

# **Paranormal Mates Society: The Midnight Hour**

## **Isabella Jordan**

**All rights reserved.  
Copyright ©2006 Isabella Jordan**

**No part of this e-book may be reproduced or shared by any electronic or mechanical means, including but not limited to printing, file copying or sharing, and email, without prior written permission from Changeling Press LLC. Willful violation of this policy will result in suspension of account privileges and will lead to prosecution.**

**WARNING: Illegal files may contain viruses.**

**ISBN (10) 1-59596-422-3  
ISBN (13) 978-1-59596-422-9  
Formats Available:  
HTML, Adobe PDF,  
MobiPocket, Microsoft Reader**

**Publisher:  
Changeling Press LLC  
PO Box 1046  
Martinsburg, WV 25402-1046  
[www.ChangelingPress.com](http://www.ChangelingPress.com)**

**Editor: Connie Alberts  
Cover Artist: Bryan Keller**



**This e-book file contains sexually explicit scenes and adult language which some may find offensive and which is not appropriate for a young audience. Changeling Press E-Books are for sale to adults, only, as defined by the laws of the country in which you made your purchase. Please store your files wisely, where they cannot be accessed by under-aged readers.**

## Chapter 1

Spencer Kingston struggled to breathe, lifting himself from the exhausted woman who'd been sandwiched between him and her smiling husband. Grace had lasted for hours, taking both of their cocks into her curvy body, burning them with her sexual fire. They'd made her beg for more time and again, driving their cocks into her until she screamed.

Grace yawned and stretched, sleepy now. Carter Annis shifted her to snuggle against his side, allowing her the rest they'd denied her through the night. Her hair was a shining river of black that flowed down her back and over her husband's arm.

As much as Spencer admired Grace's raven locks, he was thinking about hair that was much different.

A beautiful shade of red.

Sitting up, Spencer pressed a kiss to Grace's shoulder and winked at her husband, Carter. His cousin's eyes swung to the clock on the bedside table and back to Spencer. It was only a couple of hours until dawn.

"Are you leaving?"

Spencer was already out of bed and pulling on his slacks. "I had a great time." Spencer always enjoyed being invited for a ménage a trois with his cousin and his wife. Last night's had been one of the most arousing ever. They'd pleased Grace until way past midnight, tormenting her and pushing her to unimaginable heights of ecstasy, and she'd drained each of them several times.

Yet this time was different, unsatisfying in a way that was neither Carter nor Grace's fault. Spence felt restless. He wanted more.

"Get some sleep, old man," Carter told him, closing his eyes.

Spencer snatched up his shirt and the rest of his clothing. "You too," he threw over his shoulder as he headed out of their bedroom and down the hall to the room he always took when he stayed with them.

It wasn't sleep that he was interested in. No, Spencer wanted to know if *she* was out there.

Leaving the lights off, he dumped his clothes on the floor. He'd left his binoculars on the table by the window. Snatching them up, he used them to search the night for her. Was his mystery woman out there? Had she been watching him with Carter and Grace?

His cock hardened at the thought. He certainly hoped she had.

When he'd first arrived at their summer home in Cornwall Grace and Carter had told him that someone was watching them. Carter seemed uninterested. Grace believed it was someone from the mysterious group she'd once been a part of. They'd want to know how she fit into her new life and surroundings, she supposed. Neither of them believed there was any threat.

Spencer hadn't liked the idea initially. So what if they didn't pose a threat? He didn't want or need someone watching his ass and he wouldn't tolerate it. The stupid humans had to realize that their kind -- werewolves -- could easily sense their presence no matter how cleverly they believed they'd hidden themselves.

The first night Spencer was aware of this watchful party, but they weren't there for very long. The second night, whoever it was had lingered until Spencer wanted to tear down the walls to find them and rip them apart. The third night, he'd deliberately gone out on the grounds to search the shadows and put an end to this nonsense already.

And that's when he first saw her.

Granted, she was only a human, but Spencer had wanted her from the moment he spotted her, crouching in the darkness and trying to make her way off the property, a black cap covering her hair. Spencer had excellent night vision. Even in the dark he could see that the skin tight black cat suit she wore did nothing to conceal her lush

curves. This lady was long and sleek with full breasts and a heart shaped ass that he'd love to sink his teeth and cock into.

He'd only caught a fleeting glimpse of her beautiful face that night. She was a fair beauty with large eyes and full lips that he had no trouble imagining wrapped around his cock.

Needless to say, he hadn't slept a wink that night.

The last two nights, Spencer had joined Carter and Grace in their bed. They'd invited him because it heightened their pleasure and he enjoyed it as well. Yet he'd derived something else from the encounters. It gave him release from the fierce storm of lust that had consumed him since the little spy had entered his awareness.

Carter shared Grace with him as he often did. Only Spencer hadn't seen Grace as he ate her pussy or pushed his cock into the tight ring of her ass. No, he'd seen the woman from the shadows in his mind.

Spencer *wanted* this woman and he meant to have her. He just needed to find some way to draw her out.

Ah, there she was. Spencer watched her climb into her small, black car just outside the gate in front of Carter's home like she'd done the night before. Not a bad idea since people often parked there for a short walk to the beach. It was also secluded enough if they wanted to stay in the car for a romantic rendezvous.

She yanked off her cap and her glorious red curls came spilling out. Spencer's fingers itched to sink into that hair, to spread it across his pillows as he drove his cock into her.

*Are the curls covering her pussy the same color? Or does she shave?* He couldn't wait to find out.

What was she doing now?

Spencer grinned, watching her shift behind the wheel of the car that she hadn't started yet. Her full lips fell open as he watched her hands working in her lap. Spencer could only see her from the waist up but he had an idea he knew what she was doing.

His little beauty was masturbating.

Spencer's cock turned to stone, watching her squirm and toss her head in the car. Oh, this was too good. So she'd like what she'd seen, had she?

Even though Grace had warned him that members of the group she'd once belonged to were not allowed to approach their subjects, Spencer was confident he could get this little lady to bend the rules. After all, Grace herself had done it. Wasn't she now married to Carter and part of their pack? She'd made the choice to meet him. Otherwise the prophecy that had predicted that she'd come to them to determine the new alpha and be his mate wouldn't have been fulfilled.

Spencer wasn't a big believer in fate and prophecy. He made his own way. If he wanted something, he found a way to get it.

And he would find a way to get his beautiful redhead.

## Chapter 2

Helen Slade simply had to convince the Thoth Agency to give her another assignment. She'd been assigned to watch former agent Grace Shaw for the last month. Unlike the other projects she'd been given, this one was slowly driving her insane.

As quietly as she could, Helen pulled the car door closed and slumped behind the steering wheel. Okay, so part of the reason this case was driving her nuts was her own fault. It had started when they'd sent Grace Shaw's computer to her flat from the London Motherhouse. All she needed to do to retrace the other agent's steps was to look at the files relevant to the case and disregard the rest. That was all she *had* to do.

And what had she done? She'd gone snooping through Grace's personal items on that computer too, all of her files and bookmarks. She could tell herself it was part of her job, but it really wasn't necessary to go through *all* of Grace's stuff. It hadn't taken her long to discover that Grace had initiated contact with Carter Annis through the Paranormal Mates Society website, a dating site for werewolves, vampires, and the like. Her notes on the case had been stored in a text file on the desktop -- again an easy find.

It had really shocked Helen that the other agent had broke with agency policy and made contact with the notorious werewolf.

*Why?*

That was the answer she knew she wouldn't find in any manila folder or on the computer. The other agent's personal files had been pretty ordinary stuff. Spreadsheets with her budget, her tax records, recipes. Then Helen had gone through the sites that Grace had bookmarked and, well, that's when the problem began.

Being a member of the Thoth Agency was a solitary life and every member knew that going in. It was unavoidable, considering the rules they had to follow when they were sworn in as agents. Agents couldn't talk to anyone about the agency except

possibly with each other. No intimate relationships were allowed outside of the agency. And agents were to conduct themselves at all times in an appropriate manner.

Basically, you couldn't talk and you couldn't get laid unless you fucked one of the geekazoid guys who worked for the agency and most of them had the personality of a sheet of paper. Plus, you had to act like a nerd. Since Helen pretty much was a nerd, most of it wasn't a problem. The only time she had to be careful was when she returned home to New York for the holidays to visit with her family. She wasn't allowed to answer all the damned questions even if she'd wanted to, which she didn't. When was she going to meet a nice man and get married? She was thirty-five, for Christ's sake. Why didn't she take a job closer to home so she could see her sister's children grow up? Why didn't she call more often?

Helen really wasn't looking forward to the holidays coming up for that very reason. Plus, she wasn't sure she'd be finished with this assignment in time to get back to the states for the holidays anyway.

She'd been given the responsibility of observing Grace Shaw who, in a totally unexpected move, had resigned from the agency to marry the very werewolf she'd been investigating for the murder of Francesca Woods. Of course, Carter Annis hadn't been the murderer. One of his former lovers had hired another werewolf to kill the senior agent. The whereabouts of the woman behind the murder, also a werewolf, were unknown.

Helen's job was to study how Grace now fit into this notorious pack of werewolves. That was a little bit of a challenge considering Helen had never met the other woman and Grace's personnel file had vanished along with her.

It was an odd assignment and it wasn't. Rarely were agents sent to observe subjects without some reason -- world domination plots, kidnapping humans for breeding purposes. That the subject had once been one of their own was probably the only reason Helen was sent. Yet she couldn't shake the feeling that there was a motive that had not yet been revealed to her.



Grace Shaw had been an agent with a flawless track record within the agency. It was no surprise that someone like her had been brought from the states to investigate the murder of Francesca Woods. It had been a big deal.

Always striving to be a better agent herself, Helen just wanted to see what sort of websites interested a fellow agent, one with a sterling record. She shouldn't have been surprised to find most of the bookmarks took her to porn sites, but she was. And not just any porn sites. These all had the same theme -- threesomes and orgies.

*There's a big surprise.*

If Grace's favorite sites had shocked her, 69isfine.net, Gangbangsrus.com, Nudegroups4u.com, it was nothing compared to what she'd discovered when she'd caught up with the couple at their vacation home in Cornwall.

The first night they'd arrived, they'd headed straight for the bedroom and had gone at it. If Helen got all hot and bothered about that, well, it was her own fault. It wasn't part of her job to watch the subjects she studied fuck and she knew it.

But watched she had. Like some sort of pervert, she'd stayed in the tree just beyond that bedroom window and watched Grace's new husband fuck her six ways from Sunday. It had gone on for hours and Helen had stayed for a long time, her pussy aching with each step she took back to her car. She'd gone back to her flat that night and broke out the jackrabbit while she checked out some of Grace's porn sites.

The next night had been much worse. That night a second man had joined in their bedroom activities and it had almost been too much for Helen to take. She recognized him from the photos in the case file as Spencer Kingston, first cousin to Carter Annis and a notorious London playboy. The gorgeous man with his blond hair and impossibly sexy body made Helen ached to have his hands and mouth on her, to have him slide that enormous cock into *her* aching channel...

Grace already had one. *Let's share the love, huh?*

And tonight? Tonight she wasn't going to make it back to the Cornish hotel where she was staying. She'd watched the three of them going at it again until her entire body shook with lust. Grace had taken those magnificent cocks in all of her

passages until Helen was ready to break into the house. She needed relief and she needed it right now.

Then she apparently needed to find a twelve step program for voyeurs because that's just what she'd become.

Safe now in her car, her thoughts drifted to Spencer Kingston and her lower body throbbed with arousal. The fire that had started in her pussy the first night she'd watched at that bedroom window was impossible to ignore now. It was pulsing in a heated, hungry need for satisfaction. She'd never been this bad off physically in her entire life and she'd had a few lovers even after she'd joined the agency. They'd never said anything about one night stands, after all.

Helen ran her hands over the sleek spandex of her shirt at her stomach. Her fingers left a trail of wicked sensation in their wake as she slid down a little in the leather seat. The thick cream in her panties dampened the slick material of the snug pants she wore.

Helen's fingers ran over her mound, her breath a hiss of desperation. She thought about Spencer's cock now. It was long and thick, even at rest. Trembling with desire, Helen moaned as her fingers slid inside her panties. His thick column of flesh would be more than enough to fill her greedy pussy and bring her to orgasm over and over again. Spencer would be more than enough to fill her cunt. He'd stretch her until she begged for more.

Her fingers slid around her clit, skimmed down the slick passage between the wet lips until she reached her aching entrance. Her head fell back and she spread her thighs wider as she gave into the lust she'd been battling for days now.

Helen had always had a strong libido but this was the first time she'd physically *needed* it. Usually her work for the agency dominated her thoughts and her time. She could get by with the vibrator.

Since she'd begun this assignment, sex crept into her mind and her awareness with unrelenting persistence. When Spencer Kingston entered the picture, it had only

gotten worse. Now all she thought about was him and fucking him in every way imaginable.

Her tongue swiped across her lower lip and she whimpered as she pressed two fingers inside her body. Her pussy quivered in a spasm of pleasure as it stretched and parted. It had been so long since she'd been laid and she was so tight in there. She struggled to breathe as she pushed her fingers deeper, stroking sensitive nerves that hadn't had attention in some time.

Her other hand had wandered up inside her shirt and underneath her bra. With her thumb and forefinger she tweaked and pinched one hard nipple. The small bit of pleasure/pain combined with the third finger she slid into her cunt had her moaning out loud. Her thighs strained and her muscles tightened as she fucked herself with her fingers as deep and hard as she could.

She was going to come any second. The pool of heat in her belly exploded, sending sizzling sparks of ecstasy spreading from her pussy to the rest of her body. The wet sounds of her thrusting and her breathy cries filled the car around her.

Helen closed her eyes, imagining that Spencer Kingston was between her thighs, working the thick length of his cock up into her greedy channel, stretching her and devastating her with one delicious stroke after another.

With her thumb she began to work her clit as she began to thrust her fingers in and out with increasing speed. That was all it took to send the orgasm ripping through her body, devastating her flesh with fiery streaks of pleasure. Her hips jerked as her cunt milked her fingers, coating them with the hot juices of her release. Her body arched, her sharp cries rang in her ears as she rode it out, wanting it to last.

When the last of the spasms faded, she pulled her fingers out of her body and slowly put herself back together. Her fingers were hardly a replacement for a huge cock, but it had held off the hellish desire that hounded her until she got back to the hotel and to her vibrator.

Then she was going to say every prayer she knew that the agency pulled her off this case very soon.

## Chapter 3

The clock said it was four in the morning but Helen couldn't sleep. Maybe it was just sexual frustration, but she couldn't for the life of her understand why there was a need now for the agency to watch Grace Shaw. The former agent had agreed not to divulge any of their secrets when she'd resigned and had even given them the name of Francesca Woods' murderer. Why now was there a need to keep an eye on her?

And why the hell did it have to be her that did it?

Shit, now she was dreaming about Spencer Kingston. Only there'd been nothing sexual about the dream. No, she dreamed that she was dancing with him and he was wearing a black mask with a tuxedo. It was a masquerade party. She would have known him anywhere with his blue eyes glittering and the lights shining off the blond locks of his hair. It felt so good to be in his arms, to hear the deep sound of his laughter as they spun around the crowded floor.

Then all at once, as it happens in dreams, the lights went out and a strong wind blew through the ballroom. The sound of screams erupted around them and Helen knew that some great evil had come on the scene. Turning around to see what everyone else saw... Helen woke up.

Now she couldn't go back to sleep.

Turning on her laptop, Helen pulled up a web browser. At first she looked at the news sites to see what was happening in the world. Then, with no other ideas, she decided to take another look at the Paranormal Mates Society site. She didn't know what she could have missed there, but what the hell? It was a cute, pink site full of images of happy couples and attractive singles, all waiting for that special person.

*Well, it had certainly worked out for Grace.* Grace was a paranormal herself according to rumor, though what type Helen didn't know.

Helen began to browse through the site, through the categories. Bite Me/Vampires. Wings and Things/Angels. *Cute.*

And Wild Thang/Werewolves and more. Ah, that was the category where Grace had to have found Carter Annis. According to Francesca Woods' notes, he was supposedly posting on the Internet looking for a woman outside of their pack to fulfill some obscure prediction. Apparently he'd decided Grace was that woman once she contacted him through the site. She must have agreed because she left the agency to be with him.

Out of curiosity, Helen combed through the listings in the werewolf category. Were these people for real? Well, creatures. Looking for someone to share a deer with? Someone looking for a howling good time? *Please.* To narrow the entries, she got specific with her search. She entered "Female seeking Male for a date."

Okay, there *were* some nice looking guys here. Some way too young, some older. A couple of the older ones didn't look bad at all. When she clicked to get to the next page, the first listing nearly had her heart leaping out of her throat.

*Spencer Kingston.*

What the fuck?

The entry had been made on today's date which meant he'd posted it in the last four hours. The email and description he'd posted stopped her cold.

luvredheads@paranormalmatessociety.com

Virile alpha male seeks curvy lady with a thing for voyeurism. Did I mention I like redheads? If you'd like to have your every fantasy fulfilled, why not come in out of the shadows? You know you want to.

Oh shit. *Oh shit! He's seen me!*

Helen tugged on one of her stubborn, red curls nervously, rereading the entry. She'd compromised herself, pure and simple. If she hadn't watched the marathon fuck fests or stopped last night to masturbate in her car, maybe he wouldn't have caught her. Shit! How could she have been so fucking stupid?

Leaping out of her chair, she began to pace.

Now what? She'd compromised her position, right? She needed to call the Motherhouse and get the hell out of Cornwall. They could send someone else to watch Grace get sandwiched. That's what she'd wanted anyway, right? Off this particular case?

Problem solved.

But it would look like shit on her record. The better agents never got caught on an assignment, ever.

Grace Shaw had probably never been caught.

Stopping to look again at the screen, she gazed at the simply gorgeous photograph that Spencer had uploaded of himself. His handsome face was all hard planes and angles, his nose straight, his mouth strong but sexy. He wore a navy blue pullover sweater and his blond hair, neatly cut, gleamed.

It was his eyes that had her mesmerized. His eyes were the clear blue of the sky over the ocean and there was a hint of laughter in them. The asshole was laughing at her? Challenging her to reveal herself to him?

*It's a trap.*

All the more reason for her to call the Motherhouse and get out of here.

*But my record...*

Helen went back to pacing. It all came down to one question. What was more important to her? Her record and her career? Or the fact that she wanted Spencer Kingston to fuck her into oblivion?

No, the latter was impossible. What the hell was she thinking? Agents weren't allowed to have outside relationships. If she allowed that to happen, she had no career.

*Not if it's only once. One night doesn't count as a relationship.*

Helen stopped in her tracks at that thought.

Couldn't she have the best of both worlds? What if she contacted Spencer Kingston? She could meet up with him, scratch her itch. Then, the morning after, she could call the Motherhouse and let them know that she *thought* her position might have

been compromised. They were too busy with thousands of cases around the world to go digging for evidence, right? They'd reassign her, she'd have the whole Spencer thing out of her system, and life would be back to normal.

Oh, but she was a horrible liar.

Yet she almost had to do it. She could wing it. The worst case scenario was the agency would find out her position was definitely compromised. Then it went on her record. That wasn't so bad. It wouldn't end her career or do much of anything except disqualify her for certain awards or recognitions.

Now any other cons?

*It's a trap.*

Was it a trap or an opportunity? After all, this pack of wolves hadn't harmed Grace. And Francesca had been murdered by a jealous ex-lover of the pack leader, to prevent him from finding the woman meant to be his mate.

What if Grace had been protected from harm by their belief that she was the woman from the prediction?

And Grace had been a paranormal.

Oh, crap. Dashing back to the computer, Helen was unable to stop herself from clicking on the instant messaging icon on Spencer's entry. The message she half expected, but hoped wasn't there appeared.

You must be a member to access this feature.

Crap.

She couldn't sign up, could she? She wasn't a paranormal.

The hell she couldn't!

Throwing herself back down in the chair, Helen clicked on the link to join and filled out all the information she could using one of her lesser known aliases. Then she got to the one question that she knew would stump her.

Species.

Well, hell.

Helen eyeballed the categories again. Vampire? No. She didn't even want to try to do the dead thing or the goth thing. Ghost? Um, no. Angel? Demon? Mermaid? No, no, no. Witch?

That would work as long as he didn't expect her to be able to twitch her nose and make shit happen.

She entered witch. Her username? How about hocuspocus@paranormalmatessociety.com? She typed in the username, completed the registration and paid for the heavenly membership. That entitled her to use all of the features, including instant messaging.

Now she was in business.

Getting comfortable in her chair, Helen clicked on the instant messaging feature to see if he was possibly there.



## Chapter 4

It took Helen over an hour to decide if she was really going to meet Spencer Kingston for dinner and another hour to decide what to wear. When she arrived at the restaurant, she had to talk herself into getting out of the car.

Somehow she made it to the door where the hostess flashed a friendly smile. "Miss Leads?"

Helen smiled and nodded at the name she'd given Spencer, an anagram of her actual surname. She'd given him her real first name though. She wanted to remember him yelling Helen when he came, not some alias.

"Mr. Kingston is waiting. Follow me, please."

Helen followed the leggy blonde hostess through the restaurant, trying to remember to keep her pace slow since she had a tendency to walk fast. She kept her shoulders back. The slinky, red dress she wore had spaghetti straps that slid off easily when she slumped and she tended to do that too.

She'd taken pains with her appearance, pinning up the unruly red curls of her hair. She'd taken her time with her makeup and waxed. She'd even painted her nails which she rarely did. She felt sexy and when the hostess stopped at Spencer Kingston's table, his slow, appreciative grin had her insides heating in record time.

Rising from his chair, Spencer held out his hand. Damn, he was tall. Well over six feet.

"Hello, Helen." His clipped British accent was cultured. "I'm so pleased you could join me for dinner."

Okay, now she was nervous. She'd thought that dressed as she was, confident as she tried to feel, that she'd have the upper hand here. When she lightly placed her hand in his, she knew she was in way over her head.

Spencer Kingston exuded confidence. He lifted the back of her hand to his lips and pressed a warm kiss on her skin. His blue eyes were intent on her as he slowly released her. The man looked incredible in his black suit and silver colored tie. His hair was lightly ruffled from the breeze outside and it made him look even more appealing, if that were possible. Just seeing him this close had the muscles of her belly tightening in excitement, making her fight for breath.

"It's nice to meet you, Spencer."

"You're American."

Helen nodded. Many people, women in particular, rambled when they were nervous, offering lots of information unnecessarily about themselves. She wasn't going to. Her training from the agency did her a service here. The less she told him, the better.

"Please have a seat."

Helen took a seat at the small, candlelit table and Spencer pushed her chair in for her. A perfect gentleman. If she hadn't already known what he was like in the bedroom, she might have made the assumption that he was just another boring Englishman. Ah, but she knew better than that. Beneath that polished exterior was a man whose sexual preferences apparently ran to the extreme.

"You look beautiful, Helen. I love your dress. The color is very becoming on you."

Helen's felt her face warm. "Thank you."

"Of course, I like your black suit too."

Helen swallowed hard. She started shaking inside. "I'm not sure I know what you mean."

The waiter stopped at their table. Spencer rattled off a wine order and sent him on his way. "I'm sure you do know what I mean, Helen. I've seen you outside my cousin's home five nights in a row."

Shit. Now what did she say? Did she deny it and play the game? Or did she just give up the ruse?

Well, Spencer was being direct. Why shouldn't she?

"Let's be frank," she began.

His smile was a flash of white teeth that made her pussy convulse and her nipples draw up into tight, hot points. "Please."

"Why did you post to the dating site this morning?"

"Because I knew you'd find it." There wasn't a hint of apology in his voice. "I wrote it just for you. And it worked quite well, don't you think?"

"Well, I'm here." She'd give him that. "Anything else I can't guarantee."

"I see." Spencer tried to suppress his smile but wasn't altogether successful.

That confident, was he?

"What do you want with me?" Helen had to ask. "Another conquest? I know of your reputation."

Spencer leaned toward her, his blue eyes narrowed dangerously. "I want to know why you were watching outside the window at my cousin's house. Do you really just enjoy watching? Are you really a voyeur, Helen? Or do you want more?"

Easy answer. "I'm not at liberty to discuss my investigation."

"Are you with the authorities? If you aren't, you should know that you could get into a lot of trouble for trespassing."

"I'm aware of that."

One of his blond brows lifted. His eyes were now glittering mischievously behind his thick, dark lashes. "You didn't answer my question."

"I don't have to."

"Tell me, did you like what you saw? What we were doing to Grace?"

He damn well knew she did. Would she be here otherwise? Helen shook her head at him. She wasn't going there with him. At least not right now. Not here.

"Are you done yet?" She tried to sound nonchalant.

His charming smile was back. "Oh, Helen, I do love your spirit. I can't wait to see what you're like in my bed."

That took the breath out of her as effectively as a punch to the gut. Juices collected between her thighs, coating the swollen folds of her pussy.

“What did you say?”

“I said that I can’t wait to see what you’re like in my bed, Helen.” Spencer didn’t lower his voice, didn’t care that the waiter had arrived with their wine. “I think you want to be there too.”

Helen waited until the waiter had served their wine and was out of hearing range before she said anything. No doubt her face matched either her hair or her dress after that.

She had no intention of discussing the fact that she’d watched the three of them having sex for hours, anymore than she wanted to talk about masturbating in her car last night. As casually as he was talking about everything else, it would be her luck that he’d conveniently bring up what she did in her car last night when their appetizers had arrived.

Helen knew where she wanted this to go and he’d just told her he wanted the same thing. What was the point of continuing this verbal sparring match? “Spencer, here’s the deal. I can’t talk about the case. I shouldn’t be talking with you at all.”

He nodded, sipping from the glass of red wine he’d ordered. He kept his face a mask of calm and composure. Yet she sensed so many emotions brewing just underneath that polished, polite veneer. “Then why are you here?”

“You know why I’m here, Spencer. You know what I want.”

Did he actually growl softly?

“I want just one night with you. That’s all. Considering that’s the duration of many of your affairs, you should be quite pleased. After that, you’ll never see me again. That’s the deal.”

Helen couldn’t believe that she’d said it. It wasn’t in her nature to be so straightforward about what she wanted. And her work at the agency certainly hadn’t encouraged her to pursue anything for herself.

Yet it felt so damned good to sit there with the man who’d haunted her dreams day and night for the last week and tell him she wanted him for a night of wild, sweaty

sex. Her heart was racing in her chest and sexual tension was whipping around the table like a storm warning while she waited for his answer.

Spencer gazed at her over the rim of his wine glass. His expression darkened with sensual intent. He was very good at playing the polished socialite, but the intensity of his gaze reminded her that there was a beast inside him, one that could easily devour her at any time. "You can have anything you want from me, Helen. May I ask why I'll never see you again after tonight?"

Helen lifted her glass of wine and took a healthy sip. She was going to need it.

"No, you can't," was the only answer she'd give him. "Do we have a deal?"

His blue eyes searched her face. "We do."

## Chapter 5

Spencer had offered to drive Helen to the Annis estate, but she didn't want to leave her car. She wanted to be able to leave whenever she liked and he'd agreed to that.

Conversation during the rest of dinner had been a tense affair for Helen and she was really surprised that she hadn't developed heartburn as fast as she'd eaten. Spencer, on the other hand, had seemed to be in no particular hurry. He'd enjoyed his meal at a leisurely pace and he spoke with ease about a variety of subjects. Not only was he sexy as hell but he was intelligent and charming too. Both qualities Helen really liked in a man.

It figured. It would only make it harder to leave in the morning.

The half moon hung high overhead as Helen walked around her car to take Spencer's hand, allowing him to lead her into the enormous estate. It seemed strange to be able to just walk right in as opposed to creeping along in the shadows. She knew every inch of those darkened spaces around the house now, every good hiding place.

Spencer guided her through a wide hallway with pictures of ancestors hanging on the walls. Had they been werewolves too? Had she stopped at any time to think about that fact that she was about to fuck one? Not a sexy man, a *werewolf*. Her pace at his side slowed as her mind started buzzing. Grace was a paranormal. Maybe that's why she could hold her own with Carter Annis or in a wolfie sandwich.

What if this tore her apart?

Spencer's hand tightened around hers and his pace didn't slow. He was literally dragging her behind him until he turned a corner and stopped abruptly before a wide wooden door. He turned to face her, his gaze heavy with avid hunger as he studied her.

Then his face split into a wide grin. "What's wrong, my little witch? You look like you'd like to find the nearest broomstick and fly away into the night."

Spencer had a way of stripping away all illusions and bullshit. Even though it was her bullshit, she had to respect that. "As sharp as you are, I would've thought you'd figure out that I'm just your average, everyday human."

There was a knowing look in his eyes as he nodded. That heated gaze swept over her body and his tongue snaked out over his full bottom lip as it slowly came back up. "I'm glad actually. And there's nothing average about you, Helen."

Helen's nipples beaded hard, her lower body flooding with fire under his intense scrutiny.

"You do know what *I* am?" he asked.

"Yes." She went for confident. *Think vixen, think smart, confident woman.* Yet she was so far out of her experience it all went to hell. "This isn't going to hurt, is it?"

Spencer chuckled at that. A warm rich sound that jarred her with a sense of déjà vu. That was exactly how his laughter had sounded in her dream. "No, I'm not going to hurt you." Spencer opened the door to the enormous room beyond. "Unless, of course, you want me to."

Letting him pull her into the room, Helen looked around at the well-lit suite. It was like a really nice penthouse suite, all clean with gleaming lights, a bar and immaculate white furniture and carpeting.

Spencer closed the door behind them softly. "Helen," he whispered, coming up close behind her. His fingers caressed her bare shoulders before trailing down her arms. She shuddered as he breathed in the scent of her hair. "Trust me. I'll give you what you want. Everything you want."

Helen's knees were shaking when he turned her around. His fingers sank into her hair, freeing the pins from the thick locks until it was a wild tumble all around her head.

"Your hair is so beautiful." Pressing a tight curl to his lips, he breathed in again. "Now I want to see the rest of you. I want to touch you, to taste you. I'm going to get to

know every inch of you, Helen, until you beg me to take you. Then I'm going to fuck you for the rest of the night, until you wonder if you'll ever be free of me."

There was no fight or resistance in Helen when he covered her mouth with his. It was what she wanted, what her body needed. Lust reclaimed her body like a fever as his tongue sparred with hers intimately. Sparks of desire ran through her body now, awakening purely carnal sensations that she hadn't felt before.

Mimicking him, Helen breathed in his scent as she wrapped her arms around him. The smell of male combined with a fragrance she was unfamiliar with, something wild and untamed. His lips stroked over hers, claiming her mouth with an insistence that made the walls of her pussy quiver. Her hands slid up into the silky, fine locks of his hair and Spencer hauled her up against his body hard. His cock was a fiery ridge, nudging at the heat between her thighs. The little thong she wore beneath the dress was wet now with her juices and excitement curled hard in her belly.

"You're so aroused, aren't you, Helen?" His breath was hot in her ear. His tongue darted into the sensitive shell, making her squirm in his arms. "I can smell it."

His teeth lightly closed over her lobe and she shivered, clinging to his body which was all straining muscles beneath the expensive suit he wore. His hands roamed freely over her body and his touch was hot, creating trails of fire through the thin, silky dress she wore.

"Lovely as it is, I want this dress off," he told her, even as fingers found the zipper behind her and slowly began to pull it down. His finger slid back up on the flesh he'd revealed, and just that lightest touch had her body blazing to life in the most carnal way. Her pussy clenched, demanding satisfaction. Her entire body was filled with an aching need that begged for relief. For him.

His eyes had darkened to the color of the late evening sky as they locked with hers, his movements slow and graceful. "So soft." His hands slid down over her ass and squeezed gently. "What's under here?"

His hands slid inside the back of her dress and found her thong, pulling on it gently. Helen's low moan filled the room and her grip tightened on his shoulders as she



fought to remain standing. When his fingers slid down between her buttocks, she thought she might just pass out.

“No one’s ever touched you here, have they, Helen?” His finger circled the tight little hole there, in slow, maddening circles. “You wonder what it feels like to have a man take you there, don’t you?”

“Yes,” she whispered, beyond shame now.

His low growl had her panting against his chest. When that teasing finger slid a little further down to the entrance of her pussy, she thought seriously about dragging him to the floor and begging him to fuck her right now. His finger slid on the wetness he found there, drawing more circles around her aching channel.

“This is where you had your fingers last night, wasn’t it?” Spencer’s accent was a little thicker, his voice rough. “What were you thinking about when you fucked yourself in the car? Did you imagine my mouth between your legs? Did you want me inside you?”

“Yes!” Shit, she just knew he’d seen that, but at the moment she didn’t give a damn.

His fingers left her and she watched as he sucked them into his mouth, tasting her juices on them. “Then let’s get to it.”

Before she could take a step, he scooped her up in his arms and headed out of the lovely parlor they’d been standing in. Easily he carried her into an immense bedroom decorated in neutral colors. He carefully laid her on the huge four poster bed there, climbing onto the high mattress after her.

The drapes on the huge window next to the bed were wide open.

“W -- would you close those?” Helen pointed at the window. That’s all she’d need, to have another agent out there she didn’t know about watching *her* bare ass.

Spencer’s eyes twinkled with amusement. “I don’t mind being watched.”

“Well, I do,” she told him.

Spencer laughed as he climbed off the bed and made his way to the window. He enjoyed calling her bluff immensely. She might have been really pissed about it had she not been in such a sorry state.

When he came back to the bed, he pulled off the silver tie and dropped it on the floor. The jacket went the same way, but he took his time unbuttoning his shirt, giving her a show as his gaze fastened on her. And what a show it was. When he undid the last button and he took the shirt off, she was treated to an up close view of his powerful upper body. His chest was a hairless wall of solid muscle, holding up wide shoulders and ending in a taut abdomen that disappeared into his slacks.

Damn, he was gorgeous. Helen waited on the bed, panting as his hands worked at his pants. He took his time with the zipper, too, before pulling open the material and pushing the slacks down the hard trunks of his thighs.

She knew from watching him the last few nights that he wouldn't be wearing underwear and she loved that. His cock was long and thick as it jutted out from the curls at its base that were just a shade darker than the hair on his head. Her heart began slamming against her ribs as he climbed on the bed once again to join her.

"Now it's your turn, little minx," he whispered on his knees by her feet. "Come here."

Helen was shaking as she rose up onto her knees so that Spencer could pull the dress over her head. She wore no bra. So it was the easiest thing in the world for him to fill his hands with her breasts, his thumbs brushing over her nipples until they turned hard as little stones. Her cunt was throbbing now, craving attention.

"Is the real thing better?" he asked.

"Oh, hell, yes," she said aloud.

And it was. Watching from the cold outdoors was nothing compared to the feeling of him pressing his lips to hers. When his tongue slid into her mouth to entice hers with tantalizing strokes, she shook from the heat of lust that threatened to consume her.

Spencer bent to take one of her nipples into his mouth and she cried out sharply. He licked her slowly like candy, smashing her sanity with gentle lashes of his tongue. His thumb was still teasing her other nipple when he caught the aching bud between his lips and teeth, tugging on it. It was a struggle for Helen just to hang on in the storm of powerful sensation she found herself caught up in. She felt ready to come any second and he hadn't even made it back to her pussy yet.

Spencer was in no hurry. When he was done with the first nipple, he started on the other even though her fingers were clutched tightly in his hair and her cries echoed through the room around them.

He pushed her back on the bed and climbed up to settle himself between her thighs which were trembling fiercely. He smoothed his hands over that quivering flesh, leaning forward to nuzzle against the red thong that covered her pussy.

"You shave," he pointed out as he kissed her through the transparent material. "I love that."

Okay, so now she was glad she'd gone to the trouble.

That was the last rational thought she had as he settled himself there, his head between her thighs. His tongue began to trace the slim line of the thong. He started at the area that covered her anus and traveled slowly up to the spot where the material concealed her mound. Over and over he did this, the teasing and tickling sensation of it making her lose her mind.

His finger hooked around the string and he pulled the garment out of his way. When his tongue curled around her clit, her hips shot off the bed. That's how needy she was. His tongue flicked for a fleeting second against her clit, and she almost came.

To her surprise, Spencer pulled himself up. "You're not going to be a bad little girl, are you Helen?"

She swallowed hard, wondering what he meant by that.

"I don't like being denied anything, particularly in bed. I'm going to eat your pussy now and you're going to make it easy for me."

Helen gasped when he roughly flipped her onto her stomach and pulled her ass high up into the air. She jerked her head around to look at him. He rewarded her with a sharp slap to her ass that made her hiss in pleasure as much as from pain.

“Head down, Helen, and keep it there unless you want to be spanked until your ass matches your lovely hair.”

Oh, shit. She didn't do know what to do. She'd never been spanked before but the heat from the blow heightened her pleasure immensely. Yet she wanted his mouth too.

Another slap stung her other ass cheek and she moaned. Helen dropped her head back onto the pillows.

“That's my girl.”

He shifted behind her and she jerked when she felt his hot tongue slide over the soft folds of her pussy. He moaned and the vibration of the sound against her cunt nearly had her climaxing. The only sounds in the room aside from their harsh breaths were the wet sounds of his tongue as he lapped at her juices, teasing and circling her weeping entrance until she was pushing herself back at his mouth.

She wasn't sure how long she could last. Her ass was up in the air and his mouth was buried in her pussy. His long tongue slid down between her swollen lips to find the throbbing nub of her clit and he began to flick against it, devastating her. Angling her head so she could see, she nearly came undone at the sight of his chin bobbing just beyond the shaved lips of her mound as he licked her. When his tongue began spearing in and out of her pussy like a cock, it was more than enough to break her fragile control.

Helen's fingers dug into the pillow she clutched as the powerful release shook her. Wave after wave of intense pleasure crashed over her, leaving her panting and trembling. The room spun around her and she fought for breath against the strongest orgasm she'd ever experienced.

She collapsed on the bed before she stopped to consider whether or not he wanted that. She had her answer when she felt him stretch out next to her and turn her

toward him until she was in his arms. She could smell herself on him, and it made her feel wild, made the muscles of her stomach tighten again, as he rose above her.

When his cock jerked against her thigh, she realized that they hadn't gotten to the good part yet. And she wondered how she'd ever survive it.

## Chapter 6

Spencer knew it was frowned upon by the pack when he took human women as lovers and he couldn't care less. He hadn't found a human woman yet who interested him for more than a night anyway or had the stamina to keep up with him.

As he gazed down into Helen's flushed face, he recognized pure desire there, lust as she waited for him to continue what they'd started. She was more than willing. She wanted him and he was going to have her.

*After that, you'll never see me again.*

Spencer shouldn't have cared that she only wanted one night with him for whatever reason. She hadn't been exaggerating when she'd told him that one night was how long most of his affairs lasted. Spencer liked a variety of women mostly because he just hadn't found one that truly held his interest.

Ah, but his little spy had captured it. She'd thrown down a challenge with her stubborn refusal to reveal anything about herself. It pricked at his pride that she thought she could just waltz into his life for a night of fun and be done with him.

He was going to give her something to think about.

Her bright, green eyes searched his face and those full lips he liked so much were parted. His balls knotted hard when he thought about them wrapping around his cock. No, she wouldn't be getting away from him without doing that.

He didn't like the idea of her getting away from him at all. It was a ridiculous notion, but it was how he felt nonetheless.

Spencer's breath hissed out when he felt her reach between them for his cock, wrapping her fingers around him as he fought the urge to transform. He growled with the need to possess this woman, to mark her as his. His blood boiled in his veins and his cock throbbed as she began to move her hand over his shaft.

Then she reached down to massage his balls and he knew he wasn't going to last with her touching him that way. She knew what she was doing. The speed of her strokes were just right and she knew exactly where to apply pressure. She was destroying him.

Grabbing her hands and pulling them around his neck, he lowered his body onto hers, pushing her thighs wide with his own. He couldn't wait any longer. He positioned his cock at the warm, wet entrance of sweet pussy, groaning at the hot juices coating his cock head as he slid it into her heat. Helen bucked beneath him, her sheath grabbing him as he slowly worked his cock into her.

He'd never seen a woman, werewolf or otherwise, *this* turned on and so desperate to fuck. Spencer wanted to make this last as long as he could, but as he slid even further into her tight pussy, he knew it wouldn't be easy. Her cunt closed around him like a fist, threatening his control.

Growling, he sank his hands into her hair and began moving against her, loving the way her cunt closed around him, trying to hold onto him as he withdrew.

"Spencer!" Her hands clawed at his hair, scraping down his back. Spencer liked the light pain. "Oh, God, that's good!"

Helen seemed to know instinctively what he liked as she lifted her hips to meet each of his thrusts. He liked to fuck hard. He liked to play rough. This little lady was giving as good as she got. Spencer pounded as hard as he dared inside her. How he would have loved to put her on her hands and knees and have taken her from behind, sinking his teeth into her skin and marking her as his, but he knew he'd scare her if he did that.

Spencer focused instead on the way her cunt squeezed around him and how she whimpered when he stroked the right spot within her. Her nails carved trails into his back and he growled, thrusting into her. "Yes, harder!"

Grabbing her buttocks, he pulled her so tightly against him that he was able to grind against her clit. Helen screamed his name, her thighs tightening about his hips

and her head thrown back. Her face was flushed as only a redhead could be and her hair looked like streaks of lava across his pillow.

Reaching beneath her, Spencer coated his finger with cream from her pussy and slid the tip into the tight ring of her ass. Helen went wild beneath him, her anus closing around his finger as he pushed deeper. The walls of her pussy began to quiver around him and Spencer thrust faster, harder, wanting to push her over the edge.

Helen's entire body went taut, her screams filling the room. It went on for the longest time while Spencer pulled back to watch her beautiful face, transformed by exquisite pleasure.

Spencer waited for her to come down, continuing to stroke himself within her, stretching her ass just a little. As he pleased her to the point that she was going to come again, he knew he wanted more than this one night. There was so much he'd enjoy doing with a woman this passionate...

The color rose again in her face, her body tightening. He knew she was about to let go and he went with her. Pushing his finger to the hilt in her ass, he exploded within her, shooting his come into her body with a little less restraint than he'd been using. She screamed and held onto him, her hips pumping wildly to meet his until they were both sated.

Spencer stretched out beside her as they both struggled for breath. Helen felt so good snuggled against his side. He loved her softness pressing against him. The smell of sex floated on the air around him and for the first time in days, he felt peaceful. Free of the demon of desire that had been riding him hard since he'd first laid eyes on this woman.

Normally this was the part where he started thinking about a nice rare steak and what apologetic parting would work best the next morning. Instead, he was thinking about what he planned to do with her next. Having her give him a blowjob and fucking that beautiful ass were high on his list of possibilities.

"Wow." Helen's voice was low, breathy. "The night's off to a great start."



Spencer chuckled in delight. A woman who thought just like he did. Most of them were wanting to cuddle, or worse, talk by now.

Not his little spy. No, she showed the promised of having a libido to match his own.

And she was leaving tomorrow.

Helen dozed off and Spencer thought about that for a long time.

## Chapter 7

Spencer scowled at the door, the sharp rapping sound jarring him from a sensual dream of the flame-haired beauty sleeping soundly by his side. He didn't know what the hell was so urgent but he wanted to stop them from knocking again. He didn't want Helen awakened just yet.

Jumping out of bed, he grabbed his robe from its peg in the bedroom and pulled it on as he marched to the door. Yanking it open, he found Carter standing on the other side. Spencer frowned at his cousin. "Yes?"

Carter was dressed but he didn't look well rested. He looked like hell. The concern he read in his cousin's expression let him know there was a good reason for the visit. "Spencer, we need to talk."

"Come in then," Spencer bid him, opening the door wider for his cousin's entrance.

With Helen's assurance last night that he wouldn't see her again, he wasn't about to go anywhere else to talk. She might actually try to slip away from him, and Spencer was surprised to realize that he wouldn't like that. He wanted to be there to talk to her when she woke up. How that was going to go, he had no idea.

Actually, he wanted to do much more than just talk to her.

First, he had to deal with Carter. "What's going on?" Spencer asked.

Carter sank into one of the armchairs in the parlor, his elbows braced on his knees. "We have a little problem, Spencer," Carter began. "A werewolf has turned up dead in Devon."

"Who?"

"We don't know his name. We're just pretty damned lucky that the Hannahs are staying at the same hotel as he for the masquerade. He apparently got drunk to the

point of illness in the hotel bar last night. James Hannah, you know how he is, went to check on him and found his dead body in wolf form. They alerted us and secured him before the humans found him."

Spencer shook his head. Luck indeed. Thank goodness everyone was coming down for the ball Carter and Grace were holding for Halloween. Having the human world find that kind of evidence of their existence was one of their kind's biggest fears.

"So they have the body?"

Carter nodded. "I've got someone coming to take care of it."

"Any idea what happened to him?"

"He was shot in the head. We don't know by whom. Grace thinks he might have been dead several hours before he was found. But she'll be the first one to tell you she's no forensics expert."

That meant anyone could have killed him. Still, the unthinkable hadn't happened. The Hannahs were part of their pack. If they had the body and help was on the way, the danger was mostly thwarted. "Did anyone else see the body?"

"They didn't think so." Carter raked a hand through his dark hair until it was literally standing on end. "Grace and I drove up there early this morning to take a look after we got the call."

"And?" There was obviously something more than just a dead werewolf that they didn't know.

"Grace noticed that one of his teeth was broken. That's important because she actually saw the crime scene where Francesca Woods' body was found. She remembered bite wounds on the woman's body that suggested a tooth was broken or missing."

"So there's a chance this was the wolf who killed the woman?" That was something because Spencer remembered that Carter's jealous ex-girlfriend had never revealed who she'd hired to commit murder for her.

"Grace seems to think so." Carter still slumped in the chair like a man with the weight of the world on his shoulders.

“What? There’s something else?”

“Yes, Spencer, there is. The Hannahs happened to mention that they’d also heard Blue Garrett has been missing for over a week. I called back to London and confirmed that.”

That got Spencer’s attention. The drag queen had been in a relationship of sorts with their cousin Joe, until it was revealed that he’d plotted with Kim Foster. Joe had been so disgusted after that he’d refused to see or talk to him ever again.

“Wait. Blue is missing. Grace thinks the dead wolf might be the one who was hired to kill her and Francesca Woods. Where the hell is Kim?”

Kim Foster had once dated his cousin, Carter Annis, and she was the person responsible for the death of Francesca Woods and the attempts to kill Grace.

Even after they knew the reason why, it had shaken them all up a bit to know that one of their own had been responsible for the heinous acts. Kim had hired another wolf, whose identity was still unknown, to do the dirty work for her. She’d thought to thwart pack prophecy by killing the woman it said would come to them and reveal through a pack mating ritual the identity of the new alpha.

Kim had suspected, as many had, that Carter would be the new alpha. She was willing to do anything to prevent that woman from becoming Carter’s mate. If she had been successful, her hope was that Carter would return to her.

Yet Kim hadn’t thwarted anything. The prophecy had come to pass. They found Grace and managed to keep her safe. The mating ritual revealed Carter to be the pack’s next alpha and Grace’s mate, a good thing since he was already besotted with her by then.

Grace herself was a snow leopard and that brought powerful blood to their pack as the prophecy said it would. It was also foretold that their pack would be restored to prominence among their kind in Europe, but they’d have to wait and see how that played out.

What Spencer really wanted to know is what their kids would be. Snow wolves? Wereleopards?

"I haven't been able to reach anyone up there," Carter explained.

Spencer's mind was spinning. Carter hadn't killed Kim though most of the pack thought he should. Instead, he'd sent her away to one of the pack's smaller holdings in Wales. He'd decided that since she wanted to be the mate of a pack's alpha so badly, she could be one there. Carter had her married off to Winston, tasking him with the responsibility of making sure she did no more harm to anyone. A couple of other wolves that Carter trusted took their families and went as well to keep an eye on things. The prospect of beginning a new pack and establishing positions of authority for themselves had been quite appealing.

And by all accounts, Kim had done very well there. She hadn't produced cubs yet, but she had supposedly been working hard and beginning to enjoy her new life. "Were they invited to the party?" Spencer wanted to know.

That earned him a look. "Be serious, Spencer. Do you honestly think I'd invite that woman after she tried to have Grace killed?"

"Point taken." Spencer slowly began to piece it together. "So out of the three parties involved in the plot to kill Francesca Woods and Grace, the only one we can account for is the dead wolf."

"Exactly."

"A little coincidental, yes?"

Carter had to be thinking the same thing. If this was a case of the three of them being targeted, who would be next? Would Carter and Grace be at risk? It was a chance the pack couldn't afford to take. "If Kim and Blue *are* really missing and *if* the dead wolf is in fact the hired killer, it's one hell of a coincidence," Carter admitted. "I've got people looking for the missing ones. We have no way to prove the wolf that was killed last night is the same one who killed Francesca Woods."

Spencer immediately thought of the woman sleeping in his bed. Perhaps they did have a way to prove it after all.

"Spencer?" Carter's voice pulled him from his thoughts.

"Yes?"

“Who’s that outside?”

A flash of red went by the window, heading straight for the cars.

*Shit! So much for being able to awaken Helen properly.*

“If you’ll excuse me,” he told his cousin.

Then he sprinted, in a most undignified manner, out the door in his robe.

## Chapter 8

"Leaving so soon, Helen?"

She screamed at the voice that came out of nowhere. Spencer stood up to lean against the driver side door, grinning at her, wearing only a thin robe of dark navy blue. His tawny hair gleamed in the morning sun and the noticeable protrusion at the front of his robe let her know he was happy to see her.

"I have to leave, Spencer." God, she didn't want to leave. "Please get away from my car."

He didn't move a muscle, forcing her stop right before him. "*Why* do you have to leave? Is there another lover you have to get back to?"

Helen snorted. As if.

"Then why?"

"I'm not going to tell you."

"Because it isn't allowed, right? You aren't supposed to make contact with those you're sent to spy on, and you aren't allowed to talk about them or the people you work for. Am I right?"

So Grace had talked. How else did Spencer know about the agency? What else did he know? Well, if he thought now she'd relent and tell him all about it because of his in your face bluntness, he was dead wrong. "I have to go, Spencer. Please don't be difficult. You agreed to this."

"That was before."

"Before last night?" Helen didn't know whether to slap his smug face or throw herself back into his arms. "I was like no other woman you'd ever experienced and one night won't do. Right?"

Spencer didn't react at all to the sarcasm in her tone. He just watched her with those incredible blue eyes, completely unflappable. "Well, there is that. But overnight another situation has developed and we need your help."

Caught totally off guard, Helen stared at him. Her heart pounded so hard in her chest that she was certain he could hear it. "Excuse me? *We*? What we? Who did you tell about me? This?" she demanded.

"I haven't said anything to anyone about you yet, Helen." His eyes locked with hers, his features set by determination. "Whether you stay or go is your choice."

"Thank you."

"I'm rather hoping you'll decide to stay."

"Because you want my help?" She hated herself for asking that.

"No, because one night with you isn't enough."

"Smartass."

Spencer's grin widened. "I'll prove you wrong later."

Helen wanted to stay with him. Oh, but she knew better. Sure, Spencer was standing there with a hard-on, telling her he wanted her to stay. But for how long? A week or two? She couldn't give up her career for that. If she didn't leave right now, this moment, she risked fucking up the career at the agency that she'd worked so hard for. At thirty-five, starting over wasn't something she wanted to do.

Damn, he wasn't making this easy.

And now she was curious as shit about what he'd meant by needing her help.

"You won't trust me, but I'm going to trust you, Helen. I'm going to tell you that a werewolf was found murdered last night in Devon. Someone shot him in the head. He wasn't part of our pack but fortunately some members of our pack were staying at his hotel. They recovered the body and contacted our alpha so the humans wouldn't find him. He died in wolf form, you see, and allowing humans to have that sort of evidence of our kind is something we can't have happen."

Helen stared at him as he spoke. His charming smile vanished.

"And?" They didn't need her to deal with that.



“And we have reason to believe that he was the wolf who murdered Francesca Woods.”

Now she was interested.

“Grace was at the murder scene where Francesca’s body was found. She remembered an irregularity in the bite wounds on the body. She’s seen the body of the dead wolf and he has a broken tooth. We need to find out if the wolf that killed Francesca and the one shot dead last night are one in the same.”

“Who killed him?”

“We don’t know. But we do know that Blue Garrett has been missing for over a week and now we can’t get in touch with Kim Foster either.”

Shit. This was a big development. “So, it’s possible we may have someone targeting the three people responsible for Francesca Woods’ death.”

“And they plotted to kill Grace.”

“Yes, but she lived. And if there was someone on her side of things who wanted some payback for that, she’d probably be aware of it. As it is, she’s has no one outside of this pack. That points to Francesca. Who in her life wanted payback?”

Spencer’s expression was still and serious. “I hadn’t thought of that. What I’m concerned about is a potential threat to Carter and Grace. What if this party decided to take Carter out for not dealing with Kim, before or after Francesca’s murder?”

“Or they might simply want to eliminate anyone who could track them down.”

“Precisely.” Spencer blew out a deep exhale. “Will you help us?”

Help them? Was he kidding? “If I don’t get out of here this moment, and I’ve already said way too much, I won’t have a career. A girl’s got to make a living, Spencer.”

“Only if they found out.” That sly expression of his was back.

“Excuse me?”

“If we play this right, Helen, maybe you’ll have a nice, shiny achievement to put on your resume.”

Her heart leaped at that. Her mind was screaming at her to climb into the car through the passenger side.

“Perhaps something got your attention in your observations here early this morning. A phone call to Carter Annis. You followed him and Grace to the hotel where they took a look at the body of a dead werewolf. You overheard her comments about the possible link to Francesca Woods, and you wanted to verify this. Perhaps you even managed to obtain a sample of his DNA to run against any samples taken from the murder scene.”

Damn him. It did sound plausible. If she’d been doing her job instead of fucking Spencer last night, it might have happened like that anyway.

“You also heard mention of Blue Garrett’s disappearance so you wanted to investigate that as well since the two could possibly be related.”

Helen nodded.

“This would interest them, yes?”

“Sure it would. This pertains to one of ours.”

“Then what do you say?”

She wasn’t going to let that gorgeous smile get to her. And she wasn’t going to look at that tent his cock made out of his robe. She already had sore spots in places she couldn’t name to remind her of last night and how much she still wanted him.

Her little thing with him was over whether she decided to help or not. It had to be that way. “If I agree to help you, it doesn’t change anything. You and I can’t --”

“Of course not.”

She didn’t believe him. His erection hadn’t gone anywhere, and she knew better than to believe that Spencer Kingston was remotely capable of being as angelic as he tried to look just now.

“I mean it.”

He smiled at her as he held out his hand for hers. “I understand.”

## Chapter 9

Helen drove back out to the Annis estate late that night. She dressed as she would have if she were still watching everyone fuck through the window, parked her car in the same place just outside the gate. She was going to smack Spencer in the mouth if he dared give her grief about any of it as she crept through the shadows with the black portfolio under her arm.

One really nice thing about the agency, they'd send information and files to agents just about anywhere via runners. It only made good sense because you didn't want to pull the agents away from their investigations at crucial points to return to the Motherhouse for the things they needed.

She'd handled everything just as she and Grace had discussed. She gave them the story, asked for suggestions on how to proceed and who to contact. If she seemed to know exactly what to do, she could give herself away. Her superiors had been most interested in the identity of the dead wolf, to see if he was Francesca's killer. They'd given her every concession they could.

A runner had delivered the reports this afternoon to her hotel. She hadn't stopped to look at the results. When she was certain that the runner was a safe distance away, she'd jumped in her car and had driven straight to the Annis estate.

Spencer was wearing that shit eating grin of his when he opened a side door to let her in. He always evoked an extreme response in her. She wanted to slap him for his mockery. She wanted to throw him down in the narrow hallway and fuck his brains out.

*Okay, get that thought out of your head right now. Not happening.*

*"Are we going to play Catwoman and Wolfman later?"*

“Shut up.” Helen walked around him, remembering how to get to the parlor where she’d talked to Grace earlier.

“I love this outfit.” Spencer kept pace with her, sliding his hand over her ass until she slapped it away.

“I just knew you’d give me shit.”

“I enjoy it,” he explained unapologetically.

“Yes, I realize that.” Helen stopped on that note. “Spencer, this can’t go any further. I told you that this morning and last night. I’m here to bring you the information you need and then our business is done.”

Spencer moved closer, backing her against the wall. Helen was lost in the shadow he cast, feeling, at least to a small extent, overpowered by him.

“Don’t you want to stay and help us solve the mystery?”

Helen tipped her head back toward the door. “I can do that out there.”

“Do you really want to go back to the cold shadows when you can be warm in here, screaming in pleasure again and again?”

“Stop it!” Was the man trying to drive her insane?

“I can change your mind.”

Helen didn’t like the predatory expression on his face. Without permission, he lowered his mouth to hers and took her lips in a searing kiss that made her forget to breathe. The line of demarcation she’d tried to draw was gone as she wrapped her one arm around him, her hand snaking up into his hair as his tongue slid into her mouth.

“Ahem, it’s good to see you again, Helen.” Carter’s voice had Helen pulling away and Spencer pinning his cousin with a murderous stare. “Won’t you both join us in the parlor? There has been more news, I’m afraid.”

Helen almost ran after Carter in an effort to get away from Spencer and the devastating impact he had on her common sense. One glance back over her shoulder showed her Spencer was following them slowly. Was he sulking?

Good. The man wasn’t playing fair and he knew it.

Once Spencer reached the parlor, Carter shut the door behind him and they all took a seat on the sofas by the fireplace. Helen had the portfolio ready on her lap, but the intensity she read in Carter's face convinced her to let him speak first.

"Blue Garrett is dead," Carter told them. "I just got off the phone with Joe. He'll be here later tonight."

"Shot?" Spencer asked quietly.

Carter nodded. "Old Maurice is getting the bullets for us. I'd be willing to bet they match."

"What do you have for us, Helen?" Grace asked.

"I haven't read this yet. The runner took forever getting there." Helen opened the portfolio, her eyes scanning the pages she found inside. Grace leaned forward in the chair to her left, trying to read with her.

"There it is," Grace whispered.

"The DNA is an exact match," Helen announced. "The dead wolf was known as Clyde Bradford. It's believed he came from an obscure pack in Scotland, but there is little known about him. The one thing we do know is that his DNA matches the werewolf DNA found on the body. He killed Francesca Woods."

"And whoever killed him has likely also killed Blue Garrett," Grace added.

"Any word on Kim?" Carter asked. "We've heard nothing on this end."

Helen frantically searched the pages again. "Ah, they actually have an agent up there, but we don't have a current report. That's strange."

Grace nodded. "It is. Agents are supposed to submit a report daily. When was the last report from the region?"

"Not good. Five days ago."

Helen caught the worried look Grace flashed Carter. No word on Kim was likely bad news. And if she'd been eliminated, what did that mean for Grace and Carter?

"We've got added security around the estate and more coming for the masquerade tomorrow night. We'll be fine," Carter told Grace, his tone reassuring. "We'll find out who is behind this."

*Masquerade?* Shit. Something else from her dream.

"Well, I'd best be going," Helen told them on that note. "I'll call if something else comes in from the Motherhouse."

"Why don't you come to our party tomorrow night?" Grace smiled at her. "It is a masquerade. You'd be safe attending that, I would think."

Oh, wasn't that asking for trouble? She'd dreamed about Spencer and that masquerade for some reason. It had ended like a nightmare so that may have been a warning not to go, right?

Spencer, who'd been sitting silently through the entire discussion, watched her with narrowed eyes. She knew he wasn't pleased about their kiss being interrupted in the hallway. Well, it was his own fault. Beyond last night she hadn't promised him anything.

She sure as hell wanted to though.

She would be able to wear a mask, right? And she'd probably have news from the agency to share anyway.

"Perhaps I will," was all she said.

Carter and Grace thanked her and bid her a good night as she stuffed papers back into the portfolio and rose to her feet.

"I'll see you out," Spencer offered, already at the door.

"That's okay."

A muscle twitched at his tightened jaw. "I insist."

Helen made her way out of the parlor and did her best to ignore Spencer. When he came marching down the hallway behind her, she knew he wasn't about to let that happen.

"Where are you going?" he demanded.

Helen didn't break her stride. "Back to my job."

"You're not going to at least kiss me goodbye?"

Damn him to hell. Helen whirled around to glare up at him. She'd had enough. "You know what would happen if I did, Spencer."

His blue eyes glittered in triumph. "You want it too."

"Maybe I do." She held out a hand to ward him off as he took a step closer. "But what we want isn't always best for us, is it?"

Spencer moved even closer, a predator stalking his prey. She loved how he smelled, the heat from his body.

"What are you afraid of, Helen?"

"Afraid of?" She *was* afraid.

He leaned down to brush a kiss on her forehead, nothing sexual. Yet her body ignited from that simple touch, burning to have him devour her.

"You are afraid," he whispered, his lips brushing her mouth now. "What if you give it all up and find yourself wounded and alone within weeks, days? Isn't that what you're thinking?"

Well, yeah.

"Won't I be?" she had to ask.

Spencer crushed her against him, his lips slanting down over hers hard. He was wild, ripping at her clothes and growling with the same desperate need that ran through her. His strength was amazing as he hauled her up and ran down the hall with her to his rooms.

Once they'd reached his bedroom, he turned her face away from him at the window and quickly began to peel off her cat suit from behind her. Her heart raced with excitement as she let him do it, the powerful lust she thought last night would cure her came back with a vengeance. Spencer's teeth nipped at her neck and she shuddered. His rough hands pulled her back against his warm smooth flesh, letting her know he'd taken off his clothes too.

The heat between them escalated, his flesh burning her back like flame. Bending her forward, he entered her without preamble. His balls slapped against her when he thrust inside her to the hilt. He seemed larger tonight if that were possible, but he felt so fucking good filling her pussy with his cock. The angle of his penetration hit

pleasurable places she didn't know she had, and she hung onto the window sill for dear life as he withdrew and slammed back into her.

"Oh, I wanted this," she whispered as pleasure and pain blurred. His cock was so deep within her that she felt like she might split in two. His hands were everywhere on her body, his mouth and teeth an added torment that she craved as their bodies slapped together.

"Can you walk away from this?" he demanded in a strange, guttural voice. "Can you walk away from me?"

She didn't want to. It terrified Helen to realize how much she craved him and she barely knew him. Release was coming up fast and her pussy clenched around him like a fist. Spencer answered that by pounding into her furiously, making her scream as her body trembled and pulsed. The orgasm exploded in her body with an intensity that eclipsed even last night. She felt faint, struggled to breathe.

Spencer wasn't through with her yet. Dropping to his knees, he buried his mouth in her pussy. He licked and sucked her until she started screaming. When he started tongue-fucking her, she came again. The blast waves of her release shook her until she thought her sanity would shatter.

Helen's thighs trembled and her knees gave way after that. Spencer followed her to the floor, pulling her down to straddle him. Once again his thick cock filled her, butting against her womb as he began to drive into her.

"Fuck me, Helen," he growled.

His hands guided her and lent her strength as she rode him with abandon. His blue eyes were wild as her body milked his cock, flashing at her with an intensity that took her breath away. He moaned and growled beneath her, bucking under her ass to deepen the thrusts as his fingers dug into the flesh of her hips.

When she was about to climax again, his body went taut beneath her. She came a split second before he threw his head back and jerked violently beneath her, flooding her pussy with his sperm. He thrashed and howled, holding onto her with a grip that was nearly painful.



Helen collapsed on top of him, too exhausted to do anything else.

Spencer's arms wrapped around her, his voice a sleepy murmur. "Don't leave me, Helen. Stay."

## Chapter 10

Helen shivered in the chilly air, the long skirt of her black evening gown whispering around her ankles as she walked up to the front of the Annis estate for the masquerade ball. She could barely remember trick or treating as a child, much less going to a Halloween party as an adult. She had to admit to being a little excited as she walked through the door and handed her stole to the uniformed man who waited just inside.

Each slow step she took, slowly following the crowd toward the ballroom, made her aware of a dozen little sore spots and she warmed as her thoughts drifted to Spencer. He'd loved her long into the night, until she thought she'd expire from ecstasy. He'd finally allowed her to sleep in the early morning hours, but he'd awakened her to more sensual kisses not long before noon, making love to her again. Only that time it had been easy and slow.

When she showered and dressed, Spencer had followed her around like a puppy dog, wanting to play, teasing her. When she went to leave, he reminded her of the masquerade but made no effort to stop her. Only when he'd kissed her did she taste his longing. That and the words he'd whispered to her the night before had haunted her mind for the rest of the day.

*Don't leave me, Helen. Stay.*

After a couple of hours she went from trying to write off Spencer as another life experience to thinking that it probably wouldn't hurt anything to go the ball. She'd be wearing a mask after all, and there would be so many people and so much activity. Would anyone really notice if she disappeared with Spencer for a while?

She'd left her hair down because she knew he liked it that way. The mask made her feel different. The anonymity it offered making her feel sexy and more confident.

She made her way through the throng of werewolves, her eyes scanning the room. When she didn't see Spencer right away, she decided to linger near the entrance of the glittering ballroom, just inside it. She did spot Carter and Grace dancing at the center of the dance floor. Carter looked handsome in his sharp tuxedo and Grace was stunning in a sleek dress of dark red.

"I knew you'd come."

Helen's eyes slid closed at the sound of his husky voice. Spencer's presence sent a shiver running through her body.

She turned to face him and heart lurched in her chest. Spencer was a vision from her dream, smiling at her just as she remembered. He looked incredible in his tux, a black mask covering his eyes.

"You look beautiful, Helen." He held out his hand for hers. "Dance with me."

Placing her gloved hand in his, Helen felt her excitement and happiness at seeing Spencer fading to the background. She couldn't shake the terrible feeling that something bad was about to happen as he led her to the edge of the dance floor. Something bad had happened in her dream, hadn't it?

Normally attempting to dance would be scary enough for her, but since her mind wasn't on it, she seemed to do well enough. She let Spencer lead as they began to dance to the beautiful strains of music provided by the small orchestra in the corner of the room. Masked couples danced all around them like a sea of satin and sequins.

"Are you all right?" His voice was a soft intrusion on her thoughts.

Helen couldn't stop her gaze from darting around the room. In her dream she remembered laughing with Spencer, feeling carefree until darkness had swept through the room.

The darkness *was* there she realized, spinning around the dance floor in Spencer's arms. Instead of sweeping through the room it passed through her body in a cold shudder and she recognized it with eerie clarity.

"Helen?"

She chuckled nervously. "It's nothing. I guess."

His eyes fastened on hers through the black mask he wore and concern clouded them. "What's wrong?" He pulled her closer to him as they danced. "Why do you look as if you'd seen a ghost?"

"You'd laugh," she told him. Wouldn't he? How did she expect him to believe she'd dreamed of this evening before she'd ever known about it? The dream had occurred before they'd ever made love.

"No, I won't."

The confidence of those words convinced her to give it a try. "Spencer, this is going to sound insane, but I've dreamed of this night. Of this dance and being with you. I dreamed about it the night before I met you for dinner. I had no idea there was going to be a masquerade ball, I promise."

Gentle strokes of his hand on her back helped to calm her. "That happens sometimes, sweetheart. Everything is fine."

Helen stopped dancing, her sense of foreboding undiminished. "I don't think so. That dream didn't end well. I don't know what happened exactly because I woke up. Something is going to happen here, Spencer. I can feel it."

"Your witch senses are tingling, are they?" he teased.

"Don't be an ass!" Why did he have to give her shit now of all times? "If something were to go down tonight, here in this room, what's the worst case scenario in your mind?"

Spencer led her off the dance floor, and she heard his exhale over the din of the room. "That something would happen to Carter or Grace."

"Let's get them out of here then. Please." Helen hated the pleading in her voice but her heart began to race now. "Trust me."

Helen had clutched his hand in hers at some point and he squeezed her fingers. "Let's do it then."

Helen watched as Spencer scanned the dance floor for his cousin. Once he spotted him, he headed in that direction, taking Helen with him. She stayed close behind him, her grip tight on his hand. They had to weave through the crowd of

dancers, one couple catching Helen's eye. A tall, eerie man wearing a skull mask danced with a woman who appeared to be so drunk she could hardly stand up. She eyeballed them as she followed Spencer with sick fascination -- like staring at the scene of a horrible car crash, unable to look away.

"Carter!" Spencer called.

The head of the man in the skull mask jerked up at that. He steered his partner in their direction as Helen's heart threatened to break free of her chest.

"Spencer! That's him!" Helen yanked hard on his arm and pointed toward the approaching figures. The woman's feet weren't moving. Her head fell back and Helen felt sick as she got a good look at her bluish pallor.

The woman was dead.

Spencer stopped abruptly as the man in the skull mask dropped the dead woman to the floor Grace and Carter's feet with a sick thud. Her small, lace edged mask tilted crookedly on her slender face, her dark hair fanning out on the floor. "My God, it's Kim," Spencer whispered.

The man in the skull mask pulled out a large hand gun and pointed it at Carter. Startled gasps and screams erupted from the crowd and the music faded away. No one made a move.

To Carter's credit, he showed no fear. Slowly he pulled Grace behind him and glared at the unknown party. "Who are you?" Carter demanded.

"No one you would know." The man spoke with a crisp British accent. With his free hand he easily pulled the mask from his face, grinning at Carter like a man who'd lost his mind.

Grace stared at the man in recognition. It took Helen a moment, but then she recognized his face from the case file. Lawrence Thompson. He was with the agency! He'd been a close friend of Francesca Woods.

"If you kill me, you have to know there are well over a hundred werewolves in this room who will rip out your throat," Carter warned.

“Do you really think that I’m afraid of death now?” Lawrence taunted. “You all took away the only thing I loved in this world. Once you’re dead, I’ll be happy to die. My revenge will be complete.”

Slowly Helen lowered her hand to her skirt, carefully pulling up the lightweight fabric. The other agent focused on Carter Annis. He hadn’t so much as glanced in her direction. Good.

“What did I take away from you?” Carter asked, his tone calmer now.

“Why Francesca, of course.” The man’s hand was steady on the gun, never wavering. “She and I were lovers, you see. We had been for many years. You have no idea how long I had to wait for that.”

Carter flinched when the man cocked his gun. Helen tugged at her skirt a little faster. Just a little bit more...

“I’d loved her since we were children. I almost lost her when she joined the damned agency. I had to join myself just to keep track of her. By then she was married, but I still didn’t give up hope and I was right. That fool of a man she married slowly started to lose his mind and I was all too happy to be there to lend comfort. She was mine. I allowed her to pursue possible cures for her husband, knowing she wouldn’t find anything in time to save him.”

Helen felt Grace’s gaze on her as found her gun, tucked in the holster she’d strapped to her thigh.

“What I hadn’t counted on was losing her,” Lawrence went on, kicking the woman on the floor. “This bitch had her killed just for you, Mr. Annis. And that worthless lout I shot in Devon was nothing more than a mindless killer, but he didn’t have to rip her apart as he did. There was no need to be so merciless with my Francesca.”

Grace nodded to Helen as she slowly slid her glock out of its holster.

“And that other person who couldn’t decide whether to be a man or woman? He’d plotted along with them to try to keep his lover. My Francesca meant nothing to him. Killing him was quite easy.”

Helen's muscles tensed as Thompson took a small step closer to Carter. "Killing you, in front of your entire pack, will be quite easy, too."

Helen rushed him, pointing her gun at his head. Thompson noticed her at the last minute. Startled, he fired his weapon. Grace pulled Carter to the floor a split second before the bullet would have plowed into his skull. Screams filled the room around them.

"Drop it!" Helen ordered, ignoring the flurry of activity behind her. "Drop it now."

The man laughed then in a way that told Helen he'd completely lost his grip on reality. "I've seen you," the man taunted, his grip tightening on the gun. "I don't know who you are but I know who you love."

Her heart leapt into her throat as he pointed the gun at Spencer.

"If you keep me from completing my quest," the man warned, "I'll take him away from you. I have nothing to lose."

Helen swallowed hard as her eyes locked with Spencer's. The thought of losing him was crushing. As important as she thought her career at the agency was, it hadn't done anyone in this room a lot of good. Grace had been a loner, concealed within their ranks, until she'd found Carter. This man had been ultimately robbed of the woman he loved because of the world of the Thoth Agency. If she ended lost Spencer, she knew she could never return to the agency.

And then everything became crystal clear in her mind.

"Make your choice," Lawrence yelled at her.

Helen pulled the trigger.

Spencer dove for the floor along with those left around him as the killer's gun discharged, the sound of the gunshots filled the room. Lawrence Thompson crumbled to the floor, blood pouring from his head.

Gripping her pistol for all she was worth, Helen stepped around the man she'd felled as Spencer rose to his feet. She was shaking violently all over when she walked into his waiting arms. "Are you okay?" Helen pulled back to look up into his face.

"I'm just fine, love," Spencer told her, stroking her back. "I'm not hurt."

"He could have --"

"But he didn't." Spencer's smile was gentle. "You stopped him, sweetheart. And the next time you tell me you dreamed of something that you think is happening, I'll bloody well pay attention."

Her dream. Had it been the real reason she'd brought the gun? Had it been part of the reason she'd come to the ball? Was it meant for her to stop the killer?

Was it meant for her to save Spencer?

"The elder members of our pack assign great importance to dreams. You should talk to my grandmother, Margaret, about that one day."

Could that possibly mean she was meant to be with him? Part of this pack?

"It's all over now," he whispered.

Helen gazed down at the gun in her hand. Spencer followed her gaze and she held it out to him. She didn't want to see it right now. She'd just shot a man, and even though she was justified in doing so, it was a horrible feeling. "Take this."

He did. Putting the safety on, he tucked it into the pocket of his tuxedo. "Let's get you out of here, Helen. We'll go to my room so you can rest, okay?"

She looked around to where Carter and Grace kneeled on the floor, holding each other. Neither appeared to be hurt. A quick scan of the floor revealed no other casualties among the guests who'd remained.

"Everything's fine. Let's go," Spencer urged her.

He wrapped an arm around her waist, holding her tight. Murmuring voices surrounded them as they made their way out.

When they reached the room, Spencer led her straight to the bedroom and urged her to sit on the bed. Kneeling in front of her, he removed her shoes. "Lie down," he told her.

Going around the room, he closed the drapes and turned out all but one small lamp. He shrugged out of his jacket, and then the bed dipped with his weight as he climbed onto the bed next to her.



Spencer said nothing. He just pulled her into his arms and held her. "You saved me," he said quietly.

"I know."

"Why?"

"Because I couldn't stand the thought of losing you."

"So you need me as much as I need you?"

His words had her heart squeezing in her chest. "I think so," she admitted.

"Stay with me, Helen."

It was her undoing. Helen began to cry quietly against his chest, the enormity of what had just happened and what could have happened overwhelmed her. Spencer let her cry, brushing kisses into her hair and rubbing her back until exhaustion finally pushed her into sleep.

## Chapter 11

"What are you doing?"

Helen turned around at the sound of Spencer's voice, grinning at him. "I'm closing my account at the paranormal dating site."

Spencer walked up behind her, looking over her shoulder at the monitor of her computer. "Do we have to?"

"We should," Helen pointed out. "I don't know about you, but I'm off the market."

Spencer nodded. "I'll do it later. I like your desk here."

Helen had been more pleased than she could say when he'd offered her the room in his London home for her personal study. All of her belongings were now here and unpacked. A good thing too. Now that she'd accepted his proposal, there was a wedding to plan and Grace was already putting together quite an event. "So do I," she told him.

Spencer read the words on the screen over her shoulder. "So you're going to say that you've found a lifemate?" he asked.

"Actually, I was thinking I'd check 'Too expensive.' I'm unemployed now."

Playfully Spencer nudged her. "You won't have to work, unless you want to. Besides, there are plenty of things here that need your attention."

"Such as?" Helen teased.

"Come here."

Spinning her in the chair to face him, Spencer dropped to his knees and pushed her thighs apart. Yanking up the hem of her peignoir, he ripped off the filmy little matching panties. His nostrils flared as he breathed in her intimate scent and a shudder passed through her. Helen was already quaking inside. Her body seemed to be in an

unrelenting state of readiness for him. And that was convenient because Spencer wanted sex often, any time of the day, anywhere in the house.

His light growl was the only sound in the room as he parted her with his fingers and licked her. His tongue was a restless devil that roamed from her opening to her clit where he lingered, flicking against her.

Pausing only to suck on her labia or clit, Spencer licked her over and over. He devastated her clit with hot kisses and lashes, his teeth, tongue and lips driving her insane. Helen writhed in the chair, her hands clutching the arms so tightly, her knuckles were white. His strong hands at her hips held her in place for his greedy mouth. The wet lapping sounds and her soft whimpers filled the room, driving them both on.

When her pussy walls clenched, he seemed to sense it. His long tongue speared deep into her wet opening and began to thrust into her like a cock. His tongue fucked her, in and out, while his fingers found her throbbing clit. Helen cried out as she drew closer and closer to release.

“Spencer!”

The orgasm was a powerful explosion that ripped through her body. Her blood boiled, darkening her skin with heat from her cheeks to her cunt. Her thighs trembled around his face and the tremors shook her endlessly as she held onto the chair.

Spencer’s eyes burned into hers, yanking her forward in the chair.

“See how you taste?” His mouth claimed hers with a kiss of pure possession.

While the room spun around her, he hauled her up from the chair and stole her seat. He began fumbling with the fastenings of his slacks, freeing the thick, ready length of his cock. Helen was still reeling from the orgasm when he pulled her down to straddle his lap.

Spencer positioned her over his straining cock and slid easily inside her, using the juices that had gathered between her thighs. Helen moaned as his cock filled and stretched her cunt until he was sheathed balls deep inside of her.

Helen would never get enough of him.

She pressed a kiss to his mouth as she began to ride him slow and easy. Even in this position, Spencer took control, thrusting up into her hard enough to make her want more without hurting her.

The chair squeaked in protest from the power of their thrusts. Spencer growled and moaned as he neared his climax and Helen sank her fingers into his hair and held on. Her pussy walls quivered and tightened around him, pulling a sharp groan from him. His fingers dug into the flesh of her hips and his teeth sank into her shoulder as his thrusts grew in speed and force. The light sting of pain was all it took and the powerful tremors of orgasm began again as he thrust into her so deeply she felt as if she would split in two.

Spencer came with her, rocking against her until both of their bodies were spent. They panted in each other's arms, Helen resting her head against Spencer's strong shoulder, his shirt warm and damp beneath her cheek.

"What were we talking about?" he asked, his breathing ragged.

Helen laughed. "I haven't a clue."

Behind Spencer, the screensaver wiped the Paranormal Mates Society site off Helen's computer and she decided that was fine. She'd close her account later.

## **Isabella Jordan**

Isabella Jordan is a lucky lady who spends her days with her family, doing volunteer work and writing. She loves creating new stories of all kinds and chatting with readers and friends.

Isabella would love to hear from readers! Visit her on the web at <http://isbellajordan.com>.