

# TYRANNOSAURUS SEX



*Beautiful Trouble Spawning*



JEANIE JOHNSON AND JAYHA LEIGH



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## THE ASSHOLE TWIN

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Jeanie Johnson and Jayha Leigh

The Bible Scriptures quoted [Psalm 82:3-4] are from the New International Version of the Holy Bible.

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To the Sister Harmony's of the world...and the  
peace that they bring



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## CAVEAT

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## AUTHORS' NOTE

Do to unforeseen circumstances the characters Rex and Raptor Állos are un-dibsable. Feel free to offer bribes but the authors make no guarantees.



## DISCLAIMER

*Though the term “nun” is defined as “a woman member of a religious order, usually bound by vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience,” in the U.S. context we tend to view nuns solely as Catholic. In this story, we have characters who are nuns. While we have the utmost respect for women who take vows and the many good works that they do, the nuns that we write about are our nuns, and thus, they most likely won’t fit into one’s preconceived notion of what a “nun” is. Pretty much everything you think about nuns...our nuns are nothing like that. Our nuns are an eclectic bunch of women of various denominations (and even no denominations) who love God, their children and having a good time. Please remember that this is a work of fiction...and enjoy.*



# PRELUDE

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Intrigue Constantine walked into every intern's wet dream: her boss getting the shit beat out of him...and then some. If anyone deserved an ass whipping, it was Dr. Quip Saurus, CEO of Saurus Semiconductor, Ph.D. in Physics, Ph.D. in Civil Engineering, and Ph.D. with highest honors in Motherfuckerishness. Dr. Saurus (or "fucking asshole," as she called him in her wet dreams, her fantasies, and under her breath) was a real piece of work. Pushing six thousand years or so, he wouldn't know what manners were if they were in a display case with a million-watt neon sign labeled "manners."

Dr. Saurus had no business doing anything that involved interaction with human beings. If it was her call, she would ban him from fraternizing with any sentient being such as serial killers, anything even remotely animate including zombies, and straight-out fearsome creatures such as the Kraken. Additionally, the man was a class-A felony waiting to happen...every single time she saw him. The only thing that stopped her from kicking him into traffic was the fact that he was an older man. Okay, that was a damn lie. The only thing that stopped her from pushing him down an empty elevator shaft was the fact that she needed to

pass this class so she could graduate. Her mommies had dropped way too much money on her education for her to be fucking it up. Still, she had to have Mommy Harmony lighting candles left, right and center for Dr. Saurus—and for her too—because every day he tested her sense of “act right.”

On top of being a bastard, Dr. Saurus was also cheap. Calling him cheap wasn’t mean-spirited; calling him cheap was grading him on a curve. Nobody pinched a penny tighter than Quip Saurus. He was richer than any one industrialized nation should be, and even the ancient Greek Spartan army would’ve talked shit about his frugality. Of course, they would’ve stopped to praise his sense of “fuck shit up beyond all repair-ness” as well.

Intrigue wasn’t surprised that people were beating his ass—nope, not surprised at all. Okay, actually she was. A long-time resident of Mid NFW (Middle of No Fucking Where), Georgia, she’d been exposed to a lot of WTF, so she knew that beneath the cheap, beneath the asshole, and beneath the total lack of concern for anything outside of his own self interests was something that neither people nor things should fuck with. The question wasn’t “*should* one fuck with Quip Saurus”; the question was “*what* the fuck was Quip Saurus?”



Every male in his posse looked like they were in their mid-thirties, and all were built like fucking armored vehicles...and her boss was no exception. If you challenged a male like Quip Saurus (in anything), you had to come big...which explained the army that filled the office. They must not know about Dr. Saurus, because the man played chess like it was a contact sport.

Still, there was no fucking way that she was going to stand by while some random guerilla army beat his ass. Oh hell, no. If anyone was going to beat Dr. Saurus' ass, it was going to be her. She'd earned that privilege because apparently she'd done something real jacked up in a past life.

Cracking her neck and rolling her shoulders, she counted to one, rang the metaphorical bell (ding, ding) and jumped into the fray. Removing her badass shoes, she hurled them like ninja stars, hitting two of the men in the temple. She then threw two hundred pounds of crazy intern at them. Making a beeline for her boss, she ducked, weaved, and bobbed just like all of her mommas had taught her. Reaching him, she hip-checked him out of the way, grabbed the phone on his desk and clocked two of them unconscious. Yay, Dr. Saurus for being the only billionaire in the industrialized world who still had a rotary phone.

She'd seen payphones smaller than the shit sitting on his desk.

Pushing her boss behind her (again), she wielded her weapon (glad she had those years of body pump classes at the Y, else she wouldn't have had the strength to lift the phone) and started cracking skulls.

It wasn't pretty, but then neither was an ass whipping—of which she wasn't trying to have any part of. Just like beets, she found ass whippings hard to digest. About to get a face full of fist sandwich, she got a back full of hand as she was pushed to the carpet and an earful of “stay there” from her boss. *Oh, no he didn't.* She was about to get up and tell his old ass to sit down when she saw him level three guys with one mighty bitch slap. Before she could blink, the carpet was decorated with bodies that'd gone unconscious long before they'd hit the floor. Well, damn. Considering that Dr. Saurus had just wasted a fucking army, Intrigue thought perhaps she shouldn't cuss him out so much with her eyes.

She was about to check on Dr. Saurus when the office was rushed by a wall of too much fine to be in one place. Not knowing whose side they were on, she reached around for more weapons only to have Dr. Saurus wrap her in his arms.

“They're security,” he said as he hugged her.

“You’ve got to be kidding me! A prospective intern has to have a 4.0 and a referral from two other billionaires before they can submit an application to be your lackey, and yet security can just be all half-ass? My mommas could’ve seen these guys coming from a mile away and shut down the assassination attempt before they rolled into the Atlanta city limits, and these guys didn’t get here until two minutes after you’d quashed the rebellion?”

Wriggling out of Dr. Saurus’ arms, she turned all of her wrath on the wall of fine. “An army of assassins rolled in here and tried to assassinate Dr. Saurus. If anyone is going to maim or kill him, it’s me, because I called DIBS! on that shit on day one. All of you are fired. Get out!”

“We didn’t...” Fine Bodyguard Type One started.

“You’re damned right you didn’t. You didn’t do diddly, due diligence or your job. I could’ve walked in and found Dr. Saurus dead...or worse.”

Intrigue hadn’t meant to cuss them out, but now that the danger was past, she realized how badly this could’ve gone. Not that she liked Dr. Saurus. At all. Of course, she thought that while she ushered him into a chair and checked him over good before retrieving a bottle of water out of his fridge and pouring it out.

“Useless motherfuckers,” she muttered while she brushed imaginary lint off Dr. Saurus’ jacket.

Her fussing was interrupted by Fine Bodyguard Type Number Two. “What would be worse than Dr. Saurus being dead?”

“Someone else getting to kill him. Or me not realizing he was dead, and in my effort to turn him over and check his vitals, I realize way too late that he’s oozing fluids, which get on my shoes. Speaking of which, where are my shoes? If they’re damaged, you’re springing for another two pairs.”

“But you’re only wearing one pair,” Hot Bodyguard Type Number Three said.

“Emotional distress, and why are y’all still talking? For that matter, why are y’all still here? I just told you to hit the bricks.”

“With all due respect, you don’t have the authority to tell us what to do,” Fine Bodyguard Type Number Whatever said.

It wasn’t *that* he’d said it. It was the shit-eating grin he wore *while* he said it. *Oh, no, these motherfuckers didn’t.*

“Because I’m a good Christian woman, I’m going to count to three before I open up a can.” Gathering herself, she closed her eyes and took a moment to center herself. Opening her eyes, she looked at the wall of fine and ever so calmly spoke. “Three.”

She didn’t even draw her hand back before she found herself engulfed in Dr. Saurus’ arms.

“I’d hate to see what would happen if you weren’t a good Christian woman.” He smiled.

Smiled. That motherfucker had the nerve to smile...like a team of assassins hadn’t come in to kill him. Grr.

Taking a moment to revel in his hug, she whispered into his shirt. “I’m getting you better security because these guys suck big rocks.”

“I appreciate it, but it’s under control. Why don’t you go on home?”

“With pay?”

“Why should I pay you for a whole day when you’re only working a half day?”

“How about because I saved your life?”

“And you should be honored to do so,” he said all calmly.

Ah, the asshole was back, letting Intrigue know Dr. Saurus was just fine after the little assassination attempt.

“Normally, I’d stay, but I can’t guarantee that I wouldn’t try and do bodily harm to you, which on a normal day would be fair, but not so much being someone’s already tried to kill you once today.”

“Must you be so contrary?” he asked.

“Hello, Pot, my name’s Kettle,” she said.

“What do you mean by that?”

“For real? You have the gall to ask anyone if they must be contrary when you are the epitome of the word. My job involves typing and a whole lot of go-ferring, but nowhere on the job description did it say ‘stop the CEO from getting jooged in the throat...which by the way, you probably deserved.’ That was extra, and while I’d probably do that for free for anyone else, you, Dr. Saurus, inspire violence,” she said as she pushed him (gently) out of the way and looked for her shoes.

She wasn’t going anywhere without those shoes. Her Mommy Domeka had saved up to get her the red croc peep-toe pumps. Those shoes were banging so hard she had them in three colors: red, cognac, and black.

While she was giving her uncensored opinion, she decided to give Dr. Saurus the rest of it. In for a penny and all that. “You need to do something with this office. I know you’re cheap and all that, but it wouldn’t hurt you to spruce this place up. Your office doesn’t have to look like a prison—from way back. When I stepped off the elevator, I was tempted to look around for Paul of Tarsus, as this place looked like a prison from BCE [Before the Common Era].”

Spotting her shoes, she checked them for damage. Finding none, she slipped back into them, threw up the double peace sign and tossed out

“deuces” over her shoulder, as she strutted from the room. She was almost at the elevator when she thought of something else.

Peeking her head back around the corner, she added her last two cents. “And how about some artwork? Damn shame that I’m the only thing of color in here. And I’m not implying that you’re a racist, because clearly you hate everybody; I’m just saying no one else of color would put up with you. Also, you have grown folk working here, so how about some real grown people desks instead of the desks you salvaged from the Eduba [earliest known schools] from the Old Babylonian Period. I actually saw Cuneiform graffiti scratched onto the surfaces. Some matching grown-people chairs would also be nice, instead of those boulders you have us sitting on.”

Before she could stop herself, she’d given him a detailed list of what should be done to the place whilst waiting for the elevator, which was the only luxurious thing in the place.

If she’d stayed a bit longer, she would’ve witnessed a miracle: Quip Saurus smiled. “I think she likes me,” he said to his disbelieving security detail, who’d really had everything under control. Well, everything except for Intrigue Constantine.

# CHAPTER ONE

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The whispering woke him, but being he didn't know what the hell had happened, he feigned continued unconsciousness.

"Dammit, Fin, you done killed the man," a raspy voice said.

"I know you are not questioning my science!" a sultry voice responded. The insult he heard in the voice almost made him smile.

"I'm not questioning nothing, Fin. I'm just saying the man ain't moved since you done what you did."

"That's because he's not supposed to move," the sultry-voiced woman responded.

"Yeah, but..." creepy-backwoods-voice guy began.

"Who's got four doctorate degrees?" sultry-voiced woman asked.

"You do, Fin."

"Who's got the most inventive ways to exact revenge?"

"Aunt Fin does!" a hyper-voiced female interjected right before starting a cheer. "Two, four, six, eight... Who does revenge so great? Aunt Fin! Aunt Fin! Gooooooooooooo Aunt Fin."



*Oh fuck*, Quip thought. He was in his own home surrounded by lunatics. Just fucking great.

“Thank you, Halima. You’re such a cutie,” sultry-voiced woman said with a smile in her voice. That smile dropped when she addressed the cretin stupid enough to question her science. “As my beautiful niece pointed out, I have the most creative revenge. Me. M-E.”

“I’m going to need you to apologize to my beautiful, brilliant wife,” a cultured, low-timbered voice said.

“Sorry, Fin.”

“You can do better than that.”

Quip heard shuffling and then the unmistakable sound of a woman being picked up, twirled about and kissed on both cheeks. “You’re our favorite mad scientist, Fin. Newton, Einstein and them ain’t got nothing on you.”

Quip literally heard the sultry-voiced woman smile at that.

“I forgive you.”

“And you won’t do nothing mean to us, right...like let Halima loose on us?”

“Not today. Okay, Mel, wake him up.”

If Quip had known what was going to happen next, he would’ve simply gotten up fighting despite the fact that something awry had happened to him. An

unexpected fight was always welcome; what happened instead was some shit straight out of a horror movie.

First, his mouth was pried open and filled with magma. He might've screamed, but his vocal cords were scorched. Even if he'd been able to manage a scream, the tiny explosions detonating in his esophagus would've brought any sound to an immediate halt. Thinking the worst was over, he took a deep breath and discovered that air was an accelerant. Explosions were popping off all throughout his body. WHAT THE FUCK! he thought as his body seemingly went haywire. He started shifting, which normally wouldn't have been a problem except for the fact that both his dragon and his dinosaur were trying to come through at the same time. Scales appeared on his skin while wings came out of his back. Only sheer will stopped him from fully shifting. Holding his breath, he dropped to his knees and willed the shift to stop. Five minutes later, he was face down on the floor in a pool of sweat, wondering if his esophagus was still attached and his spleen still functioned...but he was alive.

Opening his eyes, he looked into the face of a laughing woman. He croaked out the only thing he could. "What the hell was that?"

"Moonshine. I call it Wake the Dead."

“Being that his esophagus didn’t claw its way through his body, I think I need to amp it up a little bit, Aunt Mel,” Halima said.

“I think you’re right. Maybe a drop or two of more kick and it’ll be perfect.”

And that was his first introduction to the other fine residents of Mid NFW. He had questions, such as, *What the fuck did you do to me? How’d you get the drop on me?* but he didn’t bother to ask them once he realized he’d been kidnapped by carnival people, and from the scent of them they were Intrigue’s kin. Great. Just great.

“Okay, I’ve done my part. Mel brought the subject back to life, and I’ve got to get back home and have hot sex with my husband,” the sultry-voiced woman said a moment before she skipped out of his line of vision, dragging off a man he was certain was said husband.

Quip had no idea what the hell had happened. He simply knew that he didn’t want it to happen again. A smart man, he knew when he was bested, thus he kept his mouth shut and waited for the strange group to tell him what they wanted. It didn’t take long.

“We’re your new security,” a contingent informed him.

“Kill me now,” he muttered.

“Hey, I have a moonshine called that too. You want a taste?” Mel asked.

He might be a quarter dragon and three quarters dinosaur, but even he had limits. And Mel’s moonshine was it.

“No thank you,” he said, “although I’d like to buy some of that.”

“Great, I’ve got Azz Kicker, which sells for a thousand dollars a bottle; Kill Me Now, which sells for fifteen hundred dollars a bottle; and Wake the Dead, which technically isn’t on the market now.”

Great. A kidnapping followed up by a sales pitch. Going to the table, he got his checkbook and wrote her a check for fifty thousand dollars and another for a hundred thousand dollars. The fifty thousand was for an order for his restaurants; the hundred thousand was for her promise to never serve that to him again.

# CHAPTER TWO

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Being that she now had half a day free, Intrigue took a drive around Atlanta. Not the Atlanta featured on postcards or in shows, but the Atlanta she hadn't visited since the last time she'd left it...over sixteen years ago. The Atlanta that had been cold, mean, and dismissive of her and her family. The Atlanta that she'd wanted to run far away from and never come back to. The Atlanta that had made her who she was. Stopping by a shelter, she donated the money she'd been saving for a new pair of shoes she didn't need before driving back to Mid NFW...via the long route.

Entering the city limits of Mid NFW, she smiled for the first time in two hours. Visiting the past always put her in a strange mood. It was a lesson in classic Dickens. It'd been the worst of times...and the worst of times. Every day for a long time had been the worst day, but looking back, she was glad not so much for the content of the days but for the fact that she'd had the days...and had survived them. And it'd all been because of her mommies.

She always smiled when thinking of her mommies, or The Ninja Nuns as everyone else called them—capital T on the article. The Ninja Nuns were

made up of seven very different women. They might be nuns, but they were so badass.

Mommy Harmony had started off as the only actual nun (meaning the Pope signed her paycheck) before being “convinced” to join the rest of her motley mommies. Though she was all renegade now, she still upheld her Catholic faith...and her love of Chuck Taylor Converse. Mommy Deline belonged to the Episcopal Church and rocked sheep-skinned mules in the convent and riding boots outside of it. Mommy Amita was a staunch cowboy-boot-wearing Methodist. Mommy Faith was a Lutheran and rocked Crocs. A Baptist, Mommy Domeka loved anything with a stiletto heel. Mommy Asha was a no-nonsense and non-denominational chick who swore by her Timberland boots. And last but by no means least, there was Mommy Maiara, a member of the Dutch Reform Church who appreciated the comfort and hipness of Sketchers.

And it'd all started sixteen years ago, on the cold, mean streets outside of a soup kitchen. Mommy Harmony had been nice to the other mommies at a time when most of society had looked down, turned up their noses and turned their backs on them. Women who came from nothing and had little more than the clothes on their backs, their children, and the will to get through one more day, they'd all gotten a kick out

of Mommy Harmony and her unorthodox ways and black, high-top Chuck Taylors. According to the other mommies, Mommy Harmony always seemed to be one incident away from being tossed out of the Church. She walked picket lines, she told people off, and through it all she loved her some Jesus.

Startled that a woman like her, with all of that education and everything to live for, would talk to women like them (loose women, recovering alcoholics, recreational drug users, high school dropouts and petty criminals), they gravitated to her. So many things about Mommy Harmony impressed them, but what made them like her was her gumption. She rounded them up, introduced them to each other and collectively told them off, uncaring that they were scary, fearless, badass women. “You need to be friends. Similarly situated, you women need each other to survive. You can’t rely on institutions to do right by you when you won’t even do right by yourselves. Pool your resources, stick together and look out for each other. You got babies that need you.” Though she’d said it in a soft, modulated voice, it’d been an order.

Out of respect for the nun and awe for her, they’d listened. How could they not? Mommy Harmony not only rocked their babies, hugged their children, and prayed over the distended bellies of

those who were with child, she'd befriended them. She didn't just feed them Scripture, she fed them common sense and hope. The contrary nun made them think they were somebody, and days when they forgot it, she had no problem reminding them.

They'd done what she said and pooled their resources. Having nothing but bad credit, spotty or nonexistent work histories, criminal records, and little or no hope of passing a drug test, they had few options when it came to housing or jobs. Their pasts had relegated them to the most precarious fringes of society, but they made it work. Being the most dangerous and the most willing to kick someone's ass, Mommy Domeka played sentinel...and Mommy Amita backed her up.

There was always plenty of field work and manual labor that needed doing, and they did it. They'd hoed tobacco, shucked corn and picked all manner of fruits and vegetables. They'd slopped hogs, chased chickens, and milked cows. They'd mowed grass, washed windows, swept parking lots, and cleaned toilets. It'd been hard work, but it'd been honest. While they might not be able to give their children anything but hand-me-downs (three times over), at least they could give them a good example.

Thanks to Mommy Harmony, they had a way to get there. Somehow she procured them a van that had



more rust than it did paint...but it got them to and from work, so they were glad to have it. Their van had needed new everything, but between Mommy Asha and Mommy Maiara, they kept it running.

It'd been a long road, but Mommy Harmony had cheered them on through it all. Not having a lot of money (being a nun and all), she hiked up her habit and either walked or hitchhiked to their place to give them some encouragement along with some Jesus. Knowing full well that none of them were going to go to church, Mommy Harmony brought church to them. Come rain or shine, sleet or snow, Mommy Harmony came every week to give them their dose of Jesus.

And the mommies looked forward to it, being that they liked Mommy Harmony and they liked her Jesus.

With her sense of righteousness and her thirst for justice in all its forms, they couldn't help but love the liberating Jesus she talked about. That Jesus didn't judge them. That Jesus loved them...just like Mommy Harmony did.

And they loved her right back...so much so that they all changed their last names to Constantine just like hers. The other mommies didn't just adopt Mommy Harmony; they adopted her zest for life. As women who'd been abused, neglected, ostracized by society, the Church, and their families, Mommy

Harmony had given them self-esteem. More than that, she'd given them hope. That hope was evident in the photo that depicted them holding their GEDs in their hands. The mommies might all be clutching their GEDs like lifelines, but they were all looking at Mommy Harmony.

One day they'd simply decided that they didn't simply like Mommy Harmony, they loved Mommy Harmony...and that they were going to keep her. Of course they hadn't told Mommy Harmony that. They'd simply told her that they were going to do something wonderful and amazing. Being the curious woman she was (and knowing she couldn't really outrun the six other women), she'd allowed herself to be guided into their van and right into the midst of their lives.

Collectively they were known by the community as the Ninja Nuns, a nickname given to them by the townsfolk. The townsfolk were comprised of a motley of crazy if she'd ever seen it. Intrigue and her sisters paid their craziness no mind, because those people loved them. And hell, they themselves were crazy too...so they fit right in.

As always, she smiled when thinking of her sisters. If there was a more motley group of siblings, she'd yet to meet them. Some people said it was their mommies that had made them so "different," and they

were damn right. None of them had gone to school for very long, but it didn't matter because it seemed that few of the kids in Mid NFW went to public school. Furthermore, it seemed that the kids in their area were all known for being passing strange. They were homeschooled by Mommy Harmony, who, like most Catholic nuns, had a kickass education and knew how to handle a rowdy bunch of kids.

Over the years, lots of children had been entrusted to them by parents who had been in dire straits. Some days their convent had been overflowing with people, but none had been turned away. Between her mommies and the good folk of Mid NFW, Georgia, which consisted of the towns of Delice, Patrale, Enatavimus, Kennesaw Territory and No Trespassing, there'd always been enough. Enough love, enough miracles, enough prayers, enough security, enough hope, enough of everything.

What her mommies couldn't provide, the good people of the Mid NFW had. First and foremost, the community had given them acceptance. When all they'd had was each other and faith (and that'd been enough), they'd given them refuge. She remembered the convoy of pickup trucks, vans and station wagons that had crawled up the dirt path to their "house." At first, she'd been scared and so had her mommies, considering the fact that they'd answered the door

with rifles in their hands. She and her siblings had huddled with Mommy Harmony in the safety of the closet they'd been tucked in. Scared of the dark, damp unknown, she'd hugged up as close as she could to Mommy Harmony and taken refuge in her Hail Marys.

They hadn't stayed in the dark for long. For soon after, they'd been plucked up by the women and taken to play with their children. To this day, no one outside of Mid NFW knew who belonged to whom, because her siblings and the children in Mid NFW mixed it up regularly. It didn't matter if your last name was Constantine, Garrison, Deonté, Háski, Slayer, Creed or something else...you were playing together, working together and getting told off together. To this day, they were still thick as thieves.

The community had given them a home when all they'd had was the gumption to squat in an abandoned and rundown farmhouse. When the electric company wouldn't accept grace as payment, they'd paid the bill. Along with Psalm 82:3-4 (*3 Defend the cause of the weak and fatherless; maintain the rights of the poor and oppressed. 4 Rescue the weak and needy; deliver them from the hand of the wicked.*), the community gave them some Confucius. "Give a man a fish and you feed him for a day. Teach a man to fish, and you feed him for a lifetime."

Rev. Bailey had brought a mouthful of welcomes, a heart full of blessings, and his flock. And his flock had brought them everything from communion to comfort. The Creed Family, who owned acres upon acres of farmland and greenhouses, had brought their tractors and knowledge and tilled and seeded their land. The Archean Family, one of the biggest tree-farming families in the South, had sent two tractor trailers full of peach, pear, apple and pecan trees. Uncle Cadillac had come and retrieved their broken-down van and brought it back a about a week later looking brand new and purring like a jungle cat.

It'd taken months of hard work, but the weather had been good. It was like God had been smiling down upon them. She didn't know the temperature, she just remembered it being sunny a lot and feeling happy. Looking back, she knew that her happiness stemmed from her mommies' and siblings' happiness. She'd always felt wanted and loved, but she'd been sad seeing the wistful looks that sometimes filled her mommies' eyes. After being settled in Mid NFW, she hadn't seen that look anymore...and she was thankful for that. Though they'd come with nothing and had been given damn near everything, no one had made them feel like beggars. Everyone had just made them feel like part of the family. And the truth was, they were.

With the exception of Mommy Harmony, who already had a doctorate, all of the mommies had gone back to school. Starting with the community college in Azod, they'd earned degrees in various fields. And today, they not only had associate degrees, all of the mommies had graduate degrees. They'd chosen their courses carefully, wanting to get an education that would help them straight away rather than simply getting a degree just to have a degree.

A CPA, her biological mommy Amita had a BS in Accounting and Actuarial Science from Georgia State along with an MBA from Emory. She did books for small churches and helped low-income people do taxes. Mommy Asha had a BS in City and Regional Planning and a BS/MS in Environmental Engineering from Georgia Tech. She used her background in science to help the farm. Mommy Deline had a BSE in Early Childhood Education from Georgia State, an MA in Teaching Early Childhood Education from Oglethorpe, and had recently earned her Ph.D. in Educational Studies from Emory. She used her skills to teach and tutor at-risk children. Mommy Domeka had a BS in Public Policy and Women's Studies from Georgia State and a JD from Emory. Having a big interest in the lives of women, she helped women secure child support, restraining orders and such. Half the hours she put in were pro-bono. Mommy

Faith had an AAS in Networking Technology and a BFA/MFA in Animation from Savannah College of Art and Design. An illustrator for children's books, she used her computer background to teach children and older adults basic computer skills. Mommy Maiara had a BS in Nursing from Georgia State and an MD from Emory. She worked at a free clinic one day a week and spent another day visiting shelters and seeing to the residents. Mommy Harmony had a Ph.D. in Religion specializing in New Testament Studies. She facilitated Bible study and went out bringing church to the sick and shut in, reading them Scripture and singing songs with those who were too ill to make it to church.

They didn't simply use their degrees to make money hand over fist; they used their education to ensure a better way of life for their children. They'd expanded the farm to include chickens and cows. A portion of the food was donated to soup kitchens and shelters. Somewhere along the way, they'd used their knowhow to establish the Ninja Nun Academy. All the mommies taught there, and all of the people in the community pitched in, teaching things from how to change your oil to how to break a man's jaw in three places if he was getting fresh with you.

Though most young people were always in a rush to move to the big city, she wasn't one of them.

She just went to school and worked in the big city. She may've been young when her mommies had formed their sisterhood, but she'd been old enough to remember what it'd been like before that. And she was old enough to remember those first days when they'd hidden out in makeshift shelters in the cold, gray, unwelcoming metropolis. Mid NFW might not be on anybody's map, but it was home, and she'd never venture too far from it.



# CHAPTER THREE

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*Two years later*

Quip Saurus was very aware of the fact that almost everyone in existence hated his fucking guts...and he so didn't give one bit of a damn. A billionaire many times over, he could afford not to care. Hell, even when he hadn't been a billionaire he hadn't given a damn. Those who'd expected him to had been in for a rude awakening.

Like every other alpha shifter male, he had more than his fair share of arrogance, but he wasn't every other shifter male. The Saurus part of his surname should've clued people in on that. His full last name was PrimaDragon-Giganotosaurus. While he came from a distinguished family of dragons, his great-grandfather was a direct descendent of the first family of giganotosaurus. They weren't simply dinosaurs; they were Giganotosaurus Prime, meaning they were the super soldier of all dinosaurs during the Middle Cretaceous Period. Thus, they were quicker, bigger, and a lot more brilliant and therefore lethal than the regular Giganotosaurus who ruled the South American continent during the Middle Cretaceous period, terrorizing anything else that got in their way. In the

modern era they still ruled South America, and lots of the rest of the industrialized earth.

They ruled, but times and the earth itself had changed. His great-grandmother and one of the most beautiful and sought-after Prima Dragons who'd ever taken to the skies had wiped out a whole branch of his paternal line. His great-grandfather had survived simply because he'd been too busy flirting with his great-grandmother to fight her. Not one to kill a male who wouldn't defend himself, his great-grandmother had let him live. In return for such a kind act, his great-grandfather got her drunk and married her...much to his great-grandmother's dismay. She'd risen with a hell of a hangover and a mate. Being that his grandfather hadn't consummated their mating, his grandmother could've left him. Instead she'd chosen to beat the shit out of his grandfather before fucking him into the Late Cretaceous Period. This, of course, was a story Quip never needed to hear again, but the fact that his family made songs up about the event didn't help the situation much.

Both halves of his ancient family had survived the earth's tantrums. With the rise of humanity, they'd evolved right along with the human race, developing the ability to shift into humanoid form. While he wasn't pureblood Giganotosaurus Prime or Prima Shifter, no one would slight the progeny of

Jurassic and Apex Giganotosaurus. Especially when that progeny was him. Only one-quarter Prima Dragon, the dragon in him was nevertheless strong, and he was able to take on both dragon and dinosaur form in addition to his human form. True, it seemed to defy the laws of physics, but he defied so many other laws that it didn't bother him. Prima Dragon and Giganotosaurus Prime was a lethal mix...and he enjoyed his danger. Those who tested him enjoyed a quick end.

Being a hunter, he'd never gotten around to learning people skills. Humans thus often hated him. For that matter, so did other dragons and dinosaurs. And then there was Intrigue Constantine. A spitfire, she'd been the only intern he'd had in his long history who hadn't been reduced to tears or talked into quitting. He hadn't paid much attention to her until he'd heard the other employees talking about her. Apparently, she'd reduced a few of them to tears, which was quite a feat considering the pedigree of all of his employees. They were the best of the best. He'd had to find out more about the woman who'd had shifters stuttering around her and outright avoiding her. And then he'd met her.

On paper she might be the paradigm intern—4.0 GPA, spoke Yiddish, Swahili, Greek, and for some reason Klingon, and had perfect attendance at all of

her previous jobs—but there was an unmistakable determination about her. When he looked into her eyes, he saw himself. She might be polite, but he knew it wouldn't take much to bring out the “fuck yous” he sensed within her.

He'd watched young Ms. Constantine...and become intrigued—no pun intended. His staff was comprised of ninety-nine point nine percent shifters...and Intrigue Constantine. He found himself amused at how she so easily and effortlessly frustrated the males. Accustomed to human women falling for their good looks and wealth, they just didn't know how to react to her aloofness. And she wasn't simply *playing* hard to get; Intrigue Constantine *was* hard to get.

She didn't play games. She didn't act coy. She did, however, speak Southern real well. It was like one could hear the banjo music playing when she looked at people. Oh, she didn't have a regional accent; she just had a more than her fair share of “don't fuck with me” dripping off of her. He chuckled thinking of her. Looking at Intrigue was like looking at a female version of himself. A perfectionist, she was demanding. A Southerner, she didn't back down. A resident of Mid NFW, she was crazy as hell...and had a whole lot of crazy to back her up.

And she'd proven just how crazy that day the team of assassins had come to kill him...well, at least tried to kill him. There was always a team of assassins trying to make a name for themselves by trying to take him down. Fools. He hadn't lived this long by being stupid. Old he might be, but he was a shifter in his prime. A shifter who had known they were coming, welcomed their challenge and told his security to let them in. He'd had it all planned out, but he'd failed to account for the x-factor: Intrigue. She'd shot his plans all to hell by coming back from lunch early.

Any other anything would've got the hell out of Dodge, but she jumped right in to "save" him. She was too cute. That was the only time he'd seen her professionalism slip. Something about sharing a good smack down brought out the honesty in people. After that, she hadn't bothered holding back her true feelings...and neither had he. Of course, he never held back his true feelings.

He'd told her that she was staying on permanently with Saurus Semiconductor. Yes, told, not asked. Anyone else would snap up the opportunity but this was Intrigue Constantine he was dealing with. Her default answer was "hell no." There was no way he could have her leaving him. Who would amuse him so much?

He'd talked her up by agreeing to pay for her MBA...and her Ph.D.... and her little sisters' education—all of them...all the way up to their Ph.Ds. Being the contrary woman she was, she'd still had to think about it. Probably because billionaires ran deep in her circle. But in the end, her little sister had said “yes” for her. Zlota liked him, but as Intrigue had indicated, Zlota liked all weird people, so he shouldn't take it as a compliment.

He'd decided that a woman as special as Intrigue needed a special man...a man who was her match...in every way. Any man who wasn't good enough for her got scared the hell off, and on the rare occasion that didn't work, Quip sent in Halima Deonté—aka Grizzly Killer Number Two—and then there was no telling what happened to the poor bastards. Of course, Intrigue was none the wiser because she was busy being all she could be. The problem was that Intrigue didn't know that she was already so much. He'd decided she needed a good man to remind her, and being the methodical, brilliant shifter he was, he'd made a list. There were millionaires on the list. There were presidents, CEOs, doctors, Ivy League department chairs, and straight-out badasses on the list. All but five names had been scratched off, deemed not good enough. The last males standing were all males in his lineage.

Soon he'd whittled it down to just two: the most dangerous up-and-coming doctorate-degree holding badasses he knew who weren't him: his nephews. Rex and Raptor Állos were equals in many ways. Only one pound and a few degrees of asshole separated them. Either would be a fine match for Intrigue. Still, he'd chosen Raptor.

Raptor was a male who needed to be taken down a peg or two, and Intrigue was just the female to do it. This was why he'd sent Intrigue to his "establishment." Knowing them both, he simply sat back and waited for the inevitable fireworks. Of course, he sent in some security as a failsafe, because the last thing he wanted was for something to go awry. He knew in that case he'd have seven angry nuns on his doorstep, threatening him with hellfire, brimstone, that big-ass rifle of Domeka's, the sawed-off shotgun of Amita's, and anyone from the damn Kennesaw clan.

Despite the inherent danger and high potential that Intrigue would accidentally thwart his plan, he had to do this because frankly, like most males in their line, Raptor inspired violence. Raptor was also the only male who'd cleaned him out in poker, which in itself wasn't bad. What was unacceptable, however, was the fact that he'd gloated about it. Yep, Raptor needed a dose of humility, and knowing Intrigue, she'd give Raptor more than a dose of humility; she was

liable to give him a dose of fist to the throat and stiletto to the instep to go with it. And if he really pissed her off, she might give him a swallow of her Aunt Mel's moonshine. That'd send him to the ER for a few weeks.

Thinking of how unpredictable Intrigue and her people could be, he sent in extra security...not for Intrigue, but for his nephew. Just as he didn't need seven angry nuns or that fucking crazy Kennesaw clan with their self-appointed leader Halima (who were still his bodyguards) on his doorstep, he didn't need Raptor's crazy mother on his doorstep either. Just like all the females in their line, his sister Ferocity was something when riled...and just like their great-grandmother, she'd muddied the gene pool with her choice of mate: Super T-Rex.

Normal T-Rexes were in the neighborhood of forty feet long, twenty feet tall and seven tons and lumbered around. Super T-Rexes were longer, taller, heavier, and faster, with longer arms, a second row of teeth and a horrible, horrible disposition. It was a good thing they came along thirty million years after their lineage and lived on the North American continent, because a Giganotosaurus and a T-Rex in one place was a massacre just waiting to happen. That was how it'd been back in the Cretaceous Period; that



was how it was now...with everyone except their family.

Nature had known what it was doing when she'd put thirty million years between them. Too bad his sister had to go and muck that up by marrying one of them. How the women in his family continuously found these males to mate with gave him a headache behind his eye, so he didn't think about it...much. Except when he needed to destroy some shit...and then he thought about it with a smile. They might be a multi-species family, but they shared the same motto: Fuck shit up and fuck.

# CHAPTER FOUR

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Intrigue didn't care if she got paid thirty bucks an hour. She didn't care that she'd been on the payroll of Saurus Semiconductor for two years now. She didn't care that she had a nameplate and a new desk that St. Peter could sit at while checking people into Heaven. She didn't care that the leather chair she sat in was so soft it felt like a strong-handed man was kneading your ass when you sat in it. She didn't care that Dr. Saurus had paid for her MBA and was paying for her to get her Ph.D.

Nope, she didn't care one damn bit, and she was so close to hurting Dr. Saurus it wasn't even funny. Only the fact that her little sister Lottie loved him stopped her. Trust Lottie to love him, because there wasn't a certified weirdo in existence that she didn't love.

Intrigue just couldn't believe this shit...could not fucking believe it. *Who the fuck closed deals in a strip club?* she thought as she rolled her truck to a stop. Looking at the place, she wanted to bang her head on the steering wheel. Strip Club with Hot Females. *Was this motherfucker for real? What kind of shit-ass name was that? And what kind of shit-ass man owned this establishment?* Sighing and

*metaphorically girding her loins, she exited her truck. Okay, dammit, she exited Dr. Saurus' one-hundred-thousand-dollar luxury SUV that was more tank than it was truck, which had to be because Dr. Saurus had to fit his ego inside along with his girth...not that there was an ounce of fat on the man. Gritting her teeth, she kept pretending she didn't love that crotchety old bastard...and like always, that shit wasn't working.*

She was going to suck it up and do her job. Suck it up and do her job...suck it up and do her job. That was what she'd told her best friend Serenata...until she saw the name of that club.

"I'm going to murder, death, kill him! And then I'm telling the mommies on him!" she yelled into the phone.

"Well, if you're going to murder, death, kill him, wait until I get off probation so I can help, since I can't leave the state and all."

"Why do we need to leave the state to kill him when we've got our choice of weapons, including Aunt Fin and the entire Kennesaw clan?"

"Because I deserve a road trip, dammit, and running from the law would roooooock!"

"Okay, your mom—the sheriff of your county—is the law," Intrigue reminded her best friend. "And her

best friend and your godmother is sheriff of my county.”

“What’s your point? If my momma and god-momma get out of hand, I’ll simply tell my daddy and god-daddy.”

“Note to crazy-ass best friend: your momma arrested you. Your god-momma arrested you, which isn’t surprising being that your god-momma also arrested her own damn husband.”

“And your mommas...six of whom like to remind the community-at-large that they weren’t always nuns...are right there with them getting their share of crazy. The Pope called, and he wants their habits back because chopper-riding, Bible-wielding, arms-toting, stiletto-wearing, fuck-you-up-on-a-dime chicks are all outside of anyone’s normal perception of nun.”

“Are you talking smack about my mommies?” Intrigue asked.

“Nope, I’m talking smack about you. So if you’re going to kill your boss, wait for me. Remember, I’m the official best friend of you.”

“I should charge you sponsorship for the honor.”

“Whatever. Table the bitching and killing and go make your boss lots of money. And stop by the corner store and bring me a hunk of cheese on your way back.”

“Fine. I’m out—I’ve got a stank-ass strip club to meander into. Note to self: purchase ten vats of rubbing alcohol and a tub of iodine.”

Intrigue had just talked herself down when she got to the front door and read the notice...the notice that stated only “big-titted women” could enter the premises. She didn’t even think. Before she’d finished saying the –er on the end of the word motherfucker, she was dialing.

“I hope you enjoyed your esophagus, because I’m telling my Aunt Mel what you did,” she barked into the phone.

“Are you threatening me, Intrigue?”

“I’m not threatening, Dr. Saurus. I’m just saying that I will not be responsible for what happens when I step into this quote, establishment, unquote. It’s a good thing you bought me this soft leather satchel, because I’m going back to the truck and sticking a couple of extra machetes in it along with another gun or two. If one person, and I mean just one, starts anything, the gravel will flow with the blood of the nonbelievers. In this case, I expect you to pay off the state of Georgia to get me out and then kill off all of the witnesses. And if you don’t remember who my family is, let me just remind you. My family is the kind that will kick your ass while praying the rosary, the office, and everything else for you. Bet. And that’s

like secular for Amen,” she said before sliding some weapons into the specially designed interior pocket of her jacket and walking into the door.

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Three things were known about the Állos twins. One, they were mean, deadly somethings who should be given a wide berth. Two, there were two of them. Three, though they were identical in humanoid form and nearly identical when shifted, one should know the difference between them.

At seven feet six inches and three hundred twenty-five pounds, Rex Állos was the more easygoing of the two. On Mondays, he was an asshole. On Tuesdays, he was a motherfucker. On Wednesdays, he was a son-of-a-bitch. On Thursdays, he was a bastard. On Fridays, he was a shithead. On Saturdays, he was all of the above. On Sundays, he rested and thus, was just a prick. *And he was the nice one.*

At seven feet six inches and three hundred twenty-six pounds, Raptor Állos was everything Rex was...to the hundredth power. He didn't take a day off. Nope, he was an asshole, motherfucker, son-of-a-bitch, bastard, shithead, prick squared...to the infinite power...every single day. Even Rex could hardly stand him, which was why he steered clear of him too.

Half Super Tyrannosaurus Rex, one quarter Giganotosaurus Prime, and one quarter Prima Dragon, the brothers were a combination of some of the baddest Apex Predators that ever walked the earth. In addition, they were Southern. Thus, they could be all the bastards they wanted. One did not fuck with a dinosaur or a dragon if one wanted to live. One simply gave them all the room they wanted. And Rex and Raptor Állos wanted a lot of room.

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Despite the fact that the club wasn't yet open, music pumped throughout the space. Catering to shifters, they didn't need to have the music loud; they simply liked the music loud. Still, neither the music nor the general hubbub associated with strip clubs was loud enough to cover the sounds of the human's displeasure. The patrons and staff heard her long before she crossed the threshold. Accustomed to coarse language, they were nonetheless surprised at the intensity of the human's downright disgust...and the fact that she relayed that disgust in so many languages.

"What the fuck is that?" Fierce Állos asked.

"Yiddish," Raptor responded absently even as he thought about throwing his cousin bodily into traffic.

“Do I even want to know why you know Yiddish? Or is it one of those *if you tell me you’d have to kill me* things.”

“I don’t need a reason to kill you,” Raptor said without looking up from his newspaper.

“This is why you have no friends,” Battalion, his other cousin, said.

“Not on the market for any.”

“It’s a good thing. What language is she cussing in now?” Fierce asked.

“Swahili, which you’d know if you’d pull your head out of pussy every once in a while and put it in a book.”

“First, I don’t live in Swahili so I don’t need to know Swahili. Second, why do you want me to put my cock in a book?”

Raptor simply sighed and turned the page of his newspaper before commenting. “You cannot seriously be that dumb. Your mother should’ve drowned you when she had the chance. Perhaps I should call her and offer to do it now.”

“My mother loves me.”

“One would think a woman with a doctorate in molecular biology would be smarter than that. Then again, Aunt Vesuvius has a soft heart.”

“You are such an asshole.”

“We’ve gone over that already.”



Battalion interrupted them. “Table your never-ending argument for a moment and tell me what the fuck that is?”

“That, my friend, is Klingon,” one of the dancers chimed in.

“And you know this how?”

“I’m not just a hot body. I’m also a certified sci-fi head.”

“Speaking of head,” Fierce said a moment right before they all fell silent at the newest bout of cussing.

“Damn,” they all said.

They couldn’t wait to lay eyes on the woman who owned that voice and mastered that vocabulary.

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Not much impressed Raptor, but then he’d never before laid eyes on the woman who stepped through the door. He didn’t know what it was about this woman, but the interest of both his dinosaur and dragon was piqued. Raptor wanted to see more of this woman to see if she truly deserved his interest, which meant that he was going to have to ensure that she removed the voluminous coat she was wearing.

As shifters were normally hot-natured, shifter gathering places tended to be kept quite cool. He needed that coat off, and he needed it off now.

Thankful for the remote control that controlled climate as well as lighting and music, he discreetly turned up the heat to inferno. If he had to, he'd fucking build a fireplace and cut down a forest to stoke up the heat, but he wanted, needed, and had to see what was under that coat. The way she was holding it closed, he knew the only way he was going to get her out of it was to sweat it out. He didn't know a whole lot about women, but he knew that black women did not like sweating out their relaxers.

His Uncle Quip had said he was sending over his intern to close a deal, and while he'd been mildly annoyed that he'd have a human in his domain, after glimpsing the voluptuous female who strutted through the door, all he could be was thankful. Unlike most of the females who danced at his brother's club, this woman was double-digits. A good solid size eighteen, he was guessing as he turned the heat up another notch. He was fantasizing about how her teeth would feel when she bit into his shoulder after he finally allowed her to come. And then the mood was shattered when his shit-for-brains cousin spoke.

"Show me your titties!" Fierce screamed.

Before he could reach across the table and conveniently kill him, the room exploded with the scent of her anger. He didn't have to be a shifter to know that she was angry; fury was written all over her

lovely face. Every shifter in the place could smell her anger. And while anger normally had a cloying smell to it, the scent of her anger turned him on. Immensely. Damn, he wanted to fuck her so bad.

And what she did next turned him on even more. Ever so calmly, she strutted her fine ass to the table, reached back and cold-cocked his cousin. Without missing a beat, she followed it up with a machete to his throat. She whipped that machete out with a grace that prima ballerinas would've envied. Holding it steady, she delivered her response in a voice so beautiful it should've been center stage somewhere with a full-on orchestra.

“No.”

One word. One syllable. One meaning: death if his cousin made one wrong move. Her poise told him that she would kill his cousin if his cousin said the wrong thing. That bit of knowledge made his hard cock impossibly harder. If he wasn't so sure she'd take it as a personal affront, Raptor would've pinned her against the wall, divested her of her too many clothes and made progeny right then. The only thing that stopped him was that whole murder, death, kill thing she had going on. Fierce probably deserved whatever she was hoping to do to him, and having grown up with his cousin, Raptor knew there was a ninety percent chance that Fierce was about to stumble

across his death if he opened his mouth. He just couldn't have that. If anyone was going to kill him, it was going to be him.

It wasn't that he minded someone killing Fierce. He minded the headache that'd come with that. His Aunt would be upset, albeit briefly, and then there'd be the blood in the carpets and splattered against the walls and the police. All of that would interfere with him getting to see that woman in his bed.

He growled a warning in Fierce's head. *Shut. Up.*

For once, Fierce did something smart and shut up. Seeing her move her arm a bit and thinking the danger had passed, several of the shifters lunged for the machete only to be brought up short by the barrel of the sawed-off shotgun. No wonder she'd kept a death grip on that coat. Raptor knew he should've been perturbed about the weapons he did see as well as those he didn't, but he was too busy trying to get his cock under control.

## CHAPTER FIVE

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It was a good thing Aunt Fin was the world's biggest nerd. As she'd invented all kinds of handy-dandy doohickeys and thingamabobs, all kinds of people (nations, badass MFs and such) coveted Aunt Fin. And by doohickeys and thingamabobs, Intrigue didn't mean things one would see on late-night infomercials, but things like stable wormholes...which was why the Zjxadrâzqué'an Empire hired her. After the unfortunate (or fortunate, depending upon how one looked at it) assassination attempt on her boss (which seemed to be an almost daily occurrence for a spell before dropping off once he'd slain all who'd come after him), her aunt had gone to her not-so-secret secret lab and created her all kinds of coolness categorized under: "just in case someone acts crazy."

Tapping her diamond stud earring that doubled as one of the world's tiniest cellular phones, she called her boss.

"You just walked in the door. You couldn't have had time to kill anyone already, Intrigue."

"I haven't killed anyone yet, Dr. Saurus, but one of the patrons has already asked me to show him my goods."

"Ah, so that explains the gun and machete."

“You’re all the way in Buckhead; how would you know what I have?”

“It wouldn’t matter if I was all the way across the universe, I’d always hedge my bets on you pulling a gun, knife, and all manner of weaponry on anything with a penis. Who needs to die?”

“You for sending me here; the jerk who posted the sign about big boobs; the man who had the audacity to demand I show him mine (as effing if); and the peeps here who thought to grab the machete from my hand...for starters.”

“Perhaps I should ask who doesn’t need to die.”

“I’ll let you know when I think of someone.”

“Well, my security is present. If you’d be so kind as to not initiate a massacre, I’d appreciate it.”

“Your security is here? That explains everything. Your security sucks. I keep telling them to get out, and you keep being all ‘Mr. Bleeding Heart Liberal’ and taking them back. I don’t even understand why you need additional security when you have my cousins.”

“Your cousins are my stalkers; they are not security.”

“I’m telling Halima.”

“Please don’t. Do you know how many people have gone missing since Halima and her lackeys the Kennesaws have started ‘watching my back,’ as they call it?”

“Nope, and I don’t care. If they went missing, they deserved it. Just be glad it was only Halima they pissed off, because her momma Aunt Aviva actually drove an entire species to the brink of extinction...in one evening.”

“Yes, everyone in the shifter community heard about that. Now put down the weapons and get my paperwork signed so I can wield more power and all.”

“What if they jump me?”

“You might think of me as a crotchety old bastard, Intrigue, but I assure you I’m a dangerous motherfucker that none of those present would want to cross. No harm will come to you, and being that Zlota thinks I’m a hero, it would be bad fashion to allow something to happen to you.”

“Careful—you almost sound like you like me, Dr. Saurus.”

“I love you, Intrigue...just like you love me.”

Before she could vehemently object to such a falsehood, Dr. Saurus hung up on her. *How dare he?* Knowing she wasn’t in danger, she slid her machete into her satchel and laid her shotgun on the table. Brushing a bit of lint off her jacket, she drew in a breath.

“Which one of you gentlemen is Rex Állos? And why is it so damn hot in here?” she asked as she shimmied out of her coat.

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So this was *the* Intrigue of whom his uncle spoke. Raptor could see why she had so many males in an uproar. The female was as impressive as the weapons she'd wielded. As impressive as the weapons were, no one present backed off because of them. They backed off because of the warning growl from Quip Saurus' security. Quip Saurus didn't have to be present to get his threats across, and the growls, though hummed by proxy for Quip, were indeed threats. No amount of apathy, no state of near drunkenness, would make any sane shifter ignore a threat issued by Quip Saurus. And that included shifters who were related to Quip.

Even if anyone had wanted to harm this female, Raptor wouldn't have allowed such a thing. This female had managed to do something no other female in his life had: she had his nose wide open. Raptor had wanted her the moment she stepped through the door. That desire had intensified when she'd pulled out her weapons. It had gone into full blown *got to have her* when she finally removed her coat.

He almost lost the ability to think at all when her form was revealed. It was even better than he'd imagined. He was a breast man, a booty man and a leg



man, and she had all three in spades. The black v-neck ruched top and black tiered skirt lovingly caressed her glorious curves, curves he wanted to caress...for the rest of the week...for starters.

Hearing another male's names on her lips yanked Raptor out of his fantasy. It didn't matter that the other man was his brother. The only Állos male's name she should be speaking was his.

"Rex isn't here," he said. "He should be back presently."

"I'm Southern, so I know that 'presently' can mean ten minutes or ten hours. As impressive as your little club is, I'm not really trying to spend any more time here than necessary."

"It shouldn't be all that long. Why don't you sit and read the paper. Would you like something to eat?" he asked in full mack mode.

"Well, I'm already here. I'll take you up on the offer of the seat, but I think I'll pass on the food. T & A and food just don't mix."

"They do for me. I eat better when T & A is involved," Fierce piped in.

"You probably get a lot of penicillin shots too," she said.

Of course the insult went right over Fierce's head, just as her scent went right to Raptor's own head. Sliding closer, he breathed her in and growled.

The rumbles hadn't finished vibrating through his chest before he had an eyeful of her bountiful, bountiful chest.

With one hand on her hip, she arched a brow. "You do not want a piece of me," she said.

"No, I don't want a piece of you," he said before he could stop himself. "I want all of you."

"Perhaps in another millennium or so you'll be man enough to handle me," she quipped as she settled herself in a seat.

Every shifter in the place was looking at him, waiting for what he'd do next. Hell, he was wondering what he'd do next too. He knew what he wanted to do, but somehow he didn't think Ms. Intrigue would appreciate him spreading her out on the table, lifting her skirt and plunging into her in front of an audience. Humans were funny about things like that. So instead of doing that, he willed himself to remain seated and quiet...for now. Besides, he had to think of ways to keep her here, which meant that he had to delay his brother's return. Excusing himself, he went to Rex's office, called his Uncle Quip, and then planned his siege.

Quip had spent the last twenty minutes waiting for this call, so he didn't waste time with pleasantries.

"If you fuck up, I'll kill you," he promised before hanging up and dialing Halima.

As always, he cringed when thinking of the lethal polar bear shifter. The males in the Deonté line were dangerous, but the females were crazy *and* dangerous. Aviva and Halima Deonté were so unpredictably dangerous that the shifter community had a litany of constitutional amendments dealing solely with those two. If you wanted an entire species wiped out, you called Aviva; if you wanted shit just fucked up beyond all repair, you called Halima...and then prayed that whatever she did didn't serve as a catalyst to an Extinction Level Event.

"Halima speaking. Who needs their ass whipped or needs to go missing?" she answered with her customary greeting.

"Quip speaking. Remember what we talked about?"

"Yeah, especially since it was like half an hour ago."

"Do your thing and remember, do not kill my nephew. I want him led on a wild goose chase; I don't want flocks of geese bringing back pieces of him," he said before hanging up.

# CHAPTER SIX

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Not one to sit on her duff (as shapely as it was), she scanned the club. While it didn't say so, Intrigue was sure that Strip Club with Hot Women was a shifters-only club. Not for the first time, she thought that this club would be better served having both male and female strippers. That way it could capture the female shifter customer, as female shifters didn't have a spot of their own...probably because female shifters did more impressive things than open strip clubs.

Fully into her plan, she made notations on her tablet computer. Looking around the room, she considered the arrangement of tables around the stage area. It only took her a few minutes to decide that the space could be put to better use. She made additional notations along with recommendations for improvements for the club, starting with kicking the male named Fierce in the head...on a daily basis.

That seen to, she checked her e-mails, of which she had one from Dr. Saurus commanding her to stay put until she got Rex's signature. Sighing, Intrigue spent the next few minutes amusing herself. She learned the names of the males sitting at the table (just in case). She skimmed the news, beat the

computer at solitaire and Scrabble, and ordered a new pair of kicks online.

During all of that, she checked out the extremely hot Raptor Álos from all sides—several times over. It wasn't hard to do, being that Raptor was over seven feet and three hundred pounds of chiseled planes wrapped in sun-kissed olive skin that hinted at his Latin heritage. With honey brown eyes, blue-black hair that fell halfway down his back, and full lips that looked like they should be entered into the oral sex hall of fame, he was a centerfold spread just waiting to happen. And he had the sexiest fucking accent, making her guess that his native tongue was some kind of Romance language—perhaps Italian, Spanish or Portuguese. Whatever it was, his accent was hot as hell.

If she thought he'd go for a full-figured woman like herself, Raptor Álos would've been a pregnancy just waiting to happen. She would've jumped on him and rode him like her ancestors rode the Freedom Train. While it was an extremely pleasurable task, Intrigue was officially out of shit to do.

"Mind if I look around?" she asked Raptor even as she rose. Intrigue didn't necessarily *want* to get up; she *had* to get up to keep from throwing herself on that man.

"Help yourself," he said.

She started at the bar. It was well-stocked, but she thought it could be better arranged. Before she could talk herself out of it, she started reorganizing the bar so it'd be more efficient for the bartenders.

"Hey, Rex ain't going to like that," a man she guessed was the bartender said.

"You know what Rex would like even less?" she asked even as she continued to rearrange bottles. "He'd like it less if my Aunt Mel, who distills Azz Kicker and Kill Me Now, stopped selling it to his bar. Now be gone, wench," she said as she unceremoniously shooed him off.

"I'm a male," the bartender said with a trace of indignation in his deep voice.

"Well, then stop acting like a bitch," she said. Seeing the bartender's eyes blaze, she wondered if she was going to have to make a Molotov cocktail and a hasty escape, but then Raptor's voice rang out.

"Leave her," Raptor said before quitting the room. He didn't yell it, but there was no mistaking the warning in his tone. Dr. Saurus often had the same tone in his voice when warning others he was going to fuck them up if they kept on. Smiling, she thought about how good Raptor's voice would sound screaming out her name.

The bar seen to, she made her way to the kitchen and had a look around. Being that they didn't serve

food, mixed drinks or even pretzels, it was, predictably, spotless. She liked a neat kitchen. With nothing to do there and a demand from her boss to stay put, she was debating on whether or not to nap in her truck when her song came on. Before she could stop herself, she was singing along with Kelis and belting out the words to “Milkshake.”

She’d just gotten to the chorus when the asshole they called Fierce had to put in his two cents.

“I hope you’re not planning on jumping on stage. A, those poles are engineered for females who are a lot smaller than you, and B, we’re accustomed to a certain type of woman dancing.”

“A, why do you have a working voice box? B, I’m surprised you know the alphabet, much less the word ‘engineered.’ C, see point A.”

“I was just saying. I didn’t want you to get embarrassed.”

“Why would I be embarrassed?”

“It’s not enough to have big titties. You have to know how to use them.”

No. This. Motherfucker. Didn’t. *Oh, yes he did*, her mind said. Before she could stop herself, she challenged him. “Strip-off, motherfucker. Get thee to a pole and show me what you got.”

“What?” he asked with his eyebrows damn near shot up into his hairline.

“You heard me. Choose your song and get your ass up on that stage. We’re having a strip-off, and when I win and make you my bitch, I promise to treat you with as much respect as I can.”

“You’re kidding, right?” he asked.

“Yes, I’m kidding, because when I win, I won’t be treating you with respect.”

“A challenge has been called,” Battalion yelled out. “You have two choices, Fierce: accept the challenge or bare your neck to the human.”

The room broke out in cheers. “Cha-llenge! Cha-llenge! Cha-llenge!”

Intrigue wasn’t the least bit perturbed by the raucous crowd. She was, however, surprised by Battalion’s support. “Kick his ass. My brother could stand to get his ass kicked by someone new. If you think you can’t win, you give me a sign and I’ll interrupt him by whipping his ass.”

Grinning, Intrigue hugged Battalion. “I’m not concerned about losing, but thanks for having my back.”

Intrigue wasn’t being arrogant. While everyone might think she was all brain, thanks to her cousin Halima, she could dance. Having made friends with a stripper by the name of Mr. Delicious, Halima had talked the dancer into giving her lessons in exchange for not kicking his ass on a daily basis. She’d never



seen Mr. Delicious dance, but she'd seen Halima dance (thank goodness she'd kept her clothes on, because she didn't need an eyeful of Halima's tig old biddies or anything else for that matter). Halima had unquestionably mastered the art of the striptease, which she'd taught all of them.

"You never know when you'll need to seduce a man...or five," she'd said during the year and a half she'd spent teaching the women in Mid NFW the art of the striptease and pole...all the women, including the grandmoms. Intrigue never thought she'd need to use that skill, but she'd continued practicing. Besides being good exercise, it made her feel sexy. And in a few minutes, it was going to help her own Fierce Állos.

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Raptor had watched in amusement as Intrigue went about rearranging the bar. As the bartender pointed out, it was going to piss off his brother. Like Intrigue, he simply couldn't bring himself to give a damn. Having made his point clear, he ducked back into Rex's office to make a few more calls to clear his calendar. A meticulous man, Raptor didn't do anything by halves—and make no mistake about it, he planned on doing Ms. Intrigue Constantine. He'd had

to clear his calendar because he was going to be busy coaxing his name out of her mouth.

He wasn't even in the office fifteen minutes when the wave of noise hit him. Refrains of boos and hisses damn near rocked the club. Knowing that Fierce was most likely the catalyst for those boos and hisses and that Intrigue still had a stash of weapons at her disposal along with the moxie and knowledge to use them, he hurried out to the main area of the club. All he wanted to do was prevent his cousin from ending up a fatality at the end of the day. Dropping his phone and running to the main area of the club, he ran smack dab into a fucking visual and audial nightmare: Fierce was on the stage, shirt unbuttoned, tweaking his own nipples and swaying all out of beat to Right Said Fred's "I'm too Sexy." *What the fuck?* he wondered even as he almost threw up in his mouth.

"Is that all you got? Come on, I thought Latin men had more rhythm than that," Intrigue called out from the floor.

"I'm just getting warmed up," Fierce threw back as he shimmied out of his jeans and tossed them offstage. "I didn't want to overwhelm you females with too much too soon."

If Raptor never saw his cousin shimmy again, it'd be too soon. Seeing Fierce slide his fingers into his boxer briefs, Raptor wanted to cover Intrigue's eyes,

but as soon as he inched closer, she along with all of the dancers yelled out a warning.

“We will kill you dead if you interfere.”

“Dead,” Intrigue reiterated.

Knowing he was bested, he took a seat and looked anywhere but on the stage. He knew what was coming next, and he didn’t want to see it. His cousin wasn’t shy about showing off his body and in fact used any flimsy excuse he could come up with to flaunt it. Fierce’s default mode of dress was naked as the day he was born.

“Well let’s see what you have, human,” his cousin challenged.

“Cue my music, Battalion,” Intrigue said as she cracked her knuckles.

Raptor knew he should stop whatever was going to happen next, but he hesitated, and that was his mistake because as soon as the first chords of Madonna’s “Justify My Love” played, she marched up to the edge of the stage. Placing her hands on the edge, she went all Russian gymnast and executed a handstand, revealing thighs, hips and an ass he wanted to feast on encased in silk, garters and lace. She held her pose while those gorgeous, muscular legs lowered in a straddle split formation for a moment before bringing her legs back up, bending them over her head and walking over to a standing position.

Blood rushed to his cock, while his ears filled with the sound of the applause, clapping and wolf whistles of the staff. Smiling, she strutted to the pole, executing a vertical right split before circling around it. When she faced the room again, he watched as her eyes sought him out. Locating his gaze, her lips pulled back into a sensual smile. She kept her gaze locked with his even as she rubbed her hands over her breasts and cupped them through the silky material. Pinching her nipples, she smoothed her hands down her hips...and he followed every movement with his eyes. Sensually gyrating to the music, she briefly touched her sex...and the world stopped.

His nose easily picked up the scent of her arousal. Everything in the room fell away. The medley of gasps, groans, and applause faded. Even the sound of the music died, drowned out by the sound of Intrigue's beating heart. When he thought it couldn't get any better...thought that he couldn't be any more turned on, she stopped singing along with the song and instead mouthed his name.

In that moment, Raptor knew Intrigue Constantine wasn't just a female who turned him on; Intrigue Constantine was the one he was meant to spend the rest of his life with. Everything in him roared to claim her...the dragon, the dinosaur, the man. Once he claimed her, he would do all within his

power to keep her, for losing her was not an option. Losing Intrigue would be to lose a part of himself.

Growling out a roar in Dragonian and Dinosaurian, he made his way to the stage. Once he had Intrigue in his arms, he rumbled a translation in her ear. “Mine, Intrigue.”

“That’s a statement instead of the question it should be,” she said.

Ah, his mate was so contrary. And while he rather enjoyed that about her, Raptor wasn’t in any mood to let her think this was a matter for debate. She was his. Gently lifting her chin and kissing her soft lips, he let her know this. “It wasn’t a statement, Intrigue. It was a proclamation. You are mine.”

“If I say so. And why would I say so?”

“Because of this, Intrigue,” he said as he took her hand and placed it on over his heart. “Our hearts beat in time.” Closing his hands around her lush hips, he pulled her into his hardness. “And because of this,” he said as he rubbed his scent all over her. “Your body recognizes who I am.”

“And who are you?” she whispered through her arousal, which had spiked.

“Your mate,” he said before dipping his head and kissing her.

Intrigue didn't know when her dance had changed from wanting to show up Fierce to wanting—no, needing—to seduce Raptor. *The moment you sensed him*, her body said. While she knew her skills, she'd wanted to show Raptor that she wasn't just a brain, but equal parts woman with a woman's needs and wants. For whatever reason, she'd wanted Raptor as soon as she'd set eyes on him. That want had quickly changed to need, but she didn't admit it, wouldn't admit until she saw the look in his eyes when he watched her on the stage. He didn't look at her with lust, as if she was simply a pair of breasts, a pussy and an ass to be played with before being fucked. Raptor looked into her, as if he was hunting for the sexuality that had nothing to do with her body, and everything to do with her deepest longings. She'd stopped singing along with the music because it'd gone from being a show to being a confession to Raptor: She wanted him. She needed him. She was scared.

Intrigue wasn't scared of what Raptor could do to her physically, for she knew that Dr. Saurus would never put her in danger. More than that, everything in her knew that Raptor was not a man who abused women. Intrigue was scared of what Raptor could do to her emotionally because she was already lost in him, lost in the possibilities of what they could be together. Flashes of her early life, of all of her

mommies, of all of the women who'd trusted a man only to have him let her down flooded her mind.

And just when it became too much, the feel of Raptor, who'd made his way on stage, monopolized her senses. His face, his scent, the sound of his voice wore her down. Finally, the truth behind his confession collapsed the barrier that had been constructed to protect her. *Your mate*, he'd said. And Intrigue knew that he'd meant it.

Feeling his hands on her body, his heat against her skin, his full lips upon hers filling her mouth with promises she knew he'd keep, Intrigue held on to him and let her fears fall away.

Backing her against the pole, he growled at her. "Open."

"My mouth or my legs?" she asked sassily.

"Both," he rasped as he again brought his mouth down to hers and inserted his fingers into her silk warmth.

She fell apart. Right then. Right there. In front of God and who knows else, she screamed her release into his mouth and collapsed against him.

"Raptor," she breathed out.

"Intrigue," he responded. Her name had never sounded so good.

Picking her up, he cradled her against his hard chest and leapt from the stage.

# CHAPTER SEVEN

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As soon as he settled himself in the truck, Raptor knew being in an enclosed space with his mate was a bad idea. A real bad idea. The scent of her had been driving him mad in the club, which was over four thousand square feet. Intrigue's scent was overpowering in the 125.3 cubic feet. He hadn't even left the parking lot, and he had to fight the overwhelming urge to consummate their relationship.

"Raptor, are you okay?"

"No," he answered honestly.

"Are you going to tell me what's wrong?"

"You're killing me."

Her soft laughter soothed him somewhat.

"Thank you for the compliment."

"I need you, Intrigue. I *need* you."

"You have me, Raptor."

"Of this there was no doubt, Intrigue."

"None?" she asked with a lift of her brow.

"None," he assured her. "And just in case some male thinks to challenge that, be assured I can handle myself in any battle."

"So can I, Raptor."

"I'm sure you can handle yourself, but the only thing you'll be handling is me."



“That was never a question. The real question is, can *you* handle my handling of you?”

Picking up her hand, he kissed her knuckles before pulling her closer and kissing those delicious threats from her mouth. As pleasurable as that was, that was mistake number two. She was just too damn much temptation for him to hold back. “Intrigue,” he rasped against her.

“Raptor,” she responded.

“I need you so much, so much, so much,” he breathed into her mouth.

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Intrigue knew that Raptor was a male on the edge. Instead of frightening her, it empowered her because she knew she was the reason for his blatant need. Unlike many human males, Raptor didn’t attempt to hide what she did to him or his need for her. He simply wore his need like he did his fineness.

Many shifters with human mates worried that they’d harm their mates with their passion or frighten them with their need. While she appreciated Raptor’s concern, she knew he wouldn’t hurt her. Nothing about him frightened her. Unbuckling her seatbelt, she pulled her shirt over her head and brought Raptor

closer. Placing his hand on her breast, she showed him her own need.

“Touch me.”

“Touch me,” she breathed again as she arched up into him, caressing him with her much softer body. “Touch me,” she commanded as she worked a hand under his shirt and traced the contours of his chest before pinching one of his flat nipples.

His roar shook the truck, but instead of pulling back, she pressed forward. Widening her legs, she worked her legs around him and wordlessly invited him to touch her sex. Raptor wasn’t the only one who was needy, she thought, shuddering as he gently sucked her nipple into his hot mouth. He wasn’t the only one on edge, she admitted when she burst into flames at the feel of his fingers stroking her to pleasure.

“Raptor, you need to get us to a bed, otherwise I can’t promise to restrain myself.”

Her admission caused him to raise his head. She noted that the need banked there rose another few degrees. Good, she thought. He needs to know how much he’s wanted too.

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His mate was going to be the death of him, he thought, and then she took the restrictor plate off of her passion and she became the aggressor. He'd never had a female take the role of aggressor. Then again, he'd never had a female like Intrigue Constantine.

Plenty of females had wanted him, but only Intrigue wanted *all* of him. She didn't even know all there was to know, and yet she showed him her desire. More than that, she gave him her trust. Suddenly, it wasn't enough to get her to his bed; he wanted to take her home...to the heavily forested area generations of his family had flown over.

"Come home with me."

"Yes."

"You don't even know where my home is."

"Yes, I do. It's with me," she said.

She was right. His home was with her. He'd take her to his homeland, but tonight he'd take her. Over and over.

The ride to his house was ninety percent foreplay, ten percent tease, and one hundred percent seduction. Raptor already had to unsnap the button on his jeans and lower the zipper just to ensure that he didn't strangle his cock. His hard dick almost dug a divot into his skin in its attempt to escape. If it had been physically possible, his dick would've detached from his body and made its way to Intrigue's heat. He

was trying to hold on, but it was hardly working, especially when Intrigue insisted on touching him. When he'd told her to stop, she'd smiled, leaned over and whispered for him to make her stop. When he'd grabbed her hand and held it hostage in his, she'd given him a come-hither look and used her free hand to cup one of her melon-sized breasts before tweaking her nipple. When her manicured hand had made its way down to her sex, he'd had to resort to begging, being that threatening and cajoling hadn't worked worth a damn.

"Intrigue, please."

"Please what?" she'd asked sultrily.

"Please let me get us home safely."

"And will you please me once we're there?" she asked as she slipped her finger into her panties.

"Yes!" he shouted on the verge of exploding.

"Many times?" she asked around a moan.

He was jealous of that finger. If it didn't belong to her, he would've broken it, but it did belong to her, so it was safe. From the twinkle in her eyes, she knew it. Intrigue knew it didn't matter how far she pushed him or how hard she rode him. Nothing would make him harm her—nothing.

"Many, many times," he amended even as he reached over, captured her hand and brought it to his mouth. Slowly, he savored her honey flavor. He

flicked his tongue over her finger just like he planned to do with her clit. Finished with his treat, he pulled to the side of the road, glad for his tinted windows. Unbuckling his seatbelt, he roughly spread her thighs and found his way inside her panties.

Raptor swallowed Intrigue's gasp and plowed on. He made love to her mouth with his tongue even as he made love to her sex with his thick finger. Though he was all up on her, Intrigue snatched him closer. Though he gave her pussy a good thrumming, she demanded more.

"Harder," she demanded even as she scratched his back and shoulders up.

"Say my name," he responded as he backed off.

"Raptor," she mewled as she yanked him closer by his hair.

"That's fucking right. Raptor," he said as he plunged his fingers back into her hot sex and sucked her nipple into his mouth.

He sucked, nibbled, licked and stroked until Intrigue screamed his name...and then he continued on until he pushed her into another orgasm...and another...and another. When she finally collapsed against the seat, he put her seatbelt back on and slid back behind the wheel. Buckling back in, he turned off his emergency flashers and floored it all the way home.

Intrigue spent the rest of the ride trying to catch her breath. Her body was humming from Raptor's attention. If she'd known Raptor could make her feel like this, she would've been all over him from the moment she laid eyes on him.

When Raptor paused in front of a wrought-iron and brick gate, Intrigue finally opened her eyes. She smiled seeing the "yard." There were acres upon acres of trees.

"I see you like your privacy. Is there a house somewhere in there?"

"A small one."

"I don't care if it's small. I just care that there's a bed somewhere...preferably a big one, but any flat surface will do."

"You tempt me."

"It's good to know these triple D-cups and this junk in my trunk aren't going to waste," she purred even as she unbuckled her seat belt before reaching over and unbuckling his.

She'd already waited way too long to find a male like this, so waiting longer wasn't anywhere in her plans. Grabbing a handful of his hair, she pulled him down to her and maneuvered her legs around his waist. Using her lower-body strength to pull him so

close, she went all constrictor and tightened her body around him. There was hardly space for air between them...and that was the way she liked it. Raptor wasn't going anywhere she didn't want him to go.

"Mine," she said as she licked and nipped at his hard chest. "All mine," she amended as she gently bit down on his flat nipple and rubbed her hands over his denim-clad ass.

While she should've been uncomfortable getting her freak on in the front seat of Raptor's pickup truck, she was too busy being turned on—and turning Raptor out—to care about anything but the delicious feel of his hard, muscled body atop hers. He felt so damn good. While she'd had her fair share of make-out sessions with her handy-dandy glass vibrator and gotten herself off, her vibrator didn't come close to giving her all the pleasures she felt from simply touching Raptor's skin.

So much about him turned her on, including his scent, his feel, the arrogance that wafted off him, his edginess, and the intense way he looked at her. And then there was his orgasm-inducing voice. Closing her eyes, she shivered anew just thinking about the way that baritone caressed her.

"Inside," Raptor rasped against her mouth.

Unable to really comprehend what he meant, Intrigue just melded her body against his and

continued to engage in the kind of kiss she'd only dreamed about. It was a kiss that made every bit of her tingle. Knowing it was from a man that wanted *all* of her...no, *needed* all of her only made it that much better. The need in Raptor's eyes got to her. She didn't need anyone to tell her that it was need, for she'd grown up witnessing that look between the couples in Mid NFW.

"I need you inside," Raptor clarified in between kisses and nips.

"I don't want to let you go," Intrigue responded, not caring that she sounded needy, because she was indeed on fire with need. Feeling Raptor smile against her neck where his face was buried did, however, make her want to punch him. About to pull her mouth into a frown, she was waylaid by Raptor's skill. Any displeasure she might've voiced quickly turned into a sigh of satisfaction. When Raptor opened the door and executed a move that allowed him to exit the truck with her still tight in his arms and their mouths still locked together, she couldn't help the sounds of enjoyment she emitted, just like she couldn't help the smidgen of girliness that laced them.

Raptor's ability to get them out of the truck and into the house without breaking their kiss was a testament not only to his own need, but to his commitment to her pleasure. The next thing Intrigue



knew was that she was finally skin to skin with Raptor. Forcing open her eyes, she found Raptor gazing at her with something similar to awe on his face—just like he should.

“So mine,” he said softly as he caressed his way from her cheek down to her sex.

Intrigue wrapped Raptor’s hair around her fist, just as his fingers entered her.

“Say it,” Raptor rasped as he slowly slid those magic fingers in and out of her pussy.

“Make me,” Intrigue challenged him.

Raptor’s eyes glimmered in response to her verbal dare. Not breaking eye contact, he circled her clit with his thumb. Arrogant ass that he was, he smiled when her breath hitched.

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Feeling his mate’s pussy clench around his fingers had Raptor holding back a growl.

“Say it,” Raptor repeated as he allowed his thumb to become acquainted with Intrigue’s clit. While she didn’t say it as he’d directed, she did pull harder on his hair. The tiny pricks of pain helped him to remain focused on the task at hand: his mate’s pleasure.

“Ahhh...no,” Intrigue sighed her defiance.

Already familiar with his mate's contrary ways, he simply continued bringing Intrigue closer and closer to an explosive orgasm. As close to the edge as he brought her, he made sure to withhold her climax from her. It was a complete bastard move, but one he was committed to, for he wanted to watch Intrigue's eyes as she tipped over the edge. Watching her on the edge of orgasm was like watching a sunrise, sunset and solar eclipse all at once. Anyone else would be satisfied with that, but he was greedy and thus wanted more.

He wanted his name to be yelled, screamed, moaned and used as a plea. Until then, he wouldn't be allowing his mate anywhere near completion. Despite the brain-numbing, desperate need to pound his body so deep and hard into Intrigue's, he wouldn't until he heard the words from his mate. Of course, once that happened, he wouldn't be stopping until they were with child.

Raptor rubbed his face into Intrigue's throat and nipped the skin every place his mouth landed. He felt the tightening of his mate's body around his marauding fingers, so he slowed his pace again and smiled. Intrigue's grip on his hair became slightly painful again, and the sound of frustration burst from her mouth.

"Raptor..." she gasped.

“Close...but I want more,” he demanded. He slowed the movement of his fingers even as Intrigue attempted to wrap her legs tighter around his body, despite the fact that it dwarfed hers.

“Not fair!” she said before pouting.

Raptor relented ever so slightly and kissed the pout off her lips.

“You know what you have to do,” he said with only a hint of arrogance. Intrigue’s answer was to thrust her hips up, thus forcing his fingers deeper.

“Please...” she whispered.

Raptor simply went back to slowly stroking her sex.

“Say it,” he commanded, knowing he sounded like a scratched CD but wanting to hear the words that only meant something coming from his mate. Words that would have him showing her millions of years of evolution had only slightly dissolved the Apex Predator mating instinct inside of him. *Yeah right*, his cock mocked him. *You’re all Apex Predator, all of the time.*

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Intrigue was going to kill him, then ride him into the sunset. Okay, wait, scratch that. She was going to

kill Raptor, plead with Aunt Fin to use her scientific genius to bring Raptor back to life, and *then* ride him into the sunset.

A stinging smack on her ass dragged her from her musings. “Ow!” Intrigue said from her comfortable position sprawled all over Raptor. So caught up in her need, she had no idea when he’d rolled them over so she was the aggressor, but she liked it. Oh yes, she liked it indeed. Payback was a motherfucking bitch.

“Slide down slow.” Raptor’s voice dripped with demand and need.

Intrigue was about to argue when she felt another heavy-handed smack on her ass. Of their own accord, her hips jerked, making Raptor’s cock slide against her clit. The delicious friction caused her to bite her bottom lip in an effort to stifle the breathy moans that threatened to escape.

“Oh...” The feel of Raptor’s molten-hot and hard cock against her clit was both torturous and exquisite.

“Do it,” Raptor demanded.

For once in her life, Intrigue didn’t question herself or have a catchy comeback at the ready.

Raptor was doing everything in his power to hold on to his barely there control. Intrigue finally realized that despite him being on his back, she was to do as she was told. He'd felt the cream from his mate's pussy gush forth with every smack he delivered on her generous ass. Grinning like the predator he was, he filed that information away for later. Right now, he had a mate to claim.

Holding her hips steady, Raptor lifted Intrigue until she was literally hovering above his hard cock. After a moment of being suspended, she lifted her head and simply watched him watch her. Despite her being put out with him over withholding her pleasure, and the healthy amount of lust shining from her eyes, the love in her expression was evident.

Unable to wait any longer, Raptor slammed Intrigue down on his cock and immediately held her hips still as she shook and cried out in pleasure. Her body literally collapsed on top of his, and Raptor tried to stop the grin of arrogance, but he couldn't.

"Shut...up..." Intrigue gasped out as the tremors in her body slowed to brief aftershocks of pleasure.

Raptor's only answer was to roll her over beneath him.

"Say it, Intrigue," he rasped as he began to thrust slowly, much like his fingers had done moments earlier.

Intrigue's eyes opened, and her fingernails dug into his shoulder blades as he kept up his steady pace.

"Harder..." she demanded.

Raptor shook his head, causing his hair to billow around them.

"Please...Raptor!" she gasped when he swiveled his hips and lightly grinded against her clit while his cock slid even deeper inside of her.

"Say it, woman," he growled as she used some amazing muscle control to caress him on his down stroke.

"You first!" she argued back.

Raptor knew his woman was going to need some extra incentive, so he did what his human, dragon and dinosaur had been ordering him to do since he'd first seen Intrigue in his brother's club. He took her like he wanted to. Hammering his cock into his mate set off a string of climaxes within her. Intrigue screamed out her pleasure, and while he'd kept a loose tally, he couldn't keep up with them all. He lost count after seven, as he was so focused on giving his mate pleasure and so lost in the pleasure she gave him in return. Feeling his back being cut to ribbons by Intrigue's nails didn't cause him to pause. Instead, it simply added to his own enjoyment.

"Yours...Raptor...only yours," Intrigue whispered.

“Forever mine, Intrigue!” Raptor roared as he finally gave in to his need, want and love and came to the sound of his mate’s voice crying out his name.

# CHAPTER EIGHT

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Quip Saurus smiled when he got the call. Raptor had taken off with a smiling Intrigue in his arms. Gathering his coat and gloves, he called for his limo. With a smile, he thought about the delightful way his plan had unfolded. It was going to be a good day, he decided as he saw his limo pull up. Before that thought could be completed, the door opened, he was yanked inside, and the limo sped off into the night.

He didn't even have to look to know who was behind this "kidnapping," because he saw the familiar rifle of Sister Domeka and heard the familiar throat-clearing of her cronies.

"You want to tell us what's going on with our child?" Sister Amita said as her cowboy boots tapped agitatedly.

Quip didn't have to guess whether or not she had her shotgun somewhere in the limo, as Sister Amita was Texan. He was surprised his limo didn't have steer horns mounted on the hood. Quip realized that he hadn't answered fast enough when he felt the barrel of whatever weapon the nun had jabbed into his side.

"I suspect my nephew is doing his damndest to convince Intrigue to marry him."



“Suspect? So that means he could be off somewhere doing something bad to her. What would you do then, Quip?” Sister Asha asked.

“He’s not, and if he was, I’m sure my bodyguards—your kin the Kennesaws, led by your niece Halima—would’ve already killed him. And if by some miracle they hadn’t, then I’d personally kill him right before asking Fin to bring him back to life so you all could have a turn at killing him,” he answered truthfully.

“Good answer,” they all said.

“Yes, real good answer, and just remember, Quip, we’ve got our eye on you...and your nephew,” Sister Amita said.

“Yeah, because we didn’t always used to be nuns,” Sister Domeka reminded him.

“I will never forget that, ladies,” he promised.

“Just make sure you don’t. Now take us to Obsession to eat. I need my fill of that cutie Ranek and whatever he’s cooking up.”

# EPÍLOGUE

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Dressed in all black fatigues, Serenata was stealthy as she made her way up the driveway via snake crawl. Cautiously raising her head up, she peeped around, making sure the area was all clear. It was. Hearing the familiar cries of her momma screaming out her daddy's name, she did her best to not throw up, and made her way over to the SUV. Using the extra key fob she'd had cloned, she hit the deactivation button and eased the door open. Reaching in and releasing the emergency brake, she hummed silently as the SUV rolled down the steep driveway. Popping on the baby monitor, she listened for more sounds of her parents getting their freak on. When she heard them, she smiled, grimaced and then smiled again as she put the SUV in neutral and began the arduous task of pushing the vehicle to the end of the dirt road her parents lived on. Safely down the road, she hopped in, started the vehicle and flew down the back roads of Enatavimus like a bat out of Hell. Perhaps later, she'd realize the folly of stealing the sheriff's patrol vehicle, but right now she was a woman on a mission. She had to find her best friend and make sure she was okay...and then she had to get her hunk of cheese. All of which would've been an easy

feat if not for the probation, the temporary suspension of her firearms license, and the fact that her own vehicle was in the compound (aka her other aunt's garage) all because it was used in the commission of a crime. Dammit, those assholes had deserved to have their bikes run over...five times.

Clearing her head of the chaos of the bar fight she'd started, she patted her backpack to insure that her makeshift weapon had fared well. It had. Smiling, she turned on her MP3 player and made her way to Strip Club with Hot Females...with thoughts of revenge in her head.

**\*\*THE JEANIE AND JAYHA\*\***

Thank you for reading. We appreciate the investment of your time and trust and hope you enjoyed the tale as much as we enjoyed writing it. ~Jeanie and Jayha

To read more about the characters connected to this book, check out the following stories:

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