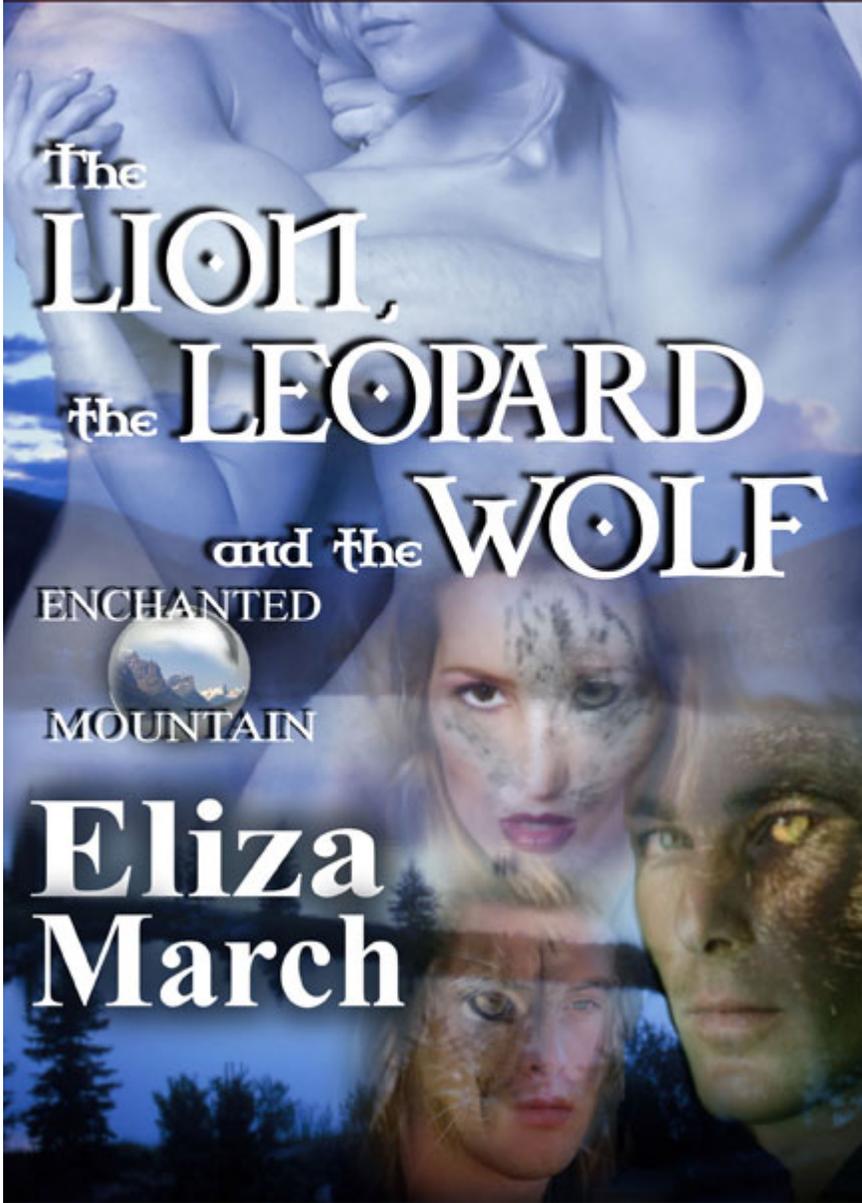


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Ménage Amour



The
LION,
the **LEOPARD**
and the **WOLF**

ENCHANTED



MOUNTAIN

**Eliza
March**

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THE LION, THE LEOPARD, AND THE WOLF

Enchanted Mountain 1

Eliza March

MENAGE AMOUR



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A SIREN PUBLISHING BOOK
IMPRINT: M nage Amour

THE LION, THE LEOPARD, AND THE WOLF
Copyright   2009 by Eliza March
E-book ISBN: 1-60601-590-7

First E-book Publication: August 2009

Cover design by Jinger Heaston
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DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to my friend and fellow author, Donna Confer, who pushed me to finish the story and forced me to bring Trent back into the cabin at the height of the conflict.

My special thanks goes to my supportive husband and family, friends and colleagues, and Sharron Houdek, who keeps my voice active when I want to be passive, the members of my TARA Chapter of RWA who encourage me and applaud my successes, and the other author members of my critique group, Faith V. Smith, Rosemary Rothacker and Catherine McMaster who put up with my rants when the Muse abandons me or when my characters decide to change the story I plotted.

Please note all the Editors, Cover Artists, and people at Siren who work behind the scenes also helped make this book possible, and I'd like to acknowledge them as well.

And as always, thank YOU. As much as I love writing these stories, it's always nice to know someone is enjoying them. ~~ Eliza

THE LION, THE LEOPARD, AND THE WOLF

Enchanted Mountain 1

ELIZA MARCH
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Chapter 1

Macalister Cameron needed to make up for lost time.

“Six months of bad sex with a man who announces somewhere between appetizers and the main course that he’s indulging in dessert elsewhere is the kind of man you can do without.” Aunt Celia patted Mac’s shoulder and confirmed what she already knew.

Celia may have been only five years older, but on another level, she seemed a hundred years wiser. Although Mac insisted she was fine after kicking Nathan out, thank goodness, Celia refused to believe her.

“Yeah. According to him, he needed ‘a bit more variety.’ So I told Mr. Wham-Bam-Thank-You-Ma’am to go ahead, eat out...as much and as often as he liked, but no more coming home to me for sloppy seconds. When I sent him packing, I encouraged him to get all the ‘variety’ he desired elsewhere.”

“That a girl,” Celia encouraged, high fiving her. “Okay, you’ve moped for a week, and now I have just what you need.”

Celia was right about her moping, but no more. Mac held up a red and black scrap of material. The panties, apparently a get-out-of-your-

rut gift from Celia, were her cure for what ailed her niece. Mac had to laugh at that, especially when Celia's solution involved getting her back up on the horse that threw her. Well, maybe not that *specific* horse, but the male species in general.

And she meant the riding part—literally.

“Look at this brochure. A friend of mine said she's been there and highly recommends it, especially for your particular problem.” Celia snickered. “I thought of you as soon as I read about the mountain retreat.”

Mac tapped the brochure against her palm. “I'm not sure—”

“I already made reservations,” Celia insisted. “I don't want to bulldoze you into agreeing, but you know you haven't been yourself lately.”

“I know.” Tired of arguing with Celia, she had to admit her tastes had changed. Suddenly, she craved her red meat bloody, when at one time she only ate her steaks well-done. All day long, especially in the late afternoon, she wanted to lounge around in a warm spot, and at night, she wanted to get out and prowl the clubs.

Celia had noticed the change, but coy didn't play well on her.

“Don't give me the soft sell,” Mac said. Once she actually looked at the brochure, her enthusiasm grew proportionally with the size of the men in the hot tub on the cover.

“No, Mac. We can change the plans, if—”

“I give up.” In a fit of desperation, and in a moment of weakness brought on by sexual frustration, she agreed to go.

“Excellent. You won't regret it. Remember when I needed this same sort of vacation a few years ago, when I was about your age?”

“No, I don't remember. But okay, I'll go on this somewhat unorthodox vacation. I'm not promising anything, and I don't want you to complain later. This is probably a waste of your money.”

“Oh, I don't think so.” Celia gave her a sideways glance full of confidence.

Mac secretly had something to prove to herself anyway, and a week away in an erotic ski lodge sounded like just the place to prove it.

* * * *

Three days later...

Mac looked at the brochure one more time and threw a pair of t-backs in the suitcase on her bed. *This ski trip might be the perfect diversion to help me forget.* She looked at the pictures of the beefcake on the cover and tried to recall what's-his-name's face.

She rummaged through her dresser. Disgusted, she moved on to her closet. Sexy, she needed sexy. She picked up a top and held it across her full breasts.

Tight, black, off the shoulders. Perfect!

She pulled out every outfit she owned with any sexual potential and tossed it on the cluttered bed. Some fell into the open suitcase, some dropped to the floor. In everything from underwear to day-wear, she chose only the most erotic of the lot for her trip. Hopefully, this vacation would prove her old taste in men sucked and there was nothing wrong with her that a good man couldn't fix.

She held up the tiny sliver of red silk and lace. Did she really need crotch-less panties?

Well, maybe.

If she got lucky when she wasn't expecting to... But would she have the guts to wear them? That was the real question.

Lately, she couldn't explain the feelings she'd suddenly began experiencing. She really needed to get these strange sensations under control. She was too young for hot flashes and couldn't understand her constant state of arousal for no apparent reason. Her body felt like a furnace. And the reoccurring dreams frightened her. The ones about turning into a cat and stalking rabbits seemed so real she thought she tasted blood in her mouth when she woke up one morning.

A little diversion might be just what she needed. One long, slow look at the delicious six pack on the cover model had her convinced. She thumbed through the brochure again, feeling more aroused by the page. Eye-popping muscled males at the ready, testimonials and promises covered page after page. Every sort of man imaginable, all shapes and sizes, *ah hmm...* all available to provide *any* and *every* fantasy.

Suddenly an orgasm which wasn't self-induced didn't sound like the 'impossible dream' to Mac anymore. She could do this. After all, her namesake was a famous adventurer. Certainly Mac had inherited something of her grandfather's courage and bravado, even if her coordination had been somewhat off, lately.

She smiled and picked up Celia's second gift, thinking she might not even have to force herself to enjoy this vacation after all. She ran a hand up and over her breast. The sensation puckered her nipple into a tight bud. Her nipples tended to be large and responsive. With the mountain cold air, they'd probably show through everything. Would this bra even support her? She folded the cup-less bra and frowned as she tossed it in with the other erotic underwear. Her breasts drew plenty of attention even in a sweatshirt. The thin sweater she tossed into the bag after the bra would leave nothing to the imagination when her nipples jutted through the holes in the cups. She shrugged as she closed the suitcase.

Isn't that exactly the point? She laughed at the internal pun and vowed that Celia's good intentions wouldn't be wasted. She vowed to get laid. Not just *laid*, but really, truly, and thoroughly laid. She would experience her first multiple orgasm or die trying. After seeing the potential in the brochure photos, Enchanted Mountain looked like just the place to accomplish her mission.

Chapter 2

She'd never been near Arctic, Colorado before, yet when she saw the pictures of the serene mountain town, it reminded her of someplace, no, something she'd forgotten. When she looked at the hills, the area seemed familiar. A warm sense of belonging leant excitement to her overall anticipation of the trip. That's when she knew this vacation to Fantasy Lodge would change her life.

Skiing wasn't her thing, not anymore, not since the accident and her problem with her balance. No one would expect her to do much skiing anyway, especially not Celia, not when the lodge brochure read like a hedonistic escape to every woman's inner-most fantasy. Compounded with no commitments or chance of discovery, who could ask for more? The place promised great, uncomplicated sex and plenty of it.

And, at the moment, sex sounded like a good prescription for what ailed her. Something about her seemed different lately. New scenery would provide a change of pace from the same type of men with stale pickup lines and an inability to satisfy her. She couldn't wait to get away from the same old crowded bars and the city smog.

As Mac looked out at the mountain through the large glass window, she realized that even though she'd been named after her famous grandfather, Macalister Cameron, today proved a name was all they had in common. The skiers flew down the slopes kicking up the powdery snow as they slid to an abrupt stop at the bottom. And she watched from the lodge window. The fire on the hearth provided heat, and the comforting warmth from the Bailey's and coffee in front

of her internally settled her. She wondered why she worried about living up to her namesake.

No daring. No sense of adventure. Mac had no trouble admitting, at least to herself, she'd suddenly become totally uncoordinated. She'd come to terms with her sudden lack of grace. No balance. Not anymore. Certainly not after the incident today.

Her strained ankle ached, but the warm spiked coffee helped. With her skirt hiked up and her foot propped on a stool in front of the blazing fire, she relaxed from her earlier spill in the hallway and noted some of the swelling in the ankle had receded already.

She chuckled to herself. Even though she remained uncoordinated and still had no balance, at least her sense of adventure had improved. She hadn't backed down when she found herself face to face with the retreat's scrumptious young doctor. He had tended to her as if she were the only woman on the planet, and now she shamelessly flirted back.

"I can't believe I didn't even make it out to the slopes before falling."

He smiled, running a hand gently over her knee, checking the angle of the elevation after propping her leg up. "There, the ice pack should help your ankle feel better, at least until your room is ready, then I suggest the Jacuzzi. The circulation will help the swelling." From his expression, he'd be open to more personal doctoring later. Giving her a telling look, he said, "Call if you need me, for anything. There is no evidence of any real damage to your ankle. Take the medication later with food. It'll help you rest when you're ready."

Mac loved the feel of his hand petting her leg. "Thank you for taking such good care of me." She felt relaxed from the alcohol and the engaging doctor's ministrations.

His lids lowered and so did his voice. "I haven't even started to take care of you the way I'd like."

Her chest tightened and breathing became difficult as he looked at her with his deep indigo eyes turning darker by the moment. "Ah, em,

I appreciate that. This injury is just a result of my natural clumsiness,” Mac admitted.

“Hardly! The ragged rug in front of your door tripped you. It could have happened to anyone.”

How sweet of him to make excuses for her. His eyes sparkled with charisma and the way he exuded charm fascinated her when he smiled. He assumed a sterner visage and added, “Elevation, ice and the anti-inflammatory medication will get you out on the slopes in a day or two. Then, promise me you won’t overdo it.”

“No problem. That’s just the advice I hoped for.” Mac couldn’t have cared less about skiing, since her purpose here centered around having an impersonal fling. She needed the reassurance men still found her attractive and sexy.

Only here two hours and already...success! The first man she encountered responded to her exactly as she hoped. Her weekend already looked good, and she hadn’t even made it to her room yet.

She humored him, smiling. “I promise to stay away from the slopes, since lately I can’t manage to stay upright on solid ground. I’ll stick to inside activities for now.” She gave him a wink.

Oh my God, I can’t believe I just did that. When she promised Celia to get into the swing of the resort, she wondered how to start. Her libido seemed to know, and God help her, she intended to give the place her best shot.

The brochure’s motto was *What happened at Fantasy Lodge stayed at Fantasy Lodge*, a good take on Vegas’s.

The doctor glanced toward the bar, stood and for an uncomfortable moment, looked down at her, then back at the bartender, as if evaluating something. He finally shrugged. “You know how to reach me if you need me.”

Mac finished the last of her drink and watched as the bartender slipped out from behind the bar heading straight for her. Talk about tall, fair and handsome. He put the cliché to shame, and so far, promised to be one of the best things about this trip. His slanted green

eyes twinkled as he made his way toward her, moving as gracefully as a large cat.

“Mac, your friend Celia called and asked if you’d call her back when you feel up to it. I took the message while the doctor *checked out your ankle*.” His lip curled on one side. Had he practically snarled out the last part of his statement?

She gave him a blank stare. Had she sensed jealousy in his tone? Then, as quickly as the effect appeared, it disappeared, and he looked almost apologetic. “Sorry it took so long to get the message to you, we’re short-staffed.”

A few stragglers relaxed around the room, which had bustled with people thirty minutes earlier. The bartender dropped the note on the table and plopped into the chair across from her, lounging long-limbed and sexy. He sprawled out before her like a smorgasbord, his biceps flexed beneath his sweater, and his thighs strained against the material of his pants.

“Don’t worry about it, and thanks.” She struggled to keep her gaze from the straining bulge obvious in his pants, but his well-muscled chest and the ropey defined strength in his forearms weren’t distracting her nearly enough. She forced herself to make eye contact and hold it there.

He focused on her face, staring into her eyes with an intense curiosity. He searched as if trying to decipher her thoughts, looking for something.

What am I thinking? He can’t search my thoughts.

She shrugged. His scrutiny made her self-conscious. She caught a whiff of him. Exotic. Strange. She inhaled, sensing the fragrance of the leather vest he wore, his subtle after-shave, and something else. The something she suspected belonged uniquely to him. Yes, she smelled *him*, and she discovered she liked his scent so much, she inhaled again, deeply, taking in more of his essence. This time her straining breasts pressed firmly against the thin fabric of her sweater.

His gaze dropped, and she knew without looking, her nipples peaked. Obviously distended. Demanding attention. It may have been a while since a man's glance caused her to become aroused, but the feelings here seemed mutual. There was no mistaking the look in his eyes. Hunger and a little lust, a lot of heat, and pure sex. She knew without a mirror her face reflected the same need. It had been too long since the last time she felt the craving, the sensation of mutual desire whipping through her, and she loved the return of her sexual power.

His nostrils flared. The civil words he uttered made a connection. "Can I get you a phone, another drink, anything?"

Anything? Well, don't read my mind. Quite an offer coming from this testosterone oozing specimen.

Her ankle didn't hurt much anymore. The drink must be affecting her, because she hadn't even started taking her pain medication yet. The man's scent had her insides flushing and her mind a bit mushy. She itched with sexual need. Hunger ate at her. She starved for so long, the A-1 prime sitting in front of her was almost more of a temptation than she could resist.

Her last relationship took a toll on her sexual self-esteem, but she vowed to put sex back into perspective from now on. She'd keep her heart uninvolved this time. Why couldn't she satisfy her sexual needs with an attractive partner without justifying it with a commitment or forcing a relationship?

In the future, she planned to do exactly that. Sexx with a double x and no attachments. No hearts and flowers. Just low-down dirty, satisfying, in-your-face sex. Orgasm after orgasm. Sweaty, titillating, and hot.

His brows lifted. "Does the ankle hurt?"

Had she just groaned? "Ugh, just a little." How long had it been since she'd last been satisfied?

"Well, can I get you anything?"

Could he...? "Sorry...what's your name, again? I was drifting. I guess mixing the Bailey's in the coffee was probably a mistake."

The gorgeous guy laughed, the white of his teeth contrasting against his ski slope tan had her heart flipping upside down in her chest.

“That’s okay, I’ll look after you. You’re not driving or walking for a while. I’m Aaron, and you’re Mac, right?”

She liked his voice and his smile. “Macalister Cameron, the impervious, at your service...well, not so undaunted at the moment.” She laughed, looking over at her foot. “I’m supposed to be good as new in a day or two. Ready for the slopes. Although, to tell you the truth, I doubt that will ever happen.”

He raised his brow in question, then smiled, releasing a small chuckle. “The question stands. Can I get you anything?”

Mac nodded, trying to keep her sexual thoughts to herself. “I think the excitement is catching up with me. I could use another coffee, no Bailey’s this time. Thanks.”

“I’ll get right on it, and when you’re ready to go to your room, let me know. They should have the carpet fixed and the room ready soon. The bar’s slow this afternoon. I’ll get my friend Trent to help you.”

She felt her heart flip and her eyes widen just thinking of Trent. “Oh, the other bartender?” she asked. Mac could never forget the other edgy bartender, just as breathtakingly handsome as Aaron, in a darker more rugged sort of way. He’d been working earlier when she’d been dumped unceremoniously in the bar by a member of the hotel staff, then he left.

“Yes, that’s Trent. He’s on break right now, but he’ll be back by the time they’re finished fixing the carpet outside your room. Sorry, the room wasn’t ready when you needed it most.”

“Is this whole lodge your place?” Mac asked, suddenly suspicious, understanding the excessive attention. Most employees wouldn’t be so effusive.

“Yes, Trent’s and mine. We’re partners. We invested in this place after we got out of the army.” He settled back in the chair. “We’ve been friends since elementary school and bloodied each other’s noses

over falling in love with the same girl once or twice in that time. I have to warn you, we're still pretty competitive. So be sure to tell him I saw you first when he asks. Will you?"

He seemed so darn forlorn as he asked, she had to laugh at his audacity. "Don't worry, I'm off men that way, for now. Therefore your competitive natures are safe."

"What way?"

"I'm not here to find Mr. Right or to fall in love, I'm here for the fantasy part."

His eyes lit up, glittered, and his lips curved into a naughty grin, "I could handle a 'fantasy' or two for you if you'd like. How did you hear about our lodge?"

"Celia, my aunt, talked me into coming here, because I'm not up for the dating games people back home play. Here we expect frivolity and fantasy, no relationship."

He looked genuinely disappointed at her comment. "How is that a good thing for me?"

"You and Trent won't have to worry about your noses." She smiled at him to lighten the mood.

"I'm not one of 'those' people. Since you're stuck with the ankle and all, I could at least entertain you."

"Oh, are you part of the service? O-Oh sorry, I didn't mean it that way." She nervously smoothed her skirt over her thigh.

His gaze caressed her, as his smile melted her insides and heat pooled deep in her core. "Maybe this time I could be persuaded." God, the man was fantastic if he could do all that with his voice and a smile. "Let me get you that coffee, and we'll discuss this 'off men' situation further."

She watched him walk away, focused first on his broad shoulders, but only until the view of his ass grabbed her attention. Then it had her mesmerized, or maybe his long, slow, powerful strides hypnotized her.

Off men? Well, only in the emotional sense. Maybe she should rethink her plan. Aaron seemed so nice. *See? That's how you get yourself in trouble.*

The thought still mulled around in her head when Trent came in with a frown marring his ruggedly handsome face. The ferocity of his expression didn't hamper the dark attractive angles of his jaw line. For some reason, the scowl suited him, emphasizing his alpha male good looks and enhancing the dangerous effect of his overall appearance.

His stare sent a chill up her spine, making her tremble in anticipation. As he walked toward her with all sorts of concerned attention directed solely at her, his eyes flashed with power.

"I hope your ankle will be all right. The carpet you tripped on has been repaired." His jaw tensed and he scowled. "I don't know who pulled the edge up in front of your door like that, but I have to apologize for any inconvenience this injury has caused you."

So business-like, so formal. "Please, it'll be fine. Don't worry. I wasn't intent on doing a lot of skiing anyway. To be honest with you, this gives me an excuse to relax, read a few books, and avoid the crowds." Mac smiled at Trent's serious expression of concern.

"Well, if you're sure." He stared deeply into her eyes as if trying to discern the truth. He seemed doubtful.

"Really," she assured him, "I just needed to get away, and this works out perfectly." Mac laughed. "No pressure to perform on the ski slopes." She lifted her ankle and patted her leg. "Besides, it doesn't even hurt unless I try to stand on it."

Trent ran a hand through his hair, his expression looked worried as Aaron brought over the coffee. "Well, then, you'll have to let us entertain you to make up for all this."

There's that "entertainment" offer again.

She loved the way Trent's gaze roamed her body while his smile promised that hard, hot sex could make up for her inconvenience. Or was she projecting those thoughts?

“No, no, you don’t have to go to any trouble on my account.”

Neither of them act like doing me would be a hardship. Not like Nathan. Stop!

“Trust me, you’d be no trouble at all.” The timber of Trent’s voice shot white-hot molten heat to her core. Hot, moist, liquid honey started flowing. She could feel herself melting. His nostrils twitched. He could smell her. His lips pulled back over his teeth, and she swore he snarled.

Aaron nodded at Trent as he put the coffee down. “I saw her first. She was supposed to tell you.” He gave Mac a look that questioned her integrity, before he sat down next to her, staking his territory. “Besides, she’s off men. Right?”

“R-r-right.” She agreed half-heartedly, looking Trent up and down, and then checked out Aaron again before she finally muttered with a certain amount of doubt still resonating in her voice, “I-I guess.” She hoped there wasn’t drool dripping from the corners of her mouth. Her tongue flicked out to check. “Did I mention...I meant...emotional involvement?”

Both men raised their brows at each other as if in challenge. Molten lava, yep, that’s the way she felt. Heat raced through her entire body and the heated pressure built.

“Wait, wait a minute. What is that look you just gave each other? What exactly does that mean?” Mac the unflappable was suddenly confused. “I certainly don’t want to be the cause of two best friends, not to mention business partners, bloodying each others’ noses for the second time or...do you even know the count for how many times?”

“Oh, that?” Trent looked at Aaron. And they said in unison, “Don’t worry about that. We’re used to it. We heal fast.”

All three of them laughed.

Mac spoke up first. “Okay, if you insist. What do you have in mind? I’m pretty limited right now.”

She watched both sets of eyebrows rise with interest and felt her insides go all soft and liquid. Her pulse raced out of control, and she

warned herself to back down. It would be too bad if she ended up having to choose between them, because both of them enticed and aroused her in different ways. Both men elicited feelings from her she forgot existed. Since no one man could be all things to a woman, it would have been nice to get the scary, hard guy and the thoughtful, sensitive guy all-in-one gorgeous package. If that wasn't possible, these two provided the best of both, and each was gorgeous in a different way too. Her mind wandered to places and possibilities she'd never considered before. Why not? It couldn't hurt to wonder.

"How about a sleigh ride tonight?" Aaron asked.

She knew her eyes lit up when they looked at her. "A real sleigh ride? Horse drawn sleigh, jingle bells?"

"Absolutely," Aaron replied. Watching her giggle like a little kid, he nodded at Trent. "See, good idea."

Trent frowned. "Yeah? And who's driving?"

"Oh, it'll have to be one of us. You," Aaron offered.

"Me? Right. Why would it be me?" Trent put on his tough guy face.

"Because I thought of it. And you're the better driver."

"You drive just as well as I do. Don't try to snow me. We'll toss for it."

Mac raised her hands. "Wait!" She had to smile. "Are you two always like this?"

"No, we're usually worse." They said it together, and the three of them laughed again.

Trent tossed a coin at Mac. "You flip. Winner sits with you, loser drives." He winked at her and stopped her breath. "I promise to keep you very, very cozy." His voice dropped an octave and her temperature rose.

Aaron put his hand on hers before she could move and met her gaze. She felt the connection as if he'd run his hands up her body and down again. "Whoo hoo, you two are good." She couldn't help but admitting to their effect on her.

They both grinned, and for the third time spoke as one. “You have no idea how good we can be.” This time no one laughed. The two men looked at each other and gave each other a conspiratorial grin.

“You’re going to have to toss that coin sooner or later. One of us is going to have to drive because the regular driver’s home sick,” Trent said.

“Well, we don’t have to do this then. I’m sure we can find something else to do.”

“Don’t worry. We promise not to start any physical fights—yet,” Aaron assured her. “So go ahead, make me happy, baby.”

Mac flipped the coin and asked Trent to call it in the air.

He lost.

She was almost sorry until she saw his look of promise. “Don’t worry, I’ll get my turn with you later, when I dump the yokel here off the mountain.”

He grabbed Aaron in a neck lock and scrubbed his knuckles over his long blond hair, pushing him back toward the bar. He approached Mac and said, “Since I lost, I get to take you to your room.”

She started to say, “Oh.” Her mouth formed the word, and he put his finger to her lips.

Ohhh. She wanted to groan and lick it.

His dark eyes twinkled. “I’m still on break.” He glanced at Aaron and sneered before telling Mac, “Your room upstairs is ready. I checked before coming back down here to the lounge.”

Then he swept her up like she weighed nothing more than a rag doll and headed for the door. “I’ll return for your coffee and your book,” he whispered under his breath, his lips skimming against her neck, “later.”

“Oh, oh, this isn’t necessary. I’ll use the cane.” She held on, her arms wrapped around his neck. His body felt so good against hers, she prayed he’d resist. She decided not to protest anymore in case he took her at her word and put her down.

“Nope. We feel responsible. Don’t we, Aaron? You’re our guest after all, Mac.”

She breathed a sigh, feeling relieved. He smelled of winter fresh air and man, smoke from the fireplace and something different. What a scent. She wanted to nuzzle her nose into his neck and drop her head to his muscular chest. The look on Aaron’s face promised reprisal as he watched her expression with keen interest. She saw his gaze drop to where Trent’s large hand cradled her hips, a little too close to her intimate parts for her comfort or Aaron’s. He adjusted the bulge in his jeans while she watched.

Mac blinked and opened her eyes wide at his size. Her skin flushed hot enough to let her know she blushed. He smiled a slow sly smile to let her know he’d noticed.

Although she tried to hide her arousal from Aaron’s scrutiny and tried not to show how much the two men had affected her, she doubted she’d fooled him with her bold act of indifference. She practically choked out the sentence. “See you tonight, Aaron.”

Chapter 3

“I can smell it on you.” Trent whispered as they stepped into the hall. “Your arousal is affecting us both. If I slide my hand just a half an inch closer, would I feel how wet you are for us?”

His audacity would have been insulting if he hadn’t been so damn right. Mac’s drenched pussy throbbed with need. She didn’t look at him and didn’t answer. If Trent shifted his hand, he’d find out just how much she wanted them—both of them

Before today, she’d never been sexually attracted to two men at the same time. Although she’d imagined...being with two men, these two didn’t seem like the sharing type. A ménage a trios was a fantasy she’d like to try someday, and now she couldn’t stop herself from wishing her first menage could be with the two competitive military buddies.

Competitive. Neither of them sounded keen about sharing anything—certainly not a woman. And she didn’t want to be the cause of any problems between them. Mac stopped worrying. They’d all keep it light. She’d find her entertainment elsewhere. Maybe the doctor...

Trent frowned. Maybe she’d projected her thoughts too clearly by the expression on her face.

When they got to her room, he put her down on the bed, and to her surprise, he came down with her. If anything turned her on, it was the feel of a male body on top of hers. All hard muscle and great smelling man pressed her into the mattress. He nuzzled her neck and moved quickly to her lips before she could gasp out an objection. He kissed her, hard and demanding like the man himself.

His weight felt satisfying sprawled on top of her. His tongue tasted delicious in her mouth while his hands distracted her with his exploration of her body. She loved the roughness of his beard against her neck, his hands under her sweater...

She twisted her mouth free. "Ah, wait..." She couldn't believe she stopped him. Her brain fought with her body for control, and the battle wasn't easily won as she tried to sit up.

He rolled off her and groaned, still leaving his hand under the sweater, hoping she'd change her mind. His hand crept higher to positively influence her to his cause. Instead, she put her hand over his, halting its upward movement.

He looked up at her face and licked his upper lip as if still tasting her on his tongue. She squeezed his fingers and smiled. He groaned again and got up. "I'll be right back with your stuff."

A warning knock sounded on the door before Aaron opened it up on them. "I didn't trust him with you alone. Trent can be a wolf. I brought up your things."

"Is that right?" Mac asked before she looked to Trent who glared at Aaron.

"He's right about that. I can be a wolf at times." The man smiled a deadly sexy grin. "And you are definitely one of those times." He shrugged and strode out, leaving Aaron alone with her.

He lifted her foot and placed it on a couple of pillows, brought a table around so she could reach her book and her coffee. Then he said, "Unless you're playing favorites, you owe me."

"What are you talking about?" she asked feeling the heat on her face.

"Your lips have been thoroughly kissed, and I see he left beard rash behind on your neck. Now that you're primed, I'd like my turn at showing you what I can offer. Long, slow, leisurely, aching hot is my specialty." His voice turned rough and gravely with the sexual insinuations.

She didn't want to make the decision. She wanted him to make it for her. She wanted to try him. Test those slow, sexual waters. Take in the heat he offered as his fingers slid lightly up her side, temptingly close to her breast. Her nipples tightened and peaked into taut points jutting through the light material of her sweater. He smiled watching them and bent over her, taking one pebbled nipple in his mouth through the knitted silk, and slid his hand under her sweater to clasp the other breast. She gasped in pleasure while he played with her nipples, before he slid up her body to taste her mouth.

His shoulders felt wide, sinewy under her hands, though not as bulky as Trent's. His long body pressed against hers, and that extra large cock she'd watched him adjust earlier dug insistently into her hip. He tasted tart, like something she couldn't quite remember. Lime! That's what it was. He drank water with lime earlier when they'd been talking, and now the tangy scent mixed with Aaron's special male fragrance.

He'd removed the vest he wore earlier, and the texture of his gold cashmere sweater felt so soft she wanted to pet him. Her hands ran over his shoulders, down his back and dropped to the great looking ass she'd admired before. It felt better than it looked. If she got any hotter, Aaron would get lucky this minute.

He reached down beneath her skirt to stroke her once between her legs. Pushing aside her panties, one long finger slipped into her wet cleft, and they both groaned simultaneously. She was so hot.

He lifted his fingers to his nose and sniffed. Then he reached down again, this time sliding his hand inside her panties and touching her folds. He stopped with a look of surprise when he found the little gold-balled bar piercing through her labia. He played casually with it, enticing her more with his tongue in her mouth, and kissing her slowly, languidly, suckling her tongue, exploring her mouth, tasting her neck. His mouth dropped lower as he applied more pressure to her cleft, rubbing her nub slowly with the base of his palm, firmly until she approached her peak—almost at her summit—right before the

fall. He pinched her nipple between his thumb and forefinger and watched her tumble over the edge.

“I told you we were good. And this is nothing compared to what we’re capable of. Wait until tonight. Wait until later,” he whispered into her ear, sending more chills through her as she shuddered with satisfaction.

Limp, boneless, in her completion, she asked, “There’s more?”

He did laugh then. “Oh, so much more, Mac honey. More, more and more again. We haven’t even started.”

“But what about Trent?”

“Trent knows the rules of engagement. Don’t worry about him. I’m not. See you later. Dress warm. Oh, will you need help?” He grinned hopefully.

“No, I think I’ll be able to handle it.” She smacked his ass for emphasis.

“I noticed how much you admired that portion of my anatomy before. Are you sure you’ve had enough of it?”

She laughed. “No,” she answered honestly, “but I think you better get going or the bar is going to be sending out a search party.”

“Oh, and don’t forget to call your friend. Do you need me to get your phone or purse or anything?”

“Would you please? My purse is in the sitting room and the phone is in it.”

* * * *

Aaron went into the sitting room to get it and picked the whole thing up, deciding not to go through her personal things. A ring dropped out. An engagement ring. A big gaudy diamond engagement ring. There had to be a story in that, he was sure. He dropped it back in and carried it into the bedroom.

“If you need anything, here’s the number for the bar. Call me.” He wiggled his eyebrows. “I look forward to helping in any way possible.”

“Thanks, you’ve already been more of a help than you could know.”

He turned to leave. There was a story in that too, he suspected.

* * * *

“Hi, Celia. I’m returning your call. What’s up?” She opened the note Aaron left her, read the lodges’ invitation to spend an added week on them for her trouble, and distractedly listened when Celia answered.

“Nathan came back and took all his stuff out today. Whenever you decide to come back, your apartment is all yours again and p.s. I had the locks changed.”

The previous pain Mac felt barely registered now. Instead what she did feel was mostly relief.

“Are you there? Did you hear what I said? Mac?”

“Yes, thanks. You’re a good friend. Have I ever told you that?”

“Sure. And we’re more than friends. We’re blood. You’d have done the same for me. Who was the hunk who answered the phone earlier? Is he as hot as his voice is? He had me thinking slow, sweet sex, and he only said ‘hello’.” Celia giggled. Her laugh was contagious.

“It must be something, because he does the same thing to me. And yes, he is as cute, no, even cuter than he sounds. Get this, he’s the lodge owner, well, one of them. He and his equally gorgeous business partner are old military buddies. There are two of them. One hotter than the other. Did you plan this?”

“You’re kidding. Two? If I had planned it, I’d sure as hell be there with you. What do you think?”

“Anyway, thanks for arranging this week. You’re the best aunt a girl could want. You emptied my house of my excess baggage, the fiancé, called in to work for me and arranged a week off at a quiet ski lodge overrun with great-looking guys. This place is full of male eye candy everywhere you look. Where did you find that brochure anyway?”

“Don’t you worry about it. How’s the skiing?”

“Well, there was a little problem.”

“What problem? I arranged everything.”

“When I arrived...I sort of sprained my ankle in the hallway. Well, it’s not really sprained, just twisted a bit. I have to stay off it for a few days. Oh, yeah and the doctor is cute too, so it wasn’t a big hardship letting him examine me.” Her voice dropped to a sexy whisper. “He was really thorough, too. Since then, I’ve been hanging out in the bar with the owners who feel guilty about me tripping on the rug.”

“You tripped over a rug, and you’re stuck with all that great looking testosterone, not to mention guilt-ridden hunky owners? The one with the slow sex for hours, maybe days, voice?”

“Yup, that would be the situation as it stands.” Mac knew she sounded way too pleased with the circumstances and couldn’t wipe the smile off her face.

Celia sounded suspicious. “You didn’t want to ski this weekend anyway, did you?”

Mac laughed. “You got me there. I’m over my old fear, but I guess Grandpa is rolling in his grave having me for a namesake. You know me too well. The bar, the fireplace and a good book are just what I need. Oh, not to mention the eye candy and the sexy ski lodge ownership is determined to pull me out of my sexual slump. I made the mistake of telling the one I’m off men, and now there seems to be a competition for which one can get me out of my rut first. I’ve got to admit they’re making me rethink my position.”

“Really? What about your old sexual fantasy? You know?”

“What? What are you talking about?”

“You know...? Two great looking guys, two men to make slow sensual love to you? Don’t you remember wishing for that last month when we got drunk and shared our deepest, darkest secret sexual fantasies?”

“I d-don’t... Oh, my gawd. Did I actually tell you about it...out loud?”

“Yup. And I told you...well, never mind. If you don’t remember, I’m not telling you now.”

“Wait, it’s coming back to me...I think. Ah, something about chains, bondage, multiple partners, a little spanking? Right?”

“Okay, so you remember. I suggest if you get a chance to fulfill your fantasy, take it, babe. I sure would. You may not get another chance. Live every day as if it’s your last.”

“Thanks, I think. What kind of a comment is that? Do you know something I don’t? Am I dying? Are you?”

“Ha, ha, ha. No.” Celia sounded un-amused. “Go for it is all I meant. You’ve wasted enough time with that loser who didn’t appreciate or ever satisfy you. Now it’s your turn for fulfillment. If you can grab it, take it. Don’t look back, my darling.”

“Thanks.” Mac decided to share a little. “I did.”

She told Celia about the kissing and the quick, sweet orgasm and had Celia cheering. “You go, girl. I’m in your corner.”

“One more thing? Will you call work for me to tell them I’ll be another week. Because of the accident, the guys have offered me a free week, to make up for this one. Maybe I’ll be well enough to ski by then.”

“I hope so. The guys and the slopes have something in common. You have to get back on the horse after you’ve been thrown. You’re doing well with the men so far, but you’ve got to get back on the slope, Mac.”

“I will. I promise. This tumble has just been a brief setback. I’ll work on the man problem while I’m recuperating. I don’t think the

fantasy is going to become a reality though. These two aren't the sharing kind."

"Well, keep up the good work and call me with updates. I live vicariously through your life at the moment."

"Bye for now." Mac hung up and picked up her cane. She went into the bathroom to run a tub. She'd elevate her foot on the ledge while she bathed in the Jacuzzi tub, running the bubbler and jets. The doctor said the circulation would be good for the swelling.

Chapter 4

Mac took off her clothes, looked at her full breasts and flaring hips and realized she had a body men admired. Why hadn't it been enough for Nathan. If only he knew how many nights she longed for more from him, how many times she'd finished herself off with her vibrator. They just weren't good for each other. In bed, he didn't work for her, and she obviously didn't work for him, but something about her appealed to Aaron and Trent. Oh, and the doctor seemed interested too.

Today Aaron had given her an orgasm, first orgasm that hadn't been self-induced in eight months, without even physically penetrating her. Then he had not even taken time for his own pleasure.

Although she'd broken up with Nathan when she found him in their bed with his two new bedfellows, he'd left his stuff behind, refusing to completely move out. Thus the need for this vacation. After waiting six months to start over, she'd been truly fed up and over it when Celia offered to help.

There'd been no remorse in dumping him, except for the wasted time, the unfulfilled year. But, she kept the engagement ring she'd paid for herself, and when she returned home, she planned to trade it in for some other piece of jewelry. A piece she hadn't decided on yet. Maybe a jewel studded...

She'd gone out and had her labia pierced soon after breaking it off with Nathan. *Not sexually adventurous my ass!* Adventure was going to become her middle name. Aaron had been surprised today when he discovered it. Pleasantly surprised, she could tell. She hadn't told

anyone about it—not even Celia. It had been like a right of passage. She was determined to experience sexual freedom for herself. When she pleased a man in the future, it would also be for her own pleasure. She hadn't expected to start so soon.

Today had thrown her off-guard. Thinking about sex had her insides clenching. The bubbles in the water caressed her body, teasing her sensitive skin. She brought herself close to one of the jets and let it beat against her clit. The sensation built the internal heat again. Her internal muscles spasmed, aching to grip something thick and hard.

She opened her eyes and looked into the dark, passionate expression on Trent's face, while he watched her arousal. He stood over her with burning hunger seared across his face.

With a voice so rough she could hardly decipher the words through his pleading tone, he offered, "Let me help, please." He squatted beside the tub, sitting on the side step, and reached into the water. He kissed her, ravishing her mouth as his hand cupped her breast. The texture of his rough palm grazing over her soft nipples felt exquisite. The tips puckered, begging for attention, and he nuzzled her breast with his rough bearded jaw. He took the first nipple in his mouth and nipped gently, then licked it until she wanted to scream.

She shocked herself by allowing him to kiss her and touch her the way he did with his fingers. He wouldn't allow her move away from the jet where she'd positioned her clit. The pulsing water continued its magic as the man performed his with his talented mouth and hands.

Mac thought she would explode when Trent reached down past her clit and reached for her bar. He tugged gently and smiled a predatory grin as he watched her arousal. "I want to watch you come," he growled low, guttural and harsh. "Come for me the way you came for him. No. Come harder. Come, baby, come," he urged as his hands and mouth seemed to be all over her body at once.

The bubbles tingled over her. The jets thumped a pulsing beat everywhere they touched as the man encouraged her orgasm, pinching her nipples, tweaking her clit, and sliding three thick fingers deep

inside her slit, testing her opening. Then he pressed his big thumb deep into her folds and stuck the tip of his forefinger into her rear passage. She came screaming his name, over and over as he watched. Satisfaction bloomed over his face.

“That’s right, baby—Trent. Trent gave you this pleasure and don’t you forget it.” He took her lips again, plunging inside with his tongue, stroking her mouth with a promise before he left the room.

When he closed the door behind him, Mac let out a groan she hadn’t known she held back and let her head roll back against the tub. As she tried to catch her breath, the internal spasms continued, letting up slowly. Every cell in her body balanced on a precarious sexual ledge, as if waiting for the next sensual assault. Within a few seconds, her muscles turned to soft mush and not an ounce of tension remained in her body.

So maybe this competitive thing between the two men isn’t such a bad thing, Mac decided. It certainly wasn’t a bad thing for her so far.

Instead of finishing her bath, she got out of the tub, wrapped the huge fluffy towel around her and limped across the room to the suite door and double latched it. She needed some rest if she planned to meet them tonight. Her body still burned hot from her bathtub encounter. She’d never had a man penetrate her anal opening before. It felt strangely satisfying, similar to the first time she ever had sex. The tight stretching sensation sent chills through her. Goosebumps had covered every inch of her skin before she’d erupted. That’s exactly what happened to her in the bath. Mac knew Trent studied her reactions, watching every nuance dance across her face, wanting to please her like she’d never been pleased before...and man, had he!

Two fantastic orgasms in one afternoon, and she hadn’t even had sexual intercourse with anyone. What would fucking them be like if not fucking them was this good? She giggled at the naughty thought. The excitement of anticipation thundered through her, making her cunt wet all over again. Maybe that was their purpose in the visits. If

so, it had worked. Even though Trent's intensity intimidated her a little, she wasn't really afraid of him.

A wolf. Aaron called him a wolf. Yes, a predator. Trent reminded her of a predator when he practically demanded the orgasm out of her. She rather liked that type of command from a man. And Aaron had coaxed and cajoled the first, tricking her into kissing him, teasing her into his touch. Yes, if there was justice in years of hapless unsatisfying sex, these two men were her reward.

Being naked under the down comforter with her skin rubbing sensually against the soft material made her envision the men on the bed surrounding her. She closed her eyes and thought of Aaron's mouth licking her nipple as she touched the other one herself. He'd growl iron hard and huge watching her. In her mind, Trent cupped her mound, pushing first one, then two and finally three fingers inside her. She touched her clit and massaged the sensitive nub.

Maybe she could get this out of her system before they all met tonight. She increased the speed on the nub, and tweaked her nipple, still imagining the feeling of Aaron's mouth traveling over her body while Trent's thick fingers pushed rhythmically into her cunt.

She wanted to open her eyes and see their faces looking down at her, but knew that would be impossible. Here in her bed she imagined what she really wanted as her body spurred forward toward completion.

She turned to her side and imagined herself straddling one leg over Aaron's hip as he penetrated her with his big hard cock.

Like the wolf he was, Trent approached her from behind, his mouth on her neck holding her in place. With his one hand on her breast, the other played with her bar, nudging her clit. Aaron had his one hand on her ass, squeezing her cheek as Trent pounded into her cunt, continuing his even thrusting movements, pumping rapidly behind her, undaunted by his friend's cock pressed deeply inside her channel.

Her fingers tangled in her bar, and she came hard as she imagined Aaron spurting into her while he held her face in his hand. Reaching down to a beaded nipple, she tugged. In her mind, Aaron pulled her by the hair and leaned into her to take a deep open-mouthed kiss as he plunged his cock against Trent's, divided only by her membrane. Mac felt her skin ready to erupt when she visualized Trent's cock twitching with desire inside her, then convulsing with the next pump, and releasing his seed, filling her. She plunged over the edge again, just as she imagined Trent had.

When she opened her eyes she was alone, and once more satisfied with her long-time fantasy. At least now she had faces to place with her fantasy men.

Both men would be horrified to know where her thoughts had taken them, and what she had imagined they did to each other and her in her fantasy. It made her laugh to think about grim Trent with Aaron's hand on his ass and his tongue down his throat.

God, she wanted to touch them. Lick them. She wanted to taste their cocks on her lips, and she wanted to feel them pulse until they ejaculated into her mouth. She had never wanted that with anyone else, not like she wanted it with them. Something about their scent made her hungry, and something about the way they tasted made her want more.

Mac got up and considered looking through her things, to decide what she'd to wear tonight. She felt unusually sexy, but going out in a horse drawn sleigh after dark in Colorado warranted lots of warm clothes. She'd have to settle for keeping sexy to the underwear. The hot-pink, lace-edged push-up bra and matching thong would be her secret weapon below the long johns and sweaters. If anyone got that far tonight, they would have earned their reward after all.

Chapter 5

Mac finished dressing and straightened up the mess she'd made of the bed with her afternoon fantasy. She'd just grabbed her coat out of the bedroom when she heard the tap on the door. She looked at the clock. Aaron was on time, maybe even a few minutes early. His gaze lifted to the safety latch when she unbolted the door. She recognized his disapproving expression beyond the door.

"Someone bothering you?" His attitude told her he suspected Trent had been there.

How did he know about Trent? She looked around for telltale evidence then decided to ignore his question.

Instead she opted to tease him with a sexy grin and her own question. "Should I put on my coat or will we be eating in?"

His eyes flashed at the double entendre without answering her question, "I made reservations for us downstairs. We'll eat there first and then take our sleigh ride. Dessert will be later. You look good enough to eat."

"Thank you, but I thought Trent was the wolf."

Aaron laughed. "I didn't say what I was or wasn't. I'll leave that up to you to decide." He flashed his white, toothy smile and a focused gaze that made her think *predator*. Cat, big cat. That's what he reminded her of—a sleek-muscled, golden mountain lion.

But she wasn't feeling much like a lamb to his lion tonight. She returned his smile with a feline grin, bringing an obvious stir to his groin. When he wiped the sweat off his upper lip, she hadn't missed that either.

"How's the ankle?"

“Just stiff. I feel silly with this stupid cane.”

“Keep using it and give the ankle a rest, at least for now.”

He took her coat and an elbow as he escorted her down the one flight of stairs to the restaurant. “I’m starving and I’ve heard so many good things about your restaurant.”

“Well, I don’t think you’ll be disappointed tonight. I took the liberty of asking your friend for your favorites today when she called to leave you the message. I hope you don’t mind.”

For a millisecond, the conversation about her secret fantasy popped into her mind, and she prayed Celia hadn’t shared more than her taste in food.

“What? Are you upset because I asked her to choose from our menu for you?”

“Uh, no. just thinking about something else. Thank you. How very thoughtful of you. Although, I might have surprised you. I have been thinking about broadening my experiences and expanding my tastes, lately.”

“Good. Then, I don’t think you’ll be disappointed in my selection for this evening.”

Something in the way he said it assured Mac he meant more than the dinner menu. “Neither do I,” Mac admitted frankly. All of her senses yearned for something different from the moment she first walked into this place.

She looked around when they got to the bottom landing. “Where’s Trent?”

He’s getting the sleigh ready and sulking. Shhh, I don’t want to talk about other men on our date.”

“Is this a date? I thought it was your retribution for my clumsiness. Tripping over a rug, which I might remind you was probably my own fault, is hardly cause for a date.”

“The rug should have been tacked down.” He looked concerned. “No matter. Retribution or not, it’s my pleasure to be with you.”

“Oh, you are so very charming, aren’t you?”

He smiled the smile that threatened to bring her to her knees. “I try.”

Dinner was perfect as promised, and not a thing put down in front of her had she ever tasted before. Everything smelled fresh, everything seemed different, and she blessed him for it.

“I needed this. How did you know?” she asked.

“I didn’t, I just guessed. At certain times in a person’s life, change can move them to a new plane. But they have to be ready for it. They have to embrace the change. You seemed to be there. Was I wrong?”

“No, you weren’t. I’m so ready for a change.”

“Then change is what I can offer. Come on. Let’s go drive Trent nuts.”

“Please, Aaron, I feel so bad about this.”

“Why, because he made you come screaming his name this afternoon?” There was no malice in his voice, no sign of jealousy, only a curious question.

She couldn’t help the embarrassed heat that crept into her cheeks. “Well, maybe that. But isn’t this all strange to you? It’s different for me.”

“This isn’t the same as anything you’ve ever done before. Change, right? Go with it, and see where it takes you. Trent and I are alright with it if you are. Don’t make this about us. Don’t worry so much. Okay?”

“Funny, Celia told me practically the same thing this afternoon.”

“What? That Trent and I are okay?” he teased her and chuckled.

“No, not that. That ‘go with it’ part.”

“Then it’s good advice from two smart people who have your best interests at heart.”

“Okay, if you say so, and...you’re sure about Trent.”

“Trust me, Trent is always cranky. He hardly ever smiles.”

“Sure he does...” She stopped herself before she finished her thought.

Aaron raised a brow. “He smiled. Nice work. It must have been when you shouted his name. He has a god-complex. Likes to hear his name called like the divine’s.”

Mac should have been annoyed to discover they’d been discussing her, but Aaron’s interpretation of the event made her laugh instead. “Shut up. I don’t want to talk about it.”

“I don’t know why not. He said the expression on your face should be bottled as an elixir. He was pretty impressed. So why did you lock the door?”

Mac suspected they’d get around to that at some point. She decided acting impudent would be her best defense. “I wanted to rest. It seems your little competition is exhausting me. Pleasurable or not, there’s a limit.”

“Is there?” Aaron said nothing more as they climbed into the sleigh. The warmers and the blankets made the seats cozy. Trent had done a perfect job preparing the ride for her and his competition.

“There’s hot cocoa for later and a few snacks in the bag under the seat. Enjoy,” Trent grumbled.

They cuddled up in the sleigh, and Trent snapped a command to the horses. They were on their way. The moon overhead, only a few nights away from full, reflected brightly on the snow-covered ground. Icicles covered the trees from the warmer sun-laden days and the sleigh pulled along quickly over the iced path. The bells jingled on the horses’ halters, making music in the silver night.

“This is so beautiful. What a wonderful experience. I’ve never done this before.”

“Ah, another first. Today has been a day full of firsts, right?”

“Yes...yes, it has. What a wonderful consequence of twisting my ankle.” Mac smiled, and Aaron reached under the blankets and brought her body against his. She could feel his erection pressing into her leg. He bent over her to take the kiss she’d been waiting for since he’d picked her up in her room.

Although Trent couldn't see them or what they were doing, she could feel his need as if he were sitting right beside her. Mac reminded herself of Aaron's earlier words. Neither would be jealous of the other. But while Aaron kissed her, she felt Trent calling to her.

"I know this is your turn, but I can't help feeling bad for Trent."

Aaron went cold. "Do you want Trent here, now, instead of me? If so, just ask. It's all right with me. I only want what you want."

"No, not...instead...not without you. I'm not sure what I want. I do want you. But, I want Trent too. Somehow, someday. I'm so confused."

Aaron smiled. He looked relieved. "Don't worry then. As long as you want me."

He resumed his explorations of her body, distracting her, cupping her between her legs. But, he kept outside her clothes, due to the dropping temperatures.

"This reminds me of a question I have for you."

"Oh, what is it?" Mac already started breathing hard and wished she could shed her clothes despite the frigid weather.

"The piercing was a great surprise. I'm looking forward to experiencing the added sensation of intercourse with that bar rubbing against my cock. I can't stop thinking about it. I've been hard as a rock since I discovered it. Here, feel." He moved her hand to his rock hard erection, and they both groaned. "God, I've been wanting you to touch me all day. Unzip me, let me out of these pants. I'm strangling. Take me in your hand. Rub me, Mac, please."

She did as he asked and he moaned when she shared her little wish in his ear. "All I've wanted to do, since I saw you fill up your pants with this big boy, is take you in my mouth and taste you."

"Don't say any more. I'm ready to come now. If you want to taste me, now would be a good time. I'm ready to explode with wanting you."

Mac put her head under the covers and tasted him. He was too large to take all off him into her mouth, but she licked and teased and

sucked until she felt his cock lurch once, twice, three times and his cum spurted into her mouth. She swallowed and licked him clean as he held her tightly against him. The sexual tension in him had eased, but she felt stronger than she could ever remember.

“Ah.” She popped up, out from under the covers and admitted, “another first.”

He clutched her firmly against his body and kissed her mouth with passion. “Thanks,” he said, “I’m honored to be a first. How was I?”

“You were delicious. I’d like to do that again. You smell fantastic, and even though I can’t take all of your length in my mouth, I’d really like to try to take more next time.”

“Christ!” Aaron exclaimed, then choked, his voice sound guttural. “Please, I beg you, stop.” He took her hand and put it back on his dick.

It was enormous and hard all over again.

“See what you’re doing to me?”

Trent’s voice boomed from the seat up front. “You? For God’s sake... You? I’ve already come in my hand up here twice listening to the two of you carrying on back there. I’m gonna have icicles on my balls at this rate. Have a little pity.”

Aaron burst out laughing as he rearranged his clothes. “You’re lucky you’re my partner, or I’d have to fire you for this invasion of a client’s privacy.”

Suddenly, something ran across the path in front of the horses. They shied and took off while Trent tried to control their flight. Aaron held Mac tightly against his body inside the sleigh. The horses ignored Trent’s commands and left the road.

The sleigh careened, first to one side then to the other, threatening to topple over or throw out the passengers holding on for dear life. Mac would always remember the frantic pace of the bells ringing with such contrast to the peaceful calm they’d sounded earlier.

* * * *

Mac strained against the weight she felt burying her in the snow drift. No matter how much pressure she exerted, something or someone had her trapped face down in the drift. She checked to see if she could move her hands, then tried to move her body. With one hand trapped beneath her, she used the other one by her face to dig out space in the snow to breathe. Then she started shouting for Aaron or Trent.

Please let them be all right.

She wiggled her body as much as she could to check for damaged body parts. Apparently she detected no broken bones. Everything appeared intact. Sore, stiff, trapped, but intact. She called out again with a muffled voice, buried under who knew how much snow.

The heavy weight on top of her groaned.

“Aaron, is that you?”

The groan came again, and the mass holding her trapped shifted a little.

“Aaron, try to move off me I’m suffocating under here. Trent, help. We’re here, under here.” If Trent was conscious maybe he could help get them out from under what Mac had come to realize was the tipped over sleigh. Somewhere she heard a horse whinny and another answer. Bells jingled. Funny the sound wasn’t pleasant like it had been before the sleigh turned into a runaway train.

She dug a larger hole for her face and kept calling out for help. Aaron had gone silent again, unmoving. Somewhere by her left arm she felt the snow move, then once more. She started digging frantically in that direction with her free hand until she broke through and grabbed the first thing she could. A large wet nose.

Air. She took a deep breath—air. Something warm and wet nudged her hand. Her fingers wrapped around a leather strap with bells. Mac laughed. The horse kept nudging her hand. “Now’s not the time for an apology, just pull me out. Back up—back, back, boy.”

Mac had no idea whether the horse understood or if it obeyed her command. Maybe it was a coincidence that he turned away and

incidentally dragged Mac with him as she hung on to the reins for dear life. In any case, she was relieved to be free.

Still stuck under the sleigh, Aaron at least had a larger pocket of air without Mac taking up the space. She dug her escape opening wider to allow in even more air. Trying to rouse him, she begged him to wake up. No response. Frustrated from digging, she finally collapsed in a heap, breathing huge gulps of air deeply into her lungs.

Within moments the horse returned and nudged her again. She looked around to get her bearings, trying to figure out what he wanted. What did he expect from her when she could still hardly move?

“Trent, where are you?” she called. She scanned the area before rolling to her stomach and struggling to her knees. She tried to stand. When the horse nudged her again, she toppled over. “Not a smart move if you’re really looking to help,” she said as she glared back at the horse. Her ankle still felt stiff, and now she could add a few more bruises and bumps to her list of complaints.

The horse whinnied, this time getting her attention. He snorted and pushed her again. Then he headed into the dense forest along the trail they’d just plowed through. Mac followed the horse, not wanting to stray far from Aaron, but hoped she would find Trent somewhere around in better condition. She wished she’d had the presence of mind to grab her hat as she dragged herself out from under the snow drift but now all she could do was pull her turtleneck sweater higher around her cheeks.

Apparently the other horse had run off, and all she could make out in the pale moonlight were tracks trampled over by her, the sleigh and the horses. She had to get back and help Aaron. There was no sign of Trent anywhere along the trail. The horse whinnied again. This time she heard fear as he raced past her and once again knocked her on her ass.

That’s when she saw the wolf.

Chapter 6

The wolf got up off the ground cautiously, and limped his way back toward her and the sleigh. The horse must have gotten in a kick. Even at a distance, the wolf looked bigger than she imagined one to be, and not because she sat unceremoniously in the snow on her butt. Now she understood why they told those big bad wolf tales, and in her opinion, Little Red Riding Hood had damn good reason to be worried.

She'd watched enough National Geographic specials to know this was no ordinary wolf. Its pale gold eyes shone bright within a face beautifully marked in grays on black, but the rest of its muscles rippled beneath glossy solid black fur. When the wolf stared at her, something in its expression seemed familiar, challenging, and neither of them dared breathe. She couldn't tear her eyes away, but not from being paralyzed with fear. No, to the contrary, all she could think about was how magnificent the creature standing before her appeared.

The wolf blinked and started to dig under the sleigh. Mac still couldn't move. What was it doing? She jumped up when realization dawned.

"Oh no. Oh my God, no, shoo. Shoo." The wolf was after Aaron. She looked around for a weapon of sorts. She found nothing, not even a stick big enough to chase it away. Mac grabbed a handful of snow and packed it into a ball. She threw it at the wolf. It ignored her, while digging in larger and larger circles around the sleigh. Mac threw snowball after snowball at it, trying to distract the wolf from Aaron. She circled, noticed the wolf was a male, and pounded him from behind until he turned on her. Facing her, he growled. He caught the

last snowball in his mouth and sneezed his disgust before shaking and trotting off into the woods.

Mac crawled tentatively on her hands and knees to the sleigh. She never took her eyes off the path the black wolf had taken until she got to the area around the sleigh where the wolf had dug. He'd done a good enough job so she could reach Aaron.

"Now would be a good time for the horse to return." She could have used some help dragging Aaron out from under the sleigh.

Taking a quick look around, and with obviously no further help coming from the animal world, she grabbed Aaron's ankles and pulled. She plopped on her already sore butt. He moved, not much, but enough to give her hope.

"Come on, Aaron, wake up. I'm going to need your help if we're going to find Trent and get out of here." She worried her lowered lip. Trent would have come looking for them if he could. She wasn't sure how far they'd come before the sleigh broke free of the horses. She tried to remember the last time she'd heard from Trent, but couldn't recall just exactly when she'd seen him fly out of the front seat.

Aaron had been unconscious and buried in the snow for a long time. If he hadn't groaned earlier, she would have been more concerned. She kept up a diatribe of conversation to the unconscious man as she struggled to free his body.

She pulled, and bit by bit, more of his body appeared from under the sleigh. As soon as she had him out, she could go back in and retrieve the blankets and the food. She wasn't looking forward to climbing back into that hole. But who knew how long it would be before help came? They'd need all the blankets and supplies they could dig up.

No sooner had she returned from her last trip under the sleigh when she heard Trent's voice calling her. "Trent, where are you? Keep talking." Mac followed the sound of his voice and discovered him not far along the path where the wolf had entered the tree-line.

He looked a mess, but according to him, he thought he only had one or two broken ribs.

Mac thought broken ribs sounded painful, but who was she to argue with a man who growled when he spoke.

“Where’s Aaron?” he asked.

“Not far from here. Can you walk?” she asked. He nodded and she reached down to support him when he tried to get up.

“Is your ankle okay?” Trent asked and quickly pulled away from her as if his weight would be too much of a burden.

She put her arm back around his waist, being careful of his ribs. “Look at me. A wrenched ankle is the least of our worries right now. We need to help Aaron. He hasn’t made a sound since right after we flipped.”

She tugged at Trent to hurry. Once someone else assured her Aaron was fine, she’d relax. Until then, her insides felt like a tight spring waiting to snap.

Trent didn’t argue with the pace she set. When he saw the overturned sleigh and the body of his friend in the snow, he grunted.

Mac had bundled Aaron up in the blankets with his head slightly elevated on one of the seat cushions. She’d done all she knew to manage the situation, now she’d let Trent take over.

“If only every breath I inhale didn’t feel like I was losing air instead of gaining it,” he complained. She watched him wince in pain as she brushed against his side.

“I’m so sorry. You need to rest, but we have to find shelter first. Can you keep up?”

He turned, and Mac swore she saw him sniff the air.

“There’s a cottage up the path on the right. It’s not too far to walk, but it won’t be easy dragging Aaron. We’ll have to put something together to carry him on.” Each word Trent spoke sounded painful to Mac.

“Why don’t you sit down and try to stay warm with Aaron? He could use your body heat, and you could use his while I get more supplies out of the sleigh.”

Trent’s eyebrows lifted at her suggestion.

“Talk to him and keep him with us.”

Mac organized the provisions, tying them up in separate bundles, rolled Aaron slightly over to put one side of the blanket under him, and then gently turned him over to pull the other side out. She placed the folded quilt beneath him for padding, tied his feet together outside around the bottom of the blanket, and placed the rest of the extra blankets on top of him.

When she looked around she noticed two sticks. She tied their individual bundles of provisions to them and handed one to Trent. Where were these sticks when she’d needed to ward off the wolf?

“Oh, I forgot to tell you, a very large wolf was here earlier, so watch out. Didn’t you see him? He had to have gone right past you on the path. I chased him away from Aaron by throwing snowballs at him.”

Trent grimaced with what looked like an attempt at a smile. “Snowballs? At a wolf? First of all, there are no wolves this far south. Must’ve been a coyote.” Every word he spoke sounded filled with pain.

“Okay, okay. Stop talking. Catch your breath and lead on.” Mac grabbed her side of the blanket and began to drag Aaron as Trent did his best on the other side. It was going to be slow work, and she hoped the padding she’d added to the makeshift travois would protect Aaron from the bruising terrain. They had to get to shelter soon. Light flakes of snow began to fall and got thicker with each step they took.

Exhaustion and pain caused them to stop several times to rest. When they did, Mac adjusted Aaron’s blankets and checked Trent’s injuries while he grumbled. She was afraid to sit too long, sure if she stopped to think through the last few hours, she’d start screaming and wouldn’t stop. She’d never been the adventurous one in the family.

Not since she'd broken her leg in the skiing accident ten years ago. They'd said she had promise—they'd spoken in terms of the Olympics—and then she fell. The leg healed good as new, but she came to realize she wasn't cut out for taking chances. Something inside her heart never healed.

Now look at her. In the deep dark woods of Colorado, with two usually capable men in a dangerous bind, and tonight they needed her to get them out of this. Mac shook her head as she got up to start walking again. If they depended on her, then they could all be in deep trouble. *No!* She wouldn't think about herself like that. So far she'd handled the challenges and handled them well. She'd continue to do whatever was necessary to get them to safety.

Trent remained quiet and focused. He grunted for her to turn right and follow the narrow path downhill around to the east side of the mountain. At least the snow wouldn't accumulate as quickly here and the travois slid easily over the iced path.

"It's not far now," Trent reassured her.

She didn't acknowledge him, focused only on the path ahead. She could do this.

"Stop." Trent pulled up short. She wanted to drop the supplies and Aaron, and drop dead in her tracks. But she looked up at Trent and thought she saw the wolf in his dark brown eyes. For a moment they flashed gold like the wolf's when he looked at her. "We're here. Let me check it out first and make sure we aren't barging in on any bears or such." He did smile then, even though it had to have hurt with the swollen lip he sported.

The smile he gave her warmed her from the inside out. He added, "We have to get Aaron to shelter and warm him up. He's always hated the cold. I never understood how he could stand the summer heat."

Mac looked forward to a warm fire. The wind began to howl and the cabin looked cozy and inviting after the night's events. She hoped

Aaron would come around when they got his body temperature back up.

Trent dropped his tramp stick and bag to help Mac drag Aaron inside. Once they were beyond the sill, he stepped out to bring the rest of their things in by himself. Then he closed the door behind him.

Mac hardly had time to look the place over before Trent had a fire going in the fireplace, and he directed her to help him move Aaron close to it. He piled the dry blankets around his friend, efficiently working despite his earlier injuries, and then searched the cabin for anything they could use. He went through a doorway and came out with towels.

Chapter 7

“Take off your clothes,” Trent demanded. He stripped himself and Aaron down to the skin while she contemplated his order. Well, not much had changed in the last few hours, Mac thought. He was still demanding and arrogant.

He looked up and sneered at her modesty. “If you’re wet, you’re more likely to get frostbite. Dry off and hang your stuff over those chairs to dry.” He gestured to the chair.

Wrapping a large towel around his hips, concealing himself from the waist down, his voice deepened when he threatened, “Then come here. I’ll warm you up.”

Back at the lodge, when each of the men had pleased her, they’d remained fully dressed. Now as she stared at Trent’s chest, she understood his physical power. He was more glorious than anything she’d ever seen before. His defined muscles rippled in the firelight as he worked over Aaron.

She noticed scratches and bruises covered him. My God, what was wrong with her. The poor man stood there injured, and she ogled him while he tried to save his friend’s life. She shook her thoughtful self back and went over to help remove Aaron’s shirt and pants. *Oh my*, she couldn’t help the intimate thoughts his naked body evoked when she remembered taking his cock into her mouth.

Trent growled. “I’ve got it. Take off your clothes and come over here and get under the quilt with Aaron. Now.”

He handed her the towel, and she did what he told her. She couldn’t believe she felt somewhat self-conscious after what they’d done earlier today.

Trent threw the last of their clothes over a chair and dove under the quilts with her. He reached out to grab a couple of the heavy down comforters they'd brought along and buried all three of them under them.

"Okay, now we have a job to do. Crawl over to the other side of Aaron and press your body up against his." Trent had turned Aaron on his side to take advantage of more surface space. "I'll take this side. Now start rubbing him all over. Get his circulation going." He started rubbing Aaron down, demonstrating what his friend needed.

"He's been lying around freezing while we've been busting our asses. But at least the work kept our blood circulating. That's it. Good, just like that. We'll have him warmed up in no time."

"But he's shaking all over."

"That's how he'll get his own body temperature up. The shaking is good."

"Should I keep talking to him?"

"Yes, that's right. Let's bring him back from his little vacation."

Mac could feel the fire on her back, and the needles and pins poking her extremities as circulation returned into her own limbs. A low rumble emerged from deep within Aaron's chest.

"Did he just growl?"

Trent stopped rubbing her arm and really looked at her, like he wanted to tell her something, something important. But instead of speaking his mind, she recognized the minute he reconsidered and said, "You're exhausted."

"Do you think he'll be okay?" Her arms circled Aaron's waist and Trent wrapped his arms around them both, holding them tightly as Aaron shivered.

"Sure, he'll be fine. We've been through far worse. He's too hard-headed to let a little bump do him in. Besides, he's got you and me. Right?"

She nodded. "What about you? Are you breathing okay? How're your ribs?"

He sounded better. “I heal fast. They probably weren’t broken, just bruised. Relax.”

He stroked circles over her back, soothing and comforting. Aaron’s shivering slowed, and her hooded eyes dropped, closing in the soothing warmth from the fire and the men in her arms.

Sometime during the night, Trent shifted them all around and placed Aaron closest to the fire and sandwiched Mac between them. Trent whispered in her ear, “I’ve had enough of cuddling Aaron’s cold ass.”

“He seems unusually warm now. Could he have a fever?”

“Nah, his body temperature runs higher than most.”

“Maybe that’s because he has so much body hair.”

“Nah, he’s normal. It’s probably your imagination.”

“Maybe,” she admitted. She was so very tired and probably imagining all this.

Aaron groaned and moaned as Trent moved him around. “His grumblings are a good sign.” Trent assured her that Aaron would be alright by morning and turned her away from the other man.

Cocooned between two hard, warm bodies, smelling deliciously like wood smoke and man, Mac took advantage and pressed her face into Trent’s muscular chest. The dark hair lightly sprinkling across his pecs tickled her nose. It was denser down the middle, and she heated from the inside imagining following the trail. She wanted to go where it would lead her, to the thick erection poking her in the stomach. Someone’s hand cupped a breast and another her butt.

She inhaled the scent of Trent into her lungs and wanted to lick her way down to sample the cock rubbing against her. Remembering the taste of Aaron’s essence in her mouth, she loved the power she felt pulling his control from him as she sucked his cock dry. Mac loved how strong she grew as she swallowed his seed and wondered at how good he tasted. She recalled Trent’s complaints. Poor Trent. She’d been feeling sorry for herself up to now, and the poor man’s night had been much worse.

Mac couldn't resist touching his nipple. He shuddered and pressed her head down against his chest under the covers. She ran her lips over his muscular chest and paused at his tight male nipples. She licked one and sucked. She trailed her lips behind her fingertips, down his stomach along the fine trail. She cupped his balls in her hand and squeezed gently. Lifting them, she massaged them as she took his anxious cock into her mouth.

"Mmmm, good."

"Uhhh, God. Oh God, thank you." He held her face between his hands as she licked and sucked her way over his cock and balls. His fingers began exploring all her nooks and crannies when she turned upside down to devote more attention to taking him deeper down her throat. She'd never get all of him in, but she'd give him what pleasure she could. He couldn't stop moaning with satisfaction as she played with his sensitive crown, and with each of his guttural male groans, her arousal heightened. Her wet fluid filled her cunt and slipped between her folds. Trent licked the slit and tongued the bar.

She scooted away and turned, wanting this moment to be for him. Her breasts rested under his balls as she took him back in her mouth. She pushed her breasts against his thighs as she sucked harder and deeper, faster, feeling his cock stutter in her mouth a moment from erupting. She put a little pressure behind his balls with a finger and took him as deep as she could, waiting for the spurt that would fill her throat, strengthen her and satisfy her. Would he taste like Aaron? Would his cum increase her strength as Aaron's had?

Trent's cock began to jerk, squirting his cum—thick, rich, and delicious—into her mouth. She closed her eyes and swallowed. "Mmm, you taste so good, different. I don't think I could ever get enough of you."

Trent held her head in his hands and whispered, "Mac, if you only knew how much I've prayed for just that. Your tongue is deadly. Has anyone ever told you that?"

“I’ve never done this before...well, before Aaron...in the sleigh...earlier.” She felt herself heat up thinking about going down on Aaron with Trent up front jacking off in his hand.

“No wonder he was so vocal. Your mouth is so freaking hot. Baby, you could bring a dead man to completion.” He dragged her up his chest and assaulted her mouth with his.

She stopped him and nipped his lip. “Your mouth is pretty awesome too,” Mac said as she cupped his face in her hands this time. He bent over and playfully nipped at her breast. Then he slowed down and took her nipple between his lips, laving it with his tongue, and suckled her.

Her breath came hard and fast, and Aaron’s morning erection hadn’t been hindered by last night’s ordeal. She felt it nudge between her butt cheeks as if it were a divining rod looking for water. He draped an arm around her and caressed her other breast as he slipped his cock between her legs, rubbing against her wet folds, looking for entrance.

The man isn’t fully conscious and he’s sexually dangerous.

Her skin felt somehow different, too tight. Great, she wasn’t even comfortable in her own skin anymore. She was hot and itchy again. Goosebumps rose over every millimeter of her skin. Both men soothed her with whispered words, breathing hotly on her neck. Their mouths, tongues, hands, and fingers, roamed her body—skin against skin. Hard, hot cocks and rock hard muscles pressed against her, stimulating every opening.

Her all-time favorite sexual fantasy surrounded her like the men she desired. Only this reality seemed better than anything she’d ever fantasized about. Aaron and Trent met and surpassed every fantasy man she’d ever imagined. Would she be brave enough to take what opportunity offered in such a perfect situation? They’d been thrown together. The men were friends and familiar enough with each other to delve into this type of sexual adventure—here together, already naked under the comforter, and touching. Yes, touching, entwined in

each other's bodies, the men didn't act like they'd mind sharing now if they had to.

"What's happening to me? I've never been like this before. I...I'm so sexually needy. Please, I need you inside me...both of you." Was that her voice begging to be taken by both of them? She could hardly believe she'd lost her mind enough to ask, let alone beg.

Although they both worked her over pretty well, it was Trent who slid his fingers deep into her cunt, touching her womb, taking her breath away. Aaron slipped a finger in her ass, and waited until she wiggled back against him looking for more. He pulled out and added a second finger before they both plunged into her with only their fingers. The men pumped until she screamed with pleasure and collapsed between them, temporarily satisfied.

With Aaron lying on his side to her right and Trent on her left, first one kissed her then the other. How lovely to be so cocooned.

She rose up on her knees between them, leaned over and rubbed her hand up the full, long length of them. The men's cocks fascinated her, swelling as she appraised them. Their hard muscled lengths, engorged with blood, jutted high and curved up toward their abs. Plump rounded crowns and thick throbbing veins pulsed beneath her hands as she stroked their darkened penises.

Finally she asked the one question bothering her, "Why not take me this way?" Both men knew what she wanted and strained against their own desire. Neither had penetrated her yet with his cock.

"Not yet, but soon. You have to be prepared." Aaron glanced over at Trent with a knowing look in his eyes then turned to her. "Mac, I need you sweetheart. My need is great." He slipped lower with his hips turned toward her and touched her swollen lips, urging her head to his engorged cock. "Lick right there. Oh, baby that's so good. Right. Suck me, take my strength and the power I offer."

Mac felt mesmerized by his words, but all her focus remained on the thick cock dancing before her eyes with tasty cum building up and

waiting for her to draw it out. She took a hold of it with her lips and licked, then she sucked.

Trent slid down so his cock was level with her chin. While she worked Aaron's cock in her mouth, Trent's twitched beside her until she took pity on him.

Then kneeling between the two men's hips, taking turns with her mouth and hands, she feasted on two of the finest cocks. One by one, they spilled their seed into her mouth and she licked then both clean, leaving not a drop spilt. Like a cat lapping milk, she ran her tongue over her lips and grinned.

When the men were spent, she spread her legs to pleasure herself seated across from them as they watched. The bold behavior went beyond even her fantasies. Trent and Aaron concentrated on her actions with lowered lids and rising staffs, allowing her to work herself, to discover her own pleasure. All the while, she sensed not touching her drove them to distraction.

She felt their desire as if it were her own. As her breath quickened, so did theirs. The three seemed bound in their sexual sensations. What they felt, she felt, what she felt, so did they.

Her red, hot lower lips glistened with the juices flowing from her cunt. Her folds had swollen, separating. Her labia, fat with desire, scented with her liquid perfume, called to the men, begging. Engorged with blood, her clit protruded from her folds, demanding to be touched. She spread her legs wider, tilted higher, and reached back ringing her anal opening. Both men let out a breath and groaned as she pressed a finger in. Took it out. Pressed it back and penetrated her hole with two fingers.

Trent and Aaron had their hands wrapped around their cocks, two-fisting their lengths, squeezing the base to hold back the building pressure.

"The temptation to take her is almost too hard to resist," Trent growled.

“Almost too great. No one warned us she’d be like this before the change.” Aaron agreed.

Mac half listened to what they said. Her attention drifted in a dreamy haze, as if she saw the world through a cloudy mist. Then the room grew brighter, and when she squinted, the light became bearable again.

The men pumped harder, ejaculating into their hands while she brought herself to completion. Then something happened. She sniffed the air and smelled the scent of the men. Through slanted eyes she watched them hold out the cum in their own hands as if their seed was an offering. When she met their gazes she realized something had changed.

* * * *

She stalked them. Slowly approaching, she sniffed first and then licked the cum off Trent’s outstretched hands. When she finished, she turned and did the same to Aaron’s.

He asked, his voice barely a whisper, “Does she know what’s happening?”

Trent sucked in a deep breath when she sniffed and nuzzled his balls. He didn’t move and quietly said, “I’m tempted to let her lick them clean, but my good sense tells me she’s too unstable in her semi-shifted form. No, she’s still confused. She’s not ready to come to terms with this yet.”

Her body slid over his, and he said, “The change is complete.” Then she turned and did a lazy glide over Aaron. His words confused her. Her long snow white tail flicked past her range of vision, and she stopped to curiously inspect it. She yawned, found a sunny spot on the floor, groomed herself for a few minutes, then stretched out and fell asleep.

Both men let out the breath they held.

Trent got up off the floor and went into the bathroom to wash up.

Aaron pulled on his pants and smiled at Mac curled lazily within the little circle of sunshine.

“Keep your eye on her, Aaron. We have to be careful. She works so damn hard to please us. Even last night, she was strong enough to save you without me.”

“Yeah, she’s a sexual siren with a generous heart, and way beyond my expectations for a mate.”

“...and she’s ours.”

“Yeah, but what is she, Trent? She’s so beautiful. She’s breathtaking.”

“She’s an Arctic snow leopard. Rare. There aren’t any others who can shape shift as one anymore.”

“Then she’s magical and powerful.”

“Yes, and although she’s our mate, she will never entirely belong to us.”

“I know, but do you understand that, Trent? Can you accept a mate like that? One who’ll only ever belong to herself? One we will belong to?”

Trent walked out into the center of the room and watched Mac sleep. “Who could ever fully possess such a creature? Who would want to? Her soul is so bright it hurts my eyes.”

“So what are we going to tell her? And when?”

“Something, soon. I think she already suspects things aren’t what she’s always believed. She saw my wolf, and then my eyes turned last night with my pain, and you shimmered into your form when your temperature returned. At the time, I told her she was tired, mistaken.”

Trent moved around the room cleaning up, preparing. “She hit me in the balls with a snowball to save you—to frighten off the wolf.”

“What?”

“You heard me. My balls! I was so damned shocked I couldn’t do anything. I wanted to grab her and beg her to lick them warm. Will this lust never end? Jesus, my cock’s been hard since I laid eyes on her.”

“No shit! I no sooner come, and I’m ready for her again. Isn’t the bond supposed to actually grow stronger between us?”

“If it does, God help us.” Trent shook his head.

Maybe when our psychic bond connects, it’ll soothe the lust and intensify the emotional connection between us when we mate.”

Trent scrubbed his hands down his face. “Is she going to wonder why we didn’t go looking for her sooner?”

“Dammit, Trent, don’t start questioning our goal now for God’s sake.”

“No, you’re right. How were we to know she needed two strong, bonded alpha males? She could never reach her potential with one male alone.”

“The destiny was ours—all of ours.”

“Shit, what will she think when she wakes?” Aaron worried.

A slight smile formed on Trent’s lips. “That she fell asleep with two men and woke up with a mountain lion and a wolf?” He tried to lighten the moment.

“Will she accept us?”

“I think she’ll recognize us. She’s taken enough of our essence into her, Cat boy. We’ll be safe as long as she’s sexually satisfied while she goes through the remainder of her transition.”

“You sure you can handle her, Dog boy?”

“That’s Wolf man to you.” He grinned the big bad wolf smile and added, “Oh, I’m sure I can handle satisfying her. It was my name she screamed when I made she come.”

“See, see, I told her you’d never let me forget that.”

The sun slipped into the cabin through the window even there in the dense woods. After an hour or so, Mac’s deep breathing turned to muffled snores.

Chapter 8

As they waited for the miracle of the transformation to complete, Aaron sorted through the meager supplies they brought and said, “She’s going to need to eat when she wakes.”

Trent understood Mac would be famished when she woke up. “Then for all our sakes, you better fix a meal out of the stores left behind in the cabin to tide her over until I can hunt up something more substantial, or we might be dinner.”

Within a few moments, Aaron had the canned stew simmering in a pot on the wood burning stove while the delicious aroma wafted through the little cabin.

Mac shimmered back into her human form, cat-stretched, and curled back up temptingly on the floor in front of them, naked and voluptuous.

Even knowing what they knew, both men’s cocks sprang to attention. Being someone’s dinner should have been a sobering thought, but it seemed certain parts of their anatomy had minds of their own. Since they’d established the bond between them last night, their bodies wouldn’t be denied.

Aaron walked over, picked up a blanket from in front of the fire where they’d all slept together, and cautiously covered her. Mac stretched out, moving to her side with a hand beneath her head. Looking much like a cherub, she continued to sleep, practically purring and then let out a deep rumble.

Trent looked at Aaron acknowledging the danger he hadn’t missed. A few distinct, residual feline traits remained, affecting her manner. Instead of filling him with apprehension, the fact seemed to

increase his interest. And he wasn't alone. He glanced at Aaron's groin and noticed his boner. Each spit out filthy superlatives over their lack of self-control before they turned back to the kitchen area to finish cooking.

"Feed her this, now." Trent ordered as he pulled off his jeans. "I'll go hunt up fresh meat. And Aaron, be careful while I'm gone." He glanced over at Mac and swore her fingernails had grown as she slept. "She's unstable right now. Be very careful."

He shrugged out of his shirt and tapped a threatening finger on Aaron's chest. "Don't think about touching her without me. We can't risk it yet."

"I know. Stop worrying and go hunt up something warm-blooded that will satisfy all of us." His fangs lengthened slightly in his mouth at the thought of warm red meat, and he watched Trent remove the rest of his clothes before he shifted.

Trent didn't shimmer with the change like Mac had. He furred up, darkening and growing larger. Bones crunched and muscles exploded before he dropped to all fours. His black glossy coat covered his broad chest and sturdy frame. Facial markings surrounding bright golden eyes lent an air of familiarity to the wolf's face as he looked back at Aaron.

The wolf's paler version of his human dark brown eyes was less different than the silver color they turned when he changed into his Werewolf form, the larger more dangerous beast he turned into at the height of the full moon. And as a man, or wolf, or Were, Aaron noted with a grin, Trent's frowning, grumpy disposition glared back at him from behind those eyes.

Trent and Aaron were equals in all forms but one. When Trent turned Were—larger, more unpredictable and deadlier than any other shape-shifter beast known—there wasn't any power strong enough to stop him, until Aaron turned Were.

Every full moon, Trent went into the mountains to suffer his fate alone and wait for the moon to wane, then Aaron would join him. Every time until this one.

This time, when the moon reached its zenith, Aaron had to stay to protect Mac from Trent's monster. She wasn't ready to face the Werewolf, yet. Hopefully, when the time came, they could subdue it together.

Aaron watched Mac wake up. She shook her head and looked under the blanket. He figured she was checking out her body for hair and a tail. He couldn't help the smile creeping up on him. He remembered his first change. Trent had survived his alone out in the woods away from everyone, but he'd been there for Aaron when his time had come. Six months older, Trent knew how to help Aaron through his change.

The older female Werecoat knew just what to do when Trent threw Aaron into the room with her and locked them in. His body responded, remembering his first sexual encounter in his true form. Man, was he surprised when she drew the mountain lion out in him. Sweat broke out on his upper lip thinking about the things that she-devil had done to him. His skin tingled now thinking about the heightened arousals. He felt his body threatening the change.

Mac still studied her body beneath the blanket.

"Hey, how are you doing over there?" Aaron asked, switching his thoughts to his task.

"I...I'm fine. I had such a strange dream, and I don't know where it started or when I fell asleep. Didn't I sleep with you last night, over by the fire?"

"Yes, I think so. I was still pretty groggy, but I'd never forget that sweet, soft body warming me up. After I got up to relieve myself, you had moved off. I figured you needed your own space. By the way, did I thank you for saving my life last night?"

"Don't be silly, I didn't save anyone's life."

“Sure, you did. Trent told me what happened and how you helped me. If he’s impressed with your heroics, I know I should be. He doesn’t give praise easily.”

Mac blushed and looked around. “Where is Trent anyway?” She had a puzzled look on her face and sat wrapped within the blanket, occasionally glancing at her hands as if she didn’t quite recognize them as her own.

“He went out to scout around. The blizzard dumped a ton of snow last night, and a mountain of it has us stuck out here. He’s checking to see if we should wait it out or try to head back to the lodge.”

“Is that food I smell cooking?” Mac asked. “I’m starving.”

Aaron watched her closely because he thought she’d snarled a little when she spoke.

“Over here.” He shoved a plate of food in front of her. He wasn’t taking any chances. He didn’t relish fighting off an out of control, newly turned Snow leopard. Mate or no mate, in this state she could be dangerous.

“Here eat, please. Help yourself.”

Mac dove into the platter of food and didn’t stop or look up until she devoured it all. She licked her lips and each finger before she stopped and glanced around with a puzzled expression on her face.

“Oh, my. I...I didn’t leave any for you or Trent. I don’t know what’s come over me.”

“Don’t worry, darlin’, we already ate. Trent’s a good hunter. I’m sure he’ll bring back something.”

“I’m suddenly tired again. Would you mind if I took a little nap before Trent gets back?”

“No, you go ahead, rest. From what Trent said, you deserve it. Dragging me here couldn’t have been easy work.”

Mac smiled at him, and his insides jerked awake. The woman’s full potential hadn’t emerged yet, but he was getting to watch. He wondered if he’d survive her transformation. Every minute she grew more alluring.

“Aaron, last night you had me so worried.” She frowned as she walked back to her spot in the sun. “A wolf tried to attack you. At least, that’s what I thought. He tried to get at you by digging under the sleigh, and I thought he’d hurt you. I couldn’t find anything to ward him off, so I threw snow balls at him.” She smirked. “I got him...you know...? Where it counts. And he almost looked insulted before he ran off.”

They both laughed at the picture she’d just described.

“Snowballs, huh? Who would have thought you could fight off a wolf with snowballs?” Aaron laughed again thinking about Trent getting nailed between the legs with all that cold snow. “Poor guy probably sucked his testicles up into his body after that for a while.”

“Trent said wolves weren’t native to this area. That they didn’t usually venture this far south.” She curled up in the sun and laid her head on an arm.

“He’s right, but every once in a while a lone wolf might venture south looking for new stomping grounds.” Aaron wanted to climb under the blanket with her when she looked at him with those slanted cat eyes all rounded, innocent and questioning.

“Mac, you rest, I’ll go clean up.”

Chapter 9

Her tail flicked at Aaron's legs before she wrapped her sleek, soft body around him, purring a low hum, seductive and telling. He didn't dare breathe. Inhaling would draw her scent in and bring out his cat. Exhaling would expose his fear and bring out hers.

Trent would be pissed if Aaron took her before he returned. But if his cat emerged, there'd be no stopping him. He could feel his change threatening. Something about her slow, seductive dance brought out his inner beast.

Her body rubbed sinuously against his. Her nose dangerously nuzzled his crotch. He knew what she wanted, but he wasn't willing to play with her wild cat while he remained in human form. He'd be dinner before she climaxed.

The hair on his body started to elongate. Stop, he had to stop himself from changing. She nudged him again.

When he didn't respond, she jumped up with her big furry paws on his chest. She head butted him, dropped down, and turned tail.

He sniffed the air. The nails on his hands turned into claws right before he felt the change burst from him like it never had before. The cat in Mac looked over her shoulder and flicked her tail at him. He pounced, holding her neck gripped firmly between his massive jaws. He held her smaller body beneath his, and she stilled as he straddled her, but her snarl warned him to be gentle.

The door burst open, letting in the smell of raw meat, blood and death, followed by a growling Trent. He stepped inside, all human male, furious and naked.

* * * *

Trent dropped the venison carcass at his feet. “Get off her,” he boomed. “Not without me, damn it. I warned you.”

He crossed the room without a thought to his own safety and shoved the massive mountain lion away from the dainty Arctic snow leopard. Growls erupted all around. Trent ignored them, knowing the smell of blood would overcome the cats’ sexual needs. For the moment, at least. He was right. Both cats turned toward the fresh meat, snarling, but temporarily appeased.

Trent went to the bowl of warm water by the fire to clean up before putting his clothes back on. He leaned an elbow on the mantel and watched the cats eat. He smiled when Mac took a swipe at Aaron and grinned as his big bad friend slowly backed off.

Until they established the bond between them, they would have to remain here. They were all too unstable in their present condition, since the change could take over anytime, anywhere.

The blizzard hadn’t let up, and the full moon approached, only a night or two off now. Trent felt his muscles twitch in anticipation. The wild blood pumped through him, filled him. So did concern. What would Mac think about him in his other form? She might be able to handle his wolf, but what about the monster? As a Werewolf, the only creatures safe from him were other Were-beasts.

When Mac finished eating, the mountain lion looked almost puzzled as he studied the snow leopard grooming herself with indifference to either male. She looked over at Trent with cat-like curiosity. Those slightly rounded, slanted blue cat-eyes stared unblinking and bewildered at him. She sniffed the air and headed toward him. Stalking. Investigating. Curious.

Shimmering back into her human form, her transition was seamless. She approached him as if in a trance unaware of anything in her surroundings, totally focused on him. Her rare beauty took the breath from him in any form. His cock already engorged with blood,

pressed painfully behind the zipper of his jeans. His balls tightened, lifting, filling out the denim beyond capacity.

Her lips parted and her lids lowered in sensual invitation as she stared at his package. Trent's arm snapped out, snagging her in an embrace. He hauled her up against his aching body and commanded her, "Unzip me, Mac. Take me in your hand, now!"

She did that slow feline rub against him and slipped her hand to the straining material. Her hand brushed over his cock through his pants, and she tilted her head at him when he moaned. She listened with a sly smile and licked her lips.

He could swear she purred as she tugged his lower lip between her teeth. She drove him mad, mindless with passion. Trent growled, nipping her back. "Mine."

A few drops of their blood mingled on their lips strengthening the bond between them. He sucked her lip, gently drawing a drop of her magical blood onto his tongue. Mmm, her taste tantalized him. He bent over and nipped her neck, then cupped her chin in his hand and ravished her mouth, fucking it with his tongue.

She explored his mouth with hers and his body with her hands. He sighed in relief, thankful to her for releasing his aching cock from the constriction of his clothes. She stroked his turgid arousal in one hand while the other hand slid down the inside of the front of his boxers. She pushed his jeans down over his hips just enough to gain adequate access between his legs. Carefully lifting his heavy sac out of his jeans, Mac cupped his balls, and squeezed gently. His balls tightened and lifted in response to her delicate attention. He inhaled her scent as she rubbed herself against the length of him. And he enjoyed the moment, allowing her the freedom to explore his body and test his responses.

She lifted his shirt over his head and licked the tight buds of his nipples while he inhaled with pleasure. She pulled his pants completely down over his hips. As she dropped to her knees in front of him, he stepped out of his pants and his underwear all in one quick

move. Her hot, moist mouth encompassed his shaft, and the groan of pleasure Trent had been holding back with his breath escaped as pleasure zinged through him.

Her fingernails moved up to tease the pelt of hair above his groin and slid slowly down his shaft, over his balls to the sensitive spot behind his scrotum. Sliding a wet finger between his ass cheeks, she found his tight opening. She massaged the opening, ringing the hole with her fingertip, then entering him with one finger when he relaxed against her hand. The unbearably sweet pressure she applied inside caused the fluid in his tube to pearl at his opening.

He grabbed her hands to still them, struggling for control. She fought him, rubbing the leaking pre-cum bead over the tight crown of his growing erection. As she played with the tip, he sizzled, thickening to an unbelievable size. His breath came harder, fighting back his release. If he fucked her feeling like this, he'd have to be careful to prevent his change from taking him over.

Throughout the entire experience, he never relaxed. He couldn't take his eyes off the mountain lion watching them. The vapid interest with which the cat first observed Mac and Trent turned more intense. The closer Trent came to orgasm, the closer Aaron came to breaking free of his animal spirit. His human form flickered through darkened narrowed eyes, like a translucent portrait superimposed upon the great mountain cat. Trent wished he'd hurry, he didn't know how much longer he could hold back his orgasm.

Finally, the lion's form receded until Aaron's human image pushed through, strengthening, becoming clearer and stronger. Aaron re-materialized. When Trent thought all traces of the lion were gone, he let out the breath he'd been holding with a relieved sigh.

He'd relaxed too soon. As soon as he looked into Aaron's eyes, Trent knew his friend hadn't fully engaged the change. He hadn't completely returned to his human form, nor completely lost the quality of the predator lurking within him, and Trent recognized Aaron could still be very dangerous. Trent pulled Mac up off her

knees and cupped her face in his hands. He drew her up against his body, knowing he could turn her away from Aaron and protect her if necessary. She wasn't capable of rational thinking during her metamorphosis. She'd be completely dependent on the men, or at the moment, on him.

Aaron stepped behind Mac and sniffed her neck, placed both arms around her waist and bent his naked body over hers from behind. The three held their ground, firmly establishing territory. They staked claim to each others' bodies. Mac dropped her head back onto Aaron's chest and let him explore her breasts, roaming up the front of her torso, rubbing her peaked nipples over Trent's chest. Trent held her hips in his hands and pulled her soft mound against his still raging cock, and felt Aaron pressing his body against her from behind trapping Trent's hands.

* * * *

The room filled with the sounds of the males. The timber of their voices encouraging her rumbled through Mac, deep, sensual and arousing. Her voice caught in a low purr as they stroked and petted her. One of them had his fingers inside her, pulling her thick cream out of her cunt, sliding it into her rear hole. Softening up her muscles in preparation, a fingertip at a time. In, out, circling, penetrating an inch.

More fingers in her cunt encouraged the liquid fire from her body—fingers shoving up and in until she wanted to scream, and then pulling out, leaving her empty.

The moisture ran down her legs as hands gripped her ass and fingers played with her clit. If somebody didn't fill her soon, she'd explode. She pressed against the single finger seeking purchase in her rear hole and groaned as she felt an arousal unlike any she'd ever known. Tingling prickling sensations traveled over every inch of her skin.

The other fingers played with her clit like a guitarist strumming a fine tune. Trent had his fat cock in hand, teasing her entrance with it. In an inch, then out until she wanted to scream or impale herself against him.

Aaron had her sandwiched against his chest as he pinched and tweaked her nipples until she could feel the pull deep inside her hot, wet cunt. Every time he ringed the tiny hole with her slippery juices, she wanted him to press his cock deep into the forbidden entrance while Trent worked her vaginal lips. Oh, if only they would penetrate her instead of continuing this pleasurable torture. The itch reached unbearable proportions, the pressure too much. She needed to come. She groaned, and with one hand grabbing Trent's ass and her other hand wrapped behind her holding Aaron's neck, she whimpered out a plea. "Now, please, Trent, please, Aaron. Now!"

She felt the growl at her neck, as teeth pierced the tender place at her carotid, and Aaron's thick cock replaced the fingers in her ass. She gasped as Trent slipped his massive hard-on into her tight, dripping pussy, and surged within her. The impact lifted her off the floor sending ripples of pleasure through her as the men pounded into her, demanding her release with their bodies, while their words inside her head promised love, forever and more. Something marvelous approached, but she didn't understand. Soon the voices promised, soon. She seemed to rise higher and higher, twirl faster and faster, get closer and closer.

Spiraling out of control, an explosion threatened to erupt from within her. When she didn't think she could wind up any tighter, the release came. She joined Aaron and Trent as the three of them climaxed as one. She clenched, gripping the men's cocks with her muscles, sucking their ejaculate from them with her after-spasms. She erupted a second time. Her body convulsed into sensations of pure pleasure, an experience she didn't believe possible.

Her legs felt too rubbery to hold her up, let alone steady her. Oh yes, multi-orgasmic. She was normal after all. Well, normal? Maybe she'd have to rethink everything. She'd had such a strange dream.

She dared open her eyes to see Trent gazing down at her with longing still on his expressive face. Hard, tough, but now he nuzzled her breast tenderly, licking her nipples and soothing her, supporting her weight with his strength. Aaron had her around the waist, sniffing her hair and kissing her neck as he gently stroked her stomach and rounded hips. Calming her and stimulating her at once.

Aaron spoke first. "Let's get cleaned up."

It wasn't until then Mac noticed the scratch marks on Trent's chest and Aaron's hips. She looked at her nails. Had she done that? No, her nails looked normal, short, sensible.

She had blood on one breast and she touched her right hand to her neck. More blood.

Trent glared at Aaron. Aaron glared back.

Aaron whispered, "It's okay, Mac. Here let me help you."

This seemed like a dream. She could imagine what the men felt, almost what they thought, except she suspected they had somehow prevented her from completely entering their thoughts.

Trent urged her toward the area where they'd made a bed near the fire earlier. "Come. Trust us. You'll be fine. We'll explain." His eyes shifted to Aaron. "Get the water. We'll clean her up while she rests."

Aaron nodded, and let Trent urge Mac to the floor. Mac noticed both men still sported impressive erections despite just finishing with her. Strangely, she felt she could have another go at lovemaking with these two. Lovemaking? When had it turned into an emotional attachment? Was that what it had been? She'd sworn not to let those kinds of feelings wreck good sex again.

"Don't." Trent ran a finger across her bottom lips. His lids lowered sensually as he took her lips with his. He murmured, "Don't think about that or anything. Just this." He touched a warm, wet cloth

between her legs and laid her back on the quilt to bathe her. As she watched his fingers penetrate her folds, he added, “Just us.”

She whispered, “So gentle for such a large, gruff man.”

Trent’s deep laugh took them all off guard. Aaron joined them on the quilt with another warm, wet cloth and a drying towel. Mac groaned as she succumbed to the men’s ministrations. “This feels so good, so decadent, so right.”

“We have something to tell you that you should have been told by someone in your family a long time ago.” Aaron spoke quietly, soothing her with the timber of his voice as the words tumbled from his lips. She remembered when he’d done that thing with his voice before, several times, in fact.

She wanted to pay more attention, but their hands on her body had that itch between her legs returning. They bathed her, and she watched them take turns cleaning themselves off. Each man’s body was a testament to nature’s creation, perfection. One dark, the other light. Both visually beautiful and sensually appealing.

“What?” she heard herself ask. Without giving much thought to anything other than touching their aroused members and sucking the tasty cum from them again, she wondered what else mattered.

Both men shared a glance and Trent said, “Just a minute, Mac. Try to focus while we tell you what you are. Watch Aaron.”

“Okay.” She smiled. “Looking at Aaron isn’t a hardship.”

Trent held her as Aaron stepped away from the quilt and shimmered into his cat form. “They weren’t dreams?”

She tensed in Trent’s arms as he whispered, “We’re shape shifters, Mac...and so are you. The lack of balance, the inability to form human relationships, are all part of your change.”

She shook her head from side to side and looked down at her nails. “The marks on your bodies? I did that?” She frowned.

“Yes. No big deal. We heal quickly. It’s part of who and what we are.”

“No big deal? Scratching you like that? You announce you’re shape-shifters, and so am I, and it’s no big deal? What am I?”

Aaron shimmered back to his human form and took Mac in his arms. “Ours. We’ve been waiting for you for years. You were pre-ordained for one of us, but until you felt the conversion coming over you, your aunt kept what you truly were from you.”

“Celia? Oh, my God, Celia knew? She knew all along and let me wonder what was wrong with me? So help me, I’ll kill her when I get my hands on her...” She snarled and her nails elongated as her fingers curled into paws. “Oh, no! What’s happening to me?”

Trent soothed her, running a hand across her cheek. “Just what should be happening.”

“What’s wrong with me?”

“Nothing,” the two men said in unison.

“Absolutely, nothing.” Aaron added as Trent said, “We think you’re perfect.”

“A perfect what? Aaron’s a mountain lion, am I? What am I?”

“Not a mountain lion. A snow leopard. One of the rarest and most beautiful of all the cats.”

Trent was beginning to grow on her. For Mr. Tough Guy, he sure knew how to say just the right thing to a...lady?

Oh, God why wasn’t she more upset? Maybe because this explained so much. Lately she’d felt so different about so many things, and now she understood why. Like how she could even contemplate this relationship with these two... “And, what about you, Trent? You don’t strike me as the cat type... what are you? No, wait. I know!” Mac smiled. “Tell me, are you the big bad wolf I met in the woods and pounded with snowballs?”

She glanced down at his balls with her head cocked to the side and pursed her lips into a wicked grin. From the expression on his face she figured she’d guessed right. “Sorry,” she said as she bent to kiss him between his thighs, bringing his balls to her lips, one at a time. “Forgive me?”

Trent flipped her on her back and straddled her with his stiff cock poking into her belly before she knew what hit her.

“No, you’re not forgiven.” His growl sounded more playful than threatening. “I’m going to make you work off your punishment. Later.”

She wasn’t afraid when she looked up into the incredible rare smile of the wolf. “Promise?” she asked.

His pale golden eyes looked down at her from a face of pure black glistening fur. Trent was breathtakingly beautiful in any form. He nuzzled her neck, and she ran her hands through his luxurious fur.

“There’s more you should know,” Aaron added while the wolf trotted off toward the door. He looked back over his shoulder, and Aaron got up to let him out. Mac sat up as he closed the door.

“What more? Where’s he going?” Mac asked.

“He doesn’t want to be here when I tell you the rest. He’s afraid of your reaction, and if you can’t accept this, he’s afraid of what he’ll do.”

Chapter 10

Mac shook her head, denying Aaron's request. "No, I won't choose between you. I can't. When he turns Were, we'll have to keep him from harming us during the lunar cycle, won't we?"

"That's the attitude I hoped you'd have, but Trent's determined to go off alone. He's afraid you aren't strong enough yet to take him on in Were form. And there's something else..."

"What more can there be? I've discovered I'm a shape shifter, suddenly involved with two men, both of whom are also shape shifters. Oh, yeah, and one is also a Werewolf. Then there's the issue of my relatives, including my aunt who used to be my best friend, who have all hidden my background from me my entire life. I ask again, what more is there?"

"I'm a Werecat."

Mac raised an eyebrow and slanted Aaron a crooked grin. "Is that supposed to frighten me?"

"It should." Aaron raised a hand to her throat and touched the mark he left there. "I—I bit you, drew blood during the sexual act..."

"Uh...does that mean...?" Suddenly Mac had a myriad of questions running through her head.

Aaron nodded. "I marked you."

When Mac didn't speak, he went on. "I'm sorry. I got carried away. Unless Trent bites you too, you can only be mine. Weres don't share."

She whirled on him. "I don't understand. If Trent also bites me, how will you share me then?"

"We won't. We'll fight to the death for you. It's the only way."

“No! I told you from the start I wouldn’t come between friends, and I meant it. I won’t choose between you either. There must be some other way...”

“Well, there is one other possibility.”

“Okay, what do I have to do?”

“It’s not so much what you have to do. You’d have to agree to bond with us. Our union would be permanent. There’d be no turning back for any of us.”

“Yeah, and...?” She sensed his reluctance to answer.

“Trent and I would have to bite one another during sex.”

“So, is there a problem?”

“During sex...with each other. We’d have to mate, Trent and I, to complete the Were bond. The sharing of blood between all three of us would create an eternal connection.”

Mac suddenly realized why Trent left them alone. He’d already made his decision. Aaron might be able to accept a submissive role, but Trent never would. Aaron and Mac would be the ones who would decide all their fates. Either Mac made a choice between the men, or Aaron would have to submit to Trent. The situation seemed impossible.

“This eternal union between the three of us, what does it entail?”

“More of what we’ve been doing so far.” He smiled. “We’d be capable of being in each others’ minds at will, experiencing each others’ sensations. It could be good.” He shrugged.

“What’s the downside?”

Aaron frowned. “Honestly, I don’t know what will happen once Trent and I turn Were at the time of the full moon. He turns first and then I do, but we’ve never felt the need to fight for dominance before. Even if I chose to submit to him, I’m not sure my inner cat will go along, let alone my Werecat, especially if I have any reservations going into this. As much as I want you, I have to think about this honestly. I’m not sure if I can succumb... to settle for a submissive position after being alpha. I’m capable of loving Trent, but am I going

to be able to submit to his authority? When the time comes I'll have to be very sure."

His voice turned into a low whisper as Mac watched his lids lower and his breathing grow shallow. "The big question is, will my cat allow him to penetrate me?"

"What if I participate, promise to be a part of it? Would you be able to yield to his physical domination then?"

"It wouldn't be safe for you to be involved while we're in Were form. You may not turn completely this moon, and even if you do, you'll be the last to turn. Until then, you'll be too fragile. We might accidentally kill you, and neither Trent nor I will risk that."

Mac's impatience grew as she paced the cabin. Frustrated by the circumstances, she practically growled, "Okay, I've got the picture now. And I think I have an idea. Where did Trent go?"

"He's probably hunting."

"We need him here so we can make a decision. Will you go after him? Bring him back. My mind's made up. Nothing's changed. I've made my decision."

Aaron started to argue, but without much enthusiasm. "I want you, Mac. I can't risk hurting you or Trent."

"I can't help you with this decision. It's your sacrifice to make. Know this. When the time comes, I will be part of the ceremony. The rest is up to you and Trent. I trust my life with both of you."

"I'll find Trent."

"Don't look so grim. I have an idea. We'll practice. We need to desensitize you. Both of you. I'm sure this isn't a comfortable situation for Trent either."

"What are you talking about? Desensitize?"

"Repeated exposure to the feared situation overcomes the fearful response. Get Trent back here. We only have two days to get you two comfortable with each others' bodies." Mac smiled. "When I fell skiing a few years back, I went through therapy to get me back on the

slopes. I'm still tenuous, but I can get on a slope and ski again. It gets easier every time."

Chapter 11

“So, are we decided?” Mac looked at the two friends and saw how difficult this was for them. She let out a sigh of relief when they each nodded. Strangely, Aaron, who had the most at stake nodded first. Trent wouldn’t look at him, and his regular bad temper seemed worse than ever.

“Look, Trent, we’re supposed to make love. Love. Come here and kiss me. You need an attitude adjustment.”

He almost laughed. His lips twitched as he rose to her challenge. “Who’s going to give it to me, little kitty? You?”

She purred and dropped her gaze to his lap. “I’m just the one who’s going to suck your dick dry and start all over again, you big bad wolf.”

His mouth devoured hers as he slammed her body against his. After a moment of breathless tongue tangling, she lifted her head for air. “I love your dirty little mouth,” Trent said.

Aaron watched while she manipulated Trent. Then she started on him with that come-hither look he couldn’t resist. He stepped up behind her and turned her to him, taking his turn, driving his tongue into her mouth. Trent kissed her neck, their arms entwined as they held her.

“Take off my clothes,” she commanded.

Trent visibly stilled. His muscles tensed at her order. “Why did we even put them on in the first place if we’re only going to take them off?”

“For practice. Touching practice.”

Aaron laughed and began with her pants, reaching beneath the shirt and undoing them. Trent reached slowly for the buttons on the long button-up shirt she wore. It was one of Aaron's. He recognized the scent of his friend mingled with hers. He kissed his way down her body with each button, as Aaron lifted the shirt and kissed his way down her back beneath the shirt. He ran his lips over each hip as he inched the pants lower and lower.

She stopped Trent when he tried to take the shirt from her shoulders. "Leave it for now. I want to see your muscular chest."

The growl didn't stop her. She reached for Trent's top button and undid it. "Aaron, you next."

He reached for his own shirt. "No." She stopped his hand. "Trent, you do it."

Trent's eyes grew dark, his expression dangerous. Mac swore she heard a rumble from both men, but Trent reached over and mechanically undid the first button of Aaron's shirt.

Mac undid the second and sinuously rubbed her body over Aaron's before kissing his lips, running her tongue over the seam and whipping her tongue inside his mouth.

She turned her attention back to Trent, ran her hand over his shirted chest, and marveled as his male nipples pebbled. She undid another button. "Now, Aaron, you finish Trent's shirt."

She inhaled her own female scent filling the small room, arousing both men already, without her added striptease. She cupped a breast and ran a hand over her distended nipple, giving them both a good show.

"Excellent job, Aaron." She glanced at Trent's chest and ran her tongue over her lips. Trent shuddered. She kissed him. "That's your reward for allowing Aaron to unbutton your shirt. Now, let him take it off your shoulders." She gave him that "guess what you'll get for that" look. "Aaron, do it slowly. Make sure you run your hands over his thick, muscled biceps as you slide it down his arms."

Aaron stepped behind Trent and lowered the shirt from his shoulders. Both men tensed. “There now, relax, doesn’t that feel good, Trent?” Mac attempted to weave magic with her voice, slinking around the men, whispering suggestions. “Aaron, feel how hard Trent is. Isn’t his skin amazing?” Her fingers caressed both men. “So smooth over those defined ridges? So hot beneath your fingertips. So much power waiting to snap.”

Mac stepped in front of Trent and rubbed her breasts across his bare chest as Aaron ran the backs of his fingertips over Trent’s naked shoulders. She licked Trent’s chest. He trembled but didn’t breathe. Mac smelled Aaron’s scent wrap around them, mingling with hers and Trent’s.

“Now, Trent, do the same with Aaron’s shirt. I want to suckle his tight little nipples.” Aaron shuddered. She didn’t know if her words or the idea aroused him.

“Aaron, talk to us. Tell us what it feels like having Trent’s hands on you.”

“I can’t do that.” He shrugged Trent’s hands off him.

Mac put Trent’s hands back on him. “Tell me. Hearing you say it turns me on. Trent’s hands must feel so different on you than mine do. Not horrible, just different.”

“Hmp, yeah. They’re big and rough...”

“... and firm?”

“Yeah, firm and hot.”

“His hands feel hot against your skin. Savor his touch.” She kissed his tight male nipple.

“God, Mac, you’re killing me. I’m drowning in your scent and your lips feel so good.”

“That’s right. Keep it up. Tell us what you like, what you want.”

Her tongue licked his chest and she nibbled his sensitive nipples while Trent’s hands rubbed his belly. He groaned.

She demanded, “Tell me!”

“I want to drop my head back...”

“...on Trent’s massive chest, while I have my way with you?”

“Yes. My cock is straining hard against my zipper. His hands and your mouth roaming my body like this feels too good.”

He straightened up.

“What? And you were doing so well for a minute.” Mac stopped. “Look, relax. You both agreed to try this.”

“Whatever. We tried.” Trent snapped.

“No, you haven’t. Now both of you are going to have to let go. Touch each other. You know what feels good to your body, do it to your friend’s.”

“I thought we’d work up to that,” Aaron protested.

“We are. Now get serious,” she ordered. “Trent, you’re going to have to be a little more approachable.”

“What? I let him touch me.”

“I heard the growl.”

“I’m trying not to growl. I’m really trying. This is...hard. Aaron, I’m sorry. I can’t imagine how this is going to be for you, buddy.”

There, that was the crux. Mac knew Trent hated hurting his friend, and as long as Aaron didn’t want this, there was no way Trent would do it. She let out her breath and waited.

“I want her, Trent. But if it means the end of one of us, I’d rather it be this way. I have to have her, no matter what.” Aaron turned to Trent and looked him straight in the eyes. “If it means I have to submit to you to have her and keep you both safe, I will. Only... I don’t want this to fuck up our friendship.”

Trent shook his head and cleared his throat. “Not a problem.”

“It isn’t like you haven’t been the dominant male in our relationship. I’ve always had to fight to stay above water with you.”

With that being said, Mac knew they’d proceed with their plan. She asked, “Are you okay with this, Trent? Aaron’s got the most at stake, and he’s willing to go along with this. You’re sure, Aaron?”

He nodded, yet a frown furrowed his brows. “I can be submissive, I only hope my cat will accept you, or we’re both dead men.”

“Let’s get his cat used to your touch as well as your scent.” Mac tried to lighten the moment and smiled when she noticed the gleam in Trent’s eyes.

“Yeah, okay, Mac.” He winked at her and tossed his head at Aaron. “Hey, buddy, I respect the sacrifice you’re making so we can all be together. Don’t worry about our friendship. Nothing can fuck that up.” He cracked a smile, a rare thing on his face, and let out a low deep chuckle. “I *promise* I’ll still respect you in the morning.”

Aaron grabbed him around the neck, and they wrestled to the floor. Mac heard Trent’s laughter, and Aaron’s coarse obscenities.

“Do you give?” Aaron demanded.

“Yeah, yeah, I give. Now come over here so I can kiss you.”

“Shit, Trent!” Both men chuckled. The tussle broke the tension between them. “God, how drunk will I have to get to kiss your ugly mug?”

“Come here, boys. I’m so itchy.” Mac’s low seductive request had both men snapping to attention. She saw the evidence jump in their pants. She parted the shirt she still wore and asked, “Now, where were we? Ah, yes. Please assume the positions we were in before you so rudely interrupted my fun. You know I’ve never gotten to be the one in charge before.” Her feline smile made Aaron chuckle, and Trent shook his head.

“Go ahead and think whatever you want, babe. Everyone knows who’s really in charge.” Trent had her backed up to the wall with her hair in his hands and his mouth on her neck before he got to the end of the sentence. She winked at Aaron, who stepped up behind Trent and finished running his hands over his friend’s buff body. Mac felt the tension bunch up in Trent’s muscles, and then relax as he allowed Aaron to stroke his shoulders and back. Trent’s hands never released her breasts as he pressed her harder against the wall and kissed a swollen nipple.

She whispered to him, “Touch Aaron. He needs to become familiar with your touch. I’ll help.” She gently pushed Trent away and

stepped in front of Aaron, turning him into Trent's chest. "I've got his shirt. You undo his pants."

Trent looked skeptical and hesitated, then reached around Aaron's waist for his button. Aaron tensed as Trent's hands casually brushed against his erect cock through his pants. Mac ran her hand down his chest and over his hips. She cupped Aaron's balls, lifting them. "Trent, take him in your hand. Stroke him like you want to be stroked. Aaron, watch while his hands are on you, pleasuring you."

Mac and Aaron both watched Trent slide his large hand around Aaron's bulging cock. It immediately filled, growing larger in his hand. He stroked firmly up and over Aaron's crown, using his thumb to tease the sensitive tip. Aaron groaned, leaning back against Trent's chest, and held on to Trent's hips. While Trent pumped Aaron's cock, Mac dropped to her knees and licked the precum from the tip. Trent cupped Aaron's balls while he gripped his cock, directing it into Mac's hungry mouth.

Aaron slid his cock down Mac's throat while Trent kneaded the muscles of his ass. Then Trent slipped his fingers between Aaron's firm tight cheeks, searching for the sensitive spot behind his balls. When he found it, he massaged his way back to the puckering entrance, slowly rimming it and then gently penetrating first with one broad finger, then two.

Mac licked Aaron's cock in one long stroke and sat back to watch Trent pump Aaron's cock with one hand and fondle his balls with the other. Aaron's eyes closed, his cock expanded, and his breathing resounded like a freight train.

Watching the men's action from her position on the floor made her desperate. She spread her legs and said, "Aaron, I need your big thick cock pounding inside me, now." She put both hands between her legs and spread her folds so the men could see how wet and juicy her entrance was. Her pink lips glistened, fat and swollen with her moisture, and the erotic scent wafted into the air spurring her to a heightened arousal.

Aaron settled between her thighs and followed her to the floor, pushed her fingers aside and lifted her legs over his shoulders. He licked her soft, wet folds. Then he rose up on his knees, bent over her and penetrated her with his fingers. He teased her until she thrashed and begged. “Aaron, I need your cock in me, pounding into m—Ah!” Before she finished her sentence, she gasped as his fully engorged cock pushed deep into her tight, hot folds until his balls slammed against her ass.

“Aaron! Unless you want me up your ass right now, you better flip her over and give me access before I explode.”

Aaron paused and looked over his shoulder at Trent. His snarl said, “Try it.” But he rolled over onto his back taking Mac with him. She straddled him and coyly asked, “Trent, did you have something in mind?”

“Grr...” Trent stalked up to Mac. When he reached her, he nipped her shoulder and kissed his way to her ear. “I want to be inside you. No, make that, ‘I need to be inside you, more than I need to breathe.’”

“Well, okay then, you sweet talker, you.” She turned her head into his and nipped his lips. “Oh my. There’s a romantic side to my wolf after all.” He kissed her breathless.

“Will I ruin everything if I do this?” He bent Mac down over Aaron’s chest. He spread Aaron’s legs farther apart, raising his knees. Aaron’s cock was still buried deep within her as she straddled his hips. Positioning himself behind her, Trent crouched between Aaron’s legs and sniffed. He licked, starting with Aaron’s scrotum, then moved his tongue to the accessible part of her pussy. She and Aaron both sighed and leaned into his mouth as his tongue flicked over their sensitive skin. He returned to the valley between her cheeks and ran his tongue back down the seam to her puckering little hole and tested it for pliability with his fingers.

His large bulbous head pushed at her tiny rear entrance. “Do you want this?” he asked.

“I want you inside me again, this time with Aaron.” She moved a little side to side and relaxed her muscles to allow him greater access.

He pushed in, but only a bit farther to minimize the sting of opening and stretching to accommodate his thick size. He took it slow, while Aaron’s cock filled and tantalized her pussy.

“Fill me.” She wanted both of them pumping hard, driving her to that shimmering peak, drawing the kind of orgasm from her that only the two of them seemed capable of eliciting.

When Trent couldn’t bury his cock any deeper, he whispered, “God, you feel good. Your skin is so soft and your ass is gripping me so tight I can barely stand it.”

He tensed the moment he felt his balls brush against Aaron’s. He had to get used to his friend’s body. They’d need to be comfortable touching each other intimately like this. So he made light of it. “Those balls of yours are sure riding high and tight.”

“Yeah, rub ‘em. I’ve been down here holding on by a thread while you inched your way into Mac. I’m ready to explode from holding back.” Aaron groaned. “Pump into her and grind your big, hairy balls over mine. Right now I need some friction and momentum to pump these juices off. Can you give it to me?”

“Oh, don’t worry. I’m going to give it to you, and if you’re not careful, I won’t wait until the full moon.”

“Promises, promises.” Aaron laughed.

Trent started the rhythm and everyone got serious as the pace quickened and their needs rose.

* * * *

The full moon rose low on the horizon when Trent went out hunting. It was shortly before dusk when he heard a rustling in the bushes and a familiar scent made his nose twitch. Rabbit. Not enough challenge for his restless nature tonight. His golden wolf eyes sought out a more challenging prey in the dim light of the forest. The moon

threatened to reach its zenith, and later, they would finish the change. Trent sensed the turning already. Keeping the Were at bay when he shifted grew more difficult as the full moon approached. Aaron mentioned he'd felt it too.

Trent needed this outlet to fight the beast within him. He needed this savage hunt to quell the desperate violence rising in him.

His large black head snapped to attention when he caught the scent of the other predators. The wolf pack had already started circling the patch of trees where Trent stood waiting.

Come to me, brothers. I know you want to tear my throat out and rip me to pieces. Come and get me. Help rid me of the Bloodlust as I kill each one of you.

The big alpha male stalked from a distance while two younger males moved in closer. They came out of the trees prematurely, giving Trent a shot at their inexperience. The two attacked simultaneously, but Trent circled quickly, grabbing one by the back of the neck and slamming him into the large oak beside him.

When the other young wolf jumped him, Trent slashed him out of midair. Two other mature wolves heard the screams of the younger ones and came running. Then they stopped dead in their tracks when they saw Trent.

With the blood of the kills, he'd transformed into the Werewolf and stood over seven feet tall. A monster, not man, not wolf. The three remaining wolves slinked back into the dark forest and disappeared in the shadows. Trent remained, trying to gather control, trying to shift back into one form or other, at least one he knew he could contain. As the moon crept up on the horizon, he wondered if he'd have time to switch back before the Bloodlust completely obliterated the transformation. He struggled as he returned to the cabin, all the time hoping he'd find a way to control himself before he got back. Hoping he'd be human by then.

* * * *

Trent stepped into the room and took one look at Aaron's firm round ass cheeks riding high in the air as he pumped into Mac, and the wolf in him couldn't resist the urge to slide his tongue down the deep crease. When Trent's tongue massaged his puckered entrance, Aaron paused mid-stroke and moaned with pleasure.

Trent's tight muscles trembled with anticipation and with the tension of holding back. Keeping the Were at bay, and maintaining his human form took every ounce of effort he had. The wolf wanted out. His body longed to shift.

Trent pulled back, took Aaron's cock out of Mac's pussy, and tickled her clit with a finger. Then he pushed two thick fingers inside her cunt, pulling her juices to lubricate his cock. Aaron let him dominate, sensing how close Trent was to turning.

Trent reared up on his knees and stroked his own cock with her lube before pressing the wide crown of it firmly against Aaron's tiny hole and cupping Aaron's balls. "Go ahead, Aaron, stick your cock in her."

Aaron managed the long tight slide into her cunt and groaned as Trent's cock pressed up against his rear hole. Then he tensed when he heard Trent's growl. "Fuck her hard, Aaron, because buddy, I'm going to fuck your tight virgin asshole until you scream my name in submission." Trent's voice didn't even sound like his own.

Beneath Aaron's muscular shoulder, he saw Mac's eyes looking back at him, filled with love and desire. A little of his humanity returned. "I'm sorry, Aaron. I don't know what got into me." His voice had grown rough and raspy, full of need, when he asked, "Aaron? Are you sure...?"

Aaron paused before thrusting into Mac and actually moved back against Trent's cock. Trent backed away and pressed a finger tentatively into Aaron's asshole. He pushed in and almost out, going a little deeper each time. Then he added a second finger, rimming the perimeter and penetrating the relaxed opening. Aaron shivered and

groaned, squeezed his ass cheeks together and pushed his engorged cock deeper into Mac's hot wet channel.

Trent had his answer. He removed his fingers from Aaron's ass and slowly, deliberately, penetrated Aaron's virgin hole one tight inch at a time, all the while his rock hard dick strained against holding back.

They all held their breaths. The low growl they anticipated didn't come.

Trent drove balls deep into Aaron, and Aaron pressed into Mac, doing everything to keep from coming too soon.

"Oh, God, wait, I'm going to come, Trent. Slow down."

Aaron bent over Mac and suckled her tits, strumming her clit with his fingers. He wouldn't come without her. "Mac, oh, Mac, your pussy feels so good surrounding my cock, pulsing and squeezing like that, and Trent's cock is massaging me inside... It's incredible...uhh."

Trent growled. "Aaron, hold still and shut up, or I'm going to blow my wad before you do."

Aaron growled. "Fine then, just fuck me harder. We'll see who can hold off longer."

Trent chuckled. The sound was almost a threat. "Okay, Cat boy, remember, you asked for it."

"Such romantic souls," Mac groaned. Aaron kissed her with a soul-searing kiss, hot, deep and passionate.

Trent pounded Aaron's ass, and Mac saw the smile creep over Aaron's expression while he pumped harder into her, increasing the speed and pressure as Trent picked up the momentum. Mac felt the heat reaching a crescendo within her and tingling pinpoint prickles spread over her skin. Then she screamed as she came, her fingernails scratching long ridges into Aaron's back.

Trent bent, licked the blood from his friend's shoulders, and his incisors poked through his gums, elongating in his mouth. He drove his fangs into Aaron's throat and claimed him. "Mine." The word sounded more like a growl than language. Both men roared like the

wild animals concealed within them, their power and lust unleashed at the exact same moment. Trent and Aaron both exploded in a simultaneous climax.

Mac lay very still while Trent stalked to the sink and cleaned himself off. She watched cautiously as he returned, a scowl edged deep between his brows. He pulled Aaron off her, growling, snapping, and tossed the large man aside as if he weighed little or nothing. Without any overtures, he pushed his still erect cock into her cunt and possessively claimed her. His teeth flashed, and his deep voice rumbled with power when he said one word again, "Mine." He rocked inside her until she felt the heat build and the tension mount.

"Yes, Trent, more, more."

His cock felt enormous, wonderful, buried within her. She writhed beneath him, trying to take more and joined the rhythm. She watched his eyes for the change. Every moment the full moon got closer to reaching its zenith, his humanity slipped closer to the edge, his control waned, and he became more dangerous.

"You are mine!" he shouted. He sank his teeth deep into her neck as he plunged his cock so deep inside her she felt him touch her womb and with it her heart.

Aaron moved behind him and sank his teeth into his friend's neck to complete their bond, as Trent drove Mac to another climax.

The threesome collapsed to the floor, spent, exhausted and temporarily satisfied. When the moon rose full, shining through the window of the cabin, they each felt the change come over Trent.

His voice went deep and gruff. "Watch over her. Don't let anything hurt her, Aaron, including me." He left the cabin just as he began to transform, first into the wolf, and then almost as quickly, into the Werewolf.

Aaron's transformation always took a little longer, and he paced the meadow clearing in the body of the mountain lion, waiting, circling, guarding Mac inside the cabin until his transformation took

all control away from him, then she understood he'd no longer be able to help what happened.

While she waited for the transformations to complete, the Werewolf roared outside for his mate. She expected the men to be very different in their Were form, but he looked strangely similar to Trent.

When she watched out the window and saw Aaron finally succumbed to the moon, each man looked like a mix of their animal form and also that of their human form, only the Werebeasts were larger and more muscular, ruggedly, dangerously handsome. Each had strange intelligent silver eyes and an immense broad chest.

The moonlight touched Mac, then she slowly shimmered into the snow leopard and felt compelled to join Aaron while he paced the moonlit-flooded meadow.

Once he finished his transformation into the Werecoat, Mac sniffed the air, glanced over their magnificent genitals with interest, and licked her cat lips. She followed the brassy invitation with a quick flick of her tail.

The Werebeasts began to descend upon her, their fangs flashing.

Backing up, she felt small and fragile in her cat form, compared to them. Their massive size had her cowering, and the fear she smelled in the air, belonged to her.

Suddenly a bright golden light burst in the clearing, and a strange erotic scent filled the air. When the light dimmed she saw a beautiful white Unicorn materialize beside her. With a tap of a hoof, a protective transparent wall went up around Mac and the magical beast.

As if in deference to the Unicorn, the Weres backed away. The majestic animal bowed to Mac, touched her head gently with her horn, and filled her with magic. She felt her snow leopard body shift from the cat into something else. When her gift touched Mac's soul, she felt powerful, hungry and aroused.

Both Weres watched as her snow leopard transformed into her Were form for the first time under the magical tutelage of the Unicorn. She wondered what she looked like, but decided it must be good, because both Trent and Aaron seemed mesmerized by her appearance.

The Unicorn nodded and left the meadow, disappearing as quickly as she had appeared.

The Weres roared and moved on her. This time she felt no fear. She thought she heard Trent in her mind say, *You're an Amazon of a female, so different yet so much the same, so sexual, so appealing.*

Aaron sounded impressed when he projected his thoughts to her, *You're fantastic, amazing, ours.*

Mac asked, *Who is the Unicorn, and where did she come from? I sensed she came to protect me from you, to help me through my transformation.*

Didn't you recognize her? Don't you know? Aaron asked. *Celia's the Unicorn.*

Celia? Mac asked incredulously.

Yes, she is the most powerful mystical shifter of us all and capable of materializing at will. Trent serious tone filled her mind. *When your time came to shift, she arranged for you to be with us.*

Aaron risked touching her, smoothing a hand down her arm. *Everything would have been fine if Trent and I hadn't both been so attracted to you. Even then, we could have worked it out if I hadn't bitten you and turned you Were.*

Celia had to return to make sure she brought you through your first transformation. With both of us present, you were in danger because Trent always turns first, and he could have killed me or you.

Trent moved closer, Mac licked her lips. *You look good enough to eat.*

You don't mean that literally, do you? Because we should probably feed you soon. I won't take any chances with a newly

transformed Were. Especially a female. You can be very unpredictable during your first moon.

Come over here, Wolfman and find out. Bring along your friend, Catman. Let's go to bed. It's almost dawn. Mac yawned. We can go to bed, can't we?

Oh, yes, Aaron said. We certainly can.

Oh yeah, my little kitten. We're all in this together, forever. Trent shifted first into his wolf and then into his human form. Aaron followed his lead. "Okay, Mac. Shift."

"Maybe you'll need help. We can call Celia back—"

"No!" Mac was back. "I'm still angry at her for not telling me why I always felt different."

"Would you have believed her back them?" Trent asked.

"Well, no. I guess not."

"And she did arrange," Aaron put his arm over Trent's shoulder, "us. She deserves some points for getting us all together."

Mac went over to the men and buried herself between their broad chests, all of them sharing the embrace. "You're right. I'll send her a thank you note when we get back to the lodge. We don't have to rush back, do we? I want to try out my new abilities."

The men laughed, and Trent said, "Don't worry about going back too soon. We've got plans for you in all three forms that should keep you busy until...at least spring."

"Uhm...then let's get started practicing."

THE END

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

I started reading voraciously after discovering Nancy Drew, and before long the authors and subjects grew exponentially. I read everything from Art History to Erotica, and I still love a good mystery, thanks to Nancy.

At one time I wrote nothing but non-fiction, straying into fiction from journalism, library science and marketing. But I discovered a world I could build to my liking in fiction, and sometimes if the characters let me I can even determine what happens.

Visit my website <http://ElizaMarch.com> or for more up-to-date rants stop by my blog at <http://elizamarch.blogspot.com>

For those of you interested, I'm on Facebook, but I don't Twitter... I guess I'm too easily distracted.

My future plans include, lengthening my books and shortening my titles.

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