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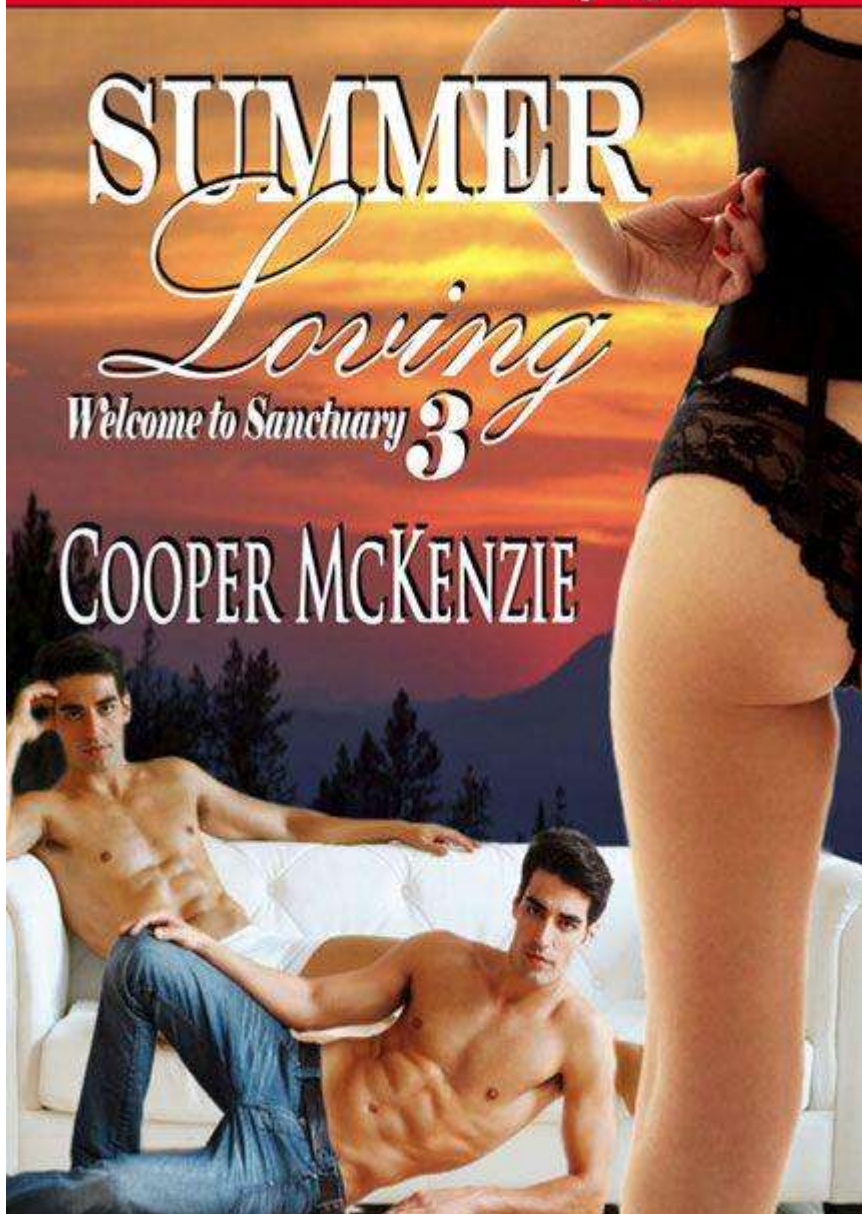
Ménage Amour

SUMMER

Loving

Welcome to Sanctuary 3

COOPER MCKENZIE



Welcome to Sanctuary 3

Summer Loving

When Summer Ryan arrives in North Carolina for her sister's wedding, the last thing she expects is to stay for more than a week. Her life is half a world away. Then Cole and Dawson claim her as their mate.

With their brothers claiming Spring and Winter as their mates they hope, but hardly expect to find their mate in the Charlotte Airport. She's not surprised by their abilities, but before they can fully claim her as their own, an emergency call comes, demanding their return to help find a lost child. Summer agrees to go with them, and then she makes a demand she wonders if they'll be able to fulfill.

Will Summer be able to give up her vagabond life for two shape-shifting Irish Wolfhounds? Will Cole and Dawson be able to commit to marriage as their brothers are doing?

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DEDICATION

To dog lovers everywhere.

SUMMER LOVING

Welcome to Sanctuary 3

COOPER MCKENZIE

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Chapter 1

As Summer Ryan approached the front doors of Charlotte Douglas International Airport, she scanned the crowd for a familiar face. Winter had promised to meet her plane so they could surprise their sister at her wedding. She would also serve as Winter's witness for his commitment ceremony to Garrett and Hawk, the two men he'd met and fallen in love with just weeks before. Her eyes passed over then returned to a pair of tall, dark, and handsome-as-sin men who were staring at her like they hadn't seen a woman in ages.

They were gorgeous and looked like they might be willing to help her ease the sexual tension that had been building over the last three months, but they weren't Winter. Her brother had promised her a shower, a soft bed for some sleep, and a few hours to pick up a man and scratch the sexual itch that burned in her pelvis. Tomorrow, they would drive to wherever the hell it was he and Spring were now living.

Though she continued looking around, her gaze went back to the men again and again. It wasn't often one saw adult twins together, and she smiled as a woman walked into a couple because she was busy gawking at the men. But the men didn't notice the small commotion. They were still staring at her.

Tired, hungry, and jet-lagged after innumerable hours of flying from the other side of the world, Summer had little patience left for big, sexy men who were probably married. She expected their petite, skinny, sexy blonde wives would make their appearance with a gaggle of kids in tow any minute now. In the meantime, she was not averse to giving them back a little of the intense attention they focused on her. Let them know how it felt to be a piece of meat on display.

Looking them up and down, she was reminded once again that it had been way too long since she'd been with a man. Unlike her sister, Summer was a sexual creature who some might call a slut, but she didn't care. She was a healthy woman who liked men and had yet to find one who could bring her to more than one orgasm during an evening of play.

And these two were her favorite kind—tall and muscular with shaggy, dark brown hair and a yummy bad-boy air. Broad-shouldered, narrow-hipped, and with long legs encased in tight-fitting jeans that emphasized impressive bulges behind their flies, they looked like they would be creative and demanding in bed, alone or together. When the one on the right tilted his head as if silently asking if she liked the view, she smiled in response.

As they slowly closed the distance between them, Summer's pussy clenched and her nipples stiffened. Then she looked down at herself and wondered what the hell they found so attractive. She was four inches too short for her weight, too curvy for current social dictates, and rumped from three days of traveling from the middle of Russian nowhere to be in the Smoky Mountains of North Carolina for her sister's wedding.

The men didn't seem to mind her appearance as they continued forward. They appeared relaxed and assured until they got about five feet away. Then they froze, and each took a deep breath. From this distance, she saw the one on the right had bright blue eyes while the other one had equally bright green ones. As she watched, their eyes changed, the color going deeper. Something about these two was different than other men.

After exchanging a long look and a nod, they moved forward until only inches separated them.

"Hello, Summer," the one with green eyes said.

He shocked her speechless when he leaned in and hugged her, rubbing his smooth cheek on hers as he took another deep breath. He growled deep in his chest as he exhaled. When he backed away, he took the briefcase hanging from her shoulder and transferred it to his own.

Before she could get offended, the other copied his brother's actions, whispering, "Our mate," just before nuzzling his nose along her other cheek then kissing it.

Summer frowned in confusion as her body reacted to their nearness. Her nipples beaded painfully tight, and her pussy overflowed with her fluids, dampening her panties. She'd never reacted this strongly to a stranger before, even ones she'd picked up in a bar.

"How do you know my name? Who are you?"

Blue eyes answered. "I'm Dawson Sullivan, and this is my twin brother, Cole. Winter couldn't get away, so he sent us to pick you up."

His voice was just as deep, just as rumbling as his brother's, though somehow it carried a slightly different timbre to it. She had a feeling that she would be able to tell them apart even without seeing their eyes.

Pulling her phone out of her pocket, she hit Winter's number and then put the speakerphone on. When Cole's pocket rang, her sense of unreality deepened. When he pulled it out and answered, his voice emerged from her phone.

So, they had Winter's phone. That was a good thing, right?

"Who are you?" she finally asked.

"Your sister is marrying our brothers, Adam and Brock. Winter is mated to our youngest brothers, Garrett and Hawk."

"Huh? How many of you are there?" she asked.

"Is this all of your luggage?" he asked as he took control of her carry-on.

Summer nodded. "I want to talk to Winter."

Cole nodded and used his phone to speed-dial another number. When someone answered on the other end, he said, "We've got her, but she wants to talk to Winter. Yes, she is. Uh-huh. Don't worry, we'll be there."

A moment later he handed the phone to her.

"Winter?"

"Hi, Summer. Are you being overly cautious for the first time in your life?"

Summer made a face, causing both brothers to chuckle. "You're not here and two men walk up to me, sniff me, hug me, and tell me that you sent them. What do you want me to think?"

"I want you to go to the hotel with them, take a long, hot shower, and then let them relax away all your tension," her brother said, sounding way too happy.

Summer looked at the two men as her cunt tightened with excitement. "All right, but if I end up in a harem somewhere in the world, it's on your head."

"You won't. These are two of the good ones. Consider them your very own cabana boys," Winter said, referring to the inside joke that they were both looking for cabana boys to take care of them so they could focus on their work.

"So, I guess I'll see you tomorrow."

"If not tomorrow, the next day." Her brother giggled before hanging up on her.

Summer turned to the men who stood before her in a protective stance.

"Okay, I'm all yours."

She tried to read the expression that flashed over the brothers' faces, but couldn't put a name on it. When Dawson took her hand, her breath caught. His warm touch sent pulses of pure heat through her body, sending her into an embarrassing arousal overload that she'd never felt before.

"You're traveling very light. Most women I've met need twice the stuff that you've got in this little bag for a weekend," he said, returning to their earlier conversation.

"I can only stay for a week," she said as he led her through the thinning crowd and out the front doors.

"We'll see about that," Cole muttered behind her.

"Besides, after doing this kind of traveling for the last five years, I've learned that it's easier to buy what I need instead of lugging it through customs."

Once on the sidewalk, Dawson turned to where a line of taxicabs waited. "We got a room for tonight, and we'll head back to Sanctuary tomorrow," he said.

"How far is it?"

"Over there." He pointed to a large hotel across and down the street from the airport.

"Would it be okay if we walked? I need to stretch my legs," she asked before he could open the door to the first car in line.

"No problem," the brothers responded as one.

As they walked across the parking lot in a direct line toward the hotel, Cole took her other hand, sending more shivers through her bloodstream. While Summer tried to organize her questions, the brothers remained silent as they walked on either side of her.

"Are you hungry? Thirsty? Or do you want to go straight to the room?" Cole asked as he opened the door to the hotel lobby and allowed Dawson to lead her inside.

Summer blinked and tried to think beyond her body's demand to take these two men any way they wanted. "I'm sure I am, but more than anything else I'd really like to take a long, hot shower."

Dawson chuckled as they crossed the lobby. "Sure thing, baby girl. Anything you want."

While the brothers seemed oblivious to anyone but her, she watched as other women tracked them across the lobby. The older ones smiled with appreciation for the handsome men and the care they showered on her. Several of the young women stared with envious expressions. She was surprised at the lack of men until she saw a sign advertising a writer's conference for romance writers.

Once they were alone in the elevator, Summer turned to Dawson and asked the question that was at the top of her list. "What did you call me when you hugged me?"

Dawson looked uncomfortable. She watched as he glanced at his brother who nodded in response. "Why don't we wait until after you've had your shower? We'll order some dinner and talk while we eat."

Summer shrugged. "Okay."

After dinner, she would try to talk them into some sexual fun and games.

When they stepped out of the elevator, three men were waiting to enter. They had obviously already been drinking. When two moved to separate her from the brothers, she squeaked out a protest.

Faster than she could register it, the two men were against the back wall of the elevator. She stood on the opposite side of the hallway with Dawson wrapped around her. He held her tight and growled at the men then lowered his head and kissed her. Summer felt his erection grow and press into her abdomen. Her body softened and molded more tightly to his as her arousal grew exponentially.

His lips were hot and hard against her as he traced the seam of her lips with the tip of his tongue once before pressing between. She parted her lips with a sigh, welcoming his heat, his taste, and the touch of his tongue brushing over hers. Pressing even closer, she kissed Dawson back with every ounce of passion in her.

She couldn't see Cole, but heard him bark at the men, "Our mate."

"Yeah, sure, man. Whatever you say," the third man assured him just before she heard the elevator doors slide closed.

Then Cole pressed in close behind her. She felt his cheek brush over the top of her head as he breathed deeply and slid his arms around her chest, resting just under her breasts. When he pressed his

pelvis against her ass, she sighed at the feel of his erection as well, and the need to feel both cocks in her hands swelled up in her.

She moaned in denial when Dawson finally released her lips and sucked a quick breath when Cole spun her around just before he took his turn kissing her. Like his brother, he was a master at it. As he licked his way into her mouth, both men made chuffing sounds as if talking in a language that sounded nowhere near human.

Then it hit her.

Pulling her lips free from his, she looked up wide-eyed at Cole. "Oh my God," she whispered, "you're shape shifters!"

Chapter 2

Cole looked over her head at Dawson and saw that his brother felt the same amazement at her accurate assessment of the situation. Dropping his gaze again to the woman snuggled between them, he swallowed hard. She didn't look scared. She looked excited and turned on.

Then he grew distracted at how perfectly she fit in his arms and how good she smelled. He gritted his teeth and fought the urge to rip off all their clothes and claim her right here in the hall. He could tell from Dawson's expression that he felt the same way, but she needed to know what she was getting into before they claimed and mated her as their own.

"How do you know about shape shifters?" Cole asked.

"I've traveled parts of the world even *National Geographic* hasn't seen. A couple of years ago I was in Romania, and my guide took me to a village that had nothing but wolf shape shifters. I also saw gazelle and lion shape shifters in Africa. What animal do you shift into?"

Cole heard movement behind him and watched as his brother's attention was diverted from the woman between them. "We need to move this conversation to somewhere more private."

He tensed for the few seconds it took Summer to nod in agreement. "I just hope the room isn't too far away."

He smiled down at her. "The end of the hall," he said, lifting a hand and pointing over her shoulder.

Summer nodded and moved sideways until they were forced to release her. "Let's go," she said, taking off down the hall without waiting for them.

Cole grabbed her suitcase and hurried after her, his brother at his side. For a little woman, their mate moved faster than any other woman he'd ever met. By the time they caught up with her she stood waiting just outside the door of their suite. She no longer looked exhausted as she had when they'd first met her at the airport. Now she looked awake, sexy, and excited by more than just the first kisses they'd just shared.

* * * *

If Summer had more energy, she would be bouncing with excitement. Shape shifters had always intrigued her, and though she had spent extra time at those villages of shape shifters, trying to help,

she'd kept those meetings a secret, especially when she'd discovered the gazelle tribe and the lion herd existed less than two hours apart.

Cole unlocked the door and pushed it open then stepped back and waited for her to go first. The lights were already on, so she didn't worry about finding an intruder. For a moment she hesitated, her mind clearing for long enough to wonder if her long ignored libido was getting her in trouble with these two men. Cole smiled at her, his expression sending quivers of need down her spine.

Stepping inside, she slipped off her clogs and sighed as her bare feet settled deep into the thick, soft carpeting. "So," she started as she left her shoes by the door and walked away to check out the room.

Her mother used to say that she had been a cat in an earlier life, for whenever she was in a new place she had to find all the nooks and crannies before she could relax. What she found as she wandered impressed her. The brothers Sullivan had spared no expense in providing her a place to take a shower and sleep. Instead of a single room, she found herself in a two-bedroom suite.

The bedrooms opened into either side of the sitting room. She walked through one room and then the other, finding both contained king-sized beds with nightstands and dressers with a subdued elegance that didn't impress her. All she saw was the bed. The bathrooms were identical as well and both more luxurious than anything she'd experienced in months. Returning to the sitting room, she looked at the two men who had closed the door, but seemed to be waiting for her decision.

Not exactly sure what they were waiting for, but knowing what she wanted, she set her feet and crossed her arms over her chest, pushing her more than generous tits higher and more prominent. "So, which room is yours?"

Together the twins each lifted one arm and pointed to the bedroom to her right. With a smile, she crossed the room and took her suitcase from Cole. Walking to the open doorway of their room, she put her suitcase on the dresser.

"You have about five minutes to fill me in before I go into the other bedroom and take a shower until I either use up all the hot water or melt into a puddle of wrinkled goo in the bottom of the tub."

"How much do you need to know before your shower?" Dawson asked as he carried her briefcase to the desk by the window while Cole led her to one of the long couches.

"As much as you can tell me in the next four and a half minutes."

Dawson joined them, sitting on the opposite side from his brother. He took her hand while Cole reached up and threaded his fingers through her hair. She visibly shivered when he brushed the backs of his fingers up and down her neck.

"Sullivans are Irish wolfhound shape shifters. Our ancestors immigrated to the United States and settled in a hidden valley in the Smoky Mountains well before the country declared its independence. We still live in that same valley more than 250 years later," Cole started.

"For as long as family history has been recorded, our line only births male babies and always has two at a time," Dawson continued. "When we find and claim our mate, Sullivan men share their mate."

"Share their mate? I bet Spring flipped out at that," Summer said with a grin. "Winter probably accepted immediately and is planning to write a book about it. But at the airport and again in the hallway with those men, you said I was your mate. Does that mean...?"

She looked from one to the other to see them both nodding. Their expressions were guarded and solemn, and she could feel the tension radiating from them.

"We thought it could be possible the moment we saw some of the pictures Spring had of you," Dawson said. "I don't know about Cole, but just looking at your picture turned me on so much I had to take a good long run to ease the need to find you and claim you."

Summer turned to Cole in time to see him nodding. "It was the same for me. Spring probably thinks I don't like her because I can't step into their house without standing in front of a picture of you and staring while getting hard. If I spent too much time there I'd have to excuse myself to go jack off with the memory of your picture in my head." He leaned in to rub his cheek against hers.

Then Dawson did the same. "I can't wait to get you naked and taste the sweet cream I can smell already pouring from your pussy," he said softly.

"Mmmm." Cole moved even closer and pushed her hair back. He licked around her ear from top to bottom, then took her earlobe between his lips and suckled. He placed her hand palm-down over the fly of his jeans. "I can't wait to slide my cock through your cream and fuck you until we're both too weak to do anything but sleep before starting all over again."

Summer moaned as her body reacted to the mental images their words created. Without thinking of what she was doing, her other hand moved to Cole's lap, finding an equally impressive erection in his pants. Her eyes closed as her arousal built.

"But I've never been able to satisfy one man. How am I supposed keep both of you happy?"

The men looked startled at her blunt admission.

"Why do you think you can't please us?" Cole asked gently.

Summer blinked back sudden tears. "My last boyfriend told me that he was tired of fighting my need for control. I only come once, and then I'm done."

When she tried to move her hand from his cock, Cole put his free hand over hers and held it against him. His other hand ran from her knees up to within an inch of her silk covered mound. When she lifted her hips from the couch, he chuckled. "I don't think you'll have that problem with us."

When his fingers traced over the silk of her thong, she sighed. "How long?" She forced her mouth to form the words though she really wanted to just give in and let them do whatever they wanted to her.

"How long what?"

"How long are you going to want me? Is this a one-night thing? Or just until I go back to work?"

The brothers froze then pulled away until the only thing connecting them was her hand on their cloth-covered cocks. She forced herself to open her eyes and look from one to the other. Their almost angry expressions had her yanking her hands from their laps to fold them together in her own. "What?"

"If we mate you, claim you as ours, you will be the only woman for us. For the rest of our lives, it will be the three of us only. Will you be able to accept that? Or should we stop now?" Cole asked, his voice deep and growly.

Summer looked from one to the other. Dawson looked worried. Cole looked pissed. She wasn't sure what she felt.

"I'm going to take my shower now," she said as she stood and headed to the empty bedroom.

"Summer?" Dawson called as she reached the doorway.

Summer stopped but didn't look back. She couldn't. If she did, she knew she would run back and beg them to take her any way they wanted. "I need a few minutes to think. You've just dumped a hell of a lot of information on me, and I need to process it before I can make any kind of decision."

With that she looked back and saw both men standing and staring at her with a hunger and sadness she needed to relieve. "Don't worry, I'm not running away. I'm just taking a hot shower."

"Think of this while you're in there. Two men of your very own. To take care of you, protect you, and meet your every sexual need for the rest of your life," Dawson said.

Summer's eyes went wide as she added that thought to everything else she had to think about.

"Want me to wash your back?" Cole asked with a darkly sexy smile.

"And I could wash your front at the same time," Dawson added, pulling his shirt from his jeans.

"I think I can manage this time alone. But I'm going to need real food when I'm done if you have any ideas of claiming me tonight," she called as she turned and headed to the bathroom.

By the time she'd cleaned up and allowed the hot water to pummel her until her fingers were pruned, she had a couple more questions, though she had already made her decision. After drying off and using up the tiny bottles of lotion she found on the counter, she dried her hair before wrapping a luxurious bath towel around her body.

Carrying her clothes, she left the bathroom and went looking for the brothers. They were still in the sitting room. Cole was pacing, and Dawson stood at the window, staring out so hard it was as if he was trying to see past the horizon.

"What about my job?" she asked as she crossed the sitting room to the bedroom where her suitcase sat with her clean clothes in it.

"What about it?" one of the brothers asked. Without looking in his eyes, she couldn't be sure, but thought it was Dawson.

"I travel the world ten months of the year. You live in Sanctuary. How would that work?" She dropped her towel and pulled on a red thong and matching silk bra.

It wasn't until she heard a soft growl from behind her that she remembered she wasn't alone.

"We'll work it out, though you might want to think about quitting or changing to a more advisory position so you could stay close to home. Mated triads don't do well being away from one another for very long."

"Hmmm," she murmured, turning to face them in only her underwear. She was self-conscious about her voluptuous curves until she found them staring at her body with what could only be described as sexual starvation.

"My boss has been trying to get me to take an office job for over a year, but I loved the travel and wasn't sure I wanted to be stuck in an office in the city. I wonder if he'd let me telecommute from Sanctuary?"

"If he doesn't, we could always go and explain it to him," Cole said as he rubbed one hand down the front of his body to the front of his jeans where his cock pressed hard against the material.

"So, what now?"

Before anyone could move, a brisk knock sounded at the door in the sitting room.

"Now we eat dinner and get to know one another," Dawson said.

Chapter 3

By the time Summer emerged from the bedroom after dressing in clean clothes, the twins were arranging food on the table near the windows. When she joined them, they looked at her, and she watched their anxious, aroused expressions shift into what appeared to be disappointment in her appearance.

"What's wrong?" she asked, looking down at her clothes. She thought jeans and a T-shirt were appropriate for dinner in their room. She'd only brought one dress and planned to wear it at Spring's wedding.

"You got dressed," Cole groused as he pulled back a chair for her to sit in.

"Did you want me to eat dinner naked?"

"Would you?" Dawson asked with a leer.

"I will if you will," she returned with a grin.

The sassy, snarky, daring side she normally kept hidden under a veneer of professionalism refused to be restrained any longer. When the men pulled off their shirts, she laughed.

"If we get naked now, a lot of food will go to waste," she said logically, "and I really am hungry."

Turning her attention to the table, she was shocked at the sheer amount and variety of food on the table. "Are we expecting company?" she asked as Dawson held the center of three chairs with a plate and silverware in front of it.

"No," Cole said, taking the seat to her left while Dawson sat on her right. "We just weren't sure what you might want to eat, so we ordered a little bit of everything."

Summer looked over the choices, and her mouth began to water. "How did you know all my favorite foods?"

She didn't wait but began to transfer several stuffed mushrooms and other finger foods to her plate. Dawson served her a grilled chicken breast while Cole cut a piece of steak and added it to her plate. Then they each served her some of the vegetables that were available.

"We weren't absolutely certain, but from watching your sister and brother with their mates, we've learned that mates seem to all have similar likes and dislikes," Dawson said as he filled his plate.

"Four pieces of chocolate cake?"

"Three to eat and the fourth to play with later," Cole explained, his voice dropping into a range that sent her simmering arousal higher.

"Mmmm, men after my own heart," Summer murmured before tucking into her dinner.

As they ate, she asked questions about their lives in Sanctuary. The men answered easily. She learned that they ran a small, old-time general store that supplied the mountain people with things they needed, as well as helped run the bed-and-breakfast in the summertime.

Once she'd cleaned her plate, Summer felt closer to these two men than she had anyone else in her life. She looked at the cake with longing, but her hungers for other things demanded satiation first.

Pushing away from the table, she stood and walked away from the table. Without a word, she stripped her shirt over her head and dropped it to the floor. After undoing her jeans, she shimmied out of them and left them on the floor as well. She felt both men watching her as she walked to the far end of the couch and sat down.

"Would you do something for me?"

She ran a finger from the base of her throat to the front clasp of her bra. She smiled with both men growled softly before pushing to their feet and approaching

"What?" Cole asked, showing he was the more cautious of the two.

Meanwhile, Dawson answered, "Anything."

"Will you show me how you shift? I'd like to see you in your other form."

When the brothers looked at each other for a long minute, she wondered if she'd pushed too hard. She was curious, and if destiny put the three of them together, she wanted to see all sides of these men before making such a life-changing decision.

"If you don't want to, that's okay," she said a moment later.

The brothers looked at her and then each reached for the fastenings of their jeans. In seconds they stood before her naked.

"Oh my," she breathed.

Like the rest of their bodies, the twins' erections were long, thick and drool-worthy. The need between her legs turned into an ache until she was tempted to jump across the space between them and fuck the hell out of them both without any further foreplay.

As her muscles tightened in preparation, the air around the two men shimmered. A moment later two humongous dogs stood where the men had stood but a moment before. Their fur was the same dark brown their hair had been in their human form, and their eyes were the same bright blue and green as well.

"Wow," she murmured as the dogs slowly approached. Holding out her hands she allowed the dogs to sniff and then lick them before she began to scratch behind their ears.

The dogs moved closer and she found herself surrounded by the warm, shaggy dogs. She petted the dogs for a few minutes, but their fur brushing against her skin just added to her hunger for them. The arousal that had been building in her since meeting these men soon reached a point that it would no longer be ignored. She pushed the dogs away far enough so she could step from between them.

"I'm going to bed now. You can join me, but I refuse to sleep with, or make love with four-legged critters so you'd better—" She squealed when a large, naked man swept her off her feet and into his arms. Looking up, she saw Dawson held her securely.

"Relax, baby, I won't drop you," he said as he carried her into the bedroom.

Once there, he did not put her down while Cole stripped the covers off the bed. Instead, he rubbed his face against hers and took a deep breath which he released with a sigh. When he started kissing her cheek, she turned and met his lips.

He tasted of man, sex, and hunger, a combination that dragged Summer under his thrall. She didn't fight when he released her legs and slid his hands down her back to cup the cheeks of her ass. Instead, she shifted her body then wrapped her arms and legs around him, clinging like a koala in a eucalyptus tree.

Tilting her head a little more to the right, she pressed her lips even harder against his, wanting, needing, demanding more. She slowly shimmied her shoulders back and forth, brushing her nipples against Dawson's light dusting of chest hair.

When that didn't drive him past the limits of his control, Summer canted her hips forward, hoping to brush her clit against the head of his cock.

But he held her too high against his body for that. Shifting her hips again, she succeeded in brushing just the peak of her aroused clit against his abdomen. That tiny contact caused them both to suck in a breath.

Dawson pulled his lips from hers and frowned at her. "Slow down, baby. Otherwise I'm going to claim you right here, right now, and to hell with the niceties."

His wild, sex-starved, burning blue eyes contradicted his words.

She leaned in and licked her way from his chin to his upper lip, which she took between hers and sucked gently.

When he made a low growling sound, it reverberated through her nipples and raced through her body. Releasing his lip, she murmured, "To hell with niceties. Fuck. Me. Now."

Instead, Dawson kissed her hard and quick before hot, muscular arms slid between their bellies and pulled her away out of his arms. "I don't think she needs much more convincing," he snarked as she whined with disappointment.

"Shhh, little one, it's all right," Cole murmured in the same deep, darkly sexy voice.

Summer whined again when he did not release her, instead continuing to hold her around the middle so she also could not touch herself. The whine turned to a needy moan when he rubbed his lips over the spot where shoulder and neck met.

"More," she begged, her voice tight with need. Need, hunger, and arousal twisted together between her legs, demanding someone's attention immediately.

She jumped when shoulders came up behind her thighs to hold her legs wide apart. She mewed when a hot, rough tongue brushed between her legs, starting at the entrance to her cunt and slowly brushing its way up between the lips protecting her sex.

She began to pant when hot breath crossed her clit before his tongue circled it. Everything in her grew tighter and tighter. She fought to maintain control. Her brain suddenly clicked on, reminding her that if she came now, there would be no sex. She'd never had more than one orgasm with a man, and she did not want it to be over before either man had a chance to fuck her.

"Let go, Summer," the voice in her ear commanded. "Come, little one. Give Dawson your sweet cream."

"No, I can't," she cried softly. "It's too soon. I want you to fuck me first."

"Don't worry, we'll fuck you, but first I want to see you come with Dawson's head between your legs," Cole assured her.

Because of the way they held her, she could not escape their hold. Dawson took her clit between his lips and sucked hard while he slid two fingers deep into her cunt. At the same time, Cole

took her nipples between his fingers and rolled them gently. The added stimulation shoved her over the edge into her release. A truckload of orgasmic fireworks exploded in her, burning through any control she'd ever thought she possessed.

She screamed as she came, causing her to buck in her men's arms. Dawson stayed with her, sucking and licking and easing her down from her peak. Her arousal did not retreat completely as it normally did. Instead, it ebbed only slightly but kept her hungry.

She made a small noise of protest when Dawson lowered her legs from his shoulders to the floor. She continued leaning heavily against Cole, not sure her legs would hold her weight.

"More." She started at Dawson as Cole's hands continued to play with her breasts. "Please, I need more."

"Shhh, little one, there's lots more to come," Cole assured her as he kissed her shoulder.

Dawson stood up and then lifted her legs so she hung between the two men. Then they carried her to the side of the bed and swung her twice before dropping her on the bed. She giggled as she landed on the bed, bouncing once before Cole was next to her. A moment later, Dawson had rounded the bed and crawled to lay on her other side. They were laughing with her, obviously pleased with her response to their playfulness.

"I don't understand," she admitted as she rolled onto her side and ran a hand up and down Cole's powerfully built body. "This has never happened to me before."

"What's that, little one?"

"I've never come more than once with a man and never like that. With you I came harder than I ever have in my life and still want more."

"Because you are our mate."

She leaned in and licked at Cole's nipples before moving farther south. She traced her way with fingers, lips, and tongue down his body to his cock. She licked his slit, tasting the fluid there, and made an appreciative noise before taking the head of his cock into her mouth. She lapped at it with her tongue as her hands continued exploring his hips, pelvis, and thighs before pulling off again.

Dawson, brushing his hands up and down her back and reaching around to caress whatever he could reach, only added fuel to the fire that burned in her. She needed more, and she needed it right now.

"Fuck me now?" Her demand came out as a question as she leaned across Cole's body to kiss him.

Without breaking the kiss, he rolled her so she was lying on her back. She spread her legs wide to give him plenty of room when he shifted his lower body over hers. When he finally lifted his head, he stared down at her with a hunger she'd never before seen on a man's face.

"Are you absolutely sure, little one? Once we mate and claim you, that's it. You are ours forever," His words were so deep and growly she barely understood them, but she knew what he was asking.

"I'm sure. I want you two beside me forever. Yes, claim me. Make me yours."

A heartbeat later she felt the large head of Cole's cock press for entrance. They sighed together as the tip penetrated, and he slid in her full length on the first thrust.

"You feel so good," Cole said as he held still with his cock fully imbedded in her.

Summer smiled up at him. "You do, too, but I need more. Move, damn it!" She tried to buck her hips to fuck him, but he kept his hips pressed against hers to keep her still.

"Hang on, little one. You've got me so wound up that if I move now, it will be over before it has a chance to begin."

She turned her head to look at Dawson, who was curled up on the bed beside her. "Help me?"

He leaned in and kissed her, taking her mind off the cock that was not moving between her legs until Cole sucked a breath and said, "That's so damn hot."

Cole shifted his hips back then began to fuck her with a strong, steady rhythm. She wrapped her arms and legs around him and held on tight as the fire of her arousal built into a white-hot blaze.

The fire carried her higher and higher as she lifted into his thrusts until she was certain they'd burn the hotel down. When he licked at the spot where her neck and shoulder come together then bit her, she gasped. An instant later she cried out as the pain turned into an intense pleasure, and she came again.

Cole thrust three more times before shoving even deeper. She felt his cock jerk inside her as he lifted his head and roared his release. Then he licked at the spot where he'd bit her before murmuring, "Mine forever," in her ear.

They'd barely caught the breath when he eased from her cunt and shifted to lie beside her. Opening her eyes, she looked at Dawson, who was propped on one elbow as he silently watched them. He met her gaze with an excited, hungry expression that sent shivers through her.

Once again she was shocked to find that her arousal eased only minimally while her energy level soared. Her body wanted, no, demanded even more. Sitting up, she put a hand in the center of Dawson's chest and pushed him back. Then she swung around to straddle his legs. Leaning forward, she licked his cock from base to tip. Her gaze traveled up his body, past the ridges and planes to meet his glowing blue eyes.

"I want to ride you, cowboy."

Chapter 4

Watching his brother claim their mate was the hottest thing Dawson had ever witnessed. At one point he squeezed the base of his cock to keep from coming as he reminded himself that he was next and then she truly would be theirs.

When his brother collapsed on the other side of their mate after coming, Dawson's cock began to throb in synch with the heartbeat in his ears. He grinned when Summer pushed him flat and then moved to straddle his legs. He always had liked a woman who knew what she wanted, and his mate still looked hungry for more.

He sucked a breath as she ran the flat of her tongue up his length of his cock. He thought the top of his head would blow off if she repeated the action. Thankfully, she sat back and demanded to ride him instead. He had to lock his jaw to keep from howling, "Yes," in response.

Instead, he blinked and nodded. "Go for it, baby," he said, his voice tight with his need.

When she wrapped her fingers around his cock, he grabbed her wrist to keep her from stroking him. "I'm too close," he gasped when she sent him a startled look.

She nodded with a sassy smile that knotted his guts even tighter. "I know the feeling," she murmured as she moved and fitted the head of his cock at the entrance to her pussy.

He could not help growling as she slowly sank over him, her passage hot, wet, and rippling with muscle movements.

"That's so damn sexy," she said as she settled fully over him.

It took every bit of control left in him to fight down the urge to roll them over and fuck her hard and fast.

Panting like he'd run up a mountain, Dawson bent his legs and planted his feet on the mattress. "Baby, my fuse is short and burning fast. I don't know how much longer I'll be able to control myself."

A look of sympathy flashed across her face before she nodded. Resting her hands on his chest, she began to ride him. Dawson closed his eyes as she moved up and down his shaft, each stroke a little hard and faster than the previous one.

Peripherally, he was aware of Cole leaving the bed and moving around the room, but he was so caught up in their woman that he didn't care what his brother was doing.

Holding out as long as he could, Dawson finally had to give in to the need to take over. He had to move. Shifting his feet to get better leverage, he began to thrust up to meet her descent. She leaned forward resting her hands, then her forearms on his chest as if she was having trouble holding herself upright. But it didn't matter. She was theirs forever.

Sitting up, he wrapped his arms around her back and pulled her down as his balls pulled up, and his release barreled through him.

"Mine," he called out as he bit the opposite side of her neck from Cole.

The sweet, tangy taste of her blood washed over his tongue at the same moment she cried out her release. Her pussy clamped down on his cock, pulling his life fluids from him, and they came together.

After licking his bite closed, every muscle in his body went lax, and it was all he could do to hold Summer close.

"Feel good, baby?"

"Mmmm," was the only answer from the boneless woman in his arms. "Soooo good," she murmured a moment later once he'd eased from her.

After Dawson rolled them so she lay on the bed, he had to smile. She was already asleep but still able to mumble a wordless protest as he eased from her cunt and pulled from her arms. Cole cleaned her up with a washcloth while Dawson went to the bathroom and did the same. Then the brothers pulled the covers back onto the bed before crawling in to snuggle on either side of their woman.

A sense of completeness welled up in Dawson as he took Summer's hand in his. Taking a deep breath, he relaxed fully, joining their mate in slumber.

* * * *

When Summer woke, she did not open her eyes at first. She was afraid that her meeting with Cole and Dawson had been a dream and when she opened her eyes she would find herself back in her cramped Russian hotel room, alone and horny. Then she felt warm hands caressing her body. Four hands brushing over her skin, leaving trails of heat everywhere they went.

Opening her eyes, she lifted her head from the pillow and looked down at her body.

"Oh, thank God, you're real," she whispered as the one on her right licked his way up the mound of her breast then swirled his hot, wet tongue around her erect nipple.

The other one lifted his head and looked at her. Green eyes. Cole. Which meant Dawson was the one now suckling at her tit as if it his life depended on it.

"Now, why would you think otherwise?" he asked as he took her other nipple between his finger and thumb and began to gently roll it.

"Oh," Summer moaned and arched into their touch. "That feels so damn good."

"Like that do you, little one?" Cole asked as he flicked her nipple back and forth several times before replacing fingers with lips, teeth, and tongue.

"Oh, hell yeah," she answered, lifting both hands and speared their hair with her fingers.

Though she'd never told anyone, and never tested the theory, she'd always been of the opinion that her breasts were sensitive enough that she could get off just from playing with them. Without thinking about what she was doing, her knees bent and she began to lift her hips, fucking the air as the brothers suckled.

She sucked a breath and held it when a finger brushed over the entrance to her pussy. She didn't know which brother that finger belonged to and she didn't care. It all felt too good. After dipping

in and swirling around her cunt, the digit gently brushed its way between her lower lips to her clit. As that finger began to circle the little knot of nerve-filled flesh, another finger took its place. This one went even deeper. It fucked in and out several times as it twisted back and forth. Then it disappeared.

"No," she whined then made a sound of protest when the missing finger pressed against her back hole. "I've never..."

"Shhh, baby, it's all right. I'm going to start stretching your ass so soon Cole can fuck your beautiful pussy while I take your ass."

Dawson lifted his head from her breast just long enough to explain. Then he went right back to nibbling at the generous mound of flesh as his finger smoothed around and around and around her puckered star.

As Summer tried to formulate an argument, Cole took her clit between his fingers and pinched it, scattering her thoughts to the four winds. She could only feel as the brothers worked together with fingers and hands and lips and tongues.

That distracted her long enough for Dawson to slide the full length of his finger into her virgin hole. As he began to fuck her, Cole worked two fingers into her cunt. It took only a few minutes of their undivided attention before she bucked and came. Her mind went blank as she gave herself over to their ministrations.

When she was able to think again, she found herself wanting even more. She wasn't sure what it was about these two men, but they turned her on like no other man ever had before. Opening her eyes, she found herself with her head on Dawson's shoulder and Cole's hard cock pressing between the cheeks of her ass.

"Happy birthday, little one," Cole said, brushing a kiss over the bite mark he'd give her the night before. That touch sent a quiver of need through her.

She looked up at Dawson and smiled. "Is it my birthday?"

He smiled at her and nodded. "Yes, what would you like to do with it?"

Summer didn't have to think before saying, "I want to suck your cock while Cole fucks me. Then I want to go shopping."

As she spoke, she ran her hand down Dawson's body to his thick, hard cock. She traced her way down the underside with two fingers before cupping her hand gently around his balls. "Then later I want to suck Cole's cock while you fuck me."

Both brothers groaned in response. She felt Cole's cock twitch before he licked her shoulder again. "Sounds like a plan to me," he murmured, his voice low and dark.

"Me, too," Dawson agreed.

After he sat up and moved to lean against the headboard, Samantha rolled over and crawled between his widespread legs. He was longer than any cock she'd ever taken before. Wrapping one hand around the base, she swirled her tongue around the crown before taking just the head between her lips.

As she slowly took more and more of Dawson's cock into her mouth, she felt Cole as he moved in close behind her. She pulled off the cock in front of her and moaned as he thrust full length into her on the first push. She sucked a breath as his short hairs brushed against her ass cheeks.

Though she tried to focus her full attention on sucking, licking, and loving the cock in front of her, her attention was divided because of the cock that now pistoned in and out of her cunt, which was

good and bad. It kept her from losing control and coming again too soon, but it also prevented her from giving Dawson the best blow job she could.

In any case, it only took a few minutes before he threaded his fingers through her hair to hold her head steady before he began to thrust up to meet her lips. Then he growled as he pushed deep and came, filling her mouth with his tangy-tart semen. At the same time she felt Cole reach around her hip and take her clit between his fingers. He rolled it between the digits as he had her nipple earlier, which sent her screaming into orgasm as he slammed three more times and came with a roar of his own.

Summer was again amazed at how she actually came twice in one day. She also knew from the satisfied expressions on her mates' faces that they weren't done with her for today. After all, she had demanded a repeat performance after they went shopping, and then the angels only knew where they would go after that.

Once again she found herself between the two men, cuddled together in the middle of the big bed as they recovered.

When she thought she could move without resorting to leaning against the furniture to stay upright, she sat up and looked toward the sitting room.

"I'm hungry."

"Already? You might be the death of us," Cole snarked as he reached for her.

"For food," she returned, pushing his hands away. Before he touched her again, she crawled from the bed and picked up the first piece of clothing in her path before heading to the bathroom.

Chapter 5

The phone was ringing in their room when they returned shortly after lunchtime. Cole crossed the room and answered before Summer figured out what the noise was.

After saying, "Hello," he listened for nearly a minute before saying, "We'll be there in two hours. Yes. Uh-huh. Summer will be our handler. Yes, she is. Bye."

Hanging up he turned to his brother. The smiling, fun-loving man who'd teased her into modeling for them in the lingerie store just an hour before disappeared. In his place stood a serious man who looked determined. "There's a little girl lost, and there's a bad storm brewing."

The sexual fire that had simmered while they'd been out immediately sputtered as the two men began packing their things.

"What can I do to help?" she asked, following Cole as he walked through the second bedroom and bathroom then returned to the sitting room.

"Change into sneakers, jeans, and a T-shirt. Don't pack your jacket. You might need it tonight."

Summer nodded and stripped off the pretty green tank dress she'd bought and worn without panties to tease her men, but neither seemed to notice as they changed their clothes as well.

"What did you mean I would be your handler?" she asked.

Once she was dressed, she packed as many of her new clothes in her suitcase as would fit before consolidating the rest into one large shopping bag. A third bag contained the gifts she'd bought for the happy couples.

"We'll explain on the way," Dawson said as he closed their duffel bag. "You ready?"

"I think so," she said, staring at the bed with longing, her pussy clenching with hunger.

Cole caught the direction of her stare and hugged her. "After we find this little girl and get our siblings married, we'll come back and spend a week in this bed. How's that sound?"

"Sounds expensive," she said honestly. "I think I'd rather spend a week alone at your log house. Or maybe we can go up into the mountains camping."

"Whatever you want, little one." He kissed her temple. "Come on, we'll pick up something to eat on the road."

Summer nodded and allowed him to take her hand. She carried one shopping bag while he carried the other one. Dawson followed with their suitcases. Summer sighed as they left the hotel room where she'd fallen in love with her two men. Two very special men who would share her for the rest of their lives.

* * * *

By the time Cole stopped the Hummer on a logging road in the middle of the woods just under than two hours later, Summer felt only mildly confident that she could handle what they were asking of her.

"Baby, you've got to drive from here. Take it slow and easy," Dawson said as he and Cole climbed out and began undressing.

Summer nodded, trying to remember all they'd told her about dealing with the forest rangers who might be argumentative if they were new to the area and had not heard about the Sullivan family's amazing dogs. They also gave her a crash course in dog handling and mountain rescue procedures even though they would do all the work and she was just along for the hike. Some of what they told her she'd already known, but the new information she assimilated with what she already knew.

Once the men stowed their clothes in the cargo area, they both climbed into the backseat.

"The staging area is about a mile up this road," Cole said. "You okay to drive that far?"

Summer looked over her shoulder and grinned. "I've driven in parts of the world where there are no roads. This will be a piece of cake."

Her men nodded and a moment later the backseat was full of two giant dogs. Once she saw that they were settled, she put the Hummer in gear and drove, her focus on the road ahead and not the dog whose head now rested on her shoulder, though she appreciated the touch of her mate, even if he did drool on her shirt.

She drove until they entered a small clearing where a dark green pickup and a bright, apple-green delivery-type van were parked side by side. A large tent and portable gazebo had been set up across the meadow where a woman and two men were talking. Summer pulled in and parked as the woman and one of the men crossed the meadow at a fast pace.

She'd barely climbed from the truck and turned to let her mates out of the back when someone grabbed her shoulder. When she squeaked in surprise as she was spun around, her mates growled and barked in her defense, sounding ferocious.

Then she recognized who touched her. "Shhh, boys, it's okay. It's Winter," she addressed the dogs first. "Hello, baby brother," she said as Winter pulled her in for a long, hard hug.

"It's about time you came home," he said, kissing her cheek before releasing her. She blushed when he reached up with one finger to touch both sides of her lower neck where Cole and Dawson had bit her the night before. "I guess this means you'll be sticking around for a while, huh?"

"Uh-huh," she said before opening the back door to release Cole and Dawson. The dogs sniffed Winter's feet and gave him a steady stare and a small growl before turning and walking toward the back of the van. "We can talk about that later. Help me get these two harnessed up, and then I'd like to take a look at the map if I could."

Winter nodded and followed the dogs, but before Summer could do the same, the woman stepped into her path. "Welcome to the family," she said, wrapping Summer in a hug that reminded her of the ones she got from her mother when she was a little girl. "I'm Bridget Sullivan, mother of those two and their brothers."

"Summer Ryan. I'm not exactly sure what I am."

Bridget looked at her and smiled. "Why, you're Cole and Dawson's mate. That makes you family, whether or not you decide to marry them. We wouldn't have called the boys back, but with Spring and her men in Wilmington until tomorrow for a pre-wedding honeymoon and their other brothers, Evan and Frank, are delivering furniture to Georgia, so we really didn't have a choice."

Summer shrugged. "I think I'm just along for the ride," she said, which made the other woman laugh.

"Hardly, dear. But we can talk about that later. I'll share all my tips about dealing with Sullivan men."

"Can I be in on that discussion?" Winter asked as he handed Bridget a bright orange pack harness before jumping out of the truck with the other.

"Certainly, Winter, though I think you've got your men well in hand," Bridget said.

Cole and Dawson made grumbling noises as if they did not agree with the direction this conversation had taken, but stood still as Bridget and Winter strapped the packs around them, making sure they were secure, but not too tight.

"We really need to put names on these things so we don't have to adjust them every time we use them," Bridget remarked once they were finished. "My husband, Michael, took Winter's mate, Garrett, and my other husband, Thomas, has Garrett's twin, Hawk. Do you two want to split up or both stay with Summer?"

Summer laughed as the dogs looked their mother with what could only be described as a look of disbelief before moving in closer to either side of her.

"All right, then, I guess that answers that."

They walked to the gazebo where a man in a U.S. Forestry Service uniform had just hung up his cell phone while looking at the map that was spread out on the card table.

Winter made the introductions. "Gage, this is my sister, Summer Ryan. Summer, this is Ranger Gage Whitefeather. He's with the Forestry Service and coordinating the search teams."

After shaking Gage's hand, Summer looked at the map. "Can you show me on the map exactly where the little girl was last seen?"

"She's ten years old, and her parents say she's adventurous," Gage said. "They were camping in this meadow, and she apparently just disappeared. I sent the parents back to the ranger's station to wait. We've found in the past the fewer people in the area while the Sullivans search, the better."

Summer nodded. She'd worked with rescue dogs before. "What's the little girl's name?"

"Havan Fellows."

"Has she ever been in the Girl Scouts?" Summer asked as the dogs laid their heads on the table as if trying to read the map as well. She absently petted their heads and made soothing sounds as she studied the area he'd pointed out.

"Uh, I don't know. Hang on a minute."

Gage pulled out his cell phone and made a call to his office where the parents waited. Several minutes later, he hung up. "Yes, she's been a Girl Scout for three years."

"Okay, I think we should follow this stream." Summer traced a tiny blue line that ran not too far to the north of where they stood. It was also the exact opposite quadrant from where everywhere else was searching. "If she's a scout, she hopefully learned a few things about hiking and what to do if she gets lost. Do you have anything with her scent on it?"

Gage handed her a girl-sized pink T-shirt which she held out for both dogs to smell. Her men had explained on the drive that wolfhounds worked more by sight than by smell, but their doggie noses were still hundreds of times more sensitive than a human's, so they would be able to pick up on any scent the girl had left behind.

Bridget handed her a cell phone. "Depending on where you are, this might or might not help."

Summer automatically checked the charge on the phone's battery before slipping it into her pocket. She then accepted a smaller version of the map on the table from Gage. "Call every half hour," he ordered.

"Do you want me to come with you?" Winter asked as he helped her into a daypack that her mates had told her held an emergency kit as well as a basic first-aid kit.

"Garrett and Hawk said for you to wait here," Bridget reminded her brother.

"Sounds like you've got your orders, little brother. We'll be okay. I've got these two hairballs watching my back."

She, Bridget, and Winter shared a chuckle when the two dogs made grumbling noises and butted her with their shoulders. With a wave, she turned and started toward the forest. Before they were halfway across the clearing, the dogs turned and began to pull her in an easterly direction. She tried to redirect them, but they refused to be turned.

"Guys? Do you smell her?" Summer asked.

The dogs looked back at her, nodded and pulled her even faster toward the eastern tree line. Once they were out of sight of the others, she unhooked their leashes. "Okay, boys, do your thing."

With that, one dog took off at a run and was out of sight in the undergrowth in seconds. She started after him and wondered if she should call him back. Instead, she followed him, not surprised when the one left behind began walking right in front of her as they headed deeper into the woods.

She followed the brothers for nearly an hour. Walking was no problem, but the heat and humidity of the area was draining her. Fighting her way through brush and weeds while trying to ignore the need to fuck her mates.

When the lead dog came back to switch off as they'd done every ten or fifteen minutes, she looked at the two dogs and knowing who was inside the furry exteriors made her pussy ache.

"I need to take a break," she said, walking a few feet to where a huge log lay on its side.

Chapter 6

Before she got comfortable, the dogs somehow released their harnesses before shifting forms. Moving to kneel on the ground on either side of her knees, they studied her closely. They seemed worried about her yet not at all concerned that they were in the woods and stark naked.

"Are you okay, baby?" Dawson asked as he ran his hands up her arms to her shoulders.

"No, I'm not okay. I'm horny and need to fuck my mates." She leaned her head close between their ears and whispered.

"Why are you whispering?" Cole asked with a smirk. "We're the only ones for several miles in any direction."

Summer dropped her head to rest it against their shoulders. "I don't know. I guess I feel guilty because we are supposed to be finding Havan, not dealing with my desire for sex."

A hand came up to lift her head until she could see both brothers' faces. She read concern as well as amusement and growing arousal. In seconds, arousal pushed out all other emotions.

"I think we can take a few minutes to rest and relax before we finish tracking Havan." Cole reached for the waistband of her jeans. "She's only about a mile away, and if she is where I think she is, she won't be going anywhere before we get to her."

"What are you doing?" Summer blustered as Dawson pulled her T-shirt over her head then reached for the clasp of her bra.

"We're helping our mate relax so she can finish this rescue." Dawson leaned in and licked at her lips before kissing her.

"Mmmm, but it's going to rain," she pointed out weakly as the brothers pulled her to her feet and jerked her jeans down past her knees.

"Yep. And it's going to rain whether we take a ten minute break or not," Cole said.

He ran his hands over her bare skin, scattering her thoughts like leaves in the wind. Summer could not argue his logic when he bent his head and licked at one erect nipple. Except for thoughts of sexing it up with her mates, her brain had turned to mush.

When he straightened, she pushed him to sit where she'd been on the log a moment before. He gasped at the feel of rough bark against his bare ass, but did not protest once she knelt before him.

"What do you want, baby?" Dawson asked.

"I want what I wanted when we were back at the hotel room. To suck Cole's cock while you fuck me."

She grinned when both men groaned in reaction to her request. Their eyes closed when she reached out and wrapped a hand around each man's cock.

"I think we can accommodate you, baby," Cole said, spreading his legs even wider.

Summer moved closer until her lips were only an inch from the head of his cock. Resting her elbows on Cole's thighs, she wrapped two fingers and the thumb of her right hand around the base. Extending her tongue, she used just the tip to trace across the slit before looking over her shoulder at Dawson. "You planning to join us or just stand there watching?"

Without waiting for an answer, Summer turned back to the cock at hand and slowly slid her hand up its long length and back down again. A glance up at Cole's face showed her the man's mouth had opened as his eyelids dropped to half-mast in desire. The sexy look on her mate's face made her pussy clench.

It clenched again when the blunted head of Dawson's cock brushed up and down between her legs from clit to cunt and back again. This time it was her growling when Dawson slowly pushed the length of his cock through the juices overfilling her. He did not stop until he filled her completely.

Parting her lips she took Cole's cock into her mouth and closed her lips around the glans, sucking gently, earning a gasp from the man. Taking a breath as Dawson pulled from her, she pushed her head forward until her lips met the side of her hand that was still wrapped around his base. She swallowed once before using her entire body to pull back, which then pushed her back onto Dawson's cock.

She moved back and forth between the brothers, starting with slow, easy movements, but they quickly grew faster and more intense as her need spiraled out of control until she was slamming back and forth from cock to cock.

"Come for us, baby. Come now," Dawson ordered.

One of his hands reached around her hip and between her legs to press firmly against her clit. At the same time, Cole reached under and cupped her breasts before pinching her nipples hard. Then a slicked-up finger slid into her asshole.

The four points of sensual pain shot her over the top. Cole's cock muffled her cries of orgasm, but as the brothers followed her over the cliff into ecstasy their shouts echoed through the forest. Summer swallowed Cole's seed with an appreciative moan as Dawson filled her pussy with his hot fluids. Then she held his cock in her mouth as it slowly deflated.

Finally, she licked it one last time before releasing it and looking up at the man. "Yummy," she said with a wink.

"You're yummy," he said, grinning back. "And I can't wait to get you back to Sanctuary to get my fill of your sweet cream.

"Mmmm, sounds like fun," Dawson said as he eased his cock from her and then cleaned up using supplies from the daypack.

Once they caught their collective breaths, Summer dressed and her boys shifted and returned to their dog forms. She replaced the harnesses and then picked up her backpack. "Okay, let's go get Havan."

* * * *

Over the next half hour, they moved faster. Summer kept hoping that through the next bush or around the next bend in the nonexistent trail the dogs were leading her down they'd see someone. At this point she'd even settle for Red Riding Hood or one of the seven dwarfs.

The growling, snarling, and snapping caught her attention first. Pushing her way between yet another pair of bushes, she gasped as she stepped into a small clearing and into chaos. A trio of smaller dogs circled her wolfhounds, obviously defending the rights to their bounty which sat out of reach, high on a huge boulder on the other side of the clearing.

The little girl had her legs pulled to her chest and her arms wrapped around them as she watched wide-eyed as the one then another charged her mates. Each time the big dogs chased their opponents back. Thankfully, the wild dogs were so focused on fighting that they didn't notice her.

Summer stepped backward through the bushes again and slowly made her way around the clearing, trying to keep out of sight of the dogs that were growing more and more furious. When she had circled around so the boulder was between her and the fighting animals, she found an opening and stepped back into the clearing. Looking up, she couldn't see the little girl they'd come to rescue.

"Havan?" She called softly, not wanting to draw attention to herself. "Are you Havan Fellows?"

"Are you here to take me back to my parents?" Havan looked over the edge of the boulder down at her.

Summer was taken at the dainty features and long dark brown hair before meeting the little girl's eyes. They, too, were dark brown, but a gold ring right around the irises glinted. Havan waited for her to respond.

"Yes, honey, that's exactly why we're here," Summer answered. "How did you get up there?"

"I'm really good at climbing. When those bad dogs showed up, I found some grooves in the rock over there and climbed up here." Havan pointed to her left. "Are the brown dogs yours? They're really big."

Summer moved to where Havan had pointed and found what she'd been talking about. They were perfect for a little girl to use as a ladder, but too small for her hands and feet. "Yes, they're all mine," Summer said, a warm pride glowing in her heart.

The sounds of the angry dogs increased. There were several yelps of injured dogs and a rustling of bushes before silence descended on the clearing. A moment later Cole and Dawson appeared, panting and looking like they could use a rest.

"Havan, can you climb down now? The bad dogs are gone, and we need to get back before it gets dark," Summer asked.

"Okay," the little girl said.

As Havan climbed down the rock, Summer pulled collapsible water bowls out of the dogs' packs and splashed water into them from one of the bottles in her pack. Then she pulled out four power bars. After giving one to Havan, she broke the others up, and she and Havan fed the pieces to the dogs while they shared another bottle of water.

"Are you ready to hike back?" Summer said as she and Havan cleaned up and repacked everything so they left no signs of their visit to the little clearing.

"Yes. I bet Mom and Dad are really upset," Havan said as she took Summer's hand, and they followed the dogs out of the clearing and back the way they'd come.

The return trip was slower, but Havan was a trooper and refused to ride one of the dogs, though she would have been no burden for them to carry. Summer tried using the cell phone several times before finally getting enough of a signal to call the staging area and let Gage know that they had found Havan and were on their way back.

After turning Havan over to Gage, Summer praised her dogs and they easily climbed into the back of the Hummer. She climbed into the driver's seat and drove away before any of the crowd that had gathered realized they'd ever been there.

Several miles down the road she stopped the truck and looked in the backseat at the men who were struggling to pull on their clothes. "Are you two okay? No wild dog bites, scratches, or anything that needs stitches?"

"No, baby, we're fine," Dawson assured her.

Cole said, "You did beautifully. You kept Havan calm and moving and you didn't freak out when you saw those wild dogs."

"Yeah, well, somebody had better come up here and take over driving because I'm not sure I'm going to be okay for very much longer," she said, fighting unexplainable tears that were pushing for release.

"Sure thing, baby. Why don't you come back here with Cole and rest while I drive?" Dawson opened his door and climbed out.

He was around the car and opening her door before she could unfasten her seat belt. When she slid to the ground, her knees refused to hold her weight and buckled. Dawson caught her and swung her up into his arms.

He kissed her and hugged her close. "I'm so proud of you, baby," he whispered as he stepped around the back door that Cole opened.

As soon as he set her down and released her, his brother moved in, pulled her onto his lap and kissed her as well. Summer didn't fight to sit on the seat. She just relaxed into Cole's embrace as Dawson climbed in and started driving. She didn't pay attention to the surroundings as she listened to them talk quietly, and didn't contribute to their conversation. She perked up when the subject turned to weddings, specifically their wedding and whether or not they should put it off until they were more settled in their lives together.

Lifting her head from Cole's shoulder, she said, "If I get a vote, let's go find a preacher right now."

Her announcement stunned her mates into silence for a moment before they both turned to look at her.

"Are you sure, little one?" Cole asked. "We'd be fine getting married the day after tomorrow along with Spring, Winter, and our brothers, but we don't want to push you into anything if you're not absolutely certain."

Summer smiled up at Cole then turned to Dawson. "I'm sure. I know we've only known each other a day, but this is right. I want to marry you both. I just hope Spring and Winter don't get angry because they have to share their special day with us, too."

"It will be our special day, too, baby. And I'm sure they won't mind. After all, they're mated as well, so they'll understand."

“My parents are going to shit purple puppies,” Summer said as she settled back against Cole’s chest. “Two daughters and a son all mated to shape shifters? Yep, purple puppies.”

The brothers laughed before Dawson said, “If they’re wolfhounds we’ll keep them, otherwise, your parents will have to take them home when they leave.”

Summer giggled. “Of course, all this is just talk until someone actually asks me to get married. I am not the kind of girl who will get married without a proper proposal from someone,” she said in a haughty Southern belle tone.

The brothers exchanged a glance and then began to laugh. “We’ll think about it,” they said in unison.

Chapter 7

By the time the Hummer's headlights illuminated a "Welcome to Sanctuary" sign, Summer was fighting to stay awake and was having a hard time sitting still. In addition to needing to pee and to find something to fill the yawning chasm her stomach had become, she couldn't wait to see her new home. The thought of meeting the rest of her mates' family brought a feeling of anxiety rather than excitement. She hoped that with Bridget on her side, the rest of the family would accept her easy enough.

Dawson parked next to the big green van. "Welcome to Sanctuary, baby."

"Yes, little one, welcome to your new home."

Summer gave Cole a quick kiss before crawling from his lap. A minute later she jumped from the backseat. Once on the ground, she began to bounce, nature demanding she answer its call ASAP. Cole and Dawson followed her out of the Hummer, then moved to the trunk.

"Everyone will no doubt be in the Wash House, so go on up. We're going to toss these in the van and will be right behind you," Cole said with an encouraging smile as he pulled the two dog harnesses from the back of the Hummer.

Summer nodded then turned and started up the wide, well-marked path.

* * * *

Once she was out of earshot, Dawson looked at his brother. "So, how are we going to do it?"

"Do what?" Cole asked as he opened the back of the van and climbed in.

"Propose to Summer. She wants a proper marriage proposal. What the hell do we know about proposing?" Dawson handed the harnesses to his brother, who stowed them in the built-in cabinet with the others.

"I think we should let her stew for a bit. Anticipation will make the proposal special no matter how much we might screw it up," Cole said as he climbed out of the van and closed the door.

"Huh?"

"I'll explain it to you later. For now, our mate is waiting for us," Cole said as he picked up one suitcase and a large shopping bag.

Dawson picked up their bags and followed his brother up the path.

* * * *

Summer looked around, impressed at the wide variety of the architecture that this little valley held. The first house she passed was an ornate peach-colored Victorian with dark green, blue, and white trim. Its wraparound porch and three-story circular tower were detailed with gingerbread trim. It brought to mind some of the historic houses she'd seen in Savannah and Charleston when she'd worked there for a short time just after college.

The next building was a three-story red barn type of building that reminded her of the modern hunting lodge in the mountains of France where she'd spoken to a conference on world hunger. She'd spent the entire time in meetings and never got to walk the grounds or see what other amenities the lodge offered other than a spacious conference room, room service, and her small guest room with Internet connection so she could keep her boss informed of her progress.

The sign on the front of this building declared this to be "The Wash House." Stopping on the wide deck to wait for her mates, Summer turned and studied the rest of the buildings built along the path that circled around a huge flourishing garden to end up back at the parking lot.

There were three log cabins with wide front porches. The first was silvered with age as if it might be the valley's original homestead. The other two were twice as large and looked decades newer. These log houses looked like they actually belonged in this mountain hideaway.

The last building sat further away from the others and seemed completely out of place. The two-story stone castle with a flat roof and four squared turrets brought to mind some of the stone keeps and small castles she'd seen in Ireland and Scotland on the last long vacation she'd taken just before starting her current job. The big difference between this one and those were the satellite dishes and antennas that topped one of the turrets. In a moment of whimsy, Summer thought the castle looked like a squat silver and gray alien.

"So, what do you think?" Dawson asked as they joined her on the deck.

Summer took one last look around before facing her mates. "I think I understand why the first Sullivan men settled here. It's beautiful, peaceful and everything a home should be."

Her men smiled their approval of her assessment before Cole opened the door. "Time to meet the rest of the family, little one."

"Is there somewhere I could clean up and pee?"

"Sure," Cole said as he put down the bags he carried. "We can sneak in the back door and use the locker room before the rest of the clan realizes we're here."

Taking her hand he led her down off the deck then around the big building. The backside of the building faced the forest. A third of the way down the building, Cole stopped at a door in the wall. It turned silently, and he pulled the door open with only a slight squeak of the hinges.

"Just inside on the left," he said, kissing her temple as she passed in front of him.

"Thanks." She paused to turn and return the kiss. "I shouldn't be too long."

"Take your time, little one."

After answering nature's call, Summer looked in a mirror and gasped. She looked rumpled and windblown, like she'd just walked out of the back country after roughing it for months. Washing her hands and then her face, she realized that's exactly what she'd done. She'd spent months without a

mirror or makeup other than sunscreen and never missed it. As she ran her fingers through her hair to try and comb some order into it, she wished she had something available to help her show her men that she wasn't the plain-Jane woman they'd seen for the last two days.

But they'd seen her, claimed her, and had talked about marrying her without the benefit of artifice, so why did she want to start now? After all, she never really had gotten the hang of putting on makeup so that it looked flawless and natural. Better to just go as they'd begun, fresh-faced and with a smile.

Running her fingers through her hair one last time, she giggled as a leaf floated to the floor. "Oh yeah, you're a real prize," she told the woman in the mirror. "But it doesn't matter. They're going to love you anyway."

Finally, having done everything she could to make herself look presentable, Summer left the safety of the large, airy locker room. Cole waited in the hall just outside the door, looking a little nervous.

"You okay?"

"I'm tired, hungry, and would like another shower, but I'm fine," she answered before turning and heading down the short hall to the main room, once again overwhelmed by curiosity.

"Well, let's go find something for dinner," Cole followed closely, bumping into her when she suddenly stopped to look around. He wrapped his arms around her to keep her from falling on her face.

The corner by the front door was what appeared to be a library. Bookcases lined two walls and were filled to capacity with books. Several comfortable-looking chairs in burgundy and navy waited for someone to curl up on them and spend the afternoon reading. Each chair had a small table next to it with a reading lamp.

The center of the room contained what looked like a bar, but when she got closer, she recognized the tools of a fully stocked coffee bar, complete with everything that would make any coffee drinker happy.

The kitchen sat at the opposite end of the huge room that took up the entire main floor except for the two locker rooms where they stood. The kitchen was separated from the dining area by a counter with a half dozen stools. There was a dining area with a long table in the center and a half-dozen tables around the edge of the area with a black and white tile floor. The large dining table was painted black while the smaller ones were painted a deep barn red.

Next to the dining area was a living room. The floor was covered with dark gray carpet, with several couches, recliners, and overstuffed chairs in gray and blue denims. All the seating was angled to face a large flat-screen television that covered the wall over the fireplace. Since it was summertime, the fireplace stood empty.

To her right stood a line of stainless-steel washers and dryers with tables for folding laundry. The area just to her left was curtained off.

Looking up, Summer found the ceiling in the center of the room soared up two stories above her head. Taking three steps into the room, she saw second and third floor balconies that ran around three sides of the room. She counted ten rooms on each floor.

"Wow, it's got everything," she whispered, looking over her shoulder at Cole.

"We like to think so. And whatever it doesn't have that you might want, we'll figure out how to bring it here for you. We want you to be happy here, sweet Summer. Now, are you ready to meet the rest of the family while we eat dinner?"

Summer took a deep breath, but the vultures flying around in her stomach were making her nauseous. Shaking her head, she looked up at him. "Would they think us horrible if we didn't join them? I'd rather be alone with my mates right now."

Cole wrapped his arms around her shoulders and gave her a hug. "Whatever you want, little one. The family can wait until morning to meet you, but you need to eat something."

"What's wrong?" Dawson asked, moving in to press gently against Summer's backside.

"She's tired and hungry and needs her mates, not a family dinner. Can you get something from the kitchen for dinner while we go upstairs and get a shower?"

Dawson nodded. "I'll take care of everything."

"Thank you," Summer said, looking over her shoulder. "And if you could bring some juice, too?"

Dawson brushed a kiss at her temple. "No trouble, baby. You and Cole get cleaned up, and I'll be up with food in a few minutes."

With that, Dawson walked away and Cole escorted her to the third floor. By the time they reached it, Summer's pussy overflowed, though her entire body was telling her that jet lag had caught up with her.

Once they were in a bedroom with a king-size bed, Cole stopped and looked at her. "You're exhausted," he said, cupping a hand around one side of her face.

Summer nodded as her lips trembled. "I'm sorry. I want you, but..."

"But jet lag has caught up with you, and we pushed you way too hard today with shopping and then a long hike in the woods," Cole finished when she couldn't.

She nodded again and was surprised when he stepped close and hugged her. "It's okay, little one. We have the rest of our lives to worship your delicious body."

"Come on, let's get you cleaned up."

He stripped them both and led her to the shower. She was surprised when he washed her quickly and completely, ignoring the erection that occasionally brushed against her. He then quickly washed himself before getting them out and drying them off. Grabbing a clean T-shirt, he helped her into it before leading her out of the bathroom.

Dawson was waiting for them with a plate of sandwiches and three glasses of orange juice. They settled on the bed and ate without talking, but it was a comfortable silence. Afterwards, while Dawson jumped in the shower and Cole carried their dishes back downstairs, Summer curled up in the middle of the bed and fell asleep.

Chapter 8

"Summer Margaret Ryan, you've got ten minutes to get yourself and your mates dressed and downstairs for breakfast," an unfamiliar voice bellowed through the locked door, harshly yanking Dawson from his dream of waking up to a beautiful woman in his arms.

"Go away, Winter," a woman's voice called from right next to him. "We'll be down when we get there."

"I'll pass that along to Bridget," came his amused response.

Dawson opened his eyes as someone soft and cuddly snuggled into his side as if hiding from the world. Her hand brushed all over his chest and the inside of her thigh brushed up his legs to almost, but not quite, touch his cock. The feel of her skin against his sent the blood from his body surging into his cock until it was standing at attention and waiting for action.

"Good morning, baby," he murmured, brushing a kiss over whatever part of her he could reach before relaxing back into the pillow again, trying to keep from rolling over and sliding deep in her pussy for some early morning loving.

"Morning, Dawson," she replied softly before rolling away again, causing him to growl from the unintentional snub. "Morning, Cole."

"Good morning, little one. Feeling better this morning?"

"Yes and no," she said. "I feel better, but I'm feeling guilty. I also need some TLC from my mates."

"Mmmm, we could help you out, but we only have a few minutes," Cole said. "How about a quickie now and after breakfast, we'll go to our house and spend the rest of the day having hot doggie sex."

Summer moaned and shivered in anticipation. "Oooh, I'd like that."

Dawson reached into the nightstand where he'd put the lube and the brand new butt plug he'd bought while she and Cole had been looking at sexy lingerie. By the time he turned back, Cole had Summer on her back, with her legs pushed to her chest and was slowly sliding his cock in and out. In this position, their mate couldn't fight what he was about to do to her.

After slicking up the plug and the fingers of one hand, Dawson moved to kneel between his brother's legs. His cock was so hard that he began to stroke himself slowly as he gently but persistently pushed one finger through Summer's puckered back hole.

"What the hell did you do?" Cole growled.

"Why?"

"She just clamped down on my cock like a fist."

"He's got his finger in my ass again," Summer said in a voice that sounded both strained and approving.

"I'm going to stretch you a bit and then slide a plug in to help open up this pretty little hole. After lunch, if you're a very good girl, I'm going to fuck this beautiful sexy ass."

Dawson slid his finger in and out, twisting it as he went. The feel of her muscles clenched around the digit sending pulses of heated excitement straight to his balls.

Cole groaned in response. "I think she likes that idea, brother. She's clamping down on my cock again like she's about ready to come."

"Dawson," Summer panted.

"Yes, baby?"

"Get the plug in my ass and get your cock up here."

"Yes, ma'am," Dawson said.

He twisted his finger as he slid in and out once more. Then he eased out before sliding the plug in, gently but firmly past the clenching rings of muscle.

"Oh, shit, yes," Summer moaned as he continued pushing until the flat base pressed against the skin around her asshole.

Dawson wiped his fingers on the towel he'd left on the nightstand for that purpose and then crawled up the bed until he knelt beside his woman's head. "How do you want it, baby?"

Summer looked at him with a wildness in her eyes he'd never seen before. That expression sent ripples of need pulsing through him until he wasn't sure he would be able to hold back his orgasm long enough to do her any justice.

Cole shifted back to kneel on the bed and pulled her legs around his middle, allowing her to turn her upper body and take Dawson's cock into her mouth. He hissed as the feel of the hot, wet silk of her mouth engulfed his cock. "I'm too close," he said glancing at his brother.

Cole nodded. "Me, too. Summer, come with us, little one."

Dawson began to thrust into Summer's sucking mouth as Cole fucked harder into her cunt. When each man took hold of a nipple and twisted it, Summer screamed and bucked between them as she came.

A heartbeat later Dawson's orgasm slammed through him. He could feel his scalding hot seed leave his balls, barrel through the length of his cock, and explode out the tip to Summers waiting tongue. As he filled her mouth, he heard Cole growl with his own orgasm.

Forcing his eyes open, Dawson looked first at his brother and then down to their woman and knew this was one of the moments frozen in time that he would be able to recall for many years to come that would cause him to immediately get hard.

They had just fallen to the mattress to cuddle with their mate for some postcoital loving when the doorknob rattled.

"What the hell?" Cole jumped out of bed and grabbed his boxers off the floor as the doorknob twisted and opened.

He opened it far enough to see who was on the other side, but blocked their view into the room. "Good morning, Mom. Can I help you?"

“Winter warned you that I’d be up if you weren’t at the table in ten minutes, didn’t he?” Dawson heard his mother say. She sounded way too happy.

“Yes, I think he did,” Cole said. “We’ll be down later.”

“No, sir. You will get dressed and get down to the table right now. You’ve got two minutes before I come in there and drag you downstairs in whatever you are, or are not, wearing.”

Dawson watched Cole take a deep breath and release it in a rush. Bridget was the boss, and they both knew she would do exactly what she said. He rolled out and began pulling on his clothes while at the same time tossing Summer her clothes that were intermixed with theirs.

“Just put those on for now. After breakfast we’ll come back and maybe you’ll finally get that shower you wanted last night,” he said when she looked at him like he was crazy.

By that time Cole had closed the door and was dressing himself. “If you want to use the bathroom, little one, I suggest you hurry. Mom never makes idle threats. If she says she’ll drag us downstairs naked, she means it.”

* * * *

Though Dawson’s plan was a good one, Bridget had other ideas. After a delicious breakfast where Summer finally met her mates’ fathers and Winter’s mates, she finally got her shower, but without anyone to wash her back. Bridget put the men to work preparing for the wedding, which meant cleaning everything in sight, both inside the Wash House as well as all over Sanctuary.

By lunchtime, Summer was ready to kidnap either of her mates and hold them hostage until they eased the gnawing sexual hunger from wearing the plug all morning. Once she’d eased into her seat at the table for lunch, she reached over and brushed her hands over her mates’ laps, earning herself soft growls in response. Then her men took her hands and returned them to her own lap.

Dawson leaned in and whispered, “Later, baby. We’re up to our eyes with Mom’s lists, and she won’t let us out of her sight until everything’s been done.”

“But I need you right now,” she turned and whispered in his ear before nipping his earlobe. “I’m not sure how much longer I can wear this plug without attacking someone.”

“I know, baby. I’m hurting, too, just thinking about you wearing it all morning. We’ll trade it out after lunch and then tonight you’ll be all ready for both of us. Now sit back or our parents will see parts of you that you might not want them to see.”

Summer sat back with a huff. When her brother grinned at her from across the table, she blushed as her frown grew even deeper. She wasn’t sure how she was going to hold it together for ten minutes, much less six hours.

Once the meal was finished, Bridget looked at Cole and Dawson. “After you clean up the dishes and figure out what you’re cooking for dinner, you need to move your stuff out of your room upstairs and help Summer get settled in her new home.”

“Yes, ma’am,” the brothers said as one.

In what looked like well-coordinated movements, Cole and Dawson had the table cleared and dishes washed and put away in record time. After looking into the freezer, they pulled out several huge packages of ribs which they set in a tub of water in the industrial-sized sink to thaw. After they’d decided

on the rest of the menu, they each took one of Summer's hands and led her across the main room toward the stairs. Cole picked up several large baskets piled together while Dawson retrieved a box of large plastic garbage bags.

Once in their room, they didn't strip down and get busy as she'd hoped. Instead, they started packing their clothes and books and belongings into baskets and bags. It didn't take long for the men to strip their room and pack everything into the baskets and two large garbage bags. It took two trips to transfer all their belongings from their bedroom to the porch of the second long home. Then Cole unlocked the door of the house while Dawson swung her up into his arms.

"Welcome to the Sanctuary Mercantile and General Store," he said as they crossed the threshold. He didn't put her down, but walked around to show her that the first floor of this building was taken up with what looked like a store out of an old Western movie.

An open staircase divided the room in half. The walls at the front of the building were comprised of large windows. The side and back walls of the room had shelves that went from floor to ceiling. These held a huge variety of canned goods, both commercial and homemade. Tables around the room were piled with folded clothes, colorful fabrics, and other necessities. Underneath the tables were stacked packages of paper towels, toilet paper, cases of motor oil, and other, larger items that would not fit anywhere else. There was even a glass-front display case with a wide variety of candies and other goodies. This truly was a general store.

"So if this is a store, where will we live?" Summer asked when she finally found her voice.

"Upstairs," Cole said as he passed them, his arms full of bags.

"You can put me down, you know," Summer said as Dawson began to follow his brother.

"But I like you where you are. You feel good in my arms," Dawson said as he leaned down and nuzzled her cheek.

"You're crazy," she said, giggling as the fingers wrapped around her side began to tickle her.

"No, I'm in love," Dawson said easily as they reached the top of the stairs.

"Me, too," Summer admitted as she lifted her head and kissed him.

"Me, three." Cole stepped up to her other side.

"So what are we going to do about it?" Summer asked after kissing Cole.

"Are you still wearing the plug?"

Chapter 9

Expecting a marriage proposal, Summer blinked at Cole's question. Then she slowly nodded, which caused both men to make sounds like she was torturing them.

Cole lifted her from Dawson's arms and turned around. "This is our home," he said as he walked through an open great room. A small kitchen area occupied the far back corner of the room, separated from the rest of the space by a counter with three barstools sitting in front of it. A couch with two recliners facing it made up the seating area. A large padded ottoman that looked big enough for her to lie on sat between. Then Cole turned and she saw the rest of the room.

A half wall divided the second floor. He walked around it, and she found herself in a luxurious bedroom. The bed was bigger than the one they'd slept in last night. Along one wall were two doors, both open. The first was a walk-in closet and the second a bathroom with a garden tub and glassed-in shower.

"It's not much," Dawson said. "We can add on or build another house if you want."

Summer shook her head. "I love it. It's beautiful. It's perfect since I bet we won't be spending much time up here."

"I don't know about that," Cole said as he carried her across the room and dropped her on the bed.

His darkly sexy laugh sent shivers down Summer's spine straight to her clit, which throbbed in anticipation. Before she bounced on the mattress the first time, her men joined her and began to pull her clothes off of her. In less than a minute she was naked and had four hands brushing fire over her sensitive skin while two sets of lips kissed, nibbled, and suckled, driving her to the edge of control.

"Please," she begged when a hand slipped between her thighs and then lowered to press against the plug in her ass.

Shivers raced through her as her hunger spiraled even higher. She reached out with both arms and brushed her hands over whatever body parts she could reach. The only problem was her men were still fully dressed.

Dawson licked her beaded nipple and smiled at her. "Please what, baby?"

Summer heard a growl and was surprised to realize it came from her. "Get naked and fuck me!" she snarled. "I need you both right now!"

"Shhh," Cole said, gently biting her opposite nipple before both men pulled away.

Opening her eyes, she found both men quickly shedding their clothes. In less than a minute they were naked and crawling back onto the bed.

"I want that sexy asshole," Dawson said, leaning down and giving her a quick kiss.

"Mmmm, that means I get your pretty, pretty pussy," Cole said as he moved to lie between her legs.

Summer lifted her arms and legs and wrapped them around his body to keep him from moving away. "Mine," she growled, lifting her head and sucking hard at Cole's collarbone.

"Yes, little one, all yours," Cole said as he canted his hips upward, which brushed the tip of his cock from her entrance up to her clit and then back again.

"Fuck. Me. Now." Summer squirmed under him, trying to capture his cock in her pussy.

With a growl deep in his chest, Cole took hold of her hips and pushed his cock full length into her cunt.

Wrapping his hands under her ass he said softly, "Hang on, mate, we're going to get in position for Dawson."

With that, Cole rolled them until they were at the edge of the bed. He then maneuvered them until when he sat up, her ass was hanging over the edge of the bed. This new position pressed his cock even deeper in her. Shifting her shoulders, Summer sucked a breath as she dragged her nipples across his skin.

Then Dawson moved in behind her and gently fucked the plug in and out of her ass before pulling it completely free. Before she could miss the fullness she'd become used to, something thicker and blunter began to push in.

"Take a deep breath, baby. Try to relax and let me in," Dawson said softly in a deep, growly voice that made Summer shiver in response.

Taking a deep breath, she tried to do as he asked, but relaxing proved nearly impossible as Cole reached between them and tweaked her nipples. The tiny twin bites of pain shot fire straight to her clit, until it exploded, sending flames lapping along every nerve ending in her body until she could no longer hold back the firestorm.

"I'm too close," she cried as Cole lifted her up his cock, then down again. That pushed Dawson even deeper until she could feel the hairs around the base of his cock brush against her ass cheeks.

"Do it, baby, come for us," Dawson whispered in her ear.

Once her muscles eased around his cock, he slowly pulled about halfway out then pushed deep again. He pressed closer against her back and licked at his mating mark as Cole did the same. In three strokes the brothers worked out a rhythm where one was always deep in her.

Summer fought to control herself, determined to hold back even though she was so close to the edge she could feel the heat and explosion just waiting to consume her. She fought to keep her eyes open and look into Cole's grass-green eyes as her insides knotted and twisted with unfulfilled orgasm.

"So stubborn," he murmured as he ran a finger down the center of her body until it reached the top of her slit. "Come, little one. Cover me with your sweet cream."

Something in his voice reached down through Summer's heart and twisted it. In the next heartbeat, he brushed the pad of one finger across her clit, and her release blazed through her like a shooting star. Summer screamed and bucked between the brothers, the muscles of cunt and ass tightening and milking and pulling them into the vortex of orgasm with her.

She heard roaring growls just before the pleasurable pain of twin bites at the base of her neck threw her over into another orgasm that rolled on and on until she melted against Cole's chest and couldn't tell where she began and he left off.

She whined when Dawson pulled from her ass and disappeared, then sighed when he returned and cleaned her up with a warm, wet cloth. When Cole's spent cock slipped from her, she sighed, but didn't fight to hold it inside her.

When Cole lay back with her still in his arms, she rolled off and snuggled into his side as close as she could get. She was not surprised when Dawson moved in behind her until they were skin to skin as well. For that moment, it felt as if the three of them were one being.

After a long time of silent drowsing, Cole ran two fingers down the arm that lay across his chest. "Yep, you're going to be the death of us."

"Mmmm, but what a way to go," Dawson murmured. His words sounded fuzzy with sleep.

Not having the energy to speak, Summer just shifted her head enough to kiss Cole's chest.

When a bell sounded in the distance, she lifted her head. "What's that?"

"Mom. That's her way of calling the family together. The bell saves her the trouble of hiking all over the meadow. Adam, Brock, and Spring must be back," Dawson explained before rolling out of bed and reaching for his clothes. "Either that or your parents have arrived."

"My parents? Oh my God, I forgot all about them coming today. I can't go out like this," she cried softly, sitting up and trying to hide her nudity.

"I should hope not. No one sees you naked from now on except us," Cole said.

"Of course," she agreed immediately as she crawled across the mattress and climbed down. "That's not exactly what I meant."

"Well, what did you mean, baby?" Dawson asked.

"I meant I'm not sure coming from having great sex is really the best way to see my parents for the first time in six months." She quickly pulled on her clothes.

The brothers stopped and studied her closely, making her feel even more self-conscious than she had just seconds before.

"I don't know, little one. I think you look good with a sparkle in your eyes and a healthy glow to your skin," Cole said. "I don't think your parents will care about anything but the fact that you're here. Especially when Winter announces that he's marrying Garrett and Hawk tomorrow."

"He hasn't told them yet?"

"Nope. He just told them that he found the men he's going to spend the rest of his life with. Gay marriage isn't legal in North Carolina, so it won't be recognized by anyone but family, but it's a commitment they want to make."

Summer nodded and turned away when they made no comment about whether or not they would be getting married as well. She wanted to commit herself to them in front of their families as well, even though she'd only known her mates for two days. She wanted to wear their ring and have a preacher say the words that would bind them together for the rest of their lives. But she was girly enough to want them to ask her, not the other way around.

Then it hit her. Maybe Cole and Dawson had changed their minds and did not want to marry her after all.

The bell rang a second time. "Sounds like they're getting impatient," she said as she slid her sneakers on and headed for the stairs without waiting to see if her mates followed.

By the time she walked out the front door, her previously happy mood had fizzled like a deflated balloon. She began to think it that maybe it was a good thing she had not yet called her boss to tell him of her decision not to return to Russia after the wedding.

Chapter 10

For the rest of the day, Summer worked to avoid her mates, which wasn't hard because once her sister and parents arrived, they demanded more of her attention than she really wanted to give them. But she kept a smile on her face and tried not to let her sadness show.

But Winter saw through her as he always had. Though younger, he had always been the one who knew when she was hurting and would demand to help, as he did once again just after dinner that night. As dinner was breaking up, he took her arm and Spring's.

"Excuse us, but we're going to have a Ryan-siblings-only slumber party," he announced before leading the two women out of the Wash House. "Bridget, Mom, if you'd like to join us, you're more than welcome, but the rest of you men stay away."

"Where are we going?" Summer asked when he led her down the path.

"We need to talk. We're spending the night in the fortress, away from the Sullivan men," Winter stated as they walked past the log homes and continued down the path.

Once they were inside the stone fortress looking house where he lived with his mates, Winter closed the door and turned to look at her. "What's wrong?"

Summer blinked before saying, "What do you mean? Nothing's wrong. I'm fine. We're all together, and you and Spring are getting married tomorrow. What could possibly be wrong?"

She turned away and blinked several times to keep the tears that were pressing for release under control. She didn't want to trouble them with her worries that her mates didn't want her like theirs wanted them.

"Bullshit," Winter said.

"I agree, and I've only been back for a couple of hours. Cole and Dawson are your mates, aren't they?" Spring added.

"Yes," Summer said softly, the misery in her voice plain enough for even her to hear.

"Then what's the problem?" Winter asked as he went to the kitchen and pulled out three beers.

"Yesterday they were talking about weddings and marriage, and I told them I wanted a proper proposal. They said they'd think about it, but haven't said anything further. Not even this afternoon when we were talking about the weddings." Summer sniffed, and a single tear escaped to roll down her cheek. "I think they like to fuck me, but don't really want to spend the rest of their lives with me."

With that, the emotional control she'd always maintained crumbled, and she collapsed onto the couch in the living room and began to sob. A moment later, Spring and Winter sat down on either side of her and cuddled her as the tears continued to fall.

"I'm sure you're wrong," Spring said. "Of course their being men and shape shifters, they see things differently, but..."

Before she could finish, the front door opened, and Bridget walked in. "What's happened?" she asked.

"Your sons are being pigheaded butts," Winter declared.

"They're men. Of course they're pigheaded butts. But which sons are we talking about?"

"Cole and Dawson have claimed and mated Summer, but when she told them she wanted a proper marriage proposal, they said they had to think about it," Spring explained.

Bridget nodded as she sat on the coffee table in front of Summer. Reaching for a beer, she opened it then wrapped Summer's hand around the can. "Drink this, sweetie. Then I'll explain a few things about these men you're going to spend the rest of your life with."

Summer nodded and took a long drink. "But how do you know that? I'm supposed to go back to Russia at the end of the week."

"Whether or not you go back to your job is one thing, but know this," Bridget said with a gentle smile, "your men will always love you. It doesn't matter if you are here with them in Sanctuary or they are there with you in Russia. You should never question their love or loyalty. They are your mates, and you are the only one they will ever be with from now until their deaths."

"I don't understand," Summer admitted after another long drink from her beer.

"For shape shifters, the most important thing in life is to find their mate. It's not like in the human world where you fall in love with a person's looks or personality or whatever. For shape shifters, there is one single person who was put on this planet for them, one person who will be their mate. Once they find that person, they've found their reason for living."

"So why haven't they proposed? I told them that I thought getting married tomorrow with Spring and Winter would be special, but they said they had to think about it," Summer said, hearing the whining tone in her voice.

Bridget chuckled. "Knowing my boys, they're planning something very special. But even if you don't get married tomorrow, know this, being mated to Cole and Dawson gives you an even stronger bond than a marriage license ever could. The mating bond is only broken by death of one of the mates."

Summer thought over the words as she drank the rest of the beer and Winter took them on a tour of the house that no one had been in since he'd started decorating it. When they reached the office the three mates shared, she'd made her decision.

"Winter, in all of these fancy electronics is there a phone I can use?" she asked as Spring and Bridget left and headed back downstairs.

"Local, national, or international?" he snarked as he pulled a cell phone off its stand.

"National. I've got to call my boss."

"What are you going to tell him?"

Summer didn't answer. Instead, she turned on the phone and dialed her boss's cell phone.

"Hi, Travis. It's Summer. I wanted to let you know that I won't be returning to Russia like I'd planned. In fact, I've decided to take some time off."

She pulled the phone from her ear when he began yelling and waited until he stopped before speaking again. "I finished the preliminary report before I left, and Hammond can go over and take care

of the details. I've got nearly a year of vacation time you've been fussing at me to take, so I'm going to take some of it. Hell, I might even take all of it."

That statement got another earsplitting response before she said, "Have Cindy pack up my stuff and ship it to my parents' house. Thanks, Travis."

Before he could say anything further, she clicked the end button and turned the phone off. "He's not happy, but he'll let me have a couple of weeks to think about it."

"Good, now let's party. Maybe Bridget will tell us how to keep our men in line without resorting to wooden spoons or frying pans." Winter giggled as he led the way back downstairs.

"I don't know," Summer said. "Wooden spoons could be interesting."

* * * *

The next morning as Summer helped her sister into the pretty yellow sundress that would serve as her wedding dress, she couldn't help but smile. Talking with Bridget about life with the twins, she'd come to the realization that it really didn't matter whether she married Cole and Dawson or not. They were her mates, and there would be no other woman for them but her. And she, who had dated but had never found Mr. Right, now had two of them who would lay down their lives for her.

Life was good.

Sure, a marriage proposal would make things perfect, but it didn't matter. They were mated, and that was even more important than being married.

"You look like you're feeling better today," Spring said as she smoothed the front of her dress over her prominent two-baby pregnant belly. One of the shocking things they had learned from Bridget the night before was that shape shifter pregnancies were only six months long.

"I am. I've decided that being married isn't important as long as my mates continue to love me," Summer said as they headed to the front door.

She looked down at the pale blue sundress she'd bought in Charlotte for the wedding. It was pretty and feminine, and her men had nearly drooled when she'd stepped out of the dressing room.

They'd kicked Winter out earlier so they could dress for the wedding in peace. Their mother had shown up and become so teary-eyed they finally sent her to the Wash House to find the bouquets Summer had put together the day before.

Winter and his father waited just outside, ready to escort them to the Wash House where the ceremonies would take place in the community chapel. The twins' father, Thomas Sullivan, was a minister and would be officiating.

Following her sister out the door, Summer was surprised to find they weren't alone. Cole and Dawson stood before them, in identical black suits with white shirts, wearing ties that exactly matched their bright eyes. Winter looked pleased and her father looked stunned as the four men turned to face them.

"Girls, you look beautiful," her father said before looking at Summer. "Darling, these two have something to ask you before we head up to the chapel."

"Summer Margaret Ryan, it's only been three days since we met, but you are the other half of our souls," Cole began.

"We loved you then, we love you now, and we'll love you until we take our last breaths and beyond," Dawson continued.

Summer smiled as the two men stepped forward and knelt before her side by side.

"Will you marry us? Will you make us two of the happiest men in Sanctuary today by becoming our wife?" they finished together.

"Yes, I'd be honored," she said, closing the distance between them and wrapping an arm around each man's neck and kissing first Cole. "I love you." Then she kissed Dawson. "I love you, too."

"Now that's enough, you three. Cole, Dawson, go join your brothers as the Wash House while I have a few words with my girls."

"Yes, sir," the men said as they stood up. Leaning forward at the same time, they each kissed a cheek and then turned and walked away.

Summer watched them leave, her pussy clenching as she watched them walk up the path. She sighed when her father stepped in front of her, blocking the view.

"Are you sure about this, Summer?" he asked. "You only met them a couple days ago."

"Daddy, I've never been surer about anything in my life. It's like I've been waiting my entire life for them to show up," she said with a happy sigh.

"How about you, Spring? Are you sure about tying yourself to two men?" He turned to her sister.

"Yes, Dad. I feel the same way Summer does. Now let's go before they come looking for us."

Summer took his right arm while Spring took his left, and they began up the path. Summer forced herself to keep to the sedate pace her father set, though she wanted to kick off her shoes and run to her mates.

Chapter 11

"I now pronounce you husbands, wives, and mates for life," Thomas said ten minutes later.

Though on legal forms for the world beyond Sanctuary the women would be married to oldest twin brother, the Sanctuary wedding ceremony had been tweaked slightly to include a second husband. Winter's marriage to his mates would not be acknowledged by anyone beyond the family.

Cole didn't wait for permission before turning Summer to face him and kiss her long enough that he heard his brother make a grumbling sound. Pulling back, he looked into the face of his bride. "I love you, Mrs. Sullivan."

She smiled up at him, still breathless. "I love you, Cole."

Then Dawson turned her around and kissed her until Cole tapped his shoulder. "Enough, brother."

He grinned when Dawson lifted his head, and ignoring him, said, "Love you, baby," to their wife. "I love you, Dawson."

* * * *

An hour and a half later, Cole took Summer's hand and led her toward the back door of the Wash House.

"Where are we going?" she asked as they stepped outside where Dawson waited with a big basket at his feet.

"We thought we'd take you to one of our favorite spots," Dawson said, picking up the basket and taking her free hand. "Can you walk in those shoes?"

Summer nodded before they led her around the edge of the meadow to a path that started behind the fortress and went into the woods. Cole had warned the others away from following, and Evan and Frank promised to keep everyone else away while they celebrated their marriage.

"It's so beautiful," she remarked several times as they leisurely hiked through the woods.

Just before they reached their destination, Cole stopped and gave Summer a chance to catch her breath. Once she was rested, he led her through an archway in the bushes to a small clearing with a ten-foot waterfall at one end. The water fell into a wide, deep pond before making its way down the mountain.

"Oh my," she breathed as she walked forward and looked around. "It's amazing."

"This has always been our favorite spot. Would you like to go swimming?" Dawson asked as he set the basket he carried on the rock ledge they'd carefully built from rocks taken out of the stream the summer they were fourteen.

"I didn't bring my suit," she said with a smile as she reached down and took off her shoes.

"That's okay, we didn't either. After all, we're on our honeymoon," Cole said as he shrugged out of his suit coat and worked his tie loose before starting on the buttons of his dress shirt.

"What if someone comes?" she asked as she started working the six buttons that held the front of her dress together.

Cole lost the ability to think when the dress opened and revealed nothing but skin and the pale yellow silk thong she'd bought during their shopping trip just days before.

She slipped out of her dress and carefully hung it from a tree branch.

"So, what do you think?" she asked as she turned a circle and showed off the sexy scrap of nothing she wore.

Cole couldn't speak as he kicked off his shoes, tossed his shirt over his shoulder, and shoved his pants and boxers off all in one continuous motion.

Dawson didn't have the same problem. "You're beautiful," Cole heard his brother say.

"Absolutely amazing," Cole managed to croak before he took the three steps separating them and wrapped himself around their woman.

She looked up at him then to Dawson, who had moved in next to them. "I called my boss last night."

"Are you sure you want to talk about this now?" Dawson asked.

Hoping to change the subject, Cole smoothed his hands down the long, smooth line of her back. When he reached her panties, he pulled and snapped the silk ties. Pulling the scrap away from her body, he tossed it over his shoulder with the rest of their clothes.

"Uh-huh," she said as Cole picked her up then walked into the water with Dawson beside him, matching him step for step. The water was cold but did nothing to diminish the sexual firestorm that was brewing deep in his belly or the erection that occasionally brushed against his wife's ass.

"So, what did you tell your boss?" he asked. He tried to sound casual, though he was anything but. His heart raced and his gut tightened in hope, fear and anticipation.

"I didn't really tell him anything except that I'm not returning to Russia like I was scheduled to, and instead I'm taking some of the three months of vacation time I have on the books."

"So what are you going to do with all that free time?" Dawson asked as he moved to her other side so she was between them. Since Cole held her easily, Dawson began to run his hands over her body, playing with her breasts then down her body to her clit and beyond.

"Well, if it's all right with you, I thought I could spend that time exploring the area while I try to figure out if I want to go back to my job or not," she said. "But that was before I received the most beautiful marriage proposal. I guess now I should call him back and just quit all together instead of waiting the three months."

"Why don't you wait and see if you like it here before making such a life-changing decision?" Cole suggested.

"You might decide after three months you'll want to get away from us for awhile," Dawson said.

Summer's expression went blank. "Is that what you really want, for me to stay for a couple of months and then leave?" She began to struggle in Cole's arms, but between the two of them, they held her easily, securely, yet gently enough that they didn't hurt her.

"No, little one, that is not what we want. If we had our way, we'd keep you naked and filled with cock for the next sixty or seventy years," Cole said, his voice dropping as the mental picture aroused him even more than holding his naked mate did.

Summer blinked and thought for a moment before she smiled and laid her head on his chest. "Mmmm, that sounds like it could be fun, but I'm not sure what your brothers would think."

That snarky comment earned her dual growls just before Dawson stepped back and Cole pulled his arms from under her, dropping her into the water. They began to laugh at the scream as the cold water welcomed her with a splash.

When she found her footing and stood again, they moved in and surrounded her once more. "You are our mate, our Summer, to love now and forever," Dawson declared as he lifted her from the water and carried her to the blanket he'd laid out.

Cole followed a half step behind as they lay down together. "If you want to go back to work, that's fine, but we'll be going with you to keep you happy and well-loved."

Summer looked from one to the other with a smile that reached into his heart and squeezed while at the same time tightening his cock and balls. "I love you both so much. I promise I won't make any decision without discussing it with you first. There is one other thing."

"And what's that?" Cole leaned in and licked at the water droplets that slowly tracked down the mound of her breast.

"I want babies. At least four babies to carry on the Sullivan legacy."

Cole looked at Dawson. Dawson looked at Cole. Then they both looked at their wife. "That's completely doable," they said in unison before turning their attentions to giving her exactly what she wanted.

THE END

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Cooper McKenzie always thought she had been born a hundred years too late, but appreciates air conditioning, computers and other conveniences of modern day living. She enjoys the slower pace of New Bern, North Carolina as well as the history and small town community found there. In addition to dreaming up her next story, Cooper enjoys reading everything except scary books, singing in her church choir and needle-weaving.

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