



BRONWYN GREEN

Summer Surrender

SUN MOON

Phases

Summer Surrender

A Phases Story

By Bronwyn Green

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Resplendence Publishing, LLC
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*To Marianne Nicoletto Strnad for coining the phrase “Yooper M n ge” – I
smile every time I think of it.*

To Jessica Jarman, my favorite Yooper Girl.

To Chel, Kel and Kris—I don’t know what I’d do without you.

Chapter One

A tingling feeling trembled through Hollis Chambers' stomach as she tried not to stare while two men took turns kissing her friend Maggie goodbye. It was hard not to watch in open-mouthed fascination. She'd never known Maggie to be particularly unconventional, but here she was with two men. Two incredibly hot men.

Hollis couldn't imagine hooking up with two guys at once. At least, she didn't think she could. But the longer she stood there, trying not to intrude, she realized that she *could* imagine two sets of hands stroking her, two mouths kissing her, two men spreading her legs, making her come...

And she needed to stop thinking like that. She'd come to Maggie's hometown for a job. Not to get laid.

Turning slightly to give them at least the illusion of privacy and to smother her lust-filled daydreams, she studied the chipped red paint on the wooden screen door of what would be her home for the summer. Small and quaint, it was the perfect size for her. Right next door was the diner Maggie and her sister owned. Behind both buildings waves crashed endlessly on the Lake Superior shoreline. Birches and towering pines dotted the surrounding land and across the road, the forest grew thick and seemed almost menacing.

"If you don't like it here, you can always come stay with us, okay?" Maggie said, pulling Hollis' attention back to them.

"Nah. Besides, this way I can keep an eye on your sister's place while she's out of town, and you can have your privacy. It's win-win for everybody," she said with a grin.

"But—"

“I’m positive, Mags. Besides, I’ll be here for the whole summer. We’ll see each other a lot.”

One of the men standing next to Maggie slipped an arm around her waist—Hollis couldn’t remember if he was Lucas or Quinn. “If you change your mind,” he said, looking at Hollis, “our door is always open.”

She smiled. He really seemed like a nice guy. They both did. “Thank you. I really appreciate it.” She didn’t bother saying it wasn’t going to happen. But she could tell from the expression on Maggie’s face that she knew.

Lucas and Quinn left for work after insisting on carrying Hollis’ suitcases in from the car, leaving Maggie to her help her get settled. Hollis followed her friend inside, taking in the fieldstone fireplace and the worn but comfortable looking furniture scattered around the living room. The sounds of rolling waves and bird song drifted in through the open windows, and a sense of peace settled over her. This was exactly what she needed. To be away from the endless people, cars and buildings.

Later, she’d drive up to the school where she’d be working for the summer. Granted, spending her summer vacation working really wasn’t she wanted to do, but she’d needed to get out of New York. Her roommate had relatives staying for the next month and a half, and the only way Hollis could afford to get away from that insanity was to have a working vacation. Hence, teaching summer school in the wilds of Michigan’s Upper Peninsula. Not the most relaxing job, but the scenery was absolutely gorgeous, and who knew? Maybe Maggie’s guys had some available friends.

What was she thinking? Even if they had available, interested friends, she didn’t have the guts to jump into a threesome. And given the fact that she was considerably chunkier than most men liked their women, she didn’t imagine she’d snag the interest of one man let alone two.

Maggie showed Hollis where everything was in the small cottage. It was pretty self explanatory, but Hollis suspected her friend was more comfortable explaining the quirks with the hot water knob in the shower than she was discussing her unconventional relationship. After they’d finally exhausted all of the idiosyncrasies of her summer home and Hollis had changed clothes for her orientation, she broached the subject.

“So...” she said, glancing over to where Maggie sat, taking the house key off her key ring. “Two guys, huh?”

Maggie blushed but didn't look away.

"I'm sorry. I don't mean to pry, but...wow. And also, well done. They're gorgeous, and they seem really nice."

Her friend seemed to visibly relax at Hollis' acceptance. "They're amazing. I thought it would be weirder than it is."

Hollis tried to imagine waking up with two guys every day. Two sets of dirty socks on the floor. Extra dishes in the sink. But maybe Maggie's guys weren't slobs. And the sex probably made up for everything else.

"But it feels like the most natural thing in the world," Maggie continued handing her the house key. The glow of love on her face was unmistakable. "I don't know how I got so lucky, but things couldn't be better."

Hollis had to concur. She couldn't remember the last time she'd seen her friend so happy. Apparently, having two men agreed with her. She wanted to know more, but asking felt nosy. Besides, if she didn't hurry, she'd be late.

Fitting the house key on her own key ring, she slipped her purse over her shoulder.

"Wish me luck."

Maggie smiled and gave her a hug. "Don't be nervous. You've already done all the hard stuff. After you get back, come over to the diner and have supper with me and the guys."

Hollis hugged her back. "I'm so glad I'm here. I missed you."

"I missed you, too." She grinned when she saw Hollis locking the door. "You're not in New York, anymore. Nobody locks up, here."

"This girl does."

Shaking her head, Maggie handed her a piece of paper with handwritten directions. "You'll also find that your GPS doesn't know all the roads up here and your cell phone's coverage will likely be spotty at best. Welcome to paradise," she said with a wink.

Following Maggie's directions, Hollis skirted the western shore of Lake Superior on her way to the town of L'Anse. There were trees and water as far as she could see. The road looked as if it could be swallowed up by nature at any given moment. After going so long seeing very few dwellings, the houses clustered on the outskirts of town were almost a surprise. From what the principal had said, most of the town was taken up by a Native American reservation and the school sat on the very edge of it.

As the small, squat structure came into view, her nerves started to get the better of her and butterflies roiled in her stomach. She'd had several phone interviews with both the principal and the superintendent. Her teaching license was valid in the state. Everything was in order. And it wasn't like she'd never taught tenth grade biology, so what was the big deal? And if it sucked, she'd only be here for the summer, so no real problem. But the butterflies persisted as she parked and headed into the building, smoothing her skirt and hoping she didn't trip on her heels. Following the signs leading to the office, Hollis swallowed her nerves and pushed open the door.

* * * *

Daniel Cichosz turned around at the sound of heels clicking on the tile floor. A gorgeous brunette made her way to the office with his friend, Josiah, following close behind her. This had to be the teacher Jameson hired from New York City of all places. He couldn't imagine an inner city instructor working out well in a rural school district, but the principal had insisted.

As Daniel observed her, Josiah projected his voice into Daniel's mind. *Please tell me this is the new teacher because I could happily follow her all summer long.*

Daniel fought the urge to roll his eyes. Sometimes the ability to hear the members of his pack was a giant pain in the ass. *Knock it off*, he responded. *The last thing I need is a sexual harassment suit on my hands.*

The other man grinned at him over the woman's head. *C'mon, she's totally your type.*

Daniel had to admit, his friend was right. She had long brown hair pulled back at the nape and huge brown eyes set in a heart-shaped face. Her boring beige suit did very little to conceal her ample curves—full breasts and hips that he guessed she wasn't altogether comfortable with judging from the way she carried herself. Full breasts and hips he shouldn't be thinking about since he was her boss for the summer. Daniel extended his hand. "You must be Hollis Chambers. I'm Daniel Cichosz, the Vice Principal. The principal is home with a cold and asked me to give you your orientation tour."

She grasped his hand with her much smaller one and smiled. "It's nice to meet you."

It was impossible not to respond to her warmth.

Josiah circled to stand in front of her. "And I'm Josiah Wilder," he said, offering her his hand as she turned to face him. "Fellow summer school victim, I mean, teacher."

Hollis' smile broadened, and she shook Josiah's hand, too.

“I’ll be accompanying you on your tour and filling in any blanks Daniel misses,” Josiah continued. “Like the location of the nearest Starbucks.” At her hopeful look, he added, “It’s in Marquette. About sixty-three miles away. It’s a hell of a morning commute.”

Hollis’ eyes widened. “Seriously?”

“Sweet thing, you’re about as far from New York City as you can get up here.”

Sweet thing? Daniel projected at the other man. *That. That right there is why you’ll never be in administration.*

Daniel nodded. “But don’t worry,” he said, hoping she wouldn’t take offense at being called sweet thing. “Wonder boy over there can make a great latte if you’re in need of caffeine.”

“Good to know,” she said. “I’m ready to get away from city, but I don’t think I’ll ever be ready to forgo good coffee.”

“Why don’t I take your paperwork and show you around?”

Daniel gave her the tour of the school while Josiah kept up a running commentary on all the things Daniel neglected to point out—the broken water fountain by the gym, the pop machine that spit out only orange Faygo no matter what button you pushed and the locker all the kids swore was haunted.

Hollis was seemingly more relaxed by the time they made it to the science room, laughing at Josiah’s lame jokes. The low, husky sound of her voice slid up Daniel’s spine, and he couldn’t help but imagine other noises she’d make if he kissed her. If he made her come.

He sighed. He was as almost as bad as Josiah, but there was something about Hollis that pulled at him. Something that demanded he touch her. That he taste her. However, that something needed to be ignored. At least for a little while. He didn’t want to scare her away. Not when she might be the one they’d been waiting for. Instead, he showed her where everything in the room was and gave her keys to the supply closets, managing to fight the urge to drag her in there and taste her. Barely.

* * * *

Hollis set the swing on the back porch of the cottage into motion as she watched the sunset spread brilliant fingers of red and purple across the sky. The colors shimmered in the lake below, making the water appear almost otherworldly.

As the sky continued to darken, she set aside the curriculum notes for the biology class and stared out over the lake. Bats swooped from the treetops, indistinct shapes gliding through

the air on nearly silent wings in the darkening sky. She couldn't remember the last time she'd felt so peaceful. It definitely beat sitting out on the fire escape at home. Honking geese had replaced horns, the scent of pine and clean air replaced the odor of exhaust fumes and the only illumination came from the occasional set of headlights and the lights at the diner next door. Off to the west, stars began to sparkle in the twilight. She couldn't recall when she'd last seen stars. The light pollution in the city obliterated almost all traces of them. Smiling, she laid her head back against the swing. She could stay here forever.

Movement out of the corner of the eye caught her attention. Two, huge dark shapes detached themselves from the distant tree line and crept toward the house. She tensed, watching the shadows prowl toward her. They were too big to be wolves and too sinuous to be bears. She had no idea what they were, but they sure as hell weren't human.

Slowly so as not to frighten the animals, she reached down by her feet and felt around for the flashlight she'd brought out with her. Raising it just as slowly, she pointed it in their direction and quickly turned it on. The bright light cut through the darkness, illuminating the two creatures. Lynxes. Hugeass lynxes. She'd never heard of one getting that big, let alone two. Weirder still, they didn't dart away when she turned on the light.

Instead, they stared back at her, lazily blinking their tawny eyes. Tufts of black fur sprouted up from their ears and huge ruffs framed their faces. It was impossible to make out the rest of their markings in the falling night. The sound of footsteps had them lifting their noses scenting the air.

Hollis turned the flashlight toward whoever was approaching and immediately blinded Lucas as he rounded the corner. Quickly, she turned back toward the lynxes, but they were already gone.

"Maggie and Quinn are finishing up at the diner," Lucas said, "but they wanted me to see if you needed anything before we headed for home."

"Actually, I could use some information. How big do lynxes get up here?"

"What?"

"I'm pretty sure I just saw a couple that were as big as tigers."

Lucas' eyes widened slightly then narrowed as he scanned the land between the cottage and the lakeshore. "Well...we do have some huge animals up here."

"I hope they come back. I'd really like to get a closer look at them."

He frowned. “Just don’t get too close, okay? Wild animals are unpredictable at best, deadly at worst. I don’t want to see you getting hurt.”

“I’ll be careful,” she promised. But mostly, she was excited. The only animals she saw on a regular basis were pigeons, rats and cockroaches. Yeah, they were bugs, but some of them were big enough to be dangerous. She tried to tamp down her excitement. The lynxes and surrounding wildlife had just become her summer research project.

Chapter Two

Josiah crouched in the shadows outside Daniel's house and willed himself to shift. Muscles tore, bones lengthened and reformed and fur receded. The sounds of transforming between his animal and human forms were nauseating. The pain was worse, but it would soon dull to an ache before vanishing altogether. Stretching his stiff neck muscles, he rose and turned to where Daniel was already standing, staring at his brother, Dylan, who waited for them on the porch, shaking his head.

"What?" Josiah demanded.

Dylan raised an eyebrow. "You two. Sniffing after the city girl. Even on the off chance that she *is* your mate, she's gone at the end of the summer. What are you going to do? Follow her to New York?"

Josiah hadn't even considered that Hollis might be their mate, but he could tell from the sudden tension in Daniel's shoulders that he'd contemplated the idea.

When neither man responded, Dylan continued. "I can just see it. Giant lynxes creating panic and chaos in Central Park. Crackpots and wildlife biologists would be crawling out of the woodwork searching for you. Is that what you want?"

Daniel sighed. "I know you're worried, but everything is fine. She's not Kelsey."

Dylan's face clouded over, and he crossed his arms over his chest.

Josiah wouldn't say it aloud, but Dylan hadn't been the same since his fiancée had died. He'd always refused to talk about it. Since then, there were very few women Dylan trusted. Josiah understood it, but he didn't agree.

Granted, they barely knew Hollis, but he felt a pull toward her like he'd never experienced before. And he knew Daniel felt it, too. It had been a while since they'd both been

interested in the same woman, but they'd shared before, he was pretty sure they'd do it again. He just hoped Hollis would be game. He was dying to lose himself in the soft warmth of her body.

He took a step forward and locked eyes with Dylan. "I know you've got our best interests in mind, but she's not a threat."

Dylan scowled at him. "And you know this from one short meeting with her?"

Josiah couldn't deny that in most any other circumstances, Dylan would have a point, but not this time. He was sure of it. Another thought occurred to him. "How do you even know about her anyway?"

"Small town," Dylan muttered. His glare softened slightly. "Just be careful." He closed his eyes and let the change take him. Smooth skin and tightly corded muscle replaced fur and claws in a matter of seconds, and he disappeared into the night.

Even though Josiah had the same ability, seeing the shift from human to animal never failed to amaze him. And that was the real problem. If an untrustworthy or terrified human were to witness it, his and Daniel's lives as they knew them would be over. And if unscrupulous scientists or biologists ever got their hands on a shifter, his or her life might even be forfeit.

But he couldn't believe all people would respond the way Dylan's lover had. For instance, Maggie didn't seem to have a problem with Lucas and Quinn. Josiah couldn't believe she didn't know. It was impossible to be intimate with someone for that long without realizing something was up.

Daniel sighed and pulled on his jeans. Josiah followed suit staring in the direction Dylan had disappeared. "He's just Moody McMoodSwing, tonight, isn't he?"

Daniel snorted. "And this would be different than any other night?"

"Point taken." He paused to tug his shirt over his head. "You know, if anyone needs to get laid, it's him."

"No kidding." The other man tossed Josiah a bottle of beer. "I don't see it happening any time soon. It's like he blames himself for what happened to Kelsey, and is determined to punish himself forever."

Josiah sighed. Daniel was probably right, but no one could have predicted what had happened. No one could have imagined that Kelsey wouldn't stop to listen to Dylan. That she would have been so freaked out and driving so recklessly that her car had ended up in the river. But no amount of disbelief could change what had happened or how it affected him now.

Daniel didn't talk about it much, but Josiah knew it ate him up inside. He'd been the one pressuring Dylan to come clean to her about their true nature. Josiah had only met Kelsey a few times while he and Daniel were in graduate school, but he'd liked her. She was a sweetheart. The whole thing was just such a fucking waste.

* * * *

Hollis sat at her desk while the students turned in their assignments and filed out of the room eager to start the weekend.

"Don't forget," she called out, "we're doing fieldwork on Monday. Make sure to wear appropriate clothes. No sandals, please."

It had only been a week, but her class was doing beautifully. It was amazing since she'd only had three days of actual prep work. The regular science teacher hadn't left much in the way of a lesson plan, but Hollis had reviewed the district's curriculum and managed to come up with a ten-week plan that would cover the most important course work.

Granted, the fact that there were only nine kids made the teaching a little easier, but most of the students seemed engaged and were working hard. With any luck, they'd all pass and be able to move to the next grade level with the rest of their classmates.

Hollis was doing well, too. She'd thought she might have a hard time adjusting to rural life, but the only thing she really missed was Starbucks. Between spending time with Maggie and hanging out with Daniel, Josiah and some of the other teachers, she didn't lack for company. She'd even managed to catch up on some of her reading. So far, it had been the perfect working vacation.

"Thanks, Miz C. I finally feel like I'm getting this now."

Hollis smiled at Travis, the last student straggling up to her desk. "Well, it helps when you come to class."

Color bloomed high on the boy's cheeks, but he returned her grin. "Yeah. Yeah, I know. I'll see you Monday. Have a good weekend."

"You, too."

Travis nodded and waved as he headed out of the classroom, nearly running into Daniel as he entered.

Her tummy fluttered wildly as he approached. The lake and trees weren't the only gorgeous scenery around here. His bronze complexion and high cheekbones hinted at what was

surely Native American ancestry. Tall and leanly muscled, his body had a runner's grace with a tightly coiled energy that lurked beneath the surface. For lack of a better description, he always seemed ready to pounce.

"I'm really impressed with the progress you're making with the kids," he said as soon as Travis was out of earshot.

"They're great kids. Some of them aren't particularly motivated, but I'm hoping to get them all to the point where they can pass this course and move on to the next grade."

"I think you've made more progress here in a week than I've seen some people make in months."

She waved away the compliment, trying to ignore the pleasure his words brought. It shouldn't matter to her what Daniel thought of her. But she'd be a liar if she said it didn't. Annoyingly enough, it mattered what Josiah thought, too. Between the two of them, she'd had plenty of fantasy material.

"Thank you, but they're doing all the work," she said, forcing herself to stop imaging a threesome with him and Josiah. She'd clearly been spending too much time with Maggie and her guys since sex seemed to be all she could think about lately.

Daniel's lips curved upward as he half sat half leaned against her desk, his groin right at eye level. She tilted back in her chair. It was easier to keep her eyes on his face that way. Not that keeping her gaze on his face was a hardship.

She shifted in her seat as she peered up at him. The man was gorgeous—closely cropped black hair, brown eyes so dark they were almost black and firm lips that she couldn't help but imagine covering her own. Oh hell, she'd been imagining those lips doing more than that. Mentally shoving aside the fantasy of Daniel baring her breasts and drawing her nipples into his mouth one after the other, she tried to focus on what he was saying. Soon, she'd need to throw herself into the icy waters of Lake Superior to cool down and keep her imagination under control. She tuned back into reality in time to hear him say, "So did you decide to come?"

Before she could open her mouth to respond, Josiah bounded into the room carrying a cardboard box and looking as if he'd been slugging down all of the coffee she'd been longing for. Hazel eyes glinting with amusement, he shoved his dark brown hair off his face.

"That seems like an awfully personal question," he said as he perched on the other side of her desk.

Hollis felt her cheeks flush. The man was a ridiculous tease, but she knew he didn't mean anything by it. He was just one of those guys who flirted with any woman he came across. Of course, he didn't behave inappropriately with his students, so at least he had some control.

Daniel reached across and cuffed Josiah across the back of the head.

Josiah laughed. "Just kidding, sweet cheeks. I know he's talking about the cookout tonight."

So did she, now that he'd reminded her. Daniel had invited her to the "We Survived the First Week of Summer School Cookout" a couple days ago over lunch. She'd heard some of the other teachers were going, too.

"What should I bring?" she asked.

"We'll have plenty of food," Daniel said before the other man had a chance to speak. "You don't need to bring anything."

"Not true," Josiah interrupted. "You'll need your swimsuit. The cookout's on the beach. Also, I'm pretty sure Danny'll have the hot tub open. Right?"

Daniel nodded, his eyes never leaving hers.

The last thing she wanted to do was parade her so-not-bikini-ready-body in front of these two, not to mention the rest of the people there, but she could at least go and have a supper with them.

"Not sure about the bathing suit, but how about if I at least bring some wine?"

Josiah shrugged. "Fine by me if you wanna swim naked. In fact, I encourage it. And," he continued before she could get a word in edgewise, "I'm sure Dan would encourage and appreciate it, as well."

She couldn't bring herself to look at Daniel. Ignoring her burning cheeks, she held Josiah's gaze. "You're incorrigible."

He grinned at her unrepentantly. "Yes, I am."

Daniel shifted next to her, and she turned to look at him. He scowled at his friend then dropped his dark gaze to her. "Bring whatever you're comfortable with. We'd just like to see you there."

She nodded. "I'll be there." And who knew. Maybe she'd bring her suit. It wasn't as if she would see any of them after the summer.

“Oh hey, I almost forgot. This came for you,” Josiah said, handing her the box he’d been holding.

She looked at the shipping address. Her research supplies had arrived.

Both men walked toward the door. Josiah grinned and waved. “See you tonight, sweet cheeks.”

Daniel rolled his eyes and paused. “Oh, by the way, I invited Maggie, Lucas and Quinn. They’re friends of ours, too, and I thought you might be more comfortable with them there.”

She smiled gratefully. “Thank you. It’s sweet of you to think of that.”

She sighed as he left. Not only were they gorgeous, but nice, too. Perfect fantasy material. And they would be fantasy only. It made sense to her that Maggie would attract two guys. She was sweet and funny—not to mention gorgeous. Hollis couldn’t imagine a world where guys like Lucas and Quinn would be attracted to someone like her. Well, she could. That’s why it was a fantasy. It was never going to happen. She did her best to push those thoughts away. She had a project to put into action.

A few hours later, she was on her way to the address Daniel had given her. She’d set up the trail cameras that had been delivered. She’d placed one near where she’d seen the huge lynxes, another further down the lakeshore and two more in the woods across the road. Whenever something moved, the habitat cams would record it and send the images back to her computer via a secure wireless system. The recording devices were almost perfectly camouflaged. They’d be difficult for a human who didn’t know they were there to spot. An animal wouldn’t notice them at all. She couldn’t wait to see what kind of images she’d get. Besides setting up the cams, she’d managed to make a fruit salad, chill a couple bottles of wine and get ready for the party—all since she’d gotten home from work.

Her stomach fluttered nervously as she pulled up to Daniel’s house, a modest two-story that sat even closer to the shores of the lake than her home for the summer. He had no neighbors for miles. There were already almost a dozen cars in the driveway and front yard, but she relaxed a little when she saw Maggie’s car. Parking, she slung her tote bag over her shoulder, wincing when the wine bottles clinked together. She should have done a better job wrapping them in her beach blanket.

Daniel shaded his eyes against the evening sun as he noticed Hollis making her way around the side of the house, and he relaxed a little. He'd been worried that she wouldn't come. And half afraid she would. He glanced at where his brother leaned against the railing of the deck, watching her with a barely civil stare.

Don't be an asshole, he projected into Dylan's head.

Daniel left his spot by the grill and met Hollis halfway down the hill, relieving her of the large bowl she was carrying. "Did you have any trouble finding the place?" he asked, inhaling her sweet, feminine scent. Mixed with the natural perfume of warm woman was sunscreen with a hint of bark and pine needles. She'd been in the woods recently.

"No. Not at all. The directions were perfect."

She smiled, but he could tell she was nervous. He followed her gaze to where Dylan watched them. Daniel put a hand on the small of her back and led her toward his brother. Might as well get the worst of it over. "Never mind my brother," he muttered. "He's perpetually in a bad mood, so don't take it personally, okay?"

She murmured her understanding as they approached. Holding out her hand to Dylan, she said, "Hi, I'm Hollis Chambers. I work with your brother."

For several long seconds, Dylan stared at her outstretched hand before finally engulfing it in his own. His eyes widened almost imperceptively at her touch, but Daniel noticed.

"It's nice to meet you," Dylan finally managed to grate out.

Before the moment could become more awkward, Josiah appeared at her side and pulled her into a quick hug. "You made it. Ready to go skinny dipping?"

A startled laugh escaped her, but Daniel didn't miss the relief in her eyes.

"Uh, not so much."

Dylan's eyes never left her.

Just leave her alone, Daniel said silently to his brother.

Just don't do anything stupid, Dylan responded. *Go ahead and fuck her if that's what you two are determined to do, but don't be stupid*. Dylan left his half-empty beer bottle on the rail and stalked up the hill. Josiah followed. Daniel wasn't surprised to hear the engine of Dylan's bike roar to life.

A small, warm hand gripped his forearm. Hollis.

"Did I do something to offend him?"

Daniel turned to her with what he hoped was a reassuring smile. “No. He’s just...moody.”

Her eyes clouded, and her teeth sank into her bottom lip. He had all he could do not to bend down and kiss her.

“Are you sure?” she asked.

“Trust me. I know him better than anyone.” He set the bowl of fruit down on the picnic table with the rest of the food.

Still looking unconvinced, she pulled the wine out of her bag. “Where should I put this?”

He grinned at her. “I don’t know about you, but after this week, I could definitely use a glass. Why don’t we open it?”

“Sounds good to me.” She watched, seemingly mesmerized by the sight of his fingers wrapping around the neck of the bottle and carefully working the cork free of the neck. It released with a pop, startling her. Her eyes widened and darted to his.

Daniel grinned. “A little jumpy today?”

“Apparently.” She laughed, shaking her head. “I guess I need that glass of wine more than I thought I did.” She watched as he filled a couple glasses then handed her one.

“Go relax. I’ll bring you a burger as soon as they’re done.”

“Are you sure you don’t need any help?”

“Nope. All you need to do is let me know how you want your burger cooked then drink your wine.”

“Well done.” Her forehead furrowed as she stared at him as if she were about to say something else.

“Yes, I’m positive,” he said before she could speak. “Now, go sit down.”

“Yes, sir.” She grinned.

“Finally. Someone who treats me with the respect I deserve.”

She was laughing as she walked toward a group of fellow teachers sitting in the evening shade. It was impossible not to admire the gentle swing of her full hips and the sway of her skirt around her calves as she walked.

Wow, Josiah’s voice sounded in his head from across the yard. Could you be any more obvious?

Fuck off, Daniel responded.

Believe me. I'd like to.

Yeah, wouldn't they both.

While he flipped burgers on the grill, Daniel surreptitiously watched Hollis as she sat and chatted with their co-workers. Noticing some latecomers in the group, he wandered over to gather their burger orders and was just in time to see Kathy, the head of the math department, gesture down the beach to where Maggie, Quinn and Lucas walked along the water's edge holding hands.

"Disgusting. I can't believe they're behaving like that in public," Kathy muttered.

Hollis followed the other woman's gaze. "They're just holding hands."

Kathy's head swiveled toward Hollis, looking like a particularly disdainful owl. "You find that arrangement acceptable?"

Hollis bristled, and Daniel held his breath wondering what she would say.

"Look, they're consenting adults. It's not like they're underage or being coerced. I think it doesn't matter what anyone else thinks as long they're happy."

Kathy scowled at Hollis but didn't respond.

One of the other teachers nudged Hollis. "Would you do it? Be in a threesome, I mean."

Hollis snorted depreciatively and gestured loosely at herself. "Somehow, I don't imagine that's a choice I'll ever be faced with."

Displeasure simmered in Daniel's veins. He hated that she thought so little of herself. That was definitely going to change. And soon.

"But if it came up," the other teacher pressed. "Would you?"

Hollis stared out over the lake for a few seconds before nodding. "Sure. If I was attracted to both of them and they were attracted to me too, why not?"

A flutter of hope wavered through him. She wasn't completely opposed to the idea.

Kathy huffed and pushed to her feet. "I suppose you support gay marriage, too, don't you?"

Hollis smiled sweetly at the other woman. "Damn straight, I do."

Kathy stalked toward the other side of the yard.

"Everything okay here?" he asked as Hollis noticed him standing there.

"Just a difference of opinion."

"Kathy's just being a judgmental bitch, again" the other woman volunteered.

“What else is new?” someone muttered. “Seriously, if I had two hot guys after me, you can bet I’d be all over that.”

“Good to know,” her husband said drily.

Daniel laughed and took the rest of the orders before moving back to the grill. And Hollis’ opinion was definitely good to know, as well. Despite her opinion that she’d never be faced with a ménage, she was about to find out she was very wrong.

Chapter Three

Draping her towel around her shoulders, Hollis moved closer to the warmth of the crackling bonfire. The dancing flames reflected on the water, and tiny embers floated upward toward the star-laden sky. The full moon had taken on a yellowish cast and hung low in the sky, its light shimmering on the water. She'd pointed it out to Daniel earlier, and he'd told her that some of the native people in the area called it the Sun Moon due to its color and the fact that it usually started to get relatively warm in June. There were other names for it too, but she liked Sun Moon the best.

She watched until the bright yellow faded to a soft butter color and climbed higher in the sky. The sand under her feet had grown cold, but she didn't feel particularly inclined to move. At least, not yet, anyway. There was something about this place that just made her want to sit back and relax and take it all in.

There was also something about this place that made her aroused as hell. It could have been the playful flirting with Josiah or the lingering touches from Daniel. Or the melting stare of his drop-dead gorgeous brother, Dylan. The guy had seemed like nothing but hard edges and prickly bits—but she couldn't help being attracted to him. Maybe it was just the suggestion of sex in the air. Or maybe she simply couldn't control her thoughts. God knew she couldn't stop thinking about what a threesome would be like.

She supposed she should gather her things and go home soon. Most of the other guests had left already, and the few that hadn't were packing up their belongings. A loud screech followed by a splash and quiet laughter drew her attention to the shoreline where she could make out three dark figures at the water's edge. Though the details had faded with the light, she could

tell by the silhouettes that it was Maggie, Lucas and Quinn. The laughter faded, too, becoming soft whispers and hushed groans.

Hollis knew she shouldn't be watching this private moment between them, but she couldn't seem to tear her gaze away, either. One man pressed to Maggie's back cupping her breasts, and the other pressed to her front, kissing her. Needy arousal threaded through Hollis' body, and she couldn't help but wish she was the one pressed between two hard and hungry men. Her breasts were heavy and aching to be touched, and her pussy was quickly becoming wet with want. There was no way she'd be able to sleep tonight—not without the aid of a toy. She really hoped she had batteries. There were no all-night convenience stores this far north.

She turned toward the fire, away from them. It wasn't right to watch someone else's private moment—even if it did end up being somewhat public. Thank goodness Kathy, the bitchy math teacher, was long gone.

Hollis considered going home, but she'd left her bag of clothes and her blanket a little too close to the three who were in the water, and she wasn't about to interrupt their intimate moment to gather up her belongings. A guttural moan had her head whipping around toward them again, but the sound of a masculine chuckle and clinking glasses had her whirling back toward the fire just as quickly, her face flaming with embarrassment.

Josiah reached around her and handed her a glass of wine. "Don't be embarrassed, sweet cheeks," he murmured in her ear. "It's kind of hard not to notice what's going on down there."

She turned slightly to look at him, discomfort warming her skin almost as much as the bonfire, but she nodded her head in agreement.

"It's also natural to be curious...and aroused," he added, his lips brushing against the shell of her ear.

She stiffened, glass halfway to her lips. "I'm not aroused."

"I beg to differ." There was no mistaking the amusement in his voice.

"Excuse me?"

He stepped closer, and the heat radiating off his body seeped into her. "It's almost full dark, but there's enough light from the fire to tell that your nipples are hard little knots."

Hollis glanced down. The turgid flesh poked against the bodice of her sundress. She quickly pulled the towel more snugly around her.

"You can hide your body's reaction, but you can't hide your scent."

She automatically squeezed her thighs together. “Even if I was, there’s no way you could smell that over the scent of the wood smoke, wine, sunscreen and everything else. You’re just guessing.”

“I have a very sensitive sense of smell.”

She shook her head and tossed back the rest of the wine, barely tasting it, her glass clenched in her trembling hand.

A dark shadow detached itself from the house and moved down the hill. She could tell from the size and gait that it was Daniel. Nervous butterflies tumbled through her stomach, and she barely noticed when Maggie and the guys made their way up the hill toward their car. Thankfully, they’d stopped short of having sex on the beach, but knowing that was where their evening was headed didn’t lessen any of her discomfort.

Now that they were gone, she could grab her stuff and leave, too. However, she couldn’t convince herself to move away from Josiah or Daniel now that he stood right in front of her. The firelight accentuated the sharp angles of his cheekbones and his burnished copper skin. It also highlighted the tightly corded muscles of his arms and chest. If not for the low slung swim trunks, he’d look like a native warrior from a time long past.

“What’s going on?” he asked, his deep voice rumbling along her limbs and settling in her womb.

“Nothing. I was just thinking I should get going.”

At the same time, Josiah said, “Hollis is just wondering what a threesome is like.”

Her breath caught in her throat, and for a minute, she was positive she was going to pass out from lack of oxygen. “I...no...you.”

“Josiah tends to be a little pushy when there’s something he wants. Or someone,” Daniel amended, his eyes never leaving her face. “But I’m sure by now you’ve figured out that we’re both attracted to you.”

She snorted. She knew Josiah was an outrageous flirt, and there was something in the way Daniel looked at her, but she’d never really thought it was attraction. Not to her. Not really.

Daniel took a step closer, and his eyes narrowed. “What? You don’t believe me?”

“Look, you’re both really sweet, but no, not really. Where I come from, guys like you two don’t go for women like me. So, I guess the short answer is no, I don’t really believe you.”

Scowling, he took the wineglass from her suddenly limp fingers, tossed it onto the sand and grabbed her hand. He turned her palm outward and pressed it to his groin. Her fingers closed reflexively around the hard ridge of his cock.

“Does that feel like I’m not attracted to you?”

She slowly shook her head, barely able to process what he was saying.

“I’ve wanted to touch you since the moment you first walked into the office.”

“He’s not the only one,” Josiah breathed against her neck, his lips trailing soft kisses over her increasingly heated flesh and his hands skimming over her hips. “We both happen to love women with curves.”

Her head dropped back against his chest, but she couldn’t look away from the blatant desire in Daniel’s gaze. Nor could she pull her hand from his cock.

“I’m not interested in fucking some bony little thing I have to worry about breaking,” he said as he continued to stare into her eyes. “I want to have sex with a real woman—not a department store mannequin.”

“So yeah,” Josiah breathed. “If there’s the least little chance you’d be interested in trying a ménage, we’d really like it to be with us.”

It was difficult to accept what they said, but it was even harder to ignore the evidence of the arousal pressed against her palm and the other one pressed against her ass.

“And I should probably let you know,” Daniel whispered. “I heard what you said earlier about not being averse to experimenting.”

Daniel watched her, waiting, while Josiah stood tensely behind her. She could either run or jump in with both feet. Wasn’t she entitled to a little fun? And even if it went horribly, she’d never see them again after the summer was over. So why was she hesitating?

A hysterical bubble of laughter threatened to burst free. In a desperate attempt to smother it and her insecurities, she stood on her toes and pressed a kiss to Daniel’s mouth.

In that single moment, it was as if all restraint had been abandoned. Daniel slid his fingers into her hair and tilted her head to the side as he deepened the kiss, stroking her throat with his free hand. She knew he had to be able to feel the pulse that hammered wildly at the base of her neck. Opening beneath his insistent lips, she welcomed the heated stroke of his tongue. He tasted of wine and something warm and almost drugging. She couldn’t identify it, but she wanted more. Her hands slid upwards over his bare, tightly muscled stomach.

He groaned into her mouth, the sound vibrating against her lips, and pressed into her, pushing her into Josiah. Trapped. Two solid erections throbbed against her as Josiah moved closer, too. His hands settled firmly at her waist as he pushed nearer, nudging the towel out of his way and dropping kisses over her shoulders and up the side of her neck.

Need flooded her body at the sensation of their lips coasting over her skin. Josiah splayed his hand over her stomach. Her muscles jumped at his caress. For a moment, she tensed at the thought of him touching her there. One more reminder of her less than svelte body. But he didn't seem to mind or even notice. He dragged his fingertips across her, tugging at the fabric of her dress and sending shivers of need racing through her.

As if there was some sort of silent signal, both men spun her to face Josiah. He wasted no time claiming her lips—kissing her as if he needed the very air she breathed. Daniel swept her hair over her shoulder and dragged hot, open-mouthed kisses down her spine. Her pussy clenched emptily. She couldn't remember ever being this desperate to be touched. To be filled.

She bunched her hands in Josiah's snug-fitting T-shirt and drew him closer. She couldn't believe she was doing this with two men she barely knew. Hell, with two men at all. It wasn't like her to be so completely reckless. But as inexplicable as it was, she trusted them. Both of them. And she couldn't let this chance pass her by. Who knew if she'd ever have the opportunity again? Even if it was just for tonight, it would be worth it. She hoped.

"Relax," Daniel breathed against her ear. "You're over thinking this. Either you want this to happen or you don't. Say the word, and it stops."

The anxiety she felt before increased. She'd regret it forever if she stopped now. She shook her head slightly, freeing her mouth from Josiah's.

"I want this," she choked out, closing her eyes. "I want you." She swallowed hard past the sudden lump in her throat. "I want you both."

Relief emanated from both men. Josiah resumed kissing her while Daniel slid his hands beneath the straps of her sundress. She trembled at the slightly rough sensation of his fingertips caressing her skin. Slowly, so slowly, he dragged the straps down until they draped loosely over her upper arms. The soft fabric felt almost rough against her over-sensitized flesh. Each tug pulled the material over her breasts tighter, and her nipples knotted almost painfully.

Josiah lifted his head and stared down at her. The firelight glinted off his hair, making it look almost coppery, and his lips were damp from their kisses. The longer he stared at her, the

harder her nipples throbbed. Daniel rested his head against hers as he continued to tug on the straps of her dress, exposing the upper swell of her breasts. Both he and Josiah inhaled sharply as her bodice caught and held on the swollen tips.

Daniel yanked one last time and bared her breasts completely, tangling her arms in her dress, trapping them at her sides. He reached around and palmed circles over her nipples. She arched into his touch, a low moan escaping her parted lips.

Josiah pushed away one of Daniel's hands and sank to his knees in front of her. He drew her nipple into the sweet, scalding heat of his mouth. Daniel followed suit and knelt next to Josiah, sucking hard on the other needy bud. It pebbled further against his tongue. She cried out at the overwhelming sensation of two men pleasuring her at once. Wicked and wanton, she wanted more. She lifted her arms as well as she could and grasped the backs of their heads, greedily demanding.

Both men complied, sucking harder and dragging their fingertips up the insides of her thighs, edging toward her needy cunt but veering away when they'd get too close. Her panties had to be soaked by now. Every fleeting touch, every teasing stroke had her writhing between them, silently begging for more.

Finally, someone, she didn't know who, cupped her mound, and she bucked against his hand.

"You're so wet," Daniel groaned.

"Let me see," the other man demanded.

Daniel moved his hand, and Josiah tugged aside the crotch of her underwear and stroked a blunt finger along her sodden folds.

Hollis' head dropped back as he repeated the action. God, how long had it been since she'd been touched? She couldn't even remember. All she knew for sure was she didn't want them to stop.

Daniel, at least, she thought it was Daniel, yanked her panties down her legs while Josiah tugged the skirt of her dress upward. Between the cool breeze blowing in off the lake, the fire in front of her and the hot, wet press of their mouths and hands, her body was on overload. Sensations shuttled through her so quickly, she could barely think. Daniel drew his thumbs down along her cleft before spreading her lips and exposing the tender skin of her pussy.

Between the roaring bonfire and the light of the near full moon, Daniel could see the moisture glistening on her flesh. Bowing his head, he leaned forward and dragged his tongue along her folds, tasting her. Her tangy, sweet flavor exploded on his tongue, and he wanted more. He continued to lap at her, carefully avoiding her swollen clit. He wasn't ready to let her come quite yet.

Hollis' legs trembled as he devoured her, and she braced herself on his shoulder, digging her fingers into his muscle. Her breathing sped up, becoming shallower with each inhalation. She was close. It wouldn't take much to push her over the edge into release.

Josiah, sensing the same thing, rose and pulled her back to lean against him. Reaching around her, he cupped her breasts, rolling the firm buds of her nipples between his thumbs and forefingers.

Daniel glanced up at her. Her head lolled back against Josiah's chest as her whole body strained. Her free hand dug into Josiah's thigh as she seemed to struggle to keep herself upright. Her teeth sank into her trembling lower lip.

He stopped tormenting her and drew her clit between his lips so he could feather his tongue across the needy flesh. That was all it took. A low, keening cry mixed with the night noises as she came. The sound of her pleasure was almost enough to make him come, too.

He took his time gentling her, reveling in the warm silk of her skin and the honeyed taste of her body. Josiah murmured softly to her and sank down on a piece of driftwood that served as a bench, pulling her to sit on his lap. Only then did she stiffen.

"Put me down. I'm too heavy."

Both men shushed her, and Josiah wrapped his arms around her more tightly. They were going to have their work cut for them, disabusing her of her misconceptions about herself.

Standing, he leaned down and dropped a tender kiss on her upturned mouth. "I'll be right back," he said in response to her questioning look. Daniel jogged up the hill and grabbed some condoms from the bathroom and a quilt from the closet. They'd go inside later, but for now, he wanted to take her under the stars.

When he returned, Hollis was cuddled into Josiah's arms, but she still looked stiff and uncomfortable on his lap. Spreading out the blanket on the ground, Daniel knelt on it and beckoned her to him. She crawled toward him, her hair a disheveled mess and her dress tangled

around her waist and thighs. Her cheeks were still flushed from her release, and her eyes were bright with arousal.

Josiah followed her onto the blanket, catching the fabric of her dress and pulling it the rest of the way off. Naked, she drew her knees to her chest and wrapped her arms around them. Daniel brushed her hair from her face. Cupping her cheek, he bent to kiss her. Lifting his head, he stared into her wide, brown eyes. “Never hide from us.”

Josiah lifted her chin and guided her to face him. “You’re beautiful. Never forget that.” He pressed a kiss to her lips, coaxing until she opened beneath his mouth. Groaning, he delved inside. She raised her hands to fist in his hair as he laid her back against the blanket-covered sand then shifted to lie beside her.

Stretching out, Daniel laid at her other side, letting his hand drift over her stomach before moving lower to skim the damp hair covering her mound. She moaned into Josiah’s mouth, letting her legs fall open slightly.

He loved how responsive she was. Though she was somewhat self-conscious he had a feeling that would change in time. He planned to make sure she knew how gorgeous she was. How much he desired her. How much they both desired her.

Josiah released her mouth and trailed his lips over her chest to tease a still erect nipple while his hand coasted over her stomach to join Daniel’s.

He only hoped that they’d be able to trust her with their secret. That she’d be able to recognize them as her mates. He’d known as soon as he kissed her—as soon as he’d tasted her mouth—that she was theirs. She belonged with them. She was their mate. Of course, that was if she accepted them for what they were. Dylan’s fiancée hadn’t been able to. Not that he could see Hollis driving off in a blind panic and getting in an accident, but not everyone accepted things with as much grace as Lucas and Quinn’s mate had.

Hollis turned her head and kissed Daniel, exploring his mouth until he took control of the kiss, consuming her, fanning the flames of need higher and brighter. Josiah drew her nipple into his mouth, and her back arched up off the blanket. Daniel swallowed her surprised cry as the other man scraped his teeth across the swollen tip.

She couldn't believe she was already this aroused again. She'd come no more than a few minutes earlier, but tension was already building in her body. And every kiss, every stroke, every puff of breath on her over-sensitized skin notched her need up higher.

Both men pressed to her sides, each one throwing one of their legs over hers to separate them. She squirmed against the solid warmth of their bodies wanting more than they were giving her. Wanting to be filled by one of them. Or both of them.

A kernel of panic sprouted in her middle as she seriously considered what she was about to do. Could she really do it, could she have sex with two men at the same time? A little voice within her wondered how often they did this. Wondered how many women they'd shared. Wondered how many women had found bliss at their hands and mouths. Wondered how many women had taken their cocks.

Daniel lifted his head, breaking the kiss. He looked into her eyes. Lust and need stared back at her and she trembled under his gaze. "There's nothing to be worried about. I promise. We're going to make you feel so good."

She whimpered at the intensity of his words as he lowered his head, capturing her other nipple with his mouth. Her whimper turned into a cry. Had anything ever felt this amazing? She couldn't remember a single thing that compared.

In tandem, Daniel and Josiah stroked her pussy, taking turns, slipping down to tease her opening. She wished they'd quit tormenting her already. She needed someone—it didn't matter which one of them—inside her already. But she couldn't convince her brain to form those words, let alone speak them aloud. Instead, she settled for lifting her hips and silently begging one of the men to fuck her.

Someone must have gotten a clue because a single finger slipped inside her.

"So tight," Josiah groaned.

Well, that answered that question. He slowly withdrew only to have Daniel's finger replace his. They started a steady rhythm—pumping in and out of her body but never giving her enough to send her over. They brushed their thumbs across her straining clit and teased the puckered bud of her anus with each movement. They kept her full and pushed her toward the edge of release.

Need wound tightly in her abdomen—she was so close. With their legs thrown over her, it was nearly impossible to lift her hips to meet their touch, but she tried. Shuddering need

coalesced in her middle, swirling together to become a pulsing knot of hunger. All thoughts of other women or anything else vanished. The only thing that mattered was that they never stop touching her.

The hunger gnawed at her until it finally broke free, the pleasure snapping and roaring through her body. She tried to muffle her scream, but it didn't work. Her cry echoed through the night. Thankfully, there were no neighbors nearby to hear. The only other sounds were the wind in the leaves mixing with the harsh rasp of her breath and the horn of a distance ship far out in the lake.

Josiah leaned over her and took her mouth with deep, drugging kisses. As quickly as it had subsided with her release, her desire grew back with each desperate press of his lips. For a moment, she wondered if it would always be like that. Just as quickly, she pushed that thought away. There wasn't going to be an always with these two. This was nothing more than a summer fling.

Gripping Josiah's T-shirt, she tugged at it, wanting to strip it from his body, wanting nothing between them. Skin to skin. She wanted it with both men. As soon as possible. He moved to his knees, and she followed, pulling at the ties of his bathing suit as he yanked off his shirt and tossed it beyond the circle of firelight.

She slid his swim trunks down over his sculpted hips. Leaning forward, she traced the curve of his hipbone with the tip of her tongue. His breath hissed through clenched teeth. The sound tightened the knot of longing within her. She sank her teeth into the firm muscle, and he rewarded her with a strangled groan. The sound made her wetter than she would have thought possible.

Laving her tongue over the spot, she inched her way across his groin, breathing in his warm, slightly musky scent as she nuzzled his balls. His hands clenched at his side, his fingers opening and closing as if he were refraining from hurrying her along toward his huge, stiff cock.

Chapter Four

Josiah gasped sharply as Hollis' warm breath bathed his aching cock. From the corner of his eye, he saw Daniel watching. His eyes were glued on her sweetly kiss-swollen mouth as she hovered above the head of his cock. She opened her eyes and glanced up the length of Josiah's body. He stared into the warm brown depths, and a wicked little smile played around her mouth. Extending her tongue, she lapped up the drops of pre-cum from the tip. He almost groaned aloud as she flicked her tongue over it again before engulfing the head in the warm, wet heaven of her mouth.

His hands tangled in the silk of her hair. He'd tried to keep his hands to himself, to keep from pushing her faster than she was ready to go, but once she'd taken him in her mouth, he couldn't seem to control his actions.

Hollis gripped the base of his cock as she slid up and down the length of him, taking him deeper with each pass. His fingers convulsed in her hair, and she groaned as he tugged it. The vibrations shot down the length of his shaft and settled in his balls. Apparently, she liked having her hair pulled. He'd have to remember that for the next time when he wasn't about to explode. Gritting his teeth, he tried to hold back. He wanted this to last longer than a few minutes.

Daniel moved behind Hollis and smoothed his hands over her ass. She shuddered at the contact as she worked Josiah's cock in and out of her mouth. Widening her stance, she pulled off his shaft and turned to look over her shoulder at Daniel. Daniel trailed his fingers over her slit before entering her. Hollis' eyes closed on a moan as he worked his fingers in and out of her.

"Just fuck me already," she whispered before taking Josiah into her mouth again.

Daniel retrieved a condom and untied his suit, letting the shorts fall to his knees. His thick cock bobbed a bit before settling against her ass, leaving a damp trail of pre-cum in its wake. Josiah's cock jerked in her mouth at the sight.

He knew the exact moment his friend entered her. Her fingers spasmed around his shaft, and his hips jerked forward at her needy groans. Trying to keep control, he glanced at Daniel. His hands gripped Hollis' hips, dark against her creamy skin. His head was tilted back, and his eyes were closed. He looked as if he was having as much trouble holding back as Josiah was.

She whimpered and squirmed between him and Daniel, apparently eager for them to move. Gripping him more firmly, she sucked hard as she slid up and down the length of him. Using both hands, he shoved all the hair out of her face so he could see her clearly as she took his cock.

Her eyes opened wide as Daniel pulled out then shoved forward again. After a few advances she caught his rhythm, meeting him thrust for thrust. Each lunge pushed his cock deeper down her throat, but she didn't seem to mind. If anything, she seemed more ravenous for him. For both of them.

A tingly feeling pooled in the small of his back and crept up his spine. The sensation crawled higher with each pass of her lips and tongue over his shaft. He was getting close—almost too close. Tightening his hand in her hair, he tried to ease her off his length, but she shook her head, refusing to relinquish her grip on him. Holding his gaze, she continued to fuck him with her mouth, almost as if she were daring him to pull away.

Daniel shafted her faster and harder. She continued to meet every thrust. God, she was beautiful, greedily taking everything they offered and demanding more with her wordless pleas and the insistent commands of her body. He could tell by the expression on Daniel's face that he was close, too.

Closing his eyes, Josiah spoke into his friend's mind. *Bring her. Make her come.*

The other man nodded and reached around to stroke Hollis' clit.

She screamed, her voice muffled by Josiah's cock. He couldn't hold back. The combination of the vibrations of her cry and the wet warmth were too much for him. He tried, halfheartedly, he admitted to himself, to pull back, but she shook her head. Well, she shook it as much as she could with a mouthful of cock. Her sweet willingness to take them both was too

much for him. He couldn't hold back. The tingly feeling that had been creeping up his spine hit the base of his skull to race right back down to explode out his cock.

Groaning, Hollis swallowed, greedily taking everything he had to offer while Daniel continued to plow into her from behind. She let Josiah slip from her lips, and he sat back on his heels and watched. The other man fucked her so hard, her breasts jiggled enticingly.

She closed her eyes. "More," she whispered. "More, more, *more*."

Daniel obliged, pumping harder as he rubbed her clit. Hollis' ass stayed up in the air as her head sank to the quilt-covered ground. Blindly reaching out, she groped for Josiah. Finding his hand and clutching it, she hung on to him as her release took her. Her entire body shook with the force of it as Daniel cried out, a harsh, wordless groan. Several short, sharp thrusts later, he slumped forward blanketing her back with his body.

They both sank to the ground. Daniel carefully withdrew from her body and disposed of his condom. He pulled her into his arms, spooning against her. Josiah lay down on the opposite side and pressed himself to her front, dropping a quick kiss on her forehead. She was already asleep.

Dylan watched them from his spot in the woods, stroking his aching cock. He knew that if he'd stuck around the cookout, if he hadn't been the asshole his brother had accused him of being, he could have been down by the fire with them. Tasting Hollis. Pleasuring her. He wasn't convinced she was his mate or anything—not like his idiot brother—but he wouldn't have objected to being buried inside her sweet pussy. And she seemed more than willing to take on more than one partner.

I know you're out there. Daniel's voice sounded in his head. *I know you want her, too.*

So, he countered, not feeling particularly chatty at the moment.

You could have joined us.

And ruin your perfect moment with city girl? Dylan shot back. *I don't think so.*

It doesn't have to be this way. She's not Kelsey.

Dylan snorted bitterly. *And you really won't know that until the time comes, will you? I hope for your sake—and hers—that you're right.*

Daniel called after him, but Dylan had had enough. Crouching in the dense thicket, he shifted, his bones and muscles popping and snapping, fur covering skin. He'd barely finished the

transformation before he was off and running through the night. Running from the momentary happiness the others had found. And running even faster from the memories.

* * * *

Hollis woke shivering and found herself pressed between two naked men, the chilly breeze blowing in off the lake and chilling her flesh. The fire had long since gone out and the only light came from starlit sky. Her trembling woke Josiah and Daniel. Grabbing her hand and their clothes, they led her into the house and into Daniel's bedroom where all three of them crawled beneath the covers. Both men pressed to either side of her, each draping an arm around her waist and snuggling close.

Instead of feeling claustrophobic like she'd thought she might, she felt safe and protected. She'd eventually feel warm again, too. Falling asleep naked on the beach probably hadn't been the best idea. She flushed at the memory of how she'd ended up there.

She couldn't remember ever behaving that recklessly or that wantonly. She wasn't sure where that sexually daring woman had come from. There hadn't been much self-consciousness. She'd felt worse about her body in a dark room with one guy than she had naked in the bright firelight with two. She wasn't sure if that had more to do with knowing this relationship, if she could even call it that, had a definite end date or if it was because both men seemed genuinely attracted to her. There was something to be said for feeling truly desired.

Daniel stirred at her side and pressed a kiss to her temple. "Are you okay?"

She nodded.

Josiah added, "You're not going to freak out or anything over what happened?"

She smiled in the dark. "I'm pretty sure an evening full of multiple orgasms isn't anything to get bent about."

Both men laughed and cuddled closer, their hard cocks unmistakable.

She reached down to the side and grasped an erection in each hand, stroking the long, thick lengths. "So...um...is your recovery time always this good?"

Josiah shrugged. "There's something to be said for sharing a beautiful woman."

Her cheeks warmed at his compliment.

He leaned over and kissed her, teasing her lips open to take his tongue while he palmed her breast. Daniel stroked the skin of her stomach, skimming his hand over the slightly rounded

flesh. A kernel of discomfort sprouted, but Daniel seduced it away. He kissed her shoulder and her neck, trailing his lips up to her ear.

“Do you have any idea how fucking sexy you are? Watching you take Josiah, the way you let him fuck your pretty mouth... I almost came before I even got inside you.”

His words sent a fresh rush of arousal to her folds, and she whimpered into Josiah’s mouth. Daniel slid his hand up to cup her breast, tweaking her nipple and making her squirm. She tightened her grip around their cocks, rhythmically squeezing them.

Josiah released her breast and trailed his hand down to hover above her pussy. Moisture slicked her folds. Her body was anxious for his touch, eager for his possession. Eager to take Daniel in her mouth, as well. She wanted more from both of these men. So much more.

Josiah lifted his head and stared into her eyes. “Are you sure you’re ready for more.”

She nodded, unable to trust her voice.

Heat leapt to life in his eyes, and he trailed his lips down, over her chest, pausing to tongue circles around her hardening nipple.

“Please,” she whispered.

“Tell him what you want,” Daniel whispered in her ear, his voice a dark command.

Fluttery need riffled through her body again, and she shuddered.

“Tell us what you need,” he added.

She closed her eyes. “Suck my nipples.” She swallowed her nervousness. “Hard.”

Josiah descended on a groan and enveloped the aching bud closest to him. Daniel did the same. Both of them drew on her with a frenzied kind of need. She bit her lip, trying to smother the anguished cries threatening to break loose.

Josiah scraped his teeth across the tender tissue before pressing kisses along the outer curve of her breast, along her ribcage and across her stomach. “I didn’t get a chance to taste you, yet,” he murmured against her skin.

Trailing lower, he pressed kisses over her hips, grazing the tender spots where Daniel had gripped her so tightly. She wondered if she’d have bruises in the morning and just as quickly, decided she didn’t care.

Josiah trailed his lips over the top of her mound before lifting her leg and scooting underneath. He nibbled the inside of her thigh, drifting close to her pussy, but never touching it.

She lifted her hips to hurry him along, but Daniel reached down and splayed his hand over her abdomen and pushed down hard, pinning her to the bed.

Fresh arousal coated her already slick folds at his action. The fact that he continued to hold her in place only made her more desperate for Josiah's mouth. He finally parted her lips, spreading her wide. Lowering his head, he dragged his tongue over her exposed flesh. "You taste so good, sweet cheeks."

He'd scarcely lifted his head to speak. The sensation of his lips and breath moving against her made her hips jerk upward, but Daniel's hand on her belly didn't allow for much movement. Josiah licked her again, lapping at her pussy, all the while carefully avoiding her clit.

She strained against Daniel's hand, quietly demanding more contact. Apparently taking pity on her, he circled the opening of her pussy with his thumb. He tapped at it, barely entering her, then retreating. He did it over and over while she shook beneath him. She needed more. So much more.

Turning her head, she nuzzled Daniel, urging him to look at her. He lifted his head from her breast and kissed her long and hard before finally meeting her gaze. Raw heat shown in his nearly black gaze. A timid flutter buffeted her tummy. Could she actually tell him what she wanted? She'd never been terribly forward about voicing her sexual needs, but these guys made it seem so natural and acceptable.

"I want your cock," she whispered.

He covered her hand with his where it was still wrapped tightly around his shaft, guiding their joined hands up and down the velvety hard length. "You've already got it."

She nervously wet her lips. "In my mouth."

She felt his sudden intake of breath in the pit of her stomach. A wicked smiled curved his lips. "All you had to do was ask."

He propped an extra pillow under her head and moved until he was kneeling on the bed, dragging the damp head of his cock across her lips. Sticking out her tongue, she tasted the salty-sweet pre-cum. Keeping her grip on the base of his cock, she guided him into her mouth, enveloping the firm, wide head.

Slipping a hand beneath her head, he guided her up and down the length of his cock. This angle made it difficult to take all of him, but she did the best she could—relaxing her throat to take as much as possible.

Daniel tightened his grip in her hair, whispering to her about how good her mouth felt, how pretty she looked with her lips wrapped around her cock. Every harsh word was like a stroke to her sorely neglected clit.

Josiah slid a long finger into her cunt, quickly adding another as he worked them in and out of her. Her juices coated the insides of her thighs and dripped down her ass. He must have noticed, too, because he began to stroke the tight opening with a slicked finger. Pushing forward and retreating, until he worked it all the way inside her ass.

She tensed at the invasion, but gradually, she relaxed as she became accustomed to it. There was a finger in her ass and another in her pussy. Josiah slid them in and out of her, fucking her in tandem.

The fire in her middle built unimaginably high as she imagined their cocks in place of Josiah's fingers. They were going to do this. They were going to take her this way. Both of them pounding in and out of her body. At least, she thought they were. And if they did, could she handle it?

Daniel continued to work his cock in and out of her mouth while she licked and sucked at it, tugging at his balls with her free hand. Groaning, he pulled free of her grasp. "I'm not ready to come again until we're both buried deep in your body."

She'd been right. They were both going to fill her.

"Do you want that, Holl?" he asked. "Do you want us to take your ass and your cunt together?"

She nodded, her head bobbling drunkenly on her neck.

"Say it," he demanded.

"Yes." It was little more than a broken whisper, but it seemed to satisfy him.

Josiah flicked his tongue across her clit, and all rational thought disintegrated. The release that had been building roared through her like a windstorm, wiping away everything in its path. She bucked and strained, clamping down on his hand as he sucked her clit between his lips and drew hard. The orgasm seemed to go on forever until she finally dropped to the mattress utterly boneless.

Josiah prowled up the length of her prone body, his lips and chin shiny with her juices. His heavy cock brushed her mound, sending lingering fissions of pleasure shooting through her. She gasped, so he did it again. Wrapping her arms around his neck, she pulled him down for a

kiss. He swept his tongue into her mouth, as he shared her tangy flavor with her. She barely registered the sound of a drawer opening next to them and sensed more than saw Daniel handing a condom packet to Josiah.

He stopped kissing her long enough to sheath himself and settle between his thighs, notching the head of his cock at her opening. He leaned forward and claimed her mouth again as he pushed himself home. There was no careful, slow buildup. No waiting for her to adjust. There was just Josiah fucking her hard and deep. Long and thick, he stretched her wide, filling her perfectly. He thrust so hard they shook the bed.

She wanted more. Bracing her feet on the mattress, she lifted into his slamming hips, taking his cock as deeply as possible. She was so full, she couldn't imagine taking both men inside her.

Without warning, her world started to tilt, and she clutched at Jonah's shoulders as he rolled them on the wide mattress until she straddled him. She cringed. She'd always hated being on top, feeling far too big and far too vulnerable to let go and enjoy herself.

Josiah stared up at her. He didn't look repulsed. He slid his hands up her thighs to settle on her hips.

"Never doubt that you're beautiful." His voice was rough and full of emotion she couldn't begin to guess at. His hands skimmed upward to cup her breasts. He thumbed her already aching nipples, causing them to jut almost painfully from her body.

The mattress dipped slightly as Daniel moved behind them on the bed. His chest pressed to her back, he reached around her and stroked the sensitive undersides of her breasts. Her breath caught in her throat at the sight of two sets of hands on her. A fresh rush of moisture flooded her cleft, and she ground herself against Josiah. He groaned, dropping his hands back to her hips as he urged her to ride him.

Daniel's hands left her breasts to caress down her back, his thumbs skating over her spine. They continued downward, over her ass and down to her pussy. He slipped a hand between her and Josiah's body, carelessly stroking the spot where they were joined.

"You're stretched so tightly to take him," he whispered against her back. "I know how good that pussy feels. So warm and tight."

His words wound through her, settling deeply in her womb arousing her almost as much as Josiah's cock sliding through her slick passage.

Daniel slid his wet fingers upward to skim over the tight bud of her anus. He withdrew his hand, but it returned a moment later, slick with a cool gel. Using his fingers, he penetrated the tight ring of muscle and gently worked his way inside. He matched the thrusting of Josiah's cock, stroking in and out of her body. Slowly, he added another finger and began spreading them apart, stretching her wide enough to take him. Nervous anticipation tumbled through her middle. Her muscles pinched and burned as he inserted a third finger. She took a deep breath in an attempt to stem the panic.

Josiah lifted his head and kissed her. "It'll be okay. I promise."

She nodded, trying not to flinch as she heard the sound of a condom packet being torn open. Daniel's big, warm hand covered the center of her back and pushed her forward, toward Josiah. The angle of penetration changed sharply. The head of his cock dragged across the tiny bundle of nerves inside her, sending sparks of light shooting through her.

Daniel's lube covered cock prodded her opening. Josiah reached around her and grabbed her ass cheeks, separating them. She'd never felt more exposed in her life, and oddly, she found she liked it. Both of these men were hard and aching for her. She couldn't imagine a headier feeling. She held her breath as Daniel carefully pushed the head past the tight opening. The pinching and burning worsened, but as he tunneled further, the pain receded and she merely felt full—utterly penetrated.

"*Christ, Hollis,*" Daniel swore. "You feel so good."

She whimpered as he pulled back, dragging his cock through her snug opening. Josiah pushed in deeper at the same time. They took turns slowly fucking her. The discomfort she'd felt earlier morphed into sheer pleasure. Her body tightened, rippling and contracting around them as their pace increased.

Dark pleasure filled her at the sensation of both of them moving inside her. The sensation was incredible. She could feel them sliding against each other through the thin membrane separating them. She wondered if they could feel one another, too.

Daniel's forehead dropped to the center of her back as his tempo increased. His breath rasped against her skin as Josiah strained into her from beneath. Her nipples had tightened into agonizing peaks that scraped against Josiah's chest. The normally silky hair abraded them, ratcheting up her arousal further than she'd thought possible.

Both men continued to pump endlessly into her willing body, but their rhythm was beginning to falter. Their hands were rough on her body as they clung to her, pounding into her. And it felt so good. She'd never had one man this crazy about her, having two so reckless and wanting was indescribable. She wanted it to go on forever, even though the tiny voice within cautioned that it wouldn't. She knew that voice was right, damn it, but she chose to ignore it. She'd take this experience for what it was. Mind blowing sex with two of the most gorgeous men she'd ever met.

Her clit ground against Josiah's pubis with every thrust to her ass. Electric sparks exploded through her pussy and up into her abdomen. She was so, so close. She tried to prolong the contact, but each frenzied slap of skin against skin moved her again.

Daniel reached around her and tugged at her nipples. Each pinch and twist kept her balanced on the sharp edge between pleasure and pain.

His lips coasted across her ear. "I love the way your body responds—how willing you take us. I want you to come so hard. I want it to be better and harder than you've ever come. Can you do that?"

She nodded. "I think so," she breathed.

"Good." He pinched her nipples harder. "I can feel how close you are. Every little flutter around our cocks. Every little contraction." He trailed hot, open-mouthed kisses over her shoulder and back and along her neck. It was so sensitive there that she nearly screamed at the sensation of his whisker roughened jaw scraping over her skin.

He was right. She was close. It would only take the tiniest thing to push her over the edge. Her impending release twisted and knotted within her, writhing and doubling over on itself until she thought she'd fly apart.

"It's okay," Josiah murmured. "Just let go. Let it take you."

Without warning, Daniel sank his teeth into the side of her neck—the curve where her neck and shoulder joined. That was all it took. The knot snapped and spun in ever widening circles until the shuddering release poured through every bit of her body.

Daniel and Josiah plowed through her clenching, rippling muscles, riding her hard through the orgasm. Josiah grabbed her ass and held her tight to him as he pumped a few last times before he stiffened, coming hard. Daniel followed him several seconds later with a few more uncontrolled thrusts into her ass and a guttural cry. It sounded as if it might have been her

name.

Panting and barely able to catch her breath, Hollis collapsed against Josiah's chest. His hand rose to gently caress her face. As he thumb brushed across her cheek, he paused.

"Hey now. What's this?"

She lifted her head slightly to look at him. "What's what?"

"You're crying. Did we hurt you?"

"God, no," she said, quickly wiping away the tears. "I think I'm just overwhelmed."

Both men tightened their arms around her, whispering how amazing she was. Finally, Daniel gently pulled free from her body, followed by Josiah and both men disposed of their condoms before crawling back in bed with her. They both snuggled up at her sides, and this time, they dropped into an exhausted sleep.

Hollis was tired too, but she wasn't ready to sleep yet. She wanted to stay awake for a bit longer and savor the delicious aches in her body and the intimate time with Daniel and Josiah. Who knew how long it would last?

Chapter Five

Hollis sat at her desk Tuesday afternoon waiting for her class to clear out. She was tired, and her body still ached pleasantly from an entire weekend spent with Josiah and Daniel. Hell, she'd spent last night with them, too.

Of course, it all hadn't been all sex all the time. They'd finally coaxed her into her swimsuit, and they cruised the western shore of the lake in Josiah's power boat. According to Daniel, Josiah's need for fast toys was more important than a decent place to live, which was why he spent the majority of his salary on his boat and motorcycle and lived in a dumpy apartment. However, Josiah had pointed out the dumpy apartment was home to a latte maker. He'd made sure to bring her at least one elaborate coffee drink every day.

They'd even had supper one night with Dylan. He'd seemed to be in a slightly better mood, but he still watched her intently, almost as if he was waiting for her to grow a second head or something. Despite the fact she was sleeping with Daniel and Josiah, she was still undeniably attracted to the other man, too. She shook her head at herself. Apparently, her inner slut was really enjoying the chance to get out.

The following day, the guys had also taken her up to Copper Harbor to see the sites and shop at roadside antique stands. It had been the perfect day. Of course, as she'd quickly discovered, it seemed like most days were better with them in it. Tendrils of worry sprouted in her stomach. This was all well and good for now, but what would happen when the summer came to an end? Already, she was too comfortable for her own good. She liked them far more than was safe or sane. She bit her lower lip as she thought. She needed to put some kind of distance between them if she was going to survive the rest of the summer without falling in love with them.

Josiah entered the room carrying a giant, steaming cup of cinnamon vanilla latte—her favorite. “Hey, sweet cheeks, I thought you might be able to use some caffeine.” He glanced around the room making sure they were alone. “After all, we kept you up pretty late last night.”

Daniel entered the room as Josiah added, “Wanna stay up late again tonight?”

Hollis grinned and looked between the two men. “I do...but I have to review some material for tomorrow’s class. How about if I come over after supper?”

Yeah. She was doing a bang up job of putting some distance between her and the guys. Fighting the urge to roll her eyes, she took a drink of the coffee and sighed happily. Who needed Starbucks when she had Josiah? She mentally shook her head at herself. She was so screwed.

* * * *

She stopped by Maggie’s diner on the way home, hoping her friend was around. Maggie wiped her hands on the apron around her waist and filled a glass with ice and Coke, sliding it to the end of the counter for Hollis. Climbing on the stool, Hollis put a straw in the glass and gratefully took a sip.

Maggie leaned on the counter, staring intently at her and clearly waiting for Hollis to spill everything.

“Well?” she finally asked. “Which one?”

Hollis blinked. “Which one what?”

Maggie leaned in a little closer and lowered her voice. “Daniel or Josiah? You haven’t been around all weekend, so I know it’s got to be one of them. And they both seemed pretty damn interested at the cookout, so spill already.”

A fiery blush crept across Hollis’ cheeks, and Maggie’s eyes widened.

“Both?” she demanded.

At Hollis’ nod, her friend’s eyes got even bigger. “I don’t know whether I should high-five you or lecture you.”

Hollis laughed. “All things considered, you don’t have a lot of room for lectures.”

Maggie held up her hand. “High-five it is, then.”

Hollis giggled and slapped her hand. But she quickly sobered. “I know it’s just for the summer. I’m not expecting anything more than that, and I sincerely doubt the guys are looking for more than that, either.”

Maggie glanced down at the counter and wiped at a spot that didn't exist. "You might be surprised at what they're looking for."

"What do you mean?"

Her friend continued scrubbing at the non-existent spot. Finally, she stopped and looked at Hollis, swiping at the bright red curls that had fallen into her eyes. "I mean that, when they find the right woman, they'll be looking to settle down. Together. So if you think that's not something you can handle, you might want to get out sooner rather than later."

Hollis stared at her friend, positive that there was more to the story than she was telling.

"Look," Maggie continued. "I'm not saying that's for sure what's going to happen, but it's been a long time since I've seen them date the same woman at the same time."

The bells above the diner door jangled, jarring Hollis nerves. Maggie left her to greet the customers—a tourist family from the looks of it—and seated them at a large table across the room. After she rattled off the nightly specials, she passed out the menus and made her way back to Hollis.

"Like I was saying," she said as she returned to her spot behind the counter. "I think they might be looking for more than you think they are."

Hollis leaned forward, not wanting anyone to overhear. "So, how common are *ménages* around this place?"

Maggie smiled. "With some groups of people, they're more common than others."

Hollis was about to ask if Maggie meant the Native American population, but Maggie had to take orders and seat another group of hungry diner guests.

Hollis thought about her theory. Quinn, Lucas and Daniel were all clearly of Native American descent, and Josiah looked as if he might have had some native blood in his ancestry, too, though much farther back in his lineage than the others. It could be that, she supposed, although anthropologically speaking, she didn't remember coming across anything that suggested a predisposition to polyamorous relationships in any of the textbooks she'd ever read on the subject. Maybe she'd do a quick internet search for that after she downloaded her habitat cam data.

Maggie handed the orders through the window to the cook before turning back to Hollis. "Do you want to put in an order before the real supper rush starts?"

“That’s probably a good idea. I’ve gotta go over a lesson plan before I see the guys tonight.”

“I’ll have it made to go, then,” she said with a grin.

Hollis smiled gratefully. “That would be great. Thank you.”

Once her order was finished, Hollis went back to the cabin and booted up her laptop while she ate. Her email took a lot longer to download than usual. Curiosity flared to life, and she wondered what she’d find in the files. They were huge.

Since the cameras only recorded when movement triggered them, she figured the forests around here were more active than she’d anticipated. As soon as everything downloaded, she played the first file. Several different kinds of birds, gray and red squirrels and the occasional bear and several deer. The next file was from the same location, but at night. Owls swooped in and out of view along with hundreds of tiny bats.

She switched to the camera behind the cottage. There were the same assortment of birds and small game during the daylight hours along with a pack of gray timber wolves and someone’s fat, orange-and-white house cat. She hoped it had found its way home before the wolves got to it. House pets were fair game for hungry bands of carnivores.

Several huge bears wandered through the frame in both the daytime and nighttime portion of the videos. And the bats were visible in virtually every night shot.

On the video of the previous night, she finally saw what she’d been looking for. The huge lynxes. Except now there were three. One of them turned and attacked the others, baring its teeth and swiping with extended claws. The animals rolled and snapped at each other in a snarling display of dominance.

One of the cats threw the aggressive one back several yards. The animal landed in a crouch. All at once, its body began to stretch and distort. It reminded her of an inflatable beach toy filled past capacity with an air pump. All of the fur receded becoming firm skin. The other two lynxes began to shift, their bodies contorting in what looked to be an equally painful metamorphosis.

As she watched, they morphed into the shapes of men. Her fork clattered forgotten to her plate. She pushed her food aside, too fascinated, shocked and horrified to eat. She leaned so close to her computer screen, her breath fogged the glass. Finally, the trio lifted their heads. Daniel,

Josiah and Daniel's brother Dylan stood in the open area outside her cottage in all their naked glory.

After a few minutes of animated discussion, they wandered out of frame. It couldn't be real. Of course, it wasn't. People couldn't turn into animals and vice versa. It went against the laws of nature and physics and probably a million and twelve other laws, too. It just wasn't possible. For some reason, they'd created this fantastic, elaborate hoax. In the middle of the night. In a virtually uninhabited area. Where no one would ever see. Yeah. That made sense, didn't it?

Swallowing hard, she finally managed to close her mouth. With shaking fingers, she hit replay and watched the recording again. And again. And again. Her hands were ice cold as all the warmth seeped from her body. After watching it for the final time, she almost accepted that it was real, though her brain kept trying to come up with hundreds of scenarios that explained away the action that repeatedly unfolded in front of her.

She supposed it was possible that the devices had been tampered with to send these false images to her computer. But why would anyone do that? If the tampering had occurred it only made sense that it was one of the guys, but she couldn't imagine either Josiah or Daniel trying to freak her out like this. Dylan on the other hand... Maybe it was his attempt at warning her away from his brother. He definitely didn't seem to like her much.

She pushed play one more time. It didn't look fake. Not that she'd ever seen anyone shift from animal to human. She couldn't possibly know if that was a realistic portrayal or not. Fear swelled inside her. If this was real, what did that mean? That she'd slept with animal people? Anger quickly followed her fear. They'd fucked her, knowing they weren't quite human. What if she'd gotten pregnant? Would she have kittens? Literally? How could they not tell her?

She rolled her eyes at her own idiocy. And what would they have said? "Hey, baby, ever make love with a real animal?" Why would they have told her? They barely knew her. She took a deep breath and tried to calm down. She wasn't going over there tonight. She couldn't. She needed to think.

Woodenly, she got to her feet and locked both the front and the back doors.

Several hours later, her phone started ringing. Picking it up, she looked at the caller ID. Josiah. She considered letting him go to voicemail, but she didn't want him to call back, either. With no small amount of trepidation, she answered.

“Hey, sweet cheeks. You still coming over?”

She cleared her throat nervously. “Actually, I’m going to pass on tonight. I think I might be coming down with something. I’m not feeling very well at the moment.”

That wasn’t a lie at all. She felt awful.

“Do you need us to bring you anything? Meds? Pop to settle your stomach? Some dry toast?”

She smiled in spite of herself. “No. I’ll be okay. I think I just need some rest.”

“I’m really sorry if we’re the cause of this.”

If he only knew.

“It’s all right,” she forced out. “I’ll talk to you later, okay?”

After Josiah reluctantly hung up, Hollis laid down on the couch, but she couldn’t take her eyes off the computer screen. When she’d paused it to answer the phone, the guys were in mid-morph. And that’s where they still were staring out at her from across the room. Bones and muscles half shifted between animal and man. Daniel, with his eyes glowing, stared directly at the camera.

She closed her eyes, but there was no getting away from the images. They were burned into her brain. Scientific curiosity began to mix with the fear and anger. If such a thing were possible, it seemed unlikely that only these three men had this ability. While there was clearly a familial aspect with Daniel and Dylan, Josiah wasn’t related to them—at least, not that she knew of.

So how many other people in the world had this ability? Of course, there had been legends about shape shifters since practically the dawn of time. Maybe they weren’t legends after all. Maybe they were all true, but no one had ever had the evidence before now. If she released this video footage, she could pretty much have any future she wanted. Research grants, talk show exposés, book deals. She could actually prove the existence of mythological creatures. And with it would come instant success.

Except that she didn’t want any of that. Despite her fear and anger, she genuinely liked them. Who was she kidding? She really liked them. More than she should. She didn’t want to ruin their lives and going public with this would do exactly that. She just wanted answers, and there was only one way she was going to get those.

* * * *

Daniel peered out the window at the sounds of tires crunching over the gravel driveway.

“Who’s here?” Josiah asked.

“Hollis. And she doesn’t look happy.”

She had her purse slung over her shoulder as she walked up the front steps. Daniel had the door open before she’d even had a chance to knock. She turned her face letting him kiss only her cheek, and she smelled vaguely of fear. Concern twisted his gut.

“Are you feeling any better?” he asked.

Her smile was tight. “Not especially.” She sat in the chair closest to the door. “What can you tell me about shape shifters?”

The world slipped from under his feet, but he refused to let it show. “Shape shifters? You mean like in horror stories?”

“No. I mean real shape shifters. People who morph from animal to human and presumably back again.” She pinned them each with a steady, distant stare. “Lynxes, in particular.”

What the fuck, man? Josiah’s voice sounded in his head.

Daniel held her gaze. “I don’t understand—”

“Hey, that makes two of us. Because I don’t understand how two guys I know—two guys that I *had sex with*—can be both animals and men. Oh and your brother, too.” She paused to look at each of them. “I don’t suppose either one of you wants to clue me in on that?”

Ice water flooded his veins, but he forced himself to remain calm. “Why would you even think that?”

Her mouth opened and closed several times as if that were the last question she’d expected to be asked. “Because I *saw* you. All three of you.”

Josiah laughed. “Good one, Hollis.”

She jumped to her feet. “I’m not joking.”

“Right,” Daniel said in what he hoped was a soothing voice. “But sometimes our eyes play tricks on us. Especially when we’re tired.” He tried to tuck a flyaway lock of hair behind her ear, but she jerked away from his touch. He continued, undaunted. “And it’s not like any of us have gotten a lot of sleep lately.”

“Seriously?” Incredulity made her voice shrill, and frustration rolled off her in waves. “You’re going to try to pass this off as me being so tired from fucking you that I’m seeing things?” She looked at Josiah. “I can’t believe you two.”

Josiah simply shrugged. “Do you want some wine or something?”

She looked at him as if he were an idiot. “No, I don’t want any wine or something. What I want is for you two to level with me and tell me what the hell is going on around here.”

The color was high in Hollis’ cheeks, and her lips were pressed tightly together while she waited for them to respond.

Worry twisted his gut. He didn’t know which frightened him more—the idea of having his secret exposed or the possibility of losing her. The thought of never holding her again, of never seeing her smile or hearing her cry out when she came, made his chest ache. He knew Josiah felt the same way. Daniel could feel the other man’s fear from across the room.

“There’s nothing going on here,” Daniel finally said.

“Bullshit.” She dug through her purse. “Sit down. I’ve got something to show you.”

Reluctantly, he joined Josiah on the couch while she crossed the room to the TV and slid a disc into the DVD player. The screen crackled to life, and he saw the back porch of her cottage filmed with a night vision camera. His stomach dropped to his feet as he realized what she was about to show them.

Oh...fuck, Josiah said into his head.

Oh fuck was right.

“So, the first night I was in the cabin, I was sitting on the back porch,” she said in her best teacher voice. “As I was watching the sunset, I noticed two huge lynxes—way bigger than average. So I thought what a great project for me and the kids—recording and studying data from habitat cameras.”

“That’s what was in the box you had delivered.”

“Give the boy a cookie.”

“All I can say is I’m *really* glad I decided to review the material before showing it to any of my students.”

He watched in horrified fascination as the images on the screen shifted and morphed—the animal bodies stretching and reforming, becoming men. Their faces were unmistakable. This

was it. If she chose to share this, their lives as they knew them were over. He supposed they could go live in the wilds of Canada or something. Maybe head to Alaska...

"I don't even know where to start," she said. "But let's skip over the part where shape shifters exist for a sec and jump to what the hell were you doing? As near as I can figure, I was sleeping here, and you two what? Took off for a middle of the night kitty run?"

"We needed to talk to Dylan," Josiah volunteered.

"And what? He couldn't stop by and chat over a beer like a normal person?"

"I think you've already established that you don't think we're particularly normal," Daniel said, trying to stifle his bitterness.

"You turn into cats. Giant cats," she sputtered. "No. That doesn't fall under anyone's definition of normal."

"It falls under ours," Josiah said quietly.

That simple comment deflated her somewhat, and she sank onto the edge of the chair while the DVD played on a continuous loop. "I suppose it does."

"So what are your plans, now?" Daniel asked.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean," he said carefully. "What are you going to do with the recording?"

"Well, I'm not going to sell it to the Weekly World News, if that's what you're worried about."

"Actually," Josiah said, "that had crossed my mind, but I'm more concerned about scientific journals and medical journals. This sort of discovery could make your career."

"If I shared these, it would ruin your lives. I can't even believe you'd think I'd do that."

Daniel stood, stalked over to her chair and leaned down, his hands on the armrests and trapping her in the supple leather. "You've gotta understand, ever since we came into our abilities we've been forced to hide them from everyone." He softened his voice as he held her gaze. "Eventually, we'd hoped to share the secret with our mate. And yeah, we'd kinda been hoping that maybe you were the one."

He watched her beautiful brown eyes widen as that information sank in. "You barely know me," she whispered.

"Animals have an innate ability to sense their potential mates. So do we."

He smelled both fear and arousal on her skin. “I-I have to go.” Hollis ducked under his arm and darted out the front door.

Panic gripped him as he remembered what had happened to Kelsey all those years ago. “Hollis, wait!” He followed her outside, but she wasn’t alone. Dylan was there in his lynx form, padding purposefully toward Hollis as she backed toward the woods.

Daniel followed. He knew that Dylan wouldn’t hurt her, but she didn’t know that. He wanted to be close by in case she needed him. Josiah clearly had the same idea.

Hollis stumbled, catching herself against a tree, and Dylan sat before her, effectively trapping her. As she stood there breathing heavily, Daniel stepped forward. “It’s okay, Holl. He’s not going to hurt you.”

Chapter Six

Hollis managed to hold back a snort of disbelief. There was a giant, fucking lynx capable of gutting her with a couple careless swipes of his huge paws sitting not more than three feet away from her. It was a little hard to take Daniel's word for it.

Her eyes darted to Daniel then back to the lynx in front of her, but she didn't speak. As she stared at Dylan, he shifted. Her stomach lurched at the horrible, wet sounds of his bones cracking and muscles stretching and popping sounded eerily loud in the quiet of the night.

Seeing it happen on a recording was nothing like witnessing it happen three feet away. And despite the stomach-turning sounds that were now imprinted in her memory, she was utterly fascinated. She couldn't seem to make her feet carry her to the car. She was frozen in place.

With nothing but the tree for support, she stared at the three men. She wouldn't have really been comfortable facing down three angry human men. The fact that these guys weren't entirely human should have amped up that discomfort a hundred-fold. But as she scanned their faces, she noticed that any anger that had been present on Daniel's and Josiah's faces earlier was gone. In place of it was a vulnerability shadowed by sadness. Her heart ached. These were the men she knew. These were the men she'd been tumbling head over heels for. They didn't want her to go. The truth was she didn't want to leave. Not really. She just wanted things to go back to the way they were before she'd discovered their secret.

But that wasn't possible. And now she was having a stare down with Dylan who was crouched on the ground. Despite everything, she knew she was safe the men—even Dylan. If he'd wanted to hurt her, he could have done it long before now.

Rising in all his naked glory, he stood in front of her.

Her gaze skittered everywhere. At Daniel and Josiah. At him. At his rapidly filling cock. He snaked an arm around her waist and pulled her to him, bringing his mouth down on hers. Her lips parted on a gasp of surprise. Though her fear had begun to subside, adrenaline still pumped through her body. The attraction she felt for Dylan and her feelings for Daniel and Josiah funneled the adrenaline rush into desire, muffling her thoughts about shifters and mates until all she could hear was the rushing of blood in her ears. Giving in to the moment, she melted against the heated length of Dylan's tightly muscled body.

Dylan knew the second she accepted his touch. Her nipples hardened against his chest and he could smell the heat rising from her pussy.

Lifting his head, he stared into her sleepy brown eyes. "Your scent drives me crazy," he whispered as he nipped at her jaw line. "I smell you on them constantly."

A breathy whimper escaped her at his words.

He might not want her in the forever sense that the other men did, but he'd finally admitted to himself that he did want her. He'd been nearly certain she was interested in him, too, but her hands skimming over his body proved it.

Daniel had stepped close to her side, brushing his lips along her neck and up to her ear. "Shifter mates mate with more than one member of the pack. Partially to help protect our secret—the fewer people who know the better—and partially because we typically like to share."

Her nipples hardened against Dylan's chest as Daniel spoke, and she tentatively stroked Dylan's tongue with her own as he continued to plunder her mouth.

He could tell by her taste that she wasn't his mate. His chance for a mate of his own had died with Kelsey. He shoved down the pain and focused on the warm, willing woman in his arms.

"Dylan's not ready to mate," his brother continued. "But he does want you. We all do."

Dylan lifted his head and stared into Hollis' sleepy brown eyes. "You okay with that, sugar? Me joining in every once in a while?"

He watched her as thoughts clearly chased themselves round her head.

Finally, she nodded and looped her arm around Daniel's neck and pulled him in for a searing kiss. Dylan couldn't help but grind his cock against her soft mound. She moaned into his

brother's mouth so Dylan did it again. Breaking away from Daniel, she turned toward Josiah, grabbed the front of his shirt and hauled him close, kissing him, too.

Dylan slid his hands up her ribcage and brushed his thumbs across the undersides of her lush, full breasts. She arched into his touch, her head dropping back against the rough bark of the tree, silently begging for more. Who was he to deny her? He cupped the trembling mounds through the fabric of her blouse, her nipples hard and insistent against his palms.

He'd overheard her earlier conversation with Daniel and Josiah, and he'd kissed her partially out of fear that she'd take off and get hurt the way Kelsey had and partially to distract her from running off before they could convince her that she belonged with them. But mostly, he'd kissed her because he wanted her. He hadn't been able to get the image out of his head of her taking Josiah's cock into her mouth while Daniel fucked her from behind. He knew he shouldn't have stood there watching them from the cover of darkness, but he hadn't been able to stay away. He'd managed to since then, but when he'd felt Daniel's concern and anger, he'd had to come over tonight. As he pulled down her bra cups, freeing her rose-tipped breasts, he was glad he'd made the trip.

He rolled her nipples between his thumbs and forefingers, loving the way she responded to his touch. Her eyes closed, and her lips parted. She was so beautiful. Bending, he drew a taut nipple into his mouth, flicking his tongue across the distended bud before moving to the other side.

She drove her fingers through his hair and drew him closer, but he refused to be hurried. Grabbing her by the wrists, he pinned her against the tree and stared down at her. Her shirt hung open and her damp nipples glistened in the light spilling from the living room windows. Faint whisker burns pinkened her creamy flesh, and his cock jerked at the sight of it.

She struggled halfheartedly against his hold, her eyes bright with lust and her chest heaving slightly. Trailing his finger down her sternum, he followed the smooth skin of her belly to the waistband of her pants. With one hand, he deftly unzipped them and shoved them down past her hips. Daniel and Josiah took it from there. Kneeling on the ground, they pulled off her pants and shoes leaving her in just her incredibly damp underwear.

He slid his free hand inside and cupped her mound, loving the strangled little noise she made in the back of her throat as he touched her. He drew a finger through her folds then lifted it to his mouth, groaning at her sweetness.

Transferring her wrists to Daniel and Josiah's care, he knelt before her and yanked off her panties, ripping them in the process. Smiling at her aroused-sounding gasp, he roughly separated her legs. Resting his hand over her pussy, he stared up at her. The other men toyed with her nipples, plucking and twisting. "You like this, don't you, sugar. Captured and at our mercy."

Eyes closed, she whimpered, laying her head back against the tree trunk.

He pushed against her pussy, gently grinding the heel of his hand against her pubis. A quiet groan escaped her at the pressure, so he did it again while the others continued to torment her nipples and murmur to her about all the ways they were going to make her come.

Shifting his hold, he spread her lips, exposing her slick cunt to his gaze. He wasted no time tasting her properly. Dragging the flat of his tongue over her velvety flesh, he devoured her cream letting her sweetness coat his lips. Every once in a while, he'd suck on her clit, rapidly bringing her to the brink of orgasm and backing off just as quickly. He wasn't ready to let her go over—not quite yet. He wanted to draw this out. Enjoy it. Enjoy her. And *Christ*, he was enjoying her. From the taste of her skin to the sound of her cries. He totally understood Daniel and Josiah's fascination with her.

He had no idea how long they kept her hovering over the cliff of release. Judging from her shuddering, straining body, it had been a while.

Dylan slipped his fingers inside her pussy testing her readiness, and she clamped down around him, trying to keep him inside her body. He pulled them out and sucked them clean.

"Either fuck me or let me go. I'm sure that either Daniel or Josiah would be happy to give me their cock if you're not willing," she practically snarled.

Rising, he leaned over her. "Oh, I'm more than willing, sugar." He held out his hand hoping like hell one of the other guys had a condom.

Daniel slapped one into his hand, and Dylan quickly sheathed himself. Gripping Hollis around the waist, he lifted her. Keeping her braced against the tree, he set his cock at her opening and entered her on a single thrust. Her cry split the night. Her tight channel gripped him like a fist. He had to pause or it would be over before they'd even begun.

Hollis groaned, trapped between a tree and Dylan. Her feet dangled off the ground, so she wrapped them around his waist. Josiah and Daniel had released her hands so she balanced herself

by hanging on to Dylan's broad shoulders. She glanced at the others, they were watching avidly. They'd stripped off their clothes and were now stroking their erections.

She couldn't believe she was doing this. Not only was she having sex with a near stranger while her lovers watched, but she was enjoying it. A fresh rush of moisture dampened her pussy.

"You like this don't you, sugar? Knowing my cock is buried balls deep inside you while your men are watching."

She didn't respond. She couldn't. The denial that sprang immediately to her lips was a lie. A huge lie. She loved the lust in their eyes, the pre-cum leaking from their cocks.

Without warning, without even a preliminary advance and retreat, Dylan withdrew then slammed home, fucking her hard and fast, powering into her over and over. The rough bark of the tree scraped at her skin even through the fabric of her shirt.

The angle was incredible. His wide, thick head relentlessly rubbed against the sensitive bundle of nerves in her pussy. She couldn't have held back if she wanted to. Her internal muscles rippled and contracted, trying to hold onto him with a vise-like grip, but he kept pushing into her. He fucked her like a man possessed while she screamed out her release to the night sky.

Abruptly, he stopped, lowering them both to the ground. He lay back in the grass beneath the tree, keeping her impaled on his thick shaft. The cool grass tickled her knees as she straddled him. Distantly, she noticed Daniel disappear into the house and rush back out, the screen door slamming behind him.

Josiah knelt behind her and carefully removed her shirt and bra, baring her completely to Dylan's gaze. There wasn't even the barest twinge of embarrassment over her body. Being intimate with Josiah and Daniel had cured her of those feelings of inadequacy better than any course of therapy ever could have.

Reaching around her, Josiah cupped her breasts, rolling and tugging at her nipples. She squirmed with pleasure.

"That's it, Holl," Daniel said as he handed something to Josiah then continued to stroke his cock. "Soak him with your cream." Inhaling deeply, he closed his eyes before opening them again and capturing her in his nearly black gaze. "I can smell how wet you are. How much you want this. Want us."

Josiah pushed her forward until she was lying against Dylan's chest, her painfully tight nipples abraded by his sweat-dampened skin. She jumped, startled by the chilly gel on Josiah's

fingers as he worked them into her ass. He worked his fingers in and out, prepping her for the much thicker width of his cock—the cock that was covered in latex, slicked with lube and prodding the tight ring of muscle.

Gripping her hips, he worked his way inside her, increment by slow increment until his balls brushed her ass. A sudden shiver riffled through her, and her body tried to adjust to the invasion. She looked up to see Daniel staring at her, dark lust etching his face.

“You’re so fucking beautiful, Holl,” he rasped.

Dylan thrust into her from beneath, and her eyes drifted shut. Josiah withdrew and pushed back in on Dylan’s retreat. With slow, measured movements they pumped in and out of her. The delicious slide of their cocks inside her combined with the memory of Daniel’s raw, hungry gaze made her wetter than she’d ever been.

Forcing her eyes open, she met Daniel’s eyes and beckoned him closer. When he reached her side, she tilted her head back and craned her neck to look up to see his face. “Give me your cock,” she said.

He dropped to his knees at Dylan’s shoulder and brushed the hot, swollen head across her mouth. She parted her lips and let him slip inside. The salty-sweet taste of his pre-cum drifted over her tongue as she lapped at him.

“Take him deeper, sugar,” Dylan rasped from beneath her as he watched Daniel’s cock slide in and out of her mouth. Dylan drew a shuddery breath. “That’s about the prettiest thing I’ve ever seen.”

Her tummy fluttered at his harsh praise. She sucked Daniel deeper, and he groaned her name at the action, the guttural sound spreading goose bumps over her skin.

That last little stimulus was almost too much. Her nerve endings screamed with near overload. All this hot, hard muscle pressed against her. Three huge cocks plunging inside her oh-so-willing body—her pussy, mouth and ass utterly *filled*. It was almost more than she could stand, but at the same time she wanted *more*.

Daniel’s thrusts were getting wilder. He clutched her head, tangling his fingers in her hair. The sharp tugs of pain heightened every other sensation, but she kept drawing on his cock, wanting to make him come.

“Holl!”

It was the only warning she had before he exploded in hot, salty spurts over her tongue and down her throat. She swallowed him down and hung on to Dylan for dear life. It was as though Daniel's release set off a chain reaction. The other men lost all sense of restraint. No longer taking turns filling her. Instead, they plunged into her with raw, needy strokes. Josiah's balls slapped against her flesh, twisting the urgency that coiled in her middle even tighter. She couldn't even try to move; she could only hold on for dear life and hope that when she burst—and she would—that there were be enough of her left to pick up the pieces.

Both men strained against her. Josiah reached around and squeezed her breasts, sharply pinching her nipples. It was all she needed. Her scream lodged in her throat, but her release roared through her. Her pussy and ass spasmed around their cocks, and she pulled them both headlong into the oblivion of release.

* * * *

After they'd cleaned up, Hollis had demanded answers. Josiah couldn't blame her for wanting to know what the hell. He knew he'd want all the details if he'd found himself in a similar situation. Her determination and open mindedness were two of the things he was growing to love about her, and he knew that Daniel felt the same way. It was any guess how Dylan truly felt, but Josiah could tell that he liked her.

Daniel told her about his first shift and how he and Josiah had met in college. They explained that while it was hereditary—running in primarily Native American families—it also had the possibility to skip several generations like it had with him.

“So I'm not going to turn into Catwoman if someone say...” she looked at Daniel, “bites me during sex?”

Dylan chuckled. “The only thing you'd be in danger of would be hickies.”

She nodded, amusement playing around her lips. “Good to know.” She shifted on Daniel's lap, underneath the blanket that covered both of them. Her eye closed, and her head lolled back against his shoulders. “You should stop that,” she murmured. “Unless you're prepared to share with the rest of the class.”

Daniel tossed the covering aside and bared them both, revealing his fingers lazily caressing her pussy. Shiny with her juices, he brought his fingers to his mouth, watching her face as he sucked them clean. None of them missed how she squirmed and pressed her legs tightly together.

He hooked his hands under her thighs and draped her legs over the top of his before spreading his wide and taking hers with him. Dylan groaned at the sight of her bared cunt and dropped the floor between their spread legs. "I'm so glad there's enough to share with the class."

Lowering his head, he swiped his tongue over her pussy, lapping up her juices while Daniel teased her nipples into tight little peaks. Trailing kisses upward over the soft mound of her stomach, Josiah nudged Daniel's hand away and sucked a swollen bud into his mouth. Pushing her breasts together, he slid back and forth, working one sensitive nipple then the other until she writhed on Daniel's lap.

"Please," she whispered against his ear. "I need you inside me."

Josiah tossed Daniel a condom, and he readied himself in record time. Lifting her by the waist, he moaned as she took the long, slow slide down his rigid cock. The sight of it disappearing inside her tight pussy was almost enough to make Josiah spill in his half-buttoned jeans.

"Jesus," he whispered, unable to form any other words.

Daniel locked an arm around her waist and scooted them forward to the edge of the couch. He motioned Josiah nearer as Hollis drew Dylan to his feet and reached for his cock, tugging him to her lips. Dylan's eyes practically rolled back in his head as she nearly engulfed the entire length.

Josiah took Dylan's place between their legs and sucked her still damp nipple into his mouth as he stroked his shaft, purposely rubbing the head against her sweetly swollen clit. She cried out, the sound muffled by Dylan's cock as she continued to work it in and out of her mouth.

Josiah took pity on her and released her nipple to trail kisses down to her pussy. Lapping up her sweet juices, he quickly brought her to the edge as he felt Daniel moving within her. Going down on her while she was being fucked made him harder than he would have thought possible. He flicked his tongue over her clit, never letting up even when Dylan was coming down her throat. As soon as Dylan pulled free of her lips, Josiah sucked her swollen nub between his lips, bit down ever so slightly then pulled back.

She shattered, and it was the most beautiful thing he'd ever seen. Her pebbled nipples jutted into the air and her skin was flushed pink. Her eyes closed and her lips parted on a desperate scream as Daniel pounded into her from beneath.

The sight of her release was too much for him. There was no warning, there was just him coming all over her stomach and inner thigh. She cried out and jerked again on Daniel's cock as soon as his release splattered against her skin. There was something earthy and almost primal in seeing his cum decorating her skin.

Daniel flopped back against the couch. "For fuck's sake. Be careful where you point that."

Hollis lay back against him, absently trailing her fingers through the white smears covering her skin and sighing contentedly.

Chapter Seven

Hollis unlocked the door to the little cabin, went inside and checked the time. Almost two a.m. The guys had wanted her to stay, but she convinced them that she'd get more sleep at home. Particularly since she had to be up early for school. Of course, so did they.

The truth was, she needed to think. Her mind was so full she was sure half the thoughts had leaked out her ears already. Shape shifters, threesomes, and now foursomes, for God's sake! Not to mention mates? She could barely tackle one of these issues at a time, let alone all of them at once.

The existence of shape shifters was hard enough to come to terms with. What else was real? Vampires? Zombies? Hell, maybe she'd catch a glimpse of Sasquatch if she left the habitat cams up long enough. She rubbed her hand over her face.

She'd almost gotten to a point earlier when she thought she was okay with it. But to be fair, her hormones had been in overdrive and she'd been distracted by the three, hot, naked men who'd wanted her. Her body hummed with the memory of their possession. They'd definitely gotten her. Maybe her comfort level had more to do with hormone fueled lust than anything else. She certainly wasn't the first woman who'd ignored good common sense in favor of sex. And she was positive she wouldn't be the last. She still couldn't believe she'd had sex with three men. *Twice.*

Making sense of the whole shape shifter thing was hard enough, but when she added in the whole mate aspect... She really, really liked the guys, but was that enough to buy into this idea of mates? Was it love? An ache flared in her chest. Even if it was love or could grow to be love for her, wasn't it just a biological imperative for them. Using their instincts, they sensed she was their mate. That didn't mean they loved her. It just meant that she helped fulfill a need for

their species. Or maybe, it was more about her knowing. It wasn't that they really wanted her, it just meant that it was easier to mate with someone who already knew the secret. That way she had a vested interest in keeping it quiet. Nothing more. Nothing less. And that hurt more than anything.

The thoughts battered her as relentlessly as the waves hit the shore. After tossing and turning all night, she finally gave up and called in sick. There was no possible way she'd be of any use to the kids like this. She wasn't even sure she could make it to the school without driving straight into the lake. Pulling on some clothes, she wandered over to the diner hoping she wasn't too early for breakfast.

Maggie looked up in surprise when Hollis walked in, the bells jingling obnoxiously above her head. Had she ever liked the sound? Clearly, she was an idiot.

Her friend hurried over to her. "Honey, what's the matter? Are you okay?"

"Yes." She nodded, but tears sprang to her eyes. "No. Not really."

Maggie took her by the hand and led her to a table in the back. "What's going on?" she asked as soon as they sat down.

In fits and starts and over several cups of coffee, Hollis spilled the entire story. Well, she'd left out the shape shifting bits. That wasn't her secret to tell. But she tried to get across that she thought both men were more interested in...tradition than love. Through it all, Maggie refilled Hollis' cup and listened patiently.

When Hollis had finally finished spilling the entire story, Maggie leaned forward and took a sip from her own cup. "It seems like there are some parts of the story missing." She held up her hand when Hollis opened her mouth. "I'm not going to ask what. It's none of my business. But sometimes there are some...unexpected or even downright weird things, particularly in a relationship with more than two people. It doesn't mean that the people in question don't love and love strongly. It just means that they have different issues at play, too."

Hollis started at Maggie turning over what the other woman had said in her mind. She also thought about the things that Maggie had avoided saying—the things she'd alluded to. Hollis' eyes widened as several things about Lucas and Quinn clicked into place.

"It's not the easiest lifestyle to live, but for us, it's worth it. Now, I'm not telling you what to do. But I am suggesting that you talk to the guys about how they feel before you make any sweeping decisions."

Hollis gave Maggie a hug and went back to the cabin. Sitting on the couch, she pulled a blanket over her lap and thought about what she was going to say and how she'd say it. The thing was, the more she thought about it, she was pretty sure she was more than half in love with both of them already.

* * * *

Daniel glanced at Josiah as they raced down M-41. "Try her again."

"I've been trying her this whole time. She's not picking up."

They'd left school as soon as he could find someone to cover for them. Daniel's heart was in his throat. Had they pushed her too fast? Too hard? Had they managed to push her completely away?

Including Dylan had been a risk, but she'd welcomed it. She'd even initiated things the second round. She'd been glorious. But maybe she'd been caught up in the moment and regretted everything that happened.

But she'd seemed fine when she'd left. He should have insisted that she stay.

"No, you shouldn't have."

Daniel turned to look at him.

"What?" Josiah asked. "I can hear you thinking from here."

Daniel pulled the car into the spot next to Maggie's, relief sluicing over him like a waterfall. He'd been terrified that when they arrived, she'd be on her way back to New York already. That all of this had been too much to handle and they'd chased her away. Hopping out of the car, they pounded on her door. Daniel was just about ready to try the back door when he saw movement behind the curtains. Bouncing impatiently on the balls of his feet, he waited for Hollis to open the door.

Chill, dude, Josiah said into his mind.

At his first glimpse of her face, he felt awful. Dark circles bruised the skin beneath her eyes, and she looked like she hadn't slept in at least a week. Confusion marred her brow as she looked at the clock on the wall and back to them.

"What's going on?" she asked. "Is everything okay?"

"Well, that kinda depends on you," Josiah said before Daniel could respond. "Are *you* okay?"

"I'm okay. I just didn't sleep at all last night, so I'm feeling crummy."

Daniel noticed that she couldn't quite meet their eyes.

He lifted her chin, forcing her to meet his gaze. "You want to share with the rest of the class?"

She blushed fiercely at the reference to last night, but he figured it was as good as anything to get whatever was bothering her out in the open. Taking her hand, he led her to the couch and tugged her down next to him.

He shrugged when she looked at him. "You looked like you were about to fall over."

Josiah sat on the other side of her. "Are you sure you staying home sick today doesn't have anything to do with everything that went down last night?"

"What do you mean?" she hedged.

"Finding out shape shifters exist...having Dylan join us...pick one," Daniel said.

"Actually, I've pretty much made peace with the whole sometimes-Dylan-likes-to-join-in thing. I mean, it's not like we didn't enjoy it, right?"

He and Josiah nodded.

"Not that I want to do that every day," she added quickly. "That could get a little exhausting."

Daniel nodded, urging her to continue.

"I can even handle the idea of shifters—of you two being shifters," she amended. "At least, I think I can. Whether you wanted to or not, you've given me the burden of this huge secret. It's a lot to carry."

Daniel was about to open his mouth, but she cut him off.

"But no matter what happens with us, you need to know that I'm not going to tell anyone."

His heart clenched at the sound of her breaking voice, but she pushed on.

"I care about you both too much to hurt you like that. You don't have to marry me or mate with me or whatever to keep me quiet. I'll do that on my own."

Frustration tightened Daniel's fists, and he clenched the couch cushion. "Is that what you really think? That we'd marry you to shut you up?"

"Danny..." Josiah warned.

Daniel took a breath. He needed to pull himself together. Staring into her red-rimmed eyes, he tucked a lock of flyaway hair behind her ear. "I'm gonna cut you some slack because you're exhausted."

"And we're pretty much to blame for that," Josiah added.

The ghost of a smile played around her lips as she nodded.

"But don't ever think," Daniel continued, "that we would use you that way."

She swallowed hard. "That's not the only thing that's bothering me."

Hollis launched herself off the couch and began pacing the room. He'd seen her do the same thing plenty of times while teaching.

"It's just that I get the whole biological imperative thing. I do. But I'm not sure I want to make a relationship commitment to someone." She paused and looked up at both of them. "Or two someones because I smell like mating material."

Daniel leaned forward, his elbows on his knees. "Excuse me?"

Josiah attempted to smother his amusement. Poorly.

"I know you're not animals, and it's probably a little more complicated than that, but—"

"But you think that the only reason we could possibly want to be with you is because you smell like a potential mate," Daniel said, rising and moving to stand in front of her.

"Well..."

Josiah rose to stand next to him. Hollis looked back and forth between the two of them.

"You were saying?" Josiah asked, unable to keep the grin from his face.

Hollis crossed her arms over her ample chest. "I was saying the wrong thing, apparently."

Josiah nodded.

"We're not interested in you because you smell compatible," Daniel said.

"Though we do like your scent," his friend added.

"Yes, biologically we're compatible, but we could just as easily be compatible with Kathy the math teacher. It doesn't mean we'd consider her a viable choice."

Hollis laughed in spite of herself.

Daniel slipped his arm around her waist and pulled her to him. "We're falling in love with you, Hollis."

His words erupted through Hollis, filling her with golden, searing heat. Josiah pressed to her back and ran his hands over her shoulders and arms. “It’s really more of a past tense thing as in we’re already in love with you. *You*, Hollis Chambers, not your mateability status.”

Daniel met her wary gaze. “I know it happened fast, but it doesn’t mean it’s not real. We love you.”

“Give us a chance to show you,” Josiah said. “We’ll even go to New York if that’s where you really want to be.”

“Or not...” Daniel added, apparently needing to voice his opinion that he’d go under duress. She saw his hope that they’d convinced her of how they felt. “We’ll be wherever you call home.”

The sadness and tension melted from her body . She bit her lip and shook her head, love filling her. “I didn’t think it was possible, but I’m pretty sure I’m already home.”

The two men gathered her close, with low growls in their throats. As they kissed her and they fell into a tangle on the couch, peace filtered into Hollis—a peace she’d though she’d found by leaving New York and coming to this secluded town. Peace and a home. With her mates.

About the Author

Bronwyn lives in Michigan with her wonderful husband, two amazing sons and six somewhat-psychotic cats. When not tormenting her characters, she can usually be found helping with reading and writing projects in her sons' classrooms as well as being the car pool mom extraordinaire for five teens and a couple of preteens. Besides writing, she also enjoys reading, knitting, sewing, cross stitching, pottery, drawing—basically anything that helps her avoid the tortures of cleaning and cooking.

Bronwyn loves to talk to her readers and can be found at www.bronwyngreen.com.

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Phases: Book One

Danny loves Alaska, but it doesn't seem to love him back. The full Wolf Moon sparkles over Fairbanks, but he's alone for those long nights. He wants to come out of the closet and date, but his frail family might implode. All he wants is the right man in his bed.

Brandon and Justin are lovers and wolf shifters native to Alaska. They're out to protect their way of life, and sometimes that means extreme measures. When Danny's brother proposes aerial wolf hunting, Danny enters their sights. Danny was the closet case in high school, and now, he'll be their sex toy. The shifter pair is ready to do whatever it takes to stop the hunting and maybe add a sexy human man to their pack.

***Coyote Savage* by Kris Norris**

Phases: Book Two

February's full moon is rising, only this year, it's bringing a new brand of hunger...

For coyote shifters Caden and Talon Brady, the upcoming hunger moon has ignited a different kind of appetite. They've been waiting several years for a chance to court their intended mate, and now that she's finally in their sights, they'll stop at nothing to win her over. But when local livestock start disappearing, their coyote refuge is put in the hot seat, and more than just their way of life is suddenly in jeopardy.

Sheriff Rebecca Savage never planned on returning to Becket Falls, or for falling for two handsome men. But fate seems to have different plans for her. Unfortunately not all of them are sexy and look fantastic in jeans. The local mayor is trying to run the Brady boys and their coyote refuge out of town. Nothing seems to make sense, but when she starts digging deeper, a new danger rises with the full moon—one that just might get them all killed.

***Unchaste* by Mia Watts**

Phases: Book Three

The mystical Portal of the Gods transports Flynn Chula, shifter and descendant of the Cahokia

Indians, six hundred years in the past. Right into a tribal feud between Amaro and Koda, warriors of the empire. While Flynn finds his new circumstances impossible, Amaro and Koda know exactly what to do. Their culture dictates that shifters have to be tested, proving their place among the people--as priests. Only one high priest can rule the empire at a time, but the current apprentice reigns with blood sacrifice and fear.

As the sexual preparations begin, Koda and Amaro do their duty to rid him of any possible heterosexual leanings...by giving themselves to him wholly. Flynn, who's never wanted a woman in his life, can't believe his luck. Two hunky men can't get enough of him, and their eager to learn all the tricks.

When the blood priest discovers the plot to overthrow him, will Flynn, Koda, and Amaro escape alive, or will more than blood be lost on the altar?

***Awakening Delilah* by Abigail Barnette**

Phases: Book Four

When Delilah Lewis moved from Atlanta to Gwinn Close, a sanctuary for shifters in Michigan's Upper Peninsula, she knew there would be an adjustment period. She just never thought getting shot at by poachers would be a part of that adjustment. When two sexy shifters come to her rescue, things get even more complicated. Delilah is a good girl, with a good-girl upbringing, and both men make her want to be very bad...

Miguel and Darius are in a committed relationship, but once they meet Delilah, they want more. While Delilah wonders if Gwinn Close is right for her, Miguel and Darius do everything they can to convince her to stay. But secrets from their past threaten a future with the woman they both crave. And while she struggles to let go of her boring former life, both men work to bring out the wild animal in her...

***Horny, Hard and Hare-y* by Mia Watts**

Phases: Book Five

It's time for the annual race, and tortoise shifter, Duncan, is finally going to catch some tail—hare shifter tail, otherwise known as Charlie. With Gibbs, their owl shifter friend, keeping an eye out overhead, they're off and running. But Charlie is as spontaneously careless as the fairytale hare and finds himself caught by local DNR officer, Ben.

The full moon is rising, and if Charlie stays collared through the Hare Moon, he'll remain an animal forever. It's up to Duncan and Gibbs to free him before time is up. But in telling their secret, will they lose Ben forever? It's a foursome waiting to happen, where Ben reconnects with a mysterious lover, and the tortoise finally catches his hare.

Also Available from
Resplendence Publishing

***Overlord's Chosen* by Bronwyn Green**

Dark Destinies Book One

Elizabeth Louden has been chosen to provide Micah Bleddyn, the Overlord of Maelgwn, with an heir. However, she's not interested in the honor. In a land where only men are allowed to use magic, women found to possess supernatural abilities are punished—often by death. She knows it's only a matter of time before her secret is revealed.

Micah has no desire to rule his father's empire, but after his older brother vanishes, he has no choice. Faced with invading forces, treachery among his own people, and now, a mate hell-bent on escape, he's had enough. Realizing they have no allies but each other, Micah and Elizabeth reach a reluctant truce in their bid to stay alive and keep Maelgwn safe.

***Reawakening* by Charlotte Stein**

Forever Dead Series, Book One

June has spent the last two years of her life trying to avoid death at the hands of murderous psychopaths and ravening zombies. So when Jamie turns up on the scene, careless, still whole and promising her safety on a little paradise island, she isn't quite sure she can trust him. Especially when he tells her that it's just him, and his equally big, burly, handsome friend Blake.

But Jamie and Blake are even better than her wildest dreams—sweet and funny and charming. And worst of all: sexy as hell. Though they're trying to be gentlemanly with her, all she can think about is how much she wants to get tangled up in them, and forget the nightmare the world has become. She's waiting for her reawakening—back to life and happiness and love.

And they seem like just the right sort of men to wake her—body and soul.

***Infernal Devices* by Abigail Barnette**

All Steamed Up: Book One

The Two Aces. Victorian London's most salacious secret, the club is a place where erotic

fantasies are played out among clockwork automatons and aether powered machines. Where nothing is off limits and the pleasures are as wicked as the imagination will allow...

Permilia Deering goes to The Two Aces looking for the sexual excitement that she knows she will not find with the man to whom she is affianced, notorious cold-fish Wallace Sterling. On her first visit to the club, she meets the Ace of Spades, a masked stranger who drives her to heights of passion she's never dreamed possible—and makes her seriously reconsider becoming a mannerly society wife.

When Wallace Sterling first glimpses his fiancée standing outside The Two Aces, he assumes she's uncovered his secret identity—the Ace of Spades. But Permilia has no idea that her intended is living a double life, and Wallace worries that he'll be out of the picture once she gets a taste of what the Ace of Spades can offer her...

***Three Ways to Wicked* by Melinda Barron**

Bestselling Author Krisily Carmichael needs a break from her life. Her horrid ex-boyfriend sold naked photos of her, and now she's plastered all over the nation's largest skin magazine. So when an advertisement for a rental cottage near Bath appears in her mailbox, she snatches up the offer.

When she arrives at the remote English cottage, she finds a charming country home with a huge botanical garden...complete with four magical beings trapped inside.

Victim of a wayward spell, the Sorcerer Uriel and his alchemist cousins, Bythos and Acolius, have spent centuries trapped inside their garden with an evil witch who wants their secrets. Krisily's arrival sets off a string of events foretold to bring about the witch's end. Unfortunately, they have to contend with the witch's curse, which took one sense from each of the men.

But the four of them find a way to communicate, and they come together in a blaze of passion that helps them to destroy the witch and meet their destiny.

***New Orleans* by Demi Alex**

Who makes life-altering decisions based on a fortune cookie?

Sans her family and sans a job, Lilly Marie is completely alone in the world. With only a broken heart in tow, she has nothing to lose by packing it up and starting over in the sultry Big Easy. And after all she's been through the past year, encountering an eccentric woman in Jackson Square and *actually* following her instructions to “step onto Bourbon Street and into her future” doesn't seem so weird. Who is she to question “destiny” when she'd uprooted herself because of a tiny piece of paper tucked inside a cookie?

What Lilly doesn't expect is for a hero to save her from a rampant bicyclist and whisk her away

to a place called *El Destino* to meet his family— “family” being four of the handsomest men Lilly has ever seen. Whether it is fate or coincidence, the sizzling and sexy men of *El Destino* take her into their capable hands to prove that there is no such thing as happenstance, and that undeniable passion and true love can cure any ailment, including a broken heart.

***Alpheli Solution* by Anny Cook**

Bootcamp class seems to be the answer to her prayers. In her wildest dreams, she doesn’t consider meeting not just one, but two hunky vampires who take her—in the car, in the shower, in the living room, in the hot tub, in hand—as they teach her everything she’ll need to know about her new vampire life.

For centuries, Pierre has loved and pursued Julian with no success. After a hostile takeover of Julian’s financial assets, Pierre is positive Julian will have nowhere else to turn. Julian, though, chooses to teach the Vampire Bootcamp class rather than surrender to Pierre on unequal terms. When one of Julian’s students approaches him for help identifying her sire, Julian is stunned that she is his alpheli—an extremely rare mate whose blood will allow him to subsist on real food. What will that mean to his love-hate relationship with Pierre?

There are just one or two problems. Danamara is descended from Pierre’s bloodline. And she’s on someone’s hit list. Julian and Pierre find unexpected erotic rewards and eternal love when they join together in a brutal war to protect their alpheli’s life.

***Belonging to Them* by Brynn Paulin**

On the run from her past, Rayna Halliday is devastated when her old car breaks down in the middle of nowhere. She soon finds that her ex has managed to block her credit cards, her accounts and even her cell phones in an attempt to exert his control over her. Giving in to him is something she refuses to do.

When the owners of O’Keefe’s Gas and Repair come to her rescue, they make her an offer that tantalizes the forbidden desires within her—she can find a way to pay for the car repairs, or she can belong to them for two weeks and they’ll see to her repairs for free. At the sexual mercy of four gorgeous men for two weeks... Why not? She can have fun and get things straightened out, all at once. But there are two problems heading her way: an ex on a rampage and her heart that’s in for more than just fun.

***FU* by Mia Watts**

When a screw-up by the Fullerton University Housing Office leaves Parker Galloway shackled

up with four sexy men, Parker thinks four just might be her lucky number...as long as she can get Kei Yamamoto to join in the fun.

But will taking advantage of FU's mistake end up getting all five roomies kicked off campus, or will it be the closest thing to heaven Parker has ever experienced?

***We Kill Dead Things* by Sommer Marsden**

Zombie Exterminators Series, Book One

Poppy thinks her life is weird working the food court at Parktowne mall, until in one brief moment of creeper killing, things change forever. Now she's a freelance zombie exterminator along with her long lusted after co-worker Garrity (her not-so-secret crush), a somewhat lusted after bad boy Cahill, and pretty gay boy Noah.

When the four are hired to do a ballsy zombie clean up at St. Peter's Hospital, Poppy finds out just what's more scary than creepers: The Evoluminaries, a zealot cult who think zombies are part of God's chosen, who happen to end up thinking Poppy might make a mighty good zombie incubator. She finds herself finally sleeping with Garrity, being hunted by a crazy preacher man and stumbling over the fact that Cahill and Noah have become lovers somewhere in the chaos. And that's all on the job.

Just another day in the life when you kill dead things...

***Oriana and the Three Werebears* by Tia Fanning**

Oriana Ricci has taken over the family business—flying cargo and rich tourists around Alaska's barely inhabited Kodiak Archipelago. When her plane malfunctions and she's forced to make an emergency landing, she finds herself stranded in the middle of a National Wildlife Refuge. With no civilization for miles and no hope of rescue, she thinks all is lost... Until she stumbles upon the entrance to an underground bunker.

Jack, Jordan, and Jonathan McMathan own and operate a secret intelligence firm contracted by the US Government. Hidden away in an old Cold War spy station located the middle of the Kodiak National Wildlife Refuge, the brothers are not only able to do their top secret jobs safely without fear of discovery, but are better to protect their other, more personal secret: They have the ability to shift into Kodiak bears.

Like a fairy tale gone bad, the brothers return home to find their lunch tasted—or eaten, their computer chairs adjusted—or broken, and a beautiful blonde sleeping in one of their beds. This situation poses a big problem for the brothers... Their location is now compromised. But more importantly, what are they to do with the lady?

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