

SIREN  
Publishing

*Ménage Everlasting*

ABBY  
BLAKE

Runner

Altered Destinies 2



## Altered Destinies 2

### Runner

Dana Michaels knew from a very early age that something about her was different. After an abduction attempt a few years ago, she understands just how different she really is. Now she lives her life on the run, ready to up and leave at a moment's notice.

Peter Nash is just trying to do his job, but when he meets the person he is assigned to protect he discovers Dana is the woman he and his brother, John, have been waiting for. Dinner leads to an undeniable attraction, an attraction that becomes overwhelming when Dana discovers that empaths can also have a link to each other's sexual desire.

Terrified by the instant emotional connection, Dana wants to run, but when Peter and John's sister is mistaken for Dana and abducted, Dana must choose between the life she's always lived or the future she never expected.

Note: Each book in the Altered Destinies series is a stand-alone and can be read out of sequence.

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

**Length:** 21,569 words

**RUNNER**

*Altered Destinies 2*

**Abby Blake**

**MENAGE EVERLASTING**



**Siren Publishing, Inc.**  
**[www.SirenPublishing.com](http://www.SirenPublishing.com)**

**ABOUT THE E-BOOK YOU HAVE PURCHASED:**

Your non-refundable purchase of this e-book allows you to only ONE LEGAL copy for your own personal reading on your own personal computer or device. **You do not have resell or distribution rights without the prior written permission of both the publisher and the copyright owner of this book.** This book cannot be copied in any format, sold, or otherwise transferred from your computer to another through upload to a file sharing peer to peer program, for free or for a fee, or as a prize in any contest. Such action is illegal and in violation of the U.S. Copyright Law. Distribution of this e-book, in whole or in part, online, offline, in print or in any way or any other method currently known or yet to be invented, is forbidden. If you do not want this book anymore, you must delete it from your computer.

WARNING: The unauthorized reproduction or distribution of this copyrighted work is illegal. Criminal copyright infringement, including infringement without monetary gain, is investigated by the FBI and is punishable by up to 5 years in federal prison and a fine of \$250,000.

If you find a Siren-BookStrand e-book being sold or shared illegally, please let us know at **[legal@sirenbookstrand.com](mailto:legal@sirenbookstrand.com)**

**A SIREN PUBLISHING BOOK**

IMPRINT: Ménage Everlasting

RUNNER

Copyright © 2011 by Abby Blake

E-book ISBN: 1-61034-385-9

First E-book Publication: April 2011

Cover design by *Les Byerley*

All cover art and logo copyright © 2011 by Siren Publishing, Inc.

**ALL RIGHTS RESERVED:** This literary work may not be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, including electronic or photographic reproduction, in whole or in part, without express written permission.

All characters and events in this book are fictitious. Any resemblance to actual persons living or dead is strictly coincidental.

**PUBLISHER**

Siren Publishing, Inc.

[www.SirenPublishing.com](http://www.SirenPublishing.com)

## **Letter to Readers**

Dear Readers,

If you have purchased this copy of *Runner* by Abby Blake from BookStrand.com or its official distributors, thank you. Also, thank you for not sharing your copy of this book.

### **Regarding E-book Piracy**

This book is copyrighted intellectual property. No other individual or group has resale rights, auction rights, membership rights, sharing rights, or any kind of rights to sell or to give away a copy of this book.

The author and the publisher work very hard to bring our paying readers high-quality reading entertainment.

This is Abby Blake's livelihood. It's fair and simple. Please respect Ms. Blake's right to earn a living from her work.

Amanda Hilton, Publisher  
[www.SirenPublishing.com](http://www.SirenPublishing.com)  
[www.BookStrand.com](http://www.BookStrand.com)

# DEDICATION

For Rusty

# **RUNNER**

## *Altered Destinies 2*

**ABBY BLAKE**

**Copyright © 2011**

### **Prologue**

Shit! She hadn't meant to hurt them, but they'd given her little choice.

Anger grabbed her chest, squeezing painfully, as sweat trickled into her eyes. She brushed the damp strands of hair away from her face, trying to control her breathing, trying to stay in control of her emotions as she ran along the street. She'd been running from goons like them all her life, and she wasn't about to go quietly now, no matter how reasonable their request sounded.

These two men had been working to convince her that they knew her mother—such a cruel and seductive ploy to trap an orphan—but she'd been lied to before. The first time she'd gone willingly, only to find herself handcuffed to a bed, awaiting transfer to wherever the hell they were going to do their “tests.”

That was the first time her telekinesis had manifested. She'd been so frightened, so angry, and really, really pissed at herself for believing them in the first place that things had starting moving around the room on their own. At first, she'd cringed in fear, unsure who was flinging the contents about, but then she'd slowly realized that while everyone else was ducking for cover, the makeshift missiles were flowing around her. She'd concentrated on the



handcuffs, visualizing them snapping in half, and incredibly, the chain links had broken. She'd leapt off the bed and made her escape, running terrified for more than an hour. Later she'd figured out how to use her gift to unlock the damn things.

But right now she ran faster and then ducked into a doorway, out of sight, stopping to use her abilities to search for pursuers. She wasn't breathing too heavily, thanks to a strict daily regime of good eating and exercise. She'd long ago realized the wisdom of healthy living for someone constantly on the run.

Damn, she thought, disappointment rolling through her, she'd liked being Vanessa Harris. So much for that pseudonym.

She stepped back onto the street, jogging now. To the casual observer, she was just another fitness fanatic following her daily routine. She headed toward the train station, the key to her locker tucked safely into the lining of her jogging shoes, the only shoes she ever wore. Time for a new identity. Maybe this time she could be Dana again. She sighed. It had been such a long time since she'd used her own name.

## Chapter One

Theresa sat on the edge of her husband's desk listening intently to the verbal report on the current whereabouts of her sister. They'd found Dana three months ago, but she'd used her abilities to escape the agents, disappearing again into the anonymous faces of the crowd.

Both agents had been injured, neither seriously, but The Agency had asked Theresa to help, hoping her looks, so similar to Dana, might convince her to stop running and accept their protection. They also had someone here she might want to meet—her mother.

Theresa had been thrilled to be included in an official capacity. Her husbands, Ethan and Caleb, kept her informed as they searched for her siblings. They knew of at least three sisters and one brother who had been created by a rogue scientist determined to build a superior race of humans. The information about them had been difficult to come by, but finding them was beginning to seem hopeless.

"We think we may have found her, ironically, hiding in plain sight, working as a receptionist. She's using the name Dana Michaels now." Caleb sought out Theresa's eyes. "We've told the agents to hold back until we can get there."

He placed several eight-by-ten photos on the desk. They were a little blurry, taken at a distance and then printed quite large, but the familial resemblance was unmistakable. Theresa ran her fingertips over the woman's face in the photo. Her family had grown considerably larger in the last five months. They'd located her mother and rescued her from a rogue agent, and then Theresa had married Ethan and Caleb. She still marveled at how so many of The Agency's

employees had easily accepted her unusual marriage, but, she supposed, with so many of the people who worked here having skills believed only as fiction, then an unconventional marriage probably wasn't that much of a stretch.

As the meeting ended, Ethan walked over to her and pulled her into his embrace.

"Ready to go meet your sister, babe?"

"Absolutely."

\* \* \* \*

Dana Michaels answered the telephone using her professional voice. "Welcome to Walton and Sons. How may I direct your call?" God, this job sucked, but it wasn't easy to land a decent position without references, and of course, because Dana Michaels was technically only created three month ago, it was kind of hard to come up with personal references. She just hoped someone in this corporation would discover her "potential" and whisk her away to a much more interesting job. For now, at least it kept a roof over her head and food on the table.

Her bailout plan—her life savings stashed in several train and bus station lockers around the city—had taken a big hit this time, and with a job like this, things weren't going to change in a hurry. She just hoped nobody would find her again for a very long time.

"Dana." Her boss's shrill voice echoed against the tiles as she approached the reception area. "These reports need to be written and on my desk by morning." *Great*, she thought. *Guaranteed this bitch is taking credit for my work.* Far from being a leg up in the company, this woman seemed happy to hold her down, using her as a personal slave, demanding work well above normal receptionist duties.

"Yes, Mrs. Johnson," Dana said dutifully. That was the other thing that sucked. Everyone else in the company went by their first name, even the owners, but not her boss. No, her boss insisted she be

called *Mrs.* Johnson, like being married gave her some kind of special status.

Dana glanced at the clock, absently listening to the woman's heels clacking loudly on the tiles as she waddled away. She wondered briefly if she could use telekinesis to drop the bitch on that fat ass but shook her head at the malicious thought. No, she wouldn't use her abilities, not unless forced to, no matter how much the old hag deserved it.

It was already approaching closing time, but thanks to the pile of paperwork on her desk, she'd be working late again tonight. She turned to her computer, checked her email, and then surfed the Internet for a new job. She'd do the damn reports one more time, and then Dana Michaels was moving on.

\* \* \* \*

Now that she was here, Theresa was getting nervous. How exactly did one approach a long lost sister, advise her she was in danger, and convince her she needed help? If she was the spitfire described in the Agency reports, Theresa decided, one moved very carefully.

Her husbands had suggested she wait until after closing time so fewer people would be around to witness any unusual happenings. They were outside Dana's workplace, positioned strategically, ready to extract Theresa if things went awry.

She loved their protectiveness, knowing they had her back, but she wondered if they'd hover quite so close if she was just another agent.

*"That's an affirmative, agent,"* Caleb said telepathically in her mind. *"Now get your head in the game and concentrate."*

*"Yes, sir,"* she sent back with a smile on her face.

Theresa smoothed her clammy hands against her skirt, used her telekinetic ability to unlock the door, and walked into the reception

area. Dana had her head down, working methodically on her computer, but she glanced up at the sound of approaching footsteps.

\* \* \* \*

Every instinct Dana had ever developed went on red alert. She'd glanced up when she heard footsteps only to find herself virtually looking into a mirror—before she'd bleached her hair. The woman standing in front of her could've been her double, or her twin, or God, even a clone.

"I don't think they're allowed to make human clones," the woman said quietly, a friendly smile on her face.

Dana needed to stall so that she could implement her escape plan. Damn, this was going to hurt her finances. Disappearing again so soon was really going to be a pain.

"Who....who are you?" she asked, feigning confusion.

"I'm your sister, Theresa," the woman said, still smiling.

Dana snorted in disbelief in her mind, but her mouth said, "I'm sorry. You must have me mixed up with someone else. I'm an only child." She turned away as if to go back to work, but then looked up and said politely, her smile as false as her demeanor, "Sorry I couldn't help you."

Dana watched as the woman took a deep breath as if to calm herself.

"Dana, I know you're my sister. Our mother is anxious to meet you, and while you're alone, you're vulnerable. We can protect you. Just come have a coffee with me and I'll explain everything."

Damn, Dana thought, she said "we." She probably had a bunch of goons hanging around outside waiting to grab her.

Theresa laughed quietly.

"No goons, just my husbands."

Momentarily thrown, Dana asked, "Husbands, as in plural?"

"Yep," Theresa answered, "two of them."

“Whoa, you are not dragging me to some hippy commune, lady,” she said, raising her hands in shocked rejection.

“No, Dana. It’s not a commune.” Theresa must’ve realized she had her whole attention now because she tried to explain. “We’re just a group of people, each with skills like yours, trying to counter the rogue terrorist threat and rescue the children who were lost. The lost children—that’d be you and me, Dana. We were created by a rogue scientist using eggs stolen from our mother.”

“You’re kidding. This is some kind of joke, right? There’s a hidden camera or something?” Dana snorted in disbelief.

“Nope, not kidding.” Almost as if she realized Dana was once again thinking of running, Theresa backed off.

“Okay, how about you go on with your life here, and we’ll protect you from a distance? Would that suit you better?”

“I can protect myself,” Dana said, anger growing in her now. “How would you protect me anyway? You’re the people I need protection from.”

Suddenly Dana couldn’t move. Her arms felt pinned to her sides, her legs heavy and numb.

“Don’t even *think* of doing that,” Theresa ordered angrily. “I will not allow you to endanger yourself anymore. We are going to protect you, dear sister, whether you like it or not.” She turned toward the exit but turned back to deliver parting words. “And if you ever try throwing furniture at me again you will very much regret it.”

*Again?* Dana thought. *I didn’t get a chance this time.*

She heard a very masculine chuckle in her head. “*Looks like you two have more in common than we thought. Welcome to the family,*” the voice said.

\* \* \* \*

Theresa stomped out the door, angrier than she'd been in a very long time. The woman was a bitch. How on earth could they share DNA?

Strong arms wrapped around her middle, pulling her back against a hard chest.

"Don't worry, babe. It'll work out. We'll get some agents on it and keep her under surveillance. If any of the rogues approach her, we'll know about it, and she'll be protected," Ethan said.

"I know she'll be safe. I just wish it was easier." Ethan pulled her tighter and chuckled quietly.

"Trust me, babe. When it comes to siblings, nothing is easy."

## Chapter Two

Dana tried running. They'd followed her, keeping their distance, never actually approaching her, but she felt them. They worked in shifts, and she'd picked up at least seven different personalities, one of them being her so-called sister.

When running hadn't worked, she'd gone back to her job, figuring she may as well earn money while she decided what to do next.

"Those reports are two days late," her boss informed her shrilly.

"Sorry, Mrs. Johnson," *you old hag*, "but I have been away sick for a couple of days." *As if you didn't know.*

The older woman grunted her disapproval. Apparently, illness was not an acceptable reason for tardy reports.

"On my desk by this afternoon. No excuses."

"Yes, ma'am," *and a happy fucking day to you, too.*

Dana heard female laughter in her mind.

"*Get out of my head,*" she ordered halfheartedly, secretly pleased she could share her unspoken thoughts with someone.

"*Why would I do that when listening in is so entertaining?*" Sandra asked.

"*Well, listen quietly. I've got work to do,*" Dana grumbled.

The day seemed to drag on, the work getting more boring by the minute. She was feeling restless today, tired of running, tired of living alone, and very tired of hiding. Maybe she should listen to what her so-called sister and friends had to say. It's not like she was completely helpless, and somehow she was beginning to trust them just a little.

"*Hey, Sandra, you still there?*" she called mentally.



*"Of course. Your sister would rip me a new one if I wasn't,"* Sandra said with laughter filling her telepathic voice.

*"Do you want to go get a drink tonight?"* Dana asked, trying to sound casual.

*"That would make it much easier to keep an eye on you, luv,"* came the happy reply. *"Should I bring my partner, or do you want to make it a girls' night?"*

*"The more the merrier, I reckon,"* Dana said happily, feeling lighter than she had in weeks.

The last twenty minutes seemed to take forever to tick over to closing time. She managed to complete Mrs. Johnson's reports in record time, but didn't really care whether they were done correctly. *Let the old bag take credit for that,* she thought grimly. Not really her usual work ethic, but today felt off somehow, like she was waiting for something to change or something better to happen.

Finally closing time came, and she packed up her things and left the building quickly. A car pulled up at the sidewalk where she stood, and the door opened for her to get in.

She hesitated a moment, but then she heard Sandra's familiar voice in her head, *"Come on, luv, we haven't got all night."*

Dana climbed into the backseat as the woman in the front turned to her holding her hand out.

"Nice to finally meet you," she said aloud as they shook hands. "You know who I am. This big guy over here is my brother and Agency partner, Pete Nash," she said, indicating the driver. "Mostly he gets Pete, but feel free to call him Nashy. He so loves it."

Pete rolled his eyes. "Pete will do just fine," he informed her with a broad grin. "Now, where to?"

"I hadn't really thought that far ahead," Dana said. "Maybe somewhere we can grab some food as well as a few drinks?"

"I know just the place."

A few minutes later, they pulled up in a parking lot opposite a row of small restaurants.

“Italian, Chinese, or Mexican?” he asked as they stepped out of the car.

“Hmmm...Chinese sounds pretty good. Okay with you, Sandra?”

Sandra nodded her enthusiasm. “I haven’t enjoyed sate pork for ages.”

Pete reached over, grasping Dana’s hand lightly with his own as they crossed the road. She looked at him questioningly.

“Just keeping you safe,” he explained with a huge grin on his face. He indicated Sandra with a tilt of his head. “She’s not the only one afraid of your sister.”

Dana pulled her hand from his as soon as they made it across the traffic, confused by the heat pulsing through her body. She’d felt the same heat when she’d shaken hands with Sandra as well. Maybe it was something to do with their abilities.

*“Or maybe you’ve finally found a reason to stop running,”* Sandra said quietly in her head.

Dana pretended to ignore that. After all, she had no idea how to respond.

The waiter showed them to a table, gave them all menus, and promptly disappeared. Dana maneuvered herself into the booth seat, grateful when both Sandra and Pete took the seat opposite. Too late she realized she had no reason not to look at them now.

Pete really was a hunk, just like Sandra had said. He was tall, very tall, maybe three or four inches above her own six foot. He had a handsome face with a broad smile and sparkling blue eyes and lips that just seemed made for kissing.

Sandra was just as attractive. She was probably five eight, five nine, so even though she seemed short compared to herself and Pete, Sandra was also quite tall. She had beautiful blonde hair currently pulled back into a tight braid running down her spine.

Dana shivered, trying to shake off her current train of thought. What was wrong with her tonight? She’d didn’t do the friendship thing, had never had a close female friend, and she’d never been

physically attracted to anyone, so why was she lusting after Pete Nash and hoping to be BFFs with Sandra? Geez, she really was losing it.

*“That’s the way it works with empaths, luv. We know our mates the moment we meet them.”* Sandra’s quiet telepathic voice was both comforting and disturbing at the same time.

Mate?

Realizing they both seemed to be listening in to every embarrassing thought in her head, Dana quickly started babbling on about the food. “I like the looks of what that guy’s having. Some sort of beef dish I think.” She moved uncomfortably in her seat, trying to quell the tingling between her thighs. “Maybe we should order drinks,” she piped up hopefully. “I could really use something cold about now.”

*“Relax, Dana,”* Pete ordered in a mental whisper, *“I’m not about to jump your bones.”* He laughed quietly and then added, *“At least, not while I’m on duty.”*

Glancing around the restaurant, Dana realized she really had little choice but to relax. Pete and Sandra were going to hear every thought in her head whether she wanted them to or not, and thinking about how aroused and confused she felt would only make things worse.

“Okay, so let’s talk about something else,” she suggested, noticing the relief on Pete’s face. “How did you end up working for my sister?”

“We don’t exactly work for your sister.” Sandra smiled and winked. “Ethan and Caleb—they’re top level agents—found Theresa five or six months ago just as she was being abducted by the terrorist they’d been chasing. They managed to save her, and that’s when they found your mother.”

Pete reached over and pulled Dana’s hand into his own. He ran his thumb over her skin as he said, “She’d been held against her will for the last thirty years. Those mongrels had been harvesting her eggs, creating babies without her consent.”

“Held prisoner for thirty years? My God, is the woman still sane? How does someone recover from that?” Dana asked, horrified.

“She recovers by finding the children they stole from her,” Pete said slowly, emphasizing each word.

“Your sister just wants to make sure you’re all safe,” Sandra confirmed. “So do we.”

“All of us? How many siblings do I have?” Dana asked, feeling a whole lot off balance now.

“Four we know of,” Sandra told her. “There’s Theresa, a brother about your age, and two younger sisters. We’re still trying to track others down.”

Feeling uncharacteristically emotional, Dana dug deep, looking for the anger that had kept her alive so far, but she couldn’t find it. In its place a little voice sang happily, rejoicing for a family she didn’t yet know.

“It’s okay,” Pete said, squeezing her hand. “It’s all going to work out. You can trust us to keep you safe.”

“But who’s going to keep me safe from you?”

Pete and Sandra looked at each other in puzzlement until they must’ve felt the arousal emanating off Dana in waves. Pete shifted uncomfortably, a smile spreading across his face.

“You keep thinking thoughts like that and we are going to attract a whole lot of attention,” he warned, running his hand under the table and gently rubbing her knee.

“*Behave, you two. Dinner first.*” Sandra laughed in their heads.

The rest of the meal passed with pleasant conversation, and Dana somehow made it through without thinking again how much she wanted to touch Pete’s engorged cock or stick her tongue in his mouth.

As they wandered back to the car, one hunger sated, Pete held her hand, rubbing little circles over her knuckles.

“Come back to our hotel with us,” he suggested quietly. “It’s so much easier to keep an eye on you when you’re actually in the same room.”

“I’m not so sure that’s such a good idea,” she said hesitantly.

“What have you got to lose?” Sandra suggested.

The thought zinged through Dana’s head before she had a chance to squash it. Pete stiffened in surprise, but Sandra smiled and said, “Luv, if you’re happy being a twenty-eight-year-old virgin, then Pete will respect that, but it would still be easier to keep an eye on you at the hotel.”

After only a moment of indecision, Dana nodded and then climbed in the back seat of the car. She couldn’t guess where her life might be headed, but being alone no longer worked for her. Maybe it was time to explore new avenues.

## Chapter Three

The hotel they were staying at seemed quite classy, and she looked at them in surprise. Pete slung his arm casually over her shoulders, holding her close to his body.

“Expense account,” he said with a wink.

“Actually,” Sandra clarified, “our brother, John—he’s an accountant—is in town on business, and his company is paying for the suite.”

A feeling niggled at the back of Dana’s brain. Pete was hiding something, holding back information, and she wanted to know what.

“What aren’t you telling me?” Dana asked, her natural suspicion rising to the surface.

“What he’s leaving out is that he’s wildly attracted to you, and thanks to our telepathic and empathic links, I can feel it, too,” Sandra said, eyeing them both, daring Pete to deny it.

“She’s right. I’ve spent all night wanting to suck on those gorgeous breasts, tongue-fuck your pussy, and then sink my cock deep into your body,” Pete said as he released Dana and walked to the other side of the room, away from both of them. Dana didn’t know what to say or how to react. Heat snaked through her, the delicious thrill as much from his actions as from his words. Is this what it felt like to truly want someone? Pete seemed to take a moment to calm himself, drawing a deep breath and closing his eyes.

“How about we play some cards,” Sandra suggested, indicating the table and chairs in the corner. “I’ve got a deck in my suitcase.”

Pete just nodded, his eyes still closed.

Sandra quickly found the cards and returned to the table, shuffled and spilt the deck and shuffled again.

“What should we play?” she asked Dana and Pete as they both joined her at the table.

“I only know Texas Hold’em,” Dana said, a little embarrassed to admit it out loud. She’d taught herself to play on the Internet, never having bothered to make friends close enough to consider actual card games.

“Well, Texas Hold’em it is,” Pete said as he dealt out the cards.

They played for a couple of hours, chatting about inconsequential stuff, happily one-upping each other with friendly taunts and sassy smiles. Dana sat back, realizing she’d never had so much fun. Never, ever. It was a rather depressing thought, considering it was just a stupid card game.

Pete’s large, warm hand moved over her shoulder, massaging the tense muscles in her neck.

“Just live in the moment. Don’t overthink it,” he said with genuine-sounding concern thickening his voice. Her head fell forward as Pete’s strong fingers massaged muscles that had been tense for years.

“Why don’t you go have a shower,” Sandra suggested. “I’ve got to check in with the agents who come on duty in a few minutes.”

Dana glanced at her watch, surprised it was already nearly ten o’clock. She’d been having so much fun she hadn’t even noticed the passage of time. Sandra dialed her phone, quickly filed her report for the night, and explained Dana’s whereabouts to the next agents to come on duty.

“Okay, all set,” she said as she handed Dana what appeared to be a set of women’s pajamas. “The next watch is on duty, so Pete can relax and enjoy your company. Go have a shower, luv. I’m just going to check when John will be here.”

Dana did as instructed, unsure why she’d decided to follow directives now, but a hot shower sounded heavenly on her tired

muscles. While she stood under the spray, she thought over the things Sandra and Pete had said about her attraction to Pete. She'd been really surprised by the fact that she wanted him. She'd never had the time or the energy to form relationships. Knowing she might have to disappear overnight usually robbed her of the opportunity to explore her sexuality fully.

She understood the mechanics, and she'd done a little self-exploration over the years, interested in experiencing orgasm, but she'd never given her body or herself over to another person. Her knees had gone weak at Pete's admission that he wanted to tongue-fuck her. She'd often wondered what that would be like, whether it was as much fun as it sounded or something better left to imagination. Now she had a chance to find out, but did she have the courage to take it?

She imagined what it would be like to have Pete suck on her breasts, dragging his tongue over her stiff nipples. How his hand would dip lower and tangle in the nest of curls hiding her most sensitive areas and then open her wide as he pushed his fingers deep into her body, preparing her for him. She wondered what it would be like to take his engorged cock into her mouth, how it would feel with him pumping into her throat, to taste his essence on her tongue.

The shower door opened suddenly, and Pete stood there, fully clothed, panting, his eyes glassy with desire.

"Sweetheart, you need to stop thinking things like that or we are going to do more than sleep tonight."

"What if I've decided I don't want to sleep tonight?"

He seemed startled for a moment, but then a wide grin spread across his face.

"Well, in that case, shall I join you in the shower, or are you ready for bed?" he asked as he casually started undoing the buttons on his shirt.

Dana brushed his fingers aside and unbuttoned the shirt for him, gradually revealing his strong pectoral muscles and then lower to his



washboard abdomen and the line of coarse hair pointing down. She lowered her hands to the snap of his jeans, fumbling for a moment with the clasp until Pete's hands joined hers and pulled the metal fastener apart. Holding her hand in his, he lowered the zipper and his underwear and placed her fingers around his engorged flesh. She dropped her gaze to the cock she held, wondering if the reality of actually giving him a blow job would be anything like her fantasies.

Pete groaned as he urged her to her knees, a plea on his face for her to follow through on her thoughts. She licked her lips, her excitement ratcheting higher as she grasped his cock tighter in her fist and licked at the small drop of liquid glistening at its tip.

Pete tangled his hands in her hair, massaging her scalp and urging her on. She opened, wrapping her lips around the head of his cock, guiding him into her mouth and then sucking him in further. Pete groaned again as he pushed his cock deeper. Dana swallowed against the urge to gag as he touched the back of her throat. Pete's hands tightened on her head.

"Oh God, sweetheart, please do that again," he rumbled.

She took him deeper and swallowed again.

Pete groaned and gripped her head harder, holding her still as he pumped his cock steadily into her mouth, seemingly unable to control the rampaging desire coursing through him. Dana could feel his excitement, so she braced her hands against his thighs and relaxed her muscles, urging him on, swallowing each time he hit the back of her throat.

She sensed his arousal winding tighter, felt the muscles in his legs grow taut and the fingers in her hair grip her harder, much harder.

Without warning, Pete pulled out of her mouth, his hand grabbing hers and wrapping it around his cock. He pumped her hand over his cock once, twice, and then he groaned loudly as his cum spilled onto her chest.

She felt the slippery jets of fluid as they hit her skin, marveling at how hot they felt. She gasped for air as the reaction to this intimacy

rolled through her. Never had she felt more powerful, more in control at the same time that she felt completely overwhelmed.

After a moment, Pete helped her to her feet, rubbing his lips against hers as he guided her back under the shower spray and managed to untangle his jeans from around his ankles. Stepping in behind her, Pete kissed her neck, her ear, and then nibbled little kisses across her shoulders. He smoothed his hands up her belly and cupped her breasts, his thumbs finding the sensitive peaks that begged for his attention. He tormented them, grazing over the hard buds again and again as Dana's legs threatened to give out and dump her on the floor.

Pete pressed her tightly against him, his reenergized erection pressing hard against her ass. His hands dipped lower, tangling in the curls hiding her clit, rolling gently around the swollen nub and then pressing lower still to sample the cream pulsing from her pussy.

A sound filled the shower, bouncing off the tiles, at once familiar and foreign to her ears. It took a moment to realize it was her own voice moaning her excitement and her impatience, her sudden desperation to be completely claimed by this man setting off delicious eddies of heat around her groin.

Dana cried out, overwhelming arousal flooding her body, her pussy creaming, filling the air with her excitement. Pete gripped a breast in one hand, worrying the nipple with his nail as he plunged a finger into her swollen pussy and rhythmically rubbed her clit with his thumb.

Sensation gripped her, her muscles coiling tight, narrowing her focus to only this man, this moment, this emotion. She panted in shallow breaths, gasping for air, aiming for ecstasy.

Her orgasm hit her with such violence Pete widened his stance to hold them steady. On and on, over and over, wave after wave of liquid heat surged through her body, overwhelming her senses, shocking her with her own reaction.

Pete held her as her body convulsed. She could feel everything he felt, hear everything he thought. Amazed they could have such an

instant connection, she sighed as he soothed her overwrought body with gentle strokes and loving kisses. Slowly, Dana recovered, her arms feeling less like jelly, her wobbly legs trying to find the strength to hold her up.

She heard a happy laugh on the other side of the door and then Sandra warned in a singsong voice, "John is stepping off the elevator."

*"Somebody want to explain to me why I'm getting harder the closer I get to the rooms?"* The deep voice sounded so similar to Pete's that for a moment Dana couldn't understand where it was coming from.

"That's John," Pete whispered and pulled her closer. "He can feel everything I feel."

"What?" she yelped in a hoarse whisper, trying to wrap her head around this new information.

"It's just something that's always happened. John and I have always been pretty close, but even I'm surprised by how strong the connection is this time. We can't usually sense arousal so strongly, but I usually know where he is and what he's thinking."

Embarrassed beyond belief, Dana tried to step out of the shower, her legs failing her as she moved to pull from Pete's arms. He wouldn't release her, so when he lifted her into his arms, Dana hid her face against his neck, the warmth of his skin doing nothing to cool the heat of her cheeks. Her body buzzed with energy, liquid warmth flooding her veins as she remembered how skillfully he'd coaxed her body into orgasm.

Lowering her feet to the tiles, he held her steady until she could stand on her own and then grabbed a large white towel and began to wipe her down. He chuckled as he dried her. Curious about the reason Dana used her hand to lift his face to hers and stared into his eyes until he must've felt her irritation. He tried to explain.

"I was just thinking it's about time John knew what it felt like." He chuckled again as he heard John's low growl in her head. "I've

lost count of the times I've had to leave the hotel because John had company."

Concern for John's unrequited lust burned through her mind until Pete whispered, "Would you like to meet him?" When she nodded, Pete smiled wickedly and asked the question that made her blush all over, "Dressed or undressed?"

She smacked him playfully on the shoulder, hoping that he was only joking but also intrigued by the idea. She'd never had time for one lover, what would she do with two? John's deep chuckle sounded in her head again and then wild images of what the three of them could do together ran through her head like a movie. Grinning wickedly, Pete wrapped her in the towel, tucking the end into the front to secure it, and dipped his fingers a little lower to graze her tingling nipples.

He released her just long enough to wrap a towel around his own hips and then bent and hoisted her up, carrying her over his shoulder caveman style. He opened the bathroom door and walked through the common area toward his bedroom, swatting her backside as she wriggled against him.

"Stay still," he growled, "or I'll spread you out on the couch and tongue-fuck you in front of John."

Dana squirmed again, strangely aroused by the thought of being watched. She heard a man groan just as the door opened and a younger, slightly shorter version of Pete entered the room with a broad smile stretched across his face. He grinned wickedly at Dana and Pete and the door closed with a loud bang as he kicked it closed behind him.

"In case you weren't sure, this is my brother, John," Pete said as he lowered her to her feet. She held her hand out to offer a friendly shake, but the moment John's skin touched hers electricity zipped through her and she could barely breath. John looked as shocked as she felt but stepped forward and pulled her into his arms. She hugged

him back, feeling the same strange connection she'd felt with Pete the first time they'd touched.

"What is this?" she asked angrily. Dana tried to step away, but John held her tight and wouldn't let her move. She didn't like feeling trapped or confused or overwhelmingly aroused by two men who were essentially strangers. She glared at them both, but they just smiled serenely like they knew something she didn't. Shit, considering she didn't know what the hell was happening, they probably did know something she didn't. "Explain what the fuck is going on. How are you doing this?" She wanted to stamp her foot, but without shoes it seemed a little pointless.

"That is my cue to leave the room," Sandra muttered as she turned to do just that. Concerned that she'd upset Sandra by yelling at the woman's brothers even though said brothers deserved it, Dana glanced at the men as Sandra entered one of the bedrooms. "Is she okay?" Dana asked feeling a little guilty. She didn't want to upset Sandra, she just wanted answers.

"She's fine," Pete said with a grin. "She just senses the same thing we do."

"Senses what?" Dana asked, trying to figure out how she could still be attracted to both men when she was angry enough to make the furniture shake with her telekinesis.

"That you're the one," John said as he lowered his face to nuzzle her neck. She looked over her shoulder at Pete, hoping that he would explain.

"This is just the way it works with empaths," Pete said as he pressed up against her back, sandwiching her between him and his brother. "We know our perfect match when we find her."

"We?" she squeaked nervously at the same time that liquid warmth traveled her veins.

"I always suspected we'd end up with the same girl," John said as he lowered his head to kiss her briefly, "unless, of course, I can convince you that I'm the better catch."

She laughed at his words, sensing instinctively that he was teasing. There was a strange sense of belonging to these men that she couldn't quite shake. Despite her anger, the independent woman inside her seemed content to overlook that strange thought for the moment. She glanced over her shoulder at Pete again and didn't need to hear his thoughts to know he was pleased that his brother had joined them.

Making a decision she hoped she wouldn't regret in the morning, she tipped her head up to kiss John and then turned to kiss Pete as if it were the most natural thing in the world. Ironically, it really felt like that, and she couldn't wait another moment to claim and be claimed by these men.

John lifted her into his arms, carried her into the bedroom, and lowered her to the bed. Pete unfastened the towel, revealing her body to their gazes. They both stood back admiring the view for a moment, grinning as the combined emotional and sexual heat from all three of them slammed into her. She writhed against the bed, opening her legs, whimpering her need.

"You are so beautiful," Pete said as he lowered his head to her legs, kissing the sensitive skin on the inside of her thighs, running his hands higher, smoothing the soft curls away from her clit, opening her to his questing tongue. His first touch had her squirming against him, trying to move closer, fighting the hold he had on her hips.

John sat on the bed beside her, his fingers tracing a line from her belly to the nipple that strained for his attention. He watched her closely as he toyed with the hard little bud, and she cried out at the intense sensation when he pinched and rolled it between his finger and thumb.

Pete lowered his mouth to her swollen clit, his tongue flicked out again, tasting more, rolling around the swollen nerves. Dana lifted her hips upward, trying to ease the ache, but Pete kept his arm over her pelvis, pinning her to the bed. He pressed his face, his tongue, his teeth, hard against her pussy, her body undulating as she hurtled

toward orgasm. John teased her nipples as Pete fucked her with his mouth, pushing harder, groaning his own excitement, biting, sucking, licking as Dana writhed in sensation.

Together they held her there, at the edge of orgasm, both seeming to enjoy the power, feeding Dana's frantic need. The emotion emanating from the men looped around her, intensifying her own arousal, driving her higher, gripping her in its thrall. Pete swirled his tongue over her clit, flicking the nub back and forth as she bucked wildly in his grip. John pressed her harder against the mattress.

And then, Pete let her free-fall, lavng her with long firm strokes of his tongue as she felt her pussy grabbing at him, trying to suck him closer. Sensation exploded as her orgasm broke over her, wave after wave of intense pleasure coursing through her. He kissed her mound, smoothed his hands over her shaking thighs, gently soothing her, quietly easing her through her wild release. John laved her nipples relaxing her as every muscle seemed to melt from the pleasure.

*"Oh my God, where did you learn to do that?"* Dana sent, even her telepathic voice quivering with her release. She thought she heard a telepathic chuckle just before John's tongue plunged into her pussy.

She gasped for air, dragging at his hair, pulling against Pete's solid grip as John began fucking her with his tongue. A second orgasm gripped her, riding on the heels of her first, pulsing through her veins until she screamed and surrendered to the intense sensation. Every muscle shook with release until, breathing hard, she finally lay still, feeling completely exhausted.

She heard Pete's quiet laugh of satisfaction as he wrapped an arm around her waist and pulled her further up the bed. He lay on his back and pulled her head onto his shoulder so she could snuggle against him, replete, satisfied and very, very tired. John curled up behind her, his hard cock resting against her ass cheeks as he whispered for her to rest.

\* \* \* \*

Several hours later, Dana woke slowly as she felt her legs nudged apart, strong fingers pressing against her dripping pussy, easing into her gently. John pressed his hard cock against her lips, and she opened to taste him, laving the head like ice cream before sucking him deep into her mouth.

Pete dipped his head to taste her again, laving his tongue around her swollen clit, her hips moving instinctively, rotating her ass against the bed, as she sucked harder on the cock in her mouth. Pete's strong tongue pushed into her pussy, spreading apart the folds, his hand finding her clit and worrying it gently, pulling, pinching with fingers slippery from her arousal. Sensation bloomed inside her, her legs tensing, exquisite desire coiling her muscles. Higher he pushed her, her blood throbbing in her ears, heartbeat pounding in her brain, heat flooding every part of her body. John began to fuck her mouth, his movements becoming more urgent, more needy.

Dana's muscles began to quiver, her breath caught, her spine bowed. Her legs pushed against the bed, trying to lift her, trying to ease the overwhelming sensations, and still Pete pushed her higher, making every muscle tense, every nerve ending ache, every breath catch.

And then she felt it, the heat coursing through her veins, the muscles shaking violently as she moaned her release, pushing deeper into the bed, wave after wave of pleasure pulsing down her body. John pumped into her one more time and then held still as his seed flooded her mouth and she swallowed the salty warmth. Dana suckled his cock clean as he groaned quietly. Finally she released him from her hold and then closed her eyes, a smile spreading across her face, a sense of peacefulness invading her exhausted body.

As she snuggled sleepily against John's warm body, Dana marveled at how different her life was right now compared to just a few hours ago. She actually felt connected to John as well as Pete, an emotional bond forming between the three of them, a feeling unlike



anything Dana had experienced before in her fractured life on the run. She'd barely met John, but somehow she knew him and Pete more intimately, emotionally as well as physically, than any other person she'd ever met.

They'd found a way past her emotional armor and into her head and her heart—literally, thanks to their abilities, and figuratively because of their caring. She was well on her way to loving them both, but she quickly squashed that thought, lest they hear in her mind something she was not ready to share.

Hot on the heels of that thought was another that made her laugh out loud. Pete's attention was drawn to her by the noise.

"That's right," he agreed. "After everything we just shared, you, my sweet thing, are still technically a virgin." He rolled her toward him, pressing his growing arousal into her soft belly. "Lucky for you," he said, devilment dancing in his eyes. "We know just how to fix that."

She giggled softly, loving the feel of being pressed between the brothers, and the rightness of the way they fit together. Pete kissed her lips, sucked them gently, and then pushed his tongue into her mouth, slowly exploring the moist recess. She gasped in surprise when he pushed her onto her back and threatened to spank her if she moved. He left the room for a few moments, and John pulled her against him and kissed her hard. Pete returned quickly, lifted her into his arms and lay her face down on the towel John spread across the middle of the mattress.

"Relax, sweetheart, we're going to make you feel good."

She felt the bed dip as Pete climbed onto one side and John moved to the other. Firm hands massaged fragrant oil into her shoulders, her spine, smoothing down her ass, rubbing her thighs, her calf muscles and her feet. One of them paid special attention to her bottom, rubbing the globes affectionately, lifting them in his hands, separating her, exposing her puckered anus. He blew a stream of warm air against the dark entrance, making her muscles quiver and tighten.

Dana's body melted into the mattress the same time her arousal rose higher, their gentle ministrations leaving warm tingles and pulsing need coursing through her.

"Okay, sweetheart, roll over so we can do the front," Pete whispered into her ear, softly nipping the earlobe with his teeth.

Again strong hands roamed over her body, relaxing her, infusing her with calm, her skin tingling all over. John massaged her breasts, playing with the nipples, teasing them to aching life. He dipped his head to suck one into his mouth, gently biting and soothing it with his tongue. Dana's body lifted off the bed, her back arching against John's mouth, pressing her nipple deeper, encouraging him to suck harder.

Pete massaged her legs, running his hands up her thighs, pushing her legs wider. His fingers tangled in the coarse hair, separating her folds. She felt her clit swell again with need and her cream glide down her swollen labia. Pete blew air onto the moist skin, and Dana raised her hips off the bed in delight.

Lifting her legs over his shoulders, Pete dipped his tongue into her pussy, and then ran it over her swollen clit, flicking harder as she moaned her need. He tongue fucked her, licking her labia, spreading the cream, nibbling, biting, sucking as she writhed in sensual agony. Dana shook, her pussy muscles grabbing, clenching against nothing.

Her blood roared as she felt Pete move up the bed and position the head of his cock at her entrance, stretching her carefully, moving in slowly, pushing her arousal to boiling point.

Desperate now for his full possession, Dana grabbed his hips, frantically trying to pull him deeper into her body, but John gathered her hands and lifted them over her head. Pete continued plucking her nipple, his other hand smoothing down her stomach to her clit, tangling in the hair, finding the swollen nerves and rubbing rhythmically.

He pushed his cock in further, holding himself away from her. She could feel his desperate need to claim her, to ram his cock in hard and

fast, but he held it in check. He swallowed, groaning loudly as his dick sank further. He moved his hand away from her mound as her entire body began undulating against his.

Slowly he pulled halfway out, pressing back in just as carefully.

Dana flexed her hands in John's hold. She wanted to pull Pete closer, needed to claim more of him. She wanted to dig her fingers into the strong muscles of his ass cheeks to force him deeper.

Pete groaned as he heard her thoughts and lost control. Dana bucked wildly underneath him. He pounded his cock into her again and again, groaning as Dana's release hit her, her mind and body screaming in sensual agony, her pussy grabbing at his cock, her hips pushing harder into the mattress, her fingers frantically grabbing Pete's ass as John finally released his hold.

Pete pumped once more and joined her in bliss. Throwing his head back as his cock jumped and pulsed, spurting cum deep into Dana's body.

Once again they lay there, breathing hard. Pete slowly withdrew his cock from Dana's still throbbing pussy. Kissing her gently, he pulled her into his arms, spooning against her as he soothed her body with his surprisingly gentle hands.

"Did I hurt you?" he asked, concern lacing his voice.

"No," she said, smiling. "It was incredible."

Pete turned her in his arms and kissed her, gently sucking on her lips, his eyes saying more than mere words could express. John climbed off the bed, returning moments later with a wet washcloth, gently cleaning away the evidence of her lost virginity.

John pulled the towel out from under her, as Pete lifted her without actually letting her go, and then pulled the covers up and over their shoulders. Dana wanted to talk, wanted to tell him how incredible she felt, wanted him to know the change he and John had wrought on her unfulfilled life, but exhaustion claimed her, and she slipped into pleasant dreams.

## Chapter Four

“Sweetheart,” a deep voice called. “You need to get up.”

She opened her eyes groggily but slammed them closed again when the sun leaked under her eyelids. A smile curved her lips as John lifted her out of the bed, kissing her as he walked her into the bathroom. She clung sleepily to him as he turned on the shower and pushed her naked body under the spray.

“Sorry, luv,” Sandra said through the door, “but we go on duty in less than an hour, and neither of them will be able to concentrate on their jobs if you’re still naked.”

Dana smiled and nodded even though Sandra would have no way of seeing the movement. Sleepily, Dana let the water run over her eyes and down her face as John held her against him and soaped her down. She could feel his hard cock rubbing against her thigh and for one wicked moment wanted to bend over and ask John to take her from behind.

He chuckled as if he’d heard her wayward thoughts—which he probably did—and turned her to face him. “When I make love to you, sweetness, the first time will be face to face.”

She nodded, unable to take her eyes away from his as his soapy fingers found her clit. She sucked in a harsh breath as he teased the swollen nub. “Face to face,” he promised as he pressed her against the cool tiles and lifted her legs around his waist. She nodded, swallowing hard as he moved his hips, sliding his cock against the slippery folds of her pussy. She moaned as he teased her but didn’t slide inside.

“Please,” she said, not recognizing her own voice as she begged for his possession.

“Are you sore?” he asked, and she sensed his willingness to wait. Nearly panicked that he might pull away, Dana wriggled, managing to partially lower herself onto his cock. He groaned, stared into her eyes a moment, and then pushed deeper.

Intimately connected, he held her gaze as he started to move gently inside her. She wrapped her legs around his waist harder, using her feet to push him closer. He chuckled and thrust a little harder, a little deeper, a little more forcefully. Her breath caught as he did it again and again.

He moved his hands against her ass, one thick finger toying with her anus, pressing against her dark entrance. He whispered all the wicked, thrilling things he wanted to do to her, with her, and then pushed his finger deep into her ass. She groaned as the slight pain morphed into heat and went straight to her clit.

She writhed against him, the aching pleasure rolling through her as he pumped into her pussy harder, faster, his finger wriggling in her ass, setting off an explosion of heat and tipping her into orgasm. He held her close as she shivered against him, liquid warmth rolling up and down her spine as her climax finally slowed.

He pressed her harder against the tile, captured her mouth with his own, and thrust forcefully into her. She thrilled at his possession, his hard cock plunging deeper with every lunge. He growled, nipping at her lips as his whole body shuddered, and she felt his cock pulse with his release.

They stayed like that, still joined, trying to catch their breath. Finally, John lowered her feet to the ground and helped her to shampoo her hair. The bubbles slipped down her back, reminding her of the massage John and Pete had given her last night.

Again a delicious tingle began to radiate outwards from her pussy, her breasts growing heavier as her nipples puckered in delight. Her heart raced as she remembered the feel of Pete’s thick cock pushing into her, claiming her, loving her last night as John held her tight. She imagined the three of them doing it all over again. John groaned and

ran his hands over her ass, obviously pleased with her train of thought.

She opened her eyes to find Pete at the door, a grin spread wide on his face.

“Stop it, or I’ll throw you over my knee and spank that gorgeous ass,” he said, wagging a finger at her. “Hurry up. We’ve got errands to run.”

Curious now, she set aside her arousal as best she could and finished her shower. John dried her down and wrapped the towel around her before kissing her sweetly. Together they walked into the main room and found Sandra rummaging through her suitcase.

“I thought you’d like some fresh clothes. We’ll stop by your place later, but for now, well, we’re about the same size so feel free to help yourself,” she said, indicating the pile of material. Touched and ridiculously grateful for Sandra’s consideration, Dana nodded awkwardly. Sandra walked over and pulled her into a hug.

“Welcome to the family,” she said, sounding very pleased. Dana couldn’t quite stop the memories of how she’d become one of the family running through her brain, and both Pete and John groaned in sensual delight.

“Hold that thought for later, luv.” Sandra winked. “We go on duty soon, and I don’t want to have to explain to your sister why Pete wasn’t doing his job.”

\* \* \* \*

“Can you explain to me how telepathy works?” Dana asked as they finished their breakfast. “I mean, why can you hear every random thought that slips into my head, but I can only hear you when you want me to?”

“Well, most telepaths get their abilities around puberty and, with their families help, learn how to control it, how to block other

people's random thoughts, and how to keep their own thoughts private," Sandra answered.

"You mean I can keep you out of my head?" she asked impulsively.

"With the proper training." Pete nodded.

"The interesting thing with you is somehow you managed to build a block that keeps everyone else out but doesn't keep your thoughts in. I've never heard of it happening before," Sandra said with a smile.

"How did I do that?" Dana asked, confused.

"My best guess is you subconsciously created it as a defense mechanism. Lots of people develop the telepathy overnight, so they need family support to build the block in their mind or go insane. I reckon you probably developed your telepathy gradually, and because you were on the run and holding yourself away from others emotionally anyway, a block built naturally," Pete said, reaching for her hand across the table.

"And I didn't need to block my own thoughts, so no block?" she asked, enjoying the warm security she felt with them both. She hadn't felt safe in a very long time, and it was only now that she was beginning to realize just how much of her energy had been spent trying to stay alert without letting anyone close.

Sandra shrugged. "Most likely, but since you're rather unique, we're really only guessing."

Dana mulled that over for a little while, then another thought occurred to her.

"Are you guys able to move stuff with your mind?"

"Not me," Pete said, smiling, "but Sandra has strong telekinetic abilities." He surprised her when he added, "Not as strong as yours though."

Dana looked at Sandra, who nodded her agreement.

"I can help you learn to control it if you like. I helped your sister when she was first found."

“Really? I think that’s probably a good idea. Last time some goons....er, agents,” she corrected with an apologetic smile, “tried to grab me I hurt them pretty badly. I didn’t mean to hurt anyone, I just wanted to escape.”

Pete wrapped an arm around her shoulders.

“It’s okay, luv. We know both of those agents, and neither of them was seriously injured. They were more embarrassed they underestimated you,” Sandra said with a quiet laugh.

Nodding a little in relief, Dana asked, “So are there any other abilities I should know about?”

“Well your sister has precognitive abilities, so chances are you’ve got them as well, and you seem to be a strong empath, but it wasn’t very well developed until last night,” Pete said, shifting uncomfortably in his seat.

“What does last night have to do with anything?” she asked, her suspicion growing.

“He’s just trying to say, luv, that you and Pete and John shared some incredible emotions last night, and it seems to have heightened your ability to sense others’,” Sandra explained, for some reason making sure she kept Dana’s eye contact. Still a little confused, and now somewhat embarrassed—how much had Sandra heard?—Dana decided to leave further questions about empathic abilities alone for now.

“What are precognitive abilities?” she asked instead.

“A skill that lets you see into the future. Most precogs see about fifteen to forty-five seconds into the future, some a little longer but not many,” Pete explained.

“Well, I’m pretty sure I don’t have that.” She smiled, feeling a little relieved. Too much had happened in the last few days. “But it explains how Theresa knew that I was going to throw furniture at her before I’d even thought about it.”



“That would’ve been interesting to watch,” Pete said, a huge grin on his handsome face. “But at this stage I wouldn’t bet against your sister.”

“So what errands do we need to run on a Saturday?”

“Just one, luv,” Sandra said, a playful glint in her eyes. “Swing by your place and get some stuff so you can spend the rest of the weekend with us.”

“Sandra and I have tomorrow off,” Pete said with a wink, “and John should be back in a couple of hours.”

Tingles shot through her body, memories of last night replaying through her mind.

“Damn,” Pete said on a strangled groan. “Thoughts like that are going to get us all in trouble. Behave yourself, or I won’t be the only one having a tough time sitting.”

Her ass tingled, warmth coursing over her at his sensual threat. A smile spread across her face as he moved in his chair, trying to ease what she suspected was a very hard erection.

\* \* \* \*

Dana glanced at the clock. Only ten more minutes and Sandra and Pete were off duty. She’d spent an agonizing day, remembering everything that happened last night and this morning and wishing for it to happen all over again. But every time the thought crossed her mind, she’d realized the effect she was having on her companions. Pete and Sandra were good agents, dedicated to their job of protecting her, and she’d tried not to interfere with her wayward thoughts or rampant emotions, but she’d failed more than once today. Several times Pete had groaned aloud, begging her to think of other things. John had smiled, knowing he needed to wait for Pete’s shift to be over and Sandra had laughed at all three of them.

Well, in eight more minutes, Dana would stop trying to control herself and start showing Pete and John just how much she wanted them, how much she needed them.

Sandra and Pete had spent half the day trying to teach her how to shield her thoughts, warning her often enough that she wasn't quite succeeding.

She glanced at the clock again. Five more minutes.

She'd been surprised that very few people were able to shield their emotions. A strong empath spent their entire life dealing with other people's feelings. Fortunately for most, they had to be in fairly close proximity to the other person, except in rare bondings like her sister's marriage where all three were aware of the others' emotions even when separated by several hundred miles. Strong empaths tended to avoid large crowds, though, and she'd been happy to realize her empathic skills seemed to stretch only far enough to include Pete and John and to a lesser extent, Sandra.

Three more minutes. Her pussy was starting to feel a little numb from pressing her legs together so tightly. Her breasts tingled and grew heavy, and her nipples pulled taut, begging for attention as images from last night once again invaded her memory.

She shifted on the seat, trying to read the cards she held in her hand. The four of them had been playing cards, trying to distract her from her rampaging emotions. Her luck had been really bad tonight, and if they'd been playing strip poker, she would've been buck naked by now. She giggled a little at the thought. With only two minutes to go, being naked sounded like fun.

She heard Sandra on the phone, filing her verbal report in a strained voice. She slapped the phone closed impatiently, glaring at Dana as she breathed heavily.

"You are in so much trouble," she warned, stalking toward her, a grin splitting her face. "Have fun." Sandra gave her a brief hug then went into her room.

"Clothes off now," Pete ordered.

Ridiculously aroused by Sandra's warning, and surprisingly willing to be naked in the middle of the living area, Dana quickly moved to do as she was told.

The clock ticked over to ten o'clock, officially finishing Pete's shift.

Dana stood naked before them, her nectar wetting the curls around her clit, her breasts achingly aroused, her nipples begging for Pete and John's touch.

"Come here," Pete said, pulling her toward his lap, guiding her across his knees, her ass in the air. He moved slowly, giving her plenty of time to protest, but she did as he ordered and whimpered in excitement as she lay there waiting.

Pete's warm hand slid over the globes of her ass, gently caressing the sensitized skin. Her pussy pulsed, her ass quivering as he stretched out the tension.

"You have been very bad today," he warned her. "John is going to spank you, and then I'm going to spank you, and then we are both going to fuck you. Hard."

Her muscles coiled, tension seizing every nerve, her whole body shaking with excitement. Again, they waited, watching her. She was practically on the verge of orgasm, and Pete had hardly touched her.

John's hand stroked her, molding the soft flesh, his strong fingers kneading the muscles. Dana relaxed into the caress, almost purring with the pleasure. The stinging slap was so unexpected she jumped from surprise, almost launching off Pete's lap.

A large hand pressed into her spine, pushing her face closer to the floor, shoving her ass higher in the air. Two more slaps in quick succession brought tears to her eyes at the same time her pussy pulsed cream down her legs. She moaned, her muscles coiling tighter, as a gentle hand soothed the stinging flesh. Soft kisses replaced the hand, and Dana melted against Pete's legs as heat flowed through her body.

Pete's slaps were just as hard. Three hard and fast, a sob rising in her throat as his fingers found her dripping pussy and pushed into her.

“Oh, honey, you are so wet,” Pete said as he caressed her swollen pussy, finding her clit and flicking it over and over with his fingers. Again her orgasm beckoned, her body racing toward heavenly release.

Strong arms lifted her away from his lap, pushed her onto her hands and knees, pressing against her, helping her to balance as Pete knelt in front of her, his engorged cock just inches from her mouth. He ran his hand over her face, watching her expression for a moment before he grabbed the back of her neck, guiding her to his cock, pushing into her mouth slowly.

“That’s it, honey,” he groaned, “suck me into your beautiful mouth.”

She whimpered as he held her tighter, pushing his cock deeper into her throat. John knelt behind her, and she squealed in surprise when his hand spanked her ass once more.

“I love your ass this color,” he said, smoothing a hand over the heated skin. “Remember that fantasy you had in the shower this morning?” She wiggled her ass in response, and a moment later, she felt his cock against the slippery flesh of her pussy. He pushed in slowly, taking care to let her adjust to the new sensation. Finally he slid in to the hilt and then pulled out and did it again. He matched his brother’s leisurely rhythm and soon they were fucking her harder, faster. She swallowed around Pete’s cock, her tongue working frantically as John pressed his thumb into her ass. She felt Pete falter, his need growing, his cock swelling in her mouth.

Fireworks exploded in her belly, her excitement ratcheting higher in response to his imminent release. Pete groaned and pumped into her mouth, pushing harder, faster, as heat rushed through her, her essence sliding down her legs, coating John’s cock, her muscles coiling even tighter.

“Touch yourself,” Pete ordered as he gripped her hair harder, forcing her to take more of his cock past her stretched lips. Awkwardly, she balanced on one hand and pushed the other into her

curls, frantically rubbing the swollen nerves, her release hovering ever closer.

He pulled out of her mouth as her orgasm began and pushed her face against the rough hairs of his thigh. He held her tight as her entire body bucked, every muscle quivering with release, heat rolling through her, down her body, her blood pulsing loudly in her ears. Her heart pounded hard as she tried to regain her breath. Dana wrapped her arms around Pete's legs, trying to hold herself up.

John still pounded into her from behind, his thumb buried in her ass, his cock in her pussy, fucking both holes simultaneously. He leaned over and bit her ear. "Come again," he ordered and then slapped her thigh. She screamed as release pounded through her once more. He growled but pulled out before he came.

She barely had a moment to catch her breath before Pete lifted her off the floor and sat her on the edge of the table. He thrust hard and deep, pounding into her over and over as she moaned. He pressed his thumb against her clit, teasing and tormenting the swollen nerves as he increased his pace. She gasped as climax burst and claimed her once more, warm lassitude flooding her veins as Pete found his own peak.

Incredibly, Dana felt his release as well. The surging power concentrated to a single point, bursting from him as he collapsed against her, his cock pulsing as the last of his seed emptied into her body. He pumped a couple more times and then finally stilled.

As Pete stepped away, John lifted her, turned her onto her stomach, and pushed into her pussy in one smooth slide until he was rammed to the hilt. He began pounding into her, gripping her hips, demanding her response, pulling her hard onto his big cock, his balls slapping against her, his growls of desire filling the room. His hand found her clit, pulling, rubbing, flicking. Her body hummed, shaking her against him, pushing her excitement higher once more.

Just as she was about to explode, John pulled his cock from her pussy, filling her again with his fingers. He gathered up her cream and

spread it against her anus. She whimpered in excitement, desperate now to feel him deep in her ass. He pushed a single finger into her, the burning sensation lasting only a moment before her body began to pulse wildly, her ass throbbing as it pulled his finger deeper into her forbidden passage.

She whimpered in ecstasy as he pushed his solid cock back into her pussy and finger-fucked her ass. Her world narrowed to just the two of them, so she didn't comprehend Pete's quiet words as he threw something to John. A moment later, something cold and slippery dribbled onto her ass, and John massaged it into her dark hole.

John pulled out of her pussy, and she felt the flared head touch the puckered muscle of her anus. "Breathe out and relax," he whispered, and she forced her muscles to obey. Carefully, he pushed past the tight opening, and inch by agonizingly slow inch, pressed deep into her back passage.

Panting from the pain and unexpected discomfort, Dana struggled to hold still as her body adjusted to his invasion. Her arms shaking, her vision blurred by tears, she was almost ready to pull away when the burn lessened and heat slithered through her lower body. John held her hips tight as he pulled his cock almost all the way from her ass before sliding back in again. Aching with need, Dana pushed back against him, holding her breath as every muscle pulled tight. Suddenly, John's control snapped, and he pulled out and thrust back in quickly, slamming home before pulling out and doing it again. Wildly, she rode the wave of sensation, screaming as heat barreled through her midsection.

Finally, her body exploded in orgasm, vivid colors bursting behind her eyelids, her muscles shaking in release. John stilled as he came, pumping his cum deep into her ass. He held her against him, pulling her up so he could kiss her shoulders, her throat, her neck.

"That was incredible," she said quietly, exhaustion glazing her eyesight.

John gently withdrew his softening cock, rubbing a hand over the tender flesh of her ass.

“Did I hurt you, sweetheart?” he asked, concern clogging his voice. Dana turned to him, unable to hide her surprise.

“No,” she said, shaking her head in quick denial. “I’ve never even imagined such an incredible experience.” She blushed then, worried they would think her horribly naive. John pulled her into his arms, holding her tight, pressing his lips to her hair.

“I’ve never experienced anything that intense, either,” he said as he pressed her against his heart. Her gaze connected with Pete’s as the three of them gasped for air.

## Chapter Five

A few days later they lay collapsed on the bed, breathing hard after another round of athletic lovemaking. Pete pulled Dana into his arms, spooning against her, a hand cupping her breast. She wriggled a little in embarrassment when she noticed John watching her closely.

Pete's hand dipped lower, tangling in Dana's curls, pressing against her clit as he whispered in her ear. "Relax, sweetheart." Images of John and Pete making love to her at the same time slipped into her head. One brother in her pussy, one in her ass, both riding her to ecstasy. Dana's pussy pulsed, her ass throbbing almost as if Pete and John were doing exactly what she imagined. She stiffened in shock at her wanton thoughts.

"Don't worry, Dana, we love you enough to wait," John said as he pulled her out of his brother's arms and into his own.

"Oh," Dana said as realization that the images weren't only from her own imagination sunk in. Still shocked that she would feel this overwhelming attraction to not just one but two men, Dana closed her eyes, wondering if she should feel guilty for her lustful thoughts.

She felt movement, and then a warm hand touched her cheek. "Dana," Pete said quietly, "the three of us have something special together. Don't let preconceived ideas get in the way of what's important."

Dana shook her head. "I don't understand."

"I mean we both want you to love both of us the way we love you."

"You love me?" she asked, feeling more than a little surprised.



“Of course we do,” John answered. “What did you think we meant when we said you were the one?” John reached over and caressed Dana’s cheek, smoothing away the tears that had escaped. “We’ve been waiting for you, Dana.”

\* \* \* \*

A fine tremor ran through John’s hands as he caressed the woman who had quickly filled the missing piece of his heart. For months, he’d felt a strange emptiness and hadn’t been able to quell it. But this woman in his arms, with her prickly, surly personality that hid a heart of gold, was the one to complete him. She tried to roll over in his arms, but he held her still, pressing his throbbing erection against her ass.

“Just relax,” he whispered as he slid one hand lower to caress her abdomen and the other higher to play with her hardened nipples. She writhed in his grasp, panting as Pete simply watched her. John felt every emotion that passed through her mind, through all of their minds. Dana groaned in his arms, obviously feeling everything he and Pete felt as well. Arousal built rapidly, the urgent need to again claim the woman in his arms taking over every thought, every feeling, every emotion.

She gasped as he quickly dragged her onto her back, pushed her knees wide, and settled between her thighs. John caressed her face gently, trying to slow down, trying to not frighten her with his insatiable need, but she wrapped her legs around his hips and pulled him into her body. Heat surged through him as he felt her tight pussy close around his cock. Not wanting to move but unable to stay still, he pulled out slightly and slammed back into her body. Over and over he pounded into this woman in his arms, nearly crowing his satisfaction as she began to shake and then burst into orgasm. He surged into her, holding still, groaning as her grasping muscles caressed his cock and dragged his orgasm to the surface.

Groaning loudly, he was only partially aware of his brother watching. Exhaustion seeped into his bones, and with a last ditch effort, he managed to roll onto his back and arrange Dana's sleepy form over him.

"*She's incredible,*" Pete whispered into his mind. John could feel his brother's bone-deep satisfaction as the three of them lay together quietly, and for the first time in a long time, he felt complete.

\* \* \* \*

Dana lay there, pretending to be asleep, trying hard to keep her newly created mental block in place. She didn't want them to hear her suddenly fearful thoughts. She feigned a calm exterior, hoping desperately that her emotions weren't telegraphing to the men. Somehow, it seemed all too easy, and that's what scared her. After twenty-eight years alone and on the run, suddenly she had two of the most incredible people she'd ever met falling in love with her. But loving someone, caring deeply, made you vulnerable, made it impossible to up and leave when you had to. It made you hesitate.

She couldn't afford to let her guard down, could she? Was she buying into the whole stolen children story? Did she really believe Theresa was her sister?

Dana shivered, dread rolling over her. She didn't know anything for sure, had no proof other than their word, and she couldn't risk giving her heart until she did. A single tear escaped, leaking down the corner of her eye and onto John's chest. No, she couldn't afford to give her heart, not yet.

She felt John's cock thicken in her pussy once more, and she wriggled against the hard rod as she felt movement on the bed beside her. Wicked images pulsed through her brain as Pete sent mental images of what they intended to happen next. She gasped with excitement even as she shivered in fear. John began moving, holding her hips still as he lifted up to pound into her pussy.

Warm hands, slick with lube, caressed her ass, separating the soft globes and exposing the puckered opening. Blunt fingers pressed into her back passage, stretching her, preparing her. A large hand pressed her forward, holding her still as John's arms closed around her, trapping her within their hold.

The head of Pete's cock, slippery with lube, pressed harder against her ass until he popped past the tight ring and slid deep into her body. Quickly the burn morphed into pleasure, and she writhed with arousal as they moved into and out of her body in turn.

Harder, deeper, faster, soon both men were plunging into her, her heart pounding, her legs shaking, her breath catching until they moaned in unison and she screamed her release. Electric currents ran the length of her body, the jolting, quivering movement seeming to intensify the orgasm that rolled through her.

Gasping for air, Dana struggled to hold onto her mental block as lethargy stole through her.

"You are so beautiful," John said quietly. "That was the most incredible experience." Pete leaned over, kissed the back of her neck, and then rolled off the bed and headed into the shower.

Still trying to catch her breath, Dana had no idea what to say. The fear was still there, buried in the back of her mind, but for the moment at least, it seemed to be drowned with wonder. It felt so incredible to be loved wholeheartedly by these amazing men. She just wished she was worthy of them.

No sooner had the thought crossed her mind than a large hand landed heavily on her ass. "None of that," John said sternly. "You belong with us, and here is where you'll stay."

Pete came back into the room, a damp towel slung around his narrow hips. He stepped closer to the bed, caressing the sore spot that John had just smacked.

"He's right," he said soothingly. "You belong with us. Don't ever doubt that."

“And besides,” John chimed in, “we have no intention of letting you go.”

Dana waited for the fear, for the trapped feeling such possessiveness should’ve invoked, but all she felt was warmth and love and a ridiculous need to smile like a dork.

\* \* \* \*

Hours later she woke from the strangest dream. She’d been lying in bed, snuggled between Pete and John, and the door had burst open, and bullets started flying with a strange popping noise. She squirmed a little, trying to sit up, trying to shake off the terror of her nightmare.

Suddenly, Pete was rolling off the bed, hauling her with him.

“What did you see?” he asked, blocking her view of the door, putting his body between her and potential danger. Confused that a silly nightmare could cause such a problem, she briefly wondered if she was still dreaming.

“I saw two men kick in the door and start shooting,” she said, her eyes darting around the room, nervous now as she noticed the tension coming off Pete in waves.

“Cupboard,” he said as he pushed her naked form ahead of him. She noticed John following closely behind them.

He shoved her and John into the narrow, cramped space, hurriedly climbing in after them, pushing her into John’s arms as he stood protectively in front of them. John wrapped his arms around her, holding her close as Pete watched the door, gun in hand. Her blood roared loudly in her ears, adrenaline flooding every muscle as fear overtook her.

“Sandra?” she gasped as she realized the woman’s absence.

“Shhh...honey, *she’s doing her job.*”

\* \* \* \*

Sandra rolled off her bed, crouching as she listened to Pete's mental warning. She tried to summon the agents on duty with her telepathy, but couldn't get an answer. Their silence confirmed something was seriously wrong.

She opened her senses, scanning the hallway and adjacent rooms, but found no threat. She sensed Pete bundle Dana into the cupboard, John right behind her. Sandra grabbed her gun, leveling it on the only entrance to the hotel room.

It burst open and two men entered, loosing several shots in her direction, the sound unusual, almost silent. Sandra shot the closest one, aiming low, hitting him in the thigh. He fell back as the other pointed his gun in her direction. She sent him flying across the room with her telekinesis, slamming him hard into the wall. Another entered behind him, shooting quickly, his presence so unexpected Sandra felt herself falling forward as the tranquilizer took effect. She leveled her gun at him, squeezing off a round that hit him square in the chest, watching with unfocused eyes as another and another entered the room. How had so many been able to shield from their senses?

"Hello, Dana," a cruel voice said above her. "We've been looking for you for a very long time." His knee connected with her face, flattening her backwards onto the ground. He rolled Sandra onto her stomach and secured her arms behind her. With her last coherent thought, she sent a mental warning to Pete to keep John and Dana safe.

\* \* \* \*

"*Breathe, honey,*" Pete sent telepathically. "*You need to stay calm.*" He still stood in front of Dana, his attention on the door, ready to protect her and his brother with his life. "*We'll get her back,*" he sent, determination fuelling his words, "*but to do that we have to make sure we're not found.*"

She glanced over at John, seeing her fear and worry for Sandra reflected in his eyes. She could sense the communication flowing between the brothers but not hear the actual words. She could feel in John's stance the frustration of not being able to protect his sister, regardless of the fact that she was the trained agent and he the accountant. Dana reached for his hand, pulling him closer, trying to reassure him that Sandra would be okay, all the while knowing she had no idea if things would be really be okay or not.

Dana breathed deeply, trying to control her own emotions, trying to keep her mind shielded, trying to control the urge to attack the men who had just taken Sandra.

*"Okay, I think they're gone. Stay here while I make sure,"* Pete sent to her as he left the cupboard, John moving in front of her quickly to take up a protective stance. She held onto him like a lifeline, squeezing tighter when she realized he shook with unspent rage. She hated cowering, but the thought that she could endanger Pete and Sandra further kept her still, and she suspected John felt exactly the same.

\* \* \* \*

Pete silently approached the bedroom door, trying to stay hidden but view the main room completely. Nothing moved, he didn't sense any presence, but since they hadn't sensed them coming he fell back onto more conventional methods, using his eyes and his ears and his nose.

He smelled the tangy metallic odor of carpet covered in spilled blood. He was relieved to see it was near the front door, so it was more likely from one of the intruders who'd been shot by Sandra, rather than her blood. He heard nothing, listening intently, stilling his own breath in an effort to hear more clearly.

Slowly, he opened the door, his gun held at the ready. He swung his head through, checking both directions before stepping into the

main room and hurrying over to the bedroom. Other than the blood and a man-sized dent in the wall, there were very little signs of struggle. He moved quickly to his mobile phone and dialed The Agency. He closed the door, secured the lock, and headed back to the bedroom.

He spoke into the phone. "Ethan, we need your help. Five or six unknown assailants just attacked us in our hotel room." He held his hand out to Dana, helping her out of the cupboard, wrapping a strong arm around her as he led her back into the room.

"Yes, Dana's safe. They took Sandra, but I'm pretty sure they thought she was Dana," he told his boss. "I haven't been able to contact the agents who were on duty." He listened intently, grunting his yes or no answers. "I'll deal with them if needs be, but I doubt anyone heard the noise. Sandra had a silencer on her gun, and they used some sort of tranquilizers, so I don't think we need to worry about the local police."

Pete pulled Dana down beside him as he sat on the bed, his arm a solid band around her. "Thanks, Ethan, we'll sit tight until you get here."

He slammed the phone closed, pitching it onto the bed as he pulled her onto his lap, pressing her head against his shoulder.

"We'll get her back," he promised her and John. "We'll get her back."

\* \* \* \*

The shock was beginning to set in, and Dana's body shook against Pete. She could feel John's rage too, his own desire to hunt down the sons of bitches who did this to his sister, warring with his need to protect the other woman they loved—her.

She wrapped her arms around Pete, sensing his hurt, his need. Holding a hand out to John, she urged him closer so she could send all of her love to them both, silently promising John that they'd get

Sandra back safely. They had to. Dana loved them all. Even after such a short time, she loved all three. Sandra already felt like the sister Dana had always wanted and was already an important part in her life.

After holding her a few more moments Pete quickly moved back to agent mode, helping her get dressed, checking his weapons, and packing their things, his movements deliberate and efficient. He barked orders at his brother, keeping him busy, keeping him moving, trying to counter the paralyzing emotions threatening to drop John on his face.

By the time his bosses arrived, Pete was every bit the trained professional determined to retrieve a fellow agent. The first guy to come into the room was as tall as Pete, but a much bigger build. The description “muscular” didn’t quite do justice to his imposing physique. The other entered behind him, leaner and more athletic but no less daunting. He grinned when he saw her.

“Better get ready.” He winked. “She’s not far behind us.”

A few moments later, Theresa entered the room, eyeing Dana steadily, surprise flashing momentarily on her face when she must’ve sensed the emotions emanating from her. Theresa opened her mouth to ask, but the big guy’s hands landed on her shoulders, pulling her backward to hold her against his chest.

“Babe,” he said. “Maybe you should introduce us to your sister.”

“Um...sure. Dana Michaels, that’s my husband, Caleb,” she said, pointing to the agent with piercing green eyes. “And this guy holding me back from asking a million questions is Ethan, also my husband.”

Dana glanced from one to the other. Her sister wasn’t kidding when she’d said she had two husbands, but wow, Dana never quite expected these two.

Pete pulled her into his embrace.

“*Hey, you’re with us, remember?*” he said telepathically. She smiled a little.

“*Not something I’ll ever forget,*” she sent to both him and John, letting her love for them leak through.



“Okay,” Ethan said, releasing his wife. “We’ve arranged to keep the room for an extra night so we can get a cleanup crew in to fix the carpet and the walls. I’ve asked our forensics guys to do some tests on the blood. It might help give an explanation on how they were able to sneak up on four of my best agents.”

“How are Cody and Bec?” Pete asked.

“They’re both going to live, but they might not have if the abduction had gone according to plan,” Caleb answered grimly. “They both lost a lot of blood, but they were very, very lucky.”

“So how do we get Sandra back?” Dana asked anxiously. “If they were willing to kill the agents watching me, what will they do to her when they realize she’s not me?”

\* \* \* \*

Sandra roused slowly, heavily swimming against the black void trying to engulf her again. She kept her eyes closed, feigning sleep, trying to open her senses to her surroundings. She sensed no one nearby, but she could hear movement behind her, so either her brain had been scrambled, or whoever moved behind her could also mask their energy. Carefully, she flexed each limb, testing for injuries and checking for restraints. Her right eye throbbed, and she was fairly certain she wouldn’t be able to open it for at least a week or more. She hoped to run into the sadistic bastard who kneed her while she was down. She’d gladly teach him the meaning of pain.

She focused her energy on her telepathy, mentally trying to call John or Pete or Dana, the three people most likely to hear her over a distance. She got no answer, but refused to panic. Pete would’ve called The Agency by now, and they’d be rescuing her any moment.

“Ahh...I see our patient is awake,” a voice rasped above her. “No use pretending, Dana,” the voice said, less friendly now. “Wake up and answer some questions.” She felt a sharp slap across her face, the

pain lancing across her injured eye, jarring her as an agonized groan escaped her split lips.

“Who are you?” she asked, the words awkward around her injuries.

“I am your creator,” he declared arrogantly. “So you will do as you are told.”

Sandra’s anger writhed through her. The woman in her wanted to smash this guy with her fist, pound him with all the rage growing in her, but the agent realized her chance to get some answers. She swallowed, feigning nervousness.

“My creator? What do you mean? Am I dead?”

His harsh laughter grated on her nerves. Man, this guy was *really* going to cop it.

“Not dead. Not yet, anyway. Kill any more of my employees and that could quickly change,” he said, grabbing her hair and forcing her to look at him. “Don’t mess with me, Dana. I know far more about you than you know about yourself.”

“How?” she asked, pretending to be beaten and weak. “How do you know me?”

He chuckled then. It seemed the egomaniac wanted to brag.

“It’s very simple, actually. I selected the exact right egg to fit with the exact right sperm to create the next generation of humans. That’d be you, Dana, you and your identical twin, Theresa.” He leaned over her, his ugly breath fanning across her face. “And when I get your eggs, I’ll make even stronger babies, capable of far more than today’s pathetic excuse for a human.”

Sandra’s stomach rolled. She’d read the reports of what happened to Dana’s mother, but the black and white words on a page had been far removed from what Lydia must have endured. Tears leaked from Sandra’s eyes, heartfelt sympathy for the woman who had survived so much.

Mistaking her tears as capitulation, the doctor leaned over her again.

“Now we have that clear, you may as well answer my questions because you are not going anywhere for a very long time.”

## Chapter Six

“I can’t stand this. I need to do something. I need to help,” Dana ranted as she paced back and forth. Theresa perched on Ethan’s desk, and followed her sister’s agitated movements.

“I know exactly what you mean,” she agreed. “I feel it every time Caleb and Ethan go on assignment.”

Dana stopped pacing to stare at her sister. There was no doubt in her mind now that they were sisters, probably even twins. They had the same build, the same mannerisms, and the same tone of voice.

“How do you cope?” Dana asked, tears filling her eyes. “How do you deal with the most important people in your life being in danger?”

“Simple. I trust them to do their job. I know they are well-trained, highly skilled agents, and”—Theresa raised her hand to stop Dana from interrupting—“I know they need me to be safe while they concentrate on their job.”

Dana slumped into the chair, brushing a hand across her face, feeling tired and anxious. John had withdrawn from her emotionally and physically, preferring to worry for Sandra in private. Even at the other end of the building, she could feel his need for solitude, so she left him alone for the time being, determined to be there for him when he needed her.

Theresa walked over to her, sat down and pulled Dana’s hand into her own as she said, “You love them, don’t you?”

Dana crossed her eyes and made a silly face. Anyone with Theresa’s empathic skills would have picked that information up the

moment they entered the room, but Theresa only smiled at Dana's reaction.

"Welcome to my crazy hippie commune," she joked. "Is it everything you expected?"

\* \* \* \*

Pete, Ethan, and Caleb had scoured the area, searching for a sign, a clue, or even a hint on the direction Sandra had been taken. They'd made contact with every informant they knew in the area, and still they found nothing.

Ethan had scanned using his empathic skills, finding no trace of her, confirming the belief she'd probably been fully sedated by the time they took her. Pete called to her telepathically, knowing that he and John and Dana would be the three people most likely to be able to contact her over longer distances, and Caleb concentrated on his precognitive ability, hoping to avoid another encounter with the strange abductors who couldn't be sensed by any other means.

Frustration billowed through Pete, and only his training kept him from collapsing in fear for Sandra's life. If they realized they had the wrong woman, he knew the outcome. Their time was limited, and it was fast running out.

\* \* \* \*

Sandra pretended confusion as the so-called doctor asked his myriad of questions. She could feel the drug's effects lessening, and she felt pretty sure he'd give her another dose as soon as he finished. She needed her head to be clearer so she could get a telepathic message to Pete or John or Dana. She just hoped she wasn't too far away. She had no idea how long she'd been sedated so she couldn't even begin to estimate where she was.

"I said," the doctor repeated impatiently, "when was the last time you had intercourse?"

She shook her head. "I'm not sure. What day is it?"

"Sunday," he said agitatedly.

Okay, so that meant she'd been gone no more than nineteen hours, assuming the five fifteen she'd read on the bedside clock as she rolled out of bed this morning was accurate. Even so, that meant she could well be hundreds of miles away from the hotel. Her hopes of rescue were starting to look a little shaky.

"Last time, Dana. Answer the question or that pretty face of yours is going to have another bruise."

"L-Last week," she answered truthfully, realizing they could probably figure it out with the right test.

"Last question and I'll let you get back to sleep," he said amiably. *Great*, she thought, *now or never*. She tried Pete first, knowing he was a trained agent, not willing to put Dana or John in further jeopardy, but when she couldn't get an answer, she knew her only hope was Dana. She just hoped Dana possessed the same long-distance ability as her sister.

\* \* \* \*

"I can hear her," Dana said excitedly. "*Sandra, are you okay?*" she sent telepathically.

"*Yes, luv, but I'll be better when someone gets me out of here.*"

"*Do you know where you are?*" Dana asked anxiously.

"*No, luv, I just know I'm too far away to call Pete,*" she said, her bravado slipping just a bit.

"*Can you see anything, hear anything?*" Dana asked, her own telepathic voice wavering with emotion.

"*I think I can hear a highway nearby. No wait, I think the noise is small planes, I think we're near an airport,*" she shouted, her

telepathic voice laced with excitement. *“Tell Pete that, that...oh God, the asshole just sedated me again. Please hurry.”*

A sob caught in Dana’s throat as Sandra’s voice faded away. She turned to Theresa, realizing she was probably conversing mentally with her husbands, relaying all of the information she’d been able to glean from Dana’s and Sandra’s conversation.

Theresa turned to her then, pulling her close, holding Dana as she cried.

“It’s going to be okay,” she whispered, smoothing her hand over Dana’s hair. “They have a good idea where she is, thanks to you. They’ll get her out safely.”

They both glanced up as they felt John enter the room, his handsome face creased with worry. He crossed to Dana quickly, pulled her into his arms, and hugged her tight. He didn’t need to say anything. She felt his relief that Sandra had made contact, that at the very least, right at this moment, she was still alive and there was still hope.

They would get her back. They had to.

\* \* \* \*

They sped along the highway at dangerous speeds, Pete following Caleb’s car, staying close and trusting Caleb to use his skills and foresee any problems. Sandra had contacted Dana less than an hour ago, then she’d been sedated and the connection lost. Pete hoped her unconsciousness meant they at least weren’t torturing her, but refused to even consider some of the so-called tests they could perform on her unresisting body. A shudder worked down his spine, an emotion too powerful, too raw, too violent to name.

Heaven help anyone who hurt her, because this was one mission he wasn’t going to fail, no matter what the cost.

*“Steady, agent,”* he heard Ethan say in his head. *“Right now your sister needs the skilled professional.”*

“Yes, sir,” he replied steadily, mentally trying to distance himself from his emotions.

They pulled off the road about a mile away from the entrance to the airport. It was a small field designed only for light aircraft and helicopters. As they stepped from the cars, Caleb spoke on his mobile phone, talking to their head office, getting a verbal report of the layout of the buildings. They’d need to check them all, unless of course, Sandra woke up and called them again.

Pete called to her telepathically, hoping against hope the sedative they’d given her just over two hours ago had somehow worn off. Caleb’s phone beeped as he received a satellite image of the layout. They crowded around the phone, looking intently at the tiny screen, trying to determine which building could be housing a medical lab.

\* \* \* \*

Sandra’s head hurt. She knew there was something important she needed to do, but for the life of her couldn’t seem to make her brain concentrate. As her thoughts finally coalesced, she remembered where she was, so she very carefully hid her “awake” status. She still felt too groggy to try to reach Dana again. As horrible as she felt, she’d practically need to be in the same room to be able to get any telepathy working.

Sandra cracked her eyes open, letting them adjust to the harsh white light. Slowly she moved her head to the side, trying very hard to appear to be still asleep. She could hear a new male voice speaking angrily into a phone nearby. Trying to focus on the words being said she once again closed her eyes.

“What do you mean she’s not the one?” the voice asked aggressively. A moment passed, so she assumed he was listening intently, and then he said, “Fine, but you come down here and do it. I’m not about to shoot an unarmed woman while she sleeps.” Again,



more silence as he listened. “Okay, okay, I’ll keep her sedated until you get here.”

She heard the phone as he replaced it quietly on the cradle.

Her fogged brain screamed at her to do something, anything, but her body wouldn’t answer her pleas, and she cried at her own helplessness. She heard the man walk next to her bed. He leaned over her and whispered, “I’m sorry,” as he pushed a syringe into the catheter in her arm.

A tear leaked from her eye and ran down her face, pooling uncomfortably in the shell of her ear.

“*John, Pete, Dana, I’m sorry,*” she cried telepathically, hoping for someone, anyone to hear her last words.

## Chapter Seven

Pete was getting angrier. They'd already eliminated three buildings, but they still had several to go, and they weren't even sure she was in one of these structures. His frustration grew, winding him tighter.

*"John, Pete, Dana, I'm sorry."*

His head snapped up, and Ethan and Caleb mirrored his movement. They all turned to look at the building set just the other side of the airport fence, partially hidden behind the trees. It looked like an abandoned home, the wooden porch sagging and the paint peeling, but they were all certain that was where Sandra's telepathic farewell had come from.

All three of them sprinted toward the mesh fence, easily climbing the eight-foot height and dropping lightly onto the other side.

They spread out, the teamwork automatic.

\* \* \* \*

She heard the cap being replaced on the syringe. She sagged further against the pillow as all hope of rescue fled.

A gentle hand shook her shoulder.

"Come on, wake up, we don't have much time," a voice whispered urgently.

Sandra's eyes flew open as adrenaline flooded her veins. She stared at the man standing over her, undoing the restraints on her feet and wrists. He smiled as she woke.

"Hi," he said quietly to her. "Can you walk?"

She nodded, testing her limbs, flexing the muscles in her legs and arms. She sat up quickly, biting back the nausea climbing her throat at the sudden movement. The man hovered over her, ready to catch her, as she swung her feet over the edge of the bed.

“Where are we going?” she asked, confused.

He ignored her question as he helped her to her feet and handed her a gun.

“Can you focus with only one eye?” he asked, pressing the gun into her palm. “I’d rather you didn’t shoot off something I’d rather keep attached.”

Her brain mustn’t be working yet. “Did you just say shoot you?”

“I did,” he said, a grim smile splitting his features. “It has to look real or they’ll know I helped you.”

“Oh,” she said uncertainly, as she slowly understood what he wanted her to do. “But I can’t shoot you.” She shook her head awkwardly, suddenly feeling very afraid for him. “Why don’t you come with me?”

“I can’t leave until I can free my sisters,” he whispered anxiously, glancing at the door in agitation. “There are three guards posted around the building. You should be able to slip past them in the confusion. Shoot me. Shoot me now,” he said, grasping her hands and aiming at his leg.

She squeezed the trigger, blood spattering all over her hands and the white of her hospital gown, as the bullet flashed into his skin. He staggered backwards, seeming to purposely belt his head on the cabinet behind him as he fell. She ran to him, worried she’d made the wrong decision.

“Go,” he said to her groggily, his eyes losing focus. “When I find my sisters, I’ll find you. Tell Dana her brother says hi.”

The door at the end of the room crashed open, two guards entering the room, guns drawn.

“Go,” her savior mouthed.

She fell back against the cabinet, out of sight of the approaching men. As they neared her position, she slid around the piece of furniture, moving silently. When they saw the injured man, they dropped into crouched defensive positions. Every instinct she'd developed as an agent came to the fore, and she expertly maneuvered around the goons and silently slipped through the doorway.

She heard a shout from inside the room, heard footsteps running behind her. Damn. So much for the stealthy exit. She ran clumsily through the hallway, trying to shake off the last of the sedatives in her system. Finally finding a staircase, she climbed it two steps at a time. She dashed into the room at the top of the stairs, catching movement from both sides of her, her swollen eye protesting the action, even in her adrenalized state.

She ducked and rolled, pushing behind a desk as she landed, wondering why bullets weren't yet flying.

"Sweet damn," said a familiar voice.

"So much for our rescue," a second voice lamented. "Should've known an agent as good as you would've rescued yourself."

Sandra opened her senses, realizing these men weren't guards. Her heart soared when she realized Pete was here with Ethan and Caleb.

*"Stay where you are," Pete warned her telepathically. "We need to take these guards out, and then we can shut down this lab of horrors once and for all."*

*"No," she ordered telepathically, "we can't. We need to get away safely, and I'll explain everything."*

*"Okay, agent," Caleb conceded. "We'll do it your way. I'm looking forward to reading your report."*

\* \* \* \*

Pete held Dana tightly in his arms. John leaned against the edge of Ethan's desk, Sandra beside him, as they all listened to the discussion

about the report Sandra had filed. Dana hadn't been able to stop looking at her since Pete and Ethan and Caleb had returned with the battered and bruised woman in tow. Predictably, Sandra had glossed over the danger and seemed quite amused by her younger brothers' relief that she wasn't hurt too badly. Her bold attitude just made Dana like the woman more.

Dana glanced over at Pete, very glad that he hadn't been hurt either. She was pretty sure her love for Pete and John telegraphed to every empath in the building, but she simply couldn't find anything to be embarrassed about. She loved them both, and she couldn't wait for the three of them to be alone.

*"Careful, luv," Sandra warned. "Your telepathic block is slipping."*

John smiled at Dana and wrapped his arm around Sandra's shoulders. She rolled her eyes and made a face, but Dana could sense Sandra's relief that her brothers and the woman they loved were all safe.

"So," Theresa asked for about the fifth time, "we have a brother working undercover to get our sisters out?"

"How many more sisters can we have?" Dana asked a little dazed. "Have they captured the two we're looking for, or are they sisters who weren't stolen?"

Ethan shrugged. "At this stage, it's anyone's guess, but it might explain why we haven't been able to find them. It's also possible this brother is a different brother to the one we've been searching for."

"All we know for certain is a man claiming to be your brother seems to be working undercover to rescue an unknown number of his sisters," Caleb summed up, pulling his wife into his arms.

"Pete, I think it's time you took your family home. They look exhausted," Ethan suggested. "Maybe take a few days off since Sandra is officially on sick leave," he said, catching her eye and daring her to protest. Sandra's annoyance at her injuries seemed quickly sidetracked by John pulling on her braid and threatening to

call their mother. Rolling her eyes again, Sandra nevertheless promised to be good.

Pete nodded, pulling Dana closer. She sighed happily. A few days off sounded like heaven.

\* \* \* \*

Several days later, Dana lay on the bed panting. John and Pete had just fucked her so expertly it was hard to remember her own name. Every muscle in her body tingled from her explosive release. She could still taste John's cum on her lips, the memory of his big, hard cock fucking her mouth while Pete fucked her pussy making her muscles clench again.

"Dinner's ready," Sandra called through the door. Both of her men groaned as they helped Dana onto her feet. Apparently when it came to cooking, Sandra made an excellent agent.

In the kitchen, John pulled his sister in for a hug. The black and blue bruises on her face had faded to a yellowy green, and she still struggled to open her eye fully. John stroked her face gently, and Dana could feel his need to reassure himself that his sister was really okay. Dana could feel their deep care for one another and for her as if it were a living, breathing entity. How could she have ever believed she could walk away from this family? Her heart was here, and she'd stay as long as they let her.

"So, Dana," Sandra said, moving away from her brother and giving him a don't-mess-with-me look. "What now? You can't exactly go back to the receptionist job. I reckon the old hag would've fired you by now."

Dana grinned at the thought of how ticked off the nasty bitch would be when she realized Dana wouldn't be around to do her reports.

“I haven’t given it much thought, to be honest. I’ve been a little sidetracked,” she said as Pete walked up behind her. She pushed back against his rapidly growing cock nestled against her ass.

“I was thinking,” Sandra said, looking thoughtful, “maybe you wanted to join The Agency.”

“It’s not such a bad idea,” Pete chimed in as he stepped around Dana and helped his sister carry the food into the dining room. “You’ve got the skills and the instincts. With a little training, you could be as good an agent as your sister, maybe better.”

Dana looked at them both, a million things racing through her mind at once.

“I suppose it would give me a chance to help track down my brothers and sisters, but there’s something I’ve been wanting to do for a very long time.” She looked down suddenly feeling very embarrassed to be bringing up the subject so soon.

Sandra’s eyes widened as best they could against her injuries.

Pete grabbed Dana and peppered her face with small kisses.

“We’d be thrilled for you to have our baby,” he said, gleaned the information from her mind. For some reason, she never could hide anything from these three, no matter how hard she tried. She glanced nervously at Sandra, trying to gauge her reaction, worried she might be creating a problem.

Sandra smiled easily. “I could find a place of my own,” she offered.

“No,” Dana said quickly. “This is your home. I want you here. If kids are a problem, well, we’ll figure it out later.”

Sandra looked really surprised and glanced at both her brothers before smiling wider. “I suppose I could put up with a brat or two under my feet,” she said huskily, but she ruined it with the excitement shining in her eyes. “As long as you’re not planning on having too many.”

John pulled Dana into his arms and kissed her savagely, holding her head still as he pushed his tongue deep into her mouth, thrusting in and out.

*“Now, get that pretty ass back in the bedroom so that the fathers of your children can fuck you hard,”* John sent telepathically.

Dana did as he ordered, John helping her peel off her clothes, climb onto the bed, and get into the position he wanted, facing away from him on her hands and knees. Slowly, he eased his cock into her dripping vagina, stroking in and out. He pushed his hand under her, finding her clit, worrying it gently. She felt Pete’s arousal as he watched John push his thumb into her ass. The friction drove her mad with lust. Each time John eased back into her, he pushed his finger deeper, adding a second as her body accepted the invasion.

“Later,” he growled in her ear, “I am going to fuck your pretty ass, but first I’m going to do my best to get you pregnant.” Thrilled by his easy acceptance of her wish for a child, Dana raised her hips, angling for each stroke. John fell forward, licking, sucking, biting her neck as her breath caught and orgasm burst through her veins.

Dana strained to stay up on her hands and knees beneath him, helpless against the sensations. The engorged cock stroked her need higher as John’s release hit, rolling through him. Dana’s pussy muscles convulsed around his erection a moment before he swelled and exploded deep in her body.

She collapsed against the bed, but strong hands on her hips dragged her back onto all fours, and then Pete pressed into her dripping pussy. He set a blistering pace, thrusting and pounding into her over and over. She gasped as a blinding orgasm caught her by surprise, sending her tumbling into ecstasy. Dana shook as she felt Pete come, his hot seed pulsing deep inside her.

“Marry us,” he commanded.

Dana lay sprawled face down across the bed, Pete’s cock slowly softening in her pussy. She tried to sit up, to move, but Pete pushed her down nipping and biting her shoulders, her neck, her ears.



“Marry us,” he demanded again.

Dana reached a hand over her head, snagging one of Pete’s ears in her tight grip. With gentle force, she pulled him toward her.

“I probably would if you’d only ask.”

She felt Pete’s confusion and then his reaction as he realized his mistake. He eased out of her body, rolled her onto her back, and positioned himself above her.

“Please marry us?” he said, a confident grin splitting his face. He gathered his soon-to-be wife closer as she said yes.

## Epilogue

*Nearly four months later...*

Pete rushed in the door. "I know, I know, I'm late again," he said as he hurried past the kitchen. "Just give me a minute to get changed."

Dana walked over to the door, watching her lover move down the hallway, stripping off clothes as he went. Tempted to join him in the bedroom, Dana tamped down her attraction and went back into the kitchen to finish making dinner. Tonight was a special night, and she wanted everything to be perfect.

John came in the door a moment later and walked straight into the kitchen, pulled her into his arms, and bent her backwards to press a smacking kiss on her mouth. She laughed at his antics, happily enjoying his humor and casual air of laid-back emotion. She loved him, loved both of them, with all that she was. She could barely remember the sad shell of a person she'd been before they'd come into her life. Together they made her whole, complete.

Tonight she had news that hopefully would make them all even happier.

"Where's Sandra?" John asked as he filched some carrot from the chopping board.

"I heard her come in before Pete," she said, leaning up to kiss him again.

"How long before dinner?"

"Oh, at least thirty minutes." She grinned again.

"Hmmm," he said. "Not enough time to love you as thoroughly as I would like. But I guess we could try." She giggled quietly and shook her head.

"I don't want dinner to burn." John made a comically sad face and tried to change her mind with his tongue in her ear, but she held fast. Tonight was special. He finally gave up and with one last breath-stealing kiss, left the kitchen to go get changed. She hummed happily as she added the carrots to simmering water and turned up the burner.

"Ow, ow, ow," Sandra exclaimed telepathically. The pain felt real, and Dana wondered what the hell could've happened to elicit such a reaction.

She dried her hands on a towel as she ran down the hallway toward the bedroom, picking up her pace when Sandra's pain suddenly increased. She rounded the doorway just as Sandra sank to the floor, holding her head between her hands.

"Sandra, what is it?" Dana asked, frantically dropping to her knees in front of the distraught woman. Pete had his arms around her, kneeling behind her, holding her shaking body upright.

"Somebody's...screeching...telepathically," she said between pants. She was clenching her jaw so hard, Dana worried she might crack some teeth. Carefully, Dana followed her own link to Sandra's mind, and was startled by the noise rattling Sandra's brain. She withdrew almost immediately, unable to bear the intense sound. The noise was unlike anything she'd ever heard, but the pain it invoked was incredibly debilitating. How did Sandra stay conscious?

Sandra's pain-racked form suddenly went limp, deflating like a balloon as Pete held her tightly in his arms. John lifted her unresisting body onto the bed and hovered protectively beside her.

"What the hell was that?" he asked Dana, his eyes bright with unshed tears. Worry crowded Dana's thoughts.

"I don't know," she said. She could feel the fear and worry written clearly on her own face.

“Call Theresa,” he told her. “Get someone over here who can help her.”

Nodding in agreement, Dana used her telepathic link with her twin sister.

*“Theresa, we need some help,” she called. “Sandra just collapsed from some kind of telepathic attack.”*

*“We’re already on our way. Five minutes,” Theresa sent softly. “I heard what you heard. Are you okay?”*

*“I’m fine. It’s Sandra, she got the full blast.”*

“I’m okay,” a soft voice said from the bed. Still looking completely exhausted, Sandra lay limply against the pillows. Dana moved forward, studying the woman’s face. Her skin was a sickly gray color, and sweat had plastered the wispy hairs escaping from her braid against her face. Her appearance certainly didn’t fit her words.

“Really, I’m okay,” she said, trying to sit up. She growled in annoyance when John hesitated before finally helping her.

“Sis, you don’t look okay,” he said, allowing her to sit up but keeping her close. “Do you know what that was?”

She started to shake her head but stopped. Dana watched helplessly as nausea heated Sandra’s face.

“No,” Sandra said, swallowing uncomfortably, “but I’m okay. Just tired.” Her voice sounded so small and quiet that Dana wasn’t sure she’d heard her correctly until she felt some of the tension uncoil in John’s body.

“Would you like a cool shower?” Dana asked, pressing her cold hands against Sandra’s overheated face.

Sandra looked horrified. *“No way in hell,”* she sent telepathically. *“I’m not having a shower with the three of you hovering around me.”* Dana smiled at her sister-in-law, feeling that whatever had happened wasn’t strong enough to dampen Sandra’s quick wit.

*“We’re pulling into your driveway now,” Theresa sent. “I’ll unlock the door. You stay where you are.”*

How lucky she was to have a sister so gifted in telekinesis she could unlock doors just with her mind. Most of the time Dana held a boatload of annoyance that her twin found mastering her extrasensory skills so easy, but today she was glad for them because it meant she wouldn't have to leave Sandra's side. She helped John get Sandra into his arms and carry her to the bathroom. With her face mashed against his chest and her arms held loosely around his waist, Sandra grumbled the whole time but didn't quite have the energy to push him away. He balanced her on the vanity while Dana grabbed a cool washcloth to wipe the sweat from Sandra's face.

Sandra telepathically cursed them both and finally managed to whisper, "I'm okay," as her color improved a little. "Really, luv, I'm okay. Just wiped out, but I'm not hurt."

Finally John lifted Sandra back into his arms, and carried her into the living room where Pete, Theresa, Ethan, and Caleb were waiting.

Theresa and Ethan, both being very strong empaths, could easily feel Sandra's exhaustion, but they smiled at her, obviously knowing she wasn't in pain now. Dana breathed a little easier, no longer worried that her own limited empathic skills were letting her down.

Dana entered the room, eyeing her sister aggressively. Theirs was still a complicated relationship. Yet somehow, despite all of the problems and differences, they loved and cared for each other the way most sisters do, and when each needed the other, they could count on their twin for support.

Theresa looked at Dana, concern written all over her face, thankfully seeming to realize most of Dana's hostility stemmed from her fear for Sandra and her frustration she was unable to do anything to stop whatever was happening to her.

"Do you have any idea what that was?" Dana demanded, crossing her arms in both an aggressive and defensive gesture.

Ethan placed his hand comfortingly on his wife's knee, stalling her answer, as he took control of the situation and spoke to all of them.

“We have no idea what just happened to Sandra, and until we have some answers, we need to protect her against further attacks. Pete,” he said, turning to the man hovering over Sandra as John placed his sister on the sofa, “were you able to make out any words in the sound?”

Pete shook his head slowly, his sense of helplessness permeating the room. God help them, none of them had felt this frightened since Sandra’s abduction four months ago. Dana glanced over at John, her feelings mirrored clearly on his face.

Sandra tried to lift herself more upright, trying to answer the question herself. John helped her to sit beside him, his need to protect his sister not lessened by her slow but obvious recovery.

“I don’t think it was an attack,” Sandra said, trying unsuccessfully to stifle a yawn. “It felt more like a powerful telepath who had no idea how to use their ability. Like someone shouting in a library,” she said, wincing a little at the sound of her own words. Dana knew the incident had left her with a killer of a headache, but as usual, Sandra was determined to report what she could to her superiors.

Dana noticed the wince, her own body swaying toward Sandra’s spot on the sofa, desperation and awkwardness and complete helplessness holding her immobile. Even Sandra’s limited empathic skills must’ve picked up Dana’s distress because the woman looked straight at her.

“I’m okay, luv, really,” she said, holding an arm out to Dana. She hurried onto the couch, pulling Sandra’s hand into her own, needing the tactile contact. Theresa may have been her sister in a genetic sense, but Sandra was the woman Dana felt closest to.

“I think there may have been a word in the sound, but it was so loud I’m not certain. It might have been your name, luv,” she said, glancing at Dana, “but I can’t be sure.”

“Why would someone be shouting my name at you?” Dana asked, confusion raising her voice higher.

“Could it be someone who thinks you’re Dana?” Caleb asked thoughtfully.

Understanding rippled through Dana’s mind. She’d been so frightened for Sandra and then so anxious she hadn’t put all the pieces together either.

“Aww...hell,” Sandra said, rubbing her forehead, obviously having reached the same conclusion. “It’s probably your brother trying to contact me. He said when he needed me, he’d find me. I didn’t realize he meant nearly to kill me in the process.” She smiled and laughed quietly. Her quirky humor was obviously returning with her energy.

They’d all read Sandra’s report about her abduction. A man claiming to be Dana’s brother had sworn to contact her when he needed her help to get his sisters out.

“Sandra, do you think you could track the link back to him?” Ethan asked.

“Absolutely not,” Dana interrupted as anger rolled off her in waves. “He almost killed her this time. You have no right to ask her to do that.”

She caught sight of Pete as he moved toward her. He recognized this anger in her and knew any moment now the furniture would start swirling around the room unless he did something to distract her. No matter how much control she’d mastered over her telekinetic skills, when she was really angry or really frightened things started to fly. Tonight she felt both.

Sandra lifted her hand to Dana’s face, catching her attention, distracting her unconscious telekinetic action.

“It’s okay, luv. I can do this. I need to do this,” she said, her determination shining from her eyes. “I’m a lot stronger than I look.”

Turning back to Ethan, Sandra nodded once.

“I’ll try it, but I can’t guarantee it’ll work. I don’t think this guy has any control over his ability,” she said, looking at Theresa. “He seems as strong as you and Dana, but without the knowledge on how

to control it. My guess is he's getting desperate and accidentally calling me telepathically."

"Makes sense." Theresa nodded. "If he's calling you, chances are he found one of our sisters and needs help to get her out."

Ethan and Caleb nodded in agreement.

"Get some rest first," Caleb suggested. When Sandra looked like she would disagree, he added, "That's an order, agent. We'll try tomorrow when I can have medical personnel present." He turned to Dana, holding her gaze. "We will take every precaution. Do everything we can to keep her safe."

Sandra nodded her agreement, clasping Dana's hand in reassurance, but her eyes closed heavily like she'd suddenly lost the ability to keep them open. John lifted her in his arms, kissing Dana gently as he rose.

"Come on, honey. You can supervise her while she sleeps."

\* \* \* \*

A couple of hours later, Dana moved around the kitchen, trying to salvage the meal she'd been preparing. Her sister and one of her husbands sat at the table watching her silently. They'd both offered to help, but she'd ordered everyone out of her kitchen. She didn't care how good her sister was at everything else, she would take care of her family, and that meant the kitchen was her sanctuary, her space. She didn't like anyone else invading her space, especially tonight.

She'd almost forgotten the news she had for them she was so freaked out by what had happened to Sandra. Dana and John had stayed in the chair beside the bed and watched Sandra sleep off her exhaustion. Tears had escaped even though Dana fought hard to hold them back. Every muscle in her body had screamed with tension. She'd wanted to smash something or quite frankly, someone—her so-called brother would've done quite nicely. How dare he upset her family?



Returning to the solitary, empty life she'd once lived was not an option, and she would fight to keep her family happy, especially now that she was going to have their baby.

She slammed the lid back onto the pot, too agitated to notice the two men who were now standing behind her.

"Was there something you wanted to tell us?" Pete asked, obvious excitement in his voice. He and John stepped into the kitchen and wrapped their arms around her.

Dana smiled, her anger melting away as she felt their love for her. She knew they knew now, but she said it out loud anyway.

"I'm having our baby."

# **THE END**

**WWW.ABBYBLAKE.WEBS.COM**

## 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.

### *Also by Abby Blake*

Siren LoveXtreme Forever: A Bride for Eight Brothers 1: *Mikayla's Men*

Siren LoveXtreme Forever: A Bride for Eight Brothers 2: *Sweet Captivation*

Ménage Everlasting: *Fire*

Ménage Everlasting: Altered Destinies 1: *Lost*

Available at  
**BOOKSTRAND.COM**



**Siren Publishing, Inc.**  
**[www.SirenPublishing.com](http://www.SirenPublishing.com)**