

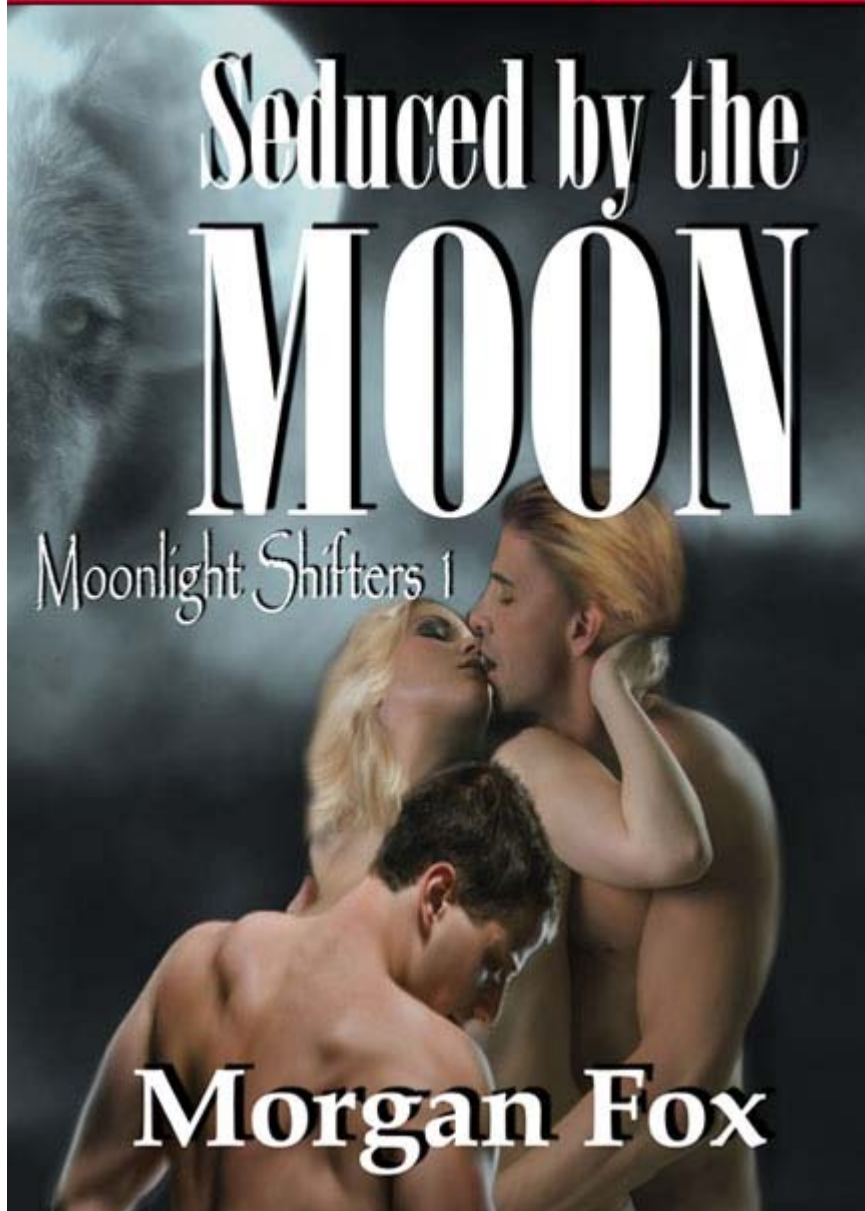
Siren Publishing

Ménage Amour

Seduced by the MOON

Moonlight Shifters 1

Morgan Fox



Moonlight Shifters 1

Seduced by the Moon

Brie Ferguson, an attorney with a prestigious legal firm in Dallas, quickly finds herself in the protective custody of the gorgeous and possessive McCarthy brothers after a convicted murderer threatens to kill her.

Coming to terms with her sexual attraction for both Sebastian and Jonah McCarthy, she's unable to resist sating the desires burning inside her. The fierce men weaken her resistance and steal her breath as they set fire to her body in ways she'd only fantasized about.

Now, Sebastian and Jonah must find a way to put an end to a murderer's threat and uncover the secrets of Brie's past. Secrets she herself hadn't even known existed.

Can the McCarthy brothers keep Brie safe from the clutches of the monster stalking after her and convince her that the wild wolves they harbor inside themselves are meant to be her mates—forever?

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

Length: 40,095 words

SEDUCED BY THE MOON

Moonlight Shifters 1

Morgan Fox

MENAGE AMOUR



Siren Publishing, Inc.
www.SirenPublishing.com

ABOUT THE E-BOOK YOU HAVE PURCHASED:

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

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

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

A SIREN PUBLISHING BOOK

IMPRINT: Ménage Amour

SEDUCED BY THE MOON

Copyright © 2011 by Morgan Fox

E-book ISBN: 1-61034-248-8

First E-book Publication: April 2011

Cover design by Jinger Heaston

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

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

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

PUBLISHER

Siren Publishing, Inc.

www.SirenPublishing.com

Letter to Readers

Dear Readers,

If you have purchased this copy of *Seduced by the Moon* by Morgan Fox from BookStrand.com or its official distributors, thank you. Also, thank you for not sharing your copy of this book.

Regarding E-book Piracy

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

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

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

Amanda Hilton, Publisher
www.SirenPublishing.com
www.BookStrand.com

DEDICATION

To my husband, Eric. The one person who inspired me to fight for what I wanted and gave me the necessary tools to achieve it. I love you beyond reason. When I close my eyes it's you I see as my knight in shining armor, the leading man in my life, the hero of my dreams. I love you.

In loving memory: Zane Douglas McCoskey, a man who loved paranormal romance just as much as me. You are forever in my thoughts – I miss you.

Special thanks goes out to Shayla Black, Sophie Oak, Tiffany Fowler, Jenny Coffey, Kirsten Tulchin, Trish Cook, and Angela Ares. None of this would have been possible without your help and everlasting friendship.

SEDUCED BY THE MOON

Moonlight Shifters 1

MORGAN FOX

Copyright © 2011

Chapter One

Sebastian's dark gaze never left Brie's pale face as the lines of tension formed around her concentrating blue eyes and trembling mouth. Sucking in an audible breath, she closed her eyes. The throbbing pulse in her neck was visible.

He knew she was praying for the families of the dozen murdered victims, wanting to finally find justice and perhaps even a little peace. His gut told him that today was going to be that day. The passion and dedication he'd felt burning inside her heart would never let her be anything but victorious.

Over the last four years that he had gotten to know Brie, he'd never seen her work so hard on a case. If he didn't know better, he would have thought she had personal interest in making sure Mason Levi, a demented, brutal killer, never saw the light of day again. As the lead prosecuting attorney, she pushed with all her might for not only a guilty verdict, but a death sentence as well.

Personal interest in certain cases, especially ones that tugged at the heart, were easy to get emotionally invested in, and as intelligent and experienced as Brie was, that's exactly what she did.

He'd watched her daily, slaving over files, notes, file footage, anything and everything she could get her hands on. Never once had

she cracked under the strain of such a high profile case. He admired that about her, and he couldn't be more proud of her. Sure, she had other attorneys to fall back on if she needed them, but she didn't—they were simply there for moral support.

Leaning over to Brie, he caught the alluring scent of her jasmine hair, the golden fibers tickling his nose. He sucked in a gulp of air, filling his lungs to capacity, wishing he did not have to pull away so soon. He grasped her hand and gently squeezed. The feminine touch instantly made his blood sizzle in his veins. She tantalized his senses. Just being near her awakened desires no other had ever been able to stir before. The silky softness of her skin and the scent of her hair and body were an intoxicating drug that had him wanting to nuzzle against her neck, nibbling and inhaling the sweet essence of her body.

Brie had that effect on him—only Brie—and she had since the moment they'd met. Her natural warmth and beauty, inside and out, was an aphrodisiac to him. He felt instantly connected to her, but he couldn't tell if she felt the same.

Her eyes popped open to greet him with a smile. He nodded, keeping his feelings perfectly masked. They exchanged a warm glance. He sensed her breath catch as he held her stare, and he heard the rush of blood flow faster through her veins, her cheeks rosy red. When she quickly turned her gaze back to the front of the courtroom where the juror stood, he wondered if what he'd seen in her reaction to him was real. Did she feel something for him, or was it simply the case that had her body reacting in such a way?

"In the case against Mason Levi, in the offense of first degree murder, the jury finds the defendant—guilty."

As the juror read the verdict the apprehension in the courtroom became so thick, it could have been cut with a knife. The moment the word "guilty" moved from the juror's lips, the room erupted into overwhelming approval. Cries of joy and relief flooded around them.

Sebastian stood, moved around the divider, and took Brie into his arms. She felt so good there, he didn't want to let go. Pressing his face

close to her ear, he breathed against her soft skin. “You did it,” he whispered. I’m so proud of you. Congratulations, Brie.”

She eased back, her eyes aglow with satisfaction and still a little sadness. He knew she had fought hard to make sure Mason Levi ended up behind bars, but even with that, they couldn’t bring back the lives of the people he’d brutally murdered. And that was the bitter taste of victory.

She brushed the soft tip of her finger over his jawline, her heavy lidded gaze dropped to glance at his mouth, then bounced back to meet his curious stare. He licked his lips, pressing closer to her. He was going to kiss her finally, and he was going to do it now.

A congratulatory kiss, he told himself. How could she refuse?

Jonah practically jumped over the three-foot high separation wall to get to her. Taking her from Sebastian’s arms, he spun her around and placed her in his embrace. Sebastian glared at his playboy younger brother, growling low in his throat, wanting to bash his pretty face in for not only his untimely interruption, but for his childish need to make a dramatic entrance.

Jackass, he snapped loud enough in his mind for Jonah to hear.

Sadly, Jonah didn’t need to do much more than enter a room to cause a commotion. Women found him irresistibly attractive. His wavy, dark blond hair and green eyes seemed to steal the hearts of women everywhere. Rolling his eyes at his brother, Sebastian shook his head.

I’m going to beat your ass, he said, snarling at his brother.

Jonah arched his brow mockingly, then turned his attention back to Brie.

“You should be so proud of yourself. You did a great job.” Jonah ducked to kiss her cheek. Sebastian’s jaw tightened as Jonah kissed her other cheek and told her, “No, more like an amazing job.”

Sebastian reached forward and placed his hand on Brie’s shoulder, bringing her gaze back to him. He smiled and said, “Jonah, perhaps you shouldn’t hog all of Brie’s attention. There are others that wish to

speak with her.” Sebastian motioned his hand forward at the approaching family members. Jonah’s eyes darted back to his, an annoying look covering his face.

Brie reached up to her shoulder and took Sebastian’s hand in hers. “I’ll be right back,” she said. Her glossy eyes told him more than words could. Holding his hand for a moment longer, she stepped away and into the gathering crowd of sobbing family members.

The brothers watched as each family member began to swarm around her and express their appreciation. Sebastian could hear her heart beat increase along with her breathing. He knew she was nervous and uncomfortable, could sense her need to escape. He wanted to rush in and carry her off, fireman style, with her nice, tight ass slung over his shoulder.

Groaning, he shifted his stance, feeling the swell of his cock rub painfully against his trousers. Damn, he needed to think of something other than her beautiful body and the brief connection they just shared.

Thanks a lot, Jonah, for your bad fucking timing.

Jonah frowned. Leaning close to Sebastian, he asked, “What the hell was that all about?”

His brow furrowed, and he cleared his throat. “Nothing, I’m just eager to get back to the office and celebrate. It’s time we offered Brie a position with our firm and made her a Senior Partner. She’s done a hell of a job here, and I can’t think of a better way to show her how much we appreciate her.”

Jonah flashed that playboy smile he was so infamous for and said, “Well, I don’t know about you, but I sure could think of a hundred different ways to show her how much I appreciate her.” Jonah’s eyes roamed over Brie’s full-figured body, covered in a very sophisticated and sexy black and white pinstriped suit. The cut of her skirt revealed toned legs, curvy hips, and a sexy-as-hell ass.

Damn, he cursed, ogling her just as Jonah had done. He stepped in front of Jonah blocking his view. “You know the rules,.. No dating

our employees. No matter how much we want to.” *I’ve never hated that rule more than I do right now, especially when every fiber of my being tells me she belongs to me—us.*

“Then I suggest you shred her offer letter as soon as possible.”

He glared at his brother. “Not. Going. To. Happen,” he said, stressing each word.

“Damn it, man, you take the fun out of everything. You know just as well as I do that she’s meant to be with us.”

She sure as hell was. “No she’s not,” he argued. “Brie’s not that kind of girl. She likes normal, and you and I both know we are far from normal.” *She’d freak if she knew the truth about us.*

But what if she didn’t?

“It doesn’t change the fact that our instincts are driving us to be with her. We’ve spent time with hundreds of women, and none of them affected us like Brie. She’s the one, and you know it.” Jonah ran a stiff hand through his wavy, blond hair. “Shit, I’ve seen the way you look at her. You want her just as much as I do. Maybe even a little more, you old fucker.”

Sebastian glared at him, hating that his brother was right, hating it more when Jonah called him old. He wasn’t old. Only ten years separated them. He retorted, “Maybe so, but it doesn’t change the fact that she’s going to work for us and we can’t do anything about it. Don’t forget, shithead, we’re lawyers, and that means we can’t just grab Brie and take her on the next full moon for a mating frenzy. She deserves so much more than that.”

Jonah glanced back over at Brie, his eyes alive with desire and need. “But just think of what it would be like with her, all the things we could do together. Damn, I’m getting hard just thinking about it. She’s amazing.”

Yes, she is. “Don’t get any ideas, little brother. Brie is off limits, and besides, you sound like a freaking stalker and a psycho. If I didn’t know you personally and I happened upon this conversation, that’s exactly what I’d think you were.”

“Right, thanks for the warning, big brother,” Jonah answered with a grin. “We’ll see how long you can keep your cock in your pants. You can’t fight the instinct. It will win. It always does. In fact, I bet reality comes crashing down hard all around you the moment you’re alone with her.” He slapped his brother on the shoulder. “You might be able to fool yourself in the company of others, but the moment you get her alone, you’re going to be in a world of hurt if you don’t claim her, and you know I’m right.” Jonah met his worried gaze, and he said with a snicker, “See you back at the office, Alpha Male.”

As Sebastian watched his brother leave the courtroom, he warred with himself. He didn’t want his brother to be right, but he was. Denying his feelings for Brie was becoming more difficult. He couldn’t assign her cases that would give him increased access to her. That would be unprofessional. He also couldn’t keep accidentally meeting her in the elevator or in the parking garage to have a chance for a private talk with her. Then it would be him who turned into the psycho stalker.

Sebastian hesitated approaching her outright. He didn’t think a woman as in control of her life as Brie was would ever be interested in him and Jonah. They were a package deal after all, and most women might find that strange and offensive. But even so, he couldn’t shake the need to tell her everything about himself, everything from the time of his birth to the first moment he’d realized he wanted her more than anything else in the world. A fierce need to protect her and claim her for his own welled inside him. His insides shook as he watched her hugging and talking with the families of the victims. She was a natural beauty, a perfect woman in every regard, and that only made him want her more.

Fuck! What the hell am I going to do?

Chapter Two

Jonah stared after Sebastian as his brother made his way through the crowd of employees toward his office. He'd reached his expected mingling time, and everyone knew it. Sebastian politely excused himself and began his quick retreat.

Partying with Jonah was a hell of a lot different than partying with the serious and always-on-the-clock Sebastian.

A hard, sardonic chuckle rasped from his throat as he watched his brother's dark gaze linger on Brie's face as he passed her. With a sly grin, Jonah shook his head, wondering how an alpha male with a fierce reputation like his brother could act so damn nervous and scared around a delicate, little female. If he were Alpha, he would have already claimed his mate. Proved himself to her and made her aware that no other in the world could protect or love her as he could.

Sebastian was slowing down the process, and it was starting to piss him off.

Coward...

Jonah's need for Brie was just as strong, if not more, because he'd always known what power she held over him. He hadn't ignored the telltale signs of the mating heat, the rush of blood that pumped through his body each and every time he saw her, the beads of sweat that broke out across his brow or around his neck. She did things to him that no other woman had, and he'd never even kissed her. He instinctively knew she was his and Sebastian's.

Kissing her was forbidden until Sebastian finally made his move, and that alone had him questioning his brother's Alpha status. Refusing to touch her was one thing, refusing to kiss her lips, taste

her, to learn that she was in fact the woman destined to be their mate was flat-out fucked up. Torture. That's what being away from her was—gut-wrenching, heart-ripping-out-of-your-chest torture.

If he didn't love Sebastian so damn much, he'd say to hell with family protocol and sink himself so deep into her she'd say, "Sebastian who?" But Jonah knew in his heart that Brie had strong feelings for Sebastian. Knew that she had feelings for him, too, but it was different between them. Where he was playful and upfront, Sebastian was quiet and mysterious, and damn it if chicks didn't dig the silent, brooding types.

Fucking jerk...

Choking the shit out of his brother was sounding like a hell of a good idea.

He caught her sweet floral scent before he saw her. He sucked in a deep gulp of air, letting the scent of her fill his nostrils like a freshly brewed pot of delicious coffee. The aroma electrified every cell in his body, fired his blood, and soothed the beast inside him, taking a roar down to a soft purr.

Damn, the things she did to him.

His chest tightened the moment his gaze drifted over the soft features of her face. Heart beating hard against his ribs, he smiled. Warm, deep blue eyes stared back at him. Shoulder length, golden blonde hair that he imagined felt like silk. Hair so soft he could not wait to tangle his fingers into it. Standing in front of him, she offered him a glass of champagne. He took it.

"Thank you," he said with a wide grin, inhaling another lung full of her scent.

Soft, pink lips framed her sumptuous smile, lips he had sampled more than a million times in his dreams. "I couldn't help but notice you standing over here by yourself, which, I might add, is so uncharacteristic of you. You're usually the life of the party, dancing with all pretty women from a variety of offices and swinging from the

rafters by the end of the night.” Giggling, she teased, “Your reputation is legendary.”

Something made him do it. He leaned forward and brushed a strand of hair away from her face and tucked it behind her ear. Silk. He knew that’s how her hair would feel, and rather than satisfy his curiosity, it only made him want to touch more of it. Feel the golden strands draping across his chest or lap as they made love, hard and fast, then slow and sensual.

Swallowing back his thoughts, he lowered his hand and said, “Actually, this is your night, not mine. I thought I’d tame myself for the evening, giving you the spotlight you deserve.” He emptied the glass in one gulp. “Besides, no other woman holds my interest this evening.”

“Thank you.” Lowering her eyes, she took a sip of her drink, a slight blush reddening her cheeks. A look he’d never get tired of seeing.

Making her blush had been one of his favorite things to do. Smelling the scent of her arousal, tempting her with naughty thoughts had been the other. Teasing her every chance he got, he knew he must be confusing the hell out of her, but it was the only thing he could do. If he couldn’t make actual love to her, then he’d flirt like the Casanova of flirtation, something he was well known for. And after inhaling her arousal, he’d jerk his cock off until he came hard and fast, imaging her body straddled over his lap, fucking her like he’d never fucked another.

Easy, boy...

Compelling eyes stared at him. Eyes he’d seen glancing up at him as his sank into the tight, wetness of her body. At that moment, his heart skipped as he considered telling her how he truly felt about her. But then the familiar voice of reason slapped him across the face. What if she reciprocated and left Sebastian out of the equation? Sebastian would beat his ass. It would destroy them all. So like the good little brother, he kept everything buried inside.

Fuck!

Jonah held up his glass. "I think I need another." He grabbed the closest waiter he could find, took two glasses filled with champagne from the silver tray, chugged them both then turned with a full one in his hands to face Brie again.

Wide-eyed with surprise, she giggled. "Thirsty?"

No, his mind screamed. Just beyond sexually tormented.

Sometimes, having a supernatural metabolism sucked. Getting drunk was tough, near impossible, and he'd love nothing more than to be drunk right now so he wouldn't keep picturing Brie naked beneath him.

"A little, yes," he said.

The loud thump of music jarred him to glance over at the group of laughing men and women huddled beside the office bar brought in especially to celebrate Brie's closed case and new position with their firm. Some supernatural and some human, nobody but Sebastian and Jonah knew exactly who was what, but it worked in their office, and seeing them all together somehow snapped him out of his sexual frustrations. At least until he glanced back over at her looking up at him, tempting him to kiss those supple lips.

He chugged the glass of champagne, turned, and searched for another.

"Wow, I was just kidding about you hanging from the rafters." Brie touched his arm, massaging the curve of his bicep, drawing his attention from her gentle caress to her heat-seeking eyes.

Did she know she stared at him like that—like she was in love with him just as much as he was in love with her? Her touch was comforting and felt so damn good even through the fabric of his clothes.

"Are you all right?" The sensual heat in her gaze had his heart revving up again. At this rate, he would be dead in no time flat of a heart attack.

No, he wasn't all right. He was going to rip Sebastian a new asshole for doing this to him. Jonah was in love with Brie, had been since the moment he believed her to be his mate—being with her simply felt right. Standing this close to the woman he'd spent nearly every moment dreaming about was enough to make him crazy.

He needed to get laid, but he didn't want just anyone to warm his bed. He wanted Brie. Sure, he'd slept with other women over the last four years, so had Sebastian for that matter, but none of them had ever awakened their untamed passions as Brie did.

As for Brie, never once had they smelled another man's scent on her. If they had... We'll it's a good thing they never did. Knowing that she kept herself pure for them, even if she didn't realize it herself—meant something, and he couldn't betray that. Not now.

"Brie, I'm sorry I'm not much fun tonight."

She shrugged her shoulders. "It's no big deal. At least your still out here enjoying the party and haven't ventured back into your cave like your brother has." He couldn't help but notice the disappointment in her voice.

He heard a hint of sadness in her words. A deep longing filled her gaze. She stared at the door leading to Sebastian, and he felt his chest tighten. A plan formed in his mind. If he couldn't get Sebastian to act, then maybe he could encourage Brie to.

He swallowed, hating that he was preparing to send the woman he loved into the arms of another man, but honestly, what other option did he have? "Maybe you should go check on him? I'm sure he'd love a private chat with you. He's not into crowds, you know."

She nodded, taking another sip of her champagne. "I know. Maybe I will."

The makeshift dance floor harbored a dozen bodies all bouncing and swaying to the beat. Watching everyone enjoying themselves, he glanced down to see a questioning gaze fill Brie's eyes.

"What are you thinking about?" he asked her.

She smiled. "I don't know. I mean...I'm not sure how to tell you what I'm thinking." Shyly, she told him, "I can't decipher it for myself."

"You? The best legal counsel I've ever seen is struggling with words. Never."

Her smile widened. "Stop it, Jonah. You're embarrassing me again."

He groaned inwardly as he watched her press her supple pink lips to the edge of her glass, wishing she were pressing her lips against his instead. "I always enjoy embarrassing you."

"I know you do," she said with a smirk. "And in some sick, twisted sort of way, I think I like it, too."

He grabbed two more glasses of champagne off another tray, flashing a devilish grin at the waitress. Then, he offered a glass to Brie, who was now scowling at him.

He narrowed his eyes and shrugged, juggling the glasses with one hand. "What, it was just a smile."

"Yes, a smile laced with a mountain of sexual intent. Anyone around us could see your intentions clear as day."

Jonah closed the distance between them, causing her to crane her neck to look up at him. Her lips slightly parted, he could hear her heartbeat quicken. "I have no idea what you're talking about, Brie." He touched her cheek, brushing the backs of his fingers over the soft, pale skin. "You're the only woman I wish to share my sexual intentions with." He winked at her, handing her another glass of champagne.

A deeper red rushed up her neck and blanketed her cheeks. Warmth surged out of her, pouring into him. The blues of her eyes grew darker, and she wet her lips.

He growled low in his throat as he caught the faintest scent of her arousal. He dug his fingernails into the palm of his hand, fighting back the urge to ravish her here and now.

Teasing, he warned, “Now stop looking at me like that, or I may have to do something drastic...like kiss those delicious, pouting lips of yours.” Dropping his hand, he stepped back.

She lowered her gaze, and the wisp of blonde lashes teased against her cheeks. “I’m sorry. I can’t help but feel something when I’m with you.” She smiled, meeting his heavy gaze. “Must be the infectious nature of your flirting I find so seductive.”

Grinning, he leaned against the shell of her ear and whispered, “Yes. That must be it.”

She sighed, and he felt her tremble against his arm. That was a good sign, he told himself, imagining that he was chipping away at the last of her resistance.

* * * *

Damn, he smelled good. Too damn good. Like danger, like pure, raw, unrelenting sex. Jonah’s massive body shadowed hers, and she liked the protective feel of his presence. There was something about him that had her pulse pounding like a herd of buffalo. She couldn’t keep ignoring the feelings she got whenever she was around him. The connection she felt from the brothers was unlike anything she’d ever known before. There was something between them, something almost unnatural-an attraction that seemed beyond the norm. What that something was, she didn’t have a clue, but damn it if she didn’t want to find out.

Jonah’s warm breath tickled against her ear, and the deep timber of his voice dampened her panties. Whoa, she was so attracted to him, but admitted that was forbidden because she was equally attracted to Sebastian, maybe even a little more. Something about Sebastian’s dashing, mature looks, quick wit, and the primal, sexual allure he elicited.

“So, are you going to tell me what you were thinking about, or are you just going to keep me in suspense?”

Damn it, she knew better than to say something to Jonah. He had a memory that made hers pale in comparison, and she remembered all sorts of shit. Like that cute, little blonde he'd gone out with just last week.

Jealousy churned in her belly, but she had no right to feel jealous. She wasn't Jonah's girlfriend, lover or anything else besides his colleague and now co-worker. Feeling the heat of jealousy was silly, and she had to stop feeling the emotion or it would drive her insane.

"It was nothing really."

He nodded, displaying that panty-dropping grin of his. "Right. Nothing. That's why you can't look me in the eyes when you say that."

Damn it, why did he have to know her so well? "Okay, fine. I was thinking about" Okay, how was she going to tell him she was thinking about a three-way with him and his brother with her as the meat in the middle of their sandwich?

"I'm still waiting," he said teasingly.

She glared at him. Sometimes she really wanted to be one of those people who could just spout something out of their mouths that was incredibly witty and savvy. Now was not one of those times.

"Do you want to know what I thought you were thinking about?"

She looked over at him, her eyes narrowing, taking in the sly grin on his face. Why not? Maybe he would enlighten her on something she would find sexy and amusing. He usually did.

"Sure. Tell me, oh great one, what does thou think I thought?"

He licked his full bottom lip, and she felt her pussy clench. She gritted her teeth and sucked in a sharp breath. "Well, don't keep me waiting," she said, trying not to reveal how standing this close to him was killing her.

Edging closer to her, he breathed against her face. The warmth of his breath dipped into her ear and sent a wave of shivers running up and down her spine. Her breath quickened, and the rise and fall of her chest caused her to brush against the front of his shirt. Her nipples

hardened, abrading against the silk fabric of her shirt. The heat from his body, the lust in his eyes was making her melt. Her legs wobbled, and she gripped his arm for balance, but touching him only made the feelings firing through her body even worse.

"I think you want to go into Sebastian's office and show him a side of you that I only wish I could see."

Her breath caught in her throat. Mouth dry, she swallowed. "What?" she asked, but not because she didn't understand what he said. He said exactly what she wanted to hear him say. Except for the part where he was sending her to Sebastian and he wasn't coming along.

"I know you two are attracted to one another, and I know we're going to continue this elusive dance for a helluva long time if you don't go to him." He put his glass down on the table at his side and cupped her face in his large, powerful hands. She swallowed hard as his electrifying touch fueled her body. She trembled in his arms.

"My brother is a pussy when it comes to you, Brie," he said plainly. "If it were up to me, we would have been making love to you for years by now, but Sebastian's so reserved when it comes to you. I've never seen him so skittish around anyone else."

We would be making love? What did he mean?

Brow furrowed, she questioned, "You want me to be with your brother?"

His eyes deep and penetrating, he nodded.

Lips parted in surprise, she gasped. "You'd be okay if I kissed your brother?" *Please say no...*

He nodded.

She sucked in a deep, chest full of air. "You'd be okay if I made love to your brother?" *Please say no...*

He nodded. "I want what's best for all of us, Brie, and trust me, going to Sebastian right now would be just that."

If being with Sebastian was okay with Jonah, then why did she feel like she was about to cheat on him?

Total and complete shock filled her mind. He was sending her into the arms of another. She was sure she'd seen the signs and understood them. The way he'd looked at her over the years, spoke to her...she was positive he wanted her, but she was wrong because he was telling her just the opposite.

Yes, she felt something amazing for Sebastian, craved his touch. She longed to feel him making love to her for hours on end, but she'd also experienced those feelings for Jonah,, and his sudden admission left her a bit confused.

He brushed his lips over her cheek, lingering long enough for her to close her eyes and savor the warmth and sweetness of his touch. It felt like good-bye. A strange feeling sank to the pit of her stomach.

"Jonah?"

"Shhhh, Brie," he whispered against her face and hugged her, arms tightening around her in a soothing embrace. "Don't mistake my offer as a means of saying I don't want you for myself because I do." She tensed, not sure what to say to that. "If I knew in my heart that it was meant to be just us, then I'd say fuck Sebastian. But I can't because I believe in my heart you love him as much as he loves you." He grasped her shoulders and held her gaze. "I think you'll find more behind that door than the man you think you know." He kissed the tip of her nose. "Now, go to him, Brie. I know you're dying to be with him. It's been written all over your face for the last four years."

How did he know? How could he sense her need to be with Sebastian, but not her need to be with him as well?

He spun her around and tapped her on the ass. She cocked her head to glare back at him, but couldn't do more than smile at his naughty boy expression. He was enjoying this a little too much, but she was about to enjoy Sebastian a hell of a lot more.

Chapter Three

Music thumped loudly against the walls of Sebastian's office. He'd spent as much time as he could tolerate, mixing and mingling with his employees, watching them all hug and kiss Brie, while sipping glass after glass of champagne and eating catered food. His gut twisted each time another person reached to touch her, occupying her time—especially his brother, Jonah.

He stifled a groan, feeling his lengthening canines bite into his bottom lip. Damn it, he needed her, too. Needed to touch and kiss her, but in a much more sensual way. He wanted to possess her, claim her in a way that would prove she was his and his alone.

He closed his eyes, growling at the jealousy bubbling up inside him. He was well aware he shouldn't have these emotions, shouldn't care who was touching and kissing her, but he did. Shit, he'd been the one to arrange this little celebration after all. He was regretting that decision more and more with each passing moment.

Suddenly, the door to his office opened and a golden-haired angel appeared inside. He swallowed at the sight of her loosely flowing, golden hair tumbling over her shoulders in a way he'd never seen before. All the stress from the last year's trial washed away, and only the sweet innocence of the woman he dearly cared for lingered.

"Sebastian, am I disturbing you?" Her windswept voice cradled around him like a warm, welcoming burst of sunshine.

He rose, dropping the stack of papers he was holding. The papers scattered to all corners of the room. "Shit!" he bellowed. Why did he feel so nervous and boy-like whenever she was around? He was fumbling around like he'd never spoken to a woman before.

“Oh God, I’m so sorry,” she said as she rushed inside to help him, closing the door behind her.

“No. It’s my fault. I’m not usually so clumsy. I guess I was too deep in thought.”

She knelt beside him to help gather the papers. He couldn’t help but notice how close she was to him. He felt the amazing warmth of her body, imaged touching the soft, sensual curves of her thighs and hips, diving in between the moist folds of her pussy, savoring the intensity of her tight sheath wrapped around his cock.

Arching a dark brow, he frowned. “How come you’re not out drinking and celebrating with everyone else?” His gaze softened as he said, “Enjoying the guilty verdict as well as your new position here at McCarthy Legal.”

She offered a shy smile. “I was hoping to convince you to come out and enjoy the evening with me. Jonah seems to be having the time of his life slamming back at least four glasses of champagne in record time.” Her smile widened. “I thought maybe you’d like to come out and join me for another glass. It is a celebration, after all.”

He heard the sultriness in her voice, and it surprised him. Why would she personally seek him out? Did she want to discuss the moment they’d shared in the courtroom when he almost kissed her? Why else would it matter if he was in attendance or not? Was it possible she had feelings for him, too? He’d already spent the normal allotted “boss time” drinking and eating with everyone. Whenever the company had celebrations of any kind, everyone knew that he hung around only for a short time and then vanished to finish up work. He played the part of the workaholic, hiding behind cases, avoiding contact with Brie where his guard might otherwise slip. Spending time alone helped him control his inner beast and mask his...loneliness. His deep desire to be with his mate—a wall he’d erected and couldn’t find a way of breaking down.

Her tone was a hushed whisper as she said, “I’d like for you to join us...me.” The crystal-blue sparkle of her eyes drove him wild.

The rich color reminded him of the Caribbean Sea just before sunset, the way the light reflected off the water, illuminating a sea of color.

The sweetness and concern in her voice overwhelmed him. His heart raced like the galloping of wild horses just as it did each time he chased the moon. The comparison of the moon and Brie was uncanny. The same fever that took over his mind and body each full moon reflected how he felt each time she drew near. Hearing that she personally wanted him to rejoin the party made him dangerously aware the he needed to step away immediately and put as much distance between them as possible.

But how could he? He didn't want to be away from her. He wanted her lying beneath him as he filled her body with his seed, fucking and branding her, claiming her as his mate.

Without thought, he brushed the backs of his fingers over the rosy softness of her cheek. The sizzling connection had his breath catching in his throat. Again, his heart revved up to an unbelievable speed. He felt the low growl of desire fire up in his stomach, he wanted to take her, needed to have her—and soon. Fighting for control over his inner beast, he quickly lowered his hand and glanced down at the gathered papers. On her knees, Brie scooted closer to him. His gaze lifted, soaking in the heat of her body as it blended with his own. The heat from her body was so familiar, so welcomed, so desired. He sucked in a breath.

Please tell me I'm not dreaming.

She reached out and grabbed the hand that had touched her face and smiled, asking, "This might be too personal of a question, but in all the years I've known you, I've never seen you date anyone serious. Why is that?"

Why would I want anyone else, when all I want is you? "I haven't had the opportunity with the right woman."

He held her inquisitive gaze, grasped hold of her hand and drew it up to his lips, pressing a tender kiss to her fingers. The moment he pulled back, he wished he had been dreaming. He froze, horrified by

his instant reaction, his need to have his lips all over her body. Tasting, licking, and sucking at her most intimate parts. His cock swelled.

“I’m so sorry. I shouldn’t have done that.” He tried to release her hand, stating, “It must be the alcohol.” He shook his head, trying to drive his fevered emotions away. But it proved to be impossible. He spied the creamy white flesh of her breasts through her partially unbuttoned blouse—supple cleavage that had scalding heat surge straight to his cock, pulsing with vitality.

“You’re so different from your brother, you know that?”

Brow furrowed, he knew exactly what she must see as a significant difference between him and Jonah, especially when it came to her. He was an Alpha who was acting like an inexperienced little boy. What he wouldn’t give to harness an ounce of the suaveness Jonah possessed, an inkling of his confidence. Confidence he was normally so full of.

He asked, “Different how?”

She kept his hand laced with hers, not letting him pull away. “You know exactly how you differ from your brother.” She paused, glancing at his mouth. “And there is no need to apologize, Sebastian.” She leaned in closer, her eyes fixed on his. The scent of her arousal had him biting back the need to fall on top of her and tear the clothing from her body until she lay bare beneath him where he could then sink his cock deep inside her, fucking her pussy and body until she was breathless and satisfied.

He groaned, inhaling her feminine musk. He not only could see the fire burning in her eyes, but he could sense it filling every cell in his body. She desired him, her eyes held a sexual intent he’d only dreamed he’d witness. Lust filled eyes he’d seen staring back at him in his dreams.

Too long had he waited to touch her, taste her. Too many nights he spent alone wishing she were beneath him, taking all he had to give her. His hand was a poor substitute for her pussy or her sensual

mouth. More than a million times he had envisioned her wet mouth gliding down his cock, her teeth gently scrapping over the head of his dick. He held back a groan.

Why didn't he just take what she was so obviously offering?

Arching a brow, she said, "If I thought having your lips on my skin was a problem, I wouldn't be kneeling on the ground this close to you in a tight ass skirt, wishing you'd do it again."

Yes, do it, take her. Do it now, Alpha. His inner beast clawed at him to respond, lips, teeth, and nails, itching to claim his sweet, delectable little Brie.

Jaw clenched, muscles tensed, he caressed her cheek and leaned forward, her minty breath on his face. "You shouldn't say things like that to me, Brie. I'm likely to stop being an honorable man."

"You are an honorable man, Sebastian, one that I'd very much like to kiss."

He licked his lips, wanting more than anything to demonstrate exactly what a dishonorable kiss with him would be like. One that would have her toes curling and her eyes rolling back in her head. He wanted to do a hell of a lot more than kiss her, and he feared the moment he got a taste of her, he wouldn't be able to stop himself from seeking more.

"You're a wonderful woman, Brie. I don't want anything to come between us. I couldn't imagine not having you as part of this firm. I hope you plan to stay for a good long while. We would hate to lose you, now that we finally have you."

What an idiot. Was he giving her the brush off because of working relations? Frustrated for reasons he didn't understand, he bit the inside of his mouth, preventing him from saying anything further that might make him appear to be any more the jackass. If he could've kicked his own ass, he would've.

"We?" she asked, licking her lips. "I'm not concerned with any other 'we' than you and me."

He studied her breathing, the pace erratic, the scent of her arousal blasting through his senses. She wanted him, and damn, he wanted her, too, but even with his instinct demanding he claim her, he couldn't fight the need to keep his distance.

Clearing his throat, he told her, "Jonah and I would never want to replace you, and if something happened between us..." He shook his head, unable to finish.

Did he actually believe the bullshit that was spurting out of his mouth? Had she been any other woman, he'd already have her bare ass on all fours, slamming his hard cock in her, fucking her like a dog in heat.

Brie heaved out a heavy sigh and stared at him. "Sebastian, would you for once stop deliberating, shut up, and kiss me?"

His eyes widened at her command, not used to anyone telling him what to do, but he couldn't help, but be aroused by her demand. What the hell was he waiting for? Everything he wanted was a breath away. She was offering herself to him, and damn it, he better not fuck this up.

Leaning in, he whispered, "With pleasure."

His fingers tangling in her hair, gripping the back of her neck, holding her in place as his mouth crushed against hers in a fiery blaze. She wrapped her arms around his neck, pulling him closer. He didn't fight it, welcoming the feel of her chest brushing against his. The hard tips of her nipples made him want to sample her right through the annoying fabric separating them. His mouth needed to find its way to her breasts, or he might find himself purchasing new clothing for the shredded ones she was about to have.

He cupped her jaw in his large hands and pressed his mouth against hers. Moist kisses trailed down her neck and straight to the swell of her breasts. She moaned as his lips latched on to the hard peaks. He nibbled and tugged, sucking the fabric and tips into his mouth. The sound of her sexual purr had his cock hard enough to hammer nails. Damn, he was ready to fuck her, be buried to the hilt

inside her tight, wet pussy, slamming away as she screamed and begged for more.

Sebastian lifted his head, sensually gliding his lips up the side of her throat. "Oh God, you taste so fucking good," he muttered, not realizing he admitted it out loud.

Passion soared between them. She ran her fingers upward, tangling them in his short, thick dark hair. Her lips molded against his mouth, hot and hungry.

"I know what you mean," she said on a breath. "I've wanted to do this for so long. I've dreamed of you fucking me, making me come."

Knowing that he wanted a whole lot more than kissing and just maybe she'd let him right here on his desk, a guttural sound escaped from deep in his throat. Perhaps there wouldn't need to be a choice. He would pleasure her to the point she wouldn't want any other choice. She wanted him to make her come and damn it, he was going to give her the best orgasm of her life.

Yes, that's what he wanted, a compliant mate. One who would be hot and hungry for his touch. A mate who would beg him not to surrender.

He'd take her here on the hard wood of his desk, bending her to his will, making her see that he was the only man who could ever make her yield. He closed his eyes feeling the blaze of his inner beast rising to the surface, his control wavering on a razor's edge.

Growling, he lifted her off the floor. She wrapped her legs around his waist. She nibbled his ear, driving him further into an inferno of desire. Eager, he swept his hand across his desk and cleared away all paperwork and files, not caring that it ended up all over the floor. He laid her back against the desk, pressing her body down onto the firm wood. The hem of her skirt eased up, revealing luscious creamy thighs.

God, how he wanted to strip her panties away, kneel down between those creamy thighs and drink the slick essence of her body.

Fucking her with his tongue, over and over again, tasting her before he thrust his cock so deep inside her that he left her demanding more.

He bent his head to take her mouth once more. The delicate press of her hand against his chest raised a guttural sound from low in his chest. He froze, staring at her twinkling blue, lust-filled eyes. With the flick of her wrist she undid the next button on her blouse and then another. His eyes widened, and he finally released a breath he hadn't realized he been holding. Just like her blouse, he was coming undone. The fever was taking control over his sanity. Patience gone, he grasped hold of her shirt, ripping it open the rest of the way.

"Brie, you're so damn beautiful." Through rasped breaths, he told her, "I always knew every inch of you would be perfect." Teeth lengthening, he leaned down and pulled her blouse free of her skirt, tugging it off her shoulders, tossing it to the far corner of his desk.

His mouth devoured her breasts. "Yes, Sebastian. Suck my nipples," she said with a gasp, her hand gripping the back of his head.

Within seconds he had her breast pulled free of her bra and was sucking on her rosy pink nipples, pressing sweet kisses to the soft mounds. The fullness of her breasts filled his palms and then some. He sucked until the tips became sensitive to the touch, and then he sucked some more. Her writhing body begged him to do so much more than just toy with her breasts. Smooth, toned legs moved up and down his body along his hips and waist, calves gripping his ass, beckoning him closer.

Switching his focus, his hands moved up under her skirt toward her hips. "I want so bad to taste your pussy. I need to taste your pussy, Brie. I want to be inside you, fucking you so hard." He heard his grumbling voice, but it didn't sound like him. He sounded more beast than man, but she didn't seem to care. In fact, he'd only imagined seeing her so flushed and pleasure-ready.

The beast had arrived and was eager to use his tongue to lick the wetness he knew he'd discover as soon as he parted the beautiful swollen lips of her pussy.

“Sebastian,” she gasped, her hands massaging her breasts. “I’m yours. I’ve waited so long to be with you.”

Had he heard her correctly? She’d waited for him...to be with her? How was that possible? He hadn’t sensed that she desired him before today? Was he losing his wolf instincts? Had he played human too long?

Who the fuck cared? He had her in his arms now, and damn it to hell, he wasn’t letting go.

Gripping her shoulders, he pulled her up against his body. Brie gasped against his mouth, parting her lips for the intrusion of his forceful tongue. His need to have her grew more feral by the moment.

His fingers found their way to her silky, damp panties. Pushing past the elastic band, his fingers ardently searched through the groomed triangle of hair into the wet slickness of her pussy. She moaned in his ear, nibbling his earlobe and neck.

“Please, Sebastian. Don’t stop touching my pussy. Feels so good,” she moaned.

His soaked fingers roamed over the wet folds, circling her clit,, and teased around the opening of her slick pussy. She arched her hips in invitation. With her passion-filled pleas driving him mad, he pressed his finger into the opening of her pussy and felt her tight sheath squeeze around his finger, milking it. He pumped in and out slowly, then with the sounds of her breath urging him on, he quickened his pace, grinding his hips against her as he inserted an additional finger.

“Yes, that’s it,” she cried, arching her hips further, taking his finger as deep as he could thrust it.

“Brie, you’re killing me,” he murmured. “I have to fuck you soon, or it just might be the end of me.”

Her head whipped from side to side as she cried, “I can’t believe this is happening. Oh God, don’t stop. I want you, too, Sebastian. I want all of you. Fuck me, please.” He nearly came in his pants at her sensual pleas, begging him to fuck her.

Damn, he was dreaming,, and he did not want to wake up.

But was this really happening? Did she really want all of him? Because if she did, that meant Jonah, too. Shaking his head, he couldn't think about that now, he was too close to claiming her. He couldn't stop even if he wanted to. He had to taste her, all over her. He had to make sure his instincts were correct. A kiss alone wouldn't be enough. He had to have more.

He pulled his hand free of her pussy and licked his fingers coated in her sweet honey. The moment his tongue tasted the creamy fluid of her sex, he knew without a shadow of a doubt he had been right about her. She belonged to him as his mate, and he would have her—only her—forever.

He groaned low in his throat as she scrambled to open the fly to his gray slacks, practically ripping the fabric to get to his cock. He sprung forth, and he heard her gasp. Good, he could see from the wild-eyed expression on her flushed face that she was aroused by his size, pleased with what he had to offer her.

Cupping her ass, he tugged her hips to the edge of the desk. His hands pushed her skirt up higher, revealing a thin lace of white. Once again his fingers found the elastic band and pulled them down her toned legs. The wafting scent of her feminine musk made his knees weak and his mouth water.

Through gritted teeth, he warned, "I'm going to fuck you, Brie. Right here, right now. Is that what you want?"

"Oh God, yes," she begged. Her chest rose and fell with each ragged breath. "Fuck me, Sebastian. Oh God, make me come."

A soft smile coated his lips, he moaned, "With pleasure."

Just as the tip of his cock slipped against the silky wet folds of her pussy and the tightness of her sheath began to envelop him, the door to his office flew open, slamming against the back wall. Sebastian quickly secured his pants and kept Brie's body covered with his.

Tiffany, Sebastian's legal secretary rushed into the room out of breath and stumbling, "Holy shit," she gasped and quickly averted her

eyes in another direction, while he and Brie straightened their clothing. “I’m so sorry. I didn’t mean to interrupt you.” She pressed her hand against the wall to steady herself, obviously showing signs of drinking way too much alcohol. “I just got off the phone with the Dallas Police Department, and I thought you should know right away.”

“What is it?” He all, but shouted. He didn’t care that he sounded angry, annoyed, and fucking pissed off. He was about to fuck and lay claim to the woman who would forever change his life, and the last thing he wanted was to be interrupted. Who the hell did she think she was storming into his private office while he had Brie bare before him like a sacrificial offering?

Damn it, no one but Jonah will ever have the pleasure of seeing her naked body, and certainly not before he had his chance to be her first mate—her Alpha Male. His canines extended again, and he fought with all his strength to keep them hidden because if he didn’t, he would rip out Tiffany’s throat and toss her worthless carcass out the goddamn window.

Wide-eyed, Tiffany blurted, “Mason Levi escaped.”

“What?” Brie gasped, holding her hand over her mouth.

Sebastian froze, his eyes focused on Brie’s shocked face. He reached to hold her shoulders. Kicking himself for getting so angry, he bit his lip. He ground his teeth, thinking that Tiffany’s words had been the last thing he’d expected to hear.

Tiffany closed her eyes, took a deep breath, then opened them again and repeated, “Mason Levi escaped during transport. Apparently, he had the whole thing arranged prior to the trial. Mason Levi is a fugitive.”

Chapter Four

Brie scrambled off the desk like it was on fire, her clothing and hair disheveled. She raked a hand through her tangled mess and struggled to breathe, claspings a closed fist to her chest.

Her body trembled, not from the unbelievable passion she found in Sebastian's arms, the man she had been infatuated with since the day her former boss had introduced her to him, but from the horrible nightmare that was Mason Levi.

Tiffany's words still haunted her. *Mason Levi escaped*. Words she never imaged hearing.

Holy shit, what was she going to do now? Too many times he'd threatened to kill her in ways that would make a horror movie look like a child's Saturday morning cartoon.

From over her shoulder, she heard his hard, brusque voice. "Brie, I insist you stay with me or Jonah." He grabbed her shoulders, rubbing his hands up and down her arms for comfort. "I can't let you just go home without someone watching over you."

She turned to face him, smiling, appreciating his concern even though inside she knew she was frightened to death to be alone. "What, and if he's never caught, I simply live with you forever...you being my constant bodyguard?" She raised her brows when he didn't object. "No, Sebastian. I can't just drop everything and stop living my life because some psycho escaped from prison. I won't do it. I won't run in fear. I won't be another one of his victims."

His eyes locked with hers for a long heated moment, but she stood firm against his strong, masculine pose. "At least let me make sure you have someone watching your house, at all times." Softening

against her, he pressed his lips to her forehead. “It will make me feel better.” His deep voice poured over her like warm melted butter.

Truth be told, it would also make her feel better as well. “Okay. I don’t see the harm in having a little extra protection.”

He grinned, but the gesture didn’t reach his eyes. “Are you sure you don’t want to stay with me.” Her mouth opened, but he quickly held up his hands as soon as she began to protest, he said, “At least for tonight.”

Oh God, she wanted to accept his offer, but if she did it would only be to finish what they’d started earlier. Since their first meeting she’d fantasized about the tall, dark, and hulky attorney, a man who looked more like a warrior than a lawyer. Dark brown hair and eyes, square jaw, his body a large wall of muscle and sinew. She wanted to drag her tongue across each and every toned ridge on his body. Damn, how did a man look like that and sit behind a desk for a living?

She’d nearly fainted when she’s seen the size of his cock. Holy mother, she didn’t know they made them like that, and she couldn’t wait to feel each delectable inch of him filling and stretching her pussy.

Damn it, she was so confused, her mind and body warring with emotions. She wanted to spend the evening making love with Sebastian, but knew in the back of her mind she wouldn’t fully enjoy herself knowing that the man she’d seen receive a guilty verdict walked free—now capable of hurting more women.

“I can’t,” she whispered.

The disappointed look in his eyes tugged at her heart. Was he upset because he cared about her and wanted to protect her himself, or was that the look of a man who only wanted to fuck her. She wished she knew. Her heart had been lost to him almost instantly, and how she managed to keep her feelings from him for all these years surprised even her.

“Would you promise me something?” she asked him, her eyes slowly taking in his changing expressions.

“Anything,” he growled. “Name it.”

Her voice was a soft whisper as she spoke. “Promise me that you and I will pick up where we left off as soon as the time is right.” She smiled shyly, her lashes batting low on her cheeks, a slight blush of heat firing across her face. “Promise me that we’ll have at least one perfect night between us.”

He placed his index finger under her chin and raised her gaze to meet his. “Brie, nothing on this earth will stop me from having you. All of you.”

She swallowed hard, his words pounding into her.

“If things had been different and our time had not been interrupted, I would have fucked you on that desk till I found a way to sneak us to my bedroom, giving you more pleasure than you could’ve imagined. I would’ve spread your thighs wide and eaten your pussy like it was my last meal, then when you were too weak to come on my tongue again, I’d thrust my cock so deep inside you until you couldn’t help but scream my name, begging me to fuck you harder and faster.” He cupped her face holding her wide-eyed stare, stroking her quivering bottom lip with his thumb. “Do you think I’d honestly give up the chance to do all those things to you? To feel that tight, wet pussy of yours sucking my cock till I come?” He groaned low in his throat, “No Brie, nothing will stop us from having our perfect night.”

Wow, he had a way with sexy, pulse-pounding words. Had a way of making her panties so damp they felt as if she’d soaked them in water. She wrapped her arms around his waist, loving how he smelled like wild ocean winds on a stormy night.

Sebastian, as warm and caring as he was, had a dangerous and mysterious side to him. A side that had her nipples hardening at the prospect of his mouth sucking them until the line between pleasure and pain blurred. He aroused her in ways that no other man ever did, and offered something she couldn’t resist. She was desperate to explore everything she could about him.

“Good. I look forward to writhing in your arms, begging to feel your cock fucking me till I can’t walk or feel my legs.” She smiled, biting her bottom lip, enjoying the erotic battering they did with one another. “Oh, and just so you know, I expect that when you do eat my pussy that you spend a good deal of time showing me just how hungry you are.”

She sucked in a breath as his body drew near, his arms wrapped around her, pulling her up against his hard-as-steel frame. She felt the firmness of his cock press against her.

Lowering his face, he whispered in her ear, “Best be careful, little girl, you’re likely to unleash the beast inside me, and then I guarantee you’ll never want to leave my bed. Ever.”

Her heart thudded against her ribs, her breathing so erratic she was sure he could hear it. Moisture pooled between her legs. She swallowed, meeting his dark gaze. Her eyes drifted to stare at his mouth, a mouth that promised pleasure beyond imagination. She licked her lips and pushed to her tiptoes to claim his delicious mouth. Her lips glided over his until he took control. Pulling her up in his arms, he cradled the back of her head in one large hand, while the other supported the small of her back. His hungry mouth devoured hers with an intensity that assured her there was more to come—a lot more.

“Oh Brie, if we don’t stop—” he said with a groan, leaning his forehead against hers. “You’ll end up staying with me tonight whether you want to or not.”

She pressed the palms of her hands flat against his firm, broad chest, closing her eyes as he held her. She said, “I know, but you feel so good...so right. I still can’t believe I’m in your arms finally after all this time.”

Growling, he argued with himself through gritted teeth, “Damn it, this fucking sucks.” Hearing Sebastian curse was a new experience for her. He was usually the one with the professional level head and

charming ways. The new Sebastian thrilled her, lulled her out onto the edge of desire.

Pressing her lips against his one last time, she told him, “I should get going then.”

“I’ll have Jonah take you home. I need to arrange for the security detail to include your house as well. Then, I need to discuss a few things with the police and find out what the hell they’ve found out so far.”

She nodded in agreement, knowing that the controlling man Sebastian was would never ask someone else to do what he felt he should do himself. “Good night, Sebastian.”

He pressed his lips against hers for one more kiss. “Good night, Brie. I’ll call you later, if that’s all right?”

She nodded, a warm blossoming energy filled her chest. Was this the start of a relationship with Sebastian? Were they embarking on dating territory?

Yes—she was sure that was what they were doing.

Before she could turn for the door, he grabbed hold of her hand and kissed it. His warm breath flowed over the skin of her knuckles as he said, “And congratulations again on accepting our offer to make you a part of our firm as a Senior Partner. I’m sure the prosecuting team is going to be pissed at me for stealing you away, but—” He shrugged his shoulders and let the words go unspoken between them.

“That reminds me, thanks for promoting me before I almost had sex with you on your desk.” She winked at him and exited the room.

* * * *

Jonah took hold of her hand, lacing his fingers firmly with hers. As they walked along the well-lit sidewalk toward her apartment, his eyes darted around to check out the area like he was some kind of Special Forces expert expecting the evil villain to come shooting out from behind a building or a parked car. *Boo!*

“You really need to chill, Jonah. You’re freaking me out.”

He glared down at her and winked. “Never fear sweet maiden, it is I, Sir Jonah McCarthy, who will protect you and deliver you safe and sound to the steps of your home.” He bowed slightly, staring down at her, and she swore his eyes flickered with a silver flash, but she blinked, focusing again on his eyes. They were the same illustrious green they’d always been.

A trick of light, she thought.

She shrugged it off, feeling like a helpless, insignificant little girl in a world too big for her to survive in. But then he tucked her feminine frame up under his arm, pulling her within the protection and warmth of his body, and instantly she didn’t feel so small anymore. She felt more than his protection. She felt his masculine power—a power that poured out of him and into her like the penetrating rays of sunlight basking over her naked flesh.

Before she could stop him, he lowered his mouth to hers and sampled her lips in a slow, gentle caress, massaging her lips with his own. Startled at first by his demanding, sensual mouth, she pushed back against him, but then suddenly found his mouth as delicious and as inviting as Sebastian’s had been. The unique flavor of his mouth had her opening to receive him. His tongue eagerly swept inside, dueling against hers. He sucked the tip of her moist tongue into his mouth, and the arousing feel of him plunging deeper had her pussy aching with need. As he fucked her mouth with his tongue, over and over again, the intimacy he provoked inside her became too much. She couldn’t breathe, couldn’t think.

Damn, Jonah could kiss. Instant panic swelled inside her.

Oh shit. What the hell am I doing?

She pushed away from him, inhaling gulps of air, taking in his wild and woodsy scent. She’d spent enough time with the brothers to know that they were incredibly different from each other and that both excited and frightened her. Never had she seen two devilishly

attractive brothers who couldn't be more opposite, except for how they treated her... and how they kissed her.

She wanted more than anything to be with Sebastian, feel his hard body pressed against hers as he made love to her, racking her brain with more gut wrenching orgasms than she ever dreamed possible. But then there was the side of her that wanted Jonah. The man who could make her laugh for hours, who walked her home so she wouldn't be alone, and the one who teased and tormented her with his very suggestive sexual allure that seemed to occur on a daily basis.

The dark side of her mind was tempted to taste the forbidden fruit, sample its sweet nectar, but the side of her that had already allowed her heart to choose was not willing to relinquish its hold on Sebastian.

"Jonah, you should know that I'm very interested in your brother, and I want to see if he feels the same about me. It was your suggestion, after all."

His eyes narrowed in a curious sort of way. "So things did go well between you and Sebastian?"

Covering her face in her hands she blurted out, "I kissed him." She brought her fingers down enough to reveal her eyes, she mumbled, "A lot."

Jonah's mouth curved into a wicked grin as if he had already known that the little minx had practically fucked his brother on his very expensive cherry wood desk. He erupted in a throaty chuckle. Wrapping his arms securely around her, he lifted her off her feet, spinning them both around in a circle. "That's wonderful, Brie. You have no idea what this means to me."

Once the world stopped spinning, she narrowed her eyes at him. "Wait. You're really okay with this?"

Smiling, he beamed, "Of course I am. Why wouldn't I be?" The overwhelming joy radiating from his voice confused the hell out of her. What the hell?

She cleared her throat as the uncomfortable tumble of nerves ravaged her belly. Jealousy sank its ugly fingers into her heart once

again. “Well, I had the impression that you might actually...Oh, I don’t know... Maybe you’d liked me, too, and might be a little upset with the news?” God, she was pathetic. Could she actually sound anymore ridiculous? He’d directed her down this path for crying out loud. Why would he be upset?

He smiled, his warm gaze, a sparkling mystery of tenderness and friendship...and something else she couldn’t put her finger on. Blond, wavy hair swept over his eyes as he studied her. She felt almost naked as his eyes lingered in places that made her pulse quicken. Strong hands covered her shoulders as he stepped forward, inching closer to her. Nimble fingers crept up her neck cradling her chin. Her heart pounded wildly in her chest and her stomach flipped at the feel of his fingers touching her skin. Inclining her face, she stared into his eyes—eyes that made her wonder if she had chosen the wrong brother.

“I do like you, Brie. More than I think you realize. I wasn’t kidding when I told you that I wanted you for myself. Someday maybe you’ll discover just how much.” His thumbs caressed the curve of her jaw. “I’ve been waiting for you and my brother to see the chemistry you share. I’m just surprised it took so long.”

“What?”

He pressed his sensual lips to her astonished mouth, sneaking another kiss. She didn’t resist him. Found it impossible to do so.

Breaking their kiss, only a breath separated them. He smirked, “Please, I’ve been hounding him for over a year to ask you out, anything so he could see how perfect you are.” She shivered as his long finger trailed the curve of her jaw and settled at the back of her neck.

Her head whirled, thoughts bumping around like marbles. Why would he think she was perfect? What made her so special in his eyes? She felt her chest grow tighter, and she thought she might need to sit down. How could she go from a small town girl, growing up on

the east coast to being the object of two brothers' affections? Two brothers she was seriously attracted to.

Oh shit, she really did need to sit down.

Cupping her face, he told her, "Brie, don't panic. Sebastian was concerned that you would leave the practice. He admires you." Jonah grinned, showing a splendid row of white teeth. "I've only noticed the way you each sneak glances at one another. I've always been outward about my feelings for you, while Sebastian has been...private."

She rolled her eyes at him. "So I've noticed."

That was a huge understatement. Had she not decided that tonight was the night she would finally stick her neck out—because she could blame her actions on the stress of the case and of course alcohol—if she had not taken a chance tonight, they might still be doing that awkward elusive dance. But then again, the actual encouragement had come from Jonah, who had practically pushed her in Sebastian's direction. If Jonah wanted her as he clearly said he did, then why the hell would he do that?

The last few steps up to her door were spent in silence. Jonah still wore a wicked grin that made Brie a little uneasy. His dominant hand pressed against the small of her back, sending tingles of awareness up and down her spine. She shivered, enjoying his touch and closeness much more than she should've.

She turned to face him, placing her hand out flat so he would have no choice but to keep his distance from her. "Thank you for walking me home, Jonah."

He arched a dark brow. "Are you sure you don't want me to come in and check things out?" His eyes drifted over her body, glancing at the door behind her and then back to her again.

She cocked her head, hearing exactly what he meant by "come in and check things out." He really was a playboy. "No, thank you. I'm sure everything will be fine." She leaned forward and kissed his cheek. "Thank you again for walking me home. I'll see you

tomorrow.” She turned, unlocked her apartment door, and stepped inside.

Exhaling a deep breath, she pressed her back against the door, closing her eyes. The day had been too eventful for words, and she was incredibly exhausted.

Suddenly, a thud and scampering noses drew her attention to her back bedroom. The sound of scurrying claws across her hardwood floors echoed loudly in the quiet apartment.

She groaned. “Great. Now, I’ve got a rat in my apartment to deal with.” She made her way to her bedroom, but when she reached to switch the light on, only darkness greeted her.

Chapter Five

Rubbing a firm hand over the coarse stubble of his chin, Jonah flipped open his cell phone and dialed Sebastian's number. He'd walked Brie home, and as requested, he was checking back in with Sebastian. The brother that had finally taken initiative with the woman that had his pulse pounding so loudly in his ears it was all he could focus on...That and the massive erection pressing against the lining of his boxer briefs. Jonah pressed his palm against the hard outline of his dick and shifted position to try and ease the discomfort.

"Is everything all right?" Sebastian's voice boomed through the receiver.

No you idiot. Instead of spending the evening making love to my mate, I'm talking to you on the goddamn phone, you fucking pussy.

"Yes. I just left Brie's house. She's safe inside. Why the hell didn't you take her home? Why send me? You could've claimed her."

Sebastian was quick to respond, asking, "Did she say something to you?"

"No, of course not, I only caught the scent of her feminine heat, and that was because of you. I could tell you hadn't sealed the deal, dumbass."

With a sneer, Sebastian said gruffly, "I had to take care of matters with the police and the security detail."

Jonah shook his head. His brother could sometimes be so ridiculously ignorant. "One day man, you're going to have to let go of some of those control issues you have. Learn to delegate better. Shit, haven't you figured out that sex is so much more important than anything else. Trust me, I know."

Jonah heard the low growl coming through the phone, just before Sebastian asked, “Is the security detail there?”

Jonah took a quick perusal of his surroundings, but didn’t see any cars or vans in the area that resembled the security company he and his brother owned. “No. I don’t see anyone out here but me.”

“Then don’t leave Brie alone.”

The sound in Sebastian’s voice had him wanting to rush back and grab hold of Brie and shield her in the secure confines of his arms, protecting her from anyone and everything. His footsteps halted and he glanced back at her apartment. The lights were still off.

His brow furrowed. “What the hell is going on Sebastian? What are you *not* telling me?”

Sebastian blew out a harsh breath. “Mason Levi not only escaped during transport, he carved Brie’s name in the chest of one of the guards. I did the best I could to see that that bit of information was not leaked, but I don’t know for how long we can keep it a secret from the public. We just need to make sure that nothing happens to Brie.”

Jonah froze, feeling the unmistakable sensation of fever flood his veins. The moon’s pull was growing stronger. “You tasted her didn’t you? You’ve proven that your instincts about her are right. She’s one of us, isn’t she?”

A moment later, Sebastian said, “I did, and yes, she is one of us. Now stay close by and whatever you do... Do. Not. Leave. Her. Unprotected. You must protect our female.”

Jonah stared back at the darkened apartment as something strange sunk deep in his gut. He focused his hearing, fine-tuning it to check on Brie. The slow muffle of the wind blowing through the trees dissipated along with the low hum of the electricity funneling through the electrical cables above and below him.

His heart raced and nearly exploded from his chest. He heard Brie’s heart pounding with fear, heard her erratic breathing as if being chased. She was in danger.

“Sebastian, get the fuck here and fast. Something’s wrong.” He slammed the phone closed and charged toward Brie’s apartment.

* * * *

Brie braced her hands against the wall, feeling her way back toward the kitchen. The damn electricity was out, and the only place she kept a flashlight was in the kitchen. Unsurprisingly to her, her eyesight was pretty good during the night, her vision crisp and clear, but still she sought to find a source of light to illuminate her dark and shadowy apartment, the normal thing to do when the power’s out.

The last thing she needed was for Jonah to return and tempt her again in a dark and romantic setting. How would she then explain to Sebastian that she’d accidentally fucked his brother after nearly having sex with him on his office furniture hours earlier? She chuckled as she pictured her explanation, *Oops, I’m so sorry. You see what had happened was*—yep, it already sounded ridiculous.

She stumbled over a stack of books she left on the floor at the corner of the kitchen table. Cursing, she hopped the rest of the way holding onto her sore foot. She pressed her hands to the countertop sucking in a deep pain relieving breath, then reached into the cabinet and pulled out the lonely flashlight. Clicking the light on, its bright beam blasted out into a stream of color and brought life to small sections of her apartment.

Partial darkness stripped away, she retraced her steps back toward her bedroom, now able to see what lay on the floor at her poor unsuspecting feet. Bounding around the last corner to her bedroom she hesitated, sensing something she hadn’t noticed before, an unsettling feeling that had her gut twisting and gooseflesh erupting all over her body.

No! It can’t be.

Heart pounding like a freight train in her ears, chest rising and falling in ragged breaths, she froze. What was hiding in her room

wasn't human, and its vile scent told her it was male—a very aroused, angry male. She wasn't exactly sure how she knew what danger hid in the room beyond, but she did, and she wasted little time deciding what to do next.

Every muscle in her body tensed as she took several steps back, praying that she'd make it to the door before whatever it was lingering in the shadows of her bedroom, noticed. Holding her breath, she reached for the doorknob and then felt something cold and sharp press against the side of her throat. She hadn't even heard anyone come up from behind her, but she could identify the object as a knife, one that was conveniently placed over her jugular.

Her breath snagged deep in her chest as fear ravaged her mind. She wanted more than anything to cry for help, but she knew that before she could utter a single word from her lips, the blade would press against the delicate part of her neck, ending her short life. Tears flooded her eyes.

“Hello, Ms. Ferguson. How I've missed our time together.” He sniffed her hair, his breath oozed along her skin. “I'd never enjoyed myself more than when I watched you, day in and day out, pacing in front of the jury in those tight-ass skirts you liked to wear. You really are a cock tease, Ms. Ferguson.” The wispieness of his voice as it scraped against the back of his throat had the skin crawling at the back of her neck, quivering down each vertebra of her spine.

“Mr. Levi,” she said, her voice shaking. “I heard that you'd escaped... Lucky me that you'd think to pay me a visit before anyone else,” she told him, trying her best to sound brave.

He nuzzled through the waves of her hair, sniffing like some frisky dog. “Oh, don't flatter yourself, Ms. Ferguson. You weren't my first. I found a nice little piece of ass just a few blocks over. Fucked her real good before I slit her sweet little throat, watching her bleed a crimson river on her parents' king-size bed. Won't they be surprised when they get home?” He laughed, more like purred as he continued, “She was a nice little appetizer, but I'm truly looking forward to the

main course.” He spun her around, pressing her up against the door. Her hands pinned above her head. “And if you hadn’t guessed already...*You* are the main course.” His tongue glided over the beating pulse on her neck and up the side of her face. She turned to avoid his vile touch.

“I’ve already got your bedroom ready for our little night together. I think you’re really going to like what I’ve got planned.”

Swallowing back the fear choking her, meeting his malicious gaze, she snapped, “Oh, I seriously doubt that.” He slapped a firm hand over the side of her face, causing her head to slam hard against the door. She winced as the pain shot through her face, a tingling burn lingering behind. She could still feel the warm sensation of his hand on her face as she pressed her burning cheek to her shoulder, trying to ease the pain. Her eyes locked on his just as the back of his hand caught the other side of her face. The blow was so hard, she fell to the ground. He gripped the back of her head and used her hair to drag her, kicking and screaming, across the floor toward the back bedroom.

Tasting blood, she licked the corner of her mouth. When she dragged her tongue over her front teeth, she felt the damage he had caused with just two hits. She cringed, knowing that she was about to face the same fate as those victims she had fought so hard to find justice for.

Had her gut not been twisted with so much fear, she might have found the strength to laugh, but there was nothing funny about Mason Levi, nothing that would make what he prepared to do to her any easier to endure.

She released her struggling hold on his hand and arm to brace herself against the doorframe leading to the place she knew he planned to kill her. The longer it took to get there, the longer she might stay alive. Then, maybe Sebastian and Jonah would return to save her. She only prayed it wouldn’t be too late.

A fierce blow to her ribs had her eyes flooding with more tears. As her breath was stolen from her lungs, she wheezed to get air back inside them.

The moment he kicked her, she wrapped her arms around her midsection, freeing them from the doorframe. He lifted her up by her hair and tossed her like a rag doll upon the bed. Scurrying to the other side, he clamped a menacing hand around her ankle, pulling her back across the bed. He flipped her over, forcing her to lie on her back. He dug the blade into her belly, pressing enough to pierce the skin. She sucked in a chilling breath and froze. He then took advantage of her stillness and shackled her in place.

She struggled against the bonds that held her to the bed—a bed that had been her sanctuary for most of her life. A bed that had once been the place she had imagined a world so fantastic within the protection of her childhood dreams. No longer would it have the same kind of soothing quality it once had. If she lived through this, she was going to burn this bed and the vile memories of Mason Levi.

Staring up at him, she watched his eyes change from the black soulless ones she'd seen for months in the courtroom to a dim gold—a tarnished yellow that almost matched the discoloration of his teeth. A flicker of red in his once black pupils made her gasp for breath.

Through gritted teeth, she demanded, “What do you want from me, you disgusting freak?”

Along with his eyes, his rotten yellow teeth glowed in the darkness of the room. The small amount of light that filled her bedroom from the opened windows was more than enough to see the putrid look on his face. He grinned, licking his lips, as he told her, “For every lawyer that has ever fucked me over, I’m going to shove my cock so far up your tight little ass, you’ll wish I’d chosen to slit your fucking throat instead.” He leaned over, crawling up the bed toward her face. “In fact, I’m pretty damn sure before I even get my dick half way into your ass you’ll be begging me to kill you.” He groaned as he moved up her body, sniffing against her stomach.

“Judging from the polished, stuck up woman you are, I’m positive your ass has never been fucked. I’m going to enjoy remedying you of that by filling your rectum with my big cock and fucking you so hard I’ll tear you apart from the inside. Then I’m going to do the same to your tight cunt and fuck you with my fist and maybe anything else I can think of.”

Her eyes rounded in terror. “What you did to those girls?” She choked on the words, unable to say more. Acidic bile rose up from her stomach, burning the back of her throat. She had seen the pictures—pictures Mason Levi gloated over. Had asked for copies of during the trial, said he wanted to masturbate to them in prison, show his fucking friends what an artist he was.

Sick, twisted son-of-a-bitch.

There was no doubt that Mason Levi was a psychopath, and she was about to die at his hands.

Her last thought was at least she’d had a chance to spend the night in the company of the two men she cared most about and loved, Sebastian and Jonah McCarthy. She would forever miss them. Regretting that it took dying for her to realize just how much both brothers meant to her.

* * * *

Jonah pushed open the door to Brie’s apartment. He could hear that the front of her place was clear, the sound of her heartbeat and that of another was coming from the back room. He crouched low enough so that his six-and-a-half-foot frame would not give him away. Hiding himself would be easy as long as it remained dark.

He crept down the hallway and heard the voice of Mason Levi. *Fuck!* His mind twisted and recoiled with apprehension. He’d come for her just as Sebastian feared. Why the hell didn’t Sebastian take her home instead of him? He never would’ve left her alone as Jonah had.

Now what the hell was he going to do? Even with his supernatural strength and senses, he couldn't see through walls to determine exactly where Brie was. What if he jumped through the door and before he could get to her, Mason killed her. No. That was not an option.

Think, damn it, think.

He studied the apartment. The only way in or out of the bedroom was by the hallway. He had no choice but to go in by those means and pray he could be quiet enough to get the surprise attack on Mason before he could hurt Brie.

With all the skill he had mastered over the long years of his life, he moved with stealth-like grace and eased beside the door frame leading into the bedroom. His heart tore in two as he heard Brie's sobbing cries and pleas. His claws lengthened, and so did his razor sharp canines. He was about to unleash the beast inside him, and he hoped he killed Mason Levi for fucking hurting the woman he had sworn to protect.

Closing his eyes, he took a deep breath, then rounded the corner with such speed it was all, but a blur. He launched himself at Mason, who was straddling Brie's chest. With a solid thud, Jonah collided with Mason, flinging his body off of Brie's and onto the floor. Before Mason could recover, Jonah was all over him, clawing and biting at him, slamming the weight of his body against him like a sledgehammer.

Mason gasped for breath, but Jonah wouldn't let up, the unleashed beast roared with the need for more pain, more revenge. He rammed his elbow into Mason's gut and flipped him over his shoulder. Mason scurried back onto his feet. No normal man could do that, and that's because he was no mere mortal. Jonah couldn't put his finger on exactly what Mason Levi was, but he was sure of two things—Mason Levi *wasn't* human, and he *wasn't* a wolf.

Mason turned away from Jonah and charged back toward Brie, the shining silver blade mocking him as it waved frantically in the air

above his head. Before Mason could get to Brie, Jonah slammed his shoulder into his gut, sending him crashing out the window of Brie's apartment, glass shattering in every direction. When Jonah got to the window, Mason was gone. There was no sign of him anywhere.

Without a moment to lose, he rushed over to tend to Brie who was chained by wrists and ankles to the bed. Gripping hold of the chains he wrenched her free from the restraints, snapping the bonds clear with little effort. Her arms wrapped around his neck, and she cried, sobbing so hard she shook both their bodies. She clung to him, pulling against him so tight he struggled to breathe, but he wouldn't dare say a word. He was there for her. Whatever she needed, he would provide.

Chapter Six

Sebastian's powerful stature filled the door of Brie's apartment. He's fingers and claws dug into the wood frame as he sniffed the air for danger. The remnants of the evil still lingered, but the threat was gone. He could sense his brother's steady heartbeat, and then he simply felt Brie's pain—a wash of fear that turned his heart inside out. His possessive need to protect her had the wild beast inside him clawing at the far corners of his mind.

Jonah, his mind growled.

A quick and brusque voice sounded in his ears, *In the back bedroom.*

Rounding the corner he witnessed, Brie huddled against his brother like a small, terrified child, her legs curled up under her, her arms draped around his neck. He knelt beside them, reaching a gentle hand out to touch her. He brushed the tangled hair back from her face. Whimpering at his touch, she clung tighter to Jonah.

“Brie,” his commanding voice purred as he spoke, the softness in which he said her name came from the bottom of his heart.

She raised her head, eyes locked on his. Instantly, her arms released Jonah only to wrap around Sebastian. She cried again, her relief-filled sobs shattering his heart into a million pieces. She wanted him, needed him, and his heart danced like clapping thunder in his chest. Realization smacked him in the face at just how much he wanted and needed her, too. Everything inside him told him that it was so much more than lust and natural born instinct—something more powerful altogether.

He growled as anger flooded his mind. He hadn't meant for her to get hurt. If he thought for one minute that she would've been in any danger, he would have demanded she stay with him or walked her home himself after he settled the matters he had to tend to. And damn it, he should've forced her no matter what argument she gave him. She was his to protect, and so far he had done a piss poor job of it. What kind of Alpha was he if he couldn't protect his own?

Where the hell was the security team that he had assigned to her house? Why had his precious Brie been subjected to the violence she was constantly defending the innocent against? Why had he not been here for her instead of Jonah? *Fuck!* He'd made a real mess of things.

Rocking her in his arms, he whispered, "Shhh, baby it's going to be all right. Jonah and I are going to take care of you now. You don't have to be afraid anymore. We won't leave you, I promise."

"Oh, Sebastian," she mumbled against his shoulder, sucking in tiny gulps of air, shivering between each sob. "He planned to kill me... rape me."

"Shhh, I'm here now. I've got you." Sebastian closed his eyes, brushing through her long, silky hair with his fingers before glancing to meet his brother's hard, abrasive stare.

We're taking her away from here. Make the necessary arrangements, pack what we'll need. We leave as soon as possible. Not a single word left his lips, but Jonah heard him all the same. The telepathic connection between the brothers was strong, as it was for most were-beings. *And Jonah...* Jonah caught his angry gaze. *Find out about the security detail. Find out what the fuck happened.*

His eyes wondered over the unlit lights in the room. The muscles in his forehead pinched tight, he asked, "Do the lights work?"

"N...no," Brie answered before Jonah could. "Mason must have cut the wires or something."

Jonah rose to his full height and left the room, while Sebastian tended to Brie. He lifted her from the floor, holding her in his arms as if she weighed nothing at all. Turning to see the bed, his canines

lengthened, cutting into his bottom lip. The taste of copper filled his mouth. He glanced over the chains that had bound her against her will. He thanked God that Jonah had been near. He didn't want to think about what they would've found had he not been.

He stepped past the bed and into the bathroom. Thanks to Jonah, the lights automatically flashed on. Brie's eyes popped open like the light somehow helped snap her out of the hellish nightmare she had just experienced. Blue eyes stared up at him. The innocence he captured in her gaze had his throat tightening. She was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen in his life, and no other would ever compare to her.

* * * *

"Sebastian," she whispered his name and just hearing it helped her mind ease into a peaceful state. Strangely, the touch of his skin made her feel safe...protected. She locked onto his dark gaze.

When her eyes met his as she lay cradled in Jonah's arms, the immediate instinct to run to Sebastian had been so powerful. She felt this way since their first kiss—an impulse to be near him fueled her mind. It was as if she was being commanded by a higher power to move into his arms and allow him to soothe her, comfort her. The attraction between them was so much more than physical.

"Yes?" The steel firmness of his voice had her toes curling. She batted her lashes, glancing down at his unbuttoned shirt. Dark hair teased her, begging for a gentle caress.

Fire burned inside her belly as her fingers curled through the soft hair on his chest. She craved the chance to open the remaining buttons to reveal the rest of his impressive body. She glanced up to see a mirroring image of her own desires reflected in his eyes.

Despite the evenings horrifying events, she couldn't get her heart to stop pounding in that unique way it did for only Sebastian. A fevered distraction she welcomed with open arms. Her mind was at a

loss for clarity, but her body seemed to know exactly what it wanted—needed.

Sebastian...

She knew she should feel like retreating inside the shell of a girl's fragile mind. To show her vulnerability and to want nothing more than to cuddle up into a ball and cry like a whimpering child for days and days, but she couldn't. The need to cleanse herself of the evening's terrifying events was much more powerful and commanding, but not by crying or shedding tears. What she needed was much more profound.

She wished to start over with the man gazing upon her face as if she was his high priestess and he was paying homage to her. She needed more than anything to have him hold her, touch her, make love to her, and even more, she needed the reassurance that he would protect her—always.

Her eyes heavy with need, she bravely asked him, "Will you help me into the shower?"

"Of course I will," he said matter-of-factly, as if her request hadn't even fazed him.

The slow pounding of his heart drummed against her chest as she slid down his body to stand in front of him. He took hold of her hand, leading her toward the shower, leaned down, and turned on the water. He faced her.

"Would you like me to help you with these?" He gestured to her jacket and blouse. His voice may have sounded polite, but the fevered desire that shot from his eyes was all but naughty, and oh so very nice.

She licked her lips. "If you'd like to," she told him, swallowing back the passion she shouldn't be feeling after what she'd just gone through, but she couldn't help it. Sebastian did things to her, and since she'd finally gotten the courage to kiss him the first time, she might as well see what else she had the courage to do.

His fingers worked the buttons on the jacket, sliding it free of her shoulders, then he unbuttoned her blouse. Tantalizing heat crept up her neck and face, flooding her cheeks with warm blood. Her breath quickened. Now free of her jacket and blouse, she met his dark gaze once more.

“Would you like my help with this?” He gestured toward the skirt.

She nodded. “Yes, please.”

Gliding across her waist, his fingers found the back zipper of her skirt. His broad chest pressed soothingly against her body, warming her straight to her bones. The sound the zipper made as he slowly tugged it down caused her heart to race. Her mouth dry, she dragged her tongue over her lips to moisten them.

She stepped clear of the skirt, blouse, and jacket. All that remained was her lacy white bra and panties. Studying her body, his gaze rose to meet hers.

“Would you like my help with—?”

Everything happened so quickly she didn’t allow him time to finish his thought. A moment later, she was in his arms and kissing him. She seized him closer, moaning softly into his mouth. He didn’t resist, opening his mouth in response to her greedy tongue, feeling as if his desire for her was just as fierce as her desire for him.

My mate, her mind cried, instinct speaking to her.

Melding his body against hers, she let him remove her bra. The lacy garment dropped to the ground, and she kicked it away. He knelt down in front of her, and her hands moved to tangle through his thick, dark hair.

Kissing her belly, he gripped her panties and tugged them down her quivering thighs. She kicked her head back as he nuzzled against the triangle of hair covering her pussy. She heard him inhale a deep breath as he burrowed against her skin, breathing in her rich feminine scent. Having him so dangerously close to her pussy gave her the urge to raise her leg and rest it on his shoulder, allowing him prime access

to her throbbing clit and wetness. Craving his tongue against her skin, she gripped his hair more firmly, forcing his face to linger.

She moaned as his hands grabbed hold of her ass, lifting her to the edge of the sink. He pressed her legs wide. Her breath hitched, and her pussy burned and throbbed as he stared at her glistening flesh.

“I’m going to taste you, Brie. I’m going to fuck your pussy with my tongue until you come. Don’t hold back, Brie. Give me all your sweet honey.”

“Yes,” she whimpered, then froze, clasping his shoulders. “No. Wait.”

Shock and surprise filled his eyes as he stared up at her with an arched, curious brow. “What is it?”

Nibbling her bottom lip, she swallowed back the tightness in her throat. She told him, “Take off your clothes first.”

“No.”

Her eyes widened, astounded by his response. “And why not?” she demanded.

“Because I said so,” he stated firmly through gritted teeth.

Without another moment lost, he dropped to his knees, parted the lips of her pussy and slid his tongue between the wet folds, probing her with hard, fevered strokes. His tongue danced over the sensitive bud.

Her head knocked back against the vanity mirror, and she moaned. Toes curling, his warm mouth sucked on her clitoris, but she wanted more. Oh, so much more.

“Oh, God, Sebastian, don’t stop licking me, sucking me, fucking me with your tongue.” Her fingers once again fisted in his hair.

Her nipples beaded. Panting, she moaned, “I need, oh God, I need—”

Pulling away from her pulsing core, he groaned against her wet flesh, asking, “What do you need, Brie? Tell me.”

What she needed was exactly what he was doing, but she needed more of it. Needed his entire body wedged between her legs, needed

his mouth claiming her body, every inch of it. Needed the fire he ignited in her body, her soul. The fever that made her feel incredible desire, passion. So much so she didn't feel like she could live without it. She'd start from the beginning with Sebastian if she had to, but eventually she'd get everything she yearned for.

Panting, she begged him, "Your fingers, I want them. Touch my pussy, please."

"Where do you want them? Rubbing your clit? Fucking your cunt? What do you want me to do, Brie?" he asked, flicking his tongue over her swollen and pulsing clit.

She opened her eyes to glance down at the gorgeous man between her thighs. Eyes penetrating, she felt compelled to speak plainly as if the need to be as specific as she could was the only way he would understand her needs, desires. She said, "I want you to fuck me with your fingers while you eat my pussy." Her belly quivered as she blurted out exactly what she wanted. Having a feral man kneeling between her legs was extraordinary, having him do whatever she wanted, needed was...powerful and flat out sexy.

"Damn, I love a woman who knows what she wants," he said with a groan as he licked her inner thigh.

She bucked at the feel of his tongue, a burning that screamed inside her mind, firing her body to a near meltdown. "Oh God, Sebastian, please don't make me wait. I can't stand it."

Grinning up at her, she knew that look was because of her uncharacteristic demand. Maybe she should feel ashamed for her blatancy, but she wasn't, and if Sebastian had any concerns, he certainly wasn't showing it.

"With pleasure," was his only response.

The sudden pressure of his fingers sliding in and out of her pussy stole her breath away. Pulsing in and out in long, heated strokes, his mouth continued to feast, licking and sucking every inch of her saturated cunt. His eager fingers explored her wetness, probing for the spot that had her mind erupting into an explosion of ecstasy.

Moaning with the release of her orgasm, she rode his tongue while he lapped up her wetness. Her body shuddered as he rose to place himself within the cradle of her thighs. He smiled, kissing her lips.

“Oh God, Sebastian,” she screamed, riding the last waves of her orgasm, resting her forehead against the crook of his neck, gasping for air.

He stroked her hair, gently encouraging her to meet his gaze, he whispered, “It’s not over yet.” There was a hint of laughter in his voice that made her pussy clench.

The tip of his cock probed at the opening of her cunt. Holding her gaze he pushed himself into her tight pussy. She gasped, feeling every inch of him—balls-deep.

Dear God, he was a well-endowed man, but he filled her like her body was meant to have him buried deep inside her. She arched her hips, giving him all the room he needed to fuck her. He didn’t need to be told what to do. Instantly, he gripped her hips and slammed himself to the hilt, over and over again, thrusting deep. Slow at first, until he broke out into a full on assault, fucking her so hard and fast she didn’t think she could take anymore. But she did, and she loved it.

A low grumble ripped from his chest, arms savagely grasping her as he slammed into her pussy once more, releasing his hot semen into her body.

Lowering his face to her shoulder, his breathing slowed. “Shit,” he murmured.

Her eyes sprung open wide. That was a word no woman wants to hear uttered after she’s given her body to a man for the first time, or any time for that matter.

“Brie.” The deep growl that emerged from his throat had her gasping. Panic ripped her heart from her chest. He leaned his forehead against hers and closed his eyes. “I couldn’t have picked a worst time to do this to you. I’m so sorry.”

She released her hold on him, horrified by what he must think of her. A short time ago, a murderer had planned to kill her, and here she

was having incredible sex with her *boss*, of all people, in her bathroom. Her face warmed and she knew her skin must be a thousand shades of red.

“Oh my God! I’m so ashamed.” She covered her face in her hands. *He must think I’m a whore*, she scolded herself.

Eyes rounded in confusion, he took hold of her hands and gently kissed each opened palm. Their gazes locked. “You’ve nothing to be ashamed about. I only meant that I hadn’t intended to make love to you in the bathroom. I pictured something a little more romantic for our first time.” He grinned, his eyes filled with so much heat, she shivered. “I believe I still owe you a perfect night.”

Oh, thank God, she said to herself, breathing a sigh of relief.

She nibbled her bottom lip as the warmth of his breath glided over her skin. The closeness and fevered touch of his body robbed her of breath. He was truly heaven on earth. And she was so damn relieved.

He kissed her mouth, a slow sensual kiss that reminded her again why she adored him so much. He was the perfect man for her—in every way.

Lifting her off the counter, he placed her into the steaming shower and pulled the curtain closed behind her.

“Sebastian?” she called out as she lathered shampoo in her hair.

“Yes.”

“You were right, you know?”

“And what exactly was I right about?”

She sighed. “I should’ve gone home with you tonight. I never should’ve underestimated Mason Levi.” She shook her head, her mind kicking her ass for being so stupid and thinking she knew him better than she did. “I spent so much time learning him, studying his behavior...I can’t believe I didn’t think he’d come after me.”

“How could you? He’s a murderer, Brie. He doesn’t have a rational bone in his body, and to try and figure out the mind of a psychopath is only going to give you a headache.”

She smiled. He seemed to know exactly what to say to her to make her smile. Then, she remembered that Jonah had come to her rescue and had he not...she shuddered to think what might've happened to her.

"How did Jonah know to come back for me?"

She jumped, as the deep timber of Jonah's voice answered, "I noticed the lights were still off in your apartment. Thinking that was strange, I came back to check on you and heard your struggles."

She popped her head around the shower curtain and saw him standing next to Sebastian, their backs resting against the wall of the bathroom, their arms bulging across their chests like warrior gods preparing for inspection. Jonah's eyes concentrated on hers as if searching to confirm that she was okay. Did he know she had just had sex with his brother? How could he not? The entire room smelled of her feminine musk. Is that why he looked at her so intently? Nonetheless, the sight of his concern warmed her.

Suddenly, her belly no longer quivered with nerves of her possible murder, but of the fact that she stood naked no more than three feet from the two sexiest men she had ever met and the knowledge of that had a slow ache building between her legs. She met Sebastian's gaze and noticed his dark brow rose. He studied her the same way she had studied them.

Was he aware of her body's reaction to them? Would he be jealous if he knew she thought both brothers were equally attractive? What would he think if he knew she had fantasized about the intimacy they could share together? Something inside her burned as if they were both meant for her, but how could she expect them to share her when she would never willingly share either of them.

God, she had never felt so much heat blast over her skin, warming her like a scorching sunburn. How could she possibly begin to explain that she was desperate to make love to both of them and not seem like a new-aged whore who only fucked brothers was beyond her. The

thought had her head throbbing, and she quickly closed the shower curtain. The illusion of privacy was better than none at all.

She rinsed the shampoo from her hair, asking, “So what’s the plan, guys? Do you plan to stand like Roman guards in my apartment all night long while I sleep, or do you have a real security team that plans to show up before Mason Levi returns to finish the job?”

The curtain beside her ripped open, the tiny plastic rings that held the shower curtain went flying in all directions. With a yelp, she jumped and pressed her naked back against the shower wall, her chest rising and falling in quick, sharp breaths.

“Don’t ever tease about that again.” Sebastian gripped her wet shoulders, his fingers kneading deep into her muscles and delicate skin. He shook her gently. “Do you hear me, Brie?”

She nodded, swallowing hard. Her eyes went wide, taking in the ferocious sight of him. She didn’t know what to make of him hovering over her, looking at her as if he felt personally responsible for what happened to her. The fact that she was naked in front of both men seemed to fade to the back of her mind. All she could think about was the pain and anguish she saw in Sebastian’s eyes. Glancing past him she noticed that Jonah wore the same mask of emotions.

“Finish your shower,” he growled. “And when you’re done,” his eyes drifted over her naked wet body with deep longing, “we’ll talk.” The men stepped free of the bathroom, leaving her to her own devices.

Chapter Seven

Was it possible for a heart to explode out of a man's chest? Because that's exactly how Sebastian felt being so close to Brie. Not being able to touch her was making him insane. The sexual tension blazing between them was so thick he could taste it. He knew she felt it, too, and had since they'd fucked in her bathroom, exchanging secret glances every chance they got, brushing up against each other with every opportunity.

The memory of touching her had his fingers tightening around the steering wheel. The need to hold her in his arms, press his lips to hers, taste her succulent body, everything he wanted to do to her was driving him wild.

Biting the inside of his of his mouth, he imagined what it would be like to take his time savoring her body. He didn't want to just fuck her pussy and mindlessly ravage her body. He wanted to love her, sample every inch of her flesh until she was writhing in his arms from unbelievable bouts of passion. Passion he brought out in her.

The heat of her stare was like fire blazing over the sensitive flesh of his body. The desire in her eyes awakened his soul. She stole the breath from his lungs and revved his blood.

He heard her shift and glanced up into the rearview mirror to look at her, sitting in the backseat of his dually pickup truck, arms folded over her chest. Brie's soothing voice pulled him out of his sexual thoughts and back into reality—a reality that reminded him that he was sitting next to his brother, racing down Interstate 20, running and hiding from a serial killer.

Brie released a heavy sigh, then asked, "Are you sure we need to do this?"

"Yes!" Sebastian and Jonah replied in unison.

Brie blew out an exhausted sigh. Her eyes roaming over the tan leather interior. "I didn't know you owned a pickup truck. I pictured you as more of a Mercedes kind of guy." Her eyes darted to the back of Sebastian's head.

"I have one of those, too," he said with a deep husk in his voice. He glanced at her from the rearview mirror, holding her gaze, then he quickly looked away before the desire he felt for her rushed to his cock. Driving with a hard-on was a real bitch. "To be clear, there are a lot of things you don't know about me."

Like what the moon does to me, or how just being near you drives me wild, makes me want to ravage your body in ways you only dreamed...ways I only dreamed.

She rolled her eyes at him. "So tell me again, where are we going exactly? And how long will we be there?"

"We're taking you to our ranch in east Texas. We have well over three thousand acres of land. Total seclusion. It's the perfect place to keep out of sight while the Fed's track down dear old Mason Levi." He glanced back at the mirror again to see her huff out another breath, her patience thinning. He grinned. "Don't worry, little lady, we'll be there shortly." Her eyes moved to meet his once again. He couldn't help but feel his heart pound harder and harder in his chest as his eyes swept over her sweet, heart-shaped face.

Damn, did she not know how beautiful she was?

"And what if they never find him?"

"They will," Jonah said without hesitation. "But if they don't, you'll have no choice but to live with us at the ranch...forever."

"Forever," she balked. "Are you out of your ever loving mind?"

Jonah cocked his head, his playboy grin gleaming across his face. "Some might say that, but honestly, you won't have to worry about that because Mason Levi *will* be caught."

“How can you be so sure?”

Jonah glanced over at his brother. They exchanged an understanding glance. With a nod, Sebastian said, “Because no other option is acceptable, Brie.” His eyes sought out her reflection in the mirror. “We will not have you living in fear for the rest of your life. Jonah and I will see that this nightmare ends for you no matter what it takes, but in the meantime we’re all going to make the best out of this situation. Consider this a well-earned vacation.”

“Right, a vacation.” She snickered. “Something I have no experience with. What exactly does someone do on a vacation?”

Eyebrows raised, he glanced over his shoulder. Jonah said, “I can think of a lot of things we can do.” His dusty brown brow danced up and down.

The heat of embarrassment reddened Brie’s cheeks. Sebastian glared over at his brother, wanting to smack the back of his head. He’d have to wait till later to scold Jonah for his sexual innuendoes. Of course, if Brie didn’t appreciate that side of Jonah, she never let on to it.

“There are tons of things to do. We have private lakes for swimming and boating, hiking and biking trails, horses and livestock to tend to, and a house big enough that should you want to escape for privacy, nothing would stop you.” He smiled at her. “Trust me when I say there are plenty of things to do and tons of places to explore. You’ll have a great time.”

And maybe you’ll even have a helluva time as I fuck you senseless in my bed, on the couch, or in the woods... He only hoped.

* * * *

An hour later, Sebastian pulled down a long dirt road that wound around several acres of trees and large and small boulders before coming upon a chain-link perimeter fence. Jonah reached above his head and pressed a gray button on a black remote that opened the

fence, letting them inside. Once through, the fence closed behind them.

“Is this your property?” Brie questioned.

Sebastian met her gaze in the reflection of the mirror. His gaze was hot and smoldering. He’d been staring at her like that most of the trip, and she feared she’d been unsuccessful at blocking her own desires.

Sebastian’s voice tickled her senses as he told her, “Yes, but we still have a few minutes before we arrive at the house.”

Ten minutes later, they pulled up to a white two-story rustic cedar and stone framed house that could only be described as luxurious country living. The majestic cabin was set away from a vibrant green forest of trees, giving plenty of area to roam around or frolic about like playful children.

Her eyes spied a trail that vanished into the line of trees at the side of the house. She imagined taking long walks and maybe even finding a place where she and Sebastian might have their perfect night. Her pussy clenched and warmth crept up her face as she noticed Sebastian’s gaze inspecting her every move. Could he have somehow detected where her thoughts had strayed?

Glancing away, her eyes drifted back to the wraparound porch that surrounded the home, porch swings and chairs on every side. Livestock, mostly horses, roamed the open pasture. For an east coast city girl, everything about their home was simply amazing.

She jumped from the vehicle like a child who had just arrived at Disney World for the first time. “Okay, you’re right. I can totally enjoy spending a little vacation time here.”

Sebastian came up behind her, his hands grasping her shoulders, “I’m glad you approve.”

She spun around to face him. Her pulse quickened. “Oh, I do. I really do.” She wrapped her arms around his waist and hugged him. “Thank you for bringing me here. I can’t believe what you and Jonah are doing for me.”

He cupped her face in his hands. "Brie, you are very special to me...to us. We would do anything for you. Never forget that."

The way he professed that, she almost believed it. "Thank you."

He kissed her before handing her keys to the house. "I'll grab the bags if you'd like to open up the cabin."

Taking the keys, or more like snatching them away, she bounded for the door. Keys jiggling in hand, she stepped inside and froze, unable to move. The sight before her rendered her immobile.

Swallowing, she couldn't believe her eyes. The house was even grander on the inside. No expense spared. Off-white carpeting butted up against maple colored hardwood floors, dark marble countertops, oak cabinetry, and lush furnishings of neutral tans and deep mochas.

Sophistication and masculinity rolled up into one perfect home, a mix of both Sebastian and Jonah. Strangely, she felt like she'd come home, her home.

Jonah came up behind her carrying several bags. "Is everything okay?" he asked.

"Please tell me I'm not dreaming."

"You're not dreaming." He chuckled. "Now, why did I just tell you you're not dreaming?"

"This place is amazing!" Brie grew up in a completely different world compared to this. She moved into the spacious foyer, arms extended out at her sides as she whirled around. "I...What...Wow, this is so incredible."

"Don't be ridiculous." Jonah shrugged. "It's just a house."

Her brow furrowed. Jabbing her hands to her hips, she argued, "Just a house? Are you kidding me? This place is the size of an apartment building, mind you one you might find in the foothills where cabins overlook majestic lands, but still, there is nothing that would call this place "just a house."

Sebastian stepped through the door, his arms just as full of luggage as Jonah's. Damn, how long did they intend to be here? Did she pack enough for this little adventure? Probably not. Most likely

she'd just have to do laundry more often than planned. Funny how that particular thought didn't make her feel like she was on a real vacation.

She frowned. Trapped in the boonies, there was little chance of finding a dry cleaner nearby. *Bummer.*

"This cabin has been in our family for generations. Jonah and I did some renovations on it over the years. The animals on the land have all been born and raised here. They're basically family, too. Mind you, this is not the only cabin on McCarthy Ranch. The three thousand acres was divided up within the family. Some cousins live nearby, but we rarely see them." He shrugged, "It's an effort to visit, even in a car, when you start adding up the miles back and forth from ranch to ranch. So like I said, total seclusion."

"How long has it been since you were here last?"

"We come here every month," Jonah answered.

Strange awareness settled in her belly. She should have put the pieces together sooner, but still there was something missing. Why did this place, the men standing before her, feel so at home in her heart like they were an extension of her body, her soul? "So this is where you two disappear to each month?"

Sebastian arched a brow. Jonah kicked the door closed with his foot. They held her suspicious stare.

She choked back the strange thoughts pummeling through her head, the churning in her stomach. What were these emotions she was feeling?

Shaking the thoughts away, she asked, "Who tends the animals when you're not here?"

Sebastian dropped the luggage beside the long dark leather sofa separating the spacious sitting room from the breakfast nook. "We've hired hands that keep up with the livestock and maintaining the cabin. If you're interested, you could get up early tomorrow morning and watch them tend to the cattle and horses. I'm sure if you want to lend

a hand, they'd love to teach you all about feeding them and cleaning out their stables."

She scrunched her face and asked for clarification, "You mean like, picking up their crap?"

Sebastian nodded, a stiff hand covering his grinning mouth, stroking against the whiskers on his chin.

"Ewww. No, thank you. As much as I think they're beautiful creatures, I'll stick to city living."

Jonah snickered, "I don't blame you. I had to shovel shit for years because I was the youngest, and unfortunately, it's true what they say...shit really does roll downhill." She smiled back at him. "Let me show you to your room." He cocked his head toward the stairs. "Your rooms are up here."

Brie followed close behind as he trudged up the stairs carrying her luggage. His tight, muscular ass waved in front of her eyes, flexing with each upward step. A welcomed distraction she needed after the events of the past forty-eight hours. Eyes moving up long, lean legs, she nibbled her bottom lip. Damn, this was a sight she could get very use to.

Jonah rounded the corner at the top of the stairs and pushed open the first door on the left. Stepping inside the room, she gasped. He turned to see her face and grinned.

"Do you like it?" he asked, dropping her bags in front of the walk-in closet.

"Oh my God, Jonah, this room is fantastic." *More like heavenly.*

She stared at the enormous, pristine white room, the only room in the house that was feminine in any way. A safe haven in a world filled with darkness. White lacy curtains danced on the soft wind that blew inside the opened windows and double doors leading outside. She had her own balcony—a furnished balcony.

Stepping through the opened French doors, she ran the tips of her fingers over the soft mocha fabric of the matching lounge chairs. The breathtaking view of the land around her was a contrast of dark greens

and subtle browns. Forests blanketed the McCarthy property, only opening to reveal rolling hills for numerous cattle and horses to roam.

Jonah moved up behind her, hands clasping her shoulders. She turned to face him, and her breath caught in her chest. His touch burned into her skin, and she was struck by just how good his touch felt.

Clearing her throat, she said, "This is so beautiful, Jonah. I can't believe this is yours. I never imagined either of you living in a place like this. Your childhood must have been incredible."

He shrugged. "Sometimes," he said drily. "But I think I'm going to like it even more now that you're here." Leaning closer to her, his hands cupped her face. He pressed a kiss to her lips, holding her in his arms.

Jonah's sensual lips caressed hers in invitation, one which she was unable to deny. Hands fisted at her sides slowly moved to grasp firm, broad shoulders. The warm, rich taste of him was intoxicating and left her dizzy with wonder. How could a man so powerful kiss in such a soft, but possessive way? He used his entire body to kiss her, not just his mouth. She loved it, craved more of it.

Warming thoughts took hold of her heart. She couldn't resist the man whose lips molded to hers like they were destined to. Unable to do much more than breathe, she let him take her mouth, taste her as she tasted him. God, his flavor was euphoric.

Her self-control was fleeting. Control she was never without. Jonah did this to her. He robbed her of will, possessing her faster and with more passion than she dared to give. It was too soon, too wrong. No, she couldn't do this. Sebastian was the one she wanted, needed. Not Jonah.

But if it wasn't Jonah, then why was it so easy to sink into his touch, drown into his kiss?

She sighed, pulling back, her palms flat against his firm chest. "Jonah," she warned.

Overpowering the little restraint she used to separate them, he breathed against her face, eyes filled with desire and need. Pure, animalistic hunger. Her heart raced. Her pussy quivered.

“Don’t, Brie. Don’t say anything.” He stroked her cheek with the backs of his fingers, and she leaned into his touch, craving the physical contact. “I get that you and Sebastian have something special, and I’d never want to change that...but I also know that I can’t go another day without truly letting you know that I’m crazy about you. I want you, Brie. All of you. I won’t rest until I’m able to be with you. Pleasure you as no other man can.”

Oh God, how she wanted him, too, but how was it possible? Technically, she wasn’t involved with anyone, but she had serious feelings for Sebastian. How could she explain that she was in love with both of them? It had always been so.

“Let me love you, Brie. Let me show you just how perfect we can be together. You already possess my heart. Give me a chance to possess yours.”

Trembling in his arms she struggled to pull away, only managing to whisper his name. “Jonah.”

His mouth claimed hers, a deep, seeking kiss that had her toes curling in her tennis shoes and her heart doing somersaults. Pulling her up against him, his tongue plunged inside her mouth. Hard and ruthless, soft and sweet, robbing her body of breath and strength, she wanted to drown in his kiss. She closed her eyes as the raw power of him washed over her—in her. Heat surged between her legs, a deep throbbing ache desperate to be filled.

She moaned, grabbing his shoulders for support. The warm taste of rich spices filled her mouth. She couldn’t get enough of him. Hungry for more, she wanted to run her hands across his chest, back, and ass, feel every inch of his hard body. God, she wanted this man—needed him, as if his touch was the only thing that could save her from a life of misery—loneliness.

“Jonah!” she cried, breaking their kiss.

Her breath came fast and hard. What was she doing? She should stop this insanity, but his commanding presence seemed to zap away all her will to resist.

He stroked her cheek with his thumb, holding her face in his uncompromising hands. “Don’t talk, just feel. Let me love you like I’ve always wanted to. I won’t hurt you, Brie. I swear.” He captured her hand with his and placed her palm flat against his rapidly beating heart. The pulsing thunder beneath her hand stole her breath away, she held his passionate gaze. “I need you. I’ve always needed you. Please, Brie. It’s okay to want me, I promise.”

All the remnants of her sanity shred into a million fragments as he cradled her head at the nape of her neck, while his other hand lowered to the small of her back, and took her mouth once more. Kissing so deep and passionately her lips throbbed from the intense pressure.

The taste of him overwhelmed her; salty, sweet, and spicy, each decadent flavor fused into one delicious male—a feral being that covered her body with a fiery heat. He wanted her, desired her. The lust in his eyes and the hard press of his cock against her belly told her that much, but did he want her for more than just an easy fuck? Could he ever want her the way she wanted him? Loved him?

Damn, her brain was so fuzzy with thoughts, nothing made sense. Drunk on him like a fine wine. She wanted to push him away, remind him that she’d already given her body to Sebastian. But she couldn’t form the words to make him stop. Instinct drove her, forcing her to let him have his way with her. In some strange way, he belonged to her and her to him.

She sucked in a breath as he made quick work of her clothing, shedding them as if she’d already been naked. Wrapping his arms around her waist, he pulled her to the bed, placing her naked body over top of his. Straddling him, his erection pulsed between her legs, probing at her most intimate flesh. Her pussy ached with need. Things were moving so fast, she couldn’t breathe, couldn’t focus.

She shook her head. No, this wasn't right, how could this be right? Holding her face in his hands, he looked into her eyes. Unrelenting lust chased away all coherent thoughts. She stared back at him, mouth dry, panic and fear rippling throughout her body like a destructive tidal wave.

"Brie, it's me. You don't have to be afraid. I'm not going to hurt you. I'm going to love you. If you let me, I promise I'll always be here for you."

As she closed her eyes, a tear slid from the corner, hating that her heart and mind battled. "What's happening to me, Jonah? Why can't I resist you? I know it should be wrong to want you, but something inside won't let me."

A slight smile tugged at his lips as he brushed the fallen tear from her cheek. He told her, "Because you're not supposed to. Your body wants me inside you. Your heart knows the love I have for you is true." His lips pressed to the curve of her jaw, he nipped at the skin. "Your body and heart recognizes what it needs. Let me be what you need, Brie. Let me fuck you until you come, let me show you how much pleasure our bodies can give each other."

He sucked her tongue into his mouth, dominating her mouth with thrust after thrust, making her tremble with need. Her bare skin warmed under his exploring hands, cupping her breasts and stroking her nipples. Sharp teeth grazed her bottom lip, and she shivered.

His fingers trailed over the sensitive flesh of her breasts, kneading the heavy mounds. Circling around her nipples, he lowered his mouth to take the erect tip between his teeth, nipping and teasing. He sucked the tender bead, until the skin turned berry pink. Then he made his way to the other to perform the exact same exquisite torture.

Her fluttering moans drew his attention back to her. He plundered her mouth with abandon. Her pussy clenched with need.

"I love the feel of your body," he murmured. "But I want more. I need more." He groaned, devouring her mouth. "Move up my body so I can taste your pussy, Brie."

She met his gaze and swallowed. “What?”

Licking the seam of her lips, he said plainly, “I want to eat your pussy. I need to know the taste of your cunt, and I want to do it while you’re spread so beautifully across my face. I want to see your body writhing above me, while I fuck you with my tongue and make you come.”

A deep throaty sigh escaped her, and she did as he asked. Crawling up his body, she placed one thigh to each side of his face. His tongue dipped between the folds of wet flesh, his thumbs parting her pussy, exposing her clit. He sucked the sensitive bud hard and deep, over and over again, until she was arching her back from the electrified pleasure surging through her body.

His finger sank deep into her pussy, and she moaned, widening her legs. With a soft cry, she arched into his touch. Another finger surged deep, then another, her breath hitched as he stretched her pussy. His tongue grazed over the swollen clit, wet and slick from her honey.

“Oh God, Jonah. Don’t stop doing that!”

“Doing what, Brie?”

Unsure of how to respond she bit her lip.

“Don’t hold back, sweetheart. I won’t hurt you, but I need to know what you want from me. Tell me what you like, what you need. I never want any secrets between us. I want to know all your desires.”

She swallowed back the nerves fluttering in her belly. What was it with men always needing to hear what she wanted? Wasn’t it obvious?

She closed her eyes, her cheeks heating, she whispered, “I want your mouth on my clit, while you fuck me with your fingers.” This was her favorite form of possession, and she couldn’t get enough.

He grinned. “Now see, that wasn’t so bad. And I can honestly think of nothing more I’d like to do at this very moment.”

Devouring her, he sucked hard, gliding his mouth over her clit in a steady rhythm, up and down. Her breathing grew harder. The color of

her flesh reddening with the increase of blood flowing through her heavily aroused body. Her nipples peaked, and she massaged her own breasts, tugging on the harden tips.

“Yes, Jonah. Yes!” Gasping for air, her pussy clenched around his fingers. Her body blazed with the fire of her release. Hips unable to stop moving, she fucked his fingers.

“That’s it baby.” He licked her one last time, dipping his tongue into her slick pussy. “Damn, you taste amazing...Like ambrosia.” He kissed her damp thighs. “You ready to feel my cock buried inside you, Brie?”

Anticipation leapt in her belly, and before she could blink, Jonah flipped her to her back and rested above her, the head of his cock pressed against the opening of her pussy. Using his hands, he held the back of her bent knees, pressing her wider as he slowly pushed inside her tight cunt.

Brie dug her fingernails into his back, as his thick cock plunged deeper into her saturated pussy. She gasped as he finally sank completely in. Pressing a gentle kiss to her lips, he grinned, easing himself out of her and tunneling back in.

She moaned as his cock brushed over the sensitive spot inside her with each of his thrusts. Her body screamed from the overwhelming sensation he was causing her to experience. Trembling, she closed her eyes, breathless with desire.

Gritting his teeth, he pulled out only to hammer back in, over and over, harder and faster, each time more intense than the last. Her body burned with need, clawing at her from deep inside. She needed more, wanted more. Suddenly, pleasure bolted throughout her body, leaving her boneless. She gasped for air as her body rocked and shuddered from her orgasm. The rush of fever surged through her body as her pussy clamped down around his hard cock.

“God, you feel so good, Brie. That’s it baby, just a little longer.”

He bucked into her once again, driving his cock to the very depths of her pussy, fucking her like a wild animal. He surged, over and over

again, until his body tensed and he found his release. Hips slowing, he rolled off her and to the side, pulling her body up against his.

Then her world crashed and exploded with visions of Sebastian and the love she had for both brothers. How could she have done this to him...Them? It didn't matter that Jonah knew she had been with his brother. She had still betrayed Sebastian. How would he ever forgive her?

Damn, these strange emotions that teased her mind, made her want and desire things she should avoid. How had this happened to her?

"Jonah, what have we done?" Heart pounding with utter turmoil, she sprung from the bed. "I can't believe I did this to him."

Leaning on his elbows, he stared at her. "What are you talking about? Did what to whom?"

She finished dressing and ran for the door. Turning to face Jonah one last time, she explained, "I'm in love with Sebastian, and I just slept with you. What kind of woman does that make me?" Covering her mouth, she fought to control the sobs ripping from her chest.

The door slammed behind her, and she charged from the house. Cringing at her actions, her mind and heart were torn in two and filled with shame. Her only wish was that she could hide, but not from the brothers—from herself.

Chapter Eight

Sebastian roared into the room, slamming the door against the wall, eyes blazing with fury. “What the hell just happened? Why did Brie just push past me crying her eyes out? She wouldn’t even let me near her, screaming at me to leave her alone. What did you do to her, Jonah?” Snarling, his eyes whipped over his brothers naked body, and like a slap to the face, it all made sense. Jonah had slept with her. “Did you hurt her?” Jonah eased up into a sitting position, his face seething with anger. Reaching forward, Sebastian slugged him across the jaw. “I asked you a fucking question. Did you hurt her?”

“No!” He whipped his head around to glare at him. “I would never hurt, Brie...and fuck you for even thinking I would.”

“Then what the hell happened in here to make her so emotional?”

“Shit, I don’t know.” Jonah shrugged. “Everything was great, until it wasn’t, and she stormed out of here saying something about being in love with you and now she hates herself because she fucked me.”

“Damn it!” Sebastian ran a stiff hand through his hair. “This is bad. This is so very bad. I should’ve insisted you wait to touch her until after we had a chance to talk with her. Shit, we should’ve eased her into this.”

“Why? Brie wanted me. She said as much to me before we made love. Besides, you didn’t wait to have your way with her. You fucked her on her bathroom sink, for Christ’s sake! Right after Mason tried to have his way with her. That wasn’t an issue then, but the minute I spend time with her, you suddenly have restrictions? No fucking way, big brother. I’ll take her whenever and wherever I want her. She belongs to both of us...not just you.”

Growling, Sebastian pounced, slamming against him, his claws dug around Jonah's throat. "I'm the Alpha in this family, asshole. You best remember that." He squeezed his fingers tighter around his neck. "You will not touch Brie again until I give you permission. Do you understand me?"

Through gritted teeth, he said with a snarl, "Yes. I understand. Now get the fuck off me!"

Sebastian released his fierce hold on Jonah's throat and stepped back. His gaze searched for something, but what exactly he didn't know. What he did know was that somehow he and Jonah had to make things right with Brie. They had to show her how they felt about her, how important she was to them. More importantly, they had to prove to her that they would be all right together—all three of them, one big happy fucking family.

Turning, he faced Jonah. "When she calms down, we'll talk with her...you and me, together. We won't touch her until we explain everything to her and she's comfortable with us." He shook his head, running a nervous hand through his tousled hair. "She's got to be confused. It's different for us. We were born into this life. We know about the pheromones and instinct, but she doesn't." He glared at his brother, still lounging on the bed like an overpaid porn star. "I had hoped to share our lives with her slowly. Gain her trust before we dropped the bombshell of our true natures on her."

Jonah flipped the sheet off his lap, scooted off the bed, and grabbed his jeans, stabbing one leg in after the other. "Well, it's a little late for that, so we might as well focus on what we can do from this point forward." He exhaled a hard breath and held his brother's intense gaze. "What do we do now?"

Instantly, both brothers froze, their ears perking up to hear the sounds of screams. Sebastian's heart exploded as he recognized Brie's blood-curdling cries. Something was wrong, terribly wrong. Like a bullet the brothers shot from the room in search of the danger that threatened their woman.

* * * *

The cool night air filled Ryken's lungs and charged his blood. Running wild through the night felt right, normal, and he loved it. That's why he did it so often. Running was part of who he was. The beast called to him, begged him for a moment's peace. A moment where he could be who and what he truly was...a werewolf, or Lycan as his kind was also called.

Nights like this made him feel whole again, made him not miss the normalcy of the world around him. Running through the woods was invigorating, almost as good as sex, but not quite. However, the number of females aimlessly wondering around the woods of McCarthy Ranch was few and non-existent—a sad fact that kept him celibate longer than he wished.

He and his twin brother Luken spent their days in rotation, one patrolling their vast lands, while the other slept. This was his week to patrol during the night, his favorite time of the day. There was something mystic and powerful about changing into his beast while roaming the woods in the complete darkness of night.

The thrill of the hunt fueled his body, charged him with a renewed level of energy, made him feel powerful, invincible even. Straining muscles and claws, pulled and stressed as he ran, air whooshing from his lungs in hard, heavy gasps. He reveled in tracking creatures that called the woods their home and any other thing that didn't belong. He protected his home and land with a level of pride that instinctively had his chest boosting. Nights like this were what he lived for. The peace and tranquility of his family's lands, the safety and security they provided his kind—an unimaginable sanctuary.

Charging the woods in a full sprint, he came to a halt, his chest heaving in and out vast gulps of air. He sniffed the winds that blew gently through the trees. The fragrance of feminine allure caught his attention, pulled him from his wild and free thoughts. A woman. A

female whose arousal could be easily detected, and one who was within a stone's throw from him now.

A low growl curled his lips and fired his blood. Not only was there a female close by in need of a good fuck, but he was going to have a chance to stretch his legs and give chase to something worthy. What was the chance that on this night he would find a willing female—one hot and ready to receive his burning cock? A female in heat, one craving the touch of a beast that he could give her.

The scent of her need lay thick in the air. He inhaled the aroma, a fragrance he would forever recognize. How was it that a lonely female wandered these woods? Who was she? How did she get here? He didn't know, but he was sure going to find out.

Like a bolt of lightning, he charged in the direction of the spellbinding scent, his cock pulsing with promise. He didn't know what he might find, but at this point, he didn't care. The fact that she was a warm body in need of mating was all he cared about. The instinct to pleasure her clawed at his mind.

He would satisfy this female the moment he got her back to his home. Luken would know what to do with her. He would know the female was his by right of finding, and he would not interfere. First things first, he would make sure she was unharmed before he sank his cock in the depths of her slick pussy.

* * * *

Brie stumbled over several rocks and sticks as her vision blurred with tears. She scraped her hands over the coarse bark of large majestic trees, but even the pain her body was experiencing from the numerous stumbles and falls over stumps and rocks wasn't enough to make her turn back.

Her heart ravaged by her indiscretions, she couldn't find the inner strength to return to the sanctuary of the McCarthy cabin. She couldn't face the brothers after what she'd allowed to happen. Her

heart was a tangled mess. She loved Sebastian, but her heart also belonged to Jonah.

How was that even possible? How could she be in love with two men, brothers no less? She'd never felt so out of control before. Her life was simple, spent working and going home for the night—alone. Sure, she fantasized about the brothers on a regular basis, she'd admit that. But one touch of Sebastian's lips proved fatal, and now she stood lost in a forest she had no idea how to escape.

Twilight was falling upon her, and she was lost in the woods with limited clothing, no food, no shelter. Damn, this was one of the stupidest things she had ever done...besides, of course, having incredible sex with two brothers only mere days apart. Suddenly, her head and heart ached.

Shit!

Brie turned, trying to find her footprints in the mess of leaves, rocks and sticks at her feet, thinking that perhaps she could retrace her footsteps and find her way back to the cabin. Surely, if she didn't return soon, someone would come looking for her. She cringed, heart jumping to her throat.

"Shit, shit, double shit." She balked.

That would mean Sebastian or Jonah would come looking for her...Or worse yet, both of them at the same time. She swallowed back the rising nerves choking her. The last thing she needed was to have both brothers standing in front of her right now. Staring at her, their eyes filled with questions she had no answers to, passing judgment over her.

How could they ever work together again? She ruined her life, her career, her chance at love.

She assumed by now that Sebastian had gone to Jonah to discover why she darted past him screaming at him to leave her alone. Hating at times that she had a tendency for the dramatic, she realized now that she could've just gone to the bathroom to shed a few guilty tears,

but no, not her. Her dumb ass had to get lost in the woods just before everything turned pitch-black.

The rustle of leaves behind her drew her attention. Even during the casting darkness, she could still make out the vast woody landscape, but her eyes saw nothing out of the ordinary—other than the shadows that created eerie and gut-twisting figures.

Must be the wind, she told herself glancing back down to continue retracing her steps.

Then the unmistakable sound of a low thunderous growl emerged from behind her. She froze, cocking her head to glance over her shoulder, seeking the creature that was so close the hair at the nape of her neck was standing on end. Eyes wide, she held her breath.

Glowing white, snarling fangs teased and tormented her in the thickening darkness, threatening to rip the very flesh from her bones. One step backward, then another, praying that she could find her way back before whatever kind of creature growling tore her throat out.

Stupidly, she took too large a step and fell, landing square on her ass. The animal lurched forward, and she screamed, covering her face with her arms. Her scream never ended as the creature grabbed hold of her pant leg with its razor sharp teeth, pulling her deeper into the woods. Struggling against the beast, she gripped hold of trees, nails digging into the bark. She grabbed rocks and threw them only to miss—her aim lousy. Kicking with her foot, she nailed the beast in the face repeatedly. Ignoring her strikes, the animal continued to draw her deeper into the woods.

Her voice grew hoarse from her screams. She choked back the rising fear. Kicking the beast with her other leg, it released her, but only for a moment as it launched itself at her and pinned her body to the ground. Menacing claws extended from massive paws, fierce teeth snapped at her, silvery eyes glaring. She swallowed, silencing her screams.

Closing her eyes, she turned her face waiting for the beast to attack. Her body jolted as the weight of the creature was forced

away—a whoosh of air that made her open her eyes. Another creature battled the beast, but it wasn't what had attacked her. Its enormous size and white fur caused it to stand out in the darkness. Then her eyes spied another animal, this one gray, both wrestling against the other creature.

The darker beast dwarfed in comparison to the white and gray animals. They were making a mockery of him. Its strength and speed no match to theirs. They tagged teamed him with an attacking skill she couldn't believe she witnessed.

Realizing she should take advantage of the distraction and run, creating as much distance as she could, she rolled to the side and scrambled to her feet, darting back along the path. Legs burning like fire, she pumped her arms. The snarling sounds growing fainter.

"Brie, wait!" A primal roar sprung around her sending the forest into silence.

What the fuck was that? Wait? I don't fucking think so! Her mind cried.

"I said stop!" The frightening growl lashed out at her like a leather whip, drawing her legs to a dead stop.

Unable to resist, she turned and caught sight of what called out to her. Her heart leapt from her chest as both Sebastian and Jonah emerged from the darkness, their bodies coated in sweat, blood and...They were naked.

Her eyes swept over them, her mind twisting and reeling from what she saw—pieces of the puzzle forced together.

No. This can't be right. The stories from my childhood, they were just legends...but if they were only legends, then why are both Sebastian and Jonah staring at me with glowing silver eyes, and enlarged muscular bodies and claws?

Her mind knocked around the thoughts of what had just happened. *Oh God*, her mind cried. She'd been attacked by one of them and Sebastian and Jonah had saved her.

Sudden anger rippled through her, mind on fire with rage. Damn it, they should've told her. Why didn't they trust her with their secret? She gritted her teeth, wanting to scream at them for keeping something like this from her. How dare they? She could've been killed.

They were werewolves for crying out loud. No wonder she couldn't keep her fucking hands to herself. She was practically in heat.

Forcing her hands to her hips, she squared her shoulders and bellowed, "What the fuck, guys! You thought I'd be safe if you brought me to a goddamn wolf lodge?"

* * * *

Sebastian cocked his head, catching her incredulous stare. She didn't seem shocked or scared, but she did look flat-out pissed off. Most women would be hauling ass to get away from them, assuming they were monsters, rabid dogs even, but not Brie.

He took a few long strides to close the distance between them, his chest heaving in and out ragged breaths. "How are you not frightened by what you saw...what you see now?" His voice had altered, he didn't sound like himself. He sounded like the beast—the wolf.

She rolled her eyes as if to let him know she thought his question ridiculous, and said, "How did I not know that you were werewolves?"

Jonah's mouth gaped, and then he waved his hand in the air drawing attention in his direction. "Umm, sorry, I must be the slow one here. How the hell could you know what we are?"

She exhaled a heavy breath, and said, "Ah gee, I don't know, maybe because my family bloodline is a mix of the McIntyre Ferguson Clan. I'm a direct descendant of Artair McIntyre and Branán Ferguson of Ullapool, Scotland. The first recorded families in

Scotland to have seen cases of lycanthropy.” She shrugged. “So the legend goes.”

Sebastian’s eyes widened with disbelief. How had he not known she had wolf DNA pumping through her veins? How had he not sensed the connection when he tasted her mouth and delicious pussy? How had he not scented what she really was? He knew she was theirs, could feel her power over him straight to his bones, but this he never expected.

“Did you know what we were before tonight?” He growled through gritted teeth, eyes still a shimmering silver.

* * * *

She held his hard stare and shook her head. She knew more than she wanted to admit about the brothers, but mostly through stories, legends of beings so powerful that no mortal man could destroy them—except for silver. Her family was littered with these fantastical stories. She herself was said to have uniqueness about her, a wolf without the fur, so to speak. But she’d never experienced anything but a normal life. The legends she’d grown up with were supposed to be stories, not reality.

Still, she wasn’t afraid of the McCarthy brothers, and that was either very brave or very stupid. Right now, she was betting on stupid.

She shook her head. “No, but as soon as I saw your eyes and the state of your bodies, I knew exactly what you were.”

“How is it that I cannot scent your wolf blood? How are you able to mask yourself from me?”

“From us?” Jonah growled, his playboy looks vanished, replaced by a fierce warrior-hunter.

She swallowed, lowering her gaze to the loose rocks at her feet. She kicked them with the toe of her tennis shoe. Stuttering she said, “I’m not like most of my bloodline. I’ve been told I’m unique...different.” Her eyes rose to meet his. “I never cared before

because I believed my family legends to be just that—legends. Stories told around campfires and during holiday gatherings to entertain children. I mean, honestly... werewolves.”

Sebastian stepped forward, devouring all distance between them. His towering body loomed over her, making her appear like a small, fragile child. He cradled her face to force her to look at him. The intense heat of his body warmed her skin.

“Different?” he asked. “How are you different?”

Closing her eyes, she soaked in the sensual touch of his rough hands, hands that grew claws and could tear the throat right from her body, but she didn’t care. She wasn’t afraid of him or Jonah.

“I don’t know really. I’ve been told by the elders in my family that I’m special, unique. That once every few centuries a child is born who is part wolf and part...something else. I don’t even know the stories fully. I sort of tuned them out. I just don’t believe in that kind of shit.”

Sebastian arched a brow.

“Okay, I didn’t use to believe in that kind of shit. I sort of don’t have a choice now, do I?”

A slight grin tugged at the corners of his mouth, he said, “We should get you back to the cabin. You must be freezing.”

“Me?” Her eyes danced over his and Jonah’s naked bodies—well-sculpted, muscular temptations just feet from her. *Stop it, clear your head and focus. Wolves damn it, wolves.* “What about you?” she asked, even though she could clearly see that neither his nor Jonah’s body showed any sign of being affected by the cool night air.

“The cold doesn’t bother us.” The brothers spoke in unison.

Brie’s eyes instantly sank to stare at their semi-erect cocks. “Well, I can see that.”

With an arched brow, Sebastian cocked his head.

Striding closer to her, Jonah chimed in, “Besides, we’re more concerned for your well-being. Stay near me. I’ll lead the way back.”

Brie trailed close behind Jonah, none of them speaking to one another as they made their way back to the cabin. The cool night air made her shiver. She couldn't wait for a hot bath or shower to clean the filth off her body. The dirt as well as the betrayal, but she was suddenly not feeling as much guilt as she had felt earlier. There was something calming about being surrounded by both men, protecting her like a prized treasure. They still held desire in their eyes each time they looked at her. She didn't know what she meant to the brothers, but she was damn sure going to find out.

Chapter Nine

Brie sat on the couch wringing her hands together, while Jonah leaned against the side of the chair, arms folded over his chest, and Sebastian paced in front of the stone fireplace. The tension in the air was thick and unsettling. No one had spoken a word since returning from the woods. Thankfully, they had at least covered their lower halves with jeans. She was already having a hell of a time concentrating as it was. Staring at their masterful cocks made things a bit more challenging.

Jonah was the first to break the silence. "Okay, I imagine you have some questions for us."

She nodded. "You could say that."

Sebastian halted in place. Holding his breath, looking as if he waited for her to begin spewing God only knew what kinds of questions. His jaw ticked.

She inhaled a deep cleansing breath and began. "The first thing that I must know is what do you want from me? Why am I really here on this ranch with the both of you? Why did you never bother to tell me the truth about whom or what you are?" Sebastian opened his mouth to speak, but quickly closed it as she continued her ranting of thoughts and questions. "Did it ever occur to either of you that I would love you both just the same, no matter what? That I could understand?" she asked, frustration blooming deep in her chest. Slapping her hands in her lap, she answered for them. "Of course you didn't think because neither one of you ever really talk to me about anything other than work or to give me sexual innuendos. I'm a big girl, boys, and I can handle things like murder trials and death

sentences, but shit, don't bother sharing something as major with me as, 'I'm a fucking werewolf.'"

Sebastian and Jonah stared with gapping mouths. Brie's ranting had apparently stumped them both speechless.

"Well, somebody better do some fast talking before I walk my ass right out that front door," she insisted, stomping her foot hard.

Neither man responded to any of her questions. She rose to her feet and took a step in the direction of the door. Sebastian grabbed her arm, pulling her to a stop. The intense glare she gave him had him raising his palms in surrender.

Sebastian begged, "Brie, please calm down. There is a lot we need to share with you."

"You're damn right there is," she snapped, arms folded over her chest.

Glancing at Sebastian, Jonah asked, "How do we begin?"

She snorted. "Oh, I don't know, how about from the beginning."

Sebastian took a deep breath and began, "As you already know, Jonah and I are werewolves. For centuries our families have owned these lands. We spent our youths growing up here, raising animals and learning to control the beasts within."

Snickering, Jonah added, "We don't go all fury just because the moon is full. We've learned to contain the beast enough to live a normal life."

A normal life? What the hell was normal about being a werewolf, she wondered.

Sebastian nodded. "But as you said, we do come here often enough to run and hunt, giving our beasts an outlet. We've learned that we must offer a balance to both our human side and our wolf side."

Her gaze bounced from brother to brother as she asked, "So the creature that was in the woods, the one that attacked me—" She choked back on the memory and fear that had bubbled up inside her, its vicious eyes a sight she would never forget.

“I’m sorry that happened to you.” Sebastian met her watery gaze. “That was Ryken. He’s one of our cousins who share this land with us. He didn’t know who you were. We didn’t alert anyone to our presence here. Ryken happened to be hunting when he came upon you.”

In a comforting voice, Jonah told her, “Ryken wouldn’t have killed you, Brie. He was taking you back to his ranch when we found you. His intention was to have one of the others question you. Find out who you were...why you were here.”

She nodded, understanding that the threat was not at all what she initially thought. He was protecting his land. Everyone had the right to do that, but the knowledge of that still didn’t make the realization any easier to swallow.

“Brie, I’m sure I don’t have to tell you that if our secret ever got out, it would mean extinction for our kind. We would be hunted and treated like wild animals, as opposed to the men you see before you now.”

Shaking her head, she told them with deep conviction, “I would never tell anyone about you. I could never share your secret.”

“And that is just another reason we believe you are our—” Jonah held his tongue, glancing back at Sebastian.

Eyes wide, Brie held her breath. Jonah was about to tell her something she didn’t think she could wrap her brain around. Brie’s mother believed that her husband, Brie’s father, was the only man in the world she was meant to love—soul mates is how she’d referred to their relationship. But knowing that werewolves really existed...well, that changed the meaning altogether.

“You think we’re destined to be mates? Don’t you?”

Both brothers stalked forward as if the word mate commanded them to do so. She stared up at them. The heat of the bodies looming over her made her heart race. Was she sweating? Her pulse pounded like a herd of stampeding cattle in her veins. She swallowed, breaths coming faster, harder, more ragged.

“Yes,” they both growled.

“That is exactly what we believe you are,” Sebastian added as his gaze flickered over her face.

The deep thunder of his voice made her pussy clench tight and her core spasm with awareness. Throbbing from head to toe, she knew she was ready to be fucked hard and fast by the brothers. The claiming was upon her—the intense need to have them inside her, filling her body with the fullness of their cocks. The mating arousal clawed at the back of her mind. Could they smell her scent? Would they know how much she wanted them...needed them? Of course they could.

Shaking the thoughts from her mind, she muttered, “I’m confused. How can I choose one of you when I love you both equally?”

Crap, she’d just admitted she loved them. Whatever happened to waiting to hear the words from the man before speaking them first? She’d opened herself up, allowing this fact to be known—she was vulnerable and couldn’t deny her feelings. There was no way to protect herself against them now. She was at a loss.

A smile warmed their faces, a smile that bloomed with love and so much more. Suddenly, she wasn’t so worried about who said I love you first.

“We know, and we don’t want you to choose,” Jonah said, sitting beside her on the couch.

Sebastian knelt before her, hands resting on her knees. “Sweetheart, Jonah and I don’t want to share you with anyone else, but that also means we will only share you with each other. You are our mate, not mine and not his, but ours. You belong to us. That’s why you are drawn to both of us. We’ve sensed it from the beginning.”

Arching his brow, Jonah said, “Some of us sooner than others.”

Sebastian rolled his eyes at his brother, grinning. “Yes, some of us sooner than others, but it doesn’t change anything. We love you, Brie.

I love you. I've loved you for so long that I can't imagine my world without you."

He loved her? They loved her?

"Our natural born instincts helped us find you, and now that we have, we'll do whatever we must to keep you with us," Jonah informed her, his voice matter-of-fact.

Tears welled in her eyes. "But what if I don't want that?" she argued.

Both brothers froze, holding their breaths. The blood left their faces pale, their expressions one of hurt and surprise. Sebastian asked, "Why wouldn't you want to be with us?"

Jonah eased closer to her side as he spoke. "You said you loved us. Why would you not want to be with us, sweetheart?"

She stood, palms extended out to stop the onslaught of angry emotions. She could feel their pleading feelings as if they were her own. The emotions whirling around in her head made her dizzy.

The brothers rose to their full heights. Craning her neck to look up at them, she tensed. "I'm not saying I don't, I'm just asking if I have a choice. I'm overwhelmed by all of this. Learning that the stories of my past are true, discovering that I'm in love and sleeping with two brothers who just happen to be werewolves. Come on guys, it's a bit much, don't you think?"

Oh, shit, she groaned to herself. Her brain was going to explode with the charging thoughts pounding through her head. Her heart, brain, and body were at war, and she couldn't figure out which one she should listen to. Running away, far away, was what she thought she should do, but the last time she'd done that she been attacked by a werewolf and all hell unloaded on her. So running might not be the best idea after all. Jonah glanced over at Sebastian as if exchanging secret thoughts then looked back to her again. "Yes, Brie, you have a choice," Jonah closed the remaining distance between them, his arm sliding around her shoulders, and she let him. "But we don't. We've found the one that was made for us, the one who will forever hold our

hearts in the palm of her hand.” He paused, studying her face. “Brie, you are that woman.” He cupped her face in his hand. “If you decide to leave, know that you are tearing the beating hearts from our chests. Sebastian and I will never want another woman as much as we want you. We are in love with you and always will be.” He leaned in and kissed her forehead, then stepped back.

Sebastian stood beside him, eyes staring at her with deep longing and love. “You will always have a choice, Brie. We never meant to hurt you, and we never meant to frighten you with what we are. We love you, and as Jonah said, we always will.”

Eyes watery, she swallowed back the uncertainty that churned in her belly. “If I decide to stay, do you expect to have sex with me...at the same time? Or is this like dating two different people under one roof?”

“We will do whatever you want, but—” Sebastian’s lips snapped tight together, concern filling his expression.

She stared at him, impatience radiating out of her. “Well, don’t stop now. I need to know, Sebastian.”

Swallowing, he explained, “Jonah and I want you with us, together.”

She breathed in slow and easy, and felt the familiar slick warmth between her legs. Her pussy pulsed with excitement. “Oh, so you want to have sex...the three of us at the same time.” She narrowed her eyes, “Does that mean you guys touch each other, too?”

“God, no! That’s just fucking gross,” Jonah shouted, taking one step away from his brother.

Sebastian rolled his eyes at Jonah. “No, Brie. We will only make love to you. We will just be in the same room, pleasing you...together.” He eased himself in front of her, his hands grasping hold of hers. “Have you never fantasized about being with us...at the same time? Ever imagined the pleasure we could give you?”

She swallowed hard. Yes, she had, but that was personal. Could she possibly tell them that she had repeatedly used her trusty vibrator

to fuck her pussy, imagining the brothers each time? One brother slamming his cock into her pussy hard and fast, while the other sought to fuck her in her virginal ass. She shivered, knowing that that was a fantasy she'd love to truly experience. The opportunity to live out that fantasy presented itself to her. Now, was she going to claim it or be a coward and chicken out, letting the opportunity slip through her fingers?

"Maybe," she whispered.

He smiled, lifted her fingers to his mouth, and kissed them. "Please, Brie, let us show you how much we care for you. Let us show you how much we desire and love you."

Holding his gaze, she said to them both, "I need to think about this, guys. It's just all a bit much."

What am I saying? I want this...dreamed of this.

Sebastian nodded. "Of course, we understand." He cupped her face in his hands, his eyes a window of his heart's emotions. "Brie, I love you. I've loved you for so long I honestly don't remember a time I didn't. I'll do whatever you ask of me. If it's time you need, then you'll have it, but I hate thinking that there's even a slim chance that you won't be a part of our lives."

Jonah moved to join them, his hand stroking against her hip. "Brie, there's no one else in this world more perfect for us than you. I know I'm not the most romantic guy when it comes to telling you what's in my heart, but I do love you, and I wouldn't change a moment of the time we've spent together. Please don't leave us. I don't think my heart could stand a moment without you."

The panic she thought would flood through her mind the moment the brothers told her what they wanted from her didn't come. What did was the powerful pull her body felt as the heat from the brothers poured into her like molten lava. Her body awakened for the first time. Sure, she'd felt pleasure and desire, but nothing this incredible. Her nerve endings became so sensitive the soft touch of their hands on her body felt more like sensual caresses during the heat of passion.

She licked her dry lips. “All right,” she agreed. “If we’re meant to be together as a threesome, then let’s see if we are even compatible. What do we do next?”

Chapter Ten

Brie stepped clear of the shower. Jonah greeted her with a large white towel, wrapping it around her body. He softly kissed her cheek. She smiled, enjoying the feel of his lips on her skin, but before she could return the favor he stepped back and grabbed another towel.

“Turn around. I’ll help dry your hair.”

She did as he asked. With the towel, he stroked her hair, handling her as if she were as delicate as an egg. The sensual caress he used to dry her hair had her eyes closing, warm tingles surging up and down her spine.

Next, he grabbed her hairbrush and brushed all the tangles from her hair. She loved the feel of having her hair brushed. It felt so good. He pressed his face to her neck and breathed in the clean scent of her hair and skin. The warmth of Jonah’s touch felt even better.

“You smell incredible.” He nuzzled his face against hers, her lips pressing against the stubble of his cheek.

“You smell incredible, too.”

“Thank you.” He smiled, wrapping her in a blue chenille robe. He took her hand in his and led her to the bed in their room.

Brie sat at the edge of the bed, her robe pulled tight up against her neck. How had she convinced herself to do this? Sure, she loved them, both of them, but she never expected her wolf-men to honestly want to fuck her while the other one watched. The thought of her most intimate parts being on display like some porn star made her feel...naughty and deliciously sexy. She liked it and couldn’t believe the flutter of emotion it caused in her belly. Not to mention the

throbbing between her legs that told her she was painfully ready to be shown more than she ever bargained for.

She glanced up at Jonah. Blue jeans conformed to long, powerful legs, while he leaned against the dresser. His arms bulged as he crossed them over his broad, bronzed chest.

She licked her lips eager to get the show on the road. “What are we waiting for?”

One side of his mouth curled up in a sexy as hell grin. “Sebastian. He’ll be here in a moment,” Jonah said, meeting her apprehensive gaze.

She sunk her teeth into her bottom lip. A gasp of air escaped her as she found the courage to ask, “Can’t we start without him?” Her fingers danced wildly along the collar of the robe.

She desperately wanted Jonah, couldn’t believe just how much. Her heart expanded, filling her chest. The heat pouring out of him felt like the smoldering warmth of the sun on a cloudless day.

Jonah’s eyes swelled with desire. He took one step forward placing him in front of her. He held her face in his hands. He explained, “As the alpha male of our pack, it’s Sebastian’s right to claim you first.”

Her stomach quivered with anxious nerves. “Does that mean he gets to be the first to kiss me, touch me, or even—?”

“Fuck you?” Jonah finished her thought, and she nodded. “Yes, Brie, he gets to be the first one of us to taste you and fuck you tonight, but after that—” He grinned at her in that devilish way that made her toes curl and her pussy clench tight. “All bets are off.”

She nibbled her bottom lip. Moisture pooled between her legs. The idea of being with either of them thrilled her beyond measure. She dreamed of glancing down between her spread thighs while they feasted on her wet pussy, fingers tugging through their silky hair, keeping them prisoner at her achy, needy cunt. Her stomach swirled as excitement tumbled across every nerve ending in her body.

She ran her finger over her plump bottom lip. “But, what if I want something else? Does what I want matter?”

Sebastian stepped clear of the shadows created by the full moon blasting through the vast windows. His massive naked body caused her breath to catch in her throat. Her heart raced as she took in his splendid body—broad shoulders, firm chest, washboard abs, and a long, thick cock that had her growing wetter than she’d ever been. Her pussy throbbed with splendid awareness.

She licked her lips, nerves bubbling wildly in her belly. The urge to open her robe, lie back across the bed, and spread her pussy wide for him was instinctive, and it took everything in her not to do it.

He stalked toward the edge of the bed. Jonah yielded, moving back to give Sebastian room to stand between her legs. He asked, “We will give you everything you want, but I assure you this house will be in complete unrest if I don’t get to sample every inch of your body first, taste the sweetness of your pussy, and have you sliding up and down on my cock, squeezing me as I make you come harder than you ever have.” He held her wide-eyed stare. “I promised you we’d have our perfect night. Any particular reason you wouldn’t want *me* to be your first true mate?”

She swallowed, shaking her head. “No...I just have questions. I’m a little nervous. I’ve never been with two men at once, and I really don’t know what I’m supposed to do. I thought it might be better if—” She lowered her gaze to the floor, her throat closing up.

Sebastian stepped forward. His pulsing cock filled her view. She lifted her gaze to stare in his dark eyes. Reaching forward Sebastian cupped her face in his large hands. He lowered his mouth to hers, brushing a sweet, tantalizing kiss to her lips.

He gently brushed the hair back away from her face. “Our beautiful Brie, you will not have to worry about a thing. Jonah and I will see to all your needs, and we will guide you along the way. You have nothing to fear.” He held her gaze for a long, intense-filled

moment and then asked, "Are you ready, Brie? Are you ready for us to make love to every inch of your beautiful body?"

Swallowing hard, she nodded.

Sebastian held her face firmly in his hands, keeping her gaze locked on his. "I want to hear the words, Brie. I need to hear them. Tell us what you want, what you need. Ask us to be your mates."

She swallowed again, glancing to the side of Sebastian to see the silvery glow in Jonah's eyes. He was excited, and that little bit of knowledge had her aching all over. Her pussy grew wetter. Her nipples were so hard they hurt, and only Jonah's mouth on them would soothe her pain away.

"Yes, Sebastian. I'm ready for you and Jonah to make love to me, to be my mates. I need to feel both your hands caressing my body, your cocks buried inside me."

A low growl escaped from both Sebastian and Jonah, their eyes a silvery mix. Sebastian murmured, "Then that is exactly what you'll get."

In an instant, his mouth crushed against hers, tongue parting her lips to probe and explore inside. She groaned, feeling the hard press of his naked body. He pushed the robe she wore from her shoulders, exposing her full breasts and laid her back against the bed.

"Spread your legs for me," Sebastian demanded.

Damn, he gets right to it, doesn't he? Hesitating, she slowly parted her thighs.

"Wider," he snarled, pushing her knees further apart with his fierce, but gentle hands. "I want to see how wet you are for me. How ready you are to take my cock inside your pussy." He pressed his mouth to her knee and eased his kisses further down, caressing her inner thighs with his lips and tongue. Kneading the flesh of her thighs with his commanding hands, he rubbed the coarse whiskers of his jaw over the sensitive bud throbbing between her legs.

Oh my God! Writhing with passion, she promised, "I'm ready, I swear I'm ready!"

Sebastian shook his head, grinning. “No. I don’t think you are, sweetheart. I think you need a little more persuading before you’re truly ready to receive my cock.”

“Us,” Jonah growled, as muscles ticked in his jaw. Hands tightening into fists, he watched them with fevered intensity.

Clearly, Jonah wanted to play, and damn it, she was ready to have him play. She craved Jonah’s touch, needed it like the air she breathed. She wanted all three of them intertwined in the heat of passion.

A wicked smile sprung to the corners of his mouth as Sebastian knelt between her legs, tugging at her ankles, pulling her ass to the edge of the bed. With his fingers he spread the lips of her pussy. His mouth latched onto to her clit. She gave a strangled gasp, her thighs shaking. Licking, sucking, and stroking, his fingers moved in tandem, sliding through her slick juices, pulsing in and out of her body the way she wished his cock would.

Brie’s pussy contracted, squeezing Sebastian’s fingers. Her body jerked in reaction, but not because she didn’t like what he was doing—she liked it very much. Loved the way his fingers worked over her pussy, fucking her with vigorous passions, igniting a fire so hot she thought she might melt. She was burning with lust and wanted more. More than she ever thought possible.

All she needed to feel complete now was Jonah’s touch.

Head twisting from left to right, she gasped, “Oh God, Sebastian that feels so good. Don’t stop, Oh, God, don’t stop.”

Lapping at her wetness, he groaned. “That’s right, baby. Feel me fucking you with my fingers and tongue, but don’t come yet. We’ve got a whole night ahead of us.”

Oh dear Lord, who was this wicked man tormenting her mind and body with so many naughty desires? “But I’m so close, Sebastian. I want to come...I need to come.”

A deep throaty chuckle rasped from him, his eyes dark and dangerous. A gorgeous man who thrilled her, excited her to her core.

“I want to be inside you when you come. I want to feel your pussy squeezing my cock while I fuck you. Do you want me to fuck you, Brie? Do you want my cock inside you?”

“Oh yes, I want you.” She wove her fingers through his thick, brown hair, pulling him forward as she begged, “Now, Sebastian, I want your cock buried deep inside my pussy now.”

Jonah roared, pushing away from the wall, his body tense. Through gritted teeth, he begged, “Damn it, Sebastian, fuck her already. I’m dying over here.”

Meeting Jonah’s gaze, he said, “I think it’s hot the way she’s squirming with need, begging to be fucked.” Turning his gaze back to Brie, he groaned. “You have no idea what it does to me to know how much you want my cock buried inside you...claiming you,” he pressed his mouth against hers, nibbling her bottom lip. “But first, I think you need to be kissed...very badly.” He groaned against her, nuzzling her neck. “Jonah?” The deep timber of his voice tickled her ears, making her pussy spasm as she grew even wetter. His voice, primal and raw, had a way of making her immensely aroused.

Lightning fast, Jonah was beside her, his bare chest pressed to hers. Gripping her hair, he tilted her head. Desperate, he took possession of her mouth. His hungry lips devoured hers and feasted, only coming up for a moment of air. Her fingers twirled in his wavy hair, holding him close. The warmth of his body covered hers, filling her with burning desire.

Kissing Jonah was different from kissing Sebastian. Both had exquisite technique that made her breathless and her eyes roll back into her head, but where Sebastian’s kisses were strong and fierce, Jonah’s were soft and sweet. But both men had a deep possessive hunger burning in their kisses. A hunger that told her she belonged to them—forever.

Sebastian positioned his cock between her legs, probing the entrance to her pussy. His thick, heavy erection pressed against her with a deliciously teasing pressure. Her whole body tensed and

quivered as he sank deeper into her, filling her with an uncomfortable burn, stretching her wide, a pleasurable heat.

“Suck on her nipples, Jonah.” His voice rumbled dangerously.

And he did. Oh God, did he. Sucking and tugging on her raspberry nipples until the line blurred between pain and pleasure, but it was too good to make him stop. Jonah’s mouth on her body was mind-boggling, just as Sebastian’s cock buried deep inside her pussy, rocking in and out at a frenzied pace, was heaven. This is what her body was made for, to be loved and cherished as they were doing.

Moaning, she shivered. Her entire body tensed and squeezed around him. Brie screamed as her body exploded and contracted, pulsing with wild abandon. A fiery, red-hot explosive orgasm rocked her body hard, robbing her of breath.

Sebastian didn’t yield. He kept riding her body, pumping in and out, grinning as she moaned and whimpered beneath him. Breathless and beyond bliss, Brie opened her eyes and licked her dry mouth.

“Give me the lubricant, Jonah.” He handed the tube to him, his gaze flickering over her body.

Lubricant? Where did he get lubricant, and why would he need it?

“Roll over, sweetheart. Get on your hands and knees.” Kissing her mouth hard, Sebastian explained, “I’m going to fuck that cute little asshole of yours.”

Gasping, she stared up at him, his cock still pulsing inside her. She shivered. Fear filled her chest, and she heaved a heavy breath.

He stroked her cheek with the back of his knuckles, eyes locked with hers. “Trust me, Brie. I won’t hurt you. If you don’t like it, I’ll stop, but I know you will. Trust me. You’re going to enjoy having your pussy and ass filled with my cock and Jonah’s.”

Shaking her head, she said nervously, “I’ve never done that before.”

He kissed her lips, soft and sweet, while Jonah stroked her hair from her face. “I won’t hurt you, I only want to give you pleasure. Let me do that, Brie. Let me show you just how much.”

Her bottom lip trembled, nervous butterflies swirling around in her belly. She couldn't pretend that she didn't want this, she did, but she feared it would be painful. She wanted to please them as much as they clearly wanted to please her. "Okay, but promise me if it hurts—"

He clasped her face in his hands. "I'll stop. You have my word, Brie. I never want to see you hurt." His reassuring eyes told her everything she needed, but hearing him speak the words made it easier for her to submit to him, allowing him permission to do deliciously wicked things to her body—things she'd only fantasized about.

She nodded, then rolled to her side and braced herself on her hands and knees. Fingers grazing her hips, he placed himself between her spread knees and forced them open a little wider with his own.

Her insides shook as Sebastian squeezed the cool lubricant between her cheeks. The cold sensation sent a shiver up her spine. The tip of his finger played with the rim of her rectum, until he slipped his finger past the barrier of her entrance, pumping in one finger, then another, stretching the tight muscle. The pressure was strange, different, but erotically enjoyable.

"Fuck, you're so tight, sweetheart. I'm going to enjoy taking you here, but mostly I'm going to enjoy hearing you scream my name as you come."

She gasped, arching as his fingers delved into her back door. Amazingly, she didn't experience any pain, more uncertainty and apprehension, but Sebastian took his time with her, making her comfortable with everything he was doing. She was beyond turned on, so hot she was practically on fire, engulfed in the flames of passion.

"Jonah, slide up under her. I think she'd like you to fuck her pussy, while I fuck her ass."

"What?" Brie gasped. "Like this? Together?"

Jonah cupped her face in his hands. "You really do worry too much. I won't let anything happen to you." He kissed the tip of her

nose. "Please, trust us, Brie. I won't let this be anything but amazing for you. I'm going to want to make love to you as often as I can, so this has to be perfect."

Jonah crawled onto the bed, laid flat on his back, and Brie straddled his hips, positioning herself over his cock. The moment the head of his penis slipped on her honey, he pressed inside her slick, velvety pussy.

She took a deep breath, enjoying the fullness he gave her. He was big, just as big as Sebastian. How the hell was her body going to allow them both to fuck her at the same time?

"Relax, Brie. This is supposed to be pleasurable. You're allowed to enjoy this." Jonah kissed her, his fingers toying with her tousled hair, holding her mouth in place. His fingers slipped to tweak her nipples, rolling the sensitive tips between his forefinger and thumb.

Brie held Jonah's passionate gaze as Sebastian's cock penetrated past the tight circle of her anus, pushing in slow but deep. She groaned, little moaning flutters escaping her as he sank a little deeper. Her pussy throbbed around Jonah's cock.

Damn, she didn't think she could take much more.

"Holy shit! You're so tight," Jonah bit out, eyes rolling in the back of his head. "You feel so fucking good. Your pussy is squeezing the hell out of my cock."

"No shit, you should feel how tight her little asshole is. Damn, I could fuck this pretty ass all night," Sebastian groaned, slipping in a little deeper.

Brie whimpered, moaned, and gasped. The pleasure was becoming too much. How was she going to take him all the way into her asshole? They were both so large, filling her to the brim. Stretched to an unbelievable fullness, she felt the first ripple of her orgasm. Her pussy clenched. Spasm after spasm, she was flying above the clouds.

“Oh God!” she screamed, nails digging into the flesh of Jonah’s arms. “I’m coming!” Her head reeled back. Quivering and shaking, her body clenched tight around their cocks.

Jonah took her beaded nipple into his mouth, sucking the tip into his mouth hard as she came, intensifying her orgasm.

Both men continued to fuck her, finding a rhythm they both could share, pulling in and out, consuming her body, an exquisite fullness.

The tiny hairs on Jonah’s chest rubbed tantalizingly against her sensitive nipples. She sucked in a hard, deep breath at the feel of his hands kneading the heavy mounds of her breasts. He teased an aching nipple between his fingers, rolling the tip, pinching deliciously.

Her mind murky, clouds of racing thoughts jarring around in her head. Her body called to them, knew them the moment they joined her body. She craved them, had for years. These were her mates. The men she was destined to be with and she couldn’t have chosen better if she were given a choice. These men were handpicked for her by a higher power, one that blessed her beyond measure.

The mating desires were too strong, overwhelming. She belonged to them and them to her. She was theirs—complete feminine surrender.

The heat of their touch was brutal, burning into her flesh like an iron roasting in the fire. Desperation clawed at her mind. She wanted them more than she ever dreamed. The sensations of their bodies melding with hers jolted her like a bolt of lightning. She could feel how much they loved her, needed her, just as much as she loved and needed them. There would be no other for her as long as she lived.

Sebastian seemed to embrace the growling snarl that ripped from his chest. His grip tightened on her hips as he surged forward, forcing his cock as deep as it could go. With a feral groan, hot semen filled her ass.

Through gritted teeth, Jonah pumped harder and faster. His jaw clenched tight. A low guttural roar launched from his throat as he pumped his cock deep one final time inside her, finding his release.

Brie fell on top of Jonah, holding him in her trembling arms. Sebastian eased out of her asshole gently and rolled to the side, laying flat on his back. He nudged her with his hand, tugging her to rest between him and Jonah.

The peace she felt lying between the two fierce wolves left her heart pounding heavy and solid in her chest. Her breathing calming, she glanced down to see both men tangled around her body. Protected, cherished, loved; that was what she felt as she drifted to sleep, praying that when she woke things would not be awkward between them.

Chapter Eleven

It was a night like this when he killed her. The young blonde teenager he'd picked up on her way home from school. The night he'd been prowling around for a new toy.

She'd caught his eye straight away. A metaphysical connection that spoke to him with loud, fevered conviction—the voices in his head commanded him not to lose sight of the sumptuous angel. Her long athletic legs climbed up the length of her body, waist-length hair pulled back into a ponytail swung from side to side, as the round globes of her ass swayed with cock-swelling magnitude. She'd practically chosen herself for him.

His dick had been hard, much like it was now. The anticipation of things to come that night had forced his blood to boil. She excited him, made him want, burn with need. Her face would be forever branded into his mind. She was his, always would be, a prize that he would forever cherish, even in memory.

Not long ago, he'd been a normal man. Now, he was a god. Strength and power fueled his body. A supreme being, gifted with supernatural abilities, far beyond that of a traditional were-creature.

Shunned by even those who called themselves his family, he was an outcast among his kind, but no longer. Now when he faced his family, they would kneel at the feet of the man he'd become, and then he'd enjoy slaughtering them all. None of them would survive his wrath. Coating the earth with the blood of his kin would offer sweet satisfaction.

Mind full of rage, the only thing that seemed to calm him had been the sight of his precious victims. This one in particular soothed

his savaged beast as she sauntered down the sidewalk on a sunny Wednesday afternoon. Oblivious to the feelings she evoked in him.

His mind flashed back, and he remembered thinking the blonde beauty would make a fine meal for him, a satisfying cuisine he longed to savor, at least for the night. Then he would slice her throat, as if it were warm butter, and watch her bleed out—a red crimson river he would bathe in.

Life drained from her body, giving him all the power in the world. The power to take life was his calling, one he'd come to revere. Each time he took a life, his mind and body grew stronger. He was an unstoppable force—a serial killer with a serious appetite for murder.

He did as the spiritual voices compelled, did everything they asked, no matter the task. A solider for their cause, he was the first to accept his destiny among his kind. No one would ever challenge him, and if they did, he would eradicate them. His blood was unique, his powers and strength unmatched. The destroyer of life, a title he fiercely deserved.

Now, the voices told him to eliminate Brie Ferguson, the woman who had exposed him and nearly sent him on his way to Hell's Gate. She was responsible for interrupting his murderous spree, his inability to satisfy the commands of the voices.

She would soon learn a valuable lesson—never fuck with Mason Levi.

* * * *

Jonah sat across the table from Brie, holding her hand under the table, while Sebastian sat to her side, his chest pumped out in a protective, primal way. They had claimed their mate, and it seemed nothing could tear them apart. Together, they were three peas in a pod.

Amazed by the woman toying with his fingers, Jonah smiled at her. The warm sparkle in her eyes made his heart pound harder,

banging like a drum against his ribs. Damn, how did he get so lucky to have her in his life?

Jonah had been nervous when he woke this morning, afraid that Brie would be freaked over their ménage a trois love affair. But the moment he opened his eyes to gaze at her beautiful face, he only saw love and adoration in her eyes, not fear and regret. He'd kissed her mouth and knew instantly that she wanted to be a part of their lives, and his heart swelled, filling his chest. He was complete—finally.

Sex, especially the kind of sex they just had, could make a man hungry, ravenous. So, after what felt like hours of asking the question “What do you want for dinner?” only to get back the answer “I don't know. What do you want for dinner?” Sebastian decided on a local bar and grill, a cute little place about thirty or so minutes from the ranch.

“So what's good here?” Brie asked, studying the menu.

Grinning from ear to ear, Jonah leaned forward and whispered, “You.”

She smiled, “Besides me. What do you like to eat when you come here?”

Again, Jonah grinned, this time with his gleaming pearly whites. “I repeat, *you*. And I'd prefer it was you who did the coming.”

Eyes wide, she gasped, “Jonah! Behave yourself.” She glanced around as if checking to make sure no one had heard him. He chuckled, enjoying the pink filling her cheeks.

Sebastian lowered his menu and took her hand in his. “There's really no point, Brie. He's never behaved himself before. Why should he change now?” Lifting her fingers to his mouth, he kissed her knuckles, glaring at Jonah as he did so.

She nodded, her lips pursed together in thought. “True, but if he wants dessert after his meal, he *will* behave.”

Sitting straight in his chair, he folded his hands in front of him. “In that case, consider me as perfect as an angel.” His dark blond brows danced up and down provocatively.

Brie giggled. Sebastian rolled his eyes. The waiter brought out their drinks and took their order. He and Sebastian chose the prime rib, while Brie settled on a bacon cheeseburger. Jonah loved that his woman didn't worry so much about what she ate. Brie had the most tantalizing body he'd ever seen, and the last thing he wanted was for her to change a thing about herself.

Jonah groaned thinking about her heavy breasts and the way they felt pressing against his face as he suckled the sensitive nipples. Curvy hips and the round globes of her ass gave his hands something to grip while he ground himself against her, slamming his cock deep into her pussy. Yep, there was nothing at all he would change about his little seductress.

God, if she knew exactly what she did to him, she could use that as a weapon against him. Because there wasn't a damn thing he wouldn't do for her.

Brie rose to her feet, and so did he and Sebastian. Reaching out she touched both their arms, wrapping her fingers around their biceps. "It's okay guys. I have to use the little girl's room." She snickered. "I've been managing things in that department by myself for years. I'll be fine." She smiled, grabbed her purse, and headed toward the restroom.

They watched her saunter toward the back of the bar. Jonah caught his breath as she glanced one last time in their direction before disappearing into the bathroom, a wicked smile on her face. Stunned at the way she could turn his heart into swarming butterflies, he cleared his throat. His stomach lurched with dread—back to business.

"What the hell are we going to do about Mason Levi?" Jonah snapped, leaning toward his brother so his voice didn't carry. "I can't stand to think of him getting his hands on Brie. It would kill me, and you for that matter. I can pretend in front of her that everything is okay, but you know damn well it's not. That son-of-a-bitch is a shifter, probably a rogue tiger or something fucked up like that. I can't be sure, but he was very strong and very determined to kill

Brie.” Glancing back toward the bathroom door, he said, “That asshole has it out for her.”

Sebastian met his intense gaze, he questioned, “You’re sure he had yellow and red eyes, and he wasn’t human?”

Spitting out the words, he said, “Of course I’m sure, and he didn’t smell human. He smelled different, but I already told you that the night it happened.” Swallowing his concern, he continued, “Brie is too important to let that bastard get a hold of her. She’s so much more than I ever dreamed. She’s one of us, damn it, and we protect our own.”

Holding his palms up in a calming way, Sebastian nodded in agreement. “I know she is. Relax, Jonah. I’ll figure something out. Right now, let’s enjoy our meal with our mate, and tonight after she falls asleep, we’ll figure this out.”

Jonah nodded, and suddenly his heart sank to the pit of his stomach. Where was Brie? What was taking her so long?

The scent of fear drifted into his nostrils like sulfur rising from the depths of hell. Awareness slammed into him as he locked gazes with this brother. *Brie*. Both he and Sebastian were on their feet in seconds, charging for the bathroom door.

* * * *

Brie stood in front of the mirror, a new and surprising glow about her. Wow, werewolf sex looked good on her. Giggling to herself, she thought, *No, Sebastian and Jonah looked good on me*. Happiness blasted out of her like the rays of sunshine, warming her from head to toes.

Out of the corner of her eye, she saw a dark shadow emerging. The flickering light above the last toilet stall made her eyes squint, locking in on something at the far reaches of the room.

Before her eyes could adjust, she felt it—a dark evil that prickled the fine hairs at the back of her neck—a tingling of unpleasantness.

Trembling, she forced her spine stiff. Instantly, she recognized the power gliding over her skin, smelt the raw essences of his primal rage. She was becoming so attuned with her emotions and somehow that of others around her.

He had found her. Mason Levi had come for her just as he promised he would. He was here with her now, and she was in big trouble. Her only chance of survival was to escape the confinement of the bathroom and rush back to Sebastian and Jonah, where her mates would protect her.

Turning as fast as her body allowed, she raced for the door. Her fingers molded around the knob, pulling with all her might. But just as Mason had done before, he caught her, whirled her around to face him, and held a cold metal blade to her throat.

It was strange to her that she wasn't afraid of the big bad evil anymore. An inner strength welled inside her, a mix of Sebastian, Jonah, and something else. She held his gaze, her lips pressed firmly together.

"Did you honestly think you could hide from me? I've got your scent all over my body. You're branded into my senses. A gift from God. I could track your scent from just about anywhere." The rough grumble of his voice shot a shiver all along her spine.

"I've been watching you, little lamb, watching you while you played house, watched while you got fucked, by not one, but two Lycans. You're a regular were-whore. If I'd known how easily you spread your legs, I would have fucked you eons ago."

"Mason," she gasped. "Don't do this."

"Shut up, bitch," he snapped, slapping her across the face. "The last thing I need to hear is that lying mouth of yours speaking my name. You don't deserve to use my name." His eyes flickered as if noticing something for the first time.

Mason's eyes drifted over her body, the swell of her breasts, the long line of her neck, rubbing his whiskered face against her jaw. "I was so close to you in the woods, I could have killed all three of you,

and you didn't even know I was there. None of you did. I chuckled as you got lost in the woods, your pussy ripe with your most recent conquest. I would have had you then if not for that fucking intrusive wolf getting in my way, and then your screams called in for reinforcements. I knew if I was patient, I'd have my chance again. So I waited, and here we are."

He sniffed her from low on her stomach to the side of her neck. "And again, you smell like a filthy fucking dog." He growled, realization lighting up his expression. "You liked them fucking you, didn't you?"

He cocked his head, staring at her with so much intensity, she could feel his penetrating gaze straight to the marrow of her bones. "You've mated with them."

Mason chuckled, a deep throaty laugh that had her closing her eyes with a painful whence. "Oh, now this is priceless. Not only do I get to fuck that pretty little body of yours in every way imaginable, but when I'm done defiling you, I get to dump your rotting corpse on their doorstep. Wow, now that's what I call fucking justice."

Her eyes sprung wide as rage flooded her body. She wouldn't let that be the way Sebastian and Jonah found her body. No, she wasn't going to die by his hands or anyone else, for that matter. Fuck him and whatever evil he surrendered to.

"Justice would be you rotting in hell, asshole," Brie shouted, just before she lifted her knee to his crotch, slamming every bit of force she had into his balls. A blast of energy shot out of her hands as she pushed Mason Levi away from her, the blinding blue light warmed her body from deep within her soul.

What the fuck was that? her mind cried.

Wide-eyed, he tumbled over, grabbing himself.

Stunned by what she had done, Brie spun, opened the door as both Sebastian and Jonah pushed their way inside, shoving her back out the door. Everything happened so fast.

“Get out of here, Brie. Go to the ranch. Don’t let anyone inside,” Sebastian ordered, and then the door closed in her face.

* * * *

To Sebastian’s surprise, Mason Levi lay crumpled on the floor writhing in pain. Brie had done something to him. What she had done, he had no idea, but he was sure as shit going to find out.

Jonah moved to grab hold of him, but the moment he tried to get close Mason snarled and snapped his teeth at him. Mason’s crimson red pupils pierced into them, his face a deformed image of his human self, but then again, Mason Levi wasn’t human. He was...something else.

“What the fuck are you?” Jonah demanded.

“None of your fucking business, dog,” he spat.

Jonah stepped forward, his arm cocked, ready to swing. “Jonah,”—Sebastian’s raised voice halted his actions—“don’t touch him.”

Jonah’s brow furrowed. He screwed up his face, asking, “Why not? I want to beat the shit out of this, asshole. He deserves it.”

“As true as that is, there something wrong with him. Can’t you smell the difference in him? Just look at him, he’s infected with something. He’s different from us, Jonah. He doesn’t have a scent.” Sebastian eased forward. “Isn’t that right, Mason?”

Mason chuckled. Jagged yellow fangs gleamed past his curling lips. “Damn, wolves really do have good sniffers.”

“What are you?” Sebastian growled. His silvery gaze fixed on Mason. “Tell me what you are.”

“Go fuck yourself, Wolfboy. I don’t have to tell you shit. In fact, I think I’m just going to get the fuck out of here before you two boys do something you’ll regret.”

“Sebastian! We can’t just let him leave.” Jonah stepped forward, but Sebastian blocked his advancement.

“Don’t,” he warned, fist tightening at his side. He couldn’t believe what he was about to say, but what other choice did he have? “Let him go.”

Eyes rounded, Jonah shook his head. “What? No fucking way.”

Sebastian switched his gaze to Jonah. The fury in his eyes could be felt a mile away. “I said let him go!” The feral sound crawled from deep within his throat.

Jonah backed down, hands balled into tight fists. He swore. Claws lengthening, he snarled at Mason.

“Good choice, boys. Now, if you’ll excuse me.”

Sebastian slapped a firm hand on the back of Mason’s muddy trench coat sending him slamming against the door. “Before you leave, Mason, let me warn you of a little something. Brie is off limits from this day forward. Find your happy ass another person to stalk. She has our protection now, and we won’t let her out of our sight to even take a piss from this day forward.”

Sebastian’s claws dug into the palms of his hands, his chest heaved. Primal anger filled his mind. He wanted to kill Mason so bad he could taste it, and it was all he could do not to rip his throat from his piece of shit body.

A guttural sound emerged from his throat as Sebastian said, “Should there be a next time, Mason, we’ll be prepared for you. So take this as a stay of execution and get the fuck out of our sight. I don’t even want to hear your name mentioned as close as a state away.”

Mason’s eyes narrowed, his hand reached behind his back to grab hold of the doorknob. He opened it and bolted out as quickly as he could, disappearing into the night. Hopefully forever, but Sebastian knew better. This was just the beginning for them.

First things first, he and Jonah needed to get to Brie, and fast. They had to make arrangements he knew damn well she wasn’t going to like, but he was Alpha, and she would do as he asked. He hoped.

Jonah moved to stand, shoulder to shoulder with him. “Sebastian? Did you see the light under the door, like someone just turned on a bright ass spotlight? The energy buzzing around inside here didn’t come from Mason.” Jonah stated a fact, the vibrations in the air reeked of power.

He swallowed, his eyes filled with worry and tension. He nodded. “Tomorrow you’ll return to Dallas with Brie.”

Jonah’s brow furrowed. “What about you?”

Sebastian met Jonah’s heavy gaze, his mind a barrage of thoughts. He ground his jaw together tight, biting back the seriousness of their situation. “I’m going hunting for a rogue shifter and whatever secrets I can discover from Brie’s past.”

Chapter Twelve

The brothers hovered in the corner of the kitchen leaning against the counter, pointing at papers and scribbling stuff down. Deep, rumbling whispers pounded through the silence of the den. They'd been home for nearly an hour, and Brie had hardly spoken one word to them. Not because she didn't want to, but because they were too distracted to even notice her. She'd paced in front of them, blowing out heavy, irritating sighs, all of which went ignored. Finally, she'd had enough.

"That's bullshit, no keeping secrets." She glared, hands on her hips, arguing, "Especially secrets about me. I've spent my entire life in the shadow of family secrets. I don't want any more damn secrets in my life. Got it?" She pointed at them as if poking them both squarely in the chest.

The thunder of their voices ended abruptly as they cocked their heads to glare at her. Dressed in formfitting black T-shirts and jeans, they looked like poster boys for a phone sex advertisement. Intense eyes, filled with primal urges, stared back at her. She nibbled her bottom lip, her nipples hard. How could just the way they looked at her arouse her to the point of wanting to drop panties and hop on the nearest cock she could find?

Shit, she thought, they're so going to know I'm aroused. Damn a wolf's sense of smell.

Pushing free of her racing hormones, she said plainly, "I want to know what's going on. If it affects you, then it also affects me and vice versa."

"It's best if you let us take care of this," Sebastian stated matter-of-factly.

Oh, no he didn't just pull that macho bullshit on me...

Furious to be shut out of her own life, she snapped, the thin fiber of restraint bending to the point of breaking. Her voice elevated an octave...or two. "What? Like I'm some maiden in need of rescuing? Look guys, I admit I'm in love with you, the sex is amazing, and I'm glad to be your mate, but don't you dare start thinking that that gives you the right to jump in front of a moving train to save my life. I won't just sit back and do nothing, and I won't let either of you do something stupid. Let's face it, in our little threesome, I'm the most rational. So you might as well tell me what the hell is going on." She bit the inside of her mouth, praying that she hadn't pushed them too far. But honestly, unleashing her feelings felt great—invigorating.

Sebastian tossed down the pen and moved to stand in front of her. She held her ground and didn't back away. Her spine ramrod stiff.

Gulp...

Sebastian brushed back the few strands of hair that had come free of her ponytail. "Brie, we don't want you hurt. Trust us to handle this."

"Sebastian, I appreciate that you want to protect me. You have no idea what a turn on that is, but I'm not a child. I want to be with you. I need to be with you." Her eyes watered as she spoke from her heart. The last thing she wanted was to be apart from him, either of them. The thought alone was gouging a hole in her heart the size of Texas.

"I love that you want to be with me, but I've decided that Jonah is going to take you back to Dallas. The two of you are going to run the practice, business as usual. I have a few people I need to visit with in regards to Mason Levi."

She sucked in a sharp breath, dread washing over her, filling every fiber of her being. "You're leaving me?"

He caressed her cheeks with his large hands. "I'm not leaving you, Brie. I could never leave you. I'd like to think that I'm merely in

search of answers, and I don't want you in danger. Jonah will see to your safety, and together you will manage the practice. It's time you earned that title of Senior Partner anyway."

Her brow furrowed. She took his hand in hers, not letting him step away from her, and she studied him. "Keep going. I know there's more to this story."

He smiled at her, but the emotion never reached his eyes. There was a hint of fear burning in their rich brown depths. "You're too smart for your own good." He kissed her, a gentle sweep of his lips. "We saw something that we need your help explaining."

Stomach knotting, she asked, "What?"

"When you were with Mason, we saw a burst of light flash from under the bathroom door and then an unmistakable amount of energy lingered, long after you left the room," he paused, taking in her tense expression. "The light we saw, what was that?"

Glancing away, she didn't know what to say. She'd purposely avoided thinking about what happened to her in the bathroom. Freaked that whatever it was made her one of the psychos she longed to see behind bars. What if that light made her do things, unexplainable things, unlawful things?

The power that surged from deep in her belly didn't feel evil, but this new world she found herself in wasn't exactly a fairy tale. The family legends she'd been told during her childhood years...maybe they were true after all. Sebastian and Jonah had already proved a great deal of those legends.

Shaking her head, she admitted honestly, "I don't know. Like I told you before I brushed off all the family stories from when I was a kid because I didn't believe in any of it."

Jonah moved forward to stand beside her, and Sebastian made room, he asked, "Where did that light come from?"

Swallowing hard, she blew out a pent up breath and after a few long moments, she said, "It came from me, at least, I think it did." She pinched her eyebrows together at the bridge of her nose. "I raised my

hands to push Mason away, and it just shot out of me.” She placed her hand over her belly and chest. “I felt something inside me, and the next thing I knew he was skittering across the floor.”

Both brothers narrowed their eyes. Sebastian asked, “What exactly did you feel just before that happened?”

She sighed, her gaze roaming all around the room as she remembered the exact moment, she explained, “Scared, frightened, but mostly pissed off.” She met their inquisitive stares. “I’m really getting sick and tired of things attacking me. I just want to live my life like everyone else does. I don’t want to constantly look over my shoulder, worrying that something is out there after me.”

Jonah stroked the side of her face with the back of his fingers. “So, you were defending yourself.”

“Yes. I wasn’t really frightened once I realized it was Mason, but I was very irritated that he held a knife to my throat for the second time this week. I just wanted out of there and to find my way back to you.” She glanced from Sebastian to Jonah, and said, “To both of you.”

Sebastian and Jonah grinned. A warm expression that told her they were glad she wanted to be with them—both of them.

“Brie, do you remember anything from your past that will help us understand what makes the unique girl from your family legends so unique?” Sebastian asked, stepping back to the counter, grabbing his pen and paper. “I need to know as much as you can tell me.”

Brows narrowed, she asked, “Why?”

Sebastian huffed out a breath, and she knew it was because he wasn’t used to having to explain himself. He expected her to comply without argument, but if he was going to want her as a mate, then Sebastian was going to have to get one thing straight. She was his partner in every single way and demanded the same level of respect for herself that she gave to him. She held her ground, her lips pressed tight and her eyebrow arched.

Sebastian's eyes fixed on hers. "First, I think you should know that Mason is not human."

"I know."

"You do?" Jonah asked, the tone in his voice revealed his surprise at her revelation.

"Yes, when he was in my apartment. I don't know how I knew. I just did."

"Well, that is one of the things we need to look into." Sebastian looked over the paper on the counter, and said, "We know that Mason is a were-animal, but we don't know what kind. We also know that he has been infected with something."

"What?" she gasped. "How do you know?" She suddenly felt cold, wrapping her arms around herself. A slight shiver rocking her body.

"Again, we don't know, but whatever it was impacted me enough to pick up on it right away. If I had to guess, I'd say something is mutating his DNA, and it's something that I need to figure out before we can go anywhere near him. The last thing I want is for one of us to become infected with the same...virus." The last word moved from his lips as if he were afraid to admit what he truly thought.

They were in deep shit.

Jonah's eyes went wide, and he asked, "So, you do think it's a virus?"

Sebastian nodded. "I'm not a hundred percent sure, how could I be, but I do think that's what it most likely is."

Brie frowned. Her heart plummeted in her chest. It was then that she understood what Sebastian planned, and she couldn't say it made her happy. "So, you plan to find out more about me to find out if I can be used as a weapon against him?" She didn't want to be used like this. She just wanted to be loved and cared for by both Sebastian and Jonah. Suddenly, their relationship seemed more like a means to an end rather than a happily ever after.

Sebastian closed the distance between them, his eyes showing that everything had been forgotten but her. “Brie, you know better than that. And if you don’t, then I’m doing something very wrong.” He played with the loose strands of her hair, brushing them away from her face. “I love you. I don’t know how many ways I can tell you this to make you fully understand.” He cradled her face in his hands. She resisted, but he was too strong and forced her to meet his gaze. “You are my mate, my forever. You are the one my heart beats for, the one who consumes my every thought.”

Her eyes filled with tears, her heart numb from the prospect of loss. “If that’s true, then why do you have to do this? Why do you have to find out about my...ability? Why hunt Mason alone? Why be apart from me?”

With hesitation, he retorted, “To keep all of us protected. Mason must be stopped. I need to find a way to do that. I’m merely trying to rule out all possibilities. Right now I’m very concerned about these powers you have. What are they? Why have they suddenly appeared? What triggers it? There are too many questions and not enough answers.” He stared at her, his eyes filled with immense desires, hunger. “I need for you to be safe, Brie. I’ll never be able to do or think of anything else if I’m worried that you are in danger.”

Jonah grabbed hold of her hand, squeezing gently. “Besides, aren’t you a little curious to know what your power is? Don’t you have questions?”

With a tense scowl, she nodded.

A deep, relieved sigh blew from his lips. Jonah pleaded, “Then please let us help you discover the truth. Let us figure out exactly what this is and how you can control it.”

Her jaw squeezed tight, and even though she hated that they were right, she wanted to argue that they weren’t. But no matter how many arguments she had with them, their minds were made up and she was fighting a losing battle. Finally, she nodded in agreement.

“Good, then it’s settled.” Sebastian eased back and moved to lean against the fireplace mantle. “You and Jonah will return to Dallas tomorrow. I will start finding out as much as I can about Mason and your powers.”

“But, do you have to leave so soon?”

Sebastian glared at her, and she bit her tongue. She didn’t want to anger him, not when they were communicating so well. Pushing too hard would be bad, and she liked that he treated her like the partner she wanted to be.

“Okay, like I told you before, my family shared stories about a female born in our family every five-hundred years. This female would be unique—a savior from God. She would possess abilities unlike any of our kind. She was special, a powerful being that would be held sacred among our kind.” She shook her head, disappointed that she hadn’t paid more attention to the stories as a child. “I’m sorry guys, but that’s really all I can remember.”

Jonah brushed his calloused palm up and down her arm. His comforting gesture warmed her heart.

“That’s okay, Brie,” Sebastian told her, a fire igniting in his eyes. “Now, get over here and make love to me like it’s the last time.”

Glaring at him, she snapped, “That’s not funny, Sebastian.”

Returning her serious stare, he said, “I wasn’t trying to be. I want everything you’ve got, Brie. I want to feel your body and your heart. All of your love. I don’t know how long we’ll be apart, and I need the memory of this night burned into my very soul.” His eyes narrowed. “Can you do that for me?”

“For us?” Jonah pressed close beside her.

Jonah’s fingers twirled around the zipper at her back. Her heart fluttered, and her body erupted into a million goose bumps as she heard the zipper slide down. Then the dress fell from her shoulders and dropped straight to the floor.

She stood before them clad in only a pair of black lace panties. Sebastian growled low in his throat as his eyes washed over her bare

flesh. She chewed the inside of her mouth, waiting for what was to come next.

“Jonah, would you be so kind as to remove her panties. I want to see all of our lovely mate’s body.” As requested, his fingers delved into the lacy material, slowly tugging them down past her damp thighs. She stepped clear of them, and her breath caught, witnessing Jonah lift the panties to his nose, inhaling the essence of her arousal. Her pussy began to spasm with more need than she’d ever felt.

“This is dirty, you know,” she told him.

“What is?” he asked with an innocent, boyish expression on his face.

She dug her hands into her naked hips and said, “Using sex to get me to stop thinking about you leaving.”

“Is it working?”

Spreading her arms out beside her body, her nipples hard, her pussy wet. She snickered. “What do you think?” Sebastian grinned, tugging the black T-shirt over his head in one fluid motion. He made quick work of his jeans, the most erotic thing she’d ever seen. The way he flipped open the button with one hand, while staring at her with so much passion and raw hunger. The jeans slid down long, powerful legs, and he kicked them away. His thick, impressive cock jutted out—he wasn’t wearing any underwear.

She gasped, anticipation filling her body with tantalizing pleasure. She couldn’t wait to feel his skin touching hers, couldn’t wait to learn his body once more—couldn’t wait to have Jonah complete her as they had done before.

“Come here, Brie,” Sebastian ordered in a low, guttural command.

She did, but when she reached him, she sank down to her knees, placed her lips over the head of his thick shaft, and took his cock deep into her mouth. She licked over the head, swirling her tongue up and down the sides of his cock.

“Oh, you beautiful vixen, what are you doing to me?” The husky sound he made was an absolute turn-on. Damn, she could suck his cock for hours.

Groaning at the salty, sweet taste of him, she took him into her mouth, while her other hand cupped and massaged his tight ball-sack. She had imagined for years what tasting him would be like, her lips gliding around on his cock just before he came, the teasing of his cum dancing on her tongue.

Stroking his long, thick shaft, she slammed his cock to the back of her throat. He gasped and groaned, obviously loving what she was doing to him. Right now, she could make this feral man do just about anything she desired, and she loved the power that gave her.

“Wait. Please,” he begged her.

Easing her mouth off his cock, he dropped to his knees, repositioning her to take him back into her mouth while she rested on her hands and knees. Instantly, she felt the warm press of Jonah’s body against her ass. Using his legs he spread her feet wide, making room for himself. The tip of his cock probed against her wet pussy, and she knew he was about to fuck her.

Unable to hold back, she cried, “Yes, do it now. Fuck me, Jonah.”

His cock slid into the tight sheath, slow and controlled. He growled as he sank deeper and deeper into her pussy. The fullness of his cock inside her had her breath catching in her throat. She loved the way he fit inside her, loved the way her mouth craved Sebastian’s cock. Making love to them was the only place she longed to be.

While Jonah fucked her body, Sebastian fucked her mouth. She felt utter ecstasy, feeling desired and loved. No other men in the world could make her want more, beg for more.

Quivering, she pushed back against Jonah’s thrust, rocking back and forth, the intensity growing. Sebastian grunted like an animal. Sucking his cock deep and hard, hot semen flooded her mouth. Licking and sucking his salty spice, she swallowed everything he had to offer.

“Damn,” Jonah grunted, his eyes taking in the orgasm that rocked Sebastian hard.

“I know, sh—she’s amazing.” Sebastian rubbed his hands along her spine, massaging the muscles of her back.

Jonah’s hips sprung forward, surging deeper into her pussy. She gasped, feeling his shaft pulsing as he fucked her harder.

“I’m not ready to come yet, big brother. You better find a way to occupy your time.”

Grinning, Brie said breathlessly, “I have an idea.”

Jonah steadied his hips, an action that said he was waiting to hear her suggestion, his fingers slipped around her waist and found the little button that had been neglected. He rubbed, flicked, and squeezed it between his fingers.

Brie gasped, biting back her need to have his mouth ravage her clit. She wanted to taste Jonah’s cum on her tongue just as she had Sebastian’s, needed to drink his essence, as if it branded her from the inside.

“Trade positions with Sebastian,” she whimpered.

He growled, stroking her clit harder, faster. “Now why would I want to do that? I’m happy right where I am, balls-deep in your tight little pussy.”

Whimpering, she begged, “Please, Jonah. I want your cock fucking my mouth. I want to taste you like I did Sebastian.”

A feral groan erupted from deep in his chest as he slipped out of her pussy, shoving his way toward the spot where Sebastian had knelt.

Brie smiled up at him, his hard cock jutted out to full attention, glistening with the slickness of her pussy. She flicked her tongue over the moist head, tasting her own juices. The erotic sense that she was not only going to suck Jonah’s cock deep in her mouth, but taste herself as she did so, made her wetter than ever.

As her lips clamped down around Jonah’s cock, Sebastian pressed deep into her silken pussy, his finger circling her anus. Drowning

from the pleasure, she couldn't think, all she knew was that her body wanted more, need more.

Sucking Jonah's cock deep into her mouth, using lips, tongue, and teeth working together to maximize the stimulation. She enjoyed the little moans and gasps she got from him as she scrapped her teeth gently along his shaft, pulling the skin tight as she sucked and licked up and down. Tasting his pre-cum on her tongue was like an aphrodisiac, and her pussy clenched with need.

"Damn," Sebastian groaned.

Her mouth and hand worked together, pumping and sucking in a rhythm that had Jonah grinding his hips, fucking her mouth. Shit, his cock tasted so sweet and wild. He rocked his hips, once then twice, growling with a vengeance, gripping her hair as he pumped his cum into her mouth.

Behind her, Sebastian grew more feral. His need to mark her as his own was evident in his furious need to fuck her hard. He tucked his hand down, stroking her clit, his cock pushing in and out, over and over again, pounding in and out in fevered strokes.

Brie cried out. A flash of sexual bliss ignited inside her as she came in blinding waves. Shuddering, her pussy clamped down around Sebastian's pulsing cock, squeezing him. Sebastian's fingers gripped her hips to steady her, his cock delved one last time inside her as he came hard and hot, growling and snarling like the wild beast he was.

Breathless, Brie's head lowered, her body ravaged, her mind numb. Sated, she collapsed to the floor unable to move. Sebastian lay beside her, guiding her head onto his chest, Jonah tucked in behind her. The men she loved held and stroked her skin, loving her as she loved them.

"Marry us, Brie. Say you'll be ours forever," Sebastian's asked. His voice held emotional need and promise.

She choked back a giggled covered sigh. Right, marry them? How could she marry them? They were a special circumstance. How could she marry two men? It wasn't legal, and she wouldn't be able to

choose which one to marry. She loved them both equally. Besides, even if she could, the timing sucked.

“Are you kidding? Mason Levi is somewhere out there wanting to seriously jack up my day,” she said with a snicker. “Then again, maybe passing up the opportunity to have two live-in werewolf bodyguards protecting me day and night might not be a bad idea.”

Jonah folded an arm over her waist and squeezed. His expression was hard and menacing. “Brie, this is serious. We want to marry you. We want you to be a part of our lives forever.”

She smiled, her heart welling inside her chest. “Of all the people to explain that this is serious, I never thought it would be you, Jonah.” She choked on the rising tears, her heart overflowing with emotions. She could feel their love for her blasting out as if the emotions were her own. “But I want you to know that I do want to spend my life with you, both of you. But marriage is one of those things that—”

“Don’t say it, Brie. Don’t say that marriage is something only couples do. We are a couple—me and you, you and Jonah. No one needs to know our business. We would be married as part of the pack traditions.”

Jonah added, “But in public you will be married to Sebastian.” Brie turned her head to look at him as his jaw ticked, the muscles flexing under his skin.

She eyed him wearily. “Is that what you want, Jonah? For me to belong to Sebastian in everyone’s eyes, but ours?”

“What I want is you, and if this is the only way I can have you, then yes, it is what I want.” He pressed closer, cradling her face in his hands. “But remember, Brie, you will be my wife according to wolf mating law, and that is the only law that really matters to me,” Jonah said, the smooth, dark resonance of his tone sending a shiver racing up and down her spine. He kissed her mouth hard, showing her just how serious he was.

Wet heat dampened the flesh between her legs. She twisted her body and closed her eyes as her fingers dove into his shoulder length

dark blond hair. “Then yes,” she gasped, pulling away from his kiss and reaching for Sebastian. His mouth pressed against hers. “I’ll marry you.” She kissed each one of them again. “God, yes, I’ll marry you.” She held their watery, joy-filled gazes. Her heart exploded with so much love she could hardly breathe.

This was her life now. A were-being married to two of the most gorgeous werewolves she’d ever seen with a supernatural murderer tracking her every move.

Exciting?

Not exactly the fairy tale she had hoped for as a little girl, but then again, who needs fairy tales when you had honest-to-God, flesh-and-blood werewolves to make love to each and every night.

Smiling at them both, she licked her lips. “Set the date for the wedding, boys, and I’ll be there,” she promised, reaching to kiss Sebastian once more. Pausing, she pushed back, glancing from him to Jonah. She had one more thing she had to say, one more thing that would seal the deal. “Before we leave this cabin, I insist you introduce me to Ryken and your other cousins.” She nibbled her bottom lip. “I’d prefer not to be eaten the next time I’m in the woods...unless of course it’s by either one of you.” She grinned.

Sebastian nipped at her lips, then kissed her mouth hard, while Jonah’s hand trailed down her stomach toward her damp folds. Her pussy clenched in response.

“I think we can handle that,” Sebastian said, grinning from ear to ear, kissing her jaw, neck, and licking her nipple.

“Yes, we can,” Jonah replied. Kissing a path from her neck to her other breast, he groaned, “The introduction and the pleasure of eating your pussy.” His finger slid between the wet folds of her cunt, probing past her throbbing clit. Her breath snagged in her throat.

“Oh,” Brie moaned, her hips thrusting up against Jonah’s deep strokes, her hand twisting into Sebastian’s hair, lowering him to take her mouth.

Tomorrow she'd worry about Sebastian leaving to track Mason Levi and find out about her past, but today, she would relish making love to her mates, enjoying all the sexual pleasures they promised.

Her mind was a whirlwind of pleasure. She knew it was true. Together, they could handle everything and anything. Sebastian and Jonah would protect her, love her, and cherish her as only true mates could.

Yes, she could totally handle that.

THE END

WWW.FACEBOOK.COM/MORGAN.FOX.AUTHOR

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Morgan Fox currently resides in Texas and has been writing paranormal romance for as long as she can remember. As a teenager she wrote dozens of short stories about love, loss, danger and of course the seductive paranormal bad boy.

A graduate from the University of Texas at Dallas, she was raised in Florida but navigated to Texas as quickly as she could. Most days, you can find Morgan on her computer diving headlong into her fierce imagination where anything can happen.

When not writing, or thinking about writing, she enjoys cycling with her husband and reading all kinds of romance novels. Finding time for all things she loves can be challenging, but with a supportive husband all things are possible.



Siren Publishing, Inc.
www.SirenPublishing.com