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JAYHA LEIGH

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# The Wild, Wild Be My Guest: Tron

Jayha Leigh

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For those who recognize prisons when they see them  
and find a way to escape.



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# CAVEAT

This work of erotica contains adult language and sexually explicit scenes, which are smoking hot. This book is intended only for adults, as it is defined by the laws of the country in which the purchase is made. Keep this book out of the hands of under-aged readers.



# Chapter One: Ennui

Few things were as unstoppable as a bored Reign. Even fewer things were as indestructible as a determined Reign. Right now Reign was both bored and determined, which made her mighty dangerous, not just to herself but to everyone and everything around her. Poor planet Earth hardly stood a chance. For that matter, the mighty Zjxadrâzqué'an Empire hardly stood a fucking chance. The only reason it did was because Reign wasn't there yet. Instead, she was stuck on Earth and bored out of her gourd because her slut sister was busy being loved down by her way-too-good-for-her hottie man. Their momma was busy getting reacquainted with their dad, and together they were both busy waking the dead with their cries of pleasure.

[The narrator interrupts this paragraph so Reign can throw up.]

The Posse was busy doing whatever it was they did to keep the world safe. Why they took all damn day doing it, she wasn't sure.

She'd already run her Uncle Zoran ragged with her endless "whys," "hows," and "can I's." Seeing the

sweat beading his brow and the pleading look in his eyes, she'd finally taken pity on him, knowing she could always find new, improved ways to wear him down if she slept on it. She'd already pitted her Army of Three (the Highland barbarians Andrew, Thamesis, and Baisealach) against fifty of her uncle's finest warriors. After they were all reduced to quivering masses of tired, sweaty man, she'd strolled off to find a new adventure...and come up empty. Damn. Shit. Fuck.

Dammit, she needed her sister to entertain her. As her best friend, it was Zuri's primary job. Of course, if you asked her, she'd deny it. According to Zuri, her primary job was to grace the world with her hotness. That was a stance she'd held since the womb. As soon as they'd gotten the communication thing down, Zuri was all, "*Hey, does this amniotic fluid make me look fat?*"

Having already decided that her primary job was to start shit with Zuri, of course Reign had said that it did. Right after that, she'd told Zuri that it also made her hair look flat. That response had started one of their many slap-boxing matches...and gotten them their first telling off. Their momma had poked the roof of their house and hollered at them. "Hey, would you like your lungs to finish developing? Keep it up. One more time and you're getting snatched out of my

body.” Ah, those were the days. They had a steady supply of food and drink, and Reign always had somebody to play with.

Now here she was: all alone and bored...with nothing but time and Zjxadrâzqué'an technology at her fingertips. [Insert *Jaws* theme music here.] Zuri and the Posse might be busy, but Reign knew who wouldn't be busy in early March: her god-sister, Tron Ballinger.

If Reign hadn't had a twin, Tron Ballinger would've been her undisputed best friend. A big, strong woman, Tron was a smaller version of her father, Klondike. She hunted her own food, changed her own oil, and had built her own damn house. Tron wasn't scared of shit...except sub-forty-degree weather, which meant she wasn't doing shit right now that didn't involve huddling around a woodstove. She was fair game, and Reign was going to get her. If anyone needed fun, it was Tron. Despite being from Nonzerosum, that woman took herself way too seriously...except when around people who wouldn't let her. Regardless of what Zuri said, Reign was people. So she was going to go get Tron. The two of them could surely find some shit to get into. And if not that, they could find some shit to start.

Hitting the call button on her Zjxadrâzqué'an remote control, Reign counted down from one

hundred as she waited for her personal army to respond. She didn't even finish saying "hundred" before her doorway was filled with ten badass Zjxadrâzqué'an soldiers. Of course, saying "badass" and "Zjxadrâzqué'an" was somewhat redundant.

"How may we serve you, Emprincess Reign?" they asked as they knelt before her.

Pleased with their quick response, she smiled. "I'm bored."

Seeing the looks of horror that etched the faces of the highly trained warriors, she laughed all the way to her daddy's spaceship.

## Chapter Two: Cure

If she wasn't on a building project somewhere south of the 32°N latitude, Tr'ondëk "Tron" Ballinger was holed up in her cabin wrapped in copious fleece...in front of a roaring fire...drinking spiced cider or hot chocolate. Her paternal grandmother might be Tagish First Nations, but Tron was three-quarters Southern, and she considered anything sub-seventy approaching cold. Sub-sixty was straight out cold; sub-fifty was damn cold; and anything below that was not happening for her. So why the hell was she even out? Because the foreman had stroked her ego so good, that was why. *"Come on, Tron. You're the best ironworker in the business,"* he'd cajoled right before he'd offered her double.

A structural steelworker by trade, Tron wasn't the best, but she was one of the best, as she'd been trained by the best steelworker in the business—her daddy. She'd begun as a laborer helping her daddy and assorted uncles before advancing to a helper. She'd remained a helper for the two and a half years it'd taken her to complete her B.S. in Building Sciences at Appalachian State. Degree in hand, she'd been shipped off to Florida, where she'd served as an apprentice to her uncles and spent four years of six-

day weeks and twelve-hour days constructing any and everything that had steel in it. So yeah, she was good—damn good. She wasn't bragging; she was simply stating a fact.

At least she'd never thought she was bragging or overly prideful; however, she must've been, because that was the only way she could explain how she'd ended up in this fucking predicament. By predicament, she meant smack dab in the middle of a construction site, knee deep in assholes. Not those pseudo-assholes who saturated sitcoms and elicited laughs, but full-blown, irreversible assholes who populated her job and elicited in her a strong desire to take them for "a little country ride."

While none of her coworkers could find fault with her work, they couldn't handle the fact that a woman had done it. Every damn day she had to listen to overly loud conversations that were nothing short of blatant displays of misogyny. She heard all about the "skirts" they'd banged, which in her opinion was a medley of lies and damn lies. She also heard all about the "skirts" they *wanted* to bang, which pretty much consisted of anything with a vagina—emphasis on the "thing." Of course, most of them had placed her in the second category, not because they were genuinely interested in her but because damn near every single man (and many of the bisexual men, probably one or

two of the gay men) wanted to be able to brag about “tapping that ass.” If they slept with her, they could view her as a piece of ass rather than having to acknowledge her as a skilled steelworker. Well, they could want to “tap it” all day long, but it wasn’t going to happen. She liked sex as much as the next woman, but she also liked respect to go with the dick she took in her body.

Shrugging off another day spent giving men the “touch me and you’ll lose your life” stare, answering their propositions with more of the same, and calling herself ten kinds of fools for taking this job, she grabbed her gear and headed out.

“Later, Boss,” she waved to the foreman as she made her way to the dirt patch that served as a parking lot.

“Later, Ballinger,” he returned. “As always, good work out there.”

“Appreciate it,” she said. Not in the mood to stay and shoot the breeze, her mind was already home, with the heat set on seventy, the fireplace roaring and her electric blanket set on three. If the crock-pot had done its job there’d be a nice, thick stew waiting for her. That or the house would be up in flames. Either way, there’d be a nice toasty fire. Yes, it was going to be a nice, peaceful, WARM evening.

That was her plan—until she walked into her kitchen and smack dab into her god-sister. If she'd had anyone else besides Reign as a god-sister, Tron might've bothered to ask questions, display indignation about her breaking and entering, or even be mildly surprised. But it was Reign, and her heat was on and there was hot food, so she didn't even bother. Plus, Reign held out a mason jar of sweet iced tea and in one hand and a shot glass full of something illegal not only in forty-eight of the fifty states but even in the backwoods of eastern European countries in the other. Swigging back the shine, she chased it with the tea. The tea put out the fire the shine had ignited in her body, leaving her insides pleasantly warm. Feeling bold, she handed Reign the glasses along with a demand. "Since you've already made yourself at home, fix me a plate. I'll be out in twenty minutes."

"Make it fifteen—we're woefully behind on shit-starting, and we've only got a weekend ahead of us."

Tron couldn't help but smile...even as she felt sorry for Washington, D.C. and northern Virginia. They had no idea what was about to happen. Two of Nonzerosum's daughters were in the house, and one had more strength than caution; the other didn't know the meaning of caution; and both had more moxie than any one army. Shit. Damn. Fuck...for this part of the world.

# Chapter Three: Hair of the Dog

Reign closed out the weekend with a new appreciation for summer, an empty cache of moonshine, and a whole new awe for Tron. A chip off her daddy Klondike, that sister could out-drink, out-cuss, out-brawl, and out-construction most of the known world...and she did it with classic Nonzerosum in-your-faceness. Hailing from the backwoods of North Carolina and having Xiloxoch as a momma, Zuri as a twin, and the Posse as friends, Reign was accustomed to inventive cussing, lethal smack-downs, and burn-a-hole-in-the-person-standing-next-to-you moonshine. Still, last night Tron had gone about repping Nonzerosum in such a way that even she had to sit up and take notice. Of course, if she'd been surrounded by that much asshole on a daily basis, she would've shown them boys the underside of Nonzerosum a long time ago. As it was, after pulling Tron off the group of boys (thus saving their worthless lives), and then pulling Tron off the Zjxadrâzqué'an bodyguards who'd tried to pull Tron off the boys whose asses she was handing to them (thus saving their lives), and then getting a double-barreled cussing out from Tron for interrupting her smack-down, Reign

felt like she'd been through the ringer. And after she'd hustled them the hell out of that rural Virginian bar that was almost standing when they'd left it, Reign had to tell the Zjxadrâzqué'an guards in no uncertain terms that Tron would not be enlisting in their army.

“She should be in our army,” the Zjxadrâzqué'an guards whined.

“First, ‘no.’ Second, ‘hell no.’ Third, she’s already in the army; it’s called our family. But if you don’t like my answer, you can always take it up with Tron’s daddy. And if you go that route, let me just say now, it was good to know you guys. I hope I like my next royal guard as much as I liked you.”

“You know what we should be talking about that no one is talking about? The fact that someone’s interrupting my smack-down. That’s worse than interrupting someone’s orgasm,” Tron spat.

Reign simply smacked her palm against her own head while the Zjxadrâzqué'an guard salivated harder over her god-sister’s fighting prowess.

The only thing that got Tron to calm down was a promise to ride in her daddy’s spaceship en route to another country bar where there was fresh meat for Tron to possibly kick ass on. Damn, Reign had thought, it wasn’t even midnight yet. It was going to be a great weekend.

In retrospect, what Reign remembered of the weekend was indeed good. Well, maybe not so much for everyone else, but it was good for her and Tron...and that was all that mattered. Being the trooper that Tron was, she'd dragged in the wee hours of Monday morning, showered and headed to work. Damn. If she'd been a superhuman, Reign would've done something more than crash in Tron's guest room. Well, considering who her father was, she was kind of superhuman, and yet she was still going to crash and feel no remorse about doing it.

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Waking up sometime around Tuesday, Reign opened her eyes to a note taped to the ceiling above the bed. "Limpdick."

Reign couldn't help but smile even as she dragged herself out of bed and went about making herself presentable. She found another note taped to the fridge. This one more insulting than the last.

*Reign,  
Obviously, living in the city has made you soft. Then again, cock-blocking someone's brawl can drain one of energy (not that I'd know, just saying what I've heard). Make yourself useful and cook me something. And clean up after yourself because I'm not your*

*fucking maid. Don't test me just because your daddy is all alien. I'll still kick your ass.*

*XXX, Tron.*

Ah, she couldn't help but love Tron. That was one crazy bitch, she thought as she called upon her guard, who was just as hungover as she was. "I need food and a ride."

The food she left crammed in Tron's fridge, along with a note taped to said fridge. "I'll be back," she threatened. Even as she wrote it, she wasn't sure who that threat was directed at: Tron or the D.C. area.

Safely ensconced on her daddy's ship, Reign replayed the events of the weekend. She smiled at the drinking, brawling, and shit-talking that had gone down. Having lived most of her life in some kind of deep cover, she'd only recently realized how liberating it felt to not hide behind an alias, a façade, or fear. Truth be told, she'd needed this weekend more than Tron had. And now that she'd had it, she was refreshed. And a refreshed Reign was just as dangerous as a bored Reign because with rest, came clarity.

And with clarity came a recollection of the taunts those assholes had shot-putted at Tron. Being that Zuri was her sister, Reign was accustomed to ducking taunts. What she wasn't accustomed to, however, was

ducking taunts meant to not simply hurt, but to fester. The look of sheer boredom on Tron's face alerted her to the fact Tron had heard these taunts so much that they no longer registered. Tron might shrug them off, but she damn sure wouldn't. Nobody talked to her god-sister like that—except her.

Reign remembered saying something along those lines moments before she hurled the bowl of peanuts at the group of “men” talking shit to Tron. Of course, they were offended, but they made one mistake: they stood up like they were going to do something about it...and maybe they would've if they hadn't walked straight into the ass-whipping that was Tron. So many insults were slung back and forth that it was difficult to keep up with them, but luckily she was good at recall. Even if she hadn't been, Reign didn't think she'd ever forget that one insult. Some random asshole had screamed across the bar that maybe if Tron had some dick she'd be less of a man. Tron had looked at him, smiled, and put the unfortunate man she'd just punched in the ribs in a backbreaker before tossing him to the bar floor and stepping over him like trash.

Tron probably didn't even remember that comment. Reign, on the other hand, would never forget it. No woman liked having her femininity questioned. Her god-sister might not voice that, but

she didn't have to. In any other circumstance, Reign would've plotted revenge—but this was Tron, meaning revenge wasn't needed. Tron had already taken the matter in her own hands when she'd walked the dog on them in the bar. The Zjxadrâzqué'an guard had taken what little bit of ass Tron had left them with.

While revenge wasn't needed, some kind of happy ending for Tron was. Tron might cuss, drink, brawl and engineer like a man, but Tron was all woman. A big, strong woman, Tron needed a bigger, stronger man. One who wasn't intimidated by her strength and one who appreciated her stature. Tron needed a dom. And Reign just so happened to know one. Actually, she knew several, but only one was the other bane of her sister's existence.

Dialing his number, she didn't even wait for him to answer before she stated her demand. "I need a sexual dom."

# Chapter Four: Chess Game

Mathis Sighelm didn't need to look in a mirror to know he had a smile plastered on his face. It'd been there ever since his brother had been claimed by the feisty Zuri. Zuri had put Hannes through his paces like no one or nothing ever had, and that included the Brunhild and Ingwaz Deonté, former monarchs of polar bear shifters and the entire Deonté Royal Guard. Considering Brunhild had called for Hannes' death, Ingwaz had denied Hannes publically, and the Deonté Royal Guard had killed off any bit of lightheartedness and hope in Hannes, that was really saying something. While Zuri couldn't restore Hannes to what he had been before that fateful day, she'd given him more than he'd ever dreamed. Sure, he gave Zuri a hard time, but he loved that woman fiercely for what she'd done for his brother. He would, of course, never admit such a thing.

Stretching his seven two, three hundred thirty-pound body, he felt his face stretch into an even wider grin. I-Sigh Engineering was booming, his brother was happy, he had his eye on a leggy blonde, a couple of leggy brunettes and a leggy redhead...and they all had their eyes on him. As they should. He was, after all, a male in his prime. His thoughts suddenly went

X-rated, and images of him balls deep in a handful of lingerie models assailed his senses. Right now life was suh-weet. Nothing could get him down, he thought a scant moment before his phone rang at 4:32 a.m. Knowing it wasn't his brothers, being they didn't need a phone to communicate, he answered. It might be business related.

“Sighelm,” he answered with only a trace of annoyance in his voice.

It wasn't *who* was calling him before the crack of dawn that had the smile sliding off his face. For that matter, it wasn't even the time of day that had the smile running. It was *what* that particular individual requested. He didn't know what he should be most afraid of: the fact that he'd been ordered to acquire a sexual dom or the fact that it was Reign who'd done the requesting. He didn't even get a chance to raise a question before the sound of the dial tone echoed in his ear. Knowing Reign, he hurried out of bed. An appearance from Reign usually came on the heels of her demand.

Mathis had just stepped into some faded button flies when the doorbell rang. He didn't even bother hurrying at that point. There was no need. Hearing the sound of Reign letting herself in and heading for his kitchen, he slowed down and finished dressing. Something told him it was going to be a long, long,

long fucking day. His theory was confirmed as soon as he stepped into the kitchen and spotted Reign. It would be one thing if she looked all bright eyed and bushy tailed. That, he could handle. What he couldn't handle was that gleam in her eye. That gleam said that someone was about to have their life re-routed. The feeling in his gut told him *he* was that someone. Damn. Shit. Fuck.

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Reign was glad she didn't have to resort to high-handedness or invoking the name of her momma to get Mathis to follow her suggestions. It was so much easier to manipulate a willing subject than an unwilling one. She had to give it to Mathis. The man didn't grouse about being dragged out of bed in the wee hours of the morning. He didn't even blink at the way she let herself in his house and helped herself to something to drink. Mathis didn't even put up a fight when she suggested he should make her a snack to go along with her hot chocolate. Nope, he was too cool for that. He simply fixed her a sandwich, cut it diagonally, and topped off her chocolate.

Mathis was the consummate professional...and she liked that. Not even her request for a sexual dom fazed him. He simply went about asking questions and taking notes, being all methodical like the theoretical physicist he was.

“Tell me what you require in a sexual dom?” he asked calmly.

“You,” she responded around a mouthful of delicious sandwich.

That got his attention. If she hadn't been all eagle eyed, she would've missed the look of horror that flashed briefly in his eyes. Mathis obviously thought she was coming on to him. Coming on to him was the last thing she'd do; still, she couldn't resist fucking with him. Instead of putting him at ease, she let him sweat it out for a moment.

“Reign, while I find you a lovely young woman—one any male would be proud to have as his mate—” he began.

Reign only smiled bigger (on the inside) as she watched the fine shiver that shook his large frame. Remaining quiet, she waited for the litany of compliments that was sure to pour out of his mouth before he let her down. She was going to cut him off before he got around to letting her down, but she damn sure wanted to hear his compliments. That way she could use them against him later on.

“...after all, you're intelligent, resourceful, loyal. You love my brother.”

“Hannes is easy to love,” she interrupted his compliments.

“Well, there is that. Still—” he started.

“Do you think I’m pretty, Mathis?”

“Pretty would be a gross understatement,” he began.

Ah, it simply couldn’t get any better than that, so she stopped him. “Thank you, Mathis, for confirming all I already knew about myself. While you’re almost as good as like a third-rate clone of Hannes, you are like the second-to-last man I’d date...at least on earth.”

Mathis looked relieved. “Is there a particular reason you let me go through all of that?”

“Yes, because I like it when people tell me how great I am.” She beamed.

“Why hasn’t someone killed you yet?” he asked.

“Because Xiloxoch is my momma, Naira is my aunt, Everglades is my granddaddy, Rika is my grandmomma—and she’s in good with Jesus—Zuri is my sister, and I’m bad-fucking-ass. Oh yeah, and my daddy is like the baddest motherfucker in space.”

“You’re lucky my brother loves you.”

“You’re lucky I love him, else there’s no telling what I’d do. As it is, I can call the Army of Three to come over here and teach you some manners.” She grinned a shit-eating grin that got even bigger when she heard him growl.

“Fine, Reign. What is it that you want?”

“That’s what I thought. I need you to go to D.C.,” she began.

## Chapter Five: Recognition

Mathis didn't even know why he was here. It wasn't like Reign was his Alpha. It wasn't like he couldn't hold his own in a verbal battle or subdue her in a physical one. It wasn't like he couldn't tell her "no" or finagle his way out of whatever diabolical plot she was devising. Something prevented him from saying "no," which made no sense being he had a bevy of models waiting to bed him, and yet here he was in D.C. across from a construction site, sipping coffee that was overpriced and undertasty.

The coffee might be substandard, but thanks to his shifter genes at least he wasn't cold. Thanks to his shifter hearing and a gadget he got from Reign, he didn't even have to pose as a construction worker or suffer nostrils full of construction dust to clearly hear the myriad conversations that took place on the worksite. The conversations were what he expected: a mixture of talk about work and talk about women. That was what happened when so much testosterone gathered in one place. But he wasn't interested in the conversations of ninety-nine point nine percent of the workers on site; he was only interested in the conversations that revolved around the one woman present: Tr'ondëk Ballinger.

It seemed that the imposing Ms. Ballinger was a woman of few words. So far, all of her responses had consisted of mostly single-syllable grunts that were spaced out between lengthy silences. She wasn't mean; she simply went about her work in a methodical fashion, giving her full attention to whatever it was she was doing. While he wasn't a steelworker, he'd been around enough construction sites to recognize master work when he saw it. Ms. Ballinger's talent was far more advanced than her years. And he wasn't the only one that knew it. Despite the reluctance (and downright hatred) her male colleagues had about a woman being on the site, they too recognized that Ms. Ballinger knew her craft. Still, none of that stopped them from slinging inappropriate comments her way. Mathis was sure Tron heard them, but she didn't acknowledge anything but the structure she was forging together.

He hadn't planned on remaining in the area, but he stuck around all day. There was just something about Ms. Ballinger that got to him. A whole lot of woman, she was also intimidating—at least to males intimidated by a self-assured woman. She walked through that construction site like she owned it. While normally a woman covered in denim and dust didn't appeal to him, Tr'ondëk Ballinger got to him. He wanted to see the woman beneath the steelworker.

And in a few hours, he would get his chance, he thought as he put his SUV in drive and made his way to the northern Virginia hotel where he was staying.

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Tron was glad today was over. Of course, she said that at the end of each workday. She was, as always, cold, achy, and pissy. Cold because it was fucking March in D.C.; achy because she'd pulled another twelve-hour day; and pissy because after working like a mule all damn day, she had to come home only to play nice with some fucking guy Reign had decided to drop on her. Damn. Knowing Reign, she didn't even bother trying to get out of it. It was simpler to go along with Reign's madness; else she would employ the sad eyes before pulling out the fact she had almost died that one time. With most people, no one had to ask "which time," but when dealing with Reign one needed to ask for clarification...which could take all fucking day, considering the number of times that Reign had almost died. It wasn't that Reign was purposefully dangerous; it was that having come too close to death against her will, Reign lived on the edge of good sense and safety simply to feel alive.

Shaking off the morose thoughts, Tron hurried through her shower before dressing in an outfit similar to the one that littered the floor of her bathroom. Leaving her hair loose, she slid into her black leather

jacket before giving herself a quick onceover in the mirror. She wouldn't win any awards for fashion, but the burnt orange mock turtleneck cashmere sweater looked good with her stonewashed boot-cut button-fly jeans and her python snake inlay cowboy boots. Satisfied that she didn't look like shit, she grabbed an energy bar and headed to the swanky hotel where Reign's homie was staying.

She hoped he didn't expect her to give a shit about anything except the food they were going to eat, because she couldn't be bothered, just like she couldn't be bothered to get out of the truck in this cold-ass weather to go in and meet him. Already deciding that she needed more substantial food than they served in the five-star hotel, she'd made reservations at Second Cousin Twice Removed, where the beer was cold, the food should come with a side of defibrillator, and the desserts were rich enough to keep two sugarcane farms in business. Pulling into the hotel, she dialed the number Reign had texted her.

“Mr. Sighelm?” she questioned.

“Ms. Ballinger?” he responded.

Ignoring the way that voice slid through her, she barked out instructions. “Meet me out front. I'm driving the Dodge Ram with the toolbox.”

“I'm heading down now.”

“How will I know it’s you? Reign only told me that you have a fucked-up attitude, a German accent, and might be wearing lederhosen. I hope she’s wrong on that last bit. A fucked-up attitude I can deal with, but lederhosen, not so much.”

His responding chuckle caused her own lips to stretch into a smile. “I’m surprised that Reign described me in such complimentary terms. She’s usually much meaner. To ease your mind, I will have my identification ready for you to inspect,” he said.

“No need. That last bit leaves no doubt that you are well acquainted with Reign. Perhaps I should be asking you if you need my identification, since there’s no telling how the hell she described me?” she asked as she pulled up to the covered front entrance.

“She described you as a woman not to cross,” he said. “I see you. Like your truck, I’m wearing all black.”

“I hope you’re not as dusty,” she said before hanging up.

She would’ve said more, but she looked up and saw seven feet of man walk out. It might be dark; she might be tired; but there wasn’t enough dark or tired to conceal the hotness that was walking towards her. Scratch that. He wasn’t walking, he was prowling. He’d said he was wearing black. That was a damn lie. He wasn’t wearing black; he was wearing the fuck out

of it. Her pussy, which many days she forgot she had, was damn near about to kick the door off her truck so it could get to Mr. Sighelm. If she didn't like her truck so much and it wasn't winter, she would've helped her pussy.

Opening the door, he paused to show her his identification before climbing in. "I just want you to be assured I am who I say I am," he said in a voice that was almost all bass.

Reaching over her visor, she pulled out her driver's license and held it out to him. "In that case, let me return the favor."

"Should I be afraid?" he asked as he buckled his seat belt.

"Are you married?"

"No."

"Have a significant other?"

"No."

"On fire with an STD?"

"No."

"Then yeah, you might need to be afraid of every heterosexual woman who sees you," she said as she pulled into traffic.

"Oh."

Not one to hold her tongue, she continued. "Let me ask you something. You said you were wearing

black. That's the best way you thought to describe yourself?"

"Well, I am wearing black. What would you have liked me to have said?"

"Something along the lines of, 'I'm the hot motherfucker with the swagger sauntering towards you like I own the world and everything in it.' That would've been a more apt description," she said.

"Noted. I shall say that the next time someone needs my description."

"You might want to also say that you're taken."

"Why is that?"

"Because I might take you. Depends on how the night turns out." She smiled at him.

Being a good sport, he simply smiled back. "I had my doubts, but I think I'm going to enjoy dinner."

"If you like to eat as much as I do, you will definitely enjoy dinner. And by the way, call me 'Tron.' It's much easier to scream out than my surname."

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Mathis didn't know what to expect from Tr'ondëk Ballinger, but it wasn't this brutal, yet refreshing honesty. She didn't waste time bullshitting, being coy, or adhering to some predetermined social niceties. If he'd had a doubt in his mind about her being an extension of the Posse, the three minutes

he'd been in her presence had erased them. Tr'ondök Ballinger was definitely Posse material...and according to his shifter, Tr'ondök Ballinger was definitely his. He didn't bother questioning why he wanted a woman he'd only seen from either a distance or under multiple layers of clothing in the dark. It wasn't about what she looked like; it was about what she felt like. And Tr'ondök Ballinger felt good—damn good. Further, she'd invited him to use her first name. It wasn't that fact alone that had his cock steel hard; it was the addendum that followed it. *“It's much easier to scream out than my surname.”*

Her husky voice pulled him from his X-rated thoughts...somewhat. “Are you going to tell me what to call you besides ‘Mr. Sighelm?’ In case you hadn't noticed, I'm over being polite.”

Oh, he'd noticed all right, just like he'd noticed the smell of her desire when he opened the door. Since his *Abenteuer* (adventure) was over being polite, he was over pretending that he didn't want to get her on the nearest flat surface and give her seven feet two inches, three hundred thirty-five pounds of prime Austrian polar-grizzly shifter. “I'm Mathis. Of course, I'm not expecting you to scream it out during climax.”

“Why is that?” she asked as she pulled into a parking space.

He waited until she cut the engine to answer. Reaching over and grabbing her hand, he placed it over his cock. Being the bold woman she was, she didn't flinch or move her hand. Instead she unzipped his trousers and stroked him firmly. Growling his pleasure, he stilled her hand. After freeing himself from his seat belt, he freed hers before pushing her jacket aside, pulling her shirt up and suckling a lush breast, then moving to its twin.

"Because you won't have the strength to voice two-syllable words," he said when he brought her to the brink of pleasure.

"You motherfucker," she said. "If I wasn't hungry, I'd spend the evening..."

"Hitting notes only animals could hear," he finished.

\*\*\*

Mathis had never enjoyed a dinner more. While his Tr'ondëk was a capable woman, it was clear she didn't have any idea how to comport herself around a man who was interested in her. He was interested, and he made sure she (and everyone else) knew it. Breathing deep, he climbed out of the cab in an effort to get his cock under control. It took longer than it ever had, which didn't surprise him all that much considering Tr'ondëk was like no other female he'd been around. By the time he composed himself, she

was climbing from the cab. Oh hell no. Mathis didn't know what kind of male she was accustomed to, but she was about to find out he wasn't like them. Now that he'd gotten his cock under control, it was time to get his woman under control. Later, he could get his woman under him.

"Tr'ondëk," he called softly as he walked around to her side of the truck.

"Yep," she answered while zipping up her jacket.

"Get back in the truck," he ordered. Yes, ordered—not asked.

Just as he'd expected, she didn't comply. Instead, she gave him a look that was clearly a challenge. Ah, yes. He wanted her to challenge him. In fact, he anticipated it with glee.

Ignoring him, she went to take a step and walked right into him. Catching her around the waist, he dragged her closer to him so that she damn near wore him. For a moment he didn't say anything; he simply savored the feel of his woman in his arms. Over six feet, Tr'ondëk fit nicely in his arms. As he ground himself against her, the sound of her indrawn breath soothed his bear. Lifting her chin, he looked into her light brown eyes a moment before capturing her lips and the minty breath that escaped her lush mouth. Oblivious to everything except the woman in his arms, Mathis took his time kissing her, wondering if she'd

remain pliant in his arms or show aggression. Not a moment later, she attempted to put her arms around him. Pleased, he caught her hands in his and dragged her impossibly closer.

“Just feel,” he commanded as he deepened their kiss. He didn’t let her go until they were both breathless.

“Mathis,” she breathed his name when he pulled back.

Trailing kisses from her mouth across her jaw and down her neck, he gave her a command. “Get back in the truck, *Abenteuer*.”

“And if I don’t?” she challenged.

“Then I will put you in the truck myself and fuck you in this parking lot.”

“That...that really doesn’t sound like much of a threat, Mathis.”

“It’s not a threat, *Abenteuer*. It will only be pleasure; however, I will not let you come for many hours if you don’t heed my words. Get in the truck,” he said again.

“Mathis, I don’t like being told what to do.”

“Not by anyone else you don’t, but I am not anyone else, *Abenteuer*. I am the man your body is on fire for. Get in the truck,” he said as he smacked her ample ass hard.

Her sharp intake of breath was chased by a rush of desire. Ah, his Tr'ondëk enjoyed a little pain with her pleasure. He'd enjoy giving her both. Reaching behind her, he opened the door.

She raised a single brow, but she got in. And slammed the door behind her, letting him see her anger. Chuckling, he simply opened the door. "Get out, *Abenteuer*."

"I'm trying not to cuss your fine ass out, Mathis. I really am. You wanted me back in the truck so bad, and not ten seconds later you want me out?"

"I want you everywhere, *Abenteuer*, but you misunderstand why I asked you to get in the truck."

"You didn't ask me; you demanded, and what the hell does '*Abenteuer*' mean?" she asked while poking him in the chest.

"Adventure," he answered while catching her hands. She looked close to punching him. "I asked you to get in the truck so that I could assist you out, like any man on a date with a woman should do."

"What?"

"A man should always help a lady from a vehicle," he said as he helped her down.

"But I'm driving," she said.

"But you're still a woman," he responded as he dragged her up against him. "My woman," he whispered as he hefted her in his arms and kissed her

breathless. “My woman,” he repeated when the need to breathe finally forced him to release her lips. “My woman,” he said again when he finally set her back on her feet.

“We’ll see about that,” she said. “You haven’t passed the gauntlet that I force potential suitors to run.”

Mathis didn’t even bother to correct her. Instead, he grabbed her hand and placed it on his elbow. “I’d tell you to wrap your hand around my bicep, but it’s so big and your hand is too small.”

“My hand is not too small to handle anything on your body, Mathis.”

“I look forward to you proving that,” he said.

## Chapter Six: Home Truths

Tron had no fucking words for what Mathis did to her. He wasn't just good to look at; he was good to talk to. For some reason, when she was with him she didn't feel the need to put on the façade of politeness or give a damn. Mathis fascinated her. Nothing she said fazed him. From his actions in the truck, her size didn't intimidate him. Of course, Mathis was a big motherfucker and had her by almost a foot in height and over a hundred pounds in weight.

She'd spent the drive over to the restaurant trying to tamp down her desire for him. She'd almost succeeded when he pulled that "get in the truck" stunt. How dare he tell her what to do? And how dare her body want to do it without question.

As hungry and cold as she was, she'd forsake both food and warmth for the chance to taste some of him. She tried to tamp down her desire, but he wasn't helping. While they'd waited to be seated, he'd pulled her back against his hard chest, letting her feel his equally hard cock. On their way to the table, he'd put his hand at the small of her back in a blatant display of possession. Finding it difficult to walk for her want, she hissed at him. "Must you?"

"Yes," he answered without remorse.

Taking her jacket, he laid it across the back of a chair and seated her. And then instead of taking the chair across from her, he took the chair next to her. Lifting her chin, he claimed her lips for a quick but thorough kiss. “I want every male present to know that you’re mine.”

Well, damn. “No one is going to fight you for me.”

“Not and win,” he replied calmly. Proving he could give up control, he didn’t even look at the menu. “What do you recommend?”

“Everything,” she said, forgetting to be annoyed with him.

As good as dinner was, the man she was sharing it with was a hundred times better. Mathis had a beautiful voice, a wicked sense of humor and a dominant streak ten miles wide. And yet, it didn’t turn her off. Probably because Mathis was dominant yet didn’t try to dominate her. At no point did she feel as if they were in competition. She only felt desired and treasured. While men had desired her before, none had treasured her. Six foot three and three-quarter inches tall and two hundred twenty-five pounds, she wasn’t the type of woman who needed to be coddled, but you couldn’t have convinced Mathis of that. And she didn’t want to.

“*Abenteuer?*” he asked on the way back to his hotel.

“Yes?”

“Stay the night with me,” he asked.

“Okay,” she said without hesitation.

\*\*\*

Never had the colloquialism “okay” meant so much to him as it did pouring from Tr’ondök’s mouth. Honored that she trusted him enough to spend the night, Mathis held her to him for a moment before looking in her eyes and pouring out his heart.

“*Unendlich dank,*” he said in his native German.

“Infinite thank yous,” he repeated in English.

Tucking her into his side, he swaggered all the way to his suite. Despite how much he wanted Tr’ondök, despite how much his bear roared, Mathis had decided that he would not rush her. He would, however, tempt her. Helping her out of her jacket before removing his own, he wasted no time getting barefoot.

“Are you going to take anything else off?” she asked with an interested smile.

“Do you want me to?” he countered.

“Yes, but take it off slow—really, really slow,” she said seductively as she removed her boots and made herself comfortable on the end of the king-size bed.

Women had always appreciated his body, but Mathis did not care about them. He only cared what Tr'ondëk thought of his form. Having seen more than his fair share of stripteases, he knew that it wasn't the strip as much as it was the tease. Slowly, he unbuttoned his shirt before attending to the cuffs. Pulling the shirt aside, he couldn't help but be pleased when she gasped.

“You don't wear a t-shirt underneath?” she asked.

“I'm not cold natured, so there is no need for one,” he said as he shrugged out of it and let it fall to the floor.

Being sure to flex, he unbuckled his belt before slowly removing it from the loops. “Want me to spank you with this, or would you rather have me spank you with my hand?”

“Let's talk about whether or not I'm going to get a lap dance before I launch into a diatribe about how I think it's cute the way you think I'll let you spank me with anything,” she purred before licking her lips and returning her gaze to his cock.

Since his *Abenteuer* was so interested in his cock, he thought it only fitting to let her see it up close. Slowly walking toward the bed, she didn't even scoot back. He wondered if she would've if she'd realized he wasn't simply walking toward her, but stalking her.

Probably not, knowing her. Still, he had the desire to chase her. Stopping a scant few inches from the end of the bed, he rasped her name.

“Tr’ondäk.”

“Everyone else calls me Tron.”

His knees on either side of her thighs, he slowly lowered himself. Touching his lips to hers, he wasn’t surprised when she reached out and yanked him to her. Only his supreme control allowed him to keep the smile off his face. Though she tried to yank him down to her, he kept his weight on his arms and held himself back.

“Mathis,” she grouched when she realized that as strong as she was, she wasn’t able to move him should he choose not to be moved.

“Yes, Tr’ondäk.”

“Give me,” she demanded.

“In due time, Tr’ondäk,” he said as he pressed his body into hers. Her arms still around him, he could’ve forced her onto her back, but he wanted her to feel his strength. He wanted her to know he wasn’t like those other pussy-ass males she’d had in her bed. Pussy-ass males he’d later kill. “Lie back, baby.”

She did, and he followed her the rest of the way down.

Still holding most of his weight on his forearms, he gazed straight at her, his eyes boring into hers. “*Mien*,” he whispered with conviction.

Her eyes rounded in what he surmised was surprise, but she did not refute him. She did, however, tunnel one hand through his shoulder-length locks and use the other to trace the muscles on his chest.

\*\*\*

Tron had discovered a lot about Mathis in their short time together. Normally, nothing could compete with food for her attention when she was hungry. Mathis, however, proved to be the exception to all of her exceptions. She discovered that her hunger for him rode her as hard as her physical hunger.

Unlike many people, Mathis didn't feel compelled to fill up the time by talking about himself. Instead, he was content to spend dinner eating dinner. The way he went about devouring his steaks (yes, plural) let her know that he took his food seriously. From his form, she knew that he took the maintenance of his body seriously too. The appreciative (and way too lingering) glances of the women in the restaurant attested to the fine job he did.

While they spent dinner eating, they spent dessert getting to know each other. Their back and forth didn't simply consist of an exchange of vital stats; they discussed all manner of subjects, from the

serious to the downright ridiculous. In the process of discovering what an excellent conversationalist Mathis was, she learned many things about the man behind the thoughts. Mathis might be dressed like a well-heeled man, but beneath the expensive threads, the Ph.D., and the foreign accent was a man who was all man. Somewhere around her second bite of bread pudding, she admitted that Mathis was a man she could fall for...if she hadn't already.

When he'd asked her to come up to his room, she wasn't offended; she was relieved. Despite just meeting him, she found that she wanted to spend more time with this man. Dinner was a good start, and while she learned a lot about the man he was, she wanted to know more. Tron wanted to know the man *inside* of the man. So despite the fact that she had only the clothes on her back, she didn't hesitate to say "yes." While there were many things to fear in this world, Mathis Sighelm wasn't one of those things. Reign had vouched for him, and her instincts had backed that up.

Walking beside him, she knew all eyes were on them, but for her it was only Mathis' eyes that mattered. She wasn't sure what he saw when he looked at her, but there was no mistaking the fire in his eyes or the appreciation in his touch. Tron had never felt more feminine. Brusque with others, Mathis

was the epitome of gentlemanliness with her...except when he'd smacked her ass. She shuddered at the memory of how delicious his hand on her ass had felt.

Taking a seat on the end of the bed, Tron couldn't help but get hot over watching Mathis. He was some kind of good to look at. She didn't know what prompted her to ask him if he was fixing to strip (oh, yeah she did...he was hot), but she was thankful for whatever had led to that question. When he dropped his shirt, she couldn't hold back her appreciation. Mathis was ripped. Why the man bothered to be anyplace that required clothes, she didn't know.

She was damn glad Mathis was here—not just in D.C., but in this moment with her. Impatient to have her way with his impressive form, she pulled him down to her...or at least she tried to, but Mathis didn't budge. Instead of getting annoyed, Tron couldn't help but feel somewhat thrilled at his strength. The fact that Mathis was strong wasn't what got to her; it was *how* he handled that strength. It was also how he handled her.

Mathis handled her like someone was going to come along and snatch her from him. He didn't grab her, but he made his presence known. Though he was always touching her, it wasn't his physical caresses that resonated most; it was his visual caress. Mathis

devoured her with his eyes. He touched her with his strong hands, and she shivered; he seared her with his eyes, and she detonated.

Right now, with three hundred plus pounds of man surrounding her, everything within her was primed, anticipating Mathis' touch and knowing it would change her. In reality, she was already changed. Yet she was not afraid; she was exhilarated. Mathis didn't seem like the sort of man who would be content with passive responses. Everything about him hinted that he was a demanding lover. So was she. Arching up into him, she whispered her desire. "Give me." Tron didn't specify what she wanted Mathis to give her, because she wanted him to give her so many things: pleasure, himself, her due as a woman.

"Gladly," he responded as he took her lips.

He kissed her for what seemed like half the night, but she wasn't about to complain about that. She had no qualms, however, about complaining when she felt him pull back before rising from the bed.

"Mathis," she moaned.

"Tr'ondök," he answered as he pulled her up with him. Holding her to him with one hand, he pulled back the sheets. Gripping the end of her sweater, he asked permission. "May I?"

“Yes,” she breathed as she held up her arms; he pulled it over her head before reaching behind her and unsnapping her bra.

A rush of pleasure coursed through her upon hearing his sharp intake of breath. Mathis clearly liked what he saw, and she liked that he liked it. Palming her breasts, he took his time pleasuring them. Teasing her nipples to hard peaks, he reached down and unsnapped the line of buttons on her jeans. She stepped out of the jeans, and she watched as he kneeled before her. Removing her socks, he kissed his way up one leg and down the other. When she thought she could stand no more, he forced her legs wider and caught the evidence of her pleasure on his tongue.

“Ma-this,” she sighed. She spent the next ten minutes sighing as he licked and stroked her to pleasure.

Moments before her legs threatened to give out, he rose and herded her toward the bed. Settling her onto the bed, he took a moment to step out of his pants and underwear and joined her. He gathered her in his embrace, and they simply held each other for endless moments, reveling in the feel of each other. She touched him without reservation...and he let her. He touched her back...and she let him. In between

discovering each other's bodies, they discovered each other's lives.

She learned so much about Mathis in that bed. The quintessential alpha, Mathis often went days without shaving and only played “dress up” when he absolutely had to. Though he had a first-class education, he had to continually remind himself to keep his cussing down to a minimum while in public and that a brawl was not the accepted way to make a point. *He had her at “brawl.”*

Not the least bit shy, Mathis wasn't ashamed of what he was—a bastard according to social labels—or where he'd come from—humble beginnings. His upbringing had shaped most of his social preferences. When it came to interaction, he preferred a simple “yes” over a “maybe” that came with qualifications and a straight-up “no” over a lengthy excuse why not. He respected an honest fuckup over good intentions that were kept on hold for a more convenient time.

His time in his tiny mountain village had forged him into the man he was. Mathis preferred going barefoot over wearing shoes of any kind, meat (medium rare) over all other food, and German ale over soda. He drank water only because it was necessary for good health. He preferred hiking and boating over soccer and tennis. He preferred the

dominant position in sexual activity. *He had her at “dominant.”*

As if to prove his dominance, he rolled her onto her back and rained kisses across her skin. He didn't rush it; he touched her like he had all the time in the world and she was his world. Turning more fully into his touches, she caressed him in time to his touches. Kiss. Caress.

“How long are you going to kiss me?” she purred.

“As long as it takes to learn your body,” he breathed out as he released a breast and worked his way down. “I want to know how every bit of your skin reacts to my touch so that I can give you the greatest pleasure.”

It took him over an hour to kiss his way around her body and discover what made her feel good, what made her feel better, and what made her fall apart. When he finally returned to her lips, she kissed him and breathed his name into his mouth. “Mathis.

“Tell me what gives you pleasure,” she continued.

“You,” he said without hesitation. “You,” he reiterated.

Touched deeply by his words, she repeated her earlier request. “Give me.”

“Give you what, *Abenteuer?*”

“Give me you,” she clarified.

“You already have me,” he assured her as he slowly slid into her silk heat.

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In an effort to give her body time to adjust to his girth, Mathis held still. He didn't know how long they stayed that way; he only knew that those moments were the most excruciatingly pleasurable of his life...and then his *Abenteuer* moved, and the pleasure increased a thousand fold.

“Mathis,” she called out.

She didn't simply state his name. She whispered his name like she was a treasure hunter and he was the treasure for which she'd spent her entire life searching. Mathis knew two things immediately. First, he wanted to be that treasure. Second, Tr'ondök Ballinger was one stroke away from having a new surname. Slowly withdrawing from her body, he whispered her name. “Tr'ondök.”

“Ma—” she started to respond a moment before he slammed back into her. His *Abenteuer* began to say his name, but the last part was mumbled into a moan.

While he normally bedded runway models, playmates, and beauty queens, he was glad that Tr'ondök Ballinger was a steelworker. Her six-foot-three-inch, two-hundred-plus-pound body allowed

him to ride her like he wanted and like his bear demanded. Mathis was riding the edge of restraint...hanging on, but just barely. This woman did things to him...to his control. His bear roared for her. His heart beat for her. His body burned for her.

Summoning strength he didn't know he had, he stopped mid-stroke. "Can you take me, *Abenteuer*?" he choked out through clenched teeth.

He waited a moment while she caught her breath. "All day, every day."

*Ah, Tr'ondök really was his Abenteuer.* Smiling at her boldness, he took the restraints off his bear and slammed back into her. Her gasp of pleasure matched his own, but it was not enough. He wanted her breathless with pleasure. He wanted her mindless with need. Mathis wanted her full stop. His cock got harder; her sheath got wetter. Attuned to her in a way he'd never been attuned to any being, he loved her with everything he had and she not only kept up with him, she demanded more. Though only moans spilled from her tempting mouth, he could clearly read the challenge in her eyes. "*Give me.*" Spreading her wide, he gave her everything, and then he drugged up more from the depths of him and stroked into her with a power that shook his soul. He rode her body like his life depended on it. Perhaps it did.

Holding on to her hips, he rolled to his back, taking her with him.

“You want your pleasure—take it,” he demanded.

She did not disappoint. Bracing her hands on his chest, she slid her tight, wet heat down his cock before using her powerful legs to lift herself back up. She rode his body just as relentlessly as he’d ridden hers, and he loved her all the more for it. His cock encased in the best pussy he’d ever had, his vision full of the only woman he’d ever love, his bear’s pleasure roaring through his head, the dom in him wanted satisfaction. Moving his hands from her lush hips to her plump ass, he smacked her ass hard.

“Harder,” he demanded as he delivered an equally hard smack on the other cheek.

Watching as her eyes went supernova, he taunted her. “Is that the best you can do? Pleasure me.” Smack.

He knew her ass had to sting because his hand did, yet he did not cease smacking her ass or soften his smacks. Every time he smacked her ass, her pussy clenched him tighter, her nails dug deeper into his chest. *That’s right. Mark me, Tr’ondök. Mark me, because before this night is over, I’m going to mark you.* He groaned as her nails raked over his nipples. Damn, she was working his body like she’d been created to do just that. From the gleam in her eye, the

sweat that beaded her brow, and the cadence of her heartbeat, he knew Tr'ondëk was giving him everything, but he was greedy. He wanted it all.

Hands full of her ass, he kneaded the cheeks. Spreading them even as he lifted his hips and met her downward motion. "Do you want me to stop?" he asked, knowing such a question would piss her off.

Her response was to pinch his flat nipples. *Oh yeah, he liked it rough.* "Later, once your tight little pussy is accustomed to my cock, I'm going to fuck this ass. I'm going to enjoy working my thick cock into your luscious ass."

"Who says I'll let you take my ass?"

He almost chuckled aloud at the ridiculous question. Instead of chuckling, he ceased her spanking. Sitting up, he caught a breast in his mouth and gently bit her nipple with his teeth even as he used his fingers to pinch the nipple on her other breast.

"Yes," she whispered. Using her moans as a guide, he played with her breasts a moment more before responding to her original question.

"Your wet pussy and hard nipples say you'll let me take your ass. In fact, your entire body says you'll let me put my cock wherever I want to."

"Fuck you, Mathis," she breathed out.

Rolling her onto her back, he pulled out of her and spanked her pussy. “Is that any way to talk to the male who gives you such pleasure?”

She rose into the smacks he was delivering to her pussy. *Did this woman know what she was doing to him?*

Settling himself between her thighs, he worked his cock back into her pussy. Instead of stroking into her, he simply held himself still and let pleasure roll over him. He was so close, so close.

“Mathis, Mathis, Mathis,” Tr’ondëk chanted. “Please.”

Never had a “please” affected him so much. A “please” from Tr’ondëk’s mouth was the purest pleasure to his ears. This woman had him. Tr’ondëk had him, and while she might not know it, he damn sure did. “Please what?” he asked as he clenched his jaw in an effort to hold back his climax.

“Fuck me.” Her voice shook with need.

“How?” he bit out.

“Anyway you want to,” she sobbed as she arched into him and dug her nails into his back.

“Do you like my name, Tr’ondëk?”

“What?” she asked, confused.

“Do you like my name?” he asked again.

“Why?”

“Because in two more strokes it’s going to be attached to yours,” he said as he withdrew and slammed into her. He knew she was still confused about what he meant, but that was the best he could do with his own climax marching up his spine. Feeling her explode beneath him, he quickly flipped her onto her hands and knees. Slamming into her, he bit her shoulder and came long and hard. Tr’ondök was his, and there wasn’t shit anyone could do about it.

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Tron had never felt such pleasure. If she’d been able to speak, she would’ve called Mathis’ name. As it was, her orgasm had hit her so hard that she couldn’t even make a sound. She silently screamed her pleasure before her body simply gave out. Not even having the strength to hold herself up on all fours, she collapsed under the double helping of pleasure. Or at least she would’ve if Mathis hadn’t been there to hold her up. She didn’t ask questions. What was the point? Whatever they’d just done, she wasn’t about to take it back or waste time regretting it. She’d not only let Mathis have his way with her; she’d demanded that he have his way with her.

She was sore all over...and she’d never felt better. It was a good thing it was Friday, because she wasn’t getting out of bed in a hurry. If Mathis didn’t put any clothes on, she wouldn’t be getting out of bed

until sometime next week. Needing to turn over lest she suffocate in her own cleavage, she made to move but was stopped by a growl.

“Mathis?” she questioned.

“Stay still, while I finish cleaning this,” he said.

It was then that she realized Mathis’ teeth were sunk into her shoulder. *Did this motherfucker just bite her?*

“No, this motherfucker did not just bite you. Your mate just marked you.”

“Mate? What the hell?” she asked as she once again tried to turn over.

Again, the growl.

Knowing she wasn’t going anywhere until Mathis was good and ready to let her go somewhere, she impatiently waited. Finally, he turned her over. Though she was ready to give him ten kinds of hell, the words died in her mouth when she saw the expression in his golden gaze. Mathis looked at her like she was everything that he needed to exist.

“That’s because you are everything I need to exist, Tr’ondök.”

Unbidden, her eyes filled with tears. She didn’t need a lie detector test to know that Mathis meant those words.

“How could I not mean those words? You are my mate, Tr’ondök.”

“A, explain mate and why you bit me. B, you didn’t ask, and C, you’re reading my mind.”

“A, my mother is a Kodiak bear shifter and the useless male who impregnated her is a polar bear shifter. I am a grizzly-polar shifter. B, I asked if you liked my name, and C, yes. Mates can hear the thoughts of their mates, especially when you’re thinking them so loudly.”

Being from Nonzerosum, she didn’t even bother to freak out about the bear thing. She might freak out later, but not right now, as she had larger fish to fry. “That is not a proposal, Mathis!”

“It was the best I could do under the circumstances, but if you need a proposal I can arrange that.”

“Arrange it, because I deserve the opportunity to tell your ass ‘hell no.’”

“You deserve that, but you should know I will not listen to such nonsense. You are my mate. I do, however, look forward to your attempts to get me to change my mind.” He smiled.

*Bastard.*

“Yes, technically, I am a bastard, but any children we have will not be.”

“If you insist on listening to me, you’re going to be hearing a lot of unpleasant things about yourself.”

“I doubt it. If I listen to your thoughts, I’ll probably hear all of the dirty things you want me to do to that delicious body of mine,” he said as he teased a breast.

Immediately, her body reacted to his touch.  
“Mathis.”

“Yes, *Abenteuer*. What is it that you want me to do? Shall I pleasure you with my tongue?” he asked as he trailed a finger from her breast to her pussy.

She shuddered in response.

“Shall I finger this tight pussy?” he asked as he inserted two fingers in her and stroked her to a climax.

She moaned out his name as she came. Her body shook with pleasure. Reaching for him, she was suddenly wrapped in his strength.

“Mathis,” she called.

“*Abenteuer*,” he responded before kissing her.

Her heart was full of words she wanted to say but didn’t have the breath to speak. Remembering the whole reading minds thing, she thought them really loudly.

*Two carats of bling minimum, your choice of stone but it better impress my momma. I’m not living in a fucking cave or raising any children we have on our own. You try that wandering off shit your male bear non-shifter cousins are accustomed to doing and*

*you'll be a fucking rug in front of my fireplace. And Austria in winter is out, so don't get any ideas.*

\*\*\*

Mathis couldn't help but smile at his mate. In addition to being beautiful, intelligent and exclusively (because people will die if they try and interfere with that) his, his *Abenteuer* had a wonderful sense of humor. He laughed in his head, forgetting she could read his thoughts as he could read hers.

*I'm glad you find this amusing. I wonder if you'll think it's so funny when my daddy and two godfathers are all up in your grill.*

Ending the kiss, he smirked. "They will love me."

While he wasn't sure what his *Abenteuer* would say, he wasn't expecting the peals of laughter that spilled from her mouth. "You're cute, Mathis. All I can say is 'good luck with that.'"

"What does that mean?" he asked, confused.

"It means think about how you're going to react to the man you know has been sleeping with your baby girl."

"Your father and godfathers don't know that we've been making love."

"Reign sent you here, right?"

"Yes," he answered.

“Then you can bet your tight, hot ass that when she called to check on me and got no response, she blabbed everything and then some to my daddy and anyone who would listen.”

“Sheiße,” he said, knowing what kind of chaos Reign could stir up without even trying. He didn’t want to even imagine what kind of chaos she’d stir up when she put her mind to it.

# Epilogue: The Oh Fuck

“Hi, Uncle Klondike,” Reign said.

“Hi baby, how are you?”

“I’m so bored, Uncle Klondike, but you know what would make me feel better?”

“Nobody’s crazy enough to give you world power, sweetheart, so think of something else.”

“How about a road trip in my daddy’s cool spaceship to our nation’s capital?”

“It’s March; why would I want to leave my toasty house to travel somewhere where decent drink is illegal and sweet tea is nonexistent?”

“Technically, moonshine is illegal everywhere, but if you don’t tell, I won’t. I was thinking you’d like to go because word on the street is that Tron is all up under some dude who may or may not be a sexual dom.”

“Let me get my boots on and call your other uncle and daddy.”

Smiling her famous shit-eating grin, Reign knocked on the front door of her uncle’s cabin.

“They’re already here with a jug of the good stuff and a deck of cards. I’m at your door. Let me in because it’s cold,” she said before disconnecting.

Rubbing her hands together, Reign laughed softly. “Bwah ha ha.” Washington, D.C. wasn’t ready for two chicks from Nonzerosum. The Washingtonians sure as hell weren’t ready for the whole damn family. She couldn’t wait to see Mathis’ face when he opened the door to a hallway full of pissed-off daddies.

That seen to, she turned to her Army of Three and smiled. “You know, I heard some of the Zjxadrâzqué’an infantry talking shit about Scotland.” She didn’t even get anymore of the sentence out of her mouth before Andrew, Thamesisis, and Baisealach grabbed up their swords and yelled out a challenge to the entire Zjxadrâzqué’an army. Ah, life was good. Maybe the next time she said she was bored, someone would take that a little more seriously.

\*\* JL \*\*

Thank you for reading. I appreciate the investment of your time and trust. I hope you enjoyed the tale as much as I enjoyed writing it. —Jayha

Other books in the Wild, Wild series:

*The Wild, Wild Mess: Atlanta*

*The Wild, Wild Anybody's Guess: Aloha!*

*The Wild, Wild Nothing Less: Victorious*

*The Wild, Wild With Every Single Breath: Zuri*

For more information on the Jeanie and Jayha universe, please visit our website:

[www.jayhaleigh.com](http://www.jayhaleigh.com).

# Jayha Leigh

Okay, let's see...I like adulation...A LOT...so y'all should do that...NOW...*more, more, more...oh yeah, just like that, louder, louder, say it like you mean it. Yes! Yes! Yessssssssssss!*

Oh, give me a minute. Okay, what else do I like? *Hmm.* Dessert, sweet iced tea, using the word 'MF'...and chasing it with the phrase 'you can kiss my whole a\*\*', action movies, fountain pens, luxurious bath and body products, and unbridled power. *Did I mention dessert?*

So in my spare time...ha ha ha ha ha...Spare time. WTF is that? That must be a rumor...you know like unicorns.

I use my actual name as a pseudonym so in the event that I wild out I won't bring shame upon my family, who believe it or not, actually like me...so there.

My favorite season is football; my favorite color is Carolina blue.

I need my ego stroked several times a day and regular doses of cheesecake to keep me content. I have a mild sense of megalomania but it never bothered me as much as it bothers others.

What else? I've been accused of being many things including the catalyst for the fall of the Roman Empire and a cult leader with low aspirations but those are rumors started by my haters.

That's pretty much it...I'm tired, have a stack of dvds to catch up on, and an exam next week, and I still have to plot the destruction of all who oppose me, which is a hella lot of people. No wonder I'm always so tired.

AND ONE MORE THING. There's only *one* Carolina and it's in Chapel Hill.