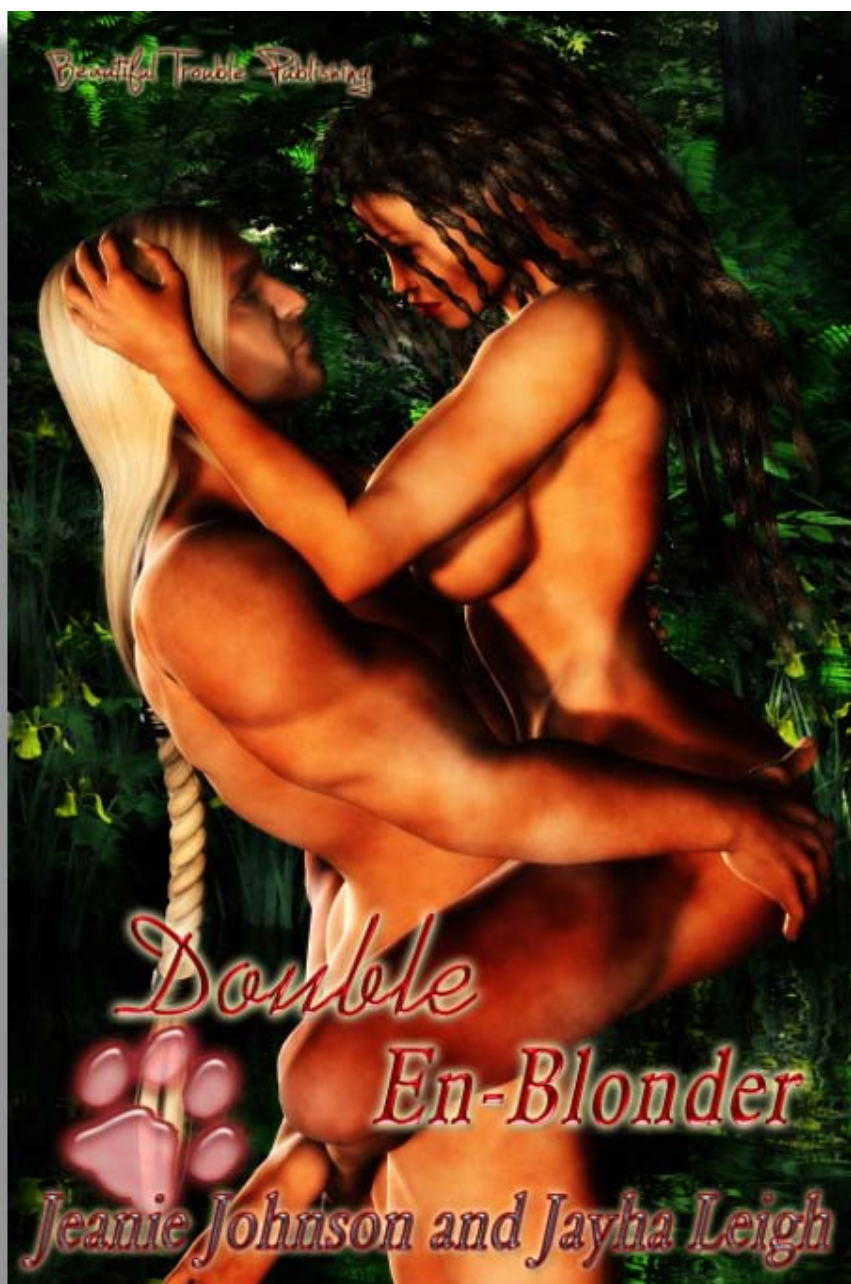


*Beautiful Trouble Publishing*



*Double*

*En-Blonder*

*Jeanie Johnson and Jayha Leigh*

# *DOUBLE En-Blonder*

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# *DOUBLE* EN-BLONDER

Jeanie Johnson and Jayha Leigh

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To every woman who has ever had a fantasy...and to  
the men who have fulfilled them.—Jeanie and Jayha

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## THE ART

Welcome to the inaugural book in the Marteeeka Karland Cover Art series. At Beautiful Trouble Publishing, prose comes before the cover art as we want a cover that fits the characters. In these stories, however, the cover art comes before the prose. We show the authors a piece of artwork and challenge them to write a blazing story based upon what will become the cover. We hope you enjoy the prose as much as you enjoy the art.

Beautiful Trouble Publishing



## *Chapter* ONE

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There were only three things that Jarl Vidar hated: demanding women, being kept waiting, and challenges to his power. *And then there were southerners.* He didn't hate southerners; he despised them. When his best friend Dagr Brynjar said that he was headhunting a new executive, Jarl expected the new executive to be a *him...and Norwegian.* Epoch Udane was the antithesis of his expectations. An army veteran with a Ph.D. in Geologic Sciences from MIT and a JD from Georgetown, Epoch spoke Norwegian with an American accent, walked with a cowboy swagger, and wore her daring overstated...just like she wore her personality.

So what if she was in the running for being the smartest being in the office and Dagr would've been a fool not to hire her. So what if damn near everyone from the deliveryman to the CEO of Brynjar Enterprises thought the American was funny, vivacious, and cool. Epoch was a southerner, and he just couldn't get over that. She wasn't from Mississippi like that woman his twin brother Óðinn had married. She was from North Carolina, which was close enough.

He didn't know what Southerners fed their female children or what they taught them in school, but he'd yet to meet a southern woman who was anything like the soft-spoken, genteel, iced-tea-drinking women he'd read about. Epoch was closer to the classic American cowboy stereotype: a hard-drinking (well, iced tea anyway), cowboy-boot wearing woman who wasn't about to back down from any challenge regardless of who was delivering it, including the CEO or the CEO's best friend. Her colleagues respected her for that. Her boss loved her for it. "It's remarkably refreshing to have someone tell me to my face that I'm wrong," Dag had confided. Despite being one of the few males who could stand against him, Dag was a glutton for punishment.

Dag liked assertive women. The only thing Jarl liked assertive was his investment portfolio. He liked his women compliant. Epoch wouldn't know compliant if she took a doctoral degree in it. It wasn't that Epoch was confrontational. If anything she was the epitome of professionalism...except when she was looking at him. She didn't cuss him out with her eyes or any such thing. Rather she looked at him with mocking indifference...that is, when she wasn't looking right through him.

This lack of acknowledgement never happened with young women. Okay, a sixty-year-old male had

no business calling out someone about their age, but being an alpha white tiger shifter, he didn't look a day over thirty-five. Then again, Epoch might be forty, but she didn't look a day over thirty. Having a black sister-in-law, he could attest to the fact that black women tended to age well.

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Epoch loved traveling. She enjoyed trying new things, testing her boundaries, and experiencing the world around her. That was part of why she'd enlisted in the military straight out of high school. She'd learned all kinds of things in the military. The foremost thing she'd learned was that as stringent as the military was, none of the branches had shit on Delta and Seismic Udane. Her parents ran a ship so tight one would think they were despots rather than orthopedic surgeons. The Doctors Udane might not be despots; nevertheless, she was a despot-in-training. Thus it came as no surprise that she preferred to be on the giving end of instructions rather than the receiving end. Being the oldest of the Udane progeny, it was habit. She'd always been the boss. Of course, her siblings hadn't liked it worth a damn, but she hadn't given a damn then just like she didn't give a damn now. She liked telling people what to do. Okay, not so

much “people” as her little brother Aeon and her little sister Era...especially Era.

Speaking of the spawn known as Era, she was the reason she was currently in Fintland, Norway. As much as she’d liked her antebellum home in the enclave of Shawner, Virginia, she was tired of dealing with the commute, the lack of iced tea and all of the other things that came with working in the District. Knowing that she was ready for a change, her sister had sent her an application for Brynjar Incorporated.

“But it’s in Norway,” she’d complained.

“And you speak Norwegian, so what’s the problem?” Era had asked.

“It’s cold in winter,” she’d hedged.

“Yep, and being your favorite sport is skiing, that’s a plus,” Era had responded.

“I’ll be the only black person,” she’d finally admitted.

“Well, it’ll be easier to spot you on the slopes, so pack your shit,” Era had said with way too much glee.

“You’re forgetting the whole application process,” she’d said.

“Nope, not only did I not forget it, I already applied for you,” Era had said.

Era’s admission had thrown her for a loop. “What do you mean you applied for me?”

“Being your favorite little sister and knowing all too well your idiosyncrasies—which is just a fancy way of saying ‘weirdness’—I completed the application, signed your name and mailed it off.”

“You forged my name?”

“Forgery is such an ugly word. It has that...” Era had begun.

“That class-A felony ring to it,” she’d completed.

“You’re always the glass half-empty chick. That’s why God blessed our parents with a ‘glass half-full’ daughter to balance you out.”

“Why are you crazy? Our parents are doctors, our little brother is a doctor, you’ve got a doctorate, and yet you’re just...so...fucking...nuts,” she’d said.

Era had ignored everything she’d said and continued her spiel. ‘I knew you were a shoo-in for the job. No one has credentials like you, except of course me and Aeon—but neither of us want such a boring job—so you’re in. I can’t wait ’til we go.’

“Wait a damn minute, what do you mean ‘we’?” she’d asked.

“I mean you—the boring Udane daughter—and me—the cool, younger, still fertile Udane daughter.”

“Not that I’m trying to have any children, but I am still fertile.”

“You might have an egg or two left in your ovaries, but they’re probably hard-boiled by now being

they've been in there for so long. But don't you worry. You focus on rocks or whatever it is you focus on at work, and I'll focus on fun. I've always wanted to go to Norway."

"Um, being that you make plenty of money, as I can attest to since I'm the one who does your freaking taxes every year, you could buy a damn house in Norway."

"Yeah, but I have cooler things to spend my money on. Besides, a lease on a spacious log cabin is a perk of your spiffy new job, meaning you won't even notice I'm there."

"I noticed your intrusiveness when you were still in Momma's womb, so I'll damn sure notice you in the same house with me. You just want a free place to stay."

"This is true, but being that you feel you have a natural right to my beach house, I'm not even going to feign shame. What's yours is mine, and if you want to get all lippy about it I can call Daddy and..." Era had begun.

"Oh shut up. Damn, you act like you're five instead of thirty-five. Just how long will you be encroaching on my digs?" she'd asked.

"Until I discern whether or not it's safe to leave you in Norway."

"Your concern is touching," she'd said.

“It is because I’m sensitive like that, but my concern isn’t for you. My concern is for the good people of Norway.”

“I’m the one who’s your sister,” she’d said.

“I’ve had thirty-five years to get used to that fact, just as I’ve had thirty-five years of you bossing me around to know whom I need to be more concerned for. Luckily, I left out your penchant for despotism on your job app, or you wouldn’t have gotten the position. You can thank me now or later.”

‘So let me get this straight...in a fight involving me versus the 4.8 million people of Norway—” she’d begun.

“My money’s on you. You’d tear Norway a new asshole before they even knew they had an asshole. And you’d probably fuck up the rest of the Scandinavian countries because you’re mean like that. I can’t let you do that, because Scandinavia has some bombazz golf courses.”

“It’s always about your golf,” she’d said.

“Well, yeah, being that I’m only the preeminent golf course designer in the world,” Era had bragged.

If Era hadn’t been the shit, she would’ve said something, but the truth was, on top of being the Frederick Law Olmsted of golf course design, Era was also the Joy Mangano of anything that had to do with golf and as such held several golf-related patents to go

along with her zero handicap (from the men's tees). Their family's legacy in medicine hadn't rubbed off on Era, but it was obvious that having a home located on the fifth hole of Pinehurst number two heavily influenced Era.

Her musings were interrupted by her sister's proclamation.

"Hey, how about stop your daydreaming so we can get back to the important stuff: me. So I looked at digs, and they rock."

Epoch hadn't even bothered to listen to the rest of Era's speech. She'd simply started packing shit.



## *Chapter* TWO

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Swirling in her leather chair, Epoch couldn't help but smile as she looked out at the breathtaking view. A hop, skip, and jump away from Trondheim, Fintland, Norway was all blue skies, majestic log cabins (including the Vidar-Brynjar Building), wide streets and adventure just waiting to happen. Every square inch of the city looked like it belonged on a postcard. Additionally, damn near every male she spotted looked like he belonged on a billboard...well, every male with the exception of her boss Dag Brynjar and his best friend, Jarl Vidar. Those two men looked like they belonged on billboards, plural. In appearance Dagr was dark to Jarl's light, having inky black hair and dark blue eyes. In personality, however, Dagr was light to Jarl's dark, being Dagr actually had a personality. Despite the way he made his plebes quake in their hiking boots, she found Dagr to be an easygoing man.

Jarl, on the other hand, seemed to be better liked, but for the life of her she couldn't see why. Jarl was a prima donna of the first order. A pretty boy who knew it, he had a bevy of women at his disposal and probably a score of bebies of women lined up to be in his first-team bevy of willing women. He also had a

shitload of attitude to go with his makes-no-damn-sense fine. While he had a flirtatious smile and an abundance of charm for everyone else, he had nought but fucking attitude when he looked her way. His full lips curled and his ice blue eyes frosted over whenever he looked in her direction. Not about to let the blond intimidate her, she hit him back with her famous “Don’t Start None/Won’t Be None” look before walking off. *Yeah, but you’d still hump his face off if given half the chance*, her pussy threw in. And what a face it was...and damn the body it was attached to. Fair in color, his face was dominated by eyes that reminded her of the tips of icebergs. Though fair, his skin had a healthy tan. His platinum blond hair fell to the middle of his back...that back that was a mass of muscles on top of other muscles that none of his clothes could hide. *You didn’t answer the question*, her pussy taunted.

She was saved from answering by a knock on the door. Looking up, she couldn’t help but smile when she saw Dag filling the doorway. And that wasn’t an exaggeration. Dag literally filled the doorway.

“Can I hope you’re daydreaming about me?” he asked in beautifully accented English.

“Of course you can hope,” she answered in Norwegian.

“You wound me, Dr. Udane,” he said as he entered. “You’re the only female who won’t give me the time of day.”

“If I didn’t work for you, I’d be all over you like snow on the Galdhøpiggen.”

“I can remedy that by terminating you.” He smiled.

“You could, but then my little sister would beat you to within a millimeter of your life...every single time she saw you.”

“Ah, the famous little sister whom I’ve yet to see,” Dagr said.

“That’s because her homie Sitaara came down and they’ve taken their golf bags and have been golfing their way across the greens of Norway.”

“She’s that good?”

“Good doesn’t even begin to describe it. Era’s golf game has won me many bets.”

“Well, then I won’t challenge her.”

“And you’ll keep your dignity. What can I do for you Mr. Brynjar?” she asked.

“You can call me ‘Dagr’ for starters.”

“When you cease being my boss I’ll first name you at will.”

“You and your propriety,” he grumbled.

“You and your charm,” she returned.

“This is true, but you forgot to mention my godlike looks, my Einsteinian mind, and my impeccable sense of fashion.”

“Obviously, you’ve been hanging out with your homie Jarl.”

“I have. Is his arrogance rubbing off?”

“Just a tad. Luckily, you have me to keep you in line.”

“I note that you call him by his first name.”

“Actually, I don’t call him anything.”

“I can’t get over the fact that you don’t like Jarl. Everyone likes Jarl.”

“Especially Jarl. He’s his biggest fan.” Not wanting to talk shit about his homie, she switched subjects. “Now did you come in here simply to bask in my greatness, or did you need something?”

“A little of both. You keep me humble. I almost wish I hadn’t hired you because then I would pursue you. But I have hired you, and you have been nothing but an asset to Brynjar Enterprises.”

“Thank you. I have enjoyed my time here.”

“That’s what I want to speak to you about. I know your contract is for a year, but I’d like you to reconsider staying on a bit longer.”

As she hadn’t been here for even five months, Epoch was taken aback by the offer. “I don’t know what to say.”

“Say ‘yes.’ Whatever it is you require to stay with my Brynjar Enterprises, I will do all within my power to deliver it to you.”

“I like it here, but—” she began.

“But what? What do you need me to change?”

“I don’t need you to change anything. I just want you to know that as much as I like Fintland, I don’t imagine myself making Norway my permanent home.”

“You don’t have to. Stay with us here for another year. You can always work from America as long as you’re willing to commit to a few months a year here in our Norway office.”

Though her other jobs had been decent, this was by far the best job she’d ever had. Dag was a generous, fair and knowledgeable man. Not only did he give her a chance, he gave her entrance into the tight-knit Norwegian community. He made it known to all and sundry in the office and the community that she was to be treated with respect. And he didn’t simply offer lip service, he backed it up with his fists. She’d seen him “handle” someone who’d gotten too close. That was some shit she didn’t need to see again. Okay, that was a lie, she did need to see that again, but she needed popcorn to really enjoy it. Still, as much as she liked Dag, the last thing she wanted to do was take

advantage of his generosity. “Are you sure about this?”

“That’s like asking me if I’m sure I like breathing. Yes, I’m sure. And I know you’re over there thinking about not wanting to take advantage of me.”

“Are you a mind reader in addition to your many other talents?” she teased.

“I don’t have to be. I’ve watched you over the past five months. As stellar as your work ethic is, it is your personal ethic that impresses me. I’d have to be a fool to not want you.”

Choked up by Dagr’s words, she went with humor. “This is true, but you know that the longer you’re my boss, the longer you have to wait to date me.”

“I know, and that wounds me,” he said as he stood and held out his hand. Looking deep into her eyes, he said, “If I thought I had half a chance with you, I’d terminate you immediately and marry you in the next moment.”

“Thank you, Mr. Brynjar, and know that if you looked at me that way, you wouldn’t get the chance to terminate me because you’d be too busy shouting out your thanks to God as I rocked your world,” she said as she hugged him.

“Since we’re at the hugging stage, does this mean you’re going to start calling me by my Christian name?”

“I guess so, but you still have to call me ‘Dr.’ I worked my ass off for that title,” she said.

“All right then, Dr. Epoch, if you’ll stop by the offices in Trondheim, Human Resources will have a new set of paperwork for you to sign.”

“I can simply sign them here and mail them over to Trondheim,” she said.

“You could, but then you couldn’t enjoy the spa day that I planned for you as an incentive to get you to stay.”

“You know you’re a good man, and since I can’t have you, I think I’m going to have to dibs you for my sister,” she said.

“Is she as beautiful and intelligent as you?” he asked.

“She’s a Udane woman so hell yeah, but if you say as much to her I will deny everything.”

“Why, when it’s obvious how much affection you have for her?” he asked.

“Because I have my mean big sister reputation to uphold, that’s why.”

## *Chapter* THREE

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Dagr Brynjar had no delusions regarding how others viewed him, especially when he was in the company of his best friend Jarl. A serious man, he was nothing like Jarl. Everyone liked the easygoing blond, and Jarl liked them right back...especially if they had big titties, long legs and acquiescing demeanors. Jarl had never had to break a sweat a day in his life to have a woman at his beck and call...which was exactly why he needed a woman like Epoch Udane in his life.

Dagr wasn't playing when he said he'd be all over Epoch if he thought for one moment that she wanted him. A strong woman, she'd make the perfect mate for a Siberian tiger shifter such as himself, but alas, it wasn't meant to be. Epoch was one of the few women who didn't want him in a sexual way. She was also one of the few beings who wasn't wary of him. Her heartbeat didn't accelerate when he walked into a room. Though she didn't pretend to not notice his looks, her eyes didn't glaze over when she looked upon him. She simply smiled at him and looked at him like she did everything and everyone else. Everyone else except for Jarl Vidar.

Not only did her eyes light up like fireworks when he even mentioned Jarl's name, her eye twitched



and her fists curled. Jarl set her off like nothing else did. The only time he'd seen her react with such passion was when she talked about her family—especially her sister Era. It was the same for Jarl. The white tiger shifter didn't appreciate being overlooked by any female, especially Epoch, whom he felt should be fawning all over him. That wasn't going to happen in a hurry, but it could happen. And he was going to help it happen. Picking up the phone, he called his personal assistant over at the primary office to put it all in play.

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Having just returned from a visit home, her locks were looking good. Having just returned from God Velkommen spa, her body was feeling good thanks to the hour-long massage, and her feet and hands were looking magazine ready thanks to the French manicure and pedicure. When she got back to the offices, she was going to kiss Dag and then punch him in the stomach for holding out on her. That spa was the business so much that she was going to convince him to either open one up in America or fly her over every month on his private jet so she could be pampered when she returned to the U.S.

Parking the company Range Rover that Dagr had procured for her, she made her way to the building. Though she was a bona fide employee of Brynjar Enterprises, Epoch had only gone to the Vidar-Brynjar Building a handful of times, as Dag preferred working out of his Fintland office. After seeing the massive yet cozy log structure and experiencing Fintland, she couldn't blame him. She too preferred the intimacy of the log structure over the more modern, sleek building. Still, whenever she came to Trondheim, she paused to admire the architecture of the Vidar-Brynjar Building. She smiled recalling Era's reaction to it. "Well, that's a hot damn type of building if I ever did see one," she'd said as she'd checked it out. Now, stepping into the elevator, Epoch held her briefcase tighter and showed the attendant the card that Dagr had given her.

Arriving on the top floor, she gave her name to the secretary, who smiled and ushered her deeper into the office.

"*Bli med meg* [come with me]," the kindly woman said as she made her way to another set of doors.

"*Gå rett fram. Snu så til høyre* [go straight then turn right]," she instructed. "It is the only door that will be open. Take a seat and be comfortable. The representative will be along shortly."

“*Tusen* [thank you],” she said as she made her way to the office the woman indicated.

Epoch couldn’t help but note the plush carpet that padded the floors and the original artwork that lined the walls. Someone had expensive tastes, and she was sure it wasn’t Dagr, as he was more of a sparse interior/breathtaking vista type of guy. Just as someone had expensive tastes, someone also had mad talent. These weren’t your garden variety prints that blended into the background; the art nearly jumped from the wall. Knowing that the representative was not yet in, she took her time and studied the artwork. It was clear that the artist who wielded the brush had a passionate nature, because every piece of work evoked a response. Making her way down the sumptuous corridor, she felt the gamut of emotions including sadness, joy, rage, melancholy...and then she entered the office and saw the final piece.

She couldn’t speak. For that matter, she couldn’t even hold onto her custom-made soft alligator briefcase. She didn’t notice when the twelve hundred dollar creation fell to the floor; she didn’t notice the stunning view of Trondheim. She didn’t even notice the sudden acceleration of her heartbeat. All she noticed was the art that dominated the left wall of the office. Every emotion the other pieces of art evoked paled in comparison to the emotions coursing through

her body at the moment. Something compelled her to get closer to the art. Hand at her throat, she walked over and stared at the painting featuring a voluptuous woman in a ménage with two well-built men. The picture was so detailed she felt she could actually hear the sounds of pleasure coming from the woman's red-lipsticked mouth. Drawn to look into the woman's passion-filled, luminous brown eyes, she couldn't help but imagine that she was that woman in the hot, blond alpha male sandwich.

Catching her breath, she amended her statement. She couldn't help but imagine she was the woman, but she also couldn't help but imagine that the men in the picture were Jarl Vidar...and Jarl Vidar's clone. The admission rocked her to her core. It robbed her of breath and made her legs go unsteady. Reaching around, for a chair, a desk, anything to hold onto, she was surprised to discover she had a handful of none other than Jarl Vidar.

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Others might think he was nothing more than a playboy, but Jarl was first and foremost a Vidar male. His instincts alerted him that something hinky was going on in the penthouse floor he shared with Dagr. But before he could find out what was hinky, he

smelled her. Not just a white tiger shifter, but an alpha white tiger shifter in his prime, he relied on smell. That was why he not only knew that Epoch Udane was in the building, but his nose alerted him about her arousal as well. Growling low in his throat, he quickly made his way to his office to tear apart the male responsible for her reaction. If he'd been thinking more clearly, he might've questioned why he even cared, being that he disliked Epoch immensely.

Entering his office, he didn't question why Epoch was in his office. He didn't question why his body was so primed, why his tiger was so demanding, or why his cock was so hard. None of that entered into the equation. The only thing that entered his mind was that he. Absolutely. Had. To. Have. Epoch. Udane. There were no ifs, ands or buts about it. It didn't matter that she was American. It didn't matter that she was African-American. It didn't matter that she was southern. She was female, and not just any female—according to everything in him, Epoch Udane was *his* female.

Jarl had never approached her before...had never wanted to. Now, however, he needed to. The scent of her arousal enslaved him. Her sweetness intoxicated him. Her daring piqued the interest of his tiger. Her body called to him. The steady strum of her heartbeat along with her gasp beckoned him to

approach her softly...as if she was his prey and he was the hunter. He could feel her composure crumple a little more with every moment she looked at that picture. When she reached out, searching for anything to hold on to, he made sure that he was her lifeline.

Never had he felt stronger than when Epoch's hand grabbed a hold of him...and then she looked into his eyes. The need he saw in the brown depths shook him, but seeing his own reflection turned him on like nothing in this world ever had. Leaning down, he sniffed her and emitted a warning growl that shook the windows. Epoch didn't show fear. She didn't back down. She simply snatched him to her and fed him her passion. And when the need to breathe forced her to pull back, she kissed her way down his neck and bit him, not knowing she'd sealed both their fates with that one action.

Stepping out of his shoes, he unsheathed his claws and tore his clothes from his body. The expensive cloth that was fashioned to offer the utmost in comfort and fit was suddenly uncomfortable. The silk against his skin offended him, as in that moment the only thing he wanted touching his body was Epoch's. His body now bare, he took her mouth.

"Do you want me, Epoch?" he rasped against her lips.

"Yes, Jarl," she said without hesitation.

“Can you take me?”

“With my eyes closed and one hand tied behind my back,” she whispered.

“*All* of me?” he taunted.

Though he’d always preferred amenable females, something pushed him to prick Epoch’s temper. If he was truthful with himself, he would’ve admitted that Epoch’s temper was as provocative as her body. The fiery look in her eyes turned him on just as much as the scent of her arousal. The “fuck you” he knew her mouth held ignited his passions just as much as the visible signs of her own need.

Epoch may have initiated this interlude, and her body extended an invitation to experience her passion, but he needed to hear the words. He needed her verbal consent because despite what they both might say, he knew he had no intentions of letting her go.

“Do you want me, woman?” he snarled.

“I know you’d better not address me as ‘woman’ again, motherfucker,” she returned.

“But it’s okay for you to address me as ‘motherfucker’?” he whispered directly in her ear.

“You’re lucky I address your narcissistic ass at all,” she returned as she yanked his mouth back around and devoured his lips.

“It’s not narcissism when it’s true. Am I not good to look upon?” he asked as his eyes bored into hers.

“Does my form not turn you on?” he asked as he grabbed her hand and placed it on his pecs.

“Am I not the type of male who drives your fantasies?” he purred as he buried his head in her cleavage.

“Fuck you, Jarl,” she said as pushed him away from her.

He was all set to protest the separation until he saw what she was about.

“Contrary to your own trumped-up beliefs or whatever your momma might’ve told you, the world doesn’t fucking revolve around you,” she said as she kicked her pumps off.

“So what if you’re fine. You didn’t have shit to do with that fineness. You got your momma and God to thank for that,” she said as she unbuttoned her trousers and stepped out of them before kicking them in the direction of her shoes.

*Ah, so she recognized his good looks.*

“And guess what? You’re not the only fine man on this planet. In case you missed it, Dagr is right there with you at the top of the eye-candy pyramid,” she spat as she went to work unbuttoning her shirt.



Hearing another male's name on her lips roused his tiger. "You dare speak another male's name when I'm the male with you? You dare speak another male's name when I'm the male your body is screaming for?" he asked.

Jarl didn't know where that jealousy sprang from, nor did he care. He simply needed Epoch to know that he was the only male for her. "I am a Vidar male," he roared as he crowded her personal space.

Anyone else (male or female) would've at least been wary of him when he was in this mode, but Epoch had never been like anyone else (male or female). Not only was she not wary, she was good and mad. Any response he might've given was lost in the growl that vibrated his chest. How could he do anything but growl seeing Epoch in nothing but a few scraps of black silk and her heated passion? Before he could get a word in, Epoch was all up in his face.

"You might be a Vidar male, but I'm a Udane female!" she roared right back. "If you don't like me talking about another man, be enough man to make me think only of you."

His claws extended, Jarl knew his eyes were flashing. He was six feet seven inches and two hundred forty-five pounds of alpha white tiger shifter. Normally, he was careful not to reveal his true nature to his lovers, but Epoch wasn't simply another lover;

she was his mate. And as such, he wasn't inclined to hide any part of himself away.

"I'm more than enough for you, Epoch, but know this: I'm not just a man; I'm also a white tiger shifter." He growled out the words even as he bared his fangs.

"And I should be impressed why?" she spat.

"Because you're my mate."

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Temporarily struck dumb by the sheer amount of hotness that was revealed when Jarl tore out of his clothes, she missed whatever he'd been saying. Being that he held a Ph.D. in conceit, it was probably something she would've felt compelled to smack him for anyway, so she didn't bother asking him to repeat whatever he'd said. And then he addressed her as "Woman." *Oh, no he didn't.* Getting all up in his face, she gave him a double dose of "what for." And like males everywhere, he made the mistake of speaking after that, like it was going to get better for him...and like he had a chance in hell of winning any kind of verbal altercation.

Wanting to rile him up like he was riling her up, she said Dagr's name...not because she wanted him...just because she could. And of course Jarl went batshit crazy. Bwah ha ha. Epoch wins, she cheered

herself. She would've kept on cheering herself but then she noticed his eyes, and his claws, and finally his big. Ass. Fucking. Fangs. Da hell? Working with politicians and hobnobbing with lobbyists, she'd seen a lot of crazy shit in her life, but she'd never been turned on by it. She supposed that she should've been at least reluctant, especially when he revealed he was some kind of tiger shifter, but she was too busy being turned on. Jarl was just fine, her body was screaming for him and he was wasting time trying to intimidate her. As. Fucking. If.

Epoch didn't grow up in the hood, but she grew up the daughter of Delta Udane, whose motto was "I wish a motherfucker would," and Seismic Udane, who was six feet eight inches and three hundred pounds of orthopedic surgeon who wasn't about to let anybody in any kind of hood (real or implied) tell him where he could go, what he could do, or dictate how he was going to live. That was why she wasn't intimidated by Jarl. Well, that and the fact that his fineness was currently overriding his assholishness.

She didn't like Jarl, but damn if she didn't want him...with every fucking thing in her. Despite what made sense on paper, Jarl made sense to something inside of her. Epoch didn't bother questioning what that something was. Every time she'd had this feeling, she'd followed it. The first time was when she'd

enlisted in the Army straight out of high school. The second time had her continuing with Norwegian instead of switching over to another language to satisfy her foreign language requirement. The third time had led her to pursue her Juris Doctorate. Though the road hadn't been smooth, the end results had been worth it. That was why she didn't hesitate (that much, though she did grumble internally a bit) to follow her gut instincts now.

Finally stripped down to her bra and panties, she gave him the abbreviated version of her genetic credentials. He might be a Vidar male (and repping the Vidar line hard), but as impressive as that might be, it paled in comparison to a Udane anything. She'd already won, but just to put the cherry on top, she tossed in a challenge. Seeing his eyes flash storms and hearing his growl, she congratulated herself. Check mate, motherfucker. She was planning her victory parade in her head when he came back with the line about her being his mate.

If you didn't count shit Era did, Epoch had rarely been rendered speechless...but that line did it. She was his mate. No, this motherfucker didn't simply think he was going to drop that on her and she was simply going along with it. Oh hell, no. One did not step to a Udane woman like that. There needed to be some groveling, some big fucking bling, some more

groveling, some kind of public declaration about how he couldn't live without her...to start with. Looking Jarl right in his incredibly blue eyes, she put her fingers to his lips to shush him.

Taking full advantage of his surprise, she pressed herself against the mountain he called a body and shivered. Jarl's skin might be light in color, but it was hot to the touch. Damn him for being so fine. Damn him for turning her on so good. Damn her for being affected. Standing on her tiptoes, she buried her nose in his chest and inhaled his spicy scent before licking a trail to his mouth. She loved his mouth. His teeth were a dentist's wet dream, and his lips—oh my. She could feast all day on those full lips...and she would later, but first she had to get some things straight with Mr. Hotness.

Raking her nails over his chest, she reached up and caressed the column of his neck. There were multiple pressure points on the human body...and Epoch not only knew each of them, she also knew martial arts. While she didn't put the Dim Mak (death touch) on Jarl, she did bring him to his knees. He looked so good there so close to her pussy. Grabbing a handful of his hair, she tugged on it so that he was looking into her eyes.

"Do you want to voluntarily get on your back, or do you need me to put you on your back?" she asked.

His chuckle slid through her like a caress. “I think I’d rather enjoy the latter, but first I want to taste you,” he said as he ripped her panties off and slid two fingers within her.

Epoch wasn’t sure when she lost control of the situation; she only knew that she had when she was hurtling towards orgasm. “Oh. My. Damn,” she gasped out moments before her knees buckled and she fell into Jarl’s arms.

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Jarl enjoyed Epoch’s feistiness, but he enjoyed hearing the sounds of her pleasure more. Working his fingers in her tight pussy, he caught her as she succumbed to her pleasure—pleasure that he gave her. Rising with her in his arms, he placed her on his desk. Swiping his arm wide, he cleared the surface and sat Epoch’s ass on the edge before dropping to his knees in front of her spread legs. Lifting one leg over his shoulder, he buried his face in her sex. Feeling her fingers tangle in his hair, he smiled at her not-so-gentle urging. A lesser male would’ve given in to her demands and allowed her to push his face deeper between her thighs. He was a Vidar male, and he needed her as needy as he was...he needed to hear her screaming out his name, begging him to take her.

“Do you want me, Epoch?”

“Yes, you fucking bastard!” she screamed.

His responding chuckle pissed her off, but he couldn't stop the taunt that spilled from his lips. “I know you want me, but don't feel bad for wanting me.”

“I don't feel bad for wanting you, especially when I know you've been sporting a hard dick for me from jump.”

Oh, his mate was feisty. He was going to enjoy her. “Say my name, Epoch.”

“Make me,” she came back.

Stabbing his tongue deep into her creaming center, he growled deep and loud before getting down to the serious business of eating pussy. She was a dessert buffet, and he planned on sampling everything. Her sweetness exploded on his tongue. Burying his tongue deeper, he added two fingers to elicit more of the elixir that if bottled would fetch many kroner. Epoch's sweetness and her reaction fueled his own desire. Epoch didn't simply take the loving he was giving her; she demanded his loving.

“More,” she said with her moans, which were sonnets to his ears. “More,” she said with her body. “More,” she said with her presence. He didn't know Epoch well, but he knew her well enough to know that she didn't do anything she didn't want to regardless of who was telling her to do it.

As he buried three fingers deep inside of Epoch, he suckled her clit and worked her pussy with his fingers. Feeling Epoch's reaction drove him to work harder. When she shouted out her pleasure he could only gloat like the arrogant bastard she said he was. *With her beneath his mouth, her hands tunneled in his hair so tightly his scalp was tingling, and her roars of pleasure filling his ears, how could he be anything else?*

Being the gentleman he was, he gave Epoch time to come down from her orgasm before making demands on her body. When she finally released his hair and her thighs fell apart, Jarl rose to his feet and brought her with him. Settling her in front of him, he fisted his cock and pressed it against her plump ass. Rubbing his cock between her spread legs and feeling the heat of her pussy against the tip, he emitted a growl. Her body was beckoning him, tempting him to bury himself deep inside of her fragrant sweetness, but he resisted...barely. He had a mate to drive to the edge. Bending her forward until her hands made contact with the three-shelf cherry bookcase, he rasped out an instruction.

"Look at the painting, Epoch," he spoke against her ear even as he pulled her back against his chest so she could do as he demanded and look at the painting.



“See how the two men are clutching at her body?” he asked.

Feeling Epoch nod, he tightened his grip on her hips to keep her right where he wanted her. Grinding his thick cock against her, he continued his verbal onslaught. “She is all they want. They want to consume her. They want to absorb her into their bodies.”

Knowing her cream was slipping down her thighs, he reached in front of her and palmed her sex before dipping his finger inside and gently brushing her clit. He pulled his hand back when he felt her thrust her hips towards his hand in an attempt to seek her pleasure. Ah, he wanted her to want him like he wanted her.

“The man at her back is pushing his cock against her ass. She is pushing back against him, wanting him to fuck her.”

Hearing Epoch’s breathing grow shallow, he paused and pinched her nipple before continuing.

“Will she take him in her ass?”

“Will she?” he repeated as he thrust his thumb inside her pussy and stroked her.

Her answering groan spurred him on. He grasped her ass and kneaded the cheeks.

“Answer me,” he growled against her neck as he spanked her ass.

“Yes!” Epoch practically shouted.

The other man is going to spear her tight, wet pussy with his cock. Is that right, Epoch?” he asked as he worked her pussy with a single finger.

“Yes,” she breathed as he pushed her forward gently and sank his cock into her tight pussy. He went slow so that he could enjoy every millisecond of the journey.

“Does my cock feel good stretching your tight pussy, Epoch? Does it?” he asked again as he continued to slide in.

“Mmm,” she moaned.

Grasping her around the waist, he lifted her. Taking a few steps back, he leaned against his desk and slid Epoch the rest of the way down his thick cock. When she was finally seated, he remained still for a moment. Not even using a fraction of his strength, he slowly pumped her up and down his cock.

“Yes, yes, oh yes,” Epoch gasped out.

“Rub your clit like the other man in the picture would rub her clit. Pinch your clit,” he demanded as he opened his legs wider, and hers by extension.

“Does it feel good, Epoch?” he asked.

“Yes, it feels good,” she breathed.

“Do you want to come?” he asked as he nipped a trail of kisses across her shoulder blades.

“Yes,” she roared.

Feeling her trying to thrust down on his cock, he reprimanded her. “You do not come until I say you can come,” he said as he spanked her pussy with his hand.

Hearing her moan out his name, he knew he was close to losing control. Picking her up, he made his way to the opposite side of his office. Opening a panel, he punched in a code.

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Epoch’s body was no longer her own. Her pussy was firmly in the care of Jarl’s cock. Her limbs did as Jarl instructed even as her body demanded more of his mastery. When she rubbed her clit as he instructed, her pussy clenched around Jarl’s cock. His guttural command was followed by their combined groans of pleasure.

“Jarllllll,” she moaned. Feeling her orgasm just out of reach but knowing he controlled her climax, she begged with her body. Suddenly, he picked her up and headed to...the wall? Wondering what kinky, delicious thing he was about to do, she was surprised when the wooden doors slid back and revealed a room. As sumptuous as she knew the room probably was, she only had eyes for the massive bed that dominated it.

“Before you ask, no, I don’t bring females here. You are the first,” he said as he laid her on the bed.

“And I’d better be the last,” she said.

The rest of her sentence was cut off when Jarl grabbed a handful of her locks and fed her his thick cock. If he’d shoved his cock down her throat, she might’ve been offended. As it was, he slowly worked it in her mouth, giving her time to adjust to his girth. Closing her eyes, she loosened her jaw and took him deep. Cupping his sac, she continued taking him until she felt him at the back of her throat. Even then, there was some of him left over. Playing to win, she swallowed and took the rest of him. Working her mouth, she fucked his cock with her whole mouth. Feeling the tremors that coursed through her body made her want to continue, and she would have if he’d let her.

Gasping loudly, he stepped back. His eyes were blazing, his heart was thundering, and he had to lean against the post of the bed and catch his breath. Yay me! Epoch cheered.

Giving him his moment, she slid her bra the rest of the way off and shot him a look full of challenge. “Need a break?” she purred.

“I only need you to get ready and take this big cock,” he responded as he crawled atop her.

Instead of immediately thrusting in her, he busied himself with her mouth. Damn, he could kiss. He kissed her breath from her even as he worked her body back to a fever pitch with his strong hands.

“You’re a naughty woman and I like that,” he purred as he turned her onto her stomach.

Bending over her, he whispered in her ear. “You know what I like about that picture? I like the way the woman trusts the men with her pleasure. I like the way she accepts their prowess, their cocks. I especially like the way *you* looked at the picture.”

“You know what I like about the picture?” she returned as Jarl worked his cock into her pussy from behind.

“You like the fact that it was in my office where you could imagine me fucking you with such ferocity,” he said.

Damn, Jarl was arrogant. Smiling, she replied. “I definitely did think of you pleasuring me, but my favorite thing about the picture was the fact that she has two men pleasuring her. Since you like that picture so much, you need to bring in another hot blond man. Do you happen to have a twin, Jarl, so I can reenact the picture and entrust you and him with my pleasure?”

Jarl’s growl shook the room. “Yes, I have a twin, but the only male you’ll have time to handle is me. I

hope you don't plan on leaving my bed for a good week."

"Big talk," she said, and then she said nothing because Jarl was busy pounding into her pussy so. Damn. Good.

A solid size sixteen, she needed a man who could fuck her hard but good. Too many men equated hard fucking with pleasure, but as she'd quickly learned, Jarl Vidar was nothing like most men she'd met.

Jarl's instruction intruded upon her thoughts. "Spread wider."

She smiled hearing his less than perfect English and realizing how far gone he was. "Give me an incentive to," she said as she slid from beneath him and rolled onto her back. Spreading her thighs wide, she challenged him. "If you fuck me well enough, I might settle for just you."

Growling, he sank back into her pussy and rode her hard. "Mine, Epoch," he growled.

"Maybe," she said as she enjoyed the feel of his cock hitting her spot every. Single. Time.

"No 'maybe.' You are mine," he said.

The look in his eyes alerted her to the fact that Jarl was not teasing...at all. He meant those words. The truth she saw in his eyes turned her on. Reaching up, she traced his strong jaw. He caught her hand with his. Kissing her palm, he laid it over his heart.

“Mine,” he said before spreading her wider and going to work.

He broke her down methodically. It was like he went into her catalog of fantasies and ticked them off one by one. Fuck her hard. Check. Fuck her slow. Check. Tease her with his cock. Check. Jarl took her pleasure seriously. He committed himself fully to her pleasure. She hardly had time to come down from one orgasm and she was being hurled into another.

“Tell me what you want,” he demanded.

“You,” she responded.

“And you shall have me,” he promised as he took her body to new heights.

“Jarl,” she moaned, turned on by his possessiveness even though she didn’t want to be.

“Epoch,” he responded.

“Oh,” she moaned because she was beyond words. Still, he did not let up. And neither did she. He touched. She touched. He thrust. She arched into every one. He nibbled. She kissed. Skin slick with sweat, bodies full of each other, they were beyond any intimacy she’d ever experienced and occupying a new state of being.

“Jarl,” she moaned again.

“Epoch,” he responded. His eyes blazed. His muscles strained. His voice shook with emotion.

Reaching up, she took his mouth and gave him everything in that kiss. Just when she didn't think it could get any better, he pulled back and thrust into her anew as he bent and bit her.

"Mine," he roared as he filled her with everything he had.

She meant to say something smartass, but all she could do was hold onto him and bask in the pleasure that washed over her.



## *Chapter* FOUR

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It'd been three days. Three. Fucking. Days. Seventy-two hours. She'd slept for on and off for three fucking days, and she was still tired. All she'd remembered was a mad dash out to his Mercedes and then waking up in the most kickass master suite she'd ever seen...with a hot, arrogant, smirking bastard Jarl beside her. He didn't say anything with his mouth, but his eyes taunted her. If they weren't so freaking beautiful she might've punched them shut, but she couldn't be bothered when she was so tired...and when he was her only means of acquiring food.

“Good morning.”

“I need a giant steak, a pan of cornbread, and a sweet potato pie.”

“A sweet potato pie and cornbread?” he asked all smart ass.

“And I also need you to shut up,” she said.

“Why? Just because you don't want to admit that you can't handle my lovemaking—” he began.

“What makes you think I can't handle it?” she asked.

“The fact that you've been asleep now for what, three and a half days, and the massive amount of calories you require now that you are awake.”

“A—I’ve been asleep so long because I’ve had to deal with your undiluted arrogance. B—I can always use a pan of cornbread and a sweet potato pie, so again, shut. Up.”

Of course, he only laughed even as he picked her up and carried her to the hot tub. Jarl administered a massage before wrapping her in silk and putting her back to bed...where she’d been for three fucking days.

“Why are you in my bed?” she asked.

“Technically, you’re in my bed,” he corrected.

“Technically, I should be in my bed in my house,” she countered.

“That is no longer your bed. And that is not your house. This is your house. You will stay here.”

“Who died and made you my momma? You don’t have the right to tell me what to do.”

“I’m not your mother, but this”—he paused and touched the mark on her shoulder from his teeth—“gives me the right to protect you.”

“Well, next time I find myself under attack by a group of ninjas, I’ll call you.”

“You won’t need to call me. I would know if something threatened you...and I’d tear it apart. I’d tear anything apart that I saw as a threat to you. You are my female, and I’ll destroy anything that attempts to interfere with that.”

“I’m leaving as soon as you turn your back,” she said.

“When you’re strong enough to get out of bed I might worry about that threat. Meanwhile, I’m off to get your food,” he said as he walked out of the room laughing his fucking ass off. His fine ass that she was going to kick later...after she napped some more.

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Jarl knew that Epoch probably wanted to harm him. Instead of that bothering him, it turned him on. He found himself enjoying her passion. She was nothing like the females he was accustomed to. She was more than he’d ever wanted. He had no idea how he was going to keep her. He had no idea what he was going to do with her (besides love her). The only thing he knew was that he had no intention of living without her. He’d do whatever it took...even call the one woman he’d sworn he’d never call for anything. Picking up the phone, he dialed Rivé, Vermont.

“Hello, Óðinn. It’s Jarl. Stay the fuck away from my woman. Can I talk to Subira? I need her help.”

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So far, she'd eaten, bathed and slept. Jarl was beside her almost every moment. He didn't go to work. He didn't go hang with his homies. He attended to her. It was sweet—for the first three days when she'd been mostly asleep—but they were going into the fourth day, and she was one smartass remark from Jarl's mouth away from killing him. She couldn't take one more moment of his arrogance.

Crawling over to the phone, she called Dagr.

"God morgen," Dagr answered in that sexy timbre.

"I blame you. You have twenty minutes to get your hot ass over here or you can find yourself a new geologist," she said before hanging up.

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Dagr had been waiting for this call for three days, and now that he'd received it all he could do was laugh his motherfucking ass off. Jarl Vidar's life was about to get a whole lot more interesting, and he was glad he was going to be there to see it, he thought as he parked his Range Rover behind Jarl's Mercedes. Walking up to the door, he rang the bell and walked into hell.

“Kick his ass, Era,” Epoch screamed from beneath her canopy of blankets. “If you hit my sister, Jarl, I’m fucking your shit up.”

Dagr didn’t hear Jarl, which concerned him. Sprinting in the direction of the ruckus, he drew up short. Jarl’s twin brother Óðinn was sitting in the hallway in tiger form licking his paws, wearing what could only be described as a smile. That wasn’t what took the cake, though. What took the cake was what was happening in the bedroom. Not only was a woman on Jarl’s back choking him with a golf club, Jarl’s sister-in-law was sitting in the window seat eating red licorice as calm as you please as Epoch cheered the woman on. Making sure he remained outside of the den of the newly-mated couple, he addressed his question to Jarl’s sister-in-law.

“Good afternoon, Dr. Vidar. I’m Dagr Brynjar. Nice to finally meet you.”

“Oh, you’re a hottie. I can see why Jarl hangs around you. It gives him a chance to get the women you don’t have time for.”

He couldn’t help but smile at that. He’d heard a lot about Dr. Subira Washington-Vidar, but until now he’d never had the privilege of meeting the woman who was the catalyst for Jarl’s hatred of anything southern and most things American. Dagr had known Subira had to be something special, but nothing he’d

heard came close to doing justice to the woman who'd led Óðinn Vidar to leave everything he knew to follow her.

"Thank you, ma'am," he said. Turning to Jarl, he asked, "Jarl, do you need help or do you have this situation under control?"

"Arghhhhhhhhhhhhh," Jarl said.

Dagr wasn't sure if he was showing anger or demonstrating just how difficult it was to talk with a throat full of aluminum alloy.

"Don't even think about helping, Jarl, or you're going to be part of the ass-whipping equation."

"I wouldn't dream of it. I was simply wondering at what point you or Dr. Subira planned on ending this?"

"I'm not stopping shit. Jarl has been extra asshole for the last few days," Epoch said.

"Ah, Dagr, why do you want to spoil my fun with your bleeding heart liberalness?" Dr. Subira said even as she called a halt to the beat down.

"Era, as much as it pains me, I'm going to have to ask you to stop choking Jarl."

"But I still have other clubs in my bag," she whined.

"I know, darling, but please...for me."

"Okay," she said as she jumped down from Jarl's back and hit him in the back of the leg with the club.

“You didn’t say I couldn’t hit him. You said stop choking him,” she explained before flopping on the bed next to Epoch, who knocked fists with her.

“Okay, Dr. Subira’s here so you’re in good hands. I’m off to golf with Sitaara. See you in two days.”

“What do you mean ‘see me in two days’?” Epoch asked.

“Oh yeah, I texted Momma about having to defend your honor because Jarl was acting crazy.”

“When did you have time to do that when you were on Jarl’s ass two seconds after busting into the house?”

“Right now,” Era said as she pulled out her phone and hit “send.”

“Ass whipping, soon as I get out of this bed,” Epoch warned.

“Whatever,” Era said as she hugged Dr. Subira and stopped to run her hands through Óðinn’s fur before flouncing from the house.

So that was Era. Okay. He was sure she was much better under different circumstances.

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It took half an hour and five cups of tea for Jarl to regain his voice...and two seconds after he regained it to piss off Epoch.

“That’s it, we’re over, Jarl.”

“We can never be over, Epoch. You’re my mate,” Jarl explained.

“That may be, but legally you’re not my husband,” Epoch said.

“You might not be legally bound to him, but you are pregnant by him,” Óðinn said.

Epoch gasped at the announcement; Jarl grinned his ass off even as he placed a protective hand over her womb.

“What do you have to say to that, Epoch?” he asked.

“I don’t have shit to say to you; however, I have plenty to say to Dagr. This is your fault. Why couldn’t you do something to make me want you—then I wouldn’t be in this situation.”

“Are you still going to be my geologist?”

“Why should I?”

“Because it will annoy Jarl to no end knowing you are working in such close proximity to a male as handsome, intelligent, and did I mention handsome as me,” Dagr suggested.

“Okay fine then, but I’ll only be your geologist if you promise to marry me when Jarl comes to a bad end under mysterious circumstances. I don’t want to raise my baby by myself.”



“When Jarl comes to a bad end, not ‘if’ Jarl comes to a bad end?” Dagr asked.

“Nope, ‘when’ because as long as he’s around me, there’s a good chance he’s going to come to a bad end. And if he ever cheats on me, his bad end will be as a fucking floor decoration in front of my fireplace.”

“Okay, I can do that,” Dagr said.

“And, I get to call in any other favor any time I want to as much as I want to forever,” she said.

“Would you also like my freedom?”

“If you’re not doing anything with it, yes, I’ll take it,” Epoch said.



## *Epilogue*

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“Can we do the Cliffs Notes version of the ceremony and just skip to the ‘He does’ part?” Epoch asked the pastor as her father placed her hand in his.

“I...what about your groom?” the pastor asked.

“That will be fine with me. I just need to get a Mrs. in front of her name before she invents another reason to try and get out of marrying me,” Jarl said.

“For your information, I don’t have to invent any reasons to get out of marrying you. This isn’t Regency England. This is North Carolina, and I can just say ‘no,’ so ha ha,” Epoch said. “And you should be lucky I even consent to be seen in public with you.”

“She had her wicked way with me,” Jarl confessed to the pastor. “And she’s carrying my babies, so her mother is adamant that we be married, which is just fine with me.”

“The only reason I’m marrying you is so I can remain close to Dagr.”

“Are you romantically involved with Dagr?” the pastor asked.

“Of course not, I’m his geologist—a hot, sexy geologist.”

“And if you try and become romantically involved with Dagr, the pastor can get ready to conduct some last rites,” Jarl said.

“We’re Baptists, we don’t do last rites,” Aeon said.

“Yeah,” Era said. “We just do ‘fuck your shit up’ and throw in an ‘Amen.’”

“In case anyone has missed it, it’s seventy-eight degrees out here,” her momma piped in.

“I suggested that we skip to the ‘He does’ part but he wants to argue, like he has a chance of winning,” Epoch said.

Frustrated, the pastor shushed the lot of them. “Hush, all of you.” Addressing both of them, she asked, “Are you sure you want to get married?”

“Yes.”

“Okay then, Epoch, do you take—” she began.

“Hey, why do I have to say it first? Ask Jarl since he’s so gung-ho to be Mr. Epoch Udane.”

“I do,” Jarl said loudly.

“Cool, then I do too,” she said a moment before jumping in his arms and kissing him.

Turning to the pastor, she asked, “Are we good? Are we married?”

“Yes, you are. I now pronounce you man and wife.” Turning to Jarl, she said, “Good luck with this,” before strolling off mumbling about going golfing.

“I think she only married us because my parents got all of the wedding guests a day pass to the country club.”

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“Fifty bucks says she maims him before the day is out,” Dr. Seismic Udane said.

“A hundred bucks says she maims him before the next hour is out,” Dr. Aeon Udane said.

“A thousand dollars says I’m not the only one who got them Luminol for a wedding gift,” Dr. Era Udane said.

Era’s announcement was met with a medley of silence and strange looks. “Why are you crazy?” her brother asked.

“I’m not crazy. I just don’t want Epoch to go to jail when she’s forced to kill Jarl.”

“She won’t kill him because I got him a bulletproof vest as a wedding gift,” Dr. Aeon Udane said.

“You know why all of our children are crazy, Seismic? You. They get all of that crazy from *your* side of the family,” Dr. Delta Udane said. “And ten thousand dollars says that she starts a fight between Jarl and about five of his friends.”

“Is she still claiming the babies she’s carrying aren’t his?” Sitaara asked.

“Every single day,” Era said.

“Does she know how crazy that man is over her?” she asked.

“Does he know how crazy Epoch is?” Aeon asked.

“Yep, and he still wants her, which is a good thing because I’d hate to have to kill that boy,” Dr. Seismic Udane said.

“Really, Seismic? Would you really hate to kill him, or would you enjoy it?”

“Maybe a tad,” he admitted.

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“I wonder if they realize we can hear them?” Dagr asked, indicating the high number of shifters in attendance.

“I bet they don’t give a shit that we can,” Jagr said, “though I’m touched that they’re so concerned about my personal safety.”

“You’re touched all right,” Jarl said. “And if you fuck up, remember I get to help kill you.”

“Epoch is my mate,” Jarl growled.

“And she’s my geologist,” Dagr growled back.

“Fuck you, Dagr,” Jarl said.

“Fuck you back, Jarl. And I get to take your babies if you fuck up...if they are your babies. Epoch’s been hinting that they might not be.”

Whatever else Dagr might’ve said was lost in the punch that Jarl threw his way...that would’ve connected if Dr. Subira hadn’t walked through right then and grabbed Jarl’s hand.

“For all the shit you shifters talk about us humans, y’all sure are stupid.”

“We’re not stupid!” they all protested.

“Really? Because this note right here and ten large says y’all just got played,” she said as she shoved the letter in their direction.

*Ten grand says we can start a fight between the shifters in ten minutes flat—Dr. Delta*

*Fuck y’all. I know y’all aren’t talking shit about us—Era*

*Jarl, how do you know these are your babies?*

*Dagr, this is all your fault. You owe me your firstborn—Epoch*

*This will teach y’all to talk smack about us humans. We might not have supersonic hearing, but some of us can read lips—Aeon*

*Seriously, my children really got you Luminol and a bulletproof vest. Use them wisely. I tried to get you a personal force field, but being they don't exist yet, I got you a suit of armor —Your wife's daddy who won't hesitate to fuck your shit up if you hurt my little girl.*

Turning to look at the Udane clan, they were greeted by hands toasting them with Cheerwine, middle fingers, and a nine-iron. Knowing they were bested, they lifted their glasses and toasted them back.

Having the Udane clan in their midst was going to be an interesting experience, Jarl thought. Looking over at his bride, he smiled as he read her lips.

“Don't forget, I marked you first, which makes me the Dom and you my sub.”

Epoch Udane-Vidar was so cute and so his, and tonight he was going to blow her hypothesis all to hell. He might live to please her, but he was definitely the Dom.

**\*\*J and J\*\***



Thank you for trusting us to deliver your prose. While we do write to supplement our incomes, we appreciate the investment of your time. We hope that you enjoyed the adventures of Epoch and Jarl.

You can read more about Era and Dagr in the *Smack It, Flip It, Rub It Down* anthology (coming soon). You can read more about the Vidar family in *Heat and Rrrour* (coming soon) and in *The One Who Got Sway*. Sitaara's story is available in *Hyde & Seeke* (coming soon).

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

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

# About the Authors

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A kickass tag-team bound together by the pen, Jeanie (the shagalicious wordslinger) and Jayha (the ninja master of h\*ll no's) are forces of nature that will either leave you begging for mercy or begging for more.

We are women who have brains we aren't afraid to use; feelings we aren't afraid to express; and, middle fingers that we aren't afraid to extend. We pen stories that push all kinds of boundaries and we don't apologize for it. Our heroines are feisty; our heroes are hot, and our stories are one-of-a-kind adventures. Come visit us at [www.jeanieandjayha.com](http://www.jeanieandjayha.com) and remember: if you don't enjoy your stay, f\*ck it, you didn't have to come.

Praises, compliments, adulation, and the like for  
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