

ELLORA'S CAVE TWILIGHT



A WEREWOLF
AT THE FALLS
MARISA CHENERY

A Werewolf at the Falls

Marisa Chenery

As a cocktail waitress at Fallsview Casino Resort, Jorja has been witness to some brow-raising moments. But she's never been part of one until a hot-as hell patron in her section pulls her into his lap and kisses her senseless. Talk about a generous tipper. Lady luck has smiled on her indeed.

What was supposed to be a weekend of harmless gambling takes a dramatic turn when Kian's wolf scents his would-be mate. Consuming her lips as if his life depends on it in the middle of a crowded casino is bad enough – but giving in to his mating urge and claiming her before she knows his true nature is nothing short of a disaster. And when a fellow pack member shows up and lets the wolf out of the bag, Kian is forced to admit not only who and *what* he is, but what he did. He may need more than luck to pull this one off.

Ellora's Cave Publishing



www.ellorascave.com

A Werewolf at the Falls

ISBN 9781419934933

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Cover art by Dar Albert

Electronic book publication June 2011

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A WEREWOLF AT THE FALLS

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Chapter One

Jorja walked into the Fallsview Casino Resort ready to face another evening shift as a cocktail waitress. The casino was one of two at Niagara Falls, on the Canadian side of the border. She'd worked there for just over a year. She didn't mind the job, and especially didn't mind the tips she made.

Crossing through the casino, Jorja glanced over at one of the blackjack tables and had to do a double-take when her gaze landed on two extremely good-looking men sitting there. One had longish, black hair while the other wore his blond hair short. The dark-haired man snagged her attention more.

She noticed the men sat at one of the tables she'd be serving. A few butterflies fluttered inside her stomach. She'd be able to get a better look at the dark-haired man. Not that she thought she stood a chance with him. But Jorja could do all the looking she wanted. And look she would.

Since it was a little early for the start of her shift, Jorja headed to the bar where she saw Connie, who she would be taking over for. The woman gave her a smile when Jorja drew even with her.

"Hey, Jorja. How goes it?"

"Not bad, Connie. And you?"

"I can say the same." Connie nudged her with her elbow. "Did you see the two pieces of eye candy on your way in?"

Of course Jorja knew exactly who Connie referred to—the two hunks at the blackjack table. "How could I not? I'd have to be blind not to. Have they been here long?"

"All day, and have been drinking the entire time."

Jorja frowned. "I guess that means I'll have to cut them off soon."

Connie shook her head. "Not yet. Those two can hold their alcohol. They're just starting to feel good, if you know what I mean. I've never seen anyone able to drink like they have and not be passed out on the floor. And they have to be loaded cash-wise to afford all the drinks, and make some of the hefty bets I've seen them make."

"I'll keep an eye on them, though. They have to reach their limit at some point."

"Let's hope it isn't for a little while, for your sake. They tip really well," Connie said with a laugh. "You should go put your purse and coat away, because I'm out of here soon."

"I'll just be a few minutes."

Jorja left Connie and went to the room in back where the staff had lockers to store their belongings while working. She put her purse and coat inside hers. Before she left the room, she gave her skirt a couple tugs and smoothed the front of her blouse by running her hands down it.

After she returned to the bar, Jorja watched Connie walk toward her from the direction of the blackjack table where the two men sat. She then listened as the other woman placed an order with the bartender.

"They're still okay to serve?" Jorja asked.

"Yeah. I'll let you give them their drinks. The blond ordered the beer while the dark-haired one wants the vanilla vodka."

"Are you sure? What about the tip?"

"You have it. Like I said before, they've tipped really well. Since I'm now officially off the clock, I'm leaving. Have a good night, Jorja."

"You too."

Once Connie left, Jorja placed the two drinks the bartender had readied on her tray. With a deep breath, she headed over to the blackjack table. She felt those stupid butterflies in her stomach the closer she came. At age twenty-five, she would have

thought she'd be way past the stage where she became nervous at being around a man she found attractive. That wasn't the case, though. She just hoped she wouldn't make a fool of herself by stumbling over her words when she served them. That tended to happen as well.

Jorja arrived at the table and stood in between the two chairs the men sat on. She reached to give the blond his beer first. She'd just placed the glass of vanilla vodka on the table in front of the dark-haired one when she found herself grabbed around the waist and pulled onto his lap. She let out a small gasp, which ended up muffled as his mouth landed on hers.

Jorja felt her body go up in instant flames as the man hungrily moved his lips over hers. His tongue delved inside her mouth, stroking and tasting. Her eyes closed as she kissed him back. She forgot where they were, that she sat on the lap of a strange man in the middle of a busy casino, kissing him back as if she needed him to survive.

His hand buried in her long hair and held her exactly where he wanted her. Jorja barely held back a moan when she felt the length of his erection pressing into her backside. Her pussy clenched. A throbbing ache between her legs matched the rapid beat of her heart.

Finally when one of the slot machines played the sounds it made when someone won, Jorja came to her senses. Her eyes flew open and she pushed at the man's chest. His response was to hold her tighter and make a surprisingly real-sounding animalistic growl.

Feeling desperate—knowing all of this would be recorded by the surveillance cameras in the ceiling—Jorja grabbed a fistful of his longish, black hair and pulled his head back until he was forced to break their kiss. Her gaze landed on his eyes, which she swore seemed to glow mutedly for a split second before they appeared to be a normal shade of light brown.

"Mine," he said in a husky voice that seemed to fan the embers of her desire to life once again.

“Aw shit,” said his friend. “First Atticus and now you.”

His friend’s words seemed to distract him enough for Jorja to break out of his embrace and slip off his lap. Flustered, and still turned-on, she fled, not even bothering to collect the money the men owed for the drinks.

Kian found it more than a little difficult to get himself back under control. But it was understandable, considering the momentous thing that had just taken place. And being three sheets to the wind didn’t exactly help matters, either. He’d found his mate. Seemingly out of nowhere her scent slammed into him, causing his mating urge to go into high gear.

His cock had gone instantly rock hard, and all he could think about was claiming the female who would be his. Realizing she stood at his side, and reacting on instinct alone, Kian pulled his would-be mate onto his lap and kissed her as the mating urge demanded.

Only her physically pulling his mouth off hers had stopped him from trying something more than just a kiss. The scent of her arousal had intoxicated his already drink-befuddled mind, making him completely forget where he was. His whole being had centered on the woman in his arms.

Now that she was gone, Kian found his brain worked marginally better, but not by much. He gave his head a shake, hoping to clear it more. All that managed to do was make the room spin. Now, of all times, he’d finally reached the point of being a little drunk. Being a werewolf, that was no small task. It literally took three times the amount of alcohol a mortal could handle—and one who had a high tolerance at that—to give him a buzz. His friend Soren and he had worked on their present condition all day.

“Damn it,” Soren said, his voice sounding a bit slurred. “You would have to up and do this right now. Couldn’t you have waited until after our gambling weekend was over?”

Kian scowled. "As if I have any control over it." He looked at the mortal blackjack dealer who watched them avidly. "You know what."

To his ears, his voice didn't sound any better than Soren's. He reached for his glass of vodka and took a big sip. Having ordered it straight up, it burned all the way down.

"Are you sure you should be drinking that?" Soren asked. "Considering what just happened to you, I would think you'd want to cool it on the alcohol."

"As you said, considering what happened to me, I need it. But I do think I'm done gambling for the night." Kian stood and collected his winning chips to cash in.

Soren did the same, then said, "Shit. Your woman took off so fast we didn't get a chance to pay for the drinks. If this were Vegas, we wouldn't have to worry about it, since they're all free. Too bad it's illegal in Canada for casinos to just give away drinks."

Kian smiled and shoved his chips at his friend. "Stop your griping. You take these and cash them in for me while I take care of our unpaid tab."

"And I suppose you won't be leaving the bar any time soon."

"Probably not."

"Fine. I'll return with your winnings, then I'm hitting the slot machines for a while."

Kian watched Soren head off before he walked toward the bar with his drink in hand. His gaze zeroed in on the woman who stood there with her back facing him. Her long, golden-brown hair fell in waves to the middle of her back. The black skirt she wore hugged her curvy hips just right. He followed it down her ass to her long, toned legs. She wore black high heels that accentuated them even more.

He was just about upon her when she turned with a tray full of drinks held in her hands. Spotting him, her cheeks turned a lovely shade of pink. Her gaze jumped everywhere, as if she didn't know where to look. When she finally looked him in the face, Kian noticed her eyes were blue-gray in color.

"Can...can I get you something else to drink?" she asked stiltedly.

Kian held up his half-empty glass. "Not yet, but soon." He took a step closer, but she lifted the tray of drinks higher, using it as a barrier between them. As if that would keep him away. He let it go for now. "But my friend and I forgot to pay for our drinks before you...left in a hurry."

Her cheeks pinkened even more. "Oh. All right. I have to serve these first. Or better yet, if you don't want to wait, you can pay the bartender."

"I'd rather wait for you. That way I'll know for sure you got your tip."

"O...okay. I'll be back then."

He smiled and turned to follow her with his gaze. His would-be mate was more than he could have asked for. She wasn't supermodel-pretty like female werewolves, but that didn't make her ugly by any means. She was pretty in a cute kind of way. And she totally appealed to him.

Kian chuckled to himself when he thought of how nervous she was around him. Just something else he found attractive about her. He was going to enjoy cozying up to her and getting her used to him. Taking a seat on one of the barstools to wait, he tossed back the rest of his drink. It looked as if he were going to have to work for his mate, and there was nothing wrong with that.

* * * * *

At the opposite end of the casino, Jorja made sure she took the circuitous route to the last table she had to serve drinks. She stalled for time. Her heart still thudded at a rapid pace and she felt more than a little shook up. How the hell could she go back to the bar and not make a total ass of herself? Just the few words she'd had with the dark-haired man, who had practically kissed her senseless, had turned her into a stuttering fool. And it didn't help that his deep voice seemed to sink right into her and cause her body to go into overdrive.

Pull it together, Jorja. He was just a man. Just an utterly gorgeous, hunk of a man who she wanted to screw her brains out. And judging by the hot kiss he'd laid on her,

he was more than a little interested in her. Maybe she stood a chance, after all. Yeah, as long as she didn't scare him off with her stupid nervousness and lack of ability to string words together.

Jorja served the last of the drinks she carried and took a deep breath as she headed back to the bar. She could do this. She was a mature woman who'd been around a bit. Her virginity had been lost several years ago. There was no reason why she couldn't carry on a perfectly normal conversation with a man who happened to look like an underwear model.

Her small pep talk seemed to work until she spotted the dark-haired man's friend sitting at one of the slot machines. He turned his head to look in her direction and gave her a knowing wink. That did her in again, making her think of the heated kiss she'd shared with his friend for all to see.

She hurriedly continued on her way. At the bar, Jorja felt another rush of heat zip through her body as she met the gaze of the man in question. There was no mistaking the look of hunger that lurked in his eyes. She swallowed, pulled herself up straighter and walked over to where he sat.

"W-Would you like to p-pay for those drinks now?" Oh god. Could the floor open up and just swallow her, please?

He gave her a sexy grin that made him even better looking. "Sure. But first, what's your name?"

"Jorja."

He held out a twenty-dollar bill. "Keep the rest as a tip, Jorja. By the way, I'm Kian."

Even his name sounded sexy. She took the proffered bill. "Thanks."

Jorja turned to the bartender and handed him the money. While she waited for him to give her the change, she felt Kian's gaze on her the whole time. She ended up being startled when he spoke again.

“Will you have a drink with me, Jorja?”

After pocketing her tip, she turned back to Kian. “I can’t. It’s not allowed while I’m w-working.”

“Then how about after you’re off?”

“I just started my shift.”

“I guess I’ll have to wait until you’re done.”

“That won’t be for hours.”

He took her hand and tugged her to stand between his spread legs. With the height of the barstool he sat on, it made it so they were almost equal in height. “I don’t mind waiting. I’ll sit here all night, watching you work.”

Normally, after her shift ended, she was dead on her feet and only thought of going home to bed. If Kian did stick around for that long, Jorja would be more than happy to have one drink with him.

She jerked her head in a short nod. “All right.” She looked around at her tables and saw a customer signal her over. “I have to go.”

Kian released her hand and let her take a step back. “And like I said, I’ll be right here, waiting.”

Jorja said, thankfully without a stutter, “I’ll see you then.”

She walked away from the bar feeling as if lady luck had looked her way for once.

Chapter Two

As promised, Kian stayed at the bar for the rest of Jorja's shift. The later it got, the busier the casino became, which meant he didn't really have much time to talk to his would-be mate. But he watched her, his gaze rarely straying. Soren would come to the bar to sit with him for a while and then go off to try his hand at one of the gaming tables. One time he tried to convince Kian to go get something to eat at the buffet. Kian refused. Instead he slowly nursed drink after drink. By the end of Jorja's shift, Kian was pretty loaded, not that anyone would be able to tell. He hid it well.

He knocked back the last of his drink and waited for Jorja to finish up. Soren had long since returned to his hotel room. Kian was thankful they had each decided to get separate ones. Having a friend sawing it off in the other bed while he tried to get to know his soon-to-be mate better wouldn't be very conducive.

At Jorja's final return to the bar, carrying her purse and coat, he asked, "Will you still have a drink with me?"

She nodded shyly. "Just one."

Jorja went to sit on the barstool next to his, but Kian stopped her. "Not here. The bar is closing. I already bought a bottle of wine." He nodded toward the bottle sitting on the bar in front of him. "Come up to my hotel room."

She hesitated for a few seconds. "I don't know. I really can't stay for long. I have to get some sleep. I have another night shift tomorrow."

He put his hand over his chest. "I promise I won't hold you up too much."

"When I agreed to the drink I thought we'd have it down here, not in your room."

"I promise I'm not some deranged stalker or anything. I just want to get to know you better. Somewhere where there will be no interruptions."

Jorja appeared to think it over as she chewed on her bottom lip. "I'll go on one condition—I tell someone I work with your name and suite number. J-Just in case."

The last bit had come out with a blush. Kian understood where Jorja was coming from. She didn't exactly know him well enough to be accepting an invitation up to his room.

"Agreed," he said. "You go tell whoever you want while I wait here for you."

Jorja nodded and went farther down the bar to speak with the bartender. Kian watched the exchange and saw the man nod. His would-be mate returned after that.

"It's done," she said. "I-I just have to phone down to the bar and let him know what your suite number is."

"Then it looks as if we're all set."

Kian grabbed the wine bottle around the neck and picked it up before he slipped off the barstool. The room spun a bit for a few seconds, but he quickly got a handle on walking straight as he took hold of Jorja's hand with his free one.

They silently walked through the casino to the bank of elevators that would take them up to his Parlor suite room. A single, quiet ding announced the arrival of a car, and Jorja and he stepped inside. The doors closed with them being the only ones in the elevator.

Kian pushed the button for the correct floor, then stepped back to Jorja's side. Her scent wafted around him inside the small space. Now that he was around her, in close quarters, his mating urge rode him harder, digging its claws into him. His cock hardened. He leaned closer until their shoulders touched and he took a deep breath. He smelled the scent that was hers alone, but mixed into it was the scent of Jorja's arousal. It wasn't strong, but it was definitely there.

He had to close his eyes for a second to rein himself back under control. The pounding need that thrummed through his body demanded he take her, claim her as his. Kian couldn't let things get out of hand. With Jorja being his mate, he couldn't just sleep with her and be able to walk away if he wanted to. The first time mates made love

their souls joined, became one, forming a mating bond. Once it was in place, one couldn't be away from the other for any real length of time without suffering. Each would think something had happened to the other. The need to be together would override almost everything else. And when the separated couple reunited, explosive sex happened soon after, reaffirming the mating bond.

The elevator dinged again once it reached their stop. Kian guided Jorja off the car and down the long hallway to his room. In front of the door, he let go of her hand and fished the keycard out of his jeans pocket. He fumbled it once before he managed to get it into the slot on the door correctly and unlocked it.

He shifted to the side to allow Jorja to step into the room first. After she used the phone to call down to the bar with his suite number, she put her coat and purse on the couch and crossed to stand in front of the back wall, which was completely filled with a row of windows.

"Even though I live here in Niagara Falls, I can never get enough of watching the Falls, especially when they are lit up at night," she said.

Kian joined her at the windows. His room gave a spectacular view of the Horseshoe Falls. The tumbling water had been lit with blues and reds. "Yeah, it is pretty awe-inspiring. But I prefer the view inside the room."

Jorja turned her head to look at him. Her cheeks were stained red. "I...I have to agree with you on that."

Seeing and hearing her nervousness return, Kian decided to distract her with the wine. He lifted it higher for Jorja to see. "I had the bartender open this, so I just need to pull out the cork. I forgot to ask for a couple of wineglasses. Hopefully you won't mind using the small tumblers from the hotel room."

She smiled. "As long as I don't have to drink it out of the bottle, I'm good."

He put the wine bottle on the small table in the conversation area, then went to the bathroom to collect the tumblers. Shortly after that, he had the wine poured and sat on the couch with Jorja.

"I hope you like red wine," he said.

Jorja nodded, then took a sip from her glass. "It's good."

Kian took a big gulp of his, even though it would only go straight to his head. In his present condition, his wolf had more of an influence over him than he normally allowed while in human form. And right now, his wolf wanted Jorja. Add the mating urge into the mix, and Kian felt his control slip as each second went by.

He waited until she'd had a few more sips from her glass before he took it from her and placed it on the table with his. Kian inched closer and reached out to stroke a finger along her soft cheek. Her lips parted and the tip of her tongue came out to wet her bottom lip. His gaze became glued to her lush mouth. It was too much. He had to have another taste of her.

Kian shifted his hand to cup her cheek and brought his mouth down onto Jorja's. A wolf's growl of satisfaction punched out of him before he could stop it. She stiffened at the sound, but soon pressed herself closer when he deepened the kiss, pushing his tongue between her lips.

The taste of her cranked his arousal and need for this woman up another notch. His head, already swimming from the alcohol he'd consumed, swam even more. And more of his wolf instincts took over. He wrapped his other arm around her waist and pulled her chest tightly to his. Knowing his eyes had to be mutedly glowing at this point—something they did whenever he was very aroused or angry—Kian closed them.

The kiss became more carnal, their tongues dueling with each other. The sound of Jorja's rapidly beating heart and harsh breathing filled his ears. He ran his hand down her cheek to stroke the side of her neck to her shoulder. He skimmed across the front of her violet, silky blouse until he reached her full breast. She moaned into his mouth as he stroked the taut nipple with his thumb.

Needing to touch more of her, Kian lifted Jorja and seated her sideways across his lap. His aching cock pressed against her ass. Still kissing her, he ran a hand down from her knee to her foot. He made quick work of pulling off the black pumps she wore.

That done, he stroked back up her leg. Since she didn't wear any pantyhose, there was nothing between her skin and his hand. Higher he caressed until he reached her knee once again.

Kian broke away from her mouth and dropped his head to nuzzle the hollow of Jorja's throat. "Will you let me touch you?" he asked.

Her reply was a breathy, "Yes."

He licked a path to her upper chest and nudged the vee of her blouse open wider with his nose as his hand continued its upward exploration. Reaching the hem of her skirt, Kian ran his fingers along her inner thigh, diving under it. Her skin felt like silk beneath his fingertips. He wanted to take the same path with his lips and tongue.

Encountering the edge of her panties, Kian brushed his hand against her pussy. The material felt damp. A small, whimpered moan escaped Jorja as he stroked her there, causing her to become even wetter.

His wolf howled in his mind, a mournful cry for his mate. With Jorja so willing in his arms, Kian surrendered to his animal side. All the reasons why he shouldn't claim her right then and there no longer meant anything. The only thing that mattered was having her, making her his, so no other could take her from him.

In a show of strength, he gathered her close in his arms and stood. Jorja rested her head on his shoulder as he carried her to the king-sized bed. He placed her on the center of the mattress and crawled up to straddle her thighs. Keeping his gaze averted, he went to work unbuttoning her blouse. Her chest rapidly rose and fell with her breaths.

Once the last button was undone, Kian parted the material and stared at her breasts. They were more than a handful and encased in satin that matched the color of her blouse. He pulled Jorja into a sitting position, deftly removed her top and threw it over the side of the bed. Taking her lips once more, he undid the back clasp of her bra and stripped her of it.

With a gentle push, he got her to lie back down. He bent and supported his upper body on his hands on either side of her head as he left her lips, trailing kisses down to her collarbone. Lower he went, shifting along her body, until he reached her breasts. He flicked a taut nipple with the tip of his tongue. Jorja moaned and arched her back in invitation.

He rubbed his cheek against the tight peak. "So beautiful. I could get lost in your body all night. I want to learn every inch of you with my lips and tongue."

"Yes," she panted. "Touch me, Kian."

As he sucked her nipple into his mouth, his head continued to swim, his mating urge riding him even harder. There was only one way to stop it—claim Jorja as his mate.

Kian paid equal attention to her other breast before continuing his downward path. The sounds of enjoyment Jorja made caused his cock to jerk. The smell of her arousal had him longing for a taste of her pussy. He found the hook and zipper at the side of her skirt and quickly undid both. Kian pushed it down over her hips as Jorja wriggled out of it.

He hooked his fingers into the top of her panties and tugged them down. He nibbled at her hipbone as he pulled her last article of clothing off. To make more room for himself, Kian put his hands on Jorja's hips and slid her up closer to the headboard. He then shifted to kneel between her spread legs. Swirling his tongue into her bellybutton, he stretched out, his shoulders forcing her thighs farther apart.

At his first lick of her pussy, Jorja arched her hips and sucked in a sharp breath. "More," she panted. "I need more."

"I will," he reassured her. "I won't stop until you come."

Kian used his fingers to spread her pussy open and thoroughly licked her. He lapped at her, making sure to pay attention to her clit. Jorja's moans increased in volume when he sucked on the small bundle of nerves and pushed a finger into her wet opening. Her inner walls clamped down around it, squeezing tight. Another wolf's

growl left him as he swirled his tongue around her clit and pushed a second finger inside her. In and out he pumped, moving at a pace that would push Jorja ever nearer to her climax.

Jorja buried her hands in his hair and rocked her hips to ride his fingers. "Kian...I'm going...I'm going to come."

"Give it to me, babe," he said against her tender flesh.

Jorja arched her back and cried out as her pussy clamped down on his fingers in a stranglehold, then rhythmically clutched them while her orgasm tore through her. Kian continued to lap at her clit, reveling in the sensation of his mate coming.

Once it ended, he knelt between Jorja's spread legs and pulled her into a sitting position. "Take off my shirt," he said in a strained voice. "I have to have your hands on me."

Her fingers quickly went to the buttons on his black, button-down shirt. He yanked the bottom out of his jeans, so she could reach all of them. After she undid each one, Jorja smoothed her hands across his chest to his shoulders and pushed his shirt off. Impatiently he tore the garment down his arms and threw it to the floor.

"My jeans, Jorja. Undo them."

His cock ached, the front of his pants too tight for his erection. He felt a measure of relief when Jorja undid the button and pulled down the zipper. As she reached inside and wrapped her hand around his shaft, he sucked in a breath through his teeth. It wouldn't take much to have him reach his first orgasm. But he wanted to be inside her when he did that.

Kian took her lips, his tongue stroking hers, as he rid himself of his jeans. He brought Jorja's hand back to his cock. She grasped him and pumped her fist. He rocked his hips, pressing tighter into her hold. The pre-cum that leaked from the tip lubricated his skin as she stroked him.

Needing to be inside her, now, he pushed her down onto the mattress and covered her body with his. Taking his cock in hand, he led it to her wet pussy and rubbed the tip

against her, bathing himself in her juices. Jorja panted beneath him. Angling himself, Kian sheathed his cock deep inside her pussy with one stroke. He closed his eyes to better savor the feel of her closing around him, and to keep Jorja from seeing them.

He pulled back, then sank into her once again. She lifted her legs and put them around his waist as he set a steady pace. In and out he rode her, his pleasure mounting with each stroke of his cock. She squeezed her inner walls around him, increasing the sensations he felt along his length.

As he took her harder, faster, Kian felt it—a piece of his soul reaching out. In return, he felt a piece of Jorja's brush up against it. As the two joined and became one, the mating bond snapped into place. He fought to hold back the howl of satisfaction that built inside him. She was his, never to be taken from him.

His balls drew up closer to his body as his climax inched nearer. Setting a faster pace, he angled his hips so his cock rubbed Jorja's clit with each stroke in. A keening cry escaped her as her pussy clutched and released his shaft, milking it in a tight fist. It was enough to send him over the edge. With a low growl, he came deep inside her, filling her with his cum.

Still hard after coming—something all male werewolves could do, keep an erection for hours, even after climaxing several times—Kian didn't give her any time to recover. He pulled out of Jorja and urged her onto her stomach. Placing a hand under her, he lifted her onto her hands and knees so he could take her the way his wolf wanted her.

Kian held onto her hips to keep her in position as he slowly sank back into her pussy. Jorja moaned, her head hanging down. He pistoned his hips, almost pulling out all the way before stroking into her again. Jorja pushed back to match the pace he set.

It didn't take long to have another orgasm build. He rode her faster, his balls slapping against her pussy as he pushed inside her. In this position, she took more of him, making it so he didn't know where he ended and she began. And knowing that he took his mate, the one woman meant for him, made their joining that much more pleasurable.

About ready to explode, Kian said huskily, "Come for me, Jorja. I want to feel your pussy clutching my cock while I do."

"Just a...little bit...more. Oh god, I'm coming," Jorja whimpered.

Kian slammed into her one final time and groaned as he spilled inside her. Still erect, he wrapped an arm around her waist and brought them down onto the bed on their sides after it was over. Keeping her held tightly to him, he opened his eyes to find the room spinning. He rested his head on Jorja's and let sleep claim him.

Chapter Three

Jorja came awake to the sound of deep, even breathing in her ear. She had no idea how long she'd slept, but she didn't think it had been all that long. At first, she didn't remember where she was. But as her gaze landed on the furnishings in the room, it all came rushing back. She'd slept with Kian. And it had been amazing. She also couldn't believe she went that far with him. It so wasn't like her to jump into the sack with a man she was attracted to. But there was something about Kian, and the way she felt pulled toward him, that she'd thrown caution to the wind and went with what her body demanded. Once again she thought of how good it had been. Some men had problems performing while a little drunk, but that didn't seem to be the case with him. He'd been more than able to keep it up, even after coming twice. Just before she'd fallen asleep, she'd realized his cock was still hard, buried deep inside her. She'd never been with a man who could do that.

And just before he'd come the first time, she swore something had passed between them. It was unlike anything she'd ever felt. It hadn't been unpleasant, just different.

Knowing it had to be very late, Jorja slowly slipped out from under Kian's arm. He didn't stir. She sat up and looked at him. She still found it hard to believe she'd actually had sex with him. Running her gaze over his naked form, her pussy clenched. As she'd surmised earlier, he had the body of an underwear model. Only his muscles were a bit too big to actually be one.

Her gaze lingered over his well-defined chest and washboard abs before it landed on his cock. Even though he was soft, it was still big. While fully erect, it was thick and long, filling her up. And boy did he know how to use it. She'd never been so well fucked in her life. Even now she wanted more of him.

Jorja silently sighed in regret and slipped off the bed. She checked Kian once more and found he still slept on. He had to be a heavy sleeper, or the alcohol made him one. Not wanting to wake him in case he tried to get her to stay the rest of the night, which she wasn't comfortable doing, she gathered her clothes. She didn't need some of the people she worked with noticing her leaving the resort in the morning.

After a quick pit stop in the bathroom where Jorja dressed, she went to the conversation area and picked up her coat and purse from the couch. She thought of at least leaving her cell phone number for Kian, but decided against it. He wasn't drunk enough to forget he'd slept with her, but once he sobered up there could be a chance he'd change his mind about wanting anything more to do with her. Especially since she couldn't have a normal conversation with him without stuttering.

With one last look at Kian, she opened the door and silently stepped out into the hall, then quietly pulled it closed behind her. She hurried down the long stretch of hallway to the elevators. She pushed the call button and watched to see which set of doors would open.

Jorja made it all the way down to the lobby and outside to the parking lot before she felt as if she should go back to Kian. With a shake of her head, she brushed the feeling aside. She was not going back. She had to get some much-needed sleep, or she'd be dragging her ass during her next shift that coming evening.

She unlocked the driver's door of her ten-year-old Chevy Cavalier and got inside. After putting the key in the ignition, Jorja sent up a silent prayer it would start before she turned it. Much to her relief it worked. Her car was getting to be a beater, but she couldn't afford to look for another used one at the moment. Nor could she pay for costly repairs on the Cavalier.

On the drive to her apartment, the feeling of wanting to see Kian returned, only this time it was a bit stronger. Great, Jorja thought. She'd gotten laid and now she was going to be obsessed with him.

Reaching her building, a small duplex, Jorja drove around to the back and parked. She got out, walked to the back door and let herself inside. As she went up the stairs to her apartment, she took a deep breath. She felt out of sorts, as if something were missing. It had to be tiredness. Usually she would already be home and in bed.

Once she was inside her apartment, Jorja put her coat away, then headed to her bedroom to change into her pajamas—a pair of light, cotton sleep pants and a loose t-shirt.

Forgoing brushing her teeth for one night, she got into her queen-sized bed, stretching out in the middle of it. She closed her eyes and waited for sleep to come. It didn't. Instead of being relaxed, her body felt tense. Thoughts of Kian filled her head. Was he okay? Had she done the right thing by leaving without waking him? It had only been a little over a half hour since she'd last seen him, but it felt like a day. The need to see him, hear his voice, touch him, bordered on desperate.

Jorja rolled to her side and punched her pillow into the shape she wanted it. She had to stop with these thoughts. She would not allow herself to become obsessed with a man. Just because she'd slept with Kian once did not mean it went beyond the great sex. Christ, she knew nothing about him.

After another half-hour went by, and the desperate feeling became even stronger, Jorja knew she wouldn't be able to sleep if she couldn't settle her mind. She felt about ready to climb the walls. With an exasperated huff, she threw back the covers and got out of bed. She needed to take a warm bath. A good, long soak should do the trick.

In the bathroom, she turned on the taps in the tub to as hot as she could stand it. As she waited for it to fill, she stripped out of her pajamas and clipped up her hair. She wrapped her arms around her middle, hoping they would ease the terrible ache she felt inside for Kian. They didn't.

Jorja turned off the taps and got into the steaming water. She sank all the way down until her head rested on the back of the tub. She closed her eyes and tried to will all the

tension out of her body. If anything, it made it worse. The moment she closed her eyes her thoughts centered more on Kian.

She forced herself to stay in the tub until the water cooled. As she toweled dry, she caught her reflection in the mirror over the sink. Her eyes looked wild, and there were strain lines around the corners of her mouth. What the hell was wrong with her? All she knew was she couldn't stand this feeling much longer. It would drive her crazy. As for being able to sleep, there was no way that would happen while she was in this state. The only rest she'd managed so far was the short amount she'd gotten in Kian's arms.

Jorja bit back a whimper at the thought of being held by him. Every fiber in her being called out for him, needed to be with him. Whatever happened to her didn't seem to get any better. If anything, it only worsened as time went on.

Running a shaky hand through her hair after she let it down, Jorja couldn't take it anymore. Whether it made her a crazy stalker, or she'd just plain lost her mind, she had to go back to the resort, and back to Kian.

She returned to her bedroom and dressed in a pair of sweatpants and a long-sleeved t-shirt. A quick glance at her alarm clock showed it was five thirty in the morning. Kian should still be in his hotel room, at least she hoped. If he wasn't, Jorja had no idea what she'd do.

* * * * *

Kian woke himself up as a growl of agitation rumbled out of him. His eyes snapped open and he quickly scanned the room with his gaze. Nothing seemed out of place. The light of dawn streamed through the wall of windows, telling him it was already morning. What the hell was the matter? Inside him, one sensation after another slammed into him—agitation, desperation, the feeling that something, or someone, was missing.

He took a deep breath, scenting the air. That's when it hit him over the head—the scent of his mate, Jorja. His gaze whipped around to the spot on the bed next to him. It

was empty. It didn't take him long to realize she wasn't anywhere in the room. Her scent was no longer fresh.

Kian shook his head to see if it would help him get a handle on his jumbled thoughts, and immediately regretted it. A throbbing ache pounded in his temples. He'd had way too much to drink the night before, and now suffered the consequences in more ways than one. Because he hadn't been thinking straight, he'd gone and done something he shouldn't have, at least not yet. He'd slept with Jorja, claiming her as his, making them mates before he explained anything about what he was, or what she was to him. *Fuck!* He'd screwed up.

And because of his stupidity, he suffered because his mate had left sometime while he'd slept without telling her what would happen to them both if she did. Now he knew what the desperate feelings were that roiled inside him, and what Jorja had to be suffering through as well without a clue as to why.

He flipped back the covers and got out of bed, quickly dressing in a clean pair of jeans and t-shirt. If he hadn't basically passed out after he'd made love to Jorja, he wouldn't have let her leave. He would have made sure she'd stayed in his bed, then found some excuse to keep her with him while he figured out how to tell her he was a werewolf.

He had to somehow find her. Considering how bad he felt, she had to have been gone for at least an hour, likely more. That was why it had awakened him. Hoping against hope Jorja had at least left something as a way for him to get in touch with her, he stalked over to the desk and looked at the hotel scratch pad. There was nothing written on it.

Kian ran his hands agitatedly through his hair. Shit, this was not good. Last night he'd been so desperate for her, he hadn't even asked what her last name was. So that ruled out looking her up in the phonebook. He knew for a fact she had to work tonight, but neither one of them would make it that long without feeling as if they had totally lost it. His mind already played tricks on him, making him think something bad had

happened to Jorja. His wolf snarled and snapped his teeth, feeling just as strung out as he.

He paced up and down the room, and when that didn't help, he slammed the flat of his fist against one of the adjoining walls. Kian did it a few more times, trying to give his frustration some kind of outlet.

A loud pounding on his door stopped him before he could hit the wall for a third time. He rushed over to it, praying it was Jorja. It wasn't. It was a sleepy-eyed Soren dressed only in a low-slung pair of jeans. Kian cursed and stepped back into the room as his friend joined him.

Soren looked him up and down. "You look like hell. And do you mind telling me why you've decided to beat the shit out of the wall between our rooms?"

Kian paced once more. "I fucked up. Big-time."

"What did you do?" Soren asked. Then quickly added, "Aw shit. You slept with your mate."

"Yeah, I claimed her as mine."

"Did you tell her what you are? What being a mate means?"

Kian stopped and held out his arms. "Do I look as if I did? The fact my mate isn't here should be answer enough."

"You have to find her."

"No shit, Sherlock. I would if I could, but she'd didn't leave a number for me to reach her before she walked out. And I have no idea what her last name is."

Soren shook his head. "I have to tell you, you did an awesome job of wooing your mortal mate. *Not*. I thought you had more finesse than that."

"I didn't exactly plan to sleep with her." At his friend's arched brow, Kian said, "Okay, I did, but I hadn't planned on things getting so out of control that I slept with her without explaining anything. I was drunk, and the mating urge was too hard to ignore."

"I had thought to suggest you give Atticus a call to get his advice on wooing a mortal mate, since his is one, but it's a little too late for that."

Atticus, another good friend, was the next in line to be their pack leader, and had recently found his mortal mate, Rylee. She hadn't taken the news of Atticus being a werewolf very well in the beginning, but his friend had been able to hold off on claiming her until she'd come to terms with it.

"Yeah," Kian said, "it's a little too late for that. What I need right now is to find Jorja."

Soren sighed. "All right. Have you tried contacting someone who works at the resort? They more than likely won't give you her phone number, but they can maybe call her on your behalf. I know it sucks, but that's your only option at this point."

"No, I hadn't thought of that. I guess that's all I can do. I'll call down to the concierge desk."

Kian went to the phone and dialed the number for the concierge. After a man on the other end answered, he said, "I'm a guest here and I'm looking for some information on one of your employees."

"Do you have a problem, sir?"

"No, nothing like that. The opposite in fact. I'd like to get in touch with one of the employees here, but I don't know her last name. I wondered if you could help me get a message to her at home."

"I'm glad to hear you don't have any complaints about the service at the resort. Who is this employee?"

"Her name is Jorja, and she works as a cocktail waitress in the casino. She worked the night shift last night."

"I know exactly who you mean. We only have one Jorja working for us. I'd be happy to call her for you. What is your message?"

"Just tell her I would like for her to contact me as soon as she can." He gave the man his suite number. "Thanks. I appreciate this." Kian hung up the phone and looked at Soren. "He'll do it."

"What are you going to do if she doesn't call back?" Soren asked.

"Then I'm going to have to find another way to find her. I'm not going to be able to sit here all day and suffer."

"It's that bad, huh?"

"You could say that. I knew it would be, but not like this. It's enough to drive someone insane. We've grown up knowing what separation would do to mates, but Jorja hasn't a clue what's going on. She must think she's lost her mind."

Soren opened his mouth to say something when a knock sounded on the door. Kian crossed over to it and flung it open. The sight of Jorja, standing out in the hall, looking as strung out as he, made him feel as if a great weight had been lifted from his shoulders. Then a second later, a surge of lust so intense he couldn't ignore it seared through him. He yanked her to him and kissed her with all the desire that pounded inside him.

Vaguely he heard Soren say, "I'm getting out of here before I see something I'll have to wash my eyeballs out with bleach for." His friend squeezed past him and Jorja and pulled the door closed behind him.

Kian picked Jorja up off her feet and put her back against the nearest wall. Lifting his head, he gazed into her eyes, which were dilated with passion. "I have to have you Jorja. Right now."

Jorja felt as if her entire body had gone up in flames. Arousal like nothing she'd ever experienced before took over her. When Kian had opened the door, just the sight of him had her pussy drenched. All the anxiety, agitation, everything, disappeared to be replaced with the need to have him inside her. She needed, she ached. She was more

than desperate for him. And when Kian said he wanted her, she was already ready for him.

“Yes, god, yes.”

Kian let her down on her feet only long enough to strip her of her sweatpants, taking her panties with them. He fumbled with the front of his jeans and pushed them down far enough for his erect cock to spring free. Claiming her lips in a desperate kiss, he lifted her once more, pressing her back against the wall. With one thrust, he was buried to the hilt inside her. Jorja cried out in pleasure.

In and out he stroked, his full length filling her to bursting. As if her body were starved for his, her pussy clenched his thrusting shaft, trying to draw more of him inside. She gripped his hair, kissing Kian with wild abandon as her orgasm tore through her. Jorja couldn't hold back her loud moan. He thrust harder, faster, then stiffened as he reached his own release. This joining had been quick and hard, just the way she'd needed it.

Her breath sawed in and out of her lungs as she broke their kiss and rested her forehead against Kian's shoulder. That had been the most intense sex she'd ever had. And just like the first time, he was still hard. She squeezed her inner muscles around his cock and received a moan in response.

Without a word, Kian carried her to the bed, his cock still buried inside her pussy. He turned and sat, scooting back until there was enough room for her knees to rest on the mattress.

Kian leaned back on his hands. His eyes were closed to mere slits. “Ride me, Jorja. Take me however you want me.”

She nodded before pulling her shirt over her head and taking off her bra. She placed her hands on top of Kian's shoulders and started a slow ride. Up and down she moved, grinding her clit against his pubic bone with each downward thrust.

He sat up and lifted one of her breasts to swirl his tongue around her taut nipple. “That's it, baby. Make us both come again. You feel so damn good.”

Getting swept away with desire, and the sensation of Kian's big cock filling her, Jorja arched her back, wanting him to suck at her breast. He flicked her nipple once with the tip of his tongue before he sucked it into his warm mouth. She felt each pull deep in her pussy, causing her to move on him faster.

Even though she'd come not long ago, another intense orgasm quickly built. Kian's cock grew even harder inside her. Their heavy breathing filled the room. Her body coiled tighter around his. He switched to her other breast, sucking the nipple deep.

Jorja's movements became jerky the closer her climax came. Kian reached between their bodies and rubbed her clit. That was all she needed to send her flying. A whimpered moan escaped her lips as she came, her pussy clutching at his thick shaft.

Kian released her nipple and placed his hand on her hips. He lifted her up and down his cock as he thrust his hips to meet hers, striving for his own release. An animalistic growl tore out of his throat when he climaxed. He pushed inside her one final time, hard enough to lift her knees off the bed. She felt his cock pulse inside her pussy. Feeling completely boneless, she collapsed against his chest. He wrapped an arm around her and fell back on the bed.

Chapter Four

Jorja was quite content to lie on Kian's chest as he stroked her back. She also noticed for the first time that while she was completely naked, he still wore his t-shirt and jeans. He'd only opened his pants and shoved them down his hips enough to pull out his cock. Not that she cared. All that had mattered was getting him inside her.

She shifted and lifted her head to look at Kian. He had his eyes closed. "That...that was intense."

"I know," he said, his voice husky.

He opened his eyes, and Jorja swore they had a muted glow to them for a split second before he blinked and it was gone. "I didn't come here expecting to jump you as soon as I saw you."

Kian chuckled. "I think I did the jumping more than you." He then grew serious. "Why did you leave in the first place?"

"I needed to get some sleep, and I didn't think it would look good for one of the other employees to see me leave the resort in the morning in the same outfit I wore last night."

"You left without saying goodbye, or leaving a number for me to call you."

"Well...I thought...maybe once you sobered up you'd not want to see me again."

Kian cupped her face and looked into her eyes. "Why would you think that?"

Jorja tried to duck her head, but he wouldn't let her. "With your looks, you probably have women falling at your feet all the time. I-I'm not exactly what you would call supermodel material, not like you."

He kissed her slow and hard until he had her clutching at his shoulders. Once he pulled away, he said, "I might have been drunk, but I wasn't so gone I didn't know

who I slept with. I kind of rushed things last night, because I *did* have too much to drink, but I don't just want you for a good fuck."

"Are you sure?"

Kian blinked. "Of course I'm sure. Why wouldn't I want something more than that with you?"

"Well... Well, I can't talk half the time around you without stuttering like an idiot. Then there's..." Jorja let her words trail away. She had been about to tell Kian about the obsessive feelings that had swamped her while she'd been at her apartment. Did she really want him to think she was some kind of stalker?

"I think your stuttering is cute. That just means you're a bit on the shy side. There's nothing wrong with that. Once you get to know me better, I'm sure it'll go away. Now finish what you were going to say. Then there is what?"

She shook her head. "Forget it. I-I'll sound like a loon."

"No you won't."

Jorja took a deep breath. "All right. After I left you, I...kind of couldn't stop thinking about you. It's crazy, but I felt as though if I didn't come back something bad would happen to you. I tried to ignore it, I really did, but it only got worse."

"But it's gone now, right?"

She nodded. "Yes. Actually as soon as I saw you standing in the doorway it disappeared. Then all I could think about was...sleeping with you again." Jorja felt her face heat as she blushed.

Kian smiled. "There is nothing to be embarrassed about. I felt the same way."

"You did?" Did he actually mean he'd felt desperate away from her as well?

"Yes. So much so I called the concierge desk and asked him to call you and pass on a message from me. I'd only just gotten off the phone with him when you knocked on the door."

The thought that Kian would have gone to that extent to get in contact with her sent a little thrill through Jorja. He had to be interested in her. "Oh," she said shyly. She shifted on him and his now-softened cock slipped free of her body. Also a wave of tiredness washed over her. "I should go."

As she tried to roll off him, Kian grasped her hips to hold her to him. "Stay."

"I haven't gotten any sleep. And I need some before I work tonight."

"You can sleep here. I want to spend the day with you. We can catch up on our rest, then you can show me the Falls. I've only seen them outside my room's windows. Then when it's closer to the time for you to work, we can go to your apartment so you can change before your shift starts."

Spending the day with Kian would be no hardship. And it wasn't as if she had anything else planned. And to be honest, after going through what had overtaken her when they'd been apart, she didn't know if she had enough energy to get dressed and drive to her apartment to sleep.

Jorja nodded. "Okay, I'll stay."

"Great." Kian lifted her off his body and placed her next to him. He then slipped off the bed and stripped out of his clothes. "The room has a large whirlpool tub. I haven't used it yet. I'm pretty sure there will be enough room for both of us. Does a bit of a soak sound okay to you before we get some sleep?"

She bit her bottom lip and nodded. Jorja ran her gaze over Kian's body. The sight of him standing there in all his naked glory turned her on. If she hadn't felt so tired, she'd be more than willing to have another round of hot, intense sex with him.

As if he'd read her mind, Kian said with a chuckle, "There will be plenty of time for lovemaking after we sleep. So the only thing I'm going to do in the tub is hold you."

Jorja felt herself blush again. She then let out a squeal of surprise as Kian scooped her off the bed and carried her to the bathroom. Once inside, he put her down on her feet and turned on the taps to fill the large whirlpool bathtub.

After the water level rose high enough to cover them, Kian picked her up again and put her inside the tub. He got in behind her and positioned her so she sat between his legs with her back resting against his chest. Once the whirlpool was full, he reached over and turned off the water before turning on the bubbles.

Jorja relaxed against Kian, loving the feel of him along her skin. Add in the jets of the whirlpool and she felt as if she were in heaven. But then he grabbed a bar of soap and lathered his hands. She sucked in a breath when he ran them over her front, paying extra care to her breasts. If Kian thought this would be relaxing, he was mistaken.

He lathered his hands a second time and washed each of her arms, his knuckles brushing against the sides of her breasts. Jorja's heart beat faster as her pussy grew wet with arousal. She squirmed, and his cock, which was trapped between them, hardened. The feel of it only caused desire to heat her blood even more.

As Kian's soapy hand disappeared under the water to stroke along her stomach, Jorja knew the demands of her body wouldn't let her sleep until he gave her the release she needed. Lower his hand went until his fingers brushed against her mound.

Jorja couldn't hold back a small moan. "I thought you said you were only going to hold me."

He nudged her hair away from the side her neck with his chin, then gently nipped her. "You're just too tempting. Having you naked and slippery from the water, in my arms, I can't not touch." He licked her skin. "I don't think I'll ever get enough of you."

Kian's hand drifted lower until he found her clit. Jorja spread her legs, putting them on top of his as she panted from the arousal coursing through her body. "You make me ache. I need more."

"I'll give it to you," he said, his voice strained.

He pushed two fingers inside her pussy, causing her to moan. As he pumped them in and out, she lifted her hips to match his strokes. The water in the tub sloshed around them. Kian worked her faster, his thumb stroking her clit. Jorja felt his hard cock jerk against her back as she squeezed her inner muscles around his fingers.

"That's it, Jorja," he ground out. "Fuck my fingers. Come for me."

He added a third and she felt herself coming. A keening moan escaped her as she held onto the sides of the tub for dear life. Wave after wave of pleasure tore through her. She hadn't thought she'd had enough energy to climax again, but obviously she'd been wrong.

Once it ended, Kian pulled his fingers out of her. His cock was thick and long against her back. She turned in the water to face him. He had his eyes closed as his chest rapidly rose and fell. She more than wanted to give him the same pleasure he'd given her.

Jorja fisted his cock under the water and pumped her hand up and down his length. He rocked his hips, the tip of his shaft breaking the water's surface with each upward thrust. Wanting to taste him, she bent her head and swiped her tongue over the slit when it appeared again.

Kian made a sound between a growl and a moan in the back of his throat. "More," he panted before he shifted and rose to stand.

Jorja knelt on her knees before him, his big cock now eye level with her. She flicked his slit again with the tip of her tongue, swiping at the bead of pre-cum that had appeared. With a firm grip on the base of his shaft, she sucked him inside her mouth. Her head bobbed as she took him in and out.

"Yes," Kian hissed. "Suck me. Harder."

She increased the suction, taking his cock almost to the back of her throat. Kian thrust his hips as he fucked her mouth. His shaft grew even harder. An ache pounded deep inside her pussy.

"I can smell your desire, Jorja," he said hoarsely. "You want to come again?"

She moaned around his cock in answer.

Kian pulled out of her mouth and lifted her onto her feet. He shifted them both until she stood in front of him, facing the back wall. He ran his hand down her thigh,

then lifted her leg, placing her foot to rest on the corner of the tub. His cock brushed her pussy just before he thrust home.

He took her from behind in hard, fast strokes. "I can't hold back much longer," Kian moaned. "Come, Jorja. Now."

She pushed back on him, matching his pace, then fell over the edge into an intense release. His hoarse cry told her he'd followed suit. Once her pussy relaxed around his cock, Kian pulled out of her, even though he was still hard. She put her hands on the wall to support herself. Satiated, tiredness beat at her.

Kian turned off the whirlpool's jets and pulled the plug to drain the water. She said nothing as he lifted her out of the tub, dried her and then himself. He carried her to the bed and tucked her under the covers before he joined her. The last thought Jorja had before sleep overcame her was Kian had just ruined her for other men.

* * * * *

Kian awoke before Jorja did. They both lay on their sides, facing each other. He had his arm under her neck while the other was over her waist. He also had one of his legs between hers. He stared at her, still finding it hard to believe he'd finally found his mate. It had only taken him nine hundred years. He snorted to himself. Atticus was nine hundred years old as well, and had just found his. Soren was the same age too, which meant there was a good possibility he'd be finding his mate in the not-too-distant future. Maybe.

He ran his gaze over his mate's face. He'd been shocked as all hell when she'd said she'd thought he wouldn't want her once he'd sobered up. She was everything he could ask for in a mate. She was pretty, had a great personality and had a body he'd never tire of. And making love to her didn't compare to any of his past experiences. Sex with Jorja would always be intense. And each time they shared their bodies the closer the mating bond would become.

Thinking of that bond, Kian knew he'd have to convince her to stay the night. No fucking way was he going through a separation again. The one experience had been more than enough. He'd have to tell Jorja what it all meant, but he was reluctant to do it just yet. She was already nervous around him. He didn't need her fearing him as well.

He breathed a silent sigh. How could he tell a mortal that werewolves actually existed and not have one freak out? He hadn't a clue how to go about it. In all of his nine hundred years, he'd never told a mortal what he was. He'd had mortal acquaintances, but never ones he'd been close with. To this day, Atticus and Soren were his closest friends. And now he'd gone and claimed a mate who was mortal. Damn, he wasn't looking forward to the explanations he'd have to give Jorja.

Maybe it was a little bit selfish on his part, but he wanted at least a day with her where she thought he was just like her. Then tonight, after she finished her shift, he'd bring her up here to his room and tell her the truth. And he'd be dead sober when he did it too.

Kian leaned in and gently kissed Jorja awake. Her eyes fluttered open, and when she focused on him, she smiled. "Hi," she said in a sleep-roughened voice.

"Hi, yourself. I'm hungry, so I'm going to order some room service. Do you want something?"

"Sure."

"What do you want? Since it's pushing noon, we can either have a late breakfast or an early lunch. Which would you prefer?"

"A late breakfast sounds good."

"All right. I'll order a little bit of everything and we can have our own buffet. I'm going to use the bathroom, then I'll order the food."

Kian got out of bed, collected his clothes and went into the bathroom. He used the toilet, brushed his teeth and even managed to do a quick shave. When he came out Jorja was already dressed and sitting on the couch in the conversation area of the room.

He crossed over to her and sat beside her. "I'll order the food in a minute, but I was thinking, do you mind if I ask my friend Soren to come along when we go see the Falls?"

"He's the blond man you were with last night?"

"Yes. He's in the room next door."

"N-No I don't mind. You came to the resort with him, after all."

"He wouldn't care if I abandoned him for you. He's probably expecting it."

"You can ask him."

"I'll call room service, then pop over to his room. I want to catch him before he decides to hit the casino."

Kian phoned in their order before going to Soren's room. His friend opened the door after the first knock. He eyed Kian. "You look better. I take it your mate is still here."

"Yes, so I'll make this short and sweet, though being this far from her won't set off the separation anxiety. I ordered Jorja and me some room service, then we're going to check out the Falls. I want you to come with us."

"Why would you want me around as a third wheel?"

"Because I think it would be better for Jorja to get to know both of us before I tell her the truth. I want her to see werewolves can be just like everyone else."

Soren laughed. "In other words, you're scared shitless to tell her and you're using me as an excuse not to."

Kian frowned. "I'm not scared shitless. I just want one day with her without the whole werewolf and mate thing coming between us. So will you come with us or not?"

"Fine, I'll tag along, though I still want to have some time at the gaming tables. We have to check out tomorrow. And speaking of that, what are you going to do about your mate? It isn't as if you can leave her behind."

"I'll have to convince her to come back to Toronto with us."

“And if she wants to stay in Niagara Falls?”

“Then I guess I’ll buy a place here as well. I’m not going to go lone wolf if that’s what you’re suggesting. With Atticus’ mating, the pack is a little more understanding about mortal mates.”

The pack’s understanding of one of their kind taking a mortal mate had gone through a radical change with the arrival of Rylee, Atticus’ mate. Their pack leader, Grant, had had a strong dislike for mortals, and of course, the rest of the pack had taken his lead. That is except for his mate, Krystal. According to Atticus, his mother had accepted Rylee with open arms, and had cowed his father into accepting Atticus’ mate as well.

“I guess that will just be another thing you’ll have to work out with your mate,” Soren said. “Anyway, come and get me once you two have finished eating.”

“I will.”

Kian left Soren and returned to his room. Jorja still sat on the couch where he’d left her. The room service arrived a few minutes later and they ate until neither one of them could eat anymore. During the meal, he noticed she relaxed around him more and more, and hardly stuttered. Now if only she’d get over the fact he was a werewolf so easily.

Chapter Five

Jorja waited outside in the hallway as Kian knocked on Soren's door. The blond man answered and stepped out to join them. She still found it hard to believe two men as good looking as Soren and Kian could be at the same place at the same time. Both were well over six feet tall and had well-muscled bodies. She couldn't help staring at them as they walked toward her.

"So I hear you're going to act the tour guide and shows us around the Falls," Soren said as soon as they stood in front of her.

"I'll try," she said. "Though it won't be that hard. We just have to walk to Queen Victoria Park and follow the walkway."

"Well, since neither one of us has come to the Falls before," Kian said, "you're the expert. So lead on."

They took the elevator down to the lobby and walked out of the resort. It wasn't all that long of a walk before they reached the park and the walkway. At this end, the Rainbow Bridge, the Canadian and American border, was in easy sight. Jorja spied the long line of cars waiting to cross over into the States. Now with the Canadian dollar being close to, if not equal or better than, the American dollar, she knew more than a few people did a lot of cross-border shopping. She'd done it a few times herself. The outlet stores just over the border in Niagara Falls, New York were a good place for her to spend money she shouldn't.

Also at this end there was a good view of the American Falls. But the real draw was farther along—the Horseshoe Falls, the Canadian falls. And Jorja knew of something that would take them up close.

Reaching that particular spot, Jorja said, "Let's go on the *Maid of the Mist*."

Kian nodded in agreement, but Soren looked a little pale. He said, "Ah, why don't the two of you go? I'll wait for you."

"What's the matter, Soren?" Kian asked. "Are you afraid of water?"

"No, dumbass. I just don't feel like going."

Jorja quickly added, "Anyone who comes to Niagara Falls should at least once take a ride on the *Maid of the Mist*. It's nice. I've been on it a few times. The big thrill is when the boat goes to the foot of the Horseshoe Falls and you get wet."

"See," Kian said. "The expert thinks you should go. Or maybe you're just a wuss and don't like the idea of getting a little sprayed."

Much to Jorja's surprise, Soren made a growling sound very similar to the ones Kian could make. "I'm no wuss."

"Then prove it."

Soren swore. "All right, I'll go. If I don't you'll just harass the shit out of me."

"And you know it."

Jorja smiled at the men's back and forth banter. It was obvious they'd known each other for a long time—considering they could sling insults at one another and neither one took real offense.

"Come on," she said. "The *Maid of the Mist* plaza is just up ahead. There are four *Maids* with one departing every fifteen minutes. There's not too many people around today, so we shouldn't have too big of a crowd on the boat."

She led them to the plaza that was built right into the gorge's wall. All the buildings were below ground level. They paid for their entrance and then entered the brown, stone tower that housed the four high-speed elevators that would take them down to the docks at the Niagara River's edge.

Once they were on one of the *Maids*, they pulled on their recyclable souvenir raincoats that were given to them for free. And they'd need them. It was a guarantee they'd get wet before the ride was over.

After all the passengers boarded, the Maid pulled away from the dock. It took them past the base of the American Falls before heading for the basin of the Horseshoe Falls. That was where they'd get really soaked.

As the boat came closer to the falls, Jorja looked over at Soren, who stood on Kian's other side. They were lined up along the rail. His face looked a trifle green. She nudged Kian. When he looked at her, she said quietly, "Ah, I think I know why Soren didn't want to go. He's not looking too good right about now."

Kian turned his head toward his friend. "You're not going to hurl, are you?"

Soren took a deep breath in through his nose and let it out through his mouth. "I will if you don't leave me alone. I knew this was going to happen. I once had the marvelous idea of taking the Toronto Island Ferry to Centreville Amusement Park for a date. I hurled during both crossings. So stop talking to me, so I can concentrate on not losing my lunch."

At that moment the boat reached the Horseshoe Falls. Jorja giggled as she pulled up the hood of her raincoat, catching spray directly in the face. Poor Soren looked even greener as the boat rocked a bit in the current. If she'd known he got seasick, she wouldn't have pushed so much for him to come along. What was it about men that they couldn't admit to a weakness? If it had been her, she'd have owned up to it real quick and not have thought it would make her appear any weaker.

Luckily for Soren the boat ride didn't take much longer after that. Once the *Maid* docked, they took one of the elevators up to the walkway. They each had taken off their raincoats and carried them as they walked. Now back on solid ground, Soren lost the green tinge to his face. Kian took her hand, linking their fingers, as he walked at her side.

To start up a conversation, Jorja asked, "Where are you two from?" She glanced at Kian. "You never told me."

He chuckled. "I guess I didn't. We were too busy doing other things."

Jorja felt her cheeks warm as she shot a look over at Soren who chuckled and shook his head.

"Kian," Soren said, "I think you just embarrassed the hell out of Jorja. Just a little bit too much information, if you know what I mean. You're one of my best friends, but really, dude, I don't need to hear about your sex life."

Kian flipped Soren off, then turned his head toward her. "Sorry, I didn't mean to embarrass you. Both Soren and I live in Toronto. We came to the casino for a weekend of gambling."

Jorja nodded. If they were only here for the weekend, that meant Kian would be going back to Toronto the next day. And the check-out time at the hotel was eleven in the morning. So far the topic of what would happen between them when that time arrived hadn't come up.

"I guess you both have jobs you have to get back to," she said, not really knowing how else to respond.

Soren snorted. "No. The best way to describe Kian and me is the idle rich. We play a bit in the stock market, but other than that, we pretty much do whatever we want."

Considering both men were staying in some of the pricier rooms in the resort, and the way they'd tipped the night before, she figured they had some money. She hadn't figured on Kian being that rich, though.

"So you're kind of well to-do, huh? Then I suppose both of you live in mansions somewhere in the wealthy part of downtown Toronto."

Kian smirked. "Soren does, with his parents. I own a penthouse apartment and live on my own."

Soren scowled at Kian. "What my friend over there left out is he lived in a mansion with his parents as well up until six months ago. And his penthouse is only a short drive to his parents' place. And if I remember correctly, Kian also brings his laundry home and eats there at least twice a week."

Jorja chuckled. "Hey, if I could get someone else to do my laundry and cook me some meals, I'd be all for it."

Kian put his arm around her shoulders and pulled her close against his side. He kissed the top of her head. "Thanks for sticking up for me."

The topic of conversation changed to trivial things about the Falls as they stopped from time to time to look at them. Jorja enjoyed both men's company. She decided to push away the thought of Kian leaving the next day and enjoy what time she had left with him. If what they had started here went past the weekend, she was more than willing to give a long-distance relationship a try. And if Kian decided the weekend was enough for him, she'd let him walk out of her life. It would hurt, since she had already started to fall for him, but begging him to give her something more would only belittle her. And that was not the last impression she wanted Kian to have of her.

* * * * *

After their view of the Falls, they returned to the resort. As promised, Kian allowed Soren to drag Jorja and him to the casino. Soren went off to the blackjack table while he and Jorja went to play the slot machines. Instead of alcohol they both drank pop.

At one point the cocktail waitress, who had served them during the day yesterday, stopped to chat with Jorja. The woman, who was named Connie, seemed thrilled to see Jorja with him. Before she left, she leaned in to his mate and whispered in her ear. With his acute werewolf hearing, Kian had no problem picking up what Connie said. The woman told his mate it was about time she'd found a man, and for her to hold onto him tight, not let him slip through her fingers. Kian had to bite the inside of his cheek to stop from smiling like an idiot, especially when Jorja told Connie not to worry, that he would be a permanent fixture in her life from here on out.

As it was, he was already head over heels in love with his mate. Spending the day with her, getting to know her better, just cemented his feelings. For his kind, love at first sight was pretty much the norm. A male's mating urge wouldn't be set off if there

weren't a chance of the male and female falling almost instantly in love. He had to believe Jorja felt as strongly for him as he did for her, but her being mortal, there was no guarantee.

Jorja bounced in her chair and let out a little shout of, "I won" as the slot machine she played chimed away and spit out some quarters. It wasn't much, but his mate seemed thrilled with it all the same. He smiled as he watched her scoop up her winnings and put the money in the large plastic cup she held.

He pulled out his cell phone and checked the time. "How about we go get some dinner? Then once we're done I can take you to your apartment, so you can get ready for work."

Jorja nodded. "Sure. But you know I do have my car here. I can drive myself to my place. You don't have to come with me. I don't live all that far from the resort. I'll change and be back before you know it."

"I insist on taking you," he said. Kian leaned in and brushed his lips across hers. "Let's just say I don't want to miss out on spending any time with you." He hoped she'd accept that and not push to go on her own. But to his relief, in the end, she nodded.

"Okay," she said with a chuckle. "If you insist. Where do you want to eat? And we should probably ask Soren if he wants to join us."

"Do you like Chinese? I thought of trying the buffet at the Golden Lotus here in the hotel. And sure we can ask Soren if he wants to eat with us."

"The Golden Lotus is really good. They serve real authentic Chinese food. It's one of my favorite places to eat."

"Then let's go collect Soren."

They managed to pry Soren away from the blackjack table and they had a good meal at the restaurant. Once they finished eating, Kian led Jorja outside to the hotel's parking lot while Soren went back to the gaming tables.

He led her to his red Cadillac CTS sedan and opened the front passenger door for her. He came around the back of the car and got into the driver's side.

"Nice car," Jorja said as she ran her hands over the black leather seating.

"Thanks. You'll have to give me directions to your place."

As Jorja had said, her apartment wasn't that long of a drive from the resort. She directed him to park in her empty space behind the small duplex. Kian turned off the car, expecting her to get out, only to find her making no move to open the door.

"What's the matter, Jorja?"

"I think maybe it would be better if you wait out here."

"Why?"

She swallowed. "My apartment isn't exactly as nice as what you'd be used to."

"So?"

"So maybe you'd be more comfortable waiting out in the car."

He shook his head. In way of an answer, Kian got out and came around to her side. He opened her door and held out his hand. "I'm not waiting out here for you. And I don't care what your apartment is like. As long as you're in it, that's all that matters."

Jorja placed her hand in his and allowed him to help her out. He used the remote to lock the car as they walked toward the back door of the building. He followed her up the stairs and into her apartment. Her place was small, about a third the size of his penthouse, but it was clean. Breathing in, he smelled her scent. As he'd said to Jorja, he didn't care where she lived, that this was hers made it a place he'd be more than happy to spend time in.

"Make yourself at home," she said. "It won't take me long to change."

Before she could walk away, Kian pulled Jorja into his arms and took her lips in a hungry kiss. She clung to him, kissing him back passionately. His cock throbbed, but he did nothing further than take her lips.

He pulled away from her mouth and rested his forehead on hers. "I've been dying to do that for the last couple of hours. And more. But it will have to wait until much later tonight when we're back in my hotel room."

"You want me to spend the night with you?"

"Yes." He dropped his hands to her ass and pulled her closer, so she felt his erection. "You drive me wild, Jorja. All I can think about is making love to you again." He brushed her lips once more with his and lifted his head. "Plus we need to talk."

"About what?"

"About us." She opened her mouth to speak, but he stopped her by placing a finger across her lips. "Not right now. Tonight, after I've made love to you a couple of times."

She smiled. "I'll hold you to that." Jorja stepped out of his embrace. "I'd better hurry, or I'll be late for the start of my shift."

Kian watched her walk into her bedroom. Once she was out of sight, he took a deep breath. So far Jorja hadn't balked at any of his suggestions. She'd promised to spend the night with him. He just hoped it wouldn't end with her running from him in fear.

* * * * *

Jorja returned with her empty tray and ordered more drinks for one of her tables. She placed her hand on the small of her back and groaned while she stretched. The hours on her feet weren't doing her any favors.

"Is your back sore?" Kian asked. He sat at the bar next to her.

"Yeah. It usually is on a Saturday night. This is our busiest night of the week."

He gave her a suggestive look. "Then I'll just have to rub it for you tonight."

Jorja felt a shiver of desire go through her at his words. Ever since Kian had kissed her at her apartment, she kept thinking about the night to come in his hotel room. She was a little worried about this talk he wanted to have, but she'd try to distract him as long as she could.

Soren joined them at the bar. He'd been back at the blackjack table again. From his expression, he didn't look too thrilled about something.

Kian must have seen his friend's expression as well. "What's got your undies in a bunch?"

"You mean if I actually wore some?" Soren asked.

"Now who is giving out too much information?"

"Whatever. Just take a gander over at the craps table."

Kian shifted on the barstool and looked in the direction Soren had indicated. "Fuck. What the hell is he doing here?"

Soren shrugged. "Being a royal pain in the ass? He knew this was where we were going for the weekend." Jorja noticed Soren shot a glance her way before he said, "I'd watch him, Kian. He's nothing but a jerk-off who likes to stir up shit when he can."

Jorja looked over at the craps table, but there were too many people there for her to pinpoint exactly who Kian and Soren talked about. And it was the one place she had to take her next drink orders.

She loaded up her tray with the drinks the bartender had prepared and was about to walk away when Kian stopped her with a hand on her elbow. She gave him a questioning look.

"Try to avoid the craps table, Jorja," he said.

"I can't. It's in my section."

"Then maybe I should go with you."

"Ah," Soren said, "I don't think that would be a good idea, Kian. It will just draw unwanted attention to Jorja. And it could cause questions you aren't ready to answer just yet. Let her do her job."

Kian reluctantly let go of her arm. "Fine, but I'll be watching."

Jorja left the bar, dropping off the first set of drinks before she headed to the craps table. She had no idea why Kian didn't want her near it, but she had a feeling she was

missing something. It was almost as if Soren and Kian knew something she didn't. They obviously both knew this man and had a dislike for him. And since neither one of them had thought to point him out, or describe what he looked like, she had no idea which man at the table she should watch out for.

At the table, she passed out the drinks, collecting the money for each one as she went. Handing the last drink off to a man who was surprisingly as good looking as Soren and Kian, she quickly pulled her hand away as his brushed against hers. While he fished out the money to pay for his drink, she took in his short brown hair and large, muscular body. Could he be the one Kian and Soren referred to?

"Here you go," he said. "And you can keep the change."

Jorja reached for the bills he held out. He placed them on her palm and leaned closer as if trying to smell her. She took a step back, not liking how much of her personal space he invaded.

He gave her a leer and a knowing smile. "Now isn't that surprising. I never would have expected it."

"Expected what?"

The man only shook his head and returned his attention to the table. Jorja walked away, thinking he had to be the ass Kian and Soren knew. Even though what he'd said made no sense to her, she decided she wouldn't be repeating it to the other men. All she needed was for them to butt heads with the jerk over something stupid.

After she arrived at the bar, Kian asked, "What did the jackass say to you?"

"Nothing really. I can see why you don't like him. There's just something about him that rubs the wrong way. At least he's a good tipper."

A half hour went by, and Kian finally seemed to relax a bit, even though he kept glancing over at the craps table from time to time. Soren had opted to stay at the bar as well. She'd just returned from serving another table when a deep voice sounded behind her.

“Well, if it isn’t Kian and Soren.”

The two men turned on the barstools they sat on to face the newcomer, but it was Kian who talked. “Well, if it isn’t Brad – ley.”

The other man stiffened and snarled his lip before he said, “Brad. Not Bradley. Just Brad.”

Obviously, it was a sore spot for Brad when someone called him Bradley. And from Kian’s smirk, he had to know that as well.

“All right then, *Brad*. What do you want?”

Brad quickly lost his irritated look. “I saw you two and thought I’d see if you’d want to join me in a poker game. But I see, Kian, you have other things going on.” He glanced at her suggestively. “And I must say I’m not surprised you’d follow in Atticus’ footsteps.”

“Shut the fuck up,” Kian almost growled.

“Oh come on, Kian. I guess congratulations are in order. And as I said, I’m not surprised you have a mortal mate just as Atticus does. I bet Soren will find his very soon as well, since the three of you are so close.” Brad looked at her. “So how do you like being mated to a werewolf, mortal?”

Jorja blinked at him as Kian growled and snapped his teeth in his direction. “What are you talking about? I’m not mated, as you put it, and I’d have to be an idiot to believe werewolves existed. And mortal?”

Brad threw back his head and laughed, drawing some stares in the casino. “Oh, Kian. You claimed your mate without telling her you have a furry side. And I know you did claim her. Your scent is too deeply ingrained in her skin for that not to be the case.”

Kian let loose with a low growl and appeared about ready to launch himself at Brad. Only Soren’s hand on his shoulder held him in place. The way Kian reacted, with the animal-like growls and snarling of his lip, Jorja heard the word werewolf repeating

inside her head. No way. Brad was just being a jerk. She wasn't so naïve as to believe his nonsense about Kian being a werewolf.

"Get lost, Brad," Soren snapped. "Push Kian any more and I won't stop him from trying to rip your jugular out. Once again you've just proved what an asshole you really are."

With an amused chuckle, Brad backed away. But before he left, he said to her, "Welcome to the pack, little mortal."

Kian let out another animalistic growl. Jorja turned in his direction and saw Soren slip off his barstool to stand in front of his friend. Much to her shock, Kian's eyes were mutedly glowing. This time she couldn't say it was hers playing tricks on her when she blinked and they remained the same way.

"Get a grip on yourself, Kian," Soren said. "Your eyes are giving you away. Rein the wolf back."

Jorja swallowed. Soren really believed Kian was a werewolf?

Chapter Six

Kian closed his eyes and took deep breaths to calm himself. He should have known Brad would do something like this. The prick loved to get digs in with him, Soren and Atticus whenever he possibly could. Kian could kick himself for ever letting Jorja serve the bastard. Of course Brad would have been able to tell from her scent she was a claimed mate, and who had been the male to claim her. But he wouldn't have known Jorja knew nothing about their kind.

"Can somebody tell me what is going on, and what Brad meant?" He heard the strain in Jorja's voice.

Kian opened his eyes to find Soren giving him a look of sympathy before he said quietly, "Sorry, my man, it looks as if you're going to have to have that chat with Jorja sooner than you would have liked."

Soren stepped away and Kian saw his mate looking between the two of them as if they had both lost their minds. He got off the barstool and stood in front of her. "I'll explain everything."

"What was with your eyes?" she whispered.

"Not here," he said. "Up in my room. Right now."

She shook her head. "I can't. My shift isn't over."

"Tell them you suddenly don't feel well. I need to talk to you now before Brad comes back and decides to cause more crap between us."

Jorja searched his gaze, then nodded. "Okay, but I'm going to lose out on a lot of tips. And since money is kind of tight, it'll hurt."

"Forget about the damn money," he said, a little shorter than he'd wanted. "Sorry. I didn't mean to snap. I just want to get you out of here."

She seemed to hesitate before she went off to tell whoever she needed to that she was leaving. Kian spotted her talking to a man at a door that led to an employee-only section of the casino. He rubbed a hand over his face, dreading what was to come next.

"Do you want me to stay with you when you tell Jorja?" Soren asked.

"Actually, yeah, I do. Maybe if the two of us explain it we can get her to accept it easier."

"Hopefully that shithead Brad didn't fuck things up too much."

Jorja returned, carrying her purse. "My supervisor let me go, since I've never left early like this before, so he believed me when I said I wasn't feeling well. If I don't want him to think I lied, I need to get out of sight before he comes back into the casino."

All three of them hurried over to the bank of elevators and were soon on their way up to their floor. At Kian's door, he used his keycard to open it and pushed it open for Jorja to step in first. He followed with Soren bringing up the rear.

Jorja only waited until the door shut behind them before she asked, "Why did your eyes glow like that? And don't tell me it's because you're a werewolf. That's utter bullshit."

Kian looked at Soren before he turned back to Jorja. Yup, this was not going to be easy. "Take a seat, Jorja, then Soren and I will do our best to explain."

She sat on the leather couch in the conversation area and looked up at them, waiting. Kian paced back and forth in front of her as he tried to get the words straight in his mind. He thought it best just to stick with the straight facts.

"Okay," he said. "The reason why my eyes glowed was because I was pissed off at Brad."

"Because of the things he said?"

"Yes."

"So he pissed you off when he said I was your mate and that you were a werewolf? Please tell me it made you mad because he fed me a line of crap."

Kian stared at her, wishing this part was over and done with. "Yes, I was pissed with what he told you. Jorja, what he said was the truth. He made me angry because I hadn't had the chance to tell you those things myself."

"In other words, you believe you're a werewolf and I'm your mate? You can't expect me to accept that as the truth. I don't know what world you live in, but in mine they don't exist."

Kian sighed. "In my world they do. My kind keep what we truly are well hidden from the mortals around us."

"Do you know how crazy you sound? No one in their right mind would believe it."

He squatted in front of Jorja and took her hands in his. They were cold to the touch. "I know this is hard for you to accept. But you have to. You *are* my mate. I claimed you the first time we made love. Now that the mating bond is in place, we need to stay together. If we don't we'll go through separation anxiety. You've already felt what it's like."

"Last night, when I thought I would lose my mind if I didn't come back to you?"

"Yes. It's worse in the beginning of a mating. After a year or so, mates can stand to be apart a lot longer without suffering from it."

Jorja held his gaze and he saw in her eyes that she didn't want to believe what he'd told her.

"I'm trying here, I really am," she said. "I'll admit I felt this separation anxiety, but the rest, I don't know, Kian. It's all so farfetched. And why did Brad keep referring to me as a mortal?"

Kian squeezed her hands. "Because to us, to werewolves, you are. We're not exactly immortal, but are extremely long-lived compared to your kind. We can live to be up to three thousand years old. I've already seen nine hundred years, the same with Soren."

Jorja's gaze shot to Soren. "You're a werewolf too?"

His friend nodded. "Yes, and so was that asshole Brad. We're all from the same pack."

Jorja's gaze landed back on him. "This just seems to get weirder and weirder. Let me get this straight. I'm supposed to believe you're a werewolf who is nine hundred years old, who could live to be three thousand and I'm mated to you, for life?"

Kian nodded. "Yes, it's for life."

"Whose lifetime? Yours or mine? Because if you live as long as you say, I won't be around for even half of it."

"Our friend, Atticus, has a mortal mate as well. He's decided to have the same lifespan as her. Just as I'll choose yours." He gazed into her eyes. "I love you, Jorja. Where you go, I go."

Jorja surged to her feet, almost knocking Kian on his butt as she brushed past him to stand a little way away from him and Soren. "Too much, too much, too much. And here I had been worried about you leaving tomorrow and not wanting anything more to do with me," she said shrilly.

Kian rose to his feet. "I know this is a lot, but there is no going back. We're mates. There is no breaking the mating bond."

"So basically we're married. Is that what you're telling me?"

"That would be the mortal way of describing it, I guess. Only there is no divorce."

"And you said this mating bond formed the first time we made love. You knew it would happen yet you did it anyway, taking my choice away from me."

Kian groaned inside. Now he'd have to tell Jorja he fucked up. "I was drunk. I wasn't thinking straight. I just acted on instinct."

"So in other words, I was a mistake."

"No, never. Jorja, if you weren't the one meant for me, my mating urge wouldn't have been set off the instant I saw you. Being drunk, I sort of lost control of my wolf side and acted on what instinct demanded I do. I'm sorry I took your choice away, but I

don't regret doing it." He tried to take a step toward her, but Jorja backed up. He stopped in place.

"Soren referred to your wolf downstairs, now you have. I'm going to be blunt here. You really don't look any different than me. And I haven't seen any evidence of you going 'wolf'. Other than your eyes glowing, that is."

She still didn't really believe he was a werewolf. There was only one way to give her the irrefutable proof she so obviously needed. He shifted. He held out his hand and saw it shimmer and blur as he took on his wolf form. Jorja's eyes widened, her breathing growing ever more rapid. Once he was completely wolf, he looked up at her and held his paw out. Still she didn't move. Hoping he could get her to touch him, to show her he was not a figment of her imagination, Kian took a step toward her.

Jorja's eyes rolled back inside her head and she collapsed.

Able to move much faster than any mortal, Soren was there to catch her before she hit the floor. His friend looked at him and shook his head. "I don't think that was a smart move on your part, shifting without giving Jorja any warning."

Kian shifted back to his human form, willing his clothes on at the same time. He gently took Jorja from Soren and held her close to his chest with her head resting on his shoulder. "I didn't know what else to do to get her to believe."

"I think I've helped out here as much as I can. I'm going to my room. At least you got the hard part over with."

Kian watched Soren leave the room before he went to the bed and placed Jorja on it. She was still out cold. All he could do was wait until she woke up.

* * * * *

Jorja opened her eyes to find herself lying on the bed in Kian's hotel room. Everything he'd said, what she'd seen him do—actually shift into a wolf—all came rushing back. She sat up and scanned the room, finding Kian nowhere in sight. Then she heard the sound of the toilet flush. Her gaze landed on the bathroom door as he

opened it and stepped into the room. His steps faltered a bit when he saw she was awake.

He slowly crossed to the bed. "Are you okay with what I am, Jorja?"

"I don't know."

And honestly she didn't. She'd gone from thinking he and Soren were a couple of loons to having the truth practically shoved down her throat when Kian had taken on his wolf form. All he'd told her had to be the truth. He was a werewolf and she was his mate, bonded to him for the rest of her life. She needed to think everything through, order her thoughts. And she couldn't do that very well with Kian nearby.

She slid off the bed, making sure she kept some distance between them. "I have to be alone. Please don't stop me from leaving."

Kian gave her a pained look. "If you leave, we'll both suffer for it."

"I don't care," she snapped. Jorja took a deep breath to calm herself. She felt on the verge of hyperventilating again. One fainting spell was enough for her. "If you don't let me go I'll never come to grips with this all. I need some time away from you to get this all straight in my head."

He sighed and stepped to the side. "Fine. Go. The only thing I ask is that you don't let the separation anxiety get too bad. It will defeat the purpose of you wanting to be alone. It will play tricks on your mind. You'll think something bad has happened to me, making you desperate to return. Remember what it was like when you saw me again the last time. I can guarantee that will be the end result."

Sex. That's what Kian meant. They'd end up having hot, desperate sex like they had in the early hours of the morning. Which meant when she returned, she'd better know exactly how she felt about him, and be willing to accept the new life they would have together.

Jorja gave a short nod and walked past Kian. She didn't look back as she opened the door and stepped into the hallway. With no idea where she'd go, but just knowing she

had to get out of the resort, she took the elevator down to the lobby. A minute later, she was outside breathing in the night air.

Fishing her keys out of her purse, she headed for the parking lot. She'd go for a short drive and come back. Surely she could handle that much. She got in her car and drove away from the resort.

Already she felt as if she missed Kian. She pulled everything she'd learned to the forefront of her mind and quickly sorted through it. Kian was a werewolf. Could she accept that? More than likely, yes. Not once had she felt threatened by him. Obviously, his type of werewolf wasn't the snarling, bloodthirsty beast movies portrayed them as. She would just need time to get used to him in his wolf form. By nature, she adapted to change easier than some people.

Then there was the issue of them being mates. Were her feelings for Kian strong enough for her to spend the rest of her life with him, even though they'd just recently met? Only earlier today she'd admitted to herself she'd fallen for him. Now that she knew he loved her, was happy to have her as his mate, her feelings for him were a bit stronger. The only thing holding her back from actually saying she loved him was how fast everything had happened. In a normal relationship, it could take months, if not years, to reach that stage in a long-term commitment. Hers and Kian's had formed the first night they'd met.

She'd been gone fifteen minutes and the need to return to Kian was more than noticeable. As he'd told her, she felt as if something terrible had happened to him. She did her best to ignore it. She wasn't ready to go back just yet.

Jorja pulled up the last thing she needed to make a decision on. If she did love him, could she give up her life in Niagara Falls? There was no question Kian would want to return to Toronto. And to be honest, why would he want to stay here? It wasn't as if she had much in her life to offer him. He was the one with the wealth and family. She was all alone, had been for a long time. After her parents had died in a car crash when she'd been fifteen, and no relatives had surfaced to claim her, she'd been placed in the foster

care system. Once she'd reached adulthood, she'd left to strike out on her own, and hadn't looked back since.

The need to be with Kian increased even more. She thought of the way he'd been with her today. She'd felt protected, cared for. And when she'd caught him staring at her, she'd seen the love he'd professed lurking in his eyes. Then she'd thought maybe it had been wishful thinking on her part. Now she knew those emotions had been real. No man had looked at her like that before.

Jorja roughly wiped a tear out of her eye as she thought about all Kian offered her. She had a gorgeous man who would never leave her, would never cheat on her, would always be there for her. She'd have a real family again, something she'd missed. And she'd never have to worry about money again. Did she love him? As sudden as it was, she thought she did.

Having finally sorted out her feelings, and made the decision to not make Kian suffer anymore, Jorja turned the car around and headed back to the resort. And back to her man. She would jump into her new life with both feet and hit the ground running.

By the time she arrived at the resort, she desperately wanted to feel Kian's arms around her, holding her tight. There were going to be some adjustments for both of them, but the main thing was they loved each other. They could work out the rest as they went.

It seemed to take forever for the elevator to arrive, and for it to reach Kian's floor. With no keycard to get in, she knocked on his door. He opened it, his gaze seeming to eat her up where she stood.

She looked into his eyes and said, "I want you. All of you."

With a groan, Kian wrapped his arms around her and pulled her into the room. As his lips took hers, kissing her as if he were a starved man and only she could save him, he let the door close behind them. Jorja kissed him back, the tears that had threatened finally falling.

Kian pulled back and wiped them away with his thumbs. "Don't cry, Jorja."

She gave him a watery smile. "I'm fine. It's just I love you. I haven't had someone in my life who has loved me in return for a very long time. Right now, you're all the family I have."

He kissed her again. "I'm never going to leave you, Jorja. Ever. I've waited a long time for you, my mate. The love I have for you will always be." He picked her up and carried her to the bed. "Now I intend to make love to you until neither one of us can move."

Jorja surrendered herself to her werewolf mate's arms, knowing she couldn't ask for a better start to her new life with him.

The End

About the Author

Marisa Chenery was always a lover of books, but after reading her first historical romance novel she found herself hooked. Having inherited a love for the written word, she soon started writing her own novels.

After trying her hand at writing historicals, she now writes paranormals.

Marisa lives in Ontario, Canada, with her husband and four children. She would love to hear from you, so drop her an email.

Marisa welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her [author bio page](#) at www.ellorascave.com.

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