

CHAPTER 1



I f hell froze over, this is what it would feel like. Fucking Alaska.
And this was only autumn apparently.

At first, Summer Coleman didn't feel the cold. She'd been struck quite dumb by what she'd seen and before long that mute shock had turned into fury, forcing her to gasp and splutter and flee, in a daze, into the unfamiliar snow-infested wildness of Alaska.

How could he do this to her? She was supposedly everything he wanted, he had said over and over again. Young and perky, that's what he liked. She had even gone as far as to tone down her intelligence so as not to intimidate him too much. She made sure she was just the right amount of ditz to make her "adorable" in the industry and his favorite *thing one* as he called her.

She brought him coffee and bagels at 11:17 a.m. every day no matter what she was doing—it was his thing. She had thought it a cute quirk before but now she wished he'd choke and just expire. She even rubbed his feet, hand washed his precious shirts, listened to him rant and rave like a five-year-old when something didn't go his way.

Dammit.

Jeff Olson was supposed to be her ticket to the charmed life. He

was gorgeous, not too tall, not very muscular either, lean rather, but he was sexy in a metro-sexual way that was quite appealing. He was also a star photographer who shot the world's most beautiful women, and he knew every fashion designer worth knowing.

At twenty-seven he had made a name for himself and he had chosen Summer to be his girlfriend. No, not just his girlfriend, but someone he wanted to settle down with, get old with—his words exactly. She even let him fuck her—well, after five months of dating him. A girl had to play hard to get after all. He thought she was unique because of it. They could have had a perfect life together.

Alas not. What a class-A dick.

She sobbed, still running farther and farther into the forest. Thank goodness she didn't actually love him. She liked him a lot, sure, but she was still waiting to love him. It would happen soon she was certain. They had, however, a mutually agreed upon relationship from the start and somewhere in there, surely, existed a silent exclusivity clause. That's what being a couple meant. She had kept her end of the bargain. He didn't.

Just as well she really truly didn't love him. She would be devastated by now if she'd given her heart to him. Still, it's not every day a girl walks in on her supposedly exclusive boyfriend. And the equipment guy. And the make-up artist. And her arch-nemesis. And by that she meant their dicks in the three main orifices of London. And by London she meant the new "it" girl, not the city. London who was apparently everyone's favorite little darling now with her pouty-pink lips, ridiculous cheek bones and six-foot long legs. Summer was that girl mere days ago in Jeff's eyes. How could she be discarded so quickly?

And really, they had just gotten to their site late in the evening which was a plush cabin Jeff had hired for his next photo shoot. It felt like they'd literally only been there five minutes when catastrophe in all its glory happened to her.

They all claimed they were tired, and so was she anyway. After their goodnights, Summer and Jeff had gone to their bedroom

which was lovely and romantic. She'd thought he might not be tired enough to strip her clothes and make love to her, but apparently, he was.

She had drifted off to sleep but awoke very early in the morning to find Jeff not there beside her. She padded softly through the cabin, careful not to wake anyone, but soft groans filled her ears, and they were coming from London's room. She would never have opened the door if she distinctly hadn't heard Jeff's groaning.

Some misguided entity had let her slide the door open just a little, but what was happening before her eyes rendered her stupid. She was met with a sight she had only seen in porn.

London, willowy and stunning, being fucked by three men. For long moments, Summer could only watch them. Very long moments actually, as she tried to decipher in her suddenly slowed brain what was actually going on. Hands, boobs, cocks.

But then Jeff's whispering voice rebooted her thinking organ.

"Fuck babe, look how you're sucking up dick in that pussy of yours."

"We should have asked Summer to join us," Mike had said. "I could do with extra pussy. And I would love to see London and Summer go at it. Maybe tonight?"

"I like Summer a lot, but the bitch is a prude. She made me wait five fucking months to drill her pussy and it isn't all that. She'd probably die of shock if we asked her," Jeff said and they all laughed.

With a lump the size of a golf-ball in her throat and her eyes stinging with hot tears at hearing Jeff's hurtful words, she flung the door open to let them know she had seen and heard them, then fled when Jeff had the audacity to tell her it wasn't what it looked like.

Really? Was it peer pressure? Was he being blackmailed? Drugged? Was he insane? As if.

Did his hands just fall on her breasts accidentally? Did he trip over his own two feet and fall dick first into her mouth? The more she thought of the injustice of it all, the harder she ran until she ran

herself out of breath. Her sides were killing her and she had worked up a cold sweat under the coat she grabbed on her way out. Under the coat the only items keeping her warm were the lingerie she had thought would entice Jeff into making love to her the night before. Her feet at least were wrapped in a thick pair of socks and snug in pretty fur-lined boots.

She used a tree to lean against to get her breathing under control and that's when the cold started to seep into her skin. Just how far had she run from the base?

What a mess. She had hoped to make friends with London, and had been nothing but kind and helpful to the other model. She had fantasized they would be best friends eventually, look out for each other in this cut-throat industry. Instead, she had got her ass kicked for all her troubles. She wasn't hurt. She was angry. Fist-punching, binge-eating angry.

He didn't even ask her. He didn't even say, *Summer, look, the guys and I are thinking of having an orgy, wanna join?*

She might have said yes, who knew? She wasn't a prude. She enjoyed her sexuality and she was only twenty-one, so she had much to explore about herself and her body. Damn Jeff. He didn't even give her the opportunity to think about it. He just wrote her off as stuck-up, don't-stick that-in-me kinda bitch.

She tightened the fur coat around her body and tried to stop her teeth from cracking each other as she shivered like a maniac now that she stood still. She couldn't hear them calling after her. Did they even call after her? Or had they followed London's advice which Summer caught just as she fled and that was to let her go. *She needs time to herself.* Fuck you, London.

She glanced around her. Everywhere she looked were trees and snow. And everywhere looked the same as everywhere else. Fear started to creep in. She took a deep breath then turned around. She had to get back to where there were people she knew. Even if she hated each one of them right now.

But she couldn't remember if she should go straight, left or

right. She had been running for what felt like a full ten minutes if not more. She uttered an anguished sob, but bit her lip to stop herself from shouting and begging someone to come to her rescue. Her pride would not allow it.

Already she had made a fool of herself by reacting the way she did. Running was the most childish, immature thing to do. It was so backward. A modern, contemporary woman in this industry should not have been shocked, she should have understood these things happened, it wasn't personal. Okay it was personal, because Jeff attacked her integrity and dammit if she wanted to have an orgy with him, she damn well would.

She certainly didn't want to add more embarrassment for herself. She'd walk back to the cabin and do major damage control, laugh it off, say they couldn't afford a five-some with her if they tried, since she'd only have five-somes with movie producers, actors, heirs, writers, and princes. Camera men, make-up artists and a model...pfft.

She decided turning left felt like the right thing to do. But the crunch of snow under her boots didn't feel the same. The sound of chains and gears didn't sound welcoming either. Before she could think another thought, the ground gave way and she was dropped into a hole.

Before she could do anything else, the top of what appeared to be a barred cage banged down on her head, sealing her in and stealing her consciousness.

When she came to, darkness enveloped her and she had to pinch herself to make sure she was fully awake. The thought that she'd been trapped like a wild animal took seconds to formulate in her head. And once it did, she screamed until her lungs burned. She shook the cage and yelled some more.

Whose bright idea had it been to come to freezing fucking Alaska to shoot models in bikinis? Jeff Olson, that's who. It's only autumn he had said, it'll be perfect with the snow and everything. Everyone had thought it was a brilliant idea. Okay, it was a brilliant

idea. The Alaskan swimsuit shoot was her gateway to everything else in the industry and her empty bank account would be very pleased with the money it would bring in. And she had to thank Jeff for that because it opened a huge door for her.

As soon as the most prestigious high end fashion giant, Rochelle, knew she had landed the Alaskan swimsuit contract for Digs, a sports and entertainment magazine, they had signed her up for what would become her most envied, most lucrative contract ever. Not only was it a photo-shoot but they were turning it into a reality show, too and she would be the star.

But right now, all she wanted was to strangle Jeff for bringing her out here and then letting her do something as stupid as running off into the forsaken wilderness of Alaska because he chose to cheat on her with three other people at once.

Someone had to find her or she'd freeze to death. How long exactly had she been out of it? It could well be night by now for all she knew and here she was stuck in a barred hole in the ground like an animal.

Okay. She took a deep breath and gathered her thoughts. One, she wasn't dead yet. Two, she wasn't rock-solid frozen yet. Three, Jeff probably had a whole search party looking for her by now. Surely. She just had to be noisy enough that they heard her. And four, obviously, this was meant for an animal so whoever had set the trap had to come and see if they caught something and then she'd say surprise, I'm human, please return me to my people. It will be a great tale to tell a fashion magazine one day about her early days of modeling. She just had to wait it out while screaming for help all the time.

The cage started to rattle, and her shouts for help increased in volume. She was going to be saved. She was lifted and the darkness around her turned into broad daylight.

“Pa. Pa. Fuck, look what we caught.”

Summer's vision filled with a bear-sized man sneering at her. She opened her mouth and started to let out a joyous scream,

explaining to the man her stupidity for falling into his trap and how she'd never been happier to see another human in all her life, when suddenly a long gun was pointed at her mouth.

"Now, now, girl. Not another sound out of you," another man said, crouching next to the other one. The first thing Summer noticed was his complete lack of teeth. When he spread his lips, and grinned at her, all she saw was gum. But the gun made her swallow all her words. She also realized the man pointing his weapon at her didn't lose his teeth through neglect. He looked downright ancient. His face resembled crinkled hide and his eyes had sunk so far in his face, they looked ready to close forever soon. Had she fallen into some Alaskan *Twilight Zone* nightmare.

No, this wasn't *Wrong Turn* either, not by a long shot. This was reality. She would explain who she was, maybe more calmly this time. They would say sorry, they thought she was a wild animal and then they would set her free. Maybe even help her find her party if she asked nice enough.

She opened her mouth to speak, but the head of the gun inched closer. Okay then.

It wasn't a big cage, she was forced onto her hands and knees, although she could probably lay down comfortably if she had to. She held her hands up in surrender, maybe they'd understand she was hardly a threat they needed to guard with a gun.

"What you think, Pa? She's very pretty," said the younger man.

The old man rubbed his layered jaw and smiled at his son. Unease took a grip on Summer. For the first time since falling into their trap, she felt a horrible omen about her fate. For the second time, she parted her lips with the intent to scream the trees out of their roots and scare the snow away. She wasn't going down without a fight. She was a city girl. No way would she find her death in a friggig freezing forest by two cavemen.

But her scream was short-lived yet again when a newcomer came onto the scene. If she thought the son was big, the new stranger was massive, over six feet with shoulders as broad as a

wall and longish blond hair. Even though the old man turned his gun on their visitor, the young man didn't seem afraid in any way.

His piercing blue eyes locked on her. Never had a man looked at her with such thoroughness. She felt naked and her soul bared to him and she could do nothing about any of it. He literally took her breath away. Not only because of his good looks, but there was something earthy and genuine about him. As if she could and should trust him, and it was all because of the way he had looked at her.

Trust him?

How hard had she knocked her head? The guy was a stranger she didn't know from a tree. He could be a serial killer with phenomenal psychotic tendencies. She was so dead.

Once he'd stopped staring open-mouthed at her for what seemed like hours, he couldn't stop smiling at her. His blue eyes, a riveting feature in his face, held nothing but friendly enthusiasm every time they landed on her. She had really truly lost her mind. As far as she should be concerned, they were all a threat to her equally.

The newcomer, who was no older than her own twenty-one years, maybe twenty-three at the most, put his arm around the old man's shoulders, ignoring his gun and took him aside.

Summer couldn't hear what was being said, but she didn't need to be a rocket scientist to figure out a negotiation was happening at her expense.

Her body was so cramped, her muscles threatened to break in half if she didn't stand up straight soon but she strained to hear what was being said exactly, and only caught the words 'it's an excellent deal' every now and again. While the old man and the newcomer spoke, the son kept his eye on her and made Summer want to curl up even more and shield herself from his meandering ogling.

She needed to escape. These people had no intention of letting her go at all. She caught a glimpse of an envelope exchanging hands

between the old and young man, then the old man whistled to his son. After showing some annoyed reluctance to leave, father and son were off leaving her alone with her new owner, it would seem.

He crouched before her. "Angel," he said softly, his eyes traveling over her face as if she really were some sort of revelation. He then started to un-cage her. Summer knew she didn't have much time to act. As soon as she was reasonably free she made a mad run for it. But she got no farther than a few steps away before she was in his arms again. Arms? No, those were tree trunks. And how was it possible this big-ass man smelled of almond essence and cookie dough?

She kicked and screamed Jeff's name. Why didn't he have the whole of the Alaskan wilderness crawling with people trying to find her? Had he just left her there to fend for herself and possibly die too?

Making no progress in her attempt to be released by the giant, she resorted to primal tactics and gripped her teeth into the fleshy part of his arm and bit and bit and bit.

"I'm not going to hurt you. Please, Angel. Calm down."

"I am not your angel. Let me go you, crazy person." Really? He wasn't going to hurt her. Did he buy her for fun then? He swung her around and she proceeded to scratch his face, drawing blood with her uber-long nails and ignoring his promises he meant her no harm. Well, she wondered if he'd be as forthcoming now that she had injured his face and pulled his hair and kneed him in the balls. He could easily take a grip of her hair, and swing her between two trees for all the pain she caused him. Instead, he continued trying to calm her. But she wasn't having any of that and aimed to knee him again.

"Please forgive me. I'll explain everything when I get home." He then lifted her off her feet, placed her as gently as she allowed back into that damned cage and locked her in. "I'm so sorry, I don't want to do this, but my cousins, Ethan and Zach, will explain everything to you."

Oh, fuck there were more of him? Summer screamed until her throat got raw as he looped the top of the barred cage with rope. He then turned around and picked it up with her in it and carried her off, her dangling in the cage over his shoulder. She tried to make it as difficult for him as possible, jerking the bars, trying to jump up and down although, given her limited space that didn't serve any purpose at all. God, the man was seriously powerful. He could easily be in one of those freaky shows where a single man could pull a truck behind him.

The walk to wherever he was taking her was very long. In between her hoarse yelling, she kept praying Jeff would show up and rescue her. She would so forgive him if he did.

At last they came to a medium-sized cabin. It looked homey enough from the outside, but they had taken so many turns, long ones and short ones, she felt as if they had walked off the planet to come to this house. Who the hell would find her here in the middle of absolutely frigging nowhere.

"Zach. Zach, I found her," her abductor said as he entered the house, "Mama's predictions came true," he continued excitedly as he brought her into the heart of the room and set her down. Summer didn't realize how cold she'd been until they stepped inside and the warmth of the room started to thaw her bones. "Here's our Angel. She came to us. Okay she got a little lost on her way here, but I found her. Here she is."

She was placed in the middle of the room and looked at like an unusual creature from a different land. She didn't see this Zach person he was talking to at first. Then he came into view. Okay, if the guy who kidnapped her, no re-kidnapped her, was a giant, this man was a super-giant. What the hell do these people eat?

Summer couldn't help but notice that this Zack person was just an older no-less-gorgeous version of the younger guy. But while the younger man had extraordinary blue eyes, Zach's were a rich startling gold. He couldn't be older than his middle thirties, his hair dark, wavy, and long. He was dressed in jeans, his checked shirt

stuck out from under a thick jacket, and his body was glorious. Clearly, she needed to refocus. These men were her enemies. But something about both of them said they would listen if she spoke. They would understand her. They would free her from what was becoming an insane nightmare.

“Look, I think you have me confused with someone called Angel. My name is Summer. Summer Coleman. I'm a model. We were going to shoot some pictures for a fashion magazine and well I-I decided to take a walk and I got lost. It's all just a big misunderstanding. If you let me go, or maybe let me use your phone, I'll be out of your hair in no time. I promise.”

Just then the door swung open and all their gazes fell all onto what could only be another cousin. But he seemed to be the culmination of the two men before her already. If the young man was personified with excitement and enthusiasm and the one called Zach with calmness and warmth, the man who walked in could be construed as dark and forbidding and private. His stark eyes, gold but with hints of intense green gave nothing away. He didn't want to be bothered, his body language said, and he stood an inch or two taller than the other two. He shoved his fingers through his dark, short, thick hair as he glared at her.

Summer swallowed her fear, her trepidation, her anxiousness. Strangely, she also felt a hint of excitement, but swallowed that as well. Her life was never going to be the same ever again. Not with these three men standing in her path now and it had taken him, the last one she had to meet, to show her that.

“She's here, Ethan. Just like Mama said she'd come,” said the youngest of the men. His eyes sparkled and he couldn't seem to stand still. He kept moving, circling around her, as if he'd discovered some life secret and couldn't contain himself any longer.

“Jacob, what the fuck have you done?” Those green eyes penetrated her. His voice, a rough scary tone, shook the soul inside her.