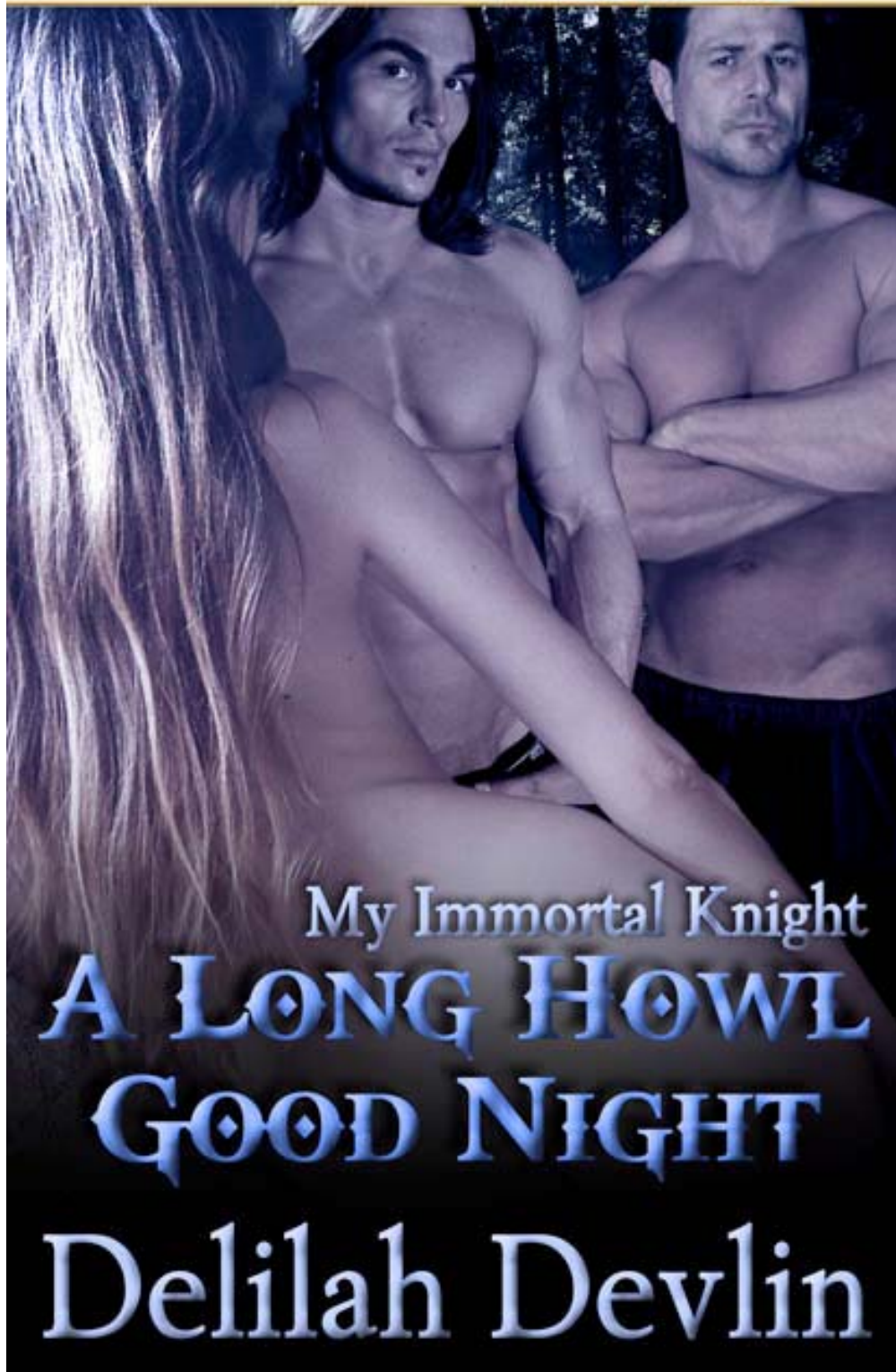


ELLORA'S CAVE TWILIGHT



My Immortal Knight

**A LONG HOWL  
GOOD NIGHT**

**Delilah Devlin**

## **A Long Howl Good Night**

*Delilah Devlin*

*Part of the My Immortal Knight series.*

Werewolf Aila Mack is ready to get her groove on during a full moon. She's a part-time hooker because she prefers to keep her liaisons strictly about the sex. She's had a taste of were-domination and prefers to be in charge of her own destiny.

Brothers Kynan and Jack Parker are on a mission. Their species is in need of breedable females. When the Dark Mountain clan finds a sex agency dealing in female werewolves, they aren't happy women are selling their bodies in order to take care of their monthly itch. They take action when it's discovered there's a fertile female in the agency's stable.

Kynan and Jack are given the job of bringing home their mate but discover quickly there's more going on beneath the surface than simply a stubborn female who refuses to be collared. Aila's tempted as never before, as the brothers, one gentle and one fiercely intense, peel away the hard shell surrounding her Wolfen heart.

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



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A Long Howl Good Night

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# *A LONG HOWL GOOD NIGHT*

Delilah Devlin

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Tarzan: Edgar Rice Burroughs, Inc.

## Chapter One

With a shake of her head, Aila Mack tousled her curls then gave her mouth one last swipe of lipstick. Nothing spelled “hooker” quite like cherry-red lipstick and a skirt so short a sneeze would show off the half-moons of her ass.

And that’s exactly what she was—for this weekend anyway. As tawdry as that sounded, some things couldn’t be left to Mother Nature. Not if she wanted to maintain the life she’d fought so hard to live.

She stepped out of her car, tugged down the hem of her black skirt, and vamped to the door of the mountain cabin where she’d been directed by the agency.

Light glared around the edges of the curtains; smoke billowed from the chimney. The remoteness of this particular client didn’t worry her. If things got a little rough, they could easily take the action out of doors.

After shooting one last glance around the moonlit clearing, she took a deep breath and knocked.

The heavy tread of a man’s footsteps sounded on the other side, and the door swung open. Aila glanced up...and up...locking gazes with one of the most handsome men she’d ever seen—not handsome in a pretty-boy way, but his angular, hard-edged features appealed like no other’s she’d ever seen.

Coal-black hair was brushed back from his forehead. Chilly blue eyes gleamed as his gaze slowly raked her body. A broad, muscular chest above lean hips and powerful thighs made her hopeful that, this time, she’d find her own pleasure in the mating. She was almost envious of the soft chambray shirt and wash-softened blue jeans that hugged his large frame.

He shifted to the side and silently waved her into the room.

All that brawn. *Mmm-mm.*

She wished he wouldn't speak and ruin it.

Aila walked inside, set her purse on a table next to the door, and studied the rugged log walls and heavy, masculine furnishings. They suited the man.

"Any trouble findin' us?" he asked, his deep voice softened by the Southern drawl that rasped across her skin like a caress.

Then she realized what he'd just said. Her head swung toward him. "Us?" she asked, her voice rising.

His frosty eyes narrowed. "My brother and I contracted you for the weekend."

"I wasn't told there'd be more than one client. This'll cost more." Wear and tear from one lusty animal was bad enough.

His lips twisted, but he gave a sharp nod. "Come into the kitchen. Kynan's makin' dinner. Have you already eaten?"

"I'm not hungry."

His mouth stretched into a predatory smile that bared his white teeth. "Now that'd be a waste, sugar."

She snorted. *How like a wolf...*

Still, a job was a job, and she needed the hook-up for more than the money. The full moon crept slowly across the sky, pulling her libido along in its wake and making it hard to concentrate when a healthy, attractive male was within arm's length. She drew in his spicy scent and let the unique smell of his lupine pheromones feed the arousal burgeoning between her thighs. A crude reminder of the one part of her life she hadn't been able to replace in the human world.

What would happen tonight wasn't any mystery, but she didn't have to end the chase at first scent. She wouldn't offer him *that* satisfaction.

Without giving him another glance, she rolled her hips side to side, followed the unmistakable sound of a knife thudding against a cutting board, and left the hungry male growling in her wake.

Jack Parker blew a silent whistle and followed the woman who looked like any wolf's wet dream into the kitchen. The skirt hugged her bottom lovingly, rising and dipping with every step, teasing him with a shadowy hint of cheek.

Since he'd already seen the picture on the website, he'd known the blonde was pretty, but he hadn't expected her body to rate a ten on the heart attack scale. Heavy breasts, a slender waist, and best of all, long, sleek legs shimmering with a light application of glimmer-lotion that teased him with the image of them clutching his waist while he fucked her.

Hell, just the scent of her feminine musk alone, not masked by any perfume, was enough to keep him as hard as a tree trunk.

She halted at the kitchen door, and he cupped the notches of her hips to steady her as he plowed into her backside. "Whoa, there," he murmured against her hair, giving her a nudge. "Didn't want to run you down."

Her head turned. Her sharp green gaze narrowed.

But he didn't remove his hands. He'd paid good money to touch that hot little behind. His gaze lifted to Kynan, who stuck the knife into the butcher board then stood with a dishtowel over his bare shoulder and his jeans-clad hip cocked against the counter.

Kynan's gaze ran slowly down then right back up the brick-house body of the woman. His brother seemed every bit as mesmerized as he'd been at first sight. That was, until he felt the chill of her frosty demeanor. Weren't whores supposed to be friendly?

"Might help break the ice," Jack murmured into her ear, "if you told us your name."

"You can call me Aila," she said, still sounding huffy.

"That your real name?"

"It's what I'll answer to."



One of Kynan's brown brows arched. "I'll answer to Kynan."

"And you can call me Jack," he said, squeezing her hips and rubbing his dick against her backside again.

Her spine stiffened like a poker, which only made him grin. He hadn't realized it until that moment, but he didn't mind that she wasn't the friendliest bitch he'd ever met. He liked a woman with a bit of fire in her. Made the inevitable surrender all the sweeter.

He nuzzled her ear and followed when she bent her neck away.

"I just got here," she bit out.

"Why waste a minute?" he drawled, giving her drumming pulse a lick. "Clock's tickin'. Want my grand's worth out of your hide."

Kynan cleared his throat, no doubt wondering why he was acting like such an ass.

Jack couldn't have put his reasons into words even if he'd wanted to. Everything about the woman sparked all his cylinders. His intense attraction complicated things. He didn't want to think too much about what she felt, what she wanted. He wanted to lose himself inside her. She didn't deserve more from him—and she shouldn't expect it. Not selling herself as she was.

The thought of any she-wolf resorting to prostitution to hook up with a male during the full moon made him feel slightly sick. Aila could be his sister. He'd be furious if he ever caught Deirdre doing something as dangerous as this.

He pulled her in closer, smoothing his hands down her sides and up again while he ground his thickening cock against her soft backside. A growl rumbled at the back of his throat.

Kynan reached out and snapped the towel at his shoulder. "Give her room to breathe. We have all weekend to get to know each other." The sly arch of his brother's brow said they had the weekend to turn Aila inside out and make her wish for a pack to provide for her needs on a full-time basis.

Lone bitches fought the natural order of things but always succumbed to hormones in the end. Independence wasn't all it was cracked up to be in the harsh reality of a sterile human world.

Jack bit her shoulder then pushed her from him.

She whirled and wobbled on her tall heels, a fierce scowl screwing up her features.

Kynan moved in to steady her with an arm around her waist. "Easy there," he said, his voice soothing her. "We don't want you hurt."

"Afraid you won't get your grand's worth?" she snarled.

"No," Kynan said slowly. "I don't want you hurt."

Her gaze locked with Kynan's, and Jack felt satisfaction warm him. Kynan could be her friend and make love to her.

He'd be the one to challenge her and fuck her brains out.

They had the plan all worked out. They'd have her every way a man or a wolf could. They'd remind her of what was missing from her day-to-day existence. A life among humans, dating men who politely asked her to open her legs, couldn't compare to existence among a pack where she would be protected, her every need fulfilled.

A wolf promised a bitch so much more than respect. He'd give her what she needed. What she craved. Make her love it. Beg for it.

Jack rubbed his dick through his jeans and followed the other two into the living room.

"Any problems findin' us?" Kynan asked.

Jack grinned. He'd asked her that same exact question before, but she hadn't answered. Did she know how close to Wolfen territory she'd strayed?

Aila aimed a glare his way then forced a smile for his brother. "No, the agency's directions were clear."

"Was it a long way to come?"

Suspicion darkened her expression and her gaze narrowed – this time on Kynan. “I didn’t tell you where I started, but it’s why you’re paying mileage too.”

Since he didn’t want Kynan being the bad wolf, Jack snorted, hoping to distract her. “Everything has a price?”

Her chin lifted, but her expression turned from hard to sultry in under a second, making his lust quicken. “Some things are all-inclusive,” she said, her voice husky. “I won’t make you choose an act from a menu.”

“We can do pretty much what we want?”

“So long as I can walk out of here on my own on Monday.”

Jack’s chest lifted around a deep inhalation. He dragged in her sweet scent deeper, letting it curl inside his chest. “That leaves us a lot of room.”

Her lush mouth pouted. “Let’s not pretend I’m fragile.”

He barely suppressed a deep, rough growl. He wished he could dip down and smother those lips, but he held back, knowing the trap was already set. Instead, he would savor watching her fall under their complete control. “What’s the matter? Human boyfriends not rough enough?”

Her lips tightened into a thin, stubborn line. Apparently, her life outside this cabin wasn’t up for discussion.

Kynan raked a hand through his hair and blew out a breath. “How about a drink before we get to know each other?”

“Sure,” Aila said, turning her body toward Kynan in a gesture meant to tell Jack she was ignoring him for the moment.

Fine with him. Meant he could look his fill without having to do it politely from the corners of his eyes as Kynan was.

Kynan might be playing nice, but that didn’t mean he wasn’t just as ready to jump her bones.

The moon was rising high, and Jack felt the elemental pull. Testosterone spiked, hardening his body. Blood surged, filling his cock, readying him for a rut.

By the sharp edges of Kynan's cheeks, he had to be feeling it too. Kynan's brown eyes darkened and swept down the woman's body again. This time, not such a subtle glance.

Yeah, Kynan had to be every bit as hungry as Jack was to take Aila to the floor and ruffle her spiky fur.

Kynan crossed to the bar and opened the fridge, returning with a glass of red wine for Aila and a beer for Jack. Then he snagged another beer between two fingers and a napkin before taking a seat on the couch beside the woman.

Jack sat in a deep leather armchair, content for the moment to watch. His gaze slid from her shoulders to her ass, noting how her skirt had ridden up beneath her. He couldn't help a smirk that lifted one side of his mouth. Her bare bottom had to be warming the leather couch. He'd felt the narrow bands of a thong at her hips when he'd felt her up.

He wondered how strong the moon tugged at her arousal and whether she was wet. Some women, barren women, could resist the monthly curse. A wolf was lucky when he found one ready for the howling. Just how different would it be for her?

Kynan handed Aila the napkin with a slight smile, and her eyelids dipped for just a second before she blotted away her red lipstick. How did his brother do that? Get her to follow his instructions without even saying a word?

Jack drew on his beer, trying to catch the train of the conversation. She was relaxing at last, sitting back against the couch instead of looking ready to bolt for the door. What had Kynan just said to her?

"How did you find the agency? It's not like they advertise," he asked her.

"A friend of a friend. She told me there was another way to live."

"So you hire out to strange men?"

Her expression remained neutral. "Once a month, yeah."

"Do you take repeats?"

She shook her head. "Never. I don't want a relationship. I'm not looking for a pack. This is less...messy."

"But it's dangerous."

"Howl at the Moon is pretty exclusive, and as Jack there probably found out," she said, darting a hard glance his way, "membership isn't an easy thing to land. They do background and credit checks—and they keep track of the girls. Expect a call sometime during the weekend. They'll want to talk to me to make sure everything's fine."

Kynan glanced at Jack, giving a subtle blink of his eyes.

Jack didn't know whether to believe her or not, but it didn't really matter. By the time the agency dispatched someone to find them they'd be long gone.

Sliding his arms along the cool leather arms, he propped his feet on the coffee table and crossed them, pretending to relax while he studied the woman whose life he was about to change forever.

Kynan suppressed a grin at Jack's lazy posture. Nothing could be further from the truth. Although his brother stayed silent, the lack of movement, the deepening of his breaths betrayed his intense reaction to the woman.

Their buddy Jaime hadn't been kidding when he'd described the woman he'd hired the previous month. Not on the prowl for a mate of his own, he'd still been in need of a fuck-fix far from home. However, he'd followed due diligence afterward, sending the bed sheets to Dark Mountain's best noser for confirmation.

The woman was a breeder—her fate sealed by the fact her womb was fertile. She should know better than to think her life was her own when clans were desperate for cubs.

The Dark Mountain clan leaders had met in secret to discuss what should be done with Aila Mack. Not her real name, they were sure, because no lupine “Macks” existed anywhere in North America.

Her origins were a mystery, and she’d been careful to cover her tracks. They’d followed the money trail through Howl at the Moon, but after bouncing between international accounts, they hadn’t been able to pick up the trail to find her.

This had been the best solution. Send out a team to bring her in. Send the men who would be her mates to ensure she was handled with care and sensitivity.

A cautionary warning Jack seemed unable to remember. He’d acted like a dog ever since she’d walked through the door. He’d sniffed and pawed. Kynan was surprised, because Jack prided himself on control and that no one got to him, but this woman really pissed him off.

Perhaps it was the fact she’d whored herself out and they’d have to live with her past. Maybe it was because she didn’t appear to have a submissive bone in her body. Something that would be like a red flag to Jack. The man liked being in charge.

Or maybe he didn’t like the fact he had to share her.

If that were true, Jack would have to get over it. There were too few fertile females, and they were lucky the clan alpha Alex Weir had decided not to follow the custom of spreading his seed among all the breedable bitches. Hunting season was wide open for the rest of them.

Finding females had proven tricky until they’d discovered Howl at the Moon, run by a she-wolf to help other females maintain their independence from pack governance. As crazy as that concept might seem to the Dark Mountain wolves, dozens of females signed on, seeking anonymous fucks to feed the monthly frenzy.

The clan had to find a way to keep secret the knowledge that they were infiltrating the club’s membership to scope out and steal women. Aila was the first fertile woman the pack hunters had found. Their first tempting target.

Kynan noted the tic at the side of Jack's left eye and knew his brother was holding back by a thread. Time to make a move.

He set his beer on the table and reached for her glass.

Aila's chin lifted, but she allowed him to take the wineglass and set it aside. Then he stood and held out his hand.

She hesitated only a moment then offered him a tight smile and slid her soft, slender hand inside his. One firm tug and he drew her into his arms, only to allow her to pull away and wrap false confidence around her stiff shoulders. She thought she was in charge of her destiny.

Kynan felt a moment's remorse that her wishes couldn't be honored. For the sake of their species, they would take her freedom.

Without looking back at Jack, he led Aila down the hall to the bedroom.

## Chapter Two

"Lights on or off?" Kynan asked politely.

Aila hadn't expected courtesy. This brother's willingness to put her at ease made her feel strangely guilty. She shrugged. "It's your dime."

"Open the curtains. Let the moon in," Jack growled behind her.

His terse answer whipped away the guilt. She'd already nicknamed the two brothers in her mind. Kynan the Kind. Jack the Jerk.

The larger, darker wolf was just another arrogant male who thought an accident of biology gave him license to take what he wanted.

Reminded that she really didn't have any other option but be here, she shook off the emotions clouding her resolve—let go of the fear, the shame. She was here to get her groove on. To howl at the fucking moon. She was here by her own choice. Her destiny was her own to fulfill—just as Samantha had promised when Aila had signed with the agency.

*When in doubt, sweet little bitch, be bold.*

With Samantha's advice echoing in her mind, Aila decided to take back control from the men. She opened the buttons of her slinky, sleeveless blouse and let it slide off her shoulders to the floor.

Their attention honed in on the pale skin straining above the lacy cups of her bra, gazes fixed as only true predators could.

A shiver worked its way down her spine. Not from fear but from her own instinct for self-preservation. Every instinct told her to run, but the wild, fresh scent of them, the sight of their well-honed bodies rippling with sexual tension was too much temptation to resist. Her own biology betrayed her.



Like two pure-natured wolves, the men prowled around her, their breaths shortening as they lifted their noses and drew in the scent of her arousal.

She knew what she looked like. Knew even human men were drawn to the feminine curves she'd never been able to take for granted. She lifted her upper lip to snarl, issuing a low, warning growl—but it was only posturing. Without an ounce of shame, she thrust out her chest, letting her soft breasts strain higher.

Kynan came up behind her and skimmed his cheek along one shoulder then bit her earlobe.

She jerked, letting out a nervous laugh. When he bit a second time, she groaned.

His fingers slipped beneath the band at her back and the bra loosened. His hands slid down her arms, dragging the lace off. The cooler air in the bedroom wafted against her nipples and they beaded instantly.

He cupped her breasts, massaging her gently. "Let us know if we frighten you. It's been awhile for us both."

Which meant they had tons of sexual energy to release. Fine by her.

"I won't be restrained," she bit out. "That's my only rule. You can have me any other way you want."

"Agreed." Fingers under her chin turned her head. She met his brown-eyed gaze, feeling a frisson of alarm because, for just a second, he'd looked every bit as feral as his brother.

He slanted his head and took her lips, scooping them then sealing his mouth over hers and gently rocking, tugging her along with his slow, sensual motions until she swayed on her feet.

Then hands smoothed up her legs, and her eyes shot open. Kynan the Kind's mouth hardened over hers, and the fingers holding her chin bit into her skin to keep her there.

The kiss became harder while the other male palmed her inner thighs and pushed them apart. The snug skirt rolled up her hips, baring her thong. Something firm and wet slid between her silk-covered lips, surprising another groan from her.

With Jack tonguing her pussy, Kynan's fingers went to work torturing the tips of her breasts, gently pinching and tugging them, rolling them between his thumbs and forefingers, then tugging again—making her crave a crueler pinch, which he gave her when she pushed her breasts harder against his hands.

Silk ripped. Her skirt gave, whipping away from her body. Heels slid off. Nude and with both men's hands seeking out her curves, her knees weakened and she slumped.

Kynan caught her, dipped, and swept her off the floor, taking four steps then kneeling to deposit her in the center of a king-sized mattress.

Soft cotton at her back, she eyed both men as they stripped. Kynan's movements were slow and deliberate, his expression set. Jack tore at his shirt, buttons flying. He kicked away his boots and shoved down his pants so quickly she didn't have time to gauge his arousal or attributes.

The first to finish, he climbed onto the end of the bed and crawled toward her, on knees and knuckles, his blue eyes narrowed and silvering when moonlight struck them.

His lips lifted, baring his teeth. A deep growl vibrated through his chest.

For a second, her mind fled to another darkened bedroom and another aroused male who'd stalked her relentlessly across a bed. Alarmed, she tried to close her legs, but Jack already held her knees and pushed them apart.

A thin whimper escaped, the sound shredding the past. Jack's head canted, his gaze zeroing on her expression. Ruthlessly, Aila forced a neutral mask and jutted her chin.

A small smile curled his lips, and he bent to lick her sex again, this time without a barrier. The sensation shot straight through her, making her back arch, her breath hitch.

His rough palms rasped beneath her ass and cupped her, lifting her closer to his mouth, and he rolled his face in the juices spilling from her depths. When he lifted his head, he pinned her with a glance that sent another cold spike of fear through her.

She tried to wriggle from his hold, but his grip hardened, his fingers digging deep. He'd leave bruises. Not that that hadn't happened before, but he wasn't even trying for a veneer of control.

Here was a primal wolf. A tamed male, leashed by his human form, and only barely. The quick, short pants that gusted against her open sex made her womb tighten.

"Jack... *Jack!*" The bed dipped at her side. Kynan glared at his brother.

Jack shook his head, and she nearly gasped, afraid he'd shake out his fur before she had a chance to do the same.

In her human form, a wolf could savage her skin and she'd have little defense without her fangs.

"She's fighting me," Jack growled.

"She's aroused and trying to keep control."

"It's not hers to keep."

Jack's words were chopped, primitive, as though his inner wolf was already claiming his mind.

"Fuck her then," Kynan said, his voice tight. "But get control over yourself."

Kynan slid off the bed and sank into an armchair, his fingers biting into the arms.

He'd left her with the savage one.

"Get up," Jack rasped.

Eying him warily, she came up on her knees.

Jack gripped hips, turned her then forced her to bend over. His fingers slipped between her folds. "You're wet enough."

She braced on her arms, aiming a glare at Kynan for not putting a muzzle on his brother. Sure, they'd paid her, and she'd told them they could do pretty much what they wanted, but a little consideration or finesse would've been nice.

Instead, she endured Jack pawing her ass, squeezing her buttocks, slapping them then palming her again.

"I like a woman's skin hot."

"Christ, cut the Tarzan crap," she muttered. Another slap, this one solid enough to push her forward, stripped her of breath.

"Jack..." his brother's low voice warned.

Jack's thighs came up against the backs of hers. His cock rode her slit, thrusting forward and back, wetting his length and letting her feel how hard, how huge he was.

A shudder rippled down her back.

"I don't mind you bein' a little scared," he whispered, the softness of his voice a disarming lie. His cock butted against her entrance, shoving hard to push the crown past her tensing lips. "If you don't relax, it's gonna be harder on you."

"Bastard," she bit out, having to resetttle her knees because he was grinding into her and she couldn't escape. Not that deep down she really wanted to. There wasn't an ounce of softness to his taking, not a note of deference to her sex—but he wasn't being cruel, just deliberate—and the Wolfen part of her psyche fucking loved it. "I'm not scared of you."

He chuckled—a sound that didn't ease her alarm.

Her skin burned, her breaths shortened. Her back arched then sank, the movement easing her inner channel and letting him push deeper until he filled her so completely she could hardly breathe.

He pulled back, his cock gliding endlessly away, leaving her empty, her inner walls rippling. When just the fat crown remained at her opening, she fought not to lunge

backward and impale herself on his thick stalk. She shivered—little tremors that betrayed how excited, how aroused she was.

His tongue licked at sweat gathered between her shoulder blades, grooming her like a wolf might, but wetting skin instead of fur. Each rasp of his tongue made her wetter farther south, a fact she couldn't hide because her pussy made moist little clapping sounds, like a sucking mouth, trying to encourage him to drive deeper.

He straightened, leaving her back cooling in the air shifted by the fan turning on the ceiling. Then his hands gripped her waist and a shoulder and brought her to a sitting position suspended above his lap, her pussy poised above his cock.

If the iron grip of his fingers eased, she'd shove down, taking him inside, ridding herself of the aching emptiness that had her nearly sobbing, so great was her need.

How had he gotten her here so fast? Almost mindless enough to beg?

He was just a wolf. His big cock just a cock. She could find this pleasure, this heightened state of senses with any other wolf. So why did this feel different?

His fingers bit her waist, and again she knew she'd bear bruises from his fierce grip, but she didn't care. "Dammit, fuck me," she begged, her voice raw.

"How bad do you want it, sweetheart?"

She snarled, the sound every bit as primal as his own grunting breaths.

"How bad, baby? I won't give you what you want until you tell me."

"I'm not here to talk."

"You're here to give me pleasure. Whatever I want. And right now, I want to hear a little sincere begging."

She let out a painful, gusting laugh. "Sincere begging? Jack, I don't fucking beg. I make men crawl on their knees for it," she bragged, knowing she'd only make him more determined.

He eased her onto the fat, round knob of his cock and held her there. Not letting her bounce to take him deeper.

Exasperated, she tried to peel his fingers from her waist, but he *tsked*.

"I can do this all night. If you want it, you have to beg for it."

She snorted and sneaked a finger between her folds at the top then began to swirl on her clit, determined not to let him have the power. She could get her own orgasm. Maybe it wouldn't be as pleasurable as the bite of a male's knot when it expanded inside her, but she'd be damned if this wolf had her begging.

"Uh-huh." Kynan slid in front of her and his fingers encircled her wrists. He held them out, his features as set as his brother's had ever been.

Her womb cramped with the curling heat. Her belly quivered. Kynan's gaze slid down her chest to her nipples that had spiked painfully hard. Fluid seeped down her channel onto the tip of Jack's cock. He had to know just how close she was. God, could her body be any more ready to be taken?

Kynan bent and kissed her mouth, just a quick press then he pulled back an inch. "My brother likes being in charge," he whispered. "Not because he's a bully, but because he has to take control or lose it."

Aila groaned. "I don't trust him."

"Do you think he'll hurt you?"

She shook her head, feeling the corners of her mouth pull downward. Damn, her mouth was going to tremble, and she didn't want him to see.

"Then what? What are you afraid of?"

She shook her head and her face crumpled.

Kynan sighed and kissed her again. "Tell him, sweetheart. Give him what he needs from you."

She mashed her lips against Kynan's, trying to hold back the word, but he drew out of reach, his expression not giving her a clue about what he thought. She'd underestimated him.

Her chest shuddered with her jagged breaths, and yet the man behind her breathed evenly. Heat poured off his chest, warming her back, making her sweat. He didn't cajole, didn't make a sound or a single movement. Just held her poised above him.

He had more control than she'd given him credit for. He wouldn't be completely ruled by the waxing moon. Her panic waned.

Kynan pushed back a strand of hair sticking to her sweaty cheek.

Aila closed her eyes and her chin fell toward her chest. "Please," she whispered.

Jack's gaze locked with Kynan's and he felt his mouth curve—not a happy smile. He was too fucking hard to feel like anything but the animal he was. How he'd managed to hold back when Aila's scent and moist heat surrounded him, he didn't know. But it was worth it to hear her break. He would bet she'd never said please to another wolf. She was proud, stubborn to a fault.

He would also bet money something in her past had frightened her. He'd seen the shadow cross her expression when he'd crawled onto the mattress. Felt her shiver. He'd had to school his face to hide the flare of rage that cooled his ardor just enough for him to hold back.

Slowly, he let her glide down his cock, taking him deeper an inch at a time while he gritted his teeth and she whimpered and squirmed.

Her vagina was hot, her inner tissues swollen and wet. Fluid had coated him even before he eased her down but didn't seem to help him press inside her. Her cunt was clamping down, rippling around him.

He bit into her neck, knowing he'd leave a bruise, but he couldn't stop. Shock shuddered through her. Her hands landed on his thighs, fingernails digging into his skin.

He growled against her neck and released her, shoving her farther down his cock until she swallowed his entire length. With her impaled, he roughed his palms over her belly, slid them up to cup her breasts and squeeze.

Her breaths deepened as she gathered strength. Her thighs tightened. Then she began to raise and lower herself, her movements tentative until he kissed her neck, giving her silent permission to please herself.

Up and down, engulfing, surrendering, her movements sure at first then quickening, jerking as her ardor rose. Her strokes teased him, fed his hunger to unleash his inner beast. She was moving too slowly, too gently, even though her hips were slamming downward now.

Jack pressed his palm against her mons, thumbed her clit and murmured against her ear. "Sugar, do you want more?"

A thin, high-pitched whine, so lupine in its desperation, was all the answer he required. He shifted beneath her, holding her against him as he came over her.

She barely found her knees before he began rutting furiously against her. His fingers curled into the fists, which he planted on either side of her, his strokes pounding at her ass, following her as he scooted her across the bed with his powerful thrusts.

Her slick, hot heat grew molten, her walls swelling as she neared her peak. Jack shortened and sharpened his thrusts, his hips hammering his cock inside her. Giving her a hard, human fuck but withholding his wolf's barb.

At last, she flung back her head and howled, the sound echoing in the room.

His balls exploded, cum shooting through his cock to bathe her womb then ebbing slowly away. Unwilling to lose the sensation, he slowed his movements but didn't stop pumping completely until she reached behind her with one hand and shoved against his hip.

Breathing heavily, he straightened and came to a halt, his chest heaving. He turned to glance at Kynan, who lifted a brow.



Jack disengaged and sat back on his haunches while Aila scrambled away from him and turned to rest her back against the headboard.

Her eyes were wild, her nostrils flared. Her chest and belly quivered with her jagged breaths. A sheen of sweat coated her skin, lending her a silvery glow. She turned her face away and stared through the open window at the moon while her breaths evened out.

Jack watched her pull a cloak of “I don’t give a shit” tightly around her shoulders. Her gaze when it swung back was steady.

Again he wondered why she fought so hard to harden her expression. Something had happened to her, made her what she was. Before the weekend was over, her secrets would belong to them. Her enemies would be theirs. Whoever had frightened her, forcing her to seek this life as a solution to her baser needs, would pay.

## Chapter Three

Aila ruthlessly willed her body to stop trembling. Jack's dominance, his strength, had frightened her. Not because she thought he might hurt her, but because she'd loved the way he'd handled her.

All while they'd fucked, there'd been a subtle underlying battle going on. One she knew she'd lost. *She'd begged him.*

At the last, she'd shoved him away because she wanted more than anything to tumble to the bed with him still inside her. She'd missed the sting of his barb, which would have locked them together no matter their inclination, removing her ability to resist him. She'd wanted to keep him deep inside her body with his arms wrapped tightly around her.

However, solace wasn't something she could ever accept from a wolf. Already marked, her heart was forever off-limits to another of her species.

Jack lifted his hand toward her face, and she ducked away from it, but he grabbed her shoulder, bracing her against the headboard and tucked a finger under her chin to raise it.

She kept her eyes closed, feeling his gaze sweep her expression, hoping she was doing a better job hiding what she felt than she thought. This was only supposed to be about the sex. The two wolves had no business wanting inside her head.

"Sweetheart."

Her face crumpled for just a moment then she forced it into a mask and slowly opened her eyes.

Jack's blue gaze was troubled, a frown dissecting his dark, hooded brow.

"Jack." Kynan's voice jarred her.

Jack's chest lifted and he let go of her, backing off the bed. Only then did his gaze release hers. He padded toward the bathroom door.

She let out a sigh of relief.

"He has that effect on a lot of people," Kynan said dryly. A half-smile curved his mouth, but his gaze was just as curious. "How about we go for a run?"

Surprised by his suggestion, she didn't demur when he offered his hand to help her from the bed.

"There's a trail around back that leads to a high meadow. We'll be there before he's done with his shower."

His conspiratorial grin pulled a smile from her.

Silently, they crept through the house and out the front door. On the porch, they both shook out their fur. The change reminded her of the first time she'd felt the pull of the moon and how frightened she'd been as she shifted.

She'd learned to relax, learned to relish the relief and the freedom, but still she was slower to shift than he was, the process delayed by her subconscious resistance and lingering fears.

Bones and gristle crackled as they reformed. She fell forward, landing on paws, and just as quickly her mind let go of who she was and she became a she-wolf, shivering with energy ready to be spent.

The male, all golden-brown bristles and long, smiling snout, nosed under her tail to breathe in her scent. His tongue licked her sex once. Then he bumped his shoulder against her side and lunged past her.

She leapt off the porch, following closely as he led her along a narrow trail into thick forest.

Moonlight, broken by the canopy above them, silvered the bushes. The scent of crushed leaves and pine needles beneath them cleared the smell of human sex from her nostrils.

They ran, necks stretched, paws thudding in the dirt, curving along the trail until it opened onto a grassy field. At the edge of the clearing, the male paused, shook his fur and transformed. Reluctantly, she did the same.

“What do you think?”

“It’s beautiful,” she said, feeling awkward now that they were in humanskin and standing naked in the moonlight.

“There’s a stream that cuts through the meadow. Hear it?”

She cocked her head and smiled. “I’m thirsty.”

He grabbed her hand and gave it a squeeze then led her to the bank of a gurgling stream where she eagerly knelt. The water was cool, and she gasped when she splashed it at her face.

He knelt beside her, seeming completely unselfconscious of the fact they were both nude.

Aila couldn’t forget. Not when his body was so well-formed—deep shadows defining the muscle that cloaked his frame. She wanted to be nonchalant, but the moonlight was working its magic, which to her had always felt more like a curse.

Heat surged deep inside her, warming her skin, prickling her nipples.

He sniffed, and his gaze honed in on her expression. “If you’d rather wait...”

“This is what we’re here for, isn’t it?”

Kynan pushed back her hair, tucking it behind her ears. A tender gesture that made her soften and sway toward him. When he kissed her, she sank against his chest, letting him enfold her inside his embrace. He held her gently, as though she were precious—not just a whore he’d paid for—and for just a second, she wished she’d been mated with someone like him when her time had come to breed.

He broke the kiss first. “You moaned.”

She wrinkled her nose. “I liked it. Too much.” She could have bitten her own tongue for adding that last thought.

His smile flashed white in the moonlight. "I must be getting better at it."

A gust of laughter surprised her, and she reacted with a bite. "It's okay with me if you'd like to fuck me now."

He sucked in a sharp breath and his expression cooled. "I suppose we should get down to business."

"I'm sorry." Again, she'd blurted exactly what she'd thought. She shook her head. What was going on with her?

He held her chin and pressed a quick kiss against her mouth. "How about I let you do whatever you want with my body – whatever pleases you?"

She studied his face, looking for clues that he was joking, that he might pounce into action at any moment, but he held himself perfectly still. "Are you really a wolf?"

"Maybe I'm just a little more evolved. Or maybe, I want you to find your happiness."

"That's not what you're paying for."

"I haven't spent a penny on you, sweetheart."

Just then, he'd sounded like his brother. However, unlike anything she would ever expect of Jack, Kynan lay back, straightening his legs and shoving an arm beneath his head. His pose was submissive, his expression relaxed.

She'd had human lovers who'd handed her the reins. She knew what to do, but she wasn't sure how she felt about this. Was she disappointed he hadn't been more assertive? How crazy was that? Especially when she'd been so resentful of his brother's heavy-handed approach.

"Anything you want," he said softly.

Left with a choice, she floundered.

He reached for her hand, brought it slowly toward his cock and wrapped her fingers around his shaft. "What do you want?"

With her fingers gripping his head, she licked her lips. "I want you to fuck my mouth."

Kynan smiled. "Not what I expected, but I'm only too happy to oblige. You sure that's what you want?"

*I want to be taken.* But this time she kept that thought to herself. "Just get up," she grumbled.

When he stood in front of her, his cock level with her mouth, he curved his thumb around her lower jaw and gently pried open her mouth. When his cock butted against her lips, she rounded them, closing her eyes, and sighed as he thrust inside.

She didn't want to think. Didn't want to see the questions in his eyes. She knew she was acting out of character with them both, but the brothers had kept her feeling off balance ever since Jack had first swung open the door. They were everything she expected from a couple of pack males and yet, not.

They made her want things she'd given up a long time ago.

Still, the feel of his thickness, shafting her mouth was familiar and strangely soothing. The smell of him, clean pine and male musk was pleasant, seductive in its own right. Different from Jack's stronger musk.

His hand covered the top of her head, fingers digging into her hair.

She pulled off him to catch her breath and began to lick the length of him in long, doglike laps, root to tip, using her tongue to discover the soft ridges of the veins underlying his skin, to seek out the flange surrounding the head of his cock, to slide into the narrow eyelet hole.

Her hands caressed his length, sliding in the moisture she'd left, pumping up and down his shaft as she explored.

"Damn, Aila," he breathed.

"Like that?" she asked, giving him a sly wink.

"What man wouldn't?" When she cupped his balls and gently massaged them, his breathing deepened again, and he began to thrust through her closed fist. "Fuck!"

She kissed the cap and moved away, sprawling on her back and opening her legs. She raised her knees, let them fall apart then spread her folds with two fingers. "You said anything," she drawled. "I want your tongue right here."

One corner of his mouth quirked up and his expression turned instantly wolfish. Falling to his knees, he moved closer, gliding his hands over her inner thighs, calluses scraping the tender flesh and raising goose bumps.

She thrust her middle finger inside herself and then held it out to him,

He clasped her hand, bringing the finger toward his mouth, and sucked it inside, his tongue swirling to clean it.

An exaggerated moan made her giggle. Something she rarely did. "You're an idiot."

"I'm horny. I can't pretend to be cool." He bent over her and lapped at her folds, dragging the tender skin then sliding between to prod her entrance. "I'm going to fuck you hard," he said, not raising his head. "You okay with that?"

"Does that mean I don't get what I want anymore?"

He glanced up, an eyebrow arching. "That's not what you want?"

She grunted. "Yeah, it is. Just hurry."

"Bossy woman." He came over her, his cock riding the top of her mons and digging into her belly. The weight of him was one long, heavy tease.

He cupped her face and kissed her, trailed his lips along her jaw then licked downward. "We haven't had these pretty tits yet, sweetheart. Jack usually drools buckets over a nice pair."

"Not an image I wanted in my head," she murmured.

"Told you, I'm too horny to be cool." He latched on to a nipple and tugged it with his lips.

Aila clamped her thighs around him and rocked. “God, that feels so good,” she groaned.

He bit the tip of the nipple then licked a path across to the other straining peak. His hand plumped up her breast, a thumbnail scraping the bud. “You’re beautiful. Every part of you.” He paused as if he wanted to say more. Instead, he gave a slight shake of his head and rooted at her breast again.

She tensed—afraid he was going to ask her the big question. Why didn’t she want to live inside a pack? When he plied her breast so sexily, she couldn’t think of the reasons, just knew she’d had many.

He rooted and pulled, stretching the nipple and letting it go. Then he smiled down at her. “I hear something. Do you?”

She cocked her head and listened. Paws crunched in pine needles and crisp leaves. “That shower didn’t last very long,” she drawled. “Want to give him a reason to growl?”

Kynan chuckled and straightened. “Get on your knees, bitch.”

When she rolled and lifted her bottom, he gave her a playful slap then centered himself and plunged deep.

Aila gasped, her back melting downward, arching to thrust her pelvis higher. His stroke didn’t start tentatively or gently, it plunged hard through tender tissue, crowding into her just as nicely as his brother had.

Fuck, she liked the feel of these boys. Liked the length and girth that drilled into her.

A deep growl sounded from beside them, and Aila turned her head to watch a large black wolf approach, his head lowered toward the ground, his teeth bared.

She lifted her own teeth and gave him a rumble, but couldn’t put any real strength behind it because Kynan’s thrusts were quickening, and her pussy was clamping hard



around him. The first rhythmic convulsion left her gasping, and she panted, her face still turned to the dark wolf.

His fur shook and his form shimmered and transformed, leaving Jack on his hands and knees beside them. "Got busy while I was out of the room, I see," he said, his tone dark and deep.

"Got busy?" Kynan's laugh sounded strained as he plunged harder. "Hold. That. Thought. *Fuuuck!*"

Hot, thick cum spurted inside her, and Aila's chest hit the ground, her face landing in the dirt. She'd just missed her own orgasm but didn't think she'd have to wait long for satisfaction, not the way Jack was staring.

His dark, hooded eyes glared, promising retribution.

And Lord help her, she wanted his punishment. Wanted him to be firm with her.

As Kynan's movements slowed, she locked gazes with Jack, challenging him silently to take charge.

Jack held himself still although his entire body vibrated with need. He'd caught their scent where they'd leapt off the porch, and he'd kept his nose close to the ground all along the path through the forest.

He'd known before he saw them what they were doing. The scent of her arousal was strong, wafting in the midnight air.

His Wolfen body had quickened, imagining his mate's body covered by another, and he'd wanted to sink his fangs into his brother's backside when he'd seen him pounding into Aila's sweet cunt.

The man, however, was willing to wait, to seduce her into surrendering everything.

He knew he'd thrown her off balance the way he'd gone after her at the cabin. He hadn't given her space to erect any barriers, had shredded the confidence she wore like

a wolf's pelt. Something didn't add up. She fell apart, seemed eager to be taken, to be forced, but when the sex was over, she withdrew.

Again he swore he'd find out what had happened in her past to make her wary of submitting to a male.

Kynan blew out a deep breath and shook his head, slinging sweat. He backed away from Aila, and she curled toward the ground, resting on her side but still facing him, not letting him out of her sight.

*Smart woman.* Jack rose and stepped toward her, his feet braced apart. Her gaze fell to his cock, semi-erect and rising upward.

Her eyelids dipped, and he knew if he covered her now she'd open her legs and let him slide right inside, but he wanted more than compliance. He wanted her desperate for what he could give her.

He eyed his brother and lifted a brow.

Kynan pushed to his feet and strolled toward the stream.

Jack leaned down and plucked her from the ground then forged his own path through the brush. Alone with her, he walked into the center of the stream and lowered her until the cool water surrounded her. He ignored her startled gasp. "Wash his scent from your thighs."

She sat in the water, her hands disappearing in front of her. All while she washed, her gaze didn't leave his. He liked how edgy she was. His control was ground to an equally sharp blade. One he planned to use to slice through her reserve.

When she began to rise, he shook his head. "Wash your mouth too."

Her gasp was loud. Her eyes narrowed angrily. But she scooped water into her hands to rinse her mouth. She tilted back her head. "Anything else?" she ground out.

Jack stroked his cock once then stepped toward her. "Seeing as how you went down on Kynan, I want the same pleasure."

Her lips closed, forming a thin angry line.

He shook his head, grasped her hair behind her head and cupped her jaw, pinching at the corners to force it open. Then he thrust his cock at her mouth. "Bite and I promise you won't sit for a week."

When he bumped her lips, her eyes glittered with anger, but her nostrils flared. Her chest rose as she drew his scent. Just that quickly, stark need tightened her features.

Thanking the full moon, he tugged his fingers from her hair and cupped her jaw, giving her tenderness this time as he rubbed his thumbs over the taut edge. "Let me fuck your mouth, Aila. Take off the edge. Then I promise I'll give you everything you want."

## **Chapter Four**

Jack watched the battle she waged inside herself reflected in her forest-colored eyes. She wanted to surrender. He could smell the need. Still, she resisted going down easy. As if her history had programmed her to fight. He promised himself that when he and Kynan had her collared they'd all have a long talk.

"Open," he said, softening his voice.

As her mouth slowly opened, her eyes gleamed with unshed tears.

He pushed forward. Her tongue stuck out and licked the tip of his cock. Just a taste, and then she gave in to the urge riding her. She closed her eyes and suctioned on him, pulling him into the warm haven of her mouth.

Jack soothed her cheeks, combed her hair, crooning as she took him deeper. Slowly, he began to pump his hips, gliding in and out of her hot mouth. "That's it, baby. That's it. Fuck, that feels good," he whispered.

She came up higher on her knees and clutched his hips, centering him, then wrapped her long fingers around his shaft and stroked him up and down. She held her head still as his thrusts quickened, pulling with her lips, moaning around him as she worked him with her mouth and her hands.

When he was close, he pushed her back and bent to pull her into his arms. On the soft, muddy bank, he lay down, bringing her over him, helping her open her thighs and settle onto his cock. Then he cupped her inner thighs, gliding fingers to stroke her outer lips as she took him, tugging her curls to open her, using his thumbs to rub her hard little clit.

She bent over him, her hands clutching his shoulders. They both watched as her cunt swallowed him down then released him as she rose. His cock was tight, full to

bursting, and he didn't think he'd ever enjoyed watching a woman fuck him as much as he did Aila.

He glanced up and caught a slight smile curving her mouth. "What's so funny?" he growled.

"I'm thinking you'll need another shower to get rid of the mud."

"Think I care if I get dirty? Think you won't get just as muddy?"

Her grin widened, and he felt his own lips stretch. He didn't give her any warning and rolled, rising over her, digging his cock deeper inside her.

"Not so bad, is it?" he said.

Her nose wrinkled. "It's oozing into places mud has no business being."

"Don't worry. I'll clean every inch of you when we're through."

Her fingers dug into his chest, pulling his hair. "I'll hold you to that," she whispered. "But I'm really close, Jack. *Please.*"

That's all it took for him to loosen the leash on his inner beast. He could feel the strengthening ripples gripping his cock. Felt the way her belly jerked and quivered against his. "Aila..."

He swooped down and kissed her, biting her lower lip as he pulled away. Then he stuck his hands into the mud on either side of her shoulders and drove deeper, grinding in slow circles at the end of every thrust to rasp his short hairs against her clit.

As he powered into her, her head thrashed, mouth opening around strong, gusting gasps. When her legs wrapped around his waist, he hammered between her thighs, water sloshing at their limbs, mud sucking at their flesh.

Neither of them cared. She clutched him close—with her arms and legs, her pussy tightening around his shaft. Her breaths gusted in sexy little grunts that further fed his excitement. When he neared the peak, he lunged into her, tunneling deep, slamming to increase the friction and the violence.

Her head tilted back, a long, keening howl ripping from her throat, and he gave a shout of triumph, following her over the edge, not slowing until his thighs trembled and he fell over her, still lodged inside her.

He rolled to the side, bringing her with him.

Short, ragged breaths moved her nipples against his chest. He cupped her ass and smoothed a hand over her thigh, squeezing to keep her close and his cock deep where he wanted to stay for a long, long time.

He leaned toward her and trailed his lips over her cheek, nuzzled his nose beneath her jaw and sucked at the tender skin of her neck, leaving a mark. Then he went back to her mouth and pulled at her lower lip, teething it gently. "I can't get enough, sugar."

A short burst of laughter shook her against him. "I think I have a leaf stuck between my cheeks. Itches."

He groaned and rubbed his face against hers. "Don't wanna move." Gliding a hand over her ass, he trailed his fingers down the crevice dividing her lush ass, finding the leaf and sliding in mud. "Who'd have thought mud would be this damn sexy."

"Oh yeah?" She cupped his face with a palm and rubbed it, the slimy, gritty feel of that caress telling him she'd rubbed his face with dirt.

"Like playing with fire?" he growled.

"Guess it's not so bright to play when you've got me locked against you."

"We're not *locked*. Not yet, sweetheart."

Her eyes rounded, and he felt the sensual thrill his words had elicited in the rippling inner caress that massaged his length.

"Don't think I didn't want to," he rumbled, "but we both know if I give you my barb, neither of us will be movin' for a while. I want a bed under your ass first."

Her features tightened, her expression sliding toward that neutral, hard-edged one she wore so well. However, he wasn't having it. He and his brother only had the weekend to break through her barriers, to win her submission.

If Kynan had been there, he'd have fussed over her, petted her, trying to soften her with tenderness. But Jack didn't have the patience with wooing.

Pasting on his own hard mask, he pushed her thigh from his hip, slid slowly from her body and rose. Then he gripped her forearm and pulled her into the water.

"You don't have to manhandle me!" she gasped, her feet sliding on the slime at the bottom of the stream.

Cupping water in his palm, Jack washed her down, never letting her shake free from his grip. When he slid water up her legs, she closed them to prevent him from moving higher.

Using his foot, he pushed her foot, forcing her to move it or fall, then splashed water at her pussy and cleansed the muddy crease between her buttocks.

She tugged and pulled, and made a lot of angry noise. "Ugh! Has anyone ever told you you're a bully?"

Hiding a smile at her snarling, he gripped her head and forced it down, pushing her to her knees and shoving her head under the water. Kneeling, he loosed his grip on her arm and scrubbed her scalp.

When he let her up, she swung an arm, aiming at his chin, but he ducked under it and let the momentum take her all the way around. She slipped and landed on her butt in the middle of the stream.

Jack crossed his arms and braced apart his legs, staring down his nose.

Aila growled, coughed to clear the water from her throat then combed her hair from her face before aiming a deadly glare his way.

He took careful note that not once during their scuffling did she ever try to shake out her fur. "Are you clean?"

"Shouldn't you wash up?"

"Sugar, all your splashing took care of the grit."

"I don't like you very much!" she said, her mouth pouting.

“I don’t need you to like me, sweetheart. I just need that sweet cunt of yours.”

He knew he’d pushed a little too far when her expression closed again—which by now he knew meant he’d hurt her. And that was okay. If she felt bruised and unsure, then she was vulnerable.

With the mud and grit gone, he bent and gripped her under her arms to raise her until she stood. Then he thrust his shoulder into her belly, forcing her over it.

Her body stiffened, but she no longer fought him.

He climbed up the bank and strode down the path toward the cabin.

Kynan kept apace in wolf form, crashing through the brush beside the path. Jack wondered whether he’d watched them, and if so, why he’d been content to let Jack handle her all by himself. Maybe he knew Jack’s way was making inroads.

Every time Jack forced her to his will, he cracked away a little more of her brittle façade. All in all, everything was going according to plan.

Aila gripped Jack’s sides as he stomped into the cabin. He didn’t pause even to close the door behind him, but she didn’t guess he needed to because Kynan leapt onto the porch in wolfskin. A sharp turn and she swayed on his shoulder while he made a beeline for the bedroom.

She thought she ought to be fighting a little harder, for pride’s sake, but again his firm handling of her, despite his nearly drowning her, had made her hot as hell. She wished her head bobbed over the opposite view of his anatomy because she’d like to know for certain that she wasn’t the only one feeling the solid ground beneath her shift.

So many years of self-control and denial were being shed as though they were nothing. When the men left her a second to think, she second-guessed every life decision she’d made in the past eight years.

Maybe Joseph was the exception rather than the rule to what living with a pack mate was like.



She'd resisted Jack, but he hadn't really hurt her. He hadn't retaliated with violence or restriction. Even when he'd been ruled by the power of the moon and began to revert to a more primal being he kept control of his actions.

Inside the bedroom, he strode straight for the bed, dumping her in the center and coming down on top of her, his knees crowding her legs apart, his body pinning her. "This time, Aila, we go all the way," he gritted out.

She whimpered, at last giving him token resistance, wriggling under him because he hadn't given her time to erect the barriers she needed to protect herself.

His weight sank over hers until their torsos were flush. His cock nudged against her portal and then drove straight up, filling her so completely she mewled again. He possessed her, overwhelmed her with his body, his scent, the heat in his eyes...

When he began to pump his hips, stroking his cock inside her, stoking her own arousal to a fever pitch, she gave up the lie. Slowly, she encircled him with her arms and lifted her legs to wrap them tightly around his hips to lock them together.

His eyes closed and he groaned, his body sliding against hers in the sweat that lubricated their skin. His movements, rhythmic, deep, both soothed and excited her, making it impossible for her to think.

She could only feel, could only ride the wave of ecstasy as she waited, anticipation cramping her womb—until, at last, she felt the tip of his cock swell inside her, her own tissues crowd around him in acceptance. They were locked, his barb buried deep to deliver his cum directly to her womb in slow, ebbing spurts.

She felt a moment's disappointment that she was on the Pill. How sweet would it be to feel her body quicken with cubs? Strong, dark cubs filled with his confidence, his strength. She shook her head, trying to deny the image because it caused a bittersweet ache inside her chest.

Jack came up on his elbows and bracketed her face with his large palms. He bent to kiss her, the caress so tender she could have wept. *Don't be nice. Don't change now, you bastard. Don't make me wish...*

His eyes opened slowly, his focus narrowing while his body grew still. "We have time now," he whispered. "And we want answers."

Sleepily, she blinked, trying to clear the arousal that clouded her mind. Her body was limp, her womb melting. Her mind was mush and he wanted to talk? About what?

"Aila," he said, rubbing her bottom lip with a calloused thumb. "We have to talk."

"Whatever it is," she said, giving a moan and undulating beneath him, "can't it wait?"

"I don't think so, sugar. We're not goin' anywhere for a while. And Kynan and I have some things to tell you. You have some things you need to tell us."

Something about the way he said it, his voice coaxing but firm, cleared her sex-clouded mind. Her pussy clamped harder around him, trying to eject him, but she knew it was useless. Not until the barb receded would they be able to move apart. He had her well and truly trapped.

She got her hands between them and shoved at his chest. "Can't breathe."

He gave a deep sigh, and turned on his side, taking her with him. Lying face-to-face, she glanced up and saw Kynan hovering over the bed. He walked around the end of the mattress, and it dipped behind her.

He slid close and placed his hand on her hip. "Before silver tongue here starts," he said in an even tone, "remember, we mean you no harm. We want your happiness."

"My *happiness* is my own to find."

His fingers dug into her skin. "Don't be stubborn. Listen first."

She wanted to keep staring at Jack's chest, to avoid having to put on a mask to protect herself, but her body was tired, her thoughts jumbled with impressions, sensations so exquisite, so enticing that she knew clever Jack would see right through her.

Still, she wasn't a coward. She dragged in a deep breath and slowly lifted her gaze to meet his.

His face was tense, his eyes glittering as he studied her. Again he cupped her cheek with a palm, and she couldn't help herself...she nuzzled into it, seeking his warmth and comfort. She wasn't going to like what they had to say. She felt it all the way to her toes. She didn't want this moment spoiled. These men were different from the ones she'd sought in the past for anonymous release. Already they'd imprinted her with their scent, their touch. When she left Monday morning, she'd pine for this sense of connection that she hadn't felt in years. How could she have forgotten how good it felt to belong?

"I'm not going to like this, am I?" she asked, her voice embarrassingly small and weak.

"It doesn't have to be like that," Kynan said, his hand sliding upward to cup her breasts.

Could he feel her heart thud beneath it? "Since I don't know what *it* is, maybe you should just spit it out."

"You're ours," Jack said, his stare unrelenting.

"Yeah, I know. You paid for the use of me."

Jack's dark brows drew together further shadowing his eyes. "Listen carefully. You aren't returning to that life. You belong to us now."

She shook her head, her body beginning to shiver. "I belong to you? You think I don't have a say?"

"Your womb is fertile."

Such a simple statement should have made her scoff, but she was a wolf, reared in a dwindling pack. She went cold, her skin growing clammy. She shoved his chest again, and this time with force. She kicked forward and back, but they had her trapped between their bodies. Their legs clamped around her ankles, their chests were solid, immovable.

Aila wriggled and pushed until she was breathless.

"Stop," Kynan said. "Stop, Aila. We don't want to hurt you."

"Then let me go," she said, her voice broken. "I can't be yours. I don't want to be anyone's. No one owns me but me."

"When we discovered you were a breeder," Kynan said, his voice still even, "a lottery was started. Men paired for the privilege of claiming you."

"You got the winning ticket? I almost feel sorry for you. I'm no prize."

"You will want for nothing," he continued calmly, his words sifting over her cheeks. "Every need, every want will be fulfilled. We pledge that to you."

Hadn't she just wished that? To know what it would be to mate with men like these? However, panic built in her chest as she remembered another ceremony, another promise. Once the bedroom door had closed her inside with Joseph, she'd been at his mercy.

"I can't be yours," she sobbed.

"Tell us why," Jack said, no tenderness, no softness in his voice. He didn't sound angry, only determined, which helped her keep from falling apart.

She shook her head, not wanting to admit the truth, but his hands tightened on her. His cock stirred inside her, reminding her he was the one who possessed her at this moment.

Truthfully, she felt relief. "I have a mate," she whispered. "Or at least I went through the ceremony. I escaped before he had me, before we...consummated the union. That's why you can't claim me."

Jack's jaw rippled with tension. "If he didn't fuck you, it's not a done deal. The bastard couldn't hold you so he doesn't deserve you."

He made his sound so simple—so black-and-white. But her pack hadn't seen it that way. They hunted her to this day. "He won't rest until he finds me. I can't stay with you. I can't stay anywhere for very long."

"Have you been running from him?" Jack asked, his expression unrelentingly hard.

She nodded.

"For how long?"

*Forever.* "Eight years," she admitted, her voice breaking.

Hands soothed her breasts. "Are you even sure he's still looking?" Kynan said softly.

"I know him. He won't ever give up."

Kynan kissed the top of her shoulder. "Let us fight your battle, Aila. You don't have to run anymore. You will have us and our entire pack to keep you safe."

"And if your wolves have a pact with his, will you shred your agreement over a woman?" She snorted. "*Really?* Because I've never seen males give up a damn thing for the sake of a piece of pussy."

Kynan's fingers dug into her skin and he shook her gently. "Stop, Aila. I promise you, we won't ever hand you over. We'll fight for you. We'll protect you with our lives."

His words sounded good, but she'd been hurt before and was wary of promises, of being vulnerable to a man.

Kynan kissed her cheek. "Think about it. We still have some time alone to get to know each other. We don't really expect you to trust us on our say-so."

Jack's grunt said otherwise.

She almost smiled. "Do you think that just because you fuck like gods that I'll be putty in your hands to mold however you want?"

Jack grunted again, one side of his mouth quirking up. "Sweetheart, we know you're going to try to slip your collar. But we also know you'll want us to catch you."

She jutted her chin. "You know me so well?"

"While you've been lying to yourself, your body tells a different story. You're so wet now it's seeping to the blankets."

Her jaw sagged. "I think that's the most disgusting thing you've said to me."

His grin was broad and brash. "I can do worse. But I was waitin' until we knew each other better."

"In the meantime..." Kynan drawled. "Can I make a suggestion about for how we spend the next half-hour?"

"I'm a little busy here," she muttered.

"Just one hole's taken."

She sputtered and knew her cheeks had to be glowing with embarrassment.

Jack chuckled and cupped the back of her head. He leaned in to kiss her, and she forgot that she shouldn't cooperate. Her lips molded with his.

Kynan moved away, leaving her back cooling in the air.

Jack cupped her ass to keep her close and shifted to his back. She automatically snuggled her knees close to his hips.

Hands gripped her shoulders and gave her a quick massage before pushing her down. Then those same wicked hands went to work on her behind. Kynan's fingers gently but firmly massaged her backside, reawakening her arousal. With Jack's male barb still lodged deep, her inner channel rippling up and down the thick shaft, she wished she could move or that she had room to flick a fingernail over her clit.

She'd come hard, as primed as she was, maybe then she could think clearly about her situation. Maybe the fact she hadn't orgasmed was what made her so compliant, so willing to fold beneath their demands.

A single digit traced the crease bisecting her buttocks.

"Dammit, stop teasing," she hissed.

Both men chuckled. She must not have given a very convincing scowl, and admittedly, it was hard to hold Jack's gaze when she knew every secret yearning she felt was there for him to see.

His hands slid over her sides then soothed up and down her back.

"Don't do that," she muttered.

"Do what?"

"Be nice."

His eyebrows shot up. "How do you want me to be?"

"Be Jack the Jerk. The guy who felt me up inside five minutes of me being here."

A smile tugged his mouth, and his gaze dropped to her lips. "Got yourself an appetite for jerks?"

"No, but it's easier."

He nodded, his smile fading. "I get that. It's a helluva lot easier for me to do what I have to when I remember what you are."

She gasped, shamed, her gaze sliding away. "Guess that's fair," she whispered.

His hands gently cupped her face and raised it. "We're going to assume you did what you had to do in order to make it through every full moon. I'll be honest and say it'll be hard not to be jealous as hell of every man who's had you, sugar."

Aila lifted her chin. "You can let me walk. Then you won't have that problem. Wait for the next breeder to come along. Someone without a tainted past."

His jaw tightened then relaxed. He let out a slow breath. "I haven't been a choirboy either. I have no room to judge."

"I've been a choirboy," Kynan said, giving her a sexy squeeze, "but I have to admit, I like a bad girl."

Jack's rueful smile made her relax enough she give him one of her own.

"That's better," he whispered. "You're a pretty little thing, Aila Mack."

The compliment warmed her. She blinked away the moisture welling in her eyes. "You two really do mean to keep me, don't you?"

"Yes, ma'am. Do you really mind all that much?"

Aila swallowed hard. "Guess not. It's not like we have to be in love to make this work, right?"

## **Chapter Five**

Kynan caught Jack's gaze over Aila's shoulder and shook his head. Damn fool woman. Did she think once a man sank a barb that his heart wouldn't follow?

Sure, they'd thought it would take a damn sight longer to get her to accept their bond. But here they were, still a few hours before morning, and her surly guard had cracked wide enough for them push through. Aila Mack was theirs. She'd all but given them her promise to surrender.

Kynan felt a little off balance, realizing he hadn't been the one to seal the deal. That surly, obstinate, crude Jack had gotten to her. Yeah, he was disappointed. She'd always draw closer to Jack, always seek him first when she needed comfort.

He'd been happy to anticipate filling that role, never once believing his brother would mind. How selfish did that make him? He was a hypocrite and had really thought he was the better half of this union. Mad at himself, he shoved aside those thoughts for now. Time to get down to the business of turning their woman inside out.

He ran his hands from her shoulders to her sweetly curved ass, enjoying the way her back shivered. Crawling over Jack's legs, he scooted toward her, coming close enough to rest his cock between her soft globes while he leaned over her to lick behind her ear and tug the lobe with his teeth.

She moaned and threw back her head, canting it to give him access to her neck and shoulder.

He nibbled and kissed his way along her creamy skin while his hands molded her waist. He rutted against her buttocks, enjoying the surge of heat and hardness the motion gave his loins. "Ever had a man fuck your ass?" Kynan whispered in her ear.

"Mmm...um..."

"Fuck's sake," Jack growled. "'Course she has."



Kynan grimaced, finding it somewhat funny that Jack was outraged at his question, knowing it reminded Aila of her sordid past. "Sorry. How 'bout we agree not to talk about anyone's sexual past. We're starting new here."

"Do you think I should feel ashamed?" Aila bit out.

Fuck, could he step any deeper into the hole he'd dug?

"It's all right, sugar," Jack crooned, his gaze gleaming with amusement when it met Kynan's. "My brother's just a little clumsy. He didn't mean to insult you, baby. He just wants to know if you can take him."

"Oh," she said, her voice softening instantly. "It'll be all right. If he wants..."

"Oh I want," Kynan growled. "There's not a part of you I don't find hot as hell."

Jack rolled his eyes as if to say, *Laying it on a little thick, bro?*

Kynan clamped his mouth closed and reached for the tube of lubricant he'd hidden beneath the pillow earlier. He twisted off the cap and tossed it over his shoulder then squeezed a generous dab on the tip of his finger.

His gaze fell to her ass and to her tight little hole. His cock jerked against his belly, and he was tempted to lube himself that instant and squeeze inside her. He'd gotten so hard watching Jack lock with her that he'd felt his entire body tense in rebellion because it wasn't him.

The thought of how badly he wanted to be inside her, how much he wanted her complete attention while Jack's erection waned enough so they could ease apart, made him feel the need to unleash a little violence.

Only that wouldn't be the best start. Not when Jack had gentled her with his own brand of domination and violence. Fuck, he'd have to wait. He leaned to lick a trail up her spine. "When I scoot back, I want you to push off his chest, just enough that I can touch your clit, sweetheart."

"Jesus," she said, lifting her butt as far as she could.

"Push up a bit more. I promise you'll like this."

She planted her hands against Jack's chest and lifted her chest from his.

Kynan reached around her and pressed his palm against her belly, cradling it for a moment while he spread a thick daub of lube around her asshole. He rubbed it in circles, painting it, teasing her until he felt faint vibrations beneath the palm cupping her lower abdomen.

Then he inserted his index finger inside her, just the tip at first, waiting while she contracted around him then loosened to let him slide deeper. He tamped down his own arousal, letting hers take precedence, focusing all his skill on reading the signs to know when to push deeper, when to roll his hand to ease her sphincter, when to insert a second finger.

Her back arched and she raked her pussy forward and back. Yeah, Jack was getting the benefit of her slow, rocking glides, but he was the one inciting her. He pressed on her belly, massaging it while he began to pump his fingers in and out of her ass, moving close enough his chest supported her when she arched backward again.

She rubbed her head against his shoulder, rolling it. "Feels so good... God, Kynan." Her asshole began to flex, tightening, easing and tightening again just as he knew her pussy must be doing. He sneaked two fingertips into the top of her folds, swirling to find her hard little knot then rubbing harder.

She gave a soft sob and bounced on his fingers, the movement slight because of her restriction, but she opened her thighs wider and tried to lower herself more to take him incrementally deeper. "Please, Kynan. Please, do you know how good that feels?"

"Tell me, baby."

"I feel like I could fly apart," she said tightly.

"Then do."

"I need just a little more," she whined.

"More what, sweetheart? More of this?" He swirled faster on her clit.

"No!" She jerked her head. "My ass. God, I need you in my ass."

"Don't you like the way my fingers play?" he said, grinning at her growing desperation.

"Love your hands, your goddamn fingers," she said in a rush, "but *fuck*... I need your cock. Please, *please*."

Who was he kidding? Did his brother really believe he was the good guy here?

Jack knew better. His brother gave him a little lift of his chin, the signal that freed him from his agreed role in this seduction. He pulled his fingers from her ass and from her between her legs.

Aila crumpled over Jack's chest.

His brother cupped her head, fisting his hand in her hair and gave her a hard kiss while Kynan quickly lubed his cock. Then he grabbed her ass again, molding it, lifting it a little higher. He placed the tip of his dick against her tiny furled hole and pushed.

A thin, plaintive wail and the tightening of her buttocks warned him to slow down. Breathing hard through his nostrils, he gripped a hip then fed his dick slowly through his hand, soothing himself while he eased more gently into her tiny, puckered hole.

Her muscles clamped around him, but he circled his hips, screwing slowly into her. When he popped past the tight ring, he groaned in relief.

Her head fell against Jack's shoulder, and his brother cupped her head, kissed her cheek. "Relax, baby. Let him in," he crooned.

Since when had Jack become the nice wolf? Kynan couldn't think too hard about that, he screwed a little deeper, her heat surrounding him. He pulled away his hand and pumped in shallow, easy strokes inside her. His jaw sagged at the incredible sensations. His breaths grew choppy. "Aila..."

"S'all right," she said, her words slurred. "Fuck me, Kynan."

Jack pressed another kiss against her cheek then cupped her shoulders and pushed her from his chest. He nibbled her jaw, sucked on her earlobe, and all the while stared at Kynan, warning him with his glittering gaze to go easy.

But Kynan didn't think he could. Her sphincter tightened. Something snapped inside him. He lunged his hips, stroking deeper. Pushing her forward then tugging her back when he withdrew.

She fucked Jack's cock, his dick, her back dipping and bowing while her cries thinned into broken howls. When she came, her muffled scream released him, and he pounded against her, letting loose in a flurry of punishing drives until his body tightened, his balls cramped and he exploded.

Spent, he leaned over her, pressing her harder against Jack's chest, but he couldn't move for a moment, could only drag air into his lungs in jagged rasps.

Then a sound penetrated his blissful haze—scuffling footsteps coming from the living room.

His gaze went to Jack's, which narrowed in fury. He pulled free from Aila's ass, grabbed a wad of tissues and rubbed his cock while he headed to the door, lifting a bat from behind it. He stood at the side, listening, while his brother's breaths hissed between his teeth as he too pulled away from Aila.

Silently, Jack reached for the handgun he kept beneath the bed and crept to the door, holding a finger to his lips for them both to remain silent.

They didn't dare look back at Aila, and Kynan hoped like hell she was hiding. When the bathroom door clicked, he relaxed and stepped into the hallway.

Jack followed on his brother's heels, slipping into the short hallway, following the sounds of the intruder as the bastard made his way through the living room. One set of footsteps was all he heard. The scent of one male, tinged with wolf musk, was all it took to tug his body into a partial shift. Hair sprouted, teeth pushed through his gums, he forced himself to halt the transition, needing to think but wanting the extra strength the beast brought with it.

With his hands gripping his gun, his finger on the trigger, the muzzle pointed downward, he kept close to his brother's back, his focus on the threat. At the end of the

hallway, his brother held up his free hand, cocked his head and sniffed the air to determine where the man slinking inside stood. Then Kynan lunged forward with his bat raised.

Jack leapt around him, raising his arm to fire, but the intruder kicked, knocking the gun from his hand. Jack sprang for the man and took him to the ground. Low, hate-edged growls rumbled through the intruder as the two men rolled, grappling and slamming fists into sides. Both were evenly matched in size, both had shaken out a little fur to increase their strength.

Jack had no doubts who their solitary intruder was. Instinct told him the anger roaring through his adversary was personal. The two men traded bone-crushing blows to their sides and chins. When teeth bit into his arm, Jack roared and slammed a fist against the other man's temple.

The cabin door crashed open; an overhead light flickered on. "Jack Parker," came a feminine voice. "You can back off now."

Jack struck the man beneath him again then shook his head, the blood haze fading, the beast retreating. Panting over his adversary, he glanced up to find a tall, slender brunette holding a weapon aimed at his heart. She was flanked by four men dressed in black SWAT gear.

"Who the fuck are you?"

"Why, darlin', I'm hurt you don't recognize me," she said, her Southern accent as thick as her honeyed sarcasm.

Jack grunted and climbed off the unconscious man. "Samantha. I didn't know you paid all your agency's clients personal visits. I thought you'd call first."

Her head tilted, her almond eyes sparkling with hard-edged humor. "After all the attention this one little bitch received, I had to come myself."

Jack bit back a growl and stood, hands raised because she hadn't lowered the weapon, and it was still pointed at his heart. One of her crew stepped toward Jack and kicked away the weapon he'd forgotten on the floor beside him.

Jack drew a deep breath and straightened, glancing over at his brother who was sprawled with another black-garbed man pressing a knee into his back.

"This how you do business?" Jack said, anger beginning a slow build. "I'm surprised you ever have repeats."

"Don't be coy. You know why I'm here. The man you just knocked senseless is Joseph McLean. Aila's husband."

"Not my husband," came a quiet response. Jack glanced over his shoulder to find Aila hovering at the entrance to the hall, a sheet wrapped around her body. Her gaze went to the man still unmoving at Jack's feet. "We never consummated the marriage. Papers were never filed."

"Makes it less messy." Samantha tilted her head toward the door. "We'll give you a ride back to the city, Aila."

Aila hesitated with her arms wrapped around her middle. Her gaze slid over Kynan, who couldn't lift his face from the floor, then landed on Jack. Her expression was closed and brittle. Just like every other time she'd been scared.

Rage burned through him and he took a step forward, but Samantha *tsked* and the men behind her raised their weapons to point his way.

Jack looked back at Aila who still hadn't budged. "Aila...?"

She shook her head. "I told you he wouldn't quit."

"Doesn't matter. If he tries again, I'll kill him. I'll keep you safe."

"We'll keep you safe," came his brother's muffled voice.

Aila's chin quivered. "I'm trouble. A hooker. You can do better than me."

"Aila, come on, baby. You don't have to depend on anyone else to keep you safe. I'll always have your back."

Her glance cut to Samantha. "How'd you know?"

"Someone hacked our system. They opened your file, your datebook. As soon as we discovered the breach, I organized a team. We can take care of this scumbag, permanently, if you like."

Aila shook her head, gazing down at the large, burly body of the man who could have been her husband. "I don't want him killed. Banged up a bit. But maybe just a warning...?"

Samantha's mouth crimped in disapproval, but she nodded. "We'll have him delivered back to his clan."

"My clan..."

"Not anymore," Jack ground out. "Not if you want."

Samantha aimed a glare his way. "You're from Dark Mountain. I knew this place bordered their territory, but we've had clients from that pack before. They didn't cause problems."

"They didn't find a breeder," he said baldly, knowing that trying to pretend that anything else was true would be a mistake.

"That's all you want, isn't it?" Samantha snarled. "An incubator for your sperm."

"A mother for our children," he said slowly, his gaze never wavering. "Is that such a bad idea?"

"Women have choices, even Wolfen women."

"Whatever your beef is with wolves, you don't know me. You can't make Aila's mind up for her."

"That's true." Her glance slid back to Aila. "Sweet bitch, do you want a life of enslavement to this pair's needs, or do you want freedom to choose your own path?"

Aila's pale face looked haunted. "It's not freedom, is it, when I have to seek a monthly fix?"

Impatient with talk that wasn't really saying a damn thing that was important, he turned to Samantha, the CEO of Howl at the Moon, and the one person who might sway Aila from making the right choice. "Can we have a moment – alone?"

"Aila, is that what you want?"

Aila nodded.

Samantha gave the guard atop Kynan a sharp nod. The guard rose then gripped Joseph McLean's arms to drag him from the cabin.

Samantha was the last out the door. She glanced over her shoulder, her gaze raking Jack's then Kynan's naked bodies. "Nice, but sex only feeds one appetite."

When she closed the door behind her, Jack strode for Aila, who backed away, her pale face crumpling. "Don't touch me."

"Because I have blood on my hands?"

"Because I can't think when you touch me."

Jack curled his hands into fists, which fell impotently at his sides. "We don't have much time. You have a decision to make. I wish I knew how to say what you need to hear, but it all comes down to one thing. Choose us."

Her eyes hardened. "Because I'll be cosseted?"

"Yes," he said, impatient when her chin lifted higher. "And protected."

She shook her head. "It's not enough. I want more than you can give. More than I deserve."

"You want love."

She nodded, tears spilling down her cheeks. "I can make it through these liaisons because, for the most part, I don't have to feel anything but lust and relief."

"Is that all you felt for us?"

Her eyelids blinked, her gaze slid away.



Jack sighed and took a step closer. This time she didn't resist when he reached for her. He folded her against his chest, easing the quivers that vibrated down her body. "Shhhh. It's all right, sweetheart. I've got you."

Her arms curled at his sides. Her hands cupped his shoulders. "You're making this harder," she said, her voice muffled against his skin.

"Good." He kissed her cheek and stroked her hair. Then he closed his eyes and turned off his pride. "It's supposed to be hard, isn't it? Falling in love?"

She grew still inside his embrace. "It is for me," she whispered.

"It hasn't been a stroll in the park for me either."

She pushed from his chest, and her teary green gaze searched his face. "Don't lie to me because you know it's what I want to hear."

He grunted. "I don't say anything I don't mean."

Her gaze fled again, this time landing on Kynan, who stepped up beside Jack, standing shoulder to shoulder. "We'll love you. Cherish you, Aila. You'll be our wife, the mother of our cubs. I said it before, you won't want for anything. That's my promise."

The door swooshed open behind them. "We're all loaded up, Aila. Are you coming?"

Aila shoved out of Jack's arms and turned toward Samantha, whose tight face reflected her disapproval. "I think..." She took a deep breath before continuing. "I'm staying."

Samantha's hard expression softened for a moment, and then just as quickly she aimed a hard glance at Jack. "I'm still charging your card."

A smile tugged at the corner of his mouth. "Charge me double. It's worth it."

Samantha grunted then slammed the door closed.

Kynan laughed. "I think she grunts as fluently as you do, Jack."

Aila gave a tear-thickened chuckle. "I don't think anyone's ever defied her before."

Kynan's gaze went to the window as Samantha climbed into the dark SUV parked in front of the porch. "She's tough. But she's a she-wolf, and if I don't miss my guess, she's a breeder, Jack."

Jack lifted his nose and scented the air. There it was. That hint of the divine. Something to store away for when they met with the elders again.

His gaze landed on Aila, who stood awkwardly, hugging her stomach again. He didn't like that she looked unsure of herself. As if she expected things to change just because she'd given herself to them.

He snagged her hand and pulled her close. Looking down his nose, he gave her a glare. "You're on the Pill, aren't you?"

Her chin shot up. "What's it to you?"

He almost smiled at the automatic bite in her tone. "That's okay. You can decide when you want to be a mother. But you don't get to decide what to do next."

"And what would that be?"

He cupped his cock, which was already stirring, filling. Then he glanced down, pulling her glance with his. "Your mouth, sucking me dry."

Another chuckle rattled through her. "I take it back, *that's* the most disgusting thing you've said to me."

"Really?"

She wrinkled her nose. "No, but I like that you know exactly what to say to raise my fur."

"What about me?" Kynan muttered.

Jack wrinkled his nose. "You need a bath."

"So does she. Think they all don't know exactly where my dick was?"

Aila groaned then laughed. "Stop. You're embarrassing me."

"You can still blush?"

She hit Kynan's shoulder.

"I didn't say that because you were a pro."

"Oh." Her cheeks turned a lovely rose. "Sorry, I guess it will take a while to get used to the way you two talk about sex."

"Your human boyfriends never talked dirty?" Jack asked, getting happier by the minute as color seeped back into her face.

"There weren't many. And no, they were polite."

"Which was why they couldn't satisfy you, baby." He leaned down and kissed her hard. When he raised his head, satisfaction filled his chest with warmth. Her expression was dazed but happy. Her lips blurred, her eyes misty.

"How 'bout let's all shake out our fur?" he rumbled.

"Wanna howl at the moon?"

"With you, baby, only with you." He tugged the end of the sheet, rolling her out of her toga, enjoying her laughter as she spun a couple more steps then halted against Kynan's chest.

Kynan's expression held a note of uncertainty. His jaw worked, muscle flexing as a scowl drew his brows together.

Aila's gaze softened. She patted his cheek. "How lucky am I? I get two men to molest the breath out of me."

His forehead sank against hers. His eyes squeezed shut.

Jack gave them their tender moment, but when it stretched, he reached for her hand and pulled. "Let's run."

Maybe his brother wasn't sure about how he felt and worried that they'd grow away from him. He wasn't going to worry about Kynan's heart. The joy in Aila's face told him exactly how she intended this to work.

She let Jack pull her away, but she snagged Kynan's hand. "Let's all run."

## Epilogue

With a shake of her head, Aila Mack tousled her curls then gave her mouth one last swipe of lipstick. Nothing spelled “horny” quite like cherry-red lipstick and a skirt so short a sneeze would show off the half-moons of her ass.

She smiled at her reflection then tugged down the bottom hem of the tight-fitting baby tee she’d pulled on over her bare breasts. A little tweak of her headlights to make them pout and she sauntered down the hallway.

The guys were due home from work any moment now. Jack had called from his cell on his way home from the station house. *Deputy* Jack had been delayed with a traffic stop that had turned into a DUI. Kynan had rung from his car to let her know he’d just finished showing a property to a new client with his real estate firm and was running a little late.

She didn’t feel the slightest bit guilty about the fact she’d slept away most of the day while they’d been working hard to keep her in the comfortable circumstances she’d grown accustomed to. Being spoiled rotten by two wolves bent on lavishing their mate with so much attention she’d never regret saying “I do” was something she’d gotten used to in a hurry. Just the thought of how they’d “lavished” her body the night before made her body quicken with desire.

Anticipating all the nasty things she’d beg them to do tonight, she smoothed her palms over breasts and down her belly.

“Uh-uh,” came a sexy warning as long, strong fingers ringed her wrists. “No cheating.”

“I was just warming them up,” she said, snuggling her bottom against Jack as he pulled her closer.

He dropped her wrists and slid a hand beneath her skirt. Calloused pads glided along her nude folds. "Baby's wet, Kynan."

Footsteps padded nearer. Kynan stepped in front of her, loosening his tie, his liquid brown gaze dropping to where Jack was pushing up her skirt in front. He knelt, stirred his nose in front of her pussy and breathed deeply. "Oh yeah, she's wet."

His tongue glided between her honey-slicked lips and stroked her.

Aila purred. Not a sound a wolf should make, but they didn't seem to mind as they caressed and kissed her—Jack's lips claiming her neck, his hands slipping beneath her shirt to massage her tender breasts. Kynan growled and latched his lips around her clitoris while his wicked fingers slid deep inside her.

Her knees growing weak, she reached over her head, clamping her hands behind Jack's neck to steady herself.

Jack kissed her shoulder, tugged away her arms then rucked up her shirt and sent it flying. Kynan gave her clit a smacking kiss then ducked from beneath her skirt to undo the button at the waistband and skim it down her hips.

Naked, the way she preferred to stay when they were alone, she stepped away from them both, shook her hair and let her inner beast give a challenging rumble that vibrated through her chest.

Jack's mouth quirked up on one side.

Kynan's eyebrow arched. "Guess dinner's gonna wait."

Aila grinned and shook out her fur, the transition almost instant. She no longer feared the change. No longer worried about the loss of intellect or self-control because both men had spent the last months proving the promises they'd made her were ones they meant to keep. Forever.

Swishing her tail, the she-wolf turned to watch her mates fly out of their clothes. Before they shook their fur, she leaped past them, running toward the front door that

was conveniently open. She streaked down the wooden porch, over the freshly mowed lawn and down the sidewalk that led toward the center of town.

She stretched out her gait, running hard for the grassy park in the town square, passing the police station and the officers heading to their squad cars who stopped to wave and laugh as their gazes rose beyond her to the two males who raced behind her.

One last burst of speed and she rounded the gazebo in the center of the square then streaked toward the pond. She had an affinity for water. Liked to roll in the cool mud along the bank.

Her snout was dipping into the pond, her tongue lapping thirstily when the first male, the dark wolf, ran up beside her and nipped her flank. When his golden brown brother sniffed beneath her tail, the black growled.

All their aggressive posturing was in play. They yipped and barked, circling her, nudging her with their chests, their lupine smiles telling her how happy they were with the game.

Aila shook, pulled her humanskin around her and lay back, resting on her elbows while the boys shifted in a lovely shimmer of light.

"You had to run past the station house," Jack grumbled, reaching for her hip and laying his head on her belly.

She combed her fingers through his coal-dark hair. "Admit it. You love it when I lead you on a chase. Gives you a chance to play Big Bad Wolf. I bet you paused just long enough to growl at every single one of them as you passed by."

Jack's chest shook against her thigh.

Kynan sat beside her, a knee pulled toward his chest. "Something on your mind, sweetheart? You only run when you're feeling anxious."

They knew her so well, had made it their quest to understand her moods, her desires, her fears. Sometimes, when she overheard them comparing notes about what they'd learned, she wanted to cry. They loved her enough to try to figure her out.

And she'd made it her life's mission to please them. Including forgoing her birth protection two months ago. Not that she'd let them know. She still felt as if she had to keep some secrets to protect her heart. However, the armor she'd encased that muscle inside for so long had completely shattered today.

She glanced down at Jack, who'd come to his elbows so he could study her expression. A frown dug a deep line between his brows.

Kynan's expression was softer. A small smile curved his mouth.

She reached down, placed a hand on Jack's strong shoulder and laid the other inside Kynan's open palm. Wrinkling her nose because their scrutiny made her nervous, she blurted, "I'm pregnant." Then she jutted her chin defiantly while she held her breath.

Jack grew still, his hard expression unchanging, and then his chest billowed around a deep breath. His head bent. His lips pressed soft kisses against her belly.

Relieved, she glanced sideways at Kynan, who squeezed her hand.

"Are you happy, Aila?"

Tears filled her eyes, causing his face to waver. He thumbed them away and bent to kiss her mouth. "Are you, sweetheart?"

She nodded, a smile trembling on her lips. "Thank you. Thank you, both."

Jack scooted up her body and encircled her with his arms. His head sank against her shoulder. "Sugar, don't thank us. You're everything to us. The reason we jump out of bed, eager to begin every day. Our reason to hurry home every night. We love you."

Kynan nodded. "I love you," he said quietly. "You're sunshine and moonlight, and we don't mind the occasional shadows."

She hugged Jack close to her but kept her gaze locked with Kynan. "I wish..."

"We know," Jack said, kissing her breast. "We wish we'd been your first. That you'd never been hurt. But you're here now. We won't let you ever regret placing your trust in us."

With Jack's heavy, muscled body blanketing her, heat stirred in her core. The tip of his cock nudged her folds. Her legs moved restlessly beneath his, and his gaze sharpened, turning from tender to predatory in an instant. "Kynan, why don't you make a loop around the square. Make sure we don't have any company."

Kynan chuckled. "Why don't you?"

"Because I beat you there." He growled, his cock slowly inching up her channel.

"It's a good thing she's a hungry bitch," Kynan muttered, pushing to his feet and strolling away.

Aila grinned up at Jack, who seemed fascinated by her mouth. She stroked her tongue over her lower lip, teasing him. His cock dug deeper, harder. Still cradling her torso, he began to rock inside her.

Aila glanced up at the moon and the stars peeking through the interlocking branches above them. She'd never felt this content, this happy. "Jack?" she whispered.

"Yes, sugar," he said, his hips quickening.

"Make me howl."



## About the Author

Delilah Devlin dated a Samoan, a Venezuelan, a Turk, a Cuban and was engaged to a Greek before marrying her Irishman. She's lived in Saudi Arabia, Germany and Ireland, but calls Texas home for now. Ever a risk taker, she lived in the Saudi Peninsula during the Gulf War, thwarted an attempted abduction by white slave traders and survived her children's juvenile delinquencies.

Creating alter egos for herself in the pages of her books enables her to live new adventures. Since discovering the sinful pleasure of erotica, she writes to satisfy her need for variety—it keeps her from running away with the Indian working in the cubicle beside her!

In addition to writing erotica, she enjoys creating romantic comedies and suspense novels.

Delilah welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her [author bio page](#) at [www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com).

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