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# ENEMIES AND LOVERS AMONGST US

**JESSICA  
FROST**

2

*Haven for the Lustfully Damned*

## Haven for the Lustfully Damned 2

# Enemies and Lovers Amongst Us

After botching up her last assignment, Triala Barns worries her career as a Voyeur Scout has ended. When she's given a chance at redemption by being assigned to a mission to infiltrate the underground world in search of the mysterious Rogue werewolves who've been killing humans, she couldn't be happier. Until she finds out her partners are humans and that she'll be taking orders from the arrogant, sexy duo.

Sam Wethers and Jake Reynolds thought they'd created the perfect cover for their werewolf partner, Triala. By pretending she's their girlfriend, they could keep an eye on her. But her stubbornness and loathing of humans becomes an obstacle they didn't anticipate. Add to that their sexual attraction and deep feelings growing for her after they see her vulnerable side she tries to keep hidden, and they realize they've put their mission and lives in jeopardy.

Now two Rogue werewolves have identified them and are out to silence them before they can find out the real reason behind the killings.

**Genre:** Ménage a Trois/Quatre, Paranormal,  
Vampires/Werewolves

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**MENAGE EVERLASTING**



**Siren Publishing, Inc.**  
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## Prologue

*Will she speak or torment me for all eternity?* That recurrent question haunted Thorak as he observed Sinor quietly pacing beside the oblong table in his private quarters. He followed the elderly female Voyeur's progress with dismay and impatience.

"Why did you request this private meeting?" he asked, breaking the silence echoing around him.

"Because what I wanted to discuss was for our ears only," Sinor replied after a few seconds. Her stern expression spoke volumes of her stress.

"I see. Then I assume it's about my decision." He swerved his plush leather chair as it creaked under his weight.

"Precisely." Her single word and piercing gaze sliced through him.

He huffed. "It's my decision, Sinor, and you of all werewolves should know I do not need the Council's permission."

"Yes, Thorak, you are the Council's top Elder and do not need their approval, but as I am the second Elder in authority under you, I have a right to know your reason."

She had a point. Thorak gulped, fearing his reply to her question. He hoped he didn't need to explain his reasoning, but now that the match had been struck, he had no choice but to light the kindle and see the fire spread.

"I had a vision," he blurted.

Confusion clouded her eyes. "Of the human males Jake Reynolds and Sam Wethers you summoned here, or of Trialala?"

"Not of them." He waited for her next question. He planned only to leak the minimum of information.

Her eyes widened in hope, and her voice lifted in tone. "Of the Rogue werewolves who have been killing the humans?"

He sighed. "Not of them. No, they are still hidden from our visions. But I feel what I envisioned is related in some way, though I don't know for sure."

She walked closer to him and took his arm, staring deep into his eyes as if hoping to see the vision as well. "Tell me what you saw, Thorak."

"It's too difficult to explain. It was a vision of a powerful being. I'm not sure what it was exactly."

"But the look in your eyes tells me that you have an inclination of what it might be." She squinted.

"I may, but I can be wrong." There was no bypassing her shrewdness, it seemed. "I think it may be of a creature we've only heard legends about."

"Stop playing with words, Thorak. Spill it." Her patience and fear had obviously broken through and she forgot with whom she spoke, her superior and the eldest of all the Voyeur werewolves.

He couldn't blame her for the outburst. His coyness would be seen as ambivalent to anyone. Thinking it through, perhaps it was a good thing he confessed everything to her. Having the weight of it on his shoulders alone for the past month had taken its toll on him.

Gazing deep into her eyes, he released his innermost fearful thought. "A Yenaldlooshi."



Her mouth fell open, and she stared blankly in silence. After a few minutes, she said, "You saw a skin walker?"

He nodded.

"Then it is responsible for this new formation of Rogue werewolves on the attack?"

He shook his head. "I don't know. I don't think so, though. But my gut tells me they are related."

"Is it already here?" She frowned, visibly gulping. She obviously feared the legendary creature as much as Thorak did.

"No, the vision I had is far into the future. My guess is it'll come in six months or maybe even a year."

She walked over to the chair in the corner of the room and slumped into it with apparent shock. "If you're right, then what we and the humans are experiencing with this new group of Rogues is just the tip of the iceberg. Once the Yenaldlooshi falls into the equation, things will get worse, much worse."

He took a deep breath, glancing down at his folded hands before returning his gaze to her. "I'm afraid so."

Revelation sparkled in Sinor's eyes as she said, "So that explains why you have called upon the Indian. Have you told him or his partner of your vision?"

He bolted up in his chair. "No! It'll spark utter panic. No, I won't say anything until I know for sure. Not to them or the Council. Nor should you!"

"You don't have to worry about my telling the Council. I'm no fool. I know the panic that could cause." She rubbed her chin with her bony hand and asked, "Then what have you told the Indian?"

"Only that we need help infiltrating the underground world to search for the Rogue werewolves and their secret hideout."

"You're sure we'll find answers in the underground world?"

"It's the logical next step since every other lead has gotten us nowhere. And the boy and his partner have contacts in the black market who can help us." He tapped his nails on his desk.

Sinor gazed at him, asking, “That explains why the humans will be coming, but why did you choose Trialala to help them? After her failed past mission and her forward hatred for humans, shouldn’t you have chosen a different Voyeur Scout?”

“Yes, I thought of that, but she is the Voyeur Scout with the strongest clairvoyant power.”

“And the most stubbornness.” Sinor snorted. “You know she’ll give the human males problems.”

“I know, but I also know her allegiance to the Voyeurs is strong, and she will bite back her hatred and pride to work with the humans if I ask it of her.”

Sinor lifted her brow. “That is true, but her short temper sometimes makes her forget her focus.”

“Yes. This mission certainly won’t be an easy one for her or for the human males she’ll be working with.” Checking his watch, Thorak stood up and slowly walked over to the door while his arthritic, pained knees cracked with his every movement. “They’ll be coming any second now, so it’s best you leave, Sinor.”

She got up and exited with a farewell, “Good luck, Thorak.”

“I’m not the one who will need it. They will,” he uttered as he closed the door behind her.

Walking over to the window, he stared into the Voyeur compound below, wondering. Could his vision have been of a skin walker, a Yenaldlooshi? It certainly looked like the creature he had heard about when he was just ten years old.

His mind’s eye brought him back to half a millennium ago and the vivid memory of him as a child sitting on the ground in the middle of the forest beside his grandfather. A fire burned before them. Their hands were outstretched to absorb the flames’ warmth on a cold autumn night.

*His grandfather stared at him with hesitation in his eyes. "Thorak, are you sure you want to hear about the legendary creature?"*

*"Yes, Grand-Papi, yes."*

*His grandfather said in a stern voice, "You will have many nightmares."*

*"No, I will not. Please, Grand-Papi, tell me," he urged him.*

*His grandfather sighed. "Very well."*

*He gazed at the flames and began his tale. "There is a mysterious creature that werewolves have feared for centuries. Only a few have seen it and lived to tell their experience."*

*"What creature is this?"*

*"It is a skin walker. It is a mystical being that can turn into any animal and steal your soul. The stories I've heard say of it will curdle your blood."*

Thorak tapped his chin as he thought back to what his grandfather had said. His grandfather had been right. Those tales did scare him and he did have nightmares about it for months and years to come.

The legendary creature became Thorak's obsession for centuries. Whenever he heard of a creature that resembled it, he would research it.

In his centuries of investigation, he cognized that the skin walker his grandfather spoke to him about was most probably a Yenaldlooshi. Yenaldlooshi was a Navajo word for "He who trots on all fours."

In Navajo mythology these creatures were said to be witches who used skins from animals to provide them with the animals' powers. If they used a coyote's skin, it was said to give them speed. If they used a bear's skin they had great strength, so on and so forth. They also had been known to gain power by murdering a close relative or even a brother or sister. They could assimilate a person's body if he or she stared into their eyes.

In his research, Thorak had also come across another beast that had similar traits to the skin walker. The Inuit mythology spoke of a creature called Kigatilik, which was a demon with claws that killed shamans.

In his gut, Thorak believed the skin walker was a meld of both myths. It was a demon with claws that could take on the form of any animal or human it made contact with. He surmised the only way to summon this demon to Earth was through a mass murder sacrifice of loved ones.

He guessed maybe that was the reason for all the human killings by Rogue werewolves that had been happening in southern Alaska the past few months.

Perhaps one Rogue werewolf or a clan of them was creating a Rogue army to hunt down their family members and kill them. Soon these killings would give them enough power to summon the demon skin walker to Earth. If that happened, then humans and the Voyer werewolves who protected them had no chance against the Rogue werewolves and the Yenaldlooshi.

He shook his head, trying to cast the terrible thought out of his mind. He must focus on what he knew for sure, not speculate on the unworldly. Right now, they needed to find out who this new Rogue group of werewolves were, and to do that they had to infiltrate the underground world to see if they could uncover anything.

He thought of the young, red-haired Voyer Scout Triala Barns who he chose for this mission. Had he made the right decision? Was Triala the right candidate, or would her hard head and hatred for humans jeopardize everything?

Having seen her grow up, he had witnessed her short temper and stubbornness, but he had also seen the vulnerable child and then woman she became. She tried to hide her vulnerability from everyone by acting so strong and cold. Her parents' tragic deaths in her early teens bore a permanent scar on her psyche he thought would never be erased.

That scar was her Achilles' heel, but he also knew it was her inborn strength. That inner strength, her allegiance to him and the Voyeurs, along with her strong visionary powers, made her the best choice.

Hopefully, she and Sam Wethers and Jake Reynolds would be able to figure out who this new dangerous group of killer Rogues were soon.

Time was of the essence. He checked his watch and cursed. They all should have been here ten minutes ago. "Where in heaven's name are they?"

## Chapter 1

“Are you sure we’re heading in the right direction?” Jake Reynolds asked his partner as he stared at the open road before them.

“Yeah. We should be seeing the compound soon.” Sam Wethers turned to look at him. “I remember this road the last time I was up here.”

“When was that?”

“A long time ago,” he said upon reflection. “I came with my dad. Maybe eighteen years ago.”

“How the hell can you remember it from so long ago?” Jake’s eyes widened.

“I remember everything about that trip here,” he admitted.

The memories had remained vivid for Sam even after so much time passed. He recalled the first day they arrived at the compound. His father was coming to visit his friend Thorak, whom he knew from long ago, and wanted his son to meet the infamous Voyeur werewolf. It was the first time Sam had ever met a werewolf, let alone a large group of them nestled in the isolated woods in southern Alaska not that far off from Anchorage.

He remembered staying up all night their first night there looking out the window at the full moon, waiting to see the Voyeurs transform into werewolves and go hunting for prey. It never happened. His father explained to him the next day that Voyeur werewolves didn’t turn to raging werewolves and kill humans. On the contrary, they used their visionary capabilities and the controlled beast within them to protect mankind from wild Rogue werewolves that roamed the earth. Of course, that didn’t mean a Voyeur werewolf couldn’t turn into the

uncontrollable beast and kill. They could if they didn't do something specific before every full moon.

Sam was only fourteen then, so of course his father couldn't tell him what that "something" was, but later in life he did tell him the reason. A smile spread over his face the day he learned Voyeurs used boundless sex to control the wild beast within them. A part of him wished he was born a Voyeur so he could use that excuse to have limitless sex, too. But he knew the big responsibility weighing on the Voyeurs' shoulders to protect mankind, and he never wanted such a burden put on him.

Being a private detective now, working with his friend and partner, Jake, served him just right. So much simpler than playing a supernatural superhero every waking hour of his life.

When he got a visit yesterday from Thorak requesting his services, it came quite as a shock. Even though the ancient Voyeur still kept in touch with his family after Sam's dad died a couple of years ago and he knew that Sam had quit the Anchorage Police Department six months before so he could take care of his dad when he got sick, he never expected that Thorak would ever need his help.

It took a few minutes for the revelation to sink in, but Sam agreed with no hesitation to take on the job. Once Thorak left, he called Jake, his partner, to tell him about this new big case. Work had been slow the past couple of months. They had the odd "get proof my wife or husband is cheating so I can use it in divorce court" case, even a missing person's case of a runaway teen. But other than that things had been pretty calm. So it wasn't too hard convincing Jake he should join him on the case. Of course, he had to tell him the whole unbelievable story about Voyeur werewolves and the new Rogue werewolves Thorak discussed with him.

Shockingly, Jake took it with stride and didn't need much convincing to agree to accompany him on this job. Jake's grandfather was an Inuit, too, and Jake had heard hearsay about werewolf legends

all his life. He even thought he saw one from afar when he was a kid on a hiking trip with his dad and a friend.

So here they were almost twenty-four hours later on a dirt road heading for the Voyeurs' compound to get further instructions and information from Thorak.

Jake broke the silence by saying, "I think I see something on our left." He paused and said in an excited tone, "Yeah, there. You see it?" He pointed with his finger up ahead.

Sam looked in that direction, and sure enough, he saw a clearing up ahead and a path leading into the compound. "Yeah, that's it."

Following the path into the compound, he looked for a place to park up ahead while Jake stared at the huge, gray brick building with its partly circular arches and small windows. "Boy, it looks pretty big. Love the architecture. Gothic?"

"No, I don't remember what they call it. It looks spooky, though." Sam placed the car in park.

"Yeah, the perfect dwelling for werewolves," Jake joked while getting out of the vehicle.

Sam laughed at Jake's remark as he opened his door and stepped out. "Good one."

He turned to head for the building's concrete steps when something slammed into him. He fell to the ground, stunned as his head hit the grass. Whoever or whatever slammed into him fell onto his chest a second after that. He lost his breath with the contact.

Once the scenery around him stopped spinning and became focused again, he stared into big, gorgeous green eyes as they stared back at him. Gazes locked. Sam became mesmerized by the brown flecks floating in a sea of deep emerald green.

When lashes fluttered, his gaze broke free to travel outside the circumference of the emerald green sea. He beheld the most beautiful and delicate, round face and pouty red lips perfect for kissing. A deep yearning from within him pushed his own lips closer to hers to see if



the sultry redness of their pigmentation reflected a heated passion he thought they possessed.

Just when his lips were a mere half inch away from fiery contact, the woman pushed herself away, clumsily trying to get up.

Once up, she straightened her skirt that rode up her sexy, super long legs and pulled down her low-cut sweater, revealing a deep neckline and the most delectable mounds.

*Umm, the view just gets better and better.*

Returning her gaze to Sam, she said in a raised tone and sneered, “You oaf, watch where you’re going next time!”

*And a spitfire, too. Mercy!*

Sam got quickly back up on his feet and countered, “Considering it was you who bumped into me, miss, it should be me saying that to you, not the other way around. Omitting the ‘oaf’ comment, of course.” He smiled slyly.

Frowning, she huffed. “I...I bumped into you?”

Jake walked back over to where they stood when Sam asked, “Isn’t that right, Jake?” He looked at his partner, who had the biggest smirk on his face. Jake obviously found Sam’s banter just as entertaining as Sam did.

Jake nodded, looking at her. “Yup, miss. You bumped into him.”

Her frown got deeper as she squinted, gazing at Jake. She seemed to be getting ready to say something, but bit her lip and took a deep breath as she walked quickly away. She mumbled to herself, but Sam could make out, “Of all the arrogant and...” Then her voice trailed off as she moved farther away.

Jake laughed. “Ah, that was too funny. You should have seen how she plowed right into you and knocked you down.”

Sam’s brow lifted in curiosity as he rubbed the back of his head where it hit the ground just moments ago. A small bump had formed and was sore to the touch. “Yeah, she’s pretty strong. She could be a good linebacker.” He paused and added, “And she’s gorgeous, too.”

“That she is. That she is.” Jake sighed, and then checked his watch. “What time were we supposed to meet Thorak?”

Sam also glanced at his watch, noting it was 2:42 in the afternoon, and darted for the stairs. “We’re really late. Come on, follow me.”

He headed into the building, remembering Thorak’s private room was situated not that far away from the Council’s quarters where they had their meetings. Yeah, everything came back to him now, the marbled floors and how his steps echoed around him as he walked in a swift gait, the piers and columns, and the dark, framed paintings that dressed the walls all around.

Even the air was cold and slightly damp. Perhaps it had to do with the weather outside. Heating such a huge place must have been hard.

At the end of the long and wide hallway, Sam turned to the right while Jake was closely on his tail. Thorak’s room was just around the corner. The elder Voyeur stood in the door’s curved archway, smiling.

“We’re sorry we’re late, Thorak,” Sam said as he greeted him by shaking his extended hand. “We had a flat tire, and when we finally got here, we had a run-in with one of your Voyeurs.” The image of the beautiful red-haired vixen appeared in his mind. Her beauty and each feature of her perfect face had been etched permanently in his mind, it seemed.

Coughing to clear his distracting thoughts and dry throat, he turned around to introduce Jake. “This is my partner, Jake, who I told you would be joining me on this assignment.”

Jake bowed to shake the Voyeur’s hand. “It’s a pleasure to meet you, Thorak.”

Thorak nodded. “As it is for me, too, Jake.” He moved to the side to make room for them to enter his room and gestured with his hand. “Please, both of you come in.” As he closed the door behind their entry, he said, “Please sit down. The Voyeur Scout who will be working with you still isn’t here.”

Sam didn't like the sound of that. He thought they'd be working this job on their own. He didn't work well with others, especially if the operatives were inexperienced. They only got in the way.

Sam stared at Thorak. "I didn't know you wanted a Voyeur to work with us on this assignment. Frankly, Jake and I always only work alone."

Thorak walked slowly to a chair next to theirs as they all sat down around an oblong table in the center of the room. He placed his hand on the solid oak table and smiled.

"It is not just a Voyeur who will be accompanying you on this mission, Sam. It'll be a Voyeur Scout, Triala Barns, who is trained in battle. She, along with all Voyeur Scouts, patrols the cities and surrounding areas protecting humans from Rogue werewolves."

"Okay, she may be trained in battle, but she isn't trained in detective work. She could jeopardize our whole undercover operation," Jake added, obviously agreeing with his partner.

"That's why you will be giving her orders. She will be under your command, Sam," Thorak said.

Just as Sam was about to add another reason why that still wasn't a good idea, a knock came at the door.

Thorak didn't get up, but said, "Come in, Triala, we've been waiting for you."

The second the door opened, mesmerizing deep green eyes locked with Sam's and that very important reason why it wasn't a good idea having Triala Barns working under him suddenly flew out the window.

## Chapter 2

*Damn it!*

Triala certainly didn't expect this when she opened the door to Thorak's private quarters. Yes, this day was definitely full of surprises. First, her watch stopped working and she didn't realize it until she passed the clock in the gardens outside and noted she was late for her meeting with the ancient Voyeur. Then when she was darting to her room to put away her things, she encountered the most obtuse males she'd ever met just outside the building.

And now this. No, not a good day at all.

Closing the door behind her, she said, "I'm sorry, sire, for being so late. I hadn't realized my watch stopped."

*And I got detained further by two bungling, obnoxious male humans.* She so wanted to add those words. But after further thought, it was best she held her tongue on the comment.

Thorak motioned with his hand. "It's all right. Here, come sit."

Once she did as he asked, he continued, "This here is Sam Wethers and Jake Reynolds. And this is Triala Barns."

The one named Sam bowed his head, smiling. "Nice to officially meet you, Triala."

Thorak's brow lifted, and his eyes denoted curiosity. "Oh, you've met before?"

Without breaking his gaze from her eyes, Sam replied, "You could say that. We had a 'run-in' of sorts outside."

"Run-in?" Thorak asked.

"Yes, in the literal sense. Triala accidentally ran into me." Sam's smile widened in mischief.

Heat built in Trialala's veins as her temper rose. She tightened her lips so the curse words she dared not speak remained contained.

"Oh, I see." Thorak laughed.

Sam broke his stare and looked at the ancient Voyeur. "So you were saying..."

Thorak nodded. "Yes." He turned his attention to Trialala. "Since you came in late, I haven't had a chance to brief you on what this meeting is about before Sam and Jake arrived. So let me start now." He took a deep breath to continue. "I have another assignment for you."

Trialala's heart lifted. "I thought I was still on temporary leave for my error in judgment on the last assignment?"

Thorak shook his head. "No, just on a short hiatus, which has ended. On this assignment you will be working with Sam and Jake."

A lump of air got stuck in her throat, and she gasped. She couldn't have heard right. "What, sire?"

"You will be working with Sam and Jake," Thorak repeated.

"But, sire, they are humans. What do they know about Rogue werewolves?"

"Nothing. That's why I'm assigning you to work under them. You'll be taking orders from them."

Her voice rose with her temper as she repeated, "But, sire, they are humans." She knew it was a sign of disrespect to raise her voice to Thorak, but right at that moment she had lost all facets of reason.

Thorak's brow lifted as a warning she should lower her voice. "Precisely."

She waited until her voice calmed and said, "I don't understand."

"You will be going undercover in the human underground world to search for any information on this new group of Rogues. Sam and Jake are ex-policemen who worked in narcotics. They have the contacts and are our best chance to find anything."

"But..."

Before she could think of a rebuttal, Thorak lifted his index finger in forewarning. "Triala, it is an order."

She gazed at Sam and Jake, expecting to see smug smiles. Instead they stared back at her with blank expressions, which told her nothing of what they were thinking. She didn't like not being able to read them.

Returning her gaze to Thorak, she nodded. "Of course, sire. I will do whatever you ask of me."

He grinned slightly as he leaned forward in his chair. "Good. Good." He opened a file and handed them all stapled pages. "These here are the recorded human deaths by these new Rogues that have been happening in this area these past couple of months. As you can see they have doubled in less than a month and are continuing to rise."

"You guys are Voyeurs. Why can't you see any of the killings before they happen?" Jake asked.

"Now that is the question plaguing all of us at this time. This new group must be using some sort of black magic cloaking spell that is blocking them entirely from our visions. Unfortunately, we are unfamiliar with any type of cloaking spell that can make an entire group of werewolves completely invisible like this."

Triala stated, "They may be cloaking themselves from us, but they can't possibly cloak everyone they are in contact with. Sooner or later we will have a vision of someone who has had contact with them. That is where we will find our clues."

Thorak smiled. "Very good, Triala. Very good. There is no doubt in my mind I made the right decision assigning you to this mission."

Another lump formed in her throat at the powerful emotions surging through her. After her parents died, and she was left an orphan, Thorak had always been there for her. Always taking care of her from afar. He was like a grandfather to her, and she knew she had disappointed him in her last mission five months ago, before this new group of phantom Rogues ever emerged.

She hadn't followed her superior's orders on that mission and almost got the whole unit killed. She had been so sure the area they were patrolling was free of danger and didn't think to check the perimeter before entering, as ordered. There was a trigger planted not that far from the entrance, and when she made contact with it, a bomb exploded not that far away from the rest of the unit.

Thank God no one got badly injured, but it was all her fault it happened because she didn't follow her superior's orders. The guilt she had been carrying these past months plagued her constantly. But now hearing Thorak say such praises got her all choked up. Perhaps she'd now be able to correct the wrong she had committed.

"Maybe you'll have a vision of someone who has had contact with one of these Rogues when we go undercover," Sam said, staring at her.

She turned to him to reply, "Yes, hopefully, I will."

"Well, that's all the information I can give you. Now the rest is up to you three." Thorak closed the empty file.

Sam got up, walked over to the Voyeur's chair, and held his hand out. "That's all we'll need, Thorak. We'll go now and check with our contacts, see if they can set up a front for us."

"You do what you have to do, Sam." Thorak shook his hand. "Your father always told me how smart you are and how good you were at your job."

"He was always proud of me," Sam said, and Trialala could see his features soften as though he were trying to hold back deep emotions.

Jake got up and shook Thorak's hand, as well. "It was a pleasure meeting you, Thorak. We'll do our best to find some clues, any clue on these new Rogues for you."

"Thank you, Jake. I hope you will." Thorak got up and headed for the door, opening it to let them out.

Trialala remained seated, but when Thorak motioned she must leave as well, she got up.

"I won't disappoint you, sire," she said, heading for the door.

Sincerity shone in the Voyeur's eyes. "I know you won't, Triala." He turned his attention to all three of them and added, "Goodbye and good luck." Then he closed the door, leaving Triala alone with the humans standing in the corridor.

They stared at her in silence, which irritated the hell out of her.

Sam's face broke into a smile as he got closer to her and said while staring deep into her eyes, "I bet you never expected we'd all be working together, right, Triala?"

Triala beheld his beautiful chocolate-brown eyes and full lips, and her heartbeat quickened in excitement. She diverted her gaze but couldn't ignore her sexual werewolf instincts rising as she sniffed his masculine, virile scent.

Taking a deep breath to calm herself, she looked back into his face and replied, "No, no, I certainly never expected this."

She noted his eyes were focused on her bosom then. Yes, a highly distractible male, he was. But she had to admit his attentive, pleased eyes made her heartbeat quicken and her nipples taut with pleasure.

She waved her hand in front of his eyes. "Hello! My face is over here." She pointed upward.

He laughed, obviously realizing he was gawking, and she had caught him. "I like that sweater a lot. I think my sister would, as well. I was wondering where you got it. Maybe I'd buy it for her, too."

She couldn't help the cackle that escaped her lips. "You have got to be joking. Do I look like a moron to you?"

He leaned in closer so his face was just a few inches away from hers. "No, my dear. You are far from that. And I look forward to working with you on this assignment."

"I'm sure you are." She chuckled and then sneered. "And don't call me 'my dear.'"

"Sorry. But seriously, I think my sister would like a sweater like that. She loves earth tones, and cashmere is her favorite. I think you are even the same size. She's an eight."



“I’m a six,” she replied instinctively and then wanted to slap herself. Her clothing size was none of his business.

A wide smirk spread over his lips, and his eyes twinkled with mischievous thoughts no doubt. “I was close.”

That smug look bore through her skin like an arrow piercing its target. Her hand twitched to ball into a fist, and she really wanted to sock him then. Oh, she needed to get away from him before she did inflict bodily harm on him, before his scent seeped deeper into her pores.

Coughing, she said, “Well, obviously, we have nothing relevant left to talk about that pertains to this mission, so when your contacts have created a cover for us, let me know, and I shall accompany you.”

She began to leave when Sam gently grabbed her hand. Heat surged through her arm from their contact.

“Where are you going?” he asked.

“To my quarters. You don’t need me until we actually go undercover, right?” She frowned.

“No, no, we don’t,” Sam replied.

“So then I’m leaving. Good day, gentlemen,” she said, glancing at both men, and then began to walk away.

“How do we know where to contact you?” Jake asked.

Without looking behind at him, she waved her copy of the report Thorak had given her and the humans. “Look at the report. Our contact information is listed.”

With her werewolf sense of hearing, she made out Jake saying in revelation, “Oh, yeah. There it is.”

Working with these humans would not be easy. They hadn’t even begun their assignment and they were already getting on her nerves. They hardly looked like ex-policemen. They hadn’t even noticed the contact info, for God’s sake. How blind could they be?

Thorak wanted her to work with them. He wanted her to help them find any clues on these new Rogues. She couldn’t disappoint him, not again. Not now, not ever.

She huffed in resolve. Even if she'd be sick to her stomach the entire time she worked with these oafs, she wouldn't let Thorak down. His approval meant the world to her.

Just as she turned the corner heading to her quarters, she remembered Sam's manly, sexual scent when he was near her and she suddenly felt butterflies fluttering in her stomach. What a strange sensation she was experiencing. She tried to tell herself she didn't like it one bit. But her body's excited reaction obviously told her otherwise.

### **Chapter 3**

Sam rubbed his hands together, smiling after hanging up the phone.

Jake's curiosity got the better of him. "So what did Tom say?"

"It'll take a few hours, but he thinks he has the perfect cover for us as drug dealers." Sam got up, walked over to the coffeemaker, and poured himself a cup of coffee. The aroma spread into the air, reaching Jake's nose, and he suddenly craved a cup.

"Mind if I have some, too?" He gestured at the untouched cup in Sam's hand. "Way to go, partner. I honestly didn't think we'd get the help."

"It's the charm, partner. You gotta know when to spread it and to whom. Besides, Tom owes me big-time for my help on his case last year."

Placing the coffee on the desk in front of Jake, Sam stared into his eyes. "Now, the problem is where does this leave Trialia?"

"Yeah, she does complicate our cover. She doesn't exactly look like a drug dealer, nor would she know how to act or what to say."

After getting another cup for himself, Sam sat in his chair, rested his feet on the top of his desk, and leaned into his pivoting armchair while taking a sip of coffee. "Yup, so what do you suggest?"

"We give her a low profile cover. One where she doesn't do much talking."

Sam nodded. "Yeah." He paused, staring at the wall beside him and smiling. "And I have just the cover."

"Oh, that look on your face tells me it's a doozy." Jake chuckled.

"She'll be my foreign girlfriend who speaks barely any English."

Jake spit out a mouthful of coffee in shock. “Did I hear right? Are you kidding?”

“Why do you say that?” Sam’s expression was shockingly serious.

“What, are you blind, partner? Did you not see the hatred in her eyes whenever she looks at you? If she could ram into you again like she did yesterday near the Voyeur’s front steps, she would. Haven’t you noticed she hates humans?”

“I also noticed the sexual attraction we have. I saw her expression change when I got near her yesterday. How her eyes and features softened and she inhaled my scent. She’s into me, bro.”

Jake couldn’t help but laugh. “She may have reacted to your ‘scent,’ partner. But I didn’t see she was ‘into’ you. Mind you, I wouldn’t mind seeing her when she is really aroused.”

Jake’s imagination began to wander. Sam had told him about the sexual release werewolves needed before every full moon, otherwise they turned into the uncontrollable beast. His mind brought him an image of Triala and himself making love. Her naked, glistening body over his. Her full, luscious breasts right in reach of his lips and tongue. He’d take one of her erect nipples into his mouth and suckle it while he lifted her onto his cock and made love to her over and over again. His cock snug as a bug in a rug in her hot, sexy cunt. She’d be moaning in ecstasy while her beautiful face showed her pleasure and her sexual hunger.

An erection rose in him with his excited and heated imagination, which Sam obviously noted.

“From the look in your eyes, maybe she should play your girlfriend instead of mine, then?”

“Oh, now that I wouldn’t mind one bit. But I think we’re wasting our time. You know just as well as I do, she won’t go for it. No way in hell.”

Sam’s brow lifted. “She will if she has no choice. Thorak ordered her to work with us and put me in charge. If I say she is either mine or your girlfriend, she has no choice but to follow orders.”

“You’re that sure she’ll follow orders?” Jake itched to make a bet.

Sam nodded. “Yeah, I am.”

Lifting his finger to deliver his wager, he said with a sly smile, “Okay, then if you are so sure, why don’t we make her both our girlfriend?”

“Ah...” Sam frowned.

Jake laughed, slamming his hand on his desk. “See? See? You know she’ll say no.”

Sam didn’t speak, just stood up and walked over to the coatrack in the corner of their office.

“What are you doing?” Jake asked when Sam put on his coat and came back to his desk to get his keys and the report Thorak had given them.

“Proving to you that she will say yes.” Sam grinned as his brow lifted. He headed to the door and said, without looking back, “Don’t you want to tag along and see if you’ll win the bet?”

“Hell, yes.” Jake jumped to his feet at the bait.

As they exited their office, Sam gazed at him. “But before we pay her a visit, I want to get some things.”

“What?” Curiosity piqued in Jake.

“You’ll see. Actually, you can help me choose them.” Sam winked mischievously, leaving Jake completely dumbfounded.

## Chapter 4

“Ring, you stupid phone, ring!” Trialala cursed.

Staring at the phone certainly wasn’t making it ring any faster. Trialala had been staring fixedly at it for the past half hour, and all it was getting her was more nervous. More than twenty-four hours had passed, and still no word from the bungling humans.

Was she supposed to wait in her quarters forever? Damn, she wished Thorak had added her cell number to the report. This way she could come and go as she wished and not wait for their beck and call at home.

She thought of calling them, but thought better of it. Actually, her pride made her think better of it. She had left it that they would call her. If she called them, then she’d look anxious, desperate. No way would she do that.

Yet here she was, anxious and desperate. Not because she wanted to see them. No. She’d be happy if she never saw them again. But she did want to go out and relieve her sexual libido. The full moon would be upon them in a few days, and she hadn’t had sexual release yet this month. Her body screamed for release and pleasure.

A thought occurred to her then. If she couldn’t go out to get release, well then, maybe release could come to her. Release in the form of a hunky, muscular werewolf. She started to roll over names in her mind when the doorbell rang.

Perhaps this was her lucky night and that was either Eric, Stuart, or John coming to pay her a visit. Getting up with anticipation, she walked over to the door to open it. The minute she saw two gorgeous sets of dark brown eyes staring at her and smug smiles plastered on

Sam and Jake's faces, her cheerful mood suddenly dropped and a frown came upon her.

Sam laughed at her obvious change in mood. "It's nice to see you, too, Triala."

Crossing her arms over her chest, she asked, "Didn't we leave it you would call me?"

"We thought it better to pay you a visit so we can work out the plan with you." He looked at Jake and then at the doorframe. "May we come in?"

"Do I have a choice?"

Not waiting any longer, Sam and Jake walked past her and observed their surroundings with curious eyes.

"Nice place you have here, Triala," Jake said, smiling.

"Thanks. Now what is this plan of yours?"

"Aren't you going to offer us something to drink? Or werewolves don't do the hospitality thing?" Sam laughed while he slumped onto her leather sofa, placing the bag he held next to him on the cushion.

"Very well, what would you *gentlemen* like to drink?" she said with a fake grin.

"I'll have a beer," Jake said.

"I'll have the same," Sam added.

While she went to the kitchen to get two beers from the fridge, she couldn't help but think of their manly scents as they stepped past her in the doorway minutes ago. For humans, they were damn attractive. Sam with his long jet-black hair he tied loosely in a ponytail. His piecing dark brown eyes and his sharp features were quite enchanting. Jake's black hair was short and slicked back, though a strand always fell to his forehead no matter how many times he pulled it back. His brown eyes were big and soft, as were his facial features. Both men were equally handsome, and for some reason she had an uncontrollably attraction to both of them.

It confused her. She had never been attracted to male humans like this before. Then again, she had never been in such close contact with them, either.

Because her parents were killed by certain humans years ago, she kept her distance from all of them and liked it that way. Until now. Her body began to heat up and yearned to be close to these male humans, and she was having a difficult time containing her rising urges.

Placing the cold beer she held in her hand near her neck to cool herself off, she tried to focus and cast away her desires as she headed back to the living room. Both men sat silently staring at her every move as she brought them their drinks.

Purposely sitting on the fauteuil further away from them, so their scents wouldn't be so concentrated to continue to tempt her, she asked again, "So what is the plan?"

"Well, it took some work, but our contact is finally setting up a good cover for us. We'll be drug dealers," Sam said after swallowing a swig of beer.

"That's good news!" She pushed herself to the edge of her seat.

Sam looked at Jake before adding, "And you will be our girlfriend."

Did she hear right? Could they possibly be serious? She, a Voyeur Scout who had put her life on the line so many times in dangerous missions, would play the part of a "girlfriend? And not just a girlfriend, but both of theirs?

No, they were jesting. It was too ridiculous a notion. "Ha. Ha. Very funny. Now tell me what my real cover will be."

"We did. You'll be our girlfriend, Trialala," Jake replied with a serious expression.

She jumped to her feet and screamed, "You two are crazy if you think I'll play the part of your subservient girlfriend."

"Calm down, Trialala. And listen to the plan before you overreact."



Biting her lip to contain her anger as she sat down again, she replied, "I'm not overreacting."

Taking a deep breath, Sam continued. "You have no experience in narcotics or police work. You wouldn't know how to act or what to say when we actually start playing the parts of drug dealers. Jake and I had five years experience in narcotics with the police force before we set out on our own as private eyes."

"So then I'll just follow your lead and do what you do."

"Sorry, sweetie, but that won't work. What if the people we mingle with start asking you direct questions? We can't start spooning you answers in front of them, now can we?"

"Don't ever call me sweetie again." She gritted her teeth then added, "There must be another cover I can take then, other than being your girlfriend."

Sam placed his beer on a coaster on the oak table in front of him. "I thought you said you'd cooperate with us? You promised Thorak you'd work with us and take orders from me."

"I did." She huffed.

"Well, then this is my order, Triala. You'll play our girlfriend."

"Why do I have to be both your girlfriend?"

"This way you can accompany either of us if we need to separate."

"So do you agree, Triala, or do I have to call Thorak and ask him to assign another female Voyeur Scout to this case?"

"No, no, don't do that." She let out her pent-up frustration as she gave in. "Okay, all right. You win. I'll play the part as your girlfriend."

"Good. You'll need to wear this, then." Sam grinned slyly as he stretched out to hand her the bag he held.

Inside the bag, she expected to find a wire to put under her clothes, so they could listen in to her conversations and record them when they did go undercover. When she opened up the bag and saw a skimpy red dress with fishnet nylons instead, she freaked.

Throwing the bag at Sam, she stormed to the door and opened it. “Who the hell do you think I am? A prostitute or a moron? Or both? Get the hell out of here. Now!”

“Calm down, Triala, and let us explain,” Jake said, getting up.

Sam added, “What type of women do you think hang around drug dealers, Triala? The type who have no scruples or taste and who wear outfits like that. If you were to wear anything other than something like this, then it would draw attention to ourselves that we don’t need. We need to blend in completely and...” Picking up the dress, he emphasized, “This is blending.”

“Well, you can forget about my blending in then. Because there is no way in hell I’ll wear such trash.” She crossed her arms in determination.

“Fine. It’s your decision.” Sam took out his cell phone and began to dial.

Panic flooded her. “Who are you calling?”

Looking at her, Sam replied, “Thorak, of course. Who else? We need to find a Voyeur Scout who is willing to play the part as it should be played. I’m not jeopardizing our whole cover operation because of your pride, missy.”

She quickly walked over to him and gently pulled the phone away from his ear. “Fine, you win. I’ll wear the damn dress.”

Turning off the phone, he grinned. “Now that’s what I wanted to hear.” He handed her the bag once more. “Put it on. We’ll be leaving soon to meet our contact who’ll introduce us to some people underground.”

Walking past him, heading to her room, she turned her head and said, “And don’t call me missy, either!”

She heard Sam chuckle as she closed the door to her room.

Staring at herself in the mirror as she held the skimpy outfit over her torso, she sighed. She had been in so many difficult and dangerous missions before, but this one would be the hardest and most dangerous one she would ever have.

Not only did she hate these humans, but for some unexplainable reason, she was also extremely sexually attracted to them. That scared the hell out of her. She'd have to play the part of their girlfriend. Obviously, kissing, caressing, and fondling intimate body parts would be involved.

Even though she tried to contain it, a shiver of excitement traveled through her body as she imagined the kissing and "other" things she'd be doing with these humans.

Damn, if only she had sexual release before they arrived, then maybe these forbidden and disturbing thoughts wouldn't be haunting and arousing her now.

## Chapter 5

“You win,” Jake said as he finished off his beer.

Sam nodded. “Actually, it went easier than I thought.” Sam laughed. “When I saw the anger in her eyes the minute she looked at the dress, I was about to take cover. I expected her to throw the alabaster sculpture on the table next to her instead of the bag she threw at me.”

“You certainly have guts, partner.”

“Well, all I said was true.”

“Yeah, but that didn’t mean she’d accept her cover. But thank God she did, because now it makes things so much easier. Either of us can always keep our eyes on her while we are undercover. This way we can protect her if something happens.”

“Now what gave you the idea I needed protecting?” Triala’s voice came from the corner of the living room where she walked in.

Her red, curly, soft locks cascaded around her shoulders, softening her beautiful eyes and red, pouty lips. The extremely low-cut, tight red dress complimented her plump bosom and accented her luscious curves. It rested high on her thighs, leaving her sexy, long legs exposed for his hungry eyes to feast on.

“Damn, you look sexy as hell,” Sam said, gulping.

Jake turned his head to observe her entry as his mouth fell open. His eyes traveled down her torso. Sam could see Jake’s gaze stilled a few seconds at her breasts and then at her legs. “Wow!”

She lifted her brow. “So I gather your expressions mean I look the part of a slut. How wonderful.”

Sam got up, walked over to her, and then gazed intensely at her body while he did a tour around her. “You do look sexy as hell, but hardly a slut. More like a very dangerous lady a man should think twice of crossing.”

“Not lady—werewolf, remember?” she said with a sideways, daring glance.

“Correction, a dangerous, sexy-as-hell female werewolf.” He stared into her eyes as she stood just inches away.

An uncontrollable urge to taste her luscious mouth overtook him suddenly. He slowly began to dip in to kiss her beautiful, full red lips, but stopped when she asked, “So what’s next?”

“We still have time before we meet Tom, our contact, so why don’t we practice,” Jake said as he got up and approached them.

*Way to go, Jake.* Sam tried to hide his smile.

“I don’t understand. Practice?” Triala frowned in apparent confusion.

“If you are playing the part of our foreign girlfriend, then we need to practice.” Jake stared into her eyes.

“Now I’m your *foreign* girlfriend? Why don’t I be an acrobat with the Russian circus while I’m at it and I’ll stand on my head and sing at the same time?” Concentrated sarcasm oozed out of her, and damn, Sam found it extremely alluring.

Jake laughed, then said, “Seriously, if we had more time to prep you, we wouldn’t have to go to such extremes. But we don’t, so the more shields we put up to protect you, the safer we’ll be.”

“Again, why do you think I need protecting? You do realize in my wolfen state I could tear your body to pieces in mere minutes?” Her brow lifted in dare.

“Right.” Jake visibly gulped as his eyes widened, and Sam had to restrain his laugh from bursting out of his mouth.

“What my partner is trying to say, Triala, is we are putting up this complicated ruse so people won’t ask you too many questions, which you wouldn’t know how to reply to correctly without jeopardizing our

whole cover. By making you a foreigner, they won't ask you questions, but they will us."

"So do you know any foreign languages?" Jake asked.

"I know some French."

"Well then, you'll be our French lover from Paris. Is there any particular name you'd like to use?"

She squinted as she answered Jake's question. "Since you two have been doing such a fine job creating this far-fetched cover for me, why don't you come up with my name."

The words just rolled off Sam's tongue even before they were born in his mind. "How about Jocelyne Pinot?"

"All right." She glanced at him. "Now what else do I need to know for my cover?"

He slid his feet forward so he was just inches away from her face. She never broke eye contact with him.

It was now or never. Either he'd get a slap across the face for what he was going to suggest next, or maybe by some miracle she'd actually be cooperative.

Gazing at her sultry lips, he said, "We practice being lovers."

## **Chapter 6**

A tidal wave of desire flooded Trialala in that moment as she gazed into Sam's eyes. Sam and Jake's scents were potent, and her sexual urges took their toll on her willpower. Her heart drummed so loud in her chest that it actually hurt.

She tried to speak, but her vocal chords were uncooperative. All that came out was a squeaky, "What?"

Sam broke their fixed stare and glanced at Jake. "We need to practice being lovers otherwise your cover will not work."

It took a few seconds, but she was able to ask, "Practice in what sense?"

Jake came in closer and gently took her hand and kissed the outside of it while he gazed deep into her eyes. "Like this. We can't look uncomfortable with each other. We need to be physical with you in public and not have you look disgusted."

Her hand tingled at his contact, and his brown eyes made her legs weak. No words came to her.

"For instance, if I pull you in for a kiss like this..." He took her hand and slowly pulled her into him, crushing her bosom to his chest. Her breath caught in her throat.

With his free hand, he tilted her head upward and kissed her lips gently for a few seconds and then let her go. "Then you shouldn't recoil, but pretend you liked it."

Oh, God, did she like it, and she wanted more. Her hormones were screaming for her to tear off Jake's clothes and have him make love to her here, now, over and over again. Yes, yes, that was what her werewolf body demanded.

But her sound mind, what was left of it, reminded her he was human, and she hated humans. Yes, she might protect them as a Voyeur Scout, but only because she believed in preserving life, all life. That was it.

Taking a deep breath to calm herself, she said, "I didn't recoil."

Jake nodded, smiling. It appeared he had enjoyed it as much as she did.

"No, but that was a small, friendly kiss. We'll be doing much more than that in public, sweetie," Sam said.

What was it with this human that got under her skin? He knew how to push her buttons. She could just scream. "Will you stop calling me these pet names?"

He wagged his finger condescendingly at her. "Now see if you said that while we were undercover, you would have just blown our ruse up in smoke. If we are playing lovers, then lovers use terms of endearment all the time."

Her devilish inner voice urged her on when she said, "Very well, since I'll be playing the part of your French lover, then I'll give you a French pet name as well."

He smiled smugly as he stared into her eyes. "Good idea. So what will you call me?"

"How does *mon petit âne* sound to you?" Which actually meant "my little jackass." Yeah, that pretty much fit how she felt about him right about now.

"I like it." He nodded.

She quickly turned and walked over to the window to hide the smirk that formed on her face. It was just too funny.

Staring out the window while she composed herself once more, she felt a warm hand glide over her arm, starting at the base and working itself upwards. She jumped and moved away.

Sam grabbed her hips and gently stopped her escape. "Act like that when we are in underground company and you could cost us our lives, Triala." He tugged her in and wrapped his arms around her



waist. His masculine, sexy scent seeped into her nostrils, and they flared with excitement.

He pulled her hair away and kissed the nape of her neck. His soft, full lips gave her pleasure she direly needed. She closed her eyes as goose bumps formed on her skin from his heated breath. He worked his supple lips up her neck until he got to her earlobe and nibbled it gently.

With his tugs and nibbles, another part of her awakened. Her clit began to throb, and juices of arousal dampened her G-string. Coolness spread over her cunt, and her hormones played heavily on her sexually deprived body. Her animal instincts wanted her to turn around and kiss him hard on the lips while she ravaged him and then made love to him.

She cast those wanton desires back, though, leaving her legs weak for a moment. Panting, she leaned into him and absorbed his ministrations while regaining her resolve and strength.

He obviously took it as a sign to go further because he brought his right hand to her left breast and slipped his fingers into the top of the bodice of her dress. Her breath froze in her throat at her surprise. His hot hand on her nipple excited her even more. The tip hardened on his contact, and he rubbed it back and forth with his index finger.

She quivered in ecstasy as he pulled her in closer still, pressing her against his hard, toned body. His engorged cock pushed against her lower back. She fought the urge to slip her hand behind her to unzip his pants and free his cock, so she could touch it, feel its engorged tip and the ridges that would pleasure her if it were deep inside her pussy.

Instead, she only turned her head, giving him the signal he should kiss her on the lips next, which he did. His full lips on hers excited her further. Her nipples hardened, and her cunt throbbed faster, harder still. She opened her mouth and dipped her tongue provocatively past his open lips to caress his tongue, then she slipped it back out.

Bringing her teeth to his full lower lip, she gently bit it while she suckled it.

He murmured between her gentle bites, "Yeah, you're playing the part great."

And suddenly her sexual werewolf urges to mate ceased.

Playing? Is that what they were doing? Playing the part? Well that certainly couldn't have been a bigger turnoff.

Pulling away from him and straightening her dress, she said without looking at him, "I think that's all the practicing we'll need. I obviously play the part of your trampy girlfriend quite well."

She headed for the rack near the door to retrieve her coat and purse while her heart hammered in her chest with excitement. Damn her hormones to hell!

She turned to Jake, not Sam, and added, "Shall we go meet your contact now?"

Without waiting for his response, she walked out, heading for the door outside in a quick gait. She needed to get fresh air, away from their male scents, as fast as possible in order to bring her werewolf sexual urges under control.

Why? Why in God's name did Thorak decide to bring Sam Wethers into this mission? Jake was all right for a human male. But Sam, Sam was...ah, Sam! Of all the male humans born in this world, there couldn't have been a worse choice. He was arrogant, insensitive, blunt, rude, and, damn, a sexy, sexy man who made her wet between the legs at the memory of his hot, supple lips on hers and his sinful hand on her breast.

Was this some sort of test on Thorak's part because of her past failure? Now she needed to earn his respect again? No, that couldn't be. He was too kind to her and would never use such trickery on her like that.

But then why? Why Sam Wethers?

A thought began to ferment in her mind. What if Sam Wethers played a bigger part in Thorak's plan than just a participant in this

mission? After all, he kept talking to him directly, not Jake. And he did put him in charge, not Jake. What if Thorak had a vision involving Sam that would either change their situation with these new Rogues for the better or for the worse? That could be it.

She needed time to figure things through, see if her idea was plausible. If it was she'd surely see signs, if not a vision, herself. All she needed to do was channel into Sam. It would certainly increase her chances of having a vision.

To channel into him meant she'd have to spend more time with him, have closer contact with him. Now how the hell would she do that without wanting to tear his head off at the same time?

*There's no denying it. Sam definitely brings out the beast in me.* She half laughed at the pun.

## Chapter 7

As Sam stepped to the door, Jake punched him in the arm. “Nice going, Casanova.”

The guilt in Sam’s eyes told Jake he regretted his insensitive words. “I think I goofed up. You know I’ve never been great at expressing myself with women.”

“Yeah, I know, but she doesn’t. Don’t you think you should go after her and talk to her?” Jake gestured with his hand in the direction Trialala darted before.

“And say what?” Sam shrugged.

“The truth. You have a big mouth and didn’t mean what you said.”

“But I did. She was playing the part great,” Sam countered.

“Hell, Sam!” Jake lifted his hands in the air in frustration. “I’m not getting through to you, am I?”

Sam huffed. “Look, we are on assignment here. A very important one that could cost us our lives if we screw up. If Trialala can’t handle something so small as what I said, then we’ve got a hell of a problem on our hands.”

“Yeah, I guess you’re right, but you still should say something.” Jake scratched his head.

“Fine, I’ll apologize. You happy?” Sam groaned.

“Yup.”

They headed after Trialala while Jake thought of the short kiss he and she shared. Her soft, hot lips on his, he could never forget. He longed to kiss them again, to hold her in his arms, and touch her like Sam had started doing before his big mouth screwed things up. Her

passions obviously ran deep. Making love to her would certainly be a memorable experience he'd enjoy immensely.

But any of what he dreamed of happening between them depended on what Sam would say to her. If Sam didn't iron things out, then they had a big problem. Trialala would keep her distance from them, and their cover of her being their girlfriend would never be believable.

They found Trialala outside, gazing at the perennial garden in the Voyeurs' compound. Jake took a deep breath. The cool air and smell of freshly cut grass instantly calmed his uneasiness. Sam reached her side before Jake.

"About what happened in your quarters before..." Sam began to say while staring at the grass under his feet.

She turned to him, and Jake could see her hurt expression from before had changed into one of indifference. "There's nothing to say, Sam. We were practicing, and we were both good at playing our parts as lovers. Plain and simple."

Sam frowned, lifting his gaze to her eyes. He appeared ready to say something when she turned to ask Jake as he approached, "So where are we supposed to meet your contact and when?"

"In less than an hour at the Sunhill Motel."

"So then what are we waiting for? Let's go." She began to walk quickly to the parking lot, which was quite a distance away, and asked over her shoulder in a loud voice so they could hear, "I assume we'll be taking your car."

Jake nodded and looked at Sam, who said, "I'll never understand women."

"At this moment, neither do I." Jake laughed and followed Sam to the parking lot.

Sam threw the keys at Jake while they tried to catch up with Trialala's fast gait. "I think you should drive, and I'll sit in the back. Give her some space."

"Good idea."

Triala waited for them at the beginning of the parking lot and scanned the area. "So which is your car?"

Jake headed for Sam's black Camaro and opened the passenger door for her. "My lady," he said with a grin and a gesture she should sit down.

She smiled at him for the first time since they met, and his heart skipped a beat. She looked pretty when she was serious, but her smile was divine. She was no doubt the most beautiful woman he had ever seen.

Jake headed over to the driver's side and took his seat. When Sam sat in the back, Triala didn't seem to take notice. Yeah, the tension between these two was still thick. Hopefully, Sam could figure a way to break through that wall he unintentionally built up between them soon, otherwise they'd have to alter their plans, and fast.

When he went to change the shift gear, Jake couldn't help but notice her dress rode up her thigh and rested way above her garters. Man, she had the sexiest, longest legs ever. What he wouldn't do to have them wrapped around his waist as she straddled him while they made passionate love.

His cock stiffened in his tight pants, and he tried to draw his attention away. Lighting a wet match would have been easier than keeping his eyes on the road rather than on the gorgeous view next to him.

"Nice car," she said, breaking the silence after five minutes.

"Thanks," Sam said.

"I thought it was Jake's." She glanced in the rearview mirror at him.

"No, I have an old Ford Focus. Sam's the man who's into fast cars."

"Fast cars and fast women?" she asked with a daring expression.

Jake could see in the rearview mirror that Sam had a serious expression as he stared at her. "Do they usually go hand and hand?" his partner asked.

“Usually, yes.”

Jake noted the frown forming on Sam’s face and worried he’d say something that would make her hate him even more.

Before his partner had a chance to screw things up further with her tonight, Jake butted in. “Not in Sam’s case. He just likes fast cars.”

“Interesting.” Her brow lifted. She turned her attention to Jake. “And what about you?”

He chuckled as he kept his eyes on the road. “Are you asking if I like fast cars or fast women?”

“Both,” she replied.

“Neither. I like my Ford Focus just fine, and I’m a widower.” He glanced at her with the ending of his sentence.

“I’m so sorry,” she said with sad eyes.

“Thanks. She died three years ago of breast cancer.” He paused a moment as he concentrated on changing lanes. “What about you, Trials?”

“I like fast cars,” she joked.

“What about a significant other?” Sam asked.

“No, my life is too complicated for that. Being a Voyeur Scout is dangerous work and my only passion for now.”

She stared out the side window. Even though Jake couldn’t see her eyes, he noted her jaw clenching. He figured it meant she was unhappy and lonely. At least he hoped that was what it meant.

Glancing in his rearview mirror at the car behind him, he caught a glimpse of Sam’s grin. Son of a gun, his partner was actually falling for the werewolf. No wonder he was at a loss for the right words around her. It was finally great to see his friend take a serious interest in the opposite sex. Since Sam’s father died two years ago, Sam had a couple of one-night stands and never wanted to commit to anyone or anything.

He couldn’t blame him since Sam’s fiancée had dumped him for her rich boss right when his father got really sick. That, and his

father's death six months after, took a toll on him. It was a dark time in Sam's life, but now he needed to move on. And the fact he seemed smitten with the fiery, gorgeous werewolf beside him was in a way fantastic news. In another way, it wasn't.

Because deep down, Jake knew he too was enthralled with her. Yes, she showed a tough exterior to the world, but now that they had spent some time together, he had witnessed another side of her. He saw how hurt she was by Sam's insensitive words earlier and how she tried to hide it behind a façade. He realized she wasn't tough at all. She was really vulnerable and insecure, and he wanted to be the one to help her become confident in herself.

Just like Sam, it was time he also moved on. Jenny was dead and never coming back. He would always love her, but now he needed to start living once more. And he felt maybe he could do that with Triala. No doubt, their sexual attraction for one another was intense. But then again so was the sexual magnetism between her and Sam.

Damn, things were already so complicated and nothing had happened yet. He stared at the road up ahead. In a few minutes, they'd be arriving at the motel where Tom waited for them. Now was not the time to think about Triala and a future with her. Now was the time to put their plan into motion, because if they didn't do everything just right, one of them, if not all of them, could get killed. Soon they'd be entering dangerous territory where sometimes even saying the wrong thing was signing one's own death warrant.

God help them all that they didn't fuck it up.



## Chapter 8

*It was now or never.* Sam sighed deeply.

They waited in the Camaro outside the Raven's Nest after having followed Tom here twenty minutes ago from the motel where he laid out the details of their covers. They would be playing the parts of out-of-town drug dealers who came to Anchorage hoping to make important contacts and start selling their high-grade cocaine here.

Tomorrow, Tom would be giving them a small sample of cocaine he took from the police department's evidence room, so they could have prospective clients try it. But for tonight, it was time they made their entrance and first contact. If only his hands would stop sweating and his heart pounding so fast in his chest. He needed to look the part of a confident and shrewd drug dealer, but he hardly felt sure.

He had to admit he had never been this nervous on an assignment before, even when he was on the force and in more danger than now. But at least then he knew where he stood with his partners working with him on the case. Now, he may know where he stood with Jake, but with Triala he had no freaking idea.

She hadn't spoken to him or even given him any attention while they talked with Tom. She just sat beside them, quiet as a mouse, listening to the conversations with a blank face. What the hell was going through her mind was the million-dollar question. Would she continue to play the part of their girlfriend, or would she not?

He didn't try asking her in the car because he was afraid he'd get her angrier. Then for sure her cooperation would be minimal.

While Sam wondered about Triala, Jake stepped out of the Camaro first, saying, "Okay, it's time. Let's go."

Sam and Triala followed his suit, not uttering a word. He glanced at her a couple of times as they walked to the club's entrance trying not to make it obvious he stared at her. Her indifferent expression hadn't changed.

The moment they stepped into the club, Sam's eyes grew big. He certainly hadn't expected the place to be packed. Usually, the places where drug dealers and users made business were half empty dumps, not popular clubs like this. That only meant one thing. The market was ripe and very demanding in these parts.

No wonder it didn't take Tom long to come up with the perfect cover for them. Supply and demand ruled the black market just as much as it did all other markets. So out-of-town drug dealers who could supply almost-pure cocaine to rich users would easily be welcome in a club like the Raven's Nest.

Just as Sam scanned the packed room while loud music pounded in his eardrums, he saw Triala lean over and say something in Jake's ear. Jake nodded and motioned to Sam that Triala had spotted Tom way down on the other side of club.

They headed in Tom's direction while Triala walked closer to Jake and snaked her arm around his waist as he did to her. Jake gave Sam a look like *just give her time* and turned his attention to the big, round table Tom sat at with two well-dressed men.

Tom obviously didn't waste any time. These men were most probably potential customers interested in hearing what Sam and Jake had to say about the merchandise they were selling. Tom acted as a middleman, one who would get a small commission of sorts for setting up suppliers with potential customers.

The moment they reached the table, Tom got up and extended his hand with a wide smile. "Johnny, Harry, meet Daryl and Brian from Juneau, Alaska. These are the guys I told you about who have some really good stuff coming in from Colombia. You can't get any purer than what they have to offer."

One of the men, Harry, stood up to shake Sam's and Jake's hands while he ogled Triala, which irked Sam. "Nice to meet you. And your name is?" he asked, obviously trying to make his move on her.

"Jocelyne Pinot," Triala said with a fake accent, looking him square in the eye.

Sam jumped in. "She's our girlfriend. She's a model from Paris."

Harry's smile widened as he stared into her eyes. "Yes, I can see why she is a model. From Paris. *Enchantée*, Jocelyne." He bowed his head in greeting.

"*Enchanté*," she replied while sneaking her arm tighter around Jake's.

The man named Johnny didn't get up but just said in general, "Nice to meet you all." He glanced at the empty seats at the table. "Why don't you sit down and we can discuss the merchandise you are peddling."

*No time for idle chitchat.* It seemed the business at hand was all that interested Johnny.

"We don't need to peddle. It pretty much sells itself," Jake said, taking the seat in front of him.

Triala, who had been standing by Jake, didn't take the seat next to him, but the seat on the other side, next to Sam. Obviously, she was feeling uncomfortable under Harry's hungry stare and wanted to be as far away from him as possible.

"If the merchandise is as pure as Tom tells me, then I have no doubt it would sell itself," Johnny stated.

"Our cocaine is unequivocally pure. It took us a while, but we found ourselves a supplier who sells the best quality out there and who doesn't have his hands tied exporting the goods. His connections are very well placed with the military and the government, so we get out stock on a steady basis," Sam added, but kept his eyes on Harry. The man just couldn't stop staring at Triala. Sam's temper began to rise, and before it got to the boiling point, he decided to ask Harry, not

Johnny, the next question. He hoped it would draw the perv's eyes away from Triala.

"So, Harry, are you interested in the merchandise or not?"

"I'm not the one you should be asking that question to, Daryl. Johnny is the businessman in our partnership. I just supply the funds. But if you're talking about something other than 'cocaine,' well then, I'd be very interested." His sex-thirsty eyes followed the line of Triala's curves in her tight red dress.

Sam saw the anger rise in Triala as her cheeks heated. She clutched the end of the table, and Sam expected she'd crush it for how white her fingernails were getting. She gritted her teeth and squinted as she began to say without a fake accent, "I'm not—"

Sam interrupted her before she could say any more. "Jocelyne isn't for sale, Harry. And if you don't stop ogling our girlfriend, you guys can forget about this deal. Do I make myself clear?"

Harry lifted his hands in the air. "All right, all right. I get the picture. No, we're interested in your merchandise. Aren't we, Johnny?" Harry asked his partner.

Johnny nodded while looking at Jake. "Of course we are. So let's talk money, shall we?"

"Jake can discuss that with you. I'd like to dance with my girl now." Sam stood up and extended his hand to Triala.

She looked at his hand then at his face and sneered but took his hand. He led her to the dance floor in silence while a slow song came on. He couldn't have asked for more perfect timing. Wrapping his arms around her tiny waist, he pulled her into him so her chest touched his. Her sweet fragrance tickled his nose as her hair caressed his cheek.

"Umm, you smell good," he whispered in her ear.

She gazed at him with a curious expression. "Why did you drag me up here?"

"So you could calm down. You almost blew your cover over there when you started to tell off that guy."

“No, I wasn’t.” She frowned.

“Yes, you were. You didn’t hear yourself, but you hardly sounded French, and if I hadn’t interrupted you when I did, you would have blown it.”

“I didn’t realize I wasn’t using an accent.” Her frown softened. “I’m sorry for my mistake.”

He smiled, staring into her eyes. “It’s okay. No one picked up on it, I don’t think.”

“Good.” She began to pull away from him.

“What do you think you’re doing?” he asked, not letting go of her.

“Getting back to the table so you can continue to solidify your cover.”

Staring in the table’s direction, he said, “Jake is doing fine on his own. I don’t need to be there for that.” Then he gazed around them. “And from here, we can have a better look around the place. Do you recognize any faces? Do you think any of these people are Rogues?”

She scoped the area with her beautiful green gaze. “No, no one I recognize. Unfortunately, there are too many people here, so any werewolf scent is masked to me unless the werewolf is standing right next to me.”

He nodded. “Okay, let’s continue dancing anyway. Maybe we’ll come across one.”

“You do realize if I come across one, then the werewolf could sense me, as well. The Rogue will also pick up my scent.”

“Really? Then that’s not good. Is there any way we can mask your scent? Perfume maybe?”

She shook her head. “No, perfume won’t work. But your scent would mask it somewhat.”

“What do you mean?”

“If your scent were on me, then considering how stuffy the air is in here with this crowd, another werewolf might not pick up my scent.” Her big green eyes just stared at him with innocence.

He couldn't help the smile he knew spread on his lips. "You mean like if I were to kiss you and touch you and..."

She frowned when she obviously realized what she had indirectly just suggested to Sam. But it was too late to take it back.

*The cat is out of the bag now, baby!*

## Chapter 9

*Crap!*

The damn heat in the place must have been getting to her because she didn't pick up on what she had just said to Sam. The hungry, excited look in his eyes told her he intended on exercising her suggestion.

He took her hand and began to move off the dance floor in the opposite direction of where Jake and everyone else sat.

"Where are we going?" She frowned.

He turned to gaze at her while he continued to walk. His eyebrow lifted in a teasing way. "To mask your werewolf scent, of course."

"But..." was all she could say.

"Besides, we are supposed to be involved, so we might as well act like we can't keep our hands off each other. Otherwise, people may get suspicious."

"No, I'm..." She stopped in her tracks.

He gave her a sideways glance. "It's an order, Trialala. I saw an empty room near the entrance of the club that's isolated. So it's perfect."

Her heartbeat pounded in her ears as the loud music faded, and her sexual hormones soared. Images of how he would mask her scent flowed in her mind. His sexy, hot lips on hers. His roaming hands exploring every part of her body, rubbing and caressing her skin, the curve of her back, her hips, her breasts. Excitement began to surge through her, overwhelming her. Her legs felt like stumps as she dragged them forward.

Each second seemed like minutes until they got to the empty room. Glancing around, he whispered, "I just want to make sure someone sees us going in here, so word can spread and solidify our claim you're our girlfriend. Bingo," he added when his eyes fixed on someone staring at them a few yards away. Then he opened the light in the room and guided her in, shutting the door behind them.

To her surprise, the area was constricted and stuffy. "You've brought me into a stockroom?"

"Does it matter what type of room we're in?" he asked, staring into her eyes, his face just inches away from hers.

His hot breath on her cheeks aroused goose bumps on her neck. She lifted her brow as her heart quickened its beat. "I guess not."

Putting his hand under her chin, he continued to stare into her eyes when a sly smile formed on his lips. "So how much of my scent do we need to rub on you for yours to be masked?"

"A significant amount." She gulped.

"That helps." He laughed, dipping his head in sideways. "Would a kiss on your lips suffice?" He tilted her head upward and kissed her softly for a minute. Her lips throbbed with the gentle pressure.

She was about to open her lips and wrap her arms around his neck when he pulled away.

"No, that won't be enough," she answered, losing her breath. Her sexual werewolf hormones hungered for her to pull him in and kiss him intensely, wrapping her leg around his torso, and have her needy fingers caress the entire length of his backside. But for some miracle, she was able to tame the urge, though her breaths became shallower.

"What will be?"

"In order for your scent to mask mine, my skin and yours must be in direct contact." She gulped again, trying to catch her escaping breath.

"How much and for how long?"



God, did she dare say the truth? Did she have a choice not to? The success of their mission depended on no one finding out she was a werewolf.

Throwing lighter fluid on her flaming desires and the sexual tension that lay so thick in the air, making breathing difficult for her, she replied, "Most of our bodies, like our limbs, chests, hips, need to be in contact and for quite some time."

His smile widened as he put his hand to the back of her dress, and she could feel the zipper descending. "I have no problem with that."

Her blood began to heat in her veins, expanding and throbbing as it put pressure on her body. She could feel the pressure intensify and the cool air that hit her exposed back as her dress became looser.

When the zipper opened completely, he reached to the top of the dress to unhook it. Instantly, it fell off her shoulders and slipped to her waist, exposing her breasts to his widening eyes. He stared approvingly at her chest.

Her nipples perked and tightened under his hungry observation. Goose bumps spread as cool air caressed her exposed skin. "I didn't have a bra that fit such a revealing dress." Her words were laced in sarcasm.

He gently pushed the dress off her hips, letting it cascade to the floor. "I know," he said in a soft voice.

She wanted to kick herself for saying such stupid words. He had his hand in her dress touching her breast earlier. Of course he knew she wasn't wearing a bra.

He glanced at her face for a second then and returned his gaze to her breasts, not saying a word. He began to unbutton his shirt and whispered, "Help me, please."

Her hands shook as she nodded and unbuttoned the shirt at the bottom, working upward as he made his way downward. She only got two undone with her quivering movements while he got the rest unbuttoned in half the time. He slowly took his shirt off while his sultry dark brown eyes stared at her with sexual longing. Her body

quivered with a surge of excitement as it reacted to his exposed skin. With each inch of his heavenly chest he bared, her cunt got wetter and more excited.

Her throat tightened so much, she could barely swallow the saliva lodged in it. His skin, naturally tanned, unblemished, perfect in every way, screamed for her to touch and caress it.

As if reading her mind, he took her hand and placed it on his chest. She could feel his heart beat under her touch, its rhythm fast and excited. He wrapped his arms around her waist, pulling her closer to him until her hand was crushed in between their chests. He lifted her chin and gently kissed her lips.

On contact of his full, scorching lips on hers, she lost her breath for a moment.

She removed her hand and wrapped her arms around his waist, rubbing his back up and down as he did the same to her. Chills of excitement traveled through her back with the pleasing sensations.

His hot lips opened, and his sinful tongue made its way in dance into her mouth, masterfully playing with hers. He was a great kisser, and she just followed his moves, enjoying the play on play and the sensations of pleasure that flowed through her lips down to her breasts, continuing on to her pussy.

Her clit throbbed with want for more. Yes, so much more, and she longed to have his tongue and lips do to her cunt what they were doing to her manic lips and tongue now.

She moaned with pleasure, and he wrapped his arms tighter around her waist, crushing her breasts further into his rock-hard chest. Her nipples tingled from the pressure.

His erect cock pushed on her through his pants, and she positioned her pelvis so it was square in line with his cock. He moaned and pushed his erection into her, and lifted her, squeezing her tighter in his arms. His lips broke free from her mouth and traveled to her right breast. He lifted it with one hand while he held her close to him with his other arm wrapped around her waist.

He squeezed her breast gently and licked her nipple, flicking it with his tongue. A shiver of wanton desire shot through her straight down to her pussy lips and clit. She threw her head back, absorbing all the delightful strokes his tongue made to her nipple.

Bringing her hand to his pants, she felt her way to the zipper. She opened his pants, freeing his erect cock. She smiled and whispered, staring at his bowed head licking her breast. "No underwear."

He released her nipple and stared at her with a devilish grin. "Hate the blasted things. I like to be free."

She couldn't help but to laugh at his joke, but was happy because she could easily wrap her hand around his erect cock. Damn, he was big.

Werewolf males were well endowed compared to human males. Not that she knew this for a fact, because before Sam Wethers had ever come into her life, she had never before held a human male's cock in her hands. All the female werewolves said it was the case.

But they had been wrong, for Sam's cock was perfectly proportionate to any werewolf male's she had seen in her lifetime. Yes, she liked the feel of him in her hand. As she stroked his erect prick, he groaned and brought his lips back up to hers. He lifted her and pulled her panties to the side. She let go of his cock, wrapped her legs around his torso, and waited for him to slide his cock deep into her pussy.

Her clit throbbed with the friction of the tip of his cock as he rubbed it against it and her pussy lips. She became wetter than ever as her juices of arousal seeped out of her, and she bit his lip with excitement.

Perspiration began to form on her skin, but instead of cooling down her body, it made the heat in her rise to a boiling point as sexual arousal boiled in her veins and she struggled to slow her ragging heart's beat.

He moaned, "Oh, baby," and positioned his cock at her opening.

Her pussy lips spasmed at the touch of his wet, cool cock's head at the opening of her cunt. She widened her legs, feeling his hard, thick cock begin to slip into her. Ah, with every millimeter he began to slip into her, her pussy demanded more, so much more.

She threw her head back, taking a deep breath and anticipated his complete and perfect penetration. But right before he could impale her, she heard a loud knock at the door.

"Fuck," Sam cursed.

## **Chapter 10**

After the knock came the pounding.

Sam gazed at Triala, who panted as she tried to catch her escaping breath. Just one more second and he would have been deep inside her, her tight pussy walls cocooning his cock in pleasure.

Damn!

He set her down, then picked up his shirt and got dressed quickly, as did she. Her lipstick was all smeared. He knew most of it had rubbed off on his lips, but he didn't have time to tidy himself up, because the pounding increased in frequency.

Once they were both decent, he opened the door. "Yeah."

The bouncer he had seen when they first entered the club stared at him with a frown. "This room is off-limits for you and your girlfriend, Mac." He glanced at Triala. "Because you're here on business, I won't be escorting you out. But that doesn't mean I won't the next time you try something like this. Got it?"

Sam nodded. "Yeah. Got it. We're going now." He wrapped his arm around Triala's waist as they walked out, heading for Tom's table again.

"How did he know we were here on business?" Triala whispered in his ear.

"The owner gets a percentage of transactions that happen here, Tom told us. So obviously, he must have told the bouncer to be on the lookout for us and let us in."

"Oh."

He stopped a second after that, staring forward. "Do you think what we did was enough to mask your werewolf scent?"

"I don't know for sure, but I think so. Why?"

He returned his gaze to her. "Because I saw a guy staring at us just now. He followed our progress for quite some time."

"Where is he?" she asked, scouting the area.

He casually targeted his vision to the left to a very tall man with black hair and beard. "Over there."

Inconspicuously, she followed his direction. "No, he is too far away to smell my scent in here. There are too many people between us."

"Good," Sam said as he made his way, holding her hand.

When they got over to Tom's table, he noticed, to his delight, that the ogling Harry was nowhere to be seen.

"I'm going to the *toilette*," Triala said in an accent as she walked away from the table.

Sam sat down, observing her fluid movements. His body yearned to follow her in there so they could continue where they had stopped when they were so rudely interrupted. But he'd risk having the bouncer rain on their parade again and this time maybe boot them out.

No, his sweet wishes would not be fulfilled now, but maybe later...at the motel. *Hmm, yes.*

"Daryl, Johnny has made us an offer," Jake told him while he twirled the cognac in his glass.

Wow! Jake had made major progress in his absence. "So you're interested?"

Johnny nodded. "Yeah, I think you'll like the offer."

"I'm sure Brian has told you we are very careful with whom we make business. Domino effects can be very unhealthy and risky for business, if you know what I mean. So we need to know that your customers are safe and will need to have a background check on them. We need to make sure none are undercover cops or squeals, you know."

Johnny nodded again. "Yeah, fine. But before any of that, I want to have a sample of your stuff. See if it is worth all this."

“Of course. Not a problem.” Sam extended his hand. “If you like the merchandise and your customers are clear, then it’ll be a pleasure doing business with you, Johnny.”

The snare was almost set.

\* \* \* \*

*Where did she go?*

By the time Theo Overture got to the other side of the room, she had disappeared. *Shit!*

He needed to find her, find out what she was doing here. Triala Barns would not have come to the Raven’s Nest unless the Voyeurs had sent her. Now why did they send her? Had they figured something out? How could they? The cloaking spell cast upon the Rogues was supposed to cloak the Voyeurs’ visionary capabilities. He and his comrades were supposed to be able to hunt down and kill humans virtually undetected. That was what he had been told.

So then why was she here? And who was the man with her?

He couldn’t pick up her scent in this blasted place. Too many people, practically no room to breathe. He couldn’t risk losing her completely. His superiors would not like that when he reported it to them. No, he needed to find her no matter what.

He placed his half-empty drink on the bar and made his way out. Sooner or later she’d be leaving and he’d spot her outside.

Sure enough, he saw her coming out half an hour later with the same guy as before and another guy with short, slick hair. He leaned lower in his seat in the parking lot, so they wouldn’t spot him as they walked over to their car about fifteen feet away.

Once they drove away, he followed them at a safe and inconspicuous distance. Within fifteen minutes, they drove to the Sunhill Motel and parked in front of room 22.

*Hmm, a hotel. How interesting. Now why did they come here? Are they meeting someone in there? Another Voyeur? A Council member?*

He waited until they entered the room, and then he sneaked up to the door. No one was in sight outside, so he placed his ear to the door to listen. Soon he'd find out what exactly Triala Barns was doing here and who these men with her were. Then he'd report his findings to the others and wait for further instructions on what they wanted him to do with the Voyeur Scout.



## **Chapter 11**

“What? You are actually serious about this?” Trialala’s wide eyes and flaring nostrils told Sam he should stay on the other side of the room until she calmed down.

He hadn’t the faintest idea what her anger could trigger. After all, she was a werewolf. She could turn into the beast any second now. And the daggers she was shooting at him with her gaze from the other side of the room told him he would probably get the brunt of her whiplash, not Jake.

“Just calm down,” Jake said, trying to reassure her as he placed his hand on her arm.

She moved her arm away. “We are supposed to stay here, the three of us, in this teeny tiny room with only one bed until our mission is over. How can you not expect me to overreact at something so ridiculous?”

“Trialala, our cover is we are out-of-town drug dealers and you are our girlfriend. Where else would we stay but in a motel room like this?” Sam tried to reason.

“Fine, you guys can stay here to back up our cover, and I’ll sneak out at night to go sleep at my place. Then I’ll sneak in early in the morning.”

“Trialala, that is too risky. Someone may catch you. We have no clue who we are dealing with here. These new Rogues can be anywhere, anyone. You don’t know if they are masking their scents so you can’t spot them. If they used a cloaking spell to block the Voyeurs from having visions of their attacks on humans, then my bet

is they are masking their werewolf scents, too.” Sam lifted his index finger in gesture at her to make his point.

“Yeah. We don’t know where they are. If one of them happens to be tailing us as we go deeper undercover and they catch you, then what? It’s too dangerous.” He looked at Sam. “You try reasoning with her. I’m going to take a shower. I smell of smoke.”

Triala followed Jake’s gait as he walked into the bathroom and shut the door. Then she gazed back at Sam. “I don’t have any other clothes to wear. You should have told me to pack some things.”

He shook his head. “Why? Your clothes wouldn’t be any good in this case. Anyway, we got you some outfits and undergarments to fit your part in the luggage over there.” He pointed at a black suitcase in the far corner of the room.

“Let me guess. The outfits are as skimpy if not skimpier than this one.” Sneering, she motioned to the red dress she wore.

He followed her curvy outline and remembered her pert, dark nipples and her plump breasts underneath that dress, which he had the damn good fortune of touching and licking earlier. Then he thought of her hot, wet pussy he almost lost himself in before they were interrupted. His cock got excited, and he wondered if they’d be continuing where they left off. Not in a hell’s chance if her temper kept rising like this. He needed to calm her down.

“Yeah, you could say that.” He nodded, returning his gaze to her eyes.

She took a few steps back and just slumped on the bed behind her, leaning forward. “Couldn’t you have at least got us a room with two double beds?”

“The clerk on duty told us there was a room available with a king-size bed, so we had to take this one. It would have called attention to us we don’t need if we would have asked for a room with two beds. We are all playing lovers. Lovers would share only one big bed.”

She stared at the bed, and a slight smile split her lips. It seemed to Sam an image of the three of them half naked, or even completely

naked, sharing the bed, maybe even making love, crossed her mind. Or was it his imagination and wishful thinking that played tricks on his mind? Perhaps.

But just as suddenly as the slight smile parted her lips, another look overtook her eyes. One of fear, it appeared to Sam. She stood up and began to walk to the window.

"I think you should call Thorak and ask that another Voyeur Scout work with you on this assignment, Sam. I don't think I can continue with this charade. Certainly not twenty-four hours on twenty-four hours for who knows how many days, even months," she said while staring outside through the open curtain.

*Fuck!* He didn't expect that reaction from her at this point in time. Not in a million years. He was beginning to see that Triala Barns wasn't as strong and cold as she wanted everyone to think she was. In fact, she was a very vulnerable, beautiful lady who had so many complicated layers to her. And with each layer she unfolded or he peeled off, he could see how wonderful and special she actually was.

He walked over to her and gently put his hand on her tense shoulder. He leaned in close to smell her strawberry-scented hair and wanted to take her in his arms and kiss her cheek from behind to comfort her. But he knew the barrier she had put up around her wouldn't accept that tender gesture from him, at least not right away.

"Triala," he said in a calm, sweet voice, "it's too late to go back now. You know that as well as anyone. Our cover has been set, and we can't get someone else to play this part now. You need to be Jocelyne Pinot, our French girlfriend."

Her shoulder slumped and relaxed under his touch. "Yeah, I know you're right. It's just that I don't know if I have the strength or can handle playing the part all the time and for so long," she confessed.

Slowly but surely, her confession right now was progress. It showed him that sooner or later, she'd break down that high, shielding barrier she had built around herself and let him in.

Did he dare say it? He couldn't help himself. "You did just fine earlier, with me in the stockroom."

She turned her head and stared at him with her bewitching green eyes. He lost his breath for a moment. She brought her attention to his lips, staring fixedly. He dipped in closer to her lips a millimeter at a time when he noted her brows furrowed suddenly. Anger obviously began to rise in her then, and she was about to say something when Jake opened the bathroom door.

"Ah, that felt good," he said, coming out wearing only a towel around his hips and rubbing his wet hair with another one.

For once Jake had perfect timing.

## Chapter 12

*What the hell happened here?* Jake's brow lifted in curiosity.

Something big had occurred between these two when he was in the shower. That much was definitely clear in Jake's mind. The look on Triala's face when he opened the door spoke volumes of the fury building in her.

He guessed Sam did it again. He said something totally insensitive without thinking first. His partner and good friend needed some type of filtering system between his brain and mouth soon before Triala either knocked his lights out or walked out on their assignment.

It was time he did something drastic to make her forget whatever stupid thing Sam said. He decided he'd use what God gave him and tantalize her sexual werewolf urges. That would either make her laugh hysterically or distract her enough that she'd lose sight of her anger.

"The water pressure in the shower is great. The massaging, pulsating spray does wonders to reenergize you." He sat on the bed, opening his legs wide. A cool breeze slipped in between his towel.

Triala's eyes centered there instantly, and her left eyebrow lifted. His cock rose instinctively under her fixed stare and curiosity.

"Yes, I can see that." She smirked.

He crossed his legs, acting all coy. "Oops!"

She began to laugh loudly then. Her beautiful smile warmed his heart. She was such a ravishing, special woman. He longed to get to know her better and to kiss her and make love to her. His body and soul craved it.

"Well, I guess I'll also take a shower, since you say it's so great." She glanced at her suitcase, then at Sam, and after that at Jake. "I

hope you bought something for me to wear at night, too. Or did you expect me to sleep *au naturel*?”

“Oh, no, we bought you a couple of outfits.” Jake gazed at the case.

“Good, then I’ll take it into the bathroom with me and have a look after I’m done.” She picked up the case and headed into the bathroom, closing the door behind her.

Jake got up, rewrapping the towel more securely around his midsection. “Okay, Casanova, what did you say this time?”

Sam shrugged. “What, you’re psychic?”

“No, I just know you, and the look on her face told me she was just about to slug you right before I came in.”

Sam slumped on the bed and stared at the ceiling. “While you were dealing with Johnny, Triala and I went into a stockroom to mask her werewolf scent.”

“You lost me.” Jake scratched his damp scalp.

“She told me that another werewolf could smell her scent if he was close enough and one way of camouflaging it was if my human scent was rubbed on her skin.”

Jake couldn’t help but smile imagining that. “Oh, so you’re telling me you and she got hot and heavy in the stockroom. You lucky devil.”

Sam snorted. “No, not so lucky, because the bouncer stopped us before we got to the intense part.” He paused, taking a deep breath. “Anyway, she was just telling me now she wasn’t sure she could play the part of our girlfriend for as long as it took to find out info on the Rogues. And I made the mistake of saying that she did fine earlier with me in the stockroom.”

Jake leaned over and punched his arm.

“Ouch! Will you stop doing that?”

“No, not until you stop screwing things up.” Jake huffed.

“That’s easy for you to say. I don’t know why, but I can’t think straight with Trialala. It’s like my brain thinks one thing, but it comes out something completely different by the time it gets to my mouth.”

“Oh, my partner has got it bad. You’re falling for her, aren’t you?” Jake smirked.

He nodded, staring before him blankly. “Yeah, I think I am.” He then turned to gaze at Jake. “What about you, partner? I see how you look at her. I think you have it just as bad.”

“Yup, that I do. I’ve never met anyone like her. Her feistiness and sharp tongue are sexy as hell. She is sexy as hell. But under all that I see how vulnerable, sensitive, and shy she is. All of it turns me on in more ways than just in the sexual sense.”

Sam lay down and faced the bathroom door. “Yeah, we both have it bad.”

Suddenly, a thought jumped into Jake’s mind. “Oh, shit!”

“What?” Sam quickly asked.

“Did you take out the stuff from the suitcase before we brought it in here? Or is the stuff still in there?”

“Ah, man. I thought you took it out before we went to pick her up at her apartment.”

“Damn. It’s all still in there, then. Ah, she’s going to flip when she sees them.”

Sam chuckled. “Flip is an understatement.” He got up and walked over to the table and sat down, picking up the complimentary pen and writing pad the maid had left for motel guests.

“What the hell are you doing?” Jake asked, baffled.

“Writing the epitaph I want them to write on my tombstone after she kills me,” Sam joked.

Jake laughed, but deep down he was worried. She would surely freak when she took a gander at what they bought her. Soon all hell would break loose in the form of a raging female werewolf. He couldn’t help gulping nervously, waiting for the fireworks to begin.

## Chapter 13

Her sexual urges raged like a burning fire in her veins, consuming her. She needed release in a big way.

The vivid image of an exposed and aroused Jake in her mind teased and taunted her. She had to hold back jumping on him a few minutes ago.

Staring at her reflection in the mirror now, she noted the strain in her furrowed brow. The full moon would be here in a few days, and since she hadn't had sexual release not even once this whole month, it took its toll on her. Sam and Jake's virile, masculine scents didn't help matters in the least, either. Their musky human odor just sent waves of arousal streaming through her, making her shiver and swoon in their direction. Bountiful temptations just in the other room she could touch, kiss, caress, even taste and bite. Yes! But no. No. She mustn't.

Getting involved with them would only cause too many complications she didn't want or need to deal with now. She needed to focus on this mission and search for a clue, any clue that could help the Voyeurs find out who these new Rogues were. Thorak was counting on her. She couldn't let him down. Not again.

But she was a female werewolf whose sexual yearnings were at their peak tonight, and no matter how she tried to cast the desires out of her mind, her body had other intentions.

Slipping out of her dress, she rested her bare feet on the cold tile floor. It soothed the scorching sensation under her feet, but the rest of her body still flamed with excitement to the point it was getting painful.



She turned on the shower, twisted the knob to cold, and waited until the temperature was at its coldest to slide under the pounding pulses. Jake was right, this felt good. Instantly, the ice-cold water beating on her inflamed, swollen breasts and taut nipples eased the pressure away, and with it went the pain.

Her cunt still throbbed with want, but when she took the washcloth, wetting it with the ice-cold water and rubbing it back and forth on her clit and pussy lips, it calmed her desires considerably to the point the pain almost disappeared.

Moving her head under the powerful stream of water, she finally relaxed each and every tense muscle in her body and absorbed the calming sound of the water beating on her skin. Yes, that was much better.

She washed herself with the motel's complimentary two-in-one shampoo and conditioner. The aroma of sweet peaches tickled her nose as she lathered her hair and rinsed it out. She cleaned herself with the mildly scented soap. Her skin tingled, felt refreshed. Once done, she turned the water off and dried herself with a bath towel.

Staring into the mirror as she towel-dried her hair, she noticed the creases in her forehead had disappeared. She felt like a new woman. A tame woman. It was time to get dressed and face the men in the other room. Now with her sexual libido under complete control for a little while, she could do it feeling rested, with no urge to strangle the pain in the neck named Sam Wethers.

She picked up the suitcase, placing it on the sink's counter. When she opened it, her eyes were bombarded with an array of bright colors. Vibrant reds, oranges, bright yellows, blues, and greens.

Yes, she would certainly stand out in these clothes. So much for not drawing attention to herself. They actually wanted her to parade around like a flamboyant peacock while she held their hands and act like a dumb bimbo who was incapable of saying more than a few coherent words at a time. At least there were no lines to rehearse for the part.

As she took out the sexy dresses on the top of the case, she noted the black and red lingerie lying underneath. Ah, these were nice. When she checked the bra size, she laughed. They had guessed her bra size and cup right, a 36C. She laughed remembering Sam ogled her chest the day they met. Under his intense stare, he obviously noted her breast size.

Removing the sexy undergarments and short red negligees from the case, her eyes almost popped out of her sockets at what she saw then. What the hell? Never in her life would she have expected to see these trinkets in this suitcase. What did these have to do with their case, her cover?

Was there something they wanted her to participate in with prospective customers that they weren't telling her? The serene calmness the relaxing shower had invoked minutes ago just disintegrated that second, and a raging fury began to boil in her, bubbling over with her drumming heartbeat and shortened breath.

She quickly slipped on one of the low-cut, mini negligees, collected the trinkets in her hands, and stormed into the other room, demanding to know the explanation why they were in the suitcase to begin with.

## Chapter 14

This was exactly what Sam envisioned she'd look like when she opened the bathroom door. Okay, he hadn't expected to see her looking sexy as hell in the red negligee he chose for her. But her big raging eyes and the way she shook the whip and handcuffs in her raised hands depicted precisely what he imagined.

"What the fuck were these and the rest of the things doing in the freakin' suitcase? Are these part of my cover, too? Do you expect me to use these sex toys and participate in bondage scenarios with prospective clients, also?"

She threw them on the bed, just missing hitting Sam in the balls. His reflexes were fast, and he was able to dart away from the painful projectiles before they bounced on the bed and landed on the carpet with a thud. "No. We didn't intend to leave them in there for you to see."

Her face got redder. "What? You would have sprung the news on me just when it was time to use them? Is that it?"

Sam was about to reply when Jake butted in. "No, Trialala. What Sam is trying to say is we bought them for you to use when you need them."

Trialala's eyes closed to mere slits, and she began to huff. "I'm trying my best here to contain my anger, but it's getting harder and harder."

That was smart. It seemed Jake had started to suffer from foot-in-mouth disease just as much as Sam was.

Jake shook his head. "This isn't coming out right."

Sam took over where his partner became tongue-tied. “We heard that werewolves used sex toys and bondage toys while having sex before a full moon in order to tame the wild beasts in them, and we thought you might need these since we don’t know how long we will be working undercover. The full moon is in a couple of days and, well...”

Her eyes softened, and her red face began to pale. “Oh,” she said, sitting on the bed next to Jake, crossing her legs.

“So I guess what we heard is true then?” Jake asked, looking into her eyes.

She nodded. “Yeah, werewolves use these.”

Curiosity pushed Sam to ask, “And you, Trials? Do you use these?”

She looked at him with big eyes for several seconds before she replied, “What do you think?”

Hell, seeing the teasing look in her eyes, her dipping neckline while she leaned forward, and her sexy, long, crossed legs, their skin so smooth looking, he almost lost it. Man, she was the epitome of sex and allure all balled up into one. He wished he could scoop her into his arms and kiss her red, full lips while laying her on the bed, and make passionate love to her.

“I think you do,” he responded.

She didn’t answer, just stared at his crotch. Damn, his well-trained cock sprung erect under her hungry gaze instantly. To his delightful surprise, she got up and walked sultrily up to him and wrapped her arms around his neck, her head close enough that he could smell her rose-scented hair.

He smiled, sliding his arms around her tiny waist, and stared into her gorgeous sea green eyes with speckles of brown in them. She licked her lips, gazing at his, and moved in closer to his lips, but stopped just mere millimeters away from his.

Damn, she loved to tease him to the point he’d go mad. Yes, he was on the brink of madness right at this moment. The brink of mad

love. He swore he heard her heart beating quickly, or was it his drumming with anticipation?

He groaned softly and pulled her body closer to his so her plump breasts crushed against his chest.

She let out a pleasing, surprised moan right before he kissed her hard and hungrily on her lips. Yeah, they were as delicious as they felt in the stockroom earlier.

She brought her hands to his head, combing her fingers wildly through his hair while she tilted her head more to the right, just at the perfect angle for him to slip his tongue into her mouth to dance and play with hers. She smelled sweet and tasted sweeter, too. Mercy!

She pushed slightly away from him then, bringing her nimble fingers to his chest to unbutton his shirt. While she did this, she moved her head back, liberating her mouth to say as she glanced at Jake, "Will you join us?"

No split-second delay in Jake's response. "Hell, yes," he said, jumping to his feet and walking quickly to her. He came behind her and began to caress her arms, starting at the base, working his way up to her shoulders and neck. He pulled her hair to the side and kissed and licked her nape.

She leaned back on him, closing her eyes as she finished unbuttoning Sam's shirt. The look of desire on her face while Jake pleased her brought Sam to a more heightened level of arousal.

When she went to his trousers, pushing the zipper down, he brought his hands to the spaghetti straps of the sexy red negligee and slowly slid them off her shoulders while he caressed her skin. Goose bumps formed under his touch.

Inch by delicious inch, he exposed one beautiful breast, then the other. The lighting in the motel was less bright than the stockroom, but it was sufficient enough for him to make out how gorgeous and perfect they were.

The dark, taut nipples pointed straight at him as if demanding he lick them.

He cupped both of her breasts just as she exposed his cock and began to play with it, stroking it back and forth. A shiver channeled through his body from her ministrations. He pushed his cock closer to her pelvis in reflex.

Her full breasts in his hands felt delightful, tender and hot. He gently squeezed them and saw her legs widen in reflex. She threw her head back slightly and brought her sultry emerald-eyed stare up to his eyes. A pleased sigh escaped her lips.

Meanwhile, Jake finished sliding the silky negligee off her hips. It fell in a heap onto the floor. Stark naked, she kicked it away with her foot while she glanced at Sam, then at Jake. It looked like she was observing their reactions, wondering if they liked what they saw or not.

Hell yes, Sam loved what he saw, and from the ogling expression on Jake's face, so did he. Sam admired every part of her curvy, amazing body. Not only were her breasts perfect, but so were her hips, upper and lower thighs. What he could see of her cunt at this angle looked damn fine, as well. She shaved her pubic hair, leaving her delectable pussy exposed for him to fondle, kiss, lick, suck, and ultimately fuck.

First things first, he gave Jake a look to tell him he should brace her while Sam bent down. He spread her legs wider, anxious to taste and please her until she cried out in ecstasy.

\* \* \* \*

Her breath stuck in her throat as she realized what Sam intended to do. He gazed at her with his enchanting chocolate eyes and got on his knees. Pushing her legs open, Sam lifted one and put it over his shoulder while Jake pulled her backward to lean on his body so she wouldn't lose her balance.

Jake no longer wore the towel around his midsection. She could tell by the way his hard, erect, and wet cock rubbed on her back. Yes, it excited her. He obviously was just as well endowed as Sam.

He brought his warm hands to her breasts and kneaded them gently. A shiver of pleasure shook her body and continued when Sam's tongue darted out, licking her clit. His breath felt cool on her damp cunt and clit. A shiver of pleasure flowed from her pussy upward to her nipples, then farther up. The breath that stuck in her throat escaped her lips finally, and she moaned.

Sam's magical tongue rubbed her clit and pussy lips in figure-eight motions, making juices of arousal seep out of her and her lips quiver.

The leg she stood on became weak, and she almost faltered, but Sam held her up by supporting her pelvis. He slipped his tongue into her cunt, flicking it back and forth.

When Jake pinched her nipples just as Sam's tongue slid deeper into her, a small climax came upon her, starting at her clit, and travelled upward throughout her whole body. It lasted a few pleasurable seconds, but as it dimmed, her sexual desires escalated. Heat in her werewolf blood boiled and expanded, causing pressure and pain in her torso.

Reading her own body's yearns and needs, she knew the pain wouldn't go away unless she had a more fulfilling sexual release. One which involved a double impalement. She needed both Sam and Jake to fuck her.

Would they go for a ménage? If the tables were turned and it was either of them being asked to make love to two women, she knew they would have said yes. After all, it was every man's dream, or so that's what men said. But would they be willing to share her in the other sense? She prayed to God yes, because right now she needed them both.

Panting, trying to control the pain, she whispered her wishes in desperateness. "I want you to make love to me." She gazed at Sam, then at Jake, to signify she wanted them both inside her.

Sam turned to Jake, who stared back at him. To her delightful surprise, neither hesitated. Both nodded as Sam said, "Sure, baby, we'll do anything you want."

For the first time since she met this man, she didn't want to kill him for using a term of endearment with her. In fact, it had a different effect on her. It made her want him more. He had finally said the right words that wiped all the wrong, insensitive ones he had used before on her from her mind.

Sam picked her up in his arms and carried her to the bed while looking deep into her eyes. The desire she observed made her pussy wetter still. There was also something else she saw in his eyes then, something she couldn't quite label but seemed quite sincere. It surprised her and confused her for the briefest of moments.

From her peripheral vision, she noted Jake headed for the bathroom instead of following them to the bed. She wanted to ask what he was doing but realized when he came out a few seconds later with a bottle of lubricant and condoms what he intended.

Once Sam laid her slowly and gently on the bed, the chill of the cover cooled her heated back for a few seconds and her breath caught in her throat as both men stood before her buck naked, looking as perfect as gods. She gaped at their sculpted, bronzed bodies glistening in the room's dim lighting as they sheathed themselves for protection.

Her heart began to beat erratically, and shivers of heat pulsed in her veins. Her werewolf sexual desires demanded so much right now. At least she still had restraints on the beast within that cried for her to turn herself into a savage love machine. If Sam and Jake were werewolves, she would have probably turned the wild sexual beast in her free as would they, but they were humans, and if she were to spring that wild part of her, she feared she would freak them, if not frighten them completely.



No, she needed to take things at a human's pace. Human's pace. Damn, if she knew what that could be.

As Sam fixed his hungry eyes on her breasts, she felt her nipples tighten and her breasts swell. A shot of pleasure and pain shot through her breasts under his observation. She brought her hand to play with her nipples, hoping to ease the desire when he stopped her hand's progress and leaned in, his tongue out, and licked her nipple, making the tip flick up then down. A shiver of arousal slipped down to her cunt that second, and she widened her legs, hoping the cool air would tame her wants.

Jake took hold of her right leg and pushed it gently wider while he began to kiss her ankle, working his way up to her thigh. His heated breath tickled. She pushed her leg up in reflex and jumped, smashing her knee against his nose. Sam let go of her breast when this happened.

She gazed down and, in a low tone, said, "I'm sorry."

Jake laughed, rubbing the tip of his nose. "It's okay. So you're ticklish."

Was she? "I guess I am," she said, realizing that when she mated with werewolves their lovemaking usually was fast and wild. So perhaps that was the reason she never realized she was ticklish before this. None of them had ever tried kissing her leg.

With little warning, a new wave of desire flooded her instantly then, and her heart felt like it flipped in her chest. She couldn't breathe for several seconds from the overwhelming experience. Gaining her focus, she took Sam's hand and pulled him up to her to kiss him feverishly on the lips.

He groaned with pleasure, it seemed, as if he approved of her initiative. Slipping his tongue into her mouth, he brought his hand to her left breast, kneading it and rubbing the tip of her nipple with vigor. A vibrant pulse of desire shot straight to her clit and cunt, and wetness seeped out of her. Through her lips touching his, she said, "Make love to me."

He lifted himself, breaking their intense kiss, and uttered in an assertive voice, “Turn on your back, baby.”

With quivering movements, she did as he commanded.

“Lift your bottom up,” Jake added.

She followed suit and felt Jake’s warm hands touch her ass. They gently moved up then rubbed down her ass cheeks, one hand lifting one ass cheek while the other caressed the opposite cheek downward. It made her pussy lips rub against each other and her clit throb. Yes, it felt so good. She lifted her ass upward to amplify the sensations when a sudden sting from the whip they had brought came to her right ass cheek. Jake had apparently recovered the whip from the floor and was putting it to good use.

The sting heated her skin with pleasure and traveled to her breasts, making her nipples tauter. She gasped as Sam slipped underneath her, bringing his lips up to kiss her open mouth. Once in position, her on top of him, he palmed her breasts, squeezing them, and then brought his index finger and thumb to her sensitive nipples and pulled them gently outward. More juices of arousal leaked out of her cunt as she gently bit Sam’s lip, and he groaned pleurably, obviously enjoying her play.

Another whipping, this time on her other ass cheek, made her moan, “Oh, fuck me, both of you, please, before I go mad.”

She had never ever spoken truer words than that. If she didn’t have Sam and Jake’s cocks in her in the next few minutes, she feared the wild, sexual werewolf in her would come out and she’d jump on them, ravaging them in desperate sexual urgency.

Sam positioned his wet, cool cock against her pussy and slipped his thick head an inch into her. Her lips trembled with disappointment for a few seconds when he pulled out.

When he slid his cock deeper in her the second time and her clit spasmed, a sensation of coldness on her asshole made her eyes open wide. She hadn’t expected Jake to apply the lubricant just then. As the cold ointment spread and then heated to her body temperature, he

inserted one finger into her hole and slid it out. She hardly noticed the swift movement. But with his second and third penetrations, he used two fingers, and her ass muscles clenched in pleasure. She bit her lip to hold back the sigh just about to escape her lips.

Sam's cock came out a third time, and when he reentered, he sank deep into her as Jake pulled his fingers out of her ass completely. The moment Sam's cock's tip reached her G-spot, a climactic wave washed over her, making her pussy lips and clit throb and her body shake. She and Sam moaned in satisfaction, while Sam whispered, "Mmm. Damn, it feels good to be inside you, baby."

Jake pushed her ass cheeks open with Sam's last word and gently sunk his cock into her asshole about an inch deep. He pulled out and pushed in a little deeper. Sam didn't move, stayed motionless, his cock still touching her G-spot. She couldn't move, not just yet. She preferred marveling at the sensations bombarding her as Jake, slowly and pleasurably, pushed his cock into her ass.

The second he and Sam were both deep in her, waves of heat flowed through her werewolf veins, and her pussy whimpered in need of movement. She thrust her pelvis back as Sam pulled out. When he slipped back in, Jake came out. With each of their thrusts, she tried to reciprocate with one of her own, but soon, their movements quickened and she could only follow at her pace. But that served her just fine because her arousal mounted each second, as it obviously did for them, too, because of the panting and soft moans she heard slip from their lips. Their sounds excited her more.

Sam continued to rub and caress her breasts while he kissed her neck, face, and lips. Jake slapped her ass cheeks hard with the whip once more. That stinging experience was all it took, that and Sam sinking quickly and deep into her pussy when the ultimate climax came. It rushed on her like a flood of heat, centering on her pussy, making it spasm and her body shake.

Sam pushed fast and hard into her one final time and groaned as he climaxed, his eyes closed.

Jake pulled out of her, and she could feel his cum spray on her ass cheek. He rubbed it on her skin once he was done in a massaging fashion. Her own cum seeped out of her pussy then as Sam hugged her while he moved out from under her. She slowly came to rest on the bed and turned to face Sam as he stared at her. She reciprocated the stare while Jake lay behind her, hugging her. His body heat warmed her as her light sweat began to dry on her skin and cooled her temperature.

“That was wonderful and intense.” Sam smiled, bringing his index finger up to trace her nose, cheeks, and chin.

Jake leaned in to kiss and nibble her earlobe. “It was amazing. You are amazing, Trialia.”

“That tickles.” She giggled as she pulled in her chin in reflex.

He laughed. “You’re ticklish in many places.”

“Yeah, I guess I am.” She grinned, turning her head to look into his big brown eyes.

Lying between these two gorgeous men after they just made passionate love together was quite satisfying. She felt warm in her heart, and the frantic werewolf sexual urges in her had calmed down finally.

What a relief. They certainly had taken their toll on her.

Just as she began to relax with Sam’s and Jake’s caresses, she heard a very light clinking sound outside.

She jumped. “What was that?”

Sam turned and looked in the direction of the window where she stared. “What was what?”

She bolted up and quickly got out of bed to wrap the blanket that had fallen to the ground around her and ran to the window to peer out. Was someone outside?

## **Chapter 15**

*Holy shit!*

Theo's freaking metal lighter had to fall out of his pocket right at that second. As it hit the ground, it made a clanging sound. What bad luck.

Scooping it swiftly, he darted around the corner and waited to hear if anyone came out the door. His heart pounded furiously in his chest with anticipation. Instead of standing there waiting, he would have loved to keep running, heading straight to his car, and take off. But he couldn't risk being spotted or tracked if they had a chance of seeing his license plate number.

If someone did come after him, then he'd kill him before things could get dirtier or more complicated. He couldn't risk fucking things up with his superiors. They didn't take too kindly to complications. They liked things to always go smoothly with no hassles. If they didn't, well then there'd be hell to pay. And that hell was worse than death.

When he made sure no one came out, he walked back to his car. He knew his movements were too quick for anyone to have caught him, but he still checked in his rearview mirror as he sped away, making sure no one had come after him.

*That was close.* If he hadn't been so distracted by the pleasurable sounds coming from inside the room, he would have realized he placed the lighter badly in his pocket after lighting his cigarette and that it would fall with the slightest movement.

But, man, the sighs and moans Triala made drove him crazy. This was definitely one time he thanked his lucky stars for his keen sense

of werewolf hearing. The images those noises conjured in his mind made him horny as hell. He wished they had left the curtain slightly open, so he could peek in and take a gander at her delicious body, but he couldn't have everything. Oh, well.

He wondered if all the sexual rumors he had heard about the famous Voyeur Scout were true. Many of her sexual partners had gloated about their sexual escapades with her to others, and the stories just spread like wildfires. He knew rumors tended to be far-fetched and the original story turned into something completely different down the line after many people manipulated and embellished the truth. In the version he had heard about the sultry Scout, she had an insatiable sexual appetite and her imagination for pleasure would turn any werewolf into a whimpering pup.

What he wouldn't give to put that claim to the test. Having sex with the beautiful warrior would fulfill so many of his fantasies for sure.

But that would have to wait. Right now he needed to contact one of his superiors and tell him what happened tonight. Then they'd tell him what to do next. As he parked his car in front of his apartment building, he flipped open his cell phone. He scrolled down the numbers of the Rogue contacts and wondered who he should call. He had personal contact with Norman, Jonathan, and Oscar. Of the three, he trusted Oscar the most because he seemed like a straight shooter. He never beat around the bush and always told him straight to his face how things stood.

Selecting his number, he waited while the phone rang. Oscar picked up after the fifth ring, sounding groggy.

"Hello?"

Theo heard what sounded like Oscar rubbing his face to wake up.

"Oscar, is this a bad time?" he asked, a little hesitant, fearing maybe he'd be reprimanded for disturbing him.

"Umm, yeah, I was sleeping," Oscar mumbled.

“Sorry I woke you, but we were told if we spotted any Voyeurs, we should notify one of our superiors.”

“Wait a second while I turn on the light.” Theo heard rustling on the phone, and a few minutes later, his superior came back on. “Yeah, so you were saying you saw a Voyeur? Who was it?”

“Yeah, at the Raven’s Nest tonight. It was Triala Barns. She was with two guys I didn’t recognize. I don’t think they are Scouts or even Voyeurs, though.”

“Did she see you?”

“No, but even if she did, we never had contact before, so she wouldn’t know who I am.”

“Good. All right.” Then there was silence on the phone.

After a couple of minutes, Theo was about to ask a question, when Oscar added, “She probably was just scouting out the place. Did she talk to many people there? Was she probing?”

“No, she and the guys she was with were talking to Johnny. I think they were discussing business, if you know what I mean.”

“I hope that’s what she was there for. But if you see her again at the Raven’s Nest, I want you to kill her.”

“Kill her? But we haven’t gone after any Voyeur Scouts before.”

He heard Oscar huff. “I’m not asking you, Theo. It’s an order. We can’t risk her finding anything out.”

“All right. I’ll kill her if she comes back. What about the guys she was with?”

“Kill them all. Better to be safe than sorry later.”

“Okay.”

“I’ll let you go now. But make sure you cover your tracks, and I’ll take care of making sure we double cloak you so that no Voyeur can see the murders.”

“Yeah, thanks.”

Oscar laughed before he hung up. “No thanks, dude. Just covering our tracks so what you do doesn’t lead back to us.”

As he shut his phone and slipped it into his pants pocket, Theo's mind began to wander. He had never tried to kill a Voyeur Scout before. These Voyeurs were trained killers, so this would not be an easy feat. He needed a plan, a good one, if she and her entourage frequented the Raven's Nest again.

Odds were they would because they were obviously working out some sort of drug deal with Johnny. Was it a cover for something else? Probably, yeah. The most plausible reason was they were there undercover because they had gotten a lead and wanted to check it out. Whatever the reason, Oscar hit the nail on the mark. They needed to be eliminated before they could find anything else out. No one, and especially a Voyeur Scout, could find out the real reason the Rogues used the Raven's Nest as one of the targets.

Now what type of plan could he use? A cunning one, obviously, one that concentrated on Triala's weaknesses. Weaknesses? What could he use? All he knew about the Voyeur Scout was her sexual escapades and insatiable appetite for sex. Sex?

In that instant, he imagined the Voyeur Scout nude before him and him fucking her. He licked his lips with wanton desire. As he headed for his building's front door, a cool breeze washed over him, pushing his wavy blond bangs into his eyes. Clearing his vision, he opened the door and headed for his apartment. He needed to take a cold shower to calm his hormones down.

Images of Triala naked and in the throes of sex still occupied his mind. He doubted they'd stop distracting him. No, only when he had jerked off in the shower would he be able to clear his mind and come up with a good plan.

Yeah, it needed to be a foolproof one if he even had a chance of eliminating the infamous Triala Barns.



## Chapter 16

The walls closed in on her as she turned to stare at the ceiling. As her breath became shallower and her eyes grew bigger with apprehension, time slowed to practically a standstill. She knew all too well what was coming next. A fog smothered her as she tried to focus on the image emerging before her.

A dark, vacant alleyway formed in the dense, suffocating air. The smell of acrid urine accompanied the apparition. She placed her hand over her sensitive nose to stop a gag reflex.

As the vision became fixed and unwavering, she could see two figures far up ahead, perhaps thirty feet away, one double the size of the other. They seemed to be in combat. Then, without warning, she felt her body being thrust forward at the speed of light, and within a second's time, she was directed behind a dumpster where a young man in his early twenties stood, crouching, looking at the two figures she had seen.

He had a twisted cigarette he held between his right index and middle finger. He was obviously smoking pot. The tip of the joint was an inch of compacted ash, just waiting to fall gracefully to the ground. Only he hardly took notice. He appeared too preoccupied with what was happening maybe ten feet away from him. Who could blame him? Trialsa was distracted by it, too.

A Rogue werewolf—from its size, she figured it was a male—grabbed hold of the weak human man and pulled him closer while the stranger pleaded and thrashed, desperately trying to escape the beast's viselike grip on him.

His futile fight lasted a mere few seconds, then the Rogue bit into his neck, tearing off pieces of flesh. The red, dripping meat in his mouth ran blood down his chin and onto his furry chest. The crimson liquid glistened in the street lamp's glowing light.

The body collapsed in his hands, and he let it go, making it crumble to the ground while he spit out the flesh from his mouth. Stretching his neck, he transformed back to his human form. Triala didn't recognize him, but he did look familiar somehow.

Just then, she heard the young man beside her gasp, most probably from shock at seeing such a freakish transformation happening before his eyes.

Unfortunately, Triala knew his fate was sealed with his sound, for the Rogue's acute sense of hearing surely picked it up. And true to her guess, he did. He changed back to his beast form, and getting down on his four paws, he darted toward the dumpster and pounced on the unprepared man, biting him profoundly on the shoulder, and let him drop to the floor as his blood slowly drained from his slashed veins and death encroached upon him every second that passed.

Since the vision came to her through her witness's eyes, the image began to fade as the victim's lifeline extinguished. Before it died out completely, she saw the Rogue sniffed the air, looking around him. For an instant, his gaze fixed on Triala, and he squinted. Then the vision disappeared completely.

*That was spooky!* Her heart pounded furiously in her chest. Had he sensed her? Something like that had never happened to her in a vision before. She had no idea if it were possible. As far as she knew, she wasn't physically in the vision. She only witnessed it. But what if that weren't exactly true? What if it was her spirit that actually witnessed the vision? If that were plausible, then maybe he could have sensed her.

She rubbed her face, trying to tame the overwhelming questions that came over her. She needed to talk to Thorak and see if he could

help her. If anyone had answers, it would be Thorak. Being the eldest of all the Voyeurs gave him knowledge that no one else held.

Checking the alarm clock, she noted it was six o'clock in the morning. Thanks to that haunting vision, she wouldn't be able to sleep now. Glancing at Sam and then at Jake, she noted they slept soundly.

Images of their sexual adventure the night before flooded her mind, and she smiled, reexperiencing it all in her head. Goose bumps formed on her arms and neck. She wouldn't mind if they did it all over again right at this minute. Her wanton, lustful desires had started to stir in her body once more. But this time, they were easily controllable. What she found more bothersome was her sticky, sweaty body. It irritated her, and she needed a shower.

After their lovemaking last night, they had lain in bed discussing their cover and what they planned for this evening at the club. Sam and Jake soon fell asleep once their discussion ended, but Triala remained fully awake, unable to drift off.

She didn't want to disturb Sam and Jake's slumber now, so she continued to lie there, staring at their tranquil, sleeping faces and listening to their shallow breaths, when she heard a car pull up and park outside. Worry came upon her, wondering who the hell that could be at this hour of the morning.

Slowly sitting up so as not to move the mattress, she gently slid to the edge of the bed and stood on the carpet. She turned to observe her lovers. They continued to sleep undisturbed. Good.

Her werewolf body could go several days without sleep. She had done it many times before when on an important mission as a Scout, but humans needed far more sleep than werewolves did. And Sam and Jake needed to be at their prime in alertness later tonight. Until she knew for sure if whoever was outside posed a danger to them or to their cover or not, she didn't want to wake them.

It felt like déjà vu all over again as she tiptoed to the window. Her movements were quite silent thanks to the plush, wall-to-wall, dark blue carpeting under her feet. She couldn't risk being heard by

whoever was outside. Werewolves' acute sense of hearing would pick up the slightest movement inside if they concentrated hard enough.

A few hours earlier, when she had heard a clanging sound outside, it turned out to be a false alarm. No lurker was there. Was that the case now, as well?

Pulling the curtain back slightly so as not to draw attention to her actions, she peeped out from the crack. She observed a man and a scantily dressed woman get out of the car and giggle as they clumsily walked up to the door next to their room. The man put his arm around the woman's waist when she came closer to him and grabbed her ass as she laughed loudly.

Obviously, these two were here for a sexual encounter and not here to spy on them. A breath of relief slipped out of her lips. She turned to gaze upon her sleeping partners and contemplated if she should crawl back into bed with them or go take a shower. She might wake them up with her disturbing movements if she did, so she decided a shower would be the best choice.

Sneaking into the bathroom, she closed the door behind her and stared at her reflection in the mirror. The tension and lines on her face had all disappeared. Remarkable what a good roll in the hay could do for her. Smiling to herself, she slipped into the bathtub. The cool porcelain finish on her warm feet made goose bumps form on her skin. A shiver in reflex traveled through her back as she bent down to turn the water on.

First cold water pounded her back, then within a minute, it turned warm. She placed her face under the massaging downpour and stood motionless, just absorbing the calming energy the rhythmic massage had on her face, her shoulders, and the rest of her body. As she focused on nothing but the sound of the rushing water, the remnants of worry due to the vision began to vanish.

After what seemed like ten minutes, she heard the door open. Her heart skipped a beat with wonder who it could be. Pushing the curtain aside, she stuck her head out to see that Sam and Jake had snuck in.

Both looked groggy and their hair was disheveled, but the grins on their faces told her they had had a good and restful sleep.

“Well, look what the cat dragged in,” she teased them with a side smile.

Sam began to remove his pajama pants as his eyebrow lifted and he smirked. “You woke us with the noise.”

Guilt choked her. “I’m sorry. I didn’t know it would wake you.”

Jake laughed. “It was time we got up anyway. We have a big day ahead of us.”

Sam smiled, asking while his gaze fixed on her breasts and pussy, “You wouldn’t mind some company in there, would you?”

No, she wouldn’t mind at all. “The more the merrier.” She pushed the curtain back all the way to give them room to get in with her.

Sam began to move in behind her while Jake slipped in front of her. They stared at her body as goose bumps formed over her skin with their appraising gazes.

“Oh, baby, you are so beautiful.” Jake sighed as he leaned in to kiss her lips.

The warmth from his full lips on hers sent a tingling feeling deep into her stomach. She moaned in reflex when his arms wrapped around her waist and he pulled her against him. His hard cock pressing against her abdomen made her cunt and clit throb with want.

Warm water trickled between their pressed bodies tickling her skin where it slowly slid off and fell into the tub below.

Sam tugged her wet hair away from her neck and kissed the nape, working his way up to her earlobe. Shivers of pleasure shot through her, making her nipples taut. She concentrated on each kiss, anticipating the goose bumps it would form.

Breaking his hold and kiss, Jake glanced at Sam. A look of understanding crossed both their faces. It seemed to Triala they had agreed to something through the look they exchanged. Jake opened the curtain about a foot and stretched to get two washcloths and hand soap on the counter right next to the shower.

Reclosing the curtain, he said, “Just relax, baby, and we will wash you.”

She liked the sound of that. Without saying a word, she just stared into his eyes as he lathered the washcloth and then handed the soap to Sam. The sweet rose smell of the pink soap bar spread through the misty air. He started at her shoulders, working his way down her arms. The soft, soapy cloth felt like light caresses against her skin, so soothing.

Once he finished there, he worked the washcloth back up and over her neck and abdomen. Right before he brought the cloth to her breast, he gave her a teasing look, which excited her so much her juices of arousal leaked from her pussy.

He made a figure eight around the outside of each breast and worked his way to her nipples just as Sam washed and massaged her ass cheeks from behind. The combined ministrations made her gasp, and her clit and cunt throbbed. Her desires mounted as Jake rubbed the washcloth against each nipple and then flicked it and rubbed it between his index finger and thumb.

Sam slid the washcloth between her legs, working it back and forth, rubbing her pussy lips and clit. He removed the cloth and worked his index finger around her clit and into her pussy, making his finger dance inside her, touching and exciting her G-spot. She gasped and spasmed with a tiny climax. A shiver of desire shot from her cunt to her breasts, then back down again.

Jake moved to the side, which allowed the water to rinse her skin. He stared at her breasts, licking his lips. She knew what would come next, and she welcomed it with heated anticipation.

He bent down, cupped her right breast, and brought his mouth down upon her nipple to suckle it. Orgasmic needles of pleasure traveled through her nipple, her breast, and again headed to the center of her pussy.

She threw her head back, relishing his ministrations. When Sam finished rinsing her backside, he pushed her legs wider and slid his

cock back and forth on her cunt and outside of her asshole while he kissed her shoulder, making goose bumps spread on her body.

After he repeated his movement several times and heightened her arousal with each stroke of his cock, she couldn't take it any longer, and instinctively, she pushed her pelvis back when his cock was at her cunt, wanting him to go inside her.

He moaned while Jake handed him a condom he took from the counter beside the bath, and he sheathed his cock, as did Jake with another. Trialala just stared at them, biting her lips while her body raged with mounting desires.

Once ready, Sam returned to where they left off, sliding his cock an inch slowly into her asshole, came out, and slipped it in a little deeper. Thanks to the warm water pouring over their bodies, it acted like a lubricant, so his movements were smooth.

Jake followed his partner's actions by bringing his cock to her clit and sliding it up to her pussy lips. With his second movement, back and forth, he slipped completely into her while Sam continued to push in and pull out of her asshole, inching his way closer to complete penetration.

Jake rubbed and squeezed her breasts while Sam kissed her neck. She turned her head to the side so Sam could kiss her lips, which he did, pushing open her mouth and sliding his probing tongue in.

Once both men were deep inside her, they each slid out at different times, making the shock waves of pleasure flow through her like a raging river overflowing. She took each wave of arousal in and gave just as much as she pushed her pelvis back and forth.

Their rhythmic lovemaking movements had them panting as the warm water pounding on their bodies with a steady flow energized them and washed away the sweat that formed on their damp skin. Every second they thrust and moved back brought her that much closer to her peak. Her heart drummed in her chest. She could feel its beat in her throat and ears, too.

When Jake gently tugged at her nipples as Sam bit her lower lip while thrusting into her, her climax started from deep in her in a slow progress and hit her full throttle when Jake pushed the head of his cock deep inside her. Her body trembled from within. The climax spread to her pussy lips and clit, making them spasm several times.

Jake moaned, holding her tighter, and came inside her. Sam continued his movements for a bit longer, still kissing her, until he, too, climaxed. They held each other tenderly and lovingly for a few minutes after that while the water continued to flow over them. She listened to their quickened heartbeats slow down and absorbed the calming effect.

The water started to get colder, but Triala didn't mind it at all. It cooled her heated body, mellowing her out.

When the temperature got too cold, though, Jake shut the water. Sam grabbed a bath towel and began to dry her skin. She giggled at his awkward movements. "I can do that by myself, you know."

"But I like doing it." He laughed, and staring at her breasts, he rubbed the soft towel over them.

"Umm, I bet you do," Jake added, smiling as he quickly dried himself off. Once finished, he stepped out of the bathtub, but not before kissing her once more.

Lifting her brow, she asked in curiosity, "What's the hurry?"

"To get us something to eat. I don't know about you, but after our lovemaking last night and this morning, I am starving." He smiled.

Food. Her stomach growled at the thought. She hadn't eaten anything since late yesterday afternoon.

"Hmm, now that sounds good," she replied.

Sam finished drying her feet and handed her the towel, which she wrapped around her torso. "What do you want, baby?"

"How about we go to a restaurant to eat?" She looked at him while he took another towel for himself.

"We could, but then we wouldn't be able to go over our plan for tonight. We can't risk any eavesdroppers homing in on what we say."



His words brought back her last vision and her need to talk to Thorak this morning.

Her face must have shown her worry because Sam asked, “What’s wrong, baby?”

Did she dare tell him and Jake about the vision? Them being humans and not Voyeurs, would they even believe her or comprehend it all? They were her partners and now lovers, so yes, they had a right to know.

Jake walked back into the bathroom. “Have you two made up your minds what you’d like me to bring you?”

Triala looked at him, then at Sam, and said, “Before you go, we need to talk.”

## Chapter 17

Rotan rubbed his hands together as he waited for the others to enter the empty, desolate lobby of the abandoned building. He had called this emergency meeting of the Rogue comitia earlier today and had warned everyone to make sure they weren't followed.

He'd arrived twenty minutes earlier, going over what he'd say when the others got there. As far as he knew, this was the third meeting the top Rogues had ever had together. Usually, they all got their directives from Zortal, who got his orders from the Rogue leader, Maershia. Only Zortal had direct contact with Maershia. No other head Rogue was permitted to communicate with her. It was part of the strict security and secrecy of their clan.

Rotan knew he'd get an earful about the risky gathering when the others got there. After all, having all the Rogue heads situated in one area at one given time was a big peril, but given the circumstances and the news he had to deliver, he was sure they'd quickly forget their disapproval of the summoning.

As he walked over the crumbling, marble-floored lobby, hearing his footsteps echo around him, the side door opened with an ear-piercing creak. Oscar and Norman walked in silence, staring at him. A minute after that, Santar and Jonathan came in by the other side door. And then finally Zortal and Creena entered through the back entry.

Once they all stood quietly beside him, looking at him with serious, long faces, the words he had planned to tell them suddenly slipped his mind. *Damn!*

After a few seconds' time, all that came to him to say in greeting was a lame, "You may be wondering why I called this meeting."

He regretted uttering the sentence the moment he completed it.

“Yeah, the thought crossed our minds,” Oscar replied with a sarcastic chuckle.

*Touché!* Rotan covered his mouth with his hand as he tried to assemble the premeditated words that had scattered about in his hyper brain. But when his efforts became unproductive, he rolled back and forth on the heels of his shoes.

Taking a deep breath, he decided to just blurt everything out. Things couldn’t get worse than this.

Gazing at each head Rogue, he began, “Last night something very weird happened to me. When I was killing a human on our death list in an abandoned alleyway, I experienced something I can’t quite explain.” He continued to observe each of their unreadable eyes.

“What?” Santar asked.

“I sensed someone was watching me.” Rotan squinted.

“Someone? A human, you mean?” another member added.

“Yes, another human was there. He’d been hiding when he witnessed the killing, but I got to him before he could escape to tell anyone.”

He tapped his fingers together. For what reason, he didn’t know, maybe just to calm his rising nerves. The others’ irritated stares had thrown him off for a second. They obviously all thought he was wasting their time.

“That’s not why I called this meeting,” he said in his defense as their stares turned intense.

“Why did you call the meeting then?” Creena asked.

“Because I sensed someone else was there watching me.”

“Then why didn’t you get rid of that person, too?” Norman sneered.

It didn’t surprise Rotan that Norman finally piped in with his sarcasm. He wondered what took him so long to begin with.

Norman never failed to give Rotan a low blow whenever possible. They had been rivals ever since they came into the Rogue order. No

matter how hard Rotan worked to stay as far away from the annoying, belligerent pain in the ass, something always brought them together to clash. Just like this meeting did.

Frowning, he replied, "Well, if I could have seen the person, obviously I would have killed them off. But instead I only sensed them. I could even smell their scent."

"What do you mean exactly, Rotan?" Zortal asked, now portraying a concerned expression.

Finally, someone was beginning to see the imperativeness of their situation.

"I smelled their scent, and it was definitely a werewolf's scent. I think maybe even a female."

"But you couldn't see the person?" Jonathan questioned.

"No. No one was there. And the funny feeling I had that someone was watching me didn't last long, a few seconds. Then it disappeared, along with the scent."

"Then how do you know for sure you were being watched? Maybe it was all in your head and no one was there," Norman said with his arms crossed and his lips twisted in a sly smirk.

"No, it wasn't just in my head," Rotan said in a raised tone. "A werewolf was spying on me. I know it."

Zortal replied before Norman could aggravate him further, "Yes, I think it's possible another werewolf was actually there."

"What?" Norman's eyes opened wide with disbelief.

Zortal briefly looked at him and returned his attention back to Rotan. "I've heard of other werewolves who sensed the very same thing you did, Rotan. This was many, many years ago, though."

"Did they ever figure out who it was?" Rotan asked curiously.

"No, not definitely, but some believed it was the spirit of a werewolf that paid them a visit then."

"A spirit of a werewolf? You mean a dead werewolf's spirit?"

"Perhaps, or maybe a live werewolf," Zortal said with a distant expression.

“Do we need to worry, Zortal?” Rotan asked.

“I don’t know if what you said poses any threat to us, but we must tell Maershia as soon as possible. She will tell us what to do next.” Zortal gazed at everyone and then again at Rotan. “Is there anything else you wanted to discuss here?”

Rotan raised his hands in the air. “No, no. That was it.”

Zortal nodded. “Okay, then we can declare this meeting adjourned. The sooner we all leave from where we came, the better, before any Voyeur Scout who is looking for the new Rogue order finds us. I’ll let you all know what instructions Maershia will give me for you as soon as I get them.”

He was the first to leave with his closing sentence. The others followed his lead and departed a few seconds after that through their exit doors.

Rotan walked to the back of the lobby, heading for the rear exit, and couldn’t help but wonder that somehow his mysterious experience with the werewolf spirit just added another number to the equation. Maybe it just tipped the scale over to the Voyeur and humans’ side rather than the new Rogue order in the upcoming war he knew, and was told, was coming.

Maybe, just maybe, he chose the wrong side to be on.

## Chapter 18

Checking his watch once again, Sam cursed. “Where the hell is she?”

Jake put down his menu and stared out the window beside him. The pouring rain hitting the glass just dampened his spirits. They had been waiting for Triala for almost an hour now. The voice in the back of his head that said something was wrong got louder with every minute that passed.

“You think something happened to her?” Jake couldn’t help but ask.

“God, I hope not.” Sam paused and then slapped his hand on the table with a quick movement. “Damn, I knew it was a dumb idea that she went alone to see Thorak, but she is just so stubborn.”

Jake nodded. “You couldn’t stop her, Sam. She wanted to see him about her vision.”

“Yeah, but we could have gone with her.”

“We had to meet Tom this afternoon.” Jake shook his head.

“She could have waited until the meeting ended and we’d have gone with her.”

“She didn’t want to wait, remem—” Jake tried to remind Sam, but didn’t finish his sentence. From the corner of his eyes, he saw something.

Sam turned, looking in the same direction. “I’ll be damned.”

Triala walked in through the front door of the diner, toting several colorful shopping bags. From the logo on the ones he could see, he guessed she had spent a pretty penny and several hours on her shopping spree.

Jake had never been so happy to see anyone before as he was just at that moment. He wanted to jump out of his seat, run to her, and take her in his arms, kissing her feverously for every second they had been apart. He was about to do just that when she saw them and headed to their table with a wide smile.

*“Mes amours, je suis enfin de retour. J’ai acheté beaucoup de chose pour vous,”* she said, plopping herself down beside Jake. She leaned in and gave him a super hot French kiss.

He didn’t mind that all. The way her tongue slipped into his mouth and looped his just sent his cock into a frenzy. Forgetting all the torment she put him through, he cupped her face and reciprocated her tongue’s enticing movements.

Much to his dismay, a minute later, she broke the kiss, smiling into his eyes, then started to open one of her shopping bags.

Wearing a fake smile, Sam grabbed her hand. Jake could see the fury building in his partner’s eyes when Sam whispered, “Where the hell have you been?”

“With Thorak,” she whispered back, laughing.

“What’s with all these bags then?” He motioned with his chin.

“For show. I stopped at the mall and quickly bought whatever was on the front rack of a few stores.” She peeked in one bag and took out a see-through baby-doll red lace outfit and said in a more pronounced French accent, “Do you like this?”

Sam’s face split into a smile. “Yes.” He obviously wasn’t putting on a show now.

“That’s sexy.” Jake couldn’t help the grin that came over his own face.

“Would you like to see this on me, *mes amours*?” she asked, still in character.

Jake gazed at Sam, who gave him a look that Jake knew all too well meant Sam was thinking the same thing he was. Triala had news for them from Thorak that they could only discuss in private.

Sam nodded. “Hell yes, baby! We can’t wait!”

Jake dipped in and kissed her on the neck and laughed. “Yeah, baby. How about we see it now?”

She smiled back and tilted her head sideways so he could continue to kiss her neck. She smelled so damn good. Pushing him away with a giggle, she started to get up. “*Alors, on y va*. Then let’s go.”

As she stepped forward, heading for the door, she added for all to hear, “You have some more surprises coming your way today, *mes amours*.”

Jake’s jaw almost fell open in awe. He wished the sentence was laced with sexual connotations, but he damn well knew she meant an entirely different message. His stomach grumbled as he and Sam followed her out the door. Acid mounted into his esophagus when worry overtook his thoughts. How bad was the news Triala would deliver?

\* \* \* \*

It seemed hours had passed by the time they reached the motel even though the diner was only a few blocks away. She preferred to wait until they arrived at their room to deliver Thorak’s complex message. None too pleased, they tried to get bits of information out of her in the car, but to no avail.

The second they closed the door to their room, Sam gazed at her with a stern look. “So are you finally going to tell us?”

“Yes, but you aren’t going to like it.” She plopped her bags on the king-size bed.

“We figured that much.” Jake sat beside the bags and grabbed her hand, guiding her to sit on his lap.

With no hesitation, she did just that. He wrapped his arms around her and kissed her lips in comfort. She closed her eyes and just absorbed his warmth and his strength. She might show the world her tough hide, but it felt good to show her vulnerable side as well without feeling weak.



Taking a deep breath, she began. "When I told Thorak what happened to me, he wasn't too pleased. Actually, he looked worried and began to pace back and forth, thinking. Then he sat down beside me and told me something I didn't know. He said most of the time when a Voyeur has a vision, the vision comes to the Voyeur. But there are times, very rarely has it happened, that the Voyeur's soul travels through time and space to the very place and time of a vision. That's what happened to me. My soul traveled to the place and time those men were killed."

"What about the werewolf sensing you?" Sam asked.

"Thorak said powerful werewolves can sense another werewolf's soul if they are in close proximity."

"Could he see you?" Jake asked, rubbing her shoulders.

"Thorak said no."

"Then he doesn't know who saw him, only that a Voyeur's soul witnessed the slaying?"

"If he knows that a Voyeur's soul can travel through space and time, then yes. If not, he probably knows nothing."

"So you're safe and we have nothing to worry about."

"Not necessarily. Once a werewolf smells another werewolf's scent, it burns the scent's imprint into his or her brain. So if the werewolf comes in close proximity to me, he will remember my scent and maybe put two and two together."

Just when Jake massaged the tight ball in the center of her shoulder blades, loosening the tension locked there, she closed her eyes and absorbed his soothing strokes.

She could hear a rustling noise as Sam dragged his feet across the carpeting. Opening one eye to stare at him while she still tried to enjoy Jake's back massage, she asked, "What are you thinking, Sam?"

"That there's nothing we can do. Just hope the Rogue doesn't know anything about werewolves' souls time traveling. And that he doesn't frequent the Raven's Nest."

"I'm afraid so." She nodded, then asked, "How did the meeting go with Tom?"

"Good. He gave us a sample of pure cocaine, and we're going to meet Johnny at the club tonight to check out his clients," Sam answered.

Jake's nimble fingers got her excited when he slid his hands down her back to her buttocks, squeezing her cheeks. "So then we have a few hours to kill until the meeting?" she asked purposely as arousal seeped into her body.

Jake pressed his hot lips on her neck, then asked, "Why don't you try on one of the outfits you bought today?"

*What a novel idea!* She nodded.

"Yeah, can we see what you bought?" Sam's brow lifted, his eyes curious. He moved closer to the bed.

"Now that's a surprise." She giggled and took the bags on the bed before a smiling, mischievous-looking Sam could grab them. She stood up quickly and darted to the bathroom.

Right before she closed the door behind her, she peeked out. "I'll just be a minute."

Placing the bags on the counter, she laughed in naughtiness. Maybe she'd make them wait just a little bit longer than a minute.

## **Chapter 19**

Rotan watched Zortal enter with Oscar tailing him. He found it odd Zortal didn't come alone. When Zortal called him earlier saying he wanted to talk to him, he never mentioned Oscar would be accompanying him.

With a tight smile, he said, "Hi."

Zortal nodded hello, while Oscar replied, "Hey."

Crossing his arms, he stared at Zortal. "So do you have any news?"

"Yes, Maershia sent me a message this afternoon. She said a Voyeur Scout named Triala Barns was whose spirit you sensed in that alleyway. Her soul traveled through the vision to the time and place where you were."

"Triala Barns," he repeated, recognizing the name, but didn't know from where.

"You know her?" Oscar asked.

"No. But she sounds familiar."

"Maershia said she is a Voyeur Scout with extremely powerful visionary capabilities. That was why her spirit was able to travel to you like it did."

"When I informed Oscar, he told me one of the Rogue werewolves, Theo, spotted her at the Raven's Nest a day ago," Zortal stated.

"Yeah, Theo said she was there with two humans."

Rotan looked at Oscar. "Theo? Theo Overture, you mean?"

"Yeah."

Rotan rubbed his fingers over his twelve-hour shadow. His stubble made a brushing sound under the friction. He had encountered Theo Overture a few times in the past few months. The uneducated punk didn't rub him the right way. There was something about him that just irked him.

"What was she doing there?"

"Don't know. Probably spying." Oscar shrugged.

"What did Theo do when he saw her?"

"Nothing. He just called me to let me know she was there. I told him to keep an eye out if she came back to the joint. If she did, he should kill her and the guys she was with."

Zortal added, while looking at Oscar, "You called him before meeting me to change that order, right?"

"Yup. I told him not to wait until she showed up at the club again, but to kill her now. As well as her entourage." He nodded.

Rotan gave him a sideways look. "You're sure Theo will be able to do the job?"

"Yeah, yeah," he said with an air of self-assurance.

"We made sure to cast a double spell to cloak his actions so another Voyeur doesn't pick up his tracks and what he's up to."

"Like how Trialala picked up my trail," Rotan said. He lifted his finger in the air in thought. "By the way, how did Maershia know it was the spirit of Trialala Barns I sensed before?"

Zortal just stared at him with a blank expression. "She didn't say."

Feeling daring, Rotan persisted. "You didn't ask?"

"Even if I did, she wouldn't have told me." He frowned.

"You should have asked anyway," was at the tip of Rotan's tongue, but he decided not to say it and just shut up. Sometimes it was best to remember his place in the scheme of things. And in this new group of Rogue hierarchy, his place was nestled between a rock and a hard place.

Acting dumb, he asked, "So what do we do now?"

“Nothing. Theo is getting rid of our problem as we speak,” Zortal replied.

Rotan shook his head in affirmation. “All right.” But his gut told him that it wasn’t that simple and that Theo Overture would fuck things up one way or another.

\* \* \* \*

Spraying Ombre Rose perfume in the air and walking through its mist, Triala’s skin tingled from the cool contact. She opened the door to the bathroom with anticipation. Her body and inner soul hungered for sexual satisfaction as their manly, musky scents seeped into her nostrils the second she placed her left foot on the navy blue carpeting in the room.

Sam and Jake stopped talking and stared at her, eyes wide open. Goose bumps of excitement formed on her skin under their hungry stare. She swore magnetic electrical energy flowed through the air around her because of their intense gazes.

She knew her erect nipples could be seen through the transparent garment she wore, as could her excited pussy. That all added to her desires. The werewolf urge to run to them just amplified in her.

Jake walked up to her and stared deep into her eyes. “You look damn sexy.”

“Thanks.” She couldn’t help the smile that spread on her face or the happiness that he found her so attractive.

“I like the outfit.” Wrapping his arms around her waist, he pulled her in to kiss her on the lips. He slid his tongue into her mouth as his hands slipped under her garment and he gently squeezed her ass cheeks.

She sighed in pleasure when he pushed her pelvis against his. She could feel his hard cock in his tight jeans. What a shame it had to be so constricted.

Edging her way to his belt while he continued to kiss her so passionately, she clumsily undid the buckle and unzipped his jeans. His cock made contact with her hand instantly. Apparently, he wasn't wearing any underwear, either. She liked men who wore no underwear.

He moaned when she wrapped her fingers around his thick, long erection. She pumped her hand back and forth, making it harden and lengthen with every stroke. Using her other hand, she tried to pull down his pants, but had difficulty.

Releasing her waist and her lips, he stared into her eyes, grinning, and pulled his pants down, making them fall to the floor. She brought her attention to his T-shirt, lifting it up and over his head while he never broke eye contact.

But she did. She couldn't help staring at his sculpted abs, muscular chest, and wide shoulders. He oozed sexiness in the highest degree.

And speaking of sex appeal in the highest degree, from her peripheral vision, Triala saw Sam, buck naked, walk to her side. Upon closer examination, she noted his erect cock was hungry for attention, as were his lips.

Sliding behind her and cupping her breasts through the garment as he pushed his cock between her ass cheeks, he moaned, "You are so beautiful, baby. Making love to you is all we want to do, all day and all night. Just before he dipped in to kiss the nape of her neck, he glanced at Jake. "Isn't that right, partner?"

Jake didn't speak, just raised his brow as he stared at her cupped breasts and nodded. He lifted her baby-doll outfit, pulled her transparent G-string to the side, and with his index and middle finger, he circled her clit and pussy lips, slipping his fingers into her.

She shivered at his touch, spreading her legs to give him freedom to probe her more intently. She brought her hand back to stroke Jake's thick, erect cock and had an overwhelming desire to give him a blow job.

She slowly bent down and stared into Jake's eyes. Sam and Jake must have understood her intent because they followed her down to the carpet and Sam said, "Lift your ass for me, baby."

Her cunt got wetter as she got the hint. He wanted to ass-fuck her while she gave Jake a blow job. Now, that would be sinfully pleasurable for all three.

She did as he asked, supporting her body on her knees and left arm while with her right hand, she grabbed Jake's cock and stroked it back and forth. Pre-cum lubricated the tip and part of the stretched skin on it. She licked it, tasting the saltiness of it as Jake moaned and held her head, pushing her closer.

She opened her mouth and slowly slipped his length into her mouth, making sure her lips rubbed against the ridges of his cock, bringing him and her more pleasure. When his cock reached the uvula, she took a big swallow, allowing Jake to sink his cock deeper into her mouth down her throat.

For a split second she lost her breath as it tickled her uvula, but then it excited her.

Sam had perfect timing. After having untied the G-string and removing it, he added lubricant to her asshole and massaged it into the opening. He then slowly slid his now sheathed cock into her anus.

She took a deep breath as he made his way in and out of her, slowly inching deeper into her hole with each thrust forward. He brought his hand to her clit and rubbed her clit back and forth, slipping his fingers into her pussy, as well.

The friction of his movement brought instant heat not only to her ass, but to her cunt and G-spot, too.

A small climax crept onto her and she shivered all over as her pussy lips and asshole throbbed, opening and closing on his finger and cock.

Out of breath, Jake said to both Trialala and Sam, "Don't you think we should take this to the bed?"

"Now that is the best idea," Sam replied.

Panting, and slightly weak, Triala couldn't speak, only nodded. She felt Sam come out of her asshole and grab her from behind. He lifted her into his arms. He did it so quickly and with such ease, it took him only a few seconds to lay her on the bed. Meanwhile, he kept staring at her with his chocolate brown eyes that made butterflies flutter in her stomach.

She knew that feeling all too well. She was falling for him...and Jake. She was falling head over heels in love with two handsome, virile, smart, sexy humans. This would complicate her life, but she couldn't turn back now. Nor did she want to.

Taking hold of his hand, she pulled him in to her. She needed to kiss his sexy, full lips right at this moment. The yearning in her to have such sweet intimacy with him overwhelmed her senses. Upon contact, a spark of electricity shot from his lips to hers. He moaned in pleasure, and it only proved to her how magnetic the attraction was that she had with him, and with Jake.

She was sure if it were Jake kissing her now, they would have had the same electrical reaction. And with that thought, Jake massaged her legs with his warm, strong hands, making goose bumps form on her lower limbs. He rubbed them gently, loosening the tightness in her calf muscles, working his way up her leg with gentleness and seduction. With each caressing stroke, her legs trembled, making her clit move back and forth against her skin.

When he got to the apex, he slid his hands to her clit, rubbing it teasingly, making her moan and widen her legs for him to play with her more. Cool air caressed her cunt with her movement. Her lips pulsed with want. She lifted one leg, thus spreading her legs wider, signaling Jake her pussy yearned for more.

Obviously reading her actions, he dipped in to satisfy her needs. To her delightful shock, she felt a cold liquid make contact with her cunt. On reflex, she broke away from Sam's kiss and jumped to a semi-sitting position to see Jake had poured a creamy pink lotion on her pussy.



“It’s one of the things we had bought for you. It’s supposed to increase your sexual desires.” Jake looked at her with a naughty expression.

“And you think my sexual urges need to intensify?” She had to laugh. The statement couldn’t be more ironic. Her werewolf sexual urges were more than bountiful. If anything, they had been a hindrance on several occasions in her life and especially on her assignments.

Before she could say any more, he began to rub the liquid around her clit and lips, and slipped it into her pussy as well. With each stroke his index and middle fingers made, ice coldness spread to every millimeter of her cunt. A shiver of ecstasy soared through her pelvis, up her stomach. The icy coldness spread even to her breasts, making her nipples perk with excitement. She moaned, slipping her hands into her garment to grab her breasts, teasing the nipples.

Sam pulled her hand away from her right breast, pushing the strap to her baby-doll dress down so that he could expose her breast. He then leaned in, cupping it and licking it. She placed her hand behind his head, combing her fingers through his thick, black strands, closing her eyes. He slid his tongue over the tip of her tit, flicking it back and forth. Wetness seeped out of her pussy, thus making the icy coldness deepen within her.

Jake continued to excite her by slipping two fingers into her pussy and a third into her asshole. She moved her pelvis back and forth to accompany his ministrations.

When Sam gently bit her nipple and tugged it upwards, a shiver of extreme pleasure flooded her, and she convulsed as the wave of climax possessed her body over and over again.

As it slowly subsided, and her heart calmed its pace, a chill passed through her. Not a chill of pleasure or satisfaction, but a deathly chill, as if someone were walking over her grave.

That could only mean one thing. Danger lurked nearby.

\* \* \* \*

Theo had the biggest hard-on ever. Hell, he couldn't help it. After the scene he just witnessed through the curtain's opening, all he wanted to do was fuck Triala Barns' brains out. Damn, she had a killer body. At least what he could see of it, she did. What he wouldn't give to have been one of the two human males she gave a blow job to.

As he sat in his car, he took out a cigarette and lit it. Smoking always soothed him in times like these, that or a cold shower. And seeing as the latter wasn't plausible right now, a cigarette would have to do.

He had been waiting outside the motel an hour for Triala and her lovers to come back. Oscar called him earlier telling him there had been a change in plans regarding Triala Barns and that she was now more trouble alive than dead. He should eliminate her immediately, not wait to see if she came back to the club snooping.

When he asked him what had changed his mind, Oscar didn't elaborate. He just told him to follow orders otherwise he'd be in big trouble.

Fine. Understood. He didn't need to be told that twice. But it was easier said than done. Having to eliminate Triala and her entourage in broad daylight without having anyone witness the murder would be near to impossible. Plus how could he kill all three at once? The humans might not be any match for his werewolf strength, but Triala was another story. She was a Voyeur Scout experienced in hand-to-hand combat, trained to fight and kill Rogue werewolves like him.

The only way he'd be able to defeat her was if he had an advantage over her. And the same solution he came up with last night kept ringing in his head. He would have to use her weaknesses against her.

While he waited and listened outside their door, making sure no one caught him eavesdropping, he heard them say they'd be going to the Raven's Nest in a few hours. Perfect.

It was all coming into place, and he didn't even need to move a finger. There he'd have the advantage, no doubt about it.

While his evil, cunning plan began to ferment in his warped mind, he started the car and glanced at his crotch. His sprouting erection still held true. He definitely needed to do something to relieve himself now. Maybe he'd imagine fucking Triala again. Yeah, he liked that idea a lot.

What he would like even more than that was actually doing it to her. Touching her luscious, sexy body and sinking his cock in her wet, excited pussy.

Good things always came to those who waited. Patience being a new virtue he planned to milk for all it was worth, he drove off. If all went as planned, tonight he planned to get his just rewards.

## Chapter 20

Worried, Sam bit his lip until it bled. He hadn't realized it until he tasted blood on his tongue. *Fuck!*

He didn't like this one bit. Something kept bothering Trialala, only she wouldn't tell Jake and him about it.

It all started at the motel. After their little sexual adventure, a pale, ghostly look overcame her. She didn't speak or move for quite some time, only sat on the bed, staring ahead with a blank expression.

When Sam asked her what was wrong, she said nothing. But he didn't buy it. He and Jake tried several times to pry the info out of her with no luck. He had a feeling maybe she had a vision, a vision of something really bad to come.

Knowing was half the battle, his father always told him. And he was right. If she did have a vision of something horrible, then she should tell them. Together they could try to stop it from happening or at least try to change it. He'd attempted to tell her that several times in the past few hours, but to no avail.

He stared at her now while she sat in the front passenger seat next to Jake. He could see her reflection in the side mirror. She furrowed her eyebrows and observed the moving scenery in silence. His protective instincts just wanted to hold her, caress her hair, and tell her he loved her. That he would take care of her and make sure she didn't ever get hurt. The ex-cop in him wanted to take her by her shoulders, stare into her eyes, and drill her until she spilled the beans.

But he knew neither approach would make a dent in her shield of isolation. Trialala Barns was a stubborn, strong-willed Voyeur Scout

whose mind could not easily be changed. She had set it to silence, and that was that.

As they approached the Raven's Nest, Jake glared at him through the rearview mirror and asked, "Did Tom say he'd be here tonight?"

Sam shook his head. "Yeah, but only later, and he wouldn't hang out with us much. He doesn't want to draw attention. His cover could be compromised if he stays with us for too long. His job was just to bring us to Johnny. Now that contact has been made, it's better he plays a low-key role in this from here on in."

"Okay, so then we are basically on our own from now on?"

Sam nodded while looking at Triala once more. She obviously hadn't paid attention to their conversation. She still fixed her gaze on the view outside her side window.

She finally came out of her apparent daze when Jake placed the car in park. She turned to him and smiled. "Ready to put on our show?"

Jake frowned. "You sure you're okay, Triala? We can make excuses for you if you want to go back to the motel and rest."

"No, I'm fine. Besides, you need me to scout for Rogues. I can smell their scent, remember. You can't."

"All right, if you say so. Let's go in," Sam said while holding out his arm for her to grab hold.

When she looped hers through his, he heard her deep intake of air. Her ice-cold hand trembled. Subtly turning his gaze toward her face so she wouldn't notice his preoccupation, he noted the worry in her eyes. Something about the Raven's Nest frightened her now. Could the vision have taken place in the club?

"Your hand is freezing." Moving his arm so he could envelop her hand, he brought it closer to his body, trying to warm it up by cocooning it between his chest and open palm.

"Is it? I guess I'm cold." She blinked twice, staring at her protected hand. Her mind was obviously somewhere else.

“I’ll get you something warm to drink.” He smiled, wrapping his other arm around her back as they walked into the club. Jake quietly followed by their side.

The place was packed once again, business obviously good. Sam hoped it wouldn’t have been as crowded as the night before, so they could better scout it out and take note of who frequented the club on a daily or weekly basis and who didn’t.

Observing the bartender’s behavior with customers could tell them pretty much who were the regulars. Then Trialala could inconspicuously follow them around to see if they were werewolves or not. But as things stood tonight, that would be next to impossible.

“Let’s go sit in the back of the joint. Our table from last night is vacant.” Speaking loud enough so they could hear him, Jake pointed to the back of the club.

“How will we spot Johnny then?” Trialala asked Sam, leaning close to his ear.

“Tom told me Johnny usually hangs around in the back of the club where it’s less crowded and where he can talk drug talk with clients and suppliers. So when he comes, we’ll see him there.”

As they passed the first bar, Sam let go of her hand and looked at Jake. “You guys go to the table. I’ll get us drinks. Jake, what do you want?”

“Double scotch.”

Sam added, “Trialala, would you like an Irish coffee? That will warm you up.”

“That sounds good.” She nodded, rubbing her bare arms as Jake took her hand, leading her to the far-off table.

Squeezing through the group of five males blocking his way to the bartender, he excused himself. Though it was obviously a waste of time since they couldn’t hear what he said with the blaring music.

As he placed his hand on the bar counter, the pretty, blonde bartender gave him a sultry smile and leaned in so he could hear her. “So, handsome, what can I get you?”

He motioned with his fingers. “Two double scotches and an Irish coffee.”

Giving him a flirty sideways glance, she turned. “Coming right up.”

While he waited, he observed the people around him. They all seemed to be in their late twenties or early thirties, which was about the norm for frequent club-goers, he’d say. He wondered who of these smiling, laughing people were human and who were werewolves, Rogue werewolves, to be exact. Which of these people hated humans and set out to kill them?

He had learned early on in his years as a cop that there were no telltale signs to identify murderers or dangerous drug traffickers. They didn’t have a crazed look in their eyes or the look of guilt stamped across their faces.

Anyone in this crowd next to him could be a Rogue, and they could very well be stalking their next victim, too. Maybe even him.

As he looked on, assessing the entourage, the bartender came back with drinks and napkins to go with them. “Here you go, lover,” she said, winking. “That’ll be twenty-eight fifty.”

He took out his wallet and handed her thirty-five dollars. “Keep the change.”

“Thanks.” She smiled, her bright blue eyes twinkling. She obviously appreciated the amount.

He sighed as he made his way through another crowd to get to Jake and Trialala. He noticed the bartender had written her cell number on one of the napkins. Ordinarily, the gorgeous bartender’s forwardness and interest would have had him calling her out on a date. That would have led to a very wild and sexy one-night stand.

But that was before he ever met the gorgeous and complicated Trialala Barns. Now that she’d come into his life, turning it completely upside down and making him fall head over heels in love with her, he knew he’d never look back. His days of philandering ended the moment he looked into Trialala’s gorgeous green eyes when she

plowed into him at the Voyeurs' compound, making him land on the ground and her right on top of him. She had captured his heart right at that moment, and he couldn't be happier.

Crumpling the napkin and the bartender's number in his hand, he tossed it in a garbage can he passed as he approached the table.

As he placed the drinks on the table, he asked Jake, "Where's Triala?"

Jake looked toward the bathrooms in the rear of the room. "She went to powder her nose five minutes ago."

"How is she?" He took a sip of his scotch. The strong alcohol stung his throat as it made its way down his esophagus. It soothed his parched mouth.

"The same. Barely said more than two words at the table. Her mind is a million miles away."

Sam hit the table. "Damn it! Why can't she just tell us what it is?"

Jake shrugged. "She doesn't want to."

"I don't care what she wants or doesn't want. Thorak put me in charge of this operation, and if I want to know what she saw, she can't say no."

"Keep telling yourself that." Jake snorted.

Sam lifted his brow. "Oh, you don't think I can get it out of her? You know when I set my mind to something, I won't rest until I do it. And right now, I've had it up to here with her silent treatment. She is going to tell me what she saw if it's the last thing I get out of her!"

He crossed his arms, huffing to make his point to Jake, who sat there smirking. His partner underestimated his capabilities. He gazed at the bathroom and waited. By the time this night ended, he'd find out what her secret was.

\* \* \* \*

Her scent hit Rotan's nose the moment she walked by. How could he ever forget it? Her essence permanently etched itself into his



psyche when he felt her presence in the alley the night before. Her sweet odor now flooded him like the Red Sea flooded the Egyptians as they followed Moses and the Israelites' Exodus.

He had found Triala Barns. She was just a few yards away.

He hadn't been looking for her. No, he just came to the Raven's Nest to keep an eye on Theo and make sure he didn't botch things up. According to Oscar, Theo was supposed to have eliminated Triala and the humans who accompanied her earlier in the day. The fact she and her "friends" walked through the club's doors not that long ago told him Theo had screwed things up. No surprise. If Oscar were here, he'd tell him, "I told you so."

He had half a mind of calling him on his cell to deliver the reprimanding news. But the high ranking Rogues were under direct orders to keep a low profile amongst themselves. Frequent communication risked exposure if Voyeurs were keenly watching or listening.

Instead Rotan followed her and one of the male humans to the back of the room and hid in a corner, observing them.

So this was the infamous Triala Barns that Zortal had spoken to him about. She was a very beautiful, sexy woman. Her super long legs, plump breasts, and curvy body could put a spell on any male, human, or werewolf. Add to that her strong visionary capabilities and Scout's combat skills and she had what it took to be the perfect Voyer spy. Now he understood why the Voyeurs sent her on this mission, which he figured was to try to uncover the Rogues' whereabouts.

A chill of worry crawled up his spine. What if she had a vision about him now? Or maybe she could smell him like he had smelled her.

Zortal had told the high-ranking Rogues months ago that their activities had been cloaked thanks to a special, casted dark spell. But spells could be broken. The Elder Voyeurs could have figured out a way to undo it.

She could be playing ignorant, but really knew he was there and later would report his identity to the Elders. If that happened, he was sure the Rogues would eliminate him. His contributions to the new order hadn't been monumental, nor would they ever. He just did what he was told and tried to keep his nose clean, as clean as Rogue werewolves' noses could be.

A part of him wanted to run out of there as fast as his legs could take him, but then that would mean he'd have to rely on Theo to get rid of Triala and the humans on his own. No way in hell would he allow that.

Triala had seen his face and could identify him at any time. He'd be put on the Scouts' target list then. No, he had no choice but to hang around and survey her and her friends incognito. When the most opportune time arose, he'd eliminate her and leave no witnesses.

As he stood there, he saw her get up and head to the bathroom. From her long, serious expression, something was bothering her. Good, that meant her mind was elsewhere, which also meant she wouldn't be on alert. His odds just got better, and he rubbed his chin, trying to think up a plan to do away with her.

Ten minutes passed, and she still hadn't come out. But the second, taller male, who had his arm around her back earlier, came to sit at the table, carrying three drinks. From his irritated look and behavior, plus the fact he kept pointing toward the bathroom, led Rotan to believe he and she had had a tiff.

*Interesting! Maybe I can use this.*

The show kept getting more and more intriguing. Triala still didn't come out of the bathroom after another five minutes passed, but a man walked up to the humans' table and started speaking to them. They talked for a few more minutes, then they got up and walked with him, heading to a side door, and out they all went.

*What the fuck!*

He rolled over what just happened and couldn't fathom what it meant. And frankly he didn't care.

The most opportune moment to ice Triala Barns had presented itself, and he wasn't about to waste any time. *No witnesses. No hassles.*

Casually, he made his way to the women's bathroom and prepared to finish the job Theo Overture botched up earlier today.

## Chapter 21

In frustration, Trialia took the tissue on the counter and wiped the lipstick off with two swift swipes. Her dry lips stung as she tried on several shades over and over again since coming into the bathroom. She had been stalling for the past twenty minutes. She couldn't bring herself to go back to their table. First it was Sam who pushed her to confide in them and now Jake. But how could she? How could she tell them what she had felt or seen at the motel?

The chill of death continued to etch itself up and down her spine like a hand would massage her back. Only it hardly felt like a massage, more like a sharp knife slicing her skin to expose her delicate vertebrae.

When the tramy-looking brunette came out of the far left stall and gave her an irritated look that said, *What the fuck are you still doing here?*, she realized she couldn't procrastinate any longer. She'd be drawing too much attention to herself that she didn't need.

Reapplying the blood red lipstick she had just wiped off, she then quickly teased her curly red hair and pushed down her skintight dress so her cleavage could be more exposed. Giving the snobby bitch a sideways glance to tell her she could go screw herself, she headed on out. To her unexpected surprise she almost rammed into a tall, muscular man waiting just outside the door.

"What the hell!" Being caught off guard, she forgot to use an accent. She frowned, gazing up into his stern eyes.

"Here, this is for you." The raven-haired man handed her a paper.

Still taken aback, she blankly stared at him and then at the folded paper in his right hand. He shook his hand back and forth, obviously

showing her he no longer wanted to hold on to it, but to pass on his cursed possession to her.

“Lady, I don’t have all day. I was asked to give this to you.”

“What is this?” She lifted her brow in curiosity.

“It’s a note addressed to you. Someone wants you to meet them somewhere.”

“You read it?”

“Sort of.” He shrugged.

“Who gave it to you?”

“A guy here at the club paid me a hundred dollars to wait outside this door and hand this to the tall redhead with the deep purple, tight dress when she came out. That’s you, so here you go.”

Taking it from him and opening it up, she tried to assess what the note said. It was in code, but she obviously figured out its meaning, at least most of it. Her heart began to hammer so hard that it ached in her chest.

“What? The guy who gave you this, what did he look like?” She showed him a panicked expression and then scanned the perimeter of the crowded area.

Everyone was busy doing their thing. No one looked suspicious, except for a dark-figured man standing in the shadows twenty feet away. His face was masked by darkness, but something about him made him very familiar. She was about to walk over to him when the man who gave her the message touched her arm.

“That’s not him. The guy who paid me is a regular in this joint. I see him in here all the time. He is a bit shorter than me and has dirty blond hair. He has a tattoo of a wolf on his left bicep and of a werewolf on his right. Weird and creepy as hell.”

“If he is so creepy, why did you offer your services?”

“Hey, an easy hundred dollars is an easy hundred dollars. What the hell do I care if he’s creepy? It’s not like I have to hang out with him or something.”

“Where is he now?”

"I saw him leaving after he handed me the note."

"Damn," Triala let slip out of her mouth. If she hadn't spent so much time in the stupid bathroom, she could have stopped him.

The guy stared at her for a minute. "Look, that's all I know. I can't help you anymore. I'd like to go get back to my date."

Her mind churned frantically. She barely heard his words. When he stated again, "Lady, I can't help you anymore," she frowned and focused on his dark eyes. But she didn't see him, just pictured the bloody inanimate bodies in her vision before.

Waving her hand, she nodded. "Yeah, that's fine. Go back to your date."

Opening the folded paper once again, she took note of the address and darted for the exit. She wasn't too familiar with the area, but remembered seeing the street in the message. She estimated it would take her twenty minutes to get to the locale at top speed.

Twenty minutes...A lot could happen in twenty minutes.

That same chill of death she experienced earlier began to crawl up and down her spine once more. She shuddered at the thoughts it brought with its evil, tormenting return.

\* \* \* \*

Theo lit his cigarette and let the match fall to the ground as he threw his head back to get his bangs out of his eyes. The area was secluded. The perfect place to plan an ambush. Checking his watch, he wondered what was taking her so long. She should have been here ten or fifteen minutes ago.

No matter, the extra time gave him a chance to go over his plan. Zeek helped him bring them here, but he asked him to leave after that. Zortal told him to get rid of the Triala Barns' problem alone. And although he couldn't put into motion the first part of his scheme alone, the second part, the most important part, he needed to do all by himself.

As he took a deep intake of his cigarette, he saw headlights approach. A smile spread from ear to ear. *Baby, you finally came.*

His cock did a little twitch in his tight jeans, anticipating her arrival. And when she parked the car right in front of him just a few feet away and walked out wearing that sexy number he saw her in earlier in the club, his imagination went wild. The figure-hugging attire didn't leave much to the imagination. Mamma, but her body was perfect.

She walked right up to him and stared him straight in the eye. Her beautiful, green-eyed stare never wavered, nor her stance, when she asked, "Where are they?"

He couldn't help but laugh at her behavior. "You mean your male friends? I know where they are."

"Tell me where they are, or I will tear you apart limb from limb." She sneered.

"Oh, I have no doubt you would, but then where would that leave you? If I die, you'll never find out where they are, or if they are still alive."

He saw the heat built in her face. Her nostrils even flared. Damn, she was sexier angry. "If you hurt them, I will skin you alive."

He laughed. "Relax, sexy. They're alive for the time being, and they'll stay alive as long as you do what I tell you."

"What do you want from me?" she asked through gritted teeth.

Turning to open the unlocked door to the abandoned warehouse, he extended his arm in welcome. "After you," he said with a devilish grin.

She squinted, stepped through the door, and then turned to look at him without saying a word. He walked past her and said, "Follow me."

He brought her to the lunchroom in the back of the building and motioned with his hand to a chair and the metal table. "Have a seat."

She huffed, pushing the chair back to sit. He strode casually to the counter and poured two glasses of cognac in the prearranged goblets

he had set on the table earlier. Taking a sip from one, he brought the other to her.

“Here, have a drink.”

She pushed the glass away. “I’m not thirsty. I want to know where they are now,” she said with a forceful tone.

He wagged his finger back and forth in mockery. “Ah, ah, ah. If you don’t play good, I won’t tell you.”

Growling, she snatched the glass from his hands. “Fine.” Looking at the contents, she added, “How do I know if you didn’t add poison to my glass?”

He laughed. “No, no poison.”

Yet she still procrastinated.

He took back the glass and took a quick sip. “See?” Then he handed it back to her.

She stared at the copper liquid and took several large gulps of the alcohol then slammed the empty glass on the table. It shattered in several pieces. Shards of it cut into her flesh, but she hardly noticed it.

Man, the more time he spent near her, seeing her in action, the more he wanted her. “All good things come to those who wait” kept ringing in his ears as he took slow, steady sips of his drink while he stared at her over the rim of his glass.

He was going to milk it, and her, for all they were worth and savor every second.

\* \* \* \*

The damn bastard toyed with her. Her hand stung from the cuts the glass had inflicted on her skin, and she saw blood leaking out onto the table, but she didn’t care. All she wanted to do was transform into her beast form and tear him to shreds. But if she did that, how would she find out where they, whoever they were, kept Sam and Jake?

God, she prayed they were still alive, that they hadn’t hurt them.



This was all her fault. If she had told Jake and Sam about her vision earlier, maybe they would have been on the lookout, more alert, and then they wouldn't have been captured. Maybe if she had told them all of it, they could have changed the future and thus changed the outcome of her vision.

So many possibilities to wonder about, yet here she sat with no choice but to follow this annoying, brutish bastard's instructions.

As she stared at him while he stared back, taking small sips of his drink, she cursed. "Are we going to sit here all night drinking?"

His image suddenly turned to two. She saw double. What a nightmare. Rubbing her eyes, she heard him say, "No, just until the poison takes effect."

"Poison? What poison?" The room warped before her eyes.

"The one I put in your drink, of course."

"But you told me it wasn't laced."

"I lied. Sue me." He sneered.

"You drank from it and it's not affecting you?"

He threw his head back as he laughed loudly. For a split second he appeared like a horned demon before her. "No, it only looked like I did. I just brought the liquid close to my closed lips."

She attempted to stand up so she could transform into the beast, but her wobbly legs made that virtually impossible. Her body felt like it weighed a ton and kept getting heavier every moment that passed. "You bastard. What did you do to me?"

"You won't be able to transform into your beast form, Trialala." He laughed. "The poison is a special cocktail that is lethal enough to kill werewolves. If you were human, you'd already be dead. But since you're a werewolf like me, it won't kill you quickly. Death will be slow and slightly painful at the end. Your mind will play tricks on you and make you have hallucinogenic visions."

He knew who she was. How? And why hadn't she picked up his scent? The Rogues must have figured a way to mask their scents completely.

Confusion enveloped her. His face turned into a trembling entity that shivered with every word he spoke. She closed her eyes and cursed. "Damn you. Why did you do this to me?"

"Because I was ordered to kill you, but I wanted some fun before doing that."

The room started to spin, and she lost her balance, falling to the floor. "You're not going to get away with this. The Voyeur Scouts are on their way. I contacted them with my cell when I got your note. They'll find me, kill you, and give me the antidote," she bluffed.

He chuckled hard and took out of his shirt pocket what looked like a shimmering blue box. "You mean you called them with this cell phone right here?"

When she squinted, she made out it was her cell phone. In shock, she asked, "How did you get it?"

"I had a girl I know pickpocket it out of your purse when you first went into the bathroom. She's real good. It takes her just a few seconds to snatch beauties like this." He glanced at what he held in his hand.

"So you see, even though there is an antidote for the poison, which I have safely hidden, you don't have a chance in hell of being saved. I know the cavalry isn't coming to your rescue anytime soon."

"How do you know for sure? One of the Voyeurs could have had a vision of you and what you are doing to me."

He shook his head. "I doubt it. A special spell was cast on me earlier for the very reason of making me invisible to you guys. No, baby, no one is coming. I got you all to myself."

As he bent down and picked her up in his arms, she struggled to push him away. But her arms felt like foreign objects which she had no motor control over.

He bent in and kissed the nape of her neck. "You smell sweet, you sexy thing. Mmm, are we going to have fun or what?"

She closed her eyes tightly enough that tears streamed down her cheeks. She hoped they would clear her vision so that she could focus

on her surroundings, and when she saw a chance she would get the hell away from this vile bastard as soon as possible and contact the Voyeurs.

His aroused, pungent, sexual scent seeped into her nostrils. The poison drug may have started to play tricks on her mind, but she had enough rationalization to realize he wanted to rape her before he killed her.

No way. No fucking way would she let him lay a finger on her.

Just then Thorak's voice rang in her ears. "Triala, draw on your inner strength. You must believe in it, in yourself."

Was he here? Had he figured a way to break the powerful spell?

A few minutes later she understood the voice was only what her mind conjured. Thorak was not there.

But he had planted that belief in her years ago right after her parents' deaths. And she listened to his advice and came out of her prison tomb she had cocooned herself in.

If she had done it back then, she could do it again now. She could draw on Thorak's advice and look deep within herself for the strength to overtake this disgusting, brutish Rogue.

And once she had taken back control and found the antidote, she'd torture him until he told her where the Rogues were holding Sam and Jake. After she made him spill his guts in the figurative way, she'd do it in the literal way. She'd slash his abdomen and tear out his intestines. She'd let him die a slow, painful death, just like he wished for her.

After all, he was part of the Rogue scum of the Earth and that was exactly what he deserved.

## Chapter 22

Jake's eyes fluttered open when he heard his name. His mind, though, didn't register it until Sam repeated it a third time in a loud scream.

"What?" Jake asked as he tried to focus on the strange surroundings.

"You're finally awake." Sam huffed.

"Where the hell are we?" He attempted to move his arms, but realized they were tied behind him. He was lying on the concrete floor.

Sam was about ten feet away, lying on the floor bound just like him.

"I don't know. Some type of warehouse, I think."

"What the hell are we doing here?"

"Now *that* I'm dying to know. The last thing I remember was a man coming to our table and telling us that Johnny wanted to meet us outside. He wanted to discuss the deal where no one could eavesdrop on our conversation or negotiations. We followed the guy outside, and someone hit me on the head."

It all began to come back to Jake now. He recalled walking out the back door and hearing a noise that sounded like a blunt blow. He turned around to see Sam falling to the ground unconscious. Someone then grabbed Jake from the back and put a cloth over his face. He tried to struggle free, but the man with the locking grip wouldn't let go. He recognized the sweet chloroform fumes and blacked out not long after that.

He asked Sam with concern, "How's your head?"

“It hurts, and you?”

“They didn’t hit me. They used chloroform.”

“That explains why you were unconscious for so long. I’ve been screaming for you to wake up for some time now.”

Jake looked around. “So are we alone in this fine establishment?”

“As far as I can tell, yeah.” He sighed.

“How long do you think we’ve been here?” he asked, hoping Sam would say not long. He thought of Triala.

“I don’t know.”

“Do you think Triala is all right, Sam?” He tried not to sound worried, but his voice failed him as it cracked at the end of his question.

“I hope so. Damn. If only I knew who the hell did this to us. Was it the Rogues or a rival of Johnny’s who didn’t want us bringing anymore business to the competition?”

His voice trailed off as they heard a sound of a door latch opening, then closing.

“I guess we are about to find out, partner,” Jake responded as he gazed in the direction of approaching footsteps.

To his surprise, he saw a man with wavy, dirty blond hair carrying a woman in his arms saunter into the big space. He walked toward them, smiling.

“Well, look here. Your lovers are awake.”

Jake’s heart jumped into his throat as he realized the stranger carried Triala. Her head bobbed back and forth, and she tried focusing on them but seemed to phase out after a few seconds. His protective instinct for the woman he loved reared its ugly head as his anger came to the forefront of his thoughts and actions.

“What the fuck have you done to her?” he screamed while trying to wiggle his hands out of the tight knot.

“Relax. She’s fine. She just had a little too much of a hallucinogenic, slow-acting poison to drink, and it went to her head.” He looked at Triala and asked, “Isn’t that right, baby?”

Jake's eyes felt like they just popped out of his sockets when he heard the word poison. His baby love was dying and he couldn't get the wretched cord off his bound hands. Rubbing his hands back and forth, it chafed his skin, making it raw as hell, but he hardly cared. He needed to break free, kill the bastard, and rush her to a hospital so they could pump out the poison from her stomach.

When he looked at her face, he saw she said something incoherent to the slime bag. He couldn't make out a single word, but he got the gist of it. If she had complete control of her faculties, she would have killed the turd on the spot.

"You asshole. Let her go!" Sam threatened behind him.

The guy looked at Triala as he placed her on the floor about fifteen feet away from them.

Jake was in utter panic when he saw the bastard look her body over and start to unbuckle his belt. "What the hell are you doing?" he warned.

The man sneered. "I'm gonna do to her what you guys did to her in the motel room. I'm going to fuck the brains out of her. And you are going to watch me do it to her, like I watched you do it to her." Then he laughed. "And after that, I'm going to kill you."

This bastard spied on their lovemaking. God, if only he could break free of the restraints, he'd jump on him and kill him. But things couldn't have looked bleaker. The love of his and Sam's life was lying there vulnerable, suffering, and slowly dying, and there wasn't a damn thing they could do about it.

\* \* \* \*

Time to end things before everything got out of hand, Rotan thought as he stared on behind the last storage shelf in the warehouse. Theo was out of control.

Rotan had been hiding, eavesdropping, and spying on Triala ever since she came out of the women's bathroom at the club. Thank God

he decided to follow her, otherwise he would have never found out exactly what stupid plan Theo was up to. Kill the Voyeur Scout with a slow-acting poison and rape her while she lay there helpless, hallucinating and dying, and have her human lovers watch on. What kind of sick crap was that? Damn, Theo Overture didn't have a screw loose in his noggin. He was missing all of them. He was so far gone, he was too crazy for the nut factory.

He took out his nine-millimeter gun and made sure the staggered box was fully loaded with silver bullets. *Yeah, clear.*

Aiming the gun with his right hand and steadying it with his left, he closed his left eye and focused on his first target, the pain in the fucking ass Theo. Only a silver bullet square between the eyes would kill a werewolf, so he had to make sure his aim didn't falter, because if he missed, Theo would run for cover. Then he would have to chase after him and risk being uncovered by the humans and Trialala.

Nah, staying incognito was his haven of safety, and he didn't want to jeopardize it. He waited until the perfect opportunity revealed itself. It came when the moron started unzipping his fly. He had walked around Trialala, staring at her like a hungry, drooling wolf ready to savor his dinner. A chill of disgust crawled up Rotan's spine as he imagined all the vile, sick thoughts that probably ran through Theo's mind.

As Theo lifted his head to laugh, Rotan pulled the trigger and waited to see if he'd hit his target or missed it. Good fortune shone bright on him then as the bullet pierced Theo's skull dead square between his eyes. Theo's eyes rolled back, and he fell forward, his legs kicking and his body jerking, like a dead chicken that had its head cut off.

He heard one of the humans scream to Trialala to run for cover, but she barely responded to his warning by twisting her head from side to side.

Wasting no time, Rotan aimed and fired two shots at the humans. Since they weren't werewolves, his aim needn't be so accurate. Any part of the body that proved fatal was sufficient.

From the distance, he could see he hit the one with a ponytail, who had just screamed, in the chest and his friend in the head. Satisfied with their deadly inflictions, he focused on Triala.

Unfortunately, trying to kill her wouldn't be as easy as killing Theo. In the fetal position she lay on the floor, he didn't have a clear shot at the front of her head. Damn! He'd need to get close to kill her, which meant she'd see him.

Fuck it. He didn't have a choice, and once she was dead, he wouldn't have to worry about her identifying him any longer. He'd be in the clear, and all his problems would have disappeared. At least his problem with the Voyeurs finding out about him.

As for the funny feeling he had that this new order of Rogues was more trouble than it was worth, he'd deal with that later, when he did a little more digging and figured out who really was the brains behind the clan and who was the one with the power. Power and brains didn't always go hand in hand. Sometimes the brains pulled the power's strings, and sometimes it was the other way around. Either way, he needed to uncover all the pesky secrets behind this mysterious order he belonged to, the minor ones and the major ones. Then he'd know for sure if he was on the right side of the upcoming war, the Rogues against the humans and their Voyeur allies, which his gut and the Rogues told him would be coming up.

If, after digging, he found things out that told him he was on the wrong side, then he'd have to negotiate his way to safety by squealing on his fellow Rogues if he had to.

He shrugged his shoulders at the thought and focused on the current problem at hand, Triala Barns. He slowly walked over to her, making sure his footsteps were as silent as he could make them. In her hallucinogenic state, he doubted her fine-tuned werewolf hearing was working up to par.



He was just five feet away from her, and he could see her body trembling. He still couldn't see her eyes, but he heard her crying. His heart tightened in his chest. A part of him didn't want to do what he was about to do, but the rational part knew he had no choice.

When he took another step forward, a low sound started to buzz in his ears. At first he couldn't decipher it, but within a few seconds he realized that was the sound of sirens.

Damn, the police were on the way. Had someone heard the gunshots and called the police? How could they have gotten there so quickly?

Realizing he had no time to finish off Trialala, he darted for the door that he used to enter the warehouse earlier and headed for cover. He waited in the shadows of obscurity, the place where he felt the safest and the most at home.

## Chapter 23

*Come on, Trialala, you have to move. Move!* She panted.

Even though she barely had any control of her body and her mind kept playing wicked tricks on her—making the room spin and her vision fade or turn psychedelic colors of purple and pink as if she were in a warped '80s disco dance party—deep in her brain she was still the same coherent Trialala.

She had heard three shots ring out. They sounded more like clangs than shots, but when she saw the bastard fall to the ground, she understood he had been shot and killed. Who were the other two shots for? When she struggled with her body and tried to turn to look at Sam and Jake, she saw two unmoving bodies streaked with red.

*Blood!* They had been shot. That was all her sane mind could make out through the psychedelic trip the poison was assaulting her with.

Her vision had come true!

The pain in her limbs and stomach was agonizing. She almost passed out as an unbearable stabbing pain shot through her abdomen. She clutched her stomach and curled up in a fetal position. The poison's deadly progress was obviously accelerating.

Although she knew her death was near, she couldn't help but cry. The only men who she had ever truly loved in life lay on the floor near her dying or, Heaven forbid, dead.

No! She couldn't accept it.

They didn't deserve this. They deserved to live and enjoy life until the ripe old age of eighty or so. Not die having tried to help her.

A ringing began in her ears. It sounded so bizarre, and at first she didn't know if it was her imagination or was she really hearing it. When she picked up a pattern to the sound, she guessed it was a police siren. Help was on the way.

Forcing herself to ignore the turning room and the wicked images fermenting themselves before her eyes, she made her way toward Sam's body.

In her calculating mind, she figured there was still a chance to save her men. It was a small window of chance that they were still alive and their pumping blood would be able to absorb her werewolf venom and stop them from dying, but she still had to take that chance.

With the police arriving any minute, she had to move fast.

Praying to a God she rarely spoke to, she wished for a miracle, and took the first of two bites to save the men she loved with all her soul.

\* \* \* \*

She still felt like hell. The antidote had stopped the poison's progress, and her body was now filtering out its toxins as she stood there staring into the two-way mirror in the room. But the aches and spasms continued to surge through her. She knew the doctor at The Haven would come in any second and order her to bed to rest, but she couldn't bring herself to do it.

Staring through the two-way mirror at Jake and Sam as they lay unconscious in the other room, hooked up to monitors and werewolf blood transfusion machines, cool tears streamed down her warm cheeks. They had a long and arduous road to recovery ahead of them, but they were going to be all right. Her bite had saved them.

Saved them. Would they see it that way when they regained consciousness? They would no longer be humans, but werewolves, damned to walk the Earth, sometimes in human form and sometimes

in beast form, for centuries to come. Did they want that? Did they deserve that?

No.

She had taken power out of God's hands and made a decision that could never be undone. At the time, it seemed like the only solution. She couldn't bear seeing them die. She loved them too much to lose them.

But now, she wondered if her actions were in vain anyway. Once they heard of their situation and that she did this to them, they might never forgive her and hate her for the rest of their werewolf lives.

The knob clicked, and Doctor Fenelle's smile turned into a frown when the door opened and she gazed at Triala.

"What are you doing out of bed, Miss Barns?"

"I just wanted to make sure they were all right," Triala said as she turned and slowly walked to her hospital bed. Her joints cracked with her every movement.

"Their recovery will take time, and adapting to their new bodies and increased libido isn't going to be easy, but they are doing fine so far. They don't seem to be rejecting the werewolf transfusion, which is a great sign." The doctor smiled as she helped her cover herself with the blue blanket.

"Can I see them now just for a second?" she asked purposely with hopeful eyes.

The doctor's frown returned. "I'm afraid no, Miss Barns. You are much too weak to be out of bed. You need to gain your strength, because once they wake up and their sexual werewolf urges begin to rise, they'll be needing you most of all."

The doctor took out a syringe from a storage cabinet beside the bed and brought it to Triala's arm. "This will alleviate the pain and will help you rest and sleep."

Trila nodded, closing her eyes when she felt tears return. The doctor obviously didn't realize how much her statement affected Triala. Once they heard what she had done to them and that she

turned them into condemned monsters, the last thing they would want from her was her helping to satiate their sexual, wild, rising urges.

“You’ll begin to feel the effect of the sedative in moments. I’ll come back in a couple of hours to see how you’re doing,” the doctor said as she headed to the door.

Triala didn’t open her eyes and just listened to her departure. The pain began to lighten, and her head became heavy. Taking deep breaths, she waited for sleep to come. Maybe when she woke up, she’d find out this was all a dream.

## Chapter 24

*“Ring around the Rosie. Pocket full of posies. Ashes. Ashes. We all fall down!”*

*Sam walked through the dark aisles as the song kept playing in his ears. He heard the kids, but couldn’t see them. Where could they be, and why were they singing that song?*

*For that matter, what the hell was he doing here? Was he working a case?*

*His exhaling breath turned into a bright mist when it hit the cool air, lighting up his way. It was damn cold in here. It felt like the dead of winter.*

*Wrapping his arms around himself to try to keep warm, he speeded up as the children’s voices became stronger and clearer. They were close now.*

*When he got to the end of a long and winding aisle, he saw them. They were about twenty, he guessed. From their height, he estimated their ages to be between eight and ten. They danced in a circle all holding hands. The ceremonial masks they wore looked like the ones the Dan tribal hunters in Liberia, Africa wore. He remembered the brown wooden masks he saw in photos in an online article he read last month. They resembled beast monsters, with high foreheads, pouting mouths, and pointed chins.*

*As he got closer to them, he asked, “What are you kids doing here?”*

*They didn’t stop dancing or even glance at him, their dance and song uninterrupted by his question.*

*Frowning, he approached them and tapped one of the kids closest to him on the shoulder. “What are you doing here?”*

*They continued to chant, the masked boy he addressed personally ignoring him as if he weren’t even there, as if he didn’t exist.*

*“Ring around the Rosie. Pocket full of posies. Ashes. Ashes. We all fall down!”*

*At the word “down,” all the kids took off their masks in unison, throwing them to the floor. To Sam’s horror, he realized they weren’t children hiding behind those masks but wolves.*

He jumped in shock and hit his head on something.

“Damn, that hurts!” he cursed as he opened his eyes. The bright overhead neon lights assaulted his vision, and pain shot through his skull.

An ugly, short nurse who was checking the IV drip next to his bed grinned at him with a wide smile. “Ah, you’re awake.”

He didn’t know if he had actually awoken from his nightmare or was still stuck in it. Hell, she was the ugliest nurse he had ever seen. Her shifty, bulging eyes got him dizzy as she looked at him. He couldn’t tell if she really stared at him or over his shoulder.

But her soothing voice and friendly demeanor made up for what she lacked in looks. Rubbing his sore forehead, he asked, “Where am I?”

“You’re in The Haven.”

“The Haven?”

“Yes, it’s a hospital that specializes in special cases of rehabilitation.”

Taking in his environment, he saw Jake lying in the bed next to his. He asked quickly and in a worried tone, “Is he all right?”

She glanced at his partner and nodded. “Yes, he should be waking up soon, too.”

Relief flooded him then. “That’s good to hear.” But that relief was short-lived because he remembered about the warehouse and Trialala. His Trialala. Their Trialala. Was she okay?

His heart pounded so hard in his chest with worry for her.

He was just about to ask the nurse if she knew anything about her when the door to their room opened and in walked the most beautiful woman in the world. She wore a sweet smile to accompany her sweet and loving demeanor.

If he didn’t feel like he had just literally been put through the ringier, he would jump out of the hospital bed and run to her, grabbing her in his arms and twirling her around kissing her, telling her how much he loved her and that he thought he lost her. He couldn’t go on living if anything had happened to her.

“Trialala, you’re okay?” he asked.

Her smile widened. “Yes, I am. How are you feeling?”

He shrugged. “I’ve had better days,” he joked.

The nurse looked at Trialala, then at Sam. “Well, I think I better leave you alone now. You have a lot of catching up to do.” Directly addressing Trialala, she added, “If you need any help, just push the button.”

“Yes, thank you, Nurse Avery. You have been so kind. I’ll certainly call you if we’ll need anything.”

Once she exited and the door closed shut behind her, he asked, gesturing she come sit on the bed with him, “Thank God you’re all right, Trialala. When that bastard said he had given you a poison and that you were dying, I thought I was going to lose you forever.”

She followed his request and came to sit beside him in the bed, staring at him with big eyes. She looked so worried, so stressed. Taking her hand, he brought it to his lips and kissed the back of it.

“Baby, I love you. I don’t know what I would have done if anything had happened to you.”



She turned her hand and cupped his face. Tears formed in her eyes. His heart fell into his chest knowing his baby love was distressed and crying.

“What’s wrong, Triala? Tell me everything that happened.”

She wiped her tears and whispered, “I’m so sorry, Sam. I hope you’ll be able to forgive me for what I did to you and Jake someday.”

His head hadn’t stopped aching, but with her crazy words just now, the pain just escalated. “Forgive you, baby? There is nothing to forgive. You were the victim in all that happened.”

She shook her head and lowered her gaze to her hands resting on her lap. “No, once you and Jake hear what I did to you, you will see what I mean.”

“Then tell me. But I know already there is nothing to forgive.”

“Yeah, I agree,” Jake said groggily.

Sam turned to see Jake’s eyes half opened, staring at him and Triala. “Well, look who else is awake.”

She got up and went to his bed next, taking his hand and smiling through her tears. “How do you feel?”

“Like shit.”

Sam couldn’t help but laugh at his remark. A surge of pain shot through his torso with the exertion on his tired body

Jake took her hand and slowly placed it on his chest. “Why don’t you dry those tears and give us a kiss?” he asked.

She wiped her tears and kissed his forehead. She then looked back at Sam, and taking a deep breath, she blurted out, “Why I’m saying that you won’t forgive me is because I turned you both into werewolves.”

\* \* \* \*

Jake just wanted her to stop talking so he could kiss her. She kept saying she was so sorry about everything she put them through and

that she understood if they never wanted to see her again or forgive her for the horrible thing she did.

Granted, waking up to find out that he and Sam were no longer human and were on their way to becoming full-fledged werewolves wasn't exactly what he wanted to hear. But they were both alive and could be with Triala, and that was what mattered.

Taking her hand in his, he was about to tell her to stop talking and kiss him when the door opened and a doctor came in.

"Well, I see you're both awake," she said with a greeting smile.

Triala responded, "Yes, Dr. Fenelle. But I haven't explained to them how the treatment works."

The doctor nodded as she glanced at Triala.

Jake's inquisitiveness got the better of him. "Treatment? What treatment?"

Taking their charts, the doctor wrote something on each and then placed them back on the stand at the foot of their beds. "Triala is talking about the recovery treatment. The transition from human to werewolf is a complicated one, and the treatment lasts about a week if the patient responds well to it. If not, it may take longer and further treatments will be required."

"What type of treatment are we talking about here, doc?" Sam asked with a worried look.

"Well, you completed the first phase, which was the werewolf blood transfusion. The second phase is the hormone injections. They last a week, and of course the most intense and stressing one is the sexual treatment."

The doctor's last statement got Jake curious. "Sexual treatment?"

Nodding, the doctor continued, "Yes, patients find this the hardest part of the treatment."

Jake couldn't help but laugh at that. "Really? I would have figured it would be the most pleasurable."

The doctor smiled at his joke. "Yes, I'm sure it is. But humans find it difficult adapting to their increased sexual desires. It can at

times be quite painful having their bodies flooded with increased levels of sexual hormones that come with being a werewolf. Gradually, though, the body adapts to the new higher levels and the pain subsides.”

“Do all patients experience pain?” Sam inquired.

“No, if they sate their desires as they augment accordingly, then there is no pain at all, only pleasure.”

Jake liked the sound of that. “When will our sexual urges begin to rise?” he asked, but he already knew the answer to that.

“You must already be feeling them, aren’t you, Mr. Reynolds?”

Yeah, his cock was harder than a rock, and from the feel of it in between his legs, he guessed it had gotten bigger, too. At least an inch. “Yes, doctor, I’ve started to feel my urges intensify.” He smiled while staring at Triala. If Dr. Fenelle wasn’t in the room right now, he would have taken her in his arms to kiss her passionately and ask her to make love to him and Sam.

The doctor observed him, then Triala, and a thin smile crept onto her face. She obviously picked up Jake’s vibes.

She put her hands in her pockets. “I’ll come back in a few hours to check on you both.” Looking at Triala, she added, “If you need anything, just page a nurse at the desk.”

“Yes, doctor, I will.” Triala nodded, following the doctor to the door and locking it once she exited.

*Locking doors.* He liked The Haven’s perks.

She came to sit back on his bed, and looking first at him, then at Sam, she apologized once more. “I’m so sorry for what I did to you, and I know you probably don’t want anything to do with me anymore, but I’d like to help you both through this week’s transition treatment. I’ll do anything you want. Unless you prefer I go away now, and then you’ll never see me again. I’ll have them send in others who will help you with your increasing sexual urges.”

Jake did a double take. “What? They have people actually volunteering to do this sort of thing?”

“Not people. Werewolves. And yes, when patients have no one to help them through it, there are volunteers who will.” With big, puppy dog, hurt eyes, she asked, “Is that what you want, Jake? Do you want another female werewolf to help you?”

He shook his head. “No! That is ridiculous, Trialala.”

Sam backed him up. “Yeah, why would that crazy idea even cross your mind?”

Her eyes sparkled with their words. Yeah, the feisty, strong, assertive Trialala they loved was starting to come back. “So that means you’ll want me to help you through the sexual transition?”

Jake had to laugh. “Hell, yes! You and only you. I know Sam feels the same way as I do. We are madly and deeply in love with you, baby. And you turning us into werewolves doesn’t change how we feel about you. Yes, it’s a huge shocker, and it’ll take time for us to get used to the new lives we will have to lead, but knowing you will be in it with us from here on in is all we need to get through this together.”

Her eyes widened. “So that means you forgive me?”

Sam huffed. “Will you stop asking for forgiveness! There is nothing to forgive! You saved our lives. If anything, we are grateful and indebted to you.”

Jake chuckled at his wording. “Indebted?”

He shrugged. “You know I’m not good with words, partner. But you both know what I mean.”

Looking at Trialala, Jake could see tears filming her eyes. This time, they were tears of joy, from the smile on her face. “I love you both. I never thought I’d fall in love with humans, but I did, and I am the luckiest woman alive.”

Joking to dissipate the remnants of tension that may have lingered in the far corners of the room, Jake said, “Well, technically, since we are turning into werewolves now, that statement of not falling in love with humans still holds.”

Laughing, she lifted her hand to slap his arm. He stopped her movement by gently bringing it up to his lips. As he kissed each finger, he stared into her bewitching green eyes and lifted his brow for effect.

“So, my little sweet, sexy werewolf, how about we get started on satiating our sexual urges? I know I’m dying to make love to you.”

“Yeah, that goes double for me.”

Wasting no time, Sam threw his covers off and, with his hospital gown half open, walked over to Jake’s bed. Bending down, he wrapped his hand behind her neck and dipped in to kiss her. His motions were slow and stiff. He obviously felt some pain in his joints, as did Jake.

The effects of their rising sexual desires began to show. It was time for some action of the lovemaking kind, and pronto!

\* \* \* \*

All had been forgiven, and they proclaimed their deep love for her. She wanted to pinch herself just to see if indeed it wasn’t a dream and it did happen. But she didn’t need to do that to know the truth.

Her rising desires when Sam’s hot, swollen lips made contact with hers told her everything. This was real, and she wanted Jake and Sam to make love to her.

For years she had heard stories about The Haven and how intense the sexual treatment was for patients, but now she’d actually be a part of it. Some werewolves had complained that the werewolves-to-be’s unrelenting demands edged them close to death’s door, and only when the full moon had come and gone, sometimes even days after that, did their urges settle and all participants could rest.

The thought of having hard, fast, intense sex for hours, or even days, with her men didn’t overwhelm her in the least. The love she had for them, coupled with their crazy, magnetic, sexual attraction for

one another, made her pretty sure she could follow their leads and satisfy all their needs, including her own.

When Sam bit her lip, tugging it in play while his hand slipped into her low-cut dress to cup her left breast, she knew, hell yes, she could do this, and with gusto, too. She'd savor every second and every minute of this incredible experience. By the end of the treatment, she knew their bond would be stronger than ever and nothing could separate them again.

Wrapping her arms around Sam's neck, she tugged him closer. Her tongue pushed open his lips to slip into his mouth. God, his lips felt like ice, but the inside of his mouth like fire. She figured it was an effect of the change happening in him. Shivers of pleasure formed on her body, spreading to her limbs and straight down to her pussy.

Wetness seeped out of her, instantly absorbing in her cotton, blue G-string under her dress.

Sam slipped his hand out of her blouse and began to push the elastic band at the top of her dress down her shoulders until it came to her elbows. Her breasts lay exposed and hungry for attention.

The dress was the trappy one she bought the day before to wear for their undercover operation. She hadn't worn a bra underneath it on purpose to add to her character. Since they brought her to The Haven to treat her poisoning, she never got a chance to go home for a change of clothes, and now she was thankful. It made for easy undressing, plus her nipples remained pert thanks to the friction from the material.

She slipped her arms out of the dress while staring up at Sam. He stood straight and, grabbing her hands, guided her up to a standing position, then pulled the rest of the dress off of her, leaving her only in her cold, damp G-string. Cool air caressed her skin, and goose bumps formed, making the hairs stand on end, vibrating as if they danced with the coolness of the room in pleasure.

Jake had gotten out of his bed when Sam began to undrobe her and came to her side. He bent forward to rub her back while he pulled her hair to the left to nibble her ear and kiss her neck.

She dipped her head forward to give him more room and allow her desires to augment. She could see her erect nipples swell even more, poking the air. Her body kept screaming in her mind that her breasts needed fondling.

When Sam took off his hospital gown and his huge cock poked right at her pelvis, she realized that, too, needed stroking.

She smiled when she wrapped her hand around its thickness. “Umm, it has gotten even bigger.”

He pushed it forward into her hand as he brought his face closer to hers. It throbbed in her grip. Staring at her lips, he said in a soft voice, “It’s showing my love for you, baby.”

He kissed her, bringing his hands up, cupping and caressing her breasts. Goose bumps formed on her chest and stomach from his fingers’ cool touch. Oh, these hot and cold sensations made her tremble with want, the perfect aphrodisiacs. She lifted her breasts so he had an easy time fondling her boobs and nipples while she went to work on his big, wet cock.

She stroked him slowly at first in a simple back-and-forth motion. The ridges beneath his skin passed under her touch, and she imagined how they would feel inside her. How he would feel inside her. More arousing juices dampened her underwear. She spread her legs, allowing cool air to dry the moisture somewhat.

Jake continued to kiss her neck, shoulders, and ears while he massaged her back downward until he reached her ass. His movements became deeper and longer as he rubbed her ass cheeks outward, allowing her cunt to open wider, embracing the cool air. She moaned from the friction on her clit rubbing against her lips and skin, and she increased her hand movement on Sam’s cock. Her strokes went from moving back and forth on the shaft to concentrating on the tip. Pre-cum coated her fingers, and she made circular motions on the circumcised tip.

Sam moaned in pleasure, pushing his cock closer to her pelvis. He brought his thumb and index finger to the tips of her nipples and did

to her something similar to what she did to him. He rubbed the tip of each breast, making her nipples pert and taut. He pulled on them gently then made circular patterns around each areola.

Meanwhile Jake tugged at the thin string of her panties until it gently snapped and fell to the ground. He slipped his right hand to her clit, rubbing it in circles and then slipping his finger into her wet pussy and coming back out to play with her nub.

She shook with pleasure when Sam tugged her nipples while gently squeezing them. Jake slipped two fingers deep into her pussy, rubbing her in an in-and-out, side-to-side motion. She quivered. Her G-spot started to throb. The climax traveled downward and outward, hitting her clit and making it pulsate, and then it surged up to her breasts as her nipples tightened with Sam's ministrations and then became sensitive after her whole body reached its climax.

She took a deep breath to regain her strength that temporarily left her with her peak. She had never let go of Sam's cock and continued to fondle him. Jake hadn't stopped, either. His fingers still played with her cunt while his other hand massaged and squeezed her ass cheeks. His tongue sliding down her neck had her on the brink of feeling ticklish, but not yet. It hovered between ticklish and ecstasy.

When Sam jerked and his moan deepened, she realized that they unselfishly gave her pleasure, and they must be suffering in pain since they hadn't yet released the rising sexual tensions building and may be boiling within their changing bodies.

"Make love to me, boys," she whispered as she let go of Sam's cock and cupped his face to kiss him. Then she turned her head so Jake could kiss her, as well.

"We'll be gentle," Jake said.

She was touched at his thoughtfulness. From the look in his eyes, she surmised his body probably ached as his sexual hormones went haywire in his new adapting body, and here he was thinking of not hurting her.



She had struck a gold mine with Sam and Jake. No other men had ever treated her as sweetly, kindly, or lovingly as they did.

Jake sat on the bed and guided her backward so she could sit on his cock. He held her, helping her to keep her balance as he slowly entered her asshole. He slipped his cock's head gently, slowly, into her hole an inch and then came out.

She could feel the walls of her asshole stretch with his thickness. He repeated his movements, advancing to the same depth another ten or so times. Each semi-penetration increased her pleasure and lubricated her hole with pre-cum. When she moaned in demand, he slowly slipped into her.

By God did his huge cock fill her! As he slid in the farthest it could advance, he stopped and just let her become accustomed to the fullness before he moved back and forth.

They remained motionless while Sam slipped his cock into her pussy. He didn't follow the number of multitudes of semi-penetrations Jake had made. He didn't need to. She knew her pussy was still very wet from her climax not long ago.

On the fourth thrust, Sam slipped all the way in. She lost her breath at the feel of having them both at the same time deep inside her. She felt pressure and tightness in her pelvis, but it was short-lived. When Sam began to pull out and then push back into her in slow, steady movements while he stared into her eyes and bent down to kiss her lips, the tightness disappeared. In its place came the pleasure that accompanied friction. She was right, the ridges of his cock felt so good rubbing against her walls.

Jake grabbed her ass cheeks and, cupping and squeezing them to support her, helped her lift herself and then bring her back onto his cock. Her asshole stretched more because of the angle and their movements, but it only enhanced her pleasure.

Each of her love's movements complemented the other's. When Sam came out of her pussy, Jake would push deeper into her asshole, and vice versa. They moaned and groaned with their mounting

desires, as did she. She could feel their cocks harden and lengthen even more as their hearts pumped the new werewolf blood transfused into them through their veins and arteries and their cocks.

With her acute sense of hearing, she listened to the rhythm of their heartbeats while she absorbed their pumping movements and followed them step-by-step in a dance of lovemaking. At that very moment, it felt like they were one heart, one soul. If ever she had any doubts about their relationship before this, it disappeared forever, because she saw then with the depth of her heart and soul they were indeed one.

And with that revelation, she climaxed at the same time with Sam and Jake. All proclaiming their satisfaction with grunts, moans, and words of praises and endearment.

Jake held her from behind while Sam rested his head on her shoulder. They hadn't moved their cocks from deep inside her, nor had their pricks softened. She understood that soon they would need to make love again, and she closed her eyes to listen to their breathing and feel their skin touching hers.

No doubt about it, this was where she belonged for the rest of her life.

## **Chapter 25**

Thorak knocked and waited with anticipation for someone to come to the door. He had been so worried and wanted to see with his own eyes that they were all right.

A few seconds later, the door opened and Trialala's smiling face greeted him.

"Sire, it is good to see you. Please come in." She pushed the door completely open to make way for his entrance. Once she closed the door behind him, she bent to hug him.

He hadn't expected such an affectionate gesture from her. It hardly reflected her cold, closed character she had shown him and the world since she was a young child. He had a funny feeling he was seeing a new Trialala emerging. One who embraced her emotions and wasn't scared to show them to those she loved. He had to thank Sam and Jake for that.

They had done in less than a week what he had tried to do for so many years and failed. They had broken through her defenses and showed her that she could show her emotions and love and not fear getting hurt because of them. Good. Good. Even though they hadn't gotten closer to figuring out what the Rogues were up to, at least one very good thing had come out of all this. Trialala had found the perfect men who would make her happy.

Reciprocating her hug back, he said, "How are you?"

She let him go and smiled as she pushed a chair out for him to sit. "I am very well. Thank you for asking."

He laughed. "Yes, I can see it in your eyes, my dear." Instead of sitting down, he leaned on his cane and walked over to Sam and Jake,

who sat on two chairs as a nurse injected something into Jake's arm. Thorak couldn't tell if she had already given the injection to Sam or if he were next.

Extending his hand, he shook Sam's hand, then Jake's. "It's good to see you two. I hear you have crossed over to our walk of life now. How does it feel being werewolves?"

Sam looked at Jake, grinning, then at Triala. "It feels damn good."

Thorak tried to hold in his chuckle but couldn't. He understood very well what Sam meant by that, but decided not to probe any further. Details of their sexual escapades should remain for their ears only, and definitely not for his.

"When will you be leaving The Haven?" he asked as he made his way back to the chair Triala had offered him. He sat on it slowly so as not to aggravate his arthritic joints, but his attempt failed because his left knee cracked and a stab of pain shot up his leg. He was a 510-year-old werewolf who had seen the world change in many, many ways.

He didn't know how many more years he had left on this Earth. Werewolves weren't complete immortals as vampires were, but they did live for several centuries.

Sooner or later, the Grim Reaper would be coming for him. He hoped it was after the Rogues had been crushed and peace was upon the world once again. But his fate was not his to control.

Rubbing his knee, he waited for their response. Instead of Sam or Jake answering his question, the nurse did as she finished up with Jake and threw the syringe in the biohazard plastic box hanging on the wall. "They have two more days of hormone injection treatments and then are done."

She wrote something on their charts and exited with a farewell note and grin. "I'll come back later with the next injection. "

Thorak waited until the door had closed before asking the question that plagued him with worry all this time. "Do you think your lives are still in danger?"

He didn't risk asking the question while the nurse was there.

They had never figured out who had intercepted the Voyeurs' warning months ago at The Haven. The Voyeur's Council had had a vision of an attempted murder and called in to notify The Haven staff that the life of Cheryl Brete, a patient there, was in danger. But the message never got through.

Even though everything worked out at the end and her lovers, twin Voyeurs Shane and Thomas Bicks, saved her life and killed the killer before he could hurt her, the reason for the failed delivery of the warning still remained a mystery.

For all he knew, a Rogue spy walked the corridors of The Haven working right under their noses.

Triala glanced at Sam and Jake before replying. "We don't know if we're still in danger."

"You haven't had any visions since you've been here, Triala?"

She shook her head. "No, no visions. Whoever tried to kill us and killed that Rogue werewolf Theo Overture is still out there."

"Do you think it was another Rogue who killed him?"

"I honestly don't know." She shrugged.

"Do you want us to go back to the Raven's Nest once they let us out and continue to probe?" Sam asked.

Thorak lifted his hand up in a stop motion. "No. No. That will be too dangerous. You'd be walking into the lion's den right at dinnertime."

"Well, Tom is still there, and he could be our eyes and ears for the place if we want," Jake said, rubbing his chin.

"Tom?" Thorak didn't recognize the name.

"We used to work together on the police force. He's an undercover detective working the club and that quarter for drug dealers. He knows our situation and can let us know if he sees anything fishy."

"Can we trust him to keep our secret?" Thorak asked, hesitant of trusting a human he'd never met.

Triala nodded. "Yes, he was the one who saved us. When he saw we weren't at the club, he asked around, and the guy who gave me the note told him about the message and the address written on it. Tom called the cops right away and saved our lives."

"Yeah, we can trust him one hundred percent," Sam added.

"That is good news. Then yes, ask this Tom if he can keep a lookout for any clues that will help us to figure out what the Rogues are up to."

"Then what would you like us to do?" Triala asked.

"We could look into the black market another way, not necessarily through the drugs angle. I have a friend at the IRS who investigates questionable accounts. He does intensive checks on anyone who suddenly comes into a lot of unexplained money. He investigates if these mysterious funds came through black marketeering. I can ask him to give us a list of all his shady people, and we can check them out to see if they are in or linked with the Rogue clan."

"That is a good idea. Yes, do that," Thorak said, lifting his finger in the air.

"You got it. We'll get right on it the minute we are out of here."

Without thinking, lost in his deep thoughts, Thorak let escape, "Yes, we need to get answers soon before it will be too late."

"Too late for what, sire? Have you had a vision of something?" Triala asked, frowning.

Damn, he should be more careful with his loose mouth.

He answered the question as best he could without leaking the scary details. "Yes, I did. I had a vision of something that if it comes true would mean the loss of many lives, both human and werewolf."

He couldn't exactly blurt out his thoughts on the Yenaldlooshi being resurrected by the Rogues to cause havoc, chaos, and death on the world. He wasn't even sure about that theory.

"Can you be more specific, sire? Maybe I can help with my visions?" Triala asked.

"I cannot say. These walls may have ears. All I can say is I think something big is coming thanks to these evil Rogues' doings, and if it does happen, then life as we know it will cease to exist."

"Are you talking a doomsday weapon?" Jake asked.

"No, something more uncontrollable, but just as deadly."

"Okay, then we will work on that as soon as we can," Sam said with concern in his eyes.

Thorak smiled, trying to reassure them all. Standing up, he stiffly straightened his knees as pain once again shot up and down his limbs. "I have to get back to the compound now. I want you all to be careful and on the lookout. You don't know if whoever tried to kill you will be coming back to finish the job."

Triala nodded. "Don't worry, sire. We are being careful."

"Good." He smiled at Triala and then at the boys. "Then I wish you both a speedy recovery, and I'll see you all when you are released."

Putting his arm around Triala's shoulder as she walked him to the door, he laughed and winked at her before saying to the men, "I know I'm leaving you in good hands."

The door closed behind him right after Triala said one last good-bye.

Thorak began to walk down the corridor to the elevator. When he passed the door to the room adjacent to theirs, a strange sensation of coldness passed over him. He stopped and stared at the door for several moments. He couldn't quite place the feeling, but curiousness compelled him to see what was in there. Placing his arthritic, swollen hand on the knob, he turned it.

*Locked.*

Shrugging the weirdness and tenseness from his shoulders, he let go of the handle. His worry and obsession with his vision had him paranoid.

Checking his watch, he realized he was running late and headed for the elevator.

\* \* \* \*

“That was close,” Rotan said, waiting on the other side of the door, gun in hand.

His heart hammered crazily in his chest, making his labored breath escape his lungs at slow intervals. He couldn’t remember if he locked the door after he slipped inside or not. When he saw the knob turn, he freaked. He didn’t want to kill the elder Voyeur, but if he had come in, he had no choice. He’d shoot Thorak square between his eyes.

Thank God he had locked it and the Elder continued on his merry way.

Walking back to the two-way mirror, he stared at Triala and her lovers while he tapped the silencer on his pistol onto the voice monitor. He had heard everything they’d spoken about with Thorak through the monitor.

“Thank you, The Haven, for making my spying so easy.” He snorted as he continued to tap the monitor.

His mind wandered back a few days ago to the time he spent in the warehouse. He had stayed hidden when the ambulances and police came for Triala and the humans. He waited until the ambulances had loaded their patients in and rolled on their way. Then he followed the vehicles from a safe distance. That’s when he learned their true destination and went back home to figure out what to do next.

This morning, he decided he’d sneak into The Haven and wait for the opportune time to come finish them off.

But now, after hearing what Thorak had said about possible Rogue spies in The Haven, plus his vision about something destructive coming at the hands of the Rogues, he realized he was wasting his time going after Triala and her lovers.

“Far bigger fish in the sea to look for now,” he said as he stared at Triala and her lovers in the other room. His plans had now taken a full



turn. He needed to forget about these three and search for more imperative things. Thorak's words had freaked him out. Rotan's instincts were right. They always have been. Something big was coming.

There were deeply embedded secrets in the Rogue clan that he and his fellow Rogue werewolves were ignorant to. Yes, many, many secrets that might in the future indirectly cause him harm, or worse, death.

The plague of not knowing haunted him. For a werewolf who prided himself on always knowing exactly what was in the water before he placed his foot in it, he didn't like this one bit. The water before him looked murkier than Loch Ness, and he'd be damned if he'd sink his feet even deeper in it until he knew without a shadow of a doubt that the Loch Ness Monster didn't come after him ready to chop off his extremities.

Making his way to the door, he slowly and quietly unlocked it and exited. He had a big and difficult job ahead of him. One that involved digging deep into the dirty, dark secrets of the new Rogue clan he was a member of.

It would take time, but he'd get the answers he looked for.

\* \* \* \*

For the past few minutes, Triala's worried mind wandered from one thought to another. Thorak's visit and troubling words were the cause of her preoccupation.

"Things are a lot more serious than we first thought." She looked at Jake and Sam.

Jake nodded. "Yeah, and a whole lot more complicated. It's not going to be an easy job, especially now that our covers have been compromised and we'll have to work from the outside rather than the inside." Jake turned to Sam. "So what's the plan?"

Sam didn't respond to Jake's question. He had a faraway look in his eyes, Triala perceived.

Jake raised his voice and snapped his fingers. "Earth calling Sam. Can you hear us?"

Sam shook his head and focused on his partner. "Hmm, what?"

"I asked about the plan."

"Plan?" Sam frowned, sounding confused.

"In all the years I've known you, Sam, you've always had a plan."

"No, I don't have one, not yet anyway."

"Yeah, but that look on your face tells me the gears in your brain are moving at full speed. So something is up." Jake came to sit next to him.

Curious and concerned, Triala followed Jake and sat beside him, next to Sam. "What is it?"

Sam shook his head. "Nothing yet. It's just something Thorak let slip out when he came to visit me, asking me to take on this case, that keeps creeping back into my head."

"What was that?" Jake scratched his head.

"A comment about him thinking he would be asking for my help much later than sooner."

"Huh?" Jake sneered.

Sam nodded. "Yeah, exactly. I found it weird and asked him what he meant by that. He brushed it off by saying he wanted to visit me in a month or so to see how I was doing, but because of the volatile situation with the Rogue werewolves, he came now asking for my help."

"That sounds plausible," Jake commented.

"Yeah, but the look he had on his face when he first let the comment slip out was the same look he had now when he let slip out that we need to get answers soon on these Rogue werewolves before it's too late."

Sam stared at Triala with a serious expression. “You’ve known him much longer than I have, Triala. Didn’t you find his behavior before a little odd, like he was hiding something?”

After a short pause, she nodded. “Yes, it was odd. I thought the reason for his weird behavior was because of what he had to tell us. But now that I think about it, I, too, felt he wasn’t telling us the whole story.”

Jake combed his fingers through his hair. “Well, that’s freaking great! That means there is more shit we don’t know about other than a doomsday scenario.”

Triala put her hand to Sam’s chest as her heart drummed with fear and worry. “Then that also means you’ll be playing a bigger part in this crazy Rogue situation and that uncontrollable thing Thorak hinted about.”

Tenderness and love shone in Sam’s eyes. “No, baby, not only me. You, Jake, and I are together now.”

Taking Jake’s hand, he merged their hands together. “We make one hell of a team. Now that Jake and I found our perfect partner in work as well as in love, we are never letting you go.”

“Never,” Jake repeated, smiling. Wiping the tear that fell down Triala’s right cheek, he added, “Whatever the future holds, we’ll face it together. Our love will keep us happy and strong.”

Triala sniffled as she dried the other tear streaming down her left cheek. She had found her soul mates, whom she loved with all her heart, and yes, she’d be able to face whatever was coming because Jake and Sam would always be by her side, loving her, and she loving them.

Reciprocating their smiles, she said, “Yes, my loves, our love is all we’ll ever need.”

**THE END**

**WWW.AUTHORJESSICAFROST.COM**

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Jessica Frost has always had a passion for fiction and the written word. Add to that her wild, vivid imagination and her pure romantic tendencies and she soon realized she had the traits needed to become a romance author. She decided to take the very big step not that long ago and wrote her first erotic romance story. And she hasn't looked back since.

Being a romance writer is a dream come true for her. Having the opportunity to create fantasy worlds where anything and everything can happen is an amazing feeling. She hopes these worlds and the delightful characters she creates will bring hours of enjoyment to her readers as they have done for her.

### *Also by Jessica Frost*

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