

Fatal Temptation: Between Two Alphas

novel Chapter 12

CAMERON

Conn, you can't force it.

My wolf disagrees.

He's known Mia was our mate since we were kids. I didn't understand at first, I just remember him howling and growling when Beta Sean brought her to live with us, and me demanding to sleep in the nursery.

My parents didn't fight it because they thought I was being protective of the new baby in the house. But there was more to it.

Our mate, Conn says, as if he needs to remind me.

I didn't know it as a child, I just knew I always wanted Mia around me.

The memories topple over themselves like dominoes.

My wolf remembers as much as I do, only my wolf's memories are better. They're textured. All of the vivid colors of Montana sunsets and the first grass to grow at the end of a long winter. The scents of fresh snow and falling leaves. The smell of Mia's hair and the exact color of her eyes. The sound of her laugh.

I try to open my eyes, but I can't. I'm not sure where I am, it's like a dream, only I'm aware. Seeing as how I like the memories, I stop trying to wake up. I can hear people calling to me sometimes, my brother and father, even Mia's dad, Sean. But their voices are distant, more like an annoying echo, and it's so much better here.

Here, I am home. Running with Mia or swimming in the lake. Teaching her to fish and hunt, to track—although she's a damn bit better at it than me.

It's like a highlight of good times, running together on an endless reel.

The Christmas we went skiing in Aspen.

The summer we went to Baja and I stood beside her as she saw the ocean for the first time.

The night I took her virginity.

In the meadow on the banks of our favorite creek. Where Mia laughs and tackles me to the ground. We roll in the grass and when she settles on top of me, she sinks down until the heart of her is rubbing right over me. Her big eyes stare into mine, like I'm the only man in the world.

How many times did I wait for her to feel the call? My wolf, Conn, knew immediately. But Mia, her wolf... it's like we are joined, but never completely. Every time I made love to her, I prayed she'd finally feel everything I did.

That she'd love me as much as I loved her.

"What's that look for, Cam?" she asks me. And she's here. Now. With me.

My hands grip her hips. I love the thickness of her thighs and shape of her ass.

She leans up and slides down until she's taking me inch by inch, so slow it's gonna kill me, and exactly the way I like it. She stops.

"All the way," I tell her.

She sits up straight and I sink in fully. I groan and she shudders, her legs already shaking around me.

I let her take the lead, watching her full tits bounce and pinching the tips. She knows her body and moves her hips until she finds the right angle and motion. When she does, I lift up to meet her and laugh as she gasps and clamps down around me.

All too soon, we're coming apart, her release spurring mine, and squeezing so tight it keeps me coming and coming.

When she collapses against my chest, my arms circle her and hold her close.

"Stay with me," I whisper.

"Where are we?"

I don't know.

Conn growls. Her wolf, Nala, too, I hear her barking and snarling frantically.

Mia leans back. "Something's not right, Cam. I don't think we're supposed to be here."

I'm not even sure how she could bridge this world in the first place.

She frowns. "*I* never left you. You cast me out. Remember?"

I blink and now *she's* here.

Her skin is ashen and dark circles rim her eyes. "You never really got over that bitch, did you?"

What? Does she mean Mia?

"It's been *five years*, Cameron. You're supposed to be mated to me!"

She screams this last bit, but her voice is weak. Something's wrong with her.

"I'm dying." Her smile is mean. "So are you. Seeing as how we are mated."

Now my mind flips through my life with her, from the moment she entered the great hall, through all the ups and downs, joys and troubles

in between. My whole world changed the minute she entered it. We have a daughter. She's the light of my life. "Merilee?"

A single tear falls down Ashley's face. "I don't know... the spell."

"What spell?"

She staggers back.

"What. Spell?" I demand.

Ashley squares her shoulders. "I did what I had to do, for my pack and my family."

"I am supposed to be your family. Me, you and our daughter, Merilee."

More tears fall.

"We were on the verge of bankruptcy—we needed resources to rebuild, to reclaim our lands. My parents...they said it was my duty. For my pack."

I'm beginning to piece together too many things. A sickening feeling spreads through my body. "What have you done, Ashley?"

She meets my gaze but doesn't answer. Then she fades, right before my eyes, and my soul, joined with hers, starts to splinter from my body.