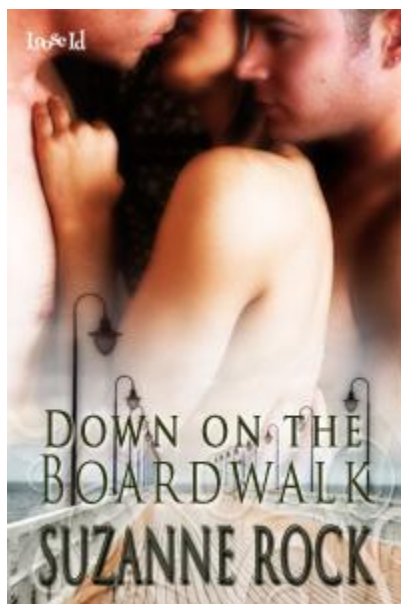


Paranormal Ménage Romance – M/F/M



Tony and Nico must overcome the demons of their past if they hope to form the deep physical and emotional bond needed to heal their battered she-wolf mate and escape the Boardwalk alive.

DOWN ON THE BOARD WALK

<http://www.loose-id.com/Down-on-the-Boardwalk.aspx>

“Shh, it’s okay.”

Gwen jerked awake, her eyes opening wide with horror. She couldn’t move; something was holding her down.

“Relax, you’re safe.” *Tony*. There was no mistaking that soothing voice. Relief blanketed her body. It wasn’t real. Tony’s face solidified before her. It was a dream, only a dream. She took a deep breath and tried to relax.

He brushed a stray hair from her forehead.

“I thought you were dead.” She tried to sit up, but strong hands eased her back down.

“Hardly.” He narrowed his eyes and traced her cheek with his fingers. “You gave us quite a scare.”

“Us?”

“You were shaking and mumbling. I tried talking to you, but then you bit me.” He shook his head and showed her the teeth marks on his arm.

She winced. “That’s going to take forever to heal.”

“It doesn’t matter.” He lowered his arm. “For a while you were shifting between your human and wolf forms.” He motioned to a spot over her shoulder. “You didn’t start to calm down until Nico held you.”

That was when she realized she was in the bed, in the cell. They had thrown the blanket over her. Nico’s warm body spooned hers under the covers. He nuzzled his face in her hair. Tony faced her, talking away her tension and running his fingers through her hair. She closed her eyes and let the brothers’ warmth surround her. The whole situation just felt right somehow. Inch by delicious inch of male perfection tangled with her legs, pressed up against her ass, rubbed provocatively up against her breasts...

Her eyes flew open. “We’re naked.” She blinked at Tony. “You’re naked.”

He smiled. “Do you mind?” Tony laced his fingers with hers and brought her hand to his mouth. Between soft, caressing kisses, he explained. “You were wild and started tearing at our clothes. I tried to hold you back, but you kept getting free. Then Nico tried. You hit him in the jaw.”

Gwen turned her head to look at the other brother. “Oh, Nico,” she whispered, her voice filled with pain as she fingered the red mark on his skin. “I’m so sorry.” She had managed to hurt the only two people in this world who had shown her any kindness. The thought made her sick. She was so unworthy of their affection.

Gwen tilted her head and kissed the mark she’d made. Tingles spread over her skin as his grip tightened around her middle.

“He’s just embarrassed that you managed to connect with him.” Tony kissed her palm, returning her attention back to him. “Truth was, we were both caught off guard. You can really fight when you set your mind to it.”

She pulled her hand from his grasp and looked away. “I know.”

“The punch turned out to be a blessing in disguise. You immediately calmed down. Then, through trial and error, we discovered that you were calmest when in contact with our skin.” He grinned and waved his hand over the bed. “And here we are.”

She frowned and returned her gaze to his. “The moon-rage sometimes comes out during my visions. Nothing had ever calmed me before.”

“Well, well.” Tony motioned to Nico behind her. “I do believe we have found a first. Although I have to admit that it took both of us to really get you calmed down.”

Awareness prickled along the outside of her skin. She shifted her legs and realized just how close all three bodies huddled together. Her mouth felt dry, and her heartbeat quickened. Did they have sex? No, they couldn’t have, not while she was having a vision. Her thoughts shifted to the image of both men entering her, possessing her, and her body heated in response.

She felt Nico move behind her and became hyper-aware of his hard cock pressed up against her ass. He spread his fingers out over her abdomen. There was

no mistaking his intention. *Mine*, his hands seemed to say. If only that could be true... The thought of both Nico and Tony possessing her, claiming her in every possible way, made her damp with need. She flicked her gaze to his mouth and moistened her lips in anticipation.

Tony's eyes darkened as he brushed his thumb over her lips. "Later," he murmured. "First tell us what happened. Was that one of your visions?"

Tears welled up in her eyes, and she shrank from his touch. "What's the use? We're all going to die tonight anyway." Already she could feel the moon pulling at her consciousness. It was stronger now than before. She guessed the time to be midafternoon. Not much longer before they would all be dead.

"This is ridiculous." She tried to disentangle herself from the men, but Nico held her fast. "Let go of me." Tony pulled her head to his chest and whispered soothing words into her hair. "Damn it, Tony, let go." Nico's hands slipped around to her back, easing her tension. "I swear, Nico, if you don't stop it right now, I'm going to hit you again."

Neither man moved away. Moments passed as she struggled against them, swearing at each of them in turn. Didn't they see how pointless this was? How meaningless? Eric had made her into a monster. She was unlovable, a freak. They had no right to do this to her. Their kindness gave her hope, and now it would be crushed. Did they have any idea how hard it would be for her after they died?

"Fuck you both." Her words dripped venom, but she lacked the strength to back them up. Tony and Nico continued to soothe her, each reassuring her in his own, unique way. As Nico slid his hands over her skin, she felt her muscles relax and her thoughts scatter. Tony's voice rippled through her like a caress, whispering that everything was going to be okay, not to worry. She found herself believing his words, despite her vision. His voice anchored her emotions just like Nico's caress relaxed her body. Together these men offered her a control over her anger she had never had before. The realization was both exhilarating—and frightening.

After a while, her anger dissolved into despair. She gave up, tears stinging her eyes. "Don't you see? It's hopeless. Sex does nothing to tame my rages. Once the moon rises in the sky, I'll shift. The madness will hit, and I'll be forced to kill, not knowing who I attack." She brushed her tears away. "I'll kill you both, and then Eric will use me against the Kyron pack."

"Is that what your vision was about?" Tony looked over her shoulder at Nico. "What do you think?"

Nico shifted his arms and held her around her middle in response. *Mine*.

Gwen almost laughed. "So what if we're mates? It doesn't matter. My rages won't know the difference."

"How do you know?"

"I know. It...it was in my vision." She sniffed. "I fought and fought, not knowing who it was I was attacking. It wasn't until the immediate danger had passed and I saw..." Her throat locked with emotion on the words. *I saw you both*

dead. The thought of their lives being cut short filled her with such sadness that she couldn't look them in the eye. It was so unfair.

Tony kissed her forehead and brushed her cheek with his fingers. "What did you see?"

She stiffened her jaw as the image came to the forefront of her mind. "It doesn't matter. The wheels are in motion. Nothing can change the future."

Nico kissed her shoulder, making the tears flow freely down her cheeks.

"Wait a minute." Tony's eyes sparkled as he looked at his brother. "I have an idea."

Gwen wiped her eyes. "I don't see how anything we do now could change the future."

Tony smiled at Nico. "Are you thinking what I'm thinking?"

Nico's hand slipped up her abdomen, leaving a trail of fire in its wake. Heat traveled over her body, and passion dampened her thighs. If she could just stay here forever, between these two men...

Nico cupped her breast. A deep craving rose up inside her body as he kneaded and caressed. She felt his hard cock press between the cheeks of her ass. Her inner wolf clawed its way through her body, eager for action.

"I see that you do." Tony turned back to Gwen, his eyes dark with hunger. "It took both of us to fully calm you from your vision. Maybe it will take both of us to calm you from your moon-rage."

"I don't see—"

He put a finger over her lips. "It's worth a try, isn't it?"

Gwen turned onto her back so she could look at each man in turn. "You're nuts."

"Do you have a better idea?"

She turned to Nico, hoping for a little sanity. He raised his brow and waited.

"It's not like we haven't done this before." Tony drew her attention back to him. "In Vegas, we are—"

"Legendary, I know." And despite everything, a smile tugged at her lips. "You told me."

Tony turned back to Nico. "I don't think the lady believes us."

Nico returned his hands to her breasts and tugged on her nipple. A jolt shot through her body, followed by pleasure. Her pussy tightened and wept its need.

Tony cupped her cheek and ran his thumb over her lips. "Maybe we should show her just how legendary we can be."

Gwen's breath caught as his eyes darkened even more. Tony slid his knee between her thighs, opening her to both men. He leaned forward and captured her lips with his. The kiss was slow and possessive. His presence invaded her senses as his tongue invaded her mouth. She whimpered as his taste filled her, and her

thoughts dissolved into bliss. His warmth surrounded her, penetrated her, and she wiggled up against his body. The feel of skin on skin sent a bolt of hunger through her center, and her muscles clenched with longing.

Tony rolled her on her side so she fully faced him. Nico palmed her breasts, molding them into sharp peaks as he nipped her shoulder. The men worked in concert, each caress, each kiss fanning her passion into a white-hot flame.

They pulled away together to catch their breath, and she used the opportunity to clear her head. She felt incredible, as if their closeness had connected them on a deeper level. The brothers had talked about sharing women before; would they be willing to do it again? The thought caused her lower abdomen to tighten with need. She put on her best poker face and forced herself to meet Tony's gaze. "Legendary? After I saw you two fight, I doubt anything you do can be qualified as legendary."

Tony's jaw hardened for a brief moment before the humor flashed in his amber gaze. "Is that a challenge?"

She tried to hold back her smile, but her lips twitched. "Perhaps."

Tony's gaze flashed to his brother. "Then I guess we'll just have to show you. You with me, Bro?"

Nico cupped her chin and turned her head toward him. He pressed his lips against hers in a powerful, commanding kiss that left her senses in a whirl. She sighed against his mouth as Tony started a slow, sensual trail downward, using his mouth to worship every inch of her skin.

He kissed a trail over her chest, lingering in the channel between her breasts. She squirmed against him.

"Hold still, sweetheart." Tony laughed, cupping her breasts and giving them a light squeeze. "I love how responsive you are." He worked over her skin, focusing first on one nipple, drawing small sensual circles around the tip with his hot tongue. "You fit so perfectly in my mouth."

She pressed herself closer to his waiting hands. He scraped his teeth over the tip, and she gasped as another spark of pain knifed through her body. It quickly dissipated, replaced by heat and longing. As he moved on his slow journey, Nico worked on her mouth, teasing and coaxing her lips and tongue in an intricate dance. His taste overwhelmed her senses, and awareness clung to every inch of her skin.

"You taste so sweet, my dear," Tony said between kisses on her shoulders and chest. "We could sample you for hours." She gasped as his teeth nipped her breast. "Touch you for hours." He slid his hand between her thighs, easing them apart. Nico slid his hand down her leg, grasping her knee and lifting it up to rest on his thigh. Air whooshed over her pussy as Tony sank lower and kissed a sensual line along her hips. "Perfect," he whispered as his hand slipped down to cup her mound. "So hot." He slipped his finger between her folds and traced the outer rim of her opening.

She gasped as heat rocketed through her body.

"Easy, sweetheart." Tony paused his movements. "Do you want us to stop?"

"No."

Nico smiled and nipped her skin. She gasped as heat spiraled through her body. She reached back over her shoulder and plunged her fingers into his hair. They threaded the smooth strands as he traced hot kisses over her neck and back. His lips awoke the wolf inside her, and she began to crave more of their touch. She wanted to be filled with both of them to the hilt, to have both men possess her in ways she had never been possessed before.

Lust shot up through her body and pulsed in her veins. She leaned back into Nico, eager for more. Her pussy ached with a yearning that left her dizzy. She murmured encouragement as desire fogged her mind and the air around her sparked with expectation. Arching her back, she rubbed her body between the two men, loving the feel of skin rubbing against her back and front. They felt so hard, such a contrast to her soft body. With a hum of contentment, she ran her fingers over each of their skin in turn, urging them onward.

Nico slipped his hands down her back, slowly easing any tension and fear with his touch. When he reached her ass, he curled his fingers into her skin and gently spread her cheeks apart. She groaned as he pressed his hard cock deeper against her skin, rubbing his length between her cheeks. He reached around and clasped her lower abdomen and pulled her closer. She felt his possessiveness surround her, claiming every inch of her body.

The room became hot, and a light sweat broke out along her temple. She slipped one hand down and ran her fingers through Tony's hair. Nico continued to kiss her skin, building the heat in her lower abdomen.

"Talk to me, sweetheart," Tony cooed. "Tell us what you need."

She gasped as his finger flicked her clit, and pleasure rippled through her body. She parted her legs wider in invitation.

He chuckled. "So eager and willing. Tell me, my sweet, how do you feel about having us both at the same time?" He cupped her knee and lifted it off Nico to place it on his shoulder. Sinking lower on the bed, he positioned his head between her thighs. "One in front." He ran his tongue in a slow, leisurely stroke over her opening. She closed her eyes and hummed with delight, curling her fingers into his hair and holding him close to her body. "One from behind."

She opened her eyes as Nico pulled his hips away. Cool air washed over her skin, and she whimpered in protest. Then he returned and slipped his finger between her cheeks.

Her gasp dissolved into a groan as pleasure rocketed through her system. She looked down at Tony, hunched between her thighs, waiting for her response. Hunger flooded his features, but she knew that both men would pull back if she gave the word. She dragged her gaze over her shoulder to Nico and saw her longing mirrored in his features.

"Yes," she whispered. "That is what I want." *More than anything.*

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