

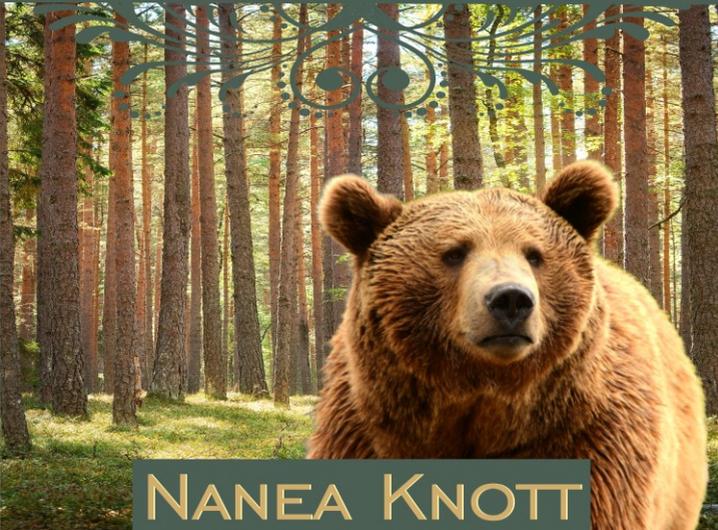
A Paranormal Erotic Menage

A
BBW

BEAR
SHIFTER
ROMANCE



MATING SEASON



NANEA KNOTT

Mating Season

An Erotic MMF Novella
(A BBW Bear Shifter Paranormal Romance)
By
Nanea Knott

Dedication:

To those who know
dreams create possibilities.

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Chapter 1

Cara put down the plant and looked around her new office in downtown Seattle. She had been promoted to district manager of a large plus size clothing retailer. She was working on a new campaign to cover the West Coast from San Diego to Seattle. But first she needed to meet with Damon Westing. He was the CEO of the marketing company that was going to give them the resources they needed to reach their target customers.

The problem was Damon was a hard man to pin down. He was always out of the office when she called, and no one could tell her when he would be back.

She was rearranging her office for the third time when her assistant Kalinda knocked on her door. Cara turned around to see the slim black woman with the charming smile standing there. Kalinda was tall and statuesque, everything Cara was not.

Cara was a full figured woman of 5'4". Her long dark hair was often rolled up in a bun top of her head while she was working. Her dark brown

eyes and pale skin accentuated her full lips and delicate nose. She had spent a lot of time growing up wishing she looked more like Kalinda. She had finally given that up and was now happy to be the woman with the killer curves that she was.

"I have news," Kalinda said.

"Good or bad?" Cara asked smiling.

"That depends on how you feel about camping. Damon Westing's secretary called. He's out in the woods for the next three weeks. If you want to meet with him, that's where he's going to be."

"I hate camping."

"Yes, but the assistant says the cabin is modern with all the usual amenities from home, including your beloved Wi-Fi."

"Three weeks, huh?"

"He leaves tomorrow. We need to call them back if you're going to get directions and so he knows when to expect you."

Cara sighed.

“Tell them I’ll be going the day after tomorrow. That way he has a day to settle in and I have a day to go shopping and pack.”

“Shopping?” Kalinda asked.

“I need bug repellent. Whenever I step out into the great outdoors, the mosquitoes eat me alive.”

“Well, if Damon’s reputation is to be believed mosquitoes aren’t the only things may eat you alive out there.”

“What do you mean?”

“If the rumors are true, Damon likes full-figured women and lucky for you, he’s gorgeous.”

“Is he?”

“His picture is on his company website. Maybe you should check it out before you leave. You won’t find the man if you don’t know what he looks like.”

“Where is the cabin by the way?”

“Vancouver, Canada.”

“I have to cross the border?”

“Take some snacks, you’ll be fine.”

The following day Cara was on the road to Vancouver. She had promised to be at the cabin by lunchtime. Kalinda told her they were expecting her to stay at least two days to work out all the details of the campaign.

She got on the I-5 highway and headed north. Last night before going to bed, she got on her computer and looked up Damon Westing’s Company.

Ursidae Marketing had a reputation for simple, straightforward campaigns that brought in the paying customers. Almost every retailer in the country vied for Mr. Westing’s attention, and almost no one got it. He was very selective.

She looked at his photo and had to admit Kalinda was right. He was tan with dark hair and dark eyes. He had a square jaw and a straight nose. His long eyelashes and full lips made him sexy. She put that out of her mind. She was going to meet him for business, nothing else.

She stopped once for gas before crossing the border into Canada and was glad the weather was good. She was hoping it would stay that way. She was going to be there for two days and then she was heading back with a signed contract clutched in her hot little hand.

She reached the cabin at ten-thirty, earlier than she planned, but there was nothing to do about it now. She opened her car door and got out. She had put on comfortable clothes that morning instead of her typical business attire. There was no way she was wearing pumps in the wilderness. She stepped out onto the gravel driveway in her hiking boots and looked at the building. From the outside, the cabin was huge with a lot of windows.

She walked up to the front door with its stained glass insert and knocked. She waited for a few minutes and then she heard footsteps coming towards the door. The figure of a large man stood on the other side, and she smiled when the door opened. It wasn't Damon.

"Hi, I'm Cara Connolly, from Paris Plus. Mr. Westing is expecting me."

“Oh yes, he mentioned you. I’m his brother Randall. Please come in.”

Cara smiled at Randall. He was just as handsome as his brother. He was at least two or three inches over six feet tall, tan and muscular. His face was rugged as if he spent a lot of time outdoors. His eyes were dark, kind, and playful. He looked just like his brother with long eyelashes and full lips she had the urge to bite.

The cabin was even bigger than she thought. High ceilings and almost no internal walls made up the floor plan.

“The bedrooms are upstairs. Let me take you to your room. Damon is in his office. It’s a separate building on the property. Once I get you settled, I will call him and tell him you’re here. I was just getting ready to start making lunch. Are you hungry?”

Cara smiled and nodded her head.

Randall led the way up the wide staircase, and she couldn’t help admiring his beefy bottom. The man was gorgeous. She followed him into the bedroom she would be using. It was big. There was a king size bed, a full dresser, a couple of nightstands, a walk-in closet, an attached

bathroom, and a small sitting area with two comfortable chairs.

“Get settled. I’ll call Damon and then you can come down when you’re ready.” Randall smiled.

Cara thanked him and started to unpack.

End of Excerpt

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