

Marie Harte

*NY Times Bestseller*

Fangs,  
Fur,  
and Fae

A love story



## Fangs, Fur, and Fae



Devon Meadows held perfectly still in the dark corner of the empty bedroom, willing herself invisible. It had long been rumored in her family that the women of her bloodline could do amazing things during times of crises. Either she'd been adopted, or this wasn't enough of a crisis to merit panic magic.

She didn't fade into the woodwork as she'd hoped. Her next best choice would be to escape the second floor and hide somewhere else until daybreak, when the moon disappeared. The mansion had enough rooms to conceivably hide herself, except that her scent carried to the maniacs after her. The darkness didn't help any, because her pursuers could see just as well at night as they did during the day. The genes of vampire and wolf shifter had blended together to create a most powerful predator. Or predators--considering the dangerous brothers hunting her.

Her heart pounded like thunder, and she tried a muting spell to camouflage her presence from the marauders stalking her like a walking filet.

"Gotcha."

She shrieked as Alistair Drake grabbed her and flung her over his shoulder.

"Damn it! Let me go!"

A large arm wrapped around her thighs and held her close. The man was like steel. No chance breaking free from his grip, not without some unworldly help.

Devon concentrated. "Mother Maker, bring me—oomph." She suddenly found herself pinned against the wall, nose to nose with a very angry, sexy, and determined vamp-shifter.

“Not another word.” Alistair glared at her with enough heat to melt the icecaps. And the frigid hold on her sex drive.

Devon could have ignored his anger, but the carnal need in his dark eyes stirred an answering response deep within her.

He inhaled and groaned. “I knew it. You *do* want us.”

Before he could gloat, she kneed him right between the legs and shoved him away.

He fell and cupped himself while she scrambled to escape.

“No way am I taking on *three* of you,” she emphasized and left the room, heading for the stairs. Best friends or not, Devon had no intention of mating with the three hungry hybrids. She didn’t want permanence yet. Fae didn’t stray, and she wanted to live a little before making babies, or in the case of the Drakes, puppies--whatever.

She raced to the stairs, planning to go down, when Lachlan, Alistair’s brother, appeared at the base.

“There you are. We’re holding dinner for you, Dev.” He smiled, showing bright white fangs. Then the lights went out, and she seriously freaked.

Muttering an incantation, Devon threw up a magical wall between her and Lachlan and hastened up another flight of stairs. So far, she had Lachlan trapped on the first floor, Alistair incapacitated on the second… With any luck, Douglas, the third Drake brother, was still sitting in the kitchen below.

She crossed her fingers and looked around for the attic, needing a place she could ward. From what she remembered, the amount of cedar up there would make her spells powerful enough to withstand vampires, shifters, and anything in between.

She couldn’t understand it. She’d been friends with the triplets for years. Alistair, Lachlan and Douglas made her laugh, rage, and once cry. Though to be fair, that occasion had been in third grade, when Douglas accused her of having cooties.

Sunday dinners had been a regular occurrence. Until a few months ago, when they’d turned mate-hungry.

Moonlight streamed through a glass window, and she shuddered at the sight of the mating moon in ascension. If one of them caught her, she’d lose her waistline for good. She just knew it.

The Drake family had a penchant for breeding. Vampires were sterile, yet their father had not only impregnated their mother, he'd gotten the werewolf with child—children--when the two species were supposedly incompatible.

The rumble of a low snarl made the hair on the back of her neck stand on end, and she scrambled for the attic. Unfortunately, the door leading there was locked.

"Don't run, Devon," she heard Lachlan yell. "We're not gonna hurt you."

"I might," Alistair roared. "Christ, Devon. My balls? What's wrong with you?"

"With me?" she yelled back. "I came over for dinner, not to get knocked up by the Drake demons!"

She knew how much the name irritated them but couldn't help it. She loved the idiots, but that didn't mean she planned to settle down now. Devon had plans. And being tied down to one man didn't signify, let alone being tied down to three. Maybe in another few years, after her business got off the ground and she'd played the field a bit, she might consider marriage. Maybe.

A low pop jolted her body, and she realized one of them had broken through her magical barrier. She heard the rush of claws against the hardwood floors. Footsteps drawing closer...

Hell.

*Fae in, Fae out, take me to my fate without. Hold back naught, give what's right, protect me from all harm tonight.* She concentrated on the attic and in seconds found herself in the large room space barricaded behind a magically reinforced door.

"Thank God." Devon sighed and slumped to the floor in a heap of nerves. She closed her eyes and covered her face as she recovered from the energy drain of her spell.

Why her? Women loved the Drakes. The guys were huge, handsome, and powerful. One at a time could be overwhelming for a less confident girl, but all three at once? And for a Fae with business goals, furred and fanged wasn't an option. Or so she kept telling herself.

She admitted she'd had a few harmless fantasies. Who wouldn't? But she was almost family. They'd grown up together. She'd watched Lachlan learn how to ride a bike. Had helped Douglas learn to read Fae. And she'd been the only one Alistair had confided in when he'd first shifted and had accidentally eaten the family cat.

Hell, she—

The sudden silence dawned on her. As did the notion she was no longer alone. Cautiously easing off the floor, she glanced around. Three sets of glowing yellow eyes blazed at her from the darkness.

“Oh shit.”

Well, she’d done her best, but it hadn’t taken more than Alistair to hold her while the others stripped her naked.

Devon should have been embarrassed and would have been if she hadn’t been so mad.

“Let me go!”

“You are so fucking sexy.” Lachlan shook his head and licked his lips. “I’m really sorry we didn’t think of this sooner.”

“Me too,” Douglas agreed. “She’s so white she’s sparkly. I can’t believe it’s taken you two this long to see what I’ve known for years.”

Devon gasped. “Damn it. Alistair, cut it out.”

The brute kept pulling her back against him, and each time he did, she felt the swell of his erection through his jeans against her lower back. Instead of alarming her, his size made her wet.

She heard him inhale and thought her face might burn clean off.

“I’m not gonna last,” Alistair growled and leaned down to clamp his sharp teeth over her shoulder. He didn’t pierce the skin, but his hold remained firm and arousing as hell.

“Brush her hair back again,” Douglas said as he stood in front of her, arms akimbo, looking like a raiding conqueror.

“No, don’t,” she begged. God, if they knew how sensitive her ears had become, she’d be a goner for sure.

Alistair pulled her hair back and exposed the pointed tips.

Lachlan stripped out of his clothes in a hurry. “You smell good, Dev.”

She moaned, wishing more of it was from embarrassment than arousal.

“You really do.” Douglas winked and gave her a wicked grin. “You smell...wet.”

Alistair bit harder, and the press of his teeth against her unmarred flesh caused an answering flare of magic to draw him closer.

She felt another burst tingle through her body before Alistair pressed his hot, naked cock against her back. Douglas’ clothes had vanished as well.

“Thanks, Dev. I needed that,” Douglas said as his brother ground against her. Hell, she’d lost control of her magic. Now they’d think she wanted them when she really wanted to escape. She just wished her body would get on board with her ten year plan.

“I’ve been waiting for this for a long time,” Douglas said with satisfaction.

She closed her eyes, trying to blot out her impending reality. Devon had a plan. She had a future filled with the freedom to answer to no one.

A hand brushed against her breast, and she opened her eyes to see the Drake brothers naked, aroused, and surrounding her.

Lachlan grinned and licked his incisors growing steadily longer. “Time to play, Dev. Ready or not, here we come.”

Maybe if she could have lied to herself, she might have gotten a handle on her magic and poofed herself out of the room. But her secret fantasies had suddenly come to life, and Devon couldn’t resist Douglas, Alistair and Lachlan looming over her while she sat helpless in the middle of a large-ass bed. *In the attic*. The bastards had planned the whole thing.

The play of candlelight over their sculpted muscle and feral smiles only added to the erotic tension filling the air.

“I’m not sure what you think is going to happen here.” She wished she didn’t sound so breathless. “But I’m not in the mood to mate with anyone.”

Alistair held his cock in hand. Good God, the man was seriously hung. They all were. “Mate or not, I’m fucking you tonight. And you’re more than willing to take it, aren’t you?”

Lachlan looked more wolf than vampire as he stared at the moist place between her legs. “You’re creaming for us, definitely hungry for it.”

“I tell you what, Dev. Just give me a kiss,” Douglas suggested. “If you still want to leave after that, we’ll let you go.”

Alistair scowled. “What? Hell no--”

“Shut up.” Lachlan nudged him in the side.

Devon blew out a breath. “That’s cheating.” Honestly, did Douglas believe she’d even be able to speak after a taste of that sexy mouth?

She scooted back in the bed when he joined her, too nervous to be shy about her nudity. His breath touched her leg and her nipples, already hard, tightened painfully.

“You’re so sexy.” Douglas caught her ankle and dragged her down to him. He loomed over her, caging her between his body heat and his massive arms on either side of her.

She licked her lips, trying to prepare herself, but Douglas didn’t approach her mouth. Instead he zeroed in on her breasts. “Douglas, wait--” She sucked in a breath and gripped the bedspread beneath her when Douglas took her nipple in his hot, wet mouth. “Oh, God.”

“There we go,” Lachlan sighed and nudged Douglas over.

Douglas made room, and Lachlan sucked her other nipple, nipping with arousing bites.

Devon held them to her, tangling her hands in their silky hair.

They were so beautiful. Dark haired and dark eyed, but each so very different from the other. Lachlan, the charmer. Alistair, so dominant. Douglas, the deep thinker. Yet every one of them was a man ridden hard by desire.

Douglas’s tongue lashed her nipple with rough licks as he tormented her breast, while Lachlan sucked and blew over her flesh, seducing her into a mindless puddle of need.

“Open your eyes and look at me,” Alistair growled.

She did and saw him stroking his cock, the long, thick shaft ruddy with arousal.

He held it out to her, offering it as his due. “You hurt me, Dev. What will you give me to make it all better?”

She wanted to tell him to kiss her ass. But watching him touch himself made her mouth water. An internal *click* locked her in place.

“Whatever you want,” she heard herself say, wondering at her sudden submission.

Douglas and Lachlan froze then backed away.

Everyone watched as Alistair approached the bed. “Come to me.”

He waited by the edge, and Devon had a sudden urge to crawl to him on her hands and knees, to service him any way he wanted.

Fae desires broke over her in waves, and she shuddered as her vision sharpened to acute detail. She saw so much more as she looked at these men. Her friends were beasts, a mixture of vampire and shifter with a need for blood, power, and surprisingly, acceptance. Her heart pounded as she saw what she’d always known. They’d always been hers and they always would be, if she had the courage to reach for them.

No one spoke as Devon slowly made her way to him. She took his cock in hand, and he hissed at the contact.

“You’re pretty,” she whispered and licked his slit, startled at his sweetness.

“Oh fuck. I need to mark you.”

“Yeah,” Douglas breathed.

“All over her,” Lachlan agreed.

And then Alistair’s hands were guiding her closer, and she was taking him inside her mouth.

The thick wedge of his cockhead slipped between her lips and pushed deeper.

She stroked him with her tongue, suddenly hungry for him.

Her little teeth grew Fae-sharp, and she raked them over his shaft with a delicious bite.

Alistair’s hands tightened in her hair, and he howled his delight. “Yes. Yes, Dev. Suck it.

Bleed me, baby. Yeah.”

Then other hands touched her, petting, fondling. Biting. Someone pried her ass cheeks apart and licked her hole. The tongue pressed closer, and excited, she sucked Alistair harder, laving him with her tongue.

She knew he tried to be gentle, but his thrusts stabbed her with rough pleasure as he angled deeper.

She was briefly aware of the noises behind her, and then a cool, slick finger replaced the tongue in her ass. The burn stretched her, reminding her that though her experiences into anal play had been fun, no one had ever been as big as the Drakes.

“Fuck, Devon. I’m coming, baby. Swallow it all,” Alistair ordered around grunts and gasps as he shuttled between her lips.

“Take him, take me,” Douglas rasped and removed his finger, only to push the head of his thick, lubed cock inside her. Slowly, deliberately, he probed and prodded past her discomfort and pain until he seated himself fully inside her.

Alistair gave a cry and jetted down her throat, the taste of him changing her, making her hungry for him. For *them*.

“Oh, Christ. Devon.” Douglas’ claws gouged her hips, but it was nothing compared to the sheer pleasure she felt when Lachlan leaned close to whisper kisses and praise against her ear. He fingered one pointy tip, and she shuddered, squeezing Douglas tight.

“Baby, I love you,” Alistair wheezed as he withdrew from her mouth. “Always have.”

He knelt in front of her to kiss her hard.

Then he disappeared and Douglas pulled out.

Lachlan lay down on the bed. "Ride me, Dev." He held his arms out to her, and she willingly met him. With one hard tug, he pulled her over him, satisfying her empty womb.

"Lean forward."

She did and felt Douglas against her ass again.

He pushed inside, making her feel so full she couldn't move.

"That's the sexiest thing I've ever seen," Alistair whispered. "You're it, Dev. You're the one."

The moonlight speared them, painting a picture of future tomorrows. Douglas pushed when Lachlan retreated, and Alistair watched over them, his eyes caressing the way his brothers touched her, past her skin deep inside her soul.

"I can't wait. I'm sorry." Douglas rotated his hips, prodding deeper.

He stiffened and growled, then bit her shoulder hard, absorbing her blood as he shuddered and came inside her. He withdrew, and Lachlan rolled her over, so that she lay on her back while he controlled his thrusts.

He pounded into her, never blinking as he stared into her eyes. "You're mine, finally, Dev. My little Fae."

"And mine." Douglas caressed her arm.

"And mine," Alistair repeated.

Lachlan shifted his pelvis and grazed her clit repeatedly as he fucked her. Until she couldn't hold on any longer, love and lust mixed into a heady combination she could no longer refuse.

Devon cried out as she came, and she dimly registered Lachlan groaning her name as he jettied inside her.

Once finished, he pulled her up into his lap. They remained joined with her legs around his waist, his cock buried inside her. He bit her next to Douglas's mark and feasted on her blood. Alistair nipped her shoulder over his own bite, drawing a sip more. And Douglas stroked her back, soothing her with calming words.

"My spell worked," she said dumbly, remembering what she'd cast for. The words *fate*, *right*, and *protect her from all harm* came to mind.

Douglas grinned. "Good. Now we just need to say our magic words to finish it."

"What words?" Devon still tried to catch her breath, hard to do when the three of them grew hard pressed up against her.

“We love you,” they said as one and waited.

“Oh hell.” Devon blinked hard, knowing she’d found her fate. “I love you too, all three of you.”

Wide, toothy smiles made the night that much brighter. And as the brothers prepared to take her again, they promised to cherish her, to love her, and to protect her.

“I’d also like to add that when my hands are full of my new business and fae-wolf-vamp babies, you three are going to be right in the thick of things.”

Alistair shrugged. “No problem. With three daddies and a mother to love them, our kids will never want for anything. They’ll have the best of all worlds.”

“The very best.” Devon smiled at her mates. “Fangs, fur, and Fae. And the magic of love.”

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