

ELLORA'S CAVE TWILIGHT

Mating Bonds

*Nina Pierce*

Naughty  
Nooners

## **Mating Bonds**

*Nina Pierce*

*Part of the Shifting Bonds series.*

Danger threatens at every turn in Lonesome Forks. Just for one night, Jayda, Zane and Cole want to put the politics of warring shifters aside and enjoy the carnal pleasures of their mated triad.

Tempted into shifting and lured into the Montana forest by pride leader Zane Brodan, polymorphic shifter Jayda Kynslan can't resist her cougar mate's seduction. And when wolf leader Cole Takoda joins the fun, what's a gal to do but give herself over to her animal urges and enjoy the lustful temptations offered by both her mates.

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Mating Bonds

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# ***MATING BONDS***

**Nina Pierce**

## Chapter One

*Not this time, buddy.*

Blue eyes stared right through her as the hands around her throat tightened their hold. Jayda Kynslan refused to let fear cloud her instincts. Dropping to a low crouch and twisting her torso to the left in one fluid motion, she managed to weaken her attacker's chokehold. Precious gulps of air whistled through her clenched teeth before he regained his grip around her neck, once again stealing her air. Bile rose in her throat and blackness crept along the edges of her vision.

No way in hell was she going down without a fight.

Adrenaline shot through her veins, heating her blood and stoking her fury. Instinct and training took over. Lifting her right arm, she brought it back down across the man's forearm, catching him by surprise and ripping away his grip on her windpipe. A hard knuckle punch to his temple, followed by a ruthless knee to his groin and her attacker went down for the count.

The women sitting on the mat behind her erupted in thunderous applause.

Jayda turned and smiled in satisfaction, amusing them with a sweeping bow.

"And *that*, ladies, is how you stop a frontal assault." The man behind her jumped to his feet, removing the protective gear around his head and hips. "Jayda executed the defensive moves perfectly." Cole Takoda's arm wrapped protectively around her shoulder, hugging her close. Lonesome Forks' chief of police was a woman's hottest fantasy come to life. His Native American heritage had given him chiseled facial features and the silken black ponytail, but it was Cole's fitness regime that had sculpted the broad shoulders and lean muscle currently pressed against her side.

"Show off," he whispered in Jayda's ear before releasing her and turning those liquid blue eyes and killer smile back to the group. "Okay, now break into pairs and

practice the sequence. Switch off being the attacker, and be careful not to hurt each other.”

She watched the strong lines of his back ripple and bunch beneath the snug black t-shirt as he grouped the women around the gym mat. The sweat pants hanging from his narrow hips moved like liquid night around his powerful thighs and the taut curve of his ass. Her heart beat a rapid tattoo against her ribs when she thought of those hard planes hot and naked on top of her, and those strong hands skimming over her flesh, making her writhe in ecstasy – not fear.

“Remember, drop, twist, elbow, punch, knee. Keep repeating the mantra as you practice the moves.” Cole turned back to her and she flushed that he’d caught her staring at his ass. Wiping a forearm across her brow, she hoped he would attribute her red cheeks to the workout and not her licentious thoughts.

He smiled. “You too, killer. Watching isn’t going to get you anywhere. Pair up and practice some more. Muscle memory takes repetition.” Cole turned from her and focused on the rest of the ladies.

Thirty minutes later, showered and changed out of her workout clothes, Jayda followed the chatty ladies out to the dark parking lot. Remnants of the warm July day hung in the air. The warm breeze lifting her hair carried scents of the surrounding pine forest. Though it wasn’t quite nine, the sun had barely slipped below the horizon and the western sky was still painted with the lighter hues of orange and gold, the evening stars just beginning to dot the velvet night.

“Are you joining us at the Bull tonight for a beer, Jayda?” one of the women asked.

“No, not tonight. I’ve got an early day at the vet clinic tomorrow.” Which was true, but what she didn’t say was their usual Thursday night gathering at the tavern wouldn’t be as much fun without their instructor along. Cole had excused himself early for some police business, leaving them in the capable hands of one of his younger officers. The disappointment had left her in a foul mood and she knew she wouldn’t be good company for anyone.

Walking slowly to her small pickup tucked in the back corner, Jayda waved as the cars streamed out of the elementary school parking lot. The heavy stillness left behind was broken only by the wind soughing through the trees and the steady thrum of the crickets. The haunting cry of a barn owl added to the odd sense of vulnerability cloaking her. She threw her gym bag in the bed of the truck, working to ignore the edginess knotting her gut and focusing instead on the empty cabin with its sink full of dishes and pile of laundry waiting for her. She really should have taken the ladies up on their invitation.

Fishing the car keys from her jeans' pocket, she jumped at the angry snarl ricocheting through the night air. Jayda knew that sound but couldn't decide which direction it had come from. Cautiously, she moved toward the driver's door and the safety of her cell phone tucked into its holder on the dash. Not a smart move for a woman alone.

Her keen eyes scanned the thickening gloom beneath the pines, seeing the cougar only a moment before it slipped from the shadows. It shouldn't have surprised her to see the big cat—the mountains of Montana were full of them—but her breath rushed from her in a gasp as the cat stalked toward her.

A streamlined hunter of deadly beauty, its feet were a soundless whisper through the heavy undergrowth beside her truck. Jayda chanced a quick look behind her, but the dark windows of the elementary school and an empty parking lot would be the only witnesses to what would happen here.

She turned back to the cougar's hungry gaze locked on her and froze. Mesmerized by the liquid power over a framework of killing strength, she couldn't look away. Each step was a sinuous movement of grace and elegance. Anticipation lifted the fine hairs on the back of her neck and trailed chills down her spine. This wasn't how she expected the night to end.

"I thought you had a meeting," she said quietly.

The cougar stepped up to her and pushed his head against her thigh. A purr rumbled from his chest as his muzzle nudged between her legs.

Laughing, she pushed him away. "Zane, are you crazy? Someone could see." But she knew the leader of the cougar shifters wouldn't chance a human seeing their exchange. Even a trained vet couldn't get away with this kind of behavior with a cougar.

The big cat nipped her ass and she yelped in surprise even as tingles of pleasure shot through her.

"Stop that." She tried to push him away, but he outweighed her by fifty pounds. "I'll meet you back at the cabin and we'll go for a run."

Undeterred, he bit at the hem of her jeans, tugging until she lost a sneaker.

"You are one determined man, aren't you?"

His nose nudged under the hem of her t-shirt and Zane's tongue rasped along the tender flesh of her belly.

She laughed. "And horny too, I see."

A low rumble trembled through the cougar. Jayda's nipples hardened and desire dampened her panties at the implication. There was no way she was getting out of this. Not that she wanted to. The night that only a moment ago had seemed so ominous, now felt perfect to enjoy as a cougar.

Shooting another quick glance over her shoulder, Jayda checked to make sure they were truly alone. She stripped quickly, the cool summer breeze caressing her skin like a lover. Her breasts hung heavy as excitement skittered over her nerves, drawing her nipples into tight points. Jayda flushed at the cougar's wide-eyed appraisal of her naked body. It always warmed her heart that her cougar mate found her rounded curves so appealing.

With barely a thought, the cougar within her came forward. Shifting had become second nature in the year since she'd discovered her gift. An orphan from birth, Jayda



hadn't known the secrets her body had held until the full moon and a determined man had helped her unleash the animals within.

Now there was no pain as bones lengthened and rearranged. No awkward worry that muscle wouldn't know its place as organs and tissues repositioned themselves. Her olive skin rolled as a luxurious black pelt formed over her body. When she finally came down on all fours, Jayda's perception of the world had changed. Nose twitching and tail flipping happily, she nuzzled into Zane's neck. He nipped at her haunches before running into the shadows.

With giddy expectation she followed her cougar mate into the woods.

## **Chapter Two**

Jayda loved running at night. Her heightened perceptions made the run through the forest a banquet for her senses. Lupine and evergreen mixed with the earthy aroma of the damp forest floor couldn't mask the tantalizing scent of small woodland creatures. At another time she might hunt, but tonight the hunger clawing at her had nothing to do with food and everything to do with the cougar she followed.

Zane was a vision in his cougar form. Sleek and lithe, bunched power beneath all that fur, he sped through the trees and up the slope with incredible grace. The leader of the cougar pride hadn't come to his position by default. Her mate had found respect and admiration among the cougar shifters in Lonesome Fork. Despite concerns about where his allegiances lay, Zane maintained a calm and cool head where leading was concerned. If only the pride knew how he worried and lamented about their welfare, they wouldn't be so quick to judge him.

Jayda knew her position as his mate and their allegiance to the wolf pack put him in danger. But there was no way to change that. Something was happening on Coppertip Mountain and no one knew what or when it would fully come to fruition. Combining the wolf packs and cougar prides to fight whatever was coming would be the only way for all the shifters to survive, of that she was certain. Her heart ached for Zane every time he had to defend his actions – or his mate.

But she didn't need to worry about that now. With only the natural scents of the forest filling her nose, Jayda knew instinctively no one else was around. No humans who would spook at cougars roaming their forest and no shifters to challenge Zane's place as pride leader. There'd been enough of both of those happening recently.

Zane led her up the mountain and Jayda followed blindly, happy to enjoy the summer night with her mate. When he turned along the abandoned dirt road, her

stomach clenched. Not in fear but anticipation of where he was taking her. The old service road was once used by the forest service to reach the fire tower at the top of the mountain, but it had been abandoned years ago when more modern techniques of fire detection had been implemented in Lonesome Fork. The lack of maintenance had made the road nearly impassable to anything but sport vehicles. Now only the occasional hiker or teens on four-wheelers looking for trouble ventured up the mountain. She only hoped there would be no one tonight and she and Zane could enjoy an uninterrupted interlude.

The forest opened up at the top of a knoll, and Jayda stopped to appreciate the breathtaking beauty before her. The full moon lay low on the horizon, its orange glow dancing along the surface of the mountain lake below. Ribbons of moonlight snaked along the water, turning it into a swirling palette of amber, gold and ebony. The warm breeze rustling through the pines called to her. This was their spot. She'd lost count of the number of times they'd come up here to enjoy each other as both cougar and human.

Zane nudged his nose under chin, bringing Jayda's attention back to him. The throaty vibration of his purr sent flickers of heat straight down her core. He licked her face, paying special attention to her ears. Jayda had never noticed how sensitive they were until she'd learned to shift into her cougar form. When his tongue rasped the sensitive shell, she couldn't have stopped the purr rumbling through her chest if she'd wanted to.

Her eyes closed and Jayda lost herself in the sensations Zane offered. The pull of his tongue over her ear, the heady scent of his fur and the masculine brush of his muscled torso against her body touched every fiber of her being, sparking hot lust. It coursed through her veins, making her heady with desire.

With a whisper of motion, Zane shifted, and it was no longer a cougar pressed against her but a man.

“Shift for me, Jayda. I need you in human form.” Zane’s fingers dug into the fur at her neck, his words hot in her ear. “I need to make love to the woman who owns my heart.”

His desperation clenched her stomach and she gave herself over to the change. With need boiling her blood, Jayda barely felt the warp and wave of the shift until she was on her knees with the hard planes of Zane’s chest pressed against her. Moss covered the craggy rocks beneath her knees, but she barely felt anything save for the heat and strength of her mate.

He pulled her into his arms, his hands fisting tight in her hair, yanking it seductively at the roots, making her instantly wet for him. Trapped between their heated bodies, his erection burned against her belly and she rolled her hips, eliciting a very satisfying growl from Zane that sent frissons of pleasure straight through her. Neither of them held control and both were at the mercy of the other’s urgent hunger. Desperation crackled in the air, making it hard for Jayda to catch her breath.

Zane gave her no time to orient herself to human form before he tipped her head back and greedily took possession of her lips. His tongue plunged in, sweeping her mouth. He thrust hard and deep as if he could devour the very essence of her. He changed the angle, plundering and taking with a control that tore down all her defenses. She swallowed his moans of need and gave them right back to him. Her nails dug into the muscles of his back, anchoring herself against the onslaught. Oh, how she lived for nights like this when there was nothing but the two of them and their wanton greed.

The cool mountain air caressed her heated skin, beading her nipples and making her acutely aware of the spreading dampness between her thighs.

Releasing her hair, Zane’s hands slid down her neck as he nipped and scraped his teeth along her jaw and down her throat. She was breathless from his assault, her body aching with need. She slid her hand between their bodies, gripping the silken heat of his

cock. Zane pushed against her palm as Jayda's fingers slid down the length of his shaft and cupped his balls.

"Jayda." Her name came out on a breathy moan. "I want you...*now*." The last word was grounded out through clenched teeth as his hand slid to her breast and squeezed. He trapped the nipple between his thumb and forefinger, rolling and pinching, sending electric jolts of pleasure straight to her pussy. Liquid desire trickled down her thigh.

"Take me, Zane. Mark me as your mate all over again."

He pressed his forehead against hers, heavy breaths of air puffing against her lips. "I'm sorry. I can't wait. Let me just —"

She didn't want to wait. She didn't want it slow and easy, not when her body already bowed with need. "Zane, shut up and fuck me."

He pulled back, his gaze raking her face. No doubt her need showed on every part of her taut features. Her chest heaved and her breasts grew heavy under his appraising gaze. "Please don't make me ask twice."

She watched his mouth curve in a wicked grin a moment before he gathered her in his arms and rolled her gently to her back, spreading her legs with his knee. His mouth seemed to be everywhere—her lips, her throat and then her breast. She opened for him, and he drove hard and deep in one fluid thrust that buried his cock to the hilt in her heat.

A groan ripped from her lips, her back bowing at the overwhelming invasion.

Zane drew back his hips and thrust back, driving himself unbelievably deeper. *Full*. She felt so unbelievably full and complete with his cock deep in her pussy. Jayda wrapped her legs high on his hips, increasing the slide and friction of his cock within her channel. He set a breath-stealing rhythm, his body pounding against hers until the only sounds filling the night were the slapping of skin against skin and their ragged, needy breaths.

He lifted away from her, supporting his weight on outstretched arms. His eyes open, he watched the pleasure she took from him tremble across her body. Goose flesh

rose on her arms as jolts of ecstasy skittered along her nerves. Her breasts bounced with every hard push of his hips until his mouth watered and he dipped to suckle her nipple into his mouth. He drew the sensitive nub deep into his mouth, his talented tongue teasing it until Jayda cried out his name.

Each thrust of Zane's cock touched deep inside her, causing ripples of euphoria to flow out from her pussy to the rest of her body. Jayda's muscles quivered and grew taut as the pressure mounted, arching her back and making her a prisoner to the sensations tripping over her nerves. And then it was there, an explosion of rapture so intense it rocketed through her, freeing her from her prison of need. She soared on clouds of bliss, her body shuddering as wave after wave of heaven buffeted her body.

Zane thrust forward, tensing, his eyes squeezed tight. A savage cry of ecstasy rent the night as his orgasm quaked through him. He withdrew and thrust in hard again, hot jets of seed filling her and adding another dimension to the sensations ripping over her nerves. She shattered beneath him, surprised when her body climaxed again.

He slowed his hips, rocking gently inside her quivering body. Zane milked their bliss until neither of them had anything left. He came down on her, covering Jayda with the hard heat of him, snuggling her within the safety of his embrace.

"I'm not sure the two of you should be doing that in public."

Jayda screamed at the unexpected visitor as Zane rolled away from her into a defensive crouch.

She turned to see Cole Takoda standing on a rock not ten feet from them, his hand casually resting on the police revolver at his hip.

## **Chapter Three**

Zane kept himself between the police chief and Jayda. "You always sneak up on people, Takoda?"

"No sneaking required. I drove the police truck most of the way up the fire road. Walked the last hundred yards, breaking sticks and shuffling leaves." He shrugged. "But I guess you weren't listening for crickets or...wolves, were you, Brodan? Not a good way to protect your woman."

Zane relaxed and sat back down on the ledge. "We figured all the wolves were tied up. Wasn't there a council meeting tonight?"

"We figured you'd be tied up for another couple of hours." Jayda stood and brushed the moss and leaves from her bottom and thighs. In the blue wash of the moon, she knew the police chief could see every inch of her curvaceous body.

"Well, there is...er...was a meeting," Cole stammered. "But they kept going round and round about the same things." Cole cocked his head, no doubt studying her as she finger combed loose debris out of her long hair. "I was tired of arguing and sent everyone home."

She stepped around Zane, walking slowly toward Cole. "Well, we're glad you found us." Oh, how she loved teasing her wolf mate. It had been just over a year since he'd shown her the animals living inside her. Who would have known she was a polymorphic shifter with the ability to be human, cougar and wolf? Now she had two men showing her all the things her body should have learned decades ago.

"Still, you two should be a little more cautious. I have no doubt some of the pack is riled up and looking for trouble."

"Well, Zane's woman can protect herself against the big, bad wolves," she said as she stood in front of Cole, her breasts brushing the soft fabric of his uniform. "I was

pretty sure she proved that tonight.” Jayda leaned in, pressing a chaste kiss on his bottom lip.

But as she expected, he would have none of the softness she offered.

Cole’s fingers dug into her hips, pulling her hard against his chest and grinding his erection into her belly. He didn’t seek her permission but thrust his tongue in her mouth, plundering and taking until she couldn’t catch her breath. His hands fisted in her hair, controlling her. Jayda’s body melted against him. Willingly, she gave everything to him. He broke from the kiss, his gaze searching her face, his nostrils flaring, no doubt enjoying the scent of her arousal. Even in the pale light, she could see the hunger sparking in his eyes.

“Woman, I don’t care how well you can take care of yourself. The wolves and cougars are circling around each other,” Cole said. “Even with our mating, things are still a little dicey.”

Jayda hadn’t heard Zane move, but he was there, leaning into her back and trapping her comfortably between her mates. “It’s been pretty quiet up here.” Zane said, burying his face in her hair. “Really, Cole. I think the three of us can find something better to do with this summer night than discuss the idiot councils and their desire to run each other off Coppertip Mountain.”

Cole’s hands slid around Zane’s hips and pulled him tighter against Jayda. She sighed in satisfaction.

“I could use a little exercise to work off the tension of the meeting.” Cole kissed her nose before stepping away from her. “I wouldn’t mind going for a run.”

“Nah, Jayda and I already ran from the school,” said Zane.

“How about –” she began, but Zane cut her off.

“A swim might be nice.”

“There’s an algae bloom, not a good idea,” Cole replied.



"We left dishes in the sink and there's a couple loads of laundry at the cabin," Zane said. "Probably should just head home and get it done."

She tried again, "Or we could just —"

Cole unclipped the handcuffs from his utility belt and swung them menacingly in the air. "Handcuff our wife?"

She laughed. "Well no, I wasn't thinking —"

"Now that sounds like a great idea," Zane said.

She looked from one man to the other, slowly backing away. "Oh, you two wouldn't."

"Oh, I think we would."

With the speed and power of the animal within, Zane pounced, grabbed her around the waist and hauled her off her feet.

"There's a tree over there with low branches that should work quite nicely," Cole said, pointing down the slope.

She squirmed against Zane's grip on her, but using any of her self-defense techniques would hurt him in places she had no desire to wound. "I think a run would be nice. I'll shift into wolf and go with you, Cole. Zane can go back to the cabin."

Both men laughed.

"Yeeeeeah, I'm thinking neither one of us want you going anywhere right now, Jayda," Zane said.

"I think we have other ideas at the moment," Cole said as he led Zane to a black pine whose branches were hanging just above her head.

Zane set her unceremoniously on her feet again but held tight to her forearms.

"You aren't really going to do this..." she said as one cuff snapped around her right wrist. "Oh come on, I'm thinking it would be more fun —"

"Lift her arms over her head, Zane. I'll snap on the other cuff."

They were ignoring both her struggles and her pleas for mercy.

The snick of the second cuff sounded unusually loud in the seclusion of the forest. Both men backed up and studied her.

Jayda struggled against the confines of the handcuffs, but they'd positioned them between two twigs and she couldn't slide them along the branch. Her arms were pulled high enough that she was forced to stand on tiptoes or the metal would dig into her skin.

"Seriously? You can't expect me to just stay here while you two go off and do who knows what."

Cole began to unbutton his shirt. "Oh, we're not going anywhere. Are we, Zane?"

Zane stood next to Cole, one arm wrapped around his chest, the other elbow resting on it as he tapped a long finger against his lips. "I like the scenery just fine right here."

They were only an arm's length away, but she felt the heat of their eyes on her. Jayda stopped struggling and stared at her mates. The air grew thick with desire as their hungry gazes devoured every inch of her naked flesh. She was at their mercy and there was nothing she could do about it—and that was just fine with her.

"You know, I do have some catching up to do," Cole said as he snapped the safety on his revolver and laid the utility belt on the ground. "It seems to me you two have been enjoying each other while I was hard at work. Hardly seems fair." He dropped his shirt on the ground and stepped toward her.

"Not so fast. I want a piece of you first." Zane dropped to his knees in front of Cole, his calves brushing her feet.

Without a word, Zane undid Cole's pants, pulling them down his thighs. Though she couldn't see what he'd done, the deep growl emanating from Cole as he fisted his hands in Zane's blond curls told her Zane had taken Cole's cock deep in his mouth.

"Christ, Zane, that feels good." Cole ground out another oath through clenched teeth.

The sexy slurping sounds as Zane's mouth fucked Cole were her undoing.

Squeezing her legs together, she tried to relieve the heaviness between her thighs. When that didn't work, she ran her foot over the curve of Zane's calf, wanting to be part of their lovemaking.

"Hey, don't forget about me," she begged.

"Sorry, babe," Zane said, scooting back until his shoulders brushed against her thighs.

"We could never forget you." Cole leaned forward and sucked one tight nipple into the heat of his mouth, ripping a gasp from her throat. He shaped and molded her other breast with his hand, and she could only cry at the exquisite pleasure.

Even in the dappled beams of the moonlight through the trees, she could see Zane's full lips as they slid along Cole's cock. She'd tasted the silken heat of him enough to have her mouth watering for the musky flavor of Cole on her tongue. She fought against the restraints, moaning at the sensations Cole brought her body and the visual of Zane sucking Cole's cock.

The pine scent of the forest couldn't mask the sensual odor of their arousal, and Jayda filled her lungs with the heady aroma. Zane masterfully worked his fingers in time with the up and down slide of his mouth. Cole's ministrations on her breast became more urgent as Zane increased the speed of his mouth. The air around them rippled with their deep moans of pleasure. Each of them lost in the pleasures they shared.

"Zane, stop." Cole released her breast, burying his fingers in the man's hair and pulling him away. His cock came out of Zane's mouth with a satisfying pop. "Jayda," Cole said in shuddered breaths. "Fuck, Jayda."

"You're sure?" Zane's strong hand pumped Cole's cock. "I was really enjoying myself."

"Poor woman's left out of the fun."

Jayda rattled the cuffs. "Hey, I'm not going anywhere. It wasn't killing me watching my two mates enjoying each other."

Cole reached out and pinched her nipple, and she groaned. "But I certainly wouldn't complain about a little more of that."

Zane turned on his knees, burying his face between her thighs before he bit into the sensitive flesh. Cole finished stripping then slid around behind her, pressing his hot torso against her back, his cock nestled in the cleft of her ass.

"Beautiful," Cole murmured as he brushed the hair from her neck and nibbled at her throat. His hands came around her, cupping her breasts and rolling the sensitive tips between his fingers.

"And all ours," Zane responded, his tongue making lazy passes up her inner thighs.

"Let me down," she begged. "I would happily return all your sexual favors."

"Nothing doing."

"Not a chance."

The responses tripped over each other.

Zane leaned back and stared up at her. "You're beautiful held there."

"A prisoner for our lust." Cole's hot breath feathered across her skin before his teeth grazed sharply across her throat. The pain jolted through her system, clenching her pussy and sending another gush of moisture down her thighs. Zane moaned as he licked the cream, his velvet tongue branding her sensitive flesh. *Damn, but these men worked well together.*

Cole's palm skimmed down her torso and over her rounded belly, cupping her mons. She pressed into his hand, spreading wide for them, wishing Cole would touch her aching clit, the one spot Zane seemed intent on ignoring.

A throaty laugh bubbled up from Zane, the vibration on her labia nearly driving Jayda insane with need.

"Do you want something, babe?" Cole asked.

"You two..." She couldn't finish. Not when Zane chose that moment to run his tongue the length of her cleft and Cole squeezed both her breast and her ass. Her body ached with the sweet torment and she screamed out their names.

Both men laughed again.

"Yes?" Cole asked innocently as his fingers slid between her nether lips, pulling the slippery liquid up between her cheeks but not satisfying her desperation.

"Please just..." She canted her hips forward, encouraging Zane to do something, anything that would ease the heavy ache. But his tongue purposefully suckled everywhere but her swollen clitoris.

"Just enjoy?" Zane asked, his tongue laving the moisture seeping from her pussy. "Oh honey, that's what we're doing. You taste so damn good."

Drenched from her early lovemaking and their current assault, Jayda's body readied itself for their cocks. But neither man seemed interested in that at the moment. Cole gathered more of her cream and expertly slid a thick finger into her ass. She gasped at the intrusion, wanting more than just his finger.

"Don't. Tease. I. Can't. Take. It." The words came out on shaky breaths.

"What do you want, Jayda?" Zane asked.

"Say it," Cole encouraged, adding a second slick finger to her ass.

"Please... Just fuck me."

She wanted desperately to hold on to them, to anchor herself against the sudden onslaught of sensations making her tremble. But she was helpless and at their mercy. Lord, they knew what they were doing. It wasn't uncommon for her mates to work in tandem like this, but Jayda had no idea how they understood each other's moves. It never ceased to amaze her how their hands and mouths complemented one another.

Zane's ministrations intensified. He spread her lips with his fingers and began to nibble her clitoris. Her knees gave out from the overwhelming sensations, but her mates supported her and kept the weight off her wrists.

Cole slipped his fingers out of her ass, but didn't give her time to mourn the loss. He expertly slid his cock through her thick juices before pressing the mushroom tip against the rosebud muscle of her anus.

It was too much and she couldn't stop the orgasm rolling over her. Her body bucked against the ecstasy, but neither man lost contact with her. As her climax peaked, Cole thrust deep into her ass, sending her plummeting into the abyss of rapture. Incoherent oaths ripped from her throat as she rode Zane's mouth and Cole's cock. She bucked and writhed as the bliss tore through her. When her head fell back on Cole's shoulder, he gently nibbled the shell of her ear.

She didn't have time to recover before Zane stood and thrust his cock into her cunt, her internal muscles trembling against the invasion.

"Christ, you're so tight, Jayda," Zane panted.

Cole wrapped his arms around Zane, pulling her cougar mate tight to her chest, mashing her breasts against the satin heat of solid muscle. Her mates kissed, their mouths hungrily biting and taking. The scent of her arousal filled the air and she had no doubt Cole could taste it on Zane's tongue. She groaned at the thought of them sharing her salty essence.

Zane dug his fingers into her hips, his cock pounding into her body. With only a thin membrane separating them, she imagined how the slide of Zane's cock would feel to Cole. Powerless to do anything but enjoy the thrust and pull of their cocks, Jayda lost herself in their love.

"I'm so fucking close," Cole whispered in her ear, his hips pistoning with each word. "Come with me, Jayda."

And with just that quiet command, sensation bunched in her pussy and exploded in tiny detonations along her nerves. Cole threw his head back with a feral cry of release as he shuddered against her back. Zane followed them both as her pussy spasmed around his cock.

They writhed against each other, none of them wanting to give up the heat of their bodies joined so intimately.

Cole broke away first and Jayda shivered at the sudden chill of the night air on her back. He returned quickly with the key and released her arms from the branch. At some point Zane had slipped from her channel and he lifted her into his arms, cradling her against his chest. Cole rubbed feeling back into her hands.

"Maybe that wasn't such a good idea," Cole said tenderly.

She forced her heavy lids open and cupped his cheek. "You're not hearing any complaints from me, wolf boy."

"Still, we should get you into Cole's truck and get you home." Zane kissed her sweetly.

"Let me walk." She stretched lazily as Zane set her down.

Wordlessly, Cole grabbed the discarded uniform and they walked back up to the rocky knoll and stared down at the lake below. A wolf howled in the distance and several more answered his cry.

"You think there will ever be a day when we can unite the shifters? This feud is getting old," said Zane.

"With Jayda as our mate, I have no doubt we can make it happen," Cole replied.

A soft wind blew, shifting the pines, dancing with Jayda's hair and tickling the fine hairs on the back of her neck. "There's a big change coming. I can feel it."

"Then let's hope the pride and the pack come to an understanding sooner rather than later," said Cole.

"Guess we've got our work cut out for us, mate." Zane slapped Cole on the back and they turned in unison and headed back to Cole's truck.

## About the Author

Nina Pierce lives in northern Maine with her soul mate of thirty-two years, her three adult children and a menagerie of pets. She is a multi-published author of erotic suspense stories. Her passion for bringing out the sensuality in her characters continues to drive her to find new and exciting stories to bring to readers.

Nina welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her [author bio page](#) at [www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com).

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