

A KINKAID WOLF PACK STORY

MAKE ME

A person is shown from the back, wearing a grey and black wolf mask with glowing blue eyes. They are bound with thick, light-colored rope in a complex bondage pattern across their back and shoulders. The background is dark and smoky.

JESSICA
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A KinKaid Wolf Pack Story

by Jessica Lee

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CHAPTER ONE

“Fuck! Yes.” Mason rocked forward, seating himself balls-deep inside Evin.

His mate.

The man who held his heart in his hands, and the only one capable of bringing him to his knees and have him begging for more. But tonight, the alpha of the KinKaid wolf pack submitted.

“Come here,” Evin rumbled and wrapped his fingers around the back of Mason’s head. Mason lowered his torso over Evin’s chest, following his lead, and seized his partner’s mouth. The kiss hot and urgent. Mason thrust his hips in time to the hungry nips and pulls at his lips and tongue. A groan released from the back of Evin’s throat as he pulled back. “You love it, don’t you?” Blue eyes filled with wicked lust locked with Mason’s.

“Love what?” Mason pistoned forward and rolled his hips, forcing a gasp of pleasure from his mate. “You?” he added, then swiped another taste of Evin’s full lower lip before lifting his head. “That, I

do." Mason smirked. Evin grumbled but rose to meet each downward stroke Mason offered. *Yes.*

"No. When you get to fuck me." Evin gripped the top of Mason's ass with his broad hands, stilling his movements. Mason bit back a moan. His cock was on fire, the need for release drawing his balls tight.

"Yes," he whispered, his voice hoarse. "Watching you come beneath me while your ass squeezes my cock...so damn hot." Mason didn't miss the shiver that raced over his mate.

"Damn you..." Evin growled and jerked his hands away. "Fuck me!" His hips surged up and bumped Mason's, urging him on.

Mason shot Evin a defiant smile and narrowed his gaze. "Make me."

The bedroom blurred in a whirl of browns, blues, and white as Mason's back slammed into the mattress. Evin's large, muscled frame loomed above, his hard thighs braced around Mason's hips.

"Make you, huh?" The corner of his mate's mouth lifted in challenge.

Mason grinned.

"Brown Eyes, you know that's a dare you'll never win." Evin grasped Mason's cock and held it steady as he sank back onto the shaft. Mason couldn't hold back his pleasure-filled groan as Evin's tight heat engulfed him. His lover's muscles squeezed and released, over and over, as if trying to milk the cum up from his balls.

"Shit!" Mason flung his arms over his head and fisted the wrought-iron rails of the headboard. Evin didn't play fair. Mason breathed deep, then exhaled, attempting to slow his heart rate. He wouldn't cave. Not yet. The game was just too damn amazing.

Evin flexed his thighs and slowly lifted, squeezing every inch of Mason's cock along the way. Mason gasped, and unbidden, his hips surged up, the urge to fuck nearly uncontrollable. *Not yet.* Tightening his hold on the headboard, he stilled and then settled back onto the mattress.

"You okay, baby?" Evin's palms glided up Mason's chest. His fingers lingered on Mason's nipples before giving them a tweak. "Something you need?" A mischievous gaze met his.

"I'm fine," he forced out through clenched teeth. "But I think I have something *you* need." Mason flicked the tip of his tongue out, wetting his upper lip.

A low rumble vibrated off Evin's chest, and he repeated the process—in reverse. With excruciating deliberation, he lowered

over Mason's sensitized erection until his cheeks bumped Mason's groin.

Holy shit.

If his mate didn't let go soon, Mason was going to come unglued. Because, dear God, he *did* need. He needed more of Evin.

Harder.

Faster.

Now.

Evin ground his hips, seating Mason's cock even deeper, rocking and pulsing along the base of his shaft. *Fuck*. Blowing his mind.

"Ah, shit!" Mason released his grip on the bars and clamped on to Evin's hips right before driving the other man up with his own. "Damn you!" he growled and proceeded to shuttle his cock in and out. "You win."

"God. Yes." Evin slammed his mouth onto Mason's, riding the feverish pitch of his thrusts. "That's it," he groaned, tearing his lips away. "Fuck me."

There wasn't a damn thing he wanted to do more. Mason worked his cock in and out, digging his fingers into Evin's flesh, dragging him down with every upward lunge. So good. So tight. His gums tingled, signaling the lengthening of his canines.

"On your back," Mason ordered a second before he rolled, taking Evin beneath him. Evin wrapped his legs high on Mason's hips, his heels digging into his ass with each stroke. Mason leaned in, yearning for a taste of his mate. He brushed his lips against Evin's, then dropped to his shoulder and traced his partner's throbbing pulse with his tongue, following the beat until it ended at the curve of his jaw. "You ready, mate?" he breathed. "'Cause when I mark you, my cock's gonna blow." Evin gripped Mason's nape and pressed his lips closer to his target: the dip where Evin's shoulder met his neck. The same area that held the scar from his previous love nips.

"Fuck, yeah," Evin uttered, his voice gruff. "Do it."

The tips of his canines almost tingled with anticipation. Mason opened wide and struck, sinking his teeth and his cock into his lover at the same time. The orgasm erupted from Mason's shaft, blasting an electric bolt of pleasure up his spine. Hot blood seeped into his mouth as his cum pumped into Evin.

"Mason!" Evin circled Mason's waist and pulled him tight against his chest as he rubbed the hard ridge of his erection against Mason's lower abs. Seconds later, Evin's hips jerked, and the warm, wet feel of his seed jetted between them.

Mason released his mate's shoulder and soothed his bite with his tongue. The healing properties of his saliva would ease any pain and prevent infection, but he and Evin would always carry the scarred evidence of their mating. Mason smiled at the thought, his own shoulder heated where Evin had sunk his canines many times over the last six months. He gave one last prolonged lick over the wound, drawing a moan and squirm of pleasure from his partner.

Evin grasped Mason's shoulders, pulled him in, and sealed their mouths. But this time, instead of hard and hot, their pace slowed to tender and thorough. A lingering kiss between two people who had an eternity to explore their love—but whose desire could never be quenched.

"Love you," Mason whispered against his mate's lips.

"I love you too." Evin threaded his fingers through Mason's hair. "Can't imagine my life without you."

"Good. 'Cause I'm never letting you go." Mason smiled, then nipped Evin's lower lip.

"Ouch!" Evin jerked his head back and laughed.

Mason flexed, ready to scramble from the bed, but Evin snaked his arm around his waist, halting his retreat right as a hard palm landed on Mason's ass. *Smack!*

"Hey..." he cried out, whipping his head around to meet the handsome, teasing gaze of his lover. Heat flared across his butt cheek where he'd been spanked, sending a heady rush of excitement through his veins. "You love *that*, don't you?"

"What?" Evin smoothed his palm over the sting, then promptly swatted the same spot again. This time Mason had anticipated his move and yielded to the sensation. "Keeping you in line? Spanking your ass when you've been bad?" Mason's cock stirred back to life at his words. The deep and husky sound of renewed arousal in Evin's voice tantalized every nerve ending and licked up his shaft, making it difficult to remain still. Evin pulled Mason closer, and the warmth of his breath caressed Mason's ear. "Yes, I do."

The heavy thud of a fist pounding on the front door had Mason swallowing back the demand for Evin to finish the punishment he'd started.

"What the...?" Evin rolled from the bed and darted toward the bathroom. Mason followed close on his heels. After performing a quick spot check for any evidence, they grabbed their robes and made their way to the front of the cabin. The abuse of the wood grew even more insistent as they neared. "Coming!" Evin mumbled a few more

choice words, then flipped the dead bolt and yanked the door wide open.

Landry Michaels and Kaleb Dalton, two senior leaders of the KinKaid enforcers, stood on the other side. The stony looks on their faces and the fact that it was three o'clock in the morning said they hadn't dropped by for a beer.

"We've got a problem." Landry was the first to speak as he entered. Kaleb sauntered in behind, his palm resting on the grip of his automatic.

"Must be a bitch of a situation if this couldn't wait until dawn," Evin stated, shoving the door closed.

"It's the Gregorson pack." Kaleb swung back around, facing Evin now.

Mason moved in closer to his mate's side. He didn't know what the hell that meant, but judging by the chill that suddenly swept the room, it wasn't good. Mason glanced up at his partner and couldn't miss the lines of tension forming around his eyes.

"What have you found?" With a lift of his chin, Evin directed the men toward the den, and the warmth of his hand at Mason's back guided him toward the couch.

The thump of boot heels echoed off the wood floor as they proceeded into the other room. The enforcers were dressed in black from head to toe, their uniforms matching their dark moods.

Landry dropped into the large chair to the left of the sofa as Kaleb sat on the edge of the love seat, legs spread, hands clasped between his knees, directly across from Evin and Mason. Kaleb shoved a few strands of the auburn hair that had come loose from the band at his nape behind his ear, then looked to Landry. As if on cue, the other enforcer picked up where Kaleb had left off.

"Dead wolves." Landry took a deep breath and rubbed a gloved hand over the back of his bare neck. Where Kaleb's hair fell beneath his shoulders, Landry was all military and kept his dark hair buzzed close to his scalp.

"Shit." Evin shook his head. "How many and where?"

"Four. Border patrol found them a couple of hours ago. All the carcasses had been strategically left just inside KinKaid territory."

"Excuse me here, but um..." —Mason's gaze darted between Evin and Landry—"how can you be sure it's this Gregorson pack?"

Evin turned in Mason's direction, lifting one eyebrow. "How would a dog leave his calling card?"

Mason studied Evin's expression for a split second before it hit him. "Oh!" He swiveled his head toward Landry. "They'd urinated on the bodies?" *Fuck, how vile.* It was bad enough that they'd killed those beautiful animals, but to degrade them by pissing on their broken bodies... *Bastards.*

"Correct," Landry continued. "The markings were definitely not familiar to any of us, which left only one explanation. Well, all except..." The enforcer's dark gaze flicked away, as if he was uncomfortable for the briefest of moments with what he was about to say. Then the look of discomfort disappeared, and he was all hardened military again. "All except one." Landry's expression steeled. "I did recognize a marking and can confirm that the trespassers were from the Gregorson pack."

"I won't ask you how"—Evin leaned forward, elbows on his knees, his fingers laced and steepled—"only if you're one hundred percent certain?" The alpha met Landry's hard stare with one of his own. The intense expression on Kaleb's face as he studied his partner's profile drew Mason's attention. If he had to guess, the reveal that Landry knew one of the scents came as news to Kaleb as well.

"I am," Landry said, his voice deep and steady.

"Okay, so, no other signs of anyone deeper into our territory, just at the border?"

"Nothing," Kaleb said, swinging his gaze back to Evin.

"Good. So it appears they were trying to get the new alpha's attention." Evin glanced over at Mason, blue eyes hooded by long, obsidian lashes.

"And they've succeeded," Mason replied and stood. "Looks like it's going to be a long day. I'll get a pot of coffee going."

"Thanks." Evin's mumbled reply drifted behind Mason as he made his way to the kitchen.

A few moments later, the three men passed by, heading toward the door as Mason grabbed two mugs from the cupboard.

"Inform the elders that there'll be an emergency meeting at my father's home at seven," Evin said. "Believe me, when I'm done, the Gregorson pack will have a much clearer understanding of what it means to have the KinKaid alpha's full attention."

Shit. Mason drew a calming breath. He didn't like the sound of that plan. But he knew they didn't come any smarter or tougher than Evin. The man could handle himself. God knew he'd seen proof of that when Evin had taken down a couple of Jocelyn's family members right after they'd attempted to kill the former alpha, Evin's father.

Mason's mind slipped back to that incredible roller coaster ride of a week when he'd met Evin and his whole world had turned upside down. It'd been six months, but to Mason, everything loomed so fresh in his mind. Becoming a wolf shifter—mate to Evin KinKaid—had meant walking away from his human life: his parents, his sister, and his former identity. And he'd do it all again if it meant Evin would be his. Mason had never been happier in his life. But still, with news of a threat against his current family, he couldn't help but wonder about his former one. Especially his mother and sister. Did they miss him? Were they okay?

"Rosa?" The combined exclamation from Landry and Kaleb had Mason swinging around. Evin stood with the front door open, his partner's twin sister on the threshold.

"What are you doing here at this hour?" Evin took her by the arm and pulled her inside.

"Exactly. That's what I'd like to know," Landry added, his hands going to his hips.

Dang. Last he'd checked, Rosa only had one brother. But by the sound of Landry's voice and the look of frustration on Kaleb's face, there were three mighty possessive men standing in the hallway. Two of which, if they didn't back off, were about to get their asses kicked. Mason quietly chuckled as he poured a cup of strong brew for Evin and himself. Rosa may look like a china doll, but she shared the same DNA with an alpha wolf.

"Back off." Rosa glared at Landry, then swung her gaze to Kaleb. "You too, before you even open your mouth." Both men clamped their lips tight but appeared as if they were about to spit molars from the hard clench of their jaws. She turned to Evin. "I see by all your guests that my gut instincts weren't wrong." Rosa glanced at Mason, worry clouding her blue eyes, then back to Evin. "Something bad happened tonight, didn't it?"

CHAPTER TWO

"They're taunting you!" Barron KinKaid slammed his fist onto the wood of the conference table.

"I realize that," Evin spit in return. "But I'm not going to risk the lives of our men by charging north into their territory like rabid animals. Our retaliation needs to be well thought out to minimize KinKaid casualties and maximize our effectiveness." They'd been at this for the last twelve hours and had got nowhere. His father wanted a show of immediate force to teach them a lesson. The council had suggested a diplomatic meeting of the pack alphas, which infuriated the former alpha, and Evin could understand why. They'd desecrated KinKaid land and the animals that lived there under their protection. A price would have to be paid for their violation, which Evin agreed meant more action than diplomacy alone could provide. But his people needed to think before reacting, to prevent an all-out war. No one would win if that occurred.

Besides, wouldn't forcing them to wait make them squirm even more? Anticipation had always been the best—or worst—part of any game.

“Okay, here is what I’ve decided.” Evin stood, silencing the rumble of various conversations, his fingers splayed on the conference table as he surveyed the men seated in front of him. “Over the next few days, I want a covert surveillance team formed that will penetrate Gregorson territory. I want to know where their weaknesses are and where their weapons are housed.” Evin straightened and faced his father. “Then we’ll strike. Hit them when they least expect it. Take out a few of their reserves and show up on the alpha’s doorstep—personally—and deliver the message that you don’t fuck with the KinKaid pack.”

A few grunts of approval echoed from around the room. “Let’s meet back here tomorrow afternoon. I want a list of recommendations on men for the team.” Evin scanned the table, taking in each man’s nod of acknowledgment. “Excellent. We’re done here for the night, then. I’d like to get home to my mate, as I’m sure you all would as well.”

Damn, he was tired. For Christ’s sake, he’d had enough talk for one night. Evin zipped his leather jacket, shoved his hands into a matching pair of gloves, and exited the former alpha’s home to head for his bike. He couldn’t wait to pull Mason into his arms, take his partner’s spicy scent deep into his lungs, and savor the peace his mate always brought to his soul. Evin straddled the seat of his Ninja and slid his helmet in place. Yeah, that moment couldn’t come soon enough.

Less than fifteen minutes later, Evin roared up the short hill that took him into the two acres off the road and toward the cabin he shared with Mason. He rolled his bike under the open garage door and cut the engine. The space where Mason’s BMW should have been parked was empty. It was nearly eight o’clock, so where in the world was his mate? Evin dismounted, yanked his helmet free, and pulled his cell from his jacket pocket to check the display. No calls. No text messages. Odd. Evin shoved his phone back in his pocket and secured his helmet.

Where are you, Mason?

The cool night air was still, except for the steady crunch of gravel under his boots as he neared the house. With his heel on the first of two steps, he reached for the knob, but the door was already open. His gaze fell to the doorjamb and found frayed and splintered wood where the door would have locked. Evin’s stomach twisted. His heart raced. Reflex had him going for the knife he kept stashed in his back jeans pocket. He flicked open the blade and nudged the door wider. The dry hinges whined under the stress of the oak’s weight.

Evin placed one boot inside the door, fracturing more of the scattered glass littering the floor. He stilled with his back to the wall, listening for any signs of movement.

Nothing.

Silence.

Moving farther into the cabin, Evin kept his knife out front and ready. The kitchen was a wreck. Every drawer ripped from its slide, the contents strewn across the room. *Son of a bitch.*

The living space and bedroom hadn't fared any better. The place had been ransacked, but it appeared the bastards were long gone. Evin tucked his knife back in his pocket and shook his head, doing his best to tamp down the growing rage inside him. He had to focus. Their home could be repaired, but first things first—he needed to find his mate.

He snatched the cell from his pocket again and speed-dialed Mason. After the fifth ring, voice mail. Damn! Evin tapped End Call and quickly dialed the front gate.

"Good evening, Alpha," the guard said after picking up on the second ring. "What can I do for you?"

"I need to know when Mason Thorne left the compound today."

"One moment, sir." The sound of paper shuffling followed, then silence. Protracted silence. *Fuck.* Evin was going to wear a groove in the den's floor if he didn't hear something soon. That, or he was going to need a new phone after he broke the one in his grip, judging from the crack he'd just heard coming from the plastic molding.

"Uh, sir... I don't show any record of Mr. Thorne exiting the property today."

The sudden gallop of Evin's heart rate nearly staggered him. He drew in a steadying breath. "Are you sure? You don't see anything?"

"I checked twice, sir. But his vehicle isn't listed."

"Okay. Thanks." Evin mindlessly tapped the red End Call bar display and dropped the phone on the coffee table. He dragged both hands through his hair, searching for an explanation. There was another way off the property. The six-foot-gated one-way exit required an access code, but it was a few miles from the cabin and not a direct path to the main road. Why would Mason have felt the need to hide his departure off the grounds? Unless... *They wouldn't go this far. Would they? Kidnap an alpha's mate?* It was fucking suicide, because he would personally rip the person's heart out who touched Mason.

Evin scooped his cell from the table and speed-dialed Landry. The enforcer answered on the first ring.

"Michaels."

"I need you here, ASAP," Evin commanded, never ceasing to move. Automatically he glanced out the window for what had to be the tenth time, wishing like hell he'd see Mason's headlights. "We have a situation. My home's been ransacked...and Mason's missing." The line went dead. But Evin didn't give a shit about the man's phone etiquette. No chitchat meant Landry was on the move.

"They want a war..." Evin growled, his fist circling the toppled lamp on the end table. He reared his arm back and sent the piece hurtling across the room. The crash into the log wall sent bits of wood and glass spraying in all directions. Air sawed in and out of his lungs. "They'll fucking get one."

CHAPTER THREE

"I have two guests here that you may be interested in talking with, Alpha." Landry crossed the threshold into the cabin, followed by Kaleb, each with a nude male shifter subdued by a silver halo in tow. The men clawed at the band around their throats, growling as they unwillingly trailed farther into the house. Mud caked their feet, and sweat streaked the dirt that covered their faces and chests.

"Do come in." Evin held the door wide open. "Where did you find them?"

"Right after I received your summons," Landry began, "Kaleb called in and said his team had run down two trespassers trying to slither back into Gregorson territory." He shoved his prisoner down onto one of the kitchen chairs. The shifter hit the wood, releasing a grunt of displeasure. His buddy plopped down—with Kaleb's help—in an opposing seat. Keeping a firm grip on the halo, Landry faced Evin. "The timing of their adventure onto KinKaid land seem like a bit of a coincidence to you, Alpha, with your home having been ransacked tonight?"

"Coincidence, my ass," Evin spouted.

Landry chuckled. "Yeah," he drawled. "That's what I thought."

"Give me a second, and I'll get something to bind them with."

Evin headed into the bedroom, snagged a coil of rope from a bin under the bed, and returned to the kitchen. "Once I have their wrists tied, release the guiding rods from the halo. The silver will keep their strength suppressed enough that along with the bindings, it'll keep them in place." Evin grabbed the first man's hands and went to work. Once the knot was cinched tight, he glanced up at Landry. "Okay, this one's secured." The enforcer met his gaze with a knowing grin. "What?"

"You keep your rope in there?" He tilted his head in the direction of the bedroom.

Evin lifted his brows and hit him with a glare that said *you gotta problem with that?* Landry got the hint, cleared his throat, and proceeded to wipe the grin off his face.

With both men secured to their seats, Evin circled around and stood in front of them. "Know that if you ever want to see Gregorson land again, you'll tell me where the hell my mate is."

"We don't know what the fuck you're talking about," the one on the right spit. "You've got nothing on us besides making a wrong turn in the forest at night."

Before the bastard could flinch, Evin wrenched his head back by a fistful of dirty red hair and inhaled deeply along his neck in a dramatic display of imprinting his scent. The intruder gasped under the hard tug at his roots, his mouth agape.

"You don't think that I'd forget a stench like yours, do you, asshole?" Evin growled in his ear. "You were all over my home. What the hell were you after?" He released his hold and shoved his head away.

"I don't have to tell you shit," Red snarled. "The Gregorson pack will never submit to you and your old man."

"Never," the other one joined in with equal venom.

"Submit to me?" Evin straightened. "What the fuck are you talking about?"

Both men's mouths clamped shut.

"Someone's tongue better start wagging and telling me where Mason is, or I swear..." Evin lunged for Red's throat.

"Whoa! Evin!"

The sound of Mason's voice sent an electric jolt through Evin's veins, and he pulled his arm back. The back door slammed, and Evin spun around.

"What's going on?" Mason flung his keys onto one of the counters.

"Mason!" Evin marched toward his mate. "Where the fuck...?" He didn't wait for an answer. No way in hell. Evin had to touch him. Feel his mate in his arms and know that he was alive. He reached out, grabbed him by his biceps, and hauled him against his chest. "Thank God," he groaned. Damn, he felt so good. Evin sighed. He'd almost forgotten what it was to breathe without feeling like each breath had to claw its way past the fist of dread that had sat beneath his sternum. The one formed by the endless loops of what-ifs that had cycled in his mind every second Mason had been gone.

"Hey, there. Missed you too," Mason mumbled in his ear. "As much as I love you holding me—anytime—and for as long as you want, would you mind easing up for a moment and telling me what the hell is going on, because you're about to crack a rib?" He grunted and squirmed.

"Oh... Sorry." Evin pulled back, raked his gaze over his mate—and swung. His fist landed with a smack into the other man's shoulder.

"Shit!" Mason bellowed and grabbed his arm. "Damn. That hurt. What was that for?" He glared at Evin.

"Son of bitch. What were you thinking, disappearing on me like that?" Evin speared his fingers through his hair, spun, and addressed the enforcers. "Stand guard. I'll be right back." Evin pivoted back around, grasped Mason by the arm, and ushered him toward the bedroom.

"Evin..." Mason started to interject. "Evin, wait. I—"

"Christ sakes, man, I thought you'd been kidnapped—or worse." As soon as they crossed into the room, Evin slammed the door and whirled Mason around. "Dead." The word came out croaked. He couldn't help it. The last hour of fearing the worst had caught up with him. He cupped Mason's face. "Do have any idea what losing you would do to me?" he uttered. He slammed his mouth onto Mason's.

Their teeth clicked; tongues licked and dueled for dominance. God, he was starved. Ravenous for the taste of his mate. Someone growled—Mason? Him? Who the fuck knew. But his partner gave back as good as he got. Just as hungry for a piece of him as he was for Mason, judging by the metallic taste of blood in his mouth and the raging hard-on grinding against his own. Lust, adrenaline, and the blinding need to re-mark his mate had his head spinning like a fucking carnival ride. *Shit*. They couldn't do this. Not right now.

Evin tore his mouth from Mason's and pushed back. "Don't. You. Move," he growled.

"I'm not going anywhere." Mason reached down and repositioned the significant bulge in his pants.

"Good." Evin leveled his gaze on his partner and placed his hand on the doorknob. "See that you don't this time, because we have some things to straighten out once I take care of some things out there."

"What *is* going on out there? You never did answer me."

"Those two broke in here tonight and trashed the place."

"Yeah, I was wondering if a damn tornado or something had come through here while I was gone." His gaze flicked around the room.

"Anyway. I'm planning to send one back, but with a message for his alpha that if he wants his other pack member, he'll have to come get him—personally."

"Shit. You think he'll come?"

"Oh yeah. He'll come." Evin tossed Mason a smirk. "An alpha can't resist a challenge. This has gone too far, and we need to get to the bottom of this mess before it blows up in both our faces."

CHAPTER FOUR

Mason sank onto the edge of the bed. How had things gotten so insane? He'd never seen Evin that out of control before. *Christ*. He would have never left to see his human family if he'd known how this would have affected his mate. But he'd left a note. Why hadn't he seen...? *Shit. The break-in*. Mason dropped his head in his hands and rubbed his face. The bastards had ripped their home apart, and Mason bet the note he'd left on the table along with it.

Ten minutes later, Evin stepped back into the room. "All right, that's been handled." His gaze locked with Mason's. "Now you and I need to talk, Brown Eyes. Where were you, and with all that went down last night, how could you possibly disappear like that without letting me know?"

"If you would have given me a moment to explain, I'd have told you I'd left a note on the table before heading out earlier." Mason stood, walked over to the dresser, and shoved one of the drawers shut with a *bang*. Evin's tone threatened to piss him off. In his head, Mason

knew his mate was reacting from a place of fear for his safety. But still...

"I never saw a note. What note?"

Mason turned and faced Evin. "I'm sure it got buried in all the disaster that's now our kitchen."

"Where did you go? And why didn't you just text or call me?" Evin moved closer.

"Because you had more important things to handle this morning. You didn't need to be interrupted or worried about what was going on with me."

"Don't ever say that," Evin growled. "There's nothing that matters more to me than you." He grabbed Mason by the arms, forcing him to meet his gaze. "Do you get that?"

"But—" Mason shook his head.

"Stop!" Evin snapped. "Nothing. I want to know and understand everything that's going on inside your head. Now tell me what's going on?"

Mason swallowed hard. He didn't want his partner to get the impression he wasn't happy living with the pack. But he'd had to see his mother and sister today. Even if from a distance. The urge to do so had been more than he could resist after what had occurred the night before with the Gregorson pack.

"I want to share everything with you, Evin. Really, I do. But today...today was something I needed to handle on my own." He pulled away from Evin's hold, turned, and walked to the window. The sliver of moon above the trees cast a soft glow across the back deck, but failed to light the dense woods surrounding them. "That's why I'd decided to slip out the back way today. With my being the alpha's mate and given the Gregorson threat, I knew the guards would track my every move, and I didn't particularly care to share my destination with them."

"And where was that, exactly?" Evin's deep voice caressed the back of Mason's neck, lifting every hair on his nape.

"To see my family."

"What?"

Mason could almost feel the spike of tension in the air. "They didn't see me," he added in an attempt to calm his mate. "I just wanted to see if they were okay. Mainly my sister and mother. I knew the odds of catching a glimpse of my dad outside of the office would have been a long shot." Mason turned toward his partner. "I don't know

what it was, Evin. Call it homesickness. Needing closure. Who knows? But I just had to see them one more time."

Evin reached out and stroked the side of Mason's face, concern softening the look in his eyes. "And were they well?"

"Yeah." Mason nodded. "My sister looked happy, and my mom seemed okay. It did feel good to see their faces."

"I'm glad." Evin dropped his hand and backed away. Then suddenly his gaze darkened. "But if you ever pull a stunt like that again... Why didn't you call me when you were on your way home?"

Mason pulled his cell from his pocket and wiggled it in the air, the display dark. "Battery's dead," he said with a cringe. "You know how bad I suck at remembering to charge the damn thing. And I left my car charger in the Chevelle the last time I drove it."

"Dammit, Brown Eyes." Evin ran his hand through his hair and whirled, putting his back to Mason. "I was ready to kill one of those men. I just *knew* someone in the Gregorson pack had you."

"I'm so sorry. I just didn't know how to tell you about this when you were dealing with so much." Mason edged closer to his mate. "How can I make this up to you?"

Evin froze. He snapped his head in Mason's direction, lifting one eyebrow. "Never." His voice lowered, sending a chill up Mason's spine. "Ever." Then he was moving—like a predator slinking toward his prey. He closed the few inches that separated them, bringing them chest to chest. "Keep anything from me again or leave without making sure I know where you are."

God, Mason loved it when his lover went all Dom. He couldn't help the slight grin that he knew curled one corner of his mouth with the words that were about to fall from his lips. "Make me."

A low growl vibrated off Evin's chest.

Shit. Excitement raced through Mason's veins.

Evin lunged.

Mason ducked.

And shifted.

The sound of ripping seams filled the space around them. Mason dropped to all fours and darted from the room, Evin hot on his heels. The heavy *thump* of eight padded feet scrambling across wood floors and heading toward the screened back door reverberated off the walls. Mason leaped, tore through the covering of the lower half of the door, and bound straight for the grass.

The cool night air filled his lungs, and the thrill of the chase surged him forward. Pushed him harder. And he knew Evin loved it as much as he did.

Back and forth they darted between the moss-covered trees for at least a mile until a large fallen tree loomed in front of Mason, blocking his path. He jumped, jerked right, then doubled back. Evin appeared, having anticipated his move. But Mason's momentum proved too much to reel in, and he slammed into Evin, knocking them both to the ground. The harsh sound of the air sawing through their muzzles filled his ears. Mason surged to his feet and shot toward the cabin. He glanced back. Oh yeah, Evin was up and coming for him. His pulse raced.

Every muscle burned by the time their home came into view. Mason spotted the rear door to the garage standing open and hauled ass inside. *Damn*. He'd forgotten he'd closed the main door when he'd parked his Bimmer. He scurried to the left and the far side of the building, gravel scattering under his large paws. A low rumble resonated from the other side of the vehicle. *Shit*. A tremble rolled through Mason's limbs. Not one generated from fear. Anticipation. Evin had him cornered, and his mate knew it.

"Are you ready for me, Brown Eyes? There's no way out. Except for when I'm done with you and decide to let you go."

Mason closed his eyes and allowed his human form to overtake him, matching the shape his mate had already assumed. Crouched, Mason peered around the hood of his BMW, searching for a glimpse of his partner.

"Let me go?" Mason grinned. "And here I thought that was the last thing you wanted to do."

"You're absolutely right." Evin's deep voice sounded right behind him.

"Damn!" Mason jerked forward, but he wasn't fast enough. Evin seized his arms and hauled him backward. One of his hands clamped Mason's wrists behind his back, and his cock surged to a rock-hard state.

"Got you, baby," Evin whispered at his ear.

"Yes. That you do." Mason managed to force out through a series of hard pants. His head swam, and he staggered. Probably due to rapid blood loss, since all of it had gone straight to his dick, judging by how much it throbbed.

Evin steered him forward and around the hood of the car, then pushed his torso over onto the metal, his hard cock pressed down-

ward between his legs. The hood had remained slightly warm against his chest after the long drive back from Seattle.

"Don't move," Evin commanded, followed by the sound of thick tape tearing behind.

"Duct tape?"

"That's right," he said and circled Mason's wrists with the material, binding them tight. "You were so bad tonight, Brown Eyes—keeping stuff from me, disappearing, then running... I think it's about damn time I spanked this fine ass of yours." Evin's wide palm glided over his butt cheek, and it was all Mason could do not to squirm and press into the sensation. "Don't you?"

"Yeah," Mason groaned. "I was *so* bad." He turned his head and glanced back at his mate. "I think you should teach me a lesson." Mason wiggled his ass and licked his lips at the sight of Evin's impressive erection standing at full attention.

Before Mason could take his next breath, a smack landed across his rear end. Heat raced up his spine, forcing a gasp into his lungs. Mason moaned and tucked his chin, bracing for another. *Whack!* Evin's palm landed once more—then again—repeating the process on the left then right ass cheek.

"Shit! Evin," Mason cried out. His bottom was on fire, and he'd never been more hot in his life. "Fuck me already." Mason spread his legs wide in invitation. "Please."

"Not yet, baby," he said, but Mason could have sworn he'd heard a low groan roll from Evin right before a light *smack* stung his shaft and balls.

"Oh God." His scrotum drew tight, and his cock threatened to blow. "Can't take any more," Mason mumbled into the car's hood and shook his head. "Evin... I'll come."

"Turn around." Evin grasped his shoulder and guided him around till he faced him. He reached low and grabbed Mason by the ankles. "Up on the hood." Evin lifted his legs, and Mason scooted his bottom onto the metal. With his wrists still bound, all Mason could do was balance himself on his fingers as Evin swung his legs to the side, rotating Mason around. Evin kept going until Mason's feet rested at the top of the hood near the windshield, then released them and moved in behind him. "Lie back," he ordered. "It's my turn."

Mason did as instructed, and his mouth watered in anticipation. Oh yeah, he could almost taste the salty, wild flavor of his mate's cock. With his head hanging low off the hood, Mason drank in the heady site of Evin's shaft flexing in front of him.

"You want it, baby?" Evin growled and stroked his thumb once across Mason's lower lip.

Mason licked at the tingle he'd left behind. "Give it to me," he breathed.

Evin wrapped his fingers around his length, then placed the thick head at Mason's mouth. "Lick it."

A drop of precum welled at the end of his crown. Mason reached out with his tongue, curled the tip, and dragged it through the slit. Evin hissed.

"Yes... Fuck. Open," Evin ordered and nudged his lips with his rod.

Mason stretched his jaw wide and allowed Evin's cock to slide deep.

"That's it," he groaned. "Take it, baby."

The shaft rammed the back of his throat, and Mason swallowed, working the muscles of his throat along the other man's length.

"So. Damn. Good," Evin moaned and pulled back slightly before pistoning down Mason's throat once more. *Yes.* And it was good. Mason loved everything about it. Loved his taste, his scent—loved him.

In and out, Evin pumped his cock into Mason's waiting mouth. He couldn't see his mate's face from the angle he lay in, but the ragged sound of his breathing told him it wouldn't be much longer. Mason tightened his lips around the girth, and each time Evin withdrew, he sucked hard on the shaft's crown. God, he wished his hands were free so he could sink his fingertips into Evin's ass cheeks while he fucked his face. Feel his muscles tighten under his palms right before he blew.

"Enough," Evin cried out and jerked back. "Want inside you."

Christ. Yes.

Evin grabbed Mason's shoulders and helped him into a sitting position. The next thing he knew, Evin had the duct tape shredded from his wrists, and a few hairs with it.

"Ouch!" He snatched his arms in front and rubbed at the lingering sting.

"Sorry about that." Evin's lips trailed along his neck. "I'm sure that didn't feel good."

Mason reached up, sank his fingers into Evin's hair, and pulled his mouth to his before whispering, "No. But you feel so much better that it makes up for it." Evin slammed his lips onto Mason's. Damn, he never tired of kissing Evin, and he couldn't imagine his life without him.

"Need you," Evin mumbled, then pulled Mason around until he slid from the hood. Once his feet hit the ground, he turned and leaned over the car once more. Evin spread Mason's cheeks, and the warmth of his breath skated over his opening. Mason shivered. His tongue, slick and hot, grazed the tight ring, wetting the surface before probing inside.

"God, Evin..." Mason couldn't hold in the groan that bubbled up from his throat.

The broad head of Evin's shaft pressed at Mason's back door, followed by the weight of his partner's chest over his back. "Want you so much. Let me in, Brown Eyes."

"Want you...too." Mason bore down, opening himself to his mate. "Love you."

With a low growl, Evin shoved his hips forward and seated his cock to the hilt. Mason cried out. *So damn full*. Evin circled his arms around him and pulled Mason back against his chest.

"Love you too," he whispered in his ear, his voice hoarse.

"Fuck me, Evin." Mason reached up and back, and fisted handfuls of his lover's hair. "Mark me. Make me never forget who I belong to." Not that he ever could. Evin was the other half of his soul.

A howl tore from his mate's chest, and he thrust his cock deep. Pleasure arrowed up Mason's spine, and he tossed his head back onto Evin. Sharp incisors pierced his shoulder, forcing a gasp from throat. Mason's back arched, and he clamped on to the hard feel of his mate shuttling in and out of him, but Evin held him tight. *Oh fuck*. Cum jetted from the end of his cock in wave after wave, the force of his orgasm knocking the strength from his legs.

Evin slammed his hips into his once more and stiffened right before yanking his teeth from Mason. A loud roar echoed off the garage walls as hot seed pumped into Mason.

Moments later, Evin slipped free. Mason slowly turned in his arms. The passion—the love staring back at him from Evin's blue gaze—nearly took him to his knees. Evin cupped his face, then dipped his head until his forehead touched Mason's.

"Mine," he breathed.

"Yours. Always, my love."

Biography

Almost every author's bio states they've been writing since they learned how to read. It's what they've always wanted to do. Well, my journey wasn't so straight and narrow. I've been a nurse for over twenty years and hold a bachelor's degree in science with a major in biology. So as you can see, my career path had originally gone in the opposite direction. I didn't discover my passion for the craft until after I'd had my son and decided to work part-time.

I've always loved to read but had never read a paranormal romance. Then one night at work on break, I began reading Karen Marie Moning's *Spell of the Highlander*. I couldn't believe what I'd been missing, and I immediately fell in love with the genre.

I wanted to write like that. I wanted to create worlds where others could find the same excitement I did when I read my first sensual paranormal romance.

And I hope that is what I've accomplished in my work. Please dive in, hold on tight, and enjoy the adventure. Just be careful in the dark—you might find more than you expected waiting for you there.
wink

Jessica Lee lives in the southeastern United States with her husband and son. She loves writing and can't wait for that quiet time each day when her son is in school and she can get lost in another place and world with the fantastical, sexy creatures in her head.

She's a member of Romance Writers of America, FF&P, Carolina Romance Writers, Rainbow Romance Writers, and Passionate Ink.

Other Books by Jessica Lee

Bloodlines

Make Me

All She Wants 4 Christmas