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SUGAR CREEK 2:
*Melissa's
Acceptance*

Becca Van

Sugar Creek 2:

Melissa's Acceptance

Melissa Wise, a twenty-two-year-old, slender, multicolor-haired virgin, takes a drive for some much needed rest and relaxation after she breaks up with her now ex-boyfriend. She ends up at a little place called the Shifter Inn outside of Sugar Creek, Ohio. She is about to leave through the inn door when she is inadvertently knocked flat on her back, cracking her head on the floor and knocking her unconscious as two men barge in through the entrance.

Damian and Luke Aerth are very worried when they realize they have just hurt their mate. They call a doctor to check her over and when the all clear is given they take her back to their cabin, which is on pack land, to take care of her.

The two men convince Melissa to become

intimate with them, but she runs and hides after becoming embarrassed. Will the two men be able to convince Melissa she means more to them than just sex? Or will she walk away from them feeling as if she's been used by yet another male?

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MENAGE EVERLASTING



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SUGAR CREEK 2: MELISSA'S ACCEPTANCE

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Prologue

Melissa Wise arrived on her sister Sara's doorstep ten minutes after her final date with Wesley Sands had come to its horrid end, and when she saw her sister she couldn't hold back the tears anymore.

"What's wrong, Mel? Why are you crying?" Sara frowned with concern.

"I am never going on a date again," Melissa announced before she burst into uncontrollable sobs.

Sara pulled Melissa into the entry foyer of her small apartment, shutting the door behind them. Melissa was glad for Sara's quick actions, since she didn't

want any of her sister's nosy neighbors coming outside to see what was going on. She clung to Sara for a moment, safe in the knowledge that her sister loved and cared for her as much as Melissa did for her. Finally she was able to stop crying and let Sara go.

“Okay, let's take this into the kitchen. I'll put the kettle on and you can tell me what's happened.” Sara took hold of Melissa's hand, led her into her small kitchen and made their drinks. She placed two mugs of coffee on the table and took a seat next to Melissa.

“Tell me what's been going on, Mel.”

“I told you I was going on another date with Wesley tonight.”

“Yes, you did. So what happened?”

“Well, he drove me back to my apartment. I asked him if he would like to come in for a drink. We were sitting on the sofa talking, then he started kissing me, which was fine. I was an eager participant until things started getting out of hand, and we were doing some heavy petting.” Melissa took a shuddering breath and tears began to trickle down her cheeks again. “We were both so hot for each other. Oh God. I can’t do this. It’s too embarrassing.”

“Mel, come on honey, you’re my little sister. You can tell me anything. It can’t be that bad.”

“You have no idea. I am never going out with another man, again. I can’t have

sex with anyone ever. I was so embarrassed and ashamed and he made me feel dirty, Sara. The one and only time I had ever gone this far in my life with a man intimately and he humiliated me.”

“Tell me what happened, sis. I might be able to help you.”

“No, I can’t. It’s too embarrassing.”

“I’ll bet it had nothing to do with what you did and was probably his fault, honey. I mean, he has to be a weasel or something with a name like Wesley. He’s probably still living with Mommy and never had a date with a female in his life.” Sara snickered.

“Well actually, he does still live at home with his parents.”

“See, there you go. I’ll bet he’s a nerd, too. You’re better off without someone like that. There is a man out there somewhere for you. Don’t let your first experience put you off from the entire male race. Just be patient and when you least expect it, some man is going to come along and sweep you off your feet.”

Melissa got up from her chair and gave her sister a big hug. “What would I do without you, Sara? You are the best sister I’ve ever had.”

“I’m the only sister you’ve ever had.” Sara snorted. “You know if you ever want to talk about whatever the problem is, I’m here for you, Mel.”

“I know. Thanks Sara, you are the best. I think I’m going to go for a drive. I just don’t want to go back to my apartment right now. I’ve heard of a little inn about an hour’s drive from here, near Sugar Creek. I think I’ll head out there just to check it out. I need to clear my mind before I’ll be able to sleep.”

“Well, you drive carefully, Mel. You know, I’ll always be here for you, honey.”

“I know. Thanks Sara, and that goes both ways, you know.”

“I know.”

Chapter One

Melissa pulled into the parking lot of the Shifters Inn just after midnight. There seemed to be quite a few cars in the lot. It looked like the people of Sugar Creek, Ohio had decided on a night out as well.

Grabbing her purse from beside her, Melissa locked her car and headed toward the door of the inn. A shiver ran down the back of her neck and to the base of her spine. She felt as if she was meant to be here at this specific moment in time. Like it was fate or something.

“Get a grip, Mel. You are full of it tonight,” she muttered to herself as she pushed open the door.

The lighting was so dim Melissa could only just make out the silhouettes of the other patrons, but from what she could see the room was packed full. As she headed toward the bar, she realized there were hardly any females present. The place seemed to be overrun by males.

Mel spied a couple of vacant stools along the bar, so she headed in that direction. Once seated comfortably, she gave her order of a club soda to the bartender. She let her gaze wander about the room as she sipped her drink. People watching was one of her favorite pastimes. She could learn a lot about people from just watching them. It was a

pity she hadn't learned more about Wesley before she had gone out with him. Maybe she wouldn't be feeling as humiliated if she had.

Turning back to the bar, Melissa waited for the bartender to make his way down to her and ordered another drink. She sat at the bar for about an hour before she began to feel tired. Deciding it was time to either book a room for the rest of the night or head back home, she got off the bar stool and headed toward the exit. She may as well drive home so she could sleep in her own bed comfortably.

Just as she reached for the handle on the exit, the door was pushed open with such force that Melissa was sent flying

backward. She landed hard on her back and she felt pain splinter through her skull as her head hit the floor. The next moment, her vision went black and she knew no more.

* * * *

When Melissa regained consciousness, she noticed she was in the arms of a very large, handsome, muscular man. She was also lying on something soft and comfortable and the man was cradling her upper body. Groaning from the drumbeat pounding in her head, she tried to sit up and escape the arms of the stranger holding her.

“Don’t move yet, baby,” the man said in a soft, yet surprisingly deep, husky voice. “You hit your head pretty hard when you were knocked flat. I want to make sure you haven’t got any more injuries before you move.”

“Who are you? What happened?” Melissa grimaced as pain pierced her skull.

“My name is Damian Aerth and that great hunk of muscle sitting on the end of the sofa at your feet is my younger brother, Luke.”

“I’m really sorry for making you fall down and hurting you, ma’am. I wasn’t paying attention to what I was doing, and because of me, you ended up hitting your

head on the floor, which knocked you out,” Luke apologized sincerely.

Melissa could hear his remorse and knew that Luke was blaming himself. She couldn’t let him continue to castigate himself over an accident. “That’s okay, there was no harm done, really. Please, just be more careful when you enter a door so you don’t knock any more unsuspecting females on their asses.”

“Yes, ma’am. I’m sorry.”

“What’s your name, baby?” Damian asked as he propped Melissa up so she was sitting on his lap rather than lying with her head on his thigh.

“Melissa Wise.”

“We’re very pleased to meet you, Melissa. How is your head feeling?”

Damian asked.

“Like it’s going to explode. I’m feeling a little queasy at the moment. Where am I?” Melissa slowly and carefully took in her surroundings.

“You’re in one of the rooms at the Shifter Inn. When Luke knocked you out, I picked you up and brought you here so we could make sure you were okay and so you’d be comfortable.”

“Let me go.” She pushed at the muscled arms wrapped around her waist.

Damian let go and she felt his eyes on her as she struggled to her feet. Luke and Damian quickly scrambled to their feet as she swayed across the room to the

bathroom. They each took hold of an elbow to steady her, but when she made it to the toilet, she got down on her knees and was physically ill.

“Go away, please.” Melissa groaned in between retches.

“No way, honey. This is all my fault! We aren’t going anywhere. Damian, go call the doc to come check her out.”

“I already asked Flynn to call the doc when I requested a room. He should be arriving any minute.”

“I don’t need a doctor. I only need a good night’s sleep and I’ll be as good as new. Please, leave me alone,” Melissa demanded, feeling very embarrassed. “Even my sister doesn’t stay with me when I’m sick. I don’t like people

watching me throw up.”

“You’re just going to have to accept the fact we aren’t going anywhere, Melissa,” Damian said firmly. She couldn’t answer because she started retching again.

After the nausea had passed, Melissa tried to get to her feet. Damian and Luke helped her up by taking hold of her elbows. When she was standing once more, Luke pulled her against his warm, hard, masculine chest so she had something to lean on and wouldn’t topple to the floor. And for once she was glad, because she was really unsteady on her feet and her knees felt like they were about to buckle.

Damian took one of the clean face cloths from the top of the vanity and, after wetting it with warm water, he wiped her face and neck. Picking up the clean glass from the counter, he filled it with cold water and handed it to her so she could rinse her mouth. When she was done, Luke scooped her up into his arms and carried her back to the bedroom, where he placed her on the bed carefully.

“I think you would be more comfortable out of these clothes and under the covers, Melissa. Do you want some help to take them off?” Luke was looking worried and she wondered if she looked as bad as she felt.

She wanted to answer, but her muscles were already relaxing and her heavy eyelids were closing and she drifted to sleep before she could reply.

* * * *

Damian wanted to make her more comfortable by removing her clothes but reconsidered when he thought about her reaction when she awoke. The last thing he wanted to do was embarrass her, so he removed her shoes only. Luke picked her up while Damian pulled back the covers on the bed and Luke gently lowered Melissa onto the clean sheet. Damian pulled the covers up and Luke

helped him tuck the quilt around her body, making sure she was kept warm and comfortable.

“God, look at her! She is fucking gorgeous. You know who she is, don’t you, Luke?” Damian asked his brother using their mental link.

“Yeah, I do. I could kick myself for hurting our mate like that. If I hadn’t been in such a hurry and distracted I would have smelled her scent before we even got to the door. We have to keep her with us, Damian. We can’t let her go. We’ve waited too long as it is to meet our mate, and I had to screw everything up by knocking her over. Do you think she’ll forgive me?”

“I don’t think she’s the type of

woman to hold a grudge, Luke. She knows it was an accident and that you didn't hurt her on purpose.

"We'll have to give her time to get to know us first before we can claim her. If we force her to accept us before she's ready, we could end up pushing her away from us. We're going to have to take this slowly, Luke. One day at a time." Damian rubbed a hand over his face. He hated seeing their mate in pain and sick but he was ecstatic that he and his brother had finally found her.

Damian let Doc Jonas in when he arrived a few moments later and he watched intently as the older man examined their mate. The whole time he

looked Melissa over, he didn't say a word and Damian was becoming very concerned, and by the frown on Luke's face, so was he.

"Melissa is going to be fine. She has a concussion and needs to be watched closely for the next twenty-four to forty-eight hours. I really think she should be in a hospital."

Melissa roused and had obviously heard the doctor. "No. No hospital."

"We can take you home to our place and look after you, Melissa." Damian waited with bated breath for her reply.

"Kay," she sighed and then drifted back to sleep.

Doc Jonas nodded. "You need to keep her fluids up. I want you to wake her

every hour for the next eight hours and then every two hours after that for the next eight hours. If you have any concerns at all, or if she starts vomiting again, give me a call straight away. I think the nausea has passed though.”

“We’re going to take her back to our cabin with us so we can keep an eye on her. Do you think it’s okay if we move her, Doc?” Luke asked.

“Yes you can, if you’re very careful. Just make sure she is kept warm and comfortable on the journey.”

* * * *

“Melissa, honey, wake up. You need

to have a sip of water.”

Melissa stirred as a masculine voice spoke in her ear while a large, gentle hand lifted her head and shoulders to a half-sitting position. Groaning at the pounding in her head, she took several small sips of cool water from a glass.

She didn't know who was speaking to her but was relieved when the thirst quenching water slid down her dry throat. When the hands settled her back against the pillows, darkness enveloped her again.

The next time she was roused from sleep, she was being held against a warm, masculine body. Hard thighs were under her buttocks and she was cradled against a hard, wide chest.

“Come on, Melissa, you need to drink to keep your fluids up. That’s right, honey, drink. Good girl.”

Melissa tried to pry her eyes open to slits to see who was holding and talking to her, but the pain exploding behind her eyes caused her to whimper and sent her into oblivion once more.

The next eight hours were a total blur to her. She had no idea who was taking care of her or what had made her ill. If only she could remember, but the pain in her head was just too much. It made her slip back into a deep sleep.

After a long while, Melissa slowly became aware of her surroundings. She had a headache the size of a mountain,

but she pried her eyes open enough to see. The sunlight streaming through the window hurt her eyes, so she had to squint, but after blinking a few times her vision cleared.

She was in a room that had blue walls and a white ceiling. The bed she was in was so comfortable, and much bigger than what she was used to. It took her a moment to realize it was not her own. Even though the mattress was firm, it had padding on top that contoured to her body.

Grunting with pain, she pushed herself into a sitting position so her back was resting against the headboard with a pillow behind her. The bed was massive. It was much larger than a

normal king-size bed. The comforter draped over the top of her was a deep purple color, which contrasted with the blue walls of the room.

“Oh God. Where am I?” Melissa muttered. She held her throbbing head in her hands as she tried to remember where she was and what had happened.

“Melissa, are you okay, honey?”

Melissa squeaked with surprise as the deep voice startled her. Lifting her head and opening her eyes, she looked up to see two tall, sexy hunks.

“Who are you?”

“I’m Damian and this is Luke. Don’t you remember Luke knocking you to floor of the inn last night as he came

through the door?”

Melissa's memory came rushing back. “Oh yeah,” she whispered. “Now I remember why I have a headache the size of Mt. Everest. Where am I?”

“You're in our home, baby. We had Doc Jonas check you out and when he suggested taking you to the hospital, you refused,” Damian explained.

“We suggested you come home with us so we could look after you and you accepted,” Luke said.

“I did?”

Damian nodded. “Doc told us to keep an eye on you for the next forty-eight hours. Luke and I decided to bring you to our home rather than staying at the inn. We figured you'd be more comfortable.

It was the least we could do after the big lummoX over there knocked you out.”

“I’m so sorry I hurt you, honey. If I’d known you were behind the door I would have been more careful,” Luke apologized again. “Don’t worry about a thing, Melissa. Damian and I will look after you until you’re feeling well again.”

“I’m okay. I just have a headache. If you could show me to a bathroom though, I would greatly appreciate it.” Melissa pushed the comforter down and shrieked with embarrassment, and then she quickly pulled it up to her chin again when she realized she was only wearing her bra and panties.

“Which one of you undressed me and why?” Melissa glared at the two men.

“We both undressed you, Melissa. We just wanted to be sure you were comfortable. You were too hot in your clothes and started sweating. We didn’t want to make you feel worse by you overheating, since you’d already been sick. I’ll get you something to put on.” Damian turned to rummage in a large tallboy. Pulling out a large black T-shirt, he handed it to her so she could slip it on.

Pulling the T-shirt over her head and slipping her arms into it was quite a feat while still clutching the comforter to her chest, but she finally managed. She

swung her legs to the side of the bed and stood on very weak, wobbly limbs. Damian and Luke were beside her before she could blink. They placed steadying hands at her elbows to keep her on her feet and when she was once again stable, they led her to a door across the room. She gasped in awe when she saw the big, beautiful bathroom.

“Thank you both, but I can take it from here,” Melissa said firmly.

“Okay.” Damian released her arm. “We’ll be waiting right here for you. If you need any help just give a yell.”

Closing the door behind her, Melissa made use of the facilities. After washing and drying her hands and face, she

opened the bathroom door.

“I don’t suppose you have a spare toothbrush, do you?”

“Actually we do. There is one under the sink in the vanity cupboard. I’ll get it for you.” Luke entered the bathroom, searched in the cupboard, and when he found a toothbrush still in the packaging, he placed it next to the sink.

“Would it be all right if I used your shower, please? I feel like something the cat dragged in.” She’d never felt so sweaty and grungy. She had no idea how long she’d been sleeping but it must have been for a long time.

“Sure thing, Mel.” Luke retrieved a towel from the second cabinet under the

sink and placed it within easy reach for her.

“Make use of anything you need, baby. You don’t have to ask. If you can’t find what you need, just let one of us know and we’ll get it for you.” Damian stroked a finger down her cheek.

She shivered in reaction and hoped he or Luke hadn’t noticed. Ever since they’d walked into the bedroom she felt drawn to them. They smelled so damn good—musky male and sex were the only words that came to mind—she couldn’t stop inhaling their delectable scents. Her nipples were hard and throbbing and her pussy was wet from its continual clenching.

“Thanks.” Melissa sighed and closed

the door. Now that they weren't standing right next to her, the haze of their aroma wasn't so strong and she felt like the sexual fog had lifted.

What the hell is wrong with you, Mel? You've just broken up with one asshole after he humiliated you. You've got no business panting after two strange men.

After showering, she felt a lot better, but she still had a thumping headache. Once she was back in the black T-shirt which, thank goodness, came to around mid-thigh, she followed the sounds of the two men to the kitchen.

Standing in the doorway, she couldn't help but look the two sexy men over.

Damian looked to be the elder of the two brothers, and stood just over six feet with shoulder-length black hair and brown eyes. He had on black jeans that hugged his long muscular legs and a black T-shirt that showed off his bulging biceps and a wide, muscular chest.

Luke was a couple of inches taller than his brother with short dark-brown hair and hazel-green eyes. He was wider in the shoulders than Damian and had a little more muscle. His long, strong legs were encased in blue denim jeans and his chest was covered with a snug fitting white T-shirt, which showed off some of his ripped abdomen. She could smell their musky scent again and wanted to walk closer to them and get a good

whiff, but she was able to hold back. Just.

Melissa realized both the men were looking at her expectantly and realized they must have been speaking to her. Her cheeks tinged with heat and she hoped she wasn't as red as she felt. How embarrassing. She'd been caught ogling their sexy bodies.

“Sorry, what did you say?”

“Do you want something to eat and drink, baby?” Damian asked.

“A cup of coffee would be nice, thank you.” Melissa blushed even harder at Damian's term of endearment. Even though she was still a little wary of them, since she didn't know them, it

made her feel special to be called baby and honey.

Luke moved closer and ran his hand down the length of her arm until he was grasping her small hand in his large, warm palm. He led her to the table and saw her seated. She exhaled slowly when he released her hand, wondering what the hell was wrong with her. She hadn't reacted to Wesley this way, so why was she reacting to Luke and Damian like she was a bitch in heat? She wasn't sure she liked the way her body seemed to be taking over and noticing these two men, but she just couldn't seem to help herself. There was just something...otherworldly about them, and she was drawn to them big time.

“Would you like something to eat, Melissa?” Luke took the chair next to hers and she inhaled deeply when his scent seemed to envelop all her senses. He and his brother smelled so good, she couldn’t get enough of their aromas.

“No thank you. I’m not really hungry right now, but I could use some painkillers if you have some.”

“Um, I don’t think we do, sweetheart,” Luke replied.

She shivered as Luke’s deep cadence washed over her and hoped that he and Damian hadn’t seen her reaction. “Oh well, if you tell me where my purse is, I have some I can take.”

“I’ll get it for you. Stay where you are,

Melissa.” Luke stood quickly and left the room. Within seconds, he was back with her purse, and then retrieved a glass of water for her to wash the pills down.

Damian and Luke brought their mugs to the table and sat on either side of her, eying her with what looked like desire in their eyes. More of their delectable scent wrapped around her and her breasts felt swollen and heavy. Her nipples hardened even more and her pussy dripped more juices onto her panties. She was so turned on she wanted to take hold of her breasts and massage the ache away, and that wasn’t the only thing she wanted to do. Melissa wanted to shove her hand down into her panties and rub her clit to relieve the throbbing in her

pussy. But what would be even better was if these two men touched her and took the interminable ache away.

Shit! Get those thoughts out of your head right now, Mel. What the hell is going on with me?

* * * *

“She is so beautiful, Damian. Her hair has so many colors and it looks like it’s threaded with fire, and her eyes! Man, her eyes look like emeralds sparkling in the sun, and her body. Shit, I have never seen such a fragile little thing. Even though she is average height for a woman, she’s so slender it

looks as if a slight breeze would whisk her away.” Luke was fascinated with his mate and couldn’t stop looking at her. He wanted to scoop her up into his arms and hold her against him forevermore.

“She is absolutely gorgeous, Luke. Her face reminds me of a pixie. Her eyes remind me of a cat with that tilt at the end. She is going to be one little wildcat in bed. She is trying to ignore the mating musk but she keeps breathing in our scent. My wolf is clawing at me to claim her and it’s a struggle to keep it under control.” Damian smiled at Melissa.

Her eyes looked hazy from the effects of the mating musk and Luke wondered if she would be able to stop herself from

doing what came naturally when a werewolf met their mate. Their Alpha's mate, Tessa Michaels, had kept Lucien, Rafe, and Gabe on their toes when they were trying to court her. He wondered if Melissa would do the same or if she would be more accepting of them.

When Melissa shifted in her seat and looked from him to Damian, Luke realized they were making her feel uncomfortable. Neither he nor Damian had said anything out loud since they'd taken their seats and neither of them had been able to take their eyes off of her. He felt a little bad about that, but he just couldn't seem to pull his gaze away from her. She was so damn beautiful and all

he wanted to do was strip her down until she was naked and sink his hard cock into her until he was balls-deep, and claim her.

“What? Why are you staring at me?”
Melissa snapped.

“Sorry, little one, we don’t mean to make you feel uncomfortable, but your beauty is breathtaking,” Damian said in a low husky voice.

“Oh for goodness sake. Please don’t lie to me.”

“What makes you think I’m lying, Melissa?” Damian looked at her through narrowed eyes.

“Don’t you dare piss her off, Damian!”

“I have no intention of making our

mate angry.”

“Yeah, well, you just seem to have a knack for annoying people.”

“Fuck you, Luke.”

“Anyone can see I’m not beautiful. I’m too thin, I have freckles, and my hair can’t seem to decide what color it wants to be, plus I have red in it.” Melissa glared at Damian and crossed her arms over her chest.

Oh baby, you aren’t beautiful, you’re fucking gorgeous. Luke wished he could say that out loud, but he wanted to see how Melissa interacted with his arrogant brother and didn’t want to distract her.

“Who told you that you aren’t beautiful, Melissa?” Damian almost

growled that question and Luke could see that his wolf was coming to the surface. He stretched out a leg and gave his brother a kick, hoping he would get the hint and control his beast.

“No one. I’m just stating the obvious.”

“Melissa, your ‘obvious’ and mine are polar opposites.”

“Mmm,” Melissa hummed as though she still didn’t believe Damian, and then changed the subject. “Where are we?”

“We are about half an hour away from the Shifters Inn we met inconspicuously at last night, near Sugar Creek.” Damian gave her a speculative glance but didn’t say anything more.

“Shit! That’s quite a ways from where I wanted to be. Where is my car?”

“It’s still in the parking lot of the inn. I asked our friend Flynn, the manager of the inn, to keep an eye on your car. You don’t have to worry about it,” Damian explained.

“Thank you for looking after me, but I really think I should be heading home now. If one of you could give me a lift back to my car I would really appreciate it.” Melissa got to her feet and started swaying.

“I don’t think so, honey.” Luke jumped to his feet to steady her. “Doc Jonas said we had to keep a careful watch on you for the next forty-eight hours and since it’s only been just over fourteen hours, you’re not going anywhere.”

“I’m feeling much better. I’ll be fine.”

Her face had lost all color and Luke knew she wasn’t fine at all. There was no way she was leaving until she was one hundred percent healthy. If he and Damian let her go, she could end up passing out in her car while she was driving. A shudder wracked his body and guilt assailed him. If it hadn’t been for him she wouldn’t be hurt at all, but there was no way in hell she was getting behind the wheel of a car.

“Yeah, we can tell you are feeling much better. That’s why your face has gone as white as a sheet and you’re trying not to pass out,” Damian said. “There is no way in hell you are in any

condition to drive, Melissa. You could be putting yourself and other people at risk if you got behind the wheel of a car today. Don't be so damn stubborn."

"But..."

"No buts," Luke said.

"You are going to go back to bed right now. You're not going anywhere until Doc Jonas has given you the all-clear. Do you understand?" Damian scooped her up into his arms, not giving her a chance to reply or argue, and carried her to the bedroom where he placed her gently on the bed. She was asleep within seconds without voicing any more protests.

Chapter Two

Melissa felt so much better when she woke later that day, and even though she knew she should go home, she didn't want to. She was drawn to Luke and Damian and craved to be near them. She'd never felt that way before and couldn't understand why she was reluctant to leave.

After what she'd just been through with Wesley, she should be a lot more wary, especially of men she didn't know. It wasn't that Wesley had hurt her physically—now that she thought about it he came across as weak and insipid, a real mommy's boy, and she never should

have gone out with him in the first place—but he had really hurt her feelings and her confidence as a woman and she didn't know if she wanted to put herself through such a humiliating experience again. After a quick shower and brushing her teeth, she found her clothes draped over a small sofa along the wall, and when she picked them up she realized that they had been cleaned. She wondered if Luke and Damian had washed her clothes or if they'd had someone else do it for them, but she didn't remember seeing anyone else in their home. With a shrug of her shoulders, she got dressed and then went in search of Luke and Damian. She was just glad that it was the weekend and she

didn't have to go to work.

Damian was just coming out of the kitchen and he had what smelled like a cup of coffee in his hand.

"Hi baby, how are you feeling?"

"Much better. Thank you."

"Here." Damian passed the mug to her. "I heard you get up and thought you would like a cup."

"Thanks." Melissa took a sip of coffee and sighed. It was made just the way she liked it. *Wait a minute. Did Damian say he heard me get up?* Melissa looked back down the long hallway and frowned. *Would he really have been able to hear me? Maybe he heard water running through the pipes?*

Melissa inhaled through her nose and was about to ask Damian a question, but the words went right out of her head. She drew in another deep breath and groaned when her body reacted to that amazing scent. When she looked up into Damian's brown eyes, she could have sworn they were glowing, but after blinking and looking again she figured she had imagined it. But there was no way to mistake the lust in his gaze.

“You feel it, don't you, baby?”
Damian moved closer.

“What?” Melissa felt like she was being enveloped in a haze of lust and couldn't seem to get her body to move back. Not that she really wanted to. In

fact, she wanted to be as close to him as possible.

“You feel the attraction to Luke and me, too, don’t you?” He took another step forward and she frowned up at him.

Why is my head so foggy? Why do I want to jump your bones? You are so damn sexy, all I want to do is touch you and your brother.

Melissa frowned and, finally getting her body to cooperate with her mind, took a step back, and then she bumped into the wall. Damian kept right on coming until there were bare inches separating his body from hers. He was so damn handsome she couldn’t take her eyes off his face. She loved the stubble along his jawline and wanted to reach

out to see what it felt like. She hadn't even realized she started to do just that until her hand moved in front of her face, and she quickly dropped it back down to her side again.

Damian clasped her hand in his and then brought it up to his face and flattened her palm against his cheek. "You can touch me anytime and anywhere you like, baby. Don't be shy with me."

She drew in a ragged breath when he moved her hand on his face and she had to push down the giggle forming in her chest when his whiskers tickled her skin.

"Do you like touching me, Melissa?"

"Yes."

“That’s real good, baby. I would love to touch you all over and have your hands all over me.”

It took a moment for her to register what he’d said and when she did, she tugged her hand from his face. “What are you doing to me?”

“It’s the mating musk, baby. You can try and resist but in the end you will be ours.” Damian slowly leaned forward and then his lips were on hers.

She sighed with relief when he began to kiss her. His lips were firm, yet warm and soft, and just the lightest touch of his mouth to hers was driving her crazy. He brushed them back and forth, teasing her until she thought she’d go insane.

Melissa reached up, cupped the back of his neck and pressed her mouth harder to his.

She heard him growl and then his tongue was in her mouth. He swirled that muscle around every inch of her cavern and then slid it along hers. Liquid fire raced through her veins and it was almost impossible to stay upright when her knees were threatening to buckle. The cup was taken from her hand and then she stood on tiptoes and wrapped her arms around his neck. The pressure on her breasts felt good since they were smashed up against his chest, and when his arms came around her waist she couldn't help but sigh into his mouth.

Melissa was lost in a sensual storm

and didn't want it to end. She'd never felt such a deep need, such hunger in her life and knew she should be questioning what she was doing, but she couldn't seem to get her brain and body in sync. Damian's arms moved from around her waist and his hands caressed down her body until he was cupping both her ass cheeks.

She groaned and tilted her pelvis forward when his hard, jean-covered cock ground into her mound. When he lifted her up, Melissa enfolded his waist with her legs and then he was moving. She felt every bump and grind as he walked, but not once did she manage to open her eyes to see where he was

taking her. She didn't want to lose the sensual connection of their mouths and clung to him tighter.

He sat down on something and she ended up straddling his lap with his hard penis nestled against her pussy. Melissa whimpered when his cock pushed against her mound and her clit ached so much it felt like it was swollen to twice its normal size.

Damian finally slowed the kiss and lifted his head. It was hard to open her eyes but she managed to get her heavy lids to obey her command. He looked as hungry and desperate as she felt, and she didn't question her reaction to him until another set of hands landed on her shoulders.

Melissa turned her head and met Luke's ravenous gaze and alarm bells started going off in her head. Even though she was surrounded by their scrumptious, musky scent, she was able to get her brain into gear. She scrambled from Damian's lap and stumbled across to the other side of the room. At least that was what she intended to do, but her knees decided to buckle and she only made it as far as the chair across from the sofa Damian was sitting on.

Luke looked like he was about to follow her so she held her hand up to stop him. "Stay away from me."

Luke sighed and then dropped down onto the cushion beside Damian. They

were both still looking at her as if she was their next meal, but at least they were keeping their distance.

“What the hell have you done to me?”

* * * *

“I think we should tell her, Damian.”

Luke glanced at Damian.

“Yeah, but what if she freaks out and wants to leave?”

“She’s already upset. We can’t let her think there is something wrong with her or that we’ve done something to her. If we don’t explain, she’s going to leave anyway. What have we got to lose?”

“Everything!” Damian threaded his

finger through his hair and sighed. He knew that Luke was right. They needed to tell her what they were.

“Come over here, baby.” Damian held his hand out to Melissa but stayed in his seat. He didn’t want to upset her more than she was or make her feel pressured in any way.

“I’m fine where I am, thanks.”

Damian sighed, but let her stay where she was. “We have something we need to tell you and it’s going to be hard for you to believe us, but I want you to try and keep an open mind. Okay?”

Melissa looked at him warily but nodded.

He glanced at Luke and saw his

brother looked as nervous as he felt, but telling Melissa they were werewolves and that she was their mate was the right thing to do.

“There’s a reason why you are as attracted to us as we are to you, baby. Also why you like our scents so much.” Damien felt like he was about to jump into a bottomless pit. He’d never felt so out of control or uncertain before and he didn’t like the feeling at all, but there was nothing for it. There was no way to soften what he was about to say so he dove in headfirst.

“We are werewolves and you are our mate.”

“W—What d—did you s—say?”

“We are werewolves and you are our

mate.”

Damian didn't know what to think when she just continued to look at him without any expression. The longer she sat staring at him, the more concerned he became. Then all of a sudden her expression changed from stoic and she started to smile. Her lips tilted up and then her mouth opened and a big smile crossed her face.

She was absolutely magnificent. Her emerald eyes sparkled and little crinkles formed at the corners of her slightly slanted eyes. Her whole face lit up and it looked like she was glowing from within. But then she burst out laughing and once she started, it didn't look like

she was going to stop anytime soon. She doubled over and clutched her stomach. The sound of her sweet feminine voice peeling with humor kicked in him the guts with lust and he found it hard to breathe.

Finally, her humor waned until she only chuckled occasionally and she sat up and wiped the moisture from her cheeks. The smile died from her face when she looked at his serious expression and then glanced over to see the same look on Luke's face.

"Are you crazy?" Her question was whispered, and if it hadn't been for his wolf's hearing he may not have heard her.

"No." Damian decided the only way

she was going to believe him was if he showed her, so he stood up and ripped his shirt up over his head and then dropped it onto the sofa. He undid his jeans while pushing his shoes off with his toes, and then lowered his zipper. As he pushed his jeans and underwear over his hips and down his legs, he kept his eyes on her.

Red tinged her cheeks as he stripped off, but her eyes perused his whole body from the top of his head down to his toes and then back up again. He stood still and straight, allowing her to look her fill, and when she reached his crotch, her mouth gaped open. She must have realized where she was staring because

she glanced away and her teeth clicked together with an audible snap when she closed her mouth.

“Look at me, Melissa.”

“You’re naked. Why are you naked?”

“I’m going to show you that what I said is real,” Damian replied, and then he glanced at Luke. He didn’t have to say anything, just gave his brother a nod.

Luke walked over to Melissa and scooped her up off the sofa and then sat down with her on his lap and in his arms. She shifted on Luke’s thighs, then clutched at his forearms in a tight grip. Damian inhaled, worried that she was scared of him, but was pleased when his wolf only scented her nervousness. With one last glance at his brother, he called

to his wolf.

He knew what Melissa was seeing, as he'd seen all of his pack members and his brother change forms countless times. His muscles began to shift beneath his skin and his bones began to shorten and lengthen as the change took hold. Cracking and popping permeated the air as he pushed his human side back and let his animal come forth. Fur erupted on his body and he went to his knees as he began to reform his shape. His heightened senses let him hear his mate panting and her rapid heartbeat.

Damian kept his gaze on Melissa and saw her eying him warily, and then with disbelief, but he figured she couldn't

continue to disbelieve what was right in front of her eyes. She licked her lips nervously and when the transformation was complete, he took a step toward her. She exhaled and then whimpered as she tried to push herself back away from him, and he was glad that Luke was holding her, offering her comfort and support.

“Shh, honey. Don’t be scared. Damian and I would never hurt you.”

“What...”

“It’s okay, Melissa. We only want to show you that we weren’t lying. Damian and I will always keep you safe, honey.”

“Oh. My. God,” Melissa whispered. “How can this be real?”

Damian took a slow step toward her

and when she didn't try to get away from him this time, a little of the tension he hadn't been aware he was feeling dissipated. He took another step closer and then another, until he was close enough for her to touch him and whined softly.

“Don't you want to pet him, honey? Don't you want to know what Damian's fur feels like?”

Melissa glanced over her shoulder at Luke and then looked back at him again. “Can I?”

“Sure you can, honey.” Luke eased her hold on him, slid his hands down her arms and then guided her hands to the back of Damian's head. She giggled

nervously, whether because his coat was tickling her hands or because of just a nervous reaction, Damian wasn't sure, but he loved the way her hands felt on his wolf body and hoped she would continue petting him.

He chuffed when her fingers dug deeper into his fur and quivered when her fingernails and the tips of her fingers scraped along his skin. The more she patted him, touched him, the more she seemed to relax, until she was leaning forward, her body curved over the top of his wolf.

"I can't believe how soft your fur is," she whispered. "This is amazing. I can't believe that this is really happening."

"Believe it, sweetheart. Our whole

family are werewolves,” Luke said.

She looked over her shoulder at Luke. “What do you mean, your whole family?”

Damian wanted to be involved in this conversation so he moved away from her and embraced his human side, pushing his wolf back. When he was once again looking at her through his own eyes and not his wolf’s, he was pleased to see that she was having trouble keeping her gaze from his naked body. Without hurrying, he reached for his clothes and began to get dressed again. The whole time he put his clothes back on Melissa never removed her eyes from his body. That was, until he was

fully dressed again, and then she looked up and met his stare. He walked over to the sofa, sat down beside her and Luke and took one of her hands in his.

“We live in a cabin on a large property. There are lots of other cabins on this land, but there is also a large house in the center of the other houses. Our Alpha and Betas live in that house with their mate.”

“What’s an Alpha?” Melissa asked and then put her hand up when Damian was about to answer. “Wait! Is that like the leader of the pack?”

“That’s exactly what an Alpha is. Our Alpha is Lucien Woolf. He is the Alpha of the Sugar Creek Pack and his brothers, Gabriel and Raphael, are his

Betas,” Luke explained.

“What’s a Beta?”

Damian squeezed Melissa’s hand to get her attention. “A Beta is second to the Alpha. There are only two Betas in our pack, and the rest of us are Omegas, myself and Luke included. We handle the security and business side of the family. The younger werewolves, or what you would call teenagers, are Sigmas. Most of the Sugar Creek Pack are family, and we all work and live together.”

“Wow.” Melissa sighed the word. “It must be really nice to spend so much time with your family. How many people are in your family and how many live here?”

“There are over fifty that live here alone,” Luke answered. “Most of the older werewolves move on when they retire, but they come back now and again to visit. And it won’t be long before our pack starts expanding.”

“What do you mean?”

“Our Alpha and his brothers met their mate not that long ago and she’s already carrying a pup in her belly,” Damian said.

“A pup?” Melissa sounded horrified, and when she covered her mouth with her hand, Damian knew she had taken his term for a baby literally.

“We don’t give birth to puppies.” He gave her a gentle smile and drew her

hand away from her mouth. “A werewolf doesn’t change forms until they reach puberty.”

Melissa exhaled as if with relief. “How is it that you are werewolves?”

“We had werewolf parents, sweetheart,” Luke explained. “The Lycan gene has been in our family for generations. No one knows where it originated from and to be honest, we don’t really care. We love being able to change into wolves and run through the forest in our animal forms. It is so freeing to be one with nature.”

“Yes, I imagine it would be.” She looked at Luke, then back to Damian again. “What do you mean when you say that I am your mate?”

Damian cleared his throat nervously.

“You are the one woman that is the other half of our souls, Melissa. A werewolf, or in this case, werewolves, have one special person that is meant to be theirs.” Damian knew he was making a muck of explaining things and glanced at Luke.

Luke resumed the explanation. “What Damian is trying to say is that you are meant to be our wife, but what a werewolf feels for a mate is so much more than what a human man and woman experience when they marry. You are our destiny, Melissa. Once a werewolf is mated, it’s for life. There is no separating or divorce. A werewolf

never wants to be away from its mate for very long once the mating is complete.”

Melissa pulled her hands out of Damian's and pushed to her feet. She began pacing and twisting her hands together with either nervousness or agitation, or maybe both. “This is so much to take in. I still can't get my head around...I can't believe that any of this is real.”

“We can get our Alpha's mate to talk to you if you want to, baby.” Damian stood up and walked toward Melissa. His heart filled with hope when she didn't pull away from him when he placed his hands on her shoulders. He gently pulled her into his arms and inhaled her natural delicious perfume.

She smelled so sweet, but underlying the scent of the body wash and shampoo she'd used was the perfume of her arousal. His wolf was pushing at him to pick her up, carry her back to bed, strip her naked and make love to her for hours on end, and claim her, but he ruthlessly pushed his wolf back down.

“How do you claim a mate?” she asked.

“A werewolf makes love to his mate and then bites into the crook of her neck and shoulder, breaking the skin.”

Melissa tightened up in his arms and withdrew slightly. “Wouldn't that hurt?”

Luke came up behind her and pressed his front to her back. “From what we've

heard, the bite only hurts for a second or two but marking a mate also makes their woman orgasm harder.”

She stepped out from between him and Luke and then looked toward the door. Damian’s gut sunk and filled with dread, and he hoped that she wouldn’t want to leave yet. He and Luke wanted to spend as much time with their mate as possible. They wanted to get to know her better, and try and convince her that what they felt for her was real. It was nearly impossible for a werewolf not to fall in love with his mate from first sight, but he knew that Melissa would laugh if he even voiced the fact that he had feelings for her.

But what were he and Luke going to

do if she wanted to go home?

Chapter Three

Melissa was having trouble accepting any concept of what Luke and Damian had told her, and yet she felt as if every word they had spoken had been sincere. But she did believe what they had said. How could she refute what she'd seen with her own eyes?

“Talk to us, sweetheart,” Luke said, drawing her gaze. He looked worried and concerned and that made her feel a little more for him. What surprised Melissa more was the fact that she had any feelings at all for these two men. She'd only met them the previous evening and the time she'd spent with

them was hazy. Physical attraction was one thing, but to feel what she did already was astounding.

She knew she should leave and go home, but the thought of doing so made her chest ache. Maybe it was because she was their mate and meant to be with them but, how could she accept being with them and caring for them after knowing them for such a short period of time?

Melissa reached up and explored the knot on the back of her head and wondered if she was, in fact, dreaming up everything. For all she knew she could be lying in a hospital bed hooked up to various machines and in a coma. God, what would Sara say if she told her

what was going on? Would her sister look at her like she should be in a padded room, or would she laugh at her and tell her she should write a book?

Maybe she should call Sara and talk to her. If she was able to do that then surely she wasn't dreaming all of this.

"I'm going to see if Tessa can come over," Damian said as he frowned at Melissa.

She took no notice of him. She was too caught up in her own thoughts to even think of responding. If she wasn't attracted to these men because of the mating musk—that is if any of this was even real—would she have given either Luke or Damian a second glance? And

would they have looked at her at all, if it wasn't for the way their wolves liked the way she smelled? The door closing didn't bring her from her introspection and Melissa decided that she needed to talk to her sister.

Without giving Luke another thought, she looked around for her purse and then remembered the last time she had seen it was when she was in the kitchen. She hurried from the room and found her purse on a stool near the counter. Melissa dug around for her cell phone and then stared at the blank screen. After taking a deep breath, she activated her phone and saw that she had several messages from Sara already.

Where the hell are you? Why aren't

you answering your phone? Please call me as soon as you get this message, Mel.

Melissa hit speed dial one and Sara immediately answered. “Mel? Thank God. Where the hell have you been?”

“Calm down, Sara, I’m fine.”

“Do you know how worried I’ve been about you? Don’t you dare tell me you’re fine when I’ve been worried sick about your well-being!”

“Sara.” Melissa sighed. “I’m sorry you were worried, but there was no need.”

“Of course there was. I tried calling you first thing this morning and when you didn’t answer, I went around to your

place. I had all these images in my head of you being in a car accident or being kidnapped or something.”

Melissa felt bad that she had worried her sister. She'd been like a mother to her since she was a teenager, so of course she would be concerned for her. “Listen, Sara. I'm fine. I had a little accident and couldn't drive last night.”

“What? What the hell do you mean by *little* accident? Did you crash your car? Oh my God, Mel. Are you okay?”

“Sara, will you please stop asking questions and listen to me?”

Sara sighed. “Yeah, sorry.”

“I went to that inn I told you about.” Melissa explained what had happened and how she had been knocked

unconscious and that the men who had hurt her were taking care of her while she recovered. She didn't tell her about them being werewolves or that she was supposedly their mate. If she had, Sara would have thought she'd lost her marbles.

“Shit! Are you sure you're all right? Do you want me to come and get you?”

“No. I should be able to drive home tomorrow. Luke and Damian don't want me driving until I've had the all-clear from their doctor.

“That's something, at least,” Sara muttered.

“What do you mean?”

“I'm glad these men aren't letting you

drive your car. Where is their house?"

Since Melissa didn't have a clue, she couldn't answer that question, so she quickly redirected the conversation.

"You don't need to come here, Sara. I'm fine. I just have a bit of a headache but it should be gone by this afternoon. Please, don't worry about me, sis. These men are taking good care of me."

Sara sighed and Melissa knew she was calming down. *Thank you, God.* The last thing she wanted was for Sara to come barging to wherever she currently was and giving a werewolf a piece of her mind. Even though Sara was a kind, loving person, when she was riled she had a really sharp tongue and she didn't want the shit to hit the fan if

she inadvertently ended up giving their Alpha or the Aerth brothers a tongue lashing. Melissa hadn't even met the man or his brothers and had no idea how they would react to being talked down to. She had a feeling that wouldn't go over very well at all.

“Okay,” Sara finally said, and then continued on, “but you call me right away if you need me.”

“I will.”

“Promise me, Mel. I'm not hanging up until you give me your word.”

“I promise.”

“Good. If I don't see you beforehand we'll catch up as usual on Wednesday.”

“Okay. Thanks for caring, Sara. I love

you.”

“Love you too.” Sara disconnected the call.

Just as she turned the screen on her phone off, she turned around and found Luke standing in the doorway, leaning against the frame. The man was pure sex on legs, and no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't keep her eyes from wandering over his big, muscular body. She couldn't seem to help herself. And every time she did, her body responded. *Damn it!*

Melissa tried to look over Luke's shoulder when she heard the front door to the cabin open, but he was so big and she was at least a foot shorter than he was. She couldn't see a thing. But when

he stumbled forward a couple of steps and Damian entered the room with a woman following behind him, she realized that Damian had shoved Luke out of the way.

“Hi, I’m Tessa. You must be Melissa.” Tessa moved further into the room and held out her hand. Melissa took it and shook it before releasing it again.

“Hi.”

“Why don’t you come and sit in the living room with me? Luke, can you please make us some coffee?”

“Yes, my queen.”

Melissa felt really uncomfortable and nervous when Luke called Tessa his

queen and shifted on her seat.

“Don’t take any notice of the title, I certainly don’t. I expect you have a lot of questions,” Tessa said.

“You have no idea.”

“Oh, I believe I do,” Tessa replied, and then waited until Luke placed the mugs of coffee on the coffee table in front of Tessa and Melissa. “Luke, Damian, can you please give us some privacy?”

Melissa heard the command in Tessa’s voice and even though Luke and Damian looked reluctant to leave, they bowed their heads to their queen and left.

“Please, ask me whatever you want.”

“Will I become a werewolf if I decide to agree to...mate?”

Tessa smiled when she met her gaze. “No.” She reached for her mug and took a sip. “That was one of the first questions I asked, too. But you will have enhanced senses, such as improved eyesight, hearing and taste. You will also be able to heal a lot faster if you get injured and you won’t get sick with the flu, colds or any other human diseases.”

“Wow, that’s a plus.”

Tessa burst out laughing, and even though Melissa had no idea what was so funny, she found herself smiling along with her. She really liked Tessa and knew if she hung around that they would probably end up being very good friends. “That’s nearly word for word

what I said when my mates told me that.”

“What’s it like...being mated to more than one man?”

A sensual smile formed on Tessa’s lips and her eyes became slightly glazed. “Amazing. I have three mates and when they are all touching me at the same time, it’s like heaven on Earth. I can’t imagine not having them in my life. Lucien, Rafe, and Gabe take such good care of me and are so protective. Sometimes too much so. Don’t get me wrong, because I love them all more than my own life, but sometimes their protectiveness can be a little over the top.”

“Tessa,” a loud male voice yelled just before the front door burst open.

Tessa looked at Melissa and rolled

her eyes. “See what I mean.”

The man was huge and he radiated power, but when his eyes found Tessa sitting on the sofa next to her he looked relieved and his fierce expression softened.

“Did you want something, Lucien?”

“Little bird, how many times have I told you that you have to tell me when you are leaving the house? I thought something had happened to you.” Lucien stalked over to the couch, scooped Tessa up into his arms and kissed her long and passionately. The amount of sexual heat radiating off the pair was so hot it was a wonder Melissa didn’t get burned.

Finally, Lucien placed Tessa back on

her feet and he smiled down at his mate when she swayed on her feet. He gripped her elbow until she regained her equilibrium.

Tessa cleared her throat. “Luc, I would like you to meet Melissa. Melissa this is one of my mates, Lucien Woolf.”

Melissa wasn’t sure what the protocol was for meeting the Alpha but didn’t feel that offering her hand was appropriate, so she bowed her head to him.

“Melissa, I’m pleased to meet you. I hope you will stay around and get to know your mates. You are welcome in this pack.”

“Thank you,” Melissa replied, and smiled at him shyly. The man was so authoritative, she was intimidated by

him and hoped her nervousness didn't show.

Tessa grabbed hold of Lucien's hand and tugged him toward the door. "Come on you big lug, we have things to do." She paused to look at Melissa over her shoulder. "If you have any more questions or concerns you want to talk about, don't hesitate to come up to the house or send someone to get me. I'm here for you, Melissa."

"Thank you, Tessa."

The door closed after the pair and Melissa slumped as her tense muscles relaxed.

* * * *

He watched her through the long-range binoculars and rage permeated his heart and soul. She looked so damned fucking happy as she held the hand of one of the assholes who had stolen her away from him. She didn't deserve to be happy after what she had done to him. He scanned the surrounding property, looking for a way in. He was going to need to be smart and careful. The last thing he wanted was for one of those fucking wolves smelling him while he tried to get closer to her.

He'd ended up locked away in an institution because of her, but he had

managed to escape.

He would take some time to scope out the lay of the land and plan. There had to be a way for him to get onto that estate. When he did, he was going to make sure she died. His life would never be the same and he was going to make sure she never had the chance to live a long, happy life. She'd ruined his life, so he was going to ruin hers.

* * * *

Minutes later, the door opened again and Luke and Damian entered. They walked over and sat on the sofa on either side of her, each taking one of her hands in theirs.

Damian lifted her hand to his mouth and kissed the back of it. Melissa wondered if her eyes had glazed over with need. Their delectable scents wafted around her and her body responded to what she thought of their sexual energy, or maybe it was the pheromones they were emitting, but whatever it was got to her every time. Each time was harder to ignore than the last, and it was even more difficult to hold her tongue and not to demand that they appease all her aches and lust.

“How are you feeling, baby?” Damian asked.

“I’m fine.”

Luke squeezed her hand. “Has your

headache gone? Are there any lingering effects?”

“No, not really.”

“What do you mean by that?”

Melissa sighed, but because she knew neither one of them would let up until she answered them honestly, she answered, “I still feel a little thick-headed, but I’m not in any pain.”

“I’m so sorry I hurt you, sweetheart. I could have injured you worse than you were.”

“Don’t worry about it.”

“But I do. It’s my, *our* job to protect you from any harm, and I hurt you before I even knew your name.”

“I don’t blame you, Luke. If you want to place blame, then put it on me. I

wasn't looking where I was going either. Just forget about it. Okay?"

Luke nodded his head, but he still looked concerned and contrite. He was such a caring man and she was already beginning to have feelings for him, for the both of them, and she'd only known them for such a short time. The more she was with them the more she wanted to be with them. Even though she knew she should and would have to go home, she didn't want to. The thought of leaving and never seeing them again caused pain in her chest, but she wasn't sure she was ready to become their mate. In fact, she didn't have a clue what to do. Her mind was telling her to go and yet when she

thought about getting up and walking out the door, her body didn't cooperate.

Maybe the best thing to do was just leave and forget she had ever met them. That way she wouldn't get hurt or be humiliated ever again.

* * * *

Luke didn't know how much longer he could sit next to his mate and not kiss her. His wolf kept pushing at him and urging him to claim her, but he pushed his beast back down. Although he would never mate her against her will or force her to do anything she didn't want to do, ever, he needed to be closer to her. He used his free hand, palmed her cheek,

and turned her gaze back to his. When his eyes met hers, he felt like he was drowning in her gorgeous green eyes. He inhaled deeply and growled low in his throat when he smelled the musky scent of her desire. No other woman would ever do for him or his brother. The thought of being this close to another female was repugnant to him and his animal. But he couldn't hold off on tasting her any longer.

Luke moved in slowly as he kept his gaze locked with hers. When she didn't pull away or break their visual connection, he lowered his eyes to her mouth. She licked her lips in what he hoped was preparation for the meeting

of their mouths and met his gaze once more. Her pupils started to dilate and he could see the desire in her eyes. Her breathing escalated and her heartbeat picked up speed, too.

With a small, soft groan of hunger, he finally moved the last couple of inches until their lips met. He brushed his lips over hers, back and forth in the slightest of touches, and when she sighed against his mouth in acceptance and leaned into him, he opened his mouth and deepened the kiss.

He started off slow, relishing in the sensations of having her mouth under his, taking in the taste and feel of her soft, moist flesh, but then the hunger simmering inside him grew to raging

proportions and the gentleness of their first kiss was no longer enough. Luke swept his tongue over her lips, asking, hoping, and praying for entrance, and joy filled him when she didn't deny him. She opened to him without hesitation and moaned quietly when his tongue pushed into her mouth and glided along hers. Melissa tasted so sweet, so right, and so addictive. At the first deep taste of her, he knew he would never be able to get enough of her. This first kiss was just an appetizer and he realized that a hundred, a thousand, a million more kisses would never be enough. The only way to satisfy him, if only for a short time, would be to bury his hard cock into her hot, wet little

pussy to the hilt and mark her so that she was his for all time.

When she whimpered and reached up to thread her fingers through his hair, he changed the angle of his head, slanted his mouth over hers and kissed her with all the hunger and emotion he was feeling. He didn't want to overwhelm her, but his need was so great he was losing control. If it hadn't been for Damian placing his hand on his forearm, he wasn't sure if he would have been able to stop. Luke hadn't even been aware of wrapping his arms around her waist and pulling her slight feminine body into his. He had no recollection of even moving his arms.

Thank God he and Damian were in

this together. If his older sibling hadn't been there with them he may have done something irrevocable, like claiming Melissa against her will, and that was something he could never have forgiven himself for.

Chapter Four

Melissa was panting for breath and so turned on by the time Luke broke the kiss she couldn't sit still. When his mouth lifted from hers, she realized her fingers had entwined themselves in his hair and she didn't even remember doing it. Her heart was racing in her chest and her pussy was so wet her panties were soaked through, and it was a wonder the moisture hadn't seeped through her jeans to leave a wet spot on the sofa. She hoped to God she hadn't, because she didn't think she could handle being ashamed and humiliated again.

Damian distracted her from her

thoughts when he tugged on a strand of her hair and when she turned to face him, the hunger in his eyes caused her heart to stutter and her breath to hitch in her throat.

She realized the ache deep down inside her wasn't just because of physical need. The ache was lodged in her heart and wouldn't let go. Melissa felt like she was supposed to be here with these two men. The thought of leaving and never seeing them again was so abhorrent that tears burned the back of her eyes.

“What is it, baby? What's wrong?” Damian asked as he nudged Luke away from her, and then he lifted her up onto his lap.

She could feel the hardness of his muscles beneath her ass and thighs, and the steely strength that was there, too. The heat he emanated was so great she just wanted to wrap herself in the comforting warmth and never let go. But even though the physical closeness was seeping into her, her mind spun in confusion. Could she really do this? Could she tell them what she was thinking and feeling and not end up making a fool of herself? Could she take another chance and get intimate with these two men and come out of it unscathed with her heart intact?

Melissa was still a virgin, and even though she wanted Luke and Damian to

make love with her, to touch and kiss and caress her, she was scared to. Had Sara been right? Was it Wesley who had the problem and not her after all?

She'd never forget her embarrassment or Wesley's disgust with her. He'd wanted to show how good it could be between them and she had been horny after watching a romantic movie at the cinemas with him, and she had thought that she may have cared for him more than she really did. He'd been kissing her and had pushed her jeans and panties down her thighs and then he'd begun rubbing her clit. The repulsion she'd seen on his face as she'd come had made her feel so dirty and ashamed. She never wanted to see that look on another man's

face. But the more she thought about Wesley the more she realized how wrong he'd been for her and she hadn't been the least bit in love with him.

She remembered how often he'd talked about his friend Bob and began to wonder if he'd gone out with her to cover up the fact he preferred men. Melissa didn't care what other people's sexual orientation was but the fact that he could have been using her and made her feel such an aversion to her own sexuality and femininity made her angry. She didn't know if she would ever trust another man completely again. And yet these two men affected her so much, she couldn't deny the connection she felt

with them. At least not to herself.

She wasn't normally a person to trade affections so quickly or to jump into anything without thinking long and hard about the situation, but these two men got to her like no other. She felt connected to them on such a deep level she couldn't bear to walk away without at least experiencing their touch.

"I've never felt like this before." Melissa finally started trying to explain what she was experiencing, but she didn't have the words to expound on what she was going through, physically and emotionally.

She took a deep breath and began trying to explain again. "I know I will have to go home soon, but I don't want

to. I feel like I belong here.”

Damian gave her a soft smile and pushed the hair falling down across her cheek back behind her ear. “That’s the way it is with mates, baby. There is so much we want to tell you, but I’m not sure you’re ready to hear it all yet. But just be assured you are the only woman we will ever want in our lives. Don’t think you’re the only one that feels the connection, because we feel it, too, Mel.”

“But what if I agree to...be your mate? What if you...claim me and it doesn’t work out? What if you change your minds?” Melissa looked at Luke and his expression was so possessive it shot

straight to her heart, and when she glanced back at Damian, he had the same expression on his face.

“We would never do anything to hurt you, baby. Let me put your mind at ease.” Damian cupped her face between his hands and stared deeply into her eyes. “There is no way we will ever change our minds. When a wolf mates, it’s for life. If you let us claim you, we will never walk away from you. We can’t and wouldn’t want to even if we could. A mating claim between a werewolf and their mate is so much more than a human marriage. We won’t want to be away from you for very long. We would need you close to us nearly all the time.”

“But...”

“Shh.” Damian leaned forward and kissed her lightly on the lips. His lips clung to hers and when he pressed a little firmer, she closed her eyes and pressed her body closer to his.

And then she was lost. Damian was a force to be reckoned with. He angled his head and covered her mouth with his. She opened to him and moaned when his tongue pressed into her mouth. He tasted different to Luke. Spicier, but no less sexually intoxicating. The more he kissed her, the more she wanted. When the hardened peaks of her breasts brushed against his muscular pecs, she realized she’d moved closer to him. She

couldn't help but moan as the brush against her sensitive nipples made her crave for a deeper touch. His tongue slid, danced, and dueled with and against hers, and she wrapped her arms around his neck so he couldn't pull away.

She needed to be closer to him and Luke more than she needed her next breath. There was no way she could walk away without experiencing their complete touch. Their complete possession. If not in mind and heart, then at least in body.

Damian slowed the kiss and then lifted his head. He was gasping for breath and she could have sworn that she felt him trembling.

“Baby, we want to touch you and show you how good it could be between us. We won’t do anything you don’t want us to, and if you ask us to stop, I promise that we will stop immediately.” Damian paused to swallow and Melissa heard him. That little sign made her realize that he wasn’t as sure of her as he seemed. She looked over at Luke and saw that he was clenching his jaw, and he also looked like he was holding his breath.

Melissa needed their touch so badly and even though she could end up getting hurt again, she couldn’t refuse them, didn’t want to.

“I—I...yes.”

Damian rose to his feet, taking her

with him. She expected him to put her down, but he didn't. He began walking toward the hallway and the bedrooms.

“Thank you, Melissa. I realize what a gift you're giving to us by accepting us, our touch. We would never do anything to purposely hurt or upset you.”

Melissa rested her head against his chest and drew in a deep breath. After holding it for a few seconds, she slowly released it. She was so horny and nervous she began to tremble, and hoped that if Damian could feel her quaking that he didn't think she was scared of him. Because she wasn't. In fact, she wasn't worried that he or Luke would hurt her in anyway at all. Didn't that mean that she trusted them? There was

no way she would have acquiesced to what was about to happen unless she trusted them. *Would I?*

Damian lowered her to the bed and then got up beside her. The mattress dipped on the other side of her and she knew Luke had joined them. Luke bent down and took her mouth with more hunger this time. His tongue glided along hers, tasting and exploring every inch of her cavern. She lost herself in the hunger and sexual intensity of his kiss.

The mattress dipped near her feet and she knew that Damian had moved. Melissa felt large, warm hands sliding up the outside of her jean-clad calves. They moved higher and higher until they

caressed over her hips, and then one hand held her still while the other undid the button and lowered the zipper. All the while, Luke kissed her with a hungry carnality. She was only vaguely aware of her jeans and panties being pulled down her legs and off over her feet. Those hands, which had been caressing her legs, were back, and this time she could feel the slight abrasiveness as Damian's callused hands caressed over her flesh. His skin felt so warm and the heat of his touch ramped her arousal higher.

Moving restlessly, she moaned as the exquisite feelings aroused her to a fever pitch. Two more hands slid up beneath her T-shirt and she knew it was Luke.

Luke broke the kiss and then began to nibble and lick his way down her neck. He paused to nip at her earlobe and then began his journey downward again. Luke pushed her shirt up and over the top of her breasts, and then his hands were stroking her belly. He took his time, exploring every inch of her abdomen, over her ribs and up toward her breasts. When he enclosed her flesh and kneaded both globes, she groaned again in appreciation of the exquisite sensations firing through her system.

If this had been a dream, she never would have wanted to wake up.

Luke's hands at her breasts shifted and then he flicked her nipples with his

thumbs until they were hard peaks of undiluted arousal. She could feel her desire weeping from her cunt. Her clit was one big, throbbing ache. Damian's hands skimmed down her legs, grasped her ankles, and then he spread them wide. He began to caress his way back up, skimming the inside of her thighs, getting closer to the heat of her body. She arched her hips up, trying to direct his touch where she needed, ached for them the most.

When she felt Luke's warm, wet mouth suck a nipple into its depths, she pushed her breasts forward, eager for more of his carnal touch.

Damian's hands were so close to her pussy she wanted to beg him to stop

teasing her and touch her, but before she could voice her needs, he reached the apex between her legs, and gently slid a finger through her wet, hairless lips.

Melissa was on fire.

She gasped when Damian's fingers caressed through her cream, as if he was gathering it on the tips of his digits, getting closer and closer to her clit, but not actually touching it. She needed to be touched there so badly, her clit was throbbing with every beat of her heart.

Her pussy was clenching in spasms, as if begging to be filled. And it was. The emptiness inside was nearly more than she could stand. With the first brush of Damian's finger over her clit and the

mouth suckling her nipples, alternating between breasts, it was enough to send her over the edge. The pressure inside was getting higher and higher, and even though it frightened her a little with its intensity, she couldn't fight it. The heat inside her flamed into an inferno and she opened her mouth on a soundless scream. She came with an explosion. Her body shook and quivered. Her pussy clenched and released as it expelled copious amounts of cream and fluid. Tears pooled in her eyes and she turned her head to the side.

“Oh fuck yeah. That's it little Mel, give me your cum.” Damian was about to lower his head again, but Melissa was so embarrassed she needed to get away.

She groaned with shame, rolled away from them and scrambled from the bed. She nearly tripped over as she ran around the end of the bed and into the bathroom, sobbing as fluid ran down her thighs.

“Oh God, not again. Please help me. Not again,” she cried, then slammed and locked the door behind her.

“Melissa, what’s wrong?” Damian’s voice was near the door. “Come out and talk to us, baby.”

* * * *

Damian could hear her sobbing. She was trying to be quiet, but she was

breaking his heart.

“Melissa, open the door, sweetheart. Why did you run, honey? Please Mel, you have nothing to be crying about. Open the door.” Luke looked just as worried as Damian felt.

When the door stayed closed to them, Damian began to get really concerned for their mate.

“What do you think that was about?” Luke asked.

“I have no idea, but we’re going to find out,” Damian replied firmly.

“Melissa, open this door right now.” Damian growled the command. He decided to take matters into his own hands when nothing happened. He didn’t want to scare her, but he needed to see

her and try to understand why she was so upset. He'd heard her saying "not again" and there was a knot lodged in his gut because he had no clue what was going on.

"Melissa, if you're near the door I want you to back away from it."

She screamed when Damian kicked the door open and came crashing through. The door bounced against the wall but he caught it before it could move toward him again.

Damian entered the bathroom, taking in her tear-stained face, red-rimmed eyes, and pink cheeks. She had never looked more beautiful to him and from the look on Luke's face, his brother was

in agreement. Now that he could see her face, he wanted some answers. Had someone hurt her and she'd freaked out? If that was the case, whoever it was was a dead man.

There was no way he could let someone who had hurt his mate continue to walk around without being shown the error of his ways.

Melissa looked like she was embarrassed and wouldn't meet his or Luke's eyes. Even though she tried to hide it, he saw the tears in her eyes and he would have walked up to her and taken her into his arms if she hadn't started speaking. He wanted to hear what she had to say without spooking her any more than she already was, so he

stayed still to hear her out. It took all of his control not to go to her when the tears began rolling down her cheeks.

“I’m so sorry,” she whispered, and Damian could hear the agony in her voice. “I didn’t mean to. I can’t seem to help it.” She still wouldn’t look at him or Luke, and she clutched tightly to the top of the towel she’d wrapped around her body as if it were a lifeline. Her knuckles had turned white.

“What exactly are you sorry for, Melissa?” Luke asked quietly.

When Melissa didn’t reply and kept her eyes down on the floor. Damian finally walked over to her and gently clasped her chin in his thumb and finger,

and lifted her gaze to his.

“Answer the question, baby,” Damian demanded in a firm voice.

“I wet myself,” Melissa said on a broken sob. “I’ve done it once before. I didn’t think it would happen again. I thought, hoped, it was a one-time thing, but I was wrong.”

Damian couldn’t stand her unnecessary heartache anymore. Bending down, he scooped her up into his arms and carried her back into the bedroom. He sat on the side of the bed, tucking Melissa onto his lap and into the warmth of his chest.

“Melissa, I’m going to ask you a few personal questions which I want you to answer truthfully. How many times have

you had sex, baby?”

Melissa closed her eyes as if trying to shut him out, but he wasn't about to let that happen. Not now when it was so important to get to the bottom of her shame. Damian needed her to learn from the start that she could open up with them, tell them anything, and they'd help her work out her problems. But he had a feeling this situation was because some asshole had made her feel bad about her body's normal reaction and function. He and Luke needed to reassure her that she wasn't an anomaly or a freak, but first he needed to know if his mind was on the right track.

“Um...if you mean intercourse, I—I

haven't. If you mean heavy p-petting, twice. I-Including today. I-I'm sorry." Melissa sobbed. "I don't know what's wrong with me."

When she cried quietly and she looked away from him and down at the floor again, and a shudder wracked her body, he couldn't stand to see her pain. Whenever his mate was in pain then so was he, but he couldn't let her continue to think the way she was. She had done nothing wrong and everything right.

"Ah, Mel, who told you there was something wrong with you?" Damian asked, trying to keep the fury from his voice.

"My ex-boyfriend. He told me I was dirty."

“There is nothing wrong with you, honey.” Luke sat on the bed next to him and Melissa, taking hold of one of her hands.

“It’s natural for some women to ejaculate when they come, baby. You did *not* wet yourself.” Damian pulled her in closer to his body.

“Your ex is a complete bastard. He obviously didn’t know what he was talking about, sweetheart.” Luke stroked a hand over her hair.

“Men ejaculate all the time, Melissa, and so can some women. In fact, one of the things that turn Luke and me on the most is if we can get a woman to come like that all the time. You have

absolutely nothing to be ashamed of, baby. It's a natural bodily function," Damian explained in a soft voice, hoping to alleviate some of Melissa's stress and mortification. Every word he'd spoken was the truth. Now all he and Luke had to do was convince their mate that they were sincere.

"Really?" Melissa asked, but she didn't sound as if she was sure whether to believe Damian or not.

"I can prove it to you if you'd like, Mel," Luke informed her.

"You can? How?" Melissa asked, and Damian heard the doubt in her voice. He glanced at Luke and nodded to him.

"Come with Damian and me into our office and we'll show you all the

information you want on female ejaculation. The colloquial term for it is ‘squirting.’”

Melissa followed Luke and Damian into their office and she watched as Luke sat down on the chair in front of the computer. She moved around the desk to stand next to him so she could see the monitor when he brought it up on the screen. When he had obviously found the information he wanted, Luke spun the chair around and snagged an arm around Melissa’s waist and he pulled her onto his lap.

“Read what’s on the screen, sweetheart, then you’ll realize just what an ass your stupid ex was.”

Melissa read the contents of the web page Luke brought up for her. The more she read, the angrier she looked. Damian hoped that she wasn't angry at them or herself and laid the blame for the pain she had been suffering at the feet of her ex.

She jumped to her feet and began to pace the length of the room and back again. Her breathing increased with every step she took until she was panting. All of a sudden, she stopped and turned to face him and Luke.

“Why, that lowdown fucking bastard. If I ever get my hands on him, I'll cut his balls off and feed them to him. I'll show that momma's boy what it's like to have

a real woman,” Melissa vowed.

“She is magnificent. Look at the fire in her eyes, Luke. I have to have her. I need to taste her. Claim her. I can’t wait anymore. She makes me so hard, I feel like my dick is gonna explode.” Damian panted. He tried to get his rapid breathing under control.

“Let’s show her what real men can do for a real passionate woman,” Luke suggested.

“I like the way you think, little brother.”

“Mel, why don’t you let Luke and I show you what it’s like to have real men sexually? We won’t hurt you, baby. We’ll make you feel so good. We want you to be able to let go during sex and

not have to worry about holding back.” Damian took a deep breath and tried to curb his hunger, but it was getting harder and harder to keep his wolf at bay.

“Will you let us do that for you, honey?” Luke asked, and Damian heard a little of his brother’s wolf in his voice. His tone was a little lower than normal, and more gravelly as well.

Melissa looked from Damian to Luke and back again. She bit her plump lower lip with what seemed to be indecision. Her next words confirmed his supposition.

“I—I don’t know. I mean...I don’t really know you very well. We’ve only just met. You might think I’m easy or

something.” Melissa spoke her worries out loud, thank God. If she hadn’t, then Damian and Luke wouldn’t have been able to talk things over with her.

“Melissa, that is the last thing we think. How old are you, honey?” Luke asked

“Twenty-two,” she answered. “What has that got to do with anything?”

“How many twenty-two-year-old females do you know who are still virgins? We know you’re not easy, sweetheart. Damian and I would not have asked you to be with us if we thought you were easy. We wouldn’t have cared if you weren’t a virgin, but knowing that you are only makes you more special in our eyes.”

“Okay, thank you for that. When you say you want to be with me, does that mean the both of you at the same time?” Melissa asked, and Damian noted the slight pink hue creeping up her cheeks.

She was so innocent and exquisite. He hoped like hell that she would agree to be with them. If she wouldn't let them claim her then hopefully she would let them make love with her. Damian figured that if she trusted them enough with her body, then it wouldn't be too long before her heart was engaged. If he and his brother could satisfy her physically, with any luck she would begin to fall in love with them, too.

“Yes Mel, both of us at the same

time,” Damian answered.

But when he realized it sounded like he was being pushy, he continued on. “You don’t have to do that first up if you don’t want to.”

“We don’t ever want you to feel uncomfortable with us,” Luke said.

Then Damian and Luke held their breath while waiting for her to reply.

* * * *

It had always been one of her fantasies. Having two men at once. Maybe that was why she had waited so long and held on to her virginity. The only person who had ever made her feel like wanting to become intimate was

Wesley. That had been a huge mistake on her behalf. What an ass he had turned out to be.

Should she take them up on their offer? What these two men had made her feel was beyond belief, compared to Wesley Sands. Maybe it was time to take the leap. They seemed to know what they were doing and talking about.

“Okay,” Melissa agreed quietly.

Chapter Five

Luke breathed a sigh of relief at the same time as Damian. He hadn't even realized he'd been holding his breath in anticipation of Melissa's answer. Now that she'd answered them in the affirmative, excitement permeated him to his soul. This was the moment he'd been hoping for, for years. He just hoped that he and Damian didn't screw this up by being too intense or going too fast for her.

"You won't regret it, honey," Luke promised as he gained his feet.

Damian was as aroused as Luke felt and he wondered if his older brother

was having trouble forming words. He swallowed loudly but didn't say anything, and then he moved closer to Melissa. Luke stopped in front of her and then he bent down and kissed her.

Her lips were warm and moist and even though he didn't want to frighten her, he wasn't tentative at all. He kissed her passionately, demanding entrance into her mouth.

Luke thrust his tongue between her lips, sliding it alongside hers, coaxing her to respond. When she moved her tongue tentatively against his, Luke groaned low in his throat. She tasted so sweet.

He wrapped his arms around her body, bringing her up against his

maleness, instinctively thrusting his rigid erection against her lower belly. He couldn't stand to wait much longer. He bent down slightly, sliding one arm down under her knees, picking her up to cradle her against his chest, and then he walked rapidly toward the bedroom.

Luke couldn't get enough of her. The feel of her warm, soft, silky skin under the palm of his hand as he slid it from under her legs was heaven. The taste of her sweet mouth and tongue was ambrosia. The sounds of her pleasure as he kissed her...It was all he could do to stop himself from placing her on the bed, stripping the towel from around her body, and sinking into her until he

couldn't push inside her any further.

Luke did place her on the bed, but instead of doing what he wanted to, he broke the kiss and stared down into her passion-glazed eyes. She was so damn beautiful that just looking at her took his breath away. When the mattress moved, Luke glanced up to see that Damian was on her other side. He moved back so that Damian could get another taste of her mouth.

Damian devoured her, kissing her with an openmouthed abandon he'd never seen from his brother before. Luke knew just what his brother was experiencing, tasting, as Damian took her mouth with rapacious need. He began to get a little worried that Damian would frighten her

as the kiss went on and on and on, but Melissa surprised Luke when she moved her arms around his brother's neck and held him tightly.

When Damian slowed the kiss down and finally lifted his head, Melissa whimpered.

“No. Don't stop. Please?” she begged.

“We are not stopping, baby. I just want to get rid of some of these clothes. We are wearing way too much,” Damian rasped.

Luke moved up onto the bed beside Melissa and reached for the top of the towel. She obviously hadn't realized he had taken the time to remove his clothes while she was kissing Damian. Her eyes

widened and she perused his body from top to bottom. Her eyes lingered on his pectoral muscles and then moved over to his biceps. Her lips opened and she licked them as if they were dry. Then her eyes moved over his hard abs and lower still until she reached his hard cock. Her eyes widened and she looked a little nervous. Luke and Damian were big men everywhere and since Melissa was a virgin and didn't know what to expect, it was only natural that she be apprehensive. But it was his and Damian's job to alleviate that anxiety. Touching and caressing her would relieve her stress, and hopefully her body would take over so that she didn't think at all as they made love to her.

* * * *

Melissa took in his nakedness when she turned toward Luke. He was so sexy she nearly climaxed then and there. Her cunt clenched and her clit ached, releasing juices onto her inner thighs.

His shoulders and arms were a mass of muscle that rippled with his every movement. The dark brown hair in the valley between his rock-hard pecs made her want to reach out and slide her fingers through it, to see if it felt as soft as it looked. His stomach was washboard hard, causing saliva to pool in her mouth. And his cock. Luke's cock

was massive, standing high to just above his navel, and was so thick she was sure it was bigger than her wrist. The dark-purple head was wet with pre-cum, and she licked her lips in anticipation.

Luke gazed into her eyes and she saw the fire of arousal burning out from him. Grabbing the edge of the towel, he tugged it open and then pulled it away. His eyes ran over her body, taking in her form and lingering on her breasts and then on her bare mound. After a few moments, his eyes followed the curves of her body again, from the tip of her toes and up until he met her gaze once more. He licked his lips and then groaned as if he liked what he saw.

Melissa hoped so. She wasn't very

curvy at all. In fact her curves were slight and not voluptuous like other women she'd known. But when his gaze locked with hers, all her uncertainties waned. The heat and hunger in his eyes was so ferocious she wondered why she didn't burst into flames then and there.

The way he was looking at her made her feel soft and feminine and her confidence in her own sexuality grew. A feminine power she'd never felt before filled her with a self-assuredness she'd never imagined feeling.

Luke's eyes dropped to her mouth and then they traveled down to her breasts. Her areolas crinkled and gathered in and her nipples hardened even more and

began to throb, as if begging for his touch, and not just from his gaze. Once more, his eyes met hers and then he reached out, caressing the skin of her belly with his slightly callused hand. The gentle abrasion added to the sensation and made her crave more. He shifted and then both his hands were on her waist. They were so big, he spanned her waist with ease. And then he moved them again, his warm skin leaving goose bumps in his wake as he caressed down to her hips, along the outside of her thighs to just beyond her knees and then back up again.

“You are so sexy, Melissa.” His voice was a little gravelly and he was panting with hunger. She was glad she wasn’t

the only one affected by the lust humming through her body. “You are absolutely perfect, sweetheart. You were made for Damian and me.” Luke groaned again before swooping down to take a nipple into his mouth.

Melissa whimpered at the exquisite feel of Luke’s mouth on her sensitive nipple. He suckled and flicked the engorged peak with his tongue, then gently bit down, giving her a taste of a little pain with her pleasure. She couldn’t stand it any longer. She needed one of them to fuck her.

“Please, help me.”

“Please what, baby?” Damian asked as he got on the bed.

Melissa turned her head to look at Damian, her answer dying in her throat when she saw his naked form. He was not quite as muscular as Luke. His muscles were longer, sleeker, but no less impressive. His chest had dark hair in between his pecs and his washboard stomach rippled with his movement. His cock was shorter than Luke's but, God help her, he looked thicker. There was no way he would fit into her body without ripping her apart.

“I'll fit, baby.” Damien must have seen the trepidation on her face. “Your body was made to take us, Melissa. We'll go nice and slow so you have time to adjust. I want you to tell me if I hurt

you too much. Okay, baby? I'll stop if you want me to."

Damian kept his gaze locked to her as he maneuvered between her legs, and then he lay down on his belly with his head hovering above her pussy. He wrapped his arms around her thighs and spread her legs wide. Keeping eye contact, he leaned down and licked her clit with the tip of his tongue.

Melissa went wild. The first touch of his tongue on her throbbing clit had her bucking her hips up into his mouth, silently begging for more. And he didn't disappoint her. He clasped her hips more firmly, as if trying to hold her still, and then applied more pressure to her clit with his tongue.

She was on a sensory overload. Luke was suckling her nipples, alternating between each breast while Damian licked her clit until her cream was running from her slick sheath in a steady stream.

Damian licked her from ass to clit, running his tongue up and down in between her slick folds. He adjusted his hold on her to keep her legs wide, but also to keep her from bucking him off when her hips thrust up again. She felt so wild and couldn't help but to react to her body's natural instincts.

Damian moved one of his arms from around one of her legs and began to push one of his large fingers into her pussy.

He gently penetrated her with the tip of his middle finger until it was embedded up to the second knuckle. She'd never felt such sweet bliss and was mindless in her need. When he started a slow rhythm sliding his finger in and out of her slick channel, she moaned out loud and her pussy clenched down as if trying to pull his finger in deeper, or to prevent him from leaving. She wasn't sure which, and with each exquisite sensation her mind shut down even more. When her muscles released their tight grip on his finger, he withdrew slightly and then he added another finger, pressing them deeper and stroking her internal walls with each pass.

Melissa gasped and flinched when she

felt a slight pinching pain and then sighed as he pulled back a bit and the pain eased. Her mind kicked into gear for a moment and she wondered if what she felt was Damian touching her hymen. She wasn't even sure she had one left, so maybe it was because her muscles were so tight since they'd never been breached before. When his tongue began to move faster over her clit, all thoughts floated from her mind and she gave herself up into Damian and Luke's care.

Her body was a mass of aching need and she knew only these two men could ease the throbbing deep inside her.

His fingers stroked in and out of her cunt, sliding back and forth, causing a

conflagration to build up inside her until she thought she'd go mad. But when he twisted his fingers around so that his palm was facing up toward the ceiling and he rubbed over a very sensitive spot inside she nearly shot off the bed, and she wondered if he'd found the G-spot she'd heard other women talking about.

Then all thought flew from her head again when Damian continued to massage that spot with the pads of his fingers.

Luke leaned over her and consumed her mouth with his own, sliding his tongue into her mouth and kissing her with a hungry carnality. Nipping and suckling at her lower lip, then sliding his tongue along hers, he pinched her

nipples between his thumbs and index fingers.

When she felt her muscles begin to tighten around Damian's fingers, he plunged them in deep and she felt a pinching, burning pain and she knew he had broken through what there was of her hymen. But the pleasure swamping her far outweighed the pain and she gasped for air just as she rocketed to the stratosphere. Her scream of completion was loud even to her own ears as she shook and quivered, quavered and quaked with a rapture so intense she saw stars. Cream gushed from her pussy, coating her inner thighs, and no doubt Damian's hand, too. As she drifted back

down to Earth, her senses kicked in again and she could hear Luke and Damian panting right along with her.

Damian and Luke ran soothing hands up and down her limbs as if trying to bring her back down from her climactic high.

“How do you feel, baby?” Damian asked in a raspy voice.

“Fantastic. I can’t believe...He was wrong.” Melissa moaned when Damian withdrew his fingers from her now-sensitive pussy and she couldn’t prevent a smile from forming on her lips. She’d heard that sex could be mind blowing, but never thought to experience such rapture herself. Now that she’d had a taste, she wanted more. When she

looked at Damian and then Luke, they looked a little worried. “Why do you ask?”

“I was hoping you weren’t feeling too sore since I just took your virginity,” Damian replied

“There was only a bit of pain, but the pleasure...Oh my God. If I’d known how good it could be I may have done this before.”

Luke and Damian growled and when she met their gazes they looked a little pissed, but Damian’s stare was more intense and he even looked a little hurt. Melissa went back over what she’d said in her head and realized how that had sounded. No wonder they didn’t look

happy. If what they said was true and she was their mate, they wouldn't want to even think about her being with any other man.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean that the way it sounded."

Damian's expression eased and he smiled down at her. "I'm sorry too, baby. I guess I'm just feeling a little possessive of you right now."

"We both are," Luke said, and caressed a hand over her belly.

Melissa gave an exuberant laugh. "It was wonderful. No, wonderful doesn't even begin to describe how you made me feel."

"Glad to hear it, Mel," Damian said, and when she saw his hands move down

toward his crotch, she watched as he covered his cock with latex. “Do you want me, baby? Do you want me to put my cock in that hot, wet pussy and show you how much better I can make you feel?”

Melissa’s just-satiated libido kicked up a gear and her pussy clenched, releasing more juice. She was about to open her mouth and reply but Damian placed a finger over her lips.

“We both want to make love with you, Melissa. Will you let us fuck you at the same time?”

Damian pressed a little firmer on her mouth when she would have replied. “Before you answer, you should know

that if you let us love you, we are also going to claim you. Be very sure of what your answer is because if we continue, there will be no going back.”

He finally removed his finger from her mouth and sat back between her thighs waiting for her to answer.

Melissa wanted them to love her but she wasn't sure she was ready to be a mate. She didn't know them very well and if she went ahead with this, she could be setting herself up for a world of trouble. What if their wolves were the ones who wanted a deeper connection with her, but not the men? What if she agreed to this and when they got to know her more, they ended up disliking her?

What if...what if...what if...

Could she really walk away from them without letting them make love to her? Could she really walk out that door and not regret her decision for the rest of her life? She didn't think so.

“Do you think it's possible to do this without claiming me?” Melissa asked the question swirling around and around in her mind and then waited with bated breath for their answers.

“Honey, we're werewolves,” Luke said. “Our natural inclination is to claim our mate when we make love. If that is what you want we can try, but there is no way we can promise our wolves won't take over once we're inside you.”

“Luke's right.” Damian's hand landed

on her knee. “The decision is yours to make, but we can’t promise our wolves won’t claim you. If you agree to us making love to you then you need to agree to us marking you, claiming you as our mate.”

“Will I be able to go home if you claim me?”

Chapter Six

It was then that Damian realized that Melissa didn't really understand that when a werewolf claimed his mate, it was permanent. He sighed with resignation and removed the condom from his hard, aching cock.

"What are you doing?" Melissa asked.

"You're not ready for this, baby." Damian got off the end of the bed and walked toward the bathroom. He paused in the doorway and looked back over his shoulder. "Why don't you get dressed and come out to the kitchen. We need to talk some more."

He walked into the bathroom,

disposed of the condom, turned the shower on and stepped under the icy cold water. How long he stood under the stream of water he had no idea, but it didn't help one damn bit. His cock was still hard as stone and his balls were aching. Disappointment filled his gut into a tight knot, but Damian knew he'd done the right thing by walking away.

If he and Luke had made love to their mate and ended up claiming her without her really understanding what was happening, there would have been hell to pay. He had a feeling if they had gone ahead and loved Melissa they would have ended up losing her altogether. And that was something he couldn't have endured.

With a sigh he turned the water off, dried, and dressed. When he stepped out into the bedroom, the lingering scent of his mate's cream assailed his senses and his wolf began pushing at him again. How much longer could he continue to hold his animal off? Maybe he and Luke should just let her go home and court her slowly. If that was the only way he and his brother could end up with her by their sides, after a slow, gentle courting, then so be it.

He entered the kitchen to find Melissa sitting at the table, sipping from a mug of coffee. Luke was nowhere in sight. He let his wolf come to the forefront and used his enhanced hearing to find his

brother. When he heard the water running through the pipes he knew that Luke was in the other bathroom.

Melissa kept her head down, her gaze on the mug she had her hands wrapped around, and he wondered if he'd hurt her feelings by calling a halt to their lovemaking. After pouring himself some coffee, he sat down next to her. He wanted to talk to her and put her at ease but figured it would be better to wait until Luke was there, too.

Just as that thought finished coalescing, Luke arrived and after getting himself a drink and his brother sat on Melissa's other side.

"What do you want from me?" Melissa asked as she lifted her head and

glanced toward Luke and then him.

“You,” Damian answered, succinctly and unequivocally.

“I was willing...”

“We want your heart, too, sweetheart,” Luke said. “Not just your body.”

Melissa frowned as if she was processing what Luke had just said, and then she sat further back in her seat and crossed her arms beneath her breasts. The move was defensive and he wondered if they had just blown any chance they had with her. An ache formed over his heart and it was really hard not to place his hand there and try to rub it away.

“What do you do for a living?”
Melissa asked.

Damian was glad that she was finally asking questions. Didn't that mean that she was interested in them? *God, I hope so.*

“We are the security for the pack,” Damian answered. “Our jobs are to maintain the security systems and make sure that the boundaries surrounding the property are safe and secure at all times. We set up rotations for patrols and we also make sure that if our Alpha, Betas and queen go out, they have guards with them.”

“But how do you earn...Never mind.”

“How do we earn money?” Damian

asked the question he thought she was going to. At her nod, he relaxed a little more. Maybe their mate was worried that they wouldn't be able to take care of her financially. "You have every right to ask. The pack has several businesses around the country and we each get a stipend from the profits. We have more than enough money to get whatever you want."

"Shit, that makes me sound so mercenary. I'm sorry. I don't mean to sound greedy or snobby."

Luke leaned forward, uncrossed her arms from her chest, and held onto one of her hands. "We would never think that, sweetheart. Don't worry so much, we know you aren't either of those

things.”

“What do you do, baby?”

“I’m a kindergarten teacher.”

Damian smiled. He could just imagine her laughing, teaching and playing with the kids in her care and enjoying every minute of it. His mate had a big heart and he hoped that one day soon she would let him and Luke into her heart, too.

“Our Alpha was talking about building a school on pack land. The pack is growing and more pups are being born every day. I’m sure if you asked he would be delighted to have you working in the school.”

Melissa waved a hand in the air as if dismissing his idea and his stomach felt

like it dropped. He was going to have to be careful to keep his feelings hidden so that Melissa didn't feel too pressured. Damian just hoped that none of his emotions showed on his face.

“What do you do when you aren't working?” she asked.

“We like to hang out at the Shifter Inn and play pool, but we spend most of our spare time running in our wolf forms, playing.”

Melissa tilted her head to the side. The action reminded him of his and his brother's animal.

“Playing?”

“Hunting small game and chasing each other.”

“What's it like?”

Damian cocked an eyebrow in question.

“Running through the forest in your wolf form.”

“Freeing,” Luke said, and smiled at Damian. “Everything smells so much better. We move faster and can circumvent trees at exceptional speeds without slowing down. Having four legs has its advantages.”

“I’ll bet,” Melissa said. “Would I be able to still see my sister?”

His mate’s switch in topics had Damian’s head spinning for a moment. “Of course you can. We would never interfere with your relationship with your sister. What’s her name? Is she

younger or older? What does she do? Will she be adverse to you being with more than one man...that is, if you decide you want to be with us?"

"No, I don't think she would. As long as that's what I wanted and love was involved, I don't see Sara making a fuss." Melissa went on to explain how Sara had raised her from a young teen and how they had lost their parents. The more she told them, the more Damian understood why she wouldn't want to lose contact with her sister. She was more like a mother to Melissa than a sibling. More tension eased from his body and he relaxed back in his seat.

He watched as Melissa's pupils dilated and her nostrils flared as she

inhaled. She lowered her head again but Damian knew she could smell their mating musk. Her nipples were hard little buds poking against the material of her shirt, and when she crossed her legs, she squeezed them together as if trying to appease the ache in her pussy. He inhaled deeply and nearly groaned when he smelled her desire. When he looked at Luke, he saw that his brother was also aware of her lust.

“I don’t know what to do,” Melissa whispered, and Damian could hear the torment in her voice.

He shifted his chair back clasped her hand in his and then pulled her onto his lap. “You don’t have to do anything right

now, baby. Take a little time to figure out what it is you want. We won't pressure you in any way."

Damian prayed that their mate would come to care for him and Luke and accept them and need them as much as they needed her.

* * * *

Luke's mind was at war. He wanted to pick Melissa up, carry her into the bedroom, strip her naked, bury his cock into her tight, wet pussy, and claim her. But he couldn't. If he did, he knew they would lose her. She looked so damn confused and even though his heart went out to her at her turmoil, he wanted his

mate with him at his side for all time.

What he and Damian could do or say to convince her that they were right for her, he had no clue. At first, he'd been pissed at Damian for calling a halt to their lovemaking but eventually he came around to his brother's way of thinking. It had been the right thing to do. It wasn't just about his and Damian's needs, it was about Melissa's mental and physical well-being.

They had probably overloaded her with information in regards to what they were and it hadn't been very long since they had told and shown her they were werewolves. He'd tried really hard to put himself in her shoes and realized that

if he hadn't been a werewolf or aware of their existence, he would have had a hard time accepting being told they existed.

No wonder she was having trouble making a decision. What she needed was time. Time to think things through and decide what *she* wanted.

He and Damian had been selfish. Selfish to tell her what they were and then expect her to jump at the chance to mate with them. Of course she would hesitate in accepting their claim that she was their mate. He would have too.

Luke glanced at the clock and realized it was just past noon, and decided that it would be best if Melissa did go home. They would make sure she had their

home phone as well as cell phone numbers so that she could contact them any time she liked. Day or night. It didn't matter to him. What did matter was that she did eventually call. At least he hoped she would.

“Are you hungry, honey?” Luke asked.

“No.”

“We can give you a lift back to your car if you want to go home.”

Melissa didn't answer him. She just stared at him with a stoic expression. He would have given anything to know what was going on in her mind, but that wasn't possible. But he needed to reiterate that she could stay if she wanted to as well. “You can stay here if you'd like, Mel.

We would love to have you as long as you want.”

Melissa cleared her throat. “No. Thanks, but I think I should head back home.”

“Can I have your cell phone number, sweetheart? I would love to be able to call you and if you don’t mind giving us your address, maybe we could visit you, too.”

“Sure,” Melissa answered, and then got her phone from her purse and handed it over to Luke.

He called his own phone and then programmed her number into his cell, and his and Damian’s into hers. After getting and writing down her address, he looked at her expectantly. He wasn’t

sure if she wanted to leave now or later in the day. As far as he was concerned, the later the better.

Luke was going to miss her like hell. Now that they'd found and spent time with their mate, it was going to be really hard with her gone.

Melissa slung her purse over her shoulder and started walking toward the door. Damian rose to his feet and followed Melissa and him out.

The drive to the inn was totally silent, each of them lost in their own thoughts. Luke was gripping the steering wheel so hard his knuckles were white and he thought it was a wonder he didn't break it in half.

Melissa sat between him and Damian, totally still, staring out the front of the windscreen while clutching her purse to her chest. Luke just hoped she was as cut up about leaving them as he and Damian were about her leaving.

He was going to have to keep himself busy. It was the only way he was going to be able to get through the long, lonely days ahead. Instead of sending out other Omegas to patrol, he and Damian would do it instead. Maybe they would be able to hold onto their sanity if they did.

The pain in his heart wouldn't let up and the closer they got to the Shifter Inn, the more the ache intensified. Minutes later Luke pulled up next to the lone car

in the parking lot. The inn didn't open until around three o'clock and there was no one about.

Damian got out of the truck and helped Melissa down. Even though he didn't want to say good-bye—it would mean finalizing what he and his brother had started with their mate—Luke got out of the truck and walked around it until he was standing beside Melissa.

She kept her head down and licked her lips. “It's been...interesting. Thank you for taking care of me.”

Her voice was so quiet that if he and Damian hadn't been werewolves, he doubted whether they would have heard her.

“You're welcome, sweetheart.” Luke

pushed her hair back from her face, trying to see her expression, her eyes, but since she kept her gaze down it was impossible. “We loved looking after you, Mel. You’re welcome at our place anytime.”

“Thank you. I’d better...go.”

She turned around and walked toward her car. Her shoulders were down in a slump as if she was feeling depressed, but there was nothing he and Damian could do. His and his brother’s life and happiness were all in her hands. So was her own, but he couldn’t tell her that.

Damian was leaning against the truck as if his knees would buckle out from under him if it weren’t for the support

behind his back. Luke knew just how he felt. He took a step back and leaned next to his brother. They watched her get into her car, start the engine, put her safety belt on, and then she backed out of the parking space. With a quick glance in their direction, she waved and then drove away.

Luke's wolf was howling inside him with pain, grief, and rage. His animal didn't understand why he was letting their mate leave.

"Do you think she'll come back?" he asked.

"I don't know. I fucking hope so."

When they could no longer see Melissa's car, they got into the truck and headed home.

* * * *

Melissa felt like her heart was breaking in two. The further she got away from the Shifter's Inn and Luke and Damian, the more she questioned her decision to leave. The wrench as she drove away was nearly more than she could stand. Tears burned the back of her eyes and the more she tried to quell them, the more they welled.

Finally, she pulled over onto the shoulder of the road, turned the ignition off, and bawled her eyes out. She'd never felt such pain before and didn't know if she could continue to endure it.

The agony she felt in her heart didn't even compare to the embarrassment and humiliation she'd felt with Wesley Sands and she had known him for months before taking that next awful step with him.

She didn't seem to know her own mind anymore, had no idea what she was supposed to do or feel, but one thing was certain. She couldn't leave. Not now. Not ever.

Somehow, Damian and Luke had worked their way into her heart in such a short amount of time. No matter the consequences she couldn't walk, or drive away.

When her tears slowed, she searched her purse for a tissue and after wiping

her eyes and blowing her nose she shored up her backbone, started her car again and turned the car around.

Thankfully, she had taken note how to get to the pack land and headed toward it.

She was worried that she had done her dash with Damian and Luke, had wrecked any chance she had to be their mate.

Hopefully they would accept her back when she knocked on their door.

Nothing else mattered but being with them. Not her job or her sister, nothing. She was already half in love with them and had known them for just over twenty-four hours. How would she feel

after knowing them longer?

Melissa hoped that they would forgive her reticence, her indecision, and welcome her with open arms.

There was only one way to find out if they cared for her and she was about to find out if what they said had been true.

Chapter Seven

Damian had been sitting in the living room staring into space since he and Luke had gotten home. He didn't bother to look at the car he heard pull up outside the cabin, nor did he get up to answer the knock on the door. He didn't think he'd ever feel alive again. He was numb inside and didn't want to make nice with anyone visiting. He breathed in deeply, trying to dispel some of the pain in his chest, but it didn't help. All he could smell was Melissa's scent. Her natural perfume seemed to be everywhere and even though he'd opened all the windows to lessen her

lingering aroma, it didn't seem to help. In fact, he could have sworn that it was stronger now than it was before.

Luke came out of the kitchen where he'd been brooding when another knock sounded on the door. His brother glared at him as he went to answer it, but Damian wasn't in the mood to glare back. He just shrugged his shoulders as if he didn't have a care in the world.

"Melissa?" Luke said when he opened the door.

Damian's first instinct was to run to the door and hug their mate, but he was still feeling too hurt that she had left, so he stayed seated.

"Can I come in?" Melissa asked.

Damian couldn't see Luke or her, but

he suspected that Luke nodded when he didn't hear his brother's reply, because the next thing he knew she was standing in their living room looking nervous and sexy as hell.

“Is there something wrong?” Damian asked in cold, emotionless voice “Maybe you have a problem with your car?”

Melissa flinched like he struck her, but then she moved over to the sofa and sat down on the edge of the cushion. Damian knew he was being a real bastard, but she'd hurt him and his brother when she'd left, and he was striking out at her for causing his pain.

Luke moved across to the armchair

close to Melissa and sat down.

“There is nothing wrong with my car.” Melissa’s voice was just as cool as his had been and although she thrust her chin out at him, she wasn’t able to pull off the stoic expression he knew he had on his face. She looked so sad and hurt, but he wasn’t about to open himself up for another slap down until he knew why she had come back.

“I’m sorry that I left. I know I hurt you. I hurt myself as well, but you have to realize that this,” Melissa swept her hand out to him and Luke, “was a lot to take in.”

“What...” Luke began but paused when Melissa held up her hand, palm out.

“I have never felt connected to a man the way I do with the both of you. I’ve never been turned on as much as you both turn me on. I was frightened by what you made me feel, especially after just breaking up with a man who made me feel dirty and humiliated. I was running scared.”

“And now?” Damian asked as he leaned forward in his seat. He glanced at Luke and saw that his brother was just as tense as he was as they awaited her reply.

“If you still want me, then I would like to be with you.” Melissa paused and drew in a ragged breath before licking her lips and exhaling. “And you can

claim me.”

The roaring in Damian’s ears was so loud he didn’t think he would have been able to hear if Melissa had continued talking. His cock went from half-mast to fully engorged within the blink of an eye.

He wanted to scoop her up off the sofa, carry her to the bedroom, rip her clothes off, and sink deep into her pussy, but he stayed where he was.

“You do realize that once we mate you then there is no going back,” Damian said more than asked.

She nodded her head.

“Is this really what you want, Mel?” Luke asked. “To be tied to two werewolves for the rest of your life?”

“Yes.”

That word was the sweetest Damian had heard in his whole life, but there were still some issues he wanted cleared up before they claimed their mate.

“I can be a real hard-ass sometimes. I can and will tell you what to do if your life is ever in danger and I will expect you to obey me, us, without question. Can you do that?”

“Yes,” Melissa said, then continued on. “I’m not saying that we won’t butt heads because I know we will. I won’t be told what to do all the time, though, except if there is danger.”

“Agreed,” Damian said, and then he softened his expression and held his

hand out to her.

Melissa placed her purse on the coffee table as she rose to her feet and took a tentative step toward him. She took another step and then another until she was standing right in front of him, and then she placed her hand in his.

Damian tugged and she landed in his lap. He shifted her until she was comfortable and wrapped his arms around her waist and hugged her tight. “God, I missed you. I thought we’d blown all our chances with you.”

She lifted her arm and cupped his cheek. Tears formed in her eyes and then spilled over and down her face. “I’m sorry.”

“I’m sorry, too, baby. You have no

idea how glad I am to have you back. I know you don't understand it and I'm not expecting you to feel the same, but you mean the world to me. To *us*. We would have been like bears with sore heads to live with, without you by our sides."

"That goes for me too, honey," Luke said as he rose from the chair and came over to him and Melissa. He squatted down in front of her, took her hand in his, and lifted it to his mouth. He kissed the back of her hand and then placed her palm on his chest over his heart. "It would have been hell without you in our lives. I'm so glad you came back. Thank you."

Damian watched as Luke bent forward

and kissed her. His arousal grew another notch and his body began to heat as he watched his mate and sibling kiss. He'd never seen anything sexier and the only thing that would turn him on more was when he tasted that delicious mouth with his own again.

Their tongues twirled and glided along each other's, and finally Luke eased the kiss down and lifted his head. Damian couldn't wait another moment. He tugged on her hair to get her attention and when Melissa was looking at him, he wrapped his hand around the front of her throat and used his long fingers to tilt her head up even more. And then he swooped down and covered her mouth with his.

It felt like forever since he had tasted

her and he couldn't get enough. He slanted his mouth over hers again and again, relishing every touch, taste and sound his mate made. His cock was so hard it was aching and his wolf was pushing at him to claim her, but he pushed back. This wasn't the place he was going to make love to his woman the first time. Damian wanted her comfortable and spread out before him on the bed. He weaned his mouth from hers, shifted his hold on her, and then stood up. As he walked toward the bedroom, he kept his gaze on hers and was glad to see her looking just as needy as he felt.

Damian didn't have to look back over

his shoulder to know that Luke had followed him into the bedroom. He felt and smelled his brother as he lowered Melissa to her feet. Still without breaking eye contact, he reached for the hem of her shirt and then he pulled it up and off over her head. He removed her clothes piece by piece until she stood before him, gloriously naked. He'd never seen a sexier sight. As he perused her beauty with his eyes, he removed his own clothes and once he, too, was naked, he lifted her up onto the bed.

He crawled up onto the bottom of the mattress and rubbed his hands over the top of her thighs. She closed her eyes and opened to him. Damian realized that she trusted him and his brother. Surely,

she wouldn't have come back to them if she didn't.

Damian got comfortable on the bed between her legs and inhaled the sweet scent of her desire as he sheathed his cock in a condom. He and his wolf growled low in their need and then he lowered his head. He kept his eyes on Melissa's face and was pleased that he did, because with the first lick of his tongue her eyes popped open. When he licked her again, she moaned softly and tilted her head back.

She was so delicate compared to him and Luke. The arch of her delicate, creamy white neck drew his gaze and then he concentrated on building her

arousal to a higher level as Luke climbed onto the bed next to her and began licking and sucking up and down the side of her neck.

Damian rimmed her dripping hole with a finger and then he pushed it into her body as far as it would go. Melissa cried out with pleasure and then arched her hips up into his touch. He laved over her clit with his tongue and then sucked lightly on the engorged bud. As much as he wanted to continue eating her cunt and drinking down her juices, he needed to be inside her. He wanted to know that she was his for the rest of his life and the only way to do that was make love to his mate, and claim her.

Damian got back up onto his knees and

moved closer to her, and then he took his cock into his hand and guided it to her soaking pussy. He slid it up and down through her folds, lubricating it and hoping to ease his penetration of her. He pushed into her body gently until the broad knob rested just inside her.

“You okay, baby?” Damian panted through clenched teeth.

“Yes, more, Damian. Give me more.” Melissa moaned and tried to thrust herself on his cock.

“I’m working on it, baby, but we are taking this slow and easy. I don’t want to hurt you.”

Damian pushed another inch of his wide cock into her body. He paused

when he felt the tight muscles clench on his cock and held still while she adjusted to his size. After taking a deep breath, he gripped her hips firmly and with a nod to Luke, he waited for his brother to distract her, hoping that she wouldn't feel too much pain as he shoved into her hot, wet body.

“Relax your muscles, Melissa. The more you tighten, the more it'll hurt. Luke, help distract her.”

Luke began kissing her as he pinched and tweaked her nipples. Melissa groaned and whimpered as Damian began to lightly rub her clit with his finger. Her pussy clenched around his hard cock and when her muscles released again he surged forward into

her cunt with one powerful thrust.

Melissa moaned and whimpered but when she pushed her hips up into his, he held them down so she couldn't move.

Damian panted and shook as he held onto the last thread of his control tightly while letting her adjust to having him deeply inside her. Her warm, wet tissue enveloping his cock was like nothing he'd ever felt before.

When Damian couldn't hold back anymore he began to move, sliding the length of his cock out to the tip, and then he eased his way back in. Melissa mewled and sighed as Luke lifted his mouth from hers.

Luke moved so he was straddling her

chest, and Damian wondered if it was because he was afraid Melissa would hurt herself as she tried to get him to move faster, or because his brother wanted her sucking his cock. Luke was facing Melissa, which put his back to Damian. Taking her hands in his, Luke stretched them out above her head, securing them to the mattress. He moved his body closer to her head so his cock was touching her chin and gave Damian the answer to his unspoken question.

“Suck my cock, Melissa. I want to feel that sweet mouth of yours wrapped around my flesh.”

Damian leaned forward as he surged back into her cunt and was able to see everything.

Melissa eyed Luke's cock and the moisture on the tip. She stuck her tongue out and slid it across the tip to taste his brother's essence. From the blissful expression on her face, she liked it very much indeed. She opened her mouth wide, wrapped her lips around the tip of Luke's dick, and used her tongue to slide it along the underside of his crown.

“Oh yeah, honey. That feels so damn good. Just like that, Mel, take as much of me in as you can.”

As she sucked and licked Luke's cock, Damian rocked his hips in a slow, steady thrusting motion, speeding up with each forward movement, until at last his balls were slapping against her

ass. He was in her pussy to the hilt and he was in awe of every nuance of sensation as his dick glided in and out of her creamy, wet sheath. He held totally still for a moment, savoring the sensation of being inside his mate.

“Are you all right, Mel? I’m not hurting you, am I, baby?” he asked, gasping for air. Her pussy was clenching around his cock.

“Mm,” was her only response.

“I think that was an affirmative, Damian,” Luke answered for her, and then he groaned as his cock was sucked even further in between her lips.

“You should feel her sweet cunt, Luke. It’s like nothing I’ve ever felt before. Heaven on earth. So tight, warm, and

wet. I hope you're ready, Mel, because we are going to love you so good."

"Her mouth is heaven, too. She's a fucking natural at giving head." Luke panted.

Damian started moving in and out of her slick pussy with long, slow strokes. He had her whimpering around Luke's cock in seconds. When her muscles relaxed even more and she started matching his pace with her hips, he increased the speed of his pumping hips. He could feel the crown of his cock sliding and digging along her G-spot as he slid in and out of her vagina.

Melissa sucked Luke's cock into her mouth as far as she could, which wasn't

very far because of his width. She used her tongue to rub along his length and sucked her cheeks in as he slid in and out of her mouth. All the while Damian increased the thrusting of his cock into her body in increments, until she was writhing and moaning around Luke.

He felt the familiar tingles begin at the base of his spine and knew he didn't have long until he lost himself in her completely. And from the way her muscles were beginning to tense, and the ever-increasing ripples of her internal walls around his dick, she wasn't too far away from climax either. She pulled away from Luke to gasp air just before the tension in her pussy got tighter and tighter. Luke moved off of her and sat on

the mattress at her side, staring down into her face.

Melissa screamed as she climaxed. Her pussy rippled along the length of Damian's cock and then clenched down, gripping him hard.

"Oh baby, that's it. Saturate me with your cum. You feel so good. Oh yeah. I'm gonna come." Damian gasped, stroking into her one, two, three more times, and then he let loose with a roar as cum spewed from his cock into the end of the small pouch on the tip of the condom.

He collapsed on top of her, breathing in her delicious scent and the perfume of their lovemaking in the air. When he had

his breathing back under control, he levered himself up onto his arms and looked down into her face. The kiss he gave her was so tender and full of emotion, he hoped she realized what he was trying to say without words. He thought that just maybe she got it when he saw tears in her eyes. He gently withdrew his half-flaccid cock from her body, hugged her tight for a few moments, and then headed to the bathroom.

* * * *

Luke moved closer to Melissa to take her mouth with a kiss so carnal he had her on fire again in seconds. She

couldn't believe she could become so aroused so quickly after just having one of the best orgasms of her life. Luke weaned his lips from hers as she looked up into his face in wonder.

“What's the matter, Melissa?” Luke asked.

“I don't know how you two do this to me. It's not normal.”

“What's not normal, sweetheart? That we can get you aroused so quickly again or the fact that you like it so much?” Luke asked her with a sensuous smile.

“Both, I suppose. I've never experienced anything like this.”

“Don't question it, honey, just enjoy. There is nothing wrong with you. You

just hadn't met the right person, people, or should I say wolves yet, but now you have." Luke moved between her legs.

He leaned down again to take her mouth with his, sliding his tongue in and out of her, mimicking what she wanted him to do to her body. He tasted the inside of her mouth thoroughly, sliding his tongue along her cheeks, over her teeth and the roof of her mouth. He broke the kiss and then licked, kissed, and nibbled along her jaw line, down her neck and around her ear. She couldn't help but shiver as pleasure pulsed under her skin.

"I think I found a sweet spot," he whispered into her ear, which had her writhing around trying to get closer to

him. When he slid his tongue into her ear canal, Melissa moaned with passion as goose bumps rose all over her flesh. He nibbled his way down along her neck and along her collarbone until he came to her pulse point in the hollow of her throat, where he licked and sucked, arousing her further. Sliding down a little more, he licked his way under and around her breasts, getting closer and closer to her areola until he finally took her pebbled nipple into his mouth.

He sucked her hard, laving her nipple with his tongue and pressing it to the roof of his mouth. His mouth made a popping sound as he released it and then he worked his way across her chest,

licking and nibbling until he was at her other breast, treating it the same as he had the other. When he licked his way down her stomach to the top of her mound, he kissed it lightly.

Melissa was so turned on she couldn't keep still. Her legs moved restlessly. She bucked her hips up, trying to get her slit in contact with Luke's hard cock. She was so caught up in what Luke was doing to her she hadn't even noticed that Damian was back in the room.

"Hold her still, Damian," Luke said in a growly voice.

Damian leaned against the headboard of the bed. When he was comfortable, he pulled Melissa into a half-sitting position between his legs. Grasping her

arms, he lifted them above her head so she couldn't move them.

Luke slid down until he was resting on the bed between her thighs, his head level with her pussy. He curled his arms around her upper legs and spread them wide, then he pressed one hand on her lower belly over her pubic bone. He licked and nibbled at her folds until he had her sobbing, then he penetrated her with two fingers, sliding them in and out of her body until she was on verge of climax. He pulled his fingers and mouth from her quickly and sat up.

“Luke, don't stop. Why the fuck did you stop? I was so close.” Melissa moaned in protest.

“Because the next time you come it will be when Damian and I are buried deep inside you. I want to feel you soak me with your cream,” Luke rasped.

Melissa looked into Luke’s eyes. She would almost swear they were glowing. Blinking slowly, she opened her eyes again, seeing nothing unusual, and thought she may have imagined it.

“What do you mean, you and Damian? I can’t take you both at once. You would split me in half,” Melissa protested, and cursed when she heard the tremor in her voice, and hoped her trepidation didn’t show how nervous and naïve she was feeling.

“You have no need to be afraid of us,

Melissa,” Luke said. “We would never hurt you. What I meant about us both taking you at once is that one of us will take that sweet ass while the other takes your pussy. We would never both try and get into your pussy. I’m not into that sort of thing and neither is Damian.”

Melissa was shocked and glad. She wasn’t sure what Luke was trying to tell her at first and was glad that he had clarified. She opened and closed her mouth several times, trying to think of something to say. When she could think of nothing she closed her mouth with a snap.

“We’ll make you feel so good, baby. Do you trust us not to hurt you?” Damian asked.

That was the weirdness of all this. She did trust them not to hurt her, and to take care of her. She felt connected to them in a way she couldn't have put into words. They made her feel loved and cherished, which was totally ludicrous since she had just met them.

“Okay,” Melissa agreed hesitantly. “Will you stop if I want you to?”

“Yeah, sweetheart. We will. Even if it kills us, we'll stop.” Luke rasped out his promise.

Luke put on a condom and grasped his cock at the base. He aimed for her pussy and pushed into her gently but firmly, until the knob of his dick was in her tight sheath. He started rocking his hips

forward and back, sliding his cock in and out of her until he was halfway into her body. “Fuck, you’re tight. You feel like heaven, honey.”

When he was in halfway, Luke seemed to give up the fight of being gentle and thrust hard until his cock was fully seated in her. He pumped in and out of her a few more times, as if unable to control his instincts, and closed his eyes, as if savoring the sensation of being inside her.

Taking her by the shoulders, Luke pulled her to a sitting position, then moved his legs underneath hers. She ended up stretched out on top of him, her legs straddling his hips and her chest flush with his. Melissa shifted until she

was comfortable and groaned when his cock went in a little deeper and butted up against her womb. Luke wrapped his arms around her to hold her still.

Damian moved up behind her and kissed her shoulder and then pushed her legs up so that they were bent more.

“Get up on your knees, Mel. I need to have access to your sweet, little ass.” Damian panted out his demand.

When Damian had her positioned to his satisfaction, he moved away from her to rummage in the bedside drawer. When he was back behind her, she heard the pop of a bottle being opened.

Damian slid his lube-covered finger over her puckered opening again and

again until the muscles started to relax. He gently pushed the tip of his finger into her anus and had her keening with pleasure. Withdrawing his finger again, he got more lube and then pushed his finger slowly, but determinedly into her until it was inside her to the hilt.

Damian slid his finger out again, then he was back with two. He pushed them into her body until they were seated all the way. He wiggled them around a few times until her muscles relaxed, then he separated them in a scissoring action, stretching out her tight muscles.

“Oh my God. What are you doing to me? It’s too much. You’re hurting me.” Melissa gasped as the muscles and tissues of her anus were stretched. She

felt a painful burning sensation. The feeling began changing into a dark pleasure that made her moan and whimper.

“Do you want me to stop, baby?” Damian asked, and Melissa felt him tense up behind her as if he was holding his breath while he waited for her answer.

“Don’t you dare,” Melissa yelled. “Fuck me, please. Fuck me now. It feels so good.”

Damian moved in closer to her body after he had generously lubed his latex-covered cock.

“Tell me if I hurt you, baby. Luke, watch her face,” Damian commanded.

Damian aligned his cock with her puckered hole and gently pushed until the head of his dick popped through her tight muscles. He paused to give her body time to adjust. She mewled as her muscles spasmed around his rod. When the tremors lessened, Damian pushed into her body until he was embedded halfway in her rectum.

“Your ass is so tight. I can feel every little movement of your muscles.” Damian gasped.

He rocked his hips forward and back sliding a bit more of his cock into her anus with each forward push until he was buried balls-deep. Sitting back on his knees, he wrapped his arms around

Melissa's waist, pulling her torso up until she was sitting on Luke's cock with her back flush against Damian's front.

"We are going to make you feel good, sweetheart. I don't want you to move. Let Damian and me do all the work. Just hold on tight, Mel," Luke instructed.

Melissa had never felt so out of control. She was so full, with a cock in her pussy and another in her ass. If they didn't move now she was going to scream. Just as she was about to tell them to move, her two lovers started moving.

Luke withdrew his cock and then plunged back in. As he moved in, Damian slid out of her ass until just the tip of him was in her body. They

alternated their movements, one thrusting in as the other pulled out. It was too much pleasure, too much sensation. The burning feeling of having her ass muscles stretched and the pinch of pain was unbelievable, but the pleasure far outweighed the pain.

Cream dripped from her pussy and the pressure inside began to build higher and higher. Her muscles grew taut and her limbs began to tremble. The simmering heat inside her grew to a raging inferno and she teetered on the edge of something so spectacular she wasn't sure she'd survive it.

And then she was tumbling over the edge.

Melissa screamed as her internal muscles convulsed. Her body shook and quivered. Her pussy clenched and released over and over again. Cream gushed out of her cunt and the orgasm went on and on and on. She couldn't seem to stop. She just kept coming and coming.

She was vaguely aware of Luke shouting as he came, and not long after, Damian yelled as he, too, reached his peak. White, hot pain seared into her shoulders as her men bit into the crook of her neck and shoulders, claiming her. Stars formed in front of her eyes as more fluid dripped from her body, drenching her and Luke, and then she knew no

more.

Chapter Eight

Melissa woke up and by the look of the sun, it was mid-morning. She realized she couldn't have been asleep for much more than an hour or so. Her stomach rumbled reminding her that she was hungry since she hadn't eaten breakfast earlier and that it was definitely time to eat. After showering and donning a T-shirt she found in one of the drawers in the bedroom, she followed her nose to the wonderful smell coming from the kitchen. She watched as Luke and Damian bustled about, preparing bacon and eggs.

She must have made a noise because

Luke turned toward her and spoke. "Come on in, honey. Take a seat. Would you like a cup of coffee?"

"Yes, please," Melissa answered as she took a seat at the table.

"How long have you guys lived here?" she asked after a few moments.

"All our lives. We were born and raised here," Luke answered as he placed a mug of coffee in front of her on the table.

"Thanks." Melissa sighed, inhaling the aroma of the coffee, then took a sip. "Do your parents live here?"

"Not anymore. They moved to a warmer climate about twelve months ago, but they come back for a visit every now and then," Damian answered as he

placed three plates heaped with bacon, eggs, and toast on the table.

“Eat, Mel, you’ve got to be hungry,” Luke said.

Melissa dug into her food. She was so hungry she didn’t say another word until she had eaten her fill. She thought about the morning activities, and how she was drawn to the two men. Just being near them had her libido reviving again.

What was it about these men that turned her on so much? She had been around handsome men before and hadn’t reacted to them beyond a second glance. So what made these two so different? They drew her like animals in the throes of heat. She just couldn’t explain it.

“Mel, we want you to move in with us. We’ll help you pack up your things so you won’t have to do it alone.” Damian glanced at Luke and then back to her.

“I want that, too. I really do, but don’t you think we should have a sort of a trial run before making such a big commitment?”

“Honey, we told you once you were mated to us that there would be no going back.”

Luke looked a little upset and Melissa felt guilty. It wasn’t that she wanted to back out, it was just that she was worried how Sara was going to react once she knew that she was now in essence married to two men, who also

happened to be werewolves. She was hoping for a bit more time with her men before the outside world encroached on them. Maybe that was selfish of her, but she didn't want to deal with any recriminations from her older sibling, either. Even though she was pretty sure Sara would be happy for her after she got over the shock of what Melissa was doing, she was pretty certain Sara would read her the riot act first. She knew she was being a coward, but she had looked up to Sara for so long she didn't want to see disappointment in her sister's eyes when she looked at her.

“I have some leave time owing to me, but I would really like to stay here with you at the moment. I'll call work

tomorrow and arrange for time off, and maybe in a week or so we can move my stuff.”

“What are you so worried about, baby?” Damian asked. “Talk to us, Mel.”

She didn’t know what to say without hurting them any more than she had, so she just shook her head, rose to her feet and left the room. She wandered outside and drew in air, and tried to get the turmoil in her brain under control.

Melissa came to a halt amongst the trees when she heard a rustle in the bushes behind her. Turning quickly, she scanned the brush for human or animals. She saw the glow of bright green eyes

staring at her. She stepped back slowly as a large wolf moved into the clearing.

“Oh my God,” Melissa muttered under her breath.

The wolf moved closer as Melissa walked backward, never taking her eyes from the animal.

“Nice doggie,” Melissa crooned to it. “Please don’t eat me. I don’t taste very nice. I promise.”

If she hadn’t been watching, Melissa would have missed the smile that crossed the wolf’s face. Even then, she wasn’t sure the wolf was smiling or snarling at her. Its eyes looked intelligent, almost human.

Hearing another sound behind her, she spun around quickly to see another two

wolves walking toward her. One had a chocolate-brown coat and brown-flecked green eyes, and the other had a deep black coat and brown eyes. She whimpered with fear, adrenaline coursing through her system making her heart beat loudly in her ears.

The wolves came closer and closer until she was surrounded on all sides. Then she heard a terrible popping and cracking as two of the wolves' spines began to lengthen. The fur covering their bodies receded. Their legs elongated as they began to lose their wolf form and became human. It took a few seconds for her to realize that Damian and Luke now stood before her, totally naked.

She didn't realize she'd been holding her breath until it was too late and she felt herself falling to the ground as darkness closed in around her.

Melissa awoke cradled in Damian's arms on the sofa in their living room.

"What the hell were you trying to do, baby?" Damian frowned down at her. "You had us so worried."

Melissa sat up and was glad when Damian let her. She met Luke's concerned gaze before looking away.

"I'm sorry."

"Why were you scared of us, sweetheart? Don't you realize that we would do everything we could to protect you?"

Melissa pushed to her feet and began to pace. “I wasn’t really scared of you. I didn’t know it was you that was stalking me. You could have been real wolves for all I knew and there were three of you.” She took a calming breath when she realized her voice was escalating in pitch.

“You damn well were scared of us,” Damian snarled. “You even passed out, for fuck’s sake.”

“Damian, back off,” Luke snapped.

Melissa turned to face them and hoped she didn’t look as sheepish as she felt. “I was holding my breath and forgot.”

“What?” Damian frowned.

“Put yourself in my shoes for a minute.

There I was in amongst the trees and see three huge wolves stalking me. Of course I was afraid, until you changed back into your human forms. But I didn't realize I was holding my breath until I was falling to the ground."

The concerned expressions left their faces and even though she was a little embarrassed, she was glad to be able to relieve their concern.

Damian rose from the sofa and walked toward her. He took one of her hands in his and led her back to the couch. "Melissa, please talk to us, baby. Tell us what is worrying you."

Melissa bit her lip in indecision. They had spent their time caring for her and loving her, hopefully they wouldn't get

upset her when she told them why she was hesitating about making a decision to move in with them.

Damian gently pulled her into his side when he sat down next to her. He encircled her shoulders with his arm, pulling her into the shelter of his big, warm, muscular body, and stroked her hair in a soothing manner, crooning to her until she relaxed against him as the tension inside receded.

Damian pulled back from Melissa slightly and ran his hands down her arms until he grasped her hands. Luke scooted across the sofa until his body was also touching hers.

“I’m worried what my sister will

think,” Melissa blurted out.

“Tell us why,” Luke said.

Melissa told them her concerns and felt the rest of the tension she didn’t know she was holding onto dissipate. Now that she’d told them the truth, she felt like a weight had been lifted from her shoulders.

“If you want more time here with us first before you move, then that’s what you’ll have.” Luke kissed her temple.

“We want to make you happy, baby.” Damian squeezed her hand. “We’d give you the moon and the stars if we could.”

“Speaking of the moon...Since it’s not a full moon, I presume you can change whenever you like. Is that right?” Melissa asked.

“You are very perceptive, baby. We can make the change whenever we like. We don’t have to change when it’s a full moon. However, we do feel the pull of the moon when it’s at its zenith,” Damian explained.

Melissa was glad that her mates could control when and where they wanted to change. She’d seen a couple of horror movies as a young teenager which had werewolves in them and those wolves had killed when the pull of the moon couldn’t be ignored anymore, and the men had changed into gruesome versions of half man, half wolf. But her men were nothing like that when they shifted forms. *Thank God.*

Damian squeezed her hand to get her attention and she hoped she didn't look too stupid as she thought back, but he wasn't looking at her with concern so she figured she hadn't.

“Please don't try and run from us again, baby. We want you to talk to us, hash out any concerns you have,” Damian said.

“As long as that goes both ways,” Melissa said. “I don't know any of the rules around here and I would hate to offend anyone by fucking up and getting you into trouble, let alone myself.”

“We'll try, honey,” Luke said. “But you have to remember we are used to taking care of and protecting others. We

have to make decisions on the spur of the moment sometimes and don't have time to talk things through."

"Okay, I think I can deal with that, as long as neither of you want to take over my life."

"That's the last thing we want, baby. I thought we already explained that to you?" Damian asked.

Melissa shrugged. She didn't care if she was repeating herself. She wasn't going to have her men making decisions for her. She was a grown woman and could decide what she wanted for herself. From what she'd learned of them so far, she knew they wouldn't have any qualms about taking over and running her life, but by laying all their

cards on the table first up, if the shit hit the fan and she gave them what-for for making unnecessary decisions for her, there couldn't be any recourse for her or surprises. Hopefully, in theory, anyway.

She had so much information rattling around in her brain she felt a little overloaded, but she was sure she still didn't know the half of what she should in regards to her werewolf mates. There was one question that was still niggling at her that she needed a full answer to. Melissa wasn't sure if it was out of sheer curiosity or because she was a little afraid, but she needed to know one way or the other.

“I know you guys said that you were

born werewolves and I wouldn't go all furry if you claimed me, but is it possible for a werewolf to change a human to be the same as you?"

"Why do you ask, honey? Are you interested in becoming like us?" Luke asked.

"Please don't take this the wrong way, but no, I don't want to become a werewolf. I'm quite happy with the way I am. Just put it down to...curiosity."

"If it was necessary for a werewolf to change his mate then she would need to drink the blood of all her mates."

Melissa hoped the revulsion she was feeling didn't show on her face but wasn't sure she had pulled off a blank mask when Damian and Luke frowned at

her. The thought of drinking blood turned her stomach. And even though she wasn't sure she really wanted an answer to the next question rattling around in her brain, she found the words coming out of her mouth anyway.

“What would make such an event necessary?” Melissa didn't realize her agitation was showing until her mates held her hands again to stop her wringing them in her lap.

“There isn't any need to get upset, honey. We wouldn't force you to become the same as us,” Luke said.

Damian gripped her hand a little firmer, as if trying to offer her comfort or a little strength to hear the answer to

her question. “The only time a werewolf would ever give his mate his blood is if her life is in peril.”

“What Damian is trying to say is that we would only give you our blood if you were dying,” Luke clarified. “A werewolf can’t live without his mate and he will do anything to save his or her life.”

“Okay.” Melissa exhaled as the tension in her muscles eased. She was glad that werewolves weren’t changing humans willy-nilly, at the drop of a hat, just because they could. “Thank you for clearing that up.”

When she looked at Damian, he nodded and then lifted her hand to his mouth and kissed it. Just as she turned to

look at Luke, he sat up a little straighter, his eyes got this sort of glazed look, and he tilted his head. She glanced back at Damian again and saw the same expression on his face.

“What?” Melissa asked as the tension returned. “What’s going on?”

“One of the other Omegas thinks we’ve had a breach on the property. We need to go and investigate,” Damian said.

“How could you know that?”

“We can communicate with our pack members using our minds,” Luke said as he stood up. He tugged her to her feet and then kissed her lightly on the lips. “We can also talk to each other the same

way.”

“Wow...that’s...just...wow.”

Damian gripped her shoulders and turned her to face him. He took her mouth with hunger, but just as she started to respond—she’d been too surprised to react at first—he broke the kiss. He cupped her face in his hands and stared deeply into her eyes.

“I want you to go up to the main house. I’ve already contacted our Alpha and Betas. They are expecting you. I don’t want you here alone until we know what’s going on. Okay?”

“All right,” she answered. The words barely left her lips and her mates were guiding her to the door. Luke pointed to the main house through the trees and the

pathway. Before she even had the chance to tell them to be careful, they were off. Her men disappeared amongst the trees and when she could no longer see them, she headed toward the main house.

Even though she was expected, she didn't feel right just walking in, so when she arrived at the front door she knocked and was glad to see it was Tessa who answered.

“Lucien told me you were coming.” Tessa stepped back and beckoned her inside. “It will be nice having another woman to talk to. There are so few here and the testosterone can get a little overwhelming. Come on into the kitchen. I can introduce you to more of the pack.”

Melissa followed Tessa into the kitchen and was surprised by the huge room as well as the massive table, which was currently full of men. The talking stopped and every man seated at that table turned to look at her and Tessa. A least she hoped they were looking at Tessa, too. The looked like they were sniffing, too.

“Everyone, this is Melissa Wise, she is mate to Damian and Luke.”

The men all nodded their heads and smiled at her, so Melissa did the same.

“I won’t introduce you to everyone because there are too many of us to remember. They can all introduce themselves later, but for now I’d like

you to meet Alice.” Tessa grabbed her hand and then pulled her into the kitchen section.

“Alice I would like you to meet Melissa, she is Damian and Luke’s mate. Melissa this is Alice, our wonderful cook and housekeeper,” Tessa introduced.

“Pleased to meet you, Melissa. My, you’re lovely,” Alice said with a smile.

“Hi Alice.” Melissa held out her hand and hoped she wasn’t making a muck of werewolf protocol, but Alice took her hand and shook it, the smile still on her face.

“Could we please have some coffee, Alice?”

“Certainly, my queen.”

Tessa rolled her eyes, but then led Melissa over to the large dining table. When they were both seated and Alice had supplied them with coffee and biscuits, Tessa began to speak.

“So, what have they told you?”

“Um, quite a bit, actually, but I’m sure there is a lot more I have to learn,” Melissa replied. She was glad that she and Tessa were seated at the end of the table and no one seemed to be paying them any attention, and relaxed back in her chair.

“Okay, here is what I know,” Tessa said, and then continued on. “They seem to be compelled by their wolf to claim their mate the first time you have sex

together. I don't think their human side has a choice in the matter, although they put up quite a struggle to keep their wolves at bay, but eventually the urge to claim their mate becomes too strong and nature seems to take over for them."

"Uh, okay."

Tessa paused to take a sip of her coffee. "If you leave them, they will eventually die. They can't live without their mate, it would be like having their heart ripped out. They don't have to change when the moon is full."

"Yes, they told me that."

Tessa smiled at her. "Good. You will not turn into a werewolf just because they mate you, and when you get pregnant you have babies, not puppies."

“Thank God for that,” Melissa muttered.

Melissa and Tessa turned toward Alice when they heard her snort of laughter.

“I had to find the last one out by asking when I became pregnant. I was terrified,” Tessa confessed as she placed her hand on the slight bump on her lower abdomen.

“You’re pregnant?” Melissa asked, and then she smiled and covered the hand Tessa had resting on the table and squeezed it.

“Yeah,” Tessa replied with a dreamy smile on her face.

“Congratulations.” Melissa was a bit

envious at the look on Tessa's face, but when she thought about her mates, she was sure she probably looked just as sappy. Her head came up at a sudden thought. "So if you're married, mated, to the Alphas of the pack, that makes you queen. Why do you not like being called by your correct title?"

"Um, uh," Tessa hedged and she looked uncomfortable.

"Tessa keeps telling everyone she's no better than anyone else around here," Alice said. "But let me tell you, we couldn't have asked for a better Alpha female."

Melissa turned back to face Tessa and saw the embarrassed scowl on her face.

"I *am* no different than anyone else,

Alice.” Tessa sighed.

“Yes, my queen,” Alice said with a smile. Tessa just groaned, then turned to face Melissa again.

“So do you have any questions, Melissa?”

“Um, no. I think you’ve covered everything for the moment. If I think of anything else, I’ll let you know.”

The two women spent the next hour chatting and getting to know one another. They were so analogous to each other, Melissa felt as if they had been friends for years.

Melissa stopped talking when three large, very handsome men walked into the kitchen. They ignored Melissa until

they had greeted Tessa with mind-numbing kisses.

“I’d like you to meet my mates. This is Lucien, whom you’ve already met, and this is Raphael and Gabriel. This is Melissa, Damian and Luke’s mate,” Tessa introduced them all to each other.

“We’ve met. How are you, Melissa?” Lucien asked.

Melissa stared at him, trying to figure where she’d seen him other than at her mates’ cabin, then the light popped on. “I’m fine, thank you. It was you in the forest?”

“Yes. Rest assured I would never eat you, Melissa,” Lucien said and then laughed.

Melissa nodded her head.

Embarrassment tinged her cheeks a bright red, she was sure.

“Sorry about that. I didn’t mean to insult you Lu...uh, Alpha. It’s a pleasure to meet you all.” She looked from one man to the other. *God, what is in the water around here?* All the men in the pack were absolutely gorgeous.

The three Alpha males took their places at the table close to their mate. They tried to cajole Melissa into opening herself up to them and by the time she started to relax, she felt like she fit in here, like she was meant to be a part of this family, just like she was meant to have met and mated her men.

Damian and Luke entered the room

half an hour later and instead of taking a seat at the table, they each came over to her and took her mouth in passionate kiss. She was a little uncomfortable showing affection in front of so many other people, so Melissa refused to look at them. She lowered her head and hoped the hair covering her face was hiding her hot cheeks as her men took seats at the table. She and Tessa continued to talk and then even more men entered the dining room. She tried to ignore her men but it was impossible. Every time they were near her, their delectable scents surrounded her. Finally, she turned to face them.

“Did you find where the breach was?”

“No,” Damian answered, and then

sighed. “We still have people working on it.”

Alice served a scrumptious lunch of steak, vegetables, salad and warm dinner rolls and after eating her fill, Melissa decided to go for a walk outside.

She wasn't used to being around so many people and was feeling rather overwhelmed. She didn't bother to tell her men what she was going to do and was sure she would get into trouble for her oversight, but she just needed a little time alone. There was so much going on in her head she was getting a headache.

Melissa carried her plate into the kitchen, rinsed it, and put it in the

dishwasher. Then she moved toward Tessa, stopped behind her and leaned down to whisper in her ear. She didn't get the chance to speak.

All she heard was the sound of glass shattering then a searing pain radiated from her back through to her chest before she fell to the floor.

Chapter Nine

Luke howled with fury and Damian's roar of pain joined his. They sprang from their seats as their Alpha and Betas surround their mate and ushered her from the room. Luke knelt down next to Melissa, Damian at his side, and when they saw the amount of blood covering their mate and still pouring from her chest, they knew the wound was life threatening.

Damian ripped open Melissa's shirt and after elongating a claw, he shredded her bra. The hole in her chest was big and Luke didn't know if they had enough time to save her. Damian removed his

shirt, placed it on Melissa's chest and applied pressure. Luke called to his wolf and his own claws erupted from the tip of his fingers. He slashed his wrist and held it to Melissa's open mouth, watching as his life's essence dripped into her mouth. When he thought that he'd given her enough of his blood, he covered Damian's hand and took over trying to stem the flow of blood seeping out of his mate. His brother clawed open his own wrist and gave her some of his life-saving blood, too.

Luke didn't even realize he was crying until a teardrop plopped onto Melissa's breast. Her breathing was shallow and he could hear that her heartbeat was sluggish, but there was nothing more he

and Damian could do. Now it was just a waiting game to see if their mate accepted or rejected the conversion.

He was only vaguely aware of the pandemonium around him, but he never took his eyes off of Melissa. The other Omegas had shifted and bolted from the room, no doubt to find and eliminate whoever had shot his mate, but he didn't think that Melissa had even been the target. Now that he thought back, he remembered that she had been standing between their queen and the large bay window.

"She wasn't supposed to be the victim," Damian said in a voice hoarse with pain.

“I know,” Luke replied, and cleared his throat when it came out a little tremulous.

“Lift the shirt. I want to get a look at the wound. If our blood has done what it’s supposed to, it should be starting to heal.”

Luke glanced at Damian and then slowly lifted the cotton shirt from Melissa’s chest. He nearly collapsed with relief when he saw that the wound was a little smaller. Their DNA was now coursing through their mate and she was starting to heal.

“I want to get her back to our house as soon as possible,” Damian said.

“Me too, but we can’t move her until

both wounds have closed completely. Hopefully the one in her back is already closed, but I'm not willing to risk moving her to look. She can't afford to lose any more blood."

"We'll wait." Damian brushed the hair back from Melissa's face.

"She looks so damn pale and fragile. We can't lose her, Damian." Luke again lifted the shirt to peek at her injury and saw that it had closed a little more and he finally realized that he wouldn't lose the woman he loved more than his own life.

"Her heartbeat is increasing and her breathing is slowing," Damian whispered. "We're not going to have to live without her."

“Thank God.” Luke looked at Damian and saw that his brother was also crying. Neither of them said another word to each other. They didn’t have to tell each other how they felt or how scared they had been, or still were. It was there in their expressions for anyone to see.

Luke and Damian sat beside Melissa on the floor for an hour, until her flesh was completely closed. Luke removed his T-shirt and between the two of them, they got it on Melissa without jostling her too much. When she was covered, Damian carefully lifted her into his arms and would have headed toward the front door to take her back to their cabin, but Rafe was just coming down the stairs

and stopped them.

“Bring her up to one of the guest rooms. Until we catch whoever hurt your mate and tried to kill mine, you can stay here. It will be safer.”

“Thank you,” Luke said, and then he and Damian followed him to the spare bedroom.

Damian gently lowered Melissa onto the mattress.

“If you need anything, just ask.” Rafe frowned at Melissa and then left, closing the door behind him.

Between Luke and Damian, they removed Melissa’s clothes and then Luke carried her into the adjoining bathroom. Damian had rushed ahead to start the water in the bath and Luke

didn't hesitate to step into the rapidly filling tub. He trusted that his brother had checked the water temperature so their mate wouldn't be too cold or get burned. After washing Melissa from head to toe, including her hair, and making sure all the blood was gone from her body, they dried her off and put her into bed. Hopefully their mate would wake up tomorrow, but since they'd never changed a human to werewolf before and neither had anyone else in the pack, they really had no idea how long it would take for her to recover.

“I'm going to go and see if the other Omegas have found any sign of our shooter. Call me if there is any change.”

Damian leaned down and kissed Melissa on her forehead, then walked to the door. After one long, lingering look, he left.

Luke kicked off his shoes, climbed on the bed, and then gently pulled his mate into his arms. He breathed in her sweet scent but underlying that he could already smell her forming wolf. He closed his eyes and prayed to the gods, thanking them for not taking his mate when he and his brother had only just found her.

* * * *

Melissa woke up feeling like her whole body had been hit by a truck. Her muscles felt achy and tender. Her skin

felt as if a thousand ants were crawling all over and underneath it. She groaned as she eased over onto her side from her stomach.

“Are you all right, honey? How do you feel, Mel?” Luke asked.

Turning her head, she saw Luke was lying on the bed next to her, his head propped up by his elbow and resting on the palm of his hand. She turned her head to the opposite side, noting Damian was also lying beside her.

“Wh-What happened?” she asked in a raspy voice. Her throat was so dry. Damian grabbed a glass of water from the bedside table. He propped her up and helped her take a few sips. Finally,

she shook her head and collapsed back onto the mattress. She felt so damn weak and wondered if she'd been sick, but no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't remember.

“You were shot, sweetheart. You nearly died,” Luke explained, his face pale and taut with what looked like a mix of fear and rage.

“Who would want to shoot me?” she asked. Her voice sounded husky, like she hadn't used it for a while.

“He wasn't after you, my mate. He was trying to kill our queen, Tessa. You moved in behind her at the wrong moment and were shot in the back. The bullet came out of your chest and, from what we could see, just missed your

heart. Your lungs were damaged and it was touch and go whether you would survive.”

“Oh my God.” Melissa pushed the covers down, lifted the T-shirt and stared at her chest. When she saw no wound, she looked at her men with confusion. “You...I...you...”

“Take deep breaths, baby.” Damian smoothed a hand up and down her arm. “Don’t panic. All is well.”

“We had to...” Luke began but Melissa cut him off by placing her fingers to his lips.

“Don’t say it. I don’t want to hear it.”

“Melissa...”

“No, Damian, I’m too tired to deal

with anything right now.” And it wasn’t a lie. Melissa was having a hard time keeping her eyes open and finally decided it was futile to fight the fatigue assailing her, and closed her eyes.

The next time she opened her eyes, she felt much better. In fact, she felt so energetic she thought she just may jump out of her own skin. Neither Damian nor Luke was in the room, so she pushed the covers away and cautiously sat up with her legs over the side of the mattress. She was pleased when she didn’t feel dizzy or weak and headed for the bathroom. After taking a shower and brushing her teeth and her damp hair, she went in search of some clean clothes and was pleased to find a bag with new

things in it. She hoped they weren't meant to be for someone else, but since she didn't have anything with her she decided to put them on anyway.

She was just about to open the door and head out, but hesitated when she heard voices. They sounded really clear, as if whoever was talking was standing in the room with her, and that's when she knew. Her men had done what they had to to save her life. Her stomach churned with anxiety and her knees nearly buckled with fear.

"Oh my God. I'm a werewolf," she whispered. Although she'd already guessed that her men were trying to tell her that very thing when she had first

woken up after being shot, she hadn't been ready to hear it, but having it confirmed by herself because of her enhanced hearing was rather frightening and she wasn't sure how she felt about turning furry. Of course, she was happy her mates had saved her life, but being a werewolf was a big issue to get her head around.

Then she finally realized that she couldn't change what had happened and needed to deal with this unexpected turn of events whether she was ready to or not. She walked back over to the bed and sat down. Just as she was trying to shore up her backbone and deal, there was a knock on the door.

“Come in,” Melissa called out.

The door opened and Tessa walked in. She came over and sat down beside her.

“How are you feeling, Melissa?” Tessa asked quietly.

“I feel great.”

When she met Tessa’s eyes, she saw the moisture pooling there. “Thank you from the bottom of my heart for saving mine and my baby’s life.”

“I didn’t do it on purpose,” Melissa said, and then when she realized what she’d just said she tried to backtrack. “Shit! That didn’t come out right. Of course I would have tried to help if someone was going to try and shoot you.”

Tessa burst out laughing and Melissa

found her laughter contagious and ended up laughing right along with her. She found it cathartic and once they got their mirth under control, Melissa felt a lot better.

Tessa leaned forward and hugged her. “If you ever need anything, please don’t hesitate to let me or my mates know. We’re forever in your debt.”

“Thank you, but I’m fine,” Melissa said. She didn’t think she was owed a thing. First, because she had no idea she would end up saving Tessa and her baby. And second, because she didn’t want anyone to make a fuss or feel beholden to her for something she’d done inadvertently. Plus she’d never been a tit-for-tat person.

Tessa released her and rose to her feet. “Are you ready to go down now?”

“Yeah.” Melissa sighed and then she too stood up and followed Tessa to the door. “Will I have to shave my legs every day now that I’m going to turn furry?”

Tessa laughed. “I don’t know, but I doubt it.”

“Where are Damian and Luke?”

“They’re downstairs talking to my mates and the other pack members. They were worried sick about you. One of them was at your side the whole time you were recovering. They really love you.”

Melissa paused at the top of the stairs

and stared at Tessa. “They do?”

“Yes. Very much.” Tessa tilted her head and looked at her intently. “You didn’t realize, did you?”

Melissa swallowed audibly. “They’ve never said...”

“They don’t have to. It’s there in their eyes every time they look at you. And in yours when you look at them.”

Melissa grabbed onto the bannister when her knees threatened to give out. Shock permeated her system and her heart skipped a beat. “Oh my God,” she whispered, and then covered her mouth with her hand.

“You didn’t realize?” Tessa asked.

Melissa shook her head.

“Why did you think you came back

instead of leaving them when you had the chance?”

“I thought it was the mating musk and the connection I felt toward them. At least that’s what I told myself. How could I have not known...”

“The brain is a wondrous organ, is it not? It seems to protect us from things we aren’t ready for.”

Melissa smiled as joy filled her heart. She was in love with two wonderful men and she was mated to them. She would never have to worry about them leaving or divorcing her. They were bound to each other until they breathed their last breaths. She started down the stairs and followed the sound of her

men's voices to the large dining area. As soon as she entered the room, they both looked up and frowned at her. They pushed their chairs back and rushed to her side.

“Are you okay, baby?” Damian asked.

“Are you sure you should be up, honey?” Luke questioned.

Melissa reached up and stroked their cheeks. “I’m fine.”

Damian wrapped an arm around her waist and pulled her body up against his. Luke moved in behind her and pressed his front against her back until she was sandwiched between her mates, just where she wanted and was meant to be.

“You were asleep for three days, baby.” Damian kissed the top of her

head. “We were so worried about you.”

“Three days?”

“Yes. We were scared you weren’t going to wake up,” Luke said.

“I’m here now and I feel better than ever.”

“Mel.” Damian paused to clear his throat nervously. “There is something we need to tell you.”

“Melissa,” Lucien called out from across the room and stood up. Gabe and Rafe copied his moves and then so did the rest of the men in the room. First, her Alpha and Betas bowed their heads to her and then Lucien began speaking again. “Please accept our gratitude for saving the life of our mate and pup. If

there is ever anything you want or need, come to one of us and it will be yours.”

“Thank you, Alpha, Rafe, Gabe.”
Melissa nodded her head.

And then the rest of the pack bowed to her and Melissa was so humbled by their show of deference and acceptance it brought tears to her eyes.

“Help your mate to a seat,” Gabe said.
“She must be starving.”

Damian and Luke led her to the table and saw her seated. Alice started bringing the breakfast food over and when Melissa smelled the rare steak, her stomach growled with hunger. She’d never been one to want to eat meat first thing in the morning, but she guessed her new inner beast was making its presence

known.

She was surprised when she was served first and everyone waited until she had filled her plate before filling their own. And it was then that she realized that each and every one of the people in this room acknowledged her for who she was. Emotion caused the muscles in her throat to constrict and tears burn the back of her eyes.

“Eat, baby, we can hear your stomach grumbling.” Damian nudged her arm.

Melissa ate and when she was full, she sat back with a sigh of repletion and wondered if anyone had found the person who had almost killed her.

“Did you find who shot me?”

The conversation around the room ceased and everyone looked to the head of the table where Lucien, Tessa, Gabe, and Rafe were seated.

“Damian found him,” Tessa answered, and lowered her head for a moment before meeting her gaze again. “The man who shot you was my ex. He was incarcerated in a mental institution six months ago, but managed to escape somehow. Damian found him hiding up a tree a long way from the house. He had a sniper rifle with a scope and shot you. As he was trying to get off the property, Damian saw him and knocked him out. He’s back in that facility and under tighter security.”

“That’s good,” Melissa said. “I’m glad he didn’t hurt you.”

“Thank you,” Tessa replied with tears in her eyes.

Melissa nodded. The conversation took on lighter tones and Melissa decided now was a good a time as any to broach the subject of the wolf she could feel pacing under the surface of her skin.

“Does it hurt to change?” she asked in a near whisper, but she should have known that everyone else would be able to hear her. Once again the conversations going on around her petered out.

“Not really,” Luke said. “It’s more

like an ache the first few times. Sort of like growing pains.”

“Thank God for that.” She sighed.

“How long have you known, baby?” Damian asked.

“From the moment I first woke up.”

Damian and Luke each clasped one of her hands in theirs.

“You won’t be alone, honey.” Luke kissed the back of her hand. “We’ll be right alongside you.”

Melissa nodded and hoped that she didn’t make a fool of herself by crying or shouting when she changed from human to wolf.

Chapter Ten

Damian stood beside Melissa amongst the trees at the back of their cabin, with Luke on her other side. His mate looked around nervously, as if expecting other members of the pack to join them. He took her hands in his and felt how clammy they were with her nervousness.

“Don’t be worried, baby. I’ve asked that everyone stay away from this area for your first change.”

Melissa nodded her head and leaned into Luke when his brother came up behind her. “Do you trust us, honey?”

“Yes,” Melissa answered, immediately and with conviction.

“That’s good, baby. You need to take off all your clothes.”

Melissa gulped audibly but her fingers went to the buttons of her shirt and began to undo them. Once she was naked, Damian and Luke removed their clothes, too.

“Now, we want you to concentrate, Mel.” Luke stepped away from her. “Try and connect with the animal inside you and when you feel that itching feeling, don’t try and block it or push it back, but embrace it and try to pull it forward.”

Melissa did what they said and the itching feeling left as fur began to spread over her skin and her fingernails grew into claws.

“You’re doing great, baby,” Damian praised. “Now get down on your hands and knees and relax.”

Again, Melissa obeyed and the ache in her body intensified as her muscles began to move and her bones reshaped. And when the ache receded, she looked down to see that she had paws.

“You’re a gorgeous wolf, Mel” Luke said.

“Stunning.” Damian moved toward her and threaded his fingers through her fur.

Luke walked over and scratched behind her ears, causing her to groan.

Damian was in awe of the different colors in her coat. There were streaks of blonde, brown, gold, red, and her ears

were half-black and half-brown. He'd never seen such a delicately feminine, pretty wolf, and she was all theirs. He was eager to run with her, so he called on his wolf and let the change take him over. Luke wasn't far behind him.

When the transformation was complete, he nudged Melissa's side. *"Run, baby."*

Melissa jumped and Damian assumed it was because he had spoken to her in her mind.

"You can talk to me?"

"Yes, honey, and you can talk to us," Luke said.

"Oh my God. This is amazing."

Luke nudged her this time and she took off running. Damian couldn't believe

how fast she was. If he and Luke didn't have longer legs, he wasn't sure they would be able to keep up with her. She ran and ran, skirting trees, leaping over fallen branches and trunks, and even sniffed out a rabbit or two to chase. By the time they reached the large pond, she was panting heavily.

Melissa walked to the edge of the water and looked down at her reflection, and after a couple of moments, she drank. When her thirst was quenched she waited while he and Luke drank, and then they turned back toward home.

Damian was surprised and proud when Melissa turned back to her human form without any help from him or Luke.

When they were all dressed again, they went inside.

“Did you have fun, honey?” Luke asked once they were all sitting on the sofa with a cup of coffee in hand.

“That was...amazing. I have never felt anything like that in my life. It was so freeing. I could smell and see everything. My God, any wonder you guys love being in your animal forms. Everything just seems so much more—intense.”

“You are the sexiest wolf I have ever seen. I can’t wait until we can run together again.” Damian wrapped his arm around her shoulders and pulled her into his side.

“I loved it. It was so exhilarating. I

can't wait to do it again either."

"We have the rest of our lives to play in our wolf form." Luke kissed her forehead.

"Baby, I know you're probably not ready and I don't want you to feel that we are trying to push you in any way, but do you think you'll want to move in with us permanently, soon?" Damian asked.

Melissa placed her coffee mug on the coffee table and then rubbed at her forehead.

"What's wrong, honey? Talk to us, Mel," Luke demanded in a firm voice, and from the look on his brother's face, he was just as surprised by his austerity as Damian was.

“I do want to move in. In fact, I never want to leave.”

Relief coursed through Damian at his mate's words, but underlying them, he'd heard a “but.”

Obviously, so had Luke. “But?”

“I'm worried about what my sister, Sara, will think.” Melissa sighed. “I thought I'd already told you that.”

“We just wanted to make sure nothing else was bothering you, honey.” Luke placed a light kiss on her lips.

“Do you think she'll be against you because you have two men or that she'll freak out when she finds out that we are werewolves?” Damian asked.

“Sara is pretty broad minded and I

already told you I don't think she'd have a problem with me being with the both of you."

"So it's the werewolf thing?" Luke asked.

Melissa nodded and looked at Luke and then Damian.

"You don't have to tell her," Damian suggested. "Let her get used to us first before telling her what we are."

"She's not stupid, Damian. She probably already knows something weird is going on."

"Did you call her?" Luke asked.

Melissa looked a little guilty and Damian knew the answer before she voiced it.

"The day after I first arrived, but not

since then. My cell phone is flat.”

“You could have used one of ours, or the house phone, baby. You have to call her before she goes to the police and files a missing person’s report.”

“Shit! I didn’t even think of that.”

Damian helped her from the sofa and led her into the kitchen. He picked up the cordless handset and gave it to Melissa. “Call her now, baby.”

Melissa took the phone and then started dialing. Damian used his wolf hearing so that if the other end was answered, he would be able to hear both sides of the conversation. He didn’t want his mate to become upset and if her sister got a little belligerent, he had

every intention of taking over the conversation. No one was going to upset his mate, not even her sister.

“Hello?”

“Sara?”

“Mel? Oh my God, sis. Where are you? Are you all right? I was going to go to the police tomorrow and report you missing.”

“I’m fine, Sara.”

“Where the hell are you?”

“Still with the men who have been looking after me.”

“Are you still near that Shifter Inn?”

“Sort of.”

“What do you mean sort of? You tell me right now where you are, Melissa Wise.”

“I’m only half an hour away from that inn. I’m fine Sara. I’ve fallen in love with two wonderful, sexy handsome men and I want to stay with them forever.”

“Let me talk to them, Mel,” Sara demanded.

“Sara...”

“Right now, Melissa.”

Damian took the phone when Melissa handed it to him. He hated seeing that his mate was becoming agitated, and hoped he could ease her and her sister’s mind when he spoke to her. Luke wrapped her up in his arms so and held her close, kissing her on the forehead in a show of affection.

“Sara, this is Damian Aerth. I am one

of the men who's been looking after Melissa." When there was total silence he continued talking. "My brother, Luke, and I have fallen in love with Melissa and we are going to ask her to marry us. I would be really grateful if you would give us your blessing."

Damian kept his eyes on Melissa the whole time he spoke to Sara, and he saw tears pool in her eyes and then she was looking at him with so much love and emotion he couldn't wait to get off the phone. It was really hard to concentrate when Sara began speaking but he managed to reply when she asked for his address. He heard her rifling through what sounded like a drawer for a pen. It was hard to contain a chuckle when she

muttered, “never a damn pen around when I need one.” He gave her their address and then the phone clicked in his ear. Damian had a feeling they would be meeting his mate’s sister very soon.

“She hung up?” Melissa asked.

“Yes.”

“Did you mean it?” she asked in a near whisper.

“I never say anything I don’t mean.”

Melissa sobbed and then held a hand out to him. He moved closer and grasped her hand.

“I love you, baby.”

“I love you, honey,” Luke said against her ear.

“I love you, too. I love you both so

much.”

“Thank God!”

The tears in her eyes spilled over and onto her cheeks. She'd never looked more beautiful.

Damian couldn't find his voice, he was so choked up with emotion, so he let his body talk for him. He leaned down and took her mouth with a gentle yet passionate kiss. Trying to convey all the love he felt for her with his actions, he swept his tongue over her lips, seeking permission to enter her mouth. When she opened up to him, he groaned and pushed his tongue into the moist recess. He sucked and nibbled at her lips as he gathered her close to his body with his arms and deepened the kiss until

he felt mindless with desire. After a long, thorough kiss, he slowly weaned his mouth from hers, then gazed into her eyes, before stepping back and letting Luke turn her into his arms.

Luke had her panting, moaning and squirming in seconds. Melissa wrapped her arms around Luke's neck, stood up on tiptoes and planted her mouth on his. The kiss was hot, wild, and hungry and Damian needed to make love to her again. He felt almost desperate with his need and he was shaking, but Melissa came first and he didn't want her or her sister falling out with each other because he was being selfish. He had years to make love to his mate.

“As much as I, we, want to continue this and take you to bed, I think we should head to your place, baby. I have a feeling if your sister doesn’t see you soon she is going to come looking for you.”

“Okay.” Melissa stepped aside with a sigh and then headed out of the kitchen. “I’ll be ready to go in a couple of minutes. I just need to use the bathroom.”

Luke turned to him when Melissa left the room and kept his voice so quiet Damian had to use his wolf to hear what he was saying. “Do you think her sister is going to give her blessing?”

“I don’t know.” Damian scrubbed a hand over his face. “Other than

demanding our address, she hardly said a word.”

“If she comes here looking for Mel, it could cause problems for the pack. The last thing we need is a human seeing one of us changing forms and telling the whole world.”

“Hopefully Sara will be happy enough just seeing that her sister is safe and sound and won’t ask too many questions.”

“Do you believe that?” Luke asked.

“No.” Damian began to pace. “We deal with this one step at a time and hope that everything pans out.”

“And if it doesn’t?”

Luke could be such a pessimist and although it was good to look at all the

different angles, Damian didn't want to borrow trouble before it happened. He would look for ways to cross the bridge when he got to it. He didn't get to reply to Luke's question, but he shot his brother a warning look, telling him to keep his mouth shut when he heard Melissa returning.

“Are you ready, baby?”

“Yeah, let's go.”

* * * *

Melissa unlocked the door to her apartment, leading the way to her small kitchen as Damian and Luke followed. She pushed the “play” button on her

answering machine and listened to the messages as she filled the kettle and got down coffee mugs from the cupboard. Her sister had left several messages asking her to call her as soon as she got home, which she had expected.

The last message on her machine took her by surprise. Wesley Sands had left a message apologizing for the way he had treated her. He asked for her to call him because he wanted to see her. She spun around in surprise when she heard a low growling noise coming from her two mates.

She ignored their blustering as she set about making them coffee and placed it on the small table where they had taken a seat. And then called Sara again.

“Good. How about I bring some takeout over for dinner? I want you to meet Damian and Luke. Okay, we’ll be there around eight. Love you, see you soon.” She disconnected the call and turned to her men. “You have nothing to worry about you know.”

“About what, honey?” Luke asked.

“Wesley. I don’t want anything do to with him. I’m not going to call him,” Melissa said sincerely.

“It’s not you we don’t trust, Mel. Any other male in your life who is not related to you is perceived as a threat by our wolves. It is a natural instinct, baby. You would feel exactly the same way with us. Your wolf would also wish to

express her displeasure,” Damian explained.

“Hmm. Okay, I can try and relate to that. Thanks for explaining your reaction to me.” Melissa knew that the only way to make their relationship work was communication. If they kept the line of communication open to her and her to them, and explained the reasons they reacted as they did, she would have no reason to become annoyed with them and vice versa. At least she hoped so. But love was the most important ingredient and they already had that so everything should be okay.

Melissa was about to say they should get going when someone pounded loudly on her front door.

Trepidation ran the length of her spine and even though she was afraid to answer the door—she had a feeling she already knew who was knocking—she went to answer it anyway. Her fears were confirmed when she opened the door and ended up face to face with Wesley Sands.

“Hi, Melissa. Did you get my message?” Wesley didn’t wait for an answer. He jumped ahead with his explanation and apology. “I’m really very sorry for the way I treated you that night. I came to apologize to your face and to ask if you would be willing to give me another chance. I’d really like to take you out to dinner tonight if you’re

not doing anything?”

Melissa didn't get the chance to answer. The door was snatched from her hands. She was abruptly picked up and moved away from the door. She found herself standing behind her two mates. They were blocking her with their bodies and trying to protect her from Wesley. If she hadn't been so mad at them, it would have made her laugh. Wesley was no threat to her.

“Melissa is not going out with you, nor will she ever be seeing you again. So I suggest you leave right now,” Damian said in a steely, growly voice.

“Melissa, what's going on? Who are these two Neanderthals?”

“Uh...I wouldn't insul—” Melissa

didn't get to finish her warning. Damian stepped forward until he was virtually standing on top of Wesley.

“Melissa will not be going on any dates now or in the future, with you or any other man. She is married to us. You had your chance and blew it. Leave now.” Damian snarled.

Wesley looked from one man to the other and started backing away from the door. Melissa was secretly pleased with her mates' show of possessiveness but she couldn't let them speak for her all the time. Even though she was mad, she was also happy that they were taking such good care of her and protecting her.

“Seems I was right about you all

along, you dirty little slut,” Wesley muttered darkly. He was about to turn away, but before he could, a hard fist slammed into his eye and cheek. The blow knocked him to the ground and he yelped in pain.

“You ever insult my wife again, you slimy little bastard, you will not live to see another day. I suggest if you value your life, you get your ass off Melissa’s property right now.” Luke snarled.

The threatening rumble of his voice made the hair on the back of her neck stand on end.

Wesley gained his feet, swaying slightly before he ran to his car, then he sped away with a squeal of tires.

Damian and Luke watched him drive

away and then Damian slammed the door closed, ushering her back toward the kitchen.

“Maybe he wasn’t gay after all, just an ignorant dirt-bag,” Melissa muttered then she looked at Luke. “Was violence really necessary?”

“Was I supposed to let him get away with insulting you?” Luke asked, glaring at her.

“You could have handled it without violence, Luke.” Melissa sighed. She was not a submissive female, at least anywhere other than the bedroom, and her men were very dominant. She just didn’t see how their relationship would survive if they were going to take over

and fight her battles for her. She knew there would be times when she would be grateful for their intervention, but not all the time. She and her men would be arguing constantly if they tried to rule her life.

“It’s our job to protect you, Mel. Your life and happiness are to be placed above all things. If you’re happy then we will be happy, too. We can’t allow you to be insulted or hurt in any way,” Luke stated quietly.

“I’m not one of these women who can be pushed around. Can’t you see that? I am more than capable of protecting myself if the need arises. I won’t be told what to do. If this relationship is going to work we are all going to have to learn

to compromise.”

“Please try to understand that it is our wolf’s instinct to protect our mate. If you are in danger of any kind, be it physical or verbal, we can’t simply stand back and watch you get hurt. I’m sorry if that makes you angry or uncomfortable. We can’t change who we are just because you’re used to doing things for yourself. You have us to help you and we can’t just stand by and watch while someone insults you. You need to be able to compromise as well, baby,” Damian quietly spoke, his voice resonating through the small place.

Melissa stared out the kitchen window as she pondered what they had said. She

had been critical of them, but she had said “we” in the sentence she’d used the word “comprise” in. She thought that maybe Damian and Luke thought she was trying to change them. But that hadn’t been it at all.

She turned to face them and raised her eyes to her mates and looked from one to the other. “You’re right, we all need to compromise,” Melissa said. “I’m just so used to being by myself, it’s going to take me some time to get used to having two men to protect me. I guess I’ve just become too independent. I wasn’t trying to change who you are, I’m just not used to depending on anyone besides my sister and myself. Please forgive me?”

“Come here, baby,” Damian

commanded, holding out a hand to her.

Melissa walked over to Damian and took his hand in hers. Damian snagged his other arm around her waist and pulled her down to his lap, where he tucked her securely into his big, muscular body. He nudged her chin up with a finger and looked at her with such hunger her breathing and heartbeat picked up pace. And then he bent his head to hers until his lips brushed hers in a gentle, teasing manner.

Her lips quivered under his an instant before she opened to him. Damian took immediate advantage. He tilted his head and plundered her mouth with his tongue, pushing it into her mouth, and her groan

joined his when she responded.

He and Luke made her so hot. She couldn't get enough of them. He ravished her mouth as he slid a hand under the hem of her shirt until his large, warm palm slid across the skin of her belly. Slowly he inched his hand up until the tip of his fingers rested on the underside of her breast. Melissa shifted, trying to get him to touch her where she ached, but all he did was caress the lace near the edge of her bra.

She arched into his palm, giving her unspoken demand, and moaned low in her throat at the exquisite sensation of having her breast kneaded with his warm palm when he finally enveloped her breast with his hand. He flicked her hard

nipple with his thumb, brushing back and forth across the tip through the material of her bra. The feeling was enhanced as the lace rasped across the pebbled peak, making her whimper with need. She arched more fully into his touch. She nearly cried out her denial when he gentled the kiss and brought her back down to earth.

“We need to stop, baby. There’s not enough time for us to love you the way we want to. We’re supposed to be at your sister’s in half an hour.” Damian panted as he rested his forehead against hers.

Melissa closed her eyes, gasping for breath, trying to get her arousal under

control. Thank goodness Damian had the control to stop, otherwise she didn't think they would have made it to her sister's at all. She was so aroused all she wanted to do was have her mates make love to her all night long.

Opening her eyes again, she stared deeply into Damian's and saw the love and hunger in their depths, but he was right. They didn't have time. She let him see her love in return and finally sat up, and looked at Luke to let him see how much she loved him, too.

Damian and Luke smiled at her and their grins lit up their whole faces, and she knew she would never be lonely or alone again.

"We need to go, honey." Luke took her

hand and helped her to her feet. “If we don’t leave now I don’t think we’ll make it to your sister’s at all.”

Melissa stepped away from Damian and Luke and breathed deeply to regain control of her arousal.

“Let’s go,” she said as she grabbed her keys and purse from the table and led the way to the door.

Chapter Eleven

Melissa was feeling decidedly agitated as she waited for Sara to open her front door. When she heard her sister's footsteps approaching, she took a deep, steadying breath and pasted a smile on her face.

“Hi Sara.” She smiled at her sister and then watched her sister's face as she looked over her head at her mates. “I'd like you to meet Damian and Luke Aerth. Damian, Luke, my sister, Sara.”

Her two men put Sara at ease right away. They each extended their hands, shaking hers in greeting, then set about charming her with their wit and

confident personalities. They spoke of inconsequential things such as Sara's work while they ate their meal of Chinese takeout.

"Would you like something to drink? Tea, coffee, or soda? Sorry I don't have any beer to offer you at the moment," Sara said as she and Melissa cleared away the plates.

"Coffee's fine thanks, Sara," Damian and Luke answered in unison.

"Could you give me a hand please, Mel?" Sara asked, and they took the plates to the kitchen.

Melissa followed her sister and set about filling the sink with hot water and detergent, leaving the dishes to soak while Sara put the kettle on and

retrieved some mugs from a cupboard.

“Where did you really meet Luke and Damian, sis?”

Let the interrogation begin.

“At the inn I drove to last weekend. I already told you that on the phone.”

“Melissa, what were you thinking? You picked up strange men from a bar? Are you crazy?” Sara asked in an agitated whisper.

“Sara, I can’t explain everything to you right now, but please just trust me to know what I’m doing. Those two men would never hurt me. In fact they would give their lives to protect me if needed.”

“I don’t understand you, Mel. Less than a week ago, you were here crying

on my shoulder about your date and now you have two men vying for your attentions and you're playing along with them? You don't even know them, Melissa. You've let them into your apartment, brought them to meet me, which you have never done before, and didn't I mention there were two of them? How can you be dating two men at the same time? What gives?" Sara asked, staring at her with her arms folded beneath her chest.

Melissa knew that stance. Sara was not going to back down until she had been answered to her satisfaction. She raised her eyes to the ceiling, knowing she would have to explain to Sara but not knowing how to go about it. The

matter was taken out of her hands completely when she smelled Damian and Luke walk into the kitchen behind her.

Luke walked up behind her and wrapped her in his arms from behind and pulled her against his hard, warm, muscular body. Damian stood next to her and placed an arm around her shoulders. He bent down and kissed her on the cheek.

“I think we can answer any of the questions you have, Sara. You probably won’t believe us or like what we have to say, but I want you to listen with an open mind,” Damian said as he waited for Sara to acknowledge his statement.

Melissa nodded and held her breath for a moment before exhaling slowly. Her muscles were taut with tension and she was starting to feel a headache coming on.

“Okay.” Sara sighed. “I’ll listen to you without interrupting and try to listen with an open mind. Before we do get down to the nitty-gritty of things, how about I make that coffee? Then we can adjourn back to the living room where we’ll all be more comfortable.”

When they were ensconced in the living room with Melissa on the sofa and her two mates seated on either side of her, Sara sat in an armchair across from them and looked at Damian, her, and

Luke expectantly.

“We met your sister at the Shifter Inn under unusual circumstances, as I am sure she has already told you. We took her back to our home where she stayed and recuperated from the concussion,” Damian began.

“Why didn’t you call me, Mel? I would’ve been there like a shot to come and get you.” Sara stared at Melissa.

“Sara, please. You promised not to interrupt,” Melissa reminded Sara gently.

“Continue,” Sara said with a sigh, waving her hand in Damian’s direction.

“We took Melissa back to our cabin, which is only a half hour away from the Shifter Inn, and took care of her until she

was well again. The scent of your sister was overwhelming to us. She smelled so sweet and we couldn't seem to help ourselves. We didn't want to leave her side. Her scent drew us to her, like a moth to a flame." Damian paused and began speaking again when Sara stayed quiet.

"We fell in love at first sight, but when she wanted to go home, we let her. Melissa didn't get very far and she decided she didn't want to be away from us and came back to our cabin. We love your sister very much and want to marry her. She's our mate." Damian glanced at Luke.

"Sara, we need you to know we will

do everything within our power to make Melissa happy. She completes us in a way no other woman could ever do. We love her.” Luke spoke with such emotion it brought tears to hers and Sara’s eyes.

“Wait.” Sara raised her palm up, “What the hell is a mate?”

“We’re werewolves, Sara. Your sister is our mate, which also means that she is our wife,” Luke said.

“Melissa, I want you to come into the kitchen with me right now.” Sara almost shouted her demand.

“You’re going to have to show her, baby,” Damian said.

Melissa stood and began removing her clothes, and from the look on Sara’s face she thought that she had a screw loose.

“Melissa, you stop that right now. What is wrong with you?”

When Melissa was naked, she closed her eyes to envisage her wolf and let the power roll over her body. Her bones started cracking and popping. Fur erupted on her skin, covering her arms, legs, and torso, making her flesh tingle. Then she was looking at her sister from knee height.

Sara had lifted her legs from the floor. Her hand covered her mouth as she hyperventilated. She looked at Sara and saw the awe mixed with fear in her sister's gaze.

“Oh my fucking gawd. Melissa, is that really you? How can this be possible?”

What did you two do to my sister?" Sara sounded a little hysterical, so Melissa changed back to her human form and got dressed again. Sara just stared as if she was frozen in place.

"Sara, Damian and Luke didn't want to change me into a werewolf. They had no choice. I was shot by a madman and the only way to save my life was to change me, to be the same as they are. I would have died, Sara. I was dying. I could feel my life slipping away. Please don't hate me. I'm still the same person I was before this happened."

"I could never hate you, Mel. God, how could you even think that? You're my sister, for crying out loud," Sara said with a sob. She then rushed to her and

wrapped her in a tight embrace. When they had themselves back under control, Sara surprised them all.

“Are there any more single men who look like you two? I think werewolves must have something in the genes that make you all hot.” Sara smiled at Luke and Damian.

“As a matter of fact, there are quite a lot of single men in our pack. You’ll have to come out and visit one day, Sara. It would be great if you found mates of your own,” Damian said. “We look after the females in our family, little sister, so if any of the men take your fancy, you let us know and we’ll see what we can do. We can’t guarantee that you will find

your mate though, that seems to be a gift from the gods.”

Damian grinned as he pulled Mel onto his lap.

“Don’t you worry, I have every intention of visiting. Does that mean you’re going to be moving away, Mel?”

“Yes. We came back so you could meet my mates and to pack up all my things,” Melissa said around a big yawn.

“It’s time we were going,” Luke said. “It’s only been a few days since Mel was changed and recovered from that gunshot wound. She needs to rest.”

When they had said their good-byes to Sara, Luke escorted Melissa to the car by placing an arm around her waist, and she leaned into his side.

“If you hurt her, you’ll answer to me,” Sara called out to her men.

“As we would expect to.” Damian looked into Sara’s eyes and Melissa could see both her sister and her mate were weighing each other up. Sara didn’t seem to be the least intimidated by the fact her men were werewolves and could probably snap her neck with their fingers.

Melissa, Luke, and Damian arrived back at her apartment within fifteen minutes of leaving Sara’s unit. Melissa went directly to the kitchen, filled the kettle and put it on to boil. She was surrounded from both sides by her two mates. They turned her toward them so

she was leaning back against the sink, her back to the window.

“What are you doing?” Melissa whispered as she looked from one to the other.

“We want to love you, honey. We want you in our arms and to give you pleasure. Will you let us do that for you Mel, please?” Luke asked quietly as he leaned down to inhale at her neck, nuzzling, licking, and kissing her skin.

Melissa tilted her head to the side, giving Luke better access to her, silently agreeing to let them make love to her. Damian moved to stand in front of her. He leaned down and devoured her mouth. Tilting his head to the side so his lips could cover hers with a better fit, he

thrust his tongue into her mouth, tasting and exploring all of her.

His tongue slid over hers. He tasted the roof of her mouth, glided his tongue over her teeth and along her cheeks until she was burning up from the inside.

She couldn't get close enough. She needed to be able to feel their skin touching hers. She was only vaguely aware that she was growling in the back of her throat as she pushed her body closer to her mates'.

She cried out with denial when they moved away from her but nearly cheered when she was scooped up into Luke's arms and then carried toward her bedroom. Luke placed her down in the

middle of the bed, then two sets of warm hands removed her clothes. Her mates seemed to be having as much difficulty with control as she was, because after they fumbled with her buttons a few times they ripped the clothes from her body. When she was naked, they stood off to the side of the bed, breathing heavily, and shucked their own clothes quickly.

“Hurry! I need you. I need you both to love me.” Melissa gasped.

“We need to slow down, baby. Our wolves are taking over our control. We don’t want to hurt you.” Damian gasped.

“Fuck that,” Melissa growled through clenched teeth.” I need you now. You could never hurt me. Besides I’m a

werewolf now, too, and my wolf says fuck me. Now!”

Her mates unleashed their animalistic passions. They were on the bed naked beside her within seconds. They consumed her.

Luke dove straight to her weeping cunt, licking and nibbling her from top to bottom until she was writhing with pleasure. He pushed his tongue in and around her wet pussy hole and then back up so he could lick all around her throbbing clit.

Damian was sucking on her breasts, alternating from one hard, aroused peak to the other. Luke plunged two fingers inside her tight pussy, moving them

rapidly over her G-spot while he licked, then sucked her clit into his mouth. His skill was phenomenal and the pleasure so great, Melissa screamed as she fell over the edge into an ecstasy so exquisite it brought tears to eyes as she soaked Luke's hand with her juices.

“More. Please, I need more. I want both of you to fuck me.”

Luke shifted up onto his knees and moved in closer between her splayed thighs. He aimed his cock for her pussy and thrust into her with one powerful, almost savage thrust, until he was balls-deep in her pussy, but she felt only pleasure at having him fill her aching cunt. He picked her up until she was sitting skewered on his large cock and

felt the tip of his dick nudge her cervix, which caused her to cry out with bliss. He moved again until he was lying on his back and she was resting against his chest. Using his long, muscular legs, he hooked them beneath hers, spread them wide and he held her in place for his brother.

Damian bent down behind her and licked her ass. Shivers traversed her spine and goose bumps rose up over her skin. She'd never even imagined such a thing until she met Damian and Luke, but boy oh boy, everything they did turned her on even more. He licked and massaged her forbidden hole until her muscles relaxed enough to open. Shifting

his tongue so it was longer, thicker, and stronger, he thrust it in and out of her ass until his saliva was dripping from her down to mix with her pussy cream.

Damian moved up behind Melissa and rubbed his cock over her crack and her anus and then he was pushing into her while Luke kept a firm grip on her hips so she couldn't move. When he was buried inside her, he held still, and even though she appreciated his care of her she needed her mates to move. She was so horny she felt a little desperate, and even though she never felt that way before she didn't question it. She needed them to move and she needed it now.

“Oh God. Please? I need you. Move! You have to move,” Melissa yelled, the

fire burning inside her nearly too hot to bear. She felt like she was totally consumed in a needy, passionate haze.

Luke and Damian started thrusting into her. They had no finesse or rhythm as they pounded in and out of her ass and cunt, but all she cared about was the frantic yearning rising up inside her was finally going to be appeased. They were pounding in and out of her holes together, making her writhe in ecstasy. She couldn't get enough of them. She never wanted them to leave her body. She needed to be held in their arms, to feel the love they had for her surrounding her physically as well as fulfilling her emotionally.

They kept her on the edge of climax for what seemed like hours. Her mates brought her to the brink of climax three times before they let her get closer to the crescendo she was striving toward. Finally, when she didn't think she could take anymore, they thrust their hips faster and harder, the sounds of their sweat-slick bodies slapping together in a cacophony of pleasure.

Melissa could feel the coil of tension winding tighter and tighter as her mates slammed against her, inside her. Tingles of fire ran from the top of her head and down the length of her body. Her insides were building to such an intense peak she didn't think she could bear it.

“Oh, ah. It’s too much. Don’t stop.” She knew she was crying but the sensations were too intense to contain her emotions. Her heart was so full of love and her body was feeling such powerful pleasure it wouldn’t be contained. “I love you. I love you both so much.”

Melissa reached the summit, screaming loudly as euphoria culminated and pushed her up and over the edge of the cliff. She saw stars and her body convulsed uncontrollably as cream gushed from her pussy, covering her and Luke. She was vaguely aware of her mates’ roars as they ejaculated into her pussy and ass. The jerking spasms of

their cocks inside her as they filled her with warm cum caused her to tip over the edge once more. Her vision dimmed and she slumped down onto Luke and slipped into oblivion.

Melissa woke to find her mates running their hands up and down her body in soothing caresses as they lay beside her on the bed. She sighed contentedly as they surrounded her with their warm masculinity. She had never felt so fragile, feminine, or loved. She giggled when Damian found a ticklish spot on her ribs, then laughed uncontrollably as her two mates tickled her relentlessly until she called a stop to their play.

“Stop! I can’t take anymore,” she

gasped out between laughs.

“Mel, Luke and I love you, baby. We are so glad we found you. We never thought we’d ever find out mate. You’re our miracle,” Damian said with such sincerity she had to blink so she didn’t end up blubbering all over them.

“I love you, honey. You are the light of our lives. We want to make babies with you. We want to love, cherish, and protect you. You make our lives complete. I can’t wait for you to be in our house.” Luke’s voice was full of emotion and he swallowed audibly.

Melissa was so choked up with emotion she could barely breathe. She had to take a few deep, ragged breaths

until she was able to speak. Taking each of their hands into hers, she moved back to rest against the headboard of the bed so she could see both her mates at the same time.

“I love you both so much. I would like nothing more than to make babies with you. You have made me so happy,” she sobbed, then launched herself into her men’s arms.

Luke and Damian sandwiched Melissa between them, surrounding her with their love and warm bodies and they both placed their noses against her neck and inhaled.

“Ours,” they both growled at the same time.

“Yours.” Melissa sighed with

contentment.

Damian eased away from her until he was standing beside the bed. He rummaged around in his jeans pocket for something, then crawled back onto the bed. “We would like to ask for the honor of your hand in marriage, Melissa Wise.” Damian cleared his throat and then held his hand out palm up.

Melissa gasped when she saw the solitaire diamond with a small, black diamond on either side. It was set in a white gold band and was the most exquisite ring she had ever seen. She covered her mouth with a trembling hand and Luke clasped her left hand in his and held it steady while Damian slipped the

band onto her left ring finger.

“Thank you. The ring is...beautiful. But...”

“But what, honey?” Luke asked.

“I thought we were already married,” Melissa said.

“In the eyes of the pack we are, baby,” Damian said, “but we know that it’s every woman’s dream to get married in the traditional way. So we decided if you would accept us, we would have a traditional human wedding ceremony. We want to make you happy, Mel.”

Melissa was so touched and choked up by their gesture, it took a while before she could answer them.

“Yes, yes, yes. I can’t wait to move in with you and spend the rest of my life

with you. I can't wait to make babies with you and yes, I will marry you. I love you, both of you, so very much. I couldn't stand to be away from either of you for more than five minutes at a time. If that makes me crazy then so be it, I love being crazy." Melissa laughed with pure joy. Her mates gently wrestled her down to the bed and they spent most of the night making love. And she couldn't imagine wanting to be anywhere or with anyone else but in between her two werewolf mates.

Chapter Twelve

The next few days were crazier than Melissa and her mates could ever have imagined. They packed up all of her belongings, placed her furniture in storage, and sorted out the boxed items she wanted to take with her.

Sara helped Melissa plan the wedding, which had been set for two weeks after her mates had proposed. Thank goodness her sister was excellent at organizing. She seemed to have everything in hand and only needed Melissa to pick out colors for invitations, bridesmaid dresses, and so forth.

Damian and Luke hadn't stopped smiling and neither had she. Melissa spent her first night under their roof on the night of a full moon, a night the pack dedicated to shifting into wolf form to go for a run through the forest if circumstances allowed.

Melissa stood between her two mates as the pack members all removed their clothes to ready themselves for the change. She was feeling a little uncomfortable at being seen naked by people she didn't know very well, but her mates soon put her at ease.

When they were standing naked together under the bright light of the full moon, she felt the pull of the moon take

over. She let her muscles relax and embraced her animal when she felt the familiar tingle as hair erupted out on her skin and her bones cracked, popped, and contorted, until she was standing beside her wolf mates. They were so big Melissa's head only came up to the top of Damian's and Luke's shoulders in wolf form.

Damian's black fur was so dark it seemed to shine a blue-black color under the moonlight. Luke was a head taller than she was but his wolf form was so muscular he took her breath away. His coat was a chocolate-brown color and his hazel eyes also had gold flecks that caught her eye.

As one, the shifted pack members

tilted their heads to the sky, howling into the night as they paid homage to the full moon. When the delightful song was complete, the wolves took off running through the night. Melissa ran with them, her mates by her side, nudging her with their noses to guide her in the right direction.

She had never been so attuned to the nature surrounding her. She could see as plainly as if it was daylight, could smell small animals throughout the forest as they scurried for cover, trying to hide themselves from the predators running near them. She had never felt so invigorated in her life. The joy coursing through her sleek wolf body was

something to be revered.

They ran for what seemed like hours until they came to the small lake, and after drinking their fill of the cool, crisp, clean water, Melissa laid down on her haunches to catch her breath.

“You are the most beautiful bitch I have ever seen, my mate. I cannot wait to go back home and love you,” Damian spoke to Melissa using their mind link.

“The last one back to the clearing gets to be washed in the shower by the other two.” Luke chuckled and took off running.

Melissa ran after them, making sure she was the last one back to the clearing. She couldn't wait to get back to their home, to have her mates' hands running

all over her body as they washed her.

They arrived back at the cabin, their arms full of their clothes, not bothering about getting dressed only to strip naked again as soon as they walked in the door. Luke and Damian each grabbed one of her hands and led her into the shower.

They lathered their hands with her favorite body wash, slicking her all over with the suds. Their hands played over her breasts until the nipples were standing to attention. Then they wandered down lower, soaping the sensitive skin of her bald pussy.

When they had her groaning and whimpering with arousal, they pushed her back under the water to rinse the

bubbles off. After they had dried her off, Damian scooped her up into his arms and carried her into the bedroom. He eased her down onto the bed and then gently shoved his way between her thighs. Her pussy was so wet she could feel the cream leaking out. Luke crawled up beside her and began laving and nipping at her nipples until she was mindless with need.

She bucked her hips up, demanding more pleasure, and wasn't disappointed when Damian blew on her clit before he started licking her. Melissa slid her hand down Luke's body from his shoulders to his six-pack abs until she found his hard cock and wrapped her hand around it. She pumped up and down a few times

and was pleased at the moaning growl coming from his mouth.

“I want you in my mouth, Luke. Please? I want to taste you.”

Luke growled again, and then he straddled her chest and shifted until his cock nudged her chin.

Opening her mouth wide, she sucked the tip of his dick into her mouth, tasting her mate's intoxicating flavor. He tasted of warm, spicy male. His aroused, musky aroma was so potent to her sensitive nose he nearly had her climaxing from his smell alone.

Melissa growled around Luke's dick and then sucked him into her mouth, while Damian placed his hands

underneath her buttocks and tilted her hips up. He held her wet pussy to his mouth and started eating her out. Damian groaned in what sounded like appreciation as he lapped up her juices, licking her clit and then thrusting his tongue into the depths of her pussy.

Luke withdrew from her mouth as she got closer to climax. Melissa's body arched and tensed as liquid fire swept through her and she screamed as she orgasmed with gush of cream.

"That is so fucking sexy. You nearly make me come every time I see you squirt, honey. We love it when you drench us in your juices," Luke rasped with approval.

Damian slid up the bed until he was

sitting on his knees between her legs. He took the base of his cock in hand and aimed for her cunt. He thrust in until he was balls-deep and then he held her while he maneuvered until she was sitting on his lap, his legs hanging over the end of the bed.

Luke moved in behind her and she gasped when he ran cold, lube-covered fingers back and forth over her anus until her muscles relaxed. When she opened to him, he pushed his fingers inside her dark hole, lubing her generously until she clenched around his fingers.

She heard him coating his cock with lube, then was breaching her ass, and he didn't stop until he was all the way

inside. Luke moved back out of her anus and as he pushed back in, Damian withdrew from her pussy. They set up a slow, easy pace to begin with, drawing out the exquisite sensations of the intense friction as they glided in and out of her body.

Melissa matched their rhythm, moving her hips back and forth, and up and down in a slow rocking motion. It was the most carnal, sweetest sensation, having her two mates thrusting in and out, in and out, with slow, easy movements. She felt the beginnings of her climb toward climax. Her sheath and ass muscles began to tighten around her mates' cocks. The pressure built higher and higher and she began to move faster

as she hurtled toward the stars. She threw her arms up above her head and gave herself up to the protection of her mates as they drove her up and over the edge into orgasm.

Fire raged through her body and she screamed as she reached the peak. Her body quaked and quivered and her internal muscles clamped down hard on the two cocks shuttling in and out of her pussy and ass. The rapture consumed her and she embraced the emotional and physical connection to her men.

Damian and Luke both roared just before their cocks twitched and jolted inside her as they followed her into the stratosphere. Cum spewed from the end

of their cocks, filling her body as she continued to milk them dry with her body's internal convulsions.

"I love you. Both of you," Melissa said once she had enough breath to talk, not worried they wouldn't hear her muffled voice as she rested her face against Luke's chest. "I never thought I would find one man willing to take me as I am, let alone two of you. I am the luckiest woman alive. Please don't ever change. You're both perfect the way you are."

"Ah, honey, we're the lucky ones. We have waited years for you to come and complete our lives. We'll never let you go."

"We love you more than our own

lives, baby. We would give our lives to save you if we had to,” Damian said, his voice full of emotion. He leaned down and kissed the back of her neck, inhaling against her skin.

* * * *

The day of the wedding arrived. Sara had spent the night with her sister in her cabin. Melissa had surprised her by being a little superstitious. Her sister considered it bad luck for the grooms to see the bride the day of the wedding. Luke and Damian had spent the night in a guest bedroom of their Alpha’s home.

She’d seen the two men in the distance

through the kitchen window, already dressed in black suits with white shirts, making last-minute adjustments to their clothes, looking each other over critically as they adjusted each other's ties. Then they had both looked toward the cabin, and after a few moments they had turned away and begun to pace. Sara couldn't help but be amused by their nervousness. She couldn't imagine why they would be nervous. They were werewolves, for God's sake.

Even though Damian was to be Melissa's husband on paper, they had assured Sara, when they'd met her yesterday afternoon and directed her to the cabin, that her sister would always be married to both of them in the eyes of

werewolf law. Sara turned away from the window and hurried down the hallway to her sister.

Sara helped Melissa into her wedding dress. It was not a conventional wedding dress, it was more like an elegant white evening gown with thin straps, a tight satin-corseted bodice with a skirt that flared slightly over her hips, then stopped mid-thigh. Her sister looked absolutely breathtaking.

Sara was wearing a gown similar to Melissa's, but in a shade of red that brought out the red highlights that ran through her black hair and set off her piercing aquamarine eyes. She'd never worried about what she looked like

before but wanted to look pretty for her sister's special day. With one last perusal of Melissa, Sara held out her hand to her and squeezed it. "I love you, Mel. I hope you will be very happy with your men."

"I'm already happy, Sara."

Sara studied her sister's face and saw the inner glow all the way down to her soul. She was glad that Melissa had found two men to love and take care of her and even though she was proud of her, and joyful, she was going to miss her.

Sara was feeling very nervous, as she had not had a chance to meet any of the pack members besides her new brothers-in-law. She wasn't sure what to expect

and was apprehensive about being amongst so many werewolves.

The ceremony was to be held at the front of the pack house, among the riot of beautiful flowering roses. The reception afterward was going to be out back underneath a large marquee, which Alice and some older female pack members had catered for.

“Okay, you’re ready, Mel. It’s time to get you married. You look stunning in that dress, sis.”

“Thank you for organizing the wedding and the reception, Sara. I couldn’t have done it without you.” Melissa drew her close for a hug. Sara had to blink rapidly so she wouldn’t start crying. Melissa

moved back and met her gaze again. “You’re going to have to beat the unmated males off with a stick, honey. You look striking in that dress.

“You’d better come visit me, Sara. I’m going to miss not having you close by.”

“I will, Mel. That goes for you, too. I want to see you at least once a month to make sure you’re happy.”

“Sara, you don’t need to worry. I love those two men like I have never loved anyone before, and they love me. What more could a girl ask for?”

Sara started down the aisle of rose petals, frowning with confusion as she noticed pack members sniffing in the direction of her sister. She heard a few

snickers from a couple of men as she passed them by. Mentally shrugging her shoulders, she stood beside her sister as the marriage celebrant conducted the ceremony. It was over with all too quickly. Her sister was finally married.

The food at the reception was some of the best Sara had ever eaten. She sat back at the head table while her sister danced with first Damian, then Luke, and then both of them. Luke and Damian danced with Sara, as did a few of the single males, but she was more than content to sit back and watch. She was tired after working so hard to arrange the wedding and was glad that Alice had stepped in to help.

Finally, the night was drawing to a conclusion and people began to leave with their partners. Sara noticed that Damian and Luke were itching to whisk their wife away as well. They kept looking toward the path that led toward their cabin but they held out a lot longer than Sara expected them to.

When they sat at the table again for one last celebratory drink with her, Damian handed Melissa a glass of soda instead of champagne.

“I wanted another glass of champagne. What is it with you two? You’ve only allowed me to have one drink of alcohol all night.” Melissa frowned.

Damian leaned down to whisper in

Melissa's ear.

“What? Are you shitting me? How the hell do you know?”

“What's wrong, Mel? Are you all right?” Sara asked as she saw the incredulous look cross her sister's face.

“Did you see any of the pack members trying to smell me, Sara?”

“Now that you mention it, yeah I did. I thought it was pretty odd at the time. What was that all about anyway?”

“Your sister is pregnant. She is carrying our child. A werewolf's sense of smell is very, very good. We can smell when a female is in heat and also when they have conceived,” Damian said in matter-of-fact tone, but Sara could see the joy in his eyes. She

glanced at Luke. His smile was so wide it was a wonder it didn't split his face. But what got to Sara the most was the love she could see when they were looking at Melissa.

"I'm going to be an auntie? Really?" Sara asked excitedly.

"Yes you are, little sister," Luke said.

"Oh my God, Mel. You're going to be a mom and I'm going to be an auntie. Thank God you got married." Sara jumped from her seat, pushing Luke out of her way to get to her sister.

"You are going to be the best mom ever, Mel. You'll be a natural. Oh shit, does that mean you're going to have a puppy?" Sara felt all the blood drain

from her face at the thought.

Damian, Luke, Melissa, and the pack members close enough to hear her whispered question burst into hysterical laughter. Sara just stood there staring at her sister and her men with her face scrunched in worry.

“That’s the same question I asked my mates when they told me I was pregnant. I’m Tessa. I’m pleased to meet you, Sara.”

“Hi Tessa, it is nice to meet you as well,” Sara said, and then she couldn’t help but notice the slight bulge in Tessa’s stomach and wondered if there was something in the water or if werewolves were more potent than the average man. It looked like pregnancy

was contagious, at least in this pack.

“Don’t feel too embarrassed for asking about things you’re unsure of, Sara,” Tessa said reassuringly. “The men in this pack seem to forget that the human females they mate with have no idea of pack laws, biology, and such. They just seem to expect us to know.” Tessa scowled at Lucien when he came to stand beside her.

“Now, Tessa, you know we didn’t do it on purpose. We forget sometimes that we have to explain everything to you. It’s all natural to us as we were born werewolves.” Lucien smiled at his mate.

“Sara, this is one of my mates, Lucien. Lucien, this is Melissa’s sister, Sara.”

“Pleased to meet you, Lucien.” Sara extended her hand and shook his. Although she had seen Lucien before and knew who he was, she was to be introduced to him at last. From what she could work out, he was the Alpha of the pack, which meant he was the head of the family. “Thank you both so much for the use of your gardens for Melissa’s wedding, it was very kind of you. I’m leaving now, I have a long drive ahead of me.”

“You’re welcome to stay in our spare bedroom, little sister,” Damian said. “In fact, I don’t think you should be driving at all now since it’s so late.”

Sara didn’t think it would be a good

idea to be in the way of the newly married trio. “Um, thank you, but I don’t think that’s such good idea tonight. I’d really be more comfortable back home,” Sara declined gracefully. “Plus I’d feel a bit like a third wheel. It’s your wedding night, for goodness sake.”

They all burst out laughing at what Sara had muttered.

“Oh shit! Don’t tell me you could hear that?”

“Okay, we won’t.” Mel smirked at her.

“I’ll be leaving now before I embarrass myself any further.”

“Why don’t you stay in one of the empty guestrooms in the house, Sara? Or if you’re not comfortable with that, you

could always stay in the empty cabin. Get a good night's rest and you can head back home tomorrow when you're feeling more refreshed," Tessa said.

Sara looked from her sister and her husbands' back to Tessa and Lucien, biting her lip with indecision. She really was feeling rather tired and it was a long way to drive.

"Thank you. I would be happy to stay in the empty cabin for the night. I really appreciate the offer."

"Nonsense, you're part of the pack now. You're family. Gabe, will you escort Sara to the empty cabin please, while I get some clean linen for the bed?" Tessa asked over her shoulder.

“Sure baby,” Gabe answered, before kissing her deeply.

Sara felt her eyes widen with surprise as another man kissed Tessa when Lucien was standing right beside her. She nearly fell over when a third man stood to her other side, claiming her lips in a passionate clinch.

“Sara, these are my brothers, Gabriel and Raphael, but you can call them Gabe and Rafe. They are also mated to Tessa,” Lucien explained.

Sara figured he must have seen the shock on her face and muttered under her breath. “Oh my God. Three husbands. I need to leave here at first light, otherwise I’ll be drooling in my coffee.”

Sara's cheeks went red when Gabe gave a bark of laughter.

“You weren't supposed to hear that,” Sara muttered again. “I'm sorry. I meant no offense. I have a habit of talking to myself under my breath. Most normal people can't hear me so I suggest you close your ears and not listen. I tend to blurt before I think.”

“Don't change, little sister, we love your sarcastic humor. Everyone knows you have a warped sense of humor now. And If they don't, they soon will,” Luke said with a smile.

Everyone left the celebration. Gabe escorted Sara to the cabin she would be using for the night.

* * * *

Damian scooped Melissa up into his arms and carried her toward their home. Her mates stripped her wedding gown from her body until she was standing before them naked. She watched through passion-heavy eyes as her men removed their own clothing.

Luke picked her up, placed her in the middle of the bed, followed her down, and started devouring her mouth. He thrust his tongue into her mouth, tangling it with hers until they were both moaning, gasping. He broke the kiss and then started licking and nipping down

her neck until he reached her collarbone. She shivered as his lips slid along her skin until he reached the top of her chest. His mouth changed direction until he came to the crest of her hardened nipple, sucking it into his mouth.

Damian slid in between her thighs, running his fingers along her swollen folds, spreading the juices being secreted from her pussy. He leaned down until he could reach her clit with his tongue, lapping at her with a light flickering motion until she was groaning with pleasure.

“Now. I need you both inside me. Please?” Melissa begged.

Damian sat up, aligned his cock with her body and pushed in to the hilt. He

moved her so Luke could access her ass, holding her still until she was prepared for her other mate's penetration. Luke thrust his cock into her ass and held still while she adjusted to his dark, carnal invasion.

They couldn't seem to hold their lust at bay and she was glad. Luke and Damian plundered her body with fast, hard thrusts until she was crying out with ecstasy. They brought her to orgasm twice before either of them would allow themselves their own satisfaction.

As they stroked their cocks in and out of her ass and cunt, racing toward their own pleasure, they bit into the sides of her shoulders where they had first

marked her.

“Come, honey. Drench Damian with your sweet juices.” Luke gasped.

Melissa screamed as she fell over the edge of the cliff for a third time. Her internal muscles milked the cum from their cocks as they filled her up their seed.

Melissa was so satiated and tired from her big day, as well as just having had three orgasms, she flopped down onto Damian’s chest as she tried to regain her breath.

“Do you have any idea how much I love you, baby?” Damian hugged her close, running his hands up and down her back.

“I love her more,” Luke whispered

and then kissed her shoulder before gently easing his cock from her ass. The mattress dipped as he rolled from the bed and then he disappeared into the bathroom.

“You guys make me so happy.” She kissed Damian’s chest and sighed as he rolled them both onto their sides, his softening cock slipping from her body making them both moan.

Luke came back with a wet cloth and wiped her clean.

“You both take such good care of me.”

“We’ll spend the rest of our lives loving and caring for you and our pup.” Luke got into bed behind her, pressed his front against her back, slung an arm

around her waist and cuddled her close.

“I can’t wait to have our baby,” Melissa whispered, tears of joy and emotion filling her eyes.

In a way, she was grateful to Wesley for being such a jerk. If he hadn’t been, she never would have been so upset and would never have taken that fated drive. Everything had happened so fast but she had no doubt left in her mind. She was where she was meant to be. Home between her two loving mates.

She had accepted them for who and what they were and they had accepted her too. She was looking forward to spending the rest of her life in between her two werewolf mates.

Her eyes began to get heavy and she

snuggled against Damian's chest, inhaling his delectable scent. Reaching down, she laced her fingers with Luke's and pulled his hand onto her belly, over the top of hers. Then she brought Damian's hand down to her stomach and she could have sworn she felt an inner warmth seeping up to their joined hands resting protectively over their baby.

“I love you all so much.”

Epilogue

Sara stood on the front porch of her sister's and her new husbands' cabin. Melissa looked so happy she was glowing and even though she would have loved to stay longer, she didn't want to impinge on their honeymoon.

"Make sure you call me often, sis."

"I will, and you have to promise that you will come visit."

"Oh, you'd better believe it." Sara smiled at Luke and Damian who were standing behind Melissa, each with a hand on her shoulder. "I'm going to make sure these two wolf-boys are making you happy."

Melissa giggled and Sara winked at her. She nudged her sister's husbands' aside and hugged her sister before finally pulling away. "We'll I'd better..."

Sara turned around slowly when she heard low growl behind her and spied two handsome, muscular men walking toward her and they were looking at her as if she was their prey. Her breath hitched in her throat, her heart did a flop in her chest and then started beating rapidly and her body began to respond to their handsome, brawny bodies.

"Tony, Chase, why are you growling?" Melissa asked.

Sara tried to look away from the pair

but she couldn't. They were so damn gorgeous she wanted to look at them forever. "Damn, Mel, you have all the luck," Sara muttered but Mel heard her.

"Why is that?"

"All the eye candy. A girl could become a glutton with so many handsome men to look at."

"I only have eyes for my mates."

"I'd like to mate with them," Sara muttered as the two men stopped at the bottom of the steps.

They each held their hands out toward her and beckoned with their fingers. She looked from their hands and met their eyes. There was such heat and hunger in their gazes her body responded even more. She closed her eyes and inhaled

when a delectable scent assailed her nostrils. She breathed deeply and saliva pooled in her mouth. Whatever that smell was, she wanted more of it. Her eyes popped open when she heard both the men making rumbling growls deep in their chest.

“We accept.”

“Tony, Chase,” Melissa looked to each man as she said their name and Sara was pleased she knew each of their names. She had no idea why that made her happy, but it did. “Why are you looking at my sister like that?” Melissa asked.

“This is your sister?” Chase asked in a husky voice.

“Yes.” Melissa looked from Sara to Chase and Tony, and back to her again. She had a feeling that something she didn’t understand was going on here.

Tony and Chase gained the steps and didn’t stop until they were standing on either side of her.

When she inhaled again, that sweet scent she couldn’t get enough of was stronger. She closed her eyes and savored the musky aroma. Her areolas rucked and her nipples hardened. Her clit began to ache and throb and her pussy clenched, releasing cream onto her panties. Sara couldn’t think. It was as if her brain had completely shut down and her body had taken over.

“Mate,” both men growled at the same time.

Did they just say mate? Her eyes opened and she looked from Chase to Tony and saw that they were still staring at her. *They're not talking about me, are they? No, they can't be.* But their eyes didn't waver and then they perused her body up and down as if she was the last meal to a starving man.

Oh shit!

She was in deep doggie doo doo, or should she say, deep wolf doo doo?

THE END

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

My name is Becca Van. I live in Australia with my wonderful hubby of many years, as well as my two children.

I read my first romance, which I found in the school library, at the age of thirteen and haven't stopped reading them since. It is so wonderful to know that love is still alive and strong when there seems to be so much conflict in the world.

I dreamed of writing my own book one day but, unfortunately, didn't follow my

dream for many years. But once I started I knew writing was what I wanted to continue doing.

I love to escape from the world and curl up with a good romance, to see how the characters unfold and conflict is dealt with. I have read many books and love all facets of the romance genre, from historical to erotic romance. I am a sucker for a happy ending.

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