



BECCA JAMESON

WOLF MASTERS

LINDSEY'S
WOLVES

Lindsey's Wolves
Wolf Masters

Becca Jameson

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Blurb

Lindsey just finished college. She is supposed to start teaching this fall. At least that's the plan, before she meets a sexy Spanish god named Alejandro and falls head over heels for him.

Alejandro just came to the U.S. to help out on the family dairy farm. He

runs smack dab into Lindsey at the grocery store and immediately realizes she is his mate.

Add to the mix, Ryan. He lives on a neighboring farm and happens to stop by Kara's where Lindsey is showing off her new man Alejandro.

Alejandro and Ryan are stunned and none too happy to realize they are both mated to Lindsey. Lindsey, who was raised in a fanatical religious sect, can't even begin to wrap her head around a threesome, and that's before she finds out they are shape-shifting wolves.

While the three unsuspecting lovers attempt to come to terms with their unexpected life changes, Lindsey's

childhood church amps up their attempts to bring her back into the flock. Why won't they leave her alone and what do they want? The answers are shocking and the results could be life-changing for everyone.

Dedication

To all my readers who demanded a sequel to Kara's Wolves. I hope you love this one as much as the first.

Chapter 1

"I met someone."

"Lindsey, that's great. Where? When?" Kara's voice held the excitement Lindsey had expected.

She switched the cell phone to her other ear and took a deep breath. "At the grocery store, yesterday actually."

Kara laughed. “The grocery store? How romantic.” Her voice dripped sarcasm. “What’s his name?”

“Alejandro.” She tried not to make it sound too dreamy, but it was hard to even utter the name without doing so. *My friends call me “Alex,”* he’d said, but with his sexy accent and looks, Lindsey couldn’t even think of him by that nickname yet.

“Alejandro? Is he Hispanic?”

“Spanish actually. His family owns a vineyard in Spain. Moved here a few months ago to join his cousins on the family farm.”

“Farm?”

“Yeah. Strangest thing. That’s part of

why I called. Alejandro's aunt and uncle own a dairy farm not far from where you are. Isn't that a coincidence? I thought Trevor or Justin might know them."

"That *is* crazy."

"Yeah, what are the chances either of us city girls would meet a man who owns a dairy farm? Let alone both of us."

"What's his last name? I'll ask the guys if they know him."

"Ramos, but his cousins have a different name. It's his mother's side or something like that. Thompson."

"Hmm, doesn't ring a bell. But I don't know all the neighbors. I'll ask. So, you just met him yesterday?"

"Yes, it was a long day. Suffice it to

say, my ice cream melted ... in the cart.” Lindsey laughed.

“Seriously? You just stood in the aisle talking to a guy?”

“Yeah, pretty much.” Lindsey inhaled before continuing. “Listen, Kara, I was hoping you could tell me what it was like when you met Justin, and well Trevor too, I guess. Did you know he was the one right away?”

Kara paused too. Lindsey could hear her breathing over the line. “Lin? Is this serious?”

“I guess. I mean, it seems like it. He ... sort of knocked me off my feet. And I believe it was mutual. Do you think it’s possible? I mean to just run into

someone in a grocery store and then feel like ... like you've known them forever?"

"It's possible. Yes."

"Did you?"

"Yes, but—"

Lindsey didn't give her a chance to finish. "It's just so weird. I haven't ever felt like this before. You know, giddy." She tried to repress another chuckle.

Kara didn't. She laughed. "Maybe he's the *one*. When are you seeing him again?"

"Seven. Dinner. Kara I want you to meet him. I don't know anyone else who could possibly think this wasn't just too weird. Including me. My hands are shaking just thinking about it."

“Because you really like him? Or because you’re scared?”

“Both.” Kara was one of the few people who knew a lot about Lindsey’s past.

“Sounds about right. When I met Justin ... well, you were there.”

Now it was Lindsey’s turn to laugh, hard. “Yeah, you’d known him for what? Eight minutes before Jess and I found you guys playing tongue hockey against the outside wall of Boot Scooters?” She couldn’t keep the mirth from her voice. “You were dazed after that, and you still are. That’s why I called. I need you to tell me what you felt. Tell me I’m not crazy.”

“You definitely aren’t crazy, Lin. And ... I don’t think I can quite describe how I felt. Warm. Happy. I couldn’t stop smiling. Remember when you guys were helping me get ready for our date the next night, and you made me wear that slinky dress? I thought I’d die. It so wasn’t me. But, man did I feel sexy in it. And it was worth the look on Justin’s face. And Trevor’s.”

“Did you meet Trevor that night?”

“Yep. I didn’t realize the implications at the time, but yeah. He was at the house.”

“I guess I’ll have Jess doll me up tonight like we did you. Wish you were here.”

“Me too, Lin. Hey, why don’t you bring him by later, after dinner?”

Lindsey shuffled back and forth. She couldn’t keep her feet still she was so wired. “That would be awesome. You could confirm if I’m crazy or not.”

“I can confirm that right now. You aren’t crazy. I’m sure it’ll be fine. But if it makes you feel better, I’ll have the guys check him out. Ask a few questions. Surely, someone knows him, or at least the family he’s living with.”

“Thanks, Kara.”

A familiar knock sounded at the door, sending a chill down Lindsey’s spine. Three firm raps. “Shit.”

“What’s the matter?”

“The Bible Trio is here again.” She peeked through the edge of the curtain on the front window to verify her suspicions.

“Jeez. They’ve been by there a lot lately, haven’t they?”

“Yeah, guess they are really intent on saving my soul. They won’t take *no* for an answer. I’ve stopped opening the door. It’s the end of my summer break. In just a few weeks I have to start working and enter the real world. I don’t need them constantly putting a damper on my good times.”

“I’m sorry, Lin. Ignore them. They’ll get the hint one of these days.”

“Thanks, Kara. I know they’ve been

a pain in your and Jess's butts over the years too. I appreciate your support."

"No worries. Think about your date tonight instead. And stop by whenever you want. We'll have drinks or something. I'll make a dessert."

"Perfect."

"And, Lin, don't worry if you can't make it. I'll understand. If it just seems too weird, or you're having too much fun, just don't show."

"Kay. Wish me luck."

* * * *

Lindsey stood in front of her full-length mirror and couldn't believe the vision in front of her. "Is that even me?" she asked Jessica.

"It's you, all right. A little more

makeup than usual. A few curls in that long straight hair. A tight dress. And *voila*.” Jess sat cross-legged on Lindsey’s bed, leaning forward over her knees with her chin on one hand. “You look to die for.”

Lindsey wasn’t sure. “Is it too much? I didn’t look anything like this when I met him. Maybe he likes his women a bit more ... plain.”

“Girl, you never look ‘plain,’ so that can’t be true. Even without makeup, hair in a ponytail, wearing sweats, you look like a tall cover model.” Jessica ran a hand through her own short locks. “Wish I had your long, thick hair.”

“Are you kidding? I’d kill for your

sophisticated style.” Jess always looked put-together, even first thing in the morning. Her short, dark hair with blonde-tipped highlights always appeared salon perfect. Multiple dainty diamond and hoop earrings added to her glamour.

“Whatever.” Jess raised her eyebrows.

“Well, thanks for the ego boost.” She twisted and turned to see the back of the dress. “Is it too short?”

“No. Stop worrying. It’ll be great.”

“Yoga pants, by the way.”

“Huh?”

“I wasn’t wearing sweats yesterday. Yoga pants.”

They both laughed, and then Jessica

turned serious. “I almost forgot to tell you. Those people came by again yesterday. I had words with them.”

“Shit. Yesterday too? They were here this morning again. I didn’t open the door. What did you tell them?”

“I said you were out and that you weren’t interested. And would they please stop calling and stopping by.”

“Not that it’ll do any good, but thanks.”

“No problem.”

The doorbell rang.

Lindsey turned around with a gasp. She shook all thoughts of her unwanted visitors from her head. Tonight was her night and she wasn’t about to let her past

ruin even one second of her future. “He’s here already. Mr. Prompt. I’ll never be able to keep up with that.”

“Stop worrying. He isn’t taking you out because of your timeliness. He likes you.” Jess jumped up and headed for the front door. “How ’bout we let him in?” Her chuckle echoed as she sped down the hallway.

Lindsey took one more look in the mirror. Jess had, for the last hour, painstakingly helped her arrange her normally pin-straight hair until it now cascaded around her face in ringlets. She did look good, she had to admit.

Who cares? It’s just a date . Why did it seem like so much more?

Her dress was skimpy, by her

standards, and black. Too short, but heck, you only live once. Hopefully, he'd find her long legs sexy.

Having very few occasions to wear heels, Lindsey carefully turned and stepped from the room, doing her best to avoid the piles of rejected clothes lying all over the floor. Hopefully, Alejandro wouldn't want to see her private space. She'd die of embarrassment right now.

When she came around the corner, she sucked in a breath at the sight of Alejandro's firm, sexy ass encased in perfect-fitting, black pants. The muscles in his thighs and butt made her want to squeeze them with her hands ... or her legs...

In less than a heartbeat he turned to face her, a huge smile on his face, probably from something corny Jess had said to entertain him.

“Lindsey, you look gorgeous.” He stepped toward her, which was convenient since her legs seemed to have stopped working. She was frozen in the hallway several feet from him.

His gaze traveled the length of her, not ogling, but admiring, as he advanced. Lindsey stared at his handsome face. His soft brown hair was filled with blond highlights from the sun and it hung slightly too long, the thick waves swaying across his eyes. Perhaps he needed a trim, but she loved it that way.

It was incredibly sexy the way he tossed it away from his eyes as he leaned into her.

Startled by his unexpected proximity, Lindsey continued to hold her breath.

Alejandro casually reached for her elbows with his warm hands and leaned across first her left and then her right cheek, breathing a kiss over each.

Ah, you idiot. He's Spanish. It's a greeting, you dolt.

Chills coursed down Lindsey's skin from her neck clear to her feet. She gritted her teeth to avoid outright shivering at his touch, his scent. He smelled like summer, a hint of tropical sunscreen under the soap he'd showered with. And his hair, all those glorious

locks, caressed her cheek as he pulled away. Whatever shampoo he'd used was perfect for him, a very masculine almost outdoorsy scent.

Lindsey cleared her throat, hoping her voice wouldn't squeak whenever she was finally able to say something coherent. "You too."

You too? Is that the best you can come up with? A degree in education with an emphasis in English and the best you could utter was, "you too?"

"Gracias, mi alma."

Whatever *mi alma* meant, she loved the way it sounded rolling off his tongue. He'd have her any way he wanted if he kept using that sexy Spanish voice.

What was she thinking? She needed to slow down a bit. No way was she ready for an intense relationship. Her body was getting ahead of her mind just by his proximity. Sure, her shrink would tell her to go for it. Let loose. Move on with her life. But could she really do it? Could she slough off the first eighteen years of her life after four years of counseling?

“Are you ready?” His eyebrows rose in question, his palms still wrapped around her elbows, seeming to cover half her arms in their gentle warmth.

Lindsey had always been quite tan, but when she glanced down at their skin next to each other, she realized how

much darker Alejandro was. Probably from working outside all summer. The sleeves of his deep purple dress shirt were meticulously folded up far enough to reveal his bronzed muscular forearms covered in a dusting of blond hair.

She couldn't help wondering if that same hair covered his chest or if he was smooth under that shirt. As she returned her gaze to his face, she paused at his neck. The top two buttons were undone, but not far enough to answer her question.

"Yes." It was going to be a short night if she didn't come up with anything more conversational.

He didn't seem to mind, however. His smile grew slowly across his face

as if he were completely aware of her plight and found it amusing.

He couldn't be of course.

“Shall we?” Letting go of one elbow, he guided her toward the front door with the other.

Jessica was nowhere in sight. Not surprising. She never liked to interfere.

“Where are we going?” *Ah, a full sentence. And even apropos.*

“I thought we'd try that new Spanish restaurant across town. Do you know it?”

“No.” *Does that count as a sentence also?* “But, it sounds wonderful.”

“I hope it's authentic and not a disappointment. You never know about

these places. I've heard good things about it, but not from anyone Spanish. We'd be taking our chances. Are you up for the adventure?"

"Absolutely. Even if it's not completely what you're used to, it will surely be delicious."

"We Spaniards are culinary snobs." He probably wasn't kidding, but his words were so gentle and his face so calm, she didn't believe he was even capable of disappointment right now. A fact that made her feel pretty good.

Alejandro led her toward a brand new black Toyota truck parked in the street in front of the townhome she shared with Jessica. Ever since Kara had moved out earlier in the summer,

they hadn't bothered to get another roommate. They had both gotten teaching jobs locally and as soon as school started in a few weeks they'd be making enough money to handle the expenses. In the meantime, they were enjoying the last few weeks of summer, their last few leisurely weeks for what could be a long time.

Ever the gentleman, Alejandro opened the passenger door and held on to Lindsey's arm until she was situated inside. She felt like a princess in his care. Doted on. Appreciated.

American men never seemed quite so polite, or maybe that had been just her experience.

In any case, who cared? The man currently circling the hood of the car was so suave she wanted to lean into him and soak up his tender warmth.

And his accent was so musical; like melted caramel it oozed over her every time he spoke. Especially when he spoke in Spanish. She'd taken four years of high school Spanish and two years in college, but that barely got her by.

Maybe if she hung around Alejandro for a while, she'd actually learn something.

I hope so.

When he slid into the seat beside her, he started the engine and then reached for her hand. "You truly are

bellísima this evening, *cariña*.”

She got the idea. “Thank you.” Lindsey was so comfortable with him. It seemed as though she’d known him a long time.

Of course, they’d spoken for about two hours last night. She felt like she truly did know him in some ways. Once they’d finally made it out of the grocery store, he’d helped her load her trunk and they’d wandered into the coffee shop conveniently located next door to the supermarket. The lattes didn’t even come close to reaching Alejandro’s coffee standards, but they still laughed and talked for so long, she’d lost track of time.

Alejandro’s large hand enveloped

Lindsey's small one. She couldn't concentrate with his thumb rubbing circles across her palm. He was going to drive her mad. If there hadn't been a seat belt law, she'd have slid right up next to him and laid her head on his shoulder with no concern whatsoever for how forward that would be.

Truth be told, she couldn't wait to feel his soft lips caressing her skin again. Last night, when he'd walked her to her practical Honda Accord, he'd pressed her back into the driver's door, wrapped her face in his palms, and kissed her to oblivion. Sure, it had started out slow and hesitant, the faint hint of coffee mingling with her own, but

then he'd angled his head to one side, pressed his body against hers, and licked the seam between her lips until she opened for him on a moan.

The episode was so erotic, a book could have been written about that kiss alone. Her entire body trembling with need, she'd gripped his forearms until her nails nearly dug into the skin. After what seemed like an eternity, he'd gradually pulled away, raining kisses along her cheeks before settling his forehead against hers.

“Mañana entonces, cariño? Until tomorrow?”

Why did his words in Spanish sound so much more lyrical? Those beautiful words meant “until tomorrow?”

“Yes.” It was all she’d been able to articulate at the time, and she hadn’t improved much since then.

If only he would kiss her like that again...

And please, God, let me enjoy this without enduring flashbacks from my childhood.

She deserved it. It was time to move on.

*

Alejandro gritted his teeth all during the short drive to the restaurant. *Please, if there is a God, make this evening perfect.*

He’d driven over to the quaint corner location earlier in the day, seen

the inside firsthand, and made a reservation. It had the appeal of home and made him anxious to get a taste of the delicious aromas floating among the lunch crowd.

Home.

He actually felt the pangs of missing his family today for the first time in months. He'd come to America in the early spring on a whim. His cousins had been begging him for years to join them in Washington. The timing couldn't have been better. Two of his cousins, Mariam and Sean, had married in the last year and moved farther away from the farm. The family was a bit shorthanded, and their call had coincided perfectly with Alex's recent ugly breakup. Not to

mention a restless need for a change of scenery.

Alejandro was settled. Happy. Loving the change. And living in the sprawling ranch home owned by his mother's brother had proven to shake any doubts he'd had before leaving the vineyard about living with family. The house was enormous and there was plenty of privacy. At twenty-eight, Alejandro hadn't looked forward to the possibility that there'd be restrictions, rules, questions.

His mind was at ease. He'd slid right into Sean's old quarters and was enjoying himself immensely.

However, he'd been completely

unprepared to run literally straight into the woman he would spend the rest of his life with during a quick stop at the grocery yesterday to grab a few items for his Aunt Stacy. The poor woman hadn't said a word when Alex had returned three hours later, empty handed, preoccupied, and begging forgiveness when he saw her face.

The awaited flour and eggs were forgotten, the “fried” chicken baked, and his aunt, without asking a single question of her normally extremely thoughtful and considerate nephew, had spent the evening biting her tongue, a sparkle in her eye that expressed her amusement at his floundering actions.

The cause of this distraction now sat

next to him with a slight smile curving up the corners of her luscious pink lips. She'd let him grasp her hand when he'd climbed into his truck beside her and had even scooted his direction across the bench seat, as much as the seat belt would allow.

Lazily drawing circles across her palm with his thumb was now driving him mad. Her skin was so soft and warm, her grip on his fingers making him long to have her grip other parts of his body with the same passion.

Again he prayed to a god he'd suddenly found himself taking a keener interest in. *Please, just help her understand.*

Alex knew he'd eventually have to confront her. She was his mate and that was fantastic. But ... she was human. She had no idea what was about to happen to turn her life upside down.

He had no idea when he might go about telling her the details of the unimaginable world he would open up to her, but it would have to be soon. He didn't know how many days he could go with cold showers and the constant need to adjust his cock in his pants. Even masturbating twice last night after he'd excused himself from the family had done nothing to ease his discomfort. He was still hard nearly twenty-four hours later.

“So, why have you never been to this restaurant before, Alejandro?” When she spoke his name, with an accent that sounded almost precisely like a native of his country, it made him almost groan out loud with visions of her screaming the word in passion as she came. And she would. He’d make sure of that.

“I have been so busy since I got here in the spring, I guess I just haven’t had the chance. My cousins have eaten there and they tell me the menu is authentic and delicious. I hope they are correct. It’s really tough to find the cuisine of *España* replicated in the States. A rare delicacy.”

“I’m sure it will be wonderful.”

When she smiled at him, one sweet dimple exploded on each cheek, begging him to run his tongue through the indentation. He glanced her way to catch this expression, wishing he could stare at her forever without running off the road.

Two more miles and then you can sit across from her at the table and look to your heart's content.

He'd purposefully selected a specific corner table when he'd been there earlier, slightly out of the way where they'd have some privacy to get to know each other.

Although, he felt like he'd known her for years after last night. They'd practically spoken on top of each other

the entire time, laughing and joking about their different life experiences.

It was with great relief that Alejandro pulled into a parking spot and turned to stare into those gorgeous brown eyes that hypnotized him with their warmth.

He practically flung himself around the front end of the truck to reach her side, bereft of the feel of her soft fingers in his.

As she stepped from the car, he caught a significant glimpse of the V between her legs. Her short dress couldn't hide much as she was forced to put one foot down and then the other. She reached to adjust the front, even

tugged the fabric with both hands to more concisely cover herself before raising her face back to stare into his eyes. She was clearly unaccustomed to dressing in such a short skirt. Her cheeks were flushed. Was she embarrassed? Did she feel self-conscious about what he might have seen between her legs during the brief exit?

She'd have to get over that fast, but the idea of her being shy about her body made him almost tremble with the anticipation of ridding her of any preconceived notions she may have acquired about sex in her twenty-two years. Why did the idea of her initial timidity only make him harder?

“Shall we?” As soon as she'd

adjusted her dress to her satisfaction, Alex once again grasped her hand and guided her toward the entrance.

“It’s lovely. I don’t know why I haven’t been here before myself. Maybe it’s fate that we are to experience it for the first time together.” Lindsey sucked in a breath on the end of that sentence, and he looked at her with a smile. She shivered beneath his touch, turning her face toward the ground.

Alex pulled her close as they reached the door, wrapped his arms around her to stave off the chill she’d experienced, as though caused by the evening air, and kissed the top of her head. “I’m certain you are correct,

cariña.”

Her hair smelled of the floral shampoo he would never forget from yesterday. The soft strands glided across his lips as he pulled reluctantly away, wishing for all the world they weren't in public, it wasn't their first official date, and he didn't have to spend the next week going through the formalities dictated by human society to court and woo this woman before he could divest her of her clothes and delve into all her glorious wonder.

Would the bronze skin of her arms and legs extend to her entire body? Was it natural? Or did she have tan lines? Perhaps tiny straps of a string bikini would extend across her shoulders and

reveal smooth white breasts that would contrast with ripe pink nipples.

Again, he gritted his teeth as he guided her through the front door.

“Good evening, Señor Ramos. We have your table ready. Right this way.”

“How did they...?”

“I came by earlier to make a reservation. So we wouldn’t have to wait,” he explained.

“How thoughtful.” She beamed at him.

“*¿Está bien, Señor?*” the maître de questioned, his eyebrows raised.

“Is this okay?” Alejandro turned to Lindsey.

“Of course. It’s wonderful.”

“Perfecto, gracias,” he said to the polite man.

He released the breath he'd been holding as she eased into her chair. He didn't know why he'd been holding his breath. She didn't seem the type who would have complained about the location of the table.

He just wanted everything to be ... perfect.

And it was panning out that way.

The table was small, which had attracted Alejandro right away. He wanted to be able to touch her across the tablecloth. Hoped to share morsels of food. Hell, he wanted to be able to kiss her if he desired, lick dabs of garlic and

olive oil from her lips. He wouldn't, of course, but he wanted the possibility to exist nonetheless.

"The ambience is so ... romantic," she stated, peering around the room. "They even have a little band wandering around. What do you call that?"

"Mariachi. They'll meander from table to table during the evening. It's actually a Mexican tradition, but fits in perfect here."

She was right, of course. He couldn't have chosen better, assuming the food was as good as the service and atmosphere. Dim lighting interspersed with candles provided the perfect setting for the seduction he had planned.

By the end of the evening, he wanted

this woman to be so comfortable with him she wouldn't balk at seeing him every opportunity they had. He knew it wasn't customary in the U.S. for new couples to see each other so frequently, among humans that is. But lupines knew in an instant when they met their mate, and Alejandro was as warm-blooded as any American wolf when it came to claiming his woman. He wanted her fast, soon, often, and aggressively.

Now he just had to convince her.

"Their music is wonderful."

"I'm glad you like it." He reached across the table and took both her hands in his. "Have I told you how beautiful you look tonight?"

“I believe you did, but thank you.” A pink blush once again crawled across her cheeks, making Alex wonder if he’d see that same flush across her breasts in the near future. Would her skin blotch in the telltale sign of a satisfied woman after she orgasmed?

Releasing only one hand, he angled a menu in front of her and then opened one for himself.

Five seconds went by before she looked back up at him. “I’d love for you to just order for both of us, if you don’t mind. I have no idea what anything is and I bet you have excellent taste in food.” She bit her lower lip between her teeth and grinned.

“I’d be honored.” Alejandro couldn’t keep himself from reaching up and running the pad of his thumb along her bottom lip, gently releasing it from the clutches of her perfect straight white teeth. “If you don’t have any preferences, I’ll order an assortment of *tapas* to start. That’ll give you a smattering of foods to explore.”

“*Tapas?*”

“They’re kind of like what you call appetizers, only smaller. Just a few bites on a small plate. Extremely common and popular in Spain.”

“Sounds heavenly.”

“Is there anything you don’t like?” He gazed into her deep brown eyes,

hoping she wasn't a picky eater. Spaniards loved their food with a passion unmatched in other countries.

“Not at all. I eat everything.”

A shadow fell over them as the waiter approached.

“Good evening. I'm Raúl. I'll be your server tonight. Can I interest you in some wine?” The waiter had arrived on the tail end of their conversation as though planned. “We have a wonderful house vino from Rueda.”

He had yet to question Lindsey about her preferences when it came to wine. Again, the stars would be so very nicely aligned if this seemingly perfect mate of his also enjoyed the *vino rojo* of his home country. “Do you like red wine,

Lindsey?”

“Sometimes. Let’s try it.” She may have been a bit reserved about the feelings she felt slamming her concerning having met him only yesterday, but he’d have to give her credit for being adventurous. She wasn’t backing down.

“*Dos vasos, por favor.* Or better yet, just bring us a bottle.” He didn’t want to have to wave someone down for more wine if they found themselves enjoying the delicious flavors of Castilla y León.

“So, tell me more about your family. What made you decide to leave Spain?”

“Pretty simple, really. Our families are very close. Ever since I was a small

child we took turns every other year visiting each other. One year they came to La Rioja and the next we came here. I've always found the dairy life intriguing. Acres of open land. Even though this is the U.S., my aunt and uncle have always lived a life similar to that in *España*—as laid back as you can get in this country.” He grinned. “When two of my four cousins married and moved away, they needed some extra help. It was a great opportunity for me.”

“You must be a wine snob.” She giggled when she spoke, and he loved the sound of her voice traveling across the table and tempting his libido. “You didn’t tell the waiter you knew his selections better than he does or even

look at the menu.”

“Well, I wouldn’t consider myself a ‘snob’ as you say, but I do know something about wine and grapes. You can’t go wrong with a nice bottle of red from Rueda.” He grasped the hand he had released earlier and resumed his gentle grip, trying to keep it light and not scare her off. What he really wanted to do was pull her around the table, situate her straddling his lap, and kiss her senseless while reaching between their bodies to finger her to orgasm right here in the restaurant. The burning need to have her, naked and at his mercy, would not remain simmering on the surface. It kept rearing its head and making him

squirm with as little notice as possible beneath the maroon tablecloth, attempting repeatedly to adjust his growing hard-on.

Down, fella.

“I haven’t been much of a wine drinker as of yet. I hear it’s an acquired taste.”

“Definitely. I’ll be honored to guide you on the journey. You’re with the right man.” That was an understatement. He was without a doubt the only man she’d ever be with for the rest of her life, and he’d most assuredly be “guiding” her on so many “journeys” in the next few weeks, her head would be swimming. Hopefully in sexual satisfaction.

How had he gotten so lucky?

He hadn't ever quite pictured himself ending up with an American woman, but fate had a way of dropping the unexpected right in one's lap at the most surprising moments.

Fate had done well by him in the last twenty-seven hours.

"So, where is your vineyard in Spain? Tell me about it."

"It's in La Rioja, in the North. Running a vineyard is a year-round experience. There is always a new step involved in the making of wine. Just when you get bored of watching grapes grow, it's time to harvest them and start the winemaking process." He smiled across the table at the oversimplification

he'd just described in about two sentences. He wanted to know more about Lindsey. Everything about her.

“What do your parents do? You said you're from Seattle?”

“Yes. I'm from Seattle, but my parents aren't living.” She looked down at the table as she said the words.

“I'm so sorry, *cariña*.” Alex's heart squeezed as she spoke the words. He couldn't imagine life without his parents, his huge extended family. It saddened him to think of her, anyone really, alone in this world.

He squeezed her hands tightly. “Do you want to talk about it?”

“Could we not? It's a long story. Some other time?”

“Of course, *mi alma*.” No sense spoiling the evening with sadness. He wanted to know everything about her and grieved for her loss, but her eyes were downcast. Now was not the time or place.

Alejandro had to let go of Lindsey a moment later when Raúl returned with their wine. With efficient precision, he presented the bottle and then removed the cork and poured a splash of deep red heaven for Alejandro to sample. After a long inhale with his nose inside the wide glass, he took a quick sip and declared the wine excellent.

The waiter poured them each a glass. “Can I interest you in some tapas to start

off?”

“Actually, we may order so many tapas we won’t have room for a meal.” Alejandro glanced at the menu and quickly made a few selections. “Let’s start with *solomillo al ajillo, tortilla española, calamari, y ensalada de papas rusas.*”

Raúl memorized the order and nodded before heading for the kitchen.

“I have no idea what you ordered, but if it tastes half as good as it sounds, I’ll be in love.” Her gaze was back on his, the sorrow of a moment ago forgotten.

“I ordered the most common things you might find in a tapas bar in Spain. It’ll give you a sampling. You’ll love

it.” He grabbed her hand again. He couldn’t seem to keep himself from maintaining contact. “Try the wine.”

He watched in anticipation while she sniffed and then sampled the dark red wine. “Mmm, it could grow on me.” She smiled and took another drink.

“You’ll love it paired with some cheese and *jamón serano*, a Spanish ham. We’ll order that next.”

“I’ll be stuffed!”

“I don’t like my dates to end the evening hungry.” Not that he had any intention of ever having another date. Well, with anyone but her.

Diós mío, she is so gorgeous.

Her cheeks began to glow, probably

from the influence of the wine she was sipping. It was a beautiful look on her, but he didn't want her drunk either. "That wine is strong. Be careful not to drink too much before the meal. I'll be ... how do you say? Scraping you off the floor?"

Lindsey laughed and set her glass down. "That would be embarrassing. I'll try to avoid it." Her eyes nearly danced. *She seems relaxed. Happy. Thank God.* Now if he could just win her over completely with the food of his home country, he'd be a satisfied man.

*

Lindsey was in love. Well, perhaps that was a bit strong a word for a man she'd spent all of three hours total with,

but she was certainly in lust. Surely, it was too good to be true. The proverbial shoe would most likely drop at any moment.

He was kind, considerate, handsome and sexy. And his eyes... A woman could get lost in those eyes and never come back. He looked at her so deeply; he seemed to see her soul.

Even when he'd mentioned her parents, he understood her need to drop the subject.

And his hands. He never stopped touching her. His fingers rubbed circles on her palms, then her wrists, then her fingers. She couldn't stop thinking about what those hands could do to other parts

of her body, a body that was aching to find out.

She'd been fidgeting around her damp panties since they'd arrived at the restaurant. When she looked down at their joined hands, she couldn't prevent the image of those huge, work-roughened, tan fingers working her to orgasm. And she had no doubt he could do it. In fact, probably right now under the table, given the opportunity.

The idea sent a shiver down her body. She was so horny, she thought she'd combust before the evening was over. In the past few years she'd had a few boyfriends, even one that lasted several months, but no man had ever, *ever*, made her ... want ... so

desperately. In fact, no man had ever brought her to orgasm, to be honest.

What made her think this one could? And why did she think she could relax enough to let him? Now that was a hurdle Dr. Barbara Mathius, her shrink, would have a field day with. Hell, the woman would probably declare her cured and tell her not to come back.

So she had no idea why she felt so confident about Alejandro. But she just knew. And man did she want to test her theory.

But she wouldn't. Of course. Who comes on this strongly to a man she just met yesterday? He was marriage material, so far, until the bomb dropped

and she found out he picked his nose while driving or chewed with his mouth opened or got blazing drunk and acted like an idiot. An infinite number of possibilities existed. She was just waiting to find out which one it would be.

Or maybe she'd get lucky and he *would* be marriage material. In that case, she had a moral standard not to sleep with him on the first date. Or the second. Probably.

Four years of counseling had gotten her to this place. A place where she felt almost normal, like a regular adult woman should. Dr. Mathius had helped her weed through the parts of her childhood that were reasonable to keep

and toss out the parts that didn't work.

She shook the meandering thoughts from her head. "So, are you planning to stay in the States? Or are you just sort of taking a sabbatical from grapes?" Damn, that thought just popped out of her mouth. What if she did really fall for the man and he decided to leave? *Yikes*.

"I have no definite plans. Just letting life lead me where it will right now. It was a blessing in disguise to come here and regroup. And now I've met such a fantastic woman, maybe I'll just stay." He raised an eyebrow and chuckled. Making it virtually impossible to know if he was joking or being somewhat serious. She wasn't sure which she

preferred.

It was way too soon to have such a discussion, and she positively should not feel regret burning a hole in her stomach that he might move to the other side of the earth.

She involuntarily squeezed his hands tighter as though that would prevent him from escaping. And what the hell was the matter with her? She just met him yesterday. She didn't even know his middle name, and she was worried about the fictitious possibility that in the distant future he might leave?

Absurd. She shook the thoughts from her mind as the first plates of food arrived.

Begrudgingly, she let go of

Alejandro's hands and sat back to make room. Another sip of wine proved he was indeed correct. It was growing on her. Or maybe it just tasted better and better the more she drank. That reality was more likely.

“Okay, try this first.” Alejandro stuck his fork into a piece of steaming meat and potatoes, getting the perfect bite organized on the utensil before he held it to her lips.

Sheer delight exploded on her tongue. The tender pork literally melted in her mouth, the mix of garlic, olive oil, and spices combining to send an actual moan escaping from her. “Man, that is good. What did you call it?”

“Solomillo al ajillo. It’s a garlic pork dish.” He smiled and stuck the fork into the tiny plate before offering her another bite. “It’s a favorite among Spaniards.”

“Are you going to sit there and feed me all night or try some yourself?” she mumbled after the second bite, hoping there was no meat stuck between her teeth. “You’ll need to actually taste the dishes to find out if they are authentic. My word truly won’t suffice in this case.”

He smiled again, and his lips made her gaze desirously in their direction, remembering their soft texture from last night, a perfect combination of gentle

and demanding that had kept her sex dripping all evening after parting company. And Lindsey was not accustomed to being so aroused.

He must have been thinking the same thing, or perhaps she just willed him toward a repeat performance because as she stared at his smile, he slowly leaned forward until they were once again locked in a kiss. It was a slow perusal, with him nibbling around her mouth for several moments before pulling back.

“You’re right. The *solomillo* is excellent. I’ll try some myself.”

Leaving her in a state of lust, he took his own bite next and nodded his agreement while he chewed. “Perfect. My hat to the chef. I believe we have a

winner,” he stated after swallowing.

“I’m glad you like it. I was worried you’d find this tiny restaurant in the middle of Washington a bit lacking.”

“Nah, the company is so alluring that I doubt I would have noticed if they served us cardboard.”

“I don’t believe that. You should be a food critic with your passion.”

“Don’t believe it until you’ve been to Spain yourself. All of us are this way in my world. Food snobs I tell you. And passionate about our meals. Which we don’t miss. Our world centers around when and where we will eat, sparing no expense.”

“I believe you.” She smiled at his

expression of pure delight over the next bite he took. She still hadn't picked up a fork.

And as it turned out, she didn't need to yet.

“Oh, the *papas* are just as good.” He shoveled a bite of what looked like potato salad with carrots and peas into her mouth. It had looked ordinary enough, but he was right. It wasn't American potato salad. A hint of garlic and probably more olive oil tempted her pallet.

“Mmm,” she moaned around that bite too, and then again when he presented her with a crispy bite of calamari that rivaled any she'd ever eaten. She'd never been particularly fond of the

visual, with the tiny tentacles fried up in front of her, but somehow this evening was turning out to be an experience in culinary delights unlike any she'd had before.

The last tapa looked like an ordinary omelet, but again, filled with onions and potatoes, was a divine twist on the American version. "This is what we call *tortilla* in Spain. Often referred to as *Tortilla Española* so as not to be confused with those flat floury disks in México." His nose raised in mock snobbery that wasn't altogether a joke.

Lindsey grabbed her fork and joined the fun. They continued in this fashion for another two hours, feeding each other

bites of the various tapas Alejandro continued ordering until Lindsey thought she'd pop. Her dress wasn't going to be near as attractive when she stood up as it had been when they'd arrived, with her stomach filled to bulging.

And all along, the experience was so sensual, as though they were actually making love, with each other or the food itself she wasn't sure. And didn't frankly care. It was the best date of her life.

And if she could somehow manage to not jump into bed with him and ruin her reputation as the nice girl, perhaps he'd even ask her out again.

Chapter 2

Two hours later, Alejandro finally pulled his satisfied woman to her feet

and directed her toward the door.

The restaurant had been beyond his expectations. The mariachi band spectacular, the cuisine as authentic as any place in Spain, and the wine, well, he'd had enough of their shared bottle that he could no longer be considered a good judge of its character.

“Let's walk. You want to?” He glanced down at her. “It's so nice out now that the sun's down. We might be able to breathe easier if we work some of that off.”

“Love to.” When she angled her head up at him and looked directly in his eyes again, he couldn't keep from leaning in to sample her mouth once more. He'd

been kissing her between bites the entire evening, finding it impossible to avoid for very long stretches of time. If only he could take her back to his place, strip her naked, and taste the rest of her delectable body. Life would be perfect.

But, of course, he couldn't do that. If nothing else, he had a moral obligation to tell her what she was getting into before he made her his. Not that she could stop it, or would even want to, but still...

Alejandro settled his jacket over her shoulders and draped one arm across them, pulling her as close as possible while still permitting them to walk.

She was tall for a woman, maybe five-seven. But he still towered over her

at six two.

“It’s so pleasant out here. The view of the distant lights with the night so clear is wonderful.”

“I’ll agree the view is fantastic,” he stated without looking away from her, “but I haven’t noticed any lights.”

Her head jerked up his way and when their gazes landed on each other, and she realized the meaning of his words, the world around them ceased to exist. It was just the two of them, caught in a bubble, stopped in the middle of the sidewalk halfway between two lampposts.

A slight breeze blew a few delicate brown curls in front of Lindsey’s face,

but it only added to her allure. It seemed like he was hypnotized every time he stared into her chocolate eyes. She sucked him in and made him need to stay. Not that it was even a choice.

The next kiss he leaned in for was not a gentle exploration or a taste or a tease. It was demanding, urgent, sexually driven. He slanted his head and licked along the seam of her lips until she parted for him, opening her mouth at the same time she spread her legs ever so slightly.

He nearly came in his pants at the involuntary action of her lower extremities mimicking the movement of her mouth. She wanted him. Of course, he knew intellectually she had no choice

and couldn't control her need, but still he swelled with pride that her body was beginning the process of demanding he take her.

Soon. Not tonight. But soon. He wouldn't be able to wait too long.

In the meantime, he drank from her mouth like a starving man. Tasting and torturing every corner. He even sucked gently on her tongue, drawing a moan from her lips that forced him to press his cock against her stomach.

He parted his own legs enough to straddle hers and pressed their torsos together as close as humanly possible with a hand on her lower back.

He twisted his other hand in her hair

to keep from reaching around and molding his palm to her breast. He was rounding first and sliding into second as it was. He didn't want to insult her by taking more than was reasonable for a human woman of twenty-two on a first date.

Minutes passed before they pulled apart. His ears seemed to ring as though he'd spent the last several hours at a loud rock concert instead of on a quiet date with his intended.

Her face was completely flushed, the red tinge imitating a dark rouge when he knew she barely had on any makeup at all.

He loved how beautiful she was almost completely natural and the added

blush bumped his pride up two notches.

What would they do next? It wasn't very late, but if they kept this up, he wouldn't be able to hang on to his personal pledge not to claim her entirely on this first official night out.

Luckily, she saved the evening with her next words. "It's not too late. Would it seem weird if we stopped by my best friend Kara's place? She lives on a farm that must be near yours, at least in that same general area. In fact, you might know them. And, well, I told her all about you and I thought—"

"Excellent idea." He put her out of her discomfort. She'd started shifting her weight back and forth between her legs

and reached to twist a curl of her hair around one finger. Her nervousness was as endearing as her arousal had been. He enjoyed all her emotions, irrationally to excess perhaps.

She smiled, but continued to explain, “I just wanted her to meet you and she suggested... It actually seems idiotic of me now.”

“Not at all. I’d love to meet your friend.”

“And her, um, well... Let me be blunt. She has two men in her life. They live together. The three of them. *Together* together.” She added that last part in an uncomfortable attempt to explain their living arrangement as politely as possible. Her fidgeting

increased. “I guess you could say I value her opinion as a friend and well...”

“What are we waiting on? Let’s head for the car.” He wasn’t nearly as shocked by her revelation as she seemed to be at telling him about the arrangement. He’d engaged in a few threesomes in his time. He wasn’t opposed to the idea, but secretly he’d never believed anything like that could ever last long term. One night stands were one thing, but a lifetime of sharing one woman? Wouldn’t there always be a humming level of jealousy on the part of one party or another? Who got to be on top? Did they take turns? Who got to father the children they’d have? Did they

just let nature decide?

That issue aside, the more important question was whether or not these friends of hers were shifters. His curiosity had piqued when she said “farm” only to increase exponentially when she’d mentioned the ménage. He knew the largest percentage of the area farms were owned and operated by lupine shifters. He didn’t know of any particular ménage partnerships in the area, but it certainly wasn’t unheard of for his species. More common than among humans. His mind swam with unanswered questions. Intrigued.

And if her trio of friends were shifters, did Lindsey know? Possibly not, especially if her friend was human.

She'd likely not have told Lindsey anything about that aspect of her life. Only one way to find out.

Alejandro aimed his sexy mate in the direction of the truck while adding, "The distraction will keep me from mauling you completely on our first date. Every time I kiss you, you suck me farther into a vortex I can't escape." He chuckled when she sucked in a breath, her eyes wide, but it wasn't funny to him at all. He was dead serious.

*

Lindsey tried to sit still during the drive to the farm where her best friend Kara lived with her two boyfriends, Trevor and Justin. It had taken some

getting used to, especially considering her past, but she was slowly coming around to their unconventional arrangement.

She still shivered on occasion when both men came in the room and doted on the female third in their partnership, but at least “normal” had stretched its bounds enough for Lindsey to accept what her friend insisted was the most natural and perfect thing in the world for her.

Why on earth had she thought this would be a good idea? It was weird enough dragging Alejandro over to Kara’s on their first date, just so her friend could approve of him and confirm for Lindsey’s piece of mind she wasn’t

out of her head. But, she hadn't really thought about the ménage arrangement until the words came out of her mouth.

Thank goodness he hadn't seemed repulsed. Surely, most men would consider the idea absurd at best, disgusting at worst. Why would they want to share just one woman when they could each get their own? That was the real question that had plagued her since finding out about all this a few months ago.

It wasn't a life she could grasp, but she'd talked to Dr. Mathius about the arrangement several times lately and come to terms with the idea that it wasn't *her* life. It was Kara's. Just

because Lindsey was raised way to the right of what would be considered the straight and narrow, didn't mean everyone else had followed that path.

Sure, with the help of Barbara Mathius, she'd inched her way toward the center and out of the clutches of a domineering grandmother and Bible-thumping pastor. Away from a world where it had been pounded into her head since as early as she could remember that sex was not meant to be pleasurable. A woman belonged to her husband, and her body was meant for procreation, not pleasure.

It'd been a long, long road to "normal," but Lindsey felt confident she was there. She'd even had several

relationships. Once she'd gotten beyond the stigma of sex before marriage, she'd even blossomed.

Instead of letting Alejandro grasp her hand when they got in the truck, she'd immediately sat on her sweaty palms, pretending to be slightly chilled when she was really rather nervous. She didn't want him to see her shaking.

"Turn right at the next intersection." She gave the directions with her false "everything is totally fine" voice, even though inside she was churning with the need for her friend to approve of this man she was completely *loco* about, and her need for him to accept the strange lifestyle Kara had chosen to live.

Although, Kara insisted there was no actual “choosing” involved. Fate just stepped up to the plate and provided her with an unconventional life.

Small talk turned to the beautiful countryside, which they couldn't see in the dark, the weather, and other mundane subjects that did their job to fill the silence and prevent any awkwardness.

“There's the farm. On the right.” Lindsey pulled a now numb hand from under her thigh to point in the direction she'd indicated with only a nod of her head.

Alejandro pulled around the circular drive and stopped at the front door. “Looks about like my aunt and uncle's place. This sprawling ranch style must

be the norm for the area.”

“I guess there’s no sense building up when there’s plenty of space around to build out.”

Kara jumped from the car at the same time as Alejandro, not waiting for him to circle the front.

“I’d have gotten that for you,” he stated. “My mama did raise me with enough manners to always treat a lady right.” He grinned down at her.

“I know. You’ve certainly proven that.” No sooner had the words come out of her mouth than the front door opened and Kara stepped out.

“Lindsey! Hi. Glad you made it.” She stepped forward, sort of waddled

actually. Lindsey had the fleeting thought she could be pregnant. It wasn't physically obvious, but it was certainly possible. The girl had more sex than anyone Lindsey had ever met in her life. "Come in, come in."

She motioned them forward toward the long front porch decked out with the perfect assortment of furniture to enjoy evenings out front watching the sun set. The soft squeak of the wooden porch swing rounded out the evening sounds.

"You must be Alejandro." Kara reached to take one of his big hands in both of hers as they stepped up onto the porch. Kara was so dainty and petite, she nearly always grabbed people with two hands. A regular handshake greeting

would swallow her whole.

Lindsey smiled to herself at the thought. Kara was nothing if not the perfect hostess. She could put everyone at ease in a heartbeat, and Lindsey was counting on just that.

“And you must be Kara.” Alejandro added as he pulled Kara toward him and kissed both her cheeks.

Lindsey’s heart rate increased at the intimate gesture, jealousy irrationally rearing its head that he cared to get as close to Kara as he had her. Irrational being the operative word considering the greeting was as natural as hand shaking where he came from.

“Can I offer anyone a drink? Beer?

Wine? A soft drink? Coffee?” Kara continued as they made their way through the front door into the warm inviting interior of the house.

“I’m so full from dinner, I couldn’t even swallow a sip right now, but thanks.” Lindsey clutched her stomach as she spoke.

As soon as they came through the door Alejandro wrapped his arm around Lindsey’s middle and pulled her close. The intimacy reassured her where his intentions lay. Formalities aside, the man was interested.

“You have a beautiful home.” He peered around the large open family-room space that greeted its guests in earth tones of browns, oranges, and reds.

“Thank you. We’ve been making some changes lately and are loving the results.”

“Don’t listen to a word she says, man,” came Justin’s voice as he rounded the corner from the kitchen. “‘We’ is highly overstated. Kara did all the work. Trev and I can’t take an ounce of credit. But she’s right about one thing—the final effect is gorgeous, as is the woman occupying the space.” Justin pulled Kara in for a quick kiss on the lips before returning his attention to Alejandro and continuing. “I’m Justin, by the way. Welcome.”

Alejandro took the outstretched hand before him and flawlessly completed the

American greeting. Was it Lindsey's imagination, or did he physically stiffen before relaxing his grip around her waist?

"Alejandro. Or Alex. Whatever's more comfortable for you."

"Well, let's get out of the doorway. Sit everyone." Justin swung his arm wide in a sweeping gesture to encompass the newly renovated living space. "Kara wanted this space to be ideal for guests and I believe she's outdone herself."

"Indeed, she has. I don't know what it was like before, but it's lovely, Kara. You've done a great job." Alejandro never ceased to say just the right thing. A true gentleman. He aimed Lindsey to an

overstuffed beige couch and sat them both down with a grace that not just any man could have achieved, forcing her efficiently to be pressed into his side, and never removing his arm from around her waist. It should have been disconcerting, this possessive man sucking her in, but it was oddly comforting instead.

“Don’t listen to him,” Kara said. “I did very little to this room. It was wonderful when I got here.”

“I’m sure you added just the right touches to turn a house into a home,” Alejandro added. His gaze wandered to Justin. “So you operate a dairy farm here? I assume you know my aunt and

uncle? Clay and Stacy Thompson?”

Was it her imagination, or did Alejandro watch Justin with particular attention?

“Yes, of course. Kara told us earlier about you coming to live with your family. How are you enjoying it here so far?”

“Love it. It just keeps getting better in fact.” Lindsey squirmed when he turned his pointed gaze her way.

“So, what did you do in Spain, Alex?” Kara didn’t hesitate to grasp the nickname he’d offered.

“My family owns a vineyard, actually. I’ve been knee-deep in grapes and wine since I was born. The switch to milk has been such a pleasure.” Alex,

as Lindsey was beginning to think of him, laughed. “Well, at least the process is not as complicated, and I never come home at the end of the day completely stained purple.”

Everyone chuckled. Lindsey warmed to an even greater extent. They liked him. She wasn't crazy. The man was a god.

“I hear voices. Why didn't anyone tell me we had company?” Lindsey glanced behind her as Trevor padded into the room, feet bare, jeans hanging low on his hips. Between him and Justin, it was no wonder Kara's face nearly glowed these days. How could she go wrong?

Alejandro stood and reached for Trevor's hand in greeting. A chill made its way through Lindsey's body when he removed his warm arm from around her. It seemed he had practically been holding her grounded. Or was it that he was keeping her from reality?

In any case, she was acutely aware that although he was now standing, his huge muscular thigh was pressing into her side. Somehow he managed to smoothly move through life without really ever losing contact. And she loved it.

"Alejandro," her suave date declared again. "Pleasure meeting you all. Lindsey has been telling me about

you.”

“That’s frightening. And you stopped by anyway?” Trevor joked. “Welcome.”

“Ha, ha, Trev.” Kara glared at him from her spot across from them.

Undaunted, he still made his way to her side and plopped down along her left, pinning her between himself and Justin. It seemed claustrophobic to Lindsey, but Kara looked side to side at each of her men with glazed eyes. Even after several months the newness hadn’t worn out. Would it?

When Alex sat back down, he placed his hand on Lindsey’s knee and squeezed. She nearly shot off the couch. Her skirt was short enough and tight enough that sitting had forced it up rather

high. His palm was so large, it nearly encompassed her entire bare thigh, sending her sexual awareness into overdrive.

As if that weren't enough, he began to caress her skin with his fingers, the movement probably subtle enough no one but her noticed, but he was driving her mad with need. His damn pinky kept creeping precariously close to her damp panties, even brushing against the other thigh on occasion.

Whatever religious zealot had decided sex was not for pleasure was completely insane. The feelings Lindsey had were far from unpleasurable. Surely, God didn't intend for her to be struck

down since He was the one who'd made her this way in the first place.

Lindsey squeezed her legs together to keep from moaning, or worse yet, having an orgasm right here on her friend's couch. She could feel the heat radiating from her center, up her torso, across her chest and neck to pinken her cheeks. Did anyone else notice?

She cleared her throat. "I think I'll take you up on that glass of water, Kara. I'm parched." She jumped up to dislodge Alejandro before he could succeed in causing her complete embarrassment. "And ice. Is it hot in here?"

Everyone chuckled. Was that funny? Why did it seem as though they were all staring at her as if she were the brunt of

some clearly undefined ongoing prank?

Kara eased away from her men, her lips tucked between her teeth to hold back a full-out guffaw. “Let’s get that for you. I have plenty of ice. Alejandro, you need some too? Never mind, I’ll just bring you a glass.” To Lindsey she continued over her shoulder, “I even made cookies this afternoon. We can bring out a tray.”

Lindsey, immensely glad to escape the room and clear her head, practically ran after Kara toward the kitchen. How could she be so smitten so fast by this sexy Spaniard? How could she not, she rationalized when she glanced back to find him smiling at her from across the

room.

As soon as they were out of hearing distance, she muttered, “What the hell is the matter with me? Did you see that?”

Kara grinned and turned from reaching into the cabinets, glasses in each hand. “Yes, sweetie. You’re in lust. It happens.”

“Not to me it doesn’t. Not like this. Not so fast. So...”

“What? Right?” She raised an eyebrow and Lindsey took up residence on a bar stool across the center island, reaching across for the tall glass of ice water.

Instead of drinking it, she held the glass against her forehead and began to roll it back and forth across her face and

even down to her neck. “It’s happening so fast. These ... feelings. You know better than anyone how difficult this is for me. Do you think I’m ready? Can I have an actual normal relationship, without clamming up and ruining it with my inability to fend off the demons of my past?”

“Leave those damn demons right where they are, in the past. You know intellectually that crazy church and crazier pastor brainwashed you into believing so many inaccuracies. Put it into practice. Let your heart decide for itself.”

“If I didn’t know better, I’d sleep with him right now, tonight, like some

kind of slut. That's what my heart is telling me. Or maybe that's my libido talking."

"You're not a slut, Lin. Just relax. Go with the feelings. When it's right, it just is. And, honey, I can tell by looking this is just perfect."

"I barely know him." Lindsey moaned and laid her head on the counter. Maybe the granite surface would cool her burning cheeks. She doubted it would do anything for the burn between her thighs, but it was a start. "Pour that water over my head, would you?" she mumbled against the island.

Lindsey ignored her joke. "I knew immediately when I met Justin, and almost as fast with Trevor, and that was

the next evening for heaven's sake. My world spun on its axis so fast it seemed like a merry go round I would surely be flung off at any moment. But I wasn't. Both men held on, and now I'm the happiest I've ever been in my life."

Lin lifted her head a few inches and peered up at her friend. "It hasn't eased up any? Your ... desire for both of them?"

"Nope."

"And they are okay with this? No hard feelings on their part? No fighting, arguing about who gets you first, or whatever?"

"Not a bit." Kara bit her lip, but she didn't laugh. "Mind you, they had been

sharing women for many years before I came along. This wasn't new to them. The only difference is they both fell in love this time, and naturally there won't be any *more* women."

"Aren't you ... tired?" She sat up, scrunching her face in a grimace as she stared at Kara.

This time a chuckle did escape. "Not like you mean."

"Don't take this wrong, but you look exhausted. Under your Wonder Woman exterior. I know you better."

"Well ... maybe a little, but not for the reasons you're thinking."

"You're pregnant, aren't you?" Might as well pull the elephant all the way into the room.

Kara gasped. “You can tell?”

“You are! I knew it. Of course. We’ve been friends for years, and I’ve never seen this look on you, even after you decided to live this lifestyle. You’re positively glowing. It’s doing a good job of hiding the exhaustion. You need to slow down. Take it easier. What do you do all day anyway? I mean besides bake cookies and redecorate living spaces?” she teased.

“Hardy har har. Aren’t you the jokester. I actually work around here too, you know. At least as much as these apes let me. Now that I’m pregnant, they’re crowding in on me a bit more. Starting to demand I slow down.”

“Crowding in *more*? How is that possible? They are practically inside you as it is, pun intended.”

“Oh, just keep them rollin’, why don’t you.” Kara jumped when the back door suddenly opened, the screen squeaking on its hinges.

The man who entered looked like a near replica of Justin, same dark wavy hair hanging across his forehead, same dark eyes, same build. Did Justin have a twin? She didn’t remember ever being told that.

“Ryan. What a surprise,” Kara gushed. “Come in. Have you met my friend Lindsey?” She turned her gaze toward Lindsey as she spoke with a

sweeping motion of her hand.

Whoever this Justin clone was, he had stopped only two feet into the room, frozen in space, his mouth slightly open as if about to speak, staring at Lindsey without blinking.

Time stood still for what seemed like minutes, but could have only been seconds. He was a replica of Justin, sure, but somehow even better. Smooth, sexy, muscular. His dark green T-shirt hugged his pecs to perfection and showed off his six-pack. He surely worked on the farm also. There was no other way for men to be as incredibly “cut” as the ones currently filling this testosterone-immersed house right now. Where did they grow these studs?

His deep chocolate eyes bore into her with the same intensity as Alejandro's. *Alejandro*, the sexy god sitting in the other room who, two seconds ago, had hung the sun and the moon, and drove Lindsey to the kitchen in order to avoid jumping his bones right there in front of God and everyone. Lindsey cleared her throat. "I don't believe we've met," she managed to squeak out.

"Nope. I'd have remembered it. No doubt about that." Ryan's words were barely uttered between his still slightly parted lips. His gaze never left hers.

"Ryan?" Kara interjected.

If he heard her, he didn't

acknowledge it.

Lindsey held her breath, unable to break her gaze from his, mesmerized even more by his deep voice than she had been by his good looks. His words flowed over her skin in the same way Alejandro's did, as if he too spoke another beautiful Latin language.

Her skin warmed, and her cheeks once again heated and flushed for the umpteenth time tonight. What the hell was wrong with her? If she didn't know any better, she'd think she was in heat or something like some kind of animal. How could two people drive her so utterly mad with lust in such a short time? And one of them was *in the other room*. Her mind screamed the words as

though through clenched teeth.

“*Ryan.*” Kara tried again to break the spell.

Finally, he glanced her way, but made no effort to move into the room farther.

“I think you have met. Didn’t you? Weren’t you with Justin the night we met? At Boot Scooters? In May?” No one spoke. “Lindsey was with me that night.” She looked up at the ceiling, trying to recall the details, a fact Lindsey only conjured from her peripheral vision. Her gaze was still locked on the mystery clone in the doorway. “Maybe you didn’t actually ‘meet’ now that I think about it, but she was with me.

Ryan?”

“We didn’t meet, no. Are you sure she was with you?”

“I was,” Lindsey muttered. “What difference does it make?” *Why was everyone acting so weird?*

The black hole she’d fallen into kept getting wider.

“Well,” Kara continued, ambling slowly over toward Ryan, “the bar was crowded. It was late, dark, loud.”

What the hell is Kara rambling about?

Kara directed all her energy toward Ryan. She tugged his arm and pulled him to the other side of the island where Lindsey still sat propped on a stool. She’d threaded her feet around two legs

of the chair and now gripped them with all her might as if the pressure might cause reason to return to her otherwise upside-down existence. To no avail. The wooden stool legs dug into her shins, probably leaving an indentation, but the world still spun off its axis.

“Shouldn’t have made a difference,” Ryan whispered in Kara’s direction out of the side of his mouth. He didn’t take his gaze from Lindsey, and now leaned against the cool surface of the island, his face only a foot from hers.

If someone would please throw that glass of ice water over her sometime soon, she’d surely wake from this bizarre dream. Her legs began to tremble

and even her fingers shook. She gripped the edge of the counter to steady herself.

“I’m Ryan. Justin’s brother. Pleased to meet you.” He didn’t move a millimeter. “Not sure how I managed to not notice you at the bar that night, but...”

He looked at her like he could eat her. She sensed he had placed her on a pedestal to rival most famous statues. Like she belonged to him, and he to her.

Alejandro... Hello, earth to Lindsey.

“I guess we were both too busy making sure Kara and Justin collided.”

“I guess.” He didn’t believe the words. His brow furrowed as he merely muttered them. But why? Again, what

difference did all this make?

Kara gripped Ryan's arm, trying to get his attention. Lindsey finally managed to separate her gaze from its locked position on this new object of her ever-increasing lust. She looked at her friend, confusion warring with her ability to reason.

“Ryan. Everyone else is in the living room, including Kara's *date*, Alejandro.”

That got his attention. Finally he broke the spell, yanking his face toward Kara. His eyes spoke volumes. His mouth opened and closed, but no words came out.

And that's when the other three men

walked into the room.

*

Meanwhile...

“Dude. I can’t believe it. You *stud*.”

The moment the ladies had left, Alejandro was regaled with questions. Starting with Justin. “Did you know immediately? When are you going to tell her? Are you staying in the States, then?” The three men stood and came together in the center of the room.

Alex’s head started to spin, a permanent grin pasted to his face. The last fifteen minutes had been intense since he’d arrived with Lindsey only to find he’d been correct concerning his suspicions about this farm and its inhabitants. He’d known as soon as they

opened the car door. There were dozens of wolves living and working in the area. He could even hear some in their natural form running in the woods behind the house, calling to each other.

Having Lindsey with him had created an awkward meeting. He'd just been thankful everyone had respected the likely fact she still knew nothing about their kind. He could read their understanding in each of their eyes, even Kara's.

"She's a great woman," Trevor continued, lowering his voice an octave. After all, the women were just in the other room.

"That's a fact." Alejandro smiled.

“Yes, I knew as soon as I came around the corner and ran into her cart with mine in the grocery store yesterday. She thought it had been an accident, but I had picked up her scent from the next aisle. It was the only way I could think to engage her and still keep it as normal as possible.” He took a deep breath. “You’ve obviously been through this before. When did you tell Kara? How? Thank God I have you guys to help me out.” He gave a one-sided grin and looked into both their eyes, praying he was right in assuming they wouldn’t leave him high and dry.

“Absolutely.” Justin slapped his shoulder. “We are right there with you, man. Anything you need, it’s yours.

Space. Time. Help... A *room*.” He laughed.

“God, how I need a room. I don’t think she’d appreciate that, however. Not this quickly at least. Maybe tomorrow?” He looked at them for confirmation. “How long before I can reasonably expect her to, um, accept all this and let me make love to her?”

“That’s about right. I think we had Kara between the two of us within forty-eight hours. It’s nearly impossible to avoid much longer than that. Unless you like blue balls,” Trevor joked. “Besides, she needs you as bad as you need her. She just doesn’t realize why. It helps her cave faster.”

“Dios, I need a cold shower.”

Alejandro reached to run his hands through his thick hair, pulling it back from his face in frustration.

“I feel your pain.” Justin looked at him with sympathy. “We had ourselves a few of those that first night, and the second.”

“And it doesn’t get better after you claim her either. Not sure if you’ve been around many people during a mating, but the frenzy is out of this world.” Trevor punched his arm lightly.

“Seriously?” He stared back into the faces of his newfound best friends, feeling the fear etched into his brow. “Tell me you’re kidding.”

“Wish I could, but no,” Justin added. “After we took Kara, we didn’t come up for air very often for the better part of a week. And that’s not just you, dude. Lindsey won’t be able to stand much separation either. She’ll go into a heat of sorts and need you inside her to the point of exhaustion. Best damn tired I’ve ever felt.”

Alejandro groaned aloud and then suddenly straightened to his full height, his senses on high alert. “What’s that? Or shall I say, who?” He tipped his head back and sucked in a long breath. Something was off. *Lindsey*. Without a second thought, he turned and made his way toward the kitchen, Trevor and

Justin on his heels.

“That’s just Ryan, my brother. He pops in unannounced all the time. Don’t worry.” The words made their way through the atmosphere and into Alejandro’s ears, but they did nothing to sooth his unease.

He paused at the entrance to the kitchen and turned to the others, aiming a narrow gaze at Justin. “That is *not* ... *just* ... your brother.”

“Huh?”

With no explanation, Alejandro barreled into the room, chest heaving. He stopped dead in his tracks, just inside the entrance, breathing like he’d run a hundred miles to get to that point.

Trevor and Justin pushed past him,

squaring off around the room as they did.

The four men stood equally spaced around the huge kitchen, the newcomer behind the island, Lindsey trapped in the center of their standoff. Alejandro saw her head snapping around at each man, confusion worrying her brow, but he had to ignore her for now and locked his gaze on Ryan.

Fuck. This can't be happening. Of all the godforsaken bad luck. You have to be shitting me.

"That's what I was just thinking, asshole."

Alejandro flinched as though he'd been punched in the gut and took a step back, nearly falling through the door

when Ryan spoke into his mind.

He knew mates communicated with each other easily after a claiming, but he'd known nothing whatsoever about this arrangement. Was completely unprepared.

All four men stood frozen in their spots, none of them sure what to expect next. Breaths were drawn and exhaled around the room, reverberating so loudly he wanted to plug his ears with his hands. Or maybe it was Ryan's thoughts that clouded his mind and made his skin crawl.

"Fuck you. I was here first."
Alejandro couldn't catch his breath.

"Ha. Ha. Ha. Congratulations. Do you think that makes you the winner?"

How long could they stand here in an essential stare down?

“Alejandro?” A soft voice broke through the ringing in his head. He jerked his gaze from Ryan to Lindsey. Her expression spoke volumes about his behavior. Her gaze roamed his body from head-to-toe.

He glanced down and tried to see himself through her eyes. A crazy man ready for a fight, itching to punch someone, anyone. His fists were gripped. His feet spread apart. He knew his jaw was squared. She'd never seen him like this. Hell, he'd never even been like this before. This ... angry. He wasn't usually one to pick a fight, or

even dislike anyone.

Joder. Now what the fuck was he going to do?

“Don’t start cussing at me in Spanish, asshole, or I’ll arrange for you to have a new one.”

Choosing to ignore the jibe from Ryan, Alejandro returned his attention to Lindsey.

“Would someone please tell me what’s going on?” She said it like the question was up for grabs, but she didn’t glance away from Alejandro. It was his responsibility to fix this. He knew that. But he also needed to speak to Ryan. *Now. Alone.*

“Lindsey,” he cleared his throat, “would you please give me a minute to

talk to Justin's brother. Outside." He directed the question to her, but the goal was to light a fire under Ryan and get him out of this room. Far away from Lindsey.

"Guys. Guys. Calm down. There's no need to panic. Let's discuss this calmly." Kara stepped between everyone, into the middle of the circle. Her tiny frame could no more have stopped four heated wolves than she could have moved a mountain, but somehow Alejandro knew the sun set and rose around this woman for everyone else in the room. He would be treading on thin ice if he crossed her, or even considered the idea.

“Who’s mad? I’m not mad.” He tried to regain his composure. Shook his arms at his sides and released the fists that had caused his fingernails to dig into his palms.

“What is going on?” Lindsey’s voice rose and she held her hands in the air, jumping from her perch on a kitchen stool.

No one moved.

“What? Somebody please explain why there is enough testosterone-filled tension in this room to rival a bus of football players.”

“Honey,” Kara began, “let’s you and me go in the other room.”

“Don’t.” Like clockwork, both

Alejandro and Ryan uttered the simple word simultaneously.

It burned Alex to realize they agreed on something. He didn't see it happening again anytime soon. But at least they were on the same page about one thing. No one but them was going to fill Lindsey in on the details of her own future.

“Outside?” Ryan motioned toward the door before speaking again aloud. “Kara, please, please, please give us a minute. This is our story to tell. No one else’s.”

“Of course.” Instead of dragging Lindsey to the living room, Kara opted to sit next to her and pull her back onto the stool. “Anyone care to swap their

water for vodka?" she jested without smiling.

"Look, boys," Lindsey twisted her body to glare at Alex and Ryan over her shoulder, "obviously you two know each other or something, and I can't even conjure a reason why this has anything to do with me, but hear me when I say I won't be sitting here when you get back inside if either of you throws a punch. Got it?"

"Yes, ma'am," they stated once again in unison.

The minute Alejandro shut the door behind him, he propped his ass against the side of the house and leaned over at the waist, lowering his head to avoid

hyperventilating. *Does that even work?*

“I have no idea. But I’m all for trying.”

He jerked back upright. “Can you stay out of my head for one fucking second?”

“No more than you can stay out of mine.”

“Point taken.”

Ryan started to pace, pulling his hands through his hair enough times to rip it out. “How did this happen?”

“I don’t know. But the better question is ‘what do we do about it now?’”

“Two minutes ago I was a wild and crazy bachelor about to head out for the evening. In fact, shit, my brother Charles

is waiting for me. I just stopped by to borrow a CD, not pick up a mate ... and a fucking male life-mate for God's sake."

"Yeah, this wasn't on my list for this evening either. I was on a perfectly wonderful date with said mate and having the best night of my life."

"Have you two...?"

"No. Though I'm not sure I don't regret it now. I hadn't planned on sharing the experience with anyone, especially someone I've never even met."

"Well, there's something else we agree on." Ryan resumed pacing. "Ryan Masters, by the way." He didn't go so

far as to offer a handshake.

“Alejandro Ramos.” His hands stayed on his thighs also.

“What do we do now?”

“Damned if I know. Perhaps we should ask Justin and Trevor, although from what Lindsey has told me, this is hardly a comparable situation.”

“No, definitely not. Those two have been together and shared their women since they were teenagers.” He physically shook—his entire body jerking in front of Alex’s eyes. “I’ve no intention of ever rubbing my dick up against yours. Just so we’re clear.”

That broke the ice. Alejandro started laughing and couldn’t stop. “Nor I yours,” he managed to sputter. “Though I

have enjoyed a few ménages, I haven't ever gone both ways, as you Americans call it."

"At least we're clear on that."

Sobered, they stared at each other for a full minute. "I thought you were going to punch me in there."

"I might have if Lindsey hadn't..."

"True. Can't say I hadn't considered it myself. Um, we better go back inside before our sweet mate drags information out of Kara she has no business knowing tonight."

"Yeah, God it's going to be a long night of cold showers." Ryan walked toward the back door with his head down.

“You aren’t kidding. At least you haven’t known that for the last four hours. I was already planning on it. She’s too innocent to spring this on her so fast.”

“Let’s drop her off. Go for a long run in the woods and sleep on it. We can figure things out tomorrow, and then lay it on that sexy little demon we’ve landed.”

“Kay.”

*

The door opened and two defeated-looking, cordial sex gods wandered back inside, tails between their legs.

Lindsey hadn’t gleaned one tiny piece of information from Kara in all the

time these two idiots had been outside facing off.

“So?”

“We’re sorry.” Ryan spoke first.

“That’s it? You’re sorry?” She threw her hands up in the air in defeat and stood. “Kara? Would you take me home? Please.” Maybe she could get more out of her in the car.

“I think I better stay out of this one. But, you should know that I love you to pieces and I’ll always be there for you.”

“I need you *now*, Kara. What do you mean, *no*?”

Alejandro spoke next. “Lindsey, we uh... There’s a lot we need to tell you, but we think it would be better for you if we just took you home tonight. We need

some time to ourselves. Hell, you probably do too.”

“We? Who is this we? Alejandro? I came here with *you*. So you could meet my friends. Some of whom you seem to have already met. I get that there’s some bad blood between you and Ryan for whatever reason, though I can’t imagine why. And if you want to keep it to yourself for now, that’s fine. But...” She looked around the room. “There is no damn way in the world you can convince me there isn’t more you aren’t telling me.”

“That’s true. There’s a lot we need to tell you. And I’m begging you to sleep on it, and let us readdress it tomorrow.”

“Sleep? You want to take me home and put me to bed after this crazy scene from a nineteen sixties episode of the *Twilight Zone* and expect me to *sleep*?” Lindsey humphed. Propped her hands on her hips and humphed. “On second thought, forget it. You leave. And take Justin’s brother with you. Kara?” She turned to her supposed friend. “Can I stay in your guest room tonight?”

“Of course, hon. Of course. I’ll just...” She gestured to the other side of the house and walked out without another word.

“Lindsey...” Alex began.

“Don’t.” She held out a hand. “Please. You’re at least partially right. I

don't want to hear anything else tonight. Not even sure I ever do. In fact, don't call me tomorrow. Don't come by. Just leave me alone." She turned on her heel and exited the same way Kara had. She knew the guest room. It would be all set up and ready for her.

She nearly flew down the hall and slammed the door behind her. Her emotions ran the gamut. On the one hand her body was still shaking from her attraction to two men in one evening. How the hell could she be so attracted to both of them? She'd needed to escape more for her own sanity than any real desire to be rid of them. What was wrong with her? And what the hell was wrong with them?

She paced the room, hands twitching at her sides.

Maybe a nice soak in the adjoined bathroom tub would settle her down.

She wished now she'd accepted the fake vodka offer.

After a straight beeline to the guest bath, Lindsey stripped out of her sexy, body-hugging dress, thinking what a shame it was her black lacy bra and panties had gone completely to waste tonight. Not that she'd intended to have sex with Alex on the official first date, but a girl never left the house unprepared. Minds were meant to be changed.

Heck, before they'd come to Kara's

place, she'd been halfway toward tossing her moral compass to the sidewalk outside the restaurant.

The faucet squeaked as she twisted it to hot, steam quickly filling the room while she finished stripping and stared at her reflection in the mirror. The soft ringlets of curls Jessica had painstakingly helped her arrange immediately collapsed in the steamy room like a video in fast forward of a wilting flower. The simile was perfect. She felt like a wilting flower. Her ego hurt, damn it. Two sexy men had ogled over her and then dismissed her to fight with each other about God only knew what.

Had they met before? Perhaps fought

over a woman?

Lindsey turned away from her pity party and stuck one toe into the water to test it before stepping into the soothing hot water. “Ahh, perfect. Just fucking perfect.” She chuckled. When all else failed in life, at least a person should maintain their sense of humor.

Her brain wouldn't shut down.

What the hell? She had gone through the last half hour over and over in her mind while the two jackasses “took it outside.” Took *what* outside? It didn't seem they'd ever met on the one hand. If she didn't know better she'd think they were fighting over her like a couple of teenagers. Except that was ridiculous

since neither one of them owned her. And why did she wish they did?

They didn't even know her well enough to care. Hell, she'd met Justin's brother not two minutes before everything in her world had gone topsy-turvy.

Why did it hurt so bad to walk out of that room and leave those two specimens of personified sex appeal standing in the kitchen?

Maybe they're gay? Hmmm, that's a possibility.

A horrible one.

A shame to females everywhere.

She rejected the idea when she remembered her evening with Alejandro. That man was *not*

homosexual.

Maybe Ryan was? And he had the hots for Alejandro. And he was pissed to find out that Alex was on a date with a woman.

Hmmm, that was feasible. *Not.*

“Lindsey?” Kara’s soft voice trailed into the bathroom from the other side of the door. “Can I come in?”

“Sure,” she muttered. *Why not?* Sarcasm was her specialty today.

With timid steps she slid inside, closing the door behind her, a peace offering in her hand. “You didn’t lock the door. Thought you might appreciate a glass of merlot. Probably not as good as the Spanish *vino* you drank earlier, but

it's all I have.” She handed Lindsey the glass and then produced the rest of the bottle from under her arm and set it on the counter. “I’m really sorry about tonight.” She sat on the commode. “You’re my best friend. Believe me, I don’t take it lightly that I can’t explain better.”

“Did they leave?”

“Yes.”

Lindsey looked down at the bubbles popping around her. They suddenly seemed so loud. “Why?”

“They had to figure some things out.”

“No, I mean why can’t you tell me what this is all about? I can’t figure why your loyalty doesn’t lie with me.” She nibbled her bottom lip between her

teeth, fighting back tears. She was suddenly so tired.

“I hate making you feel this way. I promise you will understand. It just isn’t my place to explain. Does that make any sense?”

“No.” Tears escaped, probably dragging whatever mascara was left in streaks across her face. She swiped at her cheek.

“Get some sleep, okay? I’ll leave you be.” Kara padded from the room as silently as she’d entered, leaving Lindsey with nothing more than she’d had two minutes ago. No ... that wasn’t entirely true. She smiled. *Now I have a bottle of wine.*

Chapter 3

It was late. Lindsey's only means of determining the hour without moving her head was by judging the sun's rays high in the sky outside her window. Probably almost noon. Hopefully, Kara had called Jessica, or else her remaining roommate would be freaking out by now worrying about what had become of the woman who'd left twenty-some odd hours ago with a virtual stranger.

A moan escaped her lips, and she rolled to her back and threw her arm over her eyes to block out the blinding streaks of light coming through the window. Why hadn't she closed the blinds last night? She couldn't decide if

it was better that she'd drunk enough of that bottle of merlot to lull herself to sleep and forget her problems, or worse for causing the hangover she'd be dealing with for the next several hours.

Too late to question her motives now. The deed was done.

Slowly, she pulled herself to sit on the side of the bed. Her method was to judge the amount of damage control needed based on how much the room was spinning before she tried to stand.

“Not bad, Lindsey. Not bad at all. A few Tylenol and a glass of water and you'll be good as new.” She wasn't above talking to herself this morning ... or afternoon. She stood and gingerly made her way toward the bathroom.

“Okay, then, maybe a little coffee too.”

After a quick hot shower, she donned last night's underappreciated lingerie and the black silk robe Kara had left on the bed. She almost felt sexy with her near nudity rubbing against the slick material of the robe. Almost. Except for the lingering headache.

Coffee.

Lindsey padded down the hall into the silent kitchen. The only sound was the ticking clock. She was glad she was alone. It was easier than facing everyone. Especially all the lying someones who lived in this house and didn't have the common courtesy to let her in on the big secret.

She took a big whiff of the air and thanked whichever lying SOB had at least had the manners to leave her a pot of coffee.

In short order, she grabbed a mug from the counter and poured the steaming cup of heaven to the rim. The first sip forced a moan to escape her lips. The second drink would have been more of a gulp—if it hadn't instead been sloshed over her hands at the unexpected sound of someone seemingly sneaking up behind her.

“Shit, Lindsey. I’m so sorry. *Déjame*.” Alejandro reached over and turned on the sink faucet. He grabbed the coveted elixir from her hand, set it on

the counter, and then stuffed her hand under the cool running water.

“Let me see.” After a moment, he pulled her fingers up to his face for inspection. “Are you okay?”

“No. You took my coffee.” Her fingers weren’t her primary concern right now. Her need for caffeine trumped. Yanking her hand out of his grasp, she took two steps away from him, her eyes never leaving the craved liquid. If he looked as good as he smelled, she’d probably start crying on the spot. Her emotions were that precarious at the moment.

“How’d you get in here so silently? What are you, a panther?” She kept her back to him. Swallowed a long gulp of

caffeine.

Alex sucked in a sharp breath behind her and held it.

“What? Did I hit the nail on the head? That’s the secret?” She turned to face him, pasting on a wry smile. “You’re really a cat?” She laughed at her own stupid humor before she let her gaze lift from his sexy torso to his face.

His brows were furrowed, his face a few shades lighter than she remembered. “What?”

He exhaled slowly and let his gaze fall below her face. Lindsey waited, but she was forced to glance down when he didn’t look back up or speak.

“Shit.” Her robe was hanging open,

all her assets barely concealed by the sheer black material of her lace bra and panties.

Her head hadn't quite overcome last night's drinking binge yet. "I'm not in the mood for whatever you're selling this morning, so go back to wherever you came from."

Lindsey spun, a bit too sharply, on the balls of her feet and headed back toward the guest room. She didn't need this yet. He may be sexy as hell with his hair still wet from a recent shower, slicked back from his face, his jeans hanging low on his hips, his dark T-shirt hugging his chest... But, the only thing he'd done for her so far today was cause her to spill her coffee.

She didn't need that, no matter how her body was reacting to his presence.

“*Lo siento*, I'm sorry. Again. Can I start over?” He gently grasped her arm and leaned into her back, his hard length pressed against her ass. She paused at the recognition of his arousal.

“How far back do you want to go? Five minutes? Last night? Would that be before or after you went all psycho on me and started a fight with my friend's brother-in-law ... or whatever he is.”

A soft chuckle came out of his mouth on a breath of air, precariously close to her exposed neck. “I'll gladly go back anywhere in time if it means you'll look me in the eye again like I hung the moon.

Please allow me to apologize for my behavior, both last night and today.” He leaned closer and nibbled kisses along her neck and collarbone. Her damn head lulled to the side on its own accord to give the bastard better access.

She nearly dropped the coffee this time. Luckily, he was paying attention and grabbed the cup before she had completely released it.

Without breaking contact with her heating skin, she heard the clink of the mug as he set it on the counter. The arm he'd reached across her to use for that necessity did not, however, return to the safety of his side. Instead it wrapped snugly around her middle, just under her breasts, hugging her against him.

His chest was as rock-hard as it looked.

Lindsey's eyes rolled back into her head and a soft moan escaped her parted lips, just loud enough to shake some sense into her.

"Stop that," she uttered with no conviction. "I'm mad at you."

"I know you are. I'm trying to make you unmad. Is that a word?"

Who cares?

Her mind whirled. She had to break contact with him this instant. He was currently the enemy. Her body hummed to a different tune. Desperately seeking more of his touch. His arm brushed against her bare skin beneath her chest

where her damn robe had once again fallen open. If he would just reach around with his free hand and grasp her breasts...

As if he were telepathic, he did just that. Not quite as firmly as her body demanded, but still, he began to gently fondle one breast and then the other, weighing each one in his hand before he brushed over a nipple with his thumb. The caress was so light, it could have been in her mind. *Again, who cares?* If her mind deemed to conjure up an image that fine without the repercussions, so be it.

The warmth of Alejandro's hand heated her skin, where her robe hung open. Last night's sexy tidbits were

getting their intended use after all.

“Qué linda eres.”

Whatever that meant really didn't matter. It was so sexy when he spoke to her in Spanish.

“Te quiero, cariña.”

“Damn it, Ramos. You said you were going to see if she was up, not fuck her in the kitchen.”

The harsh words jerked Lindsey from her sexual stupor and she yanked herself out of Alex's grasp, pulling her robe as tight as possible around her.

Embarrassed beyond measure, she turned to face... “Ryan?” She should have recognized that voice from last night, but it was so much like Justin's,

and she'd heard so few words from him...

Wait, what?

She groaned loudly. "Not this again. What is up with you miscreants?"

"I had things under control, Masters. Until you showed up, anyway."

"Under control? What am I? A challenge?"

"No, of course not." Ryan stepped forward.

"Get out. Both of you. Go outside and wrestle in the mud or something. Alex, you're standing on thin ice with me. And, you, Ryan, if you want Alex for yourself ... you can have him." She stomped form the room, heading back to the guest bedroom.

Jeez, she wished she'd grabbed that damn coffee on her way out.

*

“What the fuck is wrong with you, Masters?” Alejandro glared at Ryan, his blood boiling. And his cock was harder than a nail from brushing up against Lindsey's fine ass.

“Me? We said we were going to handle this together. And the next thing I know, you're in here mauling her like a cub.”

“It just happened, okay? I wasn't going to... I lost it when I found her in here wearing that-that robe thing.” He whipped a hand through the air for emphasis. “And then the damn silky

material fell open and I just lost all sense of... I lost all sense, okay?"

Ryan shifted his weight, still glaring daggers at Alex.

"Why do they even call it a robe, when it isn't really covering anything? That stupid piece of silk did nothing but make my dick leak."

Now Ryan laughed.

"Were her tits as fine as they look?"

"Tits? Do you have to be so crude?"

Alex glanced down before adding, "Yeah, better."

"Sorry, man. I'd've done the same thing in your shoes. We're both on edge."

"That's putting it mildly."

Ryan angled his head toward the hall

and gave a nod. “Let’s go talk to her. Time’s a wastin’.”

“Do you Americans ever enunciate anything? My English is good, but it would help if you’d use full words,” he grumbled, following Ryan down the hall.

Two sharp knocks were all Ryan gave before opening the door to the guest room.

Lindsey was back in bed, the covers drawn over her head. The robe was hanging on the chair next to the mattress. Which meant...

Which meant Alejandro had to once again adjust his raging hard-on.

He glanced over to see Ryan completing the same action, also eyeing

the silky cause of their distress.

“Doesn’t anyone around here knock? And if that’s you, Alex, take your sexy, body-building ass out of here and leave me be. You’re jinxed.”

Ryan laughed first, which made Lindsey whip the sheet off her face. Just her face, but still, it was progress.

“Ryan? You too? What is this? An episode of ‘Let’s see how crazy we can drive Lindsey before she cracks?’”

The sheet went back over her head and she flopped back down.

“One step forward. Two steps back.”

“Ain’t that the truth.”

As if planned, Alejandro headed to one side of the bed and sat next to

Lindsey while the man he was forced to share her with did the same on the other side.

“We have to talk.”

“You do realize every time one of you opens your mouth, nothing makes any sense, right?”

Alex chuckled lightly. “Yes, we do. And we’re sorry. And we want to explain. If you’d please just look at me?”

“If you have something to say, say it. I’m fine right here.” Her voice was muffled by the blanket.

“She has spunk, you have to give her that,” Ryan provided through their link. *“Sinfully sexy with a backbone to*

go with it. I love her already.”

Alex tugged on the covers until she released her tight grip and allowed him to reveal her face. Her hair was strewn all over the pillow and across her eyes, pieces sticking up in all directions from the static created by the sheet. She'd never looked sexier than she did right then, all pouty-lipped and pissed off.

Alex reached to cautiously brush the loose strands from her cheeks and forehead. He couldn't be sure she wouldn't pounce on him.

“Remember how you accused me of being a panther?”

She stared at him, finally nodding.

“I must have stared at you like you were possessed.”

Again with the nodding.

“That’s not far from the truth.”

Alex could feel Ryan’s urge to reach out and touch her himself. *“Not yet. She’ll freak.”*

“Doing my best here.”

“Uh huh. You’re a cat. Got it. Can I go back to sleep now while you two quietly slink your nimble bodies out?” She turned to face Ryan. “I suppose you’re a cat too? Fine. I forgive you, both of you. Now leave me alone to lick my wounds ... whiskers.” She chuckled as though this were all a big joke.

“She’s not getting it ... at all.”

“Yeah, I got that. Claro. Let me think.” Alejandro took a deep breath.

Time to jump in with both feet.

“We’re wolves.”

Two heartbeats. “Oh, not cats. Wolves.” Lindsey sat straight up, her furious eyes darting from one man to the other.

The sheet dropped to her waist, completely baring her full breasts covered only in a scanty scrap of black lace to their perusal. Now was not the time though.

“What the hell is that supposed to mean? Would you stop speaking in metaphors and just spit it out? If you two are in a relationship with each other, that’s just peachy, but at least have the balls to admit it and leave me alone to mourn the loss to society. Really, I’m a

big girl. I can take it. The two sexiest men within a hundred miles are both gay. I'll get over it."

Alejandro sucked in a deep breath. Ryan must have been holding his all along because a glance his way showed his face to be beet red.

"She thinks we're gay?"

"You think we're gay?" Alex mimicked the voice in his head. He flinched just uttering the words. He had nothing but respect for anyone who chose that lifestyle, but he sure as hell wasn't one of them.

"Which part of my actions in the kitchen five minutes ago made you believe that?"

“I didn’t say it made sense. I just haven’t been able to come up with any other explanations.” Her chest heaved as she spoke, her nipples pressing against her bra, demanding release.

She turned to Ryan. “Is it just Ryan that’s homosexual? And he’s jealous because he wants you for himself?”

Ryan leaped up as though she’d burned him. “I am not into men,” he blurted with as much emphasis as possible. Alex could feel the stress radiating off him. “Not that there’s anything wrong with that. But, I’m as attracted to Ramos over there as I am to that lamp.” He pointed a finger to a corner with a gaze nobody bothered to

chase.

“Fine. Two straight panthers just hanging out together. Not remotely interested in anything except torturing me to death with their strange antics.” Her voice rose with each word.

“Wolves,” they both stated at once.

Ryan sat back down gingerly. Not as close. “*Think she might hit me?*”

Alex ignored the rhetorical jibe.

“Wolves.” Her words were flat. “Great. Go lick each other’s wounds or something.” Just realizing her state of undress, she grabbed the covers in front of her and pulled them to her chin. “Jeez.”

“Did you mean it?” Ryan asked tentatively. “Do you really think we’re

the hottest men this side of the Mississippi?” He beamed.

“I didn’t go quite that far. You might be geographically impaired though. It’s a common affliction for the mentally unstable.”

“Is that all you got out of her tirade? How the hell am I going to live with you for the rest of our lives? You’re so shallow. Caramba.”

“Oh, and your cock isn’t just as hard as mine right now.” It wasn’t a question.

“What do I have to say to get rid of you two?” She was whining now. Or moaning. His dick jerked in his jeans.

“You won’t ever get rid of us. You

belong to us. Both of us.” *Great, jackass, just blurt it out.*

She stared at him, not even bothering with a smooth comeback this time.

“Listen. Hear us out. Then ask questions. Ryan and I, well, also Justin and Trevor and our entire families, we are shape-shifters, of the lupine variety. I know it’s mind boggling, but it’s true. Give us a moment to prove it.” Alex glanced at Ryan. “Shift for her, would you.”

“Why me? How about I soothe the human sensibilities of our mate while you shift?”

Alex glared at him. Ryan knew damn good and well that whatever tentative grip Lindsey had on any relationship at

all at this time, it was with Alejandro.

Still muttering into Alex's head, Masters quickly stripped and stood back.

"You did not just take your clothes off," Lindsey yelled. "What is with you two?"

Alejandro climbed up next to her and wrapped an arm around her shivering form. Was she cold, angry, scared ... or all three? "Watch."

The rough sound of bones rubbing against each other preceded the distinct visual show in front of them. Alejandro was prepared to force her to watch if need be. He had his arm around her shoulders, her head locked forward

without her realizing it. And she was shaking like a leaf.

It only took about fifteen seconds to shift, hair extending, jaw elongating, eyes receding into the fur. And there he stood before them. Alex had to admit he was a beauty. His fur had so many hues he couldn't pick a particular one to call him exactly blond, brown, or black.

“Great. Now you think I’m sexy too.” Ryan rolled his deep brown eyes.

“Did I say anything to you?”

“Where did the dog come from?” Lindsey shook uncontrollably now and glanced at the window and the door.

“I ... am ... not ... a ... fucking ... puppy.”

“You’re growling like one.”

To the woman who thought she'd gone completely insane, he said, "Wolf, babe." He didn't want to sound condescending, but... "We don't really appreciate it when someone calls us dogs."

Her face turned to his, her glare meant to kill. "A huge mammal just appeared in the room, seemingly taking the place of Ryan, and you want to argue semantics?"

Lindsey let go of the sheet once again to wipe her eyes.

Alex reached for the robe that luckily hung close enough to grab and stuffed it over her nearly nude chest.

He loved breasts just as much as the

next guy, but right now, he was hanging on by a thread, and if he pounced her he'd surely lose her forever.

Fate may have brought them together, but a smidge of free will on her part could put a quick end to this charade. They hadn't even claimed her yet. Not even close.

The rise and fall of her chest under his hand was almost his undoing even with the silk impediment.

His partner in this debacle ambled over to the bed and set his huge head on the mattress.

"He's gorgeous." Her breath released in shallow pants. "Wolves you say?"

"Yes." She was coming around.

“How did he do that? Where’s Ryan?”

“This is Ryan.” *Or maybe not.*

“Okay... Ryan, my love,” she mocked, “would you go get Kara for me?”

“*That’s not a bad idea.*” Ryan lifted his head and turned for the door, nudging it open with his muzzle.

The moment he was gone, Lindsey relaxed marginally. Although, she continued to shake uncontrollably and didn’t seem to notice.

“*Please hurry,*” he nearly screamed through the connection. “*I think she’s in shock or something.*”

“*Almost there. She’s in the yard.*”

Alejandro simply held Lindsey as tight as he dared. Words would only make things worse right now.

Luckily, Kara flew around the corner and nearly pounced across the bed, nudging Alejandro out of the way. “Let me talk to her.”

He reluctantly slipped from the room without a sound.

Chapter 4

The next time Lindsey woke up it was dark out. Her face was toward the window and she simply stared at the rays of moonlight peeking through the clouds.

She didn't move a muscle. Maybe if she stayed really still, she could return

to dreamland and continue pretending the last forty-eight hours had all been a figment of her imagination.

Someone was in the room with her. She could sense their presence, which was peculiar since she'd never had that sort of sixth sense before. If she wasn't so damn hungry, she'd stay there for the rest of her life, pretending not to know someone was watching her, pretending her life hadn't just taken a right turn ... into a ditch.

“Are you hungry, babe? You must be starving.”

Alejandro. She'd recognize the unique lilt in his voice anywhere. And she was so bone tired, she didn't even want to fight her attraction to his Latin

self right now.

She rolled over and found him sitting in the chair next to the bed, leaning his forearms over his knees. How long had he been like that?

No matter what, he must really like her to be so persistent.

“Ryan is getting you something to eat.”

“I don’t even want to ask how he could possibly know I’m awake.”

The smile she gleaned through the moonlight streaming through the window was genuine. He didn’t attempt to placate her, which she appreciated.

Right on cue, Ryan backed into the room. “Are you up? You’ve been dead

to the world for hours. That pill of Kara's must have been strong. I bet you're starving." He turned to set a tray of steaming food on the dresser. He was rambling. She could feel his nervousness wafting off him.

The smell of Kara's beef stew tugged at her stomach, which took the opportunity to growl loudly.

"No one can resist Kara's cooking." She sat up, noticing she now wore a T-shirt of Kara's over her bra. It was better than the last time she'd woken.

Two men eagerly fiddled around her, arranging the blankets and settling the tray in front of her. Ryan pulled a bottle of water seemingly out of thin air and handed it to her. Bless him.

“I can get you ... well, anything you want, from the kitchen that is, just name it.”

“Why are you both still here? Don’t you have lives? I know it’s a Saturday and all, but did you spend the entire day hanging around here basically waiting for my lucid moments so you could weave tall tales of shape-shifting every time I opened my eyes?” Lindsey gulped. They were tales, right?

“Yep,” Alex replied. “We are here to stay. Well, not here precisely, but in your life.”

“And if I don’t like that idea?”

“It’s rare.”

“What’s rare? That a woman rejects

your advances?” That she could believe.

“You could ... turn us down that is. But you most likely won’t. I’ve never known it to happen.”

She had just stuck the first forkful of the mouthwatering stew between her lips when he spoke, and she turned her face to see Alex’s self-confident sincerity.

She swallowed the spicy tomato sauce. “Do you know how ridiculous and cocky you sound?” She took another bite, the potatoes, beef, and carrots melting on her tongue.

“Do you know you moan aloud when you enjoy your food?” He smiled.

“Does she do that often?” She jerked when the other male model in the room spoke from where he’d perched himself

on the other side of her.

“Every time. Makes me squirm in my seat wishing those lips were wrapped around *me* instead of that damn fork.”

“Did you seriously just mention wanting a blowjob? I’ve been awake all of three minutes and that’s the best thing you can think to say?” Why exactly did the idea make her cheeks inflame? Ignoring the telltale signs of her own arousal, she continued, not bothering to wait for her mouth to be empty.

Hey, if these guys were as attached to her as they seemed to be, they could surely overlook a little talking with her mouth full. She was so hungry she could eat a *wolf*. They didn’t need to know

that. Their heads would grow.

In the most mocking, squeaky, sing-songy voice she could conjure, she repeated their words. “Listen to yourselves—‘You could turn us down. But you most likely won’t. I’ve never known it to happen.’” She raised an eyebrow and glared at both men through the dimly lit room. “Not one woman has ever turned your sexy asses down? Surely, not everybody in the world finds you as attractive as I do.”

Alejandro the Spanish stud just smiled.

“That’s it? No witty comeback?”

“I didn’t mean it the way you took it.”

“Really, now. How was I supposed

to take it then, stud muffin?”

Ryan interjected, “He didn’t mean to infer that no woman had ever turned him down, though I doubt they have to be honest. What he meant was it’s rare when wolves find a mate for her to reject them. In general.”

“Wolves again? Are we back on that topic?” She thought back to her conversation with Kara, the one she’d conveniently suppressed since awakening this evening.

She had to admit, her friend had done her best to explain things to Lindsey. It wasn’t her fault she’d gotten so agitated. Who wouldn’t when two men insisted they “own” you, one of

them seemly turns into a wild animal in front of your very eyes, and your best friend verifies it's all true!

It's a wonder she didn't run screaming half naked from the house. Perhaps she was just tired. When Kara suggested a sleeping pill so she could rest, she'd jumped at the idea and had spent the rest of the day in dreamland.

Now she was wide awake, still hungry, and itching to get out of this room.

"Why don't we all go outside for a while?" Alex asked.

Could he read her mind? That wasn't the first time he'd verbalized her thoughts almost precisely.

"It might make you more comfortable

in open space to see us in action.”

“Doing what?” She scrunched her eyebrows in confusion.

“Shifting, for one.”

“Shifting?”

“Lin, baby, did you forget the entire afternoon?”

“Oh, no, I remember all right. I was just hoping it had all been a dream, a very weird one.”

Ryan reached over and laid a hand on her thigh. Even through the layers between them, her leg seemed to heat at his touch.

“We are wolves. It isn’t going to go away. We realize it’s all new to you and you are in shock ... and denial. And we

have unlimited patience where you are concerned. Almost unlimited. Fuck, no, we actually don't have any patience at all, but we are doing our best to fake it and let you catch up, wrap your mind around the idea." Ryan looked at her ... guiltily.

"Kara left you some of her clothes. How about you get dressed and meet us outside?" Alejandro added.

As soon as they backed out of the room, Lindsey polished off the rest of the stew. She'd have licked the bowl if she'd had slightly less scruples. Maybe she could grab something else on the way out.

Kara was much shorter than Lin, but the yoga pants and tank top were fine.

After an entire day sequestered in this room practically naked, she was grateful for any clothing at all.

Padding down the hall barefoot didn't alert anyone to her approach, and she managed to leave her bowl in the sink and grab a handful of homemade oatmeal cookies on her way to the back door. Fresh air would be awesome.

The screen squeaked on its hinges when she emerged to find all four males and Kara on the porch.

“Hey, hon.” Kara jumped from her perch on the banister and hurried over to Lindsey. “Feeling better? Was it too much? Oh, you found the cookies. Good.”

“Much better,” she mumbled around the first heavenly clump still in her mouth. “These are to die for.”

“Come sit on the swing with me.”

Justin, currently taking up the majority of the swing with his huge body, leaped from the seat and indicated with a hand motion the ladies should take over.

“I’m fine, really.” She glanced around at all of them. “Don’t go out of your way for me.”

Kara pulled her onto the vacated swing anyway and curled her legs under her on the cushion. “You okay with the boys shifting and going for a run? They look so carefree and playful when they

do. It makes me envious.”

Whatever was going to happen, Lindsey felt numb to it by now. “I guess.”

When four giant muscular men started undressing right on the patio, she yanked herself to attention. “Do they have to strip? Holy shit, Kara. What the fuck?” She sat up straighter and pressed herself to the back of the seat. “Your men are getting naked ... on the porch, for crying out loud.” With one hand she covered her eyes ... sort of. She wasn’t dead, just shocked. Who wouldn’t watch the strip tease happening in the moonlight in the woods?

Several chuckles carried through the air from the peanut gallery, but no one

stopped their routine.

Lindsey let go of her face, and whatever pretense she had of pretending to be appalled.

“I’ve been to strip clubs that weren’t half this good,” she added when they were all down to their briefs and boxers. All but, Alejandro. He’d been commando and was now gloriously standing in front of her in his birthday suit, his fine cock front and center ... and huge ... and stiff. And he was staring at her in a predatory way that made her feel like she was his next meal. And she didn’t care. She’d gladly be whatever he wanted as long as he used that cock on her—in her—soon, roughly,

and often.

Roughly? Since when do you like kinky sex?

Hell, she was just at this point in her life getting around to being open to straight conventional sex. What the hell was she thinking?

Ryan, who must have finished shucking his briefs, stepped up from behind Alejandro, and placed a hand on the other man's biceps.

They were both huge, no pun intended, and muscular. But where Alejandro had a more relaxed European look, blonder and a shade darker, Ryan was stiffer, more uptight, his hair a deeper brown, above and below.

His cock was equally glorious, but

maybe a shade longer and a hair narrower. As if that mattered when one was considering that level of girth.

Lindsey squirmed, her back frozen rigid against the swing. Her cheeks were flushed and it suddenly seemed to be much hotter outside than it had moments ago with the cool breeze blowing her long hair around her face.

She clenched her legs together. To keep from leaking the pooling moisture? Or maybe to add pressure against her aching clit? In fact, she had to grip the sides of the seat cushion with her hands to avoid reaching for her crotch in front of everyone.

What the hell is wrong with me?

“You’ll be fine, baby.” Alejandro took a step in her direction. “It’s all normal.”

“Stop.” She held out a hand. “Don’t come closer.” She didn’t think she could continue to act as a lady should in public company if he did. And, to be honest, she was a little freaked out by his seeming ability to read her mind.

Ryan chuckled. “Well, she seems to like what she sees at least.” The man actually grabbed his shaft and ran his hand from the base to the tip before letting go. It was so sexy, Lindsey thought she’d come after all, without even needing to masturbate. Could she orgasm from watching them get off?

We're in public. My best friend is sitting next to me watching this show.

Except a glance in her direction proved she was wrong. Kara had her own show, and her gaze was plastered to the two other men now naked before her. She licked her lips. *Licked her lips*, for heaven's sake.

Lindsey couldn't even begin to picture her previously sweet naïve friend giving head.

The other important detail she gleaned from dragging her gaze to Kara was that the swing was tipped forward and Kara was hanging on to the arm of the seat to avoid falling onto the wooden porch floor.

Lindsey, in a futile effort to distance herself as much as possible from the strip show, had pushed back with her long legs and was rigidly holding the swing as far back as she could, tipping Kara to the point of dumping her tiny frame.

When she let go, the swing surged forward, rocking the two of them with a soft rhythmic squeak.

“We won’t be long.” The Latin accent was all she needed to know who spoke.

Four seemingly human men who could take first through fourth place easily in any of multiple categories ranging from modeling to weight lifting,

dropped in front of her and transformed into the biggest animals she'd ever seen. *Wolves.*

By the time they bounded off the porch and lumbered toward the wooded area behind the house, her eyes were dry and stung from not blinking.

"I'm never going to get used to that," she muttered.

"You will. Isn't it beautiful? I love watching them in their natural state."

Lindsey rubbed her eyes with her palms. When she peered out into the night again, she was still at Kara's house, sitting on the back porch, the swing still swaying slightly from the recent jolt.

"So, let me get this straight. The stuff

of legends is real?”

“Yes. Well, shape-shifters anyway. Not sure about any other stuff.”

“How often do they do that?”

“Depends. Sometimes every day. Sometimes once a week, if they’re too busy.”

“Can you do it?”

Kara smiled. “No. I’m not a shifter. You aren’t either. We just both happen to be their life-mates. Sometimes it happens. That a human mates with them. Not often, but it can happen.”

“When you say mate...?” Her head was spinning again. It was a lot to swallow.

“It’s like being married. Except it

happens really fast for them. When they walk into a room they can sense their intended from across a crowd by her smell.

“Remember when Ryan first came into the house yesterday and froze in his spot? That’s how fast he realized you were his mate.”

“That fast?”

“Yeah, and that was perplexing because he didn’t notice you the night I met Justin in Boot Scooters. Kinda strange. His dad thinks it has something to do with the fact the three of you were meant to be together, and fate didn’t mark you as his that night because it wasn’t time yet. Sort of like children don’t usually encounter their mate, even

though they might suddenly realize someone they've know all their lives has come to claim them.

“Female wolves can sense their mates too. We humans are in the dark. But believe me, your body will start to crave them like food and water, and probably already has.” She leaned forward with a questioning look in her eyes.

“Yeah, I guess. If by ‘crave’ you mean that I want Alejandro to jump my bones every time he’s in the room.”

“And Ryan? You can’t tell me you don’t feel the same way about him. I saw the two of you and both your responses when he first came into the kitchen

yesterday.”

“Yeah, Ryan too. But that’s just weird. I’m trying not to think about it.”

“You’re going to have to face it soon.”

“Face what? Choosing one?”

“No,” Kara shook her head vehemently. “Lin, honey, they are both going to claim you. *Both*.” She leaned closer. “Sweetie, let go of your previous misconceptions that you must have just one man in your life. Believe me. You are going to love this and thank your lucky stars. Just imagine, not one, but two men are going to dote on you for the rest of your life. You will never, *ever*, be unsatisfied.”

“Uh uh.” *Not going to happen*. “You

know I could no sooner live with two men than I could chop off my own arm. *You* of all people know me that well.”

“I know this is crazy and of all the people in the world for this to happen to, I can’t imagine why you, but it has.”

“Years of therapy. Hundreds of hours spent just trying to reconcile with myself that it is okay to even have sex with one man. *One*, Kara! You know how hard the last few years have been for me. And I’ve dated. I’ve had sex without being married ... gasp.” She threw her hand over her heart in mock jest.

“I’ve even enjoyed it ... sort of. I’ve let go of everything I was taught as a kid.

Hell, I even have a vibrator and, Lord strike me down, I've *used* it. But this, this is too much. It's not right." She glanced at her best friend. "Don't get me wrong. I'm no longer the prude I used to be. I pass no judgment over what lifestyle *you* choose to lead, but asking me to do the same? Not gonna happen."

"You'll see." Kara smiled, almost condescendingly.

"I'm not sure I can even wrap my head around that part. I can no sooner accept that they are wolves than visualize myself engaged in a threesome."

"You will." She just smiled again, that all-knowing grin that indicated she was overly confident she was right.

Lindsey wasn't so sure.

“So how does this work, with you I mean? Do you each have your own room and the men take turns coming to you? Like Monday Wednesday Friday, Tuesday Thursday Saturday, or something?”

Kara was shaking her head and chuckling before she'd even finished speaking. “No, we all three share one California King. I'm in the middle.”

“And they like ... uh ... both have sex with you at the same time?”

“Usually. It isn't mandatory. Sometimes it's just two of us, but never the men together. Me and Justin, me and Trev, or all three. They aren't bi.”

“Uh huh.” She nodded, but she wasn’t quite getting it. “Do you... Do they...” She was too proper to say what she was thinking.

“Yes, they use every orifice. And you will love it. There is nothing in the world like having two men inside you at once. The orgasms are the best.”

A chill shook Lindsey’s entire body. No way was any man entering her back door, or even thinking about it. Sure, she was attracted to both of them, but she couldn’t begin to imagine acting on it or even juggling them both at once individually. She’d had only a few long-term relationships, and never ever cheated on anyone or even come close to

starting a new relationship until after the first was completely over. *Not gonna happen.*

“You will,” Kara repeated.

“Why does it seem like people keep reading my mind?”

Now she laughed. “*I* am not ‘reading your mind.’ I just know you and I know how you think. Alejandro and Ryan, on the other hand, probably are starting to hear your thoughts. It’s part of the process.

“Once they claim you, all three of you will be able to communicate through your minds, telepathically you could say. The fact that you’re destined for that path is causing the process to begin. They can sense your moods and some of your

strong thoughts. After, they'll be able to hear everything you think loud and clear, even from a distance, and you'll have to learn to block some of that."

"What does this claiming you keep mentioning entail? Like a ceremony?" Not that she was willing to participate, but she still wanted to know.

"No. Not like that at all. Wolves don't have weddings or anything. The claiming is what automatically happens to bond the three of you together for life the first time you all three make love together, and well ... orgasm, which no one will be able to avoid so it's kind of moot."

"Orgasm? All three of us?"

Together?" Her head started shaking on its own accord.

"Yes."

"Stop grinning like you know some deep secret I don't know. It's making me nervous."

"Sorry." Kara forced her mouth in a straight line, but her eyes laughed merrily.

"This just isn't reasonable. Not gonna happen." She looked down at her hands in her lap and continued to shake her head. If she kept this up, she was going to be dizzy soon.

"It will." A gentle hand landed on her thigh. "Just open your mind and let your feelings rule this situation, your heart, instead of your head."

She continued to move her head back and forth in denial. *You know you are attracted to them both.*

Didn't matter. Wasn't going to happen. Maybe if she kept repeating that mantra she could make it real.

“Kara, I’ve never even had an orgasm in the presence of one man, let alone two. I guess I’ve never been able to, you know, let that last little private piece of me go with anyone. They make toys for that.” She quickly added, “And don’t say ‘you will’ or I’m going to slap you silly.”

“You are in for a treat, that’s all I’m saying. And lucky we are too. Some people go their whole lives without

having an orgasm. You and I will have multiple ones every single day for the rest of our lives. It's fantastic I tell you."

"Uh huh," she mumbled again. "You do realize how absurd that sounds."

"Yep."

"So, how soon after you met Justin and Trevor did you ... sleep with them?"

"The next day."

"Are you fucking kidding me?" Lindsey nearly jumped out of the chair. "You? The one we could barely get to enter the bar that night? The prim one? The one who spent all her time studying and doing gymnastics?"

"Well, it wasn't the day after I met Justin in the bar, I guess. It was the

following day, after our first real date. After I met Trevor that night.”

“You slept with them after one day? Both of them?” This was unbelievable. She’d known most of what had transpired, but not all of it. She’d thought it was just some phase Kara was going through and one of these days she’d move on to a more conventional relationship.

“To be honest, I don’t know how Ryan and Alex are even staying as calm and collected as they are. They must be about to explode with needing you. It’s the nature of their kind, hon.”

“They won’t...?” Fear shook her.

“Hell, no. They’d never disrespect

you. *Ever*. But they may be a bit moody, pushy, while they wait for you to accept your new life.”

“My new life? Do I not have a say in this?”

“Not really. Nature made the decision. You wouldn’t even be able to walk away if you wanted to. Without that sleeping pill, you probably wouldn’t have been able to sleep this afternoon. Your body wants this. Your head will catch up fast. Or you will be one very horny girl with a constant vibrator for a mate.”

Lindsey pushed the swing gently back and forth in silence for several minutes, looking out at the night. It seemed so normal, peaceful, regular.

And loath as she was to admit it, she wanted them to come back. Needed them near. “How long will they be gone?” She tried to sound as though it didn’t really matter to her all that much.

Kara stuck her chin out and took a deep breath, her eyes closed, before speaking again. “Five minutes.”

“Did you just ... teleport or whatever?”

“Telecommunicate. Teleport would be moving your body through space to another location. And yes, I can just ask Justin and Trevor anything I want any time I want. Comes in handy when they aren’t home and I can’t find the car keys, or *my clothes*.”

“I don’t even want to know what that’s all about.” She held up a hand.

“They think they’re funny,” was all she added through a giggle. She rolled her eyes.

“TMI.”

They waited. Lindsey couldn’t think of another question and her brain hurt from all the information she’d received.

The soft pounding of sixteen paws preceded the four animals as they lurched into view and then bounded onto the porch like a bunch of kids.

They were beautiful. Regal.

As if hearing her thoughts, the two coming toward her, the one with a mixture of hair colors and the deeper

brown one, lifted their heads higher and pranced to her side.

If they were in her head, it was going to get old fast.

She wanted to pet them, snuggle with them in fact. She'd never even had a dog before, but some instinct told her to sit down on the floor and let them lay their heads in her lap. Their fur looked so soft.

They rubbed against her legs, ending her notions abruptly with a reality check. *They are wolves. They think they own me.*

Lindsey decided now was a good time to call it a night. Get out of Dodge before she did something she'd regret in the morning.

She clambered from the swing, climbed over the huge lupines, and backed toward the door to the house. “Kara, can I use your guest room again? I think I need some more sleep. I can’t think straight anymore.”

“Absolutely. Stay as long as you’d like. You’ll have to discuss housing arrangements soon, seeing as none of the three of you have your own place.”

“Oh?” Jeez, not that. She wasn’t ready.

“Well, Ryan still lives with his family. And Alejandro lives with his aunt and uncle right now.”

The wolves, at least the two who claimed they owned *her*, lay at her feet,

pressing her against the door, jaws hanging open, panting from a long hard run.

Kara continued, “It wouldn’t be a problem for anyone in either family for you to stay there for as long as you’d like. This is their way. They are very close to each other. But, you, on the other hand will want your own space. Time to adjust. Trust me when I tell you how uncomfortable it is to spend the night in one of their family’s homes when you are newly mated.” She shivered visibly.

“Kay. Don’t tell me anything else. I can’t even think anymore.” She backed into the house and practically ran for the guest room.

Chapter 5

“Did you guys spend the entire night on the porch?”

Ryan opened one eye and glanced up at Kara’s soft voice. He’d have rolled over and continued his lazy snooze if it weren’t for the scent of the strong coffee coming from the tray in her hands.

Alejandro, who also dozed leisurely next to him, placed his muzzle on his front paws and growled. *“Is she trying to torture us with that brew in her hands?”*

“I think so.”

“If I shift, we are going to have to face reality soon. I can’t go on like this for much longer. My dick hurts, even in

wolf form.”

“I agree.”

Ryan pulled himself up on all fours and stretched out to allow the change to take over. A half a minute later he was pulling on the jeans he'd left on a porch chair and reaching for the steaming mug in front of him. “Thanks, Kara. Have I mentioned how much I love you?”

She just laughed.

Alex was right behind him, shoving him sideways to get his own cup. “Do I smell bacon?” He lifted his chin and inhaled long and slow.

“And eggs, and hash browns, and biscuits.”

“Is she up?” Ryan asked.

“I don't think she slept. She didn't

have the luxury of spending the night in wolf form like you did. She's taking a shower."

"Naked?" Ryan moaned and Alex slapped the back of his head.

"No, idiot. Clothed."

"Did you guys sleep well?" She grinned knowingly.

"Not much. We both went home, filled in the families, showered, and came back."

"Can they make it without you for a few days?"

Farms needed everyone to work together to run smoothly. Not many exceptions. This one would qualify though.

“They’ll both survive,” Ryan added.

“Not sure I can say the same for us,” Alex mumbled through clenched teeth before brushing past Ryan and heading inside.

Five minutes later, the two men sat at Kara’s table stuffing their faces with the most heavenly food.

“If this is what happens when you get a mate, I’m all for it,” Ryan said after taking a long drink of orange juice.

“No shit.” Alejandro could be so suave sometimes.

“Hey, this is a human thing, cooking. Not a mate thing. Not all women want to hang out in the kitchen, barefoot ... and pregnant.” She turned away from them

while she spoke.

Ryan didn't say a word, but he knew she meant that literally. No one had mentioned out loud that Justin, Trevor, and Kara were expecting, but her pheromones spoke for themselves. And she had that permanent grin on her face, as well as a glow about her. She was newly pregnant though. It was early.

“You lived with her.” He decided to avoid the subject of babies. “What’s she like?”

“You mean ‘can she cook.’” It wasn’t a question. Kara turned toward them, a spatula in her hand. “Does it matter?” She glowered at first one and then the other.

“Of course not,” Alex said, glaring

sideways at Ryan.

“But it’d sure be nice,” Ryan mumbled.

Alex smacked the back of his head again, playfully. “Dude, it’s bad enough I have to wake up to your sorry ass every day for the rest of my life. Could you at least have a little more couth?”

“She’s the best cook I know.” Kara turned toward the stove. Ryan was sure he could see her smile from the back of her head.

She let them eat like the savage wolves they were, before spinning back around. “Listen, I’m going to leave. Go over to Lindsey’s and get her some clothes. I’ll be gone a while. I explained

everything to her as best I could last night, but she's a strong woman with high moral standards. And guys ... she has issues. It's her place to explain, but she can't just shake twenty-two years of ingrained beliefs in one day. Take it slow. Go easy on her. Keep your dicks in your pants if you know what's best for you. Essentially, don't fuck this up."

"That potty mouth on her makes me laugh every time. It doesn't suit her at all." Alejandro smiled at Ryan.

Didn't he know it. He'd been around her for months now.

* * * *

Lindsey leaned on the door frame leading into the kitchen and just breathed slowly, in, out, in, out. *You can do this.*

Go talk to them.

Alex and Ryan were cleaning the kitchen. It was nearly spotless, except for the heaping plate of food she hoped was intended for her. Her stomach growled.

Kara was nowhere in sight. She must have left for the apartment already.

Cognitively, if she admitted it to herself, she knew the men were aware of her presence. But she was just as glad they didn't let on yet. It gave her a minute to regroup.

She was tired. But not sleepy. She'd dreamed of sex, sex, and more sex. She had woken up several times in the night to find the sheet twisted around her legs,

sweaty, hot, and wanting. Twice she'd awoken to find her legs spread and her own fingers pumping in and out of her. She'd soaked the sheets with her own come.

Nothing like this had ever happened to her. And she wasn't prepared for the onslaught.

A long, hot shower that eventually turned tepid did nothing to ease the butterflies in her stomach. It seemed that her female parts actually hurt, a burning need to come at someone else's hand besides her own. And not just anyone.

Sometimes she dreamed of Alejandro. Sometimes Ryan. A few times, she admitted only in the far recesses of her brain, both.

Although she'd not seen them once during the night, she'd jerked up several times, sensing their presence. Had they come in undetected and watched her sleep? The thought was at the same time terrifying and titillating. What if they'd seen her masturbating in her sleep?

Go into the room.

Lindsey cleared her throat and eased silently into the kitchen. "Is that for me?" She pointed at the plate on the table.

Her notion that they were already aware she stood in the doorway was confirmed when nobody flinched at her entrance.

"Yes. Sit down, baby. You must be starved." Alejandro turned from the sink

and motioned toward the table.

“I am. Again.”

Ryan sat across from her, a mug of coffee between his hands. He smiled, and she looked at him closely, really for the first time since the night he'd entered that same kitchen and their gazes had locked and frozen. *Was that only two nights ago?*

His smile was genuine this time. No joking. No mocking. No grumbling act of defiance.

Mercifully, both men let her eat in peace. When Alejandro finished at the sink, he sat down next to Ryan and they pretended not to watch her eat.

It should have been unsettling, but she was too hungry to care.

When she finished, she took a long drink of the mug of coffee Alejandro had brought over and cleared her throat. “I guess we have to work some things out, huh?”

“It would seem that way,” Ryan started. He’d mostly let Alejandro speak in the past. All pretense of her dating just Alex had gone out the window now though. He was free to speak his mind without sending her into a spinning free-fall.

“This won’t go away, honey. I think you’re starting to realize that.”

She didn’t move. Just waited for Ryan, this morning’s spokesperson, to continue.

They both looked so tired. *And ... sorry. For what?*

“For causing you such stress.”

Oh, that was freaky. She flinched.

“Your thoughts are getting stronger. It was a long night.” Ryan looked down sheepishly and Lindsey blushed like never before. Heat suffused her face.

“You knew? What I was thinking ... dreaming ... doing in the night?”

“Most of it, yes,” Alejandro interjected.

“We’re sorry, Lin, honey, but it’s unavoidable. Over time you’ll learn to control some thoughts and feelings, but not this soon.”

“It’ll get worse first,” Alex added.

She held her breath.

They looked so forlorn. Her gut clenched. For the millionth time she squeezed her legs together. The ache in her center wouldn't subside. It grew stronger.

She wanted them. Both of them. Needed them.

Now if only she could get *that* feeling from her heart into her brain.

Let go of all learned responses and embrace new ones.

“I think if you'd give this a chance, you'd see that it's going to be okay.” Ryan's voice shook. His words were planned and hesitant.

He coughed into his hand. “We have

an idea. Would you just listen? Don't say anything yet, just hear us out and then think about it. Okay?"

She nodded. Tears welled up behind her eyes and she willed them to stay at bay. She didn't even know why she was about to cry. Was it for the life she thought she'd have now a thing of the past? The pain she witnessed in the eyes of these two men she was so fond of?

Ryan reached across the table and squeezed one of her hands in his.

Alejandro glanced his way, but said nothing. Obviously it hadn't been in the plan to touch her.

"My family has a cabin not far from here." Lindsey glanced from the hand covering hers to the source of the voice.

A cabin?

“We thought, if you’d agree, we could go there for a few days, maybe a week, and get to know each other better.”

This didn’t sound like a good plan. A week? In the woods ... alone ... with two men she wanted more than life itself? Not a good idea, not at all. She’d never be able to last even one minute without jumping one of them. *Or both, you dolt.*

And, that’s the point.

“No pressure,” Ryan added, squeezing her hand even tighter. “We just think it’s kind of hard to explore our feelings properly here, with everyone

else around.”

She exhaled long and slow. They were right, of course. But that didn't change anything. She didn't have to be anywhere particular this week, or next. School would start soon and she'd be teaching, but for now she was free. Sort of. This wasn't what she'd had in mind for the last few weeks of her last vacation before entering the real world.

Lindsey pulled her hand from Ryan's tight grip and leaned her forehead on her palms, squeezing her temples. Her head started to pound. It almost seemed ... loud ... in the quiet silence of the room.

“Okay.” She heard the voice, knew it wasn't theirs. What the hell was she thinking? Why would she agree to such a

thing? *Next thing you know I'll be doing a strip show for a two-man audience. And then what? Sky's the limit?*

The gasps across the table reminded her of her severe lack of privacy in all matters.

Would nothing be sacred to her anymore?

Finally, Alex spoke. "We promise on our very lives to let this ... relationship ... move at whatever speed is comfortable to you. We would sooner die than hurt you in any way, emotionally or physically. You have to believe that if you believe nothing else."

His sincerity cut into her heart and the tears she'd held back for so many

minutes tumbled down her face while she stared at first one man and then the other.

Both reached forward and wiped the cheek on either side of her face with the pads of their thumbs. Lindsey leaned into their touch, tilting her head into first one palm and then the other. She felt their earnestness in their touch. And she believed them in her heart.

Chapter 6

The drive to Ryan's family cabin was tense. Lindsey sat in the cramped back seat behind Alejandro. They'd wanted her to sit in front, between them, but she'd vehemently declined. How the hell was she supposed to think with both their thighs pressed against her? Wasn't

happening.

“It’s not much farther.” Ryan glanced back at her, smiling genuinely.

Her fingers ached from gripping the leather seat on either side of her legs. She’d initially grabbed on to avoid fidgeting, but now they were on a gravel road and instinct lead to necessity as she bounced around behind Alejandro.

The men hadn’t said more than a few words to each other. Out loud anyway. Judging by the glances passing between them at regular intervals, she’d bet her pants they were engaged in quite the heated discussion.

Well, maybe “pants” wasn’t a good choice.

Lindsey turned to stare out the window, her face heating at the idea these two were actually conversing silently about *her*. Planning. Plotting. She shivered for the umpteenth time, considering the possibilities.

It unnerved her.

“Is that it?” Lindsey glanced up to see where Alejandro was pointing.

Cabin? “You said, ‘cabin.’ That’s ... well, not a cabin.”

“It is to us.” Ryan chuckled. “I have a large family. When we get away, we need a lot of space.” He pulled the car to a rolling stop.

Lindsey let her jaw hang open as her gaze roamed the front of the “cabin.”

“It’s beautiful.” The front porch alone was glamorous enough that she believed she could spend a week sitting on it without even going inside. *Might be safer that way.*

“Is this what they call a plantation?” Alejandro asked. “I’m with Lindsey on this one. When you said cabin, I pictured rough logs, wood floors, rusty hinges.”

Ryan laughed outright as he climbed from the cab. “We don’t really call them plantation homes in the Northwest. But I guess you could say it’s kind of along those lines.” He stuck his head back in to continue speaking. “Sorry to disappoint you both. But we do have wood floors, downstairs at least.”

Lindsey wasn’t the only one smitten.

The man in front of her was just as awed as she was. Neither moved as Ryan rounded the front of the truck.

It was just so regal, so mesmerizing. Tall white pillars rose up from the front porch, begging someone to climb the dozen steps and come lean against one for a photo shoot. If the lighting wasn't quite right, she could always pose on the second floor where a long graceful balcony was supported by the pillars, with French doors exiting onto it at regular intervals. Were those bedrooms behind the tall, slender doors?

Lindsey glanced down and suddenly felt underdressed for such a house. Shouldn't she be wearing a long flowing

skirt, petticoat, and gloves? She giggled.

“What’s so funny?” Ryan asked as he opened the passenger door.

“Nothing. Just thinking.” Alex and Lindsey climbed from the cab.

“I thought you’d enjoy having the space. That way you can escape from us, get away for a while, if need be.”

“Escape?” Alejandro grunted. “I was hoping for a one-room rustic cabin where she couldn’t escape us if she wanted to.” He mumbled, but she didn’t miss a word.

Ryan shot him a glare and playfully, well sort of playfully, punched his arm.

“Hey, no need to get violent. You know you don’t want her wandering off by herself any more than I do.”

“I’ll get our stuff.” Ryan reached in the bed and grabbed three bags. “Coming?” he called over his shoulder.

Lindsey followed the two men, her gaze flitting back and forth between their huge, buff shoulders and the soft yellow home calling to her in the sunlight. “It’s so gorgeous. How is it so maintained? It looks as though someone must come out here every week to keep the gardens so lovely.”

Nestled in the woods, it was a gem, almost completely out of place. At least an acre of land was exquisitely maintained around the perimeter. Trees that didn’t belong in the forest of the Northwest rustled in the slight breeze,

calling to her to lie beneath them. Spread out a blanket and read a great novel in their shade.

Well-manicured flowers reached toward the afternoon sun from their beds around the porch, yellows, pinks, blues, and purples.

In the quiet stillness, every bird within miles could be heard chirping from their perches in the trees.

She'd reached the steps and Alejandro was at her side, taking her arm to assist her in the climb.

She wanted to jerk away and toss him an annoyed glance. After all, she was perfectly capable of walking without need of assistance. She'd been doing it just fine since her first birthday.

But somehow the gesture seemed perfect for the surroundings. Again she felt underdressed, as though the home knew of her indiscretion and was secretly shaking a finger at her in haughty disapproval.

It wasn't as if she could have packed to please this house anyway. She didn't own clothing the likes of which would do it justice.

As they reached the porch, Ryan opened the front door and reached in to drop their luggage. Alex released his light grip on Lindsey's arm when she turned from him and wandered the length of the front porch.

Even the floor creaked beneath her

light steps, and a glance down made her actually believe the home to date in the eighteen hundreds. How did they do that?

“My grandfather built this place, about fifty years ago. It isn’t as old as you’d think, but he wanted it to appear as it does, create the illusion of grandeur, a time gone by.”

“He succeeded.” She didn’t miss the fact he’d just commented on her thoughts ... again, and wrapped her arms around her middle at the intrusion.

How would she get used to that?

“Sorry,” he muttered as he approached her. “I forgot. You’re just so wide open. Like a book whose pages are fluttering in the wind, discarded, the user

having forgotten to bring it in from the outside. I can glimpse nearly every page, I just can't quite read the words completely.”

He'd reached her side and lifted a hand to graze her cheek.

“Are you always this poetic, Masters?” Alejandro's voice had a lilt of annoyance to it as though he wished he were the one to come up with such a comparison.

Lindsey shivered. Would they always fight over her?

“Sorry, again.” Ryan dropped his hand, and she immediately felt bereft at the loss of his warmth. A glance at his face showed the pained war inside his

head. He'd undoubtedly "heard" the battle going on in her mind.

"Is the inside as glamorous as the outside?" She moved past both men and pushed open the front door Ryan had left ajar. Her breath was stolen. A masterpiece straight out of New Orleans from the turn of the century greeted her.

Alejandro eased against her from behind, his hand climbing up her back to rest on her shoulder. She'd know that touch anywhere. *How? Why do you know that already?*

So personal, like long-time lovers who'd been together for decades and hadn't lost their lust for each other. Would it be that way for them in ten ... twenty years?

Where did that thought come from?

She whirled around and glared daggers at both men. Sure she was blocking the doorway. Sure they had no choice but to pause behind her close enough she could smell each of their tantalizingly indecent scents. But still, she didn't like them invading her mind. It was too intimate. And the look on their guilty faces spoke volumes concerning her plight.

Heads bowing, they eased past her and did their best to avoid touching her skin as they awkwardly inched by. Her anger and discomfort turned to amusement on a dime as she considered the power she possessed where it

concerned them.

Ryan cleared his throat. “Don’t get cocky, woman. I’d hate for you to believe you hold the power in this relationship.”

“Masters!” Alejandro admonished. His gaze returned to Lindsey. “Don’t listen to him. We are partners here. All three of us. And we will learn to get along.” He looked back pointedly at his unintended accomplice on this ridiculous planet she found herself cohabitating with them. Or would that be, tri-habitating?

Lindsey wasn’t nearly as sure as Alejandro sounded about this arrangement. She’d agreed to explore the idea, at least for a few days, maybe a

week. But that was it so far. And only because her hormones were sky high out of this world right now, and she couldn't begin to think clearly where it concerned these hunks.

Ryan chuckled and turned for the kitchen. She hoped he was laughing at Alejandro's admonishment, but sincerely doubted that was the case.

Pressing her palms to her temples, she turned away herself and wandered farther into the house. Alejandro did not take the hint and stayed close on her heels.

"Does your head hurt? We could probably find some aspirin or something."

“I don’t think any amount of aspirin would even so much as take the edge off what I’m feeling.” She glanced back over her shoulder to find him much closer than she’d assumed. “No, I don’t have I headache. I just tend to press into my temples when I’m stressed.”

“And I’m making you ‘stressed.’” It wasn’t a question.

“Yes, Sherlock. You are.”

“Holmes?”

“That’s the one. Good job, Spaniard.”

He chuckled. “I’m well read. My parent’s insisted.”

“You guys hungry?” A voice called from some distant room.

As if on cue, Alejandro's stomach growled.

"One of us certainly is." Lindsey moved to get past him and headed for the presumed area of the kitchen.

Alex had other plans. He gently gripped her shoulders, waiting until she brought her gaze up to his to speak.

"I'm sorry. Believe me. If I could turn back time and not walk into the Masters' home the other night, I would. We were doing so well, you and me. I haven't slept much thinking about sharing you with ... someone I don't know any better than you do. But trust me when I say, this was meant to be. We will sort this out, and we will make you

happy. Happier than you could ever imagine.”

His smile held a certain level of mirth, his own brand of cockiness.

“I ... I just don’t know.” How could she? It was all so ... insane still.

“You will.”

“Now who’s cocky, Alex?”

“Touché, *mi amor*.”

*

Lord, if she would just relax. Ryan had selected a number of finger foods and arranged them on the bar in the kitchen. She was making *him* nervous. And Ryan had never been nervous a day in his life. Even the few times he had shared a woman before.

Alejandro pulled out a stool and

ushered Lindsey to sit at the counter. When he had her pushed in, he rounded the wood-block surface and joined Ryan on the other side.

“You intimidate me when you gang up on me like this.”

“Gang up on you? How so?” Ryan swallowed around the frog lodging farther and farther in his throat. He held himself stiffly on one side of the counter in an effort to avoid mauling her immediately.

“Like this.” She lifted a palm to indicate where the two men stood. “Across from me. Eyeing me like giant cats about to pounce.”

“Wolves,” they both stated at once.

Not for the first time.

Lindsey blew out a breath, her soft bangs lifting up to flutter around her face.

Ryan wanted to tuck the errant strands behind her ear. He gripped the counter to keep his hands to himself. Alejandro was right, loath as he was to admit it. They needed to get on the same page here or they weren't going to make an ounce of headway.

“Let's take this outside. Sit on the patio. The temperature's perfect.” He grabbed a few plates, balancing them on his arms and nodded to Alejandro to do the same.

“Masters. You've impressed me. *Jamón serano?* And is that cheese

Spanish?”

“Hey, I’m not all bad. I do have some taste.” He wandered away toward the front door, feeling the other two at his back.

The patio was perfect. A small table to the right afforded them the perfect location to spread out the various plates of meats, cheeses, grapes, apple wedges, strawberries, and crackers. At the same time, it was intimate enough for the three of them to sit close together, without any one person being across from the other. The perfect circle.

Lindsey sat rigid, her hands under her thighs, spine stiff. “I don’t think I’m hungry yet. You fed me an enormous

breakfast at practically noon.”

“Are you sure?” Ryan picked up a ripe strawberry and held it to her lips. His gaze wandered from those pouty lips to her eyes and he watched her closely while he gently rubbed the strawberry across her mouth. The juices would surely entice her to open up.

From his peripheral vision, he saw the moment she let those sexy lips part ever so slightly. His dick hardened in his jeans. Her tongue reached out and touched the tip of the berry and he slipped the succulent fruit into her.

Alejandro moaned into Ryan’s head.
“*Fuck.*”

Ryan ignored him. Sort of.

“What are you doing to me?”

“Feeding you, of course,” he mumbled matter-of-factly.

Next he picked up a grape and rolled the fruit across his own lips before offering it to her. She didn’t move. Her hands were still pinned under her legs. It was so erotic. He couldn’t shake the feeling she was actually tied down and the two men were on the verge of pleasuring her.

Alejandro joined the game, reaching for a wedge of apple and feeding it to the now eager mouth in front of them.

“Mmm, food always tastes so much better when someone else prepares it.”

“Or feeds it to you, *cariña*.”

Ryan grabbed a cube of cheese and

moved in for the next bite. He didn't care if he never ate again as long as he got the pleasure of watching this gorgeous goddess enjoy her meals.

They took turns popping morsels between her lips, and he watched as her shoulders relaxed ever so slightly, her hands sliding from under her legs to her thighs. When she leaned forward, put her elbows on the corner of the table and nearly purred, he had to reach under the table and adjust his crotch.

On the next bite, he let his hand graze down her face and cup her chin. Her favorable response, well if not pulling away was considered favorable, emboldened him. Grabbing a succulent strawberry, he placed the fruit between

his own lips and leaned the scant inches across the table to press the morsel from his mouth to hers.

She took it, mercifully, and moaned softly, her eyes drifting until they were only half open. Without retreating, Ryan leaned forward and licked the sticky pink juice from her chin, swiping gently upward until he tasted her lips for the first time. He didn't want to pressure her and pulled away gracefully after just a quick nibble.

“Jesus, I’m going to come just watching you.” Alejandro’s voice penetrated his mind.

For the first time, Ryan didn’t feel anger toward whatever god had deemed

it necessary for the two men to share this woman.

He wasn't sure how this was all going to pan out, especially in bed, but at least it was a step in the right direction.

Did he want to share this woman? Let her divide her attention between himself and Alejandro? Well, at least he no longer felt the need to punch the man in the face.

Perhaps it would work. They just needed to sort out the particulars.

"She tastes divine," Ryan soundlessly commented.

"Stop that." Lindsey pulled back an inch, resting her chin on her hands.

"What?" Alex asked when she glanced back and forth between the two

of them.

“You know what. I can tell by the looks on your faces when you are doing that whole ... telepathy thing. You’re talking about me. It’s ... disconcerting to say the least.” She pushed from the table and went to the edge of the porch. Leaning against the railing, she stared out into the afternoon.

“*Go to her,*” Alex communicated. “*It kills me, but it’s only fair. I’ve definitely had more of her than you have. Bond with her a bit so she’ll be more comfortable with this situation. I’m going to take some of this inside and grab a bottle of wine. I’ll give you a few minutes.*” Alex got up and

shuffled toward the door, hands full of empty plates. *“God, give me strength and don’t let me regret this decision.”*

The last part wasn’t directed at Ryan. He knew that. But still it touched him.

Ryan sauntered toward Lindsey’s back, consciously making a scuffing noise with his shoes so she’d not be surprised by his arrival behind her.

Cautiously he reached a hand and brushed it over her shoulder before setting it against the exposed skin left bared by the sleeveless tank top she wore.

“It’s too weird, Ryan.” She leaned her chin against his hand and even rubbed against him, her actions not in

accord with her words. “I don’t think I can do this ... this thing you say is our fate.”

“I wouldn’t call it fate, so much as destiny,” he murmured close to her ear. It was the first time he’d been this close and he wanted more, wanted all of her. How he’d held himself in reserve for as long as he had, he had no idea, but now that he was closer, really able to inhale her essence, he didn’t think he could go back. His wolf called for him to take her. He needed her with his every molecule.

Her hair tickled his nose and he inhaled her scent. It ravished him, almost sent him staggering backward. Her

essence called to him. Her body did that of its own accord. She was already so far gone, he couldn't fathom how she held herself at bay as she did.

Once lupines met their mates, they didn't usually go so long without claiming them. Of course normally the parties were both wolves. When a human was involved, it took a bit of wooing, but neither party could hold off for days. Unusual circumstances...

The last thing he wanted was to push her and risk aggravating her any more than necessary.

But, he couldn't resist her hair. The long glorious locks were so soft against his cheek, and he inhaled the smell of her floral shampoo. Thoughts of mixing

his own scent with hers, marking her, claiming her body, and making sure she never again smelled of just flowers, overwhelmed him. He felt a tremble as it shook his frame and hoped she didn't notice his clumsy school-boy act.

Partially because he couldn't resist, and partially because she seemed looser than she had since he met her, he allowed himself to nuzzle her neck with tiny little kisses, almost nonexistent. Her head tilted slightly to the other side to afford him better access, and he repressed a moan with every ounce of strength he could muster. Afraid any noise at all would break the spell.

When her body listed slightly back

toward his chest, Ryan reached up with both hands and grasped her shoulders, pulling her in closer, leaning her against him.

He kissed his way up her neck, across her jaw, and finally reached her lips.

She parted for him, enough to welcome the kiss he so desperately needed from her.

She tasted of the combination of sweet fruit juices he'd fed her. And he wanted to feast on her mouth, suck those juices from her tongue.

He held his body rigid while he plundered her mouth, trying desperately to keep himself in check as a little piece of heaven reached down from the skies

and graced him with her presence.

*

Lindsey couldn't stop herself. *This is wrong*. She knew in her head she couldn't do this, let this man seduce her while she was also in total lust with another man who'd just stepped inside. And she definitely insisted to herself that's what this was, lust. It couldn't be anything more. Anything else was ludicrous.

But right now Ryan was occupying her heart. And her heart was overruling her head. His grip was firm on her shoulders. Her body leaned into his. She couldn't stop it. She needed more. Needed to taste more of him. If he would

just turn her around so this kiss could go deeper.

She couldn't be so bold as to take matters into her own hands. But she wanted him to. If for no other reason than to deepen the awkward kiss coming from over her shoulder.

The nibbling and licking and sucking was driving her crazy.

Voices in her head told her to stop. Pull away. *This is wrong.* An abomination her grandmother would have said. If she were still attending her childhood church, she'd surely be excommunicated.

She shook the thought away, stuffed it to the back of her brain, and returned to the moment. Her subconscious needed

to shut up and leave her alone. Even her therapist would say so.

The large, rough hands on her shoulders moved painstakingly slowly down her arms until Ryan entwined his fingers with hers and wrapped both sets of arms across her middle, just under her breasts.

Her bra pressed into her nipples, and the increased pressure was exquisite. Her chest seemed to expand, aching for him to wrap his hands around her breasts and squeeze. Her nipples poked at the fabric, desperate for attention.

A soft moan pierced the afternoon silence.

Jeez, that was me.

Apparently the noise gave fuel to Ryan's efforts because moments later he had her turned around facing him, her back pressed into one of the elegant columns she'd been admiring on the front of the porch.

Ryan gripped her face with both hands and deepened the kiss, tipping her head to one side and devouring her with his tongue. He explored every crevice of her mouth with sudden urgency, as though he couldn't live another moment without knowing her taste. And it was a good thing, because she wasn't so sure she could either. His flavor mingled with hers, the same fruity taste edged with the salty mix of hard cheese.

She nearly melted. Her knees shook with the effort to hold herself upright. If he hadn't been pressing her firmly to the pillar, she wasn't sure she'd have succeeded.

Suddenly he was everywhere, his giant body crowding her space ... and she wanted him to.

His large frame seemed to touch her entire body at once. He straddled her legs and his erection was lodged against her stomach. She felt somehow powerful to be the one eliciting this response in him.

Her eyes fluttered completely closed, the strain of holding them half open seemed like too much effort. And

as though on command, her other senses heightened.

The clean smell of male soap combined with Ryan's own brand of musk to tantalize Lindsey's nose.

He grazed his huge hands down her face, trailed them down her arms until he reached her middle and grasped her waist.

When Lindsey reached up to wrap her arms around his neck, pulling him even closer, her shirt rode up a few inches and the rough fingers of a hard-working man electrified her where they burned the few inches of skin at her stomach.

A moan mingled between them, and this time she didn't think it was her own.

Did it matter?

A gasp escaped her lips, swallowed by Ryan's mouth when he urgently lifted her shirt enough to slide his palms completely under it and against her torso. Palms so big they swallowed her entirely, reaching seemingly all the way around at once. And the warmth of his touch sent a chill down her spine.

Nothing, however, prepared her for the moment his thumbs grazed the underside of her breasts through the thin material of her lace bra. She never would have chosen to wear that particular bra today. It was her sexy reserve bra generally used for a night out when she wanted to feel particularly

flirty.

Since Kara had been the one to go to her apartment and bring her back a duffle of clothes, Lindsey had had no say whatsoever in the selections. Fleetinglly, she wondered what else might be in that bag. Kara's objective had clearly been to entice her friend to "go for it" this week.

At least Lindsey knew Kara couldn't have filled the duffle with too many risqué items, because she'd not have found them in Lindsey's drawers.

It took great effort to force her mind to wander around to these various thoughts, trying in vain to ignore the barely existent caress of Ryan's thumbs against her breasts.

“Lindsey, hon, you taste divine. Like summer.” His mumbled words slipped between their lips as he pulled back millimeters from her mouth to give them a chance to breathe.

Her chest rose and fell as she heaved in air, unaware she’d been nearly holding her breath for several minutes.

And the action pressed her breasts firmly against the agonizing thumbs stroking beneath them.

“I can smell your arousal,” he continued. “It’s so fucking hot.”

Ryan moved one leg from its spot straddling her and pushed between hers, forcing her to spread her feet for him. The dominance sent a wave of moisture

to her sex. While he nibbled around her lips, he thrust his knee upward against her and she nearly came.

“Oh, God, Ryan.” Her head lolled to the side, which only made things worse by giving him better access to her neck.

Her thighs gripped his knee of their own accord. Wanting, no needing, more contact. Even through her jeans and his, she could feel the sensitive parts of her sex rubbing against him, and she wanted more. *Lord, help me.*

Alejandro.

Her eyes flew open when she recognized his scent near her. Sure enough his face was hovering scant inches from the spot where she'd allowed her head to roll to the side.

Looking like he hadn't a care in the world, he leaned against the same column as her, his eyes filled with desire.

This can't be happening. This can't happen.

Panic filled her, and without removing her gaze from Alex, she gripped Ryan's T-shirt and tried to push him away. He was stronger than her, however, and his knee had her nearly on her tip toes, increasing the pressure on her sex.

The adrenaline rush of seeming to come out of a coma, or at least a dream, did nothing to tame her need.

She hardly cared who, she just

needed someone to push her pants down and rub her clit until she came. She was that desperate. If she could just get away from these two intoxicating men, she could go find her own room upstairs and use her vibrator to take the edge off. After all, what were the chances either of them would be able to bring her to orgasm? No man had before. Perhaps she wasn't wired for it. Or perhaps she simply wasn't able to let down all her guards and let go of her past thoroughly enough to allow such a thing.

She knew she was lying to herself even while her mind raced. *These* two men could make her come. No doubt. And that thought was even scarier than worrying about them *not* making her

climax.

What she could not do, was let this go further. She wasn't ready. Sure, she'd promised them she'd give this weird ... relationship thing a shot, but whether or not she could actually go through with it remained to be seen.

Lindsey closed her eyes and turned away from Alex's intense stare. She leaned her head against Ryan's chest and took a deep breath, exhaling slowly.

"Let me go," she whispered. "I need..." What? What did she need? They could see what she needed. Even she could smell her arousal in the air. An ache formed in the pit of her stomach. She was the horniest she'd

ever been in her life.

“Let us take care of you, baby.” Alejandro’s words permeated her system just inches away from her ear. He’d leaned in and now his warm breath bathed the side of her face, tickled her earlobe, and spiked her desire.

There are two of them. You can’t do this. You have to pick one.

A picture formed in her mind of her childhood pastor standing at the pulpit, a Bible in one hand that he swung up and down as he spoke. Every Sunday he’d done just that, slamming it into the podium occasionally for emphasis, making her jump in her seat. Spittle would stream from his mouth as he spoke. Thou shalt nots rung in her head.

She squirmed against Ryan's leg, only managing to heighten her panic in equal increments to her arousal.

Sex is between one man and one woman, saved for the sanctity of marriage and only for the purpose of procreation. Pastor Stone's words shouted in her head.

Even after years of counseling, she couldn't silence his warnings. And the situation she found herself in now would have sent the man over the edge. She'd surely be locked away until an exorcist could be found to rid herself of the demons that seemed to be possessing her as she even considered the idea of letting both these men touch her at once.

Sure, she'd gotten over having sex before marriage, barely, and she'd had fairly normal adult relationships since beginning her sessions every other week with Barbara, but this was extreme. She was being tested beyond even *her* limits.

“Hon?” Ryan slowly moved his leg away from her, lowering her the inches she was somehow hovering above the ground. His grip on her bare waist was still firm, however, and no amount of shoving against his chest would dislodge him. “Talk to us. We can practically taste your panic.”

Alex spoke next, his thumb rubbing against her cheek. “You were so aroused moments ago. What happened?”

I jumped to my senses. That's what happened.

Both men flinched.

“Get out of my head.”

“You’re like an open book, *cariña*. It’s not that we can read your direct thoughts yet, but, babe your face gives you away.”

Lindsey jerked away. Turned to the side and backed up two steps, forcing them to release their touch against her skin. “I can’t think clearly when you’re touching me.” *Either of you.*

“I’m not even going to make a joke about that right now,” Ryan said breathlessly.

Even with her head facing the ground

in front of her, she couldn't avoid the solid hard-on in the front of Ryan's pants. She stepped back again. Not only were two men stalking her, but that bulge was huge.

“I need more time. I...”

“Lin, baby, we know this is all new for you. Please let us work this out together,” Alejandro begged.

Work what out? Couldn't they see there was nothing to work out? If they were as able to dig around in her thoughts as they seemed, couldn't they tell she was damaged? Beyond repair? Why were they even attracted to someone as prudish as she?

Ryan advanced on her, his chest still heaving, either from the state of arousal

or from reading her mind, she didn't know.

He cleared his throat. "We ... uh ... okay, we need to talk." He turned and spun around in a circle, making her flinch he moved so fast.

Moments later, he grabbed a quilt from the back of a rocking chair and threw it over one arm. He gently grabbed Lindsey with the other and nodded for Alex to follow.

She let him lead her, cautiously. Where was he going?

Several yards from the house, Ryan stopped beneath an old weeping willow tree, her branches reaching out so far, she created a huge shaded area beneath.

He spread the quilt on the ground. “Everyone sit. The weather is fantastic, the birds are chirping, the breeze is cooling. Let’s relax under this tree and just get to know each other better.”

Seemed reasonable. Sort of. As long as no one touched her she might even be able to keep her head on straight.

Alex spoke first when they’d all situated themselves. “Your thoughts will come through to us clearer and clearer as the days go by. It isn’t preventable. It seems we don’t even have to make love to you for the bond to grow on its own. However, you have a mysterious aura about you. Something’s happened in your past to prevent you from letting us in.”

He paused.

“What Alex is trying to say, hon, is that we want you to talk to us. Let us help. Whatever it is, we can handle it, work it out together.”

“Hardly.” She nearly laughed at them. Even Barbara couldn’t quite get her to release herself from the bonds of her childhood. How were these two ... wolves going to accomplish that?

“I feel your doubt,” Alex started. “You have no reason to trust us. But we are asking you to try. Just give it a shot. What can it hurt? You might find out we aren’t such bad guys after all. Well, me anyway. Not sure about this Neanderthal over here.” He chuckled and gave Ryan a quick glance.

Lindsey knew he was trying to lighten the mood. She leaned back and released a breath as she lay on the blanket staring up at the branches above her blowing in the breeze.

She needed to talk. As soon as the frog cleared from her throat. She'd never told a man about her upbringing. And not even very many friends. Sure, Kara and Jess knew. They'd had a strong friendship ever since meeting freshman year. But even they didn't know the extent of the twisted life she'd led.

Both men waited, neither saying another word.

She breathed, in and out, long deep inhales and exhales, fortifying herself for

what needed to be said.

“This isn’t about not trusting you two, or even how genuine and honest you are. You’re both wonderful. God only knows why I’m so attracted to you ... both. But, the reality is I’m not wired for a threesome. Hell, I’m not even wired for a regular relationship. I’ve been seeing a shrink for four years just to get to the point I can even consider having a normal life. Then you throw this at me.

“Don’t you see how ... unnatural this is? My head is at war with my heart. Sure, I want you, both of you. More than I’ve ever wanted anything. But it isn’t normal. Who wakes up one morning and suddenly wants two men?”

Alex cleared his throat. “We’re sorry you’ve been put in this position, Lin, baby. Really we are. Even with our upbringing and outlook on life, this is a bit unorthodox for us too.”

Ryan interjected, “Believe me, hon, when I first realized you were meant for me and another man was also involved, I saw red. Didn’t want to share you. Alex didn’t either. Thus the standoff in the kitchen that night. We were ... shocked, for lack of a better term.”

“But this sometimes happens, as you know with Kara. And now that Ryan and I have had time to talk, get to know each other, we’ve bonded, no pun intended. We recognize we all three need each

other. As weird as it initially seemed, you and I wouldn't be complete without Ryan. We each have something to bring to the relationship, and trust me when I say you won't regret this. We swear to spend the rest of our lives making you the happiest woman in the world."

Lindsey shivered, kept her gaze to the sky and the rustling branches above her head. The peacefulness of the trees' leaves almost grounded her in a way.

"Tell us," Ryan mumbled.

She knew what they wanted, needed.

A few moments passed while she wrapped her mind around what she was going to say.

"I was an only child... I don't think my mother knew who my father was,"

she began. “She was young when she got pregnant with me, twenty. She’d been in college, her junior year. Even though it was nineteen ninety, her own mother was appalled as though it were the fifties.

“She pulled my mother out of school and sent her away to a home for unwed mothers. I can’t even believe there was such a place by that year, but apparently there was.”

Deep fortifying breaths. She didn’t look at the two men seated on either side of her, but she knew they are staring intently at her face. Could feel the thickness of the air, suddenly stifling, even though the temperature outside had

been comfortable moments ago.

“My mother couldn’t do it though. She couldn’t give me up for adoption like my grandmother intended. The day I was born, she snuck into my room, took me from the crib at what was essentially a halfway house, and left with me in the night. With no place to go and no money, the only option she had was to make her way back home.

“Apparently my grandfather rarely spoke to her, letting my grandmother rule the house as the matriarch she was. However, he was the one to open the door in the middle of the night when my mother knocked. And if it weren’t for him I don’t know what would have happened to me.” *Although, it might*

have been better than what did happen to me.

When had both Alejandro and Ryan laid their hands on her? Alex was on her left, his palm gently grazing her thigh. And Ryan was on her right, fingers caressing her forearm. The touch was soothing. She found she liked it. Solidarity or something...

“So who raised you?” Ryan gave a little squeeze to her arm, prodding her to continue.

Gazing up at the blue sky filtering through the branches, she continued. “My grandfather fell in love with me on the spot. He snuck us into the house and somehow managed to keep me quiet

through the night so my mother could sleep. At least that's the way he used to tell the story. He passed away when I was eight.

“When my grandmother found out what he'd done that night, apparently they had a huge fight. I'm pretty sure I'm the one who lost in that battle of wills. Grandmother reluctantly agreed to let my mother move back home and keep me ... for a price.”

“Oh, baby, I'm so sorry,” Alejandro soothed. His palm never stopped rubbing Lindsey's leg.

“Naturally my mother was in a bind. She could either leave with me and we'd have been homeless. A young unwed mother with no job. She could go back to

the home and give me up. Or she could live under her mother's thumb and abide by the new house rules.

“First and foremost, my mother had to attend and raise me in the church my grandmother attended. My mother had never been to church. She'd rebelled rather young and had declared herself an atheist.”

“Her mother hadn't made her go to church when she was little?” Ryan asked.

Lindsey turned toward him and nearly had the breath knocked out of her. The look on his face was one of deep sorrow and concern. For her. For a little girl lost.

“My mother was in high school when Grandma started attending this particular church. She’d not been especially devout until then. Some close friend of hers from bridge club introduced her to Satan.” Lindsey couldn’t help chuckle sardonically. “Literally and figuratively.”

As if on cue, both men lay down alongside Lindsey, sandwiching her between them. Both propped on an elbow and stared into her face. She glanced from side to side and saw nothing but their understanding and acceptance.

Looking back at the rustling tree limbs made it easier to continue.

“Living under my grandmother’s thumb and abiding by her rules day after day was taxing on my mother. Needless to say, she wasn’t very good at it. She tried, for several years, but eventually she strayed. She started doing drugs, drinking heavily, staying out late, who knows what? I was just a little girl.

“It wasn’t the same for me because I never knew any different. Until I was much older, I just assumed my grandmother was in the right and my stupid mother was ... well stupid. I couldn’t see the hell she lived through, at least not through her eyes.

“So, I became the good granddaughter, the replacement daughter

for the one my grandmother so lovingly referred to as dead to her after she strayed one too many times from the straight and narrow and wasn't allowed back in the house.

“That was about the time my grandfather died. He had a stroke—little wonder. And that left me alone with a domineering old woman who took me to her crazy church two nights a week and half the day on Sundays. Of course, I didn't realize at the time the church wasn't quite the same as any other church.

“Pastor Stone was the captain of a very tight ship. A bit barbaric. Every Sunday I sat through two hours of listening to him spew on and on about

the role of women.” In a mocking sing-songy voice, Lindsey quoted the good minister: “Women and children are meant to be seen and not heard. A woman’s place is in the kitchen, tending her family. A man must rule his house with an iron fist. Blah, blah, blah.”

“God,” Ryan gasped. Lindsey didn’t look his way. She was holding back her tears. One look at either man’s heartrending face and she’d never be able to stop the deluge.

“Yeah, well, that’s not the worst part.” Lindsey took a fortifying deep breath and closed her eyes against the world, the sorrowful looks were incongruent against the backdrop of the

gorgeous afternoon.

“There’s more?” Alejandro leaned closer to her. She should be suffocating.

“Did you know sex is only meant for procreation?” They both flinched. *Yeah, that would startle them.* “Uh huh. Between one man and one woman, and it isn’t meant to be enjoyed by the woman. In fact, it’s a sin for her to derive pleasure from the act.” There. She’d said it. She pulled her lips into her mouth and held them with her teeth.

Chapter 7

Seconds ticked by before anyone spoke. It wasn’t surprising. The men were undoubtedly shouting at each other through their weird connection, trying to decide what to do.

Lindsey could feel her chest heaving under the relief of having spilled her childhood skeletons out of her giant proverbial closet.

Hey, they wanted to know why this situation was all so unsettling to her? Well, now they knew.

Eyes still shut to the world, Lindsey pulled her arms up and crossed them over her chest. It wasn't chilly out, but that didn't keep her from shuddering.

“You had a rough childhood, *cariña*. It's understandable and makes more sense to us now why you hesitate so.”

Her eyes opened finally and she peered at Alex. “Don't get me wrong. I had a good life. My grandmother was

nice to me. She made me work hard, but she didn't abuse me. I just learned very skewed ideas about sex. It was ingrained in me. I only realized those views weren't the majority when I went to college. My grandmother died the summer I graduated from high school, and I left the church and never looked back. I've been in counseling for four years undoing the damage."

"Do you see your mom still?"

"Never saw her again after she left. She was in bad shape. I seriously doubt she's still living. If she is, she never tried to contact me." Lindsey exhaled.

"We're so sorry you went through that." Ryan's words were soft and stiff. He too seemed on the verge of tears. He

would shed tears for a little girl who spent her childhood being brainwashed into believing she was of the inferior sex?

“Hey, that girl is gone. I’m much better now. But ... you see how this is hard on me? Sure, I’ve had relationships in the last few years. Almost normal ones even. But this is a big leap.” She glanced back and forth at them.

“It’s one thing to have a counselor help me learn to be comfortable with my body and enjoy what God really intended. It’s an entirely different thing to consider spending my life sleeping with *two* men. Oh and don’t forget, they’re shape-shifters.” She couldn’t

keep out the sarcasm and smiled broadly at them as she teased. “Talk about deviant. Dr. Mathius only delved as far as me learning to relax and enjoy myself with *one* man. Her current goal has been to help me reach orgasm at the hands of another. I don’t think she could have anticipated this scenario.”

“And have you?” Alejandro held his breath.

“Have I what?” *Slept with two wolves? No.*

“Had an orgasm...”

“Sure ... with my vibrator.” Now she smiled even bigger. *Can I shock them? Will they laugh? Apparently not.*

They turned even more serious.

“Really? No man’s ever...” Ryan

didn't finish. He looked aghast.

“Hey, don't be so appalled. Plenty of women don't orgasm from sex. That's not so weird, cowboy.” She fidgeted under their intense gazes.

“It is for me. None of *my* women are left hanging.”

They were so cocky.

“Hey, don't look at me. I've never left a woman unsatisfied either,” Alejandro added. “That's rude.”

“Listen.” Lindsey lifted her head a few inches, propped herself on her elbows. Damn, these guys were overly confident. “It doesn't always have anything to do with *you*. We women have defense mechanisms built in that

sometimes keep us from ... letting go completely, so to speak.”

They clearly weren't buying it.

“I don't care if you're the stud of all studs, women have their own reasons for not *coming* at your command. Many of which stem from similar childhood beliefs, not necessarily to the extent I was taught, but the idea of totally enjoying sex for sex's sake is not an unusual hurdle.”

She rolled her eyes when she gleaned they still weren't quite buying what she was selling.

Sure, both of them had pushed her body on several occasions to the point where she'd thought she'd come without even being touched by them, but still...

Joder. Alejandro hadn't ever met anyone as ... fragile as this gorgeous mate of his was. Maybe fragile wasn't the right word. Emotionally damaged.

"Fuck is right, man. We are going to have to be patient."

"I don't know about your dick, but mine is not feeling very patient. Especially after hearing all that. Makes me want her even more. I just want to erase her past. Wipe it from her mind. Replace it with her future."

Ryan was right of course. Alejandro wouldn't do anything to jeopardize this precarious relationship. If they could just get her to relax... Let go... He knew

they could woo her into their world, it was just going to take time. And a hearty dose of that patience Ryan mentioned.

“Flip over.” Alejandro had an idea.

“Huh?” Her responses came out loud at the same time Ryan uttered the same sentiment inside Alex’s head.

“You’re so tense. I’m the king of massaging out tension. Let me give it a shot.”

She looked hesitant, but slowly turned to her stomach. With her arms resting over her head, her tank top climbed up her back enough to reveal several inches of the glorious skin beneath.

Alejandro rubbed his hands together and reached for her shoulders. “Relax.

You just unloaded a weight off your chest that must have been a lot to carry around for all these years.”

“Mmm, I’ve told a few people.”

“Still, that’s a hard tale to unload to the men you’re going to spend the rest of your life with.”

She inhaled sharply.

Alejandro leaned down to speak more directly into her ear. His hands started their magic against her mostly bare shoulders. “It’s going to be okay. You told us. We’re still here. Did you see anyone running?”

“No, but I worry you’ve gotten all cocky thinking you’re the one ... the ones who can fix everything, undo my

past. It's not that simple. It's ingrained from birth. I have issues."

"We all have issues," Ryan stated. "We'll work through them together."

Lindsey lifted up on one elbow to peer back at them, halting Alejandro's hands. "I don't think you heard me. I can't sleep with *two* men. Hell, I can barely sleep with one without hearing voices in my head that tell me I'm a whore, a slut, a tramp, essentially disobeying God's word. That's not 'issues' guys, that's a deal breaker."

Alex held his breath. "*This might be harder than we thought.*"

"We'll get through it. I can feel it in my heart. We will spend our lives making this woman happy. We just have

to be, and I hate to sound repetitive, but patient.”

“Babe, lie back down. One thing at a time. First, a massage. Second, a nice glass of wine. Baby steps.”

“Then we both take cold showers and masturbate in our own separate rooms? Dude, what are we going to do? I don’t think shifters were meant to go this long without claiming their mates.” Ryan actually sounded a bit scared. A glance his way proved he was trembling.

“We’ll figure something out. And yes, we’ll do what we have to do to get her to come around.”

Lindsey moaned softly under the

ministration of Alejandro's skilled massage. His chest pumped out a little more. His dick also got harder in the process. He needed her like he needed food and water. He seemed to be slowly dying inside as though breathing, sleeping, eating, and claiming Lindsey were all necessary things to keep him alive.

"I hate to suggest this, but do you think we should split up?"

"How do you mean?" Alejandro didn't look back at Ryan. He could guess what he meant. Two days ago, hell even yesterday, he probably would have jumped at the idea. But that was then. It didn't seem prudent anymore, just more confusing for her in the long run.

Without waiting for an answer, he continued. *“No. As much as I hate to admit it, this is a package deal. I know I was pissed to high hell and back when I first found out about you, but you’re growing on me.”* He chucked in his thoughts. *“We’re a team, we three. We can’t go to bat without one of our players.”*

“Yeah, you’re right. And besides, what would we do? Draw straws?” Ryan’s turn to jest.

“Man that feels fantastic. Where did you learn to do that?” Lindsey’s words were garbled against the blanket.

“I have sisters, you know, in Spain. They thought I couldn’t grow up to be a

real man if I couldn't give my lady a nice rub down at the end of the day." He laughed. "I think all the tutelage was just a ploy to trick me into massaging their own tired, sore muscles."

"Well, whatever the case, they did good. Thank them for me."

Alejandro had worked his way down her back and when he reached the bare skin exposed at her waist, he let his hands slide under her tank and work out the stiffness of her lower back.

Her heart rate went up when he did. He could smell her arousal increase for the first time since the pillar incident. Was that just an hour ago or three days?

As her pulse increased, so did Alex's. And God almighty, he was even

aware of Ryan's. The man was just as turned on as he was, if that was possible.

As if on cue, Ryan picked up one of Lindsey's feet, pulled off her shoe and started to rub her insole. *"Man do I ever wish I were a fairy or something and could make these jeans disappear by magic instead of a simple ordinary shape-shifter."*

Alejandro laughed out loud.

"Look, I may not have the same level of telepathy you two have, but I do know when you're talking about me, and I don't like it when you laugh." Her teasing could be heard through the words.

“Ryan here was just wishing he were a magician instead of a lupine.”

“Ah, well can’t argue with that, but it would probably help if you spoke directly to me instead of discussing my fate behind my back. I’m not completely incompetent. Sure, I had a weird religious childhood, but I’m not entirely unaware of what’s happening between us. I do sense your ... feelings. And I have my own.” She paused. “Don’t stop.”

Alejandro looked down. His hands were frozen to one spot, not moving. “Yes, ma’am.”

She plopped her head back down and lay with one cheek pressed to the

ground. Her muscles relaxed subtly as Alejandro continued to work his way up her back, pressing her shirt up as he went. When he got to her shoulder blades he couldn't stretch the tank any farther, as it was pinned under her torso.

She panted lightly, and he looked at her profile while he worked the muscles along her spine. Her mouth hung slightly open, her lips moist from occasionally licking them. Her hair was spread on the blanket like a fan, exposing her neck and ear. He wanted to lie down beside her and nuzzle against her warmth.

Hell, he wanted to strip her naked right here and make her writhe beneath them.

A glance at Ryan showed his

expression contorted in stress-filled desire. His brows were furrowed. His eyes narrow. And he had worked his way up to her thighs, which lay slightly parted, her jeans hugging her legs and ass to perfection.

Sweat beaded on Alejandro's face.

"I can't stand this any longer."

"I hear you."

"Would somebody please kiss me already?" Her voice was low, murmured, barely audible. But they heard her loud and clear just the same.

Seconds later, both men had her flanked, Ryan, the lucky bastard, on the side she was facing. Alejandro released the pressure on her back and slipped one

arm around her waist.

As Ryan began to nibble a path up her neck and across her cheek, Alex gently pulled Lindsey onto her side so her back was flush against his front. He never took his eyes off Ryan's progress to her mouth and was amazed at how turned on he was watching the action.

He'd had a permanent hard-on since meeting her, but this was a new sensation. Not only did he want this woman more than his next breath, but he also wanted Ryan to have her. He craved creating an experience for her she would never forget.

And he prayed she'd sink into the moment and let that happen right now.

Hands were everywhere. *What the hell am I doing?*

Lindsey couldn't stop this wild ride. One moment they'd been massaging her back, her feet, her legs, and the next she suddenly needed ... more. With an intensity unparalleled.

Her eyes had drifted shut after one look at Ryan's lust-filled face. His gaze had been directly on hers, serious, demanding...

It was so hot the way they quickly moved around her, as though they'd choreographed the entire thing. Such precision. She didn't have a moment to pause and think, catch her breath. That

was the idea.

Can I do this? Let two men make out with me at once? Can I not?

Will they stop at second base? Third? Or will I be unable to prevent going all the way with one of them?

What had changed? Perhaps unloading her past had loosened her a bit. After all, she'd bared her soul and neither man had seemed appalled. If anything, she'd drawn them closer instead of pushing them away as she'd subconsciously feared.

Besides her inability to wrap her mind around the idea of having a ménage, she'd also struggled with worry over sharing her intimate secrets. Who would want her, really, after hearing

about her sordid crazy past and all the baggage she brought to the relationship?

Minutes ago the thought of having sex with one of them while the other was watching had made her flinch. Now ... now it seemed so sexy, hot.

And she was hot. She needed less clothes, more skin.

Her mind was at war between allowing herself the pleasure of enjoying this odd arrangement and stopping the nonsense that her inner psyche was screaming about this being an abomination.

Pleasure was winning.

Ryan angled his head and deepened the kiss that had started out so gentle,

soft. His tongue delved into her mouth in an effort to consume her entirely.

With her head angled back, her eyes closed in rapture, she couldn't keep up with whose hands were where.

Ryan held her face. Fingers were dancing their way up and down her body, across her available hip, thigh, stomach.

The onslaught of sensations all firing at once sent roaring heat to her core.

She barely noticed or cared when she was pressed onto her back between them. Ryan never lost a beat, so intent on ravishing her mouth. And he tasted so good, a faint hint of cheese and fruit lingering under the taste she knew was all him.

He didn't kiss the same as Alejandro, but just as fantastically. Where Alex was more suave and romanced her with his mouth, Ryan was more demanding, insistent.

Her arm that had been trapped above her head beneath her cheek was suddenly met with her other arm. Her eyes popped open, the intense stare of deep brown eyes roaming her face. Ryan had pulled both wrists above her head and leaned across her torso, pressing both hands into the blanket above her. His firm chest stretched across her breasts, driving her to ache under the pressure. Could he feel her nipples poking up between the layers of her bra,

tank, and his T-shirt? Of course not, but it felt as though he should. Her chest expanded with each inhale, driving her further insane.

It might have been something she could have controlled, this lust she felt, if not for the other hand roaming her body simultaneously. Alex was a skilled master. She'd known that from just the few times he'd sucked her into his vortex. Every single time he'd kissed her, she'd been lost to him. Unable to use reason.

Now he roamed her stomach with his hand splayed against the skin laid bare by the tank riding up her body. The warm contact of skin on skin, coupled with the rough texture of Alex's fingers

sent a pool of moisture to her sex.

The surge of wanton need made Lindsey lift her hips in supplication.

That lasted all of one second. It hadn't been a voluntary action, but nevertheless, Alex looped one huge leg over her closest thigh, forced her backside against the ground, and held her legs apart.

She moaned. She knew in the recesses of her brain she was acting like a slut. Only a complete slut would be aroused by this scenario, but she couldn't stop it. *Wouldn't.*

She wanted this worse than she wanted to listen to the voices in her head.

She groaned against the mouth devouring her and Ryan swallowed the sound. He didn't let up, his tongue dancing in and around her mouth with such accuracy one would think they'd been lovers for ten years instead of ten seconds.

How did he know her body so well?

Lindsey barely noticed when Ryan repositioned to hold both hands above her head with just one of his, the one he was nearly lying on. The free hand grazed down from her fingers, her forearm, her biceps, and paused only momentarily at her armpit when she shivered, a chill shaking her entire body. The caress should have tickled, but she

was way too far gone in the depths of arousal for that.

Ryan chuckled briefly against her mouth and kept kissing her senseless.

That free hand moved to encompass a breast with no preamble. Not a soft barely-there grazing of his fingers. No. He grabbed her completely and firmly with his hand and molded the tight swollen breast as though measuring it, weighing it.

Damn. It occurred to her the men had ganged up on her. They had the advantage of communicating through their connection she wasn't privy to yet. She was certain of this fact when Alex moved a palm to cup her sex at the same moment as the assault on her breast. Just

as firm. Just as precise. Just as perfectly timed.

The simultaneous assault on her system caused her to jerk in their grasps. She pulled her mouth from Ryan's and gasped for a breath to the side.

No one stopped. In fact, Ryan continued kissing her cheek in a line toward her ear.

Deep breaths in and out did nothing to lessen her arousal. A firm pinch to her nipple was accompanied by Alex's thumb pressing into her clit. "Oh, ahh," she moaned. "I need..." What did she need? Holy cow, they were going to make her come. She could feel the pressure building. Her stomach was

clenching and releasing. No one had ever done this to her. Could they?

She stiffened. They were going to be so deflated to find out she wasn't capable of orgasm at their hands. The thought froze her in fear. Performance anxiety at its worst.

She wanted to scramble back from them, stop the madness. She wanted them to strip her naked and finish her off.

She groaned her discouragement into the evening air, noticing briefly the sun was slipping away.

“Let us make you feel good, baby,” Alejandro's voice wafted up from between her legs. When had he wiggled his way into that position? When had her legs spread farther apart, indecently

exposing her to his view?

Well, there were the jeans in the way, but still...

“Please.” *Did I say that?*

It was received as consent to proceed because moments later Lindsey was staring over Ryan’s head at Alex as he rose up on his knees and popped the button on her jeans. A pressure she hadn’t realized existed was released with the lowering of her zipper. She gasped as he managed to divest her of those pants in no time at all. The cool evening air rushed across the exposed skin of her thighs and brought goose bumps up and down her legs.

Lindsey couldn’t stop her head from

lulling back and forth and she no longer cared that the noises she heard around her were probably coming from her own mouth.

The only thing between her and Alex was the lace panties she been forced to wear today. Kara hadn't brought her anything to wear that wasn't small, silky, lacy, and sexy. She didn't know whether to curse her friend or thank her.

While Ryan managed to push her tank up to her armpits and pop the front clasp on the lacy bra, a matched set to the panties, Alex pressed her thighs wider and held them firmly in his grasp.

“Oh. Oh... I'm going to...”

“Come for us. Yes. Very soon.” The words were muttered against her neck as

Ryan licked and nibbled and sucked his way over the bunched-up tank top and began to deliberately circle her breast with his wicked tongue. Her nipple grew harder with each passing moment, the breeze only a small culprit in the endeavor.

And then the damn man switched breasts, never quite touching her where she needed him most.

She was being tag-teamed. It wasn't fair. It was gloriously wonderful though.

She couldn't be sure how, but time froze, the clock stopping instantly when the dual assault of one tongue flicking a nipple accompanied another tongue flicking her suddenly exposed clit. Alex

must have freed a hand and now held her panties to the side, exposing her entirely to his mouth.

Lindsey began to pant. Her squirming was in vain. She battled between needing to stop this sensation of being on the precipice of a cliff about to free fall, and wishing someone would just push her over the edge.

And push won out by default when Ryan sucked her nipple and half her breast into his mouth while Alex sucked her clit into his. The orgasm was all-consuming and instantaneous. Neither man stopped the intense dragging of her flesh between their lips as wave after wave of pure pleasure flowed through Lindsey's body, the walls of her sex

contracting more violently than she'd ever experienced at her own hand and lasting far longer than she'd thought humanly possible.

Just when the spasms seemed to slow, Alex pressed at least two fingers into her and angled them up toward her G-spot. She hadn't had sex in a long time. The fingers alone filled her so tight and the invasion so sudden and unexpected she moved from one orgasm into another with no fine line separating the two. The second was even more powerful than the first and she shook as Ryan smoothly switched nipples, sucking the neglected tip deep and hard while Alex continued to feast on her

overly sensitive clit, nipping it with his teeth.

How could she avoid the earth-moving orgasm that shattered her resolve and captured her soul?

Gradually the pulsing of her vaginal walls lessened, as did the amount of suction each man had placed on her most private parts.

Lindsey was flooded with a sense of peace. Her limp body sated beyond her wildest aspirations.

“Baby, you’re so tight,” Alex murmured against her sex. His breath fanned across the wet skin and made her tremble. Her clit jumped to attention as though it hadn’t just endured not one, but two orgasms. It was no wonder since his

fingers were still buried deep inside her, gently stroking her inner walls.

Ryan nibbled his way up her body and gently kissed her lips. “Don’t think you have a problem with orgasms anymore.” He grinned. “Check that one off your list.”

She could hardly concentrate on Ryan’s gaze, let alone his words. Alex was still stroking inside her. Instead of needing to pull away as she’d have thought, her body was tightening up again. Warm air still caressed her damp sex. “Oh, Alejandro...”

It was so erotic the way he still massaged her. Shouldn’t she be oversensitized? Pulling away?

Instead she pressed into him, her hips lifting off the ground in attempt to get a better angle.

“I know, baby. I know.”

“I need...” *What do I need?* Two men were pleasuring her. And it felt so wonderful. Right. But ... someone needed to get inside her right now before she self-combusted.

Ryan feathered light kisses over her heated face. He stroked a breast with one hand, barely grazing over the tip, to make her nipple stand at attention once again.

“Why am I the only one naked here?” Lindsey moaned around the words. Her head lulled to one side.

“Are you sure you’re ready for this?” Ryan spoke into her ear, his breath adding an erotic touch to the Spanish god down below.

“Please.” She didn’t think she could spell it out.

On cue, both men pulled back, leaving her wanting, nearly panting for breath. She wiggled her shirt up over her head and let her hands fall back where they’d been tangled in her hair. Now all she had between her and these sex gods was a soaking scrap of lace panties. She was too wired to take them off. Her legs still lay splayed wide open against the blanket where Alejandro had just been.

Her core ached to have someone

inside her. She didn't even care which one. Both. She needed them both like she needed her next breath. Who would take her first? What would the other one do?

Alex and Ryan quickly divested themselves of their jeans and T-shirts. Ryan was left in briefs. Alex had been commando.

Her chest heaved under deep breaths. This was it. Could her heart survive this challenge?

*

Alejandro gazed down at the object of his good fortune—Lindsey. Splayed out before them, sated but wanting more. She was panting and her pheromones were making him drunk with need.

Her eyes pleaded with him when

their gazes met. He wished he could stare at her forever in this pose, hair fanned around her head, arms above her, knees angled and resting spread wide against the blanket.

But nope. His cock was rock-hard and he needed to be inside almost as much as he needed his next breath. Never had he wanted a woman like he wanted this one.

His hands almost shook thinking about taking her in a way she would cherish for the rest of her life. He wanted this to be the most unforgettable experience she'd ever have. It made him nervous.

Trying to control his fingers, he

commanded them to grasp the sides of her panties and reluctantly pulled her knees together to get them off.

“You’re so beautiful, Lin.” He pressed her knees back into their splayed position, opening her up to his perusal. “Like a goddess.”

He wasn’t unaware of Ryan beside him, also naked now.

“I need a taste of her.” Ryan grasped Alex by the bicep.

“Of course.” He realized he was in the way and moved to allow Ryan to climb between her legs. It was so erotic watching as Lindsey’s gaze transferred from Alex to her other mate. Jealousy didn’t even make a brief appearance. He just wanted her to be satisfied, over-

satisfied. Forever.

Ryan took a deep breath as he lowered his face over her mound. “Your scent is intoxicating. Does she taste as good as she smells?”

He didn’t need an answer. At that instant he lapped his tongue from her opening to her clit. Lindsey moaned and writhed, wiggling away from the intense sensation after the short lack of contact. Other than Ryan’s mouth, nothing else was touching her.

“I can’t...” She shook her head, pulled her arms down to her sides and grasped Ryan by his ears. “It’s too soon. I’m so sensitive.”

Ah, finally the two orgasms had

caught up with her.

“You can,” Ryan said. He tipped his head up to gaze into her face.

“Baby,” Alejandro interrupted. “We aren’t done with you yet.” He crawled around to her head and seated himself with his legs spread around her face. His cock bobbed up and down, begging to be stroked. If he grasped his staff right now, he knew he’d shoot off in an instant and embarrass himself.

Instead he lifted Lindsey’s head, scooted under her and settled her against his thigh.

She gasped when Ryan inched forward with them and resumed his place between her legs.

Alex watched as Ryan dragged his

fingertips up her thighs, grasped her right at the apex, pinned her legs to the blanket, and held her firmly wide open to his perusal.

“That’s the sweetest clit I’ve ever seen.”

When Lindsey groaned and began to shake, Alex pulled her arms to his sides around behind him and trapped them there. He leaned forward just enough to fondle both of her breasts, weighing them and then pinching her nipples. The little pink buds grew even stiffer as he alternately circled and squeezed them.

She groaned, loud. “Alex... Ryan...” Her eyes fluttered shut.

“You got her?” Ryan asked.

“Yeah.”

Ryan dipped his tongue as far as he could into her core. His nose pressed against her clit. Her eyes flew open and she writhed beneath them, trapped by two men who weren't about to let her avoid this pleasure.

“Oh, no. You can't...”

Alex chuckled and tweaked one nipple a little harder. The bud stood at attention, demanding he do it again.

Her shallow breaths sounded very loud against the evening background.

She let her head roll onto Alex's thigh, his cock twitching next to her ear.

“What do you need, baby?”

“Make me come again, Ryan, please.

I'm so close. I ache."

"Would you like my cock inside you this time?"

"Oh, yes. Please. Alex?" She tipped her head back to look at him, imploring.

"You are so hot, *cariña*. So hot. Come around Ryan's cock this time. You can come with me next time." God she was sweet. Sex radiated off her, her need filling the air, and she was worried about him.

Ryan climbed up her body and positioned himself at her entrance. "I'm going to go as slow as I can, hon. You're so tight. You even gripped my tongue."

"And God don't let me blow before she comes again." Alejandro watched as Ryan gritted his teeth while he

pressed into her.

Alex splayed his palms against her breasts and gently fondled them while he watched the most erotic scene of his life unfold before him. He knew he would blow his load just watching and hoped he wouldn't come all over her hair.

He shifted slightly to avoid just that.

“You okay, honey?” Ryan leaned toward Lindsey and took her mouth in a brief kiss. “I don't want to hurt you.”

“I'd be better if you'd thrust all the way in.” She held her breath. They all three did.

Thank God she wanted this.

“I'm working on it. You're so tight. So tight.” Ryan glanced down between

their bodies and watched as he gradually pressed in and out of her, each time gaining the slightest bit more ground.

Alex's cock throbbed, and he had to release one hand against Lindsey to grasp the staff and squeeze. "Shit, I'm going to come. So fucking hot, baby." He pinched the engorged mushroom and prayed he could last a little longer. Hell, he wasn't even the one inside her. His reaction was purely from watching this erotic show in front of him.

"Ryan!" Lindsey begged. Then she arched her back and thrust upward, forcing Ryan all the way inside her.

Ryan groaned and lifted his gaze to hers and then Alex's. "I can't last, man. She's too tight." He let his head fall

against her chest and sucked the available nipple into his mouth.

“Move.”

“Give me a sec, hon. Hold still.”

Ryan grasped her waist with one hand to steady her squirming. He held his body above her with the other hand that shook under the strain.

When Ryan lifted his gaze back to hers, Alex saw the tension on his face. His teeth were gritted together, his brows furrowed in concentration.

Lin turned her head toward Alex. She might have just needed to see his face, but her nose grazed his cock, still wrapped tightly between his fingers, and she gasped. Her gaze never made it

higher. Her lithe tongue reached out and licked Alex's erection from the bottom to the top, pushing his hand out of the way.

The moan that rent the air was his, and he didn't care. The woman beneath him was so sexy, her innocence so pure, her need so natural.

"Oh, God. That's it, honey. Lick him. That's so sexy."

The words made Lindsey moan against Alex's thigh, the vibrations traveling up his dick and forcing come to leak from the tip. He couldn't hold himself up any longer and reached back with the hand he'd been using to fondle her nipple to hold himself upright.

"I can't ... get ... a good angle."

Her licking and nibbling seemed like a perfectly good angle to him.

“I need to taste you. Take you in my mouth.”

Alex shook his head, even though no one could see him. If she did that, he'd blow instantly. He let go of his cock and grabbed her face with his hand.

Lindsey twisted like a contortionist trying to get him into her sweet mouth.

“Hang on.” Ryan pulled out of her on a long groan and flipped her over without missing a beat. Two seconds later, she was on all fours, her face level with Alex's begging dick which she immediately sucked into the recesses of her mouth like a starving woman.

She was an expert. He shook to think another man had experienced this with her.

Lindsey gripped his thighs with both hands, holding her upper body above him. When she pulled back with a small pop, she muttered against his shaft. “No, I haven’t been with anyone else like this. You’re the first. Don’t think I can’t tell what you’re thinking even though I’m not completely as connected as you two are yet.” She smiled up at him serenely and then sucked him back into her warmth with the same firm grip she’d had before.

Alex glanced at Ryan and pleaded, *“I’m not going to last.”*

Ryan pushed Lindsey's legs apart and angled himself once again at her entrance from behind. *"I was waiting on you. As soon as I seat myself inside her I'm going to come."*

"Ryan..." she begged around the mouthful of cock as she sucked Alex back between her soft lips.

Ryan shoved forward, entering her to the hilt in one stroke. "God almighty. You're going to kill us woman." He closed his eyes, head thrown back, and Alex watched as his jaw held tight.

Lindsey sucked even harder on Alex and bucked against Ryan, her body begging him to move.

"Oh, honey..." Ryan lowered his

head, seemingly in control for at least another stroke. He reached around and apparently grasped her clit, because she writhed and moaned, wiggling against Ryan and sucking the life out of Alex while she climaxed for the third time.

“God, baby.” Alex couldn’t hold on. He pressed against her head with his hand to dislodge himself. “I’m going to come, Lin. Pull back.”

The minx didn’t move. She just sucked him deeper and swallowed. That was it. Alex came so hard it almost hurt. The pulsing of his cock in rhythm with the sucking movement of her mouth. She never let loose and swallowed every drop until he was drained.

Somewhere in the middle, Ryan

yelled out Lindsey's name and held himself rigid and tight against her backside while he joined in the climax of a lifetime.

Chapter 8

Three limp bodies lay sprawled on top of each other against the cool blanket. Lindsey lifted one eye and noticed for the first time night had fallen while she'd been engaged in the best sex she could have ever imagined. Better than that actually.

They were all three still breathing as though they'd just been for a long hard run. Lindsey had landed on her side. Her face was pressed against Alejandro's thigh, his staff still pulsing in front of her

face, not completely deflated.

Ryan's hands were splayed against her ass, caressing the globe. Her leg was trapped beneath his body where he'd collapsed beside her. His breath fanned erratically against her side.

"That was ... um..." Someone had to speak.

"Yeah, it was, *mi alma*. Amazing."

"Unbelievable." Ryan's lips tickled her stomach which began to twitch away from his breath. He grasped her ass and pulled her closer to nibble on her waist.

The aftermath of great sex left her ticklish and she giggled against him. "Mercy. Stop."

"Never," Ryan muttered and made a path up her body, dragging himself off

her leg. “Never.”

“We should move inside. It’s going to get chilly out here.” Alex brushed loose strands of hair from her face, his fingertips brushing across her cheek tenderly.

“Yeah, we should.” Ryan didn’t make any movements to go with his words.

With a tremor, Lindsey was the first to lift her head. Maybe if she just pushed up with her arms she’d be able to stand. Maybe not. She slumped back down against Alex’s thigh.

His chuckle reverberated through his body and shook her cheek. “Come on, nymph. Let’s get you inside. You need a

nice long, hot bath. You're going to be sore."

Thank goodness he had the energy to lift and pull her to standing.

The wetness of their lovemaking drew her attention to the space between her legs. Shit, they hadn't even used a condom. What the hell was wrong with her? She was on the pill, but still. She didn't make a habit of sleeping around without using protection. With a quiver, she yanked her mind from those thoughts. Did wolves even carry human diseases?

Ryan stood next to them. While he collected a pile of discarded clothing, Alex picked up the blanket, shook off the leaves, and wrapped it around Lindsey's shoulders.

So endearing. Flanked by two naked men who didn't have a care in the world, she ambled toward the house. It was definitely after dusk and night sounds filled the air, the rustling of the leaves, birds, even an owl could be heard.

Alex held her arm as they climbed the front stairs while Ryan pushed through the door with his butt and propped it open.

She squeezed past him, his perfect naked body completely on display. She had to turn sideways not to brush against his once-again stiff shaft.

Geez, how many rounds can these guys go? Of course they'd only come

once to her three.

Her cheeks flamed. Now wasn't the time to get all prissy. *You are not a slut.*

"Honey," Ryan dropped the clothes, kicked the door shut, and wrapped her in his embrace. She let her head fall against his shoulder while Alex pressed against her back and snaked an arm around her middle.

Ryan continued, "We aren't completely privy to your thoughts, but reading your face is easy." He tilted her head back and gazed into her eyes, a stern look on his face. "You are beautiful and sexy and strong. We both adore you and worship you. Whatever doubts you are having, toss them out the window."

She tried a wry smile. “Point me toward a tub.” She needed warm water. And a glass of wine.

“I’ll grab the wine and meet you guys upstairs,” Alejandro stated.

They might not be inside her head yet, but man they were in tune with her thoughts already.

Ryan followed her up the stairs, holding the length of the blanket up so she wouldn’t trip. At the top, he aimed her down a hall and into a huge bedroom.

She sucked in a breath. It was enormous. “Is this your room normally?”

“Yep. Do you like it?”

“Love it.” The walls were painted a

deep navy, the curtains matching. Her bare feet were in luxury as she padded across the thick beige carpet with flecks of jewel tones. Who needed a bed with a floor this soft and inviting?

She turned to face the bed though—king-sized and covered with the same color navy sheets and duvet as the walls and window coverings.

“Come on.” Ryan interrupted her thoughts and pulled on her hand. A few steps to the left and she was in the largest bathroom she’d ever seen. The dark brown tile floor was covered with plush navy rugs that matched the bedroom décor. The centerpiece in the middle of the room was a deep whirlpool tub that made Lindsey

practically moan imagining the luxurious bath she was going to have.

Ryan left her in the doorway and scurried around. She couldn't take her eyes off his tanned muscular frame. He flipped on the water, grabbed towels, arranged soaps, and then turned to smile at her, all while wearing not a stitch of clothing. "Are you coming?"

Suddenly timid, Lindsey padded forward with small, trepid steps. She was naked, only the blanket wrapped around her. Of course Ryan was naked too and it didn't seem to faze him.

Is he going to stay? Watch me bathe?

"Come on in." He tested the water

with one hand. “Water’s perfect.”

Steam wafted up from the bath to fill the room. The fog created wasn’t nearly enough to give her the confidence needed to drop the quilt, however.

Sure, they’d just had wild sex outside. But that had been different. She’d been ... not in her right mind apparently. And it was dusk. Now?

She bit her bottom lip and peered into the filling tub.

Ryan reached across her and grabbed a bottle of something with a pink lid. Seemed crazy that this manly man beside her kept anything so girly looking in his bathroom.

Moments later, as he poured a stream of the contents into the swirling

water, she realized what he held. Bubbles.

“Now?” He held an arm out to the tub and raised his eyebrows, a tight smile across his face as she stared up at him.

“Are you going to ... um, stay?”

“Honey, I’m going to do more than stay. I’m going to get in with you.”

Until he tugged on the blanket, an attempt to get her motivated, she hadn’t realized the iron grip she had on the corners.

Why the hell are you being so modest? Get in.

Ryan let go with one hand and pulled enough with the other to bring her into

his embrace, his free arm wrapping around her.

“Oh, hon, you’re adorable.” He nibbled around her neck and up to her ear before breathing onto her lobe with the perfect combination of air and tongue to send a chill down her body.

As he made his way across her cheek to her mouth, she felt her body relaxing against him. Her grip lessened. She wanted this man again. What was happening to her?

The blazing hot kiss caused her to lose all other senses. All she knew was Ryan’s taste, the feel of his tongue on hers, the smell of his personal musk. She couldn’t think.

And that had been his objective, she

realized, when the blanket slipped to the floor and Ryan scooped her limp body into his embrace and set her in the delightfully perfect water.

He didn't even break the kiss, just climbed in beside her. Gentle pressure on her shoulders made her bend her knees until she was seated on the bottom of the tub.

Only then did he stop torturing her with his lips, his tongue. He pulled back a few inches and gazed into her eyes with a hungry look that told her everything she needed to know about where this was going.

Ryan slipped behind her and sat down, his legs straddling hers. He

leaned against the tub with a low moan and pulled her back against his chest, his arms coiling around her middle.

“This feels fantastic,” she mumbled. Every muscle in her tight body relaxed as she settled against his chest. Her arms shook and floated up to the surface. She was weightless and powerless to do anything except let Ryan hold her. Her eyes fluttered closed.

“Ahh, that looks so inviting. Is there room for one more?” Alejandro’s voice broke the silence. Lindsey jolted upright, jerking from Ryan’s arms. Her breasts came out of the water and she instinctively reached to cover herself. How had she forgotten about Alex? She needed a shrink. Hell, she had a shrink.

She needed daily visits apparently. She was going insane.

Alex chuckled. “Did you get all modest on us?”

“She did. Took a lot of coaxing to get her into the tub in the first place.”

Alejandro arranged the contents of his hands, three glasses and a bottle of Merlot, on the edge of the tub.

“Um, babe? I think the modest ship has sailed. We’ve seen you naked.” His smile was genuine. He wasn’t mocking her. “*Bellísima*, I might add.” He filled each glass and set the bottle back down.

“Sorry, I...” *You what? It’s a little late for this act isn’t it?*

“It’s okay, *cariña*. We understand.

This will take some getting used to.” Alejandro climbed into the tub. He faced her and spread his own long, gorgeous legs to land over the top of both hers and Ryan’s.

She held her breath as she watched his once again stiff cock bob around in front of him as he lowered into the water until it was out of sight. Only then did it occur to her she was staring. When her gaze jumped to his face, she found him grinning.

The flush that rushed to cover her cheeks left her extremely hot and nervous.

“Lin, baby. Look all you want. Any time you want. I like how your eyes light up and your skin turns pink. Don’t be

embarrassed.”

“Hey, why can’t I hear your thoughts now?” Shouldn’t she be able to connect with them after that mind-blowing episode on the front lawn? Wasn’t that how it worked? “I thought...”

Ryan pulled her back against him into the position she’d been in before Alejandro entered. One hand, however, did not exactly land in the same spot around her waist this time, but instead began to draw circles around her breast. She gasped when he flicked lightly over the nipple and then resumed the spiral pattern with one finger, circling gradually away from the center and then back in to once again flick her nipple.

She moaned and her head lulled back against Ryan's shoulder.

“How can I possibly be aroused again?”

Alex leaned forward and gently clasped her chin with one hand. He placed a sweet chaste kiss on her lips. “The claiming process has begun. That’s why you need us again, *mi amor*. And you’ll find it more and more difficult to resist the temptation over the next few days. My brother said his mate turned into a complete nymphomaniac when they were going through the process.” He smiled, eyes wide with ... hope?

“Oh, no...” She held her breath. He was so sexy with his hair all ruffled and

falling across his eyebrow. If her arms weren't so floaty, she'd have reached to brush the locks away from his eyes.

All her blood seemed to have drained to her core, however, and none was left to control her limbs.

Alex relaxed back against his side of the tub and lifted one of her feet into his hands. He pressed on her insole and massaged away any stress she was feeling. Her limp body went even more flaccid as he worked over her toes and heel.

Ryan mumbled into her ear. "You can't connect with us mentally yet because the process isn't complete."

"Why not?" She twisted her face toward him, her lips landing only a

breath from his. “We just...”

“It wasn’t enough. We have to take you at the same time, honey. You weren’t ready for that.”

“At the same time? What was that if it wasn’t ‘at the same time?’”

She shook her head.

Ryan laid his forehead on hers and clasped her face with one hand, his other falling away from her breast. His gaze bore into her.

She sucked air in and out so rapidly she thought she’d hyperventilate.

“I can’t,” she whispered. “I just can’t.”

“You will, honey. Give it time. We’ve nothing but time. Just relax. Take

a deep breath. No one is forcing you to move at a quicker pace than you are ready for.”

Ryan released her chin, which only caused her to resume shaking her head slowly back and forth.

“You don’t understand.” She furrowed her brow. There was no way in hell she could have sex “that way.” She couldn’t even bring herself to think the words, let alone participate in the act.

Ryan pulled her body back against his and Alex switched to her other foot.

Lindsey gasped for air.

Deep inhale... Deep exhale... You can do it.

“We do understand.” He brushed the

locks of hair that had fallen over her eyes away from her face. Long strands floated around her. “We are not pressuring you. We won’t have to. You’ll see. You will crave the claiming as much as we do. In fact, you’ll beg us to take you at once soon.”

She felt his smile against her neck. Thank goodness he didn’t laugh out loud.

Alex moved to her calves. When had they gotten so stiff? His expert touch was so professional. Of course he did say his sisters had taught him everything he knew. She’d have to thank them.

Shit. What was she thinking? She’d never be able to face them. She was sleeping with their brother ... and

another man for heaven's sake.

She had to concentrate to talk over the wild assault on her body. Between the hands climbing expertly up her legs, working out every knot she'd ever accrued, and the fingers resuming their delicate dance around her nipples, she was tongue-tied.

“No. You can't comprehend what I was taught as a child.” She took a deep breath, only causing her chest to heave into Ryan's palm. “If women aren't meant to enjoy sex or even participate in it except for the express purpose of procreation, what do you think the church preaches about ... that?”

Alex chuckled. “That? You mean me burying my cock in that sweet ass of

yours?” He reached her thigh simultaneous with his explicit words, both hands wrapping around her, rubbing up and down the length of muscles, precariously close to her sex.

“Yes ... that. Do you have to be so crass about—” She gasped when his fingers brushed against her entrance.

He’d obviously told Ryan precisely when he was going to do it, too, because both nipples got pinched in unison with Alex’s intimate contact.

“What was that, *cariña*? Did you say something?”

The evidence of Ryan’s arousal was pressing against her back, growing with her own anticipation. His hands molded

and squeezed her breasts simultaneously now, applying more pressure than before. Pressure she welcomed, needed.

A fire burned in her stomach, an ache she'd never even known existed until tonight. Sure, she'd masturbated alone occasionally in the past. Dr. Mathius had encouraged her to in order to get more acquainted with her body. See herself as a sexual being. But, it had been so clinical. Never had she felt this quickening, this need for release.

When Alex switched thighs, she couldn't stand it another minute. She reached for him with her hands to still his own, leaned forward and grasped his fingers with her palms, her breath heavy, her head tipped down, a veil of her hair

surrounding her face so all she saw was the rippling of the water. All she heard was the pop popping of the tiny bubbles inside her little cocoon.

Gently, Ryan released her breasts and ran his palms down her arms until his fingers tangled with hers. He tugged them away from Alex and tucked her arms under his own, trapping her against him. “Let us bring you pleasure, Lin. Get used to it. We’re going to do it so often you’ll be exhausted.”

Her mind raced at the implication. Let them? *Let* them? She shouldn’t. It was wrong. Sure, she’d just had sex with them under a tree, although apparently not “good” enough to count, but it was

deeply ingrained in her to say “no” to this sort of pleasure.

Her reflex was to automatically pull away.

“We can smell your arousal. Your need for release.” Alex resumed the pressure, this time on both thighs at once, his fingers so close to her center she moaned.

“We know you want this, hon. Your body is rigid with need. So, if it makes it any easier, I’ll take the choice out of your hands, literally... That way you can sit back, relax, and enjoy the ride.” To emphasize his words he squeezed her arms tighter against his body, resumed weighing her breasts in his palms, and brushed his thumbs over both distended

nipples.

His hands were firm and kept her from bucking when Alex pressed her thighs apart and abruptly pushed both thumbs inside her.

Now, she was truly going to hyperventilate. “Oh ... oh...” She pulled in vain to lean forward, stop the madness. But oh man it felt so good. So right. She wanted to let this man do whatever he desired. That’s what she really wanted. Bless Ryan for understanding her need to have the decision made for her.

Alex’s fingers came together from each hand to circle her clit, creating an infuriating need for him to rub harder.

His thumbs pressed in and out of her, going deeper with each pass.

She couldn't stop from lifting her torso up to meet him.

“God, that's hot, *mi alma*. So sexy.”

She was so close ... so, so close. Four hands driving her crazy.

“What do you want, hon?” Ryan's voice penetrated her senses over the sloshing of the water and the ringing in her ears.

“Please...”

She leaned her head back against Ryan once again, desperation forcing her to beg. “Please, make me come. I... I need you so bad.”

“All you had to do was ask.”

Ryan pinched her nipples hard. Alex

pulled his thumbs from her and twisted so that several fingers plowed into her as deep as they could with one hand, his thumb landing on her clit and pressing so hard she exploded on a loud groan.

“That’s it, baby. Let it go.” Alex curled his fingers up and dragged them over her in just the right spot to prolong her orgasm.

Her vaginal walls pumped him so hard she could feel herself squeezing his fingers over and over.

And she wanted more. It wasn’t enough. She should have been sated, replete, exhausted, but she needed him inside her. *Now*.

“Please... I need you inside me,” she

mumbled. She opened her partially closed eyes and gazed into Alejandro's deep endless blue stare.

He didn't say a word, just stood and lifted her with him, tugging her from Ryan's grasp around her middle into his arms.

In a whirlwind of seconds, she found herself carried dripping wet through the bathroom and into the bedroom. And then plopped unceremoniously in the middle of the huge bed.

Alex lowered himself on top of her and took her mouth in a searing, demanding kiss, moaning against her lips. Before she could even catch a breath, he pushed her legs apart with his thighs and slammed all the way into her

in one long, delicious drive forward. “*Dios mío. Me vas a matar.* You’re going to kill me,” he muttered against her lips. “So tight. Ryan, she’s so fucking tight. I can’t move.”

Lindsey had nearly forgotten Ryan and a chill went down her arms as she realized he was right there alongside them, his fingers grazing up one arm and across her face. “Yes, I know. It’s agonizing isn’t it?”

“I’m sorry, *mi alma*. I’m not going to last this first time. You’re so sexy ... all flushed and wanton. I can’t take my eyes off you, but the look on your face is enough to make me explode.” He brushed her hair away from her eyes

with one hand.

“Move, damn it.” She lifted her hips, grasped his biceps with her fingertips. Would he please shut up and move already?

He smiled slow and sexy, one side of his mouth rising higher than the other. “Of course, but...” Finally he pulled out and pushed back in just as quickly. He held his breath and gritted his teeth as though in pain.

Lindsey smiled deep inside. She did this to him. She made him unable to hold back. It was so sexy, endearing.

Ryan slipped his thumb into her open mouth and she greedily closed her lips around him and sucked, bringing a moan from next to her ear.

“You’re going to be the death of us.”

With a pop, her clasp on Ryan’s thumb released and Lindsey was abruptly flipped through the air until she landed on top of Alex who remained impaled deep inside her. Her eyes grew wide with shock. She straddled the man, could control the need for friction inside her dripping sex.

She lifted off him gently at first and then slammed herself back down, heady with the newfound control. Her need for release again, even so soon, forced her to lean forward so that on the next pass she ground her clit against Alex’s torso. “Ahhh.”

And then a hand pressed against her

back and she moaned. Ryan held her firmly pressed into Alex. In fact he pushed her down until her chest was flat against Alex's firm pecs.

The abrupt end to her short feeling of control increased her desire exponentially. Why was she so incredibly turned on by the dominance of these two men?

Ryan held her steadfastly with one hand while rubbing her back with the other.

Her clit was pressed into Alex, trapped tightly against his warm skin, begging for friction.

Lindsey rested one cheek against the light sprinkling of hair on Alex's chest that tickled her neck and chin. Her

exposed cheek felt sunburned from her constant flush.

Deep breaths did not calm her need or slow her heart rate. What was Ryan going to do?

A small pop rang in her ears as though he'd flipped open a lid. *Shit*. He wouldn't...

She stiffened, and Alex wrapped both arms around her as Ryan released his hold. "Just relax. We are only going to prepare you this time. No one is going to do anything you aren't ready for. Just let Ryan make you feel good."

Cool liquid coated the fingers that began to trace the entrance to Lindsey's forbidden hole. And damn it she

moaned. It felt good. It shouldn't. It wasn't supposed to. As Ryan used both hands to spread her lower cheeks apart to get a better angle, she began to relax. With Alex's huge cock pressed so deep inside her, she would do anything to keep the momentum going, even let Ryan explore this forbidden territory.

Explore. Not breach.

“He won't...?”

“No, *mi alma*. He's just preparing you. You'll be too tight now. Later. We just want you to feel the sensation. Just a finger, baby. Ryan?”

At the question, Ryan gradually pressed just the tip of one well-lubricated finger into her rear entrance. The pressure was intense. There was no

way these two were ever going to fit their large cocks in there. Just the one finger felt like it would tear her apart.

But still, she moaned again. Uncontrollably and against her will.

Alex released his tight grip around her and lifted her limp body off him a few inches before pressing into her again with his hips. “Ah, God, baby. That feels so good. I can’t wait to feel you with Ryan inside at the same time.”

Lindsey gazed into this man’s eyes and couldn’t believe the love she saw there. He needed her as much as she did him, or more.

Alex relinquished control back to Lindsey and she once again took the

reins, determining speed and pressure as she pumped herself up and down over Alex's body. The only difference was Ryan's relentless finger riding the waves of pleasure with her, increasing her passion. Somehow he managed to move completely in sync with her, his palm flat against her rear forcing one finger as far as he could inside her.

In a swift unexpected move, Alejandro reached between them and pressed his hand against her clit, pushing her over the edge. She squeezed her eyes shut above him, her whole body tensing as her pussy gripped the cock inside her and milked him.

“Oh, baby. I can't... Ahhh.” He lifted his hips to press more firmly

inside her and his pulsing orgasm combined with her own.

Thank goodness Ryan wrapped an arm around her middle or she would have collapsed.

After several moments, the intensity of her high began to lessen and Ryan slowly removed his finger.

She opened her eyes as Alex reached up to take her limp body from Ryan and lowered her to the bed, half on and half off him. His chest heaved as he tried to catch his breath.

“Am I still alive?” she asked.

His chuckle rumbled under her cheek. “I’m not even sure I am.”

Ryan lifted off her and she sensed

him climbing off the bed.

Moments later, he returned and pulled her limp body away from the warmth of Alex's arms. On her back now, he spread her thighs, and she watched his face as he gently, lovingly wiped between all her folds with a warm wash cloth.

She was so lucky. Two of the sexiest men alive were doting on her like she was a princess.

When he finished, he lifted her off the bed, just long enough for Alex to yank the wet comforter away from beneath her and then Ryan laid her against the cool dry sheets beneath. She'd completely forgotten they'd climbed onto the bed straight from the

tub without even pausing to dry off.

Alex pulled her into his embrace as Ryan climbed into bed on her other side and snaked an arm around her middle. He softly kissed her temple and pulled a thick, dry blanket over the top of them.

“I have to admit, I was less than pleased when I first walked into the kitchen the other day and realized my fate. But, baby that was hotter than anything I could have ever imagined and I’m so very glad the three of us will be walking this path together.”

Lindsey turned to look into his eyes, her own half open, and smiled.

When she looked back at Alex, he added, “I wouldn’t have it any other way

either. This is perfect.”

“Sleep, hon. Sleep.”

If they said anything else, she didn’t hear it.

Chapter 9

The shrill noise of a cell phone forced Lindsey to open one eye against the bright light that filled the room. Where was she?

Oh, yeah. She snuggled back into the warmth of the bed beneath the weight of multiple blankets. Where were the guys? How long had she been asleep?

Blessedly the ringing stopped and she smashed her face back into the pillow. Could she get away with sleeping all day? As she moved to get more comfortable, every muscle in her

body rebelled with the sweet ache of having been thoroughly fucked last night.

Fucked? Lindsey smiled. It wasn't that she thought so little of their love making, but she had to face it, the intense sex she'd experienced at the hands of her two lovers left her feeling, frankly, well-fucked.

The damn shrill ringing began again.

This time she was more alert and discovered the noise was coming from one side of the bed. She reluctantly peered over the edge and saw her clothes from yesterday had been placed across a nearby chair. Her phone was undoubtedly ringing inside the pocket of her jeans.

Grumbling to herself at the distraction, she crawled across the silk sheets and reached out with one hand, grateful she was able to just barely snag her pants without having to get completely out of the cozy warmth of her little slice of heaven.

The ringing stopped again before she could answer the call, but the caller ID showed two missed calls, both from Kara.

Shit. Kara was probably worried about her. Before she could hit redial and put her friend's mind at ease, the ringing started again, startling her.

She quickly flipped the phone open. "Kara?"

“Finally. I was getting worried. Are you okay?”

“Of course, why wouldn’t I be? If you were worried, why’d you let these two hunks drag me out into the middle of nowhere?”

“No, no. I’m not worried about them. Listen, there’s a little problem you should know about.”

“What?” Lindsey sat upright, letting the sheets fall to her waist and exposing her chest to the cool morning air. She glanced down and remembered she was, of course, completely naked. She shivered.

What was wrong?

“Those people, um, the Bible-

thumping crazies?”

“I’m well acquainted. What’d they do now?” She rubbed her arm with her free hand to chase away the goose bumps. *What are those creeps up to now?*

“They keep coming by your place. When you weren’t there yesterday, they waited outside ... all night.”

“Shit. Really? Why? Can’t they take *no* for an answer?” She stiffened, grabbed the sheet with her free hand and held it in a tight grip.

“Yeah, they’re really freaking Jessica out. She called me last night at eleven o’clock and said she couldn’t sleep because she felt like she was being watched.”

“Oh, man. I feel so bad. Poor Jess.”

“I know, sweetie. But this isn’t your fault. I just wanted to warn you, because they seem to be getting rather insistent. Though I can’t imagine why. After all these years we’ve been together...”

“Yeah, that’s crazy. Sure, they’ve pushed their foot in the door every now and then, but not like this. It’s been four years since I left the church. Why increase the pressure now?”

“I don’t know, but you’d better tell Ryan and Alex. They aren’t going to like it.”

“You think I should?” She released the covers and bit a nail between her teeth. “Yeah, I guess I have to. We need

to get back. I don't want to leave Jess there all alone another night."

"Well, I don't know what good that'll do since you aren't going to sleep there with her anymore anyway."

"Why wouldn't I? It's my apartment."

"Lindsey? Did you not just spend the night mating with two shape-shifting wolves?"

"Well, sort of, but—"

"Sweetie, they aren't going to drop you off at your place and go on about their lives. It doesn't work that way."

"How does it work?" She hadn't really thought about the implications of this tryst yet.

Kara laughed. "Well, for starters you

won't be apart from them again, ever. You won't want to. Especially right now. Think about it for a second. You must have really been asleep when I called."

Lindsey considered her words. Every muscle in her ached deliciously, and she wanted to do it again. "Hmm."

"Give it a minute. It'll sink in."

"So what do we do?"

"I already told Jess to come out here and stay. She balked at the idea, but hopefully I'll wear her down by the end of the day. I don't want her there another night feeling terrorized."

"Why didn't she call the police?"

"She thought about it, but didn't see

what they could do. No one was doing anything illegal. And later, when she looked again, she couldn't see their car. She didn't think they'd really left ever, but she felt stupid calling the cops to come see why no one was outside watching her anymore."

"Sounds like Jess. She's too nice sometimes."

"*Way* too nice." Kara sighed into the phone. "I'll go get her later. You enjoy a few more days there. But tell the guys or I promise they'll be pissed to find out about this later. If they're anything like Trevor and Justin, they must have a possessive streak a mile long by now. They won't take kindly to the idea that someone is lying in wait trying to get

their hands on their woman.” She chuckled. But it wasn’t funny.

She was right. Lindsey didn’t know Alex and Ryan as well as she wished at this moment, but deep down she knew this would never fly with them.

She shivered and sank back down under the covers. “Call me if anything changes.”

“I will. Love you. Ciao.”

As soon as she flipped the phone closed, Alejandro bounded into the room, startling her.

“You, okay?”

“Of course, why wouldn’t I be?” She smiled at him sweetly from under the covers while dropping the phone on the

bedside table.

Alex cocked his head and narrowed his gaze at her as he ambled closer. “Unfortunately, I can’t read your specific thoughts yet, which we need to rectify soon...”

Lindsey squeezed her legs together under the blankets. She was fully aware of what needed to happen to “rectify” that situation, and was not mentally ready to follow that line of thinking, even though her body betrayed her mind. The tightening in her stomach made her sex practically twitch with anticipation.

“Nevertheless, I could feel your fear and anger from downstairs. What happened? Who was on the phone?”

Bossy. Is he always this

demanding? “Kara.”

“And?”

Apparently so.

“Seems some people from my former church were sort of ... stalking Jessica last night at the apartment. All night.”

She cringed when his eyes went wide. “And, let me guess, they weren’t there trying to recruit new members.”

“Probably not, no.”

“I thought you left the church a long time ago?”

“I did. Four years ago. When I went away to college after my grandma died, I left and never went back.”

“But they won’t take no for answer.”

“No. They’ve never been this bad

though. It's weird. Two or three members have always come by from time to time to 'check up on me.' They're usually fairly pleasant. I can't imagine why they'd wait outside all night for me when I'm not even home." She shivered again and snuggled farther under the covers.

Alejandro sat on the edge and laid a hand on her thigh. Even through the layers, she could feel the heat of his touch as it traveled higher up her leg and ignited her in places she hadn't even been completely aware of until last night.

"We should check it out. Head back and go to your apartment."

"No. It's not necessary. Kara's going

to go get Jess and let her stay out on the farm for a few days while we're here. I'll face them when I get home. It's one thing to hound me regularly about returning to the flock—it's another thing altogether to wait outside for my return. I can't tolerate my friends feeling terrorized by their impatience.

"I'll talk to them when I get home. Apparently I need to be a little more insistent that *no* means *no*."

"You'll do no such thing." Alejandro frowned.

"Huh?"

"*Cariña*, we aren't going to leave you to face these crazies by yourself."

Lindsey chuckled. "What do you

think you're going to do? Threaten some religious zealots with your size and good looks?"

"If we have to, yes." His look was stern, his eyes furrowed. "Ryan and I will handle it."

"I don't need you to 'handle it,' Alex. I was doing just fine before you showed up and I can still hold my own now." She leaned up on her forearms. Sure, a little dominance in the bedroom was sexy, fun, entertaining, hell ... hot. But out in the real world? Could she tolerate this demanding need to control her from two men? *Not*.

"Lindsey?" She lifted her gaze to see Ryan standing in the doorway. His face was as scrunched up as Alex's, as

though he'd been here the entire time.

Naturally. Of course Alex had been maintaining a side conversation with Ryan ever since he'd entered the room.

“Don’t you start with me too. Boys —”

“Boys?” Ryan wandered toward her. Instead of heading for the other side of the bed and settling there to flank her as usual, he climbed right up the end of the bed, crawled up the center, straddled her legs with his, and leaned forward above her until their lips met.

The kiss was so brief and light, she wasn’t even sure their lips had actually touched. But, she felt the heat of that kiss travel down her body all the way to her

core. She grew wet beneath his gaze and squirmed.

He smiled at her and repeated, “Boys? Is that what we are?”

She swallowed. “When you act all bossy like this, yes.”

“Bossy? Who’s being bossy?”

“Oh, cut the crap. I know good and well, you are aware of every detail of what Alejandro and I were discussing, Mr. Telepathy.”

Ryan settled over her body, letting the weight of himself press into her. His cock was hard, and it rubbed her in just the right spot through the layers between them.

Holding just his head up with his forearms, his face was inches from hers.

“We aren’t bossy. We just want to protect what’s ours.”

“*See.* That’s what I mean. ‘Ours.’ What am I? A possession?” Why was she growing incredibly hornier while they argued?

Alex spoke from the side. “We don’t think of you that way at all. We just ... care about you is all. A great deal. We don’t want anything to happen to you. It would destroy us.”

“And, hon, this situation is fishy. Doesn’t feel safe to us.”

“What do you think a bunch of Christians are going to do? Kidnap me?” She almost laughed at the idea. Almost.

No one looked amused as she gazed

back and forth at their faces.

Finally, Ryan continued. “We aren’t taking any chances.”

“And what do you propose doing? Are you going to stay with me at my place indefinitely? Waiting for these guys to show up again and ask me to return to God’s path? How do you think that might go over with Jessica, having both of you there?”

Silence. Again. Is that when they discuss things “behind my back?” During the quiet moments? The thought unnerved her.

“What?” She broke the deafening lull.

“Lindsey, *mi alma*, we ... the three of us will figure out a place we can be

together while we work out the logistics of the rest of our lives, but we aren't going to stay in your apartment." His voice trailed off.

"Kara mentioned you'd feel that way. I thought she was kidding." Did they really expect her to just move out? Right this minute? And not return to her life as she'd known it? *That's what Kara did.*

"Dead serious," Ryan muttered as he began to kiss a trail from her ear to her neck. He would know she'd soften under his lips. In fact, her somewhat rigid body went slack almost immediately, pissing her off.

When he nudged the covers down

her chest with his chin and kissed a line between her breasts, she warmed all over and couldn't keep her mind on the anger she'd felt at his demanding method of handling her affairs.

"I can't ... just ... move ... out..." She moaned when his lips wrapped around a nipple and sucked, forcing her body to buck beneath his touch.

"Mmm. You're delicious."

"Don't ... change ... the subject." What was the subject?

"Just showing you where you belong, honey. In case you forgot the magic we have between us."

Abruptly Ryan pulled away, leaving her trembling as the cold air of the room hit her wet nipple.

Her eyes went wide as both men jerked the covers away and stripped their jeans and T-shirts from their bodies.

Ryan lay beside her and pulled her to her side, lining their bodies up against each other. Her nipples grew harder as they brushed against his chest.

He leaned back in to claim her mouth in a demanding kiss that had lost all the gentleness of before.

Alex pressed into her back, sandwiching her between the two of them. With one huge, warm hand, he lifted her top leg and angled it over Ryan's torso, effectively opening her up. His palm traveled the length of her thigh

and butt over and over, warming her even further with his caress. His fingers brushed closer and closer to her center with each pass, until he paused entirely and ran two or three digits between her folds.

She moaned into Ryan's mouth as Alex spread the evidence of her desire from his fingers to her clit. Ryan smoothly sucked her tongue into the recesses of his mouth.

She pulled back to catch her breath when he released the suction. How did they do this to her? Send her careening over a cliff so quickly. Hadn't they been having a serious discussion not moments ago?

Lindsey tipped her head back and

took deep breaths, leaving her neck open to Ryan's tongue. Her nipple dragged against the slight hair on his chest and his hand crawled from her waist to her breast before deliberately molding the globe with his talented fingers and circling the tip teasingly.

The combination of Ryan circling her nipple and Alex circling her clit, drove her to frantic heights. "Please... Oh, ohh." Lindsey reached first for Ryan's hand and then Alex's, squeezing each wrist in turn. She couldn't wrap her mind around any other coherent words, but groaned loud enough to startle herself. Her eyes flew open as if she were awakening from a deep sleep. She

pushed her hips forward and jutted her chest out, begging with her body for them to more precisely alleviate her of the building need.

Both men nuzzled her neck for a moment and then simultaneously pinched her nipple and her clit. That was the best benefit she could possibly think of for this telepathy thing between them. She knew it was always a choreographed action.

And it was effectual.

Her orgasm came fast and hard, shaking her body. The quivering inside her didn't get a chance to subside before Ryan plunged into her to the hilt.

Trapped between both men, she couldn't budge. Alex once again pressed

against her thigh, holding her firmly against Ryan's demanding staff.

She gasped for air when Ryan pulled out and thrust back in.

The presence of another cock behind her, pressed firmly against her back, drove her to wish for one second she was brave enough to throw in the towel and take both men at once—but only for a second. She couldn't do that, and hoped they wouldn't force the issue.

Ryan began a steady rhythm as he pressed in and out of her, his groin coming into contact with her sensitive clit on each pass.

Relentlessly he nibbled around her neck and chest while his hand molded

and squeezed her breast.

Lindsey gasped and froze when Alex's pinky landed on the space between her sex and her ass. Apparently the perineum could be a very erogenous zone.

Why did it have to feel so damn good? She was so close. Hadn't she just come about two minutes ago? Not to mention several times in the last twelve hours?

Both men suddenly froze and Alejandro removed his hand abruptly from her back side. His warmth disappeared just as fast, leaving her bereft of his touch. "What's the matter? Please, don't stop..." Was that breathy sound her voice?

Both men chuckled lightly through deep inhales.

What the hell are they stopping for?

Moments, that seemed like eons, later, Alex returned and sat behind her once again. He didn't lie down this time. The same popping noise she remembered from earlier made her eyes open wide. The lube.

“Relax, *mi amor*. I won't do anything you aren't ready for. I just want to prepare you. Your ass is so tight, baby. We need to work on that so later...” His voice was barely audible, strained.

This was hard for him. He wanted her. They both wanted to consummate

this relationship, so to speak, and she was preventing them from it.

Ryan pulled out until just the tip of his cock remained within her and then he pressed back in while Alex once again held her firmly in this fully seated position. The force from behind was exquisite and she wanted more.

More is what she got. A generous cool glob of lube landed at her rear entrance. With both hands free as Alex sat behind her, he was able to use one to spread her cheeks apart and one to spread the warming oil against her forbidden hole, circling exquisitely around the entrance and reminding her of what they'd accomplished earlier, each spiraling around her nipple and her clit.

“Relax, baby.” Alex rubbed her thigh with one hand, holding her against Ryan.

First one finger, and then immediately two, breached her ass and scissored inside her. The pressure was so ... wrong. And yet so ... perfect.

Once, twice, Ryan slowly pulled in and out of her. He was panting into her ear, his gasps a telling sign he was holding on by a thread.

The fingers disappeared and Alex laughed softly when she moaned. “I’m going to put a small plug in you now, *mi alma*.”

What? What the hell is a plug? It didn’t sound good.

“Push out, baby, while I push it in.

It'll be easier on you." Alex laid a hand on her brow and she glanced up in his direction, but only got the side of Ryan's head.

Push out? Was he kidding?

"Just relax."

"You can't..."

"It's just a plug. It'll make you feel exquisite when you come around Ryan's cock. Trust me. You won't believe the difference."

"I..." She bit her lip and tried to relax. How could it hurt? It was just a plug, an object, like a dildo, although she sincerely hoped it was smaller than any vibrator she currently owned.

"Trust me?" Alejandro's words reached her soul. He wanted this so bad

and she couldn't say no to him, ever.

“Okay.” She gritted her teeth as the object circled her rear and pressed against her opening.

She wished she could see it first. *No, you don't.*

“Slight pressure, baby. Bear down.”

She did. Alex didn't give her time to think about it or build up a tolerance to the foreign object. He swiftly pushed it in until it was fully seated.

She held her breath. It wasn't too bad. In fact, it felt kinda good. With Ryan's cock inside her and now this plug that was surely much smaller than it felt.

“You okay, babe?” Alex lay down

behind her, rubbed her ass cheek.

“Mmm, hmm. I think so.”

“I’m not going to last.” Ryan spoke through gritted teeth and started to move, slowly at first, and then picked up speed.

“Ohh...” *Oh, my*. Nothing she’d ever experienced compared to the intense pressure she now felt. Each pass of Ryan’s stiff cock rubbed against the plug. She thought she’d faint.

“Go ahead and come, *mi amor*. Ryan’s trying to hold off for you.”

Alex stroked her seemingly everywhere at once. His own cock was rubbing between her butt cheeks and he was breathing heavier.

She couldn’t stave off the impending orgasm another second, unable to even

concentrate on any one sensation for more than a moment at a time. The assault on her senses was so thorough.

Lindsey let go and came harder than she'd ever come before, the muscles inside her contracting around both Ryan and the plug. Heaven couldn't be this fine.

Before she even finished her spasms, both men called out her name at once. Ryan held rigid deep inside her, his orgasm pulsing beneath the final grips of her vaginal walls.

At the same time, Alex came against her backside, warm semen bathing her ass with his release.

As Lindsey gradually relaxed, so did

the men sandwiching her, a tangle of their arms and legs hugging her between them.

She was so sated, her eyes sagged shut. “That was nice...”

“Nice?” They both chuckled against her at once, their voices vibrating through her entire body from the proximity of their lips to her skin, everywhere.

“Hmm.” She smiled and let sleep take her under.

Chapter 10

“So what do you think about these religious freaks?” Alejandro paced the kitchen, his mind swirling with possibilities.

When Ryan didn’t answer, he spun

on one foot and glared at him.

“You are concerned, aren’t you?”

“Hell, yes.” Ryan stood from his spot at the table where he’d been sitting like a statue leaning his eye sockets over his palms. “I’m trying not to go ballistic here. I’m concentrating. It’s hard, though, with you wearing a hole in the hardwood floor over there.” His fake smile made Alex’s shoulders relax.

He did care. He wasn’t being passive like Alejandro assumed.

“Do you think we need to leave? Head home I mean?”

“I don’t know.” Ryan stood and ran his hands through his hair. “Could be nothing. Maybe we’re overreacting.”

“And if it’s not?”

“Then we won’t have a problem as long as we don’t let her out of our sight ... ever.”

“Yep, that’ll go over well. She’s so on board with the idea.” Alejandro hoped his attempt at sarcasm was as apparent as he intended.

“You’re right, of course.” Ryan’s shoulders slumped. “I’ll call my dad. See what he thinks. Maybe one of my brothers can go over to the apartment, check it out.”

“Maybe we should go directly to the source. Scout out the church. See what seems to be going on there for them to be hounding a young woman after four years

of absence. Do we know the name of the denomination?”

“Ha. I doubt it’s a ‘denomination’ per se. Probably just a single congregation of zealots. I don’t know the name. Don’t think Lindsey mentioned it. Kara will know.” Ryan pulled his cell phone from his pocket. “I’ll try her first and then call my dad.”

Alejandro waited, knowing he had a permanent scowl etched across his face while he watched Ryan engage in the two quick calls. He’d need to change his attitude before Lindsey woke up. Pretend he wasn’t worried.

Thank God she was still peacefully sleeping after their mid-morning romp in the bed.

Ryan held the phone to his ear. “Kara, hey... Yeah, we heard... I know. Do you know the name of this so-called church she attended?” A long pause ensued. Alex could hear only bits and pieces of Kara’s voice as it rose and fell with her anxiety.

“Thanks, Kara... Yeah, we’re going to get someone to check it out. Is Jessica at your place now? ...good ... yes ... we’ll keep in touch.” He hung up.

“His Mighty Sword.”

“What?” Alejandro hadn’t heard that expression before.

“The name of the church. His Mighty Sword.” Ryan chuckled.

“That’s the name of a church?”

“Apparently.” Ryan flipped his phone back open and punched a few buttons.

What the hell kind of church is named His Mighty Sword?

Hell being the operative word in this case.

“Dad. Glad I caught you. We need some help... Of course... No, we’re fine... Well, if you stop asking so damn many questions, I’ll tell you...” He smiled.

Thank God, because Alex hated to think he actually spoke to his father like that in seriousness.

“It seems our lovely mate spent her childhood under the firm hands of some

religious fanatics that are now stalking her in effort to bring her back into the fold of their so-call flock... Yeah, I know... Well, you won't believe it, His Mighty Sword." He laughed. "I've never heard of it either... Could you? ... And would you send Michael or Charles by the apartment to check things out? ... Thanks, Dad... Yes, we'll see you in a few days, maybe sooner if it seems necessary... Love you too."

"What'd he say?"

"He's going to research it. Ask around. Send someone over to the apartment." Ryan lifted his face to gaze directly at Alejandro. "We can't let her go back there."

"I'm clear on that."

He exhaled. “Glad we seem to agree on more and more things.” He smiled and pushed off from where he’d leaned against the counter to call his family.

Alex turned to face the doorway, catching Ryan’s attention drifting the same way. “She’s up. And she’s probably starving.”

“I’m on it. You go.” Ryan turned and opened the fridge.

This threesome really did prove useful quite often. Alex padded down the hall to the bedroom, knowing when he returned, Ryan would have brunch ready for their famished mate.

When he rounded the doorway, she wasn’t in the bed. “Lindsey?”

“I’m in here.” Her voice wafted from behind the closed door to the bathroom. “Give me a minute.”

He never wanted to give her another minute again in his lifetime, but this was still so new to her. He held back the urge to barge straight in and hopefully catch her naked body getting into the shower.

She wouldn’t be used to such an intrusion.

Human women had modesty issues.

“Can I get you anything?” He leaned against the doorframe waiting for her to come out.

“No.” The toilet flushed. The water ran in the sink. His cock jumped to attention. Was she still naked? He

needed her again.

Silence. What was she doing? What did women do for so long in the bathroom? His sisters were the same way.

“I can feel you standing right outside the door, Alejandro. I’m fine. I’m going to take a shower now.” The water came on. His dick bobbed and stretched against his jeans.

He put his hand on the doorknob, but didn’t attempt to turn it. Would it be locked? He didn’t want to find out, and released his grip as though it were a hot potato, stepping back a few feet, hands twitching at his sides. She needed her space. A moment away from the men.

But, Dios Mio, it’s going to kill me.

“What’s going to kill, you?”

“She’s in the shower. Door closed.”

Ryan laughed into his head. *“Let her be. She’ll come out. Brunch is almost ready.”*

Alex’s grumble was unintelligible even to himself.

He waited. Five minutes passed before the water shut off. He visualized his dripping sexy mate just on the other side of the door reaching for a towel. Her breast would rise with her arm, her nipples puckered from the cool air filling the shower stall.

He almost moaned.

Thirty seconds later the door flung

open and one slightly amused woman stood two inches from his face. When had he inched closer to the door?

She was still soaking wet, a huge fluffy white towel wrapped around her body, covering way too much skin. Why did the towels in this house have to be so large?

Her wet hair was hanging down her back in ringlets, dripping on the floor.

“What?” She smiled. “See? I’m still here. Just needed a shower. I bet you take one every day too.” She was amused, not angry. Thank God.

“Sorry, I...” Did she have to be so damn sexy right now? Her cheeks were pink from the hot water. As his gaze wandered from her face to her exposed

chest, she flushed, red splotches forming across her shoulders and neck. Were her breasts flushed in that glorious color also?

She turned to the mirror and grabbed a comb. He prayed the towel would somehow break loose and fall to her feet while she worked out the tangles.

He felt like a teenager watching her work. Hopefully, he wasn't drooling. Her beautiful, dark hair hung long down her back, glistening.

"Is she out yet?"

Ryan's voice made him startle. "Yes, *she's primping.*"

"Tell him I'm coming." Lindsey gazed at his reflection in the mirror and

bit her lip. "I can smell the coffee and bacon. What time is it anyway?"

"Almost noon. How do you do that?" He looked at her, narrowing his eyes.

"Do what? Know what you're thinking?" She put the comb down and stepped closer to him.

He reached to adjust his cock, hopefully subtly.

"I can see on your face when you're communicating. Your eyes do this thing." She waved her hand in the air as if that explained everything. "Your pupils dilate and you glance slightly up to the right as if there's something interesting on the ceiling." She grinned smugly and put her hands on his chest.

He sucked in a breath as her lips

reached up to lightly land on his for a quick kiss. The mint of her toothpaste wafted from her mouth, and he wanted to devour her entirely right then.

He lifted his arms on a moan to wrap around her, but she was gone as fast as she'd arrived. Pressed past him, ducked under his arm, and headed for the door. "Coming?" she tossed over her shoulder. "I'm starving."

She walked out of the room, and Alejandro laid his head against the bathroom doorframe, the cool wood doing nothing to soothe his heightened libido.

*

"Hey, tease. Did you sleep well?"

“Tease? Me?” She smiled and sat primly at the table where he’d placed a steaming plate of food. Now he could see what Alex’s problem was. The nymph was still wrapped in the towel, her dainty bare feet wrapped around the legs of the chair she sat in.

Lord, her parted legs. Her sex was wide open under the towel.

He nearly dropped the pan he was carrying to the sink.

No wonder Alex had been so clearly flustered muttering into Ryan’s mind for the last few minutes.

He set the pot down, cleared his throat and returned his gaze to her. “Wasn’t sure if you’d want breakfast or

lunch, so I kinda did a combo.”

“Mmm, it’s fantastic. I could have eaten anything.” She mumbled the words around a mouthful. “I was starving. You didn’t feed me enough last night.”

“Sorry. I think we got preoccupied.” He sat across from her. “Where’s Alex?” He knew, of course. The man was probably right where she’d left him, trying to gather his wits and pick his lower lip off the ground.

“In the bathroom doorway I presume. Though I don’t know what you boys find so alluring about a woman wrapped in a huge towel.” She glanced up at him with her coy look.

“It’s not the towel that’s so tempting, it’s what’s under the towel.”

Alex finally sauntered in and took a seat next to Lindsey.

“Did you guys talk to Kara?”

“Yes,” Ryan looked her in the eye.

“We called her, got the name of the church, and then called my dad to check it out. Jess is with Kara, so you don’t have to worry about her.”

“What the hell kind of church is called His Mighty Sword?”

Lindsey turned to Alejandro. “A very strict one that rules with a sharp object.” She chuckled and then turned serious. “Kidding. No one ever came at me with a knife.”

She resumed eating ravenously.

“We really should feed her more

often.”

“*Claro.*”

“We should go home,” she announced.

“*I could see that coming.*” Alex faced her. “You’re safe here, *mi alma.*”

“I know *I* am, but what about Jess? She can’t be happy about being forced to leave her apartment. This is my fault.”

“This is definitely not your fault. You didn’t ask for any of this.” Ryan reached across the table and took her hand. “We haven’t had enough time together yet. Alone.”

“I know, but I can’t just leave Jess sleeping over at Kara’s. She could go home if I was there with her.”

Alex sucked in a breath. “You can’t

go back there, *cariña*. I mean even if there weren't crazy people waiting outside your apartment, we ... want you with us."

Ryan watched Alex's face as he selected his words. No way in hell were they ever letting her out of their sight, but she needed to believe it was her choice. She'd never agree to stay with them if they commanded it.

He smiled. As big of a pain in the ass as it was to skirt around the truth, he was secretly glad his mate was a woman with a spine. He liked that she had strong opinions and could stick up for herself.

Lindsey shook her head. "I admit

there's something between us. Something powerful, overwhelming even... But I'm not prepared to give up my life and just flit off with you two simply because you command it. I have obligations. Hell, I'm starting a job in a week and a half. I need to finish getting ready for twenty-seven first graders." She laughed, but then sobered.

"How are we going to handle this?" Ryan implored.

"No idea."

"Listen. We don't want you to give up your life. We just need to be a part of it ... from now on. A large part."

"When you two are around, I can't think. This isn't me."

"It's still you, *mi alma*. Just a new

you. We don't want to change you, just make your life better." Alex laid a hand on her shoulder and she flinched.

It dug into Ryan's chest. A pain that grew as she pulled away from them, at least mentally.

"You don't get it." She jumped up. "I can't concentrate. All I think about is sex, sex, sex. I'm flustered." She grabbed the front of her towel to keep it from falling from her slender frame as she ranted.

Ryan swallowed, thanking God that was the effect they had on her. At least it was something. Sure, he could smell her arousal, but he needed her mind to engage also.

“It’s natural. Desired in fact. I’d be disappointed if you weren’t eager and desirous of us physically. It’s not going to go away just because you leave the room, or the house.”

“He’s right, *mi amor*. And we can’t simply drop you off at your old place and drive away. We’d sooner die.”

“You don’t have a choice. I’m a grown woman,” she shouted. Her hands shook, knuckles white from their grip on the towel.

Ryan almost wished she’d throw her hands up in exasperation and let the damn terrycloth fall to the floor. Her body would be all pink underneath from adrenaline.

Alex looked at Ryan, eyes wide, questioning. “*Your turn, Einstein.*”

Ryan lowered his voice. “Clearly you’re upset about your friend, and I get that. It’s understandable. I’m worried too. If heading back to Kara’s is what you need, then we will. We never want you to feel like your freewill has been stripped. You *do* have the right to make your own choices where this relationship is concerned.

“Please just do us the favor of agreeing to stay with us, wherever that might be, until we can sort this out. Please.” He’d beg, cheat, steal, and grovel. Anything to keep her safe and at his side. Or at Alex’s.

He had no choice but to hope and pray that by the time they figured out what to do about the religious zealots, she'd be theirs completely and less autonomous.

“Okay,” she conceded. “But only for a few days. These guys have been knocking on my door for four years. I don't think you'll be able to talk them into giving up on me and my poor soul in one conversation. And that's if you even get a chance.”

Ryan stood and had her in his arms in two steps. “No worries. I'm sure we'll figure something out.” He palmed her head and leaned down to kiss her firmly on the lips. She didn't pull back.

When he nibbled a path toward her ear, her breath hitched. “You do such wicked things to me, both of you.” Her words were almost incoherent. “Do you realize you left me sleeping all morning with that ... that thing in my ass?” She leaned back to look Ryan in the eye in accusation.

Alex’s chuckle grew louder as he approached them and circled Lindsey to press up against her back. His lips landed a millimeter from her earlobe. “We do. Did it feel good when you pulled it out?” His grin dared her to deny it.

She flushed, her mouth dropping open, but said nothing.

“Did you think of me inserting it? Twisting it in to stretch and prepare you for our cocks later?” Alex continued to mutter against her cheek as he breathed along her skin and angled for her neck. *“God, it’s fun to watch her reaction when I talk so dirty. She’s so aroused. So needy. My dick can’t take this.”*

She melted in their arms.

“Me vas a matar, cariña. You’re killing me.”

“I guess it wouldn’t hurt to stay one day. Can we go back to real life tomorrow?” Lindsey’s head lulled back against Alex’s chest, her eyes half open.

“Anything you want.” Ryan’s cock had its own little party in his pants,

literally straining against the seam of his zipper.

Chapter 11

Repent! I tell you repent. All ye sinners, repent.

Listen closely while I tell you how to escape the wrath of Hell.

Stop your sinning ways, all of you. All you fornicators, masturbators, sodomizers, drinkers, smokers are going to Hell.

Beware. The devil will take you.

Women, especially, beware. You are calling on the devil to take you. You must stop your evil ways. If you want a place in heaven, listen to my words.

Reclaim your modesty. Toss out those shorts and pants and revealing

tops you wear. Women must be demure. Cover yourselves from wandering eyes. You have strayed far from God's righteous path with your whorish ways.

Repent!

Return to the ways of our ancestors before us. Embrace a more modest form of dress. Long skirts and long-sleeved shirts that are high enough to cover your neck. This is the dress of our forefathers before us.

Quit your frivolous attempt at equality. This is not God's plan!

Return to your homes. Leave your jobs. Your master is your husband or your father. Bow your head in his presence and serve him as you would

serve God.

Prepare meals, tend your children, clean your filthy homes, neglected from years of spending too much time out of the house.

Stop your evil gossiping.

Your body is not meant for pleasure. The devil has a place for those who masturbate. God made you for procreation, not so that you might enjoy the fruits of his labor.

Raise your skirts for none other than your husband and at his command and for his pleasure alone. Turn your faces to the side and endure what God has commanded, in his name.

Repent!

A blood-curdling scream rent

through the early morning as the woman beside Alejandro jerked upright, taking the covers with her.

“Lindsey? Babe?” Alex reached to caress her back, his hand bumping into Ryan’s in the process.

The faint light from the rising sun peeking through the open window allowed him to see her face.

Panic, pure and simple. Eyes wide. Sweat beading on her forehead.

“You had a *pesadilla*, a nightmare.”

Alex pulled her limp body back down onto the bed, settling her head on his chest.

Her heart pounded and she shook uncontrollably in his arms.

“It was awful,” she muttered, her words vibrating against him.

“Want to talk about it?” Ryan laid his cheek against her shoulder.

She shook her head forcefully.

“It’s okay,” Ryan soothed, his hand snaking around her to rest beneath her breasts and against Alex’s own chest. “We’re here.”

All they could do was hold her. Love her. Never leave her.

“What the hell was that all about?” Ryan didn’t move an inch as he reached into Alex’s mind.

“No idea. But it wasn’t pleasant, whatever it was.”

Her breathing grew more shallow,

her heart rate slowing, as she relaxed between them. “We have to get back. I’m worried about Jess.”

“Okay, *cariña*. We will. It’s still early. You want to sleep a while longer?”

“No. I couldn’t go back to sleep if I wanted to.” She shook, a sharp violent jerk. The memory of her nightmare hadn’t subsided.

“I’ll run you a warm bath.” Ryan twisted his arm from between their tangled bodies and rose from the bed. “*I think early morning sex is out of the question.*”

Alex smiled. Apparently so.

Running water moments later called Lindsey’s attention and she sat upright

next to Alex. Her gaze locked on his after she glanced down at her naked chest exposed to his perusal. Color flooded her cheeks. She was so beautiful when she felt bashful. *Increíble*.

“*Vamos.*” He stood and angled his head toward the open bathroom door, her hand in his grasp. “The warm water will soothe you. Wipe the terror away.”

With dainty movements, Lindsey let the sheet fall away from her glorious body and stepped from the bed.

He wanted her like never before as he followed her into the adjoining bath. The sway of her hips enticed him to squeeze the globes between his palms.

She wasn't in a mood for that right

now though. At least not with her head. There was no doubt her mind was at war with her body, judging from the goose bumps rising along her skin, but she needed a break for their constant demands on her, both mental and physical, he mused with a smile.

Ryan stepped back from the tub as they entered and bowed as though she were royalty stepping into an ancient Egyptian bath.

“We should leave her alone.”

“Agreed.”

Ryan cleared his throat as she stepped gingerly into the water, a low moan escaping her lips. “We’ll give you some time alone, okay.”

“That’d be great.” Her smile was the

sweetest vision as they backed out of the room.

At least Ryan had put some jeans on at some point. Alex's rigid length still bobbed in front of him. As he pulled the door closed, he sagged against the wall and took a deep breath before running a hand down his face. "I need a cold shower."

Ryan laughed. "Right this way." He pointed to the door. "There's a perfectly good cold shower available in every room. I'll take the one across the hall; you take the one next door." His laughter followed him.

Alex grabbed a change of clothes and went in search of another bathroom.

Although accustomed to being warmer than any human, he felt almost chilled from the absence of Lindsey's body alongside his. Nope, cold water wasn't going to do it. As he entered the adjacent bath, he turned the faucet to hot and stepped inside.

Allowing the steaming water to run down his head and seep into his skin, he took his aching cock in hand and moaned. He wasn't chilled now.

His forehead dropped to the tile wall as he allowed this small release to take over. Three pumps of his palm and he was done for. He hadn't come that fast at his own hand since puberty.

And goddamn if it didn't even take the edge off. He wanted inside his

woman and no amount of masturbating was going to cure him of that need.

Chapter 12

“How much farther?” Lindsey sat between these hunks, unable to stop the thumping of her right leg.

“Not far.” Ryan drove. He glanced her way. “Are you anxious to get away from us?” He attempted to look worried or hurt, but his wry smile gave away his amusement.

She didn’t respond, and she wiped her sweaty palms on her jeans for the hundredth time. “I think I have a fever.” She let her head fall back against the seat cushion. *Or I’m in heat.*

It was absurd, of course, but that’s

what she felt like.

She clenched her knees together and took deep breaths through her mouth. If she didn't get out of this car soon and stop inhaling the scent of these pheromone producing *wolves*, she'd combust.

Her body was so warm. Her chest pounding a beat she could feel even in her clit. Her jeans were suddenly too tight and rubbed against her every time she wiggled on the seat. And wiggle she did, in an attempt to alleviate the pressure—which only made it worse.

Alex laid a hand on her forehead. “It’s the claiming, *cariña*. It raises your temperature.”

Just as she'd thought.

Great.

She flinched away from his touch and glared at him. “Could you just stop ... touching me. And ... breathing.”

He laughed. “I’ll try, but your body is calling to us.”

Ryan gripped her thigh with his free hand. “You should have let us put the plug back in before we left,” he teased. “We need to finish this claiming soon or you’ll *think* hot.”

Held stiff between them, she tipped her face into her hands and moaned. What she wanted was for Ryan to pull the truck over right now along the side of the rural road and take her as they desired.

She had to stay focused. There were bigger things to worry about than where, when, how, and who to fuck. *Right?*

“Jeez...” She kept her head down and held her breath as long as she could for a short reprieve. It didn’t work.

“Ugh,” she screeched in frustration. “Stop the car. No ... don’t.” She squeezed her temples with both hands. *Concentrate. Just ignore them ... and their damn smell.*

She leaned to the right slightly as the car lurched onto the gravel. *Damn.* Why couldn’t she have kept her freaking mouth shut?

She peaked to the right when Alex popped the door open and stepped out.

Before she could even mutter a word, he dragged her body to the edge of the seat, popped her jeans open, yanked the zipper down, and tugged the stifling pants off her body, her panties with them.

She gasped.

Ryan pulled her shirt over her head from behind and laid her down flat on the seat. Two seconds later he'd snapped open the front clasp of her bra, and she found herself reclined naked between them on the side of the road. *Oh, holy hell.* What had she gotten herself into?

“Put your foot here.” Alex angled her left foot onto the dash, and then grasped her right ankle and braced it against the

door frame, effectively exposing her entirely to his gaze. He didn't look at her face.

She blushed, heat perfusing her entire body when Ryan reached across to knead her tight breasts with both hands, his thumbs dragging over her nipples.

She grabbed at the seat with both hands alongside her, unable to get any purchase against the leather, and groaned in defeat when Alex's mouth covered her mound and sucked her clit into its warmth.

"We're just going to take the edge off before you explode, hon." Ryan's voice soothed her from behind.

When Alex clenched both her thighs at the same time, perilously close to her center, and abruptly invaded her with both thumbs, she came, hard, calling out their names in succession. “Alejandro, Ryan ... God.” As though God too were present for the entertainment.

As her breathing resumed a normal rate, and she opened her eyes to the scene, Alex leaned forward with a chaste kiss on the lips. “Better?”

“Marginally.” She twitched around his thumbs still thrust inside her.

“I’d be happy to strip and really rock your world if you want.” His look melted her on the spot and she glanced around. *Shit*. They were outside, on the

side of the road. She hadn't been such a hussy a few days ago.

A car whooshed by them and Lindsey nearly jumped out of her skin. "Oh, no." She scrambled away from the edge on her back, dislodging Alex's intrusion with a small pop. Could anybody see her well-fucked naked self as they drove by?

"No one can see you, *mi amor*. Except us."

"Jeez. Gimme my clothes, you apes." She jerked her arms through the air, grasping at the material in front and behind her. All thoughts of continuing this insanity flew out the open door.

Ryan continued plucking at her nipples, expertly reinstating her need to

get laid ... hard, fast, and now. She batted at his hands and yanked her bra into place with a glare in his direction.

“Stop it. You’re torturing me. Both of you. And you know it.” She lifted her ass off the damp leather and shimmied her panties and then her jeans up her legs. “Damn horny bastards,” she mumbled through gritted teeth.

Chuckles filled the air as she wrenched her T-shirt back over her head.

“Hornier than you, *mi amor*. You just came all over my hand. And it was *bellísima*.” He grasped her chin with one hand as he climbed back into the car, invading the tight confines once

again. When she met his gaze, he took her mouth in a demanding kiss that curled her toes and melted her soul.

“Sorry, I’m just...”

“We know.” Alex let her go and sat back, this time pulling her legs across his lap and angling her body so she could lie down between them.

Her head landed on Ryan’s lap as his fingers brushed stray hairs from her face. “Relax for a while. We’ll be there soon.”

* * * *

Ryan pulled the truck to a stop outside Justin’s sprawling ranch and marveled for a moment on all his brother had right here at his fingertips. He and Alex needed to bump heads, and soon,

about finding a place of their own before they wore out their welcome at other people's houses.

Of course they could stay here with his brother, at his parent's, or even with Alejandro's relatives, but how long did newly mated couples, or ménages in this case, want to do that?

"Not very long, my friend. Not very long..." Alex voice was a clear grumble in Ryan's head as he opened the car door and stepped out.

"We're here, hon." Ryan brushed his fingers over Lindsey's peaceful face. The short nap would do her good.

"Hmm." She looked so sexy as she stretched out on the seat and let her legs

occupy the space where Alex had been moments before.

Gradually, she lifted her body and fumbled around on the floor for her flip flops. “I needed that. Thanks. Oh.” She covered her mouth, her eyes wide, nearly bumping her head on the rearview mirror as she realized what she’d said. “The nap, I mean.”

Ryan kissed her squarely on the forehead. “Come on. Let’s see what’s going on with these Bible-thumping friends of yours.”

“They are *not* my friends,” she muttered as she let Alex lift her out of the cab.

“We know, *mi alma*. He’s just trying to get a rise out of you.”

“Oh, she’s got a rise out of me all right.” With a smirk, Ryan rounded the car to find Lindsey’s narrow gaze focused on him.

“Again, let me remind you that although I’m not quite inside your head as you are with each other, I’m a smart girl.”

“Never doubted it.” Ryan sobered, at least outwardly.

The front door bounded open, and he turned to see Kara and Jessica dashing down the steps.

“Lin, hon. You’re back.” Kara flung herself around Lindsey and manhandled her up the stairs to the porch, Jess on the other side.

“You’d think she just returned from a long illness in the hospital.”

Alex laughed.

Justin and Trevor ambled out, skirting the trio of women as though they were infected with the plague, hands in the air to avoid touching them as they went in the house.

“Hey.” Justin spoke first, glancing at Ryan. “When two or more gather, it’s best to steer clear.”

Trevor reached out to shake first Alex’s hand and then Ryan’s. “Trust what he says. It’s the truth. There must be a reason we only know of *ménages* with two men and one woman. No way in the world could one man, wolf or

otherwise, handle two such creatures.”

“I’ll take your word for it.” Ryan let his gaze land on the door to the house. “What’s Jessica’s story? Does she—?”

“She’s very private. Fun, outgoing, intelligent, but *private*.” Trevor looked pointedly at both Ryan and Alex, his eyes wide, pupils lifted with his chin tucked. “Neither Justin nor I have really spoken to her much. We’ve mostly only been around her in passing. She sort of seems to avoid us. Like she doesn’t want to confront us, or something. She and Kara and Lindsey are very close friends. I assume one of these days she’ll relax around us and we’ll get to know her better. Could be that she’s just uncomfortable with our living

arrangement. Whatever the reason, her body language and lack of eye contact make it perfectly clear she isn't ready or willing to discuss herself."

"Imagine that." Alejandro's sarcasm caused everyone to smile.

Ryan raised an eyebrow and continued, "So what do we know about these religious people? Did anyone find out anything new?"

Justin started, "We went by the apartment. Sure enough, a car matching the description Jess gave was out front, but they sped away when we approached. Tried to do some research on the church, but there isn't much info to be found. Seems rather secretive.

Attending isn't possible either. They don't allow outsiders just at random. Weird."

Alex paced in front of Ryan, running his hands through his hair. "I don't like it. What the hell do they want? *Ay Dios*." His voice rose in pitch as he grew more frustrated.

"Wish we had more info than that, but right now, we just don't." Trevor looked as worried as everyone else. "Jess wants to go home though, so I think we're going to have to let her and hope these guys are innocuous even if they're annoying."

Ryan's gut clenched. "Lindsey's going to want to go with her."

"She can't. No way." Alejandro

shook his head.

“What do you want to do about it?” It wasn’t as though Ryan could shake a magic wand and make her see reason.

When three women appeared on the stairs, hands on hips, Ryan took a deep breath.

Lindsey spoke first. “Jess and I are going back to the apartment.” She held her head high and bit her lower lip after she spoke, belying the fact she knew this wasn’t going to go over well with two aggressive wolves. Well, four.

“Joder.”

Ryan held up a hand to keep Alex from speaking out loud. His ire was over the top, emotion radiating from his

thoughts to Ryan's. "We'll take you. We'll discuss it further there."

He turned to Alex, hoping the look on his face would keep the man's mouth shut. *"It's just a trip to their place. Doesn't mean anything yet. Maybe if we go along for the easy parts, she'll bend a little when it comes down to something more serious. She can't stand for us to boss her around, tell her what she can and can't do."*

Alex breathed in and out of his nose, as loud as possible. His lips were pursed.

Lindsey scooted between them, heading for Ryan's truck, Jessica on her heels, not saying a word to anyone.

Once they were inside, squished in

the tight back seat, Kara spoke. “Just let them check it out, please.” She pleaded with all four men, glancing at each of them in turn. “If you demand they can’t go home, you’ll regret it. Believe me.” She was serious.

“She’s right.” Ryan headed for the driver’s side, head hung. He knew Alex did the same on the passenger side.

No one spoke during the drive. At least not out loud. Alex never stopped huffing, puffing, and complaining into Ryan’s mind the entire ride. He was worried.

Ryan couldn’t blame him. He felt every bit as uncomfortable as Alex.

When they arrived at Lindsey’s

place, Ryan motioned for everyone to stay seated and held out his hand. She damn well better give up the keys and let him check the apartment out first or he'd probably embarrass himself in front of Jessica.

His expression was clear enough. In short order, the key was in his hand, his contrite mate biting her bottom lip in the back of the car as he walked away. If anything happened outside, Alex could handle it.

The door wasn't tampered with, and when he opened it nothing seemed amiss. *What did you expect? A break in? Jeez, calm down.* Ryan's shoulders relaxed as he wandered around inside. He wouldn't know if anything was out of

place. He'd never been there. But it wasn't ransacked. At least not the front area. The bedroom that had to be Lindsey's looked like a hurricane. He smiled. Their mate was a slob.

When he headed back to the front door to give the all clear, he found the others all standing at the entrance.

He glanced at Alex.

“Did you think I was going to tie them up and gag them in the back of your truck?”

Ryan stepped back and let them in.

“You two have to stop this.” Lindsey gripped her hips with both hands, her face ablaze. “This is my home. I will not allow some crazies to terrorize me in

it.”

“Nor will we,” Ryan agreed. “That’s why we’re here.”

“Well you can’t stay.”

When no one spoke, her jaw dropped. “You didn’t honestly believe you were going to sleep here did you? I’m fine. I’ll call you in the morning.”

Jessica tiptoed from the room and disappeared down the hall.

Ryan spoke through a tight jaw. “It’s not even noon, Lin.”

“And I’ve been gone for several days. I have stuff to do. Please give me a little space.”

Alex paced again, his obvious method of coping. “How about we order lunch. Some pizza? We’ll stay out of

your way. Hang out in the living room. Watch some TV. Let you regroup a while.” He ran a casual hand over his hair again. To no avail. The long locks just fell back where they’d been.

Did Lindsey find that sexy? Ryan wished he could get inside her mind and read her thoughts already. It’d be so much easier.

Taking a stance, Ryan sat on the couch and pulled his cell from his pocket. A quick Google of the area provided him with the phone number of three close Italian restaurants. “Which place do you want me to order from? Jess,” he shouted without waiting for a response. He tipped his head to the side

as though it would help his voice travel down the hall. “What do you like on your pizza?”

“Pepperoni, sausage, anything really. I’m easy.”

“Fine,” Lindsey pouted. “Get whatever you want. I’ve got a bedroom that has met with disaster and needs my attention.” She turned back on her way out and glared at Ryan. “But you already figured that out, didn’t you?”

Chapter 13

The afternoon was long and tense, but in the end, Alex was relieved they’d come.

He nearly jumped when the doorbell rang. Both men froze.

Lindsey and Jessica padded down

the hall silent as mice, eyes wide.

Lindsey peeked out a side window, pulling the curtain back only an inch. She turned and mouthed, “It’s them.” She held up three fingers.

Alex pointed down the hall, glaring at her, demanding silently to let him handle this.

When the women disappeared, at least from sight—he knew they’d not gone far—he opened the door about six inches, his left foot blocking it from being flung open any farther.

“Can I help you?”

“Hello, sir. Yes. We’re hoping to have a word with Lindsey Walters.” The tall slender man dressed a bit like a

Catholic priest spoke. His hands were clasped in front of him. The Roman collar around his neck looked too small and threatened to choke him. His clothes were all black and his thinning hair was too long, one side flipped across the top in a vain effort to keep others from knowing he was balding. Why did people do such stupid things? Alex would have laughed out loud under normal circumstances, the guy was so comical. Except this wasn't funny.

“She's unavailable right now. May I ask what this is about?”

“She's a member of our church congregation. We haven't seen her in a while. We like to check up on our flock when they are absent.” His smug look

made Alex want to slap him. He gripped the door frame so tight, his knuckles began to hurt.

“Did she not leave your church about four years ago? How long do you continue to stalk old members exactly?” Alejandro narrowed his gaze, hoping to intimidate the man and the two lambs alongside him.

The slender gentleman gasped and grabbed the white collar at his throat, probably so he could breathe. “We don’t stalk anyone. I assure you, sir. But we are particularly worried when one of our family is lost.”

Alex cleared his throat and spoke slow and clear, not mincing words.

“Lindsey is not lost. She has made it perfectly clear she is no longer interested in attending your services. Let’s make this the last visit to her apartment, what do you say?”

The man shook his head. “We really must speak to Lindsey directly. We’ll wait.”

Wait? What the fuck is the matter with these people? Can’t they take a hint?

“Look, *cabron*.” Alejandro grabbed the edge of the door to avoid punching the guy in the face. “I said she doesn’t want to see you again. Do you understand English? She. Is. Done. With. Your. Type. Of. Religion. Asshole.”

The man’s mouth fell open, but he

didn't back down. "If it's all the same to you, we'll still wait." The jerk actually turned to face the street and stood unmoving on the front step, his sheep beside him.

Frustrated, Alex slammed the door and turned to face Ryan. "*Hijo de puta*, that guy is pissing me off. Ideas?"

Lindsey meandered into the living room. "How about I just talk to them? Maybe that'll work."

"No." Both Alex and Ryan shouted at the same time.

"Fuck no." Alex shook his head.

"I've talked to them before. Maybe they just want to make sure I'm okay, or whatever."

“Not a chance.” Alex leaned against the door. “Something’s not right. They were too ... calm.” What was it? He couldn’t put his finger on it.

Lindsey glanced out the small space between the window and the curtain. “They’re still there. How long do you want to wait? If I tell them to go, maybe they’ll go and we’ll be done with this insanity.”

“*What do you think?*” Alex glared at Lindsey, his thoughts projecting to Ryan.

“*I don’t like it, but she has a point. We’re right here. What could go wrong?*”

“Let me know when you work out my

problems without including me ... once again, boys.” She cocked one hip to the side and glared at them.

“This is crazy and I don’t like it.”

“I’ll go out with her, pretend to be her boyfriend.”

“Pretend?” Alex chuckled out loud and then sobered when Lindsey shot daggers his way.

Ryan turned to her. “I’ll go out with you. Put on a good show of being your boyfriend.”

“Fine.”

*

Lindsey marched over and flung the door open once more, pushing Alex out of the way. She wasn’t sure who she was angrier with right now, the

unrelenting jerks on the inside of the house, or the ... well, unrelenting jerks outside.

The priest-looking fellow whipped back around. "Lindsey. Please, a moment." Pastor Stone motioned toward the street.

"Right here is fine." She crossed her arms as Ryan saddled up beside her and grasped the back of her neck with one hand.

"We-we'd really prefer to speak to you in private."

"And I'd prefer to stay here on the front step." She tapped one foot and glared at the trio. Gripping her hands tucked under her arms, she managed to

avoid shaking in front of them. The last thing she wanted was for them to see her fear.

Stone glanced at Ryan over her shoulder and then back at Lindsey. “Lindsey, my lost, lost lamb of God, I’ve known you your entire life. Surely you don’t believe I would harm you? Some privacy would be prudent.”

Exasperated beyond reason, Lindsey shook Ryan’s hand from her shoulder and took several steps forward. The good Pastor and his flanks backed up to accommodate her.

Even without the ability to communicate with Ryan telepathically, she could feel the hostility at her back. His eyes burned into her. He wouldn’t

hesitate to pounce given the opportunity.

“What? What’s so damn important, you can’t speak to me in front of my friends? I left your congregation four years ago. I’m done. You’re not going to convince me to return. I’ve moved on.”

“My lamb, it’s customary, at a certain point in our lives, for our members to ... grasp their religious convictions fully and with intent.”

“What the hell are you talking about? I’m not grasping anything,” she hissed. She didn’t know why she was bothering to practically whisper just because this asshole chose to.

“Your twenty-second birthday is next week. Traditionally—”

“What business is that of yours? What does my birthday have to do with anything?”

He cleared his throat, looking only marginally appalled by her forceful words.

“Your grandmother, God rest her soul, had made arrangements for your place among our flock...”

“My grandmother? My dead grandmother? She’s gone. Who cares what she arranged. Look,” she lifted both hands, “I don’t care what Grandma Walters may or may not have desired concerning my soul, I’m done with you people. You hear me? Done. D. O. N. E. Done. Stop coming here. Stop terrorizing

my roommate. Enough is enough. Got it?” She shook with anger.

One step back and Ryan clasped her arm, dragging her backward. “You heard the lady. Don’t return.”

“Take some time to mull it over, my lamb. God needs you on his side. Pray about it, I implore you.” He held up a worn Bible and bowed his head in silent prayer as Ryan yanked her into the apartment.

“God almighty,” he said as soon as he shut the door. “What the hell was he spouting about? He’s insane.”

Ryan pulled Lindsey into his embrace and Alex sandwiched her from behind.

A sob escaped her, and then another,

until she was full-out crying. Sniffling. Eyes watering. Crying. Like she was a toddler.

Both men soothed her with gentle caresses.

“Are they gone?” Jess’s voice forced Lindsey to glance up as her friend handed her a tissue.

“I hope so,” she sputtered.

Jess glanced out the window. “Nope. Not gone. They’re standing in the same spot, arms lifted in the air, fucking praying... Oh, wait, now the tall guy is kneeling on the ground pleading with his fire-and-brimstone God to save us all from our sins.” She let go of the curtain. “At least that’s what I assume.”

She headed for the kitchen before turning back with raised eyebrows. “So, who feels safe? Wanna spend the night, boys?”

Her chuckle trailed out of the room.

Lindsey pulled from the grasp of her men and looked at them both. “Please?”

“What? Stay here?” Ryan scrunched up his face. “We’d all be more comfortable and have more space if we went to my parents. At least we’d have several rooms. No offense, but your apartment is claustrophobic.”

“Come on. Just tonight. Jessica doesn’t want to go to your parent’s, and we can’t leave her here. She’d never be able to sleep.”

Both Ryan and Alex groaned.

She knew she had them. “I’ll owe you one.”

“You’ll owe us way more than ‘one,’ *cariña*. How big is your bed? Is it even a queen?”

“Yes, and you can’t possibly sleep there.” She lowered her voice. “Jess would have a cow.”

“Uh huh,” Alex hissed. “No way are we sleeping without you.”

“You can’t be serious.” *Are they always going to be this pigheaded and argumentative?*

“Dead serious,” Ryan added.

“Well, in this apartment, we don’t habitually bring home boyfriends to

spend the night, and certainly not two of them. Jess has barely begun to accept Kara's arrangement. And, although I'm sure she's suspicious of ours, I'll not torture her with your nighttime antics." She backed up. *Jeez.*

Silence filled the room, the afternoon sun waning in the sky, casting the room in shadows. She watched each man's face as they engaged in their silent conversation that was gradually driving her bonkers.

She clenched her fists as the seconds wore on.

Alex gazed at her first and whispered, "You'd be privy to everything we thought if we could just go somewhere private and finish the

claiming, *mi amor*.”

She clenched her teeth and sputtered through them. “You said you wouldn’t pressure me.”

“And we won’t.” Alex held his hands out, palms up.

A glance at Ryan showed the same serious expression. “We promised.”

Jessica returned from the kitchen, a bowl of ice cream in her hand, the spoon hanging from her lips. She paused and looked around. “Am I interrupting something? You all look like you just had a heated argument.”

“Observant,” Lindsey muttered under her breath. Even her roommate could feel the tension in the room.

“Hey, I don’t want to be the cause of any distress here.”

“You’re not, Jess,” Lindsey reassured her.

“Maybe it would be better if we all went somewhere else tonight? Back to Kara’s?”

The collective exhales of relief from Ryan and Alex made her smile. “I’ll get my stuff.” Jess headed down the hall.

Lindsey was fuming, and the flames only intensified when she saw the looks of triumph on both men’s faces.

She turned on her heel and headed for her own bedroom. Damn men. Bossy. Controlling. High-handed. Jerks.

*

Five minutes later, Alex watched as both women emerged from the hall, duffles in hand. Jess looked worried. Lindsey—infuriated.

“It’s going to be a long night.”
Alex reached for the door handle.

“Let’s head to my parent’s house and try to relax. The tension in this room could be cut with a knife.” Ryan put a hand on Alex. “Does that work for you?”

“It’s a plan.” What he really wanted was someplace the three of them could be alone for twelve solid hours. He groaned inwardly, thinking of where they’d been just this morning. If only they could spend the night engaged in heated make-up sex after the last few

hours of walking on eggshells around Lindsey and wake up peacefully with her fully claimed in their arms.

Now he groaned aloud.

No one said a word. When Ryan opened the front door, the three Bible-yielding, God-fearing zealots were still praying on the sidewalk. They jumped to attention at the arrival of their prey and began begging Lindsey to reconsider. “Your grandmother would be so disappointed. Your life is heading down the wrong path. Please, consider coming with us instead of these sinners.”

When the *cabrón* reached for Lindsey and grabbed her arm, Alex lost it. He somehow managed to stifle enough of his indignation to keep from

pummeling the guy, and squeezed out enough self-control to merely grab his biceps firmly and growl at him. “Don’t ever touch her again, you satanic mother fucker. And you better not be here when we get back or you’ll regret having been born, got it? Go away, like the lady requested and don’t return.”

He pushed the man back with enough force to emphasize his point, but not enough to send him careening into the street like Alex would have liked.

The *hijo de puta* simply resumed his praying, his words growing louder with each syllable. Hands in the air, he pleaded with a god that surely didn’t have time to listen to the likes of his

kind. “Forgive her, Jesus, for she knows not what she does. Her heart has gone astray—” His words were cut off when Alex had everyone in the truck once again and slammed the door.

He glanced back as Ryan sped away from the curb. All three Bible-thumpers stood in the middle of the street pleading with their hands in the air. He couldn’t get far enough away from that religious hypocrisy.

“I’m sorry,” Lindsey muttered from behind him. “You may have been right.”

When Alex turned to look at her, her gaze was focused out the window in defeat and sorrow.

“It’s not your fault, *mi alma*. You didn’t ask for this.”

“Neither did you. We just met. Can you believe what a quacked history I have? Bet you never thought you’d encounter skeletons like this in your lifetime.”

The car jolted to a stop, forcing Alex to look back out the front. They were pulled over and Ryan was livid.

“Alex is right, Lin. I don’t want to hear another word of self-recrimination. You did nothing to ask for this, and no one is blaming you for anything.” He reached across the seat between them and stroked a lock of Lindsey’s hair.

Jessica coughed. “Um, why don’t you guys drop me at Kara’s and maybe, um...”

Lindsey looked at her with worry. “You don’t want to come with us to Ryan’s?”

“I feel like a third, or fourth, wheel.” She gave a wry grin. “It’s okay, really. Obviously you three have some stuff to discuss. I’ll bunk at Kara’s and you can ... do whatever you need to do.”

Alex felt bad for Jessica. She’d been caught the entire day in the middle of this circus of an unfinished mating. The woman had her own secrets and clearly wasn’t interested in discussing them, with anybody, yet. Whatever her reasons were, Alex would respect her privacy, for now.

Ryan pulled back out into traffic and

Alex resumed a stare out the front window, counting the minutes until they could drop Jess off and get back to what was really important.

A time that should have been filled with unparalleled cravings for sex, had instead been tamped down with several hours of tension. As soon as the three of them relaxed, there'd be some serious ground to make up.

Alex couldn't imagine how he could avoid ripping his mate's clothes off, flipping her onto her stomach and slamming his rock-hard cock into her moist sheath. He was that horny.

Ryan groaned his own frustration into Alex's head.

Chapter 14

“Home sweet home.” Ryan pulled his truck off the end of the paved road onto the gravel parking area. The crunch of rocks under the tires was a sound he associated with home.

“Does anyone in your family do anything in moderation?” Lindsey asked.

“Not if we can help it.”

“The place is enormous.”

“Well, my parents raised six kids here. We needed a lot of space.”

They all three climbed down from the truck, but before they could even take one step toward the sprawling ranch, the screen door squeaked open, announcing the bombardment of siblings and parents to greet them.

Tessa was the first. She'd probably been watching out the window, knowing her. As the oldest and only girl in the family, she'd always felt the need to protect and mother the five younger boys. Well, in reality Ryan's mother had only given birth to five kids, but Trevor had moved in with them at a young age and became a member of the family and Justin's best friend in less than a heartbeat.

Tessa made a direct path to Lindsey and wrapped her in a gentle embrace. "Welcome," she said when she leaned back. "I'm Tessa. Glad to be adding more women to the family. The testosterone around here is thick." She

laughed and then turned to Alejandro.

Ryan wondered what her reaction would be. This was certainly not planned. Sure, Justin and Trevor had mated with a single human woman just months ago, but everyone had at least been used to those two sharing women. They'd always shared. It had been a coincidence of fate that they happened to find a mate to share for eternity.

This was different. Ménages were rare among their species, and Ryan hadn't previously been inclined toward threesomes.

Tessa took Alex's hand in both of hers. Her warm smile was all Ryan needed to know. "Of course, it hardly helps to add a woman to the mix if we're

just going to double the testosterone anyway.” She chuckled in delight and hugged her new brother-in-law.

Alejandro, rather than release Tessa, leaned in and kissed both cheeks before melting Ryan’s sister with his Latin accent. “*Mucho gusto*. Pleased to meet you.”

Tessa’s husband appeared behind her and wrapped his wife in a long arm. “You’ll have to excuse my mate. She’s a sucker for a Spanish accent. Or Italian, or French, it doesn’t really matter which one.” He laughed and stuck out a hand. “Aaron. Welcome.”

Alex shook his hand. “Thank you. For everything. I know this wasn’t in the

cards for anyone, us included, but—”

“No worries,” Tessa waved a hand in the air in a zigzag motion. “Come in. Come in. But I’ll warn ya, there’s a lot of people waiting to pounce. Hope you’re up for the crowd.”

Alejandro took Lindsey’s hand and followed his new family members inside. Ryan beamed at his good fortune from the rear. His sexy mate’s slender body swayed in front of him. And how had Alex become so easily a part of his life?

Instead of the jealousy he thought would never subside upon first meeting these two, he now felt a calm sense of peace washing over him, warming him inside and out.

Never would he have to worry about Lindsey's well-being because there would always be two of them to cherish and protect her. And when they made love to her, the look on her face divulged her intense pleasure, a level of satisfaction he'd never seen before on the face of a woman being loved by just one man.

Yep, the two of them were going to rock her world and turn it upside down, every day.

As soon as they entered the house, the volume increased tenfold. Everyone in his family started talking at once and crowding around the entrance hall.

A sharp whistle brought the bustling

to an abrupt halt. Ryan smiled. It was the only way his mother had ever gained the upper hand in that house. Her high-pitched shrill signal could freeze a polar bear in his spot.

Nancy Masters plowed through the throng, her five-foot-two-inch frame daring anyone to accuse her of being petite.

“You must be Lindsey.” Her voice was calm and low and welcoming, belying the decibel she’d used just seconds ago to get her way. “Welcome to our family. Pardon the bad manners of my shouting sons.” She took Ryan’s stunned mate in her arms and hugged her briefly.

“Thank you.”

She turned to Alex and took both his hands in hers. “Alejandro.” Her sincere gaze melted another piece of Ryan’s heart. His parents were going to be okay with this. He’d not expected otherwise, but still ... it was unconventional, and unexpected for him to bring home a second mate for his woman. “I’ve spoken with your aunt and uncle several times in the last few days. Feel like I know you already. Please, make yourself at home. This is as much yours as anyone else’s now. We want you to know we support whatever the three of you decide for your future together.”

Alejandro appeared to choke back his relief. “Thank you, ma’am. I

appreciate your hospitality. And thank you for letting us stay here while we make some decisions.”

“Take as long as you need.”

“Your mom is an angel.”

Ryan smiled at the silent exchange. He stared at his small new family and thanked God for his good fortune. *“That she is.”*

“Now, if everyone would stand still, I’ll introduce you all and maybe, just maybe, the poor lass won’t run screaming for the woods before we even get in the living room.”

Ryan watched Lindsey for her reaction to the mayhem. And Alex didn’t let go of her hand, although Ryan wasn’t altogether sure which one of them was

actually gripping the other more firmly in silent moral support.

“I’m Nancy,” his mother began. “That tall man behind everyone is my husband Richard. It’s our fault all this chaos exists in the first place.”

“Welcome, we are honored to have you,” Ryan’s father stated. He reached around everyone and extended his hand to Alex. After a brief handshake, he took Lindsey’s palm in his own and looked her in the eye. “Lindsey, you’re as beautiful as my son described. Welcome.”

Lindsey blushed and bit her lip, nodding her thanks.

Ryan’s mother gave a brief smile

and continued from left to right, pointing at each person gathered. “You met Tessa outside? And her husband, Aaron. The two little ones circling everyone’s feet are theirs.

“My second child is Justin, whom you’ve met. He’s the only one not here and the only one who doesn’t live here, so far. Next is Ryan, obviously. Fourth is Charles.” She pointed at Charles who nodded. “And the youngest is Michael.”

Michael shuffled his embarrassment at being singled out if even for an instant. At just twenty, he was far younger than the next brother, Charles, twenty-five. And hated being called the baby.

“And you’ve met Trevor also, right?

He's just as much my son as any of these rascals."

And the volume level rose once again to a decibel that made even Ryan want to cover his ears. He tickled the kids as he made his way to his mate's free side and wrapped an arm around her before leaning in to whisper in her ear. "Let's find a place to sit."

"You'd think they'd give us some room to breathe, but no..."

"They're wonderful, all of them. I'm relieved and honored to be the newest addition." Alex smiled over Lindsey's head at Ryan.

"I smell Chinese." Ryan didn't realize he was hungry before. His

stomach growled and he glanced at the long inviting kitchen table covered with a multitude of take-out cartons. Bless his mom. They'd eaten lunch so long ago and not had a moment to pause and consider dinner. It was growing late now. Lindsey looked exhausted and her smile was strained.

Ryan tugged them both to the table and sat them in a row so he and Alex flanked their mate. Amongst the laughter and questions and shouting, paper plates were passed around, food distributed, and seats taken.

When almost a dozen mouths were stuffed with food, the noise level lowered a degree.

Richard, Ryan's father, sat across

from them. He looked serious. “So, tell us what happened this afternoon.”

Ryan and Alex recounted the encounter at the apartment in a few words. Richard turned to Lindsey.

“Does anything this Pastor Stone fellow said make sense to you?”

“No. I had no idea my grandmother had made any sort of arrangements for my future, whatever that means.”

“Sounds like it must have had something to do directly with you turning twenty-two. Do you think?”

“Perhaps. I just can’t imagine. Four years ago when I left the church I was just a child still in many ways. I wasn’t paying any attention to the workings of

the congregation. I was just biding my time.”

“Have you been back since?”

“Not once. And I never intend to. Pastor Stone was always peculiar, but this is weirder than ever.” Lindsey pushed the rest of the fried rice around on her plate. “Why would they want me if I’m not even willing? Can’t they just save someone else’s soul this week?” She chuckled, though only to try and lighten the mood. Ryan knew she didn’t find the subject remotely humorous.

Ryan’s father watched her closely. Concern was etched on his forehead. He didn’t take any threat to his family lightly, and it wasn’t in his nature to hesitate to add Lindsey and Alejandro to

his mental tally of family members. “I’ll do a little more digging tomorrow. There has to be some way to find out what the hell these folks are all about.”

“Lindsey, you must be exhausted,” Ryan’s mother stated. “Why don’t you get some sleep. You’re all safe here. We can consider this situation closer in the morning.”

“Thank you, all of you.” Lindsey looked around at everyone as she mumbled the words, moisture pooling in her eyes before she lowered her gaze to her lap.

Ryan bumped into Alex as they both reached an arm around her, engaged in a collective deep breath.

“Let’s go to bed,” Ryan whispered into Lindsey’s ear.

In moments, the three stood, said their thanks and good-nights, and headed for the west wing of the house.

Ryan led the way and pushed the door to his suite open for the others to enter. Their bags from the back of the truck had somehow made their way to the room and sat lined up on the bed. He smiled at the thoughtfulness of his family. Any one of them would do anything for another.

“This is your room?” Lindsey padded in and kicked off her shoes. “It’s huge.”

“Well, it was Justin’s suite until a

few years ago when he and Trevor got their own place. The two had been inseparable since childhood. They shared this group of rooms for many years. Tessa had also been in this wing, but when she got married, she and her husband built a house on the other side of the property. It's only about a mile away."

He watched as she and Alex wandered around examining Ryan's personal space. It was theirs now. He had no secrets from them.

"Did you play football?" Alex asked, picking up a picture of Ryan from middle school.

"For about a minute. Until people started knocking me down. Believe it or

not, my mother, for as strong and matriarchal as she may appear, did not take too kindly to having her middle child pummeled on the field.”

They kept up the examination. “You were such a cute little boy.” Lindsey held a picture of him at about age five.

“And I’m not now?” He raised one eyebrow and sauntered her way.

“Nope.” She set the frame down on the dresser, turned to Ryan, and backed toward the king-sized bed. “You’re the sexiest hunk I’ve ever laid eyes on, except for Alejandro, of course.”

Ryan’s cock came to attention. She was batting her eyes at both of them as they stalked toward her.

She gave an exaggerated yawn when her legs hit the mattress. “Well, think I’ll turn in. I’m so tired. Would you show me to my room?” Her head slanted to one side, her eyelids continuing to flutter alluringly.

“You’re standing in it,” Ryan stated as he and Alex reached their destination, each lifting under an arm and depositing her sexy ass in the middle of the tall bed, as though choreographed.

She giggled as they took turns tickling her and alternately peeling away her clothes. Her laughter was the sweetest music, filling the room with life and love.

Stripped, she lay back like a

goddess, her hair fanning the pile of pillows, her arms raised above her head at an angle, her legs slightly parted.

“You’re so hot,” Alejandro’s face was flamed red when Ryan glanced his way. “Sexy as hell.”

The modest, uneasy girl they’d met just days ago was gone. In her place was a confident sensuous woman whose body was humming with the need to be claimed.

Her breath hitched, her chest rising and falling as Ryan and Alex flung their own clothes left and right with great haste.

Their provocative mate just smiled at them, watching with eyes glazed over with lust. And then the little nymph

licked her lips, leaned forward, and crawled seductively in their direction, her gaze darting from one to the other as though deciding whom to feast on first.

Ryan's heart stopped. God, he was fortunate. He'd never tire of this and hoped this honeymoon stage of their relationship never ended. If his brother and sister, and hell his parents too, were any indication, he didn't have to worry.

*

Alex froze next to Ryan and held his breath. Ryan needed her even worse than Alex. Hell, Alex had been the first to have her lips wrapped around him. It wasn't something he wanted to deny his friend.

In a gravelly voice he barely recognized as his own, Alejandro commanded, “Suck Ryan into your mouth, *mi amor*. I want to watch you take him.”

Lindsey angled herself on all fours in front of Ryan and licked a line from his balls to the jutting tip bobbing in front of him. Her ass swung provocatively behind her and Alex crawled over to grasp her cheeks with both hands, kneading them and forming them against his palms.

Lindsey moaned and surrounded Ryan with her open mouth, sucking him in as far as she could.

The scene unfolding before Alex

was so fucking hot. Thank God no one else was sleeping in this wing of the house. Ryan groaned around the warm cavern of lips and tongue Alex remembered well.

Ryan grasped her head with both hands. Alex knew he didn't intend to pressure her, he just needed to brace himself before he collapsed under her tight, wet, sensuous onslaught of lips and tongue and throat.

Lindsey began to literally purr around Ryan's cock. She spread her legs in front of Alex and pressed back against his thighs, her body begging him to touch her. The scent of her arousal filled the room.

Alex grazed up her body with both

hands until he grasped both globes of her swinging breasts and squeezed. His dick pressed into the crack of her ass, demanding relief.

With incredible restraint, Alex let his fingers dance along Lindsey's stomach until he reached her center, tickled through her perfectly groomed triangle of hair, circled the little nub he knew needed attention, and finally speared into her heated wet core with two fingers.

The moan that rent the air, surely vibrated around Ryan in a manner that would send him off the planet.

Alex couldn't wait another second to have her. Hell, he'd been waiting since

they left the cabin this morning.

He grabbed his throbbing cock with one hand, dragged the tip through her wetness, and plunged into her tight heat. “God, Lin. You’re still so tight.” His words were lost in the ether as all three of them moaned.

“I’m not going to last,” Ryan stated through gritted teeth. “Make her come, Alex.”

Alex couldn’t even speak words of consent without breaking his needed concentration. Every brain cell was busy holding back his own orgasm. He reached around front, swirled Lindsey’s arousal around her clit, and pressed his thumb against the pulsing nub until she cried out around Ryan’s length.

The sound, along with the rhythmic squeezing of her pussy around his cock, sent him careening over the edge, knowing Ryan was right with him. Their connection was all they needed to confirm the shared feeling of release.

Moments later, both men collapsed sprawled across the bed. They both tugged on Lindsey until she shook them off. “Get closer. You don’t have to rip me in two.”

“Hmm.” Alex’s cock still stood at attention, begging for another round. His skin crawled with the need to touch every inch of this woman, lick her, suck on her, taste her skin. “I’ll never get enough of you.”

“Me neither,” Ryan agreed from the other side.

Four hands were everywhere, fondling their woman, attempting to drive her arousal once again to new heights.

“I need you ... both.”

Alex’s eyes popped wide, and he angled his face to gaze into her own. Without speaking, he let his eyebrows rise in question.

Ryan too froze beside them, his head bonking into Alex’s as he positioned himself to see her expression.

She bit her bottom lip hard. “Please. Take me. At the same time.”

“Are you sure?” Ryan asked.

She nodded. Alex tugged her chin with one hand. The nymph was going to draw blood. He licked her lower lip. “We don’t want you to do anything you aren’t ready for.”

“Liar.” Her eyes danced with mirth.

“True, but... Make sure you’re ready. Once we start the claiming, it will be ... painful to stop.”

“I’m so fucking horny. I’ve been fighting the temptation to grab you both all day. My body is screaming for more. No matter what we do, it isn’t quite enough. I need you.”

“God, that’s sexy. Your words alone are going to make me come.”

Ryan lay down on his back and

pulled Lindsey on top of him. Alex looked into his eyes. *“You okay with me inside her tight ass first?”*

“I’ll get my turn.” Ryan smiled and let his gaze wander back to Lindsey’s as she climbed on top of him, spread her legs, and lowered herself directly onto his cock, pushing all the way down with no warning.

Alex watched Ryan’s eyes roll to the back of his head.

With a hand on her back, Alex held Lindsey down. Her chest rose and fell with deep gasps of breath as she settled herself over Ryan’s thickness.

“One sec.” He didn’t take a full second, just leaned across the bed, grabbed a lube from the side table, and

returned to situate himself behind Lindsey, his legs straddling Ryan's.

With one hand on her ass, he rubbed a generous glob of lubricant around her forbidden entrance, circled the hole over and over, while he waited for her to relax against his touch. He'd done what he could to stretch and prepare her in the last two days, but this was the real deal. She was tense beneath him, unsure what to expect.

"Eyes on me, Relax," Ryan commanded. He soothed her with words of love, while Alex worked first one finger and then two into her tight hole.

His dick bobbed with anticipation. He strained to keep a slow pace,

stretching her, scissoring inside her with both fingers.

When she began to press back against his hand, it was time.

“I’m going to enter you now with my cock, Lin. Claim you. You’ll be ours, connected in every way.” He didn’t want to specifically ask the question hanging in the air; *are you ready?* But, for heaven’s sake he wanted to be sure she had every opportunity to deny this before he entered her.

Above all else he never wanted to hurt her, physically or mentally, even if it meant waiting an excruciating length of time for her to be certain she wanted this.

“Now, Alex. I’m dying here.” Her

words were clear and concise.

And he plunged into her constricted rear entrance as rapidly as he dared.

Fully seated, he held his breath, as did the others. No sound vibrated through the air. Fuck and damn she was tight.

“Move.”

The lone word made his chest tighten with love.

And then she moaned. “Both of you, for the love of all that is holy, *move*.” She lifted and pushed her ass as best she could between them.

Alex pulled out until just the tip of his cock was still lodged inside her. He held her waist and brought her up with

him so that Ryan, too, was removed from her warmth.

And then he released her and both men immersed themselves inside her once again.

“Fuck. I’m going to come. Again.” She laid her forehead on Ryan’s chest and let the rhythm the men set take her over the edge. Her orgasm was hard and ongoing. Her tight ass contracting Alex’s cock in the same way she had to be squeezing the life out of Ryan’s.

Both men gasped and let their own respective releases take over on the tail end of Lindsey’s.

As soon as they were spent, they froze deep inside her, smiling to each other over her body, neither willing to

pull out of her warmth.

“I could stay like this forever. Please ... don’t ... move ... anyone.”

Her words inside Alex’s head were the sweetest request he’d ever heard or ever would.

“As you wish, mi amor.”

Lindsey lifted her head and faced Ryan, breaking the eye contact between the two men.

Not wanting to be left out, Alex added, *“We will gladly stay right here for as long as you’d like.”*

Her face twisted around until her gaze landed on his, her jaw hanging open. “Fuck, that’s just weird.”

“And my legs are tired. Do you mind

if I pull out for a rest. Promise we can do it again any time you want.” Alex winked at her.

She blushed, a deeper shade of red than the flush already covering her skin from being well-fucked.

Alex moaned as he removed himself from her with a soft pop. “That is the sweetest ass on the planet.”

On shaky legs, he lifted his body off the bed and padded to the adjoining bath for a wash cloth.

Moments later he returned to find Lindsey and Ryan curled around each other and pulling the blankets out from under them. As they situated on the cool sheets beneath, Alex kneeled beside his mate and pulled her legs apart to wipe

their excess lovemaking from her sexy pussy and ass.

He tossed a second cloth to Ryan and pondered briefly how it was that the sight of another man tending to his own cock wasn't a bone chilling experience. Whatever the case, it was nothing but sexy.

Discarding the cloth on the side table, Alex lay down alongside the love of his life, wrapped his arm around her middle, and let his mind relax for what he hoped would be a short nap before they woke needing to repeat the experience with unbridled passion.

Chapter 15

Lindsey awoke gasping. She bolted

upright, looked around the room, and remembered where she was. The sun was just peeking over the horizon outside, but she was alone. What woke her?

An uneasy sensation gave her a chill. She'd been dreaming. What about?

Lying back down, she pulled the covers over her still-naked body and closed her eyes. Sometimes she'd had weird dreams about the worship services and the parishioners of His Mighty Sword, but not usually two nights in a row. They must have really gotten to her.

Something niggled in the back of her mind. What? Flashes of her days of attending the cult-like chapel swam

around in her head.

Where were the guys?

“Lin? You up? We’re at the barn. Thought we’d be back before you awoke.” Ryan’s words made her shiver anew. How was she ever going to get used to this telepathy thing?

“Hey, babe. Go back to sleep. It’s early still. We felt we should help out around here. We’ve both been slacking for a few days,” Alex soothed. Even in her mind his Latin accent reverberated.

“I’m fine, boys. Do what you need. I’ll just go hunt down some coffee. If you left me any clothes around here...” She glanced around the room with a smile and spotted her bag on a chair.

“Clothes? Shit, Alex, I knew we forgot something. Why didn’t we think to leave her nothing to wear?”

“Ha, ha. Get back to work so you have more time for my insatiable needs later.”

“Don’t tease, cariña. You’ll wreck our concentration.”

She wasn’t teasing. Jeez, when would this ridiculous need to have sex every hour of the day subside? Climbing from the bed, she nearly stumbled when two men moaned into her mind.

“It’ll take some time, but, hon ... please try to block some of those thoughts from us. We’ll never get a damn thing done if you torture us with

your voracious libido all day. Alex is blushing. I think he's—"

She didn't even want to know how a *thought* could get cut off. Alex probably tackled him to the ground, knowing them.

As soon as she pulled on shorts and a T-shirt, Lindsey headed for the kitchen where she found both Nancy Masters and Tessa already at the table.

Nancy stood and pulled out a chair. "Morning, Lindsey. I hope you slept well?"

Tessa sucked in a breath, jumped up and squealed like a kid at Christmas. She knocked her chair over backward in her mad dash to tug Lindsey into a huge hug.

What the hell? It was one thing for

these people to be up so early, another for them to be so chipper about it, but on an entirely different plane for them to be downright excited just because Lindsey came into the room.

“Um, morning?” She peered around Tessa and raised her eyebrows at Nancy.

“Tessa, hon. Give her some space. She has no idea what you are excited about. You’re going to embarrass her.”

“Tell my sister to bug off. Is she pestering you? Your thoughts are all jumbled, but I can tell you’re with her.”

Okay, now this was just too weird. Nancy took Lindsey by the arm and led

her to a chair. “Sit. Coffee?”

“Please.”

“Tell my brother to stay out of your head for a while. It’s too confusing the first morning after you’re claimed. I nearly tripped and fell with Aaron constantly nagging me only hours after we mated.” Tessa took the chair beside Lindsey and a giant light bulb went off.

“Good grief, does everyone know? Couldn’t you keep this to yourselves for one freaking minute?” She hoped she was shouting at Alex and Ryan and that they both heard her loud and clear.

“Babe, we didn’t tell anyone anything. We should have warned you about this. They can, for lack of a better explanation, smell it on you.”

Alex's "explanation" did nothing to soothe her.

"What?"

"Your pheromones change when you're claimed. Wolves, we know a lot about each other just by walking into a room. We can even tell when a woman is ovulating or pregnant. Your scent is distinct at those times." Ryan's addition was worse than Alex's.

"A little warning would have been nice." She shuddered. *Pregnant? Ovulating?* She wasn't ready for those kinds of thoughts.

"Sorry, mi alma. We'll give you more details later. Enjoy some breakfast. Don't let anyone get to you."

It's the same for every newly claimed woman. Family gets excited. That's all."

Great. Fantastic. She was sitting at the table with Ryan's sister and his mother who knew every detail of the type of sex she'd engaged in last night with their son and brother ... *and* another man, for heaven's sake.

Could this day get any stranger? The sun wasn't even all the way up.

"Here," Nancy set a cup of steaming coffee in front of her. "Sugar? Cream?"

"Thanks." She took the offered tray of embellishments and stirred them into her mug without lifting her head.

"It's okay, you know. Weird for you, I guess. Kara still tells me this is too

peculiar for words, but for us it's just life." Tessa leaned into her line of vision. "Forgive me? I was just so excited. It's great to have another woman around here."

"I'm just still in shock," Lindsey said.

Nancy changed the subject. "We didn't expect to see you so early. You looked exhausted last night. Did we wake you clamoring around in here?"

"No. Not at all. I ... think I was having a nightmare. Those stupid people stalking me must be getting to me. Now I'm dreaming about sermons from my childhood." Something still niggled in her mind.

Lindsey laid her head on her palms, breathed in the scent of hot coffee doctored to perfection with cream and sugar, and tried to recall her dream. Pastor Stone's words rang through her thoughts.

We have a special announcement today. Sister Mary Katherine has just turned twenty-two and has agreed to marry Brother Thomas. Please praise the Lord our God for this union. Would the betrothed come forward to complete the union?

Father God Almighty, blessed is your name. Thank you for all you have provided us. We pray in your name that you help this couple in their journey.

Guide Sister Mary Katherine as she commits herself to serve you and her husband. Bless them with many numbers. Anoint them with your love and grace. Amen.

Lindsey gasped and jumped from her chair, sending the seat careening back against the floor.

“Lindsey? Honey? Are you okay?” Nancy stood and placed a hand on Lindsey’s arm. Through the haze of unwanted memories, Lindsey saw Nancy’s eyes, her brows scrunched in worry.

The back door opened and Ryan and Alex flew through it nearly side by side.

“Lin, babe? ¿Qué pasó? What happened?”

“We could feel your terror from across the yard.”

“I remembered something.” Her whole body shook. Alex and Ryan each took an arm and led her to the living room. All three sat on a sofa.

“What?” Ryan gazed into her eyes.

“When I was in my early teens, maybe just twelve, there was a wedding. Oh, man. I didn’t know any different. I didn’t realize it was all wrong. Off. Not normal.”

“What happened, *cariña*?” Alex ran his palm up and down her shivering arm.

“They must marry their women off at precisely twenty-two years old. That’s what I saw. I’ve been to several of these

ceremonies in fact. As a child. They aren't really ceremonies actually, not in the traditional sense. More of an announcement during the service. I remember one particular girl's face like it was yesterday. Why didn't I think of this earlier?" Lindsey scrunched her eyes closed and buried herself in the memory, trying to piece together her thoughts.

"It wasn't her name. I didn't usually pay close attention during meetings. I was a kid. But that day I looked up when they called her forward ... because I knew her name was Christa. They'd called her Sister Mary Katherine and I thought that was strange. Why would they do that?"

She took a deep breath, squeezed her eyes tighter and continued. “I watched in shock as they quickly married her with a simple prayer to a man twice her age. She looked horrified and turned toward the congregation, pleading for help with her eyes as he led her out of the church. I was probably the only one who even knew that since I had turned around to watch her exit through the back, much to my grandmother’s dismay. ‘Eyes forward, child. Never look back,’ she said.

“Shit. That must be what they meant when they said my grandmother had made arrangements for me. They want to force me into an arranged marriage.”

Lindsey bolted from the seat and started pacing. Her heart raced with the unwanted enlightenment. Sweat beaded on her forehead even though it was a cool morning, and her skin was covered with incongruent goose bumps.

Ryan and Alex were at her side in seconds. Wrapped in their embrace, they led her down the hall back to Ryan's room. "Deep breaths, hon. We're here. Nothing is going to happen to you. We promise." Even Ryan's consoling words would not calm her nerves as they sat together on the bed.

"What if they don't give up?"

"They will. You'll be twenty-two on Tuesday, right? Maybe after that, it'll be

too late.” Alex sounded more confident than Lindsey felt.

These rock-solid men/wolves who seemed to have landed at her doorstep by coincidence, may very well have saved her from a life of hell.

Thank God.

* * * *

The next time Lindsey awoke, she was not alone. Alex lay alongside her, his hair tussled about his face, a lock laying over one eye. She thought he could be a cover model if he’d just hold still for a moment so she could get a camera.

She smiled up at him. “You didn’t leave me alone.”

“Never.”

“Where’s Ryan?”

“Talking to his parents.”

“About?”

“Making sure you’re safe, *mi amor*.”

He kissed her chastely on the lips and drew her into a hug. “Feel better?”

“Much. Sorry I wigged out,” she said against his bare chest. Even groggy and still carrying the edge of fear in her system, she wanted him. He smelled of the slight sheen of sweat he must have worked up earlier, his own personal musk, enticing her to curl around him and beg him to enter her again. Would she ever feel quite safe even with these men wrapped around and inside her? Could she at least forget the fear at those

times, if only for a while? When would Pastor Stone give up and leave her alone?

“Relax your brain, *mi alma*. Your thoughts are giving even me a headache.” He chuckled lightly. “We are here. We won’t let anything happen to you, ever. And just think of your luck. You have two of us. We can tag team and make sure you aren’t alone a single minute if need be.”

Her shoulders sagged, and she tried to relax her grip on Alex’s biceps.

“Our queen has awoken,” Ryan announced as he came through the door.

In retrospect, she’d felt his presence even as he walked down the hall. Knew instinctively he was near before he came

into the room.

“Hungry? It’s almost noon. You haven’t eaten.”

“Damn, I never even got a sip of my coffee. No wonder I’m out of sorts.” She sat up and tried to smile.

Unwelcome tears pooled in her eyes as she glanced from one sexy hunk to the other. “How did I get so lucky?”

“Ah, but we have you fooled. Perfect.” Ryan rubbed his hands together in a mock gesture to solidify their game plan.

“Could I be in love with you two fools after such a short time?”

“Sure,” Ryan inched forward like a predator stalking his target. “What’s not

to love?”

The tears broke forth and streamed down her face. There was no doubt. It may have only been a few days, but these men were under her skin and in her soul to stay.

“I love you, *cariña*. With all my soul,” Alex said, his face sobered to complete seriousness as Ryan climbed up on the bed.

“And I love you with all my heart,” Ryan added as he took her into his embrace.

Squeezed between the two sexiest men in the world, Lindsey’s heart tightened. There was no doubt, she’d love them for the rest of her life.

Chapter 16

“It’s been two weeks, don’t you think it’s safe enough to go by the apartment and at least get my stuff?” Lindsey turned to Ryan from the counter where she’d been making sandwiches for lunch.

“Probably. But why don’t you let Alex or I just go for you?” He came up beside her and tucked a lock of hair behind her ear.

“It’s my home. I lived there for four years. I need ... to say goodbye.”

“To the apartment?” Ryan grinned and furrowed his brow. He didn’t get it.

“Sentimental thing and all. Charles and Michael have been driving by every day. They haven’t seen anyone or

anything suspicious since the day after I turned twenty-two. Surely, we can at least go there for a few hours.”

They’d been staying at Ryan’s parent’s house for fourteen days now. She was used to it by now, having so many people around. Everyone knowing her business.

They’d talked just last night about moving out, getting a place, but Lindsey had turned down the idea. She felt safe here. She was never alone. It was going to take a while for her to venture out on her own after the craziness of the last few weeks.

She was a strong woman at heart, but still... And Ryan and Alex had breathed a collective sigh of relief that she had no

intention of doing anything foolish.

Through the connection, she knew they were both secretly elated she was willing to stay with Ryan's parents for a while. It eased their minds. They'd only brought the subject up to make sure she was okay with the current arrangement. Neither of them could stomach the idea of moving out right now.

She'd not been able to start the teaching position she'd intended to begin last week. The idea had been stressful at first, feeling as though she'd wasted her education by not moving on to that stage in her life, but she got over it. Life on a farm was always busy. She was enjoying learning all the jobs that needed to be

done around here and glad she could help out. It kept her from feeling like a total freeloader.

Alex had lectured her two days ago. “You’re not a freeloader, *mi amor*. You’re our mate. Even if you did nothing but lie in bed all day and wait for our return, we’d be elated. We love you. And you do plenty, more than we would like. Take some time to find yourself, regroup so to speak. A lot has happened. If you still want to teach next year, we’ll make it happen.”

He was right. She needed to relax, wrap her mind around everything that had been dumped on her plate in less than three weeks.

Apparently the transition after the

claiming was quite a bit harder for a human than a wolf. She had so much to learn. And she still wondered when on earth she would stop craving sex day in and day out. Sort of.

They'd been to see Alejandro's aunt, uncle, and cousins several times in the past two weeks. Everyone was so kind and thoughtful, they brought tears to her eyes. So much family in such a short time was overwhelming to a woman who'd had no family at all for several years.

Even though the Thompsons insisted it wasn't necessary, Alex still spent a few days a week working with his family on their own farm. He didn't like

the idea of abandoning them after coming to the states specifically to help them out.

Ryan dragged her from her thoughts. “Jessica is planning to move back into the apartment and look for a new roommate or two.”

“She is? She didn’t tell me that. How did you know? When?”

“Today. Kara told me. So if you want to head over there later, you could see her for a bit while we get you packed.”

These men were both so thoughtful. And the one currently eyeing her like she was a delicacy to be savored began to stalk her like the wolf he was. She backed away from his possessive eyes

giggling, which in retrospect was most likely his intention, because before she knew it she was down the hall and in the bedroom she shared with both men. Alex materialized out of thin air, shut the door behind him, and turned the lock with a loud click.

They'd teased her at first about the lock issue. No matter what they said about wolves knowing, sensing, or God forbid smelling, everything with their finely tuned noses, she couldn't stomach the idea of having sex or even being naked with the door unlocked so anyone in the family could easily just walk in. She'd be mortified beyond belief if that happened.

“How about a quicky and then we’ll take you to your apartment.” Ryan tugged on her shirt without waiting for an answer.

“A quicky?” She snorted. “You don’t even know the meaning of the word.” Nothing they ever did could be called a “quicky.” Not once had she had sex with either one or both of them without coming at least twice under the skilled touch of their mouths, hands, and cocks.

Semantics, she thought while speeding up the process by popping the button of her jeans and wiggling her ass enough to make them fall to the floor before stepping away from the constricting garment.

“You can give me an English lesson later, *mi alma*. Right now I want you to lie in the center of that bed, spread your legs, and let us have our way with you.”

The usual shiver coursed through her body as she did as she was told. It always made her wet and needy when they bossed her around in the bedroom like that. If they dared to demand her compliance outside the bedroom, they'd have another thing coming. But, in regards to their sexual escapades, she found it incredibly arousing when they told her what to do, held her body down, and tortured it to orgasm.

Ryan spread his legs and straddled her torso so fast she gasped as his

heavenly cock bobbed in front of her face. She licked her lips, knowing it would drive him insane.

He moaned, grasped both her hands, and pressed them into the pillow behind her head. His length was inches from her mouth, which watered with the need to taste him, but he wasn't close enough.

The assault on her below the waist began just as she managed to get one desperate lick across Ryan's balls.

Her thighs were spread wide and held open to Alex's perusal. He teased her mercilessly with his breath so close to her sex, knowing by now what drove her mad with need. Her legs shook, her sex clenched, and she felt her arousal running down between her legs.

No one had touched her, she realized. And she was so close to coming she moaned. “Please,” she begged.

Why must they always torture me into an orgasm before they enter me?

“Because we can,” Ryan said. “And because you look so sexy and hot when we do. And because ... you love it.” He smiled down at her.

Sometimes it was infuriating that they could read her thoughts so easily. She hadn’t begun to master the art of blocking some of them. At least she needed to learn to shut out some of the more lascivious ones or she’d never get a moment’s peace.

Or maybe she'd rather not learn that particular skill.

Ryan's free hand toyed with her nipples, barely grazing over them, bringing them to stiff peaks. She strained in vain to lift her chest and get more friction against his fingers.

Alex licked a circle around her clit and pushed one finger inside her.

Together, in a most certainly arranged composition, both men increased their assault, Ryan pinching her nipples in earnest while Alex sucked her clit deep into his mouth and pressed his tongue against the exposed bud.

"Come for us, hon. I want to watch you as you explode around Alex's

fingers.”

She sucked in a breath and held Ryan’s gaze while Alex twisted his hand and dragged at least two fingers across her G-spot.

The explosion was intense, as always, shaking her body as she pulsed around Alex’s hand and moaned in a tone she still couldn’t believe was her own.

Before she could come down from her high, Ryan let his cock fall into her hungry mouth while Alex lifted her torso, stuffed two pillows beneath her ass to lift her, and plunged into her depths. His own groan of satisfaction mixed with hers.

She sucked as hard as she dared on

Ryan, as though he were the last meal on earth and she wanted to savor every morsel. It wasn't far from the truth.

When all three came together and collapsed in a tangled heap across the bed, she felt like the luckiest woman alive.

Man, I love these men.

“And we love you, mi amor.”

* * * *

Two hours later, the three of them walked into Lindsey's apartment still high on their lust, joking and laughing with each other without a care in the world.

And then the ground dropped out from under them.

“Where’s Jessica? I thought she’d be here by now.” The apartment was too silent. Eerie. “Jess?” A tingle crawled up Lindsey’s spine and across her neck. “Jess?”

She practically ran down the hall calling her name when she didn’t answer.

And then she came back to the front room and froze.

Ryan stood still as a statue in the middle of the room, his eyes wide, a piece of paper dangling from his hand.

“Ryan?” Fear threatened to bring up her lunch as she watched the white page of a notebook flutter to the ground, its ragged edges seeming to metaphorically

attest to the message she'd find on the paper.

In slow motion, Lindsey fell to the floor and crawled toward the paper as it settled against the rug. Alex grabbed her around the waist, but even he wasn't strong enough to keep her from her goal, and she reached out her hand just far enough to snag the object that would tip her world on its axis.

*

Dear Sister Mary Martha,

It appears you do not fully understand the severity of your actions.

It was deemed by your grandmother that you would marry the man of our choosing on your twenty-second birthday. That date has come and gone.

In your stead, we have decided your roommate will be a perfectly suitable replacement. After all, her own twenty-second birthday is coming up this Friday.

Now, we realize you may find it in your heart to repent your evil ways in light of this new information. Should you choose to do so, please present yourself at our building this Friday, September third, precisely at noon, prepared to repent for your sins and exchange yourself for your dear friend, Jessica.

Should you choose not to arrive by the requested hour, or to do so other than completely alone, we will be

forced to marry Jessica in your stead.

Trust me, she will never be seen again.

Yours truly, Pastor Stone

*

The room spun around Lindsey for several seconds before everything went black.

Chapter 17

Lindsey paced the kitchen floor for the thousandth time, her hands fisted at her side to avoid biting her nails any more than she already had.

Two more hours until the designated rendezvous. Two long hours.

She hadn't slept more than a few hours at a time since Wednesday afternoon. And when she did drift off,

she always awoke screaming in terror.

Jeez, those bastards have Jess. And they have for two days. What the hell have they done to her?

Her stomach threatened to purge itself again. She'd thrown up nearly everything she'd swallowed in the last forty-eight hours.

“Ma’am, let’s go over this one more time.” The officer sitting at the Masters’ kitchen table this morning was calm and understanding, but she was tired of rehearsing.

Ryan stopped her in her tracks on the billionth path. “You’re wearing a hole in the floor.” He didn’t crack a smile, just took her in his arms and held her ...

again.

Lindsey groaned. “I’ve got it. We don’t need to run through any more scenarios.”

She was uneasy about the amount of police involvement. There’d been no way in the world to stop Alex and Ryan from calling the authorities, and on one level she wholeheartedly agreed, but Jess’s life was at stake. She didn’t want to fuck this up even if she had to give up her own life to spare her friend.

“Nothing is going to happen to you. We won’t let it.” Alex reached out to her from somewhere outside. Babysitting duty was Ryan’s this morning.

While Lindsey was concerned about how much the police and her new family

could possibly be a threat to the rescue, they were just as equally insistent that she not even show up at all.

Alex and Ryan had emphatically insisted she stay out of it in the beginning. No way in the world were they going to risk her life by sending her to the “wolves.”

In the end, the police agreed to a certain extent with Lindsey. She should go into the church at noon as demanded, by all appearances alone.

The building would be surrounded. She'd have an invisible ear mic so the officer in charge could communicate with her.

Of course there was no way for the

police to realize she had a far better form of communication readily in place with Alex and Ryan. Thank goodness.

Even if things went awry, she could always let them know what was going on.

The officer cleared his throat and walked into her line of sight, narrowing his gaze on her. “Don’t say anything more than necessary when you get inside. Just ask the questions we discussed. Hopefully you’ll get the answers we need on tape to arrest these people and put an end to this once and for all.”

Ryan squeezed her back against his chest and wrapped his arms around her middle. No matter how tight he held her

now, or what sort of cocoon he imagined he could use to protect her, he was going to have to let go soon. The clock was ticking.

“Got it.” Lindsey nodded agreement.

“What if they have weapons?” Ryan asked.

They’d been over this. Lindsey rolled her eyes toward the police officer so Ryan couldn’t see. “Weapons of God?” She tried to laugh, but it came out sounding forced.

“Ha ha.” He tightened his grip and she wiggled to get free.

“You’re squishing the breath out of me.” She twisted around to face him. “I’ll be fine. I know these people, don’t

forget. I'll do what I have to do to play along and get Jess out of there."

"And then what? What about you?" His brow furrowed and he gave her a shake.

"Then I run like hell if I have to. We have every possible scenario covered, Ryan. Everything from someone grabbing me, to weapons, to an eternal prayer service for my soul. I'll be perfectly safe. Hell, cops will be everywhere."

"I don't like it." He laid his forehead against hers. "But, seeing as you're stubborn and you'll be surrounded, I'll bite my tongue. I love you." The last words came out on a breath. "Don't do anything foolish or I'll have to punish

you for giving me heart failure.” This he whispered right inside her ear so no one could overhear. Thank goodness.

The smile on his face when he gazed back into her eyes was all she needed to know what kind of punishment he had in mind. Perhaps she’d be just a little less compliant with the plan than arranged, just for the opportunity to experience his kind of discipline.

“Don’t look at me like that you little imp.”

“We should go. It’s almost time to meet with the rest of the team at the motel across the street from His Mighty Sword.” The officer shook his head in disbelief at the name of the church alone,

and not for the first time.

Ryan and Lindsey followed Officer Hammond outside and met Alex at the car. The rest of the family was coming toward them from every direction. Every detail was planned. Ryan and Alex would take Lindsey. Charles, Richard, and Aaron climbed into another truck.

Michael stood to the side, still pouting about being left out to stay back with Nancy and Tessa. The farm was bustling with several other men working on the land, but Michael was only twenty and deemed too young to accompany them.

Tessa hugged Lindsey before she stepped up into the truck. "Be safe. Please."

“I will.” She turned to Nancy who stood a few steps back with watery eyes and nodded. “Don’t worry.”

This was her family now. She’d never had so many people love her unconditionally like this.

The drive was silent and Lindsey concentrated on the sound of the gravel crunching under the tires and then the *swoosh* of the road beneath them. Both her mates kept a hand on her the entire way, caressing her seemingly everywhere. For once, their touch didn’t cause her to pant like she was in heat.

She held her breath when they arrived at the motel, followed everyone inside, and spent twenty minutes in a

state of suspended disbelief, nodding at what each officer told her, repeating their instructions back to them for the umpteenth time.

Everyone hoped this would go quick. In and out. *Please, God.*

“Do not lose contact with us, babe.” Alejandro wrapped his arms around her for only a moment, his own eyes wet when she stepped back. *“Not for a minute.”*

“Okay.” Thank goodness she had this link to get her through the most challenging ordeal of her life.

A brief hug from Ryan on the way out the door and she was off.

Her legs shook and her hands sweated profusely as she rounded the

back of the building and came out onto the street several doors down. *So far so good.* She trudged the planned route to the church, her eyes scanning her surroundings and darting every so often at the tall green French doors at the front of her destination.

Wherever the cops were, she couldn't see them. That meant the bad guys couldn't either.

She shrugged her shoulders and tried to relax, took a deep breath as she reached the source of her nightmares, and opened the front door.

It wasn't locked. They were expecting her. *Please let them be as stupid as they are ignorant.*

She paused in the rear vestibule, letting her eyes adjust to the dim lighting after her trek in the sunshine.

At first she heard nothing but silence. Turning her head to the side, she strained to listen for any sign of life.

A tiny whine stabbed her heart. *Jess*. Her friend of four years held against her will by these supposed lambs of God. What an oxymoron.

“Can you see anything? What’s going on, Lin?”

“Ryan, let me concentrate. I can’t be sharp if you clog my head. Give me a minute.”

“We’re worried, mi amor.”

“I know.”

Lindsey crept into the sanctuary, her eyes focused on the end of the center aisle as three people came into view. She sucked in a breath and held it. If she hadn't known better, she'd have thought the scene appeared quite innocent. Just three human beings waiting for her.

“Oh, I see you chose well, my lamb.”

Her teeth gritted and she cringed as though the voice of Pastor Stone were akin to the scratching on a chalkboard. How could she have sat in these pews year after year for eighteen years and never realized what a hypocrite this mother fucker was?

At the second pew from the back,

she paused. “Let Jessica go. I’m not coming any farther until you release her.”

Perverse laughter reminiscent of the Joker from Batman echoed through the hollow room. *Oh, he’s cracked indeed.*

“Hammond says he’s laughing. Why is he laughing?” Ryan demanded.

“He’s loony.”

“Tell you what,” Stone wiped his eyes with the back of his hands as though recovering from a fantastic joke. The two members of his flock at his sides even stared at him incredulous. He’d gotten crazier than ever. “How about we meet half way.”

He took one step forward, shoving Jess in front of him and into the ray of

light coming through the stained-glass window.

Lindsey sucked in a breath and tried not to cry. *Jess*. Her hands were wrenched behind her back, her mouth covered with duct tape. Her eyes were saucers filled with the most horrendous fear she'd ever seen. Tear stains ran in tracks down her cheeks.

In slow motion, Lindsey inched forward.

“Don’t get too close, Miss Walters. We don’t want him to have the upper hand,” Hammond whispered into her earpiece. “Stop a few feet away and demand her release or I’m going to find myself with two women to rescue

instead of one.”

Lindsey nodded as though the officer could see the motion and blinked to clear her head.

Get her out. Just get her out. Then worry about yourself.

“Could you possibly do both tasks at once, mi alma? I’m about to shit my pants as it is.”

She didn’t have time to respond.

When one hard wooden pew remained between Lindsey and Stone, who gripped the struggling Jessica far more harshly than necessary, she stopped.

“Let her go. I’m here.” She folded her arms across her chest as rehearsed, a little tip of body language that screamed

“I’m not going to let you get the better of me.”

With a smirk, the crazed lunatic shoved Jess to the side. She stumbled and fell into the aisle, her head banging into the dark wooden pew.

Lindsey cringed and leaped toward her friend, but in a flash, the leader of this absurd excuse for religion grabbed her by both arms and pulled her toward the altar.

Lindsey twisted her neck and watched as Jess frantically struggled to upright herself and ran helter skelter toward the back of the church.

The long marble slab on the raised dais drew Lindsey’s attention. Why

hadn't she ever really looked at it before? It was reminiscent of what her ancestors probably used to make a human sacrifice and she prayed today her life would not end in the same manner.

At the altar, Lindsey recognized the older gentleman standing in wait from her childhood. She couldn't remember his name, but it didn't matter.

Next to him stood a woman she didn't know, her head bowed in submission. She mumbled toward the floor what Lindsey soon realized was a constant stream of prayer. She wondered briefly what exactly the lady might be praying for? Lindsey's redemption? Her own? Or perhaps something more

sinister?

“Brother Frank Wellington,” Pastor Stone began, “your intended, Sister Mary Martha.” Stone jerked on Lindsey’s arm and nodded in her direction.

Fuck you.

The grip on her arm started to smart. She’d have a big bruise tomorrow. *I hope that’s all I get out of the farce.*

Two men growled in her head. She could sense their need to pummel the asshole for laying a hand on her.

Frank was about sixty. Didn’t he already have a wife? She cringed.

Her chest pounded as Stone began to recite the absurd wedding ritual

customary among his flock.

It doesn't matter. They're just words. They mean nothing and hold no weight legally, she repeated to herself.

Lindsey concentrated on Alex and Ryan, flooding them with thoughts of her love, tuning out Stone's ceremonial words.

“...I now pronounce you man and wife.”

Lindsey jerked her gaze to Stone's smug look of victory as he released her arm and literally handed her over to the older man. “Wellington, I don't envy you. You'll need a firm hand and a thick belt to turn this harlot back down the path of righteousness. God speed. Take heed of my advice earlier.” He raised

his eyebrows and then sauntered out a side door.

“Stone went out the West door. My new ‘husband’ is leading me bodily toward the front door. There’s another woman here, but she hasn’t moved. She’s at the altar, demurely praying to her vindictive God.” How on earth Ryan and Alex were going to relay that info to the cops without raising a few eyebrows she didn’t have time to ponder.

“Got it.”

Hammond spoke in her ear. “Miss Walters? I’m assuming you are on the way out?”

She coughed once, her sign for yes.

“The front?”

Another single cough.

Wellington hadn't spoken a single word yet. She glanced up at him to see his lips pursed tight, his brow furrowed. Was he worried? *He should be.*

Picking up speed, he hastened down the aisle, out the front door, and toward the blue, four-door sedan the cops had blessedly assumed would be their method of escape.

Halfway down the sidewalk, the show began. “Stop where you are! Hands in the air. Release the woman.” Cops descended from every direction.

Lindsey yanked free of her captor and ducked to the ground as planned.

She crawled as fast as she could away from the danger zone. The rough concrete dug into her palms and knees, but she didn't stop.

A stunned Wellington spun in a circle, his eyes wide, his arms raised. The poor bastard had no idea what was happening or even that he'd broken the law.

Ryan and Alex rounded the building across the street and sprinted toward her as she darted their direction at the same time. In midair they caught her and spun back to the motel. Her feet never hit the ground after she was in their arms, unsure which of them was the one actually carting her away.

They were a tangle of heavy

breathing and determination.

They headed straight for the corner unit of the motel, the prearranged meeting place, shoved the door open from its position ajar, scrambled inside, and slammed the three of them into the dank, hazy room. Only then did they set Lindsey on her feet.

She leaned forward to catch her breath, hands on her knees.

“You okay?” Alex pulled her back upright. Four hands patted her from head to toe.

“I’m fine.” *Or not.* Tears flooded her eyes and ran down her cheeks. Even with the curtains drawn, making the light dim, she could see the relief on both

men's faces. Their breathing slowed, their shoulders lowered.

“Don’t you ever scare the hell out of us like that again, you hear?” Ryan narrowed his eyes at her, one side of his mouth raised in a smirk.

Oh, yeah, because I planned this as an entertaining outing for the week.

His lips smashed onto hers and he devoured her until Alex pushed him aside and did the same.

“You did great, *mi amor*. I’m so proud of you.”

Her smile spread a mile wide, until her cheeks ached, and then she sobered.

“Did they get Pastor Stone?”

Heads nodded. “Oh, yeah. He never had a chance. The bastard was

incredibly cocky,” Ryan stated.

“And the woman? Will she be arrested?”

“Probably, but she won’t be held too long. She ‘knows not what she does,’” he added sarcastically.

“Oh, no. Where’s Jess?” How could she forget Jess?

“The cops took her to the hospital to check her out. She looked good though. I don’t think they hurt her, *cariña*.”

“I’d like to see her.” Lindsey stared both men in the eye, daring them to contradict her. “And then, we go home. I need a long bath, some fierce loving, and two day’s sleep.”

“Of course. Let’s go.” Ryan took her

hand in his, threaded his fingers with hers. “After all, two days without sex right after a claiming is brutal torture to us wolves.”

“I second that.” Alex clasped her other hand and kissed her knuckles.

“It’s not pleasant for us humans either. What are we waiting for? Time’s a wastin’.”

Side-by-side they walked to the car, away from the danger haunting her past, toward the future waiting to be filled with new memories to replace the nightmares.

Epilogue

Lindsey stared in awe out the tiny, round window. From this vantage point, several miles in the air, the lush Spanish

landscape took her breath away. Miles and miles of rolling hills covered with what she now knew were vineyards and olive groves.

She'd spent most of the flight between her two men, but when they'd gotten closer to landing, she'd booted Ryan and taken his spot by the window.

It was his warm hand spread across her shoulder blades right now. He leaned forward and peered around her to catch a glimpse for himself. His hair tickled her chin where they nearly touched. The heat of his skin surrounded her, comforting her somewhat nervous state.

Alejandro chuckled behind them and

added a second hand to her lower back. “You seem to be enjoying my country.” His proud deep voice radiated up Lindsey’s spine.

“So beautiful.” She turned back to face him over her shoulder. “Are you sure your family is going to be okay with this?” No matter how much reassurance she’d received, she couldn’t wrap her mind around the idea that others would find this arrangement normal or acceptable.

Alex lowered his voice and whispered for their ears only, “We are wolves, *cariña*. This is not so unusual for our species. Relax. My parents will love you to pieces and my siblings will not be able to stop jabbering at you. We

are a close family, like Ryan's."

Lindsey jolted when Ryan laid a hand on her jean-clad thigh and squeezed, a bit higher than socially acceptable. In fact, his fingers grazed over her sex as he did so, sending heat to her cheeks and causing her to glance around at the other passengers in mortification.

Ryan's chuckle vibrated his palm against her and pushed a delicate squeak from her lips. "I love how innocent you are. It never ceases to amaze me how you blush when we touch you. Sexy as hell."

"There are people all around us, Ryan," she mumbled under her breath,

sending him a glare inches from his face.

“And they can’t see a thing, hon. Now if I were to do this...” His hand jerked up and landed directly over her crotch. He bore down hard with his palm and a rush of wetness leaked into her panties.

She gasped, and then moaned when he flicked his fingers across her slit. Even through the denim, she became hyper-aroused. Her forehead fell against his while she became putty in his hands.

“God, she is hot.” Alejandro’s voice jerked her attention back to the present. “I can smell her arousal.”

She grabbed Ryan’s hand with both of hers and pushed. “Stop it. You’re going to make me embarrass myself.”

She fought against him to no avail. He wasn't to be dissuaded so easily. "You promised me—not on the plane. You swore." She glared daggers at Ryan and then at Alex, hoping for some support from her other mate.

"Okay, okay," he finally conceded, "but as soon as we get someplace private, I want these jeans off. This pussy is mine." He released her, physically. Mentally he still controlled her arousal with his damn words.

A low growl emitted from her other wolf. "I might want a part in that party myself, you know. It's been a long flight." Alejandro adjusted himself right before her eyes.

She had to turn back to the window to avoid licking her lips. Perhaps if she concentrated on the scenery below, she could keep the need driving her to distraction at bay.

They think they're suffering? Ha. She needed to come so bad she couldn't hold her knees still.

“We are almost there. Look.” Alejandro squeezed his arm in between Lindsey and Ryan and pointed out the window. “That’s where we are heading.”

“Is your family going to meet us at the airport?”

“No, I rented a car. It’ll give us more freedom after we arrive—and control

over just when we arrive.”

Lindsey shivered. *What does he mean by that?*

“Oh, baby. Miles and miles of country roads with no one on them. It would be very painful to arrive at my parent’s house only to spend hours socializing before we get a chance to be alone. We’ve been on this plane for way too long. I need you naked beneath me long before we get to the vineyard.”

For once in her life, that didn’t sound so bad. She didn’t even blush. Maybe she could get used to this strange new life of hers.

“We’ll be here for a whole month visiting. That’s plenty of time. We don’t need to rush. Another extra hour spent

lollygagging along the way won't kill anyone." Alejandro brushed a loose tendril of hair behind her ear.

She giggled at his use of the American term: lollygagging. He had no idea he sounded like her great-grandma.

Two hours later, the three were through customs and had all their luggage stowed in the trunk of a luxury rental. For four weeks they would get to know this side of the family, both Lindsey and Ryan. She sensed he was also nervous, although he'd never admit to such a thing.

Hell, he'd never been away from his own tight family this long. Even with his new family of three all together he

would miss his parents and siblings. In fact, it was for that very reason they'd finally decided to build their own place on his parent's land, just as his sister Tessa had. There were more than enough acres to separate the families and give them their own space, while allowing them to easily work together and congregate easily.

Alejandro was more misplaced. He'd been working both farms since they'd moved into Ryan's parents' house three weeks ago. His aunt and uncle really needed the help, but he also felt he needed to pull his weight on the Masters' farm. He was exhausting himself and Lindsey hoped he could spend the next month relaxing in Spain

and return to the U.S. slightly less guilt-ridden over his obligations. Neither family expected half as much out of him as he did out of himself. Everyone understood the complex circumstances.

As they climbed into the car, Lindsey insisted on both men sitting up front so she could stretch out in the back. It wouldn't last, but they'd suffocated her on the plane for many hours, squishing her from both sides, each with a hand on her constantly. It was a wonder the flight attendants didn't notice and raise an eyebrow. Although, Lindsey had very meticulously avoided any eye contact with the employees for just that reason. She'd been mortified enough. It was

easier not to know what they were thinking.

Miles and miles of gorgeous landscape caused Lindsey's neck to crane back and forth out the right and left sides of the car. Her mind wandered, pondering the last several weeks. Her mates graciously allowing her a few minutes of space.

Sure, Ryan's life was upside down with the addition of two people in his bed and the need to travel to the other side of the earth to meet his extended family. And Alejandro's life was topsy turvy even more so having moved twice in the last month, both in unfamiliar territory, picking up a mate and another man along the way.

But, neither of them had their world spinning as far off its axis as Lindsey did.

One month ago she'd been a regular human, oblivious to the existence of shape-shifters. She'd been about to start a teaching job that she'd turned down in order to deal with her newfound craziness. She'd mated with not one, but two wolves. *Wolves*.

She'd moved to a dairy farm. Left her roommate of four years in her comfortable apartment. And most importantly, overcome ingrained religious obstacles that had been pounded into her head since birth. Not only was she participating in a healthy

sexual relationship that went against everything she'd been taught, but with two men, at the same time ... multiple times a day.

She smiled at her accomplishments and thanked God for getting her out of her previous life and into one she never would have suspected, but very much enjoyed.

The car pulled off the pavement onto a gravel road on the right, jarring Lindsey from her contemplation.

She glanced into the faces of first one man and then the other in the rearview mirror. they both smirked at her. Their thoughts, which she'd been ignoring for several miles, alone in her meditations, slammed into her head.

She swallowed and squeezed her legs together.

Alejandro pulled the car to a stop between rows and rows of grape vines.

Lindsey flinched at the sound of a high-pitched grinding noise just before the top of the car began to lift up into the air. She'd not even realized it was a convertible when they'd first gotten in. *How did I miss that?*

Both men intently gazed into her eyes from their position twisted around in the front seat until the motor stopped. A warm breeze blew her hair in the open air. She gripped the leather alongside both thighs.

“She’s so hot when we catch her off-

guard,” Ryan muttered.

“Her arousal zooms from zero to ninety in seconds. Are you wet for us, *mi amor*?”

Lindsey didn’t say anything. Were they really going to fuck right here in the car along the side of the road? What if someone saw them?

Alejandro climbed over the seat first and plopped onto her left side. “Is that what you want, baby? To be fucked?” He took her face in both hands and kissed her until her head spun. When he leaned back, he asked another question. “Or do you want to make long, slow, delicious love in the open air between the aroma of sweet grapes?”

She sucked in a breath. At some

point Ryan had joined them on her right side. His heat soaked into her back through the thin summer blouse she wore.

In silent agreement, and somehow without her knowledge, Alex and Ryan lifted her into the air and set her on the back of the seat. She didn't even have time to register their intention before four hands had unbuttoned and unzipped her jeans and slid them off her body, taking her panties with them.

She'd been forced to lean back, her hands on the trunk behind her to avoid falling.

"Take your blouse off, hon." Ryan's voice was cracking it was so low. His

wavy brown hair wafted over his forehead and his eyes dilated to pinpricks as he commanded her. “And your bra.”

Lindsey leaned forward, braced by the hold both men had on her legs, and did as she'd been told as though unable to control her own actions. Hell, she didn't even care. Her hands shook, making it difficult to push the buttons through the holes, but she didn't want to rip the material. She was tired of replacing clothing lately, and this blouse was the one she intended to wear to meet Alex's parents.

Painstaking minutes later, the silky floral shirt was lying on the trunk with her bra joining it.

She was naked. The men were not.

“So fucking sexy.” Ryan pressed against her stomach. “Lean back, tip your head back. I want to remember you like this. Like a photo in my mind. Your hair blowing in the wind. Your hot little body on top of the car, open to us, demanding we take you.”

Heavens, every time one of them painted a scenario, it came true while they spoke.

She moaned, her eyes closed against the bright light of the open sky. Sensation ruled her as she let them love her. All her concentration zoomed to multiple hands spreading her thighs as wide as they could and holding her open to the

breeze. She was essentially as trapped as she would be if they'd tied her hands behind her. If she moved either palm, she'd fall over backward.

Without looking down, all she could do was feel. Fingers everywhere. Her sex was held open, air wafting over the wetness before a tongue dove inside to taste her. The second it landed on her clit, she came.

“So sexy. Do it again, baby. Let it go. We love to watch you orgasm. You look so free when you release for us. Wild, natural, raw.” The words were Alex's, which meant Ryan's tongue was the one delving into her pussy, sucking on her clit, driving her toward another climax.

She no longer doubted she could come again. They'd dragged so many multiple orgasms out of her for so many days in a row now, she'd begun to expect it. That sensitivity in her clit that she felt right after the first orgasm always dissipated within moments as another set of need built upon the first.

Goose bumps rose across her chest when Alejandro sucked a nipple into his mouth while pinching the other and rolling the little nub between two fingers. She arched her back into him.

She'd long since lost her modesty when it came to her naked body. Whatever doubts she'd had about her attractiveness before meeting these

hunks gradually disappeared under their genuine belief that she was the most beautiful creature in the world. Who was she to doubt their ingenuousness?

Pressure built until her body trembled under their skilled hands. Alejandro stood over her, alternately sucking and squeezing her breasts. Ryan wiggled two fingers into her without losing suction on her clit. She stiffened. “So close...”

She was right on the edge. A place they kept her frequently. And she loved it. All her attention was riveted to her center.

With a pop, Alex let go of her nipple, pulled her head up with one hand, and kissed her so thoroughly her

brain scattered. She was only marginally aware of Ryan's fingers dancing in and around the other set inside her, until finally he shoved a digit into her rear entrance and angled it to brush against the ones in her pussy.

Lindsey's ass shot off the truck, only managing to smash more thoroughly into Ryan's mouth and impound his fingers deeper into her. Her walls clenched down tight and she screamed into Alex's lips as her second orgasm, much more intense than the first, washed over her, wave after wave of muscles squeezing Ryan's fingers in both holes.

She loved these men. She was putty in their hands.

All she could do was smile into the blue sky as they lifted her off the back of the car.

Moments later, Alex was sitting in her spot and she was lowered over his thick cock, impaled to the hilt. “Look at me, baby.” Her gaze landed on Alex’s. “I want to watch your eyes when you come again.”

Ryan pushed on her back so she leaned forward over Alex. He used her wetness to lube her ass and then, standing on the seat cushion behind her, thrust up into her rear entrance to join Alex.

She felt so wonderful, so full. Every single time they did this.

“Won’t last long...” Ryan mumbled into her ear, sending a chill down her spine.

“Me neither. Been so long.” Alex stared into her eyes, never losing the contact they had between them.

Lindsey chuckled before either man moved. That still moment when everyone just relished the fullness of their joining before moving in the rhythm they had established over the last weeks. “It’s been what? Twelve hours?”

“Seems longer,” they both said in tandem.

And that was the last rational thought she had. She let her mind drift, ignoring the stress the rest of the day would bring

when they arrived at their destination, and concentrating on just feeling. The two men whom she loved more than anything in the world pressed inside her, filling her world and her body with their love.

The End

About the Author

Becca Jameson lives in Atlanta, Georgia, with her husband and two kids. When she isn't writing, she can be found reading, editing, scrapbooking, running, swimming, biking, or taxiing kids all over creation. She doesn't sleep much ... or sit down often ... but she loves to be busy! To learn more about Becca Jameson, visit her blog at www.beccajameson.com, email her at

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