



Jade James

THE VAMPIRE ORACLE

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Lust

In The Cards



The Vampire Oracle:

LUST

Jade James

The Vampire Oracle: Lust by Jade James

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Lust

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Dedication

To My Husband Carlos: Thanks for being there and for having my back always.

To James and Jade: You are my future. I thank God everyday for the two best kids in the world.

To Melanie: Thank you for your valuable advice and for making edits a breeze. I look forward to working with you again.

Prologue

Detective Julian Lopez sat in his office chair, sipping from a glass of brandy. Alcohol had no affect on vampires, but brandy had the strong, burning taste he needed right now. Every single time he thought about *her*, a ravenous need filled him, and the alcohol served its purpose. He had to concentrate to swallow the fiery liquid.

He shoved the memory of *her* away temporarily and closed his eyes, resting his head against the chair and letting his memories take him back to the time when his life, along with that of his twin brother Wrath, had changed forever.

Thirty years after their births in Quebec, Canada in 1852, they became deathly ill from the contagious disease Mycobacterium Tuberculosis. With no cure in sight, they had only weeks to live. But by a miracle, one night Julian stumbled upon Sam Bosan—the vampire who offered to turn them and save their lives.

The turning was painful, but once it was done Julian and Wrath were both free of the disease. Julian would forever be grateful to Sam for what he had done. They kept in touch with him through letters and phone calls.

But something essential was still missing from their lives. After one-hundred-twenty-five years of meaningless sex, Julian sensed it was time to seal the circle and confront their mate. As the knowledge washed

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through him, his body tightened in anticipation. The cat and mouse game he and Wrath had played with Shauna Adams would soon come to an end, and the reward for all three of them would be great.

For Wrath also wanted Shauna.

The thought of his brother experiencing the same hunger that left his stomach hollow with pain didn't bother Julian in the least. It had taken him years to find his mate. But he had always known that one day he and his brother would share the same woman. They had both fucked their share of women, together and apart, but there was always something missing. A sense that left them desiring more.

They both did their jobs as NYPD homicide detectives and sustained themselves by feeding and fucking women who never mattered. It sounded harsh, but it was true. They didn't treat the women unfairly, and all parties involved always knew what they were getting into. And when it came to blood feeding, both Julian and Wrath made sure the women never remembered anything about it come morning. They had the ability to erase that portion of a woman's mind and seal the puncture wounds on their necks with a healing agent in their saliva.

Yet their bond had never been complete.

As soon as he and Wrath had set their eyes on Shauna ten years before when she first joined the NYPD, their desire was instantaneous and they knew she would complete them. Yet at twenty, she was much too young and innocent.

So they waited.

A few years later, she left the department to start her own detective agency, and Julian and Wrath took turns watching her from afar. It was difficult, because they were fairly young vampires who could go out only at night. But still they watched her, ensuring she remained safe. Not being able to touch her was their most difficult task.

But now...she was older and wiser.

He swirled the brandy left in his glass and smiled.

She was ready.

Time for him and Wrath to make their move.

Chapter One

Shauna Adams stared at the plain white stationary envelope with a mixture of wariness and nervousness. Two boxed packages had arrived separately, within a week of each other. That wasn't what made her so nervous, though. It was the fact that those boxes contained pictures of her, joining her friends for a meal, working in her detective agency, and shopping for clothes and groceries. The photos were surrounded by black roses. The psychic vibe she got when she touched the box was filled with anger and hatred.

All signs that told her she had a stalker.

But the sensations she got from touching the white envelope weren't filled with maliciousness. Instead, lust, want, and need rushed through her body. It unnerved her that something inside the box would make her feel this way, as if it were a conduit for the fire flowing through her veins. She knew immediately—and was one-hundred percent positive—that the envelope had nothing to do with the boxes. The telepathic signs she got from it were nothing like the ones she'd received from the stalker.

The envelope had been delivered by registered mail only minutes before. She had risen from her desk to sign for it and as soon as the postman handed it to her, she dropped it, sensing her future would forever change once she opened it. Her name was typed on it in standard

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Times New Roman number twelve font, but there was no return address. The only clue as to where the envelope had come from was its postmark from El Dorado Springs, Colorado, 80025.

She touched the envelope, and a bolt of heat shot through her. She quickly dropped it again. Her stomach clenched and anxiety filled her. Her heart rate sped up. There was something about the envelope that sent her psychic senses shooting through the roof. She caught a glimpse of a tall person in her psyche, but before she could delve any further, the image evaporated.

If she were sensible, she would pick it up right now and throw it out. But Shauna knew her curiosity would get the better of her. Nine times out of ten, it always did. And even if she had the strength to discard it, there would always be a thread of interest in the back of her mind.

She breathed deeply, focused her inner strength, and opened the envelope. She reached into it, feeling the harsh edges of what felt like a plastic-coated card. She pushed it out, shocked at the emotions flooding through her.

Who in the hell would send her a tarot card with the four letter word *Lust* emblazoned on the front?

Another wash of heat flowed through her, and she crossed her legs. She was even more sure now that the envelope had not been sent by her stalker. Glad her office door was closed, Shauna trembled with sudden hunger pounding through her blood. She rose from her chair, stumbling on her three inch heels, and walked erratically to the window of her office. Cream flowed through her thong, wetting the satin material. Her nipples pebbled under her silk blouse, their peaks pressing tightly against her bra. Her clit throbbed.

An odd premonition overcame her, as if this was what she had been waiting for all of her life. As if the tarot card were the key to unleashing her desires, unlocking the primitive instinct that made all humans, paranormals, and animals the same.

Sex.

She was a psychic who could read the meaning of personal items. But that wasn't all she could do. Through her sense of touch, she could

read the mind of a person. She had been born with the gift and had learned to live with it at an early age. She used it well when it came to her cases. But it wasn't something she would use on people close to her. She believed in giving everyone a fair chance, and that's why she put her mental shields in place, to block the thoughts of those she did not want to read. It was an invasion of privacy she didn't use unless it was necessary.

But the meaning of the card was unmistakable. She read the emotions on the tarot, the need for sex, and the drive to fulfill those desires. She should have been repulsed by the emotions battering her, but oddly the card unlocked something she thought she had buried long ago.

Desire.

Shauna swept her tongue across her dry lips and pressed the intercom button. She needed time alone, and giving her secretary early leave might possibly help her to put things into perspective.

"Jenna?"

"Yes, Shauna?"

"It's already ten minutes to seven, and I have a migraine. I'm going to call it a day in about ten minutes. I can use the rest. So, you can leave now if you'd like. We've already put in about ten hours today."

"Thank you. Is there anything I can get you before I leave? Perhaps some aspirin and a glass of water?"

"No, I'll be fine." All she needed was time alone. "Thank you, though."

"Okay. Well, goodbye. Call me if you need anything."

"Thanks, Jenna. I will."

Shauna walked back to the window and caressed the tarot card. Her gaze flew to the darkening sky. The front door to her office closed, and she was relieved to finally be alone.

But the desire was still there. And now that the card had brought it to the surface, the feeling was strong and unyielding. The need for her to find someone who would complete her forced her to acknowledge that she couldn't survive alone forever.

Forever with someone. It was a thought she had buried long ago. But now she was electrified. Possessed to find that certain man who would

link with her completely. She had never been motivated to do so before today. Now, she was hot and needy.

She reached up and untied her hair. Her waist length blonde curls cascaded around her as she walked to the air conditioning unit and raised it another notch. Then she unbuttoned her blouse, enjoying the cool air that blew from the vent, caressing her skin. It felt wonderful, and she couldn't help but unbutton her shirt all the way.

Shauna dropped the tarot card back onto her desk and hitched up her black skirt. It was so unlike her to attempt to masturbate in her office, but the need was too strong for her to ignore. Coming by her own hand was better than not having an orgasm at all. Luckily for her, she tackled her cases on her own and only had the one employee.

Nude thigh highs encased her legs, giving an ultra sex appeal to her black thong. She loved wearing sexy underclothes. They made her feel like she was hiding a sensual secret beneath her clothing.

She leaned against her desk and reached between her legs. Her fingertip brushed the hood of her throbbing clit, and she moaned as a fierce wave of arousal forced her pussy to spasm. She closed her eyes, sat down, and opened her legs wide. She rubbed her clit with her index finger once more, which set her insides on fire. Rippling waves of pleasure shot through her, and she hadn't even removed her underwear yet. Her panties were soaked with her cream, and her scent filled the air. It all made her even hotter, and she was so engrossed in attempting to appease her hunger that she never heard the door open.

"God, Shauna."

She wasn't so far gone in her need that she could have imagined the rough male tone of voice, growling her name.

Shauna opened her eyes and couldn't stop her mouth from opening in surprise. A whimper escaped her lips in reaction to the man before her. The one man she had always envisioned in her fantasies, but had never dared to go after.

Detective Julian Lopez.

She hadn't seen him in almost ten years, but he now stood before her, a brooding sexy hunk in a tight black T-shirt, blue jeans ripped at the

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knees, and sexy black Durango boots. His black hair was closely cropped, and he sported a mouth watering goatee. Her heart thudded at the thought of feeling those rough hair bristles against her skin. His lips were parted, and she had a sudden, stunning vision of him on his knees, eating her out.

“What the hell are you doing here?” Shauna attempted to close her legs, but the man was too fast for her. He stepped right between them, forcing them to stay open as he gripped her squirming waist with his large hands. His lust for her was obvious, but before she delved any further into his psyche, she put up her walls.

“Sweetheart, I’ve waited so fucking long to see you this way,” Julian replied, thrusting his jean-covered cock against her pussy. “Don’t you dare move.”

Chapter Two

Julian had scheduled his trip to Shauna's office with good intentions. He wanted to take her out to dinner...wanted them to take it nice and slow and get to know each other on a personal level. He had spoken to Wrath about it, and they had both agreed he would go first, and Wrath would meet up with Shauna tomorrow. But as soon as he saw her, splayed so sexily atop her desk with her hand between her legs and her blonde hair loose, Julian's plan flew right out the window.

Though he was still fully clothed, her searing heat burned him right through his jeans and went straight to his cock. Pre-cum seeped from its tip, wetting his pants, and he growled, fighting the need to strip and bury himself deep within her.

He thrust against her again and speared his hand through her hair, pushing her head back so he could taste her lips. "I need a sweet taste."

He bent and rubbed his lips against hers, enjoying their softness before pressing his tongue against her mouth. She opened for him immediately, moaning as he ate at her lips, his tongue sucking hers. It was soft and passionate, a duel of mouths attacking each other. Her nails dug into his shoulders. He untangled his hand from her hair, trailing it down until he found her pussy. He groaned as he touched her heated cunt, its heat striking his hand like a whiplash. Her panties were soaked with her essence, and he desperately wanted to fall to his knees and drink from her.

He'd never expected to find his wildcat so full of passion that he

needed to fuck her on her office desk. He had no problem giving her what she needed, as long as she only got it from him or Wrath from now on.

Julian pushed her panties aside, broke the kiss, and thrust his index finger into her slowly. The walls of her pussy closed around the digit and a fresh surge of cream erupted from her pussy, coating his hand.

“Don’t tease me, Julian.”

“What, sweetheart?” Julian’s gut clenched at her breathy tone. “Do you want my mouth on this gorgeous cunt of yours?”

“Oh, God. *Yes,*” she hissed between her teeth as she arched her hips forward.

He groaned. How in hell was he supposed to resist her after so many years? He fell to his knees like a madman and placed his hands on her inner thighs, spreading her open. Her thong blocked his view, and he didn’t want anything disrupting his sight now that he had her where he needed her. He moved his right hand up, placing it on her stomach as he maneuvered his left one to the thong. Moving his head to one side, Julian slipped his fingers underneath the tiny garment and ripped it from her. She moaned a anxious low tone and pushed her hips forward once again. That was all it took for him to delve into her like a man possessed.

Julian didn’t waste time with soft kisses. He pushed his face into her pussy, his nose bumping her clit as his tongue delved into her opening, licking her cream. She tasted sweet, with a hint of earthiness that forced a growl from his lips. He became obsessed and knew at once that he could never let her go. Her fingers gripped his hair, and her nails dug into his scalp. That little bite of pain only heightened his pleasure.

He moved his face up, swirling his tongue around her throbbing clit. Her cream spilled into his mouth, and he ate her like a starving man. He took her clitoris into his mouth, pursing his lips around it and sucking. Three pulls was all it took to make her to arch her hips, tighten her thighs around his head, and grind her pussy on his face.

She came all over him. He had to fight back the urge to bite her thigh and taste her blood. His heart pounded fiercely. As he pulled back, his vampire teeth lengthened. Julian rose to his feet, because the last thing he wanted to do was frighten her. He took a step back, struggling with the

need to bond with her, and watched her gaze drop to his raging hard on. Then her gaze lifted to his face and the tips of his vampire teeth extending from his mouth.

She pushed herself off the desk and walked toward him. Without saying a word, she dropped to her knees in front of him and unbuckled his belt.

Julian couldn't help but be shocked by the fact that she didn't show any reaction to his being a vampire. He didn't want to hide it from her, because beginning a relationship with lies was the last thing he wanted to do. But he couldn't force himself to ask why she wasn't frightened. Not when his desire for her burned through his veins and she was pulling down his jeans and releasing his cock.

"You're so big and beautiful, " she murmured, tracing his heated dick before taking its head into her mouth.

He groaned and fisted his hands in her hair to control the pace. Fire raced through his cock. Her mouth was a wet haven, hot suction on his throbbing dick. It was heaven and hell all at once. Helpless to deny his need, he pushed several more inches into her mouth and fucked her in a back and forth rhythm. His balls tightened.

She was perfection, taking him easily and accepting who he was without words. Perhaps she already knew their joining was meant to be. It showed through her compliancy, and Julian couldn't help but love her all the more for it. He gazed into her wide blue eyes, trying to show her how much he felt for her.

He thrust deeper into her mouth, and the head of his cock touched the opening of her throat. This was more than just oral sex—it was a bonding of hearts. And he hoped to hell she knew it. In the same way he had sampled her essence, taking her deep into his soul, Shauna was showing him she had no qualms about taking his seed.

Scalding white heat raced down his back, tightening his balls. He clenched his hand in her hair, holding her still, as he released his seed into the back of her throat.

Chapter Three

Shauna rose and pushed down her skirt, covering her pussy from Julian's hot gaze. His cum lay heavily on her tongue, its thick essence tasting both salty and spicy at the same time.

She blushed and dropped her gaze to his cock. It was still hard with arousal. Its head was reddish in color; it was thick, and about ten beautiful inches long. He pulled his jeans away from his body, and after several attempts, finally managed to tuck his dick back inside. Shauna reminded herself that his doing so was a good thing. Because as soon as Julian had walked into her office, all thoughts of pleasuring herself had fled and in their place came visions of them satisfying one another.

As much as it sounded cliché, this was so unlike her. Psychically, she could claim the tarot card had pushed her into doing it. But that would be taking the coward's way out and not admitting her feelings.

Ever since she'd first set eyes on Julian, a layer of lust had existed between them. She remembered that even at the age of twenty she'd wanted to strip off her clothing and have him fuck her. Something about him called out to her, and if she had to admit it to herself, albeit silently, his brother Wrath also stirred a need within her.

She licked her lips and gathered her thoughts.

"What are you doing here, Julian?" Her voice came out in a whisper and her cunt spasmed, as lust warmed the pit of her womb. She had to get a grip on herself before she found herself begging for his cock.

He buttoned his jeans and ran his fingers through his hair. Other than his hard dick, his façade nothing gave away. "There are things we

need to discuss.”

His gaze strayed to her chest.

Shit! Her blouse was still undone. She buttoned her shirt quickly, battling with the vision in her head of his mouth on her nipples. Where in hell was her self control?

“We couldn’t do this over the phone?”

“No.” He narrowed his eyes at her tone of voice and closed the distance between them. “And don’t think for a second I have any intention of letting you forget what happened today. Oral sex is just the beginning for us, sweetheart.”

“You didn’t come here just to have sex with me. If that were the case, you would’ve made your move a long time ago.”

“In my eyes, you were too young and innocent then. Wrath and I wanted to wait until you matured. And trust me, babe, we both have a lot of pent up energy from lusting after you all these years.”

She gasped and took a step backward, retreating until her backside hit her desk. She hadn’t meant to let him know how much his words surprised and unnerved her. She swallowed past the lump lodged in her throat. He and Wrath *both* lusted after her? That meant they probably knew how much she craved them, too. This was getting out of hand. Damn that tarot card!

“You’re mistaken.”

“Really?” He took another step toward her. “Prove it.”

“Are you kidding?” Of all the arrogant shit that could have come out of his mouth, those two words beat them all. “I don’t have to prove a thing to you.”

Once more, he closed the distance between them. Now she had nowhere to move, because he placed his arms on either side of her, caging her in.

“I’ll bet that if I slide my hands up your thighs, sweetheart, I’ll find your cunt soaked in cream. You want to bet on it? Dare me to do it. And while you’re thinking about it, you can tell me why you’re not surprised to find out I’m a vampire. You didn’t even blink an eye when you saw my vampire teeth, and trust me, babe—I would’ve questioned that even if you

weren't giving me the best blow job of my life."

"You're such a crude ass."

All at once, her brain registered that it wasn't Julian who said those words. Someone else had taken over her body. It was the only explanation she could come up with for being caught off guard again.

The office door slammed, and she jumped in surprise. She peered around Julian's shoulder. *Perfect*. She didn't have to deal with just Julian anymore. She also had to deal with Wrath.

She slammed up her mind shields, placed her hands on Julian's hard chest, and pushed him away. He budged an inch, which gave her just enough space to dip beneath his arm and put some distance between them.

"Nice of you to join the show, Wrath," she said. "Did Julian extend an invitation to you? Should I expect anyone else to join this orgy?" She winced as she said the words. *It would really help, Shauna, if you would keep your mouth shut sometimes.*

Wrath smiled. "I'd forgotten how feisty you are. I like it."

Julian turned to Wrath. "I thought we agreed that you would make your move tomorrow."

"We did, but I changed my mind." Wrath shrugged. "You're not the only one who's been driven insane by waiting all these years."

Shauna fisted her hands. She needed answers. "Will one of you please tell me what's going on?"

"Let's all have a seat." Julian claimed one of the chairs in front of her desk.

Wrath positioned himself by the window, and Shauna sat on the leather loveseat.

"We'll do it this way," Julian said. "We each get one question and wait for the person who's asked to answer it before the next person gets a turn. Fair enough?"

Wrath grunted in agreement.

Shauna thought it sounded reasonable. "It's fair."

"Fine." Julian tilted his head toward her. "Ladies first."

Chapter Four

Shauna clenched her hands. "Julian, why are you and Wrath here? And please, let's not give each other the run around."

"I'm all for being straight and up front." Julian stiffened in his chair. "It's been ten years, Shauna, since you, Wrath, and I first met. You can't deny the spark of attraction that lit between us the moment we first saw you."

The raw hunger on Julian's face melted Shauna's insides. Why deny the inevitable? She wasn't a woman to run from her desires. Plus, he was right. With the way her pussy reacted to his words, she could only nod in agreement.

"We made a decision to wait ten years, because you were too innocent and too damn young. But now Wrath and I figure it's time."

"Time for what?"

"Sorry. It's not your turn to ask another question, babe. It's *mine*."

"Fine." She grimaced.

Julian leaned forward and placed his elbows on his knees. "Why aren't you surprised that I'm a vampire?"

"You don't know everything, Julian. I was born a psychic, and it took me years to learn how to craft my gift. Even longer to perfect the art of blocking out people. I can read the meaning of personal things. For example, I received a tarot card this afternoon in the mail. The card gave off vibes of lust, and in some way I believe it set off the attraction between us. Although, I have to agree that the attraction has always been there.

And if we're putting all of our cards on the table, I have to also admit that there's a part of me that's wanted Wrath the same way. I can say that now, because I'm not afraid of it. It's unsettling, but I don't think either of you will ever hurt me."

Shauna took a deep breath and collected her thoughts. "And as for your being a vampire, or *both* of you being vampires, I'm neither surprised, nor frightened. I also have a paranormal gift, so who am I to judge you? I've never delved into your psyches, but then again, I've never gotten a malicious vibe from either you or Wrath. And I'm sure there are other people on this planet just like us."

"Wow." Wrath rose, walked over to her, and sat beside her on the love seat. "I never thought it would be this easy for you to accept us."

Shauna got her first good look at him after so many years. There were many similarities between him and Julian, yet there were also differences that set them apart. Wrath had a scar down his left cheek that started beside his ear and ended at the corner of his mouth. It made him look devilish and dangerous. He wore no goatee, and she wanted to press her lips against the softness of his flesh. His eyes were a deep shade of green, but he was no less attractive than his brother. He wore fitted slacks instead of jeans, and a white short sleeved shirt. His muscles pressed against the material. She dropped her gaze to the zipper of his pants, and found herself far from being disappointed. His cock was hard and looked to be just as long as that belonging to his twin.

Heat whipped through her, causing her pussy to spasm. She closed her eyes and turned her head, refusing to let the uncontrollable lust get to her. But Wrath touched her chin and tilted her head. She opened her eyes just as he pressed a soft kiss to her lips. Her cream spilled, and she hoped to hell she wasn't staining her skirt with her arousal. She moaned and opened her mouth, but he broke the kiss before she could slip her tongue inside his mouth.

"It's your turn, Wrath," she finally managed to say. "Ask me a question."

"Okay." He smiled. "The tarot card you received—do you know who sent it to you?"

“No, but it came from El Dorado Springs, Colorado, according to the postmark. And it’s nothing like the other packages I’ve gotten.”

“What other packages?” Julian asked.

Shauna shifted her gaze to him. “It’s not your turn to ask another question.”

He scowled, but remained quiet.

She smiled, enjoying the fact that she had just thrown his rules back in his face, and turned to Wrath. “I’m assuming you’re a vampire, too. Do you drink blood from humans?”

“Truthfully, we do not feed from men. We only feed from women. There is an urge to have sex when we take blood, but that’s not always the case,” Wrath replied. “We take what we need, seal the wound on their necks with a healing agent in our saliva, and erase their memory of being bitten before letting them leave. They’re tired and hungry, but other than that, they’re fine. We did what we needed to do to live. But we have no need for other women, now that we have you.”

Shauna narrowed her eyes and bit her bottom lip. It was a huge struggle for her not to show any emotion. She had no right to be jealous of their past.

“My turn.”

She shifted her gaze to Julian.

He leaned back in the chair and stretched his legs. “Why were you comparing the tarot card to other packages you’ve received?”

“I guess I have no choice but to tell you.” She should have known his cop instincts wouldn’t let him forget her words. She had to admire him for that. “Two weeks ago, I received a box containing a set of pictures—of me. Some of them were of me going to work, and others had been taken while I was eating in a restaurant and shopping. A week later, another box of photos arrived. They were similar; pictures of me dining with friends and buying clothes. The only difference is that the second box also contained black rose petals. The psychic vibes I got when I touched both sets of pictures were angry and violent. I believe someone’s stalking me. I’m still in the early stages of trying to find out who it is.”

“Were the packages delivered by a courier?” Wrath put his hand on

her knee. His broad fingers and rough skin sent goose bumps across her body.

She shook her head. "They were placed in front of my office door. There was no writing on either one of them, or any indication as to where they came from."

"So, someone knows your work schedule." Julian came to his feet. "Do you have any clue as to who might want to hurt you?"

"No. There are only four offices in the building, and it's only two stories tall. The entrance has a flimsy lock and can be jimmed by anyone. If I had to make a guess, I'd say it's probably someone from one of my cases who wants revenge," Shauna replied. "But it could also be a repercussion from an arrest I made when I was a cop. You guys both know it'll probably take a long time to discover who the hell is doing this."

"Has he made any contact with you other than sending you the boxes?" Wrath stroked her knee.

Shauna held her breath as more goose bumps scattered along her arms. How in the hell was she supposed to think when a six-foot hunk was heating her body with his mere touch? She struggled to speak. "No. Except for a few phone calls I've gotten from a heavy breather. I managed to trace them and learned they're always made from a pay phone, but the locations are different. Most of them have come from the Lower East Side. Now, you guys owe me *two* questions."

Julian arched a brow, and Wrath tightened his hand on her knee. She was on her way to sensory overload. She wasn't going to be able to deal with much more of this before she climbed on top of one of them and begged him to fuck her.

"I've noticed something about both of you," she said. "I only see you when the sun goes down. I take it that being out in bright sunlight is bad for vampires?"

"Your assumption is correct," Wrath replied. "We're fairly young vampires—each of us is only one-hundred-and-twenty-five-years-old. But vampires over two-hundred can take sunlight for short periods of time."

"Okay. Earlier you said it's time for you and Wrath to make your

move.” Shauna’s nipples pressed against her lace bra. “What move are you talking about?”

Chapter Five

Wrath’s muscles tightened to the point of pain, but he fought the need to jump Shauna. When he’d first walked into her office, her sexual scent had filled the room, igniting the deeply buried craving he had for her. He hadn’t allowed himself to think there might be something more between them, because ten years was a long time to hope. But now that he was here beside his brother Julian, Wrath wanted to take her, to sink his rigid cock inside her tight little cunt.

But he held back. Shauna had given him and his twin her assurance that she accepted them as vampires, but that didn’t mean she would accept them both as her mates. And that’s exactly what they were. Because every nameless woman who had joined them to help slake their hunger for blood and sex had meant nothing to them. They were only replacements for the woman they truly craved.

Shauna.

Her scent called to him especially now, when he was only inches away from truly being with her. She smelled of a floral scent, and he wanted to fall to his knees to taste her. Wrath dropped his gaze to her nipples, and his hunger grew. He swiped his tongue over his lips.

“The move we’re talking about is *you*. We want you as our mate. As our *wife*, Shauna.” Wrath dropped to his knees before her and laid his

hands on her legs. Emotion overwhelmed him. He was a hard man who saw the harshness of life on a daily basis, and it awed him that Shauna had the ability to bring him to his knees. He would give anything to part her legs and devour her. But first, more needed to be said—and she needed to give her consent.

Through his peripheral vision, Wrath watched Julian get up from his chair and come to kneel beside him. “Our first instinct when you were only twenty was to claim you. But we weighed our options with your best interest as our number one priority, and over the span of years, watched you grow into an independent, heartbreakingly stunning woman. We need you, Shauna. From this day on, there will be no other women for either of us.”

“You’ve *watched* me?”

“Only for your safety,” Wrath said. “We’ve taken turns. I won’t apologize for it. We both felt better knowing you were safe.”

She lifted her hand to his lips, and it took every ounce of willpower for him to remain still. He managed to hold on to his control by a thin thread as Shauna traced the scar on his cheek.

“That’s a huge decision for you to make,” she said. “I don’t know what tomorrow will bring. And even though I’m nervous about this, I’m far from being weak. I’m ready to face the attraction between us. Let’s see where it takes us.”

“Let’s see indeed,” Wrath replied, placing his hand on the back of her neck. He didn’t have to push her forward, because she met him halfway. He brushed his lips against hers, pushing his tongue past her lips and devouring her, the same way his cock wanted her cunt to suck at it greedily. He took her breath into his lungs, and when she moaned, Wrath felt the vibrations all the way to his cock.

She unbuttoned the top two buttons of his shirt and trailed her lips across his skin. His body was tight and needy. She bit the flesh at the base of his neck.

Wrath spread her legs and moved between her thighs. Then he crawled his hand slowly up one of them, closer to her wet pussy. Finally his fingers reached her cunt, and Shauna arched her hips toward his hand.

Oh, God. She didn't have any control over her body when it came to either Wrath or Julian. Her skin was feverish with need; her clit, throbbing with want. Wrath's fingers felt like heaven between her thighs, his thick rough digits fucking her quickly. But she needed more. She needed his penis between her legs.

Shauna broke the kiss when Julian sat beside her. It was surreal that she could want both of them with equal lust that set her body on fire. But she did, and although this was the first time she had behaved this way with anyone, she wasn't the type to run from her desires.

Julian unbuttoned her blouse, and Wrath pushed up her skirt. She knew the precise moment when he added another finger into her cunt and put his thumb directly over her clit, stroking it in a circular motion. Julian bent his head and brought his mouth to her straining nipple. He sucked it through the satin fabric, and the hotness of his mouth made her pussy spasm. Wrath leaned down and licked the insides of her thighs. He left a hot trail with his tongue, and Shauna lifted her hips, trying to bring his mouth closer to her cunt.

Her control gone, she whimpered, "Fuck me, Wrath."

He lifted his head and smiled. Julian tightened his teeth around her nipple and tugged. They were both teasing her, drawing out the pleasure and seducing her with their hands and mouths. A shard of pleasure whipped through her body and she bent forward, forcing both Julian and Wrath to lift their heads.

She dropped her hand to Wrath's pants and unbuckled his belt, but before she could finish a loud crash jerked her out of her pleasure-filled haze.

It happened so fast. Julian jumped up and headed for the window. Wrath pushed her down onto the couch and covered her with his hard body. She realized belatedly that the noise was glass breaking, and she pushed at Wrath, trying to get him off her.

"Let me up," she said, her voice muffled by his shirt.

His body tense. "No. Not until its safe."

The endearing *I will do anything to keep you safe* thought was becoming an annoyance. Wrath and Julian both took it literally, and

perhaps in the process had forgotten she was a detective with extensive field work experience. But Shauna gritted her teeth and endured it, because deep down inside, she knew it was a primitive reaction from her men. Damn! She was already thinking of them as *hers*. She pushed that thought aside. There would be plenty of time later for a thorough analysis.

"It's clear," Julian finally stated.

Wrath lifted his body from Shauna's.

She rose from the love seat, buttoned her blouse, and pulled down her skirt. Then she spotted a brick with a something white taped to it lying on the floor. Careful to keep away from the window, Shauna rose and took a step away from the couch.

Julian positioned himself next to her. "Where are you going?"

"To get a pair of latex gloves."

"Next time you want something, ask Wrath or me to get it for you. Where are they?"

"In the first drawer of my desk, on the right. I'm not some porcelain doll who'll break at any second. I can handle this."

Julian grunted, took two steps over to her desk, and retrieved the gloves. He handed them to her. Wrath moved to the window and peered outside.

"Do you see anything?" Her stalker was now becoming more dangerous. From the way her desk was positioned, she could have easily been hit by that brick.

"No," Wrath replied, walking back toward her. "Are you okay?"

He dropped his hands to her waist.

Welcoming the heat of his body, she stepped forward. "I'm fine, Wrath."

"We know you can handle this, Shauna. But we will protect you with our lives."

She didn't realize she was trembling until Wrath circled his arms around her. She was stronger than this. So why all of the sudden did a mere brick tossed through a window have her breaking down? She took a deep breath and forced herself to stop shaking. Julian aligned his body behind hers, and she melted into both of them.

“We have to call this in and get forensics down here.” Wrath pulled away from her to make the call.

She nodded.

Julian pulled on a pair of gloves and picked up the brick. Then he pulled off the white object—an envelope. Shauna watched warily as he opened it and took out a piece of paper. The tightening of his jaw was the only indication he gave that the message on it bothered him.

He turned the paper toward her.

You whore! You're next!

As a professional, she knew that touching the paper was the wrong thing to do. But she brought her fingertips to its edge, anyway. Bile rose in her throat at the sickening vibes she got from the note. Hatred, pain, and violence—all of them assaulted her when she released the paper. She stumbled away from it, but Julian reached out and steadied her. She reached for a cup at the water station, filling it with ice cold water and calmly struggling to drink it until the feeling edged away.

* * * * *

She left the office with one of the two men he'd seen enter it two hours ago.

Anger poured through him, and he fisted his hands against the need to rush them. Even if he gave into his fury, the man with her was too large for someone like him to fight. He wouldn't be able to beat him, but he was smart when it came to fooling others. He would come up with a good plan.

Fucking whore!

Now he had another reason to hate Shauna. She was a prime example of how women were nowadays, and he intended to teach her a lesson on how to behave.

Right before he plunged his knife into her gut.

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Chapter Six

The words on the paper weren't as bad as the feeling Shauna got when she touched it and experienced the monster's emotions. Still, it left her sick with fear and dread. She didn't want to think about what might have happened if Wrath and Julian hadn't been in the office with her. She sensed that her stalker might have struck had she been alone.

She appreciated that Julian had taken charge of the scene, calling in a forensic team to dust for prints. He immediately sent her home with Wrath, while he oversaw the investigation. For once, Shauna didn't argue. She was happy to leave everything in their capable hands.

Wrath drove the streets with care, controlling the large Ford Expedition with ease.

She leaned her head against the seat. "Where are we going?"

"For now, you're coming home with us."

"Really?" She should have seen that one coming. "I can take care of myself, you know."

"I realize that." Wrath gave her a sharp glance. He eased the vehicle into a driveway, turned off the ignition, and twisted to face her. "But Julian and I won't budge on this. Like we mentioned before, you're safety is our number one priority. So you have a choice to make. Either come home with us, or we'll go at your place. Your staying alone isn't an option."

Shauna took a deep breath and held it, then slowly let it go. Up this close, she could smell him, and his spicy, manly scent only heightened her

awareness, causing her cream to spill. It was an instantaneous reaction accompanied by an overpowering emotion she was afraid to name. It awed her that he and Julian could have such an effect on her. She wasn't a stranger to men and their intentions, but she couldn't remember ever having felt this way before.

"You aren't giving me much of a choice," she finally replied, her fingers drifting to the door handle. She opened the door and started to get out, but Wrath stopped her with a hand on her arm. She turned to face him, which proved to be a huge mistake, because she didn't realize he'd moved and now invaded what little space she had in the vehicle. Wrath was the epitome of raw sex appeal, just like his twin. She imagined herself licking him, taking his flavor into her body, and praising the creator above for gifting a man with such pure allure.

"So, what's your decision?" Even his voice, which was deep like that of a rumbling lion, set her on fire.

She smiled. "I'll stay with you."

Wrath released her and she opened the door, grateful for the warm breeze and the distance she now had from him. She wore no underwear, and as she walked to the front door, her nipples brushed the fabric of her bra. Everything about her was ultrasensitive. She wanted to take off her clothes and satisfy her sexual urges.

When had she become such a nymphomaniac that sex was the only thing she thought about? Had the tarot card really unleashed all of her desires? Or had she simply been waiting for Julian and Wrath to come along? She forced the question out of her mind. There was only one person on whom she could concentrate now, and that was Wrath.

Shauna waited as he inserted the key into the lock. Her gaze drifted to his crotch. Wow. His cock was still pressed tightly against his pants. She fisted her hands, holding herself back against the need to touch him. Would it be presumptuous for her to unzip him and climb onto his dick? She was so wet, her cunt would easily slide onto him and grip him tightly.

She had been celibate for two years. Before that, the few men in her life had always been lacking, either physically or emotionally. She had finally given up in frustration and vowed to wait until the perfect man

came along. Now, it seemed she had *two* perfect men.

Wrath grabbed her arm and led her into his home. The light went on immediately. He turned and locked the door, then set the alarm.

Shauna took a step away from him, with the intention of putting space between them—but she didn't get far. Wrath pulled her against him and edged her over until the entrance door was flat against her back.

"Tell me to stop now, Shauna. Because in a few seconds, I won't be able to." He whispered the words into her ear, his body pressed close to hers.

His hard cock seared her belly. With a shiver, Shauna gave in to her desires. She needed him inside her. *Now*.

Flushed with arousal, she moved her hands to his belt. He moved fast, helping her by removing his shoes and socks and ripping the buttons off his shirt. He pulled it off, then unbuttoned his pants and pushed them off his body. She should have known he would go commando, and it made her wonder if Julian was also naked beneath his clothes. Her hands moved to Wrath's rigid cock, and she couldn't help but marvel at how beautiful, long, and thick it was.

A sexual high pumped through her veins. She only had a minute to admire and stroke his penis before he pushed up her skirt, placed his hands on her ass, and lifted her up. She wrapped her legs around his body and brought her lips to his. She was desperate, on the verge of an orgasm as her tongue slipped into his mouth and twined with his. She moaned, sucking on his tongue in the same manner she wanted to suck on his cock. Shauna reached between their bodies, grabbed his cock, and rubbed its head against her hot cunt. Then she positioned it at her entrance.

Wrath deepened the kiss, bent his knees, and entered her pussy at an achingly slow pace. She whimpered as each hard inch entered her, stretching her. She shivered and tightened her legs around him, delving her hands into his hair as she tongued him.

He growled, pushed his erection all the way in, and held himself there with his fingers digging into her hips. She felt every inch of his hard length. Her pussy gripped him tightly, her cream soaking his cock. He moved, fucking her fast and deep, his cock rubbing her clit.

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In only minutes, she became completely obsessed with him and wished Julian was there to either watch or join them. She broke the kiss and tightened her hands around his neck, then licked the skin above his shoulder. In a primitive way, she wanted to mark him. So she pursed her lips and sucked hard. He groaned in response, bending his knees, changing the angle of his thrusts, and fucking her even deeper.

She saw her mark on his flesh and lifted her gaze to his. His vampire teeth had lengthened, and suddenly she wanted to be marked by him as well. She turned her head, displaying her neck.

He growled before licking her skin and sinking his teeth into her flesh.

Hot flames zoomed through her in reaction to his bite, but the heat only lasted for a second. Because suddenly, her pussy clamped down on his cock, her womb fluttered, and her orgasm slammed through her, forcing a cry from her lips. Her strength left her. The walls she had erected in her mind threatened to crumble as Wrath removed his lips from her skin and roared her name, shooting his cum deep inside her womb.

Chapter Seven

Wrath licked the bite on Shauna's neck, closing the skin with his saliva. Satisfaction roared through him, even though his dick was still hard. He had mated with her, and she now belonged to him forever. Julian would be pleased she had accepted Wrath, and would be anxious to mate with her just as he had. His brother would soon arrive home, and the scent of sex and blood in the air would drive him into a frenzy.

She sighed, a sound filled with contentment. Wrath lifted her and slid his cock out of her. He groaned at the loss of heat as cool air surrounded his hard dick. He would give anything to remain inside her hot cunt for all eternity.

Their bonding was a purely magical experience. He had never felt the likes of it with anyone else. Biting her had been a primitive reaction. Tasting her blood had filled him with hot lust, and her coppery essence warmed his heart. But Wrath was surprised she felt the same. She had bitten his shoulder and sucked him, marking him in her own way and almost bringing him to his knees. He was in love, and it was a love that he would either kill or die for.

Wrath lifted Shauna and walked toward the bedroom. She snuggled against him, turning her face into his neck and releasing a deep, drowsy sigh. He placed her on her feet, stripped her of her remaining clothing, and lifted the blanket so she could slide into the king-sized bed.

Her eyelids were half closed as she rose onto her tiptoes and rubbed her lips against his. Then she eased herself into bed. He joined her

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under the comforter, and she draped her body over his. He wrapped his arms around her. His cock rose, and his balls tightened at the feel of her naked body against his. And even though he could have kept fucking her all night, his heart was at peace for the first time in years.

* * * * *

Shauna awoke with Wrath's body beneath hers, and her pussy sore from the way he had fucked her. She lifted her hand and rubbed the throbbing bite on her neck. The mark hadn't hurt. Instead, it had driven her to ecstasy, and deep inside she knew that in some way she was now bonded to him for life. She had trusted him, putting her life completely into his hands, as she tilted her neck and waited for him to bite her. She only wished Julian had been there to share the moment with them.

She stroked Wrath's chest and marveled at his muscular physique.

"You're awake." His voice sent shivers through her body. And even though her pussy was tender, she wanted him.

"Yes." She climbed onto him, balancing herself by placing her knees beside him, and then sitting on his thighs. His cock was against her belly, and her clit was near the base of his dick. She stroked his length, enjoying the way he growled and the way a dot of pre-cum pooled at its tip.

"You and Julian make me feel things I've never felt before." She rubbed his seed onto the head of his dick. To her delight, his breathing hitched and his mouth parted in arousal. She lifted her herself, positioning his cock at her opening. "I need you."

"And so you shall have me," Wrath replied, pushing his hips off the bed and entering her in one hard thrust.

Oh, it felt decadent having him inside her. The walls of her pussy fit him like a tight glove, and she threw back her head. Her hips swayed as she rode him. Her nipples pulled at her nipples, which sent a bolt of fire through her. She saw herself fucking Wrath forever, and once again thought about Julian. To have the two of them with her now would fulfill every fantasy she'd ever had.

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Wrath suddenly took control of the fucking, slamming her up and down on his rigid cock. He rubbed her clit in a circular motion. She had no warning of her orgasm. It came out of nowhere, heating her body and forcing her to dig her nails into his chest. Her pussy tightened on his cock, and the walls of her cunt squeezed out his seed. Wrath shouted her name as she took him deep within her.

Shauna lifted herself off his penis and let her body fall forward onto his slick chest, her heart racing with adrenaline. Wrath stroked her skin. It took several long minutes for her heartbeat to slow.

Wrath's cock was still hard, pressed against her thigh.

She lifted her head. "Where's your bathroom? I need a shower."

"To your right." Wrath dropped a kiss onto her lips. "There should be clean towels and a robe in the bathroom closet."

* * * * *

Julian unlocked the door to his home, entered it, and set the alarm. Tilting his head to one side, he heard sounds coming from the kitchen, a shuffling of pots and pans. His body tightened as he sniffed the air, sifting through the aroma of food—and that's when he smelled it. The combined scents of sex and blood. His teeth lengthened in anticipation as he walked into the kitchen.

Wrath stood over the stove, clad in a black bathrobe.

His brother turned, and Julian's body tightened. "Where is she?"

"In the shower," Wrath said. "I'm making her something to eat and brewing some coffee."

Julian saw happiness on his brother's face and clenched his stomach in eagerness. The feeling wasn't born out of jealousy; he had faced too many things with Wrath beside him to ever feel such an ugly emotion. But he wanted to experience what his brother had with Shauna. Julian was already in love with her—he had been from the very moment their gazes had clashed so many years before.

He met Wrath's eyes. "You've made her your mate."

"I have. She is mine." Wrath smiled. "But she awaits your arrival,

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my brother. She's in the shower as we speak. I will make myself scarce for about an hour, which should give you two ample time to complete your side of the bond. Make sure you prepare her for when we take her together."

Julian nodded. The three-way bond was almost complete.

He turned, heading toward Wrath's bedroom, and smiled as he thought of knocking out the wall that separated their two bedrooms and rebuilding them as one.

* * * * *

There had been no point in following the slut home. He realized that even if he did, he would be taking a big chance with the huge man.

So he would simply bide his time and make his move when she least expected it. She should have learned to stay out of his fucking business. Even though he knew it was because the girl's parents had hired her to find proof against him, in his mind the private detective was still at fault. She became part of the case the moment she accepted money from the old couple.

It took him all of fifteen minutes to come up with a fool-proof plan. The time for the case had come to an end. Instead of sending her more boxes to frighten her, he would wait for her this time inside her office.

That's when her nightmare would truly begin. He just needed to decide whether to slice her neck, ending her life quickly, or to gut her, leaving her to die an excruciatingly painful death.

Then he would handle the girl who had lied about him, forcing her, and then taking out her parents. He would have fucking revenge on everyone who had ever dared to take him on.

Chapter Eight

Julian placed the anal plug and lube beside the sink. Then he ripped off his clothes and watched Shauna soap her naked body through the glass shower door. Soap suds ran down her body as she washed herself, moaning when her hand reached her pussy. The vision would have brought him to his knees if he wasn't so desperate to get inside her. But first, he needed to prepare her.

He slid the door open and she jumped, surprise parting her mouth. The bar of soap dropped to the floor.

"I had hoped you would soon be here, Julian."

That's exactly how he wanted her to say her name, while she was coming all over his cock. He reached for the plug and lube, stepped into the bath, and slid the door closed. He couldn't remove his gaze from her naked body. Her breasts were large; their tips, rosy and hard. He wanted to lick her nipples, to softly bite those hard tips and discover what she liked. What turned her on the most. Her stomach was flat, but her hips flared out. She was perfect for a man like him. He would grab her hips while he fucked her from behind.

Then his gaze dropped to her gorgeous, bare cunt. He remembered her flavor, and the way her essence seemed to wrap around him. He loved eating her out, loved the way she whimpered and moaned as she came. He pictured himself on his knees, pleasuring her for hours with just his lips and tongue.

He wrapped his arm around her waist and pulled her toward him.

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The warm water heightened his arousal, cascading around them like rain. He pushed his hair back to get a clear look at her. She was gorgeous with her hair and body wet.

“There’s something I want you to do for me first,” he said.

She licked her lips. “What?”

“I need you to trust me to make you feel good, sweetness. Turn around and place your hands against the wall.”

His cock jerked at the trust in her gaze. She turned and did as he requested. Julian coated the anal plug thoroughly with lube before giving in to his desire and fucking her. He parted her ass with his left hand and lined up the plug against her opening. “Push down, sweetness.”

She whimpered as he pushed the plug inside of her with slow determination.

He stopped when it was halfway in and reached around her to rub her clit. Julian clenched his teeth as her cream coated his hand. He continued to rub her clitoris in a smooth motion. He sank two fingers into her pussy and fucked her slowly, drawing out her pleasure.

“Julian.” She screamed his name and arched her ass towards him. He pushed the plug in another three inches. It was about seven inches long, but not nearly as long as either him or Wrath. But it would stretch her and prepare her for them, for the bonding they would experience in just a matter of hours.

Julian fucked her with his fingers, angling the digits and finding her g-spot, and taking a second to stroke it. She pushed down on the plug, her orgasm forcing another scream from her throat as he took the opportunity to push the plug the rest of the way in. Then he turned her around. Her eyes were half closed and her bottom lip was red, as if she had been biting it.

She shivered as she filled her hand with soap and wrapped it around his cock, stroking it from base to tip. He jerked his hips forward, and the tip of his cock jutted toward her stomach.

“It’s going to be fast and hard the first time around, sweetness.”

“I’m not asking for easy,” she replied, her voice breathy with arousal.

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He slammed his hips into hers, eating her mouth and tongue as he lifted her, using the wall as leverage, and wrapped her legs around his waist. She moaned into his mouth. He swallowed the sound and thrust his cock deep inside her. He didn't give her time to adjust to his size. His hunger was too much to bear, so he kept up his hungry thrusts, the anal plug making her little cunt even tighter, so that it gripped his cock with surprising strength. Water sprayed around them as he fucked her ferociously. She ran her tongue under the edges of his vampire teeth. His balls tightened as he tasted a drop of her blood. She must have pricked herself on his teeth, but that didn't stop her. She continued to drive him to the edge of desire.

Julian broke the kiss and tangled his fingers in her hair. "I love you. I always have." He needed her to know what was driving him mindless with desire, and he needed her to know that this was forever.

She tilted her neck to one side. "Taste me."

It was perhaps a miracle those two words made him come so quickly. But Julian wasn't going to ponder that now. Not when he had his dick inside her so deep, and not when the walls of her cunt sucked at him.

His cock jerked at her words, spilling his seed as she tightened around him, her pussy milking him with its tight suction. He bit her as she screamed his name, her blood tasting like heaven, wrapping around his heart and filling his belly with fire as he bonded her to him for eternity.

* * * * *

Shauna blinked her eyes open and forced herself to sit up. She was wrapped in a towel, her hair still wet. The throbbing between her legs hadn't died down with her latest orgasm. The plug was still inside her ass, and she carefully positioned herself on her knees so it wouldn't sink in too deep.

Wrath and Julian were going to drive her to the brink of pleasure over and over again. She couldn't keep from relishing the fact that with each orgasm, she felt closer to each of them. Their ecstasy had bound them together, and she found pleasure in that. With each act of sex, their bodies

and souls forged a more permanent connection. But Shauna still kept her mind shields up—only, not for long. They had proven themselves to her, and she wouldn't live her life happily if she didn't take the leap. Once she released her psychic senses, they would be fully linked forever.

Wrath and Julian were beside her, watching her with worry in their gazes. She had blacked out when Julian bit her. Her orgasm hit her with a hard rush of ecstasy, and she couldn't hold on to the thread of awareness. Now that they both crowded her, their warm bodies naked and hard, it was impossible for her to concentrate on anything but them.

"You need to eat," Wrath said, rising and retrieving a tray. He placed it in front of her. "You need to keep up your strength." He grinned, and Shauna loved the way it lit up his face.

She couldn't argue about needing her strength around them. Wrath removed the cover from the tray, and her mouth watered with hunger. She lifted her fork and dug into the bacon omelet. She sighed in pleasure as the taste of fluffy eggs hit her mouth. A man who could cook was such a treat.

"You guys are amazing."

"How are you feeling?" Julian placed his hand on her leg. "I didn't mean to get so carried away back there."

She smiled, forked another piece into her mouth, and chewed it. For such a bad ass, Julian was actually kindhearted, and she loved him for it. Wrath had a tender streak about him as well that endeared him to her. "I'm fine. You didn't hear me complaining about your treatment, did you?"

"We would never hurt you," Wrath said as he sat on the other side of the bed.

She smiled. "Stop worrying. If anything ever bothers me to the point of pain, I'll tell both of you."

"Good." She turned at the sound of Wrath's voice. "We want you to trust both of us."

"I do." She finished wolfing down the omelet and drank her coffee in silence. It wasn't an uncomfortable quietness, even though they were watching her every move, waiting to pounce on her. Their bodies were

tight with anticipation, their cocks raging hard.

But first, things needed to be said.

Julian reached for her tray, rose, and placed it on the floor beside the bed. She waited until he returned.

“Wrath, Julian—I want to be up front with you. Today is a day for realizations, and you are both right. There has been a connection between the three of us since we first met. You have both declared your love for me, and I’ve felt it in every one of your touches. I want us to have a permanent bond. I want to drop my mind shields and see you both as you truly are.”

Shauna reached for their hands, taking one in each of hers. “I buried my desire for you each year. But in some mysterious way, I believe the tarot card unleashed it, and I want to spend my days loving you, experiencing everything with you. Please make love to me. Both of you.”

Chapter Nine

Shauna crawled closer to Julian, touched her lips to his, and pushed her tongue into his mouth. He tasted hot and spicy, and he drove her senses out of control. She moaned and arched her body closer to his. Then Wrath's hands skimmed down her back and grazed the entrance to her ass, twisting the plug inside of her.

Her cunt flooded with moisture, and her clit swelled. The scent of her arousal filled the air. Julian broke their kiss and bent his head to her breasts, taking one stiff, engorged nipple into his mouth.

Wrath removed the anal plug. Heat simmered around them, heightening their arousal. She could spend eternity like this, suspended in time where there were no worries and nothing mattered but the union of their bodies and souls.

Julian sucked on the tips of her breasts, and a strike of heat shot straight to her pussy. Moments later, Wrath thrust a lubricated finger into her ass. She needed them both inside of her, filling her. She reached down and wrapped her hand around Julian's cock. He released her breasts, groaned, and moved his hips as she stroked him. Wrath added another finger into her ass, and she couldn't help but move her hips in time with his gentle thrusts.

"Please." She didn't mean to beg, but heat whipped through her and built quickly. Her ass clenched as Wrath pulled his fingers out of her body and turned her to face him.

The desire in his gaze overwhelmed her. She took his mouth in a

hot, tongue filled kiss. Wrath ended it, moved to the center of the bed, and lay down. "Climb on top of me."

She straddled his thighs and hovered over his cock, which was swollen with need. She rubbed its head against her clitoris and was on the verge of climaxing from the stroking alone.

"We come together," Wrath growled, stilling her hand. Her cream spilled down her pussy, wetting his dick.

She whimpered as Wrath let go and lowered herself onto his cock. He grabbed her thighs. She descended slowly, savoring every inch entering and stretching her. He was finally all the way in, and she clenched her pussy around his cock. Rippling spasms tightened his length. He fit her perfectly, and she was in awe that he seemed to be made just for her pleasure. Wrath spread his legs and made room for his twin to kneel between them.

Julian positioned himself directly behind Shauna and sank a cool, lubricated finger into her ass. She bent, bringing her breasts close to Wrath's mouth, and clenched her bottom around the digit thrusting into her. Wrath instantly opened his mouth and sucked on her nipple, raking his teeth lightly over its tip before switching his attention to her other breast. Pleasure streaked straight to her womb as Julian aligned his cock at the entrance to her ass. Searing heat radiated from both Wrath and Julian's bodies, the hotness wrapping around her like a cloak. Their bodies were slick with sweat.

Shauna moaned as Julian entered her, widening her ass as the head of his dick passed through her sphincter. Burning, pleasure-filled heat built deep inside her body as Julian pushed all the way in.

Wrath removed his mouth from her breasts and parted his lips on a groan. His vampire teeth lengthened, and she bent down, running her tongue against his teeth. She wanted to drive him mindless with pleasure as his cock pulsed deep within her, a spurt of pre-cum hitting her womb.

The two men took control of her body, and she accepted the fact that this was how it would be in their bedroom, the dominant ones taking control of the submissive. Her heart racing with lust, she reveled in the discovery. Heat burned through her blood. She shouted their names as

they began to fuck her in unison, both thrusting deeply.

Julian reached around and pulled at her elongated nipples as he fucked her with shallow strokes. His other hand tangled in her hair and pulled her head back. He pushed his tongue between her lips. Wrath rubbed her clit in a circular motion. Julian released her lips and continued to fuck her. She was stretched, her womb filled, and she throbbed with hot desire.

She was close, her orgasm right on the edge. Shauna dropped her psychic barriers and pushed her mind against theirs. She immediately experienced their pleasure knowing she was theirs, accepted their kind hearts caring for both vampire and human alike, and recognized the love they had for her.

Her orgasm crashed over her, blinding her with waves of pleasure, her ecstasy momentarily overriding everything else. She clenched her pussy around Wrath's cock, and he groaned. His hips lifted from the bed, his fingers dug into her thighs, and the head of his cock touched her womb as he spurted his seed into her.

She tightened her ass around Julian's dick. He gave one final thrust before tugging her head to the side and piercing her flesh with his teeth. A fiery arc of pleasure ran through her body as he sucked on the bite. Her blood filled his mouth as his cock pulsed and shot hot cum into her ass. The bite forced another orgasm out of her, and she shouted as Wrath bit the skin just above her breasts.

"Wrath. Julian," she screamed, as they hurled her into yet another orgasm, this one twice as explosive, their bodies and souls uniting in love forever.

Chapter Ten

Shauna's body was sore, but she didn't complain. Wrath and Julian had loved her with a feverish hunger that became a constant craving for the three of them. She surprised herself with her need for them, her heart bursting at the discovery of her newfound happiness. Their strong emotional bond was something new. She felt so close to them, experienced their emotions even when she wasn't touching them. They had also linked with her, letting her know they felt what she did.

It had happened a little too quickly, but she wouldn't trade it for anything. She had buried her needs for so long and had learned to live day-by-day. Now she had two men with whom she could share everything, and she looked forward to spending her future with them.

Shauna pulled her car into a parking spot in front of her office. Sundown was in forty-five minutes, and she had left Wrath and Julian asleep. It was probably stupid of her to drive to the office at this hour, but if she wanted to spend the entire weekend at their place, she needed to get some work done. Picking up the dossier on her newest job was her first stop. The second would be when she ran by her place to get some clothes and underwear.

* * * * *

Julian awoke a few minutes before sundown. But it wasn't the sun that made his insides twist with fear. He jumped from the bed just as

Wrath opened his eyes and did the same thing.

"She fucking left us." Julian tugged on his pants. His body was tense; his muscles, locked. Dread swirled in the pit of his stomach.

Wrath dragged his shirt on over his head. "She'll get a heated spanking for this. Shit! You sense it too?"

"Yes!" Julian met his brother's gaze. "She's frightened. We have no time. We must leave *now*."

* * * * *

Shauna entered her office, distinctly aware of how silent it was at this time of evening. Even though the small building only housed four offices, usually a few people worked late every night.

She reached for the light switch on the wall, flipped it, and shifted her gaze to her desk. A sense of dread curled inside her stomach, keeping her from stepping any further into the room. She should have awakened Julian and Wrath, or at the very least, waited until they got up before coming here. She shook her head and took another step. It shouldn't take her more than five minutes to get the file, lock up, and head back downstairs.

She made her way to her desk and found the legal-sized manila folder. She was on her way to cracking the ten-year-old murder case, and if Julian and Wrath wanted her to spend the weekend with them, she was going to have to bring her work home. Besides, she could use their points of view on the case.

A floor board creaked, and body heat filled the space behind her. Shauna tensed. Then she slowly turned, hoping against hope that either Julian or Wrath—or both of them—had followed her here.

Her gaze collided with a pair of coal black eyes, and her mind slid to the man she had helped put away five years ago for the rape of an eighteen-year-old girl. He should have been sent to prison for much longer than that for the crime he had committed, but justice sometimes sucked. She had been hired by the girl's family because she had the ability to scrutinize every bit of evidence found at the crime scene. Law

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enforcement had done their part, but she had something they didn't have.

Her psychic ability.

The girl's parents paid Shauna a huge sum to capture her assailant. She had solved the case within a month, putting Barry Silverman behind bars for a measly five years.

But apparently he was out now and stood right in front of her, staring at her with psycho meanness in his gaze. Evil twisted his mouth into a horrible leer.

"I've been waiting for you, Shauna."

She acted on instinct and slapped him with the file. Then she sidestepped him and made a leap for the door. But he was too fast. He caught her around the waist and slammed her into the wall. The air left her lungs as he turned her around, pinning her with a hand to her chest. She clawed at his face.

He raised his hand and slapped her, hard. Her cheek burned. Wetness pooled at the corner of her mouth. His gaze zeroed in on that area, and he touched the trickle of blood, bringing his hand into her line of sight and rubbing the wetness between his fingertips. "I want you to see this coming, bitch."

"See what coming?" She needed to buy herself some time. Desperate to connect, she dropped her shields and tried to reach either Julian or Wrath. But instead, her attacker's vile thoughts clouded her mind, causing nausea to rise into her throat. Evil swirled within him, and she realized he wanted to end her life.

"Do you see your own death?" he asked, his foul breath fanning her face.

She forcefully pushed his thoughts away and suddenly Julian and Wrath entered her mind. They had to be near. She met her captor's eyes.

"Why are you doing this?"

"Because you ruined my fucking life, you whore. I had it all, until you came along," Barry shouted, spittle flying across her cheek. His face was red with anger. "We won't waste any more time with words."

He brought up his arm, lifting a knife with a wicked looking blade that gleamed under the bright office lights.

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She grabbed his arm and pushed it away from her with all of her strength. But it wouldn't budge. He brought his hand down instead, plunging the blade between her ribs, sinking the knife deep before pulling it out at an agonizingly slow pace. She screamed and her body stiffened as white hot pain filled her insides. Blood spilled from the wound.

Barry stepped back as she fell to the floor.

Two shots rang out, followed by a rage-filled scream. She fought to stay awake, but the edges of her vision dimmed with blackness. Her mind drifted to Julian and Wrath, and her eyes watered with tears at the thought of leaving them.

She hoped that somehow, they would survive the pain of losing her.

Chapter Eleven

One Month Later

Shauna dropped her silken robe and slid between the smooth satin sheets. It was a miracle she was still alive. She had been only seconds away from death, had felt her heart slow down, when both Wrath and Julian brushed her psyche and filled her throat with their hot blood.

One of them had shot Barry, the bullet hitting him right between his eyes when they burst into her office and found the knife-wielding maniac poised over her body. They issued no warning, which went against all of their police training. But neither of them felt any guilt for killing the rapist who would have taken her from them.

Wrath and Julian then saved her by turning her into a vampire. They didn't want to force it upon her, but they simply couldn't accept her death. She didn't have to be compelled to drink their blood, because in her heart she agreed that eternity was theirs to spend loving each other.

Shauna still had a lot of getting used to when it came to her new body. She had ten times the strength of a normal human being and would find herself picking up items and breaking them without intending to do so. Julian and Wrath told her it was all about realizing her strength and learning to control it.

Even more disturbing was her craving for blood, which would probably take the longest for her to get used to—but exclusively drinking from both of her vampires helped to ease her burden. Julian and Wrath

were now getting a fresh supply of blood from a friend who worked at a blood bank. They refused to drink from any other women, and that pleased her. She had much to learn, but Julian and Wrath promised to ease her slowly into her new life.

Sometimes, thinking about how much her life had changed was overwhelming. She had spent every day with Wrath and Julian since her change, and it was only logical that she move in with them. They set up one of their five bedrooms as her home office, and her detective agency was now open only at night. She eased her workload by taking just one case at a time. Her only regret was that she had been forced to let her loyal secretary go. Out of guilt, Shauna gave the woman two months' salary to tide her over until she found another job.

"How are you feeling?"

Shauna rolled onto her side and lifted her head, using her arm for support. Wrath stood in the doorway, clothed in dress pants and a black button-up shirt. He preferred to dress up when he went to work, and Shauna loved the contrast between the bad boy who looked like he should wear jeans, and the man clad in dress clothes.

She smiled as he walked over to the bed and sat next to her.

"I'm fine."

"That you are." Wrath tugged down the sheet until her scar appeared. His body tensed as he traced it with his finger tips. "You'll have that scar forever, since it happened while you were still human."

Guilt filled his gaze for barely reaching her in time, and seeing it pained her heart. She had left them alone, so it really was her fault, but they couldn't see that. Both of them thought it was their job to protect her from harm, and it hurt her to think they would carry the blame on their shoulders.

She smiled. "The scar doesn't bother me. It's not your fault, Wrath. I hate that you and Julian believe it is. You got there in time. I know it's hard, but you need to stop thinking about all the *what ifs*. Please. If it weren't for the two of you, I wouldn't even be here. You and Julian gave us all a chance to have a future together." Her smile faded. "By the way, where is Julian?"

“Right here.”

She turned at the sound of his voice.

He approached the bed. “Wrath is right for feeling guilty. It’s our duty to see that no harm ever comes to you.”

She shook her head. “You can’t control the future.”

Julian pulled his shirt off over his head. “We can’t control the future, but we can take steps to ensure that nothing ever happens to you. And I do believe Wrath owes you a punishment for walking out on us that night.”

“A punishment?” She swallowed tightly, and lust burned through her veins.

Wrath rose and stripped off his clothes. In only seconds, both of her vampires were naked and in bed with her, their cocks hard with arousal and their bodies tight with expectation. Cream spilled from her pussy, and she rubbed herself against them, their incredible heat heightening her need.

“Yes. *A punishment,*” Julian repeated as he positioned himself between her legs.

She moaned as he entered her with one hard thrust, her cream easing the way for him as he filled her cunt with his hard cock. The muscles of her pussy spasmed around his engorged length.

Wrath positioned his dick beside her mouth, and she licked the salty pre-cum seeping from its slit. His flavor burst on her tongue and she moaned, licking his cock from balls to tip as Julian fucked her hard. Wrath tangled his fingers in her hair, gripping the strands as she stroked the throbbing vein on the underside of his cock. Julian fucked her with deep thrusts, and she whimpered in excitement as he placed his thumb on her clit, stroking it.

Her stomach clenched as a fiery, spine-tingling orgasm flamed to life inside her. Wrath fucked her face, taking control of the oral sex and pushing the head of his cock to the opening of her throat. Julian spread her thighs and continued the hot friction against her clit. Her breasts beaded, and a pair of hands pulled at her nipples.

Too many sensations bombarded her at once, and she couldn’t stop

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her orgasm from coming hard, her scream vibrating around the dick in her mouth. Her pussy clenched around Julian's penis, and his hands tightened on her thighs. He shouted her name and gave one final thrust before coming deep inside her.

She was still experiencing the best orgasm of her life as Julian continued to stroke her clit. Tiny spasms of ecstasy flooded her womb. Wrath fucked her mouth, and she struggled to breathe around his thick cock. He thrust into her three more times before groaning loudly and filling her mouth with his hot seed. She swallowed and kept her eyes open, enthralled at the rapture on his face.

Julian and Wrath placed her between them as they fell to the mattress in sated bliss, their hands stroking her body. She held them both to her heart.

Shauna couldn't help but smile, her mind wandering to the tarot card with the word *Lust* written on the front, which she'd received just before her two men had reentered her life. She couldn't help but believe she owed the card's sender more than just a thank you. Her love for Julian and Wrath filled her heart and soul, and she was truly happy for the first time in her life.

They now had an eternity together in which to share their love and happiness with each other, and Shauna wouldn't trade it for anything in the world.

Author Bio

Jade James has lived in New York City all her life, and has no intention of moving anytime soon. She's been married to the love of her life for nine years and has two children. To read more about her life, her current book releases, and those coming soon, please visit her website at www.jadejames.com.