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*Ménage Everlasting*

*Sea Island Wolves 4*

# CHASING LACIE

*Jenny Penn*



## Sea Island Wolves 4

### Chasing Lacie

Everybody knows lycan mates are pampered and indulged, which is just why Lacie Chandler sometimes fantasizes about being matched to one of the large, rough men. None of her dreams, though, ever included being hunted, caught and bound to two determined males. That's just the kind of seduction Chance and Davis have been plotting for years.

With the threat of a demon lurking in the shadows, Chance and Davis are free to shrug off tradition and give into their more primitive desires. They only have one day to convince Lacie to do things their way or their dreams could all turn to nightmares. The only problem is chasing Lacie down turns out to be a lot harder than either man planned.

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

**Length:** 48,805 words

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**MENAGE EVERLASTING**



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**A SIREN PUBLISHING BOOK**

IMPRINT: Ménage Everlasting

**CHASING LACIE**

Copyright © 2011 by Jenny Penn

E-book ISBN: 1-61034-495-2

First E-book Publication: May 2011

Cover design by *Les Byerley*

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# **DEDICATION**

This book is dedicated to Cleo.

# CHASING LACIE

*Sea Island Wolves 4*

**JENNY PENN**

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## **Prologue**

“Well?” Davis stared pointedly at Randy, giving voice to the anxiousness that had been eating at him. “What’s up?”

Nothing good, he knew. Nobody got pulled off the front lines for a good reason. His commander cut him a hard look for his impatience, clearly annoyed. Davis didn’t blame him. Crammed into a small and utilitarian little room with no windows, no decorations, and barely enough space for three lycans to fit, they were all uncomfortable.

The Masters of Cerberus was too well staffed with humans, who happened to be a good deal smaller than lycans. They also happened to be cheaper, which was why the Lycan Nation kept their own offices.

That made Randy’s presence here, near the portal, all the more ominous. Their commander didn’t tend to care for the fluorescent-lit halls of the Masters’ headquarters. The lighting gave them all a headache, explaining why debriefings didn’t normally happen here. So that made this situation something worse than simply bad.

“Come on, man,” Chance pressed their commander, clearly braced for the answer. “Don’t leave us hanging. Just tell us who died.”

“What?” Randy scowled. Leaning against the edge of the small, metal desk cluttering the office, he crossed his arms over his chest and



gave Chance a look like he'd lost it. "Nobody died. Why would you even think that?"

"His dads," Davis explained as Chance sighed with relief and collapsed into one of the two folding chairs facing the desk.

Chance's fathers headed up one of the larger clans in the Kragen Pack. If anything had happened to them, it would fall to Chance to lead the family. A very good reason to pull them out of a pivotal battle early, but apparently not the reason they had been.

"If nobody's dead," Davis cocked a brow at Randy, "what the hell are we doing here?"

"This is why you're here." Randy offered the file he'd been clutching in one meaty fist to Davis.

Chance shot back to his feet as Davis flipped the file open. Scanning over the pages, he took in the details until Chance's breath began heating his shoulder. Shrugging away from the annoying sensation, Davis was about ready to bark at Chance when he turned to page three and felt his fingers go numb.

"Why are our names on this list?"

"We're not the only ones," Chance commented on that obvious fact before Randy could answer. "Look, the Kragen Kings, but this isn't their mate. Jolie Benson? They're matched to Carrie Wall."

"They are." Randy nodded. "But if something happened to Carrie..."

"Then you believe this would be the next mate chosen." Davis finished what Randy clearly didn't want to say.

He didn't blame him. A lycan only had one true mate. If she died, though, a second mate could be chosen by the cosmos. Nobody liked to talk about it because nobody liked to admit that they could actually replace the one woman they felt would take their souls if she left them. For most lycans it wasn't true.

"There is a threat to the kings' mate?" Chance whispered as if the idea alone was too reprehensible to give voice to.

“We believe there is a standing threat against all the mates on that list.”

“A threat?” Davis repeated, feeling every strand of hair on the nape of his neck start to stand on end. Nobody threatened his woman, and anybody who dared would die. All he needed to know was, “Who?”

“More like what,” Randy corrected. “The Masters seem convinced that there is a current and real threat of a demon attack against lycan and werewolf mates.”

“Demon?” Davis scowled. “What the hell is going on here, Randy?”

“I don’t know,” Randy answered honestly. “But the Kragen Kings are taking this seriously.”

“Of course they are. If this list is real and the threat serious, then—you said unclaimed?”

That bit hit Davis the second Chance repeated it. “What about—”

“That’s why you’re here,” Randy cut off Davis’s panicked question. “The Kragen Kings have suspended the rest of your rotation. We’ll get your debriefing done, and I’ll get you the full report on your mate and the threat. Then you two can head home to claim her.”

For ten years Davis had fought in one war after another, being shipped all through the worlds to the next hot spot. The thing that had gotten him through every moment of every single one of those days was knowing his mate waited for him at the end of it all.

Now his waiting was over.

## Chapter 1

“So? Where’s the cow?”

Chance Dillon reclined against the bed of his pickup with his elbows tucked up along the warming metal rim and his hat pulled low to block out the early morning sun. From beneath the wide brim, his gaze roved over the sodden pasture field. The musky odor of wet dirt tinted the sweet scent of the grass growing beneath the brilliant rays of the morning sun.

*Beautiful.* A perfect spring day made to lure the wild men out onto the range to test their strength and skill against the horse beneath and the cattle trying to escape. Or maybe to test their endurance and stamina riding something a whole lot sweeter.

Chance sighed and rolled his head, popping the tension out of his stiff muscles. It didn’t help. His gaze kept going back to study the very nicely rounded curve of Miss Lacie’s rump. *Now there was something worth riding.*

He even had a plan about how to lure his filly into the mating position. He’d been working on it since about the age of twelve. Back then it had all been wet dreams and hand jobs, but seventeen years later all those night’s spent plotting were about to come to fruition.

Now all he needed was for it to go like he planned. If it did, he’d soon have an excuse for introducing Lacie Chandler to the delights of going for a midday swim. A swim they’d be taking without clothes because he already knew how to get his mate out of hers. It was simple, really.

He planned to shred them from her body. Then it would all be old-school moves from there, moves he knew a woman couldn’t resist.

Not that Lacie was just any woman. She was his mate, and more than any other woman in all the world, Chance wanted to please her, to hear her cry out his name as her pussy rippled with the climax he drove her to.

He'd spread those rounded thighs wide and feast on that cunt until she begged him to stop. Not that he would. Hands, mouth, toys, and his own painfully hard cock, Chance had a lot of plans for Lacie's sweet little pussy. By the time he finished with her, she wouldn't—

"Hello? Are you listening to me, Mr. Dillon?"

Davis elbowed him in the side, making Chance grunt. He shot an annoyed look at his best friend, but Davis didn't apologize. He just shook his head sadly at Chance's pathetic state. As if that bastard had any right to criticize.

Chance knew damn well that the same thoughts occupied Davis's mind. Why else would Davis be crouched down in the bed but to hide something a man didn't want to frighten off his prey with?

Blood brothers and bonded since they'd been matched to the same mate, it was only that connection that kept Chance from killing Davis right there. Any other male would have died for so clearly coveting what belonged to them. Not that their mate appeared particularly receptive to their interest right then.

"Look," Lacie began in a perfect imitation of a school marm. "I was called out to tend to a sick heifer. Now where is she?"

Of course none of Chance's teachers had looked that good. Then again none of them had shared Lacie's fuddy-duddy sense of style. The slightly big khaki pants and oversized button-down Oxford had a severe sort of feel to them that matched Lacie's dower expression.

"Mr. Dillon?"

"That's my daddy's name." And it didn't feel right, her calling him that, given all the dirty things Chance would be doing to her soon enough. "You can call me Chance, as in a lucky one."

“Does that line ever work?” Not amused, Lacie’s gaze narrowed on him with the kind of disapproval that made his balls ache to show her just how right he was.

“Every time,” Chance assured her, smirking at the way his answer only drove the angry flush in her cheeks lower.

Her porcelain skin flushed a rosy hue all the way down to the very top button on her collar, which was closed. That didn’t mean Chance had a problem imagining the way her generous tits were glowing. All it did was make him eager to rip the fabric constraining those luscious breasts out of his way and free her not only to his sight, but his touch and kiss as well.

Maybe he should amend his fantasy. Instead of ripping through her buttons, he’d bite them off one by one until her soft flesh kissed his lips. Then he could devour every inch of her sweet skin with no second spared to wait.

“You’re not *listening* to me,” Lacie snapped.

No, he really wasn’t but didn’t figure that honest answer would improve her mood. Not that Chance cared. He wanted to get her as riled up as possible for the run to come. The chase would get all their blood flowing. Their bodies would flood with endorphins that would only fuel the frenzy when it came time for the capture. He’d take her to the ground, shed every single piece of clothing from her body. Then his hands would be everywhere. Not to mention what Chance planned on doing with his lips.

He’d lick, suck, and nibble his way over her lush curves until he buried his lips in the sweet folds of her cunt. Then he’d get creative. Chance shifted, adjusting his weight to compensate for his active imagination. Apparently, he should have been paying more attention to reality because Lacie stared at him, clearly expecting some kind of response.

Chance pulled a blank and forgave himself for not having a clue. Going blind-dumb with lust was just all part of the joy of taking a mate. Once he had Lacie pinned beneath him, howling out with

ecstasy while he rode her tight pussy raw, then maybe he'd be able to concentrate.

Still, he had to say something. "So, uh...something wrong?"

"Yes," Lacie snapped, her green gaze flashing with dark bolts of passion. "Where is the cow?"

Chance looked at Davis, who shrugged. Matching his partner's gesture, he turned back to the little spitfire clearly getting ready to erupt. "I don't know. Where?"

Lacie's gaze narrowed on him, her jaw clearly clenching along with the rest of her body. Chance could sense the aggression mixing in with the spicy scent of her arousal and had to grin. Maybe he wasn't the only one starting to go stupid with desire. After all, Lacie had a big brain. She should have figured a few things out by now.

"Mr. Dillon—"

"I told you to call me Chance."

"I am getting annoyed."

Chance figured the word she wanted was pissed but didn't have the lewdness to go there. Sweet, prudish and so very corruptible, Lacie didn't stand a chance against him. He'd make her moan every dirty word he could think of. Then he'd watch her blush in the morning when he reminded her of all the lewd things she'd moaned for. Forget moaning them, he'd make her beg.

"You gonna pop a button," Davis murmured.

Chance looked down at the erection tenting out his jeans and smiled. "It's called advertising, Davis," he responded in just as low a tone but with a cheeriness to match his smile. "Bait and lure, my friend."

"Bait?" Lacie repeated. "What are you two talking about?"

"You look a little red, honey." Davis must have figured Chance had screwed things up long enough and needed a little help making them worse. "I think you might be getting heatstroke."

"I do not have heatstroke. What I have is a loss of patience."

“Crankiness.” Davis nodded at Chance. “That’s a sign of heatstroke. So is disorientation and confusion.”

“I am not confused.”

“You know the best thing for heatstroke?” Davis asked, full of earnest cheer and completely ignoring the glare Lacie aimed at him. “A swim in a cool pool.”

“Nice execution.” Chance joined in Davis’s ignore-the-woman scheme. “But bad timing.”

“Timing is part of execution.”

“Okay.” Chance shrugged, easily conceding the point. “Then bad segue.”

“What? You don’t even know what that word means.”

“I used it, didn’t I?” Chance shot back. “And I must be right because you screwed something up, evidenced by the fact that she’s neither naked nor wet.”

“Naked?” That soft, confused echo would have drawn Chance’s focus if Davis hadn’t continued to argue with him.

“Well, she is a little wet.”

“*Excuse me?*” Lacie gasped, puffing up with clear indignation.

“Dumbass.” Chance snorted. “Never tell a woman you can smell her pussy unless she’s already spread out and sweaty beneath you.”

“Okay, that’s it! I demand to be taken back to my van.”

“I think it’s that way.” Chance nodded over his shoulder in the direction they’d come from. Of course that would be the wrong direction, toward freedom and escape. Then again freedom was nearly ten miles away, so he didn’t suspect she’d make it.

“Very funny,” Lacie sneered. “Don’t think I won’t walk it if I have to.”

“What about the cow?” Davis asked.

“What cow?” Lacie’s arms splayed wide to encompass the whole field. “I don’t see any cow!”

Chance glanced around and shrugged. “Maybe she wandered off.”

“Or maybe she didn’t exist in the first place,” Lacie snapped. “I’m not stupid. There are no flattened patches of grass or tracks anywhere. There. Is. No. Cow.”

“Might be,” Davis retorted, as certain-sounding as ever. “This is a ranch, after all. We got like eight hundred heads. Gotta be a cow around here somewhere. Why don’t you go look?”

“Why don’t you kiss my—”

“Before you shame your mother,” Chance cut her off, not wanting to spoil his anticipation of hearing that word when she moaned it. “I should warn you there is not a part of your body that Davis won’t jump on the chance to taste if you issue the invitation.”

“Ruin my fun,” Davis grumbled, shooting Chance a dirty look. “What kind of wingman are you? You’re not supposed to warn the sweetness.”

“And you’re not supposed to be tasting nothing until *after* the hunt,” Chance reminded Davis. “Those are the rules.”

“What rules?” High-strung and clearly pissed, Lacie’s gaze darted between the two of them. “What hunt? What the hell is going on here?”

Sighing, Chance wondered how much longer she planned on taking before she got a clue. He was tired of playing with his food. He wanted to eat at some point today. They couldn’t get to the feasting, though, until after Lacie understood everything. As he’d said to Davis, those were the rules.

“I thought you’d have figured it out by now.” Chance met Lacie’s seething gaze with his own pointed look. “Do you really need me to explain, Lacie?”

\* \* \* \*

Yes, she did, but Lacie didn’t think she’d trust Chance Dillon’s answer. She knew damn well she couldn’t trust Davis. She’d made the mistake of trusting Chance’s father when he’d called earlier about a



sick heifer that needed looking at. Actually, he'd told that to Bud, her boss. Bud handled the Dillon Ranch account personally or had until today. He had to be two counties over that morning, so for the first time ever he'd sent somebody else in his stead. Maybe that was the problem.

"Is this because I'm new?" Lacie asked, glancing between the two cowboys. They stared back, watching her like a pair of foxes studying a hen with bright, curious gazes and a slight quivering in their muscles that warned they might lunge for her at any moment.

"New?" Chance repeated, smiling over the word as he cast his buddy an amused look. "See, I'm not understanding that. You understand her question?"

"No," Davis murmured loud enough for Lacie to hear. She kind of thought that might be the point. "It's like I said. She's confused. She's got heatstroke."

"I do not." Lacie clamped down on the insults that wanted to follow. No matter how unpleasant Chance or his friend might be, the Dillon Ranch counted as one of Bud's biggest accounts. She couldn't be the reason he lost it.

"See? She's cranky, clear sign of heatstroke."

"Enough with the heatstroke. I'm not hot."

"Beg to differ, little lady." Chance gave her another one of those slow perusals he'd been indulging in. His eyes didn't make it past her breasts before they took on that kind of faraway look that told Lacie he'd tuned out the conversation again. Well, she wouldn't let it stand this time.

Crossing her arms over her chest, she pointedly blocked his sight and waited for him to look up. It still took him almost a minute, and the man didn't have the decency to look ashamed at being caught ogling. Instead, he gave her another one of those little smirks that had Lacie taking a deep breath before she could trust herself to speak.

“Okay.” Lacie tried to swallow down her anger, but her tone still came out sharp and edged with annoyance. “I get it. This is like the substitute teacher thing, right?”

“Substitute teacher?”

“I’m new, and you’ve had your fun. Now where is the cow?”

And God, let it be close by because Lacie didn’t relish climbing back into the tight confines of the cab with the two of them. For as irritating and arrogant as both cowboys were, they were also too handsome for her hormones not to notice. Tanned, golden, tall, and muscular, they could have been brothers with their matching square jaws and straight brows.

The only difference Lacie could see between them was Davis’s hair was light, wheat-colored with golden glints that danced with the same sparkle as the bolts of blue in his gray eyes. The touch of humor suited him, giving a depth to his grin.

Chance’s dark coloring did the same for his smirk. Stray locks of black silk escaped from his hat, clinging to his sweat-glistened neck as he cocked his head at her. The motion lifted the brim of his Stetson high enough to reveal the predatory gleam in his hypnotic gaze.

“Why you asking where the cow is? You just said there was no cow.”

“Here,” Lacie clarified, irritated anew by Chance’s condescending tone. “But your father called Bud about a sick heifer. So where—”

“And you don’t think dear, old dad would lie?” Chance smiled at what she suspected he considered her naiveté.

“Why would he?” No reason Lacie could think of. “He and Bud are friends. Your dad wouldn’t send him on some wild-goose chase.”

“And he didn’t.”

It appeared Chance had finally conceded a point to her. Emboldened, Lacie repeated herself. “Then where is the cow?”

“I don’t know. Where?”

“I swear, talking to you two is like being trapped in an Abbott and Costello skit.”

Her frustration carried her away from Chance, some deeper sense knowing that giving into her temper wouldn't make her day go any better. Instead, she tried to wear her anger out by pacing with a vigorous stomp in a wide circle over and over again, but it didn't help.

"You look fidgety, honey," Davis called out. "You feel like running yet?"

"I thought I had heatstroke," Lacie shot back, her feet pounding the ground harder with every single word. "Cranky, confused, in need of a swim? Any of that ring your dull bell?"

"It's bulb," Davis happily corrected. "Dull bulb, honey."

"It's dim, you dumbass," Chance snapped, making Lacie roll her eyes. "Dim bulb and she can't run yet. She hasn't figured it out."

"Figured what out?" Lacie came to an abrupt stop. Swirling to face them, she swore this time she'd stick in it until she got a straight answer.

"Well." Chance crossed his arms over his chest and stiffened up as if he were taking her question seriously. "Dad called Bud about a sick cow, right?"

Not trusting that this wasn't all another attempt to yank her chain, Lacie answered cautiously. "Yes. That's right."

"And," Chance continued on as if he were instructing her, "you don't think dad would lie to Bud?"

"Why would he?"

"Well, what about Bud?" Chance asked, his voice lifting with a leading edge. "Maybe he set you up."

"Please," Lacie dismissed that attempt to confuse her without hesitation. "He'd never. If anything Bud's always been overprotective."

"Huh." Chance gave her a pointed look. "And why's that?"

"Because we live in the middle of—"

*Oh God, no!*

## Chapter 2

Lacie froze, suddenly understanding way too much. They lived in the middle of lycan country. Lycans were rough, tough, and overly sexualized. That's why Bud had acted like her self-appointed guardian and kept men like Chance and Davis the hell away from her.

He'd been good at his job, which was saying something given unmated males chased after every skirt in sight. Only Lacie didn't wear skirts, and none of the males had ever appeared to notice her before. Well, she was getting noticed now.

Lacie shivered, feeling strangely exposed and vulnerable under their intent stares. She'd been wrong earlier. The predatory gleam in their gazes didn't look anything like the playful curiosity of a fox. No their look held the hard fixation of wolves.

"You're lycans."

Davis gave her a toothy grin. "And we're hungry."

If only that comment unleashed bloodcurdling fear, Lacie might have been safe. But she knew damn good and well Davis didn't mean to tear her apart limb by limb. His gaze assured her that it would only be her clothes that got shredded and her cunt that got devoured. The very idea of those full lips pressing up against her swollen folds had Lacie's pussy creaming with the kind of anticipation that quickly became painful.

"No," Lacie whispered, denying him and her more base urges. "That's not going to happen."

"But," Chance took a very pointed sniff of the air before smiling with all confidence, "you want it to."

Damn lycan sense of smell. Chance might be able to scent the arousal dripping from her all-too-eager pussy, but what he needed to understand was that didn't count in Lacie's book. Despite the heat she could feel in her cheeks, she lifted her chin in defiance and met their knowing gazes.

"No. I don't."

"Baby." He shook his head at her. "You can't lie about this. I can smell your—"

"I don't care what you can smell." Lacie cut him off before Chance could humiliate her. "I said no, and no means no, no matter what you can smell."

"Unless of course, you change your mind," Davis helpfully pointed out. "After all, we can be real convincing."

Lacie didn't doubt that. God hadn't just blessed them with fallen-angel good looks, he'd also gifted lycans with a secret weapon that brought any woman they desired to whimpering submission. Lacie had heard enough tales about lycan musk to know not to get too close to either man. The consequences could be devastating.

Lacie had been raised listening to other women whisper and blush over the torrid tales of male lycans' sexual prowess. She'd also seen the consequences of giving into the lure of so much pleasure. The women who dared inevitability ended up ruined, so desperate for more they soon became willing to spread for any lycan who would have them. Worse, normal men didn't satisfy them anymore.

"I'm saying no." And thankfully standing upwind when she did. "I can say it as many times as you need."

"Oh come on, honey," Davis coaxed. "Let me put a smile on that face."

Lacie's gaze narrowed on him, not the least bit amused or receptive, no matter how much her cunt thrilled at his confident attitude. "I'm sure you're worth several laughs, but I have work to do. So if we're done—"

"I've always found you worth more than a few laughs, Davis," Chance assured him, instantly causing his buddy's smile to falter.

"Oh, shut up."

Placing one hand on the edge of the bed, Davis hefted himself over the edge. His feet hit the ground with a thud. As he straightened up, Lacie again found herself feeling strangely small. At five six, she was about as normal as normal could get. Hell, that could be said of her in general. Size twelve, normal. Light brown hair, normal. B-cup, a little below normal, but at least she had the green eyes working in her favor.

Not that a lot of men fantasized about a woman's eyes, least of all men of Chance and Davis's caliber. If they hadn't been so difficult and lycan, Lacie would have seriously considered taking one of them—

"Oh, wait a second," Lacie whispered, her feet stumbling back as a thought occurred to her.

"You figure it out yet?" Chance asked hopefully.

"There are two of you."

"Now tell me that's not a sign of heatstroke." Davis grunted before shooting her a hard look. "Hell, it might be drugs if she's hallucinating."

"Explains why it's taking her so long to put together the obvious," Chance retorted with clear disapproval. "You been thinking there is only one of us this past half hour?"

"Don't even try that game," Lacie shot back. "I know about you lycans, the way you like to tag team a woman, and I'm not into that kind of kink."

"Well, you never know," Chance dared to argue with her, offering Lacie a smug smile. "Not until you try it."

"Now, Chance, don't go scaring the little virgin. She might—"

"I'm not a virgin," Lacie corrected Davis, infuriated that he would think she was so ugly she couldn't get laid once in the last twenty-

nine years. Admittedly, it had been a while, but that's because she had standards and a busy professional life.

"What?" Chance's soft question drew Lacie out of her internal rant to take notice of how still both men had gone. They might have looked dangerous before, but now they looked lethal and no longer amused. "Who?"

"Who what?" Lacie scowled, not about to be intimidated by him.

"Who, where, when, and how many times, Lacie?" Chance snarled, taking a step forward that she instantly matched going backward. He looked ready to hurt something. While her gut told her Chance wouldn't harm her, Lacie didn't know him well enough to trust that instinct.

"I'm still not following," she answered honestly, giving in to the heated blast of his glare before realizing she didn't owe him any answers. "But I am getting—"

"Nobody was supposed to touch you," Davis cut her off, looking every bit as grim as Chance as he paced forward. Davis moved slightly to the left with each step while Chance tilted to the right. They were flanking her and making Lacie all kinds of nervous.

"What the hell do you mean by that?" Her voice trembled too much for her words to be a challenge. Instead, they came out sounding panicked and desperate.

"Nobody touches what is ours and lives." Davis couldn't have been more blunt than that, but his words only caused confusion. "Now who?"

Like she would have told them even if Lacie could focus on his question. She couldn't, her mind still stuck on a dawning realization that something was terribly wrong here. Lycans shared women, used them, and passed them around. They were only possessive of one woman. Their mate.

"No." Lacie shook her head, stumbling further away from them as they closed in on her. "This isn't right. I would know. Somebody would have told me."

“Who?” Chance asked, apparently understanding her scattered train of thought. “Bud? The one who sent you out here today?”

Lacie’s eyes widened at that implication and almost immediately she rejected his words. “No. Bud wouldn’t do that. He’d tell me, warn me. He’s like a father to me.”

“Yes.” Davis nodded. “Your mother worked for him her whole life. You were raised in his home, as one of his own, taught all about lycans and our ways. Protected and prepared.”

“Obviously not protected enough,” Chance grunted, his gaze never wavering from her. “Now I want a name, Lacie.”

“And I want to be anywhere but here. I guess we’re both screwed.”

Fear, panic, and outright anger overwhelmed the lust that had blossomed in her, making her lash out at them. Her burst of temper backfired, her words causing Chance’s hands to drop to his belt buckle.

“Fine then.” Chance snapped his buckle open. “If you insist, I’ll screw the answer out of you.”

Her body swamped with wanton anticipation at that suggestion, sparking a riot of emotional responses that boiled over into one single action. Not waiting to see those tanned, blunt fingers pop the buttons of his jeans and free the massive erection straining against them, Lacie turned and fled.

\* \* \* \*

Davis watched Lacie’s sweetly bouncing ass disappearing around the curve of a rolling hill and fought every primal instinct demanding he give chase. Even with her legs pumping fast and hard, it wouldn’t have taken him more than a couple of minutes to catch her. That would be too quick when he wanted to savor every bit of this day.

Tossing his best friend a look, he caught Chance staring after Lacie. Chance’s gaze shifted as if sensing Davis’s expectant grin.



“Well?”

“Okay, that was fun.” Chance broke into chuckles.

“Told you.” Davis nodded, leaning down to snatch up Lacie’s forgotten medical bag.

“She really fell for the whole virgin thing.” Chance smirked, following Davis back toward the truck.

“Thanks, I thought that was a bit of spontaneous genius.” Pulling up to the side of the truck, Davis stowed Lacie’s case in the bed as he shot Chance a knowing smirk. “Now comes the *really* fun part.”

Chance snorted when Davis waggled his eyebrows. “And here I thought that would come once we got her corralled down by the pond.”

Davis had a comeback for that line, but the words died on his lips when Chance’s cell phone went off. Pulling it from his hip, Chance grimaced, his expression darkening as he hit the speaker button.

“Hey, Bud,” Chance called out, holding the phone toward Davis so he could shout a similar greeting at the small device.

“Don’t you two boneheads ‘hey’ me,” Bud snapped back. “I just had a very interesting talk with your daddy, Chance Dillon, and he explained a few things to me. Now I want to know what the hell you’re doing to my girl.”

Davis rolled his eyes and came up with a good answer. Not that Chance gave him a second to speak. Probably out of fear of what would come out Davis’s mouth, his friend rushed to appease Bud before Davis could antagonize.

“Now, Bud—”

“Don’t ‘now, Bud’ me either. I want a straight answer because I did not send Lacie out there for you boys to terrify.”

“She’s not scared,” Chance quickly assured him. “If anything, she’s pissed, but that’s not even your concern. She’s our mate.”

“Not my concern?” Bud barked with hard, brittle laughter. “Boy, I raised that girl, and I don’t give a shit what she is to you. You hurt her, you answer to me. Got that?”

“We’re not going to hurt her.” Chance started to do some growling of his own, his temper obviously flaring at the reprimand in their elder’s tone. “*We’re her mates.*”

“Yes, I heard you the first time. She’s your mate, a precious, invaluable gift that you’re supposed to cherish and seduce with a nice picnic or something. Not take out into the pastures to hunt down like some wild prey for the feasting.”

“Flowers are so twentieth century, Bud.” And feasting was so much fun.

“Don’t you get smart with me, Davis,” Bud warned him. “I’m not in the mood for your mouth. Besides, we got a problem on our hands.”

“Problem?” Chance’s smirk flattened out as quickly as Davis’s stomach soured. “What kind of problem?”

“One Lacie could help straighten out.” Bud paused, his tone remerging a few shades deeper. “Is she there? Or did you two asses already send her running?”

“She’s running.” Davis didn’t feel any shame in that admission and wouldn’t no matter how much Bud growled over it. How they chose to court their mate really wasn’t important right then. “And you didn’t answer Chance’s question. What kind of problem?”

“It’s a schedule thing, as in I was fixing Lacie’s to give her the time off,” Bud explained. “But she has an appointment listed for this afternoon with a TJ Carver.”

“So?” Chance prodded, his tone strained with exasperation. Davis understood. Bud was taking his sweet time to get to the point.

“So, nobody knows who the hell that is.”

That was saying something. This part of Texas was lycan country. They’d built the towns, owned the businesses, and held every elected office there was. They didn’t just serve the public. They were the public, and that meant there wasn’t anybody they didn’t know.

“Though,” Bud filled in after his dramatic pause. “He could be some new guy Lacie met at the supermarket. Her ma says she was all

a dither about some, and I quote, cute, sweet, funny *hottie* that she was trying to pick up.”

“Is that a fact?” Davis forced his tone to remain light despite the tension stiffening his muscles. “Well then, I guess we better go chase her down and find out all we can about this *hottie*.”

“We’ll let you know how it goes, Bud,” Chance assured him before the elder could respond to Davis’s crack. Then he hit the end button and killed the call, cutting off Bud’s chance to say anything at all. “And it’s not going to go well for Lacie.”

“No, sir. It isn’t.”

He’d meant to rip off his shirt, but Davis’s reflexes kicked in when a shiny, metal flash streaked in his direction. Catching the set of keys Chance tossed at him, he stared at his fist in confusion. “Why am I taking the truck?”

“Because I’m faster,” Chance answered instantly, no hint of doubt in his tone.

“It’s your truck,” Davis retorted before throwing the keys back at him.

Not that Chance bothered to catch them. They smacked into his chest and fell to the ground while he continued to strip out of his clothes. Davis would not let Chance screw him out of this chase. Whipping his shirt off, he tossed it into the bed and raced to catch up with Chance, knowing whoever managed to get their dick free first would win the argument.

The damn thing didn’t help its cause. Swollen so fucking badly, Davis’s cock pressed painfully against the metal teeth, forcing him to inch the zipper down slowly and carefully. The only consolation he had was that Chance was having just as much difficulty getting out of his jeans.

Chance’s temperament did him in. Muttering obscenities, he yanked a little too hard and ended up squealing as Davis’s patience finally paid off. Kicking his jeans free, he shot a victorious smirk in Chance’s direction.

“What the hell do you think you’re doing?” Bent over and snarling, his buddy didn’t take losing well. Hell, he didn’t take it at all. “Who’s going to take the truck, because it sure as shit ain’t going to be me.”

“Call one of the men patrolling the perimeter.” Davis looked in the direction their mate had disappeared in. “I’ve got a woman to catch.”

“*We’ve* got a woman to catch.”

Davis smiled at that correction and cast a doubtful look at the hand still cradling Chance’s crotch. “You sure you’re up to the challenge?”

## Chapter 3

Lacie gave up running five minutes after she started. Her chest ached from trying to breathe too hard, too fast. Her heart pounded from the brutal rush of blood boiling in her veins. Her leg muscles burned too badly to carry her any further without a break. Simply put, she wasn't in shape to be chased through the fields.

Especially not by lycans. Hell, an Olympic gold medalist wouldn't be able to outrun them. Collapsing on the grass, she panted through all the pain as she stared up at the bright blue sky overhead, expecting Chance or Davis to appear at any moment. They really should have caught up with her by now. Actually, before then.

Shoving up on her elbows, Lacie glanced around, but nothing and nobody loomed on the horizon. That didn't make any sense. Not that anything today made any sense, unless of course they'd been joking about her being their mate.

Even that would go against everything she knew about lycan culture. Normally, mating was talked about in hushed tones and kept well within the pack. Lacie only knew of it because of Bud. As a child, he used to keep her entertained with fascinating tales of lycan traditions and rituals.

Now she didn't know what to read into that fact. She'd always thought he just loved telling tales, but maybe he'd been preparing her. After all, one ironclad lycan tradition was to keep outsiders out. But somehow her mom had found a job at Bud's ranch, a place where she and her daughter had been the only non-brethren.

They been accepted and welcomed by the wolf-men and their families. In all the years, how many women had she seen wined,

dined, and swept off their feet? Lacie had always envied them, wishing some man would woo her with half the devotedness lycans put into courting their mates.

Well, being chased through the damn fields was not Lacie's idea of a fantasy come true. Why did she get stuck with two stooges? If they were her mates, then where the hell were her flowers and nice dinner? They should have been wooing her, not chasing after her like a dog did a bone.

Getting more pissed by the moment, Lacie decided to put her foot down. This was either a tasteless joke or they had decided to make her mating all about their enjoyment. It didn't matter because both sins deserved the same response—her standing up to them.

Or maybe just escaping, Lacie amended silently. That alone would be a victory, given she couldn't outrun them and was now officially lost in the middle of their ranch. They were bigger, stronger, faster, and had every other advantage known to man on their side. Hell, they even had her hormones working for them.

She still blushed remembering the dark need in Chance's intense gaze. So hard and unforgiving, he wouldn't be easily satiated. Nor would he accept any hesitation on her part. Once he got a hold of her, Lacie suspected he'd mesmerize her, leaving her unwilling and unable to deny whatever command he gave.

Lacie shivered over how wicked his orders would become with Davis by his side. While Chance would probably go for direct and dirty, Davis would delight in toying with her. His light eyes had been full of amused promises. He'd play with her, tease her, torment her, make her say and do all sorts of things that would no doubt leave her blushing for days.

While there would be no escaping that eventuality, Lacie could force them into being more traditional in their courtship if she could make it all the way to the protection of Bud's ranch. She smiled, enjoying the idea of being in control of everything.

She'd use her power to make Chance and Davis squirm, even knowing it'd only make their retribution all the more intense. That's actually what made the idea so damn tempting. Daring to dream big, Lacie started considering her circumstances. She'd never win if the competition was one of physical strength or endurance.

So she needed to change the game to something she could win at. Rising up to her feet, Lacie determinedly headed back in the direction she'd come. If she could make it to where she'd left her purse, then she could call Bud and get some help.

Taking a path a little wide of her original one, Lacie didn't actually expect to avoid running into Davis or Chance. With their heightened sense of smell, both men would be able to track her into a darkened cavern if she could find one to hide in.

More worrisome than where they were was what they were up to. Whatever they were planning, Lacie figured they hadn't brought her out here just to let her run free and pointlessly.

She'd bet there was a pond nearby given Davis's obsession with heat stroke and his pointed references to swimming. Swimming was probably a code word for skinny-dipping, which Lacie feared would be Davis's idea of seduction.

That made sense. It also seemed reasonable to conclude they hadn't bothered to catch her because she'd been running right to where they wanted her. If that were all true, though, they should appear now that she'd turned around.

As if on cue, a massive black wolf appeared, separating itself from the shadows of the cluster of trees the beast had been hiding in. He didn't bother being subtle now, but stood in her path staring back down at her with kind of feral intensity that made Lacie's fear spike. She didn't doubt that was Chance, but she did doubt her conviction that he wouldn't actually hurt her.

With all those pearly white, pointed teeth grinning at her, Lacie couldn't control her natural instinct to flee. Adrenaline flooded her

system, fueling her stamina and giving her legs enough strength to carry her fast in the opposite direction.

The hormonal rush also washed out her ability to reason, and she ran further than she intended before she remembered to trip. Years of being knocked over by livestock prepared her to take the fall without actually hurting herself. Not that Lacie let that stop her from letting out a bloodcurdling scream.

\* \* \* \*

Chance's heart about exploded as his mate's anguished cries ripped through the air. In the last ten years of war, he'd heard so many inhuman sounds of pain and death, but none of them would haunt him the way Lacie's screams would. The high-pitched wails froze him through to his soul, the chill driving Chance's panicked rush into a frenzy.

His heart raced faster than his paws as he flew over the ground, plowing through the tall grass in mindless fear of what he'd find. Nothing mattered but getting to Lacie. Chance didn't even notice all the clansmen leaping from their hiding places and surging toward his mate. The distant thunder of trucks should have assured him help would only be seconds away, but it didn't.

With Lacie's tormented cries still ringing in his ears, all Chance could think of was getting to her side. Crashing through the green veil of the tall grass, he morphed at the first sight of Lacie writhing on the ground. Going from four paws to his knees, Chance slid right to up to her hip, anxious to find the source of her pain.

"Lacie? Lacie, where does it hurt?"

He tried to be heard over her shouts, to focus her attention on him, but her incoherent cries didn't ease. With trembling fingers, he quickly checked her for any visible injury but could find none. Then there was a second set of hands moving more slowly and carefully over her limbs. Glancing up his eyes locked on Marcus's concerned



gaze. Friends since the cradle, he looked as pale and shaken as Chance felt.

“What happened, man?”

“I don’t know,” Chance muttered, but he needed to find out.

Clamping Lacie’s wet cheeks in his palms, he forced her thrashing head to still. Her delicate features were all splotchy with tears, scrunched up in tensed pain. The sight about made Chance’s heart burst, as did the pathetic whimpers tumbling from her trembling lips.

“Lacie? Come on, baby,” Chance cajoled. “I need you to look at me and tell me where it hurts.”

With tears wavering from their tips, her lashes quivered and lifted to reveal her waterlogged eyes. “My ankle.”

Marcus’s hands instantly dropped, his fingertips barely grazing over the heel of her work boots when Lacie almost busted Chance’s eardrums with another siren-pitched wail.

“No, don’t touch! It hurts!”

“He’s not.” Chance rushed to assure her, unable to endure her pain but knowing there would be worse to come.

Marcus had to get her shoe off so he could see how bad it was, but Chance waved him back, asking for a few more seconds to soothe Lacie. She was panting and crying and making him feel like his very heart was being squeezed in a painful vise.

“Please don’t touch it,” Lacie whimpered, and Chance was unable to do anything but agree.

“Nobody is, okay?” Chance brushed the fresh spate of tears from her cheeks with his thumbs, pleased when her ragged breathing calmed into muffled snuffles. “That’s it, baby, just relax. Take a deep breath.”

“Relax?” Lacie’s tensed features darkened with the beginnings of a serious pout. “That’s easy for you to say.”

“I know, baby, but try.”

Chance could feel the weight of guilt settling over him now that he knew Lacie wouldn’t be dying in the near future. She would suffer,

and that was his fault. He'd been the one to chase her. A fact he didn't suspect she would soon be likely to forget.

"Baby, Marcus—"

"My name is Lacie, you prepubescent worm." Definitely sounding cranky and pissed more than in pain now, his mate snapped at him and slapped at Marcus's hands. "And don't think I'm going to let any of your greasy-pawed friends touch me either."

"Lacie—"

"Don't 'Lacie' me. Look what you did to me."

"I know, baby." He couldn't have felt lower right then even if he had snapped her ankle with his own hands instead of chasing her down like a damn prize. "I'm sorry."

"Say that again," Lacie instantly demanded, clearly unappeased.

Chance sighed. "I'm sorry, Lacie, but now you have to let Marcus—"

"I don't have to let anybody do anything. I want to go to the hospital." She struggled to sit up, slapping a new at Marcus's hands. "I told you not to touch—you're naked!"

It took a second for Chance to process that. The accusation flung out of her with the same shock that sent her flying to her feet and fumbling backward. Like a fool, he just knelt there staring up at her in confusion while Lacie's eyes bugged out of her head, taking in the swarm of naked men all around her.

Then it hit him. Chance blinked and stared at her two perfectly good ankles, his gaze traveling up the curves of her legs and over her heaving mountain of her breasts to connect with her wide, clear eyes. For just a second he could see a gleam of panic fill her gaze before she let out a squeal and turned to flee.

Luck was on Lacie's side because Marcus, that dumbass, had left his truck door open and his engine running. She didn't even have to take a step to dive into the cab. Then before a single man around them could do a damn thing, Lacie slammed the gas down and threw the truck into a hard spin that kicked dirt and grass over all of them.

“So long, suckers!”

With a laugh, Lacie was gone, leaving Chance rising to his feet in her dust. Nobody said a word as they watched the truck plow haphazardly through the fields. She’d played him. Just like the panic he’d felt moments ago, Chance didn’t know exactly how to process the shock of being had.

He might have been able to appreciate her performance if he hadn’t been the victim of her emotional manipulations. Damn but he still felt kind of guilty and that just pissed him off all the more.

“*That’s my truck!*” Marcus roared, finally breaking free of his stupor. “She’s getting away in my truck. She’s going to wreck it!”

“Ah, ease off,” Terri shot at Marcus in Chance’s defense, ruining the effort when all he did was rile Marcus’s temper higher. “Transmissions already ruined.”

“What the hell you talking about?” Marcus spat. “It’s brand new.”

“Maybe,” Terri conceded. “But you hear that?” He paused so they could all listen to the engine whining over the plains. “She hasn’t popped the foot brake.”

“Damnit, Chance!” Marcus turned on him. “You better do something about your woman...or do you need help?”

That provocation jolted Chance from his daze. Meeting Marcus’s challenge straight on, he offered his friend a cold smile. “Don’t worry, I’ll handle it.”

“We’ll handle it,” Davis corrected, stepping into the group. “Just once somebody tells me what is going on. And where’s Lacie? I thought I heard her screaming.”

## Chapter 4

Lacie didn't laugh for long. The massive truck she'd liberated took all her concentration to control. It didn't help that she had to perch on the edge of the seat to reach the pedals. It would have helped if she knew where the hell she was going.

Not that she let that concern stop her from keeping the gas pedal pressed to the floorboard. Lacie didn't ease up on the accelerator until the group of men in the mirror faded from view. Now there had been a sight Lacie wished she'd had more time to enjoy. While she knew lycans shifted in the nude, Bud had threatened her with the pain of death if she ever tried to spy on them doing it out in the barn.

If only Lacie had known what she was missing, she'd have called Bud's bluff. Just the memory of all that tanned, golden skin stretched like satin over so much steel had Lacie heating with a little thrill. And Chance had been the most tempting one there. Bigger, harder, and looking so concerned, his gentle touch had made it all the more difficult not give in and forget about trying to run.

If the man had only started out with petting her like that, Lacie would have been purring in his lap right then. They hadn't, though, and Lacie hadn't set the rules for this game. All the same, she intended to win. Then they could start over doing things her way.

Cranking the wheel in what she hoped was the direction of the ranch's main house, Lacie searched the truck for any sign of a phone or a CB, but she was on her own. If she just went straight, eventually she'd have to run into something. Less than two minutes later, Lacie cleared another hilltop and did just that.

Cresting the grassy peak, she grimaced as a harsh glare blinded her. Sunlight bounced and danced off the sparkling surface of the watering hole, burning her eyes and making her instinctively slam on the brakes as she squinted into the unknown. The truck slid down the hill, getting no traction from the grass as she rolled straight for another, all too familiar, truck.

Gathering her scattered wits, Lacie stepped back on the accelerator, spinning the wheel to the left in an attempt to avoid the oncoming collision. She might have run herself right into their trap, but there was no way they could make her stop long enough to be caught.

Aimed to clear around Chance's truck, Lacie forgot all about missing it when a sudden streak of white had her standing on the brake. The whole ass end of the truck lifted as the wolf darted right in front of her bumper. The engine gave a loud growl and ominous crank beneath the sudden pressure. Then everything banged back to Earth except Lacie's stomach, which remained missing in action until she caught another glimpse of white darting off into the field.

Anger shot through her like a hard hit of whiskey as she considered how reckless Davis had behaved. She could have killed him. Right then she kind of wanted to. Before the curses on her lips could crystallize into coherent words, the back of the truck banged again hard enough to make her foot slip from the brake.

The truck rolled forward as her mind went blank. Climbing over the tailgate, Chance didn't look happy and he was coming straight for her. The panic returned, kicking her pulse back into a frantic pace and flooding her body with overheated blood.

The heat melted through her resistance, making unwanted images flash through her mind. Getting caught wouldn't be that bad. There could be fates worse than being pinned against all those hard, rippling muscles and forced to endure one climax after another while he fucked her straight into oblivion with that big dick of his.

*Crash!*

The sudden, sharp cry of twisting metal heralded a shudder that had the whole truck rolling with the motion. Lacie pitched forward as Chance disappeared over the edge of the bed in a flail of limbs. The truck rocked backward, slamming her back into her seat and triggering instincts that had her reaching for the wheel.

Spinning it, she managed to turn the truck until it was aimed straight at the calm waters of the pond. Slamming on the brakes in a belated reflex, she made the bed of the truck lift for a second time. It slammed back down hard, but the front wheels held, keeping both her and the truck from taking a dip.

It took a moment for everything to sink in. Lacie sat there strung high on the vibrations still trembling through her muscles. She'd almost driven the truck straight into the water. And it wasn't her truck. Things were getting way out of hand.

*Chance!* He'd fallen out of the truck, could be lying dead or dying on the ground. Throwing open the door, Lacie scrambled out of the truck. The bumper she'd sheared off Chance's truck lay on the ground, twisted and mangled, the same as the large dent scraped down the side of his truck. Her heart seized on the idea of Chance in the same condition.

*"Chance?"*

"Oh, for God's sakes, woman," Chance groaned, his grumpy expression easing the sudden pain in Lacie's chest as he rose into view. With one hand, he clutched at the side of the truck, while the other one cradled his head. "My skull is already pounding. I don't need another damn demonstration of how shrill your voice can be to make it hurt worse."

"You're all right?"

"Of course I am. No thanks to you," Chance snapped. "What the hell you trying to do? Kill me?"

"No." Her indignation flared at his accusation, but quickly flamed out as she found herself issuing the lamest of excuses. "It was an accident."

“Oh?” Chance straightened up, shooting her a hard glare. “You just nearly gave me an accidental heart attack by faking an injury? And driving right into my truck, that’s just a ‘whoops’? Ah, God. *My truck!*”

Chance’s tirade gave way to a plaintive whine as he cleared the back of the bumper of the borrowed truck to confront the damage Lacie had done to his vehicle. She stared down at the disaster and couldn’t find it in her to feel a bit sorry. Ultimately, this was all his fault. He and Davis had started it.

Not that she expected Chance to buy that argument. Eyeing him and the scowl starting to darken his features, she figured she had only minutes left before he started looking for revenge. There wasn’t a damn thing she could do to stop him from taking it.

Glancing down his long, hard length, Lacie couldn’t find an ounce of fat on the man. Muscles thickened his thighs and made his arms bulge with the kind of strength that sent shivers racing through her stomach.

Solid and thick all over, her gaze traced over the hard planes of his chest and down the ridges of his abdomen to trace the fuzzy line of dark hair down from his navel to where his long, thick cock jutted out hard and proud. Too big not to be a little threatening, Lacie couldn’t help but wonder if he wasn’t just a little too much for her.

“Look what you did to my baby.”

Lacie obeyed, dragging her dry eyes back to the red pickup she’d managed to smash up pretty good. “And here I thought I was your baby.”

“Very funny.” Shooting her a hard look, Chance issued the threat she’d been anticipating. “You’re going to pay for this, Lacie.”

“What do you want? A check?”

Lacie knew better than to taunt him, but didn’t figure it made much of a difference now. Nothing she said would change Chance’s intentions. Besides, it felt good to be the one antagonizing him with a

smile this time around. Now Chance got to enjoy being flustered and pissed.

"You better watch yourself now, baby," Chance warned her. "In case you haven't noticed, the odds are still on my side."

He might be right, but Chance's arrogance provoked Lacie's instinctive need to resist. Maybe there was hope. Somebody had driven Chance's truck over here. Perhaps they'd left the keys in the ignition. It would probably be too much to hope to pull off the same trick twice, but Lacie dared to dream as she slowly started backing up.

"Now, Mr. Dillon." Lacie treated him to her most professional smile and best condescending tone as she eased herself around the corner of his truck. "I don't think there is any need to start threatening each other."

"I'm not threatening, Miss Chandler." Chance prowled steadily forward. "I'm promising."

"And so am I."

Lacie eased herself past the tire well, feeling more confident the closer she drew to the door handle. If nothing else, she could get into the cab and lock them out. Then he'd have to smash his *baby's* window if he wanted to get to her.

"You've already paid a high price for your arrogance, Mr. Dillon. Don't you think it's time to admit defeat?"

"Oh, Miss Chandler." Chance smiled. "You're still not understanding. You can't win. You can't escape. You belong to—"

"Us."

Lacie started with a shriek, whirling around to find Davis blocking her path.

"Hey, honey, having fun yet?"

"No," Lacie answered honestly, trying hard not to give in to the charm of his double-dimple grin. Cute, Davis might be, but she had a right to her grievances. "I am not, and for the record, I don't belong to anybody. I'm not a damn dog."



“Not a dog,” Davis agreed, his smile warming with satisfaction. “A mate. Our mate. Surely Bud’s explained how that works to you.”

“Maybe that’s why I don’t believe you.” Not willing to accept being cornered so easily, Lacie started poking Davis in the chest, marching him steadily back even as she tore into him.

“I know how mating works, and it doesn’t include dragging a woman out to the middle of nowhere and releasing her to be hunted like a prey.”

“Maybe in our book it does.” Davis dismissed her accusation without bothering to consider it. Digging in his heels after four steps, he came to a stop as he took his stand. “But trust me, Chance would never have risked his truck for anybody else.”

Lacie guessed Davis thought that would overwhelm her, to know she ranked as high in Chance’s affections as his truck. It kind of actually did fill her with a strange thrill. His logic couldn’t be argued. Chance was clearly one of those cowboys who lived and died by his pickup. Probably had a thing about his hat, too.

Not that Lacie would let the little bit of warmth starting to curl through her wash away her justified outrage at their behavior. If she really was their mate, then that just made all of this worse because she was due a whole lot better treatment. Hell, any woman would have been.

Lacie kept those thoughts to herself as Davis reached out to cup her cheek. Letting him believe he had her under his charming spell, she let him pull her slowly closer toward his kiss. The anticipation was hypnotic, the lure to give in to the moment almost overpowering, and Lacie didn’t have to fake the breathless quality making her whisper husky.

“I’m your mate?”

“Our one and only,” Davis assured her, his breath brushing over her lips in a soft caress that was almost too good not to savor.

“Then where the hell are my flowers?” Gathering her strength, she delivered that shout along with a forceful shove. Planting two hands

on Davis's warm, smooth chest, she sent him stumbling backward before her fingertips could give in to the temptation to let her hands roam over his hard body.

"Flowers?" Davis repeated in confusion as he regained his footing. "What are you talking about?"

"I'm talking about the way you've been treating me." And just having to explain it irritated her all the more.

"Baby, you should be thankful you aren't getting the spanking you deserve." Chance came around the edge of truck past where his bumper should have been, looking ready to deliver on his threat. "Because I'm getting tired of this attitude."

Lacie wasn't too tickled by his, either. "Do. Not. Call me the same thing you call your truck."

"I'll call you whatever I want," Chance shot back, full of cocky confidence. "Because you belong to me, *baby*."

"Do you just delight in irritating me? Because I can make your lives hell, and I just might if you don't stop with the *attitude* and start with the wooing."

"Wooing?" Davis gave a bark of laughter, waving her dirty look away when she turned to glare at him. "Sorry, honey, it's just that Chance and I don't actually do the woo."

"Then you better start learning how. I'm your mate. You're supposed to take me out and shower me with affection and then get down on bended damn knee and beg—"

"There is only going to be one person begging in this relationship," Chance informed her. "And it isn't going to be us, baby."

Oh, he was asking for it. Once Lacie figured out what kind of reward he deserved, she'd be all too happy to give it to him. Until then she could only snarl at the smug bastard. "Is that fact?"

"Give me five minutes and I'll prove it to you."

"Give me a lifetime and I'll make you regret it," Lacie assured Chance with equal sincerity. "Now I want an apology. Then you two

are going to get dressed, take me home, and *maybe* I'll consider your request after a proper courting has taken place."

"Sure thing, honey." Davis smirked. "We'll get right on that."

"You better." Lacie searched for something to follow that but couldn't come up with anything beyond the classic, "Or you better sleep with one eye open for the rest of your life."

Davis snorted at that.

"I mean it."

"I believe you." Davis so clearly lied that it made his agreement all the more insulting.

"Damnit," Lacie spat, annoyed that she couldn't think of anything worse to threaten him with and pissed that she never really would follow through on anything even if she did think of it. "You owe me an apology and flowers."

"Okay," Davis sighed, appearing to grow more serious, though Lacie suspected it was all an act. "You're right that we didn't do things the more traditional way, but we just got back from the field a few days ago and didn't stop to get our itches—no, wait. That's not what I...well, it's just..."

"You didn't stop by the whorehouse," Lacie filled in what Davis was so clearly trying to back away from.

After a lifetime of spent around lycans, Lacie had no doubt that's what he meant to say. At the age of eighteen, most lycans went off to war in other, far away worlds. When they came back, they tended to overindulge in one of the most basic of urges—fucking. Given the way Davis actually blushed at her words, Lacie could tell that had been the plan. Something had gone wrong, and she doubted it had anything to do with her.

"I feel so honored," Lacie stated with complete disgust. "I guess, at least, now I don't have to take you in for a flea dip."

"Don't be that way, baby." Unrepentant and full of cheer, Chance cajoled her in a clear attempt to annoy her. "We could always go find a more willing lady if you want to take some time to come to terms

with your situation. Just say the word and we'll give you all the space you need."

The very idea of them with another woman made her want to kill something, like him. Somehow they'd turned this whole conversation around on her. She was supposed to be the one irritating them. They were the ones who were supposed to be groveling.

"Are you going to cry?" Davis sounded more alarmed than concerned, making it hard for Lacie to control the snicker that ached to form on her lips. Everybody had a weakness. Tears were obviously theirs.

"Oh, God. You are crying."

"No," Lacie snapped, putting enough heat into the word to make it sound defensive enough to be a lie. "I'm just feeling sick over the realization that I've got two mates who obviously don't care about my feelings at all."

"Well, that's not true," Davis denied instantly. "I care about you. Chance, tell her you care about her."

"Of course I care," Chance grunted, sounding more annoyed than sincere. "The damn woman knows that. She's just playing with you. Don't trust her, Davis."

"What a horrible thing to suggest." Lacie gasped, playing the outraged party even though Chance had it exactly right. "I'm trying to be honest here and you—"

"Honest." Chance barked up a harsh laugh at that thought. "Like tears rolling down your cheeks, voice quivering, and making me feel like the slime beneath the belly of the snake? That kind of honesty?"

"You deserve it," Lacie shot back, forgetting for the moment to make her voice tremble with sadness. "You're the one implying you're going to cheat on me if I don't put out."

"Oh, please." Chance rolled his eyes. "Baby, you're definitely going to be putting out, as often as I want, so you really have nothing to worry over."

Chance's taunt had Lacie seeing red and losing all reason for a moment. She just wanted to smack that arrogant smirk right off his face, but the bastard was too far away. His clothes weren't. From shirts to socks, all their clothes were piled up in a bundle just over the edge of the truck bed, well within reach.

## Chapter 5

Without thought of the consequences, Lacie started snatching things up and chunking them over her shoulder. Piece by piece, she emptied the entire pile into the pond until every article of their clothing floated on its smooth surface. Their expensive work boots had already sunk to the bottom.

Her frustrations released, Lacie stood there at the water's edge admiring her handiwork. She felt calm and reasonable, capable of finally handling the situation. She was their mate, but that didn't mean Lacie would let them turn her into a lap dog.

Now maybe they'd understand that fact. Though she couldn't be sure what they thought. Neither Davis nor Chance had said a word or made a move to stop her. Neither shocked nor pissed, they both appeared to be studying the spring with simple curiosity.

Finally, Davis broke the silence with a sigh. "That was just wrong, honey."

Chance nodded, talking more to the water than to her. "You know we have a lycan law—"

"A wrong is only made right by retribution of equal measure," Davis filled in.

"Yep." Chance shot her a little smile. "It helps keep feuds from forming and things from escalating."

"You wouldn't want things to escalate, now would you, honey?" Davis asked in a tone too polite and reasonable to be trusted.

Lacie swallowed down the shivers trying course out of her spine and forced herself to keep an even tone. "It was an accident."

Chance laughed at that, a short roll of obnoxious chuckles that ended sharply. "I'm still going to have to ask you to hand over your shirt and pants along with any undergarments you might be wearing."

Like he hadn't always intended on taking them. After all, they had this thing planned out apparently. Well, Chance could just stick to the script because Lacie wouldn't be handing anything over. She might not get the wooing she'd dreamed of, but she sure as hell would get the ravishment she'd fantasized about.

With a lift of her chin, she offered Chance a challenge she knew he couldn't refuse. "You want them? Come and get them."

"That's a bold thing to tempt a man with," Chance warned her. With a smirk, he gave her a once-over that had her warming with something a whole lot more dangerous than anger. "Especially when you ain't got nowhere left to run, baby."

"That's what you think," Lacie shot back and then dove for the ground. Before either man could stop her, she rolled right under the truck and started squirming for the other side as fast as she could. Above her the truck groaned and shuddered, bouncing under the weight of the two men clearly climbing over it.

She'd never make it before they did. The only choice Lacie had was to drop back and slip out the original side. Jumping straight to her feet, she met Chance's scowl over the bed of truck with a smile.

"You're still stuck, baby," Chance assured her with no dent to his confidence. "And I'm not in a mood to chase you around his truck. So why don't you do the mature thing and hand over your clothes?"

Lacie rolled her eyes at that bit of arrogance and whipped open the driver's door. She made it into the cab and almost had the door closed when it flew back open, ripped out of her grasp by a grinning Davis.

"Gotcha."

He moved too quickly for Lacie to fend off the hands that swooped in to latch on to her waist. A second later he yanked her back into the bright sunlight. Bud had taught her a few moves that

would have wiped the smug smile from Davis's face, but Lacie didn't use them. Her heart wasn't into escaping, especially not when he plastered her to his chest, though the position did make trying a little more fun.

With her breasts flattened against the hard wall of his chest, all her wiggling and struggling aroused a primitive response in her blood. Firing through her body, it uncurled a flame of wicked delight that had her panting from more than just her exertions. The arrogant bastard knew it.

Davis's smile said as much as his hand slid boldly over her ass and clamped down, forcing her mound to grind against the thickened bulge pressing out against his jeans. Striding forward, he taught her just how powerful a full-body rub could be. The sensation robbed her of her reason and left her without the breath to moan over the thrill.

In some distant part of her mind, Lacie expected him to toss her into the pound. She wasn't prepared to be carried right over the edge and plummeted into a deep, cool chasm. Davis didn't release her as they sank into the dark water. Instead, he took complete advantage of her captivity to slide his palm down around her ass and fold his fingers between her legs.

Like a heated blanket, his hand cupped her mound and one naughty finger pressed in, rubbing the sodden fabric of her slacks and panties right into the sensitive nub of her clit. Lacie jerked hard as a bolt of pure rapture shot right through her and straight out the lips that parted on a moan.

Water rushed into her mouth, searing past her throat to flood her lungs. Fear overwhelmed every other thought as she instinctively shoved away from Davis to kick her way back up toward the lifesaving air. Breaking the surface, Lacie instantly began coughing as she tried to regain her breath.

"Oh, baby, you all right?" Just like that she found herself trapped in another solid pair of arms. Chance looked honestly concerned, his



big hands rubbing her back as he soothed her. “What did that dumbass do to you?”

“He didn’t give me room to breathe,” Lacie muttered and shoved Chance back. As good as his touch felt, the sparkly excitement dancing over her nerve endings didn’t make it any easier for her lungs to work.

Finding the edge of the spring, she clung to it as she focused on nothing but living through the burn enflaming her throat and lungs. That had actually hurt, but as the painful sensation started to fade, Lacie admitted she should have been expecting Davis’s bold move. These were her mates, and they hadn’t brought her out here to discuss current events.

Glancing back at where Chance and Davis bobbed, Lacie didn’t have to see more than their faces to know what came next. Davis’s smile had faded along with Chance’s worry. Now they wore identical expressions of hunger. Darkened with predatory intent, both their gazes promised her their patience had come to an end.

There would be no more running, nor more stalling, and Lacie wouldn’t be objecting. She wanted this, but that didn’t mean she wanted to make it too easy for them. It could be dangerous to let them think they could get away with treating her any way they wanted. Next time they’d remember to give her some damn flowers before chasing her through the fields.

With that in mind, she offered them a quick grin. “Suckers.”

Lacie didn’t hesitate, sure that taunt would snap their leashes. Flying over the edge of the pond, she only made it halfway before a firm grip on her ankle yanked her right back beneath the surface. Instantly, she kicked free and dove deep, having no choice but to swim toward the middle of the pond.

When Lacie surfaced she found herself flanked on either side by one of her mates. She didn’t hesitate there, knowing she had seconds before one of them lunged. With a deep breath, she slipped back under the water and swam for the end of the pond and freedom.

Lacie made it less than five feet before a hard grip latched on to her wrist. Chance tried to drag her back to the surface, but Lacie rolled and twirled, snapping free of his hold and escaping the second hand that came to capture her.

For the next ten minutes they warred silently as she tried to make it to the edge and they successfully kept her locked in the pond. Chance and Davis didn't make any bones about how much they enjoyed playing with her, egging her on with all sorts of taunts every time she popped up for air.

They could have ended the game whenever they wanted, but instead, they used it to take every advantage to put their hands all over her body. Lacie would never have given them the satisfaction of admitting it, but she enjoyed playing with them. It kindled some magical warmth that filled her with a strange cheeriness.

She could have giggled, and Lacie never giggled. Worse, she could have moaned under the sizzling nervousness that sparkled through her, leaving a wicked trail of anticipation in its path. As the moments ticked by, the men became even more aggressive.

Their touch roughening, their fingers lingered over her body, making Lacie's breaths start to catch in little gasps as anticipation started to wind through her. She hesitated, trying to get caught and not working so hard to get to the edge, wishing they'd take things a little more seriously.

That's just what Chance did. Latching on to her waist, he dragged her deep into the pond's murky depths. Then he shot straight up, his fingers releasing her but not Lacie's shirt. The world whirled around her in a chaotic swirl of water and fabric. For a moment, she found herself trapped by her clothing as the tight collar caught around her neck.

Survival instincts had her jerking hard enough to pop the buttons free, letting Chance rip the shirt from her body. Once released, Lacie shot in the opposite direction, putting as much distance between them as her lungs could bear. When the need for air finally forced her up, it

was to find Chance floating a few feet away with her shirt in his hands and a smug smirk pulling on his lips.

“Sorry, baby.” Chance flipped the shirt toward the shore. “I think I accidentally ripped your shirt.”

Lacie didn’t get a chance to respond. Mouth open with a comeback at the ready, she almost ended up swallowing the pond a second time when a hard fist lassoed her ankle and pulled her back under the rippling surface. Davis’s hands were every bit as quick.

By the time she broke free, Lacie was completely topless. Shoving the wet hair out of her eyes as she surfaced, Lacie quickly scanned for Chance.

He’d disappeared, and panic set in as her bra floated past. She didn’t have time to go for it but swam for the pond’s edge. Even as she heard Davis break the surface, she dove out of sight. The only hope she had was that they couldn’t find her, but these wolves appeared to be part fish.

Or maybe a little bit of the Loch Ness monster, Lacie corrected as a massive chest rose up beneath her. Twining his arms around her waist as he rose, Chance pressed her breast into his waiting kiss, sending bolts of molten pleasure rocking down toward her cunt as his lips closed over her nipple.

Oxygen deprived, her lungs expelled what little air she had left under the sudden shock. They broke the surface as her lips parted on a scream. The sudden sound cracked through the silent afternoon, a bold testament to the relentless assault Chance waged against her tit. Held captive by his teeth, her little bud was helpless against the velvety tease of Chance’s swirling tongue.

Suspended by his strength, her body melted under the sweetened sap of ecstasy as it began to roll down her spine. It paralyzed reason even as it ignited primitive urges that had her wrapping her legs around Chance’s waist and grinding her aching mound against the hard ridges of his abdomen. Her sodden slacks caught between them

rippled over her clit, sending a shower of sparkling pleasure that blossomed into an ache as it echoed through her womb.

*Too many clothes...* She arched back hard as she desperately tried to intensify the sensation. The cool air at her back was replaced by the heated satin of skin stretched tight over hard muscles. Davis pressed into her from behind, his hand covering the swollen globe of her untended breast.

“Oh, God,” Lacie moaned at the extraordinary sensation of being trapped between two men, their hands and mouths feasting on her vulnerable body.

Davis bit down on the sensitive stretch of skin between her neck and shoulders, making her moan anew as her head rolled to the side, exposing more of her flesh for him to taste. He took immediate advantage, nibbling right up neck to cross her jaw. One hard hand in her hair forced her head to turn to meet his kiss.

Lacie didn’t dare resist the aggressive invasion of his tongue. Just as his finger rolled and pulled her nipple, Davis shocked her with his rough, demanding passion. The pleasure overwhelmed her as he stroked his tongue across hers and began to conquer every sweet recess of her mouth.

Over and over again he toyed, lashed, and stroked as he claimed dominance over her. Lacie whimpered, excited by his mercilessness. Reveling in her vulnerability, she turned as much as Chance’s hold would allow so that she could wrap her arms around Davis’s head and hold him trapped against her lips.

Davis growled and nipped at her bottom lip in response as his right hand slid straight down her side to curve over her hip. She could feel his impatience as he struggled with the tight spot and the reluctant buttons of her slacks. His incompetence made her growl, and this time she bit down on the tender flesh of his lip.

Davis responded instantly, tearing her slacks right from her body. Then those magnificently thick, callused fingers were threading right

through the lips of her pussy to conquer the tender bud hidden at the top.

Lacie wrenched her mouth free as she screamed out under the lightning bolt of rapture that shot straight out of her groin to scorch over every nerve ending in her spine. Davis did it again. Pressing down and rolling her clit, he lit her up as her whole body jerked under the impact. She could feel the heated cream seeping from her body as she began to ache under a need so intense her body trembled under the impact.

She didn't even notice Chance's mouth dancing down her stomach as Davis pulled her slowly backward. Only when Davis's hand lifted did her eyes pop open in startled distress. Instinctively, her body curled to turn and face the source of her sudden disappointment, but Chance's hands clamped down on her naked thighs.

The heated feel of his flesh on hers had her eyes darting right down the length of her body, now stretched out in a float with Chance lodged right between her legs. Their gazes locked, and she could see the wicked smugness glinting in his eyes. Echoed by the lecherous curve of his lips, there could be no doubt of his intent.

Her heart began to pound as his hands shifted, drawing her focus to them as they slid slowly up toward her mound. Blunt, rough fingers curled around the swollen folds of her cunt and parted them. Lacie went perfectly still as she stared in excited fascination as Chance's tongue snaked out and slowly lowered down.

At the first velvety glide over her oversensitive clit, Lacie jerked, and a squeal popped out of her. For one second she luxuriated in the most forbidden sensation she'd ever experienced. Then his lips closed over her little bud, and her world whipped out of control. With nips, licks, and sucks, he drove her right out of her mind.

Writhing under the tension building to explosive levels inside her, she thrashed in the water, held only in place by Davis's commanding hands on her breasts. He tormented her with his touch, driving her even further into the primitive storm of lust breaking over her.

A second of panic struck at she felt the pressure of her climax building to uncharted heights. She cried out with her fear, "Please. I can't."

"You can," Davis growled right against her ear before taking a sharp nibble of the tender skin behind it. She bucked under the tiny assault. Every sensation was magnified a hundredfold by the molten molasses of ecstasy boiling through her blood.

"Just give in to the moment," Davis ordered, but she couldn't.

"I need..."

"This." Chance's mouth lifted with that response as her whole body whooshed forward, downward right onto the thick, swollen cock waiting beneath the surface of the water. With one single rush he impaled his full length deeper than she'd ever taken a man. Chance was thicker, too, his swollen cock making the walls of her pussy burn slightly.

He felt so good. Lacie went limp, soaking up the amazing sensation of having a man like Chance buried deep inside her. For a moment the aching need that had been pushing her hard into ecstasy's vortex abated, and she floated through the eye of the storm feeling filled with a warmth that went beyond the physical.

Then the cowboy shifted, and her eyes bulged back open as her entire sheath ignited with a frenzy of pulses. Lacie panted out guttural groans as he repeated the sensation over and over again until he'd backed himself up against the rocky wall of the pond's edge.

Before he'd even settled himself comfortably, her fingers clawed into the earthen ledge. Gripping the ground tight enough to make her knuckles go white, Lacie levered her thighs up just so she could sink back down on Chance's delicious dick. Gasping with the mini-pops of rapture, she repeated the movement again and again as Chance grunted and settled back.

"Yeah, that's it, baby," he growled low and sexy through his grin. "Ride me. God, but this is hotter than any fantasy I've ever dreamed."

“And it isn’t even boiling yet,” Davis threatened as his hard heat filled in behind her. Minded like her, he took what he wanted. Gripping her hips in a harsh hold, he lifted her clean off Chance’s cock. Before she could issue a complaint, he forced her back to flex as she slid right down on his.

A little shorter and a bit thicker, that could be said both about Davis’s body as well as his dick in comparison to his partner’s. He made her pussy pant with need and her lips mew with pleasure as he began to fuck her with a steady, even pace. With every sensuous glide in, he gave her a little bump at the end, teasing her with a taste of things to come.

She couldn’t take the torment as her pussy began to convulse in demanding ripples that mismatched the tempo of his smooth screwing. Her vision glazed with lust as she looked out into the cool, amused glance of Chance.

He was smiling, relaxed back against the wall and enjoying the show. Just knowing the wanton image she must make split wide over his partner’s thighs while he rode her from behind made that wickedly delicious thrill trickle through her stomach. He must have seen it in her gaze because Chance reached out

For a moment she thought he might show her mercy and release her from the painful clench of need Davis had trapped her in. She moaned out a denial as instead his hands lifted to her hair. As if distracted by Chance’s hands, Davis’s loving slowed even further until it became barely more than a sway as Chance slowly worked all the pins remaining in her bun free.

He threaded his fingers through her long locks as he pulled them down over her shoulders. The silky tresses fanned over the water, some wayward strands curling around the damp sides of her breasts. Chance followed their erotic wanderings, letting his fingers cup her breasts, lifting them until the water lapped over her nipples in a gentle caress.

Chance smiled as he stared down at the rosy buds. “Now that’s a sight I’d like to enjoy, but I’m afraid I can’t wait any longer.”

With that, his hands slid right down her sides to grip her waist and showed her just what he meant. As he slid her along his partner’s cock, his head dipped. He nibbled down on her tit at the same time he slammed her back into Davis.

Lacie screamed at the sudden assault, but Chance showed her no mercy. Proving he could be just as rough as Davis, he forced her to fuck his partner with a hard, pounding pace as he drove her straight toward Utopia’s horizon. She could feel the fingerlings of golden ecstasy dripping down over her as every muscle in her body tensed in anticipation of an atomic explosion.

Just like that, the bastard snatched it out of her reach by yanking her free of the cock that been branding rapture right through her body. Lacie’s breath sucked in with a painful rush as she fought to crest the hill alone. She almost made it when Chance surged deep into her pussy, settling her back against his lap.

He leashed her passion with a strong hold on her hips, making her snarl and buck in an attempt to take her pleasure on his cock with or without his consent. The chuckle that rumbled through his chest, vibrating straight through her breast, made her take a sharp bite of his shoulder in retaliation.

He bit her back and then growled darkly in her ear. “Settle down, baby. We’re about to show you the moon and the stars.”

She didn’t have to wonder what that meant. His hands dipping over the cheeks of her ass to pull them apart said it all. Lacie froze, incoherent with desire but seized with a sudden panic. She had only ever done that once, and she hadn’t liked it.

Davis didn’t ask her permission. She wouldn’t have been able to answer if he had. Lacie’s voice suspended as she felt the bulbous head of his cock pressing into the tight entrance of her ass. He must have sensed her fear, though, because he actually tried to be gentle with her as he nuzzled her neck.



“Relax, honey. I promise you’re going to feel real good in a moment.”

Good didn’t come close to describing what Lacie felt right then. All she could feel was burning pressure as the flared tip of his dick pushed through the clenched ring of muscles.

“Oh, sweet Jesus,” Davis panted, holding himself still as her body shuddered around the bare inch he’d fed her. “I can’t hold on much longer, Chance, and she’s too tense.”

Lacie couldn’t help it. Her mind focused in an obsessive fashion on the cock burrowing into her from behind. Her fear soaked through the pleasure of moments ago, deflating and fizzling it out as panic began to whirl through the frenzy.

Chance cut right through the veil that had fallen over her with a simple kiss. Sweet and playful, he teased her into kissing him back. Slowly her mind turned toward trying to win the duel of tongues as her body once again began to melt under the teasing touch of Chance’s finger tips. Barely whispering them over one puckered tit, his other hand burrowed between their bodies so he could strum her clit, making her cunt pulse and melt.

The desire that had trapped her in its devastating vise began to wind around her again, binding her tighter with its renewed force. Slowly her body began to shift and sway, riding the heated shaft filling her even as she pushed back on the one inching its way deeper and deeper into her body.

It burned, but that only fueled the inferno beginning to rage through her womb. Even in the cool waters, she began to shiver and sweat, her body beginning to shift as it sought some relief from the intense pressure building through her body. There was nowhere to escape.

Trapped by two hard-bodied cowboys, they held her captive between them, each laying claim to her body in the most erotic embrace she’d ever been bound in. Davis pulled her flush with his chest as he fed her the last scorching inch of his erection. This time it

didn't hurt but made her ache with a need for more of the scandalous cowboy's forbidden seduction.

Davis gave it to her, his arms going right beneath hers to stretch out and grip the pond's edge on either side of Chance's head as he straightened up. The position lifted her slightly, leaving her little room to maneuver, trapped between his arms. She didn't wonder what he was up to. Davis made it clear when he grunted a demand at Chance.

"Okay, buddy, let's see what you got."

What Chance had was twelve inches of iron hard cock and enough muscles to piston it at a soul-shattering pace. He pounded her with one deep thrust after another, making her pussy weep and cling to his naked flesh as he slid back. Her hips followed, and every time he slammed back into her, she pounded into Davis's thickened cock.

Harder and faster he rode her until her control snapped and her body went wild. Shrieking, she bucked, fucking both men with the strength of the rampaging lust that consumed her. As one they moved, grunting and writhing as their muscles tensed and quaked beneath the pressure of the blossoming explosion.

Then it erupted, popped by the sudden exquisite pain of fangs sinking into her shoulder. The small assault unleashed the climax roaring through her, obliterating her entire world with the endless, molten flows of rapture. Lacie screamed until her throat went raw as her whole body splintered under the weight of one perfect moment of bliss.

Then she collapsed into a panting, shuddering heap against Chance. Each breath burned through her lungs, the contraction making muscles still sizzling with pleasure spark to life with mini flares. She couldn't even begin to comprehend what came next when this moment felt endless.

## Chapter 6

Davis sighed, knowing he had to move no matter how much he detested the notion. Lacie might have been the perfect soft cushion, but he didn't want to flatten her. Besides, there was phase two of Lacie's seduction to get to, and that meant getting out of the pond, which would require giving up the heavenly tightness of Lacie's ass.

Hating to do it, he shifted slowly backward, sliding free of her body as gently as he could. Lacie groaned, flinching in Chance's arms as the still-engorged head of his cock forced her tight entrance wide. Casting a frown over her shoulder at him, she managed to sound sullen despite her hoarse voice.

"Are we done?"

"No, honey." Davis couldn't stop the grin from spreading across his face. She looked so cute, so fuckable, and very perfect for them with her feisty attitude. "Far from it."

"I forgot to make you beg." That complaint had both of them glancing at Chance's scowl. "Damnit! Ah, hell. I'll get to it later."

Davis half expected Lacie to give his friend some kind of smart-ass retort. Chance probably did, too, given what he said and the way he glanced at her expectantly. Lacie, though, just smiled and murmured contentedly.

"Chance?"

"Yeah, baby?"

"Can I get off now?"

Davis snorted when a hopeful gleam passed through Chance's eyes at that request. A second later it died back into a scowl when he

realized their little mate meant the exact opposite of what Chance so clearly hoped for. Obviously disappointed, he gave her a sour look.

"I guess."

"Then make it as good as Davis did."

That taunt got a growl from Chance as Davis smirked, floating closer to clamp his hands around Lacie's hips, just beneath the hold Chance had on her waist. "Here, let me help."

"I can do it," Chance snapped, clearly insulted. Davis didn't war with him for control, letting Chance set the pace as he eased Lacie off his cock. Davis's hands just made sure she ended up nestled back in his embrace, his own aching dick tucked sweetly between the soft globes of her ass.

Lacie groaned and wiggled. "That's not helping, Davis."

"Pity," Davis grunted, letting her pull free. "I was enjoying it."

"Yeah? Well, your ass isn't the one on fire," Lacie stated bluntly, making Davis snicker as he watched her tread water to the edge of the pond. Clinging to the lip, she shot a hard look at both him and Chance. "Now you two are going to behave yourselves because I need a moment."

"Yes, ma'am." Davis nodded sharply.

Chance, on the other hand, sighed and groaned. "Okay, fine. Take a moment, but you're only getting one. We got a whole list of things we plan to get to today."

"A list?" Lacie's eyes widened slightly. "Please tell me that's a figurative statement."

"Nope," Davis answered when Chance simply snorted. "It's an actual list. He's been working on it for years."

"I don't know if I should be flattered or horrified." Lacie studied them for a moment before shrugging. "I'm too tired to be either. Is it okay if I get out of the pond? Or is that not on the agenda?"

"Actually, part two takes place in the truck."

Lacie shot Davis a dirty look, keeping a close eye on him as he paddled up alongside her. He paused at the lip to lean in close and tease her.

“Where the ropes are.”

With that and a wink, he hefted himself onto dry land with a single push. Lacie remained behind, glancing up at him doubtfully.

“Ropes? That’s not a joke, is it?”

“About as much as making you beg is,” Chance answered, bumping into her as he floated to the edge. “Keep looking at me like that and your moment will be up.”

“Allow me,” Davis bent to offer her a hand, “to help you escape.”

“As if I could,” Lacie grumbled, but took his hand. “You know, I’ve heard about lycan matings, but is it true that...”

Lacie’s voice faded out as Davis became mesmerized by the small pearls of water rolling down her shoulders and leaving glistening trails over every delicious curve slowly emerging from the pond. He hungered to trace the rivulets, to nuzzle cheeks between the soft globes of her breasts and lick his way down the soft flare of her belly, over the dip of her waist and the flare of her hips. Then he’d curl his fingers around those rounded thighs, split them wide, and bury his face in the warm heaven of her pussy.

God, but they should keep her naked all the time. Naked, wet, and ready for their pleasure as she bent over to serve them dinner or brought them beers while they watched a game. Maybe they’d keep her sprawled across the couch between them, legs spread and that pussy available to play with through every commercial.

Davis’s mind spun with all sorts of fantasies, driving more and more blood into his cock until the damn thing throbbed more painfully than ever. Despite his recent release, he wanted more. This time he wanted to watch her swollen, pink folds part around his hardened flesh and feel that creamy cunt swallow him whole.

“You’re not even listening to me!” And Davis probably still wouldn’t be if Lacie hadn’t jerked out of his hold. “I swear it’s like the two of you only have one thing on your minds.”

With that huff, she stormed off, muttering something about flowers. Davis couldn’t make heads or tails of her complaints. Not that he put much thought into it. It was hard to concentrate when she sashayed that fine ass with an indignant bounce. Tilting his head, he could feel the drool starting to collect in his mouth as his eyes went dry from staring.

“You know, I think that ass needs a paddling.”

Davis heard that and glanced up to share Chance’s grin. “Yeah? We’ll have to come up with a reason.”

“We have ample reasons, one starting with the initials TJ.”

“Oh, the *hottie*.” Davis rolled his eyes before casting Chance a quick frown. “I don’t think you can do that, man. She’ll get pissed. Better to go for no reason than a reason she can argue.”

“Works for me,” Chance accepted without hesitation. His easygoing attitude slipped a second later as he stiffened up. “Hey, baby? What you doing?”

“Putting clothes on,” Lacie shot back, obnoxiously stating the obvious.

“There isn’t any need for them.” Chance rushed forward to grab the shirt Lacie dug out of the storage box in the back of his pickup.

Lacie didn’t release her end of the black tee, and they ended up in a tug-of-war over the garment. Davis watched, amused as the two of them yelled at each other. Moving forward, he settled the argument for them by ripping the shirt out of both their hands and tossing it over his shoulder into the pond.

At Lacie’s shocked squeal, Davis shrugged. “Sorry. That was an accident.”

“Don’t be a smart-ass,” Lacie snapped. “I needed that shirt.”

“Not really,” Chance disagreed, snapping the lid closed on the storage box. “Best get used to being naked, baby, because we plan on keeping you that way for a long while.”

“Yeah?” Lacie glanced pointedly around at the empty hillsides. “And what about your buddies? Maybe you guys don’t mind strutting around in your birthday suits, but I’m not into giving your friends a cheap thrill.”

“They aren’t looking,” Davis assured her. “They’re just keeping watch over the perimeter.”

“What? So I don’t escape?” Lacie snickered. “Not that confident you’d win, huh? What? Why do the two of you look so serious?”

Because despite the flippancy of her question, the answer was nothing to joke about. They had to tell her. They’d put it off to handle more pressing matters, but now Lacie needed to understand how grave the threat against her was. Sharing a look with Chance, Davis got the nod.

“Lacie—”

“No.” She waved away his words before Davis could speak them. “I know that ‘we need to talk’ look. It’s never a good talk either.”

“We need to talk.”

“No.” Lacie dug in her heels when he latched on to her wrist and tried to escort her to the back of the truck. “I don’t want to.”

“Come on, Lacie.” Chance assisted with a hand on her back, pushing her forward. “We have to explain some things to you.”

“See? You called me Lacie and not baby.” She pinned Chance with a hard look. “And didn’t make any lewd comments about my moment being up. That means this is going to be bad.”

“It is.” Chance didn’t offer her any solace with his instant agreement. Instead, he took her elbow, keeping her captive while Davis lowered the tailgate.

“But I’m all glowing,” Lacie complained. “You can’t ruin the glow.”

“We’ll make sure you get it back,” Davis assured her and patted the tailgate in a clear signal to sit.

“Fine,” Lacie gave in with ill grace. “We’ll talk, but if at any point you say this was all a joke or you’re not really my mates, I will neuter the both of you. And believe me, I have the equipment to do it.”

“Then I promise not to say either one of those things,” Davis vowed with complete sincerity before trying to kiss away her worry. Brushing his lips across hers, Davis promised her, “I swear, Lacie, you’re our mate.”

“Our one and only.” Chance tilted her chin in his direction, sealing his vow with a soft kiss before pulling back to give her a wicked grin. “Which of course means we have nobody else to take out all our depraved ideas on.”

“You better watch it, Chance,” Lacie whispered, her voice thick and soft with the desire Davis could scent dripping from her pussy. “I might just be sicker than you.”

“I can only hope,” Chance returned wistfully. “We’ll find out right after we have our talk. Now sit.”

Lacie turned her attention to the tailgate Chance nodded at. Her expression lost its softness as her nose wrinkled. “I’m not sitting my naked ass on that. You can either produce a shirt, a towel, or you can just tell it to me standing.”

\* \* \* \*

Because Lacie drew the line at putting any of her private parts on that filthy tailgate. She might have folded on the flowers and wooing, but a woman had to draw the line somewhere. That line was paved in dirt and dust and whatever the hell else was smeared over the metal gate. Lacie really didn’t want to know the answer to that.

“I got a blanket,” Chance assured her, going to fetch it.

“A blanket? Are you sure it’s clean?”

“It’s clean.”



“Are you sure you know the definition of that word?”

“Lacie,” Chance growled threateningly, wrenching open the lid to massive tool box bolted behind the cab.

“Or are you admitting that you don’t think it’s necessary to wash your truck when planning on having a romantic interlude in it?”

“Romantic interlude,” Davis snorted. “It’s called fucking, honey, or screwing, banging, riding, the naked tango—”

“Thank you, Davis.” Finally breaking under the stress of his cheery explanation, Lacie snapped at her mate before shooting him a dirty look. “And I’m still waiting to hear why it is I don’t rank a car wash?”

“I washed the truck,” Chance defended himself instantly. “Just yesterday, but things get dirty on a ranch.”

“I’m not having sex in there.” He could say whatever he wanted, but that was another line Lacie intended to abide by.

“Sure, whatever.” Chance yanked an old quilt out. “We’ll do it on the ground. I’m sure that’s so much more sanitary.”

“Or we could try a bed,” Lacie muttered. “I know it’s a radical idea, like taking a woman to dinner before you chase her down and molest her.”

“You can’t run on a full stomach.”

“Can’t go swimming just after you eat, either.” Chance backed up his buddy. Spreading the quilt out over the bed, he took the time to make it look nice and neat, a concession Lacie figured was for her. She was not impressed.

“You mean we would have had to go bowling or to a movie after dinner before we went home and screwed like bunnies? I don’t know how I would have ever survived such a fate.”

She’d meant it as a joke, or more like a taunt but didn’t get a single response back from her two quick-tongued mates. Instead, they shared another strange look that made Lacie nervous. Something was up and she could already tell she wouldn’t like finding out what.

There were only so many things a woman could handle naked. Finding out she was a lycan mate was more than enough for Lacie. So many things in her life were about to change, but right then she didn't want the details.

She just needed some time to adjust. That was another thing her mates appeared unwilling to give her. Patting the spot beside him, Davis waited for her to settle down on the tailgate. Lacie obeyed, but not without attempting to divert their attention.

"Nice quilt."

"You like it?" Chance asked, taking her comment to heart and studying it.

"Yeah, and I bet your mom's going to be pissed that you use it in the truck."

"My mom?" Chance gave her a curious look, hesitating before confessing. "My mom didn't make this. I did."

"You?" Lacie tried to keep her jaw from falling open but couldn't keep the shock from widening her eyes. "You quilt?"

"Survival skill." Chance shrugged. "We don't take but what we can carry on our backs with us into the field. Somebody's got to know how to mend things. Mom taught me how to sew by quilting."

"And if I tell anybody about it, you'll kill me, right?"

"You won't be telling them nothing new," he retorted, his matter-of-fact tone giving way to embarrassment as she tried to smother her chuckles. "You think that's funny? Big boy over there weaves."

"Weaves?" Lacie raised an eyebrow at Davis, who puffed out his chest.

"Got to make baskets and nets and things as we need them in the field. I'm good, too. I can do little decorative flairs because my fingers are so talented."

Lacie did laugh, unable to stop herself as he wiggled his fingers at her. The man had no shame and a seemingly endless sense of good humor. Whatever he did in the future, Lacie already knew it would be almost impossible to stay mad at him for long.

“See, everybody contributes something different,” Chance explained. The red stain faded from his cheeks as his tone dipped and his hand reached out to cover hers. “It’s important in battle to always know who is good at what and to use every person’s skill efficiently. You understand?”

“Logistics?” Lacie smiled. “I’m not claiming to be a master, but I got the general idea.”

“I’m talking about something more than logistics,” Chance corrected her. “I’m talking about the fundamental code lycans live by. Everybody contributes to the pack’s safety, but obviously the strong contribute more.”

“Ah.” Lacie began to understand, and it wasn’t a pretty picture. “And now this is where you explain that I’m the weakest member of this team, right? And you make that assumption because my muscles aren’t as big as yours and not by the fact that I almost escaped.”

“Nobody failed to notice,” Davis assured her, turning Lacie’s scowl in his direction. Apparently, the man could be serious when he wanted to. He did it almost as well as Chance. “And almost isn’t a victory. That’s why we have a problem.”

“I’m not going to let you turn me into your lap dog,” Lacie warned him, almost certain she knew what they wanted. “I don’t care what prehistoric justification you come up with. This is the twenty-first century, and in case you haven’t noticed, women now have access to tools and weapons to even the balance.”

“Not against everything.” Davis’s solemn gaze cooled Lacie’s rising annoyance, tempering it with a dose of reality. “Those men guarding the perimeter aren’t there to make sure you don’t get out. They’re there to make sure nobody gets in.”

“No spectators allowed, huh?” Lacie offered him a hopeful smile, knowing that wasn’t the answer.

“It’s not spectators we’re worried about.” Chance confirmed her suspicions.

Since they couldn't possibly be worried about anybody she knew, it had to be somebody they knew and wanted to avoid. Given most of the men they knew appeared to be guarding them, Lacie had to assume it was a woman, an ex-something that wanted to ruin this moment.

"So," Lacie sighed. "What's her name?"

"Her?" Chance scowled, looking over at Davis for help.

"She thinks we're about to tell her we fucked around with a psycho." Davis had a clue and a denial. "That's not it, honey. I wish it was, well no. I mean that would be better... Chance?"

Lacie enjoyed watching Davis squirm under her increasingly disgusted look. She really wasn't annoyed with him, but the man deserved to be messed with. So did Chance, but he didn't look in the mood.

"It's not an ex-lover. It's a true enemy." Chance's curt statement had her mind flooding with so many questions, but he didn't give her a second to ask any of them. "Do you know who the Kragen Kings are?"

"The head of the pack," Lacie answered cautiously, not sure what they had to do with anything. "I've never met them or anything, but I know all the clans form the pack and the kings are the leaders."

"Yes, Konor and Gregor Kragen are the Alpha kings of all lycans in this world who are of Kragen blood." Chance nodded. "And they believe there is a threat against our unclaimed mates."

"Threat?"

A cold trickle slithered down her spine at that word. Despite the fact that most lycans went off to war, they lived peacefully in this world. At least, Lacie thought they had, but with Davis looking every bit as grim as Chance, she began to worry.

"What kind of threat?"

"It's hard to explain," Davis began in what clearly sounded like an attempt to avoid answering.

“Well, try,” Lacie snapped. Chance held on when she tried to jerk free of his hold, guaranteeing she wouldn’t be escaping this conversation.

“Calm down, Lacie, and listen. You’re going to be all right,” Chance assured her. “We’re not going to let anything happen to you.”

“I’ll calm down when you explain what you mean by threat,” Lacie shot back, not feeling the least inclined to obey Chance’s order. She might be weak but she wasn’t dumb. If somebody was out to get her, she had every right to know the details.

“We don’t know everything.”

“Well, then tell me what you do know.”

Chance clearly didn’t like being ordered to do anything. For a second his fingers tightened over her hand. “The only thing we know is that a demon has taken an interest in unclaimed lycan and werewolf mates.”

## Chapter 7

“A demon?” A small slip of hysterical laughter popped out of her. Lacie tried to suppress anymore from escaping and still ask her question with enough sincerity not to get her hand squeezed. “You mean like hell and Satan and all that?”

“No, not exactly.” Chance ruined his reassurance by making it sound much worse. “The creatures we’re talking about exist in shadow worlds. They exist in the flesh of those they consume and can only step into worlds already decimated by their armies.”

“But this isn’t one of those worlds.” Earth might not be the Garden of Eden, but Lacie would have noticed if it was hell.

“Just because they can’t enter this world, doesn’t mean they can’t influence it,” Davis explained grimly.

“How do they do that?” Lacie wasn’t really sure she wanted the answer, not with Chance talking about demons who consumed flesh. Hiding from the truth, though wouldn’t make her any safer. It would only keep her paralyzed with fear of the unknown.

“Demon’s aren’t bound to the flesh the way you and I are.” Chance’s explanation didn’t clarify much. “They’re spirits driven normally by obsessions. A need to dominate, to be feared, or just to inflict incredible horror.”

Davis nodded at Chance’s words, filling in the gaps when Lacie failed to ask any questions. “Their motivations may change, but one thing never does. They hate us, and I mean that as in creatures that can create life. They can’t do that. They can only feed on it.”

“But that doesn’t mean they can’t take physical form,” Chance rushed to warn her, looking almost alarmed at Davis’s clarification.

Lacie didn't know why. It certainly couldn't be out of concern for her reaction because Chance only scared her worse as he enlightened her on even more neat demon facts.

"Actually, they can normally take many forms, and they can infect almost any living creature."

"Infect?" Lacie finally found her tongue. Though her mind still fought against what they were saying, she tried to focus through the denial. "You're talking about possession, right? Like in *The Exorcist*?"

"What?" Chance scowled down at her like she'd lost her mind. "No. Those kind of possessions are very rare."

"There's little need to take an unwilling host when there are so many willing ones around." Davis smiled sadly down at her. "Sorry, honey. I'm just telling you what I know."

"Then let me tell you what I know," Lacie shot back, letting her fear fuel her irritation over being pitied. "I know the two of you are trying to scare me with the idea that there are so many willing hosts—"

"They're called minions," Davis offered quickly.

"Or acolytes or disciples," Chance chipped in. "It depends on their rank."

As much as Lacie didn't want to be distracted, that last bit caught her attention. "What do you mean rank? Is it like a bad to worse scale?"

"Not necessarily," Chance answered slowly, obviously giving it some thought. "Minions can be horrible people and do things that...well, I don't want to go there. The point is they're still people. Their soul is their own. It's just corrupt."

"Acolytes, though, have given their souls over," Davis explained the difference. "And disciples have given everything, including their bodies. That makes them the most powerful because they can actually be fully possessed by their masters."

“And let me take a guess, minions are many and disciples are few.”

“True enough.” Davis nodded. “But all are dangerous.”

Lacie didn’t doubt it or what her mates’ response to that threat would be. “Now comes the part where you explain that I’m weak and you’re strong and experienced. So I should obey your every order, right?”

“You should obey no matter what,” Chance corrected her with absolutely no attitude, which only made his arrogance more striking. “We’re your mates, and by lycan law, your masters.”

“Yeah,” Lacie grumbled. “I see that happening.”

Unfortunately she could. She didn’t know squat about fighting in general, let alone fighting a demon. Still, being reduced to the role of a child chafed. She might not be the strongest, but Lacie had always considered herself smart.

Most of her life, she’d used her brains to figure ways around any physical limitation she might have as a woman. In fact, she thrilled to that kind of challenge. Not this time. This time she was ignorant because she didn’t have a clue about demons.

“It better.” Chance’s tone hardened. “Because we think you might have already been in contact with a person of questionable intent.”

“Questionable what?”

“TJ Carver.”

“TJ who?”

“Let me see if I can refresh your memory,” Davis offered with a dangerous smile before prattling on in a high-pitched whine. “Oh, Mom. He was just the cutest, sweetest *hottie*.”

“Oh.”

“Oh? Is that all you have to say for yourself?” Chance asked, clearly expecting something more, probably an explanation. Only Lacie didn’t owe him one. She hadn’t done anything wrong.

“I guess I could also point out that it’s none of your business and—”



“Baby, everything about you is our business. Now,” Chance leveled a hard look at her, “let’s talk about this ‘hottie.’”

“There’s nothing to tell.”

“We’ll start with did he introduce himself to you or you to him?”

“We’re not going to start anywhere.” Lacie refused to give in to intimidation, an easy feat given she knew Chance wouldn’t actually hurt her. “I’m not going to fuel your possessive egotism. TJ Carver doesn’t matter.”

“He does,” Chance snarled. “He could be—”

“What? A demon?” Lacie snorted. “I don’t think so.”

Davis caught her chin in a rough palm. Forcing her to meet his gaze, he quelled the words on her lips with the somber intensity in his eyes.

“Why? Because he was nice? Attractive? You can’t go by that. Minions might look normal, even be charming, but they’ll torture and butcher you just for fun. Acolytes like to offer their victims up in sacrifice, and disciples, they’re gifted with the ability to command hellfire.”

“Hellfire?” That didn’t sound good.

“It’s an eternal flame,” Davis explained. “It can’t be doused with water or smothered with a sheet. It consumes its victims all the way to their soul.”

Just the idea of being burned alive made her shiver in terror. Then again, all the options sounded horrible. That had to be farthest thing from what she’d sensed about TJ.

“I understand.” Lacie pulled her chin free of Davis’s grip but still held it high. “But I think you’re wrong about TJ.”

“Just answer one question,” Davis insisted. “At any point when you were with Carver, did you bleed?”

Lacie’s mouth opened instantly to shoot down that absurd question, but before she could start, her memory stopped her short. Snapping her jaw closed, she glared at Davis. “How did you know that?”

“Shit,” Chance muttered, drawing her gaze to his grim expression. “Did he keep any of your blood?”

“Of course not,” Lacie snapped. “You’re making it sound like he amputated a limb. I just scratched myself on his ring. It was barely a nick, a drop of blood, not a pumping geyser for him to fill a bucket with.”

“A ring? What did it look like?”

“I don’t know.” Lacie shrugged, not even bothering to try and remember. “Maybe it was gold?”

“Like a wedding band?” Davis taunted her.

“No.” Lacie shot him a dirty look for even suggesting such a thing. “I wouldn’t hit on a man wearing one of those.”

“So you admit you were trying to pick up a demon.”

“You haven’t convinced me that he was anything other than a cute, sweet, hot-as-sin man...wait, maybe that’s not the best comparison.” Lacie blinked innocently, taking a moment to appear to consider her words. “How about hot enough to make your grandma’s panties wet?”

“That’s disgusting.” Davis instantly drew back in revulsion.

“So hot even the most frigid woman would bend over and beg?”

“You just keep going, honey. Dig that grave deeper.”

“So hot he could seduce a lycan’s mate away and make sure she didn’t even remember his name?”

“And he’s that hot because he’s cute and sweet,” Chance interjected himself loudly into their argument, strangely enough not participating in it. At her look, he nodded like he was some kind of wise man. “See, I know how you women think. Sex appeal is based twenty-five percent on physical appeal. Another quarter goes to confidence, but half of it is all about personality.

“So tell me, did you think you found Mr. Right when he offered you a handkerchief to stop the bleeding?” Chance smiled as her mouth fell open. “Or did you realize he was perfect when he assured there was no need to have it cleaned for him? Or am I wrong and you

didn't try to insist that you'd have it laundered in a veiled attempt to see him again?"

No. He wasn't. It was almost like he'd been there or talked to somebody Lacie had told all the details to. That would be her mother, from what Davis had said earlier. "Man, is there anything my mom didn't tell you?"

"Your mom didn't tell me about the handkerchief," Chance corrected her. Straightening back onto his feet, he barely paused to round out that answer. "It's an old trick. One well used."

"Yeah, thanks!" Lacie's raised her voice as he sauntered off to the cab. "Great talking to you."

"He's got to make a call." Davis drew her eyes in his direction with that helpful tidbit, as if she couldn't see Chance pulling a cell phone out of the truck. "You hungry?"

As exhausted and sore as the morning's activities had left her, Lacie should have been starving. The stress, though, of their conversation had killed her appetite, leaving her more interested in answers than food.

Ignoring Davis as he stretched back to snag a picnic basket strapped to the side of the bed, she pressed for more details. "It's because of the handkerchief, right? Now you two are convinced TJ is a demon."

"No way to know." Davis paused, more focused on undoing the basket's latch. "At least not until we kill him."

Lacie shivered, fearing for the first time what he was capable of. "But you don't even know—"

"Using the ring was a message. It made his allegiance quite clear." Just as clear was that Davis would not even tolerate the possibility of a threat against her. "Peach?"

Lacie drew back from the sticky, sweet piece of fruit he held up to her lips. "This ring thing? Why do they use it?"

"Same reason we do, to verify our mates."

Before Lacie could respond with another question the peach slice reappeared to brush a cool, wet kiss over her lips. Left with little choice but to accept the offering, she bit into the thin, rounded skin of the pinkish fruit, the sweet juices bleeding down her chin.

Before she could wipe away the sticky trail, Davis's head dipped, and with one soft, teasing lick, he cleaned her like they were a pair of cats. Lacie would have loved to see his reaction to that comparison but forgot to speak when he offered her a lopsided smile that showed off a dimple. Amazed at how happy he appeared in that moment, she couldn't help but stare as Davis's teeth flashed white as he bit into a peach slice.

A second later it was back at her lips. Giving over to the moment, she took a bite. This time, though, her hand was already in position to pick up any juice. Davis smirked as he lifted it back toward his mouth.

"Spoilsport."

He sounded just pouty enough to make her smile. So big and hard, but underneath it all Davis was pure sweetness. That personality trait stood in contrast to the golden-tan skin stretched taut enough over his chest muscles that she could see the faint indentions around his veins and tendons as his arm shifted.

"No more licking until you answer all my questions." Her voice came out husky despite her determination not to be distracted by the lust thickening in her veins. "I want to know why you use the ring. I thought you guys used seers to find your mates?"

"Followed by a blood test to verify," Davis added before popping a chunk of peach into his mouth. "Seers can be wrong."

"I guess nobody's infallible, huh?" Lacie eyed the jar of fruit, her hunger having returned with the first taste. Maybe she could satisfy two cravings at once.

"Not even us." Davis offered her the next slice, appearing to almost read her mind.

Lacie took it as she considered Davis's calm statement. His acceptance of the possibility of failure sent another cold tendril down Lacie's spine. Desperately seeking assurance, she tried to remind him why he'd win.

"But you're trained for this kind of thing."

"No. Not for this kind of thing." With a hand that trembled, Davis reached up to brush a drying lock of hair back from her face. "We never really had anything to lose before."

That was as sweet as it was annoying. When she wanted him to be sensitive, he chased her through the fields. Now that she craved the reassurance of his cockiness, Davis was acting all besotted.

"But you have fought demons before, right?" Lacie pressed, as Davis began rooting through the basket again.

"You want turkey and Swiss or chicken and cheddar?"

Blindly snatching the closest tinfoil-wrapped sandwich, Lacie refused to allow Davis to ignore her question. "You know how to kill them and their minions, acolytes, disciples, and whatever other kind of creatures they have in their army. Right?"

Davis hesitated before agreeing, his hands stilling over the crumbled edge of foil. "Yes, but not in this world."

"And that makes a difference?" Along with knowing nothing about demons, Lacie had a hard time comprehending what the other worlds would be like. Even in her wildest imagination, she'd always pictured places just like Earth. Apparently they weren't.

"It matters." Davis nodded at the sandwich lying forgotten in her lap. "You going to eat that?"

"I'm not exactly hungry. About the differences between worlds—"

"You were all upset with us earlier for not being considerate. And here I thought I had an ace in the hole because I went out of my way to pack this thoughtful picnic for my mate."

"You didn't pack the picnic." Chance reappeared alongside the bed. "Betty packed the picnic."

"And I asked her to do it."

“Who’s Betty?” Getting sidetracked by the feminine name, she couldn’t help but give in to the temptation to ask that question.

“My dad’s cook,” Chance answered, his attention focused on checking out the contents of the basket. “Which is why you shouldn’t be all blown over by Davis’s thoughtfulness.”

“Yes, she should.” Davis shot Chance a glare, pausing before taking a bite of his food. “It wasn’t even on your stupid list. Sustenance, the first thing a good man provides his mate.”

“Only if he’s a wuss.” Chance shot her a smirk and a wink. “Otherwise, the first thing a *real* man gives his mate is the kind of pleasure that makes her glow for hours. And I must say, you look radiant, baby.”

Lacie rolled her eyes at his lecherous perusal. Chance might be amusing her, but he had Davis all flushed and looking ready for battle.

“Say, where are the peaches?” Chance scowled as he started pulling things out and dumping them on the quilt. “I told Betty to put a jar in.”

“Already eaten.”

“What? Damnit, Davis. Those were my peaches.”

“See,” Davis shot her a conspiratorial look as he nodded at Chance, “thinking only of himself.”

“No, I—” Chance stopped abruptly, appearing to reconsider whatever he’d been about to say. “I brought them for Lacie.”

“And she ate them.”

“And now she’s waiting to hear why fighting a demon in this world would be different than another one,” Lacie stated sharply enough to have both men giving her grumpy looks.

“It’s not really relevant, baby. All you need to know is we’ll take care of you.” Chance plucked a sandwich out of the pile and gave it his full focus.

“No,” Lacie disagreed. “What I need to know is how you plan on taking care of this situation. That starts with you explaining what’s so different about this world.”

“I can’t explain it all, because I never studied the whys behind world formations.” Davis shot Chance a look, clearly inviting his friend to step up. When Chance just shrugged, Davis turned back to give her what little insight he apparently had.

“What I do know is not all worlds are created equally. Earth,” Davis used his second sandwich to gesture at the pastures, “is a highly ordered world. Not a lot of room for magic. That limits our power just as it does our enemies.”

“I see,” Lacie whispered even though she really didn’t. What she did understand was the handicap would be shared. That had to be a good thing, especially considering the demon had hellfire on his side. Hopefully they could tip the scales in their favor with a good plan.

“So, what do we do now?” She looked expectantly at her mates. “I mean besides eat lunch.”

“Well, now you tell me everything you remember about TJ.”

“And then,” Lacie prodded, wanting a bigger picture answer.

“Then we have sex.” Chance smiled at her, his eyes taking on that special sparkle. “Lots of sex.”

“Sex?” He had to be kidding, only he didn’t look like it. “How can you think about sex when we’re talking about demons?”

“You’re not wearing any clothes,” Davis retorted instantly. “Besides, what else are we going to do to pass time while we hide?”

“*Hide?*” That had to be a joke because Chance and Davis didn’t strike her as the type to hide in the closet. “You two big, bad, ‘we got perimeter guards and fought demons before’ are going to tuck your tails between your legs and go *hide?*”

“Yep.” Chance nodded, looking completely unfazed by her anger.

“Are you insane?” Lacie had to ask because if not, then maybe she was. “Haven’t you ever heard the expression the best defense is a good offense?”

“And we got one,” Davis assured her. “We call it the pack. Everybody has their job. Your job is to stay alive. Ours is to make sure you stay alive.”

“And everybody else fights.” That didn’t make Lacie feel any better. Actually it kind of made her feel worse. “Why are we so special?”

“Because of the future, our future, the pack’s future. We can’t have one without women and children.”

There was a simplicity to that theory that Lacie couldn’t argue. Maybe she could have if her mind hadn’t gotten stuck on the word children. As much as the notion filled her with warmth, Lacie couldn’t accept the idea of bringing a child into a world when a demon threatened her life.

“Don’t you think it’s a little early to start worrying about getting pregnant?”

“Never,” Davis snorted. “I’ve been dreaming about of kids for years.”

“And the demon?” Lacie asked, hating to have to point out the harsh facts they seemed so willing to ignore.

“Will be handled,” Chance offered that little bit of assurance. “In the mean time, we hide. That means if anybody breaches the perimeter, we run. Your safety is the priority, and if you want to help, start by telling me what you remember about Carver.”

Lacie glared mutinously up at him, not able to accept things could be that easy. Minions, acolytes, disciples, not to mention the demon itself, it felt like this could go on forever. Overwhelmed in the moment by fear, Lacie trembled under the sadness invading her.

“Are we ever going to be safe?”

“Listen to me, Lacie.” Davis curled his big fist over her hand and lent her cold fingers some of his comforting warmth. “Once we’re fully mated, you will be safe. The demon won’t have any more interest in you.”

“Promise?”



“Promise.” Davis sealed his vow with a gentle squeeze of his hand. “But we need you to promise to obey until this situation is handled.”

He was lying. He couldn’t promise her she’d have a long, happy life. Nobody could. In that moment, though, she’d accept his deception, recognizing that it could be true. Whether he could assure it for her or not, Lacie held hope that future might be as good as he promised.

“I’ll obey.” Lacie gave them her vow and then immediately clarified it. “When it comes to matters of security and handling the current threat, I’ll obey.”

“Good.” The edges of Davis’s lips kicked up, but that’s all the recognition she received for calling him on his bold attempt to milk the situation. “Now let’s talk about Carver.”

## Chapter 8

The sun warmed up the day as they ate their lunch. Though the heat might have something to do with the interrogation Lacie endured. She answered all their questions, amazed that she remembered so much. She managed not only to recall what kind of truck he'd gotten into but also the first three letters of his license plate.

That bit of information helped to mitigate the fact that she'd taken the time to watch him walk away. It helped, but didn't completely absolve her, given she'd pretty much confessed to checking out TJ's ass. A fact not lost on Davis, who watched her with the kind of indulgence a large predator showed its prey right before it pounced.

Chance had strutted off to make another call, leaving her alone with Davis. It didn't take a bright woman to read the intent in his gaze. Hoping to avoid getting eaten, Lacie offered him a forced smile and searched for a way to get the conversation moving in a new direction.

"So," she sighed, her mind racing to find something to say. "You think you can find him? That information about the license plate is useful, yes?"

"Very," Davis agreed slowly. "Is that all you got?"

Lacie bristled slightly at that question, not sure if he was asking about TJ or prodding her for a better excuse. Not about to get lured into a trap, she inched her chin up and defended herself. "Isn't that enough? I told you what he looked like, what kind of truck he drove, everything he said—"

“Even what kind of groceries he bought.” Davis smirked. “You know when a man runs into a drop-dead gorgeous woman, he normally only remembers what she looks like.”

“Is that a fact?” Because Lacie had a few opinions about that if it was.

“Shit, yeah.” Davis chuckled. “Hell, I don’t remember a damn thing you said until after I pumped that ass, though I do remember how cute you looked yelling at Chance about the cow, all flushed and tense, and those perky little tits swaying every time you shook your hands, which you do a lot when you get agitated.”

“Thank you,” Lacie snapped. “I’m so glad you take me so very seriously.”

“That’s just the thing. I do.” So earnest and so full of shit, Davis looked completely sincere as he teased her. “But I’m still a man. Now if I was a woman, I’d be able to remember everything down to what color your shoelaces were...white?”

“Black.”

“Well, I had a good chance of being right.”

“There is something wrong with you.” And her for liking the way he aggravated her.

“Hey, I’m not the one who noticed Carver preferred organic foods to ones that actually taste good,” Davis defended himself. “Nor am I the one that assumed he had money because of it or cared about his health because he likes wheat bread. Why the hell would you even look at those things?”

“Because she’s checking for flaws,” Chance answered before Lacie could. Returning to the side of the truck, he chunked his phone into the empty basket before elaborating on his theory.

“A man meets a beautiful woman, and the only thing he is thinking is, ‘I think I can. I think I can.’ Women are thinking, ‘Something has to be wrong with this guy,’ so they start looking for the flaw.”

“Only losers think they can,” Davis retorted. “Real men know they can.”

Lacie rolled her eyes at that egotistical gloat. “Are you two quite done? Or don’t you think we have more important things to discuss right now?”

“You said you told us everything about Carver,” Davis reminded her as if she might have forgotten that fact.

“So?” Lacie couldn’t believe she had to explain this to them. “Now what are we going to do? Where are we going to go? What about my clothes? Do I have time to go home—”

“You don’t need clothes.” Chance cut her off with a dismissive wave of his hand. “What you got on right now is just fine.”

“I’m not wearing anything.”

“Let’s plan on keeping it that way, babe.”

“Babe?” Lacie launched to her feet, knowing exactly what he meant by that comment. “No. *No*. No babe, baby, or honey now. How can the two of you even be thinking about sex? We have a *demon* coming after us.”

“Not our problem,” Davis informed her cheerily. “We’re just supposed to keep you hidden and safe. All that time with nothing to do but, well, you, *honey*.”

His gaze dipped, taking a slow, heated stroll down her body and making Lacie flush with renewed desire. “Damnit, we are anything but hidden out here in the open.”

“Don’t be a killjoy, baby,” Chance complained. “We’ve had this plan for years, been practicing since—”

“*Practicing*?” Lacie stumbled back with the force of her gasp. “Practicing? With who?”

“Well, shit.” Chance made a face that clearly said he didn’t have a clue. “I don’t know, lots of women? About thirteen years’ worth.”

“*Ah!*” Lacie screeched, pushed to the very limit of her sanity by his cavalier attitude. “Pig!”

“Actually, it’s wolf, baby,” Chance corrected her as if he didn’t have any idea why she was upset. “And you should be thankful we were so dedicated to the task. After all, it was ultimately all for you.”

Lacie narrowed her eyes on his innocent smile, smelling a swine, not a wolf, in front of her. Chance looked smugly expectant, clearly expecting his taunt to be rewarded with outrage. As much as Lacie might wish she could disappoint him, her annoyance wouldn’t let her ignore that grin.

“Well, that’s sweet.” Lacie graced him with her own obnoxious smile. “And I guess you’ll be penning a thank-you note to my old college boyfriend for teaching me a few tricks, too.”

That wiped Chance’s happy look off and had him coming to his feet. “Boyfriend? And is that the fellow I have to thank for ruining you?”

“Oh, don’t try to play me with any more of that virgin crap. You think I don’t know anything and you can just screw with me?”

“Well, yeah.” Davis smirked. “Screwing you is certainly on the agenda. Haven’t you been listening, honey?”

“Ha. Ha,” Lacie gave him the false laughs he was due. “You know that’s not what I meant, and I know there is no virginity issue with mates.”

“Maybe.” Davis lifted off the gate, straightening up to tower over her. “Still, it isn’t right to fling your past acquaintances in our face. It’s disrespectful and rude.”

“Oh, don’t even try that.” Lacie cautiously backed up, putting as much distance between her and them even as she warned them. “I’m not jumping to any bait.”

“Flaunting past lovers, wouldn’t you say that’s a punishable offense, Davis?”

“I would indeed,” Davis murmured, his gaze already glazed with lust and fixated on her cunt. More worrisome, her pussy pulsed and wept in greedy delight with anticipation of what would come next.

Except he said punishable, and Lacie knew what that meant. It meant she needed to start retreating a lot faster.

“Don’t even think about it.” Lacie backpedaled through the grass as they started to stalk slowly in her direction. “I know what punishable means—spanking. I’ve heard all about you lycans’ deviant practices, but you better come up with something a whole lot better than accusing me of being disrespectful.”

“Okay then,” Chance agreed easily. “We’ll do better. Starting now.”

That was her cue to run, to try and escape even if she really didn’t want to.

\* \* \* \*

Chance didn’t even give Lacie to the count of ten before he took less than three steps and caught her. As he snatched her off her feet, she squealed, putting on a good show, but he knew that’s all it was. All the cussing, screaming, kicking, and flailing she did as he lowered his ass back to the tailgate and her over his legs couldn’t hide the fact that her little pussy was creaming hard for him.

Their little mate wanted this. He’d seen the excitement flashing in her gaze before she put up that pathetic attempt to run away. Even now, as he slid his palm over the smooth, creamy skin of the plush globes of her ass, he could feel the anticipation that had her stilling.

Enjoying playing with her, Chance let his hands soften her up. Rubbing soothing circles up her spine, he worked the stiffness out of her back until she moaned on a little sigh. At that small sign of submission, Davis’s hand cracked over her ass, jolting a squeal out of her as he left a pretty flush over her rear.

“That’s for wearing your hair in that god-awful bun,” Davis declared, leaving Chance his opening to bring his palm down over the other lush side of her rump.

“And that’s a reminder never to wear it like that again.”

“And this,” Davis didn’t give Lacie time to suck in a breath before he lit up his half of her ass, “for wearing panties.”

“And this is to remind you never to wear them again.”

Lacie’s shocked cries of passion deepened into husky moans as he and Davis alternated excuses and spanks, continuing until her ass glowed a beautiful rosy hue and lifted in a silent plea for more. That wasn’t enough for Chance.

He wanted to hear her beg, to hear her scream, but more than anything he wanted her to know who she belonged to. No grocery store pick-up artist could give her this kind of pleasure. From the slow gyration of her hips, the wet kiss of her pussy against his thigh, and the intoxicating scent of her arousal thick in the air, Chance knew he could get her to give him anything he wanted. Their little mate just had to be coaxed.

He tested her response with a simple glide of his hand down the sweet curve of her ass and into the creamy valley of her pussy. Feeding her sweet little cunt three fingers, he chuckled over the way her sheath clamped down and sucked him deep into her velvety vise.

“You like that, don’t you, baby?” Chance pumped her pussy with a slow, easy slide that had his woman squirming and moaning. “Oh, yeah. And right here.”

He curled his fingers and swirled them right into her sweet spot. Lacie reacted as if she’d been shot. Gasping, her whole body tensed for a second before it pulsed and writhed with ecstasy.

“What about that?” Chance went back to fucking her nice and even, intentionally avoiding giving her any extra pleasure. “‘Cause I don’t have to touch you there. I can keep you just like this, all day long, fucking you slow and easy.”

Lacie panted, her hips arching with a sway as she tried to take it instead. That made Chance smile outright, and he brought his free hand to her hip to hold her still. “I don’t think so, baby. If you want something, just ask for it or better yet, beg. You just might find I can be a real accommodating fellow.”

Lacie grunted at that, shifting over his knees to part her legs a little wider. He thought for a second she was trying to tempt him with a very lovely view of her swollen, pink folds. He sure did like seeing his tanned hand taking outright advantage of her intimate flesh, so pink and delicate and totally vulnerable to him. It made him ache to see that cunt split wide over his cock.

That's just what he intended to be looking at in the next few minutes, but first the little darling had to beg, and no little peep show would tempt him out of his most prized revenge. Apparently, she didn't mean to tempt him. Instead, she intended to screw him over by screwing herself.

Her arm bent under his thigh, and he saw her slender little finger go for her clit and felt the flush of anger to the tips of his ears. That was his cunt, and she didn't have the right to play with it unless he told her to. That was something they had to come to a firm understanding about right now.

With a growl, he lifted her as he stood, turning to splay her out on the bed. Never once did Lacie pause. Just the opposite, her fingers worked her clit hard and fast, making her knees bend and her whole body flush and tremble with an oncoming climax. Then in the ultimate challenge, she snapped her legs closed, trapping her hand and denying him the show.

As much as her audacity made him want to dominate her, the fire in his balls demanded that he finish watching her pleasure that sweet, little pussy. Intentionally rough, he ripped her thighs back open and dragged her ass right to the edge of the bed, so he could stare right down at that skinny little finger rolling her clit. Her other hand rose to her breast to tease her pebbled tit and wrack her whole body with panted shudders.

It was a test of his endurance and fortitude to stand there still while he watched her roll that pink, puckered nipple beneath the flat of her palm. Faster and faster, until her whole body started to arch and



he could see the tight little opening of her sheath gasping in silent need.

Seconds from her climax, Chance snatched both her wrists up in either of his hands and forced her arms to bend as he held them secure over her shoulders. Lacie screamed, bucking hard but not hard enough to break his hold.

“Like I said, if you want something all you have to do is beg.” Chance teased her with the press of his cock right against her pussy’s creaming opening. He’d expected to at least get a halfhearted plea, and then he’d have fed her an inch or two until he coaxed better begs from her. Lacie surprised him with her smile. The small twist had his gaze narrowing in anticipation of her defiant words.

“Maybe you don’t have something worth begging for?” Lacie pointedly tugged on her wrists. “Maybe I think I can give it to myself better?”

Chance snarled at that provocation, forgetting everything but proving he had something she needed. He’d meant to pull her down over the entire length of his dick to hammer in that obnoxious question, but Lacie had rallied more than he realized. He barely lodged his head against the gate to her sweet heaven when her legs kicked up and her feet perched on the edge of the gate. She used her whole body to lever herself in the opposite direction.

For long seconds they competed for control. The very fact that he had to compete drove Chance right over the edge of his temper. Releasing her wrists, he gripped her hips and slammed her down his length. The sweetest, tightest, velvety vise he’d ever felt clamped down in welcome. Each burning inch of his flaming erection found cool comfort as it slid deep into her rippling depths.

“Oh, God,” Lacie moaned as her back arched beneath the force of his invasion.

“That’s it, baby,” Chance growled, rolling his hips and giving her another good, hard stroke. “Thank God for giving me to you, ’cause I got just what you need.”

He emphasized that point with another evenly measured thrust that made her groan and writhe, but still his little mate remained defiant. The fingers that had dug into his shoulders relaxed, sliding freely downward over his chest and bringing his motions to a stop.

Chance knew what she intended to do, but still it amazed him when her hands dropped. Those nimble fingers went right back to teasing her nipple and squirming between their bodies to strum her clit.

*Talk about one hardheaded woman...and one hell of a show...and she certainly likes to put it on.* Chance's scowl relaxed into a grin as his little mate arched under the impact of her own ministrations. Even as her head rolled to the side on a moan, his eyes nearly rolled back into his head as her little pussy sucked on his cock, tightening down as her walls convulsed.

The flood of her desire bathed him in the most tantalizing heated cream, and just when he felt that little pussy tense and quiver, the temptation to give in was almost overwhelming. Chance couldn't stop his hips sinking forward and tensing in preparation for the hard ride ahead. He'd have caved if it hadn't been for Lacie's obnoxious groan ruining the moment.

"Oh, thank you God for giving me fingers."

"No!" Chance snatched her wrists right back up in his hands. "Damnit, Davis. Get the ropes."

"Ropes?" Lacie murmured, her smile undented. "Really, Chance? You need help in controlling one little woman?"

"Don't tempt me, baby." Chance growled, his nose dropping to bump into hers as he tried to glare her into submission. "You're not ready for the consequences."

"You never know, big boy," Lacie whispered back, lifting to brush her lips over his in a teasing caress. "I might have gotten some practice myself over the years."

She bit him, took a tiny nip of his lower lip that had every bit of blood in Chance's body flooding his cock in a sudden tidal wave of

need. His cock swelled and pulsed even as his ears flushed with sudden anger at her audacity. Lacie didn't do the biting. He and Davis did.

They did the biting, the controlling, the fucking, and every other damn thing. That was a lesson their mate had best learn now. Otherwise, she might not walk straight for weeks because there was just so much temptation a man could take. But Lacie thought she could handle it, and maybe it was time to test that theory.

"Fine then, baby," Chance growled, releasing her hands to latch back on to her hips. "Let's dance."

Chance set up a rhythm he knew she wouldn't be able to keep up with. He was faster, stronger, hard, and capable of fucking his cock deep into her dripping cunt with more force than his little mate could ever mimic with those skinny little fingers of hers. It took him less than thirty seconds to make her scream.

With fingers clawing at the arms he braced on either side of her and her heels digging into the edge of the tailgate, Lacie managed to lever her hips to just the right angle to let him sink that much further. From the way she bowed and screamed, he knew his dick was rubbing the sweet spot buried deep in her pussy.

Not begging, the little woman tried taking. Growling as the sweat gathered between his shoulder blades, Chance unleashed all his frustrated aggression into the pounding swing of his own hips, fucking his little mate right back down into the truck bed.

With each stroke he ground his pelvis into her clit and dragged his chest over the pointed tips of her breasts, driving her cries louder and making her sweet cunt suckle his cock all the harder. The seed in his balls boiled, threatening to erupt, but Chance ground his teeth and held back.

Not yet, not until her pussy clenched down hard and her whole body tensed, that's when Chance ripped his cock out of the heavenly heat of her pussy and let loose all over her stomach. Gripping his spurting cock in his fist, he pumped the rigid length, milking every bit

of tension and cum right out of his body. Lacie's scream of pure feminine outrage pierced the fog trying to consume him and sweetened the moment.

*"You son of a bitch!"*

Chance cracked an eye open to smile down at her. "Something wrong, baby?"

Lacie snarled at that, responding with action. Chance didn't want to have to move or be quick about it, but he had to do both those things to catch her hands before she buried them in her cunt. "Ah, ah, ah. No playing with my pussy without permission."

"It's my pussy," Lacie snapped, twisting her wrist in a desperate attempt to break free. "And it will be a long time before I let you play with it again, Chance Dillon. Now let me go."

"Now why you want to do that, baby? Issue challenges you know you can't win?" Chance glanced over to where Davis lounged against the truck. He had coil of rope in his fist and the kind of strained look that told Chance he'd been enjoying the show. "What do you think, Davis? Time to tie the little darling up and show her who's really boss?"

Davis's gaze lifted from its fascinated study of Lacie's cunt to Chance's dark glower. "Actually, I'm thinking it's time I got a taste of *my* pussy."

## Chapter 9

“It’s my pussy,” Lacie had the audacity to insist.

She looked determined but had conspicuously stopped trying to free her wrists from Chance’s hold. Neither did she bother to try getting away or even close her thighs. Davis’s gaze dipped back to the tempting pink folds, and he had to take himself back in hand.

“And it’s not available for the tasting.”

That was the wrong thing to say to him right then. He’d waited his turn, and she wouldn’t be denying him, leaving him like this. Lifting his eyes back to pin her clear green ones under a hard look, he made sure she knew he wasn’t joking.

“That cunt belongs to us, honey. You belong to us. We swear to protect you and provide for you. In exchange, you submit to our authority.”

“I submit to no man,” Lacie declared with all the haughtiness of a woman who was actually wearing clothes and didn’t have her legs spread wide for the fucking. Davis smiled, appreciating her spirit. Only she’d forgotten one thing.

“I’m not a man, honey.”

Davis leapt over the edge of the truck with ease, landing a foot on either side of her ribs and effectively caging her in. The motion had knocked Chance back and his hold on her wrist free. Davis caught her hands before she could figure out what to do with them and dropped to his knees. In less than five seconds he had her pinned beneath him, breathing his reminder right across her startled lips.

“I’m a lycan. Maybe it’s time we showed you the difference.”

Lacie didn't whimper or drop her eyes in submission but stretched up to brush her lips across his. Before she could nip him like she had Chance, Davis took control of the kiss, smashing his lips into hers and forcing her mouth wide open for the penetrating pillage of his tongue. She tasted like peaches and honey.

Drowning in her intoxicating taste, he forgot all about the world around him and lost himself to the pleasure of plundering her velvety depths. His hands slid free of her wrists, shifting to hold her cheeks captive and releasing hers to twine around his neck. With a growl, she pulled him down into the kiss as her tongue fought back, trying to take command of his mouth.

That small bit of defiance jolted Davis back to the issue of who demanded and who obeyed. Lifting up, he broke free of the kiss along with her hold. Davis caught her hands as they slipped down his shoulders. Not bothering to threaten her again, he snatched up the rope he'd dropped and began binding her wrists.

Lacie didn't bother to pretend to struggle. Not offering any resistance, she let him tie her up, watching as he stretched forward to tie the other end to the storage box handle. Bolted to the bed there would be no way she could move it.

Confident in his victory, Davis glanced down to offer her a smug smile, but the gesture never made it to his lips. As their gazes locked, he realized he might have gotten caught in a trap. Lacie's eyes twinkled with the kind of mischief that had his balls sweating and his cock straining toward the lips a mere breath away from his weeping head.

Davis swallowed hard, going completely still as she shifted ever so slightly forward and parted the lush, full arches of her mouth over the blind eye of his cock. Soft and gentle, her tongue licked right down the length of his cock, causing Davis's breath to catch as his dick bobbed in approval, silently searching for another caress.

She gave it to him, all the way down to his balls, and there wasn't anything inexperienced about how hard she sucked them. Davis

cursed and jerked, knowing just what her game was and not in any doubt that she could win if left unattended. Trying to finish the knot he'd been working on, he found his normally adept fingers gone clumsy as her teeth crested around the head of his cock and started nibbling.

The small stings lasted long enough to send bolts of molten need shuddering down his cock. She soothed the sting from his tender head with a lick that had Davis choking on another lost breath. Before he could recapture it, Lacie sucked his full length in, taking him so deep he almost fell over as he rocked under the violent lash of pleasure.

She swallowed nearly his whole damn length, taking him all the way to back of her throat before she started pump him straight up the high rise of ecstasy's mountain. Davis panted, sweating from the strain of enduring the sweet torture of her mouth while he raced to get her hands tied to bed before she made him come. It was a near thing with him tightening off a knot even as he felt the first scorching wave of his seed shooting out of his balls. Grunting under the intense pleasure when she swallowed that warning blast, Davis barely got his own fingers around his cock in time to stop the main load from firing.

It hurt a little to squeeze, but he managed to hold himself in check even if he didn't do it with much dignity. Bent over her and braced on one arm, he panted as she worked feverishly to undo him. He couldn't let that happen, and yet he couldn't stop his own torment, already addicted to the rapture her mouth delivered with each delicious suck.

The possibility that he could lose the battle kept him so entranced it took him a second to process when she released him with a sudden gasp. Her eyes rounded, her back arched and banged her breast into the undersides of his thighs, and then she dissolved into a frantic mewling as her breath panted out with the rhythmic motions of her body sliding back and forth on the bed.

Davis's head snapped around, and he snarled to see Chance dick-deep inside their little woman. He'd been staring at where he'd joined their bodies, obviously enjoying the sight of her little cunt eating up

his dick as he slid her along his length. It took Davis's friend a moment, but he paused as his gaze glanced up and he caught Davis's smoldering glare.

"What?" Chance asked, all innocent.

"Don't you what me," Davis barked. "I'm the one who should be what-ing here, as in what the hell do you think you are doing?"

"This?" Chance started fucking their woman with that smooth, easy glide that had Lacie back to moaning as she twisted beneath Davis. "I'm taking care of my business. Besides, you seemed busy."

"I had plans for that pussy," Davis growled.

"Well...that'll just have to wait until I'm done."

He could see by the determined set of Chance's jaw and the pointed fucking he was giving their mate that his friend wouldn't be stepping back until he'd wrung his dick dry. Nothing short of violence would stop him, and Davis didn't want to waste any of his annoyance on Chance. Not when he had Lacie to entertain him.

"Fine then, but be quick about it. It's supposed to be my turn."

Chance rolled his eyes at that but lifted Lacie's hips right off the gate so he could get the right angle to give the vixen a screwing she'd refused to beg for. She'd beg eventually. Chance would see to it. That was his hang-up.

Davis was just happy to have her wet and willing, even if all he had was her mouth. Turning back to twine a fist in her hair, he knew how to make that work to his advantage. Lifting her head up, he took grip on his dick again before brushing the head against Lacie's lips.

"Come on, honey, open up. If this is all I get then I better be getting good."

Davis grunted as she took him back into the sweet heaven of her mouth, but this time he set the pace. Using his grip on her hair, he pumped his cock past the velvety gate of her lips and deep into her moist depth, fucking her mouth slow and easy until he felt the prickle of ecstasy's flames break out along his spine.



His fingers tightened, forcing her head to bob over his dick in an ever-escalating beat as he rushed to fuel the maddening pleasure spearing straight down into his balls. At the last second, he wrenched back, saving everything he had for that pussy he could hear getting reamed. Only when he fucked her, Lacie would beg for more.

He had the erection to guarantee it. That would get Chance back, to hear Lacie plea for Davis when all he could get was incoherent moans. Mouth freed, Lacie cried out as she twisted and bucked between his thighs. Behind him, Chance grunted with the exertions. He was screwing her hard enough to make the heavy pickup bounce and sway.

Then the dumbass let her come. That certainly wouldn't get them the submission they were looking for, but she did make such a pretty sight, flushed and shuddering with her release. Davis's lips curled up as he watched her climax wash over her.

It pulled every single one of her muscles tight, and her head bent back as her neck strained upward under the force. Like a flag of victory unfurling a blush swept up from her chest to roll over her face and surround the scream that split her sweet lips wide. A second later she collapsed, going completely limp as her head rolled to the side.

Her eyes drifted shut even as her breath panted out and she continued to shift under Chance's own race toward release. That happened with a roar from behind Davis. The bastard came for the third time, showing who had the least amount of control in their group. Davis snorted at his own conclusion, losing some of his humor when Chance's weight collapsed onto his back.

With an aggravated growl, Davis turned, shoving Chance onto his feet as he gained his own. The pickup dipped and bounced as Davis stepped over Lacie and down off the bed, forcing Chance to move far enough back to free their woman. Landing on the ground, Davis found himself almost nose to nose with an annoyed Chance. Not that his friend had any right to that emotion.

"You could give me a moment," Chance complained.

Davis had a response to that bit of selfishness, but he didn't get a chance to voice his objection. Before he could blast his partner, Chance's cell phone pierced the air with a shrill shriek. The sound had the effect of ice water filling Davis's veins.

It wouldn't be good news. Nobody would bother to call and interrupt them unless it was bad, really bad news. Not one to handle the stress of the unknown well, Davis didn't wait for Chance to jerk free of Lacie before reaching for his partner's phone.

Chance's daddy's number flashed on the screen, all but confirming Davis's grim suspicions. "Yeah?"

"Davis?" Ron Dillon's bark held as much bite on the phone as it did in real life. "Where's Chance?"

Davis cast an eye at where Ron's son waited, hand stretched out for the phone. "Busy. What's up?"

"We got some info on Carver. It's not good." That was probably an understatement, but Ron didn't give Davis a chance to ask for any details. "You need to pack Lacie up and head for the cabin. I'll meet you there."

"Okay. We'll—"

"*Give me that.*" Chance yanked the phone clear of Davis's ear. "Dad? What's going on?"

Having gotten everything he needed for the moment, Davis didn't bother to fight over the phone. Instead he stepped around Chance to gather up their limp and dazed mate.

\* \* \* \*

Blinking sleepily up at him, Lacie didn't resist as Davis began pulling her up. Offering him a small smile, she couldn't control the yawn that overwhelmed the gesture. "Mmm. I need a nap."

"And a bath," Davis agreed. "And I know just where you can get both."

“Really?” Roused enough by his insistence that she sit up, Lacie stretched and glanced around. “You going to throw me into the pond again?”

“Actually I was thinking of bubbles and jets.” Davis winked at her, his devilish smile assuring her he was thinking of other things too. “Sound good?”

“Sounds heavenly.” It also sounded like a distraction. One probably designed to keep her from noticing that Chance had moved off with his phone. “It also sounds like we’re leaving.”

“You’re looking a little red.” Davis assisted her to the ground, focusing more on making sure she could stand on her own two feet than answering her. “We don’t want you to get burned, so it’s time to take things inside.”

He was lying. Something else was going on, and Lacie strongly suspected it was going wrong. Her mouth opened with the sudden surge of questions, but the words stilled on her lips as reason and emotion warred for control of her actions.

Her pride demanded she stand up to him and make sure both her mates understood she would be included on all conversations regarding their safety. Reason, though, had Lacie hesitating. She didn’t know how to fight demons and had never proven herself to be good in a panicky situation.

Knowing the details would only leave her with nightmares, something Lacie suspected she’d be suffering from anyway. It might be cowardly to keep her lips sealed, but Lacie could live with that more than she could with whatever had Chance’s features hardening.

“Come on, honey.” Davis handed her a clean, dry shirt. It was long enough to be one of theirs and had come from the storage box bolted onto the bed.

Tentatively, unsure of how much to prod, Lacie curled her fingers into the soft fabric and accepted Davis’s gift. “Where are we going?”

“A cabin.” Chance’s curt answer didn’t invite any follow-up questions as he reappeared looking grim enough to scare her. Not

daring to tempt his anger, Lacie nodded and busied herself with pulling on the first bit of clothing they'd allowed her all morning.

"It's secluded," Davis explained, his tone as soft and coaxing as the hold he took on her elbow. Guiding her toward the cab, he gave her a reassuring squeeze of his fingers. "We'll be safe there."

"Safe?" That comment broke the leash Lacie had over her fear, letting her worries roll right off her tongue unchecked. "What are you saying? Aren't we safe here? Did something happen? Did you find Carver? What's going on?"

"Relax, honey." Davis tugged her into his arms for a quick hug. "It's going to be all right."

"Then you found him," because that's the only thing that would make her feel any better.

"I don't know." Davis pushed her back enough to meet her gaze. "Won't know until we get to the cabin, and then I'll answer whatever questions you have. Okay?"

Lacie nodded numbly. It really wasn't all right, but Davis couldn't be faulted for that. Neither would being difficult help Lacie's circumstances. All she really could do was climb up into the cab and leave the rest to them.

\* \* \* \*

Chance waited for Lacie to slide on into her seat before nodding at Davis to shut the door. He didn't want Lacie overhearing what his father had told him. They only had bits and pieces right then, not enough to build a full picture but more than enough to drain the rest of the color from Lacie's cheeks.

"What'd he say?" Davis didn't hesitate to get right to the point as he came around the back of the truck, keeping his voice low and out of range of Lacie's tender ears.

"There is no TJ Carver." Yanking out a pair of fresh jeans from the storage box, Chance tossed them at Davis before returning to

work on his own buttons. “But the FBI has been tracking a serial killer who’s been dubbed ‘The Carver.’”

“Could be coincidental.” Tugging his jeans over his erection, Davis grimaced.

Chance shared that anguish with his friend. Despite the gloom and doom, his cock hadn’t deflated a bit, just the opposite. Knowing a threat loomed over his mate had sent a rising surge of primitive emotions that had flooded Chance’s dick with a need more painful than before.

The only thing worse was trying to button his fly down over the massive bulge. Grunting, he sucked in a breath and managed to shove the final three buttons slipped through their holes.

“Dad says no.” Chance released his breath, testing how hard it would be to move in his condition. “All the victims had demonic symbols carved in them.”

Davis fingers stilled as his whole body tensed. “What kind of symbols?”

“Blood spells.” That’s all his father had said. Chance didn’t need to hear anymore to be overwhelmed by the itch to get Lacie to safety. It made him rush as he moved around Davis to start packing up everything spewed across the bed.

Davis on the other hand hadn’t even appeared to take a breath when all of sudden he jolted, turning around to confront Chance. “What kind of spells? Most magic doesn’t work in this world.”

“Most,” Chance agreed, balling up the quilt. “And which spells do, I don’t know. Dad’s getting the answers now.”

“Jesus,” Davis sighed.

“Don’t start sweating.” Chance snapped the lid down on the picnic basket and sent it sliding across the bed. “Our perimeter is secure and the kings are headed this way.”

“Yeah, that’s relaxing,” Davis muttered, turning his attention to buttoning up his own jeans. “The kings aren’t coming all the way out here for nothing.”

“True enough.” Chance snapped the tailgate closed and headed for the cab, pausing to give Davis his own truth. “But I’d rather have the fight now than have to wait for it.”

Chance could see Davis consider that point before his gaze sharpened with renewed focus. “I’ll keep Lacie covered. You make sure this son of a bitch ends up dead.”

“His own mother won’t be able to identify him,” Chance vowed, meaning every word.

## Chapter 10

A half hour later Lacie stood rooted in the doorway of the secluded cabin Chance had driven them to. The ride had been quiet and tense, a perfect breeding ground for worries. Her head had filled with an endless list of them.

Of course, arriving to find a swarm of trucks and a large group of grim-faced lycans milling about in the front yard hadn't helped her nerves. Something really bad had either happened or was about to.

More importantly, nobody intended on filling her in. Chance hadn't even bothered to introduce her to his father before he'd ordered her into the cabin. His curt, dismissive manner had hurt, but Lacie hadn't dared to defy him in front of so many witnesses.

Instinctively she knew that would only make the situation worse. Instead she'd let Davis lead her away without objection. Beyond her annoyance with Chance's attitude, Lacie really did want to escape. Wearing nothing more than a T-shirt that barely covered her ass made Lacie all too aware of the number of men looking in her direction. She did not appreciate the attention.

Blushing, she'd rushed for cover. All those concerns, though, had evaporated the second Davis had thrown the door to the cabin open. Almost instantly, Lacie completely forgot about the audience behind her.

Flowers littered the room, filling in almost every corner from the foil-wrapped pots cluttering the bookcases to the thick-glass vases lining a pathway through the veritable indoor jungle. There were even baskets brimming with brightly colored buds hanging from the ceiling.

“You like?” Clearly tickled by her shock, Davis waited just inside the small, wooden house. The tough looking lycan wore a grin wide enough to tell her how pleased he was with himself. “Another thing I arranged just for you.”

And Lacie loved him for it, but she could barely see the furniture peeking out from under all the massive blossoms. “It’s very nice.”

“But?”

“Don’t you think...well...” Lacie hated to say anything bad, not wanting to deflate his gloat. Trying to soften her criticism, she offered him a tentative smile. “Don’t you think it’s a little much?”

“Go big or go home.” That was the Texas motto. A creed Lacie had often noticed lycans tired to outdo. “Trust me, honey, you’ll appreciate that attitude when it comes to the bathroom.”

“Are there rose petals already floating in the water?” Lacie teased him, a little unnerved by what he might mean by that.

Davis didn’t offer her any reassurance, but gestured silently for her to follow him. Feeling like she was forging into Wonderland, Lacie had to brush back the thick vines cascading overhead as she took the flower-lined path toward the backdoor.

It was actually the only door in the room. Not large by any measure, the cabin’s tight confines only made Davis’s over-the-top gesture more dramatic. Even the kitchen, open in the far corner was overgrown with blossoms of every color.

Not exactly a welcoming sight when she considered they’d be cooking their meals amongst all that dirt. Then Davis opened the door to the bedroom, and Lacie realized that their plans probably didn’t involve a lot of cooking.

More shocking than the sea of flowers in the main room was the overwhelming amount of leather filling the bedroom, or more accurately the toy room. Lacie stalled out for a second time, her feet refusing to move forward as her eyes took in all the equipment that would have made even the most exclusive brothel jealous.



The bed alone would be the envy of kings. Massive with four intricately carved posts, the dark wood and shiny metal rings adorning the head and footboards would have also sent any virgin into a faint.

Not attached to the frame, the rings were linked into a pulley system that could clearly be used to bend whoever was restrained into any position her captives wanted her. Just the idea of how Davis and Chance would want her had Lacie's pussy going wet with need.

What they'd do to her in that bed would probably pale in comparison to what they intended to do with the rest of the room's unique features. There was a table with its own restraints and a mechanical base that clearly allowed the top to be angled for a range of convenient positions.

Lacie imagined that was for the benefit of whoever decided to recline in one of the large leather chairs facing out at the room. It was the perfect place for somebody to sit and watch the show. Of course, Lacie would be able to watch her own seduction in the mirrors surrounding the whole room. Even the ceiling was adorned with the reflective glass.

The only space not filled in with mirrors was the small stretch of wall behind the oversized chairs. Adorned with toys of all sorts, shelves lined the wall, packed full of everything from body oils to dildos with whips and clamps hanging in an organized row beneath.

"Come on, honey." Davis latched on to her hand and pulled her into the room, dragging her toward another door. "Don't get shy on me now."

"If I was shy, I'd already be dead of heart attack. What is that?" Lacie stumbled as her gaze caught on a swing-like device strung from the ceiling. It was oddly shaped, almost like a saddle.

"Something you're going to enjoy." Davis tugged on her hand, forcing her to start moving again.

"Please tell me this isn't our bedroom." Lacie meant on a permanent basis because it was quite clear the cabin didn't have any

other bedrooms. Of course she could sleep in the garden. Lacie figured there had to be a couch somewhere under all those flowers.

“Temporarily, yes.” Davis confirmed her suspicions. He actually paused in front of the door he led her to, giving her his full attention for a second. “This is the honeymoon cabin. All new mates stay here until they get their woman pregnant. Trust me, it has everything we need to accomplish that task, plus something for you.”

Before Lacie could take him to task for that last bit, Davis threw open the door, revealing a bathroom made for a queen. A massive oval tub was centered on the far wall. Big enough to easily fit five, it was flanked on the right by a shower equally as impressive.

Outfitted with jets and multiple showerheads, Lacie couldn’t help but notice that even the shower came with metal rings and yet another pulley system. With visions of just how steamy things could get making the ache in her cunt flare, she still managed not to betray her lusty thoughts when she lifted a curious brow in Davis’s direction.

“You sure this room is just for my pleasure?”

“Everything is for your pleasure, honey,” Davis vowed with the kind of smooth charm that had her snorting. “Well, how about that?”

Davis nodded toward the other side of the tub, directing Lacie’s gaze toward the massage table set up in the corner. There were towels, oils, scented candles, all the trappings of a five-star spa. Not that Lacie could ever afford to visit one.

As if reading her mind, Davis slipped behind her, his hands settling on her shoulders to rub some of the tension from her muscles. “Have you ever had a massage?”

“No,” but she’d always dreamed of having one.

“What do you say we correct that injustice, honey?” Davis brushed her hair back from her neck, leaning in to nibble and kiss his way across her sensitive skin. “All you have to do is relax and let me take care of you.”

Davis’s hands dipped, smoothing over her sides and pulling her back against the hard, warmth of his chest. Like heated bands, those

thick fingers slipped all the way to the edge of her shirt as Davis's husky voice teased her with just what kind of wicked plans filled his head.

"We'll start with a shower. Long and hot, I'll make sure every last inch of you is clean before I carry you over to that table and show you just how good I am with my hands."

Turning in his arms, she offered Davis a smile as his hands slipped beneath the hem of her shirt. His palms molded themselves to her ass, lifting her hips up against his and letting her feel every hard inch of his cock straining to be freed.

"If you're saving all your tricks for the massage, what are you going to show me in the shower?" Soft and thick with desire, her voice changed her teasing words into a seductive suggestion.

Davis's grin became all teeth as his fingers tightened over the globes of her ass. "All sorts of things, honey, and you're going to beg for every single one of them."

Lacie was just about to meet that challenge when a flash in the mirror caught her eyes. Glancing over Davis's shoulder, she scowled as she searched for whatever had danced over the glass. The small dot reappeared, moving rapidly in their direction.

"Davis? What's that red light?"

"Wha—"

Everything happened so fast, Lacie didn't know what came first, Davis's roar, the pain of crashing into the hard, tile floor or the sudden crack as everything started shattering overhead. Bits and shards of glass rained down all over the bathroom as invisible blasts rocked through the room in an endless assault as gunfire shattered the quiet of the afternoon.

Lacie's mind had only begun to sort through the instant panic when Davis's arm tightened around her stomach and jerked her onto all fours. It was uncomfortable position given Davis still covered her.

"*Move!*"

Bent over her, Davis forced her to crawl forward, but not out from underneath him. The pain of crunching over the sharpened debris littering the floor spiked through her, clearing Lacie's mind enough to realize that it wasn't just shrapnel causing Davis to grunt and shudder.

With blood beginning to seep from her palms and tears beginning to slip over her cheeks, Lacie wished she could just make everything stop for one moment. She just needed one moment to come to terms with how she'd ended up here, how she could have avoided, or at least how she was going to survive it.

There was no moment. They were greeted instantly by a new slew of bullets as they cleared the threshold. Cursing, Davis forced her to move faster toward the foot of the bed. Only once the massive frame and mattress protected them from the endless shots tearing up the bedroom did Davis finally pull her to a stop.

Rolling off her, he released Lacie, not that she dared to move. Flattened out on the floor felt like the best place to be right then. Apparently, Davis didn't agree. Nor did he show any of his characteristic sensitivity when he yanked her up to a sit.

"Stay here. Stay down."

Lacie could only nod dimly at those commands, muted by the rage hardening his gaze. If she hadn't already been scared out of her wits, Davis's look alone would have terrified her. What Davis did next, though, left her frozen in shock.

Leaping to his feet, he not only jumped into the spray of bullets but then he rushed the widow they were coming through. Lacie screamed, watching in abject horror as blood started to well up from the litany of wounds beginning to litter his chest. With each hit he grunted, grimacing but never retreating.

Slamming into the large table, he flipped it up, shoving it fast and furious across the floor until it wedged against the window frame. For a moment the room darkened. Then one bullet at a time, the bolts of sunlight started slicing through the room.

Davis didn't hang out to become a target for a second time. Rushing Lacie, he snatched her off her feet and had her flying across the floor. They slammed through the second door and into a massive walk-in closet just as the table cracked and crashed to the floor in a fiery burst.

Whatever they'd shot that time, Lacie didn't know, but she could see the flames quickly starting to lick over the walls and floors. Trapped in the closet, they might be safe from the bullets but not from the inferno already starting to consume the bed sheets.

Panicked more by the thought of being burned up than shot, Lacie began to pant as her heart began to race faster and faster. The blood rushing through her veins left her dizzy and lightheaded. Everything started to spin as she began to slip backward.

Davis caught her. His fingers dug into her arms with a rough grip, matching the forceful shake he gave her. "Come on, Lacie, stay with me."

Blinking she tried to clear her mind, to do as he wanted, but it wasn't easy. Smoke was already beginning to flood into the closet, making it harder for her to breath, to think.

"Come on." Davis gave her another jerk. "I need you to focus, honey."

"But the fire—"

"Isn't a problem."

Shoving her back against the wall, Davis pounded his heel into the floor with a hard kick, five more and the wood planks started to crack. It only took another stomp and Davis managed to kicked a hole straight to the crawl space beneath the cabin.

"Come on."

He didn't wait for her to obey, but latched back onto her arm and all but shoved her through the opening. He kept her going by cramming his own massive frame down on top of her, forcing her all the way under the burning house. Lacie didn't think that was much

better of a place to be, but at least she could crawl to freedom without getting shot.

She headed straight for the closest exit without thought of what might await her on the other side. Barely five inches from sunlight a hand clamped down on her ankle and drug her back.

“Not that way.”

Davis showed her the way by switching his hold to her wrist and dragging her off in the direction he wanted. The wrong direction in Lacie’s mind because they were headed for the center of the cabin. With the heat of the fire already making the joist overhead crackle, Lacie really didn’t want to linger beneath it.

“We’re going to be crushed.” Lacie couldn’t stop that worry from voicing itself or the reflex that had her pulling back on Davis’s hold. “We need to get out from under this cabin.”

“Or deeper beneath it,” Davis corrected, coming along the edge of a massive metal disk.

“What the hell is that?” Momentarily distracted by confusion, she gawked at the large manhole cover. Except it wasn’t black and it came with a very sophisticated looking locking mechanism.

“Bomb shelter.” Davis punched in a series of numbers into the little digital pad on top. The devise beeped twice and then with a sudden groan the lid started sliding back.

“My God,” Lacie whispered, lifting up slightly to stare down the long throat that was revealed. Florescent lights flickered to life, slowly glowing brighter to reveal what looked like an endless ladder affixed to the side of the tunnel. “Is there a bottom?”

“Down.” Not bothering to answer her question, Davis nodded toward the entrance.

Lacie didn’t have to be told twice, but she hesitated as she turned to lower her legs over the first set of rungs. Slithering like a snake on her belly, she paused to look up at Davis before committing to obeying him.

“You’re coming, right?”

“I’d never abandon you.”

Lacie nodded, accepting that vow as the truth and lowered herself over the edge. Exhaustion and worry kept her muscles trembling as she slowly worked down every one of the more than a hundred rungs. It felt like there was double that number, but she lost count as numbness began to set in.

Barely aware enough to do what she had to, Lacie had no energy left over for thinking. Instead she simply obeyed the command of necessity. She had to get to the bottom. Once there she had to wait for Davis. Where else could she go but through the door he opened.

Lacie had never been in a bomb shelter. Under normal circumstances her curiosity would have been sparked by the round room. Instead of taking in all the unique features the shelter had, Lacie simply stumbled toward the large bed taking up one half of the room.

Bumping into its side, her legs gave out and she crashed down onto the mattress. All over she could feel the cool, bubbling blood beading along the multitude of scratches and cuts covering her arms and hands. Covered in dirt and grime with bits of glass and tile hanging in her hair, Lacie needed a bath now more than ever.

“Shower,” Davis barked at her, as if reading her mind. Lacie rolled her head to the side, glancing with one eye in his direction only to find him standing in front of an open door.

“Bathroom’s in there. There’s bandages and ointment in the cabinet. I want you to clean those wounds and get them sterilized.”

Davis took a step to his right and popped open another cabinet to reveal a whole closet full of apparel. “Clothes. Weapons.”

Another door revealed a whole arsenal, most of which Lacie didn’t have any clue how to use.

“Let no one in. Anybody who is safe knows the code. Don’t leave unless someone is succeeding at breaking through a door.” Strutting over to another door, he pressed a button and it clicked open. “This is the exit.”

He shoved the door all the way open to reveal another tunnel. This one shot straight out. "It's half a mile and dumps into an open pasture. You arm yourself, you press the button, you go through, shut the door and shoot the console. They'll have to tear through the door to get through. Understand?"

No, but Lacie nodded because she knew that's what he wanted to hear. Still operating in remote-control-mode, she didn't have the ability to process anything he said but instinctively understood that she had to obey his every command.

"Don't leave unless you're in imminent danger. Repeat that."

"Don't leave unless you're in imminent danger."

That earned her a smile. The gesture softened Davis's features, lending to the warmth of the kiss he swooped in to drop on her forehead.

"You'll be safe here, honey. I promise, but it might be a while before Chance and I get back here. I need to know you'll be here."

"I will." She might very well be right there, passed out filthy on the bed.

"I love you, Lacie. Now I got to go."

"Okay." Lacie nodded. Sensing the conversation had finally come to an end, she didn't even bother to watch him leave. Closing her eyes, she let the exhaustion finally consume her.

\* \* \* \*

Davis jogged the whole way to the end of the tunnel, hoping he wouldn't be too late to get in on some of the action. The holes all those bullets had carved into his chest had already started to heal, but his temper over having endured taking the hits hadn't.

Davis didn't like getting shot. He did like taking retribution. His hope grew that he'd get a chance to take some when he shoved through the exit and stepped out into the late afternoon sun to be



greeted by Chance. His buddy was not covered in blood. That had to be a good sign.

“How is she?”

“Fine. Safe.” Davis gave Chance the two blunt answers he knew his partner needed first. “I think it was all a little much for her. She probably passed out in bed the second I left, but with any luck she’ll sleep until we get back.”

“And if she doesn’t?” Always the pessimist, Chance never could accept the easy answer.

“She knows not to leave. I told her, and I made her repeat it back to me.”

“Good.” Breathing out a deep breath with his sharp nod, Chance turned his gaze eastward. “I don’t know how they got in so close, but we’ve traced the shots back to four separate points.”

“Got us boxed, huh?”

“Lucky we didn’t take any real casualties standing out in the open like we were.” Chance smirked, casting a glance over at the commanders waiting behind him. They were all much older and loyal to Ron.

That’s how the pack worked. The new Alpha returned first to claim his mate and take his place as head of the pack. After the issue of leadership had been settled, the next generation of commanders would start to return from their service to the nation.

Slowly bit by bit the old pack members would gather up their mates and move onto the next world, leaving this one in the hands of their children. Today, though, they had to make do with an army where the average age was sixty, which explained Chance’s concerned look.

“Watch yourself,” Davis warned softly. “Or one of them will take offense. They might not let us get the joy of being the ones to kill these bastards.”

Cranky old men liked to prove a point. Davis knew any one of them could. They might not be as spry as Chance and him, but lycans

didn't begin to slow down and show the wear of age until at least two hundred.

"We're not going to get to kill anything anyway," Chance muttered. "The Kragens are on their way, and they want to have a conversation with these fuckers."

"Is that why we're standing here dawdling?" Davis knew better than to argue with an order from the kings, but just because they couldn't kill them didn't mean they couldn't hurt the bastards. Davis would settle for that if he could just get a little taste of blood.

"Dad doesn't trust us to obey the kings' orders." Chance nodded to the men behind him. "So say hello to our babysitters."

## Chapter 11

Lacie floated toward awareness with the nagging certainty she had to get up. Rousing by slow degrees, she started to remember bits and fragments. Arguing with Chance, running through the fields, stealing a truck, the water hole, faster and faster the memories began to roll through her mind until it finally locked down on the one it had been searching for—the moment when all hell had broken loose.

*Davis!* He'd been shot multiple times. His chest had been a bloody mess. And Chance had been out in the front yard when the shooting had started. He could still be lying there dead or dying.

Lacie's chest exploded with pain the instant her heart stopped. For several seconds she thought she might die right there, but she couldn't go yet. She needed to find Chance and Davis first. If there was any hope that they could be saved, Lacie had to do something.

Scrambling off the bed, she'd already started to head for the door when several things hit her at once. She was in a bomb shelter, wearing nothing more than a shirt, covered with dirt and scabs littering her arms and hands.

A vague memory of Davis telling her to clean up floated through her mind, but Lacie focused instead on the end of it. He'd left through the door to the right and not the one she'd been marching for. He'd also told her to take a gun if she left. Given everything, that seemed like good advice.

Not bothering to waste time washing, Lacie turned toward the open closet and started searching through the stacks of jeans piled on two shelves. There was a pair in every size, both men and women's.

There was also a whole array of colored T-shirts along with unopened packages of underwear and socks.

The only thing missing were shoes. Since she couldn't find any, she pulled on three pair of thick, white socks, hoping that would be enough protection for her feet. For the rest of her, she looked toward the weapons cabinet.

Skipping over the assault rifles and whatever the thing with the big cannon barrel was, she focused her attention on something she knew how to shoot. Pulling down the shotgun, Lacie loaded it before packing her pockets full of extra rounds and marching toward the door Davis had used.

Ready for anything, she pressed the button and waited for the door to swing open. A trail of tiny droplets of blood led the way out of the shelter and down the seemingly endless tunnel. The long, silent walk had the nerves in Lacie's stomach tightening to the point where she started to feel sick.

By the time she reached the door at the end of the path, she had to take a deep breath and brace herself before reaching for the latch. With the gun aimed straight out as a lethal greeting for any bad guys lurking on the other side, she kicked the door wide open.

Nothing but a warm breeze waited for her, not that Lacie let the calm tranquility of pasture fool her into lowering her guard. Moving slowly from under the mound of dirt molded over the exit like a small hill, Lacie let the tip of her gun lead the way.

Scanning all directions with each step, she searched the tall grass for any kind of blood trail. The droplets had thinned out, nearly fading to nothing by the end of the tunnel, and trying to find any sign of the tiny drops amongst the weeds quickly proved impossible.

By the time Lacie gave up the hunt, she'd waded a good hundred feet from the door. At a loss of what to do next and feeling strangely vulnerable out in the open, she was hit with the overwhelming urge to run for cover.

The panic flooding her system, sharpened her hearing. Every rustle of the grass echoed with a threat that had her turning in circles as Lacie tried futilely to cover her own back. It couldn't be done, and she'd waited too long to flee.

A high-pitched battle cry pierced the silence with its bloodcurdling shrill. Somebody or something smacked into her from behind, knocking Lacie to the ground with its momentum. Before she could recover from the hard blow her chin took as it cracked over a stone buried in the dirt, a set of hands wrapped around her neck and began squeezing.

Lacie didn't try to defend herself, too lost in the overwhelming pain that exploded through her chest. Desperately her lungs tried to expand and drag a breath past the constriction tightening around her throat. Reflexes kicked in as her hand lifted to claw at the fingers digging into her neck.

Growing weaker by the moment, she didn't have the strength to peel back the fingers but could only cling to them as she choked on the coughs trying to force their way out. The pound of her own heartbeat echoed loudly in her ears, sounding like a roar that popped as a sudden rush of air seared over her swelling throat muscles.

Caving into the ground as her lungs rushed to catch the breaths it'd missed, Lacie shuddered under the wrenching coughs that racked her body. As unbearable as the pain was the fear of what still lurked behind her wouldn't allow her the time to wallow. She didn't have the time because she could be attacked again at any second.

Rolling over to face her fate, Lacie went still, her breath catching all on its own at the sight of Chance dangling a scrawny woman from one hand. Her clothes were torn and filthy with the same grime coating her skin.

Even as the woman jerked and snarled in Chance's grip, Lacie could see the intricate cuts carved over her arms and up to the broken fingernails she used to try and dig her way free of Chance's hold.

With a sharp crack the woman's twisted nest of blonde curls fell to an odd angle, her neck going as limp as the rest of her body.

Lacie wanted to scream but nothing came out as she stared in wild-eyed horror at Chance. Hardened like stone, his features betrayed no emotion, no guilt or joy at having just taken a life. Neither did he look numb, though that was the only thing Lacie could feel right then.

It wore through to terror as her eyes traced back to the woman. No longer flushed with life, she was decomposing at a rate too fast to be real. Without thought, Lacie retreated from the sight, crawling back through the grass as she tried to lift herself up.

It was time to run. From what or who, Lacie didn't know, but she couldn't deny the overwhelming rush to flee and escape the reality she now found herself trapped in.

"Zombies," Chance sighed, chunking the now almost fully rotted corpse into the ground. "God, I hate zombies."

"You know what I hate?"

A large hand followed that question, latching on to her edge of Lacie's shirt and jerking her right up to her feet. In an instant she found herself facing Davis, who didn't look any less threatening than Chance.

"Mates that don't obey. Didn't I tell you to *wait* for us?"

"We've got to call dad. They're waiting on the kings with the rest of them, but the Kragens aren't going to get any of the answers they're coming for."

Davis ignored Chance as he brushed past, moving off toward the men rising out of the tall grass. For the second time that day, Lacie found herself surrounded by a sea of naked men. Only this time she didn't have it in her to be embarrassed.

Davis dominated her attention with the anger growling out of him. "I'm still waiting on my answer, Lacie?"

Answer? He wanted an answer to what? Why there were zombies attacking her, because Lacie would really love it if somebody would explain that to her.

“I told you to wait.”

“And you said you wouldn’t abandon me.” Lacie scowled as that memory surfaced, bringing with it a rush of emotions. “But that didn’t stop you from leaving, *did it?*”

“Don’t you—”

“What? Get mad because I’m mated to a bonehead who rushes into a spray of bullets? You could have been *killed?*” A damn broke inside her as all the fear and worry swamped her reason, leaving her at the mercy of the outrage detonating through her.

“I wasn’t—”

“Just because you weren’t doesn’t mean you couldn’t be! How could you?” Unable to control the sudden rush of adrenaline that flooded her muscles, Lacie gave in to the urge to become physical and shoved Davis back.

“I swear to God, Davis, if you ever run into the path of another bullet, *I’ll* shoot you! Right in that big, dumb head of yours, because if I have to watch you stupidly die, I should at least get the pleasure of being the one to kill you.”

“I didn’t—”

Lacie cut his defense off with another hard shove to his chest that sent him stumbling back a good foot. “Your chest was riddled with bullet holes! Then you dump me in some bunker and abandon me? I don’t know what the hell is going on, if you’re alive or not.”

“Or if that idiot over there,” Lacie waved to where Chance stood murmuring with the other men all watching the show, “managed to get himself killed, too? Do you know how scared I was? How worried? And you expected me to just sit there and just *wait* for you?”

“I expect you to know we can take care of ourselves,” Davis shot back, only getting a full sentence because Lacie needed to pause for a breath.

“You want me to sit still? Then next time why don’t you sit on me.”

“Don’t tempt me, honey. And don’t think that all this ranting is going to get you out of your punishment. You disobeyed a direct order and put yourself into danger.”

Lacie blinked and burst into tears. With her anger drained by her tirade, she had nothing left to buffer the fear and depression that had filled her at the idea of them being pain, dying somewhere alone.

“Oh, for God’s sake,” Davis muttered, jerking her into his arms. “This had better not be more theatrics. If it is, it’s not working.”

Lacie ignored his harsh warning. Burrowing into the comforting warmth of his, she clung to him, needing to feel the beat of his heart beneath her cheek and the lift of his chest as he took every easy breath. It wasn’t enough. A part of her craved a deeper, more intimate hold, one that would affirm that Chance and Davis were alive and as strong as ever.

“You’re still getting a spanking.”

“*You left me.*” Unaware that Davis had even spoken, Lacie’s cries blossomed into inconsolable sobs as that thought sank into her heart. Her nails dug into his back as her grip tightened in a mindless attempt to assure he didn’t repeat that sin.

“No, I didn’t,” Davis grumbled, his words barely registering as he smothered them against the top of her head, clinging to her just as tightly as she did him. “We were guarding the entrance. Protecting you, just like we were supposed to.”

“Now that’s a load of crap. You were waiting to catch her disobeying you.”

“*Shut up, Tarmak.*”

“Now look what you did to the girl. You got her all upset.”

At any other time Lacie would have jumped on that seconding of her position, but right then she didn’t care about the argument or even who came to her defense.



“She wouldn’t be upset if she was safe in the shelter like she was supposed to be.”

“Yes she would, but you wouldn’t be able to comfort her, *like you’re supposed to.*”

Davis growled at that reprimand. The sound vibrating across her cheek, chasing the sniffles that started to roll out of her as Lacie’s tears slowly dried up. As he spoke, his words echoed deep, rich, and full of annoyance under her ear.

“Don’t be lecturing me, Tarmak. I know how to take care of my mate.”

“*That* remains to be proven.” Lacie rolled her head in the direction of the long-haired lycan giving Davis so much grief. His proud features and midnight tresses gave away his Native American decent as did the sense that his calm façade only shrouded a fierce spirit.

“That woman’s been chased through the fields like a rabbit in a dog race, been in a car accident, shot at, trapped in a burning building and left unconscious by her mates. You are a case study in how not to do things.”

“Let it be.” Chance appeared to block Davis when he released Lacie with a sudden motion that had him surging toward the other lycan. “The kings have arrived.

“You guys head on over to where they’re holding the rest of the interlopers.” Chance shot those orders at the crowd of men before turning to frown at her. “Davis and I will take care of Lacie.”

Despite the wobble in her chin, Lacie lifted her jaw in a small show of defiance. “You’re not going to abandon me again, are you?”

“No.” Chance stepped up close enough for her to see the grim determination in his gaze. “But we are going to have a talk about your disobedience.”

Then he’d punish her. That message came through loud and clear even without the benefit of being stated. A few hours ago Lacie might have thrilled at the heated intent in his look, but she was too exhausted to even feel pleasure right then.

“Good. Then you can apologize for making me worry.”

“And you can beg us to forgive you for putting your life in a danger,” Chance shot back instantly.

Before Lacie could take exception to his tone of voice, she found her rebuttal smothered by the warmth of his chest as Chance reached out to grasp her wrist and yank her into his embrace.

“It’s going to take a lot of sweet talking for you to get me over my mad. *God, baby.*” Chance’s arms tightened painfully as his voice dipped, becoming a harsh, ragged whisper. “You scared the crap out of me.”

“I didn’t mean to,” Lacie muttered, her arms wrapping around his waist to pull him even closer. “I was scared *you* were out there hurt, dying, *needing* me. How could I not come?”

“Because you know the only thing worse to me than dying is leaving you behind unprotected.” Chance held her back far enough so he could pin her with the seriousness of his gaze. “I need to know you’re safe. Please, Lacie, if I die for you, don’t make it in vain.”

“What a horrible thing to say.” Lacie jerked free of his hold. “You’re not going to die for me, Chance. I’m not going to allow it.”

“What are you going to do to stop me?”

Davis snorted at Chance’s question, breaking into a smirk. “Don’t even think about it, honey. You can’t punish us.”

The cocky assurance in his tone drew her dark gaze in his direction. She’d have loved to shoot him down with a scathing comeback, but didn’t have one. Davis might be arrogant, but he was also right.

She couldn’t punish him, but she could Chance. Turning back in his direction, Lacie lifted her chin and took her best shot. “For every scratch you get, I’m going to put one on your truck.”

“What?” Chance’s smile fell as he perked up in alarm.

“Break an arm and I’ll break an axle.” Lacie managed to keep her features schooled as Chance gaped at her. “A bruise, a dent. Spill blood, loose—”

“*Enough!* Woman, you better not touch my truck.”

“Then you better not get yourself hurt.” Lacie would hold firm on that point.

“She’s questioning our abilities.” Chance’s dark tone matched the feral gleam he pinned her with. “That’s disrespectful and requires punishment.”

Lacie rolled her eyes. “I’m sure you’re well on your way to figuring out how my just breathing requires punishment, Chance, but not now. Now, I’m tired, hungry, sore and dirty, which all makes me cranky. So you’d better be nice. Got that?”

“What I got is you are trying to order me around,” Chance retorted.

“That requires punishment,” Davis helpfully pointed out.

“Make a list,” Lacie shot back.

“Already on it, babe.”

“Fine.” Lacie turned to strut back toward the tunnel, all but dismissing her mates. “We’ll get to it later. Right now, I’m going to take a bath.”

“You are a bossy little thing.” Chance caught her in less than five steps. Settling two hands on her waist, he brought her to a sudden stop a second before he scooped her up into his arms. “You’re going to have to be punished for that.”

Lacie rolled her eyes at that warning. “And even if I didn’t give you two a reason to spank me, we both know you’d just make one up.”

“True enough.” Davis didn’t bother to lie but waited by the door to follow them in and lock the exit behind them. “But if we didn’t punish you without a reason, we’d just be encouraging you to give us one.”

It took Lacie a moment to realize it wasn’t her. His logic really made no sense. “What—”

“Don’t bother with the act, baby. We can smell your cunt creaming. It’s been wet since the first moment I threatened you. It’s already begging for its medicine.”

“Oh?” Chance and Davis might not be completely wrong, but that didn’t mean she couldn’t argue the point anyway.

“And you two don’t think my being horny has anything to do with all the excitement of being attacked and thinking you were both dead and finding out you weren’t? You don’t think maybe I’m just needy in general right now?”

“I think you smell like ash, blood, and dirt. You need a bath and a good nap. Then when you wake up tied to the bed on fire with lust, we’ll discuss the truth about how much you enjoy being dominated.”

## Chapter 12

Lacie didn't argue with Chance, more than happy to hear him agree she could have a bath and nap first. Not that she trusted him entirely. Given the size of the erections her mates were sporting, Lacie didn't see the three of them fitting into a shower and Chance and Davis not putting those boners to good use.

Except, apparently, they weren't planning on getting into the shower. Fifteen minutes later when Davis shoved the door to the shelter open, Chance carried her straight through the room and out a door Lacie hadn't noticed earlier.

She hadn't really looked around when she'd woken up and hadn't taken note of much. She didn't get much of a chance to then either. She did have time, though, to become amazed at all the other shelters they moved through. There was a gym, dining hall, game room, apparently everything anybody could need to keep them happy underground.

Davis and Chance explained how the pack had built a whole underground city. Lycans were always prepared for any eventuality. Lacie could read well enough into Chance's tone to hear the deeper meaning in those words as they finally came to a stop.

Lacie studied the small room as Chance lowered her down to her feet, his hand dropping to curl around the edge of her T-shirt. It didn't take a lot of thought to figure out what Davis and he were planning to do next. From the steaming pool in the middle of the room to the massage table in the corner to the racks of towels and shelves cluttered with soaps and lotions, Lacie figured this to be some kind of spa.

But she wasn't ready to be soothed just yet.

"Are you trying to tell me we're going to be stuck down here for a while?" Lacie had to wait until Chance finished pulling her shirt clear of her face before finishing her complaint. The minute her head popped free, though, she pinned him with a pointed look.

"Because if you are, just say it."

"It'll only be two weeks."

"Without sunshine?" That fast her mood soured. "Without fresh air?"

"Without dying," Chance retorted, his attention focused on working the buttons on her jeans free.

"I see, so you're saying in two weeks things will magically be better?" Because Lacie didn't buy that, nor did she want to be distracted. Swatting away the fingers tugging on her waistband, Lacie stepped free of Chance's grip. "We'll all be safe because what? Time ran out? The demon and zombies just give up and go home?"

"In two weeks you'll be stronger." Davis blocked her from behind, his arms looping around to give her a quick hug. "You'll be safer."

"Why?"

"Because you'll be one of us."

Davis dumped that revelation on her, and like a lead suit it weighed heavily on her shoulders. Lacie didn't even try to brush the hands that began pulling on her buttons, too absorbed in the reality that in two weeks she'd transform and become a wolf like them. It might have always sounded exciting before, but right then it dawned on her how very frightening morphing into an animal might actually be.

"Two weeks?"

"Until the full moon." Chance's head dipped, following the downward whoosh of her jeans over her legs. A warm hand curled around her ankle, lifting it up as he pulled her pants free. "After, your

reflexes will sharpen. Your sense of smell will improve. Your ability to heal will quicken.”

“Not only will you be harder to kill, but you’ll be able to defend yourself to a certain extent. Demons prefer easy prey.” Davis paused, his chin tipping over her shoulder. “Why are you wearing three pairs of socks?”

“Because I couldn’t find any shoes.” He might have meant to distract her, but all Davis’s question did was reminder of her near miss not a half hour ago. “And what about zombies? How do you defend against them?”

“Snap their neck.” Chance rose back onto her feet and offered her a half smile. “They’re not hard to kill. Not much of a threat except for their numbers, which shouldn’t be great in this world.”

“Not much of a threat? That woman nearly choked me to death...and you were *waiting for me*.” Lacie felt a fresh wave of outrage wash over her as she recalled what the other lycan had said to Davis. “You set me up. What? Did you leave her there to teach me a lesson? To scare me into doing everything you command? Because I got—”

Davis’s hand cut Lacie’s tirade short, though his explanation didn’t appease her in the slightest. “We didn’t know she was there.”

Lifting her chin, she tilted her mouth away from his palm. “Your kind can smell stink on shit over a mile away, but you can’t smell a rotting corpse in front of you?”

“First off, she wasn’t rotting,” Chance corrected her. “And second her smell was bound to one of the carvings on her.”

“How did you know there were carvings on her?” Lacie’s eyes narrowed on Chance with that revealing bit of information. “I thought you didn’t know she was there.”

“She was a zombie.” Chance shrugged. “They’re living hosts who are sacrificed in a ritualistic manner using blood magic in the form of flesh carvings, allowing their spiritual essence to be drained slowly enough that the vessel can be infused with the will of a new master.”

Lacie stared at him in horror, wondering how he could explain such a thing without being repulsed at his own words. "That's disgusting."

"It's a reality." Chance frowned down at her with a strange kind of sadness darkening his gaze. "Evil always exists, but Davis is right. It likes to feed on easy prey. Right now that's you."

She might be weak, but Lacie wasn't dumb. She didn't need their help to add up the obvious facts. "TJ Carver contacted me, tested my blood, and then on the day I was supposed to meet him, five zombies attacked. He's the demon."

"Probably more like a disciple," Davis corrected.

"Whatever you want to call him, he's the reason all of this is happening. Isn't he?"

"It doesn't matter what he is." Chance stepped in close to settle his hands on her shoulders and draw her gaze straight up to his. "What matters is he's not going to get anywhere close to you."

"But he'll still be out there?" That was enough to leave Lacie chilled through the bone.

"He won't be for much longer." Chance smiled, a cold twist of his lips that sent a shiver racing down Lacie's spine. "Trust me. He's in lycan country with nowhere to hide. The pack will catch him."

"Promise?"

"Promise."

Before she could question his pledge, Chance made her forget the question with a simple brush of his lips over hers. Pressing her mouth to open, his tongue slid in. All sweetness and teasing, quickly he made her forget about everything else but kissing him back. Even when they suddenly plunged into the steaming, water, sinking fast beneath the surface, Lacie didn't worry. Clinging to Chance, she trusted him to handle everything.

With one powerful kick, he propelled them back to the top. Their heads popped out with a splash, their lips still clinging to each other as Chance ravished her mouth. Keeping her pinned to his chest, he



held her captive as his kiss turned from a succulent tasting to a ravenous devouring, overwhelming her with his savage determination.

The air felt cool against her skin as her blood thickened and heated beneath. Already worn out from the excitement of the day, Lacie melted into his embrace. Leaning into his strength, she clung to him as she slid her arms down and around his strong, broad shoulders.

Chance growled, his arms tightening around her as one hand slid up her back to hold her head steady. His thick, work-roughened fingers curled around her neck, massaging the delicate stretch of skin and thrilling her with his strength.

Chance could so easily hurt her, but here in his arms, she didn't fear him. Not even when he'd snapped the zombie's neck had she worried he'd turn on her with such violence. Neither Chance nor Davis would ever harm her. Lacie knew that with absolute certainty.

When his other hand dipped around the curve of her ass, Lacie parted her thighs, silently inviting him to thread his fingers through her pussy. Slowly, he fed her one finger before adding another, breaking off the kiss so he could watch her reaction. It felt wonderful, but that didn't disguise the exhaustion echoing in her moan.

"Tired, baby?"

"A little." Lacie bit down on her lip as his fingers slid free. She'd answered truthfully but was still saddened at his retreat. It didn't matter what she'd endured today, there would never come a moment when she didn't want him. "It's all right."

A whisper of a snort kicked his lips up a second before his head dipped. Barely touching, his lips hovered over her own as his tongue swept across the seam of her mouth. With a sigh she parted her lips, letting him dip inside for a quick taste that built slowly into a longer, deeper savoring.

Needing more than his gentle teasing, Lacie tightened her grip on his neck. Locking her lips on his, she forced his tongue back as she took control of the kiss. In seconds she was drunk on his intoxicating

flavor, needing more to fuel the rapidly blossoming warmth filling her body.

Shockingly, it was Chance who slowly disengaged the kiss. Smiling down at her with pure tenderness, he rubbed a thumb across her swollen and slightly bruised lips.

“Oh, baby,” he sighed. “You don’t know how hard it is not to give you what you want, but you’re all tired and sore, and I’d be a bastard to take advantage.”

“Be a bastard,” Lacie whispered, about to say she’d love him anyway when Davis interrupted.

“Don’t.”

A distant plop followed by a soft spray of water had Lacie looking toward where he broke through the surface of the pool, sending a ring of ripples rolling in her direction. He had his cocky grin back and a bar of soap in his hands.

“That bastard has had more than enough cunt for one day. He needs to learn to share.”

“I think Lacie needs a different type of loving right now.” Chance conceded despite the dirty look he shot Davis. The grumpiness in his expression disappeared under a warm rush of a smile as he turned back to her.

“Come on.” Coaxing her to move with him, Chance led her to the edge of the pool.

It dawned on Lacie then how much he treated her like a child, taking control and assuming authority over her down to what position her body was in. No doubt the trait came from his lycan genes. The arrogant presumption might be irritating at times, but right then it felt kind of comforting, like she was being cherished.

Held safe in Chance’s arms, Lacie could feel Davis’s heat crowding her from behind. Without a word his soapy hands settled on her shoulders and began rubbing the tightness right out of them. Her eyes almost rolled completely back as his grip melted every muscle in his path.

Lacie's head fell forward, banging her cheek into Chance's chest. Lost in the warm, calm pleasure, she gave herself over to those wonderfully strong hands massaging her every worry away. It was heaven. Davis knew where to touch, how hard to press to roll the stiffness right from her body.

She was free here in their arms, captive only to her own desires. All Lacie wanted was them. She offered no resistance as Davis lifted and stretched her limbs one by one, cleaning her with the most soothing caresses.

His callused fingertips traced over every intimate curve of her body, leaving a trail of bone-melting pleasure. There was Chance acting as her strength, holding her still and steady, secure in the heated cocoon of their bodies.

Between the two of them, the only thing Lacie felt was loved. Lifting her heavy lids as they turned her, Lacie saw Davis's gentle smile and knew it wasn't just a feeling. It was a fact. Total adoration shined in his eyes.

"If I promise to do this every day, will you promise to stay?" Davis's voice whispered out, a rough caress that warmed her cheeks and sparked an electric thrill deep in her heart.

"But then I won't get the thrill of trying to escape and you..." Lacie rubbed her breasts into the hard wall of his chest, sighing at the pleasure humming out of her tits. "And you won't get to enjoy catching me."

She'd been teasing him, but Davis's expression hardened instantly. "You can't run, Lacie. Not now. Not again. Not until it's safe."

He muttered those grim words into her hair, his arms wrapping around her with a strength that betrayed his fear. Fear that could only be for her, for what could happen to her, but that possibility only existed if Chance and Davis failed to protect her. Failure would mean their deaths because they wouldn't leave her undefended as long as they could draw breath.

"I'll stay, but only if you promise not leave me alone again." With them at her side, she could know they were safe.

"We promise, baby."

Chance's tone was gruff, but the hands that wove shampoo through her hair were gentle. Leaving her to sigh all over Davis's chest, Chance slowly worked his fingertips over her scalp, working the suds into a lather while easing all the strength and tension from her scalp.

The soft, warm vibrations rolled down her neck, leaving a limp stalk for her head to roll around on. As Chance released handfuls of water over her, the spray cascaded the hazy delight down over her spine, making her whole body buzz with the pleasure.

Lacie murmured her approval. It just felt wonderful to relax and let the peaceful calm invade her senses. By the time he'd finished, Lacie was ready for her nap. Lifting her heavy lids, she couldn't help but smile at the tender expression Davis wore.

"Thank you." Wanting to return the comforting warmth filling her, she wrapped her arms around Davis's neck and lifted her chin to brush a kiss over his lips. She'd only meant to give him a quick peck, but Davis caught her head when she started to pull back.

"You're more thankful than that," he murmured against her lips before sealing their mouths back together.

Lacie didn't resist when his tongue licked across the seam of her lips, asking entrance. With a sigh, she granted it, letting Davis sweep her up in the exciting thrill of being savored once again. He tasted delicious, and the wicked motions of his tongue reminded her of how good it felt to have him licking her all over.

Moaning over the memory, a blush raced over her body as her blood began to heat with the need for something more. Instinctively seeking the warm, solid press of his body, she shifted deeper into Davis's embrace, delighting at the feel of his hard chest rubbing against her tits. Grinding against him, Lacie drove his kiss from a hungry tasting to a frenzied state of need.

Their mouths clung to each other, their hands starting to caress and slide over skin prickling with the desire to be touched. Just when Lacie felt the painful pinch of needing something more, Chance's hand pressed against her spine, shoving her forward.

She'd have broken the kiss if Davis had allowed it, but caught in his arms, Lacie could do nothing more than cling to him as he floated backward. Slowly they stretched her out between them, allowing her legs to lift to the surface of the water and slide right over the hard roll of Chance's shoulders.

For the second time that day, Lacie found herself caught, floating between her mates. While Davis's mouth held her captive on one end, the silky tickle of Chance's hair brushed along her inner thigh on the other end. A heated breath flamed over her weeping folds a second before a mischievous tongue licked straight up her slit. It danced over her pussy to find her sensitive clit, already swollen and begging for attention.

Lacie broke Davis's kiss to gasp when Chance focused all his attention on tormenting her tender bud. His hands bit into her hips as he held her still for his tasting. Darting in and out of her cunt, his tongue flicked upward to tease her clit before dipping back down to lap up the cream his teasing caused to roll out of her pussy.

Overwhelmed by lust, Lacie bucked backward, attempting to force him to give her a longer, deeper stroke of his tongue or maybe something just longer and thicker.

All the while, Davis watched her begin to come undone by Chance's intimate tasting. With his big palms cupping her cheek, he forced her gaze to remain locked on his, not allowing her to hide a single second of her pleasure from him.

"He really is a bastard," Davis finally muttered. "That's supposed to be my pussy."

"There's no reason you can't share it." Lacie offered that wicked suggestion, emboldened by the intense hunger in Davis's gaze. Her

brazen behavior had his lips tipping up as his hands slipped downward in a slow, sensual slide.

“Is that right?” His fingers curled around her breasts, cupping them as his thumbs spread over their tips, trapping her tits beneath their hard, circling rub. “Or maybe I could just take a taste of these.”

Lacie gasped, her back arching as she tried to lift herself out of the water far enough to offer him the nipples puckering beneath his fingertips. Davis growled, slipping forward and using his own strength to hold her aloft as he nuzzled her neck and nibble his way down toward her chest.

Neither man showed her any mercy. While Davis began devouring her tits in an endless rain of nibbling licks, Chance began fucking his tongue into her spasming cunt. In seconds her hips were countering his thrusts, trying to increase the pleasure as she ached for a release. It just wasn’t enough, and she groaned over the misery of being trapped in an endless spiral of wanton need.

Then Davis’s hand dipped, his fingers curling over the top of her mound before slipping into her parted folds. A second later Lacie’s world went bright white as Davis discovered her clit. With a simple strum of his fingers, he snapped the threads hold her climax back and sent her sobbing over the edge.

Wildly bucking, she rode both Chance’s tongue and Davis’s fingers until every bit of pleasure had been sapped out of her orgasm, leaving her limply collapsing back into Davis’s embrace. Her legs sank, heavy and useless. Lacie would have followed them if not for Davis’s strong arms keeping her from drowning. “You all right, honey?”

“Mmhmm,” Lacie murmured. “Ready for my nap.”

## Chapter 13

Lacie hadn't lied. They hadn't even finished lifting her out of the pool and drying her off before she lost awareness. Muttering and grumbling, she still gave them grief in her sleep, but at least she couldn't run again. For that Chance would be thankful.

Carrying her back up to their room, he held on to Lacie while Davis pulled down the covers. Even then, he resented having to let her go. She felt so soft and warm in his arms, the gentle expanse of her chest pressing against his a rhythmic reminder that she was safe and well. As horribly off track as everything had gone that day, he reveled in the assurance that it hadn't ended badly.

Technically they'd won the first round. Lacie was alive and unscarred physically. She would stay that way, Chance vowed silently as he settled her onto the mattress. Nothing would harm her. Chance would sacrifice his own life to see that pledge through.

First, though, he'd sacrifice Davis. Tossing his partner a smirk, he eyed the other lycan, assessing the goofy look on Davis's face as he stared down at their mate.

"You'd die for her." Chance caught Davis's gaze. "Wouldn't you?"

"You even have to ask?"

"Good." Chance ignored the dirty look Davis shot him with his answer. "You can go first."

"Ha." Davis's scowl broke into an honest grin. "Yeah, I don't think so. I'm the one who's going to be babysitting. You're the one who's going to be fighting, *Alpha*. That kind of puts your number before mine."

Chance's nose wrinkled at that retort. Davis had it right. As the future Alpha of the clan, Chance would be busy and kept busy for most of his life with pack business. Davis, on the other hand, would be busy with their family.

While Chance traveled for business, Davis would be at home playing daddy to the pups. Through all the long nights that Chance would be handling the inevitable problems that sprung up in the clan, Davis would be at home handling their woman. Unless, of course, Chance wasn't Alpha.

"You never know." Chance leaned down to tuck the covers in tight around Lacie. "I might lose the fight."

He spoke of the battle him and Davis would engage in on the night of the full moon. Whoever won would be Alpha of the family and have first mating rights when it came to their woman. A big deal normally as it set the hierarchy of the family in place. Right then, Chance would have chosen a lower rank for more time with Lacie.

"Nah, you won't." Davis didn't look the least bit worried by Chance's threat as he went to check the shelter's security system for updates. "It's not in your nature to throw a fight."

"It's not in any of ours." Chance didn't argue the point, knowing Davis was right. In wolf form under a full moon, he wouldn't be rational, calculating or even worried. He'd crush Davis and take what was his. That was the nature of the beast.

The reward would be that he had first rights to Lacie's cunt whenever he wanted. Better yet, after the full moon, Davis wouldn't be allowed to dick around with Lacie's pussy until after Chance got her pregnant. That explained Davis's bitching given he knew in two weeks, he'd have no chance at Lacie's cunt for at least the next two.

Hell, it could be longer—after all, there was birth control. For as much as Chance wanted kids, he liked the idea of making them the best. Of course the clan would get feisty if Lacie didn't start growing a belly full of pups within a month of their mating. So Chance couldn't keep Lacie's cunt to himself for too long.



“Ah, crap.” That groaned complaint drew Chance from his pleasant contemplations to Davis’s dour scowl.

“What’s up?”

“We got company.” Davis flipped closed the laptop that attached into the shelter’s main security system. “In the kitchen.”

Chance didn’t bother to ask details, but turned toward the door that led to the other apartments that made up this suite. The entire underground complex was made up of suites. Every three bedrooms fed into the same kitchen and living shelter. All were attached to the communal living areas that they’d passed through to get to the bathing pool.

Lacie had mistakenly guessed that they feared some nuclear holocaust, but lycans didn’t fear the destruction of this world by man. They had many worlds in which they could live, making Earth relatively unimportant.

The only value Earth had was as a buffer between the worlds they preferred and the chaotic, shadow worlds that lied on the other side Earth. It was inevitable that at some point that darkness would punch through, turning Earth into the next battleground. When those days dawned, this underground facility would be used as barracks for the soldiers who would heed the call of war.

“Hey.” Davis blocked Chance’s hand from the door latch leading into the kitchen. “What about?” Chance followed Davis’s nod to where Lacie lay curled up in the bed. “She wakes up and we’re not here, God knows where she’ll go next.”

“We could tie her to the bed.”

“Or we could leave a note.”

“Won’t work as well as ropes.”

“She’ll wake up mad.”

“Better an angry mate than a dead one.”

Chance won with that argument. Less than five minutes later they had each one of Lacie’s limbs secured to a different corner of the bed. Still they had to wait another minute for Davis to write a note and

leave it on the pillow beside her. Chance knew his buddy hoped that would mitigate Lacie's response if she woke up early, but still considered it a futile gesture.

He didn't waste his breath complaining, though, knowing the argument would only delay them longer. Chance was itchy to get into the kitchen and hear what had happened. When the two-foot, steel door finally slid back to reveal a room packed full of Alphas, Chance had at least one answer. Things had gotten worse, which at this point seemed to be the trajectory they were on.

"Hey, son." Chance's dad looked up from his seat at the back, right next to the door Chance and Davis strutted through. "Welcome to the party."

Moving out of the way as the door started sliding shut behind him, Chance hovered next to his father. "And it looks like a big one. Why is everybody here?"

"To get our marching orders." Ron glanced back at the door that clicked shut. "How is she?"

"Tired."

"Amazing," Davis answered at the exact same time, drawing a grin from Ron.

"Yeah, I heard she came barreling out of the shelter with a shotgun, all ready to find you and kill whatever she had to on the way."

"More like she almost got herself killed." Chance didn't like the pride in his father's tone, not wanting anybody to encourage Lacie into even more reckless behavior. "Speaking of, did all yours turn out to be zombies, too?"

"Yeah and fresh, too." Ron's nose wrinkled in disgust. "Couldn't get a useful word out of them."

"And—"

*"Silence!"*

Konor Kragen's roar brought the room to an immediate still as every lycan stiffened up at their king's command. Kragen Kings were

not anointed based on bloodlines, but were born with fate's own mark encircling their necks. The dark, tattoo-like collar flexed and bulged with the tension of the muscles beneath as all attention focused on Konor.

"As you all know, a demon has decided to wage war against our mates and us through them. We will put this rebellion down. That is why you have all been called here. Edward?"

Konor nodded to one of the smaller lycan's lingering by his side. Old enough to have seen more than one century pass, the elder wore the robe of the high council and that alone demanded respect even if his frail appearance made him one of the weakest men in the room.

"We were informed of the threat by the Masters of Cerberus. They presented us with a list of mates that were considered targets." The white-haired elder's voice rang out clear and loud in the large room, his words bringing little comfort. "Their concerns were confirmed today with an attack on the Dillon mate."

That drew a lot of glances in Chance and Davis's direction. Neither said anything, not needing to explain that the situation was secure. If it wasn't, Chance and Davis wouldn't have been there.

"Obviously we are working with The Masters to determine the exact nature of the threat, the intent behind it and how the identities of our mates were discovered." Konor stepped in to lay out the assurances that were taken for granted, but still had to be given.

"But we have gained some valuable information from today's events." Edward began dancing about the crowd, darting between the large lycans as he handed out a stack of folders he'd lifted off the kitchen counter.

"First, we know right now that the immediate threat is coming from a demonic disciple going by the name of TJ Carver." Edward flashed past Chance in a cloud of herbal incense and leaving behind a blue folder. "That's obviously not his real name and irrelevant to the fact that he's clearly been building an army of undead."

“Kill the disciple and the zombies will fall with him.” Konor scanned the crowd, his ebony brows lowered like a thick band over his penetrating gaze. “He’s our priority. All of you gathered here, except the Dillons, have no mate at stake and will bring the full force of your might into this battle.”

Chance listened with half an ear to the rest of Konor’s orders as he laid out the plan to find and catch Carver, more interested in the file Edward had handed him. Thick and full of information, it even had a picture clearly taken from a video of Carver leaving the grocery store with Lacie.

They stood shoulder to shoulder, Lacie looking up with a smile on her face while Carver’s blond head dipped down, his smirk only half visible. She’d been that close to danger, and it made Chance sick, especially given the rest of pictures included with the file.

Carver liked women, liked to hurt them, to butcher them, to raise them from the dead enslaved to his will. But he would not get Lacie, and neither would any of his zombies. Chance might not have been there to stop Carver from getting close to Lacie that first time, but he was here now.

“Chance?” Jolting at the sound of his name, he looked up to find Konor towering over him, a hand extended in welcome.

“My king.” Bowing his head, he accepted the rough handshake and waited while The Kragen greeted Davis and his father. Konor’s attention turned almost immediately back toward Chance, naturally returning to the strongest of the Dillons.

“I hear your woman is safe.”

“And asleep.” Chance nodded. “But it was closer than I liked.”

“Closer than is acceptable.” Konor glanced around the slowly emptying room. “Come. We brought you toys.”

Falling in step beside Konor, Chance left Davis and his father to follow. Normally it would have been Ron who walked beside the king, but the tides had already started to change. With Chance’s generation returning from war, the old one was slowly being replaced.

The previous kings had already moved on, and soon so would Chance's father.

"Since we can't sniff these fuckers out, we brought the motion sensors," Konor explained as he led them out of the kitchen and down a tunnel toward the main control room. "They're being set up now, should be online within the hour."

Chance stepped through the door Konor shoved open and came to a quick stop to bow his head at Konor's twin, Gregor. "My king."

"Chance. Davis. Ron." Gregor nodded to all of them before turning back to the monitor he'd been watching. "I assume Konor already mentioned the motion sensors. We have the first perimeter set up. They're working on the second and third now."

"Your men will have to wear tags." Konor chunked a bag full of small, metal buttons.

Chance recognized them easily, having worn many tags in the past. The little microchips inside the buttons would be coded to each lycan and recognized by the system so they wouldn't be mistaken as intruders. Even better it would allow them to organize and surround any interloper that broke their perimeter.

"We'll be able to monitor the situation from here." It really wasn't a question since Chance already knew the answer, but he also knew to always verify any assumption.

"Yes." Gregor glanced over at Ron. "And the feed will transmit through here so you can monitor back at the ranch. From there it will transmit to us, and we'll also monitor the situation. If the feed goes down, the army comes out."

"So you're expecting them to come back?"

Chance understood why Davis asked that question even if the answer didn't matter. To ensure Lacie's safety, they had to assume a constant and immediate threat. That didn't mean the stress of such an assumption didn't wear on a man. A moment of hope, a small glimmer that things would eventually be better was sometimes all anybody had to cling to.

Chance could see that recognition in Konor's gaze as he cast a small smile in Davis's direction. "There's no way to know, but this all does smell like a distraction."

"In what way?" Chance narrowed in on that reassurance as nothing but alarm swept over him.

"In the way that if the demon really wanted one of our mates, he wouldn't need a list or an army." Gregor smashed a button on the keyboard and then swiveled around to address Chance directly. "There are over a thousand registered lycan mates waiting for their men to return home. It wouldn't have been hard for the demon to picked one off, but instead he puts on a show, sends zombies, keeps us busy."

"Too busy for what?" Ron drew The Kragen's dark gaze in his direction.

"We're trying to figure that out." Gregor sighed and lifted out of his seat. "And just because this is a distraction doesn't mean the threat to your woman isn't real."

"We're not likely to forget that," Chance assured him. In a hundred years from now, he'd still remember every detail of this day, and never would he forget the fear that now hardened in his gut.

"Good. You keep that woman happy and alive. We'll take care of Carver." With another nod, Gregor sauntered off toward the exit.

"Remember," Konor hesitated before following his twin, "the future is everything."

Chance would never forget it. Things might be grim now, but there would come a day when he'd watch his sons grow up strong and proud. When that day came, Lacie would still be by his side.

"We better discuss logistics," Ron spoke up the second the kings disappeared. Catching Chance's eye, his father smiled. "And how you're going to keep your woman from running off into the night looking for things to shoot."

\* \* \* \*

Lacie didn't know how long she floated through the calming black abyss of unconsciousness, but she knew that it faded too soon, leaving her at the mercy of nightmarish visions that came to haunt her dreams. Even in her sleep, Lacie's mind sought out the memory of Davis and Chance, feeling soothed by the mere thought of them.

They brought her more than comfort, flooding her dreams with a warmth that had her body aching even in her dreams. Lust, sweet and thick, pumped through her veins, making her twist with a need that had her moaning with the pain of being left empty and unfilled. She needed her mates.

Then there they were, whispering reassurances as they surrounded her with their heat. Even with eyes that couldn't see, Lacie still knew the rough catch in Chance's breath, the callused feel of Davis's hand sliding over her waist, and the scent of both males as they bore down on her.

Caught beneath them, Lacie welcomed the strong, heavy feel of their muscles keeping her pinned and stretched for their pleasure. For her pleasure, because with every soft kiss brushed over her shoulder and every tender caress dipping lower over her stomach, Lacie felt the rapture inside her magnify a thousand fold until it felt as if it couldn't be contained.

Lacie cried out in welcome and in agony as Davis's blunt fingers finally slipped over her mound to forge between the swollen folds of her pussy. Her cunt creamed with excitement, gasping blindly in search of the thick treat teasing the outer rim of her opening.

*"Is this what you want, honey?"*

Davis's ragged whisper taunted her with how close he was to losing control despite the finger that held steady, stretching her cunt open for barely a second and less than inch. But this was her dream, and he didn't get to tease. Neither did Lacie have to beg.

*"Give it to me."*

*"That's demanding, not begging, baby."*

*“Now!”*

Because she couldn't wait any longer. Like obedient fantasies they obeyed, proving that she might subconsciously like a little frustration but loved satisfaction even more. Gasping as a hot roll of rapture consumed her, Lacie arched up into the thick fingers that split her cunt wide and fucked her to full.

Molten kisses branded her breasts with suckling, little nibbles that tormented her tender tits, making her nipples pucker and throb with the same heat flooding her cunt. Bucking under the extreme ecstasy filling her every breath, Lacie screamed as her release rushed her too fast and quick for her to brace against.

Her eyes popped open as the extraordinary bliss crashed through her. For timeless seconds that could very well have been hours, she stared unseeingly at the white ceiling overhead. She floated boundlessly along with the vibrations of her climax until they simmered down and the world started to order around her once again.

Then the mattress shifted, and Lacie realized what had been a dream had also been a reality. Watching in wide-eyed wonder as Chance rolled onto his feet, she tried to grasp on to some thought, but couldn't get over the confused haze left by her release.

*“How you feeling, honey? Rested?”*

Turning her befuddled gaze on Davis, Lacie stared blankly at him until the cool, sticky feel of his fingers wrapped around her thigh registered. It really hadn't been a dream.

*“You...that...how...”* Lacie couldn't decide if she was embarrassed, angered, or indignant. With her muscles still soft and warm with pleasure, she didn't have much energy to pick one, either.

*“You were having a bad dream. We couldn't let you have those, now could we?”*

Davis smiled down at her with such tenderness, Lacie couldn't help but sigh. *“I guess not, though I don't think you really require an excuse, do you?”*



“You’re breathing, and so am I. I think that’s enough reason to get naked and celebrate.”

If he’d woken her up before she came, Lacie might not have argued the point, but with the satisfaction still coursing through her veins, she didn’t exactly have any reason to agree. “Normally people celebrate with food, cake, gifts. Got any of those?”

“They celebrate with a feast.” Davis slid off the bed, giving her a full view of the heavy erection engorged with blatant need. “And that’s just what you are, honey.”

Lacie’s comeback caught in her throat as she tried to roll over and follow him out of the bed. Going stock still, Lacie didn’t have to stretch to see why her wrists and ankles refused to budge. She could feel the ropes rubbing against her skin.

“Why am I tied to this bed?” Better yet, she should have told them to untie her.

“So you’ll stay where we put you.” Chance offered that simple explanation along with a lecherous rake of his eyes down her naked and spread body. “Trust me, there are many, many positions we’d like to put you in.”

“I guess it’s just a shame then that your toy room burned down, and you don’t have your table or saddle to put me in.”

A disappointment for them but a relief for her. Maybe one day she’d have the courage to take on their idea of fun, but right then Lacie’s heart was having enough difficulty with the concept of being bound.

“Don’t worry, honey. We’ll build you a new one.” Lacie heard Davis pop open some kind of door or drawer but couldn’t see what he fiddled with. “For now we still have this.”

That didn’t sound good. “Have what?”

## Chapter 14

Davis detected a small tremor of real alarm in her tone as Lacie shifted, arching her neck back to get a peek at what he was doing. He left her wondering even as he answered, knowing how arousing anticipation mixed with a little anxiety could be.

“Thing about planning something for so many years is that it tends to help a man show up prepared for battle.”

Davis pulled out a duffle bag from the bottom of the chest he opened. Settling it down on the foot of the bed, he let its sheer heft intimidate her. Lacie licked her lips, her eyes darting from the bag to where Davis watched her grow more nervous by the second.

“What’s in there?”

“Oh.” Davis unzipped the duffle and began rummaging around in it. “A little bit of this and a little bit of that.”

Selecting a short-handled whip because he knew it would antagonize both her fear and arousal, Davis pulled out the toy in clear view for Lacie to see. Running his fingers through the velvety tassels, Davis was aware of her eyes tracking his every motion. Soft and subtle, the straps snapped stiff when he flicked the toy with a crack just to demonstrate his skill for Lacie’s wide, fixated gaze.

“You’re not...uh, going to use that on me?”

“You should try asking that without the stutter. It might actually come out as statement.” Davis shot her a quick smile before he returned his attention to admiring his toy.

“You’re not going to use that on me.”

She did better this time, her voice holding firm enough to make the words sound almost like a command. A very weak command that Davis delighted in challenging.

“You sure about that, honey?”

Stealing the breath she needed to answer, he danced the tips of the tassels over the pebbled peaks of her breasts, delighting at the way she gasped and arched up into the caress. Her whole body flushed with the tell-tale blush of renewed desire.

“Because I remember being sure that when you promised to stay here unless under immediate attack, you would. Guess you can’t be too sure of anything.”

“Damnit, Davis!”

Lacie packed enough husky heat into that to make the curse sound like an endearment to his ears. Davis sure did like the sight of her straining against her binds as he tickled his way down over her quivering stomach to the pink bud left exposed and vulnerable by her splayed thighs. Teasing her swollen clit, Davis delighted in making her twist and moan on command.

“There are consequences to every action. You disobeyed, and now you must be punished.”

Lacie gasped, a flush searing over her stomach to consume her breasts as she writhed in wanton need beneath the tassels. “You sound like—”

“Me?” Chance asked, smirking. “I guess we’re not that different after all, Davis.”

“Not when it comes to keeping Lacie safe. You put yourself in danger, honey.”

“That won’t be tolerated.” Chance managed to make that growl rumble through the room with enough force to still Lacie’s restless motions.

“And if I promise to never disobey again?” The quiver in her question betrayed the desire thickening her voice, leaving any promise she might make empty of true conviction.

“It would be a start,” Chance allowed. Pulling out a second whip from the bag, he paused to admire it before adding, “But it won’t change what needs to be done now.”

“Now?” Lacie squeaked. “You’re not going to whip me *there*.”

Davis had to give her points for getting the words out even if they barely scratched the air. “Why not?”

“It’s our pussy, babe. We can whip it if we want to, almost have to when it disobeys.”

“It’s my pussy,” Lacie dared to disagree despite the fact that her hips lifted, pressing her cunt up into the tassels Davis continued to tease her clit with. “And you’re not whipping it, so you can just pack up your little prop and untie me now because I’m not interested.”

Davis took a pointed sniff of the air, savoring the heady scent of feminine arousal. “You sure about that? Because you smell kind of interested.”

“Yes,” Lacie growled. “I’m sure. I’m a grown woman. I don’t need to be disciplined.”

“You know, Davis. I think we should get that clit pierced.”

“*What?*”

“How about with a little bar? Always wanted me a cunt with one of those to play with.”

“And maybe those tits, too.”

“You are not piercing my—*ahhhh!*”

\* \* \* \*

Lacie’s curse cut into a scream that seared her throat with the same heat that enflamed her pussy. Flames danced over her swollen folds, ignited by the sharp crack of a fistful of tassels that licked over her intimate flesh. The instant sting melted into a molten pleasure that demanded more.

Before the need could consume her, Davis prodded her temper with his taunting question. “Whose pussy is it?”

“Mine—*eeee!*”

Lacie panted through another sharp explosion as this time her tits flushed in ecstatic delight under the velvety lash of a whip. The sharp shudder rippled over through her as the pleasure flooded her pussy with a thick flash of heat delivered by another blow. She lost count after that as the tips of the tassels flicked over her body, making Lacie twist and writhe beneath the rapture each lash delivered.

Mindless with wanton desires driving her body to dance on their command, Lacie gave herself shamelessly over to the wicked delight they forced her to endure. Moaning encouragement and straining within her binds, she'd have given them anything not to stop, to keep feeding the frenzy of spasms rippling through her pussy.

“Whose pussy?” Davis prodded her with a snap of his whip right over her clit.

“Oh, God,” Lacie moaned, unable to focus through the rapturous vibrations cascading over her sensitive bud.

“No, not his.” Chance sighed. “This isn’t getting us anywhere, man. Maybe we should get the clamps out.”

“No,” Lacie gulped, not sure what the hell that meant but knowing she couldn’t endure any more surprises right then. “I’ll say it’s yours if you make me come.”

Pride be damned. She could always take it back later. What Lacie couldn’t do was survive another minute of this torture. She needed a release, the kind only they could give her.

“Then say it.” Davis issued that order, all motion with the whips coming to a stop.

Without the provocation of those tassels tormenting her, Lacie began to wonder if they would live up to their end of their agreement. She didn’t have any choice but to hope and give in.

“It’s your pussy,” she whispered, tense and unsure. Chance’s response did not ease her nervousness.

“Whose?”

“Yours and Davis’s,” Lacie ground out, his smug tone fueling her growing annoyance. “Now make me co—”

Her command shredded into a squeal as it was met with instant action. Rapturous delight consumed her cunt as the whips lashed over her pussy, raining down an endless pleasure that drove her straight up ecstasy’s peak. With each sharp bolt of heat scorched over her cunt, Lacie’s sheath spasmed, clenching on nothing but air and making her moan as the need for something greater left her straining for a release she couldn’t claim, wouldn’t be able to claim. Not without something thick and hard filling her pussy.

Just when her lips parted to beg for the cock she needed, the soft, subtle swirl of a tongue dipped into her sheath and stole her breath. Lacie arched on a silent shriek as her whole body bowed under the sudden, searing pleasure, her hips lifting to offer more of her cunt up for Davis’s ravishing kiss.

He rewarded her by fucking his tongue straight into her pussy and tickling the spasming walls of her sheath. Lacie panted out little whimpers as that magical tongue danced deeper, brushing over the sweet spot that had her whole body jerking under the ferocious bolt of ecstasy that shot through her.

Her world boomed with one rapturous explosion after another as Davis rolled his tongue, relentlessly fucking her right over the point of reason. Giving over to the shudders rolling out of her cunt, Lacie screamed as Utopia’s brilliant horizon finally crested over her. For a seemingly endless moment, she could do nothing but experience the pleasure, but in reality, the intense delight receded rapidly.

Only instead of being relaxed back into a blissful sea of calm satisfaction, Lacie found herself caught in the chaotic crosswinds of a second detonating climax as Davis’s tongue pulled free of her cunt only to lick its way up to her poor, defenseless clit. Still throbbing from the whipping, her sensitive bud sent out sharp tendrils of pained rapture as Davis trapped it between his lips.

Lacie barely had a second to suck in a breath before she choked on it, struggling to breathe past the rioting trembles racing over her as Davis rolled, sucked, and even took a nibble out of her clit. Ignoring her frenzied panting and the pleas falling with them, he forced her to endure one sharp-edged release after another. Short and extreme, each mini-climax left her tense and desperate for the main event.

“Please, Davis. I can’t.” She gasped each word out on a series of broken breaths. Hoarse and weak, her voice pleaded even as she tried to twist away from the sensual delight of his kiss. “I can’t. Please.”

“Well, you got her begging.”

Chance’s matter-of-fact tone broke through the lusty fog filling her head, making prickles run down her spine as reality tried to solidify around her. It helped that Davis finally obeyed her, lifting his lips to give her creaming cunt a chance to calm down and her heart rate with it.

“Of course, she’s not begging for the right thing,” Chance continued on with his taunting commentary. “You’re kind of going in the opposite direction given the woman’s begging you to stop. Tasty, isn’t she?”

“Mmm.” Davis shifted between her legs, moving back and assuring Lacie she’d have a few minutes of respite. Not that she fooled herself into thinking they were done. If she had any doubt, Davis’s response assured her of their intentions. “More like addictive, and she’s not begging me to stop. She’s saying she can’t, as in can’t stand—”

“—your touch?” Chance offered with all seriousness. “Your technique? Maybe it’s just a—”

“I’m not going to waste time beating the crap out of you now,” Davis cut him off. “No matter how big an ass you want to make of yourself. This is my pussy, and I’m going to be the one fucking it, so go on and run your mouth. You’re not going to make me move.”

Chance grunted. “Yeah? Well, don’t be giving her any dick until she begs proper like.”

"I'm not going to be begging for any dick," Lacie spoke up, trying to get enough strength into her voice to be taken seriously. "I'm tired."

"Tired?" Chance sounded offended at the very idea. "You just slept for four hours. We have a list to get through."

"Finish it some other time," Lacie managed to snap at him even if the effort cost her the ability to form a complete sentence. "I can't. Congratulations, stud. I'm worn out."

That should have been the end of the argument. She'd just put her foot down. Chance, though, had a heavier foot. Coming around to the side of the bed, he lowered himself down to reached out and cup her weeping cunt. Pressing a finger down on her clit, he made her whole body jerk with a moan.

Her head lifted, and for a second their gazes connected. There would be no breaks given, and she wouldn't be winning their argument. Lacie could see those truths in his intent stare.

"You just don't give up, do you, Chance?"

"I'm still waiting to hear you beg, baby." Chance rolled her clit, making her whimper and twist in proof that her body obeyed his command. "Any time you really want to call this to an end, you know what to do."

"Oh, please, Chance." Lacie fought the urge to moan the words and managed to get them out sounding at least partially insincere. "I'm begging you."

Davis barked up a laugh at that. "Doesn't even know when to quit. Exactly how big a hole do you want to dig yourself, honey?"

"I don't really care about the hole." She couldn't stop the groan from dragging her words out when Chance speared a finger into her cunt. Sparkly waves of pleasure swept over her tired muscles, making her sheath clench as he fed her two more deliciously wicked fingers. In defiance of the shudders racing over her, Lacie arched away from Chance's tantalizing touch.



“Stop messing with my pussy,” she actually managed to snap at him.

Chance chuckled. “Like I said, begging for the wrong things. Apparently it isn’t your pussy after all, Davis.”

“Maybe this will help settle the issue.”

Knocking Chance out of the way, Davis knelt down on the bed between her splayed legs and fit the head of his cock right up against the tender opening of her sheath.

“You got any last words, honey?”

Even as he spoke, he slid slowly into her body, never letting up tormenting her sensitive bud. Lacie’s body writhed in welcome, but she forced her words to remain defiant.

“Make my day.”

That earned her a growl and a sharp thrust forward as Davis impaled the entire length of thickened cock deep into her cunt. Her pussy pulsed with wicked delight, suckling his hard length in brazen encouragement for him to feed her more. That’s all Lacie wanted, more and maybe a little motion, a little friction, something to make the pressure in her cunt boil over into a full body riot as he pounded her into release.

Anticipation for that moment to be now overwhelmed all other considerations as her body caved into the ravenous desire swirling through her. Her hips flexed, rolled, silently tempted Davis to match her motion and give her a taste of how much better things could be. Davis answered her call by settling his pelvis more firmly against hers, pinning her hips under his heavy weight and bringing all her teasing to a stop.

Apparently, he’d decided it was still his turn to do the teasing. Warm and rough, his hands slid up her sides to dip around and cup her breasts. Plumping them up, he held her tits captive for the kisses he feathered from tip to tip.

Leaning down, he captured one of the puckered berries right between his teeth. Holding it hostage, he tormented the little bud with

his tongue, driving her wild as she tried to buck beneath him. A second set of lips brushed over her other pebbled peak, making her gasp as both her breasts swelled with pleasure.

The joyous ripples rolled through her, demanding her to move, to stroke herself along the hard male body pinning her to the truck bed. Then Chance nipped her tender tip and sent a raw bolt of rapture straight down to her cunt, making it shudder with violent need along the cock stretching her sheath wide.

“Oh, God.” Lacie gasped and arched under the sharp lash of wanton delight echoing through her.

“You’re thanking again, baby, when you should be begging.”

And there wouldn’t be any end to this insanity until she gave him what he wanted. Lacie could push them, but they’d only push back harder. Right then, strung out on Davis’s cock with two mouths ravishing her breasts, Lacie had reached her limit. Giving in would get her what she wanted, what they wanted. Thankfully, they all wanted the same thing. That’s all that really mattered.

“Both,” Lacie whispered. Licking her lips and swallowing down her nerves, she gave voice to her deepest, darkest desire. “I want both of you, please.”

Everything went still around her, broken only second later by Davis’s harsh curses.

“That’s low, honey,” he complained, yanking back out of her and making Lacie panic. She had no idea what had pissed him off and didn’t care beyond the desperation to get the hard feel of his dick buried back inside her.

“Don’t go, Davis,” Lacie cried with all the longing echoing out of her empty cunt. It pulsed and wept with angry frustration at being abandoned.

“It’s my fucking turn,” Davis cursed, completely ignoring Lacie’s pleas and struggles. Chance, that bonehead, was laughing. Not that she could tell if it was because of her anguished predicament or Davis’s raging temper tantrum.

“Don’t you fucking smirk like that.” Davis ripped the ropes free from her ankle, roughly pulling on them until they snapped free. “You only get a quick dip.”

“Whatever you say, man,” Chance agreed easily to Davis’s cryptic condition.

Lost in her own wanton fog, Lacie couldn’t figure out their conversation and didn’t care to try. All that mattered was she was seconds from being free. The moment Chance finished unraveling her wrists Lacie planned on pouncing on the nearest man.

That would be Davis. Still kneeling between her legs, his cock stood tall and proud, ready for service. It shouldn’t take her a second to climb on top of it and convince Davis to see things her way. Licking her lips in anticipation, Lacie lost track of Chance’s motions for just a second.

That’s all they needed to keep her at their mercy. Before Lacie could assault Davis, he pinned her to the bed with his massive weight, caging her in the steel trap of his arms. With a twist, he rolled until Lacie found herself stretched out over his hard frame. His thick erection poked her hip, distracting her from any other consideration than climbing on top of it.

With her legs free, she crawled to her knees, intent on lowering her cunt back down the delicious length of dick tempting her. A set of callused fingers brought her plan to a stop as they curled around her hips before she could flex into position. Casting a glance over her shoulder, she found Chance kneeling between her splayed thighs.

His hungry gaze locked on her pussy with a feral intent that matched the angry flush of the engorged cockhead straining to reach her cunt. Lacie’s pussy wept with welcome, starved for the feel of something that thick stretching her wide.

“I’m just going to take you for a little ride, baby,” Chance murmured as he angled her hips back, opening her swollen folds to the blunt invasion of his hardened cock.

“Is that to say a quick one or an easy one?” Lacie breathlessly teased him, instinctively driven to taunt him even now. Dropping her chin to lock gazes with Davis, she even managed to smile. “And what about you, cowboy? You just going to lie there and watch?”

## Chapter 15

Davis returned her grin as his hand dipped. “How about this? Does that meet your approval?”

“Oh, yeah.” Lacie moaned, letting her eyes drift closed as her hips flexed toward the magical fingers circling her clit. Panting as her pussy melted with the pleasure, she let her knees sink lower, arching her tender bud deeper into Davis’s toying grip while lifting the clenching opening of her pussy toward the heated brush of Chance’s swollen cock.

“Both,” Lacie groaned that demand, squealing in delight when Chance surged forward and slammed into her with one hard stroke.

Moaning encouragements, she planted her hands on the bed and braced her arms, finding the leverage to fuck her cunt between Davis’s tantalizing touch and Chance’s pounding thrusts. Harder and faster, Chance’s thick cock ground over the walls of her cunt, eliciting a frenzy of spasms that escalated into an endless roll of rapture that clashed with the sparkling pleasure radiating out of her clit as Davis pinched and pulled on her tender bud.

“Please, together.” Stretched tight between the two mismatched rhythms, Lacie cried out, mindless with need and unconcerned with the consequences of her words. “Both. Together.”

Chance wound a fist through her hair and jerked her back into his chest. “Begging, baby?”

“Please,” Lacie whimpered, her head rolling to the side to give Chance’s soft lips more of her neck to nibble on. “Yes.”

“Then beg.” Chance’s dark order whispered across her neck, a sultry caress at odds with the savage thrust of his hips. “Beg me to fuck this pussy.”

“Please.” Lacie didn’t have the breath or mind to vocalize any thought beyond that.

It wasn’t enough for Chance, who growled and nipped at her neck. “Say it. I want to hear you say it.”

“Please,” Lacie whined, trying to get the words out. They shattered and blurred into incoherent stammers as Chance rode her so hard her breasts bounced and jiggled with each hammering thrust of his hips.

“Say it.”

“Please, Chance.” Lacie sucked in a burning breath and rushed to get the rest out. “Please fuck my puss—ahhhh!”

Her plea burst into a startled shriek as her breast suddenly swelled with intense pleasure. Stretching up onto his elbows, Davis trapped one of her nipples between his teeth and nibbled. A second later his tongue soothed the sting away, licking over her pebbled tit as he growled a harsh order into her soft flesh.

“You better not tell him to fuck that pussy,” Davis warned her, taking another nip at the underside of her flushed globe. “It belongs to me. Isn’t that right, honey?”

“Oh, God.” Lacie panted, lost in the relentless waves of ecstasy starting to wash through her.

“What was that?” Davis asked, scraping his teeth over her other nipple and sparking an instant answer from Lacie.

“Yes,” she cried out, her heart racing as her body tensed for Davis’s next teasing bite. “Yours. Your pussy.”

She’d have said anything, promised anything, and even begged for whatever they demanded as long as they didn’t stop. With everything insider her whirling to a head, she bowed under the pressure, her muscles tensing in anticipation of the release beginning to rush through her.

The motion fed her breast deeper into Davis's mouth. She'd have smothered him with her tits if he hadn't fallen back. Taking her with him, Davis arched her into the perfect position, allowing him to continue devouring her tender nipples, his hand buried between her legs while Chance fucked her so fast her G-spot remained under constant friction. Giving herself over to her mates, Lacie let the pleasure consume her.

"My pussy," Davis murmured into her breast.

"Yours," Lacie whispered back, repeating his words without thought.

"My pussy. His ass."

"His ass," Lacie moaned her agreement, more focused on the tension building to painful heights inside her cunt.

"Then beg me to fuck this ass," Chance snarled, his balls slapping hard against her splayed pussy lips.

"Please, Chance." Lacie pumped her hips back, trying to force his rhythm into a more frantic pace, but Chance's grip on her hips kept her moving just as he wanted. "Fuck me."

Chance growled, bringing all motion to a stop and making her cry out. "Fuck my ass. Say it, Lacie."

"Please, yes," Lacie gasped, trying to arch free of his hold and grind herself back against the cock keeping her cunt stretched wide and spasming on the edge of release. "Fuck me. *Please fuck my ass.*"

The words babbled out of her as she blindly searched for the right answer. He rewarded her the instant she found them, shredding the rest of pleas into a scream as he ripped free of her pussy. Shoving her hips down, he plunged the full length of his hardened dick back into her, this time stretching her ass wide over his thickness.

Just like that, the sudden invasion snapped the reigns of her climax, making Lacie buck and cry out as the sharp explosion of rapture racked her body. As the ecstatic tides rolled back, the lust boiling in her blood didn't simmer down into any kind of peaceful bliss, but seethed under the pressure filling her ass.

Lacie felt so full she feared a deep breath would make her burst. Thankfully, Chance had held still after that first penetrating thrust, giving her some time for the overwhelming sensation to settle. Davis, though, was not so charitable.

Dragging his thick cock through her swollen folds, he ground his hard length over her clit, making Lacie whimper and shift as her cunt creamed in need. The small tremors echoed into her ass, making it tighten and clench around Chance's enormous erection. It felt too big, setting her ass on fire and making her pussy burn with the need to feel Davis's teasing dick finally dip into her sheath and force the pressure even higher.

"Please, Davis." Lacie shifted instinctively toward his cock, making Chance grind deeper into her, making her mew as she forgot the rest of what she'd intended to beg for.

Davis hadn't, and his rough growl assured her he wouldn't be forgetting his demands. "Whose pussy is it?"

Lacie groaned over his determination. The man might appear more relaxed than Chance, but Davis was no less dangerous. Lacie knew better than to tempt him right then. What came next would be devastating, but it could be worse. Davis could pull out the clamps and then whip her cunt while Chance rode her ass.

Even as the thought hit, her muscles clenched in hungry expectation. The motion made her ass jiggle around Chance's cock but left her pussy aching with nothing hard to clamp down on. She'd remember to antagonize them into that fantasy later.

Right then, Davis reminded her that he still waited for an answer with a roll of his cock through her creaming cunt. The rough grind of his heat over her oversensitized clit had Lacie gasping, fighting for the breath to even form words.

"Yours," she finally managed to pop out on a gasp. "Your pussy. Now fuck it."

Davis didn't have to be told twice. Answering her command, he flexed his hips, drawing his wide head down to the tight entrance of



her pussy. Then with a single, powerful thrust, he impaled himself deep inside her cunt. Spasms of pleasure rippled up her sheath walls and vibrated into her already tense ass.

Lacie moaned, twisting between her mates as the pressure began to consume her. Every breath, every flex, every second the pleasure pounded harder through her, becoming an insistent, driving need that demanded more fuel.

“Please,” Lacie cried out when both men remained still.

“All you have to do is beg, baby.”

“Then just tell me what to say.”

“I think that was it, honey,” Davis answered her.

Before Lacie could respond to that, Chance shifted, dragging his rigid length down her tight channel, made smaller by Davis’s thick erection packing her pussy full. As the thick head of Chance’s cock forced the tight ring of muscles guarding her entrance wider, Lacie whimpered, eager to feel his hard dick pound back into her.

Then he was thrusting forward as Davis withdrew his oversized cock. The contrast had Lacie writhing, uncertain which way to flex as the pleasure assailed her in both directions. Back and forth, steady as the tide, they pumped her in alternating strokes that kept the rapture flooding through her in frenzied waves, too chaotic for her to ride to release.

“*Oh, yes!*” Lacie cried, strung out on the blissful delight of being ridden by both her mates but needing something more. “Together, give it to me. Together.”

Lacie screamed as her body splintered into a million tiny fireballs as Chance and Davis gave in to her command, fucking her in unison with hard, brutal strokes. The small shards of piercing flames collapsed into each other, growing into a bonfire of delight as her body began to tense, anticipating the second, more powerful explosion to come.

They all began to pick up speed, Davis’s thrusts becoming faster, more demanding as he fucked into her clenching cunt. Chance

matched his savagery, his hand coming up to play with her breasts, rolling, pinching, and pulling her nipples until Lacie bucked wildly under the pleasure of their administrations.

Everything blurred. She could no longer distinguish one sensation from another until her whole world exploded. Lacie screamed as the furious spasms ripped through her taut body. Pleasure crashed over her in mind-numbing waves, taking her so far out of her body that her world crumpled.

She was vaguely aware of her mates' shouts of fulfillment deepening her screams of release as they both shot hot jets of semen into her. Lost in a world defined only by searing ecstasy, she collapsed into sobs. Her two lovers joined her in the bliss of ecstasy a moment later, and Lacie felt herself being flooded with the proof of their releases.

Collapsing in a sweaty heap, Lacie lost track of time once again. Feeling as lifeless as a plastic doll and definitely not stronger than one, she didn't even have the strength to sigh. Neither did she have the room.

With Chance's weight crushing her into Davis's unforgiving hardness, Lacie barely had space to gasp for the breath she so desperately needed. If somebody didn't move soon, she might very well expire right there.

Lacie should be so lucky to die this happy. Of course, she'd be luckier to live to see another round. As if sensing her dilemma, Chance roused above her. Lifting up, he made her groan as his cock dragged over the still shuddering walls of her ass. With a pop, he slid free.

Finally, Lacie could draw in enough air to start slowing her racing heart. Taking that sigh she'd been fighting for, Lacie let her eyes drift closed and curled deeper into Davis's secure hold. With the steady thump of his heartbeat beneath her ear, she gave over to the peace invading her body.

That lasted a whole second before the world literally started to float away. With a startled squeak, she wrapped her hands around Chance's neck as he pulled her free of Davis's hold. The little squeal turned into a groan as the cock keeping her cunt warm and satisfied slipped free, leaving her aching and empty again.

"I was comfortable, you know?" She grumbled, twining her arms around Chance's neck as he pulled her onto her back.

"You were getting ready to pass out," Chance corrected her, using his weight to keep her pinned to the mattress. "And we haven't even gotten started."

Lacie stared up at him, wishing she could just give into the moment but some part of her needed him to understand.

"It doesn't matter you know. All the punishment in the world won't change the fact that I won't be left behind while you two go risk your lives to keep me safe."

That declaration wiped the satisfaction from Chance's gaze and brought a scowl to his features. "And how about being left tied up and caged? Do you want it to come to that?"

She didn't but would force him to those extremes if she had to. "We die together or we live together. Whatever the future holds, it holds it for us."

"Spoken like a true mate, honey." Davis curled into her other side, his smile wide and content. "But there isn't going to be any dying, only living and loving."

"You can promise me that?"

"We can," Chance vowed. "I can promise you that by the end of two weeks our men will have caught Carver and eliminated the threat, but you have to promise to stay here with us, underground, until they do."

"And then?" Lacie held her breath, not wanting to spend the rest of her life in captivity.

“Then?” Davis’s features scrunched up in a comical look of concentration before relaxing with a sudden revelation. “How about a honeymoon?”

Lacie laughed at his hopeful look. “So you’re going to lock me up in a hotel room on some tropical island next?”

“No need, baby. We can do it just about anywhere.”

Lacie’s grin dimmed as the sincerity of that statement sank in. “Don’t push it, Chance.”

“Okay, then how about we just go home and live happily ever after? Does that work for you, honey?”

It most certainly did. While Lacie might wish that the happily ever after didn’t have to wait, she’d stick in it with Davis and Chance as long as it took to get there.

## **Epilogue**

“Are those the beads your daughter likes?”

Shelly Lynn’s head snapped up as that question washed over her. Deep and husky, it felt like a caress and matched the molten pools of chocolate she found gazing down at her. Her breath catching in the back of her throat, Shelly stared back up at him in blind wonderment.

“My daughter loves this stuff, got so many beads I’m not sure if I can find anything she doesn’t already have.”

He turned to glare at the racks of bags containing an endless selection of multicolored beads. Amazingly enough, he was just as gorgeous in profile. All the hard, purely masculine angles made him look like some Grecian god. And he was talking to her.

“Oh, man.” Even his chuckles felt like an erotic invitation. Casting an eye at her basket, he shook his head. “It looks like your girl has an even worse addiction.”

“What?” Blinking down at the bags of beads she’d been loading into her overstuffed buggy, Shelly tried to catch up on the conversation before she made herself look like a complete idiot. A part of her figured that had already started to happen.

“Your daughter,” he provided helpfully. “She’s really into the craft thing, huh?”

“Oh, no. No.” Shelly shook her head, responding instinctively to the first part of his comment. “This isn’t for my kids. I don’t have kids. I work at the youth center. Well, that’s just for the summer. I’m helping out, but I actually have a job. I’m a teacher. I teach first grade.”

And she could babble like a moron. Shelly kept telling herself to shut up, but the words stumbled out all on their own. Each one fed the spiraling sense that she really was making a complete ass out of herself.

This was exactly why Shelly didn't date, because she'd never grown up enough to talk to an attractive man without acting like a besotted school girl. Surely the man now had to realize she'd developed a major interest in him and should be slowly backing away.

Only he didn't. Instead he smiled, sharing a warmth that helped calm Shelly's frazzled nerves. "Teacher, huh? I can see that."

"It's the hair." That thought just popped right out of her mouth, making her blush burn hotter. It was probably a lot more than that, but he had the graciousness not to point that out.

"Nah. It's the sweetness."

That was a compliment. Shelly stared up at him, unable to fathom how to respond with her mind preoccupied analyzing that comment.

"It's nice, you know," he continued on, probably because she was staring mutely up at him like a twit. "To know Sarah will be in a school where teachers so obviously care."

"Sarah?"

"My daughter."

Daughter, he'd said daughter, which implied having a wife. Shelly really had lost her mind. Time to stop fantasizing about things that never would be, pull her dignity out of the gutter, and start acting like a teacher talking to a parent. Taking a deep breath to fortify her defenses, Shelly plastered on her best fake smile.

"Oh, well. I don't think Sarah will be going to my school. I work up north in Oaktown. I just came to Danville to buy supplies." It didn't all come out sounding as smooth and sophisticated as Shelly would have liked, but at least she'd managed to stop before inappropriately running on.

“Oaktown?” He scowled slightly. “I think that’s on my route. You said a youth center? That might be good for Sarah, give her a chance to meet some new friends and have some fun.”

He cast a second, pointed glance at her buggy. “And it looks like you guys have fun. She could do with some of that. It’s hard, you know, for a girl to grow up without a mother.”

“Oh.” Shelly bit her lip, unsure of what to say about that bit of news. “Well, we do have a lot of fun. Lots of crafts and games, trips to the pool and the bowling alley. Some of the ranchers even let us take tours, and the kids get to see and pet all the animals. Well, not the bulls because that would be dangerous.”

She was treading very close to babbling, so Shelly just stopped right there despite all the other things she wanted to tell him.

“It does sound great. I bet Sarah would really love to see the animals...and I wouldn’t mind getting to see you again.”

Shelly’s heart fluttered at the shy glance he gave her. The hint of hopeful anticipation in his voice made her feel strangely confident, giving her the ability to respond like a normal person would. “You could if you wanted to, but wouldn’t that be a long drive?”

“It’s never too far a drive to find happiness.”

“I guess not.” That line might be sappy, but it didn’t stop her from warming beneath it. Feeling it was time to make a bold move, she extended her hand. “I’m Shelly, Shelly Lynn.”

“It’s nice to meet you Shelly.” He took her fingers in his warm grip and she about melted. “I’m TJ Carver.”

# THE END

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## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

I live near Charleston, SC with my two biggies, my dogs. I have had a slightly unconventional life. Moving almost every three years, I've had a range of day jobs that included everything from working for one of the world's largest banks as an auditor to turning wrenches as an outboard repair mechanic. I've always regretted that we only get one life and have tried to cram as much as I can into this one.

Throughout it all, I've always read books, feeding my need to dream and fantasize about what could be. An avid reader since childhood, and as a latchkey kid, I'd spend hours at the library earning those shiny stars the librarian would paste up on the board after my name.

I credit my grandmother's yearly visits as the beginning of my obsession with romances. When she'd come, she'd bring stacks of romance books, the old fashion kind that didn't have sex in them. Imagine my shock when I went to the used bookstore and found out what really could be in a romance novel.

I've worked on my own stories for years and have found a particular love of erotic romances. In this genre, women are no longer confined to a stereotype and plots are no longer constrained to the rational. I love the 'anything goes' mentality and letting my imagination run wild.

I hope you enjoyed running with me and will consider picking up another book and coming along for another adventure.



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