

Chapter Seven

Destiny's stomach hurt when she woke. All night, she'd lain in bed, tossing and turning. Deciding on Parker, then changing her mind. Every time she decided on one, she thought of telling the other, of having to say goodbye to one of them, and she couldn't. She hadn't slept well and it showed on her face the next day.

Worst of all, she hadn't heard from Jaxon. What she didn't want was for him to be upset and just stop talking to her. She wanted to make the right choice, not have the choice made for her. She really needed to talk to someone. Ava still wasn't talking to her, and all her texts to Francesca had gone unanswered this morning. That wasn't unusual. Francesca was a hairdresser, and could only respond between clients. If she was busy, that wouldn't be until her lunch break.

Destiny sat behind the reception desk at work, feeling miserable and tired. Michelle came into the reception area a few minutes later.

"Hey, can you print me a copy of the Berger invoice?" she asked.

"Sure," Destiny said. She turned to the computer and clicked to open the invoice. She hit print and handed the page to Michelle.

"Thanks." She took the paper, then paused. "Are you okay?"

Destiny sighed. "I'll live."

"Uh oh. Trouble with those guys you've been dating?"

Michelle wasn't her closest friend, but there weren't many women in the office, so they kept up one of those work friendships. A colleague you talk to because no one else is around. She'd told her a bit about her adventures in online dating, and right now, she was so desperate to talk to someone, that she spilled.

"Yes. And it's a ridiculous problem. I'm dating two great guys. Who would complain about that, right? But things have been getting more serious with them, and last night I found out they're both in the same clan. It was really awkward, but Parker was so understanding, it was sweet. Then, he said he wanted to be exclusive, and I just can't decide who to choose."

"I guess that's a good problem to have. What do you mean they're in the same clan?"

Destiny's eyes widened. She hadn't told Michelle they were shifters, and she hadn't planned to. But now it would be awkward and obvious if she tried to cover

it up. “They’re both shifters. They live in the same house and are like brothers, which makes it even worse.”

Michelle nodded slowly. “Shifters.”

“Yeah.” She laughed it off. “I’ve never dated one before, but it’s pretty hot. They’re muscular and strong and most of what everyone thinks about them is wrong.”

She nodded again. “I bet. Well, good luck. I’m sure you’ll figure it out.” She turned and walked back to the office area.

Great. Could this day get any worse? Parker hadn’t been texting her as much as he normally did either, and every time she picked up her phone, she hoped to see a text from Jaxon. Nothing.

After lunch, when she still hadn’t heard from Francesca, she texted her again. “Accidentally told the girl in the office that I’m dating shifters. She didn’t take it too well.”

She set her phone down to see one of the lawyers, Joshua Greene, watching her.

“Am I interrupting you?” he asked with a cocky tone.

“Of course not. What can I do for you?” She nudged her phone farther away. Texting at work wasn’t usually frowned on, but it wasn’t like she got paid to do it, either.

“I need a copy of the Smithson case.”

“Sure thing.”

“And Destiny. Let’s make sure your wild love life stays out of the office, okay?”

She didn’t like the way he said “wild.” Like he knew. Had Michelle told him?

“I’m sorry. I didn’t think I brought my love life in here.” She looked around like there should be flowers or photos or some sign of a boyfriend if she had.

“We have high-end clients. They expect high-end performance. And if you’re distracted by all these *shifter* boys, then maybe you’re not the high-end receptionist we need.”

Her indignant anger returned, flaring hot as ever. “I wouldn’t worry, Mr. Greene. I mean, it’s not like you should feel threatened by my boyfriends and their tendency to get violent when protecting me.” She smiled at him, a large cheesy grin that she

hoped conveyed her “don’t mess with me” attitude. “I mean—” She chuckled. “It’s not like you would fire me because of who I’m dating because that would be discrimination, and I know the last thing a *high-end* law firm wants is a wrongful termination suit.”

He pressed his mouth into a line. “Get me a copy of the Smithson case.”

“Right away, sir,” she said, and got up to go to the filing cabinet.

She heard his door close, then breathed out in relief. Hopefully, her not-so-veiled threat would be enough to show him she meant business. But things around the office likely wouldn’t get much easier.

The rest of the day passed with tangible tension. Michelle must’ve blabbed to everyone. Each interaction she had with her co-workers was strained. When the end of her shift came, she almost ran out the door.

Destiny sat in her car, feeling wretched over the day and all that was going on. She needed some cheering up. If neither of her girls were available, maybe one of her boys was. She wanted to call Jaxon. It felt strange that she hadn’t talked to him, and she wanted to make sure things were okay between them. But that phone call could end in disaster, and she needed something that would go right.

She went to Parker’s number and hit “call” as she turned out of the parking lot. It rang several times, then his voicemail came on. She left a short message saying she’d just wanted to chat and hung up. By the time she walked into her place, she felt empty, like the world was against her and she had no one.

Well, there was one more option. She picked up her phone, took a deep breath, and called Jaxon.

“Hey,” he said when he answered.

“Hi. I, umm...”

“Yeah.” He sighed.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t know.”

“Obviously.”

The stress of the day and her sadness crashed down on her, bringing tears to her eyes. “I didn’t mean to hurt you or Parker. I started talking to you both at the same time, and I really like you both. I didn’t think we were exclusive.”

“We’re not.”

“Okay.” She took in a shaking breath.

“Are you okay?”

“Not really. It’s been a horrible day and I feel so bad about all of this. I don’t know what to do.”

He was quiet for a moment. “Want to go for a ride?”

“A ride?”

“On my bike. I’ll come pick you up.”

She wiped away a tear. “Okay.”

When he arrived and she walked out to meet him, he pulled her close and held her for a long moment. Then, he pressed his lips to hers in a kiss that proved he still wanted her. He let his hand rest on her cheek and gave her a crooked smile.

“Let’s ride.”

She climbed on behind him. It felt so good to press against him, to feel the tingle on her lips from the pressure of his. Her pain melted away as they rode. By the time they stopped at the edge of a state park, she was feeling better.

“I thought we could just hike a bit and get out in nature. Might make you feel better.”

She took his hand and followed him over several rocks. They stopped on a huge boulder overlooking a stream and he sat down. She sat beside him and scooted close so that her hand could rest on his knee.

“What made the day so bad?” he asked.

“I made the mistake of telling someone at work I was seeing two shifters. She didn’t take it well. Then my boss basically threatened to fire me over it until I told him it would be considered discrimination and wrongful termination. My best friend isn’t talking to me, either, because we got in a fight when she said bad things about shifters.”

He wove his fingers between hers. “Seems like we’re causing you nothing but a hassle.”

“No.” She rested her head on his shoulder. “You’re exactly what I’ve always wanted.”

“And Parker?”

“Well, he is, too. That’s why I couldn’t say goodbye to either of you. I really like you both.”

“I like you, too. And I know Park does. Take your time. I’m in no rush, and I’m not going anywhere.”

She wished she had more time. But Parker didn’t seem to have as much patience. Just hearing Jaxon say that, gave her some relief. He wasn’t pressuring her to decide. And he would wait. Maybe he cared for her more in the end, if he was willing to do that for her.

She turned her head to kiss him. As their kissing grew more intense, he pulled her into his lap, facing him. She wrapped her legs around him, feeling his hardness press against her.

All she could think was that his dick felt huge and that it had been so long since she was with someone. Her mind kept drifting to how that site had said shifters were really good in bed. She wanted to find out. And partly she thought, it might help her decide. Maybe one of them was much better in bed than the other.

She dug her fingers into his hair and tugged. He let out a low growl in response and tugged on her earlobe with his teeth. It sent a wave of desire through her body that had to be quenched immediately. She leaned forward, pressing her body into him, at the same time pulling him closer to her.

She kissed along his neck as he moaned, then she whispered, “I want you.” He moaned again and reached under her shirt. A moment later, her bra was undone and he was caressing her breasts, holding them so that he could pinch her nipples. She pulled her shirt over her head and tossed her bra to the side.

No one else had passed by on the path, but the idea that someone might come along and see them made it even hotter. She wanted to be caught. He bent down to kiss her breasts and took her nipple between his teeth. When he bit down, she cried out and dug her nails into his back. He was already driving her wild.

He pushed her back and unzipped his fly. His erection sprung free and she bent down to take him in. As she sucked and licked him, he wound his hands into her hair, pulling as he groaned in delight. When she was wet with longing, she stood, slowly unzipping her pants and pulling them down to tease him.

The look in his eyes was of intense desire like he’d rip her apart if he didn’t have her soon. He yanked his own shirt off and she gulped to see his bare chest. His muscles rippled as he pulled off his own pants and sat, waiting for her.

She took one moment to appreciate the delicious sight, then resumed her place in his lap. She got him into position and had just the tip of his cock inside her when he grabbed her hips and pulled her down hard onto him. He rushed inside her, filling her so fully, she cried out.

Her head spun with the intense pleasure as he moved her up and down on his dick. She could barely think straight. He leaned forward so that her back was pressed against the cool flat rock and pinned one of her knees to the ground beside her. This position let him enter her even deeper. She didn't think she had any more room for him, but he slammed into her again and again, proving he could go deeper.

As he thrust inside her, the rush of pleasure hit her again and with the dizziness came the most intense orgasm she'd ever had. She cried out and pulled him deeper as she came all over him. He pounded her a few more times until he grunted with a final forceful thrust and went still, panting heavily over her.

He slid from her slowly and lay beside her, pulling her over so she was resting on his finely sculpted chest.

"That was amazing," she said.

He made a murmur of agreement and slapped her ass. The sting of the sensation sent tingles through her body. She lay there on him, feeling better than she had all day. She was safe in his arms and comforted.

As the evening darkened and the first stars shone in the sky, she knew. Jaxon was the one for her. If he could make her feel this good, she couldn't let him go.

Chapter Eight

The next day, Destiny woke to a text from Parker. “Can I see you tonight?”

Dread hit her stomach, but she figured she might as well get it over with. The sooner she told Parker that she’d chosen Jaxon, the better.

“Sure!” she texted back.

Throughout the day, she would think of one of them or both of them. Thinking of Jaxon brought a flush of heat and a wave of desire. But thinking of Parker brought a deep sadness. It wouldn’t be easy to let him go. But in the end, even if he was an amateur fighter for a living, he never seemed very aggressive to her. She liked that Jaxon came off like the quiet and deadly type. A spark waiting to be ignited. Parker seemed gentler in comparison, and that just wasn’t what she wanted right now. She was the tiniest bit sore after being with Jaxon. He was so big, it was no wonder, but she liked the feeling. And she wanted it again.

After work, she drove to where the Tate clan lived. Parker had said Jaxon was out and that he wanted to give her something that was at the house. When she pulled up, he walked out to her car to greet her. Before she even closed the door, he was kissing her. He pressed her back against the car and kissed her hard, then stepped back and grinned.

“Hi,” he said sheepishly.

“Don’t apologize for that.” She was tempted to pull him close and continue their kiss, but then she remembered that she was about to break his heart.

He ran his fingers through his hair. They were covered in flecks of red and black. “Painting gets me a little worked up, and I’ve been painting all day.”

He took her hand and led her to his studio in the basement, where his easels and brushes and paint took over a small table in the corner of the space.

A large easel stood on a stand, covered with a paint-splotched sheet. “You inspired me,” he said and pulled the sheet away.

There on the easel was a portrait of her. He’d captured her likeness beautifully and in this painting, she was dancing in the moonlight, catching stars with one hand. Her other hand held a knife dripping with star dust as if she had cut the stars from the sky. It was a gorgeous painting. Maybe the most enchanting thing she’d ever seen.

“Wow,” she whispered. “I love it.”

“Good. I want you to have it.”

“No, I can’t take this. It’s too precious.”

“It’s you. It wouldn’t exist without you, and a muse deserves her reward.”

She stared at him in awe. “A muse…”

Was that how he thought of her? And knowing her had inspired this? Her heart shifted and melted. He had created something beautiful for her, because of her.

“This is how I see you,” he said. He touched a finger gently to the painting. “Dancing wherever you desire, taking what you want from life and not letting anything stop you. Not even the night sky can keep you from taking your stars.”

Her eyes widened and she stared at him again, her mouth parted in shock. This was how he saw her?

He pulled his mouth into a slow, one-sided grin, then stepped forward to kiss her. She let out a soft moan of contentment and when she did, Parker pushed her back until she was against the wall. He pressed against her, kissing her harder.

She tore at the back of his shirt, wishing it would fall apart in her hands. The desire and warmth flooded over her. She wrapped a leg around his waist. He held her knee and pressed harder against her, his mouth tearing at her lips.

He was so rough. She didn’t expect this from him, but she liked it. One hand still held her knee, pushing it up, and the other found its way into her pants. He pushed a finger inside her and she moaned in response. He fingered her hard, the slight pain of the day before adding to the pleasure and intensity of the feeling. This aggressive side of him was something she hadn’t seen before and made her hotter.

“Oh, God, Parker,” she said. She couldn’t help it. He slipped a finger into her ass as he pushed a third finger inside her and she came right there, against the wall.

She panted heavily, leaning against him as he withdrew his fingers. He licked one finger and ran his tongue along his lips. “You taste so good. I want to taste more.”

Before she could say anything, he pulled her pants down and off, then pushed her legs apart so that he could suck her clit. His fingers found their way back into her as his tongue flicked around her. The rush of pleasure returned and she cried out as she came again.

She almost collapsed with the feeling of dizziness, but Parker's strong arms held her. He kissed her again, still holding her against the wall. She heard his zipper open and she was flooded with wetness in her desire. How could she still want him so badly after coming so many times?

He spread her legs wider and thrust inside her in one quick movement. She cried out and groaned as he pushed deeper and deeper. He felt every bit as big as Jaxon had. Were all shifters that huge? Even after coming twice and having all that moisture, she could feel herself stretching to fit him, the delicious tightness of her vagina making every one of his thrusts like a burst of pleasure.

"You like it?" he asked.

"Oh yes," she said. "Harder."

He pounded into her fast and hard, then he pulled out of her suddenly and spun her around. He crushed her face into the wall and entered her from behind. He reached his hand around her front and pinched and flicked her clit while pulling a fistful of her hair with the other hand. In seconds, she was coming again, flooding him with her juices.

"Got one more in you?" he asked.

"I don't think so," she breathed. She'd never come so many times in her life.

"Let's find out."

He pulled out of her slowly and she was confused. Did he want to change position again? Then she felt him part her ass cheeks and rub the tip of his dick against her asshole.

"No," she whispered. He was far too big to do anal.

"Trust me," he said.

She gulped. "Okay."

He rubbed some of her juices all over her, then he pressed softly until the tip of his dick entered her ass.

Her heart sped, anticipating pain, but there was none. He leaned forward as he pushed in deeper. He had returned to her clit and when he pinched her, the sensation in her ass sent waves of intense pleasure through her body. She gulped again.

He pressed into her until he filled her, then moved slowly in and out. She didn't know if it was the angle or he just did it better than anyone ever had, but it felt more pleasurable than anything had in her life. It took only a few times of him slipping in deeper and backing out slightly before she could feel the orgasm building.

"I'm gonna come," he said.

He pushed in harder and there was a bit of pain, but it thrummed in her veins and turned to delight. This time, when he pushed inside her deep and pinched her clit at the same time, moaning loudly as he came, she came, too, in the most intense orgasm she'd ever felt in her life.

He slipped out of her and she slid to the floor, unable to stand any longer. He lay beside her, pulling her close and kissing along her neck.

"Thank you," he said.

She laughed between her panting breaths. "Thank *you*." She closed her eyes and tried to make the room stop spinning. "I've never... it's never been..."

"Oh no," he said, kissing her forehead, "I've fucked you silly."

"Yes," she breathed. "Yes, you did."

She lay there in his arms for a while, enjoying the feeling of his arms around her before they finally peeled themselves from the floor and dressed.

He pulled her into a hug and kissed her, then just held her close. "Thank you," he said again. "Thank you for choosing me."

Her stomach filled with a ball of dread. She hadn't chosen him, though. She'd chosen Jaxon. She'd come here to end things with Parker. Of course, she never imagined this would happen. And she was considering choosing him. Now she was unsure all over again. All she knew was that she wasn't ready to decide anything yet.

She backed away from him, taking his hands in hers. "Parker... I'm sorry, I'm just not sure yet."

"You're special to me, Destiny. You mean a great deal to me."

"You mean a lot to me, too—"

"It's okay baby," he said, but he looked disappointed.

She bit her lip and the rush of emotion had her close to tears. This was too much for two days. From fighting with Ava and all the shifter discrimination, to almost losing her job, and then Jaxon, and then Parker.

“You need to go,” he said.

She nodded and picked up her purse. She hurried up the stairs without looking back.

The tears started as she made her way through the house. She pushed through the front door, the night sky promising to hide her away in its darkness. She turned toward her car and crashed right into Jaxon.

“Whoa,” he said, catching her before she could fall. “What’s wrong?”

She stood to face him, wiping the tears from her eyes. “Parker.” Her hand flitted toward the door as if she could reach for him.

Jaxon wrapped his arms around her tightly and she started to calm at his touch. Maybe it was Jaxon after all. But that thought sent fresh tears to eyes as she pictured the hurt look on Parker’s face. She didn’t want to hurt either of them.

“Hey, Jax.”

Destiny stiffened at the sound of Parker’s voice.

“I was coming to check on Destiny, but I guess I didn’t have to.”

“Park,” Jaxon said. “She was crying, man. Come on.”

Jaxon took her hand. “Come back inside.”

They led her back inside the house and she tried to wipe her tears the best she could.

“So, here’s the thing, Park,” Jaxon said. “We both know the deal. No one was exclusive. Neither of us bothered to ask if she was dating anyone else, and you were dating someone else when you first met her.”

Destiny looked at Parker. “You were?”

“But I ended things after our first date because I only wanted to be with you.”

“Right,” Jaxon continued, “but maybe it wasn’t that clear for her. I mean, I know you’re an amazing guy, I don’t blame her. I’m not sure why she’s still into me, to be honest, but hey.”

Parker rolled his eyes. “Enough of the flattery.”

“I’m serious. Look. We’ve done this before.”

Destiny pulled her eyebrows together. “You’ve both dated the same girl before?”

“Yes,” Parker said.

“Not only dated.”

Destiny looked from Parker to Jaxon. “What do you mean?”

“Have you ever had a threesome?”

“No.”

“We have.” Jaxon lifted one shoulder. “We couldn’t decide who should get her, so we both had her. If we managed to work it out before, I don’t see why we can’t this time.” He raised his eyebrows at Parker as a question.

Destiny looked back to Parker. He met her eyes and asked, “Would you be into that?”

“A threesome? I don’t know. I’ve never done it.”

“We could try it,” Jaxon said.

“So…” Destiny tried to picture this. “I’d date you both, and sleep with you both?”

“Only if you want to,” Parker said.

“It can be really hot,” Jaxon added.

Destiny wasn’t sure how to handle this, but if they were both agreeing, it seemed like maybe it wasn’t the worst idea. If it would give her some time to decide, then why not? And if all three of them were in agreement, was there really any harm in it?

“You’d both want to do this?” she asked.

“For now,” Parker said. “But eventually, you’d have to choose one of us.”

“I want you however I can get you,” Jaxon said. He let his hand fall to her knee, then drift up to her thigh.