is wrong that they won't know exactly what's happening and when and for how long." He pointed to the wrist monitor. "We need to remove this so they can't monitor your heart."

She brought her hand to her chest. "No, they need to monitor it."

"They've been monitoring your heart now since you woke up. If there was something wrong, they would have come up here by now. And once we start getting intimate, your heart rate will skyrocket and they'll know what we are doing and the duration. Do you want them to know that?" Shane asked with a sly smirk and lifted brow.

"No. I don't want them knowing anything." Her cheeks heated with the images his words conjured in her mind.

"So let's take it off." He took her hand and removed the wrist monitor.

"They'll come up now thinking something is wrong," she countered.



Thomas pointed to the door. "I taped a note letting them know you are fine and wish for some privacy. Hopefully, they won't be bothering to knock, since your life isn't in danger."

She looked at them while they stared at her. God, the silence and their calm expressions drove her closer to madness. What was she thinking? She couldn't do this. Okay, her body told her otherwise as her breasts rubbing against the hospital gown sent shivers of ecstasy throughout her whole body, making her clit and cunt quiver. Her mind screamed with fear. Fear of the intimacy and of depending on them. They were werewolves, after all. Born and raised. They lived a completely different life from hers. Would sex with werewolves be painful? Did it involve bites?

Questions and apprehension bombarded her while the silence continued to envelop the air. Then Thomas moved a step back, turning to head to the other side of the room to the closet.

Shane walked up to her and smiled while he put his hands on her good shoulder. "Relax, Cheryl. There's nothing to be afraid of."

The heat from his contact made her back stiffen, and her breath caught in her throat. *Easy for him to say*. His body hadn't just gone through a metamorphosis. She felt like a caterpillar that had transformed into a butterfly, or was it a moth? She couldn't tell if the changes made her more attractive or repulsive to the opposite sex.

From the gawking look they'd given her earlier when they saw her swollen breasts, and Shane's hungry stare now, she hoped it was a butterfly.

"God, you're tense." He rubbed the top of her shoulder working his way down her back. His movements were gentle and soothing. She closed her eyes, just letting the stress wash away with every circular motion he made with his thumb and index finger. In calmness she slowed her breathing for several heavenly minutes until the silence broke.

Clinking sounds came from where Thomas had disappeared into the walk-in closet. Her curiosity got the better of her and she asked Shane, “What is he doing?”

Shane bent down close to her ear and whispered, “Getting chains and whips.”

“What?” She jerked her head so fast to glare at Shane that her neck cracked.

He laughed. “Just kidding. I don’t know what’s in there, but Dr. Jonas gave us a key and told us we’d find everything we need to help you in there.”

Thomas came out chuckling. “Actually, you had it on the mark, Shane.” He motioned to the whip he held in one hand. In the other, he held two candles, what looked like jewelry, and a small jar. “They have a supply of everything you can imagine and more in here.”

“Better to be ready if the occasion calls for it, right, Cheryl?” Shane leaned forward and gazed into her eyes. His face had broken into the smuggest of smiles.

“How romantic. You’ve set the perfect mood.” She gulped, trying to sound confident, but she quivered in her boots. What did she get herself into?

When Thomas placed the whip, candles, and jar on the table, he punched his brother gently on the shoulder. “He’s just joking, Cheryl.”

Shane brought his hands back to her shoulder, massaging it. “Yep. Look, we understand how difficult this is for you, and that you are probably scared and nervous. I was just trying to make you laugh. No more jokes, I promise.”

Thomas lifted her good leg as he sat at the end of the bed and started to caress her foot. His warm hands and massaging motion pleased her. The tension once again dissipated.

“We’ll take things at your pace and preference. What would you like us to do first?”

Never in her life had she thought she'd be asked that question. Her preference didn't come into play with her previous sexual partners. Not that there had been many. Just two.

*Hmm, decisions, decisions.*

Her body screamed for satisfaction, here, now. She wanted them to tear off her clothes, and theirs, and just make love to her over and over again. But her clear mind stopped her from muttering her naughty wishes.

Instead, she replied, "Let's use the candles".

"You got it." Thomas slid her foot off his lap and jumped up to light the candles, then turned down the lights. "What next?"

She lost her breath and voice as an unexpected surge of wild arousal flowed through her excited pussy and breasts. The burning sensation drove her mad. She wanted them to make love to her now before she'd explode, but her voice failed her and she remained silent, panting.

Shane broke the thick silence in the air by asking Thomas, "What's in the jar you placed on the table?"

"From what I read of the instructions and info on the label, it's supposed to help the patient in heat." Thomas lifted the bottle briefly, looking at it. "We're supposed to apply the ointment, then use these clover clamps on your nipples and the caresser on your clit."

Her cheeks heated with embarrassment. Her ears perked with the words "nipples" and "clit," and her mind wandered down a naughty, seductive path. Excitement exploded in her veins, spreading throughout her body. Her heart even jumped into her throat, making it difficult to breathe and swallow. God, they hadn't even touched her yet and she almost went frantic simply by her imagination.

She needed to get sexual release and fast. The moon was surely getting closer to its peak. Her body had already begun to feel its pull, but she couldn't shrug off the feeling that this shouldn't be the first step in foreplay.

Her thoughts must have shown clearly through her expression, because Shane said, looking at her, “How about we continue with the massage?”

*Halleluia!* She nodded, unable to speak.

Instead of placing his hand on her shoulder, he motioned. “Lie on your back”

She liked his assertiveness. She nodded, obeying his command.

Thomas pushed the button, and the mattress slowly straightened out. Then she clumsily turned over trying not to have her casted foot hit the metal siding, but it did anyway. Shockingly, she felt nothing. No pain at all. She lay on her stomach and placed her arms beside her. Her engorged breasts crushed under her. The sensation pleased her, exciting her nipples and heating them, too.

Shane untied the knots on the gown and opened it up completely. His nimble fingers started at the nape of her neck, following her spine in a gradual, circular motion downward. Each vertebra he passed over seemed to melt under his magical touch.

Thomas stroked her calves, working his way upward. His movement differed in that he gently kneaded her legs as he slid his hands. Pulses of energy surged through her legs as he made his way closer to her upper leg.

When Shane reached the base of her back, he pushed her panties lower, rubbing her ass cheeks as he travelled farther down. It caused her swollen lips to rub against each other, and wetness leaked out of her aroused cunt onto her panties. She moaned with pleasure and tried opening her legs wider, but her lowered underwear restricted her movement.

Thomas gently pushed her legs together, being careful of her hurt ankle, and pulled her panties down off of her. The cool air hit her ass cheeks, and she felt goose bumps form. He then slid her legs wider apart and went back to messaging them. Only this time he worked the inside of her legs, heading for the apex where he gently touched her swollen cunt.

She swallowed a sigh when her pussy lips puckered. What a strange yet arousing experience. Her inflamed cunt felt foreign, but its sensitivity made her easily excited.

Shane spoke next. "We'll do your front now."

Damn, yes, she'd like that. She began to lift herself to turn, but Shane stopped her movement and picked her up in his arms, twirling her around to bring her down on her back.

She giggled at his fast movement. My, but he was strong. She felt his biceps when he flipped her, and boy, his muscles were so toned, they marveled her.

He smiled, staring into her eyes while he removed the loosened hospital gown from her. She lay there naked in front of two sinfully gorgeous twins, and instead of feeling embarrassed or uncomfortable, she reveled in how they lusted for her. She could tell by the looks in their eyes. Her nipples became taut under their hungry stares.

"You are so beautiful, Cheryl," Shane whispered, bending down and kissing her.

Electricity sparked by the touch of his lips and made hers tingle. He pushed his tongue between her lips and probed her mouth. She moaned with want while Thomas brought his hand to her clit, rubbing it back and forth. Stars of excitement exploded in her head like a fireworks show.

Oh, yes, this all felt good, but she wanted more, much more.

Breaking Shane's kiss, she daringly uttered, panting, "I want to use the clamps and clit caresser now."

Shane half laughed. "The urges are intense?"

"Yeah, you could say that," she joked in a cracking voice.

Thomas came up to her chest with the jar. With sincere eyes, he uttered, "I'll put this ointment on before. It'll soon start to sting a little."

She nodded her understanding and bit her lip as he applied the cold ointment to her breasts. He rubbed the nipple's tip up and down,

then made circular motions around the areola, and she lifted her torso so she could get closer to his masterful fingers.

A minute later, he left her nipples and slid lower. Disappointment overcame her with the revelation and her breasts seemed to swell more.

But the moment Thomas administered the ointment to her clit, rubbing it in a circular movement, too, her neglected nipples became unimportant. Her clit began to vibrate and throb, and that was more pleasurable. Oh, she was close to climaxing right now. Almost, almost. But not yet.

A few seconds later, the pricking feeling Thomas described began. It wasn't painful but stimulating. She brought her hand up to rub her nipples, but Thomas stopped her.

"I'm putting the clamps on."

She barely whispered, "Okay."

Shane put the left clamp while Thomas did the right. A gentle prickle surged through each nipple, and she buckled for a second at the powerful sexual force emanating from deep within her.

Thomas placed the clit caresser on her clit, and the beads rubbed against her clit and upper part of her pussy lips. She closed her eyes as her legs began to shake with the wanton urges rising in her and becoming almost unbearable.

Shane frowned, looking worried. "Are you all right?"

She nodded, opening her eyes and inhaling deeply. "The sensations are a bit overwhelming." They subsided a minute after, though, and she released her breath.

Thomas walked to the end of the bed and grabbed hold of her legs, gently as to not hurt her injured foot, and moved them up and down, as if she were exercising while he fondled them. Her clit rubbed against the caresser, and her juices of arousal spilled onto her swollen lips.

While he did this, Shane leaned in to French kiss her while his fingers tugged gently at the clover clamps. Oh, God! This was unbelievably fantastic!

Her excitement mounted with each tug and rub, and Shane's teasing tongue danced with hers, sending her ever closer to bliss. The throbbing in her cunt increased until it peaked, and she spasmed.

"Yes! Yes!" she screamed when her climax came and her whole body shook. More stars bounced in her vision with her raging heartbeat.

She brought her hands up to her hair, combing her fingers through it, waiting for her hyper body to calm down. For some bizarre reason, it didn't. She hardly felt sated. If anything, she thirsted for more of this. Much, much more.

## Chapter Nineteen

Thomas could barely contain himself. Seeing her naked, voluptuous body before him drove him bonkers. There was only so much sexual temptation a man could take, even less for an extremely horny werewolf.

When she buckled in climax and screamed out, “Yes, yes,” his engorged cock jumped and pre-cum leaked out, coating his briefs. He wanted her, wanted to kiss and suckle her swollen breasts, wanted to slip his cock into her pussy. From the drooling look on Shane’s face, he wanted the same thing.

But they needed to wait until she requested it. Damn. Patience had never been one of his or his brother’s strongest virtues. Hopefully, their strength would endure or she’d request to make love soon.

“You okay, Cheryl?” Shane asked after a big, visible gulp.

Panting, she nodded. “I’m all right.”

“Would you like to drink something, eat something?” Thomas asked.

“No, no food. Maybe water, though.” She lifted herself on her elbows. Her swollen lips and clit wept for his attention when he glanced at her open legs. He had difficulty diverting his gaze away as he walked to the bedside table to get her a drink.

It took a few moments, but he ended up pulling his gaze away to stare out the window. The moon was nearing its peak in the sky. Perhaps they had another hour left. He recalled what Dr. Jonas told them. *Once she is ready to mate, there won’t be anything gentle about it. The sexual urges she’ll experience will run deep. By the time the*



*wanton urges subside in her, you and your brother will feel like you're on the brink of death.*

Only maybe an hour or a little more left, and none of what the doctor warned them about had surfaced. Hmm, the doctor was obviously full of hot air.

When he turned to give Cheryl the glass of water, her cheeks had darkened to a deep scarlet. Her breathing had become shallow and rapid. She fidgeted, leaning first on one elbow, then the other.

Handing her the glass, he asked, "You sure you're okay, Cheryl?"

"You look really flushed," Shane added.

She took the glass with trembling hands and took two big swallows. Out of breath, she replied, "No, no, I'm not okay. The sexual urges in me are rising and fast." She bit her lip while she pulled on the clamp on her left nipple.

"Do you want us to make love to you, Cheryl?" Shane came closer to her.

She didn't speak, only nodded, bringing her other hand to her clit and pussy. She rubbed her clit over the caresser, then slipped her finger into her pussy. Thomas could see a little of her creaming, and his heart leaped with excitement. She moaned while licking her lips.

Even though he wanted to make love to her right now, sinking into her heavenly, tight, wet cunt, he refrained. He looked at his brother, signaling him he should make love to her. Deep in his heart, he knew Shane should be her first. Perhaps it had to do with the fact they were kindred spirits in a way because they had suffered so in their past hurtful relationships. Right now, in her time of dire sexual need, it was best the one who most understood what she went through should make love to her.

Shane nodded and began to undress at a remarkable speed while staring at her with the hungry look of desire in his eyes. He turned to gaze at Thomas briefly, whispering, "Look for anything to help her."

"Right." Thomas darted to the closet, searching for something to ease her sexual yearning. It was packed with so many things—sexual

toys, torture devices, the list endless. Anything and everything that existed in the art of having sex was stored in the walk-in closet.

Scratching his head while his panicked heart pounded in his chest, he scoped the stock. What could they possibly use to tame her overpowering urges? *Think, Thomas, think.*

\* \* \* \*

If it were possible for a person to experience a massive internal, earthquake, this was it. It came on quickly and intensely. Everything in her body vibrated and trembled. Heaven help her, but if it didn't stop soon, she feared she'd explode and the earth would open up and swallow her whole.

Thank God Shane asked if she wanted to have sex. Oh, by the fire burning deep in her pussy, all she craved was that. Hard-pounding and fast-pumping sex. Seeing him undress before her now excited her even more. His lustful eyes showed how much he wanted her, and it intoxicated her with more wanton needs.

She had imagined what he looked like under his clothes, but she hadn't expected such a toned, tanned god. His rippled abs and muscular biceps and pecs had her salivating, literally.

And when he took off his pants and briefs, *mercy*. He was the epitome of a sex machine and then some. His ten-inch cock had her gasping for air. Perfect, exactly what she needed to curb her crazed, out-of-control libido.

Thomas rushed over to her right when Shane had removed the clit caresser and was about to fuck her. He held an anal probe in his hands. She hadn't seen one of those since her friend Agnes got it as a gift at a fun and wild bridal shower.

From the size of the red thing, it was almost as long as Shane's erect cock. *Oh, yes.* Her mind cheered.

Was there a sexual devil in her head, spurring her lewd thoughts and desires on? Probably. A sexual werewolf devil, that is.

Once Shane had sheathed a condom on, he lifted her in his arms and slid under her, bringing his lips to hers. The pressure of having his warm lips on her swollen, scorching ones made her quiver.

“Oh, honey, you feel so good in my arms.” A moan escaped his slightly open lips when his hard chest made contact with her engorged breasts, which still had the clover clamps on her nipples.

She liked his nickname for her. How sweet. Bringing her hands up to his head, she combed her fingers through his thick black hair. She broke the kiss and whispered in his ear, “Make love to me, Shane.”

He nodded, looking deep into her eyes. He lifted her pelvis, bringing it over his thick head. She slid down on him and let out a sigh. Mmm, her insides widened to make room for him, and a shiver of ecstasy traveled through her womb and to her breasts.

He closed his eyes, groaning. He obviously felt as much pleasure as she did right at that moment. Opening his eyes again, he lifted her pelvis and brought her back down on his long, stiff cock. She threw her head back, taking a deep breath as she absorbed the friction of his ridged cock rubbing on the insides of her wall.

She didn't wait for him to lift her pelvis again. She did it on her own, putting the weight of her lower body on her good foot to lift herself and she slid back down on him. She repeated this over and over again while he stared at her with his deep green eyes. She licked her lips and melted under his stare.

He brought his fingers to the clover clamps and gently pulled down on them, stretching her nipples. Shivers of arousal shot through her entire body, and she quickened her pace while he thrust deeper and faster in her with each second that passed.

She felt the climax coming. She quivered as it passed through her, and her clit throbbed in reflex. A sigh escaped her lips. The euphoric moment lasted only a few seconds and then disappeared much to her dislike, leaving her frozen in limbo. No, she needed it to continue. She needed to mount to the highest peak of arousal and stimulation. With that goal in mind, she quickened her movements as did he.

“Pull more, please,” she uttered, hoping it would stimulate another climax, but it didn’t.

Soon pain began to surge through her veins, and she cried to Thomas, “Please use the probe!”

Why the hell did she demand that? Thomas didn’t waste any time inserting it in her ass, though. He slid it in slowly at first. It didn’t hurt in the least or feel uncomfortable. If anything it felt good. Real good. Maybe it was another effect of her transition.

She pushed her ass back a bit, signaling him to go deeper. And deeper, he did. He slid it to the turned base. With the anal probe and Shane completely in her, she felt full.

Shane asked, “Do you want me to move?”

She nodded, unable to speak as she panted.

He slid out and back in. He did it about ten times until she was able to reciprocate his movements, following each of his thrusts with one of her own.

Soon their thrusts turned to rapid and wild motions. Shane moaned while he closed his eyes. She knew he was coming, and just as he pushed himself in deeply one final time, groaning, she felt his head hit her G-spot. That’s when she climaxed. It seemed like a tidal wave rushing over her. She shook and screamed at the top of her lungs while she pushed onto his cock one last time.

She fell onto him after the last of the chaotic wave disappeared, trying to catch her breath.

Shane bent and kissed the top of her head while he caressed her hair. His strong heart beating against her ear made her feel safe and secure.

Finally, with no earthshaking tremors sluicing through her, her body felt at peace. She closed her eyes and took several deep breaths as Shane slid his cock out of her and Thomas removed the anal probe.

The second she was empty inside, that cursed sexual hunger once again began to build in the pit of her stomach. What the hell! Would this ever end?

\* \* \* \*

That was the most mind-blowing sex Shane ever experienced. He had never mated with a werewolf-to-be in heat before, and the fact that he started to have deep-rooted feelings for her just added to their magnetic attraction for each other.

And now as she lay on him, her gorgeous, voluptuous breasts crushed on his chest, he felt content. Having her in his arms like this was right. She belonged here with him and Thomas.

He kissed the top of her head, showing his affection for her. When she looked up at him with anxious eyes a minute later, and her breathing became shallow again, he realized her sexual urge had returned.

He cupped her face, gently bringing her in for a kiss, then said, "It's come back, hasn't it?"

"Yes," she replied between breaths.

"Maybe this time it should be the both of us."

She nodded and slid off of him. Shane got up while Thomas quickly undressed. If Cheryl's situation wasn't dire, Shane would have laughed at his brother's clumsy attempt at undressing quickly. He practically tripped over his feet twice.

Once he was buck naked and sheathed, Thomas asked, "How do you want to do this, Cheryl?"

"I want you to be inside me and Shane behind me." She panted.

Thomas nodded and lay on the wide bed, sliding under her. He pulled her hair away from her face and kissed her lightly on the lips. "Don't worry. The moon is nearly at its peak now, so the sexual urges should hopefully stop soon."

She forced a smile.

Shane hoped Thomas's theory was right, but the nurse had said the urges could last long, sometimes even more than a day. He couldn't imagine the stress her body went through, and it hurt him. He wished

he were experiencing it instead of her. Unfortunately, that couldn't be, so all he could do was please her as best he could.

Once Thomas had slid his cock deep into her, Shane rubbed her ass cheeks up and down and then pushed them open and closed. She quivered with his movements obviously enjoying them. He stuck his finger into her asshole and slipped it out. He played with her like this for a few minutes, first sinking one finger in, then two. When her anal muscles could spread to fit the size of his cock, he slid his cock in an inch at a time.

God, she was tight. He almost came with the heavenly sensation as he snaked it in. The ridges of his circumcised cock rubbed against the walls of her anal passage. He closed his eyes and moaned low in satisfaction. Cheryl had the perfect body and could please him a million times over. The fact she had a vulnerable heart and was in dire need of the love of a worthy man, or in their case, two worthy men, only added to her allure.

When she pushed her ass back, sliding his cock in more, he realized she needed him to move faster and deeper. Enough with savoring every delectable sensation his cock sent to his brain and rest of his body. She needed him to sate her uncontrollable yearning now. Taking the whip on the side table, he struck her ass cheek as he thrust hard into her while Thomas slid out.

She moaned loudly in apparent delight and murmured, "Again."

Her wish was his command. He whipped her cheeks harder, making them redden while he and Thomas pumped into her fast. She thrashed about, moaning and crying out in satisfaction. She came quickly and violently as she screamed loudly. He was sure everyone in the building heard her.

He came a few seconds later, while Thomas climaxed a little before inside her and had already come out to stand next to him. Shane massaged her ass cheek with one hand while he rubbed her swollen lips and clit with the other.

She moaned, then turned to lie on her back, looking at him and Thomas, panting. Damn, the sexy, insatiable look still shone bright in her eyes.

Yeah, the doctor hadn't been kidding when she said that he and Thomas would feel like they were on the brink of death when it ended.

This was going to be a long night.

## Chapter Twenty

His loud voice drew her out of sleep. She opened one eye to gaze at Thomas as he entered the room with two trays.

“I brought breakfast for all of us,” Thomas said to Shane.

“Shh. She’s still asleep.” Shane motioned with his index finger over his lips.

“No, I’m not. How long did I sleep?” she mumbled while she tried to turn over in the bed. God, had she been run over by a train? Every inch of her body, except for her casted foot, hurt even when she didn’t move.

“For about twenty hours. Thomas and I woke up around two hours ago. How do you feel?” Shane came to sit on the bed, pushing her hair away from her face while Thomas placed the trays on the table near the door.

“In pain. But at least the hunger is gone.”

He smiled. “Yeah, I’ll second that. I don’t think Thomas and I would have had the strength to go on.”

“How about eggs and bacon?” Thomas brought a plate to the bed table and slid it over to her while she sat up.

“Thank you.”

The smell of the delectable meal floated up to her nose. Her stomach let out a loud growl. Just as she put the first forkful of scrambled eggs in her mouth, a knock came at the door.

“Who’s that?” Shane asked.

“Dr. Jonas. I saw her at the cafeteria, and she said she’d like to come check on Cheryl now.” Thomas walked to the door, opening it wide.



The doctor came in with a smile. "Good morning."

Shane nodded. "Hello."

"Hi, Doctor," Cheryl said after swallowing her food.

The doctor looked quickly at Shane and Thomas and then walked over to her. "I gather you all had an interesting experience. How do you feel today?"

Cheryl laughed. "Okay, but really, really sore. Thank God it's over."

The doctor nodded while inserting the stethoscope earpieces. "Yes, I can imagine. I'd like to listen to your heart, take your blood pressure, and some blood for testing if it's all right with you. You'll also need a hormone injection."

"Sure." Cheryl extended her arm.

While the doctor went about her business, Thomas asked, "Is there any more treatments she'll be needing today after that?"

While placing the stethoscope back around her neck, she glanced at him. "No, just another hormone injection later today, unless the blood work comes back with something. But her heart and lungs sound fine, and her blood pressure is perfect."

Returning her attention to Cheryl, the doctor asked, "How does your ankle feel?"

"Fine. There's been no pain for a while. It feels like it's not broken."

Dr. Jonas nodded. "Good. Your werewolf healing capabilities have kicked in quite fast. The fracture is most probably almost healed."

She moved behind her and asked, "Would you mind pulling down your gown?"

Cheryl did as she asked, wondering what she would do next. The doctor mumbled while she pulled the medical tape off her shoulder. "You won't be needing this. Your wound must have healed by now." She paused and then said, "Yes, it has. Very good," while she lifted Cheryl's hospital gown to cover her shoulder again.

When she began to take her blood, Cheryl questioned her in a hopeful tone, “Does that mean I can leave earlier than you originally said?”

The doctor glanced at her as the needle pricked her arm and blood started to gush into the test tube. “No, even if you are in the best of health, you’ll need to remain here for the duration since we need to continue to give you hormone injections on a regular basis.”

Once the injection had been administered and the blood drawn, she slipped the needles into the special storage box on the wall and placed the test tube of blood in the pocket of her lab coat.

She walked over to the door and glanced at them while she said, smiling brightly, “I’m sure the time will fly by anyway. I’ll see you later on, Miss Brete. Bye.”

As she left and Thomas shut the door behind her, Shane said, “Boy, her attitude changed.”

Thomas laughed. “Maybe she’s finally starting to see things the way we do and that things need to change around here, especially how they treat their patients.”

While Cheryl gobbled her food, she added, “Yeah, I think you’re right.”

“I hope I am,” Thomas said while he picked up his plate to eat.

Both he and Shane sat at the edge of her bed with their meals. Shane pointed his fork at her plate.

“Eat, baby. You’ll be needing your energy,” he said with a sly smile.

She took another forkful of eggs and observed him with curiosity. What did they have planned for her next?

\* \* \* \*

They helped her to the bathroom. Other than getting up and going to the toilet, this was the longest she stood on her feet since she came to The Haven.

Now that she had eaten, she felt stronger, though her body still ached.

"So why did you bring me in here?" She glanced at them both.

"We thought you'd want to take a shower." Thomas took the clear plastic bag and elastic on the counter and bent down to place it around the ankle cast.

Shane began to untie the knots of her hospital gown, letting it fall to the floor. "Yeah, the pulsating jets of water will soothe your soreness." He rubbed her healed shoulder. "And this."

Cheryl twisted her shoulder forward and glanced at it in the mirror on the wall. My God, it indeed did heal! All that remained was a pinkish stain on her skin. Remarkable!

Shane turned on the water, and it began to spray onto the base of the large shower stall. "There you go." He smiled, making a hand gesture for her to step inside.

As the spray beat down on her, it felt relaxing, but something was missing. With disappointment, she gazed at them. "Aren't you coming in with me?"

Thomas laughed as he stared at his brother. "The beautiful lady asked if we'd join her."

Shane lifted his brow, looking at her. "I thought you'd never ask." Then he hurriedly removed his clothing as did Thomas.

Shane slipped into the stall with his erect cock pointing at her, as if screaming that it wanted to be stroked. She giggled at his naughty expression when he took her in his arms and kissed her. His hard prick pushed on her pelvis, making her pussy and clit throb with want.

Her breasts were just as swollen as before, and when they pressed against his muscular, wet chest, she let out a sigh. He looked at her breasts, taking one in his hands and licking it quickly, then he gazed up at her. "They'll stay like this from now on, you know."

She observed her chest and cupped her breasts. Her hands only covered part of them. "I guess I'll have to get used to this size."

He growled. "We like them just the way they are."

"I'll second that." Thomas slipped in behind her with a stainless steel stand and placed it on the floor adjusting its height to about half a foot from the base of the tub.

"What's that for?" Cheryl asked curiously.

Once his hands were free, he wrapped his arms around her, cupping her breasts. His hands, being bigger, covered more of her mounds, and when he squeezed them, a surge of excitement shot through her, heading straight for her cunt.

He then replied really not answering her question, "I found it in the closet of sex toys. I don't know what it's usually used for, but we thought we could use it now."

She closed her eyes and leaned on his chest, moaning in pleasure. He pushed the stand toward her. "Step on that, Cheryl."

"Why?" she asked while taking Shane's hand for support and started to climb onto it. Midway on it, Thomas lifted her the rest of the way. She lost her breath at his heated touch.

Thomas bent down to adjust the height of the stand, lowering it several inches, then stood back up. She was now at eye level with her twin werewolves.

Thomas brought his arms back around her, his cock gently pushing on her asshole. "Now, it's just right."

Leaning forward, he moved her blonde hair to the side and kissed the nape of her neck, licking and kissing his way up to her earlobe. Goose bumps formed on her skin while the warm water beat down on parts of her body. Her heart pounded deep inside her chest, making her lose her breath. Her nipples became taut, and she leaned back again against him.

His hard cock slipped between her legs, rubbing her asshole and swollen pussy lips.

He slid his cock out and brought it back between her legs while he kneaded her breasts, squeezing them and then pinching her nipples. Her legs began to shake. She moaned.

Shane took the bottle of gel soap and poured some on the damp mesh loofa. The aroma of strawberries spread throughout the stall. He brought the loofa to her arms, lathering them and making his way to her neck and heading to her breasts. He pushed his brother's hands off of them and rubbed them with the loofa going back and forth, up and down, and all around.

Heaven's mercy, the rough loofa on her pebbled nipples and Thomas's cock rubbing against the outside of her asshole and cunt sent her into a frenzy, and she experienced a small climax, shaking all over, moaning.

Shane groaned while he continued down her body with the rough loofa bringing it to her throbbing pussy. "You're still excited, honey. I can see it from your cum and swollen clit." He pushed her legs wider, and Thomas held her waist. Like this, she couldn't lose her balance.

Shane rubbed the loofa on her clit and lips, lathering and washing her. After rinsing the loofa, he washed the soap away. He slipped one finger, then another into her, while he brought his lips to her clit and began to suck it.

Thomas pinched her nipples, twirling the tips between his thumbs and index fingers and pulled as he twisted. Shivers of ecstasy surged through her breasts and cunt. She bit her lip and thrust her pelvis upward so Shane had more room to suckle and tease her clit.

He moved his tongue to her pussy, snaking it into her entry, making circular motions around the clit. Thomas lifted her a bit and squeezed her ass cheeks, pulling them wider apart. Then he slipped his cock an inch into her asshole and brought it back out.

She shivered as he continued to pinch and pull her nipples while he sunk deep into her ass, remaining in that position. Shane sucked her clit, pulling it with his lips. He slipped his index finger inside her and fingered her, rubbing the sides of her pussy, making an in-and-out motion.

Heat spread throughout her body, carrying over to her limbs. With it came an overwhelming wave of ecstasy that started from deep

within her, traveling through to her clit and cunt and making them quiver. She whimpered, falling into Thomas's arms.

Shane came back up and kissed her on the lips. When he pushed opened her mouth, he snaked his tongue in. She could taste her salty come. He took her hand and brought it to his big, long cock, and she moaned because Thomas began to move slowly back and forth inside her ass.

Sliding her tongue to meet Shane's, they teased and danced in their kiss. She worked his shaft, first rubbing it in a back-and-forth motion. Pre-cum seeped out, coating her fingers, making the friction lighter as she passed her hand over the ridges and head of his cock.

He thrust forward when she moved back and did the reverse as she slid her hand to the front. She continued to work him while Thomas slipped in and out of her slowly.

It didn't take long for her nipples to become aroused again. She took Shane's left hand, bringing it to her breast. He squeezed, and she whimpered in pleasure.

Stopping her jerking movement on his cock, he said in a low voice, "I want to go inside."

Nodding with approval, she brought her mouth to his once again.

After sheathing himself, Shane positioned his prick over her clit, rubbing its head over her throbbing clit. Then he slid it over her opening as he massaged her left breast. He slipped his cock in and out of her, going deeper each time he went back in.

Thomas did the same behind her while kissing the nape of her neck. Having their well-endowed cocks deep in her in this position, filling her completely, was unbelievably arousing. Her body jerked up and down with their movements while the warm water poured over her, making goose bumps of pleasure form on her skin. Droplets of sweat from the steam formed on her face and trickled down her cheek, tickling her in the process.

Thomas was the first to come. He grabbed her, pushing his cock harder into her while he ejaculated. Her anal walls quivered, which

sent her cunt into overdrive. She climaxed as Shane thrust fast and deeply into her, touching her G-spot. He came along with her as she shook and cried out in his arms.

They held each other while he spread butterfly kisses over her sweaty face. Staring into her eyes, he said, "We were made for each other."

She understood he meant all three of them, and she turned her head to give Thomas a kiss on the lips.

Just then, they heard a knock at the door.

"I'll go see who it is. Shane, you help her get dressed." Thomas took a towel and stepped out of the shower stall. He dried himself quickly and put on his underwear and pants.

Cheryl wondered who it was. Maybe it was Dr. Jonas coming with the results of the blood work. Could there be something wrong?

Within a few minutes, Shane and she had gotten dried and dressed. He helped her into the other room. The tall, thin man who stood talking to Thomas wasn't anyone Cheryl recognized at The Haven.

"Jeremiah, why are you here?" Shane asked as he helped Cheryl into the bed.

The man nodded a hello. "The Voyeur Council wants you to go back now."

"Like I told you, Jeremiah, I'll come and Shane will stay here." Thomas glanced at Shane.

"No, the Council summoned you both. You both have to go back now."

Shane and Thomas stared at each other with an intense look. She knew the apprehension on their faces was because of her. They didn't want to leave her alone.

Placing her fingers on Shane's hand resting on her shoulder, she said, "Go. I'll be all right. If there's anything, I'll call a nurse."

"You're sure?" His worried eyes spoke volumes of his protective, caring feelings for her, and she was touched.

“Will it take long?” Thomas asked.

Jeremiah shook his head. “I don’t know.”

Thomas looked at her with the same concerned expression. “We could be gone for quite some time.”

She smiled, feeling content and warm in her heart. “It’s fine. I want to sleep anyway. I’m really tired.”

They asked in unison, “You’re sure?”

She laughed. “Yes.”

Shane said to Jeremiah, “Okay, we’re coming.” He turned to her and kissed her on the lips while caressing her hair. “We’ll come back as fast as we can.”

She nodded, leaning back on the pillow. “I know.”

Thomas walked over and kissed her forehead, whispering, “Hope you have sweet dreams of us.” He winked, smiling. She couldn’t help laughing at his cockiness.

Once they left, she stared at the ceiling. Yes, she was tired, and she did want to sleep, but something had started to build in her the moment she laid eyes on the twins a few days ago. It got stronger with every day that passed. Now she needed to work it through in her mind.

That bond they spoke about having with her through the vision, could it be true? For some unexplainable reason, she felt drawn to them. As much as she tried to bury her growing emotions, she couldn’t.

A feeling had started to grow deep in her heart for the werewolf twins. She recognized it, all right, and it scared the hell out of her.

The last time she’d felt like this, her whole world turned upside down and she almost lost herself. Even though Shane and Thomas were nothing like Gary, it didn’t mean she should open herself completely to them. She didn’t think she could go through that again. She wasn’t strong enough.



Yet, deep in her heart, she knew she wasn't strong enough to fight the pull, either. Sighing, she sat up to drink a glass of water resting on the table beside her bed.

Hopefully, by the time they got back, she would have come to a resolution.

## Chapter Twenty-One

Revenge was bittersweet, he thought while staring at the side door near him as he smoked a cigarette. Soon all would come into place, and he'd fix what he screwed up. Or rather, what two meddling werewolves screwed up. Where the hell did they come from anyway?

Damn, he had been so close.

He had been following her on the road for an hour when she blew a tire and drove into the ditch. He couldn't have asked for better circumstances or timing. He contemplated driving her off the road himself just a minute before it happened. Then fate just did it for him. Nice.

Of course, he let time pass, let her fear and hopelessness simmer until he drove back to her. He laughed, remembering her walking toward him, happy that she had been saved. Boy, was she wrong.

Even in the dark, with his keen sense of sight, he could see her eyes pop out when he transformed. Yeah, nothing got his werewolf blood pumping faster than utter terror in his victims, and he didn't want that high to dissipate too quickly. That's why he took his time chasing her in the woods.

He could have been on her in seconds, but hearing her heart race crazily and her panting had him too excited. The thrill of the chase was emphasized by the fear in his victims. It was like foreplay, and the kill, the climax. Yeah, that pretty much summed it up.

When he heard a werewolf's call behind him warning him they were after him, he knew he had no time to lose. Foreplay was over, and time for the climax had come. Unfortunately, he miscalculated

the werewolves' speeds and they pounced on him before he had a chance to kill her.

They wounded him several times in their fight, but luckily he was able to break loose of their grip and run away. They didn't even chase after him. With his acute sense of hearing, he heard them pick her up and say they'd take her to The Haven.

It took a few days for his wounds to heal and his strength to come back, but now he was in tip-top shape. It was time he finished off the job once and for all.

As soon as the door opened and someone stepped outside, he put his foot to block the door from closing and locking again. Waiting for the stranger to walk away and not turn back, he flicked his half-finished cigarette to the ground and opened the door, sneaking in.

A long corridor lay in front of him. He walked casually down it, hoping no one would come his way. Only medical personnel were allowed in The Haven. He needed a disguise quickly.

Luck must be ruling in his favor today as he came across a door with the sign "Laundry Room" on it. Turning the doorknob, though, he realized it was locked.

He cursed as he looked around to make sure the coast was still clear. Then he slipped a small, thin screwdriver out of his pants pocket. Kneeling on one knee, he slid it into the keyhole. While he probed the lock, he jimmied the knob until he heard it click.

He opened it and snuck in. The large, lit room lay empty except for several bags of laundry in the corner next to the giant washing machines against the wall. He peeked in one, finding dirty bed sheets. The second and third bags he checked out had linens in them, too, but the last bag was where he hit the jackpot. In there, he found a lab coat, the perfect fit for his slim, tall size. Eureka!

Putting it on, he slipped back out and headed down the corridor. Once he came to the end of it, it turned into a large, square corridor. A nurses' desk lay on the right side. No one was on duty. Perfect.

He strode over and sat behind the counter. The computer was on. No code to bypass. An icon titled “Patients” displayed on the top right-hand corner of the screen. Hell, things were falling into place, and he didn’t even need to lift a finger.

Clicking on the icon, a form appeared with a long list of names. He scrolled down the list. Since her last name was Brete, he didn’t have to search long until he found her. There she was on the eighth floor column. He was about to click the button to get the info on the room number when he suddenly heard a noise.

Someone was coming. Jumping to his feet, he made his way quickly away from the desk before the approaching person could see him.

Once he turned the corner, out of sight, he cracked his knuckles and neck. He made sure the fake moustache and beard were in place and headed for the elevator. When he got to the eighth floor, he’d begin his search. Even though he hadn’t had enough time to see the room number, there shouldn’t be too many rooms to check out.

He lightly tapped his shirt pocket to make sure he hadn’t lost the syringe of ethanol methaol pentanol butanol ect, which was pure alcohol. He’d purchased it at the pharmacy earlier that day and planned on injecting it directly into her bloodstream. It’d cause death in less than a couple of minutes

When the time came, he’d use it, and he’d finally finish the job he started in the woods the other night.

## **Chapter Twenty-Two**

The long, silent hallway befriended them once again as the sound of their footsteps rebounded off the walls. It was déjà vu for Thomas. This time, instead of them asking to see the Council, they had been summoned.

“What do you think the Council wants?” Shane asked Thomas while they walked in a hurried gait.

Thomas shrugged. “Don’t know. Maybe to reprimand us for our behavior at The Haven.”

“It’s possible. But why did they want to see us right away? Couldn’t they wait until Cheryl had been let out and we were back here to reprimand us?” Shane shook his head. “No, something tells me it has to do with the Rogue attacks.”

As they got to the massive doors, Thomas lifted his hand to knock but the door opened. The Council’s secretary peeked out.

“There you are. They’ve been waiting for you.” Her serious expression worried Thomas.

Silently, they followed her in. Timidness overwhelmed Thomas as he looked at the Council members sitting at the long table before them. They all harbored the same seriousness as the secretary did. Not good.

Bowing, Shane addressed Thorak, “We came as quickly as we could, sire.”

Thorak pointed to two empty seats on the side. “We know. Please sit.”

Shane glanced at Thomas while they found their places. The look in his eyes told him that this would take long.

“We’ve summoned you here because we are in need of your assistance.” Thorak stared at them while leaning on his forearms.

“Of course, sire, what is it you wish of us?” Shane asked.

“The number of human killings by Rogue werewolves has doubled in the past couple of days. They seem to be all merging together in our area for a specific reason,” Sinor stated.

Thomas looked at Shane before answering, “What has this got to do with us?”

“You are the only Voyeurs who have had a vision of one of the Rogue werewolves. For some reason we haven’t had any visions of these new emerging Rogues, nor of the killings. It’s as if they have figured a way to block our clairvoyance powers. Because you have been in contact with the Rogue’s victim for quite some time, we think that if we all channel our powers through you, then perhaps we can figure out whom the Rogue is and where the rest of them are stationed.”

“You can do that?” Thomas said, intrigued.

Thorak nodded. “Yes, we can channel our powers together, but the disadvantage is that after the intense session, we temporarily lose our visionary powers. We will only get them back after several days. But given the circumstances, we have no choice but to try it.”

He stretched his hands out to hold Thomas’s hand on the right and another Council member’s on the left. “Everyone, hold hands, please”

Thomas took Shane’s hand, and Shane took Sinor’s, and so on until everyone at the oblong table had joined hands.

“Shane, Thomas, close your eyes, relax, and focus on the female while we will channel our powers through you,” Thorak advised in a soothing voice.

Thomas did as he said, and silence blanketed the room. Only the exhale of breaths could be heard. He thought of Cheryl, her beautiful face and smile. Of course, he didn’t think of her gorgeous sensual body because he had no freaking idea what exactly channeling

entailed. Did the Voyeurs actually see their thoughts? If yes, then all naughty, naked images of Cheryl were off limits.

He relaxed his shoulders and his body, resting motionlessly. A wave of calming energy traveled from Thorak's hand into his hand, up his arm, shoulder, over to the other shoulder, arm, then hand. It acted like a chain of energy that channeled through him. Ah, so this was what channeling meant. He let it continue to travel through him, not moving, until an image came upon him. He saw a man standing beside Cheryl's bed. He had a deep sneer.

Thomas couldn't hear what he was saying to her, but he couldn't miss the look of utter terror on Cheryl's face as she tried to push away from him on the bed.

He had a needle in his hands and grabbed her arm, trying to inject whatever was in the syringe.

Forgetting Thorak's instructions, Thomas jumped up, letting go of Thorak and Shane's hand, thus breaking the channel.

Shane stood on his feet, too, and spoke to Thorak. "Is that happening to Cheryl right now?"

Thorak shook his head. "It was a vision of the future, so go now before it's too late. We'll contact The Haven as well to tell them to be on the lookout for—"

Neither Shane nor Thomas waited for Thorak to finish. They darted out of the room as fast as they could. Once they exited the building, they didn't head for their car. The Haven wasn't that far off and taking the shortcut through the woods as werewolves would be faster.

They transformed into beasts. Thomas's limbs extended, bending, deforming, his jaw stretched, bones cracked and realigned while hair grew from under his flesh, rising to the surface to cover his body.

Once their transformation was complete, they darted through the woods at the fastest speed their new bodies allowed.

Thomas's heart pounded with panic as he thought of Cheryl. Why would this be happening to her? It seemed that a black cloud had

formed over her and refused to dissipate. Who was the stranger and why did he want to harm Cheryl?

Too many questions and no answers. To hell with thinking. Right now he needed to focus on one thing and one thing alone—run as fast as he could and try to save the woman he loved.



## **Chapter Twenty-Three**

Sleep refused to come. Even though her body and mind screamed for it, it didn't answer. Instead, Cheryl stared at the ceiling while distracting ideas fluttered in her mind, thoughts of Shane and Thomas and the feelings they stirred in her.

When she heard the knock at the door, the first thing that came to mind was that they had returned. Even though they'd been gone for less than an hour, she missed them. When a hospital worker peeked in, disappointment smothered her.

"Yes?" she asked.

"Hi, Miss Brete. I'm sorry if I woke you." He walked in, wearing a slight smile. He had black hair, moustache, and beard, and big, brown-framed glasses.

She shook her head. "No, I wasn't sleeping. You've come for my hormone injection?"

He nodded but didn't move from the door and stared at her intensely. A cold chill came over her. She'd recognize those eyes anywhere.

"Gary!"

Locking the door, he walked up to her bed. "Miss me, baby?"

"What are you doing here?" She jerked up to a sitting position.

"Came to see how you were doing." He gazed at her casted ankle. "It hasn't healed yet. How about your shoulder?"

"How did you know—" Realization hit her full force. "Oh, my God! You. You were the werewolf."

He nodded and said sarcastically, "You picked up on that quick."

She pushed herself to the back of the bed as far as she could go.  
“Why?”

“You need to ask?” He sneered. “Did you honestly think you could leave me and get away with it? No, baby. It doesn’t work like that.”

He half-laughed. “It took me a while to get my revenge since I was kind of busy. Getting bitten by a werewolf turns your world upside down, you know. Oh, wait, yes, you do.” He pointed with his chin. “So how do you like it, baby?”

She didn’t say anything. Fear held her as its captive audience. She just stared at him while her heart raced in fear and she perspired a cold sweat.

“What, cat got your tongue?” He reached into his shirt pocket and retrieved a syringe. “Good. How about we keep it that way permanently?”

He pulled off the cap and hit the needle, making some of the liquid squirt out. He leaned in until he was a few inches away from her face. “I’m going to finish what I started that night in the woods.”

She screamed and attempted to break free of his hold, but his grip was too strong. “Don’t fight it, baby. It’s time you pay for what you did.”

She tried to bite him when he slapped her face hard. Stars fluttered behind her eyes, and she almost passed out. He put his knee on her chest and arm, pinning her down. Then he grabbed her other arm, bringing the needle close.

Bleak thoughts stilled time and space as she stared at the syringe poised so close to her arm and waited for the deadly needle to puncture her skin.

## **Chapter Twenty-Four**

The minute they stepped foot in The Haven, the stench of him hit Shane's nostrils. He was here. The werewolf who attacked Cheryl had slipped through The Haven's security.

"You smell him, too?" Thomas asked.

Shane nodded, and they darted to the front desk. The security guard on duty glanced at them with a curious look as they approached.

"How many men do you have guarding Miss Brete's room?" Shane asked abruptly.

A perplexed look overcame the guard's face. "Miss Brete? Why would we have guards looking after her?"

Panic rose in him as he squinted. "No one from the Council called here to warn you that Miss Brete's life was in danger?"

"No, we got no call."

Without wasting any more time, Shane and Thomas darted for the elevator. Thomas hollered back at the guard while he ran. "Close off all entries and exits and check out every floor. There's a Rogue werewolf who got in, and he's after Miss Brete."

Once the elevator doors closed, the Rogue's scent stung Shane's nose. "Damn, he was in here."

Thomas nodded and gazed at Shane. "Let's hope he hasn't had enough time to find out what floor or room she's in."

"Yeah. If he lays one finger on her, I'll kill him." Fury boiled in his veins and he clenched his fists, staring at the floor numbers light up as the elevator made its slow ascent.

“Damn, can’t it go any faster?” Thomas cursed and remained silent for a minute, then asked, “Why didn’t they call? They said they would?”

Shane shook his head. “Maybe the message never got through.”

“Then that means there are Rogue werewolves among us.”

“Yeah. I guess things are a lot worse than what the Council perceives.” Shane again gazed at the numbers lighting above them. They only passed the fourth floor. Hell, this was taking forever.

Once they got to the eighth floor and the doors opened, a vile stench of acid, the same acrid smell he smelled the night Cheryl was first attacked, seeped into his nostrils. “Shit!” he shouted and ran frantically to her room. The Rogue’s scent got more potent with every step he came closer.

Were they too late? No, no, they couldn’t lose her now that they found her.

Shane got to her door first and tried opening it, but it was locked. Looking through the small door window, he saw the Rogue werewolf had her pinned down.

“Help me break this down, Thomas,” he shouted.

After a simultaneous kick from Shane and Thomas, the door pushed open, hanging on broken hinges. The Rogue let go of her arm and glared at them in surprise. It didn’t take him long to react once the shock disappeared from his eyes, and he changed into a werewolf.

He and Thomas hadn’t waited to completely transform when they pounced on him. They began to transform in mid flight and had completely changed when they landed on him.

Fighting, they dragged him out of the room as far away from Cheryl as possible. The beast within Shane was strong, stronger than ever before. Hate and revenge spurred the wild spirit on. With rage surging in his werewolf blood, Shane set the creature free to kill.

\* \* \* \*

Shane heard her crying as they approached. His heart hurt. So did his leg where the Rogue bit him, but compared to Thomas, he didn't have it so bad. Thomas's arm and shoulder had bleeding wounds. Even a small chunk of flesh had been torn out of his shoulder.

When she saw them come in, she jumped out of the bed, wobbling on her good foot, as she came toward them. "You're hurt."

Shane took her in his arms, smelling the strawberry-scent in her hair. Mmm, she smelled nice. "Don't worry. They're just flesh wounds."

She looked at Thomas and touched his face in sympathy. "No, they aren't."

She wobbled back to her bed to push the button for a nurse to come. Shane limped to her and took her in his arms again. "There are nurses already outside waiting. We wanted to come inside alone to see how you were first."

He needed to hold her, hear her heart beating close to his chest to make sure she was alive and he wasn't dreaming.

When he and Thomas had been running like manic werewolves through the woods to get to her, all he could think of was that he couldn't lose her. He loved her and would put his life on the line so that she'd be all right.

She held him, kissing him on his cut lip. It stung, but he didn't care. She smiled at him as Thomas came over to hug her from behind.

Turning to look at Thomas, she said, "When I saw you turn into werewolves and fight him, I was so scared."

"We're sorry you had to see that," Thomas replied.

"No, I wasn't scared about the change. I was scared for you. I was scared I would lose you both."

Shane said, "Cheryl, as you can see, we're okay. And we're not going anywhere. We love you, and if you'll let us, we want to be with you always."

Tears rimmed in her eyes as she nodded. "Yes, I—" Her words were cut off when two nurses and the guard from the lobby came in.

“You all right?” the guard asked him.

Shane nodded. “The body is in the hallway near the stairs.”

“Yeah, I saw it. They’re taking care of it now.”

From what Shane made out, one of the nurses had paged the nurses’ desk asking for help, while the other went to the supply cabinet to get antiseptic to clean their wounds.

Shane stared at Cheryl as she stared at him. Even though she didn’t have time to finish what she started to say, he knew what she meant. She loved them, too.

Right at that moment, he felt damn happy he and Thomas were Voyeurs, because through their visionary gift, they’d finally found true happiness.

## **Chapter Twenty-Five**

She sat there checking her watch. Where were they?

A nurse came in looking surprised when she saw her there. "You're still here? I came in to change the sheets."

"I was waiting for someone, but I guess they aren't coming. I'll get out of your way." She stood and picked up her suitcase. As she walked to the door, she put her body weight on her right foot out of habit even though her left ankle had completely healed days ago.

"Bye, Miss Brete. Good luck with your new life." The nurse grinned while removing the bed sheets.

Cheryl smiled back. "Thanks."

When she got in the elevator heading down, she sighed. Her new life. That scared the hell out of her. What would happen in this new life? Would she be able to go back to her old job? Shane and Thomas had promised they'd always be there for her. Yet, they weren't here for her now. They should have arrived an hour and a half ago.

She was so sure of her direction before, but now seeing their unreliability, she worried she had made the wrong choice.

Just as she stepped into the lobby, she saw them walking toward her with wide smiles.

Shane ran up to her, grabbed her in his arms, twirling her, and kissed her on the lips. She lost her breath with the sudden movement. "You look beautiful."

"Thanks." She straightened her skirt and blouse after he placed her back on the floor.

"Sorry we're late, but we've been in Dr. Whitmore's office all this time," Thomas said, leaning in to kiss her, too. "She saw us come in

over an hour ago and dragged us into her office before we had a chance to come up. We thought it wouldn't take long, but she had so many questions to ask us about what happened that we just got out now."

"It's okay, though I was worried." She paused then asked in curiosity, "Did they find out who intercepted the Council's message?"

"No. Not yet. But the Council doesn't think that Gary was part of the Rogue werewolf group that is converging in this area. This new group of Rogue werewolves seems to be able to block their identities and attacks from us and since we had a vision of your attack, then it looks like Gary wasn't part of that group."

A chill went up her spine. "I still get nightmares about him."

Thomas took her hand, guiding her to the exit while Shane took her compact suitcase. "They'll soon disappear, Cheryl. Time heals all wounds."

Shane smiled, holding the front door for her. "To take your mind off of what happened, we have a surprise for you."

Her eyes widened. "Really? What?"

Shane wagged his finger. "Ah, if we tell you, it wouldn't be a surprise." He pointed to a black vehicle parked in front of the building. "That's my car."

This time Thomas opened the door for her. "After you, pretty lady."

"You won't even give me one hint?" she asked, sitting in the front seat.

"Nope. Just that we hope you'll like it." Thomas got behind the wheel.

"So just relax and soon you'll find out." Shane leaned in from behind to smile slyly.

"I guess I have no choice." She sat back and stared out the window, wondering what it could possibly be.

\* \* \* \*



They got to the mysterious destination in a little over ten minutes. Not long at all. She didn't recognize the wide, long building.

"Where are we?" she asked Thomas.

"This is where the Voyeurs live, where we live."

"Follow me." Shane opened her door, taking her hand while he carried her suitcase in his other hand.

She didn't speak because she was too enthralled with the view. She admired the Romanesque style of the building as she followed the twins' lead.

They didn't speak a word while they took her inside and up to the third floor. Once they got to their quarters, they opened it, welcoming her in.

While Shane headed in the opposite direction, she followed Thomas down a long corridor that lead to the living room. The room was quite big with two black leather sofas and a 42-inch LCD screen on the far side of the rectangular room. The walls were painted a grayish blue, and the carpet was a darker tone of the same color. There were bouquets of red roses on each of the three oak tables.

"Wow! Are those for me?" she asked Thomas.

He nodded. "A sign of our love for you. Please sit."

She did and leaned forward to smell the bouquet on the oval coffee table. "They are lovely. Thank you."

Shane walked in with a tray of cheese, pâté, fruits, crackers, and red wine that he placed on the table in front of her. "I've had one of my famous beef stews simmering in the slow cooker all day, and it should be ready soon. But in the meantime, we thought you might enjoy this."

Thomas sat to her left and scooped up some pâté de foie gras onto a whole wheat cracker, bringing it to her mouth. She hadn't eaten since this morning, and the smell of the pâté made her mouth water.

"Mmm, that is delicious."

Shane's brow lifted. "Thanks, one of my secret recipes."

“Wow. I wish I could make something this good,” she said while covering her mouth.

Thomas handed her a glass of wine and laughed. “Don’t start boosting his ego, Cheryl. You’ll never hear the end of it.”

Shane nudged his brother while he picked up his glass and sat on Cheryl’s right. “How about we make a toast? To the first day of new beginnings and a new love.”

They all brought their wine glasses together and then took a sip. Shane removed the glass from her hands while checking his watch.

“The stew still needs to simmer for half an hour. How about we keep ourselves busy while we wait?” He bent over to kiss her on the lips.

“Now that is a marvelous idea.” She giggled between kisses.

“We’ve been dying to make love to you all day.” Thomas stood up and quickly began to remove his clothes.

Shane gently pushed her back to lie on the sofa while he slipped his tongue past her lips and probed her mouth with hunger. He brought his hand down, unbuttoning her blouse. Goose bumps formed on her skin, following his line of movement as he went lower and lower. She moaned when he cupped her breasts through her lace bra and squeezed them, then slipped his fingers in, teasing the areolas. Her nipples became taut with his attention, and she pushed her chest forward, causing pressure as his fingers crushed against her breasts with the tightening fabric.

Once Thomas was completely naked and his cock erect, he bent down to take over where Shane left off as he got up to undress. Thomas opened the clip in the front of her bra, making her plump breasts spill out of their confinement. Cool air caressed them. A shiver of desire gushed over her, and she took a deep breath in response to it. His hungry stare fixed on her chest pleased her.

He dipped in to lick the outside of her right breast, making circles around the mound. Her nipples pebbled, and the tip rose as he passed his tongue over it in a circular motion. When he changed his actions

to an up-and-down movement, her heartbeat picked up speed in excitement and a shiver of desire shot to her cunt. She widened her legs instinctively.

Wrapping his lips over her nipple, he sucked it in and bit gently on the tip. She moaned, throwing her head back and thrusting her chest close to his mouth.

Letting go of her breast, he brought his gaze to her lower body. Her nipple longed for his further attention, but when he began to unzip her skirt and slid it and her panties down her legs, another part of her body screamed for his ministrations. She wiggled her pelvis back and forth, helping him with his task of undressing her.

When she was completely naked, he bent down to kiss her neck, whispering in her ear, "You are the most beautiful woman I have ever met. I love everything about you, Cheryl. Everything."

His words warmed her heart, and she kissed his nose saying, "I love you, too." She stared at Shane who finished shrugging off his shirt, displaying his perfect, tanned, muscular chest and abdomen. "I love both of you. You've made me see what love really is, and I'm so grateful and happy."

Thomas lifted her in his arms.

"Where are you taking me?" She laughed, looking around her.

"To my bedroom where we can make love the best way." His dreamy green eyes enchanted her.

Thomas's room was wide and long. The closed opaque shades made the lighting dim. Gently placing her on the king-sized bed, he glanced at Shane who walked in with several candles in hand.

"We thought we'd reenact our first sexual experience for you with these candles." Shane grinned.

Her eyes opened wide. "With the sex toys, too?"

Thomas laughed out loud. "No, but maybe we should buy some for the next time."

She blushed as Shane placed the lit candles on the nightstands. He crawled up beside her, kissing her lips, then leaned over her, placing

his legs on each side of hers and his arms next to her shoulders. “Even though we have no sex toys, I think you’ll enjoy it just the same.”

She pulled him down on her to kiss him hard, bringing her hand to his stiff, erect shaft. It jerked with her touch and pre-cum leaked.

“I guess this means you agree?” He moaned.

She nodded with a mischievous grin. “Yes, I think I will.”

He growled and wrapped his arms around her, turning her so she lay on top of him. “You know you bring the animal out in me, my dear.”

She bent to kiss his lips and inched her way to his neck and chest. His hard body under her touch as she traveled down aroused her further. Gripping his cock with one hand, she opened her mouth around his shaft. He moaned in pleasure with her movement and stared at her.

Thomas lifted her ass in the air and began to massage her cheeks, rubbing them in circles. Liking his attention, she wiggled her pelvis into a more comfortable position so he could massage her better while she slid Shane’s cock in and out of her mouth. Whenever her lips passed over the ridge of his penis, his cock jerked and pushed deeper into her mouth. The head touched her uvula and she paused briefly before she opened her throat farther, allowing his cock to go deeper.

Thomas brought his cock to her pussy and rubbed it back and forth over her swollen clit and lips. She quivered with the sensations while Shane pushed deeper into her mouth.

Pulling her cheeks open, Thomas slipped his index into her pussy, fingering her as deeply as he could go while he administered a lubricant over her asshole with his free hand. First, he traced the hole, then slipped a finger inside her. The movement made her juices of arousal seep out of her cunt.

Adding a second finger into her pussy and another in her asshole, he played with her while she thrust her pelvis back and forth with his ministrations. Her excitement rose, and her yearning to have their cocks in her, filling her, overwhelmed her.

She let go of Shane's cock and asked, panting, "Make love to me now."

Without a word, Shane quickly leaned over to the night table and took a condom. He slid it on with ease and pushed himself down lower so his cock was at the mouth of her pussy, while Thomas positioned himself over her asshole. Shane slid his head up and down on her pussy, making her lips throb with want and brought his fingers to her nipples, pulling them, then pinching them.

She closed her eyes, savoring every delectable motion.

Thomas slipped his cock into her ass an inch at a time while he massaged her back and ass cheeks. Then he pushed himself in as far as he could go and just stood motionless, allowing her body to adjust to his size.

Meanwhile, Shane continued to tease her nipples and rub his prick over her clit and cunt. She moaned to signal to him it was time to go in. He obviously understood her cues because he sank into her slow and deep.

The fullness of having her men inside her like this made her lose her breath, and her heart drummed in her chest. Her eardrums popped with the pounding rhythm of her excited heart.

Slowly, Shane and Thomas both moved in sync within her. While one dipped in, the other slipped out. At first, she didn't move, couldn't move. Desire exploded in her whole body, and she shook with the overwhelming sensations.

But once her body became accustomed to their pattern, it reacted, and she thrust forward whenever Shane sank into her. Soon their movements turned into a dance of love, each giving pleasure to the other.

When their thrusts changed to quick pumps and her body heated, heading to its excited peak, she felt the shiver come upon her.

It rose slowly but strongly as it first hit her clit, then travelled to her cunt, and then deep to her G-Spot. She spasmed, crying out her

pleasures while Shane came inside her. His moans of ecstasy followed not that long after.

Thomas came a few seconds later when he slipped out and ejaculated over her ass.

As they both lay down beside her, looking completely sexually sated, perspiration glowed on their godly bodies. She gazed at them, admiring their beauty. Her heart beat stronger as she thought how lucky she was to have found them.

While she stared at them, Thomas stretched, reaching into the drawer of his nightstand. He looked at Shane, asking, "Will you do it, or shall I?"

"We do it together," he replied.

Her curiosity got the better of her, and she sat up, resting on her elbows. "Do what?"

Thomas covered whatever he took out of the nightstand with his right hand and asked, "Can you please come to the edge of the bed?"

She smiled and did as he asked. Shane glanced at Thomas as they both got up to come to face her and knelt. She was too overwhelmed with their actions to understand their gesture until Shane began to speak.

"Even though we met you a little over a week ago, we have come to love you deeply. Whenever we aren't with you, our thoughts and hearts long for you. You complete us in every way."

Thomas sighed as if to muster his courage. "We understand it may seem sudden, but we know in our hearts and souls that you are our soul mate, and we would like to spend the rest of our lives with you."

Glancing at Shane, they both asked in unison while Thomas opened a jewelry box, "Will you marry us?"

Shock numbed her vocal chords as she stared at the gorgeous square diamond ring they offered her in love. Tears trickled down her cheeks, and she could barely breathe.

She gazed deep into their eyes, seeing their genuine, selfless affection for her, and she knew without a doubt what her answer

would be. She had found heaven on earth with these two men and there was no way she'd let them ever slip away.

Lifting her finger so they could put the ring on, she nodded, giggling. "Yes, my loves. Yes, now and forever, we belong together as husbands and wife."

**THE END**

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## **ABOUT THE AUTHOR**

Jessica Frost has always had a passion for fiction and the written word. Add to that her wild, vivid imagination and her pure romantic tendencies and she soon realized she had the traits needed to become a romance author. She decided to take the very big first step not that long ago and wrote her first erotic romance story. And she hasn't looked back since.

Being a romance writer is a dream come true for her. Having the opportunity to create fantasy worlds where anything and everything can happen is an amazing feeling. She hopes these worlds and the delightful characters she creates will bring hours of enjoyment to her readers as they have done for her.





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