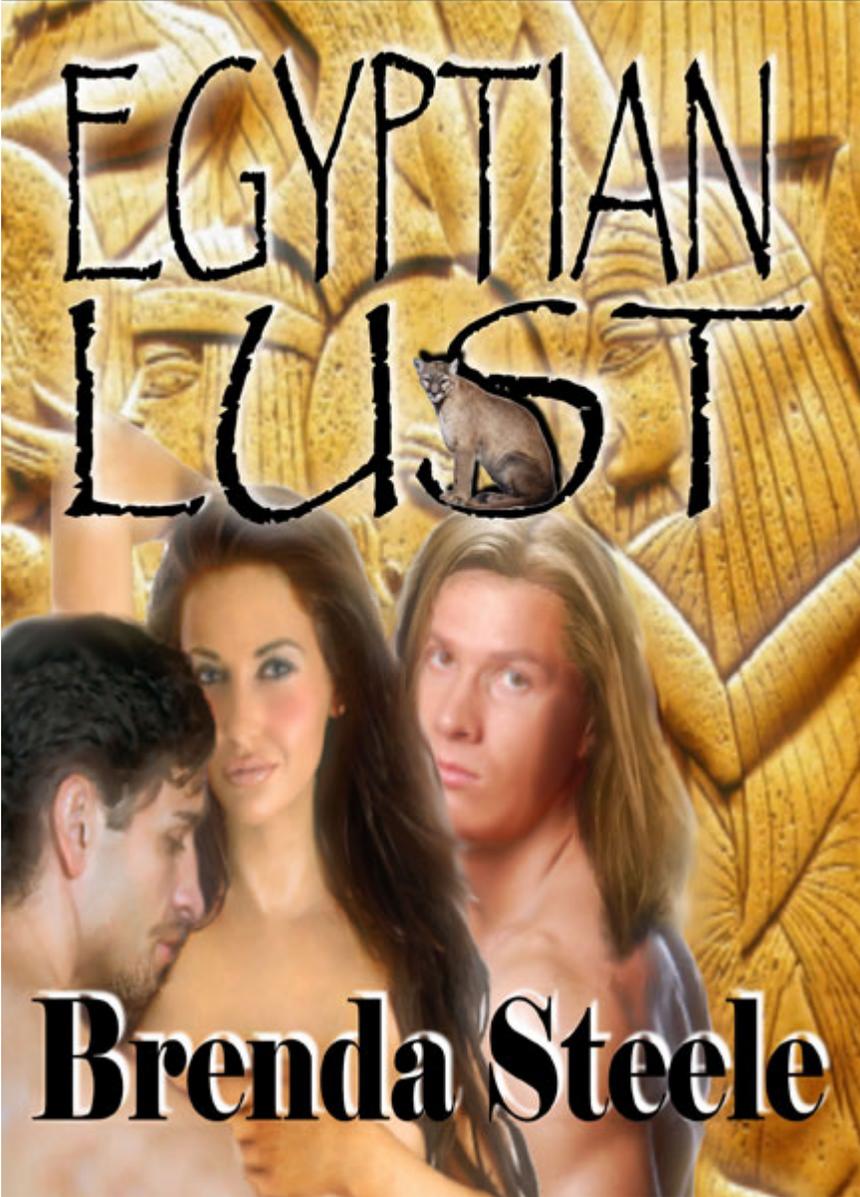


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*Ménage Amour*

# EGYPTIAN LUST



**Brenda Steele**

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# EGYPTIAN LUST

**BRENDA STEELE**

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## Chapter One

Aten leaned back in his chair and propped his feet on the top of his desk. The slow smile that stretched across his face could not be helped, and he hoped that the spark of satisfaction inside him didn't shine through his eyes as well. "The club is a success, Uncle. Admit it. You're proud of me."

The man who had raised him from the age of eight waved a hand and dropped into the seat across from him. "Don't be foolish, Aten. You could care less about anyone approving what you do. Least of all me."

"That's not true."

His uncle grumbled. "What I am concerned about is that you've forgotten who you are, Aten. You've let the old ways slip."

Aten dropped his feet to the floor and sat forward. "Nonsense. Look around you, Uncle. The decor of my club screams Egyptian. From the tapestries that grace the walls to the hieroglyphics printed on every glass and napkin. We have occasional costume parties where only ancient Egyptian garb is allowed, and the staff dresses in tunics. What more can one ask?"

"Respect, damn it!" His uncle pounded the desk. "You've made a mockery of your heritage, son. And this club, as you call it, is nothing but a..."

Aten, not in the least provoked by his uncle's outburst, raised an eyebrow. He hadn't missed how his uncle had participated in the activities just the night before. "A what?" he inquired in a low tone.

"A sex club." Red suffused his uncle's face.

Aten grinned and leaned back again, steepling his hands over his chest. "Yes, that's just what I've created here, Uncle, a place where every fantasy can be indulged in the basest of forms." He shrugged. "Or with delicacy if that's what my clients prefer. Already I've had everyone from the mayor's brother to the hottest celebrities. They fly down from California just for the night, if you can believe it."

His uncle frowned. "How do you know that?"

"Know what?"

"That it's the mayor's brother."

Aten chuckled. "I make it my business to know. This venture is not where I want to stop. I have dreams of opening similar clubs all around the country. But Georgia, in the heat of the summer, is where I wanted to begin—when the citizens of Atlanta don't know if they want to lay up under the air-conditioning and just wait until the heat eases or if they want to answer the call of the animal within and fuck their brains out. When they follow the call, I give them the location to do it in."

His uncle stood and paced, his thick brows low over his eyes but his shoulders stiff and proud as usual. The man came from a long line of royalty, pharaohs even, if Aten was to believe the stories he'd told him. Aten, being his nephew, also had the same rich blood flowing through his veins. He'd weighed his decision to open Imhotep's for a while before he actually broached the subject with his uncle, knowing what the man would think. But Aten had learned early on that Uncle Madu could not visualize much beyond what he considered was his duty. Countless times over the years, Aten had simply pushed an idea forward and allowed his uncle to see the results rather than talk about it. In the end, he'd had to do the same with Imhotep's, and he'd made a success of it so far.

After some time, his uncle turned to face him. “You’re forgetting who you are, Aten,” he reminded him a second time. “You are the son of—”

“Uncle, don’t. I beg you.” Aten waved a hand in weariness. “I’ve heard the stories.”

“You will hear it again,” the man boomed. “You are the son of a long line of pharaohs, on back to the original leader, the sun god.” Aten winced at the mythological reference but did not interrupt a second time. “You know the prophecies for your line. When you turn thirty, your forefather will choose your mate for you. She will have the right lineage that is meant to align with yours. Instead, you have filled your life with fucking everything in a skirt that blows by you. How will your mate accept you as a man whore?”

Offense rose in Aten’s chest, but as if on cue, a soft knock sounded at the door. For a moment, Aten wondered if it was his mate because of his uneventful thirtieth birthday the Sunday before. When Calla peeked in, her luscious breasts almost spilling over the front of her top, he grew hard and forgot all the ridiculous stories his uncle fed him. He was no longer a child who believed this nonsense.

“Calla,” he called out to her. “Come in. What can I do for you?”

She came farther into the room and stood with her hands clasped while darting glances at his uncle. His uncle, Aten knew, intimidated the girl. Many of the staff were, and Uncle Madu played up on it to get them to do what he wanted. However, he knew how far he could go. Aten didn’t take kindly to anyone interfering with his business, no matter who he or she was.

Uncle Madu blew out a frustrated breath. “I will talk to you later about this, Aten. Mark my words. I *will* make you understand your duty.”

Aten frowned but didn’t argue. He never did. What was the point? Despite what his uncle told him, he had no intentions of ever settling on one woman. With too many delicious choices right here in his club, he could take his time sampling every one. He turned his gaze

on Calla and took in her slim form from top to bottom. He'd had her, and he would again.

On some level, he registered the door opening and closing while he stood up and came around the desk. In a few steps, he towered above Calla so that he could see straight down the front of her tunic. The fullness of her breasts made his cock swell in response. Remembering the sight of her deep rose nipples puckered beneath his fingers, he licked his lips. The thought passed through his mind to rip her top off so that he could get another look, but he restrained the beast inside.

He sighed. *The beast*. That was the one thing he could not deny from what his uncle had taught him about his people. He'd been living with the truth of it since the year he turned thirteen.

Calla's lips parted, which distracted him from his reverie. "Um, you said I should come and see you on my break."

He smiled. "Did I?" Without a word, he caught her by her tiny waist and lifted her to spin her around and place her on his desk. She made a little exclamation but didn't stop him when he shifted the hem of her tunic so that her moist center was exposed to him. Right from the start, he had forbidden her from wearing panties and never regretted it one moment.

He kned her legs apart and got an eyeful while he skimmed fingertips along her soft thighs. She moaned. Aten lowered his head and covered her sweet lips. *Fuck*, she tasted good. He pushed his tongue in and, swirling it about, enjoyed her flavor. His cock strained against his pants. Aten guided Calla's hands to his zipper and leaned back long enough to say, "Open my pants."

With trembling fingers, Calla obeyed. Her sweet ways attracted him to her, the way she obeyed everything he said, the way she maintained an air of innocence no matter how many times he had invaded her sexy body. She loved it. It was who she was, a born submissive, and if ever he thought about taking a mate, Aten was sure Calla or a woman just like her would be it. He liked a woman who let

him dominate her, not these modern women who were too independent, too mouthy, and wouldn't do exactly what he commanded at all times.

Soon Calla had her small hands wrapped around his cock and was stroking it, making him grow even more and harden almost to the point of painfulness. He growled against her mouth and nipped her lower lip. She whimpered.

"You're so big, Aten. I didn't think you'd fit that first time, but I wanted it so much," she whispered.

"Yes," he muttered. There was nothing like that first time, when it had been a fight to get himself buried inside her. She was snug and tight. He'd thought her a virgin, never for once believing that he was more than average. His ego hadn't been that inflated, but the sensation of pushing into her a scarce inch at a time while she cried out his name and dug her short nails into his arms, now that was incomparable.

"It's less painful now," he told her.

She nodded.

With his pants around his ankles, no boxers tonight, he shoved her hands away and positioned his cock at her moist opening. With just the head piercing her sweetness, he paused when the door burst open, banging against the wall.

"Boss!" his right hand man yelled. "Boss, you better come quick."

Aten shouted in frustration. "Scott, you know better than to—" A roar from somewhere beyond his office interrupted what he'd been about to say. Aten pulled back from Calla, jerked his pants up around his waist, and zipped them while he stomped toward the hallway.

The music, muffled when he had his office door shut, now blasted while Aten charged down the hall. He had learned very early on how to dull his heightened sense of hearing so as not to blow his eardrums to kingdom come. The sultry tones washed over him as he moved, invited him to the dance floor out front where most of his patrons remained to fuck in public as they swayed to the music. However,

unless he missed his guess, the roar had come from one of the more private rooms.

Some of them were big enough for just two or three people. Others were larger, accommodating small crowds into group sex, BDSM, and other activities not for the general patronage. Aten headed for one of these rooms having picked up on a particular scent he did not expect to find in his club.

After flinging the door wide, he stood in the entry to take in the scene. Groups of three and four people, in various states of undress and some naked, were all staring toward the center of the room. One woman still held her two lovers' cocks in her hands with her jaw dropped at the scene taking place.

Aten followed their line of sight and stiffened. The entertainment was not what he had arranged. A jaguar stood there with its tail swishing, poised for attack. Its sharp teeth were bared. The beast's claws seemed ready to rip apart the woman not two feet in front of it.

When he shifted his gaze to the woman, all else seemed to cease to exist for Aten. He clutched the doorknob beneath his fist in an effort to keep himself from losing his hard-won self-control. She was, to put it in simplistic terms, sex in a red mini dress. Her hair, extending down to her rounded ass, was darker than any raven's feathers he'd ever seen. Her eyes were enormous in a thin face, dark like her hair so that he couldn't catch their exact tint. His mouth watered as he scanned her figure from head to toe. Heavy breasts squeezed behind the tight material, not disguising the shape of her nipples in any way, a narrow waist and long, shapely legs. Aten wanted nothing more than to cross the room and strip her down. The body sex swing was ready and waiting in the corner closet and would be perfect for the two of them.

While he stared at this new beauty, he became aware of the fact that she was not backing down from the cat but demanding that he leave her alone. Aten raised an eyebrow and stepped farther into the room. Why wasn't she afraid?

He snapped his fingers. “Everyone out.”

His customers didn’t have to be asked twice. They gathered their things and made for the door. Aten shut it behind the last person out and turned back to the women and the cat while considering how to handle this. He hadn’t a doubt in his mind that this was no ordinary jaguar. He was a shape-shifter, but Aten had not been aware of any other shape-shifters in the area. So much for his bragging to his uncle about being on top of everything that went on in his club. He would get to the bottom of this soon enough.

With caution, he put himself between the cat and the woman, and not taking his eyes off the shifter, he spoke to the woman over his shoulder. “Stay behind me, and I will back you out of the room.”

She grunted, but he wasn’t sure if it was annoyance at him or the animal. Both seemed inappropriate for the situation. “Is this how you treat your guests, Mr. Nasser?”

He grinned, allowing for a quick glance to her petulant face. “You know me?”

“Who doesn’t? You were a local celebrity moments after you opened the doors to this place. I had been meaning to check it out. That is, until I was attacked.” She crossed her arms over those amazing breasts, which made Aten want to reach out and undo them or instruct her to do so.

Again, the feeling washed over him that she just was not frightened enough about the cat. “Trust me. I will deal with him swiftly and then make sure your visit was not in vain.” Her smirk made him even more determined.

When they reached the door, Aten wrenched it open just as the cat decided to advance on them. He shoved her into the hall and slammed the door shut before dodging a swipe of sharp claws at his head. If he spoke to the cat, pointing out that he knew what it was, he would expose his own secret, something he wasn’t prepared to do under any circumstances. While shifters had an excellent sense of smell, a shifter could not sniff out another shifter from that alone, especially

when in human form. They might sense something out of the ordinary, but that was all. Aten knew this animal was a shifter for the simple fact that he was also one—a cougar—so he knew they existed. He could think of no other possible reason a jaguar would be inside his club in the very heart of the city.

However, to cover himself, he decided to play along. “Okay, big fella, calm down. We’ll get you back to your owner.”

Aten glanced up to see his uncle come in through another entrance. Picking up on the second person, the cat whined. Its ears twitched. Before either Aten or his uncle could grab the animal, it shot out through the door left open behind Uncle Madu, and they gave chase only to find one of the staff coming in from taking trash to the back alley. The animal disappeared into the dark night.

Uncle Madu frowned at Aten as if it was his fault. “Aten...”

He dropped a hand on his uncle’s shoulder and moved past him. Already, his thoughts had returned to the young woman. “Later, Uncle. I have business to attend to.”

“This is a sign, Aten. You can’t ignore it.”

Aten waved his hand. “Uncle, please spare me.” Heading toward where he left the woman, he rounded the corner and caught his breath when he spotted her leaning on the wall, arms still crossed, scowl in place. He let out a low growl of delight. How much fun he’d have helping this kitten loosen up. “I kept you waiting,” he announced when he drew up alongside her. “I’m sorry.”

“What did you do to it?”

Worry etched the large eyes he now saw were a deep blue like the ocean. “My uncle is on the phone with the zoo as we speak. Don’t let that concern you.” He rested a hand at her waist. “Shall we go to my office?”

She blinked up at him. “You think I will slip into bed with you, don’t you?”

He shrugged. “No bed needed.”

“You’re very arrogant. I’ve always hated that in a man.”

He boxed her in using his body. Aten knew women, and the shallow breaths, the parted lips, and the fire in her eyes were not from her anger at his assumptions. “I’m not so bad once you get to know me.”

“Getting to know you means you between my legs?” She raised a delicate brow and pursed her lips.

He mused on how good her mouth would taste. “Between your legs or from behind, whichever pleases us both. Or we could switch up.” He traced the material of her dress just above her breasts. “This is a sex club, unless you’d forgotten.”

“And your job is to sample all the women who come into it?”

He pressed closer. “Forget everyone else, beautiful. Forget every man except me. I am your master for tonight. I will teach you to please me, and I promise to please you as well. Tell me your name.”

Aten resisted laughing at that point. Now she was good and angry. He’d pushed her too far, but he was confident that she wouldn’t deny him. If he reached between those soft thighs, he knew he’d find her wet and ready, and he was ready as well. His cock pressed against his zipper, and he couldn’t wait to make her take it out for him, to guide it between those red lips.

“Your name, baby?” he prompted a second time.

She raised a hand to his chest, paused, and then skimmed her fingertips down to his abs and lower to his swollen member. “It’s Kym, and we’ll see who commands who before the night is over.”

## Chapter Two

With a hand guiding her by the elbow, Kym strolled into Aten's office and took a seat where he indicated on the black leather couch. He lowered his head close enough for her to feel his breath on her cheek and whispered, "Stay put. I'll be right back."

She considered ignoring what sounded more like an order than an excusing himself from her presence, but she remained seated. Truth was she'd come there to get him, and if it meant playing his little master-and-submissive game for the time being, she'd do it. Later, she'd teach the man a thing or two about Kym Jamison. She did not take orders from any man, least of all in the bedroom.

While she considered how to bring Mr. High-and-Mighty to his knees, his voice sounded in the hallway outside the office door. "Scott, take care of Calla and coordinate with my uncle to lock up at closing. Any serious problems—which there better not be—call me."

"Yes, sir," another man said.

Aten appeared in the doorway. "Change of plans. We're leaving." He caught her up before she could register his words. "I've been interrupted enough tonight. I want to enjoy myself without interference."

They stepped out onto the street, and a blast of humidity hit Kym full in the face. Atlanta at this time of year was sweltering. Kym could already feel a layer of sweat forming on her upper lip as Aten handed her into his Lamborghini. Aten slid behind the wheel, turned over the engine, and blasted the air-conditioning.

Kym leaned forward and allowed the air to blow down the front of her dress while Aten zipped along the road.

“Take off that dress. You’ll be more comfortable,” he suggested.

She eyed him. “You’re joking.”

“The windows are tinted dark enough that no one will see, and I will be driving into my garage when we get to my house. Strip.”

She rolled her eyes at him. “Do women actually fall at your feet with all the gruff commands because, I’ll be honest, you’re plucking my nerves.”

“Hmm, then it’s just the cold air making those nipples hard.” He flicked a finger over one. Kym refused to draw away or to cover her breasts. “And if I were to reach down here...” He slid his hand down to her thigh and ran it up her dress but stopped just before reaching her center. “I wouldn’t find you wet at all.”

“I never said I didn’t want to fuck you.” She sat back, at last folding her arms.

“Why do you do that?” he demanded, shifting gears and focusing on maneuvering around slower moving cars before glancing at her again. “You give off mixed signals. One minute, you’re all she-woman—”

“I beg your pardon!”

“—and the next minute, you’re crossing yourself like a stuck-up school teacher. Then it’s a sexy little vixen ready for whatever I offer her. Which is it?”

She pressed her lips together, annoyed that he was assessing her without knowing her five minutes. Who the hell did he think he was judging her? She’d known going into this that Aten Nassar was not her type. He was hot as hell, at least six feet five, amber eyes, strong build that seemed chiseled from pure muscle top to bottom, and he was over-the-top confident about both his appeal and his skill with the opposite sex. Sure, she liked a hot man just like the next woman, but Kym’s sexual experiences, though many, were all with her in the driver’s seat. She got off on dominating men, so her lovers had all been the type to want a dominatrix. It could be that she’d played the

role of school matron one too many times to have given Aten that impression.

However, when she'd seen him at a party last year, before he'd opened his club, she had been drawn to him. The fact that she had had to take care of an old clingy boyfriend had been the only thing standing in her way at the time. When she'd gotten wind of the club, it seemed like the perfect opportunity. Still, what had she been thinking with this man? They were too much alike, and someone had to come out on top. Eying how his muscles bulged and tensed with each shift of gears, she figured Aten would not be an easy man to control. Not by a long shot.

"I like a little rough play now and then. How about you?" she challenged him.

The man almost came in his pants. "Of course. But can you handle it?"

She rolled her eyes and glanced down at the tent in his slacks. *Nice and thick*. "If you've got good useable equipment..."

"I promise you. You will not be sorry," he replied gruffly.

Kym chuckled, surprised at how much she enjoyed ticking him off. From the impression she'd gotten, and even from everything others who knew him said, Aten Nassar was always in control, that he never let anyone get to him, least of all a woman. She remembered at the time wondering why he held such a tight reign over his emotions. "It's too bad that we left the club. I expected to make use of some of the tools found there."

His gaze flicked to her for just a moment and then returned to the road when he made a right into a long, winding driveway. Trees lined both sides of the road amid a well-manicured lawn. While it was too dark to see detail, Kym had the impression of an old, English manor-styled home. The exterior walls were all made of stone, and she counted at least four chimneys. She wouldn't be surprised if the house alone was almost an acre, and a wide expanse of woods backed the house.

Aten drew to a stop at the garage on the side of the house and pressed a button over their heads. The garage door rose, and he drove inside. A light came on, illuminating the three-car garage with two other cars parked inside. He shut off the engine and unbuckled himself. “Stay put.” He slid out of the car and walked around to her side to open the door. Kym took the hand he offered to assist her to stand and waited for him to direct her inside the house.

They passed through the usual mud room, but then Kym’s breath caught upon sight of the kitchen beyond. The wide-open space had to be bigger than her entire apartment. An industrial-size refrigerator was built into the wall and was surrounded by cabinetry that must be handcrafted. The hood above the stove was covered in stone. Farther down the kitchen was a second, smaller stove built among more cabinetry. Most impressive was that the kitchen sported not one but two islands. One curled in a *J* around the refrigerator and stove area, and the other was one long piece in the middle of the floor. Both included stools that were matching but different in design. Judging by the kitchen alone, the place must have cost millions.

Kym let go of the breath she was holding. “You live here alone?”

He winked. “Most of the time.”

Meaning when he wasn’t allowing his latest woman—or women—to sleep over. This man was not about commitment in any stretch of the word, but then, neither was she. She’d learned boyfriend–girlfriend stuff did not work out. One person was bound to get possessive while the other lost interest. So far, she’d been the one losing interest.

“So.” Aten came up behind her and brushed his hard body along hers. “Shall we get down to business or do you need a few more minutes of acting the prude?”

She laughed. “Funny.”

With a practiced move, Kym reversed their positions so that she pinned Aten against the counter, which freed her to explore his sexy body at her leisure.

He rested his palms on the counter behind him and grinned down at her. "By all means, help yourself."

"I will."

He frowned. "Why were you not afraid of the jaguar?"

She smiled. "So you knew what type of big cat it was?" She shrugged. "I used to work summers in a zoo, if you can believe it, had dreams of becoming a zoologist when I grew up."

"So what happened?"

"I grew up."

"Hmm, interesting," he muttered, but Kym was pretty sure he didn't give a fuck. All Aten wanted was sex, and she couldn't blame him. Without warning, he switched their positions back again, with her against the counter, but this time, he gripped her hips and hoisted her onto the counter. Watching her with his eyes narrowed, daring her to deny him, he pushed her dress up to reveal her red thong. He growled. "That is more interesting. Take them off."

"This is not how I do things," she protested. Aten took hold of her hands, placed them on her thighs, guided them to her hips to hook under the thong material, and then together they dragged them downward. Kym moaned. Damn, she was so wet. "Aten..."

"I like a submissive woman," he told her.

She cocked her head to the side, her intent to challenge. "And what if I said I like the same thing?"

Aten froze. "You prefer women."

"No, I meant I like a submissive man."

The bear of a man sputtered. "I am not submissive, nor will I ever be! If we are to continue, we will do things my way."

Kym shoved him hard and was pleased to see the shock register on his face at her amount of strength for a woman her size. She hopped down from the counter and, sauntering toward the door, swayed her hips. "In that case, take me back to the club. I'm wasting my time, and I'm sure I can snag a man more to my tastes than you."

Just as she'd expected, Aten caught her arm and swung her around. He crushed her to him and reached down to raise one of her legs. She went up on her tiptoes and gasped at his cock pushed between her legs. At that moment, to have all clothing separating them moved out of the way, she could have pleaded like the submissive he wanted.

"No," he snapped.

She glared up at him. "Excuse me?"

"*Hell*, no." He shook his head. "I'm not giving you up before I have you, and it's for damn sure no other man's going to get inside that hot little pussy of yours before I've had my fill."

For a while, she said nothing. It might be better if she went along with him for now. Who knew, it might be fun to give in to what he wanted. She could always do a switch up later. Kym wouldn't have men calling her, begging for some time if she didn't know how to bring a big man to his knees. And something told her Aten would be perfect down there between her legs.

"Fine. I will do it your way for now," she told him.

He smirked, triumph in his eyes if only for a second. "Why do I get the feeling I'm in for a fight later on?"

She shrugged, feigning innocence. "Paranoid, maybe?"

Instead of answering, Aten hauled her up into his arms and carried her across the room through a doorway. His scent, the way he teased her lips with the tip of his tongue, sometimes nipped caused her to miss the decor they passed on the way to his bedroom. When they got there, Aten paused to kick the door shut and then set her on the edge of the bed. Her attention was all for him.

Aten positioned himself in front of her. "Now, let me show you how I like to be pleased, my pet." She flicked a glance up at his face while he trailed his hand down her cheek. A thumb parted her lips, and she dipped her head back, sucking lightly. Aten gasped. From the corner of her eyes, Kym noticed the twitch in his pants. Already, she was taking control.

She crowded him as she stood, her eyes downcast in false modesty, and forced him to take a step back. “I know you’d like to see what you’re getting, and I would never hold anything back from you.”

Catching the clasp at the top of her zipper, she didn’t pause for him to stop her, but she lowered the zipper at the back of her dress and allowed her dress to loosen and slide down in degrees over her breasts. With her head down, she couldn’t see if the unhurried revealing of her body was getting to him, but she was sure it was.

Kym hadn’t worn a bra despite the size of her breasts. She often wondered if she would get a lift if they began to sag at some point, but hopefully that was a few years off. Her C-cup breasts were still high and firm, and her lovers raved about her large nipples, especially when they were hard—like they were now.

“Damn!” Aten exclaimed when her dark pink buds popped free. Kym bit her lip to keep from chuckling.

“You don’t like them? Are they too much?” She affected a hurt expression when she looked up into his eyes.

“You’re insane!” he growled and grasped her roughly to lift her body up to his hungry mouth. All thought of manipulating him disappeared the instant his mouth closed over her nipple. Kym cried out in ecstasy. Aching to be devoured by his hot mouth, she threaded her hands into his hair and tugged to pull him closer. Too soon, Aten pulled back and set her on her feet, his eyes glazed. “You could make me lose my head,” he told her in wonder. “Who are you?”

“Does it matter?” With him having put space between her breasts and his tantalizing mouth, Kym could put together a thought or two. She freed her hands from his hair and hooked her thumbs beneath the material of her dress still caught at the curve of her hips. Again lowering her head, she spun away from Aten and pushed her ass out just a little while she wiggled out of her dress. She didn’t miss the sharp intake of breath when he spotted her red thong.

Kym had busted her ass in the gym four to five nights a week to get her body the way she wanted it, and while her hips were naturally wider than she preferred, she knew men liked what they saw, clothed and unclothed.

She dropped her dress to the floor and stepped out of it to kick it away. Her five-inch heels, she kept on and looked back at Aten. His eyes were glued to her ass. “Well?” she prompted him.

Aten drew in a deep breath and blew it out while watching her. His eyes seemed to shift for a second and even lighten to a pale honey, but when Kym blinked, they were normal. He reached out a single finger, caught her chin with it, and directed her to turn and face him. “Come here,” he commanded in a low tone. “Do you think that I don’t know what you’re doing?”

Kym considered denying it but remained silent. He made a tsking sound and shook his head.

“No, pet.” He raised a finger to her lips and traced it around the edges of her mouth. Kym parted her lips when he placed gentle pressure between them. His finger slid deep inside, glided over her tongue, and withdrew. He repeated the process until Kym knew to suck. Her eyelids fluttered closed, and she moaned, the act sending chills of delight over her. Aten grunted his approval. “This is what I want you to do for me. On your knees with that hot mouth wrapped tight around my cock. You will suck me until I burst into your mouth, and you will swallow all of my come. Do you understand?”

In the blink of an eye, the man had turned the tables. He was in total control and in no hurry. She suspected he would spend half the night if necessary to train her, to show her what would give him the most pleasure. She’d done it herself in countless sessions, holding the reins, manipulating, guiding, and teaching. By doing so, her partner also enjoyed himself, having been handpicked because of his love of being dominated.

What the hell was she doing now, here with Aten, on the receiving end of this kind of role-play? It wasn’t natural, but damn if it didn’t

feel good so far. She'd get him back later, she promised herself. Her defiance died hard.

"What if I don't want it that way?" she asked him. "What if I want you to come on my breasts?"

His eyes widened. "You like that?"

She didn't really. Too messy unless the man enjoyed tasting his own juices and would lick it off. Now that could be a turn-on. Something told her that Aten would rather watch her licking juice from his body, and of course, he'd enjoy eating her. Well, he'd better enjoy it. She'd be riding this sexy Egyptian's face before the night was over.

She shrugged. "Just wondering."

"You need to obey me," he asserted. He put out a hand, palm down. "On your knees, pet."

Kym slipped into her role and sank to the carpeted floor. When Aten instructed her, she opened the button at the top of his pants and lowered the zipper. Her heart pounded in her chest, she panted, and almost whined in anticipation upon first glimpsing his bulging cock.

Just as he had exclaimed earlier seeing her nipples the first time, she wanted to shout *Damn* at seeing how stiff and long he was. The man was a rock and so thick. Whatever he might want of her next didn't matter. She had to have a taste. She ran her tongue over the crown and sucked it in between her lips before releasing it. Aten hissed above her head. With deliberate strokes, Kym ran her palm from the base to the top while watching Aten's face.

He was beautiful. Long, thick blond lashes fringed his eyes, and his matching hair was worn to his shoulders. There was a wildness about him, like an animal. That might be what had drawn her to him that first night she'd seen him.

She kept her gaze locked with his, her lids lowered halfway. Uttering soft moans and murmurs of how good he was, she drew him in. Soon she began to stand and let his cock skim along her, pluck

over one nipple, then the other, and down to her belly, and she kept hold of it to lead him up on the bed where she climbed on her knees.

Aten followed in silence. When he was in position, Kym pushed at his shoulders until he landed on his back, his eyes never wavering from hers. Straddling him, she removed her heels since balancing on the bed would be tricky with them on. She threw the shoes away and stood up over her lover, legs splayed. She licked a finger and ran it along her body. Aten panted.

Hooking the lacy band of her thong, she dragged it lower and watched his eyes widen. The triangle of her pussy curls peeked out over the top. Aten rose to his elbows. Instead of uncovering herself, Kym reached inside between her legs and dipped two fingers into her cream. Aten's fingers bunched the covers.

Kym, eyes closed, stroked herself for a few moments, moaning. When she thought Aten couldn't take it anymore, she withdrew her fingers and held them up glistening before her. He licked his lips. She dropped down to her knees, careful not to allow his cock to impale her yet, and held her fingers out to him.

"Do you want to taste me, baby?"

A growl started in his throat. Kym had forgotten that he wasn't tied down like her lovers usually would be at this point. Aten grasped her wrist and tugged. He sucked her fingers with noisy appreciation until she thought she would come from watching and listening to him alone. Weak and at his mercy once again, she fell against his chest.

With a move her mind didn't register until it was over, he flipped their positions, but with her pinned beneath him, facedown, her arms bent behind her—not painfully. "Aten!" she complained. "What are you doing?"

He lowered his mouth next to her ear. "What are *you* doing? Do you think you'll rule me, Kym?"

A tremor rippled over her. He'd used her name for the first time, and the cadence of the word in his deep masculine tone excited her.

"Now," he continued, "we'll do it my way or no way."

## Chapter Three

Kym had almost had him. Her stripping for him, her finger fucking herself, her bold and sexy glances had Aten about ready to shoot his load too soon. She was good. He'd have to give her that. She'd turned the tables on him so fast that he hadn't noticed her doing it before he was the one following her lead, obeying her silent commands. And damn if he hadn't liked it, the way she handled him, sucked him, licked him. The woman had savored his flavor from her expression, and Aten was sure it was all calculated, her way of taming him.

Aten Nasser would be tamed by no woman. He would do the taming, thank you very much, and it would start now. This little sex cat would be his kitten soon enough, purring in the palm of his hand. Yet, even as he made the vow to himself, he breathed in her scent, so intoxicating that all he wanted to do was hear her cry out his name while he made her come.

He shook his head. *No, focus, Aten.* After kneeling her legs apart while he still held her hands behind her back, he rubbed his cock against her ass. She moaned. He scooted lower on the bed and kissed each rounded cheek. "You've been bad, Kym. You must be punished. You must learn that when I order you to do something, you obey."

She sputtered, but before she could form words, he brought the flat of his palm against her ass. The impact stung his hand, and she cried out. He spanked her again, rubbing her sweet ass between swats.

"You have no right," she told him, and the thickness in her voice made him think she'd teared up some, but her thigh muscles quivered with each blow. Kym was not fooling him. She liked it. He didn't

doubt it stung, but she liked being spanked. Aten had the feeling she'd never experienced it before.

"Has anyone ever spanked you, Kym?"

"Go to hell!"

He spanked her again. "Answer."

"I said go to hell."

He reached between her legs, coated his finger with come, and covered her anus with it. She struggled against his grasp, but Aten had no trouble holding her down. As bad as she thought she was, her strength did not match his. "Uh, uh, uh," he scolded. "You haven't answered my question." He rubbed more come on her ass. She screeched.

"Do you want me to stop, Kym? Just say the word."

"I wouldn't give your ass the satisfaction." She lay rigid, trying to close her legs, but Aten had wedged a knee between them.

He rubbed around the ring of her ass and then put pressure on it. Kym sobbed but then bit it off. For a moment, Aten thought she didn't want it, but her hips rose a little toward his finger before she tried to suppress the desire. This dominant woman did not want him controlling her, but it was getting good to her. He grinned, although she couldn't see him with her face turned away and her beautiful silky hair covering the side.

Aten pushed his finger inside her ass. She was tight, but not so tight that he had to question if a man had been back here before. No, a sizzling goddess like her would have had it in every orifice possible. He worked his way deeper. Kym fought and whined. She struggled against him, clenched her hands into fists, and bit down on what he guessed were pleas that he let her up.

"Just say the word, Kym," he reminded her.

He released her hands, and she immediately grabbed for the sheets beneath her. He thought she bit into the pillow under her head, and she lifted her hips a second time, pushing onto his finger so that he was buried to the hilt.

“Oh, baby, it’s so good, isn’t it?” he teased. “You don’t want me to stop at all, do you? You want me to bring you to climax.” He kissed along her back, still stroking inside her. “You want me to play with your clit?”

“Shut up!” she yelled and then groaned, no longer fighting to get away but wiggling to enjoy more of what he was doing to her.

“You want to come, pet?” he asked again. With no notice at all, he pulled his finger away. Kym sobbed into the pillow. He flipped her over to her back and caressed her thighs. Her skin was smooth and soft, no visible tan lines. That meant she’d lain out naked under the sun. How he wished he could have watched her then.

Aten parted her pussy folds to gauge how wet she was. He let out a low whistle at the heavy flow of cream. “Yummy, look at that. Close, huh, pet?” He thumbed her erect little pearl. She screamed, and her knees shot up. Her hips bucked as he stroked. Aten guessed she was close to an orgasm, but she was not getting over that easily. He stopped stroking.

“What are you doing?” she whimpered.

He climbed up over her and faced her with his cock less than an inch from her mouth. “Suck me, Kym. Now.”

Her face turned red, her eyebrows crashed low on her forehead, and she growled. “You’re determined to make me obey you. You bastard.”

“You agreed to the terms. Please your lover, pet. Now. Or we will start this process all over again, beginning with another spanking. While you enjoy it, and it gets you wet, nothing feels like an orgasm.” He ran the tip of his hard-on over her lips. “I promise you, you will not come tonight unless you do as I say.”

He leaned forward, rested his hand behind her head, and lifted her toward his cock. “Suck it!”

Her sweet lips parted, and she took him between them. Lightning rods of pleasure struck his body from head to toe. Aten pushed

forward so that more of his cock slid into her mouth, easing down her throat.

He groaned. “Mm, good girl.” He stroked her hair. “Suck it harder, pet. That’s good. See? You know how to please me.”

Noticing the wetness around her eyes, Aten gently wiped it away and with tenderness brushed a thumb across her cheek. He wasn’t mean to his lovers. They knew what he liked, and he knew what they enjoyed. He chose submissives, so this experience with Kym was harder for her. Aten had no doubt that in that active mind of hers she was plotting. The lowered lashes, black like coal, the soft whimpers while she sucked him to his content, didn’t fool him. But Aten would have his way tonight. He’d been getting his way most of his life, and the tempting morsel under him would not change it.

The muscles in his core began to contract. His balls rose, and the sensations came to a head. He was going to come. *Fuck, yes! Let her swallow it all and like it.* “Oh, baby, yes. I’m coming. Take it all.”

He fell forward with his hands braced on the headboard and began to pump against her mouth. His come shot out, and Kym let go of his cock and let it glide in and out of her mouth. Aten threw his head back and shouted through his release, while she drank him down. Every last drop, she drank, and he’d never felt so turned on by a woman.

Aten pulled out of her mouth and leaned down to hoist her up into his arms. She didn’t fight him, but he caught the anger simmering in her eyes. He hugged her close. “It wasn’t so bad following my commands.”

“Whatever,” she snapped.

He turned her so she was curved back into his body, her ass tucked against his cock. He was growing hard again. With feather kisses, he touched his lips to her hair, her ear, and her neck. “Do you want me inside your pussy or your ass?”

She eyed him over her shoulder. “You’re giving me a choice?”

He grinned. “I told you I’m not all bad.” Stroking her outer thigh, he waited for her answer. Truth be told, if she walked out right now, he’d be in trouble. Her fire and spirit mixed with the unmistakable femininity had him panting for more of her. Coming between her lovely lips had not been enough. He wanted to take her over and over again, all night. He wanted to feast between her legs and hear her cry through another few orgasms.

The way she shivered in his hold and folded herself against his chest—against her will, he guessed—Aten knew she felt the same, an attraction like none other. With each trying to dominate the other, to do what each always did in the bedroom, even the conflict was a head rush. Kym didn’t say a word, but Aten arched his hips back so his cock could find her moist opening, and he sank deep within her pussy. They cried out in unison at the binding, flowed together in a rhythm that was at once perfect.

Kym’s head dropped onto his shoulder. Her lips parted and eyes shut, she moaned his name, which sent pleasure all through Aten’s body. Had a woman uttering his name ever had this effect? Ever made him want to cradle her close and never let her go? He tried to summon Calla to his mind but couldn’t. With her body alone, no words spoken, no commands, Kym had turned the tables again. He’d give her anything she wanted, anything if only she’d speak his name, let him touch her, taste her, possess her.

“Kym,” he whispered in her ear. She shivered, and he caught the wetness starting in her eyes. Blinking it away, she turned her head in embarrassment.

“I don’t cry,” she insisted.

“You are now,” he told her with gentleness.

“I own whips and cuffs and chains. I use them often on men.” She tried to convince him, or herself, that this wasn’t her.

“I will teach you new experiences.” He felt her stiffen, and he paused. “You can show me what you do.” He chuckled. “Not on me, though.”

She turned back to him and stared into his eyes. “What do you mean?”

He reached around to rub her clit while he picked up the pace of his pumping behind her. “We will discuss it after we’ve come a few times.” She would have protested, but he covered her mouth with his and caught hold of her tongue. He sucked it gently into his mouth to be rewarded with her lustful cries.

In another few minutes, with Aten pounded hard against Kym’s soft body until he thought he’d lose his mind, they both shouted out another orgasm together that lasted longer and was stronger than the one before.

When the ripples of ecstasy eased, Aten pulled Kym with him down on the bed. He kept himself wrapped around her and tossed a sheet over their hips. Blowing out a breath, he was prepared to keep her close until he could gear up and be ready to go for another round.

Kym yawned, resting a hand over her mouth. “What did you mean before, Aten?”

His heart fluttered, but he fought against it now that he wasn’t in the throes of passion. Yet, what he had vowed had not changed. He would give her what she wanted. She didn’t need to know how much she affected him though. For all she knew, he might like what he was about to suggest on a regular basis.

“I meant, I will watch you play your role of dominatrix. However, I will choose the man you are with, and it will be in the environment I decide on.”

Like before, she stiffened in his arms, but she did not pull away, which pleased him. “What makes you think you can set all the rules?”

He continued as if she hadn’t spoken. “Also, if I am not pleased, then I will call a stop to it, and you *will* stop. If I am pleased, I may decide to join you, along with him.”

“Let me get this straight. You want me to let another man fuck me while you watch? You want me to do all the things I normally do, whip him, command him, all in front of you, and if you like it, you’ll

join me?" She eyed him over her shoulder. "I guess I shouldn't be surprised. After all, that goes on all the time at your club. I just got the impression that you were the kind of man who keeps the woman you're interested in all to yourself."

He shrugged. "You don't like the idea?"

She laughed. "Oh, I like the idea all right. But you won't let me spank you?"

"Not going to happen."

She pursed her lips. He kissed them and teased them apart with the tip of his tongue. "I promise, you will enjoy what we do, and you must have fantasized about two men at once." He drew back. "Unless you've had two already?"

"No," she mused. "Not yet. Although I do want to have some say in who the man is. I want to talk to him. He must be a real submissive, not like you who'll just fight me the whole time."

He laughed. "Don't say you haven't enjoyed our sparring."

She rolled her eyes at him. He ran a hand over her belly and let his pinky finger play with the curls at her apex. She trembled. Yeah, she had enjoyed it, and she wanted more. He would give it to her. They would explore sex in ways he'd only considered up until now, and when he was done... He told himself he would move on to the next woman for a new experience, or enjoy Calla again, but the thought of letting Kym go gave him a hollow feeling in the pit of his stomach. He dismissed the thought for now. They'd work that out when the time came.

\* \* \* \*

Aten hadn't realized just how exhausted he was until something woke him from a doze a few hours later. He shouldn't have been surprised. Working at the club night and day since it opened a couple months previously had caught up with him.

He scanned the dark room. The light of the moon helped, but being part cougar, he did have better than perfect vision. A small mewl beside him caught his attention, and he looked down to find Kym curled into a ball at his side. And she really was a ball. The woman was flexible! He'd have to keep that in mind when he woke her for more of their earlier activities.

While he pondered whether to use the facilities or to wake Kym now, he became aware of the room's temperature changing. A distinct warmth had crept in, odd since he had flipped on his central cooling unit when they entered the house. Aten did not need to discover that his system was having problems in the middle of the night, but then wasn't that the usual time, when one needed it the most but had the least access to a repairman?

He threw back the sheet covering him and stood to step past his boxers on the floor. Not being self-conscious in the least, he had no qualms about strolling about the house naked. The hall outside his room was hotter. Glad for the lack of clothing, he continued toward the living room. An odd yellow light shone from that direction, and he searched his memory as to whether any of his lamps cast such a glow.

He turned into the living room and had to shield his eyes from the light. The heat was near unbearable, but through the glow, he caught sight of someone. When he realized it, the light dimmed to a tolerable level, and after his eyes adjusted to the sudden change, he stared at the man standing before him.

At Aten's height with bronzed skin, a golden wrap around his waist, bare chest, and the identifiable head of a jackal, Ra was impressive. Or at least Uncle Madu pretending to be him was a good show.

Aten grinned, hands on his hips. "Good try, Uncle, but I'm not fooled. The light and heat were a bit much. How'd you do that?"

The man didn't seem inclined to answer at first, and then he shape-shifted. Aten stood with his mouth hanging open when the

jackal head transformed into a cougar's head and then to a man. Even Uncle Madu couldn't do that.

"It's you?" he whispered.

An eyebrow rose at Aten's disrespect. He sucked in a breath, threw a fisted hand over his chest, and dropped down to one knee with his head bowed. He didn't dare look up or speak until his ancestor allowed him to.

"Rise," came the command with all the arrogance only a sun god could intone.

Aten did so and continued to wait until Ra chose to speak.

"Foolish one. You didn't believe all these years. You doubted. I considered turning my back on you, letting you fumble around and possibly miss your mate, but you can thank Madu for changing my mind. He never let me rest in peace until I had to come and set you on the right path."

Despite standing before Ra, Aten resented being told he wasn't on the right path, that there was another that Ra preferred him on. He'd always enjoyed making his own decisions, forging his life as he saw fit.

"Do you think that I cannot hear your thoughts, boy?" Ra boomed.

"Fuck!" Aten clamped down on his tongue at the curse. "I apologize, Your Majesty. I meant no disrespect. You see I've always—"

"I know what you've always done, Aten."

He approached, and Aten found himself stumbling back, not afraid but unable to stand against the power that seemed to be rolling off Ra in waves. This was too much. All his life, he'd doubted. Even as a child, he had willed himself to believe the tales but deep inside, he'd been practical considering that there could not be this one person that was fated to be a man's mate. Well, that aside from a freaking centuries-old ghost or god coming to point her out. It was too fantastical, and yet, here he was. Maybe he'd worn himself out more than he thought, and this was all a dream.

“This is no dream, Aten,” Ra interrupted his thoughts. “I’ve come to tell you that she’s your mate.”

“She?” Aten blinked. He called Calla to mind.

“Fool!” Ra roared, and Aten fell to his knees, an unseen force shoving him down. The light flared again, and the heat threatened to burn his skin off his bones. He winced but refused to cry out. Ra backed off after he’d punished Aten a couple of minutes. “That woman, the weak and frightened one is not the mate I have for you. Do you know nothing of Sekhmet?”

Aten searched his memory. “The war goddess?”

Ra grinned, revealing that he hadn’t changed his teeth when he’d taken on the appearance of a human. His teeth, long and jagged, put Aten in mind of his own mouth when he took on his animal form.

“Yes, that is the woman I have for you. You will breed with her to keep the line strong, and she will lead you into battle if need be, protect you as well.”

Aten frowned. “Protect me? I don’t need a woman protecting me.” He threw up an arm to shield his eyes when Ra seemed about to use his power against him again, but the sun god was apparently happy with the threat alone.

“She will protect you,” he said the second time, brooking no arguments. “Bedding her was to your satisfaction, no?”

“You saw that?”

Ra’s eyes moved through a spectrum of shades. “I did. You don’t mind.” He nodded toward Aten’s naked body. “You’re comfortable with what I have given you, I see.”

For the first time, Aten felt the opposite. Yet, he resisted covering his cock with his hands. The smirk on Ra’s face let him know the god had read his mind anyway, and knew that he was embarrassed, enjoyed it even. Aten tried to take the focus off his lack of clothing. “So you want me to choose Kym as my mate.”

“No, I’m telling you she *is* your mate, and you will marry her.”

“Marriage!” Aten held up his hands. “About that…”

Ra went on. “But first she will prove herself to you, in bed and in life. When the time comes, you will know her for who she is, and you will accept her with all of your heart. At that point, no one will be able to stop you from making her your own.”

Aten’s anger surfaced, something he didn’t let out often as it could trigger a change. His teeth grew out, hair sprouted in places on his body, and he felt the tingle of his ears elongating into points at the top. Ra seemed unimpressed.

“So you will force me to love her,” Aten growled. “I have no choice in the matter whatsoever?”

Ra began to fade and become transparent. “No, I will not force you. It is inevitable. You need her. Your heart will guide you.”

Aten growled. “Your Majesty!”

Sudden darkness blanketed the room.

“Aten?” Kym, voice sleep-filled, called out from the hall.

Aten turned his back to the doorway and willed himself to calm down. While he took in deep breaths, his body reverted to its human form, but the anger was still simmering deep inside him. He was never getting married no matter what Ra had said, and if he had to prove that Kym was not his mate, then the sooner he did so the better. He knew just the man to bring into bed with the two of them. His cock hardened thinking of the coming experiences. He’d have as much fun as possible, and then he would find a new woman to play with.

## Chapter Four

“Well, how was it?” Carrie asked.

Kym rolled her eyes while she held the phone between her ear and shoulder as she flipped the lake trout she was frying on her stove. “How do you think it was? The man is sex on two legs. I’m telling you it was so good I could have licked his toes in gratitude.”

“Damn, that good?” Her friend whistled. “He have a friend or, better still, let me have some. I could go for a good ride.”

“I thought you were abstaining for a year or something like that.” Kym tilted the stainless steel frying pan to allow her fish to skitter over to her plate full of veggies, and she switched off the burner. “You told me something about trying to find out what you wanted in a relationship and getting your head clear enough to make such an important decision.”

Carrie grumbled. “Yeah, well, my sex drive is too damn high to keep that going. I feel like I could jump the bones of the first man I see on the street. In fact, at the store yesterday, I started flirting hot and heavy with the checkout boy.”

“Eww, isn’t he, like, nineteen?”

“What? He’s an adult.”

Kym burst out laughing. “You’re scary. Yeah, get a man quick. Oh and I’m not sure about Aten. He’s looking for a man to share.”

“A man to share?” Carrie’s voice rose in excitement. “You mean he’s going to do him or have the guy give it to him in the ass?”

“Calm down, freaky woman,” Kym told her dryly. “No, I’m going to be living out my fantasy this go-around. Hmm, I’m thinking you

can get in on it with us after this session. What guy wouldn't want two women at once?"

"You'd share him?" Carrie was doubtful, and Kym knew why. Kym considered her sexual encounters to be private and special, shared only with the man she was with and no one else. While she had experimented with Carrie in the past and enjoyed herself, her preference had always been controlling the man she let in her bed. She'd considered if there was some deep-seated reason behind it like the fact that her father had always been weak, had been an alcoholic who had habitually blown all his money in a bar and in purchasing the services of prostitutes.

In fact, maybe her dominatrix role was a way for her to punish him and all men for not cherishing the women in their lives. That she enjoyed Aten's firm control over their time together came as a shock. Here was a man, but not cruel, man. At least from what she had seen of him. Of course, she could never let it go further than it already had between them. Nothing serious. No commitments.

"I might be persuaded to," she teased. "Since it's you."

"What about that other situation?" Carrie asked. "After all, you moved from Cali to Georgia to get away from it. Any better?"

Kym shook her head although her friend couldn't see her do it. "No, that bastard followed me here. And you know after that dream I had of the guy standing on the side of the road with a sign that read 'Go to Atlanta,' I thought this was my way out. I thought it was so real, so intense that it must be fate. You know?"

Carrie made a grunt of agreement. "Yeah, I know. Fuck it. I say hire someone to kick your ex-boyfriend's ass, and if that doesn't work, pay the guy to cut his balls off."

Kym choked on a bite of food and pounded her chest. Tears ran down her cheeks, and she didn't know if they were from laughing at the outrageousness of Carrie's suggestions or because of her frustration for having to come to this point. "You're crazy, Car. You know I can't do something like that." And if she did, the ball ripper

would be her, for the sheer satisfaction of it. “He who shall remain nameless for all eternity needs to understand that it’s over. How I made the mistake of thinking he was a submissive, I don’t know. Which makes me think I better make triple sure the man Aten chooses is indeed a submissive. After all, what does he know? Aten wouldn’t be caught dead letting a woman spank him or put his balls in a vice.”

“Yummy,” Carrie quipped. “Your tastes always were over the top. I’ve never met a more aggressive woman than you are, Kym. You go after what you want.”

Kym shrugged. “That’s why I get paid the big bucks, my dear, to hunt out the best candidates for my clients.”

“The travel and other perks don’t hurt either.”

“You got it. Listen, sweetie, I’ve got to go. I don’t think I can enjoy my meal without choking on it while talking to you. I’ll call and tell you all the hot details of how it went with Aten, and you can tell me if you found a man your own age.”

Carrie whined. “Aw, I miss you. We only talk a couple times a week because of our schedules.” She sighed. “Okay, I’m going to have to find some excitement in my life just so I can keep you on the phone longer.” She blew Kym kisses. “Talk to ya later. Be bad!”

Kym chuckled and returned the kisses. “You too. Bye.”

After snapping the phone into its cradle on the counter beside the kitchen door, Kym turned to go back to her meal but stopped at the whispered words behind her and the heat from another’s body too close for her comfort.

“So you got a new man, huh?”

She stiffened and then spun to face him. Her ex-boyfriend was no more than two inches away from her, towering above her with his habitual angry expression on his handsome face. At what point could she have been so fooled by him, to think him something he wasn’t when knowing what he was?

“How the hell did you know where I live? Get the fuck out!” she all but screamed.

He shook his head. “No can do. You forget what I told you? You’re mine, Kym. All mine, and unlike your new lover, I’m not willing to share.” He’d scarcely had the words past the lips that she had thought herself addicted to once upon a time before he closed a hand around her throat and pushed her back against the refrigerator. He followed with his rock-hard body to pin her in place.

Kym caught her breath at the feel of his cock teasing her stomach. While he leaned in close, she watched in horror as he changed, his teeth becoming sharp enough to tear her to shreds, his eyes lightening, and the shape of his face changing. Her ex-lover was a jaguar shifter, which was pretty common in California where she had been raised. Here in Georgia, there didn’t seem to be as many. From the very night she’d met her ex and heard him purr, after she had brought him to a head, she’d been hooked on shifters, loving to dominate them most of all. The loser was not careful about hiding what he was, which was probably a bad thing for all his kind. The general population was still in the dark, and it should remain that way.

“Well, Kym?” He ran his tongue along the side of her neck. “You know you miss this. How good it was with us.”

She struggled in his hold. No matter how strong she liked to believe she was, she was no match for him. “Let me go, bastard. I told you, we’re over. When are you going to get it through your head? Besides, it was only good when I thought you were a submissive.”

“Liar!” he shouted.

Kym flinched.

He dipped his knees and ground his hips into hers. Kym closed her eyes and turned her head away. She was getting wet despite how much she hated this man. Sex was good. She wanted it as often as she could get it, and a man who knew the things she liked, who knew her sweet spots could get her ready within seconds of touching her. This bastard knew that, played to it.

He tickled her earlobe with the tip of his tongue, caught her hands up, and laced his fingers with hers at the side of her head. When he

attempted to kiss her, she fought, but it was no use. His tongue found its way between her lips to fill her mouth. Oh, how she loved sucking a man's tongue, and his was thick and good. Her eyelids fluttered low so that she saw him through the haze her lashes made. Still, she fought to maintain her resistance.

Her former lover moaned in her mouth. Kym sucked once at his tongue, and he growled in satisfaction. He pumped against her, a steady rhythm that had her heart pounding, her body on fire. She couldn't find the words to protest when he released one of her hands to reach down and unzip her pants. His hand was halfway to her wetness.

"Am I interrupting something?"

They broke apart.

Kym bit into her lip, seeing Aten leaning against the doorjamb, his arms crossed, expression dark. She ran a hand over her mouth and glanced at her ex-boyfriend. He hadn't changed back to his fully human state, and looking at Aten, Kym realized he was neither alarmed nor surprised. *He knows about shifters!*

"What the fuck do you want?" her ex growled at Aten.

Aten didn't turn his attention to the other man but stared at Kym. "I'm wondering what you are doing with him. This is the same man from the club who was in jaguar form. Am I right?" His eyebrow slid up toward his hairline. "Which also lets me know you are privy to the knowledge that shifters exist."

Kym's blood ran cold. He was too calm, too collected. Men who reacted in such a way when they found the woman they desired in another man's arms were more dangerous than the ones who flew off the handle, like her ex. Kym racked her brain for a way to get rid of one of them before a fight broke out. As tough as Aten seemed to think he was, he couldn't beat a shifter. They were animals, and her ex was the worst of the ones who bordered on psychotic. She'd learned that the hard way. He had seemed fully prepared to kill her that night at the club.

She struck a pose, hand on her hip, and smirked at Aten. “You’re not going to go all possessive on me, are you, baby? We had fun together, and we will again when you get that person you said you wanted to join us.” She shrugged. “Meanwhile, a girl has to have her needs met.”

Aten wasn’t buying it. His arm shot out, he curled his fingers around her wrist, and he snatched her forward. She crashed into his chest, the wind knocked out of her. Glaring up at him, she was about to tell him where he could shove the manhandling, but she shut her mouth so fast that her teeth clicked. That was his secret. She’d seen the flash in his eyes before, and that night at his place she could have sworn in the shadows of his dark apartment, he’d looked like a half man, half beast before he turned his back. By the time he’d faced her again, he was normal, and she’d dismissed it.

Why the hell hadn’t she suspected it before, and why hadn’t it leaked out among those who knew about the shifters? She considered Aten’s reputation with those she had questioned about him. Laid back, very easygoing, all Aten seemed to want was to build his business and have as many women as he could get his hands on. He hadn’t fit the profile, the aggressor, the dark and mysterious man who seemed to have a secret. In fact, when Kym had first spotted him at that party, he’d appeared to be open and free-spirited. A mask, she now knew. And why not? Everyone wore them to hide their real selves from the world.

“I’ve seen your type before,” Aten was saying above her head, his arm around her waist more of a vice than her ex’s ever could be. “I don’t want you around my club or my woman. Is that clear?”

Kym took exception to that. “*Your* woman?”

Her ex snarled. “She’s mine. She will always be mine. You don’t realize I can rip your head off right now, do you?”

Aten grinned, but his muscles were tense. Kym needed to end this now. She wriggled until her back was to Aten and she faced the obsessed fool before them. “Look you two. I don’t need any man

fighting over me, or claiming they own me. I can choose who I am with, and right now, I don't want either one of you."

Aten spared her a glance. "Well that's too bad, isn't it? Because you and I have an appointment that doesn't include this idiot." He looked at her ex. "Now, do you want to leave under your own steam, or shall I toss you over the balcony? I'm sure you'll land on your feet."

The slight wasn't lost on his opponent. "Fuck you!"

In the instant that Kym's ex launched himself at Aten, Aten whipped her around behind him, took a step to the left, lifted an arm, and brought the side of a stiffened palm down on the man's neck. The half jaguar went down to his knees, eyes glazed. Kym stared in disbelief. Total human ability, she thought in wonder. Aten hadn't needed to change at all, and even with his opponent's superior strength and speed in his half-shifted form, it meant nothing.

"How the hell?" Kym muttered.

Aten winked. "I'm good with swords as well."

She rolled her eyes. "Show-off."

Aten hauled the jaguar shifter to his feet and shuffled him toward the door. "I'm going to have a little talk with him," he called over his shoulder to her. "You get ready to go."

"Might I ask where we're going at this hour?" She considered whether to tell him to come back tomorrow, or better yet, call for an appointment, but changed her mind. Somehow, she was happy to see him and more than grateful for his interruption that stopped her near surrender to a night of sex she would regretted in the morning.

"You'll see," he replied, and her apartment door slammed shut behind him.

\* \* \* \*

The house Aten pulled up to was small and unpretentious with little landscaping beyond a single bush at the side of the door and

low-cut grass. The place's advantage seemed to be that there was a lot more grounds than house. The nearest neighbor was just out of shouting distance. The stone lions guarding the entrance caught Kym's attention.

She frowned and glanced at Aten.

He shrugged. "Don't judge the owner by house. He's been a friend a long time. I know him well."

"Well, huh?" Her eyebrow rose. "When you say well..."

"The house was not a gift from me for services rendered if that's what you're thinking." He unfolded his lithe body from the car with a command for her to stay put. Kym ignored him and opened her own door to step out. Aten reached her side and tugged her into his arms. His mouth hovered above hers, and she resisted going to her tiptoes for a kiss. His mouth was more delicious than any man's she'd been with, and she wanted to experience sex with him while he allowed the animal to have free reign. Something told her getting him to that point would be near impossible. He swatted her ass. "You are disobedient. I see I'll have to teach you how to do what I tell you to do."

She spun on her low heels and strolled toward the house while calling over her shoulder, "You could try, but you'd fail."

His growl reached her ears, and she chuckled. The man was fun, no doubt about that. She hadn't thought she could enjoy a lover like him, but she did. He was different, and if she wasn't careful, she'd lose herself to Aten, and that would not be tolerated.

At the door, Aten pressed the bell with one hand while the other rested at Kym's lower back. Warmth stole over her at his touch, but she resisted shifting closer to him. Aten was no more interested in something long term than she was, and if she let her heart care about him, he'd only hurt her. The man probably already had a line of women waiting for their turn with him. Kym remembered his mentioning someone named Calla when she waited for him in his office. When would her turn come—when would he brush her aside because he had met another, more interesting woman?

The door opened, and Kym didn't know what she expected to see, but the handsome man a few inches shorter than Aten but with an equally powerful build was not it. When he pushed the screen door open, she gasped. This man could have been Aten's brother, except that where Aten was light, he was dark. His hair, almost as black as hers, he kept cropped very short, and he sported a thin mustache and goatee. His eyes showed his friendliness when he smiled.

"Come in. I've been looking forward to meeting you," he told Kym.

She frowned at Aten. Been a friend a long time? The men had the same voice, or similar. They had to be related.

When they were settled in the living room, and Kym held a glass of iced tea, she decided to settle her curiosity. "Brett, Aten told me you and he have been friends a long time, but you two look so much alike, you've got to be related. Are you?"

Aten scowled at her question. Brett grinned.

"We're half brothers actually. I'm from the wrong side of the sheet, if you know what I mean."

"Oh." She had no idea what to say and regretted asking. However, she was surprised that Aten even acknowledged his half brother's existence. With the display of his heritage at his club and his attitude, she would have thought he would be too proud to admit his father's extramarital affairs, which of course was another reason she should never get serious about him. She shook her head in annoyance at her thoughts. A long-term relationship was not on the table here. Being sure that Brett was a submissive was.

Before Kym could ask any other questions, Brett spoke up. "I know you're wondering if I am a sub. By the look of me, I guess I don't look it. I'm not immersed in the culture of it like many people. I wouldn't begin to know where to find that kind of thing or if it would be too much for me. Hell, I work as a cop, a very aggressive profession by nature."

Kym's eyes widened, but she remained silent.

Brett splayed his hands. "I don't know if I'm the right one for you, Kym." His gaze raked her from head to foot, and then he lowered his stare to the floor. "A couple years ago, I got involved with one of my fellow officers. She was a definite Dom. She did things to me I never dreamed would turn me on, but they did. She and I didn't work out, but since then, I've sought partners who would do for me what she did." His glance slid to Aten a second and then back to the floor. "Aten found out by accident, stumbling upon one of my sessions with my lover at the time. To give him credit, he never looked down on me, and it didn't affect our friendship. When he called me with a proposal to meet you and described your appearance and personality, I thought I was dreaming."

Kym knew her face had reddened at the joy that burst forth on Brett's face. She guessed that since he resisted immersing himself in the local culture for Doms and subs, he had found it hard to secure a long-term partner for his secret pleasure. She, too, didn't move in the circles that many moved in to secure a more permanent partner. Somehow, it had never felt right.

Regretting that she hadn't dressed more sexily and put on her highest heels, which never failed to get her in the mood to bring a man into tight rein, she stood and strolled over to Brett who sat on the couch opposite her chair. She lifted a knee and pressed it between his legs, just hard enough to give him a twinge of pain but not enough to injure him. He winced but said nothing.

Kym put a hand on either side of his arms and leaned down to kiss him. He yielded. She pushed her tongue into his mouth and tasted him. Her head spun with the pleasure of it, a man as big as him letting her have her way with him. After a few moments, she pulled back, nipped his upper lip, and turned to look at Aten.

His eyes were honey-colored like before, and his hand gripped the arm of his chair, but he was rock hard. She turned back to Brett. "I will be here on Friday night at ten. Make sure you're ready for me." She glanced at Aten. "Here is fine, or did you prefer the club?"

He shook his head. “Not there. Brett’s not willing to show his face there. Yet.” He looked at his brother. “You wouldn’t believe the toys I have down there, Brett. I bet Kym could torture you all night with a good number of them.” He chuckled.

Kym rolled her eyes. She caught Brett beneath the chin and made him focus on her. “Don’t listen to him. I’m your Master now. You will take your orders from me. Got it?”

“I-I have a shift on Fri—”

Kym ran a hand down to his nipple and pinched. His lips parted in a gasp. She pinched harder. His cock shifted under her knee, growing out. So he got off on a little pain. Already wet, Kym couldn’t wait. “You were saying?”

“I’ll get the time off. Somehow I’ll get the time off.”

She grinned and stood up. “Good.”

Aten stood up as well and walked up behind Kym. He grasped her around the waist and pulled her back against him to kiss her neck and then turn her head to kiss her on the mouth. Kym considered pushing him back a moment and then gave in. The shift from controlling to being controlled was dizzying but exciting too. Maybe there were two sides to her.

After some time, Aten raised his head to grin at his brother. “Now you know why I didn’t have a problem with your lifestyle. I watched you a lot longer than you knew. I couldn’t believe how much it turned me on.” He frowned. “However, there’s still the matter of what I will think when you and Kym are into it. Like I told you and her before, if I don’t like it, you *will* stop.”

Brett nodded like a trained puppy. Kym elbowed Aten in the stomach and strolled toward the door. “Brett, I will see you on Friday. Count on it.”

## Chapter Five

Kym snapped her makeup case closed and fluffed her hair while she stared in the mirror. It did no good, of course. She liked the length and thickness of her hair, but her mane had not a lick of body. Still, the stark black color matched her skin-tight black leather dress, and her whip.

She slipped the makeup case, the whip—which had sat waiting on her bed—her cuffs, and the rest of her needed items for the night into a travel bag. Inside was a change of clothing, something comfortable but still cute since she was sure they would all wear themselves out before the night was at an end. Aten would not feel like driving her home, and Brett had said he had two extra guestrooms since he lived alone.

Kym took one last look in the mirror and turned to leave the room. Her heart pounded with excitement. It had been a while since she'd been able to whip a man, and Brett looked so yummy. Almost too yummy to hurt. She grinned as she descended the stairs to the front of her apartment building. Of course, then there was the prospect of having him fill either her pussy or her ass while Aten took the other opening. To have two men at once. What would that be like? She'd heard it was a tight squeeze, amazing if a little uncomfortable the first time or two. In her anticipation, she picked up the pace. Aten would find her ready when he drove up.

A few minutes later, when he pulled into the parking lot, she caught his smirk upon seeing her standing there with her bag clutched in her hand. He pulled to a stop and unfolded his long length from the

driver side of the car. She tried to open the passenger side, but it was locked. He cast her another smirk while he rounded the car.

“Smart-ass,” she grumbled.

“Hello to you, too.” He kissed her lips before flicking a button on his key ring and then opening the door for her. A tingle slid down Kym’s spine when his fingertips touched the bare skin of her back. Aten growled. “How many of these do you have?”

She settled in the car and waited for him to get in on his side before answering. “How many of what?”

He gestured with his chin and turned over the engine. “The dress.”

“This old thing?” She winked. “I have a collection of sexy dresses in different colors. I don’t always wear black when in role.”

“No?” He raised an eyebrow. “Are all the dresses made of such little material?”

“You complaining?”

“Not at all. I can’t wait to get you out of it.” He ran a hand along her thigh and pushed her dress higher until his knuckles grazed her pussy. “No panties at all! Damn, woman. You are—”

She gave him a sidelong questioning glance. “What?”

He didn’t answer but pushed his knuckles harder against her. Kym gasped and spread her legs. Aten ran his hand up and down her slit, pushing and stroking. She was soaked within seconds, and her juices coated his hand. She gripped the seat on either side of her, forgetting her supposed role. She always liked to get her mind set, ready to be firm and tough, but here she was putty at Aten’s touch. She wanted to cry out for satisfaction, for more of him. *Bastard!* How dare he make her feel like this?

She whimpered. “Aten.”

“Yes?”

“Stop.”

“You don’t want me to stop, Kym. You want me to pull this car over and bend down to eat that hot little pussy of yours. Don’t you?”

He pulled to the side of the road in a less populated area as if she had consented.

“Bastard!” she said aloud this time.

“I’m a bastard for making you feel good?” He pulled his hand away, and she sighed in relief only to whimper again when he forced her to turn her head and watch him lick her come from his knuckles. She was on fire.

She tried yanking her chin from his hold, but he wouldn’t be shaken off. One last moist spot lay at the groove between his first and second finger. His honey-colored eyes focused on her, and she held her breath. Instead of eating with relish like he had the rest, he reached out and pushed the spot between her lips.

“Eat your sweet come for me, Kym.” It was a command, but not harsh.

Her tongue shot out almost before she could consider doing as he told her, and she licked his hand clean. Aten followed with his mouth, and he kissed her with such fervor that she thought he would try to eat her up. He pushed his tongue deep into her mouth, and she sucked, moaning for more. Not of herself, but more of him.

When he drew back, she followed, whining until she realized what she was doing and pulled herself together. Aten hadn’t missed the weakness in her for him. He grinned and pulled back on the road. Kym, in a huff, stared out the window, hating him.

They pulled up to Brett’s house a short time later, and Kym found herself battling nerves. Usually, she would be fired up and hungry to get her hands on the man, but with Aten tagging along, she was less certain. She should have suggested she have at least one session with Brett alone before he came along. While he walked around the car to open her door, she thought about telling him to come back later, but changed her mind.

Dressed in black as well, the man looked so good that she wanted to jump him right there in the driveway. It had been more than a week now since they had been intimate, and Kym was starving for another

taste. While she strolled up to the house, she told herself that her sex drive was high and that she would feel the same with any man after abstaining longer than she liked. The lie was not convincing in the least.

Brett opened the door before they could ring the bell this time. He grinned a silent greeting, and the instant attraction Kym had felt for him earlier in the week sparked to life. Once they were inside, Brett leaned in to kiss her, but she placed a finger over his lips and walked by.

“You will not touch me unless I give you permission. Is that clear?”

Like the contrite puppy he was, he nodded and whispered, “Yes. Whatever you say.”

She spun back to him, her eyes narrowed. “Whatever you say, *mistress!*”

He swallowed, brushing his palms along his pants legs. “Whatever you say, Mistress.”

For a brief moment, Kym wondered if he too was a shifter, but she dared not ask in case he wasn't and knew nothing of his brother's physical makeup. She would know soon enough when they were in the thick of his pleasure. The shifters hid what they were well, even from each other, but if the eyes were the windows to the soul, the shifter's eyes revealed his secret when one looked carefully enough.

While Brett led them to the room where they would play, Aten moved up behind Kym and slipped a hand beneath her dress to caress her ass. He spoke close to her ear. “Is it always this procedural, so clinical? So far, I don't like it.”

She glared at him but said nothing. While she walked, she opened her case and slipped a short, leather whip from inside. She raised it to her face and stuck her tongue out to run the tip along the material. She lowered her lashes so that her eyes were half shut, and let out a tiny moan. Aten and Brett ground to a halt in the hall, and both stared at her.

Still teasing her weapon of choice with her mouth, she ran a hand up her thigh, beneath her dress for a second but did not allow them to see what she did, and then continued up across her belly to the buttons straining between her breasts.

Flicking one button from its hole made the men catch their breath. Two and they were panting. She stopped her hand above the third button and waited. Not a whisper disturbed the air around them. Kym left Aten's side, continued past Brett, and moved into the room he had indicated. Both men tripped along behind her, and she suppressed a chuckle. That was getting a little of her own back from Aten.

Expecting a bed, Kym was pleased to find there wasn't one. Instead, littered about the floor were giant pillows covered in vivid material. A stack of sheets was folded nearby in neat order. She scanned the unadorned walls for something that she could cuff Brett to but found nothing. Oh well, she could still bind his hands together and command him not to move. If he did, she would stop whatever pleasure she gave him until he learned to obey. Now the fun would begin.

"Brett, strip now," she commanded. "Everything, including your boxers." She glanced toward Aten. His expression dared her to give him orders. "You can watch wherever you'd like."

With a look at his brother, Brett began to undress. Kym's attention was riveted to his beautiful body, and she found herself comparing him to Aten. Just as sexy and well built. She bit her lip. Nice equipment must run in the family. *Yum!*

She dropped her case and strolled over to him to take hold of his cock while watching his face. He reddened, but the obvious pleasure he felt at her long strokes up and down his shaft made his lips part. She kissed him once. First gentle, then rough. He was on the cusp of coming before she stopped stroking him.

He gasped, wanting to protest, she knew, but not wanting to displease her.

"On your knees."

He dropped down. With skilled precision, Kym cracked the whip at his ass. He grunted in pain. She shifted their positions with her in front of him but sideways so that Aten could see where he was sprawled on one of the pillows.

Kym lifted her dress to reveal her pussy right in front of Brett's face. His eyes widened, and he licked his lips.

"Eat my pussy," she demanded.

A low growl sounded from Aten's position, but when she looked over, she found him unzipping his pants, his gaze never leaving his brother's face as it neared Kym's wet center. Her heartbeat kicked up. Knowing that he was watching, that she was teasing Aten at the same time she was about to be pleased by his brother was a head rush. She couldn't believe this fantasy was coming true.

Brett's first tentative lick at her clit made her cry out.

"Careful!" Aten growled.

Brett drew back, but Kym whipped him again. A red line streaked across his ass. His cock jumped, precum dripping from its tip. Kym swallowed, wanting it in her mouth, but she had to wait for that. "You don't listen to him, Brett," she scolded him. "You obey only my orders. Got it?"

"Yes, Mistress." He buried his face between her legs.

Kym's head went back, and she closed her eyes as he began to eat her. His tongue glided past her folds, up a short way into her channel, and he ate with obvious enjoyment. He moaned, and the hot sounds of his mouth as he lapped her juices rose Kym to the brink of an orgasm. She grabbed onto the back of his head and drove him deeper.

She was about to come. She pumped against Brett's face, and he opened his lips and wrapped them around her clit. When he sucked her tiny bud hard into his mouth, she screamed for the second time and came, shaking from head to toe.

Aten moved up behind her before she could come down from her high and pulled the whip from her nerveless fingers. He kissed her neck. "Make him lie down."

She nuzzled with Aten a moment, kissed him, and then turned to look down at Brett. "Lie down." He obeyed, and Aten walked her up over Brett. He placed gentle pressure on her shoulders until she dropped down to the pillow, her legs straddling Brett's face.

Aten's eyes seemed to glow when she looked up at him standing over her. "Lots of come to be enjoyed down there I bet."

"Yes." *Fuck!* Why was she listening to him? "Brett, make me come again." She didn't take her eyes off Aten, but she reached out, tangled her fingers in Brett's hair, and tugged a little. He raised his head and began to capture the cream dripping from her. Kym drew in a shuddering breath.

Aten stroked her cheek. "Why did I have the feeling earlier that you were a tad hungry yourself?" His eyebrow rose in question. Kym pressed her lips together in annoyance at him, but he wiggled his hips before her. She laughed. He grew serious. "Open."

Just as she had done with Brett, Aten grasped her hair, tugged just enough to make her scalp tingle, and pulled her closer. Reluctant, she raised her hands to his pants, which he'd already unzipped, and pushed them low on his narrow hips. His cock tented his boxers. She freed him and, taking him into her mouth, savored his flavor, enjoyed the feel of the leathery skin on her tongue and his thickness filling her mouth. How she loved the taste of cock. No, not just any cock. Aten's.

She sucked him, teased his balls, and stroked his thighs. She took him deep into her throat and pulled back, took him in again and withdrew. Aten purred. She was sure of it, although he cut it off short. Kym pulled him from her mouth, licked along his swollen head, and planted light kisses along his length while watching for his reaction. But he seemed to know she was alert for any changes in him. He tilted his head back, pulled her head forward, and pushed himself inside her mouth again. He pumped gently, whispering encouragement that she continue.

Kym moaned, grinding her hips to Brett's face while giving as much attention to Aten as she could. Another orgasm slammed through her just as Aten growled his release. He pumped her face harder, and she could barely keep up. His come filled her mouth and dripped from the sides while she drank it down, loving his come.

When he calmed, Aten moved around behind her and pulled her from Brett's face. He wrapped her in his arms and watched while he used her fingers to clean her mouth, guiding her to lick the last drops of his come from them. They clung to one another, and Kym tried to hide the emotion that must be visible in her eyes. She didn't try to catch Aten's change. She couldn't if she didn't want him to see her secret—that she was falling for him.

Not this man. Not Aten, who was so much like her, therefore not good at all. Aten squeezed her in his hold once and then turned her to face his brother. "He's not had the chance to come. You're such a cruel mistress," he murmured in her ear.

She frowned. "You just want to see me do it."

He pressed his mouth to her ear. "I just want to fill your ass while he stretches that tight pussy. Just thinking of it makes me hard all over again." He took her hand to prove it. Already, Aten was growing stiff. Kym squeezed him, and he moaned. "Now, Kym. Please both your men."

She gasped and looked up into his eyes. He turned away and pushed her gently toward Brett. He must be regretting the slip. Could he be feeling what she was? No, it was too much to hope for, or a good thing he was not.

Kym leaned down over Brett. Behind her, Aten caressed her ass, then gripped her hips to lift her over Brett. She looked back to find Aten following, getting into position to take her from behind. Her core muscles clenched. This was it.

She sat up and reached into her nearby bag for her handcuffs. "Lift your arms above your head," she told Brett. In an instant, he

obeyed. She cuffed his wrists together. “Do not lower your arms no matter what, or you’ll be punished.

She took hold of his cock and directed the thick, wet head toward her pussy. A tremor went through her, and she bit down on her lip while trying not to hurt herself by shoving him inside too fast. Her folds parted as she pressed, stretching around his broad girth.

“Oh, fuck, you’re big,” she cried out.

Aten squeezed her hips. “Take it all, Kym. Every inch.” He kissed her neck and slid his hands up her arms around to her breasts. When he pinched her nipples through the fabric of her dress, she arched into his touch. He moaned in her ear. “Take all of him for me.”

He drew her back to him, his chest hair tickling her back since at some point while she concentrated on Brett, he’d removed the rest of his clothing.

“Deeper, baby,” he encouraged her.

Kym pushed down. She gasped, rested her head on Aten’s shoulder, and let Brett slide farther up her channel. It felt so good, so right, especially with Aten encouraging her. He stroked her belly and slid his hand lower, made her think he was about to help guide his brother all the way inside her. The thought sent her to the edge of orgasm, but Aten played with her clit, squeezed it, and rubbed it under his thumb. She whimpered.

“You want me in your ass, Kym?”

She opened her mouth to answer but couldn’t find the strength.

“You have to beg me for it,” he whispered. “Come on, baby. You know you want it, don’t you?”

She tried to pull away, but he held her with a firm hand against him. Waiting for her answer, he halted Brett’s advance.

“Y-Yes.”

“Say it.”

She tugged away from him, but he pulled her back. Resisting the man was pointless. She wanted it. Damn it, she wanted them both bad. “All right,” she growled. She opened her eyes and turned her

head to look at him. Rather than mocking as she expected, his expression was one of understanding, of—dare she think it—affection. “I want you in my ass, Aten. I want it now.”

He smirked. “So commanding, not at all submissive even when you are obeying me. But”—he kissed her—“never would I allow a beautiful woman to go unfulfilled.”

After releasing her waist, he applied gentle pressure to her back, and she bent out over Brett. She caught the other man’s attention and realized he was more than ready to continue. In fact, he looked ready to explode. Brett was gentle and sweet, and Kym felt her affection for him growing. The ache, the desperate longing in her heart was for Aten. Somehow, she knew what Aten wanted, what she and Brett would give him.

Aten removed the unscented oil Kym kept in her bag and squeezed some in his palm. She watched as he first winked at her and then reached down behind her to massage her ass opening. She moaned and pushed back against his probing fingers. One slipped inside her hole, and she whined for more.

“You like that, pet?”

She nodded, biting her lip with her eyes drifting lower.

“Want it deeper?”

She didn’t answer. He smacked her ass, and she jerked on Brett’s shaft. He gripped his hands together above his head and writhed beneath her. When his dick glided deeper, she pumped him. Aten smacked her ass again and then pushed one finger all the way up her ass. Kym was almost in tears it felt so good.

“I think she likes it, Brett.” Aten chuckled.

Kym should tell him not to speak to her pet, but she couldn’t say a word. All she could do was grind into Brett one way and then push back into Aten’s finger another. She was going to come long before he got his cock in her if he didn’t hurry up.

“Damn it, Aten. Now,” she complained.

His answer was a sharp smack on her ass cheek and then a gentle rub. Yet, instead of tormenting her further, he pressed the head of his erection to her ass and pushed. Kym's strength left her, and she fell onto Brett's chest. His arms came up over her, and he rested his fists on her back. Aten straddled them both and pushed deeper. Brett and Kym cried out in ecstasy. Whoever had said it was a tight fit having two men inside at the same time had understated the sensations, and still, it was too good. Her head spun. She couldn't move.

Aten set the three of them into a rhythm of movement that sent shivers up and down Kym's spin, and goose bumps popped out along her arms. His grunts matched her own and Brett's under her. The feeling of having one cock slide in and then the other made her come with great intensity, but before she could catch her breath, another was rising.

Aten picked up speed. He pumped hard, slapping against her ass while gripping her hips. Every push sent Brett's cock deeper as well, and she felt when her pet's balls lifted and contracted. He was ready.

"Mistress," he uttered.

"Come for me, Brett," she managed to command in a tiny voice. He didn't need any more encouragement and burst forth inside her. Aten pounded faster. Kym screamed when he reached under her and lifted her off Brett a short way while pinching one of her nipples. She came a second time, shaking all over, and a heartbeat after, Aten came as well, jerking against her.

When he had collapsed atop her, pushing her back down on Brett, the three of them lay still, panting. After some time, Aten rolled over to his side, dragging Kym with him. "Un-cuff him."

She sighed but leaned up and released Brett. Aten pulled her down to his shoulder, and Brett followed Kym, wrapping his full length against her. With little energy, she kissed his lips and could not imagine a better place to be than between these two amazing men.

## Chapter Six

Aten tapped his fingers on his desk, rubbed his stubbled jaw, and tried not to think about her. He hadn't slept in days or shaved. He'd close his eyes, but her image kept popping into his head. Beautiful, sexy, fiery. Damn it all, he ached for her. Kym should not be this fucking important in his life, but somehow, she was important. Vital, it felt like, in his gut. He sighed and ran a hand over his face.

He'd not called her on purpose and sent Scott back with a message that, being too busy at the moment, he would see her when she dropped by the club. Full of pride, he didn't doubt, she hadn't come again. Now, even Calla couldn't satisfy him. Hell, her innocent sweetness had not provoked the slightest rise from him when she'd come into his office earlier.

His phone rang, and he slammed a finger on the blinking light without checking the caller ID first. "What?"

A chuckle sounded in his ear. "Bad mood, brother?"

Aten grumbled. "No more than usual. What's up?"

Brett seemed to hesitate since the line had gone quiet. Aten held onto his paper thin patience with effort.

"I was wondering if you'd like to have another threesome with Kym," his brother said at last.

Aten sat forward, despite himself, hope rising. "Did she tell you to call me? Why didn't she call herself?" He hated the eagerness in his voice. Damn it, he'd vowed not to see her again for this very reason. He had gotten too close, his emotions too raw with her.

Brett sighed. "No, I haven't heard from her. I hoped you had. I can't believe how good it was the other night, and how it felt to have

us both inside her. Besides that, I don't know. There's something about her."

Aten uttered a bitter laugh. "Yeah, she satisfies your fantasies, although I did interrupt it."

"No, it was incredible. I thought what I wanted was just to be controlled by a woman, but having you there as well took it to another level." Brett growled. "I'm craving her bad, man. Tell me you aren't feeling the same."

Aten waved a hand like Kym didn't matter. "She's just another woman, Brett. I understand your attachment, being that it can be difficult to find the right woman to spank your ass." He chuckled. "Me, I have a line of them waiting for me at the club."

"Don't hand me that bullshit, Aten," Brett snapped, showing more backbone than he had in their session. "You were all tender and loving to her at my house. I saw the look in your eyes. I watched the two of you together just like you watched me and her. You have feelings the same as I do. You're just scared—"

"Scared?" Aten pounded his desk. "The hell I'm scared of anything!"

"Whatever, bro." Brett sighed. "Will you call her?"

"Not interested." Aten studied his nails like he didn't care. For a moment, he wondered whether it would bother him if Kym saw Brett without him. He didn't think so. He and Brett had become close since they had both come to despise their father. They had met by accident as children and become friends. Later, when he had discouraged the relationship, their father had gotten into a heated argument with Aten's mother. He'd learned the truth of his father's wandering lust that day but refused to take it out on Brett. And when his mother died a year later, Aten had gone to live with his father's brother. Uncle Madu had helped him heal as a child and won even more points with his young heart by welcoming Brett into their lives during holidays because they lived states apart. Later, he and his uncle had moved

back to Atlanta, which allowed Aten to continue his close friendship with his half brother.

As far as Aten was concerned, Brett was his best friend and was his full-blooded brother. If he made love with Kym, it was okay with Aten. He ran a hand through his hair. Only he didn't. The longing would continue until he drove the memory of her out of his system. Ra could fuck off. Kym was not anyone important. Getting serious about a woman led to heartache, and he would not fall into that trap.

"I suppose if you really want her," he told Brett, "you can call groveling or something. She might get angry that you didn't wait for her to call you, but then you liked that whip she used on you."

Brett groaned. "You're right. I don't like to disobey her, but yes, I want her. I need her, Aten, but I want you with her as well. I know you can't admit it to yourself, but—"

"Drop it!"

"All right, fine. It's good to know you don't mind me with her because I plan on trying to win her heart."

Aten stood up. "What?"

"You heard me. I think I'm falling for her, and if she doesn't mind a cop who likes a good spanking from a strong woman, then I'm going to make her mine on a more permanent basis."

"After one fuck?" Aten raged.

"Yeah, I know when I've met my mate."

Aten gritted his teeth. He dropped his voice down low, knowing he sounded menacing. "What do you mean 'mate'?"

Brett hesitated for the second time until Aten wondered if the call had dropped. He checked the ID and found he was still connected. His brother blew out a heavy breath. "I know you won't believe this, but the next night after we were all together, I got a visit from Ra."

A pain started in Aten's gut. "R-Ra?" He coughed to clear his throat. "*The Ra? Sun god?*"

"The same."

Aten wanted to chide his brother, to tease him and convince him that he'd had a dream and that Ra was dead and gone, but he couldn't bring himself to do it. His experience had been all too real. He wanted to know if his brother had gotten the message wrong or if Ra was playing them both for fools. "What did he say?"

"He said that I had found my mate in Kym and that I should not let her go." He let out a nervous chuckle. "He said she would protect me that she was his ideal in a woman, the warrior goddess."

"He said that crap to me as well," Aten blurted before he realized what he was saying. "I mean...uh...well, do you believe him?"

"Yes!" Brett said with enthusiasm. "She's perfect, and I was surprised how much I enjoyed watching you tame her right while she was controlling me. What a rush that was. I never imagined."

Aten closed his eyes remembering.

"Ra told me something else regarding you."

"Don't tell me." Aten could guess. Ra had told his brother that he too was Kym's mate. The whole thing made sense in a freakish kind of way given how they had blended together. "I'm to be with her as well?"

"Yeah." Brett sounded excited about it, to Aten's irritation.

He refused to accept it, not for an instant. They could not be destined to share Kym. He refused to embrace what his mind, body, even his soul, cried out to him was true.

A soft knock sounded at his door, and Calla stuck her head in. Aten hardened his resolve. He gestured for her to come in.

"I wish you luck with her, Brett," he said into the phone. "She's a handful. I know that. Just be sure to invite me to the wedding."

Brett chuckled. "Will do."

Aten hung up the phone feeling a weight of monumental proportions falling down on his shoulders. He sank into his chair and watched Calla stroll over to him, her breasts threatening to tumble over the top of her outfit. Not even a small stirring began in his groin area. He was in trouble.

\* \* \* \*

“So I’m getting my bag together now,” Kym said into the phone pressed between her ear and shoulder. “I’m going to spend the entire weekend there, see where it goes.”

Carrie moaned. “Oh man, I’m so jealous. So it’s Brett, huh? What about the other guy. What was his name? Aten?”

Kym hoisted her overnight bag from her bed and walked it into the living room to sit near the front door. “Yes, Aten. We’re done. That arrogant asshole is not getting his hands on me ever again. I care about Brett. He’s so sweet, and there is a connection. I admit, I felt a strong connection with Aten as well, but I’ve been wrong before, and I’ll be wrong again. Such is life. Maybe if Brett and I work out, down the line, we’ll find another man who will be perfect with us.”

Although she pretended that Aten brushing her off was no big deal, Kym was hurting. She had fallen for him, and she should have known better. For one hour, she had allowed herself to cry over that bastard after he’d sent his bouncer or whatever he was to tell her he was too busy to see her. After those tears, she vowed not to cry again over him. That night with the three of them had been good, no doubt about that, but it was done, and just like she’d told her friend, she and Brett could find another man later if they chose to have a threesome. She was pretty sure Brett wasn’t opposed to it. Of course, they would have to be careful about who he was. She might have to interview the men first to be sure Brett wouldn’t have trouble, but she was a decent judge of character.

Thinking of judge of character, she rolled her eyes and swallowed down the lump in her throat. Aten had been pegged as a ladies’ man, what they called a player from the start. She’d just thought herself smarter, more hardened to his charm.

Carrie whined. “Aw, but you three were so good from what you told me. Too bad he was an ass. Maybe I’ll fly down next week and

we can do a threesome with two women. Bet that'd get your man's dick rock solid. Two women to spank him."

Kym laughed. "Sure, Car. You know you like to have your own ass spanked."

"Then you can spank us both," she suggested.

Kym shook her head just as the bell rang. "Come in," she called out, continuing to pack a few food items from the fridge. She didn't know what Brett would have on hand, and she was a picky eater. After their activities, she might not feel like doing a grocery run.

The front door opened and closed.

"Well, look, Carrie, I've got to go. Brett's here. I'll update you when I'm back home. And you can start shifting around your schedule for real this time so you can come for a visit."

Her friend chuckled. "Okay, okay. Get some for me, sweetie."

Kym blew her a kiss. "You bet." She stuffed the last strawberry in her overfull bowl and put the top on while calling over her shoulder, "I'll be ready in a sec, Brett. Just finishing up here—"

A hand came around her from behind and clamped over her mouth. She was slammed back against a chest, and something pierced her neck causing a pinprick of pain. She let out a muffled scream, stomped the person's instep, and then jabbed him in the solar plexus with her elbow. The blows had no effect. In fact, her elbow throbbed like she'd attacked a wall of steel.

Within seconds of what she suspected was a drug being shot into her system, her head began to spin, and her vision blurred.

"Stupid bitch," her attacker growled in her ear. "Now you get to pay for playing the whore."

Fear tightened Kym's chest, and she fought with all her strength, which wasn't much as the drug drained much of it. Her legs gave out, and then the room began to dim. She tried holding her head up, but it dipped forward, and she lost consciousness.

\* \* \* \*

Kym opened her eyes to a darkened room. She tried to sit up but her wrists were cuffed to the bed she lay on. “What the hell?”

She turned her head to the left, and her stomach reacted against the move, making her feel like she was about to vomit. With a few deep breaths, she got it to calm, and she surveyed her surroundings. Nothing at all was visible beyond the pale sheets she lay atop. Deciding attempting escape her best course, she yanked at the cuffs. If she could somehow contract her hand so that it was narrow enough to squeeze through the cuff’s loop, she’d be free.

“What are you doing, Kym?” someone said out of the darkness.

She stiffened. She hadn’t sensed him there, but now she picked up on a darker shadow reforming and growing larger as her captor came closer to the bed. He stopped inches from her and dropped a hand on her thigh. She jerked away, but he grabbed hold and forced her in place. His palm glided up her leg to cup her pussy.

“Get your filthy hands off me. You lost that privilege long ago.”

He laughed. “Yeah? I beg to differ. You’re still mine as I’ve been telling you all along. You’re just mad that your role is switched. Instead of you controlling everything, it’s me. I can do what I want with you in this position.”

“Go to hell.”

“I can take off your clothes and do what I want.”

“Why haven’t you?” she grumbled.

“Because I’m waiting.”

Dread rolled over her at his words. She didn’t want to ask him what he was waiting for, despite his obvious want for her to do just that. He wanted to savor telling her, to torment her. “What are you waiting for?”

He leaned down and kissed her. She jerked away and then spat in his face. She didn’t see his hand rise but suspected he was about to hit her. Instead, he heaved in a breath and blew it out. “I’m waiting for your lovers. See, I left a calling card. Soon both those bastards that

you've been seeing will come looking for you, and when they do, I will spring my trap and kill them both. Then no one will come between you and me again. We'll go away together and live a happy, peaceful life."

"You're deluded." She attempted nonchalance, but her chest constricted. The man was insane, and if Brett and Aten weren't prepared for him, they could get killed. Her heart ached. Then again, Brett was a trained officer, no fool, and maybe Aten wouldn't come after her.

A sound similar to a watch's alarm went off nearby. Her ex-boyfriend drew his hand away from her. He chuckled. "Right on time. Don't worry, baby. Soon this will all be over."

His steps receded, and a door opened casting a soft glow into the room before it was doused when he shut the door behind him. Tears filled Kym's eyes. *Please, please let them be okay. Please don't let them fall into his trap.*

"You disappoint me, Kym."

She squeaked at the second voice in the darkness. "Who's there?"

A light shown from somewhere, and Kym stared in shock at the man illuminated by it. Was he a man? He was tall and ruggedly handsome, with a bare chest and some sort of wrap around his waist. Thick bracelets encircled his upper arms, and heavy liner ran under his eyes. Long, thick black hair hung down past his shoulders. The honey-colored eyes so like Aten's mesmerized her.

"Wh-Who are you?" she whispered in awe.

He leaned down over her much like her captor had but was less threatening, more appealing she thought. The man had moved with sexual grace, and the power rolling from him drew her, made her wet. She had to resist spreading her legs for him. Was he doing that to her on purpose?

He grinned, revealing even white teeth, the canines a centimeter or two longer than the rest. A shifter, she guessed. "Don't you know who I am? Can't you figure it out?"

She shook her head. “You look familiar.”

“I’m insulted.”

“I’m sorry.” She licked her dry lips. “Can you get me out of here? Please? My lovers are in trouble.”

“Your lovers?”

Irritation rose in her. He knew damn well what was going on. He had probably been watching, cloaked with some type of magic. Now he was playing dumb.

“You know who the hell I’m talking about. Get me out of these cuffs!”

“Get yourself out,” he snapped. “You’ve forgotten who you are, Kym.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

He leaned away from her and crossed his arms over a delicious-looking chest. “Now who’s playing dumb?”

He’d read her mind. This was no ordinary man. He was something much more, someone with an agenda. But what? Did he want Brett and Aten to be killed? Her heart ached at that thought.

“I can’t.” She begged him. “Please, I’ll do whatever you want. Just save them.”

“Why?”

She closed her eyes and tried to calm herself. It wasn’t working in the least. Her heart pounded so much she couldn’t hear beyond the rush in her ears. She jerked at the cuffs and kicked the air below her feet to no avail. “I love them!” she cried out. “I love Aten and Brett. I don’t want to be without them.”

“Then be the warrior goddess I have created.”

She frowned. “I don’t—”

“Don’t play games, Kym!” He flicked two fingers toward her, and she rose a little above the bed and strained at her bonds. Her wrists ached. “You too are a shifter. You turned your back on my gift to you long ago, before it was able to develop in you beyond your first transformation. You turned your back on me. Why?”

She cried. “Because my father was a shape-shifter. He was a good for nothing. I didn’t want to be like him in any way. Ever! Yes, I shifted...into a black panther when I was seven. I swore never again, so I suppressed it, and I haven’t manifested any signs of being a shifter since then. I hate it.”

“Yet you’re drawn to shifter lovers. That doesn’t bother you.”

“I punish them,” she admitted.

He grinned. “Your own kind? Tsk-tsk, Kym. But you’ve made an exception to Aten and Brett. You love them. You need to trust in your inner feline and save your men.” He held up his hands in a gesture of having his hands tied. “Without you, I fear they’re in trouble.”

With those cryptic words, Ra faded from view, and the light went with him, pitching the room into darkness again. Kym shut her eyes, trying not to give into tears. Despair washed over her. She’d never felt so out of control, not for her entire life, and she’d liked it that way, until she met Aten. And sweet Brett—he needed her.

When that wild stir, unmistakably the shifter inside, began to rise through her core, Kym suspected Ra of giving her a helping hand to find the panther within. Her gums split wider around her teeth to accommodate the thicker, sharper fangs that began to grow. Hair sprouted everywhere, and bones crunched as they broke and reformed. Her strength increased, and she yanked for the last time on the cuffs. The wooden post snapped. Kym forced the metal off each wrist and tossed it to the floor as she ran across the room.

The door crashing into the opposite wall when she flung it open was an explosive sound. She hit the floor on all fours, completely transformed into a black panther. Sniffing her way to the men she loved, she rounded a corner to find her ex with a gun trained at Aten’s chest. Brett, crouching, half turned with blood pooling at his feet from his wrist. Another gun lay across the room against the wall. Kym didn’t stop to assess what had happened. She opened up to full speed, her claws scratching at the cement floor trying to get traction in what she realized was an old warehouse turned studio.

“With you two out of the way, Kym will no longer be distracted from me,” her ex was saying. He squeezed the trigger a moment after Kym leaped from the floor, aiming straight at his arm.

A roar burst from Kym’s throat, and time seemed to stand still. She brought her teeth down on her ex’s wrist, and his howl of pain hurt her ears. Kym was prepared to fight to the death, anything to save her men. Somehow with the weight of her body in its sleek, powerful cat form, she managed to get her ex on his back. But he was a shifter too, and he refused to back down. The gun went off.

Kym’s eyes widened first at the impact of the bullet. This wasn’t how it was supposed to happen. Ra had lied. He said she would save her men. Trust her inner feline? She was nothing, had failed Aten and Brett, and they would be killed. It was all her fault.

The numbness turned to pain, and then her head began to spin. She closed her eyes, giving in to the despair, to her pathetic fate.

## Chapter Seven

“Open your eyes, my love,” Aten coaxed.

Kym blinked a few times, and then her wide, beautiful eyes focused on him. He caught his breath. How freeing it was now to admit how much he loved her, that Ra had been right. Kym had protected him like the warrior goddess she was. For her pains, his love had taken a bullet, and for the last week, he and Brett had been half out of their minds with worry. Yet, being what they were, they healed swiftly from most injuries, a wonder to be sure. Kym being half-shifter had taken longer. It had been touch and go, and even Aten had broken down and pleaded with Ra to save her. Now she was awake and on the mend thanks to his promise to accept Ra’s destiny for him.

He smirked down at her, pretending he hadn’t spent the better part of four days at her bedside having gotten maybe an hour’s sleep in that entire time. “A black panther, huh?”

Her cheeks pinked. He stroked them, and she turned her face into his palm to kiss him. A shudder rocked him. “Where’s Brett?” she whispered in a hoarse voice.

“You must be thirsty.” He twisted to the nightstand by his bed and poured her a glass of water. With gentleness, he helped her to lift her head and drink. “He was forced to go to work, but he’s called every hour since he’s been gone. He should be back shortly. How are you feeling?”

She raised a hand to her head and winced. “Like death.”

He shook his head. “No, not death. We thought we had lost you, but Ra saved you. I had to agree to certain terms.”

“What terms?”

“That I would make you my mate. Along with Brett of course.”

She frowned and pulled away from his hands. “Don’t change your lifestyle on my account. I’ll settle things with Ra in my own way for saving my life.”

The door burst open, and Brett barged in. He dropped to his knees at the side of the bed and took Kym’s hands in his. He kissed each of her fingers and wet them with his tears. Her eyes at first glittering in anger at Aten, softened, and she offered Brett a loving smile. Aten gritted his teeth.

“You welcome his devotion but not mine,” he complained.

She flared her nostrils at him. “At what point was what you just said devotion?”

Aten opened his mouth to speak, but Brett cut him off.

“Marry me, Kym. I love you. I don’t want to risk losing you again. That fool will never bother you again. I will protect you with my life. I promise you that.”

“He’s dead then?”

Brett nodded. “Yeah, after he shot you by accident, Aten lost it. He ripped him to shreds. I had to haul him off to get him to stop.” Aten pretended not to notice when she turned awe-filled eyes his way, but it warmed him. He’d do it again in a heartbeat. No one would hurt her with him around, and glancing at his brother, he knew Brett would protect her as well. However, he’d be damned if Brett would be the one to marry her.

Aten bent down and scooped Kym up into his arms to rest her on his lap.

“Aten, be careful,” Brett bellowed.

He sighed. “The wound is closed. Ra did a thorough job. Now”—he turned his attention from his brother to Kym—“you will be marrying me not Brett. However, we will both be your lovers. Is that clear?”

She bit down on her lip, anger flashing in her eyes. “That’s clear.”

“Good.” He grinned. “Because I love you too much to give you up.”

She melted against him and threw her arms around his neck. Feeling her trembling and hearing her soft sobs, he stroked her back. Brett moved closer, and Aten nodded for him to comfort Kym. His brother massaged her hips and trailed kisses along her neck. Aten lifted her head to find her mouth. He covered her sweet lips and pushed his tongue into her warmth. She was so good that his body ignited and grew hard with her near-naked form so close.

Not able to wait another second to take her, Aten pushed her back from him enough so that he could lift her nightgown over her head and discard it on the floor. He twisted around to lay Kym on his king size bed, and he followed after removing his clothing. On the other side, Brett shoved out his officer’s uniform and tossed it over the back of a chair. He hopped up on Kym’s other side.

“Tonight, Brett,” Aten told him, “we claim our goddess.”

Brett nodded in silence, and Aten skimmed a hand down over Kym’s slender frame. His gaze never left her full breasts as they stood firm with puckered nipples ready for him to enjoy. He reached out to grasp one of her thighs, and he pushed two fingers toward her pussy. She was dripping wet. Aten’s cock jerked.

He slid up over her and kneed her legs higher while he rested his hips between her thighs. She whimpered when he positioned the head of his cock at her slick, pink channel. Without preamble, he pushed in. All the way to the top and down again before pushing all the way in again. Kym cried out her pleasure. She wrapped her legs around Aten’s waist, and he thrust hard. She was so fucking tight that all he wanted to do was lose his mind and live inside her. He pumped faster, stroking deep while he watched her luscious breasts bounce for him. A few times he leaned down to take one nipple into his mouth, to suck until she screamed with a longing to come. Aten hoped it would go on all night, that somehow he could last that long, either anticipating his release or having the sensation of it over and over.

“Harder!” Kym begged.

Aten obliged, banging her slender body until their moistened skin slapped together, and Kym grew wetter. Aten grasped her around the back of her knees and shoved her hips higher. At the changed rhythm, he leaned back some so he could watch his cock glide into his mate and out again. That move drove him to the brink, and his orgasm swelled inside his core, moved to his cock, thickening it, making it grow stiffer, wider, longer.

Aten squeezed Kym’s hips. “Fuck, I’m coming, pet. I need to come.”

“Come, now, Aten. Please,” she pleaded and pushed into his thrusts. His muscles ached, sweat poured off his body, and yet he couldn’t stop. He never wanted to stop. His balls rose. It was coming. Tension settled in his groin, and then he let go. His roar bounced off the walls and mingled with Kym’s echoing one.

Gasping for breath, Aten fell forward and kissed Kym’s lips. He rolled to her side, threw an arm over his head, and stared at the ceiling while he caught his breath.

“Brett!” Kym cried out.

Aten turned his head in time to see his brother had crawled down between Kym’s legs and proceeded to push three fingers straight up her pussy. She tried to pull away, weak after Aten had taken her, but Brett pushed her thighs wider and ran his tongue over her flat belly while working his fingers in and out of her. Kym’s eyes drifted closed though, and she made token swipes at Brett. Her hips came up off the bed, and she tangled fingers in his hair.

Brett’s tongue slipped into her navel while she squirmed under him. He ran a finger lower until he circled the hole at her ass. Kym screamed in ecstasy, and Aten found himself growing out again just watching them. Yet, he didn’t interfere.

After some moments of watching his brother tease Kym, Aten commanded, “Claim her now.”

Brett leaned up and sat on his haunches. He grasped Kym's thighs and hauled her down to him. After wetting his cock by sliding it up into her channel, he slipped the thick head to her ass and pushed slowly in. Kym struggled to catch her breath. Aten stroked her belly and bent to drop a kiss between her breasts.

"It's okay, baby. Take all of him. Enjoy him."

"Aten," she whimpered. "Brett. It's so good."

"Take it all," he told her again.

Brett's cock wove its way deep into Kym's ass, and while he watched, Aten stroked her clit. He pinched it and watched her beautiful face. They would have many nights like this, making love, holding each other. How could he have risked not taking his mate? He must have been insane. He knew that she would fight him along the way, and sometimes, when in the mood, she would obey upon his command. Either way, life would be exciting and fulfilling, and for the first time, Aten couldn't think of one woman he wanted beyond Kym. She was it for him. She was more than enough.

"Kym," he whispered above her. Her eyes opened, and she focused on his face. Her hand came up to cup his cheek. "I love you."

"I love you," she told him. "Both of you. I don't ever want to be without you again."

"Trust me, you won't," he promised her. "Now, come for me, Kym. Right now." He stroked her little clit and lowered his mouth to one of her nipples to knead it and roll the tight bud in his mouth. She cried out, arched her back, and a shudder shook her from head to toe. Moments after, Brett grunted out his release.

Aten eased Kym back from Brett so that he would slip out of her, and he placed a pillow under her head before dropping beside her. Brett rolled to the other side, and together they lay in each other's arms. Aten had never been more grateful for his heritage and the interfering god who brought them together despite his well-laid plans.

# THE END

## **ABOUT THE AUTHOR**

Brenda Steele loves all things out of the ordinary. She writes to gratify the cravings of her own sexual drive, and then for her dear readers. Hopefully, the two won't be far apart and all who read her work will come away satisfied.



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