

Satish III Productions

NEVER
HAVE I
EVER

ALISHA RAI

REYNOLDS
PACK



The higher the stakes, the hotter the game.

Reynolds Pack, Book 1

Ana Hudson enjoys her picture-perfect marriage to the love of her life. Everything is pleasant, easy—and satisfying. Then an anonymous e-mail arrives filled with lurid pictures of Taylor's youthful exploits, leaving her wondering if she really knows him at all. More importantly...does she know herself?

Driven to uncover the truth and push the limits of their sexual boundaries, she convinces Taylor to arrange a weekend getaway to a friend's luxury cottage in the mountains. It's the perfect place to get her husband to spill his secrets—and show her there's a wealth of kinky fantasies hiding inside his good girl.

Taylor's spent years suppressing his animalistic side, hiding the not-completely-human DNA that once drove him wild. Except now his once quiet, reserved Ana has launched a campaign to destroy every inch of his hard-won control.

With the snowy wilderness containing his darkest memories surrounding them, and his old pack-mate dropping in to give them a few pointers, the sexual battle of wills gets fierce.

Warning: Contains a brooding, dirty-minded, not-quite-human hero, a sweet not-quite-good-girl heroine, a howling-hawt car ride up a mountain, a chase through the snow followed by an erotic adventure with sports equipment, oral sex, anal sex, and a M/F/M ménage scene that will leave you panting.

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Never Have I Ever

Alisha Rai

Dedication

My world would be significantly less bright without my fellow Scribbling Ninjas: Keith Melton, Bree and Donna of Moira Rogers, and Vivian Arend. You make me laugh, let me vent, and help me think, but most importantly to the world at large, you keep me sane. I'm not the only one who thanks you for that. Love you guys!

Chapter One

Wine was safe, the perfect complement for any dinner.

Bourbon was subtly intimate, like a roaring fire in a sitting room.

The tequila? Heck, she might as well walk through the front door topless.

This shouldn't be taking you so long.

No, it shouldn't, but she was in uncharted territory. Ana Hudson studied the bottles on the shelves. The plans she had lined up for this weekend were so incredibly important, she couldn't risk a single misstep. Why, the wrong hooch could...could...

Okay, it wouldn't be disastrous. Maybe. Probably.

"Can we go now?"

Ana glanced over her shoulder to catch her scowling, impatient lug of a husband. A rush of tenderness flowed through her. Lord, she loved him. Despite his inability to let her be indecisive in peace.

Taylor was a beautiful man, even when his black brows were lowered in a frown over his deep green eyes. Though he was only thirty-six, strands of silver had already begun to work their way through his short cropped black hair, giving him a distinguished and sexy look that made her happy he regarded all hair color and manscaping products with disdain and suspicion.

His body was huge, a legacy of his college football days. He'd gained enough weight after their wedding a year ago to satisfy her aunts that she was feeding him properly, but he'd recently spent a lot of time outside running or lifting weights in their basement. The result was that his body was harder and leaner than any other architect could probably lay claim to.

She loved him no matter what his body looked like, of course. But, well...she really liked licking that ridged abdomen. A lot.

However, his sexiness wasn't the only reason she adored him. A few minutes after they'd met, she'd realized that his quiet, intense, almost brusque outer persona was nothing more than a guise. The way he'd had to practically stammer out an invitation for a date had given her a hint of his hidden sweetness. Their first date had introduced her to his dry and teasing sense of humor, which still made her laugh like nothing else. Their third date, where she'd happily tumbled into his bed, had hooked her on his slow, tender lovemaking.

How could she have possibly ever said anything but yes when he'd asked her to marry him half a year later? They'd had a quick, month-long engagement, and a small ceremony with her family and their close friends a year ago.

They were best friends. Their marriage was great.

So why are you rocking the boat?

Because her picture-perfect marriage had received a nice little fracture three weeks ago, when she'd opened an anonymous e-mail attachment. She'd cycled through jealousy, anger, depression...but now she was back in control with a plan to get those cracks in their relationship patched back up. The email had been a blessing in disguise, she'd told herself, though she would love to know who it had come from and what they'd hoped to gain. Her new husband had needs she had been unaware of. And surprisingly enough, so did she.

This getaway to this small town near the Adirondacks was perfect, even though it was barely a few hours drive from their home in Western New York. Distance didn't matter though. This was exactly what they needed to take some time for themselves, away from the real world. Away from her being boring, quiet, shy little Ana, so she could be the Ana she knew was lurking inside. The Ana her husband surely would like to see.

"Well?"

She grabbed all three bottles of liquor and dropped them in the cart. Hell, alcohol was alcohol, right? It lowered the inhibitions no matter what. She pushed the cart up to him. "I think I have everything we need."

"I think you have everything this place carries."

Ana opened her mouth to argue and then cast a glance at the overflowing cart. The small grocery/liquor/bookstore was pretty well represented in there. "I just want to make sure we're prepared. Oh look, oatmeal is on sale..."

He placed his arm around her waist and guided her purposefully toward the front of the store. "We can always come back to get more supplies."

"What if we get snowed in?"

"What are the odds of that happening?"

She cast him a mock glare. "Almost certain, now that you went and said something like that."

He grinned, his white teeth flashing. "Please don't tell me you're going to get as superstitious as your *abuela* in your old age."

"Old age? I'm sorry, did you forget that you robbed the cradle when you snagged me?"

"An age difference of ten years is not robbing the cradle. Now, if I were to suddenly shack up with a nineteen-year-old..."

"You would be castrated?" she asked sweetly.

“It was just an example.” His lips twitched.

“A bad example.” Unable to help herself, she stopped in front of a display of dog food, stretched up and pressed a kiss against the corner of his lips. “I love you,” she whispered.

She would have moved away, but he snagged her around her waist. “Hey. I love you too.” The kiss he gave her was hard and deep...and far too inappropriate for a grocery store. Surprised, she broke it off and took a step back.

“Taylor...”

For a second, Ana thought she saw something dark and unnerving move in her husband’s gaze. But in the next blink it was gone, and he was grinning at her with a little-boy-caught-with-the-cookie-jar smile. “Sorry. It must be the mountain air.”

She hesitated. Should she not have stopped him? But, no, showing her husband her inner bad girl did not include making out in a grocery store. It particularly did not involve dragging him into the storeroom, removing all of her clothes and allowing him to fuck her against a tower of Rice Krispies boxes...

No! Loosening inhibitions on kinkiness does not include courting health-code violations. “I get that,” she said, and stood on her tiptoes to press a kiss against the small lines fanned around his mouth. “Come on, let’s check out.”

Clenching her fingers kept her from clubbing Taylor over the head and dragging him off to her lair to ravish. *It’s okay*, she consoled her disappointed libido as they walked to the lone, deserted checkout stand, *we’ll be out of here soon.*

The elderly cashier did a double take when Taylor pushed the cart into the lane. “Taylor Hudson, is that you?”

“Mrs. Thornton.” Taylor stopped, looking surprised but pleased to see the wizened old woman sitting on the stool. “I didn’t realize you’d still be here. I thought you would have retired down to Florida by now like you used to always talk about.”

“It’s been a tough couple of years. Tourism is down, and the store isn’t doing as well as it should, so my retirement will have to wait a while.” Her rheumy blue eyes brightened as she took in the heaping cart. “Please tell me this pretty young thing is your wife and the two of you will be shopping here every week.”

Taylor chuckled and began emptying their supplies. “This is my wife. Ana, please meet Agnes Thornton. She kept me and Eli fed more than once way back when.”

Ana smiled and shook the woman’s papery-thin hand. She adored Taylor’s ease with and respect for elderly. Her grandparents loved it too. “It’s so nice to meet you. Unfortunately, we’re only here for the weekend. I’m sorry to hear things have been slow.”

“Thank you. Just for the weekend, do you say? My goodness, I remember when Taylor and Eli used to come here for a month at a time and run amok up in the mountains.” Mrs. Thornton leaned in closer as

she swiped a jar of pasta sauce. “Hellraisers, both of them, though I don’t have to tell you that, do I, sweetie? Why, the shenanigans they got up to in Eli’s daddy’s cabin...”

“Now, Mrs. Thornton, my wife doesn’t need to hear any gossip—”

“Says who?” Ana interjected, slightly irritated. She could use a bit more information on the things her husband had been into. It would help with her admittedly sketchy battle plan. She leaned in close to the other woman in a conspiratorial fashion. “I’d love to hear whatever dirt you have on my husband or his best buddy.”

“Well—”

“We need to go,” Taylor said loudly. “Have to beat this storm.”

Mrs. Thornton cackled. “Don’t worry, young man, my lips are sealed.” She gave Taylor a wink. “I’m sure I don’t even know the worst of it.”

“Eli and I were angels, ma’am.”

Ana snorted. “I didn’t even know you then, and I’m certain you’re lying.”

“Fallen angels, perhaps.” Mrs. Thornton finished scanning the last of the items. “Good thing you’re stocking up on the canned foods, speaking of the storm. It looks like a bad one.”

Ana gave her husband an I-told-you-so look as he handed over a wad of cash. “Could we get stranded?”

“Mrs. Thornton, please don’t scare my wife. Unless you can deliver a pallet of canned foods up to our cabin.”

“I’m not scared. I’m just...cautious.”

“I know, honey. You’re cautious about everything. Trust me when I say we’ll be fine.”

Why, she wasn’t... Her heart sank. Yes, she was cautious about everything. Was that why Taylor thought he couldn’t completely be himself in bed? He feared he would scare her away?

Dunce.

“Even if the roads are bad, you’ll get plowed out in a couple of days,” Mrs. Thornton assured Ana, breaking into her flash of somber thought.

“Yes, but...”

Taylor placed the bags of groceries into the cart with a speed she didn’t realize he was capable of. “Thanks so much, Mrs. Thornton. We’ll be seeing you.”

She followed her husband out of the small store and peered up at the light flakes slowly falling down. *Don’t ask. Don’t ask. Don’t ask.* But she couldn’t help it. “Are you certain Eli keeps the cottage stocked with candles and flashlights in case the power goes out?”

“Ana. Yes.”

She bit her lip, wishing she could just turn off the part of her that worried and fretted and thought everything through three thousand times before settling on something. Vowing to change was easy; altering a lifetime's habit was harder. "Sorry," she muttered.

Taylor finished loading the bags into their minivan, and she pushed the cart to the front of the store as he adjusted them. On the way back, she unzipped her coat halfway. Her fluffy outerwear and gloves kept her almost overly warm down here at the base of this little town, but she knew as they climbed up the mountain to the house they'd borrowed for the weekend from Taylor's best friend, it would get nipper. When she returned to the car, she found Taylor holding open her passenger door. She smiled. Her husband could be gruff and tough, but he was a true gentleman.

He touched her waist before she could climb in. "Don't be mad."

She looked up, almost falling into his green eyes. She loved his coloring, so unusual to her after growing up in a small, close-knit Hispanic community. "I'm not."

"Good." He nudged her back against the car, lowering his lips to her ear and stringing a line of kisses down her neck. "I promise, if we do get snowed in, I can think of plenty of things for us to do."

"Cards?"

"Not exactly..."

"DVDs, then."

"Only if you packed some dirty ones."

"Please. I'm not the kind of girl who watches dirty DVDs." She took a deep breath. *Ready to start Operation Sexy?* "All of my smut is on my computer."

He stilled. Lifted his head. Ana rarely got to surprise him, so she relished his stunned look. "Why, Ms. Ana. Are you admitting you watch a li'l internet porn when I'm not around?"

The word *porn* was as graphic and sinful on his lips as any swear word. Glancing around, she made sure no one was within hearing distance. Luckily, except for a lonely shopping cart on the edge of the lot, they were alone.

He crowded closer, until his heat surrounded her, warming her more than the fluffy pink down coat she wore. "Tell me."

Their version of naughty was the occasional dirty word or a location in their home which was not their soft bed. Taylor sometimes threw out a teasing comment, but never with this kind of intensity behind it. It made her want to answer, when normally she stammered and blushed at overtly sexual remarks. "Maybe I have a couple of sites I've bookmarked." She spoke quietly and quickly, not wanting him to think it was a reflection on him. "I only do it if you're not home or out of town..."

"Shhh." He stroked at her lips. His pupils were dilated, fixed over the pass of his fingers over her flesh. "I don't mind. I like the idea that you're so hungry you can't even wait for me."

"That's... You do?"

“Sure. Tell me what you do.”

It suddenly seemed insane to her that they’d been married for a solid year, yet they’d never discussed something as basic and intimate as masturbation. “I solve higher math equations. For crying out loud, Taylor, what does one do while they watch porn?”

“Oh, I know what you do. Describe it to me. Tell me how you touch yourself, how you make yourself come.”

The saliva in her mouth dried up. The command in his voice was so incredibly compelling, Ana found herself actually opening her mouth.

Until she saw a young mother and her children wheeling their way down the asphalt right toward them. “Taylor, I don’t feel comfortable talking about this out here,” she whispered.

He leaned in even closer, pinning her against the van. “I’ll let you get in the car. But I want you to tell me while I drive.”

Ana licked her lips. She knew he expected her to refuse or laugh it off as a joke. But instead she drifted closer until their mouths were a hairsbreadth away from touching. “Won’t that distract you? These roads can be dangerous.”

He scoffed. “Please. I think I can handle it.”

Her eyes narrowed, the gauntlet thrown down. “Let’s get in the car.”

Within the passage of a second, he snapped out of the grip of sexual tension which had surrounded them. Fingers relaxing, he released her and stepped back good-naturedly to allow her to slip into the passenger seat. A small smile played around his mouth as he rounded the front of the car, slid into the driver’s seat and revved the engine. He thought she was bluffing or joking, Ana realized.

Silly man.

Ana had always thought that this car model had a rather silent operation. It didn’t feel silent right now. The purr vibrated up her legs and ran through her body.

She cast him a sideways glance, taking in the hunter green down coat that regrettably hid his upper body, the jeans that clung to his powerful thighs. He leaned back slightly in his seat, and she could see the outline of his penis, not quite fully erect, beneath the worn denim. She made a sudden decision.

So her talking dirty wouldn’t destroy his concentration? Maybe she should up the stakes a little more.

She unzipped her jacket all the way as he turned onto the winding road that led to their cabin and left the lost-in-time Main Street behind. The zipper’s teeth sounded unnaturally loud in the car, louder than the low mumblings of the talk radio he loved and she tolerated. She wiggled to pull it off, unzipping and pulling off her sweatshirt as well.

“What are you doing?”

“I’m hot.” She was, but it was an internal heat more than an external one.

“Really? Turn the heater down.”

She blocked his hand from the controls. “No, no. It’s fine.” The heat source might be necessary later.

Ana stared out the window as he drove. Reason #789989 she loved Taylor—he didn’t mind silence. She was quiet by nature, and he was a man of few words as well. It worked.

She wasn’t sure how much time passed, but she shook off her daydreaming when the trees got heavier and the traffic lessened. After about ten minutes went by without another car passing them, Ana made her move. Before she could lose her nerve, she unzipped her jeans, raised her hips and shimmed out, lowering them over the curve of her bottom and down her legs. The car jerked slightly.

“Jesus, what are you doing?”

“Don’t take the Lord’s name in vain.” She calmly folded the pants and tossed them into the backseat and then leaned back there to grab the blanket that they kept in the car for emergencies. This qualified. She opened it and settled it over her legs to hide her near nudity.

“Anyone could see...”

She licked her lips. *Pretend you’re someone else. Someone who’s bold and brave and not at all mousy and timid.* “I...I like to touch my breasts.”

“What?”

“You wanted me to tell you what I do.”

“Baby...”

“Let me tell you,” she said, her tone sharp. She was watching his face, so she caught the quick glance he threw her away. His gaze dipped, and he groaned. That was when she realized she was fondling her breast through her long-sleeved shirt, teasing both of them. “Keep your eyes on the road, Taylor. If you look away, I’ll stop.”

His jaw was granite hard as he faced forward. “What kind of fucking game is this?”

“No game. You were the one who wanted this.”

“Because I didn’t think you would actually do it!”

“Let that be a lesson to you, sweetheart. You have no idea what I will and won’t do.”

A tiny muscle clenched in his jaw. “Apparently not.”

“Or I can just stop.”

“No. I’ll watch the road. Just...talk to me. Tell me what you’re doing.”

“I like to stroke the sides first, just to get ready. Then I move to the centers.”

“To your nipples.”

“Yes.” She suited action to words and rubbed her hands over the diamond-hard points of her breasts.

“I love the way that feels.”

“No surprise. You love it when I suck on them.”

The muscles in her thighs clenched. “I do.”

He shifted in his seat. “Keep going.”

“It’s usually not enough to touch myself outside my clothes.” She smoothed her hand under her shirt, and then pushed her bra below her breasts so she could get to her nipples easily. “I love pinching my nipples.” Suiting actions to words, she did just that and didn’t bother to disguise the moan that emerged.

“Does it feel good?”

“Yes.”

“Is it enough?”

She shook her head. With one hand alternating stroking her hard nipples, she slid her other hand down to the elastic waistband of her panties. “No. It’s never enough. But you know what I need to come. So when I’m alone, I unzip my pants...”

“Skirt.”

“Huh?” She glanced at him to catch him, true to his word, with his gaze fixed firmly on the asphalt. There was a high flush of arousal on his cheeks.

“Tell me that sometimes you’re wearing a skirt. And you push it up to reveal your tiny white panties.”

Only Taylor could make her laugh during an illicit verbal peepshow. “Okay, a skirt. Do you want me to keep going or are you going to interrupt me?”

He shuddered. Flat-out shuddered. “Please.”

“Of course, right now, I’m not wearing anything. Only these lacy black panties under this blanket.”

Out of her peripheral vision, she caught him turning his head to look at her. “Nuh-uh-uh. I’m not wrecking. Eyes in front of you.”

He turned back, his throat working. She noted that he was very careful to stay under the speed limit. “You’re killing me here.”

“Like I said, you’re the one who started this,” she shot back. Yeah, he was the one who had opened this vault, unlocked her heretofore hidden desire to...

To masturbate in a car with him listening?

Okay, so it was a rather niche kink.

Though it wasn’t just the kinky aspect. It was a power rush to know that she held his arousal in the palm of her hand, to know that she was both shocking and arousing him while he was powerless to do anything about it.

She should have been cold. But between their combined breathing and the heat blasting from the vents, she felt like she was in some humid forest and not their boring old minivan. Caught up in the hazy, hot atmosphere, Ana pushed her hand under the blanket, stroking over the rapidly dampening silk of her panties.

They were a new pair, and she felt a trifle bad he wasn’t getting to fully appreciate them. But then again, this game of peek-a-boo was rather fun.

“Are you wet?” His voice was hoarse.

“Very much so.” She tipped her head back against the headrest and finally, finally allowed her hand to slip below the elastic band of her panties.

She’d waxed herself bare to give Taylor a nice little hands-on thrill for the upcoming weekend. That would remain something for him to discover on his own.

Generally, she ladyscaped her parts for Taylor’s enjoyment...but there was a definite bump in her arousal to feel her fingers smoothing over the bare mound of her vagina, nothing to impede access to her clit, which poked up through the folds as if it was begging for attention. “I usually just go for clitoral stimulation,” she breathed as she rubbed the tight nubbin. “Normally that makes me come the fastest.”

“Do you use a vibrator?”

“You would have come across it if I did.” Her fingers had traditionally worked well enough for her between boyfriends, and since she’d met Taylor, she’d always had him for penetration.

“I’m buying you a vibrator.”

She imagined that, lying on their bed at home naked while toying with a vibrator. Slowly using it to rev up her clit and then sliding it inside of her.

As Taylor watched from the edge of the bed. Or even better, used it on her.

This time, she shuddered.

“I want to see what you’re doing.”

“I know.”

He growled. “You’re getting off on this, aren’t you? First time you’re masturbating in front of me, and I can’t even watch properly.”

Yes, there truly was a lot they hadn’t explored. Hell, she hadn’t even shown him the dirty websites she peeked through when she was feeling particularly needy. That just wasn’t right. Things would most definitely be changing. She kept her tone light. “I thought the whole purpose of masturbating was to get off.” She spread her legs and scooted forward in the seat, canting her hips to get a better angle.

“Funny.”

She rubbed her clit harder. “Hey, you—”

“I know. I started this.”

Some imp of seduction had taken over her usual circumspect mouth. “I’d like to finish it.”

“So do it.”

Freedom and power coursed through her as she allowed her fingers free rein, roving over her breasts and the slippery wet place between her legs.

“Does it feel good?”

“So good,” she murmured. “But I wish it were your fingers inside of me.”

“Give me two minutes, baby. It will be.”

“Mmm.” She stroked the slick folds of her labia, careful not to touch her clit. If she did, it would be all over, and she wanted to save it for him.

She didn’t know quite how long she rubbed up and over herself, the snow softly falling on the abandoned road to the cabin all around them. He must have been feeling the heat as much as she was, because she was vaguely aware of him flicking off the heater and switching it to defrost.

They’d fogged the windows up.

The jolt of the car halting pushed her back to reality, and her fingers fell from where they were lazily stroking between her legs. Languidly, she turned her head to find him watching her, his hand stopped on the key in the ignition, not quite turning it off. “Let’s get inside, you little wench.”

Oooh, wench. Note to self: possible pirate fantasy must be put on the to-do list sometime this weekend. She considered his order, and then shook her head. “Nope.”

“What?”

She whipped the blanket off her legs and crawled over the center console to straddle his lap. “Here.”

“Are you...what?”

“Surely you can say more than that, sweetie.” She tried to scoot backwards to give herself room to unbuckle and unbutton his pants, but the steering wheel dug into her back a second before she heard the loud horn sound. “Oops.”

“You wanna have sex in the car? Let’s go in the backseat where it’s a little more comfortable.”

“No. Here.” Here was dirty and tight and spontaneous.

His lips set in a hard line before he reached down and adjusted the seat, pushing it back so the wheel wasn’t leaving an imprint on her ass. She stopped him when he tried to recline the back of his seat. “No, wait.”

“I don’t want you to bang the top of your head.”

“If I wanted to recline, I’d have taken you inside.” Though she had been doing this for a while, she fumbled unbuckling his belt. Oh good, there it went.

His zipper gave way next, and the bulge of his penis filled the opening, covered by a pair of fine knit boxers. A heartbeat later, the heated length of him filled her grasp.

He was fully erect and so big and strong in her hand that her mouth watered. If she hadn’t been quite so desperate for him to be inside of her, she might have been able to tease him further.

Luckily, he didn’t seem like he was in the mood for any more preliminaries either. Probably realizing that she wouldn’t be dissuaded, he gripped his cock with one hand and held her hips steady with the other, guiding her to him.

As always, she had to take him in small increments, his cock too thick to slam down on. This was possibly the first time she’d resented that, and she may have put extra force in her downward slide, despite the presence of his restraining hand on her waist.

Finally, finally though, she had taken him to the very root of his cock, and she began sliding up and down, bracing one hand against the roof of the van while she ground against his body harder and faster.

“Fuck, yeah.” He groaned, leaned forward and bit at the hard point of her nipple through her T-shirt. The scrape of the cotton, the muted feel of his mouth, was too much for her. She slammed her body down on him with a keening cry as she came, the hard club of his penis almost too intense for her to stand.

She came back to reality to find him kissing her neck with soft, worshipful licks and nibbles. The wetness between her legs told her that he’d had his own orgasm, which made her a tad gloomy she’d had her eyes closed, locked in her own pleasure. She loved to watch his face as he came.

She drew back from him. “Are we there yet?” she asked drowsily.

He laughed, a quick bark. “Yeah. We’re here.”

It took all of her energy to turn her head so she could stare out the window at the picture-perfect, deceptively rustic-looking home sitting in the middle of a clearing. Eli was loaded, so though she hadn’t been inside yet, she was certain that the sprawling vacation cottage was luxuriously appointed and filled with comfortable amenities. Shaky confidence bloomed inside of her.

A month ago, she would have said that Taylor’s and her story was already written—they’d fallen in love and gotten married. Honestly, what was left?

Their book was lacking, though, and it had taken a little shock therapy to make her see it. That little house would mark the scene of a new page in their relationship.

Quite possibly an extremely naughty scene.

Chapter Two

At some point, when he wasn't looking, a pod person had crawled into Ana and taken over her body.

Granted, the pod person's agenda wasn't quite clear yet, but surely anyone who studied their society for long would know that a wild and sexy act was a good way to lull a male into a false sense of security. In order to eat his brains.

No more midnight sci-fi movies for you.

But seriously, something was up. Something more than his cock. Taylor grimaced as he zipped his jeans over his already half-hard erection. The cold shower he'd just taken hadn't done much to dispel his arousal. All he had to do was think of that smoking-hot car ride up the mountain to get all bothered again. If he was a superstitious man, he might think that the hedonistic memories contained in these mountains were affecting Ana as well.

He threw on a plain white T-shirt and left the big bedroom he'd been using at this cottage since he was sixteen and Eli's family had unofficially adopted him, following his estrangement with his own father. Though it was barely seven, the winter night had begun to creep across the sky, filling the spacious vacation home with shadows and the warm orange of the setting sun.

To be fair, Ana's out-of-character behavior wasn't sudden. She'd been acting a little oddly for the past couple of weeks, but he'd chalked it up to holiday stress. When they'd returned from spending Christmas with her loud, huge family and she'd informed him she wanted them to go away, just the two of them, before her vacation ended next week, this place was the only location he could come up with on short notice. All it took was one phone call to Eli for permission.

The permission had been granted immediately, and Taylor had gone hunting in the junk drawer in his and Ana's sunny little kitchen. The key to the cottage's front door had been buried all the way in the back, tarnished, forlorn and forgotten, not even on a keychain. It was the same key he'd used throughout his teens and young adulthood to come and go from this home whenever he'd pleased. Until he'd stopped needing to come here anymore.

He hadn't cut this place out of his life the way he had his father and the majority of the pack. Still, it had been years since he'd been here, and he had to admit, part of the visit was pure curiosity as a test of his willpower. Would this once-decadent den of pleasure stir him? Had he mastered his ability to abstain from his hedonistic leanings?

A week ago, smug in his cozy suburban Buffalo home, he would have said yes. Going cold turkey over a decade ago hadn't been easy, but his choice had either been that or a fate worse than death: a slow descent into madness and loneliness, until he either pulled the trigger on himself or his best friend was forced to do so, for the good of the rest of the pack.

In other words, no choice at all.

Yeah, but he'd come out on top. A faint smile curved his lips as he followed his nose and the slight ring of pots and pans to the kitchen. He passed through the luxuriously appointed living room. The open floor plan and excellent utilization of the square footage of this house had always appealed to his architect's eye. The décor had changed since the last time he'd been here, but that was no surprise, given his best friend's quicksilver moods. He stroked a hand over the back of the wide leather couch, perfect for fitting two—or perhaps more—people. One thing that hadn't changed was the way everything was geared toward hedonistic pleasure.

Pleasure he'd partaken in, happily. He pressed his hand against the wall. Though he knew it was his imagination, he swore he could feel the drywall pulse with the debauchery of his youth. He drew his hand away quickly. Ana knew some of his checkered past. Sexual history was important, and he hadn't lied or misled her about the number of partners he'd had in his misguided teens and twenties. Though she'd been obviously nonplussed, the fact that he'd significantly slowed down and even abstained for a couple of years for the greater part of his adulthood had seemed to redeem him in her eyes.

However, he hadn't told her about the exact nature of what he'd done with those partners. His slightly nostalgic smile fell away as he entered the kitchen. He didn't know how to begin to tell her everything.

He stopped as he caught sight of Ana standing at the stove in the gourmet kitchen which, knowing Eli, had probably never seen a real cook.

About seven years ago, Taylor had briefly dated an antique store owner. He remembered seeing a small cameo in her shop with the profile of a woman garbed in lace and pearls.

When he'd done a favor for his assistant and picked up her son from kindergarten a couple of years ago, he'd watched Ana wrangling a bunch of little people, and he'd wondered if she'd somehow stepped off that cameo and switched out her flowing dress for a pair of slacks and a button down. Talking to her that first time, he'd even felt the same way he had when his big hands had clumsily picked up that old necklace. Like he was in the presence of something delicate and lovely, something he could easily break if he mismanaged it.

He cocked his head and studied her. He'd never been attracted to frail-looking women before Ana, but she made the crick in his neck and the extra care when he touched her worth it. Her dark, pixie-cut hair curled around her flushed cheeks, a strand clinging to the corner of her incongruously full mouth. Those lips were his hot button—they tempted him to forget the fact that she was a quiet, sheltered, reserved woman who had probably never imagined half of the things he'd done.

That sounds like some wistfulness for the good old days...

No, he and Ana had a great sex life. The fact that they loved each other automatically made every encounter hot. Who cared if it was mostly done in the missionary position in their bedroom? There was a certain age when sexual acrobatics had to end. They were grownups and they were married.

So you won't admit that car ride was the hottest thing you two have ever done?

He shook his head to clear that thought. The vague shame the answer brought made him uncomfortable.

She was his. He'd braved the dragons—Ana's three moderately insane and very overprotective older brothers—and captured the princess. He wouldn't let anything jeopardize that, not even his own abnormal cravings. Even if it meant he was doing a hell of a lot more working out lately to keep those cravings under wraps. The car ride had been hot, yes, but he'd still retained control of himself. He wouldn't let it slip, no matter what.

He leaned against the doorframe. "Something smells good."

She cast him a quick smile over her shoulder. Sometimes he felt like her laughing dark brown eyes could just swallow him whole. "Who's complaining about my purchases now?"

"Not me." He walked over to where she stood stirring a pot of red sauce on the stove. The aroma of garlic and tomato filled his nostrils and whet his appetite. Placing his hands on her waist, he brushed a kiss on her neck. A whole different kind of appetite sat up and took notice. She'd showered while he'd caught a nap, and he inhaled the scent of vanilla, the lotion she used after every bath. It had gotten so bad he couldn't smell that scent anywhere and not get hard for her.

He pressed openmouthed kisses down her neck, making her giggle and lean back against him. He could almost span his hands around her waist, and he wanted nothing more than to smooth them up and cup her sensitive breasts. Unfortunately she was wearing The Apron, and he feared what would happen if he started something.

To be fair, he assumed she'd found this one in a drawer somewhere, since it didn't exactly look like the one she wore at home. It was pink and frilly, though, and it was close enough to be The Apron to be dangerous to his mental health.

Every time she slipped it on, all he could think about was having her wear that, handcuffs and heels and nothing else. Then he'd have her come to the breakfast table where he sat and bend her over at the waist and feed every inch of his cock into those full, bee-stung lips...

He removed his hands from his wife and stepped away hastily. God, maybe he'd been too overconfident, thinking he would be able to win out over the memories this place carried.

"I'll set the table," he blurted out, eager to have his hands occupied with something that wasn't Ana's soft skin or perfect firm tits or round thighs...

His grandmother. Baseball stats. A snowdrift.

His jaw clenched. It was a lost cause. He should have done some pushups or something before coming downstairs.

“It’s already set,” she informed him, all cheerful and unaware of his seething—yeah, seething—lust. “Why don’t you help me bring the food to the table?”

Excellent, he’d take any excuse to keep his hands occupied. He hefted the larger pot of spaghetti and followed behind her, finding it difficult to avoid staring at her twitching little rump, the cheerful bow of her apron bouncing right on top of it.

He managed to avoid spilling the contents of the pot all over the fine lace tablecloth Ana had rustled up. When he glanced at her, she was tugging at something behind her. She met his gaze and grimaced. “I think I knotted this thing. Do you mind?” She turned and presented him with her back.

He drifted closer and reached down to unwork the knot she’d made of the apron ties. They were stubborn.

Cloth bands, securing Ana’s slender wrists to his metal bedframe...

He yelped. Flat-out yelped, like a fucking nancy boy, and dropped his hands. Blinking, he looked up to meet her puzzled gaze. “Are you okay?”

Taylor licked his lips. “Yeah.” His voice sounded too loud, even to his own ears. “Hang on.”

Stalking over to the butcher block on the granite counter, he grabbed a knife and came back to Ana. Her eyes widened, but he didn’t give her a chance to say anything as he slit through the ties with a well-placed jerk. “Taylor! You ruined this apron.”

He grunted.

“This wasn’t even mine. We can’t go around cutting stuff up when we’re a guest in someone’s home.”

“Trust me, Eli won’t care or notice.” Most likely, Eli had probably used the apron as a sexual prop or a way to humor some female he had up here. He doubted his friend even remembered that it existed.

She frowned at him as she draped the forlorn fabric on another chair and sat down on the one he pulled out for her. “I’d care.”

“You’re not a guy. Thank God.”

Ana shook her head. “Seriously, Taylor, I—” The lights in the deceptively old-fashioned chandelier flickered above their table. She jumped. “Is the power going out?”

He waited for a second, but the electricity stayed on. He shrugged and filled her plate, adding more than she’d probably take on her own. “I don’t think so.”

He fixed his own plate and grabbed a piece of garlic bread from the serving dish in the center of the table. Though he was starved, his wife had her rituals, so he waited, head bowed, as she murmured a quick prayer. He waited for her to pick up her fork before reaching for his.

“This tastes great,” he said between bites. “Thanks.”

“No problem.”

As he stopped to take a sip from his wine, he realized that she was barely nibbling on her own food. Or rather, nibbling less than usual. Ana had a tendency to eat like a bird in any case, something that had puzzled him when he first met her. The women he'd grown up around had eaten heartily. Sometimes they'd even fought over the food on each other's plates. "Is something wrong?"

"No. Actually, I was just wondering if we should go test the generator before it gets too dark. I mean, didn't Eli say he hasn't been up here in a while? Maybe it's no longer working or..."

Taylor stifled a smile. Now this was his Ana—professional worrywart with a gold medal in being cautious. They had initially bonded over their similar childhood trauma—both of their mothers had died of cancer, leaving them in the custody of their dads. While his father was a cold-blooded bastard he hadn't spoken to in almost twenty years, though, her father was a warm and loving man, and he and her older brothers adored Ana. He'd expected the lone girl and youngest child in a family of men to be a pampered princess, but Ana's experiences had molded her into a caretaker. The jury was still out on what he'd been molded into. "When Eli's not here, he has the money to make sure someone comes up and checks on everything. Trust me."

"Hmm. Okay."

She continued to poke at her pasta. With a sigh, he twirled strands of spaghetti around his fork, and then held it out to her. "Trust me," he repeated softly.

She smiled, her eyes brightening with that look he'd come to crave, loving and full of trust. The fact that this woman depended on him and entrusted him with her heart both panicked and humbled him. She leaned forward and accepted the bite of pasta into her mouth. Those fuck-me lips closed over the tines of the fork, and he couldn't tear his eyes away. Unable to help himself, he continued to feed her from his own plate, no longer hungry, simply enjoying fulfilling his ma—

He stiffened. His wife. His *wife's* needs.

She stopped him by placing her hand on his wrist. "I'm stuffed. Here." She held up her uneaten garlic bread and brought it to his mouth. He took a bite from it, then another, until the small piece was gone. Her laughter pealed out when he continued to playfully lick and lap at her fingers. The laughter subsided when he not-so-playfully caught her finger between his lips and sucked it hard.

Her chest rose and fell as he changed fingers, being careful to clean them of butter and garlic. As he released her pinky, he glanced up to meet her gaze. The lights flickered in the inky darkness of her eyes as she watched him without blinking. Hectic color had flooded her cheeks, and her breathing was definitely faster.

"Are you finished?" he murmured.

"Yes."

"Ready to turn in?"

A small smile curled her lips. "It's early."

Not so early, since turning in will mean I have you under me. “Mmmm.”

“How about we watch TV for a while?” She stood up gracefully and began collecting their plates with economical motions.

If by watch TV, you mean fuck my brains out then... “Sounds great,” he said loudly, and then stood and stopped her from picking up his plate. “Why don’t you go put something on? I think there’s a bunch of DVDs under the cabinet. Just pick a movie or something. I’ll clean up.”

Her eyes brightened. “Perfect.”

It didn’t take him long to clean up the kitchen now that his personal catnip had left the room. Though he wasn’t a very talented cook, he was great at tidying things. He put the dishes into the washer, made sure the counters were clean and even dried out the sink with a paper towel.

As he finished wiping down the kitchen table, the cut apron caught his eye. Unable to resist, he picked it up and brought it to his nose. He could swear the slightest hint of vanilla clung to its folds.

Ana, greeting him as he came home from the office, wearing The Apron and a string of pearls. Dropping to her knees, unbuttoning his slacks...

He tried to shake the images away. If fabric could burn, this pink thing was singeing his fingers. Holding it between his thumb and forefinger, he threw it into the garbage can and closed the lid. Wishing, as he did so, that he could shut his imagination down just as decisively.

Chapter Three

Ana hadn't planned on stumbling across a stash of porn that would probably make even a connoisseur blush, but what was she supposed to do now that she had?

Not look?

Please.

The DVDs on the bookshelf were all fine, mainstream flicks that were in any person's home. Curious as to what was in the cupboard below them, she'd opened it up and been bombarded with boobs and ass.

She was a guest in someone's home, so she knew it wasn't proper to go snooping into obviously private property.

But...porn! Lots of it! She'd never seen so much!

Grabbing a handful of the cases, she settled cross-legged on the ground to sort through them. Bondage, bondage, bondage, spanking, dominatrix, ménage—she paused at that one and set it aside—more bondage, more spanking...there was a definite theme going on here. Holy crap, Eli.

I wonder if there's a spank-and-tie light here for beginners...

Okay, so she wasn't a complete newbie to the adult film industry. The internet made that pretty much impossible. But while she'd been honest in the car and occasionally looked up some smutty books or pictures or video clips, she'd never quite watched a real porno.

A smile spread across her lips. A decidedly naughty smile.

This was the perfect place and time to broaden her education a little, wasn't it? Heck, she practically had the Smithsonian of porn sitting here.

She flipped through the cases on the bottom shelf, almost overwhelmed at the selection. Ana had trouble picking out a pair of shoes when there were too many choices. How was she supposed to pick one movie out of this smorgasbord of flesh and kink? If things went as she sorta planned, she doubted they'd be watching more than one.

When she heard the water running in the kitchen, she knew she'd better hurry up and make a choice. Her darling, stickler that he was, had probably finished cleaning the kitchen so thoroughly it was cleaner than when they'd arrived. That was how he rolled.

Picking the least-intimidating video, she pushed the others back into their cabinet and dropped the DVD into the player. She'd managed to get past the very telling title screen and first scene when Taylor entered the room. The screen was frozen on the image of an open road. "Did you find something?"

“Yup.” She shoved the case onto the bookcase and hastily pushed another one on top of it. *Play innocent*, a mysterious imp inside of her whispered. “I just grabbed the first one that was on top. Hope that’s okay.”

“You know I’m not picky.”

He sat on the couch in what she called his man sprawl, legs spread apart, slightly slouched, arms draped over the back. She sat right next to him. Well used to his TV habits, she yanked the remote control out of the way before he could snatch it off the couch where it lay. “Nuh-uh. I want it.”

“I was just going to make sure the volume’s loud enough,” he protested.

“Yeah, and then you’d hold it for no reason for the rest of it and distract me by fiddling with the buttons.” She hit play and tossed the control to the end of the couch before snuggling up next to him. His arm came around her, pulling her closer.

The scene opened with an empty road. A car zoomed by, leaving dust plumes in its wake. A split-second later, a police car started to chase behind it, sirens blaring. “Some kind of cop drama?” he asked, disinterestedly.

“I think so.” She snuggled closer into his side and patted his chest, allowing her hand to linger.

The little sports car pulled over, and the camera focused on the busty blonde woman sitting in the driver’s seat. Dressed in a mockery of a pinstriped business suit, her hair raked back in a bun and a pair of glasses sexily dropping down her nose, she glanced in the rearview mirror and began cursing. The video quality wasn’t bad, Ana thought critically.

Taylor snorted. “This woman isn’t a very good actress.”

“Hmmm.”

Two men got out of the police car and Ana almost hooted. Okay, if it hadn’t looked too much like a porno before, the men just about cured that. She’d never seen police uniforms quite so tight and formfitting.

With her hand on his chest, she could feel the instant Taylor stiffened. “Um, Ana...”

She bit her lip to keep from smiling.

The cops strolled up to either side of the woman’s car, their faces stern, the outlines of their erections evident beneath their pants. The one on the driver’s side bent to rest his arms on the window.

The woman cast her gaze over one, then the other, and then returned to the silent man on her side. “Officers, is there a problem?”

His eyes were narrowed as he looked at her thoroughly. “We clocked you going almost twenty miles over the speed limit, ma’am.”

She licked her full, probably collagen-enhanced lips. “Why, Officer, I could swear I was just under the limit.”

His eyes narrowed further. “Are you arguing with me? License and registration.”

Taylor shifted. “Ana, I don’t think this is a movie you’re going to want to see.”

She tilted her head up to look him in the eyes. “You don’t know what I do or don’t want. Now watch.”

She didn’t wait for him to respond, but turned back to the TV. After a second, his hand slipped below her hair to cup the back of her neck. She shivered at the gentle touch, the leashed power in it.

The woman in the car was fumbling through her purse on her lap. “I swear, my license is right in here...”

The police officer at her window did a credible acting job when he stiffened and took a step back from the door, resting his hand on the butt of a rather realistic-looking gun. “Lady, put that purse down and step out of the car.”

“What?”

“Put it down.” His tone was low and just a little bit mean. The woman dumped the purse on the seat next to her and got out of her car, huffing in irritation the whole time.

As soon as she was out, the officer spun her around and pushed her down on the hood of the car. The non-business suit skirt was so short it rode up to reveal her thong. “How dare you do this!”

“You have a license for that mace in your purse, ma’am?”

“What? Of course not...oh.”

Ana took a moment out of the fantasy to wonder why the cop needed to pat down a woman who was wearing an outfit so brief and tight that it would be impossible to hide a weapon in it. But the sexiness of the big, muscled man roving his hands over the buxom lady’s body got to her so quickly, she dismissed the fleeting pragmatic thought.

He was even checking her between her legs in an impersonal manner that nonetheless had an effect on the chick. She tossed her head back and moaned as the man pulled her up to fondle her breasts and stroke down her stomach, pushing up her skirt to check between her legs in the front as well. “How dare you treat me this way, I swear to God I’m going to kill you.” Her breathless voice and slack mouth belied her tough words.

“Was that a threat?” The cop finished patting her down, his tone darkly amused, and looked at his heretofore silent partner. “I think I heard a threat, what do you think?”

“I think she needs to be cuffed. For our safety.”

“Oh please, no.” Her pleas didn’t contain a lot of heat as the first officer roughly pulled her hands behind her and cuffed her.

“You’ve been really bad. You’re going to get quite the ticket here.”

She arched her back, shoving her huge breasts into the other man’s face. “But I can’t afford another ticket.”

The officer ripped at her too-tight blazer, the driver's gasp of outrage melting into a moan when he pushed down the barely there bra and squeezed and manipulated her nipples. "Then maybe we can have you pay your fine right here. Do you want to do that, bad girl?"

"I don't know, partner, if she can be good enough to get us to rip up her ticket."

"I can be good," she insisted on a moan.

The officer put his mouth right up to her ear. "You have to do whatever we say. Your ass is ours. Got it?"

"Yes."

"Yes, what?"

The woman cast her eyes down to the ground. "Yes, Officer."

Ana heard Taylor give a groan, and she realized that her hand, which had been unconsciously stroking his stomach and pecs, was now rubbing his hard penis through his jeans. Licking her lips, she glanced up at him under her lashes. "I guess this is turning you on."

He shook his head, green eyes intense. "You're fucking turning me on. I can smell...I mean, I can practically see how wet you are. This is working for you, isn't it?"

She was already soaking between her legs, so she couldn't pretend it wasn't. "Yes."

His hand tightened on the back of her neck. "Unzip me. Play with me while you watch."

Ana swallowed and opened his jeans, eyes widening when she realized he'd gone commando. His erection leapt into her hands. She grasped him, delighting at the supple, almost velvet-like feel of the skin of his penis.

She knew what speed and roughness he preferred, and her hand automatically picked that up as she turned back to the television. The officer had shoved the woman to her knees on the side of the road and opened his pants. "Open your mouth, bad girl."

The blonde dutifully opened her mouth, unfazed when the man pulled out a monster cock and slapped it against her cheek. "Suck this. And watch your teeth."

Taylor shifted his legs a little sideways, forcing her to move and stop the motion of her hand. When he pushed gently, questioningly, at the back of her neck, she almost fainted at the rush of blood that flowed to her vagina.

God, yes. This was the bad boy she'd wanted to see.

The pressure he exerted grew stronger, more sure when she lowered her head to the thick cock in her hands. Her man wasn't as long as the man on the screen but he was probably thicker.

Om nom nom.

Ana sucked the tip of her husband's erection, loving the taste of his salty-hot flesh on her tongue. She rarely went down on Taylor...if she did, it was usually very quick. She'd always thought he preferred oral sex on her, so she hadn't bothered to push the issue.

No, he definitely liked this, or at least the growing hard-on in her mouth liked it. In this position, kneeling on the couch, she could actually turn her head to continue watching the action on the flat screen. As if he knew what she wanted, Taylor fisted the strands of her hair and pulled them away from her face, so the view was unimpeded.

As the woman on the screen gave the one officer a blowjob, the other one moved in next to her and opened his pants as well, revealing an equally large erection. She began to alternate going down on them, both of them getting rough with her hair, screwing her mouth down farther on their cocks. She took them like a pro—no surprise, she was one—and managed to swallow the huge erections all the way down her throat to their roots.

When Ana did take Taylor in her mouth, it was usually just sucking the tip or licking the sides while her hand worked the rest, which was exactly what she was doing now. *I can do that*, she thought with a burst of determination, as the woman became more ferocious about eating the meat in front of her.

Inhaling through her nose, she slammed Taylor's cock into her mouth. Distantly she heard his appreciative shout, but she was too busy gagging to savor his enjoyment. She automatically resisted the intrusion and her head shot up. His hand didn't restrain her, even helped her lift away. "Easy, baby. You don't have to..."

But she wanted to. Resisting his tug upward on her hair, she blinked away the tears in her eyes and sucked him down again, this time allowing the tip to just barely graze her throat. Even then she choked again and brought her head up.

He gave a slight shake to her neck to get her attention. "You really want to do this?"

Her mouth just sucking at the mushroom head of his cock, she nodded.

He sighed as if he knew she wouldn't budge. He pulled her off him. "Get on the floor. On your knees. It'll be easier in that position." After she complied, he held his cock with one hand and put the other on the back of her skull. "Let me control it, okay?"

Ana nodded quickly, her mouth feeling stretched and empty and eager to get back on the wet cock he was holding. He fed it to her, controlling the amount she took, and then pulsed his hips upward, shuttling his erection in and out, allowing the saliva to build in her mouth. "Use your mouth," he said quietly. "Suck it."

She used her mouth and lips and tongue to work the part of his cock she could manage. As she measured what was left of him, she realized he was slowly and surely feeding her more and more of his shaft.

"Oh yeah, you are a bad girl, aren't you? Suck it harder, make me come."

Her eyes flew up to his silent, intense face, and she realized that the words were coming from the still-playing porno on the screen.

He gave a little push on her head on his next upward thrust. The tip of his erection breached through her throat, blocking her airflow. She almost panicked until she heard his calm, measured voice. "Breathe through it."

She did as he said and managed to hold his cock within her throat. He retreated and she had just enough time to take a deep breath before he was lodged there again. It was easier this time.

The DVD provided the soundtrack to her taking him deeper and deeper. She deep-throated him again and again, not making a sound. She knew he loved it though, since she watched his face the entire time. Lines of pure pleasure and enjoyment were carved there.

"Suck my balls, or we'll punish you harder."

It was tougher than she thought it would be to resist the downward push of his hands on the back of her head. It was also sexier than she imagined to try.

His cock, now wet and shiny from his precome and her saliva, slipped from her lips. His balls were drawn tight against the base of his penis and she sucked them, one after the other, until Taylor's breath was coming in rapid pants. "Jesus, Ana."

"Shit, yes," hissed the man on the television.

She went back to his cock, sucking him faster and harder as he bucked upward. She added her hand to the mix, twisting strongly with each pull until his body tightened and arched into a bow beneath her. His shout mingled with the other male groans of completion.

She'd never sucked him off 'til he came. God, what had they been missing this entire time? His semen splashed into her mouth, and he held her there, not allowing her to get away from his passion.

Not that she wanted to.

Ana sucked him until the spurts ended. Even then, his cock wasn't soft, sitting nice and hard on her tongue.

She drew off of him, his cock flushed red. He looked wiped out, sprawled on the sofa cushions. His head was kicked back, an arm covering his eyes as he panted.

Ana worked her jaw to get the kinks out. Blowjob was a strenuous business for both parties. She hoped he recovered quickly. The sight of that mostly erect cock made her crave it between her legs. The muscles in her sex clenched.

The sound of male and female moans had her turning her head to watch the big screen. The actors had shed their clothes, though the woman still wore her spike heels...of course. She was bent at the waist over the hood of her car while one man reamed her ass and the other pushed his cock between her lips. Ana shuddered. She and Taylor had never attempted anal, certainly never talked about it, but the thought of it made her more than a little hot.

As if she were in a trance, she stood and pulled off her T-shirt, tossing it on the ground. He removed his arm from over his eyes at her sudden motion, his gaze hooded as he watched her unsnap her bra and throw that aside too.

“Take off your clothes.” She wanted to see his body nude, watch the blue and purple lights of the television play over his flesh.

He uncoiled from the sofa and stripped his shirt and pants off as she wriggled out of the super-tight jeans she’d worn to catch his attention. She was about to push her panties down her legs when he wrapped an arm around her waist and yanked her forward, arching her back and sucking first one, then the other nipple into his mouth. The heat of his mouth had her tipping her head back and moaning loudly. God, it felt so good. She tried to squirm, but his rough grip held her immobile as he feasted on her.

He slid one hand around and down her stomach to her panties. The tiny underwear was no match for his fingers. He had the crotch pulled aside and two thick fingers pushing inside of her in record time. “God you’re so wet,” he groaned.

“Duh,” she answered breathlessly. He slipped his wet fingers into the waistband and pushed the panties down, growling low in his throat when her pussy was bared to his gaze.

“I couldn’t see this that clearly in the car.” He cupped his hand over her naked mound protectively. “Is this for me?”

“You seemed to like it the one time I did it, so I thought—”

He pressed a kiss against her lips, ending her thought. “I like it, all right. I like it a lot.”

Taylor ended the conversation by turning her around in his arms so her back was to him. Confused for a second, she tried to pivot, but he stopped her by sitting on the couch again, pulling her down so she sat on his lap.

His hard cock nudged the small of her back as he leaned forward to whisper in her ear. “You can see the TV better this way, and I can still take care of you. You need to be taken care of, don’t you?”

She nodded.

“And you want to watch?”

Another nod.

A hand wound in her hair again and she jumped. Her stomach clenched when he pulled lightly so her neck arched. “I can’t hear you,” he said silkily.

A rush of moisture flooded her vagina. “Yes,” she whimpered.

“You’re a good girl,” the officer on the screen told the woman who was currently being hammered by his cock as she knelt, doggy style, on the side of the road.

“Good girl,” Taylor praised, parroting the movie, either deliberately or unconsciously, Ana wasn’t sure. Either way, it was hot as hell.

He arranged her legs so they fell on either side of his and lifted her up as if she weighed no more than a doll. He fit his cock to her entrance and pulled her down, a little rougher than he normally did.

There were definite benefits to this position, Ana realized as Taylor's hands roamed over the front of her body. He fucked her harder, faster, and she leaned back, trying to use her legs to work his cock even deeper inside of her.

One of his hands held her by the breast, squeezing and rubbing the nipple, but also using the grip to move her up and down. The other hand sank into her pussy, easily finding her clit.

She closed her eyes, uncaring of what happened in the movie now as her husband fucked her to the climax that had been building since her last one. She tilted her head back, allowing him free access to her body as he hammered inside her.

Yeah, she really liked this position.

What had gotten into his wife?

You, stupid.

Har, har, har. Other than that.

Taylor stroked his hands up the front of her body as he fucked her. She was so soft, her body tight and clasp wet around him. The first time he'd gotten inside her, he'd felt like her pussy had been made for his cock. Though she had to work to take him at first, once he was inside her, she fit him like a warm, wet glove.

Her back was arched against him, her eyes shut as her head lolled on his shoulder. He could feel every inch of her sheath as it rippled around him. The sounds from the television were easy to disregard. What man could care about a fake porno when his arms were full of this reality? The overblown actress currently getting double fucked on the screen had nothing on the supple strength and delicate beauty of the woman in his arms.

The sound of a scraping foot was not as easy to disregard, and his eyes shot open. He momentarily froze as he caught sight of the man standing just inside the door to the kitchen, dripping snow on the ground from his wet down coat, a designer duffel hanging on his shoulder. Eli's bright blue eyes were wide as he stared at the two of them locked together in an epic lap dance.

Taylor should have been outraged. He should have gotten up and yelled and freaked out on the man, regardless of the fact that they'd been friends forever. It didn't matter that his hand covered Ana's pussy, or that his other arm was locked across her breasts, giving her more protection than a bikini.

Yeah, that's what he should have done. Instead his cock swelled, harder and thicker than it ought to have been given that she'd sucked him off not even fifteen minutes ago.

Eli took in the porno blaring across the big-screen TV and raised his eyebrow in question and speculation.

For one crazy second, Taylor considered it, his brain calculating the various reactions Ana would have to the proposal of a ménage with two dominating males. Outrage was the most likely response, followed by tears, hurt, dismay and disappointment.

Intrigued acceptance? Not. Likely.

And your cock did not just get impossibly harder at the mere thought of her succumbing.

His woman's whimper at the cessation of his thrusting brought him back to the moment at hand, and he automatically dug his heels into the carpet to continue fucking her. Noticing the flutter of her eyelashes, he gave a quick shake of his head. Eli gave him a smile full of regret before he quietly withdrew from the room.

The instant the door closed behind Eli, Taylor bounced her harder on his cock, his mind entering into a zone where nothing existed but his orgasm. He couldn't remember the last time he'd been so turned on, so ready to blow his come inside of anyone. Though she was normally as silent a lover as he was, now Ana was vocal enough that he knew exactly when her orgasm would hit her. Her moans came in increasing gasps, her head rolling against his shoulder as he forced her to take every inch of him.

He paused while her vagina clenched around him, milking his cock so hard, he thanked God that penises couldn't bruise. He allowed her maybe fifteen seconds of respite before grabbing her around the waist, lifting her off his still-hard cock and tossing her down on the couch on her back.

Her eyelashes fluttered open. "Taylor?"

He clenched his jaw, barely able to formulate words, though he tried. "Need to come. Wanna see your face."

Generous as always, she opened her arms to him.

Unfortunately, she didn't move fast enough with her legs. Grunting like the caveman he was, Taylor grabbed her thighs with both hands and roughly pushed them apart. Still judging it to be not enough, he placed one over the back of the couch.

She gasped, but didn't move to close them. Good. He wanted to see her whole labia opened up to him like a pretty pink present.

He didn't mind pubic hair, but he did like Ana's pussy shaved. It allowed him to see every inch of the perfection that she was, and made eating her out feel like he was putting his mouth in a creamy bowl of dessert. Her thighs were wet with her moisture, and he knew exactly how slick she was. No more foreplay needed, so he slammed his cock inside her to the hilt.

She gasped, her back arching. Maybe it was too much for her, but he didn't even care, his entire selfish being focused on giving his mate pleasure and finding it himself.

He knew Eli was in the kitchen, probably sitting at the table where they'd just eaten. He knew his best friend could hear every noise they made out here. He knew he should probably take Ana to the bedroom and at least try to stifle their cries.

He knew all of that. And he didn't care.

He drove his cock inside her again. "Who's fucking you?" he asked, not at all quietly.

"You—oh God!"

"Say my name."

"Taylor."

He adjusted their bodies so he bumped against her exposed clitoris with every stroke. She let out a high, keening noise.

"Say it louder," he demanded.

"Taylor!"

"Tell me to fuck you harder."

"Fuck me harder," she cried out, her voice filling the house.

He picked up the speed of his hips, hammering into her wet, willing little cunt. "Tell me to fuck you deeper."

"God yes."

"Say it."

"Fuck me deeper."

He rewarded her by leaning down to bite each of her nipples quickly, driving inside of her to his balls. Her breasts jiggled with every thrust of his hips, and he pushed her up the sofa until her head was hitting the sofa arm.

He didn't care. Especially since she didn't care, her voice rising in octave with every rough pounding he gave her. "Taylor, oh, yes, Taylor."

Yeah, this was his woman, and she was screaming his name. Everyone would know that she was his woman.

He released his iron-hard grip on her leg to bring his fingers to her mouth. "Suck them."

She complied immediately, which only made him a little more crazy. He slid the wet fingers down her body to pulse them against her clit as he stroked even rougher.

Her body arched so much beneath his, he wondered if she would throw him off. But no, it only drove him to subdue her by shoving himself far enough inside her that he was certain she would feel him in her throat.

He thrust deep and held himself there as she came again, this time allowing himself pleasure. When she'd thoroughly drained him, he flopped forward on top of her.

It was the slight wheeze he heard a few seconds—or maybe it was minutes—later, that told him he was crushing her. He'd never moved so fast. Taylor reared back on his legs, studying his wife anxiously. Her face and body were damp with perspiration...so was he, for that matter, so he had no idea whose sweat

was whose. She looked exhausted, her eyes closed, lashes fanned out on her high cheekbones. Her body was flushed with hectic color, her legs spread, their bodies still joined together.

Bracing himself on the couch, he pulled out of her clasping body, taking a selfish moment to love the way it felt on his softened and sensitive cock. Her lashes fluttered open and she smiled at him languidly.

He barely noticed that. All he could see were the bruises his hands had left on her thighs, the way he'd fucked her up the couch until her neck was all scrunched up. He'd held that pixie mop of hair, pulled it tight as he guided her on his cock, bit her nipples...

Within earshot of another man. With the man who'd been best man at their wedding barely a year ago.

A hot rush of shame doused whatever residual arousal lingered in his blood. How could he have treated his sweet Ana like this? She was his wife, his everything. Some control. Some ultimate test.

You've barely been here half a day. And this is what you do to her? You're failing.

She was trying to say something, but he shushed it away by layering soft, gentle kisses on her mouth. Words didn't come easy to him, but he could try to convey his apologies within the caresses.

Her mouth softened below his, and he continued kissing her as he stood up. She locked her legs around his waist, her slender arms around his neck. Her pussy, wet from his juices and hers, rubbed against the flesh of his belly as he walked them out of the living room.

By all rights, his cock should have been completely spent, but the scent of both of them intertwined went to his head like a fine wine.

Too bad you can't stop breathing.

He entered their room and laid her down on the bed. Taylor kissed her when she started to speak again. "Go to sleep. We'll talk tomorrow."

Her drowsy eyes tracked him as he took care of her the only way he could at the moment, by bringing a wet, warm cloth from the bathroom and wiping the flesh he'd ravaged between her legs.

The flesh he wanted to ravage again.

Control. Calm.

He spooned up next to her and held her. If she noticed his erection poking her in the back, she was kind enough not to comment on his suddenly uncontrollable desire. By the time her breathing evened out, her eyes fluttering shut, he'd managed to dampen some of his arousal, and he slipped from the bed and grabbed a pair of boxers from the bureau before venturing out.

When he got to the kitchen, he found Eli sitting at the table eating their leftover cold spaghetti and garlic bread straight from the Tupperware. His best friend glanced up when Taylor entered the room. "Ah, I wondered if you were ever going to come talk to me. Rather excessive, wasn't all of that?"

Taylor crossed his arms over his chest and leaned back against the countertop. "I don't know what you're talking about."

Eli rolled his eyes and deepened his voice. “Come on, baby, tell the world who’s fucking you.”

“I did not say that.”

“Eh. I wasn’t putting together a transcript. Hot as hell, by the way. Very alpha behavior.”

He clenched his teeth to hide the muscle ticking in his jaw. As much as he knew Eli loved him, he also knew the other man lived to rile him up. “So, what are you doing here again? You know, after I told you Ana and I wanted some time *alone* away from people?”

Eli’s mischievous grin vanished and he had the grace to look abashed. “I’m really sorry. I forgot I said you could come up here.”

“Damn it, Eli, I only talked to you a few days ago.”

“I know, I need a better secretary.”

“You wouldn’t need a secretary if you would just buy a freakin’ calendar.”

“I’m sorry.”

Taylor sighed, unable to stay mad for long at a man he’d known since they were both snot-nosed preteens. Eli and Eli’s parents were the only family he acknowledged. The man had refused to let him cut him out of his life the way Taylor’d done with everyone else from his past. Eli had a heart of gold.

He also had a nasty habit of scheduling things by writing them on Post-its. Or napkins. Or scraps of paper. Or used envelopes. Or...

Well, nothing that could take the place of a trusty datebook.

“It’s fine. Did something happen? Fight with your dad?” Taylor couldn’t imagine what else would force Eli out in this cold weather from his base of power in Manhattan, without the bodyguards who seemed to constantly hover since he’d taken his father’s position. The elder Reynolds was a good man, but he was as strong-willed as his son, and the two of them had butted heads over some pretty stupid stuff in the past. Only natural, when a son and father were equally powerful.

Or so Taylor figured. He and his old man never argued over anything. But then again, as Daddy Dearest had liked to remind him, Taylor was too weak and insignificant to bother fighting with. Hell, even when he’d been kicked out, there hadn’t been an argument, just a cold directive to pack his bags.

“When do we not fight? But this time, he’s not the only one. I needed to get away from everyone.”

For the first time, Taylor noticed the signs of stress in his friend’s face. It was there, in the lines around his mouth and eyes. “What’s wrong?”

“Lucy.”

Well, that succinct one-word answer explained the stress. If Lucy was in Taylor’s life, his hair would be completely gray. Not for the first time, he pitied Eli and the expectations and responsibilities that came with his position. “Ah.”

Eli pushed a hand through his hair. The five-hundred-dollar haircut always made his blond hair look artfully tousled, but it was clear Eli had been giving the unkempt strands help tonight. “I told her it was over.”

Taylor’s eyes widened. “Ahh.” He grabbed a roll of paper towels off the countertop and went to sit next to his friend, carefully scraping up the crumbs Eli had dropped.

“Everyone’s mad at me. The last few weeks...”

“Wait, you did this weeks ago? And you didn’t tell me?”

“I was trying to keep it quiet, you know break it to my dad...” he cast Taylor an uncertain look, “...and yours. Plus the other elders.”

Taylor kept his face expressionless. “Hmm.”

“But then Lucy went all apeshit.” Eli shook his head. “I know we’re supposed to be together—”

“Not if you can’t stand her.”

“I can’t. I know she’s supposed to be tough and strong, and I’ll give you that she’s a firecracker in bed, but honest to God, Tay...sometimes she’s just mean.”

Yeah, and that was the real reason Eli and Lucy’s relationship had been on again/off again, but mostly off, for years, despite everyone’s expectations for the two since they were teenagers. Careless cruelty bothered Eli, who was a genuinely nice guy under his playboy image and bad-boy persona. Taylor made a sympathetic noise. “I’m sorry.”

Eli sighed and stared at the spaghetti morosely before seemingly shaking off the bad mood. “Enough of that. When you called for the favor, I thought maybe something was wrong with you and Ana. But you two look like you’re having fun.” He winked at Taylor. “And here I thought you were reformed.”

Taylor glanced down at his hands. He didn’t mean to say anything, but it popped out. “That’s not how we usually are.”

“Oh? It’s what? Better, longer? ’Cause I don’t know if I could even believe that.”

“No...it’s normal.”

Eli’s crack of laughter surprised him into looking up. His friend’s expression was wry and sympathetic. “Tay, there’s no normal for people like us. I don’t know when you’ll accept that, but you’ll be happier when you do.”

Taylor shook his head, his lips compressed. The hell he’d accept it. He’d successfully not accepted it for over a decade and things were going just fine, thank you very much. “I’m not like you. I’m not...like what I was.”

“Okay.” Eli’s easy capitulation didn’t fool him, particularly when the other man stood up. “But it didn’t look to me like she was minding what you were...and what you were showing her in that room.”

Taylor clenched his jaw. “You don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Well, whatever. Now, if you don’t mind, I’m going to my room. No worries, I’ll clear out of here in the morning, ’kay? You can have your romantic weekend.”

“Thanks, buddy.” As much as he loved the man, perhaps with Eli gone, this hunger wouldn’t be exacerbated. Yeah, it was the sight of the other man that had driven him over the edge.

You keep telling yourself that. You keep telling yourself that the sex you were having before you saw him standing there wasn’t a far cry from your usual, lights-off, missionary-position, extended-foreplay, once, maybe twice-a-night deal with Ana.

Self-delusion wasn’t always a bad thing. It had helped keep him firmly in the role he’d held for years, a mild-mannered nine-to-five architect. He had a nice house, an affordable mortgage, health benefits, vacation time.

The fact that it sounded horribly, tediously boring, even to his own ears, didn’t matter. Those things had scored him his lovely, gentle wife...and he wouldn’t jeopardize that for anything.

Chapter Four

Ana arose to the scent of cinnamon in the air. Must be Sunday. Sundays were her and Taylor's day to sleep in and enjoy breakfast foods they normally didn't indulge in.

But when she opened her eyes, the room was still dim, and her husband was lying next to her snoring softly, which told her more than anything that it must be early. Taylor was usually up with the birds.

Was it an air freshener? That smelled like French toast? And only sprayed in the mornings?

Unlikely.

Careful not to jostle her man, she slipped out of bed. It was only when she stumbled on unsteady legs that she realized she was completely naked.

And then she remembered how she got that way.

A warm blush covered her body as memories of last night flickered through her brain in high def. Their sexual past had officially been eclipsed.

It had been hot and dirty and sweaty, but more than all of that, for the first time ever, even more so than in their erotic car ride, Ana had felt like she was holding the real person who lurked behind her husband's calm, quiet exterior.

Her heart accelerated, and she glanced back at the bed. Generally, Taylor slept as neatly as he did everything else, not taking up any more space than he needed to, considerately keeping his larger frame from shoving her smaller body off the bed. This morning, he was sprawled out on his belly, face turned toward her. He looked utterly relaxed, rested and sated, his mouth ajar as he breathed deeply in and out.

It made her want to keep him in this state. Or rather, wake him up, wear him out all over again, and put him back in this sexual overdose.

Ignoring the slight soreness of her sex, she even took a step back to the bed before she remembered what had woken her up in the first place.

Mysterious smell or hubby loving...decisions, decisions.

The mystery won out, but only because she didn't want to be disturbed from any shenanigans they might engage in. She grabbed the first clothes she could find in the drawer where Taylor had neatly unpacked them the day before. It didn't matter if her husband was visiting a place for three days or three weeks, he did not like living out of a suitcase. Slipping on one of Taylor's many white T-shirts and a pair of her own soft shorts, she padded out to the living room. The desire to roll around on the couch and relive the night before was extremely strong...but the more obvious scent of cinnamon overcame that urge.

Her concern increased when she heard the slight rattle of a pan. She stopped just outside the kitchen door. Should she go wake up Taylor? And tell him what? That she thought there was someone in the kitchen...cooking something that smelled good?

You probably didn't hear anything.

Nonetheless, she picked up the vase off the table near her and held it securely, ready to aim for the head if someone was really in her borrowed kitchen. With her breath held, she pushed the swinging door open quickly and stepped inside, the pseudo-weapon raised.

She'd convinced herself so thoroughly that she was imagining things that she gave a loud shriek when the blond, half-naked man in front of the stove wheeled around, his spatula held aloft.

His lips quirked as he lowered the spatula. "Hey, beautiful. I didn't hear you."

She blinked at him, still unclear on if she was maybe still dreaming. "Eli? What are you doing here?"

"Is that all you can say to me? When you haven't seen me in forever?" He grinned and tossed the spatula down, turning the stove off with a quick flip of his wrist.

She actually had to check herself from sighing in feminine appreciation when he walked over to her. When they'd first met, Ana had immediately known that Eli probably never lacked for female company. Forget the fact that he was rich and gorgeous. His walk alone, all loose limbed and easy and confident, was a screaming aphrodisiac to single women everywhere.

Hell, not just the single women. She might be madly in love with Taylor, but she could spot a prime male specimen when he sauntered up to her.

And that was before she'd gotten those pictures...

He crowded closer and took the vase out of her unresisting hands. "You should have gone for the red one. This one's too old to really do any damage to my hard head. Trust me, you won't be the first woman who tried."

The vase, which had felt solid and substantial in her hands, looked like he could crush it between his palms. His words registered at the same time as the fine gold detail on the piece. "Er. By old, do you mean expensive?"

"Only my insurance adjuster knows for sure. No big." He tossed it back and forth between his palms, each careless gesture making her hyperventilate a little. There was a reason, damn it, that she didn't bother to buy expensive stuff. She had enough things to worry about.

She jumped when he clunked the piece of art on the counter behind him. He didn't give her a chance to catch her breath before he swept her up in a bear hug. Literally swept her up, his huge arms picking her up off the ground and swinging her around.

Eli was as big as Taylor...perhaps even bigger and broader. Whereas her husband was all brooding and dark though, Eli was as blond as a Nordic god and had the body and tan of a California surfer dude. His disposition was as sunny as his hair.

Taylor had once tried to explain what Eli did for a living, but after the words “finance” and “corporation” she’d zoned out. He didn’t have the body of a desk jockey, but then she’d heard enough stories and been around him enough to know he played as hard as he probably worked. All that aside, she liked him because he was fun and sweet and it was clear to anyone that he fiercely adored Taylor, which meant he had excellent taste.

He also had excellent peccs, which she wasn’t supposed to notice since she had an arguably nicer pair laying upstairs in her bed. However, with her nose smushed against one, it was hard to ignore it.

You’re a married woman, you’re a married woman...

Stupid pictures. She might have previously appreciated Eli’s rock-hard—*ahem*—attributes, but she’d never particularly lusted for him. Their relationship was friendly, as a friendship between a husband’s best friend and his wife should be. Now, though, knowing what Taylor and Eli had done together in the past, what they’d done to other women together...well, she’d be lying if she didn’t admit—at least to herself—that she had spent a moment imagining herself as the woman in those photos. Just for a moment. Or two. Okay, eighty-six.

Curious, she inhaled. Eli smelled fresh and clean, like the outdoors. But it wasn’t her husband’s scent and it didn’t stir the hunger Taylor did.

But if Taylor was here too...

Oh. Oh yes.

Warning bells went off in her head. Feeling disloyal at the sharp pang of arousal, she wriggled. Automatically he lowered her gently to the ground and gave a slight tug on the lock of hair brushing against her cheek. “How you doing, peanut?”

The pull on her scalp was a little too reminiscent of Taylor’s hands in her hair the night before. She stepped back, hoping her retreat wasn’t too obvious. “I’m doing fine,” she responded. She thought for a second. “Um, what are you doing here?”

“Can you believe I forgot that I had told Tay that you two could have the cabin this weekend?”

She hadn’t known Eli for the length of time that Taylor had. But could she believe that he had spoken to Taylor barely a week ago, given his blessing to let them come up here for some alone time, and then completely forget? “I don’t know how to say this, but yes.”

He laid a hand over the just-appreciated pec. “I’m wounded, my darling.”

“Uh-huh. Have you thought about getting a better secretary, Eli?”

“I told Taylor I should. Or maybe hire a second one, since I feel bad about letting this one go when she’s got kids to support. He said all I needed was a planner.”

That sounded like her husband. “That’s because Taylor has a calendar on hand in every room in the house.”

“I thought his two smartphones handled all of his OCD now?”

“I think he doesn’t quite trust them not to fall apart. He syncs everything. Every night.”

“Ugh. I’m exhausted just thinking about it.”

“I don’t know. I can be particular about certain things too, so I don’t mind.”

“Yeah. You two are perfect for each other, huh?”

She shifted. “I hope so.”

“Hmmm. I got up early and couldn’t go back to sleep. I was going to leave the breakfast for you when I left, like a phantom Martha Stewart, only prettier. Are you hungry?”

“Sure, thanks.”

She moved to get the plates from the cupboard, but he stopped her. “Let me grab everything. You just go sit down.”

“So when did you get here? Not that it matters to me...it’s your house, after all,” she said hastily as she pulled out a chair.

“No, no, doesn’t matter whose name is on the deed, it’s all my bad. I got in last night and I realized the screw up in dates.”

“I’m surprised I didn’t hear you and wake up. I’m a light sleeper...” She trailed off. Holy crap. Last night? He meant late last night, right? Like, late enough that he wouldn’t have had to be all embarrassed and hear the sounds of her crying out in the living room?

“I was quiet,” he said easily. “I’m a ninja like that.”

There was no guile or embarrassment in his face, just innocence. She relaxed. “Oh. That explains it. I clearly didn’t take your ninja-like abilities into account.”

“Yeah. Most people don’t.”

Ana dug into the French toast he laid on her plate, trying not to gag when he doused his own with syrup. “I hate you for staying so fit when you eat like that.”

“I have a super-fast metabolism.”

“And a super sweet tooth.”

He only smiled and bit into his toast. “Catch me up on everything since I talked to you last. Is Tía Lucía still pinching innocent men’s asses at weddings?”

“She contends that you asked for it.”

“That’s right, blame the victim.”

They chatted amiably for a good half hour. Ana found herself relaxing as they slipped into their usual friendly banter, continuing to sit and talk after their plates were empty and the weak winter sun had lifted some of the gloom from the house.

“You’re still here.”

Taylor's sleep-roughened voice surprised her. Before she could turn to look over her shoulder, he was by her side, kneeling next to her. His gaze was assessing, roving over her as if he were checking for signs of injuries.

The thought had crossed her mind that perhaps the light of day would bring mortification over their naughty encounter. But Taylor didn't allow her a chance for cowering and hiding. He brushed a string of kisses over her face, and then nuzzled against her cheek and neck, rather like a puppy seeking a bit of affection. She sank her hand into his thick hair and rubbed his scalp, forgetting that Eli was even there.

"Hi," he whispered into her mouth. His lips brushed hers again.

"Hi."

A loud cough sounded. Ana blushed, remembering Eli, and tried to pull away, but Taylor wouldn't allow it. If anything, he kissed her harder, sweeping his tongue into her mouth and exploring her thoroughly.

You're turning into one kinky bitch, finding it this hot to be kissed with an audience. No, not turning. It must have always been there, a match waiting for a spark.

He gave her one final nuzzle, rubbing his nose against hers before rising to his feet and walking to the refrigerator. She had to bite her lip to keep from calling him back, begging him for a thorough make-out session, despite whoever may be watching. Eli's presence put off something else, she realized right then. If he hadn't been there, she might have tried to engage Taylor in some sort of postmortem. Too bad Eli was here. Too, too bad. That was not a secret spurt of relief in delaying the confrontation that they would have to have at some point.

You wussy.

Yep. Queen of the wussies, that was her.

Taylor withdrew a carton of orange juice and drank straight from the spout, something so out of character for her fastidious husband she could only blink at him. A thought occurred to her, and she frowned. "Wait, you knew Eli was here?" She turned to Eli. "I thought you said that you came in late last night?"

She heard a gurgle from Taylor's direction, and she almost glanced back to him, but Eli spoke. "I guess I wasn't ninja-like enough. Taylor heard me eating some of your spaghetti last night. Delicious, by the way."

"Oh."

"Why aren't you gone yet?" Taylor asked as he grabbed the plate of remaining French toast and brought it to the table, along with a fork.

"Taylor!" Ana was mortified. Eli owned the place after all.

“No, no, Ana, I don’t mind. I know what a social disaster Tay is. To answer you, I was just making some breakfast before hitting the road. I had no idea that Ana would hear me and come investigate.” Eli patted his mouth with his napkin. “I’ll be heading out shortly.”

“You don’t have to do that,” she protested.

“Yes he does. Hush, Ana.”

“Taylor, this is his place, and we cannot kick him out of it.”

“As much as I love being the cause of marital discord, honey, this time it’s just not worth it. I did promise you guys this place for the weekend and you don’t need to worry about me staying and messing things up.” Eli winked at her. “Threes a crowd anyway.”

Chapter Five

Eli stormed back inside, closing the door against the rush of snow and wind. “Um. You guys mind if I stay a day?”

Ana looked up from the magazine she was halfheartedly flipping through while Taylor was tidying the kitchen. “What happened?”

“A tree crashed across the pass about ten minutes down from here. I called into the emergency operations in town, but they said they wouldn’t be able to clear it until this evening.”

“Son of a bitch,” Taylor said, as he emerged from the kitchen, wiping his hands on the towel at his waist.

“But everything will be okay by tonight, right?” she asked.

“Sure. They’re usually pretty quick about clearing things out of here.”

“Can we just go move it?” Taylor asked, his manner brusque.

“How strong do you think you are?” Ana joked, in an effort to cover the fact that her husband was clearly annoyed that the man wanted to stay in *his own* house.

Eli’s lips quirked. “I dunno, hon. Me and Taylor could kick some ass back in our day. But no, man. It’s not some little sapling. If there were a few more of us, probably, but not just you and me.”

“We’d be delighted to have you here, wouldn’t we, Taylor.” Not that she even phrased it as a question, but she took his grunt for capitulation.

Nonetheless, Eli looked pained. “I’m so sorry.”

“Nonsense. It’s not like having you here will keep us from doing anything.”

“Huh. Is that right?”

It took her a second to realize why Eli sounded so amused. She hadn’t meant it like *that*. “I mean...I was just thinking Taylor and I should play outside today. The snow is so nice. You can join us, if you want.”

“Play outside?”

Yes. So we don’t have to talk inside. Or worse, so I don’t have to be cooped up with a double dose of testosterone that will get me thinking all sorts of naughty things. Wussy, wussy, wussy.

Fine, she admitted it. She’d arranged this vacation so they could come clean with each other, but at the same time she dreaded that talk, feared what he would say. It had been one thing to know, intellectually, that he’d had more sexual partners than her. Actually looking at a younger version of Taylor engaging in

threesomes and bondage games? Hello, insecurity. The devil of inadequacy whispered in her ear, feeding her fear that she was the reason he'd played it vanilla with her. What would she do if he confirmed that fear? On a more selfish note, what would she do with these newfound desires if he rejected her? Die a little inside, that's what.

Melodrama, table of one.

Ana tried to inject her usual enthusiasm into her voice so her inner turmoil wouldn't show. "Sure. Wouldn't that be fun?"

"There are some snowshoes in the storage shed," Eli offered. "If you two want to go play outside, go ahead. I think I'll just stay here. Watch some movies or read a book."

She willed away the flush on her cheeks, thinking of the movie she and Taylor had watched the night before. Of course Eli was talking about something completely innocent. "Right. Sounds great."

Taylor sighed, sounding very put-upon. "Fine. Let's get you bundled up."

Taylor studied the shape of Ana's ass in the bright pink snowsuit she wore. It was a sad, sad day when the sight of the woman in a shapeless outfit drove him a little mad.

For the umpteenth time he cursed Eli's presence. His best friend had the absolute worst timing. Forget the fact that he'd been put outside like a naughty pup, when he could be snuggling with his wife on a wide leather sofa. With the other man here, he couldn't even try to communicate with her about their recent escapades...not that he had the slightest inkling of how to broach that subject.

You know that mind-blowing sex we had last night? Please don't let me fuck you like an animal anymore. We need to leave here, because I think this place is making me want to do things to you that aren't even entirely legal in some states. Oh, yeah, and I never told you, but I'm a—

Abort, abort. Don't think it. If you don't think it, it's not real.

That's right. The test wasn't over yet. He still had all day tomorrow to get his body and rioting hormones under control. Perhaps by then he'd also be able to figure out what was going on in his newly enabling wife's tricky brain.

"This fresh air is so bracing, isn't it?"

Ana had to shout, and even then her voice was muffled by the ski mask on her face. His outfit wasn't nearly so confining, but then, his body temperature was higher than hers. The wind had stopped howling, and there was a lull in the snow. A good foot or two of the stuff had built up on the ground from the night before. It was soft, perfect for—

A snowball hit him square in the face. He recoiled in instinct and then shook his head. Ana's brown eyes behind her mask were alight with mischief and delight. "Whoops."

"I can't believe you just did that."

“Hmmm.” She leaned over, picked up a handful of snow and packed it deliberately between her palms. He watched her, hands loose at his sides. She let it fly, and this time the powder hit him square in the chest and dissipated. “Do you believe it now?”

“You little...”

When he bent over to grab some snow, she squealed and began running away, but soon discovered snowshoes didn’t allow for much speed. She wasted precious seconds trying to get her feet out from them. He, who had far more practice with the shoes, took them off in record time. Still, he waited patiently in his boots.

She yelped again when she glanced over her shoulder and took in his ready stance, a snowball in each hand, and started to run back to the house.

“I’ll give you a ten-second lead,” he announced. He was feeling generous, after all, and she was slow and tiny compared to him. Still, he let the snowballs fly, watching as she ducked and they smacked into the ground near her.

“Sucker...” came her faint reply as she disappeared around a tree.

Taylor didn’t even bother to run, his strides eating up the ground, one step to every three of hers. The snow was so soft it was an easy matter to simply follow her footprints.

About ten feet into the woods, though, her footsteps stopped in front of a tree.

His eyes narrowed. He looked left, and then right. He even glanced up, but there was no Ana sitting up a tree. Not like she would have that much maneuverability with the bulky outfit on her. “Ana,” he shouted.

Nothing.

He listened, but unlike Eli and the rest of his family, his hearing wasn’t quite so superior.

His smell, though...

Taylor smiled grimly and inhaled, sorting through the scent of pine and smoke to find Ana’s uniquely feminine scent, overlaid by vanilla lotion.

Aaaaand, there she was. Hello, Ana.

He stepped around the tree, only then noticing the almost too-careful brushing of the snow. A smile spread across his face, both proud and amazed. Smart girl, dragging something behind her to keep her path hidden.

For someone who’d grown up in a crowded city, she’d just mightily impressed him.

He didn’t bother walking anymore, but started running, his legs eating up the ground, following both her scent and the brushed path in the snow. He’d catch her soon.

She’d zigged and zagged well though, moving fast for a tiny human who was weighed down by winter clothes, boots and what appeared to be a tree branch. His admiration shot up another notch.

So did his lust.

When I find her...

He couldn't even formulate the words as he ran faster, as her scent became stronger. Images passed through his mind of her wearing a fragile peasant blouse and flimsy skirt. When he found her, he would rip her top off...

His strides lengthened. She'd gasp, but her body would conform to his, her mouth eating his as surely as he ate at hers. Sinking sweetly to her knees, she would open his rough trousers, take his cock out and suck it into her mouth. He'd control her motions with his hand on her head, making sure that she fucked him exactly as he wanted and needed it, and then he'd hoist her up against the side of a tree, rip her panties off and fuck her as she screamed and squirmed under his body. The rough bark would bite into his hands where he braced them, but he wouldn't care, would be unable to stop...

The sound of panting filled his ears, and it took him a second to realize it was him, his breathing coming mostly from arousal and not exertion.

Find your woman.

Fuck your woman.

The sentences became a never-ending loop in his head, reverberating through every cell in his body, commanding him, working him into a frenzy. He didn't even need to look at the disturbed snow—he could smell her, so close, so close, soclosesoclosesoclose...

He broke free from the stand of trees. Her ski suit made her into a target of puffy pink, small and defenseless in the huge backyard of the cottage. Like any good predator, he made sure she heard him too late. By the time she started to turn, he was in mid-leap. She could only get out a tiny squeak before he tackled her to the ground.

Somehow, though he was in his frenzied state, he managed to keep her landing soft, cradling a hand under her head so she wouldn't smack it against the snow, shifting his weight so he didn't land on her.

He kissed her, his desperation and need a living thing, uncaring that she still wore a ski mask, uncaring that she was bundled in layers of slick outerwear.

She kissed him back eagerly, but it was the cold lips under his that made him draw back, reason entering his mind for the first time since he'd caught her scent.

"Inside," he said roughly.

With the ski mask on, all he could see was her wild eyes and her lax, wet mouth. She grabbed him by the sides of his face and brought him down to kiss her again.

He complied, surprised and hard. Was she as excited by this chase as he was? It was the slight touch of wetness on his wrist where his glove had separated from his jacket sleeve that brought him back to the world.

"Too cold," he rumbled, and moved off her despite her grasping arms.

He hoisted her to her feet and glanced at the house. Eli was inside there.

Good. Make him watch you take her. Maybe he doesn't know yet that she's yours. Force him to admit it.

Taylor shook his head, trying to shove the vicious thoughts out. Images bombarded him again, even more dark and dirty, of Eli holding Ana still for his penetration. Fucking his wife's mouth while the other man ate out her cunt, both of them driving her wild with pleasure.

No! No. He'd never treat her like that.

"Taylor, please, fuck me here. I need you so bad."

The dirty word coming from his wife's sweet lips drove him even further into his dangerously borderline feral state. If she had had his higher body temperature, she probably could have easily been fucked into a snowbank, but she didn't. And he feared what would happen if he did take her to the house to find Eli there.

So he hoisted her into a fireman's carry, ignoring her yelp of surprise, and made way for the huge storage shed. Despite its humble name, the space was large and neat, and most importantly, it kept the cold out.

After he entered, he set her on her feet on the concrete floor and gave her a terse order. "Strip." The interior of the large shed was already warmer than the outdoors, but he turned on the two space heaters on either end of the open floor.

He stripped his own clothes off, tossing them into a pile on the ground, until he stood naked. By the time he'd done that, she'd just wiggled out of her tight boots and snowsuit and was about to pull her ski mask off. "Leave the mask on."

She blinked at him with her innocent doe eyes, taking in his naked and ready body. He stalked closer to her. "Do you have any idea what you've started here?"

She shook her head and then gasped when he took her flannel shirt in his hands and ripped it clean down the center, buttons pinging everywhere. He shredded the shirt underneath it as well, and then her bra while she stood docilely in front of him. "It'll be hard, and rough. Tell me now if you don't want it." He didn't know how he'd let her go, but even if it killed him, he'd find some way to allow her to walk out the door. He'd find some way to bury this part of him deep inside.

She said nothing, though her brown eyes behind the mask were more than eloquent, conveying a need and a desire he couldn't mistake. She unsnapped her jeans, shimmied them down her legs, dropping her panties with them as well.

"Your safe word is mountain. Say it and everything stops." They'd had no need for safe words before, had never engaged in anything which might lead to confusion as to whether she wanted it or not.

He waited until she nodded before spinning her around so her back was facing him. With a quick jerk, he pushed her mask up until it covered only the top half of her face, leaving her nose and mouth free. She breathed in fast little pants once she was essentially blindfolded. "Can you see?"

She gave a shake of her head.

“Good.” Taylor led her over to a waist-high worktable near the wall and pressed on her back to lower her over it so her ass stuck out toward him. For someone so tiny, her ass was a round handful that always delighted him. He pressed his palm to her cheek and squeezed it roughly, loving the way the resilient flesh gave way under his palm. When he released her, he could see the imprint of his hand there fading into her skin.

He stared at that imprint until it was long gone, stroking over the rest of her flesh. The fine tremors running through her body, the loss of control she was experiencing the longer he waited, ironically made him gain more control, made him more determined to teach her a lesson.

In...what, he wasn't quite sure.

“You've been teasing me, Ana.” He ran his finger up her fragile spine, making her shiver. “Hitting me with snowballs, making me chase you through the woods. You knew what would happen when you did it, didn't you?” His voice sounded lower to his own ears, like a stranger's.

“No.”

His hand pulled back and swung forward. A part of his brain, the sane, rational part that didn't understand why he was doing this, watched in horrific fascination, as if he were doing this in slow motion. The slap resonated through the room. “You're lying to me.”

Stopthisstopthisstopthisstopthis...

“No!”

The shocked voice inside him grew dimmer when he popped her a second time. “I think you did know.”

“Please.”

“Please what?” *Don't say mountain, don't say mountain...*

“Please...don't make me wait. I was teasing you. I did know.”

If someone had goosed him with an electrical current, he couldn't have been more shocked by Ana's husky plea. God. She wanted this. She really wanted this.

So give it to her.

A smile spread across his face. Yeah, he'd give it to her. “Whatever you want.”

Chapter Six

Ana hadn't realized just how kinky her secret desires could get until she was blindfolded, bent naked over a cold metal worktable and begging to be spanked by her husband.

Masturbating and teasing her husband in a car? Please. Vanilla.

Giving him a blowjob while they watched a porno together? Only mildly naughty.

But this...this was pretty out there.

She wasn't even all that sure what she had gotten into. But it had felt so good, that first little burst of pain when Taylor had swatted her, all of the sensations increased thanks to her loss of sight. It could only get better.

And more importantly, she trusted Taylor. Trusted him with her life and safety, and trusted him to stop if she uttered the safe word.

He slapped her ass again, harder, and she gasped, her stiff nipples rubbing against the chilled metal of the table. His blows fell on both cheeks at a speed he constantly varied. It got to the point that she was waiting with bated breath for the next blow to fall.

But then they stopped. Her breathing was harsh in her ears, mingling with the sound of his breathing behind her. She waited.

And waited. Her back was hot from the space heaters and his swats, while her front was freezing from the metal.

Frowning, she tried to push herself up from the table. His hand between her shoulder blades stopped her. "Did I tell you to get up?"

The unfamiliar silky menace in his voice sent a rush of wetness straight to her vagina. "N-no."

"Down."

She lay down in the original position, not at all surprised when he pulled her arms behind her. Something looped around her wrists and tightened. "Your bra is pretty much useless for anything but this," he said, dark humor in his voice.

She shivered. He'd tied her up with her own bra? She probably should have been protesting that, but...sexy.

He'd tied her loose enough that her arms didn't hurt. Mainly, she just felt...helpless. And God, it was fun.

She tried to inject a beguiling note in her voice. "Please don't hurt me. I'll do whatever you say."

His hand sank into the strands of her hair and he drew her head up. The tug on her scalp made her as hot as it had the night before. His teeth scraped the side of her neck before he whispered in her ear. “You have to do whatever I say. You’re all tied up, just for me. Do you understand?”

She nodded, then gave a gasp when he gently bit at her ear. “Say, yes sir.”

“Yes...sir.”

“Good girl.”

The phrase was sexist and chauvinistic. So why did it thrill her as much as it had last night? She waited, breath held, pussy slick, as she listened to him walk away.

The sound of rustling came to her ears. Something scraped across the floor. Footsteps rang out against the concrete, echoing the pounding of her heart, closer and closer until she knew he stood behind her.

Seconds ticked by, the urge to squirm becoming close to unbearable the longer he withheld his touch. The silence wore on her nerves until she finally had to shift her weight to keep from going insane from want. Immediately, something smacked her bottom, stinging her flesh harder than his hand had done. She jumped, and he grabbed her hips. “Hold still. If you move again, you’ll be seeing to my pleasure before I let you come. *If I let you come. Got it?*”

“Yes.”

She managed to hold still while he whacked her twice more with what felt like a paddle. It had some sort of rubberized side which kept the blows from actually hurting her.

Then he stopped, inserted his foot between hers and kicked her stance wider. Resistance didn’t cross her mind, since she knew she’d be rewarded. Sure enough, he pressed two huge fingers inside of her. “Mmm. You’re nice and wet. Listen, you can even hear it.” He fucked her with his fingers a few times, and her ears grew hot at the squelching sound his digits made as he pressed into her tight, wet passage.

He withdrew his fingers. Ana wanted to whimper, but recalled his warning just in time to stifle her plea. The next thing she felt was his breath puffing along the folds of her pussy. His fingers bit into her thighs as he pressed her legs wider to accommodate his head.

When he’d eaten her out before, it had been a gentle, loving thing, and he’d always started out with slow, languorous kisses to her clit with shy forays into her passage. There was nothing shy or languorous about this, and while it may have been loving, there was nothing gentle about it either. His tongue thrust deep inside of her, and he fucked her with it while rubbing against her clit with the pad of his thumb.

When she squirmed—how could she not?—he withdrew his mouth from her and lazily spanked her with the paddle. The heat of the blows only made the blood rush faster to her pussy, which made it even harder to keep still.

She tried though, she really tried, even though the paddling was not so much a punishment as much as it was a way to stroke her own desire higher. She needed to come, and the paddle wouldn’t allow that. Or so she thought until she felt something round and wooden resting against her clit.

He circled it once, then twice, while fucking her with his tongue, and she came in a high keening sound, her hips going wild in his restraining grip. He didn't bother to stop her, simply allowed her to finish it out, sucking the climax out of her while giving her a base to rage against. When she came back to reality, her cheek was resting against the surface of the table, pants coming from her mouth, her body lax and boneless. If it wasn't for his hands on her hips and the fact that her upper body was bent over the table, she wouldn't have been able to remain standing.

Something hit the table next to her head, but she didn't so much as stir until his hands squeezed her ass cheeks and opened them up. The air wafted over her and she whimpered. He kept her held open and brought the tip of his cock to rest against her small asshole.

His hot body covered her back as he leaned in close to whisper in her ear. His movement made the tip of his cock teasingly rim the small opening of her hole, making her gasp. "I want to fuck you here."

They'd never tried anal sex. Suddenly the idea seemed wildly appealing, though she knew it would hurt. She didn't even care, because if it was sex and Taylor was involved, she knew it would also be explosive.

He bit her ear. "I don't think Eli keeps any lube in here, unfortunately. But if I wanted to, you'd let me, wouldn't you?" He rubbed against her.

"Yes."

"You'd let me do anything I wanted to you, wouldn't you?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

She licked her lips. The answer was obvious. "Because I'm yours."

"Damn right."

He stood and thrust inside her pussy so hard her legs lifted off the floor. She strained against her bonds, instinctively seeking to grab on to something, but there was no hope of retreat. He hammered into her, abrading her nipples against the cold metal. And then the metal was replaced by his hands as he pulled her up off the table until she stood. With one hand across her breasts, the other on her shoulder to keep her steady, he fucked upwards once, twice...her pussy convulsed around him as she came. He fucked her through another climax, and then pushed her back down on the table to bury himself deep and find his own pleasure.

As she lay there, thoroughly exhausted, only one thought ran through her brain.

How had they gone for two years as a couple and not tried something like this before?

Once Taylor climaxed, he lay over her for a good while, breathing in great gulps of air. Then she'd felt his fingers, suddenly clumsy, attacking the knots in the bra on her wrists.

She was too tired to move, so she didn't mind the fact that he gently massaged the blood flow back into her tired arms, or that he kept her prone on the table as he pressed small, almost pleading kisses on her back.

When he finally allowed her to stand, she moved to take her mask off, but he shushed her into staying motionless.

A warm glow spread through her as she waited, still blindfolded, and allowed him to pull her panties and jeans up her legs and then push the tattered remains of her shirts back on her. She heard him dressing as well, but she waited docilely for him to remove the ski mask from her face.

This submissive role should have raised all of her sassy feminist hackles. Instead, it made her feel treasured and loved to be taken care of. And while she'd been bent over that table, the lack of control had only enhanced her sexual experience.

You love this. How had she lived her whole life without realizing that she had these submissive leanings? It was stupefying.

When he did remove the blindfold, she blinked. Except for the red glow coming from the space heaters, the shed was fully dark.

However, that didn't keep her from seeing the fact that her husband would not meet her eyes, his face hard and closed off. Her chest tightened, the same way it always did when she knew she was on the brink of receiving some really bad news. A layer of melancholy sank into her bones, at odds with the euphoria she'd been flying on since they'd entered this shed. He picked up his coat, turned her around. She put her arms in it, and he pulled it up her shoulders. "What will you wear?" she asked, tears clogging her throat.

"I don't need anything. It's a quick walk to the house."

She turned around to find him picking up her discarded pink snowsuit and ski mask. In his pocket, the remnants of her bra peeked out.

"Are you sure?"

"Yeah."

"Taylor..."

"Shh. It's starting to snow again. Let's get back to the house."

He held the door open. On top of the pile of her clothes she caught a flash of something red. She peered closer and realized it was a Ping-Pong paddle.

"Was that...?" Mortification stole her words.

He glanced down and his lips twitched. "I think we've bought it now."

"Oh."

She preceded him outdoors. The snow had picked up, covering the footsteps they'd left not that long ago in the yard. The mountain wind stung her cheeks and she shivered, burrowing deeper into the huge sheepskin coat her husband had given her. Surely he must be freezing in his flannel shirt.

Though it was always a pain to keep up with his long legs, she flat-out jogged so she could get him inside faster. At the back door, he opened it for her, waited for her to get inside and then he stopped her. “Here, go put this inside.” He handed her the pile of clothes in his hands. “I’ll be right back.”

“Where are you going?”

“I need to run out and grab our snowshoes.”

He loped off without waiting for a response. She called out, “Taylor, you forgot your coat.”

He must have heard her because he raised his hand in a dismissive gesture and sped up. Before she could blink he was already into the trees.

Panicking a little, she dumped her armful inside the door and began stripping off his coat, intending to grab her own and chase after him. What was he thinking? It was freezing, and he knew very well that the wind was picking up. He could get frostbite or maybe even—

“He’ll be fine.”

She turned back to the kitchen, her coat half off, to find Eli sitting at the table, a steaming cup of something in front of him and a book in his hands. “What?”

“I said, stop worrying, peanut. He’ll be just fine.”

“He ran out there without a coat after our snowshoes.”

Eli made a face. “Well, damn, I thought he was going for a run. He shouldn’t have bothered. We can always buy more.”

“A run?”

“Sure.”

“Who’d go for a run in the snow? Without a coat?”

Eli shrugged. “Sometimes I like to go. When Taylor and I were growing up, we’d go running in the snow all the time when we came up here in the winter. It’s bracing, and the snow can be fun to roll around in.” He winked at Ana. “Not that I need to tell you that. I may have glanced out the window and witnessed a bit of running and rolling around today.”

She raised her chin, refusing to be embarrassed. “Nonetheless, I was dressed appropriately.”

Eli glanced out the window. “Well, you can fuss over him all you like in just a minute. Look at that, he’s already back.”

“He’s...what?”

She looked outside the door, and sure enough, there he was, loping across the open yard to the shed with both sets of their snowshoes held in his hands. “How did he get back so fast?” It had taken her far longer to run from where they’d started their chasing game to the house. Granted, she’d zigged and zagged and had to worry about covering her tracks, but it should have taken him more time than this to come back here.

“Hmmm? Hey, can you close the door? Hate to let the heat out.”

“Oh. Oh sure, sorry.” She closed it and stood, staring out the window.

“Did you meet a bear?”

“What?” She glanced over her shoulder.

Eli gestured to her clothes. “Your shirt. It’s all ripped up.”

Having forgotten about it ’til he’d pointed it out, she looked down at her clothes. Her button-down flannel, similar to Taylor’s own, lay open, the buttons destroyed. The white shirt beneath it had also been torn at the neckline in Taylor’s haste, so her modest cleavage was revealed. She flushed and tried to cover it up, wishing she hadn’t taken off Taylor’s coat. “You know very well I did not, Eli Reynolds.”

He held his hands up, the picture of innocence. “It was an honest question. Especially since it looks like you and Taylor were playing Ping-Pong in the shed. I don’t know how your shirt would get ripped doing that.” He nodded to the pile of clothes on the floor where she’d spilled it, the paddle laying very conspicuously right on top.

Fire raced through her cheeks and he laughed. “I’m sorry, hon. I love the way you blush. I swear I’ll stop. You two can keep that paddle, by the way, as long as you enjoyed it.”

“I did.” The words popped out before she could even think about them, and she had to resist the urge to clamp her hands over her mouth.

Eli’s laugh was hearty and spontaneous. “Well damn, girl. I don’t think Taylor realizes what a find he’s made in you just yet.”

Taylor’s arrival cut off any response she might have made. As soon as he walked in, his eagle eyes swept over her red face, Eli’s smile, and he grunted. “What did you say to my wife, asshole?”

“Well, gosh, Taylor, we were just chatting about how you were the bee’s knees. Have a good run?”

He glanced at her and then back at Eli. Some sort of undercurrent seemed to flow between them. “It was fine.”

“You shouldn’t have gone out like that,” she fretted and brushed the snow off his shoulders.

“I was quick.”

“I know, but you know how even a little exposure is bad for you. How did you do it so fast anyway?”

“Yeah, tell us, Tay. We’re dying to know.”

Taylor glared at his friend, but when he turned back to her, his expression softened. “It wasn’t that far out, love.” He stroked a finger down her cheek.

Though she appreciated any physical contact from him, this made her frown. By all rights, his hands should have been ice cold, but his flesh was almost hot. Leftover arousal or adrenaline from their encounter perhaps?

Uncaring of their captive audience, Ana placed her hand over his, halting his stroking motion. “We should talk.”

“Yeah.”

“Can we...?”

“I need to shower,” he said. “And I’m tired, and a little hungry. Later.”

Well, hell. Frustration built inside her as she watched her husband’s back. It took her only a second to realize she wasn’t the only one watching her husband walk away. She glanced at Eli’s face. His emotions were practically a mirror of hers—frustration, irritation, anger.

He glanced at her, and everything was wiped away. He gave her a tight grin and buried his nose in his book, seemingly careless.

Ana’s eyes narrowed. Eli and Taylor’s past was bound together like the finest built rope. It only made sense that learning about one’s secrets would reveal the other’s. As her sainted late mother used to say, there was more than one way to crack a nut.

Chapter Seven

Her mother had never met these two nuts.

That was Ana's final conclusion as dinner wound to a close a few hours later. Taylor had retreated to monosyllabic responses or grunts. Eli was still chatty, but every probing question or pointed sally was expertly deflected or evasively maneuvered around.

If those two exchange one more meaningful glance, I'm going to shiv them both with my butter knife. Dammit, her husband was only supposed to exchange meaningful glances with her. It was so obvious they were trying to hide something from her, they might as well take out a billboard in neon lights.

Since Eli and Taylor had cooked, she was cleaning up the kitchen as they talked quietly at the dining-room table. Eli had insisted they eat there instead of at the more casual kitchen table because, as he put it, "I think the furniture gets lonely sometimes."

She snorted. At least the nut part was right.

Ana gripped the edge of the sink and tried to blink back tears. Lord, she just wanted her husband to be himself, and she wanted the ability to give free rein to her own newly discovered desires. Was that too much to ask?

God, give me a sign that I'm not heading down the wrong path.

Nothing. Damn it.

Alas, sometimes divine intervention didn't pan out.

She wiped her hands on the dishtowel and turned away from the sink, ready to go back into the dining room and regroup. She took three steps before she recalled the brandy she had wanted to bring in for an after-dinner drink.

Taylor had stashed the liquor they'd bought in the pantry. As she grabbed the brandy, her fingers brushed the bottle directly behind it.

The tequila. *Heck, she might as well walk through the front door topless.*

She pushed the brandy aside and pulled out the golden bottle, her thumb rubbing against the cold glass. Though she knew it was her imagination, it felt like the heat of the liquid touched her through the barrier of the bottle, sparking a glimmer of a plan in her head.

Huh. Talk about mysterious ways. She grabbed three shot glasses from the cupboard. *But I'll take it.*

"There's no news on the tree blocking the pass, right?" she asked Eli as she placed the tequila on the table between them and lined the shot glasses in front of it.

He broke off his low-toned conversation with Taylor. “Nope. Not yet.”

“Where’s the brandy?” Taylor asked, surveying the alcohol.

“Oh, I thought we could have a little more fun than that. Eli said we could play a game after dinner.”

Wariness flashed in her husband’s eyes. “I think he was talking about a board game, sweetheart.”

“Nonsense, *honey*. You despise board games.”

“So we’re going to do shots?”

She twisted off the cap of the tequila. “Essentially, yes.”

“What do you—?”

“Tay, you’re an idiot. Any time a woman proposes a game involving alcohol, you’re supposed to say, *no problem, sugarlips* and drink.” Eli rubbed his hands together. “What are we doing?”

I wish I knew. She tried to project confidence, though she felt like a mass of jelly inside. “It’s a simple game. You probably played it in college, like I did.” She poured the tequila into the three glasses, distributed them, and sat down, folding one leg underneath her. Her pose was casual but her heart was jumping up and down like a frog on amphetamines. This was it, the moment of truth. “We go around the circle, starting a sentence with, ‘Never have I ever...’ and finish it with whatever. Like... ‘Never have I ever eaten goat.’ Then everyone who has eaten goat has to drink.”

“Man, I love Never Have I Ever. We had a lot of fun with this game back in the day, didn’t we, Tay?” Eli’s tone turned reminiscing. “Lots of fun.”

Oh sweet. She wanted them both in the mood to take a walk down memory lane. If she had to get them drunk to do it, so be it.

“You played drinking games in college?” Taylor’s tone was censorious and automatically rubbed her the wrong way.

“No, honey. I substituted sugar water for the alcohol. Of course I played drinking games in college. Did you think I went to a seminary?”

Eli busied himself with turning his shot glass around in his hands while Taylor subsided under her glare. “Of course not.”

“Hmph. Well, ready to play?”

“I don’t think...”

“Come on, dude. Let’s give the lady what she wants.” Eli paused deliberately. “Or you can go do whatever and the two of us will play.”

She didn’t know how he managed it, but Taylor seemed to grow bigger before her very eyes. He visibly bristled. “No.”

“Then shut up and play.” Eli sent her a wink, and she felt brave enough to wink back, despite the fact that her husband didn’t seem to love that either.

Ana took a deep breath. “Okay. I’ll start. Never have I ever...left the country.”

Both men drank. She had some vague plan of at least trying to keep the rounds PG-rated before getting into the more serious stuff.

The next four rounds were relatively innocent. Ana drank one shot, the men each putting away two more, which Ana found was definitely enough to loosen Eli's tongue. After his third shot, he glanced at Ana with a wicked smile. "Never have I ever been spanked with a Ping-Pong paddle."

She didn't know if the heat that suffused her body was from the alcohol or from mortification. She could see Taylor leaning forward, prepared to speak out in her defense, but she stopped him by simply raising her hand. Lifting an eyebrow at Eli, she picked up her glass...and drank.

Eli's eyes sparkled, and he leaned back in his seat as if he'd just had something he was dying to know confirmed.

As she poured the next shot, she noticed the muscle in Taylor's jaw was twitching. Never a good sign. Damn it, she didn't want to upset him that much. She was about to put a stop to the game, but he spoke. "Never have I ever *wanted* to be spanked with a paddle."

His voice was low and deep, brushing over the skin of her arms and leaving goose bumps in its wake. He locked his gaze with hers, those green eyes stripping away her defenses. She didn't look away when she belted back the shot, the liquid warming her belly.

She blinked when the room suddenly seemed to become a little fuzzy and crooked before it righted again. What, three shots? Bah. She hadn't been such a lightweight in college.

"Ana?"

Taylor's voice gave her something solid to grasp onto. She gazed at him, becoming misty-eyed. Oh. She loved this guy.

Lightweight is probably an understatement.

Yeah, she really loved him. But why the hell couldn't he have been honest with her from the start? Why did some stranger have to tell her exactly how crazy her husband's past had been? Why did they have to play these stupid games? She opened her mouth, the words tripping over themselves as they rushed out. "Never have I ever had a threesome."

The room was so quiet Ana was fairly certain she could have heard a pin drop. She wondered if any of them were even breathing, and they were all as still as statues.

Eli was the first one to break the frozen silence. He reached for his glass, picked it up and belted back the shot.

She turned to Taylor. And waited.

And waited.

He didn't make any motions.

Tears prickled at her eyes. "Taylor?"

His Adam's apple bobbed. "What?"

“Do I need to explain the rules of the game to you again?” *Please say yes. Please don’t tell me you’re actually lying to me.*

“No.”

“Then drink.”

Tension covered the table. Eli could have been in Timbuktu for all Ana and Taylor noticed. Their eyes were locked on each other.

She was so attuned to him she catalogued every movement his body made, from the tick in his jaw, to the clenching of his hand around the glass. His lips were tight, barely moving as he spoke. “How did you know?”

Her laugh surprised her. She’d never heard anything so hard and bitter come from her own mouth. Pain rose in her chest as she said the words, “Not from you, that’s for sure.” *There’s the rub.* Taylor should have been the one to tell her about his past exploits, not some anonymous individual with a throwaway email address.

“Sweetheart, what exactly do you know?” Eli sounded like he was tryin to coax a particularly skittish filly. She couldn’t look away from Taylor.

“I know what I saw.” Suddenly restless and needing to show him what she’d been wrestling with, she stood so fast her chair crashed to the ground, and darted to their room. Taylor was calling her name, but his voice faded as she raced through the luxurious home. She had surprise on her side. It took barely a minute to find what she sought in the zippered compartment of her big tote bag, a handful of glossy photos she’d printed up off their home computer.

The men were in the living room by the time she got back, arguing, it appeared. Filled with frustration and anger, she flung the photos at her husband’s face. “This. This is what I saw. How dare you keep this from me? Worse, how dare you lie to me?”

He barely winced as the photos hit him, though he glanced down at them when they settled to the floor. He stiffened as he looked at the most damning one, which had conveniently landed right at his foot. “What the fuck is this?”

“That’s what I want to know.” *Lower your voice.* It was gaining volume, dangerously close to a scream. But she couldn’t. After the past few weeks of constant self-doubt, rising desire and worrying, it felt so damn good to simply let go.

If I’d never gotten those photos, I would have stayed safe and happy in the bubble we’d created of a gentle, easy marriage. The caustic words reverberated in her mind. Though logically she’d come to accept that it was better to know about this than be in the dark, her heart and emotions had temporarily taken over command central. So it made perfect sense to her that this was all. His. Fault.

If she hadn’t gotten those photos, those deep, secret desires would have stayed hidden.

And she wouldn’t have gotten those photos if he hadn’t participated in making them.

Making them with some nameless, faceless woman. Oh yeah, the blonde's face was blurred out in each print. But Taylor and his best bud Eli were more than recognizable.

Anger like she'd never felt before made her body shake. It was one thing to have hidden this from her. She'd assumed he'd had some sort of reason, plus she'd had the sneaking suspicion that he thought she was too innocent to welcome his desire for bondage and submission and sexual games, but to lie about it?

Heaven help him. 'Cause he was about to get an earthly reaming he'd never forget.

He'd stooped to gather the photos. When he glanced up, she distantly noted that his face was pale under his natural tan. Eli, who stood behind him also staring at the pictures, looked more than a little sick himself. "Where did you get these? Who gave these to you?" Eli demanded.

"I don't know. They were in my inbox a few weeks ago."

Taylor shook his head. "I swear to God, Ana, I didn't know these existed. They're...they're old. Almost two decades old."

She sneered. "You think I don't know that? The haircuts gave it away."

Eli cleared his throat and raised his hand. "In our defense, that style was very in at the time."

"Defending your fucking hair isn't important right now." Taylor's tone softened. "Ana, honey, let's talk about this."

Her rage left her as suddenly as it had come. She didn't even realize she was crying until she felt the wetness on her cheeks. Depression hit her so hard, she barely noticed the small, pained noise her husband made. "Why bother? You'll just lie again." Her voice didn't sound like hers.

"No."

"I thought we shared everything." She nodded to the pictures. "And yet you never shared any of it with me...and then you *lied* to me."

"Ana..."

"Just leave me alone."

She left the room in a hurry, certain her heart was breaking loud enough for everyone to hear.

His chest hurt. He rubbed at it as Ana left the room. The crinkle of paper had him looking down, surprised to find the damning photos still in his hands.

Eli cursed long and viciously as he grabbed the pictures and went through them one by one. "That vicious, heartless, cruel little bitch."

"Lucy." He didn't even have the energy to make it a question. His tone was about as dead as his soul.

"Who the fuck else?" Eli bit off another curse as he came across probably the most graphic shot, a picture of him and Eli double penetrating the *anonymous* woman, who was completely gagged and restrained. The face was blurred out, yeah, but that blonde hair up in a bouffant and the killer body identified her to both of them. Man, even as a sex-crazed adolescent he'd known he and Eli should have

found someone else to have a good time with. “I am so sorry, man. I had no idea how she took these pictures or that she would lose her shit so severely as to send them to Ana. She had to know I would find out and deal with her.”

Had it been anyone else, Taylor might have felt a moment of sympathy for the way in which Eli would deal with Lucy. But since she’d helped punch a hole through his marriage, he couldn’t spare much thought for her.

No. Place the blame where it belongs. On you.

“Are you just going to stand there?” Eli asked, shoving him slightly.

No, no he wasn’t. Driven by fear and desperation, he ran after her, coming to a stop at their closed door. He didn’t need superhuman ears to detect the noise of weeping inside the room. In the two years he’d known Ana, he’d never heard or seen her seriously cry. A few tears at a sappy commercial or movie, sure. Not this bone-deep misery.

You caused it. You fix it.

“Honey?” he asked and tried the knob. He hadn’t expected it to be unlocked, and it wasn’t. He gave a tentative knock. “Honey, open the door. I want to talk to you.”

“Go away.”

He knocked again, harder. “Ana, please.”

“No.”

That didn’t sound very promising at all. His fear rose. “Baby, didn’t we talk about how we’d never have locked doors between us when we got married?”

“I think there was something in there about always being honest with one another too, you jerk!”

Oooh. Snap.

“Just let me explain.” He didn’t know how he’d explain, but he’d do it.

The sound of her sobs got louder, gutting him. He rested his forehead against the door and swallowed. He might be a guy, sure, but he wasn’t stupid. The new super-sexy, willing-to-try-anything Ana? He had his explanation for that. “Why didn’t you just show me from the beginning?” he said hoarsely, not expecting her to hear. They could have talked it through.

If you can’t blame Lucy, you can’t blame Ana either. God, how could he have screwed up the best thing to ever happen to him? His forehead hit the hard wood with a heavy thud.

“Why don’t you just knock down the door?”

He snarled and looked over his shoulder, happy to find a ready outlet for his feelings of impotence. Eli leaned against the hallway, his expression that of a spectator watching a very interesting play.

“The door is solid oak and a hundred years old. Do I look like superman?”

“No,” Eli answered calmly. “You look like a werewolf.”

Chapter Eight

Taylor stilled. He turned to face Eli, his hands at his sides, fists clenched and ready to attack. “I am not.”

“Yes, you are.”

He didn’t remember moving, but suddenly his hands were locked around Eli’s neck and he’d pinned the other man to the wall. “Reynolds, the last time you called me that, I warned you what would happen if you ever said it again.”

“Did you? I don’t recall.”

He slammed his friend’s head against the wall, but it didn’t even seem to faze the bastard. “Say it again. I dare you.”

Eli’s eyes shifted to a point just over Taylor’s left shoulder before they returned to his face. He leaned in closer until they were nose to nose, their breaths mingling. “You. Are. A. Werewolf.”

A red haze covered his vision as he tightened his grip on Eli’s neck. The other man gurgled, choking.
Hurthurthurhurt... Hurt like you hurt.

It was the insistent tugging on his shirt and his name being called in a tear-filled voice that brought him a modicum of sanity. He blinked sweat away and glanced down to find his wife by his side.

Not for long though. Ana took one look at his face and backed away. Fucking backed away, her eyes wide and her hand covering her mouth. In horror. “Taylor. Your eyes.”

He averted his gaze and tried to talk through the overwhelming compulsion to inflict some sort of pain. “Get back in the room. Lock the door.”

He expected her to run. But she spoke again. “Let go of Eli.”

What? No. Don’t let go. Hurthurthurhurt...

“Taylor. Please, he’s turning blue. If you let go of him, I’ll go back in the room.”

He paused, trying to force whatever had overtaken his brain to consider the exchange.

Don’t hurt Ana. Get her out of the way.

He nodded curtly and released his hands from around Eli’s neck, backing away lest he be tempted to resume choking the guy. His friend instantly sank to the floor, rolling to his knees and coughing. Taylor didn’t look at his wife. He couldn’t look at her. “Go. Now.”

She was so small her footsteps barely made any noise on the carpeted hallway. Still, he could hear her scurry back into the room as if the hounds of hell were after her.

Apt analogy.

Taylor didn't budge when the door slammed shut, or when he heard the scrape of the lock in their bedroom door. He'd wanted her to run, to get away from him, and still it hurt like a motherfucker that she'd done so. Why not, though? He didn't blame her. He had run from himself for years.

He slammed his fist into the wall, not at all surprised when the plaster and paint gave way under the pressure. His heart felt like it was in the same condition.

Ana sat curled up in the plush armchair in their room, watching the sun rise over the trees, distilled by the flurries of snowflakes that filled the air.

She dragged the blanket closer, but it did nothing to dispel the chill that had settled in her bones. Her eyes were dry and gritty, both from crying and a lack of sleep.

Werewolf.

She shivered. No. She must have misheard. She'd known her husband was hiding stuff, but not that, because, well...that wasn't real. Werewolves were creatures of myth and legend that showed up as killers in horror movies or bare-chested heartthrobs in teen novels. They did not show up in her life.

And yet...

Taylor's eyes. She could explain a lot of stuff away, but not that. The way they'd looked yesterday...he couldn't have popped contact lenses in to change their color. Why would he, anyway?

She almost wished he had knocked down her door as she'd heard Eli suggest to him last night. Then she could pepper him with questions and get some answers.

She sighed. Not that she'd done a great job in the whole talking department up 'til now. She'd heard him last night, outside her door. *Why didn't you just show me from the beginning?* Why hadn't she just flung the pictures at him when they'd shown up in her email?

Because you were immature and insecure that you weren't satisfying your husband in bed.

There was ego mixed in there as well, the bitterness that she'd been carrying from the beginning. Damn it, he should have told of her of his own accord...she shouldn't have to pull it out of him. So she'd played the game, and when he hadn't been prepared to reveal all, she'd thrown a tantrum—and then received an even bigger surprise.

She set her jaw. Being even slightly in the wrong did not sit well with her. She would go talk to him, right now. The silent treatment never ended well, hadn't Tía Lucía told her that? At the end of the fight, nothing was resolved and you still felt awful.

But then again, Tía Lucía had probably envisioned fights over keeping the toilet seat up, not whether half of the couple was a mythical creature. It was one thing to be mad at her man for holding back in bed or lying about his past sexual escapades. How the hell did you argue with your husband over the fact that he never told you he was a werewolf? *Cosmo* had definitely never written an article about that.

Ana stood from the chair, wobbling at the pins and needles that shot through her feet, asleep from being in the same position all night. As much as she wanted to hole up in here forever, it wouldn't help. She had to face Taylor sooner or later, and she figured it was kind of like ripping off a Band-Aid...better to get it off as fast as humanly possible.

Her natural optimism kicked in as she brushed her teeth, trying to get rid of the cotton-mouth feeling she had. Her clothes from last night—a flannel shirt, sweater and jeans—were rumpled, but she didn't feel like changing them. Slicking her hair back from her face made her look, if not fashion-model material, at the very least presentable.

She'd misheard.

Yup. That was all there was to that whole werewolf thing. She'd misheard and the mishearing had played a trick on her brain to where she'd thought she'd seen her husband's eyes switch colors. Yeah.

As she made her way downstairs, she was unnerved by the hushed silence in the house. *Nothing was stirring, not even a mouse.*

Concerned, she made her way to the kitchen. It was so quiet she jumped to see Eli standing in front of the kitchen sink, arms braced as he stared outside. He was shirtless, his golden skin looking far warmer than she felt.

She cleared her throat. He must have been lost in thought because he jerked before pivoting. "Ana. Hey."

Whatever hope she might have had that the events of last night were the result of a tequila-fueled nightmare vanished when she caught a glimpse of his exposed neck. Bright blue bruises were plainly visible in shapes that appeared suspiciously like fingerprints. She winced just looking at them. "Does it hurt?"

"What?"

She lightly touched her hand to the base of her neck. He mimicked the gesture, rubbing his fingers over the wounds. "Right. No, not at all. They probably look worse than they are."

Ana licked her lips. "I feel like I'm constantly apologizing on Taylor's behalf lately."

"Please. I knew the risk I was courting when I said what I did. I didn't expect him to shake my hand when I revealed something that was really none of my business."

She'd wondered who would open that door first. "So...why did you?"

His gaze was far more somber than she'd ever seen it. "Because I love Taylor and I like you, and I want your marriage to succeed. You can't build a life together on half-truths."

Ana twisted her fingers together. Was he talking about the photos...or the other? "I'm not sure what the truth is anymore."

"He loves you. You can take that to the bank. Probably more than he loves me. And I'm so egotistical, if I'm admitting that, you know it can't be a lie."

Stop dancing around this subject. “I think I misheard you last night.” She forced a half-laugh. “I could have sworn you said that he was a werewolf. But I get today that you meant that figuratively, like he was a lone wolf...” She trailed off as he shook his head slowly. “Um. You really meant werewolf?”

She half expected, no, *wanted* him to laugh, slap his knee and ask her how naïve she was. But he just stared at her, his blue eyes burning, and nodded.

“And you guys didn’t happen to have some sort of college fraternity called the wolves or anything, right?”

Negative.

Thank goodness the kitchen chair was pulled out for her. She sank right down into it. “Well then. And are you...?”

Another nod.

“Oh.” She tried to think of the pertinent inquiries a mere puny mortal should ask a creature of lore. Only one important question could come to mind. “Are there a lot of you?”

Eli shifted against the counter. “Not many, not full bloods. So many have intermarried with humans that there are only a few who can still identify or carry the traits of a wolf. Our pack is about a hundred strong, and we’re one of the larger ones.”

Ah. A hundred werewolves. A hundred pennies wasn’t a lot of money. A hundred M&M’s would barely fill her candy dish.

But a hundred furry creatures of untold strength? Hmm, that didn’t seem like not many to her. And that was just in this one pack. How many packs were there? Was it like the Boy Scouts where every group had a number and they got together once a year to plot overthrowing the human race?

“It’s not what you’re thinking.”

She shook herself out of imagining a bunch of half-wolf people learning to tie knots out of human flesh. “You have no idea what I’m thinking.”

“You’re thinking of full moons and howling and salivating ugly creatures who want to chase you down and bite you.”

“Oooookay, so you have a small idea of what I’m thinking about.”

Eli’s mouth turned down. “Jeez, I’ve been campaigning for years for the packs to come together and launch some sort of solid PR campaign. This is just ridiculous. Look. We’re really not that different from you. Yeah, we have our own little society, but it’s only because we do better amongst our own kind. We’re born into this, so biting you really doesn’t help us much at all. We might just be a little stronger, a little faster...”

“Can you shift into a dog?”

“A wolf.”

“Is there a difference?”

“My ego likes to think so.”

“And Taylor can...”

“I’ll let Taylor explain what he can or can’t do. He’s his own special person. He’s like us, but not.”

Her laugh was surprisingly bitter. “I have to wait for Taylor? Maybe he’ll explain it to me when we’re in a nursing home, then.”

He ran his hand through his hair. “Ana, those photos...”

She shook her head once. “Don’t. Clearly there were a lot of things that Taylor didn’t tell me.”

“We were young, and a little crazy. I had no idea anyone was taking pictures. We didn’t do it for posterity’s sake, I can tell you that.”

“Why did you do it?”

He chewed on his lip. “Once again, I can’t speak for Taylor. I did it because it was fun and because...our basic urges, to eat, drink, hunt, fuck, are strong. At that age, it’s really hard to control it. As we grow older, we’re more able to keep it under wraps.”

What did that mean for her husband? “Then it never goes away.”

“No. Not entirely. We’re all a little rougher than normal humans, but mostly because the sexual hunger is a bit stronger for us than it is for humans. Plus, the whole natural-hunter thing. Makes it tough for us to be vanilla in bed.”

Hurt pierced through her. “He was able to control himself pretty damn well around me. What does that say?”

“Um. Are we talking about the same man? ’Cause I saw him race through the woods and take you down like a gazelle. If that’s not the definition of losing control, I don’t know what is.” His tone softened. “Talk to him, sweetheart. Taylor’s always been a bit of an enigma to most of us. I know you feel like he hid stuff from you, but when it comes down to it, there’s probably no one who knows him better than you.” He jerked his head to the window. “For example, I have no idea what he’s doing out there.”

“What?” She jumped out of her chair, walked to the window and peered out. Through the softly falling snow she could see Taylor sitting on the steps leading down the back porch to the backyard. His head was uncovered, his coat nowhere to be seen. The white T-shirt and jeans he wore were his only protection from the cold.

“That idiot!”

She raced out the door, not even feeling the wind, to stand behind him on the porch. “What the hell are you doing out here? It’s freezing.”

He stiffened at the sound of her voice, and then dropped his head into his hands. “I’m fine.”

“Come back inside.”

“I don’t feel cold.”

Oh God, wasn't that one of the first symptoms of frostbite? Where was Google when you needed it? She tried to soften her voice. "Please, Taylor. I want to talk to you."

"What's the point?"

Why the hell had she gone and married such a Debbie Downer? Oh, yeah, 'cause she loved him, secret-keeper or not, wolf or human.

Frustrated, she plopped down on the porch behind him, uncaring that the snow on the ground immediately seeped into her jeans, wetting her butt. "Well I'm not going inside until you do."

"Don't be foolish, Ana."

She set her jaw and glared at his broad back. Unfortunately, the glare didn't last long as she noticed that his cotton T-shirt was so thin she could see the tan of his skin under it.

Minutes passed, both of them too stubborn to get up. The wind was cutting through her sweater, but at least she had it. She picked at a loose string of yarn on the hem. Hell, her flannel shirt alone was better than his tee all by itself.

She'd unraveled a solid three inches, her eyes roaming over the wide expanse of his inadequately covered back, before she gave in to the urge. Whipping her sweater over her head, she scooted forward on her knees to lay it over her husband's shoulders.

It looked as if a child had laid a sweater over a giant's back. He stiffened, touched the wool on his shoulder and then glanced behind him. A frown crossed his handsome face. "What the hell are you doing outside dressed like that?"

It wasn't easy to speak indignantly when one's teeth chattered. "T-trying to get you t-to come inside."

"You little..." He shrugged the sweater off his shoulders as he stood. A second later, the world spun.

She stared down at the porch from her position tossed over his broad shoulder.

"I may throw up," she informed him.

"Good. Maybe that'll help warm you."

She reared up and looked around as they entered the kitchen and he kicked the door closed behind them. Eli was nowhere to be seen, thank God, as she was positive this position did not showcase her best side.

Taylor didn't stop there, or in the living room. He took her upstairs and dumped her on their bed. She scrambled off, not wanting to get the bedspread wet. This was good, this was great. They were alone, they could talk...

"Take those clothes off," he said tersely and walked out of the room, closing the door behind him.

D'oh.

Since there was no point in catching pneumonia, she did strip off her clothes, shivering the whole time. She was down to her bra and panties when he came back inside carrying fresh towels. He took one look at her goose-pimpled skin and cursed viciously. After dumping one towel on the bureau, he enveloped

her in the other one's folds and rubbed it briskly over her skin. The rough terry felt good against her, but she didn't know if it was the towel that warmed her or his hands.

He certainly wasn't trying to turn her on. His touch was impersonal at best. He toweled off her hair and then grabbed the other towel and wrapped it around her, keeping her arms inside so she was swaddled in it. He dropped her on the bed and pulled the quilt over her.

"Your clothes are wetter than mine were," she said.

He whipped off his shirt and attacked his jeans next. "Don't ever do anything that stupid again. The temperatures up here drop suddenly. You can't wander around dressed inappropriately."

"That's the pot calling the kettle—hmmm."

"What?"

She swallowed the saliva that had pooled in her mouth as Taylor briskly wiped down his hair and body. God, her husband looked divine naked. "You were wearing less than me."

He jabbed a finger at his chest. "I have a higher body temperature than full humans. Which means that it would have to be full-on blizzard conditions for me to really be in danger from the cold."

I don't feel cold. "Oh." He didn't feel the cold. Because he wasn't fully...human. From a purely educational standpoint, she wondered how that worked.

His lips tightened. "Let me get dressed and I'll leave."

Her jaw dropped open. Anger rose. "Now you're being a chicken."

"What?"

It was hard to act indignant when one was trussed up like a turkey on the bed. "You're a chicken. What, things get tough and you wanna just run? I got married for life, Taylor. I told you that when you asked me. And yet, at the first sign of trouble, you want to go brood out in the snow. I won't tolerate it. I deserve better than that."

"This isn't some stupid argument, Ana. I lied to you. I hid something..."

"So tell me!" She wriggled on the bed. "Talk to me."

He tossed the towel to the ground, giving her a great shot of his tight ass, the two globes of tanned hardness flaring out from his narrow waist. Grabbing a pair of boxer briefs, he pulled them on, the thin cotton conforming to his thighs and buttocks. "I don't even know where to start."

A little white lie here could be forgiven, right? "I'm still cold. We should share body heat."

It hurt to see how tentative he was about crawling into bed with her, gauging her response to being near him. She struggled and removed her hands from beneath the towel, wrapping them around his neck and drawing him closer to her body. He buried his face in her hair, inhaling deeply as if he was trying to suck her right inside of him.

She rubbed her fingers through his short black hair, the spiky rough strands clinging to her fingers. He didn't seem to be in any hurry to talk, so she tried to guide him. *Start with the big thing.* "Werewolves exist."

"Yes."

She thought of what Eli had said. "Everywhere?"

"Close enough. Eli's territory used to only cover these mountains and the surrounding towns, but Eli's dad took over most of New York and New Jersey."

"And you're one of them?"

"Yes and no. I'm only half wolf."

Half wolf. Well, that was...no less fantastical. "Eli said you weren't exactly like him."

"No. Eli's bloodline is pure. Superior."

Loyalty made her hug fierce. "He's not superior to you."

"In our world he is."

He didn't say anything more, just stared down at her, his green eyes bleak and hopeless. He raised his finger, tracing it over her eyebrows, her nose, her lips. There was something different in his touch, like he was trying to memorize her features. An unknown fear clutched her heart. Seeing how difficult this was for him diminished some of her outrage. "Tell me the whole story, Taylor. Please."

A muscle jumped in his jaw. For a second she wondered if he would refuse, but she couldn't have that. "Are we going to get divorced?" she blurted out.

His face paled, as if she had confirmed his fears. "Divorce?"

"I don't want one. Do you?"

"No. God, no."

"Then you need to tell me everything. I want to try to work through this. Please."

His eyes grew even bleaker. She held her breath, not sure what she would do if he refused. But he spoke, his voice low and rough. "My mom was human. To my dad, she was just some waitress he visited in town when he wanted to scratch an itch. He would never have lowered himself to marry her and dilute his pure bloodline. But by the time my mom died, my father still hadn't had any luck procreating with a full-wolf female. So he took me in with the hopes that his DNA would trump."

"Half-breeds are an odd species. Occasionally they manifest every sign of being a were, to the point where no one can tell they're half-human."

Of course, she'd heard the first part of the tragic story, about Taylor's beloved mother's death and the circumstances that had led to him showing up on his now-estranged father's doorstep, but it still made her ache for the confused baby he'd been. A thought occurred to her. "Taylor, if we had kids would they..."

"No. Generally by the time a generation passes the wolf blood is too diluted to result in anything except perhaps an increased affinity for sports." His arms clenched around her. "I knew you wanted

children eventually. No way would I have kept a secret from you that could negatively affect our offspring's life."

She believed him. "So some half-wolf children can assimilate. But not you?"

"No. By sixteen, most of the other males could shift. I couldn't. That's when it became very apparent that my so-called superior wolf DNA was not trumping my mother's contribution. I was tainted, an embarrassment. So Daddy kicked me to the curb."

Another pang. She tried to console herself with the slightly happier occurrence she knew came next in this timeline. "But Eli's parents took you in."

"Yeah. Luckily, Eli and I were best friends by then. His father was the alpha of our pack, and even though my father was his right-hand man, he disapproved and allowed me to come live with them."

What a horrible man Taylor's dad was. She'd be predisposed to dislike anyone who hurt her husband, but to renounce your child because of something he couldn't even help? Terrible. "I don't like your father."

"Join the club. Not many people do."

"So you can't shift."

"No."

"But you inherited some wolf behavior, right?"

"I have a higher body temperature, a larger muscle mass, a fraction of a full-blood's speed, which is still more than a human's."

Ana shifted. "And some of those wolf traits manifest in the bedroom as well?"

A long pause. "Yes."

She was navigating through the minefield now. "Eli...Eli said that your people are generally a little rougher, harder."

"Did he now? He's just a regular fountain of information."

"Don't be mad at him, please."

Taylor's lashes dipped over his eyes. "Eli's spot-on."

There she had it. Confirmation of her husband's true nature. Dominance and a revved sexual appetite wasn't something he could play at on the weekend, or even a simple kink that got his rocks off. He was, literally, an animal.

Nope. No *Cosmo* article that would help here.

Hardly aware she was speaking aloud, she murmured, "I knew, as soon as I opened those photos..."

"Ana...I swear, I had no idea that anyone had ever taken those. Neither did Eli."

"The things you were doing in them—"

He cut her off, his words tripping over themselves. "From about sixteen to twenty-six or so, werewolf hormones get seriously stirred up. You're right, I wasn't spared from any of that."

"Doesn't sound so different from anyone else in that age group," she said dryly.

“No, it’s different. The hungers, they’re more intense, more animalistic. I can’t describe it, except to say that it’s a little bit like being on a constant hunt for the next wilder, crazier thing. The elders, they encourage it. Eli’s father pretty much gave us this place to do whatever we wanted, whenever we wanted. This area is our territory. There are other wolves around here, so it was safe for all of the pups.”

Yeah, that would sooooo not be happening with their kids. Part wolf or not part wolf, her babies would not be getting their own bachelor pad to play in. But they could discuss that later.

“And we took advantage of it. But Eli and the others, they were just having fun. Me, I lost all control. It happens to some of us, where we get consumed by the hunt, by the hunger, like we’re feral animals. I have huge gaps of time in my memory I can’t even recall. I don’t know if my mixed blood helped screw me up, or if it was just me who couldn’t handle all of those hormones rioting inside me. All I know is that I woke up one day and couldn’t remember what I’d done in the last week. It terrified me.”

Ana stroked her husband’s arm, driven to touch him. Losing control was probably her self-disciplined Taylor’s worst nightmare. He started to get wild-eyed if he misplaced his smartphone or a calendar. To lose days at a time? Unthinkable.

“After that I started to notice that it was the lone wolves who went truly feral, who were either put down or farmed out to the countryside in glorified pack prisons. The ones who had families surrounding them, they were usually fine. Most of the others in the pack considered me inferior after my dad kicked me out, so it wasn’t like I had anyone to have Sunday dinner with. All I had was Eli, but he still wasn’t mine.” His voice was filled with naked yearning. “I wanted that. I wanted someone who I could belong with. I wanted to be normal. And if that meant I had to get rid of that darker side of me that actually craved the acts I’d done before, then...so be it.”

Time to bare her soft underbelly. “Did you marry me just because you thought I was the kind of woman who would never tempt those urges out of you? Did you marry me because I was boring and...?”

“God, no!” Taylor hugged her closer. “I married you because I love you. I love everything about you. You excite me, you are my living, breathing temptation, but I fight it because I’ve never wanted anything more than to keep you in my life.”

Lord help her, she believed him. Some of her hurt eased. “Then you fantasize still, about doing all that stuff? The bondage, the pain, the toys, the threesomes? With—with me?”

“Yes,” he said hoarsely. “But it’s just fantasies. Nothing more.”

She took a deep breath. “I need to apologize before we go any further. I’m sorry I didn’t just come to you when I got those pictures.”

“Why didn’t you? I would have explained and maybe...”

She followed his line of thought. “And maybe I never would have found out about this whole wolf thing. Eh. Nice try, but no. Be glad you’re telling me now and not on our fiftieth anniversary. I’d be really pissed then.”

His smile was fleeting and brief, but she cherished the slight upward curl of his lip. She continued. “I didn’t come to you because I was angry you didn’t tell me on your own, but also...I felt like you didn’t tell me because I just didn’t satisfy you the way some other woman once did. I-I can see your face in those pictures, Taylor.” Oh cripes, this hurt. “Until this weekend, you never looked like that with me when we had sex.”

His lips parted. “What are you talking about? I love you, and I never loved...”

She covered his mouth to cut him off. “Oh, I never doubt you love me. But that blind need, as if you’re about to lose your mind if you don’t take me? That’s just not there. And I never realized it was missing ’til I saw it.”

The emotions marching across his face made it clear he wanted to deny the charge, but couldn’t. “I don’t know what to say, Ana.”

“When I got over feeling like a fool, I thought hard about what I was going to do. Those things you were doing in those photos, they turned me on. I loved what you did to me in the car, in the shed. How do you know I won’t like the rest?” When she brushed her hand over his shoulders, she could feel the strain in his body. “I don’t mind trying it. I don’t find your desires disgusting or anything. Why should you have to bury it anymore?”

Taylor’s voice was pitched very low. “It’s one thing to add a little spice to our lives every now and again, which is how you’re treating this now, Ana. But what if it sucks me in again? What if I stop being able to just be...?”

“Normal,” she supplied, a little dryly. That word was getting on her nerves.

“Yes.”

“Why are you so certain it’s one or the other?”

“Did you see me last night? What I’m like when I’m getting lost to the wolf? I almost killed Eli. And I grew up with him, love him.” He stroked his hand against her face, his touch feather-light and gentle. She leaned into it. “I like the kink, sure. But I love you. I love making love to you soft and slow in our bed. I don’t want to lose that.” He pressed a kiss against her lips and drew back. “You’ll never know how sorry I am for lying to you. It was wrong, and I swear I won’t do it again. I know you’re probably still angry with me, and I don’t blame you. All I can say is that...to me, I’m not that person anymore.”

How the hell did you stop being part of your heritage? If she and Taylor had kids, they would be both white and Hispanic. They’d never be able to deny one side of themselves, and she’d be horribly sad for them if they tried. “Taylor...”

He continued speaking doggedly. “None of this, not a single thing that’s happened over the last couple of days, matters. When we go home, everything will be back to what it was.”

Her mood deflated like a popped balloon. Her proposal was way better than his. He stood up from the bed. “I’ll go throw some lunch together. Why don’t you get dressed? Or take a nap if you want.”

She didn't say anything as he pulled on a pair of jeans, said nothing as he left the room. Her mind was churning.

She thought of the life they'd led before those damning pictures had come flying into her email. Had she been happy? Yes, very much so. She'd had a loving husband, they were both employed, their sex life was regular and satisfying. What was there to be unhappy about?

Could she go back to it? Never feel him chasing her down in the wild, tying her up? Never taunting him with dirty talk, or shocking him into some crazy act?

No. Her response was immediate and visceral. Not that she wanted to have nothing but the kink all the time, but it would be hard to bury this newly discovered side of her without a fare-thee-well.

She just wanted...him. Both sides of him, the wild, dirty, kinky stranger and her loving, gentle, sweet husband.

What if he's right? What if you lose that sweet man forever?

No lie, the whole eye-color-shifting thing had been kind of freaky, and she had no doubt that if she hadn't stopped him last night, he would have remained in that Incredible Hulk state, hands wrapped around his friend's neck.

Go back in the room, Ana. But she had stopped him, even though he'd been overcome with rage. She wasn't sure if he would have seriously hurt Eli—or even if he could, since she wasn't sure what the physiology of a full wolf entailed—but he'd managed to stop in the midst of his madness to ensure her safety.

Her lips firmed. Well, damn it. She'd show him.

She'd show him that it was fine to be a little greedy.

Chapter Nine

“How much longer will it be? You told me it would be out of the way by yesterday. That tree needs to be moved.”

Taylor watched as Eli paced the carpet. His friend sighed and caved, no doubt feeling bad for the overworked dispatcher on the phone. “No, of course not. You have to take care of the town residents first. Yes, I’m warm and I’m safe. I’ll stay put. Please try to hurry though.” He pressed a button to end his call and gave Taylor a sheepish shrug. “I’m sorry. Road’s still blocked.”

“No worries.”

Eli sprawled out in the chair opposite him. “Drinking your lunch?”

Taylor swirled the bourbon in his glass. “Something like that.”

“Where’s Ana?”

“Up in the room.”

“Did you guys talk?”

“Some.”

“I’m not sorry she heard me, man. It wasn’t fair to leave her in the dark. She needed to know what you are.”

“I know. And it’s what I *was*,” he said flatly.

“You can’t deny your heritage forever.”

“Watch me. When we get back home, I’m going to do my damndest to pretend this weekend never happened.”

“And you think she’ll let you?”

“She has to.” His voice was monotone, but Taylor couldn’t help the spurt of desperation at the thought that she wouldn’t let him forget. No, she had to. They’d forget, they’d be normal, and it would be like these fucking messed-up desires of his never got between them.

“Do you honestly think the two of you will be happy?”

He’d make her happy. Even if it killed him. “Yes.”

“You’re an idiot. You realize that there’s a middle ground, right? Look, I know you hated that feeling of being crazy out of control. But you’re not some twenty-something pup. You can have your kink and eat it too.” Eli spread his arms. “Hell, look at me.”

Eli was different. “I’m a half-breed. You’re the alpha. You honestly think there’s a comparison between our capabilities and strengths?”

Eli’s eyes flashed yellow. “Don’t make me kick your ass. Being half-human doesn’t make you any weaker when it comes to character and willpower.”

Taylor was silent. No need to speak when remembered taunts rang in his head like a never-ending soundtrack. *Weak. Ineffectual. Inferior.*

“You’re the alpha?”

They both looked to the door where Ana was standing in a silky red and black robe. The deep, rich color complemented her honey-colored complexion and brightened her dark brown eyes.

Eli’s tone underwent a complete reversal from when he’d spoken to Taylor. “Why is everyone so shocked by that?”

“Because alphas are supposed to be dark and brooding and dangerous.”

“Where’s the fun in that? And I’m insulted you don’t think I’m dangerous. Why, bunnies in the forest shake when they hear my name.”

She smiled faintly. “I stand corrected.” Her gaze returned to Taylor. “I won’t forget.”

He didn’t bother to ask her to clarify. Clearly she’d been listening for a while. “You have to,” he said hoarsely.

Her eyes locked on his, she shrugged the robe off her shoulders. The saliva in his mouth dried up. There was so much smooth, creamy flesh, he didn’t know where to start.

Underneath the robe, she was dressed in a tiny red thong and a demi bra, her tight brown nipples offered over the lace cups like desserts. Red garters adorned her thighs, a tiny bejeweled flower on her outer thighs winking at him. The garters held up sheer black stockings. She’d left her feet bare, and the sight of her sexy toes covered in black silk was hotter than if she’d donned a pair of stilettos.

Naughty lingerie wasn’t Ana’s style. She ran toward white cotton and practical designs. So, yeah. He was shocked.

The gurgling noises coming from Eli told Taylor he wasn’t the only one.

“When we had sex in the shed, did you love me any less?”

His response was instantaneous. “Of course not.”

“I know you see these desires as abnormal and hurtful, but they aren’t. There’s nothing we’ll ever do together, whether it’s in a bed or a car or a shed, that can ever be anything but loving if we both want it. And I want it. I want to try everything your mind can come up with, and I want the freedom to come up with stuff that’ll make you clutch your pearls.” She walked closer, so all he could smell was the scent of vanilla. Stroking a hand over his cheek, she smiled. “There is a middle ground.”

“And if I lose myself again?”

“I trust you not to. And you should trust me to keep you right here. And if you think I’m not strong enough to do that...” She gulped so loud he could hear it. “Let Eli stay. He’s strong enough to subdue you if need be, right?”

The silence in the room was charged with tension. Taylor was barely aware of it though, since his slip of a wife had given him a big old honking revelation.

Delusion was a wonderful thing, until reality came up and slapped you in the face. The cottage hadn’t unearthed something that he’d buried deep. Hell, he’d done a piss-poor job of eradicating it thus far, if it had just taken a weekend and an outdoor frolic to make him revert to his old ways.

It was the sight of the hope in his wife’s eyes that undid him. Hell, if she believed in him that strongly—even after learning that he was half-freak—maybe he could too. Up to a certain point. “You’re not worried?”

A smile spread across her face. “Not at all.”

“If you guys want me to leave, speak now or forever hold your peace. Or at least for the next hour or so.” Eli’s voice was hoarse and strained.

Taylor kept his eyes on her. “Ana?”

Her eyelashes fluttered flirtatiously, a mockery of a proper young woman. “I already said he could stay.”

Arousal hit him like a punch to his gut, coiling low in his belly and bringing his cock to hardness. However, he wanted everything clear and spelled out before he so much as kissed his woman. “Do you want him to...touch?”

There was no mistaking the gleam of excitement in his wife’s eyes or the hitch in her breathing. “Yes.”

“How much?”

Her lips curved in an impish grin. “I told you those photos turned me on. Use them as a guide. Feel free to improvise and get more creative, though.”

The photos? Fuck. He’d long forgotten his past sexual partners, and frankly, probably wouldn’t even get hard if Lucy strutted in here and asked to reenact their old ill-advised menage. But substitute Ana in as the meat in their sandwich, and he could drill holes with his cock.

A sense of fatalism settled over him. He’d been wrong. This was it. This was the test, the ultimate test. And he owed it to his marriage to see it through. He curled his hand around her hip, clenching his fingers into the firm flesh of her buttocks left bare by her thong. “You remember your safe word?”

“Mountain.”

“If your mouth is full, hold up two fingers. That’ll be our signal.”

He watched the delightful shift in her expression from confusion to understanding as to what her mouth would be full with. The old Ana would have blushed and stammered something out.

Nope. Not anymore. “What if my mouth is full and my hands are tied?”

Lust made his legs weak at that thought—Ana, bound and sucking one of them off—that he almost couldn’t come up with a solution to that dilemma. With him and Eli together, the scenario was not that far-fetched. “Shake your head. That’s the only time we’ll treat a negative as a real negative. You trust me to stop?” He had to make sure.

“I trust you with my life.”

Before she’d even stopped speaking he crushed his mouth to hers, using his grip on her ass to grind her up against him so she could feel exactly how hard he was. Her tongue tangled with his, bringing him even closer to the brink of madness. He tore his mouth away, spinning around so his dick nestled into the crack of her ass, and rubbed against the thin strip of cotton that separated her cheeks.

Eli was still seated in the plush armchair, his long legs sprawled out. Their eyes met, and a lifetime’s relationship allowed them to communicate with no words necessary.

Protect her.

Done.

He trusted Eli. But he would take his own steps, if and/or when he turned feral, to prevent Ana from seeing it happen.

“Any rules?” Eli asked.

Taylor considered that. After one long look at Eli, Ana’d instinctively assumed a submissive position, head bent down. Did she even realize what she’d done? No, it was her pure natural response.

He stroked her belly, delighting in the quiver of her flesh. “I call the shots.”

He could see Eli’s instinctual dislike of that mandate in the flinching of his body. As easygoing as he pretended to be, Eli was alpha down to his core. Nonetheless, he inclined his head in respect. “Anything else?”

Taylor slid his hands up to cradle Ana’s breasts. He rolled the tight buds of her nipples between his fingers, loving the way the sensitive peaks automatically responded to his touch. “Pull out if you want to come, and her ass is mine.”

That right belonged to him, and his animalistic side disliked anybody else snatching it away from him.

“Fair enough.”

Since he knew she liked it, he grabbed hold of both sides of her bra and yanked, tearing it down the middle. The cups separated to reveal her nice, firm tits. They jiggled only the slightest bit from her increased breathing.

Eli tsked. “That lingerie is expensive, man.”

“He’s destroyed a lot of it this weekend,” Ana said dryly.

“She looks better without it,” Eli rumbled.

“I can’t disagree.” Free from any encumbrances, Taylor covered her breasts with his hands, squeezing just the tiniest bit harder than he usually did.

She didn’t seem to mind, arching into his touch to get more of the sensation. He rewarded her with another squeeze. Ana moaned. “I—I’m feeling underdressed here.”

“But you’re so much prettier than we are. Right, Eli?”

“Absolutely.”

Over her shoulder, Taylor watched her lick her lips and swallow. He knew what she wanted, and he was also aware that she was having trouble asking for it. Bombshell Ana didn’t quite know how to ask them to strip.

Lust fired through him. As worried as he was about going feral, he couldn’t help but be excited about how fun it was going to be to guide her through her first ménage.

Releasing his grip on her, he turned her around. “Undress me.” He exerted a gentle pressure on her shoulders, thrilled when she immediately sank to her knees in front of him. Her fingers got to work on his jeans, popping open the zipper. She slipped her hands inside his boxers and pushed them over his ass so they pooled on the floor. He stepped out of them and kicked them aside.

Before she could move, he had a hard grip on her hair, and he plunged his cock inside her mouth. He made no allowances to her relative newness to deep-throating, thrusting farther when she gagged, until she inhaled through her nose.

He withdrew his cock from her mouth, loving the way her saliva coated so very much of it. If he could, he would spend his days buried balls-deep in that pretty throat. Unable to resist, he trapped her hair in his grip and brought her back to him. “Again,” he said roughly, and shoved his cock back into her mouth.

The sound of a drawer opening tore him away from the sight of those full ruby-red lips wrapped around his cock, going deeper with every second. Eli had already removed his shirt, though his jeans were still on. He was pulling out what looked like a treasure trove of new sex toys from a cabinet against the wall, setting them on an end table.

Taylor stilled Ana’s bobbing motion. “Why don’t you go on over to Eli and help him out of those jeans.”

She withdrew from his cock, her mouth wet and shiny. Her breath puffed on the head of his erection. She rose gracefully and walked over to kneel in front of Eli, who looked like he couldn’t quite believe his luck. Nose level with his crotch and more-than-obvious erection, she raised her hands to his fly. Eli stroked Ana’s hair while she struggled with both the unfamiliar button fly and the thick cock stretching its limits.

Taylor walked over to the table where Eli had so courteously laid out some very nice props. He picked through them, his blood pounding as he considered how each toy could be utilized. Laying aside the supplies he needed, he turned back to the erotic scene just as Ana removed Eli’s pants.

She sat back on her heels, her hands calmly placed on her thighs. He could tell by the high color in her face and neck though, that she was anything but calm. As he watched, she wet her lips. Eli's cock wasn't far from them.

"Do you see how bad Eli wants you?" Taylor asked quietly.

Eli remained silent, but he fisted his cock, stroking it slowly. Seemingly mesmerized by the motion, she swayed a little closer, until her lips were just a hairsbreadth away from his wet tip.

"Answer me, Ana." His voice cracked like a whiplash, and she jumped, Eli's cock brushing against her bottom lip. He didn't miss the way her tongue flicked out to taste her lip exactly where he'd touched her.

"Yes."

"Yes, what? Repeat it."

"Yes, I see how bad he wants me."

"You're licking your lips. Do you want to suck his cock?"

"Yes."

Eli automatically stroked Ana's hair, and she leaned into it. "Good girl, being so honest." With their shared past, Eli only had to look at the items in Taylor's hands to know where to take this next. Eli stepped backward and dropped into the armchair, spreading his legs wide. He crooked his finger at Ana. "Come here, little one."

Instead of standing, she made both of their dicks a little harder by crawling over to Eli, her firm tits swaying with the motion. Holding the base of his erection steady, she licked up the sides, tracing the veins roping his thick length.

"She likes to tease," Eli said tightly.

"You know how to deal with that." Taylor walked up behind Ana and dropped to his knees, placing his toys next to him.

She made a motion to turn to look at him, aborted when Eli slid a commanding hand under her hair to cup the nape of her neck. "Come on now, sweetheart. Enough playing."

Taylor could see the flirtatious glance she shot Eli as she mouthed the head of his dick. Oh, the witch was going to pay.

"Widen your legs," he said, amused when she complied immediately. No doubt she thought he would be seeing to her pleasure and the clit that was demandingly poking out for his attention.

Not just yet, he wouldn't.

"I don't think she's taking me seriously, Tay."

"Don't worry. She knows better than to play around with me." If she could have, he knew she would have turned around and rolled her eyes at him. Instead, she merely lapped at Eli's dick.

Taylor picked up the lube and squirted a generous amount on his fingers. When he pressed her cheeks open, her tiny, puckered asshole winked up at him. Relishing the moment, he eased his finger inside. She jerked, but Eli's hands on her head kept her from moving too much. Nonetheless, Taylor landed a spank on her cheek. "You knew this was part of the deal. No moving. I don't want to hurt you, got it?"

"Yes." Her voice was breathy, her tone accepting. She rested her forehead against Eli's thigh. He moved his finger in and out of her and then added another, squirting some more lube on her, opening her up for what was to come. The tight, muscular ring clenched around his fingers. What would it feel like when he finally sank his cock inside of her? His balls tightened.

When he judged her ready for the next step, he removed his fingers, picked up the plug and coated it with lubrication. "You weren't very nice, teasing Eli like that. So you're going to be the one teased now." He placed the tip of the plug against her rectum and gently slid it in. She gasped. "This is an inflatable plug. It goes in nice and easy."

"You call this nice and easy?"

Control. God, it was hard to retain this control when he wanted to turn into a rutting beast. *Wait. Make this so good for her. She deserves it.* "Compared to some of the monsters Eli probably has around this place, yes. Can you guess why it's going in so easy?"

"It's not inflated."

"You're so smart. Here's the deal, sweetheart. You have one job—make Eli come." He squeezed the bulb at the end of the plug and she shuddered, more from the sound, it seemed, than any actual inflation. "I'm going to be back here, and every five lashes, I'm going to squeeze this plug a few times. I'll stop when you meet your end of the deal. That means how big that plug gets depends entirely on you."

"Lashes?"

He picked up the crop next to him. The tails were made of velvet with tiny heavy balls at the end, more designed to tantalize than hurt. Had they been doing this longer, he might have used the heavier duty whip...but that could come later.

Oh please God, let that come later. For the first time he considered the thought that they could continue these games, take them even further. Exhilaration filled him, and he brought the crop down on Ana's upturned ass. She whimpered, and he thrilled at the sound. "One," he counted softly.

"You aren't really serious..."

He brought his hand down again. "Two."

"Taylor."

She wasn't saying her safe word, so he continued. "Three. Four." Holding the crop at his side, he pumped the bulb on the plug, making her jump.

"That wasn't five!"

"You're not behaving. One."

She immediately reached for Eli's cock, but his friend grabbed both of her hands and pinned them to his thighs. "Mouth only," he said lightly.

She gave an adorable growl, but seeing as she had no other choice, she complied, sucking his cock into her mouth and setting a fast pace.

Watching his wife get face fucked by another man should have destroyed him. But instead it had him so hot, he had to concentrate on her reddening ass to keep from grabbing her, laying her on the ground and finishing this.

Time and place no longer existed, or so it seemed for Ana. Her world was reduced to these two men, and the once-in-a-lifetime experience they were giving her.

Too much. Not enough.

Talk about sensory overload. The familiar mixed with the new. The slap of the velvet tails against her burning ass, the pump of the bulb of the butt plug, the slurping sound she made as she worked on Eli's cock, the thought of Taylor watching it all with those burning hot eyes...she whimpered. Oh, yeah, Taylor. Those suspicions about her secret submissive nature were pure fact now. Her reaction to both males' dominance put that question to rest.

I'll stop when you meet your end of the deal.

She'd hold him to that damned promise.

Eli's cock was longer than her husband's, though not as thick. His smell and taste was nice, but unfamiliar. Likewise, the hands sifting through her hair were decidedly different from Taylor's.

If she didn't need someone's cock inside of her soaked pussy post-haste, she might have been able to savor the differences between the two men some more. Instead, she bobbed her head faster and faster, until she was sucking him all the way down to his base.

Eli's loud groan told her she was doing something right, but it was Taylor's muttered curse that prompted her to suck a little harder on the upstroke, well aware that he could see the way her cheeks hollowed out, knowing that he was cataloguing every minute reaction of her body.

It was like she was the willing exhibition and he was the voyeur. *Bite your tongue.* No, not voyeur, because that would mean he was simply going to watch, and she wouldn't be able to bear that.

As if to remind her of his active participation, Taylor gave a series of pumps, rocketing the feeling of fullness in her ass to borderline discomfort. Drawing her mouth off Eli's cock, she ignored the tightening of Eli's hands over hers. "Taylor."

"Hmm?"

"Please, no more. Just...someone fuck me, please."

"Someone will." Taylor's voice was very mild. Since she was filled with a bone-deep certainty that he was more aroused than ever before, it was extremely sexy. "Remember our deal."

Fucking deal...suddenly determined to win this battle of wills, she drew upon every iota of knowledge she knew about the male body to drive Eli out of his mind. She lowered her head to lick at his balls, drawing each one into her mouth for a suck. He shouted and raised his hips, and she responded by sucking even more of him, rolling them around on her tongue before swooping down the shaft again to swallow his erection, deep-throating it until tears came to her eyes.

It took her a second to realize that Eli wasn't trying to pull her away the way that Taylor usually did when he worried she was taking too much of him. His hands were exerting a steady pressure on her scalp, keeping her where he wanted her.

Dizziness made her head spin, and she was unsure if it was from the lust or the slight lack of air. Eli didn't see her as fragile or in need of protection, from either of the men. Because she wasn't, damn it. She knew that, had come to grips with it before starting this, but having such a clear indication of his sentiment on the matter, oh, it bolstered her newly fragile confidence to have his corroboration.

Plus, she really liked having her hair pulled. She may have to grow it long to get the full effect.

Resisting the pressure of his hands was a whole new brand of hot, she discovered as she withdrew for a much-needed gulp of air. His cock rested on her tongue for a second before he thrust back into her mouth. She fought her gag reflex as his grip became more demanding. Once, twice, three times more she bobbed over him, only dimly hearing Taylor speak sharply. "Not inside her."

Eli tugged on her hair frantically, and she realized that he was coming. She removed her mouth, and despite their orders to keep her hands to herself, she wrapped her hand around his wet shaft. He covered hers and groaned long and low as he ejaculated, the semen oozing up over their joined hands, some of it splattering on his belly. Heart pounding, she stroked him until every last drop had been forced out.

It took her a second to realize that Taylor had stopped whipping her and was instead rubbing his hands over her heated ass. His calloused hands dipped down her thighs.

When he screwed his fingers inside her slit, rubbing in and out at a steady pace, she felt like Christmas and her birthday had been rolled into one. It was perfect, glorious, the pressure in her pussy complementing the pressure in her ass. But just a few thrusts and he was done, fingers gone. She arched her ass backward and got a tiny smack on the side of her cheek for that.

Harder. The lashes had warmed her up so well, she'd barely felt that love tap. She wiggled her hips. Another smack. He nudged her legs further apart, shoving her head deeper onto Eli's lap, giving her a very up-close view of his still-ample cock. Confused, she tried to turn around, but they both hushed her back into place.

She felt a slight pressure against the spread folds of her pussy, and then nothing. A whistle of air preceded the tassels of the whip cracking against her open tissues.

Oh God. She arched her back. "Taylor."

He slapped her pussy again with the soft crop. "Yes."

“Please.”

“Please what?”

“Please fuck me.”

“Not yet.”

“You have to.”

“No.”

Another slap. She bucked, and Eli’s hand came to rest on her head.

“Didn’t I say I was in charge?” Taylor asked.

A spurt of irritation burst through her. “I didn’t think you would make me suffer. Fuck me or forget this.”

There was silence behind her. Charged silence. Trying to gauge her husband’s mood without completely defying him, she glanced up at Eli who was studying her, all easy and amused, a contrast to the hardening cock right near her face. Her husband had a very fast recovery time. Apparently it was a wolf thing.

“You’re a brave girl, aren’t you? Do you know what we do to women who defy us?” Eli’s silky, menacing tone belied his relaxed face.

Her thighs clenched. A little bit of menace went a long way with her. She shook her head. Taylor was suddenly at her ear, his lips tracing the outside of it. His breath puffed against her as he spoke. “We tie them up until they can’t move at all. We might masturbate in front of them, have them suck our cocks, come on them. But they don’t get to have an orgasm. Do you want that?”

Eli’s cock tapped her lips. As hot as it would be to have these two beautiful men coming in front of her, she wouldn’t enjoy it quite so much if she had to go without any relief. “No.”

“So who’s calling the shots here? You or me?”

“You.”

“I’m in charge.” He pumped the plug multiple times, until she was laying with her cheek against Eli’s cock, eyes closed, panting. “Is that right?”

She had trouble concentrating. “What?”

“Who’s in charge here?”

Yes. Give her more of that dark, dominating tone. “You are.”

“Will you argue with me again?”

“No.”

“Because you want to come, right?”

“Right.”

His silence told her that her complete surrender satisfied him. He slapped her again, and this time the velvet tail tangled with her clit. She fought the urge to thrust back against him for more contact, controlling her body's responses. It was a heady feeling to have so much control over her basic impulses.

"Did you see that, Taylor? I think she deserves a prize for being so patient," Eli purred.

"Mmm." He pulled her off Eli and flipped her to her back. The thick carpet on the ground cushioned the move. She welcomed him without hesitation, spreading her legs as wide as she could. Taylor crawled up her body until his cock rested between the valley of her breasts. His eyes were dark as he grabbed the lube, squeezing it onto his cock, making sure she had a nice view of the moisture slicking over every inch of him. Placing his slick hands on her breasts, he squeezed them around his shaft until the heavy mushroom-shaped head peeked over the top of her cleavage. "Do you know where I'm going to fuck you?"

It was hard to speak, and not because of the weight of her husband's cock on her body. "Yes."

"Where?"

"In my ass."

"That's right. We're going to take that plug out and I'm going to fuck your ass. Eli, maybe you should see how ready she is for both of us while I make sure I'm all oiled up." Taylor squirted another dollop of lube on his cock, using her breasts like a fist to stroke it all over.

"With pleasure." Eli got up from the chair and walked around her body, dropping down between her widespread legs. With Taylor blocking her view, she couldn't see what Eli was doing. She expected him to penetrate her with his fingers, but the brush of his hair against her inner thighs was her only warning before he licked her with the flat of his tongue. She gasped, her hips arching, though of course he controlled her from moving too far. Eli settled in to lick her with fast, furious strokes of his rough tongue.

"Does that feel good?" Taylor asked, his voice silky, almost idle. She opened her eyes to find him watching her with an almost assessing look. Why had he been the one worried about losing control? He was in perfect control, while she was about two steps away from succumbing to a screaming fit.

"Not like when you do it." It was true...while Eli was very talented, there was just a certain element missing that came from oral sex with her husband.

If she wasn't watching, she would have missed the slight flash of yellow in Taylor's eyes. That, more than anything so far, made her burn.

Eli's breath puffed against her vagina as he spoke. "I think I've been maligned."

"Nothing personal." *Now get back to it.* She hadn't said it was bad, just different.

Taylor dismounted from her chest, giving her a view of Eli's blond head bobbing between her thighs. He vibrated his tongue against her clit, and she moaned.

"Now."

Taylor's voice brought Eli's head up immediately. Ana lay there panting, watching as he caught the condom Taylor tossed at him and suited up, drawing the latex down over his already-hard cock.

Eli picked her up, arranging her so she was straddling his body, her legs on either side of his thighs, her pussy kissing the tip of his cock. Taylor's hands were on her ass, spreading her wide. There was the sound of air releasing, and the fullness in her rectum dissipated, leaving behind only a strange aching, empty feeling. She glanced over her shoulder to catch Taylor's face, all intense and focused on the sight of the plug being removed from her bottom. He caught her gaze and smiled. He looked eager and excited and young, the years falling away from him. She smiled back. He leaned in close and kissed her on the mouth as if he owned it, possessive, hard.

She was panting when he pulled away. He nodded to Eli, who brought her attention back to him when he inserted his cock in her pussy. He held his erection steady for her as she sank down. Thanks to all their hard work in preparing her, she didn't even need to be coaxed into accepting it. Eli groaned loudly and tipped his head back, his strong, tanned throat working. "Christ, she's so tight."

"It's like heaven, isn't it?"

"More than heaven."

"Are you okay, Ana?"

She couldn't respond, she was so close to combusting. Without waiting for Eli to move, she started to ride his cock, crying out at the resulting flashes of ecstasy that came from the drag of his flesh against her inflamed tissues. Eli chuckled, the sound strained. "I think she's fine."

When two pairs of hard hands grabbed her hips and held her still, she wanted to struggle. Fearing that would delay the monster orgasm that was waiting for her even longer, she quieted, laying her head against Eli's shoulder and breathing hard. "Hush, Ana. We're not done yet." Eli's whisper brushed her ear.

His hands spread her ass wide, and she wished she had a mirror or a video camera to capture Taylor's expression as his best friend offered her to him. A hard pressure pushed against her little virgin hole. "Relax," Taylor murmured.

"I am." Still, she tried to relax her body even more. As if waiting for her to let go, he pushed deep, lodging what felt like half his length inside of her. "Oh, God!"

Her shout didn't deter Taylor. He thrust again, until she knew she must have taken all of him inside of her because she would never be able to take any more. She lay there, panting, unable to move, filled at both ends. Taylor stroked her hair. "Does it hurt?"

"Yes."

"Do you want me to stop?"

"No. God, no."

Eli's chuckle was dark and dangerous. "You like having his cock up your ass, don't you?"

"Yes."

"When we get home, I'm going to make sure all of your pretty holes are taken care of," Taylor vowed.

Her pussy clenched on Eli's cock at that promise. He swore, no longer sounding amused. "Let's give her that ride we promised her."

They both held her steady for their pleasure, withdrawing and thrusting so she was never completely empty. Even if she had never gotten those pictures, she would have known they had done this before, their rhythm so perfect and in sync with each other. When one slowed down, the other automatically did too. They varied their speed so she never quite knew what to expect.

It was like a whirlpool of intense sensations, being filled by two males. As much as she loved it, she wondered if she could live through this intensity ever again.

When Eli's thrusts became fast and hard, he shook his head, releasing his grip on her hips to just grind up into her pussy. "I'm going to come. If you don't want it inside of her..."

Taylor snarled, shocking her with the animalistic sound, particularly since he'd been so in control all throughout. Withdrawing from her ass, he pulled her off Eli's cock. Eli grabbed his erection and started jacking himself off, lost in his own pleasure.

Taylor forced her down onto her hands and knees and shoved his monster cock back inside her ass. Thank God. As mind-blowing as it had felt to have both erections inside of her, there was something to be said for being able to focus on one pounding male and the sensations he delivered.

Especially since Taylor knew her body better than anyone. His cock rammed into her, the thrusts making her breasts shake and her clit throb.

Want to see his face. Were his eyes yellow, his face lined with concentration? The compulsion was strong enough to make her wriggle in his arms in an effort to dismount and have him take her facing him.

He didn't allow it. Reaching below her, he fingered her clit, the touch setting off another orgasm. The climax rolled over her, the waves never breaking, simply building on each other until there was nothing left to keep her body upright. She felt boneless, used. Taylor demanded attention when he grabbed her hair, hauling her upright and pulsing inside her ass. He sank his teeth into the nape of her neck. The barbarism of the action forced a series of aftershocks through her.

She could feel the splashes of his semen inside of her as he climaxed, growling and grunting like a rutting beast the entire time. His teeth released her flesh, and his mouth was there, licking and softly kissing the mark he had made.

His touch was tender when he withdrew from her and moved her so he could pick her up gently in his arms. She had no idea where Eli was, and as much fun as he had been, she didn't even care. All of the love and tenderness in her heart was for her husband. She looked up at him with adoration as he carried her silently up the stairs. If she could have moved her hands, she would have coasted them along that granite jaw, traced the little lines at the corners of his eyes and mouth. Gosh, but he was so darn pretty. Not that her rugged, tough husband would want to hear that.

Keeping her in his arms, he somehow managed to get them inside their bedroom. She expected him to drop her on the bed, but instead he took her into the bathroom. He gently set her on her feet, ready to catch her if she so much as stumbled. The gesture was endearing in its protectiveness. Particularly since she didn't know what he felt would endanger her in the bathroom. It was the thought that counted, right?

He turned the faucet on and took a good ten seconds to get the temperature right. When he judged it to be okay, he picked her up and stepped inside. He was careful to keep the spray away from her face as he soaped and washed them both, prolonging the cosseted and cherished feeling her submission brought.

Neither of them spoke much, he intent on his undertaking, she languorous from the sexual workout and his hands on her. She felt squeaky clean by the time he shut off the overhead shower and stoppered the massive tub, allowing it to fill. He tugged her down, seating them so her back was against his front.

She'd had enough of not seeing his face, though. Oh, she'd realized what he was doing down in the living room, making sure that she didn't have a good view of his expression the whole time they were having sex. No doubt he feared what she would see.

Taking advantage of the slippery water that was already waist deep, she slipped out of his arms and turned around to straddle him.

He started to protest. "Ana—"

"Shh. You aren't in charge anymore." She pressed a kiss against his lips and studied his dear face. "Wanna talk?"

"Do I ever want to talk?"

"Nope. Do I ever let you get away with that?"

His lips twitched. "Rarely."

"How was it for you?"

"Didn't you feel me coming?"

"Yes, but I couldn't see you." Her voice was chiding, but she couldn't help it. "No fair about that."

"I didn't want you to see if I lost it."

"You mean when your eyes change into that pretty color?"

He flinched, gaze wary. She rubbed his neck in a soothing motion. "I saw it for a second last night. And I won't forgive you if you keep fucking me from behind in the future so I won't see you going wild."

"Feral," he said flatly.

"Not feral. It's just another side of you coming out to play. And look, it didn't take over you, did it?"

He hesitated. "No. It didn't."

"Didn't I say you could still be in control of it?"

"You did."

"You aren't in some blackout state right now just because you've been indulging your kinky side, are you?"

“You make it sound stupid when you say it like that.”

“I figured it was my one chance in life to say something so ridiculous. Are you?”

“No.”

She cupped her hand to her ear. “So that would make me...”

“Right.”

“I’m sorry, what was that?” Ana leaned in closer. “I couldn’t quite hear you.”

A broad smile spread across his face. There was no warning when he dunked her backward in the water. She came up sputtering.

“No one likes a gloater, sweetheart.”

She pushed her wet hair out of her eyes. “You’re just mad because I’m right. As usual.”

He pulled her close so she was straddling his hips again. He reached out with his toe and shut the water off behind her. “Yeah, you’re right. Now I have a question for you.”

“Shoot.”

“Did you enjoy yourself?”

She considered that carefully. “It was hot, I won’t lie. A fantasy fulfilled. But...”

“But?” he prompted when she stopped speaking.

“But the best parts were the things you were doing to me. I don’t mind occasionally fulfilling a kinky new fantasy, but this...” she gestured between the two of them, “...this is the best, the hottest, the most mind-blowing experience I can think of.”

He didn’t say anything and she became worried. Were they on different pages? Now that she’d given him free rein for his desires, did he think they would have nightly ménages? ‘Cause, hell, a girl could get sore from playing regularly with two demanding males. “Taylor, I’m sorry if you thought this would be a permanent kind of thing. I was thinking of it more as an...oomph.”

He crushed his mouth against hers, swallowing her words. When he finally drew away, she realized he was beaming at her. “I take it you don’t mind?” she asked.

“Mind? No, it’s great. Like you said, it was hot as hell. If you don’t mind, I’d like to play with watching and being watched some more. But at the end there...I just wanted to fuck you by myself, with no one else touching you. That was the hottest thing, taking you, knowing that no one else would be putting their come on you or in you.”

Watching and being watched? Yum. She shook her head, wanting to make sure there were no more miscommunications or misunderstandings between them. “You don’t think less of me though, right? I mean, because of what I did?”

He blinked at her and then rolled his eyes. “You worry about the strangest things.”

“It’s not strange. It’s...”

“No, I don’t think less of you. I think you’re an extremely sexy, passionate woman.” His lips quirked. “My perfect mate.”

Mate. *Oh*. Maybe it was barbaric, but she liked that word. She snuggled closer, and his erection nudged her. “Taylor.”

His hands stroked up her wet back, soothing her and inflaming her at the same time. “Hmm?”

“I know you’ve already fucked me. But can you make love to me now?”

His hands paused on her back. “My pleasure.”

She thought that perhaps he would slip inside her right there, but he lifted her from the water, cradling her in his arms. With Taylor’s new penchant for hauling her around, she may never need to walk again. He left the bathroom, heading straight for their bed. She shivered despite the heater being on full blast. “I’m cold. And the bedsheets will get wet.”

“Fuck the bedsheets. And you won’t be cold once I’m inside you.”

Well, when he put it that way...

He placed her on the bed and followed after, barely giving her a second to even orient herself. Their wet, naked skin rubbed against each other, the hairs on his body tantalizing and inflaming her smoother flesh.

The entire night had been one extended session of foreplay for her, so she was more than happy to get to the main course. Thank God, as attuned as he was to her, he realized that. Rising up on one elbow, he fit himself to her cunt and pushed inside.

After the excesses they’d engaged in, it felt like he was trying to force himself into a too-tight glove. She inhaled, and the distressed noise made him stop. He waited there, lodged inside her, his hips subtly shuttling back and forth as her passage softened to accommodate him. He nuzzled the hair at her temple, murmuring something she couldn’t quite make out, his tone low and soothing. His hands stroked down her sides and over her hips.

Yes, this was her gentle, patient husband. Love made her heart swell. “I love you so much.”

“I love you more.”

“Not possible.”

“Stop arguing, woman.” His tone was both teasing and affectionate. As he held still inside of her, he bent down to share a slow, languorous kiss.

“See. We can have it all,” she said, breathless, when they parted. The wild beast and the civilized man; the dark hunger and the tender romance.

“You were right.”

“Ooooh. Twice in one day. I think hearing that makes me wetter than any dirty talk.”

He smiled, taking her mouth again, their tongues lazily tangling. He kissed his way down her neck, nibbling on the spot he knew she liked. He spoke between kisses. "You...were right." He suckled her breasts, one after the other. "You. Were. Right."

"That's right." She held his head to her breast. "Don't you forget it, buddy."

His laugh vibrated against her nipple. She would have continued to speak, but his hips lazily thrust forward, and within a few seconds they were both lost in the motion of his body slapping against hers. His thrusts picked up speed, and she welcomed it, her orgasm coiling inside of her until she imploded around his hard length.

He came within seconds of her, his hips still thrusting, as if he was trying to get his semen as far inside her as he could. When he calmed, she stroked his heaving back, refusing to let him roll off her immediately to spare her his weight as he usually did. She loved his body, loved every part of this amazing, wild, sweet man.

His breathing evened out, and she realized he'd fallen asleep on top of her, his penis still lodged deep within her body. She wound her leg around him and continued to run her hands up and down him, touching his sweaty hair, his neck, his back, unable to get enough of him.

Half asleep, he shifted, moving so she wasn't squished but he was still on top of her. Like a puppy, he snuffled and rooted against her neck, inhaling deeply and calming again. "Still love you more," he rumbled.

"Still not possible."

"I guess there's something you're not right about."

Chapter Ten

Taylor buttoned his shirt as he walked down the hall. When he passed the large mirror on one of the walls, he almost stopped and did a double take. Who the hell was that grinning fool?

He'd always thought marrying Ana had made him the happiest man in the world. Who knew he could be happier? All because his wife had forced him to stop running from himself.

The sound of heavy footsteps near the front door had him frowning and changing direction.

"Are you sneaking out?"

Eli stopped with his hand on the doorknob. He turned to look at Taylor. "Of course not. I never sneak anywhere."

"Where are you going?"

"They just called me ten minutes ago. The road's cleared. Thought I would head out and give you and Ana some space."

"So...you just came here, meddled in my life for the better, and you were going to walk out without another word?"

"What can I say? I'm a little like Mary Poppins, without the whole singing thing."

Taylor walked over to Eli until they stood about a foot apart. Eli looked uncharacteristically somber. "Eli...do we need to talk about anything?"

"Anything?"

"Yeah."

"You mean, anything to do with the threesome we had a few hours ago in my living room?"

"That would be the anything I was referring to."

Oddly enough, Eli seemed to relax. He punched Taylor lightly in the shoulder. "Dude, do I look like Dr. Phil? As long as you're cool, I'm cool."

Taylor exhaled, relieved. "I'm cool."

"And Ana?"

"She's good. We're good."

Eli leaned against the door. "Good. I'm really glad I could help. You're not being stupid anymore, then."

"I don't think Ana would let me even if I wanted to."

“Awesome. Can I see you guys at the next pack party then? I’ve got a hell of a Spring Luau planned this year.”

He stiffened. Wolves loved parties. Not him. Since he’d broken with the pack, he’d avoided occasions when he’d have to socialize with his former buddies. They reminded him too much of what he’d been. Plus, the chance was too high he’d run into his smug, self-righteous, bastard of a father. “No.”

“But I thought you were done being stupid? You can’t move forward ’til you completely embrace your whole self, man. I saw that on *Oprah*. Packs stick together and you’re one of us.”

“One, you watch too much daytime television. Two, my father kicked me out.”

Eli looked down his nose disdainfully, every inch the patriarch. “Only the alpha has the authority to do that, and it was never done. As far as I’m concerned, you’ve been pack since the second your idiot father’s sperm fertilized your mom’s egg.”

“Wow. That’s quite possibly the most sickening imagery you’ve ever come up with.”

“Come, brother. For yourself and for your wife, because she’s entitled to the protection of your family, but mostly for me, because I’m a selfish bastard. I miss you.”

Taylor coughed to clear his throat. “Fine. I guess inviting us to your swanky parties is the least you can do for me.”

“Hey, I was working my *ass* off in that living room.”

Taylor initiated the hug, but Eli’s return squeeze was fierce. Eli clapped him on the back. “Speaking of which, though, I’m guessing that invitation won’t be repeated.”

“Probably not. Also, you may want to be prepared for Ana not looking you in the eyes for a few years. Or decades.”

“Worth it. It was nice to see what real mates are like with one another.”

Taylor regarded his friend sympathetically, more than aware of how lucky he really was. “You’ll find someone soon. I’m certain. Someone who’s tough and strong and a real bitch. Just not stone-cold cruel like Lucy.”

Eli shrugged, good-natured as always. “We’ll see. A guy can hope. In the meantime, I’ll figure out some way to get those pictures from Lucy quietly. The pack could care less, but our shareholders won’t be so happy if they get out. I can’t imagine it would make your life any easier either.”

No, it wouldn’t. Even though they lived in Western New York and the pack’s corporation was based in Manhattan, Eli was just high-profile enough in society for it to affect all three of them. He didn’t worry too much about his own job, but Ana was a teacher, and it wouldn’t take long for it to be known that her husband was one of the guys in the pictures. “Deal with her however you want. But yeah, I want those pictures.”

“Done.” Eli hoisted his duffel over his shoulder and opened the door. “Stay as long as you want here, by the way. *Mi casa et su casa.*”

“Eli.”

Ana’s voice startled them both. Taylor stepped aside and turned around to see his wife not far behind him.

She took a step closer. “Make sure you call when you get home.” Her outfit, consisting of jeans and a sweater, was a far cry from last night’s femme-fatale ensemble, but his heart pounded harder just the same. Her cheeks were bright red, but her gaze was steady on Eli, belying his earlier prediction. Really, why was he surprised? He needed to stop underestimating his wife’s boldness.

Eli’s eyes softened, something Taylor didn’t miss. The man had bodyguards, a pack who respected him and parents who loved him, but no-strings concern over his well-being from a female wasn’t something he received often. Taylor was selfishly glad that he and Ana had already decided to relegate the ménage to an erotic interlude, or he’d fear his best friend would eventually lose his heart to her. Who couldn’t love Ana?

“I’ll be sure to do that,” Eli said gruffly.

“Good. And...thank you for everything.”

“My pleasure. See you both later.” He winked at her and then left, closing the door quietly behind him.

“We could stay,” he said softly, staring at the door.

“Hmm?”

He turned to her, drinking in her beloved features, her familiar body. “Let’s stay. School doesn’t start for another week. I can call in sick. What do you say?”

“I say...that’s the best idea you’ve had since the Ping-Pong paddle. Oh, here.” She tossed something at him and he instinctively caught it. His sweater?

“What’s this for?”

“I thought we could go out.” She opened the door to the hall closet and removed her coat.

“In the snow?”

Ana would make a mint if she could bottle and market those sultry glances. He felt that look like a lick of fire on his spine. She zipped and buttoned up her coat with deliberate motions. “I thought we could go for a run. I wanna see how fast you can go.”

The saliva was drying up in his mouth. “Yeah?”

Her boots were next, then her gloves, and his blood pumped faster with every inch of skin she covered. The last balled-up knit thing she withdrew from her coat pocket almost gave him palpitations. Oh Christ. Her ski mask. “Put the sweater on.”

He sighed as he drew it over his head. “I don’t need it.”

She frowned at him, an adorably bundled sex kitten, and pulled his superfluous coat out of the closet to toss it to him. “Damn it, I don’t care how superhuman you are. I’m not going to be sitting there worried about your exposure when we’re frolicking.”

Love warmed him even more than his wolf DNA ever could. “I’ll give you a ten-second head start.” He drew the coat on, but left it hanging open. Didn’t matter...first chance he got, he was stripping it off.

“That’s hardly fair, now that I know you can run so fast...”

“One.”

“You can’t be...”

“Two.”

With a little squeal, she darted out the foyer to the kitchen and back door. He didn’t bother to count, just stood there grinning like a fool as he listened to her leave. When he judged that he’d given her enough time, he walked to the back porch and leaned against the snowy railing.

The snow had slowed her down, so she was barely at the edge of the clearing. Even if he couldn’t see her, she didn’t have the benefit of anything to wipe her tracks away, and they led in a straight, unmarred path right to her location.

As if she sensed her mate, she turned and glanced over her shoulder. He could hear her yelp from his position on the porch.

He straightened from the railing and stepped down to the ground, his lips curling in what he knew was a decidedly wolfish smile.

She was right. There was no competition here, and it was very unfair.

But fun. Very, very fun.

With a loud growl, he launched himself into the snow and a whole new life.

About the Author

Alisha Rai has been enthralled with romance novels since she smuggled her first tattered Harlequin home from the library at the age of thirteen. There is nothing she loves more than penning sexy, emotional contemporaries and paranormals with larger-than-life heroes and smart, capable heroines.

After a lifetime spent bouncing around the States, she is content to call sunny South Florida home for now. When she's not reading or working, Alisha loves to hang out with her close-knit family. She happily lives in a chaotic house filled with clutter, laughter, good food, boisterous kids and very loud relatives.

Alisha loves to hear from her readers. You can send her an e-mail at alishawrites@gmail.com or visit her on the web at www.alisharai.com.

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Even the best-laid seductions can go awry.

Veiled Seduction

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Veiled, Book 2

Beneath Dr. Maira Khan's reserved exterior, her heart beats triple-time for only one man: Sasha Karimi. For two years she's waited patiently for the handsome police lieutenant to wake up and see her as more than a buddy. When he's injured in the line of duty, though, she realizes time is too precious to waste. Ditching her scrubs—and her shyness—she cooks up her very first seduction.

Sasha's had a hell of a week. Thanks to the national media, amorous women are pouring out of the woodwork, all wanting a piece of America's newest "hero". The biggest disappointment? Maira seems to have contracted the same case of mass hysteria. Betrayed, he pushes her away—but not before he samples a taste of her luscious mouth and body.

It works. Maira retreats, mortified and ashamed. And Sasha realizes he's just driven away the perfect woman. Now all he needs is a foolproof plan to win her back, starting with a proper courtship—and restraining his lust. Except once Maira glimpses the man behind the uniform, she sets out to show him that pure need has its own ideas about what's proper...

Warning: Contains a brilliant heroine who knows how to take matters into her own hands, a sexy hero who knows how to win his woman, an awesome full-body massage, a tender romance and sizzling bedroom (and kitchen) shenanigans.

Enjoy the following excerpt for Veiled Seduction:

"No man alive would say something like that."

Maira knew that Sasha had no idea why she so loved to watch chick flicks with him. She didn't particularly care for the actual movie. It was his running commentary of incredulous scoffing and joking throughout.

"Pansy."

Most people probably didn't like talking during their movies, but since she had trouble sitting still for two hours at a time to begin with, it made the whole thing much more interactive and fun.

"Why do women always have to remove their glasses when they get a makeover?"

"I don't know," she said mildly.

"It's stupid." He lifted a bite of the cheesecake dessert to her mouth, adding just the amount of ice cream that she liked. "Glasses aren't an automatic turnoff to men."

"Hmmm." Why had she wanted to go out again? This sitting close together and sharing-the-dessert bit was pure freakin' genius. She accepted the bite he offered and savored the taste. Since the deep-fried

cheesecake—God bless America—was enormous, they'd shared it before. But never on the same plate. With the same spoon. She didn't just taste the luscious dessert, she tasted him on the silverware as well, and it was wonderful.

Intimate. Yes, the whole night had been intimate. She cast him a sideways glance as he removed the spoon from her mouth. Maybe tonight...maybe tonight she could take advantage of this intimate setting, show him she was ready for more.

Sasha must have felt her gaze, for he glanced at her and smiled. He dropped the spoon onto the now-empty plate and set it on the table. With a swift click, he paused the movie.

Now. Do something, say something now. She sat frozen though, unable to think of anything sufficiently sexy. His arm came around her in a smooth move and he shifted closer so they were sitting hip to hip. "You have some cream on the corner of your mouth."

She started to raise her hand to wipe it off, but he stayed her. "No, let me."

He leaned in close, and Maira closed her eyes, her heart stuttering. Oooh, he was going to do the little licking-off-the-food thing in prelude to a kiss. She'd always found that wildly erotic and romantic. She waited for the touch of the tip of his tongue.

Instead she got the full flat of it. Right on her cheek, as if he were a puppy bathing her face. She reared back in surprise. "What the...?"

His eyes dancing with mischief, he sat back. "It's off."

She shot him a dirty look and wiped off her cheek. "That's not how you're supposed to do it."

"Do what?"

"The food-on-the-corner-of-the-mouth thing. You're supposed to turn it into a kiss."

He looked both innocent and perplexed. "I know not of what you speak." He leaned forward, dipped his finger into the remaining cream on their plate and swiped it over the corner of his own mouth before sitting back. "Show me."

He was daring her, and little-known fact, but Maira loved dares. Did he think just because she was a virgin, she knew nothing of sex? School had been a snap for her because she was an insane speed reader. Dirty books were her friend, and she was a fast learner.

She'd just pretend. Pretend she wasn't boring, staid Maira. It was doable.

Before she could lose her courage, and before he could lower his hand to wipe it on the napkin in his lap, she caught it and brought it to her mouth.

He inhaled sharply as she licked the cream off, boldly keeping eye contact with him. His eyes only briefly dipped down, and she knew the top button of her shirt had probably come conveniently undone.

Once his finger was suitably clean, she drew it in to her mouth oh so slowly, her tongue darting around and rubbing against the underside of it. His shifted when she sucked it once, then again, strong pulls that brought the tip of his forefinger to the back of her throat.

When she released him, it only took a glance down to see how aroused he was. The hard length of his penis distended the material of his slacks. Her nipples ached, her breathing had accelerated, and between her thighs, her panties rubbed up against the swollen tissues of her labia.

She took a deep breath for courage, and then quickly turned and adjusted herself so she straddled his lap. His eyes widened, his hands coming up instinctually to grasp her hips.

Though he looked surprised, he didn't stop her. His dark eyes merely skated over her, from her disheveled shirt to his hands on her hips. Then he looked back up at her, waiting.

She leaned in and made him jump by nuzzling his neck. She inhaled. Once she'd heard another woman say that she knew she had to marry her husband, because he was the only man who smelled good to her no matter what. Maira had discounted it then. What man smelled wonderful all the time?

But after hanging around with Sasha, she understood what that meant. Even when he was sweaty from working out, she didn't mind it, still found his scent appealing. And right now, with that mixture of cinnamon and bay rum, he smelled good enough to eat.

This close to him, all of her thoughts and plans deserted her and she was reduced to her instincts. Following them, she flicked her tongue out to capture the cream at the corner of his mouth. His head turned and his lips opened as she delicately lapped at them.

Their lips melded together. This...this was different from that first time a few weeks ago. Then, it had been all angry, storming passion. Now his lips were softer, gentler. Instead of pushing her where he wanted her to go, he only took as much as she was willing to give.

Everything. I'll give him everything.

Something dead this way comes...

That Voodoo You Do

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That Old Black Magic, Book 1

For ten long years Griffin Trudeau has managed to keep his paws off Jemma Finnegan, best friend and leading star of his kinkiest fantasies. As her appointed cat familiar, indulging those fantasies with the delectable witch is strictly forbidden. But when Jemma shows up at his door with seduction in mind, control goes right out the window.

Too late he realizes making love to Jemma is the trigger that launches a zombie apocalypse.

Jemma's been dealt a double whammy: she's just discovered she's a witch. And Griff has been hiding whiskers and a tail. Oh, and if her life wasn't crazy enough, a dead voodoo queen needs her blood to raise a legion of zombies.

There's one plan that might work to increase Jemma's powers so she can put an end to the looming holocaust. A sexy threesome with Griff and Logan Scott, a werewolf familiar with a history of rubbing Griff's fur the wrong way. A cat and a wolf playing nice, much less sharing? It'll take a miracle.

Warning: A witch, tiger and wolf doing naughty things. A dead voodoo queen doing evil things. And zombies doing zombie things. Get your shovels ready.

Enjoy the following excerpt for That Voodoo You Do:

"So what's going on in there?"

Logan propped his elbow against the frame, giving her a close-up view of his barbed-wire tat. Now that she thought about it, the symbolism seemed appropriate. Tangling with the lusty werewolf was bound to leave a few scratches. "Just Clarissa taking care of some coven business. Nothing for you to worry your pretty little head over, darlin'."

She narrowed her eyes. "That managed to be both evasive *and* sexist."

"Damn, and here I wasn't even tryin'." He chuckled. Taking advantage of his momentary distraction, she reached around him for the doorknob. He scooted sideways, forcing her hand to smack into his abdomen instead. His bare, firm-as-marble abdomen. Her fingertips brushed the warm hollow of skin resting just above the low rise of his button fly. Sucking in a sharp breath, she yanked her arm away and shuffled back several steps.

Logan's irises shimmered with amusement and heat. "Don't stop now. Things were just getting interesting."

"I, uh, just have to go and...um...yeah." She spun and stumbled in the direction of the kitchen before she did something really stupid, like follow the silky trail of hair disappearing beneath the waistband of

Logan's jeans. With her tongue. That thought sent her tripping through the entry of the kitchen. She jerked to a halt when she spotted Griff in front of the stove, stirring the contents of a large stockpot. He was notably shirtless too, which put the mouthwatering expanse of his back on dazzling display. She stared at the muscles shifting beneath all that golden, velvety skin, her suspicions bubbling. It was too damn weird and convenient that both Logan and Griff were standing around half naked all of a sudden. Unless some devious shirt monster was making its rounds in the neighborhood, there was definitely something afoot.

And where was everyone else, anyway? She craned her neck, scoping the dining alcove for signs of Ms. Peach or Gloria.

"Hey, baby. You're just in time for a taste test."

She whipped her head around at Griff's zippy tone. Now she *knew* something was up. Griff didn't do chipper, particularly not thirty minutes after snarling at her like a pissed-off Tony the Tiger. "What the hell is going on?"

Griff tried for a guileless look. Oh yeah, he didn't do innocent well either. "I'm getting lunch ready."

"Without your shirt on?"

"It's hot in here."

Well...that was certainly true. Even without Griff's muscle-icious torso making her girl parts all warm and tingly, there was no denying the temperature in the kitchen hovered between muggy and melt-your-panties-off miserable.

Griff dug a spoon out of the drawer and ladled some of the sauce he'd been stirring. "Tell me if this needs anything."

Her intuition warning her to be on the lookout for any sneakiness, she hesitantly crossed to the industrial-sized, stainless-steel stove. She tried to wrestle the spoon from Griff, but he insisted on feeding her the concoction himself. Almost from the instant the tapestry of flavors met her tongue, a seductive ripple of heat unfurled inside her, tightening her nipples beneath the sundress's snug, smocked bodice. Griff's thumb traced the outline of her lower lip. Holding her gaze, he lifted his finger and slowly licked it clean. If the humidity didn't melt the crotch of her panties, Griff demonstrating his perfect oral skills sure as hell would.

"What do you think? A pinch more salt and pepper?"

She stared into Griff's dark-as-sin pupils. Clearly he was waiting for her to answer, but damn if she could concentrate on anything beyond the flush of arousal making her dizzy with hunger. Only it wasn't food she was lusting for at the moment. Knees wobbling, she clutched the counter. "W—what's in that sauce?"

"Butter, egg, milk. The usual Béchamel ingredients."

Sure, and a liberal dash of horny goat weed and Viagra thrown in for good measure. She had no idea why Griff was trying to get her juiced up for sex. He knew damn well that all he had to do was breathe and

she'd gladly tackle him to the floor and ride him until they were both properly yippee-ki-yayed out. Which left only one possibility.

He was about to spring some hellaciously scary sexual request on her. If a midget and a monkey strolled in right now, she was so out of th—

“Looks like the party is revving into high gear.” Logan ambled into the kitchen, his expression wicked and wolfish.

Her focus shifted between the two gorgeous specimens of male flesh on decadent display, and the puzzle pieces began locking together. *Oh, sweet Jesus.* Her heart frantically tap dancing, she snatched the embroidered dishtowel resting on the counter and blotted her perspiring forehead. Either the heat and the sauce were getting to her, or Griff and Logan. More than likely, all four.

She shot Griff an accusing glare. “Now I get it. You think the three of us having sex will fix everything, and I won't have to worry about Nettie luring me to the dark side. Did it even occur to you to give *me* a say in this decision?”

Griff thunked the spoon on the stovetop before giving her his full attention. “Christ, do you honestly think you wouldn't get a say? Damn it, you know I'd never force you into doing anything you don't want.”

She plunked one hand on her hip and waved the other hand at the stockpot. “But you weren't averse to a little cheating, courtesy of your pasta à la sex sauce.”

“I just wanted you to feel more comfortable. Relaxed.”

“Turned on,” she added, arching a brow.

A guilty flush spread from Griff's jaw to his cheeks. Chuffing a laugh, Logan joined them at the stove. “Catman had good intentions, sugar. The potion in the sauce is designed to loosen inhibitions and supersensitize erogenous zones you didn't even know you had.” He flicked a glance in Griff's direction. “Maybe you better give her a demonstration.”

She snorted. “Trust me, he already did.”

Logan's mouth curled in wicked devilment. “You only got a small taste of the potion's capabilities. To truly appreciate its gift to the fullest, you need to ingest it in a more...intimate manner.” Before she knew what he was up to, Logan unlaced the ties securing the sundress to her shoulders and pushed the bodice down, exposing her breasts. Gasping, she shot him a startled look. He awarded her a crooked smile. “Don't worry, you're gonna enjoy this.”

Something warm and sticky stroked her nipples. She jumped at the unexpected sensation, her gaze shooting to Griff's sauce-coated fingers as they painted her areolas with the creamy substance. He lowered his head and followed the path of his fingers with his tongue, sparking a new conflagration of fire inside her. She shivered and Griff peered up at her, his eyes blazing. Curving an arm around her waist, he stood and claimed her mouth in a hot, devouring kiss. He tasted of Béchamel and exotic spice. Of magic and sex.

She wrapped her fingers in his hair, tugging him closer, ravenous for more. Their tongues rasped in a mating dance and she wiggled against him, her nipples aching for the sumptuous devotion of Griff's mouth.

Logan's knuckles skated the length of her spine. "Noticing the effects yet?" She mewled a response and he chuckled. "Excellent." He worked the dress over her hips and the garment floated to her feet. His feather-light touch skimmed above the elastic of her bikini, teasing the dimples near her tailbone. She arched against Logan's hand, her knees turning to jelly when he palmed her ass and gave it a good squeeze. He snuggled close behind her, so close she easily detected the hard ridge of his erection suggestively rubbing into her. "I've got something for ya, darlin'."

Oh yeah. No mistaking *that*.

Griff's mouth trailed to the crook of her neck, and something soft and silky caressed her cheek. She reached for the fabric, but Logan swept it behind her head.

"Not yet. First I want something in return."

She licked her lips, a hot liquid rush of excitement pulsing low in her belly. "What?"

"A taste." Logan's teeth scraped her earlobe, making her breath stutter. He moved lower and tongued the pulse point beneath her ear. "Same as you gave Catman."

A whimper escaped her and Logan tilted her head, his fingers tunneling in her hair as his lips glided along hers. Sucking her tongue into his mouth, he gave her a sneak peek at the devastation he could wreak on her body. If she let him. The question was, would she?

Good girl, bad boys. Going off-path was never this much fun.

The Better to Eat You With

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Urban Fairytales, Book 2

Yvonne Rousel is having trouble keeping up a brave face. Ezekiel Crawford and Daniel Hunter are her best friends—and she’s about to lose one of them to another woman.

Thanks to a pact between the human residents of Monroeville and the local werewolf pack—brides for protection—Ezekiel has won the right to choose a mate. Yvonne’s doing her best to be happy for him, but fear persists that his marriage could signal the beginning of the end of their charmed friendship. Because once Ezekiel’s preoccupied with his new bride, how long will it be before Daniel, too, drifts away?

Ezekiel and Daniel have no intention of letting their happy threesome come to an unhappy end. Their plan is a little unconventional, a tad kinky, and destined to be a whole lot of fun. Now all they have to do is convince their good-girl girlfriend to take a walk on the big, bad side. And stay one step ahead of a jealous lawman...

Warning: It’s not your grandmother’s fairytale...unless she likes big bad wolves, hot three ways and double penetration.

Enjoy the following excerpt for The Better to Eat You With:

A sweeter challenge had never been laid down before him. Daniel felt as if he’d been waiting for this moment for what felt like a lifetime, and he planned to enjoy every single second of it. With his gaze firmly centered on her, Daniel walked around her until he was standing behind her.

When he was in position, he glanced over at his friend, who was watching them with a predatory look in his yellow eyes. It was a feeling Daniel could attest to. The hunger he felt for Yvonne was like none he’d ever experienced before, and he couldn’t wait a second more to have her in his arms.

Gripping the bottom of her shirt in his hands, Daniel slowly began to edge it up her supple thighs. Even though he needed her more than he needed his next breath, he wanted to make sure she had plenty of time to call a halt to things if she so desired. “Raise both hands.”

She turned her head to stare wild-eyed at him. “What?”

“You heard me,” he said, this time in a firmer voice. “Raise your hands.”

Still watching him, she did as he requested. “Good girl.” Acting swiftly, Daniel pulled her shirt up and off with one sure move.

“Daniel,” she gasped as she quickly covered her bare breasts.

“What?” he asked calmly, amused by her outrage. “What did you think I was going to do, ask you to do the hokey-pokey?”

“No, but you could have given me some warning.”

“Like what, raise your hands?”

“You...” Yvonne paused in mid-rant to shake her head and smile, “...are such a brat.”

“And you are the sexiest woman I’ve ever seen.” Daniel ran his gaze over her back, smiling at the dragon tattoo on her right shoulder blade, then groaned when his gaze landed on the sight of her full, mouthwatering bottom, framed ever so nicely by a pair of pale yellow bikini panties. “Speaking of sexy.” He reached out and lightly ran his hand over her firm cheek, giving it a little squeeze for extra measure. “Nice ass.”

“Thanks,” she said, her voice filled with humor.

“No, no. Thank you.” Reluctantly, Daniel removed his hand and walked around Yvonne until he was standing at Ezekiel’s side, facing her. “Take your hands down.”

Watching them, Yvonne slowly lowered her hands to her side, bringing her large, full breasts into view. Her dark brown nipples beaded under their stare, making his mouth water and cock ache to delve deep within her. He watched her hungrily as she stood proudly before them, dressed only in bikini-cut panties. The golden color of the underwear made her dark skin appear even more decadent.

“Damn.” The word slipped out before he could stop it, spilling into the silent room like a dirty secret. It wasn’t what he meant to say. Daniel prided himself on his silver tongue, but right now he couldn’t come up with a better compliment if he tried. She was truly breathtaking.

“Flatterer.” Yvonne let out a soft, husky laugh that had his cock shooting past semi-straight to sledgehammer hard. God, he loved her laugh. There was something about the sexy, throaty sound that made him want to drop to his knees before her and delve his tongue deep within her pussy. Daniel knew if the mere resonance of her laughter had this sort of effect on him, then the sound of her coming undone was going to be the death of him. “Are you two still here with me?”

“Oh yeah.” Daniel glanced over his shoulder at his silent friend, who was staring hypnotically at Yvonne. “Ezekiel? Still here?”

“Yes,” he answered without taking his gaze off Yvonne. “I can smell your sweet heat from here.”

“You can?” she asked.

“I can always smell when you’re aroused.”

Interesting. Daniel turned his attention back to Yvonne, who now had her hands covering her cheeks.

“How embarrassing.”

“There’s nothing to be embarrassed about,” Daniel said, trying to reassure her. In fact he found himself jealous for the first time of his friend’s supernatural abilities. The idea of being able to tell whenever his woman was aroused appealed to him on so many levels. “Nothing at all.”

“That’s what you think. If you only knew how often—”

“I know,” Ezekiel interrupted her huskily. “I’ve always known.”

“You mean…” Her eyes widened to comic proportions. “Oh my God.”

“Known what?” Daniel was beginning to feel out of the loop here.

“That Yvonne gets turned on when the two of us sit close to her on the couch, especially when we’re watching horror movies, and she gets to jump and grab hold of us.”

“Kill me now.”

“Is this true, baby? Do you enjoy being sandwiched between us?”

Yvonne sighed and dropped her hands back to her side. “What do you think?”

“I think I can’t wait until I give you what you really want. A true sandwich with me and Ezekiel.”

Daniel grabbed her and pulled her close to him. Moving swiftly, he tangled his hand in her hair and tightened his grip on her twisted braids. “With one of us in your pussy and the other in your ass.”

“God yes.”

It was all he needed to hear. Bending forward, Daniel covered his mouth with hers, pressing his tongue between the soft swell of her parted lips. If there was a single moment he longed for more than any other, it was this. His first taste of Yvonne.

Sweet. It was the only word he could use to describe her perfect taste. Their tongues slipped and slid against one another, intertwining as he drank in every drop. Then before he forgot himself and took her against the wall like the horny, rutting fool he was fast turning into, Daniel broke away from her too-tempting mouth and released her. After taking in a much-needed deep breath, he looked to his friend. “Ezekiel. Want to do the honors?”

“Hell yeah,” his friend said. The other man stared hungrily at her mouth for a split second before dropping to his knees before her. Looking up at her, he grabbed hold of the sides of her panties and slowly pulled them down her supple thighs to the floor.

“Ohhh.”

Like before, words escaped Daniel at the sight of her newly exposed flesh. With the exception of a neatly trimmed rectangular strip of hair, her pussy was bare.

Ezekiel, on the other hand, had no problem expressing himself. “Fuck, baby, your pussy is so pretty.”

“Thank you.” She laughed hesitantly. “I think.”

“No thanks needed.” Ezekiel moved in closer to her cunt and breathed in her sweet aroma. “Do you know how hard it’s been sitting next to you all these months, knowing you wanted us but being unable to do anything about it?”

“Probably about as hard as it was for me to sit between the two of you and not take what I wanted.”

“Take it now, Yvonne,” Daniel encouraged. “Whatever you want is yours for the asking.”

Yvonne raised her gaze to meet his and smiled in her slow, seductive way. “What I need most is for you two to touch me. Please don’t make me beg.”



SAMHAIN
P U B L I S H I N G