

Beautiful Trouble Publishing

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But You Can't
Make Him Kink
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To Denmark for the courage to resist

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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.

AUTHORS' NOTE

Originally, this book was part of the *Smack It, Flip It, Rub It Down* anthology. Each story has the same jump-off (a few pages that set the scene), but all are stand-alone tales.

PREMISE:

What the heck is the point of traveling all the way across oceans if you can't kick off some ish? While Denmark might not seem like a place where you'd find the Posse, no country, territory or hole in the ground is safe from these women. Down for a little adventure, they head to Billund—home of the *original* Legoland. They're not even there half an hour before the whole group is called on the carpet for daring to critique some of the exhibits. The authorities deliver a long-winded lecture on the history of the toy blocks, which is overshadowed by Jayha's eight-word response in much the same way as Everett's 13,607 word speech at Gettysburg was overshadowed by Lincoln's three-minute speech. Jayha's polite, "Respectfully speaking, you can kiss my whole ass," leads to the entire Posse's banishment from the park. While Jayha leaves, you know the rest of the Posse can't simply leave it at that. They want pictures to put in the scrapbook of Posse Misadventures. They get a long-distance hookup from Yazmin, who is still in Italy enjoying shopping and Italian hotties along with Reid. Leaving Laura, Shara and Raelynn to use their wiles to distract the guards, Jeanie and Dréa sneak in and get pictures...

And get caught. Blissfully unaware of how close her homies are to visiting Danish prison, Jayha's still at the small café where they left her enjoying hot chocolate. Only when she receives a call from the authorities does she realize what's going on. Rushing to the amusement park, she groans at the sight

before her. Besides blue jeans and leather jackets, the chicks are all sporting Viking horns. Taking a deep breath, she exhales and marches in, knowing this will not end well.

...And so the adventure begins.

THIS STORY IS LINKED TO THE FOLLOWING STORIES

- *Getting Dom'd* by Shara Azod
- *Spankable Susan* by Raelynn
- *Whip Appeal* by Reana Malori
- *Fit to be Tied* by Dréa Riley and Laura Guevara

The Jumpoff

Outside of Billund, Denmark, October

“Jayha, are you mad with us?” Dréa finally asked in the silence of the SUV they’d rented.

“I’m not mad. I’m fucking amazed y’all are allowed out without a bevy of armed guards,” Jayha said.

“We were just trying to help,” Jeanie said.

“I get that. What I don’t get is how y’all thought wearing Viking helmets and talking like pirates with Swedish accents was a good look and sound for ‘sneaking.’”

“We got caught up in the whole Scandinavian experience,” Shara said.

“The fact that we’re now banned from the entire city is a bit more than getting ‘caught up.’ You do realize that this is the second time in three trips that we’ve been kicked out of a place,” Jayha said.

“You can’t bring up Vegas every single time,” Dréa pouted.

“You almost burned down the Strip. Yeah, we *can* bring that up every time,” Jayha said.

“At least Vegas was warm,” Laura said. “Is it just me, or is anyone else getting cold?”

“It’s not just you, chica. I’ve got the heat set on ‘Inferno’ and I’m still chilly,” Jayha admitted.

“I’ve never seen a snowstorm so sudden or snow so thick,” Jeanie said as she pulled the hood up on her hoodie before settling her Viking horns back atop her head.

“It’s a good thing Reana found us alternate digs or I’d be more than a tad pissed,” Jayha said. “I certainly don’t relish spending the night in the truck.”

“Yay! Reana,” Raelynn led the other chicks in a cheer. The truck fairly rocked with the sound of the chicks clapping and stomping as they chanted Reana’s name. “Reana! Reana! Reana!”

“Hella initiation into the Posse.” Shara laughed.

“Yeah, but it’s a hella fun initiation,” Reana said.

“You are so one of us,” Jeanie said.

“Being that y’all are wearing horned helmets, I’m not so sure that’s a compliment,” Jayha added as she followed the instructions of the GPS and turned onto a lighted drive.

All smack-talking turned into oohs and ahhs as the ladies got their first proper glance of Resort TresNi. Breathtaking. Simply too damn beautiful for words. The sumptuousness of the log resort was

obvious, but none of them cared about that right now. They only cared that it looked warm.

“I hope they have valet parking,” Jayha said, “otherwise I’m going to park this truck right here. I can’t even see the parking area.” Putting the Suburban in park, she was glad to see the troupe of men who walked towards the 4x4. When they pointed to their badges that indicated they were employees of TresNi, she opened the door.

“Welcome to Lækkert,” one of the gentlemen said. “Go on in—we’ll get your luggage and park your vehicle.”

Hallelujah, she thought as she handed over the keys. She was about to make a mad dash inside when another employee covered her with a fur and took her arm so she wouldn’t fall. Immediately, she was enveloped by warmth. Now this was hospitality.

Twenty minutes later, they were sprawled over the furniture in Jeanie’s room flipping through the room service menu.

“Is it just me or is there a disproportionate number of really, smoking hot-ass men in the house?” Reana asked.

“It’s not you, chica. Every man I passed was a ten,” Raelynn agreed.

“Speaking of hot men. Did anyone else notice how many of them were wearing leather?” Shara purred.

“That’s like asking if we noticed that it’s cold outside,” Laura said.

“You’re lucky I need to get the feeling back in my body, else I’d be over there teaching you some manners, Texan,” Shara threatened.

“No messing with the Texans, Florida Girl,” Dréa began. “You know—” she started.

“Texas is the only state in the Union that could secede if they wanted to,” the rest of the Posse finished for her.

Jayha couldn’t help but laugh. Like all Texans Dréa was passionate about her state. “Let it go, chick. Y’all know good and damn well that y’all aren’t going any damn where regardless of how pissed off the other forty-nine states make you. And you know why? Because it’d put a serious ding in your sports machines. Hard to keep that Texas-Oklahoma rivalry going when it’s now an international game instead of an intercollegiate one.”

Their good-natured bickering was interrupted by a knock on the door. Being closest to the door, Jayha waited while the chicks secured their weapons before opening it. “Yes?” she said to the men who filled the doorway.

“Good evening, we’re the proprietors of TresNi. We wanted to welcome you to the city of Lækkert and to our humble resort. Being that it’s a little cold out, we also wanted to offer you complimentary hot beverages and sweets.”

“A little cold?” every occupant of the room asked.

“That’s like saying the Biblical Plagues were a small show of displeasure,” Jayha said.

“Yeah, what she said, but he said something about ‘hot beverages,’ so chastise him later and give us those hot drinks now,” Jeanie said.

Stepping back, she ushered them inside.

“We have coffee, hot chocolate, and hot toddies,” Blond Hotness said as he indicated the arrangement of drinks on the tray Brunet Hotness held. “And we have a selection of sweetbreads and cakes,” he added as he indicated the tray Black-Haired Hotness held.

Accepting a generous-sized mocha, Jeanie took a sip. Enjoying the feel of the savory chocolate, she knew it was no mix. Ah, the good stuff.

“Y’all definitely know how to do hospitality. You sure you’re not Southern?” Jayha asked.

“We’re sure, but we accept that for the compliment that it is,” Blond Hotness said.

“And you should take it as a compliment. Not everyone is born Southern. Sit a spell and talk to us for a minute,” she invited.

“We do not wish to intrude—” he began.

“You won’t be intruding; besides, we’re going to need you to top off our mugs in a little bit anyway,” Shara said.

They sat.

“This is damn good coffee. We’re going to have to make you honorary Southerners,” Raelynn said.

“And we’re not even going to make you marry your first cousin,” Jeanie said.

“Well, since we’ve been inducted into your family, now is probably a good time to tell you the rules of our family.”

“Besides no swinging naked from the chandeliers or stealing the towels, what other rules exist?” Laura asked.

“Hey, I was going to steal the towels, so why’d you bring that up?” Dréa pouted.

“Well, this is an, um, different kind of resort,” Blond Hotness said.

“Different how?” Reana asked.

“An adults-only resort. We require the utmost privacy for our guests and staff and thus have non-disclosure forms all are required to sign.”

“What kind of weird shit are y’all into?” Jeanie asked.

“Nothing weird—this is a resort where individuals are free to explore their sexuality.”

“While I don’t give a shit what consenting adults get into, I’m not only married, but I’m married to a crazy motherfucker who’ll tear your whole country a new asshole, so I suggest y’all keep your dicks and hands to yourselves,” Dréa said.

“And if we find out you have something nefarious planned for us, we’re going to have our friends—who know where we are—fuck up the rest of your Scandinavian neighbors,” Jayha said.

“Please, there’s no need for violence,” Blond Hotness said. “Might I continue explaining?”

“Yeah, but tread carefully or you might wake up in a pile of Texas-style ass whipping. In case you didn’t know: Don’t Mess With Texas,” Laura said.

“TresNi is a getaway for couples who want to rediscover themselves and for those who wish to explore other facets of their sexuality. We often host various workshops. This week we’re hosting a BDSM workshop.”

“So far, so good. We won’t stop you,” Raelynn said. “One thing Southerners are good at doing is minding our own damn business.”

“And fucking peeps up. Don’t forget that part,” Jeanie threw in.

“The problem is, being that this is BDSM Week, everyone attending is required to wear leather.”

“What if we don’t have any leather with us?” Raelynn asked.

“We’d have to punish you for being naughty,” Blond Hotness rasped.

“Ah, little boy. You overestimate your abilities and underestimate mine,” Shara said. I’m nobody’s sub.”

“Except when you’re under your Mr. You begging him to fuck you harder, longer, faster,” Raelynn threw in.

“Ah, sookie sookie,” Dréa laughed.

“Shut. Up. I’m seven feet tall—” Shara began.

“And three hundred pounds,” the girls finished. “We know, Napoleon.”

“We can mess with Shara later...and tell Mr. Her that she said she was his dom, but first we need to straighten this out,” Jayha said.

Turning to the trio of hotness, she fired off a question.

“Barring you trying to ‘punish’ us for failing to wear leather, what are the alternatives?”

“You could wear nothing. That’s also permissible at TresNi.”

“Or there’s option b,” Brunet Hotness said. “You could wear a strapping Dane who would like nothing more than to give you a proper welcome to Denmark.”

The silence was broken by Laura. “Well, I’m not married, so I might just have to take you up on that.” She smiled.

“Whore!” the rest of the room shouted.

“Jealous bitches,” Laura returned.

“I have a question,” Jayha asked.

“Yes, Ms. Leigh?”

“If TresNi is so damn exclusive and all, why allow us to reserve rooms?”

“The Internet has made the world a lot smaller. The reservationist recognized your names immediately and alerted me. I in turn jumped at the chance to have some of the top names in erotica at TresNi. I put it to my guests, and they were most delighted at the prospect of dining with you ladies.”

“Well damn,” Reana said.

“Yeah,” Dréa backed her up.

“Then what was all this business about the dress code. Is that true?”

“It is true. However, we keep plenty of leather on hand, so you see, all will be well.”

“While I appreciate your desire to have some erotic authors in the house, how do you know you can trust us?” Jayha asked.

“You are a worthy adversary, Ms. Leigh.”

“I am, but don’t let the innocent act the other chicks are putting on fool you. They’re straight badass.”

“Noted. The five-star hotel business is an exclusive industry, meaning there are few secrets among us. When I saw your names, I couldn’t help but think that women bold enough to get kicked out of Vegas were women I needed to meet.”

Smacking her hand to her head, Jayha moaned. Oh. My. Damn. “A BDSM workshop in the fucking middle of Denmark, and we happen to walk right in on it.”

“Do you want to find someplace else?” Reana asked.

“Um, no. In case you’ve missed it, this fucking lodge rocks, and it looks like the ushering in of another Ice Age out there. I’m staying my Southern ass right here,” Jayha said. It’s a good thing we’re all leather whores and allowed Yazmin to talk us into investing in a few more pair of ‘fuck me or fuck somebody up’ boots because anything we wear with those are going to roooooooooock,” Jayha said.

“Damn right,” Shara said as she twirled about in her borrowed leather outfit. “I might not steal their towels, but I hope they don’t think they’re getting this back. My ass looks fabulous in this skirt.”

“Try and behave tonight,” Jayha pleaded. “I already saved y’all from Danish prison once today.”

“We’ll be good. Now come on, I want to pick out the Dane I’m going to wear,” Laura said as she hurried them out of the room.

“It’s not polite to stare,” Jayha reminded the chicks as yet another wave of leather-clad hotties passed by them.

“Yeah, well, it’s not polite to be that fucking hot and expect us not to,” Raelynn said.

Seeing Shara’s eyes light up, she attempted to get in a preemptive objection. “We’re on vacation, so don’t even think it about calling a challenge,” she said.

“Don’t care. Not only am I calling challenge, I’m putting a twist on it,” Shara announced.

“And what would be the twist?” Reana asked.

“Considering the proprietors’ sense of humor”—they’d discovered that TresNi was Danish for sixty-nine—“and how they’re all amped to meet erotic authors, let’s give them more erotica than they can

handle. Instead of talking about our stories, let's tell them a story. Whoever gets a couple to come first from the telling of their story wins."

"What do we win?" Jeanie asked.

"Winner gets to pick the spot for the next Posse adventure...and I'll write them a story of their choice featuring any kind of hero they want. Who's in?" Shara asked.

Being that Shara had pretty much written all of them custom stories, no one was going to back out of a chance to get another custom story. Everyone was in. It was going to be an interesting adventure.

Chapter One

“I cannot believe you told the police officer that Denmark was the clitoris of Scandinavia. Are you *trying* to spend an evening in Danish prison?” Jayha asked.

“But Momma, that’s what my friends told me,” Jeanie whined.

“Well, you can tell them they’re all on restriction. When they come to Awau, I’m taking them out behind the woodshed. No one is going to be able to sit for a week. Fucking clitoris of Scandinavia. And asking them if Germany fingered their clitoris didn’t help the situation. The only reason some chick named Inga isn’t trying to make us all her bitch right now is because a—we’d kick her ass and b—there is no b, but that’s not the point.”

“I think the fact that we’re free tonight has more to do with me and Dréa singing, ‘Let My People Go.’”

Jayha just stopped and looked at her. Noticing the twitching of her momma’s eye, she listened to that little voice that was responsible for children everywhere staying alive and said nothing.

“I’m going to the dining room and ordering something with chocolate to calm my nerves. Do NOT

start anymore shit today, because I'm cold and out of iced tea."

"Kay," Jeanie said as she followed her momma.

Jeanie couldn't help but glance around at the hotties who seemed to simply appear out of the woodwork—and what nice woodwork it was, handmade if she were to hazard a guess.

"Oops, sorry," Jeanie said as she bumped into a woman who by the looks of things had just walked into the resort.

"No worries," the other woman said before asking, "Is it just me, or are there a disproportionate number of hot men in leather around here?"

"It's not you—there are heaps of hot men rocking leather." Jeanie smiled.

"Thanks. It's always good to get confirmation one isn't crazy."

"I know what you mean, although my momma might disagree with my assertion that me and my homies aren't crazy, being that she's not very happy with any of us right now."

"Who's your momma?"

"That lady over there."

"The one giving the hot waiter guy an earful of what for?"

"Yep, that'd be her."

“Yeah, she doesn’t look happy,” Era agreed. “What happened to put that ‘about to fuck somebody’s shit up’ look in her eye?”

“Nothing. All we did was get kicked out of an amusement park and banned from a city and suddenly she’s all mad,” Jeanie said.

“Oh my damn, you got banned from a city?” the woman asked.

“Yeah, it was a condition of our not being incarcerated. People seem to get their knickers in a knot when you compare their city to a clitoris.” Jeanie sighed as she began her tale.

Within five minutes the woman was crying...with laughter. “Clitoris of Scandinavia? Oh my damn! I wish I could’ve seen their faces.”

“Trust me, you don’t. They weren’t all that hot, especially after they had to spend half an hour chasing us down,” Dréa said as she and the rest of the Posse joined them.

“Okay, I don’t know you guys, but you are officially in my circle. I’m Era Udane,” the woman said to the group.

“Nice to meet you, Era. I’m Jeanie Johnson, and the rest of these crazy women are part of the Mother Fucker Please Posse.”

“You have a whole posse?”

“Yep.”

“What does your Posse do besides get banned from cities?” Era asked around her laughter.

“Mostly, just be freaking cool, although getting banned from cities seems to be a running theme. Somehow, we always find ourselves being run out of town,” Jeanie said.

“You’ve been run out of town before? Where?”

“Yeah, tell her where,” Jayha prompted with that superior look mommas wear.

“Vegas,” they said simultaneously.

“Get the fuck out! You were run out of Vegas? Sin City Vegas, not like some bastardized version of Vegas in some other state or country?”

“Sin City, Vegas,” Dréa admitted.

“Oh damn, I’m hanging with y’all.”

“Are my ears deceiving me, or did you just say ‘y’all’?” Jayha asked.

“Your ears aren’t deceiving you. I did indeed say ‘y’all,’ being I’m a good North Carolina girl.”

“You’re a Tarheel?” Jayha asked.

“Born and bred and when I die—” Era began.

“You’ll be a Tarheel dead,” Raelynn, her momma and Jeanie finished. “Small world. What brings you to Denmark?”

“My big sister. Thanks to me she got a sweet-ass job in Norway, and by extension of me being her little sister I got a free place to crash so I could check out

their many golf courses. I leave her alone for four days, and when I come back she's all knocked up with a litter of babies by some hot-ass Norseman."

"I don't think your sister would appreciate you referring to her babies as a litter," a man too hot for words said.

"And I don't think you actually 'think,'" Era said.

"You're right, because if I did I would've told Epoch 'hell no' when she asked me to pick you up on my way back."

"Yeah right, like you've ever told Epoch 'no' when you're too busy being all on her geology tip."

"Contrary to belief, I have told her 'no,' I just rarely have to being she's so reasonable—unlike yourself. I can't believe they let you out of your country."

"I can't believe someone hasn't run you out of yours. You're probably the reason that Norway isn't part of the EU."

"If you knew Norway better, you'd know that we choose not to be a member of the EU as we're members of the European Free Trade Association," Hotness said.

"I do know Norway better, but unfortunately I also know you, and as such I can't believe Iceland, Liechtenstein, and Switzerland haven't banned together and run Norway out of the European Free

Trade Association being you're a citizen of Norway. And I can't believe Jarl continues to be your friend. I'm going to try and talk him out of that because for someone not in my family, you're way too close to our family."

"Actually, even I can't believe I'm still Jarl's friend after this stunt. The real travesty is Epoch having you as a sister. I'm sure if she could've altered that without upsetting your parents she would have."

"Say something else!" Era jumped up. "Say something else and I won't be responsible for your going missing."

"Hey, now," her momma said as she grabbed Era before she could do any damage to Hotness. "No maiming."

"Why?" Era whined.

"Because if you fucked him up and he hit you back, then I'd be cold when I had to go outside and dig a hole to bury his ass in after we killed him, being we don't cotton to men putting their hands on women," her momma explained.

"No one ever lets me kill him," Era complained.

"I didn't say you couldn't kill him. I'm just suggesting you wait until better weather to kill him," her momma soothed Era.

"I do not strike women," Hotness said.

“I’m sure you don’t, but that tic in your jaw indicates you’re rather annoyed at the moment. Why don’t you go cool off somewhere so you can remain safe until such time as Era does decide to kill you,” Jeanie said helpfully.

“Allegedly,” the rest of the Posse threw in.

“And if you do end up coming to a bad end, we don’t know shit about it,” her momma added.

“I’m going to go check us in. Hopefully, I won’t see you until much, much later,” Hotness said before strolling off.

“Who is that man? And can we have him?” Laura asked.

“Dagr isn’t a man. He’s that stuff you scrape off of the bottom of your shoe,” Era said.

“If that’s the shit you scrape off the bottom of your shoe, then I’m moving to Scandinavia,” Laura said.

Chapter Two

“What do you mean there are no more rooms left?” Dagr growled.

“I mean there aren’t any more rooms. If you hadn’t shown up I would’ve let yours.”

“But it’s mine,” Dagr said.

“Yeah, and in case you didn’t notice there’s a raging blizzard outside. I might be a bastard, but I’m not going to simply turn travelers away. It’s cold out there. And with the BDSM conference going full swing, it’s hot in here.” Ívarr laughed.

“What am I supposed to do with the bane of my existence?”

“Put her in the room with you.”

Dagr scowled at his cousin, who was busy laughing his ass off at his predicament. Ívarr followed his laughter with a hearty clap on Dagr’s back, which would’ve sent him flying across the room if he hadn’t been ready for it.

“What’s the matter, cousin? I know you’re not fond of the BDSM lifestyle, but you are fond of women. Are you telling me you can’t handle *one* woman?”

As he heard the group of women Era had situated herself with, Dagr's scowl deepened. It seemed like the snowstorm had stranded a lot of people, including the group referred to as the Mother Fucker Please Posse. Trust Era to gravitate to the craziest people in the place. At that moment Era and her newfound best friends looked his way, then went back to laughing. More than likely they were laughing *at* him, but he was past caring. He was tired, hungry, and more agitated than he'd ever been. And Jarl and Epoch owed him. They owed him big for his refusal to follow his gut and leave Era's ass in Denmark. But no, he had a heart, and when Epoch had called him and asked him to pick up her sister who was in Denmark doing who knows what, he couldn't say "no" when he was already in Denmark and he had a private jet just waiting at the airport to take him back. Recalling Epoch's earlier statement about dibsing him for her sister, he was reconsidering being her friend.

Era was like a magnet for unbelievable shit. Being a golf aficionado, he could understand her wanting to visit Denmark's renowned golf courses. But only Era would be there during a freak blizzard. And, since she was a variable in the equation, of course the only fucking accommodation to be had was two hours away from the airport at his cousin's BDSM resort. And of course there would only be one room. Good

fucking thing he was a Siberian tiger, because having already shared a vehicle with her for two hours, sharing a room with her would've pushed him over the edge. And then he would've had to explain to Epoch why her sister had gone missing and lose his best fucking geologist in the process.

"You think you can do a better job? You're welcome to look after her," Dagr said as he removed his heavy wool overcoat and threw it at his cousin. Pausing to remove his gloves, he taunted, "Of course, Jaden might not like that."

"Jaden knows who the alpha is in this mating," his cousin groused.

"You're right about that. She does. While she might let you pretend to run TresNi...she certainly runs its owner."

Ívarr threw his dark head back and laughed heartily, again smacking Dagr on the back, which had Dagr gritting his teeth even harder than he already was. "Why does everyone think you have no personality when you're such a comedian?" Ívarr asked.

Dagr was about to say something when yelling interrupted him a moment before the swinging door opened and the voluptuous woman in question stalked towards them.

“You need to do something with those so-called chefs, Ívarr. How many times am I going to have to show them how to make iced tea? That’s the problem with you Danes. You don’t know how to make sweet tea for shit. If you Danes and King Christian X hadn’t been so kickass in your rescue of the Danish Jewish population, I’d take this country over and make it part of the Commonwealth of Virginia,” Jaden spat. She was mid tirade when she spotted him.

“Dagr, you hot stud!” Jaden said as she ran up to him.

Jaden Ius Brynjar was quite a woman, which was why his cousin had mated with her with all due haste. The feisty woman hadn’t been at TresNi for more than a few days when she was caught beating some man to within an inch of his life for fucking with her. She would’ve killed that man if his cousin hadn’t interfered. That action had permanently put Ívarr on Jaden’s shit list. But it didn’t stop Ívarr from going after her.

Watching her bright gray eyes twinkle with amusement, Dagr couldn’t help but like her. Hugging her back, he accepted her twin kisses on his cheeks and her good-natured ribbing. “If I’d known you were coming, I would’ve worn some tighter leather,” she said.

“If I’d known you were here, I would’ve alerted you and we’d both be coming,” he said.

“We can remedy that now...that is, if you can go in the kitchen and make those chefs whip up some decent sweet tea.”

“Ah, you wound me, Jaden. You only want me for my ability to threaten people to bend to your will.”

“Do not, but I will admit the way you beat people into submission is hot.”

“You southerners and your violent ways,” he teased.

Knowing how pissed Ívarr was getting, he pulled her to him again and smiled over the top of her head, which wasn’t hard for him despite the fact that she stood six foot two inches tall in her bare feet.

“Weren’t you about to go do something else, somewhere else?” his cousin growled.

“I was, but now I have to threaten your sorry chefs into making my Jaden some drinkable tea.”

“Yay!” Jaden said before slipping out of his arms. “I’m going to the kitchen to let them know you’ll be there to beat their asses in two minutes.” Passing his cousin, she punched him in the stomach. “You didn’t tell me Dagr was visiting.”

“You didn’t ask,” his cousin said. Turning to him, Ívarr growled. “You’re dangerously close to losing your life, Dagr.”

“You’ve been saying that for two years. Jaden isn’t about to let you hurt me.”

Anything else he might’ve said was cut off by Jaden’s demand. “Mr. Hot for No Reason, get your ass in gear and bring my man with you.”

“You said I had two minutes,” he said as he walked towards the kitchen.

“Yeah, well, that was before. Now move your ass. Two males threatening lives is so much more efficient...and hot.”

As soon as he and Ívarr stepped into the kitchen, every chef ran to do Jaden’s bidding. Miraculously, pots of boiling water appeared along with tea bags. Sugar was being poured into the hot brew and glasses of ice were being set.

“See, that’s what I thought,” Jaden said to the chefs. “Now if I have to bring the Brynjar males back in here, I’ll also be bringing a forensics team because there’s going to be piles of ass-whipping all over this kitchen. Feel me?”

Hearing their “yes ma’am’s,” Jaden smiled and turned to him.

“Oh baby, you’re so hot when you’re part of my army. Why hasn’t some smart woman snapped you up yet?” Jaden asked.

“Since you won’t have me, I’ve decided to recommit myself to being a confirmed bachelor,” Dagr answered with a shrug.

Jaden pinched his cheek like he was a lad instead of an alpha male Siberian tiger shifter.

“That sounds like a fancy way of saying you’re gay,” Ívarr said helpfully.

“If it is, then you must’ve been gay for years, considering you’re a good ten years older than me and you just recently mated with Jaden,” Dagr pointed out.

“I wanted Jaden the moment I saw her,” his cousin said.

“Yeah, and so did most of the males in the territory. If I was a betting male, I’d say that half of them still want her. So if I were you, I’d sleep with one eye open lest one of them take her from you,” he said before winking at Jaden.

Having stirred up enough shit with Ívarr, Dagr decided it was time to go. “Don’t kill him, Jaden...unless he begs you prettily. Thorn in my side, if you need me I’ll be in the forest,” Dagr said before turning and walking through the employee exit of the kitchen.

Chapter Three

In tiger form, Dagr stretched his body, enjoying the stretching of muscles that had been tight with tension. Lolling in the snow, he was the picture of a happy tiger. Lifting his head, he opened his mouth wide and stuck out his tongue to taste the crisp, freezing air. This was the life. The snow-covered ground and trees hid his Siberian tiger form from prying eyes. Every now and then the full moonlight would highlight his eyes, making them glint amber despite the dark blue irises.

Dagr was unaware of how long he enjoyed his Arctic escapade before his peace was interrupted by Ívarr, who was also in tiger form.

“What the hell?” Dagr spoke via their telepathic link when Ívarr tackled him to the ground.

“You have to come back now!” Ívarr growled and swatted at him to drive his point home.

“Why? Wasn’t it you who said you could handle Era?” Dagr said as he rolled onto his back and waved his big claws in the air.

“If you don’t want Epoch to go Subira on you, then you’ll get your fat ass out of the snow and back to the resort,” he said.

Jarl's sister-in-law, Subira, was used as a bogeyman figure to keep tigers in line. Having finally met her, he understood why. If Ívarr was invoking her name, the situation was indeed serious. Sighing, Dagr got to his feet and ran back to the resort and wondered what kind of chaos he was running into.

Arriving at the door of the private entrance, Dagr pulled on his clothes.

"Hurry up. I don't want those psycho wolves and bears fucking our place up just because you're a pussy," Ívarr snarled.

Dagr stepped into the ballroom where Ívarr had informed him his "female" was causing havoc. Denying that Era was his female, he wondered what the hell she could be doing to shifters that was Subira name-dropping worthy. And then he saw her. Era was riding a Russian wolf shifter (in human form) like a fucking horse!

Era rode on the broad back of the big guy named Vladimir. A big hunk of fine, he'd been trying to buck her off of his muscled back. It might've worked if she hadn't spent a summer in Texas on a ranch and if he didn't have such lovely long hair to hold onto. In the middle of a particularly fast turn, Era felt a tingling

sensation. Turning her head, she caught sight of Dagr, who did not look happy at all...which was his usual appearance.

“Hey, Dagr!” She waved to him just to piss him off.

That was when she noticed the expressions on the faces of all who occupied the room. She might be the only one playing “pony,” but all eyes were on Dagr.

“Release her,” Dagr commanded. His voice was normally deep, but his command held a hint of darkness. And not milk chocolate dark but ninety percent chocolate dark. Being a fan of dark chocolate, she couldn’t help but be affected. Damn it all to hell if she didn’t feel a need to squeeze her thighs together that had nothing to do with trying to retain her seat on the big Russian. Vladimir walked over to Dagr without even breathing hard, although they’d been at this for the last ten minutes or so.

As impressive as Vlad’s stamina was, Era couldn’t help but watch Dagr, who was staring at Vladimir like he was going to...do some damage...for giving her a ride? Where was the harm in that? She was about to speak up when Vladimir moved her around his body like she weighed nothing and stood her in front of him. Era watched Dagr’s top lip curl, but he said nothing.

“Do you have a problem with her playing?” Vladimir asked with a thick accent.

“I have a problem with her playing with you,” Dagr said.

Era was sure she’d heard every word, but from the strain on both men’s faces, something had gone down.

“Is she not free to do as she wishes, as she claimed?” Vlad asked.

“Damn skippy,” Era agreed with her new friend.

Dagr didn’t move a muscle, but she felt the shift in the vibe. *What was going on here?*

“She is not claimed for a reason,” Dagr said.

“Because you’re a pussy?” Vladimir asked Dagr with a grin that showed off sharp-looking teeth she wondered how she’d failed to notice.

“With bigger teeth and claws than you...*volk*.” Dagr practically spat the last word.

Era wondered why Dagr was being an extra asshole to her new friend and what the fuck “volk” meant, because he spat that shit like it was a racial slur.

“You wish to challenge me, *teegr*?”

“You are not worth my energy.” Dagr’s lip curled again.

Vladimir supplied a retort in a language she wasn’t familiar with. Dammit, she wanted to know

what the fuck was being said, because this shit looked like a good fight in the making. She didn't have time to ponder what was going on, because a split second later Dagr grabbed her and threw her behind him. Then he smashed his fist into Vladimir's face, sending her pony flying across the room. Oh shit. *Poor Vlad*, one part of her consoled, but it was drowned out by the other side of her that was busy getting turned on. Epoch had told her about the time Dagr had put some dude in his place for disrespecting her, but she hadn't believed how impressive it was...until right now. Seeing Dagr in "fuck someone up" mode, she wondered what the fuck was wrong with Epoch that she didn't jump all over Dagr. Still, she was glad she hadn't, because Era suddenly wanted to do nothing more than throw Dagr down and ride him all night long.

Instead of being pissed at Dagr's high-handedness, she found herself going all girly. Suddenly, she wanted to snuggle into him. Her fantasies were interrupted by a black woman who gently took her hand.

"I think you should come with me, babe."

"But I want to watch..." Era began.

"No, you can't. What you can do is get someone killed. If you get hurt, they're going to have to shut this place down while a Haz-Mat team cleans up all the carnage."

“She is correct. I would never forgive myself if any harm came to you...nor would I allow anyone who caused that harm to remain alive,” Dagr said.

Era got all hot and bothered at his words...and the look in his midnight blue eyes that were flashing fire.

Dragged to some good seats, she smiled seeing the ladies of the MFPP. Before she could comment, she was shushed and handed some popcorn and a cold glass. Sipping it, she smiled, tasting sweet tea. *Where the hell did they get a southern cook?* she wondered as a group of big motherfuckers surrounded them.

“Hey, you’re blocking the view,” Jeanie complained around a mouthful of her popcorn.

They were, but since she could still see Dagr she didn’t give a shit.

“Shouldn’t you, like, break that up?” the woman on the lap of a man who looked remarkably like Dagr asked.

“I wouldn’t dream of denying Dagr his fun,” the man replied.

“Are you southern?” Era asked the man despite his Scandinavian accent.

Dagr watched the wolf get to his feet with a grace inherent to their species. Working his jaw that he knew had to be throbbing, the wolf simply smiled and warned him.

“Consider your actions, *teegr*.”

Feeling the other shifters spread out, Dagr didn’t even blink.

“You are on my family territory, and you choose to fight me...so fight, *volk*.”

Being that there were humans around, they had to fight in human form, but that wouldn’t be a problem for him as he was just as deadly in either form. Dagr knew the wolves thought they outnumbered the tigers, but they were sorely mistaken. They might have plenty of wolves in the lodge, but they obviously didn’t count the tigers outside of the lodge.

Dagr moved towards the nearest wolf and hit him hard in the face and kicked the other wolf in the chest. The bear came at him from behind. Dagr eluded him, but his shirt fell victim to the bear. Shrugging out of his now useless shirt, Dagr slammed his fist into the bear’s face and threw him against the sturdy log wall to help his concussion along. Just to make sure the bear would make good use of the healer, he used the bear’s face as a hold, and lifted him up before slamming the bear’s bloodied body back to the floor.

Quickly gaining his feet, Dagr dodged the swinging fist meant for the back of his head and kicked the wolf's knee out. He smiled upon hearing the satisfying crack as the tendon and bone gave way. The wolf unleashed his claws, but Ívarr's voice rang out before he had a chance to use them.

"Put them away or deal with me in addition to dealing with my cousin," Ívarr warned from somewhere next to him. Though he was normally laidback male, when Ívarr's temper was pricked it spelled doom for some unlucky bastard. And make no mistake about it, Ívarr's temper was pricked. What was supposed to be a one-on-one fight had ended up an interspecies rumble with six against one. He could easily take them and his cousin knew it, but nevertheless Ívarr was angry over the insult.

"I suggest you do as my cousin said," he said as he slowly cut off the wolf's air supply. Though the wolf went limp, Dagr did not relent. Picking him up, Dagr threw him across the dance floor before finally turning to look at the wolf who had started it all.

"Not such a pussy after all, *teegr*," the Russian said, his yellow eyes betraying how close he was to shifting.

Dagr didn't say anything. He simply watched as the Russian's eyes flicked to his left side. Hearing Ívarr's mumbled "what the fuck?" he stepped back and

saw the reason for his cousin's displeasure. None other than Era, Jaden, and Era's new group of friends stood at the edge of the action.

"Don't mind us...we just need to do this one thing," they said before turning to Era. "Here you go, Era, slick up your man," one of them told Era whilst handing her a bottle of...*baby oil!*

Era didn't waste any time as she poured a liberal amount of the oil into her hands before rubbing them together and rubbing the oil into the skin of his torso. Dagr swallowed hard, suddenly finding it hard to breathe as he watched the desire burning in Era's eyes. Though he wanted nothing more than to be skin-to-skin with Era, he enclosed her hands in his fists. "Era, you can't touch me," he rasped.

"Yes, I can," she sing-songed.

"I'm not like those pussies you're used to. I'm an alpha male. If you touch me, know that you're giving me consent."

"Consent to do what?" she asked saucily.

"Consent to do *whatever* I want," he growled in her ear. "For as long as I want."

"Ah, it's so cute the way you assume you can handle me. When you're finished playing with your little friends...and if I'm not busy, you bring it on," she said as she broke free from his hold and massaged the oil onto his chest.

Dagr swore time stopped. Clenching his jaw, he called upon every bit of his willpower to stop himself from throwing her to the ground and marking her with his teeth as he powered into her body. Era played his body like a concert pianist...with precision. From the challenging look she shot him and the smirk on her face, she knew she got to him.

“You missed a spot,” the woman who’d been laughing with Era earlier said. He had no idea where she was pointing until he felt Era tweak one of his flat nipples.

He drew in a deep breath, and before he could throw her to the floor she winked at him and walked off with the group of women. He watched her walk all the way back to her seat. How could he watch anything else when Era had such a tempting ass? Gaining her seat, she looked at him and gave him two thumbs up.

His musings were interrupted by the wolf. “*Teegr*, why not end this now? I know that female is not interested, and we were only *playing*.”

Dagr didn’t wait for any more shit to come out of the wolf’s mouth. He simply went at him like a crazy man. With his fists flying and connecting, the wolf had no comeback, and it was all over in a matter of seconds. He was tempted to kill the wolf but stopped himself. Barely. He now understood the jealousy that Jarl, Óðinn, and Ívarr felt in regards to their women.

With his knee choking the oxygen from the wolf's body, Dagr decided to leave the Russian with some words of wisdom.

"After this conference, stay away from Brynjar territory."

Straightening, he walked away from the wolf and to his future, who was standing in the midst of her new friends and cheering like crazy.

"Oh girl, you are getting that ass of yours tapped tonight! Probably all night," Jeanie said loud enough for everyone to hear. All the ladies threw in their own comments, lewd remarks and encouragement.

They quieted as Dagr in all his dark glory stalked their way. His hair moved with his body like a second skin. It was probably due to the combination of baby oil and sweat, but his eyes seemed to glow with heat and passion. Era didn't care that she was staring. Dagr was good to look at, and he got better looking with every step that brought him to her. He didn't slow as he neared them; he merely snatched her up mid-stride and walked off with her.

Dagr kicked the door closed and strode to the bed.

“Are you going to lock that?” Era asked.

“No one would dare enter my den without seeking my permission, especially when I have my female inside,” he said as he lowered her to the massive four-poster bed.

“Now I’m your female when you were threatening to leave me stranded in the snow not even two hours ago. And you beat up my new friends.”

Reeling back in horror, Dagr spoke. “I did not touch any of those women, and whoever has is about to fucking die.”

He was all set to go avenge the crazy posse of women when Era’s laughter stopped him. “Not those friends, my pony and his boys.”

Did his female just bring up another male when she was in his bed? In his den? Getting all up in her face, he spoke. “Let me make something clear, Era. You are *my* female.”

“Maybe,” she sassied.

Ah, Era was going to be difficult. He didn’t rage. There was no need to. Era was his female. It might’ve taken him seeing her touching another male to realize that, but there it was. Dr. Era Udane was his mate, and he wasn’t about to let anything come between them. That included the scant time they’d known each other

or the bullshit objections he was sure she'd toss at him...along with a brick or two.

He'd gladly take anything she threw at him...after they were mated. And they were definitely going to be mated. First, he had to let her know who she was dealing with. Looking deep into her eyes, he simply smiled at her, being sure to show fang...all of his fangs.

Instead of backing down like he'd expected, the crazy female simply smiled back at him...and used her pointer fingers to make imaginary fangs of her own. "Grr, motherfucker," she said.

Dagr couldn't help it. He threw back his head and laughed. From the scowl on her face, she didn't appreciate his mirth one fucking bit. Good, because he didn't appreciate her touching any other male. Growling, he pulled her to him and bit out a warning.

"You want to tell me how you ended up riding the wolf?"

"Vlad's a wolf?" she asked.

"Yes, but I'm a Siberian tiger, and tiger trumps wolf every time."

"Ooh, inter-species smack talking. You're just a big pussy and he's a fancy dog, and neither of you are southern so you shouldn't be talking shit," she said.

“The only pussy I see in here is this one,” he said as he unsheathed his claws and ripped her jeans and panties from her delectable body. “And it belongs to me,” he added as he dipped his head and located her clit with his tongue.

“Big talk for an overgrown cat,” Era said.

The female just kept pushing. *Didn't she know one should never toy with a tiger?* Dagr didn't respond verbally; instead he simply let his tongue and mouth speak for him. His words didn't seem to garner the response he wanted. His technique, however, did elicit some interesting sounds that would've made any feline proud. Using long strokes to lick her sex, he felt her come apart beneath his mouth.

“Son of a bitch,” Era moaned as Dagr thrust his tongue as deeply as possible and curled the tip upwards. He continued to cover her clit with long, slow swipes. Taking his time, he pursed his lips and lashed at her clit while holding the bundle of pleasure nerve endings trapped in his mouth.

Era's taste was almost beyond description. She tasted like his favorite treats—snow cream and fresh melons. And above that, she tasted like his. Era was addictive. While his cronies might think he needed a twelve-step program to remove her from his system, Dagr wouldn't need rehabilitation for his addiction to his mate.

He purred as the taste of her cream exploded on his taste buds. The combination of the sounds of her pleasure combined with the reaction of her body struck him dead center in his ego. Something told him Era didn't let go for just anyone. Though he continued to drink from her, he felt like roaring his triumph from the peaks of Galdhøpiggen.

"You motherfucker," Era gasped even as she thrust her voluptuous hips up into his mouth, seeking more pleasure.

Wanting to tip her even further over the edge, Dagr purred deep into her pussy. He knew she'd be able to feel his purr all over her body, from her chocolate-capped nipples to the tips of her manicured toes. Pushing her thighs further apart, he slid two fingers inside of her wet sex and stroked her deep.

As Era rode his fingers, Dagr moved his mouth away from her pussy and nuzzled one of her thick thighs. With the taste of her sweet cream forever embedded in his taste bud memory, he licked lazily at the skin of her inner thigh. Era was still busy calling him all sorts of names, but he was more concerned with what he was about to do than instructing her on the proper respect one should show an alpha Siberian tiger. She would learn...and knowing Era, she would ignore all of that and treat him like she always did...like she was his boss.

He smiled against her thigh. Era might think she was in charge, but he was alpha. He had warned her of what she was to him. Instead of backing down, she'd challenged him, thus sealing their fate. She wasn't coy or shy but a dominant woman, demanding everything. And she would receive it...every single day of their joined lives.

He opened his mouth wide so that the tip of his fangs rested against the silky skin of his mate's inner thigh. A few more thrusts of his fingers and he felt the telltale clamp of Era's pussy moments before he felt the rippling of her orgasm as it rolled through her body. Taking the accompanying curses she slung at him as his cue, he sank his fangs into Era's thigh, which triggered another orgasm on top of the one she was already experiencing.

"W-w-w-what the fuck!?" Era screamed around her pleasure as she felt Dagr's teeth penetrate the skin of her thigh. She was about to demand he answer her when she suddenly found herself caught in the middle of an avalanche of pleasure. Reaching out for an anchor, she grabbed onto Dagr's luxurious locks. She gripped his hair so hard she was sure it would look like he'd been shedding, but she didn't let go. Especially as

he wasn't either. Dagr held onto her thigh like Caesars held onto their wine cups. And he drank from her like winners of the Indianapolis 500 drank the ceremonial milk—with gusto.

Era's body was still shaking when she felt Dagr lick at the bite mark he'd made. Feeling him slide his fingers from her, she watched as he licked them clean. Perhaps "watch" wasn't an accurate description, as Dagr's eyed bored into her as if he was compelling her. She couldn't look anywhere else, didn't want to look anywhere else. Even as he licked his fingers, he used his other hand to keep her on the edge of another orgasm. Finally, Dagr looked away. Lowering his head, he touched his lips to her pussy yet again and licked. At the first swipe of his tongue she was hurtled into another orgasm.

Perhaps if she'd been a little less distracted, she would've paid attention when she felt him lick her opposite thigh. But she couldn't pay attention to shit, especially when he pulled back and spanked her clit. Already deep in the throes of an unparalleled pleasure, she wasn't sure it could get any better. Dagr proved her wrong. Not only did it get better, it continued to get better. He intermittently spanked her clit before licking away the sting. His actions brought her closer and closer to orgasm. When she was about to hit him for his extensive teasing, Dagr delivered a series of

quick, sharp spans that had her orgasming again! And in the midst of it, Dagr penetrated her other thigh with his fangs, sending her spiraling through a double helping of the pleasure that only her tiger could produce.

“If you bite me one more fucking time—” Era started before he licked her into quiet.

“You’ll lie back and take it,” he said.

“I don’t have to take shit from you, especially when I’m not sure you can handle me, Dagr. Perhaps you should attend some of those BDSM panels to get some pointers,” she pant-groaned even as her body sought his mastery.

“A—I am not a follower of the BDSM lifestyle. B—From your cries of pleasure, it is obvious that I do not need any pointers on how to please a female.”

“How do you know? Maybe all of the women in your past were faking it. Maybe I’m faking it,” she said.

“You are the only female who concerns me. And while there are many things I am uncertain of, the one thing I am absolutely certain of is that you will never have the opportunity to fake your pleasure with me,” he said as he blew on her sex.

“Whatever,” she said. “You don’t have anything that every other male has...ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhh...OH MY GOODNESS!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!”

Feeling Era’s reaction as she once again succumbed to the pleasures his tongue provided, Dagr couldn’t help but smirk. Laughing against her clit, he continued to indulge in her honey before embarking on a leisurely journey over the terrain of her curves via his tongue and hands. He enjoyed the journey as Era was so responsive to his touch. Her sounds of pleasure guided him the whole way.

Making his way to her mouth, he caged her in with his body. Pausing, he took a moment to appreciate the chocolate lushness beneath him. Not counting himself, Era wore nothing but her sass. Though she didn’t need any artifice or decoration, Dagr couldn’t help but imagine her neck adorned with a diamond and platinum snowflake necklace...along with his mark. Sure, she already wore his mark on both of her inner thighs, but she would wear it many more places before this night was over. Leaning down, he nipped her ear before whispering naughty words into it. “Does that feel good, Era?”

“Does what feel good?” she whisper-moaned.

“This,” he said as he plunged two thick fingers in her sex and suckled the tips of a full breast into his mouth.

“Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh, Dagr,” Era moaned.

He could hear that sound every moment for the rest of his life and never grow tired of it. As such, he decided that he was going to hear a lot more of it before he allowed Era to leave his room. Placing a hand on her hip, he pulled her form closer as he covered her mouth with his. “I’m going to take that as a ‘yes,’” he said before taking her lips.

“You can take it any way you want, but I won’t admit to shit,” she said as she pulled his face down and deepened their kiss.

Pulling back, he chuckled into her mouth. “You won’t have to admit anything. Your screams of pleasure will alert everyone in the resort to what I know.”

“And what’s that?” the little minx asked as she raked her nails across his chest.

“That you’re mine,” he said as he nuzzled the area between her neck and shoulder and bit down as he thrust into her.

Holding nothing back, he powered into her, spiraling her into another orgasm. She panted out her pleasure even as her body demanded more. Despite the fact that he was giving her everything she wanted, he wasn’t surprised when she made her opinion known.

“Stop...using me...as a fucking...chew toy... motherfuck...er!” Era yelled as his hips crashed into hers, giving them both pleasure.

“Stop liking it then,” he said as he licked the area he’d just marked.

Era was doing everything within her power to remain conscious. Everything because she didn’t want to miss one second of the pleasure Dagr was heaping upon her. Still, she couldn’t let him just get by with his manhandling of her person despite how fucking good he was giving it to her. Telling him off only got her a smartass answer in response. He punctuated his response with a smirk.

Oh hell no, she thought as she threw her hips at him. Dagr had thrown down the gauntlet, and she could do nothing less than catch it mid-throw and toss it back at him. He wasn’t the only one who could bring it. If he wanted to play rough, she’d play rough right back. Digging her nails into his shoulders, she scratched her pleasure into his muscular arms and powerful back.

Instead of telling her to be careful of her claws, he arched his back and purred. The feral look in his eyes combined with his sounds of pleasure alerted her

to the fact that he liked what she was doing. Hell, she liked it too, so she did it some more. Tightening her thighs around him, she met Dagr thrust for thrust, nip for nip, and roar for roar. She let her desire burn in her eyes, scratched her pleasure in his back, and he chuckled and gave her everything she needed.

“Harder,” the smug bastard ordered her as his cock hammered in and out of her, stretching her so wide.

Era glared at him. Unsure of exactly what he wanted her to do “harder,” she did everything harder...and Dagr went buck wild. The veins in his neck stood out in bas relief as he thrust her into her third orgasm since his cock had taken up residence inside of her pussy. She couldn’t complain. Well, she could, but why would she when it was clear Dagr held nothing back. The sheen of sweat on his body, the determination burning in his eyes and the thundering of his heart stood as testimony to his willpower. He was in it to win it...but so was she.

When Dagr leaned down to kiss her, she avoided his too-talented lips by moving her head to the side. Before he could finish his growl of disapproval, she opened her mouth wide, bit down on the muscle that was between his shoulder and neck and achieved her goal. Anarchy.

Pleasure poured over Dagr. Era made him feel so damn good, so. Fucking. Damn. Good. And then she bit him. Momentarily dumbstruck, he slowed his thrusts, but then the realization of what she'd done drove him to a place he'd never before been: out of control. His mate had marked him. The control he prided himself on was completely obliterated at the feel of his mate's teeth. Just when he thought it couldn't get any better, she dragged her teeth over the mating mark.

Mustering every bit of his will, Dagr held off his own climax. Feeling his mate tighten around him once again, he threw his hips into overdrive and plundered her body like she'd plundered his whole being. Though she was coming, he wanted to wring one more orgasm out of her. Era tightened around his cock, her nails ripped ribbons out of his back, but he wanted more. Continuing to thrust into her with everything he had, he waited for her to topple over the same cliff he was on. Screaming his name, she fell, and he let go of that last bit of control and jumped after her. They both free fell into their simultaneous climax, and being that his job was to protect her always, he caught her right before she hit the bottom. Throwing back his head, he emitted a roar that shook everything in the room, including his soul.

His heartbeat still thundering in his chest, Dagr collapsed onto the bed. Unwilling to let Era go, he turned and drew her deeper into his embrace. Accomplishing that without withdrawing from her body, he couldn't help but smirk. Concentrating on getting his breath and his control back, he was almost there when he felt the nibbles from Era's teeth. His body tightened, his breathing accelerated, and the little bit of control he'd built up threatened to dissipate.

"I've marked you, Dagr. That makes you mine," Era said proudly as she pushed his hair back so she could look into his face.

Dagr didn't need a mirror to know the expression on his face was a mixture of danger and joy. He was joyful that Era wanted him; he was dangerous to anyone who would interfere with that.

"Until the end of time," he said.

Though he knew some kind of smartass remark was coming, the tears that sprang to her eyes let him know how much his words affected her.

"I suppose I'm going to have to make an honest pussy out of you," she said as she wriggled her ass against him.

Lightly spanking her clit, he responded. "You suppose right."

“Well, being that I’m doing something for you, it’s only fair that you do something for me,” she said.

“Name it. Your wish—within reason—is my command,” he replied.

“Well, I demand sustenance, immediately, so I can make an honest pussy out of you some more!”

Jaden slapped her mate’s grabby hands as she added more food to the final platter she was preparing for Era and Dagr. Pouting because that was what he did, Ívarr distracted her in the most delicious ways.

“Ívarr, I will smack you in the head if you grab my ass again!” Jaden swore at her mate without heat.

“How about I smack your ass while you cream all over me?” Ívarr suggested lewdly as he pushed up against her.

Though her body screamed at her, Jaden chose to ignore him. Remembering the hunger she’d had after her own mating, she was determined to get food up to the newly mated couple. Making one last check of the food-laden trolley, she added two gallons of sweet tea before placing the stack of papers on top.

“Make yourself useful and open the doors for me,” Jaden ordered Ívarr, who did what he was told despite all his mumbling.

Ívarr tried to step into the elevator with her, but she hell-no'd that idea with the quickness. Getting into any small space with her mate usually ended with one of them on his or her back.

"I'll be good," he promised.

"I know, and that's why you need to get your hot ass to our bedroom. I'll be there as soon as I drop this off. Ring Dagr and let him know I'm on my way up."

Pulling out his cellular phone, Ívarr dialed his cousin's suite. "Asshole," was all Ívarr said before disconnecting the call.

Jaden simply shook her head. At least he was learning to be nicer, she thought as the elevator doors closed.

Era thumped her fist against her mate's chest. He didn't even try and stop her; he simply caught her hand before she could hit him again and pressed kisses to her knuckles. Dagr might be hot, sexy, and fine and make love like a man on fire, but the cat was damn infuriating.

"What was that for?" he asked lazily.

"You're smirking," she said.

"Well, why shouldn't I be after a performance like that?" He laughed.

Straddling his chest, she held his hands above his head and used her weight to press him into the mattress. Instead of lying back and letting her have her way with his hot body, he rubbed his face between her breasts and went to purring.

“Stop that!” she snapped at him like that was going to do any good.

Dagr simply ignored her and licked his way from one breast to the next, nibbling on her like she was candy. Era lost herself for a moment and rubbed her pussy against him.

“Ohhh,” she moaned as her head dropped forward.

Too tired to do any more, she stretched out and rested her head on Dagr’s shoulder. Seeing her mark on him reminded her she had a point to make. Era let Dagr swipe at her nipple with his talented tongue once more before pulling her breasts away from his distracting mouth. Dagr growled and pouted, and she laughed in his face.

“No more playing until I get my sustenance,” Era scolded.

“I know a great hearty snack that could sustain you,” Dagr said as he arched into her.

“Food now, kitty!” Era commanded.

“Jaden is getting out of the elevator with our food now,” Dagr said.

Era gave him a “yeah, right” look but had to change it to a “WTF” look when she heard the knock on the door. Grabbing a sheet and wrapping it around her, she threw the comforter on top of Dagr as she made her way to the door. “That’s my stuff under that blanket, and unless you want me to streak naked through this resort, you’ll keep my stuff under that blanket.”

“You sound jealous,” he smirked.

“Well, you look ravished, so shut up,” she said as she answered the door.

“Oh, thank you soooo much, Jaden” Era said excitedly as she spied the sweet tea on the trolley.

“Any time. You didn’t hurt him, did you?” Jaden asked.

“Only as much as he begged me to,” she said.

“Don’t believe those lies, Jaden,” Dagr said from the bed.

“I’ll believe my own ears.” Jaden laughed as she handed her a stack of papers before making her exit.

“Messages from your sister and my ex-best friend?” Dagr asked.

“Or not,” she said as she thumbed through them. “More like messages from my fan club.”

“Come again?”

“Oh, I will, and so will you,” she said as she handed him the stack of notes.

Pouring herself a glass of iced tea, she sat and watched her man. She was hungry, but she didn't want to miss Dagr's reaction. It was going to be the kind of thing that kept her warm at night.

"We're not asking for particulars, we just want to know when you're going to lead a workshop on whatever it is you did that had your man roaring down all of Scandinavia," Dagr growled.

Epilogue

Two days later, Healing Chambers at TresNi Resort

Jarl couldn't help but grimace at the assembled pile of ass-whipping that littered the healing chamber, even though he was the puppet master behind it.

"You fucking owe us, dude," Vlad said.

"For what?" Jarl asked as if he didn't see and appreciate the state of fucked up they were in. He almost felt bad for their pain. Almost. He didn't know Dagr would go so far for a female he proposed to hate so damn much. Hell, Jarl didn't know he'd go that far for a woman who hated him so much...but he had, and he'd go even further for Epoch.

Jarl hadn't meant to get his friends almost beat to death. He'd only meant to pay Dagr back for his current predicament. Because of his best friend, not only was he was mated, but he was mated to a human...a southern human. Epoch might be the love of his life, but she was also the single biggest threat to it, as evident by the bulletproof vest and the armored vehicle he'd received as wedding gifts from her family. She alternated between threatening him and loving

him down into a puddle of alpha who lived to do her will.

Though his life had been completely disrupted in the last two months, he wouldn't change it for the world. Still, if he was going to spend the rest of his life catering to the whims of a female, than dammit, so was Dagr. Dagr might not appreciate his methods, but as evidenced by the overflowing healing chamber, Era was perfect for him. Era was equally dangerous but a whole helluva lot more crazy than his own mate. A healthy dose of dangerous crazy was exactly what Dagr deserved, he thought as he chuckled inwardly.

"We can hear you laughing, asshole," Boone said.

Looking over at the bear, Jarl cringed in sympathy. Every one of the brown bear's ribs had been broken during the fight...amongst other things.

"Uh, my bad," Jarl said in typical Era fashion.

"*My bad?* That's all you have to say when we almost fucking died?" Vlad asked...well, wheezed through his still healing collapsed lung.

"Thank you," Jarl said.

"You're going to have to do better than that, Puppet Master," Ívarr said as he stepped into the room.

"Yeah," his mate said as she entered the room, "because these dudes are totally fucked up. I told y'all

this was a bad idea, just like almost every idea dreamed up by a group of males. I swear y'all are stupid. I'm going to the kitchen to get some sweet tea and talk to Jaden," Epoch said before punching him in the stomach and sashaying her voluptuous ass out of the chamber.

"So that's your mate?" Vlad asked.

"Yes, key word 'mine,'" Jarl growled.

"She's kind of Subira like, isn't she?" Boone asked.

"No kind of about it. She's got the doctorate, the attitude, the big-ass fucking gun, and the southern to go with it," Ívarr said.

"And she's also got a Vidar on the end of her name, so if you want to keep your fucking eyes, keep them off of my mate," Jarl warned.

"Touchy," Vlad said, "although I can see why. Does she have any more sisters?"

"Nope, just a brother," Jarl answered.

"Oh well, then Ívarr will be all over him being he's apparently given up females."

"I haven't given up females. I've just given up other females being that I have Jaden," Ívarr said.

"Thus insuring his balls stay where they are—attached," Jarl interjected. Those southern human women weren't even trying to hear that "other females because they were tigers" shit.

Always the shit-starter despite being mostly a pile of broken shit at the moment, Vlad taunted Ívarr. “So a tiger like you isn’t even tempted?”

“Not at all, though I am tempted to wait till you heal so I can beat some manners into you,” Ívarr growled.

“Go ahead, hurt me. That way I’ll get to look at the beautiful Jaden when she comes and checks on me,” Vlad said. “She is a comely female.”

“Try it and you won’t have sight for long,” Ívarr promised.

The fight that was about to break out was interrupted by Epoch poking her head around the door. “Jarl, don’t even think of hurting those dudes when you already got them fucked up for no reason. Vlad, thanks for noticing I’m hot. All of you shut the hell up.”

“Ha ha,” Vlad said.

“Epoch might rule Jarl, but that won’t stop me from whipping your ass,” Ívarr said.

“I might not be a shifter but I still heard you, Ívarr. While you’re over there being all smug, there are a horde of hot male tourists drooling over Jaden, who’s wearing tight leather pants that show off her ass and a v-neck shirt that’s showing plenty of cleavage. And oh yeah, I told the guys she’s available,” she said

as she flipped him off and slammed the door to the healing chamber.

Ívarr was right behind her. Vlad couldn't help but laugh at the Siberian tiger's haste to meet his mate. Turning his attention back to Jarl, he said, "You owe us, Jarl, and one day, we'll come to collect."

Jarl did owe them. The proud wolf and bear shifters had taken an ass-whipping to help bring his friend and his nemesis together. Still, he was going to take a page out of his mate's book and admit nothing. Speaking of his mate, he needed her on her back...right now.

JJ and JL

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 Dagr Brynjar and Era Udane.

To read more about the characters connected to this book, check out the following stories:

- *Double En-Blonder* (Jarl Vidar and Epoch Udane)
- *If You Must Wake the Tiger...Use a Long Lick* (Ívarr Brynjar and Jaden Ius)
- *Deep in the Smart of Texas* (Jarek Ius and Brix Carmel)

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

www.jeanieandjayha.com.

ABOUT THE AUTHORS

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 and remember: if you don't enjoy your stay, f*ck it, you didn't have to come.

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