**BEAR SHAPESHIFTER**

**ALPHA MALE**

**BBW ROMANCE**

**SYNOPSIS**

*A rugged handsome photographer, his good looking male assistant and one curvy young woman achieving her lifelong dreams. A good mix or a recipe for disaster?*

*They were fighting... over me? Jazzy thought with disbelief. How in the world did she end up in a job where not only were the two men she worked with incredibly good-looking, but they actually fought over her? She knew it was silly, but she was actually flattered by the thought.*

*Jasmine is a big beautiful woman and for once in her life decided to follow her dreams to become a plus size model. All those around her tried to convince her that she was making a big mistake; but she battled forward.*

*It just so happens that she got her first modeling job fairly quickly; hired by a naturally handsome photographer, Milo and his gorgeous assistant, William. Both around ten years older than she is.*

*Jasmine is attracted to them both but is instantly drawn to Milo. The feeling is mutual…from both men.*

*Against William’s advice, Milo goes on a date with Jasmine and soon a relationship develops. Jasmine cannot believe her luck; she has found the perfect man…but he has a secret, something he has lived with all his life.*

*William knows that secret and is about to reveal it in full force…*

***A standalone hot and steamy BBW bear shifter romance.***

***Around 10,000 words. No cliffhangers!***

***KEYWORDS:***

*bad boy romance, new adult, bad boy romance, millionaire alpha male romance, quickie romance, alpha male, contemporary romance, new adult college romance, paranormal romance, werebear romance, short reads, bear shape shifter.*

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# Chapter 1

The car jarred as it rolled over loose stones and packed gravel. Jazzy lurched up from her seat as she drove up the windy road leading toward Silver Lake. One hundred feet below the road was a twisting river that ran from the lake down toward Mountain Pass. The sunlight glittered on the water's surface, warping and reflecting brilliance as if it were a stream of molten mirror.

Despite the beauty of the day, Jazzy couldn't help but feel a bit apprehensive. Just last night, she'd received a rare opportunity that signified the very reason she drove up this treacherous path.

It'd been five o'clock in the evening when Jazzy received the phone call. She'd set down the ornate, filigree teacup from her grandmother's old tea set and picked up the cell phone resting just a foot away. It'd been odd. She hadn't expected any more calls from modeling agencies. With a nervous bite of her lip, Jazzy touched the Talk icon and rested the phone to her ear.

"Hello?"

*"Hello. Is this Jasmine Solberg?"* The voice didn't belong to any of the people Jazzy had spoken to throughout the week. This was an unfamiliar voice.

"Yes, it is," she answered.

*"Hello, Jasmine. This is William. I work with Milo Nordskov. He's a local photographer here in Mountain Pass. He saw your portfolio online, and wanted to inquire if you were still looking for work."*

Jazzy's stomach swarmed with sudden butterflies. This call was unexpected, but exactly what she'd waited for. She tried not to sound too overly thrilled. "Yes! Yes, I am still looking for work."

*"Excellent! We do most of our work up in the forest. How about we meet next Tuesday at noon at Cabin 8, Silver Lake for a beginner shoot?"*

She nearly scrambled to right down the date, time and place on the napkin beside her teacup, nearly knocking over the china in the process. "S-Sounds perfect," she replied hastily as she finished the address in harried penmanship. "I'll be looking forward to it, William."

After ending the call, Jazzy was giddy with excitement. For so long she'd wanted a career as a model, and this was a chance worthy to jump at.

As Jazzy recalled William's words, she tried to calm her nerves by then focusing on how many times agencies had turned her down claiming to be for plus size models. It was always that she was "*too* big" or that they were looking for models "a little thinner." It made no sense to Jazzy.

Why advertise for plus size women when all the models under contract were only size tens? Jazzy had never been very confident about her weight, but she'd grown comfortable with the thought that she would never be thinner, and never really had been growing up. It was just one of those parts of life that she had to make the best of.

But this... This was an opportunity that she couldn't pass up. She had no idea what kind of photo shoot it was going to be, but had done a little research on Milo Nordskov before taking off in the morning. According to his webpage, Milo was an unsung professional of the world of photography. His work heavily emphasized nature and wildlife. It seemed out of the ordinary, as Jazzy was so used to contacting modeling agencies and photographers fixated on fashion and figure.

An hour later, she'd reached Silver Lake. It was a secluded camp ground with nearby rental cabins along the lake's bank. Up along the northern horizon were the looming Arrowhead Mountains, still lightly capped with white, even in mid-summer.

The trees were lush with green hues, and even from a distance, birds sang from their branches Silver Lake was a pretty place, but Jazzy had always avoided coming here to vacation in the past, as the rental company claimed there were always multiple sightings of bears throughout the season.

She drove past most of the cabins and then pulled into the driveway of number 8, parking in front. The building was a two-story log retreat with a garage and a long walkway leading up to the front door. Foliage covered many areas of the cabin, and ivy climbed up along the walls and circled the windows.

Jazzy stepped out from the car and took a deep breath, ready to stride to the entrance and knock.

Just before she could, however, someone rounded a parked pickup from the corner of her eye. She turned to look. A man with a young, wiry frame had stepped around the truck. He was a few inches taller than Jazzy and well-dressed, with a mop of blond hair and kind blue eyes. Jazzy's heart fluttered a little, and she felt a tad excited. Was this who would be working with her? He was very attractive.

The man offered a hand to shake, smiling to her brightly. "I'm William. You must be Jasmine Solberg."

Jazzy accepted his gesture. "Yes. It's nice to meet you."

"Likewise," said William with another charming grin. "Milo is around back. Walk with me?"

Jazzy followed him with an enthusiastic hop to her step. Not only had she finally been accepted to do a modeling shoot, but she got to work with a very good-looking twenty-something as well.

"What exactly will we be doing?" she had to ask. She'd never had a chance for real photo shoot. She'd practiced, of course, but mostly it had been interviews and nothing else. No one had cared to actually take any real pictures of her.

"Milo and I are wildlife supporters. We take photos of models surrounded by nature to capture the essence of natural beauty," William explained.

That was very admirable to Jazzy. She smiled a little. "That sounds nice. Do you usually shoot plus size models?"

As they stepped around the back of the cabin, a small incline made up the back yard, leading down toward the lake. Another man stood a number of yards away checking on camera gear. There were two women just a few feet away from him with kits, mirrors, and a stool.

"Oh, we take models of every body shape," William answered. "Men and women."

The other man down by the cameras straightened and glanced behind him to see the other two. As Jazzy met his gaze, her legs slowed to a stop, and she froze in place. He was a tad rugged in appearance, with visible stubble across his jaw. His hair was darker than William's, and he was much more built throughout his body. But those eyes... There was something electric about the amber in them that just made Jazzy's heart wish to leap out of her chest.

The surreal pull had her feeling like she'd just stepped into a fairytale. This man spoke of authority, determination, and a wild abandon that domestic life had never been able to tame.

William stopped walking, looking back to Jazzy. "Is everything alright?"

Jazzy didn't wish to break the connection she had with this other man's gaze. There was just so much fire... So much mystery.

"Ms. Solberg?"

Jazzy finally snapped her eyes to William, and the connection broke. That bizarre pull was lost in the light breeze that floated through the trees, and the heavy thudding of her heart finally tamed its tempo.

"Milo, this is Ms. Jasmine Solberg," said William, turning to look at the man walking up to meet them. "Our new model. Ms. Solberg, this is Milo Nordskov."

He shook Jazzy's hand, and she found herself locked in another trance with those amber irises. "It's nice to meet you," he breathed. His voice was low and powerful. It was the voice of a kindhearted warrior.

"Y-You too," Jazzy heard herself utter.

"I'll have you resting along those rocks," he said with a point of his finger at the lake bank. There were several large stones arranged in a manner in which someone could lay on. "Why don't you go ahead and meet with the costume and makeup crew, and we'll get going before we lose too much of the afternoon light?"

Jazzy let go of his hand in a slight daze, realizing she still held onto it. "Right, yes."

As Milo turned from her to go back to his gear, William led Jazzy down the hill to the two women. "Is everything alright, Ms. Solberg?" he asked, peering at her curiously.

"Yes, I'm fine," she answered. Now that the bizarre magnetism had broken once again with Milo, she slowly found herself coming back to reality, able to think clearly again.

Taking a deep breath, Jazzy met with the two women who made up the costume and makeup couple, and they fitted her with a forest fairy-style leotard with fabric flowers running up in streams across its front. After applying her makeup and resting a pretty wreath over her blond crown, Jazzy stepped over to the rocks and waited for Milo's instruction. Although she'd had practice modeling before, every photographer was different, and she didn't want to barge right on set without any particular direction.

"Go ahead and take a seat on the blanket on the biggest stone. We'll run through a few practice frames to see how the camera likes you, then go from there. Just go ahead and give me the poses you think capture your beauty the best," Milo directed.

Jazzy took her place on the blanket that kept her exposed thighs from burning on the hot rock, and then took a deep breath. Milo moved to his camera, and she ran through her favorite positions as the sounding snaps of the photos mingled with the birds chirping all around them.

"So how long have you been a model?" Milo asked after the practice round was over.

Embarrassment suddenly rose as a knot in Jazzy's stomach. Truthfully, she'd never been a model until now. This was her first successful job. Did she tell the truth? Or did she lie? Figuring lying was probably a bad idea; she swallowed her anxiety to answer him.

"Actually, this is my first official job. I... haven't been very successful."

"Really?" Milo wondered as he placed a filter over his camera lens. "That surprises me. You're a natural."

The compliment swelled Jazzy with pride. She knew she could do it! And a compliment coming from such and entrancing, handsome guy? Some deep part of her hoped this all wasn't some big, elaborate joke.

"Thank you. That's the first time anyone's ever said that to me."

Milo glanced up from his camera after taking another frame, and his eyes met hers in a spark again. He gave a subtle smile, and the smoky expression on his face turned Jazzy's cheeks pink. "Well then I suppose they don't know what true beauty looks like."

The comment left Jazzy in a swirl of dreamy emotions for the rest of the shoot. After that, she couldn't recall which poses she'd used, but Milo's satisfied expression as he clicked through the pictures on his laptop proved to her that he liked what he saw.

"Maybe we can talk about some possible future shoots," said Milo, glancing up from his monitor to gaze at her.

William took her hand to help her off the rock so that she could go dress back down into her street clothing. "You mean... You'd like me to be your model full time?"

He nodded as she walked behind the set up curtain and let the costume seamstress helped her out of the leotard.

"What do you say to a discussion over dinner in Mountain Pass?" Milo's voice filtered past the blockade. "I have a favorite bistro there."

Jazzy smiled, fitting back into her regular clothing and thanking the seamstress for help. "Sure, that sounds great. What time?"

Milo watched her walk out from behind the curtain. His intent stare caused her body to tingle. "Five o'clock tomorrow night. I'll meet you at Carboni's."

Her smile widened some, and she nodded. "I'll look forward to it."

On the way back to her car, Jazzy didn't stop beaming. Her first shoot had been a complete success. Not only that, but now she would work full time with two of the most attractive men she'd ever met? It was unbelievable, and practically a dream come true.

William was charming and nice to admire, but there was something about Milo's electric gaze and almost hungry expression that gave Jazzy butterflies. They danced in a swarm in her stomach, and didn't stop dancing, even as she returned to Mountain Pass an hour later.

# Chapter 2

Milo shut the door to the back of the cabin fifteen minutes later.

"Dinner?"

He glanced up at William, who stood several feet away and by a staircase leading up to the second level. His hands were balled into fists. Milo relaxed his shoulders.

"What's the matter, William?"

"Taking on a permanent model... after knowing this girl for an hour? Taking her to dinner? Are you joking?"

Milo kept silent and walked past his assistant to set his equipment in the living room.

"Milo, you can't just hire her on as a regular. You have to remember our code."

He set down his gear. "It's not like that, William. You're getting much too paranoid."

"I have a right to. Everyone recalls what happened last time when you got close to a human girl. After that, you yourself said when it came to models, it was going to be one and done. Not one two or three times, then maybe longer."

Milo scowled some, avoiding William's eyes on purpose. He didn't want to remember what had happened in the past. Remembering it brought up sore feelings that he chose to keep to the back of his mind for now.

"Let's just settle down for the night, William."

His assistant didn't look happy, but he headed up the stairs without another word.

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That night as Jazzy rested in the bedroom of her dark and quiet apartment, she had a dream unlike any other. Milo Nordskov, in all his masculine allure, stood in her living room. She approached him slowly, unsure of how to address him. But then her eyes locked with his again, and she found herself falling back into the ethereal trance of wondrous desire.

Milo dipped his head some, never breaking gaze, and beckoned to her with one hand. Jazzy felt herself walking toward him without question and soon was in his arms. As she gazed up at his face, he trailed a couple fingers down her side. She felt the cool touch through the thin fabric of her shirt and shivered.

No words were spoken between them. All that was exchanged was touch... and energy. Milo leaned inward, and his lips barely brushed against Jazzy's neck. She sighed, falling closer against his chest. Hands moved across her jaw and then downward. One set of fingers cupped her breast, his thumb massaging the nipple.

A hot wave of tingling arousal coursed through her body and rested at her center, and she couldn't help but emit a small gasp. Milo looked at her with that signature smoky gaze, and it stole what little breath Jazzy had left. She wanted him, and she wasn't even sure why. It was an animal attraction that she'd never experienced before, and it was real.

Jazzy locked her lips with his, kissing him fervently and wishing for the moment to last an eternity. His firm arms tightened around her body, and one of his hands caressed down her spine, and then further until he'd reached her most sensitive areas. She panted against his neck, hot with want and eager to feel him continue. His fingers massaged the entrance to her womanhood, and she clung to him, and it wasn't long before he slipped her pants down to mid-thigh.

Milo lowered himself to press his lips to her hip, and then trailed his fingers across her chilled skin as he rested a kiss just above her femininity. His touch moved to her bare skin, pausing just outside her delicate folds, and Jazzy panted for more. She spread her legs some to allow him room to adventure inward, and Milo stroked his middle finger back and forth across her entrance.

The sensation was incredible, and her knees immediately felt weak. She struggled to hold onto his shoulders as he continued his pattern of caresses, and he drew his face inward to give the sweet spot between her legs a gentle kiss.

Then...

Then it was over. Jazzy opened her eyes to the early morning light of the next day, and cursed under her breath that the dream hadn't finished. She reached downward to dab lightly between her thighs, feeling herself positively dripping from the dream. Jazzy felt slightly bewildered as to why she'd dreamt so deeply about her new photographer. Just what was it about those stunning amber eyes and that hardened look that he gave her? It'd sent her away with excited chills yesterday, whatever it was.

The most that Jazzy knew, however, was that she wanted to feel it again. She wanted those eyes to course up and down her body, and she wanted to feel Milo's touch, whether it was physical or not.

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Late in the afternoon, Milo stood in the bathroom of the cabin, fixing up the buttons of his dress shirt. He didn't usually care much for professional attire, but he did want to look presentable. As he straightened his collar, he found his reflection smiling whimsically, as if he thought of something that made him happy. He supposed he did. He liked Jasmine very much, and had already daydreamed about dating her since yesterday.

It was odd, the electrifying connection that they had between each other, but he knew that he wasn't the only one who felt it. Jasmine had the very same look in her eyes when he'd straightened from the camera equipment to greet her.

William's steps paused near the bathroom doorway. "I don't think you should do this."

Milo sighed as he turned from the mirror to look at the other. "You're too late. She's meeting me at the bistro in..." he hesitated, glancing at his watch, "An hour and a half. I need to leave, William."

His friend blocked the doorway as Milo headed for the exit.

"You made this mistake in the past, and I'm going to stop you from doing it again," William spoke adamantly. Though he was a just a few inches shorter than Milo, he held a face of determination and command.

He was also trying Milo's patience. The other took a couple of breaths, and then gazed at William with hard eyes. "Get out of my way, Vic, before I get angry."

William smirked.

"I'm serious! This isn't a game!"

He turned from the door and headed for the downstairs. "I'm not making a game out of it, Milo. I'm being as serious as you are. I just think your obsession with this human woman is unhealthy, so I'm going to nip it in the bud before it gets out of hand."

"By doing what?" Milo exclaimed, throwing his hand to the stair railing and following his friend down to the base level.

"Come outside for a minute, would you?" William urged. He pushed open the back door and stepped out into the sunlight.

Milo growled a little under his breath, and then did as William had asked.

"This, Milo, is your place."

Milo turned to spot William just a few feet down the incline, pointing toward the nearby mountains.

"I shouldn't be the one to remind you that you don't fit in to a human's world. Neither of us does. We're monsters to them."

Milo scowled at William. He understood what his friend was attempting to teach him, but he didn't need a lesson. He knew the dangers, but he also knew what he wanted. He wanted Jasmine, and he would make it work no matter what it took.

Before he knew it, Milo had reached his limit with William. He snarled. "I'm going, William!"

"No, you're not!"

William leapt toward Milo, and as he did, the monstrous form of a bear took his place; jaws open wide in wild fury.

# Chapter 3

Jazzy huffed in impatience and checked the time once more on her dashboard. It was twenty past five, and Milo still hadn't shown up outside Carboni's. To her, that was rather unprofessional. Something inside her didn't settle well. She felt like there should have been a phone call of some kind if Milo was going to be late. Biting her cheek in thought, Jazzy pulled her car out from the parking space and drove back out onto the road, heading north back toward Silver Lake.

As she drove, she gazed at the waning sparkles of light on the river. Just what could have happened? She took her time heading up the windy path despite wishing to drive faster. Within an hour, Jazzy stopped outside Cabin 8 and left the car. A roar, and then a frenzy of aggressive snarls erupted from the backyard, causing Jazzy to rush around the side of the building to see what was going on.

To her shock, she watched as two large bears bat at each other with their paws, biting and wrestling each other to the ground. There were two piles of shredded clothes in the grass not far from where the bears fought. The furious noises the both of them made were enough to wrack Jazzy's body with fear. She held in a scream of panic.

*Please tell me these two bears didn't kill Milo and William!* She thought desperately as she stared in horror at the ruined clothing.

But just as she was about to turn and bolt back to her car, the bear closest to her, auburn in color, was struck in the side and tumbled down the incline. The other bear turned and rushed into the trees, tearing out of sight. Questioning what to do, Jazzy stood there for a few brief seconds. She still wanted to rush for her car, but she couldn't stop the curiosity to check and see that the other bear would be alright. Carefully and quietly, Jazzy stepped down past the cabin and looked toward the bank.

A nude man slowly picked himself up from the ground, holding his side. He turned around and looked up the hill to spot her, and then froze in place.

"M-Ms. Solberg!"

Jazzy was beyond words as she gazed at Milo. She had no idea what she'd just witnessed, but her frightened brain attempted to piece it together for her anyway. Milo was... a bear? But how? Why? She couldn't take this. It was too much. She wasn't about to work for a dangerous creature like this.

Jazzy turned and rushed back toward the other side of the cabin, but before she could get too far, someone gripped her arm. She gasped and turned to look up at Milo, who gazed back with an even expression. The tightness of his hold didn't scare her, but brought her back into a strange sense of ease, as if it felt right.

"You shouldn't have had to see that," he said.

"P-Please. Just let me go. I'm sorry I disturbed you," Jazzy attempted, trying to tug her arm from his hand.

Instead of releasing her, he pulled her closer to his body instead. His breath was heavy, his eyes still holding that wild animal spirit inside them, like he hadn't quite fully changed back into human.

"Jasmine..." he began. “Please don't let this ruin our work together. It is a very minor detail that shouldn't get in the way. William and I... We just had an argument is all."

"Y-You call that an argument?" Jazzy uttered, glancing toward the trees. "I thought two bears had eaten the both of you!"

Milo shook his head lightly. "You have my deepest apologies for scaring you, as well as my apologies for not arriving to dinner on time. I was ready to go, but William..." He sighed. "It's nothing major. Will you forgive me?"

Jazzy had already forgiven him. She liked Milo too much to think ill of him. He was quiet and powerful, and now with this new characteristic of his that she'd happened upon, she only had a deeper respect for him. It must have taken such a serious strength to keep that ability a secret. Despite the many questions she had on her mind, there was only one that remained most prominent.

"Milo," Jazzy started, looking up into his eyes. She felt so vulnerable under his gaze. "Can we still go to dinner then?"

To her surprise, he flashed a smile and chuckled. "Yes, Jasmine. We can still go to dinner. There is now so much I would like to talk to you about."

Several minutes later, Jazzy sat in the passenger seat of Milo's car as he drove back toward Mountain Pass. Milo was in a new pair of clothes, and looked surprisingly calm despite the earlier fight.

"Will William be alright?" Jazzy asked, glancing sideways at him. Milo's profile view was the perfect structure of a Greek statue. He was so handsome.

"He will be fine," he replied evenly. "William only gets aggressive when he gets protective."

"Protective? It sure didn't look like he was protecting you," she responded.

"Like I said before, we just had an argument. It's not exactly orthodox for werebears to affiliate themselves too much with humans," Milo explained as he turned the truck's wheel, navigating carefully down the twisting road.

"Werebears? Is that what you call yourselves?"

Milo nodded.

"So... how does that happen? Do you get bitten, or... or are you born that way?"

He paused and glanced at her, smiling thinly.

"What?" Jazzy demanded.

"You're taking this werebear business rather well for a human," he uttered, amusement at the corners of his lips.

Jazzy felt herself flush some, though she wasn't sure why. "Well, it's not normal, at least to me, but I'm not about to just shrug something like that off and pretend it didn't happen."

Milo gave another nod, this time out of understanding. "No, that's something that someone scared would do."

"I'm not saying I'm not scared of you now," she retorted, clutching her purse tightly in her lap.

"Oh?" He shot her another look, this time letting it linger as he swept his eyes up and down her body. "Are you really scared of me, Jasmine?"

A positive tingle enveloped her skin, and she swallowed from the intimidating scan of his eyes. "I don't know."

The car ride was silent for a time after that. Jazzy felt slightly awkward from the ending to the conversation, so she huddled in her seat and waited until Milo had parked outside Carboni's. The sun had set quite some time ago, causing the little town of Mountain Pass to light up with old-fashioned street lamps and luminescent windows of nearby buildings. Carboni's parking lot was a little emptier than it had been at five o'clock.

Milo stepped out of the truck, and Jazzy followed him inside the restaurant. Once seated in a booth tucked away in a corner, she finally unfolded herself and placed her purse beside her. She didn't feel much more comfortable, but the slight distance between her and Milo helped her think a little clearer. After witnessing the bear fight, she wasn't so sure she felt hungry, but a quick glance at the menu brought her appetite back.

Once they'd ordered, Milo clasped his hands on the table surface and leaned in some, gazing at her with those amber eyes. "I really want to keep you as a model, Jasmine."

She shook her head. "You're not going to lose me. I really enjoyed the photo shoot we did yesterday, and I..." She caught herself before running on, about to mention the exciting dream she'd had. What a mistake that would have been.

"And you...?" he pressed.

She cleared her throat. "And I really was looking forward to more opportunities to model for you. You and William are very nice, as well as your seamstress and makeup artist. Are... Are they bears, too?"

Milo smiled a little and shook his head this time. "No, not them. Just William and I. We've been close friends for quite a number of years, but people like us don't usually make any other friends outside the bear clans."

"I see," she uttered.

Their food arrived only a short time later. The immensely unoccupied space in the restaurant proved that their meals were made fast without any additional orders stalling the process. As the server placed a small salad in front of Jazzy, Milo gave it a bizarre look.

"What is that?" he asked while the server set down a large steak in front of him. A true meal fit for a man of his size, probably including his bear side.

Jazzy looked at the pile of leaves and cherry tomatoes in front of her. "It's a salad," she answered slowly.

"That's it?"

"What do you mean 'that's it?'"

Milo's eyebrow raised as he leaned back some, picking up his fork. "You won't get full from eating that."

"That's the idea," Jazzy answered quietly. "I've been trying to lose weight for jobs."

He scoffed. "Jasmine, there's nothing wrong with your weight. You're beautiful, and I find you very attractive."

Her face felt hot with redness again. Was he really being serious? She'd never had a man so interested in her body--it almost seemed too good to be true.

Milo signaled for the server to come back, muttering something to him that Jazzy couldn't hear. As the server left, it was her turn to pass him a confused look.

"I ordered something more suitable for you," he replied. "Most thin models may have to be ridiculously conscious about what they eat, but there are no boundaries for you while you're working for me. Plus, this is all my treat."

Jazzy smiled to him just a little, and then her lip quivered. She hadn't meant to get emotional, but the thought that Milo not only saw past her weight but actually found it appealing was almost hard to believe. There was a genuine sincerity in his eyes that promised her he didn't lie.

Jazzy ate better than she had in a long while. Milo's generosity and kind words had removed the scared and awkward feelings she'd had toward him almost completely. She and Milo discussed her job history and a little more about her likes and dislikes, things that should have normally been covered in a traditional interview. Some of the night was professional talk, but Milo's occasional compliment or soft smile helped Jazzy ease up and wish for the night to never end.

After a small helping of dessert, Milo paid for the dinner and stood from the booth. He offered his arm to her, and she took it with eagerness. Milo led her out of the bistro with a smile and then back to the truck. He opened the door for her without a word and let her climb in, then got in himself on the other side. Once he'd shut his door, he sighed heavily and glanced at her. Jazzy quickly looked away, embarrassed to be caught staring.

But then a hand was at her chin, and Milo turned her head to look at him. "Jasmine..." he whispered. A swift search of the eyes was all that was needed, and then Jazzy fell into his arms. Her lips pressed against his in almost an urgency. In some strange way she felt she wanted the contact, but didn't know why. Milo kissed her firmly, curling his fingers around the back of her head to pull her closer. Jazzy pushed herself into his lap, hooking a leg around his hip in the cramped space to get even closer to his body. She wanted to be wrapped in his warmth and protection, though she never felt like she needed that security until now.

Milo held onto her thigh with one hand and trailed his fingers up to her breasts. His hold on her was steadfast and commanding, proving to her that he knew exactly what he wanted. Jazzy kissed down his throat, then met his lips again as Milo tugged up the hem of her blouse. Her skin shuddered some under his caress, but she welcomed it, and pressed herself closer to his hand, urging for him to continue.

Their breath grew hot and heavier with each passing moment as they tangled into an embrace and yearned for each other's lips. Jazzy pulled in even tighter to Milo's body, resting fully in his lap, and felt the lifting bulge at his groin.

She barely knew Milo, yet so badly she wanted it. She wanted to feel him inside her, and she wanted to cry out his name to the ceiling of a bedroom. She wanted to be his.

A loud chime sounded from Milo's pocket, and he paused and sighed, reaching to see who called him. Milo's face was lit up from the phone light as he looked at the screen. "It's William," he uttered.

"Take it," Jazzy insisted, pulling off his lap.

Milo was against the idea, already reaching for her again. "Jasmine--"

"It's okay," she tried again, pushing his hand back toward his phone. "You and William had a fight. You should probably talk to him."

Milo ground his teeth lightly for a moment in thought, and then finally answered on the fifth chime.

Jazzy watched Milo as he spoke to William, her heart still thumping heavily in her chest from how close they'd been. She'd had love interests in the past, but none of them had ever been as fixated about her body as Milo was. His animal eyes and hungry behavior had her trembling for more of his touch and affection.

Milo hung up after a minute and stowed his phone back into his pocket. "William is back at the cabin. It's rather late to take you back. Perhaps I ought to drop you off at home, and William or I can drive down tomorrow with your car and leave it at your place," he suggested.

Jazzy sighed. After this closeness, she didn't want to let go of Milo just yet. She craved him.

"What's wrong?" he asked, surprising her as she realized she'd shook her head at him.

"I just... don't want to be home alone tonight," she breathed.

The man's face softened some as he gazed at her, and then he nodded. "Well then, I'll take you back to the cabin and set up a room for you. William and I won't disturb you."

He started up the truck, and Jazzy eyed him up and down. "What if I didn't mind if you did?"

His pause signaled pleasant surprise, and a slow smirk crept across his lips. "Let's head back to Silver Lake, Jasmine."

# Chapter 4

The ride back was not as heated as Jazzy had hoped. Milo was quiet, lost in his own thoughts for most of the time. And every time Jazzy shot him a passionate look, he seemed distracted. She wondered some about his and William's relationship. Milo had said that they were close friends, but she didn't know William that well. And from what she'd witnessed, all she had to go on about William's personality was that he seemed ill-tempered for some reason.

"Milo," Jazzy started. "You never actually told me what you and William were fighting about."

Milo glanced sideways at her and shrugged one shoulder. "You, actually. There's a specific rule in the werebear community that says we're not allowed to affiliate ourselves too closely to humans. I wanted to make an exception, though, because I like you. William thought it was too dangerous, and so he tried to stop me from going to dinner with you tonight."

*They were fighting... over me?* Jazzy thought with disbelief. How in the world did she end up in a job where not only were the two men she worked with incredibly good-looking, but they actually fought over her? She knew it was silly, but she was actually flattered by the thought.

Milo rounded the bend that led to Cabin 8 sometime later and pulled into the driveway, parking beside Jazzy's car. Jazzy stepped out and followed Milo to the front door, watching as he unlocked it and opened it. Lamplight filtered into the entryway from the living room. The place smelled of old wood and residual cooking. Someone looked up from the couch. The mop of blond hair and animated eyes belonged to William, of course. He watched Milo and Jazzy enter the room before speaking.

"Oh, hello, Ms. Solberg. I didn't know you were stopping in."

"She's staying the night," Milo mentioned.

William looked mildly startled, his blond eyebrows rising in bewilderment. "Oh." It was easy to tell that he didn't want to come off as rude by asking why, but it was on his mind. Milo picked up on the feeling.

"Her car is here, and we figured the easiest method would be to just let her stay the night," he answered.

"I hope it isn't much of a bother to you," Jazzy breathed as she rested her purse beside the couch.

William stood from his resting spot and shook his head, placing a book down on the coffee table. "Oh no, it's alright. There's a spare room upstairs, so everything should be fine."

Milo stepped into the kitchen and looked over the dishes in the sink. "Really, Vic? You cooked by yourself tonight?"

"It's too late to go fishing," William replied with a small grin. Jazzy looked at them both as they exchanged some type of in-joke, and she figured it was a bear thing.

"So how was... your date?" William asked quietly. It seemed difficult for him to sound civil about it. Jazzy wondered if all of these bitter feelings radiating from the man were signs that he was concerned about the werebear code, or if William was actually just jealous.

"It went well," Milo replied evenly, glancing over at Jazzy as if to see if she felt the same.

Jazzy nodded. "Oh, yes. It was nice." She flushed some under his gaze again. There was such an intent look in Milo's eyes, and she felt like she'd never get used to it.

"Great," William replied, though his heart didn't really sound like it was in his tone.

"William," Jazzy found herself speaking up. He looked at her curiously. "You know that I don't mind that the two of you are werebears."

Taken aback by the sudden subject change, William shot Milo a look that clearly was a call for help.

"I'm serious," Jazzy continued. "It doesn't bother me at all. It was a little scary at first, I will admit, but it doesn't change anything. Milo said the same."

William hesitated before drawing in a breath and letting it out in a deep sigh. "Look, it's not like I was worried about what you might think. Milo and I live completely different lives from humans. What you see right now--Milo in the kitchen and me sitting here reading novels--this is all a facade. Our real homes are up near the mountains with our clan. We're only here for now because of the nature shoots that Milo had lined up for potential models. Not only are we out of our element here, but humans see us as terrifying beasts."

Jazzy stepped forward some, her eyes softening as she gazed at William. It must have been hard for them. She wasn't sure why Milo had such a love for human life, but William probably strained himself to try and keep his best friend out of trouble.

"Well, I don't see you as terrifying beasts," she countered, folding her arms.

William's eyes narrowed some, and he glanced over at Milo before speaking. "You don't? Well then..."

"William--" Milo started, turning from a coffee pot, but it was too late.

Right before Jazzy's eyes, William tensed his body and then grew twice his size, covered in fur and snarling ferociously. Standing on his hind legs, the man had changed himself to a roaring, tawny bear. Jazzy flinched at the deafening sound, and Milo started into the living room.

"William, change back now!" he shouted.

"Wait, Milo. It's okay," said Jazzy, holding out her hand to stop him. She waited for William to calm down some, landing on all fours, before stepping forward tentatively.

"Jasmine! He could hurt you!" Milo warned, but Jazzy was already two feet from William.

She offered her hand to him, and William nuzzled her fingers. "See, I knew you wouldn't have it in your heart to hurt me," she whispered. William grunted some as she touched his head gently.

Milo stepped closer to her, still looking paranoid that his friend would try something, but William remained calm, seeming to enjoy Jazzy's touch.

"I'm not afraid," said Jazzy with a small smile. "So please, William. Stop feeling like you have to scare me away."

William lost his form and reduced in size, coming back to his human shape. He picked up a few scraps of his clothing to cover his manhood with.

"I'm sorry," he uttered. "I just thought maybe..."

Jazzy grinned some and turned her back to him. "Maybe I'm not brainless, huh?"

William headed for the stairs without another word.

A hand was on Jazzy's shoulder, and she turned back to look up into Milo's eyes. He grinned. "I like that you're stubborn. Don't worry. William will come around eventually. He's not as familiar with humans as I am."

Jazzy shrugged one shoulder and smiled back at him. "I'm not worried." She took one step closer, nearly touching bodies with him, and then pressed her cheek against his chest. As he wrapped his arms around her, she felt so safe. It was hard to believe that Milo was still practically a stranger to her. She didn't know a thing about his background or childhood besides the bear traits. Not only that, but Milo didn't know a thing about Jazzy. Yet despite all that, she still felt like they could have known each other for years.

Milo lifted her chin and pressed his lips to hers in a kiss. She kissed him back readily, and then let him trail his own lips down her throat. After a moment, Milo lifted his head and tugged on her arm, leading her toward the stairs.

"Let me show you to your room."

Jazzy followed willingly, listening to the floorboards creak under their feet. He guided her up to a narrow hallway to the last room on the end and pushed open the door. A full-size bed rested near the back of the room with a vanity off to the right. Milo walked in first to turn on a lamp resting on a bedside table. Not much else made up the spare room besides an old paisley rug. The walls and ceiling were mottled wooden panels.

As Jazzy removed her shoes and set them by the wall, Milo came back and closed the door. Before she could question, he pressed his hands to her hips and pulled her close to his abdomen. She sucked in a surprised breath at the feeling of his hard body against her own.

"Milo..."

Almost like an animal, Milo growled in her ear and hooked his fingers under her shirt to pull it up over her head. He tossed it to the floor and brought those eager hands back to her body, gliding them up her sides to her breasts, where he dug underneath her bra.

"Milo!" Jazzy wasn't alarmed by his actions, but she hadn't expected him to be so keen for intimacy.

His hands moved her bra up and over her breasts, exposing them to the cabin's stale air. His cool fingers had hardened her nipples, and he was quick to close his hands over them and feel them with a type of primal hunger.

"Should we be doing this now?" Jazzy asked breathlessly. "With William still awake?"

"Hush," he said smoothly, brushing his lips against her ear. "I've held myself back for over an hour now, and now am going to pick up where we left off back at the restaurant."

His voice sent chills down her spine and gave her goosebumps. She craved his touch just as much as he craved giving it to her, so she decided there was no shame in indulging in the feeling.

Milos fingers traced across her nipples a number of times before he removed her bra entirely and dropped it to the floor next to her shirt. With a gentle nudge, he pushed her toward the bed and removed his own shirt. Jazzy sat down on the edge of the mattress as Milo stepped in front of her, and she gazed up at his perfectly sculpted body. She pressed her hand to his abs, feeling their hardness and thinking of how powerful he really was.

"Let's let him out for some air, shall we?" Jazzy said as she unzipped his jeans, placing a little pressure on his bulge for emphasis.

Milo groaned some with a smirk. "So soon? I was thinking we could play around a little until we're throbbing for each other.

Jazzy smiled some and leaned back a little, exposing her breasts to him. "I didn't take you as a masochist, Milo."

He growled as he knelt over her, leaning downward to press a kiss against her bare skin. "Maybe I'm just the type that likes to play with my food."

His words caused her to shiver yet again. He took her wrists and pinned them above her head, holding her down against the sheets as his other hand felt down her body and loosened up her own jeans. She allowed him to pull her bottoms off, leaving her in nothing but her lace-trim panties. Jazzy watched him with heated anticipation.

"What are you going to do to me, Milo?"

He chuckled as he kicked her pants out of the way and lifted one of her thighs, pressing his teeth down and nipping softly across her skin. "Why tell you and spoil the fun?" His lips stopped at her panties, where he took the fabric between his teeth and tugged them down her legs, finally gripping onto them with one hand and pulling them all the way off. Jazzy lay completely exposed to Milo's hungry eyes, and she watched him drink in the view. Her breath grew heavier with each passing second.

Milo's fingers pressed against her soft mound, and she took in a sharp breath. "Do you want it, Jasmine?" he asked, flicking his eyes upward to meet hers.

She nodded a little, and she felt him slip one finger between the folds of her womanhood, caressing against the sensitive, moist inside. The sensation caused her center to throb, just as Milo had predicted. She wanted to know what his shaft felt like inside her. Her body screamed for it.

Milo fumbled with his pants for a moment to slide them off his hips, and Jazzy took in the sight of his proud and curved member. He was large, and it intimidated her just a little. She hoped it wouldn't hurt too badly. Milo rested his length against Jazzy's center, and she took note of her pounding heart. His hand closed around his base, and he stroked himself slowly, squeezing his tip.

"You certainly got me throbbing," Jazzy uttered as she watched him. "You're torturing me."

Milo chuckled again and climbed up onto the bed, kneeling over her chest. He brought his shaft down between her breasts and pressed it hard between them, thrusting his hips slowly. She felt the hardness of his length and the velvet of his skin rubbing against hers, and Milo pinched her nipples just enough to make her gasp.

"Please, Milo, I need it. I want that inside me. Stop teasing."

He finally let up, smiling some and moving back to the edge of the bed. "If that's what you wish, Jasmine."

She nodded again, spreading her legs wide for him. Milo angled the tip of his member to her opening, and she reached down to pull away the soft folds of her skin for him. Milo slowly inserted his length into her pulsing flower, and the feeling of him filling her brought her to pleasure.

A sudden creak of the wooden floorboards just behind the room at the end of the hallway caused the two of them to look over in surprise. Jazzy caught sight of William's blond hair, and she instinctively closed her legs, forcing Milo to leave the warmth of her center.

# Chapter 5

"V-William!" Jazzy started, feeling embarrassed and uncomfortable.

Milo tightened his lips for a moment before gesturing with a hand for William to come in.

"Milo, what are you doing?" Jazzy exclaimed as William nudged open the door and entered.

"I'm sorry," said William. "I came to talk to Milo, but I couldn't help but watch." His face was a little flushed from admitting to it, but his eyes showed absolute lust. The animalistic gaze he sent to Jazzy reminded her of Milo's own smoky stares, and she discovered that she wasn't so uncomfortable about William standing there after all. In fact... she liked the idea.

Milo looked at Jazzy, but before he could speak, she addressed William. "I-I don't mind." At first the words hung awkwardly in the air for several seconds, but then Milo broke the silence.

"William, how about you join us?" He glanced back at Jazzy on the bed. "If Jasmine is okay with it, of course."

Her heart beat twice as hard at the thought of these two stunning men taking command of her body, and she knew that she wanted it. Pushing aside all her fears and preconceived thoughts, she wanted it badly.

Jazzy nodded to them. "Yes," she answered.

William's lips curled into a grin as he stepped further in. Jazzy watched as he removed his own shirt. Despite being smaller framed than Milo, William carried a similar body build. Jazzy had a desire to be around Milo, and she enjoyed the feeling of having him fill her. She was a little nervous about the idea of William having his way with her, but Milo seemed to see the worry on her face.

"I have an idea, Jasmine. Lie still," he said.

Jazzy kept her legs spread as Milo knelt down between them. At first he took a moment to eye her sex, and then he brought his lips down to her sensitive flesh. She drew in a quick breath at the feeling of his tongue against her skin, and she watched as Milo tasted her nectar. The sensation relaxed her body, and soon she found herself resting her head back and closing her eyes, enjoying the attention that Milo fed her with his skillful tongue and lips.

A pair of new hands drifted over her body and pressed against her breasts. She opened her eyes to look up at William who stared at her curves with an appetite. As Milo dove deeper into her flower, Jazzy allowed herself to calm with the pleasure. William's fingers caressed her skin, and with a free hand he opened his jeans and reached to draw out his masculinity.

Jazzy watched William's fingers stroke along his tool with need. It was close enough to her that she brought her hand over to touch it in his stead. William moved his own hand away in pleasant surprise as Jazzy worked her grip along his length.

Milo drew her flesh into his mouth to suck lightly, and she wrapped her legs over his shoulders in enjoyment. As she tugged on William's shaft and squirmed, Jazzy grew more comfortable under the presence of the two powerful men. She worked her hand across William's member with a desire to have it fill her as well. She wanted to know what both of her bedroom partners felt like.

Her excitement for William's tool only seemed to give him an idea. As Milo continued kissing and licking Jazzy, William moved over Jazzy's face and raised her arms high, crossing her wrists and pinning her against the bed. Her chest heaved with frantic breathing as she took in the sight. William looked so large and daunting so close to her face, and she struggled weakly against his forceful hold.

Eventually, Milo removed his mouth and straightened. From a slight angle, Jazzy watched him tug at his own shaft, keeping it at its perfect curve. Milo watched William angle his member to Jazzy's mouth, and she lifted her head to press a small kiss to the tip.

"Help lift her up," he ordered William. "You'll like this, Jasmine."

Jazzy was pulled up from the bed, and Milo sat down. His proud rod stood upward fiercely, compelling her to come closer, her fingers itching to touch it.

"Sit on my lap," he urged, but his hand stroked the base of his manhood, and she knew what he really meant.

Taking a deep breath, Jazzy straddled Milo's legs and lowered her wetness down over his prominent tool. He slid into her easily, and she gripped onto his biceps as she made her way downward further, allowing him to fill her completely. She heard William behind her give a small groan of want, and he moved forward a little closer.

"Don't worry," Milo reassured as he leaned back some, lifting Jazzy up to give William a good view of what they were doing.

"I'll be gentle," breathed William as he ran his fingers between Jazzy's legs. He collected her nectar on his fingertips, and then used it to moisten his shaft tip. From there, William pressed the head of his member against Jazzy's other entrance, then pushed inward slowly.

Jazzy gasped in shock, clinging hard to Milo as William forced his way deeper into her. It burned only for a moment, as once William was deep enough, he and Milo held onto Jazzy to fall into a rhythm of thrusting hips. Jazzy closed her eyes for a moment and fell against Milo's chest, moaning with bliss at the feeling.

Both men were so hungry for pleasuring themselves inside her that she arched her back and let them take her. William's nails dug a little into her hips, but she didn't mind the sting. The rocking sensation of Milo's subtle gyration combined with William's almost forceful pounding had Jazzy melting with enjoyment. How could she have doubted this at all?

William pressed hungry kisses down her back, and even some soft bites. The little pinches here and there created contrast to Milo's constant gentle behavior. She welcomed the variety.

Milo took a firm hold onto Jazzy's body and pushed for her to lift off of him. She brought her body up and watched as his thick rod slipped out of her, still so erect, and William removed himself as well.

Milo's secure arms aided her onto her back on the bed, and then he lifted himself up and over her head. She gazed in awe at the impressive view of Milo's masculinity, and with a delicate hand she curled her fingers around his base and pressed a kiss to the tip. From between Milo's legs, Jazzy watched as William spread open her thighs and drove his swollen spear deep into her warmth.

The sudden force against her sweet spot forced out another moan from her lips, and she took Milo's shaft into her mouth, running her tongue along the underside. His velvet flesh felt that much more exquisite to her as he pressed his hand to her head and curled his fingers in her hair with dominance. His hips rushed forward, and his rod rubbed down her throat. She swallowed him with relish as William continued his fluid pattern of thrusting.

Jazzy's center was nearly in pain with hot need. She wanted their attention more, and she wanted it harder. Lifting and spreading her legs wider, she suckled on Milo's manhood just a little more before pulling away to beg them.

"Please! Give it to me….fuck me!"

William's body pressed harder and quicker against hers as he increased his efforts, and Milo pressed Jazzy's head against the mattress to finally pierce down her throat with wild abandon. Occasionally as Milo lifted out of her throat, she moaned or cried with sheer elation.

As she opened herself more to the two men and their relentless members, she found herself climbing toward a euphoric climax. Milo released his seed first, and the warmth and taste erupted in her mouth. She swallowed and licked at his tip more as William stroked her inner canal twice more, and then she came. The release swelled over her body, and William removed himself before he finished as well, his own essence painting over Jazzy's thighs.

Gasping and dizzy, still suspended in the floating sensation of afterglow, Jazzy drank in all that she could of the tingle and sensitivity. Milo lifted himself off of her before pulling her into his lap, one protective arm closed around her shoulders. She gazed up at his eyes in happiness. The genuine care that he expressed in his own was more than Jazzy could have ever asked for.

A couple of minutes later, Milo helped Jazzy into a hot shower with him. William had been kind enough to fetch a couple of towels and place them on the bathroom counter. As the steaming water rained over Jazzy's body, she held onto Milo tightly, never wishing to let go.

"This isn't a onetime thing, is it?" she asked in a hushed tone, though loud enough to be audible over the rushing water.

Milo embraced her. "No, I would never do that to you. I have real feelings for you, Jasmine."

Jazzy smiled delicately and pressed a small kiss to Milo's broad chest. "You are the greatest thing that has ever happened to me, Milo," she sighed.

As Milo combed his fingers through her damp hair, he smiled back and whispered, "You are my dream come true as well."

The statement brought her to another sense of calm, and she rested in the shower with him until the water ran chill.

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The next morning, Jazzy rested against Milo on the couch that William had been reading on the night previously. William was kind enough to offer to make breakfast for everyone, and stood in the kitchen prepping a meal. Jazzy lifted her head from Milo's chest to look him in the eyes, smiling.

"So you never discussed possible future shoots with me," she teased.

Milo smirked. "I think the next shoot we'll do, will be one of you in the bedroom naked, and will go in my personal album."

She tried to contain a giggle. "In all seriousness, Milo. What did you have in mind?"

Milo's eyes gleamed with future possibilities as he looked up at the ceiling. "Perhaps a new trip deeper into the woods with more scenery. I'd like to get a good few shots of you beside the river, or even at the Arrowhead caves."

"Sounds nice," Jazzy uttered, resting her head back on his chest. "When?"

Milo's hands trailed over her back slowly, and he kissed the top of her head. Instead of answering her, he lifted her chin to look her once more in the eyes. "Jasmine, do I make you happy?"

"Of course, Milo. I've never been happier."

His face relaxed, looking serene. "Good."

As Jazzy gazed at him, she felt it in her heart that she truly did feel this was her new home. She was Milo's now, William was soon to be an intimate friend, and she’d found her modeling job... But more than anything, she'd discovered that she'd obtained her greatest wish, and Jazzy would treasure the many beautiful moments to come.

# THE END