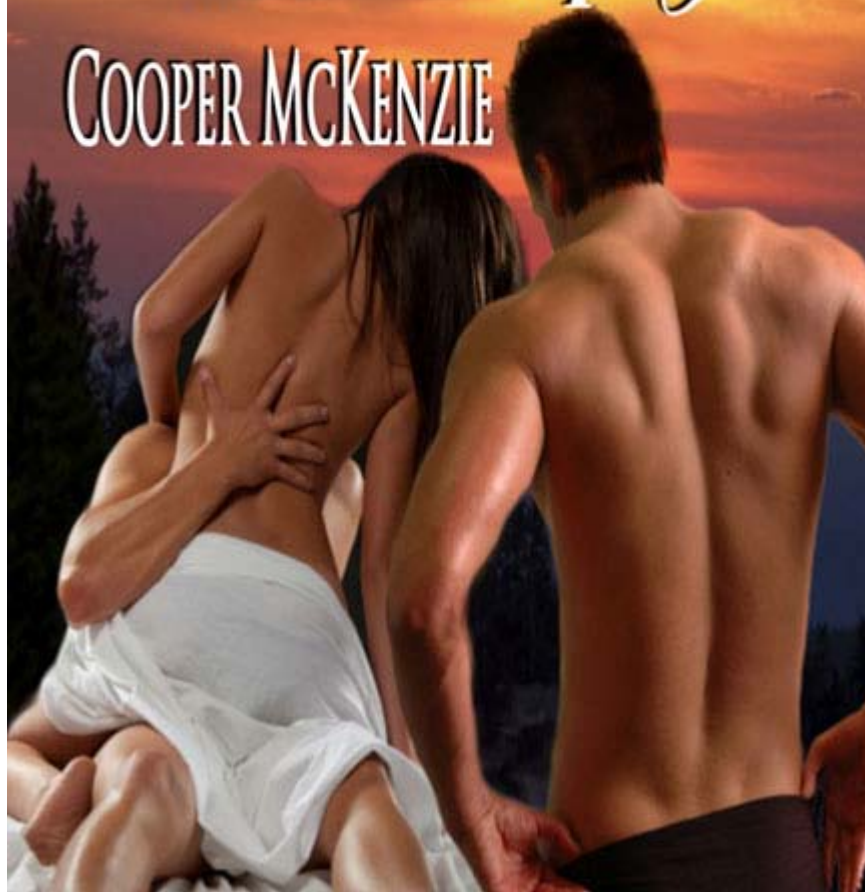


Siren Publishing

*Ménage Amour*

SPRING COMES TO  
*Sanctuary*  
*Welcome to Sanctuary I*

COOPER MCKENZIE



## Welcome to Sanctuary 1

# Spring Comes to Sanctuary

Wanting to prove she can be a strong, self-sufficient woman of the twenty-first century, Spring Ryan decides to spend her thirtieth birthday hiking the Appalachian Trail through the Smoky Mountains. Her third day in, she's ready to give up and crawl back into the small box she's lived in for a dozen years when a pair of Irish Wolfhounds cross her path. When they turn into gorgeous identical twins, she is amazed, especially when they claim she is their mate.

Adam and Brock Sullivan are the oldest of four sets of twins living in the hidden valley of Sanctuary. They had just about given up on ever finding their mate when they come across her just two miles from their home.

Can Spring make a life for herself in Sanctuary? Will her family accept her decision to live with and love both men?

**Genre:** Contemporary, Ménage a Trois/Quatre, Shape-shifters

**Length:** 22,566 words

# **SPRING COMES TO SANCTUARY**

*Welcome to Sanctuary 1*

**Cooper McKenzie**

**MENAGE AMOUR**



**Siren Publishing, Inc.**  
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# **DEDICATION**

To all my FB friends who encourage me daily...hugs and snuggles and giant thank yous!

# **SPRING COMES TO SANCTUARY**

*Welcome to Sanctuary 1*

**COOPER MCKENZIE**

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## **Chapter 1**

“Damn! Damn, damn, damn, damn, damn!” Spring Ryan swore as her backpack pulled her off balance so she landed flat on her back. She then slid down the slight incline in the trail. Once she came to a stop, she struggled to roll over while questioning her sanity, but her pack was too heavy. She lay trapped like a turtle on her back, the heavy weight of her gear preventing her from rolling over. “What the hell happened to the sunshine and mid-sixties temperatures the mountains were supposed to have this week? And what made me think running away for my birthday week was a good idea?”

Her only answer came from the cold rain that continued to fall steadily through the trees. She’d woken that morning to gray skies and warm temperatures, but after three hours of hiking, the clouds had opened up and the temperatures had plummeted. She was now exhausted from not being able to sleep for the last three nights, soaked to the skin, and shivering from the cold, with no clue how far she had to go before she reached another shelter.

When she’d started talking about going hiking through the Smoky Mountains for her birthday, her parents refused to participate in any way. They preferred she stay close to home. While her parents would



not even discuss the five-day hiking trip, her younger-by-fifteen-months sister, Summer, told her to go for it, while her brother, who was almost four years her junior, agreed to allow her to use the camping equipment he kept stored in their parents' garage.

If she called her friends or her coworkers for help, they would laugh hysterically but be of no help. After all, they thought she'd lost her marbles to come on this trip to begin with. She'd call William, but he'd made it more than clear that he was no longer interested in anything she had to say and wouldn't cross the street, much less half the state, to help her. Nope, she was on her own this time.

As she struggled to free herself from her pack, she questioned again what kind of insanity had taken over her brain. She was turning thirty tomorrow and had decided to do something different than dinner with her parents followed by wishing for a different life as she blew out the candles on a slice of double chocolate fudge cake from her favorite bakery.

It was time to prove to herself and to everyone who knew her, that she was a strong, independent, self-sufficient woman of the twenty-first century like her sisters, Summer and Autumn.

Summer was the smart one whose creative thinking and ingenuity helped to solve problems for people all over the world. Currently, she was traveling Africa with a team advising tribal leaders on how to deal with water and food shortages as well as territorial disputes due to the shortages.

Autumn was the strong one who went after what she wanted no matter what those around her thought. She was an Army medic serving her last few months in Iraq before her enlistment was up. Her plan was to finish training to be a midwife.

The youngest of her siblings, her brother Winter, was never compared to his sisters. After all, he was the only son and would grow up to be the man his parents wanted him to be.

Spring was called the pretty one, though she didn't agree. People saw her pretty face and petite, curvy figure and immediately thought

she was soft and dainty. Her hair was a reddish brown and just curly enough to make styling the mid-back length a challenge, but not impossible. Her eyes were deep teal blue with flecks of gold. Anyone who knew her could read her emotions just by looking in her eyes.

Even her parents thought she was too fragile, too innocent, and needed to be protected from life. Which was why she still lived at home and managed the coffee shop around the corner from her mother's law office. She liked the job, her coworkers, and customers, but the job hardly fed her soul's passion.

Her dream of taking the world by storm with beautiful and functional, wearable fiber art remained just that, a dream. It remained unfulfilled, like the dream of finding a man who could see past the soft exterior to the strong heart that had driven her to tackle a fifty-mile hike alone when she hadn't been camping in nearly twenty years.

Then there was the other reason she had not told anyone about. There was an overly friendly customer from work she thought might be stalking her.

She'd seen him at work, but she'd also seen him walking through her neighborhood and staring at her house. He never spoke to her at the shop, just sat and stared at her from the corner table, sometimes for hours.

When she started getting strange phone calls, Spring decided to get out of town for awhile. Hopefully by the time she returned to work he would have moved on to someone else. Someone who would be flattered by the attention and not creeped out because it brought back painful memories of the past.

Checking her phone that morning, she'd been happily surprised to get a cell signal. She'd spent a few minutes listening to her messages, smiling at her parents' off-key rendition of "Happy Birthday." The next four messages had been from him, and he sounded increasingly upset that she wasn't at work and wasn't answering her phone. Thank God she was in the mountains of eastern North Carolina, far away from him. Now if only she could find shelter before the rain turned to

snow.

“Enough wallowing, girl,” she muttered to herself as she finally worked one arm free of the pack. “You’ve got to get your ass moving, or you’ll either drown or turn into an icicle before dark. You’ve got to find shelter and get warm.”

As she slipped her other arm free she heard a noise in the bushes down the trail. Expecting another rabbit or squirrel as she’d seen, she gasped when the biggest, blackest, hairiest dog she’d ever seen broke through the bushes onto the trail. At least she thought it was a dog, though it could have been a wolf or funky mutant bear for all she knew.

Spring froze, too scared to panic and too panicked to think rationally, as the creature turned to face her. In all her research on the Smoky Mountains and the Appalachian Trail over the last months, she’d read nothing about giant wild dogs or wolves. She’d already seen rabbits, birds, and squirrels, and even a mama and baby deer, but this was a whole different class of animal.

The horse-like dog looked around and froze for a few seconds once it saw her. Then it lifted its head and sniffed the air before barking five times, ending with a howl that sent shivers up and down Spring’s spine.

“Oh crap,” she muttered as she rolled to her feet.

She tried to remember anything she could about how to deal with wild animals. Would standing taller scare it away? At five foot three she wasn’t all that fearsome in any form. And from the looks of it, the animal might just be taller than her if it stood on its back feet.

She had hoped to push forward to the next shelter, but maybe it was time to turn back and go back the way she’d come, not stopping until she reached the ranger’s station where she’d started, a good twenty miles up the trail. But something in the animal’s expression caused her to hesitate.

“Damn,” she muttered as she shifted from one blistered, aching foot to the other.

The dog took several steps closer as another animal appeared through the bushes on the other side of the trail. He looked identical to the first as he moved up to stand next to it. They made doggie sounds as if talking to one another before their tails began to wag back and forth as they took a few more steps towards her.

“Go away. I don’t have anything for you.”

Spring waved her arms in a shooing motion while trying to sound much larger and stronger than she was. Unfortunately, her voice came out an octave too high, tight and squeaky. Instead of running away, the two animals crept even closer.

She found herself unable to run away. She couldn’t. Something about them pulled at her heart, tempting her to walk up and pet them.

They were close enough she could see the one on the right had grass green eyes while the other’s were a bright sky blue. Odd-colored eyes for a dog, she thought, thankful they weren’t snarling or barking or showing aggression. They looked almost friendly or hopeful or eager. But for what?

“Please go away. Go home where it’s warm and dry.” She knew she sounded weak and begging, but if showing strength didn’t work, maybe showing her vulnerability would.

She didn’t take her eyes from them as they looked at one another then each nodded as if in agreement. A moment later the air around them shimmered and the dogs disappeared. In their places two naked men crouched on all fours. A moment later they straightened and stood, tall and proud.

They were indeed twins. Tall, well-built, gorgeous, aroused identical twins. Men who just appeared where two ginormous dogs had stood seconds before. Sexy, handsome men just like the ones in the erotic romance e-books she read. Men just like the ones she’d secretly dreamt about meeting and spending her life loving.

As she looked from one to the other, a cold, empty place in her heart seemed to fill. As if her soul realized at first sight that she’d met the men of her dreams. Men who stood where two big, hairy dogs had

stood just moments before.

“What the hell?” Spring whispered just before everything went dark as her mind failed to process what she’d seen and overloaded.

\* \* \* \*

Adam moved fast enough to catch the woman before her knees touched the ground. He scooped her up, surprised to find that even clothed and soaking wet she didn’t weigh much more than one of the sacks of grain they stocked at the store. Her light, delicious scent wrapped around him. Lifting her higher, he nuzzled his cheek against hers and took a deep breath. Her scent of flowers and fresh-cut grass brought to mind a lazy spring afternoon.

He smiled as her scent filled his lungs and entered his blood system. *Our mate*. In response to the realization, his already hard cock began to throb with need.

Brock stepped up to the woman’s other side, sandwiching her between them. “It is her, isn’t it?” he asked eagerly as he leaned in until his nose was only an inch from her skin.

“You tell me.” Adam knew this woman was their mate, but needed his brother to confirm it. After all, they would be sharing her for the rest of their days.

Adam watched his brother take a deep breath. A look of excited, aroused, triumphant contentment crossed his face before he nodded.

“It is her. But how?” Brock asked before brushing his nose up and down the woman’s neck and breathing deeply.

Adam understood his question. They’d traveled the world looking for their mate, the woman destined to be their life mate, for nearly twenty years, and here she was, coming to them through their own backyard.

“Fate. Destiny. Dumb ass luck.” Adam offered the only explanation he could. “She’s soaked to the bone. Grab her pack and let’s get her home before hypothermia sets in.”

He shifted the woman in his arms so her head was on his shoulder and her legs and arms wrapped around him. Though unconscious, she managed to cling like a koala bear to a eucalyptus tree. He couldn't help but smile when she snuggled her cheek against his shoulder and sighed. Turning, he watched his younger-by-three-minutes twin brother quickly adjust the straps of the pack for his bigger frame, then pick it up.

"Damn, this thing weighs a ton. Wonder how far she's been carrying it."

"By the way she's sleeping, I'd say from the ranger's station up on the highway," Adam said. He leaned down and kissed the top of her head when she shifted in his arms though she had not regained consciousness. "Shhh, princess, it's all right. You're safe now."

At his words, she settled with another sigh.

"Okay, let's go. It's too damn cold to be out here like this."

Adam frowned at his brother. "You were the one who wanted to go running this morning. Besides, if we hadn't been out here, we wouldn't have found our mate."

"Yeah, I know."

"So get your ass moving so we can get home before our dicks fall off," Adam ordered.

Brock nodded and headed quickly down the path ahead of him. A few minutes later, he turned down a barely visible cutoff between two huge blueberry bushes. Adam followed at a marginally slower pace, careful to keep his stride smooth so as not to jostle his precious cargo. As they descended the mountain to the hidden valley their family had called home for more than two hundred years, he couldn't help smiling, even though the weather was getting cold and wetter by the minute.

They were bringing their mate home. Life was good.

## **Chapter 2**

Spring woke slowly. She no longer felt shivery, cold, or wet, and she seemed to be lying down, but felt no pain. In fact she felt relaxed and better than she had in ages. Was her mind still functioning while her body had died?

Opening her eyes, she found herself looking across the upper body of a man. A man with a light dusting of black hair over his chest. His well-muscled, bronzed chest. Leaning back a bit and tilting her head slightly, she looked up into his face.

He had black hair that was long and wavy and half covered his face, though what she could see she liked. A lot. His features were strong and distinctly masculine, but while the rest of him looked hard and male, his lips looked soft and coral pink.

Just then his lips parted, and his tongue extended to lick them before it retreated again. Then the man sighed and turned his head away. His hair drew her attention again, and her fingers itched to run through the inky black strands. But if she did that he would wake up, and she had no idea what would happen then, though if she had a choice, she'd choose sex. This was the kind of man she'd dreamt about for ages.

But where was she? And how did she come to be here? She didn't remember hitting her head when she slipped on the trail. Or maybe she really was crazy. After all, her parents thought she was incapable of taking care of herself.

Spring froze when something lying across her middle moved. Peeking under the covers, she saw an arm wrapped around her belly. But it was not connected to the man whose shoulder her head rested

upon.

“What the hell?” she whispered. The arm moved then, pulling her across the bed until a large, male body pressed against her backside from mid-back all the way to her feet.

“Shhh, princess. It’s okay. You’re safe now.” The deep, sleep-blurred voice came from the man behind her.

She was lying in bed with two men! Another peek under the covers and a shift of her hips told her they were all naked.

“Oh, my God,” she cried.

She scrambled from the bed while trying to figure out where she was and how she’d come to be here. Once she was on her feet, she realized it was chilly without the blankets. Half turning, she yanked the blankets from the bed and wrapped them around herself before facing the bed again.

The two men sprawled across the biggest bed she’d ever seen were now awake. William’s king-size mattress with its silk sheets paled in comparison.

Spring couldn’t help herself as her gaze traveled the two men from the top of their tousled heads down their long, leanly muscled bodies to bottoms of their big feet. Since they were naked she could see they were indeed identical in every way, all the way down to their sizeable erections and the small birthmark just inside their left hip that resembled a four-leaf clover. Her body immediately reacted, her pussy creaming and her nipples going so hard so fast, they hurt in the most pleasant way.

“Baby, you need to come back to bed,” the one on the left said as he slowly sat up and extended a hand in invitation.

“Why?” she asked, pulling the blankets even tighter around herself and taking a half step back.

“Because it’s damn cold and lonely without you,” the other one grumbled.

Something about these men pulled at her, as if she’d known and loved them before. Taking the two steps that brought her to the foot of



the bed, Spring tried to keep her gaze above their necks, though it was difficult.

“Why are we all sleeping in the same bed? And why are we naked? And where are we?”

“It was easier to warm you up that way. We’re in Sanctuary in what is to be our home. Come back to bed, baby, and we’ll tell you the rest,” the grumbly one said with a sexy, heavy-lidded gaze.

Studying their faces, she realized that they weren’t identical in every way. The one on the left had bright blue eyes while the one on the right had light green ones.

“Who are you?”

The two looked at each other for a moment as if discussing it, and then both turned back to her.

“I’m Adam Sullivan,” said the one on the right.

“I’m Brock Sullivan,” the grumpy one said, though sounded less so as he continued watching her. “What’s your name, baby?”

“Spring Ryan,” she answered automatically. “You’re twins.” She stated the obvious as she struggled to climb onto the bed without exposing too much of herself. Finally she gave up.

Standing on the mattress, she rearranged the covers so they were in front of her. Flipping her wrists, she spread the layers of fabric so they once again covered the entire mattress as they settled. She sat down cross-legged so she faced the men and was covered by the blanket as well.

“Yes, we know. We met you on the trail and you fainted,” Adam said carefully as she drew the covers around her body and clamped her arms down to hold it in place. “We brought you home to dry off, warm up, and rest.”

“And where is home again?”

“Sanctuary. It’s a small valley in the Smoky Mountains about two miles from where you’d fainted,” Brock answered as the two men shifted closer so that their knees brushed against her thighs.

Spring nodded, though she didn’t remember seeing any such place

on her map. Closing her eyes, she saw the dogs standing shoulder to shoulder in front of her on the trail.

“Did you see the dogs? They were huge, maybe wolves or some kind of dog-bear crossbreed. Can dogs and bears mate?” She found herself rambling as the two men stared at her as if trying to memorize every freckle on her face.

“They’re Irish wolfhounds, princess. And actually they are we.”

“Huh?”

“We are Irish wolfhound shape shifters,” Adam said as easily as if he were announcing it was snowing outside.

“And you are our mate,” Brock added with a sexy grin that caused Spring’s pussy to overflow and her nipples to tighten.

Spring looked from one to the other. They looked sane enough, but she had to wonder if they had a keeper nearby who might be looking for them.

“Did you really just tell me that you were shape shifting Irish wolfhounds and I was your mate?”

Both men nodded, and Spring found herself swallowing hard. She wasn’t as innocent as those who knew her thought. She’d dated a half dozen men since her sixteenth birthday, had slept with several, but never had she felt such attraction for any of those men.

It was like she’d been pulled into one of the romances she read by the dozens. Her e-reader was packed full of erotic romances of all genres, including both shape shifter and threesome stories. But they were fiction. There weren’t real live shape shifters in the world, were there?

“But shape shifters aren’t real. They’re just a figment of some writer’s overactive imagination, aren’t they?” she said, her voice growing weaker and more hesitant as the brothers began to move their heads side to side.

“We’re real, princess, but we keep a very low profile,” Adam said.

“And I’m your mate.”

The men nodded in unison as they shifted even closer. The

blanket ended up piled up between them as the men's shins lay flush against the outside of her thigh.

"For both of you?"

The men nodded again then leaned closer as if they couldn't stay away from her.

"What does being a mate mean? What would I have to do? What about my job, my family? I've gone crazy, haven't I? This is all a stressed-out, sleep-deprived, cold-induced dream, isn't it?"

Reaching across her body, she pinched herself then squealed at the pain. The men winced at the high-pitched sound before Brock took her hands and held them while Adam shifted her to sit on his lap so she could lean against the warm expanse of his chest.

Feeling a sense of homecoming in their actions, she didn't fight. When the heat from Adam's body surrounded her, she sighed and relaxed even further into his embrace.

Being with these two men felt right. For the first time she was naked with a man without feeling nervous or tense or thinking about anything except how she could convince one or the other of the brothers to kiss her or more.

"You're not sleeping, baby. You are wide awake, we are real, and the three of us are destined to be together for the rest of our lives," Brock said, leaning in and licking a line across her collarbone. "Fate brought you to us, and nothing and no one will take you away again."

Spring sighed as he shifted closer and nuzzled against her neck as Adam threaded his hands under the blankets still covering her. His arms wrapped around her just under her breasts, but made no further moves.

It was as if they were waiting for a sign from her before moving forward with whatever they planned. Though the news they'd just broken was shocking, it also warmed her from the inside out. She'd known Thomas wasn't right nearly from the beginning, but was lonely enough to try to lie to herself. Looking back, she realized none of the men she'd gone out with were right. Was this why? Were these

two men the reason she'd never felt right with anyone else? Because Fate had meant for her to come here and be with two men?

“How does this work, this two-men-with-one-woman thing? I've never been enough for one man, how am I supposed to keep two happy?”

## **Chapter 3**

Adam's arms tightened as Brock stared at her with disbelief. "Baby, you've obviously been with the wrong men, but you're with us now. Just think, two men taking care of you, making your every dream and fantasy come true, loving you so good you'll never think about anyone else."

"Can that really happen? What if you find out I am a dud or you realize you don't want me? What happens then?"

Adam rested his chin on her shoulder and took a deep breath, which he released on a sigh before saying, "That is never going to happen. You are the woman we've been waiting for. Once we are mated, we will be only with you for as long as we live. You are it, princess. Our one and only. Our woman. Our love. Our mate."

While Spring really liked the sound of that, she still hesitated. Sure, she'd never been comfortable living in the city and hated her job, but this wasn't what she'd expected when she wanted to make major changes in her life.

Crawling from the bed, Spring left the warmth of the covers and the two men to begin pacing the limited floor space around the bed. For the first time in her life, it didn't bother her to be naked in front of someone else.

Though she knew it shouldn't, what the men were telling her felt good, felt right. She wondered what the mating would involve, but before she could ask that question, several other worries flowed through her fast-moving thoughts.

"I'll have to live here, won't I? Will I have to get a job? Are there any jobs around here? I don't have a lot of practical skills, but I'm

good with my hands and I'm a fast learner. I like to knit and cook and make things, but I haven't made a lot of money making sweaters and hats in the past. My parents are going to have kittens that I'm living with two men. Do you have family? What will they think of the three of us being together?" She knew she was rambling, but could not stop herself.

When she began to shiver from the cold, she looked around for something to put on. There was a red and black flannel shirt on the top of a pile of clothes on a small wooden chair in the corner. Picking it up, she slipped it on. It was huge on her, but she didn't notice as she did up the buttons and continued pacing.

She had her head down, admiring the wide plank hardwood floor as her thoughts bounced around, when she walked headfirst into something. Lifting her head, she saw that Adam had moved from the bed and now held her pressed against his chest.

Rational thinking could not overcome her heart's demand to feel those sexy, full lips against hers. But that was just the beginning of what her body wanted.

"Will you kiss me?" she whispered.

"If you'd like," he said, smiling down at her.

"Hey, what about me?" Brock climbed from the bed to move in and stand right behind Spring.

"You can kiss me, too, but, um, who goes first?"

The two men blinked and looked at each other. Then, without a word, each lifted a fist. "One, two," they said together, "three."

Spring stared when on the three, Adam's hand went flat and Brock extended two fingers and made scissoring motions.

"You're playing Rock-Paper-Scissors to see who kisses me first?" she asked just before she started laughing.

The men looked at her and shrugged. "Not enough room up here to wrestle. Do you have a better idea?" Brock asked.

His question ended her laughing. How did one choose between two men? "Um, okay, I'm thinking of a number between one and ten.

Closest to it wins.”

“Five,” Brock said immediately.

“Three,” Adam countered at the same time.

“It was two, so Adam wins.”

“Damn,” Brock muttered as Adam closed the distance between them, wearing a look of triumph.

Placing large, warm hands on her shoulders, he leaned down. Spring’s knees went weak as his lips covered hers. The kiss was everything she’d always hoped for in a kiss but had never experienced with any other man. When he licked at the seam of her lips, she parted them willingly, allowing him entrance. As his tongue caressed hers in a slow mating, her pussy clenched, demanding more.

She sighed when he broke the kiss and stepped back. More than anything, she wanted to snuggle closer and kiss him for the rest of the day.

“Damn that was hot,” a deep voice from behind her murmured, reminding her there was another man waiting to kiss her.

Turning around, she met Brock’s green-eyed gaze. Before he could move, she closed the distance between them, wrapped one hand around the back of his neck, and pulled him down for his kiss.

While Adam’s kiss had been slow, hot, and masterful, kissing his twin was just as sexy, but even more exciting. Brock didn’t hesitate before licking his way past her lips to kiss her with an abandon that sent shivers down Spring’s spine and pulses of heat straight to her clit. Yes, her brain, heart, and pussy acknowledged in unison, these were her forever men.

\* \* \* \*

The moment his lips touched hers, Brock’s cock throbbed painfully. He’d gotten hard up on the trail sniffing her scent for the first time. Now he was ready to come just holding her in his arms and kissing her. If she didn’t agree to the mating soon, he might embarrass

himself by coming without any further stimulation.

When Spring pressed closer and moaned, “More,” against his lips, he knew it was time.

Lifting his head, he met her burning gaze and smiled. “Does that mean you agree to be our mate?” His wilder side waited impatiently as she paused a single moment before nodding.

“Yes, I want to be your mate, both of you,” she said, reaching behind her to Adam.

Brock grinned over her shoulder as his brother moved to them in a group hug.

“We’ll take good care of you, princess. For the rest of our lives we’ll make you the happiest woman on Earth,” Adam said, as he reached for the buttons of her shirt.

It took no time to strip the shirt from her, and then they sighed together as bare skin pressed against bare skin. Spring trembled in his arms as he ran his hands from the nape of her neck down her spine to cup the full cheeks of her ass. Adam’s hand slid between their chests to cup her full breasts.

“So how does this work?” she panted, punctuating each word with a kiss across the front of his chest.

“Come back to bed and we’ll show you,” Adam said, as he guided them toward the bed.

Once the back of his legs met the edge of the bed, Brock bent his knees until her pussy was level with his waist. Then he stood, lifting her easily before sitting down and sliding back toward the center of the bed. Once he was in place, he lifted his hips, giving Adam room to slide two pillows beneath them. That would lift their pretty little mate’s pussy to where they could both get at it.

\* \* \* \*

Spring found herself kneeling over Brock, the puffy lips that guarded her clit resting against the head of his cock. Though she



wanted this, all at once she was uncertain. But before she could say anything, Brock pulled her down and kissed her. When his fingers began to play with her nipples, all thought slipped from her mind like shadows in sunlight.

A moment later she felt warm hands moving across her back then down lower to massage the cheeks of her ass. Then they slid between her wide spread thighs to pull apart the lips protecting her clit. Once those lips embraced his brother's cock, Adam moved his hands to her hips. He began to ease her back and forth so her clit rode the length of Brock's cock.

"Ooh." She breathed when Brock released her lips. "More. I need more," she then pleaded, not sure exactly what she was asking for, just voicing her need.

Instead of verbally answering, Adam moved in behind her. Leaning over her, he kissed the nape of her neck right before she felt his cock at the hot, open entrance to her pussy.

"Are you sure, princess?" he asked, stopping with just the tip inside her.

"Yes, Adam, please make me yours."

Lifting her head, she turned it as far as she could to see Adam's tight, passionate expression. His green eyes met hers and glowed like neon as he slowly pushed his long, thick erection into her.

"Yes," she purred, arching her back up to meet him. Her breath caught when the move pressed her clit even harder against Brock's cock.

Adam paused for an endless few seconds once he was fully seated inside her. "God, you feel so damn good, princess. I don't think I'll be able to last," he said in a deep, growly voice that sent shivers of need through her.

"I know I won't unless you get your ass moving," Brock replied, his voice equally deep and rough.

"So move, already," she demanded, fighting Adam's hold on her hips. She could almost reach out and touch her orgasm, but needed

just a little more before she could fully embrace it. “I’m so close. I need...please...Adam, fuck me.”

Her words, as well as the wiggling of her hips, seemed to shred the last of his control. Pulling back until just the head remained within her pussy, Adam began a hard, fast rhythm, the angle of which pressed her clit even harder against the underside of Brock’s cock while he continued to play with her tits.

It wasn’t long before every nerve in her body ignited as the two brothers worked together for her satisfaction. “Oh, God, I’m coming,” she screamed, dropping her head to Brock’s chest as fire raced from her clit up her spine to her brain, then out to every molecule in her body.

Adam called out a moment later, just before she felt the brothers sucking on the skin at both sides of her neck where they flared into shoulders. The slight pain prolonged her orgasm, turning the fire that raced through her white-hot. As the pain and the pleasure continued, Adam pulled his cock from her and Brock immediately slid his in to fill her pussy.

Then Brock’s hands abandoned her breasts, instead taking possession of her hips and moving her up and down on his cock a handful of times before he threw his head back and growled his own completion. Spring found herself crying out again as the added heat of Brock’s semen mixed with Adam’s and sent additional spasms through her entire body, draining her of any and all tension she’d ever had.

When her orgasm finally released her, Spring went completely limp across Brock’s chest. She didn’t fight the hands that rolled her over and snuggled her between the two warm bodies. She couldn’t. This was exactly what she’d dreamt about ever since her eighth grade sex education class, but she’d never expected to find such bliss with two men.

Her men cuddled and stroked her. Their soft words of love and praise added to the rosy glow of peace that settled in her soul, though

she couldn't make sense of most of them. She felt *so* damn good.

When her men tensed and pulled away, Spring made a disappointed whining sound. She repeated it when they slipped from the bed and stood between the bed and the staircase. Only then did Spring make sense of the interruption. Someone was pounding on a door.

A second later, the pounding stopped and a male voice called out in a cheery tone, "If you want lunch, you'd better get your asses up to the Wash House. Garrett says he refuses to bring you lunch in bed, even if you did find your mate. Oh, and Mom wants you to call her ASAP."

## Chapter 4

She watched the brothers exchange a glance before Brock grabbed jeans from the pile on the chair and, after pulling them on, raced down the steps out of sight.

“Who was that? And what’s the Wash House? And why does Garrett cook for you?” Spring asked before she could stop herself.

Adam smiled. “You’ll have to get dressed so we can go show you Sanctuary. And once you meet the family, you’ll understand.” He rose from the bed and pulled on a pair of jeans.

“Uh, I need something to wear. I can’t meet your family like this,” she said, gesturing to her naked body hidden by the bedcovers.

“I guess you could always wear my shirt,” Adam said with a grin as he looked her up and down. “I’d like that. Especially knowing you’re not wearing anything underneath it.”

“Adam, I will not meet your family wearing nothing but your shirt. What would your parents think of me?” Spring climbed from the bed and wrapped the blankets around herself.

“Don’t worry, baby. We’d never embarrass you, especially in front of our family.” Brock appeared up the stairs carrying several Ziploc plastic bags. “Here’s the clothes from your pack. Are you always that organized?”

Spring shrugged. “Pretty much. This way the clothes stayed clean and dry even if I fell into a river. Or tripped in the rain and landed on my pack.”

The men looked surprised at her answer. Then they watched silently as she dropped the blanket and pulled on a red bra with matching thong, black jeans, and a bright red T-shirt. Still feeling the

chill of the air, she took the flannel shirt from Adam's hands and pulled it back on again. Once dressed, she bent over and used her fingers to comb the worst of the tangles out of her hair. Standing up quickly, her hair flew up to brush the ceiling before falling in wild, curly profusion down her back.

"Okay, I'm ready. Let's go."

The boys led the way down the stairs, but before she followed, she turned and took a look around this room they'd just had sex in. It was a loft instead of an actual room. A knee-high railing ran across the space that looked over the main floor of the house.

Opposite the ginormous bed there were three sets of dressers built into the sloping wall. The walls and ceiling were painted white, which contrasted sharply with the wide pine plank flooring. At the far end of the room there was a small square window about halfway up the wall. About shoulder high was a series of empty pegs, and on the floor beneath them sat a big, intricately carved wooden trunk.

"Spring, you okay, baby?" Brock looked up the stairs at her.

"I'm fine, just taking a look around," she said as she started down the steep, narrow staircase.

"Oh, okay. Take your time."

Once she'd reached the main floor, she looked around this area, as well. She'd descended into a kitchen area tucked under the sleeping loft that seemed to have all the modern conveniences. Across the kitchen was a walled off area. Through the open door she saw it was a bathroom. Ignoring the two men who were waiting at the front door, she circled the center island with a built-in cook top and wide counters. She entered the little room and closed the door.

This room, like the bedroom, was very generic, with white walls and nothing to signify that anyone lived here, other than the roll of toilet paper and a single hand towel on the hook by the sink. Once she was finished, she returned to the main room.

The living room's main feature was the huge fireplace that made up a majority of the far wall of the house. Two oversized club chairs

and a long, wide couch sat on either side of a large, low wooden coffee table and angled to face the fireplace. There was still a lot of empty space in the room for other furniture. The bookshelves on either side of the fireplace were empty as well. It was as if the house was partially furnished, like a showplace house.

This was a house she could be happy living in. Even without the small touches of books or pictures or her knitting basket, this felt like home. She could see her spinning wheel in the corner by the front windows with her small weaving loom next to it.

Something inside her that she'd ignored for so long relaxed. She'd found it. Without even looking for it, she'd found her place in the world.

"It's beautiful," she said, turning with a smile to the men who remained silent and watchful. "What is this place?"

"It's our home, if you want."

"If you don't like it, we can build you another one."

Spring shook her head as she approached them. "No, this is wonderful. It's a real home. But it doesn't look like anyone lives here."

"We've been waiting for our mate before we moved in. We've been living in the Wash House until now," Adam explained. "So, are you ready to see the rest of Sanctuary?"

Brock handed her the spare sneakers she'd packed in the bottom of her backpack. Once she had them on, Adam took her hand while Brock opened the door. He waited for them to walk out before following them.

Spring stopped halfway across the wide porch that ran across the entire front of the house. Turning to look at the house, she found it was an old log cabin, wood faded silver with age. Then she turned her attention to the rest of her surroundings.

"Oh, my," she breathed as she got her first look at the place Adam and Brock called home. The place that would be her home now that she'd agreed to be their mate.

The clearing was big, several acres at least. The rain had stopped falling, though the clouds remained low-hanging and threatening overhead as she looked around. From where she stood she could see a number of buildings set in a half circle, with a second circle of what looked like sheds and outbuildings just inside the tree line.

As her gaze swept the scene before her, trying to take it all in at once, she wondered if she hadn't fallen down the rabbit hole and ended up in Wonderland with Alice. In front of her at the edge of the clearing was a parking lot with a fire-engine red Hummer and what looked like an apple green UPS delivery truck. There was room for at least a half dozen more cars. On the uphill side of the parking lot was a garage big enough to hold an eighteen-wheeler or quite a few smaller cars.

Closest to the parking lot to her left sat an ornate Victorian house painted peach with hunter green and navy blue trim. The wraparound porch and a three-story circular tower were covered with lots of gingerbread work. It reminded Spring of some of the historic homes in San Francisco that she'd seen in the movies and design magazines.

Between the Grand Victorian Lady and the house where they stood was the biggest, reddest barn she'd ever seen. Three stories tall, at least, it could house a dozen horses with quite a bit of room to spare. There was a wide, two-level deck in front and lots of windows on all three levels. It looked more like a rustic hunting or ski lodge than a barn.

Looking to her right she found two more log cabins with wide front porches. They looked like the other cabins she'd seen on the drive to the ranger's station. At least they looked like they belonged in this mountain hideaway.

The last building sat further away from the others. Spring stared then blinked and looked again, but the view did not change. The fifth building in this clearing was a castle. A two-story stone castle with a flat roof and four squared turrets, one at each corner. The pale gray granite stood a little apart from the other buildings. It looked like it

should be on a hillside in England or Ireland or somewhere exotic and medieval. What made it even more amazing were the satellite dishes and antennas that topped one of the turrets.

Pulling from Adam's hold, she was down the steps and found herself on a walkway that ran from the parking lot around in front of all the buildings. As she turned a full circle, she felt a sense of peace she'd never known before. This place felt right. It felt comfortable in a way she would never be able to explain. Maybe Adam and Brock had been correct in their claim that she belonged with them. She sure as hell never felt comfortable in Raleigh, though she'd been born and raised there.

"So, Spring, what do you think?" Adam and Brock joined her.

"It's beautiful. It's perfect. I love it."

Linking arms with the two men, she pulled them along with her. "That's the Wash House, isn't it?" she asked, nodding her head toward the big red building.

"Yes, that is the Wash House. During the summer months we offer hikers a slight respite from the trail," Adam said as they stepped onto the deck. "They can get a good meal, a shower, do their laundry, and spend the night in a real bed if they want."

"How far is the closest town?" Spring asked as Adam opened the door.

"Boone's about twenty-five miles away. Why?" he answered.

"I'm going to have to get a job, and it doesn't look like there's a lot of work here," she pointed out logically as they walked into the Wash House.

"Baby, you won't have to work. Sullivan men take care of their mates," Brock stated flatly, a thread of steel saying this was his final word.

Before she could get into an argument with his brother, Adam pulled the door closer behind them and wrapped an arm around her, pulling her close to his side.

"Princess, it's nothing to worry about today. I thought maybe you



might want to look into doing something with your knitting. I know I'd love to have you make me a sweater."

"Really?" She looked up at him in surprise and found herself on the receiving end of another of his hot, sexy kisses.

"Really," he stated with a grin when he finally lifted his head.

Before Spring could wrap herself around the man and demand to be taken right then and there, male laughter broke the intimate moment.

"So introduce us to your mate already," a younger male voice demanded.

With a mutual sigh of what she thought was tolerance, Adam and Brock each took a step sideways. Turning her gaze from her two mates, Spring found herself facing six equally tall men who were paired off just like Adam and Brock.

"Princess, these are our brothers. Cole and Dawson, Evan and Frank, Garrett and Hawk. Brothers, this is Spring Ryan, our mate. Be nice." Adam made the introductions.

Spring couldn't help stare as each man raised his hand in response to his name. They were lined up in alphabetical order, making her wonder for a few seconds whether she was seeing double or if her mates were really one of four sets of twins in the same family. She couldn't wait to meet their mother.

All the brothers were gorgeous, and each pair was identical except for the eyes. The older had green eyes like Adam, the younger blue like Brock. So at least she could tell them apart that way. Cole and Dawson had deep brown hair while Evan and Frank's was sandy brown and Garrett and Hawk's was pale golden blond.

The six men looked like they wanted to say something but refrained. When the blond men took a step in her direction, she heard Adam and Brock growl, which sent the two men moving back in line again.

She smiled and nodded to each man, but before she could say anything to break the ice, her stomach rumbled loudly. The noise sent

the men into hearty male laughter while her cheeks burned with embarrassment.

“You’re hungry,” Garrett, the green-eyed blond said before turning and heading across the room. “Come on and eat.”

## **Chapter 5**

When they once again settled at the table, Spring was not surprised to find the rest of the brothers were nearly finished eating.

After sitting down next to one another, Brock pulled her to sit across his lap. Before she could get up or argue, Adam handed her half a ham and cheese sandwich then a mug of hearty vegetable soup. Being this close to them, all she wanted was to get even closer, though she knew doing so in front of their brothers was wrong.

No one spoke as they ate, which surprised Spring. At her house, meal time was more about talking, debating, and exchanging opinions and the latest news than about eating. Of course Spring never had much to say other than work was fine and the food was delicious as usual.

As each of the other six brothers finished eating, they stood, nodded to her with a smile, and then walked away, leaving their dishes on the table. By the time she finished eating her sandwich, soup, and another half a sandwich, this one peanut butter and jelly, she, Adam, and Brock sat alone at the table.

Once they assured she was finished, Adam and Brock began stacking dishes and carrying them to the kitchen.

"Is it okay if I look around?" she asked when Adam returned for another load of dishes.

"Sure, princess. Feel free. It shouldn't take long to clean up."

"Do you need any help?"

"No, we've got this. You look around."

She walked around the room, impressed that this room served so many functions and did not look full.

The kitchen sat in the far left front corner of the building. It looked much like the restaurants where she'd worked in high school. It was separated from the dining area by a counter with a half dozen stools. In addition to the long table in the center of the black and white tiled area, there were a half dozen tables around the edge of the area, each with four chairs. The large dining table was painted black while the smaller ones were painted deep barn red.

Behind the dining area was a living room area. The floor was carpeted with dark gray carpet with several couches, recliners, and overstuffed chairs in gray and blue denims, all of which were angled to face a large flat-screen television that covered the wall over the fireplace. A fire crackled in the huge stone fireplace. In the corner were a pile of large pillows that looked like they would be comfortable for lying on the floor with.

Across the back of the room was a line of stainless steel washers and dryers with several tables to fold laundry on. The back right corner of the room was curtained off, so she stayed away from there. She'd wait for Adam and Brock before poking around in there.

The front corner by the door they'd come in was what appeared to be a library. Bookcases lined two walls and were filled to capacity with books. Several comfortable looking chairs in burgundy and navy waited for someone to curl up on them and spend the afternoon reading. Each chair had a small table next to it with a reading lamp.

The center of the room contained what looked like a bar, but when she got closer, she recognized the tools of a fully stocked coffee bar, complete with everything that would make any coffee drinker happy.

Spring looked up and found the ceiling in the center of the room soared up two stories above her head. A second and third floor balcony ran around three sides of the room. She counted ten rooms on each floor. Was this where her mates had lived until now?

When she heard footsteps, she turned and smiled at Adam and Brock. "It really is a wash house, isn't it?"

"Laundromat, entertainment center, library, guest house, chapel,

gathering place for Sunday morning services for the mountain folk, as well as our home,” Adam explained as he stepped up behind her and pulled her to lean back into his strength.

“I think we should go somewhere private and get better acquainted,” Brock said as he nuzzled his way up her neck to nibble at her earlobe.

At his touch, Spring went weak and felt herself go wet and wanting. “Okay,” she breathed, wrapping one arm around Adam’s back while reaching out to Brock with the other.

“We can start stretching your pretty little asshole so we can take you together,” Adam said softly as Brock moved in behind her.

Brock pressed his erection in the crease of her ass as he licked the other side of her neck, sucking at the spot where shoulder and neck met. His hands held her hips steady as he began to rhythmically press harder into her.

“Take me together?” she asked breathlessly as her arousal soared from the dual attention. Then another thought pushed for attention. “You bit me before, didn’t you?”

“We claimed you. Our bite marks will tell other shifters that you are off-limits,” Adam explained as he canted his hips so he pressed his cock into her lower belly. Lifting his head from her neck, he trailed kisses across her cheek until his lips mated hers.

“If you don’t stop soon, we’re going to get much better acquainted right here.” She slid her hands down to both men’s ass cheeks. She goosed them at the same time, earning twin low-throated growls from the men even as they pressed their cocks closer to her body.

“She’s right. We need to get behind a door,” Adam said. “Back to the house?”

“Too far,” Brock countered. “Upstairs is closer.”

Spring didn’t argue one way or the other. All she wanted was to be skin to skin with her men.

Adam nodded in agreement. Each man took a hand and led her across the room and up the wide circular staircase in the corner. She

had to run to keep up with them as they ascended to the third floor and then walked down the balcony to the last closed door.

Brock opened the door and led the way into the room. Adam closed the door once they were all inside. Then Spring heard the metallic snick of the lock being secured. Pulling away from the men, she looked around the room they'd brought her to as she toed off her shoes and began to unbutton the flannel shirt.

The men stripped as well. She'd gotten down to her bra and panties when she couldn't take any more. Reaching out, she took hold of Adam's cock, then knelt and licked across the head. Opening her mouth, she took in the head and moaned as she tasted his pre-cum.

Wrapping her hand around the thick base of his cock, she took him deeper, closing her eyes and moaning as her hunger spiraled higher and higher. When something brushed her cheek, she looked out of the corner of her eye and found Brock's cock waiting for her. She pulled off Adam's cock and kissed it before turning and giving Brock's cock equal attention.

"Damn, that's sweet," Brock said as his hand came up and speared through her hair.

Spring moaned her agreement as her free hand reached up and cuddled his balls.

Her pussy overflowed as she continued loving on Brock's cock. She frowned and whined when Brock stepped back, gently pulling from her grasp.

"Come here, baby," he said, helping her to her feet.

Once she was standing, he turned her to face Adam. She felt her underwear stripped from her just before Adam stepped in close. He wrapped his arms under her ass cheeks and lifted her easily. Brock moved so she rested against him and held her with one hand across her chest and his hand covering her breast. Adam brushed his cock up and down her slit then slid deep into her cunt. Her legs automatically wrapped around his waist to hold tight as he began to move her back and forth, fucking her hard and fast.

“So beautiful,” he said.

Her attention was so focused on Adam that when a hand slid between the globes of her ass, she sucked a breath and stiffened. Brock brushed kisses over her temple. One finger began to circle her puckered back hole that clenched tight in response.

“Relax, baby,” he murmured as his finger traveled farther between her legs.

She gasped and arched when Brock’s finger slid into her cunt alongside Adam’s cock. It moved in and out several times before Brock withdrew and pressed against her ass hole once again.

“Let me in, baby. We’ve got to loosen up this pretty little ass so we can take you at the same time,” Brock ordered gently. “Then we’ll claim you for our mate forever.”

She felt her eyes go wide as she looked to Adam. “Both at the same time?”

Adam nodded with a tight smile. “You’ll love it, princess. It will feel incredible. Brock in your hot pussy, and me in that sexy ass.”

Spring nodded and tried to breathe again. When Brock pressed for entrance again, she took a deep breath and tried to relax, though it was difficult. A second breath and she felt his finger slip in and slowly press to the second joint.

“Oh, yeah,” she moaned as her muscles clenched tighter around Adam’s cock and Brock’s finger. Lifting her arms, she grabbed for Adam’s shoulders and pulled herself so she now wrapped around him. “More. Please. Give. Me. More.”

Brock pulled his finger from her and she felt the loss acutely. She heard him move around the room, but she was so close to peaking she couldn’t track anything except the orgasm building deep in her pelvis. Just seconds before it could explode, Adam pulled from her.

“Noooo!” she cried as he bent over the bed and pulled from her grasp.

“Shhh, princess. Up on your hands and knees,” he said, tweaking one nipple.

It took a few seconds for her brain to understand his words and then for her body to comply. As she did so, she watched him crawl onto the bed to sit in front of her.

“Suck my dick, princess,” he said.

She settled her upper body closer to his lap and took his cock into her mouth. She tasted their combined juices at first, then only Adam’s salty, tangy juices. Her hips began moving on their own, fucking air.

A moment later, she felt something brush her open, needy entrance. She groaned with pleasure as Brock slid home with the first thrust. He rocked against her, slow and gentle, as something cold and wet dripped down the crack of her ass.

He pulled back until only the head remained inside her as two fingers slicked up her back hole. She moaned and took Adam’s cock even deeper when Brock eased two fingers past her tight, puckered hole while pushing his cock deep into her pussy.

“Please,” she cried, the word muffled by the cock in her mouth.

She was so close to something momentous, but she was afraid. She’d never felt so high, so needy, so close to nirvana before.

“Let it go, baby. Come for us,” Brock urged. He began to move in her with slow and hard thrusts, each forward movement pushing her farther onto Adam’s cock and each withdrawal pulling her off again.

Spring tried to fight her release. When Adam reached under and pinched her nipples as Brock slid a third finger into her ass, adding a bite of stretching pain to her intense pleasure, she lost the battle. She screamed as her orgasm washed over her like a tidal wave.

As she came she swallowed hard on Adam’s cock, which sent him over the edge as well. She swallowed down his seed as Brock’s cock jerked and filled her pussy. Her body continued to spasm, her stomach clenching and drawing her forward for nearly a minute as her orgasm continued to roll through her.

When Adam pulled from her mouth and Brock her cunt and ass, she sighed with contented happiness before falling sideways as a hazy, relaxed darkness descended.



## **Chapter 6**

Spring woke to four hands gently caressing her. Her men murmured praises and love words between showering kisses over her face and shoulders. She smiled when one of them, Brock by her guess, slowly dragged the flat of his tongue across the tip of her nipple. She moaned and reached out to pull his mouth even closer, but he'd already moved away and lifted her arm up so he could see her side.

Opening her eyes, she found him staring hard at the pale white scar that extended five inches down her left side from just below her ribs toward her hip bone.

"What caused this?" he asked in a soft, low, dangerous tone.

"What?" Adam asked, leaning over to look at her side as well. "Damn, princess, what the hell happened?"

Spring took a deep breath and released it on a sigh as she steeled herself. "My sophomore year of college, I was attacked on my way home from work. When I fought back, he stabbed me, but I shifted just enough that the knife went down instead of in, otherwise I'd be dead." Spring relayed the story without emotion as she'd done ever since telling it in an open courtroom just before the man was declared legally insane. She'd lived a small, insulated life, and he'd ended up in a mental institution for a dozen years.

Before her mates could question her further, she continued. "He was delusional and thought I was his ex-wife. The police found out she'd run away to Wyoming and then divorced him several years before. In court he admitted to everything, then went off, broke away from his guards, and tried to attack me in the courtroom. The judge

declared him guilty by reason of insanity and institutionalized him. But the judge added a stipulation. If he was ever found sane, he would be transferred to a prison to serve his full sentence instead of simply being released. He died about five years ago of some undiagnosed liver disease.”

“After the attack, I dropped out of school and moved home with my parents. They built a protective bubble around me, but I’ve realized lately that it was wrong to hide from the world like I have been. Which is why I was hiking this week. It was a way of challenging myself to start living again. That plus...” She trailed off, hesitant to tell these men of her stalker. So far no one else knew, and she hoped to keep it that way.

Once she finished speaking, Brock leaned in and kissed his way across the scar. Then he shifted and trailed kisses over her hip and then on an angle down her body until his tongue circled her clit, which had once again knotted in arousal.

Spring’s body responded at once, her arousal jumping from banked embers to roaring fire. Looking at Adam, she wondered out loud, “Is it always like this between mates?”

Adam kissed her nipple. “Like what, princess?”

“So hot. Either one of you touches me and I want to strip and climb into your skin to become one with you.”

Adam smiled, and she felt Brock chuckle as he nuzzled his way deeper between her legs.

“For now we’ll have a hard time staying out of bed, but once we claim you it will ease a little. But no matter what, we’ll never want to be too far from one another. It’s the way of mates,” Adam said. He brushed his fingers over and around one breast and then the other before plucking at her tight, hard nipples.

She was so focused on Adam she didn’t fight Brock when he gently spread her legs wider then shifted to lay between them.

“Mmmm,” she moaned her pleasure as he slid two fingers into her pussy while licking and gently nibbling her clit. A moment later a

finger eased into her back hole as well.

The loving was gentle, lazy, but just as intense as their earlier sex had been. She was climbing closer and closer to another orgasm when a chirping began. She jolted and looked around in surprise.

“Damn,” Brock said gently, pulling from her and climbing from the bed. He rounded the bed and picked up a watch from the nightstand.

“What’s that?”

“Time to get dinner started,” Adam said as he also abandoned her and sat up.

“You’re leaving me now?” Spring asked as the two men began dressing.

“No, you’re coming with us,” Adam said, grabbing her hand and pulling her to her feet. “Leaving you alone is the last thing we want to do, but our brothers expect us to cook dinner, new mate or no new mate. Get dressed, but leave off the underwear so we can play while we’re cooking.” He leered as she bent to pick up her clothes.

She squeaked when two hands landed sharply on her bare ass. Straightening and glaring at the brothers, she found they’d both turned away and were whistling like they’d done nothing.

“Not fair,” she muttered.

She carried her clothes to the door that led into a bathroom. Turning in the doorway, she found both of her mates watching her.

“I’m taking a long, hot shower. I’ll be down when I’m finished,” she said, closing the door in their faces. “And I expect something delicious for dinner since you’ve left me hanging.”

Masculine laughter filtered through the door before she heard them walk out.

\* \* \* \*

After a dinner of the most delicious lasagna and homemade bread that Spring had ever eaten, she watched from Adam’s lap as the twins

with dark brown hair cleared the table. The other brothers sat and watched her with a variety of expressions that ranged from wistful to jealous.

“So where do you come from?” The blue-eyed blond asked.

“First, which one are you?” she asked, feeling overwhelmed at facing all the brothers at once.

“Hawk, ma’am. I’m the very youngest.”

“That makes you Garrett.” She pointed to the blond sitting next to him, who nodded.

Pointing to the one next to him with sandy brown hair and green eyes, she said, “You’re Evan.”

When he nodded silently, she giggled. “All right, I think I’ve got it. But don’t get mad if I keep checking.” She turned back to Hawk. “And to answer your question, I’m from Raleigh. I manage a small Cuppa Joe’s there.”

“What’s that?” Garrett asked.

“Kind of like a Starbucks, but smaller, without the franchise.”

“Does that mean you know what to do with all those fancy machines over there?”

Spring wasn’t sure which brother answered, but instead of answering she asked a question of her own. “How does the kitchen chore rotation work?”

“It all started when our dads decided cooking for eleven people was too much for Mom to do alone,” Adam said, rubbing a hand up and down her arm, which caused her to shiver with reaction.

“Wait a minute, you have two fathers?”

“Uh-huh. They’re twins. All the Sullivan men are twins and take their mate together,” Brock answered. “That’s one of the reasons we live here in Sanctuary. Most people in North Carolina don’t understand the concept of triad loving.”

Spring nodded. “Okay, back to your mom and cooking.”

“As you’ve figured out, our names are in alphabetical order. So, Brock and I made dinner, so Cole and Dawson clean up. Tomorrow

morning, they'll make breakfast, and Evan and Frank will clean up. Then they'll make lunch, and Garrett and Hawk will clean up, and so on and so on and so on. When Mom and the dads are here, they fit in and take a turn as well. Each set of twins is responsible for their own laundry, cleaning of their room, and helping with doing other chores."

"So what about me? Will I have to pull a shift or do chores by myself?"

"No way, baby. You're on our team. We won't demand you to do chores at least until after we're mated and probably not until we're married." Brock ran a hand up between her thighs under the table, causing her breathing to catch for a second.

"We're getting married?" she asked softly once his hand stopped just an inch from her clit.

"Of course we're getting married," the brothers stated in unison.

"But it's illegal to be married to more than one man at a time," Spring pointed out.

"For legal purposes you'll be married to Adam on paper, but we'll also have a ceremony where you and I are married as well," Brock said as his hand stroked back down the inside of her thigh. "But that will have to wait until we can get your family up here and our parents return."

"Oh, okay," Spring said. "Where are they?"

"They went on a cruise to celebrate surviving winter. They do that every spring as a way to keep from killing us," Cole joked as he and Dawson retook their seats at the table with several packs of playing cards in their hands. "Poker, gin, or bridge?"

"Count us out. We're going to move our stuff down to the house and spend the night with our mate," Adam stated as he and Brock stood.

Adam carried her until she frowned up at him. "Put me down, please."

"You could hang out with the guys while we pack, if you want," Adam offered as he set her on her feet.

“Would it be all right if I checked out the coffee bar?”

“Sure, princess, if that’s what you want.” Adam gave her a quick kiss before turning and racing across the room and up the stairs.

Spring walked to the coffee bar and looked at a pile of papers on one counter and the shiny chrome machines, some still wrapped in the protective plastic they had been shipped in on the other side of the oval bar. Obviously whoever thought this was a good idea had not gotten very far before giving up.

Taking a deep breath, she smiled with excitement. Picking up the pile of papers, she sorted through them to identify which papers went with which machine. Once she had that arranged, she finished unwrapping the machines and put each one together.

She fought to keep at bay the itchy feeling to go upstairs and be with her men while they packed. They’d offered her a job she could do and was determined to finish before they returned.

She heard one or two of the other twins wander over to check on her and then return to their card game. No one spoke to her, so she ignored them and kept working. Before she could run each machine through its cleaning cycle, her men came down the stairs. Each one carried a duffel bag over one shoulder and a box under the other arm.

“Wow, you got a lot done,” Brock commented.

“Uh-huh,” she said, still focused on how to rearrange everything in the small storage areas.

“Come on, princess, let’s go home. You can up finish tomorrow,” Adam said. He reached over the counter and took her hand and led her out of the bar.

“Okay.” She knew it would take a couple hours to put the machines through their paces and finish organizing the bar.

“Good night, boys,” Adam and Brock called to their brothers as they escorted her out of the Wash House.

## **Chapter 7**

By the time they entered the little log house, Spring wanted nothing more than to tackle her men and make love until they were one big pile of boneless goo. As soon as she stepped inside, she toed off her shoes then pulled the flannel shirt over her head and threw it at the first man through the door behind her. Three seconds later she flung her T-shirt at the second man.

“What the hell?” one brother asked, though she couldn’t tell which one and frankly didn’t care.

“You had better be naked and ready for some hot, sweaty, bone-melting, mating sex by the time you come up these stairs or else...” she paused, “...you can go and sleep at Wash House and I’ll live here all by myself.”

Giggling, she raced up the stairs while struggling with the button and zipper of her jeans. Once in the loft, she pushed her jeans off as she crossed the room then threw herself onto the big bed.

By the time she pushed the blankets off the bed and positioned herself leaning back against the pillows piled across the headboard, someone turned on a light in the main room. Just enough light filtered into the loft for her to grin at the two men who stalked up the last few steps and then across the room.

They’d shed their shoes and shirts somewhere along the way. Their jeans clung and outlined all their assets, causing Spring’s eyes to widen with excitement. She licked her lips with anticipation as they pushed the jeans down and stepped out of them, leaving her men bare.

They approached from opposite sides of the bed, stopping to stare at her.

“Are you sure about this?” they asked as one. “Are you really ready to mate us and be here with us for the rest of our lives?”

Spring smiled and held a hand toward each brother. “Yes, I’m sure. I want to spend the rest of my life here in Sanctuary with you, with both of you.”

Looking from one to the other, she found them grinning at her.

“Lay back, princess,” Adam, on her right, said as he climbed on the bed.

Spring scooted down so she lay flat on the mattress as Adam moved over her. “Please, I need you both. I need you both. Now. Please. Now.”

“Shhh, baby, you’ll have us both.” Brock remained by the bed, watching.

Spring spread her legs as Adam shifted to lay over her, brushing the head of his cock over her entrance. “Damn, princess, you’re so hot and wet.”

She nodded silently then cried out wordlessly as his hips lifted marginally and then slid full length into her on the first thrust. Once fully seated, he froze. He moved, bent her legs up, and then slid his hands under her back. She squeaked with surprise when he rolled them together so she lay across his chest with his cock still deep in her cunt. She settled her legs down next to his body, then tried to sit up, but he held her still.

“Relax, princess, and let us take care of you. Let us mate you and claim you for our own.”

Brock climbed onto the bed then moved behind her. As Adam began kissing her and rubbing his hands up and down either side of her spine, Brock began massaging her ass cheeks. Once they’d relaxed, he spread them, and she could feel his blue-eyed gaze on the puckered hole between them.

“Damn, that’s one beautiful sight,” he said softly.

She tried to rise again when a cold, wet finger slid down the cleft and circled her back hole. Adam held her tight and murmured



wordlessly as Brock pushed his finger deep. After sliding it in and out and twisting it side to side several times, he pulled from her and returned a second later with two slicked up fingers to repeat the action.

“Okay, baby, relax as much as you can,” Brock whispered into her ear.

When the fingers were pulled from her this time, a warm, hard chest moved over her and the blunted head of a thick cock gently eased its way into her ass. Spring began panting, trying to relax while also trying not to move, but she was too close.

“Please, fuck me. I need...” she pleaded as Brock wrapped his arms around her to take a breast in each hand. At the same time Adam took hold of her hips.

“Okay, princess, just relax and let us do all the work.”

Spring couldn’t respond as they began to move her. One cock pushed in deep as the other pulled out until only the head remained. They moved her slowly as if she was made of spun sugar.

“Please. Harder. Now.” She groaned, reaching down and rubbing her hands up and down Adam’s chest.

When they began to move her faster and faster, Brock bent them forward until she was sandwiched between their chests. Just when she couldn’t take more and her orgasm threatened to erupt like a volcano, she felt pain on either side of her neck.

She screamed as the hot electric impulses flowed from pussy and ass to head and fingers and toes, exploding out the end of every nerve ending of her body. The muscles of her ass and cunt clamped down on the cocks filling her to capacity. She barely heard the brothers as they growled their release into her shoulders, though she did feel their heat pulsing deep inside her.

As her orgasm flowed through her and out her skin, she felt them release her skin and lick at her shoulders. She felt Brock gently pull from her and leave the bed again as Adam settled her more fully across his chest.

She couldn't fight when Brock returned and cleaned her up before Adam shifted so they lay side by side on the bed. She felt the blankets cover them and then Brock slid into place behind her.

"Sleep, princess. You're ours forever now."

\* \* \* \*

Spring woke the next day feeling relaxed and happy and better than she could ever remember since the carefree days of childhood. She spent the next day getting the coffee bar up and running, but learned that while she could drink coffee all day and half the night, she had to limit the Sullivan men's coffee intake.

The first day after allowing the brothers to drink their fill, they went wild, which ended with a massive wrestling match that seemed to encompass the entire grounds of Sanctuary. When that didn't settle them, the brothers stripped and held a shape shifter marathon that lasted well into the night and ended with her treating cuts and scratches on all eight brothers. They showed up at breakfast looking worse for wear from their caffeine hangover, but didn't fight when she announced the two-espresso shot limit the next morning.

Spring lost track of time as she and her mates settled into life together. The only thing she missed was her spinning wheel and knitting, but her mates kept her busy enough not to go into a yarn withdrawal. It took a visit from an outsider to remind her of her life before coming to Sanctuary.

One morning as she carried a load of dirty clothes to the Wash House, movement across the meadow caught her attention. A man in a green and tan uniform was climbing from the driver's seat of a dark green SUV.

She hurried inside and announced, "Looks like we have company."

Garrett and Hawk were mopping the floor while Adam and Brock put lunch together. The brothers went still for several heartbeats

before rushing outside to meet their visitor. A few minutes later they returned with the fifth man.

“Spring, this is Gage Whitefeather. He works for the Forest Service.” Adam introduced their visitor, who looked at her with an unreadable expression.

“Are you Spring Ryan from Raleigh?” he finally asked.

“Yes,” she answered.

“You need to call your parents and tell them you haven’t been eaten by a bear. They’ve been calling my office for the last three days, frantic that you never returned from your hiking trip.”

“Oh, shit,” she said, all at once remembering she had a life beyond Sanctuary that she’d forgotten all about.

“Come on,” Garrett said, taking her hand. When her mates made soft growling sounds, he released her and took a step back. “Sorry about that, guys.”

“You have a phone here?” she asked, looking at the youngest pair of brothers.

Garrett and Hawk nodded.

“Come on, baby. Garrett and I will go with you while Hawk helps Adam finish lunch,” Brock said, taking her hand and leading her from the Wash House.

\* \* \* \*

An uncomfortable fifteen minutes later, Spring finally hung up the satellite phone with a sigh. “They’re expecting me home tomorrow or they’re sending someone to come fetch me home.”

Adam nodded and stepped closer to wrap an arm around her back in support. “It will be okay. Brock and I will go with you. We’ll take the Hummer and show your parents that you’re not marrying a dumb, redneck, hillbilly hick. We can also bring your things back with us.”

Spring nodded in agreement, then snuggled closer and linked her hands behind his back. “Thank you. I’ll warn you now, they’ll

probably be horrible and mean and won't want to let me come back with you."

Adam brushed a kiss over her hair. "It will be okay, princess. If they're too mean we'll just shift and shock them into letting you go. We'll leave tomorrow right after breakfast."

## **Chapter 8**

“So, how do we do this?”

Adam drove with Spring in the passenger’s seat, so Brock had been delegated to the backseat alone. Looking into the rearview mirror, he met his brother’s eyes and nodded in unspoken understanding. Then he began to strip, shoving his clothes under the front seat as Adam tried to calm their mate.

She’d been nervous as they’d pulled out of Sanctuary, but after stopping at the coffee shop where she’d worked, she was so distraught that waves of worry and nerves rolled off of her, making him nervous as well.

He and Adam had drunk coffee and split a muffin while she talked with her boss, who was not happy she was leaving on such short notice, but wished her well just the same. Spring then hurried them out afterwards as if she was hiding from someone. He thought something besides facing her parents was bothering her, but didn’t ask for fear of upsetting her further.

As soon as he was naked, Brock took a deep breath and allowed his animal to come forward. The air shimmered in the backseat as Brock Sullivan disappeared and transformed into a big hairy dog.

“Do what?” Adam asked as he turned down another road where Spring pointed.

“How am I supposed to introduce you to my parents and then tell them that I’m going to move to Sanctuary and live with two men?”

“You’re not. For now you’ll introduce me as the man you fell instantly in love with who you are going to marry within the month.”

“But what about...” Spring half turned in her seat to look at

Brock. "Oh, so Brock is your dog?"

"Brock is my faithful companion who is housebroken and up to date on all his shots and goes everywhere I do," Adam said with a grin. "Of course, if someone hurts you or makes you uncomfortable, I can't guarantee he won't knock them down or eat them alive, but he's really a very well behaved dog, aren't you, Brock?"

Leaning between the front seats, Brock nodded before snuggling his nose into Spring's neck then pulling back and licking her cheek.

"No, that's not right. Brock, change back, and get dressed. I'm old enough to do with my life what I want and it's time I acted like it. My parents will just have to accept that I love two men and will be moving to the mountains to be with them. There, that driveway," she said and pointed to the left side of the road. "Follow the driveway around behind the house. Maybe we can pack and leave before they get home from the office."

Brock looked out the window, impressed by the huge house and overly manicured lawn. This was not a family home, but a showplace. The people who lived here did not have animals or wrestle in the yard. No wonder their sweet Spring had escaped. This was no place for their beautiful wildflower. He wanted to ask Spring what her childhood was like, but that would wait until later, when they weren't all nervous about this upcoming meeting.

\* \* \* \*

"Oh, damn," Spring muttered as they pulled around the house to a large parking area in front of a triple car garage that extended out behind the house. Adam parked next to a Hybrid SUV.

Her parents, both wearing dark gray suits, sat at the fancy outdoor dining area she'd talked them into adding to the back deck the spring before. As Adam turned off the engine, they looked up from their notebook computers with matching expressions of worry mixed with annoyance.

Only when Spring climbed from the SUV and rounded the back of the vehicle did their expressions relax.

“Oh, thank God,” her mother said, rising and striding gracefully across the driveway. “We were beginning to think you’d had car trouble or something.”

“No, Mom, we’re fine.” Spring accepted the half-second hug and brush of her mother’s cheek against hers. “You didn’t have to wait for us. I have my keys.”

“We had to be here when you came home, honey. We want to hear all about your trip and what it was that kept you from calling or coming home on time.” Her father patted her shoulder and kissed her cheek before turning his attention to Adam and Brock, who’d followed her and now stood silently. “And who is this?”

“Mom, Dad, this is Adam and Brock Sullivan. Adam, Brock, meet my parents, Martin and Anna Ryan, attorneys-at-law.” Spring made the introductions quickly.

“If it hadn’t been for Adam and Brock, I might have ended up in real trouble on the trail. They found me during a rainstorm and showed me Sanctuary. Adam and I are going to be married,” Spring said. The best way to deal with her parents in a situation like this was to keep them off balance.

“You most certainly are not,” Anna replied. “You’ve got a job and a life here. You can’t just go running away from your life because you turned thirty. And especially not with a man we’ve never met and know nothing about. Your life is here.”

“That’s just it, Mom, I don’t have a life here. In the twelve years since I came home from college, I’ve been living in a holding pattern, waiting for my life to begin. But the life I want is not here in Raleigh. I just didn’t realize it until now. The first step toward the life I want was taking this trip, meeting Adam and Brock, and finding my place in the world. I found my life in Sanctuary. These past days with Adam and Brock have been the first time in years that I’ve really felt alive.”

Her mother stared at her as if she’d turned purple. She opened and

closed her mouth several times, as if wanting to say something, but not exactly sure what. Finally, she snapped her mouth shut and looked to her husband.

“What do you know about these men?” Martin broke in before his wife could speak again. “How can you decide you’re going to marry after only a few days?”

“I know that Adam and Brock are strong and kind and want the same kind of life I do. A life filled with laughter and wildflowers, without the need of a computer to keep track of where they’re supposed to be when. They’re my soul mates, and I love them,” Spring said, looking at Adam and Brock instead of her father.

Adam’s eyes widened at her confession. “I love you, too, princess,” he replied softly, taking her free hand in his and lacing their fingers together.

Brock took her other hand. “Me, too.”

Knowing her mates would support her in anything she did from this point forward, she looked from one parent to the other. “I know you might not approve, but I’m moving to Sanctuary with Adam and Brock.”

“Both of them? You’ll be living with both of them?” her mother asked in a weak voice.

Spring nodded and smiled at her mother. “You always told me that having a second man around was every married woman’s dream. So, I’m taking your advice and grabbing them both.”

“Oh, my God.” This time it was her father who was speechless.

“We’ll expect you to stay for dinner. We’ll go out someplace. Then you’ll stay the night and drive back tomorrow morning,” her mother finally said after a long pause. “We have a lot to talk about.”

“Nowhere fancy, Mom,” Spring said decisively.

Her parents both nodded. “We’ll be home at six, and we’ll go from there.” Her father finally found his voice again.

Spring nodded before turning away. Holding her mates by their intertwined fingers, she started across the driveway.



“Oh and Spring, there’s been a man coming by asking if you’ve come home. Said his name was Wade Jones,” her mother said.

Spring froze and found herself not breathing for a few seconds. She felt light-headed as she looked over her shoulder.

“What did you tell him?”

“That you were out of town on vacation and we weren’t exactly sure when you were coming home again. He seemed pretty insistent that he talk with you as soon as you returned. He left a note the other day that I put with your mail.”

Spring nodded as she locked her knees, not wanting to crumple in front of witnesses. If that happened, her parents would never let her go with Adam and Brock.

“Thanks, Mom. I’ll deal with him before you get back this afternoon.”

Without another word, she turned and led the way up the outside staircase to her apartment over the garage.

“Wow,” Adam said once they were all inside with the door closed.

“Oh, my God, I did it.” She turned to stare at him, feeling pale and weak and very, very shaky.

Adam pulled her into his arms and hugged her tight. “I’m so proud of you, princess.”

Brock snuggled close behind her. “I am, too, baby. So damn proud.”

“The main course of dinner will be giving you the third degree. And I apologize in advance for anything offending they may say, do, or imply.” She burrowed her face into Adam’s chest.

“It’s okay, princess. We can take anything they can dish out. We shape shifters are tougher than we look.” He kissed the top of her head. “Now, who is this Wade Jones, and why did you go pale when your mother mentioned him?”

Spring took a deep breath as she looked around the two-bedroom apartment that her mother insisted be redecorated every three years. The last time had been apple green and white with splashes of navy

blue and neon pink. Spring didn't care what the walls looked like as long as the roof didn't leak and the hot water stayed hot until she finished her shower. As long as she didn't have to do the work, she'd let her mother do whatever she wanted.

Going to the small dining table, she sorted through the stack of mail, pulling out catalogs and junk mail she wouldn't read and tossing into her recycle box. When she came to the small envelope with just her name on it, she laid it aside while she finished, keeping only a small fraction of the mail she'd received.

"Here, read this," she said, handing it to Adam.

"Don't you want to read it?"

"No. I want him to leave me alone. I've told him that several times, but he doesn't listen. He's another reason I decided to go camping. I had hoped he would get over this crush he has on me, but it doesn't seem to have helped."

She watched as Adam opened the envelope and read the letter. His expression was serious when he handed it to Brock, who read it and swore softly several times before crumpling the page up.

"Okay, if he shows up you won't talk to him, we will," Adam said, his voice deep and growly. "In the meantime, what do you want to take home with us?"

"All I really want is my clothes and as much stuff from the second bedroom as we can fit in the truck," she said, pointing down the narrow hall. "First and foremost will be the loom, sewing machine, and spinning wheel. Books and clothes will be next. If we don't have room for the yarn, Mom and Julie can pack it up and ship it."

\* \* \* \*

Adam nodded and followed his mate down the hall, stunned at the strength his mate showed in front of her parents and her decisiveness at what they would and would not be taking with them. Even her handling of this man who declared he was in love with her showed an

inner core of power he wasn't sure even she realized she had. They would keep her safe while here. He only hoped that when this man realized she'd left town he would turn his attentions to someone who would appreciate them.

When he saw the second room, Adam realized that she didn't spend time out in the formal living area, but here, in this room that screamed her name.

The walls were painted pale peach. Floor to ceiling shelves lined the far wall. The shelves held baskets and books and what had to be hundreds of skeins of yarn in every color he could conceive and more than a few that he'd never imagined. On the opposite wall was a large desk with a sewing machine sitting on top next to a pile of fabric.

The center of the room held several wooden machines he could not identify, but she seemed comfortable with.

"So where do you want us to begin?" he asked, wondering if he dare step into this room that seemed somehow sacred.

Brock took one look into the room and headed back to the great room. "Let me know when you need me." Adam wished he could follow, but wanted to help his mate as much as possible to make this radical transition as easy for her as possible.

"I think for now, you guys can just kick back and relax. I've got to disassemble the loom." She waved at the wooden and metal contraption she knelt next to. "Once I get it taken apart and start packing up stuff, you'll be able to pack the SUV."

"Okay, but let me know if you need any help," he said again before retreating back down the hall and joining his brother in the living room.

## Chapter 9

Hours later, Spring watched as Brock eased the trunk door closed and then pushed on it until it clicked closed.

"I can't believe we got everything in there," she said, in awe of the brothers' packing abilities.

"It helped that most of it was soft, squishy, and in plastic bags." Brock pulled her in for a hug. "I can't believe you don't have piles of luggage waiting for a trip to Europe or something."

"Uh, Spring, did you want to pack this one with the others?" Adam asked as he approached. He held up an oversized quilted red tote bag. In his other arm he had a stack of beach towels from her bathroom.

"No, that one I want with me," Spring said, slinging the bag over one shoulder.

"So, we still have some time before Mom and Dad get home, what would you like to do?"

Spring giggled as her mates exchanged a glance and then turned together to leer at her. The laughter turned to a squeal of surprise when Brock bent and pushed his shoulder into her middle. When he straightened again, she hung from his shoulder.

With her hair down in her face, Spring couldn't see where he was taking her, but didn't fight for her freedom. They were her mates and would always take care of her.

When Brock didn't go up the stairs to her apartment, she turned her head and saw that they were taking her around the garage to the backyard.

"I saw this from your window and thought we should try it out.

Maybe we could get one put in next to the Wash House,” Brock said as he set her on her feet. Before she knew what they were doing, they worked together to pull her clothes off, tossing them in a pile on the deck that surrounded the hot tub.

“Oh, I can just see that. Eight dogs wrestling in the hot tub instead of in the grass,” she said as Brock helped her step into the tub. She settled back in the warm water and smiled as she watched her men get naked.

Adam finished first and stepped in and moved to sit next to her. “No way. No dogs allowed in the hot tub,” he stated flatly.

“We might want to get a bigger one,” Spring said. “I think this one only seats six.”

“This one’s plenty big enough. Especially as there will also be a no-clothes-in-the-hot-tub rule as well. I don’t know about Brock, but I don’t think I could stand for anyone else to see you naked.”

Brock climbed in quickly, splashing her as he sat down on her other side. “Besides, a hot tub is all about romance. Until they find their mates, the others won’t be too interested in hanging out in a hot tub.”

With that, the debate over a hot tub ended. Instead, Adam leaned in and kissed her. As he did, Brock began to caress and play with her tits. She spread her legs so one lay in each brother’s lap when Adam’s hand traced down her body to cup her mons.

“Mmmm.” She moaned when two fingers slid into her.

A moment later she sucked in a breath as Brock slid down to take an erect nipple into his mouth. When he began to suckle, she gasped and then moaned again. Lifting her hand, she threaded her fingers through his long silky strands of hair to hold him in place.

“So good,” Adam murmured against her lips before pulling away. “I’ve got to fuck you, princess. Right here, right now,” he said softly with his lips against her ear.

“Yes, please,” she said on a moan as he shifted her more fully onto his lap.

“And I want to feel those lips on my cock, baby.” Brock stood up and moved to stand in front of her.

Spring didn’t answer, just opened her mouth and looked up at him as he moved closer. At the same moment she took Brock’s cock into her mouth, Adam slipped into her pussy. Shivers went up and down her spine from lips to clit and back again.

She relaxed as Adam began to move her hips up and down so she rode his cock slowly. With Brock gently guiding her head on his cock and Adam fucking her in the slow, easy way she would always associate with him, Spring found herself unable to control anything. So she let go and let them do with her what they would.

Her arousal climbed quickly and catapulted over the edge when Adam reached between her legs and pinched her clit. At the same moment, Brock took her nipples and rolled them between his fingers. She screamed as she peaked, thankful that Brock’s cock muffled her sound. Otherwise they’d have to explain to the neighbors what the wild sounds were coming from their yard.

She relaxed further as Adam held her hips and slammed up into her while Brock pistoned in and out of her mouth. A half dozen thrusts and both men shouted their releases. She sighed when Brock eased his softening cock from her mouth and collapsed back into the water, laying his head on her shoulder and wrapping an arm around her.

“You harlot,” a young male voice said as a man pushed his way between two giant azalea bushes that were in full bloom. “You won’t return my calls, yet you are fucking two men here in your own backyard? You’re nothing but a whore.”

Spring looked at the man, but before she could react further, her men shifted and stood between them, growling deep in their throats at the intruder.

“Wade, what are you doing here?” she asked, slowly standing and reaching for a towel, which she wrapped around herself.

The man was so shocked at the two dogs who stepped from the

hot tub and shook that he could not respond.

Spring looked at her mates and shook her head. "Let me take care of this," she said softly.

Adam and Brock made grumbly sounds and shook their heads, but didn't block her way as she moved slowly towards the young man standing just a few feet away.

"Wade, I told you several times that I wasn't the right woman for you. Adam and Brock are my mates, and I love them." She kept her voice soft and controlled though she wanted to scream in terror.

"They're...they're dogs!" Wade said, sounding more than a little lost and confused. His focus wasn't on her, but on the two dogs who came to stand beside her.

"Wade, you need to forget about me and go on with your life. Forget about me," Spring said.

"You're fucking dogs! You really aren't the woman I thought you were. You're a damn crazy bitch."

Before she realized what he was going to do, Wade pulled out a big knife from somewhere and lunged at her. But he didn't reach her, didn't stab her in the heart as she thought he would.

Both dogs leapt between them, growling and snarling as they stood on their back legs and pushed Wade to the ground.

"Help! Help!" Wade said as he tried to scramble from under the two dogs who now stood over him, their sharp teeth only inches from his face.

"Adam, Brock, relax," Spring ordered gently. "Wade, they'll let you go if you promise to never come back here and never try to contact me again."

She watched the young man swallow before nodding his head. "Yeah, sure, whatever. Just don't let them eat me."

"Okay, boys. Let him up."

Her mates each snarled one more time before slowly backing up. The moment he was free, Wade crab-walked backwards several feet before standing. "You're all crazy," he declared before turning and

disappearing back into the bushes.

Once they were sure he was gone, Adam and Brock shifted back.

"I don't think you'll have to worry about him bothering you anymore," Brock said with a grin as they moved to sandwich her between them.

"But what if he tells people?"

"Do you really think anyone will believe an obviously troubled young man when he says he saw men turn into dogs?"

"No, I guess not," Spring sighed as they each hugged and kissed her as if assuring themselves that she was all right.

They dried off and were dressing when Spring heard a car pull into the driveway. "Shit, Mom and Dad are home." She scrambled into her jeans while shoving her feet into sneakers.

When she turned to look at her mates, she found them both fully dressed and putting the cover back on the hot tub. Spring gathered the towels and carried them as they walked back to the main house. The men followed her through the back door then into the laundry room, where she dropped the towels on the floor in front of the washing machine.

"Okay, let's go get the inquisition over with," she said, only half in jest.

\* \* \* \*

By the time they returned home from dinner at a local steakhouse, all Spring wanted was to crawl into the Hummer and drive back to Sanctuary. Though dinner had gone better than she could ever have hoped for, all she wanted was to get her mates away from her parents. The elder Ryans had finally relaxed and stopped asking invasive questions halfway through dinner. Instead they began recounting embarrassing stories of her childhood.

Adam and Brock had withstood their questioning, seeming at ease as they talked of their family, their background, and life in their



hidden Smoky Mountain valley. She'd been even more impressed when they asked nearly as many questions as they answered. She also discovered that while the brothers had finished college, Adam with a bachelor's in electrical engineering and Brock a master's in marketing, neither actively practiced in their chosen professions. Instead the brothers worked for the Forest Service during the summer as fire watchers and also with the Search and Rescue Team whenever needed.

What shocked her most was her parents' easy acceptance of their unusual relationship. They seemed to have no problem with the fact that Spring loved and was loved by not one man, but two.

"Thank you for a wonderful evening, Martin, Anna," Adam said when Spring began to yawn as they sat around the table on the deck after returning from the restaurant. It was a beautiful night, warm enough to be outside without the annoyance of mosquitoes or other bugs that made being outside during summer evenings nearly impossible.

She was curled up on Adam's lap while holding Brock's hand. Though she'd held one or the other man's hands under the table at dinner, this was the first time she showed affection to both men at once in front of her parents. Not because they had a problem, but she was still having a hard time believing they were so accepting of her mates.

"You're very welcome," Martin answered. "We'll expect an invitation to your wedding, no matter how unconventional it might be to include all three of you."

"Of course you'll be invited. You're now family," Brock said right before lifting their entwined fingers so he could kiss the back of her hand.

Her parents nodded without further comment. With that, Spring knew her mates had passed muster. When Spring yawned again, they said their good nights and retreated to her apartment, the men holding her between them as they crossed the drive and climbed the stairs.

They went straight to the bedroom, but just inside the doorway Spring stopped and looked from the full-size bed that was barely long enough for her to the two men who stood nearly a good taller than she was.

“We’ll never fit,” she said sadly before yawning again.

She didn’t want to spend the night without her men, but the only way they’d all be comfortable would be for the men to go to the guestroom in the main house with its larger bed.

“Don’t worry about it, baby. We’ll take care of everything.”

Brock pulled the oversized comforter and sheet from the bed and tossed it to Adam. Then he collected all her pillows and followed Adam past her out to the living room. Spring followed slower and found the brothers moving the coffee table to the kitchen area and pushing the furniture out of the way to open up the center floor space.

“Go get ready for bed, princess, and come to bed,” Adam said as they spread the sheet out on the floor.

Spring nodded and retreated to the bathroom, where she cleaned up and stripped off her clothes. Once naked, she returned to the makeshift bedroom where Brock was lighting the candles she kept on the end table while Adam pulled the curtains closed.

“Camping out, eh?” she snarked as she watched her men kick off shoes and pull off shirts. “If I’d known it was this simple I might have stayed home and camped here instead of going into the woods.”

Adam pulled her in for a quick hug as he headed for his turn in the bathroom. “But if you’d done that, we never would have met. Going camping was a good thing, rain and all,” he said, brushing a kiss on her lips.

When Adam released her, Brock took her in his arms and snuggled her close. Spring relaxed into him, drowsy and needing hugs and cuddling instead of full-out loving. She sighed, and Brock laid his cheek on her head and just held her, slowly swaying back and forth as if they were dancing to music only he heard.

Spring lifted her hands and linked them behind his back and

allowed him to guide her where he would. When he pulled away, she opened her eyes. He stepped back and Adam took his place.

They continued dancing in small circles, and Spring allowed herself to drift. When a long, warm body moved in against her back, she smiled against Adam's chest. "So good," she breathed.

"Okay, baby, it's time to go to bed. You've had a stress-filled day, and tomorrow might not be any better," Brock said.

He kissed his mating bite before taking her hips in his hands and pulling her from Adam's gentle hold. She whined but couldn't fight as the two men settled her on the floor and then curled up on either side of her before pulling the comforter over them.

"Sleep, princess. We'll be right here." Adam brushed a kiss over her temple and pulled her to rest her head on his shoulder.

## Chapter 10

Adam woke with a frown that Spring was no longer asleep beside him. Then he smiled when he felt her hair caressing his thighs just before her tip of her tongue drew wet circles over his balls before drawing a line up the underside of his cock. He sucked a breath when she took the head of his cock in her mouth and licked at his slit.

“Morning, princess,” Adam murmured as he reached down and ran a hand over her head.

“Shhh, Brock’s still sleeping,” she whispered around his erection.

Adam looked over and confirmed that his brother was still asleep. Pushing the covers to the side so he could see their mate but his brother remained covered, Adam met Spring’s sparkling gaze as she looked up his body. His cock twitched in her mouth as she took him deeper in his mouth.

“Come up here, sweetness. I want to lick your cream while you suck my cock,” he said softly.

He grinned with delight as she moved around, keeping his erection in her mouth the whole time until she lay with her wet pussy spread before him like a feast. Licking his lips, he rearranged the pillows so his head was better propped so he could lick at her sex juices just waiting for him.

Though it was difficult, he fought the urge to press deeper into her oral embrace. Wrapping one hand around her back, his other joined his mouth in pleasuring his woman. He lapped at her open entrance before sliding two fingers into her cunt. Then he took her clit between his lips and suckled.

Then he couldn’t hold back any longer and his legs bent so he

could thrust deeper into her mouth. Her muscles rippled around his fingers as she took his cock deeper and deeper into her mouth. Then she closed her lips around him and sucked hard. He growled as the orgasm balled up tight in his gut exploded to send liquid fire from his balls, through his cock, and across her waiting tongue.

She moaned as her explosion followed a second later when he nibbled none too gently on her knotted clit.

“Mmmm, now that’s the way to wake up,” Brock said sleepily as they slowly floated back to Earth from their orgasmic nirvana.

He chuckled as Spring looked over her shoulder at his brother. “You’ll get your wake up while Adam’s in the shower. Then, while you’re showering, I’ll make coffee and get my shower while you guys make breakfast.”

After one last long lick from the top of her slit down to swirl his tongue inside her pussy, Adam rolled them so they lay side by side. “Uh-oh, brother. Sounds like she’s getting bossy on us.”

Brock chuckled when she moaned, then grunted in disagreement. “If she wakes us like this every morning, I won’t mind her being a little bossy. Besides, if need be, we can always gang up on her and fuck all that bossiness out of her.”

Spring rolled onto her knees. “Well, if you’re going to be like that, I’ll go take my shower first, and you two can fight over who gets the cold shower.”

\* \* \* \*

Before she could escape, Brock sat up, grabbed her, and pulled her to lie across his chest. The comforter separated their lower bodies, but that wouldn’t last long. Waking to his brother and their mate having sex flipped his libido from sleep to raring to go in a single heartbeat, and now he wanted his turn.

“Go get your shower, Adam,” he said as he rolled them so he now lay over his mate. Spring smiled up at him with both satisfaction and

arousal, which ratcheted up his arousal another notch.

He leaned in and kissed her. He tasted his brother on her tongue for a second, then it faded and her own distinctive flavor took over. After a moment, he broke the lip-lock and kissed his way down her body to her plump breasts.

Taking a hard nubbin of nipple between his lips, he suckled it, smiling around it when Spring's breath caught. She stopped breathing again when he rolled the other one between two fingers.

When her hips began to thrust up in response, he pulled away and shoved off the comforter that separated them. Once it was out of his way, he eased himself over her as he returned his attention to her breasts.

Looking at her out of the corner of his eye, he asked around her nipple, "How do you want it, baby? Fast and hard, or slow and easy?"

She looked at him as her hands came up to hold his head in place. "Either. Both. Whatever you want. Just fuck me," she pleaded in a low, hoarse voice.

"My pleasure," he said. He shifted higher on her body until the head of his cock brushed her hot, wet, open entrance. "Slow and easy it is."

He slowly eased deeper, pausing when his cock was halfway in her. He pulled back again until only the head was left inside then pushed forward until he was buried completely.

"Ooh, so good." She breathed as he settled his hips deeper between hers.

"Damn, you feel so good, baby. All wet and warm and so damn good," Brock said.

He leaned in and licked at her lips before covering them again. His control shredded, and he could no longer hold still. Pulling back, he began to stroke with long, slow movements that lasted about three strokes before the pressure built and he began moving faster and faster.

Watching Spring, he saw that her arousal climbed with his. As he

watched, her eyes slid closed and an expression of delight crossed her features.

“Faster, Brock,” she demanded in the gentle way she had that made him want to do anything he could to make her happy.

He moved faster and faster still until his cock was slamming in and out of her as fast as he could move. Just before his head exploded off the top of his head, Spring’s upper body curled into him and she screamed as she came.

The last of his control slipped away and he growled as he pushed deep one last time. Then he came. His balls tightened almost painfully as semen pulsed from them to explode out the head of his cock.

Just before his body went completely limp, he eased his cock from her and shifted to lay beside the completely relaxed woman. Lifting up on one elbow, he reached down and found the edge of the comforter. He pulled it so that it covered them as they slowly recovered. Then he settled down again and pulled Spring to rest her head on his chest.

“Mmmm, now that’s the way to wake up,” he murmured as he brushed kisses over the head that now rested on his chest.

“Uh-huh.” She agreed, sounding like she was half asleep.

Brock heard the bathroom door open, but was reluctant to leave their makeshift bed. When Adam entered the living room, he held up a hand in a shushing motion before he could sleep. Then he carefully eased from Spring’s hold and headed to the bathroom.

\* \* \* \*

Spring floated on a relaxed cloud of satisfaction. She didn’t fight him to stay when Brock moved away. She heard the brothers talking softly, but didn’t even try to make out their words. She liked this place somewhere between sleep and wide awake where dreams were possible and she had no cares in the world.

A moment later she heard the bathroom door close and then the

shower start. Taking a deep breath, she relaxed even further, knowing all was right in her world. When she woke later, it was to the smell of coffee, bacon, and sweet rolls.

Opening her eyes, she slowly sat up and found her men sitting at her small café table. “Why didn’t you wake me?”

“Because you were sleeping,” Brock said as if it was perfectly logical to let her sleep.

“But...”

“The water heater needed a few minutes to recover before you could get your shower anyway,” Adam broke in. “We’re not on a schedule, so it wasn’t a problem to let you rest for a few more minutes.”

“Where did the sweet rolls come from?”

“A woman brought them up a few minutes ago and said to tell you that she’d be very angry if you didn’t come down and say hello and good-bye before leaving.”

“Julia. She’s been our housekeeper, babysitter, chauffeur, and friend since I was twelve and my mother decided to go back to work.”

Spring stood up and pulled the sheet from the floor. Wrapping it around herself like a toga, she joined the men at the table. Adam pulled her onto his lap and handed her a mug of coffee.

“After you get a shower and we go say good-bye to your parents, we’ll head home,” Brock said, passing her the plate of rolls. “How’s that sound, baby?”

Spring took a bite of the roll and sighed as the sugar and spices filled her mouth. With a sigh of appreciation, she nodded. “Sounds like a plan to me.”



## **Chapter 11**

Brock pulled into the parking lot at Sanctuary and parked between the delivery van and an international orange sedan. “Looks like the parents are home,” he said as he parked and turned off the engine.

“Your parents live here, too?” Spring asked from the backseat.

“Of course. Where else would they live, princess? This is the Sullivan family home place.”

“I don’t know. I guess I just never thought of it.”

She’d barely climbed out of the Hummer and stretched when several large barking dogs raced across the meadow. She stiffened, but couldn’t help laughing as four of the brothers ran at her, stopping just before they knocked her to the ground. Before any of them touched her, they looked to Adam and Brock.

Before her mates could say anything, a woman’s voice carried on the wind. “If you boys want to say hello, you’d better go put some clothes on and say it proper.”

Four hairy heads dropped right before the dogs stepped in and nudged her hips before turning to race back to the Wash House. As they did, they swerved around Cole, Dawson, and a trio of older people that Spring realized were the parents of these wonderful men whom she’d mated.

“Mom, Dads, we’d like you to meet our mate, Spring Ryan,” Adam said. He and Brock moved to stand on either side of her. “Spring, meet our parents, Bridget, Michael, and Thomas Sullivan.”

The two men nodded with warm, welcoming smiles. They were tall, dark, and handsome older versions of their sons. Then they looked at the small woman between them for her reaction.

Spring felt her mates tense on either side of her as they also waited for the woman's response to their new mate. Surprising all the men, Bridget hugged and welcomed her two sons home first. Then she stepped back and turned her attention to Spring. The four men shifted nervously. Wondering what they were so nervous about, Spring took a step forward, away from her mates' protective hovering.

"Did you enjoy your vacation?" Spring extended a hand, expecting a handshake.

"Oh, yes, dear, it was a much-needed break." Bridget smiled, using Spring's offered hand to pull her into a motherly hug. "Welcome to Sanctuary and the Sullivan family, Spring Ryan."

Spring couldn't help the tears that pricked her eyes. Never in her life had she been accepted so easily into anything. "Thank you," she whispered around the lump in her throat.

Once they parted, Bridget looked at the men surrounding them. "We're going to the Wash House, and Spring is going to make me one of those fancy coffee drinks while you men unload the Hummer and move her things to her new home."

"Yes, Bridget," her husbands said as they leaned in and each kissed a cheek.

Spring jumped when Adam and Brock did the same to her before whispering, "We'll be there as soon as we can."

"Take your time, boys. We're just going to get to know one another, not plan an overthrow of the Sullivan men's way of life," Bridget said, taking Spring by the hand and leading her away.

As they walked up to the Wash House, the other six Sullivan sons emerged at a trot. They each gave Spring a gentle hug and sisterly kiss with a murmured, "Welcome home." Then they joined Adam, Brock, and their fathers at the back of the Hummer.

Spring didn't know what to say to the woman who was essentially her mother-in-law, so she remained silent as they entered the Wash House. Automatically slipping off her shoes, she padded to the coffee

bar.

“They do listen,” she murmured as she carefully took down the bright yellow caution tape and “Off-limits To All But Spring” sign she’d rigged before they’d left for Raleigh.

“I think it was your threat to never fix another caramel mochaccino latte if anyone stepped into the bar that got their attention.”

Spring chuckled. “I refuse to do anything half-assed, and there just wasn’t time to properly train anyone to run the bar. And I didn’t want to come back to a broken or filthy machine. But now that I’ll be here for awhile, I’ll teach anyone who wants to learn, one at a time.”

“I’m first,” Bridget said as she climbed onto one of the barstools that sat around the edge of the oval coffee bar. “And I think for the safety of the valley, it should be just the two of us who know the secret of the big, shiny machines. Otherwise these men will be hyped up on caffeine all the time.”

Spring giggled as she washed her hands and turned on her machines, automatically working through the cleaning process as she did each day during her job as a barrista. “I learned that lesson already. Too much coffee and we have group doggy wrestling matches and midnight marathons through the forest.”

“Sounds like my boys. So what’s the cutoff?”

“We’re still working it out,” Spring said. “Now, what can I fix you today?”

“Actually, that caramel mochaccino latte sounds quite decadent. Can you fix me one of those?”

“Sure thing,” Spring said, quickly setting to work.

“So what was in all those bags I saw stuffed in the back of the Hummer?”

“Yarn and fleece. My spinning wheel. Underneath it all is my weaving loom,” Spring said.

“A woman after my own heart. I just wish I had that kind of talent,” Bridget said as Spring finished her drink and set it in front of

her.

"I'll be happy to teach you anything you want to know," Spring said, her fear gone. "How do you stand being around all the testosterone ten men put out?"

"They're good boys, just lonely and in need of their mates. Now that you've come, maybe the others will find theirs as well. Do you have any sisters?"

Spring nodded. "Two sisters and a brother."

"Hmmm, maybe one or more of them will be fated for more of my sons." Bridget mused as she took the first sip of her drink. "Mmmm, delicious."

Spring started making extra shots of espresso so she'd be ready when the brothers arrived. She knew they'd be demanding coffee since they'd had to do without since she'd been gone.

"How are you at gardening, Spring?" Bridget asked as the door opened and the men trooped in.

"Mom, you have ten men at your beck and call in the gardens, you don't need to add Spring to the roster," Adam said.

"Besides, our pretty mate is going to be busy planning our wedding," Brock added.

"Of course she is, but you can't keep her tied to the bed forever," Bridget pointed out. "But we can talk about that later, after she's settled. Did you get everything moved in? And why isn't my garden ready for planting?"

"Yes, love, but Evan and Frank are going to have to build some more shelves so she can store all her yarns and such," one of her husbands said as he stepped up and nuzzled her neck. "What's that you're drinking? It smells delicious."

Once everyone had their preferred drink, she wasn't surprised when Adam and Brock stole her away. Instead of leading her down the path to their home, they led her up the mountain on a path they hadn't walked before. Brock carried a basket and Adam a big blanket.

When they reached a wide spot in the trail, she saw their

destination, a big gazebo that faced out over the valley. She stopped at the top of the stairs and took a few minutes to look around.

"It's beautiful," she breathed.

"You're beautiful, baby." Brock pulled her into his arms and kissed her.

A moment later Adam joined them, and kissing and cuddling quickly became much, much more. In minutes, she reached for their jeans, needing more than just hugs and kisses. In less than a minute, they were all naked and kneeling on the blanket.

"I need you both. Now. Together," she murmured as her hands encircled each man's strong erection.

"Lay down, Brock, I want this pretty ass," Adam said.

His voice sounded deep and growly as one hand stroked down her back and between the globes of her ass. Spring sighed and arched her back as his finger pressed against her puckered hole.

She kept hold of Brock's cock as he reclined on the blanket. Then she moved to straddle his hips before fitting the head of his cock into her wet cunt. Sliding down to take him all the way, she moaned at the fullness.

Adam pulled his finger from her back hole then it returned a moment later, cold and slick. She took a breath as he slid it in and then pulled out again. A moment later it returned with a friend and he eased them in and scissored them back and forth to stretch.

She began to pant as her arousal climbed higher and higher. "Please, Adam, now. Fuck me now."

"Hang on, princess. Let me stretch you just a little more. I don't want to hurt you." Adam leaned in and brushed a kiss over the back of her neck.

Spring sucked a breath as a third finger joined the first two. There was a slight bite of pain before pleasure welled up and overflowed in her. "Now, Adam. Please now," she begged.

Brock pulled her down so her breasts brushed against his chest. The extra stimulation made it just that much harder to keep her

orgasm in check.

In the next minute, Adam pulled his fingers from her, then quickly replaced them with the broad, blunt head of his cock. She took a deep breath and forced herself to relax as he slowly fucked in and out, pushing deeper and deeper with every thrust.

A high keening sound filled the silence, and it took a moment before Spring realized it came from her. She made it again when Adam clamped his hands on her hips and began to shift her back and forth on their cocks.

Though they'd done this before, it felt differently this time. It was as if she could feel Adam and Brock filling not just her ass and pussy, but all the holes in her heart and soul, healing every hurt she'd ever felt in her lifetime.

Knowing it was their love that made her whole again, Spring looked into Brock's eyes then over her shoulder at Adam. "I love you. Thank you for loving me, for claiming me, for making me your mate."

Adam leaned in and kissed her. "Thank you, princess. For walking the trail and into our lives."

He began to move her faster and faster. In less than a minute, she went flying over the edge of her orgasm. Dropping her forehead to Brock's chest, she screamed. She couldn't help but smile when her twins, her mates, her men, slammed deep one last time then howled their completion two heartbeats later.

Later, when they'd cleaned up, calmed down, and were cuddled together on the blanket, Adam reached into a pocket of his jeans.

"Spring Ryan, will you marry me?" he asked in his deep, relaxed voice.

"Yes, I will."

"How about me, Spring? Will you marry me?" Brock asked.

"Yes, Brock, I'll marry you, too."

The brothers scrambled to kneel on either side of her legs. Then they helped her sit up as well. They looked at each other and then at

her. Then Adam held out his hand.

“This was the necklace our grandfathers proposed to our grandmother with. We were wondering if you would wear it instead of an engagement ring?”

Spring looked from their faces to the necklace in Adam’s hand. It was obviously gold and old. The charm on the silver chain was the head of a dog, an Irish wolfhound with one green eye and one blue eye.

Spring stared at it then lifted one hand and stroked a finger down the dog’s square nose. “It’s beautiful.” Lifting her gaze, she looked at the brothers, whose eyes glowed with their own love. “I’d be honored to wear this to show that I belong to you, my loving mates.”

# **THE END**

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## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Cooper McKenzie always thought she had been born a hundred years too late, but appreciates air conditioning, computers and other conveniences of modern day living. She enjoys the slower pace of New Bern, North Carolina as well as the history and small town community found there. In addition to dreaming up her next story, Cooper enjoys reading everything except scary books, singing in her church choir and needle-weaving.

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