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Lost

Altered Destinies 1



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Lost

Theresa is trying to live a quiet life and stay out of everyone's way, but her growing anxiety attacks are becoming harder and harder to ignore. Abandoned as a child, she's spent most of her life hiding how different she is from everyone else.

Caleb and Ethan are agents working for a specialized branch of the government that deals with unusual problems. While on assignment to track down and apprehend a dangerous terrorist, their mission suddenly changes when the guy they're chasing abducts a woman with unusual skills—skills she knows nothing about.

But when Caleb and Ethan manage to rescue her, they both discover an undeniable attraction to the feisty but frightened woman.

When their mission turns deadly and they find themselves unable to identify friend from foe, Caleb, Ethan and Theresa find they must rely on each other. Will one wrong decision cost them everything?

Genre: Ménage a Trois/Quatre, Paranormal, Romantic Suspense

Length: 24,745 words

LOST

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Abby Blake

MENAGE EVERLASTING



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A SIREN PUBLISHING BOOK

IMPRINT: Ménage Everlasting

LOST

Copyright © 2011 by Abby Blake

E-book ISBN: 1-61034-388-3

First E-book Publication: March 2011

Cover design by *Les Byerley*

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DEDICATION

For Rusty

LOST

Altered Destinies 1

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Prologue

Twenty-seven years ago...

The woman glanced nervously over her shoulder as a tiny cry emitted from the bundle in her arms. She raised the basket higher and made quiet, soothing noises.

She climbed the steps, bare feet silent against the cold stone. Fear crowded her. Breathing became a struggle. At the sound of footsteps behind, she froze, trying desperately to control the fear. She twisted around, ready to bolt, but the person turned a different path, and the sound faded. The woman took a deep, shuddering breath and sagged in relief.

Carefully, she lowered the basket to the ground and checked the blanket still covered the baby girl. The infant looked safe and warm, beautiful eyes now hidden behind closed lids, her long lashes resting against pale cheeks.

"I'm sorry," the woman whispered, the words barely a breath of sound.

She glanced around, her scalp prickling as fear crept up her spine. Heart pounding, palms sweating, her terror nearly overwhelmed the need to be quiet. She checked her surroundings, sucked in an agitated

breath, pressed the doorbell. She leaned on the button so that it rang several times then waited a moment, hoping to hear a sound, a voice, anything from within the building to indicate someone heard the summons.

Fear crawled over her again.

She leapt off the stairs, landed awkwardly on the grass but recovered quickly. Plump legs carried her into the shelter of the trees. The woman waited a moment, straining to hear noises, glaring back at the building, praying for a light to come on.

She sagged with relief when she heard the door open and the baby start to cry, but she took only a moment to enjoy it before she ran again. She couldn't afford capture, either by her husband or the orphanage. She needed to get away from here now.

Other children's lives depended on her.

Chapter One

Present day...

The hulking man in a grey pinstripe suit almost knocked Theresa off balance as he barreled passed her. She cursed her instinctive response to cringe away from the aggression he projected.

God, why did she have to go through this every day? The subway was the most harrowing part of her life, and she was sick to death of her own reactions to other people. She shook her head sharply as she felt the irritation of the woman sitting in the seat that she was clinging to for balance. Shit, the emotions felt so real.

The woman glanced up briefly, a half-smile on her face, and Theresa wondered for the millionth time how her paranoia had morphed into this ridiculous fantasy about other people's emotions. A shiver ran down her spine as the woman's irritation grew stronger, and before Theresa could understand her own reaction, she ripped her hand away from the seat and stepped to the one behind her.

The teenager with headphones glanced at her feet and then went on ignoring the world. At least his emotions seemed to be indifferent to her presence.

The train lurched to a stop, and she tightened her grip against the handhold as everyone in the cabin leaned forward with the momentum and then slammed back into their seats.

A woman carrying a bag full of groceries shoved past her, the leaves of some type of vegetable brushing against Theresa's shoulder and ear. Again the irritation, again the cringing. Shit, whatever the hell was going on with her was getting worse.

Finally, four stops of the train and countless annoyed passengers later, Theresa stepped onto the platform and quickly sought refuge beside a vending machine, away from the path of human traffic.

She closed her eyes, inhaling deeply. She tried really hard to still the shaking of her hands and the muscle ticking away under her left eye. She had only a little success. After a few moments, most of the people who'd disembarked with her had made their way out of the station and up to the street. Theresa took a deep breath, stepped from her safe little nook, and hurried toward the exit, her ticket held tightly in her hand.

* * * *

Caleb stirred more sugar into the sludge this diner passed off as coffee. The delicious smell had belied the disgusting taste, and even though he knew that no amount of sweetener was going to improve that, for some reason he did it anyway.

"You're tired." Ethan wasn't looking at him as he said it. He was staring out of the window watching the parade of office employees heading to work.

"Thanks, genius, you're not leaping tall buildings yourself."

Ethan's huge chest rumbled with a quick laugh and then his eyes locked onto Caleb's.

"Yep, but I'm not the one thinking of quitting."

Caleb nodded as he drew in a deep breath. He and Ethan hadn't actually discussed this topic, but with Ethan's extraordinary empathic skills, it was no surprise that he figured out what was going on inside Caleb's head.

"It's not the job, it's the traveling. We've been on the road for three weeks trying to track down this damn terrorist, and I'm getting sick of sleeping in the car or the occasional hotel bed. I want to be home."

“What’s at home?” Ethan asked in a reasonable tone. “You don’t have a wife or kids or even a pet. There is nothing at home that you don’t have on the road.”

“I know,” Caleb acknowledged. “Maybe that’s the problem. We don’t stay still long enough to find that sort of relationship. Hell, we’re never home long enough to even have a dog.”

Ethan nodded slowly. “But why are you thinking of quitting? Why not apply for a transfer or a promotion? You know you’re good enough.”

Caleb managed a half smile as he looked directly at his work partner and best friend.

“Awww shit,” Ethan said as the penny finally dropped, and he seemed to understand. “You’re staying in the field because of me.” Ethan shook his head, a muscle in his face clearly showing the aggravated clenching and unclenching of his jaw.

“You are the best empath the agency has,” Caleb said. “I can’t let your skills go to waste while I take a job at head office. You know they won’t separate us. We’ve worked too long together, we make a good team, and they’ll expect us to stay close.”

“Did you ever think of asking me what I want?” Ethan asked as his oversized hands balled into tight fists. The guy was huge, well over six feet tall, solid and muscular, and looked like a professional football player. He was definitely not someone you wanted to piss off if you could help it.

“What do you mean, what you want? I know what you want. You want to stay on the road. You thrive on this stuff. I’ve been your partner for more than ten years. Don’t tell me you hate this part of the job because I’ll know you’re lying.”

Ethan’s shoulders rolled forward as he tried to control the chuckle that escaped him.

“I’m sorry, Caleb,” he said as the tension in his body eased slightly. “I do love the chase, but I’m getting sick of all the travel, too. I sometimes find myself wondering why we’re still doing this.”

Caleb shook his head as he tried to process Ethan's words.

"I had no idea," he said quietly.

"Yeah, well, you might be the world's best telepath, but I can still hide a thing or two when I want."

World's best? Not likely, but it had been a running joke between them for as long as he could remember. Most telepaths and empaths developed their skills around their teenage years, but Caleb and Ethan had both shown extraordinary talents by the time they started elementary school. The agency they worked for had tapped them long before they'd started college.

"So what now?" Caleb asked quietly. He wasn't really worried that they would be overheard, but he glanced around the near-empty diner just to make sure. "What do we do now?"

"I..." Ethan cut off the sentence as his empathic skill seemed to kick into high gear. Caleb could sense it, too. "Did you feel that?" he asked unnecessarily, already lifting himself out of the chair and throwing money onto the table.

"Something's off. It doesn't feel right."

"Agreed. We need more information."

* * * *

Theresa hunched her shoulders as she braved the foot traffic of the sidewalk. Already two shoulder bags and a briefcase had clunked into her, and she was starting to feel the beginnings of another panic attack.

She ground her teeth together as she sucked much-needed oxygen into her lungs. This was ridiculous. Every other person on the planet managed to make it to work on time without falling to pieces. She was going to make it to the office no matter how many handbags she connected with. She dropped her head down, gathered her laptop bag closer, and prepared for battle.

“Sorry,” another woman called as she rammed an umbrella into Theresa’s shins. It hadn’t rained in weeks. Why the hell would someone be carrying an umbrella? She wanted to say something really aggressive, but the woman was lost in the crowd long before the words made it to Theresa’s mouth.

Finally, the front door to her building came into sight, and she dodged a couple more briefcases before she made it into the foyer and headed for the elevator. She pressed the button once and then pulled her hand back and wrapped it hard around the handle of her laptop case. She was not going to press it again. She was *not* going to press the elevator button more than once no matter how much her mind screamed at her.

Her fingers twitched and her knuckles turned white as she waited for the lift to arrive. The doors eventually slid open, and Theresa stepped in and moved to the back of the small space. Only one person stepped in behind her, and Theresa tried to hide her agitation behind a small smile as the woman jostled several bags beside her.

“Big presentation,” the woman said, her nervousness completely filling the otherwise empty space.

Despite the growing headache at the base of her skull, Theresa smiled at the reflection of the woman beside her. At least she knew that the nervous energy she felt emanating from this woman was most likely real. Even if she hadn’t been having these strange episodes, she would’ve realized from the woman’s body language what she was feeling.

Theresa breathed through her nose, trying hard to fight the reaction building in her again. The higher the elevator went, the more her muscles tensed. She tried to suck in enough air to calm her rapidly beating heart. She controlled her movements, trying to hide the rising tide of panic. A weird buzzing began at the back of her head. By the time the door slid open, she was blinking rapidly, trying to quell her rising hysteria.

What the hell? She'd never felt this before. She wanted to hide. She wanted to run screaming back to the subway. Her muscles twitched violently as she fought the urge to escape.

Oh God, oh God, oh God, oh God, oh God.

Theresa's knees felt like jelly as she forced herself to step from the elevator. She kept her head down and concentrated on putting one foot in front of the other as she headed for the familiarity of her office. The buzzing increased the closer she got. The panic roared inside her head, demanding retreat, demanding release, demanding her surrender to mindless terror.

"Theresa, I'm glad I caught you." The familiar and irritating voice of a fellow programmer was almost her undoing. Her eyes darted in his direction. Her hands grasped her bag tightly in front of her like a shield. She swallowed the painful lump forming at the back of her throat.

"I wanted to check if you got my email yesterday."

She nodded stiffly. Her vision blurred as she tried to focus on his face.

"Shit, Theresa. Are you all right?"

A hand touched her elbow, and she jumped back. Her mouth filled with foul-tasting acid as her stomach threatened revolt.

"I'm okay. I'm okay. I'm okay. I'm okay." She swallowed hard, but the words kept coming. "I'm okay. I'm okay. I'm okay."

The man in front of her stepped back. Her breath came in shallow gasps as she rushed past him. She clenched her teeth together to quiet the words that tried to escape, but they continued in her head. *I'm okay. I'm okay. I'm okay. I'm okay. What the fuck is happening to me? I'm okay. I'm okay. I'm okay. I'm okay.*

She ran to her office, panic nipping at her heels. She slammed the door closed, leaned against it, panting, sucking air, trying to slow the rapid beat of her heart.

I'm okay. I'm okay. I'm okay. I'm okay. Fuck, I'm not okay. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

Her hand shook as she flipped the lock on her door and closed her eyes.

Breathe. Breathe. Fuck. Just breathe.

Theresa sucked more air into her lungs as the buzzing sound eased.

Breathe. Just breathe.

Her heart still beat painfully. Her vision still felt fuzzy, but she managed to breathe long enough to gain some control. Her hands still shook. Her muscles still clenched, but she found a small calm spot in her mind and retreated there. She waited, closed her eyes, locked her jaw, and held onto that small kernel of serenity.

“Theresa?” Fuck, it was her boss. “Are you okay?”

“Yes,” she said shakily. “Yes,” she said louder, grinding her teeth against the words she wanted to say. If she started that again, she wasn’t sure she’d be able to stop.

“Can you open the door, please?”

How was it that a part of her brain was thinking rationally, but the rest of her wouldn’t cooperate? Every muscle quaked. Every finger shook. Her knees felt like jelly, and her breathing refused to slow back to normal.

“Theresa, I need to check if you’re all right. Evans was really concerned.”

I just bet he was. The man had been after her job for ages. *Fuck.* Right now, she didn’t give a shit about her job.

“Theresa, I really need you to open this door.” A moment ticked by, maybe two. “Should I call an ambulance? Evans thought you might be getting sick.”

“No,” she almost growled. “I’m...” *Okay, I’m okay, I’m okay...fuck.* “I’m...all right.”

“Theresa, open the door and prove it to me.”

She managed to control her shaking hands long enough to undo the lock. She stepped back quickly, terror riding her as the door swung open. She retreated to her desk.

“Hell, you’re as white as a sheet.”

“Sorry.” She had no idea why she was apologizing, but the word popped out despite her confusion.

Her boss looked like he was trying to calm a frightened animal. He approached her with his arms open wide, his voice low and soothing.

“Theresa, are you okay?”

She shook her head, not trusting her voice. She forced herself to sit, but her muscles held rigid, and she perched on the edge of the seat, ready to bolt despite there being no threat.

“Do you need a doctor?”

Again, she shook her head. Swallowed. Tried to hide her shaking.

“No doctors,” she said just a little too loudly. “Just a sc-scare. M-mugger,” she lied. “Tried to get my laptop.”

Her boss exhaled noisily, and his face relaxed into a relieved smile.

“Should’ve known it would be something to do with computers. You sure do live up to the stereotype when it comes to computer freaks.”

He thought he was being nice. She could feel his humor. He had no way of knowing that “freak” was a label she’d long since learned to hate. She closed her eyes and swallowed the bile that once again climbed her throat. No, she wasn’t going there. No way was she letting those memories roll through her when she was so close to full-on panic.

“I’ll get Grace to make you a sweet tea. It’ll help with the shakes.” He winked at her as he headed for the door but turned back to wag a finger at her. “Next time, let the mugger take the damn thing. Computers can be replaced. People can’t.”

She stuttered a shaky breath, her chest still restricted, her hands still tightly clenched.

She closed her eyes.

“Hello, lovely.”

Theresa leapt from the chair, knocking it against the back wall with a loud crash. She stumbled backwards, her feet tangled and awkward, her hands in front of her as if to push him away.

I'm okay. I'm okay. I'm okay. I'm okay. I'm okay. I'm okay.

The man wore a police officer's uniform, but his voice and body language seemed wrong. He lounged against the door, sneering at her reaction.

"What's the matter, Theresa? Been a bad girl, 'ave we?"

"I'm okay. I'm okay. I'm okay." The words kept coming. Louder. Faster. Higher in pitch. Her chest heaved, but she couldn't get enough oxygen. She rocked back and forth as her arms wrapped her middle and her eyes misted with tears. She had nowhere to go. No escape. No rescue.

"I'm okay. I'm okay. I'm okay." *Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.*

"Theresa!" Movement at the door. Blonde hair flying. "Theresa!" Louder, more insistent. Small hands grabbed at her. "Theresa!" She couldn't focus her eyes. The woman shook her. "Theresa!" The only thing she saw was the man at the door.

"What the hell?" Her boss again. *Fuck!*

The man flashed a badge. Her boss shook his hand. Her eyes darted to the woman in front of her, but she couldn't focus, couldn't breathe, couldn't stop chanting, *I'm okay.*

"Theresa Williams," the officer said loudly as he came closer. She knocked the woman away from her, cringed against the back wall, fought for control but failed. "You are under arrest for Internet fraud."

She screamed as he grabbed her arm, dragging, pulling, trying to escape him as he slapped the handcuff on her wrist. Tears poured down her face as he turned her roughly, pushed her face onto the desk, secured the other cuff.

"You have the right to..." The rest was lost as the buzzing in her ears drowned out the sound. Her head felt ready to explode. Her eyes closed as her muscles screamed in pain. A rough hand grabbed her upper arm. Forced her to her feet. Pushed her through the door. She

stumbled, but the hand pulled her arms up, her shoulder muscles burning in protest. Her vision narrowed, the edges black, her sight unfocused.

I'm okay. I'm okay. This has to be a mistake. I'm okay.

He pushed her into the elevator and held her against the back mirror with his body. His lips moved, but she couldn't hear the words. His face twisted into a smirk as his hand gripped her breast roughly. Her knees gave out, but he held her up, his chest heaving with cruel laughter.

He laughed again as the elevator stopped, and she slid down the mirror.

He yanked her to her feet as the doors opened, and he pushed her ahead of him, across the foyer, out the door, and toward the police car parked at the curb. He opened the door, helped her bend to get into the backseat, and then pushed her so hard that she hit the door on the other side.

Her mantra stopped as pain exploded above her eye. Clarity returned for a moment.

What the fuck? Who the hell was this guy, and why was he pretending to be a policeman? Where the hell are we going?

"Aren't you the clever one?" The derogatory words barely registered before he answered the questions she hadn't asked aloud. "Nope, I'm not a policeman, and as to where we're going, you'll just have to wait and find out."

Fuck, I'm not okay. I'm not okay. I'm not okay.

Chapter Two

Ethan grabbed his head in both hands, pressing tightly. Caleb could feel him trying to control the overwhelming emotions. He knew they weren't Ethan's emotions. They were hers, and she projected them so loudly that even to Caleb it was like a screeching cacophony of sounds threatening to drive him insane.

Caleb felt Ethan's reaction as well. Ethan was a much more powerful empath, but even Caleb felt her fear, felt her terror, and they were still several blocks away. They both started to run toward her at full speed.

They rounded the corner of the building just in time to see her pushed roughly into the backseat of a police cruiser. The single officer jumped into the front seat and, with sirens blaring, screeched away from the building.

"Damn, that was our guy. What the hell is going on?"

Ethan shook his head, gulping breath, not from the sprint, but more likely from the effect the woman's fear was having on him.

"I don't know, but whatever it is, we need to get to the bottom of it," he said telepathically. *"There's something about the woman."*

Caleb nodded in agreement.

* * * *

Theresa lay on her side, her arms jammed awkwardly behind her. Her head throbbed so hard that it dulled the panic a little. She tried to slow her breathing. This had to be a mistake. Who in hell would want

to abduct her? She was just a computer programmer. Nobody special. This had to be a mistake.

“No mistake, my lovely.” She could hear his barely suppressed laughter. “No mistake at all. You are exactly the person I’ve been looking for.”

“Who...who are you?”

“I’m the guy who’s gonna make a lot a money by delivering you.”

“Why?” She barely forced the words past her tightening throat. This didn’t make any sense. Nothing that happened before or since this phony cop grabbed her made any sense whatsoever.

“Because you’re special, and some people are waiting to meet you.” He watched her in the rearview mirror. She couldn’t see him, couldn’t see much more than the backseat, but she could feel him. Feel his emotions, almost hear his thoughts. He had plans of his own. He’d decided to take for himself as well, before he delivered her.

She moaned as the mantra began in her head again. *I’m okay. I’m okay. I’m okay.* It took most of her energy just to stay conscious as the edges of her vision frayed and her chest contracted against the pain, but his next words put panic back in her heart.

“Oh, lovely, keep thinking like that and we ain’t gonna make it to the motel. You and I just might have to get acquainted in that backseat.”

Fuck. I’m okay. I’m okay. I’m okay. Fuck. I’m okay. I’m okay.

* * * *

Ethan and Caleb managed to get back to their car and were trying to track the woman. Her terror had subsided for a few moments, and even Ethan lost her, no longer able to sense her unintentional signal. But moments ago, her fear had spiked again, and Caleb quickly moved the car off the city roads and onto the highway.

“He’s headed north?” Caleb asked.

Ethan nodded. The big man was starting to look a little pale. The woman's fear projected very loudly, louder than anything either of them had heard before. Caleb often envied Ethan's more advanced empathic abilities, but not today. Today, he was very glad he didn't have that level of skill. Judging by Ethan's shades of grey, it would've made it difficult for either of them to drive.

Speeding north on the highway, Caleb pushed the car to top speed, grateful they'd been using his own vehicle—basically a street racing car underneath the family sedan façade—and not Ethan's four-wheel drive.

They traveled at speeds well over a hundred miles per hour, and Caleb used all of his precognitive skills to avoid disaster. Sensing what would happen in the next few seconds came in very handy, but even he had his limits. If the urge to find the woman hadn't seemed so desperate, so necessary, he wouldn't have taken the risk.

"Just ahead, they've stopped. I think he's at the gas station." Ethan grimaced, pointing at the yellow sign in the distance. "Hurry, she's in a lot of pain. If she passes out, we might lose them again."

Nodding grimly, Caleb pushed the engine harder until the service station came into view. He slammed the breaks down and let the car skid into the space in front of the patrol car. Even before they were stopped fully, Ethan leapt out. He moved quickly, his intent to apprehend the rogue more than obvious.

Several gun shots rang out, but Caleb couldn't determine exactly where they came from, so he dropped to the ground and slithered and crawled his way over to the police car. He managed to concentrate long enough to unlock the door with his telekinesis and then pull it open. The woman lay in a tight ball, tears streaming down her face, terror clearly written all over her.

She cringed away from him as he reached for her, and Caleb automatically used his telepathy to be heard over the commotion.

"It's okay. We're here to help." He mentally rolled his eyes at the cliché but had no time to think of something less lame.

Her eyes never left his face, but she seemed to understand him. Terror still rode her, but he could feel her mind trying to form coherent thoughts.

He felt Ethan walk up behind him.

“The bastard’s gone. Is she okay?”

“I’m okay,” she said in a small voice right before she passed out.

* * * *

Ethan held her safe in his arms in the backseat of Caleb’s car. She looked tall, maybe a shade under six feet, and was shaped like a Greek goddess, with gorgeous curves and lush, rounded hips. His cock twitched as he studied her beautiful face, admiring the way her long lashes framed her eyes. He took a deep breath, trying to steady his growing attraction, trying to get his mind back onto safe ground.

She had an egg-sized lump on her forehead, and her wrists were bruised where the cold steel of the handcuffs had bitten into her flesh. She’d cried out, even in her unconscious state, when they’d released the cuffs and moved her arms to a more natural position. He worried she may have injured her shoulders as well.

He could still feel her fear, lessened now in sleep, and he worried she was reliving this morning’s events in her dreams.

Gently, so as not to disturb her, he tried to enter her mind, but what he found surprised him. She’d managed to erect a mental barrier, making it difficult for him to hear any of the thoughts rolling through her head. He withdrew, his worry increasing, his desire to help growing more urgent.

He resorted to more tactile ways to soothe her fear, holding her close and whispering reassurances. She seemed to hear him because she visibly relaxed in his arms, and her emotions moved down a notch. Ethan closed his eyes gratefully as his head slowly stopped pounding as well.

“We need to get her out of the city. I’m thinking we head south for a couple of hours, make sure we’re not followed, and then stop at a motel somewhere.” Caleb said from the front seat. “Do you think she’ll be okay until then, or should we risk finding a doctor first?”

They were both trained field medics but, in this instance, Ethan found himself unsure whether he knew enough to be of help to her.

“Considering the way the rogue went after her, even knowing we were on his trail, I think she’ll be safer if we don’t stop. I’m not sure she needs medical help at this stage, but we’ll need to have a plan B if things change.”

Nodding in agreement, Caleb headed back into the city. Ethan wanted to get as much distance between them and her abductor as possible, so apprehending the terrorist would have to wait. Something else was happening here, something important, and they needed to figure it out.

Chapter Three

Several hours later, Caleb turned into the parking lot of a motel. It wasn't exactly first-class, but it looked clean and inconspicuous, and laying low was definitely on the agenda.

"Can you wake her?" Caleb asked Ethan. "It might attract attention if we carry a sleeping, injured woman into our room."

Ethan nodded in agreement, grinding his teeth in frustration. He didn't want to disturb her. Sometime during the trip, she'd relaxed into sleep, no longer tense with fear, and he wanted her to stay that way. Worried that waking her up might cause more of a scene if she reacted in fear, Ethan shook her gently as he tried to project soothing emotions.

"Sweetheart, time to wake up."

She woke slowly, twisting a little in his lap, clearly unaware of where she was. He knew exactly when she remembered, as he felt her fear leap to the forefront of her emotions, but he also felt her quickly tamp it down. She wriggled a little, trying to sit up, and Ethan bit back a groan as she rubbed against his thickening cock. He glanced up to see Caleb's knowing smile just before he tried to hide it.

"A little help would be nice," he sent sarcastically to Caleb.

Caleb squatted beside the open car door so he could make eye contact with the woman without scaring her.

"Hi. I'm Caleb," he said holding his hands up, showing her he was no threat. "We need to check that bump on your head, so it would be really helpful if you could climb off Ethan and come into the room."

* * * *

Confused, Theresa glanced around the car, only to realize she was sitting in the lap of one of her rescuers, pressing against what was quickly becoming a very hard erection.

“Oh, Lord,” she whispered. “I’m sorry.” She dragged her ass awkwardly across Ethan’s lap as she tried to get out of the car. She thought she heard a pain-filled groan, but when she glanced back, his face was expressionless.

Caleb stepped back from the car door so she could get out. As she stood, her legs felt a little wobbly, and she locked her knees to compensate, noticing that Ethan climbed out of the car behind her, ready to catch her if she fell.

A small part of her missed the warmth of his body. She’d no sooner formed the thought when a muscular forearm wrapped around her middle to hold her gently against his chest.

“Good idea,” he whispered in her ear.

Theresa felt his erection pressed lightly against the soft flesh of her bottom, the feeling setting off little sparks of awareness through her body.

Ethan definitely groaned aloud this time.

“We need to move, babe, or we’ll be making a scene everyone will notice.” Her breath caught as her own awareness notched a little higher, unfamiliar arousal filling her senses, making her feel like her legs were made from jelly. Caleb reached out to take her hand, leading them both the few steps to the motel room door.

Once they were inside, Ethan released her and stepped away, far away.

She wasn’t sure how she knew, but she understood without a shadow of a doubt that Ethan was giving her space so she could adjust to her new environment. She supposed he was offering her the chance to settle in before they tried to explain why she was here.

Caleb also moved away, heading towards the telephone. He dialed a number and spoke quietly to whoever was on the other end.

Looking around the room, Ethan gestured for her to take a seat at the small table, and after what seemed to be a moment's hesitation, claimed the seat opposite her.

"I don't even know your name."

Theresa eyed him suspiciously. Why would he and his friend bother to rescue her from an officer of the law if they didn't even know her name? Did they know why she'd been arrested? Did they know the cop wasn't a real cop? What on earth was she caught up in here?

"Yes, we knew he wasn't a real cop, and we have no idea what you're caught up in, but we're going to find out."

"Damn, the cop did that too. Who are you people?"

"Did what?" Caleb asked as he joined the conversation.

"Read my thoughts, just like Ethan did."

They both seemed a little surprised at that, and her gaze swung between them, trying to gauge what they were thinking. Seeming to set aside whatever bothered them, they both refocused on her.

"This conversation would go a lot easier if we knew your name," Ethan pointed out.

"Theresa Williams," she answered quickly, anxious to get the formalities out of the way and get some answers of her own. "Did you know the man who took me?"

"Yes," Caleb answered. "We've been tracking him for several weeks now. What we don't know is why he tried to abduct you."

"We were hoping you could help us with that one." Ethan commented. "Do you know why he grabbed you?"

* * * *

Caleb watched as she shook her head, bewilderment etched all over her pretty face. She looked so lost sitting there at the table. He felt her need to cry, but he also felt her hold it in check, stubbornly refusing to submit to her emotions.

Caleb reacted before he really thought through the consequences and dragged her into his arms, pressed her against his heart, and held her safe as the powerful emotions ran through her. A small sob escaped her, and his arms tightened. He didn't stop to question his need to protect this woman. He just accepted he needed to do it.

"Caleb, we need answers! I can feel her confusion and," even using telepathy Ethan stuttered a little, swallowing hard, *"and her arousal. We need to find out what's happening. Fast!"*

Caleb heard everything Ethan said, understood how important it was to figure out why the terrorist wanted this woman, yet still he was unable to release her. She felt so perfect in his arms, so right, like she belonged there.

Ethan took pity on him. *"I know. I can feel it too,"* he sent, *"but we need to make sure she's safe before we find out what's happening between the three of us."*

Nodding his agreement, Caleb gentled his hold on her and helped her back onto the chair. He sat beside her, leaning toward her, aware his body language screamed his desire to pull her back into his arms.

"I don't understand why anyone would want to abduct me. I'm just a computer programmer. Without any friends."

They both heard that extra bit even though she hadn't said it out loud, and Caleb felt Ethan's hand on his shoulder, gently reminding him to stay put, at least for the moment.

"Who are your parents?" Ethan asked. Caleb felt him desperately trying to stay focused. The combination of her fear, confusion, and desire was very potent, and Caleb noticed Ethan's hands shook a little as he tried to rein in his reaction to her emotions.

"I don't know," she said sadly. *"I'm a foundling. I grew up in orphanages and foster homes."*

"You never knew who your parents were?" Caleb asked quietly.

Again that sad shake of her head, and Caleb could feel the emotions of all three of them now.

“That must’ve been very lonely growing up. How did you manage to keep your differences hidden?” Ethan asked quietly.

“How do you know about that?” she asked, looking small and vulnerable. “My medical files are private!” she yelled, her voice getting louder with each word. Caleb could feel embarrassment and anger beginning to roll through her.

“Who are you?” she demanded, leaping to her feet. “Who the hell was that guy this morning? Why can you read my thoughts? Why the fuck would my schizophrenia mean anything to anyone else?”

Chapter Four

Flabbergasted by her sudden outburst, Caleb blurted the first question that came to mind. “You think you’re schizophrenic?”

“Well, what else do you call hearing voices no one else can hear?” she yelled, breathing hard.

“Telepathy,” Caleb answered quietly.

Theresa looked like she would launch into another rant when Caleb’s answer seemed to register in her brain.

“Telepathy.” She snorted ungraciously. “Telepathy doesn’t exist.”

Ethan grabbed both of her hands, waited until she looked at his face, and then directed a thought to her. “*Yes, babe, it does.*”

Theresa shook her head as a multitude of emotions ran rapidly across her face.

“Telepathy? The voices I was hearing were real?” she asked in a small, unsure voice. He could sense her need to believe in telepathy, even though the educated part of her brain believed otherwise.

“Yes, sweetheart, they were. What we can’t understand is how you managed to create a block in your mind to filter them out,” Ethan said.

“I’ve got a block in my mind? What’s a block?” she asked, still confused. “And how do you know I’ve got one?”

Ethan looked a little embarrassed as he replied. “Well I sort of tried to help you when you were having a nightmare.”

“You were in my mind? Without my permission?” Caleb sensed her confusion, her internal attempt to explain the fact that she still wasn’t convinced telepathy existed at the same time she raged against Ethan for doing something she didn’t believe could be done anyway.

Caleb detected a whole lot of embarrassment, both at her current reaction and the possibility that Ethan knew her secrets.

She seemed to be trying really hard to work it out in her head. Caleb pulled her into his embrace once more and glanced over her head to make eye contact with Ethan, concerned a little for both of them. Ethan stood and wrapped his arms around Theresa as well, pressing his front to her back.

"I'm sorry," he said, "I won't ever enter your mind without permission. I promise."

Theresa accepted his words with a nod, her instinct to trust in them quite evident. "I realize you were only trying to help, but, well, I'd appreciate if you didn't do it again."

* * * *

She felt Ethan's muscles relax a little as she turned in his arms and surprised herself by reaching up to brush her lips against his. Since when did she go around kissing men she barely knew? Despite her internal confusion, she grabbed them both to her for a brief hug before she pulled away and sat down at the table again.

"Please, can you tell me what you know about me?"

Caleb sat beside her as he released the breath he seemed to have been holding.

"That's the problem, sweetheart. We don't know anything about you. Until this morning, we didn't even know you existed."

"But I'm telepathic like you two?" she asked hopefully.

"*Absolutely*," they both sent to her mind. She smiled, feeling a little excited now.

"Can you teach me how to reply with my mind?"

"You seem to be able to do it subconsciously already. That's how I was able to answer your question about the cop when we first came in," Ethan explained.

“You’ve already got the block in place that separates your mind from everyone else’s thoughts. I suspect that’s something you did instinctively after you were diagnosed with schizophrenia. Did the doctors give you medication at the time?”

“Yes, but none of it ever worked properly. It dulled the voices but didn’t stop them. Are all schizophrenics telepathic?” she asked curiously.

“No,” Caleb replied, “as far as I know, schizophrenia is a real medical condition. It’s just that telepaths can exhibit the same symptoms. Most telepaths have at least one parent to help them through the transition. I can’t imagine how hard it must have been for you, not knowing what was happening or why.”

Ethan reached across the table to pull her hand into his. She sensed his need to touch her, his need to be physically connected to her the way he was emotionally.

“I think I have OCD as well. Is that part of this, too?” she asked.

“Compulsive repetition? Not sure about that one. You may have developed it in response to the block you created?” Caleb suggested. Seeing her confused expression, Ethan tried to explain.

“A block in your mind is kind of like a rhyme you say in your head over and over. The repetition helps to block unwanted incoming thoughts from others and keeps yours inside your head. When I touched the block in your mind, it felt like numbers, like you’re continually counting from one to ten in your head.”

“Is your block made of numbers?” she asked Ethan.

“No, I built my block with music. My mother is very talented on the piano and it’s one of her compositions that plays in my head over and over.”

She smiled. “So you have the soul of a musician,” she suggested, relaxing a little.

Ethan rolled his eyes and laughed. “The soul, maybe. The talent, definitely not. I think it may have skipped a generation.”

“What about you, Caleb?” she asked, feeling happier now than she’d been in a long time, though she really couldn’t explain why. “What did you build your block with?”

“Same as you. Plain old numbers,” he hedged. Ethan snorted as he filled in the rest.

“He means a nursery rhyme about numbers.”

“Well, that’s what happens when telepathy kicks in at age four,” Caleb said indignantly.

She turned her face to look at Ethan and then lifted herself out of her seat and onto Caleb’s lap.

“I think that’s very sweet,” she said as she kissed him. Just a gentle brush of her lips against his, but the electric current that seemed to run through them shocked her. She pulled back a little, trying to read the expression on his face.

She scrambled off his lap quickly and backed away from the table.

“Tell me what *that’s* about. Why do I feel more comfortable with you two than I have with any other person in my entire life?”

Caleb shrugged his shoulders.

“I’d guess that’s maybe because it’s the first time you’ve been around people you have something in common with,” Ethan suggested warily.

“And what about the sex thing?” *Shit, did I just say that out loud?*

“*Yes you did.*” Caleb chuckled in her head.

Double shit.

Chapter Five

Ethan stood up and walked over to her, holding his arms open, inviting her to hug him. She walked into his warm embrace. Ethan's height and breadth made her feel much smaller than her own five-foot-eleven. He was not only very tall, but everything about him was on the large side, broad barrel chest, huge muscular legs and arms. Somehow it felt really natural to be in his arms. She hid her blush against his chest as she remembered the other large part of his anatomy she'd noticed while sitting on his lap in the car.

Caleb came up beside them. Almost as tall as Ethan but leaner, more athletic-looking, and his clear green eyes mesmerized her as he moved into her line of vision.

"The sex thing, as you so elegantly put it," he teased, "is new to us too. We're not sure exactly what's happening, but whatever it is, it's powerful. I'm not the world's most gifted empath, but I can sense your emotions stronger than anyone else I've ever known."

"And when you were being abducted, I heard your terror so loudly we were able to track you over several miles," Ethan added.

"You can sense my emotions, too?" she asked quietly.

"And you can sense ours. You seem to be a pretty strong empath yourself," Ethan added. She mulled that over for a moment and then asked hesitantly, "So who does the desire belong to? How do I know if it's my emotion or someone else's?"

Even pressed against Ethan, she saw them look at each other as several emotions crossed their handsome features.

"I think it's coming from all three of us," Ethan said as he expelled a large breath. "I can't separate the emotions. Caleb and I

have been friends for years, and I can't even distinguish his feelings from mine, let alone sort out yours."

"But it's not normal to be attracted to two men at the same time," she whispered.

Ethan hugged her tighter.

"Maybe for other people it's not normal, but empaths share a bond deeper than most. Caleb and I know each other as well as we know ourselves. Our kind of work needs us to be completely open to the world around us at times, and it's impossible to hide from another telepath when you drop the block in your mind," Caleb explained.

"It also helps not to be surprised with stray thoughts when we're working," Ethan added.

"So you guys are like a couple?" she asked, confusion written all over her beautiful face.

Ethan chuckled as Caleb gave her a look of disbelief.

"No, babe. We're just work partners, not life partners," Ethan said, trying to stifle his laughter.

"What he's trying to say," Caleb injected, obviously attempting to ignore Ethan's humor, "is that we're best friends, and we're both attracted to you *and*," he pinned her with his stare, "you're attracted to both of us."

She knew he was right, but she struggled with it. She actually felt more confused by the fact she was attracted to anyone at all. Theresa never trusted anyone, ever, so her feelings for these two men were not only confusing as hell, but somewhat frightening. After everything that had happened today, was she even thinking clearly? She'd had only one physical relationship since the onset of her schizophrenia, or telepathy, and even then she'd been unimpressed with sex. The very fact she seemed attracted to them both simply amazed her.

But right now, she needed answers. They needed to figure out why she'd been abducted and if the guy would try again. She dropped her head against Ethan's chest. Her stomach growled loudly and she smiled as she moved away.

“I think we need to order some food and then try to figure out why I was abducted.”

* * * *

Federal agents! They were special agents working undercover for the government, and they were supposed to be tracking down the man who tried to abduct her, yet now they were running from the same person in an effort to protect her. At first, Theresa had been embarrassingly confused. Ethan and Caleb had patiently explained to her about the terrorist cells made up of people with special abilities like telepathy, empathy, telekinesis, and precognitive skills. They were rogues who believed they were superior to the rest of the population and therefore somehow above the law.

Caleb and Ethan worked for a small branch of the government set up to fight fire with fire and protect the unsuspecting public. They’d told her the department’s official name, but it was so convoluted all of the employees referred to it as simply The Agency. Her mind swirled with a million questions, but the most important was the one none of them could answer—why her? What would a terrorist cell want with a woman who couldn’t even understand her own abilities, let alone use them effectively? None of it made sense, and it sure wasn’t helping Theresa’s headache. Not even agents at Ethan and Caleb’s head office could fill in the blanks.

She stiffened as frustration slammed into her at the same moment her OCD kicked in. Her chest tightened as she felt the urgent need to check all of the windows and doors in her house, yet they were literally hundreds of miles away. The familiar fear began to build, and she desperately tried to control the rising hysteria.

* * * *

Caleb's head snapped, and he stared at Theresa. She sat cross-legged on the end of the bed, seemingly calm and in control. Confused for a moment, Caleb made eye contact with Ethan, who also seemed to be trying to figure out what was happening.

They both moved toward her and hesitantly sat on either side of her on the bed. Her emotions were betrayed only by the way her eyes darted to them, but in every other external way, nobody would've realized she was in the middle of a panic attack.

Ethan wrapped his arm carefully around her middle and gently pulled her back toward the pillows so he could hold her spoon fashion against his chest. Caleb lay down facing her and carefully pushed a curl of hair out of her eyes.

"Sweetheart, can you tell us what's happening?" he asked quietly. "We can feel the terror and we want to help."

* * * *

A tear leaked from Theresa's eye. She'd been coping alone with these panic attacks for so long now that having these two guys care for her like this threatened her hard-won self-control. She didn't know what to do. She just knew that for the first time, she wasn't alone.

Ethan pulled her closer as she began to unravel. Her body trembled all over, and she sobbed quietly as she gasped for breath. Caleb held her face in his big hands and gently kissed her eyes, her cheeks, her nose, and her mouth, all the while whispering soft words of reassurance.

Eventually, the panicked emotions began to subside, and she relaxed a little in Ethan's grip. She turned onto her back so she could face them both and tried to explain, red-faced with embarrassment.

"I'm sorry. I haven't been away from home for more than six years, and I have a really complicated routine I have to follow or I have an attack. A panic attack," she clarified. "The OCD doesn't allow for nights away."

“Babe,” Ethan said quietly, pulling her back against his chest. “You’re not alone anymore. We’ll help you through these attacks. Okay?”

She nodded her acceptance, somehow knowing they understood her internal struggle and the effort it took to appear calm. She felt herself beginning to relax just as another emotion hit her full force. Caleb pulled back a little, watching her closely, and Ethan held her to him as his cock grew and pressed heavily against her ass.

“Sweetheart, that’s your arousal we’re feeling. Do you want us to leave so you can take a cold shower or, or...something?” Caleb asked quietly. He swallowed heavily. “If we stay, something is going to happen here between the three of us, and neither of us wants you to do something you’ll regret later.”

She rolled onto her back again to look at them both, loving the concern they showed for her, loving the way they made her feel, and amazed at how much she wanted them. Something inside her called to these men, urged her to open her heart and mind to them.

She didn’t understand any of it, but a part of her urged her to accept, to take what was on offer, and to experience a part of life she’d never even dreamed possible. She bit her lip in surprise as heat rushed through her body and sensual ideas danced in her head. She was destined for a lonely life. What would it hurt to take this one chance?

“I won’t regret it,” she said softly as she leaned over to brush her soft lips against Caleb’s mouth. “Please, make love to me,” she asked as she rolled onto her side and moved her ass firmly against Ethan’s hard cock.

Relief and excitement showed on Caleb’s face as he leaned forward to capture her lips with his own. He grasped her head in his large, callused hands, ran his tongue against the seam of her lips, and coaxed her to open her mouth to his gentle invasion.

Ethan’s hand smoothed over the soft material of her work pants, curved up over her hip, and slid under the silky fabric of her shirt. He gently cupped her breast and ran his thumb over the lacy material of

her bra. He groaned when the nipple leapt to life, begging for more attention. Heat flooded her veins as she dragged in a deep breath.

Ethan pressed his erection more firmly against the soft globes of her backside, then lifted her shirt over her head and threw it away. Caleb pushed aside the material of her bra and eagerly fastened his mouth to one of her throbbing nipples. Heat snaked through her again. More insistent. More intense. She began to squirm against Ethan, wanting, needing, desperate now for something her inexperience couldn't define.

Ethan rolled her forward a little harder onto Caleb's mouth so he could undo her bra and remove the obstruction. Then he lowered his hands, undid the buttons of her slacks, and pushed them and her panties down her legs. Large hands cupped her ass cheeks, molding them, learning her shape, as gentle kisses and stinging little bites inflamed her senses.

Lower he kissed her, biting and soothing the erotic stings with his tongue, as he pushed her clothes all the way off her legs.

She lay before them both, naked, vulnerable, and so incredibly turned on she writhed against the bed covers, needing more, needing them.

With shaking hands, Ethan grabbed her ankles and slowly dragged her to the end of the bed. He lifted her knees over his shoulders as his tongue sought her heat and tasted her essence, her arousal fuelling his own as her emotions filled the room and drowned them all in their need.

"Theresa, I need you." Caleb groaned inside her head. She opened her eyes to see him undressing urgently as he fisted his cock, trying to control his rampant desire.

Opening her mouth for him, she reached out to guide him to her. She sucked his long, hard cock deep into her mouth, loving the feel of him on her tongue. She felt his excitement raging, barely controlled, as he began to carefully, steadily rock in and out of her mouth.

Her own excitement grew, convulsing through her. Her blood pounded, and her hips writhed against Ethan's tongue as she sucked harder on Caleb's cock.

Her world began to fracture, splintering into a million different colors, thousands of pinpoints of ecstasy, as her muscles quivered violently. She shivered even harder when Ethan rose over her and pushed his solid cock deep into her throbbing pussy and set off her own intense release.

Her orgasm raced through her veins like liquid fire as she felt Caleb swell in her mouth, pumping harder, stronger, as Ethan did the same in her pussy. Both men pounded into her, no longer able to control their actions or resist her arousal.

"Theresa, I'm on the edge. Let go, or I'm going to come in your mouth," Caleb sent to her mind, his head thrown back and his eyes tightly closed with ecstasy. Stubbornly, she sucked him in deeper and held him to her as she wrapped an arm around his ass to keep him in her mouth.

"It's okay. I want this," she sent to him telepathically, hoping she'd gotten through.

His eyes opened, holding her gaze as he quickly pumped twice more and then exploded in her mouth. She swallowed greedily, running her tongue over the head of his cock, tasting his musky flavor.

"I can't hold out much longer," Ethan sent to them both, his telepathic voice sounding frantic.

Caleb smiled into her eyes as he lowered his hand to her clit, pressing and squeezing the sensitive nub as he pushed her again into sensual overload. Ethan lifted her hips, tilting them so he thrust deeper, harder.

"That's it, babe, let go, come for us."

Theresa's entire body was on fire. Flames danced through her blood and pooled at her clit, pushing her higher, winding her tighter.

Ethan slammed into her again and again. Caleb played with her clit, pulling, rubbing, demanding her release.

And then, she flew. Free-falling as her pussy gripped Ethan's cock, sucking him deeper, her muscles violently releasing the tension, shaking her all over. Her entire body and soul wrapped in ecstatic orgasm, surrounded by them, shivering, satisfied, and safe in their arms.

She felt Ethan withdraw quickly as he fisted his cock and spurted cum all over her stomach. The slippery heat jolted her tired muscles, warming her and finally allowing her to relax as exhaustion worked its way through. Tiredly, she closed her eyes.

"Holy fuck!"

"My thoughts exactly."

She shifted uncomfortably, suddenly unsure if Ethan and Caleb enjoyed their lovemaking, but as soon as her self-doubt leaked out, they both reached for her.

"That was the most amazing thing I've ever experienced. I felt everything you felt and everything he felt," Ethan said, wonder and confusion warring in his features. "I feel like I've just had three or four orgasms, and trust me, for most men, that's a very unusual experience."

Caleb leaned forward and kissed her gently.

"Come on sweetheart, shower time," he said as he helped her to stand. He led her into the bathroom and carefully helped her into the shower. Her legs felt all wobbly, like overcooked spaghetti, so she gladly let Caleb hold her tight against him. He smiled at her and gently began to wash her down, soaping her thoroughly and lingering over the places that interested him the most.

Very quickly, Theresa went from exhausted to excited, recently sated but now wanting so much more.

She moaned as Caleb's clever fingers found her clit and gently rolled around it, spreading the moisture that once again pulsed from her. Her legs threatened to buckle when she felt his iron-hard erection

push against her bottom, but he held her upright as he slid his cock up and down the crease of her ass.

“I can’t believe how much I need you.” He sighed raggedly as he turned her around and pressed her back against the cold tile wall. His tongue pushed into her mouth, and his hand snaked around her neck, tangling in her hair as he held her in place for his insistent invasion. She gripped his hips, pulling him closer to her, suddenly desperate to have him deep inside her pussy. He lifted her and plunged into her heat, stilling with his cock rammed to the hilt as he gulped for breath and tried to slow his excitement.

The shower door opened. The cooler air washed over them, making them both shiver and adding to their already out of control desire. Ethan stood at the doorway, his cock held tightly in his fist.

“Sorry,” he sent to them, *“but I can feel your arousal in the next room, and it’s driving me to the edge of insanity.”*

Theresa could once again feel everyone’s arousal looping around them, feeding off each other, pushing them all to the point of madness. Caleb gripped her ass in his big hands and held her wide as he rammed his cock into her. Over and over. Harder and harder. Deeper and deeper. His cock swelled inside her, his desire held her in thrall a moment, and then he exploded, jetting stream after stream of hot cum deep into her body. His cock still twitched as Ethan stepped into the shower, lifted her away, and kissed her hungrily.

“Theresa, I need you, babe,” he sent to them both. *“Please tell me it’s okay.”*

She nodded quickly, breathing heavily, again desperate for his possession.

He lifted her up and surged into her, pushing her back against Caleb’s chest. Caleb held her, steadied her, as Ethan plunged into her again and again, pushing her excitement excruciatingly higher.

Theresa shook between them, her muscles coiling tight as heat flooded her body. Ethan sank his tongue into her mouth, and Caleb

licked and bit her neck, gripping her ass cheeks in his large hands and swirling a finger around her puckered anus.

Just as her orgasm hit, he pushed a blunt finger into her ass. Sensations exploded, and she screamed against Ethan's mouth, thrashing, jolting, shivering against them both. She felt Ethan's release, heard his satisfied groan, and felt his completion as strongly as she'd felt her own.

All three of them stood in the shower, the water forgotten, as they sucked air into their lungs. Caleb held her against him as Ethan pulled his softening cock from her body, and then turned his face into the shower spray. He quickly washed himself down and stepped from the shower.

"Can you stand?" Caleb asked against her ear.

"I think so," she said as she nodded. Carefully, he set her away from him and rinsed himself under the warm spray.

"I think you better finish washing yourself down, sweetheart," he said as he kissed her gently and stepped out of the shower. "Or the three of us might be in here all night."

"And then we need to sit down and discuss a few things," Ethan sent telepathically from the other room.

Sensing Ethan's disquiet, Theresa quickly washed, stepped from the shower, and wrapped a large towel around her. She hurried into the other room and found Caleb rifling through a suitcase. He snagged a T-shirt and track pants and handed them to her. She smiled gratefully and quickly slipped them on. Underwear, she decided, was the least of her worries right now.

Caleb and Theresa joined Ethan where he sat quietly at the table. She held her breath nervously as Ethan reached for her hand, but he clasped it reassuringly. Caleb claimed the other.

Again, self-doubt and confusion clouded her mind, and she tried angrily to control her emotions. Ethan rubbed his thumb over the back of her hand.

“We have a problem,” he began. Theresa’s eyes shot to his face, trying to discern what he was thinking.

“Actually,” Caleb added, “we have two problems.”

Nodding in agreement, Ethan returned his attention to Theresa, “Sweetheart, we need to be able to control this desire.” Theresa looked at him steadily, careful to show no outward sign of the distress she suddenly felt. She sat still, pretending calm and physically hiding the emotions tearing at her.

“Oh, hell, I’m a total jerk,” Ethan said as he dragged her onto his lap. “Sorry, babe, I put that badly. What I mean is the desire is so intense, and we all feel it, that it leaves us vulnerable. The rogue could be tracking us, moving within several hundred feet of us, and we wouldn’t notice. We still don’t know what he wants you for, or even if he’s working for someone else. It’s not good to be blinded in that situation.”

She nodded her understanding and dropped her head onto his shoulder, hiding her face against his neck as she silently willed the tears of relief to stop. She’d thought they were going to say making love to her had been a mistake, or worse, that it was just sex, a little stress relief in a difficult situation. What she’d felt in their arms had been indescribable, and for the first time in her life she’d actually felt loved and accepted.

Caleb and Ethan gave her time to wrestle her emotions, and she managed to hold herself together, fighting her body’s reactions, and controlling her intense emotions.

“So,” she said, feeling a little calmer, “what’s problem number two?”

“Ah, that would be the unprotected sex in the shower.” Caleb grinned. “I, for one, am not averse to seeing you swell with our child.” Ethan nodded in agreement. “But we’re supposed to be protecting you at the moment, not impregnating you.”

She stared at them both, knowing that she should be completely freaked out by this conversation, but she was so thrilled they would

say something like that, that she felt almost disappointed she was using birth control. Almost.

“Actually, I get the injection every six months, so accidental pregnancy is not going to be a problem.” When they both looked at her questioningly, she gave in to her need to explain. “I use it to control my monthly cycle, not so I can have unprotected sex.”

She knew she felt relief from both of them, but she wasn’t sure why. Were they relieved she didn’t sleep around, or were they grateful she wouldn’t be falling pregnant any time soon?

“*Shit! Get down!*” Caleb screamed into their minds as he tackled Theresa to the ground. A moment later the window exploded behind them, showering them with glass as a strange popping noise filled the room. Barely controlling her terror, Theresa swung her head around, trying to see Ethan. He stood pressed against the wall next to the window, a large gun held in his hand. He glanced over to her, nodded to Caleb, and spun out the window.

Theresa’s heart hammered wildly in her ears, the sound so loud she almost missed Caleb’s words in her mind.

“*He’ll be okay. This is what we do, sweetheart. We’re both very good at it.*”

He propelled her along the floor, half dragging, half pushing her towards the bathroom. When they reached the door, he lifted her off the floor and dropped her into the bathtub.

“*Get down low and stay still,*” he ordered. She didn’t even think of disobeying him and quickly followed his instructions. He stood in the doorway, a gun she hadn’t even noticed until now held comfortably in his grip. The expression on his face suggested he stayed in constant communication with Ethan, a guess that was confirmed a moment later, when he visibly relaxed.

“It’s okay,” he said, leaning over to help her out of the bathtub. “Ethan’s got control of the situation. Come on, stay close to me though.” He wrapped a strong arm tightly around her as he walked with her back into the room.

“We have to go. Now!” Ethan barked as he stepped back into the room through the broken window. “Guaranteed that’s not their last attempt.”

Caleb held her close as he gathered their bags, threw Ethan’s to him, and rushed her out the door and into the car. He quickly pushed her into the back of the vehicle and leapt into the driver’s seat. Ethan slammed the passenger door closed just as Caleb planted his foot on the accelerator and pointed the vehicle out of the parking lot, screeching the wheels as he turned onto the highway.

For several tense minutes, they drove full speed away from the motel, the powerful engine and Theresa’s labored breathing the only sound in the car.

Caleb eased off the accelerator as Ethan leaned over the backseat.

“You okay, babe?” he asked. She nodded, swallowing with difficulty.

“What was that?” she croaked, her voice wavering with the remnants of her fear.

“We’re not sure,” he hedged. Theresa crossed her arms, certain her irritation at his evasiveness broadcast clearly in her body language and her emotions. She waited, watching him steadily.

“Okay,” he agreed on a deep exhale. “I think that was an assassination attempt on all three of us. Someone, somewhere has decided we know something we shouldn’t and has decided to eliminate the threat.”

“And what is it you aren’t telling me?” she asked, pinning him with her stare.

Shifting in his seat uncomfortably, he glanced over at Caleb and then said in an exasperated tone, “The assassin was one of our guys. Someone from the agency we work for. I don’t know if he was under orders or he’d gone rogue.”

“So, what you’re saying,” she surmised, “is that we don’t know who we can trust.”

She didn't even make it a question. She could sense his frustration, his anger, and his regret.

* * * *

They drove south for several more hours before they stopped for fuel and food. Caleb sat in the car for several minutes, concentrating, using his skills to pick up any hint of danger. He could sense Ethan doing the same.

"Do you sense any danger?" Ethan asked Theresa.

She shook her head, seeming confused that Ethan would even ask.

"Okay, let's get something to eat and figure out what to do next," Caleb said as he turned in his seat to give Theresa a reassuring smile. As she stepped out of the car, Ethan pulled her into his embrace.

"Are you sure you're okay, babe?" he asked quietly. Caleb could almost feel Ethan's physical shudder as thoughts of what could've happened ran through his mind and emotions. Theresa nodded against Ethan's chest, wrapped her arms around his waist, and held him close.

Caleb gave them a moment before he gently claimed her, his hands roaming over her body, reassuring himself the vision he'd seen moments before bullets started flying had been avoided and she didn't lie dying in his arms. Of all the premonitions he'd experienced, this had been the most disturbing, the most terrifying, and the most heartbreaking.

He knew in his heart he'd finally found the only woman he could love, his true soul mate. A vision of her dying so violently had shaken him, shaken him badly.

He also knew Ethan was feeling the same things.

* * * *

They walked with her into the diner, Caleb's arm around her waist and Ethan holding her hand, each seeming to need the tactile

reassurance that she was still with them. Theresa could sense their distress, their deep care for her, and their barely restrained rage at the situation, so she allowed herself to be led into a busy diner, held safely in their arms.

Ethan seated her in a booth and ushered her into the corner with her back to a wall. He sat beside her as Caleb walked past and went through the kitchen door.

“Checking for a back exit,” Ethan replied before she could ask.

“What was that back at the motel? How did Caleb know it was going to happen?” She voiced the questions racing around and around in her head.

Switching to telepathy, Ethan tried to explain.

“Caleb has precognitive abilities, but they’re only slight. He sees only a few seconds into the future, and for the most part, they’re more of a nuisance than helpful.”

“But tonight he saw a hail of bullets hitting us?”

“Yes, babe.”

Caleb returned and sat in the seat opposite them, reclaiming her hand and unconsciously confirming her suspicions. How could anyone shake off an experience like that? She squeezed his hand reassuringly, her heart aching for him.

The waitress came to take their order, so the next few minutes were spent discussing food. When she took their menus, the telepathic conversation returned to the problem at hand.

“I think we have to assume The Agency sent the assassin until we know otherwise,” Caleb said to them both. Ethan nodded in agreement.

“So where should we go for answers?” Theresa asked.

“We were heading back to The Agency, but I think we need to head west, see if we can make contact with Wilson,” Ethan suggested.

“You think we can still trust him?” Caleb asked.

“I don’t think we have a choice,” Ethan replied.

Turning to Theresa, Caleb answered the question written in her eyes.

“He’s our old boss. Retired a few years ago, so we’re hoping he’s not involved in what’s happening now but that he still has enough contacts to help us.”

She smiled. *“Sounds like a plan,”* she sent telepathically.

She took a sip of her water and then switched to talking out loud, concerned they may attract attention simply by their silence.

“I hope the food tastes as good as it looks. I’m starving,” she said, feigning a calm she did not feel.

Caleb squeezed her hand and sent her an admiring smile.

“You’ve got the instincts sweetheart. You’d make a good operative.”

She laughed a little at that. *“As if,”* she replied.

They talked easily. To anybody watching, they were relaxed, casual travelers, stopped for something to eat. When the food arrived, Theresa ate enthusiastically, the night’s activities ensuring a healthy appetite. Fortunately, the food did taste as good as it looked.

Chapter Six

They'd parked the car several blocks away, and now made their way through the neighbors' backyards, senses straining to pick up any hint of danger. As they neared the backyard of Wilson's home, Theresa stopped suddenly as a now familiar feeling of dread flooded her. Caleb squeezed her hand reassuringly,

"What is it?" he asked telepathically, his concern clearly etched on his face.

"Just me being scared I think," she answered shakily.

"Close your eyes and concentrate. Can you see an image in your head?"

She nodded as her fear grew.

"It's the guy who abducted me. He's nearby I think. I keep seeing his eyes."

"Damn, I don't like it, but we need to find out what's going on. Stay here," Ethan instructed.

"Be careful," she sent before she could stop herself. Ethan looked at her, grinned, and winked.

"Always, babe," he replied and then disappeared around the corner.

Caleb pulled her further into the tree line, hiding them from view. He wrapped his arms around her when she shivered with her fear. At least she knew that outwardly she looked calm, so if anyone noticed them, they would be mistaken for lovers looking for privacy. Images of what had happened back in the motel danced through her mind and she couldn't help but lean a little closer to Caleb's muscular chest.

“Cool your jets, you two,” Ethan sent and then chuckled quietly in their heads. *“I can feel your arousal, and I don’t need the distraction just now.”*

Theresa hurriedly stepped away from Caleb, terrified she would sidetrack Ethan and get him killed. They waited several long minutes before they felt Ethan tense for a moment.

“Wilson is being detained. The rogue has him tied to a chair. I think someone anticipated this would be our next move.”

Theresa felt their relief. It seemed their old boss and friend could still be trusted.

“I need to take care of the rogue before we try to make contact. Theresa, can you feel anyone else?”

“No, but do me a favor. Leave Wilson tied to the chair until we get there.”

He chuckled in her head again. *“Will do,”* he answered. She could feel his tension and his tightly coiled excitement. He actually enjoyed the rush. She could feel it, almost enjoy it with him.

“All clear,” he sang in their heads.

“See you in a minute,” Caleb replied.

They entered the house through the back door and made their way into the living room. Tied securely to a chair was an older gentleman, maybe early sixties. Emanating from him was a mixture of relief, anger, and acute embarrassment to be found in such a situation.

“Hi, Wilson,” Caleb said casually, as if the guy wasn’t actually tied to a chair. Ethan had already removed a gag from the guy’s mouth but stood a few feet away, watching him closely. He glanced up when Theresa entered the room. Wilson’s eyes flew over her face, a spark of recognition flashing across his features.

“What do you reckon, babe? Can I cut him loose yet?” Ethan asked as a wide grin spread across his face.

“As soon as he explains why he recognizes me,” she said, moving towards the restrained man.

Wilson's eyes grew wider, his emotions flowing so fluidly, so quickly, they were difficult to interpret.

"You look like your mother," he said simply.

* * * *

They sat around the kitchen table. The rogue was tied to a chair, still unconscious from the dart Ethan had shot him with. Wilson had taken a seat at the head of the table and cradled a hot coffee in his hands.

"About thirty years ago," he said, sounding tired, "a rogue scientist began experimenting with telepaths. He was trying to create a better human, or so he claimed. His research revolved around selective breeding, trying to combine and intensify various extrasensory skills, trying to improve or speed up on the evolution of human beings."

Wilson took a deep breath and let it out slowly. "Unfortunately, the scientist did all of his experimentation under the guise of helping childless couples. What he actually did was implant the embryos he'd created into unsuspecting parents and then steal the child if they showed signs of any abilities." He turned to look directly at Theresa as he continued.

"They abducted your biological mother and held her prisoner for several months. We finally managed to locate and rescue her, but by then he'd implanted many women, and we weren't able to track them all. Who was your birth mother?"

"I don't know," she replied, tears in her eyes. "I was abandoned as an infant."

Sympathy crossed his features, but he held the emotion in check.

"Do you have any abilities?" he asked eagerly.

"She's telepathic and an empath, but she's just a beginner. She did manage to build a block in her mind without instruction though," Ethan answered for her in a rather offhanded manner. Theresa

carefully controlled her frown and emotional reaction at his less than glowing description of her talents and tried to focus on the information she wanted from Wilson.

“Do you know who my father is?” she asked hesitantly.

“No, I’m afraid I don’t, though we may be able to narrow your search a little with the records we obtained from the lab where we found your mother. What I can tell you is that your mother is living not far from here. We’ve stayed in contact over the years, and she’s often wondered if she has any children out there.”

“Do you think she would want to meet me? I mean, when we’ve sorted out everything else, can you introduce me to my mother?” she asked, trying to sound casual, like rejection from her genetic mother would be no big deal.

“Of course,” Wilson answered with a smile.

Chapter Seven

Wilson left them to question the rogue while he went to track down some old contacts. Before leaving, he'd opened a closet full of his deceased wife's clothing and urged Theresa to take anything she needed. While sorting through the various outfits, she noticed a photo of Wilson's wife on the dresser, and a curious feeling of recognition rolled through her. She ran a hand over the woman's kind, round face, trying to shake the strange déjà vu feeling.

The cut of her clothes suggested she'd been about the same size as Theresa but far shorter. Theresa tried on a few pairs of slacks but they'd all been too short in the length, so she changed into a comfortable skirt and a matching button-down shirt, happy to hand back Caleb's oversized T-shirt and sweatpants.

While they waited for the rogue to wake up, Theresa brought up the subject of her newly found skills.

"Tell me about my empathic skills. Can I use them to affect the emotions of others?" she asked Ethan.

"Um, in your case, that'd be a yes. You've seen that firsthand," he said with a wink, "but you can only suggest the emotion. You can't actually force someone to feel it. It's a very rare skill."

"So," she tried to phrase her question casually, "you and Caleb only sense what I'm feeling but follow your own emotions at my suggestion?" She could feel her self-doubt creeping back and was sure he understood her concern when he hauled her onto his lap and kissed her tenderly.

“That’s right, babe, you heighten our emotions. You don’t implant them, and since we both find you irresistible anyway...” He smiled reassuringly.

Caleb leaned across the table to snag her hand and threaded his fingers through hers to reinforce Ethan’s words as another thought occurred to her.

“Is telepathy just communication, or can it be used for more?”

“Caleb is one of the strongest telepaths I know. He can use his skill to garner information from another person’s mind even if they have a block in place, and he can selectively erase information.”

“But it takes time, and I only use it when I have to,” Caleb told her by telepathy, *“but most telepaths can only communicate, sensing just the uppermost thoughts in people’s minds.”*

On the other side of the room, the rogue began to move as he woke slowly from the tranquilizer dart. Caleb walked over to stand in front of him just as a heavy vase seemed to be thrown at him from across the room. Ethan yelled a warning, and Theresa felt her anger rise.

Spinning on his heel, Caleb tried to duck, prepared to dodge the missile, but it suddenly reversed course and smashed into the wall, splintering tiny shards of glass onto the floor far away from him. The chair the rogue occupied flew back and slammed into the wall, knocking the man unconscious again.

Caleb and Ethan turned to Theresa. She stood there, breathing heavily, anger holding her rigid, her gaze never wavering from the unconscious man.

“You’re telekinetic as well?” Caleb croaked the question.

She shifted her focus to him and visibly relaxed when she saw his expression of wonder.

Ethan’s gun was in his hand, but he wrapped his other arm protectively around Theresa. He pulled her closer as he grazed his lips against hers.

“We knew you were special. We just had no idea how much. Do you know how you did that?”

Theresa shook her head. All she remembered was her fear for Caleb, her sudden rage, and her need to subdue the rogue. She wasn't even sure how she knew he was using telekinesis to try to kill them. It had all happened so fast.

She began to shake a little as reaction set in, all the “what-ifs” swirling in her head. Again, Ethan understood her concerns and pulled her closer.

“Well I guess that explains how my slippers got moved every night.” She chuckled weakly, trying to hide her fear of this new ability.

“Don't worry, babe. We'll help you learn to control it, and we can always distract you if we need to.” His lips slanted firmly across her mouth, and his tongue pushed past her unresisting lips, very thoroughly proving his point.

He released her when the rogue groaned, waking again. Ethan strode across the room and very firmly pushed his gun against the man's temple.

“Try that again and we're going to have a problem.” He growled in a menacing tone.

The rogue's gaze swung around the room until he located Theresa. Feigning a confidence she was far from feeling, Theresa glared at the man, her body language promising retribution.

“Now, you are going to tell us everything you know, or that pretty lady over there is going to very slowly rip your arms off. Do we understand each other?”

The man nodded in fear, seeming to deflate before their eyes.

“Who are you working for?” Caleb demanded.

“I don't know, but, but,” he added quickly when Ethan growled, “They hired me to track down the lost children. She's the first one I was able to find.”

His eyes darted between them, sincerity and desperation rolling off him in waves.

“They didn’t tell me anything about her skills. I thought she was just another bitch...er, woman,” he corrected quickly, “who needed to be institutionalized.”

“Where were you supposed to take her?”

“A lab facility up north,” he hedged.

“*Got it. We’re done here,*” Caleb sent to them both.

Ethan pulled out another tranquilizer dart and pushed it into the man’s neck. His head fell forward as he once again lost consciousness.

“I’ve got an address, and for the most part, he was telling the truth. He doesn’t know who he’s working for. He just knows he’s being paid a lot of money to deliver them.”

Theresa looked at him questioningly. He held his arms open for her, and she walked into his embrace.

“I broke through the block in his mind. The fact he feared for his life made it a lot easier. You were magnificent, scared him half out of his brain, standing there all intimidating. He seemed more frightened of you than he was of the gun to his head.” Caleb chuckled. “Remind me never to piss you off.”

She hugged him close. The anger she’d felt at the rogue for trying to harm Caleb had been unlike any emotion she’d felt before. It had burned brighter, hotter, consuming her, infusing her with intent. A big part of her worried about this new ability, but she hoped they would help her learn to control it, and somehow, she instinctively knew it tied into her love for these two men. This skill felt protective, not destructive.

Wilson walked back into the room, confidence in every step.

“Still out?” he asked Ethan, indicating the rogue.

“Out again,” he growled. “He’s telekinetic. Damn near took off Caleb’s head with a vase.”

Wilson glanced around the room and saw the pieces of the destroyed container glittering in the light and the damage to the wall where the chair had hit.

“Well, that changes things,” he said as he walked out of the room and down the hallway. He returned with a bag full of medical supplies. Working efficiently, he hooked the rogue up to a medical drip and hung the bag from a portable stand.

“Chlorpromazine. That should keep him under control.”

“How?” Theresa asked the question before she could stop it.

“Telekinesis is typically tied into a person’s rage. Take away the emotion, no telekinesis. Chlorpromazine also shuts down telepathic skills very effectively, so he won’t be able to call for help either.”

“Handy thing to know.” She smiled. She wanted to like Wilson. He seemed genuine and radiated a sense of purpose, but something held her back from trusting him. She even understood why Ethan and Caleb had been so willing to believe their old boss would not be involved with whoever was trying to kill them, but still she felt uncomfortable. Maybe the suspicious feelings were just a result of everything that had happened to her in the last few days.

“Okay,” he began, drawing all of their attention, “I spoke to an old friend. He tells me there have been rumors of rogue infiltration in The Agency, but so far no one has been able to identify the source.”

“I’m sorry to ask stupid questions,” Theresa began, “but how can someone infiltrate an organization run by empaths?”

Ethan grinned as she directed her question to Wilson. Wilson shook his head, unable or unwilling to answer. Seeing the futility in pursuing that particular line of thought at the moment, she changed tact.

“What do these rogues want with me? And why are they now trying to kill us?”

“I suspect, my dear,” Wilson answered, “that they’ve been looking for you for a very long time. The fact they found you the same time as these boys,” he said, indicating Ethan and Caleb, “may

have made you too dangerous to bring in. They were probably hoping you didn't know your own abilities."

"That makes sense." Caleb rolled his head on his shoulders as if his muscles had pulled tight. "The stuff I lifted from that guy," he said, pointing to the unconscious man hooked to a chlorpromazine drip, "suggested they wanted you alive. He knew nothing of the assassination attempt. He came here to try to get information out of Wilson, so he could locate the others."

"Problem with that plan is I don't know where they are, or we would've tried to help them a long time ago."

"So if they don't want me for my abilities, what are they after?" Slowly, realization crept into her mind. "Oh God, I think I'm going to be sick." She lowered her head to the table, her eyes stinging with tears. "They want my eggs, my babies," she mumbled brokenly into her arms.

Wilson didn't answer. Ethan reached for her, lifting her gently into his embrace.

"It's going to be okay, babe," Ethan said confidently. "We won't let them anywhere near you."

"But what about the others, like my mother? How many women have they taken?" she asked quietly. "We have to help them."

"We will, as soon as we get you somewhere safe."

"No way," she said loudly and straightened away from Ethan so she could look them both in the eye. "No way am I hiding in a safe spot while you two plunge headfirst into danger."

"Babe, it's what we do," Ethan explained with a wide smile and shrug of his shoulders.

"Trust us, sweetheart," Caleb said. "We'll be back before you can miss us."

"I doubt that," she grumbled at the same time she accepted their argument. They were trained for this, and she risked putting them in danger with her newly emerging skills. She needed a lot of practice before she would be anymore than a distraction to them.

“Well now that that’s settled,” Wilson interjected, “we need to find a place for you to disappear for a while. I suggest you head up the mountain to my hunting cabin. The isolation can give you a chance to practice those skills, and you should be able to detect a rogue long before he could get close enough to do you harm.”

Ethan and Caleb nodded in agreement.

“Take whatever provisions you think you’ll need, but do it quickly. I need to contact a retrieval team to pick up this guy. Maybe I can fish around for some information while I’m at it.” He began to leave the room, but turned back quickly, “Caleb, it might be an idea to erase this guy’s memory. We can’t have him telling The Agency he saw you.”

“Already done,” Caleb replied.

Wilson shook his head as a grin spread across his face.

“I’m starting to remember why you two were my best field agents.”

As he left the room, Caleb moved into the kitchen and quickly located canned foods and other necessities. He piled them all into a large bag he found under the sink as Ethan grabbed her hand. “Come on, babe, let’s go pick some more clothes for you,” he said in a husky growl. “I had no idea Wilson’s wife wore such sexy skirts. Although,” he chuckled, “I doubt they looked so good on her. You’re nearly a foot taller.”

* * * *

The cabin was deep in the forest, well away from the main road. Caleb had grumbled every time he’d had to negotiate through the dirt roads, wishing now they had Ethan’s four-wheel drive. They’d left his car about a mile back, no longer able to traverse the track safely, so they’d hidden it carefully from view, not wanting to advertise their travel direction.

“We’re going to stay with you for a couple of days, give Wilson a chance to dig up any information that might help,” Caleb explained as they entered the cabin.

It looked long disused, but inside was clean and free from animal droppings. It was furnished with a couple of camping cots, two wooden chairs, and an old scarred table with an old-fashioned linoleum top. It had a kitchen stocked with basic cooking utensils, a wood-burning stove, and a hanging pantry. There was no electricity, but there were several kerosene lamps and an open fireplace.

Theresa looked around the single room carefully as Ethan and Caleb checked the exterior for possible problems.

“There’s an outhouse in the back but no running water. I can hear a stream not too far behind us, so we’ll check that out in the morning. In the meantime, we better get organized before we lose what’s left of the daylight,” Ethan said as he came in the door, Caleb only a few steps behind.

“We should heat some food on the camping stove before it gets dark. This mountain is dotted with hunting cabins, and the light will be seen easily at night.”

“Right. No use advertising our whereabouts. Don’t want to make it easy for them,” she babbled nervously. “Would sound travel like that as well?”

“Afraid so. Looks like we’re in for a dark, quiet night. Maybe we’ll catch up on some sleep.” The wink that accompanied Ethan’s words suggested the last thing on his mind was sleep. Theresa’s pulse jumped, and her arousal suddenly filled the room. Two big men groaned in sensual agony. Caleb pulled her into his arms and swatted her backside playfully.

Ethan bit her ear, soothing the sting with his tongue. “Work first, play later,” he promised.

Then they were walking out the door, awkwardly adjusting their jeans around hard erections. She giggled a little at the sight, thrilled she could affect them so quickly and more than a little relieved they

could resist her. She hated the thought that her empathic abilities might affect their true emotions for her.

Turning to the camping equipment, she quickly found the makings for dinner—canned stew and yesterday’s bread. Not her first choice for a meal, but she was so hungry after their bush trek that she’d eat almost anything.

The men were back quickly, making the round-trip to the car for the rest of their supplies in less than half the time it had taken one way with her in tow. Theresa noticed a couple of rolled mattresses in the pile, and she felt very grateful her guys had planned ahead. The cots were quite short, and she doubted any of them would be comfortable for sleeping.

Ethan rolled out the mattresses as Caleb cleaned and checked an assortment of weapons, carefully reloaded each one, and double-checked the safety. Theresa had never been around guns before and had always been frightened of them, but somehow her trust in Ethan and Caleb extended to their guns. Didn’t mean she wanted to touch one though.

* * * *

By the time they’d eaten and cleaned up, it was almost full dark. Ethan lay down on the mattress and held his arms open for her to snuggle into his embrace, and for a long time, he simply held her close, enjoying her nearness.

They’d met less than forty-eight hours ago, yet she’d already become an important part of his life, and quite frankly, he couldn’t imagine going on without her. Somehow they had to figure out how to keep her safe, and then they needed to spend the rest of their lives getting to know each other. He knew Caleb felt the same, and he actually felt pleased they’d somehow fallen in love with the same woman. Far from being jealous or possessive, he was glad the two people closest to him could share such an intimate relationship.

Caleb lay down on the mattress beside them, spooning up behind Theresa's warm body and pulling her pliant form tight against him.

"Tomorrow we need to practice using your skills." He laughed quietly in her ear. "I, for one, do not want to find myself flying across the room when I accidentally piss you off."

She laughed with him. "Well, maybe you should try not to piss me off."

"*Maybe we should practice your telepathy and stay quiet,*" Ethan chimed in.

"*Good call,*" Caleb agreed as he lowered his head to her ear and nipped at the ear lobe.

* * * *

Theresa gasped at the shock as he ran his tongue over the spot, soothing the erotic pain. They all felt the level of desire in the room leap higher.

"*Babe, you have way too many clothes on,*" Ethan sent as he gripped her shirt and undid the buttons quickly. Caleb's hands slid around her middle, found the fastener for the skirt she wore, released it, and slid the material down her legs.

He groaned aloud when he found she wasn't wearing underwear.

He smoothed his hands over her hips and down her thighs as Ethan bared her breasts to him, grazing one with his thumb and sucking the other into his mouth. She arched against him as sensations burst inside her like little bubbles that tickled her insides, heightening her senses and narrowing her world to only the two men who held her.

Caleb's large, callused hand grazed the inside of her thigh as he lifted her knee, resting it on Ethan's hip, and opening her pussy to his touch. His finger slipped into her moist heat, spread her cream along the swollen lips, and gently circled her clit. Her breath hitched in her throat as she bit back a groan, trying desperately to stay quiet.

“*Good girl,*” Ethan sent as he tugged against her breast with his teeth, nipping at it as his telepathic groan filled her head.

She tried reaching for the button on Ethan’s jeans, but strong hands seized her arms, pushed them over her head, and pinned them in place.

“*Not this time.*” Ethan moaned in her head. “*First we teach you how to be quiet.*”

She whimpered softly as Caleb’s fingers began plunging faster into her wet channel. Ethan’s hand found her clit, worried it gently, then faster, more insistently. Her body drew tight with desire. Just as she began to splinter, fracturing into a million tiny points of sensation, Caleb’s fingers pushed into her ass. The erotic pleasure-pain burned through her, and a scream worked its way up her throat. Caleb’s large hand clamped tightly against her mouth as he held her bucking body against him, his hard cock pressed heavily into her back.

They soothed her with their hands, long calming strokes and gentle caresses, as they all breathed heavily.

Again her hands sought the snap on Ethan’s jeans, and this time he helped her push them down his legs and off his feet. He ripped his shirt over his head as she turned to Caleb to divest him of his clothes too. Again, large hands caressed her, sending streaking arrows of warmth all over her body.

“*Do you trust us?*” they asked in unison.

“*With my life,*” she replied shyly.

Caleb helped her onto Ethan’s big body, positioning her on her knees so she straddled his lap and his engorged cock nudged at her throbbing pussy. Ethan pushed into her slowly, one teasing inch at a time, withdrawing a little, only to plunge deeper. His big hands gripped her ass and held her away from him when she tried to take control, and she whimpered quietly with frustration.

Caleb rolled away and returned a few moments later. She felt a cold, slippery lubrication touch the crease of her ass, and Caleb’s fingers spread it over her anus. His fingers delved into the puckered

hole, preparing her, and she whimpered quietly again as she understood what would come next.

Ethan held her tight in his embrace and ran soothing hands over her back.

“It’s okay, babe, we’ll take care of you. Relax and let us make you feel good.”

Ethan stilled in her pussy, holding her ass as his big hands opened her to Caleb. Caleb’s large cock, slippery with lubrication, nudged at her back entrance. He worked his way into her gently, rocking back and forth a little until his stomach pressed firmly against her ass cheeks.

The incredible fullness, the feeling of belonging, the knowledge of finally being complete washed through her with an intensity she’d never known. Trapped between them, she gave herself into their care and over to sensation.

Slowly they began moving inside her. Caleb pulled from her ass as Ethan pushed into her pussy, and then Ethan withdrew and Caleb eased back in. Gradually, the rhythm increased. The pressure increased. The speed increased. The sensations multiplied. They stopped, straining, on the edge, holding her at the precipice.

Then without warning, Theresa exploded into orgasm, her entire body pounded against them both, throwing their rhythm and hurling them all into ecstatic release.

They stiffened at the same time as their muscles pulled tight. They both threw their heads back and silently groaned as they spurted their seed deep into her body, shivering against her as they joined her in completion.

They stayed that way for a long while, but as Caleb’s cock softened, he pulled gently from her ass and again rolled away for just a moment. He returned quickly and eased a cold wet cloth down her ass cheeks.

“Sorry about the temperature, babe,” he whispered softly against her ear as she shivered and eased Ethan’s cock out of her pussy “I promise next time we’ll put you in a warm bath instead.”

“I’ll hold you to that.” She smiled against Ethan’s chest, glad they were already thinking beyond this rustic cabin in the middle of nowhere.

Chapter Eight

Theresa blew the hair out of her eyes in frustration.

“Come on, babe, you need to concentrate.” Ethan’s exasperation leaked into his words. “Find the anger you tapped into yesterday.”

“I can’t,” she said, pouting a little. “I’m just too happy.”

“Babe, either you learn how to control your telekinesis, or I teach you how to use a gun.”

A gun? She shivered violently at the thought and tried to find her anger. She glared at the rock they wanted her to move. She squinted her eyes as she tried harder. She screwed up her entire face, held her breath, and dug for that elusive emotion.

A very masculine chuckle reached her ears, and she glanced over to the men. They both stood there heaving in almost silent laughter—laughter at her expense.

She raised her hand, intending to flip them the bird, but a shower of small stones rained down on them instead. Two sets of eyes looked at her intently.

“*How did you do that?*” Ethan asked telepathically, laughter still in his head.

“I’m not sure,” she said out loud, shaking her head in bewilderment. “I wasn’t actually angry, more like annoyed.”

Caleb sauntered over to her, wrapped his arms around her, and pulled her back against his chest. He rested his chin on her head.

“Try moving a little stone again. This time just think about where you want it to go and then point with your finger.”

She did as he instructed, sucking in air quickly as the stone moved exactly where she wanted it to and thumped into Ethan’s chest.

“Ow,” he griped as a broad smile spread across his face. “Next time I get the cuddle and you can chuck stuff at him.”

“I’ve never heard of a telekinetic whose ability wasn’t based on anger,” Caleb said, shaking his head in wonder.

“Me neither,” Ethan agreed, still smiling.

* * * *

Later that night, as they lay entwined on the makeshift bed, sweating from their exertion, Theresa held them close, marveling at the fact that her OCD hadn’t reared its ugly head for the last two days.

The change in her felt incredible. Gone, hopefully forever, was the woman paralyzed by her fears, afraid to deal with other people, afraid of her own shadow, and even afraid of her own abilities. The woman who stood in her place was confident, happy, in love, and no longer afraid to live life to the fullest. She held her men closer, her love for them swelling in her chest.

Caleb nuzzled her neck sleepily, “I love you, too,” he whispered.

Ethan pulled her tighter against him, his arm tightening across her collarbone.

“Guess that means you’re stuck with us, babe.” He ran his wet tongue sloppily up her neck until she squirmed and giggled in his arms. “I love you, too. Now go to sleep,” he ordered with a smile. For the first time in her life, she actually felt like she belonged. She smiled, hugged their love to her, and slept.

* * * *

The morning came too quickly, and before she could blink, they’d packed their gear and left her here, promising to return that night. They’d discussed options back and forth, but she’d grown tired of waiting for Wilson to contact them and had finally convinced Caleb and Ethan to try the address Caleb had lifted from the rogue’s mind.

She hadn't really planned on staying behind, but they'd convinced her they could do their jobs far more efficiently if they knew she was safe.

So now she had nothing to do. She'd tried to lie back on the bed and sleep the time away, but it was no use. She felt restless and bored and missed them more than even she thought possible. She rummaged through the box of food, eventually settling on a chocolate bar for breakfast, stubbornly ignoring the little voice that told her chocolate was not a breakfast food.

Suddenly panic squeezed her heart.

She felt them before she heard them.

Four, no five, men approached the cabin from different angles, moving silently through the bush. Their intent was unclear, but several of them thought they were here to arrest a rogue. She realized, as shock coursed through her, that these were Caleb and Ethan's workmates, good men working for The Agency who were only following orders, unaware of the role they now played.

But one mind was familiar. Wilson. He hung back, sending the others in first, expecting Ethan and Caleb to fight their way through. Panic briefly rolled through her before she tamped it down. Think. *Think*, she demanded of herself.

She could've fought her way out of the cabin, maybe even exploded the walls over them, but she didn't want to risk killing good men, men who held her no ill will, men who thought they were doing their job. She felt Wilson's intent. She'd be shot fatally, accidentally of course, in a botched escape attempt. What the hell? How had Ethan and Caleb missed Wilson's true nature? How had he fooled them all?

Her eyes darted frantically around the room, her mind running a million miles a moment, but finally Theresa made what she hoped was the best decision. She forced her mind to relax. Lying down on the bed, she sank into the mattress and firmly placed Caleb's image in her mind. She had no idea if she could communicate over such a long distance, but she had to try.

“Caleb, it’s a set-up. Wilson’s behind it.” She thought the words over and over, hoping he could somehow hear her warning.

The door to the cabin burst open, and heavily armed men crowded inside. She forced her body to relax, so she appeared asleep and let them wrestle her onto her stomach, twist her arms behind her, and bind them with a plastic tie. Trying to be convincing, she forced tears from her eyes, feigning distress. They lifted her carefully to her feet, and a strong arm held her upright as she walked awkwardly.

She could feel their confusion as they searched the single room, but found no sign of the two men.

“Where’d they go? The two men who were with you?” a gruff voice asked.

She cried a little harder, throwing in a sob for effect.

“W–w–we had a fight last night,” she said sadly, forcing her voice to break. “They were gone this morning before I woke up.” She pretended to dissolve into an inconsolable mess of female distress.

“Come on, let’s get you back to The Agency,” the gruff voice said, gentling a little.

They helped her into the vehicle, secured her with a seat belt, and made sure she was safe. She could feel Wilson’s anger now that he no longer tried to hide it. It seethed below the surface, bubbling in him, a beast inside growling for release. Suddenly, she really appreciated that Caleb had described her as a beginner, or Wilson may not have let his guard down like he was now, and she might’ve missed how big a threat he really was.

* * * *

Ethan had been staring at the road lost in thought when Caleb exclaimed, “How the hell? Theresa’s talking in my head.”

Ethan followed his link to Caleb’s mind, listening to Theresa’s distress call in disbelief. They were almost a hundred miles away.

“How can she reach you so far away?”

Caleb shook his head. "I don't know, but we need to get back there."

Ethan held on as Caleb turned the car around and headed back the way they'd come, pushing the car's engine as fast as he dared. As they got closer, Caleb tried repeatedly to contact her but without success. He slammed his palm against the steering wheel in frustration.

"Damn, I can't reach her."

"Just keep the car moving. She's not exactly helpless," Ethan said, absently rubbing the spot where she'd hit him with the little rock yesterday.

Ethan could sense as Caleb tried to relax, tried to unhinge the tight grip of his jaw, but he knew they'd both feel a whole lot better when they had her in their arms again.

But he stayed quiet, giving Caleb space to use his precognitive abilities, while he mulled over Theresa's message. She'd said, "*Wilson's behind it.*" How could Wilson be the rogue they sought? Ethan's own empathic abilities would've picked up something, some hint of deception, some hint of unexpected emotion.

Like a light at the end of a tunnel, the answer slowly came to him. Wilson had somehow managed to mask his deceit around him, the strongest empath at The Agency, but hadn't bothered around Theresa. They'd told him Theresa was just a beginner and hadn't revealed the extent of her abilities, so Wilson probably still didn't realize he'd given himself away.

They were at the turn off to go up the mountain when Caleb suddenly veered off the road and into the parking lot of a large supermarket. Ethan felt a little puzzled until he realized Caleb was reacting to a vision he'd just seen.

Within moments, they saw a number of four-wheel drive vehicles turn out of the side road and onto the highway. Slumped in the backseat, flanked on either side by Agency bounty hunters, was

Theresa. Her head hung low, and from this distance, she looked beaten.

"You okay, sweetheart?" Caleb sent to her.

"Better now my guys are here," she replied in a strong telepathic voice.

"We're going to follow at a distance, see where they're taking you, babe, and then we'll figure out how to rescue you," Ethan said.

"Don't hurt anyone," she sent quickly. *"These agents are just doing their job. They don't know what Wilson's involved in. But watch out for Wilson, he's planning to kill us all in a botched escape attempt."*

Maneuvering the car back onto the highway, Caleb followed so far behind the group of vehicles that they couldn't even see them. They couldn't risk Caleb's car being recognized, so they needed to rely on Theresa's directions.

* * * *

Wedged in between two big agents, Theresa continued to play the damsel in distress, pretending to be calmer now that she'd worn herself out. She flopped tiredly against the guy to her left, keeping her eyes heavy lidded and her face pinched in feigned anguish as she spoke telepathically to Ethan and Caleb.

"Crap, time to dump the car guys," she sent to them. *"We've just turned onto a narrow lane, and there are several agents hiding in the bush. I guess they know you're coming."*

"Or maybe Wilson knows wherever you are, we won't be far behind," Ethan acknowledged.

"We'll be there as fast as we can," Caleb assured her.

"Stay safe," she replied as the vehicle she traveled in came to a stop out front of a rather ordinary-looking ranch house.

The agents lifted her out of the car, set her on her feet, and helped to steady her balance.

“Thank you,” she whispered gratefully. She caught the look of confusion on their faces and quickly masked her emotions, slipping back into the frightened, clingy female personality. She stumbled a little for effect, falling into one of the agents’ awkward embrace and then tried to straighten as she feigned embarrassment.

* * * *

Caleb and Ethan traveled a wide path around the building, trying to find a way in without forcing a confrontation. Just as Theresa had warned them, these agents believed they were on official business. They knew nothing of Wilson’s actions. They were simply following orders.

“*There’s no way through,*” Ethan growled, uncharacteristic aggression leaking through. Caleb looked over to where he crouched in the tall grass.

“*Do you sense anyone we can trust?*” Caleb asked speculatively.

Shaking his head in clear frustration, Ethan sent another telepathic growl.

“*Okay, so we go back to our original plan,*” Caleb said, trying to retain the professionalism that had kept them both alive during their years as agents. “*How many darts do you have?*”

* * * *

“I’ll take her from here,” Wilson said as he grabbed her arm, dragged her up the porch steps, and pushed her through the door. He locked it behind them.

Theresa glanced around the room. There were several hospital beds set up, all empty, except for the one in the far corner. He hustled her over to the nearest bed.

“Are you all right, my dear? I’ve been trying to figure out what’s going on. It was all I could do to keep you safe. I thought they were

going to try and kill you back at the mountain,” he said, obviously trying to convince her he was the same person Ethan and Caleb thought him to be.

She considered playing along until she realized he was guiding her onto the bed, trying to convince her to lie down.

Her eyes darted around the room, fear piercing her, the desperation to escape so acute she physically and mentally screamed. She remembered her telekinesis a moment before a large needle sank into her arm and her vision began to waver. The bed shook behind her, and she managed to mentally launch several items from the side table at Wilson, but Theresa felt her legs wobble, helpless to stop herself from sliding to the floor as darkness claimed her.

* * * *

Ethan grabbed his head from the sudden pain. Theresa’s fear had just leapt into high gear, pounding them both with her terror, rocketing their anxiety for her safety much higher.

And then it was gone. No emotions, no telepathy, no presence of any kind.

Ethan mentally roared in pain, and his body tensed, ready to spring forward. Caleb rushed to him, sensing his intent, and crash tackled him to the ground.

“Shake it off, Ethan, right now she needs the agent, not the lover,” he yelled in his head. *“Ethan, stand down!”*

Chapter Nine

A cool hand touched the side of her face as Theresa tried to pry her eyes open. The harsh white light hurt her brain, so she slammed them shut again.

“Shhh, it’s okay. You’re in a hospital,” a kind female voice told her.

Theresa struggled to sit up, realizing belatedly that both her hands and feet were secured to the bed. She fell back onto the pillow as tears leaked from her eyes.

“What happened?” she asked.

“I’m not sure, darling, but my guess is you suffered a psychotic break a few days ago. Doc said you were completely delusional, even hearing voices in your head, when they found you sleeping in a hunting cabin in the mountains.”

Theresa could feel the drugs in her system as memories of her struggle with schizophrenia as a teenager bubbled to the surface, weighing her down, threatening to crush her.

“How long have I been here?” she asked, trying to control her fear.

“Not long. They needed to sedate you to get the drip in, but you should start feeling better soon.”

Theresa managed to pry her eyes open. The woman’s image wavered through her tears.

“Ahh, there’s my newest patient. How are you feeling?” said a deep voice from the other side of the bed.

“Wilson?” she asked.

“That’s right. I’m Doctor Wilson. You were bought in about an hour ago. You gave us quite a chase, my dear. We’ve been looking for you since you ran screaming from your office building a few days ago. Looks like you bumped your forehead, but otherwise you’re fine physically,” he said, a kind expression on his face. “How does your head feel? Any voices?”

She shook her head from side to side, her tears falling faster now

“Well, that’s good then. The sooner we can stop the voices, the quicker we can get you back on your feet,” the doctor said cheerily as he moved away.

She closed her eyes against the pain that welled inside her. Her chest heaved with deep, racking sobs as her heart broke into a million tiny pieces. How could it have been a delusion? Was she so desperate for love that she’d created Ethan and Caleb, her guys, her lovers, in her head? No, they had to be real. They had to be. She cried harder as she fought against growing awareness of her own illness.

Oh God, they weren’t real. None of it had been real. Why would she even imagine that two—not just one, but two!—great guys would both love and cherish her and make promises for the future? Hell, the only logical explanation was that they’d been created by her fractured mind, just a delusion.

She wasn’t in love. She was alone, like always.

She had no idea how long she cried, but eventually, her body gave in to exhaustion, and she lay there like a deflated balloon, no longer wanting to fight for her sanity, completely and utterly defeated.

She heard the front door open and close. She didn’t care who the person was, and she was more than happy to deflect contact or conversation by feigning sleep. Footsteps moved to her bed, stood for a while, and then moved away. She heard Dr. Wilson greet the newcomer.

“Ah, I’m glad you could get here so quickly,” Dr. Wilson said. “She’s in her late twenties, a little older than I would’ve liked, but she’s the first one we’ve been able to track down.”

She heard footsteps move toward her as they continued the conversation.

“I’d like to start tests straight away. Have you done any blood tests yet?” the new doctor asked.

“We sent a sample to the lab a few hours ago. I asked them to put a rush on the hormone tests.”

Still pretending to be asleep, Theresa listened to their conversation, trying to understand how hormone tests could be related to her delusions. She felt a face hover not too far from her own, studying her features intently.

“Amazing how much she looks like her mother,” the new voice said.

Her heart leapt to a faster pace as adrenaline flooded her muscles. How did they know her mother? She forced herself to stay still as she replayed their words over and over in her head. Tests? Blood tests? Hormone levels?

Somewhere behind her a telephone rang, interrupting their conversation. She heard Dr. Wilson move away, and then a moment later, the other man followed. She couldn’t make out the words of the murmured conversation, but she almost jumped when the telephone slammed back down against the receiver.

“Damn,” Wilson growled loudly, “she’s using some sort of birth control. The lab thinks it’s probably the six monthly injection, but they need to do more tests before they can give us an indication of when it’s going to wear off.”

All of the pieces were clicking into place in Theresa’s head. The abduction attempt, missing rogues, stolen eggs, Ethan, Caleb—they were all real? She wasn’t delusional? Her heart sang her love as she called to them in her mind. They didn’t answer. She called again, pleading for them to answer her, begging for them to be real.

Just as her confidence wavered, Theresa remembered the drip in her arm steadily pumping drugs into her system. What was it Wilson had said? Take away the anger, take away the telekinetic ability. But,

she thought with growing excitement, her telekinesis wasn't based on anger.

She opened her eyes, tried to focus and lifted her head slightly, hoping the doctors were too distracted to notice her small movements. Looking down at her hand trapped in a leather buckle, Theresa concentrated, awkwardly moved her fingers, and pointed to the strap she wanted undone. Her mind struggled to focus, her ability definitely weakened by the drugs, but finally the strap slid across, lifted over the buckle, out of the loop, and unbound her hand.

Moving carefully, Theresa used her freed hand to undo the other strap and pulled the drip from her arm. She then used her mind to undo the bindings on her feet, careful not to attract the doctors' attention. She lay still a moment as she gathered her resolve and found her will to fight, her determination to escape.

Then she saw it in her mind, a vision of the next thirty seconds. The front door bursting open, heavily armed agents swarming through, as gunfire erupted from behind her, a hail of bullets mowing down the lead agents before Wilson turned his deadly gun on her and the woman in the other bed.

She could almost feel the bullets as they riddled her body as the vision continued, even as she leapt out of the bed and ran full pelt toward the other patient. She turned just in time to see Wilson grab his handgun from the drawer, leaving the deadly machine gun on the top of the table. He aimed at Theresa as she leapt from the bed and ran for the window. She dived at the woman, her angle and momentum toppling the bed onto its side. Wilson released several bullets as she tripped and fell over the other patient's bed, dumping her and the older woman heavily on the floor, temporarily hiding them both from view.

Theresa could barely breathe when the front door burst open behind Wilson. He spun quickly, squeezed off several shots before his legs buckled, and he fell forward, landing heavily.

* * * *

Ethan supported Caleb as he stumbled backwards.

“She’s over there,” Caleb called to him in a strained voice as he undid his Kevlar vest and checked the injuries. A red-purple bruise already bloomed across the skin where two of Wilson’s bullets had hit him, but Ethan felt pretty sure nothing was broken. The other agents helped Caleb to his feet.

“Theresa,” Ethan called anxiously as he ran towards the overturned bed.

He carefully pulled the bed away from the wall to find her gently cradling an older woman in her arms, the resemblance between the two momentarily stopping his voice.

“Hi,” Theresa said softly. “She’s out cold. I think she bumped her head when I knocked the bed over.”

“It’s going to be okay, babe. There’s an ambulance out front.”

Carefully, he lifted the injured woman into his arms and placed her on the bed behind them. The ambulance officers and a couple of agents immediately took over, administering first aid, and checking for further injuries.

Ethan turned back to Theresa, hauled her into his arms, and pressed her face against his heart as his whole body shook in reaction. “I thought I’d lost you, babe,” he said as a shudder worked down his spine and he rocked her against him.

“Not me, I knew we’d rescue you, or you’d rescue yourself,” Caleb said in a cocky voice as he approached them. She rushed into his arms while Ethan stayed close to her. Ethan could feel everything she felt, and right now she could feel Caleb’s relief and his pain. She pulled back slightly as she realized Caleb’s shirt hung open, revealing a large bruise roughly resembling a figure eight.

“I’m fine,” Caleb said, his voice sounding strained. “Okay, maybe not fine, but I’ll live. Looks like you’re stuck with us both, sweetheart.”

Chapter Ten

Several hours later, Theresa sat in a chair beside the hospital bed of the woman who could be her mother. They'd found out her name, Lydia Adams, from the gynecologist who had been working with Wilson. The doctor had been very cooperative since witnessing his partner's demise. The hospital doctors, real doctors this time, had checked Lydia over and, after X-rays and a few other tests, advised that she would be fine. They'd discovered high concentrations of antipsychotic medications in her bloodstream, and The Agency was currently trying to track down her medical records.

This woman, it seemed, had dropped off the face of the earth almost thirty years ago. No financial records, no licenses, or bank accounts were found in her name. It looked more and more likely that at least part of what Wilson had told them was true. He did know her mother, but he'd been the one to abduct her. He'd held her captive, stolen her eggs, and created babies for decades without her knowledge.

Theresa's heart ached for the woman who had lost so much. Back at the house where they'd been held captive, her mother seemed to believe she was a patient being cared for in a mental health facility. Theresa worried how her mother, or anyone else for that matter, could cope or accept or understand everything that had happened to her. Her heart ached for selfish reasons, too. She'd finally found her mother, but the woman had never been pregnant, never known she was being used to build the rogue's idea of a superior race.

The woman stirred, tired eyes blinking rapidly against the light.

"Hello, welcome back," Theresa said in a friendly tone.

“Theresa?” she squinted trying to focus her eyes. “Where are we?”

“You’re in hospital, a real hospital this time,” she replied, trying to keep her voice light and calm. “You bumped your head when I knocked over your bed, but the doctor says you’re going to be fine,” she said, trying to sound reassuring. “Do you remember why you were with Dr. Wilson?”

“He told me it’s because I’m schizophrenic with paranoid delusions,” she said quietly and closed her eyes as tears glistened. “Without medication, I hear voices in my head.” Her eyes flew open, and she looked around in alarm.

“Where’s my drip? I need my meds!” she said as her voice rose hysterically.

Theresa used her empathic skills to project calming emotions, grateful when Ethan added his ability to make it more effective.

“Lydia,” Theresa said as she gently brushed the hair out of the woman’s eyes. “You don’t need the meds. Dr. Wilson lied to you.” Lydia’s gaze bounced around the room, her body pushing more deeply into the pillows as she noticed the two large men with Theresa.

“*Babe, maybe she’s not ready to hear this,*” Ethan sent to Theresa telepathically.

Tears filled her own eyes as a sense of hopelessness ran through her.

“*She deserves the truth,*” she told them. “*Even if she doesn’t understand or accept it, at least she’ll have heard it from her daughter and not some stranger.*”

Lydia’s focus snapped to Theresa’s face as she seemed to notice their similarities for the first time.

“You’re my daughter?” she asked hopefully.

Theresa nodded, her voice trapped in her throat.

“He told me it never happened. Told me it was a part of my delusion, but I knew in my heart what they’d done to me. I

remembered the early years, the tests and the operations.” She reached over and clasped Theresa’s hand tightly.

“Thank you,” she said quietly as she slipped back into sleep.

“Well, it seems you get your strong telepathy from your mother’s side of the family. Hearing a telepathic conversation not aimed at you is a very rare skill,” Caleb said with a smile.

* * * *

The doctors wanted to keep Lydia in the hospital for several days of observation to make sure she suffered no lingering effects from her captivity. As far as they could tell, Wilson had kept her as a science experiment for the first twenty-six years, secretly harvesting her ova, fertilizing them from sperm from unknown fathers, and implanting embryos into unsuspecting couples who attended his partner’s fertility clinic.

Her mother remembered it all very clearly. She’d refused to share the memories, but Theresa felt the accompanying emotions, and her heart broke for the woman at the same time she’d welled with pride. To have gone through so much and remained whole was an extraordinary accomplishment.

About four years ago, they’d stopped the experiments and started her on stronger antipsychotic medications, working hard to convince her it had all been a delusion.

Nobody could explain why they’d kept her captive, or even alive, once they’d finished the experiments on her, but the gynecologist had suggested Wilson had become emotionally attached to the frail woman and tried to convince her she was ill so he could pursue her in a romantic sense. Theresa had literally gagged at the thought of such a man trying to seduce a woman he’d tortured for years.

“I was actually relieved when they told me they were delusions. I didn’t want everything that had happened to me to be true, so I fell for their lies way too easily.”

“Mom,” Theresa said softly, enjoying the word on her tongue. “I’m so proud of you. I’m sorry for what they did to you, but I’m glad we can get to know each other now.”

“Me, too,” she smiled.

Caleb came into the room, casually wrapped an arm around Theresa’s shoulders, and kissed the top of her head.

“Are you ready to go, Theresa?”

“Yes,” they said together, laughing at the similarity in their tones. Even without the blood tests Lydia requested, it was obvious to Theresa they shared a familial bond.

Chapter Eleven

Theresa was too distracted worrying for her mother to care where they were going, so she was a little surprised when the car stopped.

“Where are we?”

“This is where we live,” Caleb told her as he helped her from the car.

She looked around. It was dark now, so the details were difficult to make out, but she seemed to be standing in front of a house not dissimilar to her own. Ethan claimed her hand as he led her up the path to the front door.

As soon as they walked through the door, he pulled her to him, slanted his mouth hungrily over hers, and used his big hands on her ass cheeks to press her against his erection.

“I’ve wanted to do this for days,” he sent telepathically as he continued his gentle assault on his senses. She melted into his arms.

“And I’ve wanted to do this for days,” she replied as she slipped her hand into the waistband of his pants and cupped his erection.

Caleb walked up behind her and pressed his hard cock into her lower back as he nibbled lightly on her ear.

“Why don’t we take this somewhere a little more comfortable?” he suggested in between bites.

Gently removing Theresa’s hand, Ethan lifted her into his arms, cradled her against his chest, and carried her down the hallway to one of the rooms. He helped her stand, holding her steady as Caleb removed her clothes, and lifted her again as her jeans and panties pooled at her feet.

Reverently, he lay her down in the middle of the bed. The sheer eroticism of being naked and exposed to them revved up the arousal level in the room. Both men groaned loudly.

“How do you do that?” Ethan asked as he began undressing.

“Do what?” she asked innocently as she hid the glee that she could affect them as much as they affected her. And besides, it wasn’t just her arousal they were feeling.

“Minx,” Caleb laughed as he stretched out beside her, his engorged cock resting against the hard muscles of his stomach. Ethan stretched out on her other side and ran his fingers down her arm until he reached her hand and guided it above her head. Caleb did the same.

“Now you behave,” Ethan said. “No touching until we say so. Is that clear?”

She pouted, sighed dramatically, and said, “And if I don’t behave?”

“I’ll spank your ass.” Ethan growled against her ear and bit the sensitive flesh, sending ripples of heat spreading through her. His hands found her breasts, molded them, pressed against the nipples, and gently squeezed them between his fingers.

Caleb’s hands smoothed down her legs as his mouth kissed a trail down one leg, stopping to pay special attention to her toes. She giggled at the sensual tickly feeling and then suddenly forgot how to breathe when Ethan sucked one of her breasts into his mouth and flicked her nipple with his tongue.

She felt his hand travel down her belly, grab her thigh, and lift it over his hip, opening her to Caleb’s view. Very slowly, Caleb eased her other leg open, gradually parting the folds of her pussy, breathing deeply as he inhaled her scent. Her pussy muscles contracted, clenching against nothing, desperate for his possession.

She felt his slow journey up her legs as he sucked and kissed behind her knee and her inner thigh and then traveled higher. Whimpering with need, she undulated on the bed, begging with her body. Gently, he inserted a single finger into her swollen entrance and

used his other hand to part the folds of skin hiding her clit. He held her open and licked a single stroke. He retreated to watch her reaction as he blew a stream of air onto the wet flesh. Almost out of her mind with need, Theresa moved her arms as she tried to pull him closer, tried to fill the void he created.

Almost instantly, her world turned upside down, and she found herself face first over Ethan's lap.

"You were warned, babe," he said wickedly as his hand came down hard on her ass cheek. She jumped at the sudden sting but then melted into him as he soothed the sore spot with his big hand.

"Are you going to do that again?" he asked in a mock growl.

"Of course," she replied cheekily, amazed she would find this situation so erotic, her ass in the air, her pussy pulsing with need, the coarse hair on Ethan's legs rubbing roughly against her sensitized nipples.

"Well, then," Ethan said, chuckling as two hard and fast slaps stung her ass, "we'll have to do something about that."

She felt Caleb grip her hands and pull them together before he tied them with a piece of soft material. One more slap, one more soothing caress, and she found herself dropped back into the middle of the bed. Caleb climbed onto her quickly and straddled her chest as he tied the material to the top of the bed. For a moment, panic flashed through her. The last time she'd been tied down had been for a very different reason.

She felt Caleb hesitate and then move to undo her bindings, but she shook her head, determined to rid herself of fear. She was safe here, with men who loved her. She refused to let the past shape her future. She winked, trying to reassure him.

Caleb's thick erection jutted mere inches from her mouth. She raised her head, smiling broadly as she ran her tongue over the tip and licked the salty pre-cum into her mouth.

“You want to play games now?” he asked with a broad grin on his face. She nodded and opened her mouth, eager for him to push into her, but he disappointed her by moving away.

She felt her legs pushed wide again as Ethan pushed his tongue deep into her throbbing pussy, seeking her attention, her submission, her release. He held her legs wide, refusing to let her move them as he sucked her clit, tongued her puffy lips, and demanded her response. Caleb latched onto her nipple, sucking, licking, biting. Her muscles coiled, her breath labored, her heart filled with love, and then Theresa exploded as orgasm claimed her, sending her into blissful release. Her muscles shook, quivering her completion as gentle hands and mouths soothed her, bringing her back, guiding her through the exhaustion.

“I don’t think I’ll ever see anything more beautiful than when you come apart in our arms,” Caleb said and then kissed her deeply, lovingly. Ethan untied her hands and threw the material across the room.

“I love you, babe,” Ethan said as he pulled her over him, straddling her across his body. He pushed his hard cock straight into her throbbing pussy. They both groaned at the exquisite sensation as he grasped her waist and pumped her up and down on his erection. Then he suddenly pulled out of her and rolled her onto her back, so that she lay sprawled on his chest but facing the ceiling. He pulled her thighs wide as Caleb plunged into her heat, and her pussy convulsed around him, pulling him in deeper. Her body climbed toward orgasm again, straining for another release when he pulled out, leaving her feeling empty and bereft.

Caleb slathered cold lubricant onto her anus just as Ethan’s finger pushed into her, stretching her ass, spreading the gel into her, preparing her for his possession. She moaned as her back passage grabbed at his fingers, trying to pull him in deeper. Her pussy wept cream, and the moisture dripped down the seam of her ass, adding to the sensations.

Carefully, Ethan pushed the head of his large cock into her ass, setting off millions of little electric explosions in her body. He gripped her hips and pushed her lower onto him, groaning his arousal.

“Oh, babe, you feel so good,” he said as he pushed her down his body, stretching her ass with his engorged cock. He moved his hands lower, once again opening her for Caleb.

Caleb pushed carefully into her pussy and held still as he closed his eyes and swallowed hard. “Just give me a sec,” he said in a strained voice.

Feeling loved and safe, she began to rock between them, setting the pace until her body started to shiver, winding her tighter, higher toward orgasm. Ethan groaned and started to move more forcefully in and out of her ass. He urged Caleb into the same rhythm until they were both pounding into her body.

Ethan stiffened underneath her as his cock swelled and pulsed, hurling his seed deep into her ass. Theresa’s release hit her, slamming her hard against Caleb as his cock plunged into her. Her pussy tightened around him, dragging him into her, refusing to release him as her ass pulled at Ethan’s cock. She panted as she felt Caleb come deep inside her, his cock twitching, his body stiffening, the blissful agony of feeling his orgasm as strongly as her own holding her in thrall.

Theresa fell back against Ethan, collapsing in a boneless heap as Caleb gently pulled his cock out of her body and rolled to the side, breathing hard. They lay that way for a while, simply breathing, enjoying the exhaustion that comes with such incredible sexual release.

Ethan carefully rolled them onto the side, gently pulled his softening cock from her ass, and held her in his embrace as Caleb rolled off the bed and headed into the bathroom. He returned a few minutes later.

“Bath time,” Caleb said softly as he stood in front of her, offering a hand to help her up. Ethan helped her off the bed, and Caleb

steadied her as she tried to get her wobbly legs moving. With an arm around her waist, he led her into the bathroom where a deep tub was already filling with hot water. He helped her step into the bath, and she sank into the heavenly warmth. Caleb settled himself on the edge as his hand ran little circles over the back of her neck. Her head dropped forward, giving him better access to her tired muscles as she heard Ethan step into the shower.

She was almost asleep when they helped her out of the bath and into a big towel, dried her down, and then wrapped it around her. Caleb tucked in the end to hold it in place, and then Ethan lifted her into his arms and carried her back to the bedroom.

“Sleep now, babe. I love you,” he said close to her ear. He lowered her onto the bed and wrapped his strong arm around her middle to hold her close. Caleb lay beside her, and she reached out a hand, careful to avoid the bruises that still marred his beautiful chest. He saw her hesitation and, grasping her hand in his own, lifted her knuckles to his mouth.

“I’m okay, sweetheart,” he said.

“Your job is so dangerous,” she said sadly.

“It is,” he agreed, “but we’re well trained, and we work as a team.”

She nodded her understanding.

“How did you get into the building, past the guards, when Wilson started shooting?” she asked. Caleb shook his head, realizing she’d been with her mother most of the day, unaware of the conspiracy unraveling around them.

“When we realized the agents surrounding the building had no idea what Wilson was up to, we took a calculated risk and called Davies. He’s our current boss at the agency and not a big fan of the old management. When he found out Wilson was using company resources for unofficial business, he recalled the men immediately and then assigned a few to us so we could extricate you and your mother. I think Davies hoped to tarnish Wilson’s spotless record, but I

think even he got more than he bargained for. The gynecologist has been very helpful.” He grinned. “Now you can answer a question for me. How did you know bullets were about to fly?”

“Ah.” She squirmed uncomfortably. “I was reacting to a vision I saw.”

“You’re a precog as well?” Ethan asked from behind her, his amazement clear in his voice. She shrugged her shoulders, a little embarrassed.

“I saw a group of agents bursting through the door and Wilson using an Uzi to mow them down. I already had the straps undone, so I ran over to Lydia’s bed, but when I tried to protect her, I accidentally tipped the bed over.”

“Babe, you saved our lives,” Ethan said, his voice sounding tight. “We were the first through the door, and not even a flak jacket can protect us from a hail of bullets. You had his attention when we came through the door. You saved our lives. Saved your mother’s life too.”

“Except for the near fatal knock on her head,” she said, shivering.

“You did what you needed to do. You followed your instincts and saved a lot of lives,” Caleb said reverently. Leaning forward, he kissed her tenderly. “Thank you.”

Theresa warmed at their words, pleased she’d earned their respect.

“So what now?” Ethan asked. “Do you go back to computer programming?”

She actually shuddered at the thought. At one time, the challenge computers presented to her had been enough. It had been safe, an easy way to ignore the rest of the world, live in solitude, and hide her differences.

“I think that’s a no.” Caleb laughed.

“A definite no,” she confirmed, smiling.

“So what now?” Ethan asked again.

“I don’t know,” she answered slowly. “I just know I can’t go back to being that person.”

“So you’re not pining away for all you’ve lost?” Caleb asked her, his gaze intent.

“Hell no,” she answered fervently.

“Well, would you consider staying here,” he said, his voice sounding nervous, “as our wife?”

“You want to marry me? Both of you?” She twisted to see Ethan’s smiling face.

“Yes, babe, both of us.” He grinned happily.

“Well there won’t be a piece of paper, but we’ll be married in our hearts,” Caleb explained.

“Say yes,” Ethan crooned in her ear. “Stay here, love us, have our babies.”

Theresa pushed herself to a sitting position so that she could look at both of them.

“Yes,” she said simply.

Epilogue

The rock exploded against the target. Today, Theresa worked with one of the agents, a pretty blonde woman by the name of Sandra, whose own telekinetic abilities were quite impressive.

Theresa's husbands insisted she learn self-defense, and she'd been such a quick study that she'd come to the attention of the head of the agency, Davies. Earlier today, he'd asked her to join them, pointing out the delicious irony of a child created by the rogues growing up to fight the threat, not become it.

She'd told him she would discuss it with Ethan and Caleb, secretly thrilled she'd be able to join them in the field. Although, with Caleb's recent promotion, both he and Ethan would be in the field less and at home more. She was uncertain what their reaction would be to her joining the agency as well. They'd discussed having children but had decided to wait a few years, so a few years in the field would fit in nicely. She hoped her husbands would be as thrilled for her as she felt.

She smiled to herself as she sent another rock flying at the target with nothing more than her mind and a point of her finger. Life just got better and better. She was deeply in love with two incredible men who loved her just as strongly, and her abilities kept growing as her strength and accuracy improved every day.

She felt their presence as they entered the building, Caleb talking to her telepathically even as she thanked Sandra for her training.

"Sweetheart, are you finished?" he asked in a subdued tone.

"Just packing up now. I'll meet you at your office." She smiled happily as she gathered her things and waved goodbye to Sandra.

She felt the emotion even before she walked in the door. Caleb sat at the desk, and Ethan leaned against the front, arms folded against his chest, legs crossed at the ankles.

“What is it?” she asked, suddenly concerned by the unusual emotions flying around the room.

Ethan stepped forward and pulled her into his embrace as Caleb rounded the desk to stand in front of her.

“We’ve got a lead on a man we think is probably your brother.” She’d known she had at least a brother and three sisters out there somewhere. They’d discovered that tidbit of information while they were sifting through the files they’d found in Wilson’s house. His records showed five of the children, born to couples impregnated by the phony fertility clinic, had been stolen at a young age. She’d been dropped on the doorstep of an orphanage, and the whereabouts of the others was still unknown.

They’d found enough evidence to suggest Wilson’s wife had been the abductor, spiriting the children away into the general population and out of her husband’s control. They’d reexamined his wife’s death when they realized Wilson had probably killed her to stop her meddling.

“A lead? That’s good news isn’t it?” she asked, still thrown by their collective mood.

Ethan nodded his head in agreement. “Yes, babe, that’s the good news.”

“The bad news is that we found your sister.” Theresa shook her head, confused why that would be the bad news. “Problem is she’s almost as gifted as you are, and she injured a couple of agents and escaped. We’re trying to track her down again, but it looks like we’re going to need your help on this.”

She grinned as her excitement bubbled over. Yep, life kept getting better and better.

THE END

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Abby Blake prefers to read or write romance over just about everything else—except maybe chocolate. Most days she can be found hurrying to do what needs to be done so that she can curl up with her laptop and her latest bunch of heroes.

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