



MATING
Season

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Mating Season

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Warning: This book contains sexually explicit content which is only suitable for mature readers. This story has been rated *Total-e-melting*.

MATING SEASON

Nadia Aidan

Dedication

To Rosie, Roxy and April

Chapter One

"I need you and Roarke to mate with me."

Detective Gabriel Alekseev had just taken a sip of his morning coffee only to have it come spewing back up to stain the papers across his desk.

He stared at his partner and friend of almost two years, as if he was seeing her for the first time.

"What the hell did you just say?"

"You heard me, Gabriel. I need you and Roarke to mate with me," Collette Talbot repeated as she folded her arms across her chest.

He stared at her in shock, unable to believe how calm she appeared, as if what she was suggesting wasn't the least bit bizarre.

He pinched the bridge of his nose and let out a long breath. Where did he even begin?

"Okay, putting your statement aside for just a moment, can I ask you *why* you require the *services* of me and my best friend?"

For the first time since she'd barged into his office, she actually looked distressed. Well good, because that made two of them. She flopped down in the leather chair on the other side of his desk and released a sigh, her lovely cinnamon face glowing red as if she could barely contain a fury that simmered just beneath the surface.

"I'm in heat, or at least I will be in a week."

Seconds ticked by in silence before he realised she wasn't going to elaborate. "Okay, and?" He hedged.

"*And*, this will be my tenth cycle in heat."

Gabriel felt all the blood he'd consumed that morning drain from his face. He wasn't privy to all of the rituals that went with each supranatural species, but he knew enough about lycans to know mating season only came around once a decade, and it was a time of intense physical and sexual urges for lycan females, so intense that one man wasn't always enough to satisfy her.

"You want Roarke and me to mate with you, during your *mating season*?" He frowned at the high pitch of his voice, shocked that he sounded like a teenage boy, but still more shocked by what she'd said.

"Yep, pretty much." She shrugged, seemingly unfazed by any of this, and that made him all the more nervous.

"*Pretty much*? Damn it Collette, are you insane?"

Detective Collette Talbot cringed as her partner let loose a string of curses, his rising temper infusing his cheeks with crimson heat.

"You march in here, with this half-baked plan, and you haven't even worked out all the details in your head, especially the part about how we're partners and something like this could pose a problem. I can tell by how flippant you're being that you haven't even thought this through. When did you come up with this idea? Last night?"

This morning. "I don't see why you're so upset. And being partners really has nothing to do with this." She wisely chose not to address the *half-baked plan* part. He was already mad enough.

He shot her a quelling look, as if to say being partners had *everything* to do with it.

"Why can't you just do it with another *supra*?"

Do it? She frowned at his offhand comment. He made it sound as if she could just go roam the streets and pick up any guy who happened to walk by, but they both knew she couldn't. Her mating season was far too intimate. She wanted to spend it with someone she knew, someone she trusted.

"If you were me, would you want some random *supra* during a time like this?" She guessed not, given the dark frown that shadowed his face.

"But you go through mating season every ten years. Why do you need Roarke and me now? What have you done in the past?"

She shrugged. "I've always slept with humans, but with that new law about *supras* preying on humans – or doing anything that even looks like preying – well, that means humans are no longer an option. When I'm in mating heat, things can get a little wild. No one has ever been hurt before –" She shrugged again. "But let's just say things get a bit wild."

She almost burst out laughing at the strained expression on Gabe's face. He looked like he'd rather be having this conversation with anyone else but her.

"I don't understand what is so wrong with you just bonding with another lycan. You're almost a century old now. How long do you plan to put off starting a family?"

Her brows knitted together as she frowned at him, her blood simmering with anger at his audacity. The purpose of mating season was for lycan females to do just that and *mate* – but with a lycan male, which meant during that time females were more susceptible to bonding urges and highly fertile. But over the centuries, many lycan females had shunned the notion of mating simply for the sake of making pups, choosing instead to mate with humans and other *supra*, who they were less likely to form a bond with, and more importantly, less likely to wind up pregnant by. As long as she stayed away from a lycan male, she would be fine – *for the most part*.

"You seem so certain of what I should do with my life, but what about yours? How long do *you* plan on putting off having a family?"

His face reddened some more, if that was even possible, and he seemed visibly flustered by her question. "This isn't about me."

"Exactly. This isn't about you, it's about *me*, and you know I've said many times before that I'm not ready to mate and have pups. So, let's just leave it at that," she said, wincing slightly at her brusque tone. It wasn't Gabe's fault that he'd hit a sensitive nerve, but she couldn't help but bristle at his comment. Her entire family had an opinion about when she was going to start a family. She didn't need Gabe to add his two cents to the list.

"You're right. It's not my life, but if I found someone to mate with, I don't think I would run from that person."

She bit back the snappish reply on the tip of her tongue, at his self righteous tone. He couldn't understand why she wouldn't want a mate, just because he *did*. He hid it well, but she knew him better than most, and she knew his life was a lonely one. Deep down, Gabe yearned for the solace a mate would provide, the warmth of her touch, the reassurance that his existence was now meaningful. She understood Gabe's longing, because at times, she felt it, too, and just like him, she did her best to keep her yearnings buried deep.

He accused her of running from her mate, but she wanted to remind him that she wasn't running from her *intended* mate. Hell, if such a mate existed, she wouldn't run at all,

but he didn't exist, and she refused to be tied to a mate and have his pups when she wasn't in love with him.

But even if that wasn't an issue, there was simply no room in her life for a family with her job as a detective for the Las Vegas Supernatural Crime Unit. Her duties kept her so swamped with crazy hours and a mountain of cases that a heart mate and a pup were the last things she needed right now, which was why she'd turned to Gabriel.

Her handsome partner and his equally gorgeous best friend were a temptation she wasn't sure she should entice herself with, but they were her only option. When she went into heat, every lycan in the nearby vicinity would pick up her scent, and the first one to get to her would win the prize. She was far too independent and in control of her life to leave her future to chance.

"Look Gabe, I know there are some details that I still need to work out, but I wouldn't have come to you if I hadn't thought this through—" *Okay, that wasn't entirely true.* She'd spent the thirty-minute drive into work mulling it over, but really there wasn't too much to consider. She could either mate with another lycan and kiss her life, as she knew it, good-bye or take her chances with Gabriel and Roarke. When it came to the men in her life, there were no others she trusted more, which was why they were her first, last and only option.

"You and Roarke are really my only option."

"Your only option for what?"

Collette spun around in her chair as Detective Roarke Dimitru strolled into Gabe's office with all the confidence and swagger of the city's second oldest vampire.

She furled her lips into a small smile as her gaze raked over the ruggedly handsome man with his stubbled jaw and chestnut brown locks that curled lazily around his broad shoulders. His green eyes danced with flirtatious laughter. In a word, Roarke was the consummate *playboy*, and he knew it.

"Collette wants us to fuck her."

She shot Gabriel a hard look as her lips thinned into a tight frown. He didn't have to put it that way *exactly*, no matter that was exactly how she'd posed it to him.

"Hell yeah. I'm all in."

"Of course, you are," Gabriel said dryly to the man who'd been his best friend for over two centuries.

She ignored Gabriel as she flashed Roarke a warm smile.

"Thanks, Roarke. I knew I could count on you."

"Oh please, Collette. The only reason why you can count on Roarke is because he thinks with the head in his pants —"

"Hey! I resent that." Everyone might have actually believed that had Roarke not been standing there, wearing a smug grin, as if he was proud of his scandalous reputation. She shook her head as a smile spread across her face. Knowing Roarke, he probably was.

"Well it's true, and you know it. Besides, while you're all *gung ho*, did you even think to ask Collette for all the details, especially the one about how she could wind up *pregnant* after we're all done?"

She glared at Gabriel, pissed that he'd brought something up that really wasn't an issue. Sometimes, he could really be a self righteous pain in the ass.

"Whoa! You're hot Collette, and I'm sure any offspring of ours would be drop dead gorgeous, but I don't do vamp kittens or were pups," Roarke protested, as he held up his hands like an invisible shield. She rolled her eyes at his antics. No doubt Roarke thought having offspring was akin to death. It probably was given his *active* lifestyle.

Shooting to her feet, she moved to intercede before Gabriel could ruin her entire plan.

"Relax Roarke. You know lycans and vamps can only reproduce when the pairing involves true heart mates." She slid her gaze over both men. "And I think it's safe to say, none of us in here are heart mates, *but*," she added when both men opened their mouths, ready to unleash a barrage of questions and protests. "If it eases your mind, I can come up with a spell to deal with that. Just give me until the end of the day, and I'm sure I can conjure up something."

Roarke visibly relaxed, but Gabriel was a different story. One didn't become a master of an entire city, because he was rash or impulsive. No, Gabriel was extremely thorough and meticulous. Those qualities were what made him such a good detective. She appreciated them when they worked together, but at the moment she cursed him and his damn steady judgment, especially when he still looked at her with that sceptical expression of his.

"I still don't know —"

"Why don't we give Collette a chance to come up with a spell before we just shut her down? She's one of her kind's most powerful witches. I'm sure she can come up with

some —”

“Why are you so eager to jump into bed with her? You weren’t even here to hear her whole convoluted and half-baked story, and yet you’re ready to go.” Gabe said with a dark glower.

She glared at him. He was exaggerating. Her plan hadn’t been *that* half-baked.

Roarke shrugged his large shoulders, his lips curling into a lopsided grin. “I didn’t need to be here, I already know what’s going on. How old are you, Collette? Seventy? Eighty?” He didn’t wait for her to answer as he bulldozed ahead. “She’s obviously about to go through her tenth cycle, and it’s mating season —”

“I should have known you would know,” Gabe grumbled as he shook his head.

Roarke’s grin grew wider. “Who doesn’t? Besides, I’ve helped out a couple of lycan hotties a time or two before. You wouldn’t be so uptight about this stuff if you relaxed a little and got laid. You spend —”

“Thanks, Roarke. Was there something you needed?”

“Not really. I just heard my name when I was passing by, so I decided to drop on in.”

She chuckled when he winked at her. She had no doubt he’d been eavesdropping and decided to pop in to help her make her case.

“I need to get to work,” she said as she moved towards the door. “But will you at least consider my proposition?”

“Honey, you know I’m all in —”

“I’ll *consider* it,” Gabe finished, shooting Roarke a pointed glare.

“Well, that’s all I ask,” she said softly, her eyes fixed solely on Gabe before she turned on her heels and slipped out.

“What the hell is wrong with you, man?” Gabe said, shoving a hand through his midnight black mane that brushed against his shoulders.

“I should ask you the same thing. *Miss Hot Fineness* wants to make you her sex slave for eight hours, *at least*, and you’re all prepared to say *no*. Have you ever slept with a lycan chick during mating season? Man, I can tell you the sex is *hot*. I don’t know what’s wrong with you, or why you’re being so uptight about this?”

He shot his best friend a hard look as he leaned back in his chair, letting out a long ragged breath in the process.

Roarke was only a century younger than him, but in this case, that century made all the difference. His friend was a top notch detective, and was the best at what he did, but when he ended his shift, he was free to go on the hunt for pussy or blood or both.

The same wasn't true for him. When his shift was over, he had to return to his home and hear the complaints of the five vampire clan elders, who were constantly involved in power struggles – and that was on a slow day. Most nights, he was outside, hovering beneath the silver moon, tuning into the pulse of the night, listening for sounds in the darkness for any indication that something was amiss in his city.

No, Roarke didn't understand why his life wasn't just an endless orgy, because he didn't have the weight of an entire city on his shoulders. It wasn't just the vampire clans either. Humans, lycans, witches, and dark fey all came to his door to voice their concerns if a rogue vampire was on the loose, or if one of his kind messed up and harmed another species.

His life had not been carefree for almost fifty years, since he'd assumed control of *Sin City* from a rogue vamp.

At the time, he'd been fresh and eager to control his own city, to wield such power over several clans. As the youngest of five siblings, he'd been the last to inherit such an honoured responsibility, but now he understood why two of his brothers had turned their cities over to other elder vampires after finding their mates. It was an all consuming job, which left little time for anything else, and in his case, that also included meaningless sex and frivolous dating.

"I don't think I'm being uptight about any of this. I'm just considering what could happen if we don't think about this before we enter into an eight-hour fuck fest, as you seem to be so eager to do. Besides, I would think with your carefree life, the thought of getting any woman pregnant would scare the shit out of you."

A lazy grin spread across Roarke's face as he lowered his large frame into the same chair Collette had just deserted. "You forget, I've done this before, and there are no kittens and puppies walking around here. Actually, the last lycan I slept with was in her mating season, and it was no big deal. I shared her with another vamp, and it was all good."

His brows lifted. *He was sure it was all good.* "And how did you keep her from getting pregnant then?" He wasn't even sure he wanted to know, because then he'd have no excuse to turn down Collette. He was counting on her not being able to come up with a spell, because if she did, they were both going to be in some deep trouble.

"I don't know." Roarke shrugged. "I think she used some kind of temporary infertility spell on both of us. Whatever it was, it obviously worked. But it really doesn't matter because Collette's right. As long as we're not heart mates then there's no real chance of us getting her knocked up. Still, if it bothers you, I can ask my friend. It's been a few decades, but I'm sure, if I call her up, she could remember."

He frowned. "I'm sure Collette will figure it out if this spell is so *common*."

"Which is lucky for you, eh?"

Gabe narrowed his blue gaze at his friend, who didn't seem the least bit troubled by his icy stare. "What is that supposed to mean?"

"You forget how well I know you."

Gabe shifted uncomfortably in his seat, not really sure if he wanted to hear where this was headed.

"But one doesn't have to know you well to know that you're interested in Collette. Actually, I'd say you're attracted to your partner, *very* attracted."

Gabe shifted again, suddenly feeling uneasy. Roarke was his best friend, and he could share almost anything with him, but he wasn't ready to share his feelings for Collette. Mainly, because he hadn't figured them all out himself. But also because, while it may be obvious that he was attracted to Collette, it was just as obvious that Collette was attracted to Roarke. That thought made the knot in his gut clench tight, but he did his best to ignore it. If Collette wanted Roarke, then he would just have to accept it and move on. It was just that he couldn't completely understand what a woman such as Collette saw in Roarke. It wasn't *just* because he was jealous, although he would be lying if he didn't admit that he wasn't immune to the pangs of the ugly green monster. But it was more than that. Considering how well he knew them both, he would have never thought Collette and Roarke well-suited. But maybe Collette wasn't interested in anything of substance and depth. Actually, the more he thought about it, the more it made sense.

Roarke was a handsome man, who loved to play the field, but maybe that's exactly what she wanted. He'd just been so sure, deep down, Collette wanted something more meaningful, but apparently he'd misjudged her.

Even if he hadn't read her wrong, it was still awfully hard not to miss the easy camaraderie that flowed between the two of them, and how comfortable they were around each other. Just moments ago, he'd been a witness to the intimate exchange that passed between them when Roarke winked at her, and she smiled back. They thought no one noticed, but it was impossible not to.

As wizened and mature he thought himself to be, he was finding it pretty damned difficult to accept that he was attracted to a woman, who obviously wanted his best friend. Yet, no matter how hard a pill it was to swallow, he was determined not to let it interfere with his relationship with either of them—especially Roarke.

Nothing had ever come between him and Roarke, certainly not a woman, and he didn't want Collette to be the first. If he could just manage to keep his feelings to himself, then they wouldn't become an issue.

Collette and Roarke could do what they so obviously wanted to do, without worrying about hurting his feelings. He would go on doing what he'd always done—return home to an empty bed that was always cold and run his city with a steady hand, no matter how lonely a life it was, and in spite of how futile his efforts seemed.

Roarke cleared his throat loudly, in a blatant gesture to force Gabe to address his loaded comment. But he wasn't sure if he could. How did he deny Roarke's words without outright lying?

"Collette is clearly an attractive woman, but she's my partner, which means our relationship must always remain strictly professional."

"Bullshit."

He was so stunned by that simple statement that it took him a second to collect his thoughts. "Why is that bullshit? It's the truth."

He didn't flinch under the weight of Roarke's stare. He couldn't. As the master of the city, he'd been conditioned to hold his ground, but it was damn near impossible when confronting a man who was as close to him as Roarke was, and who knew him as well as any of his brothers did.

"You only put your shields up with me when you're lying or when you don't want me to discover the truth. And they're always up every time I bring up Collette." He stood as he spoke. "You're attracted to her, I know it. If it makes you feel better, she's attracted to you, too."

"Have you been tapping into her thoughts? You know that's rude."

Roarke grinned as he lifted his shoulders in a slight shrug. "Maybe once or twice, but relax. I didn't get much more than she thinks you're sexy."

He snorted. "Yeah, and I'm sure your name followed soon after."

"Actually, no, it didn't."

"How is your ego dealing with that?" he joked, in an effort to break some of the tension that had suddenly descended upon the room. For months, he'd tried to avoid this conversation with Roarke, and he was determined not to have it now either.

"Make light of this all you want, but the only man who seems to enter Collette's thoughts is you."

Gabe opened his mouth to object, but never got the chance.

"Collette's a beautiful woman, and like you said, it's quite natural to find her attractive, but Collette and I aren't *attracted* to one another."

"Why are you telling me this?" His eyes narrowed to slits. He searched Roarke's normally open face that was now as blank as an empty canvas, which made him uneasy with suspicion. He'd been so careful about hiding his feelings for Collette. Was it possible that Roarke had discovered the truth?

"No reason," he said with a casual shrug. "I guess I just wanted to let you know that if we end up helping Collette through her mating season, when it's over, Collette and I will return to normal, and we will continue to be good friends, but still, *just* friends."

"And you think things will somehow be different between the two of us instead?" He didn't wait for him to answer, because truthfully he wasn't prepared to hear what Roarke had to say. "We've shared women before, and neither one of us has had any problem. I don't expect this to be any different."

"Yes, well, I just wanted you to know where I stood on this. Just so there isn't any *confusion*," he said. Before Gabe could probe him for the deeper meaning of his words,

Roarke slipped out of his office, leaving him to wonder *exactly* what his friend had really been trying to say.

"Damn it, Victoria. What the hell do you mean the spell isn't fool proof?" she hissed into her cell as she huddled outside, pressed against the side wall of the building that housed her unit. The walls served as a telepathic barrier, protecting all confidential and sensitive information inside her unit. As long as she was outside, no one could listen in on her thoughts *or* her conversation, which was why she'd ventured outdoors to call her older sister, because one could never be too careful with the place crawling with telepathic *supra*.

"Well, the infertility spell is foolproof. I can't believe you've never had to use it before. I don't know how human men could even compare —"

"Tory!" She snapped impatiently. Like many *supras*, her sister held a slight disdain for humans, the *weaker* species. So Tory had been shocked to learn that she'd never spent her mating season with another *supra*, which meant she'd never had to use it. For some reason human males were unable to impregnate lycan women, although the reverse wasn't the case. Still, it was impossible for a lycan female to get pregnant outside of her mating season, and with her affinity for human men, she'd never had to think of such things. That's why she preferred human lovers in the first place. No birth control hassles — like *now*.

"Oh yes, like I was saying. The infertility spell only works on vampires *and* as long as the vamp isn't your heart mate, otherwise it's useless. But as far as your bonding urges — well there's really nothing you can do about that."

"What bonding urges? I thought if I mated with two vamps, or any other *supra*, that I wouldn't have these stupid urges since they're not lycan."

"And normally you would be right...."

"Okay, so what's the problem this time," she asked when her sister's voice trailed off. *Uh oh*. She didn't like this at all. She could feel her sister's troubled energy even through the phone, and it was times like these when her sister's talent as a *seer* really scared her, because she knew before Victoria even opened her mouth that she was going to hate what she had to say.

"Well, Collette. I don't know how to say this —"

She clenched her eyes shut as she sighed. Tory always had a flare for the dramatic and Collette knew she derived a perverse pleasure from leaving her in suspense. "Oh, Victoria, just spit it out."

"Well, I've been having these visions of you for several months now. It's nothing substantive, or anything that I can pinpoint, but I just keep getting the feeling that this mating season you will finally find your heart mate."

She groaned aloud. *Not this again.* "That's ridiculous, Tory. I'm too old."

"Now that's ridiculous. You're immortal. There's no such thing as too old."

Collette closed her eyes again, this time touching her fingers to her temples as she worked to keep the migraine she felt coming on at bay.

Tory was such a hopeless romantic. She'd found her heart mate when she was just thirty, and could not imagine her life without Lucien or her two pups. Collette loved her sister and knew she was well intentioned, but Tory just didn't seem to understand that a heart mate really wasn't in her future.

"You're a cynic, do you know that—"

"Tory—"

"But, I don't have time to reprimand you about that right now, because I really need to get back to the pups. Before I go though, I just want to ask you something. These vamps that are going to help you through your tenth cycle—are you attracted to one of them?"

Tory's question was innocent enough, but not the image that came to mind as soon as she said it. The vision of a sinfully handsome vamp with eyes as blue as the sea, and hair as dark as night instantly flashed through her head. She stifled a groan as tiny butterflies fluttered in her belly and her nipples tightened. She quickly put up her mental shield to keep her sister from reading her thoughts. Tory would never let this go if she discovered Collette had a *slight* crush on her partner.

She laughed nervously, trying to dispel the vivid image of Gabriel in her head.

"Attracted to *one* of them? Tory if you could see these guys, they are hot! One is—"

"Oh, you don't fool me. Your shields are up, and you're babbling. Besides, you know what I meant. I didn't ask you if you found them attractive. I asked if you were *attracted* to one of them, and I know you know the difference."

Damn. How was she going to get herself out of this one? Tory was relentless when she sensed someone was hiding the truth. She would dig and dig until she got what she wanted. Collette nibbled on her bottom lip, as she searched her brain for a plausible lie that would give her just enough time to get off the phone.

Static crackled in her ear, as her sister sighed loudly into the receiver.

“Keep your secrets all you want, Collette, but be warned. If you go into this mating cycle with a *supra* that you have strong feelings for, you could wind up losing your heart. So just be mindful, those spells won’t be worth a damn if one of those vamps is your heart mate.”

Collette stifled a long groan, as she fought to keep her eyes from rolling in the back of her head. When would Tory give up this crusade of hers? She wasn’t cut out for a heart mate and it was as simple as that.

“I would think I’d know my heart mate when I met him,” Collette said, the sarcasm heavy in her voice.

The line was silent for several moments, and she almost thought her sister’s phone had dropped the call, when Tory’s voice came across the line, as little more than a hushed whisper, sending eerie shills racing down her spine.

“Not if he *isn’t* lycan,” she said slowly.

Every muscle inside Collette’s body tensed, forcing her to acknowledge that it was especially difficult for female lycans to recognize their heart mates if they weren’t lycans themselves. But then that was just so *rare*.

“Just remember, Collette, some heart mates are harder to spot, especially when you’re doing your best not to see.”

Chapter Two

“Did Roarke tell you I found a spell,” Collette whispered teasingly, her lips nearly brushing against Gabriel’s ear.

The hairs on the back of his neck stood at attention as Collette’s warm breath fanned out across his skin. Before she whispered in his ear, he’d known the exact moment she’d entered the break room, because he’d picked up the subtle scent of her perfume that smelled of honey and wildflowers. Despite his best effort not to physically react to her throaty purr and the heat of her body that was just inches from his, warmth still pooled in his loins as his body hardened.

He spun around to face her, his hands clamping around her upper arms. A tiny gasp fell from her lips, and her light brown eyes widened, telling him he’d surprised her with his abrupt movements.

“I do not want to play these games with you, Collette. You are my partner, and to be honest, I really wished you wouldn’t have put me in this position.”

She stared up at him, her lids fluttering over her eyes, and she appeared even more shocked, if that was possible.

“What does being partners have to do with this? I need you to *help* me. I came to you because you’re my friend, and I trust you. But if you would rather not—”

His hands tightened around her arms. “It’s not that I won’t do it,” he said softly, trying his best to ignore the wounded look in her eyes as the invisible knot in his gut tightened. *Damn, why did she have to affect him so powerfully?*

“Then what is it? It’s obvious you’re uncomfortable with all of this, but I don’t understand why.”

He released her arms to tunnel a single hand through his hair. He heard the question in her voice and knew exactly why she was so puzzled. His reaction was like that of a human. To humans, sex was a taboo arena with rules and boundaries, but not to supranaturals. *Supras* viewed it as a natural interaction between one another, just as natural as having a conversation.

As her closest male friends, it was considered normal for Collette to turn to Roarke and him for something like this. She'd assumed they would help her then, when all was said and done, they would all go back to being friends, as if nothing had happened. Ordinarily, he would have felt the same way. But this time was different.

He let out a long, uneven breath as he stared down into her expectant face. He knew she wanted an answer, but he didn't have one to give. Well, at least not one she wanted to hear.

He reached out his hand, and with the lightest of touches, he skimmed his callused fingers across the smooth surface of her full mouth.

"Are you sure this spell will work?" He couldn't believe he was actually going along with her reckless plan, but since he apparently was, there was no point in denying he was attracted to her. He knew nothing good would come of this in the end, so why not at least have a bit of fun before it all went to hell.

"Yes." She said with a small nod as her lips parted slightly, and he knew from the widening of her eyes, she instantly felt the change in him.

Blood pumped furiously through his veins, as his body grew harder. The scent of her arousal wrapped around him, and if he hadn't known already that she was nearly in heat, the essence of her unique scent, which was heavy in the air, would have instantly revealed the truth.

"You're trying to distract me." Her voice shook slightly, and he knew with the approaching full moon, her growing desires made it difficult for her to focus on anything besides her primal needs. "You're trying to keep me from asking why this makes you so uncomfortable."

"I never said I was uncomfortable with any of this." He hadn't been expecting her to realise what he was doing, but he shouldn't have been surprised. Besides his mother, she knew him better than any other woman.

"You're uncomfortable. I can feel it."

He closed the small distance between them, his other hand settling on her hip to drag her flush against his body. She gasped softly when his rigid length dug into the soft flesh of her belly. If there was any evidence that he *wasn't* uncomfortable, well then she now had it.

Everything inside him roared to life at the feel of her soft curves moulding to the hard planes of his body. His incisors lengthened as the steady throb of her pulse beat wildly in his ears. Lowering his head, he swiped his tongue against the base of her neck that peeked out above the collar of her blouse. He growled against her throat when she shuddered against him, her stiffened nipples stabbing into his chest.

"I'm not uncomfortable, my sweet Collette, but I think you might be. Or maybe uncomfortable is not the word. No, I think *you're* worried."

He vaguely felt her hands sliding up his back to tangle in his hair, so lost was he in his desire for her that beat so strongly within him, demanding that it be satisfied. He ached to settle her lush body against the floor, spread her thighs and sink his hardened length inside her warm, tight sheath. He knew instinctively that her body would eagerly welcome the invasion of his cock, and he nearly spurted right there in his pants as he imagined their bodies glistening with sweat as they both strained towards climax.

A knowing twinkle flashed in her eyes as she twisted her arms tighter around his neck, and he wondered if, maybe, he'd let something slip past his shields without realizing it.

"I'm not worried, Gabe. I trust you completely. I know you would never do anything to hurt me."

A knife twisted in his gut, and he felt like the world's biggest coward in that moment. He didn't deserve her trust, and he knew she would hate him when she discovered the truth. Even *he* wasn't ready to face the truth, and he certainly didn't want to face it right then. So he did what any good coward would do. He brushed it aside, focusing instead on the enticing distraction that was Collette, as he lowered his head to taste her, his mouth pressing against hers in a searching kiss.

He'd barely touched his lips to hers before she parted them. Her tongue sought entrance inside his mouth at the same time he probed the moist centre beyond the lush paradise of her berry lips. He devoured her slowly, savouring the heady taste of her as he sucked gently on her tongue, drawing her essence deeper within him until he felt as if she would seep from his pores.

They clung to each other, their bodies entwined in a lovers' embrace. He ached to explore her more fully, more intimately, but he knew now was not the appropriate time, and yet, he still couldn't find the strength to drag himself away from her.

"Gabe, I need you."

He groaned against her lips, as he backed her towards the wall of the break room, all thoughts of the right time and place long forgotten. Everything inside him burned for her, and his aching body was urgent in its need.

"I know you're not starting the party without me."

Gabe growled low in his throat, but he didn't pull away from her as Roarke stepped inside the break room and shut the door.

"Lock it," he whispered, his voice hoarse with need. Collette had set the stage, now it was time for them all to play their parts.

"Gabe, we're at work. We could get caught." Collette warned, her voice shaking slightly.

He curled his lips into a small smile as he slowly traced the curve of her full lips.

"We could," he said softly, letting the mystery of his words hover between them. They certainly could get caught, but then there was the chance that they wouldn't. Still the excitement of doing the forbidden spurred him on, daring him to do to Collette what he'd envisioned from the moment she'd propositioned him and Roarke.

He glanced at his friend, who wore a small grin, his eyes focused on Collette. He pushed along that telepathic link between them, speaking without words his plans for Collette. Roarke nodded, but didn't tear his gaze from Collette, who now stood before him, trembling.

He met her lust-filled gaze, the dark pupils of her eyes now clouded with desire. He slowly ran his hands down the length of her arms, gently stroking her bare skin. She was warm, her body flushed from the heat of her arousal and he drank in her essence, her lingering scent, as he leaned into her again, to taste her lips.

This kiss was harder, more urgent as he claimed her with his mouth. And she instantly responded by moulding her body to his, yielding to his probing lips. Every cell within him called out to her, desperately seeking the completion that she now offered. He ached to slide his length inside her warmth, but he clung to his iron will of self-control, resisting the demands of his body. She deserved more than a hasty fuck on the floor of the office break room, and he was determined to give that to her — and so much more.

Dragging his lips from hers, he gave her one last quick peck against her mouth before sliding down the length of her body to drop to his knees before her. With deft movements, he unsnapped her jeans and slowly tugged down the zipper.

He closed his eyes as he inhaled deeply, her musky scent filling his lungs. Reaching inside her jeans, he cupped the full swells of her ass and massaged gently before pushing her pants down to her ankles. She grasped the back of his head, anchoring herself against him, as she stepped out of her pants and kicked them aside.

Lifting his head, he held her gaze and a small knot tightened in his belly at the intimate look that passed between them. A lump formed in his throat, and he swallowed hard. Despite his earlier bravado, he knew making love to Collette would change everything, but it was too late now, he'd already agreed to help her. He was trapped.

Desire pumped through Collette's body, and she moaned low in her throat when Gabe's hands stroked the length of her bare thighs, hovering dangerously close to the centre of her womanhood.

She met his gaze, and a jolt of awareness shot through her at the look that flashed between them. But just as quickly as it came, Gabe's hooded eyes darkened, closing off his deeper emotions to her, leaving her to wonder if she'd imagined the intimacy of their exchange.

But the real emotion that floated between them just moments before had not been imagined, which was why she now stood there, hovering in the mist of desire, still clinging to self-doubts. She knew there was something about all of this that troubled Gabe, but he refused to admit to it. Even now as she stared down at him, he refused to meet her searching gaze. Instead, he did what he'd done before. He resorted to distracting her with his powerful brand of lovemaking.

She'd been so deep in her thoughts of Gabe that she hadn't noticed her panties being dragged to her feet, but at the first touch of Gabe's mouth to the swollen lips of her pussy, she instantly forgot all her reservations and focused solely on the throbbing heat that pulsed between her thighs.

She trembled as Gabe swiped his tongue through the folds of her sex, and given her wobbly legs, she probably would have collapsed in a heap to the floor, had Roarke not pressed his body against hers, pouring his strength into her.

She'd been so lost in Gabe that she'd forgotten all about Roarke. But wasn't that always the case? It was just too bad Roarke was such a player, because unlike Gabe, who only saw her as one of the guys and treated her as such, at least Roarke could appreciate her as a woman, even if it was purely superficial.

"You're thinking too hard, honey," Roarke whispered against her ear, as he snaked his arms around her to cup her breasts in his hands. "You need to forget whatever is in that pretty head of yours and just focus on what we're about to do to you." And to make his point clear, he massaged the weight of her breasts as he dipped his head to the curve of her neck and stroked his tongue along the sensitive flesh.

Tremors roared through her, as the simmering heat inside her leapt to life, building to an out of control wildfire.

She was lost to the sensation of it all as Gabe nibbled on the tiny nub of her clit, dragging sharp bolts of pleasure from her body. When he slid a single finger inside her clenching heat, she nearly fainted.

"Gabe," she gasped, as her body melted against Roarke's. She closed her eyes, savouring the heat of both men's touch, and for the first time, she sifted through the unique scent of them both.

In many ways, they were so alike, and yet the differences between them were stark. Gabe's essence vibrated with a dominant, masculine intensity that was all consuming, and power clung to him like a second skin. Whereas, Roarke was intensely primal, and everything about him screamed of baser urges, still there remained a sensuality about him that whispered of gentlemanly refinement. Their scents told her more about them than words ever could. Roarke was a ladies' man, but Gabe was all man – an Alpha male among many.

She knew then that she'd chosen the perfect men to usher her through her mating season. There was no doubt in her mind, they would bring her body to new heights, as they were doing now.

Tangling her hand in Gabe's silky hair, she held him pressed against her, as his mouth teased her towards the edge of fulfilment. Liquid heat slipped from her body, and Gabe drank from her, his mouth kissing her in the most intimate way a man could.

She shivered, as she felt herself sliding closer and closer to the edge. He seemed to sense her impending climax because he stroked another finger inside her as he tugged harder on her clit, with his skilful lips.

A wave of pleasure washed over her, and she drowned in the powerful sensations he dragged from her as she hovered just at the precipice of completion.

She clung to him, her nails digging into the back of his head, telling him with her body not to stop the sweet torture he was bestowing upon her. He responded in kind, eagerly devouring her with his mouth until she felt her climax building within her, but when Roarke fastened his lips to her neck and bore down, she completely shattered

The pleasure pain of his incisors piercing her skin sent white hot shocks of heat sizzling through her, and she found herself tumbling over the edge, falling straight towards the sweetest orgasm she could ever remember.

She cried out, her body pulsing from the force of her climax as both men drank from her until she was both weak and spent.

Tiny quakes roiled through her, as she slumped against Roarke, letting him take the entire weight of her body. She was a mindless, boneless zombie for a long while, to the point that she didn't realise Gabe had slid her panties and jeans back onto her body until he stood before her to press his lips against hers.

She moaned into his hot mouth, as she tasted herself on his lips. The kiss was so sweet, so erotic, and it was over all too soon.

"That is only the beginning," he whispered, as if he'd read her thoughts, but knew he hadn't since her shields were still in place.

Roarke chuckled from behind her, his response mirroring the laughter that flashed in Gabe's eyes.

She felt herself smiling, too, at the thought of what lay ahead for them, but her smile quickly disappeared when a sharp knock vibrated against the door, followed by the distinct sound of a key turning in the lock.

They sprang apart, and just in the nick of time, before their boss came barrelling inside. A *were* like herself, Captain Moliker's hairy face was flushed a ruddy red as he glared at all three of them. The knowing look on his face told her exactly what he was thinking, and her cheeks heated with embarrassment.

"You three better have a damned good reason for why this door was locked!"

* * * *

A week later, Collette was still reeling from her embarrassing ordeal with her boss. He'd known what they were up to, but the Captain had let them all off the hook with just a warning, as long as they promised nothing like that would ever happen again.

She had not hesitated to assure him she would continue to be the model of professionalism he knew her to be. She'd been with the unit for almost five years and had never had so much as a citation levelled against her. She and Gabe were the epitome of professionalism, and they would both be up for promotion within a year's time. Roarke, on the other hand....well, he was another story entirely. Apparently, that hadn't been his first *episode* in the break room, which really hadn't been a surprise to her. She had a very good feeling that it wouldn't be his last either.

She shook her head at that thought, a smile spreading across her face. Roarke was certainly *not* the epitome of professionalism, but, to his credit, *every* job he did, he certainly did well and to the highest of standards.

The chime of the doorbell shook her from her reverie, and she crossed the foyer to open her front door.

A small smile touched her lips as a slow heat churned in her belly at the handsome sight that greeted her. Dressed in a black silk shirt and black trousers, Gabe was a striking vision with his dark good looks. While Roarke stood behind him, looking rough and tumbled in a white dress shirt and worn jeans, wearing his most unique accessory – his classic dimpled grin.

"As always, you are stunning, my dear," Roarke said, pushing past Gabe to sweep her into his arms, and plant a hard, swift kiss against her lips, before releasing her to march down the hallway.

"Something smells good," he called from over his shoulder, just as he disappeared into her kitchen.

"Yes, well just help yourself," she yelled after him, but knew it was already too late when she heard dishes clinking against each other.

At the sound of Gabe's heavy sigh, she turned to face him, and an apologetic scowl marred his handsome features. "Sorry about that. We planned to hunt, but would have been late if we stopped."

Being lycan, she consumed both raw and prepared foods, depending upon her cravings, and she knew vampires did the same. They could exist on human food for quite a while, but their strength and longevity of life could only be sustained with blood. *Supranatural* blood being the richest source.

"You can drink from me if there should be a need."

A small smile lifted his lips as he stepped inside. "There shouldn't be. Roarke is *obviously* not suffering from weakness, and I fed last night, so I am fine."

For now, she wanted to say, thinking of how draining the full moon phase would be for all of them.

"Roarke and I are strong enough—"

She gasped as her eyes widened, surprised that he would read her thoughts so openly.

"I didn't mean to," he said softly, as he stroked his hand down her cheek.

"You just did it again." With just the slightest touch of his fingers against her skin, her body ignited, making her voice weak, and causing the slight reprimand to sound more like an empty statement, given how badly she trembled. It was always like this as she neared the full moon. Within an hour, she would become a slave to her lusts, completely blinded by her desires.

"I'm sorry. I really didn't mean to be rude, but you had your shields down for once, and I just found myself curious. Again, my apologies."

"For once?" She said, her brows lifting in question.

"Excuse me?"

"You said I had my shields down *for once*. Makes me wonder how many times you've tried to probe my mind."

A sheepish grin tugged at the corners of his lips, and for the first time ever he didn't look like he carried the weight of the world on his broad shoulders.

"I'll be honest. I've probed a few times before."

Her eyes widened. *Now, that was interesting.* "Why? Why would you try to read my thoughts?"

He shrugged. "General curiosity, mainly. But, in some instances, I wanted to gauge your reactions to certain things, or hear your thoughts about other people."

"Well, why not ask me then?"

Something flashed in the depths of his eyes. Suddenly their benign conversation seemed to transform into something more when he slipped his arm around her waist and dragged her flush against his body.

"Would you have told me the truth, Collette? Would you have been honest about your thoughts, your feelings about something or *someone*?"

"Of course."

"If that's the case, then why are your shields once again back in place? What is it that you're hiding, Collette? What is it that you don't want me to know?"

Nothing. She screamed inside her head, but she knew this time he couldn't hear her. She opened her mouth to tell him that just because she kept her shields up didn't mean she had something to hide. Besides, it wasn't like he was an open book either. Come to think of it, Gabe *always* had his mind closed to her. Yet before she could get a word out she found herself battling against the onslaught of his powerful sensuality when he dipped his head to cover her mouth with his.

Heat radiated from his body, nearly scorching her with its intensity, and she melted into him, giving herself over to the arousal he awakened within her. She wound her arms behind his neck at the same he slid his hands down the side of her body to slip them under her shirt. His fingers moved almost absently, as he caressed her skin in a lazy manner, sometimes creeping up to nearly graze the swells of her breasts, before inching down to the curve of her hips.

He teased her with his hands, the rough pads of his fingers causing tiny goose bumps to break out along her bare skin as she shivered with need.

The Call was starting to heat her blood, slowly making her a thrall to the spell the waxing full moon wove over her body, but it wasn't just the moon. Gabe was a master in all things, and he wielded his own power over her, taunting her with his skilful mouth and hands to surrender completely to him – if she dared.

"You've started without me again. If you're not careful, I might get jealous."

Unlike the week before in the break room, Gabe did not break their kiss. Actually, quite the opposite. His hands tightened around her hips, trapping her to him, and his mouth lingered on hers until the harsh sound of Roarke, noisily clearing his throat, forced them to finally separate.

"I thought we were supposed to be having dinner," Roarke said with a slight chuckle.

Right. She'd prepared a meal, but it had been completely forgotten from the moment Gabe touched her.

The look on his face told her he felt pretty much the same. Whatever meal was in her kitchen followed a distant second to the delights they'd just savoured.

"Are you guys hungry?" she asked as she spun around and walked in the direction of her kitchen, but stopped when she nearly collided with the hard, solid wall of Roarke's chest.

He licked his lips as he grinned down at her, his hand reaching out to grasp her hips, an instinctive gesture to keep her from crashing into him.

"I'm not hungry anymore – at least not for food," he whispered, his lips furling into a wicked grin as a naughty gleam lit up his face.

"I never was hungry – at least not for food," Gabe said from over her shoulder, his husky words sliding over her like smooth velvet.

Come to think of it, she wasn't hungry either, but even if she were, it would have been secondary to satisfying the needs of the two men who stood before her.

She parted her lips and ran her tongue along the seam, dragging Roarke's gaze to her now glistening mouth. He smiled that classic, cocky smile of his and tugged her closer. Gabe closed the distance between her body and his as he sidled up behind her to press himself against her.

A tiny gasp tumbled from her lips when Gabe nudged his hardening length against the cleft of her ass.

"Before this night is over, I plan to take you there," he whispered against her neck, his tongue drawing lazy circles along her skin. "I plan to take you everywhere."

She shivered at his words, which were so like him – insistent, erotic, possessive. The heat of both men wrapped around her, igniting a blaze of warmth deep within her belly. Her body was in need of both men, and the release they would give her, and she trembled with anticipation as her pussy swelled with moist heat, eagerly preparing her for the night to come.

She curled one arm behind Roarke's neck, as she slipped her other hand behind her back, to curve around Gabe's taut, firm ass. She held their bodies against her as she finally allowed herself to succumb to the onslaught of sensations that swirled inside her.

Gabe continued to nibble along her neck, as he wrapped his arms around her, but instead of touching her breasts, he teased her once again, by stroking his hands up and down the plain of her belly. Every nerve ending stood at attention as he skimmed his rough fingers across her sensitive skin, bringing her closer and closer to full arousal.

He drew a needy moan from her lips, and she tightened her arms around both men. Roarke seemed to sense the urgency within her, and she found herself tilting her head back when he tangled a single hand in her hair and lowered his head to her waiting mouth.

The pulsing flames of arousal leapt higher, and she closed her eyes as waves of heat gathered inside her.

Roarke's tongue probed inside the hot cave of her mouth, and she slipped her own between his lips to taste him. Again, she found herself noticing the differences between the two men. Roarke was a skilled lover, adept in the knowledge of pleasing a woman, so he knew how to tempt her, tease her, nip her here and there to elicit a certain response, but he was always in control of his emotions, in control of his desire. Gabe was completely instinctive, giving and taking what he felt she needed, when she needed it. At times, he was in control, but there were other times, like now, when his desire raised the beast within him, and she could feel it crawling inside him, begging to be unleashed.

Let go. She whispered into his mind, giving him free reign to lose control, because in less than an hour, she was going to lose control, too.

Blood rushed to Gabe's ears as Collette's whispered command brushed against his mind like the most delicate of fingertips. She didn't know what she was inviting with her innocent words, but she'd given him permission, and the primal being that lurked just beneath the civil façade he normally presented instantly broke free.

His incisors lengthened, and he stroked his tongue against her neck, trying to soothe her with his touch. She quaked in his arms, sensing the dangerous creature within him, but there was no fear in her, instead she arched her neck, openly surrendering to him.

He closed his eyes and dragged in her heady scent that hovered in the air, heavy from her arousal. The smell of her hardened his body, and he was driven to touch her more intimately, so he let his hands wander, sliding a single palm down her body to slip within the confines of her pants. Stroking through the soft hair of her mound, he easily found the wet treasure that awaited him, and he teased his fingers along the swollen folds of her sex until she was writhing and panting against him.

The soft, sensual dance she did against him was sweet torture, and he found himself drowning in her explosive heat. With his eyes still shut, he slid a single finger inside her at the same time he pierced her neck. The warm gush of blood flooded his mouth, and he drank deeper from her, at the same time he invaded the hollow spaces of her mind, lulling her into an erotic trance with the ancient song of the *Vampese*, used for centuries to mesmerize and seduce.

She rocked against Gabe, her sharp cry muffled by Roarke's mouth, who'd deepened his kiss. Her legs buckled, and she probably would have collapsed had Gabe not tightened his grip on her. Gabe slowly retracted his fangs, and swiped his tongue across the tiny pinpricks that marred her silky skin as he gently withdrew his finger from the clenching warmth of her pussy. Still holding her against him, he gently lowered them both to the floor so that she sat with her back against his chest, and her legs spread.

Roarke, soon followed, dropping to his knees before her, and with the practiced hands of a modern day *Casanova*, he undid her pants and tugged them from her body within seconds, dragging her panties off in the process.

She bent her legs at the knees, and Gabe couldn't resist stroking his hand once again through the slick heat of her sex.

"Open for Roarke," he whispered against her ear, but he needn't have said a word. She sat, nestled in the crook of Gabe's body, her legs already spread, with his fingers parting the lips of her sex.

Roarke grasped her thighs with his large hands, spreading her even wider before he lowered his head to drink from her honeyed cunt.

"Roarke," she hissed, her body arching against Gabe's as she slid one arm behind her head, to wrap around his neck and tangle in his hair, while the other gripped Roarke's head, clenching tight against his scalp until her knuckles reddened.

Gabe lowered his head to that small space at the base of her throat, but this time he didn't bestow upon her the *sāruta d'vampese*, the vampire's kiss. With dusk just on the horizon, he could already feel her temperature climbing as she drew closer to her heat. He'd purposely awakened her arousal before the full moon, so when she entered full blown heat, she wouldn't be quite so ravenous. But the more blood he siphoned from her before that time came, the more aggressive she would be when it happened, as her body fought to find its equilibrium.

She rocked against him, her hips thrusting upwards driving her closer and closer to Roarke's hungry mouth.

"That's it Collette, come for us. Come against Roarke's mouth."

His heated words seemed to set off a maelstrom within her, and she erupted like a geyser, her body jerking wildly as she let out a hoarse sob.

Roarke pinned her against Gabe, who held her tight, cradling her body as it shuddered violently until the waves of her orgasm eventually receded.

She slumped against Gabe, panting wildly as she sat there in a daze, and he lifted her into his arms and carried her into her bedroom with Roarke at his heels.

Pushing inside the master bedroom, he laid her atop the crisp golden comforter of her king-sized bed, resting her back against the fluffy white pillows. She was boneless and weak, and she wobbled slightly nearly tipping over, still riding the euphoria of her climax. But he steadied her, before gently coaxing her out of the rest her clothing.

From what he already knew, and the little pieces Collette had filled in about the entire process, he knew time was now of the essence. But still he took just a moment to rake his gaze over her lush body, drinking in the gentle flare of her hips, and her full breasts that

openly teased him with their berry ripe nipples that jutted forward. He couldn't resist tweaking one, and he grinned at the sound of her soft gasp.

The soft swish of clothing dropping to the floor dragged him back to the present, and he glanced out the window at the pale, silver moonlight, streaming through the parted curtains. Roarke padded across the room, stopping at the edge of the bed, the streaks of moonlight illuminating the muscled planes of his naked body.

"Hurry up, Gabe," Roarke said.

He nodded at his friend as he quickly shrugged out of his own clothing, tossing his garments aside, before joining Collette atop the bed. He ran his hands along her smooth, brown thighs while the mattress shifted under Roarke's weight as he lifted himself onto the bed with them.

"Get on your hands and knees, Collette," Gabe whispered hoarsely, his voice shaking slightly with the intensity of his desire that roared through his veins.

She didn't hesitate to obey his command as she scrambled onto all fours, her rounded backside high in the air.

A low groan rumbled in Gabe's throat as he moved behind her, gently caressing the full globes of her ass. Roarke kneeled in front of her, tangling one hand in her hair, his gaze fixed solely on Collette, who was poised above his lengthening erection, her mouth only inches from the tip of Roarke's dick.

While she was fixated on Roarke, Gabe speared her cunt with two fingers, coating them with her juices, before gently probing the tight ring of her anus.

She stiffened against his invasion, but she didn't pull away as he worked his fingers deeper within her, stretching her rectum until he was sure she could take his girth without causing her any pain.

Grasping the base of his cock in his hand, he pushed the tip against her puckered hole, slowly feeding her his length until the unyielding muscles of her rectum enveloped his cock like a warm, wet fist.

Shutting his eyes, he gripped her hips, struggling to calm his racing heart as he fought the urge to spurt. Every one of his senses was overloaded with her, the smell, taste, feel of her, and he was powerless to stop the assault she unknowingly waged against his iron will of control.

When he was sure he wouldn't embarrass himself, he opened his eyes to meet Roarke's questioning gaze. He nodded, signalling that he was alright, and then he said the single word that would hurl them all headfirst into that shadowed abyss, where there was only the intensity of sensation, and untold pleasure.

"Now."

Chapter Three

In the recesses of her mind she heard Gabe's hushed command, but it was faint as blood pumped wildly through her veins and roared in her ears, shutting out all thought

Her body, which had been doing a slow burn was now aflame with hunger, and she was powerless to stop it. *The Call* hit her swiftly, powerfully, and she trembled as her sex clenched violently.

Like vampires needed to feed, she needed to fuck.

"Take him into your mouth, Collette. Satisfy the beast that lives within you." This time she heard Gabe's command, which was spoken both aloud and directly into her mind.

At this point, she was so mindless with need, Gabe's words were unnecessary, but she heeded them as she curled her fingers around Roarke's thick length and parted her lips to draw him within her mouth.

Bolts of electricity arced between all three of them with the joining of their bodies, and harsh groans erupted around her as both men were struck with a powerful jolt that heightened their arousal.

They both swelled within her, their hard lengths expanding as they pushed forward, burying their cocks deep within her at a pulsing, pounding rhythm that for now appeased the hunger that tore at her.

Gabe ploughed into her from behind, his stiff erection pushing past the tight ring of muscles within her anus, sending sharp needles of pleasure pain sizzling down her spine.

She rocked against him, matching his rhythm, but in no way did it interfere with the pace she set herself, as she bobbed her head back and forth along Roarke's hard rod.

She moaned around his cock, sending small vibrations skating along his length, as she swirled her tongue around the tip, dragging it slowly through the small cleft at the top.

"Collette," he groaned, his hand tightening in her hair, and now it was his turn to repay the favour, as she thought of how she'd tugged at his hair when his face had been buried in her pussy.

She worked her mouth harder and faster as Gabe shoved his length inside her at a frenzied pace.

I'm coming. You feel it. Fuck me back, Collette. Come for me.

Her breath hitched in her throat at Gabe's muted words, and she nearly exploded when he emphasized them with the stroke of his hand through the puffy folds of her greedy sex.

Clasping her hardened nub between his fingers, he applied just enough pressure to bring her to the edge, but not enough to send her over.

The Call whipped through her, and she felt the change come upon her as her wolf growled at him, but Gabe did not back down.

You can change. I don't care. I will still fuck you until you come for me.

Sensing the immense power that radiated from Gabe, the beast inside her instantly quieted, but until the full moon passed it would remain just beneath the surface, ready to be unleashed at any moment. No longer struggling to fight *The Call*, the heady sensations both men ignited within her bubbled to the surface, making her forget all thought, except her need to claim the release that hovered just out of her reach.

It's there Collette, just grasp it.

Gabe's words brushed against her mind like a soft caress, dragging a hoarse sob from her lips.

Roarke surged forward then, taking advantage of that single moment to plough his length deeper into her mouth.

Both men drilled her from both ends, as Gabe strummed her clit with each stroke.

She felt the pressure building inside her until she thought she would explode. Working her lips faster, she took Roarke deeper down her throat until the tip of his cock grazed against the back.

"Collette," he hissed, his fingers clenching in her hair, making her wish she could lift her head for just a moment to see his face twisted in sweet agony as he strained towards his climax.

That image sent a wave of hot, searing need roaring through her body, and she rocked her hips back, eagerly taking Gabe's brutal thrusts as he buried his steel length inside her ass.

Her body was on fire and completely out of control as she lost herself to the tingling of sensation and pleasure that flooded her. The moment was so intense, so overwhelming that she desperately wanted it to go on forever, but it couldn't, and as her body began to tremble, she knew it wouldn't.

This time when Gabe pressed down on her clit, he didn't let go, sending shocks of sizzling heat whipping through her, hurling her straight to completion.

Wet heat flooded her pussy at the same time she cried out, her body stiffening as she climaxed around the hard poles of both men, who continued to pound inside her, their pace unrelenting.

Her climax instantly triggered Gabe's, the muscles in her anus tightening around him, until he could not help but spurt. She winced slightly as his nails dug into the soft skin of her waist, his hips pumping furiously as he drilled his hard length deep within her until he exploded with a hoarse shout.

Her moan mingled with his ragged cry as he poured hot semen deep inside her rectum, his body shaking violently from the aftershocks of his climax.

For a moment she savoured the smell of him that was heavy with sweat and cum. She probably would have focused on him longer, but Roarke was not one to be ignored.

He took control of the pace, his hand jerking her head back and forth along his glistening cock as he thrust his hips up to meet her waiting mouth.

She twirled her tongue around his length, stroking every inch of him, as she drew in her cheeks to suck him harder. He was on the verge, she could feel the pulsing vibrations that shook his body. Reaching forward with a single hand, she cupped the heavy sacks that hung low between his legs, massaging gently as she sucked harder.

The onslaught of sensations was apparently too much for him, because he didn't last much longer. Letting out a feral growl, followed by a guttural moan, he came inside her mouth, shooting his warm seed against the back of her throat, forcing her to swallow every drop of his essence.

She worked her mouth around him, dragging out his climax until he was completely soft and easily slipped from between her lips.

Both men pulled away from her, and she collapsed against the bed, stretching her limbs. The sound of water running came from behind her, telling her Gabe was cleaning up, since Roarke still lay beside her.

Reaching out, she slid a single hand through the coarse hairs that dotted his chest as a small smile curled her lips. Even the slightest of touches, was like kindling to flame as liquid heat gathered between her thighs once again.

Gabe sauntered out of the bathroom then, the moonlight slipping through the curtains to bathe him in its silver rays. She shivered as she held his intense gaze, her body now completely on fire.

When he lowered himself onto the bed, she reached for him, and once again, they all fell into a tangle of arms and legs, soft caresses and heated kisses.

For several hours, she was insatiable, and both men eagerly fed her hungry beast, until finally she slipped into a fitful sleep at the first light of dawn.

Collette groaned as her eyes slowly fluttered open, squinting against the thin rays of sunlight that streaked through her window.

"How are you feeling?"

A lazy smile spread across her face as she rolled over to face Gabe.

"Fine. How are you feeling?" She purred softly, inching her way closer to the warmth of his body, her hand reaching out to gently caress the rippled muscles of his abdomen.

"I thought you said you were fine," he said shortly, his lips bending into a frown as he scooted away from her and sat up.

"I am but—hey, where are you going?"

His body was taut with tension as he moved towards the edge of the bed, and she scrambled atop him, straddling him with her body before he could get up.

"What's up with you?" She stared down at him, puzzled by the strained expression on his face. If she didn't know better, she'd think he was nervous, but that was impossible, not after last night.

"Collette, get up. I need to get going." His hands closed around her hips, but she clenched her thighs together, drawing upon her lycan strength to keep him imprisoned beneath her, at least temporarily. When Gabe was ready to go, he'd have no trouble

disentangling himself, but she counted on the fact that he wouldn't use his own strength for fear of her hurting her.

"Not until you tell me what's wrong"

"Nothing's wrong."

She didn't believe him for one second, especially since he kept avoiding her eyes, and there was also one small thing that was odd about last night which convinced her that he was definitely lying.

"How come you didn't take me last night," she asked softly, as she let her hands glide across the rough skin of his shoulders.

"What are you talking about?"

"Last night, Roarke took me several times, but not you, why?"

"I took you, Collette, many times, if you remember." He wore a dark scowl, but his eyes gave him away. He wasn't shocked or puzzled by her question, and that's why she knew he understood exactly what she'd meant.

"But not there," she whispered, as sharp tingles skated across her flesh, tempting her to arousal. Images from the night before teased her, as she recalled every wicked way he and Roarke had pleased her, but Gabe had never once slid between her thighs and claimed her as a woman.

"Why, Gabe? Why are you so afraid to take me *there*?"

"I'm not afraid," he said, his hand clutching her hips tighter, but she knew he was still lying, she read it there on his face.

He tried to push her away, but she clamped her thighs tighter, her hands pressing him against the bed, as she leaned over him, her unbound hair brushing his cheek.

"Get up, Collette," he growled, the blue pupils of his eyes flashing red as his incisors lengthened. But his attempt at intimidation did not frighten her, because she knew Gabe would die before he ever hurt her.

"Not until you take me there. If you're not afraid then do it," she taunted, her voice husky with need, and she released her hold on him just long enough to lift her hips, shift the few inches down the length of his body and settle the mouth of her pussy against the tip of his cock.

“Collette,” he ground out in warning, but it was too late. She slid down hard, impaling herself fully on his cock, burying his hard length deep inside her sheath.

As soon as he was inside her she understood the reason for his hesitation, and she was furious, but it was too late. Tiny explosions ricocheted in her head, and she closed her eyes trying to ease the sharp crack of fireworks that seemed to burst all around her as a scorching bolt of heat sliced through her heart, marking it for eternity. She cursed herself and her damn impulsiveness. Although, the sun was now out, the moon was still full until it entered the waning phase an hour from now. It was too late.

Yet, even though she realised it was futile, she still tried to scramble off Gabe. Maybe if she got off now —

It's too late. Now, you will finish what you started.

She closed off her mind completely to Gabe. She was furious with him. He'd known, but he hadn't told her, and he knew she'd deserved to know.

Oh, when she was done, she was going to kill him. Right now, her body didn't care how angry she was as her channel filled with slick, sticky warmth, and her hips instinctively rocked against him, setting a lazy rhythm.

He rose up to meet her on each stroke, driving deep into her pussy until she swore she could feel him in every corner of her body. His hands slid along her skin, teasing her smooth back, before moving around to cup her breasts that bobbed before him. Taking them within his hands, he massaged them gently, tugging on her nipples until they rewarded him by hardening to tight buds. She faltered, losing her rhythm for just a moment when he drew one nipple into his hot, wet mouth and sucked gently.

She clung to him, her hands clutching the back of his head as he moved between both nipples, sucking and nipping gently until she was nearly mindless with pleasure. Lost in his erotic torture, and distracted by his hot mouth, her movements became erratic as her hips jerked wildly.

“I think you need some help there.”

Roarke. She'd forgotten all about him, but it must have been impossible for him to stay asleep beside them, with them writhing and panting like wild animals.

She wasn't sure if he thought *she* needed help with the pace of her strokes, or if Gabe needed help handling her, but she didn't protest when he moved behind her and pushed her against Gabe to settle the head of his dick against the pucker of her anus.

He surged forward at the same time Gabe shoved her hips back, and he slid into her on one smooth thrust.

Her body stretched to accommodate both men, as they slammed into her with urgent strokes.

She twisted her hands into Gabe's hair, struggling against the tidal wave of emotion and pleasure that assaulted her senses. Closing her eyes, she knelt between them as they held her imprisoned between their hot, hard bodies, straining towards the pinnacle of climax.

Their hard lengths filled her with each desperate stroke, their hips moving wildly as they surged into her at a frenzied pace.

She unfurled a single hand from its tight grip on Gabe's hair to slide between her thighs and stroke her engorged clit. She could feel them on the verge of climax. Their hard poles pounded furiously inside her, and she did not want to be left out of the wild volcano of bliss that was so close to erupting she could almost taste it.

She fingered her clit harder, faster, her fingers mimicking the fierce pace Gabe and Roarke had set.

Sweat dripped from their bodies, mingling together as the musk of sex permeated every single space in the room. She sniffed the air, losing herself to the primal, masculine scent of them, as their essence clung to her.

Every nerve ending strained within her, begging for completion and she strummed her clit faster, until the raging storm of her orgasm claimed her. She stiffened against them, her pussy clenching tight as it flooded with wet warmth to coat Gabe's pistoning cock.

Her climax triggered his, and he grunted out her name, his hands tightening against her hips as he held her still against him while he pumped his hot seed deep inside her, drenching her channel with his essence.

She slumped forward against Gabe, her new position aiding Roarke who rode her ass hard, shoving his hard length into her until he tensed above her before filling her with his warm semen on a strangled groan.

The harsh sound of their breathing filled her ears, and she remained locked between both men, until Roarke pulled out of her, and padded across the room into her bathroom.

As soon as he disappeared inside, she instantly became aware of the fact that she and Gabe were now alone, and with that awareness, came her anger.

She shifted off Gabe and stood. Reaching for her robe at the end of her bed, she quickly donned it, shielding herself from Gabe's searching eyes. Folding her arms across her breasts, she stubbornly refused to meet his gaze.

"Collette –"

"Get out." She wasn't ready to talk to him, not when all he would do was make excuses for his behaviour. She didn't need excuses, she needed answers, but not from him, at least not now. Maybe after she'd calmed down, she could face him, but she wasn't so sure. Gabe was her partner, her best friend. Until that morning she would have trusted him with anything, including her life, but now she knew she couldn't trust him at all.

He released a heavy sigh as he rolled out of bed and donned his clothes.

"Collette –,"

"I don't want to talk to you, not right now. You knew all along, and you never told me, and it's just unconscionable to me that you would keep something like that a secret."

She still refused to look at him, as she stared out the window instead, but she could feel the anger radiating off his body like a heat wave in the desert. Well good, that made two of them.

She sensed he still wanted to plead his case, but knew his pride held him back when he stomped angrily across the room and stormed out slamming the door behind him.

It was as if the crashing of the door knocked all of the wind out of her, and she slumped down onto her bed with a weary sigh, but she didn't wallow in self-pity long when the door to her bathroom swung open and Roarke shuffled out, wearing nothing but a towel around his hips and a sexy grin.

But his grin quickly faded when he realised they were now all alone in her room.

"Uh oh. This can't be good."

"Did you know?" she asked softly, hoping that at least one of them was decent. Although, it would certainly be ironic if Roarke were the more decent of the two.

"Suspected," he said quietly as he crossed the room to stand before her, his hand shooting out to grasp her chin, tilting it upward so she was forced to look at him.

"I suspected the truth, but didn't know for sure. I know you're angry right now, but don't blame Gabe."

Don't blame Gabe? Why the hell not when he deserved all the blame! Fury heated her blood, and she parted her lips, all set to lash out at him, but he never gave her the chance, especially when his next words completely knocked her flat on her ass.

"You knew, Collette." He whispered. "You just didn't want to admit it, but I know you had to have felt *something*. It's easy to blame Gabe, but ask yourself *why* he didn't tell you. Then ask *him*, because I'm sure he had a very good reason."

* * * *

She was prideful and stubborn. That's the only explanation she could come up with for why, after spending two weeks on *sick* leave, she'd refused to heed Roarke's word. She'd ignored calls from both him *and* Gabe, only to end up back in her office, hastily shoving all of her belongings into a cardboard box before Gabe arrived for work. She wasn't quitting, she just needed *more* than two weeks. At least, that's what she kept telling herself.

Yes, pride and stubbornness, that had to be it. Or it could just be fear.

"I'm going to say fear."

She froze at the sound of the familiar voice, before she pulled herself together and whirled around to face the one man she'd been hoping to avoid.

Gabe.

"Get out of my thoughts."

A tight smile tugged at the edges of his lips as he stepped inside her office and closed the door behind him.

"You know that's hard to do when we're near."

She glared at him, hating that he was right.

"Look, I still don't want to talk to you —"

"Well that's too bad, because it's past time that you do."

Her nostrils flared in anger, and she clenched her hands into tight fists as she fought back her fury. He couldn't force her to —

No, but I can force you to listen.

"Damn it! Get out of my head!"

"I can't help it. I'm sorry." He dragged a hand through his loose mane, a ragged sigh falling from his lips. "I'm sorry for everything. I should have told you when I first realised it. Believe me, I was going to. I just wanted to wait until it seemed like the right time."

"Waiting for a *right* time is one thing, but not telling me at all is another. I deserved to know."

Damn it. She wasn't ready to talk to him yet, but he'd trapped her, leaving her no other choice. Forcing out a calming breath, she pinned him with a hard stare.

"I trusted you Gabe to always tell me the truth. But when it came to the most important thing to tell me, you didn't. You knew you were my heart mate long before I did, and you should have told me instead of letting me find out the way I did."

"I wanted to, Collette. Believe me I did. But you didn't want a mate, you didn't want any distractions from work. You certainly didn't want me."

She narrowed her eyes. What was he talking about? "What do you mean I didn't want you?" Hell, out of that entire list, he was the only thing on it that she actually *did* want.

"Oh, come on Collette. I see the way you are with Roarke. It was very obvious to me that you two were interested in each other."

Was he serious? Her mouth nearly fell open when she realised he was.

"You've got to be kidding me. Roarke will hit anything that moves, and yet you somehow think *that's* what I want."

His eyes darkened, and she sensed the anger rising in him. She didn't care how angry he got, because on top of everything he'd done, he'd just insulted her character *and* her taste. She snorted. *Roarke? Never!*

"You know what, Collette? To be honest, I don't know *what* it is you want, at least not from me or a mate. Since I've known you, you've never been in a serious relationship, always claiming that you were too busy and *wouldn't have it any other way.*"

She frowned at the mocking tone of his voice, the sound grating on her ears.

"The Collette you've always shown me would want a man like Roarke. No strings, no complications, just carefree laughs and fun." He stalked towards her, closing the distance between them to clasp her arms in his hands. With nothing but mere inches now separating them, she swore the air in the room had vanished, because all of a sudden, she felt as if she couldn't breathe.

"The Collette I've seen wouldn't want a man like *me*. There is nothing carefree about my life, and I come with a host of strings and complications. I *want* a mate, and eventually, I would like to ease up on my work schedule in order to have pups or kittens, even if that means I don't get that next promotion, or I have to turn my city over to another vampire. But the Collette I know doesn't want any of these things, so forgive me for not telling you the truth, but I figured it was for the best."

"Best for who? You or me?"

"Both of us."

A lump formed in her throat, as she read the truth in his eyes. He'd feared she would either resent him for messing up her perfectly ordered life or reject him outright, because finding a mate just didn't fit into her master plan. She couldn't blame him. She hadn't shown him much else. But that was because she'd been afraid to openly want such things, to hope for something that, if it didn't happen, would have people pitying her. So she'd convinced herself she didn't want a mate, or a litter, because then when it didn't happen, she wouldn't be crushed. But that couldn't have been further from the truth. Although, she was still mad at him, the raw emotion in his eyes finally made her realise the truth of her sister's warning. All the signs that Gabriel was her heart mate had been there, but she'd been so determined not to see.

Instantly, Roarke's words came back to haunt her — Gabe wasn't the only one to blame. She deserved her fair share, too.

She wound her arms behind his neck, pulling him deep into her embrace.

"I know the Collette you *think* you know, but I am telling you that I don't want a man like Roarke, who is *nothing* but fun. I want someone who I can *trust*." She stared him straight in the eyes, so he understood how serious she was about that. "I also want someone who I can confide in, and him in me. I want a partner, Gabe, in *all* things. That's all I ever wanted."

“And I can be all those things. I *want* to be that person for you Collette, and so much more,” he said quietly, his hand lifting to cup her cheek.

“I know,” she said softly. *Just as you can expect the same from me*, she whispered in his mind.

His eyes darkened, and before she could take her next breath, he dipped his head to place a tiny kiss against her lips. She instantly melted into him, but fought to keep a lid on her burgeoning desire. They were at work, and they’d promised Captain Moliker no more antics. If he caught them again, it was patrol duty for a week. But then he’d only mentioned the break room. He’d never said anything about an office.

She pulled back from Gabe, a mischievous smile curling her lips.

“Collette.” He warned, reading the devilish twinkle in her eyes, more so than her thoughts.

“Lock the door.” Before he could say another word she undid the buttons of her blouse and dropped it to the floor.

He couldn’t bolt the door fast enough.

About the Author

Nadia Aidan lives, works and writes on the West Coast in the United States. Under her real name, Nadia holds a PhD in Political Science and Public Policy and by day she works as an Assistant Professor. She is the self proclaimed NEW FACE OF INTERRACIAL AND MULTICULTURAL EROTIC ROMANCE and writes across all genres, from historical, to fantasy/sci-fi to contemporary.

In addition to writing erotic romances Nadia enjoys reading other authors, playing flag football, studying muay thai, working out, listening to music, scuba diving, and target shooting. Her other interests include collecting Top Cow comics, especially Witchblade and Tomb Raider. She loves professional football and soccer. Her favourite teams are the Washington Redskins and Manchester United, respectively.

Nadia loves watching, reading about, and writing about strong, assertive heroines which is why she is an enduring fan of Fight Girls, Xena, Buffy, American Gladiators--New and Old, and La Femme Nikita! Nadia also loves interacting with people so feel free to visit her at <http://nadiaaidan.com/> for more information about her, her new releases, and how to contact her!

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