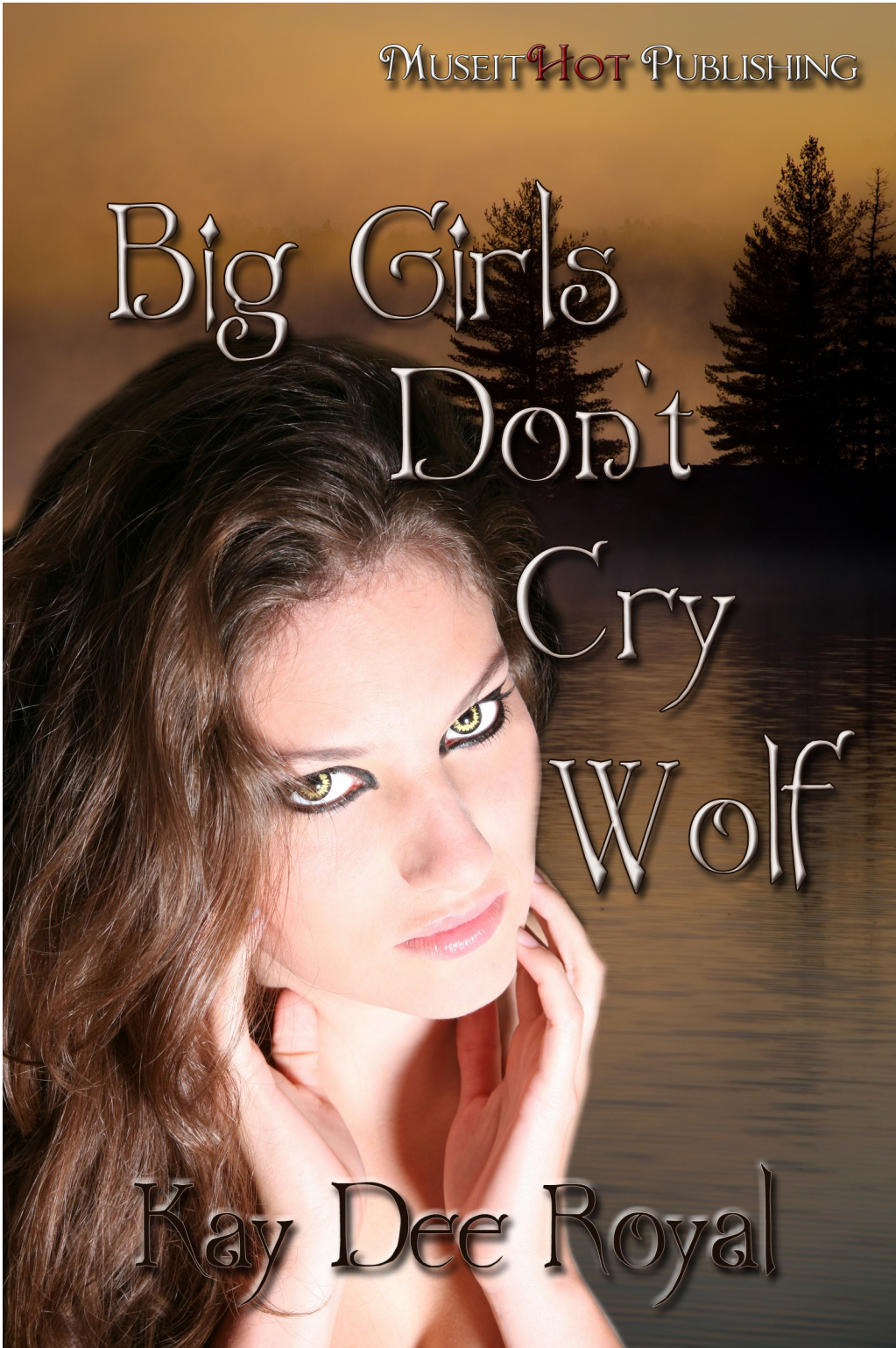


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Big Girls Don't Cry Wolf

Kay Dee Royal



Big Girls Don't Cry Wolf

After the tragic loss of her twin sister, Brea works hard to prove herself worthy of her adoptive parents extra attention. She focuses on the success of the rustic resort her parents deeded to her.

Priorities change when sexy twin wolves in human form walk into Brea's life.

A dangerous rogue abducts her, but whom, if anyone, comes to her rescue?

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ADULT CONTENT: Contains graphic sexual content.

Dedication

To the man I love, the one who believes in me even when I question myself.

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Chapter One

Brea breathed a sigh of relief. It had been a busy morning of registering vacationers for their Memorial Weekend stay at the resort.

She relished the increase in business since taking ownership of the B & B Family and Fishing Resort in January when she'd graduated college. She smiled at the recollection of Pops handing over the deed for all of the properties, gifting the whole thing to her...with a minor restriction. Her parents got to work under her for as long as she would have them. They trusted her, showing them she was worthy of that trust was her top priority.

Brea recognized this as another of her parents many ploys to keep her close. Ever since the loss of Brea's twin sister Belle, fourteen years ago, her adoptive parents turned their complete focus to Brea's life.

Thank goodness for Shayla, her assistant and best friend. She made sure Brea took a little break once in a while to recharge. Shayla was a Godsend in helping establish a new marketing plan for the business.

The door jingled for the umpteenth time. Brea glanced around expecting to see Shayla.

Oh my Gads.

Brea's belly warmed and rolled into a major flip flop. Everything faded around her with the exception of the man in front of her. His eyes looked like gray slate in the strong sunlight, and he caught her staring. Those slates locked on to her, sending a bolt of electric sparks weaving through her insides. Her whole body tingled in a way she'd never experienced before.

"Damn it, Blake, watch that thing," his deep voice rumbled through the store.

His attention wavered, the connection shattered. Brea sucked in air like she'd just broke surface from a deep dive into a watery abyss. She physically took a step back to look at him, the energy in the air still heavy with the static strings that moments earlier connected them.

He combed his fingers through the front of his hair, pulling it backward, but the dark curls bounced back over his brow, wild, unruly.

Brea couldn't quite see behind Slate Eyes to know with whom he spoke, maybe a child. His bold language seemed a bit much for the likes of a child. He approached the counter where Brea stood. She swore the temperature rose about twenty degrees, even though a shiver spiked down

her spine raising goose bumps over her skin.

Her eyes climbed up his six-foot frame to his dark whiskered face. His black T-shirt spanned a well sculpted chest and broad shoulders, slanting down in a 'v' shape to his leather belt etched in detail of running wolves.

"May I help you," Brea spoke the automatic words, but her voice broke off before the question mark. Her mouth went slack when she reached those slate eyes again. She heard the jingle of the door somewhere in the back of her mind.

"Brea, we've got a jam up out here with a few trucks hauling boats. I'm going to direct them to their room or cabin if they've pre-registered. They can start unloading and it'll help clear a pathway through our parking lot."

Brea finally looked over at Shayla standing in the doorway, but her body prickled with awareness as if the man's fingers grazed her skin. Shayla glanced in his direction.

"Sounds like a good plan. I'll follow up with the registry when Pops gets here to take over for me," Brea answered. Movement behind Slate Eyes drew her attention downward to a man wearing casts on his lower legs. He rolled his wheelchair next to Slate Eyes. Wheelchair man's face and build mirrored the exact likeness of the man standing beside him.

"Excuse the interruption." Shayla smiled and closed the door with barely a jingle. Brea was fairly certain Shayla had not seen the man in the wheelchair.

"Hi." Wheelchair man smiled, huge and genuine. Brea liked the honesty she read in his smile. Her success in business wasn't only due to marketing expertise and a great assistant. Brea knew how to read people.

"It's Brea, right? Nice name. I'm Blake and this is Grey." He tapped his elbow against Grey's leg, but Grey didn't acknowledge. Brea still felt his eyes on her and fought the urge to look back at him. His silence pulled at her to look, Blake finally spoke instead.

"We have cottage number four, closest to the water. We're here for two weeks, with the option for a third week. If that week is still open, we'll take it."

"Oh, yes, the serious-about-fishing guys, who wanted a covered slip for your boat with a plug-in for charging. Got you all set." Brea pointed the direction to the boat launch through the window and then pulled out a guide of the grounds to show which slip on the dock would be theirs.

"Shayla can send you in the right direction for your cottage. It's actually farther down the

road. The launch and boat storage docks are on the opposite side of the peninsula from your cottage.”

“So, we won’t be able to see our boat?” Grey’s brows furrowed. That slight physical action, along with his controlled, smooth as chocolate pudding voice sent another warm sensation through Brea.

“Will that be a problem?” She wanted to please this man more than she’d wanted to please any other person who’d walked through the door before him, without understanding the why of it.

“No,” Blake interrupted before Grey could respond. Blake’s voice wasn’t quite as gruff as Grey’s. “We have locks on the compartments in our boat for our equipment, but would you have any lockable storage units on the docks? It would save us from having to carry everything over each time we take the boat out.”

Grey stepped back, but Brea saw from beneath her lashes his eyes were following her. She attempted to keep from using hand movements that were so much a part of her normal conversation. For some reason her first impression to this man mattered. Grey’s staring came across a bit over the top. No man had ever given her that much attention. She wasn’t used to it, nor was she sure she wanted or accepted it. All the same, her fingers shook and her belly quaked.

She folded her hands in front of her, which squeezed her well-endowed breasts together. Grey’s eyes widened and he stared at her pronounced cleavage. Heat slapped Brea’s cheeks, fired down her neck and crossed the tops of her breasts.

Take a deep breath, Brea.

Her words tripped out with a speed no one would understand.

“There’s a sturdy storage box built into the dock at every slip. It’s normally for holding life vests and the likes, but I can give you a padlock and key if you wish to use it for more valuable items.”

Brea bent down so fast to grab the padlock and key her breasts nearly toppled right out of her low cut tank.

Gads, why did I put this silly, too small tank top on?

She heard Grey’s intake of breath, but refused to look down at herself to see the carnal damage incurred.

Maybe there’s purpose in everything, even wearing this stupid, tight top.

“I think we’re going to like it here.” Blake rolled the chair closer to grab the lock and key swinging from Brea’s outstretched fingertips. “Grey’s needed a get-away for a long time. I’m certain this place has exactly what it takes to settle him right where he needs it.”

Blake grinned up at Grey. Brea took a chance and glanced in Grey’s direction. His unwavering stare sealed her to the floor, gnawed its way inside her, beading her nipples hard against the thin cotton tank. A boat load of exploding sparks blasted straight to her sex. What in the hell was happening to her?

No man had ever made her feel sexy. Maybe sexy wasn’t what she was feeling, but whatever it was, it definitely had to do with Grey. She didn’t even know this man for creechy sakes.

“Do you give tours of the place?” Grey smiled, not only showing off his even white teeth, but his eyes glowed almost silver. Brea’s heart pummeled against her ribs so hard she had to wonder if the tops of her breasts danced to its beat.

Shayla charged through the jingling door before Brea could respond.

“Brea, everyone’s situated, so I’m going to poke my head around and do some registering and collecting. Just need the register book.”

Shayla zipped passed Grey so fast she slammed into Blake’s wheelchair. She screamed, her body teetering a second over Blake. She fell across his lap. Her small shapely butt stuck straight up in the air right below Blake’s face.

“Wow, it feels like it’s my birthday and I get to spank my present.” Blake chuckled. “Are you all right, little Missy?”

Blake’s arm muscles bunched under the sleeves of his T-shirt. He gripped her around the waist and pulled her up with ease.

“I’m Blake.”

“And I’m sorry.” Shayla’s lips trembled. Her face turned apple red. Brea couldn’t recall ever seeing Shayla blush. She was more the sarcastic impish type who got away with it due to her svelte short stature. People expected that kind of reactive wit from Brea’s tall, size-sixteen-body, but for some reason they always appeared shocked if it came out of tiny Shayla.

“Everything’s good here. Don’t worry. I’m close to mended anyway. The casts should already be off,” Blake stated. Brea watched him gaze at Shayla. Like a wild animal caught in headlights, Shayla’s eyes locked into his stare. Brea watched Blake’s eyes glow blue, just like

Grey's glowed silver earlier.

"I'm Grey." His hand extended across his brother's shoulder to reach Shayla. She still appeared tangled in Blake's spell. Grey dropped his hand back to his side.

"That's Shayla," Brea announced.

The door jangled again.

"Well, what's going on, we got a mini reunion going on in here? Hell, I could hear Shayla's scream from the far side of the parking lot."

Pops sidled up next to the counter, tilting his head to peek over the top of his glasses.

"So, Shayla, are these fella's some long lost family or something?" He extended his hand out to Blake first, giving Shayla a nudge out of the way. "Nice to meet you, young fella." And then to Grey, "It's a pleasure."

Grey's bulging biceps and forearms flexed with Pops' handshake.

"Pops, this is Blake." Brea hesitated as if savoring Grey's name before it rolled over her tongue, "and Grey." So strange how she'd grown attached to it in a matter of minutes. As if someone cast a spell over her, entwining her soul to Grey's. Pure craziness or pure addiction. Her finger trembled as she moved it down the registry to find their names.

"Dalton, you are both Dalton's." Brea arched her brow and looked from one to the other. They were identical twins, with the exception of their eyes, one with ice gray and the other ice blue. They made Brea think of her own identical twin.

I miss you Belle.

Shayla shook her head as if to clear it and added a strangled cough, drawing Brea's attention back into the moment. Shayla walked over and laid her hand on the register book.

"Can I take this from you yet?"

"One minute."

Brea quickly marked a check to indicate the Dalton's arrival.

"Do you want to pay for all three weeks today?"

Shayla glanced up at the Dalton brothers, her eyes wide.

"So you're the guys who happened to call the same day our three-week regulars cancelled. We don't have many weeks open anymore and most especially a three-week stay because we have so many repeats. I'd say you boys are very lucky, and we're lucky to have you."

Grey handed Brea twenty-five hundred dollars in cash.

“We’ll pay for all three weeks. Is it extra for the boat slip?”

“All inclusive.”

After Brea wrote *paid*, Shayla grabbed the registry and moved down to the end of the counter.

“Now Pops is here, can you give us the tour?” Grey looked directly at Brea. He hadn’t forgotten her earlier comment about Pops taking over for her.

“Go ahead, sweetie. I can hold down the fort. It looks like the place has already filled up for the weekend, so there won’t be much to do but collect for gas or store sales. Your mother will be along shortly anyway.”

“Thanks Pops.”

He winked at Brea, and then sauntered down beside Shayla.

Awareness of Grey and Blake following so close behind created distracting thoughts for Brea. She walked out of the store, suddenly conscious of her hips swaying, how her feet stepped one in front of the other, and that her supersensitive nipples tightened under the soft cotton of her tank.

Grey moved up beside her and walked so close only a few inches separated them. His intoxicating scent of pine, musk, and something spicy like cloves consumed her. A sudden urge swept through her to touch him, run her fingers through the crazy curls across his forehead, or simply melt against him encircled in his muscled arms and scent.

Gads, Brea, buck up. Be responsible and stop these ridiculous head trips!

She slowed near a navy blue Dodge truck and trailer loaded with an eighteen foot Champion bass boat.

“This your rig?” Brea stopped and waved her arm in an exaggerated form of Vanna White. Heat immediately torched her cheeks.

I’m acting like I’ve known these guys forever. What the creechy is that about?

“Good guess.”

Blake rolled up behind them.

“I think I’m going back to the store and see if I can find Shayla. Do you think she’d mind taking me on a personal tour?” Blake grinned and winked at Grey.

Awkward.

Grey’s face broke into a smile, a dazzling, radiant look that nearly pulled Brea’s heart from

her chest. Her uncomfortable feeling passed quickly.

“I’m sure Shayla won’t mind,” Brea said.

“Tell Shayla when you see her Brea’s going to be occupied for a little while. I’m going to want a full tour of the place myself.” Grey wrapped an arm around Brea’s waist and squeezed. Every nerve snapped a little charge that streamed directly to her core.

Her body vacillated between wanton whore and lusty leech. Either could describe the riveting passion that dashed around inside her body from Grey’s fingers resting on the skin between her tank top and her jeans. Besides totally sensual, something akin to familiarity fanned through her systems at his touch.

Grey’s arm dropped to his side. He stepped away and growled.

Brea jerked, stunned from the wild almost desperate sound of it. Grey’s face was pale, drawn, like someone just unplugged him or filled him with bad news. Stark emptiness wrenched at Brea and she imagined her face looked much like Grey’s did right then.

How in the heck can I be so affected by this man whom I’ve only just met?

She looked down at her feet wondering why control over her heart had just leaked out of her toe.

Chapter Two

Grey's insides ached out loud as soon as he released Brea. His growl erupted from his belly and stomped up his throat, pushing the wolf inside of him out into Brea's face. He noticed her jump, his instinct compelled him to wrap his arm back around her, but he refrained.

Brea's scent drove him crazy in a way he'd never experienced. His restlessness started miles before he'd turned onto the road leading to her. He picked up her sweet scent, like cherry blossoms on a breeze, and followed it to its source. Grey couldn't get to her fast enough once he parked the truck.

"So, what brings you out to Great Hawkins Lake?" Brea's voice came to him like the haunting coo of mourning doves.

A tremor jolted through his body. He wondered why this woman's presence impacted him like no other woman he'd known before her. Grey pushed himself to concentrate on her words, not her sweet scent or her honey sounding voice, or the way her breasts swelled inviting his touch. He stepped back farther, but discovered distancing himself from her made his gut twist painfully.

Concentrate on her words, answer.

"Blake thought this would be a great place to heal, physically as well as spiritually. He's had a rough few months," he said, unable to keep from watching Brea's ass.

Grey thought about the past months and understood his own need to get away from the pack, maybe even greater than Blake's. Grey's temperament was strung so tight everyone scattered when he came around, which only angered him more.

"Sorry to hear that," Brea said and stopped to wait for him. "I guess if there's spiritual healing required this place is packed with 'nature's balance'. We own miles of wooded acres, besides being right on the lake and having access to a fair amount of sandy beach."

All the while Brea spoke, her hands moved like magic wands, directing his attention this way and that. Grey stepped closer, immediately the heat of her heightened his senses. Her scent wafted around him, enticing, alluring.

"Oh, I almost forgot. I know you have a bass boat, but we have pontoons available to rent also. They're a great way of fishing or cruising, especially if you intend on spending a whole day

out on the lake. You can swim from them too. They all have steps to climb back on board and are covered for sun or rain protection.”

Grey smiled at Brea’s rambling. From the slight change in her scent, he picked up her anxiety and nervousness, but those didn’t mask her arousal. He needed to make her feel comfortable in his presence. Grey didn’t understand why, but the need came to him strong, like a direct punch inside the ribs over his heart. Something he couldn’t ignore.

Another scent passed in the air, one that prompted all of his senses into alert mode. A male. Not just any male, but one of his species. He looked around, listening, smelling, but nothing. The scent faded. He figured it to be an old trail and shoved it to the back of his mind as something being carried over on the wind. He didn’t recall any pack occupying this area. Grey looked over at Brea, a look of concern flashed over her face, like maybe she’d noticed him sniff the air. Something wolves did, but when done in people form it tended to confuse the hell out of humans.

“Do you have someone waiting at home for you?” Grey noticed Brea’s hesitation. He hadn’t made her feel comfortable at all.

Brea turned toward him. Grey’s lungs expanded with the smell of her. His body trembled with an overload of encrypted messages signaling need, desire, want, lust. He quickly pulled his T-shirt from the top of his jeans to disguise his arousal. They were alone in a remote wooded area. All he’d have to do was take her a short way off the road and...*God, get a grip!*

“So...” Grey’s voice faded off. It was all he could do to hold himself in control. What the hell was going on with him? He wanted to completely ravage this woman. Rip the clothes from her curvy body, touching, tasting, suckling, until he thrust himself inside her and claimed her as his own. An exasperated grunt came from his throat. It startled Grey. Brea jumped again.

“Are you okay?” she asked, and he noticed she didn’t move away.

With a deep sigh, Grey pulled himself back into conversation mode.

“I haven’t been on vacation in years. Guess it’s going to take me a bit to come down and relax.”

“Well, I don’t mind telling you, you’re freaking me out just a little. I’m not used to a lot of one-on-one attention in the first hour of meeting someone. It’s usually a slap on the backside and see you later kind of thing. In answer to your earlier questions, I live in my own cottage here at the resort. And currently I’m not in a relationship.”

“Good to know.” Grey’s body relaxed, although he still carried a full erection. He fought back the animal instinct to mate with Brea, and he still didn’t understand its implication. Why Brea?

“Thanks, I think.” Brea moved forward at a steady pace. Grey’s attempt at rooting her out of his lustful thoughts went out the window. Watching her round buttocks in motion as she walked away made him want to plant his palms against each one and spread them to receive him. God, he couldn’t stand himself in this frame of mind. He loved a fine ass though, and Brea’s was the finest of any he could remember. A picture of her bent over doggie style shuffled through his head. He had to pinch the front of his pants to make an uncomfortable adjustment. So much for getting relaxed. Brea was slowly killing him and she didn’t even realize it.

“Blake and I own a business together. We sell hunting and fishing equipment, along with offering guided fishing and hunting trips throughout the year. We’re missing prime time bass fishing trips by coming here, but my brother requested this time to recover. We ended up finding a few guys in our pack to handle the guided trips and our sisters are handling the store.”

“Pack? That’s a strange word to use? Sounds like you’re talking about wolves.”

Grey couldn’t believe his slip in words, but then he hadn’t been around many humans that mattered to him.

“We have a close friendship in our hunting group. We’ve come to think of ourselves as a pack.” Grey chuckled, hoping to make it sound light. “Crazy guy stuff, right?”

“Maybe, or maybe not. I actually understand the concept of being a pack member from studying wolves. It doesn’t necessarily have to be a guy thing either. There are plenty of us women who love to hunt and fish and would love to be considered part of a pack.”

Grey stumbled over a tree root in the dirt path. He grabbed at Brea still walking in front of him and caught her around the waist. His face ended smashed against her ass. Time stood still for a few seconds while he considered his options with her.

Brea froze for a moment and then twisted around to help him. Grey sacrificed any available options to keep her at a comfort level with him for now. No lusty stuff.

“What happened?” Brea gripped his arm, but his weight pulled her down on top of him. They both tumbled onto the dirt path.

“Geeze, are you all right? Did I hurt you?” She jumped off him, red faced with a thin film of moisture beading over her top lip, something he wanted to lick.

“Like you could ever hurt me.” Grey reached and Brea gave him a hand up. He brushed dust from his clothes while Brea did the same.

They stood next to the covered boat slips. Brea pointed out which was his.

“Do you want to go look or are you ready to head to your cabin?”

“I’m ready for the cabin.”

Brea led him around a picnic area, a beach and swimming area, and showed him where the boat launch and the pontoons were located. She spread her arms wide to show the expanse of the wooded property all around the resort. Grey already appreciated the place, in his wolf form he’d love it.

He walked down a path that passed the other five cabins. He noticed each cabin had its own isolated area for guest privacy. His and Blake’s cabin sat at the end and off to the side, more or less secluded from the others and closest to the water. Brea led him into a screened porch that faced the water.

“This is one entry. We do have a couple sheets of plywood we can set over the step for Blake’s wheelchair.” Brea opened the door into the cabin.

“He’s been walking with his casts, using crutches. It’s only one step. We’ll see how he does before we put you through any trouble.” Grey followed her inside.

The natural pine interior with its cathedral ceiling and large, open living space consisted of a kitchenette, table and chairs, couch and even a small stone fireplace. He whistled in approval.

Brea showed him the two bedrooms and bathroom, and then led him through the back door.

“You can park your truck back here and push your trailer out of the way over there, close to the wooded area if you’d like.” She pointed to a small open area inside the tree line. “That’s it. We own a few connecting units on the road next to our store and gas station, other than that, you’ve seen it all.”

Grey’s truck and trailer came up the drive and stopped at the back door. Shayla jumped out of the driver’s side.

“You might want to help your brother out. I wasn’t sure I was going to be able to tuck him up in the seat, but somehow we managed.” Shayla walked to the back of the truck and Brea followed. Grey stepped around to help his brother. The girls brought Blake’s wheelchair to him.

“Well, you boys get settled in and enjoy your stay with us,” Brea said. “We got some business to attend to for now, but hopefully we’ll see you around.”

“If you need anything or have any questions you know where to find us,” Shayla added. Then the two of them headed up the drive, Grey assumed back to the store. As soon as the women were out of ear shot, Grey downloaded.

“Okay, Blake, what the hell is going on here? It’s all I can do to keep from climbing on Brea and claiming her as mine.” Grey pushed his erection to the side of his zipper.

Blake grinned.

“Wipe that shit eatin’ grin off your face or I’m going to smack it off. What’s happening here? Did you set something up behind my back? Her scent won’t leave me alone.”

“Off hand brother, I’d say you just found your primal mate.”

“No way. She’s human...well, human with some kind of twist. There’s something about her I can’t quite wrap my brain around.”

“Sounds like a mate to me. No one can argue with the soul of a wolf. Plenty of wolves mate with human females. We pull them into our pack and take care of them just like they were our own, because they end up being our own. Think of Glaeden’s mate, Deidra or, Brodick’s Mindy. Those women are doing fine within the pack.”

“I’m thirty-five years old for god sakes, most males find their mates in their early twenties. I’m past my mating cycle. So, I guess that makes you past yours also.”

“You know, this is crazy for two males of the same pack to go into mating cycle at the same time, but I’m there with you brother. Maybe it’s because we’re twins.”

Grey stared at his brother, and then gave Blake a shove on the shoulder. It about threw him and the wheelchair over backwards.

“You’re kidding me right?”

“I tell ya, when Shayla fell over the top of me in the store, her scent pounded into me, and practically pushed me over the edge of turning wolf. As soon as she walked out that door, I thought I would die. Like right now. Not having her beside me makes me want to rip these casts off and scent her down.

“Yea, I wonder if that feeling changes once the physical mating happens.”

“Watching those in our pack who’ve mated, I’d say it only gets worse. But I don’t really know first-hand. I think I need some fresher air.” Blake rolled his wheelchair down a board walk toward the lake. “I’m going to check out the lake.”

Grey put their gear in the cabin, launched the boat and parked it in the slip. He drove the

truck back to the cabin and unhitched the empty trailer pushing it into the space between the trees, where Brea had suggested. His urge to turn wolf screamed through his body, a means of releasing the out of control lust pent up inside him. But even so, that didn't come close to his urge to make Brea his mate. He'd have to wait until the cover of darkness for either one.

Chapter Three

“What do you think of those two?” Shayla asked the same question Brea wanted answered. Shayla shivered and wrapped her arms around herself even though it was seventy-five degrees outside. “Who are they? It feels like there is some kind of unseen energy force pulling me to Blake. I’m telling you Brea, this is unnatural. I’m feeling terribly out of control. There’s a huge part of me that wants to jump right into Blake’s lap and stay there. Don’t you think that’s crazy talk?”

They had almost reached the store when Brea grasped Shayla’s arm to stop her.

“Shayla, what you describe is similar to what I’m feeling for Grey. I’ve never had a feeling for a man like I have for this guy. Creechy sakes, I’ve only known the man for a couple hours and I want to jump in the sack with him. You know me better than that. I don’t know what to think, other than I can’t stop picturing Grey naked, holding me naked. I mean skin to skin kind of stuff. What’s with that?”

Shayla bent over laughing. It sort of broke the binding, lustful spell. Hearing Shayla’s response relaxed Brea into her own fit of laughter. She laughed over the ridiculous conversation she’d just had with Shayla, and the stupid idiotic way she’d acted over Grey. It seemed so damn funny.

They both stopped laughing at the same time. Brea wiped tears from her eyes when a sudden tightening of her chest made her gasp for breath. Loneliness, emptiness overwhelmed her.

“Creechy, Shayla, I’m filled with sadness right now. It’s choking me and I have no idea why. Do you think I’ve completely lost my mind?”

Tears spilled down Shayla’s face until she began sobbing uncontrollably. They held each other until their sobs subsided.

“My god, Brea, this is crazy. Do you think we’ve been drugged somehow?”

“That would definitely explain this uninhibited desire for a man I barely know.” Brea released her hold on Shayla and simply threw an arm around Shayla’s shoulders. They walked the rest of the distance to the store in silence.

“Hey, ladies, what’s goin’ on with the two of you?” Pops opened the door for them. “I look out the window and see you laughing like hyenas and the next minute you’re crying like

someone squirted onion juice at ya.”

“What can I say, we’re acting like idiots.”

Brea thought Pops described the crazy symptoms perfectly. A replay of the conversations and events with Grey whirled around inside her head, but she still had no clue, nothing she could see or touch. Nothing she understood regarding her rollercoaster mood swings. She grabbed a cola on the way through the store thinking caffeine might clear the mud from inside her head.

Shayla’s face paled even more inside the store. She seemed consumed as she stared out the window in the direction of cabin number four.

“I’m going to collect from the people Shayla sent to their rooms. See if anyone needs anything extra.” Brea left Pops manning the store and Shayla staring out the window. Brea walked down the dirt road leading to the cabins. She collected from cabin one and two, and then headed over to cabin three.

All the cabins were isolated from each other by trees and distance. Cabin three was a larger cabin set up on a hill opposite cabin four, although a person couldn’t see one cabin from the other.

Once on the porch, Brea heard something inside, like a sob or a whimper. She tapped lightly on the door. Dead silence. She tapped again, louder.

“Hello, anyone here?” Someone shuffled inside the cabin making her uneasy. It sounded like animal claws scratching across the tile floor. Strange, this cabin didn’t register for a pet. No one came to the door. Yet she knew someone was inside. Hadn’t she heard voices? And a truck was parked beside the cabin.

“Hello, I can hear you in there. It’s Brea, the owner of the resort. I’m here to make sure everything is all right for you and to collect the cabin rental.”

A strong odor of urine permeated the air, along with a wet musky dog smell. Brea walked out of the screened-in porch and around to the back. She climbed the three steps leading to the door. It stood ajar.

“So there you are.” A deep male voice spoke from close behind her.

Brea turned around so fast she dropped right off the top step onto her butt. Instant pain shot up from her tail bone. Then her shoulder bucked against its socket as she was ripped off the ground onto her feet.

“What in the hell are you doing?” Words spilled from her mouth in a fit of shock and

contempt. Brea looked up at the culprit who continued gripping her hand. His eyes glowed silver green. He stood over her, large, masculine, unyielding. Long blond hair hung around a scruffy whiskered face. His torso, tanned and naked, rippled when she jerked her hand for release. She noticed his unsnapped jeans fit him like a pair of nylons.

He pulled her body against his. The clipboard she carried slipped free from her hand. His glowing eyes held her mesmerized. Brea stood unmoving, her mouth not working, her mind not engaging. Her insides screamed run. But she couldn't move, like some unseen force held her captive, paralyzed. She stood with a stranger inside a nightmare, the kind she couldn't escape by waking.

"I followed your scent here." Moisture from his breath clung to Brea's face, and then slithered down her body like pieces of twine entangling her, touching her skin, and snaking under her clothes. That sensation even infiltrated her most private places. Her brain fogged and tingled as if drugged. Her body trembled against his.

"I'm thinking you remember the feel of me." Again his breath assailed her, and again she couldn't respond. His hand slid down her hair and neck, stopping above the neckline of her tank on the swells of her breasts. Her skin burned beneath his fingers. Not a nice burn. Her puppet body responded without her permission.

Brea hoped someone would see her, but the only thing behind this cabin was the forest. No one would miss her for at least an hour. Her breath became shallow, and she thought she might faint.

"Oh, sweetheart, listen to you panting for me. You like having me most in the middle of nature, so let's take a little walk out back." He chuckled, his breath still playing havoc with her insides and outsides, until the fight instinct shriveled. Brea's mind grasped for something, something important she needed to do. But she no longer remembered.

With one hand he grabbed Brea's wrists pulling them behind her back causing her body to arch. Her right breast pressed into the palm of his other hand. He pushed the length of his body against her backside advancing her forward.

Brea stepped ahead of him like a mannequin. Her right nipple hardened under his incessant fingers. She didn't want this! She didn't want him! Who was this man? And why couldn't she remember?

Whoever he was, he was leading her into the woods, deep into the woods.

Chapter Four

Grey hauled out Blake's crutches from behind the truck seat. His brother should be healed by now. In fact, he should have been healed weeks ago, within twenty-four hours of the accident. An accident that happened because of Grey, he should have done his job properly while guiding the hunting group. Instead, he'd taken off stalking his own prey of rabbit, turkey or whatever else was furry or feathered, just to get away from the tension in the pack.

Grey slammed the truck door and headed around the cabin to Blake, who waited in his wheelchair at the doorway into the cabin. Like a bat swinging at Grey's head, what filled his nostrils got that same kind of unwavering attention. He recalled the strange male scent, the one he'd picked up earlier in the woods with Brea.

He sniffed the air again. Brea. Grey sensed her fear and also her submission, which gave him an uneasy gut feeling. Fear and submission in combination usually only happened under hypnosis. That explained the masculine scent, a sexually aroused male of his kind traveling with her.

The crutches dropped from his hands and Grey ran into the woods ripping his clothing off with each step. Ten feet passed the tree line Grey's naked human body changed. It stretched, shifted, elongated, skin to fur, teeth to fangs, finger nails and toe nails to paws and claws. His shifting happened in a matter of seconds.

He rushed between the trees on four powerful legs following Brea's scent. His hearing and sense of smell was more acute in this form, it didn't take long to hunt down his quarry. He stopped just short of a small creek.

Brea stood wide eyed, her back to her captor, who held her arms behind her back. She didn't fight to get away. Her body sagged against the fiend. Grey was sure she'd been hypnotized. Only the mature and strong of their kind had the ability. He didn't know many that could do it.

The guy holding Brea sniffed the air, whipping his face in Grey's direction.

"I know you're out there. You can watch if you'd like. This female is mine." Grey watched him rip the front of Brea's shirt and fondle a breast. Grey charged out through the thin band of trees separating them. He stopped hard at Brea's feet. His bristling fur brushed her legs. Her captor held Brea's head at a dangerous angle. She stood in front of him completely under his

influence, like a rag doll.

“Do you want to watch me kill this female? If I kill her, know that you’ll be next.” Brea’s captor glared downward with glowing green eyes. Grey caught the aggressive sexual scent of the beast and knew he’d never kill her. The guy’s heaviest intent swilling through the air was to claim Brea as his mate if Grey didn’t stop him.

A deep growl thundered out of Grey. He clawed at the dirt in front of them. Brea focused on Grey and his first thought was that she must be coming out of her captor’s mind spell. Grey’s body shook with the urge to attack.

“What’s the status? I’m behind them, up wind.” Blake’s voice thrummed inside Grey’s head, coming through loud and clear as only pack members communicated.

Grey didn’t have time to be surprised over Blake being wolf with his broken legs, or to question how Blake figured out where Grey was at. New-found strength bled through his veins knowing he had reinforcement. He wouldn’t be watching some lecher from a strange wolf pack mate with Brea. Not today.

“Make some noise, brother. Distract the son of a bitch.”

A howl ripped through the air. It stole the captor’s attention long enough for Grey to charge. He lunged between Brea and the monster holding her. Grey’s weight slammed into the captor’s chest, releasing his hold on Brea and knocking him to the ground. Grey skidded off to the side and Brea rolled safely toward the creek.

Grey saw Blake dash up and shove his body across the strange male’s chest and arms, pinning him. Blake growled. His lips curled back, flashing all his pearly white fangs in the stranger’s face. Grey jumped up next to them.

A deep snarl exploded out of the prone stranger. His body shook, shifting, elongating, muscles stretched and bunched into wolf form. Grey took a quick look down toward the creek. Brea was gone.

Blake snapped his fangs, growling. The other wolf’s teeth wrapped around one of Blake’s front legs, while the wolf’s paws clawed at Blake’s underside. Grey went for the throat. But before Grey’s fangs touched his target, Blake’s body flew into the air and slammed into Grey’s head. By the time they untangled, the other wolf had escaped.

Blake and Grey followed the wolf’s scent through the woods to make sure he kept going in the opposite direction of Brea’s place. When they were satisfied, they headed back to their cabin.

Both men stood naked inside the cabin door, breathing hard while taking a scan of their flesh for any incidents acquired during the fight. Blake's arm bled and he had a number of claw marks across the right side of his chest; all of them were already healing. Grey grabbed Blake by the shoulder and shoved him. Blake stood fast.

"What the hell are you doing?" Blake glared at Grey.

"I'm wondering the same about you," Grey shot. "How long have you been able to walk? Or more to the point, why did you fake your injury?"

"That's a fine thank you for my intercepting a mating ritual with Brea that didn't include you." Blake jerked away, but stopped at the window, his attention drawn to whatever was outside. "I'm going to get dressed, and I suggest you do the same."

Grey looked out the window and saw Brea. Instant arousal tightened his testicles reminding him of his nakedness. She'd pulled the tattered material of her shirt around her front and plopped down on the empty boat trailer. She still looked dazed.

Blake walked into his room, closing the door behind him.

Grey donned a pair of jeans and grabbed a T-shirt out of his suitcase. He carried it outside to Brea. He didn't want to startle her away. No telling how her mind had absorbed what just happened to her.

"Brea, are you alright?" Grey stepped around to the front of her. He saw her staring wide-eyed at the crotch of his jeans. Hell, he'd forgotten to snap them up he was in such a hurry to get Brea a shirt.

Brea screamed. So loud and strong, Grey's heart banged against his ribs. He knelt down in front of her, in the hope of pulling her out of whatever nightmare consumed her. Instead, Brea's screaming stopped, her eyes rolled back and she fell across his bent knees. She'd fainted dead away.

Blake slammed out of the cabin door running. He bent down next to Grey.

"God, what happened?"

"She fainted. I think she's still under that freak's hypnotic spell, or at least partially. I thought I saw some of his hypnotic fog lift when Brea focused on me as wolf, but maybe I got it wrong. It would help if I could read her mind." Grey gathered Brea's body in his arms and stood. He carried her into the cabin, depositing her on his bed.

"Do you think that's a good idea?" Blake stood in the doorway of Grey's room. Grey

positioned his body so his brother couldn't look upon Brea.

"What do you suggest? Do we really want her running back and yelling wolf to everyone?"

Grey spat.

"Has the ability to hypnotize come to fruition with you? Because I don't know how else you plan to make Brea come around. You don't know what kind of mind manipulation that guy did on her, do you? How will keeping Brea here change anything?"

Grey stared at Brea's sleeping body. She moved and her shirt fell apart displaying white milky mounds tipped with rosebuds. He groaned. God, he wanted to roll her nipples between his fingers and thumbs. Feel them tighten against his tongue. His arousal twitched uncomfortably at his zipper.

"I don't know, but I'm not ready to let her go in the state of mind she's in right now," Grey croaked. God, he sounded as emotional as he was feeling. He didn't like it, and he didn't like that he wasn't sure what to do about it.

"Grey, we need to talk. Can you leave her a minute and come out here."

Grey pulled the T-shirt off his shoulder, the one he'd wanted to give Brea to wear. He covered her with it. Her dark curls billowed around her face. It was all he could do to turn away from her. He followed Blake out the door.

"What?" Grey's body went tight; he didn't want to hear Blake's reasoning regarding Brea.

"I have a confession to make." Blake stepped farther away from Grey. He took a deep breath and continued, "I *have* been faking my injury. Well, I mean I really did get injured, but I healed. Look, you've been acting like a real shit to everyone in the pack. I figured you were coming into your cycle."

"Nice of you to recognize something I didn't." Grey turned to go back into his room.

"Wait, let me finish." Blake took another breath, but this time moved closer to Grey. "There are no single females in our pack, so my purpose for bringing us here wasn't really because I needed to heal. It's because I learned that there's a traveling pack that has settled near this area. I thought maybe we'd cross paths with them and you might get lucky."

Grey stared at his brother in disbelief.

"You're telling me that you've been in those damn casts for weeks for no reason other than to lure me here so you can heal, but not really, no, because you're not really injured. No. We're really here so I can find a mate from a travelling pack that's settled somewhere in this area."

Grey wanted to punch Blake so bad his hands shook, his whole body trembled. “Unbelievable!”

“I knew you wouldn’t come here for another pack’s female. Hell, you didn’t even get that you’ve been knocked off kilter in the midst of your mating cycle. Why else would a nice guy such as yourself, turn into such a grand shit-ass?” Blake stood tall. “I’ll tell you why, you’re in need of a mate. I intend on seeing that you get one. After all, what the hell else are brothers for?”

Grey’s anger lost its momentum. What Blake said was true. Grey had acted like a real shit to everyone. He was amazed by Blake’s premeditated plan. At least he could stop worrying about his brother’s health.

“Well, all I can say is if that guy we met earlier is a member of the travelling pack and he’s searching out human women in the middle of the day, I’d say there isn’t any females available in their pack either.”

Grey studied his brother. Blake was the planner and Grey had always been the doer. This time Blake had done both, sort of.

Both men heard Brea murmur, Grey walked with stealth to the bedroom door.

“I’ll mosey up to the store and see if anyone is missing Brea yet. Maybe I can throw them off her trail for a while and buy you some time with her.” Blake headed out the door, but stopped midway. “You might want to do up your pants and slip on one of my shirts before going in that bedroom. I wouldn’t want Brea getting a bad second impression of my brother. Set her off screaming again.”

As soon as Blake ducked out the door, Grey went into Blake’s room and found a shirt to wear. He snapped his jeans on the way back to his room. He hesitated outside his door for only a second.

Chapter Five

Brea opened her eyes. She looked around the room wondering how in the hell she'd found her way into one of their cabin bedrooms. A stabbing pain cracked through the inside of her head. She attempted to sit. An overwhelming wave of dizziness tossed her back onto the pillow.

Bile rose into the back of her throat and she swallowed it down. Wisps of a nightmare wandered to the forefront of her brain. As soon as she'd have a moment of recall, it skidded back into a mask of fog. Another pain wedged behind her brows and throbbed against her temples. Her hands automatically covered her eyes from the light coming in through the window. She pressed her fingertips into her lids to release the building pressure.

Gads, how'd I get here, and where's here?

She peeked between her fingers. Her body prickled, like a body part with a lack of circulation. She raised her head and looked down. Naked breasts, her torn shirt splayed wide open. A men's large T-shirt lay piled at her waist. Someone must have tried to cover her.

Her head dropped heavily back. She hauled the T-shirt up and pulled it over her head sliding her arms through the sleeves. Again a surge of liquid welled inside her throat. She gagged and swallowed.

A creak, the warning sign of someone opening the door, she saw Grey standing in the doorway. She remembered Grey. Concern etched lines over his forehead. Brea realized the room she lay in was a bedroom in cabin number four. Grey's cabin.

"Brea, it's Grey. Do you recognize me?" He stepped to the edge of the bed.

Brea wanted to answer, but for some reason her mouth wouldn't work. Another pain slashed against the inside of her temples. The heels of her palms pressed against each side of her head.

"You took a spill in the woods and knocked yourself out. I found you and carried you back. I thought it best you wake up in here rather than worry your father and mother, especially considering the condition your shirt is in."

Brea's brain went into overload trying to fit the pieces of Grey's story into her life. She'd fallen. Her shirt ripped. How the hell had her shirt ripped from a mere fall? Grey carried her into his room. Why would he bring her here? Brea squeezed her eyes closed again. His smell of pine, musk and spices surrounded her. It eased the pain in her head and settled the froth in her throat.

The bed shifted when Grey sat on it, but she refused to open her eyes. Her pain had subsided, and she didn't wish to bring it back. Then, trembling fingers slid across her forehead and down her right cheek outlining her eyebrows and then her lips.

"Brea, open your eyes. You're safe here."

What did he mean, I'm safe? Was I not safe before?

Hadn't he told her she'd fallen? Again, she dipped a toe into the waters of her memory, but it came out dry.

"I'm going to make you something warm to drink. A concoction my mother came up with to help when I'd fallen and needed to unscramble my brain. She said it was to help with focus." Grey's fingers touched Brea's face again, and then he walked out of the room.

Brea remembered a strong familiarity with Grey, she trusted him. He'd said she was safe, for whatever reason she believed him. Why else would she be in his cabin at her resort?

She sat up, leaned her back against the headboard, and clutched her head. Her pain didn't feel so extreme this time, just a dull throb. A cold shiver worked through her body. She tucked her feet underneath the coverlet, pulling it up to her neck.

Grey walked back in carrying a steaming cup and saucer.

"Try this. Sip slowly, it's hot."

Brea took the cup and held it between her hands for warmth. The saucer dropped on top of the coverlet. Grey set it on the nightstand. He settled next to her with his back against the headboard, it creaked against his weight. He sat in silence, watching her.

She took a sip of the bittersweet tea. It warmed her insides all the way to her belly. Her shivering stopped. The more she drank, the better it tasted, until she drank it all.

"More please?" Her voice croaked out, but at least words happened. Grey jumped, as if surprised.

"Ah, so you are feeling better." Before Brea could respond, Grey took her empty cup and returned seconds later with a refill. "So, do you remember what happened?"

"That's pretty much a fog. Thanks for filling me in." Brea sipped the tea. "Your mother's tea seems to have relieved some of the pain in my head. But, I probably need to get back. How long have I been here?" She pulled the coverlet off and swung her legs over the edge of the bed. Grey moved closer taking the cup and giving her a hand up.

"Not to worry, it hasn't been that long, maybe an hour at most."

Brea stood, knees wobbling. She waited for her body to cooperate. Grey slid his arm around her waist giving her support. She leaned on him to cross the room and again through the next.

“I’ll give you a ride to your cottage. I can let Pops know you’ve fallen and you’re all right, but that you need to rest for the night. Does that sound good?”

“Yea, it sounds great, but Pops would worry. If you wouldn’t mind I’d love a ride up to the store so I can talk to him, and then I’ll take that ride to my cottage.” Brea didn’t like taking advantage of anyone, but in her body’s weakened state she was happy for Grey’s assistance. “I’ll make it up to you with dinner some night. I make a mean grilled fish, or grilled steak, or any kind of meat on the grill.”

“I’ll take you up on it. Now, let’s get you up to Pops.” Grey placed Brea’s emptied cup on the table next to the door. He swept her up in his arms as if she weighed nothing, which made her uncomfortable and comfortable at the same time. For a fleeting moment she could imagine what it must be like to be small like Shayla. Grey drove her back to the store. He helped her out of the truck and into the store.

“Whoa, gettin’ mighty friendly with the vacationers, aren’t ya sweetie.” Pops winked at Brea and smiled at Grey. “We wondered what was occupying your time. Blake came in a while ago with a story about you fainting and all. I was just about to head over and see for myself.”

“I guess I fell somewhere along the way. Grey found me passed out.” Brea watched her father’s brows meet over the bridge of his nose, his concern obvious. Since the loss of her sister, Pops had become ultra-protective of her. “No problems, I’m okay. I’m just a little tired. Thought I’d take the night off for some rest and then catch up with everyone bright and early in the morning. Does that sound all right?”

The door jingled and Shayla walked in with Blake following close behind. Brea couldn’t help but stare at Blake’s legs. There was something different she recalled.

“Don’t even ask. Super boy here faked his injury to get his brother on a vacation.” Shayla pointed over her shoulder at Blake. He pinched her butt and she jumped. “Hey, none of that crap because paybacks are hell.”

“Well, your mother didn’t come in tonight. No one told her of your incident. She’ll be here first thing in the morning. I had a couple people come and make their payments, but didn’t have the register book to mark it down. I see you don’t have it either.” Pops looked down at Brea’s empty hands.

Brea's hands automatically went to her temples, another sharp pain blazed through. Her memory cooked up a whole lot of frustration. Grey's arm tightened around her.

"Don't worry. You probably just dropped it along the way. Blake and I'll go look for it. It'll be here in the morning waiting for you."

Brea instantly relaxed. It seemed like the natural thing to do in Grey's arms. Part of her memory must be blocked on how she came to feel this familiarity with him, but she was sure it would come back to her eventually. Everyone around her seemed to accept Grey's behavior with her.

Chapter Six

Grey liked the feel of Brea's warm body relaxed inside the circle of his arm. The vibration of riding inside the cab of his truck seemed to lull her. A question remained in Grey's mind if Brea was still under the influence of the big bad wolf. Before that monster's interference, she hadn't been quite so comfortable with Grey. Not that he minded Brea's behavior now, but he wanted her need for him to be of her own volition, not from some nut job pushing her into something she'd regret later.

He followed her directions and parked behind her cottage. It was down a narrow dirt road, set in the woods a couple miles away from the store, all of the cabins, and their few connected units. Grey decided it was too secluded to leave her alone during the night. He'd hang around outside after twilight, easier to accomplish in wolf form within the dense forest surrounding three sides of Brea's cottage.

Grey helped Brea to her door. She turned to him, her face so close. His heart felt branded when her eyes mirrored his.

"Forgive me, Grey. I'm not sure what we do now. I've only known you for a short time, right?" Her breath touched Grey's lips. His palms cupped around her jaw line. His lips brushed hers. Brea sighed. Perhaps she was still foggy, having asked if they'd only known each other a short time. His urge to hold her, seduce her, claim her, far outweighed the conscious act of being responsible enough to make sure she remembered they'd just met today.

God, Grey, you can't start a deep relationship with dishonesty.

"What if I told you we did just meet," he whispered against her top lip. Brea's lip trembled against his, making Grey's urge to claim her spike through his body in a tremor of sparking heat. His arousal reared against the front of his jeans.

"I'd have to say this is pretty forward for someone I'd just met." Brea's tongue slid over Grey's bottom lip. His breath caught. All of his senses cued on Brea, his erection twitched for attention. Brea's arms slid around Grey's neck. She pressed her lips to his and took them full on. His tongue pushed through her parted lips and she suckled it. His control wavered, his palms glided to the curve of her ass. He cupped it, grinding himself into her.

Grey's body shook with need, want...lust. He had to have her. His erection so hard, it pulsed

for freedom. Brea's breath panted into his open mouth. A growl welled from his throat. Brea arched into him. Through his thin T-shirt that she wore, her taut nipples poked into his chest.

God, he couldn't take her like this. How could he mate with her if she might still be under that monster's influence? If Brea was Grey's primal mate, he wanted to make sure she desired the union as much as he wanted it. She needed a clear mind and an understanding of what she was getting herself into with him.

Can this whole mating thing actually develop in such a short time?

He took a deep breath, inhaling Brea's arousal. A growl burst out of him scaring both of them. Brea jerked back from him her lips slightly parted, red and swollen, calling for more of his attention.

"What? Did I hurt you?" Brea's innocence gripped his heart. He was the big bad wolf now, just as nasty as the monster who would have taken her earlier. Grey let out a heavy sigh and pushed away.

God, he wanted to take her right there at the door of her cottage.

"You go get some rest. Blake and I'll go find your register book." Grey swung back to her for a quick peck on the cheek. It was all he could do to draw himself away from her again. "I'll see you bright and early."

He swore binding ropes severed between them as he walked away. Brea stood outside watching him get inside his truck. Grey watched her from the rearview mirror until he rounded a curve in the road and trees took her place. His heart instantly became heavy, empty, but his erection continued its uncomfortable stance.

Grey's need for her hit him with the strength of a bull. His desire for her coated him inside and out. The want for Brea filled his body like nothing he'd ever had for any other female. God, he could barely breathe. He slammed his hands against the steering wheel. Blake was right. Grey's primal mate had to be Brea.

Grey pulled into the store to find Blake. He was inside conversing in close quarters with Shayla.

"Hey, you want to help me find Brea's book?"

Both Blake and Shayla looked up at him. Pops walked down from the end of the counter.

"Go on you two. You're not worth much around here, might as well make some use of yourselves." Pops shuffled them toward the door. "I got this handled. I'll close tonight, no

worries.”

“Thanks Pops.” Shayla pushed Blake out the door and Grey followed. They headed down the path toward the cabins.

“I picked up Brea’s scent...I mean Brea’s trail down by the creek while hiking. I’m thinking she had to have gone into the woods somewhere other than next to our cabin or I would have noticed the book.”

“Well, it’s more like a clipboard. Let’s just hit every cabin and ask them if they’ve seen Brea. We should come up with someone who did. Maybe she accidentally left it inside someone’s cabin.” Shayla led the way down the first narrow dirt path with a wooden sign labeled CABIN #1 painted in sky blue, same color as the cabins. Brea had collected from cabin one and two, but neither of the guests said she’d left a clipboard behind.

The trio climbed the hill to cabin three. Shayla took the front, Blake and Grey followed a few steps behind her. They looked at each other at the same time. The scent hanging in the air was undeniably the monster from earlier.

“Blake, take Shayla to another cabin. I’ll take this one.” Grey spoke inside Blake’s head.

“To hell you will. Not by yourself.” Blake shot back, out loud.

“Get Shayla out of here.”

“Hey, what are you two saying? I can hear my name. I’m not deaf.” Shayla stopped in front of them.

“Grey’s thinking it’s getting late and that maybe we should split up. He’s going to take this place.” Blake nodded to Grey. A stern look edged Blake’s face before he turned back down the hill with Shayla in tow.

“Slow down, big guy, we’re not in a race. Are we?” Shayla giggled, her voice carried up to Grey as he reached the top of the hill in front of cabin number three.

The scent of the strange wolf came across stronger here, but was still hours old. Grey walked to the door, auditory nerves maxed. He heard nothing, so opened the unlocked door. Inside was rancid with the strange wolf’s scent. It appeared he went wolf inside the cabin, urine in the corner and claw marks on the door. Strange behavior for a wolf so mature he had the ability to hypnotize. Ahhh. Grey realized the scent was that of a younger wolf. The pup’s scent was similar to the older wolf. He guessed the youth’s age to be very young, maybe six or seven.

Must be a father and son team come to set up vacation camp. What the hell?

Grey didn't like the implication. He searched the inside of the cabin and found nothing to indicate anyone had unpacked to stay. The back door hung open. He walked out and immediately picked up Brea's scent. She'd been here. This must have been where ole green eyes found her.

Grey noticed the clipboard on the ground beside the bottom step. He picked it up to check out who was registered in cabin three. Ah, Mr. Bryce Murdock and his son, Flynn. No forwarding address, but Grey could guess they weren't from around here. He circled the cabin checking the ground for anything left behind and noticed fresh tire tracks and footprints. Must be daddy came back to get his son.

Chapter Seven

Brea watched Grey's truck drive down the dirt path until she couldn't see it through the trees. She shivered, instantly missing the warmth of Grey's body next to hers. She looked one more time down the path in case Grey changed his mind about leaving her.

Did I misread Grey's intentions? Gads, I threw myself at him. Maybe he isn't into oversized women after all. I'm such an idiot!

Brea stepped through the door of her little stone cottage. She'd never questioned her size before, always fit her just fine. *Not questioning it now either.* Right now she needed cozy. As crappy as she felt over Grey's quick departure, her head throbbed like the residual effects of a hangover, but it didn't hinder her from throwing a few logs into the fireplace. Once a nice flame got going, she absorbed the comfort of its warmth. She lay back on her divan in front of the beautiful stone hearth.

Brea pulled her favorite blanket with images of howling wolves over her and laid her head on a matching throw pillow. Her whole room reflected her love of wolves, through pictures, statues, lamp shades, and her shelves full of books about them. She needed their comfort right now to take away Grey's rejection of her.

Brea closed her eyes for a moment, fighting an overpowering sadness. Exhaustion finally pulled her into sleep.

* * * *

A haunting wolf howl crept into Brea's dream. It wouldn't stop; it was so loud...until Brea snapped awake. She sat up in darkness, not even embers glowed inside the hearth, moonlight streamed in through her sliding glass door with enough light to help her maneuver through the room. She went to the glass door to draw the curtains closed, but instead she was drawn to what lay beyond her porch.

Brea opened the door, stepped out, and walked over to the railing of her ground-level deck. The light of the moon cut a path across the calm lake water to the sandy shoreline fifty feet away. Chilled damp air settled over her bare arms.

She glanced to the south tree line leading into miles of forest. Something shifted the shadows of the trees, maybe an animal hiding. She didn't hear the rustle of dry leaves that

usually accompanies animal movement in the forest.

A wolf howled a short distance from Brea. It reverberated against the stone cottage wall behind her, sending a shiver from her skin into her bones. She knew wolves had been sighted a few miles away, but never at the resort. For as long as she'd lived in Northern Michigan, she'd never actually seen one. Now, she was about to have a very personal experience with one.

Brea had studied them enough to know not to move or she'd spook it. She heard it breathing and slowly turned to look. Wet, warm moisture carried on the slight breeze, settling on, around, and inside her.

The moon and all its light vanished behind an ominous cloud. Two glowing green orbs appeared to float in front of her. Somewhere in her consciousness she recognized the green eyes and the assailing breath.

A direct order, something she must do, jogged her memory, compelling her. She couldn't look away. Her body became weightless, fluid and she wanted to follow. She moved forward, off the deck, following...following something that called her. She heard it and knew she must hurry.

Suddenly hands gripped her from behind, stopping her progress.

Another warm moist breath infiltrated her senses with the scent of pine, musk, and cloves. Her need to follow disintegrated like the ash of a spent campfire. Brea came awake in the middle of the forest. Strong arms wrapped around her waist.

"It's alright, Brea. I think you were walking in your sleep," Grey's voice whispered through the layers of fog that began to break apart in her mind. "Brea, take a deep breath."

Brea turned to face Grey.

"What...I'm...it's night." She couldn't seem to grasp a total thought, other than being in the middle of the forest and in Grey's arms. What was she doing here? What was he doing here?

Grey picked her up and carried her. She heard a wolf howl, so did Grey. He stopped and raised his face. Brea watched him sniff the air. She shrugged it off, her mind in no condition to make a judgment call of what he was doing, especially for something as strange as Grey sniffing the air.

The muscles in his arms tightened, squeezing her closer to him. He ran. How he could navigate through the trees in the darkness and carry her weight, Brea couldn't fathom, but then her brain didn't seem to be functioning with all lobes either. She closed her eyes and tucked her head into his shoulder, like a child in his arms, safe and loved.

Loved? Where did that come from?

Grey stepped onto Brea's deck, walking through the open sliding glass door into her cottage.

"Gads, I left my door open?"

"Like I told you, I think you were walking in your sleep. Have you ever done that before?"

Grey set Brea down on the divan and went back to the door to slide it closed. He switched on a small lamp in the corner and proceeded to re-build the fire in the hearth.

"I've never walked in my sleep that I'm aware of. I mean I've never woke up in the middle of the forest in the middle of the night. I guess I'm lucky you were there. Why were you there?"

Brea watched Grey's sleek animal-like movements, stealthy, sure-footed, with muscles rippling. Again she saw him lift his head and sniff the air. His eyes glowed silver, reminding her of other glowing eyes and a shudder quaked down her body.

Grey looked down at her, nothing glowed now, only soft gentleness.

"You're cold." Grey ignored her question and instead grabbed the wolf blanket piled at the end of the divan. He pulled the blanket around Brea. "I'm going to take a quick look around the cottage. You settle here by the warmth of the fire. I'll be right back."

"Why are you going outside?" Brea wasn't afraid, but she didn't want Grey to leave her.

"I won't be long." And he slipped out the door.

A wolf howled throwing all of Brea's senses on automatic alert. Her response was not prompted by fear, but more from an acknowledgment of knowing, a clearer understanding of herself. An impulse drove her to find that wolf.

Memory of the afternoon flooded into her. She froze for a moment gathering it all, every last detail. She held no fear, nothing that alarmed her. Like animal instinct, it was familiar and unlocked a part of her that had never been tapped. She sensed it, an inborn part of her.

Brea had watched a man change into a wolf. She was sure of it. He knew her. Somehow she knew it wasn't a chance meeting. He'd come for her.

Brea never wondered about who her real parents had been, until this moment. Her adoptive parents, Tillie and Pops, were all she'd known and loved. But maybe what wrestled to life within her had something to do with her biological parents.

Another howl, this time closer, spoke to her heart changing its beat.

She rushed through the door Grey had just closed. Once she got outside on her deck everything came at her in a swirl, the moonlight, the fragrances on the breeze, a blending of night

sounds, stars, water, grass, and his scent. Dark like coffee and heavy like thick cream with glowing green eyes, he was out there waiting for her.

“Brea, what are you doing?” Grey whisked her back inside the cottage.

She didn’t understand why or how, but she sensed the green-eyed wolf wanted her even if it meant hurting Grey.

“Did you hear that wolf?” Brea stared up into Grey’s face, his eyes melting into a silver glow. He sat her back on the divan, but she sprang off and stood toe to toe in front of him.

“Why are your eyes glowing? Your brother’s glowed, and so did that guy’s. Are you all related?” Brea stood so close that when Grey sighed his breath stroked her face. She resisted the temptation to kiss his parted lips. “Please answer me.”

“You’re not ready to hear it.”

“I remember what happened. Two wolves saved me and a man turned into a wolf in front of my eyes. I know what I saw.”

Grey’s brows crept together, his jaw tightened and his eyes lost their glow. He stepped back and a void opened between them. Again the bitter stab of his rejection overwhelmed her, but she needed the truth from him in order to deal with his hot and cold behavior.

“This sounds crazy, it sounds crazy to me...but I watched him change. Are you all wolves?”

Chapter Eight

A shudder spread through Grey's body, shaking him to the core of his wolf being. How could Brea understand any of it? She was a fragile human. This would scare her away from him for good. But then, how long would he be able to guard his true identity?

"It's okay, Grey. Please, just be honest with me." Brea's soft plea dipped into Grey's chest, plundering his heart. Something he hadn't recalled happening to him before now.

Brea's scent filled Grey's nostrils. She held no fear. He read understanding in her eyes. That wouldn't last once she knew his truth.

The wolf howled again, sounding like it stood outside on Brea's deck. Grey recalled the name, Bryce Murdock, on the guest register as the wolf creating havoc for Brea. He understood Bryce's interest in Brea, but now she was marked by Grey's affection, even though Grey had yet to claim her. Grey's scent was all over Brea, through his kisses and touching. Bryce knew the moral stand of a male wolf's claim to a female. He had overstepped the kindred boundary of mates.

Grey walked to the door, opened it, and stepped out. A strong odor of urine permeated the air.

That damn bastard marked his territory.

"Someone had to pee." Brea stuck her head out of the door. Grey was impressed with Brea's ability to scent the urine, but now her scent skittered through the air as well.

"Get back inside. I don't think the green-eyed wolf is hanging around here just to piss." Grey pushed Brea back closing her inside. He ran around the cottage sensing Bryce's aggression and sexual stimulation.

"I know you're here. What I don't know is 'why' you're here. This female is taken." Grey forced the words out to stake his claim on Brea. Words that sounded hollow and untrue in his own ears, how could he expect Bryce to believe them? How could he claim Brea when she didn't know his intention was to keep her for all time? He didn't have a clue how Brea felt about him, but things would need to get serious fast in order to push Bryce away for good.

Grey wandered around the front of the cottage scenting, listening, and watching. He walked back to Brea's deck without finding Bryce.

Brea stood at the door waiting for Grey. She opened it when he got near.

“Is the wolf gone?”

“I didn’t see him.”

Brea went back to the divan and Grey followed. He sat next to her with his arm snuggled around her.

“Grey, you haven’t answered my question about being a wolf and that’s okay. I understand I must sound crazy, but something inside me believes it might be true.” She turned her face up toward Grey’s. “I’m changing inside. I don’t know how to describe it, but something is changing, like at a soul level. And, I have to say, I think you are part of what’s happening to me.”

“As you are part of what’s happening to me, my love.” Grey kissed Brea lightly on her forehead taking in the fragrance of her hair.

“I’ve never wondered about my real parents, but because of these feelings that seem to be flooding my senses and my mind, I have to wonder who they were.”

“Pops isn’t your real father?”

“No, Pops and Tillie adopted my sister Belle and me when we were babies.”

“Ah, so you two are the name sakes of the B & B Family and Fishing Resort. Where’s your sister now?”

Grey watched Brea stare off, a haunted look of sadness replaced her smile. Her voice came to him in a whisper, shadowed with emotion.

“She died in an accident when we were twelve. It rained so hard that night. Our car swept off Tagerson Bridge into the river, like a gust of wind threw our car through the side of the bridge. Water kept getting higher and rushing faster. The current carried our car for miles.”

“Belle swam out of the car window before me. I made it to the bank with Tillie and Pops, but we never found Belle. Authorities scoured the river many miles downstream for weeks until they finally announced her as deceased.”

“You were both the same age, so you were twins as well?” Grey pulled Brea closer. A tear slid down her face nearly undoing all of his restraint from telling her everything about himself.

“Yes, twins.”

Three taps came from the front door.

“It’s me. Open the door.” Grey heard Blake inside his head.

“It’s Blake, his strategic three knocks.” Grey’s lips captured Brea’s. She gave the slightest moan as his tongue plunged through her parted lips. A shiver blistered through him tightening the heaviness between his thighs. His arousal came with the worse possible timing. He gently broke away and left Brea on her divan in front of the fireplace. “I’ll be right back.”

He slipped out the front door to find Blake.

“What brought you here?” Grey walked Blake away from earshot of the cottage.

“The call of the monster wolf, what else. Shayla tells me that they’ve never seen wolves in this area before. Apparently Tillie called the authorities to see if there was any danger to the guests at the resort.” Blake stopped close to the forest tree line.

“So?”

“Apparently those guys have other reported wolf sightings in the area within the last few months. They’re thinking of bringing in dogs to help find where the wolves have settled. Their theory is to move the wolves out of the area with dogs and a few gunshots. Imagine their surprise when they don’t find anything.”

Grey knew the extra care his pack took in concealing their home turf. He couldn’t imagine being discovered and having to move to a new location.

“Brea remembered what happened to her. Don’t ask me why, but I think there’s some kind of link to the big bad wolf and her. The wolf goes by the name, Bryce Murdock. He registered with a son, named Flynn.” Grey pressed his fingertips into his forehead to push out a pain that sliced through his skull.

“Does she recall seeing us in wolf form?”

“Yes. She asked if we were wolves. I haven’t answered that question yet. I’m afraid I’ll lose her forever when I do.” Again pain shot through Grey’s temples. He bent over. It took his breath away and almost dropped him to his knees.

“What’s going on with you?” Blake grabbed Grey’s arm just in time to keep him from falling over. Something twined through Grey and clutched his heart. Just as suddenly, it snapped free leaving Grey filled with deep barren loneliness.

“Oh my God, he’s taken Brea.” Grey jerked away from Blake bolting toward the cottage. Why the hell did he leave her alone?

He ran through the front door to the empty divan. The sliding glass door leading out to the deck stood open, the curtains swaying in the light breeze. Bryce’s scent plastered the room, the

wolf's arousal as obvious as Brea's anxiety.

Chapter Nine

Brea trembled when Grey walked away. She still tasted his exploring tongue inside her mouth and on her lips. A sigh escaped, she hoped he wouldn't be long. She stared at the flickering yellow and blue flames in the fireplace. They mesmerized, redirecting her thoughts back to her twin, Belle, and how many campfires they'd shared. Belle had loved building campfires.

Brea always figured she and Belle seemed opposites in most ways, but they'd also seemed in constant touch with one another. It was almost like they could read each other's mind, something subliminal, yet very real. Or at least Brea thought it to be real. She still believed Belle was alive somewhere, because Brea surely would have known if Belle died. Instead their mental connection broke, but not their heart connection. That somehow still remained intact.

The door leading to the deck slid open bringing Brea back to the present and Grey. She turned toward the door, scenting dark coffee and heavy cream.

"Nice to see you're finally alone." Green-eyes stood next to her, his rippling torso bare. He wore skin-tight jeans torn at the knees and no shoes. His eyes glowed. Brea's stare locked onto them, unable to escape. Her soul screamed inside her head for Grey, and suddenly was silenced.

Green-eyes wisped her up into his arms and ran out the opened door.

"You are mine, not his. Don't ever run away from me again." A growl rumbled inside his chest, like it sealed his words. Brea heard each word but couldn't gather their meaning.

He pulled her body into him with familiarity. One of his arms slid possessively between her thighs and palmed her ass. His other arm wrapped around her upper body, his hand cupping her right breast. His fingers worked her nipple, rolling and pinching. He rushed through the trees with building speed until all she saw was a blur.

Brea's body went fluid, responding without her consent. She lost track of what...a person, a place, the time? Morning light edged above the trees. Brea didn't recognize this part of the forest. Her body leaden like every part of it had fallen asleep. It felt swollen and numb. Brea's breath came in shallow gasps. She couldn't hold her eyes open, her lids kept slamming shut, until she succumbed to the beckoning darkness.

* * * *

“Rise and shine, Belle.”

Brea opened her eyes.

Did he just call her Belle?

Green-eyes stood ominously at her feet staring down at her. She raised her head enough to realize her arms and legs were spread eagle and tied to stakes in the ground. Gads! She lay there stark naked. Something bound her neck, tight, like a choker of some sort. A canvas tent surrounded them, so at least she had some privacy, other than for this lunatic who gawked at her in a most intimate way.

“Time to tell me how in the hell you managed to erase my scent from your body. We’ve mated so many times no other wolf should come within fifty yards of you.”

Green-eyes must think she’s someone else. *Belle?* His face turned a blistering red, eyes bulging.

“Well, what have you got to say for yourself? Your son and I have been tracking you for months. Ever since you fell into that damn river”

Brea watched Green-eyes, his face crumbled like he’d suddenly been broken.

“Talk to me,” he choked out.

Brea didn’t know what to say. Did he think he was talking to her sister? What did he mean about the fall into the river?

Green-eyes sniffed the air and his body tensed. He unzipped his jeans and pushed them off with a definite purpose in mind.

“You can’t shift. I’ve got the choker on you. No way for you to run.”

Brea saw his arousal, knew what he intended as he dropped to his knees between her thighs.

“Stop. Don’t do this. Do you think I’m Belle?” Brea twisted her hips, but to no avail. She couldn’t move enough to deter him. “Where’s Belle? I’m not Belle.”

“You expect me to believe that I don’t recognize my own mate? You’re mine Belle. I’m reclaiming what’s mine.”

“Stop!” Grey growled from the opened flap of the tent. He charged over and pulled Green-eyes away from Brea. “What in the hell do you think you’re doing?”

Grey pinned Green-eyes to the ground beside Brea.

“She’s mine, she’s always been mine. We’ve been mated for years. We have a son for God’s sake. What’s your problem?”

Grey looked at Brea and then back at Green-eyes. He slackened his hold.

“Brea hasn’t mated with any wolf.”

“What did you just call her?” Green-eyes moved out from under Grey. Both men stood, toe to toe, looking like they were about to kill each other, eyes glowing.

“Please stop it!” Brea yelled. Both men looked down at her. “My name *is* Brea. I had a twin sister named Belle who supposedly drowned fourteen years ago. Are you implying that Belle is still alive?”

Grey ripped his shirt off and draped it over Brea’s body. Green-eyes remained immobile, still wearing nothing but a look of shock.

“She’s not a wolf, so she won’t shift. Where’s the key to this choker?” Grey leaned close to Brea’s face and whispered, “Don’t worry, love, I’ll have you out of here in no time.”

Grey whipped out a pocket knife and cut the ropes around Brea’s wrists and ankles. She folded herself underneath the protection of Grey’s shirt, staying on the ground. Green-eyes shoved his legs into his jeans.

“Do you go by the name, Bryce?” Grey extended his hand, but the gesture wasn’t reciprocated. Bryce stepped away from Grey and closer to Brea.

“I don’t know what kind of game the two of you are playing here, but that’s my mate sitting underneath your shirt. Our son and I have been tracking her for months.”

“Bryce, scent her. This woman is not a wolf. She has not borne any pups.”

Brea sat rubbing the rope burns on her wrists while Bryce sniffed over her. His body stiffened and he settled down beside Brea.

“This isn’t my Belle. But, Flynn and I tracked her here. This female looks and smells so much like our Belle, how could I have known?”

“Bryce,” Brea spoke softly, not wanting to rile this man further. When Bryce looked directly at her, she continued, “Are you saying my twin sister is alive and she is a wolf? And not only that, but I’m an aunt?”

Bryce didn’t say anything. He rose off the ground, tossed a key at Grey, and then walked out of the tent.

“What just happened?” Brea searched Grey’s face for answers.

“I believe I just saved you from getting accidentally ravaged. Does that mean I’m a hero?” Grey unlocked the choker. He pulled it from Brea’s neck letting it drop to the floor.

Tears ran in rivulets down Brea's face. A sob caught in the knot at her throat and a shudder spread from her shaking hands down to her feet.

"Love, it's going to be all right." Grey pulled her up from the ground and into his arms. Uncontrolled sobs racked out of her into Grey's shoulder. Brea could barely catch her breath. Grey pulled his shirt tighter around her nakedness.

Everything in the past twenty-four hours caved in on her. The weight of it sucked her breath away. She relaxed against Grey closing her eyes and thinking, 'Belle lives.'

Chapter Ten

Grey held Brea so close he felt her heart beating next to his. He swore her emotions ran deep inside of him expanding the boundaries of his chest. He'd heard his father describe love in such a way as this. Now he knew the wisdom of his father, in the same way he knew the truth of his love.

He would find Brea's long lost sister, and then perhaps Brea would find him. He wanted his mate to feel the same for him as he felt for her. Their love had to be mutual for a complete mating, considering it would carry them both through a life time together.

After a bit of searching inside the tent, Grey spotted Brea's clothes. Warmth slid through him at the sight of the T-shirt he'd given to her the day before now lying next to her jeans.

"Hey, I just saw Bryce run off into the forest. He's long gone. Do you want me to hang out in case he comes back?" Blake's voice broke through loud and clear inside Grey's head. Blake had helped Grey track Bryce and then waited, hidden in the trees about a hundred feet away as a back-up plan should Grey have need of one.

"You're off the hook for now. Let Brea's family know that she's okay."

"How much longer will you be?"

"Give us a couple of hours."

"You got it. I'll stall them for you." Grey knew he owed his brother big time for this little romp in the woods that lasted through the night and well into the next day.

Grey pulled away the shirt he'd covered Brea with moments ago. She stood trembling in front of him. A growl rumbled deep inside him. Seeing Brea completely naked, scenting her most private places, aroused Grey almost to max.

Brea looked up at him, her eyes red rimmed. His resistance, what little he had, melted into the ground under his feet. Grey's zipper created an uncomfortable barrier to a most pressing matter, an involuntary grunt confirmed his discomfort.

He closed his eyes, hoping to calm his wolf instincts. He wanted Brea. Her naked image etched across the inside of his eyelids.

"God, Brea, I'm having a hard time. You need to dress and get out of the tent. Now!" Grey held his breath to keep from scenting her. Then it hit him like a boulder from the sky, he was

scenting Brea's arousal. He looked at her, wide eyed.

With shaking hands, Brea unsnapped his jeans and the zipper screamed open, releasing his pent up erection. She gasped when it touched her hand.

"Brea, we don't have to do this," he choked.

"Yes, we do. Mark me, Grey. Make me yours." Brea took the shirt he still held and spread it on the ground. She stepped so close, his cock pressed into her triangle of dark curls. Her fingers slid around his shaft, while the fingers of her other hand slipped between them to his full sac beneath. She gently squeezed.

"Oh God, Brea." Grey arched into her hands, his body acting on its own accord. "I won't be able to stop myself."

Brea led him by his cock down to the shirt.

God, a woman in charge.

His erection twitched inside her fingers, growing heavier. She spread her thighs and he kneeled between them.

"I've heard tales of soul mates, but never believed they were true." Brea lifted her gaze. Grey's melded with it.

His breath became lost to her. A shudder drove through him centering its force in the part Brea clasped within her warm supple fingers. He fought to focus on her words, not her curious fingers, or her rosebud nipples, or the sweet scent of her moist female folds. She spoke of soul mates.

"Grey, I believe you are my soul mate. My whole life has been on hold until you came to my door and opened it." Her fingers loosened their hold on him. She bent her head, kissed the tip of his cock flicking her tongue over the tip of it, and lay back on his shirt. Her thighs splayed wider. "Do you *want* to make me yours?"

Grey froze in place for a moment fighting back the urge to thrust his cock hilt-deep inside her. His body shook almost convulsively from the effort. Brea parted her folds with her fingertips, opening her glistening entrance to him. He thought he'd ejaculate right then.

A scent in the air came through the open flap of the tent. Grey's body went rigid, into auto alert mode. A roar burst from his lungs, depleting into a sound of exasperation.

What next!

Brea sprang into a sitting position. Her knees folded up covering her breasts and her hands

circled her ankles covering her other female parts.

“What’s wrong?” Her whisper cut through the silence following his outburst.

Grey stood, nose to the air. He recognized the scent and realized why Bryce had been confused. Bryce’s scent was there as well. Grey pulled up his jeans and tucked in his raging erection. He looked at Brea’s sweet face as he zipped and snapped his jeans. Tears welled in her amber eyes.

“Get dressed, my love. I believe you’re about to meet your sister.”

* * * *

“My sister?” Brea uncoiled herself from the floor and quickly dressed.

“I saw you sniff the air, is that how you know? You can scent her?” She lifted her nose to the air as she had seen Grey do. Something came to her, something recognizable.

Brea didn’t wait for Grey’s response, she ran out of the tent into the early afternoon sun. She’d made it almost completely around the tent when she saw them. Two wolves sat side-by-side, shaded by a large oak, only a few feet away from her. One with green eyes she figured was Bryce and beside him a shorter, darker furred wolf with amber gold eyes. Those staring beautiful eyes reached into Brea’s soul.

Brea remained motionless, but her heart hammered mercilessly against her ribs. Grey wrapped his arms around her waist from behind. She felt his kiss beside the back of her ear, but she couldn’t break free of the visual connection between her and the golden-eyed wolf.

Abruptly the link between them broke when the wolf’s snout rose high into the air and it released a bellowing howl. It sprang up and ran at Brea. Grey shoved her behind him, but Brea pushed him out of the way. The wolf leaped and knocked Brea off her feet. Grey jumped toward the she-wolf and got a hard body block when Bryce slammed sideways into him.

Brea lay face up on the ground pinned by the weight of the golden-eyed wolf hovering over the top of her. Its tongue lashed out leaving wet saliva lick marks all over Brea’s face.

“Grey, could this be my sister? Look at her, she loves me.” Brea giggled at the wolf snapping and barking in her face, while continuing to lick her.

Grey stopped wrestling with Bryce. He sat up. Brea saw him from the corner of her eye watching her and the wolf. Bryce shifted into human form and sat naked beside Grey.

“Belle, shift. Let your sister give you a hug.” Bryce shot a look over to Grey.

“I see you’ve made peace with your mate,” Grey stated and sloughed off the shirt he’d just

donned before leaving the tent. He tossed it at Bryce. "I see how comfortable you are naked, but your mate may not feel so uninhibited with me here."

"Well, you could turn your back."

"And miss out on the look of my love's face when she sees her dead twin sister for the first time since the accident when they were kids. Not on your life."

Brea listened to Grey and Bryce's little sparring conversation and she picked up on Grey's use of 'my love' in reference to her. She had only known Grey for two days, but the strength of her love for him was more like she'd known him for her entire life.

The amber-eyed wolf moved a short distance away and shifted. Belle, her naked sister, opened her arms and Brea flew into them.

"My God, you're alive!" Brea clung to her twin. Bryce walked up behind Belle and draped Grey's shirt over her shoulders. Bryce looked at Brea and nodded.

"I'm sorry. I would never take another man's mate." Bryce kissed Belle's temple then went into the tent.

Brea and Belle broke apart, without putting much space between each other. Bryce came out dressed carrying some clothing for Belle. She dressed all the while staring at Brea.

"I didn't remember. The only thing I remembered was my name." Belle put her arm around Brea's shoulder. "I never remembered what happened to us until I fell into that raging river a few months ago. The gates to my memory suddenly opened and filled me with the tragedy that happened so long ago. Like I'd just discovered I might still have a sister and another family. I had to find you, at all cost. I didn't know if any of you survived." Belle looked at Bryce. "I'm sorry I've put you and Flynn through such distress."

"It's over now. I get it, and so will Flynn when he meets your family." Bryce kissed Belle again, more thorough this time. Afterward their attention turned back to Brea.

"We were close, right?" Belle stated more than asked.

"We were so close we could practically read each other's mind. Somehow, I knew you didn't die that day, but no one believed me. There wasn't any proof you weren't carried down river and eventually out to Lake Michigan. The authorities looked for months to find you."

"Yes, about that. Can you imagine turning into a wolf at twelve years old?"

Brea thought about what her sister must have gone through to survive.

"When did you meet up with Bryce?"

“Actually, I more or less saved her from starvation and worse.” Bryce snuggled closer to Belle and possessively slid his arm around her. “She was nothing more than skin and bones, about to be devoured by a few renegade coyotes when I came upon her. I wasn’t much older than she was, but I knew how to fend for myself.”

Brea liked that they were obviously and deeply in love, and that her first impression of Bryce had been totally wrong.

“To this day I don’t know how he took on those coyotes by himself. I was so weak, I couldn’t stand. I knew nothing of shifting from wolf to human. Bryce and his pack taught me everything about the life of a werewolf.” Belle gazed over at Brea. “Are you afraid?”

“Do you think I’d be standing here if I were?” Brea chuckled. “I’ve had a connection with wolves for as long as I can remember, even before you left me. Didn’t really understand what it was about, though. I think Pops thought I was obsessed with them at one time.”

“Well, Brea, if I’m one, you’re one too.”

“I wondered about that.”

“If one of your parents was human, you may not ever shift Brea.” Grey pressed himself against her back and wrapped his arms around her waist. “But, you may very well have all the heightened senses of our kind.”

“So, you two are primal mates?” Belle smiled, her eyes moving from Brea to Grey.

“Not yet—”

“Yes,” Grey interrupted.

Chapter Eleven

Brea sat in the cab of Bryce's truck between Belle and the passenger door. Grey took the bed of the truck for the ride back to the resort. Brea wanted Grey next to her, but settled willingly for her sister. They chatted for miles until they sat in the parking lot of B & B in front of the store.

"B and B, does that stand for us?" Belle gazed at the sign across the front of the store.

"Yes. Pops changed the name after you went missing. I think he thought it might bring you back somehow."

"Well, it did."

Grey opened the truck door. Brea and Belle climbed out, gave each other another hug, and then headed to the store. Before they reached the door, it slammed open. They both jumped.

"Oh, my God," Pops shouted as he and Tillie dashed out the door. "What are we seeing?"

Belle stepped in front of them.

"It's me, Belle. I've come home."

Pops and Tillie grabbed Belle. They pulled Brea into the circle of arms forming a group hug. Pops and Tillie's tears flowed non-stop. Finally, they stepped back, staring at their daughters.

"Tell us the story. Where have you been?" Tillie wiped the tears from her face, Pops just let his roll.

Before Belle could answer, a young boy ran out of the store. He rushed toward Brea and stopped when he saw Belle.

"Mom?" He looked from one to the other.

Bryce chuckled. He quickly settled his arms around the boy's shoulders. Belle stepped forward giving the boy a big squeeze.

"I'm your mother, Flynn."

Flynn piled into Belle's arms. Brea watched, full of emotion. Belle moved to Flynn's side and introduced Tillie and Pops as Grandma and Grandpa, and then she introduced Brea. "This is Aunt Brea, your mom's twin."

"So, young man, this is the father whom you've been waiting for so patiently?" Tillie gestured toward Bryce. "And you never mentioned your Mom?"

“I didn’t know Dad found her. We’ve been looking for her a long time.” Flynn smiled up into Belle’s face.

“Well, I think this deserves one hell of a celebration.” Pops gave Tillie a pat on her butt, his natural way with her. “I’m for a campfire and a cookout.”

“Belle, we would love for you, Bryce, and Flynn to stay with us for as long as you can,” Tillie spoke up.

“I’ve rented cabin three. Belle, Flynn and I can stay there.” Bryce extended his hand to Pops. “I’m the husband of your daughter. I would have introduced myself earlier had I known you were her parents.”

Pops shook Bryce’s hand and then pulled him into a man hug.

“It’s not every day I get to meet the husband of my long lost daughter.”

“I want to reassure you that she’s no longer lost to you, but she has over extended herself. May we plan our celebration a bit later so that Belle can rest before the gathering?” Bryce stepped next to Belle and slung his arm around her shoulder. Brea noticed how tired Belle looked. Again, she was touched by the protectiveness Bryce displayed for her sister.

Pops glanced over at Brea.

“You look tired also, sweetie. Maybe you both should nap before we meet back here for the cookout. How about seven p.m. That gives everyone a good three hours to sleep. Will that be enough?”

“Pops, let’s make it eight, and I’ll get back here in time to help set things up.” Brea gave everyone a hug before the group disbanded. She grabbed her sister and whispered to her.

“I look forward to spending time together, dear sister. I’ve never lost hope that one day you’d walk back into my life. I love you.”

“I love you too.” Belle gave Brea an extra squeeze. “It sounds like we’ll have plenty of time to catch up. I’ll see you soon.”

Brea hugged Grey last.

“I’ll see you later?” She feared Grey would back off from her because of everything that just happened. It seemed so much, such deep family stuff. Grey had gone quiet since they’d arrived back at the resort.

“I’m taking you home.” Grey walked over to Bryce and said something to him. They shook hands, and then Grey came back to her.

“Hop in the truck, Bryce gave me permission to give you a ride home. They are happy with walking the short distance to their cottage.”

Brea jumped in the passenger side. Grey got behind the wheel. He reached across the seat and slid Brea closer to him. She sniffed the air. It held Grey’s scent, musky fresh forest soil, minty pine, with a bit of spicy clove tossed in. Her breath caught as she detected the hot moisture gathering between her thighs.

“I scent your arousal, woman.”

“And what does arousal smell like?”

Grey flung his arm over Brea’s shoulder.

“Heady, like cherry blossoms on a spring day, with the sweetest apple musk, and it compels me to want to eat you, like the big bad wolf that I am.”

Brea shivered in response.

“I felt that, which tells me you look forward to it.” Grey’s hand slid down to Brea’s breast. He cupped it, the pad of his thumb tweaking her already hardened nipple. A burst of heat erupted at the point of pressure from Grey’s thumb and streamed down to settle at her center, leaving her panting. Her back arched and her legs parted.

“And may I add that I have a deep abiding love of apples. I peel off their outer layer. Then I lick, suck, and nibble their succulent flesh, but most especially I love devouring their core.”

A moan lifted from Brea’s parted lips. Grey pinched her nipple, and then he grazed his forefinger across her lower lip. She sucked it into her mouth, laving it with her tongue, imagining Grey’s cock in its place. Grey groaned. Brea slowly pulled Grey’s finger out from between her lips.

“Pay attention to the road, we need to get to my cottage. Don’t you think?”

Grey picked up speed. They were parked at Brea’s cottage within minutes. Grey carried her inside.

“Where’s your bed?”

“I wish to shower first.”

“Okay, where’s that?”

Brea pointed the direction. She nuzzled up to Grey’s neck, licking and nipping.

“You’re not going to get a shower if you don’t stop doing things that make me want to ravage you.”

Grey stumbled, regained his balance, and then stopped short of the bathroom. Brea looked up at him staring at her books. Shelves of books took up a fair amount of wall space. He carried her closer, so her body squished between his and the books.

“My God, woman, look at all these books about wolves. You got a thing for wolves alright.”

“I told you about my deep appreciation of wolves. Some of these books go back to my childhood.”

Brea licked Grey’s nipple to refocus his attention. His body trembled and his heart raced against her palm. Funny how her body responded so sensually to his, like she was out of control, and yet when he responded to her in an out of control way, it empowered her. She could get used to playing passionate wanton or sexy vamp with Grey. Both of which she’d never thought of acting out with anyone else.

He set her down on the tile floor of her bathroom. Brea turned the shower on and pulled a couple towels from a small vanity beneath the sink. Grey tugged the T-shirt he’d loaned Brea over her head. He stopped when it encompassed her head with her arms extended above her. No bra, it still lay inside the tent, in shreds. She felt his hot breath on her right nipple, until her nipple tightened. Her back naturally arched. Grey’s breath scorched her left nipple into a knot. She swore her body absorbed his moist breath and discarded it inside her little black thong.

“Stop teasing,” Brea spoke through the T-shirt. She gasped. Grey sucked her right nipple into his mouth, only it felt like her entire breast because he’d cupped both hands around it, gently squeezing and massaging. She leaned back against the vanity, her legs refusing to hold her upright. Grey moved to the left breast giving it the same stimulating treatment. Brea wanted to scream, her sensitive nipples wanted to scream.

One of Grey’s hands moved down to cup between her thighs. Her breath stopped for a heartbeat and then slid out on a breathy moan.

“I need to shower,” she croaked. Her T-shirt flew off freeing her arms. Grey dropped it to the floor. He moved to her snap and zipper, pulling her jeans down her legs. His breath sucked in. She saw him staring at her black lacy thong. He yanked his shirt off, while Brea released his imprisoned erection. Grey kicked off his jeans and she slid off her thong.

“You don’t wear underwear,” she said, the words not a question.

“Never, although around you it might save my cock from zipper burn.”

Brea laughed, until Grey’s eyes locked onto hers. Then every part of her body tingled with

sensitivity, like he was touching every inch of her.

“Oh my God, Grey,” she whispered. His arms swallowed her and his tongue probed through her parted lips. She welcomed his invasion, sucking his tongue deeper inside. He growled, his chest rumbled against her pearled nipples. Grey maneuvered their bodies into the shower, the warm water inviting.

He grabbed the apple scented body wash off a ledge. Liquid soap shot over Brea’s nipples and triangle of curls. Grey turned her. She felt the liquid shoot across her back, her buttocks and down her thighs. He dropped the bottle on the floor. Then his hands swirled over her back, kneading her muscles. He swept down her legs and then back up. His palms rubbed her buttocks. Her body stiffened when his fingertips slipped into the crack between.

Grey spun her around, slowly soaping her breasts, under her arms, down her sides, over her hips, until his fingers grazed over her mound. There he stopped with one hand cupping her nether region and the other settled in the crack of her buttocks.

Brea had closed her eyes, but opened them now. She looked at the hard muscles of his chest, down to the flat plains of his belly, and then to his arousal pointing at her. He remained still, although his body trembled.

“My turn,” she whispered. She bent over to get the bottle from the shower floor. Grey didn’t make it easy for her with his hands planted in her crevices and water raining over every sensitive inch of her nakedness. Her face collided with his cock. She hesitated long enough to kiss the tip. Grey responded by letting her go and thrusting his hips toward her mouth.

She knelt in front of him and gave him what he wanted. Her mouth closed around him and her fingers circled his base.

“God, Brea. I can’t hold back.” Grey leaned his upper back against the shower arching his hips. Brea massaged his shaft with her tongue in time with her fingers. His erection lengthened and thickened inside her mouth. She tasted his salty pre-come.

Grey growled, deep and throaty. Its sound ricocheted against the walls of the shower. He thrust his hips hard and fast. His body stiffened. Brea gently squeezed his tight testicles. Grey roared as his cock convulsed against her tongue, spilling its hot liquid.

Brea suckled, milking him dry. She loved the taste of him, was hungry for him again when he pulled himself from between her lips.

“The water’s cold, you go dry yourself. I’ll be out in a minute.”

Grey lifted Brea from the floor giving her a little push out of the shower. She dried fast, standing wrapped in a towel when Grey emerged. His sculpted body glistened with moisture, looking yummy enough to drink. She noticed his arousal remained prominent and still pointed at her. The taste of him lingered, leaving her center creamy and ready.

“Like what you see?”

Brea looked up. Grey had a shit-eating grin on his face that warmed Brea’s face.

“Maybe.”

She turned to walk out. Grey charged after her, snapping off the towel she had around her body. He chased her into the bedroom where she turned on him.

“What? Do you like what you see?”

“You little minx. You dare tease me with your naked wanton body?”

Brea wanted him and loved that he wanted her. Her body blazed inside and out for his touch. She felt light, happy. After all this time her sister came back to her. Brea discovered the reason for her wolf passion. And now she stared at the wolf of her life, her soul mate.

“My love, you’re smiling, like you’re hiding a secret. Are you hiding a secret?”

Brea lay across the bed and opened her thighs. She met Grey’s stare through hooded lids.

“Claim me. Make me yours.” She watched Grey. His breath caught. Her gaze traveled down to the pulsating sign of his arousal.

“Do you understand the primal mating cycle?” Grey’s voice came out tight, as if it fought to escape his throat. “Once I lay claim to you through mating, it stands for life. There is no undoing it. This will be forever, Brea.”

“I want forever with you, Grey.”

Grey growled. He pulled Brea to the edge of the bed and flipped her over. Her feet dropped to the floor and the front of her body nestled into the softness of her quilt. Her ass lifted into the air. Grey’s cock probed between her thighs and along her crevice as he pushed her legs wider with his knees.

He licked her buttocks, one side and then the other, nipping, sucking. Sensitivity pulsed through her, fingers of fire erupted down her spine to her center. Grey pressed his hands into her hips raising her ass even higher. Her most private places completely opened and exposed. Moisture from her own juices dribbled down the inside of her thighs.

Grey thrust his hips against her, his hot shaft scorching her folds as it glided back and forth

without gaining entrance. He grazed one hand down her belly, his fingers circling the pearl at her apex. His cock pulled away. She immediately missed its warmth.

Fingers came from behind, teasing her folds, making her hips thrust. A breathy moan lifted from her lips as a finger glided into her passage and then another, stretching her, massaging her inner lining. Her clit so sensitive from his continuous attention, she fought to control the building waves of sensation from breaking through the dam too soon.

“I want you inside me,” she whimpered.

A third finger pushed inside her. She thrust herself into his hands. Her ass arched higher, her legs opened wider.

“God, you’re so wet.”

Grey slid his fingers out, and a savage emptiness grasped Brea’s womb. His fingers moved gently up the crack of her ass, leaving a wet trail of her juices. His fingertip rimmed the tight ring there. She froze at the possible invasion.

“Relax my sweet. When you come, I wish to feel it from every part of you. I want to mark every part of you.”

Grey smudged her creamy wetness from his three fingers around her rim. Brea’s legs began shaking, her knees pressed against the edge of the bed. His fingertip pushed into her.

“Relax.” Grey kissed her buttocks, suckling each in turn. Brea couldn’t stop trembling. Her pussy dripped. Grey pressed his fingertip further. Brea bucked and his finger shoved in to the hilt.

“Oh my God.” Brea’s breath caught, her hips hung, unmoving. Grey’s finger probed, each movement sending pain and pleasure, a mixed message that continued to make her core weep.

His other hand cupped her center from behind and raised it higher. She felt the tip of his cock at the entrance of her passage. His finger continued its mischievous probing in her backside. Her hips thrust into his cock and it barely entered her. He pulled his finger out of her ass, and her hips rose of their own volition as if to put it back. His cock slammed into her passage filling her at the same time his finger plunged back into her ass.

“God, take me...now.”

He rode her hard and strong, and she bucked against him to accept all he gave to her. She climbed to the precipice, hanging on the edge. Grey pinched her clit and the floodgates broke wide. Waves of electric sensitivity smashed through her body making her light and dizzy. Her

lungs filled with the scent of Grey.

He roared and his fangs clenched onto the back of her shoulder, sending more pleasure and pain to her core. He drove into both of her openings, impaling her. Another wave of sensitivity zinged through her. Grey's body shuddered against hers and then went tight, her hips hung suspended. Another roar echoed off the walls. Through her clenching muscles inside both of her openings, she felt his probing finger and at the same time his thickening cock, convulse and release inside her, filling her, marking her, claiming her as his.

Brea tasted him, scented him, and touched him, her body tingling with want of him.

Grey's body rested over Brea's back, his heart hammered a drum roll against her spine. He slowly slid his finger out of her, and then he pulled his cock out leaving a ravenous void inside her.

He left her for a moment. Brea heard water running in the bathroom. She rolled over spent, sated, and in love for the first time in her life.

"I love you my sweet."

Brea sat up in a flurry. Grey's voice just spoke inside her head.

"Yes, that's part of my claiming you. You no longer can hide secrets."

Brea ran into the bathroom.

"What are you doing inside my head?"

"You are also inside my head." Grey turned Brea toward the mirror. Her eyes glowed back at her, amber gold like her sister's.

"Your anger, like your love, and pretty much any one of your heightened moods, will bring out your wolf."

"My wolf..."

Someone banged on the door stealing the moment.

"It's Blake and Shayla."

"How do you know that?"

"Because Blake's inside my head, he's my brother. You'll probably hear your sister in your head as well."

Brea grabbed her robe from the back of the bathroom door. Grey wrapped a towel around his waist and went to open the door. Blake and Shayla walked in, red faced, both smiling through swollen lips. Brea scented a blending of musk, like the smell of sex.

“They’ve mated,” Grey spoke in her head.

Blake looked from Grey to Brea.

“Well, how about that, in a matter of days we’ve mated, when it’s taken us absolute years to get here.” Blake grinned and pulled Shayla closer to his side.

Grey glanced at Brea’s clock hanging on the wall.

“Damn, it’s already six-thirty.” Brea heard Grey’s words and got their meaning.

“You know what,” Brea said, hesitating only a moment to gather nerve to continue. “I still haven’t slept. Don’t mean to shove you out of here, but I got to be up and rolling in about an hour and a half.”

Shayla winked and smiled at Brea, while Blake gave Grey a quick salute. They left wrapped in each other’s arms.

As soon as the door shut, Grey ripped open Brea’s robe. His lips latched on to a beaded nipple and his thumb and forefinger rolled the other, drawing a breathless moan from her. She automatically arched into him. Grey slid the robe off Brea’s shoulders and let the towel drop from his waist. Brea saw his thick and heavy erection pointing at her again.

“Damn, you’re a demanding wolf.”

Grey dazzled her with his shit-eating grin.

“You love this mind-talk, don’t you?” His grin grew wider.

Brea wrapped her fingers around the pointer between his legs and led him back into the bedroom.

“No more talk. It’s my turn to claim you.”

Damn, I love a she-wolf in control.

“I heard that.” Brea watched Grey’s eyes travel over her body. When he lifted them back to hers, Brea whispered in mind-talk, *“Buck up wolf, you’re in for the ride of your life.”*

About Kay Dee Royal

Kay Dee Royal loves writing paranormal/fantasy romance, maybe because she loves to read them. Wild, rugged heroes and strong, intelligent heroines, both with a few shadowy secrets, make it intriguing and fun.

She resides in Southern Michigan.

Also available at MuseItUp Publishing

A Taste of Terror

By Chastity Bush

Genre: Paranormal Romance Erotica

ISBN: 978-1-926931-00-5

When Cole Douglas is sent in search of a rogue werewolf, he thinks the mission will go off without a hitch like so many before. As a Guardian, it is Cole's job to protect all living beings, mortal and immortal alike. But when sexy nurse/newly turned werewolf Chloe Dunn attacks him, his new mission takes a surprising turn as he learns that not only is she beautiful, she is his mate.

Refusing to acknowledge his destiny, Cole continues with his intended mission, only to find that the beautiful creature that attacked him is not only his one true mate but his ticket to finding the rogue werewolf he has been assigned to kill.

Despite the danger lurking all around them, Cole finds himself drawn to Chloe unlike any woman before. From her golden brown hair to her amber eyes, Cole realizes that even though he doesn't think he is ready for a mate, just a look from her sets his blood on fire.

Chloe Dunn is just learning to live life as a werewolf when the scent of a stranger sends her into a frenzy and leads her to attack him. Cole is dangerous and wild, something she needs no part of but the overwhelming pull he has on her is more than she can bear. The more time she spends with him, the more she wants him, needs him and will do whatever it takes to have him, even if it means placing herself in the hands of the very rogue that turned her.



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