

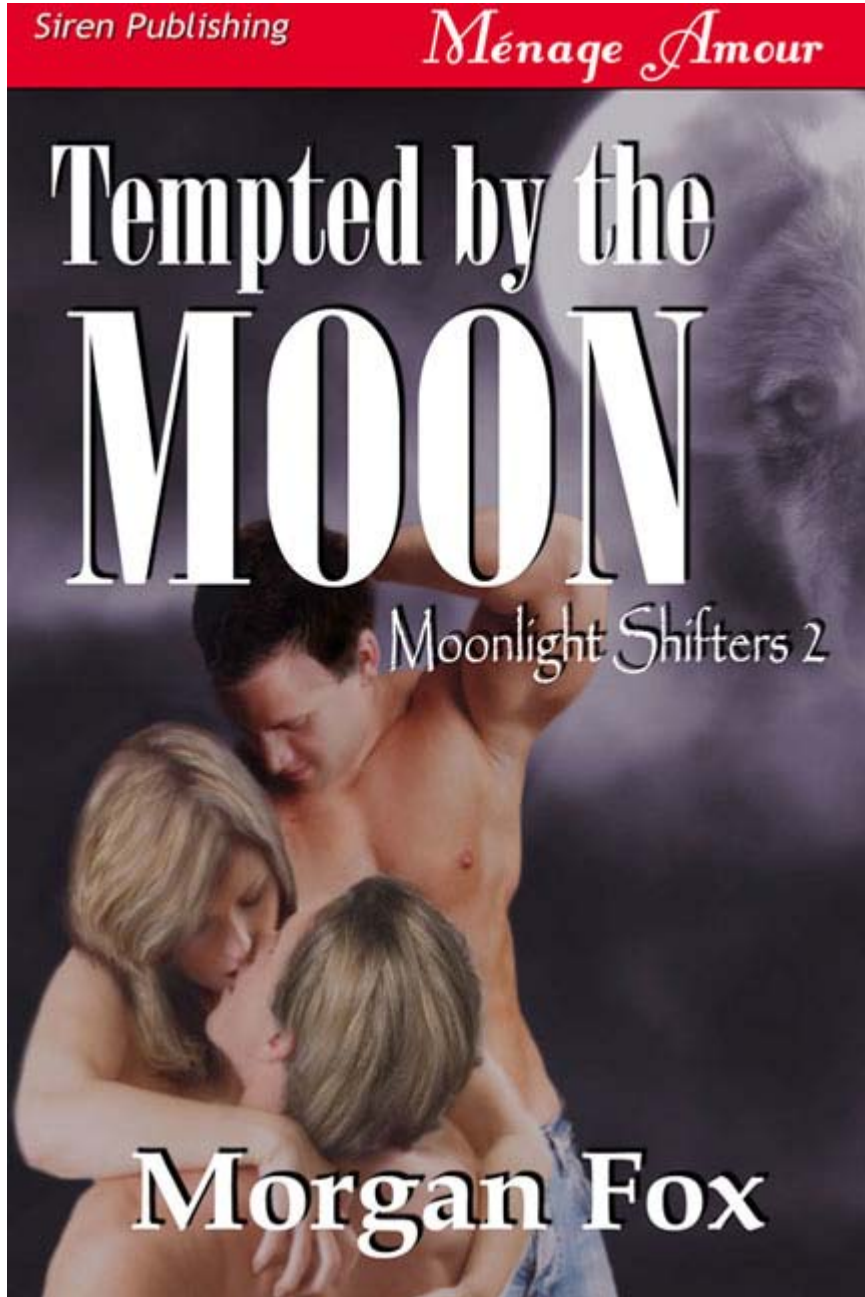
Siren Publishing

Ménage Àmour

Tempted by the MOON

Moonlight Shifters 2

Morgan Fox



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Tempted by the Moon

Newly engaged, Brie Ferguson and Jonah McCarthy submerge themselves in primal temptations, but the constant reminder of Sebastian McCarthy's absence is enough to ruin even the best orgasm.

Distracted by the mating heat, Brie feels a deep longing to be with both her mates, especially her Alpha. Discovering that Sebastian's been infected with the same debilitating virus that turned Mason Levi, a convicted murder and werepanther, into an ultimate killing machine is enough to bring her to her knees.

Brie is tormented with the knowledge that the man she loves could destroy her, but the mating heat is all consuming and leaves her with little choice. Instincts drive her to once again feel the sexual heat and connection she shares with Sebastian and Jonah.

But once she learns that Sebastian holds the answers to her past, can the truth be the missing link into freeing her soul and igniting a passion so tempting Sebastian and Jonah can't resist?

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

Length: 58,956 words

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MENAGE AMOUR



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DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to my family, especially my grandmother, Barbara Ragland for being the first person to believe in me and my writing potential and my parents, David and Norma Lamy for telling me how proud they were of me and filling my heart with joy and love.

To the women who have meant so much to me on my journey. I wanted you to know that your love and support have meant so much: Blanche Lamy Bono, Robin Carlton, Dani Conley, Maggie Enriquez, Louise Evans, and Caitlin Seabaugh. Thank you for always standing by my side.

None of this would've been possible without my husband Eric for always cheering me on and supporting me every step of the way. I love you very much.

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MORGAN FOX

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Chapter One

Jonah smiled as his eyes found the perfectly round globes of Brie's ass, a cock-swelling sight. A rumble flared deep in his chest while watching her reach up, arms extended above her head, stretching her curvy body. She rose to her tiptoes, holding a crystal vase in her hands.

His gaze followed the splendid curves of her breasts, down a narrow waist and full hips. Licking his lips, biting back a growl, he didn't want to move from the sight of her erotic pose, but he couldn't let her harm herself either. She should've asked for help and waited for him to be available to assist her.

But if he had, he wouldn't have been able to enjoy the pleasure of stumbling upon her perfect body displayed in such a gratifying way. Seeing her this way had his cock hard and ready. Then again, he was always hard and ready to be naked with his precious little vixen, making love to her and enjoying her intoxicating flavor and scent. She aroused even the animalistic beast that lay dormant inside—at least it appeared dormant most days.

Grumbling, he warned, "Don't even think about it, mate."

Eyes wide, like she'd been caught doing something she shouldn't, she stared back at him. "Don't think about what?" she wheezed, still stretching her body.

"You know what," he growled, stepping closer to her, his cock filled with the heat of primal needs. "You could've waited for me."

She returned to placing the vase on top of the entertainment stand as if he hadn't interrupted her. "Sorry, Babe, but I couldn't take it any longer. I couldn't wait another minute to add something a little feminine to this very masculine bachelor pad."

Clearing his throat, he corrected, "Former bachelor pad."

She batted her golden lashes at him with a grin. "If you expect me to live in this 'former bachelor pad,' there needs to be something that says a woman actually *does* live here. Right now it doesn't say anything except, 'where's the TV, pizza, and beer?'"

The corners of his mouth twitched as he fought the urge to smile at her. He should've expected this sooner. They'd lived together for almost a month now, and she hadn't complained once about his insistence that she move in with him while Sebastian was away. He needed to keep her close for more reasons than Mason Levi, the virus-infected fugitive were-animal that escaped from prison just over a month ago.

He needed her close because the mating heat was ferocious in the beginning. The need to bend her over the nearest piece of furniture and take her fast and furious was like a nail hammering into his skull and boiling water scalding his brain. How his brother, Sebastian, was handling being away from her even for a second amazed the shit out of him.

"I love that you want to add some of your things to our home," he said, stepping behind her at the base of the three-step stool. Her beautiful, perky ass teased his vision.

She grinned. "Oh really?" She snickered with a hit of sarcasm.

His lengthening canines bit into his bottom lip. He groaned, inhaling her sweet floral scent. "Hell yes," he snapped out with heat

in his gaze. “If this is the sight I can expect each and every time you put a new feminine touch in our home, then I have absolutely no objections.” His warm hands grasped her outer thighs and slowly crept up to her ass. He heard her breath catch. He’d never get tired of feeling the blazing chemistry burn hot between them. “However, I do have one suggestion,” he told her, a smile creasing his lips.

Glancing down at him, she giggled. “And what, may I ask, is that?”

He locked in on her sensual expression. She had to know what he was about to suggest. It was him after all, the man who couldn’t go one full day without some kind of sexual reference to her. Sex with her was all he thought about.

Unable to hide his wicked smile, he revealed, “That you do so naked.”

Taking a few steps down the ladder, she twisted to face him. Licking her lips, she moaned, “I’m sure I can manage that.” She reached her hands out, palms pressed flat against his chest, breathing harder. “But what will you do with me when I am naked?” Her delicate index finger toyed with the collar of his shirt, dipping to his skin, burning him like a branding iron. “Will you simply watch me as I hang pictures, my nipples scraping against the rough canvas, or as I arrange frilly pillows that glide causally over the skin of my arms and breasts? Will you wish to touch me as I drape throws over the sofa and chairs, the soft chenille basking over the flesh of my chest, stomach, and thighs? Will you keep your distance as I elongate and arch my body to add flowers to the top of the bookshelves?”

Her breathy voice sent hot blood pumping straight to his cock. Nuzzling her neck, his voice a husky growl, he teased, “Why don’t I just show you?”

A thunderous roar rumbled from his chest as his arms wrapped around her waist and rear, hands bunching and tightening over the muscles, and he pulled her closer. His swollen cock pressed firmly against her pelvis. Her head lolled to the side. Nipping at the tender

flesh on her neck, he couldn't stop the desire for her from setting his body on fire and becoming an inferno of need and pure, raw hunger. Damn, he wanted her, needed her. Her taste. Her touch. Every fucking thing he could get from her, he demanded.

Brie's legs wrapped around his hips, and Jonah's world blurred. Her writhing body tightened around him as he ground his cock against her covered pussy. Damn, those fucking clothes were in the way again. He growled, hating that he wasn't already buried to the hilt inside her.

If he'd been a selfish bastard, he would have ripped the clothes from her body, shoved his thick cock into her tight, wet pussy, and fucked her so hard and fast, finding his own satisfaction, leaving her breathless and wanting. But he wasn't selfish. His need to taste her body was too damn much to ignore, as was the need to see her begging and screaming for him to do wicked things to her over and over again.

And he planned to do just that.

Pressing his mouth against hers, he nipped at her lips, licking and sucking them. Holding back his need to ravage her mouth, he groaned, "Baby, I want to be inside you so bad. I feel like I'm burning alive."

"Me, too," she cried, sliding her tongue into his mouth once more, flicking her tongue across the tips of his canines. "I'll never get over the heat that rushes through my body whenever we're this close to each other. It hurts so good."

Damn, that was hot, and his cock was harder than it had ever been. His dick was practically punching a hole through his pants.

Her fingers weaved through his wavy, shoulder-length blond hair. Tugging his mouth over hers, their tongues fought for dominance. Pulling back enough that her warm breath glided over his lips, she begged, "God, take me, Jonah. Fuck me. Do it now."

Gasping, she arched her hips, grinding against his fierce erection.

He held her hard against him, his voice a deep husky sound as he told her, “Soon, baby girl, very soon.”

Claiming her mouth with deep, hungry kisses, she returned the passion, fingers threading through his lush hair. She cradled against him, pulling him harder into the kiss. His tongue dipped between her possessive lips and tasted the sweet and spicy nectar that made him insane.

“Damn, baby.” He sucked on her lip, then drew back from her, staring into her wild Caribbean-blue eyes—a sea of color that always made his heart thunder like pounding drums. “I don’t think I can wait much longer.”

Kissing him fervently, she eased back enough to say, “Don’t wait. I don’t want you to. Take me here. Take me now.”

Her warm breath on his mouth sent a surge of pulsing heat to his cock. He released his hold, and she eased her feet to the floor. Wide-eyed and obviously disappointed, she frowned at him.

“Come with me,” he snarled.

Hands clasped together, he lead Brie up the stairs towards their bedroom. As bad as Jonah craved her, he didn’t want to take her on the floor or on the couch. He wanted to savor her, sample her body like a fine wine, and spend hours worshiping his mate. He would make up for the void in her heart and body he knew she was feeling due to Sebastian’s absence.

Fevered chills took over his body, and he couldn’t deny his needs anymore—waiting to get to the room wasn’t happening. Instead, he pressed her back up against the wall and took her mouth ravenously. At first, there were only light nips of his teeth against her lips, soft and slow, then all consuming and filled with passionate fury.

He took her mouth more aggressively than he ever had before. He groaned against her sensual lips as she took his tongue into her mouth and sucked the tip, gliding up and down, fucking his tongue with her moistened lips.

God, it was so damn good. Everything about her had his heart racing, his blood pumping. The wild, primal urges inside his brain told him to strip her bare and fuck her hard and fast, ensuring she didn't leave the bed unsatisfied. Or in this case, the wall he currently had her pressed firmly against.

Nailing her against the wall hadn't been his intention, but now that he had her there, he planned to take full advantage.

"Strip," he ordered, but not as demanding as Sebastian's words would've been. Jonah's voice still possessed a level of playfulness he knew she adored.

Wide-eyed, she stared at him. Her sweet little mouth parted slightly. The need burning inside him drew a sharp breath from his chest. He wanted Brie to obey him. Dominating her was never his pleasure. Possessing her body, mind, and soul was, and that was so much more than merely controlling her. He wanted Brie to give herself willingly, perhaps even beg him to possess her. Crave him as intensely as he craved her, hungered for her.

Hot, wild sensations shot to the head of his cock. The beast was waking, and the heat of his body grew from a slow simmer to a rip-roaring boil.

Sucking in a calming breath, he growled, "Brie, do as I ask. I need you. Now!" The raspy rumble of his voice was rougher than he'd intended. The beast inside him was hungrier, needier than ever.

His gaze lingered over the soft, white skin of her shoulders as her blue-gray cashmere sweater slipped from her upper body and down to the floor. The sexy white lace bra she wore had him grinding his teeth and aching to press his mouth to the hardened bead he saw growing more erect by the passing seconds.

Huskily, he ordered, "The skirt, Brie, lose the skirt, or I'll remove it for you, and I guarantee you'll never be able to wear it again if I do."

Without hesitation, she tugged the zipper down. The skirt dropped in place on top of the sweater at her feet. She stood before him in only

her bra and matching panties. Stunned by her beauty, Jonah stepped back to look at her, all of her, and sucked in a sharp breath.

God, she was beautiful, breathtaking. How did he get so lucky to be mated with this amazing creature? She held his heart in her sweet little hands, and he doubted she even knew it.

He closed the distance between them, cupping her face in his hands. "I owe you a new bra and panties," he told her, his voice a deep purr as he nuzzled against the skin of her neck, licking the candy-flavored flesh.

"Why?" she breathed, fingers slipping under his shirt, kneading the taut muscles of his back.

Just as the word parted from her lips, he ripped the fabric from her body, his claws slicing through it like butter. She gasped as his body quickly covered hers, his mouth on her neck, then lower to her breasts, sucking each exquisite nipple into his desperate mouth.

Blowing a warm burst of air over the sweet tips, he grinned, watching them tighten and redden into a delectable berry color. The hard buds begged for attention, so he gladly obliged.

"Jonah," she cried, her nails digging into the skin of his shoulders, driving him beyond mad with lust. Tugging at his shirt, she scrambled to remove it.

Unable to deny the beast, he released his hold on her and tore his own shirt from his body, eager to have her hands all over his chest and back, trailing down to his hard, throbbing cock. His heart pounded inside his head. The blood in his veins burned his body as if she had set him on fire.

"I need your hands on me, Brie." He clasped hold of her face and captured her mouth with his, plunging his tongue deep. Against her lips, he groaned, "Don't stop touching me."

She did as he asked. Her fingers and palms trailed over his chest, abs, and lower. God, yes, lower. He wanted her hands gripping his cock, stroking him as he made sensual love to her breasts, nipples,

and sweet vanilla skin, licking and sucking until he heard her breath catch.

Hours of agonizing pleasure were in store for his little mate.

Ravenous for her succulent flavor, he caught the scent of her arousal, the sharpness filling his nostrils as he inhaled, taking every bit of it into his body. She was turning him into an erupting volcano of lust and passion. His mind foggy with desire, he nipped at her bottom lip, drawing it into his mouth. She moaned, rubbing her hands down his back, cupping the muscular globes of his ass.

Jonah dropped to his knees and planted a sensual kiss to her belly.

“What are you doing?” Brie gasped, her hands tangled in his hair.

Glancing up, his lips molded into a wicked grin for his mate. “What do you think I’m doing, or should I say, about to do?” Before she had a chance to respond, his tongue pressed past the folds of her pussy, gliding over her clit.

“Oh yes,” she cried, her head lolled back against the wall. “Oh yes, Jonah. Don’t stop, that feels...Oh God, it feels so good.”

One fierce stab of his tongue between her legs and he demanded more access to her sweet little cunt. Raising her leg to rest over his shoulder, he parted the folds with his thumbs and dove his tongue in with a vengeance, licking and sucking at the tender bud.

“Damn, you taste incredible,” he groaned, inhaling the spicy sweetness of his mate’s sex. “I’ll never get tired of eating your pussy, tasting your cum. I want it on my tongue as often as possible, just like I want your wet tightness surrounding my cock as I fuck you, Brie. And damn how I want to fuck you.”

She cried in a low, husky purr, “Do it, Jonah. Fuck me. Do it now.”

Licking her pussy over and over again, he pulled away only to say, “Patience, Brie.”

She moaned roughly, fingers woven in his hair, ripping his head back to stare into his eyes. “Fuck patience, Jonah. I want your cock, and I want it now.”

“That’s just the mating heat talking. There’s more to it than just fucking, Brie.”

His heart was fracturing for her. He wanted to show her how much he loved her, and just ramming his cock into her body until they came was not what he wanted for them. She needed the intimacy of their joined bodies. The bond they shared. They both did, especially with Sebastian’s absence, but denying her was nearly impossible to do.

“I don’t care, Jonah. I’m hurting. I hurt all over—my body, my heart, my soul. Don’t deny me, Jonah. I need it now. Please,” she whimpered.

He swallowed back his own needs the moment he saw her eyes fill with tears. All that mattered to him was making her happy. Whatever she needed, wanted, he would do for her. Always would. He rose to his feet, lifted her into his arms, and walked her to the bed.

Cradling her face in his hands, he kissed her lips, nose, and forehead, he asked, “Promise me we’ll take our time later tonight. That we’ll love each other as we really should. No more rushing.”

Kissing him back, she promised, “I will. I promise. We’ll take our time later, but right now I need you, Jonah. I feel like I’ll die if you’re not inside me soon. I feel like I can’t breathe unless you’re touching me everywhere. Don’t make me wait any longer. Please.”

Jonah’s fingers quickly unbuckled his belt, slid his pants down his muscular thighs, and pulled her ass to the edge of the bed.

“Are you ready, Brie? Are you nice and wet?”

“Yes, Jonah, I’m so wet. Now fuck me, damn it!” There were no more tears in her eyes, just lust, desire, and passion. And love. So much love it pressed against his skin, reminding him why he couldn’t live without her.

Grinning at her desperate pleas, he chuckled. “You got it.”

He positioned his cock at the slick entrance of her pussy and shoved his thickness inside her. The tight sheath surrounded him, and he drew in a sharp breath. Damn, this was his favorite part of making

love to her—the moment their bodies joined and she swallowed his cock into her warm, tight body.

There was nothing more perfect than the feel of her breath on his skin, the warmth of her touch. Nothing else but Brie could make his body purr and scream at the same time. She was a goddess, one he intended to worship forever.

Rocking his hips forward, he plunged in and out of her pussy over and over again with slow, controlled strokes that quickly became fast, rapid poundings. Holding her legs over his forearms, he leaned forward, arching his hips to fill her body completely. The tip of his cock slammed against her cervix, and she whimpered. The blurring line between pleasure and pain was a delicious treat she loved, and he knew this from her unrelenting moans and cries.

Her body quivered around him. She was close. He could feel the walls of her pussy clamping down around his cock, sucking him in deeper.

She moaned again, her head thrashing from side to side on the bed. He held her tight in his arms, his hips a constant drum pounding deep into her body. Suddenly, her body erupted into an explosion of ecstasy. Her slick honey flowed around his cock, her fingers and nails digging into the flesh of his back. Her breathy cries against his skin as she came around his dick made his chest fill with satisfaction. The beast inside him roared. He loved making her come.

Fucking her harder and faster, riding the intensity of her orgasm, he pumped in and out of her, drilling her with everything he had left. Sucking in a deep breath, he felt the onset of his own release. His balls drew up tight as the fire from his belly filled his mind and body. A wild groan fled from deep within his chest, eyes rolling back into his head, and he filled her body with hot semen. Never had he experienced a wilder orgasm than when he made love to Brie. His mate, his lover...forever.

Collapsing on the bed next to Brie, he pulled her body up against his, and cradled her within the warmth of his arms. Catching his

breath, he inhaled against her hair. The soft scent of her jasmine shampoo filled his nostrils. He pressed a kiss to her hair, drinking in her beauty, loving the feel of her closeness.

A wave of something strange passed over him like he'd just been punched in the gut. Brie nuzzled against his chest, and he realized the strange feelings he experienced were coming from his mate. Without asking, he had a pretty good idea Brie was missing Sebastian, and no matter how much he loved her, cared for her, or how often he made love to her, she wouldn't be complete until he returned. That was the way of things, especially with alphas and their mates.

Jonah cradled her face in his hands and pressed gentle kisses to her damp cheeks. He asked, "What is it, sweetheart?"

Through shuddering breaths, she shared, "I'm worried about Sebastian." She choked back a sob, her body trembling in his arms. "If the heat is affecting us this way, then what is happening to Sebastian? Would he cheat on me? Would he find satisfaction in the arms of another woman?"

Jonah's eyes widened, his heart clenched tight in his chest. His heart told him that his brother would never want another woman like he wanted Brie. But the mating heat in the beginning was a maddening fury that could take any sane man and drive him to the brink of insanity. Jonah could only imagine what pain Sebastian was enduring. He half expected at any moment to have the big lug come bursting through that door to find Brie and claim her as only a savage alpha male could do.

"Brie, you have to trust Sebastian. He would never knowingly hurt you, and you made it clear that you were not willing to share." He smiled, trying his best to make her do the same. "Sebastian is one of the strongest men I've ever known, and if he thought for one moment he couldn't handle the separation, he would be back in a moment's notice." He stroked her face with his thumbs, kissing the tip of her nose and forehead. "Stop worrying about him. He's fine, I'm sure of it."

Jonah hated lying to Brie. If he understood anything about being a werewolf, it was the need to be with his mate, the fire that burned inside him each and every moment of every day. The instinct to bond created a burning torment that drove any wolf beyond reason.

He knew Sebastian must be in serious pain. The need for Brie would certainly be driving Sebastian to near madness, but he had to trust that Sebastian knew what he was doing for all their sakes.

His one hope was that the stubborn bastard would call him if he ever needed him. He'd be there for his brother—no matter what, even if it was to bring Brie to him, but it had already been several weeks and Sebastian hadn't called. No wonder Brie was an emotional mess.

Under his breath, Jonah whispered, "Damn it, Sebastian, where the hell are you?"

Chapter Two

Brie sat cross-legged at the conference room table, the black high-heel of her shoe tapping against the shiny hardwood floor. The deep mahogany furniture was lost under the stacks of papers, and folders sprawled out in front of her. Yellow sticky notes were on every folder and several on loose papers that she'd pulled from specific folders.

Researching a case, one that was sure to keep their firm busy for months, occupied her time and her wandering mind. She'd had a difficult time these last several weeks, missing Sebastian more and more each day. The sensations inside her heart and mind felt like she'd lost a part of herself, or that someone close to her had suddenly died. Except when Jonah was with her, he made her feel whole again, until her mind and body started craving her alpha—the man she was supposed to be publicly married to. The man who had ripped the beating heart from her chest when he chose to leave her in search of finding Mason Levi before Mason found her.

Discovering the secrets to her mysterious past also took precedence. Secrets that included why she had magical powers—abilities that hadn't manifested again since the night Mason Levi attacked her in the bar and grill weeks prior.

A subtle knock drew Brie's attention up from the reports she'd been putting together. A bubbly blonde with bright green eyes darted around the partially opened door. Her meek appearance was a perfect contrast to the tough-as-nails gal Brie knew Tiffany to be. As Sebastian's assistant, she had to be tough as hell and quick on her feet.

Tiffany asked, "I'm running out to grab some lunch, and I wanted to know if you needed anything."

Brie gave her head a subtle shake and replied, "No thank you. Is Jonah back yet?"

"No, he said he'd be back after lunch."

"Okay. When he arrives, would you let him know I'd like to see him to discuss some paperwork pertaining to the Jarvis case."

"Absolutely." Tiffany started to close the door, but before it closed all the way, she popped her head back in. "Ms. Ferguson?"

"Yes, Tiffany?"

An apprehensive look coated her face as she asked, "Do you mind if I ask you a question?" Her teeth sank into her bottom lip.

Leaning back in her chair, crossing her arms over her chest, Brie responded, "Depends on the question."

"Are you and Sebastian dating?"

Arched brow, she said plainly, "Well, Tiffany, that's really none of your business."

Tiffany put her hands up apologetically and stepped back into the conference room. "I know, and I hate asking, but I couldn't help but tell you that I'm so happy for you if you are. Both you and Sebastian are the cutest couple ever, and I only hope the best for you. I've been secretly cheering for the two of you since you started here. I've noticed the way he looks at you. I can only hope that one day a man like Sebastian might look at me that way. It's so romantic."

Brie smiled thinking about the day Sebastian told her he loved her and that she was his chosen mate. She couldn't be happier with their arrangement. She only wished he were here with her now.

"Thank you, Tiffany, but please don't share your thoughts and feelings with the rest of the office. I'd prefer to keep things as professional as possible."

"Oh yes, of course. I would never talk about this with anyone."

"I appreciate your discretion."

“Are you sure you don’t want me to grab you something while I’m out? It’s no big deal—I’m used to grabbing lunch for Sebastian every day.”

“No, I’m fine, but thanks again.”

“Sure, no problem.” Tiffany smiled at her one last time and closed the door behind her.

Brie swiveled around in her chair to glance out the office window. The vast Dallas skyline filled her view. The bustling city below moved with fluid motions—everyone had something to do, and the cars all had a destination, and the people all had a purpose.

The hopelessness bumping around inside her heart had her wondering exactly what her purpose was. Being alone with her thoughts was never a good idea. These moments fueled pain and misery, but mostly they fueled loneliness, like she was experiencing the bonding connection between her and Sebastian splintering into a million pieces. As if the heart in her chest was only able to work at half capacity.

“Ms. Ferguson?” called a raspy feminine voice from the speaker on the conference room phone.

Eyes pinched at the bridge of her nose, she acknowledged the interruption, “Yes.”

“Ms. Tabitha Burns is on line two for you.”

Swallowing back the rise of worry that came from being cornered, Brie actually wondered what took Tabitha so long to track her down. Tabitha was a bulldog if she’d ever seen one. Mousy and timid, well, that didn’t describe Tabitha at all. Ballsy and brassy, that was a better description.

No doubt she’s going to give me a piece of her mind for falling off the map for a few weeks.

“Thank you, Lexy.”

Brie pushed line two and spoke into the phone handset, “Hello, best friend. How are you?”

“Brie? Oh my god, I’m so glad I caught you. Where the hell have you been? I’ve called your apartment like eight hundred times over the last few weeks, and you’re never there. Is everything all right?” Tabitha’s breathy words erupted from her with such speed Brie’s head whirled.

“Tabitha, I’m so sorry. I haven’t had a chance to call you. Things have been kind of crazy around here.”

“You think? You have a lunatic serial killer who wants you dead. You have no idea how freaked out I was when you didn’t answer.”

“I’m sorry, Tab. I spent a few weeks at a safe house, but you know me, I just couldn’t stay put, so now I have a full-time security detail that follows me around like a bad rash. I think they even have cameras in the bathroom now.” Trying to find humor in the situation, Brie spun back around to stare out the window. “I can’t complain though. At least they keep me safe.”

A deep sigh blew through the phone. “Right, and I’m grateful, but I want to come see you for myself. I’m prepared to clear my desk for a few weeks and come out there. What are you doing these days? Would you like some company?”

Company would be great, Brie thought, but right now was not a good time. The mating heat was too overwhelming, and explaining to her best friend how she was having sex with two men and loving it would not be easy to do. Plus, she’d have to spring that she was also getting married—to both men.

“Tab, I’d love to see you, but right now might not be the best of times. I’ve just started working on this new case, and my boss is out of town, so I’m tackling things solo right now. How about we plan for something next month?”

“Okay, but from now on when I call, you better answer, or I just might show up unannounced,” she warned.

Tabitha could be bossy and demanding at times, but Brie loved that about her. “Okay. Okay. I’ll answer, but I suggest for the next few weeks if you want to reach me, you call the office. I’m going to

be here most of the day and into the night, so I'll practically be living here."

"I'll do that. Shit!" Tabitha murmured. "Brie, I've got another call coming in. I'm closing a big deal with a property up in North Seattle, and I've been waiting on this call all day, so I've got to run, but know that I love you and I'll call you again soon. Okay?"

"Of course," Brie told her.

"All right, take care of yourself and stay safe."

"I will and you, too."

They said their good-byes, and Brie returned to staring out the window into the world moving around her, and again fought the pull of sadness that slammed against her heart as she thought about Sebastian. Something kept tugging her mind back into a deep yearning, a loneliness that filled her with a tidal wave of sadness and desperation. She prayed Jonah was soon to arrive to help pull her mind out of her sentimental hell.

Wiping away the single tear that glided down her cheek, she returned to stare at the papers in front of her, the words on the pages blurred in her watery vision. Fingers clasped against the edge of the table, she felt sick to her stomach. Her mind foggy, clawing for relief, she sucked in a breath.

"Damn it, Jonah, I need you. Where are you?" she whispered just before she collapsed back into the chair.

* * * *

Jonah's brow furrowed as Ryken's name appeared on his cell's caller ID. Lowering his voice, he answered, "This is Jonah."

"Jonah, it's Ryken," roared his cousin. "You need to get your ass to the ranch, like now." Ryken's voice was tight and intense as he spoke, a contrast from the sarcastic ass he normally was.

Jonah rose to his feet, pacing his office. "Why? What's wrong?"

“It’s Sebastian. He’s all messed up. By the looks of him, he got his ass handed to him. And I’m pretty sure because he smells like he drank a liquor store.” The humor in Ryken’s voice subsided as he said, “He won’t stop yelling for his mate. Damn, man, he’s got it real bad. You need to get here and fast.” Chuckling, Ryken added, “Shit, the state he’s in has me scared for the livestock. He’s so fucked up he just might think one looks too good to pass up.”

In normal circumstances, Jonah might have laughed, but knowing that his brother was a drunken werewolf suffering with mating heat just before a full moon was absolutely not funny.

“Brie and I will leave immediately.” His deep voice vibrated into the phone.

“Good. Luken and I will babysit him till you get here.” The line went dead, and Jonah stared at his phone.

What the hell was he going to do with his brother? He only imagined Sebastian was drunk because he’d used the alcohol to numb the pain of being away from Brie, but why had he been in a fight? Had he found Mason? Did that mean he found out about the virus Mason was infected with? He had no idea, but he was going to get Brie and find out as quickly as possible.

Pushing back from his desk, he inhaled her scent. Jonah knew just where to find her. Following his nose, he opened the door to the conference room and found Brie with her head in her hands, her shoulders hunched forward. He guessed the separation from Sebastian was taking its toll on her as he now knew it was doing the same to his brother. He closed the door and moved around the table and knelt in front of her.

“Brie?”

She sniffled, tilting her face up to stare at him. Her golden hair tumbled over her shoulders, framing her heart-shaped face. “I’m sorry, Jonah. I’m just not doing so well today. I feel like I’m dying inside. I don’t understand what’s happening to me.”

He smiled softly at her, feeling his heart squeeze tight in his chest, knowing that what she was feeling must be like walking through Hell.

He'd felt that unmistakable torture before his brother had taken the chance to discover that she belonged to them. He'd been tempted on more than one occasion to take her for himself, but he knew his brother would have killed him.

"Oh, baby girl." He held her in his arms, rising to his feet, drawing her up against him. "I hate that you feel so much pain. I should've fought against Sebastian when he suggested being apart from you, but I honestly didn't realize what you'd be going through." He pressed a tender kiss to her lips. "But I'm about to fix everything."

She eased back, staring into his eyes. "What do you mean?" she asked him, a shred of hope lingering in her voice.

"We're going to the ranch. Sebastian is there, and he needs you." Cradling her face in his hands, he kissed her forehead. "Take only what you need from the office. We need to leave now to pack only the essentials, and then we're on the road." He stroked her damp cheek, "The sooner we get there, the better."

Glaring at Jonah, she asked, "What else are you not sharing with me?"

"Nothing," he promised, kissing her lips again. "I got a call from Ryken that Sebastian was at the family ranch and needed you. I'm sure the mating heat has been just as hard on him."

A quick flash of panic filled her eyes. "But Jonah, I had you. He hasn't had anyone." A gasp sprung from her lips. "Or has he?"

He clasped her shoulders, stroking up and down her arms in a comforting way. "Brie, stop doing that," he warned. "Sebastian wouldn't cheat on you. He's figured out a way to deal. He's very resourceful, and you know it. And since when have you become so insecure?"

She shook her head as if she didn't want to admit she revealed insecurities. Eyes glistening, Brie argued, "Even so, what could he

have done to dull this kind of pain? It's killing me, Jonah. What do you think it's done to him, a full-blooded alpha werewolf?"

Combing her hair back with his fingers, he told her, "I know. Let's not worry about it. Let's just get to the ranch as soon as possible, and then you can talk to your mate yourself. Okay?"

Please be okay, because I really don't know what else to tell you.

Bottom lip quivering, she nodded and began gathering her files and papers. Jonah leaned forward and picked up one of the loose papers from her stack.

"What's this?"

"It's some of my notes from the Jarvis case. I've got a few questions I like to ask you. Normally I'd spend time going over these files with Sebastian, but he's obviously not around." She sounded annoyed and a little on edge as she continued, "Sebastian was the one I did most of my brainstorming with. He was my sounding board and now he's just—"

"Brie," he spoke her name in a warning.

Frustration and anger blazed through her eyes, making them an intense sky blue. "I know," she said turning to face him. "But I can't help feeling like he abandoned me. I've never needed someone so much as I need him, and he just left, decided it was the best thing for us and left." She forced her hands to her hips. "Damn it, Jonah, I'm so mad at him right now I wish I could resist the urge to see him. I want him to suffer for leaving me, for making me feel so...alone."

Jonah cupped her face in his hands, stroking the soft skin of her cheeks with his thumbs. "Brie, I know this has been hard on you, but what you don't know is that Sebastian's been drinking, and I personally think that's how he's been coping without you. He hasn't cheated on you. I'd bet my life on it. But you need to trust that what he did, he did for you. If given any other choice, he would've chosen to be with you."

Brie's eyes watered. Head leaning forward against his chest, he held her close, stroking a gentle hand over her back. Her shoulders

shook as she sobbed and he let her cry as much and as hard as she wanted to. He knew the prideful woman in his arms needed to get her emotions under control before she confronted Sebastian. She wouldn't stand before her alpha with any chance that she would burst into tears. She had to prove she was strong, even if inside she was nothing more than the soft woman he loved more than life itself.

"Grab what you need. You can brainstorm with me all you want on the way to the ranch. I'm not Sebastian, but I think you might find my legal skills are just as sharp as his." He winked, holding her gaze. "Maybe even a little sharper." He grinned and wiped away her fallen tears.

Sniffing, she smiled softly. "I'm sure you'll surprise me with your brilliant legal mind."

"Oh, I think I can surprise you with more than just my legal mind," he teased, and she smiled in return.

Chapter Three

Heart beating in her throat, Brie stepped inside the McCarthy Ranch house, and her eyes took in the sight of the ransacked home. The once breathtaking cabin left her gasping in horror. Her eyes drifted over overturned lamps and toppled furniture, shredded pillows and broken dishes. Everything appeared destroyed.

“Oh my God, Jonah,” she cried, her hand covering her mouth. “This place looks like it’s been vandalized.”

Jonah moved up beside her and wrapped his arm around her shoulders. He said, “Don’t worry, Brie. I’m sure it’s not as bad as it looks.” He glanced around the room, eyes narrowed. “Then again, this place does look like we’ve been robbed by a bear.”

Brie squeezed his hand and moved closer into his hold. He chuckled, glancing down at her. “I’m just kidding. This is Sebastian’s doing.” He inhaled deeply, then said, “The only scent that lingers is Sebastian’s. I told you he was struggling being away from you.”

“Well, if he’s here, where is he?”

Jonah released a hearty chuckle. “Most likely the one place most drunks generally wind up.”

She narrowed her eyes as he took her by the hand and led her deeper into the cabin. He searched the kitchen and living areas with no sign of him. They took the stairs up to the second floor bedrooms. Rounding the corner to the upstairs bathroom, they found Sebastian lying on the floor. His head was cocked to the side, his face bloodied and bruised.

“Oh God,” Brie gasped, peeling out of Jonah’s grasp, scrambling to her hands and knees.

Crawling up beside Sebastian, she felt for his pulse. Relief flooded her mind as her fingers found the pumping artery at the crook of his neck. Then she began to sob.

“Brie?” Dropping to one knee, Jonah’s hand touched her shoulder in a comforting caress. “Don’t cry, sweetheart. I hate it when you cry. I liked it so much better when you were a ball buster.”

Wiping her damp face with the backs of her hands, she spat, “Well, damn it, I hate it, too. I hate that I can’t control my crazy fucking emotions. I hate that I’m so connected to you two that I can’t breathe without you. Both of you. I’m going crazy, and I think this mating heat is going to be the death of me. I’ve never wanted someone as much as I want the both of you. Needed someone more than the air I breathe.” She held Jonah’s wide-eyed expression. “If something ever happened to either of you, it would destroy me. I can’t live like this, Jonah. The separation from Sebastian, the fear of losing what we have together...all if it. It’s too fucking hard.”

Jonah stroked her heated cheeks with the backs of his knuckles. “You already know that the mating heat will only last for a short time. After that it will be much easier on all of us. But Sebastian had to do this, Brie. He had to make sure you’re safe. The fear you have about losing us is no different than what we feel for you. Imagine if Mason Levi attacked again and we weren’t there to save you.”

Shrugging, she replied, “Well, like the last time Mason attacked me, I could use my powers.”

With an arched brow, he asked her, “Have you been able to conjure that power again since?”

She rolled her eyes at him. “No.” Her voice scraped against her throat as frustration churned in her gut.

“Well, then how do you expect it to work again when you have no idea why or how it worked in the first place?”

She hated when he did that to her, twisting her words around. His logic was annoying. Even though he was right, she didn’t want him to be. She wanted to be angry. Felt she had a right to be, damn it.

“Stop pouting, Brie. You’ll give yourself wrinkles.” He chuckled, a soft grin tugging at the corners of his exquisite mouth.

* * * *

Jonah rose to his feet, his hand extended out for her to take. “Come on. Let’s leave sleeping beauty alone to sleep it off.”

Glancing up at him and then back to Sebastian, she swallowed, “But what about him?”

He hiked his broad shoulders and stared down at her angelic features. Soft, long blonde hair flowed forward, framing her innocent face. Wiggling his fingers in front of her face, reminding her to grasp his hand, he explained, “He’ll smell you when he wakes. He’ll know you’re here, and he’ll come looking for you.”

She shook her head and took his hand, and he pulled her to stand beside him. “I didn’t mean that. I meant we can’t just leave him here.”

“Why not? Do you think he cares he’s sleeping on the floor in the bathroom?” He chuckled. “Brie, the only thing he’s going to care about when he wakes is you.”

“But—”

“But nothing,” he fired back, cutting off her words. “If I remember correctly, it was only a few minutes ago that you were furious with him for leaving, and now you care if he’s comfortable or not?” Jonah’s eyes narrowed. “He deserves to sleep in an uncomfortable position, and you deserve to not worry about him. In fact, I think you should focus all your attentions on me instead.” Fire burned in his eyes as he looked Brie up and down.

Delicious.

His mind on one thing and one thing only—making love to Brie before Sebastian woke. He had her for one more night before she belonged to them both again. Right now he wanted to pretend she belonged to only him.

Brie’s brow furrowed. “Don’t look at me like that, Jonah.”

“Like what?” he asked, his voice an octave higher than his normal rumble. The seductive, playful man blossomed to the surface.

Biting her lip, she said, “Like you’re about to eat me for dinner.”

He licked his lips. A low growl emerged from deep within his chest. “Oh, now that sounds appetizing. Would that be such a bad thing if I were?”

She glanced over to the slumbering alpha. “What about Sebastian?”

Her smaller frame was dwarfed in the shadow of his. He cocked his head to the side, inhaling the sweet scent of her arousal. He was going to have her—no matter how much she pretended to resist.

“What about him? I’m sure that no matter how hard he tried, he wouldn’t be able to get it up anyway.”

Thrusting her hands to her hips, she said, “That’s not what I meant, and you know it.” He loved the way she looked when she tried to be serious. The sparkle in her eyes, the fire that burned from deep inside her that he could see, feel and taste.

He shrugged, stepping closer to her, his breath on her face. “I know, but I just want it to be us, Brie.” He cupped her face. The warmth of her skin felt so good. “You and me. I’ll have to share you again when Sebastian wakes. But Brie, I’d be lying if I told you I haven’t been a little jealous sharing you with him. To be honest, these last few weeks having you all to myself have been perfect.”

“Oh, Jonah.” She leaned into his touch.

“I’m not saying that I want it to stay just you and me, but I am saying that I need this time with you.” He smiled softly. “And I think you need it, too.”

She smiled back at him, and the sight of her warm, Caribbean blue eyes and soft, pale white skin had his heart galloping in his chest. Damn, he loved this woman, and he didn’t realize just how much until he stared into the depths of her eyes as if seeing directly into her soul. She was magic, pure and simple, and it was electric. Intoxicating like

a craved drug. She meant everything to him, and he was going to show her just how much he desired her.

His fingers floated up her arms, barely skimming the flesh. “When Sebastian is of sound mind, and the three of us are together, I think we need to arrange some private nights because I don’t always want to have to share you. But right now, all I want is for you to come with me,” he told her, hands clasped together.

He pulled her gently out of the bathroom and to her bedroom. He had a good feeling that Sebastian, no matter what mental state he was in, wouldn’t destroy the room of the woman they loved.

He was right. The room had been left unscathed and just as pristine as the day Jonah had first walked her through the door. Turning, he pulled her into his embrace, holding her as if to not have her pressed against his body would mean the end of his life.

She molded against him, the warmth of their bodies saturating into his skin. She let him take charge of their mating, let him hold her, kiss her, and love her as he wanted to do.

Damn, he loved the way she gave into him, the way she let him have all the control. Having her this way satisfied his primal urges, like breathing crisp mountain air, running through thick covered forest, the thrill of the hunt. She truly was everything to him. The moon and the sun, the earth and the air, she made him whole. He knew better than anyone the need to keep her protected, and to show her love and passion.

Kissing her mouth, he dove in, nipping at her lips, sucking on them in slow, gentle tugs. His tongue licked along the seam of her full lips. She opened for him instantly, and he plundered inside. Tongues dueling, they tasted one another’s lips and mouth. The soft, sweet moisture of her mouth forced his teeth to lengthen. The urge to bite her screamed from the back of his mind.

Breaking the kiss, she gasped. “Do it, Jonah. I know what you want. I can feel it. Bite me. Taste me. Do it all.” She gripped her shirt

and pulled it over her head. Tossing the white blouse to the floor, she launched her body back into his arms.

Permission was all he needed from her before his mouth clamped down on her shoulder. She moaned as his teeth pressed into her tender flesh. Arms wrapped around him, her fingers tangled in his hair.

Jonah lifted her legs to his waist and held her against him. Opened palm pressed to the small of her back, he massaged her round ass with the other, while his tongue licked her vanilla skin.

Jonah claimed her body, mind, and soul, and she belonged to only him, at least for the moment.

Patience was not Jonah's friend when he had Brie in his arms. Her taste, touch, and scent drove him beyond reason. He lost all sense of control. All that mattered to him and the beast that roared awake when he possessed her was being near her, inside her. The fevered response of her body only made the burning insanity inside him all the worse.

"Brie, you are so goddamn beautiful. I get lost when I'm with you. I can't think. I can't breathe. All I want is you." He nuzzled against her neck, nipping against her hot flesh.

Gripping his wavy hair, she pushed his face away from her throat and stared into his eyes. "I'm yours, Jonah. It's just you and me. Love me like you want, show me how much you want me. I need to feel you deep inside me, fucking me with everything you've got. No one loves me like you do, Jonah."

The beast inside him roared with pride—starving and ready to devour all of her delectable body. Taking possession of her mouth, he kissed her hard, possessing her mouth like he wanted to claim her body. His desperate tongue explored every inch of her mouth, seeking to learn the way she truly loved to be kissed. He captured her moan, deepening the kiss. Probing against her tongue, he sucked on her lips, savoring her mouth like a succulent meal.

Jonah's arms tightened around her as he carried her to the balcony, and placed her on the soft mocha lounge chair. He rose to his full height, a mere six feet five inches.

Her brow furrowed as she stared up at him. “What are we doing?”

A suave grin eclipsed his face, his thumb rubbed over his throbbing bottom lip. “Damn, you look so mouthwateringly sexy when your mouth is so swollen from my kisses.” He licked his lips, his eyes searching her body. “I’m going to ravage you out here. I’m going to make you scream so hard you frighten away all the animals.” He snickered.

“You think so.” She giggled.

He arched a brow, eyes narrowing.

Brie’s gaze drifted over the property around them, questioning, “What about Ryken or your other cousins? You said they’d be watching over Sebastian. Do you suppose they’re close by? They could be staring at us from the woods. What if they come back to check on Sebastian?”

Jonah actually smiled this time. Her innocence was something he adored. One moment she was tough as nails, beating down criminals in the court room, but underneath it all he knew a little vixen lingered, one he intended to make love to on a mocha lounge chair.

“So what if they do? I’ll just have to fuck you twice as good, make them jealous with envy that they can’t fuck and taste you like I can.”

He tugged his shirt over his head and tossed it back into the bedroom, then toed off his shoes and dropped his pants. He was already hard as a rock and ready to be inside her.

He extended his hand to help her stand, discarded her hair clip, then knelt to help remove her high heel shoes and skirt. He stared at her feminine pink panties and matching bra. The corner of his mouth lifted.

“Perhaps you should remove these? I seem to already owe you for a few pairs as it is.”

She nibbled her bottom lip. “Yes, you do.” She took off the bra, tossing it behind him. Glancing down, she whispered, “I think you can at least remove my panties for me.”

Slowly stripping away her panties, his eyes grew heavy, catching the scent of her arousal. The spicy sweet aroma put his body on red alert. His little lamb was so ready to be satisfied, and he was just the big bad wolf to do it.

“You smell so damn good, sweetheart.” Growling low in his throat, he nuzzled against her pussy, inhaling deeply, and softly demanded, “Sit down and spread your legs. I want you nice and wide so I can fuck your pretty pussy with my tongue. I have to taste that sweet cunt, feel you hot and slick against my fingers.”

She eased her body onto the lounge chair and spread her legs over the side arms. Positioning his chest on the cushion of the lounge chair, he buried his face between her legs, his fingers kneading into her creamy, white thighs.

Pressing a trail of kisses up her thighs, he blew a warm breath over her glistening pussy. He could see how aroused and wet she was. Knew even a man his size would have no difficulty sliding his cock into the tightness of her cunt.

With a silent plea, she arched her hips, and he grinned, knowing exactly what his little temptress wanted. But he liked to hear her tell him what she wanted from him, enjoyed hearing the words move from her lips. Her naughty words excited him—turned him on.

“Would you like me to eat your pussy, Brie?”

“Yes,” she cried breathlessly.

He liked that she didn’t hesitate. “What would you like me to do to your pussy?”

“I—”

“Now, now, Brie, this is not the time for shyness. We’ve been through this before. I’ll do whatever you want, but you have to tell me what you want first.”

Her fingers squeezed into the fabric of the chair. “Lick me,” she blurted.

His tongue grazed over her inner thigh. “Like that?” He fought the urge to smile, loved teasing her.

“No,” she whispered.

“Lick you where?”

Her sweet pink tongue glided over her bottom lip, and his cock got harder. How that was possible, he had no idea, but it did. He blew another warm burst of air over her clit. Her head lolled back, chest arched forward. Full breasts filled his vision, her rosy pink nipples hardened to perfection.

“Oh God,” she gasped, frustration glimmered in her eyes. “Jonah, Please. Do it, eat my pussy, suck me, fuck me. For Christ’s sake do something,” she begged.

Chuckling, he responded, “Whatever the lady wants.”

Fevered passion forced him to probe the depths of her pussy, fucking her with slow, determined strokes. Licking the wetness from her cunt, his tongue swirled around her clit, again and again. Closing his mouth over the throbbing bud, he let his hungry mouth and tongue dance, flicking fast and eager.

Soft, fluttering moans escaped her trembling lips. She tugged on her nipples, pulling at them as she drew closer to orgasm. He could taste it. Felt her body writhing under his touch.

His mouth worked her pussy as he watched her wicked fingers play with her body, heightening her own pleasure. If he had more hands, he would gladly join her, but currently his fingers were occupied—one hand spreading the lips of her pussy, while the other probed at her rear, rubbing around the entrance to her rectum.

“Yes, Jonah, that’s it. Oh God, feels so good.”

More aggressive than ever, he sucked her pussy, sliding his mouth up and down on her clit, sucking it hard between his lips. His finger pumped inside her, first one then two, then three. He felt her cunt tighten and squeeze around his probing fingers and watched as her juices flooded from her pussy.

Pumping faster, he continued to suck her clit. A tormented cry tore from her lips as she finally began to come. He didn’t let up, lapping at her delicious essence.

One final lick and he stood in front of her. She reached forward to take his cock in her hand. He knew she was going to slide his dick between her moistened lips and suck him until he came in her mouth, but he had other plans for his mate.

Jonah grabbed hold of her hand before she could grip his pulsing cock. “No, that’s not what I want.” Wide-eyed, she stared at him. “Get on your hands and knees. I want to fuck that pretty little asshole of yours.”

She nibbled her lip “But we don’t have any lubricant.”

He licked around his mouth, tasting the remnants of her orgasm. “Your pussy is plenty wet. I’ll have no problem sliding into you.” He held her timid gaze. “You do like being fucked this way, don’t you?”

She nodded. “Yes, but my first time was with Sebastian. This is only my second time.”

“I won’t hurt you, Brie. I’ve waited a long time to take you this way.”

“Why didn’t you try before when it was just us these past few weeks?”

He glared down at her, his cock in his hand, stroking slowly. She stared at his hard, thick shaft. Pre-cum glistened at the head of his cock. “Are we going to talk about it or are you going to let me fuck you?”

She gave a shy smile and turned onto her hands and knees, positioning her ass directly in front of his hips. The view left him breathless. He always loved her body, sensual curves, full breasts, round hips, an angel with a devilishly sexy body. Feeling her soft ass pressed against his hard, rigid cock, he was proud to call this woman his mate. She was everything and so much more. He was a damn lucky wolf, and he knew it.

Sliding between her wet folds, the heat of her pussy teased the broad head of his dick. He used her wet cunt to lube up his cock, then his finger, which he used to circle around her rectum. A gentle push and he was fucking her ass with his thick finger, stretching her

slowly. Then a second, and before long his cock was positioned at her perfect little hole.

As he pushed inside her, he grabbed hold of her hips and pulled her back against him. He heard her groan and knew the sound was of pleasure, not pain. Pulling back, he pushed inside. Fucking her slowly, until he was balls-deep.

Hips rocking forward, he felt her tighten all around him, her asshole clamping down on his cock like a fist. She pushed back, and he felt she was ready to take him harder. He obliged, pushing against her, forcing his shaft deeper and harder with each thrust.

She relished everything he did to her, and he could feel it in her physical response to him as well as through the primal connection they shared.

Leaning against her back, he reached around her to play with her swollen clit. She jerked as he stroked her, brushing his fingers over the tip. The more he touched her pussy, the harder she rocked against him.

Balls tightening he was so close to exploding. He ground his teeth together as fire ripped from deep within his gut, shooting from his balls to the head of cock. Sexual bliss, total and complete, he was on the verge of dying a very happy man.

Slamming deep into her rectum, he groaned, filling her asshole with hot semen, pouring himself into her. Pumping slowly, he steadied himself, then pulled out of her, cradled her body against his, and carried her to the bed. Her head pressed against his chest. He lay beside her. He couldn't be happier if he tried, and he was sure she felt the same.

Holding her so close, he could feel her heart pounding against his chest. A fierce drum slowing to a steady beat. His little Brie, he thought. She was perfect and fit against him as if she were an extension of his own body. The warmth of her body, the sweet scent of her hair, it did things to him—magical things. His Brie was special. She fired his body and mind, warmed his soul and made his life all the

better just by being a part of him. Damn, he loved this woman—his Brie.

The thunderous rumble of Sebastian's growl robbed him of breath. He turned to face his brother, swallowing back a frustrated roar. Jonah understood the intense look in Sebastian's eyes might terrify Brie. He could feel it as his brother bared his fierce canines and elongated claws.

Brie squeezed her fingers into Jonah's arm as he held her tighter. He could hear the fast rush of her blood pumping through her body. Only once before had she witnessed the beast that stood before them. The one Sebastian fought to control and conceal from everyone except Jonah...and now her.

Sebastian had come to claim his mate, and Jonah would have no choice but to allow him.

Chapter Four

Sebastian's brooding, naked body hovered over them. He locked eyes with Brie. She was scared of the feral beast in front of her, but mostly because she had never made love to him when he looked like this—like he was prepared to rip her apart from the inside—and staring at his engorged cock, she thought he just might.

Jonah slipped from the bed, grabbed his pants, and headed for the door. "I better let you two have some privacy." Jonah didn't sound eager to leave her, but it didn't stop him from moving towards the door.

Anxiety flooded her mind and her heart pounded so hard she thought it might break through her ribs. "Jonah, wait!" She gasped.

Sebastian's growl grew louder.

"Don't worry, Brie. It's just the mating heat. He won't hurt you." Jonah closed the door behind him as he left the room.

Brie shifted to the side, attempting to get free of the bed. A moment later Sebastian launched through the air, landing on top of her, pressing himself against her. His hands pinned her shoulders while his hips and legs restrained her waist and legs.

He sniffed along her neck, inhaling and groaning in unison. "You fucked my brother," he roared.

She didn't respond. Frightened by the bestial voice that escaped her alpha mate, she stared into his liquid silver eyes.

"I can smell him all over you. You let him fuck you, and you didn't bother to wait for me. I've been without you for weeks and you choose to fuck him and not me?" Nuzzling her neck, his whiskered face cut into her skin, he rumbled, "I've been hurting without you,

dying inside, and you left me alone in the bathroom so you could fuck my goddamn brother.” His roar of anger sent a shiver down her spine.

He was angry, but why? He was the dumbass who chose to leave her. Chose to go out on his own and leave her and Jonah behind. Fuck him and his alpha male bullshit.

“Yes,” she snapped. “I let Jonah fuck me, and it was good, real good. It’s always good, the fucking best I’ve ever had.” She craned her neck to be nose to nose with him, shocked by the words that jumped from her lips. Guilt trampled her heart. She wasn’t mean-spirited and to use jealousy as a weapon against him was wrong, but she had good reason to. “At least he’s there when I need him, Sebastian. Where the fuck have you been, you big dumb wolf?” She smacked him in the shoulder over and over again.

Eyes filled with heat, anger, and possession, he growled. “How did he fuck you, Brie? Did he take your sweet pussy, or did he stick his damn cock in your tight little ass?”

She froze, jaw tightening. She wasn’t sure why that mattered, but telling Sebastian Jonah had just fucked her ass felt odd. He was the only one to do that to her, until tonight.

Besides, she’d just called him a big dumb wolf, and all he cared about was learning what position her and Jonah had done during sex. How was she supposed to digest that?

“Did you hear anything I said, Sebastian? Do you care that I’ve been lost without you? That I’ve felt like I’ve been dying a little each day without you?”

He looked away unable to meet her watery gaze. He couldn’t answer her, or wouldn’t. Damn werewolves, stubborn until the end.

Closing her eyes, she sucked in a sharp breath and released it slowly, controlling the wave of emotions threatening to overwhelm her.

He growled again, showing her his lengthening canines. “Do not deny me, mate.”

She froze at his use of the word mate. He was going to fuck her, take her hard—she knew this, had feared it, but also the thought of being possessed by the beast was exhilarating. Her pussy clenched tight, her belly quivered.

She pressed her hands against the slab of firm muscle. The heat of his skin rippled into her, and she sighed at the comfort she found there.

He appeared larger than she remembered—the wolf, she told herself.

Holding his intimidating gaze, she swallowed. “My ass. He fucked my ass.”

Sebastian licked his lips, his eyes thick with wild intentions. “Good,” he groaned. “I’d rather fuck that sweet cunt anyway.” Thrusting his hips forward, he told her, “I need to be inside you. I need to—” He drew in a sharp breath, and his eyes flickered with awareness. He could smell her arousal. He pushed against her stiff locked arms, testing her emotional threshold—it was breaking. “You want me to fuck your pussy hard, don’t you, mate? You want my cock shoved deep inside your writhing body.”

Damn it, she did. Being away from him for another second would’ve ripped her beating heart from her chest. He was an asshole for leaving her suffering as he had done. Her emotions impossible to deal with, her heart half empty without him. She’d beat his ass later, but right now all she wanted was him inside her, joined together as one.

“Sebastian,” she called to him, his name like a prayer on her lips.

He cupped her face as if sensing her hesitation and fear. Tenderness filled his wild eyes. “I love you, Brie. I’ll always love you, no matter what. I can’t take another moment apart from you. Let me have you,” he begged through gritted teeth. “Let me have what I need.”

Her arms collapsed, and she absorbed the full weight of his body. Instantly, his mouth was all over her, tasting her neck, mouth, and

breasts. He was insatiable, and she loved it and had prayed it would be this way between them again, drunk on each other's desires and needs.

Suckling her breasts, he bit at the tips, sinking his teeth into the soft flesh around each erect nipple. The sting of his bite sent shivers up and down her spine. Her pussy clenched tight.

"Oh God," she moaned, her fingers diving into his dark, wavy hair.

Like Jonah, he was at least six and a half feet tall, but his body was slightly larger, filled with sculpted muscles. Sebastian's firm body molded against hers, fierce strength against soft flesh. Broad shoulders and firm chest consumed her vision. Massive in size, he covered her body completely.

Brie's fingers traced around his dark nipples and over the smooth bronze skin of his chest and back, kneading the taut muscles down to his rock-hard ass. She missed the intimacy she shared with Sebastian, the way he'd resisted being with her only to show her so much pleasure and love. She hated that she needed him so much, but hungered for even the slightest wisp of his breath on her skin—a simple touch that branded her straight to her soul.

Another bite singed her skin, and she gasped. Her legs wrapped around his waist. Arching her hips, she pulled him against her pussy, stroking against his erection. They both groaned the moment his cock slipped over the wet folds of her cunt.

Sebastian's hands were on her face, cupping her cheeks as he took control over her mouth. His tongue slipped past her lips, probing her mouth, licking every inch. As he sucked her tongue into his mouth, his fingers found the wetness between her thighs. She moaned as he stroked against the swollen nub, his fingers seeking her core.

Her fingers dug into the flesh of his shoulders as he forced two fingers into pussy. She was already so wet and ready, and his fingers glided smoothly inside.

Kissing him harder, she took over, licking his bottom lip and tasting him as if it were the first time. His flavor was sweet and spicy. The perfect combination. His wild woodsy scent pummeled her senses, filling her body with fever.

“Yes, Sebastian. Oh God, I’ve missed you,” she whimpered.

He shoved his cock against her belly, grinding his hips against her pliant flesh. Gripping her legs, he lifted her, pressing a firm hand to the back of each knee, then pushed her legs wide and as far apart as he could get them. He was going to get right to it. He was going to fuck her fast, and she was dying for it.

“Yes, Sebastian, fuck me. Take me now.”

Who was this woman? She was begging him to brand her, make her feel his body merging with hers—becoming one. The mating heat was making her a nymphomaniac, but she couldn’t complain. The fever flooding her body heightened every physical response. The rush of the mating was like a million fingers dancing along her skin, stroking all of her most intimate parts.

His cock slammed inside her, filling her body. She needed to be fucked so bad it was like an addiction. The intoxicating scent of his masculine body filled her nose. She craved him, needed him, the passion burning hot like an inferno inside her.

He drove himself deep and retreated, almost pulling all the way out only to surge deep once again. He did this over and over again, pounding hard like hammering nails. He was splitting her in two, and she couldn’t get enough.

Arching her hips she took him all the way in. Growling, his face strained, his eyes rolled back in his head. She felt the heat of his body like a warm soothing blanket. She missed him, the euphoric connection she shared with Sebastian—it was like being reborn.

Sensations speared her clit as he stroked it, fingers pulsing against her nub as intensely as he was probing inside her body. With determined hips, he arched deep, filling her body. Breathing hard, she screamed for more, begging him to ride her harder and faster,

encouraging him to make her come. He groaned as her warm wetness enveloped him. Capturing her waist, he flipped her over, grabbed her hips, and shoved his cock back into her slick pussy—no hesitation. On her hands and knees, he fucked her hard and fast, drilling deep, over and over again. His hips plunged forward as he pulled against her hips, trying to take her as far as he could.

Leaning over, pressing against her back, he sank his teeth into her shoulder blade, but not piercing the skin. She gasped and writhed in his arms. One arm snugly wrapped around her waist, the other kneading the swaying breasts.

* * * *

His chest rumbled as her body shivered from his bite, her excitement filled his senses. He felt just how much, as her pussy gripped hold of his cock with a vengeance. Her sweet cunny gushed around his shaft, clamping around him like a fist. She was coming. Her wild and fluttering moans tearing from deep in her throat were driving him mad, flooding his mind with tingling desire.

He held her close as her breathing steadied. Then the beast took over, slamming to the hilt over and over again, diving as deep inside her body as his cock could go. The tight feel of her pulsing pussy had him grinding his teeth.

The fire of his orgasm raced to the surface. A thunderous roar ripped from his chest, his fingers digging into her hips as he rocked forward one last time, filling her sweet cunt with his release.

Dropping to the bed, he pulled her against him and closed his eyes, regaining control over the beast. He prayed he hadn't hurt her, prayed she would find a way in her heart to forgive him for what he felt was a needed separation, one he since discovered was impossible to manage—and a giant mistake.

He needed her, loved her. Being without her had been like living without air. He hadn't been able to function most days as the mating

heat was a constant reminder of the woman he had left behind, consuming most, if not all, of his thoughts.

Lucky for him, he hadn't lost his sanity until a day ago, when he went on a drunken bender to ease his burning mind and loins. The mating heat was difficult to manage at the beginning, but not impossible.

In the few weeks he had been apart from Brie and Jonah, he traveled to Scotland. Met with a man who was most helpful, especially once he realized just what Sebastian was. Little persuading was necessary at that point.

He also managed to track down Mason Levi, but still hadn't been able to find a way to destroy the were-...whatever the fuck he was. That information still eluded him. Finding out exactly what kind of creature Mason was had to be top priority. Maybe once they discovered what pack Mason belonged to, they could use those other were-animals as allies—allies that understood the dangers in allowing an infected creature to run rampant.

He would need both Brie and Jonah's help to do this, and he was sure neither one of them would object. Even without the mating heat, they had always worked well together as a team. Over the last four years, the three of them had worked side by side, learning each other's behaviors and pet peeves. No one else on earth would make better partners than them. He wished he figured this out sooner because being without her had nearly cost him everything.

Maybe it had, he thought, rubbing a stiff hand over the stinging bite-mark on his shoulder blade.

Sniffing against her hair, he nuzzled her neck, licking the moist skin. "I missed you, too, Brie. I missed you so damn much." He choked back the emotions that took over his heart and mind. His lips trailed sweet, tender kisses along her neck. "My heart, my chest, my mind, everything hurt being away from you. The connection between us, the electrical current filling every cell in my body, it was like a knife in my soul telling me to go back for you. And I did, baby. I did.

I resisted as long as I could because I had to, not because I wanted to. Please tell me you felt it, too, and that it's not too late for me to have your heart as well as your body."

She opened her mouth to speak, but he stopped her by pressing his index finger across her lips. "I was a fool to think I could do this without you." He cradled her from her side to her back and closed the distance between their bodies, molding to her, becoming one person. "I only wanted to keep you safe. I've never been in love, never had to deal with mating heat, I—" He frowned. "Shit," he spat.

Brie clasped his face, holding his gaze with hers. She encouraged him to continue. "What, Sebastian. Tell me?"

"I fucked up. Let's face it Brie, if the mating heat hadn't been telling you to let me love you, you wouldn't even be here. You'd be telling me to go fuck myself instead. Right?"

He knew his Brie. Knew the tough, independent woman—loved her more than words could express. His heart stopped beating as he waited for her to respond.

Brie lowered her gaze, her jaw ticking as she clenched her teeth. She eyed him, a burning intensity beamed out at him. "No, Sebastian, I would be here because this is where you are."

He held her gaze and wondered how the hell he'd gotten so blessed to have Brie Ferguson as a mate and lover. "You mean it? Really mean it?"

"Of course I mean it. When have I ever lied to you?"

He smiled, but he still felt like a cold bastard for hurting her. Even being miles apart, he could feel her pain, knew she suffered just as he had. He'd fucked up, and he'd spend every waking moment making it up to her. At least he hoped he'd have the chance to make it up to her.

* * * *

Brie nodded, pressing her lips together. Holding on to Sebastian felt so right, so good. The emotions conjured by his absence were

gone like it never happened. Missing him had been torture, but loving him had been heaven.

He smiled. The warmth of that one gesture tugged at her heart. “We should get going. We have a lot to do.”

She nodded again, sliding out of his arms and off the edge of the bed. They showered, and he took full advantage of the situation, making love to her one more time and returning to the room to dress. Only sharing quick glances with one another, she paused at the door before opening it.

“One more thing, Sebastian,” she said, a wicked grin tugging at her lips.

He turned to meet her gaze, and the fierce blow of her right hand creased over the side of his face. The loud wallop made her feel better. The sting she was sure he felt on his face might never match the sting he had left in her heart, but it felt good nonetheless.

He growled at her, closing the distance between them, his massive body crowded against her.

She didn’t back down, didn’t as much as flinch. Through clenched teeth she warned, “Don’t ever do that to me again!” Her eyes held fire she was sure he could feel. “Next time you think to leave me...Don’t.”

With lightning speed, he clasped the hand that struck his face and yanked it against his chest. Dark, seething eyes fixed on hers. She swallowed. Panic trampled through her body, blood pumping so loud in her ears it left her deaf.

To her amazement, he pressed the palm of her hand against his lips and kissed it, eyes closed, lingering for a solid minute. Opening his eyes, he stared at her. Pure, raw emotion filled his gaze.

“I will never leave you again, Brie.” Closing the last remaining distance between them, he took her mouth. It was a hot, possessive kiss that left her toes curling and a soft, fluttering moan tearing from her lips. “I didn’t think it would be so hard, but it was. Brie, spending one moment away from you was hell. I never believed I could love

someone so deep and true as I love you. For me, being with you is so much more than just mating heat—it's love, Brie."

She gazed down at her shoes, her eyes welling with unspent tears and her bottom lip quivering. Lifting her chin with his index finger, he searched deep into her eyes.

He told her, "I love you more than I ever dreamed possible."

Choking back the sobs that somersaulted inside her belly, she wrapped her arms around Sebastian. "I love you, too," she confessed. "That's why it hurt so much. I feel like you chose to be away from me rather than stay with me." She met his gaze. "I understand about Mason. I do, but the pain in my heart, mind, and body felt like I was dead anyway—Mason would have actually done me a favor if he killed me." She placed her hand in front of him, blocking his round-eyed protest. "I'm not saying I would have wanted that, I'm saying being without you...well, I just don't want to do that again."

For a long moment they just held each other. Sebastian promised, "I will never leave you again, Brie. I promise. Should the need arise for me to be apart from you, I'll just bring you and Jonah with me."

Smiling, she said, "Good, because I'm sick of crying at the drop of a hat. I'm tired of feeling like a blubbering little girl who has no control over her emotions."

He pressed a tender kiss to her lips. "No more tears. No more being apart from each other. All we need to do now is stop Mason Levi from infecting any more lycans, and we also need to get you practicing using your powers."

She arched a brow, "I don't know how to use my powers."

He brushed her hair away from her face, dipped down to kiss her lips, and grinned. "But I do."

Chapter Five

Two hours later, Brie sat on the mangled and shredded couch, her foot tapping against the corner of the broken coffee table. Sebastian had nearly destroyed the home she once thought of as the perfect place. A pristine cabin surrounded by majestic lands. Repairing the damages he'd caused was going to take a lot of work.

Besides broken furniture, the curtains, including the rustic metal rods, had been torn away from the windows, all interior decorations shattered and broken, and nothing looked the same. A bomb exploding would have been less destructive. The sight of all the chaos stole her breath away. What he must've gone through to do this kind of damage...she shivered.

Swallowing hard, her eyes focused on a small pool of blood on the floor near the fireplace. He'd cut himself during his rampage. Earlier when they'd made love, she hadn't noticed any cuts or scrapes on his body. The supernatural ability to heal was a nice little werewolf trait. One she honestly wouldn't mind having herself.

While she was in the bedroom with Sebastian, Jonah had taken the time to straighten up what he could in the living room. The cushion she sat on was the only one left in one piece—still torn, but in one piece. Jonah had cleared away most of the debris from the kitchen floor, creating a path for her to walk around without having to worry she might trip over something. She smiled at his sweetness.

Brie folded her arms across her chest and studied the brothers as they both took turns picking up broken furniture and debris, effortlessly tossing it out the back door. Neither one made eye contact with the other, but she knew they had been speaking—just not to her.

The little shits had probably been yelling their heads off using telepathy. They seemed to tread lightly around her, afraid that hearing them fight would upset her, but honestly a little something was better than all the damn silence. Every now and again, she would hear a deep growl, then witness the brothers halt their movements, glaring at one another.

Yes, they were definitely using telepathy.

Covering her mouth with her hand, she hid her smile. Grown men could be so ridiculous sometimes. Jonah was angry with Sebastian for what he had done to her, and she knew it, but she didn't need Jonah to fight her battles, and she certainly didn't want to come between the brothers. At least not anymore than she already had.

Being this close to Sebastian and Jonah again fueled her body. The feeling was so right and perfect. A warming tingle, more like an electric burst of energy, pulsed through her veins. They both had a way of making her feel more alive than she'd ever felt before. She loved them more each day, and now that Sebastian was with her again, her heart beat just a little faster.

"You two really need to stop with all the insults," she said, standing with her arms folded over her chest.

Sebastian and Jonah turned to stare at her. Their brows furrowed. Their dark eyes filled with a serious and heightened intensity.

"We haven't said anything," Sebastian grumbled.

Stepping over the broken leg of the table, Brie moved to stand between them. "Oh yes you have. Your use of angry mind reading is so uncomfortable, even those who don't use telepathy can feel it." She rested her hands on the brothers' forearms, and in unison their muscles twitched. A jolt of warmth shot straight to her toes. *Oh, boy.* "Now stop fighting. I don't like us this way—me sitting silent like the good wife, while you two fight over...me." She shook her head wearily. "Seriously, it's silly. I'd rather we move forward and not worry about what's passed. Can we do that?" She glared from one brother to the other. "Can we?"

Before Sebastian or Jonah could respond, the front door pushed open, scraping against broken pieces of glass and wood. All eyes moved in the direction of the arriving guests. Brie's heart leapt at the intrusion.

Ryken and Luken, Sebastian and Jonah's gorgeous twin werewolf cousins, stood there like bronzed golden gods. Streaming blond hair dripped over their broad shoulders, muscular arms folded over their wonderfully naked chests, hypnotic green eyes and strong legs encased in tight form-fitting jeans. She gulped.

The cousins seemed to struggle with the concept that it was okay to be clothed. Jonah had shared with her that the twins were often unclothed because they enjoyed being in wolf form more than human form. Running through the woods was invigorating, and they did it every chance they got, which seemed to be every single day.

Ryken glanced around the room, and locking his gaze on Sebastian's, he asked, "You done destroying everything in sight now that your pretty little mate has returned?" With a grin, he winked at Brie, making heat flood her cheeks.

Sebastian grunted, not bothering to respond to his obnoxious cousin's words. He returned to gathering the broken pieces of furniture, tossing them out the back door. Jonah's arms were loaded up with shredded pillows and fabric, following behind Sebastian.

"Brie, you must be hard to live without. In all my years, I've never seen Sebastian do so much as break a nail. His alpha doesn't crack the surface often, but damn," he said, glancing around the room. "It sure as shit does when you're not around."

Returning to stand beside Brie, Sebastian growled, his lip curling in frustration, "What do you want, Ryken. Why are you here?" He gripped Brie's shoulders, pulling her against his chest. She shuddered at the contact. His body so warm, even through his clothes she could feel him radiating into her. Was it possible he was warmer than she remembered him being?

"To make sure you're okay," Luken shared.

Grinning, Ryken added, “And to fuck with you of course.”

“So I figured.” Sebastian released Brie, turned, and picked up more debris off the floor. “If you haven’t come to help clean or do something useful, then perhaps its best you leave.”

Ryken chuckled. “Wow, you really are a grump. Maybe you need a little more one-on-one time with your mate, alpha dog.”

Suddenly, everything around her moved at hyperspeed. Sebastian’s arms opened and all he held crashed to the floor. He launched himself towards Ryken, snarling and growling like a wild beast, arms swinging.

If not for Jonah and Luken, Sebastian would have been pummeling the shit out of Ryken’s beautiful face. Jonah and Luken held the struggling and angry Sebastian, grunting as they tried to steady him.

Sebastian’s body enlarged, eyes flickering silver, claws lengthening into razor-sharp knives. He was going to turn into the wolf. Brie swallowed hard, knowing he could easily kill everyone in the room.

Instinct took over, compelling her to step forward and place herself between Sebastian and Ryken. A powerful force clawed at her mind to intervene—to heal. Eyes wide, she stared at the man she loved and pressed the palm of her hand flat against his rumbling chest. He stilled on contact as if jolted by her touch.

Sebastian’s exotic silver eyes appeared to be outlined with the faintest edge of kohl, his body enlarged, an indication that his beast was breaking through his hold. His control failing. Brie knew she should be afraid of the raging beast, but it was Sebastian. Her Sebastian, and she had to believe that he would not hurt her. Her belly fluttered with nerves at the thought she could be wrong.

Brie spoke low, “Sebastian, don’t. What are you doing? Ryken is your family. He’s only teasing you. Why are you acting this way?” She caressed his whiskered cheeks with her hands.

He snapped his arms back, launching both Jonah and Luken off of him as if the men hadn't really been restraining him. He grabbed hold of Brie's hands and pressed each one to his mouth, then turned abruptly and charged through the back door, leaving them all staring after him.

Glancing around the room, she muttered, "What the hell was that all about?" She turned as Jonah approached.

Hiking his shoulders, Jonah whispered, "Sebastian hasn't quite forgiven Ryken for attacking you in the woods last month. He seems to be holding a slight grudge."

Brie's eyes narrowed. "That's just ridiculous. Ryken never hurt me. Besides, I was new here. He didn't know who I was. He was protecting his home, for crying out loud. Sebastian told me that himself."

"I know, but I think being away from you for so long has messed with his head. His beast edged a little closer to the surface than we generally like them to."

She held up her hand. "Wait, you mean he's gone out there to turn into his wolf, but there's no full moon?" Once the words left her lips she realized how stupid that was to say. Tumbling nerves were turning her brain into a bucket of useless matter. Jonah had already shared with her that werewolves didn't need the moon to shift. The presence of the full moon only made shifting a greater temptation—running wild through the woods, howling at the full moon felt blissful.

"We can do that anyway, the moon gives us a little less control over the wolf. We have more urges," he raised his brows up and down several times indicating his sexual reference. "Most times we have control, but Sebastian let the beast get control for too long, that's why everything around you has been destroyed, why he and I are not talking, and why he just wanted to rip Ryken's head off." He brushed his fingers over her heated cheek. "He'll be fine. It might just take a little time for him to calm down."

Brie rolled her eyes at his comment, her gaze focused on the pool of blood she had noted earlier. “Is that Sebastian’s blood on the floor over there?”

Brie pointed towards the fireplace, and all eyes followed. Jonah took a few steps forward crossing the room. He knelt, inhaling the scent of the blood. Then turned to face the others, his face didn’t reveal his thoughts. He stared at Ryken and Luken for a solid moment before returning his gaze to Brie.

“Don’t do that,” she snapped. “Don’t talk to each other as if I’m not here. I can fucking feel when you talk to each other with that damn wolf telepathy.” Her hands sprung to her hips. “I’m starting to get a little pissed off about it, too. Now tell me what you just told those two.” She flipped her hand in the direction of both Ryken and Luken.

Jonah’s chest enlarged as he took in a big gulp of air.

“It’s not Sebastian’s.”

She arched a brow. “Then whose is it?”

Jonah hiked his shoulders. Glaring at her, he said, “I’m not a bloodhound, Brie.”

“No,” her voice raised an octave as she agreed with him, “You’re not a bloodhound. You’re a werewolf, Jonah, a werewolf with an amazing sense of smell. So stop treating me like I’m an idiot and tell me what the hell you’re thinking and what everyone else in this room apparently knows but me.”

He sighed. “Smells like animal blood, but I don’t know for sure.”

“Animal blood?” she questioned. “Like a rabbit?”

He nodded.

“Why would Sebastian hunt, Jonah?” Her gaze was tight as she asked, “Why would he want to kill?”

He shook his head. “I don’t know, Brie.”

She pressed her lips together and felt her heart retreat a little in her chest. She didn’t like that Sebastian was hurting, physically or emotionally. He was a good man, and knowing that he was in a dark

place tore at her heart. Wanting to do something, anything for Sebastian, she turned away from Jonah, nibbling her bottom lip with worry, her shoulders slouched forward.

Exhaling hard, she turned to face Ryken and Luken, wolf brothers she had come to like spending time with. They were now an extension of her family, and she hated what Sebastian had just done to them. She might not be able to ease Sebastian's pain or discover what was going on with him, but she could certainly make peace again with his family.

"I'm sorry, guys. I can't even imagine how hard things are for Sebastian right now, but I know he didn't mean to lash out at you."

Ryken and Luken smiled warmly at her. Ryken explained, "You've got nothing to apologize for, Brie. We know Sebastian went through hell without you. I was hoping that joking around with him would be easier than coming in here, guns blazing with bad news. I should have expected what happened."

Jonah stepped forward. "What bad news?"

Luken glanced over at Ryken. "We did as Sebastian asked. We started tracking down what pack Mason Levi belonged to, and we found them."

Ryken took over. "They were not pleased to see us, but once we explained Mason's condition, their attitudes changed. Strangely, they already knew he was infected."

Brie spoke up. "But they did nothing about it?"

"They said they couldn't track him down to subdue him, sent their best trackers after him," Luken said.

Ryken added, "They lost his scent and don't know where he is."

"What is he?" Jonah questioned.

Ryken and Luken exchanged a curious glance, both saying, "He's an anomaly."

"What does that mean?" Brie asked wearily.

"He's part panther and wolf."

“Excuse me?” Jonah questioned, his brows raised. “That’s not possible. The two different DNA strands wouldn’t mix. It would be like a dog trying to mate with a cat. It doesn’t work.”

“But it did this time,” Luken stated matter-of-factly.

“He was already an outcast to his people. They didn’t want him to begin with. When he showed up as an infected were-whatever, they wanted him gone for good,” Ryken added, glancing over at his brother.

“The alpha of his pack said they planned to put Mason down. Had wanted to since his birth, but his parents took him and hid him till he was old enough to return on his own. He wanted revenge against them and came back to infect them all.”

“Mason’s plan was to infect the entire pack with his virus. Mutate them the way he had been.” Brie gasped, realizing just what a horrible and devastating outcome that would be. Hundreds of were-animals would be led to slaughter. With no antidote, others would have to kill them, hunt them down like rabid animals. The thought of that happening to the men she loved made her stomach churn with swirling bouts of acid.

“Where did this virus come from?” Sebastian’s deep voice thundered from behind her. She turned to face him and extended her hand for him to take, which he did.

“Only Mason knows,” Luken said.

“What do you want to do?” Jonah asked Sebastian.

Meeting Brie’s inquisitive gaze, he told them all, “The only thing we can do. We capture him and find a way to test his blood. We figure out what’s in his blood and what the virus really is. If he has infected anyone else, we’ll need to figure out what he truly is infected with so we can come up with some kind of cure.” He faced the twins and explained, “If Mason is a carrier and it’s mutating his DNA, it could be a million different things. We can’t risk what could happen to the were-population.”

“Would you like us to help?” Ryken asked.

Sebastian cocked his head in the twin's direction. "Yes. We'll need all hands on deck for this one."

Ryken and Luken nodded.

"What about me? What can I do to help?"

Sebastian arched a dark brow, staring down at Brie. "You can help figure out the best construction crew to come out here and help repair the cabin. Also, whatever designer you wish to hire to decorate again. You decide what designs and patterns you want. Whatever you choose will be perfect." He kissed her nose, but there was no softness in his touch, the beast was hidden underneath a thin layer of restraint.

Her brow pinched tight at the bridge of her nose. "You want me to busy myself so I stay out of your way, right?" Her harsh and accusing tone left nothing masked.

Sebastian shook his head, mouth slightly parted, looking surprised by her reaction. "No. To be honest, I can't leave this cabin for at least a few more days. I don't have control yet. My beast is a little wild at present." His gaze flickered to Ryken and then back to Brie. "I won't be able to travel back to Dallas, and if I'm not going to Dallas, then neither are you. I thought rather than live in a disaster area you'd like to help me fix up the cabin." He smiled. "Besides, this will give us a chance to begin planning the wedding. I thought we could have the ceremony here for both me and Jonah."

Shocked, surprised, and embarrassed, she said, "Oh." She felt like a bitch for thinking he was pawning her off. But even with his explanation, a part of her believed he would have found something "safe" for her to do in any regard.

Protecting her had been his mission—so had Jonah's, for that matter. She had to stop assuming he didn't want her around. Keeping her safe was his priority, she knew that, but he promised they wouldn't be apart again. She had to trust him.

And the idea of planning their wedding did warm her heart and ease her mind...slightly.

“Sorry,” she said, a slight frown tugged her lips down at the corners. “Old habits die hard.”

Brushing her hair back from her face, he held her gaze. “I know exactly what you mean.” He kissed her.

Ryken grunted. “Are you two done with the make-out session? If so, we’ll go ahead and head out. We’ve got a Wolanther to track.”

“A Wolanther?” she questioned, screwing up her face and staring at Ryken. “What the hell is a Wolanther?”

Grinning, Ryken teased, “You know, a Wolanther, half-wolf, half-panther—A Wolanther.”

Luken laughed hard, a deep throaty rumble. “Holy shit, dude, you’re a genius,” he told his twin.

Nodding, Ryken agreed, “I know. It’s a curse, but I manage.”

Brie shook her head as she told Luken, “You’re not helping.”

Luken shrugged his shoulders. “He’s my twin, the other half of me. What can I say?”

Huffing out a breath, Jonah added, “Please go, before I puke.”

Chuckling, the twins left.

Brie joked, “Wow, you let them live on the McCarthy Ranch on purpose? Do you keep them hidden from normal society, or do they ever get to go out and play?”

Sebastian shrugged. “I’d like to say the sarcastic twins stay put, but that wouldn’t be true. They get into trouble at every turn and are the perfect choice for finding Mason Levi. If anyone can do it, they can.”

“Let’s hope so,” Jonah mumbled before returning to pick up more broken furniture.

Chapter Six

Sebastian punched the wall in the den, driving his fist through coarse sheet rock. With an arched brow, Jonah rounded the corner, stepping into the room to glare at his brother. He'd watched for hours upon end as Sebastian struggled to control his beast. Whatever was going on inside him wasn't getting any better.

Sebastian spent the afternoon making love with Brie, and that alone should have calmed the beast, but instead, the moment he separated from her he'd become more agitated, aggressive to the point Jonah feared leaving Brie alone in the same room with him.

Jonah sent Brie upstairs to nap, using the excuse that she'd spent most of the day helping them clean up the cabin. Heavy-lidded eyes told him just how tired she was, but she didn't complain once about the intense labor. Jonah promised he'd come up soon, and when he had, he'd found her asleep, so he left her there to rest.

Now, he stared at his emotionally frustrated brother, wondering why he chose to hang with him instead of lying cozy in a warm, soft bed beside his gorgeous female. Damn, he was an idiot—a worried brother with too much loyalty.

A single day had passed, and Sebastian didn't appear any closer to easing the wolf inside him—anger skimmed the surface of his sanity. His eyes glowed silver, his claws and canines lengthened. The wolf begged for freedom, and Sebastian was barely hanging on.

"Anything I can do?" Jonah asked.

Like anything that might stop you from destroying every fucking wall in our home?

"No," Sebastian replied in a low growl. "I'm fine."

Leaning against the door frame of the wall, Jonah crossed his arms over his chest and smirked. “Yep, you look great, totally in control. Just ask the numerous holes in the walls.”

Sebastian glared at him, eyes narrowing into a piercing stare. “Don’t fuck with me, Jonah. Now is not the time.”

Jonah raised his hands to ward off his brother’s angry warning. “I imagine any time now is not a good time, bro, so tell me what I can do to help you. Why are you having so many issues getting under control? Even when others in our family lost control and the beast surfaced, it didn’t take them this long to regain focus. What’s going on?”

“I don’t know,” he roared, slamming another fist into the wall. “I don’t have a fucking clue.” His white, dust-covered hands dug into his dark wavy hair, gripping close to his scalp. “I’m just so damn angry. I feel like I’m still away from Brie. My body and mind are on fire. I want to—” He paused, cutting off his own thoughts.

Jonah’s brow furrowed.

“Maybe I just need more time with Brie.”

A sudden force of panic lurched in his abdomen. Instinct flooded his mind and body—a warning that demanded he protect Brie from his brother—her mate. What the fuck was going on?

“No,” Jonah growled. He’d die before he let his brother use Brie like a piece of meat. How could Sebastian not see that what he sought would hurt her? He could easily kill her if he lost control.

“I won’t let you use Brie like that. I won’t let you fuck her just because you can’t control your wolf.”

“Who do you think you are, telling me what you won’t let me do? I could rip your heart out of your chest without even breaking a sweat, little pup.” Sebastian’s guttural tone left an icy chill running up and down Jonah’s spine.

“You could try.” Jonah’s intense stare burned hot from his eyes. He would stand his ground, and if it meant his death, then so be it. Brie would be safe, even if it killed him.

“Are you challenging me, little brother? Do you wish to be alpha? If this is what you want, you’ll have to kill me, you know.”

Jonah shook his head, pushing his chest out, the bones in his back going ramrod straight. He said plainly, “No, I don’t want to be alpha. I’ve never wanted to be alpha. I just want to protect Brie. She’s our mate, brother. And I have just as much right to protect her as you do, and right now I’m protecting her from *you*.” He stepped closer to Sebastian. “I’ll fight you if I have to, but I would prefer that you realize what you were planning would only hurt her, and because you love her you’ll reconsider.”

Jonah moved to stand beside Sebastian, careful not to look as though he was coming with the intention of physically fighting him. He held his brother’s blistering stare. “If our roles had changed and I was experiencing what you are, would you let me use Brie the way you’re suggesting? Would you let me ravage her body the way your wolf would do? You are so out of control you could turn during sex and kill her. You would claw and bite her to death. Do you want to risk doing that to the woman you claim to love?”

Sebastian breathed hard, his chest rising and falling in exaggerated movements. “No,” he replied quickly, and his answer was a relief to Jonah.

Honestly, Jonah didn’t know what to do with his brother, or he didn’t know what Sebastian would do if he got close to Brie again. He couldn’t risk either one getting hurt. What Jonah saw in his brother’s eyes wasn’t normal mating heat. It was something else. His gut twisted at the thought that something awful was happening to his brother.

“What happened to you while you were away?”

Sebastian pushed passed Jonah, shouldering him out of the way. Jonah turned to face him. “Where are you going?”

“Out of here.” He mumbled. “I need to get away before I destroy everything in sight. I need to run.”

“Are you sure turning into the wolf is a good idea?”

“I don’t have a fucking clue,” Sebastian snapped. “But if I stay here, I will seek Brie out, and I will have her whether you want me to or not.” He growled, the tension of his thoughts sprawled across his face. “Her scent is everywhere, and I can’t bear it any longer.” He turned and stripped his clothes from his body.

Transformation complete, the large white wolf emerged and ran into the darkness of night, disappearing into shadows.

* * * *

Brie woke to the sound of harsh breathing, almost like a thunderous purr. The fine hair on her arms and neck stood on end. She nuzzled against her pillow, grasping the blanket tight to her chest, while her eyes sought out the noise coming from the depths of the room.

“Who’s there?” she called out, hoping that it was just her sleepy mind playing tricks on her.

Panic gripped hold of her heart. She didn’t need another attack from Mason Levi. She didn’t need to once again feel the vulnerability of being powerless, trapped at the edge of death. That was the last thing she wanted to feel.

Pushing up onto her elbows, she glanced around the room, circling the area in a strategic pattern. Her eyes swept from the door, over furnishings, seeking out every shape, until her vision settled on the massive image huddled in front of the doors leading to the balcony. Eyes rounded, mouth dry, she swallowed hard.

The sheer white curtains danced as the cool night air drifted into the room. She remembered closing those doors before falling asleep. She didn’t sleep with windows or doors open ever. Now the doors were open, and a large figure filled the empty space.

Shimmering silver eyes gleamed out at her. She froze, unable to breathe. Trapped by fear, she stared back at the mystical eyes, praying

she was about to wake from a nightmare—a terror-filled nightmare that brought feelings of certain death.

Then a wave of warmth surged into her body and mind, heating her up from the inside out. A euphoric sensation pulled at her heart and eased her panicked mind. She recognized the warmth and knew it instantly.

“Do not fear me, Brie.”

Sebastian?

Her heart revved up at the thought of him standing like welcoming death. Something was wrong. What was he doing here lurking in the dark like a predator? She sucked in a sharp breath. Why were his eyes glowing?

Voice trembling, she admitted, “It’s hard not to be afraid when all I can see is your glowing eyes. You’re fighting the wolf transformation, aren’t you, Sebastian?”

Large, menacing hands widened at his sides, and she took note of his knifelike claws. “Yes,” he responded, voice scraping against his throat, sounding more beast than man.

Oh God. What am I going to do? What does he want from me? Duh, what else would a feral wolf want with his mate.

Her thoughts moved to Jonah. Silently, she begged for him to come to her, help her understand what was happening to Sebastian. The man she loved, cared for—feared.

“Maybe you shouldn’t be here.” She pushed up from her elbows and sat up straight. Her breathing grew heavier.

His voice was a deep rumble as he told her, “You’re right, but I can’t make myself leave.”

Oh, shit. What the hell did that mean? “What do you want, Sebastian? Why are you standing there in the dark? How did you get in here?”

He didn’t speak. Instead, he took one step forward then froze his advancement as if resisting the urge to get closer to her. Both of his

hands dove through the tangled waves of his dark hair. Shadows and light danced along the silhouette of his body.

Turning, she caught a glimpse of his sweat-covered, glistening torso. He was naked. At least she assumed he was. She could only guess that he was not wearing pants either. She didn't have to see it to know that he had come to her as the wolf, using her balcony as a means of entering her room.

Heart pumping fast in her chest, she couldn't take her eyes off him. Brooding shoulders had her wondering why he was there. Why he wouldn't come near her? Why he sounded like the feral beast and not the man she'd spent the last four years in love with? Something was terribly wrong with the man she loved—something that told her he was struggling to come to terms with it just as she was.

Clutching the blanket to her chest, she begged him to tell her something, anything to help her understand what was going on. Why he had come to her like this. "Sebastian, please tell me what's wrong with you. What's going on?"

The silver in his eyes flickered, and a spot of red filled her vision, but only momentarily. She blinked, wondering if what she saw was real or if it was just her imagination. Fear was running wild in her mind, blood surging through her like a raging waterfall.

Perhaps it was just her heightened emotions and her overactive imagination, but she swore she smelled blood in the air—blood that didn't belong to her.

* * * *

Sebastian had stared at her as she lay in peaceful dreams. He had run through the forest for hours, praying that the jolt of physical release would calm his wild spirit. The mating heat was driving him crazy, as was something else—something that left his body boiling with fever and mind full of fury. He wanted to kill, attack. The need to fight was at the forefront of his mind. He didn't know why he felt

this way, but the sensations were enough to make him scared he would hurt Brie if he tried to make love to her.

He hoped with all his heart that exhausting his beast would allow him a moment of peace in her arms. Brie had a way of calming him with just a simple touch of her hand. Her sweetness was enough to ease the pain that ravaged his mind. At least it had been earlier when he'd been murderous with rage over Ryken's teasing and each and every time they'd made love.

Glancing at her wide-eyed expression, he knew she was frightened of him, and damn it, he never wanted to see her that way. He hadn't imagined that he would be the one to cause her such discomfort. He was chosen to protect her, love her, and cherish her for all times. She was his mate. The only woman he would ever love. The most precious creature he'd ever seen.

Even knowing that the woman lying on the bed in front of him was terrified, he still couldn't resist the urge to reach out to her—touch her. He took another step towards her and watched as she gathered the blanket tighter against her chest.

Lust filled his head and his cock swelled. The beast growled inside his head, demanding things—lustful things. He was going to fuck her, taste her—he couldn't get enough of her. Salvation would be found in the depths of her body, he told himself. She was his, and he needed to be buried inside her as deep as he cock could go. Only she could ease the pain that tormented his body and mind. Only her—his Brie.

Taking another step, he heard her gasp for breath. She was well aware of what he wanted. He could smell it. Her arousal so thick he could taste it in the air he sucked into his lungs. Her delicious honey was driving him mad.

The beast roared again inside his head. Another step. Slowly he moved around the bed, his chest heaving in gulps of air. Licking his lips, knee pressing into the soft mattress, he closed in on her.

Crawling on hands and knees, he called to her, “Brie, lower the blanket.” He settled his weight on the bed.

She shook her head. Her rounded eyes revealed her hesitation.

In a more commanding voice, he ordered, “Brie, remove the goddamn blanket.”

She shook her head again. “No, Sebastian. I can’t. Not like this. Something’s terribly wrong. I can feel it.”

Fury laced his every thought. *She’s denying you*, his mind screamed. *Don’t let her deny you. You are her master.*

Closing the distance, fingers and claws gripped the blanket and yanked, pulling the fabric down. Then he was on her, blocking her scream with his ferocious kiss. His teeth scraped against hers as he possessed her mouth, his tongue probed into the wet depths. She pushed against him, but he simply ignored her feeble attempts. She was no match for his strength, and he would have her. Oh yes, he would have her—all of her.

Tearing at the night-shirt she wore, he bared her before him in seconds. Miraculously, he hadn’t harmed her flesh. Her perfect alabaster skin lay beneath his hungry gaze.

He tore his mouth away and kissed along her chin and neck, licked against her sweet flesh like a tender morsel he was dying to devour. She squirmed against his hold, and he liked it—her writhing, quivering body stroking against his.

Brie’s resistance faltered and he craved her willingness to be with him—a mating instinct. The beast was on the edge now, looking down at the woman he was prepared to sink into. He could smell that she was wet and ready for him. Her arousal revealed the truth as he pushed his fingers into the heat of her slick folds. “Damn,” he groaned as he dipped one finger inside her, then another.

“Goddamn, you’re wet. You want the beast to fuck you, don’t you Brie. You might say otherwise, but your body knows its mate—craves me, hungers for me. You want me just as much as I want you.” He removed his fingers from her slick pussy and licked them clean,

groaning in satisfaction. She tasted so damn good it was better than anything he'd ever sampled.

"I'll always want you, Sebastian," she moaned as he positioned himself between her legs and ground his hips against her pussy.

Arching his back, he probed against her wetness. She whimpered, and he was too caught up in the fire inside his brain to care. Blinded by the fever, he didn't want anything to stop him from being wedged inside her. And God help anyone who tried to stop him.

"Please, Sebastian, listen to me. I love you, and I want you, but there's something wrong. I know it. I can feel it." She brushed her fingers over his cheek, and he snapped at her, nearly catching her fingers with his sharp teeth.

She screamed.

He howled as contentment filled every cell in his body.

* * * *

Brie gasped for breath as his eyes darkened and flickered once again. She hadn't imagined it. His eyes had turned red. Just like Mason Levi's.

Oh God no! Not Sebastian.

"Sebastian, wait. Please don't do this, baby. Something's wrong. You're sick. You've been infected."

She pressed against his chest with the palms of her hands, his chest so hot it burned her skin like fire. Slick with sweat, her hands slipped, and his weight crushed down on her. A whoosh of air escaped her lungs as he rocked against her pussy with his cock.

Growling, he thrust his hips forward, gliding over the wetness of her cunt, pumping hard against her, spreading her wide for better access. She held him against her breasts and squeezed her eyes closed, and pretended the electrifying connection they shared was still there. She needed the man in her arms to be her alpha. She couldn't let him go, wouldn't let him suffer alone.

She had to save him, but didn't know how. She did all she could do, she spoke to him from her heart. "I love you, Sebastian," she whispered into his ear. "I love you so much." Tears filled her eyes. "You can have my body if it helps to ease your pain. Don't leave me, Sebastian. Please let me help you."

He bucked his hips harder, slipping past the folds of her pussy and along the seam of her ass. "You are helping me," he growled. "I'm going to fuck your sweet cunt. You're going to feel so damn good squeezing my cock." He pushed off her and roared as if howling at the moon. "When I'm done fucking your pussy, I'm going to shove my cock into your ass and fuck you again. You're going to be mine and only mine, forever. No more sharing, Brie." His white teeth gleamed dangerously at her, inches from her face. "From now on it's just you and me. Fuck Jonah, he can find his own mate. You're mine, not his." Shocked by his words, she didn't argue, afraid he would hurt her or worse yet, bite her, breaking the skin and infecting her with the same mutating virus he somehow caught. She wanted to tell him he was stretching her, hurting her body with the force he used to fuck her with his thick fingers. Instead, she remained silent and let him use her body. He was rough with her, abrasive and animalistic. His hands and claws dug into her skin, but did not break the surface.

Suddenly, the door to her room blasted off its hinges and in rushed Jonah. His shoulder slammed into Sebastian and sent him sprawling across the floor and off Brie. She gripped the blanket and pushed to a sitting position against the headboard.

"Sebastian, don't!" Brie's heartfelt plea could be heard across the McCarthy Ranch. "He's protecting me. You would want him to keep me safe, right?"

"Sebastian?" Jonah called his name through gritted teeth. "I told you I would protect her as you would want me to. Think about what you are doing. Get out of here before this gets ugly."

Sebastian roared, charging back at Jonah. Their bodies slammed into one another at the foot of the bed. Snarling, snapping teeth echoed in the darkness.

Brie shivered, feeling an all-consuming power building deep inside her, twisting at her gut, branding her mind. What was happening to her? Pulse pounding hard in her throat, she swallowed. Her hands shook, the rush of fire flaming against the skin of her palms.

Instinctively, she raised her hands, palms out, and blasted both Sebastian and Jonah with the same powerful light energy she'd once struck Mason Levi with. Both men flew across the room, slamming into opposite walls. They glared at her. Sebastian's eyes filled with menace and hate, Jonah's with shock. As she huddled against the headboard of her bed, silence surrounded her, but not for long.

A deep growl ripped from Sebastian's chest as his fist connected with Brie's dresser, sending it into a hundred shards of broken wood and hinges. Like a cat, he leapt for the balcony and over the railing. In the blink of an eye, he was gone.

Jonah rushed to Brie's side, pulling her into his arms. "Did he hurt you?"

Trembling, she told him, "No, he was just a little rough, but he didn't hurt me. Jonah, he's been infected." She explained, eyes welling with tears. "He's sick, Jonah. That bastard Mason did this to him." Jonah grabbed hold of her, wrapping her in the security of his embrace.

Jonah was the only thing keeping her grounded, and she needed him more than ever. Her heart shattered into a million pieces. Lost, she didn't know what else to do, so she cried. Pouring her heart out, she let Jonah soothe her—again.

Jonah's eyes lowered to look over Brie. He eased her back to glance at her arms and chest. Her chest was covered in crimson and sticky to the touch. "Brie, you've got blood on you."

She glanced down at herself, shaking. "It's not mine. It must be Sebastian's."

Jonah inhaled against her chest and face. He shook his head. "No, it's not Sebastian's."

The words between them went unspoken, but she knew they both thought it. Sebastian had possibly killed something or someone else while in wolf form. The blood that pooled in front of the fireplace once again fresh in her mind, she shivered.

"I thought something was wrong with him earlier, and I was hoping it wasn't this." Stroking her hair, he asked, "You're sure he's been infected?"

She nodded. Her body a tangle of nerves, she said, "Yes, I'm sure."

"You used your powers, Brie," he said in a statement, not a question. "How did you figure out how to use them?"

She shook her head. "I didn't. It just happened." The fiery emotions of panic and fear had consumed her body, filled her mind to the brim. Was that the key to using her powers? She didn't know, and her head hurt too much to care.

Jonah kissed her crinkled forehead then stared out the opened doors Sebastian had jumped through, disappearing into the night. A wolf's howl echoed in the distance. Sebastian. Glancing down he looked at her, his eyes filled with as much worry as her own.

He said wearily, "Then we need to find him and fast, before he infects or kills someone or something else."

Chapter Seven

Jonah paced the living room, hand clutched around his cell phone. The slow ringing of the phone pounded inside his head as he waited for Ryken to answer. He'd already tried Luken and gotten nowhere. The twins were told to keep their phones on at all times, but did they listen—no.

Why would they, after all? It wasn't like a murderer was after Brie and a mutating virus was on the loose among were-kind. No big-fucking-deal at all.

"Speak," Ryken shouted, jostling Jonah out of his rampant thoughts.

"It's about fucking time, jackass." Jonah snapped, having difficulty keeping his annoyance in check. Obviously.

"Damn, good to hear from you, too, asshole. What the hell crawled up your ass? For a minute I thought you were Sebastian." Ryken snickered.

Jonah grumbled, "I should have let my brother beat your ass when he had the chance."

"What was that?"

Gritting his teeth, Jonah continued as if Ryken hadn't acknowledged his sarcastic and out-of-character comment. "For starters, you and Luken need to keep your phones on at all times, no matter what. Secondly, we've got a big fucking problem."

"What are you talking about?"

Sucking in a breath, Jonah blurted, "Sebastian. He's been infected."

"How the fuck did that happen?" Ryken bit out.

"I don't know, but it had to have happened when he went tracking after Mason. He probably didn't want to say anything to us because Brie would worry, and he knew we'd lock his ass up."

"Well, fuck, he's right. We would've and we will once we find his dumb ass." Ryken paused, then asked, "Do you know where he is?"

"I caught him with Brie. He jumped out of her window and is now running amuck through the woods. If I know my brother—he'll be back for Brie." An unmeasured warning laced his words. "I need you both back here immediately."

"You caught him with Brie? You mean..."

Jonah's gut knotted. "I mean he tried to do exactly what you're thinking," Jonah said matter-of-factly. "He's infected, and to make matters worse he's suffering from mating heat. Being away from Brie hurt him in more ways than one."

"Shit," Ryken muttered. "Is she all right?"

"She says she is, but I know it's just a brave face."

"Okay, I'll grab Luken, and we'll head back. Are you sure you don't want to go somewhere else in the meantime? Get Brie out of there."

Where the hell would he go? Brie was freaking catnip, for crying out loud. Sebastian's personal brand of narcotics—a drug he was severely addicted to. "It wouldn't matter where we go. He'll track her. He's connected to her on a primal level. He'll find Brie wherever I take her."

Ryken blew out a ragged breath. "Right, forgot about that. I'm so freaking glad I haven't found my mate. Seems like more hassle than it's worth." The sound of Ryken grabbing his keys and starting the engine to his vehicle vibrated through the phone. "Okay, we're jumping in the truck now. See you in a few hours." Ryken didn't wait for Jonah's reply before he hung up the phone.

Jonah turned to Brie, her eyes still swollen with tears, her face bright red. The sight of her emotional distress crushed his heart, trampling it into a fine, gritty powder. He collected her, capturing her

into his strong arms. Holding her like it was the only thing in the world he wanted to do.

“I love you, sweetheart,” he told her, kissing the top of her head.

Arms tightening around his waist, she sniffled, “I love you, too, Jonah.”

“Don’t worry, baby girl, we’ll find him.”

She nodded. “I know you will. We have to. Without him we’ll never find a cure.” He stepped back, holding her by her shoulders, staring down at her as she explained, “We don’t know where Mason is, but the likelihood that Sebastian will come back for me is a guarantee. If you capture him, we’ll be able to have his blood analyzed and then a medication can be made.” She sniffled again, pulling him back into her arms. “Then when we find Mason, we’ll be able to give him the antidote as well.”

Damn, not only was she beautiful, she was incredibly brilliant. With Sebastian’s blood, they could find a cure. This was the exact reason they’d been tracking Mason down with a vengeance.

Jonah placed his finger under her chin, raising her gaze to his. He brushed her tears away from her face and whispered, “Have I ever told you how much I love your mind? It’s so damn sexy.”

She smiled, and it was a soft, sweet smile that was enough to make her eyes sparkle. He loved the deep blue of her eyes—a warm, vibrant blue that had his heart skipping a beat.

“That’s my girl. Don’t worry about Sebastian.” He squeezed her tighter into his embrace. “This might actually be a blessing in disguise.” She glared up at him, eyes narrowing. “You’re right. Discovering a cure might be a hell of a lot easier through Sebastian than through Mason.”

She nodded, an understanding filled her gaze. “I just wish we didn’t have to do this at all. We haven’t even gotten married yet. What if we don’t find a cure, Jonah? A piece of me will die without Sebastian. I’ll never be the same without him.” She cocked her head defensively at him, forcing his words back into his mouth. “Don’t try

to fill my head with a load of bullshit, Jonah. You know what I'm saying is true."

He kissed the tip of her nose. "Regardless, I don't want you thinking like that. I want you to think of only good, positive things. Sebastian is a tough son of a bitch, and he'll fight this virus. He loves you, and he won't be able to be away from you for long. Trust me, sweetheart. Ryken and Luken are on their way back, and together we'll obtain Sebastian, and he'll be back to normal before you know it."

He wiped her damp cheeks as she looked up at him, his towering figure and muscular frame surrounding her in a comforting embrace. She wrapped her arms around his waist, pressing her cheek flat against his firm chest.

She whispered, "I hope you're right, Jonah. I truly do."

Brie jumped at the sound of pounding steps coming from behind her. In the doorway leading into the cabin stood two tall, brawny men—fierce warriors and men Jonah had known for a lifetime.

Curious to learn why these two men should suddenly appear on his doorstep, he asked, "Reyes. Dominic. What are you doing here?"

Reyes, a wolf and best friend to Sebastian, had short, military-cropped black hair, crystal blue eyes, and shoulders that filled the doorframe. A white T-shirt, dark jeans, and black combat boots completed his look. He acknowledged Jonah with a nod then explained, "Luken called, said things here at McCarthy Ranch were going to hell in a handbasket, and he suggested we come lend a hand." His gaze wandered over Brie, and Jonah felt his chest bulk up. Sexual desire of weres could be read like the bold print on a newspaper. Jonah read Reyes's and Dominic's thoughts, and he didn't like what their eyes revealed.

"Who do we have here?" Dominic drawled, his eyes casting over Brie.

“My mate,” Jonah growled. “And you’d be wise to remember that.” He glared at Dominic, but his warning was meant for them both.

Dominic grinned. His shoulder-length, dark brown hair pulled back at the nape of his neck, his smooth, sophisticated gaze flickered back to Jonah. “I apologize, old friend. I meant no disrespect.” Jonah shrugged, glancing down to watch Brie stare back at the giant covered in solid black. He wore a T-shirt, jeans, and boots—a walking nightmare for anyone who crossed his path.

Jonah nodded. “Brie, this is Reyes Rodale and Dominic Mercer. They are part of our pack and live on the far side of McCarthy Ranch...that is, when they’re not raising hell in Dallas. Reyes is Sebastian’s oldest friend, while Dominic”—he cleared his throat—“is supposed to be mine.” Jonah gritted out the last part as if forcing the words to emerge.

He glared at the intimidatingly large lycan, the largest of their pack. At six-foot-six, Dominic looked like a god of war rather than just a simple man. A wall of muscle and strength, Dominic was a force to be respected—and to those who were not fast learners that meant pain, lots and lots of pain.

Growing up with the menacing bastard had been interesting. Trouble seemed to find Dominic faster than Jonah could blink his eyes. But even so, there was no other warrior Jonah would rather have at his side if he couldn’t have Sebastian. No matter the hell they caused each other, the torment they forced each other to suffer, the loyalty and respect they shared was always there.

Reyes bowed his head as if he were being introduced to royalty—a complete contrast to his rough, casual appearance. “It is so very nice to meet you, Brie. We’ve heard so much about you already.”

“Yes, we have.” Dominic approached her, lifting her hand to his lips, kissing her knuckles. “It seems unfortunate that it is only now that we should meet you.”

Jonah rolled his eyes. The need to puke pushed up from his stomach and into his throat. He was going to beat the shit out of Dominic the first chance he got. “I won’t warn you again, Dominic. The ladies may find your Casanova charms flattering, but I only find them annoying.”

Chuckling, Dominic said, “You didn’t always think so, my friend. I remember not too long ago when you were begging me to show you the ways of—”

Clearing his throat, Jonah cut Dominic off and said, “Brie is my mate, and I don’t think she needs to hear what you have to say.”

True enough, Jonah had lived a life where he found as many women as he could to spend his nights with, but those days were over and gone. The only woman that mattered to him now was Brie. Having her learn of his oversexed past would solve nothing, and the last thing he needed was for her to question his love and develop emotional insecurities about their relationship. He could feel she already questioned Sebastian’s love for her. Vulnerabilities had a way of digging in under the skin and lingering longer than desired.

Don’t say a fucking word to her about my past, Dominic. Now is not the time. Trust me. His mind dove deep into Dominic’s, forcing his thoughts to be heard. He felt Dominic’s response with a warm burst of heat that came from the telepathic link between lycans.

Knowing his curious mate, he didn’t flinch when he heard her ask, “What if I’d like to learn about your past?” She held Jonah’s gaze. “I think I’d be interested to discover what you were like before I came into the picture.”

Dominic laughed, dark midnight black eyes rimmed with gold. “Perhaps Jonah is right, Brie. It might be best if some things remained in the past.”

She nodded at him with a soft smile. “Maybe you’re right.”

Jonah cringed as she agreed so easily. Brie didn’t give in without a fight. She was a fierce attorney, for crying out loud, and arguing was her forte. Without a shadow of a doubt, he was going to hear all

about it later when they were alone. He'd be forced to share more of the details of his past, but at least he'd be able to do the telling—not his obnoxious best friend.

The sound of a howling wolf jerked everyone into silence. Jonah held Brie at his side. The wailing was coming from Sebastian, and that was a good thing because that meant he hadn't gone too far. Once Ryken and Luken showed up, they'd all go in search of Sebastian. Everyone except for Brie and those he chose to guard her.

"Ryken wasn't very gracious with the details. What's going on, Jonah?" Reyes stepped into the room, closing the front door at his back. "What's happened to Sebastian?"

Jonah sighed hard as he led Brie to stand at the counter in the kitchen. He quickly explained the situation with Mason Levi and the mutating virus. "Somehow Sebastian's been infected with some kind of virus, but none of us knew about it until about an hour ago." He squeezed Brie's hand, sensing that hearing this story repeatedly was taking its toll on her fragile nerves. "I'm assuming Ryken called you to help us capture him, which was actually kind of smart considering the source," he smirked. "We could use all the help we can get."

"We're glad to lend a hand," Dominic said, glancing around the cabin. "Sebastian did all this?"

Brie nodded, leaning into Jonah's side, her arm around his waist.

"Mating heat?" Reyes questioned.

Brie nodded again, her face reddening.

Reyes ran a firm hand over his face, stroking the black goatee on his chin, he bit out, "Shit, man. Mating heat and some wacky damn virus...When Sebastian gets fucked, he really gets fucked." Leave it to Reyes to speak bluntly. No need pussyfooting around.

Reyes shifted uncomfortably, as if embarrassed by his choice of words in front of a woman. Meeting her gaze, he said, "Pardon my language, Brie,"

She offered him a shy smile.

Jonah spent the next hour catching up with Reyes and Dominic, explaining that Sebastian had gone to Scotland to ask Brie's family for her hand in marriage, and also shared that he had been tracking Mason Levi. Jonah left out the important details of Brie's mysterious abilities and that Sebastian had discovered more about her past.

Damn, of all the times for Sebastian to keep shit to himself, now was not the time.

Jonah heard Ryken's truck and glanced to the door as the golden-haired twins rushed inside, clad in only blue jeans and no shirts—as always. Jonah should've felt grateful that the wonder twins had managed to put on a pair of shoes.

"We miss anything?" Ryken blurted out.

"Like what?"

Ryken grinned as he reached his hand out to Reyes. They gripped each other's forearms in a warrior-like fashion. They hugged, slapping each other on the back, stepping away after a moment of greeting.

"Good to see you," Reyes told the twins.

Luken followed suit, embracing his old friend. Neither one hugged or embraced Dominic.

"Do I have leprosy?" Dominic snickered, and the twins laughed.

Shaking his head, Luken said, "No, but if I remember correctly, the last time I hugged you...you grabbed my ass and told everyone present that I was your gay lover." Luken made an exaggerated shiver. "That's not right, man. That night I was embarking on spending the evening with a voluptuous redhead, but thanks to your convincing joking, she went running as fast as she could. She actually believed you and thought I was gay."

Chuckling, Dominic reached his hands out in a groping fashion and said, "Oh, don't be such a baby. Come give your old friend Dom a great big, sloppy hug and kiss." He puckered his lips, looking like a fish and blowing obnoxious kisses towards the twins. This proved that

even grown men, who appeared to look as though they were in their thirties, could still act the part of silly children.

Ryken and Luken shook their heads and stepped back. “No, we’re good, Dom. But it really is great to see you,” Ryken finished with a smile.

Brie looked from Dominic to the twins and then back again, she pressed into Jonah’s side, whispering, “I don’t think I want to know.”

“That’s probably best where these guys are concerned,” Jonah joked. “I could tell you stories that would make that beautiful, blonde, straight hair of yours curl.”

Ryken leaned against the broken couch, his arms folded over his chest. “I thought you might want to know that we saw Sebastian running away from the house as we pulled up. He seemed to be pacing along the east end of the cabin.”

“That’s where Brie’s room is,” Jonah announced. “I bet he’s waiting for her to go to sleep for the night.” Locking on her gaze, he said, “He’s going to try and sneak into her room again.”

Jonah hated thinking about using Brie as bait, but it was the only way they were going to get Sebastian to come to them without having to use force. With five adult lycans, surely they could capture one alpha male.

Jonah took the next hour to put a plan of action together using Brie as the main source of attraction and distraction for Sebastian. Ryken and Luken would stay with Brie, while Ryes and Dominic joined him to search the woods. He knew that Sebastian would be close by, and they wouldn’t have to search far to find him.

Brie was to go into her room and wait with the light on for thirty minutes. Ryken and Luken would wait in the hallway to keep their scents from blending with hers.

Jonah knew it would be difficult for her to do, but he’d asked her to try and stimulate herself so that Sebastian would scent her arousal—driving the mating heat wild inside him. There was no way

he could resist. Sebastian would be unable to stay away from her the moment he caught her scent.

“Brie, are you up for this?” Jonah asked, holding her by her shoulders. His gaze was soft, but inside his heart pounded with worry. He swallowed hard, his mind racing with thoughts of everything that could go wrong. And damn it, a lot of things could go terribly wrong.

“I want to help Sebastian, so if that means I have to be bait, then I have to be bait.” She popped to her toes and pressed a sweet, gentle kiss to his lips. “Just make sure you do it without hurting him or yourselves.” She wrapped her arms around his waist, and he rested his chin on her head.

“You are an incredible woman, Brie. Always thinking of others before yourself,” he whispered against the top of her head.

He wished he could guarantee that he would bring Sebastian home in one piece, but if his brother tried to kill anyone, especially Brie, he’d be forced to take drastic measures. Normally Sebastian wouldn’t allow anything to happen to Brie, and damn it, neither would he.

“I’ll bring Sebastian home,” he promised as he kissed her hair, praying that he wasn’t lying to his precious Brie.

Chapter Eight

Brie spent the first twenty minutes pacing her bedroom, pretending to arrange the clothing in her walk-in closet. Racks and rows of clothing and shoes filled the spacious area. One side of the closet held shirts of all kinds, blouses and T-shirts. Another held slacks and jeans, while the far side of the closet held dresses and intimate wear. Underneath each sections of clothing were row after row of shoes—flats, heels, tennis shoes and slippers.

Using the clothing as a form of distraction, she tried hard to forget that at any moment a feral, snarling werewolf could lunge through her balcony doors and possibly kidnap her, or worse yet, infect her with some unknown virus. How he'd managed to keep from breaking her skin and infecting her each time he bit her or touched her boggled her mind, but she was thankful nonetheless.

She placed all her faith in the belief he wouldn't hurt her, wouldn't kill her or inflict any kind of bodily harm, at least unintentionally. Even knowing that, she couldn't stop the fear from slamming against her skull like a jackhammer. Her faith seemed to stop at physical harm because at present her mind was so fucked up with apprehension she couldn't see straight. Emotions that normally held solid and true were everywhere but.

Her dread was brought on because she wasn't exactly like Sebastian and Jonah. She wasn't a werewolf, not really, and she didn't know if she could even be infected by this virus or if it would turn her into a mindless, murdering monster. Truthfully, she didn't know what the hell she was, and she didn't want to get close enough to Sebastian or Mason to find out.

Loving Sebastian was becoming more of a challenge than she had bargained for. Missing him these last few weeks had been hell, physical and emotional hell. Damn him. He'd left her to suffer alone. Agonizing pain burned in her heart, blazed in her mind, emotions and feelings she had learned he felt, too, and yet he'd never returned for her. Perhaps the emotions tripping up her heart wasn't the pain of neglect and abandonment, but really guilt. After all, if she hadn't taken the case to prosecute Mason Levi, none of this would have happened. This was all her fault.

Thankfully Jonah hadn't allowed her to say "fuck you" to Sebastian and all the werewolf bullshit. She wasn't able to let go of Jonah and Jonah would not allow her to give up on Sebastian. Neither would her damn heart for that matter.

Never had anyone explained to her the separation between them could be so strenuous and hard to bear. Many nights she had sat up wondering if all of these crazed feelings were worth it, and now knowing that he might not even been the man she'd loved for all these years—what did that leave her with? Explaining her feelings and fears to her heart, a deaf heart no less, was impossible.

Stupid, dumb, idiotic heart.

The mating heat came upon them sometimes with such ferocity that her clothes landed on the floor in shredded piles. She didn't complain about it. In fact, she relished it, loved it. Their burning need to have her, the urgency to mate with her was so strong, and the power that surged between them like nothing she'd ever experienced before. Being without Sebastian was like living without a vital organ, and the emotional strain she felt was tearing her apart. Crying over every little thing, feeling like she was only half a person or even a third of one was driving her insane.

Mating heat was a bitch—a bitch she'd like to slap right in the mouth.

Fists balled at her sides, she struggled with the need to leave McCarthy Ranch and never look back. Being the victim of her own

life was not her thing. She gritted her teeth, reminding herself that she was smart, strong, and resilient—not weak and vulnerable.

“Yeah right,” she snorted.

Right now she’d give anything to have a giant rock to crawl under and hide.

With a heavy sigh she closed her eyes, her belly whirling with emotions. No matter what was in her mind, no matter what she told herself, she loved Sebastian and Jonah with all her heart. Leaving without the two loves of her life was easier to bitch about than to actually do. In truth, leaving was not even an option, and she knew it.

Twisting the sparkling two-carat diamond engagement ring on her finger, she grumbled, “Damn Sebastian for doing this—for fucking up our plans.”

Before he left in pursuit of Mason Levi and the secrets of her past, Sebastian asked her to marry him, and she’d gladly accepted. As long as that meant she’d be married to Jonah as well. She wouldn’t marry one without the other, and luckily for her that was part of their arrangement. Her heart wouldn’t allow it anyway—neither would her body.

Being with her two werewolf lovers was like being close to heaven without actually dying. And sometimes the pleasure Sebastian and Jonah gave her made her quiver with so much sexual ecstasy that’s exactly what she thought was happening. Nothing ever felt so good—so sinfully perfect.

Sebastian and Jonah did things to her body—wonderful things. The thought of being without the connection they shared was more fearful than being forced to swallow a jagged-edged knife.

Anger surged from deep in her gut. She was going to give Sebastian one swift kick in the ass next time they were alone...and he wasn’t infected. Then again, maybe he deserved two swift kicks in the ass.

Releasing a pent-up breath, she did as instructed by Jonah. She took off her worn jeans and blue blouse and slipped on the black

negligee Sebastian had purchased for her the last time they came to the cabin. The cool silk tickled her skin, hardening her nipples from both the feel of the material and the arousing panic charging through her body. To say she wasn't scared would be a lie. She was, unbelievably so. Sebastian was a powerful man and even more so as the wolf, but she didn't know the infected man he was now, didn't know exactly what he would do to her. What he wouldn't do to her.

Her mind thudded with questions. Could Sebastian harm her? Would he be able to resist the sexual urges brought on by the mating heat? Would he stop if she cried out in pain or would he continue to ravage her body, unable to break away from her? Judging from earlier, she could guess the answer.

God, worrying about the unknown was driving her crazy. She had to trust that Jonah and the others would protect her and keep Sebastian from danger as well. Capturing him was necessary, not only for the sake of finding a cure, but also to keep Sebastian from hurting others as Mason had done.

Her bedroom door creaked open, and she knew Ryken stood on the other side. The door only remained partially open for a minute, then closed soundlessly. She smiled, knowing he was checking on her. Having him standing guard on the other side of the door should've been a comfort to her, but it wasn't.

A dinner bell hanging around her neck in the form of a skimpy negligee, she was standing in the lion's den, unarmed. Was there truly anything that could comfort her? Not likely.

* * * *

Jonah stepped deeper into the woods, his eyes the silvery mix that hinted at the wolf hiding beneath the surface. His senses honed, he glanced around his surroundings, locking in on anything that moved.

Sebastian's scent was nowhere to be found. Either he was not in the area or he'd found a way to mask his unique alpha scent. The

thought that Jonah couldn't track his brother made the fine hairs at the back of his neck stand on end. Sebastian was a fierce wolf prior to the virus ravaging his body and mind. With the virus, Sebastian was so much worse.

Jonah cringed, wondering what kind of beast he was about to face. Would Sebastian even be the man Jonah recognized, or would Sebastian be the monster, the murdering bastard he feared? Mason could've been an asshole prior to the infection. Jonah didn't know for sure. He'd only hoped Mason had been which would mean there was still hope for Sebastian.

Gut twisting and rolling in a sea of knots, he crouched down to inspect the ground. Wolf prints were everywhere. Sebastian had been there—pacing.

Jonah stood five hundred feet away from Brie's room. Broad canopies of trees stretched towards the heavens, casting shadows that played with his near perfect vision. Rustling leaves and scurrying animals filled his hearing. Nothing seemed different or out of place. If a feral wolf were present, the animals that lingered around him would be absent, seeking shelter to escape the danger.

A familiar scent drew his attention, and he rose to his full height. He sniffed the air, turning his head from side to side until he was sure he was being drawn into the correct direction. Like a moth to a flame, Jonah moved towards the thick, unique scent. His heart pounding wildly, his breath quickening, he took off in a sprint. Arms and legs pumping, he jumped over logs, stumps, and fallen brush. His mind caught on one thing—locking down on the scent of...blood.

The same blood he'd smelled on Brie earlier and again beside the fireplace. Yes, he'd kept his complete knowledge of the blood he found to himself. Before he could share with the others, he had to be sure what he smelled was animal blood. Giving Sebastian the benefit of the doubt was easier for him. They were as close as brothers could be, and Jonah would protect him, even from himself if necessary.

Dominic had picked up on the scent as well and stood hovering over something. As Jonah approached the scent grew stronger until the overwhelming pull of death filled his nostrils. His mind would forever be branded by the shredded remnants of a mutilated animal, large enough to be a wolf that lay at Dominic's feet.

"The blood from the cabin," Dominic grunted, his raspy voice erupted from deep in his chest. "Looks like Sebastian might've fought the beast inside the cabin only to discard of the animal out here."

Jonah scowled, looking down at the remains—a twisted and torn carcass, an unidentifiable creature. "Wouldn't there have been more blood?"

Dominic hiked his broad shoulders. "Maybe. Maybe not."

"Great. So at least we know he killed an animal and not a person." Jonah gave into a deep sigh, glad the creature before him was an animal, not a human or were-being.

"Yes, I would've hated to kill your brother, Jonah. I can assure you I would've taken no pleasure in it."

Jonah nodded. Understanding that the man standing alongside him was one of the meanest and toughest bastards he'd ever come in contact with. He might have been his best friend, but he was no fool to think he was bluffing.

"Yes, but know this, Dominic—if it comes to it, the only person that's going to kill Sebastian will be me."

Dominic nodded, "Fair enough, my friend." He turned on his booted heels, shoulders heavy with tension, and headed back into the darkness to track Sebastian, but turned suddenly to add, "But remember this, friend, if you are unable to fulfill the task, then I will." He continued his trek into the woods.

Jonah stared a moment longer, watching as Dominic stalked away. His intimidating presence churned in Jonah's gut. The shimmer of the silver blade tucked up against Dominic's black shirt burned bright in the darkness of night. If Jonah didn't know him personally, he'd have thought the understanding between them to be false. A man like

Dominic took protecting the were-population as serious as a heart attack. No one would dare challenge Dominic. He was the epitome of badass—all six-foot-six of him—all the way into the marrow of his bones.

Jonah was glad for the help to capture Sebastian, but at the same time he feared for his brother and with good reason. The men that stood alongside him to find his brother were the only lycans, werewolves, he knew could destroy the fierce alpha. Sebastian might put up a hell of a fight, but they were trained assassins, trained to eliminate any threat to their species.

Jonah hoped that each of them—Ryken, Luken, Reyes, and Dominic would use their better judgment and call for backup when they faced Sebastian, rather than transform into werewolves themselves. Only to settle things like the wild and fierce beasts nature had made them. Not like the men they pretended to be.

Somewhere out there Sebastian lay in wait, hiding in the shadows of the night, a hunter, fierce and threatening. What exactly he was doing or thinking Jonah didn't know, but he would do his best to ensure that Sebastian remained unharmed and in one piece—for himself and for Brie. Now all he had to do was find him. Preferably, before the others did.

* * * *

He crouched down, sniffing the dirt, the air, and the trees at his side. Sebastian's heart beat fast in his chest. Bang, bang, bang. The sound was a thunderous explosion in his ears. Hot, blazing power flooded his body and crowded his mind, pushing most normal thoughts from the depths of his brain.

A war raged inside him—one he couldn't control or conquer.

Instinct chewed at him, beckoning him to seek salvation—comfort. His only thought was to find a way to Brie. He needed her. Being without her was killing him. She was the only thing that took

the pain away. The fever of the mating heat was nothing compared to the fire that burned inside his mind from the virus ravaging his body.

He knew his mind was not his own anymore. The unfamiliar voices that spoke to him assured him of that. Knew deep in his gut the urges he felt had been heightened by the mutation pumping through his veins.

Damn Mason Levi for attacking him. Damn him for allowing that bastard to get close enough to bite him. He absently rubbed his shoulder. Where was the fearless alpha he was supposed to be? The cunning wolf others feared and admired.

Too busy worrying about his damn dick and his beloved mate, that's where.

Fucking mating heat was going to be the death of him, either that or the virus that commanded him to do wicked things to his mate. Things he knew he shouldn't, but couldn't resist.

Sebastian didn't exactly hate all the changes occurring in his body. He was stronger, faster, and even though he stood less than a hundred feet from Jonah, he went undetected—another bonus to the mutating virus.

Dominic, the revered werewolf hunter, hadn't even scented him. Sebastian wanted to laugh. A wave of strength and energy filled his body. He would make a fool of the lot of them, especially Dominic, the only one truly capable of challenging him for the title of alpha. A title he was not willing to relinquish.

Suddenly hopeful, he hunched over and crawled upon the ground as the wolf. Sebastian's body still human, his movements sharp, aggressive and animalistic, his naked body bore down against the ground, claws from his hands and toes digging into the soft ground. He charged in the same direction as the infamous were-hunter.

Chapter Nine

Brie flipped the light switch off and lay flat on the bed. The black negligee rode up high on her thighs. The soft silky sheets felt cool and crisp against her skin. The caress of the cool linen gave her sensations she wished the men she loved were giving her, embracing her with a soft, sensual caress.

Tumbling butterflies swirled in her tummy—anticipation and fear was drowning out every other emotion. How in the hell was she supposed to masturbate when all she could think about was being confronted and possibly attacked by a rabid beast?

She didn't want to believe it, that Sebastian would appear to her like that, but she remembered the look in Mason's eyes when he'd attacked her. Smelled the blood on his body and clothes. Felt the strength her fear gave him, and knew he reveled in it.

Swallowing hard, she lowered her hand down her belly towards the groomed patch of hair between her legs. A moment of hesitation and she parted the folds of her pussy. Sliding her finger past her clit, she hoped she would find a hint of moisture. Nothing. She was drier than sandpaper.

No surprise there. The last thing on her mind was sex. Shaking her head, she groaned. *Funny how the need for survival can eradicate every ounce of my sex drive—a sex drive that was normally more aggressive than that of a nineteen-year-old boy.*

Grunting, she reached for the nightstand with her free hand, grabbing the bottle of lubricant. Emptying a good amount on her fingers she returned her hand to the folds of her sex and began smearing the lube around, grazing her clit several times.

Closing her eyes, she prayed their plan would work. Hoped that Sebastian would scent her need for him and come for her, so the men protecting her would safely capture Sebastian and return him to her, unharmed.

Brie's fingers tickled and stroked her sex, smoothing the slickness around, caressing every part of her pussy, imagining it was her alpha. Visions of his masterful tongue swirled over the sensitive flesh in ways that had her toes curling and her mind going blank. She moaned, reveling in the coarse roughness of his imaginary large hands as they caressed her body, rolling her nipples between finger and thumb.

Sebastian's mouth was truly a gift from the heavens. His touch, pure and tantalizing. Each time he touched her, tasted her, she felt nothing but sexual bliss. A euphoric sensation forcing her mind numb to every other emotion except desire, lust. Her hand moved faster against her throbbing clit. At this rate she was going to come like a volcano in record time.

Who's afraid of the big bad wolf? Not me.

The image of Sebastian's powerful body hovered over her, his full lips inches from her own. The smell of his spicy male scent filled her senses. The experience so real—her body craved more—needed more. She stroked faster, harder, pushing her finger deep into her channel.

Masturbating wasn't so hard after all. Her mind created a picture perfect image of him, her memory pulling out the sights and scents of his body, driving her beyond passion, beyond reason.

In her mind she was truly making love to him, and he was buried to the hilt inside her soaking wet pussy.

The walls of her sex clenched tight, she was so close now. She could feel her body humming like an electrical wire, buzzing full of energy. Nipples as hard as rocks, she pinched the tips and groaned. Once again she imagined the sensual lips of Sebastian sucking and licking the tender tips.

Oh God, she cried in her mind, so close to release, so close to ecstasy.

“Argh!”

She shot straight off the bed and then froze, the feral cry of the beast erupted from beyond her room. Sebastian. What was happening?

Cringing in terror, she shivered, wondering if the cry she’d heard came from Sebastian or one of the others. Had they managed to capture him, or had he somehow been hurt or worse yet killed one of them?

Flinging the sheets off her body, she jumped from the bed, grabbed her robe, and charged from the room.

* * * *

Silence was his newfound friend. Sebastian was as quiet as a mouse as he trailed close behind Dominic. Even his heavy steps went unnoticed as he crushed his clawed bare feet against the fallen leaves. The intoxicating stealth power was addicting, as was the ability to mask his scent.

Amazed and exhilarated, he was unstoppable. The power surging through his body was unlike anything he’d ever felt. No one would be able to defeat him. Not even the cunning and illustrious Dominic Mercer would be able to stop him. He chuckled, thinking he’d bring the big guy to his knees and enjoy every minute of it.

He’d followed the barbarian for what felt like miles as the fearless hunter tracked him. How funny that Sebastian was the one doing the tracking and hunting, not the other way around. Sebastian could’ve easily closed the distance on the giant wolf and torn his neck from his massive shoulders—an effortless assault.

But where was the fun in that?

Hunting was an art, tracking a gift. Proving that he was better than the rest in his pack was the only thing Sebastian cared about, that, and

finding his way back to his precious Brie. Nothing would stop him. He'd make sure of that.

Sebastian would dispose of these interfering wolves and have her all to himself. Taking out Dominic would be the hardest, so that would have to be his first move. The abnormally large, threatening bastard had to go. Sebastian couldn't afford to have Dominic destroy his chance to claim his prize. Brie and McCarthy Ranch were his property, and he owned them both—nothing would change that.

Sebastian grinned, considering they all might assume he'd go after Jonah first—his baby brother. But did they honestly believe that he would be able to hurt his own blood? Those who didn't would be dead wrong. He wanted to possess Brie, and eliminating Jonah would be a bonus. But he'd have to be careful with how he disposed of his brother, had to make it look like an accident—like one of the others had accidentally killed him. Sebastian would pretend he was there to save Jonah, that he was devastated by the realization that his only brother had been killed. Yes, that was what he would do.

Smiling, Sebastian felt his heart beat just a little faster. A perfect plan, he thought, a wonderful way to end the misery of sharing his mate and making sure McCarthy Ranch and his pack remained his and his alone.

A familiar scent on the wind caught his attention. The aroma burned hot within his body like acid. Inhaling the fragrance deep into his lungs, he knew the scent intimately. *Brie*. Mating heat throbbed in his loins and banged against his skull like a hammer.

A battle of wills sprang into action. He fought against his instincts—primal compulsions that commanded him to seek out his mate and satisfy her. She was aroused and in need of him. He closed his eyes, gritting his teeth.

Damn, his mind wailed. What was he to do? Part of him wanted nothing more than to go to Brie, immediately. But the other had to kill Dominic, eliminate the competition.

Another blast of her intoxicating scent filled his senses. He grabbed his head, clawing at his scalp. He dropped to the ground, unsure of what to do. He couldn't breathe, couldn't decide. Never had he felt so confused—lost. He felt as though his body was splitting right down the center and his heart was the first vital organ to be ripped from his battered body.

Images of Brie's smiling, warm face filled his mind. He felt like he should love this woman, but for the life of him, he couldn't remember why. What had his life been like before tonight? Why was everything so dark in his mind now? Why was the thought of killing, and worse yet, possession, whirling around in his head?

Strangely, he didn't care if Brie loved him, didn't care if he hurt her. He just wanted her body, but damn it, things hadn't always been that way. Had they? Something deep inside him told him she meant more to him than that, but how he knew it, he couldn't figure out.

A sharp sting of pain rocketed through his body, and he howled. His legs gave out, and he crumbled to the ground. The blinding pain sucked the air from his lungs. Another slam of pain rocked through his back this time, and he growled as realization kicked him in the nuts.

Sebastian twisted his body to see the towering mass of strength and power standing above him. A figure masked in total darkness. That stupid son of a bitch somehow got the drop on him. He blinked as his eyes focused on the gun pointed at his face. The black barrel teased him with the prospect of death.

He sucked in a sharp breath and waited for the final shot that would end his fucked-up and deranged existence. Ease his tormented mind and save Brie from a fate worse than death. Just then another shot rang out, and his life slowly drained from his fractured body. Cold and dark, everything went black.

* * * *

The hair on the back of Dominic's neck stood on end, and he knew exactly who watched him from somewhere in the woods. He couldn't figure out why he couldn't smell Sebastian or why he couldn't hear him even. Had to be something within the virus he carried. What else could it be? It was the only thing that was different about his old friend.

As unsettling as it was to think about, getting his hands on Sebastian seemed even more important. No one should have that kind of power—the ability to infiltrate the enemy with no chance of warning.

A great power if he was the one who possessed it—a man of stable mind and body. But not those of his enemies, and right now that's exactly what Sebastian was.

Changing direction, Dominic moved back towards the house. In the same direction he'd sent Reyes. He had a plan to draw out Sebastian, one that didn't include Jonah. Sebastian would count on them thinking he'd go after Jonah first, but if Dominic were the one hunting, he'd want to attack the strongest first. Get rid of the big guns and slowly take out the rest. That's what alphas were trained to do, and even though Dominic didn't have his own pack to claim, he was still an alpha wolf, the next in line to challenge for the title.

He didn't want the fucking title, not yet anyway. He wanted a life first, to see his people settled and safe. He was the strongest of his pack physically and needed by his people on occasions like this. As alpha he'd be forced to give direction to others in his pack and miss out on the actual hunt. He was not ready to relinquish that role—not yet, maybe not ever.

He'd only claim alpha status of his pack once Sebastian no longer wanted that responsibility or was no longer capable of handling that duty. Something Dominic hoped wasn't now. The poor bastard was sick, and that's how Dominic had to think of him. Sebastian needed time to heal, that was all. Once he was doctored up, he'd be back in business as the alpha of the pack, enough said.

Dominic scraped his arm against the tree, making sure to leave his scent thick and heavy on the area surrounding him, drawing in his alpha leader. Reyes was close by, but downwind enough that he wouldn't be identified—at least not right away.

Dominic drew out his Beretta, the black .45 caliber gun dwarfed in his enormous hands. He'd loaded the gun with silver bullets just in case he'd come into contact with something that didn't want to play nice.

He wasn't planning on letting Sebastian infect him, too, but if he had the chance to put Sebastian out of his misery, he would. Fuck, if Sebastian even looked at him like a rabid dog, he'd put him down faster than shit. Sure, he didn't want to do that, but he would, no questions asked.

Then it happened. He scented the arousal of a woman—Brie. His nostrils flared as he breathed in the alluring, musky scent. She'd done as Jonah asked, and Dominic prayed it would work.

His unruly cock stirred. He hadn't had a woman in a while, and it showed. The need for flesh-on-flesh contact was burning hot in his mind. His body itched for release. Palming his groin, he pushed his cock down, growling to get his libido under control and fast.

Standing perfectly still, Dominic inhaled a chest full of air, several times he did this, honing in on anything and everything, besides the sexually aroused female. A female he'd fuck in a heartbeat if not for his best friend, Jonah. Not Sebastian—he'd have fucked Brie just to piss Sebastian off. That's what big swinging dicks did.

Finally Dominic caught scent of Sebastian. Thanks to Brie, the bastard had dropped his guard. Hormonal lust was almost a sure bet for any were-male every time. The need to pleasure one's mate was burned into the brain—a duty each held as sacred as God himself.

Mates were instinctively chosen for one another, and they would just as easily die for each other as they would breathe. That was the way of things—always had been.

Dominic caught his scent, it was growing stronger. He backtracked, circling out and then back. Then he spotted the half-transformed alpha huddled on the ground near a tree, cradling his head. He watched for a moment as Sebastian grunted and growled, scraping claws against his head and the tree alongside him. He was acting as if he was battling his own inner demons. Most likely was. The mating heat and virus, fighting inside his head like water and oil.

He palmed the gun, squeezing his fingers around the rubbery grip of his pistol, finger tapping against the trigger. Aiming, he placed his first shot at the meaty flesh of Sebastian thigh. Sebastian reared up, wailing as if he'd been slammed in his leg with a baseball bat—repeatedly. Then as he roared to the sky, Dominic struck him with another silver bullet—this time in the back.

Two silver bullets struck Sebastian's body, turning the smooth flesh into meaty hamburger. With his left hand, Dominic reached around his back, grabbed his other gun from the waist of his black jeans and pulled it out. Stepping clear of the trees, he moved to stand over Sebastian. He aimed the second gun directly at his face. His only thought was to stop Sebastian.

He fired, dropping Sebastian's big body to the ground effortlessly. Staring down at his predecessor, he wondered what he was going to do now. What the hell would the others expect him to do now that Sebastian was technically out of the picture? He sure as shit didn't have a clue.

* * * *

"What the fuck have you done?" Jonah cried, scrambling to the ground beside his blood soaked brother. The bullets had gone through Sebastian's leg and chest as if he had been made of soft cheese. "You killed my brother, you fucking son of a bitch! You killed my goddamn brother!" Squeezing his hands into tight fists, he launched himself at Dominic.

Before Jonah could reach Dominic, two strong hands gripped his shoulders and yanked him back. Reyes held him tight against his chest. Arms like a vice around his body.

“Take it easy, kid,” Reyes said, his voice was smooth and even as he spoke. The fact that he was holding a two-hundred-pound werewolf in his arms didn’t seem to sway the tone of his voice even a little.

“Let me go, Reyes,” Jonah spat. “That motherfucker killed my brother, and now I’m going to kill him.” Jonah kicked his legs in Dominic’s direction, his body flailing like a fish out of water.

Dominic arched a curious brow and smirked in Jonah’s direction—a challenging grin.

Reyes growled. “No, Jonah, he didn’t. Now chill the fuck out so I can let you go.”

Jonah stilled, but it was a false surrender. As soon as Reyes’s arms relaxed, Jonah sprung at Dominic once again, but the large warrior was ready and waiting.

Dominic’s fist slammed into Jonah’s left cheek, sending him flying back to the hard ground. Dust and dirt swirled around his crumpled body. He whirled back onto his feet, but this time Dominic raised his hands as if to yield his attack.

With an arched brow, Dominic said, “Relax, Jonah. I hit him in the leg and back with silver bullets to subdue his rabid ass, but the last shot was only a tranquilizer. He’ll be awake shortly.”

Reyes stepped up alongside them, his hands holding thick metal chains. “We better restrain his rabid ass before he wakes.”

Dominic nodded. “Good idea. He’s going to be plenty pissed when he comes to.”

Dominic then extended his arm to his best friend. “I’m sorry I freaked you out man, but I told you I wouldn’t kill your brother, and I did everything I could to keep my word.” Jonah took his hand, his face blazing hot with anger. Dominic squeezed his hand, pulling Jonah against his chest, their faces inches from one another.

“I should be pissed at you for thinking the worst of me before knowing the truth. Whatever happened to our trust, loyalty...friendship?”

Jonah’s lips parted in response, but Dominic stopped him. “I really don’t want to hear it now. Let’s get Sebastian back to the house before he wakes.”

Damn, he’d fucked up. Why had he assumed Dominic killed Sebastian? Was his mind that fucked-up with everything that was going on that he’d assume his best friend would do something that would obviously destroy him? Dominic had been like another brother to him, another older brother, but still, he’d been there for him at every step of the way. They’d grown up together. Spent most of their lives together, growing into the men they were today.

Jonah knew firsthand the struggles that Dominic had faced in his youth and how important trust was to him.

Damn it! He really fucked up. He wasn’t sure Dominic would ever be able to forgive him. No, that wasn’t true. Dominic had a big heart, and he would forgive him. He’d just never be able to forget what he had done to him, what he had accused Dominic of.

Jonah groaned, knowing it would take more than a simple apology to fix this situation between them.

Fucking great...

Chapter Ten

Brie ran into the dark woods, her heartbeat fast and furious in her chest, slamming against her ribs as if at any moment it planned to burst out from behind her breast. Arms pumping, she ran in the direction of the male voices she recognized as Jonah's and Reyes's, Dominic's, too.

But she didn't hear Sebastian's voice, not a peep, not even a sigh—nothing. Where was Sebastian?

Please let him be okay.

Ryken and Luken ran alongside her, acting like the Secret Service to the President. Their presence didn't take away the terror from her thoughts, didn't stop her from feeling the grip of death wrap around her heart.

Brie's mind repeated, in a frantic scream, *Where's Sebastian?*

She couldn't believe the fear that raced through her. Thoughts of Sebastian's body sprawled out on the ground. Blood seeping out of his body from wounds inflicted by the others. Others who were more than monsters in her mind, rabid creatures that killed her lover.

Shaking her head of her rambling, incoherent thoughts, she wondered, would they still be werewolves with claws and teeth, cutting and snarling at her as she approached? Would they kill her, too? What if she was wrong and it was Sebastian who had done the killing? Would Sebastian kill her as well?

She didn't have time to care. She only needed to find them and discover for herself what had happened—no matter what.

Tears threatened her vision. She tripped over something hard, stubbing her toe. Both Ryken and Luken were there to steady her, their strong hands gripping her upper arms.

Not missing a beat, the three of them kept running. She trembled as she continued her forward progress to uncertainty. Her legs shook from the force she put them through. Ryken and Luken were so much faster than she was, but she didn't dare complain. Mind focused, eyes honing in on the gathered men, she ran faster.

She spotted Sebastian lying on the ground like she'd feared. Blood covered his body. *No!* Her mind snapped. It had to be someone else. Not Sebastian. He couldn't be dead. Her heart sank to her stomach.

Out of breath, her body crushed against Jonah's, a brick wall that robbed her body of any remaining air. She wheezed.

Sucking in a lung full of air, she screamed, begging, "Let me see him, Jonah. I need to see him."

Fists pounding wildly against his chest, Jonah held her in his arms, lifting her smaller body off the ground, he whispered, "Sweetheart, what are you doing out here? It's not safe for you to be out here." He growled at Ryken and Luken who still stood close at her side, taking their protection detail of her extremely seriously.

Her chest tightening, breathing shallow, she whimpered, "Jonah, is he dead? Did someone kill him?" Her vision was obscured as she stared at Sebastian's body from over Jonah's broad shoulder. Her fingers twisted in the fabric of his shirt. "Please tell me he's not dead. I can't live without him, Jonah."

He stroked the back of her head, the gesture one used to calm a child. He squeezed her tighter. "No. No, of course not, he's asleep." He kissed her forehead and with both hands he held her against his chest in a comforting embrace. "Dominic shot him with a tranquilizer. He's going to be just fine."

Sobbing hard, as if the gates of a dam opened up, she let the panic and fear escape. Tears streaming down her face, she gasped. "Oh,

Jonah. I was so scared. When I came up and saw him—” She tucked her face into his shoulder, hiding her tear stricken face.

“Calm down, baby. Everything’s okay now.” Jonah eased back to look at her face. “Take a few deep breaths for me. Try to calm down, baby.”

She did as he asked, breathing in through her nose and out through her mouth in controlled, calming breaths. Then her eyes narrowed. Her thoughts on the tranquilizer Jonah had mentioned. She glanced over at Sebastian’s body.

Tranquilizer my ass!

She pushed away from Jonah, holding his curious gaze. Arms folded over her chest and tight-lipped, she asked, “If Dominic shot him with a tranquilizer, then why is he so bloody?” Her voice was harsh and filled with anger. “I know I’m just a silly woman and an insignificant partner at your legal firm who doesn’t know squat about forensics.” As one of the leading attorney’s in Dallas, sarcasm was at work in her mind, her greatest defense. “But last I checked, tranquilizers didn’t leave their victims bloodied and bruised from head to toe.”

His eyes darted around to the other faces that lingered nearby before locking gazes with her. Jonah sighed, “Dominic shot him with a silver bullet first.”

Her eyes widened at Jonah’s revelation, but why? Wasn’t that what she expected him to say? Fuck no.

Then her mind splintered into a million pieces when Jonah added, “Twice.”

Lips parted, anger filling her mind and chest, she barked, “What the fuck for? Was he trying to kill him first?” Fury burned in her eyes, heat radiating out like the blazing raise of sunlight.

“No, I wasn’t trying to kill him,” Dominic’s deep voice boomed from behind her.

She whirled around to face him. He stood like a warrior, arms at his sides, legs slightly parted. His eyes deep and searching, mouth pressed into a tight line. "If I wanted him dead, he would be."

Anger, fury, vengeance, and so many other emotions churned in her belly and charged to the surface. She stepped forward and struck Dominic hard across the face. Unflinching, he stared down at her.

A crooked smile tugged at his lips. "Feel better?" he asked.

Her hand stung like hell, but she wouldn't dare admit that to the big brute standing in front of her. He was on her shit-list. She only wished she had the strength to do something about it.

"What the fuck were you thinking, shooting Sebastian?"

Rounding, she faced Jonah, her voice scraping against her throat angrily as she screamed, "And where the fuck were you? You promised me, Jonah. You promised me you'd bring everyone home in one piece. Not fucking dead!" Tears welled in her eyes once more, trickling like a stream down her face.

Damn these tears. She needed to figure out a way to grow some balls and turn into the woman she used to be. Not this blubbering, emotional idiot.

"Jonah did his job, Brie, exactly what he was supposed to do. He stayed out of my way." Dominic growled. Through gritted teeth, he snapped, "And as far as what I was thinking...I was thinking that Sebastian is one of the fiercest damn lycans I've ever known and he's been infected with some damn virus that helps to mask his scent and ability to come up on even me without so much as a fucking sound." Hissing, he continued, "I was thinking that I'd better drop him before he kills every last one of us. I was thinking that maybe you'd like to not be raped by a rabid fucking alpha male with only one thing on his mind—fucking and killing *you*!"

Brie gasped, arguing, "Sebastian would never hurt me." She wanted more than anything to believe the programmed words moving past her lips. Had forced herself to, but staring into Dominic's wild, dark eyes, she didn't know if her feelings about Sebastian were

accurate. She was afraid of Sebastian and for good reason—he was dangerous.

Was it worth the argument with the enormous wall of muscle closing in on her? She was starting not to think so.

Pressing his massive chest up against Brie, he forced her to take a step back, neck craning to look up at him. “No, Sebastian wouldn’t, but that son of a bitch would.” Dominic pointed towards the chained man on the ground. “He’d do everything I said and more, and he’d do it without even thinking twice about it.” He growled, leaning towards her. “An alpha in mating heat is aggressive enough, if you haven’t noticed. Add a little fucked-up mutating virus to the mix and you can be sure that the end result will not leave you warm and fuzzy.” His dark eyes burned into Brie, his need for her to understand what he was telling her obvious in his fierce gaze. “Get your head out your ass, Brie. That’s not Sebastian.”

Turning on his heels, Dominic moved towards Sebastian and slung the six-and-half-foot alpha over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes. He lugged Sebastian the entire way back to the cabin, not speaking a single word to anyone. His shoulders were tight, blood rushing up his neck. She’d done a great job pissing him off.

She cringed, knowing that slapping Dominic had been stupid and blaming Jonah even dumber. Why had she done that? They were protecting her—at all costs. Sebastian would have appreciated their help. Not scolded them for their efforts.

This new and different life she was living was quickly spiraling out of control.

She remained silent, holding on to Jonah’s hand because he would not let go of hers. Face hot, she was embarrassed and angry because she had let her emotions turn her into a silly, irrational woman. Damn it. She’d spent her entire life competing in the arena of men and in a few short months, she turned into just another emotional woman who couldn’t reason because her hormones were ruling her brain. What the fuck was that about?

Shit, shit, double shit.

“You okay?” Jonah’s voice purred into her ear, offering comfort she didn’t feel she deserved. She’d treated him unfairly. Honestly, she was shocked he’d actually cared enough to ask.

Shaking her head, she admitted, “No. I’m such an ass, Jonah. I can’t believe I overreacted like that. What the hell was I thinking slapping Dominic and screaming at you?”

“Don’t think anything off it, Brie. You were freaked. You thought Sebastian was dead. I did the same thing to Dominic when I came up on the scene.” He brushed her hair away from her face, tucking her hair behind her ear, his touch warm and caring. “Both of us owe him a huge apology.”

She came to a stop, and Jonah turned to meet her gaze. Brow pinched tight, she asked, “You hit him, too?”

Frowning, Jonah chuckled. The sound more like a deep throaty sigh, he said, “Not exactly.” He lowered his eyes to look at the ground. Shame washed over his face.

“Jonah?” she called softly, squeezing his hand.

“I tried to hit him, but he sort of hit me instead.” Jonah rubbed his jaw, indicting exactly where Dominic had punched him. “I over reacted just like you and I feel like shit about it. Dom’s been my friend my entire life. When I saw Sebastian lying on the ground...” He paused, blowing out a pent-up burst of air. “Within a split second, I forgot about the man Dominic was, and I thought the worst of him.” He met her gaze once more. “He might not admit it, but Dominic’s got to be furious with me.”

Sighing, her stomach squeezing tight, she added, “No, Jonah. He’s furious with both of us.”

* * * *

As they approached the cabin, Jonah spotted Reyes digging into the back of his black Escalade. He yanked out more chain and two

metal bars. At the ends of the four-foot metal bars appeared to be handcuffs of some sort. It had to be something Reyes personally rigged up. Jonah knew him to be great with a welding torch and metal.

“Which room in the house is the best to keep his crazed ass in?” Reyes shouted towards Jonah.

“The media room,” he answered, thinking fast. “There are no windows in that room and only one door.”

“Perfect,” Dominic interjected. “Now lead the way, pretty boy.”

Jonah cocked an annoyed smile at the pretty boy reference and stepped around Dominic, who still held Sebastian. They entered the house and trekked up the stairs, down the hallway, and into the last room located at the opposite end from Brie’s room. He inclined his head, glancing back at her. She stood at the foot of the stairs, her eyes as wide as saucers. He could sense things were hard on her, but there wasn’t a damn thing he could do to ease her mind because he was just as torn and screwed-up about the situation.

Keeping his frustrations and concerns bottled up, Jonah pushed the leather sofas against the wall, creating space, while Reyes drug in a mattress and tossed it on the floor in the center of the large room. Everything in place, Dominic flipped Sebastian off his shoulder and cradled his big body down onto the cushiony mattress.

Quickly, Reyes ducked out of the room and returned carrying the chains and metal bars. Dominic and Reyes worked together to chain Sebastian down. Spreading his arms and legs wide, Sebastian was bound by thick, heavy chains. The bars were placed between Sebastian’s arms and legs, keeping his body sprawled out, back pressed against the mattress. Then Dominic disappeared for a moment and returned carrying a small, black leather case. Inside, Jonah saw several syringes filled with clear fluid.

Guilt consumed him. He wished more than anything that his brother didn’t have to endure this. Wished none of them had to.

“Don’t tell me.” Jonah chuckled without humor. “More tranquilizers?”

Dominic nodded, his lips pressed in a tight frown. Not a hint of a smile illuminated his stoic face. “Yes. It’s the only way we can keep him relaxed enough to do what we need to do to him. We can’t risk him waking up or getting a little too riled up. In this condition he’s dangerous, Jonah. Don’t forget that.”

Instantly, Jonah responded, “I know.” He patted the larger man on the shoulder in a friendly gesture. “Thank you, Dominic.” Dominic looked up and met Jonah’s appreciative and saddened gaze. “I wouldn’t know what to do without your level-headed thinking. I know it doesn’t make everything better between us, but I do appreciate everything you’ve done for my brother and Brie, but especially for me. I’m sorry I freaked out on you in the woods. You didn’t deserve that, especially from me.”

Dominic nodded once, immediately returning his attention back to the syringes. He grabbed one of the syringes out of the case and injected the fluid into Sebastian’s arm. The unconscious alpha didn’t even flinch, still knocked out from the early dosage.

Jonah could feel that now was not the time to get into things with Dominic, so he let the topic drop.

Sebastian was chained to the bed, sedated, and now the ball was in Jonah’s court. He needed to get in touch with Dr. Megan Shaw and get her out here as soon as possible to start her work on Sebastian, finding an antidote. She was the only one Sebastian trusted to do the testing—was the one Sebastian told him he was going to speak with when they were dealing with just Mason’s viral infection.

Jonah knew Megan personally. He’d spent years in college getting to know her. Jonah trusted her for more than one reason. Like the rest of them, she was a werewolf, too. He’d deal with the fact that they’d been lovers long ago when the need surfaced. That he thought he’d loved her, that he confessed to wanting to spend his life with her.

Shit...

He ground his teeth as another wave of guilt slammed into his brain like a full-on tsunami. With any hope, Brie would never know about their sexual past and all would be well—as well as things could be for a totally fucked-up pack of werewolves, anyway.

* * * *

“Megan, I need your help.”

His echoing words made Megan grin. Jonah had begged for her help. The sound of his masculine, powerful voice always made her blood pump wildly through her veins. She sighed, a moan of appreciation vibrating her chest and throat. She blew out a lungful of air. A shiver of joy moved up and down her spine like the memory of his wild fingers dancing along her skin.

Nibbling her bottom lip, she smiled. Jonah had been an amazing lover, a giving and gifted lover. One she never imagined being with again. But the stars and moon had aligned, and he’d called her, needed her, and she was thrilled to be at his beck and call.

Seeing him again, well, that was the high point of her week—her month even. She couldn’t believe her luck. The brawny were-god wanted to see her, said it was an emergency—trusted only her to help him.

He gave her the directions to his cabin in east Texas, and she drove like the wind to get to him. Excited more than words could express at the chance to be with him and breathe in his erotically woodsy scent.

Damn, she hadn’t realized how much she’d missed him until just now. Driving a few hours to get to his home gave her plenty of time to think about the past they’d shared together—a naughty, sexual past.

While she was in medical school, he’d been in law school, and she’d been infatuated with Jonah McCarthy from day one. Once they hooked up, they spent hours making love to each other every chance they got. She was sure he was the one her heart craved—hadn’t

considered another man since. Once she thought it was only a silly girl's fantasy, but what if his call had been to rekindle things and it wasn't a fantasy after all?

No, she wasn't a stalker. She just didn't have time to pursue men. Strange as it was, she'd burdened her days and nights with work, spending almost every waking moment engrossed at the hospital or at her private medical office. She doctored humans as well as were-beings. She was the resident were-doctor, and it was publicly known within the were-community who she was and where to find her.

Once she received the emergency call from Jonah, she cleared her books for the next few days and headed out to see him. As requested, she brought her medical bags with her, equipment that was necessary to run a lab. Everything she had in her office, except the building itself, was packed in her car.

Jonah might have another agenda as to why he contacted her, but she was still excited to see him nonetheless and couldn't wait to hug him, wrap her arms around his sexy-as-hell body and breathe in his lusty scent. Maybe there was a chance they could reignite the fire that sparked between them in the past.

She was game and hoped he was as well.

There was nothing like the feel of Jonah sliding into the depths of her body. He was built like a god, body and cock. She groaned, remembering the way he filled her pussy and kissed her with more passion and fury than she'd ever dreamed possible.

Yes, she was excited to see Jonah McCarthy and would do just about anything to have him make love to her one more time.

* * * *

Brie sat at the edge of her bed, staring up at Jonah as he entered her room. Her heart lodged in her throat as she looked at the tired lines around his eyes. He hadn't slept in days, and neither had she, but the reason was no surprise.

Sebastian had spent most of the night moaning and wailing—nightmares plaguing his mind, fever ravaging his body. The tranquilizers Dominic gave him were working, but they wouldn't work for long. Sebastian's body was adapting to the drug, his metabolism becoming more efficient, breaking down the chemical properties of the drug with ease.

They'd started taking shifts, watching over him just in case he woke. They couldn't let Sebastian stay awake for long, couldn't risk that he would be strong enough to escape—hurt or kill them all.

Brie swallowed, her thoughts on the doctor making her way to them—a light of salvation in the darkening night.

Holding Jonah's worried gaze, she asked, "How long before Dr. Shaw arrives?"

Jonah checked his wrist watch. "Anytime now."

Then as if on command, headlights flashed up against Brie's bedroom wall. Her chest tightened. Dr. Shaw had just arrived and the promise of hope filled her heart.

Rising to her feet, Brie moved to the balcony. A small red car parked beside the black Escalade. "Oh, thank God, Jonah. I think Dr. Shaw's finally arrived."

Chapter Eleven

Dr. Shaw looked nothing like Brie expected. With just one glance at the attractive doctor, dread sank to the pit of her belly, and the smile washed away from her face. Instead of a studious, eyeglass-wearing, middle-aged woman who cared nothing for the day's fashion, a woman appeared who, from head to toe, was flat-out gorgeous. The hottest, sexiest redhead she'd ever laid eyes on.

To make matters of jealousy even worse, the woman had legs up to her ears, flowing, fiery red hair down to her ass, eyes greener than emeralds, and flawless alabaster skin. Dr. Shaw possessed a seductive smile that made Brie wonder just how well Jonah knew her. How intimate was their relationship?

Jonah stalked towards the beaming woman whose arms were already outstretched to hug him. He seemed to soften as he placed his arms around her in a familiar embrace. The woman was tall, almost as tall as Jonah in her three-inch stilettos, and seemed to fit against him like a lover. Another pang of jealousy knotted inside her stomach.

Suddenly, Brie's hands clenched into tight fists at her sides. The rush of blood deafened her ears and heated her face. How exactly did Jonah know Dr. Shaw? The two responded to one another in a very cozy, all too close for comfort, sort of way.

Oh, God, please tell me he hasn't slept with her. Talk about fucking a supermodel. How was she supposed to feel about that?

There were so many things from Jonah's past Brie was starting to think she should've questioned. She knew he'd been wild and had seen it for herself over the last several years. But putting a face on

another woman from his past had her gut rolling with emotions she didn't recognize, want, or like.

Brie's mind was ready to explode. If she didn't guard her emotions, she was going to run screaming towards the redheaded doctor and claw her green eyes right out of their wide sockets. In her mind, she'd already slapped the bitch at least twice and sucker-punched her in the gut a few times for the hell of it.

Brie was not a woman who suffered from low self-esteem, just the opposite, but this woman made her feel just a little inferior. What the heck was that about?

Jonah stepped back from Dr. Shaw's embrace. Brie focused all her energy, wishing she could hear the conversation taking place between the two. By some miracle, she started to hear every word they spoke as if she were standing right beside them.

Her hand rested on the railing at her side, balancing her as the power flooded through her body.

Wow, this wolf DNA supernatural shit is coming in pretty dang handy. I wonder what other cool "superpowers" I'm going to develop. She made a mental note to discuss these changes with Sebastian if he wakes. *Not if, but when.*

"It's nice to see you, Megan."

"Nice. Wow. That's all I get after all this time?" Dr. Shaw placed her hands flat against Jonah's chest, her body inches from his, and she nuzzled closer to him.

"Megan, please don't," Jonah's voice was thick with uncertainty, and his face strained with concern.

"What?" The confused look on her perfect face was priceless.

Rejection sucked, no matter who you were, but at this moment Brie could care less. This woman was encroaching on her territory and better Jonah handle this than her. As a last resort, Brie could figure out a way to use her powers again and blast the little hussy back to Dallas.

But then who would help Sebastian?

Oh, shut up, conscience.

He shook his head, grabbing her hands to pull them from his chest. He took a wide step back.

“Okay. So I suddenly feel like a complete idiot, not sure how I let myself read all the signs wrong.” She rubbed long fingers over her temples, closed her eyes for a moment, and then opened to look at him once more. “Why exactly am I here, Jonah?”

His forehead pinched tight, creasing the skin. “Not for the reasons you might be thinking, Megan.”

Brow furrowed, she asked, “What do you mean?”

Jonah cleared his throat, glancing back at Brie. “Megan, I’ve been happily mated for over a month now, but I’ve been in love with that woman over there for four years.” He paused, smiling at Brie before returning his glance to the surprised woman. “I think you’ll like her. She’s a wonderful woman.”

Dr. Shaw blinked several times as she followed Jonah’s gaze to Brie and then back to his face. She sniffed the air. “That woman, she’s your mate?”

What was she deaf? Duh, hadn’t he just explained that?

Her voice lowered as she told Jonah, “She smells different. She’s not like us.”

Jonah nodded. “No, she’s not like us, and yes, she is my mate. Her name is Brie Ferguson, and she’s not only my mate, she’s also my fiancée.” Pausing a moment, he finished, “Mine and Sebastian’s.”

Dr. Shaw’s eyes rounded and Brie’s gut knotted, waiting for her response. “Seriously? You’ve found your mate? Both of you? And it just happened to be with the same woman?” She sighed. “Well, how is that working out for you?” Her tone seemed harsh, annoyed. “You could’ve had me all to yourself you know. I never would’ve made you share. All my affections would have always been for you.”

“Megan, I’m sorry. We’ve been apart for so long...I figured you’d moved on to bigger and better things.” He ran a stiff hand through his tousled hair, and his hand rested at the back of his neck. “Megan, the

way we left things..." Jonah's voice trailed off, his eyes searching the ground at his feet. "I'm really sorry. I never meant to hurt you. I never meant to be a dick."

"There's nothing to be sorry about, Jonah. I was stupid to think you've been sitting back pining over me. No matter how we left things, I get that you're with someone." She smiled softly, but the emotion didn't reach her eyes. "So tell me, if I'm not here for a good romp in the sack with you, why am I here?"

Jonah's eyes widened. "Wow, you've always been a direct 'speak your mind' kind of woman."

She shrugged her slender shoulders, and her wavy red hair tumbled forward. "If I remember correctly, that was one of the things you liked about me." She snickered. "Why change a good thing?"

The corner of Jonah's mouth curved up as he opened the back door to her car, and yanked out the large duffle bag and suitcase. "Right, well, how about we get your stuff out of the car and go inside. I'm sure Brie would like a chance to meet you officially, and then we can fill you in on Sebastian's situation."

"Sebastian?" Concern filled her expression.

He nodded, stating, "Unfortunately, my brother's gone and gotten himself into a little bit of trouble."

Understatement of the century...

Dr. Shaw grabbed the duffle bag from Jonah and slung it over her left shoulder, taking hold of Jonah's arm. "If Sebastian's in trouble, this ought to be good."

Jonah chuckled. "You have no idea."

"Oh, fuck!" rumbled an annoyed voice from behind Brie, one she was actually glad to hear. "Please, for the love of Christ, tell me you didn't call *her*?" He huffed out a harsh breath. "Damn it, Jonah, anyone would be have been better than Megan fucking Shaw."

Dominic stood, arms folded across his broad chest, glaring at the tall redhead as she took her final step to reach the cabin, her fingers wrapped around Jonah's bicep.

A sarcastic and deadly smile shone on her face. “Dr. Shaw, to you,” Megan corrected. She shot a shy smile towards Brie. “Everyone else can call me Megan.” She returned her stern gaze back to her apparent nemesis, her voice so frightening it could’ve sliced through bone, flesh. She said, “Just not you, ass clown.”

Dominic’s dark glare grew more intense, his eyes flickering silver and black and his jaw twitching under the compression of muscles. Damn, she was seriously pissing off the big guy.

“Dominic,” Jonah warned in a deep, threatening tone.

Eyes narrowing into tiny slits, Dominic cast a disgusted look over the new woman standing in front of him. “You mean to tell me there were no other were-doctors available?”

He obviously didn’t like Dr. Shaw, and Brie couldn’t wait to find out why. Digging in to discover the truth was her job, after all.

“Did you even try to find someone else or just call the first bitch listed in the easy pages?” Dominic chuckled. “Let me guess...the picture beside her name was of her lying flat on her back. A position she’s most accustomed to.”

“That’s enough, Dominic,” Jonah warned again.

Megan’s white teeth gleamed in the dark. Even her pale skin couldn’t hold a flame to the brilliant color of her pearly whites. “It’s so nice to see you, too, Captain Dickhead. Glad the years have made you a little softer around the edges. I’d hate to think the sad, pitiful little boy never grew up.”

Grinning, he snickered. “Keep it up, Megan. One more smartass comment like that and I’ll have to paddle that cute little ass of yours and show you exactly what you’ve missed all these years. I assure you, I’ve grown into quite a big boy.”

Megan’s cheeks flooded with color. Wow, she was blushing. An alarming reaction that burned hot and red on her once alabaster cheeks.

Dominic hit a nerve—a big one.

Watching Megan and Dominic interacting with each other was like being subjected to daytime television. All that was missing from the live performance was an enormous explosion, a devastating earthquake, or a long-lost brother to show up, and this would be Emmy-winning.

Brie was definitely going to inquire about the friction she witnessed. As much as she didn't like the hot new babe staying under her roof, Brie was more intrigued to find out what the hell had occurred between Dominic and the good doctor. Finally she could get lost in the drama of other people's lives.

Unfortunately, she figured the drama might also include Jonah, and every scenario her brain came up with about the three of them wasn't good.

Stomach flipping and flopping, she swallowed hard. Brie's eyes burrowed holes into the head of Dr. Megan Shaw. The emerald-eyed supermodel was more of a mystery than she preferred—a hot as hell woman who obviously knew it. Megan seemed to have history with all the men in Brie's life.

Bitch.

* * * *

For several hours Reyes worked vigorously, making peace with the chaos and distraction Sebastian had caused. He'd seen his friend lose his temper once, but nothing quite like this. Long ago, Sebastian got majorly heated over a woman, of all things, turning what should have been a simple conversation into a full out brawl.

Reyes stood back as Sebastian leveled the guy who just happened to be attracted to the same woman. The irony of the situation didn't pass him up either. The fact that Sebastian was now mated to a woman he shared with his brother, well, looking back the entire situation was damn funny.

But back then this had been a fight for power, dominance, and alpha status. The other guy didn't stand a chance. A pup compared to Sebastian, it was no wonder the kid was left pulverized by his old friend.

At that time, Reyes had expected Sebastian's fury towards the other wolf, but this...this was different. There was something evil and beyond violent about the scene. Sebastian's beast had fully taken over. Something he himself had never allowed to happen.

As the oldest of his friends, Reyes's experiences were lengthier. His instincts more refined. He was known for his self-control, but his physical strength couldn't match that of Sebastian or Dominic. He was never a candidate to be alpha of the pack and that suited him just fine.

Sebastian was the closest thing he ever had to a brother, another wolf who understood the need for order and control. Seeing the mess Sebastian found himself in left Reyes with a sick feeling in his stomach. This entire event seemed so surreal, like a bad dream he hoped to wake up from at any moment.

Sebastian was fucked. Reyes prayed that whatever was wrong with his old friend could be fixed and soon. He wanted his friend saved from the monsters hunting him before anyone had to make the choice to end his suffering—permanently.

There had to be a way to save Sebastian, there just had to be. The sight of his struggling friend was like a knife to his heart, and he didn't think he could stand around much longer, watching as Sebastian withered into the monster he heard Mason Levi had become.

The entire house, except for Brie's bedroom, had been turned upside down. Nothing was left spared, not a single thing. As Reyes and Dominic cleared away the piles of debris, they discovered more animal blood. He was no detective, but it appeared to him that the battle had in fact taken place inside the house, but somehow managed to end deep inside the woods.

Once Sebastian was awake, he wanted to talk with him, needed answers and needed them fast. Finding out everything they could was vital to saving his friend and their kind. Containment of this virus was the first thing on their agenda and according to Jonah, the doctor coming was Sebastian's first choice. He only hoped she was good enough to save his old friends life.

He noted the flash of white lights beaming for a moment into the front windows of the cabin. Making his way over, he peered outside. A red Lexus parked beside his truck. Within a few short seconds, a breathtaking angel emerged from the car. A heavenly figure that robbed him of breath, a thundering beat slammed inside his chest, a pounding so intense it should have killed him.

"Holy. Fucking. Shit," he growled in a slow, exaggerated gasp. His hand grasped his chest as if experiencing a heart attack.

"Easy, boy." Jonah snickered as he bounded down the stairs and out the front door to greet their new guest.

Catching Brie before she vanished behind Jonah, he breathed, "Is that the doctor?"

She nodded. "Yes, I believe so," her soft, sweet voice replied.

He gave a slight nod in acknowledgement and returned to the window to glance at the redheaded angel once more.

Good Lord in heaven, what the hell was happening to him now?

Desire blasted through him, dangerous, combustible levels of hunger and lust. Emotions created from just one glance at the angel. No. Not an angel, a she-devil—a witch.

As if struck by a bolt of lightning, his libido kicked into overdrive. He gawked, his mind a puddle of mush. The blood that should've filled his brain was sinking fast towards his cock.

What the fuck is happening to me?

Heart pounding in his chest, he couldn't take his eyes off the woman who stood in Jonah's arms. At that moment he hated the little runt for being so damn lucky as to hold that gorgeous woman in his arms, to smell her divine scent, and to touch her silky, soft hair. He

wanted to tear Jonah's damn head off. If the little shit hadn't been his best friend's brother, he just might have.

Jealousy surged from deep within his soul, but why? Why would he be jealous? He didn't even know this woman, had never met her. The only reason he'd feel this way was if she was his...

Suddenly, the thought whacked into him with the force of a Mack truck. "No. Fucking. Way!" he growled. "I'm too old for this shit." She couldn't be what he thought she was. It wasn't physically possible. At least that's what he'd always been told.

Damn, he needed to get out of there and fast. He needed to take a long cold shower before he turned into a fucking idiot, blubbering and drooling like an adolescent boy all over the beautiful doctor.

Over the span of his life, he'd been called suave, irresistible, charming, but right now he was anything but. Darting for the stairs, he made himself scarce. The cold, frigid shower beckoned him. He hoped the cold water reprieve would work long enough so he could help Sebastian and then get as far away from the hot doctor as he could. A woman, who somehow made his body respond as if she were his mate.

Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

Chapter Twelve

Sebastian's blood-curdling screams of pain blasted through Brie like a buzz saw, cutting into her bones and slicing straight into her soul. She shuddered, clasp ing onto Jonah as if she was drowning and he was her life preserver. Sebastian, her lover, her life, was dying, and she could do nothing but cry.

"Jonah, I can't take this, he sounds like Dominic's killing him." She buried her face in his chest, his arms coming around her in a comforting embrace.

Strong hands rubbed up and down her back, hands that were warm and gentle. "Sebastian will be asleep in a moment, just give Dominic a chance to inject the tranquilizer."

Megan appeared at their side as they stood in the living room, waiting for the silence to envelop them, evidence that would once again prove Dominic had rendered Sebastian asleep.

"I take it, for whatever reason, Sebastian's adapting to the sedatives you're giving him?"

Jonah cocked his head in Megan's direction to glance at her. "Yes, and at record speed." He kissed the top of Brie's head. "It has to be that damn virus."

Sebastian's loud cries became soft whimpers and moans, then faded into soundlessness altogether.

Folding her arms over her chest, Megan said, "Good. Maybe now you can share with me why Dominic is giving Sebastian sedatives and why he sounds like he's in excruciating pain."

Jonah agreed with a stiff nod, "Right, I'm sorry. I couldn't let you run up to his room without knowing what you were getting into."

Turning his body, Jonah led Brie to the new dining room table that Ryken and Luken had picked up. He pulled out a chair for Brie and gestured with his hand for Megan to sit beside her. Then he began to explain who Mason Levi was, the physical change Sebastian could sense about Mason, and what they had discovered about the “Wolanthier,” as Ryken had named him.

Jonah finished his thoughts by explaining, “Sebastian went in search of Mason, and from what we can guess, he and Mason must have had a run-in, and somehow that bastard infected him.”

Tight-lipped, eyes narrowed, Megan questioned, “So you don’t even know if what Sebastian has is really a virus? You’re all just assuming because Sebastian could sense it?”

Brie blew out a heavy sigh, knowing that an outsider might never understand. Her heart lodged in her throat. “Sebastian hasn’t said much about his time away from us, so we don’t know more than that, but to answer your question, yes. We trust Sebastian and his instincts. He’s been right about everything, and he’s done nothing but try and protect me.” She glanced up at Jonah, grabbing his hand resting on her shoulder and breathed, “Us.”

“That’s all well and dandy, but I need to get up there and take blood samples immediately. If his immunity to the sedatives is increasing, my window of time will close much faster as his body continues to adjust. I’ll need a room set up as an acting lab, and I’ll need someone to assist me who’s not emotionally distracted by Sebastian’s situation.”

Jonah nodded, as did Brie. “We’ll get you everything you need. Maybe Reyes would be the best bet to be your assistant. He’s the most levelheaded of all of us.”

“Reyes?” His name left her lips in a question, revealing that she’d never met the hulky werewolf.

“He’s Sebastian’s best friend,” Brie replied.

“I’ve heard of him,” Megan shared. “He’s known as a smooth talker, sort of the politician for the were-community.”

“That’s him,” Jonah boomed with pride. “He’s been my brother’s right hand for pack matters for as long as I can remember.”

“Fine,” she agreed. “Just show me to my room. When the big Neanderthal comes down from Sebastian’s room, have him grab the big black cases from the truck of my car.” Megan giggled, a soft, throaty sound. “Since the jackass is built like he can bench-press a Buick, he can help with the heavy lifting. Maybe that’ll keep his mouth shut for a while.”

That was it. No longer could she just sit back and bit her tongue. Brie simply couldn’t resist asking, “Why do you two dislike each other so much?”

Arching an amber brow, Megan snickered. “Noticed that, did you?”

Brie shrugged her shoulders. “Hard to miss, actually.”

Grinning deviously, Megan suggested, “Maybe you should ask Dominic that question. I’m curious to know what his answer would be. I’m sure it will be a lot different from mine.”

Megan shifted her weight and followed Jonah up the stairs, turning in the same direction as Sebastian’s makeshift room. Twisting the knob of the door, he pushed, opening to reveal a clean and orderly room.

Reyes.

That sweet, adorable man had taken it upon himself to organize the doctor’s quarters. And he hadn’t even bothered to ask for help.

An unbroken twin bed lay pressed up against the far wall, a simple oakwood dresser beside it. The eggshell-colored walls lightened beside the dark brown curtains that dangled in the open windows, and a soft blue comforter blanketed the small bed. No evidence remained of the destruction Sebastian had caused—amazing.

Scanning the room, Megan announced, “I’ll need some tables to fit along these walls.” She gestured with her hands. “And a small refrigerator where I can store my samples.”

Jonah locked gazes with Megan, and his deep voice stated matter-of-factly, “Make me a list of things you’ll need and I’ll have the items picked up.”

Inclining her head, she asked, “When do I get to meet Reyes? I’d like to get started immediately.”

Brie stood back in the shadows of the room, watching as Megan and Jonah worked out the simple details. She noticed that he kept a good distance between him and the doctor. Brie wasn’t worried about Jonah, not really. Her mind was too full of other things—things that made her feel inadequate and alone. The emotions of worry and fear churned inside her once again.

Brow furrowed, Jonah glanced around to Brie as if just now realizing he hadn’t seen Reyes in a while. “I’ll find him and I’ll tell him to come introduce himself. He’s been working on the cabin since Sebastian became demolition dude.”

Megan waved a dismissive hand. “Whatever. I don’t need him right now anyway. Once I get the tables and supplies, then I’ll ask you to find him.”

Pressing his lips together into a tight frown, he said, “Okay. Get settled, and I’ll grab Dominic and get the rest of your things from the car. Put that list together for me and I’ll get that taken care of as well.” Without waiting for a response, Jonah turned, grabbed Brie’s hand, and led her back down the stairs.

Funny, for the life of her she’d never been the kind of woman to follow around a man like she was currently doing. A puppy on a leash following her master everywhere, that’s what she’d become.

This entire experience was so foreign to her. Everyone had a job to do, responsibilities they were able to manage. She didn’t know what she was supposed to do and didn’t know how she could help. Useless—that’s the best way to describe how she felt.

The only thing she was good at was putting bad guys behind bars, but that was a task that unfortunately put them all in this situation.

Damned if you do, damned if you don’t.

Shit.

* * * *

Grunting, Reyes returned the bench-press bar to its cradle. Sweat dripped from his body like he was standing under light sprinkling rain. Reyes must have been down in the weight room for hours. Jonah couldn't help but wonder what the heck had gotten into the man. He hadn't seen Reyes so full of pent-up energy in more than a decade—maybe longer. And here he thought Reyes was the most levelheaded of everyone dealing with Sebastian's situation. Perhaps he'd been wrong to think so.

Stepping deeper into the room to alert Reyes to his presence, Jonah asked, "Working out?" He grinned, knowing the suave man hated it when people stated the obvious.

"Yes," drawled Reyes, without even a flicker of emotion to his dumb question.

Oops, that wasn't right. Jonah frowned. What happened to the "yes, jackass, and you know it" he'd expected to hear Reyes reply?

Concern creased his brow. "You okay, man?"

"Yes," Reyes said, not meeting Jonah's gaze.

Jonah grabbed hold of one of the weight benches and pulled it closer to his grumpy friend. "I can tell." He snickered. "You're so full of conversation I was just about to tell you to shut up." That at least got a look from Reyes, one that screamed asshole, but it was still a look. Holding up his hands, Jonah added, "No, please, I just can't hear another word out of your mouth. Let's face it Reyes, you talk too damn much."

Reyes didn't smile, didn't even blink his cold, staring eyes. He asked dryly, "What do you want, Jonah?"

Frowning, Jonah told him, "Honestly, I came down here to see if you could help with something."

Eyes wide, Reyes asked, "What do you need?"

“Dr. Shaw needs an assistant, and since Dominic’s an ass and can’t let bygones be bygones, he can’t, so I thought—”

“Not a fucking chance, kid,” he blurted. “It’s not going to happen.” Rising from the bench to stand, the muscles in his arms flexed under the strain of emotional tension—uneasiness that was printed like a book on his face. A wide vein throbbed in his neck, pulsing like an overworked artery.

“Why not?” Jonah growled, staring up at the six-foot-four wall of strength. “Did Dominic already get to you? What the hell did he tell you? I’m sure half the shit he said was a piss bucket full of lies. Take my word for it, jealousy’s a bitch.”

He shook his head. “Dominic hasn’t spoken to me all day. I don’t even know Dr. Shaw, at least not really.”

Confusion slammed into Jonah’s skull. If it wasn’t Dominic, then what the hell was it? Reyes was acting very strange, out of control maybe, like that of a man trying to escape a dangerous past. His new behaviors didn’t make any sense. Emotionally distant, angry, working out to a degree of pure exhaustion—none of these characteristics Reyes was known for.

“Then please explain to me why you won’t work with her?”

Blowing out a hard rush of breath, Reyes told him, “Kid, you wouldn’t understand, and I don’t have the time to explain it.”

Standing, he grabbed Reyes by his damp shirt, “Then make the time and help me understand. This is for Sebastian, Reyes. Whatever the fuck your issues are with Dr. Shaw, get over it. I’m sure we can figure something out.”

Glaring down at his crumpled shirt, Jonah released him. Reyes could beat the tar out of him, and he knew it, but damn, it didn’t change the urgency behind his need for his friends help.

“I’m sorry man. I’m just desperate. I’m out of options. I can’t ask Brie to help. She’s barely holding it together as it is. She hasn’t said anything to me, but I think she feels what Sebastian’s feeling. It’s killing her, and I can’t be away from her very long, or I start to feel it,

too. It's like the three of us are connected in a way...shit, man, I don't know. It's like we're all the same person."

Reyes sighed, Jonah's revelation affected him. He could see it in his friend's eyes. Jonah continued, "Dominic and Megan, well, that's a story I don't have time to get into, but just know that if they're in the same room for longer than a minute, someone's going to get killed or maybe even both of them."

"What about Ryken or Luken? They can't help either?" Reyes seemed eager to find someone, anyone, to take over the responsibilities of assisting Megan.

"No. I sent them out to get Megan's supplies, and then they're going back out to track Mason. We have to get him contained. Once we find the cure for Sebastian, we'll have to either kill or cure Mason. Makes sense to have him here as well as Sebastian."

Reyes nodded, but Jonah could sense his reluctance. "You know, kid, I think your brother's leadership skills are rubbing off on you. I'd have done the same thing."

A slight smile tugged at the corner of his lips. Hearing Reyes compliment him was a huge honor. The man didn't discharge compliments easily. Reyes was revered by so many high-ranking leaders in the were-community.

The statement meant a great deal to Jonah. "Thanks. Reyes, you haven't called me 'kid' in a long time. You sure you're okay? As you can see, I'm not a kid anymore, and I'll help you work through any troubles you've got. You can trust me like you would Sebastian."

"I know, ki—" Smiling, he corrected, "Jonah. As much as I think it's a mistake, I'll help the doc, but don't expect anything more from me than that." Reyes turned away from Jonah. Grabbing his towel, he wiped the sweat from his face and neck, and murmured, "At least where she's concerned."

Narrowing his eyes, Jonah didn't understand what he meant. Regardless, Reyes was going to help him, and that was all he needed. And for the moment, that was all that mattered.

* * * *

Brie was lying on the bed, curled up into a tight ball when she heard Jonah return. Her body shook as if she were freezing. He approached her, his hand sliding over her hip. She whimpered, shocked to feel his touch.

“Shhhh, baby, it just me. Are you feeling okay?”

She gasped for breath. “No, Jonah. I need you. I need Sebastian. I feel...different. I feel—” She turned to the side and lay flat on her back, her hand trailed over her breast and down the flat of her stomach to the apex of her sex, and she cupped her panty-covered pussy. “I feel a yearning, a need for you both. I feel so empty, alone. I can’t explain it. I need you and Sebastian. Now, Jonah.”

How do I explain to him that I’m dying? How do I get him to believe me? How do I tell him about the strange power that is thriving inside me?

He smiled, stroking her hair. “But Sebastian’s out cold, honey. He’s been sedated.”

“No, he’s not, Jonah. He’s been awake for a while. He and I have been talking.” His brow furrowed, and before he could get angry with her, she said, “I know, I should have told you sooner, but it’s not what you think.” She chewed her bottom lip nervously. “I’ve been getting new powers since Sebastian’s return. I can hear really well, and I can read—” Her throat moved up and down vigorously as she swallowed, struggling to finish her thought. “I can hear yours and Sebastian’s thoughts. Jonah, I can hear what you hear.”

Sitting up straight, he stared at her, his lips slightly parted. His eyes drifted over her face as if he were trying to put each detail to memory while putting the pieces of her words into coherent thoughts. “You’re not kidding, are you?”

“No. I was afraid to tell you. I was worried that if I told you I could read your mind you would think I was nuts.” He frowned at her.

“I liked this new power. It allowed me access to your thoughts and conversations, but when Sebastian started intruding into my own mind...well, as you can imagine that was a little freaky.” She sniffled. “He’s been lying awake up there, begging for me to come to him.” She rolled to her side to face Jonah, gripping his shirt in her small hands. She buried her face in his shirt.

“That’s not possible, Brie. Dominic has been checking on him every thirty minutes.”

Inhaling Jonah’s woodsy scent, she eased back to look up at him. “He’s faking it. He closes his eyes and pretends he’s asleep.” Her eyes screamed for him to believe her, and she prayed that he’d hear the truth in her voice. “I swear, Jonah. I’m not making this up.”

“I didn’t think that, honey. I just think that the stress of everything is getting to you. You need some rest.”

Damn it, he’s not listening. “No, Jonah,” she yelled, with more passion in her voice than she meant to demonstrate. Calming, she expounded, “I need to get to Sebastian. Jonah, you must let me be with him, with you. I need you both now...together.” Tears filled her eyes, and her voice trembled with emotional cries. “Please, I don’t understand what’s happening to me, but it has something to do with the connection I share with you and Sebastian. I know it.”

“Brie, it’s not safe,” His eyes held fear. The lines around his eyes and mouth deepened.

“I don’t care, Jonah. Sebastian needs me. He needs us.” Reaching for his hand, she begged, “I need us. Figure something out, please. I swear if you don’t, I’ll find a way by myself no matter how stupid and dangerous that might be.”

“Brie, you’re acting crazy, irrational. You know what you’re asking of me is just too dangerous. Please, don’t make me have to sedate you as well.”

A deep, frustrated growl thundered from deep in her chest as she moved into a sitting position. Her face hot with anger, she snapped, “I expected you to understand. I expected you to be different. I expected

my mate and father of my child to do whatever I needed, but you've only managed to disappoint me."

Eyes wide, the registration of her words moving from behind his eyes, he gasped. "Wait, what did you say?"

Oh, shit. She'd told him, and she hadn't meant to. Damn it, her emotions had let that little detail she'd been hiding slip. Her chest felt so tight she couldn't breathe.

Shaking her head, she told him, "Nothing, Jonah. It's not important."

"The fuck it's not." He grabbed hold of her arm, pulling her towards him and dragging her back over the bed. "You just told me you're pregnant. I think that's very important."

Stiffening, she growled through clenched teeth. "No, I didn't. I said 'I expected my mate and father of my child to do whatever I needed.' It doesn't surprise me that you only heard what affects you directly."

"Brie—"

"Don't, Jonah." She pushed away from him, flipping her legs over the side of the bed, her back to him. "I want Sebastian. I need you to take me to him. This is his child, too, Jonah. I don't care if everyone in this house has to be present to ensure my safety, but it's urgent I see him." She inhaled deeply, running her hands through her messed hair. "I need you to be there with me, Jonah. And no matter what, you can't leave." She cocked her head, glancing at him from over her shoulder. "I don't know how to explain what I'm feeling, but I know that once we're all together again, I'll be able to."

Creasing his brow, he begged her to allow him to understand. "How?" His deep, raspy voice poured over her skin like warm molasses. Even with the heavy concern filling his voice, he could make her feel so loved and adored. She knew he felt the same about her—their special connection.

"A bird flew into the window before you came in here. I picked it up and healed the bird with a simple touch. A warm, soothing power

fled from me and into the dying bird. I don't know exactly how I did it, baby, but I did." She rubbed a hand over her stomach. "Jonah, I know something is wrong and until the three of us are reunited, I'm going to keep feeling like a part of me is dying because without Sebastian, a part of me is. These new powers of mine mean something. Maybe I can use them to heal Sebastian, too."

Standing, she cleared her throat and moved to stand between his legs at the edge of the bed. "If you need proof, consider what I've told you already. My first powers appeared after the three of us made love. These new powers showed up right after Sebastian did. Do you think that could've been just a coincidence? I'm almost thirty, and never in all my years have I ever had any indication that I was special." She pressed a gentle hand against his cheek, stroking the coarse whiskers along his jaw. "I met you and Sebastian, fell in love, and suddenly...there's something amazing and different between us. Something that can't be explained, but something we can feel and touch deep inside us. Tell me you understand what I'm saying, that you've felt what I'm talking about, that you believe what I'm sharing with you."

Glancing down, he shook his head. "Brie, you're an attorney. You know that everything you've said and feel is circumstantial and none of it would hold up in court."

She forced his chin up, returning his gaze to hers, her lips pulled into a soft smile. "Well, lucky for me, we're not in court, and I'm the only witness in this case, and you're the only one who needs to be convinced."

He exhaled a husky sigh. "Brie, I don't know. What if you're wrong and you go in there and he does something to you? What if he hurts you or gets you sick?" He cupped her face in his hands. "I couldn't live without you. It's killing me to be without my brother. I won't survive if I lost you both."

She pressed a kiss to his lips, a deep, seeking kiss that warmed her straight to her toes. The caress of his lips had her moaning, yearning

for more—a fire building between them. They’d been so consumed with everything surrounding the virus and Sebastian they hadn’t had time for each other.

Jonah’s eyes watered. He glanced up to avoid making eye contact with her. He was hurting, and she knew it, but she had to keep forcing him. She had no other choice. “I love you, Jonah, and I wouldn’t want to risk hurting us anymore than we’ve already been. Please, trust me on this. I know it’s strange, but I think being together, the three of us, will make a huge difference.”

Frustration blazed out of his eyes, his mouth tensed, and he argued, “Difference? What goddamn difference? My job is to protect you, and you’re asking me to let you walk right into the pits of hell. What kind of mate would I be if I agreed to this?”

“A mate who trusts me?” She kissed him again, her fingers digging into his honey-brown, wavy hair. “Trust me, Jonah. I know what I’m doing.”

The earth stood still for what felt like an eternity as she waited for Jonah’s response. Even though in her heart, she knew what she requested of Jonah went against everything he believed. Time was of the essence, and he would eventually agree to allow her to see Sebastian. She knew it. Out of everyone residing in the cabin, Jonah knew better than everyone how hard it was on her to be without Sebastian. She felt Sebastian’s pain, but she also felt Jonah’s, and knew that he needed his brother just as much as she did.

“Brie, if we do this, I’ll need to ask that Dr. Shaw be present. If something happens, it only makes sense to have a doctor on standby. I don’t want anything to happen to you or the baby. Besides if something goes wrong, it would be wise to have another...” Jonah’s voice trailed off.

She wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled her soft breast up against his hard steel chest. A smile in her voice, she said, “Agreed. Now, take me to Sebastian so that I can finally make love to my wolves.”

Chapter Thirteen

Jonah was going to be a father. Him? A father? *Holy shit*, his mind roared. If becoming a father was such good news, then why did his head feel numb and his abdomen suddenly ache like he'd eaten too much candy?

His thoughts should've been on how he was going to keep Brie safe while she made love with Sebastian, if that was even possible. He was still unsure that what Brie shared with him was true. Even so, he couldn't shake the newfound fear blistering his mind.

A father, who'd of thought?

In a selfish way, he'd hoped that during the time that Sebastian had been away, he was the one who impregnated Brie, securing him as the true father of their child. He'd love the child regardless, no matter if he or Sebastian had fathered it. But being the one whose seed took inside her first, well, that was more than he'd ever dreamed possible.

Megan stared at Brie, arms folded over her purple cardigan sweater, the material pulled tight over her supple breasts. "I'm sure I don't have to be the one to tell you just how stupid this is, right?"

"Megan?" Jonah warned. His mind might've been on other issues, but he could still hear better than most, and Megan's condescending tone was pretty damn hard to miss.

"I realize I'm only a doctor and I know very little about the contagion of diseases," she mocked, eyebrows pinned high on her forehead, "but this is just beyond crazy. I don't even know how the virus is spread, or what kind of virus it is. Putting you both in there is dangerous, especially if the sedatives are no longer working."

Holding his hand up to the irate doctor, he didn't argue her point. He simply said, "I know the risk and so does Brie, but she's made up her mind, and I rather do it this way than to see my stubborn mate do something really stupid like go in there alone."

Huffing out a breath, she spat, "Fine, but before you go in there I'm taking blood samples from both of you. I want a baseline."

"For what reason?" Jonah's brow furrowed.

"So that I can compare your blood and check your stupid asses out after this stupid, hormonally charged sex-capade is over." She grunted, turning to grab a small black case from her bed. She pulled out a syringe. "You do realize how stupid I think this is, right? Have I made my stance on this subject clear enough?"

Brie met Megan's gaze and said matter-of-factly, "Actually, no, I don't think you've used the word 'stupid' enough to truly emphasize your feelings on the subject."

Megan glared at her. "Whatever, it's your life."

She grabbed hold of Brie's arm and prepped her for the blood draw. The needle broke through the skin quickly at the crook of her arm, and the vial filled with rich, red blood. Megan extracted the needle and replaced the spot with a cotton ball, forcing Brie to bend her arm and hold the cotton in place.

Turning to Jonah, his arm was already outstretched and ready. Without prepping him, Megan jammed the needle into his vein. The sharp sting of pain faded quickly as the vial filled with his blood. He held his mouth tight, grinding his back teeth together.

Damn, sometimes he really hated the women from his past, especially ones armed with needles.

"Thanks for being so gentle with me, Dr. Shaw. Your bedside manners are that of legends."

She rolled her eyes at him. "Go fuck yourself, Jonah. I just hope you know what you're doing." She pulled the needle from his arm.

Jonah's heart squeezed in his chest, and his stomach rolled with uncertainty and fear. He murmured, "Me, too."

* * * *

Megan finished taking all the samples she needed, leaving Brie feeling like a pin cushion. Megan had taken hair and skin samples, blood and urine. The doctor had a way of getting what she wanted, no matter how much she or Jonah had protested.

Biting her bottom lip, Brie found herself unable to move, standing like a statue in front of Sebastian's door that lead to the area that had once been the entertainment room. Her mind, body, and spirit had promised her that everything would be all right once she was able to see him, once she felt his masculine touch upon her skin.

Hovering there in the unopened doorway, she suddenly had second thoughts. Was it the mating heat driving her irrational behavior, or was it something else? Something that burned deep inside her soul.

Her tummy fluttered as she stood, hands sweating, brows pinched tight. She should've already opened the door and charged in to be with the man she loved. But she couldn't. Struggling with emotions, she needed help getting past the threshold—getting past the melodramatics that didn't belong to her.

The sentiments of Jonah and Megan smacked her in the face like a rushing southern wind. Her mind and body were feeding off of their fears, and she couldn't let that happen. Holding true to her own beliefs and thoughts was all that mattered. Saving Sebastian was her number one priority.

Her powers were migrating from Sebastian and Jonah. Her empathic abilities now included Dr. Megan Shaw as well.

Shaking her head to clear her thoughts, she called, "Jonah?"

Stepping alongside her, Jonah asked, his voice hopeful, "Having second thoughts, Brie?"

"No, but I'd like for you to hold my hand." She extended her hand, and the jolt of his touch made twisting the knob a cinch. He

filled her with strength and courage. The distraction of their touch was all she needed to clear her head and move past the blockade of emotions they had built up around her.

The three of them, Brie, Jonah, and Megan, entered the room. The moment the door closed, Sebastian's eyes opened to gaze up at Brie. She smiled at the sight of his normal eyes filled with the color of warm, illustrious honey. His sweet, alluring gaze melted her heart.

"You came?" he breathed. "I knew I wasn't dreaming. I knew you could hear me. I prayed I wasn't delusional. Prayed there was still enough of me left to know you, feel you."

"Sebastian?" she gasped, covering her mouth with her hand, tears filling her eyes. He laid on the uncovered mattress, sprawled out, arms and legs bound by chains and bars. "I did hear you, baby. I wasn't sure at first, but it really was you. You did call for me."

Swallowing, he cleared his raspy throat. "Yes, sweetheart, it was me." His smile grew as he shared, "I learned a lot about my beautiful bride while I was in Scotland. Learned so much about your past and all the wonderful things you're capable of doing." His eyes sparkled with warmth as he looked at her, speaking about her past with so much love and adoration.

Then, as if on the winds of change, an overwhelming sadness washed over his face and darkened his eyes. "I'm just sorry I screwed up. I'm sorry I didn't tell you sooner that I was infected. That I'd come into contact with Mason, but I couldn't risk Jonah keeping you from me." His eyes watered, and he turned his gaze away.

She didn't need to be a rocket scientist to know that Sebastian's emotional display was difficult for him to bear—to reveal to others. A man who had always been seen as a strong, authoritative leader now wept on the ground at their feet. The sight was enough to rob her body of breath and render her veins frigid as ice. All the blood that once pumped with wild abandon now chilled her to the bone. He felt shame, and that meant she felt it, too. They were uniting, almost completely.

Brie couldn't allow this to happen to him. She couldn't allow this vibrant spirit to die without following the instincts that told her she needed to make love to her men—to fuse the physical, emotional, and spiritual connection that burned deep in their souls. Their link would somehow save them. She knew it, felt it.

Sebastian spoke, his voice scraped harshly against his dry throat, “Thoughts of you, Brie. Your scent, your touch, they were the only things keeping me grounded. But I should've told you, baby. I should've put your safety first.”

Sebastian's eyes squeezed shut, his face flooded with redness, a throbbing vein strained underneath the flesh of his neck. A ferocious growl ripped from his chest, and he shook his arms and legs wildly, as if trying to break free of his bonds.

Jonah pulled Brie into the safety and security of his arms, trying to guide her to stand behind him. She wouldn't budge. Her small body molded against Jonah's.

“Enough,” Jonah roared. “Do that shit again and I'm taking her out of here faster than you can blink. Got it?” The fierce tone in his voice told her he wasn't kidding and would do as he warned. No matter how much she insisted otherwise.

Brie beseeched, “Sebastian, please. You have to stay calm. I'm already scared enough. Don't allow Jonah to take me away from you. Not when you have the power to control that decision.”

Calming instantly at her soft plea, he breathed, “Oh, no, baby. I apologize, I won't do that again. I'm sorry, really I am. I'm just so frustrated.” He looked at Jonah, eyes petitioning with his brother. He begged, “Please, Jonah, don't take her from me. I'll do exactly as you ask.”

“Wow,” Jonah mumbled, eyes narrowing. “That must have hurt like hell to admit.”

“You have no idea, little brother,” he grunted. “It's tearing me apart to be like this, to feel so powerless, to be at the mercy of everyone around me.” He closed his eyes again, and tears washed

down the sides of his face. She had never seen such vulnerability from him before. "Frustration is only one of the emotions I'm suffering with, but more than that, I'm feeling lost and afraid."

"Afraid?" Jonah scowled, sounding surprised that his alpha brother could feel an emotion that made him seem weak. As if the alpha status made it impossible for Sebastian to feel anything but powerful.

"Yes, little brother. I'm afraid. I'm afraid that I'll die before I get to hold my mate in my arms again—that we'll never get to take our vows of marriage. I'm afraid I'll never be able to make love to her again. I'm afraid that I'm losing everything that I hold dear in my heart." Sebastian's eyes glistened as he locked gazes with Brie. The struggle to fight against the emotions that ripped through him was present in his eyes and straining face, and she felt every grueling bit of it.

Watching as emotional trauma illuminated inside her beloved alpha, her heart shattered. She pushed away from Jonah and dropped to her knees, crawling towards Sebastian. Jonah grabbed hold of her hips, keeping her from moving any closer. She tossed Jonah a menacing scowl, then glanced back to Sebastian.

"Please, promise me you won't hurt me. Promise that you'll fight for control over whatever is wrong with you, and if you feel yourself slipping, promise you'll let me know so I can get to safety." She stretched to reach his hand, fingers so close, inches from touching him. "Promise me, Sebastian. Promise me, and I'll give us both what we are so desperate for."

"Oh, God, I promise." He shook as his chest rose and fell with heavy, impassionate breaths. "I'll do anything you want. I'll even stay chained, if that's what you need."

"That's exactly how you'll stay," Jonah grumbled. "This is not a free pass, Sebastian. Just because our mate convinced me to bring her here doesn't mean we're releasing you."

“Jonah,” Brie snapped, driving to her feet. “Stop being so hard, can’t you see he’s trying? At least meet him halfway, damn it.”

Sebastian’s deep, soothing voice pulled her thoughts back to him. His tender tone oozed over her body in a comforting hold. “It’s okay, Brie. He’s right. For your safety, and the others, I should be chained. I promised I won’t hurt you, but go ahead and leave me this way, just in case.”

Brie’s gaze turned once more to Jonah. “I want to be with him. It’s up to you if you join us, but know that it’s truly what I need. I’ll understand if you don’t want to get close to Sebastian, but I don’t have a choice.”

She pulled her shirt up over her head and unfastened her bra, dropping the fabric at Jonah’s booted feet. Breasts exposed to the cool air, her nipples hardened. Her belly fired with apprehension. The anticipation of being with Sebastian, mixed with the awareness that everything she was prepared to do with him would be carefully viewed by others. Exhilaration flooded her body, and her pussy clenched.

“I’ll just turn around now,” Megan whispered.

As if she hadn’t heard the doctor, Brie’s eyes settled on Sebastian’s, his gaze warm and welcoming. Nibbling her bottom lip, she couldn’t wait to feel his body beneath hers. She desired nothing more than to hold and touch him, as she had done so many times in the past.

Next, she flipped the button on her jeans and unzipped them, sliding them over her hips along with her black silky panties. Stepping free of the clothing, she took a few short strides toward Sebastian, waiting for Jonah to stop her, but he didn’t. He allowed her to get closer, even though she could sense his nervousness and see the reluctance consuming his gaze.

She lowered herself to her hands and knees again. Back arched, she crawled up to his body like a seductive, sensual cat. Touching the crisp, dark hair on his legs, need spiking through her to ultrasensitive

levels, she couldn't believe she was about to make love to Sebastian. Her belly fluttered like it was the first time.

How close she was to him, feeling his flesh underneath the tips of her fingers. He groaned at the moment of contact. His head fell back, his cock an impressive sight as it tented the front of his pants.

For so long, Brie feared she'd never have the chance to be with Sebastian again. Their lives had grown so distant in such a short span of time. But she should've known better, should've known that Sebastian was too strong a man to go quietly into the night. He'd rather die than let her go, and that was the reason she was here. He was not allowed to die because if he did, then she would soon follow after him.

Sebastian raised his head to look at her as she slinked her way between his legs, and her fingers made quick work of his button and zipper. She struggled to take them past his ass and wide-spread legs.

"Just rip them off me, Brie," he sensually growled, arching his hips again.

Hesitating, she shook her head. "But you'll be naked."

"That's the idea, isn't it?" She cocked a brow at him, and he smiled in return. "I was naked before someone found pants to put on me. Everyone in this room has seen me naked before. I don't care about them. My only concern is being with you."

She shot him a soft smile. "Yes, but I'm not going to be lying here in all my prized glory when Dominic, Reyes, Ryken, or Luken come back to check on you." Batting her thick blonde lashes, she grinned. "Unless there's something you'd like to tell me."

His brow furrowed. "What, do you think my time away from you made me gay?"

She shrugged. "Stranger things have happened."

His nostrils flared with eager breaths as desire consumed his gaze. "Kiss me, Brie. Stop worrying about everything else and kiss me. I need to feel your warmth, taste your delicious lips." He ground his hips up in invitation. "Then after you've had your fill of me ravaging

your mouth with mine, tear my pants off so I can fuck that beautiful body of yours.”

Her heart sang. She licked her lips. “Actually, I think I’ll be the one doing the fucking, cuffed boy.”

A slow grin lit his face. “I was never one for bondage and dominance, unless I was the one dishing it out. But I’m willing to give it a shot with you.” He waggled his eyebrows, and a devilish grin beamed at her.

“How is it that even under the strain of everything around us you still have a sense of humor?”

“Brie, you might not believe this, but whenever you’re near me and I feel you, physically or emotionally, I’m able to control myself. I’m able to calm the beast inside me—the one that’s mutating, thanks to the virus.” He craned his head forward, showing his desperation to be closer to her. His muscles strained and flexed against the hold of the chains. “You are the only thing that keeps me from turning into the monster completely. Brie, you’re special. Inside your beautiful soul, you harbor a sanctuary that I want desperately to be a part of. I need you, baby. I’ll always need you, desire you...love you.” His eyes warmed again, and the flicker of silver lined his honey-brown eyes. Instantly she knew it was the wolf she saw reflecting in his gaze and not the infected monster. “I love you, Brie.”

She slinked the rest of the way up his body, straddling his hips and pressed the weight of her body against his firm, hard chest and abs. She claimed his mouth with a fever she couldn’t contain. Her tongue dove into the moist heat of his mouth. Moaning, enjoying the powerful taste of pure man on her tongue, she licked and nipped at his lips. The tension in her body fled as reason no longer consumed her—no longer mattered.

Losing control, she tunneled her fingers into his dark hair, massaging his scalp with eager hands. A rumble of prime male satisfaction vibrated from deep in his chest. He sucked her bottom lip

into his mouth, ardently licking against her tongue and probing inside her mouth once more.

Wow, this man made her body burn hot. With the press of his lips, he turned her inside out, using every inch of his mouth to pleasure her. He rocked her world, with just a kiss, making her body crave passions and desires he alone could sate.

Brie felt powerful as she held this large, gorgeous man against her body, relishing the heat of his touch. Grinding her naked pelvis over his, she swallowed his groan of pleasure, tangling her tongue with his, stroking. Diving deep, exploring all the divine wetness of his mouth, she clung to him. Moving her hips in sync with her kisses, she felt her pussy getting wetter, preparing for her lover.

The coarse hair on his chest abraded her nipples, the tips hardening to a pleasurable ache. Envisioning his hands creeping up her waist, over her ribs, she gasped as the imaginary Sebastian messaged the mounds of her breasts, plucking at the sensitive tips.

He broke the kiss, his eyes darkening in response to her body, as if he could read her thoughts as clearly as she was thinking them.

“Oh, God, Sebastian, I love kissing you. The things you do to me. It drives me wild.” She nibbled the curve of his jaw, licking his bottom lip.

He thrust his hips up, keeping them tilted in an overly exaggerated gesture for her to glide down him as if he were a human slide. “Move up on me, honey. Let me lick and suck your nipples,” he groaned.

She scooted up his body, her breast above his face.

“Place that delicious berry into my mouth,” he ordered gently.

She did as he asked, and was glad she did. He sucked her until the line between pleasure and pain blurred, the ache turning into blazing gratification and leaving her hissing in response. Her head kicked back, hair falling down her back, she felt sexy, desired.

“Let me have the other one, Brie.” He licked his lips.

Rolling her shoulder, she inched her breast just out of reach, teasing him. She grinned at him with wicked, lusty thoughts on her

mind. He bucked his hips again, sending her forward just enough for him to take her nipple into his mouth. He nibbled a little harder than she thought he would, but she liked it nonetheless.

“Don’t tease me, mate,” he warned.

Meeting his gaze, her body tingled as if she’d been struck by a jolt of electricity. She’d seen those eyes before. His expression screamed pleasure like she’d never imagined possible and couldn’t wait to tempt her.

“I enjoy teasing you, mate. I enjoy feeling every bit of your body teasing mine in response. What would you like to do to me as punishment, my sexy alpha?” She nibbled her bottom lip, anticipation making her heart gallop in her chest.

Staring down at him, she couldn’t believe he was ever sick with a virus. He seemed so normal, so...Sebastian. The man she loved was there with her, pleasuring her, and she couldn’t get enough.

“I want to taste you, Brie.”

“You’ve already tasted me, Sebastian. You tasted my lips, savored my breasts.”

“Yes, but I haven’t had the chance to taste that sweet pussy of yours.”

Blushing, she cocked her head. “Oh, that.”

Arching a brow, he snickered. “Yes that, my sweet bride. Straddle my face so I can eat your pussy. Let me fuck you with my tongue before I fuck you with my cock. I want to watch as you come all over my face.”

“Sebastian,” she gasped, covering his mouth with her hand. His crude and direct needs made her cunt warm and wet. Her pussy clenched with want, spasms of pure needful bliss. Leaning forward, she whispered, “Dr. Shaw can hear you.”

She removed her hand and saw his wicked grin. He reminded her, “She can hear you, too. And she can smell how sweet your cunny is. Now let me have what I want, Brie. Spread your luscious legs over my face and let me taste you.”

Nodding, she crawled up his body and straddled his face.

“Spread your lips for me,” he begged.

His tongue immediately went to work, devouring her cunt, tasting every inch. He licked her folds and probed deep inside her, fucking her as deep as he could slide. Wrapping his lips around her clit, he sucked slow and gentle, teasing her with a greedy, sensual exploration. Then he became more aggressive, pulling, tugging, and sucking, hard and fast.

Her clit throbbed in response, sending waves of fire blazing up into her belly. Breasts heavy and aching, she grabbed them, squeezing her hardened nipples.

“Oh, God, yes,” she cried. “Oh, Sebastian, I’m going to come.” Pinching her nipples, she imagined Sebastian’s hands covering her body just as his mouth was covering her pussy.

Fever fired all over her body, working her into a frenzy of sexual euphoria. She ground her hips against his face, the scrape of his whiskers against her thighs hurt so good. He sucked harder, his mouth working her like a fine-tuned instrument.

“That’s it, oh, God,” she cried. “Yes.” The word tore from her throat as her release rocked through her body. Her cunt clenched with wave after wave of delightful spasms.

Gasping, she lowered herself down Sebastian’s body and took his mouth with hers once more, tasting herself on his lips.

Separating from their kiss, Sebastian growled, a deep, lust-filled growl that had her thighs spreading wider over his hips. “Jonah, I need your hands.”

Brie raised her head enough to glance over at Jonah, who stood a few feet away. He’d slowly moved forward since she first left his side. Dr. Shaw pressed her shoulder firmly against the wall, head cocked to the side with eyes wide, taking in her fill.

Oh, God. She’d watched as Sebastian and I...

Sebastian's voice pulled her from her concerned, partially embarrassed, thoughts, "Be my hands, Jonah. Help me pleasure our mate."

Jonah didn't move. He just stared at Brie, astounded with wonder and maybe a little fear. Waiting as long as she cared to, she extended her hand for him to take, and within a few short seconds, he reached for her, taking hold of her hand.

"Take off your clothes, baby. I want you naked," she whispered. "I want to feel your warm skin against mine."

I need to show you how we're going to heal Sebastian.

Chapter Fourteen

Heal Sebastian? Had he heard her correctly? Brie had a plan to heal Sebastian? Wait, how had he heard her? She hadn't spoken a word. Shit, she'd spoken into his mind. Brie could use telepathy like him and Sebastian.

Awestruck, Jonah stared at Brie. The smile coating her face said she heard the argument knocking around inside his head and knew he had just figured out he could hear her thoughts—at least the ones she allowed him to hear.

It's not funny, mate.

Oh, yes it is, she teased, smiling and purring like a cat.

He could even hear her seductive giggles tickling inside his brain like a feather floating on a subtle breeze. Growling, he wanted her more than ever. It was time to remind his little mate just who she was dealing with.

Bring it on, wolf boy.

Boy? We'll see if you're calling me "boy" when I'm fucking you senseless.

An urgent rush of need surged to his groin, his blood pumping hard and fast through his veins. Toeing off his boots, he pulled his shirt up over his head and quickly flicked open the button to his jeans. Before he slid his pants down his lean hips, he turned towards Megan, very aware of her watchful gaze.

His senses alerted to Megan's sexual interest. She was turned on by what Sebastian and Brie had just done and couldn't resist the urge to watch.

Duh, you would've had to be dead to miss that.

He could smell her scent, her arousal. It was a scent he longed to forget.

He insisted, “I know I asked you to be in here in case something went wrong, but would you mind facing the wall until asked otherwise.” It was a command, not a request. “Brie and Sebastian might be comfortable with an audience, but I’d prefer a little privacy.” His eyes burned with an intense emotion that he didn’t bother hiding, and his jaw tightened under the strain of flexing muscles.

Megan’s face reddened as she exchanged an exasperated glance with him. Perhaps from embarrassment, perhaps something else, Jonah didn’t know, and at the moment he truly didn’t care. He wanted to be with his mate and keep her safe. He’d do whatever he had to do, and that was that, even place himself in the most awkward situation, like making love to his mate while his old flame stood by and listened. It might make him a coldhearted bastard in Megan’s eyes, but fuck it. What else was he going to do? She was there for medical reasons and added protection—that was all.

Megan huffed out an annoyed breath, turned, and faced the wall. She folded her arms defiantly over her chest. The woman didn’t want to be there. He knew Brie felt there were already enough women in the room as it was. Brie didn’t share her men. He’d learned that the first night the three of them had been together. Having Megan present in the room irritated her to a point, and he could see it in her eyes. If it was up to her, Megan wouldn’t have been invited in the first place. But it made him feel better, so she hadn’t suggested that the good doctor leave.

Damn, he loved his mate and the sacrifices she’d made to keep him happy.

Naked, he moved beside Brie, and her hand massaged up his long leg. She smiled as she took the full length of his cock in her hand. His breath caught, fire blazing straight to his balls.

“Brie, I want you to turn around and face Jonah as you fuck me.”

She cocked her head, gazing back at Sebastian, but he was looking at Jonah. Their eyes locked as Sebastian telepathically told him what he wanted, telling him to guide Brie and show her what they both desired, needed.

“Grab hold of the fabric, Brie. Tear off his pants.”

She stared at him for a long moment, and then with her fingers tucked behind the waistband of Sebastian’s pants, she yanked. The fabric was resilient and didn’t seem to want to pull apart.

She gave a frustrated growl. “I can’t do it.”

Jonah reached down with both hands and pulled at the seam on Sebastian’s hip, and the fabric ripped under the strength of his grip. Brie finished the job, freeing Sebastian’s erection and tossing the shredded clothing behind Jonah.

Jonah lifted Brie up, turning her so her beautifully perky ass faced Sebastian. “Now, slide down onto his cock. That’s it. Good girl,” he praised.

Nibbling her bottom lip, her face strained as she took all of Sebastian inside her. He imagined it was his dick buried inside her wet pussy, and suddenly his own cock sprung to life.

Before he could speak his need, she took him into her mouth and began sucking him as she slowly fucked Sebastian. Delicate fingers dug into the flesh of his ass. Reason fled as she sucked his cock all the way to the back of her throat and then swirled her sweet pink tongue around the sensitive head, lapping up the pre-cum.

“Oh, God, baby. That feels so good.” He weaved his fingers into her hair. Holding on to her like her mane of golden hair was a leash, he kept her close, not allowing her to stop fucking him with her deliciously moistened mouth.

He loved the velvety softness of her lips gliding up and down his shaft. He loved the feel of her wet tongue licking and sucking every inch of his cock, and he welcomed the sweet, little erotic scrapings of her teeth, nipping and biting the head of dick. Even more so, he loved

the little moans of satisfaction she gave as she swallowed his shaft deep into the blissful depths of her mouth.

Resisting the urge to surge his hips forward, burying his dick all the way to the hilt, he groaned.

Needing to feel more, he pulled the skin around his cock tight, enhancing the sensation she was giving him. Her sweet mouth worked him up good, making his body hard and hot with each tantalizing stroke and lick.

“Oh, that’s it, baby,” Jonah growled. “Keep sucking me like that. Ah, God, it feels so fucking good.”

He glanced down to see her supple breasts bouncing in rhythm with her hips as she rode Sebastian’s cock. Her hands gripped his ass for balance, nails digging into his skin causing sharp, hair-raising tingles.

One curious finger strolled between the cheeks of his ass, exploring the rim. She removed his cock from her mouth, leaned to reach her pile of clothing and pulled something out of her jeans pocket.

He glanced down at her as Brie took his cock back into her mouth. He tensed, feeling the sudden pressure of her lubricated finger plunging inside his rectum. Roaring like a rabid wolf, he gripped hold of her shoulders, fingers digging into her flesh, shocked by the stimulating gratification. He cursed aloud, but didn’t demand she remove her finger as the pressure sparked inside him and had him losing all control. He couldn’t resist. He didn’t want her to stop, so he let her fuck his ass, probing him in a way no one had ever done. The feeling was odd, naughty, but exhilarating. The awareness left his heart racing and his mind drenched in pleasure. Fuck, he was going to come hard.

He’d almost forgotten his brother was even there. The vixen had a way of stealing every ounce of his sanity. Damn if his mind was anywhere to be found.

Close to release, he grasped hold of her hair tighter, gazing deep into her eyes. She would take him and everything he offered her. He knew that, loving the way she looked at him when she tempted his body into orgasm.

“Ah, fuck,” howled Sebastian. “I’m going to come.”

“Me, too,” he groaned. “That’s it, baby, keep sucking me. Don’t stop. I’m so fucking close.” He roared, head kicking back, chest broad and damp with perspiration.

Jonah closed his eyes as a strange, powerful sensation grabbed hold of him from deep in his chest. A feeling that left his body warm and tingly—completely satisfied. Not just an orgasm, but something so extraordinary he couldn’t explain it.

A feeling of complete and total bliss washed over him—a healing power. His body felt light as a feather as he opened his eyes. Brie’s face glowed like that of an angel, a heavenly sight that had his heart thundering in his ears. He’d never felt so good, so whole in his entire life.

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Brie’s body sang. Filled with the love of her mates, their bodies all touched, making her feel as though they’d always been this way—never apart, always together. She gasped as Sebastian’s cock scraped against the spot inside her pussy that made her body pulse with overwhelming sexual passion.

She rode Sebastian’s shaft, harder and faster, driving him as far inside her body as she could. Still holding on to Jonah’s hips and pleasuring his ass, his hard length filled her mouth.

Then she felt it. The power she’d been hoping for, the one that had been humming in her head for days. The moment Sebastian had returned, instinct had taken over, knowing exactly what she was supposed to do. Saving the dying bird was the only evidence she

needed to prove her instincts were correct. Her powers, joined with the love of her mates, would save them.

Making love to her mates heightened the experience, drawing on the love the three shared to make sure she could save Sebastian. She tasted cum on her tongue and knew it was only moments before Jonah lost himself to the pleasure she gave him, so she had to act fast.

Sebastian? She punched into his mind with all the force she could muster, controlling her thoughts enough so that no one else in the room could hear her.

Brie? His response was laced with surprise.

She commanded, *Bite me.*

No, he roared, his voice so thunderous in her head, she nearly clamped down on Jonah's cock.

She had to concentrate, or this was not going to work.

And poor Jonah was going to be several inches shorter.

Please Sebastian, bite me, damn it.

No, Brie. I can't.

She felt his body tense against her thighs. She arched her hips, gliding more sensually over his cock. She rubbed his thick shaft over her clit.

She softened her tone. *Yes, you can, Sebastian. I want you to.*

The chains rattled behind her, and she knew he was losing control over himself. He didn't want to take a chance that he would harm her. He was afraid he was going to be unable to control himself.

No, Brie. I promised I wouldn't hurt you, and I meant it.

But I can save your life, honey. Please take what I offer you. You need me inside you just as I needed you inside me.

Silence enveloped her, then to her amazement, he said, *I am well aware that your blood will save me, Brie. I've known since before my return, and I still won't do it.*

She practically choked on Jonah's cock. Sebastian had known about her healing powers? Powers she still didn't have much of a clue how to use. And he hadn't used her to save himself?

Sebastian, what are you talking about?

Now's not the time, Brie. I only want to make love to you. Stop pushing this, please.

Why? She couldn't stop begging him. She wanted to save him, needed to save him.

Sebastian's deep voice was like a warm wind blowing over her skin, tickling the fine hairs at the back of her neck. His words poured out of him like whispers of promises he was desperate to keep. *Because I love you, Brie, and I never want to see you hurt, especially at my own hands.*

Silence filled her head, but frustration filled her heart. The damn stubborn man was going to die, and he didn't have to. Did he care what he was doing to her—to them? The wolf pack would destroy him if they couldn't find a cure. There was no guarantee how long they were willing to wait. He would be killed, no matter if he was alpha or not. She couldn't let that happen.

You're a fucking coward, she screamed at him, sounding much harsher than she intended, but she had to make her point.

What? The surprised echo of his voice in her head shot tingles up and down her spine. She was going to have to push him and push hard to get him to do as she wanted.

You heard me, she sighed. Her throat made a growling angry noise, but she didn't care how rough she sounded. She had to keep pressuring him. It was the only way. *You're a fucking coward,* she spat. *I never imagined that you, of all people, would turn into such a fucking pussy, but you have. I always knew Jonah was more of a man than you. In fact, now that I think about it, Ryken and Luken might be better lovers than you. At least they would bite me if I demanded it.*

The fuck they would...

His fierce roar pounced on her flesh like warm, thriving electricity, sliding along her skin in an erotic embrace unlike anything she'd ever felt. Possession, that was what he was showing her, and she loved it.

Sebastian's growl slammed into Brie as she heard the chains breaking free behind her and instantly felt the press of his body against her back. The power that burned inside her held Jonah still. He couldn't stop what was occurring. She wouldn't allow it. The powerful magic growing inside her would not be denied.

Reaching around, she cupped Sebastian's head in her hand and held him to her neck, offering herself to him, preparing for his teeth to puncture her flesh. As soon as his fangs pierced the skin, she exploded into a thunderstorm of bliss, her body humming with release, coming like a flowing river. Her mates' love poured into her body, giving her more than she ever dreamed.

Jonah's deep cry boomed from his chest as he shot his cum into her mouth, her lips and tongue working to drink him down. Sebastian's release was quick to follow, filling her pussy as his teeth filled her neck.

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"Oh, God," Megan cried, her hand held over her mouth. Fast, hard breaths escaped her lungs. Her eyes watched with wonder as the three of them found pleasure beyond that of normal mating. Unable to do much more than stare, she could hardly breathe. Her nipples ached, and her pussy clenched. The clothing that covered her body was strangling her. She would've given anything to have a man make love to her as Sebastian and Jonah were doing with Brie.

Her erotic thoughts were interrupted as the door to her right practically sprung off its hinges. Reyes stormed into the room. His fierce gaze locked on hers and revealed the hungry wolf inside.

Damn, why did she suddenly want him to rip the clothing from her body and fuck her like she'd never been fucked before?

"What the hell is going on in here?" Reyes's voice was strained, a harsh sound that emerged from deep in his chest.

Eyes blazing with unbridled desires, he reached for her, his commanding strides ate up the distance between them. Her back pressed against the wall, and he didn't hesitate to take her mouth. She moaned as the warmth of lips pressed urgently against hers, sampling and devouring her.

He tasted wild and his body aroused as he pressed himself against her pelvis. She raised her leg to wrap around his waist, allowing him to press his fierce erection against her core.

His kiss was powerful, familiar. His skills of desire and lust were unmatched by anyone she'd ever kissed before. Her toes curled, her breath grew more absent, and instincts commanded that she know this man more intimately. She craved more of his touch like nothing she'd ever craved before. But why? What was happening to her?

Suddenly, her eyes widened, and she pulled out of his grasp. A strange awareness filled her chest. Her tummy fluttered with nervousness. A moment later, Ryken and Luken emerged from behind him, stalking into the room as if exhausted and out of breath.

"Holy shit, an orgy," Luken grunted.

"And we weren't invited. What the fuck, dudes!" Ryken's voice was the last to be heard, as all eyes turned to them looming in the doorway.

Simultaneously, Sebastian and Jonah growled, "Get the fuck out." Their chests rose and fell with deep heavy breaths. The beasts were rising to the surface, wolf eyes glowing silver.

The room cleared of everyone but Dr. Shaw and Reyes, who stood staring at her. Eyes wide, facial expression as cold as ice, she spoke, voice shaky, "I don't believe what I just saw, but more so, I don't believe what I just felt." She turned her gaze away from Reyes, and sensed his retreat.

Megan gawked at the three naked figures sprawled on the mattress. Jonah was the first to lift his head, his body flexing as he pushed into a sitting position. Beneath him was Brie. Somehow she

had fallen backwards and lay on top of Sebastian. It was a sexually charged Brie sandwich.

Brie was the next to stir. She grabbed hold of her head and neck, pulling her hand away with crimson blood staining her fingers. Then she gasped, fear blanketing her eyes.

She pressed an impatient hand against her lovers shoulder, requesting, "Jonah, get off me, baby. I need to see Sebastian."

Brie wiggled out from under Jonah as he popped to the side, gazing down at Sebastian. His eyes were still closed, his body unmoving.

Megan stepped forward with her stethoscope and listened to his heart and took his pulse. Her eyes rounded as she listened.

"What the hell did you do to him, Brie?" Megan snapped.

"What are you talking about? Is he all right?"

Stuttering, she continued, "I don't know exactly, but somehow, his pulse is normal and his heart sounds perfect. He was borderline tachycardia last time I checked him."

Megan pressed her thumb to his closed eyelid and gently pried his eyelid open. The pupils were no longer solid black, no hint of red. They were Sebastian's normal honey brown eyes, and he was obviously not forcing this change because he was seriously unconscious. The man was sleeping like the dead.

Swallowing, she ordered, "Jonah, go get the others. I might need your help when he awakes."

"He's going be fine. Getting the others isn't necessary," Brie argued.

Megan kept her gaze on Jonah, ignoring Brie. "Please, just do as I ask."

Jonah must have sensed the urgency in her words because he quickly grabbed his clothing and bolted from the room, yelling for his friends to return.

Reaching for Brie's arm, she asked, "How did you do that?"

Confusion lit her expression. "Do what?" she asked.

“How did you save him? I watched as something moved out of your body, something like currents of electricity, Brie. You somehow drew power from Jonah and yourself and poured it into Sebastian.” Shaking her head, she appeared distraught. “I’ve never seen anything like that before.” She leaned closer, her eyes fixed on Brie. “I’ve seen all kinds of medicine, seen healing powers of the mind, but this...I’ve never seen anything like this.” Hesitating, she drew in a deep breath, her voice shaking as she asked, “Brie, what the hell are you?”

Chapter Fifteen

Sebastian feigned sleep, keeping his eyes shut tight and listening to the exchange of words between Brie and Dr. Shaw. Panic and full-fledged shock filled the doctor's voice. Disbelief oozed in the tone of her words as she barked questions at Brie, trying to make sense of what she had seen the three of them doing.

Sex was one thing, but what Brie had done for him was a miracle. A heavenly blessing one had to see to believe, but even seeing it wasn't enough. The doctor was a scientist, and sometimes the eyes did not offer enough substantial facts.

Brie had saved his life. Her blood somehow attacked the virus that had nested inside his body, transforming him back into the man he was born to be—a powerful werewolf willfully controlled by the desire for humanity. The power of that transformation had torn through him with a force so strong he thought his body was self-destructing and ripping apart from the inside.

As he came, emptying himself inside his precious mate, the virus also left his body. No longer infected, he was left wondering how he was going to explain his newfound situation to the others. Was it safe to explain what Brie was capable of and what he had learned in Scotland? Would his pack protect her as they had protected him? Would they understand how special she was to them all?

God, he hoped so.

The memory of Brie's healing powers entering his body sent a shiver up and down his spine. The heavenly experience he felt as every pore in his body filled with her magic was profound. Her essence consumed him, devouring his soul. Brie's power dove into his

flesh, penetrating deep into the tissue of his body. He felt her everywhere inside him, as if she had somehow become a part of him—a focused and concentrated power that rendered him boneless.

Refusing to come to terms with what her eyes obviously witnessed, Megan argued, “Brie, that’s impossible. Sex doesn’t cure people from mutating viruses.” Her nervous tone was laced with annoyance and a bitter lack of understanding.

He wanted to laugh, but kept his emotions hidden. Sex with Brie could cure him of anything. She was all he needed, and as soon as they were alone again, he was going to show her.

Brie’s melodious voice warmed his heart, sending his pulse pounding. He wanted to look at her, wanted to gaze into her beautiful blue eyes as she stared back at him.

“No, you’re right, but I don’t know how I can explain what just happened when I don’t understand it myself.”

Groaning, Sebastian’s eyes opened, blinking slowly and adjusting to the bright lights overhead. “Dr. Shaw, please stop harassing my mate. She doesn’t have the answers you seek.” He smiled, wanting another moment alone with Brie and her full, sensual mouth. “But I have the answers.” Returning his gaze back to Megan, he said, “First, I’d like some clothes, and then feel free to take whatever samples of my blood you need. You’ll see for yourself that I’m cured. I’m sure it would be best if we all go downstairs where I’ll be more than happy to answer any and all of your questions.” He found Brie’s hand resting on his chest and gave it a gentle squeeze. Damn, he loved this woman, and he’d scream it from the tallest mountain if she asked him to.

Megan’s jaw hung open, her eyes blinking every few seconds. Was she still breathing?

“Dr. Shaw? Are you all right?” Sebastian’s eyes narrowed.

She nodded, pushing to her feet and taking a few steps back, looking as if she were afraid to turn around and give them her back.

Ignoring Dr. Shaw, he returned his attention back to Brie, his woman who had never taken her eyes off him even as he instructed the doctor. He raised her hand to his mouth and pressed a gentle kiss to her fingers.

“Thank you, honey. Thank you for saving my life.”

A single tear trailed down her rosy cheek, and he brushed it away with the back of his knuckles. “You made me feel like a brand new man. My beast is contained, and my mind is quiet of everything but my own thoughts. No more voices telling me to do things I didn’t really want to do. No more anger filling my head, just the love I have for you.”

She collapsed on top of him, cradling his body against hers. “Oh, Sebastian, I’m so relieved. I thought you were going to die. I didn’t think you were going to take my blood. I was so scared my instincts were wrong. I wasn’t sure that what I was feeling was even my emotions, my thoughts. So many things have happened since you’ve been gone, so many things that are scaring me.”

He wrapped his arms around her, holding her tight against his hard chest. “I’m sure these changes your feeling are scary, but don’t be afraid of them, baby. These powers you have are a gift, and once we understand them, you’ll be okay.” He kissed her forehead. “I’m sorry I didn’t tell you sooner. I’m sorry I wasn’t there for you when you needed me most.”

She pressed her lips against his and moaned. She whispered, “But you’re here now.”

And with those words, his heart shattered. He would never be the same man again, and he was glad for that. Being with Brie made him a better man, and he would cherish her for the rest of his life. “I’ll always be here for you, Brie. There is no other place in the world I’d rather be than with you. I owe you everything...my life, my heart, my very soul. Everything that is me...is yours.” More tears streamed down her cheeks, and he gently brushed the streaks of wetness away with his thumb. “No more tears, honey. I don’t want to see you sad.

We have so much to live for, so many things to explore and discover together. I promise you this...I'll be with you every step of the way...you, me, and Jonah."

The kiss he placed on her mouth was like a brand. The possession in the touch of her lips smoldered deep inside him. This was what he fought so hard to regain. The warmth of her touch, the passion in her kiss, the love that filled his heart with such exuberance felt like the magical blessings of heavenly angels. Brie was his angel, his enchanting little spirit that filled his soul with the renewing power of life and love.

Now, he just had to explain to her what kind of mystic creature she truly was and the reason for her preternatural powers.

* * * *

After he dressed and Megan had taken the samples she needed, his friends, excluding Dominic, stared at him as if he was an alien and had suddenly grown a second head. After the long, uncomfortable silence, Brie suggested they all move into the living room. He could feel their need to ask questions, but the surprise of what had happened didn't seem to register well with anyone, especially Jonah. His scowling face and darkening gaze made it obvious that his younger brother was angrier than a bull after Santa in his giant red suit.

Ryken and Luken held up the wall, arms folded over their chests, one leg bent at the knee and propped up on the wall behind them, looking every bit the twins they were. Brie, Jonah, and he took a seat on the couch, while Reyes stood at the opposite end of the room, avoiding eye contact with everyone.

The physical distance struck Sebastian as odd. Reyes was customarily the center of attention, the public speaker, but currently he stood the furthest away. His eyes darted periodically up the stairs, but the only person who was up there was...Dr. Shaw.

“Look what I found spying around outside,” Dominic’s voice blasted into the room a second before his big body broke through the door.

A beaten bundle of man bounced off the floor with a solid thud at Jonah’s feet, and immediately everyone stood, staring down at the bloodied lump on the new area rug.

“Who’s that?” Brie gasped. “And get his bleeding carcass off my new rug,” she bit out, hands on her hips. “Didn’t we just go through this less than a week ago?”

Dominic’s eyes finally found Sebastian’s. “What the fuck, dude, you’re awake and up? Did Megan actually find a cure?” The cocky grin was wide enough to light up the room.

Arms folded over her chest as she descended the stairs, Megan said with utter repugnance, “Don’t sound so surprised, you big dumbass.”

He arched a brow mockingly. A tempting smile creased his lips.

Reyes growled, drawing everyone’s attention in his direction.

Dominic’s eyes narrowed, inclining his head towards his grumbling friend. He rumbled, “What the hell is his problem?”

“Nothing,” Reyes roared, glancing towards Megan, who simply turned her gaze as quickly as she blinked. Returning his attention to their new guest, he asked, “Who the hell is that?”

Whatever was on Reyes’s mind, Sebastian was going to find out, and if anyone could dig into the mind of his oldest and dearest friend, it was him. It was easy to sense there was something worrying his friend. His strange behavior was testament to that. And whatever it was somehow included Dr. Shaw.

“Don’t know. I was too busy kicking his ass to find out. My bad.” Dominic chuckled.

The sandy, blond haired man balled himself up on the ground, covering his face and begging, “Please don’t let him hit me again. I didn’t come here to fight. I have a message for one of the McCarthy

brothers.” The words were muffled from behind his arms still hiding most of his face.

“Who are you?” Brie whispered softly, kneeling at his side. Sebastian’s hand rested on her shoulder, while Jonah pressed in at her other side.

Peeling his arms away from his face, his innocent brown eyes looked up to meet Brie’s, a soft plea hidden within them. He gasped, “I’m a messenger, I swear. I’m not here to hurt anyone.”

Charging at him, Reyes grabbed the back of his shirt, jerking him up off the ground and nearly knocking Brie down with the violent movement. “A messenger from whom exactly?”

The man didn’t fight back. His limp body was no smaller than Reyes’s. He was in shape from the look of him, but he didn’t seem to have the will to defend himself. What gives? Was this some kind of a trick? Was he really some kind of super-villain and at any moment he might turn against them? They’d have to take every precaution until they figured out for sure.

Megan stepped off the last step of the stairs, and Reyes growled in her direction, halting her movements. “Stay back,” he warned, as if protecting her from some great danger. “I don’t trust this little shit. He reeks of wolf, but one I’ve never encountered.”

With an arched brow, Megan asked, “And I assume you’ve met every werewolf in the world?”

Reyes glared, dropping the man back on the floor.

“Didn’t think so,” she scoffed and took another slow step towards the man lying on the floor, his full features hidden by the couch and the people standing around him.

Brie continued to whisper softly to the bleeding wolf. He coughed hard, a wheezing sound coming from his chest. “I think his name was Levi, Mason Levi.”

Sebastian’s guard went up, and he interjected, “How do you know Mason Levi?”

Gasping, he said, “Honestly, I don’t. I was taken after my shift a few nights ago by a man who threatened to kill me and a woman I’ve never met. He said he’d find everyone we knew and kill them.”

Jonah barked, “And how did you find us?”

“This man, the one who kidnapped me, he said I was to come to McCarthy Ranch and let you know that Mason wants to trade, this woman for Brie Ferguson.” His words trembled from his lips as if he were freezing to death.

Sebastian, Brie, and Jonah exchanged tension-filled glances, fear swirling in the depths of Brie’s blue eyes.

Sebastian questioned, “And what’s so special about you or this other woman that he thinks we’d give him, Brie?”

Shaking his head, he answered, “I don’t know, but he seemed very convinced you’d do exactly what he wanted for fear he would truly harm the other woman.”

Brie was the next to speak, her eyes wide as she stared at the young man kneeling on the ground beside Reyes. “What’s your name?”

“Zane,” he responded quickly, his voice hoarse and barely audible. “My name is Zane McCoskey.”

“Zane?” Megan gasped as she pushed the others out of her way as easily as a linebacker for the Pittsburgh Steelers and knelt beside him. “Oh God, Zane, I didn’t know it was you, I’m so sorry.” Her intense gaze raked over Dominic, seething with rage. “I’m going to kick the shit out of you when this is over, you fucking barbarian.”

“Megan, wait,” Sebastian ordered.

Her eyes sprung to meet his, her need to ignore his request was written all over her face, but she didn’t dare challenge him. She put her arms around Zane instead and held him against her.

“Zane, who’s the woman Mason mentioned?” Sebastian’s voice was calm, but insistent. His authoritative essence bloomed out of him.

Swallowing, Zane looked up to meet his inquisitive gaze, answering, “Her name was Tabitha. Tabitha Burns.”

“Shit,” Jonah roared.

Brie’s legs gave out from under her, and both Sebastian and Jonah were there to catch her.

“Oh God, no, not Tabitha?” she whimpered, reaching for both Sebastian and Jonah’s hands.

“I know, baby girl. I know.” Sebastian turned his gaze to Zane and began giving orders. “Reyes, help him up. Take Zane to one of the private rooms where Dr. Shaw can clean him up. Dominic, find our guest some clothes that fit, and see to it that Dr. Shaw has everything she needs to take care of Zane. You are at her beck and call from now on. Also consider yourselves on protection detail for Megan until I say otherwise. I can’t risk anything happening to her. She’s the only one at this point that can make heads or tails out of the virus.”

Dominic grumbled, rolling his eyes at the obvious thought of being stuck with Megan.

“Don’t even say a word, Dominic. Just do as I’ve asked and deal with it.” Sebastian’s words lurched off his tongue without mercy.

“Dr. Shaw?” Zane’s eyes filled with hope, a look that seemed lost on the young man’s face at first glance. “Do you mean, Dr. Megan Shaw?”

Brow furrowed, Sebastian questioned, “Yes, son, she’s the one holding you.”

Eyes bright with hope, he stared up at Brie, “Please take me to Dr. Shaw. She’s my boss. I work for her.” Zane’s eyes closed, and he slumped over as if drugged, programmed to give his message and then turn off like a light switch.

* * * *

Brie watched as Megan’s foot tapped with so much aggressive force she was surprised that her foot hadn’t actually broken through the floorboards. She was pissed like a rain-drenched cat that Dominic had made meat soup out of her colleague’s face. Eyes ignited with a

penetrating stare, face flushed fire engine red, there was no mistaking Megan's dislike for Dominic's brutish ways.

More than ever, Brie was curious to discover the details that transpired between the two. A fiery redhead and a dark and mysterious knight, yep, they'd make a hell of a pair. Maybe that was the problem.

Zane was a handsome man, a young werewolf by the looks of his golden brown eyes and smooth, flawless olive skin. Apparently a young doctor, too—Megan's protégé.

Megan's hate-filled gaze could burn holes straight through bone, and without a shadow of a doubt, Dominic felt each pain-laced glance.

On occasion, as he caught sight of her looking at him, he would demonstrate an exaggerated shiver. Then he would narrow his eyes in a threatening manner, but the action hadn't deterred her from continuing her venomous stare. The two were sure to kill each other before the night was up.

"Tell me again, why did you not talk to him before you beat him up?" Megan asked, her nostrils flaring, waiting for Dominic's reply.

"Look, he was snooping around and he smelled like wolf."

"That's because he *is* a wolf, you dumbass," she shouted, hands balled into tight fists at her side.

"I didn't know who he was, and he reeked of fear. What would you have had me do, wait until he got the drop on one of you? Perhaps next time someone's lurking around, I'll wait for them to kill or rape you before I decide to intervene. Perhaps then you'll shut the fuck up."

"You're such an ass."

"Yep, an ass you keep staring at."

"Fuck you, Dominic."

"Not even if you paid me, Doc."

Practically screaming with immense frustration, Megan moved to the opposite side of the room, far away from Dominic.

Brie wet her dry lips and swallowed. “Okay, now that that’s taken care of.” She gazed from Dominic back to the doctor and then began, “I know you all have questions about what’s been going on and how Sebastian is miraculously healed.”

Clearing her throat, she glanced down at Sebastian and smiled. “I don’t know how to explain any of it really. I think what happened...how best to explain this...to begin with—”

Grinning, Sebastian grasped her hand and said, “What Brie is trying to say is, she is an anomaly among were-kind. Her family history speaks about a girl every so many generations who bears the mark of the moon.” He ran his fingers to the nape of her neck and lifted her hair to reveal such a mark, showing the others. “This woman will have all the characteristics of the wolf except for the ability to transform. She is the keeper of our secrets and the healer of our souls.” He kissed her lips and eased back to see her surprised expression.

“What?” Brie blinked several times, her mind fogged with confusion. Comprehending the words forming from Sebastian’s lips seemed impossible.

He smiled at her as if sensing her distress. “Brie, I should have told you before, but I was so messed up with the virus that I couldn’t think straight. I only knew that you were all I wanted, craved. The instinct to be near you was overwhelming. The reason for that was due to your healing powers. They made me able to fight the virus, even if for just a short time.”

Brows furrowed, she questioned, “Wait, you’re serious about this?”

“Yes,” he sighed. “When I went to Scotland, I met some very interesting people. People who knew exactly what I was the moment they saw me. I didn’t have to say a word. They were waiting for me and knew I was coming on your behalf, or at least they hoped. They told me the stories of your family, shared legendary tales of women who had done remarkable things within the pack. By the time I

headed for home, I was full of so much knowledge. I felt like a walking were-history book.”

Shaking her head, she huffed, “I don’t understand. These powers...they’re part of my family?”

“Hold up, time-out. What powers?” Ryken asked, hands held up like a giant *T*.

Sebastian’s gaze flickered from Ryken back to hers and she watched him, hanging onto his every word. “Brie’s gifts are not important. What’s important is that we must protect her at all costs. If the others capture her, they will try and kill her or do something much worse.” Sebastian’s arms draped around her shoulders, and he placed a sweet kiss to her lips, eyes searching deep into hers.

Sebastian whispered, “Brie is the Wolf Princess.”

Surprised gasps and groans zoomed around the room.

“Wait?” Jonah was the first to speak. “You’re serious? Our Brie is the Wolf Princess?” He caressed her cheek. “I always knew you were special. I just hadn’t realized how much.”

Brie licked her dry lips, her mouth as dry as cotton. “I still don’t understand what all this means. What about my powers, and what’s a Wolf Princess?” Glancing to Jonah, she asked, “And why are you so quick to believe it?”

Jonah moved and placed his hand over Brie’s. “If it’s all right with everyone else, Sebastian and I would like to discuss this with Brie in private. This might be a little overwhelming, especially in front of a crowd.”

No one objected, at least not outright, but she could still feel the curious stares scanning over her like laser beams. She felt naked among them, a succulent meal for a pack of starving wolves.

Switching gears, a welcomed distraction, Sebastian asked, “What have we found out about Mason? Any new leads?”

Ryken moved to lean against the wall beside the burning hearth. He kicked his foot up against the wall, arms folded over his chest in

his standard pose, and he muttered, “Well, I seriously doubt you’re going to like what Luken and I found out.”

“What? Tell us,” Jonah encouraged.

“Seems you weren’t the only one to take a trip to Scotland this past month—there was someone following you.”

Sebastian’s tone turned defensive as he said, “That’s not possible. I’m one of the best trackers in our pack. I’d never miss something like that.”

Dominic chuckled. “Do you remember anything about your time as a virus-infected freak? You had no scent, Sebastian. You were the atomic stealth boy, and even I couldn’t sense you. You were the perfect weapon. No scent and no sound.”

“So you think I was followed by Mason Levi?”

Luken shook his head. “Actually, no. We found someone from Mason’s pack willing to talk to us.”

“Who?”

“His name is Rider O’Laughlin. He’s a were-panther.”

“Great, just what we need. Another pack to muck with.” The disappointment in Reyes’s voice was duly noted from the political head of the group.

“What did O’Laughlin say?” Jonah asked.

Luken’s turn, he answered, “He said we’ve got more to worry about than Mason Levi. Said there’s more out there like him and they know about Brie, at least the myth of her bloodline. Of course we didn’t understand what they were talking about until now.”

Shrugging off his friends annoyed tone, Jonah muttered, “Explains why Zane paid us a surprise visit.”

Sebastian stared at the ground, his fingers twined around Brie’s. “This is bad,” he groaned. “This is very bad.”

Brie shook her head. “I don’t get it. I just used my power to heal Sebastian. How does Mason or anyone else even know I have powers? I never—” Realization struck her like a meteor the size of Texas. “Oh, shit!”

Glancing at her wide-eyed expression, Jonah breathed, “Exactly.”

Megan raised her hand, waving it back and forth, drawing attention her way. “I’m sorry, I’m a little in the dark over here. Why the, ‘oh, shit?’”

Sebastian spoke first. “Brie used her powers on Mason Levi last month when he attacked her in the ladies’ room at the local diner, and I stupidly let him walk.”

“You what?” Dominic abruptly stood. Heat seethed from every pore in his body, face bright red, neck pulsing with tension. “You had that little prick in your hands and you let him fucking go?”

Sebastian glared up at his friend, eyes filled with astonishment that Dominic would dare disrespect him in front of everyone. He was the next in line if Sebastian wasn’t able to maintain order in the pack, and that sure as hell wasn’t happening now. “I could smell that something was wrong with him, saw his eyes weren’t right. I didn’t want to risk whatever was wrong with him infecting Jonah, Brie, or myself, for that matter.” Rising to his own feet to stand toe-to-toe with the giant, he growled, “I made a judgment call, Dominic. Deal with it.”

“That’s your answer, as usual. ‘Deal with it’?” His eyes narrowed, his jaw clenched tight, and he spoke, calm and lethal, “Look, Sebastian, you could’ve saved us all a hell of a lot of time fixing this shit last month instead of dragging us all in over our heads. We’re fighting a ghost here, and you managed to let our only connection fucking get away. I’m sorry if you think I’m overstepping my bounds, but while you were turning into a fucking mutant, the rest of us have been cleaning up your shit.”

Brie rose to her feet, her chest tight with apprehension. She’d just miraculously saved Sebastian from a fate worse than death, and damn it, she was not about to watch as these two hulky men slung their dicks around in a “whose cock is bigger” contest until one of them was seriously injured or dead.

Wiggling between the two brooding men, she placed her palms flat against each one's chest, glancing from one to the other as she said, "As much as I think screaming at one another helps"—her eyes darted to meet Dominic's—"perhaps we can find other means of solving our issues."

Meeting her gaze, he huffed out a breath. Stalking to the far side of the room, he muttered, "Whatever."

Sebastian kissed her knuckles, whispering into her mind, *Thank you.*

She batted her blond lashes and grinned, *You're welcome, now answer some questions for them before they all go stir-crazy and stampede the village and kill the chief and his telepathic, power-flinging mate.* Her smile widened.

Shaking his head at her, Sebastian blew out a large breath of air. "I'm sure you all have questions for me. This would be a great time for answers, and then together we'll come up with a plan of action."

Reyes's boot dropped heavy to the floor, and all eyes moved to glance at him.

"Reyes, do you have a question?"

"You're damn right I do. What the heck happened in here? Why the hell did it look like you tried to eat the cabin?"

Chapter Sixteen

Snickering, Sebastian answered, “Please forgive me for not knowing all the details with precision. I was a little delusional at the time, but what I do remember, I’ll share.” Inhaling a deep breath he began, “During my infection I had a fierce urge to hunt, like what we experience during our first lycan change. I must have gone out hunting one night and left the front door open. When I returned, there were several large animals rummaging through the trash, scurrying around for food. I sensed something strange, like another were-animal. The scent was maddening. But the only thing that was remotely large enough to be a were-animal was a fox. An abnormally large fox, mind you. I was crazed, attacked and killed the animal. I dragged its remains out into the woods and left it, but when I returned, I was so angry. I was losing myself to the virus. I started destroying everything, unable to contain my frustration, my fury. I’d been without Brie for weeks, and the mating heat was like a needle fucking my brain. I needed her, but I was afraid to call for help. I didn’t want to hurt anyone, especially her.” She squeezed his hand.

“How did you keep yourself from infecting Brie and me when we first found you?” Jonah’s question brought nervous flutters to his stomach.

“Brie kept me from hurting anyone else. As I told you, my Brie is special.”

“When did you get infected?” Megan’s calm voice slid from behind him. He didn’t need to see her to know she had her arms folded over her chest and exaggerated frown on her face. She was still

reeling over what Dominic had done to her now slumbering and mended colleague.

“I caught his scent, or at least I thought I had. I had no way of knowing that this virus somehow mutated the host’s scent and strength. I didn’t know what I was up against. I only knew that his scent, or what I thought was his scent, led me to a real hole in the wall in east Tennessee. But as you can guess, it was a trap. Mason was waiting for me. He got the drop on me, and we fought. I couldn’t believe the strength of this guy. He seemed more like—”

“A pussy?” Ryken’s humor once again beamed from the depths of the room in the most inappropriate fashion.

“I was going to say he seemed more like an easier target than I’d figured, but pussy works, too.”

Sebastian met Ryken’s wide grin. “He laughed the moment he sliced into my skin. He knew what he was doing, but I didn’t. The first sign of the virus didn’t hit me for days. The onset was like getting the flu, or what I hear it’s like to get the flu. I could suddenly hear and see with extreme supernatural keenness, way beyond normal werewolf abilities. The sensations would come and go, but then there were times when I could see practically everything, no matter how far away. I could hear every single conversation within a mile. The scent change, the stealth ability, those came later, but the worse part of the virus was the rage. The mind-fuck I got. The virus took on a personality of its own, practically telling me what to do and how to feel. When that started, I knew what Mason had done to me was deliberate.”

“How so?” Reyes asked.

“Because after Mason bit me, he just left, he didn’t try to finish me. He didn’t do anything but leave.”

Reyes’s eyes narrowed. “So you think he wanted you to capture Brie or deliver her to him? Sort of make you an in-house ally?”

“Yes, and certainly after hearing Zane’s story, it makes perfect sense.”

“Well, now what do we do?” Ryken questioned.

“First things first, you and Luken need to go retrieve Tabitha Burns. She’s Brie’s best friend. Brie will call her to let her know you’re coming. I’m willing to bet Mason’s goons are all over her, hoping we’ll go after her. They’re most likely watching her every step. Find a way to get them off your trail and bring her back here.” Both Ryken and Luken rose to their full heights, but Sebastian cut off their retreat with one final thought, “And gentlemen, a word to the wise, hands off Tabitha. She’s not to be manhandled in any way. Like I mentioned, she’s Brie’s best friend, and I want her to see us as humans, not raging lunatic wolves. Got it?”

Luken nodded, and Ryken snickered. “Sure,” Ryken said, but his eyes clearly suggested something else. Something he hoped Brie hadn’t noticed.

Damn, werewolves are giant horn-dogs.

* * * *

The living room cleared of all guests, and Megan went upstairs to sit with Zane. Reyes and Dominic disappeared outside to check the perimeters and most likely discuss between them everything they had just heard, and Ryken and Luken were off in pursuit of Tabitha. Things couldn’t seem more fucked-up if it were served on a platter with a pile of hot steaming shit. These last several weeks had left Brie with a solid lump in her throat and nerves so out of whack it was a wonder she managed to stay sane.

The silence between the three of them had to end. She had so much to discuss with Sebastian and Jonah. She had to learn more about Sebastian’s travels, and also she couldn’t let things change between her and Jonah. She’d gotten so close to him over the last few weeks, and she didn’t want that uniqueness in their relationship to end.

She placed some distance between her and her mates, turned, and stood in front of them. Her gaze drifted from one gorgeous, masculine face to the other. Their soft-as-silk expressions stared up at her as if she hung the moon. Sweet smiles curved their lips. The sight of them as she held their attention with little effort stole her breath away.

“I’d like to talk with you for a moment now that we’re alone.” Her gaze fell to Jonah, whose smile deepened just a little more. He was the first she told her secret to, and she was sure somewhere deep inside that meant a great deal to him. But now it was her turn to tell Sebastian, and she wasn’t sure how well her alpha was going to take it. Not that she was pregnant, but that she’d told Jonah first and that the baby was most likely his.

“What about, sweetheart?” Sebastian’s deep, buttery voice poured over her, tingling vibrations shooting up and down each vertebra.

“I have something to tell you. Something I’ve wanted to tell you for days.”

He rose to his feet and moved to hold her in his arms. “Is it something I’ve done? I know I have so much to make up for, and I promise you I’ll do everything in my power to make it up to you. The wedding, the distance—”

Interrupting him, she stated, “No, Sebastian, it’s none of those things.”

“Then what is it? What’s got you looking so distraught?”

Holding his gaze, she nervously chewed her bottom lip. Sucking in a deep breath, she blurted, “I’m pregnant.”

The air was sucked from the room as she stared into his profound eyes. His intent look had been confused and dark, but now, suddenly emerged with a brightness she hadn’t expected, only hoped for. The hard, coarse lines around his mouth and eyes softened as the confusion in his gaze cleared. Her heart raced, pounding so hard in her chest her lungs struggled to hold the air she breathed.

“Oh, baby. This is wonderful news. Oh, God. Are you angry with me because we’re not married? I’ll fix everything right away. I’ll get

all the preparations done immediately. I promise you'll have the wedding of your dreams with both me and Jonah at your side. I don't care how much it costs." A smile pulled his lips wide so his white teeth beamed at her. "Oh, God, a baby." Kissing her mouth hard, he gasped, "A baby. You and me, we're going to have a baby." His arms wrapped around her, pulling her so tight and close she thought she might break.

Brie wanted to be so happy, wanted to embrace the idea of the baby with him, but she couldn't because it was just as much Jonah's as it was his. The chance that it was Jonah's was greater, that was for sure. They spent so much more time together, made love more than once daily for weeks. How could she explain this to Sebastian without crushing him?

"Brie?" he whispered. His voice held a bit of concern.

Her eyes found his, a sadness falling over his gaze. She gulped wondering if he sensed something hidden in her eyes.

His strong hands cupped her face. "Sweetheart, I won't pretend I don't know that there's a greater chance that the baby belongs to Jonah. I expect him to love this child no differently than I will. You will be married to him just as much as you will be married to me, and I wouldn't have it any other way. I know I said things to you that seemed different while I was infected. I know I said things that weren't so threesome friendly, but I love my brother, and he loves you just as much as I do. No matter who helped create this baby, we are both the fathers. That's what we decided up front, what you decided was a suitable arrangement. And that's how it will always be, no matter what."

Her arms flew around his neck the second the last word left his lips. He couldn't have made her any happier if he tried. She was going to have her fairy tale, marry her white knights, and raise their baby together, all things that couldn't get any more perfect.

Then again...

Jonah stood, Brie's back to his chest and her front pressed up against Sebastian. Jonah brushed her golden hair to the side, kissing the column of her neck, groaning against the warmth of her flesh, "See, baby, I told you it would all be okay." His lips left a trail of sweetness along her skin that sent goose bumps erupting everywhere. Warm tingles flooded her pussy.

"The only thing that could make this moment the best it could be..." Brie's words drifted off as Jonah pressed his hard-as-steel erection against her ass, and she moaned as Sebastian hungrily took her mouth. Hard, sensitive nipples abraded against the fabric of her bra. Panties damp, her fingers clung to Sebastian's firm biceps.

The large alpha read her mind and finished her thought. "You want us to make this night perfect, Brie." Nuzzling her neck, he growled against her skin. "Then let us love you all night long." His lips trailed kisses along her cheek and jaw. Nipping at her ear, he said, "I'm dying to be buried inside you, feeling your tight pussy swallowing my cock. I've missed your taste, Brie, missed the sweetness of your cunt." He pressed himself against her belly, his hard cock teasing of what was to come. "Let me fuck you, Brie. Let me show you how much I love you, want you...desire you—the mother of our child."

Jonah pressed himself firmly against her back, grinding his cock between the cheeks of her ass. Her head fell to rest against his chest. The soft, swaying motions of his hips lulled her into seduction. Hands, arms, and chests intertwined with hers. She couldn't imagine a time where she and her mates hadn't been together. This was where her heart belonged and where her body craved to be. With two men who wished to protect her also wished to make her the happiest woman in the world. Who was she to resist?

"I would be a fool to say no. Besides, unfairly, you can scent my answer, even before I said it."

Sebastian's scrumptious grin tickled her senseless. "True, but it is much more enticing to hear you speak the words."

Jonah's fingers weaved into her hair, he whispered, "Tell us what you want, Brie. Tell us what you need."

She licked her lips. Excitement sprung from her brain and surged to her already wet pussy. Quivering, she gasped, "Oh God, I want it all, both of you in any way I can have you." She giggled. "Pretty soon I'll be as big as a house, and I won't be able to do much more than lay there. I'm sure that will be super sexy."

Jonah caressed the side of her face, holding her against his body. He whispered, "You are the woman carrying our child. What could be sexier than that?"

"You're the most beautiful woman we've ever seen, sweetheart. I couldn't be more pleased that you're pregnant. I never believed I'd be a father, and you've made that possible for me. I love you more than you'll ever know, Brie Ferguson." Sebastian kissed her lips, but she gently pulled away.

"Right. About that."

"About what?"

She pushed out from between the two of them so she could see Jonah's face as well. "When are you two going to make an honest woman out of me?" She glanced from one handsome face to the other, absently rubbing a hand over her belly. "I don't want this baby coming into the world without the McCarthy name attached to his and mine. Not to mention, I'd prefer not to be as large as a whale waddling down the aisle."

Both men sighed through wide grins. Jonah said, "Sweetheart, we're going to marry you the first chance we get. The ball's really in your court. You tell us when and we'll make it happen." He kissed her cheek and then cupped her face to turn her enough to claim her mouth. His sweet lips caressed her own, enjoying the delicious spicy taste of his tongue as it slid between her lips.

Sebastian caressed her shoulders, and she rounded to look directly into his honey brown eyes. He kissed her nose. "I told you before, I'm not going anywhere without you ever again. I meant it, Brie. If you

want to get married this weekend, fine. If you want to wait another month, okay. Just please don't make me wait much longer than that to claim my bride."

A warm, tender smile tugged at the corners of her mouth. "I'd like to have my best friend Tabitha here when we get married. So planning a wedding for month from now would be great. That way Ryken and Luken can bring Tabitha here and we can avoid any more crazy interruptions from Mason Levi."

Sebastian's brow arched, he shared, "Sounds good, but you know what sounds even better?"

"What?"

"Fucking you all night long," Sebastian growled.

Nibbling her lip, she asked, "Well, then, what are you two waiting for?"

Chapter Seventeen

Clasping their hands, Brie led her two gorgeous mates up the stairs and into her bedroom. Her belly full of nerves, she trembled. She wasn't afraid to be with Sebastian and Jonah intimately. As a matter of fact, she was excited as hell to be with them. A fire extinguisher couldn't smother out the fire that burned hot in her body for the men she loved. With quivering legs and lust-filled thoughts, she couldn't get enough of her wolf lovers.

Anticipation fueled her body, heart beating hard and fast, her breathing shallow and quick. Overwhelming need choked her. Helpless, she walked into her bedroom and turned to face Sebastian and Jonah.

She grinned, licking her lips and wondering who the first would be to welcome her kisses, demand her touch. Aching to feel their impressive erections pressed deep inside her, she sighed, eyes trailing over their hard, well-defined bodies.

Without hesitation, she pulled her blouse over her head and dropped it to the floor and then made quick work of her pants and undergarments. The brawny men stared at her, lust and desire firing like cannons in their eyes as she crawled onto the bed and lay flat on her back.

Gazing up to meet their heated glances, she opened her legs just enough to tease them with her pretty pink center. Sebastian and Jonah's eyes darkened as she spread her legs wider, and her hand slowly trailed down the flat of her stomach, down past the groomed strip of hair, stroking her clit with slow, swirling caresses.

Being exposed like this to her mates completely turned her on, evidenced by the slick moisture gathering between her thighs.

“Do you like what you see, boys?” she taunted. The husky, rich voice poured off her tongue in an unfamiliar way, teasing and delighting her senses.

Using the fire burning deep in her belly, she slid a finger into the depths of her wet channel. Her free hand massaged her breast, plucking at the hard nipple.

Where had this seductress come from, the sudden need to demonstrate her wild side? She didn’t know, but she was enjoying every minute of the power she held over the men looking upon her body as if she were a goddess.

“God, baby, you’re so beautiful,” Jonah groaned, edging closer to the bed where Brie lay.

Moaning, the pleasure she felt began to tingle all over, excited by her actions, and the fevered glances of her mates ignited her body. “You think so? Would you like to touch me, Jonah? Would you like to feel my body?”

“Oh, fuck, yes.” His voice rumbled from low in his throat. He tore at his clothing, shredding them faster than she could blink her eyes.

“Wait,” Sebastian growled, a sensual, sexual growl that had her breath catching in her chest. “Wouldn’t you like to see our pretty mate in all her glory before we feast upon her flesh? She shows us but a sample, and I want it all.” Sebastian quickly discarded his clothing, both men standing ready, cocks hard and pulsing, waiting at the edge of the bed.

“Oh, hell yes, I would love to see our little Brie all spread out like an offering to us. Our little vixen is hot, and I’d like to see her pussy dripping with excitement.” Her eyes widened at Jonah’s erotic tone and words.

Biting her bottom lip, she followed their specific commands to display her body. Her legs fell open, the folds of her glistening sex

revealed. She pressed her hand against her sex only to have it swatted away by Sebastian's hand.

"I don't think you'll need to do that anymore, mate. I believe we can handle it from here." Sebastian lowered himself on the bed, and Jonah did the same.

Jonah's masculine fingers plunged deep into her pussy, fucking her, pulling out only to spread the moisture all over her sex, and massaged her clit.

"Oh," she gasped. "That feels incredible. Don't stop."

"Damn, you're so beautiful," Jonah groaned.

Brie's blood boiled as flames of passion licked her skin. Sebastian's mouth clamped down on her nipple, while Jonah's fingers continued their wild assault on her hot, wet pussy.

"Oh, God, that feels...Oh, God." She arched her hips up and cradled Sebastian's head against her breasts, wrapping her arms around his shoulders.

"Like that, baby?" Jonah whispered, brushing the coarse whiskers of his cheeks and chin against her damp thighs. His warm breath moved over her skin, sending a jolt of electricity from her pussy to her head.

Brie was swirling in a sea of arousal as Sebastian's gentle touch roamed over her breasts, caressing up her ribs, loving her breasts and body with eager hands and mouth. The man's touch was masterful, playing with her body, a gift to be opened with vigorous interest.

Between the sensations ravaging her body from Jonah's exploring fingers and Sebastian's exquisite kisses, she could hardly contain the rapture filling her soul and blistering her body. Yearning for more than gentle caresses and teasing fingers, she dared to demand more.

"Stop, both of you." She propped up on her elbows, glancing down at their surprised expressions. "I want more, I need more, and I want it now."

Sebastian stroked her hand in a soothing manner, his eyes wide as he said, “Sweet Brie, we’re getting there. Don’t you want us to savor your body and love you the way you deserve?”

“No, right now all I want is to be fucked, and I want to be fucked by both of you, now. Can you do that, or am I asking too much?”

Holy shit! What on earth had gotten into her? Who was this woman demanding to be fucked, ordering the men she loved to pleasure her?

She was a woman who missed the love and companionship of the men she wished to marry and spend her life with. Life’s little hiccups had turned her into a whiny, girly mess. She was tired of being that emotional baggage of disaster. She was ready to be the woman in control of her life. Being with them without fear and worry brought the she-devil out of her. And she liked the control that came with it, the freedom and power—a lot.

“Kiss me like your life depends on it, like you don’t have any other choice,” she ordered Sebastian, staring up at him with so much heat blazing through her she could barely breathe. She felt the liquid fire in her eyes as her gaze roamed to take in Jonah’s bewildered stare. “And you,” she chirped. “Are you going to torture me with your fingers all night or are you going to eat my pussy? Because I can think of so many better things to do with a woman’s body. Especially when her legs are spread as invitingly as mine are.”

A deep, throaty chuckle rose from the depths of Jonah’s chest, his body hunched over her lower half like the fierce wolf he was, eyes smoldering with desire. His growl crawled over her skin like warm maple syrup, all sugary and sweet with a hint of “oh so naughty.”

“Who is this vixen, and what has she done with our mate?”

Sebastian laughed, a deep, raspy sound that sent chills running up and down her spine. He said, “I’ll be damned if I know, but I’d like to find out what more wicked things that delicious body holds.” He jerked a quick glance to his brother, mysterious eyes growing darker, he told Jonah, “Maybe you better do as our mate wants. I have a

feeling she's a little impatient and might scold us with more sexual ridicule if we don't do exactly as she demands."

"Oh, but what a punishment," Jonah groaned.

Giggling and chewing her lip, she asked again, "Are you two done conversing? I'm getting bored, so if you're not going to take care of me, I'll just have to do it myself." She laid flat on her back, and her fingers dipped between her thighs, brushing over her clit. She moaned as if experiencing the most exquisite pleasure possible.

Jonah playfully swatted her hand away, saying, "Oh, no you don't, mate. That's my job."

Brow arched, she snickered. "Well, then I suggest you get busy."

Without hesitation, Sebastian and Jonah's mouths claimed her body simultaneously. Jonah clamped down on her clit, and Sebastian's tongue delved into her mouth with unstoppable sexual aggression, sending fireworks blazing through her nerve endings. This was what she wanted, needed. To feel her mates take her body, pleasure her in ways she'd only dreamed, and make her theirs once more. Possess her as only they could do.

Sebastian devoured her mouth, his greedy tongue sliding against hers in a wild battle of wickedness. He tasted like hot spice and all man, and she loved it. Her fingers weaved in his dark hair, digging into his scalp and keeping his lips pressed firmly against hers.

She moaned, writhing in the pleasure of their touch. Legs spreading wider, Jonah's tongue slipped past her sensitive flesh as a growl of complete pleasure tore from his throat. The suction created by his sinful mouth had her toes curling.

"Damn, baby, you taste like honey. So fucking sweet and delicious." Jonah's aggressive, hungry tongue slid into her pussy, fucking her with complete abandon. "I could do this all day."

Tearing away from her lips, Sebastian murmured, "Easy, boy, don't give her everything she wants so quickly. She might not play so nice with us if we do that." His devilish smile lit his face.

Brie grinned at him, dark, wicked eyes staring back at her. The scent of his masculinity filled her nose, penetrating deep into every cell in her body. Playing dirty sounded like fun and excited the hell out of her.

“Yes, let’s not give me what I want. Let’s see who can hold out longer. Oh, wait, I’ve got an idea. I wonder what Ryken or Luken might think if I sauntered my naked ass up to either of them, perhaps both, asking if they wanted to fuck me. Think they’d do as I asked?”

Jonah’s voice rumbled, a deep vibrating sound that would have frightened her if she didn’t know the man personally. “I don’t think we’ll get the chance to find out. We’ve already sent the wonder twins after Tabitha, so that option might not work for you.”

Not letting his quick response dampen her stride, she responded, “Oh right, but then Dominic’s still lingering around, and last time I checked he was definitely available.”

A thunderous growl emerged from her fierce alpha. “Brie, are you honestly trying to get me so pissed off that I end up killing the son of a bitch?” Sebastian’s tone was playful but serious. His possessive stare had her heart pounding wildly and her pussy throbbing with even more need.

“Hey, I’d like to keep my best friend around if you don’t mind.”

With an arched brow, Brie told them, “Look, I don’t really care at this point. What I care about is who’s going to satisfy me. Now, do I have to go find someone else, or are you two going to take care of me?”

“We’ll always take care of you,” Sebastian said, brushing back the loose fallen hair that covered her eyes.

“Then show me. I desire a cock in my ass and one in my pussy.”

“I think we can accommodate that,” Sebastian groaned, moving his body away from hers. He glanced over to his brother, eyes filled with dirty deeds. “Jonah, grab her ankles, turn her long ways on the bed.” A breath later, Jonah’s hands tugged her body down, twisting her to the side.

She gasped as Sebastian's tongue flicked over her erect nipple. Her hips arched up of their own accord as the warm press of Jonah's hands spread her thighs once more. Her clit throbbed. She ached to be filled and wanted to feel her lovers deep inside her body, like their love filled and burned inside her heart.

Brie wrapped her fingers around Sebastian's neck and pulled him down, kissing him desperately and pleading that he would do more with his mouth than kiss her, that he would soon ease the ache growing inside her body.

"Now, Jonah, give our mate what she's so desperate for."

"With pleasure," Jonah growled.

Standing, he eased her body down to the edge of the bed, lifting her legs so her knees rested over his shoulders. Guiding the head of his cock to her slick entrance, he slowly pushed inside her tight sheath. Gripping her hips, he slammed himself to the hilt, his balls slapping against her ass as he drove his shaft into her.

Sebastian's hands were like heat-seeking missiles, finding every hot spot on her body. Each touch had her body flaming and quivering with desire. He massaged her breasts, abdomen, and pelvis with hands that seemed unstoppable. She'd played with fire with her two men, and it seemed she was the one getting burned. And it felt so good—so right.

"Flip our girl over, Jonah. Put her on her hands and knees. I think I know what will make that pretty little mouth cry and beg for more." Sebastian's hand covered her breasts and ribs as he helped Jonah turn her over, her ass sticking up in the air like a victory flag.

Jonah pressed his muscular legs against her inner thighs and widened her stance. With his thumbs he spread the slick folds of her sex, a warm burst of air rushed over her clit, shooting jolts of electricity humming throughout her body. Then she felt him, the head of his cock as he placed himself at her entrance, not pushing in, just teasing her with the welcomed pressure.

Sebastian moved, crawling to kneel in front of her, his cock jutting out from the thick dark hair. “Now, close that pretty mouth of yours around my cock and suck me.”

Glancing up at him, she knew Sebastian was trying to assume control of the situation. His alpha male status wouldn’t allow it any other way. As much as she’d like to think she was the one driving this train, she wasn’t, and turning the controls over to her alpha was going to be a delight.

She licked her lips, moistening her mouth for the moment she would taste her lover. Shiny pre-cum coated the head of his cock. He was ready, hard, and hot. So was she. Gripping the base of his dick with her hand, she guided it to her lips, licking at the wetness she found.

She moaned, enjoying the salty, sweet flavor. Opening her mouth, she took him in, all the way to the back of her throat. She eased her suction on his thick shaft, almost pulling out, before swallowing him into the depths of her mouth once more.

Jonah’s cock moved inside her, stretching her cunt and filling her with warm, delicious man. His fingers dug into her hips, holding her as he drove inside her. Over and over, he slammed his cock into her wet pussy, fucking her harder and harder, faster and faster.

Her mates were branding her. Showing her exactly how they would love her and enjoy her. Take everything she had to offer. Neither of them had to say a word. She understood perfectly what they were doing. And complaining was not an option, only relishing everything they did to her body, heart, and soul.

Clenching tight, her pussy began to spasm as her release soared. Jonah’s cock brushed against the sensitive spot inside her sheath, begging for gratification. Unable to cry out, blocked by the cock in her mouth, she trembled as the first wave of her orgasm slammed into her.

“Oh, fuck,” Jonah shouted. “I can feel her coming. Shit, she’s squeezing the hell out of my cock.” Groaning, he told Sebastian, “Damn man, I’m not going to last.”

A vigorous roar filled the room from behind her. Jonah’s cock pulsed inside her, his body quaking as he pulled his shaft from her cunt and blanketed her back with his release. Hot, slick semen rained down on her. His heavily perspiring body clung to her rear, pressing his chest close to her back. A quick swipe by a dry cloth on her back and Jonah’s cum had been wiped clean.

Sebastian’s strong hands cupped her face, arching his hips back, pulling away from her mouth and grasp. Grinning like the devil, he told her, “My turn.”

This time it wasn’t the bed she found her body on. It was the chair beside the bed, standing with her legs wide, hands braced on the arm rests. Sebastian pressed against her rear, his long, thick cock coaxing her entrance.

“Ready, mate?” He ground his hips against hers, teasing her with what was surely to follow. “I think it’s time I show you exactly what your alpha is capable of.”

Cocking his head, he stared at Jonah, “Would you like to join us, little brother? Do you have another round left in you?”

A wicked grin lit up Jonah’s face, a twinkle of silver flickering in his gaze. “Hell, yes,” he murmured.

“Brie, let him sit in the chair in front of you.” He glanced at Jonah and told him, “It’s your turn to kiss our mate, touch her...love her delicious body the way she deserves.”

“No problem,” Jonah said as he slid his sexy, tight ass into the chair in front of her, his cock still hard and ready for action—a benefit to having sex with a werewolf, their cocks never seemed tired or in need of a break between fucks.

Sebastian’s first thrust brought her up onto her tiptoes. His body, so fierce and strong, lifted her up and practically set her on fire. Damn, she’d missed this. Being with him, letting his love and lust

pour over her body like raining chocolate, she was a sex diabetic who craved sugary passion for survival.

“That’s it, baby. I can feel your body growing wetter for me. I know you like it. Your cunt’s so hot and slick.”

“Oh God, that feels so good. Don’t stop. Please don’t stop,” she cried, pushing back against his thrusts.

Jonah nipped at the skin of her neck, lips trailing to her quivering breast. She gasped as Jonah bit the hard peak. The sharp sting of his canines made her pussy throb. Robbing her body of breath, he nipped at the other, drawing the tip deeper into his mouth.

“Oh, Jonah,” she gasped, grasping his wavy blond hair in her hands, falling onto him only to be restrained by Sebastian’s strong arms and hands.

“That’s it baby, give yourself over to us. Don’t hold back. Come for us, baby. Let me feel you sucking my cock with your tight pussy.”

He impaled her on his shaft once again. The primal, animalistic poundings inflamed her body. She felt the release again. Closing her eyes, she arched her head back, crying out as Sebastian’s cock and Jonah’s mouth brought her to new sexual heights.

Partially collapsing on Jonah, her mates supported her weight. Sebastian was close to finding his own release. She could feel the pulsing of his cock and heard it in his breathing.

“Wait,” he ordered, and everyone froze. “I think our mate asked for a cock in her ass as well as one in her pussy.”

“That’s right. She did,” Jonah concurred.

Sebastian slid his cock from her entrance and pulled her up against him. Jonah then crawled up onto the bed, legs draped over the side. Sebastian then led Brie to the bed and encouraged her to straddle Jonah, and then she slid down on Jonah’s hard length, swallowing his cock into her pussy.

Sebastian grabbed the bottle of lubricant from the nightstand and squeezed ample amount between the round globes of her ass. The cool fluid made her shiver as did the sensation of his finger probing

the depths of her rectum. He fucked her ass with one and then two fingers, stretching her enough to take in the girth of his cock.

She hissed, biting her lip. Anticipation welled inside her, waiting for the moment he would shove his shaft inside her, and fill her to the point of fullness. The head of Sebastian's cock replaced his fingers, and he slowly pressed against the tight muscles of her ass. She pushed back against him and let him fill her rectum with his large and breathtaking cock.

"Oh, God!" she screamed as both men began rocking simultaneously.

Her body filled to the brim with the cocks of her lovers, she grew more adjusted to the sensation of the fullness. Reaching orgasm was almost immediate as they fucked her hard and fast. Crying out as each savored her body, taking no mercy upon her, she couldn't have asked for more.

Seconds later, Sebastian and Jonah shouted through clenched teeth as they both reached climax, a primal roar. Teeth, sharp and vicious, tore into the soft tissue of her shoulder. The savage but sexual bite had her coming once more. Sebastian's body tensed around hers, his cock plunging deeper into her anus.

Extracting his teeth from her body and his cock from her ass, he picked her up off of Jonah and into his arms. Sebastian laid Brie on the bed just after Jonah pulled down the covers. The three crawled under the clean sheets, snuggling like the lovers they were. She nuzzled against Sebastian's chest. Jonah's warm breath grazed her shoulder, and he licked the open wound. There was no place else she'd ever want to be.

After a long relaxed moment, she couldn't help but ask, "So explain what a Wolf Princess is."

"You are our Wolf Princess, Brie. The woman held sacred among the werewolf packs. You will be protected by all, not just by me and Jonah. The Wolf Princess is said to be the one being God gave special powers to—an angel to protect the were-community. The powers give

the Wolf Princess the ability to heal, defend, and maintain peace among the packs. It's no surprise that your powers were revealed to you now," Sebastian explained.

"Why?"

"Because the wolf packs need you more now than ever before," Jonah interjected.

Sebastian brushed his knuckles over her cheek, staring into her eyes as if seeing her for the first time. "With the mutant virus lurking out there, you will be a key participant in stopping the virus from spreading. Your powers will continue to grow and shape you into the fiercest of warriors for the were-community. With me and Jonah at your side, you will be the future of our pack."

"No, I don't think so," Brie replied, her voice calm.

Jonah's brow furrowed. Clearly not understanding her argument, he asked, "Why do you say that?"

"I...no, we are not the future of our pack, but our baby is." She rubbed her naked belly, a smile warming her face. "Our baby is the future. My blood mixing with yours is the perfect combination for the future of our pack."

Smiling, Sebastian agreed, "You're right, Brie. Our baby is the future of our pack, and together the three of us will raise this child with more love than he can handle."

Tears filled her gaze. "Yes, we will, and she will love her fathers beyond measure."

"She?" Jonah questioned. "God, I never considered that it might be a girl."

"Don't turn green on me now, brother, I'm going to need your help more than ever." Sebastian chuckled.

Brie's shoulder shook as tears struck her eyes. She sobbed. Sebastian held her face. "Why are you crying, sweetheart?"

"I guess I'm crying because I believe I'm the luckiest woman in the world. I love you both more than you'll ever know."

“Brie, you’ve made us the happiest men in the world. We’d never want to change a thing about our lives. You’ve made us whole, and we’ll always love you.” Sebastian brushed the tears from her eyes.

Jonah leaned on his elbow, rising up enough to look into her eyes. “Now, how about we get to celebrating our soon-to-be wedding and baby with another round of hide the bone?” He wiggled his eyebrows.

She giggled. “I think that’s sounds like a great idea. Want me to close my eyes while you hide it, or can I peek?”

Grinning, Jonah told her, “Sweetheart, you can do whatever you want.”

She smiled feeling the tender kisses of her mates cover her body, enjoying their caresses and sweet whispers of love. What she wanted was to feel her lovers deep inside her body, her heart was filled to the brim, and now she wished her body to feel just as full. Again.

Crawling on top of Jonah, straddling his hips, she told them, “Take me, my wolf lovers. Make me howl.”

Sliding behind her, pulling her rear up to meet his erection, Sebastian snickered. “I think we can do that.”

And they did.

THE END

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Morgan Fox currently resides in Texas, and has been writing paranormal romance for as long as she can remember. As a teenager she wrote dozens of short stories about love, loss, danger and of course the seductive paranormal bad boy.

A graduate from the University of Texas at Dallas, she was raised in Florida, but navigated to Texas as quickly as she could. Most days, you can find Morgan on her computer diving headlong into her fierce imagination where anything can happen.

When not writing, or thinking about writing, she enjoys cycling with her husband and reading all kinds of romance novels. Finding time for all things she loves can be challenging, but with a supportive husband all things are possible.

Also by Morgan Fox

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