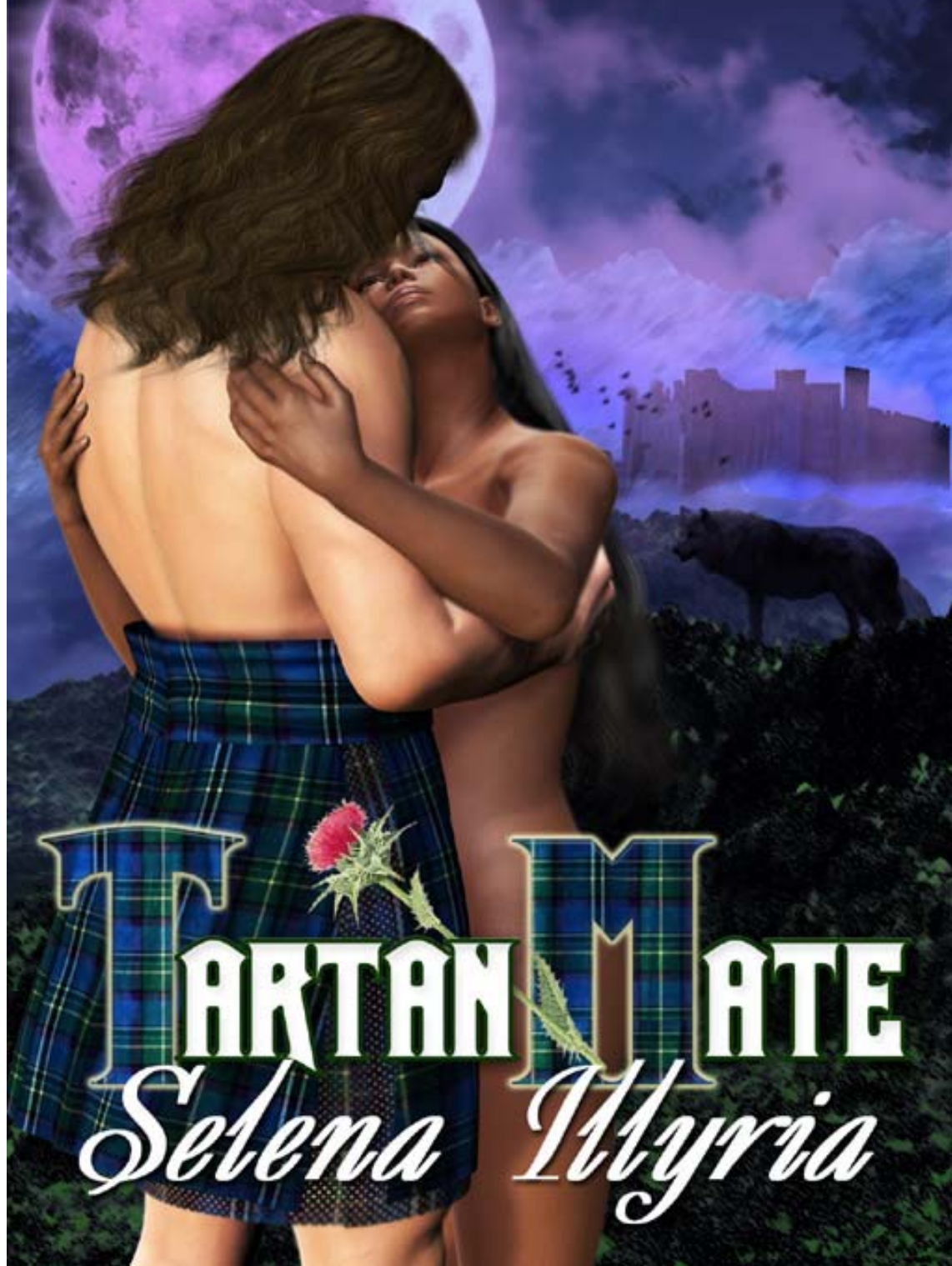


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Tartan Mate
Selena Illyria

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Tartan Mate

Selena Illyria

Iain has made plans for a date night with Katherine that she won't soon forget. But you know what they say about the best laid plans.

What will he do when he finds out Katherine has a few plans of her own? Why, lie back and take it of course.

Katherine is determined to make Iain howl with pleasure.

Dedication

To Marie, Vicki, Cynnie, Diana, Jess, Rhian and Lexxie.

Chapter One

Iain settled back in the armchair and listened to Altair drone on about plans and packs and responsibility. He'd heard the speech before -- just yesterday, in fact -- and he had more important things on his mind. Well, important to him. Katherine. With the pack summit just a few short months away, she'd been running around like a chicken with its head cut off organizing, filing and running the front office. Some nights she didn't make it to bed at all. Other nights she'd fallen asleep with her work clothes still on -- even her shoes.

Enough was enough in his opinion. After much thought, he'd decided what was needed was a night out on the town followed by a few spa treatments at a hotel. He'd already picked the place and made the reservations. Only dinner was left to take care of.

"Iain, I'm sure you have other things, far more important things to do, but can you give us just a small bit of your time? Hmmm?" Altair asked.

Heat flushed his neck, cheeks and the edges of his ears at having been caught by his father. Looking around, he saw his fellow pack members snickering. His own brother Conal was bent over, holding his stomach and laughing silently. Scowling, he turned his attention to his father at the front of the room.

"Sorry, Father, but I've heard this speech before." The laughter stopped and the room grew quiet. Very quiet.

Unease slipped down his spine as he realized what he'd just said. "Shite," he muttered. "I'm sorry, Father."

Altair nodded his head. "I understand and I know I've been saying the same thing over and over again." He sighed and sank down into a deep, wingback brown leather chair. "With William doing God knows what and Roarke insisting on being a recluse, I don't know what will happen at the summit. Combine this with the soon to be

arriving Talia... The future is very foggy. Right now, we're only as good as the members we've got and even though it warms my heart to see Kameron among our ranks, and with the addition of his brother, we're still down in power. I don't know how much longer I can keep the other packs in line with the way things are going."

Altair's face was worn. His wrinkles seemed to be deeper, and his eyes had lost a bit of that mischievous glint they normally had. Iain's heart lurched for his father. He glanced over at his brother. The siblings exchanged a look that said it all. They feared their father's health was failing.

"Oh, for God's sake, I'm not dying," Altair grouched. "I'm tired. Haven't been sleeping properly, been having bad dreams lately." His eyes narrowed. "We must get Roarke back into the fold and soon. I worry that if Melody isn't successful, we will lose him."

Kameron growled next to him. "Send me to the island. Let me knock some sense into him. I'll bring him back to us."

Iain shook his head. "That won't do any good. Roarke is stubborn and scared, a bad combination. Let Melody work on him."

Kameron grumbled under his breath but nodded his head.

"Good. If it comes to it, I'll go to the island myself. Now, as for the summit, we've received no word yet on the Washington pack or their leader. As far as Talia is concerned, I've been told that her plans have changed. Now her intention is to reconnect with Katherine. We shall see." Altair looked around. "Where is Brody? I could have sworn I told him the meeting was today?"

"He's handling the pub," Rorick called out. "Don't worry, we'll fill him in."

Altair nodded. "Everyone but Iain is dismissed. I'll see you for dinner tonight."

Everyone filed out of the room. Iain went up to his father feeling like a scolded schoolboy being sent to detention or to the principal's office.

"Father?" he asked. Iain prayed and hoped that it wouldn't take long.

"Don't worry. I won't ask you to do any diplomacy trips. I'm worried about Katherine." He paused and shook his head. "I know she's been working hard; sleeping in the office, working on files long into the night, not eating properly."

Iain started. He hadn't known about that. Anger and worry gnawed at his gut. *How much have I missed?*

"Robin's been keeping me apprised of the situation. I need you to take Katherine out this weekend. She needs a break." Altair gave him a knowing glance.

Heat rose once again up his neck to spread across his cheeks and around the edges of his ears. "Father --" he started.

Altair cut him off. "Just take care of her, okay?"

Iain nodded his head, hoping that was all his father was going to ask of him.

Altair grinned. "Good. While you're distracting her, I'll keep trying with Roarke. I'm using some of my contacts in the vampire and tiger shifting community to get to him. Perhaps they can help."

"Great, wonderful. I'm, uh, going to go make preparations. See you at dinner, Father." Iain didn't wait for a response. He rushed out of the room to his private office across the hall. After shutting the door, he slumped against the hardwood. Bowing his head, he blew out a breath. He wiped a hand over his face and straightened up. "Okay, Katherine, dinner. I better make it good."

He headed to his desk and slipped into his chair. "Where the hell am I going to take her to dinner?"

Forming a list of all the restaurants, he went through them one at a time, discarding each and every one, finding them all lacking.

A knock on the door drew him out of his thoughts. "Iain, it's Robin. I have a package for you."

"Come in," he called out.

She opened the door and strode toward him, a large box in her hands. "Geez, what did you order?" Placing the package on his desk, she stepped back and wiped away a bit of sweat on her forehead.

He grinned and rubbed his hands together. "This is something I ordered for Katherine." Grabbing a box cutter from his desk caddy, he began to cut the tape apart.

"Uh, I'm going to leave now." Iain glanced up to see Robin beginning to back out of the room.

"Where are you going? Don't you want to see it? It's wonderful." He pulled apart the tops and rummaged around the packing peanuts.

"No, no. I like being able to see, thankyouverymuch." Robin turned and rushed to the door just as the scent of chocolate filled the air.

He looked up and grinned when she stopped mid-escape. She wheeled around on her heels. "What-what is that?" Her eyes glittered. She licked her lips. "Is that chocolate?" Robin's stomach grumbled and Iain threw back his head and laughed.

He lifted the gift out of the box and set the large basket on the tabletop. "What do you think? I handpicked each item for her. Think she'll like it?" He watched her reaction, hoping that it would tell him if he'd done well or not.

Robin shuffled toward the desk, hesitation clear on her face. "Is that only chocolate or is there other stuff?"

He looked at her in confusion. "Other stuff?" Iain wracked his brain for what she could be thinking.

"Don't think I don't know what you two do when you're in a room together." She trembled and for a moment he didn't understand her. She ducked her head and didn't look up once she stood in front of him. "I found the condoms in your desk in the other office and her vibrator in her desk. Can't you guys just like, you know, keep it in the bedroom? Bad enough Kameron gets affected by it -- at least he rushes off -- but when the twins are here too, it turns into an orgy and I don't get work done."

Understanding finally dawned on him. He threw back his head and laughed. Robin lifted her head and glared at him. "You think that's funny? You do remember how kinky the twins are, don't you?"

He stopped laughing and groaned. "What did they do this time?"

"Handcuffs, cinnamon sugar, whipped cream and the bathroom upstairs. Not saying anything else." She folded her arms over her chest. "You two don't have any shame and neither do they. One time Kameron walked in on us. Another time Brody found us on the pool table in the game room. I don't want people seeing anything I'm not willing to show them. And do you want to know how they get all wound up, because they smell and hear the sex you and Katherine are having and just *need* me." She rolled her eyes. "I like being able to sit, thank you. Crap, I shouldn't have said that."

Iain began to laugh again. "If I say sorry, would that help?"

Robin snorted. "No. Well --" She batted her eyelashes at him. "I'll forgive you if you give me a chocolate bar."

He chuckled and shook his head. "How about I tell the twins to order a basket of chocolate? Now, do you think she'll like it?"

Robin moved closer and peered at his gift. She picked it up and whistled. "You went all out. Chocolate pearls, chocolate bars, chocolate-covered nuts and fruit pieces. Whoa, spa products scented to smell like chocolate. Damn, I hate Kat now."

"But will she like it?" Iain pressed.

"Yeah, I think she will. I do have to ask, why are you so scared she won't like it? What'd you do?" Robin placed the basket on the desk and looked up at him.

A blush heated his cheeks. He reached up and rubbed the back of his neck. "I didn't do anything, and that's the problem. I've been so wrapped up with learning the ropes of the company and pack, I haven't noticed she hasn't been eating properly or been so tired lately she doesn't come up to bed. I've been oblivious. This is the start of the 'I'm sorry' to her."

"The start?" Robin asked.

"Yup. I plan on taking her out for drinks, then to dinner, and I've booked a hotel in London." Iain grinned.

Robin whistled. "Nice, but um, are you sure she's gonna want all that? You know Kat, she'd probably be happy with just spending the evening with you."

Iain nodded. "Yes, but I want to show her what it is to be the mate of a leader of the prominent werewolf pack. We take care of our mates."

Robin shrugged. "Don't all werewolves, non-leaders and pack members alike, take care of their mates?"

"Some more than others. It depends on whether or not they love each other or not. If it was an arranged marriage, there's a very slim chance of happiness or even love." Iain shuddered to think what his life would have been like if his mate had been picked for him.

"I see. Well, I guess we were all lucky, well, some of us more than others." Sadness colored her features.

"Roarke?" Iain's heart lurched for the half-tiger, half-wolf shifter.

"He stopped returning phone calls. Altair was making good progress and Melody talks to Kat every day, but we're afraid for him." Robin hugged herself.

"Don't worry about it. He'll be fine," he lied and prayed he was right. "Don't you have work to do? I have a romantic weekend to plan."

Robin smirked. "You have work too. Anyway, yeah, I have to go. Hope everything turns out, and don't worry, I won't spill the beans to Kat."

"Thank you."

Robin bobbed her head and left the room. He glanced down at the basket.

"Now to find a good restaurant."

* * *

"A basket? Like how big are we talking? The size of my head or bigger?" Katherine leaned toward Robin while keeping her eyes on the door.

"Bigger and filled with chocolate, pearls, bars, fruit and nuts dipped in chocolate -- and there were spa products," Robin whispered.

Katherine tapped her chin. "Okay, how bad did he screw up?"

Robin shook her head. "I'm telling you, he thinks he's failed you, been oblivious as he said."

"To what?" Katherine moved back and looked at her friend.

"To the fact you're not taking care of yourself." Robin pinched her in the arm.

"Ow, what the hell was that for? I already promised you that I'd start falling asleep in an actual bed. Even did that last night."

Robin rolled her eyes. "Dork, don't think I haven't noticed you skipping meals. Altair's seen it too."

"You know I liked you better when you were grumpy, sexually frustrated and pissed at the twins. At least you didn't notice anyone else but them," Katherine groused.

Robin gave her another pinch. "And that's for being a brat. Anyway, I think he really believes he's neglected you, so he's going all out. Dinner, hotel, the works."

Katherine shook her head. "He doesn't seem to realize I haven't exactly been giving him a lot of attention lately either, which means I'm just as bad." She sighed. "I'm going to have to go all out for him too."

"Honey, let him pamper you. He thinks he's screwed up, so let him." Robin took a step back and sipped her coffee.

Katherine shook her head. "No, that wouldn't be fair. He's been so sweet and patient and not said a thing about me falling asleep at my desk or fully clothed on top of the sheets. I have to do something for him."

"If you insist, I vote for the slutty, naughty nurse combo," Robin suggested.

"You dressing up for us, love?" Rorick asked from the doorway.

Robin jumped and squeaked. "No. Who said that? I didn't say that. Stop looking at me like that. What do you want? Katherine, save me from the pervy werewolf man."

Katherine burst out laughing.

Rorick pouted. "No fun. I'm here for the payroll for the pub. Or haven't you gotten to that yet?"

Katherine regained control of herself and walked over to her desk. Shuffling through the files, she found the appropriate one and handed it to him. "Where's William? I thought he was picking up the numbers for this month?"

"Dealing with some things, so it's up to me and Roarke to dole out the money this month." He grinned. "We'll be late for dinner, love."

He moved further into the room, slipped an arm around Robin's waist and pulled her to him. She brought her hands up and placed them on his chest. "Don't be too late," she whispered. Robin rose on tiptoes and kissed him on the lips.

"Don't get too excited, Rorick. You have an audience," Katherine warned.

Rorick looked over at her. A wolfish smile curved his lips. "Hasn't stopped us before." He gave Robin a quick hard kiss before pulling away. "See you at home, love."

Rorick left the room and Robin blew out a breath. "Whew, thank goodness it was just a kiss."

Katherine said nothing. Jealousy twisted in her gut. She looked down at the desk and tried to regain her focus. Pain spread through her chest. It wasn't that long ago that Iain would have kissed her like that or done more before leaving the room. She knew they'd both been busy and there wasn't a lot of time for PDA, but she missed his touch, his kiss and so much more. Heat spread through her stomach as liquid desire filled her cunt. She swallowed and closed her eyes. A hand on her shoulder drew her back from her growing desire.

"You okay? Need to go see Iain?" Robin teased.

"Shut up," Katherine grumbled.

"You didn't say no. Look, I can handle things here and Lexi will be back from the library soon. Go surprise your man." Robin grinned.

"Thanks." She kissed Robin on the cheek. For the first time in a few weeks, sex actually seemed interesting instead of too much work when she didn't have enough energy to keep awake, much less know what day it was. Rushing out of the office and up the stairs, she smacked right into Brody. Her arms windmilled as she struggled for her balance.

"Whoa there, lass, sorry about that. Didn't see you coming," Brody's gruff voice murmured as he grabbed her arm and pulled her against him. She landed with an oomph against a hard wall of muscle.

Once she got her breath and balance back, she took a step to the side. She looked up and up and up at him. *Damn too tall Scottish werewolves*, she grumbled in her mind. "Thanks. I was rushing up the stairs and didn't see you coming down."

He gave her a large grin, and the piercings in his eyebrow and chin winked back at her. His dark green eyes sparkled with amusement. "No problem. You okay, love?"

Brody reached out and brushed her cheek. She frowned, unsure of what he was talking about. "What?" Katherine took another sidestep, not sure how to respond to Brody's touch.

"You look exhausted. That mate of yours isn't treating you right if you are wearing yourself out for the pack. He should be doing a lot of your work." A growl rumbled in his low tone.

Katherine frowned. "I like my job just fine and Iain is working very hard learning the ropes."

"But --"

She cut him off. "He's taking care of me just fine. Brody, I appreciate your concern, but my relationship with Iain is between the two of us. No one else."

Brody opened and then shut his mouth. He shook his head and muttered, "If you were mine, you wouldn't be working at all."

"What!" She stared at him wide-eyed.

A bright pink blush stained his cheeks and neck. "Sorry, sorry. Didn't mean it. Never mind."

"No. You did mean that," Iain growled low, from the top of the stairs on the second floor.

Katherine looked up and groaned. Anger had darkened his gaze to deep green. She ran a hand over her face. *So not what I need right now, two alpha wolves on the warpath.*

"Iain, go to the bedroom. Brody, thank you for your concern but I'm with Iain." Katherine sidestepped Brody and ran up the stairs to go ease her lover.

"And if he fucks up, you let me know," Brody called behind her.

Katherine continued up the stairs, her hands curled into fists, and she resisted the urge to turn back around and punch Brody. "If he fucks up, I'll be the one to handle it. You can shut up now, Brody." His laughter chased her up the stairs. When she arrived on the second floor landing, she grabbed Iain's hand and tried to tug him toward their bedroom.

"I'm going to beat the shite out of him," Iain grumbled.

"Then you're never going to get laid and will have to use your hand for the rest of your life if you do. You're my man, not him. Let it go. Come on." She tugged on his hand again. Much to her relief he turned toward her.

"Kath --" he started.

"Let's go." She didn't trust herself to say anything else. Heat slithered up her arm to spread out in her chest and slide down to her stomach. Her ability to think was scattered at touching him once again. She latched onto that simple contact. His callous-roughened palm pressed against her skin. A shudder racked her body as she remembered that hand running over her back, her stomach, between her thighs. A whimper fell from her lips as tingles raced through her pussy.

"Is something wrong, love? Did he hurt you?" The rough sound of his voice, even in anger, stoked the fire that sizzled through her veins.

Her knees threatened to give out on her. She wanted to hear that voice next to her ear as he pushed into her. This time a moan slipped out.

"Katherine?" he asked, worry in his tone.

Her name on his lips was her undoing. She turned around, yanked on his arm and pressed herself against the hard planes of his body. Getting on tiptoe, she kissed his lips as she melted against him. That simple contact was like water in the desert. She'd dreamed of this. Had, in the darkest hours of the dawn, fantasized about being in his arms, warm and sated after a long bout of tender sex.

Iain, she murmured in her mind as her mouth moved over his. Pressing her body closer, she reveled in the feel of hard muscle just underneath his shirt. She wanted to rip open the top and run her hands over his chest, tweak his nipples before moving

downward to cup his erection. Liquid heat melted in her core and dampened her panties. She rocked her hips against his, feeling both relieved and thrilled to find a bulge. A bolt of lust shot straight to her clit.

He pulled his head back and stared at her. Confusion lay clear in his eyes. "Katherine, what's going on?" he asked.

"Shut up and kiss me." She wanted to tell him to fuck her but they weren't in their bedroom yet and she wasn't an exhibitionist.

He took a step back. She whimpered at the distance.

"Iain." Her voice was high pitched and whiny. She sighed, hating that she was so needy for him.

"Lass, what is going on?" Iain shook his hand out of hers and reached out and grabbed her hips. "This isn't about what Brody said, is it? Are you trying to claim me?" A smile danced on his lips and she rolled her eyes.

"I'd forgotten all about Brody until you mentioned him. I wanted to be with my lover. I just got impatient. Now, am I going to have to molest you in the hallway or are you coming to the bedroom with me, where we can do this privately?"

He gave her a lascivious smile. "You want to molest me?" A thick dark eyebrow rose. Iain let go of her hips. His hands worked on the buttons of his shirt. Each plastic disc that was popped open gave her a small, teasing glimpse of lightly tanned skin that hadn't seen the sun in weeks. She licked her lips and continued to watch the action of his long fingers undoing his shirt and pulling it out of his pants. He finished his task and parted the folds to show off the hard wall of his chest and tightly ridged abs. Iain ran his fingers down the center of his torso, stopping at his belt buckle.

She whimpered. More moisture dampened her panties. All air left her lungs when he molded his hand over his cloth-covered erection. Until that moment, Katherine hadn't known how much she could hate woolen slacks as much as she did now.

"Makes you wish I was wearing my kilt, doesn't it?" he purred. Iain moved closer. His woodsy, spicy cologne swirled around her, heightening her desire for him.

“Think of it, love. Easy access. Nothing between us. Remember when we met? I was in my kilt then. Think of all the dirty things we could have done if you’d have let me.”

Heat flamed her face as she remembered how delicious he’d looked in his dress kilt, sporran and dress shirt. “I remember,” she whispered. “How could I forget how sexy you looked that night?”

She moved toward him. “And you look just as sexy now. Later you can wear that kilt for me and I can fuck you in it. Right now, get your ass in that bedroom so I can have my way with you.”

He chuckled and shook his head. “Not the way it works, love.”

Chapter Two

Iain watched Katherine's eyes narrow. He could smell her desire but it was laced with frustration. His inner wolf watched, waited. Its amusement filled him. They hadn't been with their mate in weeks. Neither man nor wolf wanted this encounter to be as fast as Katherine wanted it to be. No. It would be slow. He would take his time re-acquainting himself with the body he'd dreamed of and hungered for but had been too tired to reach out to. Their schedules had been too hectic. The pack and pack business had consumed both of them. Now he was being given a gift he refused to squander by rushing.

Taking a step forward, he smiled. His balls throbbed and his cock pressed against the fly of his pants. Pressing his palm against his erection, he rocked his hand back and forth giving himself just a bit of friction. Sparks of heat danced up and down his spine as his body warmed. The burn continued to grow as he increased the pressure. Pleasure skittered along his skin as he watched her eyes darken. Her gaze flitted between his hand massaging the bulge and his face.

"We're going to go slow, take our time," he whispered as he took another step toward her.

Katherine looked around and he didn't blame her. They were standing out in the open, only a few feet away from their bedroom. Any second, someone could find them. Hell, Brody could return to start another fight. His inner wolf growled at that idea. *Calm down. If he starts something, we walk away. Our mate is too important.* The wolf huffed but cantered off into the darkness to let Iain deal with Katherine.

"Don't think about them," he murmured. "Think about us, about what you do to me. See?"

Iain took his hand away from his crotch and undid his belt buckle. Heat surged through his veins and his cock twitched. He took his time undoing the strap before unbuttoning and unzipping his fly. Pausing, he watched her jaw tighten and her eyes narrow. Smiling, he hooked his thumbs into his waistband and pushed down, giving her only a peek at the flared, red crest of his cock. He glanced down to see a single pearlescent tear had already formed at the slit.

"Och," he groaned. "Look. See what you do to me? How hard I am? How eager I am to be inside you?" Pushing his pants down further, he gave her a look at the first inch of his cock, flushed pink. The veins stood out against the shaft. He glanced back up at her in time to watch her lick her lips. "Want to taste me? Want to see more? Then promise me we'll go slow. We'll enjoy every second."

The scent of her arousal increased as did the acrid aroma of frustration. He held back a grin. Iain could hear her teeth grinding together before she made the promise. "Yes, I promise, now please --"

He interrupted her. "Please what? Give it to you? You haven't earned it yet."

Iain pulled up his pants and grinned when she swore.

"Why'd you do that?" she demanded.

"Because I have other plans for us. Go into the bedroom, pack a weekend bag and get ready to go." Slipping past her, he walked toward the bedroom door, ignoring how his balls throbbed in protest. When he didn't hear her following him, he looked over his shoulder to find her glaring at him.

"You'll so pay for that, you tease." She marched up to him, opened the door and brushed past him into the room.

"I know --" He was about to join her in the room when she grabbed onto his hand and yanked him inside. Slamming the door shut behind him, Katherine grabbed the back of his shirt and pulled until the top was halfway down his back. She tied the sleeves together.

He laughed. "Do you honestly think this is going to work? I can just --"

Click. Snick. Pressure surrounded his wrists. He was speechless. *Did she just handcuff me?* Iain tried to bring his arms forward but his cloth-covered hands hit his buttocks with a firm pat. He tried again, getting the same result. "Shite! Woman, get these things off me."

"No." She came back into view. This time she was the one unbuttoning her blouse. It didn't take her long before that was discarded. Next to go was her skirt, leaving her in only her bra, panties, stockings and heels. "The cuffs that currently bind you are silver, and I'm the only one who has the key." She slipped her fingers into her bra and dangled a small silver key in front of him.

He growled, low in his throat. The idea of being bound by silver unsettled him. Iain pulled on his restraints again, this time calling on the power of the wolf. Heat and energy flooded his body, saturating into his body and dancing along his flesh like small, hot pinpricks. "Katherine," he growled.

She tilted her head to the side. "Yes?"

"Let me go. Silver is not --"

She held up a hand, cutting him off. "I know, and that's why I used your shirtsleeves to cover your flesh. Relax, Iain. Let me show you how much I missed you."

He concentrated on breathing in through his nose and out through his mouth. "I know, but..."

"Do you trust me?" Katherine asked. Her face was a mask of no emotion. Iain knew she wasn't trying to harm him, but he'd never been bound before. Panic began to rise as his heartbeat sped up. "Iain?"

His name pulled him out of his slow rising fear. It felt like treading through molasses but he managed to turn his attention back to Katherine. "I trust you," he gritted out.

"Then relax. Let go. Please," she whispered.

He wanted to tell her it wasn't that easy. That he couldn't just let go. The heat of the silver increased, distracting him. "I can't. I've never allowed this to happen," he muttered. Closing his eyes, he tried to fight past the panic that continued to claw at his

stomach. His heart continued to drum out an erratic rhythm against his ribcage. Trying to control his breathing became difficult as he struggled to regain control. Sweat beaded on his brow and upper lip. Thoughts of being trapped, of never being released, of being harmed, made his body tremble. Energy built up in his muscles, causing him to quiver. The heat in his body seemed to double, dousing his arousal.

Breathe. In through the nose, out through the mouth. Relax. She's not going to hurt us, he murmured to himself. Despite trying to convince himself of that fact, his body refused to cooperate. His muscles burned to move, to break the cuffs and put distance between himself and the offensive things. Focusing on Katherine, he saw her face soften and indecision flit across her beautiful features. Pushing away his own distress, he narrowed his world view to her: her full lips, her dark brown eyes.

Iain allowed himself to fall into those eyes and hold her gaze. "Don't doubt yourself, love. Touch me," he whispered. Despite being unsure of being cuffed, he wanted her to have her desire, even if it meant his discomfort.

Katherine frowned, her brows creased and she folded her arms over her chest. "But you're uncomfortable."

He shook his head. "Doesn't matter. I can handle this. Touch me."

"Iain --"

"Touch me, lass. Just because I'm ill at ease doesn't mean I can't get used to this. We can try things your way. Come here." *And, by gods, I'm going to try,* he promised her silently.

She walked toward him and stopped with only a foot separating them. Raising her hand, she pressed her palm to his chest and dragged it down the center of his body stopping at his waistband. Waves of calm ebbed through him. The panic subsided to a dull throb in the back of his mind. Repeating the action, Katherine stroked him with soft brushes of her fingertips, setting him at ease. His eyes fluttered shut and he leaned toward her wanting more.

"My mate," he murmured.

His muscles spasmed and settled down in levels until he felt boneless. He would have sagged to the floor if his knees weren't locked. Iain let his head fall forward and sighed. Warmth from the cuffs seeped into his skin, reminding him of the silver around his wrists. Panic spiked for an instant and then died away, echoing faintly through his body. Her touch settled him in a way no one else's could.

"Katherine," he whispered. Arousal returned in a roar, ratcheting up his spine and then sliding down as a silken glide, carrying with it a blow of heat. His cock thickened and pushed against his fly as his balls throbbed for release.

She placed a kiss over his heart. "See, no worries. I would hurt myself first before I let anything happen to you."

A low, dark growl slipped past his lips at the idea of her harming herself or being hurt at all for him. "Never," he grunted.

"Shhh, it's okay. I'm not hurt." His head snapped up. Narrowing his eyes, he focused on her face. Calm. Trust. Need. All reflected back at him from her eyes.

"You're never going to be hurt. Never going to get hurt." Even as he said it, a snippet of conversation came back to him about Talia and her friendship with Katherine. *"They're really close friends. She would never hurt her intentionally,"* Lexi had said. He bit his tongue. Iain wanted to tell her what was going on, what they'd learned, and yet he knew he couldn't. She wasn't ready to hear about her friend's possible intentions. For all they knew, Talia wouldn't carry out her orders from the mysterious Washington pack leader. So he stayed silent. Instead, he turned his attention to the here and now, and let future possibilities drift away.

She ran her fingertips down his center again, this time letting her touch drift down over the bulge in his pants. Sensation slid along his nerve endings, setting his body alight with feeling and desire. Musk and the scent of their combined arousal drifted on the air, teasing his nostrils.

Katherine moved back and undid the hook in front of her bra. A small silver object fell out but he couldn't focus on it. The cups parted before falling open completely, revealing her breasts. Two perfect mounds tipped with dark brown nipples

already distended as if begging for his mouth. He rocked forward and lowered his head hoping for a taste of her sweet flesh.

She danced away from him and shrugged out of her bra. Her breasts jiggled and he groaned. A pang of heat pierced his stomach and exploded, spreading out liquid fire that dripped into his groin.

"Please." That single word almost broke him. He loathed begging her for even a touch to satisfy the need clawing through his veins, but she had him in a delicate position. Katherine had all the control, and he wasn't sure how he felt about it. On the one hand he was aroused, but then again, he always desired Katherine. This thing, this new aspect of their sex life, put him off center. He wasn't sure if he liked it or not. Being at her mercy pushed at his need to dominate.

"Give in and let go. Trust me." She stood before him in only panties, stockings and her sexy stilettos. Katherine was his wet dream come to life. *I have to let her have control.*

He gritted his teeth and closed his eyes. Iain breathed deeply, and the perfume of her arousal set his blood aflame. It had increased in the last few minutes. Katherine was turned on by this, by dominating him. The knowledge tilted his world off its axis. Licking his lips, he studied the information with new eyes. Possibilities opened up in his mind. A scene of him tied to their bed and her riding him into ecstasy was the first fantasy to pop up. His wolf padded out of his cavern, interest clear in his eyes. *Try it. We're interested in this.* A wave of calm, not his own, gripped him, holding him in place. Startled, he gasped. "What the fuck?"

He ordered his body to move. Nothing. *Mangy wolf, let me move,* he growled at his animal. It shook its head, turned around and disappeared into darkness. "Son of a bitch," he muttered.

"What?"

Looking up, he wanted to hurt himself. Katherine looked confused and scared. "I'm sorry, love. Och. I... my wolf..." he struggled to find the words. Blowing out a

breath, he searched for the words and found them. "My wolf has bound me, literally. I can't move unless he releases me. I am well and truly at your mercy."

She tilted her head to the side. "Are you okay with that?"

He swallowed and tried to order his body to move again. Still nothing. "I guess I have to be."

Iain bit back what he wanted to say. It was one thing to be bound by his mate. At least there he could tell her to stop and she would. With his animal binding him in place, he'd lost all control over the situation.

"Iain, if you're not comfortable --" she started.

"The wolf is trying to get me to submit to you, to give into you," he muttered.

"And you're not happy?" She crossed her arms over her chest.

Iain could see the moment slipping away. Her arousal had cooled. Her eyes were now shuttered. Biting off a curse, he blew out a breath. "I'm not happy but I'm not pissed either. Well, not with you. I'm not sure how to feel, but I do want to see where this goes. Touch me again. Let's see what happens."

She paused. He could see her mind working. Closing her eyes, she took a breath. Reaching out, her hand shaking, hesitation clear on her face, she pressed her palm against his chest. Tension floated away. He became lost in the contact. Her hand was silken soft and so warm and soothing. Iain groaned. "Again, touch me again."

Katherine pulled away her hand and pressed it back, stroking him like she had before, this time with her whole hand, not just fingertips.

"Yes. More," he moaned. Arousal flamed to life and his body grew hotter with each pass of her hand. His cock throbbed. Pressure bubbled up inside of him. Desire turned to pain. He needed relief. "Katherine, please, my cock --"

No sooner had he started to ask and her hands were there. She pulled his pants down to his ankles and got down on her knees. Iain tried to bow his head and found it would respond. *Of course you'd let my head and neck work. You want to kill me,* he grumbled silently to his wolf. The response was a chuffed, rough-sounding laugh. *I knew it.*

His thoughts scattered when Katherine blew on the red flared head of his cock. A single tear formed at the slit. Her pink tongue darted out and lapped up the bead. Her low throaty moan was music to his ears, setting his body on fire. Desire burned through him like an inferno, tripping up his spine and sliding back down. Sensations pinged through his body. She flicked at the slit before dragging her tongue down the underside of the shaft and up again to swirl around the meaty head.

"Fuck," he groaned.

Katherine took his testicles in her hand, massaging the balls gently. Iain clenched his jaw as pleasure washed through him. She tugged and rolled the sacs while sucking his cockhead into her mouth. He fought to keep his eyes open, to watch what she was doing to him.

"God, aye. More," he moaned as she took more of his shaft into her mouth. Up. Down. She licked up the pre-come at the slit before sliding her lips down his cock. He shuddered when she dragged her teeth lightly over the sensitive skin. Sparks of desire burst up his spine. The urge to move increased. He bit his lip. His muscles burned with need. He wanted to push forward, slide more of his dick into her mouth. He was thankful that his wolf was keeping him in place.

"Katherine, please --" The arousal increased. Desire sizzled along his nerve endings. Heat slid up and down his spine. Katherine took more of his cock into her mouth, hollowing out her cheeks, increasing the pressure. "Fuck," he groaned.

His toes curled as the fire spread down his legs and through his chest. The tips of his fingers tingled. She scraped her teeth along his shaft, setting off pings of heat as she went. "Katherine. Wolf. Damn it. I want to move." He wanted to come so badly it hurt. She let go of his testicles and released his cock with a soft pop. Katherine then sucked one delicate egg into her mouth and then the other before tracing the thin, sensitive line between the sacs. He shuddered as pleasure multiplied. The fire increased, slicing through his veins. Pain and desire increased until they faded into each other, and he couldn't tell the difference.

His balls hardened further, becoming too sensitive to her touch. She released them and swallowed his shaft down until his crest hit the back of her throat. In one move, she swallowed him whole. The pressure surrounding his hard cock increased. Each swallow squeezed him so sweetly he almost cried.

"Katherine, for Christ's sake," he moaned. Iain fought to not come. He wanted to be inside her pussy before he found release.

She took hold of the base of his cock, massaging what she didn't have in her mouth. Her fist came up as her mouth went down.

Iain felt like his sanity was slipping away. His mind became fogged with pleasure. He didn't know what day it was, much less his name. There was a vague sensation of his fists clenching and his legs shaking but he paid neither any heed. His hips began to move with short thrusts. There was a loud ping followed by a tearing sound, but he paid that no mind. He could see his hand reaching out, taking hold of a handful of soft, silken curls. His fingers closed around the strands and held on tight as he fucked her mouth, going deeper with each thrust.

She released the base of his shaft and gripped his hips. Her fingernails dug into his skin as he increased the pace. Her moans sent vibrations up his spine. Pleasure rippled through his body, increasing the heat. His eyelids slid down. His world view narrowed until all he could see was her and his cock sliding in and out of her plump, reddened lips.

"Katherine. So good. Goddess. Love you," he moaned. Flames licked through his body. The pleasure grew. His balls pulled closer to his body as the tingles spread. Liquid heat filled his shaft. The pressure increased until he couldn't hold back. Heat washed through him as he came, spilling his seed in her mouth as she sucked him dry. When he was done, his legs shook as a sense of lightheadedness filled him. Iain released her hair. She released his cock. He fell to his knees. The impact of the floor jarred his body. His muscles felt like jelly as the last pulses of pleasure faded. Putting out his hands he managed to keep himself from hitting the carpet too hard. His eyes fluttered

shut as exhaustion overcame him. His last thought before darkness fell was Katherine's name.

Chapter Three

For a moment Katherine stared at the fallen body of her lover, unsure what to do. Reaching out, she clasped his shoulder and rolled him over. He snored softly and she blinked. He'd fallen asleep.

Katherine swallowed the last of his seed. The salty musky flavor rolled over her taste buds. She sighed. Pleasure continued to pulse through her body. Her clit throbbed, demanding release. Instead of giving her body a small reprieve, she took in Iain's nearly naked body and shook her head. Heat flared in the pit of her stomach. Shards of arousal burst as desire danced on her skin, raising goose bumps. "Not now," she muttered to herself. As much as she'd enjoyed giving him pleasure, there was still the need that burned through her. "Later," she murmured. "Right now I have to figure out how to get him in bed."

Licking her lips, she savored the last of his flavor and settled down on her heels to think. Gazing at his body, she couldn't hold back another wave of arousal. Bathed in the soft golden glow of the overhead lights, Iain was a sight to behold. Faded tanned skin stretched over hard muscle. His chest was a wall of stone. The flat rose-hued nipples were still taut, tempting her to suck and lick and nip until he woke up ready for another round. Her gaze slid lower to the tight ridges of his abs. A thin trail of dark hair formed a path that disappeared into a thick patch of curls. His cock lay flaccid against his thigh. The soft shaft was slick and shiny with a combination of her saliva and his seed.

Despite his current un-aroused state, just seeing his dick stirred the desire inside of her. She could feel the phantom width and length burrowing into her body and retreating, sliding against the sensitive tissue inside of her, stimulating her nerve endings and pushing her closer to orgasm. A trickle of her juices dropped onto her

inner thigh. Squirming, she closed her eyes and ordered herself to calm down and focus. "You're acting like you two haven't had sex in years, not months." She shook her head and felt a sense of irritation at her lack of control.

His eyes fluttered open and he looked around. A groan passed his lips. "Katherine? Did I...? Why am I on the floor?"

She stifled her delight at him being awake. *Maybe I won't have to move him after all*, she thought to herself. Grinning, she reached out and ran a finger through his damp hair. "It's okay. Can you move now? Can you get up?" She hoped that the wolf had released him. The thought of trying to help him up to the bed or worse, having to call for help, put a damper on some of her need. His sea green eyes gazed up at her, dark and heated. His nostrils flared as he let out a soft groan. A glance down at his groin showed his cock twitching. It was now semi-hard. Desire simmered through her body.

Iain struggled to sit up. He tried twice and failed, only able to balance on his elbows. His head tipped back, the ends of his hair dusting the rug. He grunted and tried one more time only to have his elbow slip out from under him. She watched in horror as he crashed back to the floor, his head bouncing off the carpet.

"Iain, stop, stop, lie back down. I'm going to go get a towel to clean you up and then we're going to try to get you to bed."

She got to her feet and headed for the bathroom. His voice stopped her. "Katherine... No. Your needs..."

Glancing back, she saw that he was struggling to rise to his elbows again. She rushed to him and fell to her knees. Placing her hands on his chest, she pushed him down to the floor. "Don't move. Relax. Iain, do as I say. Don't make me ask the wolf to take control again."

His lips quivered as he growled. "Don't you --" he started.

"Then don't exert yourself. Relax. Let me take care of you." She watched the vein in his forehead throb and his jaw work. Katherine understood his stubbornness but wished for once he'd just do as she asked. His response was a low grumble that she didn't understand. Rather than push the subject, she got to her feet and headed for the

bathroom where she wet a face cloth and went back to him. She smiled when she saw him lying on the floor. "Good boy."

He let out another growl. Katherine laughed. "You broke the cuffs by the way. The witch told me no one could do that. Guess you don't know your own strength." She fibbed just a little bit. The witch had told her that the cuffs could be broken but it would take someone with immense power. Katherine wanted to bolster his ego after the wolf had held him in check and not allowed him to move.

"I did?" He lifted his wrists. The remains of his ripped shirt hung off his arms. The look of awe on his face made her smile.

"Yup. You did. Give me a second. Let me get the key and get you out of those cuffs." She got down on her knees and began to wipe away the sweat and come. With gentle motions, she caressed him. Katherine loved taking care of him even though he didn't like it. Iain loved to accommodate all of her needs and desires. At times, it was difficult being the mate of the alpha of the pack. She was human, weaker than an alpha female, delicate. It irritated her that the only way she could contribute to the pack was by her office skills and nothing else. Things had become more difficult as of late. More and more werewolves were pouring into the area and a lot of those wolves were unattached females: gorgeous women who Katherine knew could handle pack life and deal with all aspects of it much better than she could. From the shifting to the pain that came with it to the need for the hunt and food and sex, female werewolves could handle it all.

She, on the other hand, was only allowed to see part of it and help in almost none of it. Anything having to do with the shifting or wolver mood swings or full moon was off limits. Iain didn't tell her she wouldn't understand, just never spoke about it. It felt like part of his life was a mystery she wasn't allowed to even ask about, just deal with the aftereffects.

"Did you enjoy being in control?" His tone was quiet. The afterglow had worn off. His face was a mask of seriousness. His question drew her out of her thoughts and worries.

She smiled, deciding for the truth rather than lie. "I did." Liquid heat filled her cunt as she remembered the sense of power that had filled her. *At least I have that.* "I really did enjoy it. I love being able to please you. It's sort of like when you attend to my needs," she said as she wiped down his chest.

His lips quirked. "You do please me, love. Always."

She smiled. Katherine wanted to tell him what was on her mind but decided not to ruin the moment now with her concerns and insecurities. "I know you don't like it. You're an alpha of your pack and I understand that. You need to be in control, but there's nothing to be ashamed of letting me take the reins." *There's also no shame in coming to me with your werewolf issues,* she added silently.

He shook his head. "It's not that, love."

She stopped what she was doing and looked down at him. "Then what?" Katherine wanted to understand what was going on in his mind. Part of her hoped he would allow her control in the bedroom again. Another part of her prayed he would finally shred the veil of secrecy between pack issues and their relationship.

"I've never thought to let my lover take control before. I'm not going to say I hate it, because I don't. It was arousing, very sexy. I do want..." he paused, swallowed and began again. "I do want to see what else you have in mind."

Hope exploded in her chest and filled her body. Arousal trailed close behind it. Her clit thickened as liquid heat filled her cunt, dribbling down to dampen her panties. She grinned. "You're sure? If you're just saying this to appease me..."

He cut her off. "You're my mate. I want to please you. If I didn't like it, I wouldn't say it." His voice was a low growl that sent heat threading up her spine.

A grin curled on her lips. "Thank you!" Katherine would take this small confession. She hoped it would lead to other things.

She leaned down and kissed him on the lips. Iain lifted his head and pressed his lips to hers more firmly. His fingers threaded through her hair, holding her against his mouth. Their mouths moved in a slow dance. His tongue traced first her top lip, then the bottom before sinking into her mouth to twine around her tongue.

Arousal built again until her body was engulfed in heat. Her clit throbbed with need as tingles raced through her pussy and burned at the base of her back and inner thighs. Moaning, she deepened the kiss, scraping her teeth along his bottom lip. He groaned and pulled his head away. His face didn't move far. Their combined breaths fanned against her face and tickled her lips. Her mouth throbbed and burned from the kiss. Her nipples pulsed with need.

Iain moved his face closer, planting kisses along her jaw, down her neck and across her collarbone. "I love you, Katherine. I love everything about you," he murmured. His lips blazed a trail down the center of her chest, between her breasts. She groaned and moved forward so he would have better access to her nipples.

"Iain, please, suck my nipples," she pleaded.

"I know," he whispered, "I haven't been around much lately. I haven't given you the attention that you deserve. I know both of us have been very busy with our lives and what we do for the pack, but we can't forget this, us, what we mean to each other. You're my mate, my perfect woman. I couldn't have asked for a better partner and lover."

When his tongue flicked her nipple, electricity and pleasure shot straight to her cunt. Her pussy fluttered and contracted. She slid her hand between her legs. Her fingers delved between her slick folds to find her clit. With slow circles, she brought herself closer to orgasm. Iain's hand clamped down on her wrist. "No, you're not going to come by your hand. Not with me here," he grumbled.

He latched onto one puckered tip and sucked it into his mouth with a strong tug. She groaned. Her fingers curled around a handful of his hair. He moved her hand away from her mound and replaced her hand with his, massaging the sensitive flesh with firm strokes through the silk of her panties. Sliding beneath the material, his middle finger delved between her damp petals to rub her clit. Groaning, she rocked against his fingers while pushing his head closer.

"Iain," she moaned.

"Fuck, I love your body. You always turn me on. But it's not just your body; it's your mind too." He flicked her nipple before trailing kisses to her other breast. Iain sucked the other turgid peak into his mouth while his fingers slipped lower, sinking into her dripping entrance. She flexed her inner muscles, trying to grasp the digits and pull them deeper inside of her. He pulled his fingers away, causing her to whimper. He licked her nipple once before moving his face a few inches back. Breathing hard, he groaned.

For a second she was worried that his energy hadn't returned, and he'd somehow injured himself trying to please her. "Iain --" she started.

"Get on the bed, love. Let me love you properly." His voice was low and gruff. The sound sent shots of warmth sliding down her spine.

"But Iain, if you're hurt --" He cut her off.

"Not hurt, love. Uncomfortable. The floor isn't exactly cushy, even with this rug on it." He scooted out from under her and sat up. Giving her a wolfish grin, he stood and offered her his hand.

"So, who's in control this round?" She headed to the bed and stopped at the foot. Hooking her thumbs into the waistband of her panties, she pushed them down and did a shimmy, letting them slide to the floor. Sidestepping the small pile of silk and lace, Katherine remained in only stockings and heels now. She looked over her shoulder at him. Licking her lips, she traced the edge of the lace tops of the lingerie. "Should I keep going? I know how much you love me in just stockings and heels. Or maybe just the heels?"

Iain's eyes had widened. His cock was now flushed a deep pink. The thick rod curled upward toward his navel. Katherine wanted to taste him again, to tease and torment him until he couldn't take it any longer and lost control. Instead, she waited for him to make his move. She didn't have to wait long. He stalked forward. "Get on the bed and lie on your back," he ordered.

She didn't waste a second, climbing onto the mattress and crawling to the head of the bed.

“First, I’m going to fuck your sweet ass, and then I’m going to fuck your pussy, and last, I’m going to claim you as my mate. Words aren’t enough anymore.” He followed her onto the bed.

Before she could ask what he meant, he was crawling up her body, planting kisses as he went. Fire lapped along her skin, climbing higher. Her nipples beaded further and arousal coiled in her belly.

“You’re my mate. This is what I should have done a while ago but didn’t think it mattered as much. I claimed you with words but not the way we claim mates in the pack.”

She sucked in a breath as he planted kisses on her hairless mound. Katherine spread her legs, giving him more access to her soaked pussy. He lapped at her wet folds. Parting her labia, he exposed her clit. With hard strokes, he pushed her desire to new heights. Sucking the engorged bud into his mouth, he nipped, scraped and bit the sensitive bundle of nerves. She writhed and moaned on the bed, rocking her hips, grinding her sex against his mouth. Tilting her pelvis upward, she asked silently for more.

Her entrance dripped with her juices as her cunt clenched, aching for his cock. Iain plunged his fingers into her empty channel first one, then two until finally three fingers were inside of her, fucking her, bringing her closer to ecstasy. “Iain, God, that feels so good. Please, fuck me.”

She whimpered, wanting to come. The climax built. The spiral wound tighter and tighter as the coils of pleasure stacked one on top of the other. All she needed was a bit more to come, to topple over into the sweet abyss.

He released her clit with a soft pop. “Get the lube and condoms. I’m busy at the moment.”

His fingers moved faster in her cunt as he laved her clit with his tongue, over and over again, setting off sparks with each pass. He bit down on the bud. Fire washed through her as she came, scattering her thoughts. Tension sang through her body as pleasure lit up her nerve endings. Her back arched as her body shook, heels digging

into the bedspread. "Iain," she gasped as shockwave after shockwave of fire consumed her.

His answer was a growl. "Not enough. Not loud enough. You're going to scream for me, Katherine. Now get the fucking lube." With shaking hands and aftershocks still running through her body, she managed to open the drawer and take out the lube and condoms. "No, no condoms. Get the vibrator. I'm going to put the vibrator in your ass while I fuck your sweet pussy."

She lifted her head to look down her body at him. He leaned down, inhaled and went back to teasing her clit while his fingers picked up the pace. Her toes curled as the beginnings of another orgasm formed. Scrambling and blind to everything but what he was doing, she rooted around for the dildo. She found it and took it out of the drawer. Flipping the top up on the lube, she managed to slather some of it on the dildo and get some on herself at the same time. She didn't care.

He pinched her clit between his teeth while curling his fingers, rubbing them over that sweet spot inside of her pussy. Stars burst in her eyes and another orgasm took her under, this one stronger than the last. Again her back arched, and she dug her heels into the bedspread as her fingers curled into tight fists. Her nails dug into her palms as the pleasure saturated her body. She was in the middle of a firestorm with no end in sight. All she could feel, see, or hear was Iain. The scent of sex and musk permeated the air. Sweat slid along her overheated skin, raising goosebumps. Her nipples ached and her clit burned.

He withdrew his digits and spread her butt cheeks. She hissed when he lapped at the tight rosette before circling it with his cream-slickened fingers. He swirled more of her juices around her back entrance before sinking one digit into her back hole. Slowly, he pushed past the first ring, taking his time. She clenched her tight channel around the digit. Breathing hard and gritting her teeth, Katherine waited for him to do something other than take his time.

"You know," she said through clenched teeth. "You've fucked my ass with toys before. Stop going slow and just insert the damn vibrator."

"I won't have you hurt because we were impatient," he spoke through his clenched jaw. Strain showed on his face as beads of sweat rolled down his forehead and cheeks. He withdrew the index finger and pushed it back in further than before.

She let out a small groan. She laid her head on the pillow. Small streaks of pleasure and pain shot through her but it eased her frustration. Her current orgasm seemed to be at a standstill while he took his time. The pain faded as desire filled her when he inserted two fingers into her tight channel. She tried to move, to rock against his fingers to get something going only to have him still.

"I'm in control now. Stop. Don't make me cuff you, sweetheart."

That stopped her cold. Her cream trickled out of her pussy. "Cuff me? To the bed post?" She rolled her gaze upward to examine the wrought iron headboard. "Next time. Now, just fuck me."

"Then let me do what I need to do for you." He pulled out his fingers, grabbed the lube, coated the digits with the gel and thrust them into her ass. Her body bucked as he fucked her ass with three fingers. When his mouth latched onto her clit, while he finger fucked her ass, she felt the beginnings of a bigger orgasm. Katherine rocked against him praying to come again.

She let out a shriek when he withdrew and released the sensitive bud. "Not like that, not without me inside of you."

The bed shook as he took the vibrator out of her still clenched fist, slathered it with more lube and pressed it at her entrance. Blowing out a breath, she relaxed her body and waited for him to make his move. He nudged the head of the vibrator into her back entrance, going slow until the whole shaft was inside of her. He held onto her hips and lifted her ass off the bed. He held her legs to his chest with one arm and positioned himself at her pussy. Iain pushed forward. "Fuck," he moaned.

Pulling back, he thrust again, impaling her on his cock. He gave three quick pushes of his hips before he paused and turned on the vibrator.

Chapter Four

Iain thought he was going to lose his mind. The combination of sensations between the vibrations from the dildo and his cock being surrounded by her tight, wet sheath threatened to overwhelm him. His balls hardened as the need to come raced up and down his spine. His control was fraying at the ends as the wolf demanded he move. It wanted to bite its mate, mark her permanently as theirs alone.

“Fuck,” he grunted as he withdrew and pushed forward. Her cunt tightened around him. For a moment, he lost his breath. It felt so good, like heaven. His world narrowed down to the scent of their combined arousal and sweat. The rhythm of her heart pounded in his ears as the rise and fall of her chest caught his attention. He wanted to lean forward and lave her nipples. The salty taste of her skin and sweet tanginess of her cream rolled through his mouth.

Her damp flesh was soft against his hands as he switched his grip, holding her hips up off the bed. He withdrew and pounded her wet flesh, taking his time to build up the passion once more. Biting down on his bottom lip, he held a tight grip on his control so as to not fuck her into the bed and damage her. The strength of the wolf flooded his muscles and sinew, radiating along his bones.

Every cell of his being was saturated with the animal’s power. “Katherine,” he grunted as he fucked her harder. The feel of her hot, tight cunt and the vibrator were driving him mad. Sensation sizzled through his body as his balls hardened further.

“Iain, please, so close.”

Through narrowed eyes, he watched as she reached down, parting her damp petals to reveal her blood-thickened clit. Her finger moved over the nub, stroking and circling it. He felt her tense. Her pussy gripped tight around his cock. Her lips parted and she screamed out his name as her release washed through her, breasts thrust up

into the air, sweat slickening her skin. He watched, both awed and aroused as she orgasmed.

"So fucking beautiful." He picked up the pace, pistoning his hips faster. In. Out. In. Out. Until his balls pulled up close to his body. Energy rushed up and down his spine, buzzing at the back of his head. Threads of pleasure wrapped around him as his cock expanded and lengthened, filling with seed.

NOW! his wolf screamed in his head.

Iain leaned forward, covering her body. He opened his mouth and bit down as his climax hit him. Fire erupted from his stomach to engulf him. The howl of the wolf echoed through his head as he continued to thrust into her pussy. Spurt after spurt of his seed filled her channel as the salty, metallic tang of her blood filled his mouth.

Her screams merged with the howls. Katherine bucked underneath him. He felt her legs wrapping around his waist and her hips moving with him, meeting his thrusts.

He released her shoulder and looked into her eyes. "Mine," he growled, the harsh, graveled voice of the wolf coming out of his mouth. "Forever. My mate. Our mate."

"Iain," she moaned. "Always."

The veil of arousal slowly lifted as his cock went flaccid. The vibrations were now too much. It hurt. Pulling out, he hissed as the once pleasurable feeling turned into pain. Releasing her hips, he went backwards down her body and pulled out the vibrator and switched it off. He took a moment to watch their combined juices leaking out of her cunt.

Maybe, we'll have a wee one soon, he thought. He climbed off the bed and brought the vibrator to the bathroom. Placing it in the box where they kept the toys that needed to be cleaned, he grabbed a couple small towels. Wetting them, he returned to Katherine to find her sound asleep. A light snore filled the air along with deep, slow even breaths.

He grinned and rejoined her on the bed. Taking his time, he cleaned her sex. Then with the other towel, he began to clean the wound. "I had this whole weekend planned out. We'd go to a hotel, fuck like rabid werewolves, eat breakfast, lunch and

dinner in bed. You'd get a spa treatment. We'd talk like we used to and then we'd come back home. I know you're holding things back from me and that's okay. But I want you to know, to understand something. There will never be another like you. Ever. *You* are my heart and soul -- och, my mate -- and I will die before I let anything happen to you. You're mine, love. Lock, stock and barrel. No going anywhere. No running where I can't find you."

"Are you done talking to yourself?" Katherine grumbled. She lifted her head and glared at him. "I know you love me. Great. Fantastic. Now finish up and get your ass next to me. I need to cuddle my wolf. We can go to the hotel tomorrow and stay till Tuesday. Okay?"

He laughed. "I should've known you'd hear me. Okay, okay, let me clean myself up and we can sleep."

Iain finished up and put away the towels. He found her tucked under the covers with his side turned down. Slipping under the sheets with her, he wrapped his arms around her and held her tight.

"I say again, I love you, Katherine." He pressed a kiss just under her earlobe and smiled when he heard her sigh.

"I love you too, Brody."

He stiffened, only to get hit with a pillow. "I'm joking." She sighed and snuggled against him.

"You better be, love, or I will spank you and then go kill him," he growled.

"Mmmm, you haven't spanked me in quite awhile. I think I need it. I've been very bad, Iain, had very naughty thoughts about you," she whispered.

He groaned as the scent of her arousal drifted toward him. His body was too tired to do anything about it. "You're cruel, love. I'm too tired to do anything about that right now. Later, at the hotel."

"Good. Now go to sleep, lover boy. And by the way, I love you, Iain." Katherine chuckled.

"I know, love. I know. Now let's get some rest. We'll need it for what I have planned for us, and I intend to show you how an alpha male of his pack treats his mate." He burrowed his head in the crook of her neck.

* * *

Katherine hummed as she filled her coffee cup with java. The light notes of chocolate drifted up to her. She grinned and took a seat at the kitchen table. Brody sat across from her reading the news on his laptop. Every so often he'd swear or laugh.

"Brody?" she asked. Despite her happiness, she knew there was an issue she needed to address with him before Iain whisked her away for four days and three nights at a resort hotel and spa in London.

"Yes, love?" he asked without looking up.

"Look, I'm sure what you said on the stairs was a joke to rile up Iain or something, but I gotta say it, please don't do that again. Even if you did mean it, I'm his mate and I love him very much. I would hate to have this affect the pack." She chewed on her bottom lip, hoping that would be enough to nip whatever was going on with him in the bud.

Brody finally looked up. His evergreen-colored eyes were filled with so much pain it took her breath away. For a moment she was stunned at how much hurt she saw and then it all vanished. A smile curled on his lips. "I was just ribbing Iain, that's all. Nothing to worry about, love. Promise. You two have fun at that hotel. We'll survive without you for a few days."

Before she could say anything, Brody pushed back his chair, stood up and left, taking his laptop with him.

She would have gone after him to demand an explanation for what she saw but didn't get the chance. Iain came into the kitchen. "Coffee in the travel mug, love. Won't be spilling java all over the interior of my new Santa Fe." He leaned against the doorway, watching her. He frowned. "Anything wrong, love?"

Katherine shook her head. "Nothing that can't wait, I promise. Just you and me for the next few days. Pack business can wait."

She put her coffee in the travel mug and went to him. Katherine vowed not to talk about the hurt she saw on Brody's face and to spend the next few days focusing on her relationship with her man, her love and her mate. As she slipped into the car and buckled up she glanced over at Iain and smiled. "Thank you for this."

"I'd do anything for my mate. Anything." Iain slammed the car door and leaned over the console, giving her a kiss on the lips that made her forget all her cares and troubles and focus on him and days ahead. "Love you, Katherine."

"My mate, I love you too, Iain."

She laughed when he let out a small growl.

"Don't you forget it." He put the car in drive and took off. The castle and the pack faded away behind her. Only Iain mattered.

Selena Illyria

Interracial author Selena Illyria was born with an overactive imagination. With great curiosity and a love of writing that pushes her imagination there are many worlds she'd love to explore, from paranormal to sci-fi from cyberpunk and beyond.

Are you willing, dear reader, to step into her worlds? If you do, feel free to poke around. Mind the pixies. They can be very um... excitable by newcomers. *wink*

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