



CRISSY SMITH

*Losing Control*

CORPORATE WOLVES

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Losing Control

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**Warning:** This book contains sexually explicit content which is only suitable for mature readers. This story has been rated *Total-e-burning*.

**Corporate Wolves**

# **LOSING CONTROL**

**Crissy Smith**

## *Dedication*

To D – Thanks for answering all my questions and your continued support.

## Chapter One

Shawn King walked through the automatic doors of the corporate office building housing McCoy Industries, where he would now work. He'd only been back in town for a month, but he was already starting to go stir crazy with having nothing to do. He'd left his security business in London to come home.

It was time to settle down and claim his mates.

He pushed the button of the elevator and waited. His brother's mate, CEO of McCoy Industries, had offered him a job as head of security until he decided what to do. Shawn hadn't planned on taking Mac up on his offer, but he didn't see much choice. It looked like the only way to get closer to the object of his desire.

Shawn stepped into the elevator and fate smiled at him as he heard the deep command to hold the elevator. He was more than happy to comply.

The man who had haunted his dreams for two years stepped inside with his head down, attention on his briefcase. "Thanks," he murmured.

"No problem," Shawn told him, boldly watching as the other man's head snapped up.

"What are you doing here?" Kyle Moore asked, his eyes narrowing.

Shawn would have laughed out loud at the look on the other man's face but he knew that wouldn't win him any points. Instead, he shifted closer. "I'm back. In fact, Mac has offered me a job, so I will be around...a lot."

He let that sink in for a minute. He could smell the subtle change in the other man's body. Kyle had first been uneasy and angry. His scent now included intrigue. Shawn was hopeful that meant Kyle was still attracted.

"You're going to work here?" Kyle asked, disbelief colouring his voice.

Shawn nodded. Kyle was only a couple of inches shorter than Shawn's six foot three frame. The build on the other man was good and he knew that under his dark blue suit, Kyle's body was to die for.

He licked his lips remembering the one night they had spent together.

Kyle cleared his throat and Shawn refocused. "I asked if you really planned on working here."

Shawn smiled at the annoyance in his voice. "I do."

Kyle grunted in response. "For how long? How long before you leave again?"

Shawn knew he deserved the scepticism on Kyle's face but he didn't like the flash of hurt that showed before Kyle covered it.

Taking a chance, he reached out to Kyle. He placed his hand on the other man's shoulder and squeezed. "I won't be going anywhere...again. I'm here to stay."

Kyle swallowed and Shawn barely held back a groan. The erection straining against the zipper of his khaki pants had to be visible. He looked down and was relieved to find Kyle was having the same reaction to the closeness.

"And there's something you should know," Shawn told him as he brushed his erection against Kyle's.

"What?" Kyle asked, his voice strained.

"I came back for one reason," Shawn admitted. When Kyle didn't question him further, he leaned closer to whisper in his ear.

The elevator dinged as he spoke. "To claim you."

Kyle's breath rushed out and he blinked. The elevator doors opened but he didn't move to exit.

Shawn stepped aside to let him off. "I'll see you soon," he promised.

Kyle growled in the back of his throat before glaring at him and stomping off. Before the doors closed, he looked back. Shawn just smiled.

A pissed off Kyle Moore quickly made his way to his office in the Marketing department. It was just like Shawn to drop a bombshell then disappear.

He walked past his secretary without a word and entered his office, slamming the door so hard the pictures on the wall shook.

How dare he! Two years, he had waited for word from Shawn—ever since the night they had finally got together. It had been special and Kyle knew deep down it had been more than sex.

His soul had been complete for the first time in his life. One night with Shawn and he had been ready to confess his undying love. He had found his mate.

Then, with no word, Shawn had left.

It had hurt more than anything he had ever experienced before. Most wolves waited their whole lives to find their mate. Instead of celebrating it, Shawn had taken off. The hurt was still there along with the anger. But neither was strong enough to contain the need he had felt being so close to his mate.

In the small confines of the elevator, Shawn's scent had threatened to overwhelm him. It was all he could do to resist grabbing him and holding him down to plunder his mouth.

He sat behind his desk and leant back. He tried to adjust his cock, which pushed against his slacks, but it was no use. He was hard and wanting and it was all Shawn's fault.

Knowing he couldn't work all day like that, he unzipped his pants and slid his hand inside. Spreading the pre cum that had leaked over the tip, he started a slow rhythm.

He thought back to that fateful night two years ago.

*They were both attending the mating ceremony of Mac's sister Beth to her three mates. He had been drinking champagne earlier but had switched to whisky to drown out his feelings. He was happy for the group but couldn't help but be jealous.*

*Shawn staggered to the bar where he was sitting and threw an arm around his shoulder. The two had been friends for so many years he didn't think anything about it at the time.*

*"Can you believe this shit," Shawn complained.*

*Kyle shook his head, not understanding.*

*"I mean, to change your entire life for someone. Give up your freedom. I don't get why anyone would want that," Shawn' continued.*

*Disgusted, Kyle threw his arm off. "I think it's nice," he said.*

*Shawn laughed deep and loud. "No, nice would be able to fuck anything and anyone you wanted when you wanted."*

*Kyle wasn't about to listen to filth, so he stood to walk away. Shawn's arm caught him around the waist.*

*"Hey, what's up?" his friend asked.*

*Kyle looked into the hazel eyes of the man who held him and spoke his fear aloud for the first time in his life. "What if I never find my mates?"*

*Shawn's brow creased in thought. "It's got to happen," he finally said.*

*"And if it doesn't?" Kyle prompted.*

*He wasn't prepared for Shawn pulling his body flush against his. "It will. And that person will be the luckiest bastard in the world."*

*Kyle was knocked off balance by that comment. "What?"*

*But instead of answering, Shawn's mouth slammed down on his. Kyle opened to allow him entrance. Shawn's kiss was hot and demanding. Within seconds, they were rubbing against each other.*

*"If we don't get out of here, I'm going to fuck you right here in front of everyone," Shawn panted out when the kiss broke.*

*Kyle hadn't even realised they were still out in the open. He quickly took Shawn's hand and led him away from the crowd.*

Kyle groaned as the memories pushed his arousal higher. The blowjob he had received in the bushes behind the building had been the best of his life. And that had only been the beginning that night.

His hand was moving lightening fast and he looked down in just enough time to lift his shirt before his seed released and splashed on his chest.

Oh God! He hadn't come like that in years.

Two years to be exact.



## Chapter Two

Shawn wasn't paying attention to where he was walking as his mind remained focused on Kyle. He turned into the outer office for the CEO and literally ran into someone.

He reached out to catch the woman as she bounced off his chest.

"I'm sorry!" she exclaimed, looking up at him with wide green eyes.

Shawn blinked down at the beauty in confusion. Electricity coursed through his fingers where he touched her and travelled straight to his cock. His dick perked up even after the earlier stop at the restroom to take care of the erection Kyle had caused.

There was only one reason he would react so strongly to touching a stranger. He'd found his and Kyle's third.

He didn't realise he was staring until she pulled back just a little. Shawn dropped his hands and stuffed them in his pockets so she wouldn't notice the way they shook.

"Sorry," he murmured. "You surprised me I guess."

She visibly trembled and Shawn caught the scent of her arousal. He took a deep breath to savour the smell – vanilla, cinnamon, and woman.

"It's...okay," she stumbled over her words. "I don't mind having a gorgeous man hold me."

Shawn laughed, as her eyes grew even wider than before and she slapped a hand over her mouth. It was just too cute for words.

"Oh my God! I can't believe I just said that," she cried, obviously embarrassed.

Shawn rocked back on his heels and grinned. "I appreciate a woman that speaks her mind."

She dropped her gaze and Shawn took the free moment to look her over. She was several inches shorter than him, petite, but with curves in all the right places. Her brown hair was long and hung around her face with strands of pink and purple. It was a good thing he had his hands in his pockets since they itched to touch the colours and see if they were just as silky as they looked.

She shifted on her feet and looked around. "I have to go, I think."

Shawn didn't want her to. He couldn't make the same mistake he had with Kyle. *Kyle...* Oh hell, he had to tell Kyle. Would the other man believe him? He still had to earn back Kyle's trust.

The woman started to step around him and Shawn felt the first stirrings of panic. "Wait!" he said and reached for her again. His hand landed on her shoulder but it might as well have been somewhere more intimate by the way she melted. "Your name?" he requested.

"Oh! Bree, Breanne Winters, but everyone calls me Bree."

Shawn liked the huskiness of her voice. His cock throbbed under his slacks, causing him to have to shift to hide the reaction. "Bree," he repeated. "I'll be seeing you again."

He strutted off with the promise hanging in the air. Shit, what was he going to do?

That question would have to wait until after his meeting.

There was no one at reception so he strode forward and peeked into the office. Shawn smiled as he leant against the CEO's office doorway. His brother Trevor held his female mate, Annabelle, in his lap as they sat on top of the desk in front of Mac, his male mate. They all were involved in a three-way kiss.

Annabelle jumped off the desk in surprise but Mac easily caught her and pulled her onto his lap.

"Didn't mean to interrupt," Shawn told them not trying to hide his amusement.

His brother growled but smiled back. "Haven't you ever heard of knocking?"

Shawn shrugged. "The door was open. Didn't think it was necessary."

Mac's head snapped to Trevor. "You didn't close the door?"

Trevor leant forward with his hands on his hips. "Well, excuse me. I didn't expect to find you in here kissing our girl senseless."

Shawn enjoyed the byplay between the two men—two strong men that had been together for years and made it look easy. It was only recently they had found their other mate, making their circle complete.

He wondered, and deep down he hoped, that his triad would be the same.

Annabelle started to squirm on Mac's lap and Shawn had to bite back a laugh at the resulting look on his face.

"Darling, hold still," Mac ordered.

She turned red but stopped moving. "I just came to drop off some papers," she said to no one in particular.

"And I'm glad you did," Mac told her kissing the side of her neck.

Trevor groaned and Shawn coughed, once again reminding the trio he was in the room.

Mac sighed but finally released her. She jumped up and away from both men, probably knowing if she didn't, one of them would have her back in their lap.

"I have to get back to work," she said as she started to the door.

"Don't forget we have lunch plans," Trevor called.

She blushed again as she brushed past Shawn going out the door.

Shawn was still chuckling as he stepped into the room. "We have a meeting but if the two of you need a few minutes, I could go get a cup of coffee," he teased.

His brother sent him a dirty look but moved to stand behind Mac as Mac gestured to the chairs in front of his desk.

"Keep it up little brother. It's been a while since I've taken you down," Trevor warned.

Shawn cocked an eyebrow at the man. "If you think you can, I'm game," he challenged. A little rough housing might just help relieve some of his stress.

Trevor took a step forward but Mac cut in, "Knock it off you two. We have work to do."

Shawn sat where he was directed and waited.

Mac cleared his throat and began to fill Kyle in on what he wanted as security for the new government contract they'd just picked up. Additional employees would need to be hired and that meant a lot of background checks would need to be done. Shawn let go of all thoughts and concentrated on business. It would give him something to do while he figured out his next step with his mates.

\* \* \* \*

Kyle walked down the large halls that led to the corporate boardrooms, his mind still on Shawn. He'd managed to get his daily work done but it hadn't been easy.

Every thought he had would return to Shawn. The way the man looked, the confidence that oozed from him, the sure strength with which Shawn had held him their one night together.

Kyle hadn't been a shy virgin but being with Shawn had been beyond anything he'd ever imagined. Shawn took instead of asking. He had controlled Kyle from the first kiss until he'd fallen asleep wrapped in Shawn's arms.

It had been the only time he had allowed himself to give up all control. It had been more than he had ever thought possible.

*Shit!* He had to stop thinking about Shawn. His body hadn't forgotten earlier and was once again raring to go. As discreetly as possible, he covered his stiff cock with a file folder as the boardroom came into view.

The accounting manager—and mate to the CEO and Vice President—was backing out of the room with her hands up. He reached out with his free hand and touched her shoulder before she could back up into him.

She looked back at him with amusement in her eyes. "Oh, thank God!" she cried and pulled him in front of her. "You go in there first. They're animals!"

Kyle laughed, guessing she was talking about her mates. The laugh died on his lips when he led her inside and saw Shawn and Trevor on the ground, rolling around wrestling. Mac leant against the table with his arms crossed, calling out encouragement to Trevor.

Annabelle was still gripping his arms. "Make them stop before someone gets hurt," she pleaded with him, but laughter laced her voice.

Kyle cleared his throat and the men on the ground paused in their playing. Shawn looked up and sent him a dazzling smile. Trevor took advantage of his distraction to roll Shawn onto his back and cover his body.

"I win!" Trevor exclaimed, before jumping off Shawn and offering his hand.

Shawn mumbled something under his breath but Kyle was too far away to hear what he said. Trevor threw his head back and laughed before helping Shawn back onto his feet.

"Come here, baby, and give me my victory kiss," Trevor told Annabelle, who remained hidden behind Kyle.

"No!" she argued, looking around him at Trevor then Mac. "And no kisses for Mac either. You all act like children!"

Trevor grinned and started to stalk forward. "Ah, come on, baby... I won fair and square, so I should get a kiss."

She squeaked and let go of Kyle as Trevor got closer.

Everyone in the room laughed when she went to dart to Kyle's left and Trevor was there, picking her up in his arms and kissing her.

She didn't fight, but instead wrapped her arms around his neck. They kissed for several minutes before Mac growled.

"That's enough, or I'll take you both to the ground," Mac warned.

The pleasant scent of arousal and love filled the room, and Kyle had to hold in a sigh. He wanted what the three had. Kyle glanced at Shawn and saw the other man watching him. He had to fight every instinct in his body to go to the other man and give him his own kiss. He bit the inside of his cheek, using the pain to pull himself together.

Instead of kissing Shawn, Kyle nodded in greeting then walked around to the other side of the table. Shawn's lips quirked. Yeah, apparently he knew Kyle didn't want to be any closer to him than he had to be.

Kyle placed his file in front of him as he prepared for the meeting. The room started to fill with other staff members, but no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't totally ignore Shawn. Every time he peeked, Shawn was there...sitting back in his chair watching him.

Kyle tried to pay attention as Mac went over a big contract the company had been rewarded. But Shawn's presence was distracting him and his bodily needs were urgent. Since most of the department heads were also wolf shifters, he knew if he wasn't careful everyone in the room would know he wanted Shawn. As it was, Trevor had sent a few curious looks his way already.

Kyle missed Mac ending the meeting, lost in his own thoughts. He let the room clear out before he stood. Or tried to. Of course it didn't look like Shawn was in any hurry either.

Kyle kept his head down as he headed towards the door. He wasn't surprised when Shawn blocked his exit.

"You've never dropped your eyes to anyone but our Alpha. Why are you doing it now?"

Kyle took a deep breath before he met the other man's gaze. "Why are you really here?" he asked, instead of answering Shawn's question. He hated himself for asking but he couldn't help himself. This man was his mate.

"I told you. I came back to claim you. You are my mate," Shawn told him sternly.

"I knew that two years ago. What, you just figured it out?" he accused.

Shawn shook his head. "No."

Before he could continue, Kyle interrupted, "So you did know. I thought so."

"I knew," Shawn admitted softly.

"But you didn't want me before."

Shawn shook his head immediately, and Kyle held up a hand to stall his argument. "No, you already proved you didn't. Well, maybe now it's *me* who doesn't want *you*."

Shawn gasped in surprise and Kyle used the moment to slip past him. Even though his wolf was howling inside for its mate, he continued to walk from Shawn.

Better to stop any further hurt now than to have his heart broken later...again.

Bree Winters paused at the trunk of her car and watched the man she'd met earlier that day stomp to his car. He was so ruggedly handsome, she didn't see why everyone in the parking lot didn't stop to stare. While the man was obviously upset about something from the set of his shoulders and frown on his face, it didn't take away from his attractiveness.

She'd asked around and found that Shawn King worked in security. Actually, he was head of security and the brother to the VP, Trevor King.

She definitely thought Shawn looked more cut out for security than businessman. The muscles in his shoulders and arms stretched and rippled as he pounded his fist against the door of his SUV.

The fit of anger probably should have frightened her. Instead it was an incredible turn on. Her panties were soaked with the juices from her arousal. She slid around to the passenger side of her car so she could still keep an eye on Shawn. He now sat in the driver's seat with his head bent. Every instinct she had as a woman wanted to run and comfort him.

But common sense prevailed. She didn't stand a chance with a man like Shawn King. She was just Bree—the graphic designer that liked to wear jeans and colour her hair. If she

took her heeled boots off, she would be able to see the rainbow of colours she had painted her toenails.

No, Bree was much more at home in comfortable clothes with bright colours than a little black dress.

Depressed by her own thoughts, she purposely turned her head away and scrambled to the other side of her vehicle. She unlocked the door and climbed inside, not letting herself look up when she heard a squeal of tires telling her Shawn had left.

## Chapter Three

Shawn closed the door to his condo and threw his keys on top of the coffee table as he stomped to the kitchen.

He pulled the fridge door open with more force than necessary and it rocked under the assault. He cursed at himself before he reached in and pulled out a bottle of beer.

Kyle had proved to be more stubborn than Shawn had expected. Shawn had made sure he was there every morning when Kyle arrived at work so they could ride the elevator together. He came up with hundreds of reasons for visiting him during the day. He touched, whispered, and tried to seduce him at every moment. And still nothing!

Oh, he knew he deserved this treatment and more, but it was frustrating him to no end. He ached to hold Kyle close and kiss away all the hurt he'd caused.

And he still hadn't told Kyle about Bree. *Bree*. The thought of his female mate brought a smile to his face. He'd looked through her file and memorised every bit of information in it.

She worked in the company's graphic design department, which explained the faded, frayed jeans and T-shirt she wore. It was a lot more relaxed down on that floor than anywhere else in the building.

From what information he'd gathered, she was good at her job. Very good. There was no mention of whether she knew about wolf shifters or not, so he was going with her not knowing. That would be an obstacle they would have to cross, but Shawn was sure with him and Kyle helping, she would do well in their world.

He wanted so badly to tell Kyle about her but he wasn't sure how the man would react. Would Kyle turn Bree away like Shawn had him? He couldn't take the chance. Kyle was angry and Shawn wouldn't let him make the same mistake.

A solid, loud knock came from the front door and he growled. He wasn't in the mood for company. Well...not unless it was Kyle coming over to give himself to Shawn, but that wasn't likely at all.

He slammed his unopened beer on the counter and slowly made his way to the door. Halfway there, he knew who his visitor was. He could smell who was at the door.



Opening the door, he frowned at his brother. "What?"

Trevor just smiled and shouldered his way past. Shawn held in a scream of frustration and closed the door to follow his brother back to the kitchen.

By the time he reached his brother Trevor had two beers opened and held one out to him. "Want to talk about it?"

No, he didn't. "About what?" he asked instead.

Trevor didn't answer, just stood there taking long pulls of his brew.

"There's nothing to talk about," Shawn told him, but his voice wavered.

No response other than a raised eyebrow.

"I fucked up," he finally admitted.

Trevor chuckled. "Yeah, worked that one out on my own. Want to tell me what happened between you and Kyle?"

Shawn scrubbed his hand roughly over his face. "Shit, man..." How could he explain when even he wasn't certain why he'd done it. Plus if he was honest, he didn't want to see the disappointment in his brother's eyes.

Trevor finished his beer and threw the bottle into the trashcan. "You sure he's your mate?"

Shawn sighed and took a drink of his own beer. The cold liquid went down smoothly and soothed some of his anxiety. "I ran. There is no other word for it. I knew Kyle was my mate, and I ran," he admitted for the first time to anyone besides himself.

Trevor nodded but didn't comment. Shawn knew his brother was giving him time to work out what he needed to say. He appreciated his brother's restraint from commenting, since Trevor had been born to issue orders and take control. He relaxed where he leant against the cabinet.

"That night with Kyle took me by complete surprise," he started to explain. "I wasn't ready for a mate, for settling down. For...anything." Shawn drained his bottle as tears pricked his eyes. "Now it may be too late."

Trevor reached over and took the empty beer from his hand. "Why were you afraid?"

Shawn shook his head in denial. He hadn't been afraid. Just not ready. "I wasn't..."

"You were," his brother interrupted. "And if you don't admit it to Kyle and tell him how you feel, you will never win him back."

Shawn scowled. Admit to his mate he had been scared? No, he could never do that. He was the more dominant male of the two. Now that he knew they had a human female mate, it would fall on him even more to take care of the two.

Shawn opened his mouth to explain that to his brother but Trevor clasped his hands down on his shoulders. "Whatever you think about being the alpha, forget right now."

Shawn blinked up in surprise.

"The thing about having a mate or mates is that it all balances. That's nature's way of keeping the peace. I tend to go off and act before thinking it through, while Mac always looks ahead to see all possible reactions."

Shawn nodded. He'd seen that for himself throughout the years the two men had been together.

"That doesn't make Mac weak—it makes him strong and smart," Trevor added.

"Yes, but..." Shawn started to cut in. He and Kyle weren't the same.

Trevor shook his head. "Add Annabelle into the mix and we have the loving nature of a mate who holds us both together. A referee of sorts. It balances."

Shawn closed his eyes to really listen. What he heard was the love his brother had for his mates in his words.

"I wasn't complete with just Mac. I loved him but there was something missing. I never felt loved and in control until they were both at my sides."

Shawn peeked up to look at his brother's face.

"I want that for you. Come clean with Kyle. Tell him why you ran and let him tell you how that made him feel. Only then will the two of you be able to move forward and start your lives. Then look for your other mate."

Shawn knew Trevor was right. Partially anyway. He'd already found their other mate. But it didn't seem right to tell Trevor before Kyle knew, so he kept that secret to himself. But as soon as he had Kyle back, he would do everything in his power to bring Bree in quickly. Kyle deserved her. "Yeah, okay," he agreed. "I'll try."

He found himself embraced and Shawn let his arms go around Trevor's waist. He took comfort from the other man. He had a feeling Kyle wouldn't see things so simply, but maybe with the support of his family, they could fix the mess he'd made.

\* \* \* \*

Kyle was surprised Shawn wasn't waiting for him when he entered work on Monday morning. For the past week, every time he turned around the other man was there.

He never would have admitted it to anyone else but he found that endearing. Shawn was making no secret of the fact that he was there for him.

He couldn't help but look over the near empty lobby as he made his way to the elevator. Had he finally ran Shawn off? Had his need to cause the other man pain like he'd felt backfired and driven Shawn away from him?

With a heavy heart he entered the metal box to go up to his office.

*If Shawn gave up after just one week, then he couldn't have been that serious about claiming me,* his head told him. But his heart ached for his mate.

He looked up when the doors opened, hoping to see Shawn already there. His stomach fell when the entry was empty. Kyle put his head down and made his way to his desk. Tears burned as his hope died. He shouldn't have been surprised. Shawn had never been able to stay in one place for long. Why had he thought he could change Shawn's nature?

He returned greetings from those already working as he made his way to his office. There, he closed the door and walked to the window. He didn't have much of a view. His side of the building faced another skyscraper. Still it felt good to be able to look outside and see the sun rise.

Unlike a lot of the shifters he'd both grown up with and was now friends with, Kyle had always been more of a city guy. The need to shift and run always hit him close to the full moon, but most of the time he felt more at home in the city than in the wild.

The traffic, the noise, and all of the people made him feel like he belonged. His wolf was strong and he had many Alpha urges, but around other dominant wolves his brother wolf wanted to submit. But that was a feeling he could never give in to.

He often wondered what it would be like in a committed trio relationship. Would his female want him to take a more aggressive role? He'd always worried about that. While he was okay with the thought of Shawn taking control of things, a small part of him wanted to be the protector too.

What was he thinking? He couldn't even keep his one mate interested. What would he do with two?

With a deep sigh, he turned back to his desk. He had to finish his current file to get to the graphic design department.

## Chapter Four

Shawn was dying as he did his best to stay away from Kyle. It hadn't been fair to stalk the man all day long and interrupt his work as he had been doing. After his talk with his brother and the whole weekend alone to think about it, he knew he needed to be fair to Kyle.

He needed to apologise first and see if they could move from there. Causing Kyle distress at work was not the way to go.

So he had got up early and to his office before anyone else was in the building. He'd watched through the security camera as Kyle had entered and made his way upstairs. He wasn't sure, but it had looked like Kyle had been looking around for something or someone. Maybe him? Wishful thinking on his part.

It was only ten minutes later when Bree had arrived. He wondered if she and Kyle had ever run into each other. No, he didn't think so. If Kyle had found his female mate, he would have told Shawn. Or maybe not. Shawn sure hadn't told Kyle yet.

His whole personal life was a complete mess. But he was a man of action. He had to do something.

A check of his watch showed it was late. He'd made it all day. That was an accomplishment in itself. Before Kyle left for the day, he would ask the other man out to dinner. Maybe if they were out in public, Kyle would feel more comfortable with the two of them getting together. It was a far cry from what he really wanted to do. But he knew Kyle would not appreciate being dragged to Shawn's condo and tied to his bed for a week... No – a month.

The thought of having Kyle handcuffed to his bed, open for Shawn's exploration, had his cock perking up. He hadn't been with anyone since the night he realised Kyle was his. He'd come close a few times back in London but could never go through with it. The other men hadn't been Kyle. Finally coming to his senses, he had come back home.

His condo was in a pack-owned community so they would have the safety of others like them around. He had made sure it had enough rooms that Kyle could set up a home office and he could have a gym.

Kyle had always loved to run, so the park across the street would be a selling point too.. There was lots of room for Bree too. The condo was plenty big for three people, and as soon as he knew Bree better, he would make sure she had everything she needed also.

Everything he had done since he'd been back had been for Kyle. Adding Bree complicated things, but in the best of ways. Now he just prayed it wasn't too late. He longed to spend every spare minute with the two of them.

Kyle had always wanted his mates. Shawn had known that, which made his betrayal even worse. He had sworn to himself that once Kyle accepted him, he wouldn't rest until he found their third. Bree had come as a pleasant surprise but they couldn't wait too long. While all signs pointed to her being single, a great woman like that wouldn't stay alone for long.

He wanted what his brother had. More than that, he wanted it for Kyle. He would show his mates how much they were loved – if it took the rest of his life.

\* \* \* \*

Kyle stood from his desk and stretched. His jacket and tie had been abandoned hours ago along with most of his energy. The account he had been working on for the last couple of weeks was finally coming together. It had taken all of his concentration but he had made quite a bit of headway on it.

It was already after seven and he was more than ready to head home. He had tried to tell himself he hadn't been waiting on Shawn to show up, but that was a lie. Then he'd worked late hoping that Shawn would see he was alone and come by.

Angry with himself for his weakness, he slammed his briefcase shut and turned to head for the door.

He stopped short, blinking several times to make sure his tired mind hadn't conjured up the object of his affection. But no... Shawn was standing just inside his door with his hands in his pockets.

"Hi," Kyle greeted shyly.

Shawn nodded. "I hope I'm not interrupting anything. I was just checking to make sure you were all right. It's pretty late and..."

Kyle grinned. He had never seen the other man so nervous. They'd been friends for years. They had snuck out as young pups, stole his dad's truck when they were sixteen, and got in bar fights at eighteen. Now ten years later, they stood in the same room and could barely talk. It was just...funny.

As he started to chuckle, Shawn's eyes narrowed and he took a step back.

Oh, that was even better! Was Shawn scared of him? He laughed outright, holding his stomach.

Shawn cleared his throat. "Are you okay," he asked in a slightly annoyed tone.

Kyle tried to calm down and waved him closer. He looked unsure but Shawn finally took several steps further into the room. He looked hot in his expensive, custom-cut suit, and Kyle wanted to run his hands all over Shawn's body.

Several deep breaths later, Kyle had control of himself. He leant back against his desk and crossed his arms over his chest. "I was finishing up some paperwork. What's your excuse to still be here?"

"You're here," Shawn replied.

"I just said that," Kyle agreed.

"No...I mean...I..." Shawn rubbed his hands roughly over his face before he dropped them by his sides. "Fuck Kyle, I'm sorry. I'm sorry I left you like I did and I'm sorry I didn't call. I'm just sorry."

Kyle's heart skipped a beat. He never thought he'd ever hear those words from Shawn. It didn't take away the pain from the past two years, but it went a long way with him.

He pushed himself off the desk and started to his mate. He stopped only a foot away. "That's all I wanted you to say," he told Shawn as he grabbed Shawn's face and pressed their lips together.

Shawn didn't respond right away, which Kyle took as shock. Shawn wasn't used to someone else making the moves. Then when Shawn groaned and wrapped his arms tightly around his waist, pressing him close, Kyle knew he'd made the right choice.

Their tongues duelled for dominance and it wasn't long before Shawn took control. Kyle melted against him. Shawn ran his hands down Kyle's body until they landed on Kyle's ass. Kyle moaned into the other man's mouth as his cheeks were squeezed.

"I've dreamt about you," Shawn murmured when their lips separated.

"Me too," Kyle admitted.

Shawn's mouth slammed down on his and he was lifted off his feet. Kyle returned the kiss with as much passion as he could. He felt Shawn moving but it didn't register until his legs pressed against his desk. He allowed himself to be lowered and laid out on his back.

Shawn's mouth travelled down his neck and his hand traced over Kyle's body. When Shawn cupped his bulging erection, Kyle bucked up, increasing the pressure.

"You are so hot," Shawn whispered against his skin.

"Shawn," he moaned out the other man's name.

"I want to taste you," Shawn admitted. "Let me?"

"God yes," Kyle agreed.

His slacks were unfastened and quickly pulled down his hips. Then his aching cock was surrounded by warm moist heat as Shawn swallowed him down.

"Yesss," he hissed, his hands catching Shawn's head to hold on.

His mate moaned working his hard shaft with tongue and the lightest pressure of teeth. Shawn paid close attention to the sensitive head for several minutes before once again taking him down to the base.

Kyle tried to keep from pushing into Shawn's mouth but he couldn't hold back. He thrust down the other man's throat and Shawn let him, one hand stroking Kyle's prick, the other massaging his balls.

All too soon he felt the tingle at the base of his spine, signalling his pending climax.

"Gonna...soon," he barely managed to warn.

Shawn hummed and sucked harder.

"Now," he yelled and shot down Shawn's throat.

He was licked clean before his mate rose back up his body and kissed him hard. They were both panting when the lip lock ended.

"Dinner?" Shawn asked with a cocky smile.

Bree either had to start leaving work later or earlier. She'd just stepped out of the elevator to the second floor parking garage when she heard voices.



She'd looked up in time to see Shawn King with another man. Their backs were to her as they made their way to Shawn's SUV. She wouldn't have thought too much about it, except Shawn had his hand firmly planted on the other man's ass.

It was an amazingly tight and muscular ass. *Perfect*, she saw when Shawn's hand moved up to the man's back. Obviously they were a couple or they would be soon. Shawn had been around the floor she worked on quite a lot lately. She had thought hopefully it was because of her, that maybe he had wanted to be around her, to get to know her? Of course it had only been her wishful thinking, because he was very much taken.

The stranger threw his head back and laughed at something that Shawn said. The sound travelled straight to her pussy and Bree gasped as her clit began to throb.

While she had reacted similarly to Shawn, she wasn't so sure her current state was completely over him. The other man had something unknown that seemed to pull her towards him.

She took several steps back until she was pressed against the concrete wall next to the elevator.

The two men climbed inside the vehicle and she took a deep breath. What in the hell was wrong with her?

\* \* \* \*

Shawn was relieved that Kyle had agreed to dinner even if he'd taken advantage of the other man by asking right as he was recovering from their time together.

They sat across from each other at a wolf community-owned steak house. He hid his smile behind his beer as Kyle cracked peanut shells and swiped them onto the floor.

His man had been quiet since they'd left the office but the only emotion Shawn smelt coming from the other man was deep contentment.

"Wow, an amazing blow job followed by a steak dinner," Kyle commented. "If I didn't know better I'd say you were trying to impress me."

Shawn set his beer down and looked deep into his mate's eyes. "I'm doing more than trying to impress you, Kyle. I want you to know how sorry I am."

Kyle started to shake his head but Shawn held up a hand. "Please let me get this out," he urged. It looked like now was the perfect time to come clean.

At Kyle's nod, he continued. "I hurt you. I didn't think about what I was doing to you at the time, but later when I'd come to my senses, I knew that my leaving would be very bad for you."

Kyle looked down at the table, silently telling Shawn he was right.

"The longer I stayed away the worse it got. I tried to pretend I didn't have a mate. But like with most things, the truth finally caught hold and wouldn't let me go," Shawn told him honestly.

Kyle was picking at the red and white tablecloth and Shawn waited until he looked up. "Finally I knew I had to stop running and come back to you."

Kyle bit his lip, his face full of hurt, and Shawn wanted to kick himself. This obviously wasn't a good idea. Why he'd ever thought telling Kyle the truth would win him his man back he didn't know. He'd just managed to cause his mate more pain.

They sat in strained silence for several minutes before Kyle asked softly, "Why don't... didn't you want me?"

"Oh, God!" Shawn jumped from his seat and rushed over to Kyle's side of the booth and slid in next to the other man. "I wanted you...want you, I mean. That was never an issue," he assured Kyle.

"But..."

Shawn wrapped his arm around Kyle's shoulders and pulled their two bodies close together. "I was scared," he whispered.

Kyle's mouth opened and closed several times before he simply nodded.

"I know you always wanted your mate. Hell, I don't know anyone else besides me that actually didn't actively search. But all I could think was, when I found my mate, I would no longer be just Shawn. I would be part of a mated pair or trio. I would be responsible for others when I wasn't even ready to take care of myself. That someone would depend on me and I wouldn't be able to provide for them...for you."

Kyle's response surprised him. His mate sighed and rested his head against his arm. "I understand."

"You don't have to say that. I know I'm a selfish bastard," Shawn told him hoping to lighten the mood a little. Although it *was* the truth.

Kyle chuckled and Shawn felt his tension lessen.

"Hell man, we're all selfish," Kyle tried to assure him.

"Not you," Shawn cupped Kyle's cheek. "You're the most honest, good, kind man I've ever met."

Kyle blushed but Shawn meant what he said and was intent on proving it. Gently he nudged the other man's lips to his.

The kiss was sweet and loving and they only broke away when the waitress arrived with their food, discreetly clearing her throat.

As they ate, Shawn struggled with whether to tell the man about Bree or not. Should he wait and make sure Kyle believed he was sincere?

His stomach flipped and he lost his appetite. As if sensing his change in mood, Kyle looked over at him.

"You okay?" his mate asked.

Shawn wiped his mouth before he took a deep breath. He made sure Kyle met and held his gaze. He opened his mouth and paused. He couldn't do it. Not yet.

Kyle stiffened. Shawn placed his hand on the other man's knee.

"It's nothing," Shawn tried to explain. "I just can't believe you're here next to me. I don't deserve you."

Kyle watched him for several moments. "I can tell you mean that, but you're still holding something back. Will it keep you from me?" Kyle asked softly.

Shawn squeezed Kyle's leg. "Nothing in this world will ever keep me from you again."

"All right then. Eat."

Relieved, Shawn did as he was told.

## Chapter Five

Kyle was going to kill his mate. It had been over a week since the two of them had shared dinner and one awesome blowjob in his office.

Since then Shawn had remained the perfect gentleman. The two men shared dinner every night but at the end of the evening, Shawn would take Kyle back to his apartment, kiss him good night, and leave him alone.

It was driving Kyle crazy.

Shawn had told him that he wanted to make up for all the pain he had caused but now Kyle had a different kind of pain. One that even the feel of his own hand was not able to take care of.

He wanted Shawn and tonight he was going to get him one way or another. Shawn was supposed to pick him up at seven. Just a few minutes from now.

Kyle had put his plan into motion as soon as he got off work. Now everything was in place.

When the knock came on the door, he had to take several deep breaths. He hoped he wasn't making a terrible mistake.

He opened the door to his mate as he grinned at the surprised, heated look he received.

"You're not ready," Shawn observed. "I'll wait while you get dressed."

Kyle pulled Shawn into his apartment, closed the door, and then pressed the bigger man back.

Shawn caught him as Kyle started to climb up his body. His only clothing was a small towel he'd wrapped around his waist after his shower. The towel fell off almost instantly.

Braced against the door, Shawn held him as Kyle wrapped his legs around his mate's waist.

"Kyle... what are you doing?" Shawn asked in a strained voice.

Kyle wiggled his hips pressing their cocks together with the only barrier being Shawn's clothes. "I'm showing my man how much I want him."

Shawn groaned and threw his head back thumping it against the door. "We have reservations."

Kyle licked up the side of his neck. "I don't care."

Shawn hitched him up higher. "Are you sure?"

Kyle answered him the one way he knew Shawn would understand. He kissed him. Hard.

Shawn's mouth opened and Kyle's tongue stroked against his. They both moaned.

"Take me to bed," Kyle murmured against his lips.

Shawn moved quickly, using his wolf strength and speed, carrying him to his bedroom. Once at the door, he paused.

Kyle watched his reaction. Instead of soft music and candlelight like most seductions, Kyle had hard rock blaring from his speakers and handcuffs dangling from his bed frame.

"God you're perfect," his mate told him before he was airborne.

Kyle landed in the middle of his bed with a bounce. As his man stalked closer, he began to remove his clothes. "I'm gonna fuck you, my mate," Shawn promised.

Kyle laid back and spread his legs in open invitation. "I hope so," he agreed.

His shirt removed, Shawn started on his pants. "I'm going to take that tight hole of yours. I'm going to bury myself so deep inside you that you'll feel me for a week."

Kyle groaned, reached out, and started to stroke his leaking cock. "Yes."

"I'm going to pound that sweet ass so hard you'll never doubt who you belong to," Shawn warned.

Kyle bit his lip. God, the possessiveness in Shawn's voice was almost enough to make him come. "Please Shawn!"

Shawn pounced and landed on top of him. They rolled around, lips connecting, bodies sliding against each other.

Shawn fucked Kyle's mouth like he promised to do with his body—with total dominance and control. Kyle dug his fingers into Shawn's shoulders and held on.

As the kiss gentled Kyle felt lightheaded in anticipation. Shawn ran his hands over Kyle's body, causing shivers of need to escape. Inhuman sounds left the back of his throat and were swallowed by the other man.

Kyle was too far gone in pleasure to realise that Shawn had taken his arms and raised them over his head. The click of the cuffs around his wrists surprised him. He tore his mouth from Shawn's.

"I got those for you. I was going to cuff you to my bed if you didn't come quietly," Kyle told him.

Shawn nipped his chin and chuckled rubbing their cocks together. "I promise you that when I come, it will be anything but quiet."

Kyle grinned as Shawn pulled away slightly.

"Besides, having you tied down for my pleasure, unable to get away, to be able to give you so much pleasure you're begging and shaking for release... God baby, I might not make it through this," Shawn practically purred at him.

Kyle moaned as Shawn lowered his body back on top of his. If he had to tell the truth, he would admit to the other man he'd hoped Shawn would use the cuffs on him. It wasn't something he'd tried with another lover. But if there was anyone he could trust it was his mate.

Kyle lifted his hips, increasing the pressure on his demanding cock. "Take me... I'm yours."

Who could resist an order like that? Shawn had been waiting to take Kyle to bed. He still had the issue of introducing him to Bree.

Shawn had started to slowly get Bree used to seeing him. Much like he'd done with Kyle, Shawn now made daily trips to the graphic department. Bree still blushed whenever he was around.

They'd barely spoken in words but the sexual attraction between them sizzled whenever they were close. Shawn was ready for his two mates to meet. In fact, after the weekend they would.

"Shawn! Please!" Kyle begged.

He just couldn't refuse his little man what he wanted. Shawn devoured his mate. He kissed, licked, and nipped every smooth soft piece of flesh he could reach. The knowledge of Kyle giving himself so completely was almost too much. His wolf almost came to the surface.

Shawn gritted his teeth to keep the wolf at bay. He moved down Kyle's body until his mate's cock was just inches from his face.

Once he had control again he started to tease Kyle, at first just lapping at the head, tasting the man's unique flavour. Kyle pushed up trying to get him to take more into his mouth. Shawn clasped his arm over Kyle's hips and held him down. Kyle groaned in frustration.

*Perfect*, Shawn thought. His mate was just perfect.

Knowing his man couldn't move, Shawn got down to business. He lavished Kyle's cock with attention, licking up and down, getting it wet and shiny for him, while he used one large hand to pump up and down.

"Yes," Kyle urged. With his free hand he cupped Kyle's full balls and tugged. "Oh," Kyle moaned.

Still pumping with his hand he moved down to kiss and lick Kyle's sacs before taking one in his mouth.

"God yes! Yes!" Kyle cried.

Shawn released Kyle from his mouth and tightened his hold on the other man's shaft. Desperately, Kyle tried to pump his hips.

"Patience, lover," Shawn encouraged.

"Please...please, Shawn," Kyle begged.

Shawn just chuckled. He loved the sound of his mate's pleas. He couldn't let his man down. He moved his mouth back up to Kyle's cock and swallowed Kyle's shaft down, using his tongue to tease under the head.

As he moved up and down on Kyle, he released Kyle's hips allowing Kyle to thrust. It wasn't long before Kyle was all-out fucking his mouth. He urged his mate on, taking Kyle as deep in his throat as possible. Thank God he'd learned over the years to control his gag reflex. He wanted tonight to be perfect for his little man.

Before Kyle could tip over the edge, Shawn pulled away.

"No, please Shawn!" Kyle tried to grab onto him. The handcuffs pulled but didn't give.

"Lube?" Shawn inquired.

"Pillow... under the pillow," Kyle groaned out.

Shawn reached and pulled out the well-used bottle. He lifted an eyebrow in question.

The other man blushed and shrugged his shoulder. "My hand's all I've had for a while."

"Never again," Shawn told him as he opened the bottle. "Never again." Then he dove back down taking Kyle's prick back in his mouth. Immediately Kyle started to thrust again. Shawn let the other man have his way as he greased his fingers.

Kyle had started to babble. Telling Shawn how good it was. Shawn knew how to make it even better.

Once he had his fingers properly slick, he deep-throated Kyle and pressed the tip of one digit into Kyle's back entrance.

"Inside, yes inside," Kyle instructed.

Shawn chuckled around the cock in his mouth and pushed the finger inside Kyle's tight hole.

Kyle's loud moan filled the room.

Once he could take one finger easily, Shawn added a second. Pumped them in and out and hit the special spot.

"Gonna...gonna come," Kyle warned.

Shawn nodded the best he could giving his consent while he added a third digit.

A long deep groan and Kyle shot down his throat. Shawn backed off a little to be able to swallow all of Kyle's essence while stretching Kyle's hole as best he could.

Keeping three fingers buried deep inside Kyle's ass, he kissed Kyle's cock one last time and moved his body up. Once he covered Kyle's body with his own, Kyle went crazy, bucking up and pleading, "Fuck me, oh, fuck me!"

Shawn couldn't deny his mate what he wanted most. He pushed Kyle's legs up to his chest and positioned himself at Kyle's hole. Slowly he started to press inside.

Kyle tried to push down and take him faster.

"Easy baby, I don't want to hurt you," Shawn told him as he clenched his teeth. Damn, Kyle was tight. Hot and tight. If he wasn't careful, he would blow before he even got all the way inside.

"Doesn't hurt. Want you," Kyle panted out.



Shawn took a deep breath and plunged inside. Their moans echoed around the room. Shawn stayed completely still. No matter what Kyle said, he knew he was big. He gave Kyle a few minutes to get used to his length and girth before he slowly pulled out.

"Oh yeah, yes! Oh Shawn!" Kyle called out.

Shawn gripped Kyle's legs and placed them over his shoulders and started to move, slamming inside and pulling out in rapid succession. Sweat dripped from his face and covered his body and still Kyle urged him on.

"Stroke yourself. Come on my cock," Shawn ordered.

He needed his mate to come before him, to know he was giving Kyle as much pleasure as he was receiving. "Come now," he yelled, unable to hold back.

Kyle's cock erupted, sending ribbons of pearly white spunk to paint his chest while Kyle's body squeezed Shawn's prick so tightly, it was almost painful. He rode Kyle through his own orgasm until his body shook and he collapsed.

Kyle wrapped his arms around Shawn's back and held him tight. "Love you," his mate whispered.

Those were the sweetest words he'd ever heard.

## Chapter Six

Shawn couldn't hide his grin as he walked the halls of work, making his way to Kyle — his mate, and his love. The weekend couldn't have been better. Other than taking care of necessities, they spent all their time in bed re-learning each other bodies.

Kyle had proved to be an insatiable lover. Shawn regretted the time they had spent apart but knew now that he could appreciate his mate from here on out. As hard as it had been to be separated from the man, it may have just been for the best. He would never take Kyle for granted, never want to be alone again, without his mate. He planned on making every moment count with Kyle.

His cock hardened at just the thought of Kyle, but Shawn did his best to ignore his body as he got closer to Kyle's office.

He'd spent the morning making sure the meeting that was about to take place would happen. It was almost funny how easily it had come together. Kyle had finished his presentation and needed to take it down to the graphic design department. After speaking with an old friend, who happened to head up the department, Kyle would only be dealing with one artist. One very important artist.

He should probably tell him ahead of time, but he wouldn't. It was important that Kyle made up his own mind about Bree. He had no doubt Kyle would love her from the first moment, but he didn't want to push his lover and mate. Kyle was still coming to terms with Shawn being back. He didn't want to push too hard, too fast.

Turning into the last hallway, he collided with the man of his thoughts. He reached out to steady Kyle as the other man was knocked back.

"Oh hey," Kyle greeted with a blush.

"Hey back. I was just looking for you. About ready to head out?" Shawn asked. He resisted Kyle's plump and inviting lips, but only barely. Kyle had stated that while at work, he wanted to keep things professional. Shawn promised to try his best but it wasn't his fault that his mate was so irresistible. The wall behind Kyle looked perfect to throw his man against and ravish.

Unaware of his inner conflict, Kyle grabbed Shawn's arm and pulled him into the direction Kyle had been headed, talking a mile a minute. "Almost ready. I just have to drop this file off at the graphics department. I finally got final approval on it."

"Well then," Shawn agreed trying to keep the excitement from his voice. "Let's get to it."

Kyle continued to babble as they made their way down the hall to the elevator. As they waited, Shawn stuffed his hands in his pants to keep from reaching for Kyle. It was the only way he could guarantee he wouldn't reach out and pull his mate to him. Their lives were about to change. It was selfish of him, but he wanted one last time alone with Kyle.

Once inside the elevator, Shawn couldn't resist any longer. As soon as the doors closed he had Kyle pressed against the wall and took his mouth in a deep sensual kiss. Much to his delight, Kyle immediately wrapped his arms around Shawn's neck and held him close.

Shawn buried his hands in Kyle's hair and pulled his head back so he could deepen the kiss. Kyle's unique flavour assaulted his senses and he became light-headed. Kyle's scent overwhelmed him with need, his arousal bright hot, and soothing at the same time.

Shawn slowly brought the kiss to an end but remained close to Kyle. "I'm sorry, but I had to kiss you."

Kyle ducked his head and giggled. "I almost jumped you the second I saw you earlier."

Shawn was relieved Kyle felt as needy as he did. "Not that I would have complained, but I don't think that would have been very professional."

"Yeah, well," Kyle shrugged.

The light ding telling them they'd reached their floor sounded before Shawn could kiss him again. Sighing deeply, he stepped away from Kyle and waited for the other man to step out. As casually as possible, he placed his hand on the small of Kyle's back and together they walked forward.

"Who are you working with?" Shawn asked as he opened the outer door leading to the GD department. He wasn't sure if Kyle had even heard about Bree yet. He knew Kyle hadn't met her—or she would already be with them—but he might have heard her name.

Kyle glanced down at the file in his hand. "Breanne Winters," he responded with no note of recognition in his voice.

The graphic design area was completely different than any other hall in the building. Shawn had only been inside for the first time recently – when he'd started keeping track of Bree.

While most of the building was painted in tans and blues, the design offices had splashes of colour everywhere. Not only that, but they were also the most colourful people in the company. Shawn had never met a designer who hadn't been eccentric in one way or another. From their clothes to their hair and personalities, the people who ran the graphic department were each one in a million.

"I love it down here," Shawn commented without thought.

Kyle stopped suddenly and Shawn almost ran into him since he hadn't been paying attention. At Kyle's gasp, Shawn looked over his shoulder to confirm what had captured his attention. Kyle's reaction to Bree pleased him.

Discreetly, he placed the palm of his hand on Kyle's shoulder and squeezed when he saw the younger man's hands shaking.

Neither the woman nor Kyle was speaking, and Shawn shook his head in amusement. "Bree," he said with a smile. "It's nice to see you again."

The woman's bright eyes snapped up to him. "Mr. King," she said his name in surprise.

"You remembered," he teased.

"Yes," she whispered breathlessly.

"Good," he told her with a wink. "But please call me Shawn and this good looking guy here is Kyle," Shawn introduced. He didn't know how much Bree knew about wolves, if anything, and she probably didn't have a clue about the complicated relationships they had. But he wanted her to feel comfortable right away with both of them. The glances she kept sneaking at Kyle from under her lashes spoke of great things for their future.

"Hi," Kyle spoke softly.

"Hi," she responded back.

Kyle tried to calm his beating heart as he stared at the woman who was his destiny. Even knowing that Shawn was his mate and would never leave his side hadn't made him feel as complete as he did knowing that his second mate was standing in front of him.

The slight pressure from Shawn's touch helped him get control over his body. His cock had been hard since he'd seen Shawn, but now it was actually hurting, it ached so badly.

He cleared his throat and gave Bree his most brilliant smile. "It is very nice to meet you. I believe we have a meeting set."

He watched as his female mate shook herself. "We...we do."

"Great," Shawn spoke from behind him. "If you want to lead the way..."

Kyle looked up at his man and received a wink. Leave it to Shawn to have complete control of the situation. As a matter of fact... Shawn was a little too calm. Wait, had he said nice to see you *again*?

Kyle started to ask but Shawn nudged him forward when the Bree turned on her heel and gestured for them to follow her. He'd get more out of Shawn later.

"This way, please," Bree directed.

Kyle watched her small round ass encased in tight blue jeans. Oh she was just perfect. About four inches shorter than him and several more than Shawn. She had long brown hair that went past the middle of her back with stripes of pink and purple mixed in the strands. He'd also got a good look at her front and her small perky breasts looked like they were made for his hands. Her face was soft with delicate features and he wanted to pepper kisses all over her.

His thoughts weren't helping with his erection and he reached down to discreetly adjust himself. Shawn's chuckle behind him told Kyle he hadn't been discreet enough.

They followed their girl past several cubicles until they reached an office with her name on the door. She walked inside and Kyle followed. He wasn't surprised when he heard the door close behind him.

Kyle gestured to her desk chair. "Business first," he stated.

"First?" she asked her eyes darting to him then Shawn.

"Yes," he answered but didn't elaborate.

She nodded once and sat down. Kyle followed suit, sitting in front of her, while Shawn remained standing a few feet behind him.

"I hope you don't mind my partner joining us," Kyle waved his hand in Shawn's direction. He had so many questions but he was glad Shawn had insisted he join Kyle.

Bree's eyes followed and she licked her lips. Kyle didn't think she was even aware of it. "Mind? No that's fine."

Kyle held his amusement in. Oh she was going to be so much fun.

"This is the file on the work I need done. I think it is all pretty self-explanatory. I need it back in three weeks." He passed the file over the desk. She took it from him and their gazes locked. "The customer is very important to us. I want only the best. I have a strong feeling you are the best."

She blushed and ducked her head. "I'm okay. I mean I do okay work...good work...I..." She stopped and took a deep breath. "I'll do my best."

"That's all I ask. I have no doubt your best will be just what we need," he stated. He liked her flustered. It showed she was as affected by the meeting as he was. The only one who seemed calm was Shawn. Kyle would have to think of a way to get back at him for that.

"Yes... well..." she stumbled over her words.

Kyle didn't give her a chance to get her thoughts together. He knew from his dealings with Shawn that keeping her on her toes would be to his benefit. It always worked for Shawn with him, or so it seemed since that's how the other man made him feel.

"I'll want to meet again before you get too far in. How about on Friday?" Kyle suggested. He would have wanted to meet with the artist anyway but this way it would guarantee him a chance to see her again soon. *After* he spoke with Shawn.

"Um... Friday would be okay I guess," she agreed.

"Perfect. I have some meetings in the morning but how about we meet before we go home for the day?" Kyle pressed. Hopefully he and Shawn could work things to where Bree would be going home with them for the weekend.

"That's fine," she murmured.

"Well Bree, then I have to say, it is a pleasure to meet you," Kyle told her as he leant forward in his chair.

"Yes," she agreed automatically, without thought of her words. Damn, even to her own ears her voice sounded breathless. She had to get it together. How unprofessional she was acting.

Still sitting across from her, Kyle smiled. Her pussy clenched in reaction, releasing even more liquid. She'd been wet since she'd first run into Kyle. The man was just mouth-watering. Add Shawn, and her hormones were going crazy. It was all she could do not to jump on one or the other. It was the parking lot all over again.

Of course she knew about the wolves that worked in the building. It was one of the reasons she had landed such a highly sought-after job. Her grandfather had been a wolf shifter so she had experience with the paranormal. Since over half of the employees were shifters, they'd been relieved to find someone who already knew about them. Less chance of someone else finding out their biggest secret.

However in the months that she'd been with the company, she had met many of the shifter employees and never had she reacted so strongly to anyone. Never in her life. Now both times she'd seen the two men she'd reacted strongly.

She briefly thought about what she'd learned about the mating of the wolves. She'd asked one of her fellow co-workers when she'd kept seeing groups of people making out during break time. Her encounter with Shawn had given her even more reason to try to figure out what she felt.

Her friend Leslie had explained that the wolf shifters mated for life. The bond the mates experienced helped make their reactions strong to one another so they could last. Leslie had told her that once a shifter met their mates, there was no use in fighting it. The desire was so strong, it didn't matter who was around. Their entire beings were concentrated on their mates.

But she wasn't a shifter so she shouldn't feel this way. Plus it was obvious Shawn and Kyle were together. She'd seen them together twice now. Even when they weren't touching, the feelings they had for each other were evident to even the most casual observer. Where exactly would she fit in?

She shook her thoughts away and realised both men were watching her closely.

She blushed again. "Um... did you say something?"

Both men chuckled. It was Kyle that answered. "I asked where you were from."

"Oh I moved here from Nevada several months ago."

"Nevada, huh?" He scratched his chin and Bree wanted to feel those strong fingers brush over her body. She pressed her legs together.

"I have several friends in southern Nevada. Never been there myself," he commented.

"It's nice but my family moved to this area several years ago. I was glad to get a job close to them," she admitted. She didn't know why she felt the need to talk so personally with two men she didn't know. But it just felt right. She chanced a glance at Shawn and saw he was just as interested as Kyle.

Noticing he had her attention, he smiled. Her nipples, which had already hardened, seem to swell even more. "So family is important to you?" he questioned.

Locked in his stare, she nodded. "Yes."

He stood and leant closer. "That's good. Very good. Family is very important to us. Both Kyle and I are extremely close to our families."

"Good," she responded lamely. Jeez what was her problem! She couldn't seem to think when he got close.

He bit at the bottom of his lip and she almost moaned out loud. "I can't wait to get to know you better," he told her boldly.

"Yeah," she agreed.

Shawn walked up and stood beside Kyle. "Bree," he breathed out her name.

Her entire body trembled. "Yes?"

"We'll see you soon," he said with a wink. Then they were gone, Shawn leading Kyle away. She stood there for several minutes, panting. Oh God, she needed to find Leslie and get all the information she could on those two. She picked up her phone and dialled her friend's extension.

"Was that Shawn King and Kyle Moore leaving your office?" her friend asked as a greeting.

"Oh yeah," Bree said with a giggle.

"Oh my God! Grab your stuff, we're going for a drink," Leslie exclaimed.

"I need it," Bree admitted.

"Oh, I am so jealous!" Leslie said with a laugh.

Bree didn't know how to respond to that. "Let's go get that drink. You've got a lot more to tell me."



## Chapter Seven

Kyle let Shawn open the door to Shawn's SUV and he climbed in as he continued to fight his body's needs. He wanted to talk to Shawn, but he was so hard and wanting that it was almost too hard to concentrate on his questions.

Shawn climbed into the driver's side and slammed the door shut.

Then, in the blink of an eye, Kyle was pulled across the space separating them as Shawn's mouth landed roughly on his.

God yes, that was what he needed. The pressure of Shawn's body against his. The strength of the tongue in his mouth, demanding compliance.

Kyle relaxed against his mate and let Shawn have complete control.

"Please Shawn," he begged when the other man broke the kiss to trail his tongue down Kyle's neck.

He felt Shawn's fingers at the clasp of his slacks. It wouldn't take much. Just a touch of his mate's hand and he would come.

Kyle's pants were opened and Shawn strong hand gripped his cock. Kyle knelt up on the seat and pulled his pants down his hips, exposing his dripping shaft to the cool interior of the vehicle.

He hissed when Shawn, with perfect precision, pumped his prick.

"I...I gotta," he choked out.

Shawn's sure hand tightened around the base of his cock for just a moment before he started to stroke Kyle faster.

"Give it to me," Shawn ordered.

Kyle threw his head back and yelled as his cock erupted, spraying Shawn's hand and the inside of the SUV with his spunk.

Dazed, Kyle watched as Shawn licked the seed off his fingers and hand. Kyle's cock twitched at the sight.

He reached over and cupped Shawn's crotch surprised to find it wet. "I came when you did," Shawn told him with no embarrassment.

God his man was wonderful. "I love you," he murmured instead, falling into Shawn's arms. The console between them was uncomfortable but Kyle didn't care. He needed to touch.

"I love you Kyle," Shawn whispered. Kyle lifted his head until their eyes locked. He could see the truth for himself. Kyle swallowed hard trying to control his own emotions.

When he was in better control, he smiled. "You still have a lot of explaining to do."

Shawn chuckled and the atmosphere in the car relaxed around them. "That I do," his mate agreed.

\* \* \* \*

For two days all Kyle could think about was having both Shawn and Bree at the same time. Every night since he'd met Bree, he dreamed of the three of them and would wake up rock hard. Luckily, Shawn was there every morning to take care of him.

Kyle had packed a weekend bag to stay at Shawn's condo. Then, other than getting more clothes, he just hadn't returned to his apartment.

Somehow he'd moved in and Kyle wasn't even sure how it had happened. But he didn't question the fact that Shawn had somehow planned it. *Shawn*. Just thinking about his male mate made his cock jerk.

Shawn was confident that they could bring Bree into their relationship. He listened to all of Kyle's worries and said all the right things to calm Kyle down. If it wasn't for Shawn, Kyle was certain he would have gone crazy.

He'd understood Shawn's reasoning for not telling Kyle about Bree, even if he didn't agree with it. Kyle hated the thought that Shawn had felt he couldn't talk to his mate. That was something they would have to work on. Maybe Bree would be able to help. Shawn was a handful and having their third would complete them all.

"Penny for your thoughts," Shawn interrupted.

Kyle looked up from his desk and into the face of the man he loved. "Thinking about you," he admitted.

"Really?" Shawn stalked inside the room. "Good thoughts, I hope."

"The best." Kyle tilted his head back and received a deep kiss from Shawn. Just as he reached for the other man, Shawn backed away.

"As much as I would like to take you over your desk...again, we have a meeting to get to," Shawn reminded him.

Kyle pouted. He didn't want to go to a meeting. He was horny.

"Come now, I promise to take care of you as soon as we get out," Shawn told him with a grin.

Kyle sighed heavily but stood. "Fine."

That caused Shawn to chuckle. "Come, babe. I have a feeling this meeting is going to be highly exciting."

Kyle loved the twinkle that came into his mate's eyes. It meant Shawn had something good planned. Kyle loved being on the receiving end of Shawn's attention.

Kyle grabbed the three thick manila envelopes his secretary had given him earlier and motioned to the door with his head. "Well then, we wouldn't want to be late."

Shawn gave him a quick peck on the lips. "No we don't."

They left his office and made their way to the boardroom. This was just an informal meeting to go over several accounts.

"Why exactly is security attending the meeting?" Kyle asked. While Shawn had attended several meetings, he didn't always.

"One of the accounts we're going over is the new contract with the military," Shawn explained.

Well then that made sense. Since the company had won the government contract, security around the building had heightened. He knew Shawn had been working hard on getting a secure area set up. Kyle wasn't one hundred percent sure what the entire contract entailed but he knew it was important. There were so many different divisions throughout the building, he knew he might not ever find out.

He was okay with that. With Shawn by his side and Bree within sight, he had almost everything he ever wanted.

Bree arrived at the Wednesday night meeting a couple of minutes before it was supposed to start. The largest meeting room was more than halfway filled.

She greeted the others, some she knew, some she didn't, before taking a seat at the end of the table next to Leslie.

"Hey," her friend stage-whispered a greeting.

"Hey back," Bree said as she sat down.

"Haven't seen the two hotties come in yet," Leslie commented slyly.

"Shut up!" Bree exclaimed looking around. What if Shawn and Kyle had heard Leslie? Thankfully she didn't see them in the room. "You better behave," she warned the other woman.

"Or what?" Leslie teased.

"Remember your birthday," Bree questioned.

"You wouldn't," Leslie begged.

"I might," Bree said simply.

Leslie huffed out a breath and leant back in her chair crossing her arms over her chest. Bree bit her lip and followed suit. Then she bumped her arm against Leslie's. She saw her friend's lips twitch. Then Leslie bumped her back.

They both burst out laughing.

Bree had turned her head to whisper into Leslie's ear when Shawn and Kyle walked in. Her breath caught and her body reacted instantly.

Leslie must have seen something on her face. Her friend giggled and waved to the two men. Both men grinned and waved back.

"Oh my God!" Bree sunk down in her chair. "I can't believe you just did that. What are we, in fifth grade again!"

Her friend's laughter was the only response.

Shawn enjoyed Bree's reaction to him and Kyle. As soon as she had spotted them, her scent had changed. Oh yeah, she wanted them.

The amusement from her friend showed that she'd been talking about them also. Leslie was a good friend of Mac's sister. Shawn had grown up with her always around. The young shifter was a little outrageous but had one of the best hearts of anyone he'd ever met.

It seemed Bree had great taste in friends. He already knew she had great taste in men.

Without being told, Kyle took one of the seats directly in front of her. Shawn sat beside him. Bree was still slouched in her chair, refusing to look at them.

Shawn knew she eventually wouldn't be able to resist. And he was right. Minutes after Mac, Trevor, and Annabelle walked in and the meeting started, Bree peeked up and looked at him from under her lashes.

He smiled and winked. His heart fluttered when she smiled back. With deliberate movement, he leaned towards her while putting his arm casually on the back of Kyle's chair.

Her eyes widened and followed his actions. Slowly he ran his thumb over Kyle's neck. Kyle looked over at him a question in his eyes. Shawn gave him his most innocent face.

Kyle shook his head, obviously not buying it for a second, but turned his attention back to Trevor who was in the middle of talking about... Well, Shawn wasn't sure what he was talking about. It didn't matter. The only thing that mattered was the woman across the table from him. The woman that would complete them.

Bree was still watching his hand as he caressed Kyle's neck. Shawn took a quick look around and saw no one was paying him any attention. He moved his hand up and started to pet the lobe of Kyle's ear.

Bree licked her lips and Shawn's cock hardened. He couldn't wait to feel Bree's small mouth wrapped around his prick. He could already imagine her kneeling in front of him, sucking him off while Kyle fucked her. He knew his little man had already had several dreams with the three of them in that position.

As a matter of fact, after they'd awakened just that morning Kyle had shared a very descriptive dream about her sucking them off before they fucked her at the same time.

Shawn's cock started to throb. With his free hand he reached under the table and pressed down on his cock.

Bree gasped and Shawn knew he had her. Kyle shifted in his chair beside him, his scent matching Shawn's in need. Whether it was from Shawn's touch or his arousal, which Kyle would be able to smell, Shawn didn't know, but it didn't matter.

With his gaze on Bree, he let his right hand trail down until it too was under the table. Kyle shifted again before he spread his legs and gave Shawn room to work.

Bree's eyes travelled over to Kyle. Unable to resist watching also, he looked over at Kyle too while he cupped Kyle's erection through his pants. Kyle sat stiff with his eyes closed and his teeth clenched.

Shawn teased the fly of Kyle's pants, running his nails up and down. Kyle turned his body towards him and leaned closer.

"What are you doing?" he whispered.

Shawn put his mouth next to Kyle's ear and gave it a quick lick before he answered. "Look at her. She wants this. Wants to see us together."

Kyle looked up and over to Bree. He bit his lip and shuddered.

Shawn was pleased when he checked back at her also. Her cheeks were flushed, she was panting, and from the way she was squirming in her chair, he knew what she needed.

With Kyle still close to him, Shawn brushed his lips against the other man's ear.

"Oh yeah, she's primed," Shawn murmured to Kyle. "She wants to know what your cock tastes like." He slowly unzipped Kyle's pants. "She wants it to be her hand in your pants." Shawn almost moaned when he reached inside Kyle's pants and only felt Kyle's hot skin. His mate had gone without underwear today.

"She wants to jack you off. Maybe she can pump your cock while she sucks me off," Shawn teased. "Would you like to watch her suck me, baby?"

Kyle jerked his head up and down.

"I want that too. It's almost time. I bet it won't be long before we have her sandwiched between us. Just imagine it. All that soft flesh between us."

Kyle was moving his hips against Shawn's hand.

"I can't wait to fuck you both. Maybe I'll even handcuff you together. Fuck one and then the other over and over until you are both screaming my name."

That did it. Kyle's cock erupted and warm seed covered his hand as Shawn finished pumping the other man's shaft. Kyle dropped his chin to his chest and shook.

Shawn used his hand to milk his mate dry. A glance at Bree revealed the woman was leaning back in her chair with a bewildered expression on her face.

Oh this was going to be so much fun.

His attention was taken away from his two mates when he heard his name.

"Isn't that right, Shawn?"

Shawn grinned at his brother and sat back. "Yes sir," he answered, not caring what he agreed too.

## Chapter Eight

Bree nervously glanced at the clock again. She hadn't been able to take her eyes off the time all day. It was Friday. Two days since the board meeting that had left her hot and bothered.

She'd run down the batteries of her vibrator picturing the two men over and over. In her mind, she could picture Shawn and Kyle joined together on a large bed.

She hadn't been able to see what Shawn had been doing to Kyle in the meeting. But the look of pure pleasure on Kyle's face had been enough to spark her imagination. She wanted to get a good look at Kyle's cock. Wanted to taste him and see the same look Shawn had put on his face from her.

Then there was Shawn. Since the moment she met him, he had been in total control. It was such a turn on. But she wanted to try to bring the big man down. Could she do it? Could she give him so much pleasure that he would beg?

Her entire body tingled with the possibilities.

It was almost five. All day, time seemed to stand still. But any minute, Kyle would come down for his meeting.

And she was positive that he would bring Shawn with him.

She had the file ready for Kyle to review. To keep her mind off the two men, she'd thrown herself into her work. Being sexually frustrated was good for business apparently. She had more done than she otherwise would have.

She had three prints for Kyle to look at and choose from. She had her favourite but wanted to see where his tastes ran. If his taste in men had anything to do with the rest of his life, she had a feeling they would be similar.

Bree stood from her desk and turned to look out the window. She tugged at the bottom of her multi-coloured T-shirt. The colours matched the stripes in her hair, and she painted her fingernails and toenails a bright hot pink. She'd taken more time with her make-up than usual and she hoped Kyle and Shawn would notice.



She wanted the men to look at her and really see her. If all of the information she'd found out about Kyle and Shawn was true, she knew they were looking for their third mate. In her heart she hoped they would pick her. She knew it was a long shot but she'd never felt so strongly about any man—let alone two. If her reaction wasn't because they were meant to be mates, then she was in trouble, because she wanted them with every fibre of her being.

With a heavy sigh, she twirled back to her desk and stopped short.

Kyle and Shawn had arrived. Bree bit back a moan at just how damn good looking they were.

Kyle wore a dark blue suit. The colour seemed to bring out his eyes and make them pop. Shawn stood next to him in black suit pants and a white dress shirt. Unlike Kyle, he had discarded his jacket and rolled his sleeves up. He was also missing a tie and had undone the top two buttons of his shirt.

Bree's mouth literally started to water.

"Bree, it's good to see you again," Shawn greeted with his husky voice.

"Um...you too," she replied. *Oh hell, here we go again.*

Shawn chuckled and with his hand on Kyle's shoulder walked to the chairs situated in front of her desk.

"I apologise for our tardiness," Kyle said as he sat. "Something came up."

The look Kyle threw Shawn's way gave her somewhat of an idea of what had come up. She pressed her legs together. She had to stay in control this time.

Shawn grinned but didn't comment.

"Yes, well...business first?" she repeated what Kyle had said at the first meeting.

"First," Kyle agreed, sending her a smoking hot look.

She cleared her throat and reached for the file. "I think you'll be pleased with what I was able to come up with."

She passed the folder to Kyle. As he bent forward to take it, Bree couldn't resist watching the play of the muscles in his shoulders and chest.

He sat back and opened the file and Bree averted her gaze, only to have it caught by Shawn's.

Shawn stared at her. The corner of his mouth tipped up.

"Wow, this is great," Kyle said as he sat at the edge of his chair and placed each design print on the edge of the desk. "You did wonderful work," he praised.

Bree felt herself blush. "Thank you."

"Shawn, look at these," Kyle encouraged, still hovering over the pictures.

Shawn shifted in his chair until his head was next to Kyle's. If they both turned towards one another, they'd be close enough to kiss.

Bree squirmed at the thought. She'd pay to see that.

"This is it! This is exactly what I wanted," Kyle mused tapping one of the prints.

Bree leaned closer to get a look. It was the one she would have picked also. "That's what I was thinking," she admitted.

Shawn picked it up and grinned. "Well then I guess this concludes the business for the day."

"Yes, I suppose so. I'll get to work on the final product Monday morning," she said, hoping to give the men time to decide on the next step. Leslie had assured her that Shawn, if not both men, would take control over any situation quickly. All she had to do was wait. But that was easier said than done. She wanted to spend more time with them.

Shawn handed the picture back to Kyle and stood. He surprised Bree by walking towards her. He held out his hand.

Squashing her nervousness, Bree took his hand. Shawn pulled her up out of her chair until she was standing within his personal space.

"It's after five," he whispered.

Bree nodded, lost in his hold.

"I have reservations, and Kyle and I would like for you to join us. You don't have plans, do you?"

Bree watched his lips move, not completely understanding the words coming out. Shawn's nearness was intoxicating.

"Plans? No plans," she replied breathlessly.

"Great, why don't you get your things? You can ride with us." And with that Shawn let go and walked back around the desk to where Kyle was already standing.

She looked from one to the other. "Okay," she agreed, without having to think about it.

This was the opportunity she'd waited for since she'd met Shawn and Kyle. She had no doubt what she wanted — how far she wanted to go with them.

It was all or nothing.

The ride down the elevator to the car and subsequent drive to the restaurant were quiet. Kyle wanted to jump for joy at having the chance to be with Bree outside of work.

When he asked Shawn when they were going to move on Bree, his mate had told him to let him take care of everything. Kyle trusted in Shawn. And his man had come through.

Shawn drove, with Bree in the passenger seat. Kyle gladly sat behind her, enjoying the scent of his mate close. As soon as Shawn turned south on Fifth Street, Kyle knew where they were headed — one of their favourite, private wolf-run restaurants. Which was important. Not only would it begin to introduce Bree into their world, they wouldn't be bothered there. Public displays of affection were common with shifters. The restaurant was built for privacy.

It was only another five miles until they pulled up in front of the restaurant. Excitement rushed through Kyle's veins and settled in his hard prick.

"I've never been here," Bree commented as she leant forward, staring out the windshield as they pulled up.

"You'll love it," Shawn told her. "This is one of our favourite places. Great food, good people, and a very intimate atmosphere." Kyle grinned at Shawn's suggestive tone.

He opened his door and exited before doing the same for Bree. She smiled up at him and took the hand he offered.

Kyle felt a jolt through his body at the touch of his mate. He closed his fingers around the delicate fingers of his female and held on. He was relieved and pleased when she didn't pull away.

Shawn met them in front of the vehicle and together the three of them walked into the restaurant.

Once inside, they were immediately led to a table in a dimly lit corner. The round booth would be perfect for the three of them. Kyle had to give Shawn credit once again.

They let Bree slide to the middle and took positions on each side of her.

The waiter arrived right away and Shawn ordered a bottle of wine. As Bree concentrated on the menu, her hands shaking a little, Kyle watched her. He just couldn't keep his eyes away from her beautiful body.

"So, what's good here?" she asked softly.

"I haven't had a dish I haven't enjoyed," Kyle told her.

"I recommend whatever the special is for the night. The chef, Andre, is a genius," Shawn added.

The waiter arrived with the wine and a basket of bread. After pouring Shawn a taste and having it accepted, the waiter then poured three glasses. Each ordered the special and they were finally alone.

As Kyle expected, Shawn immediately went to work on Bree. His mate slipped his arm around Bree's shoulders and scooted closer. His fingers stroked into her hair, playing with one of the pink stripes.

Kyle met Shawn's eyes and received a nod, and he too moved closer to Bree.

"Thank you for coming to dinner with us," Shawn told her with his mouth next to her ear.

Bree nodded in response.

Taking a bold step Kyle placed his hand on her knee. She didn't pull away and Kyle felt his heart speed up. This was a very good start.

"Why...why did you invite me," she asked quietly.

"Why did you accept?" Shawn asked back.

Kyle moved his hand up. He didn't want Bree to think too much and decide she didn't want to continue. Bree shuddered under his touch.

"I... I want..." Bree started to say but paused.

"You want what?" Shawn pressed.

"I want more of how you make me feel," she confessed softly.

Shawn grinned so brightly for a moment, Kyle lost his focus on Bree. That was until Shawn placed his hand over Kyle's and together they caressed up her leg and settled over her sex.

Bree opened her legs further allowing them better access.

With Shawn's hand over his, Kyle pressed down on the jeans material that covered Bree's body. While Kyle started to rub Bree, Shawn moved his hand and clasped it over her other leg. As Shawn placed Bree's leg across his own lap Kyle reached to unbutton her pants.

Bree's breath whooshed out and she closed her eyes.

"Tell me," Shawn whispered. "Tell me how we make you feel."

Bree tilted her head back until her forehead rested against Shawn's neck. "Hot... and needy. I've never moved this fast before...ever. But it just feels—right."

Kyle slipped his hand down her jeans and under her panties. He was greeted with wet heat. He pressed against her and licked her exposed slender neck as he rubbed her most intimate spot, groaning against her flesh.

"You make us feel that way too," Kyle told her.

"We've thought about you so many times. Of you between us as we make love to you," Shawn added.

"Why me?" she asked with a catch in her breath.

Kyle looked over to see Shawn palming her breasts. Her nipples stood out and Kyle's mouth watered, wanting to taste those hard nubs. To taste her everywhere.

"You're ours," Shawn stated with possessiveness that Kyle loved, that he had only recently heard from the other man. Kyle's cock jerked behind his own pants. He enjoyed when Shawn went Alpha.

Things were heating up nicely. Kyle glanced up, checking around them, relieved to see they were still alone in their area with no one around to witness their actions. He had a feeling Shawn had seen to that.

With his cock pressing almost painfully against his zipper, he knew it wouldn't be long before they were interrupted.

He stopped teasing and slid his fingers through Bree's slippery folds until he had his fingers buried inside her. She bucked up against his hand and started to ride his fingers.

"That's it," Shawn encouraged. "Give your pleasure over to us."

With his thumb, Kyle pressed against Bree's clit as she moved her hips to keep his fingers inside. Shawn's hand was under her shirt and Kyle could see him pulling at her nipples.

"When we get you alone," Shawn whispered. "We are going to cover every inch of your body. Taste you, tease you, and love you until you scream."

Bree was already panting.

Kyle nibbled on her neck and Shawn continued to talk.

"I can't wait to taste you. First I'm going to have you suck Kyle until he's almost ready to explode. Then I'll steal his essence from your mouth, then when both of you are ready, I'm going to stick my fat cock in your sweet pussy, as I push your mouth down on his cock again, and he comes in your mouth," Shawn said in a whisper.

Kyle moaned and with his free hand gripped his prick hard enough to hurt and stop his release.

"I... I can't hold back..." Bree panted out.

Shawn mouthed her hard nipple through her shirt.

"Come," Kyle urged quietly. "Come on my hand, squeeze my fingers like your gonna do to my dick."

Shawn moved just in time to cover her mouth and muffle the sound of her climax.

The look of pleasure on her face was enough to make Kyle have to grab himself again to keep it together.

Eyes locked with hers when Shawn pulled away from her, Kyle lifted his fingers out of her pants and sucked on one finger. Her taste exploded in his mouth. He smiled at Shawn and offered another finger. Shawn took his time licking him clean.

Bree dropped her head back against the booth and closed her eyes. "You wolves are going to kill me," she commented.

Kyle froze at the same time Shawn stiffened. There was no way she'd just said what he thought.

Shawn leant back and looked from her to him quickly with a look of shock on his face. Kyle shrugged. "What did you say?" Shawn finally asked.

Bree cracked one eye open. "Huh?"

"Your comment, what did it mean?" Shawn asked again.

A look of confusion crossed her face. "I was just kidding."

"The waiter's coming," Shawn said louder and hurried to help Bree dress and fix her clothing.

The waiter dropped off their salads and then was gone again.

Kyle stared at his food, no longer hungry. *Had someone at work told Bree what he and Shawn were?* he wondered. To break the rule of outing the shifters could not be tolerated. It put them all in danger.

"Did I say something wrong?" Bree asked softly.

Kyle didn't know what to say so he continued to look down. Shawn surprised him with a chuckle. "No darling, we just weren't expecting you to say that."

Kyle looked over at his mate. Shawn smiled at him, letting him know it would be okay.

"I'm sorry, I've never been with a shifter before. I shouldn't have said that," Bree said as she dropped her chin.

Shawn cupped her face and raised it so she would meet his eyes. Kyle relaxed against her. "You did nothing wrong. I was still trying to figure out how to tell you," Shawn assured the woman.

"So, you were going to tell me?" she questioned.

"Yes," Kyle admitted and placed a soft kiss on her lips. There was no way he would have kept that secret from her. She was their mate and deserved to know the truth.

Bree relaxed and he gave her his most reassuring smile. She returned it and the tension fled his body.

Shawn picked up his fork and waved it at her. "I think you have some explaining to do."

She giggled and started to tell them about her grandfather.

Kyle listened giving her his entire focus. Her knowledge of shifters was elaborate and he had no doubt she was already comfortable in their world.

It was almost too good to be true. He hoped it lasted.

## Chapter Nine

Shawn made sure that either he or Kyle continued to touch Bree the entire drive to his condo. He didn't want her to start thinking too much and change her mind.

He knew if they had the chance to show her how well she fit with both of the men, she would begin to understand she belonged with them. It had shocked him to hear her say she knew about them being wolf shifters.

It was actually a huge relief to know that shifting into their other form wouldn't be an issue, which gave him hope that once Bree realised how well she fit as a mate, she would accept them.

Still, the closer they got to his condo, the more anxious he felt. He wanted Bree, there was no doubt about that, but he had to wonder if maybe Kyle and Bree would be better off without him.

Had he been selfish in returning to Kyle? Kyle would have eventually found Bree on his own. Would the two of them been happier if he'd stayed away?

He hated his thoughts but he also knew he wasn't the greatest catch. He'd come so close to dragging Bree onto the table of restaurant and just ravishing her that he'd actually fought the wolf inside him.

The animal wanted to claim his mate, both mates, and do it publicly. But they weren't animals. He couldn't act that way. He hadn't felt his control slip so far since the first time he'd made love to Kyle.

Bree's exhale of pleased breath reached him and he did his best to pull himself together. He ran his hand over her knee as he navigated through the light traffic. Kyle was reaching around from the backseat to caress her neck. Bree sat with her head tilted and accepted their touch. That was a good sign.

Maybe this would work. If he didn't fuck it up.

A block away from his home he started to rub his hand higher up her thigh until he cupped her sex. Even through the denim he could feel her dampness, the leftover juices from



earlier. The release in the restaurant had obviously only fuelled her desire. His too, for that matter.

The scent in the vehicle was that of heavy need. The sweet smell of his mates was the best he'd ever experienced.

They were moving fast. Maybe too fast, but he was helpless to hold back any longer. Her deep moan tugged at every bit of his control as he turned into the parking lot of his condo.

He had the vehicle stopped, his seat belt off, and was across the console attacking her mouth within seconds. Bree responded, instantly wrapping her arms around his neck and holding onto him.

His wolf was so close to the surface, he was barely able to pull away before his canines came out and he cut Bree's delicate lips. Shawn dropped his head and took several deep breaths to regain his senses before he felt a hand in his hair.

He looked up into Kyle's eyes and received an understanding nod. Kyle understood. He was a shifter so he could relate. But Bree was a human and he could not let himself hurt her.

Kyle's hand touched his shoulder in reassurance, and Shawn smiled and tilted his head back towards Kyle. Then Kyle's mouth was on his, hard and demanding. He opened and Kyle thrust his tongue inside. The moan that broke through his lust was female and had him pulling back.

"I've wanted to see you two kiss forever," she said dreamily.

"Oh there is so much more for you to watch if you want," Shawn offered. *They could do this*, he prayed.

Bree grinned. "I want."

He gave her one more quick kiss and reached for the door latch. By the time he was around the front of the vehicle, Kyle and Bree were there.

He led the way inside his building, unlocking the outer door before holding it open. Soon he hoped both his mates would think of his home as theirs. Kyle was already staying there and even if he hadn't realised it yet, it was his home too. In fact, his name was on the lease.

He pressed the button for the elevator and waited as patiently as he could. He wanted his two mates in his arms, even if it was just to hold them. The doors opened and he followed Kyle and Bree inside. Once the doors closed, he turned and pulled Bree with one arm and Kyle with the other.

He divided his kisses between the two until they reached his floor.

"He's good at that," Bree whispered conspiratorially to Kyle as they broke apart and stepped off the elevator.

Kyle winked back at her. "He's good at a lot of things."

Bree moaned and Shawn chuckled. He couldn't wait to show her.

Kyle obviously couldn't either because he sped up as they walked down the hall and pulled out the new key Shawn had given him. The door open, Kyle went in first, followed by Bree, and finally Shawn. Shawn closed and locked the door with one hand still holding Bree in front of him.

Kyle stepped in front of Bree and wrapped his arms over her shoulders to reach Shawn's neck.

"We fit," Shawn told them both. "The three of us."

"Yes," Bree agreed.

"You're ours," Shawn said before trailing his tongue down her neck. "Just so you go into this with your eyes open. After this you will belong to us." It was important she understood that. Even as a human, she had to understand if they mated, he would never be able to let her go.

Bree shivered and he approved of her reaction.

"Just as we will belong to you," Kyle added.

Shawn met Kyle's gaze and smiled.

"I want this. I know what I'm getting into," Bree told them.

Shawn cupped both of Bree's pert breasts. His erection was already straining against his slacks and he rubbed himself against her back.

"Kiss Kyle," he demanded.

His mates instantly followed his directions, meeting in a rush of lips and teeth. Kyle moaned and the sound went straight to Shawn's cock.

"Beautiful together," he told them. And they were. He felt no jealousy in his two mates finding pleasure with one another. *It was just plain hot!*

Shawn turned his head so he could reach Kyle's wrist where it touched his shoulder. He nibbled on Kyle's skin before doing the same to Bree's neck.

The two broke away to pull in much needed air and he gently pushed them towards the bedroom. Kyle grinned, took both of Bree's hands and – walking backwards – led the way.

Inside the bedroom, Shawn turned the lamp beside the bed on as Kyle and Bree stood at the foot of the bed. Kyle kissed Bree again before pulling at the bottom of her shirt until it went over her head.

Shawn groaned out loud at the pale, flawless skin that was revealed. God she was beautiful. Not to be outdone, Bree loosened Kyle's tie and started to unbutton his shirt.

Shawn watched frozen in place as slowly his two mates undressed one another. Every so often Kyle would lean in and give Bree a quick but sensual kiss. It was almost too much. His skin prickled and he started to sweat.

When they were down to just Kyle's boxers and Bree's panties, they paused and looked to him. Shawn grinned. When Kyle took a step forward, Shawn shook his head.

"Completely naked," Shawn told them. He just needed a minute. He clenched his fists keeping the wolf down.

Kyle laughed. "I knew you would get off on this."

Shawn snorted but didn't comment further. Instead he watched as Kyle slowly pulled the last piece of clothing off Bree before swinging her around so she faced Shawn as Kyle stood behind her.

Shawn licked his lips. Bree was everything he could want in a female. Soft, curvy, with a built figure and a playful sexual side.

She smirked at him as if challenging him to stay away. He liked that.

Shawn folded his arms over his chest and did his best to frown, playing the game she wanted. His lips twitched in amusement before he could completely school his face.

"You too, Kyle," he demanded.

Kyle chuckled but complied and Shawn was granted with two naked, wanting, mates.

He nodded towards the bed. "Go on."

"But I want to see you naked too," Bree complained, sticking her bottom lip out in a pout.

"You will," he promised. He just hoped he could keep it.

Kyle looked at him questioningly before shrugging and leading Bree to the bed. Once on their knees, they held hands and looked over to him.

Shawn was trying his best to stay in control. It was hard to keep his wolf back. For the first time in his life, his grip of control was slipping beyond his ability to manage. Any minute he could turn into a fully aroused wolf. Never had that happened to him but he'd heard stories of others. He couldn't chance hurting one of his mates so he was staying back.

"Shawn," Kyle called to him holding out his free hand.

His entire body shook with need. He bit his lip and took several deep breaths, his gaze locked with Kyle's the entire time. When it was clear he wasn't moving, Kyle started to move towards him.

"Don't," he snapped. He couldn't do it. He would hurt one of them. He was a monster who couldn't control himself.

Kyle frowned but stopped his approach.

"I..." He wanted to explain but he couldn't. He was supposed to be the strong one. The one that took care of his mates. How would he be able to do that when he couldn't even protect them from himself? Without meaning to, he took a step away from them.

Bree gasped and he glanced over and saw the confusion and hurt on her face.

Shit, he was fucking this up! He rubbed his hand roughly over his face. He had to do something, and his head was telling him it was to run.

"He's panicking," Kyle said so softly, he was barely able to hear. Bree covered her breasts with her arm and sat hiding her body.

*Damn, damn, damn,* that's not what he wanted. He shook his head and opened his mouth but nothing would come out. Ignoring his earlier command, Kyle was now standing next to the bed.

"I... maybe I should go," Bree suggested.

"No!" he roared. He couldn't let her get away. They had just found her.

Bree flinched and Shawn dropped his head, unable to look at her any longer. He didn't deserve her. He didn't deserve either of them.

With a heavy heart, he took several steps to the bedroom door. They would be better off without him. They'd still have each other to love and he wouldn't be able to hurt either.

It had spiralled out of control so quickly. One minute, he was enjoying Kyle and Bree expressing themselves, showing off for him, and then came the overwhelming urge to slam them down on the bed and fuck them. Claim them. Make them his.

His eyes started to water. He was a bastard. He didn't try to make eye contact with either, just bolted for the door.

## Chapter Ten

Kyle slammed the door just before Shawn was able to get to it. His mate skidded to a stop right before collided into it.

Shawn actually looked frightened.

Kyle reached out to him and Shawn scrambled back. *What the hell?* he wondered.

"You're not leaving me again," Kyle told him. "I let you go once and it's not happening this time."

Once out of reach of arm distance, Shawn fell to his knees.

"You promised me," Kyle accused. Even to his own ears he heard the hurt. "You swore you would always be with me."

Shawn started to shake and Kyle studied him. Once he pushed the hurt aside, he realised this wasn't about Shawn running. Shawn was scared.

"What's going on?" Kyle asked, concerned.

"I can't do this..." Shawn admitted, his breath coming out faster than normal.

Kyle lowered himself to his knees so he mirrored Shawn. "Tell me."

Shawn shook his head but Kyle wasn't having any of that. Something had frightened his mate.

"Tell me," he demanded.

"I can't...my wolf..." Shawn started and swallowed hard. "I can't control myself. I want you and Bree so bad...I...I might hurt you."

Kyle almost laughed at the whispered confusion, barely able to bite it back. The thought that Shawn would hurt him or Bree... It was ridiculous. "No, you won't hurt us," Kyle assured him.

He looked over at Bree who remained on the bed. She was leaning towards them with tears in her eyes. When she saw him watching her, she smiled.

Kyle knew she understood. Everything was going to be all right.

He gave his attention back to Shawn. He scooted forward slowly.

"No," Shawn pleaded.

"You can't really believe you'd hurt us, Shawn" Kyle tried to reason.

"I can feel my control slipping. I can't take the chance," Shawn confessed.

"You won't hurt us. Not your mates," Kyle repeated, still getting closer to him.

"What if..."

"You won't hurt us," Kyle said once again. He'd repeat it a thousand times if he had too.

Shawn sighed heavily. Kyle quickly closed the distance and wrapped his arms around Shawn. "Trust me?" he asked.

Shawn met his eyes. The emotion Kyle saw took hold of his heart and squeezed. After a few seconds, Shawn nodded.

Kyle stood, pulling Shawn up with him.

He carefully led the other man to the bed where Bree waited. When he smiled, she rose to her knees and held out a hand to Shawn.

"I'm sorry," Shawn whispered to her.

"Oh Shawn!" she cried softly. "You have no idea how much it means to me that you would rather leave than take the chance of hurting me. I know how strong wolf shifters are."

Shawn relaxed in his arms and Kyle pressed a kiss to his mate's neck.

"You're a good man and I'm proud to be with you," Bree told him.

Shawn opened his mouth but Kyle interrupted before the other man could argue.

"Listen to her," he ordered Shawn gently.

"I'm not worried," she explained. "Not with you and Kyle. I'm where I belong."

She leaned up and pressed her lips to Shawn's. As Shawn tensed, Kyle rubbed his back so Shawn knew he was there. Slowly Shawn's muscles began to loosen and he opened his mouth to receive Bree's tongue.

Bree moaned and pushed into him until Shawn had to put his arms around her or risk falling over.

With a hand on Shawn's lower back, Kyle urged them down until they manoeuvred themselves into lying together on the bed.

Bree buried her hands in Shawn's hair and they continued to kiss. Kyle reached around and started to unbutton Shawn's shirt. He then bent and pulled off the man's shoes and socks.

Bree and Shawn had started to rock against each other as they kissed and nibbled each other's lips.

Bree caressed Shawn's shoulders and chest and Kyle removed his shirt. Anytime he took his hands away, Shawn would stiffen up. So he made quick work of Shawn's pants even though it wasn't easy with his two mates rubbing off on each other.

Shawn seemed to be doing better but Kyle was still concerned. He knew Shawn would never hurt anyone unless it was to protect someone. He had to make sure Shawn knew it too.

Kyle would make sure he was always touching Shawn if he had to. It really was no hardship on him.

When finally Shawn was naked, he pulled back. Kyle soothed his hands over his shoulders as Shawn stared down at Bree.

"I knew you would look good under those clothes," Bree teased.

Shawn snorted before he dipped his head and kissed her again.

Before they could get too involved, Kyle nudged Shawn, getting his attention. Shawn turned his head and Kyle covered his mate's mouth.

It was everything they'd shared before and more. Shawn let him set the pace and Kyle knew his man was holding back. He'd have to see if he could do something about that.

He wanted Shawn to let go. To give himself over to their love.

And just like that it came to him.

He pulled back and grinned.

"What?" Shawn asked nervously.

Kyle chuckled. "I got it." He pushed off the bed. Shawn frowned and watched him closely.

Kyle pinched Shawn's ass receiving a grunt from the other man. "Lay down on the bed. On your back," he ordered.

Shawn raised an eyebrow but moved back onto the bed, grabbing Bree around the waist, taking her with him. Bree squealed and laughed.

Kyle laughed with her. This was the Shawn he was used to.

Shawn positioned himself on his back with his head on the pillow, his hard cock lifting away from his body, practically begging to be sucked. Kyle would make sure it would be, but first...



Standing next to the nightstand, he bent over until his face was inches from Shawn's. "Still afraid of hurting us?" he inquired.

Shawn shook his head. "I'm okay."

Kyle never doubted it. But still maybe his mate needed to a little payback. He reached into the nightstand drawer and pulled out the handcuffs Shawn loved to use on him.

"How about a little insurance?" he asked, letting the handcuffs swing.

Shawn's eyes darkened and his cock twitched.

"Oh I think he likes that idea," Bree commented, as she wrapped her hand around Shawn and pumped.

Shawn bucked up against her hand and groaned.

"So, what do you say?" Kyle teased. He had to make sure Shawn was really okay with the idea. He knew his mate liked cuffing him to the bed but Kyle wasn't sure if Shawn would allow himself to be controlled that much.

Shawn gave a jerky nod.

Kyle whooped in delight and jumped on the bed. The three of them bounced and he laughed again.

He glanced over at Bree, who was still working Shawn's shaft. He licked his lips and nodded to her hand.

Bree giggled. Then bent and engulfed Shawn's cock.

Shawn let out a wail.

Kyle positioned himself next to his mate and started to kiss him. He opened his mouth and allowed Shawn to thrust his tongue inside.

Kyle waited until Shawn had started to lift his hips to match Bree's actions and the kiss had become sloppy, before clicking one handcuff around Shawn's wrist and snapping it to the bed. He quickly did the same with the other side.

Once Shawn was secure, he pulled away and looked down at him.

It was a sight he had never really thought he'd see. But he was glad Shawn was allowing them this control. It would be something he would always remember.

Bree was working Shawn's cock and Kyle could tell how much he was enjoying it, but he wanted to hear his mate. Not watch him clench his teeth as he remained fighting for control.

"I bet that feels good," Kyle said. "Her mouth on you. Taking you down." He would give Shawn back some of the dirty talk his lover used on him.

Shawn grunted in agreement.

Kyle smoothed his hand over Shawn's chest before he started to pull at his nipples. Shawn tried to surge up but the handcuffs cut off any excessive movement.

"Kyle," Shawn called his name roughly.

"That's it, let go," Kyle urged and tweaked one nipple hard.

Shawn growled.

"Give it all to us," Kyle demanded.

Shawn's head thrashed against the pillow, his hands clenched above his head.

"Good, good," Shawn murmured. "Oh baby... yes."

"Want it, Shawn?" Kyle asked, licking at the nipples he'd been tormenting. The hard nubs were red. "Want to come?"

"Please," Shawn actually begged.

Kyle slammed his mouth down on Shawn's, covering his cries. Shawn jerked against him, bit down on his lip, and came.

Bree never stopped. She sucked and swallowed him down. Kyle reached over and grabbed the back of her neck until she lifted her head. He moved quickly to press his lips against hers until she shared Shawn's taste with him. He got so lost in the kiss, he didn't realise he was humping against Shawn until Bree pulled back panting.

"Fuck me please," she pleaded.

Kyle pulled her up until she straddled Shawn's chest before moving in behind her. He locked his eyes on Shawn's and he pressed against her back until she lowered her breasts to Shawn's face.

Shawn immediately started to tease and lick at her pert nipples as Kyle gripped his prick and lined it up with her weeping pussy.

She was already so wet. He held himself with one hand, ready to explode already. With his free hand, he slid two fingers through her slick folds and pushed two fingers inside.

Her body tightened around his digits and she moaned.

"Gonna fill you up," he told her.

"Yesss..." she hissed.

"Gonna ride you hard. Make sure you know you belong to us, only us."

Bree rode his fingers for several minutes and whimpered when he removed them.

"Only ours," he swore, and he plunged inside her hot wet hole. She arched her back and shook.

"Gorgeous," Shawn said out loud. "You look so pretty taking his cock."

The sounds coming from Bree were almost animalistic and Kyle loved them. He slammed inside her over and over, tightened the grip he had on her hips and thrust harder. She felt so good—hot and soft surrounding him, silky. Shawn's earlier release still scented the air, and Kyle wanted her scent to mix with it. He slammed harder, shaking the entire bed.

"Like that... just like that," she cried. The sound of flesh hitting flesh echoed in the room.

"Come baby, come on his cock," Shawn told Bree.

Kyle pistoned his hips faster. Bree threw her head back and screamed as she climaxed. Three quick strokes and he joined her.

He collapsed forward, sandwiching Bree between him and Shawn. He was still panting, trying to regain his senses when he heard Shawn complaining, "Can someone take these damn cuffs off before the two of you fall asleep on top of me?"

## Chapter Eleven

Bree woke with heaviness across her back that she wasn't used to. She found she remained in the middle of the large bed with Shawn curled up behind her, one leg thrown over hers, and his arm stretched out, holding Kyle close to them both.

She was surprised. She wouldn't have considered Shawn as the cuddler. She sighed in contentment and buried her face against Kyle's shoulder.

The night before had been intense. It had shocked her to see the emotion in Shawn's eyes when he'd panicked. It wasn't because he didn't want her like she'd first thought. It was because he was scared of hurting her or Kyle.

Kyle shifted and brought his hand up to brush the hair from her face. She tilted her head and ran her gaze over him. He was looking at her with such a soft expression of love, it made her eyes sting with tears.

Slowly he shifted towards her until his lips were inches from her. "Good morning, love," he greeted.

Bree smiled at the endearment. Kyle might be the quiet one in the relationship but he felt as strongly for her as Shawn did. The contrast between her two mates made her feel like she would have everything she would ever need.

*Mates...* The word whispered around her head. She closed the distance to Kyle's mouth and breathed the word against his lips. "*Mate.*"

Then they were locked together until Kyle nibbled on her bottom lip and she opened her mouth, allowing his entrance.

They moaned at the same time, Kyle pulling her tighter against his body. Rolling over her, he manoeuvred her onto her back. Shawn shifted with them as Kyle covered her body with his.

When the lack of air had them parting, Kyle was above her, panting. He interlocked their fingers together before moving her arms over her head so he was completely stretched out over her.

Bree wrapped her legs around his waist as Shawn moved behind Kyle, kissing his shoulders. Kyle shivered against her and started to rub their flesh against one another.

Shawn caught her eye and winked. "I want to wake up like this every morning from now on," he said, his voice husky with lust.

Bree agreed and nodded.

Then Shawn moved from her sight, disappearing behind Kyle. A second later Kyle jerked.

"Oh God! Yes!" Kyle almost yelled.

Bree wanted to see what Shawn was doing, but Kyle felt too good on top of her. Kyle's eyes were closed and his entire body quaked.

"What's he doing?" Bree had to ask.

"He's... Shit! He's..."

"Distracting you," Shawn answered. "Sorry."

Kyle growled.

Shawn grinned and pushed Kyle forward until he could reach Bree's mouth over Kyle's shoulder. She wrapped her arms around Shawn's neck.

Bree opened and responded to the hot, demanding kiss and Kyle once again started to move against her. Bree lifted her hips, inviting Kyle to take her since she couldn't say it out loud with Shawn plundering her mouth.

Kyle got the message and pushed her thighs apart and slowly sank inside. Bree arched her back taking him deeper. Kyle moaned and Shawn broke the kiss. Bree ran her hand over Shawn's shoulder.

"You taste so good," Shawn told her.

Everything was good. The way Shawn was looking at her like she was his everything, the feel of Kyle inside her stretching her, the smell of their love-making still lingering in the air from the night before mixing in with their new arousal.

Kyle was still thrusting deep inside her, rocking her body, taking her closer to climax. He was thick and filled her up like no one before. And it wasn't just his body he filled, but her heart too.

Shawn pressed sweet soft kisses on her forehead, her eyelids, cheeks and chin.

It was almost too much—both men loving her at the same time. She closed her eyes tightly, holding the feelings close to her heart.

“Open your eyes,” Shawn requested gently. She complied. “I want to watch you,” he told her and then moved away. Bree reached for him but he dove for the nightstand, pulled something out and returned to his position behind Kyle.

Kyle’s frantic strokes didn’t ease and Shawn winked at her again.

He held up two fingers and showed them to her. Fascinated, she watched as he poured clear liquid on them then his hand disappeared again.

Kyle groaned and he faltered.

“I’m gonna fuck you,” Shawn told Kyle with his mouth close to the other man’s ear. “While you’re taking our girl, I’m gonna take you.”

Bree bit her lip. Damn, she wanted to see that.

Kyle nodded his head in jerky motions. Bree gripped Kyle’s shoulders and held on. Kyle’s teeth were clenched as he thrust inside her and pulled back out gently. Bree knew every time he withdrew from her, he was pushing Shawn’s fingers in deeper. The series of emotions on Kyle’s face spoke volumes.

“Stop teasing, inside now,” Kyle finally pleaded.

Shawn chuckled and, placing his hand over Bree’s on Kyle’s shoulder, pressed until Kyle’s chest was laying against hers.

In her mind’s eye, she could see Shawn starting to fill Kyle. *Next time*, she promised herself—next time she would watch.

Kyle arched, his cock slipping even deeper inside as he remained still. Shawn groaned from behind. After rocking several times, Shawn froze behind Kyle.

“We’re connected,” Bree said in a whisper. “The three of us.”

Kyle nodded. “Forever.”

“Always,” Shawn agreed.

Then Shawn was moving. He backed away and then plunged. Bree gasped. Each hard thrust inside Kyle had Kyle stroking deeper into her.

Shawn set a slow steady pace, pulling Kyle’s hips to move with him. Kyle allowed Shawn the control and each time they moved took Bree closer to climax.

There were so many different positions in which they could make love. But she had no doubt this would be one of her favourites – to be able to watch both men's faces.

Shawn growled loudly and the even strokes became faster and less controlled.

Bree arched her back and her nails scratched at Kyle's shoulders, as every other thought escaped. She could only feel. The sound of flesh slapping against flesh echoed around her but she barely heard. All she could concentrate on was how good the strong, hard plunge of Kyle's cock inside her felt.

Her entire body shook as she could no longer hold back. Her breasts felt full and swollen, sweat dripped from her hairline down her face. She couldn't catch her breath.

Her clit tingled from the pressure and before she could prepare herself, she cried out as her orgasm ripped through her. Dimly she heard Kyle's shout before Shawn yelled their names.

\* \* \* \*

Freshly showered and dressed in a pair of Kyle's sleep pants and a T-shirt, Bree opened the bathroom door and released the steam from the shower. As she stepped in the hall, she heard raised voices before a door slammed.

She slowly made her way to the kitchen where Kyle had told her he'd be starting the coffee. As she stepped in the doorway, she saw Kyle standing in front of the sink, his back to her, with his head bent. She didn't think she made any noise but his head snapped up and he turned to look at her.

"Hey," he greeted with a small smile.

"Hi," she replied, unsure of what to do.

He motioned her forward. Bree walked to him, glancing over at the balcony, seeing Shawn outside, pacing.

"What's going on?" she asked as Kyle wrapped his arms around her.

Kyle sighed. "I'm not sure."

Bree turned in his arms and looked up at him. He sounded so dejected and she didn't like that one bit. "What can I do?"

Kyle shrugged. "I honestly don't know," he admitted. "Shawn won't... I mean he can't...shit..."

She cupped his face when he tried to look away.

"What happened?"

He shook his head and clamped his lips together.

Bree hadn't been in the shower long so whatever happened couldn't have escalated too badly. "Kyle..."

He met her eyes. "I suggested he join you in the shower."

Bree frowned. "And he didn't want to?"

Kyle shrugged.

Bree tried to quash the hurt. Maybe Shawn didn't want her. He could just be settling for her because that's what Kyle wanted.

Bree pulled away from Kyle. "I think I should go," she said softly.

It broke her heart to think about being separated from Kyle and Shawn. But she knew it would be even harder on her later if she stayed and Shawn never felt for her the same intense feelings she already had for him. In bed earlier, she had actually believed he cared.

"No... please," Kyle begged, reaching out for her.

"I can't..." her voice broke.

"We'll figure this out," Kyle promised. "I know we can. Shawn wants you – that's not the problem. He just..."

"Just what?" she asked sharply.

"Is still scared of hurting you," Shawn finished softly.

Bree twirled around and sat at her throat. "Shawn!"

He shook his head and sat at the table. His cheeks were red and he was flushed from the crisp, cool outside air.

"I thought we took care of that last night... or this morning," Bree stated.

"Last night I couldn't hurt you, Kyle was there. This morning my hands were on him not you," Shawn pointed out.

Bree bit her lip, thinking. While it was true he hadn't penetrated her, he had still touched her. Held her as Kyle had been making love to her the night before. Kissed her this morning.



"You're making excuses," she accused.

Shawn stiffened. He stared at her with confusion plain on his face. "What?"

Bree moved to him. He watched her warily. As soon as she reached him he sat back in his chair. Perfect. She threw one leg over and straddled him.

"What are you doing?" he asked nervously.

Bree grinned. "Touch me," she challenged.

"I..."

She placed her hand over his mouth. "Don't talk, touch me."

Shawn brought both his hands up and cupped her face. Bree removed her own hand from his mouth and leant in, kissing him softly.

"You're touching me now, you're kissing me," she told him, her lips brushing his as she spoke. "You did last night and this morning too."

"But I'm not inside you. What if I can't control myself?" he questioned and lowered his head. "I've left bruises on Kyle."

"And I'm sure he enjoyed every minute of it," she responded. A quick glance over her shoulder to the man of question and she received a nod and smile. She turned her attention back to Shawn. "As I would."

Shawn let out a savage groan. "Bree," he pleaded. "What if..."

"Shut up," she finally stated and took his mouth in a hot sensual kiss. She put all of her feelings into the meeting of lips, teeth, and tongue.

Shawn gave back as good as her. It wasn't long until his hands fisted in her hair and he held her head still, taking control. Bree shook with the passion he ignited.

Shawn broke the kiss, staring into her eyes, panting. "I want you so bad I ache," he told her.

"I know a cure for that," she stated simply.

She stood and offered him a hand. He accepted and rose to his feet.

"Thank you," he whispered as he bent his head and kissed her cheek. "I don't know how we got so lucky in finding you but I'm glad we did."

Bree nodded, her eyes tearing up. Oh yes she already had feelings for him. *For them both.*

Shawn tugged her body close to his. "Kyle," he called.

Kyle stepped up to them, looking so happy.

"I'm sorry," Shawn said quietly.

"I'm proud of you," Kyle responded.

"Proud?" Shawn questioned.

"You didn't run this time. You went outside, cooled down—probably cussed your head off—but afterwards, you came back in here and talked. You didn't run," Kyle repeated.

"I'm nothing without the two of you. I never want to be alone again," Shawn admitted. "It still worried me. My lack of control. I've never had to deal with this before. I don't know how."

"I have an idea on that," Bree broke in. While she was not a shifter, she was part of a shifter family.

"What?" Shawn asked suspiciously.

"Nothing we need to talk about right now," she told him cupping his erection. "I think we were right about here." She started to rub.

"Well, I think we were going to take this into the other room," Kyle said, gesturing to the bedroom.

"Wait," Shawn told them.

Bree took a deep breath, waiting for Shawn to say whatever it was he needed to get out. Still if the man would just trust her...

Shawn took one of Kyle's hands, one of hers and put them both between his.

"Bree," he said softly.

"Yes Shawn," she smiled at him reassuringly.

"Even knowing that I have some issues to work out, and Kyle... well, Kyle's pretty much got it together but—" Shawn started again. "Even after everything that's happened in the last twenty four hours... would you... are... will you mate with us?"

Bree's heart skipped a beat. Actually skipped in her chest. She stared at Shawn and saw his worry then looked to Kyle and saw the hope.

She squeezed their hands. "Yes. Oh yes!"

"Thank God!" Kyle muttered.

Shawn laughed and pulled them both close, kissing Bree then Kyle.

"Can we move this into the bedroom now?" Kyle grumbled.

Bree nodded, eager as he was. She led both men back into the bedroom. The bed was still unmade and she smiled when she saw the twisted sheets from their playing earlier.

She undressed herself, keeping her eyes on Shawn, knowing Kyle would be there if Shawn got nervous. She knew part of Shawn's problem was that since she was human, she would be easier to hurt. She would prove to him that she wasn't made of glass. That she could take him even with his wolf close to the surface. In fact, she wanted Shawn to just let go and love her hard.

Once she was completely naked, she beckoned Shawn forward. Kyle stood at his back and between Bree and Kyle they quickly removed Shawn's clothes.

Bree stood on the tips of her toes and pressed her lips to Shawn's. Shawn growled and buried his hands in her hair. The kiss deepened and Bree's heart sped up. This was what she wanted.

Bree slowly pulled back and cupped Shawn's jaw. His hands were still in her hair and he brought his mouth down to one of the purple stripes.

"Why is your hair different colours?" he asked softly.

Bree laughed. It wasn't the question she'd expected. "I like colours. I like being different." Then a thought popped up. "Does it bother you?"

"Oh, God no," Shawn said quickly.

Kyle chuckled behind him. "We think it's sexy as hell," he added.

Bree grinned. "Good." She ran her tongue under Shawn's jaw before she whispered, "Kyle still has clothes on."

Shawn's eyes lit up. "Well we can't have that now, can we?" He reached and pulled Kyle forward. Bree attacked Kyle's T-shirt while Shawn went to work on his jeans.

Kyle let them take charge and soon Shawn pulled the three naked bodies close together.

"Don't give up on me," Shawn begged quietly. "Please."

Bree's eyes watered at the anguished request. "Never," she promised.

"You belong to us," Kyle stated seriously.

Shawn nodded and dropped his head. He shivered once hard, and Bree tightened her arms around his waist.

"Bed," she urged.

They moved together until she lay in the middle of the bed with Shawn above her, Kyle curled up at her side. They started just kissing and petting, she and Kyle taking time to relax Shawn with their touch.

Bree no longer questioned if Shawn wanted her or not. The thick, hard cock rubbing against her hip told her that much. She was thrilled with Shawn positioned over her and she wrapped her legs around his waist.

Shawn stiffened for a moment but Bree ran her hands over the muscles in his shoulders to keep him grounded. "I want you, Shawn. I want you to take me."

"I don't want to hurt..." he started.

"Hush," she told him, running her fingers over his lips.

Shawn closed his eyes then nodded. Hands on her hips, he yanked her down until his prick was positioned at her sex. Then he lowered his head and kissed her.

Bree accepted his tongue and arched her back, wet and wanting. While Shawn continued to devour her mouth, she felt another pair of lips at her nipples and shivered in need.

Shawn kissed her chin, her cheeks, and forehead as he slowly started to enter her.

Bree's breath caught as Shawn filled her. Kyle fondled her breasts and kissed her. She moved one hand from Shawn's shoulder and gripped the base of Kyle's cock. Kyle leant back giving her room to work and covered her hand with his own. Shawn continued to thrust in steady, long strokes, and Kyle and Bree matched his rhythm, jacking Kyle off.

One hard plunge from Shawn and she moaned. Shawn tightened his hold on her hips.

"That's it," she encouraged. "More, Shawn."

Shawn moved his hips faster and, just like she wanted, started to ride her harder. Her mouth dropped open and she couldn't hold back the sounds of pleasure. Shawn felt so good inside her. Hard and smooth. Kyle had started to leak pre cum and the added moisture helped ease her hand as she stroked him. She could smell sweat and her men.

Shawn's hips snapped faster and faster. "Good, feels so good," he mumbled.

Bree lifted her legs higher on his waist taking him deeper. "Harder Shawn...please."

With a loud cry Shawn lifted her hips off the bed and really started to plunge into her clenching pussy. Her body tried to hold him inside but he slammed into her again and again.

She was hot and trembled with unreleased passion. Her breasts were heavy and she was panting. A low, long moan escaped and she climaxed.

"Fuck," Shawn groaned and his seed was released inside her. Kyle bucked against her hand and then he came, splashing her hand and the bed with his essence. They all collapsed at the same time.

Bree grinned. Shawn had remained in control the entire time. She couldn't wait to show him all they could do together.

Shawn moved first, heading to the bathroom to grab a wash cloth to clean them all up. Once that task was done, he climbed into the middle of the bed and pulled her and Kyle to his sides.

"This is all I have ever wanted," he announced softly. "Just the two of you."

"The three of us," Kyle added.

"Mates," Bree finished with a smile.

They fell asleep in each other arms knowing when they awoke, their future awaited them.

## Epilogue

Shawn smiled as he looked around the backyard that was full of friends and family. He had met Bree's grandparents, and the three older members of her family had welcomed both he and Kyle, which gave him hope for Bree's other family members.

His and Kyle's family were also attending the impromptu barbeque at his weekend house before the full moon run later that night.

When his brother's female mate, Annabelle, heard that he and Kyle would be mating with Bree, she had set to work to throwing them a party.

"So what do you think, brother?" Trevor asked, throwing an arm around his neck.

Shawn glanced over to where Kyle and Bree were dancing in the grass. "I'm a very lucky man," he told his brother.

Trevor tightened his arm in a hug. "I'd say we both are extremely lucky," Trevor agreed.

Shawn followed the other man's gaze to his own mates. Annabelle sat on Mac's lap while she laughed with Mac's sister, who held her brand new baby in her arms.

"I'm thankful, that's for sure. I can't wait until tonight, though," Shawn told his brother, dropping his voice a little.

"What's going on?" Trevor asked as he dropped his arm and moved to stand in front of Shawn. Shawn couldn't meet Trevor's eyes straight on. But he needed to talk to someone. Someone who wasn't one of his mates. "I'm struggling a little with my control," Shawn admitted. "It's not a big deal with Kyle, but I'm so afraid of hurting Bree..."

It still tore at his heart every time he backed away from Bree and her eyes would flash with hurt. He'd only been able to make love to her a few times over the past week, still scared of causing her pain.

"Ahh, I see," Trevor nodded several times.

The certainty in his brother's voice drew his eyes up. "You do?"

Trevor laughed. "Yeah man, I've been there."

Shawn felt his breath rush out in relief.

"We waited a year to claim Annabelle. I remember one time when I found out she went out for drinks with a guy from the office." Trevor shook his head. "I almost lost it."

"What happened?" Shawn asked, intrigued.

"Mac," Trevor said simply. "I have to hand it to my man. He's always thinking ahead. He warned the other man that Annabelle was our mate. Let's just say Annabelle was with a complete gentleman that night."

"There is no way I could have waited a year," Shawn told his brother. "Every time a male looks at her, I have this unbelievable urge to tear out his throat."

"It'll get better," Trevor told him.

Shawn just blinked at him, Not at all sure.

His brother grinned. "Right now, although you've claimed her, she is still unmated. Your wolf knows that. After tonight he will calm down."

Shawn nodded. God, he hoped so.

\* \* \* \*

Bree waited where Shawn and Kyle had left her. Annabelle had told her exactly what to expect and how much she would enjoy the mating.

She had taken Annabelle's suggestion of being naked when her two mates showed. While the cool night air caused goosebumps over her body, she wasn't really cold. More nervous than anything.

Both men would have to take her at once. Then she would receive the mating bite that would bind them together forever.

A rustle from the bushes to her north had her narrowing her eyes and staring into the darkness. Two wolves stepped out and Bree's breath caught in her throat.

She had never seen Shawn and Kyle in their wolf forms and they were gorgeous.

The larger white and gold wolf lifted his head and howled. The sound went through her body, causing her to shiver in delight. It had a magical ring to it. The smaller grey and white wolf joined in and Bree wrapped her arms around her middle to keep herself from running to them.

She wanted to be with them.

The wolves stopped and slowly made their way to her. Bree dropped to her knees as they got within arm's reach. Both wolves pressed against her.

Their fur was soft and brushed against her naked skin. She grabbed the neck of the gold wolf and buried her face in his fur.

A sound much like a moan came from the wolf. She lifted her face and the wolf licked her neck. Shawn, the gold wolf was Shawn. The grey wolf whimpered and she gave her attention to Kyle. Kyle in wolf form practically climbed on top of her.

She rubbed his flanks hard until the gold wolf growled and stepped away. The other followed suit and paused a few feet from where she knelt. She felt a shimmering around her and then two fully aroused men stood where the wolves had been.

"Come to me, my wolves," Bree called softly, holding her hands out to them.

Shawn dropped to his knees on one side of her and Kyle on the other.

"Are you ready," Shawn asked softly slipping his arms around her waist.

"I feel like I've waited for this all my life," she answered.

Shawn smiled and kissed her. Bree let the soft press of his lips draw her in and let go of all nerves. Shawn deepened the kiss, pushing her back covering her body with his.

As Shawn's mouth left hers and started to travel down her neck, Bree reached out for Kyle. Her other mate was there, taking her lips in a crushing hard kiss. She moaned and arched between Kyle's mouth covering hers and Shawn's lips teasing her nipples.

Four hands caressed her body taking her higher. She lost track of Shawn's and Kyle's mouths and hands as they slowly traced over her. She kept her back arched and head thrown back, letting them take her higher until two hands pushed her thighs wide and a mouth covered her clit.

She cried out and bucked, pushing against the warm moist tongue that teased and sucked. Fingers entered between her folds, finding her sex and pressing inside.

Her body shook and the digits began to work her. She rode the fingers, unable to lay still. She was so close, just needed a little more...

Bree whimpered when the lips left her and fingers were pulled out.

Shawn crawled up her body and kissed her deeply before gently turning her over onto her hands and knees. Positioned as she was, she couldn't see what was happening behind her but she could feel. Oh God could she!



Four hands rubbed, massaged, and aroused her lower back, thighs, and pussy. Fingers trailed lightly over her in a gentle teasing touch.

Crazy, they were going to drive her crazy if they didn't hurry up. She pushed back against the hands spreading her ass cheeks, silently begging for more.

Shawn chuckled and Bree dropped her head, the sound travelling straight to her cunt. Her thighs were wet from her own juices, and Bree wasn't sure if she wanted to spread herself wider or close her legs.

She was startled when a hand cupped her face and she met Kyle's eyes. He smiled and kissed her softly. Bree returned the kiss harder, nipping at his lip. She didn't want slow and gentle.

"Climb on top of me baby," he encouraged as he slipped under her body. He lined his cock up with her entrance and Bree started to lower herself down. Once he was fully seated, Bree pushed herself up and sat straddling him. Kyle's hand tightened on her hips.

He was biting his lip and Bree swivelled her hips, causing him to cry out. She didn't want him to be quiet. She wanted to hear how good she made him feel. She could feel his hard shaft twitching inside her.

"Bree..." he whispered her name.

She started to rock slowly, then carefully lifted her hips and started to ride him.

Shawn pressed against her back, reaching around to tease her nipples.

"Yesss..." she hissed out.

She moved her hips faster, trying to get back the desired sensation from right before orgasm.

"So pretty," Shawn murmured against her ear. "My two mates making love under the moonlight."

Bree cried out, so close to climax... Needing more still ...

"Ready darling?" Shawn asked while pushing her chest flat against Kyle's.

"Yes," she panted out.

Slick fingers teased her anus before one slipped inside. Until a week ago, she'd had no idea how good anal sex was. Her mates had decided that she should be prepared before they both took her and she had willingly been all for it. Now she was learning how much she liked having her ass filled.

One finger became two until they easily entered and pulled out. Shawn spread his digits, stretching her more, and her hips bucked while she pushed back into his touch. Three fingers filled her and she was riding both Kyle's cock and Shawn's digits hard.

"Hold on, baby," Shawn whispered withdrawing from her. His cock was instantly there in replacement as he pushed inside.

Bree couldn't hold back the sounds that escaped the back of her throat. She felt so full, so loved, as wonderful sensations tingled through her entire body.

Slowly Shawn entered her.

"I can feel Kyle inside you," Shawn commented in awe.

Bree looked down at Kyle's bright eyes and saw his teeth clenched.

"Can't hold back," Kyle told her.

She nodded and started to move, rocking down and back, taking both of her mates. They picked up a rhythm, the three of them able to make love and connect.

Bree's clit throbbed and she knew she couldn't hold on either. "Please," she cried out.

"Yes, now," Shawn agreed.

Bree threw her head back as Shawn took control of their motions. He slammed inside her ass, thrusting her down on Kyle's cock. She trembled and came, her orgasm hitting fast and hard, taking her breath with her.

Kyle grabbed her waist and pushed himself up, his mouth landing on her neck. Shawn's teeth meet her skin on the other side. Shawn grunted and as if saying a magic word, both men stiffened and started to fill her with their seed.

The mating bites came next. Hot, white pain sliced through quickly before it was replaced with such pleasure she climaxed again.

When her mates pulled their canines from her flesh and started to lick their bites, she couldn't take anymore and collapsed against Kyle's chest. Both men held her tightly, still buried inside her.

"Love you," she croaked. "Love you both."

"We love you darling," Shawn murmured.

"More than you'll ever know," Kyle added.

But Bree did know. She was one of the very lucky few who had found their place. A home with her lovers. She would never feel unwanted or unloved. Wolves mated for life. And Bree wouldn't trade her life for anyone else's.

## About the Author

Crissy Smith lives in Texas with her husband, daughter, and three Labrador retrievers. The three dogs love to curl up under her computer desk and nap while she writes. It doesn't leave a lot of room for her but what's a woman to do?

When not writing or reading, she enjoys hunting, camping and shooting. But she has a girly side too and is addicted to pedicures and coffee.

She has been writing since she was a teenager and still loves everything to do with the paranormal. Her stories and characters all have a place in her heart. She loves the Alpha male, the dominant werewolf, or the Master vampire which find their way in most of her books.

Learn more about the characters she has created at her website where they have their very own page. It will be updated from time to time to let you know what's going on with them. Also you can find out who will be in the next book.

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Crissy Smith loves to hear from readers. You can find her contact information, website and author biography at <http://www.total-e-bound.com>.

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